

My Roommate is a Tomboy that won't Stop Growing and Refuses to Pay Attention

"Sam."

"Whf...wha?"

"Sam, you've been playing... that weird puzzle game for half an hour."

"Hehe. It's fun!"

"...Let me rephrase. Sam, you've been playing for half an hour, meaning you've been \*growing\* during all that time."

"Oh, right!"

Sam shrunk herself back down, from her height of nearly two miles, back down to the much, MUCH more 'reasonable' and 'normal', 22 feet 6 inches. Mel sighed, looking up at his roommate and trying to ignore the fact that looking up at her from this angle gave a view straight up her skirt.

"...Look at me when I'm talking!!"

Sam leaned over, her colossal chest no longer hiding her face from Mel's perspective on the ground. Her jacket and shirt shivered from the great weight they were meant to contain.

"You've got to stop with this VERY silly gimmick. \*Everybody\* can tell you're just constantly growing yourself on purpose. You pretending it's unintentional and something you're bad at controlling is a really irresponsible lie, especially when you're smushing the coast multiple times a day."

"But I really AM just constantly growing!!" Sam pouted, her skirt line brushing a nearby house roof.

"You grow like, eighty times slower at night, though. And whenever I'm out for the day, you don't suddenly take up the milky way by the time I get back despite how RIGOROUSLY forgetful you are."

Sam swayed her hips from side to side, pretending to pay attention while her butt, chest, and hair expanded. A cool party trick, and one that was definitely a persuasive argument from where Mel was standing (looking up at her), but it was nevertheless obvious-seeming from here that Sam was doing whatever she thought was fun, and what she thought was fun was pretending to be constantly, involuntarily, effortlessly growing, every minute, of every second, of every day.

"Sam, you're like 200 feet tall again already. Get back down here-!!!"

"Oh, right, sorry!! Sometimes my mind wanders and I start thinking about other stuff."

“Like what!?”

“Like sports.”

“...”

Sam wore a sly, patient smile. With each second, her colossal sneakers bore a deeper and deeper series of cracks into the sidewalks. Everything she broke reset when she did, but it was still a ridiculous set of inconveniences, and one whose conspicuous absence while he was at work had convinced Mel thoroughly that Sam was doing it on purpose.

“Sam stop thinking about sports and shrink back down. ALL the way, not to that supposed ‘NORMAL’ height you claim.”

“Sorry, I can’t really shrink back down more than like, 24 feet. I try my best, though!”

“Yesterday you said it was 22.5. What changed?”

“I dunno. I’m just a growing girl, I guess!” Sam shrunk herself back down for the time being, just in time to \*not\* destroy and disrupt traffic with her clunky massive shoes.

Instead, Sam lifted her roommate up effortlessly, like a plushie, and carried him back to their apartment, making profound efforts to arduously and embarrassingly squeeze her still-expanded and ginormous hips and chest through the apartment complex’s fragile doorframes and hallways. Only a few steps outside their apartment, Sam stopped, her ass squeezed between the side walls, her hair filling most of the hall behind her, holding Mel in front of her beach-ball proportioned boobs. She was crawling through the hall and still managed to get this far.

“I’m stuck.”

“No you’re NOT stuck, hurry up and get in!”

“Naw, I’m stuck. You’re gonna have to push me.”

“You’re a THOUSAND percent doing this on purpose. I am NOT pushing you.”

Sam didn’t listen and swung a hand back to let Mel behind her. It was a forest of long wavy locks, and Sam’s butt was crammed tightly between the cracking walls of the apartment hall, the drywall struggling in fragile vain against the embiggening and enwidening rump of the curvaceous jock. Amidst the curtains of hair was Sam’s skirt, squeezed into uselessness by the expansion of her rear. The hem line didn’t even reach halfway down her butt, at this point. And her undies were the only part that Mel could even reach.

“Sam just shrink back down. I’m NOT pushing you. I can’t even reach.”

“C’mon, please? I’ll try to lower myself down to help!”

Instantly every surface, every support, every fraction of ceiling bent out of place as forty feet of gigantic brunette rolled backwards into a sit, shattering the walls, denting the floor, and cementing Mel between and beneath Sam's round, heavy cheeks. The building itself didn't last much longer afterwards. Mel didn't quite find it in his heart to be thankful for the immense heaving tons of girl butt pinning him down and 'shielding' him from the debris.

"...Sweaty..."

"It is, isn't it? Sorry about that, butt rag."

"WHAT THE HELL, Sam, I'm not your- mfmff."

Sam shrunk back down to a much, much more reasonable ten feet, though her close contact with Mel meant that she brought his own size with her, as well. She "hovered" her own size stable by shrinking herself every few seconds, during which time the apartment fixed itself alongside her fixed size. Mel, meanwhile, found himself reduced first to a few inches, then slowly losing more little percents off his height until, four minutes later, Sam dropped him, a centimeter at most, down onto the couch.

"Whew, what an eventful day, huh?"

"Sam it's 11:40 AM."

"Oh it is, huh! How about that!" POMF. An echoing thump of Sam's hips planting themselves like a chonk meteor onto the couch rung out as Sam decisively, forgetfully, and immediately sat on the exact spot on the couch she'd just put Mel in.

With the boy secured between her buttocks, Sam decided she'd pass an hour or two by playing some more of that funny superhero puzzle game she'd been playing when Mel had first gotten her attention.

As the great, fashionable, ever-growing sportgal let her weight crush and overtake the piece of fragile furniture formerly known as a couch (and the boy between and beneath her buttcheeks), Sam silently and surreptitiously decided she might try growing the volume of her sweat while Mel was buried down there. *He'll love that!*, she thought.

Mel was a bit too busy having his face smushed to offer his opinion.

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Hi Sam said I should put a signature at the bottom of the story so folks can follow me if they want.

Go look at my twitter <https://twitter.com/SomedayNS> and weasyl.

<https://www.weasyl.com/~somedayns>