

A Woman of Culture

by Rack-Coon

“And here we have a fertility idol from a tribe of the Malay Archipelago” the director said as he held up the small statue with the enormous breasts. Despite the figure being around the size of his hands, he had trouble to put his fingers around the wide curves of her bosom, barely fitting into his palms. Eclipsing her body her breasts flowed on the lap of the kneeling woman, her head just poking out above their gap. Strands of her stone hair curled up on her gigantic bust, her arms cupped underneath them. Claw-like fingers clenched the slopes up to their front, her facial features a horrendous grimace.

“After his last expedition, Lord Remington Edge was so kind to donate it to the museum” the director called over the crowd in front of him, turning it in his hands so everyone could see the busty figure from all angles. “We know little of its purpose and origins, but the emphasis on the breasts, exceptional even for the standards of primal cultures, clearly indicates it as a fertility goddess of the highest ranks, possibly related to copulation rituals – perhaps even human sacrifices!”

Excited murmurs were exchanged among the middle-aged and elder gentleman gathered in the hall. Behind the rows of lords in suits and top hats leaning onto canes of oak and gold, two women were standing a bit off in the background. One was wearing the typical attire of a maid, a white apron over a black dress, although with an untypically short skirt. A maid cap was tucked into her auburn hair, which was tied into a short braid falling down her neck, tied with a small black ribbon.

The woman next to her was dressed in a formal red attire. Mostly simple in design, with little ornaments on the sleeves and skirt, intricate decorations were woven around the chest part of the bodice: Framed by ruffles, a field of golden fabric covered her nimble bosom. Several seams ran horizontally over the fabric, with a large vertical one between her little breasts in the middle. In each field separated by seams, ornate vines with pink violets were stitched into the fabric, the vines forming a spiral around her right breast while the left was crowned by a blossom. The pleated braids of her hair were tied in an updo hairstyle, leaving her forehead free while giving the front of her black hair a lot of volume.

Over the fan she held, a simple one made of wood and paper, the woman glanced at the statue the director was holding. Listening to his explanations, her red lips curled to a smile, and she giggled quietly. “Pardon the question, Lady Ivy, but may I ask what is so amusing?” the maid whispered to her, her voice calm and polite.

Without averting her gaze from the figure, Ivy leaned towards her. “That is not a fertility idol, Joan, but a sculpture of a Hantu Tetek” she told her, cautious her voice would not be picked up by the mumbling gentlemen. “The Malaysian revere them as breast ghost witches.”

Joan arched an eyebrow. “Breast ghost witches?”

Fan in front of her mouth, Ivy leaned even closer. “According to legend they roam the night, lurking for victims to crush with their bosom. Some say they punish naughty children by suffocating them with their breasts.” A gleam in her verdant eyes she smiled at Joan. “Though if you ask me, that’s more like an incentive to be naughty, wouldn’t you agree?”

Joan didn’t reply, keeping a straight face as she looked at the statue. After finishing his monologue, the director put it back on the showcase, next to a couple of other Malaysian items.

“And this concludes our little tour through the primitive cultures of the Empire” he said to the audience, his white mustache curling up as he grinned with pride. “After a long time of preparation and thanks to the efforts of countless gentlemen, it will officially open for London’s public tomorrow!”

“*Oh yes*”, Ivy thought, imaging all the efforts it took to acquire these exhibits – raiding villages for instance, or plundering temples, or pulling the trigger of a gun...

“Now, you may explore the exhibition on your own leisure.” Hand in front of his chest, the director made a slight bow. “I thank you for your attention and hope you enjoy your stay at our humble museum.”

The gentlemen heartily applauded the director, who visibly basked in the applause. Ivy also clapped her hands, if with a bit more reserve. Moments later the crowd had scattered into small bulks around the showcases, engaged in conversation. While some were discussing the exhibits, it was mostly the typical London upper-class talk, centered around politics, gossip and the greatness of the empire.

Surrounded by flocks of men, Ivy fanned some air to her face. “Shall I call for a carriage?” Joan quietly asked.

Ivy hushed a smile at her. “You are a true gem, my dear. However, I’m afraid leaving so soon would leave a bad impression.” She closed her fan, putting it in the sleeve of her dress. “Let us take the director’s advice and stroll around a bit. You don’t need to stick by me – I will call if I need something.”

“Very well, Lady Ivy.” Joan indicated a bow, before turning around. Ivy glanced for a second at her cute little bum as she walked away, before moving through the hall on her own. Her long skirt rustled around her backside, the grand, tubular folds falling from her petite behind down on the marble floor tiles. Unlike other women of London’s upper

class, she was not donning some contraption that blew her skirt up to twice its volume – not that she minded the sight, she just preferred not to flaunt curves she didn't possess.

A few men tipped their top hats when Ivy passed by, to which she courteously smiled back, while making sure never to stay long enough to get caught up in a conversation. A couple of cases had been lifted to grant a better view at the items, which some gentlemen understood as an invitation to take them in their hands when the director wasn't looking (the "fertility idol" was especially popular). Objects from all over the empire were on display, roughly sorted by region. Unfortunately, Ivy found the descriptions on the plates were often lacking: In addition to calling the Hantu Tetek a fertility idol, they labelled all terms from the Indonesian islands as Malaysian, even those clearly belonging to other ethnic groups. The cultures of the African colonies were a complete mess, and India was little better, taking no regard for different ethnic groups and cultures. Also, the words "barbaric" and "primitive" were used far too often for her liking. Still, she did enjoy the little stroll, if just for the chance of looking at cultures from all around the world – even though knowing almost all the items had been forcefully taken left a bitter taste in her mouth.

While most visitors remained in the main hall, Ivy ventured into one of the side chambers. Inside, there were displays of items from various indigenous tribes of North America. "*Not quite up to date*", she thought, uncertain if the fact the director still considered America part of the Empire amused or concerned her. Various weapons, clothes, even a tent were on display in the small room, randomly mixed from all over the continent. She was about to leave again when something caught her eye.

In an open showcase, a piece of cloth had been laid out. The edges had countless fringes, so long they almost draped from the vitrine to the floor. On the cloth itself the clay statue of a woman was resting – and what a woman it was. Though simple and crude in design, it was apparent her body sported massive curves, beyond anything natural.

Curious, Ivy walked closer. While not as grand as the Hantu Tetek's, the statue's rack was more than impressive, reaching past her shoulders and down half her abdomen. The lower half was equally voluptuous, with a rear that matched even the largest of dresses some English noblewomen walked around in. Aside from the curves, there was little remarkable about the statue. Features and clothes were only vaguely recognizable, lacking the craftsmanship Ivy usually associated with American pottery. It was mostly the motif that piqued her interest, making her take a thorough look at it.

"Enjoying the exhibition?"

Ivy nearly jumped at the voice. Over her shoulder, she saw the corpulent figure of the director standing behind her. Top hat in his hands, the few strands of his white hair were combed over his head to cover his bald spot. As he looked over his tiny glasses at her, Ivy politely returned his smile. "But of course. And let me once again express my gratitude for inviting me."

“Oh, don’t mention it” the director said, his chest puffing up. “I figured you must be very lonely and bored at home all day – without a husband.”

Seeing his features lite up as he said this, Ivy resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

“So, you’re interested in this statue?” he asked, stepping to her side. “Ah yes. Another fertility idol. Quite astonishing what traditions some of these primitive cultures share, don’t you agree?”

“If you say so” Ivy replied, not correcting the director on his idol. Glancing at the cloth, she asked: “Pardon the question, but is this perhaps a medicine bag?”

“How very sharp!” the director complimented her. “You are a remarkably educated lady, you know that?”

Almost a whole minute before he brought up her gender – what a remarkably progressive man!

“This item here is actually an heirloom of my family” he explained. “You see, one of my ancestors belonged to the troops who liberated America from the barbarians. One day, he fought an especially brutal and cunning chieftain. He lost his hand in the fight, but in the end remained victorious, taking his medicine bag as a trophy.” Beneath his mustache, his lips curled up to a smile. “Although the tradition is rather common among American primitives, there aren’t a lot of those bags in possession of English societies, making them rare exhibits.”

“Well, medicine bags are valuable artifacts in many American cultures” Ivy said, eyes on the statue. “They carry items of great personal value to the wielder, to help them on their search for visions.” From the side, Ivy glanced at the director. “Only the wielder is supposed to know the bag’s contents. Putting them on display like this is an affront to their culture.”

“Which is why it’s especially fortunate our museum has the chance to do present one to the public of London” the director said proudly.

Inaudibly, Ivy sighed.

“Though I must confess, the secretiveness of the tradition makes it seem more fascinating than it really is” he continued with some disappointment. “Only this statue here was interesting enough to display along the bag – the rest of the items I decided to leave in the storage of the museum.”

Between the Hantu Tetek and this figure, Ivy got a fairly good idea of this man’s interests. Not that she had a right to judge him for that, given her own preferences.

The director then craned his neck, looking towards the main hall. “As much as I would love to spend more time with you, milady, I am afraid I must tend to my other guests”

he apologized, putting his top hat back on his head while making a slight bow. “If you would excuse me?”

Ivy bowed back. “Naturally. Thank you for taking some time for me.”

“It was my pleasure.” After flashing a smile a little too suggestive for her comfort, he walked back to the main hall.

Left on her own, Ivy continued to inspect the statue. She glanced at the door to the main hall, making sure the director wasn’t looking her way, then carefully picked it up, one hand embracing the breasts, the other the butt. “Pardon me please, I promise to be gentle” she whispered while running her hands over its curves.

Something wasn’t right. As crude as it was, the statue was clearly of Pueblo American origin – a region colonized by the Spanish, not British, meaning the story about the director’s ancestor was only partially true, at best. From what she knew, the Pueblos also didn’t worship fertility idols, and even if, this statue was far too amateurishly crafted to be a religious item. Yet the fact it was in a medicine bag meant it must have been of immense value to its wielder.

“*Maybe he just liked curvy ladies*” she joked, smirking at the idea of the statue having been crafted out of lust. It reminded her how when she was coming off age, she had started drawing exceptionally curvaceous women. Granted, compared to her crude paintings, the statue was high art. Yet she fondly remembered how she had spent nights sketching women with breasts barely fitting on a canvas, much larger than those of the little figurine in her hands...

A sudden dizziness overcame her. Her vision blurred, and for a moment, she felt like she was about to faint. Taking her hand off the statue’s butt she grabbed the edge of the vitrine. Eyes closed she shook it off, requiring a moment until it didn’t feel like everything was spinning around her. “My, my” she murmured to herself “They should open a window in here, the air is really... really...”

She paused, holding on even tighter to the case as another sensation overcame her – more specifically, her chest. Her eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when she saw her dress bulging around it. Slowly, the seams that gently cambered over her faint bosom were arching from her. Against the golden fabric framed by the ruffles, her breasts were billowing larger, tenting up her dress around their rising slopes. From barely visible swells, they surged to the shape of small hemispheres, gradually bending the seams the larger they grew. More and more prominently, the pattern of vines accented their shape and size, billowing around their prospering curves as the fabric was steadily pushed forward. While the horizontal seams vaulted across the bulging swells of her chest, the vertical seam separating them remained stout, the slopes rising around it. However, as they billowed into little domes, softly pulling the fabric up their curves, the vertical seam slightly arched as well, rising between her small mounds.

Aghast, Ivy stared at her growing bosom. “W... what in the name of the queen?” As her breasts were starting to bend against the ruffles framing her chest, the growth spurt ended as sudden as it had come over her. Having lost some of its nimbleness, they stuck from her as if she had clenched her fists under her dress.

“This can’t be...” Her hand shook as she raised it towards her breast. The fabric creased around her fingers as she cupped one breast. It wasn’t much, but her curves vaulted her palm, clearly bigger than they had been a few moments ago.

Pleasantly so...

Again, her gaze shifted to the main hall. When sure no one was looking her way, she put the statue back on the cloth, then started kneaded and massaging her bust with both hands. Fabric and flesh moved under her fingers, while her thumbs pushed into their surface, ploughing the small mass of her bosom. After some more fondling, she let her hands rest on her breasts, simply enjoying how they arched over her curves.

“This can’t be real, but it is” she whispered. Then, her eyes set onto the little statue, before wandering to the piece of cloth it was lying on. Many aspects of the Native Americans were elusive to her, but she knew several cultures believed medicine bags could trigger spiritual visions. Was that what just had happened to her? Did she have a vision that caused her body to... change?

Noise caught her attention. A group of gentlemen entered the chamber, talking and laughing. Quickly Ivy took her hands off her. As the men approached, she kept her back turned to them, smiling over her shoulder when they tipped their hats. More people entered, scattering around the exhibits. Ivy tried to shield the figurine from their eyes, while sneaking glances towards the main hall. When Joan popped up in the doorframe, she quickly waved her towards her.

“Joan, you need to do my favor” Ivy hushed as her maid approached. “Please be so kind and cause a small distraction, so no one will take notice of me.”

Joan’s hazel eyes met the emerald-green gaze of her mistress, before shifting to her enlarged chest. Though obviously noticing the changes, her face didn’t flinch as she made a slight bow. “As you wish” she simply replied, then turned around. After walking into the center of the room she suddenly tripped and fell. Everyone in the hall turned their heads when she got back up on her feet.

“Pardon me” she said, brushing some dust off before walking on. However, all eyes in the room still lingered on her, for as she had fallen, her skirt had ridden up her butt. Folded over the top of her rear the majority of her small but firm cheeks were exposed, tightly hugged by a pair of silken, lacey panties. Pretending to be oblivious to her wardrobe malfunction, Joan walked to a display of native American clothes, opposite to where her mistress stood, positioning herself so her behind was well visible to everyone

in the room. Though the gentlemen turned their attention back to the items on display, they kept stealing glances at the fine silk hugging Joan's buttocks.

Watching her maid Ivy couldn't help but chuckle. "*Joan, you little minx.*"

Certain no one would pay her any mind she picked up the figurine again. As she ran her hands over its lush curves, she tried to remember what had triggered the growth. The paintings, she had thought about the paintings of her teen years, when she had discovered her affection for lush curves and begun fantasizing about them. Maybe, she thought as she looked at the statue, her jest was the truth? That whoever had crafted this did not do so for a religious purpose, but simply because he liked big breasts and butts? Similar to how she had painted curvaceous women, this man had made clay figures and put one of them into his medicine bag, maybe even the very first he had ever created? And kept it secret from everyone around him?

Her paintings had been a secret, too. At times, she thought about it as a fun little adventure: Sneaking canvasses, paint and brushes into her room to draw out her fantasies. Still, having to paint at night when no one could barge into her room, in the dim light of a small lamp, then waking up before everyone else to stash the dried paintings under her bed, it wasn't always just a thrill. There were times when she had been scared. Scared someone found her paintings. Scared someone found out about her desires. A slight shudder went through her, before she looked back at the statue. Was it the same for whoever had crafted this? Did he also have to hide his passions, stash them in the secrecy of his medicine bag, always nervous someone might find out about them?

Her musings were cut short by another dizziness. Under her skirt, her legs were shaking, but she stood firm as the tingle returned to her bosom. Once more, the fabric around her chest bulged, the round swells spreading away from her. While cambering over the growing curvature of her bosom the seams drifted apart from each other, the golden fabric stretching between them alongside the pattern of vines and blossoms. In addition to pushing forth the violets on her dress, her breasts arched against the ruffles framing them, gently pushing away the puffy frills surrounding the gold. Billowing outwards, her bust line bit by bit protruded beyond the ruffles, standing with growing prominence from Ivy's chest. As they pulled the thick seam between them forward, hiding their inner curves behind the rising fabric, a little pocket formed underneath the fabric. While filling the space inside her dress, the swelling curves of her breast pressed against it, stretching the golden material while pushing it forward.

Standing with her face to the wall, arms on her sides to prevent glances from the side, Ivy hid the growing girth of her bust from the gentlemen in the room. However, as her breasts swelled to the size of small apples, she suddenly realized the tingle was not just in her bosom.

"Oh my!" it slipped through her lips, resisting the instinct to cover her bum with her hands. Under her dress, the swells of her behind were slowly starting to bulge. The flat

cheeks perked up and gained volume, billowing the thick fabric of her dress. Ivy peeked down her back, just in time to see the plain seat of her skirt arch around her growing rear. Little by little, a slight curve cambered from her lower back to her butt, her buttocks pressing a growing bump into her skirt. And although the slack of her skirt hid her hips and thighs, Ivy felt they were growing as well, spreading out in the space of her dress. Gradually, the gap between her thighs was closing from the top down to her knees, their flesh billowing in all directions. Her hips, barely curving from her waist to her legs, were also blowing up and becoming wider, puffing up her skirt while providing her rear a frame to grow out from.

“This is quite... unexpected.” Just like before, the rush of growth faded as quickly as it had come over Ivy, leaving her with a slightly more stacked bosom and butt. A blush on her cheeks, Ivy scanned the room over her shoulder. Luckily, the silken underwear of Joan still drew all occasional gazes towards it, no one noticing Ivy’s behind was packing a few more ounces. Putting down the statue, Ivy hefted her breasts in her hands, groping their swollen flesh, before placing them on her butt. Palms on the bottoms of her cheeks, she pulled her skirt smooth to get a better grasp at their size and shape. While not by much, they were noticeably larger than before, giving her some well-defined curves that firmly projected behind her. Her skirt draped down her butt again as her hands wandered to her thighs, feeling their slightly swollen curves through the fabric, before moving over her enhanced hips up her waist back to cup her breasts again.

Staring at the very swells in her fingers, Ivy swallowed. A strange artifact, or rather, a strange connection between its original owner and her had caused her body to change in unnatural ways. And after expanding her chest, it had also blown up her butt, shaping her figure into a slight, but distinct hourglass.

A smirk suddenly crossed her face. This was unnatural, unbelievable – but, as she thought while feeling her curves hug her dress, not unwelcome.

Again, she grabbed the statue, clenching its curves as she once more relived the memories of her teenage years. However, no matter how intensely she tried to evoke the emotions from back then, nothing happened. “Come on, just a little more” she quietly begged the statue. But it was to no avail – she seemed to have used it up.

Frustrated, she turned the curvaceous figure in her hands. Her gaze then fell past it on the medicine bag. An idea struck her mind. She put the statue down on it, then walked back to the main hall. While looking around, she noticed a few whispers around her, as well as some heads turning her direction – the puffs around her chest and skirt didn’t go unnoticed. Chuckling, Ivy continued to search the hall, flaunting her curves a little by swaying her hips and arching her back, until she spotted the director. When he left a group of gentlemen discussing a collection of bronze statues, she approached him.

“Beg my pardon” she said with a smile “However, I remember your lordship mentioned a storage in the back of the museum?”

As the director turned at her, his eyes focused for a moment on her bust, before quickly looking up into her eyes. “That, um, that is correct. It’s where we store the items that are currently not on display.”

“How fascinating!” Ivy soothed, stepping a little closer. “Would it be possible to have a look at these hidden treasures? I’d be more than delighted to see what else your museum has to offer.”

Clearly flustered by Ivy’s bosom being so close to him, the director cleared his throat. “I’m sorry, but I’m afraid that part of the museum is closed for the public.”

“Really? What a shame” Ivy pouted. “I was hoping you could show me around, tell me about your fascinating collection.” She leaned towards him, just so her breasts gazed his suit. “You know” she whispered with a sweet voice “I love the company of intellectual men.”

Sweat on his face, the director pulled on the collar of his jacket. However, he couldn’t hide the grin under his mustache. “W-well, for a lady with such an interest in the academic, I presume we can make an exception.”

“I very much appreciate it” Ivy thanked him, pinching her skirt as she made a slight bow. “There’s a small matter I need to attend to first. If you don’t mind?”

“But of course.” Again, Ivy bowed slightly, smiling over her shoulder at the director as she walked away. While returning to the Native American section she strutted her hips a little, certain the director was catching a glimpse at skirt rustling around her rump.

Back in the American section she looked for Joan, eventually spotting her in front of the tent. She had pulled her skirt down her butt again, Ivy catching some gentlemen staring with some sorrow at it. As her and Joan’s eyes met Ivy made a sign for her to come over.

“I need you to do me another favor” she whispered once Joan was in ear-range. “Wait twenty minutes, then discretely cause a commotion – something just severe enough that it will require the director to be called to the scene. Do you think you can do that?”

After looking with a straight face into her mistress’ eyes Joan glanced down at her bust, then around her body at her rear, before staring back at her face. “I will arrange something” she simply replied, not flinching in the slightest.

Ivy snickered. “Whatever would I do without you?”

Turning around, she walked back to the main hall where the director was waiting for her. “Shall we?” she asked, smiling.

“And this here is a collection of spears from Myanmar” the director explained, proudly pointing over a row of spears lined up on the shelf. “Most likely from a tribe of cannibals.”

“Fascinating” Ivy said, doing her best to feign interest. Myanmar was a kingdom on the Asian mainland, not some island in the Pacific as this man seemed to believe.

“And right on the other side, an Egyptian sarcophagus with the mummy of an unknown king” he continued, gesturing to the shelf on the other side, where a large golden sarcophagus was leaning. From its appearance, Ivy immediately recognized it was the that of a priest, not a king. “A magnificent piece, but unfortunately, our museum is already exhibiting several other mummies – and we don’t want our visitors to get tangle up in the past” he joked.

Ivy chuckled politely. *“Come on, Joan, what’s holding you up?”*

It wasn’t like she was appalled by the place – quite the contrary: Putting aside how all these items had gotten here, the storage in the back of the museum was a hall brim with culture, a maze of shelves that contained national treasures from all around the Empire and beyond. And despite the bias of the director, it wasn’t like all he said was bogus. However, every time her skirt shifted around her butt, every time she felt the tightness of her dress around her chest, she was reminded of why she was here, making it hard for her to focus on something else.

Finally, as the director was about to show her an Australian wind instrument he could barely pronounce, the echo of the door opening, followed by rapid footsteps caught his attention. “Director! Director!” a voice called out. Both Ivy and the director turned their heads at the man hurrying around an aisle of shelves towards them.

“What is it?” the director asked, furrowing his brows. The man had to catch his breath before he leaned towards the director. As he whispered something in his ear, the color drained from the director’s face. “I’m, um, I’m afraid there is an urgent matter that requires my attention” he apologized to Ivy, quickly bowing at her. “I will be back as soon as I can.” He didn’t wait for a reply as he and his employee rushed past her, vanishing in the maze of shelves. After hearing the door close behind them, Ivy arched an eyebrow.

“What did you cook up, Joan?” she wondered, before turning to the task at hand. It took a while until she understood how the items were organized, leading her to a shelf in the corner of the hall. On a board on height of her chest, several small items were lying, a little plate marking them as contents of a medicine bag. “There you are. Now let’s see...”

Three pieces belonged to the inscription: The head of an arrow, the tooth of an animal, and a bundle of bandages – not quite as implicative as a ludicrously curvaceous statue, she thought. Still, the whole growth-vision phenomenon was so bizarre, even without a hyper-sexualized lump of clay it was worth a shot.

First, she picked up the arrowhead, careful not to cut herself. Her caution turned out to be unnecessary though, for time had made the tip and sides dull. Thoroughly inspecting it, Ivy found a piece of the shaft still attached, but other than that nothing remarkable about it. “That’s the problem with items only valuable to the ones who own them” she mumbled as she held the arrowhead above her. “Making sense of their meaning can be quite the challenge.”

She pursed her lips. What value could an arrowhead have? Maybe the owner was a hunter and had shot some big game with it? The animal tooth supported that. But why keep the arrowhead and not just a trophy of the animal? She tapped the side of the arrow, pondering. What if the owner of the medicine bag was a warrior, it struck her, and the arrowhead stemmed from a battle? After shooting an enemy in his chest, he had ripped it out of his heart and kept it as a sign of his victory – a cliché thought, but it made Ivy chuckle.

A sudden dizziness cut off her laughter. Her senses sharpened as she felt the tingle in her body, spreading through her chest and butt. The seams of her dress cambered around her breasts, moving apart as they reached away from her. Fabric and vines stretched between the thick golden threads, which steadily looked thinner on her ballooning bust. The flanks continued to bulge against the ruffles, pushing them aside while arching beyond them. The further her dress billowed over the volume, the deeper her neckline was sliding. Little by little, it curved away from her neck towards the rising crests of her bust. Their slopes wrapping the fabric around them, they pushed up her sternum, while the bottoms of her bosom swelled below her ribcage. Meanwhile the front of her breasts reached outwards, pushing the vertical seam between them and making it camber over her chest. Though slowly approaching the level of her bust line, the seam still it clearly divided her bosom in the middle, each breast individually pressing against her dress while swelling towards each other underneath it, the gap between them closing until it was a steep, steadily narrower abyss.

Alongside her bust, the swelling sensation was also taking over her lower body. Steadily thicker the curves of her bottom were getting, bulging inside her skirt. As it perked up around her rear, the fabric slowly smoothed over the bump that arched behind her, the firm shape shining more and more clearly through the fabric. Little by little, the crests of her buttocks pushed beyond the fabric falling from the bottom of her bum, causing it to fall a little more steeply on her thighs. Though her dress covered their growth Ivy could feel her legs squishing against each other right below her bum, the squeeze zone gradually expanding towards her knees as her thighs reached around. Across her hips meanwhile, the curve in her dress steadily vaulted, bulging like an iron bar bent by a showman on a carnival. Away from her waist her hips flared out from her, framing her expanding backside.

The growth was intense, but short-lived. Once her breasts had blown up so far they could fill a large teacup each and her behind was considerably larger than before, it ended. The

arrowhead in one hand Ivy squeezed it against her bust, while feeling the girth of her butt with her other hand.

“Looks like I’m onto something” she noted, gleefully fondling her curves. After enjoying herself a bit, she put her mind back on the arrowhead. So, it seemed the owner really was a warrior. After shooting an enemy, he ripped the arrow out of his body. It must have been a tremendous foe, maybe the leader of an enemy army – perhaps a member of the Spanish army? Could this arrow have been shot in the Pueblo revolution in the late 17th century? Ivy pictured it in her mind, a boisterous general riding into battle when suddenly, an arrow pierced his armor, causing him to cry in pain as he fell off his horse. Panicked, the Spanish army fled, and the archer was celebrated as a hero.

However, as she went along with this line of thoughts, nothing happened. No dizziness, no tingle, nothing.

Feeling she was getting off track, she imagined other scenarios: A war with another tribe, revenge for a beloved one, a bitter rivalry that ended in bloodshed. “Gosh, I’m no better than the director” Ivy realized as her thoughts drifted more and more into clichés and stereotypes. Also, nothing gave her a reaction – something had triggered a vision, but she had lost the trail. Sighing, she put the arrowhead back on the shelf. For the moment, it was better to focus on something else.

The bandages seemed even more of a puzzle, so she picked up the animal tooth. Her knowledge about animals was limited, but it certainly was the fang of a predator. Maybe he was a hunter after all, Ivy thought, who had struck down a violent beast that rampaged his village? Although, as she turned the fang in her hand, it was a bit small for a violent beast, easily fitting on the cup of her finger. “Enough with the clichés!” she scolded herself. “Get serious, Ivy!”

Once more, she looked at the fang. Taking the signs of age aside, it was in surprisingly well shape for a carnivore – she knew a lot of humans with worse teeth. It was almost as if someone had tended to it...

“A pet!” it struck her. “It’s from the pet of the owner!”

Though weakly, a sensation overcame her. She held on to it, further pursuing the thought. A pet, probably a dog. This one must have been very dear to its owner if he had kept a tooth of it in his medicine bag. Ivy also used to have a dog when she was younger: A three-legged one had once approached her on the street, begging for food. She had made a habit of feeding him whenever she came by, until eventually, she snuck him home with her. For months, she had kept him secretly in her room alongside her paintings, fed him, tended to him, even took him out for a little walk every day (as far as his three legs would allow). Only a few selected servants had known of her friend and helped her keep his presence a secret. He had been her only companion while painting at night, the only one she could share her desires with. Often, when she had lain in bed, her loyal companion on her lap as her thoughts drifted into curvaceous fantasies, she

had imagined a body like those from her paintings, with her little pal resting inside her cleavage, or on the wide desk of her rear...

The sensations grew stronger. Fighting down the dizziness, she clenched the fang in her fist. How strong had their bond been? How much time did that man and his dog have together? Ivy's own dog, her precious little Sphinx, they had to part way too soon. She tried her best to care for him, but despite all her efforts, the wound on his leg became infected. When he was in such pain he wouldn't even eat anymore, she had no choice but to put him down. For nights she had cried after this, and the thought still churned up her insides to this very day.

Still fighting the dizziness, she looked at the fang in her hand. Was it the same for them? Did the owner of the bag also have to put down his loyal companion, the only who he could share his secrets with? His secrets and... fantasies?

The sensations inside her boiled up, to the point Ivy could no longer hold them back. Her vision blurred as images popped up in her mind, faint and unrecognizable. Yet, as smeared as the images were, the emotions they evoked were crystal clear to her: Love, friendship – and sadness.

Stronger than before, a tingle engulfed her breasts and buttocks. Her mind in a daze, her curves once more swelled larger, spreading out behind and in front of her. Against the ruffles framing her chest, the flanks of her bust were cambering, pushing them aside and squashing them under their slopes as they bent over. Further and more clearly, the steadily wider bulges reached beyond her, expanding past the sides of her body. While reaching over her arms, her breasts continued to swell up and down her body, also overlapping her body. Billowing higher, they obscured her sternum and rose towards her neck, stretching the fabric from her shoulders up their crests. Similarly, their bottoms plumped down her ribs, the transition from the red to the golden fabric creasing as it was pulled up the bottom slopes. Cambering in all directions, her breasts were turning more globular by the second, large enough to fill a bowl of soup. Forcing their shape into her dress, the curves of each breast distinguished themselves, the vertical seam snuggling the slopes as they arched around it and against the horizontal seams.

While her bust flared forward, the cheeks of her bum protruded in the other direction. The further they swelled behind her, bulging from her lower back, the wider their slopes were spreading out. What was left of slack and wrinkles on the seat of her dress gradually smoothed, until it rested form-fittingly tight on her posterior. While the fabric continued to bulge across her growing cheeks, it slowly began to camber inwards between them. The slight dent in the skirt, the subtle play of light and shadow began to indicate the slopes between her butt cheeks, making each stick more prominently behind her. After a while, little wrinkles formed over the center of her rear, steadily billowing the further they were pushed back by her expanding backside. At the same time, as the centers of her bum reached behind her they were bending over the folds draping from her rear, forming a knit that made her skirt fall more prominently off the bottom slopes

of her butt. As her growing backside pushed back her skirt it hid the growth of her thighs a little from behind, despite them steadily swelling against the wrinkled fabric. On the front, the curves of her legs gradually shined through as they smoothed her skirt across them, while billowing it alongside her hips on the sides. Matching her buttocks, her hips expanded to the sides, the curve from her waist growing wider while they pushed the seam of her skirt up her body, giving her lower half a more defined shape by the second.

While her lower body turned into a pear, her torso was shaped into a strawberry. Approaching the size of small melons, each breast jutted stoutly from her, wrapping the golden fabric and seams around them. Bulges of flesh rolled like a slow avalanche down her ribcage as the peaks of their undersides steadily lolled deeper, casting a growing shadow on her waist. Meanwhile, their tops ascended above the level of the neckline, around the height of her shoulders, hiding it from the front while slowly peeling it off her chest. Steadily the rim of her dress hovered towards her bosom, the straight line arching little by little towards the middle. It didn't take long until the neckline had bridged the gap, now smoothly gliding across the inflating slopes of her rack. Her cleavage gradually spread across the top of her bosom, expanding into a scoop-neck. Behind her growing décolleté, the swells of her flesh bulged upwards, blowing out of her dress like little bubbles of flesh.

However, her bosom wasn't just bulging as a whole: Although the seams stretched across her bosom, they did hinder its growth. More and more prominently, they cut into their surface, causing the fabric between them to billow. Especially at the front, bumps formed between the seams, further warping the floral pattern as the golden fabric tried to stretch around them. Steadily the blossoms and vines expanded across the bulges as they pushed from underneath, the whirl in the center of her right breast stretching from its center outwards while the outlines of the violet decorating her left breast blurred as it grew on top of it. Meanwhile, as her bosom squashed against the ruffles on either side of it, it slowly began to pull them up its exorbitant flanks. The squeezed ruffles unfolded again as they were gliding out from the edge of her breasts and body, reaching up the swelling sides of her bust. Upper arms close to her body their sleeves were steadily vanishing behind her breasts, a gradually larger back slope reaching past each shoulder.

Overwhelmed by the growth Ivy stumbled backwards, careful not to bump into anything with her curves. The more absurd the proportions of her body became, the more her dress constricted them. It snuggled her shapely rear, the crack between her cheeks popping as the fabric dented and creased over their inner slopes. Similarly, the seams cut into her bosom, the horizontal ones separating it in zones while the vertical one divided it in the middle. With reserve, the thick thread cambered between her breasts as they steadily bulged around it. "And I thought wearing a corset was bad" Ivy mumbled, her breath a bit shallow. When the pressure was becoming too much, the seam suddenly tore in the middle, splitting her dress. While Ivy gasped for air the sides of the tear curved outwards, allowing a palm-sized cleavage window to gape in her dress. In addition to bubbling out of her neckline, her breasts were also oozing through that tear,

Ivy feeling as bulges formed and they pushed against the fabric, slowly expanding the rift.

A little relieved, Ivy let out a sigh. At the same time, she felt the tingle in her body weaken. Her curves reached out a little further, pushing the floral pattern forth between the seams while cambering the seat of her skirt. Eventually, the swelling subsided, only leaving the sensation of how huge her curves were.

A sensation Ivy was most delighted about.

It took a moment for her to grasp the new extent of her body. Breasts as large as her head, perhaps a bit bigger, her neckline revealed a small scoop and the tear a little window of cleavage. The horizontal seams cut into their surface, with bulges of her dress sticking out between them. Matching her rack, her rear reached from her lower body in a grand curve, her hips protruding well beyond her shoulders. Even the thickness of her thighs was shining through her skirt, the hem of which having risen just a tad above the ground on the backside. With how far her rump pushed against her skirt, it looked like one of the contraptions many other noblewomen used to bolster their curves – except it wasn't some metal that billowed her skirt, but her very own flesh.

She pressed the hand holding the tooth against her bust, while running her other over her butt. Her skirt creased behind her fingers as they followed the slopes arching from her back, while the golden fabric over her chest only slightly knitted around her palm, due to how skin-tight it was lying on her bust. Her body was out of this world, an hourglass made into flesh. Grabbing her massive proportions, only one thought was going through Ivy's mind:

“How much bigger can I get?”

As she said it aloud and it echoed through the hall, she couldn't help but chuckle. She gave her bum and bosom a good grope, kneading her flesh a little before turning back to the shelf. After putting down the tooth, she picked up the last item, the bandages. Age had made them brittle and weak, so she was especially careful when inspecting them on her palm. A bundle of wrappings, she wondered if she should try and unravel them, but out of fear it might fall apart she simply turned it in her hand.

Her first thought of course was the bandage had been used to treat a wound. But while there was a lot of dirt and dust on it, she spotted no signs of blood stains. Carefully, she lifted it to her nose. Aside from the reek of age, a distinct smell of sweat was steaming from it. “Odd” she mumbled. If the smell of sweat was still prevalent after all these years, it must have been deeply carved into the fabric. While holding it at her face, her eyes picked up ripped ends inside the bundle. Giving it another look, it turned out to be made up of several ripped bandages.

“*I'm missing something*” – that thought rotated in Ivy's mind as she put the bandages back on the shelf, looking at everything. Including the statue in the museum, she was

certain to have all the pieces by now. However, there was this unsettling feeling she had made a mistake, that one of her assumptions was leading her in a wrong direction, and she had now reached a dead end. *“I’m missing something, I know it!”*

The biggest mystery was the arrowhead. She reached for it, then paused. When stretching out her arm, her elbow grazed her bosom. Giggling she rubbed the side of her bust, shaking her cleavage, before she focused again. Picking up the arrowhead, she held it towards her face. She knew it had killed someone, she had gotten a reaction from it, but was unable to pursue it any further. When not an enemy or animal, who was it shot at?

The sound of the door cut into her thoughts. For a moment, she feared the director had returned. However, she quickly recognized the rhythm that resonated through the hall, heels clapping in a distinct, elegant tact.

“Over here, Joan!” She wasn’t sure if her shout was any help with the echo, but soon, her maid walked around the corner. When she approached through the aisle of shelves, Ivy saw she carried something under her apron.

“The director sent me to get you” Joan told her in her calm, dry voice as they stood face to face. “We are all to leave the museum at once.”

Ivy raised an eyebrow. She couldn’t have been here so long the exhibit was over, could she? “I’m almost finished. Would you be so kind and stall a few more minutes for me?”

“Certainly.” From under her apron, Joan pulled out the medicine bag, its shape suggesting the curvaceous statue was wrapped inside it. “Also, forgive me for being assumptive, but I had the feeling you would want to take these with you.”

Indeed, Ivy had thought about a way to smuggle the bag and statue out of the museum. Seeing her maid had beat her to it, Ivy’s bust trembled from her snickering. “Joan, my dear, you are a treasure.” Taking the bag from her maid she held it against her body, the head of the statue snuggling her bust. Ivy expected Joan’s eyes to focus her cleavage, but instead, they seemed fixated on the arrowhead she held.

“May I take a look at this?” Joan asked.

“Certainly.” As she handed her maid the arrowhead, seeing her curiously inspect it, Ivy tilted her head. “Does anything strike you about it?”

“It’s nothing” Joan said. On the stoic features of her face, a twinge flashed for a brief second, making Ivy worry.

“Come on, Joan, what’s wrong?”

Holding the arrowhead against her apron Joan lowered her gaze. “It’s... about my former master” she mumbled.

Ivy’s eyes bulged in shock. “The one who...”

Joan nodded. “There was once a minister who had come to visit at dinner. When I carried the plate with the main menu, a roasted boar, I tripped over the carpet and dropped the plate. My master was so angry he... he took the fire-fork and...” She gulped, fighting to keep her composure. “He struck me with such force, the tip of the fork broke off.”

“Joan” Ivy whispered, hand in front of her mouth.

Taking in a deep breath, Joan calmed down. “A few days later, when cleaning the dining room, I found the tip. I cannot explain, but I kept it, and still have it with me today. For some reason, that’s what I thought of when I saw this... this...”

Her voice trailed off. “Are you alright?” Ivy asked.

Joan closed her eyes. “Just feeling a little... dizzy...”

As Joan’s body tilted, Ivy’s gaze immediately shifted to her chest. The wrinkle over her apron slowly were cambering, as if something was bulging beneath. Two small swells then started pressing into the fabric, steadily spreading out. As their flat surface cambered they filled the slack inside her apron, the white fabric tenting up around them in a round shape. “J-Joan!” Ivy gasped.

Opening her eyes again, the maid looked down on herself. Her face didn’t flinch as she watched her apron smoothing over her growing breasts, each billowing to a small dome that protruded from her. Wrinkles began to surround them, faint at first, then steadily expanding around the bumps in her apron, until long, pointy creases showed how the fabric was pulled up her curves. While their slopes reached out, bending over as they exceeded fistfuls in size, the folds between her breasts united, turning into three long lines running from one swelling breast to the other on her apron. Bulging outwards and over her body, her bosom pushed the wrinkles forward and away from her sternum, peeling the fabric off her body. The further her apron was rising the more the individual inner shape of each breast blurred, just like the long folds were becoming less striking as the fabric billowed between them. Steadily, her bosom formed a uniform bump on her apron, her mounds slowly bulging towards each other underneath it and her dress while their flanks swelled towards the sides of her body.

As Ivy watched the rack of her servant expand, she also noticed her butt pushing against her black skirt. She couldn’t see it, but it stretched across her billowing cheeks, their slopes steadily cambering behind her. The plain seat gradually puffed up, the transition to her legs turning clearer as the fabric slanted over her legs. Below her butt, her thighs were also bulging, spreading out inside and below the space of her skirt. While the gap between them steadily shrunk before her mistress’ eyes, faster from her knees upwards, their outer curves flared to the sides, slightly billowing beyond the hem of her skirt. Growing thicker they kept a soft curve to her hips, which were steadily billowing on both sides from Joan and pushed against the tie of her apron. It stretched around their gradually wider shape, arching from her waist down to her legs in a rising slope. Bit by bit her backside was getting wider and larger, pulling her skirt across it.

When her breasts filled her apron like a pair of large apples and her dress rested over a well-defined butt, the swelling of her body slowed down, until stopping completely. While Ivy stared at her slightly curvier maid with big eyes Joan herself seemed unfazed by her changes, simply putting the arrowhead to the other items on the shelf. “Is there anything else you need, Lady Ivy?” she asked.

It took a moment for Ivy to stop staring at Joan’s body and look her in the eyes. “Um, no” she said, coughing. “Just, um, make sure I get the time I need, please. I will try to finish this up as quickly as possible.”

“I will do my best.” Her apron hung around her enhanced bosom as Joan made a slight bow, before turning around. Ivy watched her not quite as petite bum wiggle as she walked away, before calling after her.

“Say, Joan...”

Her maid looked back at her. “Yes?”

Turning to the side, Ivy presented her more than defined profile. “Don’t you have anything to say to... this?”

Joan glanced at her mistress from head to toe, eyes resting for a moment on her breasts and butt, before looking straight at her face again. “I will make an appointment with the tailor to adjust your wardrobe” she deadpanned before leaving.

After hearing the door close behind her, Ivy shook her head, smiling. “You really are a treasure.”

Putting the statue out of the bag she took another look at it, before placing it on the shelf. Her attention turned to the bag, its fringes falling on her rack as she held it at her face. The pattern was artful, but not out of the ordinary, same for the material and fringes, even though they were rather long. However, something about it just put her off...

Holding the bag against her stomach, Ivy walked up and down in front of the shelf. Her skirt fluttered around her bottom, while the swells of her cleavage jiggled with each step. What did she know so far? Whoever this bag belonged to, he secretly had a fetish for curvaceous women - *very* curvaceous women – and could only share it with his dog. That man had carried an arrowhead with him, as well as some ripped bandages that reeked of sweat. What was the connection behind it all?

She stopped, her bosom wobbling for a moment longer. Joan, it struck her, she had gotten a vision when thinking about an injury to herself. What if she had it backwards? If it wasn’t an arrow fired by the owner of the bag – but at him?

There it was again, the dizziness, too weak though to trigger a growth spurt. So, the arrow was shot *at* the owner, not by him. He could have kept it as a sign of an important battle, or out of good fortune since he survived the shot. But she had gotten a reaction when thinking it had pierced someone’s heart – however advanced their medicine was,

a pierced heart wasn't something that could be treated. Was he crippled afterwards? Were the bandages a sign of a long recovery? There were no traces of blood on them though, also not on the arrowhead. Then, Ivy had another: What if the arrow was fired at his heart, but for whatever reason the shot didn't land?

Ivy closed her eyes as another wave of dizziness washed over her. Putting the bag under her arm she held on to the shelf, trying to keep a clear mind. She had no time to go through the puzzle piece by piece, she had to crack it before Joan would get into trouble! So far, all visions had been triggered by some sort of connection she shared with who the bag belonged to. Yet aside from a few bouts in her youth she had never fought in a battle, let alone had been at the brink of death due to an injury. What was the link here? What else did she have in common with a man from North America who had a dog and a kink for big breasts and butts? And how were the bandages and an arrow linked to it all? What made them so important that man had put them in his medicine bag and carried them around throughout his life?

Carried them around...

Talking her hand off the shelf she grabbed the edges of the bag, holding it in front of her. Finally, it struck her what was off about it: Its size. It was far too large, resembling a cloth meant to be worn around the waist. The numerous frills would then have formed a skirt around the hips, almost as if to cover them.

Putting the bag under her shoulder again, she once more looked at the bandages on the shelf. They were ripped, but some of the edges were relatively smooth and straight, as if they had been cut. She picked it and the arrowhead up again, holding them in her palm. Going through everything she knew, through everything she had learned, she suddenly burst out laughing.

"A woman!" she shouted, her bust rocking forth and back from her fit. Her rear bumped against the shelf, resting on a board and pushing back several items on it. "The bag belonged to a woman who pretended to be a man!"

She laughed so hard at her obliviousness, it almost covered the powerful surge going through her. It wasn't a man who loved big curves, it was a woman who loved big curves and tried living like a man. In their youth, Ivy and she had probably been alike, cheeky girls going where they weren't supposed to be, adopting dogs without telling their parents, and of course crafting art that reflected their desires, be it in form of paintings or clay figures.

But Ivy had to admit, compared to her life in the British society, attending events reserved for men and causing mischief here and there, that woman had taken it to a whole different level: Dressing up as a man, she had wrapped bandages around her chest and covered her hips with the frills of a large cloth that would later become her medicine bag, hiding modest curves she probably wished to be much more pronounced. How she managed her second life, Ivy didn't know – maybe she was a warrior or a hunter, maybe

something else entirely. Whatever the case, the courage to pull that off deeply impressed Ivy, to the point she envied her a little.

Her vision blurred. The dizziness turned into a headache, while everything started spinning around her. Ivy held on to the feeling, trying to keep her thoughts clear. One day, for whatever reason, an arrow was shot at that woman's chest. Through some miraculous turn of event, it didn't harm her, yet it tore the bandages that made up her disguise. What then happened, Ivy could only guess. Maybe her kin laughed it off, accepted her the way she was – the bandages then were a memoire of the time she had to pretend she was someone else, and the arrow of the day that freed her from living a lie. However, considering there was a connection with Joan's trauma, that memento probably carried pain and agony instead. She would have loved to know the story of the woman, yet with the items and the medicine bag, wasn't able to put more together. All Ivy could do was think of all the struggles she had faced, the loneliness she had to endure – and how it reflected her own.

The world spun faster and faster. The board she sat on creaked as she put her weight on it, her mind flooded by washed out images. They turned sharper, eventually forming a woman with bandages around her chest and the cloth of the medicine bag around her hips. Her features were hard to recognize, but Ivy believed she was smiling at her.

The sensations reached their peak. Before they paralyzed her, Ivy put the items and bag on the shelf. Then, she gave in to the tingles as her curves were engulfed by them, her breasts and butt swelling with more strength than ever before. Her hips widened, her thighs rounded, her butt reached behind and the flanks of her bosom beyond her. The already distinct hourglass shape of her body got even more exaggerated, flaring within the confines of her dress. While bending outwards, the backside of her breasts stretched out around her, bulging against her arms. The further the ruffles were pulled up the sides of her bosom, the more the fabric creased behind them, forming thick, tubular folds that went in waves from the edges up her breasts. Meanwhile, her butt swelled over the board, pushing away the items that had gathered around it. Little by little, the board creaked and bulged under their weight, to the point Ivy had to raise it to make sure it wouldn't break.

While billowing the fabric around them, her breasts bulged out of her cleavage, expanding it down their crests. Their inner curves rubbed together as they arched higher and wider, the edge of the fabric knitting around them. Below the rolled-up neckline, the golden fabric bulged more and more prominently between the seams, standing beyond the slopes covered by red fabric. The flowers and vines spread out and blurred, stretching into smeared versions of their motifs. The further the bumps protruded beyond the seams, the more they overlapped them, to the point the thick threads vanished behind the bulges as they started bending above them and squeeze against each other. More and more, it looked like fissures were running over her breasts, the seams restraining their growth and making it hard to gauge their size.

Suddenly, the upper central seam of her right breast ripped, causing the spiraling vine to get pulled off its center. Immediately her breast bulged forward, billowing through the ripped fabric and pushing it aside. Through the eye-shaped tear, a bubble of flesh slowly oozed forth, standing off from the rest of her breast. As the bulge expanded up and downwards, creasing the golden fabric and causing the whirling vine to fold towards the lower seam, the broken seam continued to rip to either side, extending the rift towards the ruffles as well as the cleavage in the middle of her chest. The window of cleavage bit by bit expanded around the swells that pushed out and against each other inside it, pushing beyond the level of the golden fabric as it bulged between the seams.

While her breasts outgrew plates in diameter, her lower half was in no way staying behind: All around, her buttocks expanded, forcing their shape into her skirt. Ever further their slopes reached beyond the fabric draping down their curves, distinguishing themselves from her dress while sticking out behind her. As her butt reached past the folds cascading from it, the wrinkles on the fabric grew more pronounced, tenting up from her butt towards the ground. The heels of her shoes gradually were uncovered as the hem of her dress got lifted off the ground, raised by the stacks of flesh swelling inside it. Around her cheeks, the seat of her skirt continued to puff up, the fabric growing smooth and taut on their skin while creasing over the gap between them. Wrinkles were framing her posterior more and more clearly, growing sharper on the top of her cheeks where they transitioned to her lower back, as well as where her hips reached towards her buttocks, steadily bending over and growing away from her like her bust.

With her dress ripping around her right breast, it steadily looked bigger than her left. But it didn't take long before the same seam popped on it as well, the flower falling like it had withered and creasing up below the bulging flesh. Quickly, the tear spread out to mirror the other, like a pair of eyes staring from the front of her rack, with the rip between them as the nose. The trio of tears steadily expanded, enlarging the view on her bare skin and breast gap, while the fabric between the other seams continued to camber over them. At the widest spots, the golden hue was getting brighter, the violets even transparent, showing how much her dress stretched to contain her growing assets. The red fabric that was pulled up the sides of her breasts was more rigid, only throwing wrinkles that rounded her bust as it jutted out from her. However, the pressure was also getting striking, the ruffles snuggling her curves slowly sinking into the surface of her breasts as they swelled around them.

When the ruffles had almost been pulled up to the widest part of her bust, each as large as the body of a round amphora, her dress suddenly ripped behind the ruffles. It wasn't a clean rip, most of the threads still attached to the seams holding the ruffles on both breasts. But little by little, as her bosom arched under the fabric, the thick strands became lighter, parts of her skin showing between them and growing. Tears popped up, through which her flesh began to bulge like on the golden fabric. Between the numerous holes that formed in the fabric, her growing flesh bubbled outwards, swells popping from the tattered fabric. The more her bust billowed against her dress, the more the fabric

dissolved into Swiss Cheese, ever smaller patches covering the backside of her bosom. One by one, the threads separating the fleshy bubbles snapped, fusing into larger tears. Whenever fabric separating two bubbles ripped the swells united and bounced forward, Ivy twitching at the feeling. Her head light from the sensations she poked one of the little bubbles, pushing a dent into it and watching it camber around the tip of her finger. Ivy giggled as she pulled back her hand, watching her flesh wobble and bulge out of her steadily smaller dress.

Looking at her behind, she also poked it through her skirt. The dent grew sharper as her butt pushed against her finger before pulling it back, the growing girth of her bottom half becoming more prominent by the second. Alongside her rear protruding behind her, her hips were billowing to either side, blowing up from the shape of a pear to that of a wasp. The seam that connected the skirt to the bodice was pulled up her hips, steadily stretching across the increasing diameter of her lower body. The wrinkles framing the sides of her butt bunched up as if an invisible hand clenched the fabric, while around the folds it smoothed to a light red hue. Under her skirt, her thighs were pressing with growing force against each other, their diameter steadily swelling from her slim knees in a cone-shape up to their widest parts at her hips. The fuller her thighs became, the more their round shape was visible on the front and sides of her dress, the few folds either getting flattened or pushed into the sink between her thighs – some hid their curves a little, but they mostly emphasized their firm contours as they arched beyond the creases.

The ripping noise from her bosom forced Ivy's attention back to her front. First she stared into the abyss of her cleavage, spreading out around the entire top of her bosom that steadily mushroomed out of the neckline, before her gaze shifted to the side. As the cover over her bosom's backsides became lighter by the second, each rip gave the ruffles some more lenience, causing them to slide past the widest slope towards the front of her bust. They even began to camber up and along the bottom of her bust, part of the golden fabric sliding out from under her bosom as the ruffles formed two diagonal lines from her shoulders to the underside of her bosom. The ruffles now framed an inverse V-neck, the golden fabric covering more of her rack as the red fabric ripped around their flanks and bottoms. However, as the tears on each breast continued to expand and the cleavage window between tore deeper and wider, her decency was also shrinking between the lines of ruffles, skin poking out all around her bosom.

As each breast grew beyond her shoulder-width Ivy felt her concentration slipping away. "So... powerful" she hummed, the sensation of growth still overwhelmingly strong. At that point, her body was beyond any natural shape, a lustrous hourglass her dress was fighting to contain. While the ruffles continued to bend around her bosom, the fabric on their back and side slopes burst into a network of threads. It was like a spiderweb was woven across her breasts, their flesh bulging through gaps of various size and shape. Cutting slightly into their surface, the ruffles were surrounded by growing lips of flesh and fabric, squeezing the frilly white folds from both sides. On the golden field they

surrounded, the bulges between the seams still billowed forward, both floral pattern and the fabric itself turning sheer over her skin, while ever-bigger swells swelled through the three tears.

While her dress was steadily destroyed by her breasts, her skirt was still in one piece, although it continued to tighten over her buttocks. Between the wrinkles lining up over the inner slopes of her cheeks, the shadow of her butt gap was shining more and more clearly through. At the same time, her skirt grew brighter over the distending centers of her buttocks, her skin slowly showing through the stitching. On the bottoms of her bum, her skirt was pulled tightly up her curves, forming a diagonal slant. That slant steadily dented over her thighs, the wrinkles bending in a curve inward. From her knees up, the fabric smoothed over her upper legs as they bulged thicker and wider. Filling the slack under her dress they pressed their shape into her skirt, rounding it around them. At the same time, the tubes of fabric falling from her rear were raised towards it, stretching across its bottoms. Ivy's ankles peeked out under her skirt, the hem little by little getting lifted.

“Gah!” A small gasp suddenly slipped out of Ivy's lips as another seam popped on her right breast, right above the tear. Quickly the fabric knitted between the rips as they expanded, before the seam below the tear on her left breast also burst, followed by the one above. With each rip her bosom jut out further, shaking the swells of her neckline as they stripped out of her dress. Her neckline had bent in a scoop around the top third of her bosom, amount rising like her curves. While her breasts swelled as a pair of domes from her dress, framing her chin from the front, the three tears on her left breast united, a huge bulge now surging out and fully obscuring the floral pattern. This jaunt proved too much for the seam in the middle: With a loud rip it tore down the slopes of her bust, reaching into the shadow under it. A small portion of fabric still separated the two cleavages on middle and top of her bosom, unraveling thread by thread. Exposing almost her whole breast gap, the sides of the tear slowly drifting apart over the curves bulging through it, the ripped ends of fabric climbing up her breasts.

The further her dress dissolved around her breasts, the more the pressure between them decreased, causing their inner slopes to round a little. This in in turned however further stressed the fabric as their fronts diverged, the seams on the golden fabric further popping open. From the center of each breast outwards, the thick threads burst, not reaching quite towards the ruffles or the cleavage window. Still, the tears slowly expanded across her breasts, her left steadily slipping out of their cover while the fabric knitted around the two smaller ones on her right. What little of the floral pattern was still visible were lines and dots of green and pink withing the bunch of golden wrinkles. Out of her décolleté as well as the through the broken seams, her breasts burgeoned out of her dress, while pushing against the web of red threads covering their ever-wider sides, from one end to the other reaching beyond her elbows if she stretched out her arms.

With the weight on her and the sensations inside her, Ivy was starting to tumble. She held on to the shelf, arm rubbing over the swelling slope of her bust, while her butt hung into the space between the boards. To her surprise, she found it wasn't sitting tighter on the bottom board than it had before, but instead rubbed the upper one. The increasing bulk of her backside slightly, but gradually added to Ivy's height, making her a whole inch or two taller. In addition to pulling her skirt up, her hips dragged the fabric on her waist down as they surged to the sides, stretching it across her midriff and the ever-wider curves of her body. As the seam connecting the bodice and skirt was stretched around her hips, it pinched Ivy in her sides, the fabric billowing around the seam. When her hips were roughly as wide as a donkey's butt, her skirt began to "shrip" around them, the faint noise slowly growing louder. Suddenly, a rip echoed through the hall. On each side a tear the seam split, quickly expanding down her hips as the fabric splitting over her hips. Her flesh swelling through the tears, they expanded down her thighs, the thick flesh slowly burgeoning out of her dress.

So much was going around her body, Ivy could barely focus on any of it. Turning her attention to her equally gigantic bosom, all she really saw were her breasts billowing to the level of her chin, their inner slopes tightly squeezing together. Still, even with how little she could see, she had a good feel for what was going on around her bust: The ripped net on its flanks continued to stretch and shrink, bubbles of skin pushing through the tears. The threads were completely overwhelmed, sinking between by the swells that surrounded them. The slopes of the bubbles reached over and bulged against each other, their curves flattening and crafting steadily steeper fissure into the surface of her bosom. Similarly, the ruffles running over her breasts were enveloped by the flesh and fabric surging around them, the seam diving between the bulges projecting on either side of it. Steadily deeper lines were cut into her skin, forming a V from her shoulders down to behind the bottoms of her breasts as they bulged down to her lap, their peaks steadily diverging as their inner curves cambered.

Meanwhile, as the rifts in her skirt extended down her thighs to her knees, they spread out across her hips, forming an upside-down tear-shape. The front edge of the tears slowly slid towards her groin, while the back edge bent over her rear. Each cheek large enough to fill a chair on its own, the fabric rode up into her butt gap, further expanding the tears over her buttocks. The seat of her skirt turned into an hourglass-shaped piece of fabric that slimmed over the center of her butt, creases running from the edges of the tears towards its crack. The further the ripped fabric slid across her buns, the more they were bulging beyond it, steadily reaching behind Ivy. Similarly, her hips and thighs swelled out of her skirt, making it knit around their expanding curves. Her skirt got wedged between her thighs, wrinkles piling up around and framing her groin, while her legs swelled with growing force against each other – slowly, her knees were pushed apart, crooking her sheens a little and making Ivy unsteady on her feet.

With the power of the sensations going through her, it took a moment for Ivy to realize her soles were tilting off the floor. Feeling her thighs push apart, she raised a leg. It was

bizarre feeling as she moved her massive leg, just so much her thighs had a little more room between them. The squeeze was still strong and evident though, their curves fighting to spread out while billowing against the fabric around them and through the tears. Looking Past the swells of her growing bosom Ivy inspected at her hips. The fabric around the seam continued to bunch, piling up at her waist as her lower body cambered to stand out in an almost acute angle from her torso. A glance down her back and she saw her rump expand out through the gaping holes in her skirt, also steadily widening the tears across their swells. A triangular piece of fabric was all the cover her skirt provided the top of her bum, the piece steadily growing smaller as her cheeks folded it between them. From the desk of her rear the fabric narrowed towards center of her bum, Ivy watching as it got swallowed by her butt gap. The ravenous crack steadily craved for more fabric, the hourglass patch shaping into a stalagmite above a stalactite, both shrinking as their tips were pulled in by her buttocks. Everywhere around the tears, her flesh was bulging over the fabric, making it rip even further over curves that matched the shape of a large cauldron.

While her butt grew to gargantuan dimension, the golden patches on her chest continued to shrink as the tears kept growing larger. Ony by one, the remaining seams popped, causing flesh to bulge out of and fabric to crease between them. The holes on the left breast continued to unite and form a giant hole the encompassed the entire front of her breast, while on the right breast a column of eye-shaped slits formed. Between her breasts, the cleavage window continued to widen, growing closer to the inner edges of the tears. The seams with the ruffles sunk deeper into her skin as her breasts destroyed her dress and embraced the ruffles, bulging with growing force against the remnants of fabric. Eventually, the flanks and bottoms of Ivyy's bust completely submerged the threads of red fabric, while only thin golden lines with some green and pink specks looked out on the front and top of her bust. The severely divided surface of her bosom continued to bulge for a moment like this, the tight curves of her breast gap gradually cambering between rising bubbles of flesh.

Finally, the entire network of fabric was catapulted off her rack. The bubbles and bulges united, wobbling around as the flanks and bottoms of her breasts burst out of their cover. Some threads hung from where the ruffles had sunk into her flesh, slithering around the wobbling curves as they swelled against them. While reaching freely to either side and down her body, their fronts and crests still had to grow around bits of golden fabric. The tears on the right began to fuse as well, turning into large holes that spanned the entire front of her breast. While watching the valley of her bosom reach up her face, Ivy felt their cover evaporate. All boundaries between the tears suddenly broke apart. Some threads and patches fell off her bust, but most got pushed over its swells, gathering in the fissure forged by the ruffles. The seams holding them were the only part of her bodice still intact around her bust, the rest lying in the shadow under it.

The tiny shreds tickling her skin Ivy gulped but remained her composure. As she stared into the expanse of her breast gap, Ivy felt the tingles in her curves subside. For a while,

they continued to grow, the ruffles fully diving into her bosom until only their very tips looked out while buttocks swallowed the little bits of her skirt still covering them. Her hips and sides of her bosom on the same level, their swelling diminished almost synchronously, reaching steadily more slowly beyond her. The backsides of her breasts softly enveloped her shoulders, while her thighs stretched the fabric falling down her butt smoothly over their curves, clearly sowing the transition to her legs. After growing behind and away from her torso a little longer, the growth of her body ceased, only moving as her curves wobbled with her labored breath and the slight tilting of her body.

Ivy closed her eyes, still digesting the intensity of what had happened. Once more, the silhouette of the woman appeared before, slowly fading into black. When she opened her eyes again, the first thing she did was look over her body – or rather, try to look over it. Her breasts were so vast, they covered her torso from her nose to her navel, her abdomen and sternum invisible in the shadow of her literal world globes. She stretched out her arms, slightly rubbing against the back of her bosom. Past her elbows, the flanks of her breasts were reaching almost to her wrist, well over a foot beyond each shoulder, maybe even two feet. How far they reached to the front she couldn't tell, only estimate by how their crests fell beyond their peaks out of her sight.

With the most basic level of restraint, she placed her hands on her bare bust. Stroking over its curves she tried to get a feeling for how massive they were – hesitant at first, then with more confidence, her fingers gracefully caressed them, occasionally daring a grope. After enjoying her bustiness, she placed her palms on the top of buttocks, slowly moving them towards their centers – or at least as far as she could reach, her arms too short to grab around them. From there, her hands wandered towards her hips, feeling her behind curve towards them, then up towards her waist to get a feeling for the impossible shape of her body. The way her lower half jut from her slender waist have looked ridiculous, even more with how it smoothly transitioned to her gargantuan thighs that narrowed into a normal pair of sheens. All that extra mass in her rump had boosted her height, even though her view-blocking mammaries nullified any increase in vision this could have gotten her. She was an hourglass of obscene proportions, barely covered by what little remained of her dress, the rest of her body an attachment to her huge thighs, buttocks, and breasts.

And she was ecstatic about it.

“Now this was quite the experience” Ivy joked, the poise in her voice not hiding her excitement. A big smile on her face she continued to stroke her curves, on hand on her rear and the other on her rack, until she forced herself to stop. As much as she had wished to explore her new body some more, she couldn't let Joan stall the director forever. She was about to leave, then stopped. Careful not to bump with her breasts against the shelf, she turned towards the medicine bag and its contents. Reaching out her hand for them was a bit of a challenge, but she picked up the tooth, arrowhead, bandages and the statue, giving each of them another look over before wrapping them into the bag – it was a

finicky task with her bosom in the way, but she would have to get used to this. Then, with utmost care, she shoved the bag in between her assets, until it was completely hidden within their abyss. The seams of the ruffles did little to support her bust, but the sheer pressure of her mounds was enough to hold the bag in place.

“That should do” she told herself, patting her naked breasts. A gentle sway in her outrageous hips, she made her way through the storage hall, past artifacts from all around the world. The shreds of her skirt slithered around her rear, her cheeks pushing through the holes at each step, while the fabric on her lap moved around her round, thick thighs. Each time her heel hit the ground her bosom jiggled in response, the slopes of her “neckline” wobbling and rubbing against the medicine bag buried between them.

After making the way through the cultural maze, she walked out of the hall back to the museum. On the way to the entrance, she soon realized something was off: While she didn’t meet anybody, a feeling of unrest was lingering in the air. From the corridors and halls, she heard people shouting, alongside hurried footsteps and things dropping to the floor. Noticing a distinct smell in the air, her bust and butt wobbled a bit more as she picked up her pace.

Arriving at the entrance hall, she spotted Joan at the door alongside the director, her slightly larger curves sticking out in her profile. Well-dressed gentlemen rushed past them out on the street. Even though she mostly saw his back, the director was clearly in panic, constantly wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. As Joan saw Ivy she pointed at her, much to the director’s relief.

“Ah, there you are milady” he said as he turned around. “I was just about to send someone to-“

He froze on the spot. It wasn’t like his eyes were staring at her huge, practically nude breasts, or the vast curves of her scantily covered hips and thighs. It was the whole figure of Ivy that hit him like a steam train, as if he didn’t even know where to begin looking and therefore just stood paralyzed.

Smiling, Ivy pulled her fan out of her sleeve. “Thank you kindly for showing me your collection” Ivy politely said as she approached him. Walking past the stunned director, she arched her back a bit so the curves of her breasts and butt popped even more, while fluttering her eyelashes over her fan. “I feel very... enriched.” She made a slight bow, her breast abyss looking even deeper for a second before she left for the door. Joan followed, leaving the dumbfounded director alone and sweating even harder.

“How did you stall him for so long?” Ivy asked as they were outside.

“I simply said milady would have a surprise for him if he granted her a few more minutes” Joan replied.

“Well, that wasn’t a lie now, was it?” Ivy smiled as she went down the stairs. Each step triggering a tremor in her bounce-happy bosom, while the folds of Joan’s apron slightly

bopped around her bust. Ivy's thighs and buttocks rubbed against each other, the remnants of her skirt wobbling around them. After taking the last step, she and Joan were standing on the pavement of London's crowded streets. A small crowd had gathered in front of the museum. Gazes turned towards Ivy, every person on the streets taking at least one glance at her voluptuous shape. Passengers in the carriages riding by poked their heads out of the windows and craned their necks to get a look at her massive proportions, while more than once a driver only barely avoided an accident as they turned their heads from Ivy back to the road.

However, Ivy paid her spectators no mind, her own eyes drawn to the museum. The smell she had noticed inside was stronger here, for the wind blew it on the street. Smoke was rising from one of the wings of the museum, billowing towards the sky. "You set fire to the museum?" she asked her maid, hushed behind her fan so no one would hear them.

Standing at the edge of the pavement, Joan was looking for a free carriage. Back turned to her mistress, Ivy couldn't help but steal a few glances over her fan at her rear hugging her skirt. "You told me to cause a distraction" Joan deadpanned, with no snide or sarcasm in her voice. "Something that would force the director to come rushing out of the storage."

Ivy looked at the heavy pillar of smoke rising out of the windows, before giving her maid a long, incredulous look.

"I only set a few flags in the exhibition of the empire's history on fire" Joan assured her. "A lot of smoke, but the firefighters will have no trouble extinguishing it. No visitors or employees are there since the section was closed off for the special exhibition, and it's far away from the treasures of the colonies. All that's in danger are banners and other items that represent the Empire's greatness."

Ivy's expression softened, even turned a little chipper. "I think the empire will survive that loss. Well done."

Spotting a free carriage Joan raised her hand, the hem of her skirt almost riding up her butt cheeks, and it pulled over. The driver made quite the eyes at Ivy, but said nothing, only asking for the address. As Joan held the door open for her, Ivy put her fan back into her sleeve, then tried to fit her enlarged bosom inside. Since each breast was wider than the door, she had to push her right one into the carriage first, then carefully tilt her body so she could squeeze her torso past it inside, before trying to shove her left breast in. The ruffles of her dress almost completely came off while her breasts spilled against her face, but with some effort, she got her upper body inside.

"Phew." Sighing, Ivy was about to step in with the rest of her body, when her hips collided with the doorframe. Harrumphing, she wagged her rear, trying to force it through. "A little help, if you may."

As Ivy called, Joan placed her hands on her buttocks. Her face didn't move a muscle, even with everyone on the street staring at them as she ploughed her fingers into her mistress' butt. Feeling the hands of her maid on rear, then also the swollen slopes of her bosom as Joan leaned her whole weight against her, Ivy blushed a bit, while her red lips smirked.

Eventually, her behind plopped through the doorframe, her outrageous thighs following. Ivy almost fell into the carriage, just stopping before her forehead collided with the other door. "Thank you, Joan" Ivy said, a little flustered as she placed her plump bum on the soft cushion of the carriage – though meant for two people sitting beside each other, her buttocks nearly filled out a seat each, leaving deep dents in the worn-out pillows.

There was little space between them when Joan sat down across her, the two women glancing over Ivy's bust at each other. "Is there anything particular you need back home?" Joan asked as the carriage set off on the streets of London.

Ivy put a hand on her bosom. As they drove over the bumpy road, her flesh was shaking permanently beneath her fingers. In the vast expanse of her breast gap, her wobbling slopes hugged the medicine bag, Ivy feeling the shape of the statue inside it. "Actually, let's tell the driver to make a stop at a store for art equipment" she suggested, smiling into her décolleté. "Today, I feel like painting something."

"Something round and large perhaps, preferably in pairs of two?"

"You've read my mind."