



"I can't even look at you right now," Candice muttered in a mixed tone of irritation and disbelief.

Jacob scrambled to keep pace, his feet shuffling rapidly compared to her long, powerful strides. "Candice, if you would just listen to me... they thought—"

Her hand shot up above her shoulder, silencing him. "They thought?? What about what you thought, Jacob? Gosh..." Her frustration was palpable, though Jacob found it difficult to be properly scolded due to her lean legs rippling in front of his face. With every step, her glorious ass would bounce and jiggle, followed above by the heavier up-and-down bob of her huge rack. "Are you even listening to me?" Her eyes peered over her shoulder, catching his gaze.

"Yes, hun..."

Ay there, tiger!
What's with the long face?

snap!

Not now, Danny.

Danielle:

Ouch. She's pissed.
Wouldn't want to be you
right now, pipsqueek.

Candice—

Not another
word from you.



grow!

stretch!

plump!

Is she...?
Oh my God...



grow!

grow!

Holy fucking shit...



grow!

jiggle!

sway!

Just when I thought
I was starting to calm down...





"Sit," Candice commanded with a jabbing finger towards the seat beside them.

Jacob's eyes traced the enormous bench with trepidation. The section he was expected to sit on rested much higher than his waist! His mouth opened but one glance at Candice's stern expression, looming so far above him, halted his protest. With a resigned groan, he approached the towering wood frame and stretched onto his toes. His arms were splayed far and wide, taking on the best supporting grip he could muster, and he hoisted one shaking leg up, hoping to be able reach the top. "C-Candice—? Come on. This... this is embarrassing..."

From her elevated perspective, Candice watched his struggle without a hint of movement to help, her chin raised, her tone even, "I'll wait."

He let out another audible groan, this time ensuring she could hear him.



Come on...

Yup!
Uh-huh...


There we go! HAH!

Almost got it...

Woah!

Okay, easy!
N-Now... just to turn around...

grip!



I... I made it... somehow.
That was exhausting...

sigh...



Candice:

...And yet you're still hard.





Candice:
Now...

jiggle!

Candice:

Care to explain yourself?



Jacob physically struggled to maintain his composure amidst Candice's rapid growth spurt. He had never seen her grow this much. Not this fast. It almost hurt his neck to look that far up. Just how tall she had become?! 10(3.05m)... no, 11(3.35m) feet tall?? It was getting difficult to tell for someone like him.

He knew she had just asked him a question but he felt completely consumed by her, his every thought engulfed with the desire to touch her, to feel his fingers sink into those massive, soft breasts of hers. He wanted to grab onto those absolutely colossal thighs and ass, to feel their firmness and warmth, and just please her in every way possible. The thought of her towering over him, taller than ever before, her body so large and powerful, felt like his girlfriend had become something worth worshipping.

Candice's impatience hung in the air. "Well?" She inquired, growing impatient as his jaw hung open, glazing over the vast landscape of her impressive curves.



"Candice... you can't think it's normal for other girls to just... volunteer to 'help' me, right??" Jacob managed to stammer out, trying his best to save himself before drowning in a sea of his own lust.

Candice's response came with a hint of pragmatism tinted by concern. "Well, it's not unheard of," she began, her tone even, "especially given how handsome you are. It's expected that others might... offer their assistance. That new Raven girl seemed awfully enthusiastic though..."

Jacob's realization was as sharp as his intake of breath; the world was skewing, morphing too quickly in a troubling direction. He clung to the belief that there was still time to reverse the tide.

Her eyes then narrowed slightly, a seriousness settling in. "But that's not the point. You made a promise to me—to come to me when you felt... overwhelmed by certain urges." Candice pouted. "I'm the one who's supposed to make you cum. No one else."

Jacob's brow furrowed, his mind racing. "I never made that promise, Candice," he replied earnestly, a pang of anxiety threading through his words. "Something is seriously wrong here. We need to talk to Hope, your guardian angel, now—not after classes, but right now!"



Candice pressed her lips together and raised an eyebrow, analyzing her little man's expression. "What's the rush?... I really don't see the urgency here. Could this be your way of trying to wriggle out of trouble, my little lion?" Her expression grew stern once more.

"Candice... how could you even say that?" Jacob's voice was tinged with hurt, his eyes wide as her gigantic hand engulfed his thigh, her touch warm yet pervasive. "T-This is serious!"



"Serious enough to keep that raging hard-on active this whooollle time? Hmmm?" She licked her lips. "I think not..." His cock twitched as if in response, fighting for attention. Her hand was so close to it. "Don't worry, lion. I'm not angry with you. We just have to work through what's out of bounds." She licked her lips, her eyes adopting an almost predatory expression of lust. "Perhaps you need a time out."

"C-Candice, this isn't funny! The fate of the world is in our hands!!"

"That isn't the only thing in my hands." She purred.

Jacob let out a gasp as her firm yet sensual grip completely engulfed him, making his above-average member feel less than adequate. Her long, feminine fingers rose to his face, caressing it with a level of delicacy that only she knew, and silenced his groans with a single thumb upon his lips.



Candice chuckled, a light tease in her voice. "This is what I love about you. You're so small, so... manageable. Always so agreeable with me."

Jacob to interject. "But, honey, I haven't always been this small compared to you. That's what I'm trying to say. We—"

Candice cut him off, her voice carrying a note of finality. "Right... but even before, you never quite matched up to me. I've always been the taller one, not by much, granted. But now, the changes in the world... they've just made our difference more... pronounced."

"No, honey, that's not... true," Jacob murmured, his protest fading into a whisper of disbelief as her beautiful face descended closer.



Their lips met, and with that contact, the storm of emotions within him calmed to a gentle breeze. Each sensual kiss followed another as her loving hand movements below wrote a melody of deep care and love— a connection that simple words could never portray. It was true, in a way, he realized. There was no need for panic, no need to rush. Not with his soulmate so close.

"Now lie back, lion, and let this lioness do her job..."



With a confident lift of her heels, Danielle broached the topic that had been on everyone's mind. "So, ladies, what roles are we thinking of nabbing for 'Romeo and Juliet'? I can't think of a better way to show off my legs than Juliet herself! Besides, who else could nail the role as eloquently as me!" Her eyes sparkled with confidence as she peered up at her two friends.

"Eloquently? Girl, please! With all due respect, in what universe do you think YOU'RE eloquent? You're more of a... Mercutio. You know, full of fiery passion and quick wit!" Nicole retorted with a playful smirk. "Now, as for me, I've got the depth and sensitivity of someone like Juliet. There's no doubt, my portrayal would leave the audience in awe and tears!"

"Wait— isn't Mercutio a dude? What the hell!"

Keiko softly giggled at the exchange, prompting the others to look at her.

"What about you, Keiko? Any ideas?" Nicole inquired.

With a soft jiggle and sway of her monstrously large tits, she brought her hands to her mouth and coyly replied, "I... kind of liked playing the wet nurse."

Nicole quietly looked over Keiko's figure. "Honey, with those calcium cannons, you'd definitely fit the role!" Her compliment caused Keiko to blush in silent happiness.



Off to the side, Natalie found a comfortable seat atop a mesh cage of soccer balls. She watched the trio's banter but didn't quite understand their passion behind wanting certain roles. To her, the joy was in participating in the play—period! She figured, surely Ms.Carpenter would give them the perfect role regardless of the raffle's whims.



With a swish of her blonde ponytail, Coach Tiny's voice echoed with a no-nonsense sharpness, one arm pointed firmly on the ruckus at the other side of the gym. "Hey, boys—you two, cut that out right now!"

Her command sliced through the clamor of the gym, aimed at the two figures roughhousing in a corner. Unbeknownst to her order, the boys continued, their tussle growing more boisterous, their laughter ringing out amidst the thuds and grunts of their play fight.

"Don't make me come over there!" Coach Tiny warned, her tone brooking no argument. Yet, the words seemed to dissolve behind the rambunctious duo.

With a groan of exasperation, Coach Tiny marched across the gym and after the troublemakers.



WARTHOGS



"You!" A loud voice boomed from the incoherent ambience of the active gym, startling Raven. The woman's eyes descended to Raven's elbow, where an exposed nipple had managed to slip out from beneath her clutches. "What's your name? Where is your gym uniform? Did you have a growth episode?"

She quietly shook her head at the last question before obediently revealing her name. "I-It's Raven... and, I don't have a uniform yet."



"Well, Raven. You can't quite participate in P.E. with those milkers flopping all around, can you? What size are they, anyway? J? K? It doesn't matter! They're almost as big as mine! You'd distract all the boys—and quite a few of the girls, if I let you out on the court bare-skinned like that! You could poke an eye out! Trust me, I know from experience. Hah!" She slapped her breast, laughing at her own joke as her jostling boobie flesh settled in her tight black top. "We need to keep those bad girls under control, understood? Go put a shirt on, any shirt, and get your little tush right back in line. ASAP!" Coach Tiny barked, sending Raven spinning on her heel, rigid as a board, and marching back whence she came.



"Alright, play time's over!" Coach Tiny began, turning towards her students, her voice echoing across the court and capturing everyone's attention. "As some of you may know, Coach Davis is out—another casualty of rough play. It seems our big girls are just too much for him," she continued, a wry smile briefly crossing her face as she glanced at the towering figures of the female students, their size and height casting long shadows across the gym floor.

"The poor man has quit, and I can't say I blame him. This seems to be a recurring theme, doesn't it?" she mused, eliciting knowing nods and chuckles. "So, until we find a replacement, you're stuck with me. Principal Tiny at your service, but on the court you may call me Coach Tiny!"

She stood firm, her own stature not as towering as the girls', yet her presence filled the gym. "Don't think for a second I'll be a pushover like those male coaches. We're going to whip this program into shape, starting with dividing the court. Girls, you'll be on this side playing basketball. Boys, as usual, will take the other half."

Danielle's voice cut through the silence that followed. "Ugh... come ON! We want to play against the boys again! They're so much fun to play with." Crouching below her, Natalie stared at Ajay with a predatory gaze, licking her lips.

"That is simply too dangerous, Danielle. As you should already know! Our boys can't handle the physical dominance you girls bring to the court. Safety first," she said, her tone leaving no room for argument.

With a sharp whistle from her fingers, Coach Tiny gestured dismissively. "Now, let's play ball. Move!"

The students shuffled into position, the girls taking to the basketball court with an air of determination, while the boys seemed almost relieved as they retreated to their side of the gym.





"Ugh... we didn't make it in time..." Jacob dragged himself into the gym, his feet reluctantly following him as he trudged up the small flight of steps, his face wearing a look of disappointment and exhaustion. A colossal Candice had just sent him to cloud nine, leaving his legs wobbly and his loins blissfully spongy.

In contrast, Candice wore his spent state like a trophy, striding forward with her head held high, as if she had just performed what she knew she was best at: satisfying her man. "Come on, Jacob. We're going to be late!"

"Be...Be right there!" he shouted back as enthusiastically as he could, taking a deep breath between each word.