

"I just don't get it." Ichigo said as he flexed his bicep. "I've gotten even bigger since yesterday."

Orihime stared at his flexed arm. Measuring tape tight around his limb.

"Uh, Orihime?"

"Huuuuhhh?" She slurred. Entranced by her boyfriend's newfound studliness.

"Oh, right! Um..." She checked. And gasped. "Seven and a half inches?!"

Frantic, she measured the rest of him. Ichigo had always been tall, but never a giant like Chad. That was changing now, he'd just broken six feet of height. Growing as he gained mass in every conceivable measurement. Like he was a figure in rendering software, and an animator had applied a scaling tool.

But his... his... Orihime struggled with the word. It still embarrassed her. His penis! She measured it last. Struggled to lift the fat snake of flesh. Ichigo helped her hold it out. She measured, and thanked god she'd worn a thick bra today. Ten inches! Ten!

Sex had gotten harder. But she'd never been more satisfied. Sex was a nightly occurrence now. Quick romps had become rutting marathons. She just couldn't keep up with his inflating sex drive. It got to the point where she'd given him permission to fuck her in her sleep. To use her body while she dreamed. Some part of him had loved that idea. She'd woken up sore every morning for a week now.

"Did Doctor Enzo return our calls yet?" The center of her universe asked.

Orihime nodded while she rubbed her thighs together. "Yes, he did. All the tests came back normal. As far as he can tell, you're perfectly healthy."

"Perfectly healthy? Is he crazy? Look at me! I'm built like a damn bull!"

Oh, she looked all right. How could she not? Her first and only love had the body of a Nordic god.

"Ichigo." She took his hands. "Everything's going to be okay. We have to trust the doctor on this."

"I'm a doctor too, Orihime." Ichigo flexed his thicker fingers one by one. Panther-gracile as they were brutish. "I don't like this."

Orihime sighed. When had her Ichigo become so paranoid? Probably all those traumatizing battles against soul eating monsters. Yeah... that sounded about right. She kissed him, it took some doing.

She had to stand on her tiptoes to reach. Inconvenient, sure, but she didn't hate it.

She felt him deflate. Felt him gather her in his powerful arms and all but crush her smaller body to his. He returned the kiss, gentle despite his great strength.

"Maybe you're right. I worry too much." He admitted.

Orihime hummed happily and nuzzled his now broader chest. She was the luckiest girl in the world.

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