

# Author's Note

Patreon Draft 2023/06/19

This is an extremely explicit erotic story written by FrigOfFury. You should not read it if you are not of legal age to read graphic depictions of sex.

FOF can be reached at:  
<https://www.patreon.com/frigoffury>  
or  
pairafeelya@gmail.com

Erotic content: Breast expansion, ass expansion, bimbofication, futanari, F/F, light pregnancy & lactation

## FormeX

### Table of Contents

FormeX.....	2
Strength Through Stupidity.....	2
Full Filled Dreams.....	18
Testimonial.....	31

# FormeX

## Strength Through Stupidity

I was surprised to win FormeX's first Flashcast contest, and almost didn't respond to their DM telling me I'd won because it just seemed like it had to be a scam. I mean, were they *really* going to send over two hundred dollars of their merchandise to a bumpy-faced girl with just the one high-angle selfie on her feed that didn't really convince anyone that she had curves?

But they insisted that there would be no cost to me, including tax or shipping and handling. And I *did* want curves; otherwise I wouldn't have humiliated myself by posting a selfie and tagging them. Not that anyone was following my Flashcast feed; but if anyone happened across it I would have been embarrassed. I accepted the offer, provided my measurements, and two days later a soft-sided package arrived with the FormeX “Confidence” series shaping undergarments.

They took a bit of tugging to get on and I was worried the jumper-style shapewear would tear, but their customer service assured me that it was very strong material and would be comfortable once I had it on. They were perfectly correct and the compression worked a charm, immediately giving me the impression of both waist and bust while not really impeding my movement. I wasn't about to become the next top Flashcast model, of course, but I was a lot less embarrassed to upload the required post showing how I looked with “#Confidence”.

The marketing insisted that FormeX undergarments were “perfect for active and everyday wear”, so I absolutely did wear them every day, and even started a little bit of an exercise routine. Honestly, the exercise was probably more to explain to my coworkers why I was looking more fit. If they had asked; no one really talked to me except when I'd made a mistake or started crying while being berated by customers who thought I was far too stupid to be in software support.



In my work clothes the improvement wasn't so very obvious, but I thought perhaps the other women at the office accorded me a little more respect after I started wearing clothes that were a mite more fitted. My boss Sandra even said my performance was adequate during my review in which she gave me a fifty cent per hour raise, and I didn't see any material difference in my numbers. I really thought that looking less dumpy made her less inclined to find things to criticise.

Between moderately increased physical activity, fewer depression-driven binges or fasts, and a bit more consistent skin care, my face cleared noticeably. Not to the point where I didn't feel the need to cake over with concealer, but enough to encourage me that maybe I could have okay skin someday, if I maintained my healthier regimen.

My Flashcast was still mostly pictures of my cats when FormeX came out with their Hacktivate line that promised to, "biohack your body to be its best by encouraging fat to melt away where it's not welcome and remain where it is", though it was careful to note that it made no guarantee as to results nor were its claims evaluated by any government body. I thought this was quite obvious nonsense, but that didn't keep me from participating in the "#Hacktivated" competition in the hopes of getting more free merch. If nothing else, it would mean I didn't have to do the wash every other day if I had four rather than two sets of FormeX, and I was also hoping that the clear tummy section on the Hacktivate bodysuits might allow me to show at least a sliver of midriff without revealing that I was wearing shapewear.

It's too much to say I was *shocked* to win again, but it was certainly a very pleasant surprise when I did. I had thought that my initial win had been because FormeX was just so new that no one had heard of it, but there were loads of real Flashcast influencers competing in the #Hacktivated contest. Not huge names or anything, but plenty of genuinely hot girls with many more followers than my cats and me, not to mention actual sponsorships.

At first I thought perhaps it was a bit of smart marketing on their part, as I presented a more impressive before and after comparison, but they didn't actually feature me in their marketing materials or anything. Perhaps they were relying on contestant winners to go viral organically, but for that they really should have picked some of the hotter contestants. Then again, if they wanted hot, they could have used the woman modeling their clothes on their online store who was built like a porn star. Maybe she *was* an porn star and that was why they didn't want to use her as the face of their marketing, but if so I hadn't been able to identify which porn star she was. She looked reminiscent of several porn stars and erotic models, but I couldn't make a positive identification of any of them.

Regardless, the Hacktivate outfits were really great, and my tummy looked bare and natural as long as I didn't show my navel. They also, I was forced to admit after a fortnight of increasingly obvious changes, really worked. I'd progressed from a B-cup at best to a full C, and I also felt a bit more fleshy on my bum. I had no idea how it did it, but it persisted at least a little even when I wasn't wearing the shapewear.



The only downside was that it was even more difficult to get into and out of than the Confidence series. Hacktivate shapewear was specially designed to allow showering and towelling dry without taking them off after a workout, so it wasn't as bad as it could have been, but I lowkey dreaded the removal process. I definitely changed out of them less often than I should have because it was so tiresome to fish the tiny “Invisizipper” tab out of its hiding place at the top of my bum, hooking in the little self-assist wand and forcing the slider up or down. That drawback aside, I was really quite satisfied how it never pinched my skin and left almost no perceptible seam through the transparent section once the zipper was closed. I felt like the inconvenience was really quite minor in the scheme of things, and despite the tightness I never felt like I was dying to get out of the bodysuit. Truthfully, after a couple lazy nights where I fell asleep without taking them off and didn't experience any of my customary tossing and turning, I started to wear them to bed regularly.

Outside of the context of winning articles in a contest, there was actually another downside to the Hacktivate line: it was extremely expensive, almost three hundred dollars apiece. FormeX did offer financing, which I would never in my life have contemplated using, but argued to myself that it was more than worth it if I could stop taking my sleep drugs that didn't work half as well.

Getting good sleep and feeling generally satisfied with my body did wonders for my depression and social situation, as well. I was as awkward as ever, of course, but a few of my coworkers at least seemed to think I was cute and funny rather than weird and repellant. It wasn't enough to banish the everpresent bleak thoughts that had worn such a groove into my head, but they didn't bite as deep or as often, letting me enjoy some moments that were very like happiness.

So when FormeX reached out to me to ask if I was interested in becoming a brand ambassador, I easily set aside my discomfort at the whole idea of “brand ambassadors.” It was especially easy to justify to myself because, unlike most influencers who accepted such roles, I wholeheartedly believed in the product and genuinely thought it could change lives. It had changed mine, after all.

The contract was not too strenuous, either, at least on its face. I needed to make a morning, midday, and evening post each day while wearing FormeX outfits, and mention in my profile that I was FormeX brand ambassador. Amazingly, they didn't require me to show I was

wearing it, or use the #FormeX topic tag or anything of that nature. I wasn't sure if this subtlety was smart or too clever by half, but either way I enjoyed not having to constantly remind myself and my fans that I was flogging merchandise.

And I *was* acquiring fans, amazingly. Not huge numbers by any means, but a decent number of mostly women had noticed how much progress I'd made and found my journey inspiring. I couldn't satisfactorily answer some of the questions they asked, but they appreciated that I even tried. Besides, if my skin cleared up more or less on its own in my late 20s, maybe theirs would, too.

Feeling a little less ugly in video meetings helped me weather the unreasonable customers better. This seemed to outweigh the slight increase in the number of complaints about my failure to give in to unreasonable demands, judging by the fact that I was finally promoted from Support Associate under Sandra in Customer Service to Support Technician under David the Tech Support manager. It didn't make a great deal more money, but the hours were better and more steady, and the other women in Product Support accorded me a bit more respect in the sense that they stopped acting as though I might be terminated at any moment. The condescendingly encouraging manager continued to view me as a nonentity, but a less troublesome one. And anyway, tech support would be better for future employment if I ever got the courage up to apply elsewhere.

At first I felt extremely foolish being a brand ambassador when I had fewer than a thousand followers across all my social media accounts, especially on those occasions when security guards or other staff caught me in locations I chose for selfie backdrops to imply stylish affluence. The staff members accepted my explanations about being a social media influencer with an very dispiriting combination of skepticism and pity that made me doubt whether I was pulling anything off. Fortunately Crystal Rose, my assigned relationship manager, assured me that FormeX was very satisfied with my activity as long as I met the terms of the sponsorship in good faith.

Crystal was probably the most supportive and encouraging person I'd ever met, always ready to give honest feedback, advice, and affirmation when I needed, without ever sounding a false note. I tried to resist it, but I couldn't help thinking of her as a friend, and that was the only thing I dared not tell her. I'd never been able to keep a friend since I graduated from secondary school, and I was not willing to curse the relationship. Especially given my bad habit of developing romantic feelings for every friend who seemed even the slightest bit receptive.

It didn't take more than two long conversations sharing far more of the rest of my life than I should have and feeling my heart unclench at her sympathetic and seemingly real interest in my disgorge wounds and failures before I was hopelessly infatuated with her. Being a complete social idiot, I couldn't just keep my feelings to myself and maintain a professional distance. Instead I had to pretend I was into someone else. The 'someone else' I chose was the FormeX website model.

“Really?” Crystal texted me, “Do you know who she is?”

“No idea,” I responded, and added, “I know, I'm very shallow for admiring someone based purely on appearance.” I'd seen a thumbnail version Crystal's headshot so I knew she was at least somewhat good looking, but I thought that if she did twig to the fact that I had a crush on her, she wouldn't think it was because she was hot. Even though I couldn't resist imagining that Crystal was at least as hot as the website model.

“Do you want to meet her?” Crystal responded.

“You know her?” I asked, my stomach dropping.

“Yep. You could meet her, if you want.”

I stared at my phone for a long time.

“Barbara?” she asked when I spent too much time trying to figure out how to respond.

“I don't think it would be a good idea.”

“Why not?” she asked.

“I doubt we have much in common.”

“Why?”

“Because... Okay, this sounds more judgmental than I mean it, but... I'm pretty sure she's either a porn star or a trophy wife. Either way, I'm sure she'd find me dreadfully boring. FormeX has completely changed my life for the better, but I still don't go to parties, or shop for clothes, or do anything glamorous, really. I'm sure you already knew that my feed had to be a load of lies, considering how awkward and, well, not-rich I am.” I felt simultaneously better and worse to have it out in the open. “Better to admire from afar than disappoint anyone.”

There was a short pause before Crystal wrapped up the topic with, “Suit yourself.”

Not too long after that, Crystal told me that FormeX was about to release two new bodysuits, the Elevation athletic wear and LuXe glamour wear. “The same model can't do both lines, so I wanted to see if you were interested in modelling one of them.”

“Why me?”

“Because I think you're the brand's most loyal fan.”

“That might be true, but I'm loyal enough to want you to choose someone prettier.”

“FormeX is not interested in that. The FormeX mission is to give everyone confidence, health, and the body of their dreams. Not to sponsor people who already have it. Besides, this is only tryouts for now; other managers have their own entrants.”

I felt extremely torn, but I wasn't able to hold out for very long. “Okay, I think you're making a mistake, but I can't pass up the opportunity.”

“Brilliant! Which line?”

“I should probably take the Elevation line, don't you think?”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because I could pass for sporty much easier than glamorous.”

“No, you have to choose based on what results you want and what line you want to rep on your Flashcast.”

“I 'have to' choose based on what I want? Is this corporate policy?” I joked.

“Yes, I declare it to be corporate policy,” Crystal responded.

“LMAO. Okay, tell me more about them,” I responded to humour her.

“Elevation helps athletes reach peak form without having to give up all their curves. If you want to get strong and toned or even ripped, then Elevation is your line. You like going to the gym, right?”

That sounded exhausting. “I like that I can go to the gym without embarrassing myself, but I'm not an athletic type. What about the LuXe?”

“The LuXe is more for someone who enjoys the finer things in life, and wants to be one of them.”

A strangely electric feeling ran up my spine at the way she put it. “Is that marketing copy, or did you just come up with that extemporaneously?”

“LOL not marketing copy. Why, do you like it?”

“I do, but I don't know if it's actually a good phrasing for an advert.”

“Why do you like it?”

I couldn't say it was because the electricity had run back down my spine and was now making my tummy feel fluttery. "I don't know. I guess the idea of being a 'finer thing' sort of appeals to me after a lifetime of being the opposite. Maybe I secretly want to be a trophy wife after all."

"Sounds like LuXe is the right line for you. I can't wait to see what it does for you!"

I felt like I should object, but her excitement stoked that nice feeling in my centre and I decided it would be an interesting experience to see if I could squeeze myself into looking like one of the sexier, more glamorous Flashcast models, who looked like their entire lives were spent sunbathing at resorts and posing with their girlfriends in the VIP lounge. It was stupid of me, of course, given that even the more moderately affluent presentation of my Flashcast persona up to that date was so precarious, but the thought being a 'finer thing' in Crystal's view was so hot.

I knew, of course, that the off-camera lives of the Flashcast glamour models were surely not so perfect, and might even be somewhat grim if they privately depended on pleasing their moneyed boyfriends or husbands, but it wasn't as if my life was so perfect, either. I had vast student debts but no degree after failing out of university while fighting an agonizing and persistent upper tract UTI, a bankruptcy on my record from the medical bills, and a probably dead-end job working for a company that sold outdated software to outdated rural banks. All of which I'd told Crystal in one of my fits of boxed wine-driven confession that was *so* mortifying after the fact. By comparison, pretending to be glamorous seemed like it might be a fun experience, if I could pull it off. There was also that part of me that fantasised about it somehow tricking Crystal into thinking of me in a different light.

It was going to be a lot of work, I knew. I would have to keep my makeup to a standard above what I could usually manage, and reliably find places to take selfies that were, if not actually fancy, at least not obviously plebeian. But if I succeeded, I could get selected as a model. And more importantly, I would have vindicated Crystal choosing me, of all people.

Instead of sending me a LuXe set based on the measurements they already had for me, I had to actually go to their fitting lab, which was fortunately not too far from a stop that was on my way home. There was only one other candidate there at that time, but she was gorgeous and ultra hot, which was dispiriting. Worse, she was also a LuXe candidate, and I felt very sure I had no chance.

That was why I cheated.

In my defence, I wasn't *sure* I was cheating. I just strongly suspected I was not supposed to use the time I was waiting for the other model to finish peering through a tiny tear in the paper covering a window in the door to an attached FormeX office. I was just barely able to see part of a white board with some writing that seemed to have something to do with the contest. Even then I might not have done anything with it except that I spotted Crystal's name next to a "max score preset code" that was short enough for me to remember.

When it was my turn to choose the exact sizing of my LuXe bodysuits, the technicians sent me into an imager first to determine what my proportions were without any bodycon garments, then had me tinker with the controls on a somewhat rough looking app, watching my 3D-rendered body shrink and swell in response.

There were a variety of measures of my body all over, letting me set how much thigh gap, and pad up my bum, pinch in my waist, and of course maximize my bust. Because the changes were based on my unaided body shape, though, there were limits on how big the changes could be. In particular, my D-cup boobs could be pushed only to F-cups, and that only if I compressed my chest slightly to go down a band size. Not that I was disappointed, really, but I had thought

“F-cup” would be bigger than what I was seeing on screen. I was pretty sure the other model's breasts were already bigger than that anyway.

After playing with it for a while, though, I saw that the techs weren't watching so closely, and I tapped on a settings control that, amongst other things, had a “preset” option. I quickly selected it and typed in Crystal's code which, I hoped, would give me the maximum score in the contest. When I accepted the code, however, the 3D model had completely reverted to defaults. In fact the sliders stopped working as well, which tipped me toward a panic attack.

One of the techs saw me staring unblinking into space but didn't realise my frozen expression hid an intense struggle to forestall panic. “All done?”

“Yes!” I said, a little too quickly, and 'accidentally' dropped the tablet in a last ditch effort to hide the freeze that I was irrationally sure they would immediately know was a result of my perfidy.

The tech, however, effortlessly plucked the tablet out of the air before it could hit anything. “Whoops! Kinda slippery without a case, huh?” She was carefully not looking at the screen as she held it out to me, which I thought was odd.

“Yeah, sorry!” I said with a shaky laugh as I accepted it back from her.

“Hit 'accept' and it'll clear everything so I don't see it. It submits completely anonymously to our factory and then ships out to you, so no one will know what your choices were except you.”

“Oh, it looks like it already accepted while I was fumbling it,” I said, and showed the default model to her.

She looked a little surprised, but didn't cross-examine me or anything, and I at least managed to make it out of there without being confronted. I did expect to get some kind of message saying that I was disqualified, or at best that there was a problem with my outfit selection that prevented them from being created, but it was quite the opposite. I got a package tracking number, and then a package.

Inside was more than just the outfits, but also a set of samples of other cosmetic items, none of which anyone had mentioned to me. In fact, they looked like factory production examples of some kind, but they were marked “proof max set: Rose”, which gave me the idea that what my cheating had really gotten were Crystal's personal choices for some kind of next generation accessories. I had complicated feelings about that, and I shoved both the samples and my feelings under a pile of pillows for later examination.

The bodysuits were expected, I thought, so I focused on them. However, as soon as I fished them out of the packaging, I decided “expected” was not at all the right word. For one thing, there was only one, and it was much longer than the other FormeX bodycon garments. For another, the extra material did not exactly mean it provided more coverage, because it was entirely made from the same transparent material used in the tummy portion of the Hacktivate line. This was at least partly necessary because it came all the way up almost like a turtleneck, and all the way down below the ankle, but leaving the crotch visually exposed seemed a bit perverse.

Actually getting into it was quite a bit easier than I feared at first. The material was ridiculously stretchy and used what was described as an “Nonezipper” opening system that could stretch along with the rest of the fabric. So, even though the opening line through the crotch and into the small of the back seemed awfully short, it was easy to make a big enough hole to pull it up and over my head and shoulders once I had my legs in. And, because the Nonezipper length was relatively short, it didn't need the special wand to hook the pull tab on the thin little sliders

that somehow attached the two sides of the opening together.

It felt and looked much better than I expected, like a second skin, and a quick test showed that it didn't darken when wet, or really hold any detectable amount of water. One quick wipe and it felt as dry as bare skin. The 'front' slider on the Nonezipper allowed opening up just what was needed for any kind of business between my legs, and far from threatening to get in the way, the fabric's natural elasticity actually pulled everything in convenient directions. The only disappointing bit was that it was not as tight as I expected; it was basically indistinguishable from a basic unitard. I felt like such an idiot when it dawned on me that by putting in Crystal's code, I'd probably saddled myself with a default bodysuit that wasn't going to do anything for my figure.

I lay down on the bed for awhile thinking of all the many ways I was a complete fuckup, but eventually I started thinking practically, and thought maybe I should claim that the package had been stolen. It made me feel so incredibly guilty to contemplate it, but at the same time, admitting to Crystal what I'd done just seemed impossible.

As it happened, she contacted me first while I was still wallowing on the bed, asking me if I'd gotten a package. Sealing my fate, I said I hadn't and I didn't understand what had happened to the bag, which I thought would reinforce the impression that I didn't know it was a box and also giving me a chance to create the suggestion in her mind that because they'd sent me a cardboard box that didn't fit through my mail slot, the theft was much more likely. Which it was, to be honest, though obviously not as likely as I implied.

Crystal seemed upset but didn't blame me, which filled me with both relief and self-loathing.

“Well, it was the wrong stuff anyway, so I'm almost glad you didn't get it. There's some prototypes in there that haven't been tested and aren't necessarily even safe to use. In the meantime, I'm afraid you'll have to come back in to re-do your selections, because we don't keep them.”

I felt bad about my misbehaviour, but the fact that I seemed to have completely cleared my name and would still get to participate was such a perfect outcome that I was able to get over my habit of self-flagellation and just enjoy my good fortune for a moment.

As I danced around the room in celebration, I noticed that the tummy felt far tighter than it had at first. In fact, it all was feeling far more snug than it had. That sent me rushing back to the little instruction booklet that I'd assumed was boilerplate about washing, and found that there were in fact some important bits to be learned there, the most immediately relevant of which was that the fabric would be loose at first, but tightening as it absorbed warmth from the skin.

The instruction booklet was clearly a sort of draft revision for this version that was partly a sort of engineering spec sheet that referred to FormeX internal documentation, partly instructions for FormeX product lines including both Hacktivate and LuXe, and some sections for “LX V0.97.1” that I took to be written for a version of the product other than that they were releasing. It was rather amusing to me to see them treating their clothing lines like software development, but it did align with their marketing strategy of making it sound like their undergarments were as high technology as any personal electronics.

There was also some stuff specifically for Crystal, though I couldn't really tell what exactly it meant except that maybe everything was made to her personal specifications. I had barely seen her body, but I'd formed the impression of a fit and stacked woman who could model for FormeX as well as anyone. It tickled me to think that I might be wearing a bodysuit designed to squish my padding into just the shape that Crystal thought was hottest. For her own body, of

course, but maybe also on me?

It stopped tightening within the first hour of wearing it, but its visibility and its tactile distinguishability from skin continued to decline until it was effectively undetectable to anyone who didn't know what to look for; it pretty much just made it look like I had just come back from the spa.

So of course I was happy to wear the undergarment, even after I ordered and received my actual LuXe set, which I set aside because obviously Crystal's selection would probably be higher scoring, and also I wanted to get into my proper shape as soon as possible so I didn't miss out on the competition. Except for when I went in for the re-fit appointment, I didn't even bother taking off Crystal's suit. It didn't seem to get dirty or gross at all as long as I showered normally and I didn't want to wait hours for it to get to the point where I could be sure no one would notice me wearing it.

After a about a week, it had somehow squished my tummy padding enough that I could fit into size 0 dresses, my band size had declined and my cup size jumped by up to two letters to G or H depending on brand. I was very impressed with the possibilities of my new shape and decided to update my wardrobe again to take advantage. While the need to get more fitted tops had been obvious, I was actually more surprised by the way it had somehow made the most of my hips and bum. In the past I'd always chosen my skirts and trousers to disguise rather than improve my rather unimpressive backside and narrow hips. I hadn't really updated that even after FormeX had given me a bit more to work with, both because the improvement hadn't been that big and because I thought the outlines of the undergarments might show. For whatever reason I *really* didn't want people in the offline world to know they were the only reason I didn't look like a stick.

As far as I could tell, none of them suspected, including my boss who complimented me on my work out of the blue and asked if I might be interested in representing the department at a trade show where the company was unveiling a revolutionary new service which he described as, "A crypto thing". I didn't really want to go to a trade show, but being trained on a major new product before it had even been released was probably one of my few opportunities to see some real advancement, so I accepted eagerly without asking many questions.

That night I celebrated a bit while wearing my outfit as always, which continued to feel pristine and snug despite having worn it far longer than I should have. I was worried that I might have damaged it by wearing it so long, but it wasn't as if it would be a *disaster* if I had to switch to the suits actually made for me. It had already gotten me a stroke of luck at work that I didn't think they would take away just because my regular bodycon suits weren't quite as perfect or whatever.

But if it might be the last time I could wear Crystal's outfit, my half-drunk brain reasoned that I should seize the day and try on the experimental cosmetic accessories as well before disposing of them all.

I started with the lip gloss because it seemed easiest, and it should have warned me that not all was what I assumed, because it tingled distinctly going on and I could feel my lips swelling slightly before I'd even moved on to the next cosmetic. Poking at them experimentally revealed that the viscous liquid I had applied had cured into a vaguely plastic membrane.

By then I was too aroused by the idea of temporarily experiencing what it was like to be Crystal's creation and continued on to the false lashes. Between my inexperience with falsies and a certain level of inebriation, I wasn't at all surprised to that I made my own eyes water in the process, but with a little nudging I fancied I'd sorted them well enough that no one would know

for sure whether they were my lashes or not. This was pretty stupid, of course, because anyone who had ever seen me before would know immediately, but I wasn't interested in being clever at that moment.

Strictly speaking, the heel supports weren't cosmetics, but they were meant to make walking in heels easier, and they did what they said on the tin for as long as I was paying attention.

The real mistake was when I applied the nails. While not *completely* outrageous, they were far longer and thicker than I would ever have chosen for myself. I enjoyed the way they made me look like an erotic model or a trophy wife, but I was not so smashed that I didn't grasp that going out looking as I did at that moment would assure no one took me the least bit seriously.

That didn't mean I couldn't frig myself to the sight, so I absolutely did. The nails required a bit of practice, but their thickness and rounded shape prevented them from being too much of a jabbing risk. I actually came twice, the second time while fantasising about surprising Crystal with my appearance.

It wasn't that I didn't understand that revealing myself to Crystal would immediately unmask my dishonesty, but I was able to leave that out of my little fantasy while I lounged half asleep in a tipsy post-orgasmic haze. So instead of rousing myself to contemplate this while removing everything, I decided to sleep on it all one more night. In the morning I was glad I did because I got to enjoy how I looked in the mirror one last time.

Of course I needed to go to work so I only gazed at myself for a minute or so, taking a couple of pictures for my private enjoyment later. Then, finally, I tried to pluck off my falsies. That proved extremely difficult with my nails, so I transitioned to trying to take my nails off. There was a special liquid for it, I knew, but then when I looked more carefully at the instructions I was disturbed to see that the liquid wasn't itself solvent or anything, it was actually a coating that could be dissolved with normal solvents which protected the natural nail from being dissolved by the artificial one.

It was only then that it occurred to me that Crystal really had not been joking about the potential dangers of these prototypes. I wasn't sure exactly what I was looking at when I examined the underside of my new French-looking nails, but it was at least consistent with the hypothesis that my natural nails had been more or less destroyed by the false ones.

I had skipped pretty much the exact same step for the lip gloss, and I strongly suspected that there was no removing it without burning or tearing my slightly swollen and sensitive lips. I became extremely glad that I had not taken my chances with the "calming loop earrings" due to the technical description making it sound a bit like some sort of electroshock therapy that was activated by stress. It seemed quite as dangerous as the warning decal on the little box suggested, really.

So on I moved to the final discovery, which was that I couldn't easily fish out the rear pull tab on my LuXe zipper because of my nails. Looking in the mirror it was impossible to confirm I was even plucking in quite the right spot, which I had previously done by feel, which having the long nails had altered more than I would have thought possible.

Soon enough I was out of time to mess with it, and I contemplated calling in sick, but I thought my boss would probably demand a physician's note, and anyway he always complained if someone called in so late.

So, I went to work looking like a, well, a bit of a bimbo, really. I got a bunch of looks from my coworkers, of course, which were embarrassing but also slightly gratifying. Sitting

down at my station I decided maybe I didn't mind them knowing that I could look this hot when I wanted to.

I dreaded being called into my boss' office, but I had resigned myself to it and didn't think I would be in real trouble, so my level of anxiety was high but manageable when it actually happened. I was prepared. Or so I thought; he didn't chew me out the way I thought. Instead he condescendingly told me that I should have made this effort earlier, as I had more aptitude in a marketing role than technical. I gave him a flummoxed thank you because I didn't think I could justify slapping him.

Anyway, I left that meeting with him having advised me that if I kept up my “marketable appearance” he would make sure that I got the promotion to sales support for the new cryptocurrency product, and from then on he stopped criticising my work performance at all. Yes, I was not so dense that I didn't know it was because he'd decided performance of my actual responsibilities was irrelevant, but this bit of sexism was actually quite convenient in many ways.

At home later I decided that I could hide that I was wearing Crystal's experimental cosmetic items by applying conventional cosmetics over them, and so I could roll the dice on leaving them all to detach, wear off, or whatever they were going to do. I wasn't able to suppress the anxiety while sober, nor was I willing to drink it away, but shopping for my new look was entertaining enough to reconcile myself to my foolishness. I more than half convinced myself that it was a stroke of good luck, in fact.

I put on a face filter for my next meeting with Crystal in which I explained that I was starting my competition participation, and thought she looked a little surprised at this unusual bit of whimsy on my part, she didn't challenge me on it either.

Both on the new Flashcast account I set up for the competition and at work I remained completely made up every day, with new nail polish, new mascara, new lipstick, and so on, which made it hard for anyone to be sure what was real and what was artifice, not excepting myself, at least until I started taking pictures of myself between washing off the old and adding the new. Differences in sleep quality, water retained, and so on delayed my certainty regarding which changes were persistent and which were transitory, but I hadn't even been in the competition a week before I could no longer deny that the changes were continuing.

I knew that I should tell Crystal what was happening and get help, but nothing really *bad* was happening yet. Okay, it was obviously completely unnatural for my breasts to have swollen so much that the only bras in ordinary shops that fit me were for nursing mothers, but they still looked good and weren't uncomfortable. Quite the opposite.

And my Flashcast account was taking off like a rocket. I had to turn off DMs because I was getting bombarded with completely impossible levels of messages from everything from lonely men to predatory 'talent agents' who tried to get my personal information. It was a lot of effort to try to get shots in appropriate locales without giving too many hints about where I lived and worked, but my ever-helpful boss had me 'promoted' to a salaried Marketing Support position where I was a team of one. My only responsibility being to review marketing materials and prepare for the trip to the trade show, which left me plenty of flexibility to arrive late, take long lunches, and go on 'coffee runs' that extended well over an hour. Not only did I not get in trouble, every meeting I attended included compliments on how well I presented, even when my delivery felt wooden or broken to my own ear.

Whether my title was Marketing Support or Eye Candy, my role at the company was clear. I was actually fine with this, though, because “Marketing Support” for a supposedly next-generation cryptocurrency product was going on my resume, and no one reading it would know I

was basically intended to be a booth babe.

That is absolutely what I was. Not in skimpy clothes or anything; the company made sure I had a fitted outfit that was at least superficially professional, but still tailored to make sure every straight man in the convention centre had to make at least one stop in at the booth. I don't know how much influence I had on the product being selected as best in show for its category, but the CEO himself made sure I joined him on stage for the award presentation, and was one of those he thanked by name.

Of course dozens of men and perhaps a couple women hit on me with varying levels of subtlety during that time, but my fear that one of my new coworkers would try to come on to me was mostly unfounded. Certainly there was some flirting, but with high ranking executives present, my coworker peers were mostly circumspect. The executives who could take a pass at me with more impunity also had more to lose, and anyway they could hire women that looked like me if they wanted to and so limited themselves to undressing me with their eyes.

During that time I had been posing to minimise the appearance of changes to my curves, so I made it through my weekly checkin with Crystal, and I told myself my changes were levelling off, so I kept up my lie again. The competition would be over soon, I thought, and then I would admit what I'd done. I'd be disqualified of course, but I thought it would screw Crystal over less. At least that was the justification I intended to give her, and I hoped that she'd accept it in the context of a confession.

Two days later, I was fired from my job. There was no explanation whatsoever, but there was a curious coincidence that the CEO was also given a pink slip for unspecified sexual impropriety. It was absolutely not with me in the slightest, but I felt sure that human resources had decided that it needed to clean house of anyone who might be suspected to have reached her position on her back.

I was deep in thought on the train home, staring vacantly at my Flashcast account when a teenager reached around from behind me and grabbed my boob. I yelled and dropping my phone into my bag so I could slap him, but he just laughed and backed away, then fled through the doors to the next car. I pursued him, but we were pulling into a stop and he exited to the platform, so I huffed and went back to my seat. Only when I went to retrieve my phone did I realise someone else had nicked it right out of my bag while I'd been distracted.

By then the doors had closed and the train began to leave the station; I knew my phone was gone for good.

It wasn't until I got home that I found out that they'd not only stolen my phone, they'd also stolen my Flashcast account by using the forgotten password process. They were now using it to advertise a FanFap account claiming to be me, which they'd been able to set up using my own phone for two-factor authentication. Worse, they'd posted some of my private lewds to direct my fans to this account.

I hurried to buy a new phone, set it up, and begin the process to reclaim my account by presenting proof of identity. This hit a roadblock when my face didn't look very much like my driver's license at all. In the meantime, I was locked out of almost all my other accounts because I'd used my phone as the extra authentication method. I couldn't even tell Crystal what had happened.

I thought about going to the police, but quailed at the thought of the unsavoury story I'd have to tell, and also how unlikely it was that they would take me seriously in the first place. The only rational thing to do at that point was to cry myself to sleep, so that's what I did.

In the bright light of morning, things didn't seem much less bleak. For one thing, my

Flashcast account had by then been suspended for terms of service violation. Surely my FormeX competition entry was beyond recovery at that point.

After I'd temporarily gotten my fill of laying about feeling sorry for myself I began to restore what I could, which included my banking app. With my wits more about me I found that there were ways to recover many of my accounts using things like personal questions, and I felt slightly better when I realised that the thieves had actually only been able to take my Flashcast account because it had been open when they'd snatched it; the rest of my accounts were apparently no more accessible to them than to me.

That made me feel somewhat better, enough to order pizza delivery, stuff my face with it, and gave myself a slight reprieve from dismal thoughts by masturbating to the sight of my enhanced body in the mirror. This reminded me of the FanFap account, and I thought about how unfair it was that they would be able to profit off my body. It felt like a violation, of course, but also an impediment to the plan that was taking shape in the back of my mind regarding how to make money now that I was unemployed and perhaps unemployable.

Only then did I realise that FanFap's identity confirmation process might actually allow me to seize the account the thieves had set up in my name. Very quickly I discovered that not only would it be possible, a sympathetic live representative was available to walk me through the whole process. It actually didn't take very much time, and the discovery that the thieves hadn't been able to withdraw any money from the account's shockingly large number of subscriptions filled me with delicious schadenfreude.

“So, just to confirm before I do it, you want to close the account and refund the subscribers, correct?” the representative asked me.

“Uh, is there another option?” I asked, not having considered that I had any choice about the matter.

“Well, it's your material and your account, so you can just take control and use it how you please. You can delete any content you didn't want shared, add new content, whatever you want, and of course keep the subscription money.”

“You said most of them are free trials.”

“Yes, but not all, and the conversion rate to paid accounts can be pretty high. Sometimes over 50%. And we waive the first six months of the service fee for completely new paid FanFap users, only deducting the transaction costs. That's basically a 35% bonus. So you could make a lot of money.”

“Wow. How much?” I asked. Not that I couldn't handle the arithmetic, but I was too discombobulated to do it at that moment.

“Assuming 50% conversion, \$6,824.22 at the end of the month. And that's assuming no further growth and no tips.”

“After fees?”

“After fees. Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if you made three times that. Some of the girls on here take home over a million dollars a year. I mean, Bonnie Sharp makes millions per *month*. Though obviously that's after working at it for a while.”

*Millions?* I could retire off that sort of money. “Can I think about it?”

“Of course! Just contact us if and when you decide to shut down your account. Until then, it's yours to do with as you please.”

“Thank you!”

There wasn't really any uncertainty about what I'd choose, because what choice did I have? And the money seemed impossibly good.

Unfortunately, the money really was impossibly good, in the sense that I didn't make nearly the money she suggested, because the existing subscriber base had been enticed by the thieves' release of my private videos and promises of 'hardcore' action. When I tried to explain what had happened, loads of them didn't believe me, or blamed me for their disappointment at me removing much of the material the thieves had shared, or just weren't interested if I wasn't there to get stuffed on camera for their entertainment. Some remained, of course, but when I compared myself to other major FanFap creators who made fortunes without being explicit I recognised that they had kinds of charisma and skills that I lacked. For one thing, I was not particularly good at flirting with men, or women, for that matter. For another, I didn't know much about video games or any of the other cultural touchstones germane to e-girls, gamer girls, cosplayers and so on.

I thought about trying to talk about cryptocurrency because there seemed to be a huge hunger for big-titted girls talking about financial nerd stuff, but not only had I not actually learned a whole lot of actual technical information about my old company's product before being fired, the product itself ended up being infamously hacked on the first day it was released to the public, resulting in over a hundred million dollars in cryptocurrency being stolen by the time the hack was discovered days later. Obviously associating myself with that debacle would do me no favours.

With bills coming due soon, I decided to do a special event for some of my more avid fans, promising to bare all and perform requests in return for tips. I clearly explained ahead of time that I didn't plan show myself above the neck for this special event, but one of them seemed very convinced that this was just my coquettish way of saying that I would show my face once the tips got big enough. He became extremely irate after tipping over two grand and I still refused to show my face, and though some other fans defended me, a few seemed to agree with him. I don't know how much of that seeming owed to the distorted perception amidst the first panic attack I'd had in a long time, but regardless of reality, in the midst of the panic attack it *felt* like even those defending me privately agreed with his claim that I was no better than a scammer.

In the grips of that panic, I quit the session, but that just made me feel like quitting without even saying anything would prove to everyone else that I was a scammer and a fake. I wondered if they were even wrong, and in my altered state, I felt compelled to go through with refunding everything and deleting my account.

That made me feel even worse, of course, because now I was going to get immediately evicted from my apartment when I couldn't pay my bills, be thrown on the street, be kidnaped by a sex trafficker or a serial killer, etc. I hid under the covers and sobbed uncontrollably for hours until exhaustion took me.

The morning after I felt depressed and hopeless, but at least the panic attack was over, and I could see that I still had options. I wouldn't immediately be evicted; there was a whole process the landlord would have to go through. I'd really ruined my FanFap account, though, and my prospects for paying the bills had legitimately gotten much worse.

I managed to steel myself to negotiate with my landlord, who agreed not to start eviction proceedings if I showed that I had a job or an offer by the end of the month, In the event that I didn't find a job that quickly, he said he'd start eviction proceedings but promised to dismiss them if I came up with a way of paying.

With my doom postponed, my post-panic depressive episode started to ebb, but it didn't leave me hopeful. I felt like at any time another panic attack could destroy any progress I'd made. So, despite how the other accessories I'd gotten had complicated my life, I decided to try wearing

the calming earrings.

I could immediately feel a little buzz come over me, like I was slightly drunk and slightly horny. What I was not, was anxious. The sensation increased as I began to worry that anything capable of making me feel that way was also capable of causing brain damage, but amazingly I was able to think the thought without feeling paralysed by it. I actually sort of thought it was funny, and found myself laughing a little at the idea.

I was definitely feeling a little loopy and distracted, but not so badly that I lost my train of thought, and so I went to remove the earrings. It wasn't that tricky of a process, just pulling back a spring-loaded latch and rotating the loop out of my ear, but when I tripped the latch, the buzz became so powerful I really did forget what I was doing, and instead of removing the earrings I ended up making dinner while indulging in an idle fantasy of a romantic partner sitting at the table watching my bum wiggle as I worked.

It didn't take long for me to remember that I had intended to remove the earrings, but not why I hadn't actually done so. When I tried again having forgotten what happened with the first attempt, the same thing recurred, and of course I didn't recall it then, either. I don't know how many times that evening I remembered and tried again, but it must have been dozens that evening alone, based on how I singed the meal and how many times I masturbated to orgasm. At some point, perhaps days later, I stopped even trying, because the repeated experience had somehow trained my brain to immediately jump track if I thought about removing the earrings. I couldn't even think about thinking about removing the earrings, so I really didn't notice that anything was wrong.

It's impossible to truly explain how much wearing the earrings changed my life, but it was dramatic enough that things that I'd found crippling in the past were suddenly bearable, or even enjoyable. I found myself applying for a massive number of jobs, including many for which I had barely any qualifications, which I would never have been able to manage previously. I also got quite a few interviews, and bombed them almost uniformly through some combination of being patently unqualified, giggling like a dolt at the wrong moments, and flirting with the interviewer. Looking like a total bimbo didn't help either.

The earrings also allowed me to enjoy the fact that my body continued to change, with my lips swelling into big dumb pillows, my tits looking like I'd gotten the sort of extreme augmentation one had to find special doctors to perform, and a booty fit for shaking in a particularly crude video. It wasn't that the earrings forced an artificial sense of enjoyment, it simply left unopposed that part of me that felt pride at having to order a made-to-order 30N bra. I also felt almost smugly relieved that my tits kept a lot of their shape even without a bra, owing to the bodycon suit that I had long since given up on removing. And I didn't feel so bad about being so gratified by my hypersexualised look – after all, I had decided that this is what a smart, fashionable woman like Crystal wanted for herself, so it wasn't weird for me to also enjoy it. All the earrings did is prevent me from pointlessly worrying about the downsides I couldn't do anything about.

They also got me a job with a sort of slimy commercial real estate agent who hired me to run the front desk, and also to provide sexual favours. I refused to do the latter, but I refused in a sultry teasing way that seemed to confuse and please him enough to defuse any impulse to retaliate. I ended up keeping that job and even being sort of popular despite the fact that I blatantly ignored most of the work I didn't want to do.



That job kept me from being evicted straightaway, but it didn't pay enough to be able to live after paying rent, so my landlord let me out of the lease early in return for letting him keep my last month's deposit. To save money, I moved in with one of the other girls at the office. Kelsie didn't even like me at first, but after seeing enough of me to convince her that my behaviour wasn't an act she decided to see me in a favourable light. She thought I was doing my best whilst legitimately brain damaged or otherwise cognitively impaired.

Ironically, Kelsie got me back on Flashcast again, introducing me to her fans as a way to boost her account's popularity. It worked so well that she began taking me along on some of her influencer image outings and got me included in some of the free clothing sets. Of course my earrings had to come off for this, but now that there was someone else to take them off for me, off they came. By then the electroshock therapy or whatever it was had done its job well enough that the anxiety didn't return. I actually felt smarter than I ever had, though through a strange interaction with my inability to sustain contemplation of the "calming" earrings, I instead decided that feeling sexy was what was keeping the anxiety away, and that if my thinking got too muddled, that meant it was time to rub out an orgasm.

This newly conscious strategy did not convince anyone who had already formed their opinions of me that I was smarter or more collected, and it wasn't as if people saw past my look when making first impressions, either. I didn't lose my job immediately when the lech who hired me was replaced by someone more professional, but the new guy fired me the very first time a client had to wait at the vacant reception desk while I was busy masturbating in the bathroom.

Perhaps it was her conscience, or maybe she just decided it was my only hope for supporting myself, but Kelsie overbore my weakly-phrased objections and set me up with my own Flashcast account more or less under my real name so I could try to get my own sponsorships. Though I know she wrestled with her own worries that I might compete with her for sponsors, she was actually very supportive, even proud of me when I surpassed her follower count. I think it helped that my followers were different from hers, and my sponsored opportunities mostly less lucrative because my lifestyle couldn't be passed off as aspirational. A few women might want to be both dumb and dummy thicc, but not so many that it represented a huge market, and I couldn't try to pretend I was a rich globetrotter even if I wanted to because my guest spots on Kelsie's feed had revealed too much of my true circumstances.

If I'd opened another FanFap account I would of course have been able to make a small fortune, but it had been such an unpleasant experience last time that I was not in a hurry to make

another go. This turned out to be a fine choice. Kelsie's narrative around me being a salt of the earth sort as well as mentally slow resulted in a persona that appealed to far more people than any of us would have expected.

It was amazing how everyone from strident feminists to retrograde chauvinists both found ways to like me. Many who might ordinarily criticise me for the cosmetic procedures they assumed I'd undergone or my apparent lack of ambition agreed that I wasn't really cut out for more intellectual pursuits, and appreciated how supportive and thankful I was toward my friends. Many men seemed convinced that I was chaste despite how I acted and dressed, because I didn't go after any of the rich men who flirted with me, and they couldn't conceive of someone who looked like me being a lesbian. Plenty of lesbians had no trouble suspecting me, but of course everyone else just assumed that was wishful thinking or something. Regardless, when I referred to myself as a bit of a bimbo, no one considered it demeaning like they would if directed at someone who was not so undeniably stupid as they thought I was. I also think that people respected the way I steadfastly, if somewhat vacantly, resisted attempts to cajole or bully me into doing anything I didn't want to do.

## Full Filled Dreams

When I passed one million followers, Kelsie surprised me with one of two large mylar balloons spelling out “1M” and a gaggle of her other influencer friends holding a sign congratulating @bouncy\_blonde\_barbie\_brown on my achievement. I bounced in genuine joy as required, and asked Kelsie a question that sounded truly stupid without context.

“How much is that?”

“One million?” Kelsie asked as the other girls laughed, misinterpreting my question.

Kelsie actually grasped what I was asking, which was the bonus amount I could claim from my primary sponsor based on the contract she'd helped me negotiate.

“Over a thousand,” she said with a kind of smirk, knowing how it sounded, and also knowing me well enough to realise I was probably letting myself sound idiotic on purpose. Which wasn't to say that she thought I was intelligent, so much as she perceived a sort of animal cunning in the ways I deployed my reputation for stupidity in advantageous ways.

“Wow,” I said, both because that was more than I thought and because that was the sort of thing my followers expected.

For various reasons, that exchange went viral in a gigantic way, getting played on late night television and being turned into several different memes. My follower count skyrocketed, as did Kelsie's to a lesser extent, and we began to get invited onto some pretty big shows. Well, they tried to invite me directly, but I ignored all that stuff because reading my DMs and really any sort of unmoderated commentary was deadly. Kelsie, on the other hand, was treated a bit like my manager, which wasn't far from the truth, and so she told me about some of the offers.

I turned them all down except the Helen show, because she seemed especially nice and had on all sorts of silly guests rather than just movie stars and important people.



“Is it safe to say that you're smarter than people think you are?” she asked me after talking to Kelsie for the first bit.

“Oh yes. I could hardly be as stupid as people think I am,” I said, to a great deal of laughter. It didn't feel mean-spirited at all and I was enjoying myself.

“Do you have ambitions you don't tell people about that would surprise them?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh yeah?” Helen said, sounding surprised, “Like what? Any you're willing to share?”

“No, because then I'd be telling people about them,” I pointed out.

“I guess I can see the logic there,” Helen said, chuckling. “Do you tell Kelsie about them?”

“Kelsie's a person, too,” I said solemnly.

After the laughter died down, Helen changed gears a little. “Do you consider yourself an ambitious person?”

“I don't know. I guess ambition got me here, but also, like, a bunch of stuff just happened, like meeting Kelsie. I'm not sure how different that is, though. No one gets to the top without a lot of luck.”

“So true. But effort matters, too, right? I mean, it looks like your back is probably working hard every day.”

I smiled as they laughed, but my thoughts were on how stumbling into Crystal's prototypes had launched me on this weird, uncomfortable, but also sort of wonderful trajectory. When it was quiet enough to answer, I said, “I wear FormeX bodycon underneath, which helps a lot in all sorts of ways. Lots of people think I've just had like a million dollars worth of work done, but it's FormeX more than anything else.”

“I'm going to guess FormeX is a sponsor?” Helen asked, making it sound like a joke, but I think maybe she didn't like me trying to use her show to flog products.

“Oh! No, but that would be cool,” I said, flirting with the camera a little to show how receptive I was. “I actually entered one of their competition things but then some things happened and it didn't work out. But I still love their stuff. Wouldn't be here without it.”

“I'm sure they're jumping for joy over that endorsement. Do you feel like there's a lot of fakery in the business, with influencers using photoshop to pretend like results are possible that really aren't?”

“Oh yeah. I used to try to pretend that I was, like, super rich and sophisticated. But, uh, I guess it's kind of obvious that I'm not?”

“Getting there now, aren't you?”

“Maybe?” I said, looking at Kelsie, who had arranged this thing. “Kelsie actually does all the work because she's pretty sophisticated, so I hope she's getting super rich.”

“Aww, thanks Barbie!” Kelsie said before turning to Helen, “We're doing okay now, but you know that we've been sharing the rent on a regular apartment to make ends meet.”

“I got fired from my last job, so Kelsie gave me a place to stay,” I interrupted to tell Helen, “She didn't even like me yet, so that tells you how nice a person Kelsie is.”

Something in Helen's face made me think she was wondering what kind of relationship Kelsie and I had, so I added. “Not 'like me' like that! Kelsie has boyfriends and everything!”

Helen laughed and the look was gone, but she followed up, “And do you have boyfriends and everything?”

“No,” I said sadly, thinking about Crystal, “I didn't have the courage to ask my crush out when I had a chance. Well, I don't know if I had a chance, but now I really don't because, like, we sorta lost contact.”

“Interesting! Well, maybe your crush is watching. Do you have a message for them if they are?”

“Oh! Uh, sorry I disappeared! You're super hot and I hope you won anyway.”

“Cryptic! I guess only your crush would understand that message?”

A little bit of the old anxiety had come back at the idea that I'd bared myself to Crystal on television, but I calmed myself by sending my brain into the blank place. I was only there for a moment, perhaps two seconds, but it was enough time for Kelsie to read the lack of comprehension on my face and smoothly intercede. “You might not think it but Barbie is actually a *crazy* private person,” Kelsie told Helen, “So it's kind of a lot to be on here with like huge celebrities and a live audience and everything.”

“Is that true? I hope I'm not that intimidating,” Helen joked.

I giggled to think that Kelsie, in attempting to pass off my moment of brainlessness as a moment of stage fright, had actually told a deeper truth. “I think you're a nice person, and really smart in a nice way,” I told Helen, who seemed a bit embarrassed by my simple earnestness.

After that, Kelsie and Helen carried most of the rest of the interview, limiting the load on me to nods, smiles, and eventually the obligatory dancing with the hostess. I didn't know many dances, but Kelsie and I had agreed before the interview which dance I should do. The problem was that Kelsie revealed just before the dance that she was looking for a flat in New York now that she was making real money, and I just blanked again.

It only took a moment to recall which dance I was supposed to be doing, but I knew from the laughter that I looked super awkward and a little inappropriate, and I hoped that I hadn't embarrassed Kelsie too much. But if I was this susceptible to brainpop, how was I going to live alone?

Afterwards Kelsie clarified to me that she didn't intend to leave me on my own, just to get another apartment so we could have our own place when visiting, but I knew she wanted her own life.

“I'm going to get married,” I told her.

Her eyes widened. “To who?”

“I don't know. Someone who really enjoys big boobs and doesn't mind having a dumb wife. Should be pretty easy.”

Kelsie looked very serious. “Barbie, be really honest with me. Am I the person you have the crush on?”

I kind of squinted at her as I tried to figure out why she thought that, but I set it aside for the moment. “No, you're really great and I'd love to go down on you sometime, but you've never met my crush.”

“Oh. Uh, wait. You want to...”

“Yeah?” I asked, kind of zapping myself to keep from being too embarrassed about admitting I wanted to have sex with her. It made me feel horny and also lost as to what we were discussing.

“Who's your crush?”

“Crystal Rose.”

“The founder of FormeX?”

“Who?” I said, confused. “No, she's not the founder.”

“A different Crystal Rose?”

“That would be weird. Are you saying Crystal Rose founded FormeX?”

“Yes, there was a whole profile.”

“Wow.”

“And you didn't mention this to me this whole time! You didn't even tell me you liked girls!”

“What do you mean? I was always talking about how hot girls are.”

“I just thought you were being nice,” Kelsie said, now a little embarrassed and uncomfortable. I knew the feeling.

“Don't worry, I'm not going to, like, creep on you or keep asking you to let me eat you out or anything.”

“I'm not worried,” she insisted.

“Distracted?” I suggested.

“You *seriously* want to eat me out?” Kelsie asked, caught between incredulity and curiosity.

“Oh yeah. I'm pretty good. I think you'll enjoy it.”

“Well, maybe we can try it when we get back,” she said, and I giddily promised that she wouldn't regret it.

If I harboured concerns that our relationship might change after that, Kelsie's satisfaction with my efforts allayed them. I enjoyed plenty of opportunities to show myself to be a cunning linguist over the next few days.

But I couldn't hide from myself that I was trying to compensate for my feelings of guilt about being a drag on Kelsie. For all I knew, she wanted to get serious in her own relationships, but didn't because she thought I couldn't take care of myself.

And the truth was that I wasn't sure if I could or not. I had some conscious control over going blank when I started to get anxious, but life without anxiety was so incredibly much better I wasn't sure I could will myself to stop popping my brain. I had a ditz addiction. Or maybe that was just a story I told myself to excuse myself from putting in the effort to be a responsible adult.

I was still working on these questions a few days later when going to a lunch Kelsie had put together to celebrate the Helen appearance and the next phase of our careers as celebrities who were famous for being famous. I wasn't ordinarily inclined to like this new phase, but Kelsie enjoyed being recognised and meeting real life fans, and I enjoyed watching her enjoy it. As I sat on the train ignoring the people staring at me as usual, I was somehow feeling both excited and

wary at the same time, gradually building toward a palpable buzz in my brain and body by the time I arrived.

That was how I didn't notice that none of the other girls were there until the hostess had brought me all the way to a table that Kelsie wasn't even at.

I opened my mouth to say there had to be a mistake, but then I saw who it was and I knew there was no mistake. As soon as I saw Crystal's face, my brain exploded with euphoria and a very strong desire to kiss her. Everywhere.

The hostess' surprised laugh and Crystal's raised eyebrows clued me in to the fact that I'd spoken my private desire aloud.

"Perhaps not before the amuse-bouche," Crystal suggested, motioning for me to sit.

I followed her direction and shrugged my apology at the hostess, who had recovered her nonchalant expression and told us our server would be with us momentarily.

"You didn't tell me you were the founder!" I said.

"You didn't tell me you had decided to wear the prototypes," she countered.

"Yeah, but if I'd told you you probably would have convinced me it was too dangerous and my life would have just sucked forever. But now I'm so much happier! I hope you're not too mad at me, but it's made me really happy."

"No, I'm not mad at you, Barbara," she said, studying me intently, "I am concerned, though."

"Call me Barbie. It's so much more appropriate for me now that I'm a bimbo, don't you think?"

"I'm happy to call you Barbie if it's what you prefer. Is it?"

"Yes, I'm ever so much happier as Barbie. Crystal, everything is *so* much better now."

The conversation paused for a moment as the waiter arrived to talk about the food and wine and all that, but I simply could not pay attention to what he was telling me, and just tried to smile so assertively he went away.

"You're so pretty," I told her as soon as I could, because I wanted her to know, and because I felt bad for stealing the body she had meant to be hers.

"Thank you. You are..."

"Yours. I mean, they're *your* specifications, right?"

She blushed. "I... Yes."

"You can make another one if you want, right?"

"I can, though I shouldn't."

"Why not? Now you know it's safe!"

"I'm not sure I can call it safe."

"Oh," I said, looking down at my immaculate place setting. "I'm sorry I stole what you wanted. I can't say I wouldn't do it again, given a chance, but I know I shouldn't have."

"Don't you think maybe you're being too hard on yourself?" Crystal asked me.

"Well, don't you deserve this body that you made specially for you?" I asked guiltily. "But I'm selfish enough that I want to keep it."

Crystal blushed deeper. "Oh. Um. I think there's been a misunderstanding."

"What do you mean?"

"No one was meant to wear that prototype. It was just a test of how far the fab process specs could be pushed and still work."

"Oh. So you didn't want it?" I asked, my stomach dropping. Was I just a vulgar idiot cartoon to her?

“Not... for myself.”

“Then for whom?”

“No one in particular. The specs were, well, I did some renderings, and picked the most extreme proportions that I, um, enjoyed looking at.”

I stared at her for a moment, running her words through my head several times, trying to figure out if I understood what she was saying.

“Am I, like, your optimised sex object?” I asked. “Is that what the max score was? The shape that you most wanted to...”

I had to stop because the waiter was back, and Crystal used the intervention to try to get her composure back.

“This is the happiest day of my life,” I told her before she could say anything.

“I’m so... what?”

“This is like a dream come true.”

“What?” she repeated, sounding so confused she could have been wearing the calming earrings herself.

“I didn’t steal your body, and I *can* give it to you! I promise I’m really *really* good at cunnilingus, and I’m happy to do anything else you want. I’m a good cook, too.”

“Wait, sorry, I’m trying to adjust some of my thoughts, here,” she said, holding up her hands to slow me down.

I nodded and remained quiet, but I confess I was bouncing slightly in my excitement, which didn’t help her think.

“So, you’re happy that you’re now... the way you are. And you want to thank me. Sexually.”

“And culinarily! And any other way you let me! Kelsie set me up with you because you’re my crush! The one I told Helen about on television!”

“I don’t... I haven’t seen... She didn’t explain...”

“Oooh. That was a little naughty of her. Well, I’ve had a crush on you since forever and I really wanted to impress you by helping you win the competition, because I thought you were just a social media marketing person and I thought that if I did somehow that maybe we’d become friends but I knew I was never going to be as pretty as you are but ohmygod I *am* now! Sort of. Not all, like, tasteful hot like you are, more like nympho sex slave hot. Willing and ethical sex slavery, not creepy scary German basement shit!”

“German basement?” she asked in confusion, but I was too excited to explain.

“Sorry, I don’t mean you want a sex slave, just, like, I’m the shape you would make a sex slave if... never mind, forget I said anything about sex slaves. I just mean that I might be able to fulfil some fantasies for the woman I’ve been fantasising about and I’ve never been so happy in my life.”

I stopped myself to listen what she had to say, but she was just silent for a while, with slight shifts in her expression that made me think she was wrestling with herself in some way. I started to worry that, faced with the reality of her fantasies, she didn’t find them so attractive after all. Or maybe she just didn’t like me. That would be the ultimate rejection, if I was literally her unattainable physical ideal but it was all ruined by my personality. Or maybe it was just that I was too stupid? The effort to keep my mind from blanking was making me horny.

“I’m not *that* stupid. I mean, only occasionally. I can learn to be smarter, so I don’t embarrass you,” I offered, forcing myself to stop bouncing and look at least a little bit dignified. I didn’t know it, but I completely ruined the look by biting my lip, which emphasised how

enormously sexual they were.

“You won't embarrass me,” she said quietly. “I've embarrassed myself, a bit.”

“How?”

“By having my real desires exposed.”

“Oh, I see,” I said, very disappointed but having no trouble seeing her point of view. “I understand and I don't blame you. I won't be insulted if you decide we need to be discreet.” By that point I had begun to worry that she would not be open even to covert liaisons, but I resolutely refused to allow my brain to skip out of the discomfort this time.

“No! That's not it. I just mean, well, I'm not quite sure what I mean. Maybe I just can't let myself enjoy some undeserved good luck.”

I brightened instantly, and my unconscious excitement bounces resumed. This presented both a mental and physical challenge to the waiter's professionalism, but he overcame and managed to deliver our next course with aplomb. Whether from happiness or culinary craft, it was one of the best bisques I'd ever had, and also I wanted to shove it and the whole table to the side so I could throw myself on Crystal.

We made it through the entire meal without me giving in to any of my more outrageous impulses, but I admit that I did end up doing almost everything in my power including begging on my knees to let me taste her before she went back to work, but she was resolute, and so I had to go home and spend quality time with my Hitachi and a bedside-mounted dildo. Nevertheless, I had a fantastic time because I got to think about how she had promised to have me over that very night, and I could show her the entirety of her creation.

She texted several times to delay and delay again, so that by the time she was finally free from her board meetings or whatever, I was a bit of a wreck between anxiety and honestly a little resentment. But as soon as I saw how exhausted she looked when she opened the door for me, that all went out the window.

“Oh. My. God. You look so tired! I'm sorry! Let me give you a massage!” I suppose I sort of bullied her into it, but soon I had her naked from the waist up – every inch flawless – and was kneading and rolling away her tensions and and thoughts. She tried to apologise or something, but I shushed her and limited my own statements to my best ASMR murmur.

I kept going even when I knew she was asleep, both because that kept me focused on not trying to push it further than she'd indicated she was ready for and because I was deeply enjoying the luxury of touching her bare skin. She must have used her own products to get such perfect complexion, tone, and proportion, I thought, and I wondered if she was as happy about her body as I was about mine.

Eventually I calmed down enough that I could join her in sleep, and I did, taking the small liberty of pulling her arm over me in hopes that it might turn to spooning in the night.

That didn't really work out because of course I woke up a short while later with a tingling arm. I needed to push the sheets and pillows around for halfway decent support and the best I could do was to avoid crowding her off the bed.

But the sight that greeted me in the morning made up for everything. At first I thought she'd put on a strap-on, but it pulsed as I watched, and I had to conclude the proud, perfect pole in her hand was her very own penis. I almost expressed my delight aloud, but I noticed that Crystal's eyes were still closed and concluded she probably wasn't completely awake yet.

So, I did something that I definitely shouldn't have, but couldn't resist. I mean, there was some part of me that knew that she had been shy about showing me and probably wouldn't be comfortable exposing her unusual configuration now if she was fully awake, but in my defence I

had also just woken up randy and wasn't thinking clearly. Also, I really, really wanted to believe that her little smile as I quietly straddled her meant she'd figured out what was happening and was just waiting for me to slide... down... her shaft.

Obviously this was far from the first dong I'd ever bounced on, but something about knowing it was attached to Crystal made it feel incomparably better. I don't know precisely when she woke up because by then my eyes were rolling back in my head, but she did shout my name.

I shouted hers, too, and I sped up while squeezing my nipples because I wanted to come before she did, but obviously this was very stupid because going faster just made *her* come faster.

"What was that about?" she recovered enough to complain while I was still amidst my orgasm.

"Um, you didn't like it?" I asked uncertainly when I regained power of speech. "You came, right?" I didn't see how she could deny it; I'd felt the pulse of the cum.

"I did, right in your vagina. What if you get pregnant? What if I have a disease? And shouldn't you have, you know, *asked* first?"

"Would you have said yes?"

"No!" she almost shouted, but when she saw the expression on my face and with a roll of her eyes, the anger was gone. "But only because I would have been so embarrassed. I guess you don't mind my extra equipment?"

"It's a dream come true. Can I keep the baby if you put one in me? I mean, you probably didn't because it's too early, but I think I would like to have a baby." I almost said, "Because it's yours," but that seemed too much, too fast. What I'd already said and done was much too much, much too fast. No need to push it even further.

"I don't even know if I'm fertile, but, uh, I... Well, it's your body," she said, visibly struggling to get her mind around what had just happened. "You really come on strong."

"Yeah, sorry," I said, very glad that her rebuke was so mild. So far. I could see her expression darkening as some bad interpretation of my behaviour occurred to her. "I'm not trying to trap you! I mean, maybe I am trying to trap a little bit of your cum because I never thought I was going to get to have a baby with someone I loved, but I'm not, like, trying to get, like, child support or something. I mean, I'm basically just a dumb slut and I don't plan things."

Her eyebrows drew down in displeasure, and I was going to be a little surprised if she hadn't thought of the possibility that I'd been trying to get money out of her until I said it, but it was clear that what I'd said had upset her somehow. It was incredibly upsetting to think that she'd just decided I was a gold digger, so I... didn't.

I'm not exactly sure what happened right around the time my mind jumped track, but I know that her train was entering my tunnel on that new track. It had a new angle I was really liking because it was hitting the top of my vagina in a really good way and also letting me play with her tits, especially their hard nipples.

"Oh, do you like being called a slut?" she asked curiously as she used her grip on my giant arse to guide my movement back and down onto her skewer.

"If you want," I said.

"No, do you *like* being called a slut?"

"I don't care," I said.

"Why don't you care?"

"Cause I *am* a slut, I reckon? Actually, I guess I'm not because I, like, don't really have sex with anyone else. Just a lot of masturbation. I really like this pace. Can you keep it up, or are

you close?"

"I'm kind of making sure you don't go too fast."

I kissed her, proud of the way my boobs bulging across her whole chest and shoulders.

"You're so romantic."

"Shit you are so fucking hot," she muttered.

"Yay!" I cheered softly, and giggled. "Thank you! I'm really glad you like me. I know I'm probably too dumb to be your girlfriend, but I hope you want to keep doing this."

"I don't understand why you've been saying things like that. I knew you before this, so I know..."

"What's wrong?" I asked, because she'd stopped fucking me.

She looked horrified. "Did you wear the earrings?"

"Yeah, why?"

"I think they may have caused brain damage."

"Yeah, I figured that out," I told her in as reassuring a voice as I could, "But it was mostly a good thing because I think it damaged the part of my brain that was making me, like, stressed out and depressed all the time. It's completely cured my panic attacks."

"How did it," she started to ask.

"Less talking, more fucking!" I told her, because what if she started to soften?

"Okay, but we're talking about this later," she promised.

Between sex and her work commitments, 'later' didn't arrive until days later, and even then only because I'd slipped up and actually worn them again before remembering why I didn't do that any more. But I really liked them and the fact that Crystal had chosen them, which I used to justify continuing to wear them.

"But that makes it so much harder to reverse the damage. How many wearings did the prototype LuXe last? It must have been a lot, to achieve such profound changes."

"Um, two, I guess? I haven't taken it off since I put on the nails," I said, waggling them in the air to demonstrate. "So the second one is ongoing."

"You... haven't taken it off?" Crystal asked slowly.

"Yeah, why? I know it said you're not supposed to keep wearing them, but it works fine. I don't even notice it any more."

"No, I wouldn't think you would," Crystal said, still pensive.

I gave her a moment to think about it before breaking in, "So, what's the problem?"

"I'm not sure yet, because nothing like this has ever happened. Not to this degree, at least. We don't really know what the long term effects will be. Not all of them, at least. But the reason you need to take them off is that with longer wear your dermis starts to absorb the strands, which are complex heterogeneous polymers that have significant biosignaling properties."

"So you're worried they're carcinogenic?" I hazarded a guess.

"Oh, definitely. We haven't seen any carcinogenic properties in any of our tests, but given their mechanism of activity and the observed cellular effects on telomeres, there's a number of theoretical reasons to expect them to cause melanoma at the least. Before you get too scared, though, we also have reason to believe that the effects are somewhat self-stabilizing, so they might also render you nearly immune to melanoma. And many of the normal symptoms of ageing, for that matter. We think that long term *episodic* wear of LuXe prevents and even slightly reverses dermal ageing without presenting the same carcinogenic risks. But of course there's no way we're going to try to present it to the FDA on that basis. Better to get years of safety data in wide population use prior to even bringing it up as a possibility. "

“Then you can sell it as a medical device?” I asked, impressed by how cunning and possibly reckless Crystal had been.

“Yes,” she said with a look of appreciation at my comprehension, “But we genuinely don't know what the health effects would be for you. I'm cautiously optimistic that they'll be mostly good in that respect, I just don't want to think of what happens if I'm wrong.” Crystal stopped, but I felt like she wasn't done.

“So, what else?” I asked.

“Part of the effect happens after you take off the clothing, as your body adapts. Even taking it off for a short time basically restarts the clock on biosignals being able to transit the epidermis, so even if people switch directly from one garment to another, there's a rest period that allows the adaptive process to occur. But your body hasn't had a chance to do this at all.”

“It seems to have worked fine, though,” I said.

I enjoyed the way her eyes ate me up. “Yes.”

“So? Are you just worrying in general, or is there something specific?”

“It's kind of specific. One is about possible epigenetic effects, and the other is that you may still expect an extended adaptive phase. Could you turn around? I want to see if I can take it off you. If there's anything left.”

“I can still feel the zipper,” I asserted, which was true, but barely.

“Mmmhmm,” she said, and I felt a slight tugging. “Does that hurt?”

“No.”

She pulled harder, and I could feel a separation, kind of like a scab coming off, but not painful. “How about now?”

“Are you tearing it off? It doesn't hurt, but I think it's tearing the fabric.”

“Yes, but there's really no fabric left, Barbie.”

“Oh,” I said, and accepted the slight transparent strip from her.

“There'll be a slight imprint for a while, but I think it'll go away in a month or two. In the meantime, you might notice some of the transformative effects start to resume. I couldn't begin to guess how significant they'll be or how prolonged. Or even precisely what form they'll take, though I suppose I have some guesses.”

I could tell her guesses were making her aroused, and that made me excited. If the changes were something sexy, I was entirely okay with that. “I hope you'll enjoy them. That we'll enjoy them together, whatever they are.”

“You're taking this well.”

“Yeah, seems like mostly good news to me. Not cancer, of course, but if it happens it happens. In the meantime, let's enjoy it.” I ran one long nail lightly along the ridge of her erection under her trousers.

“But, you might... Shit,” she said, unable to continue her train of thought as I tugged her trousers and panties down until her glorious cum rocket shot out and impacted under my chin.

“It's so pretty,” were the words I hummed unintelligibly around her sausage, though I didn't even finish vocalizing the final word because I'd swallowed her all the way to the back of my throat. I thought I should ask her afterwards if she tasted and felt so good because of changes to me, or because of some change she made to herself, or just because I was so infatuated with her. Suppressing my gag reflex seemed like a strange effect, but I was glad.

“Oh my god, you're so good at this,” she said, which was a very flattering lie because I had almost no experience, but I accepted it in the spirit it was intended, and did my best to make it true, at least until I felt like she was getting close. I wanted her to creampie me, and I intended

to get what I wanted.

I'm not sure if it was frustration at me suddenly stopping the fellatio right before she could reach orgasm or refusal to let herself be pushed around, but when I attempted to climb up and straddle her, she grabbed me and rolled us over so she could pound me from above.

Because I'd never dated anyone who could give me any kind of orgasm, much less an earth-shaking, mind-blowing paroxysm of ecstasy, I didn't know that I was a screamer. It seemed to shock Crystal, too, but she just put her hand over my mouth while she waited for her own climax to empty her impossible and invisible bollocks into me.

Unlike the first time, this was perhaps my most fertile day, and she had me in what they called the mating press. The thought that she was breeding me on purpose had me ready to go again almost immediately. If there was any chance that Crystal was fertile, this would maximise the chances, and the thought of having a baby that was brilliant and gorgeous like Crystal just filled me with hope. And also with cum, if I got my way. Crystal tried to claim that she couldn't go again right away, but my determined combination of fellatio and careful massage of her vulva got her hard again soon enough.

After I got her back in me, I spent some time nibbling on her neck and giving her long, searching kisses as I moved myself up and down very slowly and deliberately. "Hammer me when you're ready," I instructed her.

She laughed. "Hammer you? How romantic."

"Yes, hammer me so romantically I can't walk tomorrow," I said, and prevented her from answering verbally by kissing her again.

It took far longer to get a second load out of her, but I enjoyed the slower pace, which kept me thrillingly close for a long time.

"I think I'm close now," she gasped, because I'd been making her work pretty hard by then.

"Make me your personal cum dumpster," I told her as I pinched my wonderfully thick and prominent nipples.

She paused. "I don't like that."

"I'm sorry. I'm just talking dirty," I said apologetically.

"I know, but it sounds like you think I'm degrading you, and even if you find that sexy, it makes me feel like I'm taking advantage of you."

"Okay, I won't say things like that. What if I said *I'm* taking advantage of *you*?" I asked, moving again to make sure she didn't go soft.

"You're not," she told me.

"I'm trying to get you to give me a child."

"That's... okay," she said, and I could feel from the way her cock pulsed inside me that she wasn't lying. I redoubled my efforts, and soon enough she'd come in me again.

"Are you really okay with me having your baby?" I asked.

"Well, I really doubt it'll happen, but if it does... Well, I guess I'm not sure how I feel about it. If you're planning on raising her by yourself, I kind of feel like it would be irresponsible for me not to be involved, but at the same time I don't want to presume to tell you how to raise your own child."

"I think the question has to be whether you want to be involved. And whether you want to keep me as a girl on the side."

"Why on the side? Why do you keep saying these things?" she asked me, getting up on one elbow to face me more directly. "Is it that you don't want a serious relationship?"

“I’m not going to use a child to trap you into anything serious. That would be gross and counterproductive. And I don’t want to embarrass you.”

“Again with the embarrassment. Why are you so sure you’d be embarrassing?”

“Trust me, I *will* embarrass you in public with how stupid I get in some of the worst situations. I’m glad that brain damage killed my anxiety, but you have to believe me that it’s real, makes me behave in really inappropriate ways, and I don’t even want to undo it. Not if it means becoming anxious again.”

“Maybe we could... Well, never mind, not my main concern.”

“What is your main concern?” I asked.

She looked caught. “Uh... Mostly how this might interact with your pregnancy hormones. We’ll have to keep a close watch.”

“What do you think will happen?”

“It might result in prolonged release of pregnancy hormones after they’re meant to cease, and maybe even prevent your body from bouncing back from pregnancy. If you do get pregnant, which I don’t think is likely but isn’t clearly possible either, then I think we need to look into some maintenance treatments to delay the further changes.”

“Oh. Well, we can cross that bridge when we come to it, then.” The topic was scary, but the way she’d said *we* needed to looking into something gave me a very pleasant flutter in my tummy. Perhaps, just maybe, she was thinking *we* were going to be together.

I tried to keep myself from hoping for too much, or asking for anything beyond the moment, but I took absolutely every honest measure I could to bring it about. At first, this was just presenting Crystal as many opportunities and enticements as possible to enjoy herself. I employed many of the techniques Kelsie had taught me about being an influencer, but focused on an audience of one.

One who proved to be quite capable of knocking me up.

After that, I had to be very careful to avoid letting her consider me her responsibility, because I wanted her to view me as an asset, as a source of pleasure and fun, not work and risk. My success in that respect was limited, but I think my attempts to distance myself in terms of supporting myself might have spurred her to view me as a true romantic partner. She had to put some effort into getting me to rely on her, and that made her see me as less pathetic.

It also helped that my social media profile kept growing and growing. My income also took off as I become more of a media phenomenon, but I think that had less to do with it than the fact that any celebrity, no matter how daft and widely derided as a symbol of decadence, is somehow accorded a kind of aura of value. In my case, I think it also helped that I was considered innocent of having a big ego or a mean bone in my body. Setting aside the sort of joyless trolls who could bully a puppy, few were willing to seem so mean spirited as to express any real hate toward me.

Granted, Crystal did come in for quite a bit of abuse once it was revealed that we were more than friends, but it also established her as a woman to be envied, which has its own cachet. And when my pregnancy was revealed, that sanctified the relationship in a way and redeemed her to a degree in the eyes of the public. She wasn’t just enjoying me as a trophy, she was helping a pregnant mother.

I hoped that didn’t have too much influence on her decision to propose, but I definitely was not so fastidious as to even consider declining. The engagement ring also had a huge pink synthetic diamond in it that was just perfect for me.

“So, can I stop taking all the pills now?” I asked, rubbing at my nicely-recovered tummy as I pumped milk for Chelsea.

“Maybe we should wait until you're not nursing any more,” Crystal suggested.

“Uggggh. That's going to take forever,” I said, speaking both of the pumping I was doing at that moment and the eventual end of pumping after Chelsea was weaned.

“It's ultimately up to you,” she reminded me lazily.

“I can't wait until we get that new milker,” I said, not for the first time.

“Moo,” Crystal taunted me, as she did whenever I called it a milker rather than a breast pump.

“You're just jealous,” I told her.

“Trust me, I'm okay with not nursing,” she said.

“No, I mean, you don't want the pump taking your place.”

“It could never take my place,” she asserted, and took charge of my free nipple with her lips, which had been my intent. It felt nice and actually helped the pump work. And it wasn't as if I didn't have enough milk. That woke up Crystal in multiple senses, so of course I needed to take care of her before I got back to Chelsea.

“I think she's asleep!” I whispered when I returned with the baby a few minutes later, but Crystal, of course, was also already asleep. I thought for a moment whether I was going to go to the bathroom for the the drug cocktail I had been taking for the last nine months and decided no, I wanted to lay down between my wife and our child.

The most immediate consequence of ending the regimen, of course, was the fading of side effects like occasional brain fog, suppressed sex drive, and occasional acid reflux. It wasn't until weeks later that I noticed that my boobs had outgrown my P-cup nursing bra, but just like my steadily enlarging nipples, I thought perhaps this was a consequence of nursing.

If that had been the only effect, then I might have dismissed it, but a series of other small effects couldn't be so easily explained. My lips getting just a tad plumper, my trousers getting just a bit tighter across the seat, my eyelashes getting just smidge longer, and so on. No single effect was remarkable, but taken together, it was clear that the long delayed changes were in progress.

Crystal monitored me carefully, but aside from the further growth of my milk-swollen udders, nothing really dramatic occurred, or least, not so dramatic that my Flashcast followers suspected anything more unusual than wearing particularly effective butt-lifting leggings, and shinier lip gloss.

Some of my followers did suspect that I'd gotten implants to keep my breasts from deflating after milk production declined, but of course what had really happened was that the changes impeded the normal hormonal signals that were supposed to tell my milk factories to slow down, so I've had to pump at least once a day ever since. And of course, my rack dominated my front more than ever before, which suited me just fine.

It also really suited certain ambitions I had for my dream wedding. It's admittedly silly, but when I'd been a little girl, long before I'd been interested in anyone in any sexual sense, I'd loved the idea of being a bride as being like a princess for a day, and I found I still wanted that. The reason my enormous assets suited this was even more embarrassing: Crystal *also* wanted to wear the bridal gown I'd picked out for myself. You see, the threat of us looking too similar made some stupid, immature part of me secretly jealous at the prospect of my spouse stealing some of my specialness on my special day, but once I saw how different we looked in the “same” dress due to the radically different body shapes, I felt my specialness restored.



People thought that it was self-deprecating humour when I picked as my cake topper an anime figurine with cartoonishly large breasts. Not to say that the figurine exaggerated my proportions *that* much. Her legs were quite a bit longer and more slender than my own, as the character hadn't my generously padded bum and child-bearing hips, but I reckoned that my waist was nearly as delicate and my bust as vast as hers. What was most important, of course, is that Crystal's topper was, while also buxom and white-gowned, easily distinguished from mine at a glance, and my pictures with my bridesmaids looked completely different from hers. I suppose we were both princesses for a day, but I was the bimbo princess, and somehow, even without having to negotiate, I ended up getting to do most of the bride stuff like throwing the bouquet. My favourite was the not-entirely-traditional signalling of how vigorously Crystal had packed my pussy by theatrically walking gingerly the morning after.

## Testimonial

A lot of people asked why someone as smart as Crystal ended up with a bubbly bimbo – bubble headed, bubble butted, and bubble-busted – like Barbie née Brown, but most people wrote it off as opposites attracting, or just enjoyed the spectacle of a darkly brilliant and refined elite CEO paired with a vapid and vulgarly sexual bimbo housewife. I did use Flashcast to document some of the perks, like cooking meals for us, acting as a sort of marketing prop for any presentation she might want to give, and introducing her to loads of other hot women.

None as hot as me, though. And of course, less documented online was the time I spent as mother to Crystal's first child, with another on the way. I had definitely married up to someone rich, powerful, and sexy, but I was doing my part.

Finally, of course, as the CEO of FormeX, Crystal had a constant need to travel the world on business trips, many of them to just the sort of jet-setter locales that were the bread and butter of Flashcast influencers. I didn't have to hunt for publicly-accessible locations for my glamorous backdrops, because I really was staying at the ritzy hotels and eating at the fine restaurants. And it wasn't for whatever corporate sponsor was willing to pay, it was just for Crystal and FormeX. I didn't even have to try to make my life look glamorous, because it really was.

And, unlike most products touted by Flashcast influencers promising the opportunity to look like the lucky young models flogging them, FormeX really can make your bimbo dreams come true! Okay, granted, I got lucky in my own ways because FormeX understandably declined to release a garment as extreme as my prototype, but I assure you that the new FormeX LuXeMax will more than justify the expense of travel to those select nations where it is legal to purchase.

I can't make any clinical health claims or anything, but I can give personal testimony. Seven years of marriage and several pregnancies later, I still coax multiple loads of cum out of Crystal daily, my giant tits ride as high and round as ever, my skin remains unblemished and cancer-free, and I'm proud to say I'm just as bubbly a bimbo as the first time I knelt under my wife's desk, squishing her big beautiful cock in my cleavage to entertain her while she was stuck in a boring work meeting.

No one else can live my dream, of course, but maybe you can live your own with FormeX!

