

STRONGER than you'd Think

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A Challenger Appears


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Mature Content

For an adult
audience only



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Never one to let her small size define her abilities, even after her resizing resulted in her becoming a Halfling, Kali Kumar is on track to achieve her Olympic dream. Stopping in at her favorite cafe to cheat on her diet, she meets a familiar face from her younger days.

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Success never comes easy to anyone, *especially* those that don't work for it; and even if you do put in the effort, you won't always be rewarded. Yet, you will *never* be rewarded if you don't put in any effort; or at least so goes the philosophy of the athletic woman as she left her condo well before dawn to cap off her routine with a light jog. As she put her earbuds in and looked at the neighboring homes, none of which with even a single light on, she smiled in the satisfaction of accomplishing so much before most would even start their days, even on a Sunday.

Despite being barely 2'4" after her resizing, particularly small even for a Halfling, her jogging distance has remained constant, even if everything else hasn't. Making her way out of the Halfling suburb, she headed into the city to enjoy her 'off' day; some relaxing massages and the saunas at the gym she was a member of, Size isn't Everything. However, there was *always* time to stop by her favorite cafe on the way, not for the coffee or cappuccinos the place was famous for, but for the unique herbal tea-based smoothie that complimented her dietary needs... enough to not count as cheating.

"One green tea, banana special with ice cream instead of yogurt, please." Climbing the stool at the counter for others like her, the tanned woman smiled at the teen girl who looked happy that her night shift would be ending soon.

Taking her order, the redhead rang it up and smiled. "Didn't your manager tell you to stop ordering these with ice cream, Kali?"

Pressing a finger to her lips, the athletic Halfling winked back. "I'll make up for the sugar later. You know they don't taste the same with yogurt, Emily. Still haven't had your resizing yet I see."

"Yeah... I'm getting kinda nervous, hopefully, I can grow a bit more before it happens." Standing at 5'3", the high school girl was slightly shorter than the average woman, but still *towered* over Halflings. "My friends all became Halflings, so we're all hoping I'm a Doubler."

"Wouldn't that be nice..." Remembering her own high school experience after she became a Halfling partway through her sophomore year, Kali's friends lost the last

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bastion to protect them from the Doublers that resized. “Well, you have a 25% chance, so.” A half-hearted smile was all the comfort she could give her, shrugging her shoulders.

Smiling back, as she turned to start preparing the dark-haired woman’s order, Emily motioned to a table with her head. “I dream of becoming a Dub like Jordan, though it looks like she was pretty tall to begin with.”

Glancing over in the direction Emily motioned towards, the thought of an extremely tall girl who dropped out of high school came to mind. She wasn’t an especially social or pretty girl, and Kali had only spoken to her a few times, but she seemed like a nice person. *Wasn’t her name also...?*

While she had seen a fair number of Doublers in her life, simply being taller before a person’s resizing didn’t mean that they’d become bigger. The only constant scientists have found was that you either double in size or shrink by half. However, that one in four chance was speaking from a global scale. Among her graduating class of roughly 750 students, only about 20 became Doublers, rather than the roughly 180 that the math would suggest. Of course, not everyone that graduated had gone through their resizing yet either, so that number could have gone up a bit, but none of the Doublers she knew of were taller than 5’10” before they grew. So seeing a girl, who looked to be about her age, hunched over in the area *designed* for Doublers was almost as surprising as how familiar she was.

Long, black, uncombed hair partially covered the girl’s face as she sipped at a beverage in a ‘cup’ that might as well be a barrel, it was so huge. Her gray hoodie did little to hide the proportionally large breasts that rested on her table, and the stomach paunch that ballooned out from under the table edge was as easy to see. Her long, black skirt draped to the floor, however, there were three distinct objects that it laid over on her lap, giving away that she was not only a Doubler but also a futa. Everything about her was the exact opposite of Kali; pasty, pale, and out of shape, but still overwhelmingly feminine and soft.

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But even at such a large size and the time that passed since she last saw her, Kali instantly recalled her. “Jordan!?”

Looking up from her phone at her name being called, the dark-haired woman looked in Kali’s direction. “Who...? Wait, Kali?”

“I can’t believe it, you dropped out of school so quickly, we never got to say goodbye.” Taking her ticket, the Halfling approached the larger woman’s table and climbed on it. “What have you been up to?”

While not a terribly social person, it was only the fact that she remembered the athletic woman positively that Jordan accepted her joining her. Though she was still having difficulty maintaining eye contact. “H-Hey Kali... Yeah, it’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

“Oh, um... if I’m bothering you I could just...” Picking up on her old classmate’s discomfort, Kali didn’t want to impose.

“Oh, no, no. It’s fine. It’s good to see you... I just wasn’t expecting to see you here. I hear you’re a hot topic in the... um... sports scene?” Even with an effort made, it was clear that whatever knowledge she had of what Kali had done with her life past high school was lacking.

Stifling a giggle, she adjusted her headband to keep her auburn hair out of her eyes. “‘Sports scene’? Well, I suppose you’re not entirely wrong. I’m hoping to qualify for the Halfling Olympics next time they come around. I tore my shoulder last time the selection was made, otherwise, my manager says I would have made the cut. Especially since Alinda, the only one to give me trouble in a match met with an unfortunate incident at her gym with a futa Doublor, he thinks I’m a shoo-in! Way I heard it, Alinda left one day in the girl’s balls and showed up the next day as condom filling.” Rotating her fully healed shoulder, the anticipation for the next shot at her dream was lighting up her face. “Though I’m sure to you it must seem silly. You could pin me just by laying down.”

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“Oh no... er, well, yes, I suppose. You’re smaller than my di-ahh! I mean *arm!* Arm. You’re smaller than my *arm.*” Attempting to deflect the compliment, her usual conversational language from interacting with people online slipped through. “S-Sorry.”

“Nah, don’t be. It’s true anyway. After what Ronald did to you freshman year, just knowing I’m now only ten inches taller than supposedly your... um... yeah, your *that* was back then was enough to make me understand what I’ve become.” It was hard enough for futas to find underwear that fits comfortably, to say nothing of one with genitalia as large as Jordan’s, so a pantsing prank left quite the impression on *everyone* that saw her that day. “He deserved more than a suspension, if you ask me.”

“Y-Yeah... I’m not so bothered by that anymore... but it’s a little embarrassing to hear you thought of my co-er, penis after your resizing.” Her cheeks reddening, the Doubler woman attempted to cover her face with her hair to hide her embarrassment, rather cutely at that.

“Oh, no basically everyone at school did after you left, at least until our class graduated I’d guess.” She wasn’t sure who started the trend, but it was a darkly humorous, somber reminder of how small they had all become. “You were a unit of measure. I’m one and five-ninths Jordans.”

Wanting nothing more than to simply die at the moment, the approach of the young barista with Kali’s drink saved Jordan from any further embarrassment. “Here you are, Kali. I didn’t know you two knew each other.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say we *know* each other. Jordan disappeared the end of freshman year and nobody could figure out why.” Taking her drink as it was handed to her, Kali hesitantly looked at her old classmate. “I hope it wasn’t anything too bad.”

“Sorry, it was... complicated.” While it wasn’t a pleasant time for her to remember, it was an issue she had come to terms with. Thankfully, Emily caught on to the mood of the conversation and returned to the counter. “Do you remember Allan?” Leaning in, she spoke in a hushed tone so her words didn’t carry too far.

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Jordan's arm stretched out behind the Halfling on the table and pulled her in to keep the conversation confidential. With her so close to the gigantic girl's face though, it was Kali's turn to feel a bit of discomfort. If it was any other Doubler, she'd be concerned that Jordan was getting ready to swallow her whole, which she could easily do if she wanted. Luckily she trusted Jordan a bit more than a total stranger, and they weren't in a vore-friendly zone. *Plus, I have ESI thanks to Frank... I should be safe.* She thought. "Uh... y-yeah, yeah..." Reassuring herself that there was no need to worry, Kali focused back on their conversation. "Oh, wait. Allen *Goodman*?! That prick?" Not having thought of the womanizing star of their high school football team in a long time, Kali was just happy that he was a senior when they entered high school. His talent at the game was only matched by his reputation and alleged body count of girls he'd seduced. "He tried to get into my-!? Oh no, Jordan... he didn't."

Though she had accepted her past choices and their consequences, it was still a shameful moment in her life. "Well, Gavin ended up shrinking halfway through the year and his mom pulled him out of school, so Allan was the only one close to my height... Plus, he *looked* handsome." While Kali couldn't see from up on the table, just thinking of the asshole that ruined her high school life had Jordan rubbing her stomach. "Like an idiot, I let him talk me out of having him wear a condom, because he 'loved me'... but then he just never talked to me after. Then my dad found out and freaked out, kicking me out of his house... it was rough going for a while."

"Seriously!? What an asshole. Oh, sorry... I mean..." How a father could do such a thing to his own daughter was beyond anything the Halfling athlete could understand. Going to beat the crap out of Allan, *that* would have been her next course of action. Still, insulting another person's parent to their face was a bit much.

"No, you're right. He is, or I should say *was*. Halfers like him, who'll mouth off to anyone, especially while drunk, are bound to mess up eventually." With a dark, almost sadistic gleam in her eye, Jordan smiled down at Kali. "I hope he sobered up to regret his life choices before becoming a piece of shit."

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Trying to not show how uncomfortable the topic of a Doubler eating a Halfling so callously made her, the smaller girl wanted to try and steer the conversation back on track. “May he clog some pipe somewhere and be forgotten... but how did he find out you slept with Allan? And why throw you out over it?”

“Well, I tried to hide it at first... but once my belly got so big, there was only so much I could do to hide it.” Taking another sip of her coffee, as someone who needed caffeine to function, Jordan’s social awkwardness slowly began to fade as she talked with Kali. After all, there was nothing to fear from a Halfling or most Unsized for that matter.

Almost spitting her drink out at the news, the brunette looked up at her gigantic former classmate in disbelief. “You were... with Allan’s... Um, c-congratulations?”

“Thanks, but... I wasn’t able to...” Of everything that the entire incident entailed, *that* was the lone regret she still had... Well, and one other. “I went through some dark times after that... at the expense of other Halflings, anything to make me feel... not empty.”

Caught between her sympathy and terror for the once shy but gentle girl, Kali would have never thought that Jordan would have turned out like this. “I am so sorry to hear that... I can’t even imagine what you must have gone through.” *Or who must have gone through you.*

“Don’t worry, I don’t do... *that* kind of stuff to Halflings anymore. At least not as a coping mechanism.” Resting the pad of her index finger on Kali’s head, the ravenette smiled weakly at her. “The occasional drunk or for my new job mostly these days. So I promise I won’t gobble you up, unless you ask of course.” Teasing her old classmate a bit, Jordan giggled as she ruffled the smaller woman’s tied-back hair.

“New job?! What kind of job would have you do *anything* like that?” Pushing the oversized digit away, Kali couldn’t believe there would be a profession like that.

“You know ‘Double Gains and Half Efforts Gym’?” Tapping through her phone, Jordan showed her a picture of the building.

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While it was only a few years old, the athletes that trained there all performed well in their fields. “Yeah, that’s where Alinda went. Sounds like a pretty fancy place, but I never looked into it since I don’t feel like changing.”

“My mom runs the place and hired me on as an ‘Achievement Motivator’ when my last job let me go after an... unfortunate nap.” Her voice trailing off at the end, Jordan hid her face in her cup in shame.

“Yeah, well believe it or not but employers generally don’t like it when their employees sleep on the job.” Regardless of the situation, she wasn’t going to miss the opportunity to safely tease the Doubler.

“No... the sleeping was fine. The dumbass climbing under my skirt and poking his hand where it didn’t belong wasn’t.” Why so many people envied her manhood, she’d never know. It got her into more trouble than not. “Luckily it was caught on camera since he obviously didn’t consent or use the H/D app, so I wasn’t charged with anything. My boss just didn’t like how it reflected on her business’ image.”

Shaking her head, that incident wasn’t even scary, it was just too stupid. *Seriously... How hard is it to not end up in a Dub? Darwin must be having a field day.* Still, even if she’s a Doubler, Kali couldn’t just take it at face value. “Sure, he was at fault, but you woke up partway through and shoved him down, right?”

Cocking her head to the side, Jordan looked at her in confusion. “Hm? No, if I was awake, I would have freaked and pulled him out. Do you know how nervous I was until the police saw the tape and said I was innocent!? I had half a mind to sue his family.”

“No way! Then I bet he was thin and weak, right? There’s no way someone is *that* weak.” Having escaped from drunk and/or hungry Doublers more times than she cared to admit, the only *real* danger was if they were aware of you. She was even able to fully climb out of one’s stomach once after they fell asleep.

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“I don’t know what to tell you. I don’t think there’s a Halfer alive that could escape my body. At least I haven’t met one who could yet.” Any form of timidity that she possessed evaporated once it was decided a Halfling was going into her. She didn’t care if it was oral, anal, vaginal, or phallus, she’d consume them however she, or in select few cases *they*, chose. *I didn’t even think it was possible for them to get out without me letting them.*

Even with Jordan vouching for it, Kali couldn’t believe it, at the very least not one of them. “A dick doesn’t have any muscles to pull someone in. There’s no way someone could get sucked in. I bet I could climb out, no problem.”

“Kali!?! Are you crazy? You’re lucky you’re talking to me. Any other FtW would take you up in the bet and then you’d be ball batter in no time!” Though they didn’t interact too much in high school, Jordan still remembered the athletic woman’s kindness and inclusivity; so despite her cock twitching at the mention of a potential meal, she was trying to control herself. “If it makes you feel better, then yes, maybe I did shove him down in my sleep or something.”

“No, no, no, no, no. I know you don’t really mean that. Listen to me, missy. I know it might be bigger than me, but there is no way you could casually turn me into a load to shoot into a tissue.” Because she had been doubted her entire life for her small stature, the one thing that always proved to put blinders on Kali was someone telling her she couldn’t do something she believed she could do.

“Kali, I get it, okay?” Her insistence was making Jordan want to take her up on the offer. After all, there are very few Halflings that were as in shape as Kali, she’d definitely make a thick load. *No, no, no! What am I thinking!?! She was one of the only people who were nice to me in scho-”*

Climbing halfway up the larger girl’s chest, Kali stared her straight in the eyes, completely confident in her abilities. “Try me.”

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Bolting up from the table, slipping the Halfling athlete down the collar of her sweater as she gathered their things, Jordan left a tip for her drink and quickly walked out. “You better not regret this.” Whispering as she walked down the street towards her apartment, she checked the time on her phone. *I still have an hour or so before I have to get to work.*

Her temper tempered by the walk through the city hidden between a pair of breasts that together were about the size of an SUV to her, Kali tried to squirm out and try to talk her way out of what she had gotten herself into. Unfortunately, it was practically impossible for her to get any purchase in the combination of the heavy amount of sweat she was producing and crushing pressure. Light barely filtered through the heavy material of the Doubler’s outerwear, quickly turning the breast prison into a sweat sauna.

“J-Jordan. Let me out.” Barely able to squeak out her words, Kali realized that she was stuck until the ravenette let her out! *Ye-Yeah, but... that’s because of her bra... yeah, her bra is too tight.*

— To be continued...

Glossary

Resizing: The phenomenon in most people's late teenage development when their height will either be doubled or halved overnight.

Halfling: The term for more than 75% of the population whose resizing reduced their unaltered height by half. Their resizing does, however, make their bodies more durable than their tiny size would suggest.

Halfer: The slang term used to refer to Halflings.

Doubler: The term for less than 25% of the population whose resizing increased their unaltered height by double. Their resizing also grants them increased elasticity.

Dubs: The slang term used to refer to Doublers. Another more modern term is just using the letter 'W'.

Unsize: A person who hasn't yet gone through their resizing, typically children and young teens.

Natural: A term typically attached to one's status as a Doubler or Halfling, though are exceedingly rare. A person is born a natural if their mother goes through their resizing while pregnant with them.

Futanari: A person born neither biologically male nor female. They have a feminine body shape with breasts and a vagina, but also a penis and stronger muscles. In terms of anatomy sizes, a futa's masculine organ, feminine breasts, and buttocks tend to develop two to three times as large as a male or female. Because of these physiological advantages, a common slang term for futa Doublers now is (FtW), referring to the text slang meaning 'for the win', since futa Doublers are often more successful than their non-futa counterparts.

Predator/Prey Relationship:

Even though most of the population are Halflings, most major political and economic seats of power are held by Doublers, ensuring that laws favored the taller, stronger members of society. Despite being a minority of the population, Doublers are privileged since laws and businesses favor Doublers as symbols of power. By association, Halflings look like second-class citizens.

A scarcely understood mystery of the relationship between Doublers and Halflings is the Doubler's natural urge to prey on Halflings. Despite a Halfling's phenomenal durability, a Doubler's body is able to break them down and absorb them. Methods of consumption include orally, anally, and genitally, both male and female, or both in the case of a futanari.

More of a disposition than an actual compulsion, most Doublers are able to suppress this base desire for years before needing to sate their appetites, and statistics show that, on average, Doublers consume only about one Halfling every ten years. However, with over 16 billion people on the planet, in a single year, more than 250 million Halflings are reported as consumed by a Doubler.

Devourment Laws:

As the de facto symbols of peak human potential, for the longest time Doublers have been synonymous with rulers and leaders throughout history. As a side effect of this, laws and traditions heavily favored Doubler rights over Halfling rights to the point of discrimination. In modern-day, most of these practices have been abandoned, forgotten, or updated to reflect modern values. One law that has stood the test of time is the Doubler's right to eat and digest Halflings.

Many conditions and stipulations have been added over the years to protect Halflings that don't want to be eaten, but in most cases, there are only two general requirements that need to be met for a Doubler eating a Halfling in public to be legal:

1. The Halfling needs to consent to be eaten. If a Doubler has obvious bloat from a Halfling, proof of consent needs to be provided if asked, or proof that the Halfling was consumed in a vore-friendly zone.
2. The Doubler cannot eat a Halfling outside of vore-friendly zones, or in public places. Vore-friendly zones include private properties, private businesses, and government-designated public places.

Important to know is that because bathrooms and other secluded areas are not public places, Doublers are free to consume Halflings if all other conditions are met.

Employment Safety Insurance (ESI): In more recent times, Halflings have sought employment with larger companies for the relative safety from predatory Doublers they provide. Since it is more difficult to fill skilled labor positions, ESI makes it illegal to consume a Halfling without expressed permission from their employer under any circumstances. And while employers generally don't allow their employees to be eaten, if for no other reason than to protect their public image, this protection only lasts for as long as the Halfling is employed.

