

Level Up!

Chapter 2

Task list 3

- Take a shower. +2mm
- Throw out tattered clothes. +3mm
- Buy new clothes. +5mm

Completion bonus: +5mm, Perk Selection.

I stood in front of the mirror, rubbing my still tired eyes and activating the task list menu, admiring my new body. The blinking red dot is now customary to my vision and almost a welcomed sight. Apparently when I woke up last night I hadn't finished growing, because my breasts seemed to have swelled a little more, looking *almost* like C cups. My bottom half however, looked the same. I don't know how I managed to fall back asleep after all the excitement, but I did, in the nude.

Inspecting the clothes that had clung to my body last night, the band tee had been stretched just a little but my poor shorts had a large hole on each inner thigh side from burst seams. My bralette was chalk full of holes caused by the stress of being overstuffed. Both clothing items were completely ruined and unwearable.

A nice stretch and a yawn later, I gathered up my tattered clothes and tossed them in my trash can. Still buzzing with heat from the sudden growth and feeling uncomfortably sweaty, a shower felt, and smelt, like a great idea. It was also an ample opportunity to explore my new body.

My hands glided down my curves, examining the new stretched skin. I never knew nipples could feel so sensitive before, and *good*. An intense heat swelled within my core, with one hand barely able to contain my left breast and the other sliding down my enlarged hips, past my tight ass, and plump thighs, to my pussy where I began pleasuring myself. It didn't take long before I climaxed and cummed hard. Harder than I had in a long time. Now that I think about it, I hadn't pleased myself like that in quite a while. After my shower, my body was left feeling both clean and sexually satisfied.

I dried off and made my way to my closet to pick out an outfit for the day, wrapped snug in my towel. Honestly it was difficult trying to find something decent to wear that fit me. I had to sort through my clothes and had myself a little fashion show, figuring out what clothing items fit me enough or couldn't be worn at all. In the end, I ended up in my stretchiest pair of black sweatpants and a plain gray v-neck that accentuated the cleavage I'd never had before and now rested at my mid-drift, slightly above my belly button. It was comfortable enough, despite being *tight* in certain places. Next on the self-grooming list was to brush and style my hair. I went for a simple braided ponytail.

Then I did something I never do. I picked my cellphone up, opened the camera app, and took a selfie. Surprisingly, despite my plain and usually unflattering outfit, the image reflected a

cute and slightly more confident version of myself. Happy with how the picture came out, I posted the photo on my social media and finished getting ready to go out for the day.

I was still kinda weary about going outside again, but I could not ignore the fact that half my wardrobe didn't fit me anymore. What was I going to do? Wear the same three pairs of pants and two shirts that looked decent on me until I burst out of them? Although, the idea of bursting out of my clothes seemed to excite a part of me I never knew about before. I shook the naughty thoughts out of my head. *Izzy you have to think logically!*

I'm almost positive this whole experience has made me acutely aware of kinks I didn't know I had before.

The initial anxiety of leaving my dorm flushed out of my system as the vitamin D from the sunlight soaked into my skin. It felt nice to bask in the light as a cool breeze blew around me. I wonder why I have been clinging to my blackout curtains so bad the past few weeks. It was a nice and beautiful day out, maybe bringing that energy into the dorm room would brighten my mood. Maybe I should toss the black out curtains out.

A vehicle, I have not, since my entire life is contained right on campus. So, anywhere I needed to go I either walked to my destination, or Ubered if the funds were available. There was a good sized shopping center just around the corner from my university, so I went for a nice stroll. I mentally created a list of clothing stores to stop at to retrieve the different pieces of clothes needed to complete an outfit. First on the list was an unsuspecting mid-sized department store named Lexi's. Imagine my surprise when I walked in and was met with rows upon rows of bras, panties, and lingerie. I hadn't realized this was a woman's intimate store. Nothing outside certainly advertised it as so.

"Welcome to Sexy Lexi's Lingerie!" A female employee greeted me from behind the checkout counter. She had frizzy blonde hair, wore glasses with sky blue frames, and looked to be about my age but could've been a little older since she was taller. She wore a t-shirt that matched her frames. She was also well endowed, sporting a pair of Ds that were on the cusp of being DDs. It looked like she had stuffed two juicy cantaloupes down her bra. "My name is Astrid, let me know if I can help you find anything!"

I gave a curt and awkward nod before grabbing a shopping basket. There was a whole section of the store dedicated just to underwear, so that's where I went first, seeing as it would be the easier task to complete. I've *never* had to go bra shopping before, and I had to admit I was a little intimidated.

The section was littered with racks with underwear strewn up on hangers divided by size tags that made a U shape around an open area that had huge baskets containing different sizes of underwear. There was a table with a couple mannequins modeling some of the goods with the price board right next to it. There was even a whole basket dedicated to lacey lingerie. I stood there, thinking of where to start first and what size to get. I scoffed looking at the rack with the small sizes. Before today maybe, but now if I wore a small it would look more like a thong and would be quite restricting.

I went the next size up and stepped over to one of the baskets labeled M for medium. I picked out a few simple yet fashionable pairs before a thought struck me. *Once I complete this*

next task list, I'll get bigger right? It took a few days for it to kick in, but I eventually grew. Just how big am I going to get before I'm finally done with this "leveling up" shit?

On impulse, I started rifling through all the larger sized baskets as well, not really looking at designs or materials, but just grabbing a few random pairs. The largest size available was 2XL, Something in my gut told me to grab a few extra pairs in that size. By the time I was finished, I had three to four pairs in each size that filled more than half of the shopping basket. Needlessly to say, I was thoroughly prepared. God I felt like a doomsday prepper. But something deep down in me was excited at the prospect of all the potential expansion my body could go through. I wouldn't be so big that I could *pop*, right? What was the highest I can level up to? A shudder crept down my spine just imagining the number. I wish this "game" came with better instructions.

Next was the daunting task of finding a bra that fit my current size. Pretty much the rest of the sales floor was bras and lingerie sets and it was expansive to say the least. Like I was in the backrooms, but for intimates. I swear this building looked smaller from the outside. My eyes searched and scanned the bras as I traveled through the isles in search of a bra that fit me. I figured I could do the same thing with the bras as the underwear later, but I needed to know what to do first. My mind flashed an image of the pretty employee behind the register. She had big knockers, so she must know what to do. Plus, she did say to go to her if I required assistance.

I navigated my way through the maze of clothing racks back up to the front of the store, noting how empty the place seemed to be. The employee seemed interested in something outside the store front. She was standing on her tiptoes scanning the outside surroundings for something. When I looked, I didn't see anything out there. Just the normal street. She looked pale and sweaty. Scared or nervous, I couldn't tell. Either way it was pretty off setting.

"H-hi," I said shyly, placing the hefty shopping basket down on the counter.

Astrid's whole demeanor changed when she noticed me. She said with a clearly fake smile, "Hello! Are you ready to check out?" She still seemed pretty jittery despite the customer service mask. Then she noticed all the different sized underwear in my basket and a judgemental look crossed her features, but only for a second. I picked up on it, but quickly brushed the harsh feeling off my shoulders.

"Oh, no not yet. I actually came up here because I need help with something."

"Sure! What can I help you with?"

"I-I've n-never actually gone bra shopping before and don't know what to do. I'm not even entirely sure what size I am." I motioned to my breasts as a nervous chuckle left my mouth. I felt so damn awkward, I haven't had to human in the past few weeks and I was completely off center. "These things just kinda sprouted on me."

She barely registered that last part because her face went pale as a ghost and her eyes widened as she saw something behind me. She lowered her voice and spoke in a low and desperate tone, "Tell you what, I'll help you if you help me. You help me get rid of this stalker and I'll help you find a million bras that fit you."

I spin my head around to see what Astrid had been looking at behind me. A tall, shady, looking man was making his way into the store. He looked to be twice or even triple my age. He

wore sweats and a zipped up hoodie jacket. To be completely honest, the man could pass as homeless. A hobo even. I turned back around as the man entered the store, trying to not make it glaringly obvious I was just staring at him. I got a good look of the desperation on Astrid's face. Her eyes were pleading with mine. I mouthed "yes" with a nod of my head as Astrid looked majorly relieved.

"Hey Larry," She said with a fake chipper tone, looking at her stalker. She was obviously uncomfortable with this guy's presence.

He licked his lips and rubbed his whiskers as he ogled her breasts. "Astrid, my precious, who's this fine young specimen right here?"

A chill swept through my body as his eyes felt me up and down. I'd never been seen like that by a man before and felt icky all over. The hair on the back of my neck raised in alert as goosebumps prickled up and down my arms.

Astrid suddenly grabbed my upper arm and wrapped herself tightly around it. Her boobs thoroughly squished my arm. "This is my *friend*!"

An electric feeling shot through me. My body started to grow warm. I squeaked when Astrid pinched me. "Izzy! My name is Izzy," I blurt out.

"She was just checking out," Astrid fake laughed, motioning with her eyes to my purse. Still caught off by the intense feeling, I quickly scrambled to pull my wallet out. "Izzy," she said, feeling my name out on the tip of her tongue, "it's going to be twenty bucks."

I pulled out my only twenty and handed it to Astrid, who took it graciously. The gray dot in the corner of my eye suddenly started to flash red. *Shit.*

TASK LIST COMPLETE!

Total: +15mm

SELECT A NEW PERK:

Top Heavy II:

You're about to do some growing, and your assets will too!

- With this perk, you will grow to be the best of the breast! Your breasts will grow two times faster than your ass!

OR

Bottom Heavy:

You're about to do some growing, and your assets will too!

- With this perk, you'll be putting the *ass* in assets! Your ass will grow slightly faster than your breasts!

Fuck I can't choose right now!

"Oh, well, Astrid, can I talk to you about something?" Larry asked creepily, still staring at her boobs. "Which set should I buy you? A sexy red lingerie or scandalous black? I think the black will go

better with your eyes. My eyes followed his to her breasts, completely appalled he had the nerve to say something like that to her with another customer present.

PERK SELECTED: Tomorrow is a new day!

Are you kidding me? I just looked at her boobs! A heat started to spread through my chest. My heart sank. Never had the growth started instantaneously before. I discreetly pulled my shirt down as I noticed my increasingly deepening cleavage. Fuck my boobs are going to be twice as big! I noticed two quarter sized nubs sticking out from my shirt.

“We’re catching up Larry. It’s going to take a minute,” Astrid cleared her throat as she subconsciously started messing with her bra straps. *Friends will share 10% of your growth.* Double fuck!

My panties grew wet as the pleasurable feeling filled my body. I already started feeling my sweatpants start stretching again. My already thong-like underwear started digging into my bits, which was not as unpleasant a feeling I thought it would be. I stifled a moan as I pulled my shirt down, trying to hide the fact it was slowly inching up my navel. Unfortunately Larry noticed. His eyes practically bulged out of his head at the sight of my expanding breasts. My cheeks flushed pink in embarrassment.

Another intense jolt of electricity shot down my spine as my boobs started to grow even faster. Soon boobage was spilling out of my v-neck. I had to have grown at least a cup size.

“W-what the-?” Larry said, taking a cautious step back.

Suddenly, Astrid gripped her hand to the counter as a loud and lustful moan escaped her. Her shirt was stretched so tight you could see the underboob spilling out from the bra that didn’t quite fit her anymore. Her other hand went to her ass as the sound of fabric tearing filled the store. She looked at me pleadingly again, but this time her eyes begging for sexual release.

“G-get away,” I yelled to Larry breathlessly. A half baked plan formed in my mind. “Or you’ll get infected too!”

Larry, who looked both turned on and terrified, suddenly screamed and ran out of the store. Apparently as good as big boobs were, he didn’t want to get the same “infection.” The victory was short lived as Astrid hurriedly ran to the door, locked it and flipped the open sign to the ‘sorry we’re closed’ side. Getting a look at her full body, she was definitely curvier than before. Her breasts looked like melons and her ass jiggled with the slightest movement. And her thighs, she could crush skulls with those glorious thunder thighs. Hopefully not mine though, since she started stomping her way towards me. Angry, pissed, and turned on.

“What the *hell* did you do to me?!”