

## Chapter 42 – Michelle’s Point of View

Dear Diary,

After many years, I’ve come to a conclusion: I was an idiot, like really. An incredibly jealous idiot and now after realizing that, I feel bad. How did my own shortcomings (what a stupid joke, if I think about the upcoming topic) cloud my mind like this?

Oh, was I jealous. Many girls my age are jealous, I guess. We are in a constant rivalry with other girls, especially at school, with all those others your age around you. This one is so much smarter than you. That one is so much prettier than you. Another one is so much popular than you and to top it off, that one over there has a body, you only dared to dream about.

‘But Michelle, what are you talking about? You are so damn cute and adorable!’, people said to me, when I shared my jealousy, but I ignored them, and so I felt the same feelings and opinions rise within me, when I saw them today before school. There they were, that made me feel insignificant, especially Charlene and Dorothea.

Charlene. Used to be an exchange student from France that stayed in the U.S. after her mother got a job in the area. A 6’9 with a monster of a trained body and such great long and silky blonde hair. Guys drooled over her and her looks, while they only saw a little girl in me ... not that they were wrong.

Did I say, Charlene was 6’9? Yeah, I did. And you know, dear diary, about me, right? 4’9 with almost no signs of a body that screams ‘woman!’. I was a small child next to her ... but Charlene wasn’t even the biggest problem. Again, a bad pun.

What was Charlene’s saving grace in my opinion? Well, the answer was walking right next to her: Dorothea. Charlene

made me look like a child ... and then there was Dorothea, who towered over Charlene with her longer-than-people legs and her big boobs that had no right to be on a girl, that wasn't even 18 yet. Yeah, she was the youngest in class, but she made us look like children.

Before this very day, I always viewed Dorothea as a freak. A weirdo that just got taller and taller, clearly not fitting into this world and so I never really had contact with her. Sure, a meaningless 'hey, how are you?' here and there, but nothing of substance. I told myself, that I did not want to be in her company, because she was such a freak. But no, I was simply envious. Not for her height, well not that much at least.

Yes, with me being just 4'9, I always wanted to be just a bit taller, but not freakishly like her. Maybe a good 5'5. No, what I really envied on her, were her boobs, as I practically had non to speak about. The barest signs, that was all, and then this freak had boobs for multiple girls. I was such a nasty girl. Now I finally know better.

But what made me change, dear diary? Well let me begin. Like I said, all those old feelings were in me, when I saw them arrive at school, talking and joking about stuff, until Charlene hit Dorothea with some news, this taller-than-even-possible girl clearly did not want to hear.

'Today are our physical exams for the finals. Ready for it, big girl?', she joked while they were walking towards us, but right as Charlene finished her sentence and started to shadowbox, Dorothea stopped walking and sighed noticeably.

'And I hoped, we were in the other group, so I had a few more days to prepare for this awful event!', she stated.

'Come on, big girl. See the positives, you are done with it by the end of the day!', Charlene tried to motivate her, but

Dorothea showed her thoughts clearly, as she started to let her shoulders hang noticeably.

Dorothea hated sports, I knew that, so this day would be torture for her. It was then, when I first start to feel bad for her. Yes, I viewed her as a freak and deep inside me envied her for her 'features', but don't get me wrong. She was a nice girl, even if I had mean thoughts about her and her appearance.

'Morning girls!', Ms. Smith greeted us, 'today are your physicals, so get ready. It's gonna be a long day! Follow me!', and then we walked right to the dressing room and we got ready.

I was busy with getting changed, when I heard a \*clonk\* behind me. It was Dorothea, who just let her head rest on top of her locker. Yes, on top of the locker!

'I had nightmares about this event!'

I did not take long, for two of the girls trying to cheer her up, Patricia and Laura.

'You can do it, don't worry!'

'Maybe it will be fun. We can make this, all of us, if we help each other and act as a team!', Patricia said to her and patted Dorothea's thigh.

'Thanks, Patty. I hope so!', Dorothea said, not really convincing sounding.

I just finished with dressing, and so I turned around to see ... nothing but legs and ass in front of me ... okay, legs in front of me and ass above me. I remember, what I thought at that moment. *I just hope, Ms. Giantess will not faint and fall and squash me underneath her!*

I was such a bitch.

Anyway, others in the room, were practically born for this. Charlene was amped to eleven and Jen was already warming up with doing some exercises, before we all were done and started to walk towards the training ground.

‘Okay girls. Exercise number one is running. Your task is to run two full laps within a certain time. Warm up. We start in five!’

‘Of all things, we have to start with the worst. Running...’, Dorothea stated and this was the first time, I actually started a small conversation with her.

‘I would look at it from the other side. If we start with it, you already have it behind you and things only get better as the day goes on, right?’

That made Dorothea smile at least a little bit and this was the very first sign, that things were about to change today. I immediately had this thought in me: did I really think bad of her?

‘Thanks Michelle. I hope, you are right!’

That friendly smile. It made me feel bad and so I stopped talking towards her.

‘Okay, get ready girls. I will start the countdown! ... 5-4-3-2-1-GO!’, Ms. Smith shouted and off we went. As expected, Charlene left us all in the dust, what an athlete and crossed the finish line with an easy first place, she even set a new school record!

I finished sixth out of us eight, right behind Dorothea, who was breathing as if she was about to die. I see, why she hated running with such a passion and yet she was fifth ... okay, mainly due to her long legs, but nevertheless. I think, if I had

these things, I could have given Charlene a run for her money, but with my tiny stumpy legs, this was out of the question.

‘Congratulations, Ms. Montembeault. Impressive performance! Good news: everyone passed with ease. You did great, girls. Take a short break, before we continue.’

Most of the girls celebrated the new school record with Charlene. Why just ‘most’ and not all? Easy answer for that question. One was on her knees, still breathing like crazy and two were there to support her.

‘This was hell!’, Dorothea said, after finally catching her breath a bit, while Laura applauded her for passing.

‘See, you did it. I told you so!’, the other told her, which was me. Again. And to top it off, I even patted her with my arm on her left elbow, as she was still kneeling. Even in this position, she was way bigger than me and I could not help but take a quick glance towards the ground. Damn, her feet were big! Guess, they need to be to support her body, right?

‘Thank you, Michelle!’, Dorothea then turned around, now smiling again and this time, I smiled back at her.

We followed with a few more exercises, some more fun than others. Oh, but I have to share this story with you! It happened during the high jump exercise.

‘Okay girls. Your task is to get over the pole without letting it drop down. You have three attempts. Good luck!’

This is one of those events, where it heavily depends on you and your height, I think. For small girls like me, this exercise was quite the task, while people like Charlene barely had to do anything (keep your mind from Dorothea for a bit, this is where my story will lead to!). My goal was simply to pass, which I did on the second try, which made me happy.

And then there was Dorothea. She took one quick look at the pole, which was around the height of her knees ... and she simply stepped over it!

‘By definition of the task, I have passed, right?’, she asked Ms. Smith with such a smirk on her face and now it was Ms. Smith, that let out a loud sigh.

‘By definition, yes, Dorothea. Good ... job’, she answered somewhat sarcastically.

Midday came and after a quick lunch break, we were allowed to choose from a number of sports, to try them out. We picked Tennis and played in teams of two and got drafted randomly to our teams and as destiny decided on this day, I got to team up with Dorothea against Charlene and Mika, the latter one actually playing Tennis in her spare time. The four of us met in the middle of the court, divided by the net between us. Mika was confident in her experience, while Dorothea and Charlene were joking.

‘You think, you have a shot, big girl?’, Charlene spoke to her.

‘Hehe, me and my partner will give it our best shot, buff girl!’, Dorothea replied, once again smiling, and enjoying life.

Ms. Smith decided, that we had to switch between who was serving the ball and when it was my turn, a not-so-little problem showed itself. There was a mountain of a teenage girl guarding the net and all I was thinking was, *how in the world am I not hitting Dorothea while serving the ball?*

In the end, we lost 6-3, but like Dorothea said, we gave it our best. Fun fact. Most balls we actually lost ‘thanks’ to Dorothea, as she simply returned the ball with too much force and it often landed outside the allowed space.

‘Sorry, Michelle!’, she apologized after the match.

'It's okay. We got three points against Mika. That was better than expected! But maybe a bit less force, right?'

Two more events, but the following was the one event, I really was afraid of: climbing.

I have to be honest. I'm afraid of heights, like really afraid and so, this was my nightmare ... and my petite body was definitely not helping much.

'Your goal is to touch the red block on top of the wall!'

I looked up and fear hit me. This red block was ... I don't know ... 25 feet in the air. How should I make that!? If Dorothea feared the running part, I was mortified by this event.

And to make matters worse, Charlene made it look so easy, some others like Jen or Mika too. One after another made the climb, until only Dorothea and I were left. I don't know, why she waited that long. Maybe she realized, just how afraid I was? If that was the case, then 'thank you, Dorothea!'

'I-I-I...have to, right?', I stuttered and looked up in fear, until Dorothea decided to stand next to me in front of the wall and so I decided to look from one huge object to the next.

'You can do it, Michelle. Nothing will happen. I will be right behind you, okay?'

'O-o-o-kay.'

WHY had I these negative thoughts about her? She was great. Oh, I was such an idiot!

And so, I started to climb. Slowly, like really slowly and my heart was racing. The first few steps were okay, but then I got stuck and I did not dare to continue. I felt alone and mortified, that someone decided to help me.

I did not notice it at first, until I heard her saying, 'time to give you a little boost' and next I knew, I felt a giant hand on my butt, lifting me up a bit, so I was able to grab the next block. After that, I turned my head to the left and there was Dorothea right next to me.

'Don't be afraid, Michelle. I'm here with you!'

She actually was and so I gained at least some confidence and continued to climb ... but the last bit was impossible for me. It was simply too high up. I desperately tried to reach, but couldn't ... until I felt a familiar hand, lifting me up with ease, until I touched the red block. I would have never made it without her. This was the final straw and all my old thoughts were gone. Dorothea was no freak. She was awesome! I fully realized that!

'That's team spirit! Well done, girls!', Ms. Smith applauded, 'one final event. Time to get changed again, girls. We go to the swimming hall!'

'YAY!', Dorothea shouted. 'Finally something, I like!'

I like swimming too and was happy to leave the thoughts about the wall behind me. This would be a fun final exam. We were split up into two groups, each swimming in two disciplines. I was with Laura, Charlene and Dorothea and we were the second group, so we had some time to spectate on the others. Ms. Smith was sitting on her high chair and had a little talk with Dorothea ... but even from up there, she had to look up.

'So, I can expect something from you, Lockhart?', Ms. Smith asked and Dorothea answered with confidence and joy. 'Swimming is the only sport, I really enjoy!'



Laura asked Charlene for some tips, so I was minding my own business, but not for long. I was walking in the hall and stopped behind Dorothea. The day before, she was a freak for me, this had changed. I viewed her so differently. Away was my jealousy and in was my amazement. Yes, I was tiny, but she was so damn huge. I did not even reach her ass. I wasn't even sure, if I would be able to touch her ass standing behind her. I really thought about it for a moment, to be completely honest and then I actually tried it ... and I would have been barely able to reach it ... maybe not, when she was standing straight.

It was so high up, wow. I took my hand away, just so nobody noticed it and instead I slowly started to look up at her and then simply said, 'Dorothea?'

She then turned around and looked down to me ... or at least tried. See, I was standing a bit too close for that and so I wasn't able to see her eyes, as they were blocked by the frills of her bikini. One could one guess, how I looked for her.

'I-I never dared to ask you, but ... say ... how tall are you exactly?'

'I am 9'7 as of this morning, 292 centimetres.'

My jaw dropped. See, I measured myself in centimetres, as it sounded a bit better than 4'9. She was 292 centimetres, I was 146. Do the math. She EXACTLY twice my height!

'But someday, I'll hopefully reach the magical ten-foot-barrier!', she then said while holding up her ten fingers. Wow. She would be more than double then. Sweet Jesus!

Oh, yes, there were races and to no surprise, Dorothea blew us out of the water. She was so tall and her long arms and legs really gave her an advantage. Charlene was second, but the

gap was huge. When Dorothea was done, I was only halfway through. She was sooooo fast.

‘And with that, I can announce, that everyone has passed their physical exams! Congratulations, girls. All of you did great. You are dismissed. Have a nice day and I’ll see you tomorrow!’

When we were back in the dressing room, I started to think. Should I talk with Dorothea? Should I tell her about my old thoughts and how they’ve changed? I wasn’t sure, but I could not keep my eyes of her and she noticed.

‘C-can we talk?’, I asked her nervously and she nodded. I waited, until everyone left.

‘I want to apologise, really badly.’

‘Apologise, for what?’

Time to come clean.

‘For my stupid thoughts about you. I always thought, you were a freak, Dorothea, and I feel really bad for it. You were always nice and friendly and I always put you in such a bad light in my mind. Today showed me, just how wrong I was. You are awesome ... and great ... and friendly. Do you accept my apology?’

Dorothea looked at me, seemingly thinking about my words.

‘A freak ...’

‘I am sorry. Maybe it was my complexes speaking and thinking. I feel so insignificant behind girls like you or Charlene. I feel like a small child and you gals look so great and all. I’m really sorry. I’ve learned my lesson. Please, forgive me.’

'I can understand your point of view. By definition, I am a freak. A freak of nature. 9'7 tall and still growing is not normal, I know that, even if I love the way I am. I really want to thank you for being honest with me.'

'Listen, I...'

'But I think, we had a blast today. You were always around me. Maybe it was destiny or so, I don't know. But I really enjoyed your company and I think, we were a good team, even if I cost us the Tennis match!'

'Do you ... erm ... now ... after my confession ... would even want me ... as ... a friend?'

I was shaking, even if she was laughing and smiling like she was ... and then she stood up. Right, forget to tell you, she was kneeling, when we had this conversation. Slowly rising to her full height and then she looked down to me again.

'Think, you could handle me as your friend?'

I grinned back at her.

'Say, how is it, to be this tall?'

I don't know, who grinned more, me or her, but then I had an idea. 'Is it possible for you, to place on top of the lockers?'

'A slim cutie like you? Easy as pie!'

And just a few seconds later, I was sitting on top of the lockers ... almost eye-to-eye with Dorothea. Almost. She was still taller.

'How is the view?', she asked and I grinned back.

'Different, but cool. I'm not even afraid being this high up!'

We giggled and then left the room and the school as a whole and walked home together until we had to split up.

In the end, my dear diary, I can tell you: I got a great new friend.

## Chapter 43 – Christian’s Point of View

‘I’ll meet you in front of the cinema!’

That message came from Dorothea and for good reason. We celebrated our 2<sup>nd</sup> year anniversary and for that occasion we decided to celebrate on back-to-back days and on day 1, we were going to the cinema to watch a fantasy movie that just came out. It was based on a series of books, Dorothea has been reading, so it meant a lot to her. The perfect way to save thank you to her for those two years, wasn’t it.

Having a 9’7 girlfriend has its advantages. One for example, it’s always easy to pick her from a crowd, as she simply towered over everyone else, so she spotted me and walked towards me, greeting me with a big smile and an even bigger kiss for me. She wore her purple jacket and dark blue skirt and looked as fantastic as always.

We bought our tickets and entered the showing room. We were sitting in the second to last row and I chose my seat and waited for Dorothea to do the same, but she interrupted this with a noticeable harrumph.

‘Don’t you see a teeny tiny problem?’, she asked with a raised finger, but I was totally oblivious and had no idea, what she meant. Dorothea then lowered her finger and pointed towards the empty seat, that was *meant* to be hers. And here lies the problem. Meant to be.

‘I’m almost positive, that these seats are definitely not *Dorothea made*. My sweet bum-bum will simply not fit into these, not to speak about the leg space!’, she giggled. At least she took it lightly, me on the other hand, I was ashamed that I had not thought about that and let out a big sigh.

'I am so sorry. I wasn't thinking about it. What are we going to do now?'

But Dorothea was thinking on the spot and came up with a simple, but ingenious idea. She simply sat down on the steps!

'Gives me plenty of leg space!'

Truer words could not have been spoken. How much space did her legs need? How about this: she was sitting right next to me, her legs stretched, and she easily reached the row in front of me. Damn. The things you take for granted having her as a girlfriend and yet, her size always finds ways to surprise me.

'But are these steps even comfy?'

'Better for me than those seats!', she answered with a smile. I looked up towards her happy face, the lovely smile, but then let my eyes wander into the distance. What was in that distance? Well, I admired the view of those long legs.

I love Dorothea. I love everything about her. She's such a great girl. Loveable smile, great looks, and body proportions to die for, but those legs. They were my most favorite part on her. They always have been so long, even when we first met, when she was *just* 7'9 ... and yes, I'm totally aware of the fact, that I described my girlfriend with the words just. 7'9. I fainted on front of her when I realized. I could not believe, one was able to get this tall, but those days have been gone a long time ago. Two years later, Dorothea was standing (or in this very situation sitting) at 9'7 and she enjoyed every bit of her growth. She even got me excited about it. She loved it so much, that I got a fascination for it too. I loved, how she got bigger, because she got even more beautiful.

Suddenly, Dorothea started to giggle and I wondered why. Was I talking out loud, what was on my mind? I don't think so, but I got my answer pretty fast.

'Imagine, if it was possible for me to properly fit into one of those seats and you didn't know me and you were sitting behind me!', she shared her fantasy with me. 'Follow my lead!', she said and asked me to act along her.

Dorothea rose up and actually sat down on the seat before me, really getting cramped in there. Must have been painful, but she wanted to act this scene out, so I tried to watch from my seat, key word was tried. It was simply impossible. All I was able to see was a giant of a girl, blocking the view.

'Would be annoying, right? You paid good money and I was hindering your experience. You would be annoyed, maybe even angry and you finally had enough and get out of your seat, to confront me. Maybe even clenching a fist, thinking, I was messing with you by sitting in a way, to make myself this big', Dorothea laid out and I acted to very way, she just described, just as she wanted me to do.

'You walk down those two steps and start to confront me with an annoyed *excuse me, Miss!*, slowly realizing, that I was actually just sitting straight. You'll notice one of my legs on top of the seat before, simply due to me having not enough room. The anger in you fades and suddenly you cannot believe your eyes. This must be a sick joke. Maybe even part of the cinema experience. You stumble over your words and look at me, helpless, until I say sorry and slowly start to rise up!'

I don't know, who enjoyed this little fantasy more. Me or her. Hearing your talking all of this out loud and doing it at the same time, was so ... so ... sexy as hell. Looking at her leg

resting on the seat in front of her. Her playful smirk. To good to be true!

‘Soon, I am standing in front of you, a little bit bending, just like now, excusing myself for my body and all that and all you would be able to do is to look up at me and watch me in the eyes. Disbelieving. Or at the very least I hope, you would watch me in the eyes and not somewhere else.’

She noticed. All of this was such a hot scene, I was dumbfounded myself and simply had to look at *them*. Dorothea was teasing me. She was standing, so that I was directly looking at her breasts and I fell for that trick. I stared at them, maybe even drooling. Who knows?

‘But I would notice your immodest looks, and so I had to rise up to my full height. Now you were following me with your eyes and all I could do, was to lower my gaze and say, ‘*I am sorry, shorty!*’, haha. We are quite the actors, right?’, she giggled, finishing this little scene.

‘Y-Yeah, acting. We did great, weren’t we?’, I tried to play it down, but I think, Dorothea saw right through me. I took the final step to be on the same as hers and look up again. So tall. So beautiful.

‘Time to sit down and enjoy the movie?’

And just like that, she was all Dorothea again and we took our seats again, or in her case, the steps between the seats to get the space she needed.

The movie was pretty good, even better in the eyes of Dorothea, but my mind was somewhere different. That scene, we did earlier. It did not leave my mind. Dorothea would be perfect for movies, a one in a million star. Maybe even her real



story belonged on the big screen. That was my opinion at least.

But this was only day one of our two-day-celebration for our anniversary. For the second day, I invited her to a fancy dinner. It was expensive, and not (only) because she ate so much. Sure, she ate much more than a *regular* girl, but think about it. She was literally twice as tall as some girls, so she simply needed more to eat. But if she was one of those regular sized girls, she probably would eat way less than them. She even apologized for the amount she had to eat.

‘Eat as much, as you want, my dear. It’s fine. I know that the amount simply has to increase over time. I am well aware of that.’

That little hint from me made her feel more comfortable, I assumed. She always was so caring and mindful about others around her. This was just another attribute about her, that I loved.

After our dinner, we did the best thing, you could do afterwards: a nice walk-through town! It was a lovely day. Nice warm and cozy. Dorothea wore a pink sleeveless vest that day. Our path led us to a park in the middle of town.

Let me tell you something else. Holding hands with an almost ten-foot-tall girl, was something else. Her hands were so big and I knew her strength. She could have easily hurt me, but Dorothea always was so gentle when she enveloped my hand with her fingers.

‘Look!’, she said excited, point towards a park bench.

‘Remember our first meeting? It happened at a bench like this one!’

‘How could I ever forget it. I fainted in front of you!’

‘The cutest start to a relationship if you ask me!’, she said and then sat down on the bench. ‘Do you remember, what went through your mind back then?’

Of course, I did and so it was me, that started act out a scene. I went a few steps away, so that I was standing a bit behind her and the bench.

‘I was nervous as hell about that meeting. My heart was racing like crazy and then I saw you, but realized, something was off. Didn’t know what, but something seemed odd. So I slowly started walking towards you and the closer I got the more I realized one thing: My goodness, you must be tall! Step by step I got closer and you seemed bigger and bigger, until I was standing right next to you, just like I do now.’

‘And then you talked to me.’

‘Yup. You turned your head around and you smiled, just like right now. You seemed nervous like me...’

‘Because I was nervous!’, she insisted, but I continued my story.

‘And then you stood up and my jaw dropped, as you got taller and taller, until you stood straight, putting your gaze down towards me and my ... reaction.’

‘Your face of disbelief!’

‘Exactly. It was too much for me to comprehend. You were so beautiful, but your height. I thought, my brain was playing some sort of joke. You were so huge back then but now ... two years later. You have grown so much and I have to crank my neck even more, or step further away to see you in the eyes. Can you even see me?’

'Barely!', she giggled with glee, as she was grabbing her phone and made a picture, trying to emulate her point of view with it and then showed it to me. All she was able to see was my head, the rest was blocked by her breasts. Wow!

'And then you fainted.'

She clearly was waiting for that part, but I decided to not act my fainting.

'Yes, I did. Boy did I feel embarrassed after waking up again. But you just smiled and were cool with that and the rest is history. Happy anniversary, Dorothea!'

Two wonderful years. Standing like this made me realize, how much she had grown. Half a meter, almost two whole feet. Growing was part of her life and even if I had witnessed one or another growth spurt from her, it always took me by surprise...

All I heard was her giggling. I think she realized, what was about to happen and seconds later, I saw it with my own eyes. She grew! Right here and there. Her face gotten even further away, so did her breasts and I saw her skirt wander as well. Centimetre by centimetre. It was quite the noticeable growth spurt. I was convinced that her legs alone have become taller than me, until it ended.

'Y-You have grown, right?'

Without saying anything, Dorothea made another picture like the last one. Same angle and everything and once again showed it to me.

'Got your answer?', she giggled and it was clear as day. She saw even less of me!

'Damn! You truly never stop, right?'

She smiled even brighter now, mostly because I was cool with it and all I wondered was, if she hit the ten-foot-mark after that growth spurt.

‘Wanna compare?’, I then asked her she nodded. I insisted her to stay were she was, as I was doing the rest. I need to know one thing in particular and so I started comparing.

My head was touching the lower end of her butt or in other terms ... I was smaller than her legs alone! I had to turn around and had to look up a bit, just to see her butt. Damn! I’m not proud about what happened next, but I think, *Guy-mode* kicked in and I imagined Dorothea as she was ... minus her skirt and imagined her butt right there in clear view. What a view! Too much for me in fact and as a result, I did, what I did two years ago. I fainted.

As soon as my body hit the floor, Dorothea was worried and turned around but lost her worries instantly, as she saw me smiling while laying on the floor.

‘Was the result a bit too much for you?’, she asked smirking. All I had for her were two words.

‘Happy anniversary!’