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grow

/comics

Chapter 5: **Losing Control**

H2grow

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Chapter 5: Losing Control

H2grow

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SITTING STUNNED AND SOAKING WET ON THE TILE FLOOR SURROUNDING THE UNIVERSITY'S POOL, PETER IS OVERCOME BY A MAELSTROM OF SENSORY INPUT AND EMOTION.

SHOCK, AWE, AND THE SLIPPING AWAY OF THE FINAL VESTAGES OF SANITY AND CONTROL INTO THE CHASM OF ABJECT DESIRE AND LUST.





HANNA?! AND WINI!
HOLY CRAP! WHAT THE
HELL?! WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU GUYS?

(TEE HEE) ... SEEMS
WE'VE HAD AN EXTRA
DOSE OF OGLER'S...UM...
PETER'S FORMULAS.



WHAT ABOUT THAT
ANTIDOTE?

THERE WAS NO ANTIDOTE,
THAT WAS A GROWTH POTION THAT
MADE US, AND REBECCA OVER
THERE, THE WAY WE ARE NOW.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, DESIREE SEEMS TO NOTICE
THE WRITHING AND MOANING PILE OF GIRLS - AN
UNDULATING HEAP OF BOOB FLESH AND LONG LIMBS.



LOOKING AROUND, I'D HAZARD A
GUESS THAT THINGS GOT A LITTLE
OUT OF HAND COMPARED TO WHAT
YOU PLANNED, EH, PETER?

I... UH... OH FUCK.



DON'T MIND
IF WE DO.



HANNA LAYS BACK, LIFTING
PETER OVER HER HUGE BOSOM.

GOOD. BECAUSE
YOU'RE ABOUT TO
SEE IT A WHOLE
LOT CLOSER.

WELL, I HAVEN'T HAD MY FILL YET.
DO YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

HELL,
YEAH!

SO, MR. TITMAN. IS THIS
ENOUGH TIT FOR YOU?

BEFORE PETER CAN ANSWER, HANNA
SQUEEZES HIM BETWEEN HER BREASTS.

HANNA "ROLLS"
PETER AROUND IN
HER CLEAVAGE...



...AND THEN SQUEEZES HIM FLAT
BETWEEN MOUNTAINS OF BOOBFLESH.



SHE FINALLY
RELEASES HER
HOLD, ALLOWING
PETER TO
COLLAPSE OUT OF
HER CAVERNOUS
CLEAVAGE.

OH MY... F-FUCKING... GOD.
(PANT PANT)



I'LL TAKE THAT
AS A 'YES'.

MEANWHILE, THOUGH WINI EMBRACED THE POUNDING LIBIDO THAT CONTINUES TO CONSUME HER, A FEW THINGS STILL CATCH THE NORMALLY MOUSY GIRL OFF-GUARD.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DAKOTA?

WE COULD ASK THE SAME OF YOU, WINI.

SEEMS SHE DIDN'T THINK HER GIANT BOOBS WERE ENOUGH... SHE HAD TO MAKE THEM **BIGGER**. THERE WAS SOME LEFTOVER FORMULA IN THAT CONTAINER THAT DEZ USED ON OGLER'S DICK.

THE MENTION OF PETER'S OVERSIZED COCK DRAWS A WHIMPER FROM DESIREE.

WINI PUSHES THE CURLY HAIREG GIRL TOWARDS THE INTERTWINED BODIES, AND THEN FACES REBECCA SQUARELY.

DAKOTA IS ENORMOUS! DID SHE USE ALL OF THE FORMULA?

I DON'T KNOW, THE CONTAINER IS OVER THERE SOMEWHERE.

UHH... SURE.

I AM PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF KEEPING THESE GIRLS OCCUPIED. DO NOT LET ANY OF THEM DISTURB HANNA AND PETER... AND ME.

AT ONE TIME, REBECCA WOULD HAVE SCOFFED AT ANY SUCH REQUEST OF HER MADE BY WINI, BUT THE TONE IN WINI'S VOICE DEMANDED OBEDIENCE. AND THERE WAS NO ARGUING WITH A 15 FOOT GIRL, EVEN THOUGH REBECCA, HERSELF, WAS NOW 10 FEET TALL.

FOR NOW, HANNA AND PETER ARE UNDISTURBED,
RELISHING IN EACH OTHER'S BODIES.

SUCK ME.

PETER NOTICES THAT THE TONE IN HANNA'S VOICE
TELLS HIM THAT THE GIANT GIRL IS FINALLY
LOSING HERSELF TO THE GROWING HORNINESS
THAT HAS AFFECTED EVERYONE ELSE.

AFTER LIFTING PETER TO HER RIGHT
NIPPLE, HANNA'S OTHER HAND TUGS
ON AND RUBS AT HER OPPOSITE DUG.

PETER ALTERNATELY RUBS HIS FACE
AGAINST THE GIANT NIPPLE...

... AND SUCKS GREEDILY ON ITS ERECT FORM.

UUUH!

SUDDENLY, A LARGE HAND GRABS PETER'S DICK, AND WHIRLS HIM AROUND.

IT'S WINI.

HI, SHORTSTUFF!

WINI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I HAD SOME IDEAS – AND POOR DEZ WAS SO FRUSTRATED THAT I SENT HER TO THE OTHER GIRLS TO FINISH. BUT I'M NOT FINISHED. SO I FIGURED I'D JOIN YOU TWO, SINCE YOU WERE SO NICE TO ME HANNA.

WINI...YOU DON'T HAVE TO... I...
OH, GOD, THAT FEELS GOOD...

WINI GRABS A LARGE HANDFUL OF ONE OF HANNA'S BULGING BREASTS.

THEN, WINI LEANS DOWN AND STARTS TO SUCK PETER AS HE WATCHES IN RAPT AWE.



WHY
DON'T YOU
TIT-FUCK
US?

WINI PUSHES PETER TO THE BOTTOM
OF HANNA'S CLEAVAGE...

"US?"

...AND THEN PUSHES HER OWN
CLEAVAGE AGAINST HIS HARD-ON.

RUBBING AND SQUEEZING,
SHE STROKES PETER'S
MEMBER WITH HER BREASTS.

UHHH!
WINIIII...!

MORE IN
ECSTASY THAN
IN PROTEST,
HANNA CRIES OUT
IN RESPONSE
TO WINI'S
MANIPULATIONS.

SHE ALSO REACHES
UNDER AND FINGERS
HANNA'S CROTCH.

I CAN'T LET
YOU FEEL
LEFT OUT,
HANNA.



THE OVERPOWERING LIBIDO
THAT IS AFFECTING EVERYBODY,
SEEMS TO BE HAVING AN EXTRA
INTENSE AFFECT ON WINI.

NORMALLY RESERVED,
OR AT LEAST UNASSERTIVE,
THE GIANT GIRL IS SUDDENLY
TRANSFORMED INTO AN
AGGRESSIVE SEXUAL FORCE.

PETER IS BEING MASHED
BETWEEN TWO GIANT EXPANSES
OF CLEAVAGE. ONE, HIS BODY
IS BEING PRESSED INTO; THE
OTHER, IS ENGULFING AND
SQUEEZING HIS GIANT HARD-ON.

MORE AND MORE URGENTLY, WINI CRUSHES
PETER AND HIS SUPER SHLONG BETWEEN HER'S
AND HANNA'S GARGANTUAN BOOBS UNTIL...



... IN A FERVOR, SHE GRABS PETER'S MEMBER, AND STARTS TO SUCK.

PETER HANGS ONTO HANNA'S NIPPLE, AS WINI CONTINUES TO PULL/SUCK ON HIS COCK. HER ARDENCY LIFTS HIM OFF HANNA'S STOMACH. THE GIANT REDHEAD LETS OUT A WHELP OF PLEASURE, AS PETER'S GRASP PULLS HARD ON HER NIPPLE.

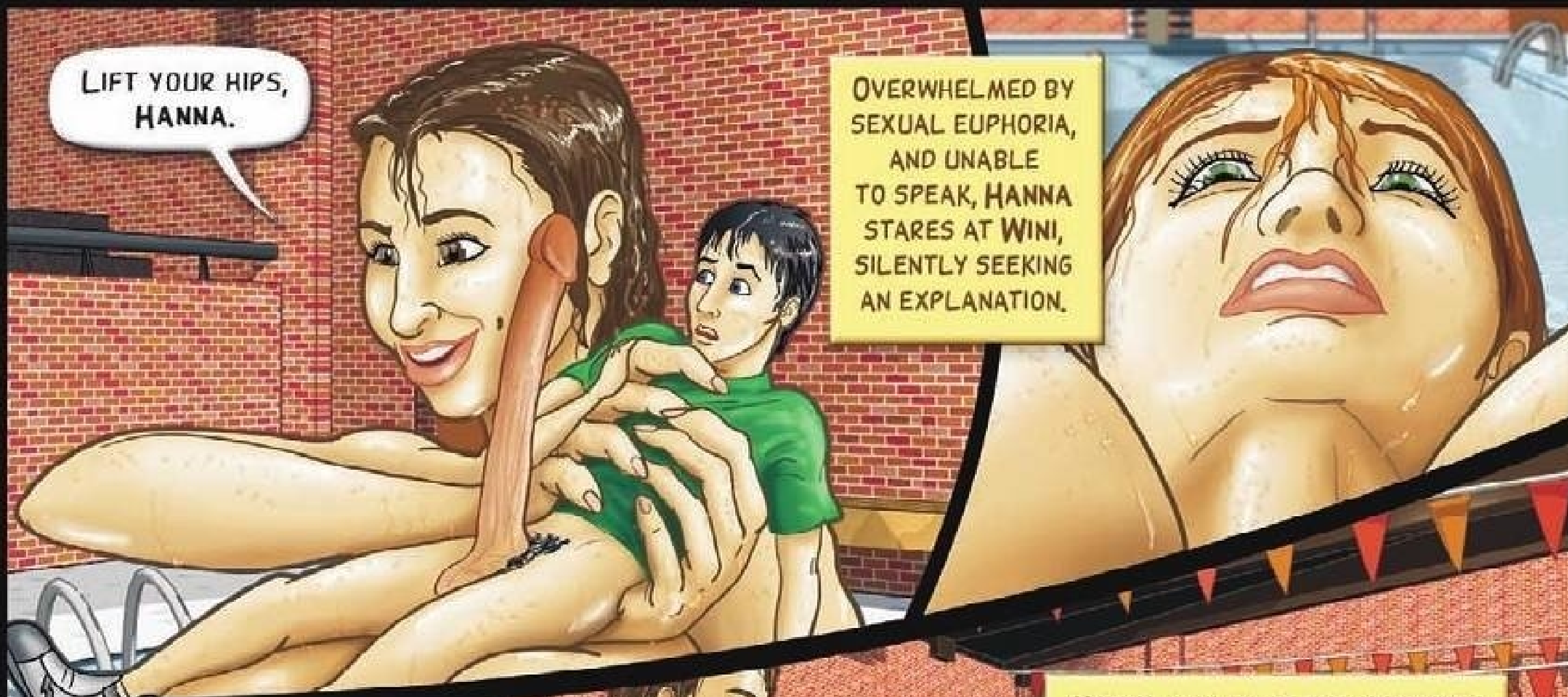
UHHHH!
W... WINI!

HANNA'S CRY PULLS WINI FROM HER RAPTURE.

OH!
AH...SORRY... I'M SORRY,
HANNA. I CAN'T HELP IT. I FEEL
LIKE I'M IN A FRENZY...

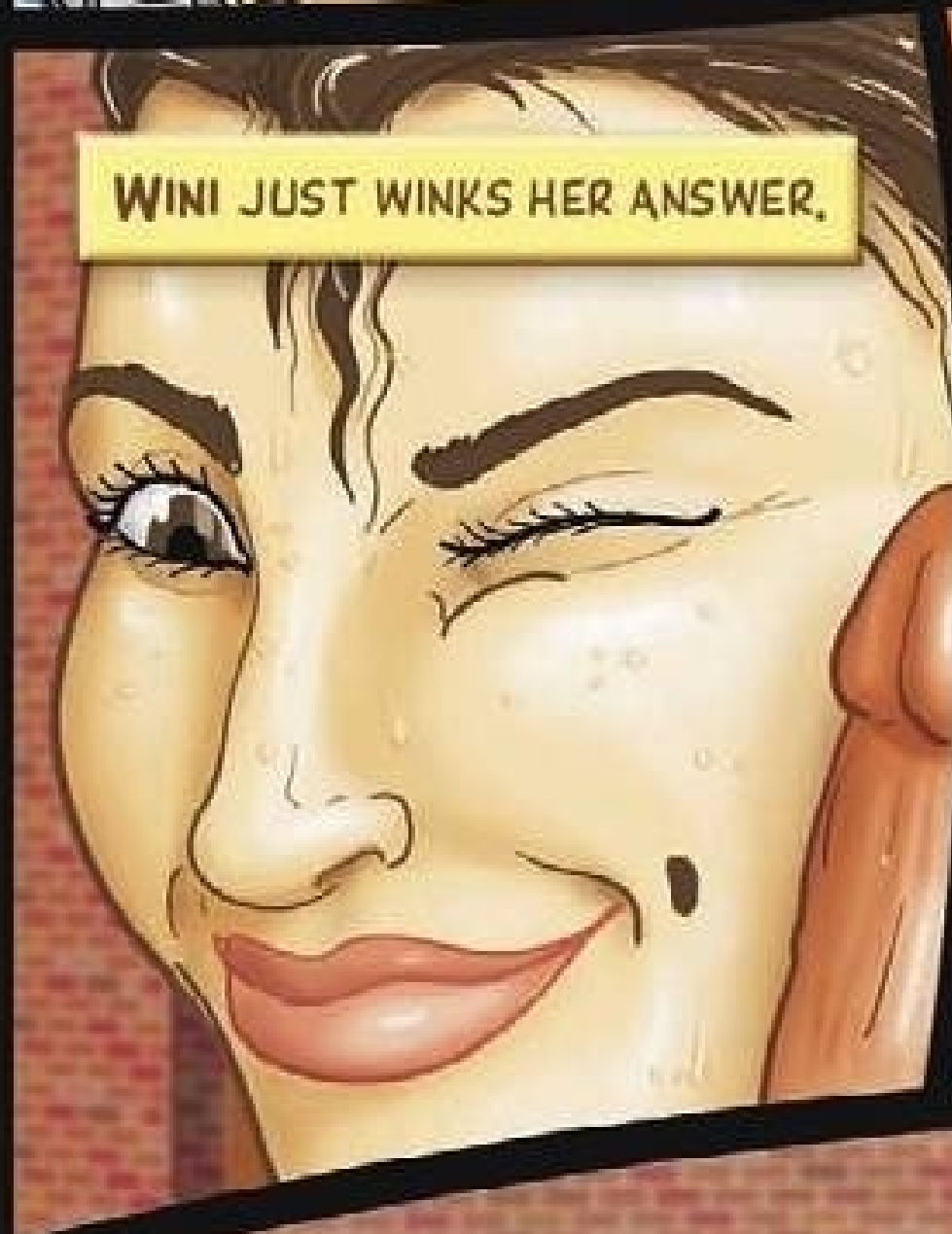
BUT YOU TWO COME
FIRST. PLUS, I'VE GOT
A LITTLE SURPRISE!

WINI LIFTS PETER, WHOSE GRIP SLIPS OFF HANNA'S NIPPLE, AND TURNS HIM AROUND.



LIFT YOUR HIPS,
HANNA.

OVERWHELMED BY
SEXUAL EUPHORIA,
AND UNABLE
TO SPEAK, HANNA
STARES AT WINI,
SILENTLY SEEKING
AN EXPLANATION.



WINI JUST WINKS HER ANSWER.



HANNA SMILES AT THE UNSPOKEN
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE
FRIENDS. SHE LIFTS HER HIPS OUT
OF THE WATER, EXPOSING HER SEX.



AND NOW FOR THE SURPRISE.

WINI PULLS OUT THE BOTTLE
OF GROWTH FORMULA.

OH NO...
NOT AGAIN!

WINI STARTS TO POUR
SOME OF THE FORMULA
ACROSS HER CHEST.

SILLY BOY. IT ISN'T
ALWAYS ABOUT **YOU**.



THEN, REACHING OVER, SHE
POURS THE REMAINING LIQUID ON
HANNA'S ISLAND-LIKE BREASTS.

WINI? IS THAT THE FORMULA...?

OH GOD...

...OH GOD, YES!



IT'S JUST TOO BAD THERE
WASN'T **MORE** THAN THAT.

PETER NO LONGER
FEELS HIS SANITY
"SLIPPING" INTO THAT
CHASM OF DESIRE
AND LUST — IT JUST
COMMITTED SUICIDE BY
JUMPING HEADLONG
OVER THE EDGE.

SO... WHEN YOU WOULD
OGLE HANNA FROM THE
STANDS, DID YOU EVER EXPECT
TO BE IN **THIS** POSITION?

UH... UH, NO.
BUT, I'M NOT COMPL ...



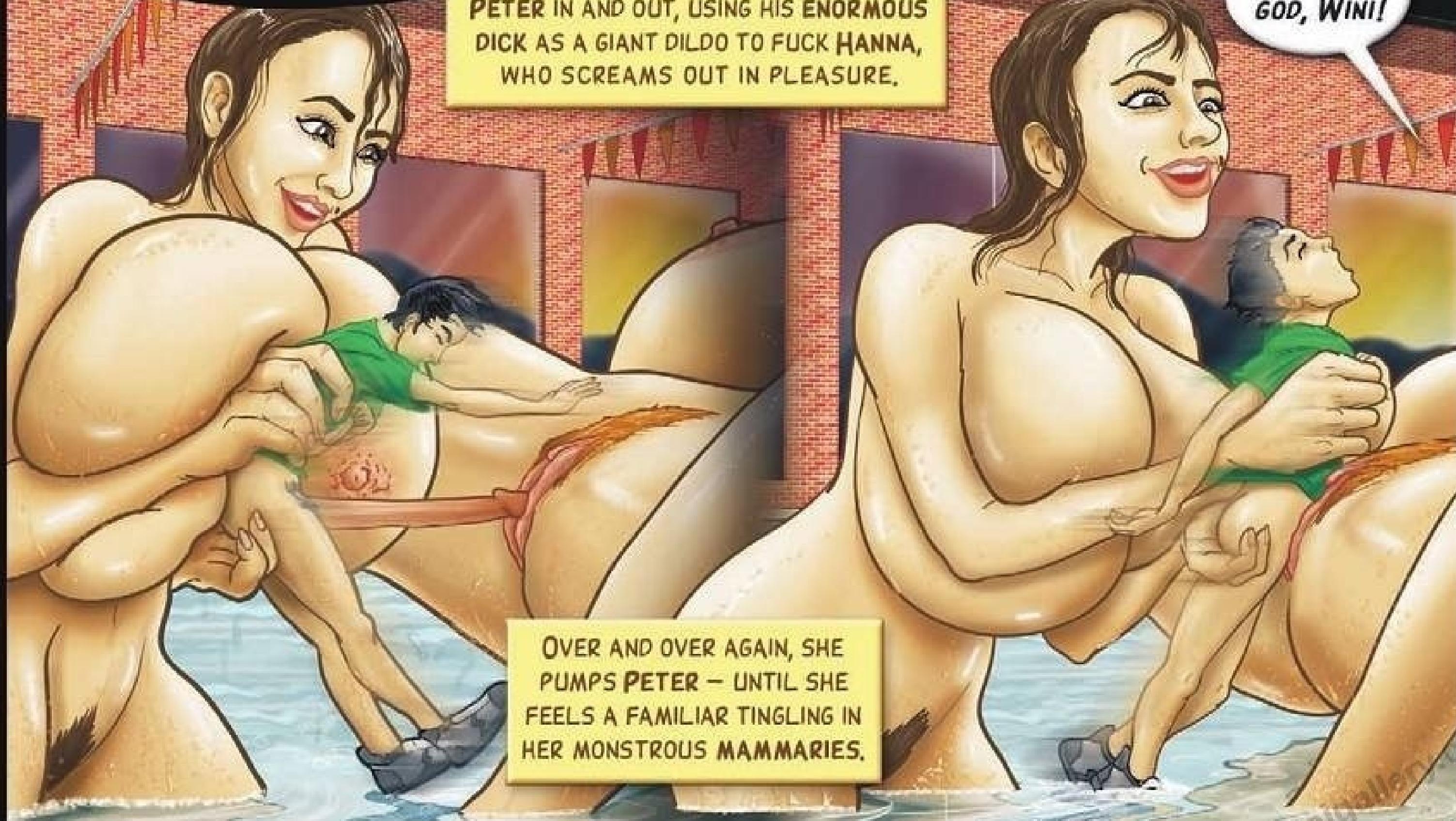


GOOD!

BEFORE HE CAN FINISH HIS SENTENCE, WINI THRUSTS PETER'S HUGE MEMBER INTO HANNA'S WAITING PUSSY.

WINI CONTINUES TO PUSH AND PULL PETER IN AND OUT, USING HIS ENORMOUS DICK AS A GIANT DILDO TO FUCK HANNA, WHO SCREAMS OUT IN PLEASURE.

UH...OH MY GOD, WINI!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN, SHE PUMPS PETER – UNTIL SHE FEELS A FAMILIAR TINGLING IN HER MONSTROUS MAMMARIES.



WINI PUSHES PETER SO THAT HIS ENTIRE COCK, RIGHT TO THE BASE, IS ENGULFED BY HANNA – AND *HOLDS* HIM THERE, PUSHING FIRMLY SO THAT HIS HARD-ON STAYS DEEP INSIDE THE GIANT REDHEAD.



THEN WINI PUSHES HER BREASTS AGAINST HIM FROM BEHIND, HUGGING HIM TIGHTLY WHILE HE IS INSERTED INTO HANNA.

FUCK!

EXACTLY!

AT THAT MOMENT, PETER BEGINS TO FEEL THE GIANT BREASTS SURROUNDING HIM START TO GROW. THEIR SOFT CURVES CREEP OVER HIS SHOULDERS. WINI'S DEEP CLEAVAGE STARTS TO SWALLOW HIS HEAD.



IN FRONT OF HIM, PETER WATCHES AS HANNA'S BODY-SWALLOWING CLEAVAGE CREEPS TOWARDS HIM AS THE GIANT RED-HEADED GIRL'S BREASTS BALLOON EVEN LARGER.

PETER CAN FEEL HANNA START TO BUCK HER HIPS IN RAPTUROUS MOTIONS. AS HER TREMBLING INCREASES, HE CAN SENSE WAVES OF MUSCLE START TO CARESS AND GRIP HIS INSERTED HARD-ON.



ENJOY THE RIDE,
SHORTSTUFF.

PETER CAN FEEL WINI PUSH HER BREASTS TIGHTER AGAINST HIM, THEIR SOFT, SPONGY CURVES GROWING LARGER AROUND HIM WHILE HE IS INSERTED INTO HANNA. THE GIANT GIRL IS ALSO RHYTHMICALLY THRUSTING HER HIPS AGAINST PETER, WHICH IN TURN, PUSHES HIS BODY AGAINST HANNA'S PULSING LABIA AND CLITORIS.

LIKE HEAVY BALLS OF RISING DOUGH, WINI'S EXPANDING BOOBS DROOP OVER AND SLOWLY SURROUND PETER'S FACE.

THE LIGHTS ABOVE SEEM TO DIM, AS PETER IS SLOWLY ENGULFED BY THE EXPANDING TIT-FLESH ALL AROUND HIM.

SURROUNDED BY GROWING, WRITHING BOOB FLESH, ENGULFED BY POWERFUL VAGINAL MUSCLES, BREATHING IN HOT, PANTING BREATH MIXED WITH SEXUAL AMBROSIA, PETER IS OVERWHELMED AND FEELS HIMSELF EXPLODE AS WELL.



IT IS A POWERFUL
RELEASE FOR ALL THREE.

STILL THRUSTING AS ORGASMIC WAVES CONTROL
HIS HIPS, PETER GASPS FOR AIR AS THE TWO
GIANTESSES STRETCH AWAY IN EROTIC EXHALATION.

HANNA CRIES OUT AN EXPLOSIVE MOAN. THE
SENSATION OF HER BREASTS BLOATING AND
EXPANDING TO SIZES UNHEARD OF, THE FEELING
OF PETER'S ELEPHANTINE DICK INSIDE HER,
AND THE URGENT THRUSTING OF HIPS BY WINI –
ALL COMBINE INTO A THROAT-CLENCHING,
SEXUAL ZENITH OF INCREDIBLE INTENSITY.

HER EYES SHUT TIGHTLY, AS IF
TRYING TO HANG-ON TO THAT MOMENT,
NOT LETTING IT ESCAPE HER MIND.

WINI GENTLY THRUSTS AND CARESSES,
COAXING THE COUPLE ALONG INTO SHEAR BLISS,
COACHING THE GROUP'S MOVEMENTS AS IF SHE
WERE A CONDUCTOR OF A SEXUAL ORCHESTRA.

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THE INDOOR POOL AT MEYERS' UNIVERSITY IS A HUGE STRUCTURE, THAT, WHILE MODERN IN DESIGN, IS STILL WARM AND INVITING TO SWIMMERS AND SPECTATORS ALIKE WITH ITS RED BRICK AND RICH WOOD INTERIOR.

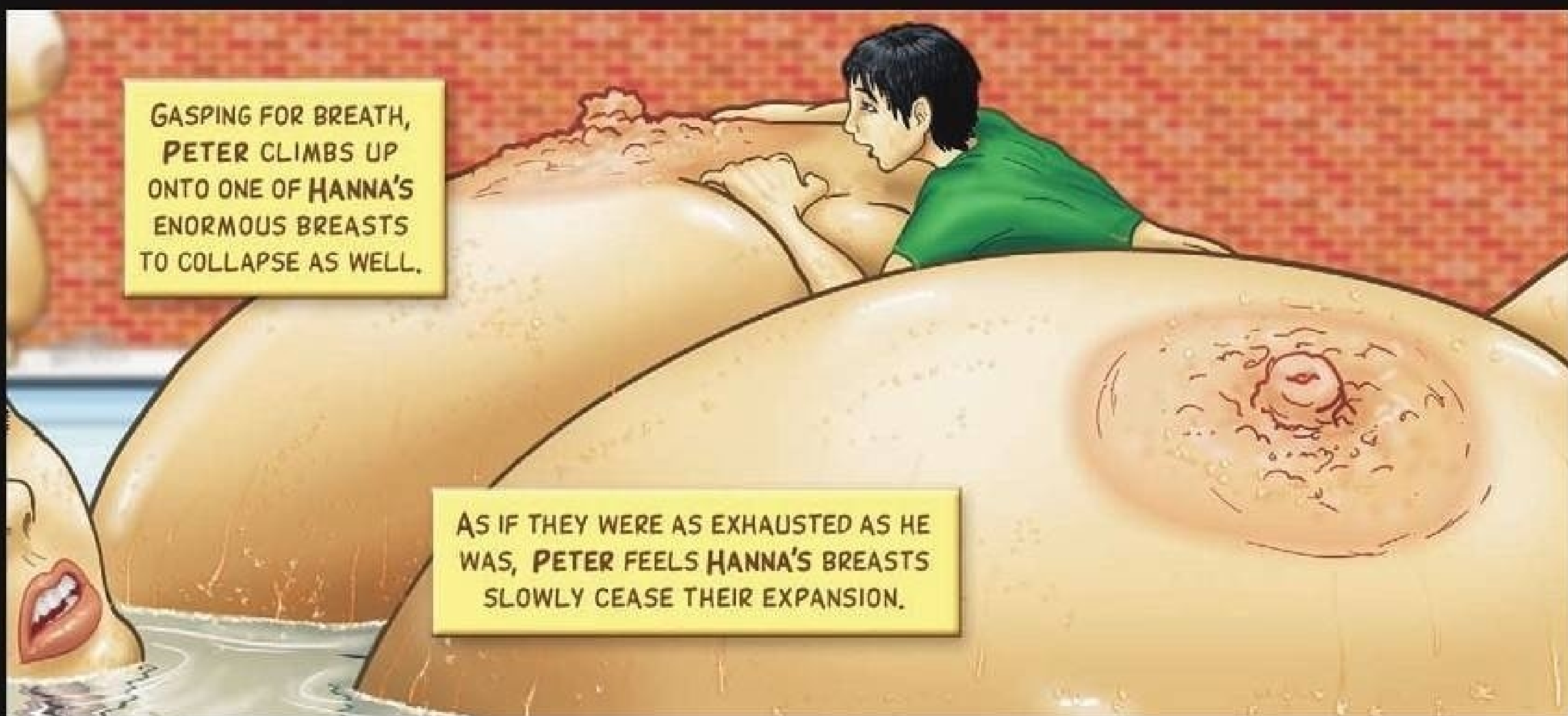
BUT CURRENTLY, THERE ARE NO SPECTATORS, NO SWIM COACHES, NO CHEERS. THE GIANT ROOM IS OCCUPIED ONLY BY THE SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S SWIM TEAM CONGREGATING IN THE CORNER OFF TO THE SIDE...

... AS WELL AS ONE HORNY ON-LOOKER.

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SOON, HANNA RELAXES INTO POST-CLIMAX BLISS, SINKING INTO THE POOL WATER.



GASPING FOR BREATH, PETER CLIMBS UP ONTO ONE OF HANNA'S ENORMOUS BREASTS TO COLLAPSE AS WELL.

AS IF THEY WERE AS EXHAUSTED AS HE WAS, PETER FEELS HANNA'S BREASTS SLOWLY CEASE THEIR EXPANSION.



WINI, HOWEVER, IS NOT QUITE DONE.

REST UP, YOU TWO.

I'M GOING TO GET ONE OF THESE YAHOOOS OVER HERE TO HELP ME FINISH.



LATER...

IT'S NIGHT...

THE POOL IS DIM, LIT ONLY BY THE MOON AND TIMED SECURITY LIGHTS.

BIRGET WAKES UP AND LOOKS AROUND.

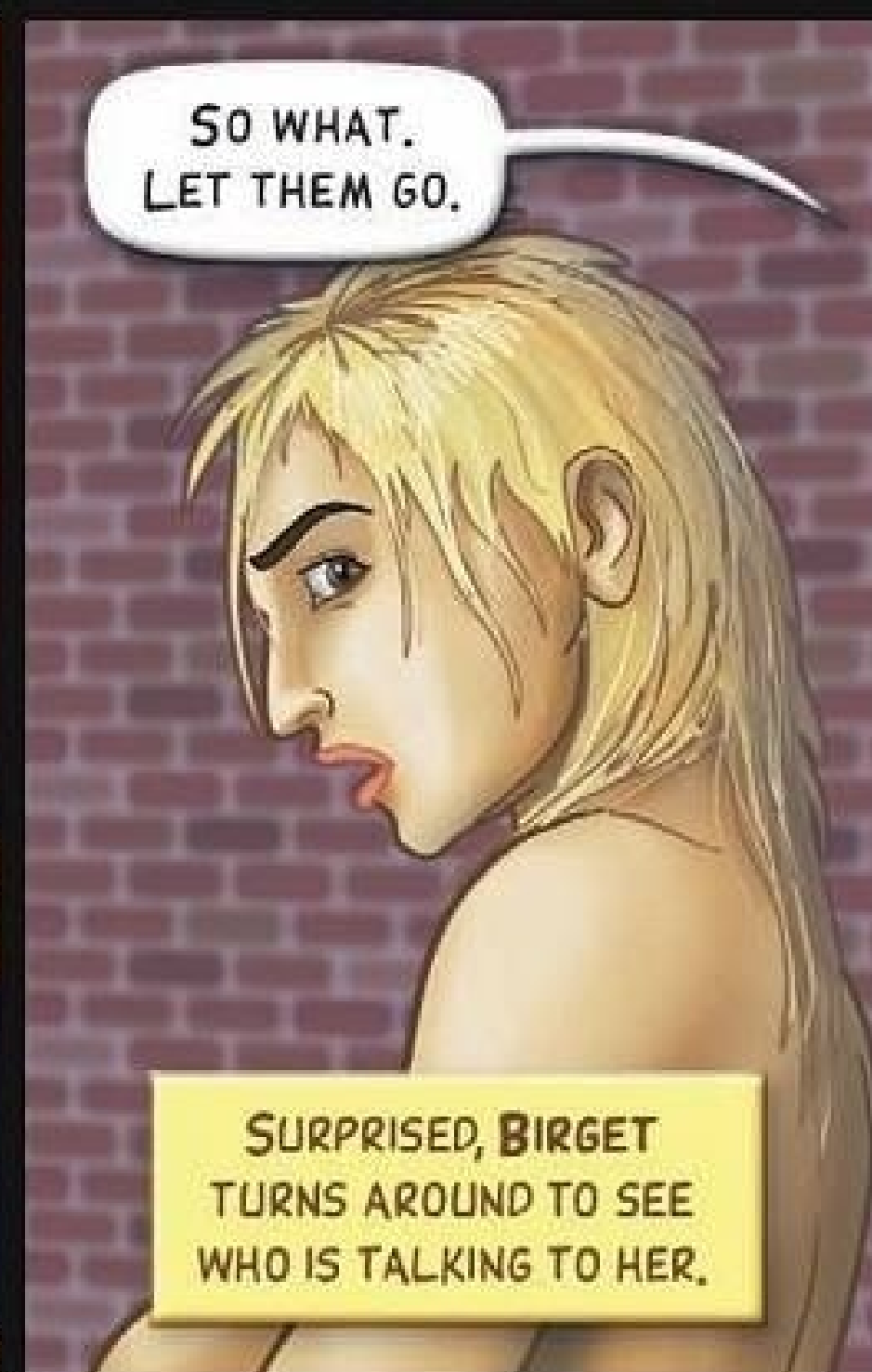
HER BODY IS EXHAUSTED. HER LEGS FEEL LIKE PUTTY, AND HER LABIA IS STILL ENFLAMED. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD TO DISPEL THE LINGERING IMAGES FROM AN INTENSE HOURS-LONG SESSION WITH GIANT-BOOBED, AND JUST PLAIN GIANT, GIRLS.



TAKING STOCK OF THE SITUATION, BIRGET SEES THE OTHER GIRLS ARE SLEEPING. THEY'VE ALL GOTTEN NOTICEABLY SMALLER, BUT HAVE NOT YET GOTTEN DOWN TO THEIR ORIGINAL SIZES.

THE FORMULA MUST BE WEARING OFF.

HANNA AND WINI ARE GONE. SO IS THAT GUY...



SO WHAT. LET THEM GO.

SURPRISED, BIRGET TURNS AROUND TO SEE WHO IS TALKING TO HER.



COME ON, BOOBIE BIRGIE. AS YOU SAID, THE FORMULAS SEEM TO BE WANING. LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE TIME BEFORE THEY COMPLETELY WEAR OFF.





THREE DAYS LATER...



HI! WELCOME
TO WORG MANOR!



HEY, YOU LOOK *GREAT!*

THANK YOU.

AS LOVELY AS
LAST NIGHT.

THANKS. IT
WAS A VERY
NICE DATE!

YES, IT WAS.



THEN WHY DID YOU LEAVE
SO EARLY? I WANTED
TO INVITE YOU IN.

I THOUGHT
WE COULD USE
THE REST...
FOR TODAY.



WOW! IS THIS REALLY
YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE?

YEP!



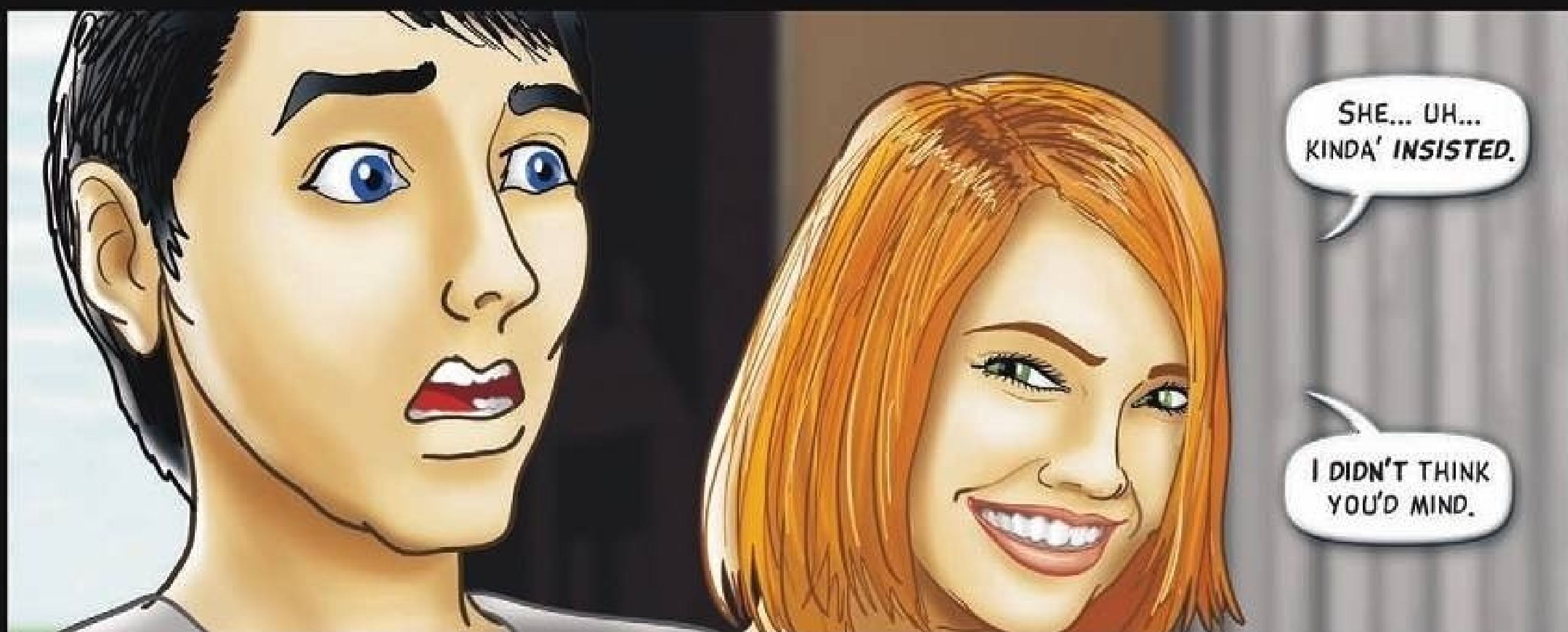
NIIIIICE...

AND IT HAS A POOL?

A VERY
BIG POOL.

SUDDENLY, WINI BARGES IN AND RACES PASTED THEM.

EXCELLENT!
WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?



SHE... UH...
KINDA' *INSISTED*.

I DIDN'T THINK
YOU'D MIND.

WHEN IS YOUR
UNCLE DUE BACK?

UMM... IN
ABOUT A WEEK,
I THINK.

WONNNDERFUL...

