

## Chapter 1

When her team lead had suggested a retro-futuristic Zoom call for their department's Halloween party, Sunny had rolled her eyes so hard it hurt. That was before she found an *American Gladiators* costume in one of those holiday pop-up shops. The vinyl packaging was yellowed with age, but that seemed to be the case for everything in the box which all dated from the early ninties. Either way, she was looking forward to the online gathering now.

Something which helped dispel her misgivings was the costume itself. In the bag was the daring, slant-top one-piece worn by Cheryl "Sunny" Barldinger while she competed during her brief stint in season one. Just seeing it brought back memories of middle school and playground reenactments.

One such memory stood out more than the others: the first time she pinned Mia Thompkins to the grass and felt the now familiar rush of being on top. Sunny savored the moment as it played over and over again, both of them growing older each time. It was not long before kissing became part of the routine and other... activities soon followed.

Dreaming about being a gladiator and wearing a singlet like this one hadn't turned her into a *domme*, but it certainly facilitated the discovery. Had it not been for her long-time relationship with Mia, Sunny would have never experienced the feeling that had become part of her. There was nothing quite like it either. Sunny spent her whole day feeling looked down on, so having someone look *up* at her was almost... *intoxicating*. It was a high the fucking pandemic was denying her since it wasn't like she could go down to Silver and Leather to scratch that itch.

Curious what size the costume was, Sunny flipped the package over in her hands and groaned. If the measurements listed were correct, she was nowhere near suitably statuesque for the singlet. She had, much to her aggravation, ended up with a remarkable physique in the other direction. At just over five feet tall, she was always the shortest in the room. Despite years

of nights at the gym, she couldn't get past her enduring plateau of one hundred and twelve pounds.

That, however, wouldn't matter for an event where she wasn't leaving the house, right?

A few clothespins would take up the slack, she could put on a pair of platform heels, and she could revel in her rediscovered fantasy for an evening. She was even tempted to text Mia but backed out when she read their last exchange again. They hadn't spoken since Mia had insisted she needed to move out and this hardly seemed like an ideal way to break the ice after months of silence.

It felt like the clerk working the counter was the only other person in the store. She certainly acted like she was starved for conversation as she asked Sunny the typical kind of air-filling stuff in a tone of voice that verged on flirting. She was kind of cute, too, in a 'too cool to be more than casual at work' kind of way.

She was wearing an orange apron over what looked like her typical outfit of faded grey jeans and a short sleeved t-shirt over another one with longer sleeves. A flannel jacket with black monochrome print was tied around her waist and, in a nod to the season, she was wearing a pair of stiff, gauzy faerie wings.

Her dark and frizzy hair had been tamed by a hair tie, but one curl had escaped. Her glasses had rectangular lenses framed by slick-looking black plastic and what looked like a seven-pointed star hung on a chain around her neck.

"Huh, I've never watched this," she said, putting the costume in a brown paper bag. "Before my time, I guess — worth going back for?"

"Eh, maybe," Sunny said, sliding her card into the chip reader. "If you like athletic game shows, you'd probably enjoy it."

“Sure, I — wait, are you serious?” She dug the costume out of the bag and glanced between it and Sunny.

“Oh, right,” Sunny said, realizing what was happening. “That was her gladiator name, they all had them. Things like Laser, Nitro, Zap, etc. She was, not surprisingly, my favorite.”

“That’s so cool!”

“I guess. I wish sharing a name had given me a bit more than an obscure and complicated sense of pride,” Sunny added, gesturing at herself.

“I get that,” the cashier replied before biting her lip as she looked at the costume once more before putting it back in the bag. “Anyway, hope you’re satisfied with your purchase!”

## Chapter 2

Back home, Sunny pulled the one piece out of the package and washed the costume in the sink before tossing it in the dryer on low. With that going, she took a bath and shaved. Finally, though, it was time. The Spandex was warm in her hands as she bunched up the sides in her fists. Stepping into it, she felt a couple of shocks but shrugged them off as static.

Pulling the Spandex up against her naked mound, the heat and slight pressure made her shudder. This was going to be an amazing evening, she just knew it.

However, as she unrolled more of the scrunched up material, it became obvious just *how* much the garment outsized her. When she slid the wider strap over her right shoulder and pulled the spaghetti-strap up and over her left arm, the situation only got worse.

The extra slack in the back and chest was bunched up around her waist. The leg holes were nowhere close to her hips. The only thing keeping the damned thing up was the straps over her shoulders. Hell, she could fit two of her in this thing and still have some space left over!

“Oh, fuck this,” some childish part of her grumbled as she fought against the rising sense of crushing disappointment. “There’s no way to make this work. I’d need to gain, like, six inches and who knows how many pounds to even be close...”

Looking at her reflection, she could almost visualize what she could have looked like had life gone another way. Then she blinked, and all she could see was the reality of her situation. “I just wish it fit like I wanted.”

Even so, she could not convince herself to take it off either. In fact, something about just having the leotard wrapped around her had Sunny warming up like she was at the start of a masturbation session. Which was... odd, considering that she was feeling so defeated otherwise.

Sure, she had dreamed about putting on this outfit most of her life. And, sure, she had fantasized about getting a late growth spurt that more than made up for her stunted size in college. However, neither of those things had gotten her motor running before. So why now? How was anything about being so personally humiliating *at all* arousing?

Despite the logical question, the heat in her body continued to rise. Her breathing, too, was starting to sound like those first few minutes when she was first starting to warm up. What the hell was going on?

Just when Sunny thought things couldn’t get any more strange there was a throb that she felt everywhere at once. Then, like a struck gong, her body began to vibrate. To her fingers and toes, her limbs began to tingle like they had fallen asleep. The tingle grew stronger and it was only a few seconds before the noise obscured any sense of touch from shoulder to fingertip and hip to toe.

With no sense of balance, she ended up stumbling and falling backward into bed. She could not catch herself as she dropped to the mattress. Her back hit the t-shirt material of her

sheets, but she did not feel her arms do the same. A quick glance found them spread wide and it was likely her legs were hanging off the side. She struggled to roll over or to sit up, but her body refused to respond. The only thing it *did* do was get hotter and vibrate harder.

With her extremities feeding her mind the equivalent of white noise, the sensations happening up and down her torso became much sharper. Somehow, all of the slack had been pulled tight when she fell, so the costume's stretchy material moved with her as she began panting. Each escalating breath tugged at the leotard's crotch, making it feel like there was someone applying slight but increasing pressure between her legs. Her rising chest made the constraining material stretch enough that it dragged back and forth over her nipples like waves lapping at the beach. Panicked or not, Sunny could not stop each shortening, quicking breath out from carrying a bit more moan than the last one.

She had to fight this, had to call the hospital or something. She raged in her mind at the situation but nothing changed.

Sunny glanced over to focus on where her phone had ended up and couldn't believe her eyes at what was happening. Her forearm was gaining additional definition in pulsing cycles that matched up with her breathing and heartbeat. The same growth was creeping up her arm. Her bicep, tricep, and shoulder were each swelling ever so slightly larger with every gasped breath.

It was like she was experiencing a rapid cycle of fibers being torn and repaired and that was pushing past her limits. She knew her muscles growing like this should have hurt, but all she could feel was the sensation from rubbing her clit when she was just on the cusp of warming up. The escalation in pleasure caused a similar change in her volume and breathing. Which, in turn, elevated everything else.

A moment later, her left leg joined her right arm and then the right leg also began to pulse with growth. When each of her legs had started throbbing and swelling, the feeling of pleasure

grew more focused, more powerful. Finally, her left arm started to experience its own strange cycle of growth, and the feeling of getting off grew even more intense as it felt like she was holding a vibe to her clit.

How was this happening? Actually... Did it matter? *Whatever* she was experiencing felt... good. Satisfying. And *because* it was satisfying, *she* was already the one in control of it happening — just in a submissive kind of way. Something was seeing fit to provide her an experience she must have wanted in the back of her mind. So she could keep resisting, trying to escape restraints she couldn't see, or... she could let herself fall into subspace and see what happened. What was there to lose?

The moment she decided to submit, the orgasm growing alongside her muscles exploded in size and Sunny's body contorted up into an arch. Seconds later, she climaxed and the loss of feeling in her right arm faded away. With full control returned, she knew right away how much stronger she had become. If the rest of her was built up to a similar degree...

Able now to participate in her pleasure, the next orgasm's build and climax came much sooner as she worked one finger in, out, and then up and back in time with her quickening pulse. Control over her left leg gave her the leverage to push herself to the middle of the bed.

Her hand was starting to hurt, but it was obvious that her cumming was tied to being released. Which meant she needed to get off twice more. Mistress was so gracious letting Sunny get off so many times in a row like that. That single submissive thought shoved her over the edge a third time.

Racked by the most intense pleasure she had ever experienced, Sunny felt the room tilt and begin to spin. She rolled onto her left side and let her empowered hips reflexively thrust into her palm until she could think again. Fuck, was being a submissive always this intense? It felt like her mind was being worn away by the waves of pleasure coursing through her.

Once the world was back to being somewhat stable, she rolled over onto her stomach and did everything she could to coax a fourth orgasm out of her body.

Whatever held her left arm in bondage, however, was not so easily satisfied. She switched to using two fingers, alternating her strokes as her revived legs pushed her crotch into her hand. Toes curled, knees dug into the mattress, Sunny was panting and begging her imaginary mistress to cum one last time.

“Please, I’m so *close!*”

The summit was there in front of her, but her steps did not close the gap at all. She could not convince her body to sit back so she could search for the wand she had used last night, so she fumbled around with her right hand.

The tension of not touching herself while her body was on fire consumed her like a peak-bound snow storm. It drowned out everything else but the driving urge to reach that last summit. She grit her teeth against the metaphorical blizzard and kept reaching.

In the back of her mind, she was aware that ignoring the need was causing something to happen. She could feel her knees sliding away from each other and it was as if the tops of her feet were being pulled toward the end of the bed at the same time. Each time she put her hand down, her reach had grown by an inch or so.

It was like Mistress was helping her reach for the relief the toy would bring by making her bigger and taller. Her breath hitched the moment she felt her fingertips brush cold silicone. Sunny wanted to wait a moment longer to milk as much growth out of the moment as possible, but the need would no longer be denied. The first kiss of the vibe made her buck and half-scream into the mattress as sensation filled every ounce of her being.

That still wasn’t enough for Mistress it seemed. Sunny still couldn’t feel her left arm, but what she *did* feel the need for release roaring in her ears louder than ever. Overwhelmed as she

was, it was hard to keep up any sort of rhythm, but what was lost in finesse was gained in desire.

She had never wanted to cum like this before — never — but that was her being dominant. That was her being the one guiding the scene. Now? She was along for the ride on one helluva roller coaster and could only hold her breath as the other side of the hill came into view.

“Yes! Yes! Ohhhh... Yes!”

She howled into the mattress as the fourth orgasm crested the hill and plunged into the first and longest drop. There was no bottom though. The sensation kept on going and going and going, leaving her locked in place as muscles all over her body spasmed chaotically.

Finally, her legs gave out and she tumbled to the side more exhausted than she had thought possible. She wanted to get the costume off, to take a shower, to see if all of this was just some sort of dream, but Mistress whispered into her ear to sleep and she did so.

### Chapter 3

Sunny apologizes to Mia.

Sunny is not satisfied with her new size, which leads to further growth.

### Chapter 4

A much bigger Sunny tops Mia.

Mia wants more from the experience, leading to her also transforming in a big way.

Mia triggers Sunny's switch and tops her.