

This is a story about a woman named Kelly.

When Kelly was a girl, she didn't stand out. She was average in school, polite and quiet. When puberty came, she grew up fast. She got curves a few months before the rest of her class, blushed when boys stared at her, cried when the other girls called her a slut.

Teenagers are cruel. As she aged and continued to mature, she was mocked for her hips, mocked for her bust. Boys didn't look at her eyes when they spoke to her, girls said she didn't understand what it was like "for the rest of us." She hated every day of high school, and always dressed down, trying to hide her figure.

But one day, school ended. Childhood ended. Kelly stopped being a girl and started being a woman. And when she wasn't being relentlessly mocked by her classmates, when she had a chance to breathe and reflect and be herself, she realized she didn't hate her figure, or herself.

She was a lot of things. Things most women couldn't be.

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Kelly was hippy.

When a man undoes his belt and unbuttons his pants, they fall to the ground. Why wouldn't they? Gravity does it work. When a typical woman undoes her belt and unbuttons her jeans, they often hang there of their own accord. Resting on her hips, caught on her curves, they need a bit of a tug before they'll end up around her ankles. It's a little sign of what she is.

When Kelly undid her belt and unbuttoned her jeans, she had to tug. She had to strain. She grunted and pulled.

"Oh my god," said Alyx, her roommate. They shared a tiny one-bedroom, because neither of them could afford anything else. "Those *don't fit anymore*."

"This is the same size I wore in high school," Kelly insisted, grunting as she shimmied to the left and right, trying to work the tight denim off her legs. "I only gained a little weight."

"Yeah, but all that weight is *bones*, because you're actually bigger, not just, like, rounder." Alyx looked up from her magazine, watching Kelly struggle. Finally the skinny jeans came off, eliciting a sigh of relief in the process. "You're going to cut off your circulation if you keep wearing those."

"They're fine," Kelly said. "I'm not throwing them out because they're a little tight."

"They're not..." Alyx let out a snort. "Okay, tell you what. Do me a favor? I'm going to give you some clothes. Try them on real quick."

"I'm not—"

"It'll only take a second." She lifted a hand, and by that social pressure, forced a nod out of Kelly. Alyx then walked to their shared closet and picked out a handful of outfits, eyeing each one before selection. The last one off the rack was the first to go to Kelly.

"That's a gown," Kelly said, staring at it. "That's a backless, double-slit gown."

"Did I say I was going to have you try on *practical* clothes?" Alyx asked. "Come on. Try it."

The dress was black, meant to pool around the heels, cut down both sides with a revealing, V-line top. Kelly slit it over her head and down around her waist, pausing a moment to adjust the cups over her breasts. "The top is too tight," she grouched.

"Yeah, thanks for reminding me." Alyx rolled her eyes. "Just put it on."

When Kelly looked at herself in the mirror, a blush rose to her face. She was tall, dark-haired, naturally fit and athletic, but the dress clearly didn't fit her. It was sized for Alyx's modest B-cups, and Kelly's generous chest not only showed off a great deal of cleavage, it threatened to pop out of the top.

"Okay, there, I tried it on," Kelly said. "What was I supposed to see?"

Alyx turned her around so her rear faced the mirror. "Look."

From that angle, it was clearer how the dress rested. The bottom of the dress didn't split below her hips, it split on her hips -- resting on her curves so that the sides of each leg were exposed. It hung about her, less like a dress, and more like a combination of a loincloth and a cape across her rear. It hiked up so high that even the edges of her butt were visible, and the edges of her red panties showed.

"Oh," Kelly said after a moment. "Wow. I uh... I didn't know my butt was that big."

"It is," Alyx said, gesturing at the mirror. "And that's a good thing. I'm super jealous."

"I guess I grew a little since high school."

"You did!" Alyx continued. "You're a late bloomer. Which is super unfair, since you already bloomed more than me."

“Heh.” Kelly blushed, looking down at the floor. “Yeah, sure.” She fell silent, and fiddled with her hands in front of her, twisting her fingers this way and that.

Alyx watched her fiddle, then stepped up to her side and spoke in a softer voice. “Okay,” she said, without her earlier sarcasm. “Body positivity. Remember? That’s supposed to be in. So repeat after me, ‘I have big hips and a big butt and that’s a good thing.’”

“Yeah, I’m not going to say that,” Kelly replied.

But, she looked at herself in the mirror again, and she smiled.

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Kelly was busty.

“F-cup,” the saleswoman said, checking her tape measure one last time to be sure. “Let’s move you up another size.”

“That can’t be right,” Kelly said. “I’ve been a D-cup since senior year.”

“Well,” she laughed. “You’re an F-cup now.”

“I’m twenty, my breasts can’t still be growing.”

“Do you want to look at the tape measure?” The saleswoman asked, offering it Kelly’s way. “Because I’m only telling you what the number says.”

When Kelly got home, her roommate wasn’t there. She put her new, practical clothes away. Shirts that covered up her bust, bras that were not in the least padded. She went about her evening, firmly pretending the conversation had never happened. But as the hour grew late, her eyes drifted back to the bedroom.

She found the gown that Alyx had her try on months ago. The black, double-slit dress with the plunging V-neck top and the petite waist. Once again, she slid it over her head, tugging it down and securing it around her body. But this time, the outcome was different.

The top, curving in from either side of her body, barely covered her nipples. The straps that were meant to elegantly fall down over her top were sticking out from her shoulders like taut cables. Her nipples pressed tight into the fabric, tenting it around her. The middle of the dress rested so high on her hips, it no longer looked like a dress at all. It did seem, to her eyes, that she was wearing a loincloth, and a streaming line of fabric that flowed down over her rear.

The sides of her butt weren't covered at all. They could be clearly seen -- long with the edge of her panties.

She stared at herself that way for a long time.

"I'm..." she finally spoke aloud. "Big. I'm big. I'm a big woman with big breasts and big hips and a big butt. Men like that. I'm... sexy."

She imagined people staring at her. Admiring her curves. "Men like that."

Slowly, she licked her lips. "Women like that too. I could get people, if I wanted. I could get... people in bed. I'm hot. I could get anyone I wanted."

She grasped one of her breasts, and squeezed.

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Kelly was horny.

She didn't have the courage to ask anyone out. Not yet. But she started reading romance novels. First she read them cover to cover. Then she started flipping straight to the sex scenes. She picked up straight romance novels, lesbian, gay, and whenever she got to the action, her hands would slip down between her legs.

The first time she did it, it was an experiment. She was curious if she was a "romance novel sort of woman." But once she started, she couldn't stop. The first week, she pleased herself most nights. Then, every night. She woke up early in the morning so she could pop before work.

"Oh my god," Alyx said one day, covering her ears. "I'm happy for you, really, I am. But you *scream like a banshee* every time you come, and it's happening constantly."

"I know. I know. I'm sorry." Kelly was wrapped up in a bathrobe, her clothes for the day crumpled on her bed. "I'm just... you know."

"You're 'you know' a lot."

"Yeah, but..." she hesitated, biting her lip. "I'm feeling really good. Okay? And I'm still growing. My jeans, my bras, they're all getting so *tight*."

"I mean..." Alyx paused in turn. "You might have a hormone imbalance or something."

“A hormone imbalance that gives me an amazing figure, a crazy sex drive, and the chance to finally realize that I actually look *good*? Sign me up.” She drew in a tight breath. “Sorry if this is too much information. This is just... the first time in my life I’ve felt like a woman, you know?”

“Okay, TMI? But, fine.” Alyx waved her off. “But have you considered doing it at some guys apartment instead of here?”

“Oh.” Kelly paused. “I mean, I don’t know any guys I like. You know. That way.”

The look Alyx shot her was withering. “It’s called *Tinder*, dumbass. Or go to a bar, if you’re feeling traditional.”

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Kelly was confident.

She went to a bar, and knew she could get any man there she wanted. She could get them to buy her any drink she liked. She could get them to laugh at the worst jokes. In the bathroom, when another woman sniped at her for her dress, she replied: “Sorry girl. I know a busty, hippy, horny, sensitive virgin is a tough act to follow. But better luck tomorrow.”

Soon, she was at a table with five men. All of them were attractive, strong, tall, and if they weren’t rich, they were generous enough to fake it. She toyed with them, flirted with them, played them off against each other, and made them buy her the most expensive drinks on the menu.

Each one bought her something. By the third drink, she was feeling tipsy but still wanted more. She wanted more men, more control, more of the feeling of having all eyes on her. By the fifth drink, she had an idea.

“I want,” she said, “three of you.” She picked the three she liked the most. She took the first one’s hand and slipped it over her right breast, she took the second one’s hand and slipped it over her left breast, and took the third one’s hand and rested it on her crotch.

“If I’m going to lose my virginity tonight,” she went on. “I’m doing it right. Buy me another drink and you can all go three rounds.”

They all found a hotel room. Three times that evening, Kelly got down on her knees in front of a man. She learned how to suck a dick, and learned that she liked it. Three times, she let them come all over her breasts, and reveled in the feeling. Then she bent over, lower and lower.

“Fill me up,” she groaned. “Fill me up.”

They did, and she screamed with joy.

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Kelly was pregnant.

It wasn't clear who did it. She didn't get all their names. "It's fine," she told herself. "This happens to a lot of women. I can put a kid up for adoption. That sucks, but it's not the end of the world."

But then, her belly started to swell. It swelled sooner than it should have, grew bigger than it should have. And she went to the doctor and said: "It's twins, right?" He shook her head, and she hesitantly asked. "Triplets?"

He held up five fingers. "At least," he said, "it should be an easy birth, given your figure."

Her belly pushed out and out, becoming round, heavy, so big it swayed when she walked. Her breasts filled with milk, enough to feed five children, swelling them up so large she couldn't wear a standard bra. Her figure become plump, and she glowed.

She didn't stop her nighttime activities though. She restricted herself to sleeping with women, but most nights she was out picking up chicks, and when she wasn't she was reading lesbian romance novels and touching herself. She decided to move back in with her family to give birth, but took the move down to the last week, enjoying her free life as long as she could.

Until one day, Alyx asked her: "Why are you doing this?"

Kelly looked up from packing her suitcase. "What?"

"All this. This..." Alyx waved her hand. "Free love and dressing like a slut and acting like being pregnant with quintuplets is a good thing."

"You sure you want to know?" Kelly asked. "It's kind of TMI."

"I mean, I've heard you scream 'oh god yes' a lot, so I think we're past that point." Alyx snapped. "So go ahead, tell me why."

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"Because I'm a woman."

Kelly shrugged off her robe, leaving her naked in their little one-bedroom apartment. She was still tall, still hippy, still busty. At nearly nine months, her belly stuck far out in front of her, so full

one would think she was filled up like a balloon. Her legs were long, vanishing up into her hips, and butt was full and round. She kept her hair long, down past her shoulder blades, tied in a neat braid that ended in a bow.

“...so?” Alyx said after a moment. “I mean, so am I.”

“I’m more woman than you are.” She lumbered over to Alyx, hips swaying with every step, belly swaying with her motion. Reaching down, she took Alyx’s hands in hers, then arched her back, pushing her belly out.

“Feel that,” she said, firmly placing Alyx’s hands over her belly.

Slowly, Alyx ran her hands over Kelly’s pregnant form. Inside her, the children stirred. One kicked, and Kelly sighed. “I’m about to give birth to more children than most women will ever have in their lives. Most women are fertile. I’m... what’s the word? Fecund. Overflowing. So fertile, every seed you put in me sprouts.”

“Okay, sure,” Alyx said quickly. “But that-”

“No no,” Kelly rested her hands over her roommate’s. “Don’t dismiss it out of hand. Say it. Say I’m very fertile.”

Alyx froze for a few seconds, looking down at the ground. “You’re very fertile.”

“My breasts, right now,” she squeezed one, sending a jet of milk out across the floor, “have more milk in them than you’ll ever nurse in your life. Say that.”

“You make a lot of milk,” Alyx said slowly. “Your breasts are...” She trailed off.

“Huge,” Kelly finished for her. “They’re nice and big to attract anyone I want. No offense, Alyx. I’m not trying to put you down. But you asked a question and I’m answering it. I’m not just more woman than you. I’m ten times the woman you are. I’m so fertile, so plump and full of milk. So sexy, so confident with men, so good in bed. You want to be like, an engineer or something? And that’s great.”

She ran her hands down her bare body. “But I want to be this and I’m good at it.”

Slowly, Alyx put her hands down by her side. But Kelly smiled. “You know, you were very kind to me, when I was still sorting out who I was?”

“Sure,” Alyx shrugged.

“Let me return the favor. Because it took you awhile to take your hands off me.” She reaches down, cupping Alyx’s chin with a hand. “You want to put your hands on me again?”

Slowly, Alyx blushed.

Then she put her hand on Kelly’s inner thigh.