

One wonders why exactly someone would *undersell* themselves in a dating app profile, but the fact of the matter was that it actually, somehow *worked*, and so Phillip couldn't exactly complain about it. Or rather, he absolutely could, but doing so ran a non-zero risk of having his face be trapped between a pair of thighs powerful enough to reduce a concrete block to little more than dust, and he quite liked being alive and able to breathe. Still, not a day went by that he didn't look back to the first date he had with Sandra: she described herself as a "normal, sweet, ordinary shork" with a range of interests that at least seemed to align with his own, and while she hadn't lied about those, she did do so with all of the rest; or, as she would put it herself, she was "creatively imaginative" with the truth.

Phillip never bothered to correct her on that, seeing as, once again, he liked having his head unsmushed, but it was hard to accept that it was all just artistic license when the restaurant they agreed on meeting in had to replace most of their façade after they were done with their dinner date, and this was *after* everyone in the room had a slight panic attack at what they believed to be an earthquake. As it turned out, the ground shaking was not the result of the planet itself having a geological hiccup, but Sandra taking steps towards where her date was waiting for her, leaving behind enormous craters on the ground wherever her feet had landed, along with an immense groove where her tail broke through multiple soil layers and made it impossible for anyone to use the sidewalk. Phillip still remembered the sheer, unfettered shock he felt when he first saw the shark gal emerge from the cloud of rubble left behind after smashing through the front wall of the establishment, looking like something straight out of the imagination of a lewd artist of pen and tablet: a body so powerful that each bicep alone was the size of a small car, a head nestled at the bottom of so much neckbulk that it was a surprise how she could even see anything, along with some rather paradoxically exaggerated feminine assets that made every other part of his libido flare up like crazy. He wouldn't expect a bodybuilder's physique to be possessed of a pair of breasts big enough to hit the ground on each step while still making it hard to see over them, or an ass so wide that it made one wonder just where exactly that woman lived, but there he had it; hard to really think about anything else when she sat down on her own cheeks and somehow ended up *taller* than she had been standing up, however that was supposed to work.

While the dinner date itself went quite well, or at least as well as it could go considering the sort of person Sandra was, what followed was nothing short of indecent, and as such will not be recorded for posterity, lest it make Phillip remember the many squealing sounds he made and be forced to retreat into his mental shell out of sheer embarrassment. Suffice it to say, by the time they were done, Sandra's bed, a colossal thing that must've been custom-made by a large factory, lay in broken shards upon the ground, and the very floor of her bedroom was cracked in multiple places. To this day, the young man couldn't possibly imagine how he had the stamina to endure that sort of marathon, but he held out until the very end and came out of it unable to walk properly for at least three or four days, during which Sandra showed a much softer side as she helped him to recover. As soon as he was on his feet though, that's when the shark revealed that

the same sex-crazed monster that had nearly broken his legs for a whole week had never really gone away, merely hidden underneath a thin veneer of politeness that served only to hide a libido that bubbled and boiled like an active volcano. To her credit, she did suggest that he move in with her, if nothing else than to be closest to the shark whenever she felt like she needed some stress relief; which, according to the shark herself, was anywhere from three to seven times a day, give or take. The mere idea of going along with this was enough to leave Phillip's knees shaking, but how could he say no to someone like Sandra? No, really, how *could* he say no? Her mere presence was enough to warp his mind and leave him unable to process the idea that he could deny her at all, overwhelmed by what had to be half a ton of pheromones being exuded from her body every second or so, suffusing every layer of the house with an allure that was utterly irresistible at the deepest, most primal level.

So it was that the feline was all-but forced to abandon his apartment and head over to shark's manor, a place she had built on the outskirts of town to better suit her very large specifications. It took a while before the much smaller cat became used to the scale everything operated in; the doors took ages to open even when he put his full weight behind them, using the kitchen required a stepladder and even something as simple as getting on the couch for a nap required him to tie a rope to his waist just in case he ever ended up slipping in between the pillows. It was never enough to make him feel like a dust mite, but just big enough that everything was a minor inconvenience. Of course, none of this really mattered as soon as Sandra got back home from whatever it was she did for a living (he was certain it had something to do with weightlifting, or something like that), because the moment that door opened and the two's eyes met, the following few hours would inevitably be filled with nothing more than bedsprings creaking, the cat moaning like a needy slut and the shark herself roaring loudly enough to shake the window panes from their frames, at times outright shattering them into a million shards from the amount of energy each sonic shockwave packed. It seemed as if they were going through one bed every night, if that was even possible, and yet for some reason there was never any shortage of... anything. Phillip truly wondered where all of that money was coming from, but seeing as trying to pry would probably mean having to attract Sandra's attention, and doing *that* inevitably led to them ruining yet another bed, he figured it best to just roll with it and hope that eventually, some day, she might yet be comfortable enough with his presence to allow him to get a word in before he had to get his cock in... her.

In the meantime, he got to enjoy the life of someone who genuinely didn't have to worry about anything at all. Sandra insisted that he leave his day job and focus on just doing whatever he felt like doing because she could provide for the both of them, and frankly, he just couldn't say no to that offer; he'd been wanting to drop that terrible position for years at that point in order to focus on his true passion of assembling custom keyboards and selling them for profit, and with such ample room in the house, it was easy to find a corner that he could use as his workshop of sorts, somewhere in the second under-level of the garage. He quickly turned it into

his studio-slash-workspace, and it served as his home within a home whenever the shark wasn't around; plus, it was far enough underground that, when Sandra *was* around, it didn't run the risk of having everything fall onto the ground whenever she moved particularly harshly, a danger inherent to even the super-scaled objects that made up the rest of the house. It struck him as odd that the shark basically just left the house for four hours every day and came back with a fat stack of cash each time, and smelling of cement to boot, but he figured it best not to pry too much; the last thing he needed to know was that she was involved in some kind of hyper-sized mud wrestling ring for creatures of her caliber, where instead of, well, *mud*, they used something far more appropriate to hold them down. He didn't know why exactly *that* was the first idea that came to mind as opposed to any of the million more appropriate ones, but he had learned a long time ago that, when it came to Sandra, the oddest, weirdest answer to any given question was probably the correct one.

Regardless of what the truth happened to be, the reality of the situation is that it was only ever getting worse by the day. Well, he said "worse", but it was hard to quantify it like that; he quite enjoyed Sandra and how big she was, so her growing larger wasn't exactly a negative as far as he was concerned, even if the building itself liked to disagree at times. The shark had already been massive enough not to fit in regular structures back when they first met, big enough that any sexual liaison that the two shared was often powerful enough to leave cracks in the ceiling all the way up from the floor, and yet somehow she had found a way to become even *larger* than that. It started off "innocently" enough, with her musculature slowly bulging out as the days passed, an almost unnoticeable change that only really became obvious when something out of the ordinary highlighted its presence: maybe she banged her head on a lower ceiling, or got stuck in a doorway, or any number of things that brought attention to the fact that she was wider than she had been beforehand. Her assets, too, were growing over time, and her tits especially were actually *filling*; Phillip had been seeing some weird, white splotches on the ground for a few weeks at that point, but never quite knew what they were supposed to be, until one fateful day when he walked into their bedroom's bathroom at the exact right moment.

It was early morning, a few hours before the two usually woke up and immediately got down to business. He expected to turn around and find Sandra by his side, ready to both be snuggled and immediately crush him with the tightest of hugs (just like she always did), but instead found a completely deserted bed. Finding it odd, this immediately woke him up fully, after which he got to hear something... weird coming from their bathroom. It definitely sounded like the shark, though not the one he was used to; this one was moaning, sounding a lot more vulnerable than she normally did, calling out for his name and begging for him to "milk her", whatever that was supposed to mean. Being half-asleep at the time, the cat didn't put two and two together fast enough to know he shouldn't have opened that door, and thus he walked in right at the exact moment that Sandra was at her absolute "lowest": kneeling on the floor, with her chest bare, both tits hanging over the side of the bathtub as she tugged at her engorged nipples and caused loud,

wet splatters as gouts of milk erupted from them and hit the wall directly in front. Both mounds were *enormous*, at least twice as large as their normal, already colossal size, and Sandra looked like she was having some issues moving them about. For once in her life, she looked at him with the sort of helpless expression that normally adorned Phillip's face, making it quite clear that, regardless of anything else that had happened with their lives, *she* needed help from *him*. What followed were the best three hours of his life, whereby he alternated between the two teats in helping her lover milk herself back down to a more manageable size, then ended up directly on top of her before the two adjourned back to their bedroom and promptly wrecked yet another bed.

From that point forward, the shark building up lactic reserves to the point where her mounds became wider than even she was became the new normal; the couple even went so far as to create a "milking schedule" where they would drop everything and head to the nearest drain to make sure those things didn't grow *too* unwieldy. One session was, of course, constantly set for right after she returned from whatever her job was, the poor thing so big and full that getting through the front door along usually took upwards of ten minutes, and the couple had to fight against both gravity and inertia to get the shork over to the bathroom before they could relieve some stress. Now, either because of the same process, or maybe due to said shork sneaking a few drinks of her supply every once in a while, her butt too was beginning to take up more room; all in all, their entire body was burgeoning outwards with absurd quantities of both muscle and pudge, turning an already stunning beauty into the literal definition of perfection, and one that Phillip got to enjoy in the fullest, seeing as he was still the same scrawny little thing he'd always been, barring the mandatory bulking up from having to get together with someone like Sandra multiple times a day.

Of course, all of this had an effect and a half on Sandra's libido, which predictably shot up faster than a rocket on launch day. If she had been utterly insatiable beforehand, now it was impossible to even quantify how thirsty that woman was, especially right after a draining session; it was as if the emptier she got, the stronger her need to fill back up became, and despite her lover's comparatively diminutive size, she couldn't complain about the lack of a stuffing. Perhaps this is why their relationship had lasted so long, though Phillip himself didn't quite remember his orgasms being so... explosive. Had he always been able to fill entire bathtubs with each climax? Had his cock always been capable of rising to several feet long as his nuts inflated to become about as wide as Sandra's tits were whenever the two of them got busy? He had a faint recollection of a time in which this wasn't the case, a time during which he was actually pretty unremarkable and had an unassuming sex life, but surely there was no chance in hell that he suddenly developed a case of the hypers. Maybe he'd just always been like that and just didn't remember it. That made sense; after all, if he was together with Sandra, then surely it had to be because he could satisfy her properly. As much as they were incredibly compatible outside the

bedroom, the shark was an absolutely insatiable sex maniac, so not being able to fill them at a moment's notice would be a genuine negative point in their relationship.

Things progressed quite normally (for them) as they made their new life together. Phillip even grew bold enough to move his workshop from the under-level to a spare room in the house proper, as it had become far too cramped for him to use properly, and Sandra promised to be extra careful around it whenever she was near. The shark herself had become a thing of beauty, so immense and massive that the two were genuinely thinking about moving out, or at least having the manor completely redone to better fit her new size; the feline too had begun to notice a few changes in his body, mostly minor stuff that most likely resulted from his constant exposure to Sandra: he went from ten feet to twelve, a slight adjustment all things considered, and now his nuts had the irritating habit of filling up to be wider than he was tall in just under an hour, something he wasn't *quite* so fond of compared to his old self. He used to be able to go through half a day before they got that big, but one presumes that spending half of one's existence on a bed fucking an amazonian giantess like Sandra has those sorts of consequences. What was odd was how much the shark kept teasing him about how much he'd grown over the year they spent together, as surely two feet were nothing compared to the twenty that she herself had experienced; he was positively tiny compared to his partner, so why was she so adamant in telling him how proud she was in his gains? It's not like he was even hitting the gym or anything.

Still, their one year anniversary was approaching and something special was in order. Being a hopeless romantic, Phillip suggested that they head out to the very same restaurant they had their first date in, an idea that Sandra agreed to immediately and wholeheartedly. Finding clothes that fit him was literally impossible; he'd grown so used to simply walking around naked that he never even noticed that everything he had was seriously undersized... and extremely so, being fit more for a non-hyper than someone of his caliber. Odd. Nonetheless, this didn't deter him in the slightest; he was big enough that he needn't care what anyone thought, and Sandra was that turned up to eleven, so the two decided to just head out completely nude and deal with the consequences later. One can imagine Phillip's surprise when he walked up to the restaurant's façade and found that he could barely fit a hand through the door, much less his whole body; had they downsized since last he was in there?

No matter. Sandra had busted her way in the last time, so he could do it too.

For her. For them.