



# Keeping Abreast of the Times

*A big-breasted,  
time-traveling  
burlesque comedy*

By Miss Cheyenne Chaste Moon

Illustration by Johnny Swell

Copyright © 1997 Cheyenne Chaste Moon

Title artwork copyright © Johnny Swell

other artwork copyright © Cheyenne Chaste Moon

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced in any form or altered in any way without permission from the authoress, except for short excerpts which may be used in a review.

Cheyenne may be reached at: *Moon.Star@Juno.Com*

Published by  
Moon-Maiden Publishing  
Columbia, Mo. USA

[mm-pub@juno.com](mailto:mm-pub@juno.com)

## **Table of Contents**

A Stitch in Time .....	05
Misadventure at the Recoding Clinic .....	11
Spacial Arrangements .....	23
The Bimbo Effect .....	27
A Meeting With Carlotta Bovine .....	33
Time Bomb .....	42
Time Changes Everything .....	49



Hi. My name is Franglais Fay Buffé, MD, PhD, SM, Esq, DoDo,  
and this is how it all began.



## *A Stitch in Time*



It was easy to build. The difficult part was finding the information—the true information. It had been suppressed and covered-up with disinformation. It began over two-hundred years ago with the works of Tesla and Einstein, and it concluded with me building the world’s first time machine. Or, at least, the world’s first privately owned time machine. Who (what lied-to, kept-in-the-dark civilian) knows about the government? But enough of this declaiming.

As you can likely tell, I’m not much of a fan of big government. That’s why I decided to go back to the beginning and untangle what went wrong with this “government for the people.” The first *when*, of course, was 1776, June 7<sup>th</sup>, where, whilst in the Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee suggested that the colonies be free and independent. The second *when* was July 2<sup>nd</sup>, when that resolution was adopted. I then waited around until July 4<sup>th</sup>, where I witnessed the signing of the “Declaration of Independence.” Next, I sat in on the many sessions of the creation of the “Constitution”—from its adoption on 17 September, 1787 to when the “Bill of Rights” went into effect on 15 December, 1791.

As I was heading to the next historical event; an event which, thought by me, was where the federal government first flexed its muscle on the little guy. The President, Alexander Hamilton, sent in 15,000 militiamen to squelch some Pennsylvania farmers who were protesting the liquor tax. History came to call it “The Whiskey Rebellion.”

My time ship came to a crashing halt . . . literally. “What the heck?” After regaining my composure, I checked the chronograph. Apparently the peregrine triaxial-transcombobulator, which gives the ship maneuverability, had been engaged for only a millisecond. It was 12 May,

1792, which was twenty-eight months shy of when I wanted to be. I shut the power down and climbed out. I couldn't believe it! My jaw dropped, and my hands slapped my forehead. Half under my ship was a cow. A now dead cow. I couldn't believe it! I hit a cow! A cow! If I knew it to be impossible, I would have found it humorous. How could I have hit a cow?! How could I have hit anything? "Snorgles!" My foot lashed out and slammed into the **Franlar**<sup>®</sup> siding of the ship. "OW! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!" I had kicked a framing strut. **Franlar**<sup>®</sup> was one of my best inventions, if I do say so myself. At a quarter the weight of Kevlar, it was thirty times stronger. But enough about that.

I climbed back into the ship and tried to bring the computer back online. Voice control failed to operate, and, of course, my data bracelet wasn't operable in the current time period. I rebooted, and everything appeared to be dead. After going over the equipment, the hardware seemed to be functioning correctly, which meant the problem was with the software. I had to access the computer manually, which I hadn't done since I was three. I searched the storage bin for the archaic keyboard, but to no avail. So . . . There I was. With no way to access the computer, I was stuck who knows where, in 1792.

The solution seemed simple enough—build a keyboard. I had tools, fiber optics, and some wire on board; anything else I needed, I was sure I could pick up locally. . . . Hopefully. Securing the ship and donning my walking shoes, I headed off in search of a nearby community.

Luck was with me. Or sort of. I had crashed just outside of Philadelphia, not far from where I had last been. I scrounged around for most of the day and found some springs, contacts, and other necessities which I could use. As evening arrived, I dropped into the Boar's Head Inn and ordered some dinner. "Madam Buffé," I heard.

What?! Who? I quickly spun and glanced across the room. My eyes fell upon a familiar face, a historical figure, a founding father. Heading in my direction was a long-haired gentleman with a fat, bespectacled face and a round belly. It was Benjamin Franklin; genius, scientist, scholar, inventor, writer, publisher, statesman, and major womanizer. And, I must admit, quite charming. "I am so pleased to see you again." He stepped to my table. "May I have the honor of accompanying you?"

“Please. Have a seat.”

He removed his silly three-corner hat then sat down opposite me. We spent the next few hours chatting and dining. We spent the rest of the evening, until closing, imbibing on the wonderful local ale. It was far superior to the synthetic stuff the government of my time allowed only to be produced.

The next thing I remember was waking up in a strange bed, in an unfamiliar room. I sprang out of the bed, stumbled about for a few seconds, then plopped back on the bed. Oouhh, my head. That local ale had really worked me over. It was an unbelievable change from that synthetic garbage which would barely make a ten-year old giddy. After the pounding in my head began to subside, I slowly sat up. “**Oh poofka!**” That’s when I realized I had done something very stupid the previous evening. I dressed quickly, or at least as quickly as the clothes of the period allowed.

I ran through town hollering at the top of my lungs; folks were beginning to think me a madwoman; searching every home I was familiar with, every saloon, inn, printing shop, book store, and anything else I could think of. I had to find Ben. Unless it was a dream, I had done the unspeakable. I had broken the first rule of time travel. It was still awful fuzzy, but I believe I had taken Benjamin Franklin to my time ship. Yikes! Had it been stupidity, the ale, Ben’s charm, or all of the above?

I finally had to give up. I still needed to build that keyboard. I ambled back to my ship, and that’s where I found him. He was sitting in the pilot’s seat (well, actually it was the only seat), the power was on, and in his hand was the technical printout of the FFB Mark III Time Cruiser. “Good morrow Madam Buffé, lady from the future.” He bowed while remaining seated. “I trust you slept well.”

An elongated, throaty groan was all I could do. What had I done? I rushed to him and snatched the papers from his hands. “What do you think you are doing?”

“After being shown your wonderful ship last evening, I was too excited to sleep. After our interlude I returned here to marvel at your science. This is a wondrous machine. I admit to understanding little of it, but it is a truly spectacular piece of work. It is of your own design?”

“Ummm . . . yeah,” was all I could say. I couldn’t very well be angry at the local genius who praises my work. Well . . . as it worked out, Ben stood patiently behind me, staring intently over my shoulder as I constructed the needed keyboard. Upon wiring it to the computer, it appeared to be functioning correctly.

“How marvelous! Your keyboard is an instantaneous type setting device,” Benjamin expounded as he witnessed the words appear on the ship’s monitors.

I hacked into the system quickly enough and was quite irritated at what I found. “Poofka snorgles!”

“I beg your pardon,” I heard over my shoulder.

I waved my hand and ignored him. The trace signature I found was definitely unique. It couldn’t be mistaken. The Bovine 12000 virus had infected my computer. That stinking Carlotta Bovine, didn’t she have anything better to do than create disaster? I’m glad I slugged her that time. Had this infection occurred a year ago (in my time), I would have just purged it using Dr. Icillin’s Penn Shot program. Last year, however, my computer, Hershey, became the world’s first bioputer. Though it might take days, even weeks, I decided the best course would be a manual purge. The Bovine 12000 was an intelligent virus. It had the ability to move itself at will. I had no idea what might happen if it entered the bio-pathways.

Well . . . Eventually I found and destroyed it, but it took nearly five weeks. During that time I figured what the heck, and allowed Ben to read my archived text files using my old reader pad. I rebooted the computer and brought it back online. “Greetings Fran. Thank you for restoring me.”

“Good heavens!” Ben exclaimed as the reader pad slipped from his hand. “Your machine. It speaks.”

“How do you feel, Hershey?”

“I feel fine. All systems are operating adequately. 98 percent of my resources are available for immediate use.”

“Hershey, this gentleman is Mister Benjamin Franklin. Access your historical memory for information.”



“Greetings Mister Franklin. It is an honor to meet you.”

Ben stood agog for a moment, searching the cabin for who knows what. Finally he spoke. “Good day to you . . . machine.”

“You may call me Hershey.”

Benjamin chuckled delightfully. “Good day, Hershey.” And they held a lengthy and delightful conversation. Hershey was cautious and spoke of only the basics. Ben was satisfied just conversing with a machine.

A few hours later, it was time to leave. I decided to walk Benjamin back to town, and on the hike something most unexpected occurred. “I wish not to speak of indecencies whilst in the presence of a lady, though I fear I shall never again have the opportunity to speak of this subject.”

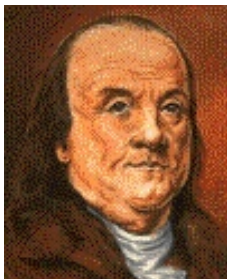
“Please, speak your mind,” I encouraged.

“As I was reading through your files, I perchanced upon an enormous number of tales pertaining to . . .” He seemed rather embarrassed. “Well . . . women’s breasts and their . . . ummm, enlargement.”

“Those. Is that all?” I waved my hand at him. “I don’t mind saying it. I’m a BE-Buddy. Of course, that’s an antiquated name, but I do prefer it.”

“A BE-Buddy?”

“A breast enlargement . . .” I searched for a word he would relate to. “Fancier.”



“You?! You’re a woman!” He was shocked.

“That has nothing to do with it. I love beautiful breasts as much as the next person.”

“Those images. Those incredible images I saw on your pad. Are all the women of your age so endowed?”

I glanced at my own chest—a C-cup. “No,” I told him. “Those women were morphed.”

“Morphed?”

“Oh, umm . . . Morphing is the process used to create those enormous breasts you saw in the photos,” I explained.



“Is this morphing common?”

“Are you kidding?! It’s everywhere. You can’t turn around without someone morphing their favorite model into nothing more than a giant pair of boobs.”

“Boobs?”

“Breasts.”

“Ah.”

“I guess my own interest in BE goes hand in hand with my desire to have a larger bust,” I enlightened him.

“You wish to have your own breasts enlarged?” He seemed amazed, yet extremely intrigued.

“You betcha. The bigger, the better, in my opinion. In fact I’m scheduled for enhancement as soon as I get back.”

“Scheduled?” he questioned.

“Yeah. Snorgling rules and regulations of the poofka government. I would have just done it myself, but the government controls all the genetic coding information, and it would have taken me ten times longer to research and find the correct DNA sequence, so I figured I may as well just go the government route this time.” I suddenly realized Ben was staring at me dumbfounded. He had no idea what I was talking about.

Anyway . . . About an hour later I was back at the FFB Mark III Time Cruiser, and was prepared to head back home. “Are you sure it was wise to interact with Mister Franklin?” Hershey inquired.

“You worry too much, Hershey. He’s a scientist. What could happen?”

.....

## *Misadventure at the Recoding Clinic*

.....

I awoke, bleary eyed, and sat on the edge of the bed until I could see the clock on the bedside stand. I was not a morning person. In fact, I usually didn't make it to bed until about three, four, or five in the morning. Had I been a morning person, I would have been hysterical. The clock showed 7:00 am. I was due at the clinic by eight, and I had asked Hershey to wake me at six. "Hershey," I groaned. "Why didn't you wake me? I'm going to be late." I rose to my feet and stumbled about the room, frantically dressing.

"There was no need to awaken you. We need to talk."

"What do you mean there was no need to awaken me? I told you I needed up at six. I have that appointment today. Are you feeling alright? Are you still infected with that virus?"

"I feel fine. All systems are operating adequately. 99.3 percent of my resources are available for immediate use." I was now in the lab and heading for the door. "We need to talk."

"Hershey, I haven't got time to talk."

"We need to talk about the trip, Fran. It is most urgent."

"Not now! We'll talk when I get back. I'll barely make it to the clinic in time, and if I miss this appointment the snorgling government will make me wait another year." I opened the door and stepped through. Just before it closed behind me, I heard Hershey again.

"Take extra care, Fran."

The traffic was surprisingly light and I was able to arrive at the clinic five minutes before my appointment. "♪ Big breasts . . . ♪ Big breasts . . . ♪ I'm gonna get big breasts . . . ♪ They'll grow, and grow, ♪ and grow, and grow, ♪ until they're huge and firm ♪ . . ." [Sung to the theme song of "Bewitched".] I was as giddy as a schoolgirl. I was going to go from a C- to an F-cup (That is what I had requested.) within a matter of minutes. Weehee!!

Hmmm . . . They must have done some remodeling since I was there last. The doors to the clinic were at least three times wider than I remembered. I stepped to the doors and they quickly slid open. “Holy poofka snorgles . . .” I managed as my breath was taken away. My heart fluttered, my legs went limp, and I barely had the strength to stand.

“Excuse me, please,” I heard a timid voice say.

“Uh . . . yes . . . of course,” I mumbled, stepping backward. Two steps later, I was flat on my butt after tripping over something . . . probably my own feet.

“Oh dear. Are you alright?”

I sat there, too twittered and excited to speak. My head nodded of its own accord as my eyes held firmly on the most incredible sight I had seen in my entire life. Strolling passed me was a pair of– . . . Sorry. Strolling in front of me, through the doorway, was a woman with an undescribable pair of breasts. They were enormous! They swelled out four feet in front of her, their firm roundness reaching down to her waist. Her majestic nipples puffed outward against her yellow **Brutex**<sup>®</sup> mini-dress at least two inches.

**BRUNNER**  
*TEXTILES*  
**100% synthetic**  
Clothing or now  
and the future

**Brutex**<sup>®</sup>  
**clothing**  
Self-cleaning  
One size  
fits all

[www.Cover.Me.with.Brutex.Biz](http://www.Cover.Me.with.Brutex.Biz)

Ohhh! I hate those instant Call-N-Pop ads. Why doesn't the snorgling government outlaw those things!? . . . Sorry. Where was I? Oh, yes . . . the woman in the yellow **Bru**– The yellow mini-dress. Okay, so I was wrong. They were



describable. They also made an unarguable testimony to **Br•••x's** claim that “one size fits all.”

Her breasts, in themselves, were amazing enough, but then there was the gadget. It was almost as amazing, yet extremely simplistic. It had an appearance similar to the front half of a

bicycle. There was a very large cushion on which her splendid breasts were resting. Her breasts were strapped to the cushion to prevent their falling. Under the cushion, in the center, there was a bar leading to a wheel which rolled on the ground. On either side was a handlebar used to steer the wheel. The gadget was very practical. It offered the woman the support her colossal breasts demanded, and the mobility they otherwise would not have allowed.

I sat there and watched as she wheeled her stupendous breasts passed me and down the sidewalk. She appeared very adept at using her gadget. And she seemed in no way embarrassed by her size, nor did she exude immoderate pride; she was very nonchalant.

Like the doors, the reception room also appeared to have been tripled. Strange though; it appeared to have the same number of chairs as before—all of which were empty. In the center of the room was a holo-ad display proclaiming, “New models have arrived!” I stopped for a moment and watched. It showed a woman strolling by, using the gadget I had just seen. “The original B00byCycle® is now better than ever!” the announcer proclaimed. “It’s now available with Magic-Finger® cushions, Dondralic® suspension, a headlight, and the color of your choice!” The woman in the holo-ad disappeared and was replaced by another. The new woman was just as endowed, and was using a slightly different gadget. “New from B00byCycle® . . . The B00byScooter™! Haven’t quite got the strength to push your cycle? Well, now you don’t have to. The revolutionary, motorized, go-anywhere B00byScooter™ is available with three-, five-, and seven-horse power, environment-friendly engines.” I didn’t wait for the ad to finish, but turned and headed across the room. As I reached the desk, I heard the holo-ad announcer say something about a B00byBarge™.

Wow! This was an incredible day. The receptionist was sitting six feet behind the desk, yet her breasts were resting on the desk, obscuring the entire top, and continuing over the edges by several inches. They were larger, fuller, yet just as firm as the last pair I had seen. I stood there, my eyes affixed to their beauty, their gentle undulation with each breath she took.

The bigger, the better had always been my belief, but I was beginning to wonder. Were it possible, I wouldn’t have minded trying out a size like those for a day or two, or even a week.

The waiting list for DNA recoding was at least a year, depending on what you wanted done, (Of course, if you're a government officer, then you can get recoded a dozen times a day if you want—snorgling government!) and being that size for a year would have been a terrible inconvenience. I was still just going to go for the F-cup. I sighed deeply.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't hear you come in." The receptionist rested her pad atop her generous breasts and glanced across her expanse to me. "Oh, grevengruber. Has your morpher malfunctioned? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," I answered, puzzled. "I'm here for DNA enhancement. Specifically, breast enlargement."

"Well . . . of course. That's obvious." What? Just what the heck was that supposed to mean? Just because I wasn't as large as she, that was no reason— "Has your morpher malfunctioned? Does it need to be repaired or replaced?" Morpher? What the heck was she talking about? I then saw her aim her arm at me and punch two buttons on her data bracelet. "Yep. It's malfunctioning, alright."

"You must have me confused with someone else. I'm Fran Buffé. I have an eight o'clock recoding appointment," I explained.

"Appointment? No. You needn't have made an appointment. In emergencies such as yours, we will see you immediately. That's the law."

"The law?" Now I was more confused than ever. "I was informed that there was a year-long waiting list for breast enhancement."

"What? A waiting list?" Her twisted expression told me she was as confused as I. She held her wrist to her mouth and spoke into her data bracelet. "Umm . . . Doctor Fondauders . . . I think you should come out here."

A moment later we were joined by a woman who looked as far from the stereotypical doctor image as you could get. She was tall—six-foot even, I suspected. She had carnation pink hair in a "Sailor Moon" styling. Though she was wearing the standard white lab coat, it was unbuttoned and opened wide. Underneath she was wearing a pink, feathery bikini, which matched the color of her hair, and displayed her ample, F-cup breasts, and the rest of her perfect

body, delightfully. On her feet she wore a pair of *Cindy Slippers*<sup>®</sup> with 4½ inch heels.

Ohhh! Snorgles! Anyway . . . The doctor was wearing (what else?) the pink version. Transparent, of course.

“Oh dear,” she commented as she saw me. “Come with me. We’ll fix ya up in a jiffy.” I stood there, not quite knowing what to do. “Come on,” she coaxed. “No need to be embarrassed. It’s not your fault.” What wasn’t my fault?

She turned and headed down the hall and I followed, still unsure. “It’s not very common, but the morpher units have been known to malfunction. Do you know which model you have?”

“Are you the doctor?” I was rather curt. But then, I was rather irate at all this talk about things which I knew nothing of.

“That I am dear. . . . Oh, I see. You’re worried by my appearance. Well, fear not child. I am a doctor of medicine, psychiatry, and DNA coding. I studied at W.A.S.S., Bellevue, and Kevorkian Memorial.” Wow. Impressive. I schooled at the World Academy of Scientific Stuff myself, but I wasn’t worried about her credentials. We stopped near the end of the hall, and she continued. “If you need references, I’ve been allowed to mention a few patients by name. For instance . . . I recoded Arnie Swashbuckler.”

“The actor?!” I blurted. He was a dead ringer for last century’s muscle-bound mega-movie star, Arnold Shortsablazen—I think that was his name. I don’t know why I was surprised. Being recoded to resemble past celebrities was quite popular. Carlotta Bovine is notorious for that. She began the Marilyn Monroe craze; then a year later recoded to resemble Mamie Van Doren; then went to the Jayne Mansfield look; then became a lookalike of the incredible four-foot-even sex symbol with the 82-inch bustline, Frumpella Flatsey (Frumpella, though she had a most beautiful face, due to her height, was often seen as a walking pair of breasts, which was quite understandable actually, for that is what she looked like, especially when coming straight toward you.); and currently she was sporting the Tina Small look. (Carlotta always went



overboard on everything.) And after what I'd seen today, I wouldn't be at all surprised if she had already scheduled another appointment.

The doctor nodded. "I've recoded the girly-boy singer, Mister Michelle Jacks dozens of times; and, of course, I've enhanced every centerfold model of *Research & Development* since issue one-thousand."

"One-thousand!?! How old are you?"

"I'm seventy-six," she told me. Wow. She didn't look to be twenty-five. "If you're interested in my coding techniques, I've written several articles for *The Old Morpher's Almanac*."

"You've written articles on your DNA coding?" How was that possible? Why didn't I find them before? And what was this *Old Morpher's Almanac*? "The government let you do that?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't they?"

My mouth dropped open. Duh. Was she stupid, or what? "All genetic coding information is classified and controlled by the government," I reminded her.

"When did this happen?" She was genuinely surprised.

"Since always."

"No. You're confused." Well . . . that was true, but still . . . "You're thinking of the Federal Bureau of Morphing." The what? "They regulate the morpher units and the MA certifications."

Hmmm. I still wasn't sure about these morpher units, but things were beginning to gel. The doorway beside us slid open and we stepped through. Wow! The room was huge—as large as an airship hanger. There was only one med-chair in the room, and it was occupied, and another doctor was beside the patient. "This will only take a moment," that doctor told that patient.

The patient was young, or at least looked young, and was wearing a lavender **Br•••x** knit mini-dress. Her skin took on a greenish hue, and her face seemed to melt, and, for a moment, was featureless. It then quickly reformed to resemble the comic book character **She-Hulk**. Her



height increased; her arms thickened—larger than my thighs; her legs bulged, becoming truly enormous! She barely fit in the chair. Her already large breasts quadrupled in volume. A second later the scanner swept in front of her, and the doctor announced, “That does it, Missis Sherbet.”

Missis Sherbet stood up and was positively **HUGE!** She was well over seven-foot tall, with shoulders four-foot wide. She stepped in front of the mirror and stood akimbo, her legs apart, and took a deep breath. Her gigantic breasts swelled even more. **WOW!!** She looked fabulous. Especially in that lavender, body-hugging, one-size-fits-all mini-dress. I don’t know if it was the lavender dress against her now green skin, or if it was her over-all physique, but I got a tremendous rush.

She looked down at herself, and over each shoulder, then explored her new body with her hands. She felt her rock-hard abs; the round firmness of her buttocks; her powerful thighs; her soft, yet firm breasts. Missis Sherbet felt her face, and smiled delightfully. “Oh, this is much better than I ever dreamt,” she wept. “You’re a genius, Doctor Banner. I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to repay you.”

“I’m just pleased you’re happy,” replied Dr. Banner.

As they passed us on their way out, I gave Missis Sherbet a double thumbs up. She gave me a sparkling, toothy grin and returned it. I’m sure she had just started a new craze.

The doctor led me to the med-chair. “Have a seat Miss Buffé, and we’ll get started. It shouldn’t take more than ten minutes.” I sat down and the scanner swept in front of me. A moment later the doctor eyed me nervously. She pressed a button on her data bracelet and took a step back. “You’re a renegade.”

I wasn’t sure if it was a question or an accusation. “I beg your pardon.”

“You had your morpher unit removed. I’m familiar with all the arguments your group has propounded, and I do not agree at all with its ideology. Morphing is no different than being



recoded in a clinic. I'll have to implant another one. That's the law."

"Whoa! Hold it, Doc. I don't want any sort of implants. I came here to have my breasts enlarged."

"Then what do you have against morpher units? Why have yours removed and brand yourself a criminal?"

"Look. I have no idea what a morphing unit is, but if the snorgling government says I hafta have one, you can bet your FooFoo® brassiere I don't want it. I came here to get recoded for larger breasts, not to get some sort of poofka government implant!" What? No Call-N-Pop ad? The world's only commercial brassiere which is stitched with 18-carat gold thread doesn't have a Call-N-Pop ad?

It was then the huge hanger doors slid open. **YIKES!** In ran two government ghosters. I jumped out of the med-chair. Double **YIKES!!** They had their **Wunder-Puff Rifles®** drawn and glowing red. I froze.

The ghosters came closer. The man stopped a foot away, with his **Wunder-Puff** aimed

straight at me. The woman ghoster was standing a little further back. She had to. She apparently had had a Lolo Ferrari recoding done. "Is this the renegade?" the man asked the doctor.

The woman ghoster rolled her eyes. "What are you, some kind of magoomba head?" She motioned at me with her rifle which caused her massive orbs to quake. "Just look at her, idiot!"

"Hey! What kind of wise crack is that?!" I knew what she was implying, and if she hadn't have been holding that rifle, I would have slugged her.

"Shut up, criminal!" Geez, what a hothead. "Let's just crispy-fry her, and be done with it." Uh oh!



Planning a revolution? Choose  
**Wunder-Puff Rifles®**  
when you want total annihilation  
THE GOVERNMENT'S WEAPON OF CHOICE  
[www.Armageddon.gov](http://www.Armageddon.gov)

“You know we can’t do that yet,” the guy said.

“Yeah. What he said,” I added.

“Shut up!”

“Look, renegade, why don’t you just let the doctor implant a new morpher unit, then everything will be just smurfy,” the guy suggested. Smurfy? Who talks like that?

“Hey. It’s like I told the doc, I don’t know what a morphing unit is, but if the government says I need one, I don’t want it,” I explained.

“Okay. We can crispy-fry her now.” Two red dots materialized on my chest from their targeting lasers.

“Whoa! Wait a minute! Hold it!

Ummm . . .” Well, now what? Think fast, Miss Genius. Suddenly, it came to me. Confusion to the enemy! I took a cautious step back, then another. The ghosters glared. And I broke into song. “♪ Hello ghoster . . . ♪ Hello ghoster . . . ♪ Greetings to you . . . from your prisoner ♪.” [\[Sung to the tune, “My Sax and Me”.\]](#) I then proceeded with a dance number while continuing the improvised lyrics.

“Alright! Knock it off! This ain’t no musical!” the bosomy ghoster ordered.

I came to a screeching halt, then stepped right up against her enormous boobs, and eyed her sternly. “Listen lady . . .” I poked her with a finger. Her breasts were surprisingly firm. “This is my story, and if I wanna put a musical dance number in it, I snorglin’ will.” She sneered and growled.

“Please continue. I’m enjoying it,” the other ghoster told me.

“Why, aren’t you sweet.” I then started again from the top. “♪ Hello ghoster . . . ♪ Hello ghoster . . .” As I sang and danced, I made my way to the open hanger doors. When I reached them—**POOF**—there was nothing but a dust cloud where I had been standing.

My feet were pounding the pavement as they carried me to the underground parking area. After entering the garage, I tripped and tumbled about ten feet. I stopped a second and got my bearings. Suddenly, the car behind me disappeared and in its place was an inch pile of ashes.



**YIKES!** I glanced at the entrance as I scrambled to my feet. The man ghoster was running through the doors. The woman was nowhere in sight. For obvious reasons, she wasn't a very fast runner. I scrambled between two cars, rounded a couple more, then came to a stop, crouching between two trucks. I tried to quiet my breathing and my pounding heart. It didn't work very well, and a moment later a pair of government boots appeared in front of me. "Oh, poofka," I whispered.

Raising my head, I found the barrel of the **Wunder-Puff** staring at me from only an inch away. I grimaced and closed my eyes tight, waiting, wondering if I'd feel anything. I heard a noise, and flinched. Nothing happened. "Let's go. Hurry!" I heard. When I opened my eyes, I was totally confused. The ghoster was sprawled on the floor, unconscious. Standing over him, with his rifle in her hands was non other than . . .

"Carlotta?!" I was truly confused and surprised.

"The name's Tanji. Let's go. Now!" She grabbed my arm, yanking me to my feet.

"Who are you?"



"That other ghoster is gonna be here any moment, so unless you wanna be crispy-fried, I suggest you follow me and shut up." I followed her suggestion. We ran through the garage, and down to the lowest level. If we hadn't have been running for our lives, I would have found Tanji's actions uproarious. I didn't know what brand of bra she was wearing, but it was struggling to constrain her "Tina Small" mounds which looked like two wildcats in a fight.

Anyway . . . As we stopped beside the east wall, my rescuer glanced about with the rifle at the ready. Secure that we were in sight of no one, she slung the rifle, turned and quickly removed one of the four-by-four wall panels. Behind it was a roughed-out tunnel. "Get in." I stared at her. "Move it!" she demanded. I did, and she climbed in behind me, replacing the panel.

"Where are we?" I asked as she turned back toward me. Wow! With the tunnel being roughly four foot in height, we had to stand bending over. Her awesome breasts, even in their bra, hung to her knees. I didn't know how she could maneuver with them.

“Move. We’ll discuss geography later.”

A hundred yards later, I stepped into a large room and stood up. A **Wunder-Puff** was trained on either side of my head. I didn’t move. “It’s okay. She’s with me,” Tanji apprized as she entered the room behind me.

The rifles lowered, and I took the opportunity to glance about the room. The room was huge. About 10,000 square feet. It appeared to be a high-tech laboratory, well equipped enough to rival my own lab. They even had a med-chair. I followed Tanji (as if I had a choice) as she crossed the room and added the stolen rifle to a cache of others. She then took a seat in the med-chair and proceeded to explain things as she was recorded.

This band of fourteen women were the local fraction of renegades, of which I had been accused of being. They called themselves the “**Anti-Morpher-Society**®.” They had no objections to DNA recoding in general; they were against the forced use of morpher units.

Anyone, man or woman of legal age, or those minors with guardian consent, could have their DNA recoded into any personal preference they wished—provided it was within the governmental guidelines (which, strangely, covered an extremely wide range.) The morpher units were another matter entirely. The units were miniaturized (100 microns square and half as thick) DNA recoding motors that were implanted somewhere in a female’s body the day they were born. When she reached the age of majority, if mother nature had not “completed” her, the morpher unit would increase her breasts to an F-cup. All women of the legal age, by law were allowed to have breasts no smaller than an F-cup. Also, any man (or woman who was MA (*Morpher Accessible*) certified) could access the morpher unit of any woman at any time, increasing or decreasing her breasts instantly. All he need do was aim his data bracelet at the woman and input the desired size. The global positioning satellites, the world wide web, the world power grid, and the FBM’s (Federal Bureau of Morphing) Colossus TC® main-frame took over; and, in less than a second, the morpher unit would begin to recode the target’s DNA, morphing her breasts to whatever size ordered. The morphing units had been in use for just over a hundred years.

I had a queasy feeling in my stomach. This definitely wasn’t my history.

Tanji stood up from the med-chair, her “Tina Small” coding erased. She was back to her natural self, plus a little extra to help her pass in public. It was suggested that I get a little extra so I could pass also. I didn’t hesitate in the least. After all, I had awoken that day fully intent on being recoded. I found it ironic that my wishes were exactly what the government demanded—an F-cup.

I slipped into the med-chair and the scanner passed in front of me. The computer merged my bio information into the DNA recoding program. Tanji gave the breast enhancement subroutine the desired instructions, and I heard the chair click. The endorphin rush was intense. It was like nothing I had experienced before. It was . . . I can’t even describe it. “That’s it,” I heard from somewhere.

I reached up to hold my forehead, but my hand hit my boob instead. “What the—?” Glancing down, I received a thrill. Yes! Underneath my white tank-top, which was stretched tight, was a pair of F-cup boobs. I stood up quickly and was hit by a wave of dizziness, and nearly fell over.

Tanji grabbed and steadied me. “Your first recoding?” she asked. I nodded. “The effects of the endorphins will subside in a second.” When it did, I was rather disappointed. I had been looking forward to experiencing my enlargement. I wanted to realize my breasts were enlarging; wanted to feel their flesh growing; their milk increasing; I wanted to see them swell. I was told, the more I underwent recoding, the more I’d be able to experience these things. I was also informed that the morpher units induced a great rapture when they recoded.

.....

## *Spacial Arrangements*

.....

When night fell, Tanji led me out, and I headed back to my robo-car. My mind was preoccupied while strolling through the garage. I was enthralled with my new breasts. My head lowered, my eyes were fixed on my copious orbs, watching as they bounced and jiggled with each step I took. Wow. I was impressed . . . and extremely giddy. Bouncy, bouncy, bouncy . . . wiggly, wobbly, whoopsy-day. My smile threatened to swallow my face. Just then—WHAM! It felt as if something split my head in two. My eyes went wet and blurry, and I dropped to the cement. Several minutes later, after my focus returned, I realized I had walked right into one of the support double I-beams. “Oooohh . . . grevengruber.” I sat there a few minutes more, my hands holding my throbbing forehead, my breasts resting in my lap, and my face lowered against my own cleavage.

I managed to reach my robo-car, though my head was still pounding. I touched a button on my data bracelet and the door swung open. “Oooww!” The edge of the door went right across the front of my now ample bosom, tweaking both nipples painfully. My arms wrapped around my auspicious mounds, pressing firmly on my pain-wracked nipples. I spun about on my left heel. “Ow. Ow. Ow.”

Okay . . . Let’s recap. One: Big boobs can be painful, one way or another. And two: Remember to adjust your perspective. I should mention; that this second thing will take some time to accomplish. I stepped into my midnight-blue Yikovox® Mini<sup>4</sup> robo-car. While I wasn’t being constricted, I certainly wasn’t as comfortable as I had



been. Not that they were really comfortable to start with. They were barely more than three and a half feet high, and no larger than your average bathtub. I guess I would have to upgrade to a Mini<sup>5</sup>.

Oh, cool . . . graphics; but I still hate them. I guess the next step will be Call-N-Pop holo-ads. Those would *really* be annoying.

I leaned back in the seat and took a deep breath. The pain from the last few minutes was still there, but slowly subsiding. “Home, James,” I instructed of the car. The robo-car took off, and I raised Hershey on my data-bracelet.

“Yes, Fran? Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. Thank you. But we need to talk.”

“I believe I mentioned that this morning.”

“Alright, don’t rub it in,” I insisted. “I have some things I’d like you to do. First, compare the current history with the original history and find out what the heck happened.”

“That task was completed before you awoke this morning. The corruption occurred—”

“Not now, Hershey. I’m on my way home. We’ll talk then. In the meanwhile, archive all current historical data in a time-flux lock, and label it as ‘time line error one.’ Then do the same for all private and personal systems with any information regarding DNA coding, morpher units, and a periodical called, *The Old Morpher’s Almanac*.”

An hour later, the door to my garage was closing and I was stepping out of my robo-car. I strolled across the garage and opened the door to the lab and . . . “**YEOW!** Poofka snorgles!” I did it again. I opened the door right on my breasts. I grabbed my boobs and twirled about, stamping my feet. Snorgling antique doors. I always knew I should have replaced those things with auto-slide doors.

“Good evening, Fran,” I was greeted as I finally entered the room.

“Hi, Hershey.”

“Oh dear! Your forehead is sundered. Are you alright? I hope your recoding wasn’t at the . . . shall we say, insistence of the government. You don’t have a morpher unit, do you.”

“I’m fine,” I reassured. “Let me change, then we’ll talk.” I strolled through the lab, to



my bedroom, where I slipped into something more comfortable—namely an old pair of sweat pants and a V-neck T-shirt.

Hershey gave me a wolf whistle. “Wow! Your new breasts look fabulous, Fran.”

“Knock it off.”

I took the tiny container which held the morpher unit Tanji loaned me for study, and headed back into the lab. It was the one removed from her; a “Fun-time Bimbetta” model. Using a magnifier and forceps, I removed the morpher unit and placed it on the holographic-thermal imaging-magnetic resonance-X-ray-particle beam-bio scanner. Grevengruber; I really need to come up with an acronym for that! “Take a look at that, and print out a schematics.”

We talked on an epic proportion, discussing all that I had seen and done, and all that Hershey had uncovered. We talked, and conjectured, and discussed, and theorized, and argued far into the night, and into the morning.

The time line, in actuality, had not been corrupted, but rather it was perceived as such by Hershey and myself, because we had been transported, for lack of a better term, to a parallel continuum.

“Fran,” Hershey said. “If your theory is correct, and the time line hasn’t really changed, but rather we have shifted to a different time continuum, what umm . . . What happened to the original you and I from this time line?”

“Hershey. This is just a story. Work with me here.”

In my original time line, in 1792, Benjamin Franklin and Robert Johnson published a little thing known as *The Farmer’s Almanac*, which had been published every year since. The first *Farmer’s Almanac* had become, after Ben read my BE files, and conversed with me, *The Morpher’s Almanac*. Hundreds of years later, the ideas in that first publication had grown, been misconstrued, elaborated on, and twisted into a world full of forced F-cups and morpher units.

Sleep was beginning to roll in, like a fog over the Scottish moors. And on top of that, all my thinking had given me a terrible headache. I stood up, stretched and yawned. “Hershey, let’s finish this later. I’m goin’ ta bed. Goodnight.”

“Sleep well, Fran.”

I dragged myself into the bedroom, undressed sleepily, and fell forward on the bed, my face disappeared in the pillow. “Ooow,” I mumbled as a pang sprang from my breasts.

“Fran. Are you alright?”

I sat up and rubbed my breasts. “I guess sleeping on my stomach is out from now on,” I said to Hershey and myself. I guess, I could have cut a big hole in the mattress and let my breasts dangle through. That didn’t sound very comfortable either. The “breast pocket” suddenly popped into my head, and I decided I would construct it immediately after I awoke. It would be more than just a hole in the mattress, but a pocket which would provide warmth and support. I was sure I could register it; and I was sure it would sell—especially in this time line. Perhaps I could use **Brutex**<sup>®</sup> (I have an ad-arrest dampening field around my home.) to accommodate breasts of every size.

I flopped over on my side, and although I was dead tired, I had difficulty getting to sleep. My boobs were always in the way. No matter how I laid, there they were. And I wanted desperately to lay on my stomach, as I usually did.

.....

## *The Bimbo Effect*

.....

“Fran. Wake up. Fran. **Wake up!**”

“Huuuhh . . .” My head was full of oatmeal; I couldn’t focus my eyes; and I didn’t have the strength to even lift my arms. I was sure I hadn’t had an hour’s sleep.

“Fran. Hurry! Get up! Government ghosters are here.”

Yikes! I rolled out of bed and tumbled to the floor. Scrambling about, I found a pair of panties and, while urgently putting them on, crashed to the floor yet again. The ghosters were banging on my laboratory door. “**Open up, by order of the government!**” (Whatever happened to open up in the name of the law?) I was sure they would break through the door at any second.

“I’m coming!” I yelled, as I scrambled into the lab and headed for the door.

“Fran. The morphing unit,” Hershey reminded me.

“Snorgles!” A quick change of direction brought my feet out from under me, and I landed on the floor for the third time that morning. I scrambled back to my feet and across the room. The ghosters were still beating on the door. I grabbed the morpher unit off the scanner. “Hershey, encrypt all files immediately, and be quiet.” Heading back to the door, I quickly searched the room, making sure nothing illegal was visible. I reached the door, then on impulse, pulled out the front of my panties, and dropped the nearly invisible morphing unit into them, letting them snap back in place.

Suddenly the door to my lab disappeared and was replaced with a line of ashes. On the other side of the doorframe stood the two ghosters who I had encountered the day before. “Hey! You didn’t have to do that. I was about ta open it.”

“Shut up!” the woman said. Well, at least she was still pleasant and polite. The two ghosters barged through the doorway, forcing me back several feet. “Ha! How pathetic. Do you think your little recoding disguise can fool us? We know you’re the renegade.” They powered

up their **Wunder-Puff Rifles**<sup>®</sup>, and immediately they were glowing red. Yikes!

I decided on a different tactic this time. I stepped up to the Lolo look-alike and poked her left boob. “Look lady . . . I don’t know who you think I am, but if you don’t get out of here, I’m reporting you. And I’m billing the government for a new door.”

“Gee lady, we’re sorry. We thought you were one of those **Anti-Morpher-Society**<sup>®</sup> wacko-type criminals.”

The woman ghoster shook her head and rolled her eyes, then slowly turned to look at her partner. “You’re the biggest magoomba head I’ve ever been teamed with. She’s the same renegade who knocked you over the head yesterday!”

“No she isn’t.”

“Yeah. What he said.”

“Shut up!” she hollered at me. “You shut up too,” she ordered her partner. “There’s only one way to settle this.” Uh oh. That didn’t sound good. She flung her rifle around her copious orbs. I flinched, and she smirked. She then slung her rifle and raised her data bracelet. Oh, great! Apparently they weren’t carrying a portable bio-scanner; and, being a ghoster, she had to be MA certified. As soon as she punched those buttons, and I didn’t morph, the truth would be known, and they’d crispy-fry me quicker than you could say Oompa-Loompa. She punched them. I closed my eyes tight and grimaced. . . waiting.



The sensation was immediate. It started as a hot flash, then quickly transformed into a tickle between my legs. I blurted out a giggle, and my legs flailed about, barely holding me up. The sensation travelled up my body, causing me to shiver. The tickle enveloped my breasts quickly changing into a warm, sensual awareness. My eyes opened, and I saw my nipples erect and enticing. My breasts grew a cup size right before my eyes. The feeling was orgasmic, truly. My breasts continued expanding—another cup size, and another. The sensation was exquisite. It was as if I was being made love to, as if both nipples were being suckled. My mind was swirling, my

thoughts were incoherent, and I could barely stand on my feet. My hands raised, spread across the sides of my breasts to my nipples. Just as quickly as it began, the sensations ended. I suddenly realized I was standing with my arms outstretched, my nipples between my fingers. My face flushed, and I dropped my hands very hastily.

“Well . . . It appears we were wrong. You’re not a renegade,” the Lolo ghoster commented. The two turned and walked back through the doorway.

The man glanced over his shoulder to me. “Sorry about your door.” And they were gone. Snorglin’ ghosters!

I stood there, not knowing quite what to do. My eyes seemed transfixed on the horizon of my breasts. My hands reached out and touched my nipples, which were a good foot from my chest, bringing me an electrifying tingle. My fingers swirled around my nipples, spiraling to my areolas, eventually my hands began to massage my entire breasts. They were surprisingly sensitive and produced sensations far beyond the norm. My new breasts were round and firm, extending past my ribs on each side, and curving down to my navel. They looked **fabulous!** But talk about heavy. I was five-foot-five, and not very strong. More importantly however . . . How the poofka snorgles did I get them?

Apparently the morpher unit needed only to be in contact with you, and not fully implanted. Hmmm . . . I pulled the front of my panties out and looked down. An inch from my nose I saw two fabulous boobs! Gee whiz, what an idiot. I hoped my IQ hadn’t drop when my bust size raised. I couldn’t even see my panties. I twirled to head for my bedroom and a mirror, and nearly lost my balance.

“Whoa. Careful, Fran,” Hershey said. “You’re not an F-cup anymore.” Duh. “And, may I say . . . you look exquisite.”

I blushed all over, which was strange. Hershey had seen me in the buff, day in and day out. “Thank you,” I said, then giggled, bubbly, like some sort of air-head bimbo. Where did that come from? Uh oh.

I dashed off to the bedroom with a new sense of urgency, carrying my humongous boobs in my arms, trying to keep them from bouncing all over. I smashed into the mirror then took a

step back. This perspective thing was going to be more troublesome than I anticipated. After carefully removing my panties, and checking them thoroughly . . . to no avail, I tossed them aside, and proceeded to check myself—again to no avail. Where was that snorgling morpher unit? I knew where it had to be, though I hoped I was wrong. I dropped my head and ambled back into the lab.

“Couldn’t find the morpher unit?” Hershey asked. I shook my head. “You don’t suppose—”

“I certainly do,” I interjected.

“Would you like me to run a scan?”

“Please.” I crossed the room to the scanner, and hopped onto the table.

Hershey ran a bio scan. “Yes. You umm . . . swallowed it.” Oh, great! “It also appears to have attached itself, and I do believe it shall require surgery for removal.” Oh poofka snorgles! This was just great! Just great!

Being an M.D., the actual surgery was simple. However, seeing where the chip was located, a self-performed operation would have been an arduous task, if not impossible. On the other hand, a telepresence surgeon would have made the task a snap. I could have laid comfortably in a med-chair while manipulating the telepresence surgeon without painfully contorting by arms or body. Unfortunately, not being a practicing doctor, I never ordered a TPS kit. I could, of course, have built one, but that would have taken just as long as ordering one.

I sat there, my legs hanging over the side of the table, and my voluminous breasts resting in my lap. I laid my arms atop my boobs and rested my chin on the back of them. I thought—pushing all the now superfluous projects out of my head. . . . Nothing was coming to mind. I decided it would be better if I was busy. I thought better when I was busy.

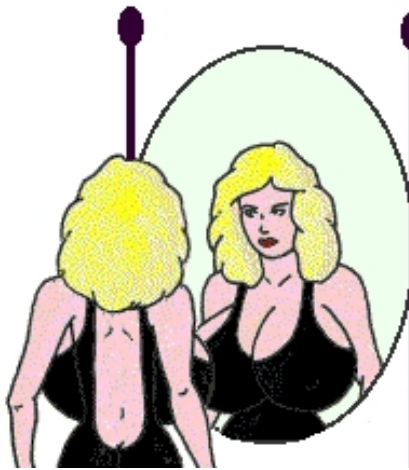
I grabbed the porta-laser, some clothing glue, a scrap piece of black **Brutex**<sup>®</sup>, and some



tri-poly quattro-foam, and headed for the bedroom. I dropped everything halfway there, managed to collect them again, and struggled to carry them and my troublesome breasts the rest of the way. Not quite being able to see what I was doing, I cut a hole in the mattress, and proceeded to create my breast pocket. It was an arduous task, to say the least. It wasn't long before I tired of fighting my breasts, and just flopped backward on the bed, the job only half complete— my arms splayed, and my boobs bobbed about in a delightful display.

I liked big boobs, but this was getting ridiculous. I kept injuring myself; I couldn't sleep; they were always in the way, and I couldn't do anything. My hands reached up and tweaked my luscious nipples. I giggled childishly. My breasts were quite lovely, and pleasantly sensitive. My fingers massaged my nipples and danced over my glorious mounds, sending waves of ecstasy through me. I moaned deliriously. Oh grevengruber! I was becoming an air-head bimbo! It was then I bolted upright; my breasts caromed off my thighs. A solution had inexplicably popped into my head. A time bomb! A *time* time bomb.

Searching my dresser and closet for something to wear was quite a task. I wasn't much of a clothes horse. My wardrobe consisted mainly of faded, patched, denim skirts and white V-neck T-shirts. Aside from three new T-shirts, in anticipation of my new F-cup breasts, I hadn't bought any new clothes for two years. I didn't have the time for life's little details. My new T-shirts weren't large enough for my new immane mounds. Then I remembered. In the back of my closet was a black evening gown I had sewn out of **Brutex**<sup>®</sup>.



It would fit. Its miracle-stretch fabric made it so that “one size fits all.” I had made it to wear to a symposium I had been invited to speak at, but failed to attend due to forgetfulness. I slipped it on, and it fit just fine— of course. I searched a little longer and found my four-inch heeled, transparent black *Cindy Slippers*<sup>®</sup>. Well. . . after all, I couldn't very well be seen in my evening gown while wearing my moccasins. That would be silly. A girl's gotta look presentable. Oooh! This bimbo

routine was getting tiresome. I had to fix it fast!

I stepped to the mirror and gave myself the once over, twice. “You look lovely, Fran.”

“Thanks, Hershey.” I looked again, and I had to agree. And that wasn’t the bimbo talking. I looked more feminine than I ever thought possible.



.....

## *A Meeting With Carlotta Bovine*

.....

I punched up my data bracelet and ordered some new doors. The man said they would have my entire home refitted within the hour. Cool. I chasséd to the garage and slowly squeezed into my Mini<sup>4</sup>. I barely managed to close the door, and there was no two ways about it; I had to upgrade to a Mini<sup>5</sup>. I felt like I was wearing a B-cup bra—made out of **Franlar**<sup>®</sup> no less. Ooow!

Barely managing to reach my data bracelet, I called the **YikOVox**<sup>®</sup> dealership. The salesman suggested their new prototype, the **ReSiZeR**<sup>100</sup>. It was designed specifically for women. It had the styling and comfort of the **Action250** and the economy of the Minis. And it could accommodate *any* woman, as it would actually resize itself to fit the owner's proportions. Wow. That was useful, I thought, especially in this time line. "James; to the **YikOVox**<sup>®</sup> dealership, as quick as possible." And we were off.

My robo-car pulled into the lot and stopped. "We have arrived, Madam." The door popped open, and I sat there . . . stuck. I finally managed to snake my arm out, and the rest of me followed. And I fell to the ground, my boobs bobbling every which way.

"Please, allow me to help, Miss . . ." I heard. A hand reached out and took mine.

I glanced up and saw a very handsome salesman. I smiled. "Buffé," I offered. And he pulled me to my feet. Wow. I definitely needed to get out more.

"You didn't soil your gown, did you?" Huh? I just stood there, staring at his gorgeous blue eyes. "So, are you here to upgrade your Mini?" he asked finally letting go of my hand.

"Uhh . . . yeah . . . I think I need a Mini<sup>5</sup>, please."

"I don't know why we ever produced those Minis. I've never seen a man drive one, and only flat chested, F-cup ladies could be comfortable in them." Flat chested, F-cups? That sure snapped me out of my daze. And an idea sneaked into my head. "Say . . ." I stepped as close as I could, and put on a coy, innocent act. "You wouldn't want to do me a teensy little favor,

would you? I would be ever so grateful.”

“Why sure, little lady.”

I reached out and rubbed his shoulder. “You wouldn’t want to morph me to an F-cup, would you?”

“An F-cup! Why on earth would you want to be so flat?” He seemed to shudder involuntarily. “Eeee. If you’re having trouble fitting into your Mini, I could have you driving a new ReSiZeR<sup>100</sup> in a matter of minutes.” What a schmuck! “You know; you do have lovely tits for as small as they are.”

Suddenly, the bimbo effect took over. I blushed and giggled. “Why, aren’t you sweet to say that.” I reached out and rubbed his shoulder again. “Do you really think they’re lovely?”

“Yes I do, Miss Buffé. And they would look even lovelier sitting in a new ReSiZeR<sup>100</sup>.”

“Do you really think so?” And just three minutes later, I was being driven out of the lot by my new cherry red ReSiZeR<sup>100</sup> robo-car. A block later I slapped my forehead and shook my head. I couldn’t believe it. The one chance I had to get by boobs back to the desired F-cup, and little Miss Air-head Bimbo had to blow it. Not to mention I was in a car I likely couldn’t afford. Besides . . . I wanted the Mini<sup>5</sup>. And red was not my color! Blah! The car was definitely going back.

I contacted Hershey and downloaded the James program into the robo-car’s computer. “James, I need to go to Carlotta Bovine’s home. There’s no particular rush.” I reclined the seat and stretched out. Wow. This was really comfortable and roomy. Perhaps I would keep it. But enough about that.

Fortuitously, the gate was open when I arrived, and my new robo-car proceeded up the winding, mile-long drive to Carlotta’s home. The car stopped in front of the house. “We have arrived, Madam.” And the door popped open. I stepped out and stopped to admire the house. It was a lovely ancient Victorian-era plantation mansion, and, like every building I’ve seen in this time line, it had been refitted with mega-wide doors.

I stepped to the door and rang the bell. About ten seconds later, the door slid open about four feet. “Yes? How may I help you?” inquired the maid. (I guess she was the maid.) Though I

had never been to Carlotta's home before, I, and the rest of the world, was familiar with her bizarre (to say the least), flamboyant lifestyle, so what I saw did not surprise me. Well . . . okay . . . Actually, it did . . . for a second.

She was freakish in appearance, but not grotesque. She was very Kafkaesque, very surrealistic; yet, she was very much real. Some would definitely call her weird or bizarre, yet others may have seen her as quaint, interesting, even exotic; and certainly she had the capacity of being sensually arousing.

What you noticed first about her were her breasts . . . all six of them. Yes, I said **six**. She had six breasts. Large, round, firm, full, voluminous breasts. She had two breasts where she should have two breasts, then two more right below those, and still two more below those. Her breasts obscured her waist, hips, pubes, and thighs. Blatantly obtruding from each over-sized breast by a good five inches was a proportionately overly-large carnation pink nipple.

Her hair was a counterpoise to her startling breasts. She had large poofy hair tied in a ponytail. What was so stunning was that it was purple. It wasn't a color or dye; it had been coded that color.



The nonpareil greeter also had interesting ears. They weren't *human* ears—more like an animal's—possibly swine ears—or a cow's. They were in the regular place, but they were pointed, and they kind of flopped over. Dangling from the tip of each ear was a little jingle bell hanging from a very fine, short chain.

She also had a tail—about two and a half foot long, and greyish-purple in color. It kind of reminded me of a cow's tail, with the tuft of hair at the end.

The woman was wearing nothing except for a pair of genuine, black patent leather pumps, with astonishing six-inch heels. That genuine leather was expensive, not to mention . . . highly illegal. Then I realized. . . . Cow. Carlotta Bovine, with her twisted irony, had recoded

her maid into a *cow-girl*.

I found her quite . . . an *interesting* sight, if not somehow a little arousing. And she seemed not at all embarrassed by her lack of clothing or unique appearance.

“Hi. I’m here to see Carlotta.”

“Have you an appointment?”

“No,” I told her. “Just tell her Fran Buffé is here.”

“Buffé? The Mistress does not wish to see you,” she informed me with great authority.

“Look. It’s very important that I talk to her.”

“That is of no consequence. The Mistress has issued strict orders concerning you. You, Ms. Buffé, are not welcome here, under any circumstance.”

“That’s *Miss* Buffé!” I demanded. Very little irritates me more than being called Ms. “And if you don’t let me in, I *will* let myself in.”

“You are not welcome here! Now please leave!”

Alright! That did it! I quickly traversed the doorway and stepped toward the woman, purposely pressing my voluminous boobs against hers. (The top two anyway.) I reached up and grabbed the chain which hung from her left ear and pulled. “Aaaa!” She leaned sideways and grimaced.

“Would you *please* be so kind as to direct me to Carlotta?”

“She’s out back . . . in her lab, or in the barn,” I was told.

As I made my way through the gigantic mansion, I could hear little jingle bells ringing throughout. I also noticed that all the interior doors were mega-wide, as were the hallways. Nearly every room I went in or passed, I saw another maid. Each one looked exactly like the one who met me at the door—a *cow-girl*. The only difference was the color of their hair. No two were the same—red, blue, yellow, white, green, orange, et al. Okay, so I was wrong. The maid who met me at the door wasn’t unique. At least, not in this household.

I finally made my way out back, passed the Olympic-sized swimming pool, and spied what was likely the laboratory. It was a huge silver geodesic dome. It seemed oddly out of place. Fifty yards from it was a neoclassic red barn with white trim. It, too, looked strangely out of

place.

When I stepped into the lab, I received the shock of my life. Well. . . up to that point, anyway. The lab was twice the size of mine, and appeared to be very well equipped. All the equipment was placed around the circular walls of the building, while the center of the lab was bare. Carlotta Bovine was at the far side of the room, standing sideways in front of one of the many consoles. She was wearing a white lab coat, and a pair of black *BUSTER BLUE*® loafers, and, from what I could tell, that was all. At least, what of her legs could be seen were bare as were her breasts. And what breasts they were! Carlotta always went to excess with everything, and her breasts were no different. And I actually got to see an honest to goodness *BoobyBarge*™. Well . . . To tell the truth, I didn't actually see it, per se. But I did see its effects; and they were stupendous.

Carlotta's breasts were **HUGE**! The *BoobyBarge*™ was six-foot wide, ten-foot long, and about two-inches thick. Carlotta's enormous breasts covered the sixty square feet of the top of the *BoobyBarge*™, and still hung several inches over the edges. They were full, firm, and luscious, and swelled to just below her eye level, and rested atop the *BoobyBarge*™, which floated at her knees. Her nipples were astounding. Each was six-inches long with a two-inch diameter. More amazing was the fact that Carlotta was lactating. On the floor was a large pool of milk, and out of each nipple profusely dripped more of the creamy white fluid.

The *BoobyBarge*™ was a truly amazing gadget! As I learned later, the *BoobyBarge*™ implemented some startling and revolutionary physics. I had imagined that it levitated using an EM field, much like my time cruiser, but I was entirely wrong. Thermal panels collected the heat from the breasts, and micro-transformers converted the heat to electricity. High frequency, 2000 watt current was then used to piezoelectrically overload optical-grade quartz lattice crystals. The result was opaqueness, a growth in volume and a structural change along with specific gravity changes. As they expanded, the crystals actually lost mass, and eventually obtained negative mass, with the ability to lift thousands of times their previous weight.

$$\frac{\text{Force applied in watts} \times \text{Mass in kg} \times \text{Expansion \%}}{\text{Frequency} / 777} = \text{kg lift}$$

Thus a small crystal of only 5×2×1.5 millimeter was capable of lifting more than 65 pounds. But enough about that.

Carlotta was engrossed in her work, and didn't hear me enter. I stepped to the center of the room and stopped for a second, still in awe of her massive mams. She took two steps forward, punched a couple of buttons on the console, then nodded at the monitor. She stepped backward to the previous console. She walked effortlessly, as if her humongous breasts weren't even there. Apparently, the B@@byBarge™ was an extremely efficient gadget. "Hi, Carlotta," I sang.

"Who—" Carlotta twirled to see who had invaded her most private of domains. Her colossal mounds swung effortlessly in a tremendous arc; her unbelievable nipples aimed at me like twin cannons; and Carlotta disappeared behind a mountain of flesh. Her green eyes and brown hair were all that could be seen of her . . . aside from the obvious. "What the snorgles are you doing here!?" I heard from the far side of the mammary mountains.

"I thought I'd stop by and say hi," I told her. I raised my arm and waved my hand. "Hi." I gave her a huge, clownish grin.



"Get out of here, right now!"

"Now, that's not very nice," I told her. I took a step forward and put my hands on my hips. "You've been rude to me ever since school."



"That's because you hit me!"

"Well . . . You deserved it. You stole my dissertation!"

"I did not!" Carlotta declared.

"You did and you know it!"

She took several steps toward me, pressed her immense breasts against mine, her outrageous nipples on either side of me. "Get the poofka snorgles out of here right now, or else!"

"Or else what?"

Carlotta raised her arms above her head, so I could see, and pressed a button on her data bracelet. "I'm gonna report you."

"Ooooo, I'm scared," I said sarcastically. Then an idea came to me. "Are you MA

certified?” I inquired.

“No. Why?” Her green eyes became very curious.

I raised my data bracelet. “I am,” I lied. “And if you don’t start being civil, I’m gonna blow you up until you need ten B00byBarges<sup>tm</sup>.” I reached out, grabbed her left extraordinary nipple, and gave it a yank. Milk squirted out passed me five feet, and Carlotta closed her eyes and moaned. “And you know I’ll do it.”

I thought her eyes were going to pop out of her head. “Okay, okay!” Apparently she did have limits on how far overboard she was willing to go. “What d’ya want?” She still didn’t sound very civil.

“I want a copy of your Bovine 12000 virus.”

“What?!” She stepped back, turned from side to side, searching the room. Her gargantuan boobs swept in a great arc. I realized then what a powerful weapon they could have been. They would have flattened anyone they collided with. It was a good thing that never occurred to Carlotta. “How did you find out about that? That’s super top secret!”

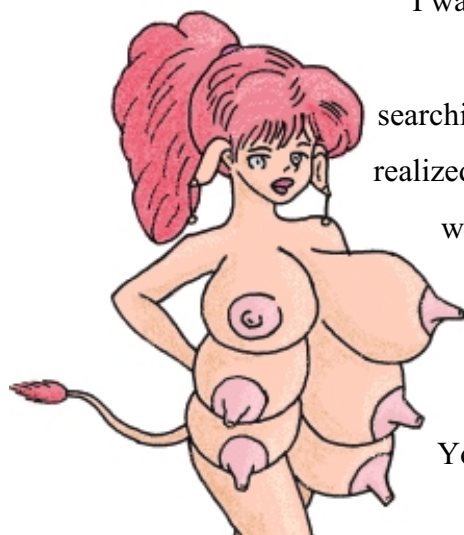
I rolled my eyes and shook my head. “Oh, puleeeze. You’re talking to me, remember.”

I heard the door behind me open, and the gentle tinkle of bells, and I turned to see who had entered. It was a pink-haired maid. As she stepped into the room, her six capacious boobs waggled about, bumping and caroming into each other; her six extensive teats swayed and bounced like they were loaded with coil springs. It was a veritable self orgy.

When she reached us, she curtsied, quickly glanced at me, then to Carlotta. “Begging your pardon, Mistress. I did not know you had company.”

“What is it?”

“Oh, dear!” the maid exclaimed after noticing Carlotta’s profuse lactation. “I am here to remind you of your scheduled milking in five minutes. I see now, however, that we must



readjust your schedule.”

Yikes! It seemed that Carlotta had gone overboard, yet again, in her zealously.

“You go on. I’ll be at the barn, momentarily,” Carlotta directed. The maid turned and left, and I stood there slightly dumbfounded. For almost a minute, there was an uneasy silence shouting throughout the room. Oddly, my mind seemed completely blank. “Well . . . Let’s hear it!” Carlotta demanded. “What?” I was snapped out of my daze, and shook my head.

“Your smart-aleck remark. Go ahead, let’s hear it.”

“I’m sure, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I stated. And the truth was; I was too dazed to have any wisenheimer retorts.

“Right,” she huffed sarcastically.

There was one thing which I didn’t understand. “If you’re having some sort of lactation problem, why don’t you just go get recoded?” I was sure she had a busy schedule, as did I, but grevengruber . . . I was sure she could work more efficiently after the lactation problem was taken care of. Geez, talk about mixed-up priorities.

“Very funny! You know snorglin’ well I can’t do that!” Carlotta hissed. What did that mean?! Why couldn’t she; and why should I have known? She turned and stomped back to the console. “Computer!” she snapped. “Copy program Bovine 12000 to the download bay and transfer the copy to a link-up chip.”

“Task completed,” the computer announced.

Carlotta popped the chip out of the socket and *tossed* it across the room at me. I caught it. “Now, get your snorglin’ face out of here!”

She made it terribly hard to be sympathetic toward her . . . “condition.” My first impulse was to punch her and leave, but I didn’t. Knowing that you, unlike myself, thanks to my fabulous FFB Mark III Time Cruiser, do not have the luxury of the infinity of time at your disposal, I shall condense what transpired next.

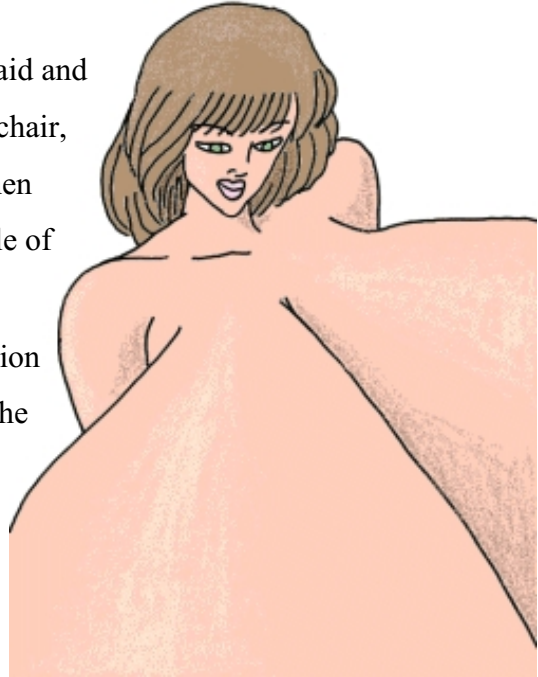
After threatening to use my fabricated MA certification on her again, I accompanied her to the barn. I must take a moment to compliment the B@@byCycle® corporation on the splendid accomplishment of the B@@byBarge™. Carlotta’s mobility was not at all hampered by her



massive breasts. She was able to traverse the uneven ground with ease. In fact, I seemed to have more trouble than she. Kudos B@@byCycle®!

Anyway, where was I?

. . . Oh, yes. Carlotta was greeted by the pink-haired maid and made as comfortable as possible in a form-fitting body chair, similar to a med-chair. Her gigantesque breasts were then lifted off the B@@bybarge™ and suspended in the middle of the barn by an elaborate series of cables, pulleys, and counterweights. The maid then attached the ample suction tubes to Carlotta's over-sized nipples and switched on the milking pump. The multi-breasted maid strolled off with the B@@bybarge™ to clean it and perform some preventative maintenance.



Almost immediately Carlotta gasped, then moaned. Her eyes swirled about, and her mouth twisted into a goofy grin. My conversation with her quickly eroded, and became erratic at best.

For reasons I couldn't make out, she had been convicted of a crime I didn't understand, and her current breast size was her punishment. The government had modified her morpher unit from a minimum of an F-cup to a minimum of a Z<sup>2</sup>-cup. She had sixty days left on a two year sentence.

However . . . Since the lactating began, just a few days after she was sentenced, it had been increasing steadily; and, according to her calculations, in eighteen days, she would be forced to go on the milking pump continuously, 24-hours a day. As it was, she currently had only 37 free minutes between each two-hour milking.

Snorgling government! I had a new sense of urgency. Though there was no love lost between us, I did not find this form of penal servitude acceptable. The penal code of this time stratum sucked. For all I knew, Carlotta may have been guilty of nothing more than jaywalking. I **had** to correct this time line mishap!

.....

## *Time Bomb*

.....

I arrived home and noticed the new triple-wide auto-slide doors. They may have been practical, but they sure made my house look goofy. On the other hand, my house now fit in with the rest of the neighborhood. “Greetings Fran. How have you been?” I heard as I stepped through the doorway and into the lab.

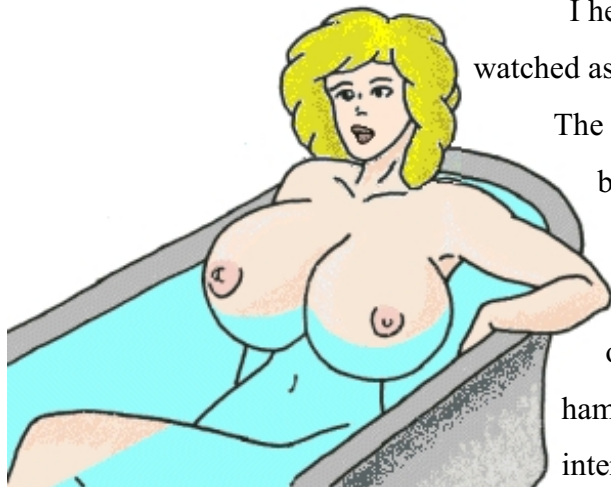
“Hi Hershey,” I yawned. “I’m dog tired,” I mumbled. I dragged myself into the bedroom, and paused as I passed the full-length mirror. I held and lifted my voluminous boobs, turning side to side, admiring my scrumptious form. A soft mewl escaped my lips. I raised my right foot, letting my *Cindy Slippers*<sup>®</sup> dangle from my toes, then flipped it across the room, where it clunked against the wall. I did the same with my left. I crossed to the bed while slipping out of my home-sewn gown.

The bed was still littered with stuff. My head dropped and I stared at my cleavage. I had forgotten about my project. I took a deep breath, hoping to wake myself up. I then proceeded to finish my breast pocket. My breasts, again, hindered my progress, but it gave me time to think. Thoughts of my *time* time bomb plodded through my head, and eventually, I had my plan all mapped out. I also had my breast pocket completed. I brushed everything off the bed, and flopped forward. My face surprisingly landed on the pillow, and there was no chest pain which should have accompanied such a feat. My opulent boobs had slipped perfectly into the breast pocket. They dangled comfortably, swaying ever so slightly. The **Brutex**<sup>®</sup> gave them the necessary room and support, while the tri-poly quattro-foam would prevent them from getting chilly. But, more importantly, I was able to sleep on my stomach, once again. And I crashed ten seconds after my head hit the pillow. I managed a muffled, “Good night, Hershey.” I’m sure there was a reply; there always was; but I failed to hear it.

Oddly, I awoke clear eyed, and clear headed—or so I thought at the time. I sat up, my

massive breasts cradled in my lap. I still marveled at their roundness, their firmness, their beauty. Though I had yet to measure them, they surpassed my desired F-cups by five, six, maybe seven cup sizes. My fingers glided along the sides of their substantial flesh, up to the tops, sliding into the depths of my cleavage, and travelling around the front to my sizable nipples. My middle fingers circled my areolas, slowly spiraling inward to my erect nipples. I inhaled deeply as an electrical sensation shot through me. Slowly, I leaned back and laid on the bed, as I began to earnestly massage my heated mounds. I assume I slipped off into rapture land for a moment, or even a while, for the next thing I remember was wondering what the snorgles I was doing.

The room was humid and stuffy, and I was drenched with sweat. I pushed myself up; my breasts slid into my lap and wobbled enticingly. I stared at them, admiring how the sweat glistened on their wide curves. Then I remembered I had an agenda I needed to fulfill. I hopped off the bed; my generous boobs rose, then crashed into my stomach. I had forgotten how heavy they were, as they tugged at my shoulders.



I headed into the bathroom to take a shower and watched as my breasts wobbled and jiggled all the way there.

The shower turned into a nice long, warm bubble bath— which was odd, as I **always** took a shower.

A good forty minutes later, I stepped out of the tub and toweled myself dry. A moment later, I opened the closet door to toss the towel into the hamper when I did it again. The edge of the door intercepted my left nipple. Yeow! I cursed the door

and danced about, holding my pained teat. That was it! It was travelling time.

I huffed into the lab and headed for the Time Cruiser. “Transfer to the ship, Hershey. We’re goin’ travellin’.”

“Excuse me?” Hershey inquired, puzzled. “I have no itinerary for a time trip today.”

“I know . . .” I suddenly felt guilty, like I was cheating on a spouse. “It’s sort of . . . like an emergency.”

“Are you alright? Is everything fine?” Hershey sounded sincerely worried, which made my angst all the more.

I couldn’t lie. But I couldn’t divulge my plan either. “Do you trust me, Hershey?”

“Of course, Fran. Why?”

Pressing the button opened the hatch of the cruiser, and I stopped momentarily. “Please don’t ask me anything about this trip.”

“Why?”

I took a deep breath. “Because I won’t be able to tell you.”

“I don’t understand,” Hershey said, confused.

“That’s alright, dear,” I whispered. “You will, in time.” I then stepped into the ship, closed the hatch, and slowly slid into the **FORM-U-FIT**<sup>®</sup> seat. The top hatch opened and I watched as Hershey’s brain module (roughly the size of a softball) was lowered into the cab and fitted into the console. The hatch closed, and I powered up the Time Cruiser. “How are you doing Hershey?”

“I feel fine, Fran. All systems are operating adequately. 100 percent of my resources are available for immediate use.” I realized this was likely the last time I would hear these words. Anger at my own stupidity began to well inside me. In order to repair the time line, I would have to sabotage my best friend.

“Bring the peregrine triaxial-transcombobulator on line.”

“Fran, don’t you think you should–”

“Hershey,” I interrupted; “I said, no questions.”

“But I really think–”

“Hershey!”

“Fran.”

“Please don’t ask me any questions,” I reminded. I was nervous enough about what I was planning; I didn’t want to have to lie to Hershey. I wasn’t sure if I could anyway.

“My question does not pertain to our itinerary.”

“Then what?” I asked.

“Is it your intent to go flitting about the time-space continuum in your birthday suit? You could catch cold.”

“What?” My eyes glanced down. “Oh. Ummm . . . Yeah, well, the only thing I have that fits these boobs is my **Brutex**<sup>®</sup> gown, and I wore it yesterday.”

“That’s alright. **Brutex**<sup>®</sup> is self-cleaning.”

“Yeah, it is, isn’t it.” That fact had completely slipped my mind. “I’ll be right back,” I told Hershey. I then hopped out of the ship, and dashed (sort of) into the bedroom and slipped into my gown and slippers.



The FFB Mark III Time Cruiser landed us in my own backyard, two days before the last time trip—the one that caused the corruption. It was 3:30 in the morning when I stepped from the time cruiser. Rounding the house, I entered the garage, then took a moment before I entered the lab. Turning my wrist upside down, I checked to see if the chip was still in the storage slot. It was. Using the data bracelet, I did some quick program-ming and created a simple mask for the Bovine 12000.

I took a deep breath, opened the door to the lab, and whacked my left nipple. **Oooww!** I twirled and jumped about, holding my aching teat. The pain subsided quickly. I guess I was getting used to it. I then entered the lab and headed straight for the main console.

“Hello Fra—” Hershey suddenly stopped, then a moment later, when I was halfway across the room; “Fran? Is that you?”

My brow furrowed, as I wondered what that question was about. Suddenly realization struck me. My appearance as radically different from what it should have been for this moment in time. Why didn’t I think of that earlier? Oh grevengruber. This mission had better work. “Umm . . .” Well, come on, Miss Genius; if in fact that was still true; think up a good explanation.

“Did you get recoded already?” Hershey asked.

“Umm . . . No,” I answered, still thinking. “They’re prostheses. Just trying out different sizes before my appointment.” Hmm . . . I hoped that sounded feasible.

“Well . . . They look very natural. And you look very beautiful.”

I giggled absurdly. “Why thank you ever so.” OH! Stop that! I was quite exasperated with myself. I reached the main console and snapped the link-up chip out of the bottom of my data bracelet.

“Is this the size you’re going to recode to?” I heard Hershey ask. “I thought you had decided on an F-cup.”

I popped the chip into the download bay. “Yeah, I just want to make sure,” I replied absently. The light flashed, and I removed the chip. “Okay, Hershey. I just uploaded our itinerary for the trip. Please do not read it, or access it in any way, until an hour before departure.” I inhaled deeply, held it for a second, then exhaled. Well . . . I did it. I wasn’t sure if I would, but I did. Hopefully when Hershey read the file, the Bovine 12000 virus would crash everything, thus preventing the time-corrupting trip from taking place. I stood there, not sure what to do. It took me over a month to correct the damage the virus did the first time. Although I knew less about it then, I still didn’t know what would happen should the virus infiltrate the biopathways. I was hoping I wouldn’t have to find out.

“Well, umm . . . Goodnight, Hershey. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight, Fran. Sleep well.”

I didn’t think I would be doing that, as I turned and headed back across the room. I felt awful. I left by way of the garage, and returned to the Time Cruiser. I stepped in, and the hatch closed behind me. “What’s wrong, Fran? You look very . . . distressed.”

“I just did the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do,” I told Hershey as I clumped to the chair. “Let’s get out of here,” I mumbled as I dropped into the seat.

The peregrine triaxial-transcombobulator stopped combobulating and the ship came to a halt in its corner space of the lab. After shutting the power down, I opened the hatch and stepped into the lab. Everything looked the same. As Hershey’s brain module was transferred back to the main console, I stepped forward and searched the room again. It was then I noticed . . .

everything was the same! The house had the triple-wide doors of the altered time line. Oh, poofka snorgles! “Hershey! Check to see if we’re still in the alternate continuum.”

“Yes Fran, we are.”

“Snorgles!”

“Did something occur in the last journey which should have changed that?”

“Yes. I—” Suddenly everything was as clear as lead crystal. “Oh snorgles,” I mumbled. “It was me. I did it. I’m sorry, Hershey. . . . I’m sorry.”

“Fran?”

I slumped into a chair, my voluminous mounds bobbed about. Another time, their ostentatious jiggling would have been a beguiling sight. Now, they were just reminders of my stupidus largus. I laid it out for Hershey—the whole loop; the whole, messy, paradoxical loop. The Bovine 12000 virus which caused the Time Cruiser to crash was not the result of some nefarious act by Carlotta Bovine, as I had thought at the time. If I had not gone back in time to repair the error to the time stratum, the crash would not have occurred. The very same virus I used to infect Hershey, in hopes of preventing the original time trip, was the very virus which caused the original time-corrupting crash. Apparently the virus hadn’t caused an immediate infection when Hershey accessed it an hour before the trip—it didn’t crash the system until much later, when it caused the collision with the cow. It was one of those time loops you read about in the sci-fi books. And I had no idea what to do about it.

Going back even earlier and trying to again crash the system was out. Who knows what that might do. I might blowup the world, or cause the minimum cup size to become triple-Z. Of course, not doing something might be the catalyst that creates equally disastrous results. What to do—what to do?

“It’s alright, Fran. You did what you thought best. We had conclave for 6.3 hours and came up with no viable solution for the time corruption dilemma. I’m sure, at the time, your decision was quite logical. The result was not readily foreseeable.”

“It should have been. For me, it should have been. I was just thinking too linearly. I haven’t been able to think straight since that morphing unit did its job. It’s that bimbo effect.”

“The what?”

“That’s what I call it. It’s a side-effect of the ‘Fun-Time Bimbetta’ model morphing unit. Actually, now that I think about it, and considering this time line, it was probably a designed effect.”

“What exactly is this effect?”

“It seems that for every inch gained in bust size, I lose five IQ points,” I explained.

“Yikes!”

“Yeah. Also a compliment on my boobs seems to cause me to become a complete giggling airhead.”

“Oh dear!” Hershey exclaimed.

“Luckily, that’s only temporary.”

“This explains your unusual behavior as of late.” Hershey then proceeded to test my theory. “My, what lovely breasts you have, my dear.”

I giggled insipidly. “Do you really think so?” I asked coyly, batting my long lashes, biting a fingernail, and swaying enticingly. Luckily Hershey took it no further, and I snapped out of it. “Now cut that out! You do that again, and I’ll convert you into a can opener.” We both knew that was a lie, but I had to say something. It also gave me the incentive to remove that snorling “Fun-Time Bimbetta” morpher unit.



.....

## *Time Changes Everything*

.....

My ReSiZeR<sup>100</sup> Robo-car came to a halt in the garage of the BodyPerfect recoding clinic. “We have arrived, Madam.” The door popped open and I stepped out. I glanced around. The garage was quite full, but there were no people to be seen. I wound my way through the cars and down the ramps to the last floor of the garage. I crossed to the far wall where I recalled the hideout entrance to be. I leaned against the wall and glanced about, trying not to appear conspicuous. Unfortunately, I only succeeded in resembling a shady, suspicious moll. Granted, a splendidly dressed, beautiful moll, but a moll nonetheless. (A moll? Geez, I’ve been watching too many old movies.)



As soon as I was sure no one was around, I turned and popped the panel off the wall. Only . . . behind it was the wall. Snorgles. I was sure I had the right panel. I snapped off the panel to the left, then the one on the right. Nothing but wall. As I dropped the fifth panel to the floor, I heard from behind me a familiar voice. “What the snorglin’ poofka do you think you’re doing?!” I couldn’t place the voice—that is, until I turned around. “You again!” the magnificently mammaried ghoster exclaimed.

Oh great. It was *her* again. This time she was alone. Her magoomba head, but cute partner wasn’t with her. And this made her more dangerous. She raised her **Wunder-Puff Rifle®**, flipped the safety off, and it immediately glowed red. The targeting laser produced a dot on the tip of my nose. Yikes! I tittered nervously, and my mind raced. What to do? What to



do? “♪ Hello ghoster . . .”

“Shut up! That’s not gonna work this time. My magoomba head partner isn’t here.”

Suddenly, from seemingly out of nowhere, a face appeared behind the ghoster’s right shoulder. It was Tanji, and her purposely goofy grin almost made me crack up. She quickly placed a finger to her lips, and I managed to stifle my giggle.

“What’s so funny?” the ghoster demanded.

“There’s someone behind you,” I said, pointing with a finger. Tanji gave me a bug-eyed ‘Are you nuts!?’ glare.

“Oh, right. Like I’m gonna fall for that. That’s the oldest ploy known to history. You must think I’m pretty stupid.” I didn’t figure she would believe me. . . . Arrogant.

“Well, you must have an awful headache then,” I told the ghoster. Tanji smiled and nodded in agreement.

“What are you babbling about? I don’t have a headache,” the ghoster informed me. And with that, Tanji impinged the back of the ghoster’s skull with the butt of her own **Wunder-Puff**. There was a disturbing crack, the ghoster’s eyes rolled back in her head, and she dropped to the ground like a bag of wet cement. Her enormous, round, Lolo mounds wobbled like two mountains of **Jell-O**®.

“I bet you do now.”

“You seem to have a knack for attracting ghosters,” Tanji stated.

“Just lucky, I guess.”

Tanji slung her rifle, then grabbed the ghoster’s and slung it over the same shoulder. She motioned toward the depaneled wall, then walked over to it. “I gather you were looking for us.”

“Yeah.”

And I watched silently as she replaced all the wall panels I had removed—all but the first one. She then stepped back to the ghoster and grabbed her ankles. “Help me carry her into the hideout.”

“Oh, sure. Give me the heavy end.” I bent over, grabbed her upper arms, near her shoulders, and lifted. Or at least tried to. She was extremely heavy, and I got her about three

inches off the ground before she slipped out of my hands. Her prodigious breasts joggled as if laughing at me.

“Hah! You foolish dolt; you shall never succeed in lifting us. We are mighty. We are massive. We are. . . **The Mighty Massive Mammaries®**! Hah, hah, hah, hah. . .”

I grabbed her again and managed to wrestle her a few inches off the ground. “Where to?” I asked, struggling with the weight of her prodigal boobs.

“In the tunnel,” Tanji said with a motion of her head.

“Where is it?” I was starting to get irritated. The ghoster was heavy.

“Right there.” Tanji pointed with her foot to the section of wall with the paneling removed. “Let’s go. She’s not getting any lighter.”

“Where?!” I demanded. I was really irritated, and could hardly hold the ghoster.

“It’s there. That’s a holograph in front of it. A new security precaution.” Great! She couldn’t have told me that to begin with? I rolled my eyes, and shook my head, then slowly backed toward the wall. I stepped through the holograph and into the tunnel. “Watch your head,” Tanji warned.

“Oww!” The warning was just a tad too late. I instinctively reached for my poor aching noggin, and the ghoster thumped to the ground. This caused Tanji to stumble and almost fall.

“Be quiet and quit goofing around!” Tanji instructed.

“I hit my head.” Tanji replaced the panel behind her; we picked up the ghoster again and continued.

“You’re not very good at this, are you?”

“I’m a scientist, not a renegade,” I defended. Well, okay . . . Actually I was a renegade in my own way. I hated the snorgling government—my government and this government. From what I could tell, there was little difference. I was always breaking laws. I just did so stealthily.

There were two other renegades in the hideout, and they took the ghoster from us. The two **Wunder-Puffs** went into the arms cache, then Tanji and I sat down and chatted. We discussed a hypothetical situation which, oddly enough, was identical to the time line situation I found myself in. (Am I sneaky, or what?) Actually, I was looking for a fresh perspective. The one idea I had come up with was what caused the problem to begin with. But, physics wasn’t her

forte, and the conversation produced no new conclusions.

I then informed Tanji of the mishap with the morpher unit. She offered to remove it, and ten minutes later it was in a case, and resting in my palm. “Thanks,” I said, feeling suddenly smarter, my brilliant old self.

“Would you like me to recode your breasts to a more . . . *manageable* size?” she offered.

My eyes dropped and stared at my round, heaving, impressive boobs. Wow, I thought. I didn’t realize they were so substantial. I ran my hands along their sides, then underneath. I lifted them, jiggled and bounced them. Gee. . . They were heavy too. I nodded. “I think so.” And I sat back in the med-chair.

Tanji gave me a crooked smile and nodded in agreement. “I think, however, that you should go no smaller than an F-cup. Not a C, like you were last time. That made you too easy to spot.” I nodded. After all, that is what I had wanted all along. That snorgling “Fun-Time Bimbetta” morpher unit had me so discombobbled I didn’t know what was going on with my breasts. It had me thinking, breasts equal pleasure—the bigger, the better. Big breasts are fun. You love big breasts. You want big breasts. The bigger your breasts, the more beautiful, feminine, and sexy you are. Well . . . okay. . . It wasn’t really that bad, but still . . .

Tanji took a seat in front of her computer console and began typing away. Suddenly it hit me. “Hey! You’re using a keyboard!”

“Yeah. I prefer it over the vocal interface. I know it’s old-fashioned—”

That was as much as I heard. The keyboard! Thoughts were racing through my head. Without the cloudiness of that snorgling morpher unit, everything was clear. I knew how to correct my time problem. It was so simple. So simple! A chimpanzee could’ve thought of it. I would have been totally ashamed had I not been so elated. I jumped out of the chair and crossed the room like a shot.

“Hey! What’s wrong? Where’re you going?” Tanji hollered after me.

I spun quickly and yelled at her across the room. “Sorry. I don’t have time. I just thought of something very important.” And I continued on without waiting for a possible reply.

I had left the hideout through the second tunnel, and arrived in a deserted back alley.

Making my way down the alley to the street, I punched up Hershey on my data bracelet.

“Yes, Fran?”

“Hershey, be a dear and scan the ship. See if that home-made keyboard is still in there.”

A few seconds later. “Yes, it’s still there.”

“Great! Warm up the ship. We’re goin’ travellin’.”

“Was this trip planned? I have no itinerary for it.”

“Aaaah!” I stepped out of the alleyway and received a start as my massive boobs had an unexpected encounter.

“Fran! **Fran!** What’s wrong?! Answer me! Are you alright?!”

“Geez. Calm down Hershey. Everything’s fine. I just ran into a street mime, that’s all. The street’s full of them today.”

“Someone mined the street? Who? The government? Give me a moment and I’ll try to locate a map and plot a course around them.” Hershey sounded very . . . Well, I would say scared, but that was ridiculous. . . . Or was it?

“Hey, hey, hey. I said *mime*, not mine. You know, those annoying white-faced, pantomime pests.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“That’s alright. I’ll talk to you when I get home. Provided I survive this mime field.” I chuckled at that. Hmm . . . It may have been my imagination, but Hershey was starting to sound mighty human. I navigated the street mimes and headed for the garage and my car. The ride home was full of all kinds of thoughts, ideas, and schemes. If my plan to correct the time dilemma succeeded, I would be one happy lady.

“We have arrived, Madam,” James informed me. I stepped out of my robo-car and raced through the door and into the lab. All sorts of possibilities were swirling through my head, and I was as giddy as a schoolgirl . . . again.

“Is everything okay, Fran?” Hershey asked.

“Everything’s peachy dear.”

“Excuse me?” Hershey was taken aback.

“The ship’s ready to go?”

“Yes.”

“And the keyboard is in it?”

“... Yes. The one you constructed is.” Hershey paused for a second. “Why is a keyboard important? What’s the objective of the trip?”

I smiled slyly. “I know how to repair the time corruption, hon.”

“Ummm ... No offense, but are you sure?”

“Positive, my dear.”

“Remember what happened last time. And why do you keep referring to me affectionately? Are you under the effects of the morpher unit?”

“No. The morpher unit has been removed. I’m just excited.” I paused for a second. “Besides, I do care for you.” Hershey was my co-conspirator, confidant, and best friend. “Now, come on. I have some things for us to do before we go.” I stepped to the console and took a seat.

“So why didn’t you have your breasts reduced to F-cups when you removed the morpher unit?”

“Oh, forget about my breasts. We’ve got things to do before we slip into the time stream.”

“Forget about them? I believe that would be impossible.” Hershey then, for the first time ever, broke into song. “♪ You are the woman I adore. ♪ Your breasts are too big to ignore ♪.”

[Sung to the song “I am Woman”.]

“Now cut that out!” I interrupted.

“What? You were singing earlier in the story.”

“Well, I’m allowed. It’s my story,” I explained. “Now let’s get back to work, or I’ll never get this story finished. And I’m sure Cheyenne has been receiving lots of inquiries as to when it’s going to be done.”

“Oh. Alright.”

And we got down to business. I revealed my plan to correct the time stratum, and

Hershey was most impressed. It was so simple. It was foolproof. There was no way for it to fail. It was the perfect solution. But before we implemented it, we spent several hours hacking, scavenging, and . . . well . . . basically just stealing all sorts of files, plans, and schematics. We encrypted everything and archived them in a time-flux lock.

We then boarded the FFB Mark III Time Cruiser. Hershey had the ship ready for flight.



The power was up and the peregrine triaxial-transcombobulator was online. All I needed to do was input the time coordinates, the spacial-mass distortion factor, and the TSC flux mode. The outer ring of the EM field generator began to spin, picking up speed. The eerie hum started. When the blue light encompassed the ship, the hum silenced. The ship levitated off the floor of the lab; and, from an exterior view, **POOF**—the ship vanished.

We exited the TSC flux mode and reappeared ten-feet above my house. The blue light surrounding the ship quickly faded. I hovered the ship while I scanned the surroundings. Everything appeared to be correct. In my backyard was the FFB Mark III Time Cruiser. In my lab sat the FFB Mark III Time Cruiser. “What?” you ask, with a twisted face.

It’s simple. The day was the day before the original time trip. The ship in the backyard was from my bungled attempt to correct the problem. I didn’t want to be seen by either of my past selves, so I floated down the street and landed in old man McQuil’s backyard. From there I would walk back to my house and place the keyboard in the Time Cruiser which was in the lab. See. It was that simple. With the keyboard in the ship, I wouldn’t have to go scrounging for parts to make one, which would keep me from interacting with Ben Franklin, and the time line corruption would not occur.

I opened the door, stepped out and glanced about. Suddenly there was a small explosion and some old-fashioned buckshot bounced off the hull of the ship, only inches from my head. **YIKES!** I stumbled backward through the door and fell to the floor of the ship. “What the snorgles was that?!”

“It would appear that old man McQuil is firing upon us with his antique shotgun,” Hershey informed me.

I climbed to my feet and stepped in the doorway again. “Hey you old coot! Watch what—” And there was another blast.

“Take that, you Martian invader!” And a single pellet of shot burned its way through my upper arm as the rest of it bounced harmlessly off the **Franlar**<sup>®</sup>. My butt dropped to the floor, my boobs bobbed, and I stared at the blood running down my arm.

“Are you alright, Fran?!” Hershey was extremely fervent.

“Git off my lawn! Yer killin’ my grass!” Another shot rang out. The entire buckshot blasted through the doorway and plastered one of the monitors behind me, throwing off sparks throughout the cabin. Had I been standing, I would have been one dead babe.

“Snorgles! Let’s get the poofka outa here! Now!” I reached up and punched the door button. Before it was fully closed, the ship was humming and the blue light was beginning to envelope us. By the time I plopped into the seat we had gone in and out of the TSC flux mode and were hovering only inches above the floor of my lab.

“Are you alright, Fran?” Hershey inquired again, quite upset.

“I’m fine. It’s just a small pellet of lead,” I reassured, looking once again at my wound. It had already stopped bleeding.

I landed the ship, took the peregrine triaxial-transcom- bobulator offline, and shut the power down, then just sat there. In silence.

It wasn’t until minutes later that Hershey spoke. “Well . . . it was a good plan. Perhaps some cosmic force is preventing us from correcting the time line error. Perhaps we were meant to change it.”

I sat there for another minute, mulling over Hershey’s hypothesis that we were merely pawns in some grand cosmic scenario. “No. I don’t believe that,” I announced. “We just have to find the right point in history to introduce the keyboard. That’s all.”

Leaving the ship, I proceeded to do a little work to my wound. I gave myself a local anesthetic, removed the tiny lead projectile, and bandaged my arm. And that’s when it came to me. I knew exactly when to introduce the keyboard. No sooner than I needed to. When I needed it to repair the damage to Hershey. It was so simple. “I got it Hershey.”



“Fran; I adore your persistence, but are you sure?”

“No more or less than last time.”

“I see.”

And again we were off. This time we slipped out of flux and into 12 May, 1792, just ten minutes from when Hershey was to go down, causing us to crash into that cow. I landed the ship and stepped out. The first thing I noticed was that insipid cow. Not five feet from the door was a large rock. It was rather flat on top and rose a good three feet from the ground. It was a good spot, I thought. I (she) couldn’t miss it. I laid the keyboard on top, and laid an old reader pad on top of that. The reader pad contained a note which read:



We arrived back in the lab and landed safely. I took the peregrine triaxial-transcombobulater offline and sat there.

Some moments later Hershey interrupted the silence.

“Fran?”

“I’m alright, Hershey. I’m just . . . hoping.” I rubbed the arms of the chair and licked my lips. “I want you to do the most thorough check you’ve ever done.”

“It will take quite a while.”

“We have all the time in the world, Hershey.”

“Yes. I suppose we do.”

And as Hershey searched, I sat silently. Patiently at first, but several hours later, anxiety began to creep up on me. Finally, I could stand the anticipation no longer. “Hershey! Talk to me.”

“Hasn’t the weather been just lovely lately?”

My eyes bugged out. “Hershey!”

“Oh, alright. I have found no discrepancies between the current history and the original history.”

“Yes!”

“Yes. It appears we were successful. We have returned to our original time line.”

A new sense of eagerness consumed me. “What about the time-flux files?”

“All files pertaining to DNA recoding are 100 percent intact. All files concerning the BoobyCycle<sup>®</sup> Corporation and its products are 100 percent intact. And all files dealing with the morpher units are 100 percent intact.”

“**Great!**” I was grinning like a mad fool. “It looks like we’re going to have a very . . . *interesting* future.”

“To say the least,” Hershey agreed.

~ END ~