

## MISHA'S CYBERNETIC JOURNEY

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This story uses US cup sizes (for presumed american audience convenience), most other measurements are in metric however, thank you for your understanding.

Misha Esmerelda Ainlight looked down on her body.

She was flat, miserably so, despite being nineteen, her breasts were so completely and utterly undeveloped that her chest almost curved inwards instead of out, even her ribs barely able to provide any rise at all.

But that wasn't all she bemoaned, past her washboard-beatingly-pitiful chest was a waist so devoid of curves the sides were so straight you couldn't find a curve even with a level used for finding even the slightest unevenness in

a floor for construction, her hips so narrow they didn't even stick out from her waist, and her legs scrawny, while also slightly shorter than her torso. While looks were subjective, Misha knew that most people would find her so

unappealing it may even cross into revulsion, and to top it all off, her face was so plain that even she struggled to remember it.

This snake eyed roll from the dice of fate was no mere coincidence of bad genetics, it had a cause, one she knew and furiously resented. Misha was an artificial human, that wasn't to say she was a robot, or something other than

human, simply that she was a human who had been created in a test tube, without even DNA from biological parents, a late phase in a special experiment in synthesising and replicating entirely artificial human DNA.

All things considered, it had gone well, her organs functioned as they should, her life expectancy was normal and she didn't have any particular health problems, only comparatively minor problems had arisen in the experiment,

which had progressed from her 'birth' to the age of 18, such as that she had very low production of various hormones, resulting in her barren and extremely unfruitful puberty. Her other features were due to deformities and side

effects from the experiment as well, the morally-bankrupt process of her creation and upbringing not helped by the far worse fates of the other subjects, but her life had recently taken a turn for the better, artificial human

creation like what had been done to make her was illegal in the Rodriga Interstellar Empire and a year ago the experiment had been shut down, violently. Thanks to that, as a publicity stunt by the planets lord,

Rutherford Alexander Ainlight, she had been taken in as an adopted daughter.

While a planetary lord was the bottom rung of nobility in the empire, far below a Star System Lord or Interstellar Lord, being a member of a noble family, even a backwater frontier one like the Ainlight family, was still

extremely fortunate. While her new father had not only no love, but not even the slightest interest in her, he also had no expectations or demands other than that she not disgrace the Ainlight name, many would consider a parent

who had never even met their child on purpose a terrible one, Misha considered him practically divine, after all, he had not tortured her for cruel 'experiments' or threatened to kill her should she not show results, like the

criminal organisation scientists had time and time again.

The reason for Misha, who had chosen her own first and middle name after being freed from the laboratory where she was only known as '#000861' and tormented alongside her three-hundred-thousand or so fellow subjects,

to be fretting over her appearance was a simple one, in accordance with imperial law, all noble children who turned nineteen, as she had just yesterday, were to attend the noble academy planet, Planet Noblesse, until they were

recognised as being fit to serve the empire in their noble duties. While Misha was of course not the heir, not even having met her new siblings, who were as uninterested in her as their father, she still had to attend, and in

fact was excited to, the education she had received in the lab had actually been rather good, but it wouldn't compare to the best of the best in the empire by a long shot.

Thus, bringing her back to her current predicament.

"I suppose even being the height of an adult was too much to ask..." Sighed Misha, while she was not short beyond the typical adult range, most of her height came from her disproportionately long torso rather than her short legs,

giving her an unusual appearance, sure to bring her ridicule and discrimination in the cutthroat and unfairly genetically modified world of noble society, where the only girls with anything less than a G-Cup did so by choice.

"Still, no matter how cruel they are, as the daughter of a noble they can't do anything to physically harm me, which is nothing compared to the lab." Misha brightened, realising that it might not be so bad after all.

Reinvigorated, Misha put on her bra, a sports bra that lay completely flat against her chest, which she had printed custom herself since nothing so small had anything to provide support for, rendering the garment meaningless, yet

her pride in wanting to be a 'real human' made her do it all the same, puffing out her

nonexistent chest in an attempt to sum up some pride.

The next morning, Misha stood alone at the almost deserted starport, Planet Anterograde, which she currently stood upon, was the one and only planet of the Ainlight family, a small agricultural planet where automated systems,

genetically modified creatures and robots worked tirelessly to produce food to export to the empire across almost every nook and cranny of the mostly-ocean planet, with only a tiny population of just one million people residing

in the planets sole city, on its sole continent at the equator. Thanks to that there were very few people in sight at the starport, only the staff and the crew of transport vessels loading the planets produce or unloading goods

from other worlds passed by, with the girl accompanied by various hovering pieces of luggage a clear outlier.

Her shuttle finally arriving, Misha stepped aboard and was whisked away to a waiting starship in orbit, of which she was the sole passenger, feeling awkward at the attempts of the crew to appease the imperial noble they were

hired to transport to a distant world. The trip was not long, in just a few days she travelled from the edge of the empire to its center, over 10,000 lightyears, her first time ever leaving the planet where she had been created.

Gazing out the ships window, she stared in awe at the glittering lights of the Ecuminopolis, an entire planet covered by city, that lay below, the glowing overlapping circles of the incredibly complex web of structures below

dominating not only her vision but her mind, as her thoughts swum with hopes and fears of her new life on this spectacularly populated world, nothing like the sparse inhabitation of Anterograde, Noblesse was what the empire deemed

a 'Class 1 Ecuminopolis', the city covered not only the entire surface, but stretched from the planets mantle all the way to the edge of the atmosphere, able to fit a population of an entire trillion souls, all going about their

lives in that vast and unfathomable city dedicated entirely to training and educating the elite of the empire, though this paled in comparison to the empires capital, which surrounded an entire sun.

Stepping off the shuttle onto a platform in a spaceport so busy she could barely even move, nothing like the empty halls of her homeworlds comparatively tiny port, Misha fought her way through the crowd until she finally reached

a relatively quiet area where she could catch her bearings, her luggage having successfully followed her. Checking her handheld computer, Misha's eyes bulged as she gazed upon the unfathomably long and complex route involving

numerous skytrains and turbolifts before she could reach her dorm, which, also to her shock

was a five storey penthouse, apparently the lowest of the low of accommodations for the noble students here, given only to irrelevant

children of planetary noble families with no hope to inherit like herself for the low, low price of free. Feeling dizzy, Misha began the trip which she assumed would take at least an hour, only to arrive in only three minutes,

thanks to the sheer efficiency of the transportation on a Class 1 Ecuminopolis, as she now stood deep, deep below the surface, only a few kilometres above the magma filled, yet artificially stable mantle.

Setting her luggage to automatically unpack and store itself, Misha collapsed on the King-sized bed, turning her head to the side and staring out the full length one-way window at the red-hot glow of geothermal power and

management systems stretching beyond the horizon out the window, completely unaware of the fact that having her dorm placed viewing such facilities was an attempt at mockery by the nobles in charge of the form arrangements.

Her eyes slowly began to shut, the lights of her bedroom automatically dimming and in moments she was fast asleep.

The next morning, though the light levels outside hadn't changed thanks to the countless layers of buildings above, Misha yawned and stretched as she sat up in bed, only to jolt back in surprise from what she saw standing a couple

of metres from the end of the aforementioned furniture. Elegantly positioned in front of her was an astonishingly, supernaturally beautiful girl, silvery blue, flawless hair framed the girl's lovely face, flowing down to her

smooth neck, as Misha's gaze lowered her eyes practically popped out of their sockets as they drifted onto the titanic, busty chest that strained the tight maid uniform top the beauty wore, her huge breasts had to be a H-Cup, no

an I-cup, pushing out the frills of her outfit to the seams with vigour that suggested they wouldn't sag a micrometer even without a bra. The top-tier figure of the maid didn't stop there though, below her jaw-dropping jugs was a

tight, hourglass waist that looked impossible on the same body as those behemoth weapons,

below that a set of hips far broader than the woman's shoulders, from which grew the thick, juicy stems of an incredibly voluptuous pair

of top-knotch thighs, easily visible beneath the short skirt pulled up by a butt so big she could see its sides even looking at the woman from the front, needless to say, Misha began to feel flustered and aroused just looking at

this stunning supermaid.

"Greetings Mistress" rung out the soft, mature voice that made Misha involuntarily rub her thighs together beneath the bedsheets. "My name is Georgia Valenstorm, as per academy regulations all students are to receive a gift of

a few dozen or so maids like myself, with our wages paid for life, but for some reason I seem to be the only one sent to you, I hope I am to your satisfaction, but if you do not deem me suitable to be your lifelong servant,

simply say and I will be replaced as a courtesy." Georgia, the beautiful maid, intoned. The flustered Misha's mind spun, she had been aware of this academy oddity beforehand, but had forgotten in her exhaustion last night,

still, seeing a real Class 5 genetically modified beauty, the highest a commoner was permitted to reach, in front of her eyes was a shocking sight, she had never even seen anything beyond the mundane class 9 and 10 modifications

afforded to ordinary civilians on Anterograde, so seeing someone so good on the eyes in person was a brand new experience, nothing like seeing pictures of Class 1 Beauties on the Ultranet.

"Um, it's very nice to meet you, t-thank you for having me." Misha awkwardly stuttered, trying to keep her eyes on Georgia's perfect face rather than her abundant breasts. Georgia simply gave an elegant curtsy in response.

Georgia was fairly surprised, she had heard from her research and the mockery of her indoctrinated fellows the noble to whom she was to be 'gifted', like some toy, was an artificial human who had been adopted in some pity stunt by

a backwater planetary noble, but she hadn't quite had it dawn on her that this meant serving a polite, charming girl who she in fact found rather cute, rather than some arrogant lecher who had less emotional maturity than the

average toddler. In fact, she found her new mistress's attempts not to stare at her tits to be adorable, and could barely restrain herself from just burying Misha's face in her cleavage to watch her turn bright red. Georgia had

been grown in a machine rather than a womb like Misha, but she was a normal, albeit highly genetically modified, human (though besides, growing babies in vats was the norm in the empire.) In another of the morally deficient deeds

of the empire, Georgia had been prepared from before she was even born to be a perfect maid,

loyal and beautiful, with a shelf of cleavage bountiful enough to draw stares but not so big to compete with the ego of noble girls,

or so would normally be the case, Georgia was well developed all around even for a registered imperial maid, but that only meant she would be assigned to a busty mistress, one at least a cup fuller, so that her plump breasts

could be enjoyed but also make the noble in question feel more confident, after all, nobles placed great importance on the genetic modifications of their families, too proud to get any improvements done after birth lest they call

into question the competency of their family genetic scientists. Georgia though, has noticeably been sent *\*alone\** to a girl so flat you could use her to measure foundations in place of a spirit level, clearly no coincidence.

Someone, or multiple people, among the nobles tasked with managing the academy clearly wanted to bully her new adorable mistress, though the mistress in question didn't even seem to notice. Georgia smiled, she could sense she

would enjoy her job after all.

After getting ready and evading the seductive teasing of her new unfairly charming maid, Misha set off for her opening ceremony, Georgia right behind her, as she was permitted up to three servants in lessons as a planetary noble.

Wearing her new, needlessly extravagant, uniform, Misha stared at the turbolift display as she and Georgia rapidly ascended over 20 kilometres to the grand

opening ceremony venue, a huge circular hall at the very top of the planets towering skyscrapers, protected from space by a transparent dome showing the night

sky filled with the lights of starships and orbital facilities above. Before stepping out the lift, Misha looked over her uniform, a red shirt and golden

necktie underneath a navy blazer and thick red cape with golden fur trim, she had chosen to wear the red skirt with golden fur trim as well, also having a

pair of red boots with golden soles, needless to say it was a rather visibly distinctive outfit, the type of bling favoured by nobles, forced upon every

academy student.

Stepping out the lift and journeying up various escalators, corridors and so forth, Misha finally made it to the venue, Georgia, who followed close behind, giving her a warm smile when Misha turned to confirm her presence. The dome, used only for this event each year, was immense, filled to the brim with seating for the millions of new students each year, the striking looks and noticeably full breasts of which intimidated Misha as she scurried to find a seat out of the way of most other students.

After a while, a colossal hologram appeared in the air in the center of the dome, visible to all the seats, and occupants of which, that encircled it.

This hologram bore the visage of a handsome old man, the headteacher of the academy, Phineas Lux Tenebris Indomita, a renowned, important member of an

Interstellar Noble house, wearing an outfit even more spectacular than that donned by the students, clearly, the uniforms were his idea.

"New Students, it is with great pride and honour that I welcome you, one and all, to the planet Noblesse, and my 105,638th year as its headteacher,

in your two centuries here, you will surely learn diligence, grace, elegance and prestige like the students before you!" He began, before launching into

an hour long speech extolling the virtues of the school and its wealthy attendees, which Misha promptly ignored, however, his opening statement had caught her attention.

Misha had known nobles, with their unbelievable genetic modifications, had incredible lifespans, but the headmaster's sheer length of time in his position,

as well as the 200 year duration of her schooling, caused this to really sink in, bringing to the surface of her mind a problem she had largely ignored.

As an artificial human, she had been made to replicate a normal citizen of the empire, that is to say, her lifespan was only 250 years, by the time she graduated, she would be an old woman with only thirty or so years left to live.

With this on her mind, Misha took out her handheld computer and checked the notes she had compiled on noble genetic modifications;

Gene mods hierarchy

Class 10 - Normal Working Class person, gene mods that eliminate genetic disease, increase

lifespan to 250, etc, average C-Cup usually

Class 9 - Middle Class person, lifespan a bit better, around 325, may have some slight improvements to abilities or looks, at least D Cup if so

Class 8 - Upper Class (or at least by earth standards) person, small boosts to abilities and looks, 500 year lifespan, at least DD Cup

Class 7 - Wealthy Elite (in context of normal people), Significant boost to abilities and looks, 1000 year lifespan, at least F Cup

Class 6 - Super Elite (Such as merchant fleet families, poor/backwater nobles least important kids, people richer than could ever be on earth), huge boost to looks and abilities, 2500 year lifespan, at least G Cup

Class 5 - Bottom Rung Nobles (Average planetary nobles main family members, some very rich commoners, limit of commoners by law), insane boost to looks and abilities, 10,000 year lifespan, at least H Cup

Class 4 - Lower Rank Nobles (Wealthy planetary nobles main family members, poor System nobles), unbelievable boost, 25,000 year lifespan, at least I Cup

Class 3 - Medium Rank Nobles (Average system nobles, irrelevant family members of destitute Interstellar nobles), unfathomable boost, 60,000 year lifespan, at least J-Cup

Class 2 - High Rank Nobles (Average Interstellar nobles, irrelevant royal family members, limit of nobles by law), even better boost, 200,000 year lifespan, at least M-Cup

Class 1 - Royalty (Most Royal family members, the very top), the best boost, million year lifespan, at least Z-Cup

Misha glanced down at her completely flat chest, then at the unbelievable rack generously sloshing as Georgia pushed it up with her crossed arms and a grin

then at the bulging chests of numerous beautiful noble girls laughing together or watching the speech. Feeling a horrible feeling that caused a sensation of

crushing tightness in her core, Misha silently resolved that she could not keep going this way, she had to find a solution, both to her lifespan and the

immense dissatisfaction she felt in her body. Not only that, she had to find one as soon as possible.

After the lengthy ceremony, Misha roused herself from her half-asleep state and was helped up from her chair by Georgia. Together, they started to walk back

to the exit, however,

"Just where do you think you are going!" Snapped a haughty voice, Misha turned to see a trio of

beautiful noblewomen, each with a huge pair of bouncing H-cups, not sagging a millimeter but clearly not supported by a bra considering how vigorously they moved with the lead girls overexaggerated mannerisms, the clearly several-sizes-too-small shirts of the three creaking and groaning as they tried to contain the massive bounty kept within.

"A Low-class practically-a-commoner like you should be bowing and scraping before every real noble you see, not leaving without a word, we will teach you a lesson for this impudence!" The lead girl rapidly and loudly proclaimed, her thick blond hair waving wildly as she performed numerous dramatic poses with her folding fan, this sort of put-on character was fashionable among young nobles at the moment, after calming down, the beauty snapped her fingers and three beautiful maids with generous G-Cups restrained Georgia, while another two, at the direction of the lead girls friends, siezed Misha from either side and dragged her up to the lead girl.

"What kind of um-lesson where you ah-er-thinking o-of..." Stuttered Misha, trying and failing not be distracted by the soft sensation of a pair of G-Cups pressing into each of her arms. "Im glad you asked practically-commoner!" Exclaimed the lead girl, her friends nodding animatedly "I will show you your place, the reality of the massive gulf between a true noble and an obviously adopted, probably class 10 modded wretch like you!" She squealed, the hand holding her fan on her broad hip, while the other poked Misha in the ribs painfully. "Behold, the huge weight of born noble duty." The lead girl solemnly proclaimed, hefting her massive chest with both arms and towering over Misha, who only came up to the womans bountiful chest when they stood side by side. "Eh!?" Misha barely squeaked before the huge, soft mounds of the stunning woman where pressed right into her face, her head sinking into the massive cleavage.

Misha writhed uselessly against the assault of soft watermelons on three sides, unable to escape but at least managing to prevent any hard button pressing into her eyes as her breathing quickened, struggling against the soft, perky flesh of genetically modified advantage the lead-girl had in spades.

After what felt like an age, the huge bountiful mounds finally pulled back, Misha gasping for air and coughing as she was dropped to the ground by the maids.

"I hope that taught you some manners, pitiful flatty!" Heatedly remarked the lead girl, who had turned red to the tips of her ears, having performed the entire

sequence as an excuse to shove her huge boobs into a smaller girls face, before turning and scurrying off with her entourage of fellow beauties.

Misha was helped up once again by Georgia and, grinning like a maniac, staggered off to the turbolifts while leaning on her beautiful maids shoulder.

Returning home after the exausting ordeal, her first lesson tomorrow, the school having a rather relaxed one major activity a day schedule due to its immense

duration, Misha collapsed onto a soft sofa, her lovely maid right next to her, so close that their cheeks were squished against each other, making Misha flush

bright pink.

That night, Misha lay in bed staring at the celing while she thought over possible solutions to her problems.

After-birth genetic modifactions were mostly illegal in the Rodriga Interstellar Empire, with only minor things, like changing ones pigmentation or being made

immune to new diseases, being permitted. Genetic modification therefore, could not be the awnser to her problems, but it was not the only way to change ones body

in the highly advanced empire. Cybernetics were a extensive, though largely unpopular field, through which one could easily gain abilities comparable to noble

gene modifaction or alter ones appearance, there was just a slight problem. Cybernetics were expensive, most people could not afford them, and for those that

could, such as nobles and the countless people who wanted to emulate them, they were seen as shameful, to get cybernetics was to admit that your genetic

modification was insufficient, causing great embarassment to your noble house, so they were rarely seen among the elite, primarily used by those comparitively

few relativley wealthy people in the empire who had no desire to copy the behaviour of the imperial nobles. But Misha had no genetic modifactions, even if she

got cybernetics, not only would her adoptive father Rutherford not care, but neither would any of her other relatives, she was free to get as much as she so

desired.

With this realisation, Misha bolted upright in bed, before calming down and leaning back into her pillow, she had a solution to her problems at last,

the frankly absurd, though less than pocket change in the eyes of her father, monthly pocket money she recieved she could easily afford cyberware.

If she steadily bought new modifactions over the two centuries she would spend at the academy, she could easily obtain a lifespan comparable to even class 3

genetic modifaction, the other benefits being even greater. A smile appeared on Misha's face as she drifted off to sleep, her plans for tomorrow decided.

Misha began the next day early, the academy planet had a very relaxed schedule, since the enhanced brains of nobles could easily learn information and they had such a long time at school, not much emphasis was put on study, even

for those like Misha without abnormal genetic enhancement, many technologies existed to allow easy learning, such as directly downloading information to ones brain. Thanks to that, the curriculum was much more focused on applying

knowledge rather than simple memorisation. That is to say, Misha had a lot of free time.

After her introductory lesson on noble ettiquete (of course, she had already made sure to do the academy pre-downloading before even leaving her homeworld, so she was well prepared.)

Misha began research on cybernetics with

the help of Georgia. Misha soon found herself at a new dilemma, just how far was she willing to commit to this decision? Even basic research revealed that getting anything beyond very minor cybernetics required a number of

basic cybernetic systems to support them being installed, as such she had to now decide if she was simply going to get a few upgrades, or something more.

After a moments thought, Misha resolved herself. Minor enhancements were simply not enough for her goals, she would have to go big, starting with getting the best foundation systems on the market, then the leftover money

she had budgeted on a few small enhancements.

With a bit of investigation, she soon selected a provider, corporations were severely restricted in

scale and power within the empire, as not to compete with the noble class, but Misha still had no trust for megacorporations,

considering they had funded the experiments leading to her life thus far. Finding an independant establishment on the planet with excellent reviews and many years of reliable service, Misha plotted a course

and set off, Georgia of course accompanying her.

Arriving at a relatively busy commercial district, one in a perpetual night lit by the bright neon signs and holograms of various shops and eating establishments, Misha spotted her destination.

A silver building decorated by countless glowing rainbow lines forming hexagonal patterns, its large neon sign bearing the words 'Diode Dans CyberDoc'. Despite the buildings appearance, it was rather plain compared to the

lavishly decorated buildings on either side, steeling herself, Misha stepped through the double doors, Georgia beside her.

They entered into a large hall, numerous customers talking to receptionists at desks along the sides, before or after coming and going from the numerous doors at the back, they all had one thing in common though, cybernetics,

and lots of them, this place was a favourite of the heavily modified cyber enthusiasts, not the kind of corporate 'too perfect' establishment nobles tended to visit, this place was mainly filled with the permanent residents of

this planet, not its students. Misha grinned in unconcealed excitement, this was perfect, she was after the kind of place real cyberware fanatics went, not some dodgy overpriced scam filled with the equivalent of tech bros.

Misha walked up to a receptionist, who raised an eyebrow at her complete lack of visible modifications, Misha was prepared though, silently handing over a data-chip with the options she had selected ahead of time. The receptionist

wordlessly slotted the chip into a machine under the counter, waited for a moment then intoned

"Thank you, please proceed to room 534, your cyber-surgeon will be Tony Devistan" with a calm voice. Misha did as she was told, Georgia following behind after confirming she could accompany her for the procedure and in a few

minutes Misha was lying down in a cyberisation pod, thinking over her choices one last time. Was this really what she wanted? Getting cyberware at a reputable establishment like this had almost no risk, but it was still a very

difficult choice to reverse if she regretted it. No, Misha was sure this was what she desired, she wasn't sure what she really wanted for herself in life yet, but she had to survive past the academy if she actually wanted one.

Then, the procedure began:

Her Surgeon, Tony, gave her a thumbs up and pulled a large lever, which caused the pod door to close shut, blocking Misha's view of the outside world. Her breathing became more and more rapid in anticipation, then she felt it.

Painlessly, a number of needles pushed into points along her spine and began injecting nanomachines and liquid metal, after a somewhat uncomfortable five or so minutes of having her entire skeleton and nervous system altered,

the fun part started. Letting out a moan, Misha shut her eyes and trembled, the barren expanse of her, practically concave, chest with ribs completely visible began rapidly transforming, slowly but surely, soft flesh began

building up in twin mounds, padding out her flat chest and gradually rising in surges of pleasure as the machine injected more material into her, the high quality, if tiny breasts growing and growing, forming a magnificent,

if still small pair of full cups, better than natural could ever be in softness, firmness and shape, they transformed her plain torso into something hard not to stare at, then, with a jolt of pleasure and a final gasping moan

from Misha, the procedure finished and the needles retracted, causing her to slump down.

## CYBERWARE OVERVIEW

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Hardware:

- Top Commercial Grade Cybernetic Foundation (a full-body modification allowing seamless compatibility with all but the most exotic or high end military cyberware, also grants incredibly enhanced bones and nerves and brain)

- > Medium Quality Cell Regeneration Module (increases maximum lifespan by 100 years and improves healing rate)

- > Minor Body Tissue Enhancement (increases size and quality of breasts as well as preventing them from ever sagging)

- > Low Quality Growth Adjuster (allows user to change their natural growth potential to whatever they desire)

Software:

- Unicomp Operating System (comes with a UI overlay with ones senses and the ability to freely control ones hardware and software)

Maximum Lifespan: 250 --> 350

Bust: 60cm (AA-Cup) --> 70cm (A-Cup)

Band Size: 60cm --> 65cm

Waist: 75cm

Hip: 74cm

Height: 160cm

Potential Future Bust: 70cm (A-Cup)

Potential Future Band Size: 65cm

Potential Future Hip: 74cm

Potential Future Height: 160cm

Misha glanced down at her naked body, she looked the same as usual except for one area. Misha was no longer completely flat.

The, still tiny but extremely perky, firm yet soft shapely A-Cups that graced her chest were just what she had hoped for, but that wasn't all. Misha activated her new cybernetic software with just a thought, displaying the

successful installation of her cyberware, but more importantly...

Misha selected the 'Growth Adjuster', then selected a few things from the display, just enough to put her on the playing field for now.

Potential Future Bust: 70cm (A-Cup) --> 80cm (C-Cup)

Potential Future Band Size: 65cm --> 70cm (28)

Potential Future Hip: 74cm --> 105cm

Potential Future Height: 160cm --> 180cm

Quickly getting up and putting back on her clothes, concealing the small rise of her chest, Misha grinned. She was too embarrassed to have a huge enhancement well into the alphabet in one go, but there was another reason,

she wanted to enjoy the feeling of growth, gently filling into bra after bra as her measurements rose and rose, she could think of nothing better. For now though, she didn't want Georgia to know, maybe she would think it was

just a bit of natural growth? She would still grow at normal speed after all and her boobs were only A-Cups for now, surely she wouldn't notice. Finishing getting changed, Misha stepped out the pod and waved to Georgia, before

setting off back home.

Georgia had very much noticed. Did her mistress really think she wouldn't? After all the clear pride in which she puffed out her slight but definitely existent chest gave away whatever her clothes could hide, but Georgia could

think only one thing, 'so cute!' What she had no idea of, though, was that on this new path forged by Misha, her titanic, perfect, sloshing I-Cups would eventually be outgrown and that day was sooner than she could imagine.

Just like that, a month passed in the blink of an eye, Georgia dutifully serving, flirting and teasing with her all the while, a lot had happened in this time, mainly involving Misha, but a number of events had caused something,

Georgia came to a realisation. She loved Misha, and would not settle for simply one-sided affection, she would make her adorable mistress fall head over heels for her.

As for Misha herself, she had finished her intro classes and was well into academy life now, her developing breasts filling and filling, not yet a B-Cup, but her new A-Cup bras were getting tighter and tighter every day, with

Georgia yet to notice, which filled her with glee, making sure to massage and grope her new

boobs each and every night, while trying not to stare at Georgia's top of the line superweapons, which she emphasised to her mistress

as much as she possibly could.

Today was another ordinary day, and time flowed ever onwards...

The actual content of the lessons at the academy was very difficult indeed, reliant entirely on Class 6 of above genetic enhancements greatly improving the ability of their

students to learn, in more or less every way. Thanks to that, Misha was having a very hard time, it wasn't that she wasn't a hard worker, or that she was stupid, the curriculum

was simply designed with geniuses as the low end of average. Thus, Misha had by now fallen hopelessly behind and was more or less learning her own self-made curriculum.

Initially, she has thought that with the relaxed schedule and technology such as direct brain information downloading being accessible to her, she would be able to keep up,

but unfortunately she had been proven dead wrong. Regardless, being a mandatory academy for nobles, it was not possible to drop out, and she was given great leniency for,

as well as explicit forgiveness for her failing grades, since the Noblesse Academy was well aware of her Class 10 level genes.

In any case, Misha was not satisfied with this, she felt like a failure, and thus firmly dedicated herself to the path of cybernetics, drawing out a plan for the cybernetic

journey she planned to take. After a few tens of minutes, she looked down at what she had written;

Misha's Cybernetics Plan:

1. Wait until I grow to a C-Cup
2. Increase Growth Potential to DDD, with some more hip, height and ass
3. Get some brain upgrades to at least not fail the curriculum and some lifespan upgrades so I can live for more of it
4. Wait until I grow, or maybe don't if I get impatient, and get a huge pair of G-cups from some all around cybernetic tissue enhancement and something to make me pretty!
5. Get some eye upgrades that let me tell other girls cup sizes and measurements at a glance
6. Make more plans!

Now all she had to do was wait to grow, save up money for upgrades and choose what specific pieces of cyberware she wanted.

printed, cute, frilly pink B-Cup bra she printed for her while Misha had been pushing up her growing boobs in the mirror proudly.

contained pod, with a comfortable chair and desk space, but a plethora of gadgets to aid in studying on either side and gravity fields preventing her from falling out.

however, as before Georgia could meet up with her, a certain someone did instead.

ceremony, this arrogant noble lady, whos stunning looks and villainess ringlet curls were only ruined by her personality, was named Felisha Ferringham Rozeworld and had

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1001-1005.

pulled strings to arrange Misha to share her Politics class, all for the opportunity to 'have some fun with her' every now and then like she had at the ceremony.

Felisha's full figure was thanks entirely to her Class 5 genetics, the privilege afforded to her from her position as heir to an average Planetary Noble family,

she was by all accounts the perfect example of an utterly average noble, a fact of which she was well aware, thus why she tried so hard to put down those below her.

Where she failed to measure up to average however, was ironically her huge, bountiful H-Cups, which despite their size were the absolute minimum size for someone with Class

5 enhancements, without her genetic modification, she would be flat as a board.

That too, was why she liked to, quite literally, rub in her ample size to those smaller than her.

Misha looked at the busty beauty with a mixture of excitement and something else, Felisha wasn't with her lackeys (who were Felisha's less fortunate Class 4 enhanced cousins.)

As they didn't share this class, so Misha had been 'tormented' by the blond beauty alone for the last three months. Felisha herself genuinely seemed to believe she was bullying

Misha, though she didn't think much of the girl herself since she only did it to vent her frustration and to feel busty and important. Initially, Georgia has tried to fight off

Felisha and her maid to aid her mistress, but upon realising that this was nothing except an enjoyable reward for Misha had given up. After all, Felisha's idea of bullying was

just to jam smaller girls in between her generous breasts and rub her voluptuous body all over them while mocking them verbally, at this point it had awakened a considerable

few things in Misha.

"Nice to see you again, flatty!" Cried Felisha, using the nickname she had settled upon after trying various things, even though it only barely fit Misha's B-Cups at this

point. "I see those tiny nubs of yours had just a little pathetic growth left in them, it looks like it's made you get all confident, hah!" Remarked Felisha astutely, her

enhanced brain and eyes noticing the subtle rise in the chest of her prey. Felisha dramatically twirled around, the full length dress variation uniform she had chosen after

some experimentation fluttering as she made various over the top poses with her fan designed to emphasise her chest. "Don't go getting cocky now, flatty, let me show you

what a real pair of breasts feel like!" She declared, skipping over her usual preamble, it seems Misha's modest growth had put her on edge, even though she had only gone

from A to B.

Without another word, Felisha (who was 180cm, 20cm taller than Mishas currently 160cm frame) hoisted Misha up by looping her arms under Mishas, pressed Misha into the wall with her huge breasts. Letting out a soft cry, Misha slid her hands to the ample watermelons wondrously jammed against her face, and began groping the huge, well developed boobs. Felisha stifled a cry as Misha's, by now rather skilled hands caressed her sensitive breasts and carried on as if nothing had happened, thinking the smaller girl was merely groping her abundant cleavage in despair at her own size that couldn't even fill her hands. "That's right flatty!" She exclaimed "Enjoy what you don't have while you can! Don't go thinking you'll ever grow a decent pair of breasts, besides, mine are still growing as well!" Felisha lied as easily as she breathed, her breasts hadn't grown a single millimeter in years, they had developed fast and fully filled out long ago.

Felisha placed her hands at the sides of her own plump, firm breasts and began moving them up and down, letting Misha feel the huge mounds shift over and over, bringing her straight to orgasm, Felisha had become quite skilled at using her fully matured breasts like this as well.

After another five minutes of fun, Felisha grew embarrassed and stepped away from the wall, letting Misha crumple to the ground, then muttered something or other about her lackluster bra size before strutting off with feigned confidence. Misha wore a creepy smile, then calmed down and wiped the drool off her face. She was always pleased for an opportunity to enjoy and fondle Felisha's massive tits, even if she always had to change her underwear afterwards. With a pout, Georgia walked over and helped up her mistress. Georgia was pleased to see Misha enjoy herself but jealous to see her enjoy another woman's breasts, especially since they weren't even as big as Georgia's gigantic I-Cups, despite them having the same class of modifications.

The two girls headed home, Georgia making an extra effort to push her huge boobs into Misha as much as possible, muttering about 'making her forget all about that small breasted woman' all the while, simultaneously considering if she should stop wearing a bra like Felisha, as her incredible tits were more than perky enough to never sag without one.

Just like that, Misha's life continued, her daily schedule as following:

1. Woken up by Georgia
2. Measure bust, waist, hips, thighs and height (when Georgia isn't looking)
3. Eat breakfast made by Georgia
4. Get ready for the day
5. Attend Class
6. Eat Lunch (made by Georgia)
7. Relax and Study
8. Eat Dinner (made by Misha and Georgia in turns, as per Misha's insistence)
9. Bathe and massage breasts
10. Go to Bed

There was nothing Misha enjoyed more than the steady increase in her measurements, and after a full year since arriving at the academy, came a fateful day.

Misha double checked the measurements of her body, her hands shaking.

Bust: 70cm (A-Cup) --> 80cm (C-Cup)

Band Size: 65cm --> 70cm (28)

Waist: 75cm --> 70cm

Hip: 74cm --> 105cm

Height: 160cm --> 180cm

She had finally done it, her breasts, once small, were now average, and she had fully filled out the modest growth potential she had given herself.

Giggling with glee, Misha opened her closet and rummaged around, retrieving the box of C-Cup Bras and XL Panties she had ambitiously prepared for herself, while her

breasts were merely average, the steady growth had blossomed her buttocks, hips and thighs into a full and juicy shape and most of her new height came from her lengthening

legs. Her waistline now had a mature curve and from her broad hips came the thick, shapely

stems of her thighs and her full, ample rear, she had gone from the absolute bottom of the barrel in every aspect to having a sexy lower body well, well above average. However, her average breasts were a sign of the declining beauty as one travelled up her body, as her face was still so plain it was hard to actually tell apart from anyone.

Misha gently cupped her breasts, they filled her hands now, and were so shapely, perky and firm they looked bigger than C-cups to an observer.

After a bit of fondling, Misha retrieved a matching set of mature, red, lacey panties and bra from the box and slowly, seductively, pulled the panties up her long, lovely

legs and over her full, plump rear and broad hips, feeling an incredible sense of pleasure and fulfillment unlike anything she had enjoyed before. Having secured the panties

below her curvy, tight waist, Misha picked up the bra, and felt a sense of awe. The C-Cup bra in her hands was not huge, or even big by any means, but seeing such depth in

the cups, clearly designed to be filled by a pair of breasts big enough they might, she thought, actually need some support awakened a wonderful feeling within her.

Misha jolted with a start as she heard Georgia calling her for breakfast, flustered, Misha cried out she would be there in a moment and hastily fastened the bra, feeling her

chest fill the cups and the elastic stretch to accommodate, before getting off up her ample rear and throwing on an oversized T-shirt, her usual attire around the house, much

to Georgia's secret enjoyment as her mistress by now had quite the fine lower half to show off.

Misha bounded over to the table, feeling a modest bounce from her breasts as she did, before settling down her plump butt onto the chair. Georgia eyed her with suspicion,

her beloved mistress was puffing out her, quite significant now, chest with pride and seemed unusually brimming with barely contained joy, after last time she was almost

certain, her mistress had gone up another cup size.

"My my, mistress, you're getting quite big now aren't you?" Georgia smoothly intoned with a seductive smirk, her eyes locked on to Misha fully puffed out chest, the shape

of each well developed if average sized breast quite visible even through the oversized plain white T-shirt.

Noticing Georgia's gaze, Misha covered her chest with her arms and curled up in embarrassment, blushing furiously, who was she to be so proud of C-Cups in front of the titanic

titted maid in front of her?! Georgia's smirk only grew into a wide grin, she had honestly thought her mistress had no hope of further growth when she met her, and her

artificial improvement to A-cup had solidified that in her mind, but she had been wrong, it

seemed she had simply been a late bloomer, she idly thought unaware of the more subtle artificial enhancement at play, wondering if her mistress had anything left to grow into a D-cup to compliment her wonderfully grown lower body, which she hadn't expected either, simply chalking up her mistress previous anxieties as unnecessary worry.

After a few more moments of contemplation, Georgia's heart warmed, her love for her mistress only grew, and lately she had been less and less resistant to Georgia's advances, recently, Misha had even given Georgia explicit permission to touch her body without asking beforehand, which had surprised the loyal maid.

now was the time, she thought. Circling behind Misha, grateful that the chair Misha sat in only covered her lower back, Georgia reached around and cupped Misha's breasts, pushing her colossal I-Cups into Misha's back. Misha yelped in surprise and pleasure at the huge, soft pillows of top-knotch flesh pressed into her from behind, as well as the gentle hands fondling her own much smaller pair.

"Well, these certainly don't feel like little B-Cups anymore..." Georgia whispered sensually into Misha's ear, making her shiver. "Don't tell me, you've reached C already?"

Misha could only nod, her face burning with shame. "It seems you are quite the late bloomer mistress, especially down here..." Georgia practically moaned, one of her hands moving down every line of Misha's body before gripping her well-endowed butt. "You might grow even more if, say, a skilled maid were to help massage you every night." Georgia's seductive whisper offered, Misha squirmed in embarrassment and newly brimming lust. "What do you say mistress, care to take me as your lover?" Came the words this had built up to all along, Misha could only nod in affirmation.

And so, the busty maid beauty and her mistress began dating.

END OF PART 1