**Picture Perfect**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

*“She just, wants, picture perfect.”* The punk dressed woman at the counter sang softly, strumming on an acoustic guitar.

Trisha looked about meekly, holding her arms to her petite chest. What was this place? And why was it tucked away inside the back room of the studio?

As if sensing the presence of her meek visitor, the punk woman turned one of her heavily shadowed eyes towards her guest. “Hey there,” she called out, taking a moment to fidget with the tightness of her guitar's strings, “welcome to Madam Materia's. What can I do ya for?”

Trisha's confusion only grew. “What is this place?” she asked, turning and finding herself locked in the punk's hazel eyes. There was an untold power behind them, like the shining light of the sun or the moon. It was beautiful yet, intimidating all at the same time.

“This place is Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie.” The woman at the counter answered, giving a light strum of her guitar as a lock of red-shocked black hair fell in front of her face. “We cater to clientele looking for something a little extra in their day to day.”

Pursing her lips Trisha paused, fidgeting with her slender fingers. “So, are you Madam Materia then?” she asked.

The punk let out a laugh, her lip ring tapping on her teeth from her wide grin. “Me? No way.” She answered. “I’m Kasumi. I'm just working here till I can untangle myself from some of the mess I've gotten myself into.”

“Oh.” Trisha replied, eyes nervously drifting to the floor.

Setting her guitar against the desk Kasumi rose, her heavy boots thudding as they hit the floor. “Anyway,” she piped up, stepping over to the meek little girl, “what can I do for you?”

Blushing Trisha pushed her thick glasses up her nose. “I-I’m not sure.” She answered truthfully. “I just came in here to get my equipment for today’s shoot.”

Nipping at her lip ring Kasumi raised one of her hands, showing off the tattoo of some oriental symbol as she moved to cover her right eye. As the hand came away, the beautiful hazel iris was a glowing sky blue that took in the girl in front of her.

Trisha was fascinated a moment, peeking up and seeing the otherworldly glow before turning away again, hiding behind her short brown bangs. Unseen to the naked eye was a string, looped around the meek brunette’s arm and connecting to the world around her. Following it, Kasumi grinned, walking over to the shelf. “You’re a photographer?” She stated more than asked.

“Y-yes.” The nervous photographer answered as she followed Kasumi. “How did you-“

The punk cut her off, turning and holding a professional looking digital camera in her hands. “This was calling to you.” She told the brunette, handing the device to her. “It should help you sort out what’s troubling you.”

Trisha took it, looking it over with trained know how. Examining the lens, testing the shutter speed, even checking things like internal memory. “This is beautiful, but I can’t afford a new camera. Especially not one like this.” She told Kasumi.

“Who said you needed to pay for it?” Kasumi asked, resting a hand on one of her ample hips.

Trisha was again blushing deeply. “I-I couldn’t accept-“

The punky Kasumi silenced her be leaning in and planting a kiss from her ruby painted lips on Trisha's. “It’s yours.” She told her, giving the girl a light pat on the cheek.

The photographer was silent, crimson in the face from such a beautiful woman having so boldly kissed someone as plain as her. She swallowed thickly, pulling the camera to her chest. “Th-thank you.” She stammered nervously, stepping out of the shop before she could make more of a fool of herself.

“Trisha! What’s taking you so long?” a man called out from the studio proper.

Trisha jumped in her skin, clutching her new camera close. “S-sorry Mr. Pavale!” she replied hastily, looking around the back room. The door to Madam Materia’s had vanished entirely, leaving her surrounded by the equipment she'd come to fetch in the first place. *“An overhead light.”* She reminded herself, tucking one under her arm as she moved to join her boss at the proper.

As the photographer entered the proper her boss gave an annoyed sigh. “You’ve kept the model waiting Trisha.” He reminded her, with a flick of his wrist towards the girl in question.

She was radiant, her skin perfectly sun kissed from head to toe. The curve of her firm breasts peeked out above the sheet she wore, hinting to cinnamon nipples beneath from the soft swell of her barely visible areola. Her expression didn’t read the same annoyance as Trisha’s boss though. Perhaps just boredom.

“I’m sorry.” The meek brunette apologized to their subject as she set up the lighting herself.

The model, Gina, just smiled. “It’s fine.” She replied, getting up and letting her modesty blanket drop, revealing she was only wearing a pair of tight black panties, hugging the alluring flare of her hips. “Let’s just get started.”

“Yes, let's.” Mr. Pavale clapped lightly, making Trisha hurry into position.

Turning the new camera on Trisha knelt down, pointing and adjusting the lens to focus as her boss gave Gina instructions. She took a few test shots, getting a feel for her new tool and admiring her subject through the lens. *“I wish I had a body like hers.”* The thought crossed her mind. If she had a body like hers, then she wouldn’t be putting up with her boss. She’d be the model, with everyone catering to her instead.

As she clicked the shutter, capturing the image of Gina bent over her seat, there was a sudden heat in the room. The photographer played it off as the lights glaring down on her, doing her best to ignore it, but in reality her wish was coming true. The front of her blouse was tightening, as her petite chest expanded outwards and making small gaps in the buttons through which her milky skin showed through. Her loose dress pants lost their slack, hugging tightly to a pert little toned bottom growing within them.

Trisha’s breath came in a hot gasp, and she had to wipe the sweat from her brow. Too engrossed in her work and afraid to aggravate her boss any further today. She continued to snap shots as the model turned, covering her nipples with her arm and blowing a kiss to the lens.

“Alright.” Mr. Pavale announced with a clap of his hands, snapping Trisha from her reverie. He held out his hand and the photographer handed over her camera for inspection before adjusting her thick glasses.

He gave a look, browsing through the hundreds of shots they’d taken for the shoot. He offered a half-hearted smirk. “These will do.” He said, handing the camera back to Trisha and addressing the model. “We’ll have the prints done for you by the weekend Gina darling.”

She managed a smile, collecting her blanket back up. “Awesome. I look forward to it.” She finished as she departed for the change room to redress.

His attention turned back to the photographer, seeing the way her top was practically busting at the seams and giving a look of disgust. “God, I know you don’t have much to show Trisha, but dress appropriately or I'll have to fire you.”

“S-sorry sir.” Trisha stammered, realizing where his gaze was and noticing the tight buttons. The humidity probably had it clinging somewhere. She did her best to tug it closed with her free hand, nervously noticing the difficulty she was having with it, but not having the proper time to process it. She’d fix it when she got home.

Mr. Pavale just scoffed at her response. “Run through the photos for the highlight reel and have them ready for tomorrow so we can do the final editing run.” He instructed her, leaving before she could reply.

“Y-yes sir.” She replied quickly, slinging her camera over her shoulder and going to collect her purse. It was going to be a long night.

The whole ride home had been uncomfortable. No matter what she tried she couldn’t get her top fitting right, and it was drawing unwanted attention that just added to the discomfort. When he time finally came that Trisha was walking in through her front door she couldn’t help but breath a sigh of relief.

“A long day…” Trisha muttered to herself, unslinging her new camera and checking through the pictures. “And it’s not over.” She sighed in defeat, setting her camera down on the desk in her tiny bachelor apartment. That managed to bring her a small smile, the one nice thing in an otherwise shitty day. Getting a new camera, and a good one at that.

Opening her laptop the photographer grabbed up her USB cable to connect her new device. It would need some time to install drivers, and that would give her the perfect opportunity to slip out of these restrictive clothes. She wasted no time, reaching up and undoing the top button of her blouse.

She couldn’t help but gasp as the button flew open at the slightest provocation. The sudden violent momentum tore the second button off her top, sending it flying and bouncing off the wall to clatter on the floor, and had the third straining to contain the apex of her bust.

Trisha was stuck staring down in awe, at the dark line of cleavage staring back up at her from the pert little boobs dominating the inside of her shirt. How had this happened? How did she suddenly have breasts when this morning she was flat as a board? This warranted further investigation.

Struggling she managed to get the third button open, her blouse spreading and finally taking the pressure off her chest. Biting her lip the brunette brought up her hands, peeling top aside and fully letting her new breasts out. They were perfect, pert little boobs. With cinnamon nipples atop the soft swell of her puffy areola.

Continuing her exploration she took them in her hands. They were firmer that she thought they’d be, but soft and squishy at those rounded nubs. And when she squeezed them?

Trisha let out a soft moan, wriggling her toes as a little jolt of pleasure hit her. They were sensitive! She couldn’t keep the smile off her face. Even if this was new, and a little scary, it was a blessing. She peeled her top the rest of the way off, with her new tits it wouldn’t fit anyway, and cast it aside, noticing the way her core curved in on itself to perfectly smooth toned abs. She hadn’t been chubby before or anything, on the contrary she was like a rail occasionally able to see her ribs, but this was a fantastic improvement.

She had to keep going, finally noticing how tight her pants here on her rear and taking a peek at the way they were stretched. Reaching around she took two huge handfuls of her new curves and squeezed. Not as good as her nipples, but it felt good to have something there. It took a minute of struggling to get her belt off, and she was pretty sure she heard a stitch pop as she forced them over the new alluring flare her hips had. She was absolutely gorgeous from the neck down.

And yet… familiar? Pushing her glasses up her nose she took herself in, trying to put her finger on it. This afternoon’s shoot flashed through her memory, and today’s model.

Hurrying to her laptop Trisha opened up the reel from today, watching all the images spread out on the screen. That was it. Beyond lacking that sun kissed bronze tone, and of course her face, she was a dead ringer for Gina.

Pursing her lips the photographer thought it over, crossing her arms with a little difficulty thanks to her unfamiliar proportions. She’d thought it to herself during the shoot, wished that she had a body like her subject's, and now she had it. This was amazing!

She drew up her camera, looking it over in her hands again. Was that all it took to work? Just point, wish, and shoot? She had to experiment. Nothing too extreme, but that she would be able to notice. So subtle.

Walking over to her window she opened it up, the night air rushing in and making her exposed nubs stiffen almost painfully. Carefully she perched the camera on the sill, pointing it to the street and using the room to examine the passers by. It was so hard, there were so many obvious choices she could test with. A hair colour, her body type, bigger boobs… It was a busy enough corner her choices were endless.

In the end though, she decided. Seeing a woman reading a book quietly as she waited at the bus stop. *“I wish my vision were as good as hers.”* She thought to herself as she snapped the picture. No sooner did the shutter snap and the preview load on her camera’s screen that the world started to blur. A slow transition from clear to like swimming through oil. Trisha grinned, pulling back and taking her thick glasses off, seeing the world with crystal clarity without their aid.

She let out an excited squeal, dancing on her toes and planting a kiss on her camera. Her little miracle. Her thoughts rushed with potential for how she could use it. She’d have to test it again, and soon to see what limitations it had.

For now though, this was enough. She still had to sort through today’s shots before tomorrow. Plus she'd also need to do a bit of clothes shopping before work to make sure she was presentable. The last thing she needed was Mr. Pavale yelling at her again for not being dressed appropriately.

Wrapping the measuring tape just under Trisha’s bust the sales girl took her numbers. “Alright, so thirty two,” she said, moving it up the photographer's pert breasts and wrapping it around her sensitive nipples, making her blush red. “B. I can fetch a few bras for you to try now that we know your size.”

“Thank you.” Trisha offered with a nervous smile, moving to cover her chest.

The salesgirl just chuckled. “It’s no problem.” She tood her. “Seriously though, you've never gotten a bra before?”

The brunette blushed deeper. “No.” she answered truthfully, having never really needed more than a sports bra before yesterday.

“No need to be embarrassed.” The salesgirl assured. “I mean, looking at those I get it. They’re pretty perfect even without support. You could be a model with a body like yours.”

If only she knew, and the compliment had Trisha smiling. “Thanks, but I can’t really be going to work without coverage.”

The salesgirl giggled. “Ah, the daily grind.” She joked. “Anyway, I'll be back in a jiff.” She finished before disappearing from the change room.

It had been an empowering morning, albeit an expensive one. She took a moment to go through her shopping bags: a pretty new camera bag, that now contained her new treasure; a few pairs of underwear; new tops and pants. And now a few bras. Her funds were running on empty, but she'd be set with her new body.

As promised the salesgirl returned with a small selection, and Trisha settled on two that matched with the underthings. With a quick payment she wore one of her purchases out and was on her way to work.

Stepping into the studio her chin was high. She felt better than she could ever remember being, as her new pants hugged her curves and her chest was held high from her new bra. And the best part was having the studio to herself. With a smile on her face she started setting up the proper. Changing out the backdrop, positioning the tripod and setting up the lights, it would likely need a little tweaking when the model arrived, but from the looks of things there would be pretty good shots today.

With the proper prepared she fished her thumb drive from her camera bag and made her way to the editing room; to get a fresh start on Gina's prints. She’d taken so many good shots it was hard to narrow it down, but she’d managed to settle on about thirty that highlighted the model's natural beauty perfectly. She just needed to do some minor contrast edits to draw the eye more naturally to the subject.

By the time Mr. Pavale arrived Trisha was already making the prints, proudly putting together a portfolio. “Trisha, what *are* you doing?” he inquired when he caught her in the printing room.

“I was just finishing with miss Gina's editing.” She answered, turning and presenting the finished works to him.

His gaze turned to a leer. “Without me okaying them first?” He took the portfolio from her, opening it to begin an inspection. “Where are your glasses?” he asked as he browsed.

Trisha blushed a bit, she probably should have waited for the go ahead to start editing. What was more pressing was that she didn’t have any explanation prepared for her sudden lack of corrective lenses. He'd noticed though, which was nice. Maybe he'd notice more? “I um… figured I'd start wearing contacts.” She lied.

Mr. Pavale simply scoffed. “Well clearly they’re not working for you. These are awful.” He told her, tossing the portfolio to the side.

She could feel a sinking sensation in her chest, her pride shattering at his words. “W-what do you mean?” she had to ask.

“People come here for my personal touch darling, and that means giving them a little extra.” He explained. “Round her out, tuck her in, give her the Pavale treatment.”

Trisha didn’t reply. Gina was beautiful without any of that. “I don’t think-“

He cut her off with a raised hand. “Trisha, who is the artist here?” he questioned her.

Her hands came up to her chest, and she nervously fidgeted with her slender fingers. “Y-you sir Mr. Pavale.” She answered meekly.

“That’s right. They aren’t coming here for the Trisha touch. They want Pavale to awaken what’s hidden within.” He drove it in. “So then, you've wasted time and materials.”

The brunette’s shoulders came up defensively. “S-sorry Mr. Pavale.” She replied.

A grin crossed his lips. “Of course you are. Next time, don’t go doing things without my approval first.” He told her, giving her a little lift of the chin. “And have those re-edited to my standard by tonight.”

“Yes Mr. Pavale.” The photographer conceded, picking up the cast away portfolio to start over.

Trisha was practically in tears when she came through the door of her apartment. All of everything today had been toppled down in an instant by one man. To see what he thought about even someone as pretty as Gina? What hope did she have to be taken seriously?

Sniveling the photographer slumped down on her floor, pulling her knees up to her chest. What could she possibly do? She needed more if she was going to put him in his place, but what?

“I don’t need you!” the shrill voice of an argument came from her window, piquing her interest. She still had her camera.

Pulling it out Trisha quickly jumped to her feet, going over to see what was happening and catching sight of the woman below. There was a man following her, trying desperately to hold a blanket up around his waist. “Baby, it wasn’t what it looked like.” He pleaded after her.

The woman turned on him with a sarcastic laugh. “Oh, so you weren’t fucking balls deep in that slut of a secretary then?” the words were full of venom. “I’ve put up with enough of your bullshit Rob, I'm done. I stood by you when you damned well didn’t deserve it and you repay me like this. You burnt this bridge to the ground, I hope she gives you the fucking clap.”

The photographer just watched it all, as if realising what she was missing. She couldn’t stand up to her boss. Couldn’t tell him off because she lacked the backbone to do it. Or at least she used to. *“I wish I had that kind of confidence.”*

She snapped the photo. It wasn’t the same kind of sensation as the one that flooded her when she changed yesterday. It was subtle, like stoking a fire within her. Her anger and frustration from today sparked, flaring up into an inferno of rage. Fuck Mr. Pavale, what the hell did he know?

She looked down at herself, seeing the way her outfit hugged her picturesque form. This wasn’t good enough? Oh she'd give him good enough. Her eyes scanned the street corner, picking out the ideal targets to take her to the next level. Give her the *“Pavale touch”*.

*“I want boobs as big as hers.”* She thought, snapping a picture of the prostitute working the corner. Her obviously fake tits squeezed into a tube top to show off as much as possible. *“Give me her ass.”* A snap of a darker skinned girl getting a manicure across the street, who's healthy hips here stretching her tights. *“Make my hair that amazing.”* Another shot from the salon next door of a long, straight haired teen getting a streak of blue in her bangs.

There was an urge in her to keep going. Unfortunately the wave of heat washing over her as her demands were being met made the photographer flinch, letting out a soft moan as she collapsed down to the floor. She set her camera aside, feeling an electric tingling throughout every inch of her body. Immediately she watched as the buttons of her new blouse started to spread, felt as the band of her bra started to dig into her back.

With a grin she leaned back on her hands, pushing her chest out as she watched it continue to expand. She could feel herself rising from beneath as her rear started to fill out. There was no denying it this time. She could feel her pants tightening on her thighs as they grew, spreading the fabric and popping stitches.

She bit her lip, reveling in the feeling of growing into something more. Better, sexier. The type of woman who would put that bastard Pavale in his place. Her brown locks interrupted her little reverie as they extended down into her vision, forcing her to reach up and brush them behind her ear in time to watch the middle button of her top blow open.

Giggling the brunette reached up, taking her swelling tits in her hands and gasping from the feeling of her fingers sinking into the soft flesh. Another button burst open, making her new heaving breasts bounce in their constraints. Her bra was like a twisted strip, struggling to keep its form around a form it was unequipped to handle. Her pale skin was turning pinkish from the pressure building behind the poor undergarment.

A sharp snap from below drew her attention, filling her with yet more of this overwhelming pride. Checking below there were huge gaps in the seams of her pants, through which her milky flesh was trying to escape. Maybe it was about time to help it out?

Trisha let one hand off her breasts, biting her lip to keep back from moaning as she struggled to get her fingers into the gap. Thinking about her sensual curves beneath had her hot and bothered, and she was about to take it further. With a tug the stitches of her pants gave, one by one filling the air with pops until eventually she tore the waistband.

The front of her pants snapped away, making her moan as she got sight if her panties past her tits, stretched and pulled up between the moist lips of her mons. Seeing it, being aware, made the sensation all the better as she squirmed her thick thighs, making the fabric rub against her clitoris. No wonder she was so aroused, if this had been going on; but hey, why deny it? She should enjoy her moment before the satisfaction of sticking it to her boss.

Her fingers traveled over her soft skin, making her shudder delightedly. Her panties thankfully had mire elastic give than her pants, letting her fingers slide in without too much effort. Once she was in though they held her hand in place. Her palm hovered her hot button, and she could feel the moist heat of her pussy on her digits. Without a hint of resistance she slipped two fingers in, gasping lewdly and grinding against her palm to get the most stimulation out of her masturbation. After all, she still had a show.

Her bra made a sad rending sound as the first of its hooks warped and snapped, tilting the poor thing up and showing off the undersides of her puffy areola. Dragging her lip through her teeth the busty brunette decided to help the poor thing along. Without stopping her self pleasure she rolled her shoulders. In one swift motion the other hook gave, making her new melons surge forth into the new space, tearing open the last buttons of her top and putting her full chest on display.

They bounced a moment as they settled into place. The bitter night air from the window had her nipples sore and hard, aching for attention. Who was she to refuse?

Laying back Trisha let her free hand explore one more. Each of her conical tits overflowed her full hand, yet were still fairly firm like they had been when they were half the size. With an aroused gasp she explored her large nubs. When they were smaller those rounded cinnamon planes had been soft and squishy, like jelly. Now they only had small give. Squeezing one had her squirming as an electric pulse of pleasure shot though her, but they were like squishing large marshmallow on the tips of her rounded boobs.

For as nice as those were though, the real treat was when she found her nipples. She moaned happily as her fingertips grazed her solid bud. It was euphoric, her fingers knuckle deep pleasuring herself as she toyed with her right nipple in her fingertips. Bucking she lost it, squirming and flushing as a powerful orgasm rocked her new body and soaked her destroyed bottoms.

She couldn’t remember ever coming so powerfully in her life. Shakily she slipped her hand out of her panties, shuddering as the too small garment slipped back between her folds once more. She barely had the energy to get up off the floor, instead just letting her exhaustion get the better of her and drifting into a pleasant sleep.

*Bzzzt*. Trisha's phone buzzed insistently inside her purse.

The buxom brunette groaned softly, pushing her heavy body up from the floor. The stiffness in her joints from sleeping outside her bed was an unpleasant reminder she shouldn’t have let herself pass out, no matter how good she was feeling.

*Bzzzt*. Her phone beckoned for her again.

“Coming…” Trisha mumbled as she got up, her destroyed clothing hanging loosely off her form. With some effort she removed her bra's straps, letting her remove the useless garment and toss it aside. Her pants were the next to go, which left her with a startling discovery. She hadn’t noticed last night in her lusty haze, but from above her knees to her waist she had a deep tan. She had demanded someone’s rear with a drastically different skin tone. Thinking about it she probably should have been more specific.

She’d explore more of her predicament later. *Bzzzt*. When someone wasn’t texting her every ten seconds.

Every step had her rear bouncing behind her, and her firm tits pulling on her chest in unison. This would take a bit of getting used to. As she hefted one of her pert babies, feeling the shock of pleasure from her fingers just grazing her areola, she felt it was worth it.

Fishing through her purse she got out her phone, seeing the messages on her lock screen. Missed calls from Mr. Pavale, and a text from him. *“Where are you!?”* it read.

Trisha just scoffed, last night’s rage bubbling back to the surface. It was time to give her old boss a piece of her mind, as her fingers went to work. *“Not coming in. Ever. I'm tired of your bullshit. I loved my job and worked my ass off for you, and you treat me and the models like shit. The Pavale touch? The girls don’t need your touch, and I don’t need you. You can consider this my resignation.”* She opened up her phone's camera, angling it up for a selfie. Low enough he could see her cleavage shown off through the torn wide shit, but high enough he couldn’t see her nipples. Her brown hair hung down to just past her shoulders, highlighting her face beautifully, and the centerpiece of the photo was her free hand. Occupying middle right frame and displaying her nice extended middle finger to drive home her feelings for the man who made her professional life hell.

Send.

There was a sadistic glee in telling him off that made the busty photographer grin. She tossed her phone onto the bed, not even caring when the buzz of the ex boss' reply came through. She wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of her attention any longer. Now to take stock of the situation.

Her boobs were magnificent, jutting proudly off her chest even if they were a bit heavy. She tried to remember her exact thoughts from last night to compare, so that she could make better more informed decisions with the camera. *“Boobs as big as hers.”* So she had only asked the camera for size, unlike her request for a body like Gina's before. So she got the size, without any of the other traits, which probably explained why they were still as firm as her old B-cups. She couldn’t help giving them a happy little squeeze, feeling the soft flesh squish between her fingers.

As she played her hair kept falling in her face. Lustrous straight brown locks. She reached up and felt it in her fingers, how silky smooth it was. *“Make my hair that amazing.”* So it was still her hair, same colour. It had taken some of the qualities of the girl’s hair from the picture, but had stayed her colour. And obviously without the new blue highlight. Made sense.

So how had she gone wrong with her now literal black booty? She reached down, cupping her cheeks in her hands. They weren’t how they were before. They were a tad fatty, and lacked the smoothness of the rest of her body. *“Give me her ass.”* It had taken it literally. Like photo editing her subject’s rear onto her, without any sort of melding.

She fetched the camera from where she set it down, browsing through her shots to verify her findings. She couldn’t help frowning, the girl’s bottom looked so much better than it really was squeezed into those tights. It meant she'd need to be careful, and a pinch more specific in the future.

For now though, the photographer had other concerns. She’d just quit her job, and yesterday had spent all her money on clothes that now didn’t stand a chance of fitting her. She needed to weigh her options and prioritize.

She could try to get Gina's proportions again, that way her clothes would fit. How would she go about that though; hoping people with the model’s figure just happened by the window? And even if she did, what was she going to do, hand out resumes door to door? Regardless she had to fix her body. Minimally her skin tone, and getting back to a nice smooth behind.

Then there was money. She couldn’t afford new clothes, and she couldn’t go jobless and still afford her apartment. She had a camera, maybe she could put up ads for commissions like she did in college? Do weddings or amateur models.

The idea struck like lightning. Why do commissions for models when she had the body of one? And the tool to be the best. A grin crossed the brunette’s lips, and she took her camera into her hands. Two birds one stone, she'd fix her current body predicament and give herself a few minor touches; to make sure she could draw in as many as she could for a premium album. It was perfect, and best part she'd get to call the shots.

First things first though; she looked down at the dark strip on flesh that was her bottom. She had to fix things. Walking back to her window she surveyed the street. She needed to support herself with her elbows, still unused to the heavy weight pulling on her chest. Another problem she could maybe fix? It was time to experiment.

She caught sight of a pair of men carrying a couch across the way. One obviously struggling as his larger friend handled the heavy lifting, biceps bugling in his tight t-shirt. Opportunity. *“I wish I were that strong.”* She tried to be careful with her internalised request, as the last thing she needed were more problems.

At first she felt no change, wondering if maybe she made a mistake, but as she sat up she felt it. Her boobs didn’t really feel heavy anymore. They still had a weight on her, but she could carry it without even thinking about it. She hadn’t really changed at all, looking at her slender arms.

She rest her hand on her heavy nightstand and immediately noticed the difference, as it toppled effortlessly from the force she applied. Trisha couldn’t help chuckling, setting the camera down to toy around a bit. She lifted her night stand up in her arms, barely breaking a sweat. She had the strength, but not the bulk. She could be choosey about things.

With an excited grin she cleaned up what little mess she made and got back to the camera. She’d solved one problem for her back, but still had more to tend to.

She needed to even her skin tone. Tapping her chin she scanned her potentials. She couldn’t go for a perfect sun kissed bronze, though it might clash with her neutral hair. She could always change her hair too though, something darker. Inspiration hit though as she caught sight of a girl coming out of one of the stores up the street. She focused her lens, trying to make sure to get a good shot even at distance. *“I want a skin tone like hers.”*

Snapping the photo there was again a few scant seconds of nothing as she looked at the preview. It loaded up the image of a gothic girl, skin white like porcelain and smooth. Trisha saw it first in her fingertips. She wasn’t particularly dark herself, but the lightening was noticeable, especially in her ruined hips. She wasn’t quite the same tone, which meant the girl in her shot likely wore some makeup, but as the change finished she was left looking pristine and untouched. Her nipples even lightened to a pale pink, making her feel almost like she had a more innocent look.

The pale photographer bit her lip, excited to keep going. She was starting to see a flaw in her plan though as she kept scanning. With everyone sensibly wearing bottoms, she couldn’t tell one butt from another in terms of texture or feel. Nice of a sensation as it was to feel herself changing, she didn’t want to be blindly trying butts on for size. It just sounded like an invitation for trouble.

As she pondered the mystery her eyes drifted up to one of the billboards, advertising makeup with a sultry looking woman done up on the front. Another idea, as she tipped the camera up. *“I wish I had a face like hers.”* She snapped the billboard.

Would it work? Trisha brought a finger to her lip, immediately feeling a tingle. Beneath her pale fingertip she felt her lip swell, softness pressing against her digits as they filled out into a sultry pout. She fluttered her eyes, her lashes growing until she could see them in her peripheral, tickling her eyelids when she opened them fully. Little other changes could be felt all over her face. A heightening of her cheek bones, her chin sharpening as she face assumed a more almond shape.

Grinning with excitement she got up and made her way to her bathroom. Immediately she caught her reflection, unable to keep from squeaking. She was gorgeous. She looked like she was wearing makeup, identical to the billboard model, but inspection revealed she wasn’t. Her eyes naturally looked lined, her lips a permanent ruby, and eye eyes seductively shadowed as if she’d gotten it all tattooed. She flashed her perfect smile and reveled a moment with a new discovery. She didn’t need live subjects to borrow from.

The buxom woman slipped back to her living room, fishing through yesterday’s things for Gina's portfolio, flipping through for a nice one that showed her toned rear, and set it down on the floor. *“Make my ass that great again.”* She snapped the shot of her photograph, and waited.

She reached around, placing a hand on her fatty rear. That telltale tingling came back in force. She could feel her flesh rippling beneath her touch, the fat melting away and being replaced with toned muscle. Soon she had that perfect smooth cheek again, but with a size that made her think she could crush a can between her thighs if she wanted to.

She looked herself over one last time, in nothing but ill-fitting panties and a destroyed blouse. She’d have people lining up for pics.

Fetching her tripod, Trisha spent the afternoon taking shot after shot in whatever she had. Anything stretchy enough to cover her impressive curves, or else with only her own modestly placed arm or blanket covering her. She had a good few hundred of her on the bed, her window sill, at her desk, ready for upload.

As she sat at her computer setting it up, the night starting to creep in as she sat in her poorly stretched tank top and boy shorts that looked more like a thong, she realized one more thing. She needed a proper screen name. Trisha was a photographer, and a slight little thing. Nothing like who she was now. With a little grin she filled in her modeling name, making up a new social media account to start advertising herself.

Her first post. *“Hey, Trixy here…”*

With a confident smile on her perfect lips, Trixy closed her laptop. She’d done what she could, and had fun today. Nothing to do but wait till tomorrow. Hoping into bed she wriggled into her sheets, looking down on her perfect body and running her hands over it. Caressing her puffy nipples through her top, and down her toned waist to slip into her bottoms.

After a quick bit of masturbation, she drifted off to a satisfied slumber.

The response to Trixy was phenomenal. Better than the sexy brunette could have anticipated. Her inbox was flooded with receipts from people purchasing her full album, her social media had exploded with follows and shares. To her dismay, a little had been leaked, but what had been had made its way to a dozen other platforms that were begging for more.

Who was she to deny them?

Grabbing her phone, and ignoring the dozen or so messages from her old boss, the model snapped a quick selfie. A little quick thank you for the support and she posted it up, her tank pulled low to show some cleavage as she gave a naturally naughty wink.

Looking it over it wasn’t quite of the quality she'd have preferred, but the immediate positive response from commenters brought a smile to her face. Maybe she was just being critical?

With her fans addressed though it was time to check on her earnings. She was convinced her jaw might hit the floor when she saw the number. In just one night, with a few picture sets, she'd made more than Mr. Pavale paid her in a week. Her month's rent was definitely covered, and she'd have plenty to shop for new outfits. Something which from many of the messages she got, people wanted to buy for her. If she did shots in them of course.

It wouldn’t even be hard, most were asking if she had a wish list so she wouldn’t even need to provide her address. Just pick out a few things and wait. It was all just so easy. Save for one part.

She didn’t know her size. Pursing her pretty lips, Trixy frowned. There was no way she could guess it herself, she'd need to go get measured again like the other day. Which meant finding something decent enough to go out in in her closet, or else ordering it and hoping for the best.

Hey, who gave a damn? She didn’t get this body just to take pictures of it. What was the point of looking this good if she was just going to hide it?

Heading to her closet she fished out her biggest nightshirt. She had shopping to do.

“Hey watchers, Trixy back with you again.” The buxom model spouted for the camera, dressed in a skimpy little two piece lingerie set hidden under a button up top.

It had been an eventful week. Her popularity had continued to boom, and new outfits had meant another fun album. She was looking pretty well off for money in the short term, but her fans asked for more. More albums, more shots, some even wanted nudes, though she wasn’t quite sure if she was comfortable that idea quite yet.

She was getting there though. As her fans had wanted cam shows, like the one she was doing now, and they'd been getting more and more provocative each time. Maybe today would be the day she gave them a sneak peek?

With a little grin Trixy peeked down at her bust, pulling her shoulders back as to push them out and make the outline of her bra through the sheer top more noticeable. “I know you all really love these thirty two triple Ds of mine, how big they are and perky.” She teased, giving a little bounce on her knees that made them jump. There was a round of positive replies flooding her chat at the statement, encouraging her to continue.

“They’re so big on me.” She obliged, reaching up and taking them in her hands. Each was more than she could handle, her hands barely covering more than her cups. “Huge even. It’s hard to find tops that fit me right.” She pressed them together as she spoke, making them swell forward and pop open one of the snap buttons from her top.

She’d picked this top just for this occasion. The new window to her tits showing their milky pale flesh, with the dark line of her cleavage as a sharp contrast that drew the eye deeper where she wanted it. With a giggle the buxom girl reached up, feigning to close the button back up, but with a naughty bite of her ruby lip instead opening another that jostled her breasts as they got more room. The lacy turquoise edge of her lingerie peeked out, and she shot a devilish glace up to the camera with her permanently shadowed eyes.

Trixy's grin returned. “You’ve all been super generous since I started,” she purred as she popped the third button, revealing the sky blue bra beneath. “I figured you all deserved a treat.” Another small snap of her fingers and the last button flew wide, her top flowing out of the way to her sides.

Her chat was going wild, scrolling faster than she could read with donations and comments. The cam girl wriggled in response, making her breasts bounce in their cups. Their firmness combatting their size as their full nipples barely kept covered. “So what do you think?” she purred, biting her lip and reaching up to reveal the clasp beneath the lace keeping her contained. “Shall I give you all a peek?”

It was a rhetorical question. There was positive affirmation flooding her chat as she was already pinching the little latch. Her breasts squeezed together, deepening her cleavage, and with a small click everything lined up. A small twist of her fingers and-

Quickly she brought her hands up with a giggle, edging her audience as she caught her cups before her breasts fell free. “So naughty all of you.” She teased with a little wink. She bit her lip though, she had promised them after all. With a shimmy of her shoulders she peeled the cups of her bra away, revealing her pert tits to her fans.

There was another flood of messages and donations, and she replied with a giggle, figuring it enough and clasping her bra back up. “There you go.” She wiggled excitedly as she read her chat's comments.

There was a sea of positivity. The more she read though, the more her smile started to fade. Little by little as more negativity slipped through the cracks. *“I’ve seen bigger.” “They weren’t that great.” “Fake.” “Waste of money.” “Can I get a refund?”* There was still more coming in, most great, but as more and more critiques and toxicity slipped through Trixy’s mood disappeared.

“Alright, that’s all for now everyone.” She said, reaching over for the off on her webcam. “See you next time watchers.” With a click she was alone in her apartment, stuck thinking and wondering.

She checked her phone, seeing a bunch of notifications from her blog and social media. A quick peek and her pondering kindled into a rage. Not even an hour and frames from the stream had been leaked, with their mix of ecstatic comments and toxic backlash.

She still wasn’t good enough? Fine, she'd show them. Trixy grabbed up her camera bag, taking her tool out and adjusting the shutter speed. Her subject didn’t need to be real for her to take their attributes, so as long as she could get a clear shot she could just pull up an image on the web; or edit it herself.

Pulling up a new tab on her laptop she put in her search query. *“Huge breasted models.”* There were dozens, no hundreds to pick from. Breasts of every shape and size from as big as the busty photographer herself to larger than their owner's head. As she leveled her camera though the lightest warning popped into the back of her mind. She needed to think this through.

If she suddenly grew without explanation it would raise questions. Before she was Trisha, a nobody, so suddenly having her current body either no one knew the difference, or never noticed her before. Now though Trixy was a model and cam girl. Going from her current size to something like what she was looking at now overnight was an impossibility. She’d lose more watchers and income from people thinking she was stuffing or over editing her shoots.

The buxom model needed a plan. Perhaps a simple test of her camera’s capabilities again? Browsing through her options she picked out a handful of girls in steadily increasing sizes. Not too much between each one, maybe just a cup or two, but as you moved through them it was noticeable. With a confident smirk she leveled her camera to the screen.

Her subject was a busty girl, on her knees and showing off her heavy tits in just a bikini. *“I want my boobs to grow that big by the end of the week.”* She snapped the shot, taking a moment to focus on herself. That telltale warm tingling filled her body, and she looked down at herself. At her firm breasts filling her sky blue bra.

Then just like that it died down, and she remained unchanged. Had it worked? She cupped her breasts in her hands, giving them a soft squeeze that brought a blush to her cheeks. Only one way to find out.

With a grin Trixy flicked on her camera, seeing the little red light blink on that told her she was live. “Hey watchers, Trixy here.” She gave a small wiggle, brushing a lock of her brown hair over her ear and pressing her chest out. Her chat had been steadily growing, along with her bust over the week. “Sorry I've been so spotty, but I finally got the results from the doc.” She gave a little giggle, taking her tits in her hands and giving them a squeeze. The middle button of her blouse popped open, showing off her cleavage for the camera as she leaned forward.

“They’re definitely growing.” She teased. “He says it’s some sort of estrogen imbalance and there’s no telling when it'll stop, so I'm in for more yet.” She grinned wildly, turning her shadowed eyes to the camera and went for her buttons. Undoing them one at a time the cam girl revealed her sky blue bra from the prior week. Her breasts here overflowing from top and bottom, compressed together by the poor garment's struggle to contain them.

With a little shrug Trixy shed her top, taking her burgeoning boobs in her hands. “I wonder just how big I'll get?” she asked rhetorically with a little pout. “It’s already so hard to get bras now. It was hard to find my old size, but my new one I can only get custom made.”

There was a flood of messages that brought a little grin to her face. Even the toxic ones mixed in would get what was coming to them as she continued to get bigger, better, over the next few weeks. “Mmm, I know you all wanna know,” she teased, letting go of her breasts and letting them fall into place. She reached off screen, pulling a new larger bra into frame. “what my new size is.” A grin crossed her ruby lips as she took the piece of clothing in closer to investigate, taking the tag in her fingers.

With a little shimmy she read it out. “This one's a European import.” She teased, delaying the answer they craved and driving more buzz in her chat. It was about time to let them off the hook. Trixy turned the crimson bra to the camera, waiting until the tag came into focus. “It’s a sixty nine F cup. I think they said that’s like an H in US sizes, so I'm up two sizes.” She explained to her horny viewers. “No wonder my old bra can barely hold me in.”

There was more to it all though. The busty cam girl had promised a bit more in her hype for this stream. “Let’s try it on then, see if it fits.” She teased.

Without the ceremony of last time she unclipped her bra, letting her tits fall free and shrugging the undersized bra away. Those puffy pink nipples were hard at the tips of their little hills, aching for attention. It was almost hard to refuse them as the brunette star wrapped the band around her ribs to get it on.

Her chat was on fire from the casual peep show. All too soon it was over though as Trixy fit her still quite firm breasts into their cups, and slipped the straps over her arms. With a contemplative pout she adjusted herself, giving her heavy melons a bounce. “Fits pretty good.” She told her audience, swinging her shoulders to show off with a giggle. “Maybe a little bit tight.” She teased with that naughty grin of hers.

A few more minutes of showing off and the model was ready to stop. “Alright, that’s it for today.” She teased, blowing the camera a kiss. “See you next time watchers.” Another wink and she reached out to shut off her webcam.

Trixy couldn’t keep from smiling. Everything had worked wonderfully. Her donations and subscriptions were jumping in number, and some of her more toxic followers were being put in their place by her die hard supporters. Not to mention they'd be eating their words by the end of the week, when she grew even bigger.

Patting her breasts the buxom babe opened up her folder of future breast sizes, lining up the next one and readying her camera. *“Let’s grow that big by next week.”* She snapped the shot of the next girl, heavy tits squeezed into an undersized jacket and overflowing up towards her chin.

It was time to put her to shame.

The weeks flew by, as did Trixy’s ever too small bras. Her cam shows continued into the provocative range. Shows of her literally bursting out of too small bras as her breasts steadily grew at the pace she'd set were the new standard. The money continued to flow, though her album sales were dropping as more and more were coming to see her live shows instead.

Not that it was the worst thing. Cam shows were easier anyway, and she could just do more and get more to make up the difference. Once her breasts started to rival the size of her head, she started premium streams of letting people watch her masturbate and play with her deliciously sensitive nipples. It was the easy attentive life she wanted.

Right?

“Hey watchers…” Trixy put on her best smile, but her original energy was gone. As normal now she was topless, one arm curled under her massive bust to keep them up. “Time for the weekly check-in.” she grinned, giving her breasts a bounce. With their new size much of their firmness was gone and they rippled with movement, taking seconds to settle down that had her chat going wild.

She pulled up a measuring tape, not even rolled anymore it was used so often. “Alright.” She said holding the starting end in front of her, barely able to reach around her tits to hold it. “Here we go.” She swung the other end over her head, feeling it pull against her tense back muscles. She barely felt the weight with her strength, but her back was always holding her up, and it did eventually weigh on her.

Pinching the ends together over her conical nipples she marked with her thumb and pulled it up to read. “Forty six inches.” She forced a naughty grin for her audience. “That means I'm up to J, K...” she counted on her fingers as she went through the alphabet. “Like an N cup.” She giggled, but it lacked soul. “Or what, like double J for my overseas fans?” she teased, squeezing her breasts up to her body.

Breast flesh overflowed her arms, pushing up towards her face and touching her chin while going down and concealing her belly button. “God, and they’re so much bigger looking. How am I still so tiny?” the buxom model joked. “Probably all the time at the gym. Speaking of, my next gym album will be out in a few days, so you can buy the full shoot on my website. Links on any of my social media accounts.”

There was a small flood of *“I will”*, but something deep down told her they wouldn’t. “Thanks so much.” She replied to them anyway, reaching out. “Alright though, weekly check-in over. You know what day it is, so I'm switching over to the private stream. You can support me as a premium subscriber for access to the private R-rated streams for just a few extra dollars a month, details on my website. I've also still got” she reached down and pulled out an absolutely massive white bra from off screen, with tripled shoulder straps to support her enormous tits. “the bra from last week’s check-in. Remember if the bidding reaches over five hundred dollars it'll be signed by yours truly.”

With her spiel ended she put her fake smile back on. “Anyway, see you tomorrow watchers for the bra buster stream.” She finished with a wink, leaning down to her computer and swapping some settings, changing the privacy to just her premiums.

“Alright perverts.” She teased, lowering her tone to something more heavy, dripping with lust. She took the camera in one hand, wrangling her boobs with the other and changing the view to her bed. There was a wheel set up with a variety of different acts on it. “Ready for today’s spin?” she asked as she adjusted the zoom and hopped up onto the bed to give everyone the full view. She was prepared, only wearing a pair of black panties on her supple hips.

Reaching back she gave the handmade wheel a turn, listening to the click it made as the chat posted their predictions and hopes. Eventually it stopped, giving them their answer. “Nipple play.” Trixy read off with a weak smile. At least it was one of her favorites tonight. “Sorry for those hoping for a toy. Maybe next time pervs.” She teased, shifting to lean back on her wall. “Now let's get started.”

Releasing her breasts they bounced into place again, weighing heavy on her chest. First a warm up. She brought her hands up, her areola so large they filled her palms like small breasts on their own, her nipples hard and thick as her thumb pressing outward. She gave them a squeeze and gasped, their overflowing flesh pressing out between her fingers. Biting her lip her cheeks reddened and she started to roll them with her wrists.

Her gasps grew into moans, the motions tugging her massive tits along for the ride. After just a few seconds she couldn’t keep from grinding her healthy thighs together, desperate for attention below her waist. She let her left hand off it's pink perch, showing off her hardened bud as it snaked down to tend to her soaked snatch.

Instantly she sent two fingers knuckle deep, tossing her head back in a lewd groan of pleasure. The hand tending her nipple shifted to punching the sensitive nub capping her pink hills, twisting and tugging.

She barely cared about the camera. It was easier that was as she felt the heat building in her face. Her heart was racing, and she sunk another finger into herself, making sure her middle digit grinded into her hood with each pass. Her voice rose to a crescendo and her back arced, pressing those massive orbs out for her audience as she tensed and came hard.

Her legs twitched, a dark spot showing through even the dark fabric of her underthings as she flooded them. She held it for seconds, riding out the light headed feeling from her climax before finally letting herself fall. The bed squeaked as the heavy weight of her breasts crashed down onto it, bouncing until they cam to rest on her chest and arms.

It was difficult to catch her breath with so much on her chest, but the buxom model managed, getting up and fixing her hair over her ear. She brought up her soaked fingers, making a show of licking her still warm juices off them for her audience before finally hoping back down to address them. “Hope you all enjoyed perverts.” She teased. “See you next Tuesday.” She giggled with her signature wink before shutting the stream down for the night.

Trixy let out a sigh, suddenly exhausted not from her finish, but from something she couldn’t put her finger on. It had been eating away at her more and more, as everything was settling into routine. Something was missing.

There wasn’t time to dwindle on it though, as she opened up her breast size folder, browsing through. She’d run out of normal pictures and had begun editing some to keep on her growing path. Her next image would add another few inches to her bust. She took out her camera, leveling it. *“I want…”* she started the thought, her finger starting to press into the button.

But she didn’t take it, pausing and lowering her camera. “What do I want?” she asked herself aloud, looking down and her beyond realistic body. She wanted something, something that she used to have that was now just missing.

She set the camera down, taking her breasts in her arm and getting up. Making her way through a floor littered with prepared packages, broken and signed bras and assorted sex toys. Going over to her recent portfolio she opened it up, seeing the gym photos from her new album. Mostly just her on a treadmill. As many shots as she could take, with her breasts in every different frame of their bouncing motion. They were nice, she was nice, but she wasn’t happy with them.

She flipped back through, through her prior sizes and different albums, all the way back to her first. To that high point, that light in her eye and the natural way she smiled for the camera. Certainly better, but still…

She continued back, coming upon her pictures from the shoot with Gina. The pride that she had when she took them, when she edited them. She felt a smile cross her lips, and a small tear. Despite everything she was happy when she took this.

She was happy when she was Trisha, the photographer. Not Trixy the cam whore.

Rubbing her tears away she looked back down at herself. For how amazing she was, this wasn’t what she wanted. It was never what she wanted. She just wanted to take her pictures, and have people appreciate her work.

Getting back up with effort she moved to her shelf, looking through it all and finding the picture her parents had took at her college graduation. Her with her thick glasses and average looks, but a wide genuine smile on her face knowing she was prepared to go do what she loved.

Taking the picture she set it down on her desk, kneeling with her breasts on her chair so she could stay steady and took up her camera. She fixed her shutter speed, adjusting the focus for the first time in weeks and leveled the lens.

*“I wish I was more like her again.”*

Gina walked into the new studio, looking around curiously. Though it seemed a bit of a shame that Pavale's had gone under, especially since she hadn’t been able to pick up her portfolio before it did. This replacement was really nice though, and she’d gotten an email to come see it so here she was.

The lead photographer finished up with her shoot, rising up with a smile. “Alright, you’re done. I'll have your shots done later this week.” She said with a smile, fixing her stylish glasses up her nose.

“Thanks.” The model said with a bright smile of her own, pulling her modesty blanket over her shoulders without closing it and hoping to the dressing room.

Shutting down her camera the brunette photographer brushed a stray brown lock that had fallen from her bun over her ear. She’d heard the main door and figured she knew who it was. “Ah, miss Gina.” She called out. “So glad you got my message.”

Gina blushed a bit, admiring the photographer. She was beautiful, with a nice full bust held within a blouse under her pant suit. Her face was somewhere between gorgeous and adorable, even with her thin glasses hiding those lightly made up eyes behind them. “Yeah, you wanted to see me?”

The photographer gave a nod, walking over to her table and picking up a portfolio. “This is for you. I had it finished before I quit working for Mr. Pavale and wanted to make sure you got it.” She told her as she handed the model the folder.

She opened it up, and the bronzed girl immediately blushed, smiling softly as the way she was highlighted. How they brought out her natural beauty without the heavy editing she was used to. “Wow.” Was all she could say.

It took the model a minute to remember as it had been almost two months ago now. “So you’re that Trisha girl then? I barely recognized you.” She admitted with a blush.

Trisha just chuckled. “I’ve been getting that a lot lately.” She joked.

“Seriously though, you’re something else.” Gina laughed along. “You’ve got the look you could be a model yourself.”

The brunette just responded with a friendly laugh. “I gave it a shot, it wasn’t for me.” She told her. “I much prefer helping beautiful things like yourself shine in my pictures.”

Gina blushed at the compliment, nervously playing with her hair. “Thanks.” She replied with a smile. “I’ll have to get shots from you again sometime.” She finished.

“Of course.” Trisha told her. “You were pretty influential in helping me break out of my shell. So come back anytime, we'll set up a shoot for you.” She offered with a bright smile through her red tinted lips.

The model's own smile grew. “Thanks, I'd like that.”

*“She was, picture perfect.”* Kasumi sang softly, filling in the last few notes on the bar of her sheet music. Collecting all her sheets she tapped them together to straighten them before applying a paperclip. Then as the finishing touch she took up a photo from the desk, of the new Trisha smiling in front of her new studio, and added it to the bundle.

With her work done the punk songwriter rose, stepping into the back room. “Finished Matty.” She called out.

From between the shelves the fox eared redhead stepped out, holding out her claw to accept the package. “Hmm…” she murmured to herself as she flipped through it, golden eyes scanning the pages thoroughly. “Not how I would have liked it to end, but I suppose it'll do.” She told her employee. “A few more like this and your debt will be settled.”

And with that, Materia disappeared to file the new story away. As she left Kasumi’s hand rose, holding something unseen. The punk's right eye glowing an unworldly blue, she watched as the thread connected to the song was pulled away through her fingers before it ended, falling slack off her body. “Yeah.” She whispered looking into the distance. She could feel the threads surrounding her, strangling her. Hundreds around her arms, her neck, thighs, waist; anywhere that could hold a knot. “Someday I'll untangle myself from the mess I'm in.”