

"Okay Mr Tiller. We're recording and ready. Please begin"

"Okay but... where to begin? I don't really know when this started"

"Please just.. from your earliest memory of the event"

"I don't know when it began! That's the problem"

"Alright. I don't mean to lead the witness but our records show that the earliest possible airing date for the broadcast would have been on the 4th. Do you remember where you were on that date?"

"I... I think I do"

"Very good. Please begin"

That was a Saturday I believe. A rather regular one. I was living in Kalarra, renting a small cabin-like thing on another person's property. It wasn't much but the rent was affordable while I tried to pursue my photography passion. On the 4th I would have just been lazing around home. Watching TV. That's probably my first exposure to the broadcast and the campaign as a whole. The ad was for some soda. Like a regular brand, big name brand. That's why I had tuned it out. I was half distracted on my phone but I still managed to catch it's slogan. "Eat, Live, Breed". Now, at this stage I did a double take. This wasn't a new slogan, the soda had been shouting "Eat, Live, Drink" at us for a while but I was pretty sure I heard Breed. I couldn't be sure and since I wasn't paying much attention I assumed I had misheard it somehow. I don't believe I heard anymore of the ad that day but I began to notice it's effects the following day.

After a day of doing nothing much I awoke on Sunday expecting to do much the same before work on Monday but instead, I found my phone being lit up. I had matches, multiple matches, from both the dating apps I was on. It was crazy. I had been on these apps for a while but I could count on one hand the amount of matches I've ever had. Let alone dates. So yeah I was a bit defensive. I questioned the first couple of girls I responded to but they had no explanation of why my inbox had exploded. And despite my questioning, they all seemed to chill and wanted to continue chatting, very unlike my normal experience. Eventually I gave up on my paranoia and just started talking in earnest to these people. That was what I spent my whole day doing. Just responding to messages and setting up dates. I was set! Like I had a date for every day of the week if I wanted one. I even found someone who wanted to meet up that night.

It had been a while since I had been on a date before but there I was, dressed in my best shirt and jeans heading into a local bar. Kalarra was a reasonable sized town, but it was surrounded by a lot of rural areas. This lent the town a lot of small-town vibes but with large town infrastructure. I caught the bus around sundown and, wouldn't you know it, plastered onto the side of the bus, "Eat, Live, Breed". Again, I was weirded out but I didn't have enough to put the dots together at that stage. I just thought it was trying to be edgy or some weird marketing ploy. I thought about googling the ad to see if it's reception was what I expected but honestly I was too busy thinking about the date.

I feel terrible about it, but I cannot remember her name. To be honest we did not seem like

a good fit. Revisiting her profile it was clear to me that this was just a profile I had matched with because I was doom-swiping. However she was still keen. Like the conversation was terrible but she kept putting in effort to keep things going. It was admirable even if we were not compatible at all. So I was really surprised when she asked if I wanted to come back to her place. I'll admit, I was in a long dry spell since my last partner so despite our lack of connection I was willing to try a one night stand. As we made our way back to her place the conversation did not get any better. I had no idea why she still wanted to have sex but, we were there and soon we were naked. I do remember, distinctly, her weird reaction when I went to put a condom on. She wasn't offended, it was more like she was confused at why I would want to do that. But then also confused why she was confused. All I know is she seemed relieved when I was finally on top of her. So, after I did the deed, I went to get a drink from the bathroom and I returned to find her just kinda chilling on her bed. Unless she was faking it, she seemed like she really enjoyed it in the moment but now she seemed disappointed. She asked if I wanted to go again, but by this stage I was having post-nut clarity and was beginning to feel a bit weird. The more I tried to ease myself out the door, the more she wanted me to stay for a second round. I was relieved when I got out of there.

The following morning I woke up to even more matches. Between the matches, the conversations, and the experience last night, I was thoroughly shaken. But I hadn't made any connection to the advertisements yet. And I still needed to pay the bills so I went to work. I thought about chucking a sickie but really I needed to talk to my coworkers to see if they had any explanation. I drive to work and I managed to catch the start of the ad on the radio, I turned it up to be sure. "Eat, Live, Breed". It was this moment I considered a connection to the weirdness I had experienced but I was trying my hardest to not think about it at all.

After I had clocked in, my boss could tell I was a bit shaky. He was casual about it but he asked what was up and I told him about my one night stand. Unlike himself, he asked to hear more about it but I kept it brief. After describing her behaviour he shrugged and said that he thought that sounded normal to him. And it fooled me into feeling a bit better about the situation. I got to work, oh I worked in one of those pop-culture stores with the POP! Vinyls and anime shirts for sale. I had a solid few hours before I noticed anything had changed, and I think that was because our clientele was mostly males. But yeah eventually a woman walked in. I approached her to help with making a sale and suddenly I found she was flirting with me. I don't think I've ever been flirted with before. Like ever, or at least not at work. Not that I think I'm an unattractive guy but just that it doesn't usually happen to me. But, yeah. She seemed as interested in me as she was in the products. She kept teasing that I was the best employee she'd met here and that she'll be back soon. My reaction was uhh... indignant? At this stage? I felt like I was in the Truman Show and soon some hidden cameras would pop out to make me feel like shit. My attitude did not seem to phase the customer as she winked her way out.

About the same time that customer walked out was the time when another of my co-workers walked in. She was one of only two women we had hired at that stage. She

greeted me warmly. Too warmly. I remember my thinking at the time was that she was 'in on it' too. I wasn't quite ready to go postal but I did bring it up to her. I challenged why she was so chipper today but she did not bite. She was just too happy to suffer my inquisition. Normally Rebecca, my co-worker, was about as miserable as myself. And she wouldn't stand me asking her all these questions unprovoked. The way she just... happily answered everything was bizarre.

When I finished my shift that day I stopped by the bottle-o on the way home and I drank way too much. There was nothing online about the ad campaign. Every article referred to the original slogan and not this "Breed" one. I felt like I was going insane. I think I was really only kept afloat by Clair. Oh yeah, Clair. She's one of the girls I matched with. One of the first few I responded to and probably the one I liked the best. I had chatted with her a little bit each day but it was this day that I really sought solace with her. And thankfully she provided. She was nice, obviously, every woman online was, but idk she had her own style to it. And while most women were asking when we could go on a date, Clair was happy to chat. We had a date lined up for Wednesday but she didn't seem to want to push that up like some did. I appreciated the space.

I remember bringing up the ad with Clair and asking her what she'd seen. She said she'd seen loads of the original ad but nothing about the breed-ad. I drunkenly asked her for an explanation for what was going on and she suggested that I had indeed gone crazy, but if all my craziness meant was a weird ad around then I should be thankful. That made me laugh.

Uhh right. So yeah nothing much happened on Tuesday. I mean, the ad was still wrong on posters and TV, and every woman I encountered seemed to be far happier and flirtier. But I was tired of it at this stage. I brushed it all off and tried to find solace in the fact that I'd see Clair tomorrow. We met up around midday at a local sandwich place. I was the first to arrive and was happy to have real butterflies in my stomach again.

Now, this is I think the first time I noticed some of the 'secondary effects' of the ad campaign. You see I had uhh... studied Clair's profile before. She's an attractive woman okay? Anyway so while I this was the first time seeing her in person, I could immediately tell something was up. I was prepared in case she had happened to gain a little weight between now and when she took the photos. Most have, but what I wasn't prepared for was where that weight was situated. I don't know what cupsize Clair was wearing in her photos, but I was fairly certain she was one or two sizes bigger as we saw each other. She sent a wave in my direction and walked over with a smile. As she drew closer I could tell the same could be said about her lower half. Clair was a lithe woman in her profile, but the woman walking towards me had the beginnings of some real junk in the trunk. I must have been too obvious in my observations because the first thing Clair said to me was, "Have you had a good enough look yet?" I apologised but she was surprisingly not offended. I told her she looked good and she suggested we sit down.

Initially I had wanted to ask her about this body discrepancy but honestly, I was just too

interested chatting. For a brief moment I was able to forget about all this weirdness and just enjoy her company, it was great. It was also entertaining to watch her squirm in her clothes. I surmised that while she was larger than her photos suggested she would be, her clothes were the same size. As a result she would constantly pull her shirt up and down, or adjust her seat. At one point in time a truck parked up in front of the cafe. They began unloading various supplies for the cafe but the side of the truck caught my eye. "Eat, Live, Breed". I brought it up to Clair, pointed it out, it was right there. Big letters along the truck. Clair laughed and told me she just saw their regular slogan. I kept staring at the truck in disbelief. I made a mental note to go to a doctor, or perhaps an optometrist. Maybe I had something like dyslexia? I really didn't know what to think at that stage. Thankfully it didn't seem to put a dampener on our conversation and I was quickly feeling better again.

Our conversation was interrupted by an alert on Clair's phone. She pulled it out and we both discovered it'd been a few hours since we arrived. Neither of us had noticed. She apologised and said she had to go. She didn't want to go and neither did I but it was an important appointment so we said our painful goodbyes. We organised another date for Saturday though so that was good. There was a slight problem, in that I had already booked in another date then during my earlier dating app frenzy, but I thought that I had so many matches now I could afford to cancel a few. Catching the bus home I sent the woman a message telling them as such but the response took me off guard. They were not happy. They were really offended that I wasn't going to be meeting them again. She specifically mentioned how she was looking forwards to hooking up, which was odd since we hadn't discussed that previously. She blocked me and she said, and I quote, "Fine, there's plenty of other guys around who'll fill me up anyway".

"So yeah that was weird. But I guess the situation was resolved. I headed home and umm... So, how much detail am I supposed to be going into here?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the next bit is... well it's private really"

"Mr Tiller, we need as much information as you can offer us. This information will only be given to company employees upon request and those requests are only granted if they present a need for that information. Trust us when we say that anything you say here will not be released to the general public"

"Alright.. Fair enough"

So yeah after my date with Clair I was... feeling a bit randy. I like to think I practised a normal, healthy sex life before this. I would jerk off every couple of days or so. And so when I got home I got myself set up and took off my pants. I browsed the internet for a while and that was when I noticed another change. I umm... I like to believe I am average or.. was of an average size. And so when I started jerking off it struck me that I suddenly seemed to be... more.. of myself. I had measured myself before, many years ago but I had long forgotten the measurement. All I knew then is that I **felt** bigger. I thought about

measuring myself again but I didn't want to get up and find an actual measuring tape so I just looked around my desk for something to compare to. I went with my phone and found that I was about as long as my phone was. This didn't actually help me considering I had never compared myself to my phone before so the whole thing was a little pointless but hey, not the dumbest thing I've done with an erection.

Now, since I had my phone in my hand and a lot of hormones in my system, I sent a text to Clair. I kept it polite, asking about the rest of her day and she answered quickly. I then asked her what she was doing now and she just sent back a pic. I hadn't even asked for one, but there she was, planted on her bed, in her jammies beside a laptop. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra, so her boobs weren't pushed up as much as today, but I could still tell there was more sweater meat beneath her top than I thought there'd be. Her PJ's were loose, comfortable clothing, but particularly around the chest and hips they seemed significantly less loose than the flowing around the rest of her body. We kept chatting but something about the idea of her having gained some weight recently was what set me off over the edge that night. Once again we lost track of time sending messages to one another and had to painfully peel ourselves away from our phones to go to sleep.

So, things only got weirder over the next couple of days. I had work on Thursday again and it all went pretty much the same. All the women were overly flirty and friendly. But I also noticed a change in the men. Like they all seemed so much more barbaric. Like just being more headstrong... dominant... horny I guess? Normally we would keep chat at work pretty professional, talking about games or sports or whatnot. But for some reason the conversation kept going back to women or sex. I didn't raise any complaints about it, I'm not a prude but it did strike me as weird. I almost got upset for Rebecca when she walked in because one of my co-workers did a full-on cat call at her but Rebecca just kinda giggled and took it as a compliment. Totally unlike her.

So then Friday rolled around. By the way the dating app matches kept flowing in. I now had way more matches than I could ever actually respond to now. I had the day off and went to go do some photography. I had planned to capture some of the older buildings in town but I kept getting stopped by women asking me to take their photos. I usually love having some subjects to photo but the poses they pulled weren't interesting or though provoking. They were all suggestive and wild. Like women at a hen's party. Some of those photos, I'm sure you have them by now, are essentially softcore porn. I got frustrated and decided to go outside town. I do have a car I just barely use it. I went to a nearby national park instead, I can't remember the name of it. Now, you've heard stories of catching couples fornicating in the woods before. I'd never seen it myself before so you can imagine my surprise when I found, not 1, not 2, but **3** couples, along my hike. Yeah, one of them had barely left the parking lot before they decided on enjoying each other's company.

I obviously didn't take any pictures of them and tried my hardest to take some nice shots but ultimately I was feeling really uncomfortable. I think by this stage I had fully put the pieces together. Something about that ad was making these changes happen. Or maybe the changes made the ad happen? I had decided they were linked but what was I

supposed to do? There was nothing in the news about this. I wasn't about to start my own conspiracy theory support group online. I felt like my only option was to just continue. Or perhaps enjoy it.

Saturday couldn't come fast enough. I got in my car and went to pick up Clair so we could go to a minigolf place in town. I remember being parked out the front and watching after I sent her a reminder text. I was not prepared for the bombshell that walked out her front door. If I thought she had just gained some weight before then it now looked like she'd gained that much again. And still, almost all of it in her top and pants. Clair had respectable breasts before but she was kinda stacked now. And when she turned around to lock the door, she had an ass that could make a man bite his lip. She was dressed in a button-up blouse and wore a very short frilly skirt over the top of something resembling yoga pants. She bounced down the stairs and got into my car and I just couldn't take my eyes off her and her tight clothing. Clair, predictably, giggled at my oogling and joked about keeping my eyes on the road. I agreed in jest but it was honestly a struggle. Clair tried to make some light conversation but I wasn't able to participate much when wrenching my attention back to the road. It wasn't until we stopped hard at a set of sudden red lights when I was able to form a proper sentence.

You see we stopped kinda suddenly which had the effect of pushing us both forwards in our seats, but it also caused Clair's newly unrestrainable bosom to jostle harshly. I watched as she replanted herself in her seat and began about resetting her bra and blouse to more properly contain herself. I thought this was perhaps the best opportunity I would get. I asked if that top fit her properly and she said no. She told me about how most of her wardrobe didn't fit right anymore. I asked what she meant and she told me that she mostly meant around the chest and her butt. I asked if she knew why that could be the case and she said she didn't know, but did suggest the idea that her boobs and butt had gotten bigger. She asked me for my opinion, asked if I thought that she looked bigger than before. I scoffed, and told her that yes, definitely, she looked way bigger than she did in her pictures, or even from Wednesday. I was quick to assure her it looked good, she thanked me and pulled out her phone. From the glances I could steal while driving I could see she was browsing a gallery of her old pics, and occasionally she'd cup a boob in her hand and cock her head to the side like she was comparing herself.

Clair put her phone away and said something about accepting that explanation. As if boobs and butts growing of their own accord is uncommon but not abnormal. She then asked me again, what I thought about it. If I thought that her growing was a good thing or not. I obviously said yes and then the matter was settled. We'd both agreed on just accepting the knowledge that she had grown, was growing, and that was normal. Apparently. It took me a while to process this, so we found ourselves at our destination before I really knew what to say. I remember getting out of the car, still fascinated by Clair's body, and making my way, in a daze, towards the building with my eyes locked on her curvy ass.

Oh! This was the moment I noticed the effects in other people. It was probably all the

breast talk in the car as well as Clair's revealed cleavage setting my brain into 'boob mode', but I was suddenly struck by how busty the attendant behind the counter was. I'm glad Clair had made the booking because my eyes were just darting between the chests of the two buxom women on either side of the counter. I think the attendant was bigger, and I remember feeling... idk sad about this realisation? And then feeling silly about feeling so envious, considering that Clair was already larger than any woman I'd ever had a chance with before. I broke from my reverie just in time for the attendant to wish us well, but her face was painted in pained disappointment. I realised, she was upset because she wanted to be the one on a date with me. Or perhaps just on a date in general. With someone, anyone.

We walked out into the course and I took a look around. There were a few other groups around. One family, another couple, a group of friends. But once again, this is when I noticed something I hadn't before. All the women were quite curvy. I mean I wouldn't normally have looked twice at the mum of the family, even though the mum and dad seemed to step aside for a passionate kiss every 10 seconds. She's an older woman with kids, yeah she deserves a milfy body. But the couple also featured a voluptuous woman who rivalled Clair. And of the group of teens, all the women seemed very curvy for their age. I put the dots together, now recognising that the women I had been seeing at work, particularly on Thursday, also seemed a little more curvaceous than you might expect an average customer to be. And on Friday, the women stopping me to take photos, at the time I had made an assumption that these women were... well sluts. Look I know that's a harmful assumption, I know. But that was just my excuse as to why their bodies were so developed. But after talking with Clair in the car, I thought it couldn't be that simple. If Clair was experiencing some unnatural growth, maybe everyone else was too?

This is when Clair pulled me out of my ponderings and urged me to begin our minigolf game. I hurriedly set up for my tee off and let loose a terrible shot because I wanted to ask Clair more questions. I set the tone, and asked if she remembered our conversation in the car. About the growth. She responded with something like, "Yeah, my boobs and butt growing what about it?" like I was the weird one. I asked when it first started but she didn't know. She said she could barely see it now, let alone in retrospect. I asked her what her cupsize was in the photos of her profile, despite how inappropriate that is of me. Thankfully she just answered without insult, confirming that she was a B cup. But she said it like that's what she thought she was now and forever, like that was **her** size, even though she was much bigger now. I asked if she remembered the last time she was sized and she couldn't remember. I asked what size of bra she's wearing now and, again, without any resistance, she answered saying that her current bra was a DD cup. I asked when was the last time she remembers wearing a B cup bra and she said about a week ago. I asked when she bought her current bra and she said she went bra shopping on Tuesday. That was an intense grilling session but somehow, Clair's biggest grievance at the moment was that my golf game had suffered.

I stopped my questioning for a moment to think. Only a week and she'd gone from a B to a DD? I mean the timeframe fit, that was how long it'd been since I started seeing the

weird behaviour but that's a lot of growing in a short amount of time. Clair interrupted my thoughts by teasing me. She pointed out how that was a lot of questions about her boobs. I apologised but she said it was okay, but if I was so interested in them then why hadn't I asked to see them yet. The question stumped me because well, yeah I wanted to but that's just impolite. In regular reality that'd be the last I would have heard of her. Dutifully, I asked if I could see them. Kinda in a joking, questioning tone like I expected her to say no. She found my nervousness hilarious, but after collecting herself she said I could, later. I fear that penis-brain once again took over here and very quickly just accepted that as fact and turned my focus back towards the golf game. Clair and I kept chatting throughout our game but the conversation was pretty light, besides one moment where the mum and dad began making out again right beside us and Clair remarked that she "wanted what she's having".

It was a fun time at minigolf. I'm pretty sure I was falling in love with Clair but, honestly who could say given the brazenly sexual nature of some of our conversations had. I remember just piling back into the car, still chatting our heads off. I hadn't even remembered Clair's previous invitation until I was pulling into her street. I suddenly got very quiet, and I think Clair liked that. I pulled up outside her house and Clair just stared at me with a mischievous snarl on her face. Waiting to see when I might make the first move. I bit, and asked the same question I did earlier, "So could I see your boobs?", but this time it wasn't a joke, I said it in a sardonic tone, like it was the most casual thing in the world to see her boobs. She laughed, satisfied that I was finally getting near her level of openness. She said yes, but we'd need to go inside. So we went inside. Clair told me she lives with two other women but one of them is out of town and the other shouldn't be home tonight. She suggested we order some food and as I set about doing that she said she'd go upstairs and change.

I ordered some food and waited for her return. I joked loudly if she needed a hand, which got a giggle and an assurance she'd be down soon. And she was. She came down in the same outfit she wore in the photo she sent me the other day. Except if it wasn't clear she'd grown before it was clear now. Remember I said that her PJ's were 'less loose' around her chest and ass? Well, they were not loose now. Her pants sit snugly around her hips and thighs, and her breasts pushed out her top. She dismounted the staircase, holding her boobs for support. I was feeling pretty confident by this stage so I remarked that her outfit fit better than I remembered it doing so in that photo. Clair agreed, she said the top wasn't so bad since it was content to just cape over the top, but she lamented that she felt it was a bit of a struggle to fit in her pants. To emphasise her point she turned around and kinda wagged her butt in my general direction. I was only too happy to examine the flannelette material gently stretched over her curves, clearly outlining her enhanced figure.

I asked her, why is she so relaxed about this. I mean I'm certainly fluctuating between panic and enjoyment at this stage, but I'm not the one getting too much ass for my pants. She shrugged and dumped herself on the couch besides me. Her only explanation was that it 'felt natural' to her and she once again asked if I liked it. I told her it shouldn't matter if I liked it, this is her body. To which she responded that she just wants to make me happy.

And if that means buying a new bra or pair of pants then it's well worth it. I smiled at this and I kinda lent in for a kiss. She smiled back and reciprocated so that's when we had our first kiss. Which was great, you know? Uhh... Anyway what was next?

Oh right, we started 'watching' some TV. I say that in quotes because we were very quickly focused more on each other than what we put on. At the time we didn't even notice that same ad campaign again. Eat, Live, Breed. Thankfully I don't think we experienced any immediate changes anytime we saw the ad. It must just be a passive thing... Yeah anyway, we became interrupted by the doorbell and our food. I remember being a little put off by how much Clair ate. She seemed a little ravenous but I guess that would explain where all of her curves were coming from. After we finished the food it seemed Clair was tired of waiting. Whereas we'd been uhh... politely? making out before, she was much more forward after that. She essentially climbed on top of me and shoved her tongue down my throat. I wasn't complaining. We made our way upstairs and out of our clothes. Now, I did bring condoms with me and I was about to get one out when my eyes got stuck on Clair. I mean she was a bombshell wearing clothes so seeing her naked breasts and wide curvy hips it kinda just activate primal brain and I forgot all about the condoms. In retrospect I feel like that happened way too quickly, but hey that's probably another effect that was happening.

So yeah, we had sex. Unprotected sex. It was great. I definitely came inside her. It was weird. Like normally if I had done that I'd have this anxiety set in about making her pregnant. And I felt that then but it felt like a false memory. Like my logic knew I was supposed to feel worried about this but the chemical reaction wasn't there to enforce it inside my head. What was also weird is that we went for a round two. I mean normally I'm mostly one and done for a good hour but after a quick breather we went back to making out and I was rock hard again. Clair certainly wasn't upset. Anyway, things calmed down and eventually I felt like I should leave. It was difficult to say goodbye, but Clair was oddly reticent to stand up which did make things awkward. I went home kinda numb that night. Pretty sure my heart was debating with my brain and it didn't feel good. I text to check in with Clair, she thanked me and told me that she really wanted to hang out again soon but she was busy on Sunday so we agreed to meet on Wednesday. The wait really did pain my heart.

I didn't really leave the house on Sunday. On one hand it was nice to have a day to relax. On the other hand I kept texting Clair throughout the day because my heart wouldn't shut up. For the record, she had a lovely day with family. She told me all about how everyone in her family had something to say about her new body. Most were positive, some were negative and a few were kinda inappropriate. I was just enjoying hearing about it. She kept sending pics too, often captioned to tease me about her clothes being tight or how it was annoying to now be a curvy woman. I would love to say that she seemed bigger in her photos than the day before but I feel like I was probably kidding myself. I mean I know now that she would have been bigger, just judging by how the rest of the week went I know that she must have been growing constantly throughout the whole time the ad was playing. But at this stage I couldn't tell.

So Monday came around and this is where things really started to get bad. Like it's one thing for some horny teens and a couple of parents to occasionally make out when they're at a nice family outing together. It's another thing for me to see couples making out everywhere I go. There was a couple on the bus making out the whole time, pretty sure there was two people actually having sex in a parking lot, and when I got to work I accidentally interrupted Rebecca making out with my boss. And what else could I do besides do my job? It was a really slow day, very few people coming into the store but when they did, they were all odd. The men seemed angry and frustrated. Like they wanted to be somewhere else but here they were buying something to distract themselves. And the women well, I could confirm my previous hypothesis. There was definitely some sort of voluptuous epidemic occurring.

I don't mean to insult our clientele, but we don't usually get women of modelling status coming in to buy anime and video game merch. But the women coming into our store that day had me adjusting my scale, otherwise they'd all be a 10. And predictably they were all trying to get in my pants. The whole time. It's like the moment they set their eyes on me they forgot why they came into the store. I had to remind them to pay attention to what they'd asked for because their eyes were scanning my body, particularly my crotch. Which btw, had absolutely grown. I was definitely longer than my phone, by at least an inch. And it'd gotten thicker in proportion. And my balls too, I just bigger and harder to hide... This meant that, regrettably, I was walking around sporting quite a package, especially when there's all these women with huge boobs and asses barely fitting into their clothes. None of the women wanted to leave when I had finished their transaction. For most, the only way to get them to leave was for me to accept their phone number.

Tuesday was no better. And it was when I first noticed the bellies. In addition to the oversized boobs and wide behinds of every woman I saw, far too many of them seemed to pregnant. Like a pregnant woman isn't an odd thing but I swear it was like one in every three women had some form of a belly. Some were barely formed, others were quite far through. What surprised me is that I noticed even Rebecca had one. As far as I know she wasn't pregnant even a week prior, but even if she was she shouldn't be showing as much as she was then. I asked but she didn't care for any of my questions about how she got pregnant. She was just enthralled by the fact that she was. The bellies were present on customers as well. Which is why it was weird when they too were hitting on me. I kept asking if their partners would be upset and most of the time their responses were really odd. Like they told me that he could use some help? Or that she could use more than him? I did not get any answers from any of them, and to be honest I was just happy to see them out the door. Whatever was happening was clearly above my paygrade at this stage and I was just trying to ride the wave. Now, that night Clair texted me and she just straight up told me that she really 'needed' to have sex with me tomorrow. I had presumed we would, but I found it weird that she felt the need that desperately. I asked if she was feeling okay and she said no, but was confident she would be once we met up. I'll be honest, going to sleep, awaiting tomorrow, was daunting.

So. Wednesday. Well, I got up, had breakfast, had a shower. Checked my phone and saw one too many texts from Clair, all of which were iterations on telling me how excited she was and double checking every detail. You see today there was a photography convention in town. Well, it's perhaps not big enough to call it a convention but it's something between a meetup and convention. Anyway so I made my way there and stood outside and waited for Clair. The usual happenings were present. A man having sex with a pregnant, voluptuous woman who's clothes barely fit her in the parking lot. I didn't mean to stare but it's hypnotic to see such full breasts flailing as she gets pounded, clearly lost in orgasmic ecstasy. Clair had told me she was getting an uber to the place so I looked expectantly when a car I hadn't seen before stopped before the stairs to the building. Only I had trouble recognising that the woman who stepped out was Clair.

You see, I knew Clair and her body. I had seen it only days before. And while I had prepared myself for her to have gained a bit more weight given that we'd accepted the idea that her boobs were growing and her hips were widening, her ass fattening, thighs... you know. But I wasn't prepared for how much they had. And I certainly hadn't prepared myself for her to have joined the pregnant ranks of women. Clair had nothing, a basically flat stomach on the weekend, so I was stunned at how she looked to be at least 5 months pregnant. My jaw was on the floor so I didn't rush to assist her as she bumbled out of the car, her weight shifting this way and that as butt, belly, and boobs, all jiggled this way and that, trying to throw her off balance. She finally extracted her last limb from the car and began adjusting herself.

On top she was in a T-shirt with a pullover cardigan. A T-shirt that was clearly too small, the fabric stretched over her breasts and pulled up so far that none of it covered her belly, despite her tugging it down. That only served to show off a large window of cleavage. The kind of cleavage you only get when boobs are packed too tightly into some clothes, deep and bubbling. The cardigan gave her some semblance of coverage, once she adjusted it. On the bottom she was wearing a skirt, not surprising as pants that fit a lower half that big have to be custom made. Each cheek rivalling a soccer ball, sitting atop thighs, perfectly sculpted and only slightly thinner, leading down to some killer calves, made all the more enticing by the fact that she'd worn heeled boots. I could notice that her legs almost seemed too thick for her boots. She waved the driver off and began climbing the stairs. Those massive childbearing hips rocked back and forth up the staircase towards me, her breasts and belly jostling with little support, and her face was hungry for me.

I remember instinctively taking a step back, a space that was insufficient as Clair was very obviously not happy with how much space was between us. As fast as she could run, she slammed into me, smothering me in soft body parts as she hugged me as tight as she could. I tentatively hugged back and we said hello. Clair held the hug just as tight for a little too long so I had to suggest we go inside. She eventually let go but snatched up my hand, squeezing it tightly. As we walked I nervously made the observation to her that she had indeed grown again. She was evidently really happy about it, and immediately made an offer to let me see. I turned it down and instead asked about how she went finding clothes that fit. She told me she wasn't wearing a bra. She'd gotten too big for all of them

days ago so she'd stopped wearing them. She said the same went for underpants too. She said that one day she was trying to fit into some and they just wouldn't go up. She was just too big. So she just stopped wearing them. She said it made for easier access and started peeling up the front of her skirt as if to prove her point. I did look down and yes, she was not wearing any underwear, I hushed her, urging to cover herself up. She just giggled and asked if I liked her belly. I told her I wasn't aware she was pregnant and asked who the dad was. She giggled again and told me it was me. I told her that was impossible but she thought I was kidding.

It was at this time we arrived at the room, it was kinda seminar now that I think about it. There was supposed to be a famous photographer coming here to share their insights and experience. Only that this was not a room of organised intellectuals grouped by their passion for photography. In fact it just looked like an orgy, or perhaps a porn shoot since so many people had cameras. Dotted around the room people had pushed chairs away to create a space for sex. People were either getting railed, doing the railing, shooting the railing, or masturbating. I don't remember what I was thinking. Like, maybe I thought that once the guest arrived they would all stop and resume normality. So yeah I just sat down at the back. Now me, I was sitting in stunned silence, scanning the room around me. But Clair was obviously coming around to the idea. I watched as her patience for sitting wore out really quickly, so she transitioned to squirming in her seat, rubbing my thigh roughly. Finally she hopped up from her seat and positioned herself between my legs, mewling at my crotch.

I remember this being the point when my resolve had finally crumbled. I batted her arms away and told her no, told her to get up and lets go. But she got forceful. She said that I made her wait and that now she was here she was going to take what she wanted. I tried to stand but she kinda lunged at me. I dodged out of the way but this just left me in the corner of the room. It was here I noticed that some of the others in the room had taken notice of us. Their faces were cross, they seemed upset that I wasn't putting out. I tried to calm everyone down but they all started shouting at me, telling me to fuck Clair like I was 'supposed to' or that 'I need to'. One of the men stepped forward and reached for my hands I started to fight him back but he was joined by another. We were knocked to the floor and they held my arms out and away as Clair hovered over my crotch, hastily trying to undo my pants.

This is when I think you guys showed up. I was busy watching in horror as I was about to be raped when I could see and hear a group of people enter. They had some sort of guns. I couldn't see at first but very quickly all of my captors stood up and seemed to run towards them, I remember hearing a lot of uhh, growling? And a lot of bodies hitting the floor. Things weren't really clear until I sat up, I watched as Clair also stood up and turned around. She lunged at this SWAT looking guy and he shot her with that weird gun thing. There was a few of them and they scanned the room, shooting all the people present. One of them saw me and pointed his gun at me, I backed up slightly but he didn't shoot immediately. He walked towards me, dodging the piles of naked men and women. I think he radio'd something in, and then he nodded and that's when he shot me too.

The next thing I remember is waking up here. In this room with the stereotypical overhead light interrogation room thing going on. Then I had a conversation with uhh... Mr Crior? Harvey? Yeah. He told me about the ad campaign. How Starshine used to manufacture some sort of artificial sweetener that that soda used. And how some disgruntled employee managed to send out subliminal messages over the TV and radio that'd alter your perception of the ads and somehow trigger the residual sweetener to affect your bodies hormones and glands and... idk I really lost track of how things worked here it got very science-y. But in essence yeah, he explained how the whole town got mind controlled and transformed into obsessive and very fertile breeders. He wasn't sure how I wasn't affected half as much as others but he did assure me that everything will be looked after.

"And uhh, after that you came in and I gave you my story", our protagonist, Neil, said.

"Hmm. I see. Okay. Well, thank you Mr Tiller. That's all we needed today. You're free to go", said a shady man across the table.

"A...a..am I under arrest?", Neil asked.

"Arrest?", the man scoffed, *"Noo. We aren't the police",* he chuckled. The man stopped the recording device nearby and collected all his things into a briefcase. He stood and opened the door, extending an arm out for Neil to leave. Neil tentatively stood and walked out of the room. For the past half hour or so he had evidently been in some sort of mobile HQ. Various people buzzed with activity before him. More SWAT looking people holding those same tranq guns with the letters PENT emblazoned across their uniform. More medical looking staff tended to some people under some tents. The women were still heavily endowed and pregnant, but now looked to be sheepish and embarrassed by how little the medical gowns of theirs covered.

Harvey shouted at Neil across the way and made his way back over.

"Here mate. Take one of these", he said as he laid a lanyard over Neil's head.

"What's this?" Neil asked, inspecting the lanyard. There was a lot of writing on the thing but most prominently it read, 'Anomalous – Safe'

"Just something to keep the guys off your back while we sort things out", he said giving Neil a rough pat on the back. *"You got somewhere to go?"*

"Yeah.. yeah I do", Neil replied. Wordlessly, Harvey smiled and turned away to resume whatever he was up to. Neil wandered toward the exit to the little camp they were in. He had to step out of the way as another patient was brought in on a stretcher. Another women with engorged breasts and thick legs, sporting a gravid belly. The guards at the entrance exchanged some odd glances when they saw Neil's lanyard but let him leave. He quickly recognised where he was and set about finding a bus home. As he waited he pulled out his phone and navigated to the text's between him and Clair. There hadn't been any update since before their meeting. Neil wasn't sure what to say. But he opened on a *"Hey"*. Amicably, the response came back,

"Hey".

"Should we talk? I can come by in a bit?"

"Yeah I could actually use a ride home"

"Yeah my car is at home but I could pick you up"

"Cool, they should be done with me by then"

Neil went home, collected his car and drove to the camp Clair told him she was at. Sure enough, Clair was there, waiting on the street out front the camp. Clair's lanyard read, "Affected – Stable". Gone was her cheery smile, replaced with solemn embarrassment. She was clad in an oversized hospital robe which was neither flattering nor well fitting. She attempted to fit herself in the seat. While Clair's mind seems to have settled, her body was no smaller. Clair eventually got the door shut, her hips brushing the gearstick while pressed against the door, breasts atop belly atop thighs threatened to remove her front facing view. Neil smiled in solidarity to her and they began to make their way home. There was an ironically pregnant pause in the car as neither knew what to say. Eventually Neil plucked up the courage to quickly mutter,

"I'm sorry"

"Oh god I'm so sorry too"

"No please you don't need to apologise"

"No I do!", the pair quickly rattled off in quick succession, *"I don't know what came over me"*

"No look it's not your fault. Did they tell you about the ad and everything?"

"Yeah... a little bit.. but still I... how could I act like that?"

"It wasn't you, okay?", Neil comforted, *"And look, even if it was, that's okay. I forgive you at least"*

"I... Ugh... I just wanna die", Clair said, burying her face in her hands. A difficult task given how much boob was in the way.

"Yeah... it kinda feels that way", Neil offered, *"Look I don't take any offense to anything you did okay? And... I still wanna hang out with you"*. Clair smiled glumly at the gesture before sighing deeply. *"At least the company is sorting everything out right?"*

"Yeah", said Clair, defeated, *"They said they can take care of the child if I want them to. And they have some methods of reducing... this!"*, Clair said, motioning to her oversized body. Neil chuckled and clicked his tongue.

"Well, let's not get too hasty", Neil said

"What on earth do you mean? You like this?" Clair questioned.

"Well I... yeah?" Neil agreed nervously. Clair shook her head, but a smile crept onto her face.

They arrived at Clair's home, Neil helped her out of the car and into the house. Clair collapsed herself onto the couch.

"Drink?" Neil offered

"Yeah"

"I mean a hard drink", Neil clarified, holding a bottle of wine

"Oh yeah!", Clair agreed with the idea. Neil began pouring the glasses. *"Gah, I feel like a blimp"*

"Yeah. You look like a blimp", Neil agreed, handing her a glass with a smile. Clair couldn't stop another smirk before she downed the glass. Clair put the glass down beside her and

took a moment to look herself over. Boobs the size of rockmelons, belly like a half beach ball, butt sitting in two chair spaces. And a cute guy beside her who seems to love all of it. The same man who gave her the child inside her.

"You know, the treatment they gave me stopped the memetic effects of the ad campaign", Clair began

"Gooooood", Neil played along

"But they said the physical effects have to be weaned out. So they've scheduled me another couple of visits to their field clinic to stop those effects"

"Uhhuuuh", Neil wondered where Clair was going with this

"Weeeeelll. If I just so happened to.. forget those appointments then I suppose those effects would run their course", Clair was playing

"Oh right. I suppose so. So, what would that mean then?" Neil asked with faux incredulousness.

"Well those effects would just keep going I guess? The effects like my boobs growing? Better bigger, sexier, more milky", Clair teased, sloshing her chest around. *"Effects like this butt",* Clair said painstakingly getting to her feet, *"Just getting bigger right? With hips that are getting wider and wider, ready for this baby inside me. And I suppose that my thighs would keep thickening up the whole time too yeah?"* Clair was attempting to straddle Neil by this stage. A task which is not so easy to do with a body her size and shape. *"And this belly. Well, if I got this pregnant in just a few days, then what are the next few days going to hold for me? And what would happen if I got pregnant again? I mean a normal woman can't get pregnant twice but... I don't think I'm a ordinary woman anymore"*

"Aww you were never ordinary Clair. Even when you weren't a walking wet dream", Neil responded.

"Aww...", Clair gushed, *"I love you"*

"I love you too", Neil responded. The two shared a tender, loving, heartfelt, passionate, and slow kiss; before Clair said,

"Now stop stalling, and come upstairs and fuck me"