

“It’s so weird to be here when it’s not Friday. It’s like a different restaurant.”

Here happened to be a hole in the wall diner that many insisted was the best place around for waffles. That it was also the only place open at 3 a.m. on a Tuesday night did not presently leave room for argument. Shaiana glanced around, used to coming here after a night of dancing, it was amazing to see the place so empty. Aside from the sparse serving staff, the only people in the building were her and Clarke.

Clarke had been a hugely positive change in her life and she found herself falling for him harder than expected. She had met him through a mutual acquaintance who had rightly felt they would get along. They were now on month three of their relationship. Things had become pretty serious. They were even discussing moving in together since he slept at her place most nights anymore.

“I know the feeling,” he said. “At least, it means we won’t be disturbed while we figure this out.”

This was the aftermath of the first time they had been intimate since they worked out their contract.

“I don’t know why we didn’t just stay at your place.”

“You destroyed my bed when you came the second time!” He pretended to yell. “You freaking tore the posts clear off the headboard!”

“You weren’t complaining about how much I had grown while we were spooning on the floor.”

Apparently, being her boyfriend’s submissive triggered something deep within her or perhaps it was something she could always have done and didn’t know. Either way, she had grown. Massively. In the last three hours she had gone from reasonable to a height where walking through doors was a challenge. Clarke had once been head and shoulders taller than her. Now their positions were reversed.

She gave him major credit for taking the sudden, very drastic changes to her appearance all in stride. Despite the fact that he kept looking at her with wonder, it felt as if he anticipated that tying her up was going to cause her to grow like crazy. Even if he had not, the bemused grin on his handsome face as all she needed to know he was very pleased with the unexpected turn of events.

The middle-aged woman who came to seat them gave Shaiana a look that was somewhere between fear and contempt before asking if they only needed a table for two.

Shaiana could understand the reaction. It was not everyday someone encountered an individual who was seven feet tall, much less one whose only clothes were flip-flops and a dress that barely functioned as a shirt. That Shaiana had grown in other ways probably did not help her first impression either. Her boobs were huge, easily larger than the other woman's head. Her hips were also insanely broad, their width probably close to twice as wide as the server's shoulders.

"Yeah, it's just the two of us," Clarke said with an air of authority she had never heard him use. "Though a big booth might be a good plan."

She put them in a booth that was far deeper than the others and open on either end. Shaiana had to spread her knees to fit under the table, and even then the edge was pressing into her thighs, but it felt nice to be sitting down.

"Well, what'll ya have, kids?"

Clarke ordered drinks for both of them before she could even open her mouth, again with that same authority. Her body pulsed as he dictated that she would have orange juice. The table's weight became a little more evident. Was she still growing in response to him being dominant?

"Sorry," he said once the server was out of earshot, the air of authority dissipating. "I know we hadn't discussed—"

"It's okay," she said, shuddering with excitement that she might get even bigger. "I don't mind our bedroom dynamic bleeding into the rest of life when we're still coming down from playing."

"That is why I wanted to ask you here and not in my bed. Are you really okay with that? Are you really okay with being my submissive at all times?"

She engulfed his hands in with hers. "Let's start with that I like the idea of you ordering food for me in general, so don't feel bad about doing so."

His hand brushed her knee under the table, tracing a circle against her bone. "Consider it done

then. Going forward, I'll order food for us. Although, that means I should probably get a better idea of what it is you want then."

They chatted about what she wanted to eat, and what Clarke wanted her to eat, while they waited for the server to return. When she did, he and the lady went back and forth for a long moment figuring out the order's particulars. With each item and each adjustment he made in her name, Shaiana could feel her body throbbing like it had when she first started growing. She felt the edges of her already strained dress sliding towards her core as new inches of limb manifested. After what seemed like a very long and oddly pleasurable exchange, the server rattled off their order and left to put it in. Shaiana felt like she was on the edge.

"Clarke, I need to tell you something...I'm still growing."

He looked her up and down and swallowed before grinning. "Oh, I see. You want to be bigger, do you?"

"I do, I love the feeling. I love knowing you bring it out of me."

"Well, did you want to do this whole dom/sub thing as something more than just bedroom play?"

"I think so. At least, I'll let you know when I don't."

They discussed her wants further and she grew. They discussed her needs and she grew more. Their words slowly developed both the nature of their dynamic and her amazonian musculature. With each sentence, with each confession, she offered more control and became more of his fantasy. To his credit, Clark was humble as the shadow of his lover's shoulders crept over the table towards him.

All the while she became more and more acutely aware of how powerful and sexy her new body felt. The steady growth coursing through her was like a drug. That he could not tear his eyes off her body only heightened the feeling. She could feel her blood pulsing under her skin, could feel her breathing began to hasten. The sound and feeling of her considerable boobs starting to tear through the dress, combined with thoughts of him asserting his dominance right here, was heating her up.

As the conversation moved to other ways she could show her submission outside of the bedroom,

their waitress came by to refill his coffee. She sputtered as she realized Shaiana had grown at least a foot in the last ten minutes. She said she would call the cops on her for being half naked in the restaurant. Shaiana just laughed and she got up. Her head brushed the ceiling now, and her dress really was just a shelf bra at this point. Her boyshorts were struggling to contain her.

She picked the older woman up by the shoulders. “Look, we’re having a great night and I’m not hurting anything by looking like this. Why don’t you take your stuffy attitude back to the kitchen and get me something to eat all ready, kay? Before I really do start being a nuisance.”

The woman nodded and left the coffee pot on the table.

Shaiana walked around for a bit, relishing the feeling of her muscles working to propel her. She settled on the same side of the table as him and did her best to lay her head in his lap. Nearly a foot of her legs hung off the long booth, but it was not like she was in the way.

His fingers dragged through her hair as he told her she was a good girl. The conversation resumed and with each pass, her knees slid a little bit along the underside of the table. Bit by bit, her hips slipped diagonally over the booth’s pleather cushions as both her torso and ass each gradually enlarged. More and more cleavage pressed against the scant top until finally the seams gave out. In her mind, every inch gained made her a better pet. She felt, quite paradoxically, that getting bigger made her better at being his bottom.

“Please tell me to grow, Clarke,” she said when there was in a break in the conversation. “Order me to grow and I promise this gifted body of mine won’t disappoint.”

“I’ve noticed all night. You love growing, so how about a limit instead? Never grow taller than twelve feet. Grow all you want in any other way, but no more height past that.”

Before he had even finished speaking, she a tingle had spread out from her spine. The wave of sensation rolled over her body then down her arms and legs until it reached the tips of her toes and fingers. Another wave pushed down her limbs, then a third, a fourth, and it did not seem like the sensations would end. Each batch of tingling crashed into the previous and fought against her shape.

This growth was different, it was not gradual but insistent. It was not long before all she could feel was the hum and the pressure while her arms and legs grew quickly.

“This feels wonderful, please, tell me something else. Do you want me to beg you, Clark? Please! Tell me!”

He licked his lips. His hand strayed over the curve of her naked endowments to cup an areolae and nipple. “I want these to be as sensitive as your—actually, wait. When I say...Purple Velvet, I want every inch of you to be able to feel intense sexual pleasure. Pleasure as if it was your clit being stimulated.”

Now it was warmth that suffused her body as her height shot up another foot in an instant. She upended not only their table, but several others. Her ass forced her to slide to the floor, just as their food arrived. She rolled onto her back and continued to grow. Finally her panties gave up and she lay there completely naked, much to the servers chagrin.

The sound of the waitress clicking her lips was met with Clarke’s commanding voice. “Just put the plates on my friend here.”

“I...don’t know about all this.”

“Like she said, we’re paying a lot of money. I’ll even pay the damages. So, if you would...”

“They’re a little hot.”

“She won’t mind. Will you, pet?”

“Not in the slightest.”

A heavy plate, warm even against her burning skin, settled on her stomach. A bolt of sensation, like her clit was being vibrated, broke over her. The second plate being placed half on and half off her left areolae made her whole body clench as an unexpected orgasm rushed out from between her legs. Plate after plate of food found a home on her, each one dragging another orgasm out of her overloaded body.

All the while she grew bigger and more endowed. Her hips had pushed the benches apart as this

point. Her legs snaked under other tables in the middle of the room.

“This is...so much food. What, what are we doing with it all?”

“Feeding you, of course. My growing girl needs her nutrients after all if she wants to get really big.”

“Oh, she does. She really does.”