

Little Miss Mindy

Heads up! This story contains: Short stacks, huge boobs, minor BE, and pop idols with gratuitous cleavage.

(All characters are fictional, only characters 18+ perform sexual activities)

The crowd in the large theater was excited. As part of her tour around the country, Mindy was going to be performing songs from her newest album. Although a majority of the audience was male, many women also dotted the pumped-up concertgoers. Finally the lights dimmed to near darkness, fog machines began rolling out billowing clouds of atmospheric smoke, and everyone knew that the moment had come.

Rather than quiet down, the whole audience erupted in cheers, many standing up already. A low voice began to rumble over the screams, preparing the excited and potential fans for a night like no other.

"Ladiiiees and gentelmeeeeeenn! Time is up! No more waiting because now it's time to get bowled over by, the one, the only: LITTLE MISS MINDY!!"

An extra loud roar followed those final words as the lights came up on the stage illuminating the rising rock and pop star for which everyone had come. A huge grin was plastered on her face as she and her band began the hit single off the album "Paradise in a Hand Basket."

Out in the crowd, new and old fans screamed and whispered to themselves in wonder.

"How can she more with all that?"

"She's more beautiful in person."

"Miss Mindy, take my heart away with your song!"

You see, Mindy was no normal star. She had a ... property about her that gave her some advantages. The fact was, there was very little that was little about Little Miss Mindy. She had come up with the stage name as a reference to her short stature. At 4' 11" she was pretty miniature, and that was before her real changes started and made her whole scale impossible to understand. The 21-year-old was now anything from normal.

Standing onstage, Mindy wore a black, custom made tank top that held back her most prominent feature(s): a pair of breasts each just over 2 whole feet in diameter. They bounced and jounced in her clothes with serious weight as she commandeered the stage with her very presence. The tank top was as conservative as any article of clothing stretched over two-foot tits could, but her deep cleavage was obvious whenever she leaned over to belt another hard-hitting lyric into the microphone.

"Those can't be real!" yelled one particularly shocked guy to his best friend. The poor boy had been dragged along and now was in the middle of some sort of dreamland.

"Hell yeah they are!" his friend cried back excitedly, "They had a doctor check her out and everything!"

It was true. A seriously skeptical doctor had been brought in to examine Mindy's overblown bust just two months prior. Waves were made in the music biz when the poor woman came back shocked that Mindy's proportions were possible. She barely stammered out that they were indeed that big and Mindy's managers weren't lying when they said she was still growing.

"Can you believe they have to update her physical measurements every week!?" the friend continued.

"Fuck," the poor boy replied, eyes glued to the jiggling masses, "That's amazing."

Of course, Little Miss Mindy's oxymoronic name didn't end there. Mindy wasn't slack in the back either. As she turned to the side it was possible to see her entire bottom half for once. While her giant baps had hidden her hips from the front, there was no question now that Mindy had a thick behind to boot. Clad in a pair of tight jeans, Mindy's butt exploded off wide motherly hips. These aspects were nowhere near the size of her front orbs, but they certainly completed her hourglass look that made the entire audience scream and shout.

One guy in the back wasn't quite as enthusiastic as his brethren in the orchestra tier. "Those ... things ... are unnatural. I wish I could see more of that angelic face," he said sadly to himself.

It seemed everyone had something they loved about Mindy, and there was no denying the cute and simultaneous tomboyish look that she managed to pull off. While Mindy's face was round, she tended to wear a sharp dazzling smile and a fierce attitude. Her auburn hair was short in front and long in back, the tips resting just above the small of her back. All over, Mindy could be best described as looking simultaneously strong and soft, a wonderful contradiction for such a contradictory person. Her butt and thick thighs had to be very muscular to hold up the weight of her chest, yet they also gave a sense of soft plumpness. On an already surreal figure, it was surprisingly mundane.

"I think I get what you mean Jen, this is AMAZING," called one girl over the crowd as the first song wrapped up.

"Jealous? How can she be both so crazy and a good singer?"

The girls in the crowd, at least those who weren't lesbian, were truly there for the music. A cute face and a hot bod might make a good idol, but being a good singer on top of every other feature she had made her the whole package. People bought her CD, bought her music, not because she was sexy (at least not at first) but because it was good. Miss Mindy would even write some of her own songs. They were often her biggest hits. And it was to these hits that the large arena would sing for the rest of the night.

Little Miss Mindy was sweating hard as he finished her set on stage. It was harder to keep things under control now, but she had managed to hold up the whole time plus an encore.

"Thank you all for coming out today! May we cross paths again!" Miss Mindy cried through the microphone to her generous fans.

Her breathing came hard and fast as she raised the mic as high above her head as her "tiny" body would allow. Cheers, screaming, and applause came from the stands as she gave a bow and threw the mic to a crew member. Jogging offstage, she waved at the appreciative crowd, a winsome and devilish smile on her face as she contemplated the looking at her bounding boobs.

As soon as she was out of sight, Mindy ran to her dressing room as fast as she could. "Fuuuuuck," she thought as she rushed away.

Slamming the door behind her, Mindy, no longer her persona of Miss Mindy, panted hard, feeling both the exhaustion of her performance and the sprint to her private chambers. For a few moments, Mindy simply stood there breathing silently. She reflected on the thrill of being in front of the crowd. The feeling of them all looking at her. The strain she put herself under constantly. Then she let it all go.

Instantly her poor shirt, custom made and designed specifically with her in mind, ripped in half as a cascade of breasts poured forth. Mindy collapsed on top of them, brought to her knees by the feeling of air upon her delicate skin. Knees that touched boob before they could touch floor. The pile of warm flesh that Mindy now laid upon wasn't the mere two feet of tits that she had shown her fans that evening. Rather, the not-quite-five-foot woman now showed off her full size of nearly 3.5 feet in diameter that the shirt had compressed.

Mindy tried to hold back a moan as she pressed her head into her own magnificent melons, but all she could do was muffle it. She began to grope what she could as her mind began to conjure up her favorite imagery. The poor doctor who had thought Mindy's tits were fake. Mindy moaned again as she remembered the look on the doctor's face as he revealed her true size, her growth charts, and her natural beauty.

The doctor had been right, Mindy was still growing. Very fast. Too fast for anyone to consider it reasonable. Faster than the speed at which her official size was updated. As she continued to tease her boobs, Mindy wondered if anyone would still appreciate her at this size. The whole point of the project was to slowly ease people into her insanity, but if tonight's close call was anything to go by, they needed to speed up her official speed fast.

Mindy glanced at the remains of her shirt. Poor thing. It was doomed from the moment it was made. Mindy smiled delightedly at all her memories of destroying shirts. After every concert she would destroy her shirt in private. It was amazing. The flood of memories fueled the final burst Mindy needed, and as she gripped great handfuls of herself, she came.

With a sigh of relief, Mindy stood up and walked to her dresser, pulling out a more appropriately sized T-shirt as well as a cute skirt. She had just stepped behind the changing screen when there was a knock on her door.

"Who is it?" she called to the doorway.

"Miss Mindy? It's Jane, have you finished your post-concert ritual?"

"Ha! Mostly, I'm changing now. Come on in, but close the door quickly."

Mindy, still changing out of her clothes, heard the door open and shut in quick succession. She ran a hand down the side of her body appreciating the curves she hadn't touched. She lifted one of her overfed baps out of the way to poke her stomach. Softer than normal. Her pretty face scrunched a bit as she tried to decide if that was a good or bad thing.

"Mindy. Earth to Mindy," came Jane's voice from the other side of the screen.

"Huh?"

"You done, or what?"

"Oh, um," Mindy said looking at her naked form embarrassed to have been called out, "just one moment."

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