

“BIGGER IS BETTER”

Draft By TROGDOR297

The tv studio was filled with the sound of chatter, the rows of chairs filled with predominantly late twenties and early 30's women. They talked amongst themselves as they waited for the lights to dim and the show to begin.

Women from all walks of life were present at today's taping. Various heights and skin tones, some slight, some stout. Socialites rubbed elbows with grocery store cashiers; all were thrilled to be here.

Of course that isn't to say that there wasn't any unifying feature between them all. No, it was fairly obvious with only a cursory glance around the room that every single woman here to see the show was a proud owner of a pair of big, round, juicy fake tits.

They varied in size across the room, but all of them were above average, and obviously fake; tight round orbs sitting high upon their chests. Many didn't even wear bras, the silicone filled implants keeping their breasts in place with the support of undergarments. The smallest girls in the room were double D's, and they only went up from there. Each of them eyed each other judgmentally, trying to see who was bigger than who. One woman who sat in the front row had a set of tits each the size of a basketball, her flesh shiny and tight. Few had the elasticity within their skin to reach that size, and so the smug smile on her face was well earned. Though she knew she wouldn't be the biggest girl there today; that crown would ultimately go to the host.

The lights dropped around the studio, and the loud chatter dulled to an excited murmur. The show was about to start!

“Weeeeeelcome Ladies! Are you ready to have fun!” The announcers voice boomed from the overhead speakers. A chorus of high-pitched woos answered him.

“Then put your hands together and give your tits a shake for your big-booby queen of hollywood entertainment...Aisha Troy!!!” The woos turned into screams of excitement as the curtain before them rose, spotlights focusing upon the stage, and the lone woman sitting at the desk. Although she wasn't really sitting at the desk, more so sitting above it.

Aisha Troy was a mixed-race woman in her early 30's. Her eyes were round and kind, her nose petite. Her full lips were painted bright crimson, which contrasted beautifully with her light mocha skin. Her sleek black hair was done into a long ponytail that ran down her back all the way to her behind. She sat legs crossed in a lifted chair, the seat several inches above the surface of the large wooden desk before her. The reason she sat above her desk rather than behind it was because you wouldn't be able to see her face if she had; her tits would be in the way.

Each of her gargantuan breasts rested upon the desk before her, causing its surface to bow in the middle. They were unbelievably massive, dwarfing all the other women who had

come to see her. Each was a perfectly spherical mass, easily over three feet across. Her skin was shiny and taut, almost plastic like. Dark veins were visible over the surface, the skin stretched so tight that they were forced to the surface. She wore a spandex leopard print top that was stretched out around their twin masses, covering their lower halves. The top of each of her round dark areola peeked over the neckline.

Aisha had both hands raised over head waving at the crowd as she beamed at them. "Hello!!! Hello Ladies, welcome! Welcome to the Aisha Troy Show! I see we've got some real stunners in the house tonight! Let me see you shake it ladies!"

Across the room the women in the audience let out another woo of excitement as they shimmied their shoulders, causing their round fleshy boulders to jiggle back and forth. Aisha shimmied her shoulders as well, though it didn't result in any movement whatsoever of the goliaths that laid upon the tabletop before her.

"Oh, I'm so glad you could all be here today. We've got a great show in store! And of course, one lucky lady will be leaving today with a little something extra!" She winked at the crowd with a wide smile, as once again they pelted her with a chorus of woo's.

"Alright, let's bring out our first guest! Writer and Director of the oscar nominated film, Duck City, please welcome, Samantha Loggins!"

From the right side of the stage emerged a willowy brunette, wearing a conservative teal dress. Her figure was slim and slight; it was obvious her body had not undergone any enhancements.

She approached the chairs beside where Aisha sat, walking past them to go greet the host, who didn't get up as she approached. Instead Samantha Loggins walked around the desk, to kiss Aisha Troy on the cheek. Then eyes fixed upon Aisha's massive breasts, she walked back to sit in the guest chair.

"Wow" She said after she sat. "You...You are big!"

Aisha and the crowd laughed. "You didn't know?" Aisha teased.

Samantha shook her head "I'd seen pictures but...seeing you in the flesh, it's quite different"

Aisha nodded "Indeed. There is quite a bit of flesh to see after all!" She reached out and gently patted one of them, the skin vibrating like the head of a drum. "But of course it's like I always say..." She turned and gestured to the crowd.

"Bigger! Is! Better!" They chanted back to her.

It was Samantha's turn to chuckle. "Yeah, I guess so."

Aisha crossed her arms resting them atop the upper surface of her bust. "So, Samantha, tell us about your new movie?"

The guest nodded with a smile. "Of course! Making 'Duck City' has been a lifelong passion of mine. I've spent years working on the script, and to see it being made is amazing. It tell's the story of-

"How big are your breasts Samantha?" Aisha cut her off.

Ms. Loggins blinked several times, shocked at the unexpected non-sequitur. "Uh...excuse me?"

Aisha smiled warmly at her "Your breasts, darling. How big?"

Samantha Loggins shook her head "I...I don't see how that's relevant?"

Aisha Troy rolled her eyes "Ms. Loggins what show do you think you're on!" The audience let out a low chorus of laughter at Aisha's jibe.

Samantha Loggins blushed but said nothing. Aisha shook her head sympathetically. "There's nothing to be ashamed of Samantha. You ask any of the girls in the audience what size they are and they'll happily tell you. I'd tell you what size I am...except I don't really know how big they are!" She flashed a dazzling grin at the crowd who wooed in support of her.

"I'm...I'm a 30C" Samantha said quietly, still feeling embarrassed.

Aisha nodded "Lovely, just lovely!" The audience clapped supportively. This gesture of kindness perked Samantha up who let a small smile form on her face. She'd been subconsciously feeling outclassed by the other women in the room, so to see that they accepted her was reassuring.

"And you're all natural?" Aisha continued.

Samantha nodded "Yes that's right, I haven't taken part in any of the recent fashion trends and enhanced myself"

Aisha nodded back. "And why not?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

Samantha turned to look at her, colour returning to her cheeks. "What?"

Aisha looked at her expectantly "You heard me! Why haven't you decided to enhance yourself? It's all the rage these days, and with the advancements in the field made by Sirexo it's easier than ever!" Another round of applause, this time for Sirexo, the medical supply company whose products many of these women currently bore in their chests.

Samantha just shrugged "I guess, I'm happy with my current size? And surgery scares me..."

Aisha smiled wildly. "Well you don't have to worry about surgery, Samantha! The new injecta-plants can be done anywhere! We could even do it right here, right now!"

Samantha's eyes widened in surprise. "What?!"

Aisha nodded, turning to the crowd. "What do you say folks, does the lovely Ms. Loggins deserve a new pair of titties?!"

A scream of excited woo's barraged them.

Samantha stood, stepping behind the desk and the two massive bazonga's that sat atop it. "Aisha...I didn't sign up for this!"

Aisha covered her mike with her hand. "Don't worry, they come out as easily as they go in. We'll take them out backstage right after the show. By tomorrow you won't even know you ever had them. But the fan's eat it up, trust me."

Samantha turned her head to look out at the crowd of women, excited faces beaming at them. She nodded once "Alright, fine...let's get it over with"

Aisha removed her hand and addressed the crowd. "She's going to do it folks!"

"So what do I need to do?" Samantha asked as she sat back in her chair.

Aisha gestured towards her dress. "We're just going to need to see a little skin, nothing indecent"

Samantha undid the top few buttons of her dress, exposing her pale cleavage. From above two syringes on mechanical arms lowered, clear tubes running out their back. Before she could react, they each punctured the top of Ms. Collins breasts.

"Ouch! You could've warned me about that!" Samantha said annoyed. The syringes pulled back along the piping, which was still stuck into her flesh. The pain of the needle pricks was soon the last thing on her mind, as the piping shook and tensed as it was filled with clear saline.

"Here she goes ladies!" Aisha said, clapping her hands before her. The audience went wild as the saline began to pump into Samantha Loggins chest.

Samantha gripped the arms of her chair, knuckle's white as she stared down at herself. She could *feel* it. Feel her flesh beginning to stretch, feel the weight as the injected implant expanded and stretched with fluid. After a few seconds the implant had swelled enough to start showing. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god..." She muttered to herself, as she watched her C-cups, the breasts she'd been happy and comfortable with her entire life, begin to plump up, growing rounder, fuller, stiffer. The fabric of her dress went taut as her bust filled it out.

Then as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. The piping went limp, as the flow receded. Samantha Loggins chest heaved as she took deep breaths, her mind reeling from the shock.

The motion accentuated her newly swollen breasts, as they strained the front of her dress with each breath. Her C's had grown to F's, each more than a handful.

"That's 750cc's in each breast! How does she look ladies?" Aisha yelled excitedly. The crowd responded with raucous cheers. The host turned to her guest. "How are you feeling, Samantha?"

Samantha turned her head to look at her, face still a mask of shock. "Holy shit! It happened so fast!"

Aisha nodded "Yes, Sirexo's injecta-plants are really quite something. And their patented polymer blend means they can stretch to be quite massive!" She gestured to her own enormously full tits, each larger than a yoga ball.

Samantha pushed herself up in her seat, as she caught her breath. "Wait, they can go bigger? I thought they'd stop because they're full!"

Aisha shook her head "Oh no, they're far from full. We just thought 750cc's would be a good starting point."

An unexpected smile crept its way onto Samantha's face. "So...I can go bigger?"

For a moment Aisha's face took on a look of surprise, her host persona dropping at the shock of Samantha's response. But it only lasted a second as she plastered a broad grin on her face.

"Of course! Bigger is Better! So would you like to go bigger?" She asked.

Samantha's smile widened as she nodded giddily. She'd been hesitant at first, but seeing them grow bigger before her eyes, how round and full they were, had won her over.

"Uh oh, ladies, looks like we've got a case of booby greed!" Aisha said teasingly as she addressed the audience. The ladies in the crowd cheered encouragingly. Samantha blushed again, though she was still smiling.

"How big would you like?" Aisha asked clasping her hands before her.

"How big can I go?" Samantha asked eagerly.

Aisha shrugged "Well, I don't really know. I'm not a doctor! But your skin can only stretch so far it's first time. Often 2000cc is the biggest most women can go on their first try."

Samantha nodded her understanding. "Alright, 2000cc's it is!"

Aisha turned to face the crowd with a smile. "You heard the lady! Top her up to 2000!" The crowd cheered again as the piping filled with saline fluid once more. Samantha looked down at her chest as it began to expand once again, a hungry grin on her face. Reaching forward she started to undo the remaining buttons on her dress, to give herself space to expand.

A producer ran on stage, and handed two black pasties to her before she could finish. "We'll need you to cover up, darling" Aisha explained "We are a daytime show, after all!" Samantha slapped the pasties over her nipples, then undid her dress fully, thrusting her chest forward, each round tit on display.

"Bigger...bigger!" She moaned as she watched them swell before her eyes. Her pale skin stretched, going from creamy and smooth, to shiny and tight. Samantha bit her lower lip to hold in another moan as she watched them project further and further off her chest.

Once again the pumps slowed to a stop and her growth tapered off to nothing. Samantha Loggins looked nothing like she had when she'd walked in. Now she bore a pair of volleyball sized tits, that stuck straight off her chest, each perfectly round. Her face was flushed, her breathing heavy once again, though no longer from shock, but arousal. Her hands reached up to touch them, running along their sizes, feeling her tight skin. She cupped them from underneath and lifted "Oh my god! So big!"

Aisha laughed "Another satisfied customer! Ms. Samantha Loggins everyone!" The crowd clapped and cheered as a producer rushed on stage to help her up. Samantha continued to paw and grope her new breasts as the producer led her backstage.

"Next, we're going to take questions from the audience!" Aisha said cheerily, gesturing to a number of busty women who'd already lined up in one of the aisles. "Go ahead, loves!" She said as she looked to them.

The first girl was a young redhead, with a pair of deliciously full tits filling out her tank top "Hi, Aisha, big fan! I'm currently a 32H and looking to get bigger! I just wanted to ask what kind of things a girl your size does for fun!"

Aisha smiled at the girl "Thanks for coming out! Lovely to know you're looking to get bigger! Bigger is better after all!" She gestured behind her to the screen on the back wall. "I do mostly the same things that you do. I go to the beach" A picture flashed on screen of her sitting in the sand, her massive breasts barely covered by a white bikini. "I go out for dinner" Another picture with her sitting at a table in an upscale restaurant; she sat facing away from the table. her breasts spreading out across the room away from her. "But most days I just sit at home!" One final picture appeared, of Aisha relaxing on a large sectional couch, her body covered in an enormous knit sweater that could probably double as a compact car cover.

The next girl approached, a late 30's woman with dark brown skin, her breasts the size of cantaloupes stuffed into a silk top. A 7" line of cleavage ran down her chest, shown off by the low neckline of her blouse. "Hello, Aisha. Thank you again for all you do. I'm a 36P cup and in love with my size. I wanted to know is there a man in your life?"

Aisha raised an eyebrow teasingly at the women in the crowd, then shook her head. "Sadly no, I haven't been able to find a guy man enough to handle me, let alone the twins!" The ladies around the room cackled alongside her.

“Alright, one more question” Aisha said with a smile.

The final woman was the one who’d been previously sitting in the front row, with tits the size of basketballs. She wore a spandex top similar to the one Aisha wore, though hers was bright red. Once you got to a certain size, it was simply easier to only dress with stretchy fabrics.

“Good morning, Aisha. I also don’t know my size, though I’m not as big as you...yet. Anyway, I just wanted to ask...how do you do it!?”

Aisha smiled at her. “Do what?”

The girl shrugged “Everything! How do you walk, how do you sleep, how do you fit in cars! I’m only a fraction of your size, and I struggle daily with living a normal life. I don’t understand how you do any of it!”

Aisha’s smile twitched, as she felt a panic begin to rise in her. In her ear she heard producers nervously suggesting a number of various platitudes that would assuage the crowd without revealing anything.

“It’s not easy!” She said at last. “But I have a team of people who help me get around and live my life. There are some things I can’t do on my own anymore, but...I’d say its worth it! Bigger is better, after all!”

“Bigger! Is! Better!” Chanted the crowd, as they spewed her catchphrase back at her.

The young woman didn’t look satisfied with the answer, but a producer quickly ushered her back to her seat before she could follow up.

“Alright, we’re almost out of time for today, but as you all know, we always end our show by giving a free top up to one of our lucky audience members!” Aisha said excitedly. The excitement of the crowd intensified, the air was electric as they all crossed their fingers and prayed to be chosen. Getting fill-ups was not a cheap affair, so receiving one free of charge was a dream for many.

“Today’s lucky recipient is...Abby Mikamoto!”

Four rows back a woman of Japanese descent in her early 20’s jumped to her feet. She pushed her way over to the aisle and hurried towards the stage. Her breasts were already quite large, almost the size that Samantha Loggins had reached. They bounced excitedly as she ran, a tied crop top the only thing containing them.

“Oh my god, thank you, thank you!” She squealed, tears forming in the corner of her eyes.

“How much would you like, Abby?” Aisha asked from her perch.

“As much as you can give me!” She screamed.

Aisha nodded with a chuckle "That's what they all say" Two sets of pipes with an adapter on the end lowered from the ceiling, and after a moment of scanning to locate her pump ports, they slid their way in, and began to pump her full of saline.

A counter appeared on the screen behind them, numbers rolling up to keep track of the amount of cc's pumped into her implants. 500...750...1000.

Abby watched with a broad grin on her face as her breasts grew larger and larger. They went from volleyball sized, to nearly soccer ball sized in less than a minute. "Come on babies, keep going! You can take more!" She pleaded.

Finally the machine beeped, and the hoses retracted. "No!" Abby screamed. "I can take more! I want to be bigger!"

Aisha gave her a sad look. "Sorry darling, but your skin is looking a little stretched there." It was true, the sudden swelling of the implants within had stretched her skin incredibly tight. Stretch marks had appeared on the sides, where her skin had been unable to keep up. The screen behind them flashed with the final number "1900cc" added to each one.

"Congratulations Abby, you look fantastic with your new tits!" Aisha said clapping for her. Abby nodded at her with a smile. "You're right, they do look good. Thank you!" She hurried off stage, her newly massive tits bulging around the bottom and top of her crop top, whose knot had miraculously held.

"Alright, that's our show! Thank you all so much for coming! And remember...Bigger! Is! Better!" The crowd chanted these final three words with her. And then the house lights raised, the cameras turned off and the curtains lowered, hiding Aisha Troy from view. Immediately her shoulders slumped as she let out a groan of pain. Her lead producer rushed over to her.

"You Ok, Kate?" She asked.

Aisha, or perhaps Kate, shook her head. "Fire whatever technician filled me today, they over did it by at least 3000 ccs! Goddamit, I felt like I was going to burst that entire time!"

Two empty clear pipes were lowered from the ceiling on either side of her, and a technician, one she didn't recognize, hurried forward to attach them to the outer edge of each of her massive breasts. Overhead the sound of a pump could be heard stirring into action, as the tubing filled with saline, except going in the other direction.

She let out a sigh of relief as her breasts shrank before her, her skin becoming less shiny and tight as the volume of each implant reduced dramatically. After two minutes they stopped and she got up off her chair, now mobile once again. She held her hands up to cover her now exposed breasts, each only the size of a coconut, as she waited for her aesthetician to arrive to assist her. The young lady scurried forward with a new shirt, a simple loose t-shirt designed for this reduced size. Aisha nodded her thanks as she tossed it over her head, then she sat with eyes closed as the aesthetician worked on her. Off came the makeup, the exaggerated lips, the hair extensions. On went her circular framed glasses, and her nose ring. With a shake of her head, she let her chin length hair tousle about until it

fell naturally once more. "Thank you, Clara" She said to the aesthetician as she turned to walk away. With the various changes to her face and of course the drastic reduction in her bustline, she was almost completely indistinguishable from her onstage persona. Aisha Troy was gone, Kate Ogilvy had returned.

It was one of Hollywood's best kept secrets, that the famous talk show host who'd been one of the frontrunners supporting the new massively busty fashion trend, wasn't actually a real person, but just an actress.

Two years ago Kate Ogilvy had approached a plastic surgeon about getting implants. During her pre-op examination it was noted by the doctor that she had a surprisingly high skin elasticity for someone so petite. This note was caught by the implant supplier, at which point she was propositioned by Sirexo themselves.

They were looking for a spokeswoman for their new line of implants. They'd approached a number of B and C list celebrities but all of them had shut them down. And so their marketing team had come up with the idea of creating their own celebrity, and so Aisha Troy was born. Sirexo wrote up a rather lucrative contract that Kate, a struggling actress, would've been stupid to reject. The stipulations were simple: she was to act as the character Aisha Troy, the secretive but charming big bust star. She would host a generic hollywood talk show, which would be designed as a platform to sell and promote Sirexo, and namely its implant products.

Kate had taken to it rather swimmingly. She was naturally charismatic, and found it easy to play the role of the impossibly curvaceous host, who gave away implant fill ups like they were candy. When she'd started she'd only been as large as the woman who'd asked her a question today, but over time Sirexo had pushed her to go bigger and bigger. She'd refused each time until they offered her more money. She didn't really care either way; it was just a mild inconvenience for one hour a week, and her skin had handled the slow but consistent increases well.

None of her friends or family knew that Kate was secretly Aisha Troy, the make up artists did an excellent job of transforming her. And they had no reason to suspect her either. Aisha lived by her motto of "Bigger is Better". That had never been Kate's motto. She'd wanted to go a little bigger at first, just for her own self-confidence, but she found nothing appealing about being the size of her on-stage persona. It was simply too big! She couldn't do anything at that size, something that a member of the public had finally pieced together.

That had been close, during the show. That guest had asked her a question that she'd been fearing would eventually rear its ugly head. How could she live a life at that size? The reality was she couldn't. Fully filled with Saline at the size they were today each breast weighed several hundred pounds. She couldn't lift them if she tried, let alone walk around. The pictures of her in various locations (the beach, the restaurant, etc.) were all photoshopped. The only time she was ever that size was when she was sitting on that stage. Up until now people had accepted that she was just very secretive, as she'd never been seen in public, but Kate feared people would soon discover the truth, at which point she'd be out of a job.

The whole point of the Aisha Troy persona was to sell women on getting implants, and filling them bigger and bigger. If it was revealed that in reality Aisha Troy didn't even have her tremendous tits the vast majority of the time it would sink the entire production, and Kate's career with it.

Kate stopped by her office and grabbed her coat and purse, then headed for the exit. Her chest ached as she walked, the skin tingling angrily. It was always sore for a few hours after stretching and then retracting so much in such a short time period. She'd suffered no long term effects from it thus far, just this temporary irritation, and so she considered herself lucky.

She walked out to the parking lot and headed for her car. Nobody paid her any heed as she walked. She wasn't a star, she was just Kate, and she liked it that way.

She drove off the studio lot, checking the clock on her dashboard. It was shortly after 5pm, which meant she would hopefully make it on time. The size of her tits wasn't the only lie she'd told during today's show; she did in fact have a man in her life. Derek Jacobson was a local electrician who she'd met at a bar when she'd been out with her friends one night. They'd chatted back and forth that evening and exchanged numbers, and had been dating for the past three months since. She hadn't wanted to meet up tonight, she liked having the evening to herself on the days she did her shows, but it'd been the only day he could meet this week and so she broke her rule.

She entered the restaurant twenty minutes later easily spotting Derek sitting in a booth facing the doorway. His face lit up with a smile as he saw her approach, which made Kate's heart leap. She really was falling for this guy. As she approached the table, he stood and gave her a quick kiss before helping her into the booth.

"How was work?" He asked.

She shrugged "Uneventful. Just boring T.V. production work" Kate had told everyone in her life that she worked on a T.V. show, which was true, she just never told them to what extent.

He nodded acceptingly, taking a swing from the beer he'd ordered. "That's good. Boring means stress free"

Kate smiled with a nod. Setting her purse on the seat beside her she looked around the restaurant. She'd never been in here before and looking around she understood why. It was a stereotypical blue collar sports bar. Large tv's covered the wall above the bar, old sports memorabilia covered every other available surface. The men seated along the bar top were all grizzled tradesmen, many still wearing their work boots. This was the kind of place that had no shame about only hiring hot and busty young girls to be their waitresses. As if to prove that very point, their waitress arrived before them, and as expected she was indeed hot *and* busty.

She was early 20's, her skin heavily tanned, her platinum blonde hair tied back in a pony tail. She wore the Bar's uniform, a buttoned black shirt, only half done up showing off the half a

foot of cleavage her breasts formed. They were each the size of cantaloupes and were squeezed tight together by her top.

“Hey, y’all! My name is Cindy and I’ll be your waitress. What can I get started for you?” She said, voice bubbly.

Derek blushed and looked down at his menu. “Um...I’ll just have the bacon cheeseburger, thanks”

Kate smirked at his behaviour, as he averted his eyes to not stare at the waitress. Kate wouldn’t have minded if he did, she wasn’t the jealous type, and the girl was objectively a smoke show. Still she thought it was cute that he thought he should do that.

Kate turned to face her with a gentle smile. “I’ll have the fish tacos, thank you. Oh and a light beer, whatever you have on tap”

Cindy nodded “Sure thing!” She turned to leave but Kate caught her arm.

“Sirexo?” Kate asked, nodding towards the waitress’s ample bust, the round tops rising above her shirt.

The girl’s eyes widened and she nodded excitedly. “Oh my god, Yes! I just had them topped up yesterday! When I first got them my tips skyrocketed, and so I decided to double down! I’ve already made 100 bucks today and I’ve only been here an hour! Do you have them too?”

Kate nodded “Yes, though not as big as yours.” She ran a hand over her loose shirt, pulling the fabric tight against her body, showing off the outline of her own more modest, though still quite large bust.

“You should definitely get them filled, I think you’d look good bigger! I mean, it’s like Aisha Troy says “Bigger is Better!” She giggled, giving her breasts a little shake to emphasize her meaning.

Across the table Derek still stared down at the table top, apparently very interested in a specific knot in the wood.

Kate laughed along with the waitress. “Aha! You’re a fan of the show?”

Cindy nodded “Oh yes, me and my friends all watch it. She’s such an inspiration. I don’t know if I could ever go that big, but...I’d love to try!”

Kate nodded, turning back to Derek as the waitress left. “You ok, there?” She teased.

Derek looked up at her and smiled, still blushing. “Yup, all good here”.

She shook her head “I don’t care if you look at other girls, Derek. I was staring for goodness sake! It’s not a crime to find her and her tits sexy”

Derek nodded, though his blush didn't disappear. When Cindy returned a minute later with Kate's light beer, big round boobs nearly popping out of her buttoned shirt, he once again directed his eyes to the tabletop.

"So..." He asked after Cindy had left once again. "Who's Aisha Troy?"

Kate snorted "Really? You don't know? I thought you were a tit guy?"

He shrugged "Nope, never heard of her. I don't watch much TV, you know"

Kate rolled her eyes at him "Go ahead google her"

Derek whipped out his phone and began to type into it. Seconds later Kate watched as his eyebrows raised in shock at what he saw on his screen. "Jesus! She's...enormous!"

Kate nodded "Yup. She's the latest fashion role model for young girls, like our dear waitress." When she'd first started Kate hadn't liked talking about Aisha with people she knew; she didn't want to risk them making the connection. But after a while she understood that no one ever would. She really did look nothing like her persona; with how much the make-up and the extensions and everything else altered her. Even now looking at the picture of her on his phone, with her sitting directly across from him, he didn't realize it was her.

He shut his phone, exhaling. "Wild. I didn't think they could get that big"

Kate nodded "Apparently they can. Do you...like them?"

He shook his head vehemently. "Oh hell no, way too big for me. I like big tits, but those are...insane"

Kate felt an internal wave of relief hit her. She was thankful to hear that come from his lips. Sometimes she felt like she was going insane when she was in front of the camera. It was unfathomable to her that people really liked the way she looked, with those impossibly overfilled tits, and yet every week she was greeted by screams of adoring fans, chanting "Bigger is Better" at her. She could least take solace in the fact that Derek recognized that it was too much. She was indeed not insane.

Author's Note: This is another case of me thinking of a concept but not the story to go with it. The idea of her having a double life is interesting, but...I don't really know what to do with it. I'm open to suggestions, but for now its just stuck in story purgatory.