

# The Ugly Side of Beauty



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Drip... drip... drip. In the depths of sleep, the persistent sound of the faulty faucet provoked a wave of unease within me, starting as a tremor in my belly and surging upwards until it choked my throat, yanking me abruptly from my dreams.

I despised this crumbling apartment. The oppressive cost of living, the dilapidation that lurked around every corner - it all felt as though the world was intent on grinding me down. Any moment, I feared the harsh knock of the building manager would blend with the metronome of the dripping faucet.

Restlessly, I writhed in the grip of my sheets, stubbornly keeping my eyes sealed shut, clinging to the remnants of peace that sleep offered. These precious few moments were my only sanctuary from my grim reality.

THUD!

"Gah-- Ouch!" The sound and voice



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snapped my eyes open. There in the bedroom doorway, Gwen stood rubbing her head, her silhouette framed by the soft living room light. My eyes were still adjusting to the new day.

In that instant, a wave of realization washed over me. "I'm not in my apartment anymore," I mumbled to myself, eyes darting down to the sight of the couch – my makeshift refuge for the past few nights.

I was in Gwen's home.

The source of the earlier dripping sound suddenly made sense – it wasn't a faulty faucet as I'd assumed. It was the sound of Gwen's automatic coffee maker, programmed to start brewing at the first crack of dawn.

"Apologies if I woke you," Gwen's voice carried over her shoulder as she passed through the living room and into the connecting kitchen to retrieve her coffee. "Still adjusting to this new



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house." I knew it was a half-hearted attempt to cover up her growing pains, but I was a guest in her home.

"No, it's okay," I responded hastily, trying to sound casual. "I-I was already awake."

With a somewhat shaky resolve, I pushed myself off the couch, my hair disheveled from a night of restless sleep. I ran a hand through my hair in a feeble attempt to tame the unruly mess as I followed Gwen into the kitchen.



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“Getting ready for work already?” I asked, leaning languidly against the door frame for support as I rubbed the residual sleep from my eyes.

“Yep, actually,” she responded, too preoccupied with fetching sugar from the cupboard and creamer from the fridge to glance my way. A glance at the wall clock made her pause. “It’s... 6:18. I slept in a little. The sun’s already out.”

She turned to me with a bright smile, and it finally dawned on me that she was still in her white nightgown... and it left nothing to the imagination. Her recent changes had propelled her from a drop-dead gorgeous 8 out of 10 to something only dreams could create.

I couldn't help but let my eyes linger on her body a little longer, my gaze trailing over and around her immense curves and stopping at her humongous breasts. I could clearly make out her nipples through the thin fabric, and my breath caught in my throat. I



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immediately felt a stirring in my loins and my body tensed in response, my mind racing with naughty thoughts. I could feel the heat radiating off her body, and I wanted to reach out and touch her.

"You didn't have to get up for me," she remarked, a blush tinting her cheeks as she mixed her coffee, extending an inviting gesture to ask if I'd like some, her breast squishing against her forearm. I politely declined with a shake of my head and a wave of my hand.

"I, uh... I wanted to," I stammered, my eyes straining as I fought the urge to take in every inch of her inviting curves. My gaze was drawn to her ample breasts, the soft mounds swaying ever-so-slightly beneath her nightgown. "I... actually wanted to talk to you about something," I said, my voice husky with desire.

As I marshaled the courage to continue, my fingers twiddled nervously. Gwen's



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looming silhouette engulfed me, her immense 6'10" (208 cm) frame towering over me like a skyscraper against my meager 5'6" (168 cm). She rested her hands on her curvaceous hips, awaiting my words with an expression of understanding. "X... Is this about you not pulling your weight around the house again? I told you not to worry about it. I've got things covered."

"N-No, that's not it..." I responded, overwhelmed by the dangerous mixture of her towering presence and beauty. My words lodged uncomfortably in my throat. I had only recently realized that Gwen had become so tall, SO stunning, that it was difficult to look straight into her eyes.



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Her soft, floral scent filled my nostrils as she gracefully bent down, stooping to my modest height. The pressure of her abundant L-cup breasts against my shoulder almost knocked me off balance as she drew me into her warm embrace. “It’s ok, X. Tell me what’s on your mind.” Her comforting kiss landed on my crown, and I could feel the plush fullness of her lips against my skin. Her hand tenderly stroked my hair, trailing down to cup my cheek, her thumb gently tracing patterns across my skin. The warmth in her gaze held me captive.

The twinkle in her eyes was unmistakable. This was love, pure and simple.

“Y-You said this... arrangement was purely platonic,” I managed to get the words out.

“Mhmm...” She murmured, her gaze never waning, her hand continuing to caress me lovingly, the warmth of her



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body surrounding me like a cocoon.

“But the way we kissed the other night... the way you’re holding me right now! Gwen, I-I’m getting mixed messages!” Surprise flickered across her face as my words sunk in, her full lips parting ever so slightly. Swiftly, she eased herself out of our embrace, her breasts lifting from my shoulder as she straightened her towering form. Her face, moments ago so close and intimate, now seemed an unreachable distance above me.

“I can stop if you’d like,” she said, her voice retaining its soft warmth, but her words held an edge of bluntness, unvarnished by any pretense.

Without a second thought, I dashed into her comforting embrace, my face burrowing into the soft expanse of her chest. Her arms flinched in response, thrown upward in surprise. As I clung to her, I could feel the ample contours of her wide hips beneath my palms, while my tightly shut eyes swam with a riot of





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emotions. “No!-- I-I mean... please don’t...”

Gwen remained silent, standing as still as a statue while I held onto her. I could feel the unmistakable pressure of my manhood hardening, pushing against her thigh.

“I just... I don’t want things to change.” My voice was barely a whisper, my words dissolving into the quiet morning air. I was unwilling to release the one beacon of light in my otherwise dreary life. Not again. Despite my confusion and uncertainty about where we stood in her eyes, it wasn’t important enough to break off what we had now. “Th... Thank you for helping me... for letting me stay with you.”

Her long arms, their intimidating size not detracting from their gentle purpose, slowly dropped until her hands cradled my head. Each stroke of her hand was a soothing balm, a quiet assurance bearing promises of comfort



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and support. That everything would be okay.

With the atmosphere lifting, she flashed a radiant smile, "Now. Was that all you wanted to ask me?"

Collecting my scattered thoughts, I cautiously broached the topic that had been haunting me. "No-- Gwen... I've noticed... you're different again," I began, my gaze moving from her broad shoulders to her towering height. The very space between our faces was a testament to her overwhelming stature. "You're taller... curvier... I saw you change in your bedroom!"

A flicker of surprise crossed her face before settling into a neutral expression, "So, you were spying on me while I was putting on my clothes?" Her tone was flat, accusing.

Frantically shaking my head, I clarified, "No, that's not what I mean! You changed-- transformed! I saw it with



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my own eyes!"

From high above, a knowing smile played on her lips, her eyes held an unspoken secret. "X, you're overthinking," she said lightly, her voice as soothing as a lullaby. "It's not that big of a deal."



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"But Gwen--" I started to protest, but before I could get another word out, she placed a long, slender finger on my lips.

"Hush, X," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. The pad of her thumb traced the contour of my lower lip, effectively silencing any lingering protest on the tip of my tongue.

With that, she gently extricated herself from my grasp, her enormous figure shifting as she moved past me. "I need to get ready for work," she said, her voice punctuating the faint pleasant smell of coffee that followed behind her.

With a shaky breath, I watched her retreat, then managed to find my voice again. "Gwen," I called out, hoping to regain some semblance of control, "After I post a few job applications, I'll do the dishes today, okay? And maybe some laundry too!"



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Her laughter trickled out from the other room, soft and warm. "That sounds wonderful, X!" she called back. "Thank you."



  
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The next few days unfolded in a comforting routine, providing a sense of solace I hadn't felt in a while. Waking up in Gwen's plush home, I took charge of the household tasks, finding unexpected satisfaction in every chore. There was a peace in the hum of the vacuum, the clink of dishes being washed, and the soft rustle of laundry being folded. Every dusted shelf and mopped floor became a testament to my gratitude to Gwen, and the sanctuary she had provided me from the confines of my old, worn-out apartment. And though I knew this wasn't technically my house, for the first time in a long time, I felt at home. It was during these moments of reflection that Gwen's world outside our shared space became more vivid to me.





  
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One morning, as I was arranging some books in the living area, Gwen breezed through the hallway, ready to face another workday. I paused, captivated by her office attire which was in stark contrast to the relaxed wear I'd grown accustomed to seeing her in. She wore a fitted black blazer with matching business pants, emphasizing her impressive height and ludicrously curvy body. The white button-down blouse she wore beneath was unbuttoned more than a healthy amount, leaving very little to the imagination. A part of me wondered how her company could possibly approve of such a provocative choice of attire, but it quickly came together in my mind. The ensemble wasn't just about the overt sexual allure it projected; it was the little details-- the solitary snug button on her blazer, sleeves rolled up for a blend of formality and casualness, and her iconic black glasses that lent an additional touch of authority. It exuded knowledge and power. It was a fleeting moment, but it





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offered me a glimpse into Gwen's world beyond these walls. It made me excited to learn more about her.

Of course, I wasn't worshipping Gwen. I was just pulling my weight, contributing as any considerate guest would in someone else's home. I was steadfast in my resolve to secure a job soon and rectify my past missteps.





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I was brimming with optimism about what lay ahead, nurturing a fervent hope that it would prominently feature both Gwen and I, preferably together and in love.

It was a common occurrence for Gwen to come home as I wrapped up my day's tasks. I'd hear the soft click of the door, and in she'd walk, seemingly more beautiful and voluptuous than the day before, but at this point it had become a common unspoken occurrence between us. Her tall figure silhouetted exquisitely against the fading twilight and I learned to simply appreciate what she was becoming. With my feelings laid bare, I never felt the need to divert my gaze. She seemed to understand, perhaps even relish, my lingering stares. Our greetings, though brief-- a smile, a nod, some casual words-- resonated with unspoken depth.



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On this particular evening, I felt an overwhelming urge to close the distance between us. In a few brisk steps, I reached her and wrapped my arms around her slender waist. Even though I stood at 5'6" (168 cm), her towering frame, perhaps an inch or more beyond 6'10" (208 cm) made me feel like a child enveloped by a gentle giantess. My hands felt the delicate curve of her back and the ferocious flare of her sides. I reveled in how distinctively feminine she felt despite her commanding height. The contrast always fascinated me, causing my heart to stir in ways I never knew possible.





  
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“X! Oh my,” she began, her voice laced with warmth, eyes darting around her surroundings, “the house looks amazing! It all feels so... clean! You really have done a wonderful job.” I squeezed her a little tighter, my body covered in darkness by the umbrella of her massive bust. I buried my face against the softness of her abdomen, taking in the subtle pleasant mixture of her scent and fabric softener. “Thank you,” I murmured, drawing back to meet her eyes. But before we could continue, her nose twitched, catching the aroma wafting from the kitchen. “Is that...?” Her eyes widened with surprise and delight. Chuckling, I nodded, “Yes, I made your favorite for dinner.” She beamed, the promise of a cozy meal overshadowing our previous moment, but I didn’t mind. To me, we already felt like a couple. Every moment with her felt special. Her eager enthusiasm was infectious as she playfully tugged me toward the enticing scents emanating from the kitchen. “Let’s eat!”



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I cooked dinner for her every night, serving up simple dishes that I was able to master. That was when I learned I was capable of making her favorite: beef stew with a side of mashed potatoes. The aroma of food wafting from the kitchen would draw Gwen in, and I'd catch a glimpse of her tired smile as she shrugged off her blazer and kicked off her heels, the weight of the day visibly lifting from her shoulders. I'd, of course, take the time to admire her plunging neckline, allowing my mind to wander as I savored every bite of my meal.



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A silent part of me felt as if she knew where my eyes would drift, and she'd indulge in my primal instincts by allowing more of her beautiful chest to languidly lay atop the kitchen table. Sometimes I'd notice she was without a bra, which didn't help to conceal her ever-blossoming bosom.

Memories of the Gwen that I had the fortune of laying with would drift through my mind. As I stared at the prominent pink nubs that pressed through the thin fabric, my desires churned at the realization that she had grown bigger and bustier by orders of magnitude. She had become so incredibly sexy... and with no sign of stopping.

"X? Did you say grace?" Her voice interrupted my longing stare.

"Wha- Oh! I got... lost in thought! Sorry, I forgot..." I stammered, flustered.



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Her lips curled into an amused smirk, having seen exactly where my gaze was fixed. With a gentle, covert stroke of my knee under the table, she silently comforted me.

While we sat across from each other, our conversations would begin to steer away from the mundane and towards the happenings of her day at work. Gwen was a director of a successful corporation now, and the anecdotes she'd share were always intriguing, making me feel included in a world that was so different from my own. This was the woman I was in love with, after all. I wanted to learn as much about her as I could... barring certain topics of her own discretion.



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Despite her unyielding professional demeanor at work, Gwen never hesitated to be vulnerable and close with me at home. It made me feel good. Important. I knew that my fragile self-image was most likely to blame for the uncertainties that tainted my mind, but Gwen had a way about her that helped ground me in such a reassuring manner.

It was more than just her emotional strength I leaned on. Her physical warmth, the times she'd pull me close, whispering affirmations that made the weight of the world lift, reminded me of my resilience. Those moments made me feel like I could conquer anything. And for Gwen, I was resolved to prove that the man she once believed in remained steadfast and dependable.

  
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There was one impactful day in particular that comes to mind. I had just placed the pot on the stove when I heard Gwen's front door click shut. Moments later, the familiar sound of her heels echoed down the hall. I had expected her to come straight to the kitchen, as she usually did, but instead, she made her way to her bedroom. I didn't think much of it; Gwen often needed a few moments to herself after a long day at work.

Engrossed in preparing the sauce, I nearly jumped when I heard her voice behind me. "What do you think?"



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I turned and was taken aback. Gwen stood in the doorway, dressed in a stunning purple dress that highlighted the contours of her extraordinary body. The rich fabric shimmered as it hugged her curves. Saying her strapless gown had a plunging neckline was an understatement. Practically all of her humongous tits were out on display-- front, middle, left, right-- everywhere was bulging with Gwen's soft and gigantic milkers.

Upon further inspection, her flaring hips and womanly thighs weren't any more modest than her upper-half. Sporting a pelvic curtain that draped eloquently between her two sultry pillars, it screamed, "Grab me! Breed me!"



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She had let her hair down, which didn't add much to its existing length, but it beautifully framed her already perfect face. That, combined with her diamond necklace and prominent hoop earrings, and she looked every bit ready for the country's most upscale restaurant. I soon realized just how apt that observation was.

For a moment, words failed me and I simply allowed my eyes to flutter in awe. "Wow," was all I managed to say initially, swallowing hard. "You look... amazing."

Gwen smiled, her cheeks turning a soft shade of pink. "Thank you, X. I wasn't sure about this dress. Too much?" As she asked, she hefted her heavy assets in her arms, as if to emphasize how much skin she was showing.



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I quickly shook my head. “N-No, not at all! I mean, yes, it’s... bold, but you pull it off beautifully.” I gave a wry smile, “Though, now I’m wondering if I should’ve dressed up for dinner too.”

She chuckled, approaching the kitchen island and leaning against it. “Don’t worry, you’re perfect just the way you are.” She paused, taking in a deep breath, “There’s something I want to talk to you about, though.”

I glanced at her, noting the serious look in her eyes. “Alright, what’s on your mind?”

“X, you remember me mentioning an Armin from work?” Gwen began, toying with the hem of her dress.



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“Armin?” I raised an eyebrow, trying to recall. She had mentioned so many co-workers and employees in the time I had been living under her roof. “I can’t say I remember. Why?”

She took a deep breath, as if gathering her thoughts. It had the subtle effect of her shifting her weight from one leg to the other, causing every exposed part of her to jiggle and sway. I tried my best to maintain my focus. “Well, he’s one of the executives I’ve been having several big meetings with. Armin Petrosyan, as in the Petrosyan family?”

I blinked in surprise, recognition settling in. “Oh, as in the Petrosyan family?! They’re... they’re like super famous, aren’t they? I’ve heard about them in real estate, marketing, finances...”



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Gwen nodded, her fingers coming up to her lips. “Yes, that’s the one. He’s a recent addition to our team, but he’s already making quite the impression. Both in the company and... with me.”

I tilted my head, sensing there was more to the story. “How do you mean?”

She hesitated for a moment, the pink flush on her cheeks deepening. “We’ve been talking quite a bit outside of our meetings. And well, he’s... charming, to say the least.”

Waiting for her to continue, I kept my expression neutral, even though curiosity was bubbling inside.

“And... he asked me out,” she said, pausing to take a deep breath before continuing, “Actually, the date’s tonight.”



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The words settled heavily between us. Tonight? But I had been preparing dinner, imagining a quiet evening with her, just like the many others we'd shared.

"Oh..." I started, the surprise evident in my voice. "I mean, I've been working on this dinner for us."

Gwen's face fell, a mix of guilt and surprise in her eyes. "X, I'm so sorry. I didn't think--"

"You should go," I interrupted, trying to brush off the sting of disappointment, but the weight in my chest was undeniable. "It's important for the company, right? He's an... important figurehead."



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She hesitated for a beat, then gently reached out, placing her hand on my arm. The warmth from her touch seeped through my skin as she gently squeezed. It did a poor job of calming the churn of emotions fighting inside me.

“X,” she began, her voice just above a whisper, tender with care. “While it is related to the company, this is primarily a date, and the place he’s taking me to is quite upscale. That’s why I’m dressed this way.” She paused, talking down to the view of the top of my head, “I didn’t intend to mess up our plans. I should’ve told you earlier. I’m really sorry.”



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My gaze tilted up, the sheer height difference made her seem so distant, more so than ever. It reminded me of the first time I saw her taller than me, jogging up to my diminutive frame. It felt as if she had become so much better than me, so much more successful than me, that the idea of spending time with a loser such as myself would tarnish what she had become, her height becoming a physical manifestation of how far I had fallen.

I had fought so hard to work away those thoughts. I genuinely felt as if I had moved past these feelings of weakness and inadequacy, but just as quickly as it had vanished, it all came pouring back.



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Despite the hurt, I looked into her eyes and forced a smile. “No no no... That’s great, Gwen. I’m happy for you,” I said, trying to infuse as much sincerity into my voice as possible.

“Really? You’re not... upset?” She tilted her head to one side, looking at me with a discerning gaze. I watched as she tucked her hands in between her knees, her elbows pushing her chest together, front and center, as to bring her face closer to mine.

“O-Of course not!” I shrugged. “It’s normal, right? Besides, I think it’s a healthy step... for us both.”



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Gwen looked relieved. Yet, while she breathed a sigh of relief, I felt a ocean of shadows envelop me whole. Gwen had taken another step away from me. This, in a way, reassured me that she had no intentions to allow me closer into her life. Unlike me, she didn't see her future including me. Underneath my composed facade, I felt like I was drowning.

Before leaving for her date, Gwen paused in the entrance to the kitchen, her hand clutching a piece of paper. She glanced over at me, a soft, almost apologetic smile playing on her lips. "Just in case of emergencies," she said, placing the paper with her work number and extension written neatly on the kitchen counter.

"I really won't need it, Gwen," I said, a playful roll of my eyes accompanying my words.



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A chuckle slipped past her lips as she headed for the door. “Just humor me, X,” she said, her words lingering in the air long after she’d disappeared. “Knowing you have it will make me feel better.”

I couldn’t help but warm up at her concern. I may not have had her heart yet, but she certainly cared for me.

I took the paper, and watched her leave, her huge jostling breasts sloshing to and fro, seen even from behind. The rhythm of her stride, the subtle movements of her thighs. I closed my parted lips, realizing I had lost my composure for a moment.



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Yet, once she was out of sight and the haze of lust had cleared, the quiet of the house seemed louder. The space she once filled echoed with solitude. A feeling of isolation began to creep in, but I pushed it away. This was good for Gwen. And for me. Or so I tried to convince myself.



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The morning sun drenched the backyard in a gentle golden light, suggesting the dawn of a peaceful Saturday. I had been out early, addressing that pesky garden hose nozzle which had been dripping for days. I needed something to distract myself from the dreadful night before. As I grumbled to myself, trying to find the source of the leak, a playful bark suddenly interrupted my concentration.

I glanced up to see a Golden Retriever bounding towards me from the neighboring yard, a tennis ball clenched in its mouth. Though the dog's fur had lost some of its youthful vibrancy, revealing hints of age, his spirit was undeniably that of a playful pup. With an enthusiastic wag of its tail, the dog dropped the ball at my feet, clearly expecting me to throw it.



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“Hey there, old fella! What’s this, you want to fetch?” I asked, laughing as I picked up the ball, unable to resist those eager eyes.

A moment later, a warm voice called out, “Spike! Oh, I’m so sorry, he has a habit of inviting everyone into a game.”

  
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Lifting my gaze, I was met with an attractive sight. A woman with cascades of rich orange hair, flowing gracefully past her shoulders, framing a face dotted with freckles, was bounding up to me. Standing tall--though not quite matching Gwen's imposing height--she was a head taller than me, placing her around the 5'10" mark. Her attire was simple yet flattering: a loose-fitting white blouse that hinted at a modest bust, paired with an old-fashioned set of denim overalls. Though clearly in her upper 20's, perhaps early 30's, internally, I had to admit she was quite the looker. I made sure to keep my expression neutral, not letting my internal thoughts reflect in my demeanor.



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“Hi, I’m Mandy,” she said, her easy smile bringing warmth to her voice. There was a slight blush on her cheeks, perhaps from the unexpected chase, or maybe the slight embarrassment over Spike’s antics. “We’re your neighbors,” she added, playfully nudging Spike with her foot as she introduced them both.

With the tennis ball still in hand and Spike’s fixated gaze never once leaving it, I replied, chuckling, “No worries at all. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mandy-- and Spike! I’m X.” I threw the ball a short distance, and Spike eagerly raced after it, his joy apparent in every bound. “Seems like Spike’s got the right idea for how to start a Saturday morning.”

  
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Mandy was about to reply when suddenly, a pair of strong arms swept me off the grass and into a warm and all-encompassing embrace. “That dog never lets that ball out of sight. Playful little thing, isn’t he?” Gwen’s voice was unmistakable. Even when listening against her gigantic breasts.

“Hey! Put me down!” I protested with mock indignation, trying to hide my embarrassment at how effortlessly she had lifted me. As if to rub it in, she twirled me around in the air at arms length, giving me a healthy view of her taut white blouse with buttons that were barely holding on for dear life.

Gwen laughed, her deep chuckles escaping her lips before gently setting me down. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist. You were too adorable.”



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“Oh, hello Gwen!” Mandy’s eyes widened slightly, clearly taken aback by Gwen’s towering stature. As Gwen gently let my feet touch the ground, Mandy’s gaze seemed to drift, as if grappling with the reality of Gwen’s daily changes. “Are you two... a couple?”

Almost in unison, Gwen and I blurted out, “No!” We exchanged a brief, awkward glance. “We’re just good friends,” Gwen quickly added, clearing her throat. I could sense her eagerness to steer away from the topic, aware of the sensitivity it held for me.

With a playful tilt of her head, Gwen said, “I see you’ve met X.” There was a hint of mischief in her eyes. “He’s quite the character, isn’t he?”





Mandy chuckled, glancing down at Spike who was still lingering near my feet, tail wagging. “Well, Spike certainly seems to think so,” she replied with a playful tone. “And trust me, that dog’s always been a good judge of character.”

I glanced down at Spike, who seemed to give a confirming bark, as if to second Mandy’s statement. It was comforting, knowing I had at least made a positive impression on the cheerful canine.

Gwen, seemingly enjoying the slight squirm in my posture, continued, “Actually, his birthday is coming up soon.”

Caught off guard, I could only offer an awkward smile, feeling the spotlight suddenly shift onto me. I hadn’t expected Gwen to talk about me, especially not in this casual, slightly teasing manner.



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Mandy's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "Well then, I'll have to whip up a batch of my Triple-B Treats!"

"Triple-B?" I questioned, still trying to get a handle on the flurry of information.

"Buttermilk Birthday Brownies!" she beamed. "Oh, they're a hit in this neighborhood. You'll love them."

"That sounds wonderful, Mandy. Thank you," Gwen said with a grateful smile, her hand resting on my shoulder, giving it an occasional gentle tap.

The surprise in my eyes was evident. I hadn't even remembered my own birthday was approaching, let alone expected Gwen to. It was a small detail, but the fact that she remembered was nice. Maybe all hope wasn't lost.



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Seeing my reaction, Gwen added with a smirk, “Don’t look so shocked. You’re currently my house guest, after all. Speaking of which,” she turned her attention back to Mandy, “X’s been staying with me for a bit while he gets back on his feet. You know, finding a new job and all.”

“Gwen!” I exclaimed, taken aback by her candidness. I hadn’t anticipated her discussing my current situation so openly with someone I had just met. My cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and surprise. I wanted to slap one of her big fat tits in retaliation... but decided against it.

Mandy, noticing my discomfort, offered a sympathetic smile. “It’s alright,” she assured gently. “We all face our share of challenges. No one’s journey is without its bumps.”



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She sighed softly, glancing down at Spike who wagged his tail, sensing her mood shift. “After George’s accident, it’s just been Spike and me.

Transitioning from a life as a housewife to navigating things on my own has been... daunting. It’s a learning curve, especially with everything that life keeps throwing.”

Following her gaze, I noticed for the first time the subtle signs of wear on her home: peeling paint, a slightly sagging porch, the garden not as manicured as it once might have been. It was still beautiful, a testament to her effort and dedication, but there was no denying the hints of struggle.



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Gwen nodded, her usual assertive demeanor softened. “Life throws us all curveballs, doesn’t it? But we manage, with a little help and understanding from those around us.” As she spoke, her eyes fell upon me, the corners of her lips turning up in a gentle smile. Before I knew it, her arm was wrapped around my shoulder, pulling me in close. As my forehead sank into her underboob, my hand instinctively lifted up, colliding with her huge glute and sending it jiggling before coming to rest on her other side. Gwen never could realize how much of an affect her body had on me. I fought to hide my growing arousal behind the massive trunk of her thigh.



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Mandy glanced at the position of the sun in the sky and sighed. “I hate to cut our chat short, but I need to give Spike his daily walk. If I don’t, he’ll practically turn the house upside down with his pent-up energy,” she said, tugging lightly at Spike’s collar.

She offered a quick wave and began to retreat, Spike eagerly leading the way, his tail wagging at full speed.

“She’s nice,” I commented, genuinely appreciating the friendly interaction.

Gwen raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a sly grin. “I saw you staring at her butt, dingus.”

I felt a flush of warmth on my cheeks, flustered at being caught. Gwen chuckled and gave me a playful nudge. “Try to be a little more subtle next time, will ya?”



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The emotional landscape had become a roller coaster, with high peaks of momentary happiness followed by deep valleys filled with despair and self-doubt. The haunting absence of calls from potential employers gnawed at my self-esteem, each unanswered inquiry feeling like a judgment against my worth. Daily chores, once a source of structure and purpose, increasingly felt like insurmountable tasks. I began to leave dishes unwashed, dust collecting in forgotten corners. Gwen, ever perceptive, picked up on these subtle changes in my behavior and, rather than confronting me, she began to order food in--a silent reprieve from my self-imposed duties in the kitchen.

The weight of that kindness hit me like a ton of bricks. Each time she ordered in, I couldn't help but feel a deep sense of shame, as if her actions were magnifying my inadequacies. The



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financial reliance on her for even small joys became an invisible but palpable burden. “Why won’t that damn phone ring?” I found myself muttering, glaring at the silent device as if willing it to bring a glimmer of good news.

Yet, just when the walls seemed about to close in on me, tiny rays of light would pierce the darkness. It might be the simple joy of watching Mandy play fetch with Spike in the backyard, or perhaps my thoughts would drift back to our college days when Gwen and I first crossed paths. In that library, amid hushed tones and the scent of aged paper, she was the shy one, stumbling over her words as she tried to ask me out. I was confident then, self-assured enough to even go as far as to decline her-- a few times. Those fleeting memories were a lifeline, reminding me that life could be different, that I had once been different.



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By the time Gwen returned home, those small, cherished moments had built a fragile dam, just strong enough to hold back the tidal wave of emotions, enabling me to greet her with a smile--a quiet but determined act of resistance against the pull of despair.

“I managed to snag a bottle of wine from the company event,” Gwen said, grinning as she gently shook the bottle in her hand. “We had a meet-and-greet with some of our partner CEOs, and let’s just say I grabbed one of the better offerings.” She laughed a bit awkwardly as she bumped the entryway table with her hip, sending her purse to join her discarded high heels. She started to shuffle toward me, reading the label. “Ah, it’s a Chateau d’Yquem, 1948. Would you like some?”

Caught in my own web of shame and pride, I felt a knot tighten in my stomach. “Oh, I already ate,” I lied, avoiding



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her gaze. "But wine sounds wonderful."

"Excellent!" she said, her eyes lighting up as if my acceptance had somehow lifted her spirits too.



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A drunken Gwen was a different creature. Her towering presence seemed to diminish just a bit, as if the wine had leveled the playing field between us. The guards we both had up appeared to dissolve, and for the first time in a long while, I felt like we were on equal footing.

As my mind wandered, I realized something surprising: Gwen hadn't mentioned Armin all evening. Not a single word about him, even in passing about the company meet-and-greet. Could it mean that they're no longer seeing each other? The thought reignited a dormant ember within me, warming the hollow parts of my soul with newfound hope. Maybe, just maybe, this could evolve into something more, something meaningful, with Gwen.

Lost in my pondering and newfound optimism, my gaze had unwittingly drifted toward Gwen's alluring neckline, entranced by how her huge breasts



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rested upon her chest like perfect teardrops.

Interrupting my reverie, Gwen broke into a mischievous smile. “You know, they’re not going anywhere. No need to stare so intently.” I attempted a witty response but all that came out was stuttering. Instead, her big beautiful feminine hands descended upon either side of my face, caressing me, stroking my cheek, and encouraging my emotions to settle. She looked upon me as she did the day we met, with gentle eyes and acceptance. With love.

“It’s okay, X. I completely understand,” she said softly, the warmth of her words magnified by the flush in her cheeks--a mixture of the wine and her candid vulnerability. “They are awfully hard to ignore though, aren’t they?” Her hands withdrew, one fetching her wine glass for another sip, the other wrapping around me, resting gently on my shoulder.



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“G-Gwen...” My eyes traveled the immense length of her tall form, from her luscious lips--now savoring a sip of wine--down her elegant neck, to the captivating bounty contained within her blouse. “Delicious,” she purred, locking eyes with me again, her voice imbued with an almost sinfully sultry tone.



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“You know,” she began, her hands reaching up to her collarbone, “all the men at work stare too. Their hungry gazes... I can always feel them on me.” Deliberately, she slid her stiff black blazer off, one shoulder at a time, revealing a white button-down blouse. The room seemed to instantly grow warmer as my eyes naturally descended to the womanly mounds that curved and distended the white fabric. She wasn’t wearing a bra.

Her presence was so all-encompassing and her height so towering that the arm she’d wrapped around me felt not just assertive but also protective--almost motherly. “I usually fend them off because I need their respect. But with you, X, it’s different.” Leaning closer, she guided my head to rest on her shoulder while her free hand began to massage the back of my neck. “I never mind when you look. You’re different,” she reiterated,



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pulling me closer. “So cute. So small... So...adorable.”

My heart raced and my face grew hot. I could feel my pants beginning to tent as Gwen’s touch made me quiver with anticipation. I wanted to do something, say something, to show her how I felt but my words seemed to catch in my throat. I had no idea what to do, and I felt completely out of my depth. All I could do was stand there, frozen in place, as Gwen’s hands worked their magic on me.

“Say... are you a breast man, X? ...Hmm?” She waited, her fingers gently twirling a tuft of my hair. “I’ve seen you staring all the time. You like breasts, don’t you? Big breasts... like mine?” My God... what was happening? I felt the blood pulsing in my neck as her hand tickled my ear, her immense tits shifting between each other just below my vision. They had grown so huge. SHE had grown so huge.



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She was bigger than me in every way, and seemingly becoming more by the day.

I couldn't shake the nagging suspicion that it was the wine doing the talking for her. Attempting to steer the conversation in a different direction, I stammered, "G-Gwen, I really d-don't think--" But I was cut off. A gentle finger pressed against my lips, silencing me. Her voice was soft, yet compelling. "Don't answer. I know you don't just like them big. You like it when they're REALLY big. Nice and womanly. Huge, even... like these, right?" My heart rate spiked as Gwen giggled, her cheeks tinged with a rosy flush, as she playfully jiggled her cleavage just beneath my face.

I swallowed hard, a quiet moan slipping through my lips. It was as though Gwen knew things about me that I was reluctant to acknowledge even to myself. Her hand held me steady, encouraging



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me to continue to stare relentlessly into her humongous tits.

“They’ve grown REALLY big recently, haven’t they?” Her rhetorical question was punctuated by another button on her blouse being undone. “Just bigger... and bigger... and bigger.” I couldn’t help but notice how her chest heaved with every breath. Soft and heavy... and vast. I felt weak, unable to look away.

She moved her hands across my chest, her fingers tracing my collarbone as she leaned in close. “All that staring can only do you so much. Why don’t you get your hands all over them, X? Hmm? Cop a feel?” She whispered, her lips brushing against my ear. “I can tell you’re dying to see how big they’ve gotten since you last felt them. Go on, I won’t mind,” she purred. “They’re MUCH bigger than a handful now.”

I felt a surge of heat rush through me as my eyes remained



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fixed on the deep cleavage of her mammoth breasts. Was this actually happening? Paralyzed by a blend of awe and nervousness, I hesitated even to blink. Then her hand met mine, gently guiding it to touch her. Slowly, my hands rose to cup the underside of one of her breasts, my fingers only spanning a fraction of its fullness. The experience was overwhelming, yet I couldn't bring myself to pull away. I sensed her nipples hardening beneath my touch as I continued to knead her chest.

“They’re larger than your head, you know,” she said, a light chuckle escaping her lips as she watched my enraptured expression. Her eyes held a knowing glint as she added, “But they still aren’t big enough for you, are they, X? I doubt they ever could be--even if you found yourself unable to lift one.” Conflicted, I wasn’t certain whether to feel intimidated or excited by



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the idea. Regardless, it was unmistakable: Gwen understood me more deeply than I had ever imagined.

Gwen smiled, her voice full of understanding and warmth. She leaned in closer to me, her warmth radiating over me. “There’s no need for embarrassment, X. I understand what you desire, and I’m more than willing to be that for you. Desiring a tall, beautiful woman in your life is entirely natural, and I’m here to ensure you get exactly what you want.” She took my hand and sank it deeper into her womanly flesh, her voice gentle and soothing. “Just relax and enjoy this feeling. I’m here for you... hic!... I’ll always be here for you. Let me show you just how much more I’ve become.” Her voice was like a lullaby, her words like a comforting blanket wrapping around me. I felt my breath steady and my heartbeat slow as I continued to explore her chest with



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my hands. I felt safe and secure, like I was being taken care of by a loving mother. Gwen was right - I didn't need to be embarrassed. I could finally let go and allow myself to be happy!

She could see it in my eyes. All the pent up lust being expended as my hand frantically squeezed, shifted, swayed, and squished everything her overly grown body had to offer. It felt like a dream. I wanted her. I needed her... and finally, I had her.



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As if on cue, her fingers curled beneath my chin and lifted my eyes up to hers. Her beautiful face descended upon mine with her luscious lips puckered. Her gorgeous eyes sparkled as they closed just before our lips made contact.

Much like her titanness body, her mouth was in charge. She moaned between every kiss, smothering my face, my arms, my body-- all with her scent. The weight of her huge body pressed into me as she slid me onto my back. "I've gotten so tall, X. So incredibly tall. Just for you!" On top of me, she pushed herself upright, hastily unbuttoning her blouse and letting loose her two colossal tits with several violent sways and jiggles. Just as quickly as she tore off her remaining clothes, she dropped back on top of me. Her breasts fell perfectly into my open palms before overwhelming them completely, consuming my entire forearm in



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the process.

“I’m going to fuck you so good, X. Like never before!” Her breathing was heavy and passionate. “That way, you’ll never leave me again. We can be together forever and EVER! The... hic!... perfect couple...” Her words came in bursts as she showered my tiny body in kisses, her hand massaging my cock to life. “And if that’s not enough, then... then it’s only a matter of time before it will be.”

Through the intense waves of pleasure, my brow furrowed in confusion. What the heck was she talking about? “G-Gwen, w-what do you mean?!” But Gwen was too busy chugging down the rest of the wine, straight from the bottle. We gasped in unison as I entered inside her. “Yes... home sweet home. Come to mamma!” With her hair all in a mess, she rode me with everything she had. “You’re smaller than my other partners... but it’s mine. All mine.



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And that's what makes it the best!" She laughed, now clearly losing herself to the wine.

Her gigantic boobs bounced up and down, sending shivers through my body as I groaned in pleasure. She gently bit my neck and whispered, "Don't forget, X. You wanted this. You wanted a tall, busty, powerful, SUCCESSFUL Gwen." She grinned and leaned down to kiss me again, her tongue angling its way around my mouth. "You wanted me, and you got me. And now, you're gonna finish inside me. You're gonna cum so hard, just for me." She panted frantically as she bounced on me. Faster and faster she thrust, her grip tightening around me as I felt my body tense up. "Let it all out, X. Let it all out for me. I'm so big and tall and powerful and you're gonna cum inside me and only me. You're gonna cum and it's gonna be so fucking amazing. Worship this body. Worship these



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tits. Worship my tight fucking pussy! Be... MINE!!!”

I groaned, exhaling all the air from my lungs all at once as I erupted in pleasure, my body shaking as I came inside her. Gushing and thrusting, edging the unbelievable sensation for as long as possible. Gwen smiled as her huge, looming figure leaned in to kiss me softly, her body pressing against mine. “That’s it. That’s it, X... let it all out,” She panted softly between her sultry words, her lips continuing to connect with mine as her beautiful light brown hair enshrined our faces as one. “My... little man...” Her eyelids began to grow heavy as she held my hand against her heart, her skin glistening from the excitement. “We’re going to be so happy together... soon. When... when I finally... be... gr... ch....”

Her words trailed off into the soothing cadence of her breathing, each



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exhale a whisper of mystery, each inhale a moment of promise. My mind swirled, both from the revelations of the night and the lingering effects of the wine that still danced in my veins. I couldn't tell if it was the grape's eloquence or my own feelings that were pushing me further into this enigmatic haze.

I felt Gwen's warmth envelop me, her heart rhythmically pounding against my palm. That warmth, along with her embrace, was a potent elixir, inviting me to let go of my inhibitions, my doubts, my questions. I pondered her unfinished sentences, her ambiguous words, but my thoughts became less coherent, each question dissolving into a tranquil fog that grew thicker with every thump of her heart.

As I lay there, enveloped in her warmth and feeling her heartbeat sync with my own, sleep became an irresistible force. I welcomed its embrace,



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just as I had welcomed Gwen's, hoping that when dawn broke, the intimacy we'd discovered wouldn't retreat back behind the walls we had taken so long to bring down.