

The Rat Race

Samantha was tired of the rat race. That's not why she started streaming in the first place but when she started to make some money off it she started thinking about how she could quit her office job and be on her own time. She had a pretty face, maybe that's why her channel started to grow, it wasn't like the other women streaming where they could show off cleavage. Maybe people legitimately liked her personality.

In any case, it was about six months into her channel that someone had said they would pay her to take an injection. Some company had broken hormones, they had figured out a way to specifically change the body. It was expensive, it was new and it seemed dangerous but it was catching on. It worked. Sam was—at first—offended, but she was pretty open and a little drunk that night. She was lost a little in her feelings about other girls. She felt like her A cups weren't up to the streaming standard. Clearly this was what this person was reacting to.

He'd pay for the injection and he'd give her a thousand a month after that. Who knows how long that would actually last but she would get cleavage for the first time in her life. Maybe that would get her numbers up, maybe that would get her out of the nine to five. She said yes and now the box was on her kitchen counter. She was making an event of it. She just had to get through a monotonous week and then her journey out would start.

That Friday in the office seemed surreal. Not that when she came back on Monday she was likely to be all that different, but she would be on a path that couldn't tell anyone about. Not that they cared, not that anyone cared. She mostly watched the clock tick by and looked up possible side effects of the injection, there was a lot of conflicting information. Some people had reported higher libidos, some brain fog. That seemed like it was from exhaustion, she made a note she had to eat more for a few weeks at least.

She started the stream playing Fornite for a little bit, easy, nothing special. About an hour in, her patron finally entered. She wasn't doing this without her benefactor. She paused the game.

"Okay guys, it's time"

The chat started to get excited. She took off her shirt revealing her tiny bra.

"Hopefully by next week I'll be spilling out of this thing!"

She wiped a patch of her belly with alcohol and took out the needle. Some of her chat were asking if they would buy her new bras, some were shocked that it was actually happening.

"Okay here it goes!" She pinched her fat and closed her eyes and stuck it in. The sting was the worst of it, but there was an odd cool feeling as the medicine went in. She applied a bandage and put her shirt back on. She downed a protein shake and ate a hamburger while catching up with the chat. Yes, they could buy her new bras off her Amazon wish list. No, she wasn't sure if she would do another one. She got back on her game and played until she felt tired, a few more hours.

Sam woke up at noon on Saturday. Her chest ached, she was hungry, and she was horny. Her hunger was overpowering, she had three more protein shakes from the pack she bought the previous night and downed them all. Standing in her kitchen in a tanktop and panties. It wasn't until she had something in her stomach she realized she was feeling a little more jiggle. She had slept twelve hours and in that time had developed apple sized breasts. She threw on a stretchy sports bra and some pants and took a quick selfie for her story. "Seeing some results already!" She had rarely posted full on thirst traps, this was her first dive into sexualization in a major way. It felt good, it made her wet for sure.

She did a little make up and got on to streaming in her sports bra. She was surprised how much she wanted to show off her growing chest. She knew she needed a lot more calories and had her followers send her money to order food, they voted on what she got. They sent her ice cream and pizza again and again. She barely played the game, just pigged out until she couldn't take it anymore. This was very different from what she had been doing, more interactive. She felt like she wasn't totally in control and it was scary. At first. Then, about an hour and half in, she started to find it fun. The numbers were going higher than they had been before. Four hours later she felt like she had done enough time and she needed to get off and, well, get off.

Sam had never really figured herself to be submissive, maybe it was something about the experimental hormones running through her system. Maybe they just kicked her libido into overdrive and it revealed things she had never noticed. She came harder than she ever had and had a thought. What if she also needed to let go of some choice.

She had two things to do. First was to measure herself. 30C! She posted the news to her twitter. Then she put up a poll, "Should I go out tonight?". As she waited on those results she tried on three outfits. A tight top and jeans, a short skirt and flowy blouse, a dress that she was slightly spilling out of. She couldn't wear a bra with any of them but that would have to do. The poll said she was going out and then they chose her outfit. This felt good.

There was a bar with a dancefloor down her street and Sam showed up spilling out of her little black dress. People looked at her a little differently. She got a little more attention. It felt good. Her plan for that Saturday's experiment was to take a selfie with a drink and see if she could have someone film her dancing and then go home. Just be an influencer and leave. But with a little booze in her system, a little more cleavage than she was used to, and the discovery that it felt good to let people make decisions, she was dancing more and having drinks ordered for her. She was making out with people, getting felt up. Her boobs were already bigger by 1 am. The bartender helped her home, he made the decision it was time for her to go. They fucked.

She woke up with a hangover and a message from her patron.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"I was, feeling rough about now."

"Are you still a c?"

“Definitely bigger this morning :)”

“Show them to me”

She would normally say no. This seemed like a step too far but this morning she was already naked and sent him a photo. Her nipples were bigger than yesterday, she noticed, and there were some noticeable veins. Grapefruit sized now.

“How big are they going to get?” Sam was thinking about when it made sense to buy a new wardrobe.

“As big as I want them. Start streaming soon. Your numbers are getting good.”

He was right. When she got on, her now D cup breasts pushing out of a v-neck halter, her stream was way more popular. She had tripled her numbers! At this rate she would be able to do this full time by the end of the month! They ordered her more food. The whole affair was a blur. They asked her sexual questions for the first time. She jiggled for them. Her patron messaged her

“I’m raising my subscription to \$4000 a month.”

That would cover everything. She could put in her resignation.

“You’ll get another package in a few weeks.”

The work week was a mess. She really hated that job. She was pushing professional wear beyond its limits and was getting a lot of notice from her coworkers. Her growth seemed to have slowed down after the first few days so after work on Monday she bought a few DD cup bras. She was enjoying the attention and flirting more but mostly able to get things done. She streamed at night, the week went by. She wasn’t doing her work. She was flirting more. She was knocking things off tables because she wasn’t used to her chest.

At night she would ask her followers what to do, how to dress, what to eat. She would stream at least an hour a night, sometimes actually play a game but more often bounce and tease. It was feeling good, she felt like she was taking back her life. She was getting a lot of pleasure out of this. She scheduled the next injection stream for a month after her first one.

It became clear that Rob, one of the members of another team, had started watching her streams. Some captures of the streams were getting uploaded to Reddit and her fame was growing. She knew this might happen but it felt embarrassing to overhear him talk about how big he thought she was going to get as she walked past the break room. She went over to his desk, leaning over to let him stare down her shirt. She asked him to stop bringing up the stream at work.

“Let me touch them”. He said, without making eye contact. It wasn’t even a question, he knew her as someone who lets her followers make decisions. She felt like she was broken out

of a trance for a second. Why would he talk to her like that? That was sexual harassment! As she felt the rush of shock subside, the blood that rushed to her face moving towards her breasts, she made a deal.

“5pm. My car. Over the bra”

Rob was there punctually. Sam got felt up in the back seat like they were teenagers at makeout point.

“You’re amazing, by the way.” He said after he was done. “Can’t wait for the next round.”

She enjoyed his touch more than she thought she would.

“Ya, see you online. Big stream Friday!” Why didn’t she just brush him off.

“We should get a drink sometime.” He said as she was buttoning up her blouse. “Put it in a poll.”

She would.

The new injection was clearly bigger than the first one. She was ready for whatever. She had tried to get a bra in her current size with the same floral pattern as her old A cups and was mostly successful. Knowing that her options were set to become much more limited. She started the stream by talking about her encounter with her coworker and asked if she should get a drink with him. The chat gave an overwhelming yes, so that was Saturday. An hour in, again, her patron came on and it was time.

The pinch from the needle didn’t bother her as much this time but the amount of medication going into her was noticeably more. She knew this time to eat much more and, with the help of her followers, had eight protein shakes and a large pizza. She had to end the stream early because she was just too stuffed to do anything.

That was 9pm, she woke up at 2pm on Saturday. The injection had done a lot of work. She first noticed what she expected to notice. Her breasts were the size of cantaloupes, with distinct veins and large, sensitive nipples that pointed slightly away from each other. They were firm and bouncy, they were going to be the first thing most people noticed about her. She loved it. The other things were a surprise. Her hips were slightly wider, her butt and thighs slightly bigger. Her lips seemed puffier. He had given a mixed cocktail. She was horny again, dripping wet. But something else was new, it was easy for her to get lost in licking her lips or touching her breasts. She had more intense thoughts. Maybe this was the beginning of the brain fog. She remembered to send pictures of the results to her patron, she forgot to put on any clothes for it. He saw everything.

“You should start an OnlyFans.”

He was right, she felt hot. She knew people were subscribing for her tits anyway. She set it up, she had two hundred subscribers a half hour after she announced it. Her first stream there was her trying on her clothes, to see what would fit her now (not much), and choose an outfit for her date with Rob in a few hours. They also had her take shots and binge eat more. A couple times she found herself vacantly staring at the camera, naked, one hand grabbing her tit and the other circling her lips lost in her own sensations. They dressed her in knee high socks, a mini dress, and what she had bought as a nice flowy silk shirt and was now a spaghetti strapped, midriff baring, jiggle underboob, extravaganza. Throwing on some chunky heels meant she was ready for the night.

Rob had chosen a nice cocktail bar. She showed up a little drunk, very horny, and a little foggy. He ordered a martini for her without asking what she liked. He talked at her about something for a long time. She sat there thinking about how her breasts projected over the table, about how her ass made her a little taller on the chair. She was surprised he hadn't brought up how she had changed for a while. After the third drink she was feeling pretty buzzed and started to fondle herself without realizing.

"Do you, um..." She trailed off, he looked with excitement. She was playing with her nipple through her shirt

"Yes?"

"Do you want to see my tits?"

"Ya, come over to my place"

He lived nearby. He paid the check and walked out with his hand on her ass.

"I saw your stream earlier so I've seen them" He said as they got to his apartment. She immediately took off her shirt.

"But they're better in person" She said leaning into him "And you could touch them"

They were glorious protruding breasts, calling for attention, approaching the size of her head. Rob couldn't resist and went for it. Sam started moaning immediately. They had never felt this good before. She was in a constant state of climax as his hands were touching her. Her legs gave out and he helped her to the floor. Her brain was off from overwhelming pleasure as he unzipped and she blew him. It had been a while since she sucked someone off but was on autopilot. Her affected lips brought her to another orgasm as he shot his seed down her throat. It tasted better than she remembered. She sat on the floor and her brain fried for a few minutes then she got her top back on, said thanks and went home.

She slept a lot that night, another twelve hours. If her breasts were cantaloupes the day before they were watermelons now. Massive things. Pulling her forward, and pulling everyone's eyes to them. Her defining feature. Her hips and ass were bigger, her lips had puffed up, sure. But from now on she would be known for her tits first. The girl with massive tits, huge lips, a great ass, and cutting but vacant eyes. Something flowing in her was scared by that but there was a warm blanket in her head telling her it was good.

Her Sunday stream got cut short because she started fondling herself and a nipple came out. She moved over to OnlyFans, she would never go back. They still ordered her junk food, she wondered if they would ever not want to see her grow. Now she sucked on her own nipple, an incredible feeling. Took out her vibrators and fucked herself. She was a sexual object now and it felt great.

The work week would be useless if Rob didn't take her into his office and have her blow him a couple times a day. She couldn't focus on work, just her body. She didn't have anything that fit so she was mostly in professional button downs bursting at the seams with acres of cleavage and nipples poking through. None of her pants fit so she was in skirts. People talked about her as she bounced by. They were waiting for a tit to get free from a mostly unbuttoned button down, for her chest to knock a cup over again or just for her to rest her breasts on a table, presenting them for all and taking some weight off her back, at the all staff meeting. They got their wish and more. Sam found it easier to play into being the busty nymph at the office than fight the catty the under talk. She put herself on display, she walked into rooms tits first and bent over ass out. She controlled the narrative.

The days were in some ways the same. She would stream at night, go to work and blow Rob. Her breasts would slowly grow and grow. By the end of the month her streaming numbers were enough that she stopped caring about her job, no one had told her to quit yet so she had just kept up the pattern. In the last week of the month two decisions were made for her. Her patron had sent her another injection and she had burst out of her shirt while masturbating at her desk and was asked to leave the company. It was okay, she was making enough money but it was a shock about how far she'd gone. How much she had lost control. And she still had to go further.

Rob drove her home that day, she was upset at first but he said he would take care of her. With his help she started streaming twelve hours a day. He measured her (I cups now!) and they started fucking on camera when he was over. She would stream through her phone when the subscribers decided she was going to go out. They mostly chose everything she bought, wore, ate, drank. Unless Rob did or her patron intervened. Her lips had gotten big enough that she drooled more, her ass bounced as she walked. But when people talked to her they looked at her breasts. When they thought about her they thought about her breasts.

It was the day of the next stream when there was a knock at the door. Sam stumbled to her feet and lurched her way to the door. Her massive breasts taking her to either side. She had just finished a box of donuts the chat had ordered for her but was still hungry. On the other side of the door was a towering man as wide as the frame in a nice sweater and expensive pants. He looked down at the busty girl, in her underwear with crumbs and drool all over her boobs. He put his hand on her cheek. She sucked on his thumb.

"Hello beautiful. I'm your benefactor."

He explained to Rob the situation as Sam sucked his giant cock. She didn't catch all the details, distracted. Something about making the perfect woman. Him having unlimited funds and experimenting on himself. There were other girls like her, maybe. The sensation of gagging on a foot long dick was too important. She didn't know his name, she didn't have to. When he came it flowed out of her mouth and nose despite her best efforts.

She cleaned up. Licked her benefactor's cum off herself a little and took a shower. Drank a milkshake and ate a cold hamburger leftover from the stream. Put on a tight dress and some make up. Then, it was time. A third injection. This one was in two parts. One in the ass and one in a vein. She was bent over a table, leaning on her overflowing breasts with a happy look and drool and cum pooling into the cleavage squished against the surface. She had started the stream by blowing Rob. The fans had sent three pizzas, a birthday cake, and lots of mcdonalds. Maybe too much food but she would do her best to gorge herself to grow her money makers.

Her patron injected the first one in the ass first then turned her over and found a vein. He was forceful about it, like he was a vet. She moaned as he entered her. A fog came over and she came too some time later finding herself covered in cum and grease eating the cake and drinking a protein shake. She looked in the monitor to see Rob stroking his erect cock in the back, the chat clearly loving whatever had been happening. Her breasts already felt heavier. She browned out again and came to with Rob face fucking her, covered even more in food, semen, sweat and drool. She felt him send a massive load down her throat and she was back in the voice. She woke up with a funnel down her throat, Rob had invited some friends over and they were pouring thick cream directly into her stomach. She glanced at the chat, they were cheering it on. She glanced at Rob and he smiled. She went away again. She was on the bed on all fours. Sucking a cock and being fucked from behind, her nipples larger than before on even bigger breasts grazing the sheets. Gone again, then sucking off a ring of guys. Again being fed. Time was in and out, she was on autopilot.

She woke up for real. Covered in all sorts of things. Groggy. Alone in her bed. She started to move. Her breasts rested in her lap as she dangled her legs off the edge of the bed, They stuck out by at least two feet not including large bumpy nipples. The hot water from the shower made her shiver. She was so sensitive. Her lips were so big she felt she would have trouble saying much other than a moan. Her thighs were tremendous. But her tits were everything. Dominating her entire frame, their sensitivities taking over her brain. She could barely think about anything but pleasing men and having them suck on her tits.

In the cold light of day, her computer was still on and streaming. The chat was excited to see her wake up. They were telling her she looked incredible, she was a goddess. She would have loved to see it if she could still make sense of letters. She was going to need a lot of help. Her patron knew it. He had hired Rob to take care of her. Keep the stream going, keep her happy. Dress her up and use her as a play thing. Keep her tits on display, that was mostly what she was for now. Take her out on the town now and then, she should be seen and appreciated. The injections meant she was going to start producing milk soon. Her patron had bought her an industrial pump for that. Rob would get her started in the morning and go to work. When he

came back they would fuck and he would answer questions on the chat. She was always streaming, they were in control. She was their creation.

She would keep growing. Her breasts would only take over more. Seeing her walk around was to see a marvel. After that night it became difficult to find a table she could sit at, sometimes her tits went on the table to help her back but there wasn't room for anything else. She was there for other people to look at, she wasn't much of a conversationalist anymore. Her brain was entirely built around physical pleasure. She used to have a striking face with piercing eyes. Now it was rounder and they were glazed over. Overtaken by her lips, with drool pooling up in her cleavage. She was plumper all around, the chat really liked seeing her stuff herself. Clumsily shoving food in her face and getting it all over her tits as they rested in her lap or covered the bed. When she was out, people would grope her on accident, brushing her tits was enough to give her a small orgasm. Some people would grab her ass, that was on purpose. Her body had become so sexual she was public property. Constantly ogled, constantly groped, constantly cumming. Eventually they stopped being able to find tops to fit her, and a little after that it was difficult for her to stand up for very long. She missed being outside but otherwise it was fine. She spent eight hours sleeping, eight hours pumping and eating and eight hours fucking. Always growing, always on stream. She was, she felt, finally free.