

Kioko - Ascension

Content warning: This story will contain extreme breast expansion (Universe+), suitably gratuitous lactation, and human to kitsune TF. If this doesn't interest you, I suggest you read no further.

A door slammed in a twilit corridor. A lightbulb, swaying from the shock, fell still as a hand gently grasped its pullcord. In a click, it lit up to illuminate a disheveled, blonde-haired woman. She staggered down the short hallway before collapsing onto an overstuffed loveseat, dropping her black leather purse to the floor with a thunk. The noise reminded Kioko of her new item, but she couldn't get up after that day at work.

A woman had told her manager off about how "that spindly bimbo" had messed up her measurements for her wedding dress. While it was clear that she'd simply put on a lot of weight, Kioko's manager would hear none of it, and set her to every inane task imaginable as punishment. She blew a bang out of her eye from where it had fallen.

Asshole.

Oh well. She was home now, in her little corner of... well, it wasn't exactly paradise, but it was something. She idly picked at a hole in her trusty throne, extracting a small piece of fluff and moving it about in her hand. She pinched it in her fingers, taking a mild comfort from the miniscule spring in its fibers. Then she looked down at herself, past her meager A-cup bust, covered in a wrinkled button-up that was probably a size too large, down over her flat stomach buried in its folds somewhere. Glancing past her wholly ordinary hips and down the length of her long khaki-clad legs, she kicked off a cheap heel and followed up with its twin. She eventually begrudgingly pulled herself up. Squeezing past her bed, she made her way through her tiny kitchen into a small area that could charitably be described as a bathroom. Dark blue eyes met hers in a cracked mirror. Shaking her head, she turned a faucet in the sink and put

her hand to it, feeling nothing but an ice-cold chill. After a few seconds, she elected to splash some on her face and wipe off some of the dust.

Maybe the hot water will be fixed by morning... She looked at the battered faucet handle of her shower and shivered. *Hopefully.*

Turning back to the living area, Kioko traipsed over to her purse, scooping the article up from its resting place on the floor. Moving over to sit on her bed, she rifled through it briefly before pulling out a small trinket wrapped in newspaper. It was something. Maybe her nightmare retail job couldn't afford her much better in the city. Maybe this place was falling apart at the seams around her as it was... but the little bauble in her hands still took some of her money anyway. Unwrapping it reveals a small figurine, carved from a bright stone in the figure of a fox, a purple jewel embedded in its forehead. She smiled at the sight of it. Maybe it wasn't her best financial decision. She didn't care. This place needed **something** cute and novel in it. That ratty old antiques shop at the near corner of the mall was selling it on the cheap. She blessed her good fortune. Maybe this was her own little slice of Inari or something. She held it against her chest and ran a finger around the small gemstone. It almost seemed to glow in the dingy light of the lone lightbulb. Its presence brought a small frown, however.

"Spindly bimbo indeed..." she lamented. Kioko had always been tall and slender. At 6'1", she could have been a statuesque stunner, but none of her curves ever really developed. She wasn't really ostracized, and it's not like she was unpopular throughout her schooling, just... something felt missing. She looked upon other women, even that chunky nag of a customer, with some amount of envy. It was more than that, though. She wanted more, so much more. The kinds of breasts you could only see in adult media or T.V. freakshow specials. She half-considered raiding her loveseat for stuffing again, just to feel something.

"I just wish I could get some really big tits..." she grumbled, her mental tangent bubbling up at last. Vigorously shaking her head, she set

her new trinket down on her nightstand and went to take a shower. As she shuffled out of her uniform, the fox watched on. Its gemstone flickered. Then, with an almost inaudible ring, it cracked. It slowly darkened before losing color entirely.

“Oh god!” Kioko screamed out over the hiss of her shower.

That water was **much** colder than she'd thought it was.

Kioko chucked her threadbare towel over the shower's curtain bar with a huff. The cold of the water had her covered in goosebumps and her nipples were at full attention. It was an unpleasant affair, but as she buttoned up a pink fox-patterned pajama top she just thanked goodness that it was over. Pulling on the baggy bottoms, she made a beeline for her bed, bundling herself in her blankets on impact. Slowly, warmth was returning to her body. She looked to the ceiling with a content hum.

These jammies are way softer than that crinkly uniform.

After a few minutes in her cocoon, Kioko finally relaxed. She rolled over onto her side to look at her new good luck charm, only to frown. What had happened? She'd just set it down! Maybe that rough landing earlier damaged it, but even so... She felt a tightness in her chest. That little fake trinket must have cost her her only disposable income this month. Her covers had now gotten much too warm, and so she threw them off and rolled to her far side with a huff. A cool draft from her window teased her face, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

That effort was wasted. Putting up with rude people. Her jerk manager. Coworkers doing their best to do as little as possible... A fire

burned in her chest as she sobbed. Thankless task after arduous chore. All to get a pittance of cash to do with as she pleased. And she'd wasted it on a little. Fake. Paperweight. It could have at least gotten her fast food instead of whatever low-grade gruel she was able to put together in a pot. The fire burned, licking at her skin from within. Her one ray of hope. Had just... left.

Letting out a choked gasp, Kioko sat bolt upright. This burning hadn't abated, if anything it was getting stronger by the second. She doubled over, clutching her cotton-clad chest. Only to feel... something. Two somethings. She looked on, mouth agape, as bumps began to form in her top's fabric. The pain took second place in her mind as her brain raced with the implications. Slowly, as the bulges crept outward, her slackened jaw closed into a dopey grin. She raises an arm, wincing as it glances across her growing bust. Wiping a tear from her eye, she hiccups. The action causes her new breasts to bounce slightly, causing her nipples to run along the inside of her top. It was electric pain, but she couldn't help but smile broadly.

They might have only been C-cups, but that was so much more than she'd had! Her prayers had been heard at last! The pain eventually subsided into a gentle warmth in her bosom. Slowly, Kioko rose from her bed, and walked back to her mirror. Wiping off a couple stray drops of water, she looks herself over again. Her new breasts strain against the fabric of her top, as her reflection smiles in glee. She giggles and grabs a handful, filling her hand to capacity. The soft flesh pushes the downy cotton into it with a reassuring weight. Her shirt was getting tight, and even then she swore her breast was pressing harder and harder into her hand. Now bordering on Ds or DDs, her tits had pulled open diamonds in her button-up, revealing pristine pale flesh that hadn't been there mere minutes ago.

Far from worried, though, Kioko wanted them to grow faster! Sure, this was her favorite pair of pajamas, but she'd fantasized about something like this since she knew what puberty was. Back then she'd have written it

off as a child's flight of fancy. Here, now, though, at this moment, it was no fantasy. Somehow, her wishes were coming true.

Fabric creaks snapped her out of her reverie. Sucking in her chest as best she can, Kioko poses in the mirror. She feels her breasts throbbing under her touch as any leeway the fabric had was quickly reclaimed. Undeterred, Kioko stubbornly holds onto her breath. It's getting so tight. She can hear the thread's high-pitched squeak as it prepares its surrender.

But she would take no prisoners. With a mighty heave, she lets all her breath out in a resounding cascade, and with several sharp pings, the buttons of her top fly off in a rain, leaving one to remain. This stubborn fastener was at the apex of her breasts, and with a deep breath she began her attempt to slay it. Her intake did little, as flesh bulged around the lone survivor. In a bellowing roar, she forced her chest forward, sending the last button flying like a bullet. With a loud crack, all was quiet again.

Kioko stood there for a moment to catch her breath again. Her panting caused her bust to wobble, the bulging H-cups growing still more even in the moments it took for her to regain her composure. She looks up to see a dark spot on the wall, and gingerly removes a plastic button, buried three-quarters deep. Her tits felt heavy, but she was on cloud nine. She'd turned her shirt into a cannon, with nothing but her... breasts. She looks down at her huge boobs, barely covered by the flaps of foxy fabric, and winces. Their gentle warmth defies the coldness of the room as they continue to swell.

Maybe this is starting to get a touch out of hand.

Something clicked in her that this might go more wrong than right. Sure, huge tits were fantastic, but how was she going to get dressed for work in the morning? She didn't have a bra, let alone one to fit these monsters! Her uniform might be a size big, but now she's at least three beyond that!

Her breasts, meanwhile, had their own answer. No longer content with their blossoming, they warmed up yet more. It was all Kioko could do to suppress a moan. They began to tighten up, swelling even larger even faster as the warmth doubled and doubled again. Soon, the tightness reaches its peak as a small stream of white begins to trickle from the smitten girl's nipples. Thinking quickly, she heaves her sweater shredders over to the sink and plops them in, crouching slightly to take their weight off. The basin is stuffed with tifflesh, and fresh milk begins to rise up in the limited free space. Kioko lifts her breasts off of the drain and brings a hand up to her nipple, giving it an experimental pinch. Immediately, a gout of milk bursts out, as if from a water hose, splashing out of the basin and onto the tile floor. Kioko gasps and stumbles from the stimulus, lights flashing in her eyes as her pinches are soon mirrored by her other hand and made more frantic. Milk gushes from her teats into the underprepared sink as she mauls them. Seeking some freedom from the tightness of her chest, she only seemed to cause them to swell still faster. Soon even standing fully upright her breasts were getting soaked in a bath of their own bounty. Eventually, she had to let go of her nipples and allow her breasts to sit in the basin once more, now dramatically overflowing its bounds with milk and flesh.

Still, they grew unabated. As if encouraged by their offering, inches after inches appeared on her chest in seconds. Swelling faster and faster, Kioko tried to haul her breast out of the sink, only to hear a loud crack as the porcelain gave out beneath her weight. She tumbled to the floor amongst crumbling shards and a rain of her own making as her breasts continued their crusade. Now finally freed from their prison, they could really get this going. Kioko moans as her bust pulses to double its size, settling back halfway before surging again, her flesh gurgling with production even during its rapid growth. Milk sprays about as her beanbag tits quickly become sofas. Sofas become refrigerators which become dwarfed still. All the while, a tide of milk passes through the increasingly crowded studio. Her feet feel wetness climbing them, only for her lukewarm milk to lap at her ankles. She thought she heard some shouting from the floor below, no doubt experiencing whatever was escaping beneath the

door. Her left breast pressed hard against the tile-clad wall, pushing her to the side with its still-accelerating growth. The roaring wave of milk slams into the far wall just in time for her right breast to begin devouring her bed.

In no time, she's up to her neck in milk with tits filling more than three-quarters of her living space. She does what she can to scale them, but due to their weight she can't move them. Their sides are coated with milk and firm from within, offering no purchase to the desperate girl. She stands on her tip-toes as she's pushed into the back wall of her shower stall gasping for breath over her rising tides. Just then, she hears a loud bang, and her left breast suddenly feels light, followed by her right. Rapidly the sensation travels from the fattest apex of her breasts to the rest of her. Milk recedes as she plummets down to the level below, crushing straight through the front wall and slamming heavily onto the sidewalk two stories below. Despite her somewhat cushioned landing, Kioko struggles to catch her breath. A surge of milk quickly coats her surroundings as her breasts ramp up still further.

Dwarfing cars isn't enough.

I'm a one-woman wrecking ball, but still I...

Kioko blinked, a blush burning her face as red as it had ever been. She's already far beyond hope of her normal life again; she didn't need a normal life anymore. Surely when whatever this was stopped, she'd be carted off to some research facility to be poked and prodded over this mess. She could let this make her as big as she wanted. Her face broke into a sloppy grin as she pressed herself into her tits as much as she could. The bus-sized monsters respond in kind, pulsing big enough to collide with the far-side building.

By now, traffic was thoroughly destroyed and dozens of onlookers looked into the night with blatant shock and panic. Kioko's bust pulses again, pushing its mass against both buildings as hard as it can. The resulting letdown of milk lifted a car off of its wheels and carried it into a garbage truck, which tipped in a crashing heap of steel. Her breasts pulse

again, smashing through the buildings and toppling them around her. Having landed atop her swelling assets, she looked down at the chaos in a haze. Her lust-drunk mind didn't care about these people right now. Her tits needed her full attention. She encourages them yet more, groping and kneading the small fraction she can reach, until with a boom the foundations are smothered and rubble rains down. Debris rains around her body, bouncing off her boobs and only deepening the rivers that the streets of the city had become. People who weren't washed away tried what they could to get away, but those anywhere near Kioko were quickly smothered as her building-pulverizing tits picked up speed. Within minutes she could see over top of every building in the city.

She moans loudly as she comes to a climax from the stimulation, her tits almost tripling again in that instant. Now her bust had wiped out an entire neighborhood, and soon she felt the central towers of the city center snap like twigs against her enormity.

Kioko blinks, seeing a wall of flesh around her. She can feel her bust spilling outward relentlessly: the chill of the bay water, the mud at its bottom. The hills backing the city, then the mountains. In this moment of clarity, her heart sinks. The heat in her chest hadn't waned. It had grown so, so much stronger.

My boobs are self-powering.

The bigger they swell, the faster they grow, in an endless exponential cycle of flesh and milk they expand. She felt so much and yet so little, unable to truly process the sensations she felt. Both breasts felt damp now, and not just from milk. She easily feels the curvature of the world now, and soon even that drops away. Flesh begets flesh, her expanding titfat quickly reduces her world to a marble. A tiny blue speck, lost between them.

Kioko's head begins to itch, and she feels a dull pain at the base of her spine. As she feels a thud against her left breast, she reaches to scratch her itch, finding nubs on her head that she wasn't expecting in the

slightest. Soon, a bump above her back just above her ass also demanded attention as it hiked the elastic of her bottoms over itself. But as she was going to pull them off, a searing bolt of pain shot through her right breast, causing her to choke back a cry. She could feel a tiny, hot marble shaped object break against her flesh and fizzle out. The sun itself had broken, and the sensation left her seeing stars. Once she snaps out of it, the constant churning of her breasts starts to sound weirdly echoed. Something atop her head twitches, and she brings her hand up to come into contact with soft fluffy fur.

“Aah!” She yells, as both her hand and the growth recoil from one another. ...she heard her scream twice. Slowly, she inspects the fluff, finding a new ear twitch on contact. Its twin stayed somewhat stoic despite her rising heart rate. She looks to her bottoms, and sees a tuft of golden-blond fluff emerging from the waistband, and notices something soft winding down her pant leg. Gingerly, she lifts the garment to reveal a fluffy tail sprouting from her lower back. Looking at the icons on her pajamas, and thinking of the statue, it was clear. She’s grown a fox tail and ears to match.

Cold tingling reminded Kioko of her other new additions. Her tits were wholly unsatisfied with extinguishing their star and rapidly bulldozed straight through the Kuiper Belt and the Oort Cloud. If she’d hit any other planets, she hadn’t felt them in her journey of fox discovery. Overwhelmed by the situation, tired from her long day and exertions, Kioko did her best to keep her eyes open, but not long after she felt the tingling of the Heliosphere break against her giants, she couldn’t fight it any longer.

Tight...

So...

TIGHT!!!

Kioko coughs a mouthful of milk and gasps for breath, looking around the dank cavern of her own flesh, seeing little but understanding much. She could feel it all around her, after all. Pressing against her, unrelenting. She could also feel the space she was in quickly filling, both with pliable flesh still growing, and galactic tides of milk with nowhere else to go. It felt like she'd been rolled into a ball and squeezed. Though, of course, she was the one doing the squeezing, and the ball was there first.

These semantics didn't address the main problem; Kioko was running out of space, and fast. She coughs and sputters and more and more milk has penetrated deep into rolls of her own meat too gigantic for her mind to fathom. Her heart races as she flails in vain. Reaching out for something, anything, to save her from drowning in milk after all of this. Then she felt it. The warmth. It was radiating off of her breasts, lingering like a fog in the area around her. Amongst the turbulent waves of cream, she reached into this fog and pleaded.

To breathe.

Not a moment, she coughed, and her lungs stopped their protest... but her respite was short-lived. Titflesh is contracting around her, the barriers proving wholly resilient despite the best efforts of her breasts. She only had a few more minutes, or less. She grasped at it again.

Stop growing.

There was less than no effect, if anything, she felt her breasts ramp up in intensity, as if out of disdain for such a thing. She gulped, a mouthful of milk washing down her gullet.

She reached out to the fog again as she clenched a fist into her own skin. This was her only hope.

Grow. Now. As fast as you can.

The fog receded back into her bust, and even through the sloshes of the milk engulfing her, she could hear a roar unlike anything she'd ever heard before. Instantly, she felt the bubble constraining her pop, and in that moment, her bust grew seemingly infinitely larger than it had been before. Shakily, she reached out again, willing them to resume their normal rate of growth. The aetherial purple fog slowly but surely seeped back of her flesh, but her growth spurt had meant her boobs had hardly slowed at all. She felt tiny bubbles popping against her expanse, then another shell was met and surpassed with far less drama. Eventually, she felt little at all besides the background warmth of her bust and the untold quantities of milk gushing from them.

There, growing larger, faster, constantly... Kioko was alone. Nothing could withstand her anymore. Nothing she can feel. Just her breasts. Awash with milk in an endless void, eager to fill infinity itself to the brim and break it too. They were everything she could have ever dreamed. The hole inside her didn't feel quite as empty by now... Yet she couldn't help but lust for more, even as nothing remained to measure against... She could feel it all. Every inch of her incalculable mass. Every drop of milk geysering from her teats. The untold expanses of herself she could only imagine revealed themselves to her by sheer providence. Her ears flick and her tail thrash as she comes to orgasm yet again by these sensations.

Lust quickly turns dull and gives way to boredom, however. After boredom, regret. Despair. She tested her abilities to manipulate this magic. She willed her power to give her the energy to stay awake. She revoked her need for food. She stopped her aging in its tracks. She willed there to be a space behind her, and slowly, her incalculable backboob shifted to leave a small gap.

Then, she did what she could. To atone.

Her eyes glowed a rich purple, as did her tail behind her. Her ears folded back as she tensed her whole body. Casting an arm behind her, she

began to weave. A new shell. Dust within. Grains become stars. Become planets.

She had no way to know how much time had passed, if indeed it had. However, with one last blast of power, a new universe had been molded. As the energy dissipated, the warmth suffused her tail, and before long, it had grown into a fluffy web. Nine tails, in their brilliant golden-blonde. They shimmered briefly once more with power before falling dormant again. She let out a sigh of relief. Now she could set about the fine details. With ever more power to work with, it shouldn't be impossible.

And once that was done... perhaps something *e/se* could be done.

A riotous clamor erupts all around. Chaos unimaginable in a world of unity and order. Forces clash and rebound in ways purely impossible.

HONK!!!

“MOVE YOUR ASS! THE LIGHT’S GREEN, YOU DIPSHIT!”

A squat, balding man slams his steering wheel with all his might as his target of ire slowly pulls away from the traffic light. People all along the sidewalk look on with a range of emotions. Some light up with amusement, some glower in annoyance, but one... One hooded figure simply smiles.

A blink of blue, a stroke of gold, and they walked leisurely down the sidewalk.

Hefting a huge bulge beneath her otherwise oversized hoodie, and wincing as it threatened to surge in her hands, Kioko glowered with stern purple eyes at her huge bust.

“Behave, girls.” She whispered, biting back a moan, “Let’s just be glad to be back.”

Blinking blue once more, her eyes sweep across the towering skyline of a city she’d never been to before.

“Let’s just go see the sights, then, shall we?” She smiles warmly, biting her lip. “You really never stop speeding up, do you?”

Her stomach roars at her angrily, drawing the attention of nearby pedestrians. She winces at the many eyes now making her out, but retains her composure as best she can.

Well, we can always start with that buffet over there.

She smirks as she quickly walks her way towards the glassy facade of the tower. To think, she could still feel her tits, straining against her spells. Even now it was taking a lot of attention to keep from making a scene.

*Look out, world. I’m back, and bigger than ever.
...though after this I should probably work on foolproofing.*