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### Chapter Three

Sandy's plan had worked, the stick thin girl was back down in size, she couldn't understand where the band had gone but she contacted Mike to order another, unfortunately that would take a few days, maybe even weeks as they are very specific to Emma's body and then there would be calibration.

So as quickly as this journey had started, it seemed to fail.

Sandy on the other hand was still growing, it was slowing down though as her demands increased, she was asking for an insane amount of money just to get content from her, going from a free and PPV creator to transitioning into a full PPV creator was frustrating for her fans but she did have a few who were willing to pay that so there was a steady growth being had.

Weeks went by before the replacement band turned up but it felt almost too late by then, Emma had tried to speak to her fans but thanks to the actions of Sandy, she was very much out of people's favor. By the time the calibration had come through, it was clear that she wasn't about to get any tips. She left

the band on, in hope.

Sandy's growth was slowing down but she was now closer to 7 feet than 6 and she still wanted more, her huge J cups were barely covered, her belly had long gone past chubby and squishy middle, she looked like she had a big, bloated belly at all times. Sandy's pride and joy though was her butt, it had exploded in size, heavy massive and still growing cheeks were visible from the front because of how exaggerated her hips had grown in that time. She was a giant, massively curved and her ego was gigantic to follow with it. Sandy resembled a fertility statue, burgeoning with growth and curves. She was incredible, her fans thought so, so she continued to up the price of her PPVs.

Sandy realized one thing when she was starting out with Emma, that the blonde was significantly better in messaging her fans. To really get big and make sure that Emma wouldn't stand a chance to grow to catch her up, she asked Emma to manage her inbox and the text on posts. Sandy knew Emma wouldn't say no, especially when she was growing so fast. Sandy was quite intimidating because of her size, and she felt that power often, it made her push further and be even more bossy to her roommate.

Emma was more and more disengaged from her own page, her followers were mostly inactive accounts, and nobody paid her. She kept logging in every few days to talk to people, but nobody ever responded, not anymore. Her time was spent building Big Sandra's page, a name that Sandy had taken offline and into the real world. A moniker that she seemed to lord over those around her. Emma was often found on the receiving end of a bump here or there from Big

Sandra, it was intentional, but Emma wasn't really thinking it was.

Emma was working through the night at Sandy's request as she felt like she hadn't grown as much over the last few days and blamed it on Emma, not realizing it was because she was trying to charge obscene amounts of money for any sort of content. The only real reason that fans stuck around was because of the free chat service that Emma provided, a whole lot of roleplaying, sexting and so many dick pics. Emma was somehow still finding enjoyment in the work, really taking on the role and making it very enjoyable for Big Sandra's fans.

There was a thud, Emma had lost track of time, but when she looked up from the screen, she saw the sun had risen and was illuminating the apartment.

Another thud and Emma grabbed the energy drink to stop it from falling off the table that Sandy's laptop was on, "Sandy-gria" a marketing stunt to make more money by linking an up and coming energy drink company to the giant model's status, it landed them with more than their fair share of free cans. Emma didn't even enjoy it, Sandy made her drink them. It gave the giantess more power in her head, she loved bossing the short blonde girl around.

In Sandy's mind she was Big Sandra through and through, and that meant she was disassociating herself from humans; she was treating people like trash, tiny insignificant worms. Which worked very well for her, she was doing a lot of Giantess content, femdom and even vore. It only served to make

her ego even bigger.

Emma was starting to notice, she was starting to question what was bigger, her ego or her body. Most days it was a tossup.

Today, a third thud landed, and Emma looked at the far too small door for the large girl to duck through.

“Nine Feet.” Her voice boomed, Emma recoiled as the wall of flesh squeezed itself through the door, the voice shaking the walls.

“You’re... Nine feet?”

“Do I look nine feet?” She stood up tall, her head about a foot below the very tall ceiling.

“Y-yuh...” Emma gawked at her friend, but not only for her height but the rest of her body. She was huge, all over, her stomach was big enough to fit three Emma’s.

“Great. Fire up the stream in five.” She barked at her smaller friend.

Emma rubbed her eyes, the awful taste of her friend’s sponsor drink on her tongue didn’t do nearly enough to wake her up. Sandy noticed and she took a long stride towards the yawning blonde.

Emma let out a yelp as she felt the giant’s huge hips crash against her on the seat, her butt looming above her.

“Wake the fuck up. You’ve got work to do.” Sandy was not taking anything other than Emma’s best today. “Today’s when I finally break ten feet!”

“T-ten...” Emma stammered, looking up her friend’s giant body, unable to

see her face over the swell of her hip, massive stomach and even if they weren't blocking the way, her tits surely would've done the job.

“I'm going to get so fucking big today.” She bragged, her voice had a hint of genuine happiness in there too, briefly. “So, you better be on your fucking game today, Emma.”

Her large hand came down, and the giant woman ruffled the tiny girl's hair. Her palm was bigger than the entire top of her head at this point. “No fucking sleeping.”

With a quick pivot, Sandy's giant globe of a stomach hovered over Emma, still sitting. “Or I'll just have to drop this on you.” Sandy let out a maniacal laugh.

Usually, Emma would join in but seeing the quivering mass shake above her, a mass that very well did threaten her life, she couldn't help but quiver herself.

“Drink up.” Sandy thrust another one of her awful cans into Emma's hand before turning and waddling away.

“She's too big... She can't get bigger... I don't think I can handle it...”

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