

# A DAY AT THE BRONY CONVENTION

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Subjected to an experimental serum, a sad nerd's genetic structure warps itself to the subconscious desires & fetishes of horny tiddy-obsessed bronies. Subjected to an experimental serum, a sad nerd's genetic structure warps itself to the subconscious desires & fetishes of horny tiddy-obsessed bronies.

Warnings:

**slow MtF TF ✦ involuntary transformation ✦ involuntary mental changes ✦ breast expansion ✦ mild anthro ✦ lactation ✦ cursing ✦ unreliable self/brony-loathing narrator ✦ general Kafkaesque horror**

Skip straight to **Chapter III** if you wanna bypass all the pretentious exposition and get right to the TG/TF/BE stuff. Painful, Cronenberg-esque transformation into DD cup Rainbow Dash in **Chapter V**, E cup Pinkie Pie in **Chapter VII**, HH cup Rarity in **Chapter IX**, I cup Princess Celestia in **Chapter XI**, JJ cup Twilight Sparkle in **Chapters XII & XIII**, and M cup Fluttershy in **Chapter XVI**.

Originally planned as a 200+ page comic, this is a "novelization" of the original script.

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## I.

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Ever feel like your life is just some weird TV show or comic for some sick fuck to get off on?

I feel that way now.

*Scene:* A certain MLP:FiM convention, 2014. Stephen Nicholas Dirth, recently ejected from the shackles of his grinding, unforgiving day job working the phones for customer tech support at the local DirecTV call center (he had steadfastly *refused* to upsell customers on AT&T's shitty new protection plans), stares up blankly into the dark eye of a security surveillance camera mounted to the sticky off-white enamel of the hotel convention center wall.

Someone is watching.

He draws the cowl of his navy blue hoodie nervously over his balding head.

I can't believe I came here.

I guess I thought I might be able to hook up with a cute girl or something, but of course there are hardly any women here.

Fuckin' *bronies* as far as the eye can see...

Shuffling down the bustling convention hall, nudging meekly through a vast sea of neckbeards (of which he, of course, is one) obsessing over sundry *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* trinkets, art, plushies, pillows, & posters, Stephen spies the crisp, gentle curves of a cute little Luna cosplayer standing silently on supple slippers, enchanted by her smartphone. Glistening with silvery glitter, the pert summits of her perky C cup breasts peek out boldly from the crest of her astral blueblack dress, cradling a pale crescentmoon brooch. A dark indigo veil hugs revealingly about her limber, comely hips. Stephen's pulse skips a beat.

There's *one* cute girl, at least...

*Showing off*, of course.

What am I gonna do, walk up & ask her to fuck??

A stocky, muscular man, considerably more handsome than Stephen, completes his conversation with a merch vendor and returns his attention to his waiting girlfriend, sliding a firm guiding arm about the exposed skin of the small of her back. Twirling her blue Luna hair in slender fingers, she beams with laughter.

Stephen frowns.

Ugh, she's got a boyfriend. Of course. *Way* hotter than me. Of course.

Makes sense.

Can't blame her.

He watches the couple stroll away, her boyfriend gently gripping the soft, rolling cushion of her booty, steering her step deftly within the thronging horde of scampering horsefuckers.

*Nor him...*

Aren't there any *boyfriend-free* girls here...?

...

Ick.

I wish my own thoughts didn't remind me of Chris-chan all the time...

Feh.

Maybe that doc I had to go see after I got busted for smoking weed at that stoplight who said I

probably have Asperger's was right.

*Probably...*

He watches a gang of female friends push their way through the crowd, hand-in-hand. A homely, butterfaced Rarity with no tits & no ass leads the way; a fat, shabby, boobless Pinkie Pie cosplayer with sloppily-applied make-up picks her nose abaft; two unnoteworthy others, equally as unattractive, far too forgettable to even bother describing, follow.

Ew.

His eyes trace their path.

Now *those* uggos probably *are* in my league.

Yuck.

...

I'm probably just the boy-equivalent of *that*.

No muscles, no confidence...

No *job*...

I'm just some failed artist/musician twentysomething pseudointellectual NEET hikkikomori wannabe...

Living at home with *Mom* now... *again*...

Ugh.

My pathetic mind. Rates myself lowly, then denigrates my equals of the female sex.

Hypocrite.

...

But...

*But...!*

At heart, I know I'm *Fucking Awesome!* Right? In my *Heart of Hearts*, I'm a *10...!!*

... aren't I?

Deep down, I deserve a *Truly Beautiful Girl...!!*

... don't I??

Pulling out his phone, he flips through a secret folder holding assorted pics & drawings of large-

breasted girls captured on various harddrives over the years. Stroking himself discreetly through his hoodie pocket, his mind fumbles wordlessly, *intimately* over the erotic details of every greedily-stashed Instagram, Danbooru, DeviantArt, Tumblr, Reddit, Derpibooru, & Google Images body.

...

The sweaty pits of an obese brony squeezing past break him from his reverie.

*Sigh...*

He puts his phone away.

Useless.

No self-respecting female would ever want to date *me...*

He slumps against the wall.

This is hopeless. Why did I come here so fucking early? Most of the vendor tables aren't even open yet.

He slips down the wall into a heap of shame, head in hands.

Hell, why am I even here at all? *What's the point??* I can't talk to girls. There's not even that many girls *here*. I don't even *like* the goddamn *TV show* any more... I really only liked *Season One!* I'm 28 fucking years old. I don't belong here. I'm going bald. I *should* be applying for jobs!

*Sigh...*

I need to grow up...

... or *die...*

...

Meh.

Maybe I *really am* secretly a girl or something.

God, being trans would *suck!*

I mean, nearly *half* of my friends – or *more* – ended up coming out as trans in their twenties... maybe I'm *next...!!* After all, I mean, *I'm* the one who picked those friends – I clearly felt *something* in common with them...

Not that there's anything wrong with being *trans* or anything...

Regardless, I'm certainly *not* very good at being a "*man.*"

Like, *at all*.

Bleh.

*"A finished example of the New Womanly Man."*

Androgynous. Passive.

*Weak.*

Is that why I can't get laid? Am I *unmarketable*? Is that it??

Seeking comfort, he pulls out a copy of Joseph Campbell's *Mythic Worlds, Modern Words* from his backpack, a cocky half-smile adorning his face.

James Joyce.

Are my thoughts like Leopold Bloom's?

His thoughts I love.

Cuck.

King Mark. Three quarks for him. *Finnegans Wake*.

Hm...

Shem I am, perhaps. Green eggs and. *"Low waster."* Undesirable. Social waste. They'll be arresting me any day now for thoughtcrime, putting their puppet strings in me, hypnotising me into doing their bidding, forcing my mechanized body to serve the alienated ends of *Das Kapital*.

*Non serviam!*

Even my parents they have enslaved:

*"Get a job."*

Squidward. Stephen Dedalus. Jerry. Dolph. Mercius. Gripes. Gracehoper. Hoping for grace that means. Bloomlike thought that.

Heh.

I'm pretty *cool*, actually. I doubt anyone here knows *nearly* as much as I do about *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*. If I were to honestly transcribe my thoughts right now and post 'em to FimFiction or something, they'd have to *Google* all the references just to *keep up*!

Heh heh.

Intelligent, creative, sensitive... people just don't *recognize* it yet. Nobody *cares*. A Great Thinker, a *Great Artist*, trodden on and underappreciated...

Maybe I'm even secretly the next *James Joyce*...!

...

Suddenly acutely aware of his own thoughts, his innards twinge in a dark flicker of abject humiliation.

Ugh.

What the fuck am I *thinking*??

*Gawd*, I'm such a fucking *loser*!

I'm *never* gonna get *laid*!!

Sigh...

... *perhaps rightfully so*...

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II.

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On a remote monitor, we see Stephen slouched against the intricately-patterned hotel carpet floor, hands still sheltering his miserable hoodied head in dire self-reflection. A weary labcoat girl with curly hot-pink anime hair rests her immense, button-straining, bigger-than-her-head K cup breasts flabbily on the aluminum console, slumped over from sheer boredom, holding her head up with one arm, boredly listening to Stephen's boring thoughts. She's picking her nose. Her free hand lazily adjusts a thick pair of red round-framed glasses.

She turns slightly to face an unseen companion.

- *Goddamn*, all these shiteating bronies' thoughts are all *exactly* the fuckin' same!! I'm *fallin'* *asleep* here. Can't we just *get on* with it? They're all so *lame* it's pissing me off...

She yawns automatically.

- What are we even DOING here, again...?

- For the third time today...

Another labcoat woman with small, black rectangular glasses stands behind her, testily clutching a clipboard to her modest B cup bust. An exasperated look haunts her rather pretty face.

- We will be testing our clients' latest experimental metamorphological serum on one randomly-

selected subject.

She snaps her finger.

- Come with me.

The tall, thin scientist and her short, busty research assistant stride in rapid single-file down a dark, winding, mysterious hallway of their clandestine basement laboratory, lavishly funded in secret by top-level names in business, media, and politics. The shorter research assistant hustles to keep up with her taller boss, hugging her huge, unruly boobs tightly to her trim torso in a valiant attempt to suppress the bothersome irritation of their constant, impetuous jiggling.

- This product will dynamically reshape the entire genome of whomever consumes it orally, causing his or her body to transform itself according to the subconscious desires & fetishes of any nearby persons. Nanotechnology embedded within the serum allows for rapid & painful reallocation of bone & tissue material in order to realize these new genetic alterations, as well as enabling swift wardrobe modification.

She drones on.

- As you have seen, the repressed, fetishistic desires at this convention are *off the scale*. These "bronies" - *nerdy, closeted, loser furrries!* - they're a waste of space anyway. *No one* would miss any one of 'em...!!

The pair arrives at a new room, tiled ominously in cold metallic squares. The scientist, taking her place behind a raised control panel podium, gestures gravely for her hapless assistant to stand within an ominous red circle painted haphazardly upon the chromelike floor across the room.

The scientist's research assistant was not exactly considered amongst the brightest of her graduate-school peers. In fact, rumors that she regularly slept with her (invariably male) professors in order to secure passing grades were *rampant* at her alma mater. Even darker collegiate whispers spoke of even stranger allegations: that she had been accepted into the school against her knowledge to serve as a guinea pig for secretive & dubiously moral biotechnological *experiments*. Well past puberty, her breasts had gained 7 cup sizes in just 3 semesters of grad-school and showed no sign of slowing down - not more than 2 years ago, she had sported a D cup. Now, they were straining hard against her K cup bra, bunching up and overflowing at the seams, begging to be refitted for an L cup. Stranger still, last month they had suddenly started to *lactate*.

Perhaps needless to say, her selection for participation in this particular experiment had *not* been based on her scientific acumen. Ever since beginning grad-school, her memory & academic prowess had somehow managed to *decline* sharply; the once-promising rising star of her undergraduate mind now struggled just to form semi-coherent sentences. These days, her overly-sensitive nipples seemed to bristle perpetually with relentless, brain-sapping stimulation. The incessant, jiggling distraction of her heavy, milk-laden breasts made it exceedingly difficult



for her to focus or even think clearly. Her recent acceptance of a brand-new part-time job at the "gentlemen's club" downtown had her parents & old friends alike *seriously* concerned for her physical & mental well-being.

- Ah, ok! So *that's* why we're here...! But... how do we get the see-thingy to work?

Whimsically whistling the melody to *Camptown Races*, the grinning scientist gleefully slaps a cartoonishly big bright green button, savoring the foretaste of future moments.

Suddenly, launched from the ceiling, a large cylindrical glass tube *swooshes* down upon the gruesome red circle, trapping the startled research assistant inside. Startled, confused - yet somehow not *particularly* alarmed - she mashes her splayed hands & curious face quizzically up against the cold, clear surface, inadvertently flattening her massive K cup boobs into fat, bulging pancakes quaking gently on the glass.

The scientist, busily snapping a dazzling array of colorful switches & levers, responds blandly without once lifting her focus from her careful work.

- We will blend the serum with viscera ground from the flesh of a suitable donor. This viscera will bind to the serum, calibrating its biological & nanobot components to favor those desired transformations in the end-user which most closely resemble the extended sociocultural genetic fetish-patterns extrapolated from the original viscera.

She adjusts her tiny glasses clinically.

- Our client has stipulated that this particular trial run should aim to generate an exceptionally fertile genetically female end-user possessing exceptionally large breasts with hitherto unimaginably substantial lactation potential. Therefore we must utilize the blended viscera of a female body fitting these precise specifications.

- Where are we gonna get that kind of vish... vissy... er... - the meat?

- Oh, we've already *cultivated* a suitable donor...

- ...?

The scientist eagerly slams her fist into a big, red button labelled "BLEND". Instantly, a column of whirring blades grinds her busty research assistant into bloody, meaty, boney goo-slush. As the scientist casually picks her nose, this viscera becomes infused with the experimental serum and is drained off to be densely packed & sliced into thin cylinders of consumable meat product.

- DING! Your 269 hot dogs are ready!

The scientist gingerly taps the tips of her fingers together. A cruel smile slowly dawns across her pretty face.

- Excellent. But for *today's* experiment I'm only going to need just ONE...

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Meanwhile, Stephen continues to meander aimlessly about the con.

God this is boring. I should have cosplayed or something. Maybe *then* I'd get some attention... Wonder if I could pull off a male Twilight Sparkle gijinka... maybe a Rainbow Dash?

*Bah...*

He approaches a concession stand.

*- Hot dogs! Get yer hot dogs!*

Stephen holds his stomach lightly, looking up at the pricing sign by the concession stand.

Ten dollars.

I am pretty hungry... but these hot dogs are WAY too expensive... Fuckin' con price-gouging...

*- Get 'em while they're hot dogs! Get 'em while they're hot, dawgs!*

Forget it.

He moves to walk away from the concession stand, but his eye is caught by an enticing object on a table nearby.

Eh?

There, seeping grease onto a plain brown recyclable napkin, rests one solitary hot dog.

Aha!

You can *a/ways* get stuff for free if you know where to look...!

He quickly takes a bite, silently hoping its owner doesn't get back from the restroom or whatever and catch him stealing their food.

Tastes a bit funny, though...

Suddenly he keels over, struck by an intense abdominal pain.

*- Ooog... my stomach...*

I guess that's just about how it goes when it comes to *free stuff*...

- Hello Stephen. Can you hear me?

Unnerved, he looks around for the source of this sudden female voice.

*What the hell??*

- I am transmitting my voice directly into your mind. The hot dog you have eaten has allowed me to establish this private telepathic connection.

The scientist, now seated in the swivel-chair left vacant by her now-quite-deceased research assistant, watches Stephen suffer in real-time over the console's monitor, viewable via remote tap of the hotel's security camera system.

Stephen clutches his head in terror & confusion.

*Who are you?? What do you want??*

Oh God, it's finally happened... I've finally gone full-on schizophrenic...

The scientist laughs.

- Do not be afraid. Things will go *much easier* if you simply accept what is about to happen to you...

Suddenly, my entire body seems incredibly, fiendishly *open* - utterly vulnerable to the secret thoughts and desires of all of the male con-goers - as if my very *genetic code* were listening in, longing to satiate & *embody* their subconscious, shameful, erotic whims. Foreign desires begin to flood my DNA; I feel their frustrated libidinous thirst; I feel their desperate, secret hunger; and to my horror, deep down in the core of my being I feel *pity*... and a blind resolve to fulfill their lusts by any means necessary.

My very cellular structure *aches* to bend itself into a form that can quench their hidden pain.

My body begins to change.

With a sickening slowness, I feel my spinal column shudder at the base. All at once, an agonizing sensation like wrenching bone on raw tissue pierces my lumbar vertebrae - the small of my back is collapsing slowly inwards, curving itself into a subtle, feminine arch shape. I can feel my hipbones slouching away from my pelvis, burgeoning, *bubbling* outwards so that my posterior begins to resemble the softly pooched hips & buttocks of a comely young girl.

Trembling in abject terror, I feel my jawbone scrape painfully from a respectable masculine squareness, reshaping itself into the gentle curvature of a young woman's chin, with soft ruby lips to match. When I spread these new lips to cry out for help, I am suddenly racked with an indescribable, *visceral* pain that stays my tongue. I feel my entire body starting to shrink. My angular, masculine 6'0" frame is crumpling in on itself, evaporating into the waiflike 5'4" of a tender, fragile female figure.

My hoodie begins to remake itself, dissolving into a thin, tight pink T-shirt; my jeans shrink around ever-more slender legs. My scalp, once utterly bare, *flourishes* with thick, dark brown hair, creeping steadily to my shoulders in a slow bronze wave of voluminous lushness.

Doubled over & gagging with misery, my body renounces its masculinity: I feel a pair of ovaries growing like cancerous cysts within the pit of my belly. From nothing they grow, twin demons, fierce engines of mass estrogen production. My mutant hypothalamus, desperate to please the wayward sexual hungers of the masses, vigorously stimulates these newly-grown feminine glands, wielding them to transform my aching body still further. My penis shrinks up into my crotch with an agonizing, drawn-out, gutwrenching *SCHHHLLLURP*, inverting itself into the cylindrical gash of a pouting vaginal slit. The tubes of my newly-formed pussy push up further & further into my diaphragm, finally warping the surrounding viscera into a fully-functioning uterus fed through spindly, alien Fallopian tubes by my powerful, freshly-grown ovaries.

When I finally manage to force my mouth open to scream, my crimson lips emit a distressingly effeminate squeal. I grasp my throat in terror – my Adam's apple has dissolved, along with my beard.

As the space above my hips collapses grindingly into my diaphragm to form a more girlish waist (and my boxer shorts morph into tight white panties), a burning surge of estrogen saturates the dormant tissue around & beneath my nipples. I feel my engorged nipples swell with blood as my breast tissue swells slightly upwards from utter flatness, budding softly & sensuously into the waiting cups of a newly-formed A cup training bra. As the horror of my deplorable transformation abates, I gasp in disbelief, struggling to stand up straight once more and regain some semblance of inner equilibrium.

I stand now on unsure footing within the unfamiliar body of a (rather flat-chested) 18-year-old girl.

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## IV.

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*What have you done to me??*

– Did you really think these pathetic virgins want any more *dudes* around? Of course not! They want tight 'lil cuties – with tight 'lil bodies – & a tight 'lil *pussy*!

Stephen's female hand reaches into female panties to feel a female vaginal slit.

She screams.

M-my cock! What happened to my *cock*!?

- Ah, I forgot to explain! That "free" hot dog you ate just cost you your *genetic stability*. Over a series of cycles with a half-life of the next 12 hours, your body will automatically transform to appease the subconscious desires of those nearby.

Horrified, Stephen's eyes dart about the con.

Bronies.

Bronies, as far as the eye can see.

Creepy, weird, obsessive, kinky, sexually repressed, desperate, frustrated, horny bronies.

She screams.

- Don't worry! The serum you've ingested has been calibrated to be infinitely more sensitive to... ah, *rather specific* desires, *heavily* emphasizing the development of *certain attributes*. So don't try hanging out with straight women or gay dudes - it won't work. Enjoy your new gender!

Stephen, stunned, looks down at her new, form-fitting outfit: a trendy pink-patterned T-shirt and svelte, skintight jeans; the slightest suggestion of a training bra ripples the material on her upper torso, patiently cradling the soft crest her still-incipient bosom.

And how the *fuck* did you change my clothes??

- "*The magic of science!*"... Nanotechnology. Old sci-fi cheat.

Her hand snaps pensively at the skinny straps of her brand-new bralette. Its grip feels strange & unfamiliar, pressing firmly on her slim, petite shoulders and "*late bloomer*" breast buds with quiet diligence.

She slides her slender hand cautiously down the skin-hugging contours of her casual, freshly-nanogenerated feminine-cut attire.

Ugh...

I feel naked in these things...

Her other hand - still buried awkwardly within her pants - slowly, automatically, begins to massage her newly-formed clit, feeling the gooey folds of her new, inverted genitalia. She gasps at the sensitivity.

My god, this feels *amazing...*!

I...

I really am a *girl*...?

A couple of fat bronies waddling past begin to gawk. Her face glows bright red. Reluctantly, she pulls her hand out of her pants.

She walks off nervously.

I need to find a bathroom so I can investigate further...

...

... and maybe find a *way out* of this horrible teenage *chick-body*...!

As she walks, her tiny butt shifts enticingly against the fabric of her jeans. From the corner of her vision, she spies the leering eyes of passing bronies dart to avoid her gaze as each in turn is caught glaring at her cute, unassuming, jailbaitlike figure.

Are these boys... *staring* at my body now that I've become a girl?

Perverts...

They can *smell* my femaleness. I know it. Pheromones. Sense fresh meat: like sharks. Hungry. Lonely. Detect when suitably attractive female nearby. Can't help it: humans – animals. Body before mind. Theirs is a hunger I knew...

... er – *know* –

... *firsthand*.

The bestial lust that gnaws at the soul. Starving wolf; bared fangs shone through sheepskin. Blood on the summer air.

...

Suddenly frightened, Stephen's gangly, girlish legs quake in mortal peril, trembling in her trendy checkered Vans, feeling like a prone, defenseless warrior who foolishly forgot his sword back home.

I've *got* to find a way to get my goddamn cock back!!

Closing her eyes, she tries with all her might to *will* her missing penis & balls back into physical existence, crossing her fingers forcefully, gritting her teeth with determination, straining her pelvic floor muscles.

Striding forward, Stephen's wayward arm bumps unwittingly into the tall, sturdy figure standing directly in her path.

– *Yeowch*. Sorry!

Somewhat ruffled, she looks up to catch within her widening gaze the smooth, darkly handsome facial features of a strapping, square-jawed young male. An odd aura of intriguing mystery enchants the untold secret of his silent, knowing eyes. Slightly confused, he looks down at the beanpole figure of the girl who has just unwittingly jabbed the bulge of his crotch with her wayward elbow.

- Oh, excuse me... he mutters, returning attention to his smartphone.

Stephen's heart beats loudly in her chest. Were the boys at this convention *always* this cute??

Her new pussy moistens ever so slightly.

A fat brony elbows her in the small of her back; she swivels around, catching the stench of days-old armpit sweat. With a tip of the fedora the neckbeard excuses himself - trundling off, pimply asscrack in full view.

Well, maybe not *all* of the boys...

Eager to forget the unpleasantness of the obesity behind her, she turns once more to gaze upon the handsome figure which her tingling elbow might never forget - only to see him in the arms of the pretty Luna cosplay girl from before, gently kissing the nape of her neck as she giggles chipperly at some unheard joke.

Of course... he has a *girlfriend*...

*Feh!*

He's only with her 'cuz she's got bigger *tits* than me...

Noting the plump curvature of the Luna's pleated skirt as her boyfriend squeezes a willing buttcheek, Stephen fondles absentmindedly one of her own (relatively flat) buttocks.

*And* a better ass.

Typical.

*Sigh...*

I clasp my nonexistent bosom wistfully.

I suppose I *could* use a bit more up top...

...

Wait, what am I *thinking*??

- No, no - I think you're on to something! crows the awful voice in my head. Do you see that gross brony *staring* at you over there?

Turning my head in apprehension and fear, I view once more the hulking obesity of the fedora-wearing neckbeard from before, seated at a nearby fold-out table, pretending to be engrossed in some trivial game on his phone. He quickly averts my glance.

- He was - *just now* - thinking the *exact same thing*! *Amazing*, right?

I shuddered involuntarily.

- But what does your *body* think?

Well...

You see -

My body had been listening to his perverted thoughts the entire time. My desire for bigger tits & a fatter ass... had in fact been his own.

Suddenly volatile, my horrifically vulnerable, receptive open-source DNA unspins & re-entwines itself maliciously against my will, every fiber of my cellular infrastructure twisting painfully, bending, mutating, *aching* to contort every molecule in my body in accordance with *his* unconscious, unspoken will, *saturating* my bones, organs, & tissue with an ineffable, indescribable, inconceivably *genetic* ailment of nauseously ill portent, fiendishly warping my very *anatomy*... simply in order to please this one single random brony's cock.

Shuddering icily, I feel so powerless... so alone. An empty object, an inanimate plaything. A lifeless, mindless, simulated doll.

God's pathetic fucktoy.

Feeling a bone shift somewhere, I wince in breathless terror.

Then: the inevitable.

My accursed body lurches with a sickeningly familiar sensation as the relentless hormone factory of my ovaries gushes forth a torrent of estrogen, saturating the seething membranes of my exhausted cells. My nipples engorge once more, tickling the tight cups of my tiny training bra. Then, slowly but surely, my budding breasts begin to develop in earnest, bunching up fatly within their taught little harness as they grow outward. I fight with both arms to restrain them - *useless*.

To my continuing horror, nanobots race to remake my clothing to suit pervier tastes: my jeans shorten & tighten, decorated with little flowers at the hem; my shirt shrinks, plunging its neckline & exposing a slight whiff of flesh just below my navel; my tennis shoes dissolve into flowery summer sandals on my tiny feet; and my bra adjusts itself accordingly in anticipation of my budding breasts. My hair brightens subtly into a dirty bronze, lengthening past my shoulders. I feel the bones of my pelvis slouch still wider, pulling my ass slightly outwards, rounding it enticingly against my even-tighter jeans now gently riding up into my asscrack. I spread my arms outwards in disbelief to watch as my boobs begin to overfill my small A cup bra, which quickly becomes a B cup in order to achieve a more perfect fit.

...

Now I look like some free-spirited little high-school hipster girl, excited to show off the new curves she grew over summer break.

My body's unwelcome changes ease to a halt.



Instinctively, my body draws my mind's conscious awareness directly into my newly-formed, throbbing, now distinctly more-than-budding tits. They feel like perky little beanbags hanging from my skinny ribcage.

W-What?? Did my boobs just get... *bigger*??

I clutch my mutant chest in disbelief.

– Believe what you feel! O, and what's this? Have those hips perhaps gotten a bit wider as well...?

With one hand still grasping my hyperventilating chest, I shot the other around to feel my ass. It feels fuller.

This is *too* weird.

I cross my arms under my modest bosom, furious. Biting my lip and pouting, I direct my thoughts at the unseen voice which seemed to be delighting in playing softcore Cronenberg with my anatomy:

Change me back into a man. *Now*.

– I'm afraid I couldn't do that even if I wanted to, honey. By the way, enjoy being able to cross your arms while you still can... Your DNA's desire-sensitivity has already recovered from its first and shortest refractory period, and quite a few of these bronies have already begun eyeing your *new curves*...

In silent fear I turn my head. Several bronies had joined the first. They hid behind their phones & pretended not to have been staring, sweating in silent lust.

Fuckin' cowards.

Looking down, I clench my fist in anger, walking away in a huff, cradling my new breasts with my free arm. The gentle jiggling of their smallish weight creates a sickening knot in my stomach.

This body was not my own: I had become someone else's fantasy.

And it wasn't finished changing, either.

Not by a long shot.

In the pit of my heart, I could feel the hunger of the bronies' eyes as they watched my asscheeks sashaying briskly away against the taught denim of my form-fitting jeans. I could feel their instinctive, animal lust for even *bigger* titties. And in my body's flexible, fertile genome, their cold desires once more take root.

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# V.

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I need to get out of here, before...

– *Too late*, I'm afraid!

She was right. A familiar warming sensation begins to build behind my tingling nipples as my body's hormonal resources are forcefully rerouted via nanobots into further developing its breast tissue. Bloated with blood, my nipples crest visibly beneath my filling bra, which slowly reshapes itself into white, lacy lingerie patterns. My panties follow suit, shrinking from cute yet utilitarian cloth to match the sexier designs of my new top. No longer merely form-fitting, my jeans dissolve into oppressively tight, slightly-torn jean shorts which compress uncomfortably my now-rounder booty and even-wider hips. My hair grows longer still, lengthening itself all the way down to my ass, brightening further to achieve a stereotypical "dumb blonde" look. As my boobs bloat steadily to fill my new C cup bra, my shirt shrinks into a tiny yellow tank-top, fully baring my lithe midriff, proudly displaying my new, more ample cleavage for all the world to see.

I look down. There, nestled fatly in my new Victoria's Secret-type lingerie, bobbed the twin desires of perverted men the world over. They ache with new sensation; fresh nerve-endings seem to have thrived throughout the swollen breast tissue, but particularly in my nipples – still engorged, poking uncomfortably into the hard, grooved surface of my bra.

My body responds to the subconscious sexual desires of those around me, huh...?

So *of course* my boobs are getting bigger...

I jump slightly, jiggling my boobs in their cups experimentally, causing my painfully erect nipples to rub against the fabric of my bra. I gasp at the sensation.

... more sensitive too. *Figures*.

I bend my torso sideways to get a better look at my now-fuller booty. My fashionably-ripped jean shorts ride up aggressively into my buttcrack, hugging my cheeks so tightly that I feel unsure of the possibility of ever taking them off. My butt itself, while not exactly "big" by any means, now curves enticingly outward from the sloping small of my back, eager to present itself as lascivious live bait to the hungry cocks of fertile males.

With my long, golden-blond hair, shamelessly ass-hugging cutoffs, and skimpy bright yellow mini-tank-top I look like some sort of exhibitionistic sorority-pledge slut.

Ugh.

This body was *built* for fucking...

Suddenly seized with mortal fear, I meet the passing glances of hordes of frustrated, horny congoers only *pretending* not to ogle my newly-amplified assets now on flagrant display.

A nervous bead of sweat rolls down my neck.

I've got to get to the restroom & figure out some sort of plan before these bronies' sick fantasies turn me into a walking *cum dumpster* with *hooves...!*

Resolutely I march, teeth clenched, head down, fists swaying at the ends of my stiff arms, determined, trying to walk as squarely and un-sexily as possible... and failing. My tight little booty continues to sway in a tantalizing rhythm. A pert little window of C cup cleavage peeks out slyly above my tank-top – I quickly splay my hand across my chest to cover it.

A thin, clear film of icy sweat coats my terrified, fragile, genetically-unstable body.

...

Where the fuck are the restrooms??

Vendors' & artists' tables line the walls, hawking overpriced pony merch & mediocre pony fan-art. Bronies swarm the hall, filling nearly all of the available walking space with their nerdlly bulk. The carpet *seethes* with them. It's difficult to even *move*, let alone see where to go. An uncomfortable heat surges within my anxious body, twisting my sickly stomach inside out. I'm nearly crying from fear.

I'll *never* get out of this slutty teenage girl's body!

I close my eyes. The frigid wetness of sweat begins to seep deeply into the fabric of my skanky clothing. Fanning myself with one hand, I shift my weight onto one haunch, licking the salty perspiration from my full, feminine lips.

What the fuck is with this heat?? I'm sweating like a *pig!*

Slowly, a deep nausea rocks the core of my being, throwing my center of gravity off-balance. My arms rush to clutch my afflicted midsection. I'm suddenly freezing cold.

– *Uuuugghh...* I don't feel so good...

– It seems your body is having a brief spot of trouble adapting to all of your recent genetic, hormonal, and physical... *changes* – I can't *imagine* why... Your body seems to be attempting to heal itself to its original male condition through white blood cell activity, causing your present violent fever. Touching, really – yet utterly *futile...!* Those rogue cells will not survive your *next* wave of transformation, and this illness will subside – along with most of your body's remaining resistance to your *inevitable future!*

She coughs.

– By the way... your *cups* are showing...!

Looking down at her sweat-soaked tank-top, Stephen can see clearly the bold outline of her lacy white brassiere.

- *Yipe!*

Panicking, hunched tightly to conceal herself, she rushes madly in a bid to escape the thronging crowd of sex-starved manchildren, hurtling herself towards what looks like a relatively empty hallway.

I've *got* to find that damn restroom before any of those gross horny bronies see my br-...!!

Just then, her sandalled foot catches sharply on an unseen break in the surface of the hotel carpet, sending her flailing body careening down harshly against an expansive tract of hard tile floor.

- ...aaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Crumpled in a compromising pose, ass-up, splayed across the marble surface, still sick, still scared, still soaked with sweat, Stephen weeps bitter tears of acrid, stinging anguish. Sobbing, rubbing her burning back, she struggles just to sit upright.

- *Ooowwww...*

- Did you have a nice *trip*?

The scientist's indifferent sarcasm.

Why me?

Why the *fuck* me??

- I guess this just isn't your day at all now, is it?

Bitter teardrops fall: in pain, in pain of terror, in pain of humiliation, in pain of suffering, in pain of my sickened, aching, cursed body.

Losing my shit completely, I shake my fist at an indifferent ceiling.

- FUCK OFF!! *DEMON!!!*

- Watch that temper, now! You wouldn't want to attract any unnecessary *attention* or anything, now, would you?

- GET OUT OF MY *HEAD!!!*

I beat the uncaring surface of the convention hall floor with impotent, defeated fists. Bowed down on all fours, head hanging low, flaxen hair hanging low, my delicate, girlish hands splay to support an aching, ailing, sickly, shuddering female frame, my C cup boobs sagging into their soggy C cup holsters.

My slutty tank-top drips futile pools of futile sweat on futile tiling.

– It's just not fair...

I slump.

And then, the inevitable voice:

– Excuse us, Miss...? A-are you *alright*, Miss...?

Oh shit.

The calvary has arrived. Hooray I'm saved.

Oh *shit*.

– It's just... we heard you shouting... and you sounded pretty *upset*, so...

Two bronies. They heard me shouting. One of them looks like a regular enough dude – but the *other* one wears a vibrant internet-order-only-type Rainbow Dash T-shirt bursting with fiery Japanese text blazing across a vivid technicolor flightpath. Tucked under his left arm is a custom, high-dollar, handmade, show-accurate Rainbow Dash plush doll.

No no no no no no no no no no no...

I can feel his desire... the refractory period must be over again.

My body's DNA is opening up, *warping* itself in tune to his *sick thoughts...!*

Fuck.

While his friend speaks, the Rainbow Dash guy stares silently at my drenched, fearful body, grasping his plush Rainbow Dash doll tightly, gingerly stroking it with his fingertips, biting his lip. His eyes rove rapidly across my vulnerable physique, *groping* me in silence – from my soaked bra (my nipples now plainly visible due to the extreme moisture & a sudden foreboding pressure of hot blood now building rapidly within them) to my tight butt and back again, over and over.

I could tell he was erect.

...

*I have to get out of here!!*

– M-miss? Are you alright, Miss? Y-you don't look so good...

I ran.

But it was too late.

The first thing that happened is my ears began to ring. Then they began to creep upwards and

grow outwards. Those sick nanobots were altering my human form into that brony's sick fantasy – and now, deep within my genetic code, my blighted body *ached* for it.

A familiar pressure continued to build in my chest as my already-erect nipples become supersaturated with nutrient- and hormone-rich blood, distending into agonizingly hypersensitive globules squished hard and flat against the inner scratchy lace surface of my bra. I'm dashing as fast as I can across the convention floor, searching for a restroom – *any* restroom – or at least a place to *hide!* With each running step, my overdriven nipples bounce painfully.

As I speed away from that awful brony whose unabashed gaze & undisguised lust had terrified me so, the changes his thoughts have wrought upon my DNA continue to take their terrible toll. My ears, ringing ever-more malevolently, suddenly shoot up past my temples, unraveling themselves into a wrapped conical shape. I clutch my head and scream in horror as the painful transformation completes with a sickening crunch and a loud pop, *completely restructuring* the shape of my aural canal. In shock, unable to run any farther, I collapse to the ground, pressing my hands upon the blasphemous abominations of cartilage that have just sprouted from my skull. I struggle in vain to compress these monstrously inhuman, catlike ears back into my scalp, but to no avail.

Worse changes were ahead. The entire lower part of my face, including my nose, slowly begins to loosen its grip from skeletal reality, feeling strangely potent and pressurized, like a held-in sneeze. A tingling sensation builds behind my nose, mounting into *indescribable* sinus pain. I wrinkle my nose in crumpled horror, holding those wicked nanobots back from their obscene directive as long as possible, until I couldn't hold it in any longer, and – with a sensation like dynamite being set off in my nasal passages – I sneeze.

Except it was no ordinary sneeze. This sneeze blew the bottom half of the skeletal structure of my face *out of its natural alignment*, blasting the lower portion of my skull into what can only be described as a sort of a diminutive half-snout. My nose, rather than the small inverted conical shape it had previously held as normal human nose, now more closely resembled the *muzzle* of a horse or dog – though it retained a peculiar sort of "humanness" in its relatively slight profile in relation to the rest of my aching, burning face. Even so, this new & unwelcome bulge positively *dwarfs* my previous olfactory equipment.

I scream.

Aware that my screams might draw a crowd, and wary of allowing anyone to witness my ongoing transfiguration, I steady myself to my feet with difficulty, doing my damndest to *run* as my body persists in its unholy mutation. My equilibrium utterly shot due to a complete remodeling of my inner ear, the best I can manage is a kind of vertiginous hobble. As I limp in a direction which I *pray* might lead to a public restroom, I feel a *profane bubbling* along the ridge of my shoulders where they join my vertebrae, and at the very base of my spine right above my anus.

Gravely guessing at what the nature of these nascent *diabolical appendages* might be, I was

*unspeakably* thankful to finally locate the womens' restroom.

Hurling my full weight against the door in dire desperation, I fell in.

Collapsed in the entryway, I struggle to drag myself across the white linoleum floor with what little stamina I have left, ignoring the mounting, ominous pain in my pulsating bosom.

I look around. No one else is in here.

*Good.*

Nubs of embryonic wings & a tail throb against the brittle barrier of my once-human skin. I've managed to pull myself as far as the first sink when every burning muscle fibre in my body *gives out*, its strength sapped by the three foul filaments of agonizing torture which have presently erupted from my backside: a pair of smallish, hollow, boney wings – each spanning at least twice the width of my skull – unfold bloodily from my upper spine like butterflies bursting from a meat cocoon, while my tailbone *volcanically* recuses itself from its proper vestigial status, severing flesh and spewing blood in its wake.

As I cower on the cold linoleum in a terrified heap – my nerve-endings having screamed themselves to the brink of a shocked numbness – my body completes its final loathsome changes.

First, with a sensation like that of being mauled by millions of tiny scratchy fleas, a number of infinitesimally minuscule hairs spring up across my shaking body, warming it slightly, uniformly light-blue across the surface of my flesh, except on the flanks of my hips, where two iconic cloud & lightning bolt emblems – immediately recognizable as Rainbow Dash's cutie mark – have emblazoned themselves.

Next, my golden-blond hair flares into *vibrant* rainbow stripes of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple mane. Nearly simultaneously, my newly-elongated tailbone *bursts* into an equally vivid display of rainbow-streaked plumage, long and bright. The hairs of my new tail shoot out beyond my (thankfully still-human) legs & feet, flopping around erratically on the floor as my brain struggled to develop new neural pathways to allow for proper control of my new, reluctantly-acquired appendages. With a fidgeting spasm and an audible "FOOF!", my skeletal wings coat themselves in a soft down of light-blue feathers, flapping about haphazardly as new neural networks attempt to establish a connection with brand-new musculature.

As I cautiously eased myself up off the ground, my brain began to assert full & confident control over my recent additions – but the changes weren't quite over yet. I became acutely aware once more of the throbbing agony in my blood-saturated breasts, which had not relented in the slightest. My now Oreosized areolae continued to advance against my straining bra, which had begun to morph itself into a tighter, more flexible material even as its cups continued to grow in size, passing a D cup.

As I stood panting breathlessly, watching my tits pulse & grow in the restroom mirror, I began to fondle my swelling chest in a cruel spell of muddled agony and sudden sexual excitement.

Pleasure & pain become indistinguishable. My ecstatic hands squeeze excitedly every inch of my twin burgeoning mounds of bloated titflesh, cupping and jiggling them in the palms of my hands like organic water balloons, taking special pleasure in the mindnumbing sensitivity of my engorged nipples. I pant even harder, gasping and drooling, forgetting everything about who I was or what I was or where I was or why I was, my entire universe condensed within those unbelievable nerve-endings at the tips of my mammary tissue.

My pussy *oozes* with pleasure.

Then, all of a sudden, I conceived of the queerest notion that my hands were not really *my* hands. In my mind's eye I saw him: the creepy Rainbow Dash-obsessed brony guy groping my tits *through my own hands*, ecstatically massaging my boobs with an inexpressible joy and euphoric relief.

He was actually getting to *touch* his waifu!

*Actually* living out his *impossible* dream of fondling a real-life, no-shit, busty anthropomorphic Rainbow Dash in the flesh!!

My skin crawled involuntarily. My vagina dried up. My previous sexual fervor evaporated.

Immediately, I dropped my breasts back into my bra, resolving never to touch them in *that way* again.

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## VI.

[View Online](#)

I cannot allow them to take control.

...

My name is Stephen Nicholas Dirth.

I am *not* a busty teenage girl. I am a man.

I am *not* an anthropomorphic pony. I am a human being.

Uneasily calm, I took stock of myself in the mirror. The changes had come to a halt. The nanobots had again altered my wardrobe, which now consisted solely of a red sports bra and matching black gym shorts. My tail – God, I'm *never* going to get over how weird it is to have to say something like that... – pierced a tight hole near the upper band of my tight-fitting, feminine gym shorts, while my wings presently retracted discreetly into big, feathery inverted teardrops on my back, folding neatly over the thin, red straps of my bra. My bigger breasts fit snugly in



the boob-hugging contour of its spandex cups.

I looked at the tag: DD cup. Yeesh. My boobs were now officially "big" – at least by *popular* standards.

I sighed and bounced a bit on my barefoot heels (my shoes, it seems, had dissolved entirely during my agonizing transformation into a brony's wet dream), watching my boobs jiggle a little in the mirror before being quickly restrained by their spandex harness. They really aren't *that* big. I could easily *run* with these – *comfortably*, even, if I can get used to those overexcited nerve-endings in my nipples – as long as I have this sports bra on, anyway...

Then again, pressing my open palm flatly against my left tit, my tiny fingers barely managed to grasp its flattened circumference. It felt hefty and full in my hand. I was certainly *not* flat. I released the boob and turned to the side. My breasts slope out roundly from my chest like perky, overgrown grapefruits. I'd certainly arrived within the realm of "busty" – but only just.

I flapped my wings in curiosity, utilizing muscles which mere minutes ago I would have never thought could possibly have existed. Spreading them to their full wingspan of 5 feet, I began to beat the air furiously, hopping slightly in hopes of attaining some semblance of flight.

Nothin'. They're useless.

At least they *look* kinda *cute*, I guess...

Rotating my hips and turning around, I looked over my ass in the mirror. It looked meatier than it had only moments ago... my hips seemed a bit wider as well. My muscles, previously nigh-nonexistent, felt toned and fit. My thighs felt tight and powerful. The barest suggestion of a thigh gap lingered just below my crotch, neatly framed by my now-even-wider hips. Standing in a full profile, my toned buttocks pooched out invitingly from my backside, the gentle curvature of my pretty frame clearly tracing the gentle suggestion of an hourglass figure, my tight butt perfectly counterpointing my trim waist and modestly busty chest.

Experimentally, I flick my new horselike tail, wagging my tight little booty, flexing some pelvic floor muscles that I'm not entirely certain existed before. My tail swishes from side to side, snapping like a technicolor blur at the air. Between this thing and my useless wings, I've got a lot of flexibility potential for expressive movement, at the very least!

– Yessir, that's a *fiiiiine* tail you've got there, for sure! You're certain to get *lots* of male attention with *that* thing...! (oh, and that *other* tail is *nice* too, I s'pose... you know... the one with the *rainbows*...!)

I've got find a way to change back. *Now*.

Even if I end up stuck as a girl forever, I can *at least* become fully human again!

– Become human again? At a brony convention?? You've *seen* yourself, right?? The second those nerds lay eyes on you their imaginations will go mad with *wild pony-lust*. You'll be lucky if

you don't turn into a into a full-on no-shit 100% all-fours horse with crotchtits!!

All I have to do is escape this *damned* convention & go hang out with some *normal* people! I'll be *normal* again in no time! ...right...?

– Ha! *Good luck...*

Walking briskly towards the bathroom door, the anthropomorphic embodiment of Rainbow Dash stands up to her rational fear of the public eye, boldly pushing open the knobless door with a free shoulder, inadvertently bunching up her tits into an bulging, indiscriminate fatty mass as she leans in.

Stepping out into the convention hall, her perky boobs jiggle gently back into place.

Gawd, I hate these things already...

I break into a light trot. My DD cup sports bra secures my chest from wobbling excessively, but they're still bouncing up & down in time with every footstep. Nearly every head is turning. I begin to feel uneasy. My body is still within a refractory period, so no physical transformations are taking place; however, I begin to feel a subtle blur between my own mind & the minds of the pony-fans surrounding me. Not one of them wants me to leave.

Though my powerful legs could easily run for hours *no problem*, I slow to a stop.

...

Where am I going again?

A young teenager, maybe 14 years old, dressed in her own little custom Rainbow Dash outfit, approaches me.

– Excuse me, M-ma'am, but – that's a *really amazing* Rainbow Dash cosplay!! I've never seen *anything* like it before!! C-can I take a picture with you??

I'm taken slightly aback. Me?? No one has *ever* asked *me* to pose with them in a con photo!

She reaches up into my long, striped, rainbow mane.

– *Wow!!* Did you *really* dye your *actual* hair like this? *That's amazing!!* You're so dedicated! Did you make your costume yourself?

There's no way in hell I'm telling her the truth.

– Sure did!

– What's your name??

My name? I forget...

– Uh... Rainbow Dash! *Fastest* wings in Ponyville, if not *all of Equestria!!*

As I boast, my wings flutter confidently, and I whip my tail.

- *Wow!!! How did you do that??*

She begins to play gently with my wings and my tail, fascinated by their "craftsmanship."

I arch my back and puff up my chest, assuming a pose of mock-bravado.

- Hehe, *trade secret*, kid!! You just gotta work *hard* at your costume game, you know what I mean? It took me a *long time* to get *this good*, you know...!

Was that a convincing Rainbow Dash impression?

Yeesh, I hope she doesn't ask about the *blue fur*...

- Hehehehe, you're funny...!

The younger teen rustles around in her purse for her phone, handing it to a passing con staff member to take the photo.

We pose.

- Ok, now say, "*20% cooler in 10 seconds flat!!!*"

I bite my lip.

The phone's camera clicks.

We're both pretty satisfied with the result...!

- Hey, uh, "*Rainbow*," what's your IG? We should follow each other!!

- Huh?

- Your Instagram? You're a professional cosplayer... right? Surely you have an Instagram...?

- Well, you see, uh... actually... I don't...? I'm not really a professional cosplayer yet, I just, uh... do this for the fun! ... And for my *friends*!

- WHAT?? No way!! You could EASILY make a *living* creating costumes like this for other people, or heck - you're *gorgeous*! I figured you were a professional cosplayer *at least* - if not a 100% professional *model*. With *your* figure and *your* talent, you could absolutely *kill* it!!

She looks me in the eyes.

- A talented person like you NEEDS to be posting on Instagram. Or *some* kind of social media! The world *needs* to see how amazing you are. Where's your phone?

I root around in my gym shorts. Sure enough, my smartphone is still in there somehow. I hand it over to her.

- Ok, just gimme a sec... I'll download the app, get you set up... Instagram is such a great platform, if you get *really* popular - like I *know* you can! - you can use it as a really amazing business & marketing tool...! Hm...

- Business? Marketing?? I don't know anything about that kinda stuff! That's *Rarity's* thing. Rainbow Dash just likes to go *fast*...!

I do a little spin on one leg, flexing my wings to achieve an inhuman degree of acrobatic balance, and assume a "We can do it!" type of "girl power" pose.

She giggles tolerantly at my dorky Dash impersonation.

- Surely you're gonna do more cosplays than just *Rainbow Dash*...? What kind of cosplays have you done in the past? Do you have any pics?

- Er... actually, um, dressing up as Rainbow Dash is actually my very first cosplay!

She stares in disbelief at my unbelievably lifelike "costume." Her mouth is agape.

- Wow... if that's... if that's *really* your *very first* cosplay... and *you made it*... then you REALLY have A LOT of potential! You got *so much* potential! With *your* abilities, and your *amazing* body, you could *revolutionize* the cosplay industry!!!

Suddenly, realizing that she has been fangirling excessively, her face reddens. She places her hands behind her back and shifts her weight from foot to foot, looking down at her phone, swaying from side to side, trying to hide her embarrassment.

- All I'm trying to say is... I'm eager to see you *develop* as an artist.

She looks up. She's looking me straight in the eye.

- That's really why I want you to start an IG. I want to watch you *grow*.

She's looking down at her phone again.

- Ok, so, what do you want your username to be?

I wrack my brain.

- I don't know... how about "@growingpony7"...?

I smile.

Her face beams.

- Promise me you'll take lots & lots of beautiful pics today...! I'll follow you *right now*...

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# VII.

[View Online](#)

I haven't let her down.

Since me and Amelia (IG: @scootalynn) parted ways, quite a few people have asked me to pose for photos with them, and I've always said yes. It's a pretty normal thing to get asked to do at conventions when people like your cosplay, and people keep telling me that my cosplay is *amazing*. No one guesses that this is just how I look! Whenever I snap a pic, I'll post it to my Instagram and they'll follow me. I even took a few selfies, just for fun.

It's been pretty cool!

Some folks are kind of weird though... That is, I've gotten a couple of odd requests.

Most people just let me do any pose I feel like, but one guy specifically asked me to get down on all fours, on my hands and knees and beg like a dog. Then he had his buddy pretend to ride on my back. That was strange. Then they asked me if they could have a shot of me bending over from behind, and a shot of me licking my own feet – which was actually really easy, since my new body is *super*-flexible... I ended up uploading these pics to my Instagram anyway – I think they'll show people how versatile I am. Plus, those two guys seemed *really* excited to follow me. They even said they'll share my IG page with a bunch of their friends online on forums & stuff. I'll bet I get a *ton* of followers!

Wait.

....

What am I *thinking*??

– Ah yes, that'll be the mental changes...

M-Mental changes...??

– You heard me. Since that last transformation took out most of your body's remaining defenses, your mind's resistance to the fetishistic whims of others seems to be fading as well! Over the next few hours, I expect your core "*personality*" to retain *very little* of the original "*Stephen*"...

*Stephen*. That's my name.

Stephen Dirth. *Not* Rainbow Dash. I had almost forgotten.

I shuddered.

– Ah, it seems your refractory period is just about up as well! I hope you had a good time in your current body... *who knows* what'll happen next!

I need to hide.

Another restroom. Or get the fuck out of this brony-infested hellhole for good.

I ran.

Pounding the ground with the bare sole of my feet, I became suddenly thankful for the incredible athletic power in my legs & thighs. I accelerate to reach my top speed almost immediately, working my powerful haunches to whiz past stunned bronies at an unbelievable velocity. A few turn around and cheer – no doubt grabbing a chance to ogle my ass as I practically fly by. My chest, securely bounded in its sports bra, begins to tug somewhat uncomfortably at my shoulders. I ignore the sensation.

I keep running.

---

Near the convention exit, across from the registration tables, gather a gang of cosplayers, fans, and photographers. That legendary IG cosplaying duo, The Mango Sisters, has acceded to requests to participate in a group shot featuring all 6 main ponies. Issy Mango, her F cups bulging succulently from a too-small D cup bra, has been attracting a great deal of con-goers alongside her sister, the similarly busty G cup Essra Mango. Issy, dressed provocatively in a custom-made (though not by her) Rainbow Dash outfit, has been flaunting her curves all day, getting more attention than usual due to her low-cut neckline and intentionally-undersized underwear. Essra cosplays a slightly more modestly-dressed Applejack (also custom-made... though not by her), content to allow her sister a little extra time the limelight... for now, anyway.

Their manager thinks aloud.

– Ok, so we've got a Fluttershy, a Rarity, a Twilight, and you two playing Rainbow and AJ at the center of the photo... shit, we're missing Pinkie Pie...

– I'm sure someone will turn up, groans an impatient Issy.

The manager turns to the gathering crowd, projecting his voice.

– Does anybody know where we can find a Pinkie Pie?? We need *all* of the Mane 6 for this shot – this pic's gonna make the front page of Equestria Daily!!

---

I can see the exit.

A big crowd has gathered to my right for some sort of photoshoot with a couple of showboating Insta sluts. I actually recognize them. Ignoring the cluster of syncophant onlookers and continue running, running towards the light – I can see the promise of blue sky! I can taste Freedom. Deep within me, I yearn to stretch my wings and fly.

I'm getting *out* of this bitch!

- Ding ding ding ding! Time's up, Rainboob!

All at once, my mind becomes an open receptacle, almost indistinguishable from the minds around me. What they want, I want - right down to my very cells and mitochondria. I feel my DNA begin to unravel in eager submission to their foreign whims. I stumble. Suddenly, the exit - though in reality mere yards away - feels strangely remote, inaccessible. Undesirable.

Why *leave* the con, when so many here *need* me?

My wings begin to fold up, shriveling, slurping back up into my spine.

I panic.

Flinging myself under the shawl of a nearby abandoned artists' table, my ovaries begin to burn with a renewed hormonal fury. They want Pinkie Pie - but even more, these bronies want a chesty hottie with a voluptuous figure to match The Mango Sisters. I feel my breasts begin to swell once more with a tingly, fiery, burning sensation as my nipples balloon sharply, biting painfully against my bra, stinging from the sheer blood pressure.

I stifle a yelp of pain and perverse joy.

The hair on my head and tail seems to forget itself, poofing maniacally into a chaos of ecstatic whips, fluffs, and bursts, trading in its electric jaggedness and detonating itself into a floofy maze of unbounded effervescence. With a jolt, all of my hair & skin becomes pink, Rainbow Dash's lightning cloud cutie marks erased in the process, replaced with an etching of three party balloons slapped across each of my burgeoning hips. My trim and toned physique was becoming ever-so-slightly chubbier, a mild layer of soft cellulite dusting my flesh where muscle had once been - all except my ass & titties, which were plumping themselves greedily with luxurious veins of taut fat. My gym shorts became miniscule short-shorts, cutting off absurdly close to my now camel-toed, overexcited quim. At some point my modest panties become a G-string, and the heated turmoil of my transformation cools to a stop.

Wriggling out from beneath the dark underbelly of the table and standing up, I found myself now wearing an absurdly tight blue tank-top which barely contained the strain of my bulging E cup breasts. My marginally chubby midriff bares itself past my navel. Curving sumptuously beyond the exposed skin of the small of my back, my tiny, tight shorts struggle to restrain my thick, fat rump, riding up sharply into the veritable canyon of my asscrack. As I walk towards the tittering crowd encircling The Mango Sisters, my asscheeks bobble alluringly behind me, fully two-thirds of their luscious half-melons on full, succulent display, the tattoo of my party-balloon cutie marks clearly visible on the side of each fat cheek. My boobs, free of their sports-bra prison, jiggle prominently, cresting obviously above the low cut of my top with every step I take.

I approach the crowd of con-goers, eager to join the party.

- Hey, *there's* a Pinkie Pie!

- She'll do *perfectly*!

- Wow, what a *babe!!*

- Hi guys! I find myself blurting cheerfully.

The Mango Sisters' manager approaches me and invites me to join their Mane 6 photoshoot. I'm more than happy to! He situates me near the middle of the shot, between Issy Mango's Rainbow Dash and a rather plain-Jane-looking Fluttershy. I crush my boobs together with my elbows, maximizing my already generous cleavage, and stick my tongue out, bending over and wagging my big, bushy tail with excitement. The cameraman takes a few photos.

- Say, "*My Little Pony!!*"

I yell the loudest.

After the group shot, I make sure that my username gets tagged properly when they share it on Instagram, Equestria Daily, and who-knows-where-else, and a lot of people come up to me asking if I'll take photos with them.

Of course I say yes!

Most guys seem to insist on holding me by my hips, wrapping an arm tightly about the small of my back, resting one hand on the upper curve of my butt and holding their phone up with the other. One guy actually slapped my ass! It jiggled pretty hard, but I slapped *his* ass right back. I really think it was just his way of thanking me for the photo op. A few other guys just had me pose for them solo, so I tried my best to do some cute poses for them... stuff like leaning up against a column to shimmy my ass against it while sticking my chest out. They really seemed to like that!

The crowd began to disperse, and I sauntered off into a merch aisle rimmed by tall, decadent shelves stocked with MLP trinkets, flicking through my Insta app & squeeing with glee upon seeing all of my new followers!

- Having fun, "Pinkie Pie"?

There's that sour voice in my head again.

Of course I'm having fun! I've made quite a few new friends, and I've almost gotten my first 200 followers on Instagram - *already!* It's barely been an hour!

- You're not bothered by the leering, sexually-charged way these bronies gawk at you? Face it - to them, you're not even really a real *person*; you're just a pair of tits and a fat booty. Maybe a pussy.

No way!! These bronies are *good* people! They're kind, loving, & tolerant. You should give them a chance!

I can hear a pair of backwards-capped voices high-five in the next aisle over.



- So what'd you think of that slutty Pinkie Pie, eh?
- A+. Would bang, fer sure!
- Did you see her ass when I slapped it?
- Fuuuuck yeaah! Thicc as *fuck!!*
- *Really* makes me wish we'd brought those fuckin' roofies...
- *Nah*, man, she's *definitely* got some *STD's*... did you see her fuckin' *G-string*?
- She's *definitely* been to a few *parties*, hahaaa...!

I looked down at my hips. Sure enough, my G-string straps were easily visible, peeking out the tops of my woefully revealing short-shorts. I felt pretty certain that my asscrack would be visible too if I could see back there.

Suddenly, I feel deeply ashamed, and terrified.

Who the fuck am I??

For a moment, I struggle to remember. Fortunately, not for very long.

My name is Stephen.

I am a 28-year-old man.

Or, at least, I *was* - before today.

I look down at my E cup breasts, skooshed into a too-small D cup, rising and falling gently in time with the slow rhythm of my breath. My eyes are tearing up.

With this ridiculous figure, how can I live any kind of normal life?? Every boy who sees me is gonna drool over my chest & get a massive, thick, fat, juicy, throbbing boner and...

...

I wonder what it would feel like to have one of those frat-type guys feel up my tits?

I press them together experimentally. It feels wonderful.

Or maybe I could have him squeeze my ass...

I grasp my fat booty, kneading it around. It feels big and squishy in my small hand.

Now with one hand on my booty and one hand massaging my tits, I stifle a gasp of pleasure. My nipples especially are still pretty sensitive.

I wonder if they're still there...? I'll bet at least *one* of them would feel me up!

Maybe if I ask nicely...

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## VIII.

[View Online](#)

- So what'd you think of that *slutty* Pinkie Pie, eh?

Issy & Essy Mango have sat down for lunch. Issy swallows a mouthful of rice, replying.

- Fuck that bitch. Whore thinks she can upstage *us*. Did you see her chatting up Herbie, making sure he puts an IG link in all the press shit he's rolling out today? Unbelievable...

Essy nods.

- Trying to ride on our fame.

Issy, fed up, her face red, throws down her fork. Her breasts jiggle angrily in her woefully undersized bra.

- I'll be *damned* if she gets to ride on *our* coattails. It's taken us *years of work* to get where we are, and some Jenny-come-lately *nobody* is trying to edge us out of the limelight! That fucking EQD article especially I expect should *quintuple* our Insta following... this is our *big chance* to get noticed by some *major brands*! I'll be *damned* if that fatass Pinkie Pie cosplayer gets the same billing as us...

- Honestly, I doubt she even has 1,000 followers yet... I think I overheard her saying...

- And she doesn't have a manager yet or anything. She was hustling Insta adds all by herself... trying to act all cute & innocent...

- What a *naive* little *cunt*...!

- We've *got* to tell Herbie to drop that bitch's IG name from the press release...

Meanwhile, at the buffet, their manager, heaping gobs of fried rice onto his plate, stares at a familiar pink figure cheerfully stuffing its face with cupcakes across the table. Hunched over, her admirable cleavage wobbles excitedly. His gaze is trapped.

She looks up.

- Hey, you're that manager guy for The Mango Sisters!

He forces his eyes to look at her face. He smiles. Hopefully she didn't notice him staring. He introduces himself.

- Hi Herbie! Say, you haven't noticed two bro-y bronies with backwards hats walking around anywhere nearby, have you?

No, he hadn't noticed anyone like that, at least not that he could recall.

- Ah, well.

She resumed stuffing her face, spilling sprinkles into her bouncing chest in her ravenous fervor, rimming her face with sticky icing.

- Say, Miss... You're a *fantastic* cosplayer... I don't think I've *ever* seen a better Pinkie cosplay, or a more *dedicated* approach to character acting... Would you be interested in *posing* for a series of publicity shots with The Mango Sisters early this afternoon? Around, say, 2 o'clock?

The voluptuous pink figure before him desists from scarfing sweets just long enough to look up; she tilts her head quizzically.

- I assure you, you will be neatly *compensated* for your troubles once the ad money starts to roll in. Your image aligns *perfectly* with The Mango Sisters' demographic. We're expecting the buzz around our next press release - and the resulting gains to our social media presence - to guarantee us a *killing* by opening the door to some *top-tier* influencer-marketing deals! Whad'dya say?

She thinks for a moment, shrugs her shoulders, and nods enthusiastically, a broad smile lighting up her sticky face.

Herbie the manager rejoins Issy & Essy at their table where, having finished their food, the busty sisters flick idly at their phone screens in stony silence.

- *Hey hey hey*, girls! Guess who / just ran into...!

---

Pinkie Pie is skipping about and humming a merry tune, her E-cup boobs nearly bounding out from her overtaxed tank-top.

Darn! Where did those two brony guys go? They weren't at the snack bar, they weren't at the cosplay panel... I can't find them anywhere!

Maybe they left?

...

Wait.

Why am / still here?

What am I *doing*??

I can hear that cold voice again.

- You've been bouncing around all over the place, shaking your ass for strangers' phones, agreeing to whore yourself out for cash, eating sugar, and seeking the whereabouts of two potential rapists so you can ask them if they'll feel you up... You're doing *great*.

*Rapists...* you mean those two guys? I'm pretty sure they were just joking around about that roofie thing...

My mouth gasps excitedly.

*Have you seen them??*

- Can't say I have...

Ah, well. Surely *somewhere* at this big ol' convention I can find *somepony* who'll want to squeeze my tits!

- Oh, you can be *sure* of that... Speaking of which, your current refractory period is *just about up...*

...

Shit!

I've got to find the restrooms!

---

In the alcove adjacent to some restrooms, a 22-year-old man cosplaying Spike the Dragon sips greedily from the water fountain, lifting his latex Spike mask with one hand to slurp from its stream. Satiated, he wipes his mouth on a purple sleeve and snaps the mask back in place over his head. He sighs.

Where are all the goddamn chicks??

This con is a fucking sausagefest. Aside from those Instagram cunts attention-whoring in the lobby and that *one* sexy Rainbow Dash that was running around, it's been nothing but gross dudes and jailbait.

He turns around to watch the dull horde of dull bronies mull aimlessly about the convention floor.

I really need to find a cosplaying partner. A girl. I feel like a creepo wandering around here on my own, dressed up like this. A Spike needs his Rarity.

He sighs.

Cradling his purple fabric tail, taking special care not to carelessly damage any green cardboard spikes, he begins to caress his own able handiwork.

Fuck, I'm such a loser...

Just then, a busty Pinkie Pie cosplayer wheels around the corner. In her haste, she carelessly smacks a wayward bouncing boob against his pleasantly astonished hand.

- Excuse me! Sorry!

And she vanishes swiftly into the womens' room.

Stunned, our Spike rubs wistfully his hallowed hand.

What a babe! Sweet Jesus, what an amazing body!

... I guess she really had to go...

His palm aches to remember her blessed breast.

Mournfully it yearns to squeeze.

He sighs.

I'll wait here.

Maybe I can talk to her when she gets out.

Again he sighs.

If only she was a Rarity... maybe with slightly bigger tits... now *that* would be *perfect*...!

His palm fondly flexes fondling fingers in mute assent.

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## IX.

[View Online](#)

Hunkered down, alone in an empty bathroom, the sweaty shape of a mostly-human Pinkie Pie visibly lurches in terror as her reluctant body begins once more to change, fervently opening its DNA once again to those desires which are nearest & strongest.

I'm on my hands & knees, trying in vain to resist the encroaching inevitability. With a sickening shudder, my genetic structure spontaneously rewrites itself to suit the subconscious whims of an overwhelming desire-presence lurking lustfully just beyond the restroom door. Damn it! That fucking Spike!!

*Rarity. Bigger boobs.*

*Got it!*

I falter. My skin & fur blanch into ghastly white. A thick, hard boil accretes on my forehead, rapidly developing into a blunted conical cyst. Touching it, it feels like bone. Slowly, painfully, it begins to press itself with unbearable sharpness against my very skin, splitting my epidermis like a blade, a small white unicorn horn bursting like a slow-motion hacksaw from its flesh-cocoon.

I groan with feeble agony.

My clothes are next to change, along with my hair. My tank-top and short-shorts fuse into an incredibly revealing black velvet dress, hanging asymmetrically about my trembling bone-white haunches. My G-string, of course, remains wedged tight between my asscheeks, unchanged. My once-fluffy poofs of frizzy hair restrain themselves into elegant, looping coils of meticulously-styled purple curls, bouncing voluminously from my scalp and rear-end. Hard black plastic heels materialize around my bare feet.

With mounting horror, I realize that my bra is growing, becoming looser & looser around my E cup breasts, until at least a 2-inch gap stands between my hardening nipples and the baroque black satin cups. Bravely I inspect the tag.

HH cup.

*Fuck.*

An ominous tingling sensation gathers within my chest. My heart beats with feverish urgency. My boobs feel warm and achy, wobbling fatly, faintly in rhythm with my drumming, anxious heart.

They're growing.

I gasp in terror. My heart has betrayed my mind, pumping rich hormones and nutrients into my overdriven breasts against my own will, saturating them with thick, hot blood – feeding their expansion. If only I hadn't eaten all those sweets earlier! They grow slowly. Little by little, they are steadily closing the gap, throbbing closer & closer, bigger & bigger, struggling with all their might to expand and fill the big, ornate cups of my menacing black bra.

Purple veins bulge sorely against the taut, clear skin of my snow-white globes, visibly throbbing with vital fluids. My nipples are on fire, wiggling, thrusting, distended with blood atop the inflamed, wobbling, fatty lobes. My upper body convulses forwards with each painful pulse, as if my heart were marshaling all of its resources into my burgeoning breasts. Fresh, greedy capillaries multiply like angry spindles under the skin. My extremities feel faint and bloodless. I'm keeled over on hard bathroom tile, gagging & reeling with implacable dry heaves, rocked by wave after wave of nauseating pressure surging forcefully into my billowing tits. Finally, the engorged, hard marbles of my burning nipples begin to tickle the inner cups of my bra with *overwhelming* sensation, viciously triggering my already-overexcited pussy. My areolae are definitely bigger than Oreos now.

Then, all at once, in one last violent, sickening lurch that very nearly connects my face with the

floor, my breasts achieve their miserable goal, fattening themselves snugly against the the waiting satin of my infernal brassiere, bulging roundly – juicy, ripe, plump and full.

With wavering weariness I attempt to collect myself off the restroom floor. I nearly fall over, wholly unused to the precarious torture of high heels. My grey matter rapidly compensates for this inexperience, nimbly developing the neural networks necessary for me to balance once more with grace.

I gaze into the mirror to assess the damage.

The low, sharp cut of my dress draws immediate attention to my new HH cup boobs, which are definitely straining the limits of "casually busty," pushing into "amateur porn actress" territory. Where once were perky grapefruits now hang hefty cantaloupes. They jiggle uncomfortably at the slightest motion – guaranteed to attract plenty of unwelcome stares. A golden necklace drapes itself into my obvious cleavage, crowned with a shimmering emerald brooch that's very nearly engulfed by my large breasts. My dark evening gown touches the floor on one side; on the other, an immense fissure in its skirt traces my leg up past my thigh, proudly showing off my shapely haunches, salacious G-string, and triple-diamond cutie mark.

In all honesty, I look *ravishing*.

I examine my figure in profile.

My heels accentuate a plump, lascivious derrière, elevating my pert rear-end seductively. My waist, slimmer than before, contrasts strikingly with my ample hips and generous rack. My figure outlines a distinct hourglass shape. Flicking my opulent tail, I admire the bounce of its intricate spirals – inadvertently causing my big boobs to wobble sympathetically.

These things are *incorrigible!*

I tear my attention away from my tits to examine my face. Intuitively, I feel that my petite unicorn horn – though pretty – is useless. Leaning deeply into the mirror, I admire the subtle eyeliner and glamorous eyelashes rimming the comely hue of my sparkling azure eyes. I twirl a luscious lock of mane playfully around an immaculately-manicured finger.

My nails look *fabulous*.

...

*Where* is my phone??

I simply *must* take a selfie this *instant!*

Instinctively, I reach for my purse. I must have dropped it on the floor.

...

Wait a minute, since when did I have a purse?

No matter. Rummaging through my black Prada Galleria Medium Saffiano Tote Bag, past sundry napkins, accessories, cosmetics, brushes, combs, hair product, inspirational booklets, feminine hygiene items and fashion-design sketchbooks, my slender violet-nailed polished digits finally brush the hard plastic surface of my stylish mauve smartphone. Angling it high over my head, I pout my lips and compress my shoulders, skooshing my boobs to maximize cleavage. I take the shot.

*Wonderful!*

Immediately I upload it to my Instagram, @growingpony7. I've already hit 900 followers! Word of my talent & beauty seems to be travelling *fast*... although honestly, with *my* fashion skills, and *my* body, I'm *hardly* surprised!

I give a little wink in the mirror, smooch my palm, and blow myself a well-deserved kiss. Giggling at my own silly behavior, I do a tiny dance, squashing my big chest between my small arms, making the fatty top halves of my tits wiggle in place like twin mounds of white rubbery gelatin.

I pause. It takes a moment for them to stop.

...

Now then, where was I...

Ah, yes!

Where did that *darling* little Spike cosplayer get to...?

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# X.

[View Online](#)

He had talked himself out of it.

There's no *way* she would go for him – she was *way* out of his league.

He frowns.

Bored and depressed, "Spike" sits at a lunch table across from three dull friends, head propped on one arm, drumming his fingers on fake wood. He had taken his mask off. His buddies hadn't even bothered to cosplay. They were fawning over their phones.

He was still horny.

– Whoa, hey, The Mango Sisters are here!!



- Really??

His friends were far too easily impressed by stupid, nerd-pandering big-titty pony cosplayers. Then again, with his hand still tingling from its momentary brush with that Pinkie Pie's chest, he really didn't have much liberty to judge.

- Damn, who's that *Pinkie Pie* though??

He looked up. One of his pals held up his phone for the others to see.

- What a *slut*! If you *zoom in* you can see her *G-string*...!

Suddenly, he was intrigued.

- Hey, let *me* see!

His buddy flipped the phone around for him to see. There, on The Mango Sisters' IG, was a group photo of all 6 main ponies, apparently taken at this very convention. The busty sisters struck an aloof pose near the center of the shot, coolly flaunting their Rainbow Dash & Applejack cosplays with coy, studied professionalism. A middle-school-aged Rarity, an unremarkably-figured Fluttershy, and a mildly-attractive Twilight Sparkle barely registered – his gaze was ensnared by the brazenly suggestive pose of the Pinkie Pie cosplayer. Her brash, teasing display of elbow-compressed cleavage seemed to taunt his libido. She was winking at the camera.

- D-does she have an Instagram?

- Yeah, they link to it... "@growingpony7". *Yeesh*, good handles must be getting hard to come by these days... *Wow*, she's only got 1,200 followers...! And here I thought she was a *pro cosplayer* doing a guest spot...

He whips out his phone, Googling her username instantly. A handful of threads on creepy niche subreddits and tumblr blogs pop up, along with her Instagram profile. He promptly follows her and begins to browse her most recent uploads.

In her newest pics, she's cosplaying Rarity.

An incredibly sexy Rarity.

Posing in unbelievably compromising positions.

The newest one was uploaded mere *seconds* ago.

His hand twitches involuntarily.

It dreams.

---

Elsewhere, the busty anthropomorphic apparition answering to "Rarity" bids farewell to yet another lovely admirer, having just posed for the umpteenth time.

These bronies' requests just keep getting stranger! That last gentleman invited me to feign crushing his skull with my high heels whilst cackling maniacally... *most* unusual! Earlier, a bearded gentleman simply *demande*d that he photograph me licking a chocolate popsicle and stuffing my face with hamburgers from the food stand (which he himself delightfully purchased for just for *me!*)... I suppose I must have been quite famished, as I simply could not help myself from eating as many as possible! My body must require the extra energy for some purpose... Afterwards, I was *mortified* to discover spots of ketchup had dripped down onto my, er... *busom*... I cleansed it *posthaste*, of course, hopefully before anypony else could see... But the strangest request I have received has *got* to be that band of four friends that were so thoroughly impressed by my *coiffure* that they wished to *douse* my mane with a bucket of water! *Imagine* such a thing!

That *particular* request I steadfastly refused...

Then they requested that I don an attractive Japanese schoolgirl uniform for a few photos.

I eagerly accepted!

Without warning, a provocative fantasy flashes itself upon her receptive mind like an involuntary satellite transmission. She's pressing her bulging busom passionately against the sinewy torso of an absurdly tall & muscular Spike the Dragon, writhing in carnal ecstasy. Grinning mischievously, he liberates the straps of her dress, ardently exposing the succulent melons of her pillowy breasts. Snarling suddenly with a ravenous hunger, he buries his face into her right breast, breathlessly suckling, gnawing, groping the other wildly with his right hand, jubilant at last to fuse with its dearest domical desire. Her pussy saturated with the pleasure radiating from her supersensitive chest, she whimpers and groans, only too terrifically thrilled to be the luscious moaning owner of her feral, potent partner's playthings.

The vision evaporates.

I'm standing here at the juncture of two aisles. I've been standing here for two whole minutes, animately fondling my own tits. One of my dress straps has slipped from my shoulder, partially exposing my satin bra. My nipples jut out angrily, easily visible through both layers of clothing. I'm drooling a little bit.

A small crowd has gathered. Some are taking videos with their phones.

A con staff member approaches.

- Excuse me Ma'am, but I'm, uh, gonna have to ask you to leave if you cannot behave *appropriately* while present on the convention floor. This hotel has very graciously allowed our organization to make use of its facilities, and we have pledged ourselves in good faith to maintain an, er, *wholesome* environment for *all ages*. I don't know *what* kind of event you *thought* you were attending, but you're gonna have to take your attention-seeking *internet meme aspirations* someplace else... do I make myself *clear*?

- Um...

A few bystanders begin to replay their phone's footage of the episode. I can hear myself moaning in rich desperation of sexual euphoria. My cheeks redden.

- Well??

I run.

---

I'm back in the womens' room.

I'm leaning over the sink, chanting my real name over & over again like a mantra.

- My name is *Stephen*... My name is *Stephen*... My name is *Stephen*...

...

I fucked up *bad* this time.

I *have* to maintain a constant vigilance of focus.

If I fuck up again, my *very personality* could be erased *for good*.

- My, my! Aren't *we* looking *glamorous* this afternoon!

My blood runs cold. It's that voice again.

- Well, are you just going to *hole* yourself up in bathrooms all day? You've got *fans* waiting out there, *anxious* to see you!

Get lost! I'm *trying* to focus.

I grit my teeth and cross my arms angrily... unintentionally pushing my boobs up in the process.

- Aww, what's the matter, are your big boobies getting in the way? Is crossing your little arms and making your pouty face getting tougher?

Seething with frustration & embarrassment, I drop my arms to my side. My tits wobble back to their natural position.

- You're *never* changing back into a man again, you know. You can *give up* on *that* futile little pipe dream right now! Why don't you just *embrace* the *ample* benefits of this new life you've been given?

Though I hate to admit it, she has a point. I don't know any sure-fire methods of returning to my former male state. It's not like I had all that much going for me back then, either - hadn't I just been wallowing in incel-type self-pity all morning anyways? At least in *this* body, people seem to actually *respect* me as a sexual being!

In the mirror, my hands trace the opulent curves filling out my velvet dress.

Heck – with *this* body, I could make some *money!*

Cash. Gold. *Diamonds.*

I start to drool a little.

I give one of my HH cups a tiny shake with my hand. It quivers succulently.

With boobs like these, maybe I could be a camgirl... or a Twitch streamer...!

Holding an invisible Xbox controller tightly under my cleavage , I practice my introduction:

– Welcome back, my beautiful *darlings*, to another episode of "*Rarity Plays*"...!

My voice sounds exactly like Rarity's. I could make a *killing* in the brony market!

– The game I'll be playing today is *simply divine*; it's called...

...

My mind draws a blank. What sort of games would I play? Hm...

Meh. With tits this big, and the foolproof built-in niche appeal of *being a real-life Rarity*, who cares?? I could play *Pong* all day and people would watch by the thousands... as long as I said stuff like *darling* and *simply divine* a lot and jiggled around a bit...

I dig my smartphone out from my purse and open the Instagram app, eager to shoot a quick video announcing my plans.

7692 new followers...!

*How...?*

I Google my username. A video of me moaning & feeling myself up has been uploaded to a popular tumblr blog called "Busty Cosplay Sluts" and spread like wildfire from there to every imaginable corner of the internet, including multiple "busty naturals"-type subreddits. On every page, my Instagram is linked.

I'm a viral sensation!!

I give myself a little hug and emit a little squee of triumph.

– Eeeee...!

...

What am I *doing??*

*No.*

*Focus.*

I need to get out of this convention and seek help. Medical help. Psychiatric help. Maybe a *priest*.

I'm leaning over the sink, chanting my real name over & over again like a mantra.

- My name is *Stephen*... My name is *Stephen*... My name is *Stephen*...

That cruel little voice in my head interrupts.

- Oh "Steeeeeeeeeeephen"... *Don't you have somewhere you need to be right now?*

I look at the time on my phone. It's 2 o'clock.

My goodness! I'm *late*...!!

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## XI.

[View Online](#)

- Mark. Hey. You *gotta* see this.

Mark Kaylan, clinically obese purveyor of *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* dolls, trinkets, figurines, and action figures, sits grunting as he attempts to glue back together a prized piece of customer-damaged merchandise - a little "Princess Celestia" figurine. His buddy Howard leans over the vendor table holding up his phone, breathlessly trying to show a video to his fat friend.

A moaning female voice wails ecstatically from the phone's tinny speaker.

- Check *this* out, man... I found this vid while I was surfing the con thread on /mlp/... it's that Rarity cosplayer with the big boobs I was telling you about earlier - feeling herself up and making a scene over by the Artist's Alley!

Mark doesn't look up from his work.

- Forget it, Howard, I don't care...

He mutters

- Rarity. *Worst Pony*.

Howard is indignant.

- I thought you *liked* big-titty cosplayer chicks?

Mark stares his ignorant buddy squarely in the eye, the sweat of an exasperated pony otaku beaming brightly on his brow.

– First of all, Rarity is objectively the *worst pony*. Secondly, I told you I only really have a fetish for busty *Celestia* cosplayers. How could you *forget* who my waifu is??

He casts a reluctant glance at his pal's phone.

– Plus her tits are too small. She needs *at least* another cup size.

Returning his attention to his work, he slides his fat thumb across the glorious helial rump of his plastic Princess Celestia. Every morning he "Praises the Sun," ritualistically masturbating to an idealized vision of his anthropomorphic goddess: her astral mane; that fine, fat ass; those enormous, plump, *juicy* breasts... She would dominate him completely, barely tolerating his uxorious, worshipful behavior... *maybe* allowing him the beneficent mercy of fondling her sanctified flesh, *maybe*... if he was a *good boy*...

If only *SHE* were here with him now...

– Hey Mark, look! It's her!! *It's that sexy Rarity cosplayer!!*

---

How could I have forgotten!

Publicity shots with *The Mango Sisters*! That kind of exposure could easily *make* my career! And here I am, completely lost on the convention floor, running *late*!

What sort of pathetic excuse for a businesswoman *am* I??

– The sort whose body's current refractory period *has just ended*!

I pause. That familiar voice again.

All at once, my mind is splitting open again, the nuclei of my cells eagerly listening for the loudest subconscious sexual desires in the room, desperately bending my genetic facticity to the whims of the horniest weirdo. I feel his pathetic hunger. And my body begins to transform.

I feel my hips widen. The luscious cheeks of my already-formidable ass begin to slouch even harder against the tight material of my dress. My swelling, muscular rump begins to plump itself greedily with thick cushions of dense, jiggly, gelatinous fat.

My stomach rumbles. All those burgers from earlier are being used to *fuel* my body's nascent changes – I can feel it. I shudder with terror.

My petite horn begins to grow larger & longer, twisting, ratcheting itself ever-outwards like an emerging drill from my worried forehead. A chillingly familiar tingling feeling tickles the taut skin of my HH cup tits. Once more, a horrible burning sensation builds inside of them.

Panicking, with nowhere else to hide, I wedge myself between two tall merch display shelves,

praying that no one will see me.

---

- You just GOTTA see her, Mark... You'll *totally*...

Howard Volman returns his gaze to a now-empty space of convention floor.

- Eh? Where'd she go?

Mystified, he scratches his head.

- I *just* saw her...!

Mark is nonplussed. All this talk of sexy Rarity cosplayers - an utter waste of time to respectable men of *proper* taste...! Now if she were cosplaying *Princess Celestia*, *that* would be something! He would murder every goddamn soul in this room just for the sweet solar taste of Celestia's sweet nectar of horselips...

- Excuse me... sir?

An authoritative female voice has approached his table. He looks up.

There, in all her radiant cosmic glory, is the woman of his fantasies.

His waifu.

A rather exceptionally busty, plump-rumped anthropomorphic Princess Celestia.

- So... you wanna make out, or what?

She wears a black one-piece leotard. It struggles to contain her big I cup boobs. Her buxom, sinewy, full-figured yet athletic body defies all conventional logic. The daybright symphony of her mane glistens & waves with a luminous mystery, sustained by some unknown magic on clear, dry air.

She rests a hand on broad, impatient hips, wearing a testy expression.

- *Come on*, I ain't got all day here buddy...

Mark Kaylan is paralyzed with reverent awe. She sounds just like he dreamed she would. It's really *her*.

He shrieks, an outburst of profane joy.

- GODDESS!!

Ew.

I wrinkle my nose in disgust.

His hairy hand claws desperately at my body.

...

Wait, what am I DOING here?

Trapped behind his trinket table, the feeble fat man strains in vain.

I gotta get *out* of here!

- It's her!! That's no cosplayer!! It's her, Howard, *it's really her!!*

I bolt.

- Wait!! No!! *Come back!!*

With boobs as big as mine, sprinting proves difficult. With every plodding rebound, my huge, unruly boobs flop up into each other with an audible slapping sound, threatening to slap me in the face, falling sharply down, pressing hard against the big cups of my bra, tugging painfully against my ribcage, yanking at the surrounding skin, interrupting my panting breath at every interval.

I'm doing my best to try and ignore the pain.

- *Come back!!* My Queen!!

Having waddled out from behind his table, he's attempting to run after me, struggling mightily against his own morbid rotundity. My powerful haunches are working overtime, the fat cheeks of my oversized booty bouncing & rippling wildly, shaking uncontrollably in time with my tits. He's huffing and wheezing. Despite the handicap of my large, inconvenient chest, I'm easily outrunning him.

- *My Goddess!!*

Hapless bystanders crane their heads to watch the big-titted Sun Princess jiggle-jog her way up the escalator, nearly bouncing out of her leotard.

Quickly reaching the second floor, I hang a sharp right down the nearest hallway - nearly slapping a hapless Spike cosplayer square in the face with a wayward bounding boob - ditching my corpulent pursuer downstairs in the dust.

I hear his distant voice echo up, wailing from below.

- *I NEEEEED YOU!!!*

I continue to race down the hotel hallway, dodging startled onlookers. My shoulders hurt, my upper body heaving forward from the immense pulling force of my heavy chest. I press my arms to my breasts tightly, neatly restraining their exuberant jouncing to a modestly jostling jiggle. Should have done that sooner.



I halt, gasping and catching my breath.

Looks like I lost him.

*Pshew!*

God, this body was NOT built for running... my boobs feel like they're on *fire!*

I step over to a nearby water fountain and bend over to drink deeply, absentmindedly massaging the taut, burning skin at the base of my breasts. I'm sweaty and tired, my heart still pounding adrenaline throughout my mutant system. My wings – quite a bit larger than Rainbow Dash's – unfurl majestically, stirring a gentle breeze instinctively to cool my aching, absurdly voluptuous anatomy.

Suddenly curious, I take my smartphone out from the secret compartment of my extensive cleavage, using its camera lens as a mirror to survey my new figure. I'm slightly taller – maybe 5'6" now. My horn is long and prominent. My boobs are nearly as big as my head. They're glistening with shiny sweat. My elastic one-piece rides up harshly into my ass, putting the broad, convex sweep of my buttocks on clear display. The flanks of my chubby asscheeks are branded with twin blazing suns.

I'm a sad man's masturbatory fantasy come true.

...

Eh, what the heck. I snap a few photos for the fans.

Uploading to the IG app, I find that my follower count has reached an astonishing total of *30,000*. My previous pics are loaded down with creepy comments about my figure and invasive questions about my increasing cup size. A handful commend me on my impressive cosplay skills.

There's a private message from Herbie, manager for The Mango Sisters.

*Loving your newest pics! Your talent for cosplay know no bounds, I'm floored to see you pulling off such a broad range of characters perfectly! Are those tits for real??? I forgot to tell you where our little photoshoot will be taking place – meet us on the second floor, in the hallway by the screening rooms. Dress as any pony you like!*

I shrug my shoulders and saunter towards the screening rooms, turning heads as I go.

---

William Watts – owner & operator of Twilight's Emporium (a division of H.C. Enterprises) – turns his head to admire the formidable flank and tremendous tits of a passing Princess Celestia cosplayer.

Dayum.

What a *Goddess*.

He glances down at his phone, reading a Facebook message from the thin, mousy cosplay girl he had hired as help to run his vendor table. Her profile picture exhibits a reedy, meager rendition of Twilight Sparkle. *Be there soon! I can't wait to meet you!*

He raises his eyes once more to watch that *thicc* rump bob seductively, passing him by. A magnificent stream of ethereal tail wafts winsomely abaft, defying physics.

*Fuck.*

He drops his phone.

I wish the cosplay gal I got comin' to work the front counter looked more like *that!*

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## XII.

[View Online](#)

*Sigh...*

All that posing was *exhausting!*

Herbie had me twisting around in *all kinds* of crazy positions! Issy & Essy did their best, but I couldn't help but get the impression that when I showed up looking like a pornstar Celestia he forgot all about The Mango Sisters. We took a smattering of shots together for the big Equestria Daily feature, but then he seemed to lose his mind completely, shooing them off-camera and just taking these long videos of me jumping up & down, shaking my ass, stretching, doing push-ups, crunches, lunges, acrobatic yoga, and jogging around the con floor. It was super-weird.

I'm worn out!

So here I am again: catching my breath, soaked with perspiration, rubbing my hands around the base of my tits, trying to ease the soreness. These things are a *total* pain! I've parted ways with Herbie & the girls; now I'm standing on the second floor landing, sort of by the escalators. My big wings flap automatically in a bid to chill my smoldering muscles.

I have GOT to sit down!

I plop my figure ignominiously to the floor, binding my I cups tightly to my ribcage with one arm to reduce excessive jiggle. I continue to fan myself with imposing wings, still breathing hard.

Slowly, I become conscious of another's mind invading my own.

*Not again!*

---

There she is again!

Mr. Watts finds himself unable to remove his eyes from the incredibly realistic & unbelievably buxom Princess Celestia cosplayer who has serendipitously planted her gorgeous ass mere yards away from his establishment.

How does she get those *wings* to *flap* so convincingly?

And why is she *rubbing her boobs* like that?

He bites his lower lip.

I ought to give her that other cosplay gal's job. With knockers like *that* behind the cash register, I could *easily* TRIPLE my profits!

No, no...

It wouldn't be right.

With difficulty, he succeeds in tearing his gaze from her body.

She's not even dressed like Twilight Sparkle. This *is* supposed to be *Twilight's* Emporium, after all... At least the gal I got comin's got a look that aligns with the *brand*...

He sighs.

Then again...

If only that big-titty cosplayer over there looked like *Twilight* instead!

He'd hire her in a heartbeat.

Easing himself down into his cold metal fold-out chair, Mr. Watts begins aimlessly to surf Facebook on his phone, doing his best to ignore the busty apparition behind him, doing his best to convince himself that he's done the *right thing*.

Yes, it's best to stay true to the *brand*... Really, I bet my current gal will have a *great, customer-friendly* personality, once I get to know her... Probably much easier to work with, too... Yes, it's just as well there's no big-titty Twilight Sparkle sittin' down right next to my shop, catchin' the eye of every single potential customer walkin' by with her *big fat tits*...

Wait a minute...

No way...!

It *can't* be...!!

He couldn't resist turning around to look just one more time. And there she is – reclining on her back, spread-eagle, sweating profusely, panting like crazy, I cup boobs just as big as before, drawing the eye of every potential customer walking by – *Twilight Sparkle*.

*How...??*

No time for questions.

Time for *action*.

She sits up, seemingly dazed and unaware of her surroundings. Her one-piece is gone, replaced by a tiny light-blue T-shirt that bares her midriff and tight violet star-spangled pajama shorts, looking like a lost high-schooler. She's wearing small, black-rimmed oval glasses and maroon tennis shoes. A small black spiked collar rims her slender neck, coyly crowned by a metallic latch in the shape of a cute little heart. Her skin is a pale, moonlit lavender, and she seems quite a bit shorter than before, but I know this must somehow be the same woman – her breasts haven't changed a bit.

– Excuse me, ma'am...

She peers up at me innocently.

– Yes?

Leaning forward slightly, she begins to fidget with the hem of her too-small shirt, her huge breasts having caused an impressive 5-inch gap between its bottom trim and her exposed navel. Her full bosom falls & rises succulently with her every expectant breath. Big eyes flickering about nervously, she seems embarrassed by her own confusion – her hollow head an empty vessel ready to be filled up with somebody else's deviant dreams.

*Gawd*, I wish she was sucking my cock...

– Ma'am, that's an *incredible* Twilight Sparkle costume you've got there. In fact, I reckon your image aligns PERFECTLY with our brand!

I gesture towards my store's purple sign. A little Twilight peeks out from behind the words "Twilight's Emporium", dutifully waving her friendly little hoof to welcome customers.

– R-Really? No way!

– No lie!

Those big, fat titties of hers would *"align perfectly"* with ANY brand...

– Say, would you be interested in working the front counter for my shop? I'm willing to pay you \$8 an hour.

She looks behind her in disbelief, as if I may be somehow be referring to someone else.

– Really? M-me??

I can tell that despite her glasses and her present shape, she really isn't too bright.

Just the way I like 'em.

– Yes. You, er... f-fill... the role... *beautifully*.

She thinks for a moment, sitting up straight and caressing her chin quizzically.

– Hmm...

Then, smiling, she relaxes her posture, graciously scratching the back of her neck.

– Geez, wow... Sure! I'd be honored!

*Yuss!!*

...

Sucker. She's worth *at least* \$12 an hour.

– But only on one condition...

– Eh?

A hungry look crosses her face. She licks her lips in anticipation, smiling mischievously like an impudent little child in a candy store.

– You let me suck your cock after we close for the day!

If this were an anime, I'd have a nosebleed or something right now. Instead, I'm just rock-hard fucking erect.

– You got yerself a *deal*, missy!!

This is insane. I've *got* to be dreaming. I'm going to wake up in a few hours and this will all have been a dream. Carefully grasping her delicate hand, I help her to her feet and guide her gently to my waiting storefront, cradling the small of her back, resting my hand softly on the upper bulge of her juicy bubble butt. Her spectacular hooters can't help but wobble impressively against her teensy little top at her every slightest motion.

– Here's yer hat & uniform. If the zipper one doesn't fit, wear the button-up. Now go getcherself changed, little lady!

She giggles.

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## XIII.

[View Online](#)

Why in the HELL did I ask to suck that man's cock?? What is WRONG with me??

I'm in the womens' restroom by the escalators on the second floor, washing my hands.

- Enjoying your new libido? And your new *personality*? Your new *boss* certainly is!

- Shut up, you demon... *jerk-voice!* I don't have to listen to you!!

I'm shouting at nothing, shaking my wet fist at thin air. I look down at the sink in despair.

- You're *mean*...

- BAAAAhahahahaha!

Peering into the mirror, I'm only vaguely aware of the fact that the pert little piece of *crowdsourced wish-fulfillment ass* gazing back at me with the desolate look in her big violet eyes was once any different from her present shape. The dark indigo bangs of my mane, streaked with striated bands of pink & purple hue, hang astutely in a sharp, level cut just above my stylish eyeglasses, which I now (apparently) need just in order to see. On the whole, my face appears highly intelligent & sweetly innocent... an impression utterly wrecked by my *gratuitous, indecent rack* and my tight, skimpy outfit.

With my long, smart ponytail and my lewd, seductive figure, I look like the "naughty student librarian" character in some bizarre college porno flick.

And honestly, despite the "smart nerdy girl" image my body is clearly trying to project, I don't *feel* very smart at all. In fact, I feel quite a bit dumber than I was a few minutes ago.

*In fact*, I'm having a lot of trouble recalling some very basic things.

I didn't always look this way... did I?

...

Come to think of it - *what was my name again?*

I struggle to remember.

Studying my reflection intently, I search for any obvious clues as to my own identity. I'm quite obviously *not entirely human*: my skin is lavender and coated in microscopic filaments of fur, a dainty little unicorn horn juts from my forehead, I'm pretty sure those *aren't* human ears, I totally have a *tail*, and in place of a regular human nose there protrudes a diminutive snout.

*Twilight Sparkle.*

*That's* my name... isn't it?

It certainly *feels* right. But a tiny part of me isn't sure.

And whenever I try thinking harder about it, it only makes my brain hurt...

Um.

What was I doing again?

*Oh yeah!!*

I gotta get dressed up for my new job!

With renewed purpose, I take off my T-shirt, revealing a shiny crimson I cup bra. My boobs look *huge* on my petite 5'1" frame, seriously threatening to dwarf my head in size. Together with my dense, foxy little ass, they're easily my body's most prominent feature. For some reason I get the feeling that I'm tinier now than ever before, my shorter stature only amplifying the curvaceous contrast of my absurdly plump rump, lithe minuscule waist, and ample bust – standing here in my sleek, frilly designer-brand underwear, I look like an anime fantasy fetish figurine come to life.

At once remembering an obligation to all my loyal fans, I snap a quick photo with my phone. Over *70,000* followers now. When's that Equestria Daily piece supposed to drop?

– You're such a *good* little Instagram slut! You'll be making other people money in *no* time!

Puffing up indignantly, I grab the maroon uniform with the zipper and attempt to zip it up, muttering to myself.

– Stupid demon witch-voice lady... Won't leave me alone and just... let me... do my... *job...!*

The zipper is caught on the underside of my bust.

– Goddamn zipper!!

On the other side of the wall, in the mens' room, a shadowy figure sits reclined in a toilet stall. His Spike mask and costume lie slumped against the tile floor. He's holding his phone, scrolling through Instagram, and masturbating vigorously to his favorite rising IG superstar, the legendary @growingpony7. *Twice* now he's seen her in person – at this very con!! He loves the way her boobs appear to grow with each successive change in costume. Salivating, he imagines them growing even bigger, tittyfucking him, her whimpering helplessly as she can't help but massage her bloodflushed face ferally against the bloodswollen head of his erect cock.

What's with this fucking *zipper??*

Try as I might, it won't go over my tits. It's stuck halfway, slightly up past my nipples, refusing to budge an inch. Suddenly I get a familiar feeling, starting at the base of my breasts, building, gathering force as it rushes to saturate my nipples. I jump with shock, sending my big titties bouncing.

Are these things getting even BIGGER??

*Figures* this would happen while I'm trying to get dressed...

My boobs tingle intensely. Slowly, the sheer pressure of my burgeoning breasts begins to unzip all my hard work, drawing the zipper back down past my nipples. I try to fight it, yanking the zipper forcefully up again with herculean effort, very nearly managing to reach my solar plexus. Although my uniform looks ready to rupture and it's nearly impossible to breathe, in my mind I begin to celebrate my little victory.

Beyond the bathroom wall, the shadowy man edges himself towards climax, gripping his smartphone covetously in his palm. She's just uploaded a new image of herself as Twilight Sparkle...! With even *bigger* boobs than before!!

He imagines her sucking his dick.

All at once my chest surges violently outwards, straining the already overtaxed material of the uniform. Boobflesh begins to spill out beyond the zipper's teeth. The slider is losing its purchase.

*Why is this happening??*

Bucking hips wildly, the shadowy figure cums. Semen sprays hot across his pelvis.

*Fuck!*

All at once, my breasts *burst* from the uniform in a sharp fit of agonizing growth, pummeling the air from my lungs, driving the zipper down past my belly-button. My huge boobs flop heavily against my abdomen, quivering rotundly in their ruthless triumph. Beneath my stretched, painful skin I feel a swarm of seething capillaries penetrate like garish fractals throughout the adipose tissue, hell-bent on pumping as many growth-feeding nutrients as possible throughout my throbbing, bloated jugs.

There's no way in *hell* this uniform will fit me now!

Slumping down against the sink in defeat, I have little choice but to allow my tits to complete their cruel expansion. While I'm reduced to panting like a dog from the sick, pleasurable heat radiating from my overstimulated tits, watching helplessly as they pound & pulse against the cold ceramic surface, throbbing like twin beating hearts, wobbling bigger & bigger in the hefty cups of my expanding bra, which has taken on a deep emerald-green hue.

Now they're each *as big as my head*.

Come *on!!*

Mercifully, the swelling slows to a stop. I'm still gasping for breath, moist beads of perspiration vanishing into the dark chasm of my cleavage, rising and falling ominously, jiggling in time with my nervous respiration. Taunting me.

Finally...

Hesitantly, I check the tag on my overlaid undergarments.



*JJ cup.*

Yeesh.

I toss the uniform with the broken zipper aside, trying on the slightly roomier black button-up attire. Sure enough, it's a tight fit – the buttons gapping moderately against the strain of my obnoxious bust – but it'll have to do.

I just hope the Boss doesn't mind!

I strut out onto the convention floor, swishing my tail mindlessly back & forth like a fluid purple arc streaming solely to draw attention to my luxurious ass, struggling intently to tuck my tight new uniform properly into my shorts. My cranium-sized breasts wobble obscenely, chafing & pinching my big, perky nipples immodestly up against the snug inner cups of my large viridescent bra.

Gosh, when did my nipples get so damn SENSITIVE?

My nipples, still erect from my last growth spurt, have stretched their areolae to the diameter of small teacup saucers. The nubs are thick & bloated, woefully swollen, practically grape-sized at this point. They dig indecently into the fabric of my bra, warping my thoughts, lewdly bending my fragile consciousness into debauched, *unspeakable* depravity. Soon enough, I'm panting involuntarily.

Sweet Celestia! All I can think about is *cock!!*

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## XIV.

[View Online](#)

I wobble over to my new manager, negotiating my prodigious JJ cups carefully past several stacked boxes of assorted merchandise, doing my best to not topple over any piles with my *awkwardly* huge bowling ball-sized rack.

– Sir, is it time for me to suck your dick yet?

He playfully snaps my choker collar against my cock-thirsty neck.

– *Not yet* sweetie, we haven't even opened up shop yet... we've got a whole goddamn day ahead of us...

– *Aw...*

But his eyes betray a desperate hunger. He's eyeing my titties, struggling to maintain his professionalism.

- Here... first thing you can do is put those toys over there up on the shelf where they belong... Hup to it now...!

Obediently, I turn to go.

- Wait!

I freeze.

- Y-yes, sir?

- Something's *different* about you...

Shit, did he notice my boobs got bigger??

I hope I'm not in trouble!

He steps over to scrutinize my figure in profile.

This could be bad... He's gonna think I'm a *freak of nature!!*

Anxiously, I bite my lip, hanging my head low. With my every in-breath, the distressed fabric of my overladen uniform strains mightily against a hefty pair of JJ cup tits as big as my own skull, stretching the material, causing the upper buttons to gap.

*Which I am...*

- Yes... definitely different...

I feel like crying.

- ... have you gotten fatter?

Stunned, I press my hand against my belly. My uniform, pulled rigidly between my shorts and generously protruding bosom, has stretched itself taut, quivering elastically a full 6 inches from my slender waist to create an illusion of chubbiness. Irritated, I push the fabric inward, demonstrating the flatness of my tummy for my dense employer.

- Oh, I see! Ha ha! Silly me!

Insulted, I shove my tail in his face and strut off indignantly. I'm certain he's ogling my ass.

Let him watch.

Jerk.

I reach a modest pile of pink *My Little Pony* playsets. Aren't these for *children?* ... *Girl* children...? Whatever. I stoop to pick the stack up at its base - but my stupid boobs get in the way again, promptly bumping the top box off of the pile and onto the floor.

*Whoops!*

*#bigboobproblems*, I guess...!

These things are going to take some getting used to...

- On second thought, maybe you'd better run inventory instead...

---

This woman is an *atrocious* employee.

Not only can she *not* pick up boxes on account of her huge tits, but she's lazy, incompetent, and unreliable!

After the box debacle, I send her to run inventory on the company desktop. Of course, she manages to immediately run afoul of this most *basic* technology, proceeding to inadvertently mash the keys with her enormous chest when she leans over to read the screen.

- Sir, I think your computer's busted...!

*"Busted"* is right...

Her breasts *define* her relationship to the world around her. Often - when she's supposed to be working - I'll catch her taking selfies for her *"fans"* on Instagram, just like a well-programmed social media slut. Without fail, her poses seem calculated to maximize her already prominent bust (she's *far* too busty to even *dream* of ever hiding those things...). She'll unbutton the top buttons of her uniform, proudly exposing her cleavage for the camera, then quickly re-button herself if she sees me watching.

The *first* time I caught her doing it I actually walked over and snatched her cellphone right out of her pretty little hands (this *is* a retail workplace environment after all) - I thought she was gonna burst into tears! It was if I had deprived her of some basic, primal *need* to show off her huge rack to strangers on the internet. She *immediately* started trying to whinge and cajole me like the spoiled little teenage brat that she is - obviously used to getting *exactly* what she wants all of the time, using her good looks, innocent eyes, and jumbo-sized tits to *guarantee* she always gets her way - but I stood my ground.

That is, until she got me to look up *just how many* "fans" she has...

I gave her that phone back *pronto!*

I mean, *100,000* pairs of eyes... our *company logo* is sewn into the front pocket of that uniform...

Well, there's no need to elaborate upon the benefits of free publicity!

Sure enough, the customers can't get enough of her - every few seconds, it seems like a different bronxy stops in his tracks to gawk at her obscene, pornstarlike body. They're buying random little trinkets from our shelves - just to have some meager excuse to ogle her glaringly

exaggerated, shamelessly sexualized figure from up close. Despite her *grotesque* incompetence as a reliable employee, I'm *easily* making back the paltry \$8/hour I had promised to pay her.

When I take a late lunch around 1 o'clock, she seems hungry, so I offer her a cup of ramen. Sure, call me a weeb, whatever. While she's eating the stuff, that klutz drops a gob of it from her fork; unsurprisingly, it lands right inbetween her tits.

- *Whoops!* Ha ha, caught it! Am I good or *what...?*

Then she digs the noodles out with some chopsticks. Utterly shameless. Of course, she has me snap a photo to commemorate the occasion. For her "*fans*," I'm sure.

I send her back to the company desktop to complete the store inventory.

30 minutes later, I find her sleeping in front of the monitor, once again crushing the keyboard with her copious chest. I stand back for a moment, marveling at the sheer breadth of this woman's ineptitude.

*Zero* work ethic.

The desktop browser is open. A video of three ripped dudes with massive cocks gangbangng a huge-chested lactating slut plays on the computer screen.

The *company* computer screen.

Jesus Christ.

Her hand is down her pants.

*Absolutely shameful.*

I walk away, pretending I didn't see. I'll let her wake up on her own and account for her own mistakes.

...

Another 30 minutes pass. She's still asleep.

Holy shit.

Am I really going to have to wake her up *myself??*

I step up behind her slumped form and loudly clear my throat a few times.

She bolts to attention.

- *I'm not sleeping on the job, sir!! I'm working hard, sir!!*

What a fucking idiot.

She's lucky "ditzzy airheaded bimbo" just happens to be my type...

Better just play along.

- Ah, *that's* what I like to hear...!

Then I shoo her away, telling her to go pose some pony figurines around the display case, filling some empty shelfspace.

Surely *that's* something she can handle. I'll finish the inventory myself...

...

Now I'm watching her ass strain against her shorts as she struggles to reach the topmost shelf. She's doing tiny hops on her tiptoes, making a little whining grunt with each little leap, trying to retrieve a Princess Luna doll that's tipped over.

There's an unused footstool directly to her left. I shake my head.

Then, the inevitable. She leans in just a little too far, smacking the underside of a shelf with an errant boob. An entire row of figurines topples to the floor.

- Whoops!

This woman is an *atrocious* employee...

She bends over to pick them up, putting her ass on display in a new way - a plump, lovely heart shape, framing a lush thigh gap.

... but god-*DAMN!!*

Her boobs are smacking her in the face, dangling like twin torpedoes in their substantial holsters, obscuring her field of vision. She's having a tough time collecting all the dropped toys.

I feel sorry for her.

I walk over.

- You're doing *extraordinary* work! In fact, I'm giving you a raise!

She muffles her words through a faceful of tit.

- Ooooh, how much?

- I'm movin' you up to \$9.50 an hour!

- Wow, that's more than I've made before in my entire *life!* Thank you *sooo* much sir!!

She stands up straight, suddenly quite serious.

- There's just one question I have, sir...

- And that is...?

Without warning, she leans forward, shoving her ass in my general direction, and begins to twerk her luscious booty vigorously before my astonished eyes, thrusting it sharply up & down in a lascivious pantomime of doggy-style sex.

- Does my butt look good in these shorts? I mean, like, \$9.50-an-hour good?

She's absolutely unaware of what she's doing to my cock.

I'm in heaven.

---

- So sorry I'm late!! There was a big accident on the freeway, and my mom *tried* to take a different route, *but we...!*

A timid, homely high-school girl in a shabby, homemade Twilight Sparkle costume rushes towards the storefront of Twilight's Emporium. A custom pipe-cleaner wig scratches her face. As she approaches, she sees the owner man from the Facebook ad goggling at an immaculately-costumed, *unbelievably* busty Twilight Sparkle cosplayer wearing the store's uniform as she stoops to assist him in gathering up some merchandise from the floor, her enormous knockers sagging like fat stalactites from her slim frame.

- *Oof*, my boobies are feeling - ugh - really... *really heavy* again sir!

- Ha ha! That's all right babe! I'm sure they're just *excited* for the big sales event! Huhu, with knockers like those you're gonna sell *QUINTUPLE* the product that boring ugly-ass beanpole girl-I-was-gonna-use could ever *dream* of selling!

Tears well up in the boring, ugly-ass beanpole girl's eyes.

- I'm *so* glad I hired *you* instead. She was ugly as sin - but you're gorgeous as gold, kid!

He slaps her ass. Her titties wobble.

She perches hands on her hips in affectionate mock-reproach.

- *Sir!*

...

Replaced - *again* - before I could even start...

She sadly walks away, head hung low.

Just like my last two jobs...

And *all 6* of my crushes in my 16 years on this *stupid* Earth...

No boy wants *me*...

She yanks off her misshapen papier-mâché tail in abject despair, tossing it to the floor.

I'm *unmarketable*...

She weeps, big, ugly tears streaking her mousy, unloved face.

*No one* wants me...

I wouldn't be missed... even if I were *dead*...

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## XV.

[View Online](#)

– Alright, we're finally ready to open – just in time for the *big rush*!

I'm standing out by the checkout table in my snappy little company uniform, sprucing up my cozy little workspace, doing my best to distract myself from the great pulling weight on my chest and the gnawing, uneasy feeling festering in the pit of my stomach. Our friendly storefront display looks buoyant, chipper, happy and delightful, brimming over with bright, gleaming pony merch, carefully indexed & organized, all cleaned up, spick n' span & ready to go.

In my snazzy jet-black button-up workclothes & my tiny tight purple pajama shorts, I feel like a sexy airline stewardess or Japanese café hostess. My big, straight-cut mauve tail arcs gracefully from my perky rear-end like a pink-and-plum-ribboned heliotrope rainbow, perfectly balancing out my muted equine snout and dazzlingly lurid top-heavy hourglass figure. As Twilight Emporium's buxom little shopgirl mascot, it's *my* job to make sure business keeps running smoothly at the cash register.

I can't wait to finally start helping customers!

– Ahh, and not a *moment* too soon! The serum bound to your DNA ought to be entering its next fertile phase right... about... now!

It's that evil voice again.

– And my, my! An *ample* line of *prospective buyers* has already formed!

It's true. A long queue of bronies has formed, eagerly waiting for us to open shop. The line curls across the room and down the hall, out of sight.

– I wonder *which* of your little store's *impressive goods* on display must have *attracted* so many...?

I get the feeling she might be referring to my boobs. I clutch the big, showy outcroppings of my burdensome JJ cup chest nervously.

- Yes... I have a feeling those very same *assets* might very well be expected to experience a little net *growth* quite soon...

That long line of bronies. They're here to see my tits. And, deep in their subconscious, they want to see them *grow*. I can feel it in my heart – literally. It's pounding on overdrive. Pumping vital fluids into my chest.

My shirt begins to feel a little uncomfortable.

- *Sooner* than soon...!

I hear the owner's impatient voice calling testily from behind.

- Hey, what are you waiting for?? Start helping those *customers*!!

So I do.

Brony after horny brony leers at my chest as I cheerfully assist them in paying for whatever random trinket they've hastily whisked from our immaculate shelves. I'm getting the funny feeling that many of them aren't even *aware* of what they're purchasing. And all the while, the gap between my upper uniform buttons is steadily widening.

My boobs are growing again. Much slower this time.

Perched behind the cash register, I'm doing my best to be as polite as possible – I'm posing for a *lot* of photo ops – but some customers are *really* rude. One guy even asked me *point-blank* if I'd had a boob job! I told him to PM my Insta account later & I'd send him an album of nudes & PROVE they're all-natural – *that* shut him up!! Another guy *insisted* I grab a Luna doll off the top shelf for him – despite the fact that he was *way* taller than me! Jeeeeez, *some* people... anyway, remembering how things went for me the *last* time I tried getting shit from that shelf, I got my manager to do it for me. The guy seemed really bummed!

Ugh...

My heart keeps beating faster & faster the whole time I'm standing here, *saturating* my swollen breasts with fresh nutrients & blood. I'm starting to sweat a lot again. My nipples are *easily* visible through my shirt. They're really sore! I'm having trouble focusing – for some reason, every guy I talk to seems to have an erection throbbing in his pants – I can't stop fantasizing about sucking customers' dicks!!

Plus, lots of guys keep asking me to hold up a sign with the *date & time* while they take a video of me with their cellphone. This seems really odd. One guy wanted me to shake my fucking titties back & forth while I held the sign!! WTF!! ... I did it, but my shirt nearly *burst open* in the process. I'm not doing *that* again...



I'm just a busty gal I guess!

*Sigh...*

I'm kinda starting to get bored.

One dude leaves, another dude rolls up. It's a neverending stream of *losers... fuck...* I've been here 40 goddamn minutes, and my boobs are *really* starting to hurt now... My bra looks like it's morphing to accommodate their growth, but for some reason this time my shirt *isn't* – it's really starting to pinch my chest!

The line of *customers* isn't shrinking either. They just keep coming! A deep line of cleavage is easily visible through the gaps of my struggling shirt... as is my new *heavy-duty* nylon bra. My buttons are barely holding on for dear life. Once again, my bust heaves forward with an immense jiggle of breath-interrupting growth... now they're practically at my belly-button!! The huge nubs of my nipples seem to *flourish* with fresh nerve-endings, forming a direct line to my sopping wet pussy.

UGH!! No matter how I try, I simply *can't* take my eyes off the parade of erect cocks filling up the jeans before me.

They're all staring at my chest...

When this one guy with an *especially huge* bulge in his pants steps up to the cash register, I can't help myself. I'm practically foaming at the mouth. I'm so sure *everyone* can see how horny I am...

And they *all* want a piece.

Suddenly, without warning, my boobs positively *lurch* forward... this has to be my biggest growth surge *yet!* The drastically overworked buttons of my pert little outfit give way, ricocheting out in all directions like swift projectile bullets, knocking over merchandise, setting my big fat titties free at last from their suffocating prison, leaving the huge white cups of my straining bra the only barrier between my bloated, easily visible, bloodfat nipples and this brisk, cruel draft of cool convention air...

The hungry bronies leer.

...

*Nope!*

Like a terrified deer fleeing a mob of ravenous wolves, I abandon my front counter trophy-pedestal to find my absent Boss ASAP – *those* fuckers can *wait!!* Navigating my overgrown busoms around like a pair of obnoxious, jutting parade floats, every plodding footstep sends a vigorous shockwave through my painfully bloated, veiny, pulsating knockers, tugging at my shoulders and really messing with my sense of balance. My center of gravity has noticeably shifted.

When I find the Boss, he's calculating profits.

My chest radiates an intense pleasure-pain. It's *still* growing.

I grit my teeth.

- Sir... I think I need to... go on a *break*...

---

Alone in their hotel room, The Mango Sisters sit brooding over Essy's smartphone. Their photo op table had failed to attract anywhere *near* as many customers as anticipated.

- That stupid slut stole all our *business*!

- Who the fuck *is* this girl??

Essy flicks her thumb across the results of a Google search.

- Apparently she's *all the rage* in the brony community at the moment... and the cosplay community... and the *porn* community...

- "Thicc Celestia Cosplayer Shakes Her Ass", "HOT Princess Celestia XXX BIG Busty Workout EXCLUSIVE", "Top-Heavy Pegasister Sun Princess Jogging And Bouncing HD", "Busty Princess Celestia Jiggles Her Massive J Cup Tits"... you think Herbie actually asked for her *cup size* before he uploaded that last one?

- Over 90,000 views in less than 3 hours on all of them...

- That opportunistic little *fuck*...!

- Ugh, here's her Instagram... Holy *shit*!!

- What??

- *This bitch has over 200,000 followers!!*

- T-that's impossible! That's over half as much as *us*!!

Essy shakes her head.

- Those fucking idiots... I mean, she's *got* to be stuffing, right? Or photoshop? I mean, how could her boobs grow *so much*...

- ... in just *one* day...

Their eyes meet, wide with disbelief. Issy resumes.

- You know, she's only going to get *more* followers when that fucking Equestria Daily piece drops...

Essy flicks her thumb.

- Oh no...

- *What?*

- It already has.

She scrolls through the article.

- Fuck... just as I thought... hardly anything in here about us at *all*... just that fucking group shot and a couple of pics with the three of us... we're practically a footnote!! It's like "Hey, remember The Mango Sisters?? Well, forget *them*!! Here's a chick with even *bigger* titties!!"

- ... as if we're passing the fucking *mantle*...

- And it's all written with that squeaky-clean pseudo-professionalist *bullshit*. Like, "We know there's been a lot of '*buzz*' lately around this bitch and we know her titties are growing and she's a pegasister, but this is an *all-ages* blog and our only intent is to honor the *amazing* cosplay talent of bronies & pegasisters the world over of *all* colors, shapes, & sizes, and to express our love & tolerate blah blah blah..."

- What a crock of *horseshit*!

- Yeah, doesn't stop them from dropping a link to her *lewd* Instagram... *prominently*... Fuck...

She flicks her thumb.

- Looks like she's doing *Twilight* now... and her boobs are *even* bigger! *Again*!!

---

I'm back in the bathroom... again.

My boobs have *finally* stopped growing. For now.

They're still burning. I'm massaging them in an attempt to ease the pain, kneading & rubbing at the swollen flesh, muttering to myself, wincing at their increased sensitivity.

- Oh God... they grew so *much*...! Ow... ow... owiee...!

Slowly the intense, searing, prickling sensation begins to subside.

- Ah...

No more pain...

Except my back aches a *ton*... and with huge "*assets*" like these, *that* pain'll probably NEVER go away.

*Ugh...*

I look in the mirror.

They're *bigger than my head*.

I look down.

I can't see my feet.

...

These things are *way* too big.

I look like a blow-up sex doll...

My bra has apparently given up on trying to look sexy. Its off-white, strictly-utilitarian cups struggle bravely against the tremendous weight of my bust.

I'm terrified to look at the tag.

...

I'm a *LL cup*.

My God.

With a figure like this, what kind of life will I be able to lead??

This body is a walking advertisement for sex...

*Sigh...*

I suppose I could be a stripper...

... or a pornstar...

... or a *prostitute*...

I frown, pressing my breasts together, feeling their weight. Each obscene lobe proves entirely impossible to prop up with just one hand – copious lumps of titflesh keep spilling out from my grip. Below, my absurdly slender, svelte waist flares up just beyond my cute little button navel into an unspeakably lavish pair of lurid, fecund hips crowned by an astonishingly plump, pornographic, positively *hip-hop-tier* tushie, finally tapering off into a slim & salacious set of supple, lascivious legs. I'm a living, breathing wet dream.

...

I've got to get out of this fuck machine... *NOW*.

...

But I don't budge.

Instead, I rest a hand on my hip, turning and checking myself out in the mirror. My posture slumps noticeably forward under the immense, pulling weight of my breasts. My compact body's petite frame is clearly having a bit of trouble supporting their increased mass.

Hm...

What *e/se* could I do with this body?

I feel an odd twinge deep within my lower tummy – my *womb*. I feel the ancient answer rising up from deep within my bosom.

...

I could be a Mommy.

A sudden image of myself nursing two tiny infants, one for each oversized breast, flashes in my mind's eye.

No... no... it's just too weird to think about!

And yet...

I reach into my utility-cupped bra, mindlessly stroking the grape-sized nubs of my huge nipples. I imagine what it must feel like to have a baby suckling them. I circle my wide, fist-sized areolae with my fingers, feeling the tiny bumps of my superabundant sebaceous glands. Their *unbelievable* sensitivity nearly knocks me to the floor – soon enough I'm leaning heavily on the sink, holding myself up with one hand, kneading my pussy hard against the countertop, panting, drooling in ecstasy, deliriously fondling my own tits from within the cups of my enormous, constricting bra.

Maybe I should just *take it off*...

I reach behind my back and undo the great clasps of my big white bra. Then I slowly slide it off, seeing for the first time my own bare tits in the mirror.

They're beautiful.

Thick, round mounds, volleyball-sized teardrops hanging like big ripe pendulous melons from my chest.

Although liberally pocked by long, prominent stretchmarks – and a huge, angry red streak crossing them horizontally where my bra had pinched sharply into my skin – I'm absolutely awestruck.

My stiff, hardened nipples tingle deliciously in the cool, naked air. My big breasts rise & fall succulently in time with my bated breath, trembling softly in rhythm with the pounding pulse of my heart.

I begin to play with them, trying to heft the left one with my right hand. I grab it by the base and lift, stifling a gasp as my feeble grip triggers brand-new clusters of tender, sensitive nerve endings. My tiny hand is no match for its sheer bulk; the entire top half spills heavily from my grip like an outsize beanbag filled with squishy gelatin.

Even with two hands, I can only lift just one. It's heavy.

I *can't* let my loyal fans miss out on all the fun. Covering (most of) my nipples with one arm and the palm of my hand, I snap a quick pic of my skooshed, bra-less boobies for Instagram. They're so big, my skinny arm can scarcely contain them.

I *love* them.

They make me feel incredibly sexy... and powerful. An *alpha female*. Able to fuck pretty much any man I feel like; accepting only the *best* genes into my sacred womb. Even though they're painfully impractical, and they keep getting in the way, and they render my thoughts, hopes, dreams, & personality utterly inconsequential, and they're starting to make the simple act of walking through a crowd feel more like a travelling carnival freakshow exhibit – with tits *this* big, I am a *goddess*.

I imagine them growing even bigger. Producing milk. Feeding a newborn.

*Sigh...*

I wonder if my titties will ever make milk...?

They're so big, I bet if they wanted to they could make a whole *bunch* of yummy milk!

So *much* yummy milk, I'd need a whole *bunch* of babies just to drink it all...

Experimentally, I lift a quivering lobe to my lips and begin to suck greedily on my own fat, puckered nipple. The overwhelming sensation of moist suction pretty much *buckles* my knees, nearly knocking me to the floor in a daze.

...

What *would* it feel like to have a baby?

Suppose I could give birth to triplets! – Wouldn't that be *wonderful*?

Or perhaps *quadruplets*?

After all, this body was *definitely* built for sex. I could stick a fist through my thigh gap without touching the sides – a veritable landing-strip for cock. My hips are wide & flexible – ready to open and receive; a clear signal of fertility. Birthing hips. *Childbearing* hips.

Breeding material.

Suddenly a brutal, cramping pain wrenches my stomach.

What *now??*

I feel a thick, gooey, unfamiliar substance begin to make its way down the inner wall of my vagina.

...

Holy shit.

I'm on the rag!!

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## XVI.

[View Online](#)

- *What the fuck!!*

Issy slams her fist on the coffee table in frustration.

- Issy, for God's sake, *chill!*

- It's just... people are so fucking *stupid!* They can't possibly *believe* that her boobs have grown *that big* in just *one day...*! What are people saying on /mlp/?

Reluctantly, Essy navigates her way to 4chan.

- Holy shit! There's at least, like... *20 threads* about her...!!

- Jesus Christ...

- Sharing her IG photos... speculating about when the pics were taken... asking if she's got macromastia... wondering if they're real... some guy claiming he felt her up at this con & they're real... guys wanting pics or it didn't happen... wondering if it's really all the same girl... some guy claiming her real name is "Gerty MacDowell" - *weird...* - guys sharing pics they took with her at this con... "All Horsefuckers Go to Twilight's Emporium Right Now"... "IT'S HAPPENING" memes... links to the EQD article... links to those PornHub vids Herbie uploaded...

- Ew. He is *so* fired...

- That's not even the *worst* of it... here's an entire thread dedicated to fanart of her *pregnant & lactating...* "how fertile do you think her womb is"... "I need to get my seed in this bitch"... "I bet she's in estrus rn"... fanart of her sucking her own tits... fanart of her giving birth to triplets... quintuplets... *nonuplets...* fanart of her sucking Anon's cock... fanart of her on her period... paizuri stuff... rape fantasy greentext...

- *Stop!* You're making me feel *sorry* for her!

- Here's another thread... they're voting on which pony she should cosplay next... *holy shit*, they're flooding her IG comment section with a *fuckton* of requests...!

---

I'm hiding out in this bathroom stall, doubled over, blood & tissue flowing out of me like a gooey, drippy faucet. My boobs, resting in my lap, feel sore & tender. They're bulging out of the cups of my bra, woefully swollen thanks to the *grueling* hormonal changes my body is currently undergoing. My nipples ache, dark & reddened; the slightest brush against them sends a twinging spasm throughout my entire system. I'm surfing my phone and trying to forget the pain.

What did I do to deserve *this*??

How the *fuck* did I end up like this??

*Who am I??*

...

Sweet Jesus I just wish this fucking day would just be *over* so I can finally get some fucking *cock!* *Goddamn!!* If I could just get some big, strong, smart, handsome, *rich* man like Mr. Owner to fuck me, maybe *then* I wouldn't have to put up with this menstruation shit anymore - with *his* seed inside my womb, maybe this goddamn fucking body could *do* what it was *meant* to do!

I imagine him taking me in his powerful arms. Loving me. Holding me. Squeezing my titties. Taking care of me. Providing for me. Providing for our children.

... *punishing* me when I've been bad...

Wait.

W-what?

This isn't me.

These aren't my dreams...

Whose thoughts *are* these??

- These are your new dreams. Your new reality. They are what the world wants you to be.

The cold voice of the scientist. I remember now.

- You wouldn't want to disappoint the *whole world*, now, would you?

O-Of course not! But...

- Then love yourself for who you are: a huge-chested bimbo who loves cock. Don't you know?



You're an internet *sensation*! At this very moment, *thousands* of horny bronies are masturbating to the mere *thought* of you!

I puff up with pride a little bit, thinking of all those juicy cocks getting all long and hard and cumming – for *me*!

I can't help but drool a tiny bit.

Y-you're right! No more sadsack! I've got to work hard & stay positive!!

– That's the *spirit*!

Already I can feel my period beginning to subside. I stand up.

– Ahh, it looks like that *magic uterus* of yours has done what it needed to do – now you oughtta be fresh & fertile and *ready* for cock!

I'm grinning from ear to ear. Sure enough, a cozy warmth begins to spread from deep down within my nether-regions, building in intensity until I'm sweating like crazy, my entire pelvis feels like it's *on fire*, and I'm reduced to *panting like a dog* just to keep cool!

Basically, I'm *incredibly* horny.

A lock without a key. An oven ready for bread. A fertile field just *aching* to be plowed. My uterus *burns* for cock. It's ready. I just *know* it...!

Holy fuck – I'm in *heat*!

– Yes, you're *just* what the people want! Doesn't it feel *good* to satisfy your *customer base*?

It does.

– Great! Then you'll be *very* happy to hear that your latest refractory period is up!

Flustered, flopping my ass back down on the toilet seat unceremoniously, I can't help but finger myself ecstatically, contorting my pelvis, bucking my hips, drenched & dreaming of fat phalluses reaming my steaming, scorching fuck-socket. With my other hand, I open my Insta app to scour the comments, filled with a sudden ineffable longing to *embody* my fans' most lewd desires. How can I optimize my brand appeal? How can *I* be what they *want* me to be? *How can I get the most cocks to look at me??*

My body begins to change.

---

– Yeesh, 67% of these fucks are voting for her to do *Fluttershy* next... figures... 28% want Luna... 3% Derpy... 2% Applejack... and *of course* everyone's hoping she'll pick up another cup size soon... there's a lot of talk about whether or not she'll start lactating eventually... *animals*...

– This bitch is a fucking *phenomenon*!

Suddenly, Essy gasps.

– She's got *over 500,000* followers now... that means... *300,000* new follows... in a matter of *minutes...*!

– More... than... *us...*

Silence.

– That fucking *thot*.

– That Insta-fucking-*ho*.

– We've *got* to expose her somehow for the *fraud* that she is... I mean, she can't *possibly* be legit! *Something's* going on here... I mean, we *gotta* stop this bullshit!

– Revenge...?

– Revenge.

---

Pale, short, scared, dressed alluringly in a tiny green pullover blouse, wide black belt and microscopic blue miniskirt, the mostly-human form of an unbelievably busty Fluttershy steps timidly out from the bathroom stall, still shaking from the (uncannily familiar) experience of having her body's entire genetic code completely rewritten. She cradles the dome of one fat, bloated breast in a single, quivering palm as best she can. Generous heaps of titflesh keep spilling from her hand, wobbling tantalizingly about her minuscule grip.

Gosh, I'm exhausted from masturbating...! I couldn't take my hand out of my pussy *once* the entire time...

She pauses to look herself over in the mirror. Her boobs hang all they way down to her belly-button, fat, round, and heavy in their new M cup holsters. Their undersides brush the cold surface of the bathroom countertop. Her forest-green blouse looks ready to burst at any moment. Ornamental flowers sewn into the sylvan fabric-pattern wrapping her extravagant bust are woefully warped, garishly magnified & misshapen.

Oh dear! It seems I've lost Mr. Owner's uniform...

The thought of her manly boss sends a shiver down her overburdened spine. Her tiny yellow wings stiffen. Her formidable nipples stand distractingly puffy & erect, digging resolutely into the rigid material of her large orthopedic bra. Valiantly summoning all of her mental focus, she resists a sudden urge to grope herself.

No! Mr. Owner *needs* me outside...

How long have I been in here??

Her delicate feet shift uneasily in her sparkly little ruby slippers. With her lush, sweeping

salmon-colored tail, demure pink mane, creamy yellow skintone, bigger breasts, missing uniform, and triple-butterfly cutie mark emblazoning her succulent asscheeks riding up from her shamelessly skimpy baby-blue miniskirt, will the Boss even *recognize* her anymore?

Oooh dear, what will he think when he sees me *now*? Will he be upset that I've changed...?

Maybe I should just stay here...

Her confused mind swoons, a perfumed haze of fear, discomfort, and invasive, alien desires. Her huge, bloated nipples scream for attention. A tight black leather belt hugs her slender waist, resting its shiny metallic hasps upon her high, perky, luxuriously rounded hindquarters and wide, welcoming hips. Her famished pussy cries out desperately to be penetrated, softly weeping thick, syrupy fluids between her limber, comely legs. Her big, thick bra straps dig painfully at her shoulders, straining obnoxiously from the sheer, bouldersome load of her voluminous chest. Even *balancing* has become somewhat difficult.

...

She puffs up her courage.

No! Mr. Owner is counting on me! I won't let him down!

She takes a long, deep breath, lifting the bottoms of her breasts from the countertop.

Ok, Fluttershy... You got this...

Suddenly, her broken brain – well-trained to the debauched desires of unseen others – calmly compels the subservient mechanism of her hand. Obediently it pulls her adorable pink smartphone out of her purse to snap a tiny fistful of "casual" photos for her 200,000+ fans.

Then, at last, bravely summoning her strength she steps outside, boldly smacking the door with her boobs on the way out.

– *Ouch!!*

---

– Yoo hoo! Mr. Manager! I need to *tell* you something...!

– What is it *now??* You were on break so long that I had to take over, and all of our customers *left!!*

– Well, um... you see, Sir...

Turning around, his gaze loses itself immediately in the deepest line of cleavage he has ever seen in person. On her dainty 4'11" frame her breasts look preposterous, like she's smuggling two fat, overfilled soccer balls inside of her blouse. Her top-loaded posture seems even worse than before. Her entire body could now easily be mistaken for a particularly depraved parody of an anthro-oppai Fluttershy fetish bodypillow. Frankly, he's amazed she's still standing!

- I'm sorry, Sir... M-my body keeps... *changing*... I can't control it...! Do you think people will still I-like me? A-as Fluttershy?

He doesn't respond. His mouth hangs open in disbelief.

Observing his unabashed stare, she nervously lifts one of her overgrown globes in timid apology.

- M-my boobies keep growing too...

She begins to cry.

- I... I didn't *mean* to make all of your customers leave... I'm so sorry...!!

Dollar signs in his eyes and a throbbing hard-on in his pants, he grasps her tiny hands gently in his dominant, masculine grip.

- Fluttershy, Fluttershy... shh, it's ok...

He strokes the small of her back, consoling her. Her lush booty rises instinctively into the waiting cradle of his hand's firm palm. She shivers with silent sexual excitement.

- Ya'll look just fine... and, uh... I'm sorry I yelled at you. You're very valuable to this company! Just because you look like Fluttershy don't mean you can't work at Twilight's Emporium!

- Y-you really mean it...?

He wipes a tear from her face with his thumb.

- Of course I mean it. You're two - er, I mean - *one* of our greatest assets...! In fact... as of right now, this shop shall henceforth be known as *FLUTTERSHY'S GRANDE EMPORIUM!!*

She beams.

He thinks for a moment.

- Now then, we need a way to wrangle the customers back up to the shop... let 'em know you're *back in action*...

He grabs a promotional T-shirt and writes "Come see more of my monstrous titties at" in black fabric marker above the words "TWILIGHT'S EMPORIUM." Then, crossing out "TWILIGHT'S", he adds the words "FLUTTERSHY'S GRANDE" beneath the logo (which nevertheless persists in depicting Twilight Sparkle).

- Here, put this on.

- Yes, Sir.

She grapples determinedly with the shirt, struggling fiercely for several moments to wrench the overworked fabric down over her prodigious, jutting orbs, succeeding eventually with some

difficulty. Now stretched ludicrously tight across her chest, the logo & text of her T-shirt appear laughably distorted, as if grotesquely exaggerated by a harsh fish-eye lens.

Her boss laughs softly to himself, clearly amused by her suffering.

She tilts her head, giving him a quizzical look.

- Fluttershy, please... call me Willy. We're *pals* now. *More* than pals, even. In fact, I get the feeling that this may be the beginning of a *long & beautiful* relationship.

He slaps her ass. Her M cup knockers jiggle & bounce like big bags of gelatinous silt, jerking her upper body forward involuntarily with their immense, shuddering weight.

- *Yipe!*

Those bazongas are gonna send her toppling to the floor one of these days if she's not *careful*...

- Now then, I need you to...

He continues talking. She stares wistfully at his crotch, drooling slightly, wishing she had X-ray vision.

- L-long... and... b-beautiful...

- Fluttershy, are you listening to me??

- Yes Sir... er... Willy!

God, she's dumb...

- I need you to go and let administration know we're changing the name of our shop. This is very important. You'll need to hurry. *Don't* let yourself get distracted! You got that...? Fluttershy...?

Her gaze hasn't budged from the bulge in his pants. She licks her lips.

- *Fluttershy!!*

- Sorry Si... Willy, Sir!

Holy fuck... This scatterbrained slut can't focus for half a second!

- Pay attention, for Christsake!

- Y-yes Sir...

It's just lucky for her I kinda *like* 'em dumb...

He explains his plan to her again.

This time, mustering all of her willpower, she listens intently, struggling to hold back a cacophonous flood of lewd, intrusive thoughts.

- Okay, I think I got it... I... I won't let you down, Willy... Sir!

Turning to go, her immense breasts knock over an entire row of posed figurines, which clatter ignominiously to the carpet.

- *Oh dear!*

Willy sighs.

- Just... try not to get lost, okay?

She walks away. He watches her salmon-pink tail wag back & forth in rhythm with her shapely haunches. Even from behind, her huge boobs are easily visible, wobbling heavily, bobbing, fat round outlines hanging in sharp relief.

God *DAMN!*

I can't wait to fuck her *raw* tonight...!

Maybe I can get her to call me "Daddy"...

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## XVII.

[View Online](#)

Gotta stay focused.

Daddy - er, *Willy* - says this is important!

An absurdly top-heavy Fluttershy trots cheerfully across the con floor, her ridiculous M cup titties bounding and swaying uncontrollably with every step, jerking her otherwise compact, lissome figure rudely down in rhythm with her stunted pace. Bronies gawk, eyes wide with astonishment. One con-goer drops his prized Scootaloo plushie. Shocked girls stop and point in jealousy, disgust, and amazement. A con staff member covers the eyes of his young son, gasping indignantly. Others openly laugh at sight of the poor girl laboring with the task of toting such a tremendous load.

Oblivious to all of this, she rolls her shoulders vacantly, her tired mind wholly consumed by the achy, bouncy burden pulling incessantly at her ribcage.

Golly, these things are *heavy*...! Even just *walking* is starting to hurt...

Have they *always* been this big??

Behind her, she hears a voice.

- Excuse me - ma'am?

She swivels around, inadvertently sending her bounteous, overstuffed bazongas careening against one another, shifting nimbly on her supple haunches to maintain a modicum of stability. A little brony with a sharp little beard shakes nervously with his little camera before her.

- You're the most b-beautiful cosplayer I've ever laid eyes on... C-can I take a picture with you??

Flattered, she blushes hot pink. She shyly curls a salmon-pink lock of hair about her pale flaxen finger. Her equine ears flatten sheepishly.

- Of - of course!

- C-cool!

Carefully, he wraps one arm about her slim waist. Even at 4'11", she's nearly head-and-shoulders taller than he is. Each of her boobs is easily bigger than his entire head. She does a little "V for Victory" hand gesture, grimacing awkwardly, maneuvering her extravagant rack deftly to narrowly avoid bopping him in the nape of his neck with her fulsome funbags. Shivering, he snaps the photo.

- T-thanks!

And he runs off to upload the photo to 4chan.

That was nice, but I really do need to hurry!

Wait... where was I going again?

- WOW!! That's an AMAZING Fluttershy outfit!!

- *Super* sexy! Oops, was that rude...?

- Ahem! I think what my friend means is... you look *awful* pretty!

- May we take a *picture* with you??

Three adolescent girls, dressed in custom Cutie Mark Crusader outfits, circle with wide-eyed admiration.

I guess one more photo op won't hurt...

- C-Certainly!

- *Awesome!!!*

They crowd around her body, smiling ecstatically. She musters a meagre grin as a passerby takes the picture.

- Take one with *us* too, please!

A pair Lyra and Bon-Bon cosplayers have approached.

- S-sure...!

- And *us*!!

A small line has formed, and begins to grow.

- May I have a photo as well?

- Us too!!

- Don't forget about *us*!!

---

Such wonderful people!

Everypony is being so nice to me today, for some reason... I feel like a celebrity! Gosh, I must have posed for 20 or 30 photos, and there's still more coming! At first I was a little hesitant, but I've been having lots of fun with these last 15 or so! For one person, I pretended to be *very* sleepy, and rested my big tiddies on top of his head - I hope he didn't mind! For another one a guy wanted me to crawl around on all fours like a kitty cat, and my boobies kept dragging across the tile floor and I couldn't stop whimpering 'cuz my nipples were rubbing the floor pretty hard... he seemed like such a nice person I *couldn't*ve just let him down! But, um, to be honest... I *really* got into that last one, jumping up and down and pretending like I was a cheerleader while that nice man with the fedora took a video of me on his phone... even though I'm exhausted and sweaty and my chest hurts from all that *bouncing*, but ever since I've kinda started *getting out of my shell*, it's really been a lot of fun!

Everypony is just so *nice* to me here...

Suddenly, an insultingly obese middle-aged man with a Princess Celestia doll approaches.

- Hey, what about *me*?? I wanna take a photo with Big-Titty Fluttershy!!

She blanches.

*"Big-Titty Fluttershy"...?*

Absentmindedly she brushes the plump top-halves of her solemnly heaving headlights.

Is that all I am to these people...?

Just a pair of... *big tits*...?



Salty tears begin to well up in her big, innocent turquoise eyes. Disoriented, she wanders away sadly from her excitable queue of expectant fans, hazy and unsure of herself, anxiously wringing her coral tail, stroking at it forlornly, fretting fearfully.

- Where is she going??

- What's the deal??

- *Hey!!* Get back here, *bitch!!* You owe me a photo!!

...

I used to be different...

*Didn't I...?*

Who was I back then...?

I used to be...

She tries hard to remember. A vague memory wafts through her withering mind.

A balding geek in the mirror.

*... a boy...??*

And now I'm...

She squishes her breasts together, feeling their great weight roll against her tiny hands. Letting go, they wobble back into place, yanking her upper body slightly forward in the process. She flutters her little wings nervously.

No... no... that's *impossible*...

- Hm... your figure seems to be filling out quite nicely... For such a tiny little thing, you certainly have become an awful BIG girl up top, now haven't you Stephen?

That name!! What was that name you just called me!?

- How would you feel... if they were to get... just a little bit... BIGGER??

Wha...? No!!

Please...

*Don't...!!*

A viciously familiar tingling sensation begins to smolder deep within her huge M cup chest, glowing hotter and hotter. Fat cells divide and then re-divide rapidly in a cancerous, red-hot, burning burst of unwelcome growth & stimulation. Her humongous hooters quiver painfully

against the increasingly constricting grip of her already overburdened brassiere, searing pain rippling through her virulent, blossoming rack as new blood vessels, screaming nerve endings, and visceral veins of subcutaneous fat proliferate with sadistic vengeance. Clutching desperately at her throbbing, billowing bust, she sobs pitifully, compressing them as hard as she can in a vain attempt at halting their inexorable growth. Her nipples cut like bloated strawberries into the fabric of her heavy-duty orthopedic bra, which slowly strains to morph itself in a bid to accommodate her expanding size.

It *hurts!!!*

T-they're *too big!!*

- Yes, a special present from me! A little something to tide you over 'til your next *big, fertile* growth phase... By the way, I've been *following* your little internet peepshow - you're quite the little *starlet!* ... Ah, but you really must try harder to please your most *devoted* fans... Here, let me *help you get started...*

Suddenly, something like a hormonal switch flips deep within her endocrine system. Then: slowly, surely, uncomfortably, an ominous pressure gathers in the twin cores of her ballooning tits. Her mammary glands - overgrown, impatient, fed by thick, hot, rich blood full of succulent nutrients - begin to feverishly manufacture thick, hot, rich milk deep within their painfully overstimulated lobules. She groans in surprise & humiliation as the skin on her breasts stretches agonizingly taught. An impressive new NN cup nursing bra forms, its thick absorptive pads cradling the distended, darkening nubs of her fat nipples.

*Owww...* my boobs feel like they're on *fire...!*

Bits of shivering titflesh bulge and spill from their immense (yet somehow still too-small) containers as her growth spurt mercifully eases to a halt. However, a dim, pulsing, churning sensation persists deep within her breasts - the silent stir of her now (over)active mammary glands.

- That oughtta do it for now...

"Fluttershy" whimpers pitifully, clearly frightened by the ominous, unrelenting pressure that continues to build within her throbbing, stretched, veiny knockers.

- Ah, yes... and *congratulations!!* Those ridiculous, fat *cow udders* on your chest ought to begin *giving milk* in no time!

Her breasts now cover nearly the entirety of her upper body. Stopping just short of her waistline, they hang rotundly like two bulbous elliptical basketballs drooping from her otherwise trim & fit torso. She weeps bitterly, cursing her fate, her massive boobs stretching the material of her T-shirt into near-transparency. Her big white brassiere is clearly visible through the fabric. Its wide, painful straps dig mercilessly into her shoulders & back. Her huge bust quakes from side to side in time with her groaning sobs.

...

You – you called me "Stephen"... that's who I really was – who I really am – isn't it?

– Not any more you're not.

A tiny burst of milk production deep within her glands advances her bust a millimeter further against the tight cups of her nursing bra. She winces.

– Nowadays people call you "Fluttershy." They gawk and fantasize about your bloated tits. They run to touch themselves in the privacy of the nearest restroom. Men jizz their pants involuntarily at the sight of you. They see you as a piece of meat. Secretly, they hate you because they know they cannot have sex with you. Women live in bitter envy of your bloated mammaries and their hypnotic effect on men. They begrudge you the attention you've stolen. They mock your intelligence behind your back.

She clenches her teeth in rage and despair.

Bitter tears vanish into her cleavage.

– You're just a pair of huge tits. No one really loves *you*. No one ever will.

Wrapping her arms around the underside of her bust, she gazes down at her expansive rift of dark cleavage in resignation & sorrow, cradling in helpless arms the twin existential horrors which presently define her very being.

I'm gonna be trapped in this walking advertisement for sex for the rest of my life...

She runs her fingers across her severely overtaxed promotional T-shirt.

... aren't I...

– *Ding ding ding!!!* We have a winner!!

She lurches forward from a slight spasm in her mammary lobules – another tiny burst of involuntary milk production, pressing her breasts even harder against soft pads of her enormous, overladen nursing bra. Deep within her firm, full milk factories, she can feel their insatiable need to make more...

*more...*

***MORE!!!***

...

I didn't want this... I never wanted *this*...

Tears of anguish fall from her cheeks onto her immense chest, staining her T-shirt.

...

Suddenly, a sharp jab of pain jolts through the side of her huge left boob, causing her to cry out in surprise and agony. A passing stranger has just elbowed her HARD in the chest, his head absorbed in his Nintendo 3DS game.

- WHOOPS!

He wheels about.

- Holy shit! I am SO sorry ma'am... I wasn't watching where I was going and...

She is doubled over, gnashing her teeth, choked with racking sobs at the unfairness and cruelty of life.

- ... are you okay?

She continues to clutch her chest, moaning feebly, too terrified even to speak. Slowly, the pungent pain in her chest begins to subside, though the dark knot in the pit of her stomach remains.

Damn, are those things *real*?

- ... ma'am?

Fearfully, she cradles her immense bust with one arm, striving hopelessly to cover as much of her chest area as possible. Her other arm tugs desperately at her tiny blue miniskirt in a futile attempt to mask the luxurious, sweeping arc of her full hips. Failing utterly, she whimpers pathetically. Her obscene body refuses to be hidden.

That's gotta be the most impressive Hootershy cosplay I've ever seen...!

- I... I didn't mean to make you cry...! I feel... horrible...

At last, she summons the courage to speak.

- Oh, no! It's not your fault! It's...

- Not my *fault*?? Excuse my language, ma'am, but I elbowed you in the TIT. It *is* my fault. And I am *so* sorry.

- No, it's not that...! It's just that...

She turns away from him, practically swatting him in the face with her silky pink tail in the process.

- ... it's... it's these awful boobies...

She spins around once again to face him, fresh tears flowing down her tortured face. Her breasts knock against each other like huge sacks of bouncing gelatin, severely upsetting her sense of balance. Mortified, she clasps her arms to her bust, quickly facing away once more in

shame.

- They're... *horrible*...

Her body rocks once more with miserable sobs.

Holy fuck, they *are* real!

- They're all anybody ever thinks about whenever they see me. I bet you're thinking about them right now.

Well, *yeah... duh...*

- Heck, they're pretty much all I ever get to think about! ...well, ok... that and *cock*...

She drools a little bit, unconsciously fondling her insatiable orbs.

Catching herself, she recoils her wayward hand in terror.

- You *see??* No matter how much I squeeze them and touch them and suck them and rub them, they're always yelling at me: *Squeeze us! Touch us! Suck us! Rub us!* They drive me crazy!!  
*And...!*

She stomps an indignant foot, sending a shockwave rippling through her lavish, overripe tits. Attempting to cross her arms in anger, she only succeeds in looking ridiculous, forcing her arms apart across the impressive 12-inch shelf formed by her exceptionally prominent bust.

She breathes a beleaguered sigh.

- ... they're really *heavy*, so whenever I lay down it gets really hard to *breathe*... and they wobble all over the place wherever I go, and they're really really sensitive so every step I take they jiggle & hurt & I get really *horny* and I can't think straight! And I can't even cross my arms anymore when I get mad!! And they hurt *really* bad every time I try to run or jump! And... and now they've started *making milk*... pretty soon they'll be *lactating!!* And... and... it's kind of hard keeping my balance and they make my back hurt really really *really* bad all of the time and I feel really dizzy all the time and I'm pretty sure everyone's always looking at my nipples 'cuz they're really big and stick out so much and I can't think straight because my boobies are just so gosh-dang-darn-freakin' *HEAVY!!!*

Tears streaming down her face, she stares into his eyes, scanning desperately for the merest trace of sympathy or human understanding.

Geez lady, *oversharing* much...?

Averting his gaze from her pleading eyes, he gawks at her huge, fat, round, heavy tits. Her improbable bra and unmatched cleavage are easily visible through the translucent fabric of her straining T-shirt. He licks his lips.

... not that I'm complaining, I guess...

Seeing the animal lust in his uncaring face, she hangs her head in sorrow, filling her entire field of vision with her own distracting, all-consuming, indifferent bust.

Her face scrunches in deep disappointment.

- I... HATE them...

A black desolation darkens her face.

...

*Awkward...*

...

Well *shit*, I guess I've gotta say *something*...

- W-well... um...

He sputters.

- *D-do you have a boyfriend??*

What am I saying???

...

... meh, worth a shot...

She looks up, sniffing slightly.

- Well... kind of... Y-Yes.

Her face slowly brightens as she speaks.

- He's very kind, and he always helps me whenever I forget stuff I'm supposed to do. He's cute and he's very good at making lots of money!

Her eyes glow mischievously.

- And even though I haven't seen it yet, I'm pretty sure he has a really nice, big *cock...!*

Her tiny wings stand erect. She giggles.

He looks down at his feet, dejected.

Figures. *Of course*. Fuck. Every single time...

And here I thought for a moment she might be into me, telling me all about her titties out of the blue like that...

He takes a moment to recompose himself. Forgetting his disappointment, he firmly grasps her surprised shoulder, looking her straight in the eyes.

- Listen to me. You're worrying too much about what other people think. If all they can see in you is a just a dumb pair of walking tits - fuck 'em!! They don't matter. It sounds to me like you are in a relationship with a very special - and *very* lucky - man.

His eyes stray inevitably into her veritable canyon of cleavage.

- And, call it a hunch, and don't ask me how I know, but somehow I'm *certain* that he loves you VERY much. And I'll bet that *nothing* - not even your big, fat, wobbly, gigantic, painfully bloated titties - could EVER get in the way of that love.

She wipes a tear from her eye, looking up at him, tilting her head gently sideways, an expression of thankfulness & awe dawning upon her features.

- You... you really think so...?

- I *know* so.

A huge grin bursts across her face like a flashbulb. Scrunching her slender forearms gleefully against the sides of her basketball-sized boobs, mindlessly mashing together a bulbous mountain of cleavage, she does a little happy dance that nearly sends her precariously top-heavy frame toppling to the floor.

- W-whoa...!

*Phew!*

I can't *believe* she bought that shit... Her brain must *NOT* be used to thinking about anything other than cock and her own fat tits...

Sigh...

Wistfully he watches her improbable pornstar fetish-model body wobble its way back to equilibrium, waving arms for balance. An erection throbs impatiently in his jeans.

...

I wish her boyfriend would keel over *dead*.

She should be sucking *my* cock...!

Stupid bitch...

---

*Stupid bitch!!!*

Beating his meat furiously for the fourth time that afternoon, a certain Spike cosplayer grits his

teeth with rage over the unfairness of it all. Those *huge* tits – getting *bigger!!* She was *his* girl – at least, in his fantasies. He couldn't stop thinking about her. With every new photo she'd upload, those luscious titties just kept on *growing!* His fingers ached to recall the experience of grazing those magnificent melons. So *close!* His brain cursed his hand. He flicked through her photos on Instagram for the hundredth time, edging himself closer & closer to climax, leaning back on the toilet seat.

Suddenly, he gets a notification. She's uploaded a new photo – another selfie of her as Fluttershy, holding up the camera to show off her unbelievably top-heavy figure in a semi-profile. Her breasts look absurd and blimplike on her petite body, even larger than before. A caption reads *"my boobies have started making milk... and now they're even BIGGER!!! did you guys cause this???"* She pouts with staged disappointment, pointing haughtily at her gigantic, indecently, *irresponsibly* overfilled chest.

*FUCK!!!*

He cums.

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## XVIII.

[View Online](#)

Nose to her phone, totally oblivious to the bustling hubbub of her surroundings, the iconic breast-fetish IG model & cosplayer known colloquially to the internet as "Big-Titty Fluttershy" navigates her gigantic, bounding NN cup bust mechanically about the convention floor as if her brain were a seasoned autopilot system steering a great, trembling ship. Narrowly dodging humans & merchandise alike, the fatty top-halves of her tits bobble & wave in their visible brassiere as she munches instinctively on a big armful of sugarloaded vending-machine candy, mindlessly fueling her overstimulated mammaries' fanatical demands for constant, upper-body-jerking milk production. Bouncing, her overfilled breasts buffet her body woozily like twin buoys in a riptide, straining the fraying fabric of her tiny top illicitly thin.

Beaming with pride, flicking excitedly at her cellphone screen, she soundlessly approaches her work-distracted manager from behind.

– Wow, *900,000* followers! That's *a lot*, isn't it Mr. Willy??

Her surprised boss whips around. Eyes widening, he gapes at her improbable figure, stunned. Her tiny, frontloaded body slouches disgracefully forward from the tremendous weight of the cumbersome cargo her heaving, aching chest has been forced to bear. Her poor T-shirt looks like it's about to rip.

Whipping her tail back, proudly spreading her diminutive wingspan to its fullest, she shimmies



her little yellow horsefeathers triumphantly, unwittingly rippling her big tits sympathetically in a disbalancing shimmy of profound, rebounding undulation.

Scrunching up her cute semi-equine face, her crowdsourced, hormone-addled mind grapples valiantly to drag its focus from the incessant distraction of her own vast, overripe assets. Her sweet, sing-songy voice lilts with fractured melody.

– Oh... I'm back! I did the... um...

Her confident face suddenly goes blank. An inquisitive look quickly takes over. Her wings snap shut.

– Umm... *what* was I supposed to be doing again?

She frowns, head hanging low, clearly ashamed at her damaged memory's failure. Her tired, burnt-out mind lapses from its brief shot at semi-coherent thought, sinking once more to rest within the all-consuming lobes of her needy, throbbing, hypersensitive tits – the new natural hubs of her very soul's conscious awareness. Her brainless blank gaze drifts, vacant, absent, strangely sad.

He smiles.

– Oh, don't you worry your pretty little head about it, little lady...

He scratches her pointy equine ears. She grins meekly.

– I *knew* you'd forget. In fact, I made the whole thing up just to get you wandering around the con & taking pictures with folks with that ad on your...

He taps her bulbous chest softly. It wobbles.

– *...shirt...* And look! *It worked!!*

He gestures to a sweeping crowd of thirsty bronies milling about just beyond the storefront curtain, murmuring expectantly. Soon, hushed, reverent tones spread the word:

*Their beloved behemoth-breasted angel has arrived at last!*

He calls out to them.

– She's *back!!!*

A raucous cheer goes up. Excited bronies stomp their feet in jubilant unison.

– Ok, ok... quiet down now!! Please, form a single-file line, everybody... no pushing... easy does it now...

She tugs shyly on his sleeve.

– Um, Mr. Manager, Sir...

- Please, call me *Daddy*.
- Um, *Daddy*, Sir... I um, need to talk to you please... if you don't mind...
- Certainly, Miss Fluttershy.

He projects his voice to address the restless crowd.

- Please, continue to form a single-file line!! We will be back in moment, and open for business - \$10 per person per photo!

Another cheer. Applause.

- *TAKE MY MONEY ALREADY!!*

Laughter.

Signalling "just a moment" to the queuing crowd, he pulls her aside, ducking discreetly behind a shelf display for privacy.

- Now... what is it you wanted to talk with me about? And make it short if you can, the customers are waiting and we've only got a few more hours to...

She interrupts him, blurting out, ashamed:

- M...my boobies *grew* again, Daddy! I'm so sorry, I didn't *mean* them to...! But... they just...

Slowly she lifts up her T-shirt to reveal her two fat basketball-sized breasts, brutally stuffed into an immense yet somehow still-too-small NN cup nursing bra, painfully engorged with milk, big enough now for an O cup, rising & falling with every anxious breath. Soft, thick veins pulsate tenderly under pale, translucent yellow skin. Huge, wafer-sized nipples jut out harshly, visibly warping the sturdy material. Her frail body's farcical figure is indistinguishable from that of an exceptionally long-suffering macromastia patient.

His eyes nearly leave his skull.

Seeing him stare, her face flushes bright red.

- They're not THAT big, right?? N-no pony's gonna notice... are they...?

Her face betrays her doubt.

...

Releasing her T-shirt, she rubs her elbow bashfully, avoiding eye contact.

- T-They've started to make... milk... and they're getting really *full*... m-my skin feels like it's about to *burst* from the pressure... they've gotten so *heavy*... I...

Working extra-hard to tug her unfortunate shirt back down over her unmissable orbs, her face

reddens with further humiliation.

- I feel like a *freak*... o-or a *cow*...

I am so hard right now.

He sighs, tenderly teasing her coy coral hair with his hand.

- Oh, Fluttershy... Let me tell you something - something very important...

He grasps her hand with gentle care.

- Fluttershy... you... are EVERYTHING I've EVER desired in a woman... and just because your big, fat, incredibly huge titties have had another little growth spurt... nothing will EVER stop me from feeling the way I feel about you. Even if those mean ol' titties grew another *ten* cup sizes, I'd be... well, to be honest... I would be VERY happy about that.

He thinks a moment.

- For *you*.

Tears of joy well up in her eyes.

- Y-you... Do you really mean that, Willy?

He meets her eyes with his own.

- What *I* mean... what *I* mean doesn't matter at all, Flutters. What matters is to me is that YOU are *very* beautiful, and that YOU have *mega*-huge titties, and that YOU are *my* girl.

Unable to restrain herself, she jumps for joy, shoving his astonished head into her unbelievable cleavage, nearly suffocating him between her tits. They quake like massive sandbags, pummeling him in the face.

- Oh Willy... you're so *smart*! You always know *just* what to say...

Holy shit, she's even *dumber* than before...!

She squeezes his face deeper between her bosom. He gasps for air.

- I... I love you Willy...

Pushing away her relatively weak arms, he manages to break free, refilling his thirsty lungs.

She smiles playfully.

- ... AND *whatever* it is you're hiding from me in those big ol' *pants* of yours!

She gestures towards his crotch. An obvious erection bulges visibly against his denim jeans. She bites her lip impatiently.

Gently caressing the nape of her neck, he guides her head to rest upon his shoulder, stroking her hair softly.

- I love you too, Fluttershy...

His other arm embraces her tightly about the small of her back, squashing her milk-filled O cup tits up against his belly.

- AND your *ginormous* titties that you could never hide from me in a *billion* years...!

She giggles. They nuzzle each other sensuously.

- Oh, *Daddy*...

He presses the bulge of his erect cock against the undersides of her breasts. She shudders with unconcealed desire, whining and pawing at his crotch desperately.

What a stupid slut!

It is gonna feel *so* good to finally slide my cock up in this bitch...

He releases her from his arms.

- You'll get Daddy's cock *later*, Sweetie... right now we have an awful lot of wonderful *paying* customers who have come to see you!

He pats her on the crown like a dog. She curls her head affectionately like a cat.

- FLUT-TER-SHY!! FLUT-TER-SHY!!

A chant has developed within the impatient mass of paying customers, soft at first, growing louder.

- *FLUT-TER-SHY!!! FLUT-TER-SHY!!!*

- We'd better get you back out there, before we have a full-blown *riot* on our hands...!

To a chorus of ecstatic cheers, they emerge to face the impatient crowd.

That endless sea of expectant faces...

Hungry to grope and snap photos with the legendary *Big-Titty Fluttershy*...

Scores of starving cocks exploding into erections in their bulging, angry, yearning pants...

All their ravenous eyes trained on her huge, hanging, teardrop basketball tits...

So heavy...

So *full*...

...

Suddenly feeling a cool, unpleasant sensation against her nipples, she runs a hand across her chest. Two large damp spots darken her T-shirt. Her nursing bra is soaked through.

Oh no...

I'm *lactating!!*

She panics.

- Um, Willy? I have to, um... go to the restroom...

---

A booing, hissing, indignant crowd howls in the distance as a topless Big-Titty Fluttershy compulsively gropes her bloated, milk-burdened mammaries once again in the solitude of the womens' room, fingering and stroking her soaked pussy in private ecstasy, plump rump firmly planted on the toilet seat.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck!!!*

*Ohh...*

They're so full of *milk*, they're *leaking!!*

And why am I so *horny??*

Her thin fingers clasp desperately at the round, unwieldy, typewriter-width protuberant orbs resting firmly in her heart-shaped lap. Her chubby nipples jut like distended bottle caps into the cool air, circled by dark areolae that more than fill the width of her hand, softly dribbling warm milk down her front. Gingerly she gives one gargantuan lobe a cautious squeeze, kneading at her needy teats in a bid to relieve the mounting pressure. Hot jets of white breastmilk stream from her copious ducts, splashing into her already-soaked panties about her ankles. Her body lurches. She squeaks from the unbearable sensitivity.

Suddenly, the restroom door opens. Someone enters.

Footsteps approach.

*Shit...*

The door to her stall is standing wide open. She had forgotten to close it.

Meh, it's probably just a lonely fellow pegasister just like me... just trying to relieve herself in peace, away from all those gosh-darn rowdy *boys...*

But instead, a reedy Spike cosplayer steps out in front of her stall, a crazed expression distorting his face. Twitching abnormally, his insatiate palms numbly claw the empty air.

Or not...

Her feminine intuition detects the odious scent of *total loser* from three yards away. Her nose wrinkles in instinctual disgust.

- What are *you* doing here? This is the *girls'* room...

Sitting straight up, she grasps the toilet paper fixture for balance, not even bothering to hide her gigantic chest and distended, leaky nipples from the gaze of the pathetic dweeb presently ogling her naked body. Indignant, she brushes the stretched upper halves of her breasts testily.

- Well... w-what are you staring at? *Get out!*

He stands rooted to the spot, paralyzed with bottomless lust, hand twitching. He gestures angrily towards the door.

- We're all out there waiting for you. Why did you leave us?

Oh geez.

Slowly, surely, his body lurches forwards, zombielike.

- W-why did you run away?

Into her stall he slowly walks.

- What are you doing? I... I told you, *g-get out!!*

He raises his opened palms and moves closer, flexing them faintly, rigid and stiff.

- We *need* you... we're *always* dreaming of you... *hungry* for you...

- D-Don't you *dare* touch me! I'm warning you! I'll *scream...!*

But her nipples remember. They know those hands. The soft brush. They stiffen. Radiant.

Ready.

- Ohh how you *tease* us so... Do you know? We all *love* you...

He advances forward.

- We... *need* you...

Her swollen tits jiggle with fear.

His mind no longer functions. His aching hands *need* to feel them.

- N-no! Shoo!! *GO AWAY, YOU CREEPY VIRGIN LOSER!! DON'T YOU...!*

He grabs her breasts.

A lush wave of mind-shattering pleasure sweeps across her incredibly sensitive body as he grasps the tips of her big, fat tits in spindly hands, squeezing as hard as he can. Suddenly receptive, her brain shuts down, her body convulsed with unmitigated glee, gasping with involuntary exaltation as he bats, fondles, wrenches, sucks at & plays with her gigantic, attention-hungry titties.

Her mind, body, & soul rejoice.

Her programmed purpose.

Why her body & mind had been so callously sculpted from desperate desire, her previous existence erased.

What the world wanted her to become.

What she was meant to be:

A brainless, horny, fetish-fantasy sex doll.

A mewling milk factory.

No longer can she pretend fight her fate. Her brain surrenders willfully all hesitation, all resistance, all conscious intellect – empty. Her will becomes one with that of the universe. His hands. Nirvana.

– How do you like *that*, bitch!? *Who's the loser now??*

Her eyes loll into the back of her skull, vacant.

– M-Me...!

He forcefully caresses her corpulent lobes, kneading them roughly like huge, pliant mounds of ductile, wobbling dough.

– Do you *like* getting your big boobies groped by random strangers?

She nearly chokes on her own tongue, feebly sobbing in mindless incoherent ecstasy.

– *I I-love it!!*

Digging his fingers deeper within the quivering heap of ebullient breastflesh, he seizes her painfully erect nipples, twisting and crushing them against his palms in a rage of blind, insatiable, animal libido over & over, licking them, suckling them, biting at them, siphoning great masses of superabundant tittyflesh deeply into his voracious, vacuuming maw.

She whimpers pathetically, powerless to escape the searing, sizzling primal rush of electric painful pleasure surging ineluctably into her pussy from her scalding, radiant, supersaturated breasts.

- N-no...! *Stop...!* They're gonna *overflow...!*

Her face burns, a contorted jigsaw of heavenly pleasure & mortal pain.

He coos at her as if she were a toddler.

- Aww, what's the matter? It looks like the girl with the big fat *titties* has a titty fetish... *My* I never would have guessed...!

His teeth clamp down brutally on her rapturous, receptive udders.

She squeals.

Suddenly squeezed to the limit, her megasaturated mammaries burst to flow with scorching, abundant, victorious unwilling lactation. Hot milk sprays mercilessly from her rigid, manhandled, bloated, warped, searingly overdriven nipples, wailing, panting, sobbing, *gushing* orgasmic joyous milk, weeping tears of utter, abject, total humiliation gnashing teeth loving it surging from her glands screaming through her lobules showering, blasting, *spewing* from her torrential ducts splattering on her shuddering lap in an ecstasy of sweet blessed holy jesus christ sweet sebaceous mewling mooing choking gasping screaming flowing spraying soaking sweet goddamn mindblowing motherfucking earthsplitting dryheaving tittyfucking cuntsoaking thighsplattering -- sweet -- fucking -- *relief*.

She cums.

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## XIX.

[View Online](#)

- *Well? Where is she??*

Issy & Essra Mango, livid with rage, stand - curiously invisible in their tart, comely little busty-cosplayer bodies - amidst a thronging sea of oversexed, titty-obsessed fanboys anxiously awaiting the prophesied rearrival of their massive-uddered internet meme-idol who, it is said, shall soon perch once more at the storefront of ~~Twilight's~~ *FLUTTERSHY'S* ^GRANDE *EMPORIUM* (a division of H.C. Enterprises) as fortuitously foretold mere minutes ago by the great EQD (on what's rumored to be a hot tip from the store's manager *himself!*).

Issy stamps her foot impatiently, groaning.

- Arrrrgh, what's the fuckin' *deal?* Wasn't she *just here* 10 minutes ago? *Where the fuck did she go??*

- Lemme check her Insta... this whore posts new shit like every 5 goddamn minutes, like she's



some magic fuckin' Instagram *machine*...

- We *gotta* take this bitch out... *WE'RE* the busty pegasister cosplay stars here, not this deformed mutant-titty *freak*...
  - Holy shit, she's got over *1 million* followers...!
  - These goddamn bronies make me *sick*... Well? Has she posted anything? *Where is this bitch*...?
  - Nothing new.
  - What's the *deal*??
- 

Hysterical, lurching, practically pulled to the floor with every step from the sheer bounding gravity of her massive, leaky, milk-laden breasts, a certain internet-famous Fluttershy BE/macromastia fetish-idol stumbles fitfully towards her manager & boyfriend, sobbing uncontrollably, her distended see-through T-shirt sopping wet with hot, creamy milk and cold, disconsolate tears. Her delicate elbows buffeted fitfully by her heaving, unavoidable udders, she struggles through tearstained eyes to snap the perfect selfie with her phone at *just* the right angle for her fans, tugging fiercely at her collar in a frantic bid to flaunt as much cleavage as possible for the camera.

Oh great. *Now what?*

He sighs.

- Fluttershy, *babe*...? What's *wrong*, babe...?

She kneels, wailing on all fours, blubbering pathetically into his shirt, clawing dimly at his torso in remorseful penance, her monstrous, drooping, dripping tits hanging low like the hormone-fattened teats of an overfed, genetically-modified factory dairy cow.

- *What the fuck's the deal, babe*...?

With her long pink hair she hides her ashamed face from his gaze. Her wringing hands slide dejectedly from his pants, plunging into her own overabundant mass of cleavage, lost from sight in their seething, jostling immensity. Her forearms rest elliptically atop her bulging O cup boobs, buoying her torso from his legs like vast, corpulent, fleshy airbags.

Although she's so distraught she can hardly speak, she gravely removes a sleek, pink cellphone decked out with adorable anime charm trinkets from her Urban Satchel Louis Vuitton Bag and, turning aside, hands it over to a more-than-willing bystander who proceeds at her unspoken request to video-record her latest vlog update for the BTF ("Big Titty Fluttershy") fan community dutifully standing by, mashing that refresh button.

Quickly facing her super-rich megasexy businessman boyfriend once more, she chokes up, blubbering into his crotch dramatically, spilling big, fat, wet tears down his pants, dribbling

down into her big, fat, wet cleavage.

- I... I'm so... *sorry*, Daddy...

She hangs her head low in abject shame.

- I've been... *bad*...

She looks up into his eyes sincerely, dramatically.

- I... it was... *another man*... he...

Choked tears of sorrow break her fractured, penitent voice.

- *F-felt up... my tiddies*...

Her voice drops to a despairing whisper.

- A-and... *the truth is*... I-I... sorta... *liked it*...

Suddenly her words grow grave & urgent.

- But I... I didn't *mean* to!! He... he just... *grabbed* me, a-and I didn't know... what to *do*...

Her wide, blue, tearful eyes beg forgiveness from his stoic gaze.

...

Finally, he speaks.

- I see.

She wriggles in desperation.

- O, I'm *so* sorry Daddy!! *Please* punish me!! I've been very *bad*...!

He thinks.

- Yes, yes... You've been a naughty, nasty little girl, and I'm *very* hurt by your thoughtless, selfish actions. I will have *no choice* but to punish you. *Severely*.

Her heartbroken head hangs repentant.

- ... with my *cock* tonight. The *nastiest* fucking imaginable. *I'll break that pussy in half*.

She looks up, stunned.

A smile breaks out over her face.

Overjoyed, she smooches his burgeoning crotch, bleating with gratitude.

- *Oh, Daddy!!*

Grabbing her by the crown of her head, he digs his fingers deep into her flowing hair. Savagely, he forces her mashed face up against his pelvis, rubbing her open mouth rudely in a vigorous circular motion across the obvious bulge of his throbbing, painfully-erect cock. He whispers mockingly in her shame-cocked ear.

- You dumb fuckin' *heifer*... you just don't know what you're doin', that's all... you're as dumb & excitable as a horny fuckin' chihuahua, aren't you...? "*Thoughtless actions...*" you can't even *think* anymore at all, can you, babe? Poor baby girly just wanted someone to *milk* her mean ol' fat titties, didn't she? *Aw, poor baby...!*

He slaps her ass, laughing.

She bucks her hips, whimpering, simpering, thankful, smiling.

- Don't worry, babe, I'll take care of those titanic tiddies soon enough... tonight, remember...

He taps his cock.

- *Your punishment...*

She bites her lip, pleading like a needy, famished Pavlov's dog.

Suddenly, a strangely familiar voice echoes in her head.

- Geez, that guy's ditz fetish has really done a number on your brain there, huh Stephen?

Stephen...? Who's "*Stephen?*"

She shakes her head dismissively.

There's no "*Stephen*" here...! Just me - my name is *Fluttershy!*

- Ha! This is *too rich!* Not only has your previous identity been utterly eradicated by that man's petty fetishistic desire, you've become his ideal big-fat-tiddy little slave girl - a sad man's brainless fucktoy!

Hey! That's not very *nice!* For your information, I am *not* just some mindless bimbo...! I just... *really* like cock, that's all, and I... um... forget stuff...? alot... recently... and maybe some words & stuff sometimes... but I'll have you know that my Willy really *loves* my big fat titties...! He says they're the *biggest* he ever saw. A-and... he says he doesn't even mind that they hurt my back a whole bunch!! Willy is *super-sweet*... and it's really *sad* that you'll never *understand* what we have...

She nods her pretty head defiantly.

In fact, I'm pretty sure *you're* the dumb one! *Everypony* knows there's no such thing as being "*too rich*"...! 'Cuz being rich is *good*, and my Willy is *rich*, and he's *good*, and I really...

The cold voice cackles.

- *Whatever you say, "Fluttershy"...!*

Her boyfriend's dark, masculine voice snaps her back into reality.

- But anyway, right now, babe... *hey!* Are you *listening?*

He flicks her little snout playfully. She giggles.

Willy is so funny!

- Anyway, *right now...*

Rolling his eyes, he pulls back the store's curtain to reveal a ravenous horde of bronies flooding the second floor landing, waiting for *her*.

A deafening, thunderous roar of adoration erupts.

The chatter rolls around.

At last...

*SHE'S HERE.*

- ... the customers are *waiting!* I don't pay you \$9.50 an hour to be standing around *cryin' your fuckin' eyes out* all the time... breaktime's over - *get back to work!!*

Glued to the ground by the formidable ballast of her swollen tits, she struggles to stand up.

- B-but Willy... my titties are l-leaking!! My bra & shirt are *soaked* through!! *I look like a freak!!*

- Good to hear! We'll *triple* the base photo price! The customers will love it!

He shoves her reluctant, shivering body out into the storefront.

- B-but...!

Voracious fans claw, wrestle, and bite their way to the cashier table in a feverish, rabid frenzy. Trembling, she rests her burdensome chest on the cash register, nearly engulfing it in the process, granting her sorely overworked spine & shoulders the briefest smidgen of repose.

She sighs.

The icy voice returns.

- Ding ding!!! *Refractory period's up!* Having *trouble* holding those things up now, are we? *Ha!!* I doubt you'll be able to *walk without help* ever again after this round...! Have *fun* in your new gigantomastia-fetish body!

Suddenly, all fetishistic desires of the bronies assembled to ogle her ridiculous chest become one with the will of her genome. Her cellular structure listens intently, hushed, ready to please.

Then, the inevitable.

A familiar rumbling builds deep within the core of her breast along with a pins-and-needles sensation in her stretched skin. Blood vessels rush to supply nutrients, new capillaries forming rapidly to allow for even greater bloodflow. Slowly, surely, her mammary glands & fat cells begin to split & multiply – apparently, for her newly-reprogrammed pituitary gland, her current basketball-width O cup breasts are simply *not massive enough*.

Her breasts begin to grow.

They grow so slowly as to be virtually imperceptible. One by one, eager customers pose with her at \$30 a pop. She does her best to meet their desires by all means necessary (without angering Daddy again, that is) – jiggling her chest, twerking & shimmying her rump, resting her boobs on heads, letting them wrap an arm around her waist, etc – all the while blissfully unaware of her *growing* problem.

Her multiplying mammary glands strain to double her milk production, causing her taught, overtaxed breasts to swell still larger, forcing her huge nursing bra to expand to accommodate her growth. Pressurized and full, her nipples relieve themselves with a steady trickle of hot milk, further saturating the soaked material of her bra.

Her shirt, stretched and warped, begins to fray, tearing like tissue paper under the incredible burden of her expanding assets. Just as the fabric – brutally tortured far beyond its intended limit – begins to rip loudly in two, tiny nanomachines gracefully reshape the rupturing material into an elegant green satin dress, deeply cut to expose her phenomenal, incomparable cleavage for all to behold.

Her spinal column shudders under the ever-increasing burden of her billowing jugs. She grits her teeth.

They're... soo... *heavy!!*

The Mango Sisters stand close in line, their turn almost up.

Issy whispers to her sister, pointing with hushed awe at their distracted quarry.

– She looks like she's about to keel over...

– Yeah, I've got an idea...

As her mammary glands continue to ramp up milk production to meet the crowd's subconscious demand, the fatty tissue cells deep within her breasts continue to multiply. Her center of gravity shifts even further along into her massive, protruding bust, further thwarting her sense of balance. A merciless fatigue begins to overtake her.

Oww... my *back!!*

Are these things growing *again??*

She rubs her shoulders, arcing her spine and wincing in pain. Her breasts, hogging most of her body's bloodflow, deprive her brain of basic oxygen. Her neglected lungs gasp for air, but the endless parade of photo-op hungry bronies totally fail to notice her suffering. Mindlessly they pay, mindlessly they stare, mindlessly they pose.

Her body, rapidly being drained of its most vital resources, desperately in need of food & water, weakens drastically under her body's callous, unceasing demands for breast expansion & milk production. Her head spins, dizzy and half-conscious.

Even the simple act of breathing can't help but cause the generous adipose tissue in her copious chest to jiggle sympathetically with her every labored inhalation – triggering dense nests of overly-sensitive nerve-endings, inexorably spewing her pussy with incessant gobs of carnal lubrication, seeping viscously into her drenched panties.

Swooning amnesically, her interactions with customers become increasingly lewd, suggestive, & desperate as relentless pressure builds within her burgeoning milktanks and simmering quim, forcibly draining what little sense she had left in her increasingly vacuous skull, repurposing her withered brain to serve only sensual, animalistic ends. Ravenously hungry for cock, an empty, yearning, yonic void, she can't help but rub herself lubriciously all over each & every male body that comes within 2 meters of her perpetually-soaked pussy, again totally forgetting her absent boyfriend, the rational centers of her cerebral cortex having shut down entirely. Biting her lip, she jiggles & flaunts her overdeveloped mega-knockers like an experienced "specialty-interest" Vegas stripper.

Needless to say, this only increases her popularity.

Her boobs now hang like huge, full-grown twin watermelons from her small yet ludicrously voluptuous frame, quaking violently at the slightest motion, yanking harshly at her aching torso, still growing, bigger than a OO cup at this point, nearing a P cup. Sadistically, the tiny heels of her little ruby slippers begin to rise up in an ambitious, misguided attempt to complement her opulent new dress. Soon tall, gold, sparkling stilettos lift her luxuriant rear-end provocatively, making her already uncertain balance ever-increasingly precarious.

Issy & Essy stand next in line.

Essy steps up to her hated rival, feigning friendship.

– Hi! It's soo *nice* to finally meet you! You're looking absolutely *fabulous* today...!

Fluttershy's oblivious face replies with a vacant stare, her mouth hanging open dumbly as she mechanically fondles herself, eyeing the parade of cocks still waiting impatiently in line behind the scheming Mango Sisters, whom she totally fails to recognize. Her upper body jerks forward periodically as her breasts continue their cruel, incessant, ineluctable expansion.

Issy ducks down, crouching maliciously on all fours behind their ill-fated mark as Essy continues to force vapid chitchat.

- This summer *has* been lovely this year, hasn't it? Haven't you had a nice *summer*?

She winks at her sister.

- But you know... *autumn's* really coming on *fast*, don't you know...

Issy stifles a muffled guffaw.

Essy sighs knowingly, relishing the sweet taste of what's about to go down. She turns slightly as if preparing to depart.

- Anyhow, my sister and I really *must* be going now...

Without warning, Essy suddenly lunges forward, forcefully shoving her stunned target, who trips backwards gracelessly over Issy's crouched form, collapsing spectacularly onto the hard, waiting floor in total shock.

- Have a nice *fall!!*

When Big-Titty Fluttershy hits the ground, her implausibly bloated breasts ripple and flop voluminously from the sheer force of impact, nearly crushing her torso, flopping out of her dress entirely, smacking her in the face, splattering milk everywhere, her enormous, rigid apricot-sized nipples & dark dinner-plate areolae bared totally naked to the unforgiving air. She cries out in humiliation & agony, meekly sobbing on the ground, confused, lost, and miserable, while onlookers gasp & gawk, tittering with hushed awe of astonishment.

The Mango Sisters hi-five each other.

The crowd jeers angrily.

Several bystanders, in a race to take advantage of the circumstances, surge forward, cameraphones ready to snap rare photos & video of poor prone, topless Fluttershy's peerless baby-feeders. Others, who had failed to witness The Mango Sisters' vicious assault, gossip distastefully.

- *Hahahaha!!* Her tits're so big she can't even *stand up!!*

- Have you ever considered a reduction, ma'am?

- Is this part of a sketch or something? *10/10*.

- Nice publicity stunt, ya attention-whorin' bitch!!

- *Damn*, that dress held out longer than I thought it would!

- Do you think she's ok?

- Oh please! She's hamming it up! She's *loving* this!

Fluttershy's boss rushes out, attempting to marshal control of the situation.

- Alright, alright, move back, move back, nothin' to see here! Everybody - show's over, nothing to see here! Alright, step back, get lost, you fucktards - get LOST I say!! This is *my* hole!!

Lending his hand to Fluttershy's crumpled form, he guides her exposed, elephantine lobes back into her low-cut dress - struggling to lift their matchless mass, even with *both* hands - and helps her slowly to her aching, high-heeled feet. She immediately falters, totally overbalanced by her own absurd assets and excessively top-heavy figure. Her PPP cup breasts are simply too gigantic for her to maintain equilibrium while wearing high heels. Gently, carefully, her manager helps her take them off.

She leans on him heavily, wrapping a feeble arm about his strong upper body, groaning weakly, struggling to walk even on the uncovered soles of her black pantyhose-swaddled feet. Wincing, she clutches pitifully at her woefully thin, soggy attire and tender, burning chest.

- Oh *nooooo...!* My big tiddies spilled milk all over my fancy new dress... they *hurt...*

She pouts, nuzzling her boyfriend (who still can't believe his luck) sensuously.

Suddenly remembering something, her frail hand snaps reflexively, searching instinctively for her purse... and her smartphone.

- I... I never got my phone back from that nice man... what will my *f-fans* think of me...?

Her tired, reddened eyes well up anew with fresh tears.

- It'll be alright, sweetie... I'll buy you a nice *new* phone tomorrow...

Both of her breasts are now easily *twice* the size of her head - or bigger - and still growing - dribbling thick, white milk at an alarming rate, *marinating* her lime-green outfit until her entire front is dark with rich, sticky moisture. Her breasts lurch intermittently with fierce, jarring, forceful lactation. Their great, backbreaking weight sways ponderously with each & every plodding, labored, arduous step, jouncing robustly like a pair of flabby, elliptical beachballs, doing their damndest to yank the rest of her fragile form down to the floor and very nearly succeeding.

Sniffling, shaking from fatigue & fright, she wipes another tear from her eye with her free hand.

- I wanna go to bed, Daddy... take me to bed?

- Come on sweetie... let's get you back to the hotel... you can stay with me in my room...

His unsubtle cock threatens to burst from his jeans as they stagger awkwardly from the scene.

The Mango Sisters jump up on the table triumphantly.



- She's *gone!!* Your beloved lifesize walking-dakimakura fantasy is *gone!!*

The crowd boos.

- *We're* here now...!! *We've* got big titties too - you know, uh... *realistically* big titties!!

The crowd howls with hatred.

- *You pathetic, ungrateful pieces of shit!! As if any of you fucking virgins has any right to be fucking picky!! Now, line up for your fucking photos!! It's us or nothing, you shit-eating swine - \$15 a pic!!*

And slowly, obediently, the reluctant crowd complies.

...

The Mango Sisters made a killing that night.

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## XX.

[View Online](#)

So *anyway*...

Me & Iron Willy got *married* last month!!

I was really happy to see him in his big manly tux wrapped *super*-tight around his big bulging muscles and me in my beautiful wedding dress (we had to get it *custom-made* just 'cuz my body-type is so "unique"... what can I say, I'm a *BIG* girl up top, haha...!) and I got to live every girl's biggest dream ever!! He said he was really happy just to see me walk down that aisle and stand there looking all cute & sexy for him in my wedding dress and my walker, and I can tell he was telling me the truth because the whole time his cock was swollen up bigger than I'd ever seen it ever get before, it was soooo big & juicy I couldn't *wait* to kiss it all over later that night!! Wow... I'm *such* a lucky gal...

I *really* love my Iron Willy!

When we got married was a couple weeks *after* my sexy Willy-sama helped me get away from all those *mean stupid jerks* back at the pony convention thingie (which is pretty much kinda the earliest stuff I can remember *period* tbh, it's super-weird). After I fell down, he helped me walk back to his hotel room 'cuz my tiddies had grown so big and so full of milk they were leaking a whole bunch all the way to the hotel room!

Really, I think the reason they grew so BIG (PPP cups back then... I think) and so full of MILK (I make like 30 gallons a day now, I'm Daddy's little big-tiddy cow girl for sure <3 ... he even

bought me this big beautiful shiny *super*-cute cowbell for me to wear around my little neck & it makes this adorable *donkle donk donk* sound when we fuck which of course is like, duh, *all the time...!*) was because they reaaaaallly wanted to be milked by my big strong Iron Willy and make enough milk to feed all of our super-cute babies that he filled me up with with his super-strong semen and my really really fertile womb – anyway, we had a whole bunch of *amazing* sex that night and he drank a *whole bunch* of my milk and squeezed my titties HARD and *#wreckt* my pussy and he slapped me around a whole bunch like the busty little whore that I am like he likes to do (which I think is *sooo* cute btw!! I get sooo wet every time) and filled me up with a whole bunch of his hot yummy gooey cum and I swelled up with *tons* of babies after just like a half-hour or so! I know... *SUPER*-fast!

No, really!!

I guess my body just *reeeeeeally* likes making babies and growing big boobies 'cuz I started feeling sick real quick after he filled me up with yummy cum and even though we kept on fucking in just 30 minutes it was basically like I was 4 months pregnant with nonuplets. My belly was *huuuge!!!* And my titties got even bigger 'cuz I was pregnant, like up to a QQQ cup (they were each more than like *3 times* the size of my head haha)... and still growing!!

And oh yeah, I think it's 'cuz he drank so much of my milk, but my Iron Willy got all big and super-strong and a whole lot meaner and grew big horns on his head and looks like a big sexy bull now with a tail and everything and huuuuuge muscles and a MASSIVE cock (Iron Willy's iron willy... lol!!!) and he's like *three times my size* now and MEGA-hot!!! I'm practically cumming just *thinking* about him right now!!

He's certainly *this* busty gal's dream come *true...!*

So anyway, my belly got big and round and plump, like even bigger than my boobies were at the time which were REALLY BIG (after another hour & a half or so I was basically 9 months pregnant with nonuplets and my tiddies went all the way up to a RR cup 'cuz they got so full of milk for all my babies! – but anyways they're *WAY* bigger than *that* now, haha!!) 'cuz Daddy filled me up with sooo much cum and I was soooo fertile and ready for his yummy seed that my hungry tummy just couldn't *help* but fill up with a whole bunch of babies right then & there! But, uhh, my body was so tired from making so many babies so quick I guess I blacked out or something and when I woke up I had given birth to 9 *beautiful* little babies! They look just like their sexy father, except waay smaller and with wings and they're more yellow I think. They love drinking their Mommy's sweet Mommy Milk. I love them all *soooooo* much!

Since then I've given birth to a *whole bunch* more – I'm not sure how many but it's a LOT! Like, at least fifty or so... maybe a *hundred...?*

Anyway, my tiddies have definitely grown quite a lot just to keep up with feeding my precious little sweet little baby kiddos! I know my milk will help them grow up bigger & bigger and stronger & stronger just like their Daddy because my milk ducts *also* keep on growing up bigger & bigger & stronger & stronger & I bet I have *more* milk ducts than probably anybody else in the *whole entire world!!!*

Their Daddy keeps getting bigger & bigger and stronger & stronger because he drinks lots of my milk. That means my milk must be really good because just the sight of my Willy's big strong body or just the sound of my Willy's big loud mean voice makes me feel all yummy and hungry inside and my pussy starts leaking a lot and my big huge nipples get really hard, and I feel really good all the time when I feel that way, so I'm really glad getting to play with my Willy all day long!

*Sigh...*

I'm really happy living as Big-Titty Mommy Fluttershy to all my beautiful wonderful sweet lil' cutie baby children. We play fun games with my big ol' fat tiddies and we laugh and laugh and laugh all day...! Uhh anyway also I've got like *3 million* followers now on Instagram, it's so awesome!! A whole bunch of people always send me stuff in the mail to pose with in my pics 'cuz I'm so *hott* and they pay us lots of money! I love taking a whole bunch of selfies just for my super-special fans. <3

And *of course* you know I love getting to have fun all the time with my big, strong Iron Will and his big, big, *extra-big* strong cock (my pussy had to get *quite a bit* bigger & deeper just to fit it all in... and even then my thighs still ache a whole bunch after one of our fuck-sessions... I love it!!), and I think he really *loves* getting to play all the time with my big, fat titties (I think I'm like a TTT cup now (all my bras now are custom-made and *very* expensive, special order, extra-extra-large and *really* beautiful), I'm so proud of my big Monster Boobies!! (Iron Willy loves to do paizuri on me... "Monster Titties for his Monster Cock!!" he says... lol) even if moving around & stuff has gotten kinda really difficult lately but I don't really care, they're a *ton* of fun, literally haha!!!) and drink their big, strong milk! And I eat a *whole lot* and I drink a *whole lot* because I get REALLY tired if I don't, so I get to eat and drink almost all the time, which is fun & really very tasty! And when I'm really good I get to drink my own milk because that's one of my favorite things to do in the whole wide world. And I get to think thoughts like "Where am I?" and "What's going on?" and sometimes I hear another voice in my head that's not mine but I don't listen to it saying mean things about me because I'm a good girl and I know a bad voice when I hear one because a bad voice says mean things, bad mean stuff like *"Fluttershy you're a dumb girl because your dumb brain made Will a big bully jerk with a big monster cock that could fit between your big dumb monster tits because that's what your dumb body wanted its dumb milk to do."* And sometimes inbetween games I'll think funny things like "Who am I?" and "Wait." and "Ouchie!" and other weird funny things and sometimes it bothers me but Willy says I'm just being Funny Fluttershy like I always am and so I just forget all about it and then we just laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh and...

Wait.

Where am I?

*What's going on??*

- Ah, Stephen, you're back! And thank goodness, I don't think I could take any more of fucking *bimbo drive*/bullshit...

W-What...?

- I have good news!

Oh no...

*Where am I...??*

The shrill, oppressive screech of mutant children saturates the air. A rank stench of stale shit and piss assails my broad, terrified, horselike nostrils.

I look down. My breasts rest like an overstuffed pair of fat, extra-large exercise balls or beanbag chairs in my squashed, invisible lap, pinning me determinedly to the dark, sticky sofa - each gargantuan lobe easily spans at least a full three feet in diameter, swathed in the tight hammock of an expansive TTT cup brassiere. A horde of demon-spawn human-bull-horse hybrid *monsters* roil about my feet, crammed into the dingy, dank, shit-smeared kitchen. Three of them claw impatiently at my ankles, wailing, hungry for the exorbitant supply of mothers' milk burdening my bloated, oppressive chest. On TV, there's some boring newscast about some random inconsequential high-schooler killing herself by overdosing on estrogen pills or something and dying in a dumpster (in the interview segment, not even *one* of her schoolmates manages to recall their classmate's name).

- It's your lucky day! It seems as if the mental aspect of your transformation has worn off completely! Welcome to your new, diseased, fetish-warped, nearly wheelchair-bound body! I hope you like feeding 6 dozen kids with those grotesque, overdeveloped, leaky milkbags of yours, because that's pretty much your life nowadays!

No.

No...

*NO!!!*

From the other, room, I hear the abrupt, hiccuping, masculine voice of a hellish minotaur.

- Time for our hourly fuck-session, babe! C'mere, let Daddy rub those mean ol' titties 'til you feel all good inside, Fluttypie!

I hear the thunderous trampling sound of massive hoofsteps approach.

I shudder in sheer terror.

I can't stand up.

My wheelchair is across the room.

- And then your *naughty pussy* gets to eat up Daddy's *monster cock* again!! Won't that be *fun*, Fluttsypoo...!?

*Dear God...*

No.

– Over and over and over and over and over! 'Til my *special* little FlutSlut's pussy-wussy bloody-weedies! Your *favorite game*, Honeypot!!

NO!!!

*I can't stand up!!!*

---

For fear of what might happen to my bones otherwise, I've been playing along with my monstrous husband's cruel whims. I've been able to convince him that I'm still his little "honeypot"... with which he may do whatever he pleases.

– You've been a naughty girlie, Flussypoo! Daddy's gonna give that naughty lil' pussy THRICE the cock-thrashing tonight!

Our regular "fuck-sessions" regularly end with what feels like my entire reproductive tract left raw, scarred, and bleeding profusely, but I daren't oppose Iron Will.

– Who's Daddy's little FlutSlut?

Sad as it is, I rely on him completely for sustenance & most mobility resources. With some practice, I can just *barely* get around with a specialized walker or in my wheelchair (although driving a car or even leaving the house on my own has become completely impossible), my overtaxed breasts having long since dwarfed the rest of my anatomy, engorged as they are with milk for our 72... no... what is it now? – 164 mutant children.

Yes... gruesome as it is, despite my best efforts to the contrary, thanks to my mercilessly fertile womb & relentless egg overproduction I've given birth quite a few times in the days since regaining my full mental faculties. Once or twice a day, following one of Iron Will's innumerable ejaculations into my aching cum-socket, my fanatical, frothing uterus – brimming with intrusive semen & volatile ovum – will swell up alarmingly like a gruesome weather balloon beneath my mountainous tits, trapping me for 2-3 hours as vile zygotes become blastocysts, rapidly expanding to embryos, finally developing into a cadre of greedy fetuses, viciously sapping my body's limited resources to develop their own freakishly deformed limbs & repugnant organs, squirming and kicking in my straining, stretched, writhing belly. Then, at last – just when I feel *absolutely certain* that my catastrophically-inflated abdomen is about to burst – multiple amniotic sacs will rupture nearly simultaneously and my revolting body will hurl itself into delirious, febrile contractions, spewing out unspeakable monstrosity after unspeakable monstrosity into the waiting arms of a rotting, fetid, fluid-soaked carpet.

I feel like a fucking livestock breeding factory & one-woman dairy farm rolled into one...

My pussy has grown disconcertingly deep & wide in what seems to be my body's desperate bid to accommodate my gigantic husband's colossal penis – although admittedly this makes giving

birth *somewhat* less painful, Iron Will's cock still manages to strain savagely at my vaginal walls as he clutches my midsection and machine-guns my squealing, trembling body rapidly upon his angry, throbbing phallus, my titanic titties bouncing & flailing, heaving my worn out body in every direction, pulverizing my whiplashed neck, violently jerking at every nerve-ending in my diabolically sensitive anatomy... whenever the fucking finally stops, I'm always crying, and I'm never certain whether from pleasure or from pain – I've lost the ability to tell the difference. Iron Will says my feeble tears only make him hornier, so I've been trying my hardest to hold them back, but... I've never succeeded.

My ass has grown drastically as well, and my hips have widened accordingly. This seems to have been necessary just to house the unpleasant, slimy gash of my uncomfortably widened pussy.

My poor nipples too have kept perfect pace with the rest of my mammoth mammaries – circled by dark, preposterously wide manhole-cover areolae, bristling with grape-sized sebaceous bumps, the twin nozzles of my terrible teats regularly bloom to huge, erect, fistlike proportions to gush absurd reams of burning breastfluid into the waiting, suckling maws of this ever-growing brood of crawling blasphemous hellspawn swarming & shrieking along with the fat rats & skittering roaches which haunt this noxious, blighted dump.

Their endless, ravenous cries demand almost constant feeding. But even in lulls of relative silence, my diligent breasts prefer... *preemptive* action.

Without warning, at seemingly random moments, a sick, insidious *bubbling* will churn deep within the straining, seething lobules of my Brobdingnagian chest, and my enormous nipples will erupt angrily into the warped cradle of my tentlike U cup nursing bra to spray hot breastmilk like broad, pockmarked showerheads into my vast, drenched collection pads – triggering dense, knotted clusters of tender, twisted nerve-endings, leaving me gasping & heaving like a possessed imbecile at their unbelievable sensitivity. My entire body convulses with epileptic intensity: eyes rolled into the back of my head, thrashing tongue mashed by gnashing teeth, my useless legs kicking wildly... When the immense, sadistic waves of rolling, searing pleasure-pain sensation finally cease, my big panties are totally, absolutely, *miserably* soaked, shamefully splattered with thick, syrupy juices from the humiliating, inexorable spasms of my body's twinging, sputtering orgasms. It's utterly disgraceful... and morbidly exhausting.

Because of my breasts' constant need to produce torturous volumes of milk (at a rate of at least 7 gallons per hour nowadays), this body is always *incredibly* hungry... and thirsty... I can't stop consuming food OR drink for more than mere minutes without quickly becoming dizzy, weak, & disoriented – as if my breasts were the sole purpose this body's existence, the rest of me a meaningless waste of calories... or simply my terrifying, nightmarish monster husband's passive cocksleeve fucktoy. With mounting dread, I can't help but feel ever-more certain that these abominable *udders* aren't attached to me – *I'm* attached to *them*. Everything I eat keeps getting sapped straight into these bloated, cursed tits... which continue to leak profusely from all the milk they're producing. They wake me up nearly hourly in the middle of the night, demanding that I consume ever-growing quantities of raw material for them to lactate uselessly all over our

filthy carpet and squalid tiling.

And still, I can feel them growing.

I feel the pressure deep within.

Day by day, the rest of my body fights courageously just to carry out its most basic non-mammary functions – things like thinking, speaking, and hobbling about in my walker or wheelchair – and... day by day, hour by hour, second by second, it loses just a little more ground to these horrific, leviathan blimps...

One day, when my breasts had attained a V cup, I managed to convince Iron Will to take me to a doctor to see about getting a reduction. Apparently my body *really is* prioritizing breast growth & milk production over all other functions – just as important (or perhaps more so) than breathing. The doctor says he's never seen anything like it in his life. According to him, to attempt a reduction would be equivalent to stopping my heart – my body would be in shock, as it somehow seems to believe their continual growth to be absolutely necessary for my very survival.

The doctor recommends me a daily fitness program, in the hopes that regular exercise might at least slow my breasts' incessant growth.

Of course, it doesn't.

...

I wonder how the end will come.

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# XXI.

[View Online](#)

And then – one day – it happened. My breasts grew from a V cup to a ZZZ cup in 30 minutes flat. I didn't have my wheelchair nearby.

I was stranded.

I couldn't stand up, no matter how I tried. Their gargantuan, throbbing weight was simply far too much to bear. Each whopping lobe had expanded to at least 6 feet in diameter – wider than I am tall.

I couldn't move.

Will was at work, and the kids couldn't help me either, bawling and screeching like a swirling plague of frothing maggots throughout the stale halls of this vile, loathsome hovel. My cellphone

was in the other room. I had no access to any of the vast amounts of food or water which my cursed body constantly requires.

My ruthless, monstrous breasts continued to manufacture milk at an alarming rate, rapidly sapping my bloodstream of vital nutrients. My thoughts become cloudy. Portions of my brain are shutting down as my body scrambles to maintain what it perceives to be most essential – breast growth & mammary functions. Out of vast, aching nipples as large as my own skull, a thick white stream flowed, soaking our kitchen table.

My body had prioritized the needless overproduction of wasted milk in preference to its own ability to remain conscious.

I pass out from acute malnourishment.

---

I hear a knock at the door...

They're here.

---

I only bear vague, disconnected images of where I was taken next:

The bed of an unknown van...

The cold steel floor of a massive facility...

---

My breasts have crushed my ribcage.

---

I feel the cold cylinders as they replace my heart.

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## Epilogue

[View Online](#)

– Vital organs replaced with biotechnological machinery. Nutrient tubes take the place of digestive, cardiovascular, and respiratory systems. Waste disposal tubes for the evacuation of waste matter. Skeletal system no longer necessary. Suction pipelines for the extraction of milk, from which the serum may be distilled for further use in any number of metamorphological applications...

Dr. Félicia Deleuze Guattari ( *Technologically Marvellous Experiments Conglomerated*, a division of H.C. Enterprises) speaks to a large crowd of her most prized, wealthy, and influential investors, clients, and business partners from around the world (some listening in via video-



teleconference, many there in person) including Donald J. Trump, Barack Obama, Michelle Obama, Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton, George W. Bush, Paul Ryan, Julian Assange, Vladimir Putin, Kim Jong-un, Steve Bannon, Edgar Winter, Igor Bogdanoff, Grichka Bogdanoff, Kevin Mayer, Jeff Bezos, George Soros, Hope Hicks, Mike Pence, Jay Powell, Nancy Pelosi, Robert Mercer, Scott Pruitt, Guy Benson, Nigel Farage, Corey Lewandowski, John Kelly, Mark Zuckerberg, Warren Buffet, Elizabeth Warren, Jared Kushner, Nick Ayers, Elon Musk, Charles G. Koch, David H. Koch, Sarah Huckabee Sanders, Dana Walden, Ann Coulter, Mercedes Schlapp, Kellyanne Conway, George Conway, Milo Yiannopoulos, Toby Emmerich, Satoshi Tajiri, Wayne Gretzky, Adam Conover, Ancel Keys, Richard Lovett, James Murdoch, Rupert Murdoch, Brad Parscale, Michael Glassner, Sarah Palin, Carl Benjamin, Lloyd Kaufman, Michael Herz, Scott Adams, Stephen Miller, Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Bob Bakish, Kevin Huvane, Tara Ross, Charlie Sykes, Naomi Schaefer, Bryan Lourd, Pendleton Ward, Bertolt Brecht, Kevin Tsujihara, James Cameron, Judd Apatow, Shonda Rhimes, Sean Hannity, Rebekah Mercer, Ajit Pai, Mike Pompeo, John Boehner, Jeff Shell, Ryan Gosling, Donna Langley, Ron Meyer, Glenn Beck, Mel Gibson, Helena Blavatsky, Andy Kaufman, Tucker Carlson, Bob Greenblatt, Brian Goldner, Sundar Pichai, Larry Page, Meghan McCarthy, Craig McCracken, Alejandro Jodorowsky, Stephen King, J.K. Rowling, K.A. Applegate, R.L. Stine, Peter Rice, Mary Elizabeth Taylor, Doug McMillon, Karl Rove, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, Susan Molinari, Mike Tyson, Miley Cyrus, John Feltheimer, Rush Limbaugh, Ryan Murphy, Reese Witherspoon, Bob Iger, Julian Cope, Kathleen Kennedy, David Nevins, Kenichiro Yoshida, Ted Nugent, Kid Rock, Tim Allen, Jessica Simpson, John Travolta, Soulja Boy, Shuntaro Furukawa, Ellen DeGeneres, Donald Glover, Charles Barkley, George Lucas, J.J. Abrams, Naomi Watanabe, Roseanne Barr, Caitlyn Jenner, Lorne Michaels, Alex Jones, Judith Butler, Shari Redstone, Kevin Feige, Alan Bergman, Alan Horn, Tony Vinciguerra, The Last Psychiatrist, Tom Rothman, Mike Hopkins, Jeff Sessions, Wayne Michael Coyne, Mike Bettes, Brett Kavanaugh, Banksy, Stephen Hillenburg, Rebecca Sugar, Gary Newman, Penn Jillette, Teller, Dan Harmon, Justin Roiland, Vernon Chatman, Charlie Brooker, David Slade, Jennifer Salke, John Lee, Alyson Levy, Matthew Whitaker, Shakira, George Duke, Bill Cosby, Miles Davis, Jim Davis, Jim Carrey, James Brown, Cosmo Spacely, P.T. Barnum, W.C. Fields, Tara Strong, Kiefer Sutherland, Little Richard, Damon Albarn, Mike Judge, Dennis Rodman, Bill Gates, Tim Cook, QAnon, Jacob Rothschild, Nathaniel Philip Rothschild, Viktor Frankl, Woodie Guthrie, Albert Einstein, Sir Isaac Newton, Roger Waters, Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Tim Hodgkinson, Jim Welton, Stevan Tickmayer, Roberto Drak, David Kerman, James Grigsby, Mike Johnson, Michael Jackson, Elvis Presley, Colonel Tom Parker, Tommy Wiseau, K.C. Green, Steve Oedekirk, Bob Odenkirk, Kate Bush, Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins, Steve Hackett, Chris Squire, Jon Anderson, Steve Howe, Rick Wakeman, Ian Anderson, Bill Bruford, Robert Fripp, Keith Emerson, Peter Blegvad, Bill Watterson, Greg Lake, Captain Beefheart, Captain Murphy, Captain Crunch, Captain Bucky O' Hare, Steve Ellison, Harlan Ellison, Mike Lazzo, Frank Zappa, Chris Cutler, Lindsay Cooper, Benjamin Bocquelet, Benjamin Franklin, Alan Watts, "Iron" William Watts, Carl Jung, Dante, Homer, William Blake, Richard Nixon, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ludwig Van Beethoven, Syd Barrett, Nick Drake, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Peter Hammill, Lou Reed, Percy Grainger, Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Leonard Bernstein, Sigmund Freud, R.D. Laing, Jane Goodall, Milton Babbitt, Morton Feldman, Pierre Boulez, Iannis Xenakis, Tod Dockstader, William the Conqueror, Napoleon Bonaparte, Pierre Schaeffer, Krzysztof Penderecki, Olivier Messiaen, Luciano Berio,

Count Chocula, Dracula, Bunnacula, Frankenstein's monster, Frankenberry, Booberry, Casper the Friendly Ghost, Daniel Johnston, György Ligeti, Richard Trythall, Mike Patton, Colonel Sanders, Robert Johnson, Ronald McDonald, John Calvin, Thomas Hobbes, Charles Ives, Neil Cicierega, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Uwe Nettelbeck, Brian Peter George St. John le Baptiste de la Salle Eno, Adolf Hitler, David Bowie, Jay Clem, John Kennedy, Ralf Hütter, Florian Schneider, Florian Fricke, Edgar Froese, Conny Plank, Klaus Schulze, Holger Czukay, Thomas Bangalter, Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo, Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, Anton Webern, Benjamin Britten, Konstantinos Karathanasis, Fyodor Dostoyevski, John Cleese, Brian Jones, Dave Chappelle, Paul Simon, Louis C.K., Terry Gilliam, Terry Riley, Tom Waits, Kathleen Brennan, Ruth White, Stephen Murphy, Ben Esposito, Arjun Prakash, Arjuna, Krishna, Vishnu, Shiva, Indra, Atman-Brahman, Larry the Cable Guy, Thomas Pynchon, Professor Irwin Corey, Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Sufjan Stevens, Van Dyke Parks, Karl Marx, David Allen, Brian Wilson, Shrek, Knighty, Harry Partch, Hardy Fox, Dick Clark, Barbara Streisand, Patrick Swayze, Heinrich Himmler, Pol Pot, Joseph Stalin, Henry Cowell, John Lydon, Bryan Ferry, Freddie Mercury, Santa Claus, Santa Dog, Satan God, Stan Lee, Lucifer, Malcolm McLaren, Marshall McLuhan, Timothy Leary, Ram Dass, Siddharta Guatama, George Ivanovich Gurdjieff, Mephistopholes, Igor Stravinsky, Coco Chanel, Colleen Doran, Dave Sim, Dmitri Shostakovich, Dmitri Martin, Jeff Dunham, Jeff Foxworthy, Reginald Fils-Aimé, Shigeru Miyamoto, Satoru Iwata, G.K. Chesterton, George Bernard Shaw, George H.W. Bush, Barbara Bush, Samuel Beckett, Bruce Campbell, Joseph Campbell, Joseph Conrad, Joseph Heller, Charles Stewart Parnell, John Joyce, Franz Kafka, David Cronenberg, H.P. Lovecraft, Werner Herzog, Klaus Kinski, Raymond Weilacher, Alan Waller, Walt Disney, Sam Raimi, Richard Strauss, Hector Berlioz, Nicolas Cage, Spike Jonze, Spike Jones, Spike Spencer, Spike Spiegel, Charlie Kaufman, John Malkovich, George Washington, George Washington Carver, Shinichirō Watanabe, Kōshi Rikudō, Shinichi Watanabe, Hideaki Anno, Hayao Miyazaki, Bodhidharma, Richard Wagner, William Shakespeare, Leopold Bloom, Ruaidrí mac Tairrdelbach Ua Conchobair, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, Humbert Humbert, Dolores Haze, Vladimir Nabokov, Kikiyama, Toby Fox, Andrew Hussie, Jhonen Vasquez, Seung-Hui Cho, Osamu Tezuka, Osama Bin Laden, Muhammad, St. Paul of Tarsus, John Hodgman, Joseph Bruce, Marshall Bruce Mathers III, Jerry Lewis, Lewis Carroll, Albert Camus, Jean-Luc Godard, Jean-Luc Picard, Jean-Luc Ponty, Jacques Cousteau, Gex, Bubsy the Bobcat, James Bond, Saul Goodman, Bozo the Clown, Krusty the Clown, King Koopa, Bob Hoskins, Captain Lou Albano, Benito Mussolini, Frank Oz, Steve Martin, Shem the Penman, Shaun the Post, PJ Harvey, Richard Elfman, Tim Burton, Tim Curry, Richard Branson, L. Ron Hubbard, Joseph Smith, Stephen R. Covey, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, Leonardo DiCaprio, Cyndi Lauper, Toni Basil, Mark Mothersbaugh, Bob Lewis, Gerald Casale, Paul Reubens, Paul Blart, Grum, Robin Williams, Bill Murray, Becky Sloan, Joseph Pelling, Austin Powers, Mike Myers, Michael Myers, Jason Voorhees, Freddy Krueger, Edward Hyde, Theodor Seuss Geisel, Shel Silverstein, Jean Shepherd, Charles Mingus, John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman, Martin Handford, Maria Bamford, Tom Kenny, Danny Antonucci, Danny DeVito, Danny Elfman, Danny Phantom, Goofy Goof, Mickey Mouse, Carl Barks, Donald Duck, Scrooge McDuck, Daffy Duck, Duckman, Fuckman, Truckman, Cuckman, Cutman, Tron Bonne, Bugs Bunny, Big Chungus, Tex Avery, Chuck Jones, Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Mel Blanc, Joseph Barbera, William Hanna, Ub Iwerks, Ernest P. Worrell, Sephiroth, Nobuo Uematsu, Hideo Kojima, CBoyardee, Koji Kondo, Tsuneo Imahori, Karl Barks, Lenny Bruce, Larry King, Jim Henson, Eugene Krabs, Robert Wyatt, Mike

Oldfield, Kevin Ayers, Dave Stewart, Allan Holdsworth, Thomas Edison, J.R.R. Tolkien, Christopher Lee, Christopher Lloyd, Christopher Reeve, Christopher Walken, Christopher Poole, C.S. Lewis, Wyndham Lewis, Josef Mengele, Dr. Ivo Robotnik, Rumiko Takahashi, Shigesato Itoi, Usamaru Furuya, Kiyohiko Senba, Mary Shelley, Christian Weston Chandler, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mel Brooks, Gene Wilder, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Hemingway, Herman Melville, Bonnie Zacherle, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Guillaume de Machaut, St. Thomas Aquinas, Hildegard of Bingen, Caligula, Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni, Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino, Leonardo di ser Piero da Vinci, Donato di Niccolò di Betto Bardi, Jeff Bridges, Trey Spruance, Timothy Treadwell, Roger Ebert, Robert Christgau, Lester Bangs, Stephen Hawking, Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Babe Ruth, Le Sony'r Ra, Reed Hastings, Muhammad Ali, Malcolm X, Martin Luther, Martin Luther King Jr., Mark Edward Fischbach, Dave Wise, Gregg Mayles, Chris Sutherland, Grant Kirkhope, David Lee Roth, Eddie Van Halen, Ozzie Osbourne, Neil Gorsuch, Bruce Hampton, Glenn Phillips, John Peel, Nero, Ramona Andra Xavier, Akira Toriyama, Goku, Naruto, Piccolo, Prince Vegeta IV, Lord Beerus, Super Mario, Superman, Batman, Megaman, Aquaman, The Wolf Man, Howlin' Wolf, Godzilla, Swanky Kong, Geddy Lee, Neil Peart, John Lennon, Sir Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Andy Warhol, Jesus H. Christ, Charles Manson, Nebuchadnezzar, Zach Galifianakis, Goliath, Herod, Moses, Adam, Eve, Noah, Abraham, Cain, Abel, The Demiurge, Ryan North, Genndy Tartakovsky, Scooby Doo, Scooby Dum, Shaggy Rogers, Velma Dinkley, Fred Jones, Daphne Blake, Scrappy Doo, Shunryū Suzuki, Jesse Moynihan, Patrick McHale, Conan O'Brien, Jay Leno, David Letterman, Vincent Pizzapasta, Tom Haverpich, Daniel Clowes, Robert Crumb, Carrot Top, Mahatma Gandhi, Russell Brand, Kevin Federline, R. Stevie Moore, Alan Moore, Charles Schulz, Neil Gaiman, Neil Diamond, Bigfoot, Neil Young, Ralph Bakshi, Michael DeForge, Simon Hanselmann, Frank Santoro, Jack Black, Jack White, Rivers Cuomo, Roald Dahl, Salvador Dali, Will Meugniot, Margaret Weis, Madeleine L'Engle, Larry Hama, Michael Golden, Kevin Eastman, Peter Laird, Scott McCloud, Fox McCloud, Wendy Carlos, Finn Mertens, Fionn mac Cumhaill, Andy Price, Katie Cook, Rodney Dangerfield, Woody Allen, Steve Albini, Efrim Menuck, Mike Moya, Thurop Van Orman, Terence McKenna, Philip K. Dick, Stanley Kubrick, Harmony Korine, Lars von Trier, Geghis Khan, Cleopatra, Casper Kelly, Space Ghost, Eric Woolfson, Jim Steinman, Todd Rundgren, Meat Loaf, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Orson Welles, Alfred Hitchcock, William Castle, Ed Wood, Ian Curtis, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Kurt Cobain, Courtney Love, Courtney Cox, Trent Reznor, Marshall Applewhite, Lauren Faust, Alan Parsons, Fred Frith, Fred Fuchs, Daniel Boone, Daniel Trissel, Keith Richards, Mick Jagger, Gene Simmons, Humpty Hump, Flava Flav, Danger Mouse, MF Doom, Madlib, Cee Lo Green, MC Ride, 'Weird Al' Yankovic, Jandek, Wesley Willis, Hudson Mohawke, Dan Deacon, Ed Schrader, Jimmy Joe Roche, David Rockefeller Jr., Steven Spielberg, David Lynch, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, Katie Perry, That Poppy, E.W. Scripps, Daniel Baker, Joel Martinez, Ted Cruz, Sia Cooper, Kayla Itsines, James Rolfe, Michael Matei, Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta, Roland Szabo, Seth MacFarlane, Seth Rogen, Seth Green, Seth, Prince, Alex Hirsch, Jodie Foster, Ronald Reagan, John Hinckley Jr., Eman al Nafjan, Scott Rogowsky, Ryan Toysreview, Shaun King, Matt Drudge, Tim Heidecker, Eric Wareheim, Gregg Turkington, Neil Hamburger, Eric Andre, Hannibal Buress, Eithne Pádraigín Ní Bhraonáin, Tyler Blevins, Brian Roberts, Steve Burke, John Stankey, Lil Miquela, Leanne Crowe, Samanta Lily, Jordan Carver, Nadine Jansen, Amanda Love, Kylie Jenner, Justin Bieber, Madonna Ciccone, Park Jae-sang, Tom Hanks, BTS, YHWH, KCUF, XKCD,

KJRH, KPUT, WABBIT, AC/DC, YBK/CJB, WWJD, TMEC, Felix Arvid Ulf Kjellberg, Jonathan Aryan Jafari, Ariel Martin, Ariana Grande, Logan Paul, Jake Paul, Rihanna, Charlotte Wilner, Busy Philipps, Dr. Phillip C. McGraw, Oprah Winfrey, Howard Stern, Howard Hughes, Hugh Hefner, Dave Wilner, Stephen James Joyce, Kanye West, Seto Kaiba, Paris Hilton, Gail Zappa, Matt Groening, Ahmet Zappa, and Homer J. Flynn III (among others), inviting them to gaze from the control room window upon a football-field-sized mass of undifferentiated yellow flesh quivering in the hangarlike factory floor below.

- The mass of living breast tissue you see before you was grown organically on a live human test subject over the course of 2 months. The subject's nervous & endocrine systems have been replaced with a fully-configurable digital hardware/software solution designed to electrochemically stimulate essential lactation & growth processes in the live breast tissue - according to user specifications, of course.

Dr. Guattari gestures grandly.

- As you can see, our company has succeeded in growing the first-ever fully-organic production-level manufacturing plant out of living human tissue! And, in a triumph of engineering - as well as, perhaps, a small dose of irony - the gigantic mass of living breast tissue you see before you was in fact grown via a specially-calibrated dose of the very metamorphological serum it produces in its milk!

Many laugh.

- At present, this facility outputs 10,000 gallons of serum-milk per hour. We expect future plants to outpace these figures by at least sevenfold.

She pauses, admiring with scientific marvel the throbbing, rippling yellow fleshpile just beyond the control room windowpane.

- At this moment it is my great pleasure to unveil the next steps we plan to take in our neverending mission to provide customizable, organic solutions suitable to the manufacturing needs of our valued corporate & government clients - all of you here today!

Light applause.

- We plan to open at least 600 more serum-production plants similar to the one you see here within the next quarter. In a triumph of medical science, the serum manufactured by these plants will in turn be utilized to recycle the unwanted bodies of nonconformists, social dropouts, and undesirable personalities - indeed, our serum makes possible the complete restructuring of certain lazy & unresponsive demographics.

She adjusts her glasses.

- For instance - many Millennials refuse to be adequately receptive to corporate marketing (although many of you may have certainly achieved admirable success in this domain); regardless, as a result, several companies have experienced severely reduced profits or even

the *horrors* of bankruptcy. Our serum – distributed via school cafeterias, fast food establishments, and lower-market grocery retailers – will reverse this trend, redefining this problematic consumer base into a malleable, predictable, reliable engine of impulsive mass consumption & obedient wage-slavery. The user's genetic makeup and personality may be freely altered to whatever state deemed desirable for your business or political organization, guaranteeing exponential profits & nigh-eternal corporate longevity.

Applause.

– As you already know, the serum may also be administered to especially hopeless undesirables – pot smokers, Native Americans, political dissidents, artists, shoplifters, and the like – in order to generate living, breathing manufacturing facilities such as this one. In this way, our company hopes to revolutionize the way in which all products may be manufactured in the future, with the amazing side-benefit of repurposing useless, unwanted biodebris from the corpogeosociopolitical landscape into, as you can see...

She directs their attention to a meter: 226,000 gallons of milk produced so far today.

– ... *VERY* productive citizens...!

Laughter.

– Speaking of *very productive* citizens... over the next 4 months we fully expect *this very facility* to QUINTUPLE its output of product, in an ongoing process of precise calibration made possible by our continued dedication to the electronutritional growth-stimulation of our live breast tissue resources.

She breathes out, her presentation complete.

Maybe for lunch she'll grab some Quizno's. Soon enough.

She smirks confidently.

– Well? What do you all think...?

– *Amazing!!*

– *Outstanding!!*

– *Fantastic!!*

– *Wonderful!!*

– *Tremendous!!*

– *Brilliant work!!*

– *Bravo!!*

- *Bravissima!!*
- *Through this mother's milk we shall nurse the birth of a new, more obedient citizenry!!*
- *The Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging!!*
- *The perfect solution to create the perfect employee/consumer!!*

A standing ovation.

...

Dr. Guattari sighs with satisfaction, clearly refreshed by the positive reception her life's work has just received from such a luminary assemblage of affluent investors.

- I'm *so* glad you all think so...

Her tired gaze drifts gradually towards the outdoor-facing window. Hazy morning sunlight gleams off the chrome and glass of her industrial American wasteland, all gas stations, outlet malls, parking lots, bars, fast food restaurants, apartment hives, particleboard McMansions, call centers, corporate clinics, brand-name international megachains, office suites, pavement & plastic baubles, row after row of fresh, shoddy, cheaply-made suburban homes illuminated with televisions and computers and cellphones and tablets and cable boxes and YouTube and Netflix subscriptions and video game consoles.

She turns to her benefactors suddenly, an inspirational gleam in her eye.

- *Let's all get to work!*

**THE END**

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