

“You...were serious?” Sophie could only stare at her fiance incredulously when he mentioned what he had bought last night, which had arrived early the next morning. The grin on his face was mischievous, and she knew it immediately. When he revealed his plan, she couldn't help but blush.

“I mean...I know talked about this a few days ago, but...yeah, this is...an actual fantasy of mine, I...I guess...” Sophie knew how much her fiance enjoyed big tits; hell, it was part of the reason he even wanted to date her. She already had a pair of DDs of her own; but recently, she had been edging close to 30, and her body was showing the results. The sagging her tits had started doing was unmistakable, and she didn't like it one bit. So when her fiance mentioned that the growth would probably be minimal for someone her size and she'd likely just get perkier, the suggestion had opened her mind to it.

“...you know I was like...three drinks in when I agreed, right?” Sophie asked. He shrugged.

“I was about three in when I ordered all of it, so...” Looking down at the bottles in his hand, she could see at least a couple topical lotions and a few consumable supplements. Sophie rolled her eyes.

“...how long do we have to do this?” He smiled, a big dumb goofy grin, and she knew why. Its cuz he won and she was gonna try it. And he knew this without her saying it already, the fucker.

“Says there's results within one and two weeks, so...probably just try it for a week and then call it quits?” Sophie sighed a deep sigh, then shook her head.

“Why not? We may as well...try this out. Worst case scenario is I go up a cup size or two, right?” She nervously chuckled, the thought of her breasts being any bigger than they were right now...while it wasn't something that necessarily scared her, the image of her breasts wildly growing out of control made her stomach turn as well. He tried his best to assure her that there was no way something like that could happen as long as they followed the instructions incredibly closely.

“You should just keep, like...a growth journal or something.” He suggested. Sophie scoffed.

“Seriously? A journal...” Not long after passing the idea off, she couldn't help but scratch her chin and think; why not take note of the various things happening in her day as she changes? A journal in general might be a nice thing to hammer out. She did miss writing as much as she used to...

And with that, she agreed to her fiance's terms: A smoothie in the morning, and a breast massage at night. Which, honestly, sounded really nice to Sophie, regardless of growth.

SOPHIE'S GROWTH JOURNAL

DAY 1

Hey so I guess I'm gonna write all this down...its kinda weird but also kinda funny and interesting, so why not? Tristan is such a goofball...I love him to death, he's soooo good to me and takes care of things around the house all the time. So I think I owe it to him a little bit to try out a few of his fantasies. What could go wrong? I grow tits as big as hot air balloons? HA! Wouldn't that be something? Although I read something online about that a few days ago...whatever. Probably fake.

So I woke up this morning with Tristan already in the kitchen blending up a smoothie...there's at least two or three "supplements" that he bought that are said to promote "healthy breast health." Its a cocktail he read about on a message board somewhere, apparently had a lot of comments saying how good it worked and how satisfied they all were. I still don't know if I buy any of this, honestly. Its so silly! But the smile on Tristan's face as he gave me the smoothie...God, he's too cute to say to no to sometimes.

The smoothie was green and smelled weird and honestly. I had to pinch my nose to get it all down. But all in all, it wasn't the worst thing I'd ever tasted. That's still the expired Chinese mustard I had that one time, for sure.

Anyways, I'm gonna come in and out throughout the day with updates. See if this stuff is fast acting or not. So I'll just mark when I walk away from the journal just so this doesn't get TOO confusing, I suppose?

I should probably write down my measurements: 34DD, 27 inch waist, and 30 inch hips. Like it wasn't enough that I got giant tits, I get a big backside too. I mean, its nothing GIANT but it definitely sticks out a bit. Kinda. Why am I writing any of this? I guess anything is fine when you're keeping a journal about your boobs. Ha!

Alright, so, nothing that interesting to talk about at the end of the day. EXCEPT! After I got home from work, I come into the bedroom and what do I see? Candles. Flowers. Incense burning and everything. Tristan had gone all out and prepared the bed and everything! Put towels down too. Such a sweetheart! The devilish little look in his eyes, holding the oil he was gonna pour all over me...the massage was amazing. It felt better than any massage I've ever had! I looked at the oil and apparently its just flaxseed or something? All of this continues to just sound like one big internet hoax to me, but if I get nights like this every night where Tristan rubs my tits with oil, hell, I'm not gonna complain!

So I'm definitely, obviously, not any bigger, but...I dunno, after that massage, my nipples are definitely waaaaay more sensitive than they were this morning. Then again, that massage went on for like, 15 minutes at LEAST, and they may just be sore or something. I dunno. I guess getting impatient about it now won't do much. Will just have to hold out for the next few days to see if anything happens. Wish

me luck...future me?

DAY 2

Well, I can't say there's really anything to report in the boob department. They've been a bit sensitive, but even that died down a little bit when I woke up this morning. Had another one of those smoothies made ready for me, and it seems like he even made some in advance for the next few days. Thoughtful as always, hehe.

I'm not really looking forward to work today. Its probably gonna be a longer shift today. I've only been doing this job for a few months now, and its still not something I can get used to. Connecting people to their insurance providers, health providers...lots of arguments and confusion and rules that even I don't understand...bleh. Oh well. It pays the bills.

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Just as I figured, it was a nightmare shift. 10 hours. So many calls just directed my way and too many callouts. What a shitshow. Fuck my life completely.

Coming home to a massage was actually really relieving. This whole situation has been nothing but a net benefit so far. I haven't noticed any changes yet, aside from that sensitivity peak after every massage; I swear I almost gave myself a small orgasm in the shower when squeezing them! That oil does some...interesting stuff. Really hope that wears off, I can't be dealing with something like that 24/7.

Whatever. Its just for a week. I'll get by.

DAY 5

Oops, I missed a few days. Well, honestly, you didn't miss much. Same old routine of drinking those drinks in the morning and massages at night. Its becoming a ritual now, and while he's not putting on the same flair he was the first few days, its still nice to just roll over and get a rub down with some oil for a while. Its a great way of relaxing.

I did notice, however, that when I put on my outfit for the day - which was just a white t-shirt and some black slacks, and a black cardigan - I noticed that my bra didn't fit quite right. Now, it *had* just gone through the dryer on accident, so its totally possible that it just shrunk or something. Or, maybe...this whole routine is finally starting to do something? I couldn't really tell, honestly, and I was running late for work so I couldn't really try anything else on to be sure. I'll make sure to try when I get home.

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Holy. Shit. I'm bigger.

Its nothing crazy, but I'm spilling out of literally *every bra I own*. Not a lot, but enough for me to notice and for them to pinch into my shoulders and muffin out of the top a bit. And I just kept *staring* at them at work, all day, convincing myself I was crazy and that my bra is just not fitting right.

What if this is really gonna work? I was fine with this when we talked it through and he rationalized it and that most of the women online talked about minor, minor growth with mostly just perkiness and firmness. Which, I mean...yeah, they're definitely firmer and perkier. Maybe that's all it is? I mean, they always look bigger in a bra, they get pushed up, so it could totally just be that. And water retention. I guess the only way to find out is to just...wait and see.

DAY 6

Ok, so...my boobs are definitely bigger. Its not perkiness, its definitely, definitely not that. Definitely not. I woke up this morning and it just felt so...different. They were heavier and just pushing down on me way more than usual. And then I got up and...I mean, they were sticking out far enough to make my night shirt stand out and show a little of my stomach. It definitely didn't look like that last night...damn, how much bigger am I know? Am I a G cup now? H cup? They almost look as big as my head now, shit, this is crazy. How'd they grow so much overnight, that's not possible...

I don't have a single stretch mark either...should I even keep drinking those drinks? This is kinda nuts...

I talked to Tristan and he said its normal for there to be "sudden bloat periods" and that it should "go back down to normal in a few days". I don't really know if I believe him or not, honestly, because he also said that I would only grow an inch or two and this is definitely more than an inch or two. Maybe three, at least, I dunno. Measuring boobs is weird, I don't always know how to describe it, so bear with me.

Going to work is going to be...interesting, but at least I can just stay in my cubicle and avoid people all day.

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That was not as easy as I thought it was gonna be. I hate that a job like this has a uniform of a white top, because that is the last color I want to be wearing with these monsters. I mean, I already hated that I had to do that, and the cardigan I have hid them pretty well before, but...it did NOT help today. And the looks I was getting from all the guys in the office...ew, I just get so grossed out thinking about it! It

is NOT the attention I want, believe me.

Tristan took a few photos when I got home, just so we keep reference whenever we think I get bigger. He said he was gonna look into some things and make sure that he was doing everything right. I really hope that he knows what he's doing, this is getting a little freaky.

DAY 7

Tristan told me that we need to stop the routine immediately.

It turns out that the recipe he was using for the smoothies is far past anything I should be taking. Apparently, he had read a guide that was intended for flat chested girls which, surprise surprise, these sorts of things work better on you when you already have big boobs to start with, so someone like me who used to have DDs only needed to take half the amount for half the time. So basically, I've been overdosing for the past week on this stuff and Tristan thinks my body is reacting to it.

I mean, my boobs are still the same size they were yesterday, so that was a good thing at least. But the fact that I had basically been blasting my body with boob growth hormones that could make an A cup go to an E cup for the past week made me so fucking nervous I just stared in the mirror all morning, looking to see if they had gotten any bigger.

I'm calling out of work for the day, I've built enough sick time for it. Its my weekend tomorrow anyways, lucky me. I can just sit around and keep an eye on what's going on. I'll check back in tonight.

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Ok, so, the whole “overdose” thing DEFINITELY checks out...I still can't even believe this is happening. I thought I was seeing things, like, no way could my boobs be actually *spilling out of my top*. While I was vacuuming, I couldn't help but feel my tits squeeze between my arms as I made my way around the room – it wasn't something I hadn't felt before, but it was more...pronounced, like more arm was touching more boob.

I barely did anything all day. Once I got done with my chores, I kinda just sat around and watched TV. I had earned it, though. Work was tough and my clothes no longer fitting right was enough stress to put me on my ass for the day. Tristan didn't mind, he had some things he had to get done in town anyways.

I took a nap and when I woke up...I just couldn't believe it, but my top was...I swear, it was even tighter than when I had passed out! I pulled on it and adjusted it, but the hem was definitely sitting up higher than it was before. I think I had a midday growth spurt! I turn to the side and...wow, they stick out so far from me now. Before, my tits would kind of...separate a bit when they came down on my rib cage.

I'm getting a bit self conscious about it, but...the sagginess is kind of why I agreed to all this. They're as big as...I dunno, they look like larger grapefruits I've bought from the store before. Absolutely huge on me.

And let me say: that sagginess is GONE. These things stick up like fucking torpedoes now! Perky, round, with a line of cleavage even when I'm not wearing a bra! Honestly, they looked pretty incredible when I don't have clothes on...the problem was that I was quickly running out of said clothes that fit.

I'll have to get Tristan to get me some clothes tomorrow. I don't think I can rely on Tristan's insistence that this will “all go away” any time soon, so I think it should be his job to make sure I can cover up.

Here's hoping this starts to die down now that I'm not drinking any more of those smoothies!

DAY 8

Wow, I royally fucked up.

So first of all, I was having the *weirdest* dream last night – I dreamt my tits were like...I dunno, they were bigger than any tits I had ever seen before. Like, I remember looking down and there was just boob...so much boob, it just covered my legs and my torso. I could barely move, all I could do was lie there, and Tristan was there and he was sucking on them and rubbing them down...

I woke up absolutely dazed and horny in the middle of the night. Not to mention RIDICULOUSLY thirsty. I make my way to the fridge, half asleep of course, and just grab a bottle of something in the fridge. It tasted familiar, fruity with a hint of bitterness, but I really didn't think much of it. I chugged the whole drink and then passed back out in bed.

When I woke up, I realized what I had drank: one of the leftover smoothies that Tristan had made. I thought he had dumped them all out! But we both had forgotten about them.

Now, I didn't wake up any bigger than yesterday – in fact, I think I had started to shrink down a bit! A few inches at least. But now that I chugged that drink, I have a really bad feeling that everything is gonna start back up all over again...I dunno, I have no idea what's gonna happen to me today. Tristan is out at the store buying me bras and shirts, so it'll just be me again. I got all the chores done and I definitely don't wanna go out wearing shirts that don't cover me up...so I guess I'm just gonna wait around and sit on my ass and watch TV again. Hopefully my butt doesn't start to fatten up too, that's the last thing I need! DX

Usually I'm more active on my weekends – I like to get a jog in and look around the local library once in a while. But obviously, I'm taking no risks with my body doing what it is right now. Work tried

calling me, but I just didn't pick up. Trying to call me in today, probably. Typical. Can't even have a day off!

Anyways, I'm just hoping that I don't get a repeat of yesterday. But I woke up with this weird feeling behind my tits, like...something is pushing up from behind them? I can't help but squeeze and massage them to relieve the pressure, but it isn't really enough. I may need to do that a lot today, we'll see.

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How do I keep doing this to myself? I think the lack of sleep is making me dumber. Or maybe its the tits?

So I'm rubbing my tits down all day while watching TV, right? They just feel good, and the rubbing is helping ease that pressure feeling. But then they're starting to get rubbed a little raw, especially my nipples, so I think to myself 'well, I better lotion them down or I'm gonna chafe even harder later'. So I go into the bathroom and grab what looks like our ordinary lotion, right? I massage them so many times with it I lose count over the few hours Tristan is out.

Ok, so: he gets home, puts down my new clothes he got me...and I'm looking through them. He gets some pretty cute stuff and I'm trying it on, and then I hear him call my name from the bathroom. He asks me if I knew where the lotion is. I hold it to him and tell him that I've been using it, and his eyes nearly pop out of his skull; he said he bought some "booster" lotion, in case the oil and smoothies weren't enough for results, and had forgotten about it. It came in a generic plastic bag, so he took a normal looking empty lotion bottle from the bathroom and filled it up. And I couldn't help but just look at the bottle in horror, practically squeezed empty throughout the day. It was only supposed to be a small, dime amount for one day, apparently, for it to "boost the effects of my routine".

I'm so fucked. I'm completely, totally fucked. What's going to happen to me? I don't even know if I'll be able to sleep tonight; it feels like there's a couple of ticking time bombs attached to my chest now, and its only a matter of time before they go boom. That smoothie from this morning is just...probably coursing through me as I right this as some titty growth lotion has soaked into me 100 times over...

I just hope that the lotion was a scam. But...none of this has been so far, so...I'm really scared right now.

DAY 9

I have no idea how I slept so good last night. I think the stress overworked my brain and I passed out or something. Luckily, when I woke up, my boobs hadn't grown at all. So...that's nice.

I did wake up with some really bad stomach cramps, though. And that weird feeling of pushing behind

my boobs hasn't let up. Its getting worse, honestly. Its starting to freak me out, and I'm wondering if I should head to my doctor soon. But...I'd rather not admit to taking sketchy boob growing products online to her. If I tried to explain it as something else, though...

Whatever, if I need to go, I'll go. I'm gonna do what I usually do and ignore my problems until they go away.

...which is easy to say until I start putting on my work blouse. I can't even button the top button anymore... -_-; Great, now all the guys in the office will be looking at my cleavage again, and all the girls will be talking about it. Can't wait.

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Its starting to get awkward to write these now, my tits are squeezing between my arms so much.

That's right. I'm even bigger now. Like, way, way bigger than I was this morning. What an absolutely humiliating day. I get to work and of course, every eye is on me as I walk through the door to my cubicle. Chris nearly spilled coffee all over his pants as I walked by, he got so distracted. Its funny because - well at least at that time, - my boobs weren't all THAT much bigger than a few days ago.

But then, as I started to get into my workday, I noticed that I could...I dunno, the first thing I noticed was how my breasts sat between my arms as I typed. They just started jiggling juuuuust a bit more than I was used to. So I stopped typing to look down and see if I was crazy, and I swear, I actually *saw* them growing! Like, every beat of my heartbeat they seemed to push out a little, then retract, like they were pulsing or something. It looked so weird! At first I thought I was just hallucinating, and then my top started getting tighter and tighter – until, of course, Jill from HR stops by to say hi and a button pops off right into her face! She kinda just looked at me for a second before asking if I was ok, and after I told her “yeah just...clothes shrunk in the wash” she kept said a few more words and then kept moving.

But it didn't even stop there! That was just the start, honestly. I didn't know what to do after I figured out I was growing, but I had already taken the day off earlier and didn't want to go early. Last thing I need is a fun “manager-to-employee” chat that Tom likes to do so much. Ugh.

So I just sorta ignored it...or at least I tried to anyways. I went through my calls and after each one I would check my breasts and they'd be ever-so-slightly bigger than the last call. And then, after a pretty annoying back and forth with a customer who *insisted* he was covered when he wasn't – another button flies off and my bra rips on the side! I couldn't do it anymore after that, I got my shit together and made my way to the door. I could talk to Tom or Morgan or whoever about it tomorrow. I was not walking out of this place topless with tits bigger than my head!

Which...yeah, I think they are bigger than my head now. And I'm just sitting here, writing this, and that

pressure is still just...pushing and building behind the

FUCK! Ok, this is getting really scary now. They just...pushed out, just now as I was writing that. A LOT. It was like my boobs were a tide crossing over the beach, with the desk being the coast. I watched it just slowly cover the surface with each pulse that pushed through them. What the fuck?! How is this possible anymore?! I'm really freaking out right now, its not ok, and Tristan isn't around for a couple of days cuz of work stuff, so I don't know who to ask about this right now...

I'm so tired right now...I think I'm just gonna go to bed after I finish this journal. I can't believe how massive they look...they're like, twice as big as they were before we started this. I push away from my desk and they slap against my rib cage harder than I'd expect...fuck, I'm actually getting kind of turned on by them though?! I can't let Tristan know, but...there's something kind of...thrilling about this, even if it is really, really scary that my boobs are now just randomly growing in front of me at inhuman speeds.

Hopefully that was the big climax for it all and I can start finding ways to go back to my old self pretty soon...

DAY 10

So I called Tristan. Told him to come back as soon as he could. And, in all fairness, he did. He was back this morning, and his jaw nearly hit the floor.

Luckily, when I woke up, it seemed like nothing had changed. My tits are absolutely massive, of course. But they're the same massive they were last night. And now that I haven't been pumping myself with hormones or rubbing myself down with lotion that makes my boobs wanna grow even more, I think I'll be ok from here. I hope, anyways.

I hate the fact that I have to go into work today. The way I left early yesterday...I know they noticed I wasn't there, I had a few missed calls on my phone last night. I'm so stressed my chest feels like its in knots! And that feeling...that pulsing feeling, it started coming back an hour before I had to go to work...this is all so fucking stressful! I'm wearing a damn T-shirt to work! This is ridiculous! It barely fits!! Like, all of my midriff shows, as well as the bottom of my fucking massive tits!

I can't believe it even got this far...they went from DDs to...I dunno, if I had to guess, they'd be an M cup? Maybe even N? I've been looking up a lot of other women my size online, y'know, so I could get an idea of outfits and advice...they seem to do quite well with modeling, honestly. It made me want to take a few pictures of myself and...yeah, I have to admit, they look really, really...really nice. I reached out to a few of them and asked for some tips, and they were all really sweet! The main thing, though, they told me to post if I had grown any bigger recently. The more growth I got in the less amount of

time, the better posts tended to do.

So I posted my pics online, on one of those forum threads I had been looking through. Cropped out my face, of course, but the comparison between my old body and new one, within just a week and a half, was staggering. Immediately I had a flood of comments, most too lewd for me to want to record in here, some giving me supportive remarks and wishing for more 'further developments'. This attention is...its really quite unexpected, honestly. And...since its not anyone I know, there's something that's equal parts creepy and...empowering? I dunno, the last few days have been putting me in a really weird headspace and I'm only getting hornier by the hour today for some reason?

I need to get to work. Hopefully this feeling wears off by the time I get there. Hopefully they don't notice anything wrong with my outfit. I think I'm gonna change into a blouse and button up best I can; I have this really ugly one that my mom gave me for my birthday that was two sizes too big. Could work out now, honestly.

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I don't...really...know how to feel at the moment.

So...ok, the blouse fit. Let's start there. The blouse fit me. The top button didn't go, and the bra I had bought the other day was still two sizes too small, so it was pushing *everything* all the way up, practically into my chin, and there was all this spillage under the bra...God, I just looked like a hot mess today, I know it.

And of course, I get through the door, trying to be low-key...but there's Jill and Tom to greet me at my cubicle. Now I gotta sit through a "talk" like I'm a fucking third grader who broke a bunch of crayons, even though my body is literally *growing by the day*.

I'm thinking about all of this, and how uncomfortable my top feels, and how the words that are coming out of their mouths were slow and distorted and all I felt was this...heat going from my groin alllll the way up to my tits, and then suddenly every single button on my top flew across the fucking cubicle. One knocked right into Tom's eye, and another practically cracked Jill's glasses. Five instant projectiles as my blouse just split open, my tits absolutely *pouring* out of my bra cups. It barely fit this morning and now, here they were, completely failing their task and allowing handfuls of flesh to seep out, my nipples peeking out like little pink half dollars.

They got even bigger. They weren't done. How the *fuck* were they not done?!

They just stared at me. Gawked long and hard as I stood there, paralyzed, bright red in the face (probably), topless, with breasts the size of full watermelons attached to my chest. If it wasn't for my bra, they'd slap the top of my thighs.

And I just ran. I ran the fuck out of there and I don't think I'm ever gonna go back. Not after that. I don't remember what either of them said, but I just got my shit out of the cubicle and got home, one wobbly step at a time. I fell up the stairs a bit on the way up to the apartment and the concrete against my nipple almost made me fucking cum. Outside. On my fucking *staircase*.

What the fuck did Tristan *do* to me? Shit, honestly, what did *I* agree to? He saw me when I got home and the look on his face...like, he was turned on, I knew he was, but he's clearly worried about me. My boobs won't stop growing and neither of us know why. Its fucking terrifying. I can't go to a doctor about it because all the things online warn about these side effects, anyways.

One rare side effect, apparently, is that it can create drug-induced macromastia. Now, all disregards to genetics and science in general aside, if I just gave myself a condition that makes it so your boobs *literally never stop growing*...I don't know what I'm gonna fucking do.

Actually, I do...that post I made blew up. It got to the front page of the general forum, somehow, and was trending. People just...couldn't believe the changes. A lot of people were debating how real it was. And now...well, I posted an update pic, with a paper to confirm today's date and everything, and...well, it immediately started to blow up, even faster than the first page! People were wondering what my social medias were, if I had an OnlyFans...which...I mean...if I can't go back to my old job...

I don't see why I can't pick up something on the side...just until I find something else, anyways.

DAY 31 (? I think?)

Hey there, old diary. Its been a while, hasn't it? I misplaced you in a drawer for a bit, so I kinda lost track after that last entry. I can't believe how much has changed...in just a few weeks, even!

My tits, well...that whole “macromastia” thing? I don't know if I am FULLY convinced of it...but at the same time, I think I'm still in denial as well. I mean, my breasts haven't had too many episodes this week, but...I mean, to be honest, for about a week or two after my last entry, my boobs continued to have random “spurts”. They weren't all as bad as the office one, but...well, I guess I should just try to describe how big I am now. I think that's important.

I think I read that I was watermelons last time I wrote something? Well, I'm way past double that, now...yeah, I'm a pretty short girl, so my tits rest on my knees while standing these days. They stick out a good foot and a half in front of me. I really have to watch when I come around corners down hallways these days, heh. It was starting to become a challenge, typing down these journal entries...but I have mastered the art of balancing a book on these shelf-titties, haha!

Ah, yeah, I should also mention...well, Tristan and I were trying to figure out what to do with the rest of that flaxseed oil stuff. You see, I didn't feel comfortable just dumping it down the sink. And I didn't wanna just give it away, knowing what it was capable of. I don't know if it was the wine we were drinking that night or just the fact that I didn't want to waste something that made me feel so good, we decided to try it out...somewhere else.

My logic was: this is oil for your boobs. It grows your boobs. SPECIFICALLY boobs. There's no WAY it would work on my butt. Massage it down with that stuff, I get to feel those tingles I felt every time before on my tits (maybe), except in a slightly different place, and there's no consequences! And even if it did, and I will quote what I said in the moment: "how big could that stuff possibly make my ass, anyways?"

I never learn my lessons, I swear. Tristan rubs me down with that stuff, using a full half bottle of it. Considering we stopped using it so early on, I'm surprised there wasn't more of it left...but anyways, those tingles swoop in and I'm grinding on him and he's grinding on me and its getting really warm and I get really, really horny...and Tristan got really horny...and we just sorta...got into it for a while.....

And then when we finished, I laid down and felt my back arched way more than before. I felt myself squish and jiggle around and immediately said "oh no. oh don't tell me."

I don't know why or how or what I've done to myself to make me react the way I do to this stuff, but I swear, that oil did more damage to my ass than my tits. I mean, it just started to pulse and push out in these...massive surges. I had a petite little backside with a slight shelf, before...a really nice hourglass! Then I went and massaged myself with growth oil for an hour and it just started to grow, and grow, and grow! It went on for like...an hour, and I ended up having cheeks as big as fucking *basketballs*! My tits still reign supreme, but...I mean, I guess I'm glad I'm balanced out at least?

Anyways, now that the old job was canned, I started up that OnlyFans, and...let me tell you, they have really, really enjoyed this arc I've been on. Within those weeks, I have gotten hundreds of people to sign up and the money has *really* rolled in. Tristan is ecstatic! He's been so supportive of me and knows that my eyes are only for him...

Speaking of, he recommended that I post this journal of mine as well. Said it would probably get some good attention as well. Can't really argue with him. I'm not always the best storyteller, but he told me that...that's not exactly the point. The journey was the fun part to share. And the fact that it was a real, tangible journey, documented with images and thoughts, made it so much better than others.

Oh yeah, we finally set a date for the wedding this summer! Finding a dress is certainly...well, that's a challenge for another day, haha. I think everything is gonna work. This is gonna be my last entry for...I dunno, probably forever.

I think its all gonna be ok. No matter how I grow. Its all gonna be ok :)

THE END