

| CHAPTER FIVE

GROWING EXPERIENCE |

ENEMY AT THE GATES



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Amazonian in stature, Natalya Malone walks down the street to get some afternoon shopping done. Not having to work a job came with its benefits, she was free to set her own schedule when it came to trips and errands around town... That is, when she bothered to do errands at all. Today's trip was a short one, she had outgrown yet another pair of lingerie, her nightly sessions in Dekka Mori providing both entertainment as well as tangible increases to her height.

Sporting a tight pair of heels, Nat has been training her ankles to balance an increasingly top-heavy figure in the difficult footwear. She found herself looming over the crowds these days, extra inches from her heels helping push her eye-line even higher than what Dekka Mori had given her.

All the while that she walked by storefronts, Natalya was thinking about her next moves in the game. *"My build is pretty much solved until I can bust open the next dungeon... I'll have to wrangle up some guildies later, don't want my progress to be stifled. I'm absolutely loving these latest gains..."*



Long legs carrying her past a particularly well-maintained hotrod, Natalya finds herself amused as the vehicle's owner stares up at her, slack-jawed and surprised. He'd thought his muscle car was the hottest thing on the road, suddenly re-evaluating his worldview as the actual hottest thing on the road overshadowed him.

"Nice car." Natalya says. Her voice, singsong as always and yet these days just a bit more sultry. She is met by a stammered curtesy.

"T-thanks... Nice uh... abs?"

"Aw, thank you!" Nat says, and giggles. It would be a sound uncharacteristic of her build and stature, such a large young woman retaining the same whimsy and cuteness as Natalya had would be virtually impossible or at least incredibly rare.

Men and women alike had become prone to staring at the amazon, her usual apathy to the opinions of others still persisting and putting her at ease. She continues her walk down the street, ducking into a clothing boutique to obtain her intended purchase.



Across town, junior associates Danny and Jeremy pass time near the company watercooler.

“You’re looking fancy in that new suit, sugar.” Danny says, eyeing the younger man as she sips from her paper cup.

“Well, I had to get a new one eventually... This time my girlfriend and I figured it was worth the cost to get it fitted.”

“I’ll skip the obvious joke I could make. Did you hear we’re going to be assigned a low-level case together?”

“I did. If it’s taking place Monday we would have to spend time staying late today...” Jeremy says, not very interested in putting extra hours in on a Friday. His brow furrows as he proposes an alternative. *“I don’t suppose you would be interested in coming over my apartment Sunday...? We could have dinner and go over the case documentation together. Plus, you’d get to meet Nat.”* Danny’s eyes light up.

“Oh? I’d finally meet that little lady you go on so much about, what an incredible idea. I’m glad you offered, I’m busy today anyway. Sunday it is!”

A friendly bit of banter between the pair has become the norm in the time they’d both gotten to know each other at the firm.



Putting his coffee mug in the office sink to go resume work, Jeremy says a goodbye to Danny and departs with an extra skip in his step. Figuratively, of course. In actuality, his gait had always been a bit wider and slower than other men his age, his heavy endowment requiring a certain accommodation that had gotten him teased for years.

Pleased with how life has gone in the years since moving in with Nat, Jeremy had all but stopped receiving taunts and bullying about his massive cock. There were additional costs and struggles these days related to properly tailored pants and ripped clothing being a near-constant concern, but for the most part he had either surrounded himself with kind people like Nat and Danny or knew to distance himself from people who had nothing better to do than mock a unique body type.

Jeremy made sure to text Natalya later to inform her of the Sunday plans, though all Nat knew was that a co-worker 'Danny' would be visiting for dinner. Additional perhaps important details regarding their visitor's gender were accidentally omitted.



Nat, back at the apartment now, had happily stripped down to her birthday suit in order to try on her latest purchase. Happily clad in a super-sized brassiere and panties set, Natalya updates her stats in Dekka Mori to prepare for the upcoming dungeon. All the while she had gone from newbie to pro gamer, Nat had made minor upgrades to her computer and desktop. A few new posters on the walls, a better monitor, keyboard and mouse peripherals... She had even gotten a chair some time back, but that was already becoming outsized by the growing amazon.

'It looks like that'll do it. Oh, and everyone is ready to go. If we start now, I should be finishing up by the time Jeremy gets home.'

Inner musings carry Nat into a dungeoning mode, knuckles cracking before she leans forward to take command of her party. She enjoyed the game for more than just it's physical effects it was having on her body, the mechanically challenging boss fights and community building that the game fostered were completely foreign to her. She had never played a video game before now, and this one was chock full of all kinds of content.



As hours pass, Natalya games and progresses through the instance. Some guild members have to head out mid-dungeon, others in 'Pride of the Lioness' taking empty places to keep the delve ongoing. Natalya is both the guild leader and budding raid leader, leading the charge and helping gear up her fellow adventurers while of course, continuing to grind levels and gain the most experience out of the bunch. Those gains were tangible to her, not so much to her guildies though. They often wondered why she wouldn't hesitate to tackle a new grind or fully clear a room, but appreciated how freely she would pass around the loot she obtained. The few that had met her at the convention a month ago were aware of the truth, the digital avatar Natalya piloted was fairly representative of the young woman's real-life figure. Or at least, they had no clue of the ongoing changes Natalya continued to experience, discarded outgrown clothing in the laundry basket behind her being a perfect example of her progress.

Her online presence was energetic and inspired devotion though, resulting in other 'Pride of the Lioness' guild members spreading the word about the fun guild and causing new sign-ups near daily.



Finishing the dungeon right on time, Natalya hears her boyfriend coming in through the door as she distributes the last of the loot from the final boss. Shirtless by the time he walks over, Jeremy had been eyeing Natalya up the whole time he unpacked his belongings.

“That’s new...” He says, looking at the stylish, and tight, pink brassiere Natalya wore.

“Mmm? Yes, I figured I’d practice walking in heels again. My path just so happened to take me by that boutique we both love.”

“I see. You know, your m...muscles are looking bigger today. Have you been working out?”

“No...” Natalya says, noticing Jeremy’s bulge growing by the second. Within a minute, it was absolutely straining the seams of his sweatpants. *“...But I have been playing a lot of Dekka Mori. I must have leveled up twice today, so you know what that means.”*

“P-pretend I don’t...” Jeremy says, brow softening. Natalya teases Jeremy as she powers down her computer.

“It means... My horny, big man... That I’m feeling bigger. And... Stronger~”



Sensing that she's teased her lover enough, Natalya brings her heavy body up, draping her arms around Jeremy as she does so. Still leaning, they look into each other's eyes for a moment and Natalya giggles. Jeremy brings his arm up to feel his Little Lady's bicep, about to comment on her musculature when he's cut off by a deep kiss.

The pair begin making out, soft and slow kisses building up Natalya's passion while feeding and satisfying Jeremy's. His cock slowly throbs, having to take a step back occasionally as Nat continues a slow walk toward the bedroom and eventually... the bed.

"I don't suppose... you're busy tonight?" Natalya says. "If you're occupied Sunday night, I'm going to want some extra fun this evening to compensate, lover."

"Of course... How could I turn down an offer like that?"

Natalya ends up standing, leading her man into the bedroom only to watch as he struggles to remove his sweatpants. Smiling all the while, she lets him tug and pull, eventually discarding the garment to lay back on the bed, naked.



Natalya approaches the bed and kneels onto it, bringing her body forward to rest atop her boyfriend's thighs. Her weight pins him onto the bed, Jeremy's dick grazing her abdomen as she brings two arms out and flexes.

Natalya feels powerful, her growing body filled with strength and capability as she lets the pleasure of their play flow through her. She used to be so small, Jeremy could have laid atop her and completely hidden her from view. Now their roles had utterly switched, her 7'4" height helping her loom over her man at all times.

Moments pass, the slightest of flexes in her calves helping Natalya raise and lower her thighs, pushing into Jeremy at times and lifting off him at others. She loved this, a certain sense of power and control coming over her. She was used to being the one calling the shots, of course, playing Jeremy perfectly was what the couple had enjoyed for years. Now though, Jeremy's average athleticism was the lesser of the two. Nat could keep up with the young man's libido, her body loving their extended sex sessions and steadily growing to crave more.



Nat continues her slow approach, bringing each knee steadily forward until Jeremy's erect cock is pressing hard against her warm, firm abdomen. She grinds against it, arms still held outward as she drives her partner wild. "*N-Nat... I... Love this...*" He manages out, pushing a hand weakly against the top of his dick, further mashing it into his amazon's midsection.

"I'm loving this...too..." Natalya whispers, her voice a smooth, sultry tone. Her own nether regions were soaking her new panties, soft sounds of seams popping coming from the newly purchased set. She'd gained more, become more in the hours since trying on the garment in the store. Every level she put on in the game was helping grow and change her, a desire building within her that made her love each new inch, craving more and more.

'I'm going to get bigger...' She muses, her own climax approaching. *'Tomorrow, the next day, whatever I have to do ... I'm going to get bigger.'* Natalya's thoughts focus on her lover's cock, heavy and throbbing, almost teasing her by being too big to take. There will come a day when she would properly fuck Jeremy... She swears it.



It is the next morning, Natalya lounging on the couch while Jeremy begins a long day of cleaning and chores. With a yawn, the growing amazon changes the channel and looks for something to watch while eating a light lunch. The pair had ended up fucking for hours, something not as rare as one would think, going at it late into the night. Ever the hard worker, Jeremy would be dusting, sweeping and cleaning for a majority of the day. *'If I can get it done today, I can relax tomorrow.'* He says, his common phrase coming through for all sorts of situations.

Natalya by comparison, saw the day as an opportunity to lounge and relax, much like she often does. The new gaming hobby of hers had taken up a large amount of time lately, dominating her hobbies and typical creative outlet interests. Promising to get back into it, or at least better balancing her spare time and gaming time, Nat changes the channel on the television once more and begins her meal.

Throughout the remainder of the pair's Saturday, Nat would occasionally assist Jeremy in at least a few tasks. Folding laundry and lifting only the things that Jeremy couldn't, she ended the night with a few more quests in the Dark Forest.



It's Sunday evening and there's a knock at the door. Jeremy happily greets his co-worker, Danny walking in with a curious pair of eyes.

"My stars, this is your apartment? It's spotless!"

Jeremy closes the door behind Danny as he graciously accepts the compliment. *"Thanks Danny, all I did was some light cleaning. I mean, Nat and I don't make that much mess... So it's not hard to keep the place tidy."*

"Right." Danny says, putting her satchel down as she looks around the kitchen again, this time quietly on the lookout for her colleague's girlfriend. She had heard much over the past year about the homebody he lived with, though apart from a few pictures from years ago Danny was at a loss for what to expect in her first meeting with Natalya. *"Is the little lady here? I'd love to say hello before the pizzas arrive."*

"Sure, she shouldn't be far. Nat? Are you around?" Jeremy's voice fills an otherwise quiet apartment.

Quietly at first, Danny suddenly notices the feeling of footsteps coming around the corner.



From the moment the door opened, Natalya had been dealing with something of a shock. Her expectations for what kind of voice she would hear hadn't been met, this 'Danny' person sounding an awful lot like another girl. It was the 'Danny' Jeremy had spent hours talking about, his year at the firm making him and Danny out to be almost best friends. Natalya had consented to Jeremy's requests to go out to bars with his co-workers, Danny 'and the guys' being his common phrasing of the crew. Rounding the corner, Natalya had a stone-cold face on as she came face to face with the sudden... competition in her life.

"Danny? Danielle, I assume..." Nat says, drawing out the newcomer's full name. Jeremy stammers a bit, instantly recognizing how he may not have been descriptive enough all these months.

"I uh... I guess I've never explicitly mentioned Danny was... a girl, have I?"

All the while, Danny is having her own moment.

"T-this is... y-your girlfriend? ... What's 'little' about her?? Sorry uh, hello..." Nat's shoulders ease, but the amazon remains tense and the trio move past introductions.



Vigilant, a cautious Nat observes how at ease the pair are together. Matching one another in wit and banter, they dive into discussions about work and Natalya finds herself hopelessly lost. It was clear Jeremy had found himself a co-worker that was strangely opposite to Natalya in almost every way. Hard working, studious and mature, the intruder was even sporting a pixie cut as opposed to Natalya's own ponytail.

With drinks distributed, Natalya is working through a sense of newfound jealousy when she hears a knock at the door. *"I'll get it... It's probably the pizza."*

Lifting her heavy body up, Nat palms a handful of cash while her boyfriend carries on.

"Thanks Nat. So as I was saying, the regulations cover us by giving us guidelines on what to follow. It's not like they're perfect though, and..."

Danny nods along, cheerfully chipping in while throwing her own glances at the huge woman walking toward the door. *"Right. But the liability isn't on us if they're wrong. Hey..."* Danny whispers. *"You didn't tell me you're dating a giant..."*



Not listening to the conversation, Natalya opens the door and watches as a pizza delivery man tilts his head up...and up. He had started to read off the order, voice catching in his throat.

“Hello. Two large cheeses, one large Hawaiian, and...uh...”

Two tree-trunks support a towering woman before him. The top of her head was above the doorframe, her blue eyes steady as she completes his sentence.

“A large mushroom and sausage too, right? I’m pretty sure that’s the last one. You take cash right? I don’t have change but I’ll just give you extra as a tip. That works, right? ...Hey, are you okay?”

The man’s blank stare slowly shifts from one of disbelief to that of fear. Nat’s hand, open and sliding underneath the boxes of pizza, stirs him back to life. Natalya muses as she sees the life return to his face.

“I think we lost you for a moment. And to think, I’d have thought you pizza boys are pretty hard to surprise.”



With a sudden jolt of adrenaline, the delivery man suddenly turns and bolts away from the towering human in front of him. Of all the strange things he'd been greeted by at various doors, an oddly large woman with large muscles and a heavy chest was the last thing he expected. It was, after all, a fantasy of his.

"I uh... got to go!!" He says, sprinting off without even collecting payment.

"Wait, you- ... Well now what?" Nat says, rolling her eyes as she turns, pocketing the money and closing the door with a foot.

"Pizza's ready... on the house I guess." She says, drawing confused looks from Danny and Jeremy.

The dinner plates come out and the trio divide up the food. It took a shocking visit from a delivery man but Nat comes around to the idea that Danny might just be a good friend.



“So you’re the reason he likes Starlight?” Natalya muses, conversation happening between bites of pizza.

“Sweetheart, lets call it like it is. He likes Starlight because it’s half reality television, half giant robots fighting monsters. I’m in it because of that hunk Jupiter and allll the screentime he gets.”

Swallowing and giggling, Natalya nods excitedly.

“Oh fuck yes, I can’t stand the show but whenever he’s on screen I just... Okay yeah, now I see it. I just didn’t want to say it!”

Jeremy smiles and groans after finishing a piece of his own. *“Aw, neither of you actually like it for the plot? I was hoping you’d caught up so we could talk about the season finale together...”*

“Nope!” The girls say in unison, both giggling as they affirm that the show is actually hot garbage. Danny continues. *“I’d heard he was shirtless for most of it, his shorts showcasing a lot for the rest~”*

“Well, on that front I’m sure we can both say Jupiter doesn’t have much to throw around. Not like Jeremy over here.” Nat finishes dinner with a wink and a tease, both girls laughing as Jeremy welcomes the wholesome joking.



For the remainder of the evening, Danielle and Jeremy get down to brass tacks and Natalya thanks the pair for the meal. She gets out of their hair and the both of them get down to reviewing case documentation to prepare for their first actual taste of what being a lawyer is like.

The hours tick by and the sun goes down, their hard work and preparation bringing them well into the evening. It's hour four when the pair finally begin to wrap things up, each confident and content with the progress they had made.

"This went well, I'm glad you could come over. Sorry for earlier, I kind of didn't realize she... never knew-"

"You're apologizing for that? That needs no apology. It's reasonable, I'm in her house unexpectedly. But honey I think you need to apologize for almost giving me a heart attack! How on earth does a gal grow to be so large?"

"It's a...long story." Sensing there was more to the ordeal, Danny rolls her eyes with a smile and doesn't push the point further.



'You'll just have to tell me next time.' Danny had said, and before she leaves she finds Natalya awaiting her in the kitchen.

"I'm sorry for acting the way I did. You seem pretty chill... I guess we can share him. You take care of him at work, I'll handle him at home." Nat teases Danny cheerfully and kneels, bringing the smaller woman into a deep hug.

"I will- oof... And you keep on doing whatever you're doing, girl... I was not expecting all of this. Something tells me I won't be expecting it next time either, just promise me you won't break Jeremy's bones in bed and I'll be on my way."

Natalya blushes, letting her new friend depart. *"No promises!"* She says, giggling.

Danny heads out the door, Jeremy closing and locking the entrance behind her.

"You have no idea how relieved I am that you two get along. I swear, we're just good friends."



Jeremy takes a few steps back towards Nat before she fully stands... and scoops her lover up under her arm. *“Don’t worry, I know. If anything, you should be the one that’s concerned...”* Jeremy’s eyebrow raises as he is suddenly lifted into the air.

“M-me? Any reason why?”

“Danny... Is essentially the female equivalent of you. Do wrong by me and I might just have someone else that can put up with my shenanigans... Kidding~”

Jeremy and Nat both chuckle as the amazon carries her other half to the bedroom, a successful dinner hosted and a new friend made. With the pair soon having Sunday night fun after all, all is well in the Malone-Davenport apartment. One adventure after another, the two continue to enjoy the simple, unpredictable lives they’ve found themselves leading.