

Results Exceeded Expectations

A Light Fantastic Tale

(you can see more of my work at <https://lightfantasticstories.blogspot.com/p/stories-index.html>)

“Hello cuties! It’s me, Princess Glitter, here with another video blog!”

Katie had started the blogs for voice training and though some of the work was evident, her voice was still deep and bold. Her hand brushed gently over an angular jaw, shaving rash covered with foundation and a sprinkle of pink glitter. Deep red lipstick and strong eyeshadow accompanied the look.

“Your Princess has some excellent news! I’m going on HRT! And not just any regular titty skittles – I’m part of a super special trial of a new synthetic hormone. They tell me it’s going to work faster and better while not doing anything to hurt the things I still like about my body. Well, the thing.”

She giggled, looking down at her skirt, then back at the camera. “I’m going to be documenting my journey with the trial. Wish me luck, cuties!”

“Heellloo cuties! It’s one week after my first dose of my new hormone, and boy does it have a kick!”

Katie was sweating slightly, just wearing a loose tank top. Even with the loose tank, though, it frequently highlighted her hard, erect nipples rising from her flat chest. There was a new lilt to her voice.

“I think I’m noticing some subtle changes to my face and figure. Feeling a little full in the rump, I think? But, uh, the biggest change I’ve noticed so far is sensitivity. My nipples have got a mind of their own, and, well, while this isn’t a Not Safe For Work blog, yet, let’s just say that all my equipment downstairs is working better than it has for years. It’s like being a teenager again. Maybe leave some comments if you’re interested in more info about that, haha. Something’s definitely happening, and I’m super excited about where it’s going to go from here. Keep in touch, folks!”

Katie switched on the camera and sat back on her bed, barely able to contain her excitement.

“It’s week two, cuties, and guess what?!”

She stood up a little, pulling her top back against her chest, showing off not just her erect tips but the modest little buds underneath them.

“Boom! Tiddies!” She sat back, grinning from ear to ear.

“Two weeks on this stuff and I’ve already got tits! It’s incredible, absolutely beyond my wildest dreams!”

She rubbed her chin, noticeably rounder than it had been, feeling the faintness of her fading stubble.

"It doesn't feel real. I was already getting girlier by the day, I can feel I'm not fitting properly in my jeans any more, and now this. I'm sooo glad I got on the trial."

She giggled. "That reminds me, I read your comments, you pervs. You really want me to talk about what's happening downstairs, huh? Well, normally HRT kind of messes with all of that, but this stuff... It's the exact opposite. I'm getting hard *all* the time. Like, before this I was maybe a one-a-day or two-a-day girl as far as playing with myself, but, like, today I swear I jacked off five times, and it's been like that for a week and a half now. Mmph. I'm hard right now just thinking about it."

She bit her lip, looking into the camera with deep eyes. "You don't get to see that, though. Not today."

Despite her insistence, her cock throbbed with need in her panties.

Katie was starting to have trouble recognising the girl staring back at her from the camera feed. Everything on her face had been smoothed and softened. Her hair was thick and lush, her lips plush and moist. Her figure was softer, with distinct womanly curves at the hips and rump, but even more noticeable than that-

"Ta-dah!" Katie bounced, holding her breasts together between her forearms. They were modest, but they were *there*, in a way she'd never expected to see at all, let alone after just a month on her new hormone.

"Cuties, I had to buy a *bra*. A *bra*! I mean, I didn't really *need* one, they're not so big, but they're bouncy enough that they keep, uh, setting me off, if you know what I mean..."

She made a small whuffing noise as she let them go, her cock pulsing hard outside of the camera's view.

"They're a lot, cuties, I won't lie. The sensitivity on these new hormones is crazy. I have to be really careful with them. Absolutely worth it, though! Especially because, uh, jacking off while playing with my new tits makes me cum so hard I nearly put holes in the ceiling."

She giggled, shaking her boobs, then taking a deep breath as they wobbled. "Oomf. Uh, wow. Yeah. I don't know why I feel so much more comfortable talking about this stuff to you all know. Maybe because I feel more comfortable with myself. Maybe because I'm always horny now. Who knows?"

She bit her lip, her chest rising with a deep breath. "Speaking of which, I think I might end the video there. Got something to take care of. See you later!"

An ironic "I Have No Tits" tank top was stretched tight over a pair of breasts that were not merely just big for where Katie had started, but were *big*. More than a handful each, perky with deep cleavage in the top. Katie sat almost shyly behind them in front of the

camera, the milky tops jostling as she swayed from side to side. She pushed a wavy lock of pink-dyed hair out of her face which fell down past her shoulders, thick and lush.

"I'm so *big*, cuties. I... this isn't what I expected. I know girls who spent years on HRT for, you know, a couple of cup sizes, and here I am, less than two months in and I'm packing *F cups*. This hormone is amazing... But I'm not taking it any more."

She sighed. "I mean, yeah, I want huge tits, but I also... My body is out of control. The sensitivity is really debilitating. Like, I bump them or something rubs across my nipples and I just get hard instantly. Running is completely out of the question. None of my clothes fit any more except the skirts and baggiest stuff I own because my ass has gotten huge, and uh, well. I'm jacking off like eight or nine times a day, sometimes twice in a row. I can't stop cumming. I can't... you know, keep doing this."

She leaned back in the chair, her tits bouncing, revealing the erection propping up her skirt. "I mean, it's fun. Really fun, if I'm being honest. But I can't live like this. I need to stop it here. They said every change that's happened so far should, you know, maintain itself, so that's not so bad. I'm femme as fuck and hot as fuck and I can get used to the sensitivity."

Subconsciously one of her hands drifted up to her breasts, her fingers sinking into the flesh through her shirt and pressing against her nipples, making her take a sharp intake of breath. She kept rubbing, her breathing quickening, small high-pitched moans starting to rise from her throat, completely forgetting she was being filmed...

Katie gave the camera a sheepish look, held in an impossibly beautiful face with buttery-smooth skin, framed with thick pink hair. Beneath the sheepish look was a pair of vast, round tits nearly the size of Katie's head in a grossly overstuffed tight shirt. The shirt was so tight that every detail of her huge, thick, rock-hard nipples was on display. She was blushing deeply, turning her head to the side.

"So. Um. You might have all noticed that my boobs are. Well. Fucking enormous. Much bigger than they were last video."

She adjusted the straps of her shirt, with a short gasp, then went on. "It turns out that the reason you can stop taking these hormones is because they actually reconfigure your body to keep making them. But, uh, the ones *you* make also do that. So, like, my body is making them for me, and making me make more of them by the day. So I'm still growing."

She grinned at the camera, with a slight edge to the smile. "Looks like my adventure isn't done yet! I swear, life with huge tits is very different. Even, you know, ignoring the sensitivity, people treat you differently. Good and bad. I haven't been misgendered in weeks! Haven't seen my feet in weeks either, though."

She blushed harder, looking from side to side. "There's something else, too. I wasn't going to mention it but you're all *really* interested after my little mistake at the end of my last video..."

She took a deep breath, and stood up, turning to the side. Her figure was a far cry from the slim waif she'd been three months ago. A full, round ass packed out her yoga pants, atop thick, curvaceous thighs that touched under her crotch, although that was hard to see with the other effect her hormones had created.

Katie's cock was rock hard, straining against the elastic fabric of her pants, and it was *big*. Unquestionably bigger than average. She sat back down, beet-red.

"Th-the doctor said it's just because I've been, you know, *overworking* it, and my balls are bigger because they're making the hormone now, but it doesn't feel right. I mean, wow, it feels *good*, but, y'know. If you know. I don't, any more, I'm rambling, sorry."

She looked deeply into the camera. "I'm *scared*, guys. I wanted to be done, and now, I've got no idea when this is going to stop. How big am I going to get?"

Kate carefully picked her way over in front of her camera, sitting down slowly and delicately. Her arms were pressed into her breasts, now considerably more than she could comfortably hold in her crossed arms, trying to limit their movement. She was having only minor success, and when she sat down the entire gelatinous weight of her chest heaved out of her meagre grip and bounced heavily, prompting a deep, paralysing moan from the girl. Their bottom curves stopped only a few inches from her lap.

"Oh-ooh, fffuck. Jesus. Uh, h-hi cuties." She panted, trying to catch her breath. "I-it's month four of my new hormone now. Things are getting interesting, as you can see. They're fucking enormous and *ridiculously* sensitive. The other night I had a couple of girlfriends playing with them and, well, once one of them got her lips onto my nipple and I just instantly came, and I didn't *stop* cumming till she stopped. I was shooting dust by the end. None of my partners can keep their hands off my tits or my dick now."

She groaned, sitting backwards and rearranging her legs. "Speaking of, you know how I said my doctors said it was just some temporary swelling? Well. It's *bigger*. Like an inch bigger. And my balls are huge, too. Forget my partners, I can't keep my hands off it either! Cumming a dozen times a day is a slow day for me now."

Almost without thinking about it, she slipped a hand up her shirt, the fabric on the verge of bursting, and began to roughly rub and tweak her nipple. Moans rose from her throat, high, feminine moans, as her body quaked with the sensation of just touching her hypersensitive mounds.

"S-so I, mmph, saw that my follower count has *exploded*, and-oh-oh God, I, um, most of you want to see more. Mmph. Well, as l-l-loooong as I'm still growing, why should I be-ee-ee selfish?"

She stopped for a moment, panting, then flexed her shoulders, thrusting her chest out, creating a satisfying *shrip* over the microphone. She proceeded to shred the rest of the shirt along the tear she'd created, letting her tremendous tits flop free of the constricting fabric and fall against her chest with a fat, resonant slap, prompting another sharp moan.

“Oh *fuck*, that feels so good! Mmph. Do you like them, cuties? Are they everything you wanted?”

Her hand went back to her nipple, the pale, fat mass attached to it quaking and wobbling with her every motion. Her hand sunk deep into the flesh as she closed her eyes and moaned deeply, her other hand rising up to grab her remaining breast and mash them together, showing off a line of cleavage with flushed cheeks and hooded eyes.

“I’ve got... mph, huge titties, thick curves oh fuck and a mm- big, needy girldick, cuties. I’m still scared, but...” She stared into the camera, biting her lip as she squashed her boobs together. “I love being big.”

When the camera turned on this time it was at a different angle than usual, because Katie was sitting cross-legged in the middle of her bed with the laptop propped up on something. A sheet was draped around her shoulders, covering the tremendous mass that was clearly situated in front of her. She waved at the camera and her whole body wobbled.

“Hi cuties! Big news. It officially happened. None of my clothes fit me any more. I don’t have a single top left that I can even try and stretch over these things. I could go shopping but, uh, being up for too long is starting to get difficult.”

The sheet shifted slightly, revealing part of the curve of the massive breasts pooling in her lap and a hint of one gigantic areola. She grinned.

“Yup, that’s where I’m at now, and they don’t seem to be slowing down at all. I wake up every day noticeably bigger than when I went to sleep. Sometimes I feel like I can feel them growing as I sit here.”

She made a theatrical show of leaning back and tugging the sides of the sheet apart, revealing her overgrown breasts in all of their fleshy glory. No part of her body from the shoulders down was visible, as they consumed all space between the top of her chest and her lap. She rested her hands on top of them, smiling winsomely at the camera.

“So, for all of you who were hoping I was going to get really *really* big, you’re welcome. Bad news for you, though, the scientists at the hormone trial said they’re working on a way to reset my hormone production, so I’d stop getting bigger. Good news for you, though, they’re saying it could be a while.”

She reached down for the bottom of her breasts, having to lean forward to be able to reach her nipples, yelping as she caught them in her hands and started to rub them.

“Do you see this? I can’t reach my nipples. I can feel them against my *thighs* when I walk. Did you think tits could ever be this big? I didn’t, not in real life. None of this feels real any more, but it is, and it’s still happening. It’s not even scary any more, exactly, because it’s like I’m watching someone else grow out of control. Also the, like, two dozen daily orgasms don’t hurt for helping my mood. The last couple of weeks I haven’t really been able to do anything except cum.”

She grabbed her breasts, gasping, pulling them apart and revealing that her cock was standing up between her cleavage about nine inches. Looking into the camera, she started to push her boobs into each other and out, setting up sloshing waves of tit-meat that slapped together around her cock with heavy fleshy noises.

“O-ohh, yeah, that’s bigger too. Do you see what I can do with it now? With my big new titties?”

She slapped them together, smothering her cock in her boobs and starting to shake them against it. She shuddered, moaning, her hips humping up into her lap-filling breasts making them bounce and slosh wildly. She stopped talking, just letting herself sink into her own tit-fuck. It didn’t take much of the twin assault of pleasure from her cock and her hypersensitive tits before she stopped, her shoulders shaking, groaning and choking as her hips bucked up into the wobbling pile of her tits. When she was finally done she slumped forward onto them, panting heavily.

“O-oh god... Fuck... It’s so much. M-my tits are still sensitive, even right after I cum that hard, and it’s... It’s making me hard again...”

She bit her lip, whining, and started to hump again.

“Mm, you like that? You like my giant growing boobs, you tit-loving perverts?”

Katie had found herself surprised by the lack of interesting things to do to show off her body once she hit a certain size. She’d begun browsing the clip stores and JustLovers pages of some extreme big-tit models for ideas but none of the ways they showed off were relevant to her now that her breasts were the size of beanbag chairs and pinning her completely in place. Without significant assistance, she was immobile.

However it seemed like just her nude tits with some sloshing and shaking along with the ongoing news of her growth was enough for a fan club bigger than she’d ever managed before. She’d even managed to recruit a few of her biggest fans as assistants helping her with her more basic needs so she could focus on jiggling, cumming and growing. She also couldn’t reach her soda bottle-sized nipples any more and demanded help with that. Spending her days around a handful of obsessed attendants, playing with herself and having her breasts and cock worshipped, opened up a new vista of feelings for her ever-expanding body.

Her breasts spread out to either side of her body as she laid back on a pile of pillows. Between them her hips were wide and vast, supporting huge buttocks and thighs like tree-trunks. Sprouting up from between them was her dick, over a foot long and thicker than a man’s wrist, pulsing and dripping an intermittent stream of precum. Beneath it, testicles the size of apples sat heavily in her thick, loose scrotum. She moaned, her hips thrusting upwards, shaft swaying with tension, eyes fixed on the camera.

“Yeah, you love me, you love everything about me, you fucking degenerates.”

Reprimanding her audience had been uncomfortable at first but then she watched the tips roll in. “You love watching your dickgirl queen get bigger and bigger. Enjoy it while you have it. The company says they’re getting close to fixing me.”

As her chat replied with a chorus of begging her not to, she thought about the day when they'd finally stop her growth. She could go back to a normal life. She could stand without three or four people holding her tits up for her. She could spend her time doing something other than jerking off. It should have been a no brainer, but a small part of her wanted this to keep going, and that part of her got bigger every time one of her thousands upon thousands of followers professed their love and devotion to her. Every time she came and sprayed her massive body from head to toe in more cum than any human being should have been able to produce and had her assistants lick it off. Every time she could practically feel her breasts expanding as someone nursed from her nipples, or massaged the billowing cheeks of her fat, jiggly butt...

Grinning lasciviously, she reached down between her tits, wrapping one dainty hand around her pulsing shaft. Rivulets of clear fluid dripped across her knuckles as she started to stroke, her abundant body sloshing and shaking as she started to pick up rhythm...

The camera was side-on from Katie this time, who laid back, grinning, throwing a peace sign at the camera. She was totally nude in as much of the frame where she was visible, the skin of her chest stretching forward and fanning out widely where it was clearly joining much, much larger breasts. The sounds of work and construction filtered in from around her.

"Hello perverts! Got some big news today. The company think they've completed the reversal compound for my hormones!"

"But, there's a problem. They also let me in on something. The current formula... Isn't great. It'll stop me growing but it'll also have a bunch of other effects. It'll kill my sex drive. It'll not just stop the growth but reverse it - completely. I'll lose everything, and probably need a bunch of surgery to fix it."

She stuck out her tongue. "Before you all start mourning, there's more. They said they can fix the issues with the compound, make it perfect. The only problem is they think it'll take them six months - and I won't be able to use the hormone again if I take it now."

There was a thump, and one of her tits heaved, making her suddenly stop and squeal, pitching forward and shuddering for half a minute or so, before she recovered. "Um. Ooh. Where... Oh right. Uh. So, I can wait six months, or take it now and lose all my progress. What's a girl to do?"

There was a crunch of drywall from off screen. Katie gave a dimpled smile. "What she could do, is, she could accept the company's offer to be moved to one of their warehouses while they study her growth for the next six months. Her every need taken care of and plenty of room to get as big as possible. Also maybe smothering a buff contractor with her tits."

She caught someone's eye off screen, and winked. "Yeah, babe, go on. Have a feel. They're all real."

She soon followed this with a throaty moan, her shoulders writhing, the shudders running through the expanse of her tit in fleshy waves. “Oh, oh y-you’re-*oh fuck*–“

The camera was left forgotten as she fell backwards, bucking and moaning.

The camera feed now was in two parts – a small picture-in-picture of Katie’s ecstatic face in the corner of a zoomed-out view of what, at first, looked like a pair of giant flesh-coloured parade floats – until you saw Katie’s body attached at one side of them, laying on a hammock suspended from the ceiling. Her breasts, each the size of a city bus, sat in the middle of a large warehouse. A few lab-coated scientists milled around them, testing electrodes and taking measurements. Katie visibly reacted to the slightest touch of their surface, her moans echoing throughout the empty space. At various points she looked as though she was about to try and catch her breath to start talking, but something else would touch or jostle her breasts, or even just a ripple that had started minutes ago would return, and her face would immediately sink into unbearable ecstasy.

The rest of her body hadn’t escaped the ongoing effects of the hormone. Her formerly-slim body now bulged in every direction with vast meaty curves, hips four feet across, thighs the size of lifeboats and an ass that could easily have swallowed a lounge chair. A hole had been made in the hammock to allow space for her grossly oversized genitals to hang freely, her rock-hard, twitching cock two full feet long and as wide across as a man’s thigh and her beach-ball sized testicles bobbing gently in their large, loose sack. As she whined at another touch on her hypersensitive tits, her cock lurched and belched a massive glob of clear fluid to splash down on a huge, viscous puddle on the floor.

Katie had made her move with every intent of continuing her vlogs but as she’d grown but it was much easier and more fun to just run a never-ending stream of her body and face as she came over and over again from the slightest touch of her mutated body. Her subscriber count was growing almost as fast as her breasts.

A door opened at the far end of the warehouse, and the scientists surrounding Katie stepped backwards from their instruments. A man in a suit walked up to her, tapping a bud in his ear.

“Hello, Katie. How are we doing today?”

She could only reply with whines and panting, sweat dripping down her face. The man gently moved around until he was standing in front of her nipple. The obscene tip was fully five feet across and seven or eight long, nestled in bloated areolas that could easily have swallowed him. He traced his fingers gently across it, the sound of Katie’s pleasure filling his earpiece, then grabbed it in both hands and licked.

He pushed his body against her breast, slapping and groping and licking, sinking his entire body into the soft, pillowy flesh. Almost instantly, Katie screamed, her enormous hips bucking with a gelatinous ripple of flesh, and a thick pearly rope of semen blasting from the bloated tip of her penis and hitting the floor with a drawn out slap. He kept going and her orgasm continued, pints upon pints of cum shooting from her bucking

cock, spraying across the floor and the rear side of her breasts, her screams dying out into nearly soundless chokes as she lost the ability to do anything but shoot off.

When the suited man finally stepped back, adjusting his clothes, he looked up at the expanse of flesh in front of him, considering it for a moment.

“It’s incredible. Your beauty is so far beyond anything we could have imagined, and you only get bigger and more beautiful by the day. The scientists say they aren’t much closer to perfecting the treatment that would cease your growth. They still have five months, but it could be even longer. Even longer for you to continue to grow, for your radiance to multiply, for people to continue to worship you as a true goddess develops before their eyes. Is that okay?”

Slumped into her own flesh, moaning and twitching just from the sensations of the rest of her body touching her breasts, Katie managed to hold a trembling thumbs-up to the camera before collapsing into another deep moan.