

“You told me you wanted to make your tits bigger, Trist.”

The lynx could barely hold back the shit-eating grin spreading across their lips when they uttered those words, looking down at the large bun struggling to carry a bust that hung down to his waist and had made a right mess of the carpet, floor, and the bun’s own hands. He had spent the last couple of days dealing with the consequences of being a backseat writer and constantly demanding modifications for his personal project; when he invited the lynx to sit on his lap when typing out his commission, he could never have expected things to take a turn in the direction it did.

“I didn’t mean literally,” Tristan complained, having to stifle a moan when one of his milkers let loose a particularly strong gush of cream, “I meant in the story!”

“And I *did* put it in the story!”

“Yes, and now look at me!”

“That you spontaneously developed milky tits is not my fault.”

The deniability in that statement was so implausible that it might as well not even be there to begin with; both of them knew it was Tim’s fault that Tristan was suddenly “blessed” with a bosom that hurt to carry around, to say nothing of how his pants all felt several sizes too small and were constantly beset by overflowing thighflesh. If that weren’t enough, the lynx’s smile was the biggest, most obvious sign that the sudden transformation was all their doing; judging by how tight their own pants were, it was safe to say they were enjoying it far more than Trist himself was.

“Tell you what, we need to get you something better to wear,” Tim mused, gently prodding at one of the bun’s breasts, “because... this won’t do for long. Wanna go for a little shopping spree?”

By all means, Trist wanted to say no; really, what he *wanted* to do was slap the lynx across the face and demand to have his old body back. But there was something about that cat’s earnest smile that made him reconsider that course of action; they really *did* look like they just wanted to take them out for a good time, and frankly he needed some of that. The pressure in his tits alone was enough to make him want to bite his tongue out, and yet he never could quite take the extra step required to ask the feline to make it stop. Sure, he complained about it loudly, but demanding a reversal?

Surprisingly difficult.

“So, wanna go put on the biggest shirt you can find, or do I need to go milk you down to size first~?”

Trist glared at the lynx before storming off, trying (and failing) to hide the mounting blush on his cheeks when he slammed the door to his bedroom behind him.

Another shirt ruined. Fifth one in two days, seeing as he was much too embarrassed about his growing problem to actually do anything about it; Tim had suggested that the bun drain himself into the bathtub to try and fix it, but every time Trist approached it, he made the mistake of squishing his breasts against the side... and the sight of his immensely heavy bosom practically oozing into the open tub as its soft, milky, doughy mass was given something to rest on made him want... more.

He was almost afraid to verbalize the thought, but he didn't really *want* to drain himself. Complaining was just a thing he felt he had to do; in reality, he cherished the fact that his tits covered his chest and seemed intent on drooling a gallon of milk every hour or so; it complemented his rounded figure below the waist, which he was curiously fond of.

Maybe he did like it. Who knew? He certainly didn't.

... but he did want to find out.

The sight that met Tim was not that of an awkward bun boy desperately trying to hide his new figure away from prying eyes, but someone who proudly flaunted his curves, owned them like only he could (probably explaining why it took him about half an hour to get ready; had to psych himself up and all). The lynx could do nothing but whistle when they saw Tristan walk out wearing his “Himbo” shirt, stretched out to the point where the letters were barely legible and yet *still* only managing to cover half of his nipples; anyone could tell those immense teats were poking out from underneath the fabric, and the amount of underboob was, frankly, indecent.

Hence why Tim took the opportunity to grab their tablet and open up the document they'd been working on earlier. It was easy to describe how the bun's tits seemed to magically swell even harder than they should, causing the underboob to take up more and more room on their chest, even when it already stretched the shirt's ability to keep it contained. To say nothing of how the shirt's ripping could be heard from across the building, Tristan blissfully unaware of what was

happening to him, even when his tits ballooned to an even more absurd size than before.

“Fuck me, these are heavy...” the bun complained, trying to heft one of his tits and failing, “... have I been this big for so long, fuck...”

He was certainly quite large. If his breasts covered his waist when allowed to droop naturally, now they did it even when tucked away by the overstretched shirt, a good 60% of them fully revealed, kept from bouncing freely purely from how taut the piece of clothing was.

“I think you might’ve shrunk a bit, actually?” Tim suggested, surreptitiously making sure the document stated the bun’s body was open to its own suggestions, “I’m almost certain they used to be smaller.”

“... gods, that’d be terrible, can you imagine? Getting *smaller*? Urgh...”

Tristan turned around, heading for the door and not noticing how his innate desire for growth had forced his chest to blossom forth with several more cup sizes, already passing the waist even when pushed up. Seeing as the bun was quite sensitive to his own changes, it was no surprise then that his package had gone through a similar transformation; not as noticeable as his tits, but it certainly hadn’t been hanging to his knees when flaccid before, especially not when his bottom matched his top, therefore forcing those two balls and shaft to pick up the pace and start grazing the ground. Tim was having far too much fun playing around with their little toy, especially given how the bun was struggling to get through the door. It was even better considering squeezing made it worse, meaning Tristan was noticeably *larger* when he managed to push himself through.

The walk down to the ground floor was quite possibly the hardest thing Tim had ever had to go through, needing to focus on describing how the bun’s rear bloated and thickened with each step down the stairs, meaning Tristan was stuck trying to squeeze his jiggling ass between the hand rails and wall, only succeeding in making the next motion even harder. By the end, he couldn’t even fit through the building’s front door, having to move through it sideways, lifting one gigantic milktank at a time and causing a significant growth burst from all the squeezing they subjected themselves to.

Plenty of eyes to stare at the bun when they finally emerged into the outdoors, plenty of eager looks that Tristan was blissfully unaware of, focusing instead on trying to fit into the backseat of the car. Each failed attempt only made it more impossible to find room, and after

finally giving up and asking for help, it fell onto the lynx to find a solution; namely, lowering every seat except the driver's one and then respectfully asking Tristan to "walk" in via the trunk. The bun's innocent ignorance of his situation wasn't enough to cover for a demand as self-evidently obscene as that, and it was with no end of whining that Trist made the car's suspension beg for either mercy or a quick and painless death, making the ride to the shopping mall bumpy, sloshy and *very* difficult for Tim to focus on.

Once there, the bun had to effectively roll out the trunk and onto the ground, only succeeding in smushing himself bigger from all the pressure exerted onto his tits. There was no shirt left by that point; only pure, nude bun, serving as a constant reminder that he really needed to go buy something to cover himself up. Seeing as he couldn't even reach his nipples to cover them up, Trist resolved to fast-walk all the way into the nearest clothing store, eagerly followed around by the lynx; they were having a hell of a time watching that gigantic ass wobble with each step, nearly toppling over several shoppers. Just the knowledge that Tristan's body would refuse to settle for any piece of clothing was enough to keep the feline on edge, doubly so when the bun started to pick out things to wear.

Whatever it was he put on, it never seemed to quite *fit*. He was massive, yes, but the store was supposed to cater to hypers anyway, carrying a wide range of items of all shapes and sizes, just as long as they were *massive*. It thus struck the bun as somewhat odd that every time he went to try something on in the booth, it refused to sit comfortably on his frame. It was weird how he'd pick something that looked to be big enough to cover him like a curtain, only for it to end up being so tight he couldn't even push it halfway down his chest or up his rear. The dressing room, too, was getting cramped, probably as a result of him being in there for so long; with a body as endowed as his, enclosed spaces were always a challenge to be in for extended periods of time, what with heat build-up and all the rubbing against the walls.

The bun barely noticed that his body was adapting to the very clothes he was wearing, pushing boundaries whenever they were met in order to keep him permanently unsatisfied. It's not that the pants were too tight or the shirts too small; Trist's assets simply refused to be contained by anything, bulging outwards with more mass anytime the bun got close to finding anything to cover himself up with.

It was never anything too serious; after all, the bun was to remain unaware of the changes, for which they had to stay at just the right scale for the literary influence of the lynx not to break apart. They were adept at weaving words into flesh, but not really a master or flawless; push the bun too far, add too much onto their frame at any one time, and the carefully-crafted illusion cast upon their perception would shatter like a glass pane, exposing Tim's plan for all to see. With that in mind, it was not surprising that it was only ever inches

added to breastflesh or doughy thigh, maybe a few handfuls of plush butt to go around; just enough to make wearing the piece of clothing that triggered it seem too uncomfortable for Trist, driving him to find greater and greater sizes to fill.

The lynx, meanwhile, was sitting comfortably in one of the many chairs meant for tag-alongs like themselves, appreciating the results of their small nudges. Every time the bun emerged from the dressing room, their tits bounced just a bit more, their hips were *that* much closer to hip-checking the door off its hinges, and the less said about those two enormous cheeks wobbling wildly right beneath their waist the better; Tim wasn't sure they could get away with talking about it without breaking down into lusty moaning, probably some uncontrollable begging to be sat upon by Trist's new rear.

“Urgh. *TIM!*” Tristan suddenly shouted, breaking the lynx's concentration, “Get in here!”

Three words, and already the feline was terrified that their little plan had been revealed. They knew it was best not to make the bun wait, and yet they were anything but enthused about the possibility of having to explain themselves. And it had been so great as well; last time Trist squeezed himself into the dressing room, it took him about ten minutes just to get through the door...

... which, it turned out, was exactly why the bun had summoned them. As it seemed, Trist had decided to cut the proverbial knot by deliberately seeking out something he *knew* was oversized, hoping it would finally be able to fit him; but seeing as his body refused to let anything cover it, the ensuing growth spurt had been enough to pin him down between the dressing room walls. As soon as Tim pulled the curtain away, what they saw was Tristan, ass wide enough that it rode far up enough to match his weight when it squished against the tiny cubicle, trying to move from a spot he was far too big for. Bits of tattered clothing lay at his feet, and the poor boy's cheeks were so flushed Tim could swear they were going purple from all the colour mixing together.

“... I'm stuck...” he mumbled, looking away, “... c-could you help me, please?”

It was hard to tell if Trist looked helpless or more adorable than ever; most people would kill for a body like theirs, and yet all the bun was doing was trying not to look like he'd been caught stealing from the cookie jar. Maybe it had to do with them being ever-so-slightly aware of the changes to their body, courtesy of a last-minute addition to the narrative, but they were certainly eyeing their body-covering tits a lot more than before.

Tim, for their part, nodded along and silently extended both their hands. They knew what was going to happen, Trist did as well, and yet they both worked to forcefully tug the bun out from the dressing room with all their might, the walls creaking and groaning under the strain of that wide rear trying to move, until, with a loud pop and the crack of cheap wood, the bun was free... and immediately collapsed onto the lynx, whose body it seemed was now comparable to just one of the two surprisingly heavy breasts the bun was carrying.

As for Trist, he quickly rushed back to his feet, apologizing profusely for the intrusion of privacy and doing his best to cover himself. Of course, seeing as his arms were just not long enough to even reach halfway over his tits anymore, all he *could* do was sit there, blushing furiously; it was only then that the lynx got to see the effects all that growing had on Tristan's package as well, probably a knock-on effect from whenever he tried new pants on. Those balls of his were probably the only reason the bun's breasts weren't flat against the floor, to say nothing of how the tip of his shaft seemed to be poking his chin at any one given moment.

"Want me to find you something, dear?" the feline offered, trying not to grin at the sight, and receiving a curt nod and bashful look in return.

There was only one thing left to do. With all the changes done to Trist's body, it was no wonder that he would undergo one final transformation when Tim showed up with literally the biggest items in the entire shop. It would be delayed, allowing the bun to convince himself that, after managing to pull the pants over his ass and shirt edge over his nips, it was all over. He even had a few seconds to experience it, eyes wide and awash with joy at *finally* having found something that he could put on without having to worry about outgrowing it.

Ten seconds. Then his body rectified that small problem

The shirt tented when his tits blimped outwards, pants ripped apart with bulging flesh as his body raced to free itself from its tight confines. All Trist could do was watch as his chest and lower cheeks burgeoned outwards by a good couple of feet, drawing every eye in the store to him when those wobbly assets of his slammed onto the ground, leaving a series of radial cracks. In a blind panic, he turned around to flee to the nearest bit of cover: the dressing room he had *just* been extricated from.

No surprises, then, that he ended up getting stuck again.

Flailing about, with his tits already smushed against the far end of the cubicle, even when his ass was still mostly poking out the exit, it was the perfect opportunity for the lynx to strike.

They'd never had the chance to make good on their many lewd promises, not when the bun was so reticent to share himself in between bouts of mumbled half-excuses and aroused distractions; both of them were too awkward to actually do anything about what they'd been thinking about for weeks, but now? With the bun having grown wide enough that they'd probably have to move to another apartment and frantically begging for it all to go away and turn out to be a bad dream?

Well, no better time than that for him to suddenly appreciate the irony of the circumstances, truly feel what it was to have one of their dreams come true. All Tim wanted was to give the bun some peace of mind; they didn't expect Trist to suddenly turn around and give him a come-hither look, complete with a thwap to his ass that caused those mountainous cheeks to wobble for far longer than they should.

Tim barely even noticed themselves getting up and sinking their grubby paws into that rear, so doughy and soft that the lynx just kind of vanished up to the elbow. Certainly didn't notice one of their hands emerging from the pudgy bun butt to literally cut their belt off and release what lay within.

Everyone else noticed. Trist certainly noticed.

Probably shouldn't have given the bun editing powers.