

Another day, another dollar for Franklin. Or, well, so he thought, at least.

At 43 years old Franklin had chased normalcy for the majority of his life. Early on in his 20s he found himself working as a public city light rail operator, and as time went on he found that was actually exactly his size. He usually clocked in on the same route at the same time to see the same sorts of sights day in and day out, and that was perfect for him. The work itself was pretty mindless, but he got to see the sights of the city and the people in it which added just enough flair to each day for him. A life of normalcy like this was all he could have asked for and all he often got working such a job.

Well, except for the day he was about to have.

Today, Franklin happened to be put on a different route. That in and of itself wasn't so unusual, he often got put on a new one every few weeks so he was used to the occasional shake-up. This one was brand new to him, which would be a little bit more exciting, but ultimately the work was all the same so he quickly found his rhythm. Every route had its own nuances for sure, but he found he was quickly figuring them out a short time into his shift. Truly, even the most abnormal things that could happen on a shift like this were quite normal. The most out of the ordinary thing today, however, was something far outside the realm of possibility.

Fate, the universe, the powers beyond, who could really say who was working behind the scenes—but something, to be sure. Franklin would have no clue who or what it was and evidently it wouldn't matter either because whatever forces decided to start working today weren't even going to make themselves known to him. Perhaps it was their way of staying true to keeping Franklin's day mundane, in his eyes at least, but the man was never going to be any the wiser to the mystical forces that enchanted him today.

Franklin was typically a bit of a people watcher, especially at work where he had little else to do. He kept his eyes on the track of course, kept an eye on the controls he needed to do his job, but he found a fun fascination with observing the patrons of his rail cars, too. Nobody would call him curmudgeonly certainly, but he was as judgmental as anyone and always seemed to have thoughts for those around him.

A businessman would enter the car, he would wonder what job the man had, or what his salary was, or even make up a role for him—something snobby and austere to be sure. A teenager would enter a car unaccompanied by a parent or with their group of friends and he would assume them all hooligans causing some manner of terror in the streets. An older gentleman would come on and he would assume them a wizened, sagely man, or perhaps a pervert in his twilight years, or maybe some racist bigot who had never changed his ideologies over the years. Franklin didn't know, of course, but he certainly drew assumptions, and often ones stereotyping or filling in the blanks as he saw fit. Sometimes it came off as crass or perverse, maybe overly judgy, but who else would be able to glean his inner thoughts, it was all harmless fun after all, not anything he seriously thought.

Well, except for today. Today, his thoughts and observations would manifest themselves on his unsuspecting muses. Whatever force it was out there decided that it would have a little fun with the world around Franklin today, and was going to make his idle thoughts of others on his rail car come true. Except, it wasn't going to make Franklin aware of that. There was something fun about a man altering the world around him but not having his own awareness of it that remained mischievous and didn't move into the realm of exploitative towards others, and that was going to be the conceit of today's little enchantment. His subjects, however, might

glean what was happening to them, but reality found little ways to make it all okay. It wouldn't be fun if *nobody* noticed any changes of course, but it also wouldn't be very fair if those it impacted were dropped into a world remorselessly. The key here was to add some chaos to the world, not to ruin lives.

And so it went for Franklin. For most of the early leg of his shift his gaze met people who were largely inconsequential. An older businessman did in fact become more stuck-up at Franklin's dismissal of him. A young woman here or there found their wrinkles more or less pronounced based on Franklin being able to spot them as they walked in the car. Early on it was light things like this. A hem here, a tug there, small things overall. It was like it was waiting for just the right muse—or perhaps it was more that Franklin hadn't found anyone worth more than a glance, so far into the day.

A young woman stepped on and swiped her transit card. Heather, age 19, although Franklin would have no way of knowing any details of her or any patron's identity. She walked into the originally empty car, one or two others also entering at the same time, and gripped one of the poles for standing room. Sure, the space was largely empty, but her mind was elsewhere and standing in the center of the car afforded her a view outside one of the windows. Loose, dark cargo pants and a thin, gray tank top made her look absolutely her age. She was quite short and thin, described no other way than small overall, with her trim torso exposed from the crop of her top. The way she stood Franklin could see the exact side profile of her. Her bottoms made her lower curves hide behind the baggy pants while her tight top accentuated her small but there breasts and their lack of bra.

Franklin's gaze lingered on Heather a few moments longer. He couldn't help it, the girl was cute. Out of his age range and hell even his league even if the age gap didn't exist, and not anyone he would in any way pursue, but the man couldn't deny a base level attraction when he felt it. She was petite and trendy and that was enough to make her attractive enough to any straight male's gaze, Franklin wasn't ashamed to admit the same for himself.

Franklin wondered about her as she walked in. *What a tiny, tiny thing. Her nipples are so obvious, she's hardly wearing anything up top.*

Heather couldn't feel it, not at first at least. The changes to most others prior to her today were so small and subtle that they would be none the wiser, but the changes Heather was about to experience were much more significant. Because of this, she and some of the other more significantly altered people would be aware enough of their changes to perceive them, but only them. They would find themselves strangers to a world their new bodies had inhabited.

At 155 cm Heather was already quite small. Bit by bit her height dwindled lower and lower. If anyone was any the wiser they may have noticed her hand on the standing support pole creeping more and more down its length. They may even notice the size of her hand and her entire body shrinking smaller and smaller. It was this that got Heather to notice, as she felt her hand slipping down the pole and her gaze dwindling out the window. It was subtle, like one might notice the slight movement from their periphery of some item leaned up against another only to slowly lose purchase and slide down. She blinked a few times to be sure of it, looking side to side to see if maybe something was happening to the rail car, eventually surmising that there was nothing else afoot but herself. She didn't panic, but she was beginning to become aware.

As all this was happening, Heather's torso was going through its own changes. Most obvious at first, the ribbed fabric of her tank top was slowly creeping towards her chest, shortening from all directions. The sides cinched in more, the shoulder straps shrank to barely more than spaghetti straps which in turn plunged her neckline down while the cropped bottom lost so much fabric it was quickly becoming more like a bra. Heather hadn't even noticed this until a swipe of her arm brushed more of her stomach than she had remembered from the day and she looked down at herself. As she did, she noticed the other change to her body that was happening.

They were only an A cup before today, hence no need for a bra under the tank top, but by the time she got a look at them her breasts were already a D cup and on their way to double that letter. She couldn't even see her torso without straining which made it harder to see her disappearing outfit. Well, for a moment it was hard to see at least, but it had finally made it to the point that the fabric crept up and left a generous underboob uncovered. The top sucked in so much it was tight against her new tits and she could see through a gap from the top of her neckline—which now revealed as much cleavage as she had underboob—straight down her torso. Her tits swelled to a final resting size of G cups which she otherwise wouldn't be able to see her feet over, if it wasn't for the fact she could see straight through her top, between her cleavage, and to her feet. Though it didn't catch her eye at the moment, she was used to wearing shoes with a chunk at the bottom to lift her height a bit but it seemed Franklin's changes had taken those from her and left her with a normal sole height.

Her changes ceased. Heather hadn't really noticed but she was so swept up in her chest rearranging itself that she missed the end of her height change. She looked back out the window only to see it from a whopping 50 centimeters lower—her new height leveled out at 105 cm which made the F cups on her look enormous. Her top was barely there and with how snug it was on her plus the more than ample boob flesh above and below it, it wasn't unfair to argue anyone could make out almost the entire shape of her boobs. Perhaps most obvious of all was that her nipples were so pronounced now, poking through the fabric as if to be seen by as many people as they could. They looked longer as well as thicker and though Heather could only see the top of her tits now she was relieved that at least no areola was showing.

The changes now done she wriggled to and fro to see her new body and see the apparent damage. She was pacified enough to not panic or scream or ask anyone what was going on but she still noticed and felt weird. Few others on the rail car cared to give her the time of day; she'd find that the norm now as people tried to avoid looking so obviously at her titanic tits on that tiny body.

Franklin doubled back a gaze as he saw her kicking her legs out to examine herself. *That girl's pants look so baggy on her, too.* was a final thought to himself which condemned her to a life dealing with pants that would never quite sit right on her. Her body was unbelievably trim but her stomach cinched in just a few centimeters more and her hips with them. Her hourglass was still present now as her pant waistline hung limply on a hip, showing off more ass cheek than it ought to have. It left the effect of her always needing a belt—Heather would somehow find in this new life that belts never crossed her mind or wardrobe for the most part. Luckily for her, Franklin left it at that and she struggled to grab her bearings with a top too tight and a bottom too loose which left her sexily revealing oh so much of that short stature.

Heather's stop wasn't very far, luckily, and she skittered off in due time. She scurried a bit now, owing to her reduced stature and her awkward attire no doubt, which had her hefting her waistline most of the time she walked around. Her tits, never feeling the need to be supported by a bra, bounced happily in her top and left a ton of bouncing cleavage for everyone nearby. Heather had gotten used to it growing up so small and busty so she hadn't really blushed at it anymore, she was no stranger to so much of her body being out there to be seen.

As Heather exited the rail car filled up. She left at a fairly busy stop and so it was good she was gone, as the car was getting a bit more cramped now. At some point on this stop two younger Korean girls slipped in. Franklin peeked at them from his rear mirror, not noticing them get in the car but catching them as they found their seat.

They sat beside one another and were chatting happily. Franklin was admittedly not the most socially progressive person when it came to some stereotypes, and his assessment of the two now was doing a lot for the way he was about to change them. Despite them actually being friends, Franklin could swear they looked like sisters with their similar hairstyles, facial shape, and body proportion. Additionally, Franklin marveled at how young they looked—though the two of them were actually in their mid-20s he couldn't help but think they were both teenagers! They both had similar outfits; high-waisted shorts, cute tops cropped a bit, and they each had a simple layer on top to keep them warm. Franklin only saw this as “young, trendy clothing” and so assumed them much younger than they were. The only thing that gave him pause was that their chests were both quite ample. While Franklin would have no idea as to why this was, it was simply because the two of them wore push-up bras and accentuated their chests to appear larger than their actually remarkably average size. He gawked to himself at these two.

Teenagers are getting cosmetic surgery done earlier and earlier. They must have a great surgeon to both afford it. All just to look like a plastic K-Pop star. Their parents probably couldn't stop listening to them both want to be the bigger sister, too. he marveled.

Their faces started changing first. Already blessed with youthful complexion the two found any blemishes gone along with stress lines or wrinkles. Their cheeks perked up, becoming more cherubic. Their eyes filled in with makeup which gave a young and welcoming look. Their cheeks blushed and their skin lightened to make these changes pop colorfully. All of this was unnoticed by either girl, but especially so was that their faces were reforming to look identical to one another. Neither could tell, but features on their faces readjusted in tandem with one another until they looked identical. Their faces flattened and rounded nicely, noses got cuter, lips puckered just enough, everything that one got the other did, too.

But the changes extended beyond that as well, and this was when they started to take notice. Their overall height, weight, and body shapes were similar as well, but Franklin's thoughts molded them into exact replicas of one another with such subtlety that their very involved conversation distracted them. Their ages even came in sync with one another, lowering as well as the two of them reverted to 18 years old. However, the cosmetic surgery was something nobody could simply ignore happening to their body.

Both girls tried to make as much notice of their boobs as they could through outfit trickery but at the end of the day they both had only small B cups. It wasn't unusual for girls of their stature, but in order to stand out in a crowd they tried their best to push them up and out for show. Quickly it was becoming the case however that they didn't even need that. The changes

pushed both girls' chests out in unison, which neither noticed until the other brought attention to it. One of the girls adjusted her top which drew the other's gaze to her chest.

"Are you doing okay?" The first said to the one who adjusted her top.

"Yeah, why?" The second asked back.

"You...Your tits!" The first one quieted her question to a whisper in order to hide it from others overhearing. She darted her eyes around quickly but saw nobody else notice her.

"What about them? My top was just feeling a bit..." The second girl took both her hands and grabbed each breast, jiggling them lightly. This pushed her cleavage higher. She did feel like there was something a bit different about them, but ignored it when she noticed her friend's chest. "Maybe pay more attention to yours!

By this point both girls had about 250cc added to their chests, but the amount was only growing as their conversation went on. The first girl looked down at her own chest and saw less of her torso than she remembered earlier, and as she lingered she felt like she also saw more cleavage growing in her own vision. She looked back at the second girl who was just staring back at her looking rather confused.

"Did we both have these?" The first girl asked. She knew the answer was no, but she couldn't help but ask for a reality check from her friend. They were up to 350cc at this point.

"Y'know I...I think we did? But I guess now that I'm thinking..." The second girl trailed off and groped her breasts again. From their original size the two had grown to about a D cup by now. As she hefted her chest this time she did feel like they were overall heavier...And they felt a little firmer. She was proud that having tits at her age meant she was still blessed with perkiness, but she did feel like this feeling was more like they were...Harder...

The first girl watched her friend bob her boobs up and down within their now slightly more strained top. Both of them had failed to notice that their tops weren't growing alongside the tits within them, but it only made them tighter, they were still far off from a wardrobe malfunction. The first girl grabbed underneath her own breasts and perked them up, as if they needed it, noticing more weight to them now than whenever she did so in the past.

In relative silence from their own conversation the two sized one another up. While they did so both of their breasts reached 600cc, taking them beyond F cups now. They stopped groping their own chests realizing that it wasn't doing anything but welcoming awkward stares, of which they were still receiving none, luckily.

"I definitely feel bigger now." The first one declared. She looked at her friend and saw that her cleavage was tremendous in a way no push up bra could do alone.

"Okay, okay, I think you're onto something. I'm looking at you now and definitely feel like you're...Bigger?" The second replied, having trouble wrapping her head around this being real but definitely still agreeing.

"We're both bigger." The first one said bluntly, pointing her hand at her friend's chest with a look. "But why...I just feel confused." They both continued past 750cc at this point.

"Bigger and...Heavier..." The second one mumbled a bit.

"Yeah, implants will do that." The first replied. The second one perked up at hearing that, apparently her own suspicions having been confirmed. The first girl fixed her own top now, mirroring the move the second did that got them started talking about this in the first place.

"I don't think that's true. Implants can't just weigh more than regular tissue, right?" The second grabbed at her chest, noticing that her hands stayed further from her torso when she

latched onto them. She didn't squeeze on them but she felt that underneath her clothing they were firm and stayed taut in place.

"I always thought they were, at least..." The first girl twirled her finger in her hair, unaware that for both of them their hair had lengthened and, through the conversation about their tits, had even changed from black to a platinum blonde color. Of course, both of them had a notion about it in the back of their heads, they just didn't think to surface the thought.

Their breasts both finished their growth at 950cc by now, bringing them somewhere beyond H cups. Truthfully, the two would find that bras were no longer commonplace in their wardrobes. This was not a direct byproduct of Franklin's thoughts, although his comments had firmed them up so much the two of them scarcely found reason to wear any support. Their tits were, as many would say, perfect. Though they looked clearly spherical now when tightly clothed, they needed no support from a bra but also jiggled and drooped when exposed. Paradoxically, they looked perfectly fake and yet somehow suspiciously natural when the outfit called for it. Bless their surgeons, they thought.

The two had continued bickering a little bit, now being quite well educated in breast implant physiology, before hearing the ding signaling the next stop for the light rail. They had gotten so lost in their conversation they had both moved on from the sudden implication of changes to their bodies and also in the length of their transit ride. Both stood up together and walked with the small crowds out of the train. Their long, beautiful blonde hair looked perfect even in spite of the gust of wind from outside that hit them, and their clothing accentuated perfectly thin legs, arms, torso, and beautifully made up faces with well sculpted breasts. They together looked like perfection. Franklin glanced at them for a moment as they left, entranced by their presence. They had such a soft glow to them that it was frankly hard to resist at least giving them some notice. The two girls may catch on to the odd fact they looked so strikingly similar, but that would be for later on, perhaps.

It was a few stops later that another woman who caught Franklin's eye got on. His rail car had thinned to only one person which made anyone's entrance all the more memorable, yet somehow he still managed to be turned the other way at the exact moment she got on.

Jean entered with a bit of a clatter, fishing her transit card out of her bag haphazardly and managing to somehow tip her water bottle into her chest. She hadn't even noticed while fumbling with the card until she felt a cool spot on one of her breasts, which in turn made her fumble her bag the other direction to get it to stop leaking on her. It was this erratic movement that got Franklin to peer behind him to make sure everything was alright.

By the time he turned his head all the way around the woman was sitting on her own, now the second of two passengers in his car. She looked defeated as she placed some of her things on an empty seat behind her and looked for something to try and dab off the mess. Luckily for her, it was just water, but she still hadn't loved that it basically soaked the area around one entire boob. It just looked awkward.

Franklin noticed she was dressed a bit older, a bit more reserved as was befitting her quieter disposition, in a dark halter neck sweater and plain jeans. In truth, she was 29, but she was much more filled in than either of the earlier times his imagination had run truly amok, which set her apart as older in Franklin's mind. Also, her bag seemed cluttered with this and that which

gave her an impression of somehow having more responsibility and generally being more together.

As he watched her dabbing at one breast vigorously his thoughts once again got the best of him and the situation. *Poor thing, she probably works so hard to hide those milkers. She just can't seem to get her hands off of them though, and I hear that makes it even worse...*

As she cleaned up the changes ensued, which made it hard for her to pinpoint when they began and what they were. Underneath the sweater Jean had an undershirt on which gave her smallish B cup breasts some support by hugging them together tightly. The effect was that her curves were perceptible with the thin sweater on, but she wasn't going to be nipping out at all through multiple layers. Unfortunately, however, it meant the spill did seep through the relatively little insulation to her skin which was making it cold and wet even with the dabbing she did to control it. Her nipple started pointing out in response, but Jean took it as nothing more than a response to the situation, even when her other nipple did the same.

As she continued dabbing the real changes took hold. Her chest bulged out rather quickly at that, growing steadily but being hidden by the pats against her chest she was giving herself. She dabbed against their surface which hid the way they were steadily pushing further out with every press on them. They quickly became C cups, D cups, E cups but she was for a time none the wiser.

It was a different change that alerted her instead to something happening to her body. While she patted her wet tit she found that as she continued her arousal was getting more and more pronounced. It took a few touches before she stopped, catching her quickened breath and looking at her chest with open eyes for the first time.

By this point, her tits were G cups and still growing. They jiggled as she touched them the last few times, and her nipples were not only showing but seemed to be even larger than she had ever remembered them. She panicked and looked around but as it was only her and one other passenger who was in his own world she returned to her business. This was insane, her chest was huge! She even thought it had gained another cup size in the time it took her to look around the rail car!

Jean grabbed the edges of her halter sweater, which were now being pulled in a way that started revealing some sideboob. She hadn't really noticed, but it seemed like her undershirt had basically vanished at some point while looking at her tits. Additionally, when she entered the rail car her top was completely closed but by this point her entire back was exposed, leaving it looking like one of those sexy "virgin killer sweaters" she remembered from years ago. She yanked on the top to cover less sideboob but it was no use. As she did her nipples tugged against the material and pulled on her arousal again. She stifled a silent moan.

The fight against her outfit was futile, especially with her J cups still somehow growing. She felt like she should be alarmed by their growth but in actuality was just surprised more than anything. She wanted to know what was going on and why, uncaring for the fact that it was even happening at all. She felt the wet spot still on one breast but was drawn back into examining her chest when the other started to feel similar. She hefted a boob up with both her hands to try and look at what was going on and indeed saw now two wet spots on her shirt, one from each nipple, which were very close to becoming just one wet spot connecting the two.

This was unbelievable, first she spilled something on her chest and now she was leaking milk all over her chest! Jean placed her tit gingerly back down which set the other to jiggle

slightly in response. She felt a stinging sensation of arousal at both of their movements and wanted to chase the feeling again. She lingered for a moment, biting a lip, before digging her hands slowly and quietly into each breast's flesh. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth involuntarily but no sound escaped it yet. She continued to press at her tits over and over again, feeling wetness on the palms of her hand. Eventually, she had moaned out and immediately bit down on her lower lip when she realized it. God, she hated how her tits just practically begged to be touched once she got a hold of them.

Jean was lost in her own body for long enough that the growth to her breasts had eventually subsided, well beyond cup sizes she was familiar with. While she was sitting down their bottoms just barely brushed her lap. With a bit more milk in them though she knew it wasn't impossible for them to do so. They dominated her entire chest region—it was hard to look at her and not notice the boobs first and then the wetness next. The way they leaked made it seem like they were constantly flowing milk, which of course they were as long as she was groping her tits like she was now. It was so annoying how sensitive her tits were and how despite asking to be played with, playing with them only made them lactate. She sighed; she was usually pretty good about keeping herself composed in public but she guessed there were always days for slip-ups.

The light rail dinged for a stop, which Jean noticed was hers. A few people got on while she composed herself, taking her arms off her tits in order to grab her belongings. Her palms were soaked just like the front of her sweater, making it look like she fell face first into a pool of water or something with how the wetness spilled down and onto her pants too. She wiped her hands dry and grabbed her bag. It was strenuous on her, but she grabbed a hold of one of the support poles on the rail and pulled herself up. It was annoying how heavy her tits were but what was she gonna do about it, that was just how they were.

Jean waddled out of the car with a wider stance than how she entered. She had her belongings slung around the crook of one arm and though she desperately wanted to be groping at least one gargantuan breast she absolved. She knew she needed to focus on walking instead of milking. Still, she was such a sight to see with those unmistakable wet marks around her breasts after even just a few minutes of massaging them, which caught Franklin's gaze. He felt bad for the woman, who had to carry around so much weight, but left his lingering thought at that as she disappeared gradually into the crowded world.

As the light rail car went on people periodically filled the seats, scattering to spread to the empty spaces they could. On one such stop a taller woman entered. Franklin caught onto her immediately as she entered. She was the tallest woman of the several people that entered with her, which is what grabbed Franklin's attention. She walked in casually and sat down at the nearest seat, still within view of Franklin, between two other women she didn't know.

At 185 cm her height certainly was something she was used to drawing attention. Her face was made up with copious makeup, her already pale skin drawn out more so with foundation to accentuate it. She would definitely describe herself as a goth, though didn't like to be showy about it, she just liked the overall aesthetic. Her facial features were made up to look a bit more angular, complimenting her overall very thin frame.

As for her clothing, she did wear an all black ensemble which she assumed also caught attention outside but she didn't care, it was what she liked. The weather was nice out so she

wore a black crop top and a long black skirt. She had fishnets thrown over her top to cover her otherwise exposed shoulders and fishnets down her legs leading to chunkier boots as well. A subdued goth, as she liked to consider.

Lastly, the other thing that got people caught in her figure was her breasts. She was luckily blessed with what some might call a godly physique of thin and top heavy. Her arms and legs were a bit lanky and showed no cellulite or blemishes other than her copious tattoos strewn around her body. Her breasts, however, were perfectly perky and pronounced. She loved that they were so naturally perked up that she didn't have to wear a bra even to keep them supported, but knowing that her overall look caught attention already she often propped them up with push-up support. It made her look bustier than she was, but she knew as well as anyone that she was pretty generously endowed already.

Franklin, too, was caught up in all the tricks she employed to tempt the male gaze. He almost literally gawked at her, caught up in everything about her. He was impressed by a woman who knew how hot she was and embraced it. *"Talk about tits on a stick! She's rail thin except for up top. And that complexion, what a gothic bombshell!"*

The changes Franklin caused in the goth woman should have been easy to see to anyone with how drastic they were, but like all the others that day they were almost imperceptible. The woman immediately began to sprout up even taller, gradually growing and lengthening all around. She felt this only because of the strain it put on her outfit, but also because of how obvious the change to her sight line was. Sitting down she noticed the angle of her gaze rose so she shuffled around on her seat to see if anything was happening. As it continued she started to realize it must be her somehow growing!

While that was happening her complexion was lightening. It was hard for even her to tell, and she would probably get a much better look at it once she got home tonight and got rid of all her makeup, but her skin was naturally now pale and pasty enough that she scarcely needed any product to give her that ghostly complexion. Her exposed limbs were the most obvious part, looking shockingly close to an ivory white color. It was almost cartoonish how pure and pale her skin tone was now.

Secondly to that, her body and limbs thinned out. This she noticed as she took a look down at her body to see the color drain from her skin, but only just. Already being quite pale, it was fair to say at this point all that was really happening was muscle tone and excess fat thinning from all around her body. Her arms became more stick-like, her legs too lost a lot of the fat in her thighs and the gap between them grew because of it. Her limbs lengthened which accentuated this but also probably meant her fat was just being redistributed rather than being shed altogether. Her torso lengthened with her body's growth, making her crop top look all the more cropped, and her legs were what grew the most which made her skirt hem sit higher on her thighs. Her bones didn't show much—she wasn't so gaunt as to look like a skeleton wearing skin—but there were still signs of her ribcage and pelvis seen now, as well as her hands and feet looking more delicate and bony. She had to admit she thought she was already quite a beanpole but now looking down at herself was surprised it was possible to be more so without looking alarmingly underfed.

While all of this was happening there was, of course, growth going on in her breasts. At first it was easy to miss with all the other changes to her body, it seemed easy to write off a shuffling of shape in her breasts as just the same as the rest of her morphing body. What she

eventually realized, however, is that they weren't slowing down the same as the rest of her body's changes.

Her tits grew in a way that was nearly cartoonish, filling out in all directions in ways breasts tended to not occupy space. They grew out, creeping steadily away from her body. They grew wider, deepening the cleavage of her top by stretching the fabric with their growth. Surprisingly, they didn't grow down very much, however. Her tits remained high and perky to a degree a lot of fake breasts did, but they did undeniably sag somewhat, it just wasn't a normal amount. Her top grew with them but still couldn't do anything about how big they had gotten, which caused the bottom hem of her top to stretch far away from her torso. She wasn't wearing a bra, which was evident if anyone looked up from underneath her, but the top did cover, miraculously, the entire size of one breast each, which meant the overall amount of fabric grew quite a bit. Bunched up in her top like this they were as big as basketballs but still steadily growing. She was shocked at what carrying two huge orbs the size of sports balls looked like pressed into a top like this.

Her height continued to steadily creep up as her breasts also filled in. This made even sitting down uncomfortable. She already felt like she took up way too much space having been as tall as she was, now she felt like her legs took up the entire aisle of the rail car. She kicked her feet back towards herself in an effort to scrunch her body up but they were so long and lanky her knees had to go somewhere. Likewise her still growing breasts threatened to take up the space on either side of her, where other patrons were sitting, so she struggled to at least seem like she took up less space. Suddenly she went from being highly confident in her stature to overwhelmingly self conscious of how much of her there was.

Eventually, the changes slowed and she settled on a new size. She paused for a moment, finally able to tell how much of her body needed to compress to fit in the seat, and then she fumbled in her seat. Her breasts were enormous and were over 30 cm in diameter each—amounting to the diameter of nearly a basketball and a half. They sat spherically on her torso but did sag somewhat and definitely bounced around as the rail car turned this way and that. Some of the completely unaware patrons near her were stumped if they were real or not simply because of how they sat on her body. They were high and got in the way of her vision when seated and made it impossible to look down at her gangly, spindly proportions as she was currently.

Franklin could see her the entire time she sat in her seat and could not believe how much she embodied the expression tits on a stick. He considered how much she had to weigh—and how much of that weight was her breasts. Despite her height she looked paper thin which was incredible. Those boots probably helped ground her and literally add weight to her steps.

The woman got up quickly, noticing this wasn't her intended stop but feeling so self conscious that she couldn't in good faith remain on transit this packed. She instinctively slouched as she rose to her full height. She knew that was just the price that came with being over 220 cm tall. She skulked awkwardly towards the door, a mass of awkward limbs and massive breasts excusing themselves past the packed in crowds.

As she left she rose to her full height which towered over literally everyone around her. Her boots certainly didn't make the difference in height she had with anyone around her any less pronounced. She sighed in relief at getting away from that claustrophobic feeling. Why had

she even bothered to try transit today, now of all times? It just made her so anxious about taking up all that space, and while she loved to flaunt her exceptional figure even she knew there was a point where it got obnoxious to just exist beside her.

Franklin eyed her as she left, admiring how she composed herself so elegantly despite a body that belied that idea. Was he smitten? Maybe, she was certainly a one-of-a-kind woman and he was too fascinated to unglue his gaze from her. He admired her confidence and ignored that this drove her stature slightly higher.

Long, black hair flowing behind her, she sashayed through the crowd to her destination. It was beautifully long and straight behind her and helped to cover some of her exposed, pale skin. Luckily today was a bit overcast, though it still ran the risk of burning her skin. She ignored every eye on her and pulled the hem of her top up just slightly, her tits wobbling inside it and ultimately not changing their position very much. She didn't really like going through all the trouble of using public transit with how much she got in the way anyway, it was easier for her to draw less attention...

It was nearing the end of Franklin's shift as he took the light rail back towards the depot. The stops were becoming more sparsely populated after the couple of surges earlier in the day, and Franklin was happy to have another day behind him, even if it was a little more exciting than his usual fare.

The rail car was nearly empty, with people sprinkled throughout it but plenty of spots to sit, when the next woman Franklin fixated on walked in. Franklin was struck by her darker complexion and fuller features--what Franklin was quick to call "exotic" most others would know simply as "Hispanic"--and was caught up in how she simply glowed. She was, plainly put, beautiful and Franklin couldn't help but flush a bit at how she seemed to be simply glowing. She walked in slowly and took a seat carefully away from others near her--The woman was pregnant, and based on her mannerisms clearly burdened by her stomach. Still, her figure wasn't too pudgy in places like most women tended to get this late into a pregnancy, and she had a lovely spark of youth that shone through the burgeoning motherly glow that was cultivating itself in her late twenties body. She was dressed casually in a maternity blouse and some flexible pants and as she sat placed a hand on her belly and rubbed it lightly, almost picturesque in her depiction of a young, beautiful soon-to-be mother.

After Franklin shrugged off the brief infatuation he was struck with, he found his eyes darting back and forth from his transit path to the woman periodically. He was never one to have a family and children, he was fine left to his own devices and lifestyle, but he was really briefly smitten by the image of this woman. *How lovely it is that she's not lost any of her youthful glow from the baby. Babies? Who knows how many she has.*

The force working its way to make changes from Franklin's thoughts was not insidious, but it certainly had a funny way of manifesting certain thoughts. The woman was idly reading something on her phone as the changes hit. One hand was scrolling down her phone's screen while the other was resting on her stomach and this made it hard to feel the changes at first, but her belly was gradually growing. She was of average height and about eight months into her pregnancy but that didn't stop her stomach from swelling out more. Eventually, after a number of centimeters of growth, she started to see that the sights in her peripherals were a bit different and put the phone down for the moment. She was starting to catch on.

It was around this time that she started to feel something else in her stomach. It was like a weight growing, independent of the size of her belly itself. She was luckily sitting down so didn't really grasp the exact weight of the change, but inside her another life was being created by Franklin's thoughts. She was now the bearer of an eight month belly carrying twins. Somehow, subconsciously, she knew this and yet it didn't bother her. She was just so happy to soon be rid of this weight, and to soon welcome her babies into the world.

As her belly's growth slowed she wasn't fully aware of it but her breasts had grown by about a cup size. She was wearing a loose outfit but this included a bra of course and it grew to accommodate the new size. She had since put her phone to one side but looking down it was hard to tell that there was much other than a subtle difference in her chest—certainly her stomach took the most notice from her.

It was around this time and a few stops later that Franklin took another moment to steal a glance back. Likewise to all the other patrons he was blissfully unaware that the woman had changed at all, but that didn't stop his mind from wandering. *Wow, I mean, look at her figure. Not often you see someone carrying that many babies around, either.*

The vagueness of his thoughts was about to do more damage to her figure. The changes commenced before the previous ones had even ceased, starting up a growth in her stomach yet again. Her breasts grew only one cup size more again this time, but it was rather quickly as her belly pushed out. Her posture slumped slightly in her chair as she struggled to fit the size of herself into her seat. Her legs stretched out to accommodate the now three babies inside of her, and her arm went from idly laying on her belly to fully caressing underneath it for a bit of relief. She sighed as she saw and felt herself growing larger, taking in all of this weight and life within her. She had to close her eyes to ride out some kicks from the trio that seemed to coincide with her growth.

After they finished their little tantrum inside her stomach she went back to her phone. It was laying on the top of her belly and between both of her swollen breasts, where she could keep it easily while cradling her stomach with both arms. It took some effort from her, but pulling her belly towards her did relieve some pressure and she greatly needed it these days.

Something she hadn't noticed was the steady youthening in her facial features as these changes were happening. Of course, she couldn't have seen them herself, but she definitely felt skin more pliable than it was before and remembered fewer and fewer concerns about stretch marks across her skin, now back to its health from a few years ago. She was lucky that she had that to help her with such a large pregnancy as this one.

Settled back into her reading, it was now that Franklin again peeked at her and spread his thoughts out to her. *Carrying all those must be hell, she could use a rest. What are there, four in there? Five? God, I can't even tell, but she still looks gorgeous.*

For her own part, she was just noticing that her stop was coming up, and so carefully and quickly was getting herself ready to get up. Sadly, this was when Franklin's next changes were taking place. Her stomach swelled again but with how much it had already grown this time it hadn't grown much. Still, she could feel yet another life stirring inside her belly. She groaned at herself and wondered what was going on today, before quickly dismissing the thought and going back to the task at hand—getting up.

She strained herself to sit up and pulled with all her strength on the pole to support her weight standing up. She waddled slowly while the rail car approached the final stop for her, one

arm never leaving the underbelly of her stomach. The growth was still happening, ever so slowly. She was at least fully standing now but god she hated doing that one simple action these days. Sitting was heavenly, standing was hell. Her legs hurt and back ached every time she had to go somewhere outside the house. At least their due date was almost here.

The light rail ground to a stop and Franklin did his best to make it a graceful one for the sake of the young and pregnant woman standing and struggling in the car. He snuck one last peek when he noticed she was clearly preparing to disembark. *I still can't believe a young thing like her isn't letting all that get her down. What a catch. I hope whoever she has at home is treating her like a queen.*

Sadly, this change didn't reach the man who knocked her up, but the other remarks made their way to her. As if realizing that she was about to disembark the car now, the changes swiftly manifested in her in the time it took for the light rail to slow to a stop. By this point, she was youthened to around 18 years old and with it lost about five centimeters of height but gained another few to her bustline. The maternity blouse she had on was putting in overtime work keeping up with the several cup sizes of growth she went through. Her waistline, however, was the real hero here. She hardly noticed it while the light rail jerked to a complete stop, but one final baby entered her womb which left her at quintuplets before she departed. She was enormous. She could never have conceived of being this large when she got pregnant but now was happy to just be done with it in a few weeks. She hated walking, she hated going outside, she just wanted some time to herself without the five of them stomping around inside. She was out of breath just by walking short distances these days and nothing, including what she wore now, could fully conceal her monstrous belly.

Carefully, she waddled out with the most careful steps she could muster. She got just beyond the doors when she needed to take a rest. She wasn't far from home now, but needing a breather every six feet or so made it a chore to get there. Her one arm never left her stomach now, seeking some way to relieve her burden even if superficially. The light rail car behind her closed its doors and Franklin stole one final look at the beauty behind her.

Only a few more stops were between Franklin and the end of his shift now, and there were more people getting off than were getting on, as was usual for this time of the day and this far down the line. His eyes wandered less and less, though he did steal a few looks at some passengers here and there as they left, though not enough to influence them too much.

The final young woman who would be subject to his rampant perversions walked in and stayed standing up on the light rail car. It was a complete ghost car now, only he and her, but he figured there were only three stops left so she probably didn't even see fit to take a seat at how short a distance that was. Still, it was partially because of her decision that he ended up stuck on her.

She was on the shorter side of things, about 150 cm probably, maybe a bit more, and her face was buried in her phone. She had glasses that concealed a freckled face and her dark hair was tied up in braids which made her look a lot more youthful than she was—she was 23 but often got mistaken for a teenager even still. She was dressed kinda odd for Franklin's taste, in a very baggy oversized shirt and baggy jeans, but Franklin had to admit he was never trendy and so this was probably just what was in now. Though she was obviously not accentuating her figure at all it was easy for Franklin to tell she was quite chesty.

Normally girls who were busty and insecure about it covered themselves like she did, that was what Franklin thought at least. They wanted to dress to hide their assets. Franklin could definitely tell she was quite endowed and so assumed that she wanted to keep a low profile. As he leered at her chest to see the outline of it, he even wondered if it could be from implants she wanted to downplay. They looked surprisingly spherical, he noticed as her arm brushed against them, and they moved in a way that implied they were fake. It was hard to tell of course, but he wondered nonetheless. *It's probably hell on her back to carry those though. As big as she is, they probably weigh a ton especially on a tiny frame like hers. And you can still see they're under there!*

Unfortunately, Franklin was incorrect in assuming she had implants. Well, not so anymore. The young girl was simply blessed with a large chest and this was just the style she liked, she was making no effort to downplay anything and especially not implants. However, she would soon find that to not be the case. She was only taking this line three stops and it was because her boyfriend's place was just down the line, hence she just threw on something to keep her clothed on her way there. Honestly, she was going to meet up with him for sex, and there was nothing wrong with that, but she hadn't found a bra necessary because of that. She was young and her boobs were big, yes, but perky, and a short trip wouldn't kill them. Unfortunately, that was a bit of a mistake for her tonight.

Like many of the women today, her changes went unnoticed at first as she was giggling at the text chat between herself and her boyfriend, paying attention to the screen and not the growing bags of flesh on her chest. Before they grew, however, they filled and perked up with implants that made them sit higher on her chest. She found her chest straining to slouch over her phone and fixed her posture to a more upright position. This thrust them out a bit so they were more visible.

It was from here that they really picked up their growth. Franklin marveled at how they were visible beneath her baggy shirt and they were going to do their best to remain so. They crept through letters of the alphabet, far surpassing D and E cups and moving on to letters not easily found at stores. She was still locked in on her conversation with her boyfriend but for now the only notice she gave their growth was how much it was hurting her back. She hated that being so busty meant carrying such weight, even if she had done it to herself by getting implants.

As this was all happening her limbs were losing muscle tone. Surely this was inevitably contributing to her growing strain on holding herself upright, but it was basically impossible to tell from underneath the baggy clothes that she was thinning out. Her arms lost muscle definition and size altogether, her legs did too, her waist cinched in a bit which made her pants hang even more loosely off her hips. She hadn't weighed much, but she lost a decent amount of weight from all around her body, though some of it was regained in her breasts.

Her breasts continued to grow and now as they were reaching impressive sizes more changes were rippling through them. Franklin's comments about their severe weight imbued them with exactly that—more density and heft to them. It was a bit of a trick of magic to actually explain what was happening to her breasts other than that they were just getting really heavy for their size. The young woman remembered when she was looking into implants hearing that every 100 cc of silicone weighed 0.1 kg. She now had 5000 cc in each, which should make them each weigh a bit over 5 kg. Due to the form of Franklin's changes, however, their weight

more than doubled that, defying the weight of typical implants somehow, and they still continued to grow.

The woman's mind was filling itself up with explanations for their freakish weight but all it amounted to was immense discomfort from her. They were still growing and as they grew more weight burdened her tiny body. She leaned against one of the walls of the light rail but it just wasn't enough support. She cursed herself for thinking she could sneak out without a bra—with tits as cumbersome as hers she really ought to take a literal load off her back as much as possible. She stopped texting her boyfriend and slid her phone into a pocket of her baggy pants, both arms fully focused on supporting herself. She arched her back to stretch from how strained it was carrying around all this weight. Luckily, the changes included some simple back strengthening but it wasn't enough to not feel their heft. She had one arm braced on the back of the car and the other underneath her still growing bustline to steady it but it was a struggle.

She found solace in the fact that her stop was coming up, and it was just in time, too. She had both her arms under her breasts, a palm under each of them for support. She loved her implants and she loved being busty but she did sometimes wish the rest of her body put on any weight to help offset her center of balance. They were unbelievably pert, especially considering their weight, but still she ended up slouching and hunching over to even just carry them herself. It was terribly awkward to manage. She put so much focus into her tits that she couldn't even afford to keep her baggy pants from sliding down her waist. Her hips weren't much, but they were enough to keep them from falling completely off, but she looked like they were going to slide off her legs at a moment's notice. She shuffled towards her stop—the last stop before the light rail went out of service—and scuttled with great difficulty to get to her boyfriend's place. The sex had better be worth it, she thought.

Franklin marveled at how a tiny thing like her could carry all that. Though he didn't know her dimensions himself, it was the equivalent of almost a bag of concrete—40 kg—she had to cart around every day. He commended her on this, thinking that at least she had tits most guys would die for.

It was only a few minutes more for Franklin to park the light rail car at the end of the line for the day. His shift was over at last. He sighed at another day done and, after a brief inspection of his workspace for the day, was out of there in only a few minutes more himself.

He stepped off the rail car and found his way to the transit center where he started to shoot the breeze with a few of his other fellow transit employees. As quickly and unceremoniously as he was bestowed this gift, the mystical force left his system and the transit system none the wiser. Today, like every day, was just a typical day on public transit.

Epilogue:

Heather sighed in frustration at her situation. She hated being this short sometimes. It just made things so much more difficult, and it always felt like it was over the stupidest things.

She lived in an apartment with two other girls who went to the same university as her, and they didn't really care about any of her physical quirks. They were usually quite helpful to her, actually. One thing she absolutely needed though was her trusted step stool, as without it there was so much everyday stuff she just couldn't do. Reaching the top of the countertop was

so unintuitive without it let alone that she couldn't even come close to the top shelves in the kitchen. There was a lot she could do without it of course, but not having access to it just took away a significant level of autonomy, which she hated not having.

This brought her to now, shuffling around the vacant apartment trying to find her step stool. Her roommates had a couple friends over last night and Heather was usually responsible enough to bring her step stool back into her room with her, she needed it for many tasks after all. Apparently, however, she left it out and she suspected one of them did something with it between when she went to bed and went to find it today. Even unluckier was that both her roommates were in class and she wouldn't see them until the evening, most likely. She usually brought it with her to her own classes so she could function halfway decently like all the others. And as for right now, she just wanted to make herself lunch but couldn't reach anything!

Their apartment wasn't too big but she paced through the several rooms looking for her one precious item of salvation. She wasn't out of shape, but her size was small enough that crossing the same distance as someone of an average height did wind her a lot more easily. As she moved about the apartment her baggier pants also tended to get in the way. She remembered feeling almost supernaturally cursed that her pants were always slipping down her hips no matter how she tried to size them or fit them, but that was just a small thing compared to her already complicated life situation. She was wearing loose cargo pants and just kept pulling them up her waist as she huffed more and more looking for her step stool. It was just second nature to her at this point to have to hike up her pants so often throughout the day.

When she started to retrace her steps for a third time, not finding any luck with her first scan of the apartment nor the second look, she started to actually verbalize her upset with grunts of frustration. She started stomping around the apartment, which made her pants drop down even more often, and eventually she just ended up waddling around clomping her feet around with both arms propping up her waistband the whole time. She looked unbelievably silly, if anyone were to see her like this. She remembered getting teased for this in the past because of how childish she looked, save for her sizable bust which would always bounce freely in the tiny tops she often wore. Today she looked no different, wearing a mesh top meant to be worn over a sports bra, but opting against the bra because she honestly just liked styling without one. Those who didn't know her well might consider that this "style" of hers was practically voyeuristic, but she didn't care. Her boobs were so big that it was hard for any crop top to not show a little underboob, and often more than a little. And so here she was, her mess of a body jiggling and falling all over the place looking for the one thing that gave her some normalcy and security.

At a certain point her wardrobe literally fell apart as she jumped up to see if the step stool might be left on one of the shelves in their apartment—a shelf she couldn't see the top of without a boost herself. She hopped in place, her heaving bustline jostling around, and after only one or two times her pants did end up falling in a clump around her ankles. Whatever, she thought. It was only her here, and she was still wearing panties so it was fine. She grunted again and turned to storm off, pants left behind, until she noticed someone else in the apartment with her.

"Everything uh...Okay?" Said the person. A man. One she recognized. This was one of the guys one of her roommates was into. A tall, very handsome guy perhaps on one of the school's sports teams? She didn't know him very well personally, but he had been over a few

times, including last night. She had to crane her neck up to look him in the eyes, almost an entire meter separating their heights.

Heather's face blushed, and the blush quickly turned to a bright red as she stood there for a moment. He was so much *bigger* than her. She hated being around people this tall, they made her feel so small—insignificant really. How could she navigate the same world as someone close to twice her height, it made her curse this body she was given. And then she realized that the body she was given was now standing very close to nude before him, a stranger practically. She had on panties, sure, and a top, but you could barely call it that. While she didn't care about nipping out—she was quite used to almost always doing so no matter the top, after all—it was the principle of it! This man was in her living space, where she was allowed to dress however she wanted! Even if that was dangerously scandalous. And basically how she dressed outside, too.

"What are you doing here!?" Was all she mustered up saying. She turned away from him so that she at least wasn't just staring down at her large chest like every other guy out there.

"I came over to see Chloe last night. I stayed over because I don't have class today, I'm just waiting for her to get back. I was gonna just stay quietly in her room until then but I had to know what all this noise was about. Is there something going on?"

Heather remained where she was, back to the man. She thought his name was James or something, it didn't really matter all that much. She felt bad for overreacting, especially when his reasoning seemed well meaning and honestly perfectly normal. She waited for her blush to subside a little bit before turning back to him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone else was here. I'm looking for my...My, um..." Heather began, but quickly became self conscious of what she was looking for. It was embarrassing, a college student like her looking for her step stool. What was she, a child? While she loved having it, she hated to acknowledge it to others because it made her impairment so obvious. "I can't find my step stool. I usually keep it in my room, but I think someone must have moved it last night while *you* were here." She deflected a bit of her embarrassment towards him. She didn't really mean it, but it felt like this way she shifted the focus onto him at least.

"Okay, well do you want some help?" Was all he said. Heather was a little shocked at how straightforward his response was. Here she was getting herself all up in a tiff about this, and this guy just didn't care.

"H-help..." She stammered, her surprise bleeding out. Her arms were folded and pressed tightly to her chest but they started to relax with the rest of her body.

"Yeah, do you need some help finding it? I sorta remember seeing it last night. I think. I'm not sure, I obviously don't know what it looks like. I mean, I obviously know what a step stool looks like, but..." His voice trailed off a bit, and Heather frankly didn't care, she got his point.

"I was *trying* to look up there, but I can't...I'm just too..." Heather turned back towards the shelves she was looking at and walked a bit closer, but when she started to expose that it was her height that was making things difficult for her she again became flustered with herself.

All of a sudden Heather felt something from behind her, from the direction where that guy was. She hardly had any time to realize what it was, but her feet left the floor and she felt the quick drop of her stomach that accompanied when an elevator stopped too quickly. She was being picked up! That guy just scooped her up, without her permission!

Heather shrieked in a way that embarrassed her to even utter a noise, but it didn't matter because she was mortified already. This guy—this stranger, basically—just snatched her up and

was holding her! She could tell he was holding onto her with both his hands, and when she looked down she could also tell how effortlessly he was doing it. Oh, she hated this!

"Eek! Put me down!" She yelped. Her face was back to that crimson red color. That guy was being so inappropriate! Holding onto her bare skin like this! She regretted leaving her pants down on the floor now because she truly felt exposed now like this, feeling his hands on her smooth skin. She flailed her legs around a bit.

"Oh, come on. I'm sorry, but can you see it? Your, err, step stool thing, or whatever?" He said. Loath as she was to admit it, Heather was able to make out through her struggling that indeed her step stool was up on one of the shelves, she could see it now. She paused to see it and then continued flailing. She was glad this guy was behind her at least because she felt her large chest bouncing and jiggling around embarrassingly.

"Yes, yes! I see it, okay? It's up there, that orange thing. Now put me dooown!" As she said this she started lowering back to the ground. As mortifying as it was to be picked up, due of course to her obscenely short stature, she appreciated at least that this guy was delicate with her. She quickly turned around to smack him, and she did, but he seemed completely unfazed by this and simply walked to the shelf and grabbed her missing item. This, in and of itself, was a highly embarrassing moment of even a show of force being brushed off.

"Here you go." He said, handing her the step stool. She snatched it quickly. "I'm going back to Chloe's room. I'm sorry again for picking you up like that." And then he lumbered back to the room and closed the door behind him.

Heather was frozen in the middle of the apartment for a moment letting her face once again cool off. With her missing step stool in one hand she quietly this time stomped back to where her pants were left in a clump on the floor. She quickly put them back on and skittered to her own room and closed the door.

Now that she was alone she rested her back against the closed door to her own room. She had a mirror facing her which she couldn't help but stare at as she calmed herself down. Like many things in her room, it was low to the ground to accommodate the little height she needed on these things. Even though it was a full mirror for her, it was only a half-sized one for normal people. She noticed that her top, which was basically a mini tube top except it didn't hang snug on her massive bustline, had slid down her chest a bit. It must have jostled loose when she started jumping and lost her pants. Both of her enormous tits were not only jiggling around for him to see but were completely free to the open air. She pulled the top up so it covered them. It was a sheer mesh material, which meant basically the entire shape of each tit could still very clearly be seen, but it at least made her feel a little less exposed. Her nipples were always so erect nothing could contain them, why should her boobs be any different? Her pants slumped down her legs again and pooled on the ground. Though she was used to it by now, she had such a cumbersome body sometimes.

The two Korean girls stood in their bedroom together, naked. Ji-woo and Ji-yoo had no insecurities about their bodies, especially to one another. And why should they? Their bodies were basically perfect. Free of blemishes, surgery scars, any imperfections at all simply did not stick on either of them. The two of them felt blessed, if anything. Identical twins obviously were identical but the degree to which they looked the same was as if someone had literally copied

and pasted either one of them. The two had no need for mirrors in their house so long as they had one another, and that was exactly what the two of them were doing now.

It wasn't uncommon for them to use the other as a muse for some style ideas they had or to see how something looked on the other. Two teens as trendy as they were, they were practically a force to be reckoned with having each other to strengthen their methods of styling. Sure, it helped that their bodies were simply immaculate in every way but they also had each other to build off one another and help the two of them both look their best every day.

"How are you feeling, Ji?"

"I'm thinking, Ji. I'm thinking."

This was a common joke the two of them loved and had turned into part of their vernacular. Their parents were cute to have named them so similarly, and as they got older they had taken to calling one another by the part of their name they both shared. And so it became that Ji-woo and Ji-yoo—to one another, at least—were both simply known as Ji. The two even got some of their friends and even their parents to join in calling them that, with how often the two were together.

"What's there to think about?"

"There's a lot to think about! We're already perfect as is, what if this tips us over that?"

Today's topic for the two of them was about returning to their surgeon for more surgery. The two didn't mind admitting it, they were both products of generous parents and a familial culture of accepting cosmetic surgery from an early age. Yes, they had natural beauty, and there was plenty about their bodies that was untouched by surgical professionals, but there was no harm in taking it further than their body's natural developments.

One of them turned to one side, the other turned to match her immediately. The two were very practiced in the art of posing as one another's mirror. One reached up and cupped her own breasts, the other did the same. They both watched the other's bust rise and then firmly fall. They were considering breast surgery again. Or at least, one of them was.

"If you're not sure, what if I just got it done, then?"

"Ji, you can't be serious? Think of how we'd look. We'd be so...So lopsided."

It was a bit of a sensitive topic, as either of them had explored it over the years but neither felt comfortable. They had their own lives, they wore their own clothes, certainly they did their own things and didn't live an exact mirror of each other's lives. Something like this, however...Lasting, long term change to their bodies that would make them look different, that was something neither had been able to get past. They remembered having different hair lengths when they were younger, here and there, but it never lasted and often they simply alternated. This was also before they had grown into their fashionista selves as well. Something as permanent as getting cosmetic surgery that would leave them looking different from one another just felt...Wrong. Even the one of them who had suggested it felt that way.

"You're right, it's even weird to think of. I'm sorry."

"Hey, it's okay, Ji. We've both been there. I'm sorry for being so indecisive as well. I just...I don't know, don't we have enough already?"

The two continued to twirl around in tandem and inspect the intricacies of one another's bodies as they continued talking. This one of them did have a point. Their breasts were huge, and had been huge for basically all of high school. They had graduated now, and both of them were mulling over more surgery to get as a little treat. They knew their parents would approve of

it. They just felt a little stumped on what else to do to themselves. Again they groped at their breasts to watch the way they rose and fell. It was remarkable what their surgeon did for them, too. When naked like this they had the uncanny resemblance to just the most perfect breasts one could imagine. They dropped naturally, their shape definitely teardrops, but they also had such volume to them that looked unnatural... Obviously because they were, but when inspected there were simply no scars anywhere on their body. Even they questioned how their surgeon made it happen. Nevertheless, their breasts were firm when they needed to be, needing little support from bras and clothing, but feeling so soft and malleable when touched.

The two of them often started to get aroused when they groped too much. They had no shame, what was the harm in getting off a little to their impeccable looks? Really the two of them encouraged one another. They were a perfect power couple, in a way. In fact, they often found it hard to find partners to date just because they were so enamored with one another. It wasn't narcissism if they were in love with someone else's body, right? Even if that body was identical to their own?

One of them drove their fingers, their perfectly delicate fingers, down further, closer to their vaginal lips. This had started a productive conversation, but now one of them was feeling aroused... They wondered if the other was feeling it, too. It was hard to tell sometimes which one was guiding the other when it got like this. They started tracing the outsides of their lower lips. Their perfect, beautiful lips were so sensitive. This was one area they didn't dare any touch-ups for, other than electrolysis to keep themselves nice and pristine. They tapped on their clits lightly and applied some pressure with a cool coo.

"Hey, I thought we were going to focus here, right?"

"Aww, c'mon. Just a little? We can talk more about this after, right?"

"We can... Or we could continue talking about it now, right?"

"Oh, Ji. Naughty girl."

"No Ji, you're the naughty one..."

"Alright, keep talking then. What are you thinking?"

The two of them got closer, their delectable bodies centimeters away from one another. This brought their nipples dancing against the other's. They felt the other's warm breath in the air before them while their bountiful chests teased each other. Their free hands reached up and clasped as their other hand continued working their clits carefully.

"Maybe we save our tits, for another time? I'm just worried that right now they look so good, what if we made them too big?"

"Too big? You think our surgeon would let us do that?"

"I definitely think it's possible. Right now they just look so good. Mm... I just want to touch them myself..."

"Go ahead, Ji..."

Their clasped hands broke from one another and they pressed their chests together now firmly. Each moaned loudly in unison, unafraid for the other to hear how much they loved their bodies. One of them tickled the other's neck while the other teased down their spine in the first deviation from mirroring each other's actions since they undressed.

"What else would we get done, then?"

"Are we putting a pin in the tits for now, then?"

"I need to think about it more, okay? You're right, we are just so... Perfect already."

"Well I don't have any ideas either, I've been thinking about it, and..."

"We just got that permanent filler in our lips, we got our hair done to be naturally blond, we got our butts firmed up and bubbled..."

"Our nails are perfect, our noses don't need anything, nor our eyebrows..."

"We could lose a rib or two."

"Or two? Ji, I think you have to lose two."

"If we both take one out we'll both still be matching, right Ji?"

"You're not even serious now, are you?"

They both smirked at one another. They weren't serious about that kind of surgery. Probably. They leaned into one another playfully. Their smiles turned to locked lips. Their bodies continued to combine into one beautiful carnal display. They'd figure something out together.

It was a calming, rainy day outside as Jean looked out the windows of the library where she worked. She did love peaceful days like this, and it did mean the library was probably going to be quiet today, which she was looking forward to. Still, she did have mixed feelings on the rain in general when it came to her going outside and enduring it. Well, that was a problem for her in a few hours, at least.

The library was on the smaller end for the city, but it was still plenty large enough for people to hide themselves quietly down any number of book stacks. That was exactly where she was, too. She got into the library quickly today and with a nervous fervor asked the others if she could be on sorting and book return duty today. Luckily her coworkers were lax enough to really not care, but she was still filled with some level of anxiety that they would plant her at the front desk today. That would just be her worst nightmare today of all days.

She was only a little bit into her shift and trying to use the calming repetition of sorting through her current cart of books to stifle the nervousness she was still feeling. Even though she was able to work on her own and even with relatively few others today she was still on edge so long as she was out in public. She went back and forth on whether she was regretting herself.

In a bout of lust-addled courage this weekend and perhaps a little bit of recreational herbs she had finally convinced herself to go forward with getting a piercing. Jean was always a quiet person and always hated drawing attention to herself—her massive bust had always done that plenty well without her own intervention. For this reason and a generally non confrontational childhood upbringing she was opposed to really much bodily modifications. She wasn't so conservative as to consider it mutilation, she actually quite liked the idea of it, but going forward with doing it was a different story. And so, with all the courage she could muster she decided to vicariously go to a piercing shop.

Well, maybe she had overcorrected on the amount of courage she mustered up. Being blessed, or maybe cursed depending on how you looked at it really, with a bust like hers always drew up attention. It also drew a certain sort of stereotype to herself and to those attracted to her. One she had to admit she sort of found thrilling. Having tits like hers—She had to call them tits most of the time—was one thing, but their constant flow of milk really solidified her reputation as something of a...Cow. She remembered someone from college who had a crush on her and first planted the seed of the idea in her mind of dressing like some sort of sexualized cowgirl complete with the bovine aesthetic and a cow bell and nose ring and ever since that idea was planted in her head she just found something so compelling about it. And so, this weekend she

finally went and indulged in getting a septum piercing to see how she liked the look. It was a bull ring style which she just got the wildest thrill out of seeing. She loved how it blended in with everyday style but still alluded to her identity as a milk-laden woman. It was thicker than most others she saw on women to really accentuate the parallels to a bovine nose ring.

She also got both of her nipples pierced. Two nice and thick barbells were pierced through her fat nipples now. They kept her nipples erect way more often now and with how new they were she was unbelievably tender still. She was mortified that they were easy to see through her clothing and that was because, in fact, they were, though she already had a bit of a problem with unintended attention drawn to her chest.

Oh, and she went and got her clit pierced, too. That one was especially surprising to her in hindsight of herself. She wasn't even thinking really and just tacked it on with the others. It was a horizontal hood piercing which, similar to her septum piercing, was fully conical and a bit thicker after convincing the piercer to increase the thickness. Though nothing about this one was visible to others, the mere thought of it excited her. That was, of course, not to mention that it literally did excite her, also being just as tender as her other piercings.

Who was she kidding, she went absolutely mad with power then. She then asked for a tongue piercing. Then she asked for small gauges to be put in her lobes. She got another small ring put in one of her upper ears. After her clit piercing she asked if she could do labial ones, and if so how many, and they pierced each of her lower lips. She got her bellybutton done. She had no idea how one small piercing could corrupt her so much and one led to a session of nearly a dozen piercings.

Jean reflected on being in that piercing shop and practically shaking with adrenaline and holding back the urge to start fingering herself as soon as she got to her car. She got home that night and fucked herself to five orgasms in record time. She felt on top of the world and in those moments at least totally given into herself. Even now reflecting on it she went back to nervously shaking a bit to hide her excitement at the night.

When she woke up the next day she looked at her body and felt...Surprisingly, far from regret. She was intoxicated by how she felt and looked. She loved the reclamation of her own body for herself. Alone and to herself she indulged in how confident she felt having all of these piercings that made her whatever she wanted to be. It was liberating.

So liberating that later that day, the day after an obscene amount of piercings, she went back to the piercing shop and asked for a tattoo. Who was the woman doing this? She would never have dreamed of such a thing. She asked what they could do in a session, right then and there, and when she explained what she had in mind they found a way to make it work. She wanted something that represented her—A side of her, at least. A side of her that she suddenly wasn't afraid to share. She asked to get a horseshoe tattoo but in the style of a cattle brand right on her left hip. It was something she remembered thinking of one day to herself when she was particularly horny and left to her own devices and she was absolutely enthralled by the idea of it. What better way to prove her status as a cow than to be branded like one. The shop had just the right pattern cooked up and after a couple hours in the shop she got exactly what she asked for. Tender and raw still from the recency of it the tattoo now more than it ever would look and felt like an actual branding. She went back home that night to another furious self-fucking.

Which is what left her here, today, absolutely mortified at her decisions. In those moments over the weekend they seemed...Well maybe rash was still the right word, but they felt

liberating and with all the confidence of the sex-filled cow she identified herself as she felt like she could claim that moniker proudly. However, then she started to get ready for work and her knees practically knocked into one another with the level of nervousness she was experiencing. Meek, quiet, studious Jean came into work completely nipping out and with piercings littered around places any of her coworkers could see—and several she desperately wanted them never ever to see. Faced with her own indulgence she was shocked at what the hornier side of her had accomplished. She honestly scared herself that just a little courage is all it took to reform her identity in one weekend.

And then she also felt how this embarrassment was intoxicating, too. Somewhere between fearing the gaze of people she knew and respected and mustering up the courage to face them head-on was an excitement that she had to live with her decisions and she couldn't crawl back from them, at least not with how many of them adorned her body now. She was kneeling by herself silently placing books back into the lower shelves and it was taking all her energy to stop herself from touching herself. And the worst part was, she was *failing* at it, too.

Jean had frequently cursed her endowments being so leaky because her one true love was being in and around something that was so sensitive to moisture. Usually they were okay so long as she didn't touch herself, but then once she did it was no going back. Whatever it was about these tits and their milk the more she touched them the more they milked and the more they milked the more they begged to be touched. It was an awful feedback loop, and one she spent years practicing against. She knew from the experience at home how even just letting herself indulge could sometimes lead to hours of fondling herself and a sopping mess that necessitated a load of laundry—she was so glad to at least be free of roommates now.

Thanks to her piercings and the excitement that they all brought to her body, however, she was finding that she was starting to actually leak on her own without any of her own touch. She noticed it briefly and just thought it was a stray droplet or two—something that happened every now and then. A little squirt, basically. Nothing she couldn't control. Then, several minutes and even more books later, she kept feeling more and more wetness in her sweater. If she could feel it through her sweater then she knew it was time to get things under control.

She looked up and around her to see if anyone else was nearby. All she wanted to do today was make it with as few human interactions as possible. She saw nobody nearby and knew that just leaving the cart of books in the aisle was absolutely fine, there was always stuff strewn about the library for others to poke through. She centered herself with a calming breath and wanted to quickly get up and head to the bathroom. She didn't know exactly what she was going to do but she felt like she could at least get herself under control in her own privacy. She took an arm on the cart and steadied it to heft her and her massive tits up off the ground.

And then she splattered right back down.

Her arm must have been steadied in a precarious way against the cart, which of course had wheels, and of course happened to slip out of her reach and cause her to faceplant right onto the ground. She was fine, nothing but her pride lost, except of course a faceplant for Jean was actually a titplant. She landed sharply on both of her tits, their surface flattening and pancaking against the library carpet. This sent her incredibly tender nipples smashing into the floor where she couldn't help but scream out an exasperated wail of both surprise and excitement. There was a brief clatter but her shriek of pleasure drowned it out somewhat. The

silence that followed was deafening. If she was mortified before she felt like her entire existence turned to ash now.

Jean spent the next few moments on the ground and completely unmoving before she could even think of what to do next. The sensation of hitting her super sensitive front side sent jolts of pleasure arching through her body like lightning and she just needed to stay put and ride them out. After a few seconds of her body shaking to overcome herself she let out a breath which exhaled a stifled moan with it. God, this was the most embarrassing moment of her existence, bar none.

Once she was over that happening she pushed herself to get up but this time was successful. She looked down and saw her chest was soaked and there were two wet spots in the carpet where she fell. Well, at least it was all off the books. She wasted no more time and waddled as best as she could with her enormous and now very visibly leaking breasts straight to the bathroom. At some point she must have raised her arms up to massage her still tender nipples but she hadn't recalled doing so and she honestly wished she had because she knew better than to start touching her tits. Half of her journey to the bathroom was now spent palms glued to her tits groping at them from the other side of her sweater. She let out audible whimpers here and there. She didn't even give a fuck anymore. She just needed to be alone.

At the door to the women's room she stopped and turned to the employee bathroom which luckily was vacant but unluckily needed a card key to swipe in. She stared blankly at it as she mashed her tits together and then groaned as she realized she needed to let go of one tit or the other to pull it out. Reluctantly she was able to and badged in and slammed the door shut behind her.

The light clicked on automatically behind her. Jean wanted to breathe a sigh of relief but honestly she couldn't stop herself from just touching herself. She knew it was the middle of the shift but she was going insane with need and pleasure. Her top was soaking already so she discarded it and tossed her undershirt on top of it in a small heap. Her enormous breasts were completely exposed now and she stared at her reflection in the mirror and saw how much milk was forcing its way out of each tit. God, she was a hot mess.

She tried to at least stifle moans as much as she could as she broke one hand off from her tit and the other took control of both of them as best it could. She started stroking at her clit furiously and quickly orgasmed. She bit her lip to hold back the moan and stared at herself in the mirror with lust. God, she was such a cow. She fucking hated what these tits did to her. She wasn't even able to think of how the rest of her shift was going to go but that was for later.

She moved her hand from her juicy lower lips and reunited it with her tits and started mashing and playing with them. As good as flicking one out felt, she found comfort in her tits again and again. God, she was such a cow. She fucking loved how they felt. She stared at the new bull ring. From the corner of her vision she saw her little branding visible in the reflection. She whimpered out, as quietly as she could, a small "moo" to herself. Fuck, that sounded good.

The clothing store was nowhere near packed, but Jade was feeling self conscious browsing around inside nonetheless. The exceedingly tall goth woman just felt eyes on her everywhere she went, it was unavoidable. She understood why, and she even invited the gaze with how she looked and how she loved to style herself, but what made her feel more self conscious than anything else was just that she always felt in the way. She hated being in the

way. As much as she was proud of her exceptional body she wished the world around her accommodated it better.

Jade strode through each aisle carefully as she shopped. She had to look well ahead of her massive bustline to be sure nothing was in the way of her long legs, which usually meant focusing on walking and then stopping to focus on other things while stationary. She had to stand to one side to browse each aisle, which meant her tits got in the way of anyone trying to walk around her as well. Being over a foot taller than everyone around her also didn't help matters, putting her bust exactly where the average person's head was. Periodically someone would come up near her and, unsure how to break the news to Jade, would interrupt her shopping to ask her to bend and squeeze in some way to get around her. Usually this meant waving her bust over one of the clothing racks so she fit normally in an aisle of clothing for someone to pass by. It was a lot of swinging her body around, but she was used to that for navigating as well.

Shopping itself was obviously no easy chore for her insane proportions either. She loved dressing like a goth but she had to admit it limited her clothing options when already she was so limited in terms of what would fit her. She had taken lately to custom made clothing and wanted to even try it herself at some point but of course there were two objects she had to work around that just halted her progress. She shopped usually to just try things on, to understand how certain looks fit on her. She was so leggy, lanky, and busty that she had long since learned not to trust online models, whose proportions matched her in absolutely no way.

She only had a few tops and one bottom draped over her arm, but Jade was starting to feel like the rest of the store could use a break from navigating around her for a bit. She leaned over to look at the path to the fitting room and mapped out the route there. Honestly, packing all this body sometimes felt like being her own navigational system. She walked confidently towards it, head held high and assured she wouldn't hit anyone on the way there.

That was the other thing about Jade, of course. She was such a confident person. She felt such conflict at times because she thought she was sure as hell hot shit, but she also knew that being hot shit came with the liability of being in *everyone's* way. Anything she did exuded conviction outwardly, even though inwardly she was always annoyed at how she could just as easily be an annoyance to those around her. She didn't like being in the way, that just made her seem like an asshole. She loved the attention her body gave her though, and showing off what a hot, tall, goth chick looked like to everyone.

An attendant at the changing room area gave her one of those tags to show that a booth was occupied and how many pieces of clothing she was trying on and she strode to the furthest back booth. Being well over 200 cm tall it was always a gamble if the fitting room would even be able to accommodate her height, or if she would simply have her entire head over the booth barriers. She preferred just to avoid this altogether by tucking herself in the far back. To her utter lack of surprise the booth was in fact only high enough for normal people to be covered, and she could see well into the booths to either side of her. Without even meaning to, she peered down at the young woman getting dressed beside her and silently noted how cute she looked in the fit she was trying on, but tried her best to turn and ignore that the other woman could probably just as easily see Jade if she looked up as well. Privacy was a luxury, she sighed.

Jade modeled some of the clothing she picked up in front of her body in the mirror first, finally having the space to check them out. She was wearing just a tube top and black denim

shorts with her chunky ankle boots. The tube top basically amounted to a tiny sports bra with how large her chest was, and even wearing high waisted shorts like she was today left a ton of skin on display. Her straight, jet black hair was loose and flowing illustriously behind her, acting like a black shade to accentuate just how pale her skin was. She was practically ethereal beneath the harsh fitting room light. It was often the case, like today, that she timed her shopping excursions with rainy days to avoid needing to bring her parasol with her everywhere to protect from the sun. Just another way her body got in the way of others.

Jade's confidence in her body was also comfortable in it alone or anywhere for that matter. After briefly imagining the clothes she picked out stretched across her extreme body she began to strip down. She tore her top off gingerly—Her prodigious bust line was always very likely to tear tighter fabric, which was actually why she was here in the first place after another unfortunate funeral for a beloved top—and tossed it to the side first. It was going to be a bitch to put back on but such was always the case with her and tops. Her high and mighty tits enjoyed the fresh air and she massaged their circumference to welcome them to the relative freedom of this slightly cramped fitting room. Doing this of course bobbed them up and down from their high perch on her chest where they blocked the majority of her view of everything else. This was why she enjoyed taking a moment in peace and solitude like this—Her tits were always dominating her vision so much that she needed to squeeze them in ways they minimized this, and sometimes she needed to just adjust them and let them fly free like they deserved.

Of course, it was unnecessary but Jade continued to strip down completely naked for trying on clothes. Seeing no bench to rest on she backed up and braced her back against the wall for stability so she could take off her chunky shoes. She kinked each leg out to the side one by one to be able to see around the more-than-basketballs on her chest and with some amount of difficulty wrestled them off her feet. This was of course made even more difficult by the relative length of her legs compared to the rest of her body, making it difficult not only to reach around titanic tits but to the ends of each beautiful twiglike leg. She tossed the shoes to her side and then while still against the wall unfastened her shorts and let them drop down the length of her legs. Her black lace thong fell with them, hanging loose around her trim hips and really held up by the presence of shorts at all. She traced up her smooth thighs with her finger tips to luxuriate in her own body for a moment.

Jade was facing the entrance to the fitting room, and with her head above the walls of the fitting room she was able to see the relatively few people coming and going to their rooms. Most of them paid her no mind but almost all did glance at the head popping up over the stalls as they entered at least. Jade kept to herself the sexiness of the idea that she was completely naked looking at them and they had no idea. Nobody was any the wiser that a statuesque beauty like herself was glossing over her smooth skin and threatening to touch herself while they took idle looks at her, minding their own business. Of course, thinking more about it, the threat of touching herself became actual touching...

She stopped before she let it get out of hand, but there was a mixture of longing for attention and mischievous delight at the situation. As much as she enjoyed the idea she was nude and nobody could see enough of her to know that, she also loved the idea of frankly displaying herself. She was somewhat voyeuristic in this way, but mostly because she was just so taken by her own beauty and loved to flaunt it. But, now wasn't the time for that.

She pushed herself away from the wall. She teetered on the balls of her feet a bit but quickly steadied herself. She actually hated being barefoot because of how imbalanced she was without the stability they gave her. Being so top heavy and so tall and spindly did pose an interesting feat of balance for her everyday, which in a way really necessitated big shoes. She was in this way lucky her gothic attire fit her physical needs. In addition to that, however, the extreme length of her legs also cursed her with tendons that didn't quite add up and so she found it hard to stand on flat feet. Thus, balancing a body like hers was even more difficult on basically tiptoes. She wobbled and grabbed the fits to try on.

Sadly, they were mostly duds. The black leggings she thought might fit her weren't even close, and the black short shorts were loose enough on her comparatively small ass that they were so baggy on her. She already often had panties that were just propped up by the bottoms she wore due to her relatively tall yet thin hips, she couldn't go around with loose bottoms to boot. She started to put the only top that came close to the width of her chest on but as soon as she stretched it out she heard a tearing sound and that was it. Shit, she might have to pay for that even, inspecting that the tear was actually quite visible in her top. She jotted down the brand so she could at least check online if there were even larger sizes that might fit her there.

She admired herself in the mirror again before going back to the prison that came with being clothed. Carefully on her tiptoes she sashayed in place to see her tits from all angles. She twirled around and started touching herself again, teasing her pussy lips with her long, sharp nails. She drew around them as she stared and marveled at her proportions and teased herself with the idea of fingering herself...And ultimately stopped when one spin too many caught her balance off guard and she fell back down to reality.

She scooped up her top before she had a chance to finger herself again. She blushed towards the fitting room entrance again, the only one aware now that she was nude as well as about to finger herself—she'd be deep in her own nethers later on back at home tonight for sure. As she imagined, putting her original top on was just as much a bitch as it was this morning. Scooping up all her hair was one thing, then once it was all over her neck she had to slowly stretch it across her giant tits. She got to work pulling it down over her body, tugging bit by bit...

Of course, one tug was just too much for her. This, combined with her precarious position on tiptoes, caused her to stretch a tear in *this* top, too. The issue was, this tear was *big*. She stumbled as she pulled which basically was the equivalent of shredding it wide open like a superhero tearing off their disguise. The top was basically unsalvageable, as the amount already over her tits was such that it pulled the tear wider. Fuck. She was fucked. Stuck in a fitting room stall with one top that just outright didn't fit, and another that fit but was torn so much it would stay on for about two seconds was not great.

Jade discarded this now useless top and stared back at herself in the mirror. She glanced behind her at the fitting room entrance, noticing now that the shop was starting to bustle a bit. There goes sneaking out, she thought. About a dozen women were in their own stalls nearby and she figured any number of them was bound to catch a topless beauty like her wandering for a top to throw on.

She glanced back at the mirror and smirked, backing up against the wall furthest from it. From here she could see her own reflection as well as peer out and see the expanse of the fitting room area. She started to touch herself again, this time letting herself get into it. Just a little something to take the edge off, she figured.

Tiptoes dug into the ground to pin her body up against the bare wall. This angled her body so that her tits didn't cover her own reflection as much and she could stare at her beautiful, busty, bombshell body while she knew others would at least get a peek at her face as they entered. She shoved a few fingers back into her snatch again. She was careful not to scratch her insides with her long nails, but also got some thrill out of how dangerous it was, too. A bit of a dominant streak stereotypical of goth girls, she mused.

One hand was flicking her bean while the other was massaging inside her hole, working her up a bit past the idle horniness of being in her situation. She had never cum in a place this busy, which invigorated her more than told her to stop. Her fingers traveled inside and out of her snatch faster at the thought of this and her head was surely taking on the look of someone getting their rocks off. She glanced every now and then at herself in the mirror, watching those titanic tits tremble with the movements of her entire body, but ignored the people outside of her stall. She assumed they were staring at her, surely they had to. That excited her. She started fingering herself even faster, and tugging on her clit with her nails delicately.

Her tits were shaking and slapping against her body with the way her arms, trapped beneath them, had to move to get herself off. She looked at herself and mouthed compliments to herself through gasps of expletives at her hot she felt now. She flicked her eyes to the side, towards the door, and noticed how easy it would be to flip the latch and open the door. She wouldn't have to move very much. The people around her deserved to see a body this incredible, and she deserved to cum.

Pearl wiped a sliver of drool from her chin. Another day began. She fluttered her heavy eyelids open a few times to adjust to the light. She had never been a morning person but ever since the little hellions inside her started budding she learned to adjust quickly. Almost like clockwork the five of them tossed around and pressed on her stomach and bladder enough to get her awake, but at least they had the decency to wait until about 10 am to do so. She wiped the sleep out of her eyes and jostled around to get in a better position to get up.

Reaching up, Pearl grabbed at one of the ropes dangling from the ceiling of her room. Along with another nearby, they were installed for her to help hoist herself up in the morning—a necessary maneuver when she was as large as she was. As well, her “bed” was in fact a nest of taut webbings drilled into her walls that she was currently nestled on. This contraption took an immense amount of pressure off her body as opposed to a standard mattress, as she found any traditional bedding was impossible to get on and off herself easily let alone sleep on. The first night she transitioned to it felt like a miracle, able to sleep on her side without getting stuck that way, or to sleep on her back with significantly less pressure pressing down on her.

The difficulty was that Pearl lived on her own, which meant she had accommodations installed to make her life somewhat normal. At first she detested this, thinking that it was so silly to get her small apartment fitted to help her with things she was only going to need for the latter half of her pregnancy. That was until the doctors told her that at nine months that she still had another trimester ahead of her. By some grace her five babies weren't finished cooking in the oven and needed even more time in there—Just as unusual as someone of her age and stature carrying that many children, she had heard the doctors say. This, as well as the significant impediment to her daily life, convinced Pearl to fit her apartment and lifestyle with ways to take

the physicality of the babies off her. Now 11 months into the pregnancy and according to doctors perhaps needing yet *another* trimester for the children and she was appreciative of her choices.

Once on her feet Pearl stood and caught her breath for a moment before continuing. The transition from laying or sitting down to standing up became one of her toughest workouts these days. Despite it, her previously lithe body before the pregnancy had not changed much really, it was just that the belly and breasts she was carrying around added so much to her. She hadn't weighed herself in a while but at her last check in she had added close to 40 kg despite very little of it being added anywhere but the three orbs in front of her—that nearly doubled her weight.

Pearl emptied her bladder and began to draw a warm bath for herself. She could shower still, but standing for prolonged periods of time started to wear down her legs and she could feel them shaking under the weight of the rest of her body. She had long since taken to baths so she could sink into the water and let the buoyancy take some pressure off her. It felt like everything these days was just one action that took weight off her to another.

Like her bed, her bathtub was adjusted to be able to fit her entire torso in it. It took a lot longer to fill up because it was deeper and wider than the average bath, but she had once nearly gotten herself stuck in a smaller tub and embarrassingly realized she needed more space. Many of the adjustments to her modest apartment came in the form of her day job selling nudes and risque pics of herself on the series of lewd websites she was active on. She had basically blown up in popularity following the blowing up of her belly, amassing a following which allowed her to work fully from the inside of her apartment in privacy and ease. She felt lucky every day that she was able to do anything at all, as so much encumbered her she had no idea what a real job would be like for her, especially at her age and with her relative inexperience.

Once in the tub she dunked her torso under the water to get it all nice and wet and warm. She found her entire body got so much colder since getting pregnant and made the water piping hot and stayed in it as long as she could. A sky light above her tub kept it warmer for longer most days. She grabbed her phone and tablet and scrolled through both to begin business for her day.

As part of this routine was checking messages while she was asleep she always made it a habit to check her personal accounts after taking stock of what awaited her. Usually it was empty, and today was no different. Her parents weren't ashamed of her, they just didn't know how to support a daughter as big as she was. The guy who knocked her up? She secretly checked her emails hoping that he would reach out to her one of these days, but the coward up and fled on her after hearing she was pregnant even before the announcement there were five kids inside her. She often wondered if that news turned all his hairs white and he turned to a new identity. She was happy alone, but she did have to admit sometimes it was a lonely life not speaking to anyone for most of the day.

After her bath she dried off and headed to the kitchen to eat. Her appetite was voracious lately despite how impossible it was for her to put on any weight for herself. The kids just sapped everything she gave them. All of her food was, of course, easy to get out and whip up, as cooking just wasn't really an option with her size. It wasn't a huge loss, as she actually hated it growing up anyway and much preferred healthy snacking throughout the day. She grabbed a glass and poured herself some water while she downed a few granola bars.

Dressing was never really a thing for her anymore. It had been months since she had gone outside for any significant period of time, living off the vitamin D and fresh air from her windows. Visitors were few and far between, clothes didn't even really fit her now, and even her work thrived off being nude. She hardly even remembered the last time she put on clothing beyond a towel, living a complete nudist life for close to half of her pregnancy now.

Pearl navigated around her kitchen and finally to where her couch was, which is where she'd likely spend the majority of her day. Even just this trek was getting her huffing to try and catch her breath, which made it obnoxious she couldn't put this beside her bathroom for easy access. Oh well.

She sat down with a thump and wiped some sweat from her brow. The hard part was over, now was the next hardest part. Pearl didn't have many guests over, so her couch had several sex toys laying about. Anal plugs and dildos, mostly—She loved feeling filled up lately, and especially found that when the kiddos kicked and jostled against a dick-shaped object inside of her...Oh that drove her crazy.

She picked up a plug near where she was sitting and scooted her body to the side to be able to insert it. The exact movement was very precarious because she didn't want to risk falling to one side and getting stuck there, so she gingerly applied the plug into her ass. It was lubricated with her pussy juices, which were excited to be hopefully filled up next, and went in nicely with little trouble.

Next, she tried the same with a dildo. She was rubbing circles around one of her nipples already to ramp up the excitement of getting filled and found her hands around one of the girthier ones she had, about 30 cm in length and circumference. It was heavier than most of her others and she scooted to the side again and began to insert the head into her vagina slowly but surely. She was again sweating as she held her pose, and all the weight that came with it, carefully as she crossed the halfway point for it being inside her. Her body was shaking at how hard it was to hold this position, but also trembling at how excited she was to get more of it in there.

Finally her strength gave way and she faltered, falling onto her side and squealing with delight as this meant more of the dildo slipped into her. Her grip on it was rough, owing to her strained position, reaching across the immense belly she hefted, and just how thick the base of the dildo itself was. As she caught her breath on her side, the little ones inside her kicked almost in response to being jostled the way they were. The dildo took the brunt of their assault on her body and flopped around inside of her, causing her to moan as it wiggled around inside her. She couldn't help herself and shook her body top to bottom to snake more of the dildo into her snatch. She was so horny now, this was just a perfect storm of sensations for her.

From her position on her side she bobbed more and more to try and sink as much of the dildo's size inside her as the kids kept kicking. In effect she was trying to fuck herself as best she could with the dildo mostly inside her while one hand groped at one of her huge tits and the other strained to reach down and work the dildo for support against her. It was a sloppy jumble of movements from her and she probably looked so embarrassing as a mass of flesh that was just trying so desperately to get herself off. Her open mouth groaned at wanting to get off, feeling so close to it now. She thanked her stars the little ones inside her were willing to help her. They helped wiggle that dildo around inside her more than she could herself.

Finally, she came, and with it was a yelp of fulfillment and bliss. She panted as she came down from the orgasm, still reaching for her dildo but struggling now to find it. Had it slipped all inside her at some point? That might not be the best, she wasn't sure how she'd get all that out of her later on. A problem for Pearl later on, she supposed. Her mind was too addled to concern herself with this. She also had no idea how she was even going to get up, though part of that was because she was so spent she couldn't imagine trying to get back up. Still, she always found getting back up from laying down as she was to be one of the hardest things she could do, and she wasn't sitting near a rope to pull herself up easily. She'd probably be stuck here for a few hours at least until she drew up the stamina to lift herself up.

Breathing was still labored, but she was regaining her other motor functions more as she glanced up and looked at her phone. She saw a slew of notifications from her fan sites and sighed. She should have been recording, at least. Oh well, she was probably going to get herself off plenty of times today, like she did most days. One of the kiddos inside her kicked her at this thought, which started to set her off again. She swiped her phone open and announced plans to go live shortly for a show.

"Be ready for more in a sec, babe!" Lizzie's boyfriend called as he exited the bedroom. Lizzie paid him no response and merely reached for her phone on the nightstand by his bed as she lay there in wait.

Lizzie panted still, coming down from the sex the two had but taking the edge off the stimulation by dulling it by browsing on her phone. She was laying in more or less a frog pose with only her shoes on still and cum from her boyfriend across her back. She considered cleaning it off but expected more would only be there soon and was too tired to do all that effort herself. Once she was laid out and fucked like she was she was basically parked down there for at least a few hours, usually.

Her tits were what made it so cumbersome. She sighed as she opened some tabs related to back workouts to strengthen herself to carry them better. 8000 cc on a body well below average like hers was hell on her back, even though she loved them. What made them worse, however, was their obnoxious weight.

She had always wanted implants—*huge* ones, too—but never expected their weight to be this debilitating. She had heard from women with far less than her that back issues were a commonality and prepared both before and after her surgeries by strengthening her back. This was just far too much, though.

She wasn't exactly sure of the science behind it (and to be honest didn't really care much, either) but her implants had taken on far more weight than was the expectation. It took multiple fillings to get to this size but somewhere along the lines her doctor remarked that there was some sort of reaction or whatever in the implants and they started to take on far more weight than expected. Lizzie wasn't really privy to a reduction throughout the process since she discovered herself as something of a size queen and would inevitably want to go back down the line. All was well, she supposed, as her doctor told her it probably wouldn't do any good for their weight. A genetic anomaly perhaps, something inevitable with her body and implants. And so, she was stuck with the body of a medical marvel: The tits that weighed more than they should.

She was fine with it, more or less. Sure they were hell on her back, even with the workouts she sustained trying to prepare for them and then also having to live with them, but

she was a bit of a nymph at heart and it was the thing she wanted to spend her money on. Ever since she had her sexual awakening she found it thrilling to be in a body as small and tight as hers with tits so enormous. The tight skin, the pronounced bulges in her shirt, the way they got in the way of her daily life. If anything, them weighing abnormally too much only added to the fantasy she had built up over time.

But, it had the side effect of leaving her fairly debilitated after sex. It didn't really matter the position (although she greatly preferred doggy just so they wouldn't take the wind out of her if she was on her back), all that physicality from sex wore her out so much she was too beat to really even move for a long time after finishing. Which was exactly the situation now. Did she want to get up, stretch her legs, wipe the cum off her of course, maybe finally take her shoes off at her boyfriend's place? Yeah, it would all be nice. Especially if she was going to go another round, which she fully expected before the night was up. Plus, she knew the shoes-on look was a bit of a thrill, and she agreed she looked pretty hot in it.

Lizzie switched tabs from back workouts to checking her emails. A notification from her doctor that she could go in for her consultation for her next filling. She smiled to herself and swore her pussy drooled at the thought. Another 1000 cc was her goal. She knew it would make situations like tonight even worse but she didn't care. Not really, at least. She was young, unencumbered (Well...), money was enough to support her and she had access to some prime dick, that was all that mattered to her for the moment. Maybe it would be an excuse for her boyfriend to let her move in with him finally...

"Sup, Li-ZZ?" She heard from the doorway. Emphasis on the Z's in her name, making some corny joke about her tit size. She didn't even break her stare from her phone and groaned at the frankly awful pun.

"Can I help you with something?" She responded, mustering her incredibly strained patience for someone with such terrible jokes. She recognized the voice as one of her boyfriend's roommates, but didn't move a muscle for him. She knew her pose left her ass on display towards the doorway, the glistening cum staining her back open for him to see.

"Boss said we're up next." He replied. She hated when his boyfriend's roommates called him 'boss' but humored it to just get past this conversation.

"Are we now?" She replied. She scooted her legs so that her ass rose up a bit and wiggled it as best she could while she flicked back to one of her tabs she had open. "Come on in, then."

Lizzie still hadn't glanced back towards the voice that was talking to her, but heard footsteps approaching her boyfriend's bed. She couldn't have seemed more uninterested that someone other than her boyfriend was now stripped down and jacking himself to hardness while standing over her. She heard clothes hit the floor, and the slapping of skin as he stroked his meat a bit and lubed himself up.

Despite her lack of shown interest Lizzie considered herself lucky that her boyfriend was such an open and sharing guy. She was a bit sex-crazed, and was hesitant about opening up to him about letting his roommates fuck her, too. Consider her surprised when he was happy to share her like this—so long as he still got to call her his girlfriend at the end of the day. And he did. Lizzie was really only interested in a relationship with him. He was kind, cooperative, funny, he just also happened to have a huge dick himself, as well as roommates with their own respectable sizes.

Lizzie stayed on her phone idly as the roommate entered her. She didn't move much at all but moaned as her tight pussy was entered for the third time tonight. She was looking forward to the third streak of cum on her back after this guy fucked her. Her whole body started to bob forward and back as he stroked deeper into her. Her head especially tried to lock into place so she could keep reading on her phone. Eventually the roommate maybe noticed this or just had his own plan in mind but grabbed onto her braided pigtales like reins on a horse. This snapped her head to a firm position and she yelped briefly at the movement.

Lizzie wrapped her legs around the roommate's torso, locking her ankles together as close as she could just above his ass like a belt. She knew none of the men in this apartment had been able to lift her up despite her otherwise small stature thanks to her anchored down tits. Still, she loved the thrill of basically planking on only her tits. Her core was massively powerful from the workout her chest gave her, and she was now putting it to the test as she lifted her arms up so she could read her phone better too, effectively laying only on her massive tits now.

Though the roommate was really drilling into her, anyone witnessing the sight would imagine that she was completely unamused by this guy fucking her. It was impressive how locked into reading she was. She had flicked another tab open about other women who were chasing the 5-digit mark when it came to implant sizes. She wanted to be one more in that club. The thrill made her wetter and lubed up her snatch for the roommate, who was continuing to glide in and out of her. She moaned lowly periodically, hair still being yanked taut. She wished she could get some purchase under one of her tits to massage her nips, that was something she always struggled with fucking in this position, although it was still her favorite.

The roommate didn't last too much longer, to the disappointment of Lizzie, who felt him squirming to remove his dick from her little pussy so he could spray his load on her back. That was one small request she had every time her boyfriend's roommates fucked her: She always loved to be cum *on* rather than *in*. She amicably broke her grip around his waist with her legs and let him pull out just in time to land his load on her back. She gasped breathily as she felt the cum land on her. The first spurt made it all the way to the base of her neck. She nearly came from the thought of that impressive arc alone. The roommate's tight grip on her braids choked her breathing a bit. Her eyes rolled back and finally unlocked from the screen of her phone.

Lizzie's entire body seemed to drop like it was lifeless after cumming. Her legs jerked once in a spasm of enjoyment but otherwise she lay with all her limbs flopped onto the bed or her chest—whichever they were able to lay on. She caught her breath while the roommate got off the bed. He patted one of her pert ass cheeks as he did so. She again didn't move her neck at all to look his way. She heard footsteps towards the door as he wordlessly left.

Lizzie needed a moment now to come back from her own orgasm. She usually didn't cum in succession when her boyfriend's roommates got involved. Tonight must have been a horny night, she supposed. She caught her breath as she remained unmoving. She might not move from this spot all night after that.

"Ready for another?" She heard a male voice from behind her say. She was shocked to hear someone so soon. She was still working on catching her breath, she thought she would at least have another minute to herself.

"U-umm..." She panted out. "Let...Lemme just."

Lizzie's legs quivered as she got herself back to a doggystyle position. She could feel them jiggle from lack of energy. She struggled to do the same butt wiggle she enticed the other roommate with earlier. She didn't have as much stamina left in her now, but who was she to deny another cock?

"Yes, I'm—" Lizzie began, but the newest roommate must have been right there and ready. He entered her firmly but without too much force, causing Lizzie to nearly scream from surprise.

She recognized this roommate's fucking style as being particularly forceful. She wished he hadn't been so late to have her way with her. She barely found an opportunity to sigh from contentment at how her night was going. If her tits were gonna pin her down, at least it was here. She patted one weakly on the side as she continued to get fucked, moaning with little control now.

She didn't get to pick up her phone this time, too weak to probably be able to hold it up. The new roommate grabbed her braids like the last one had and she locked eyes with the wall she was facing. Her mind wandered while she was getting fucked. Wait, was this her fourth fucking tonight, or fifth?