

BIGGER THAN FAME

The local mall pulsed with life, a gleaming palace of consumerism echoing with soft pop music and the distant chatter of shoppers. Fluorescent lighting hummed overhead, bathing the polished tile floors in a sterile glow. The sweet-and-savory aroma of fresh-baked pretzels wafted from the food court, mingling with sugary hints of cinnamon and the acrid tang of floor polish. Small crowds of people wandered lazily between stores, the midday lull making the space feel open and echoey, like a stage waiting for a show.

Click. Click. Click.

The sharp rhythm of heels on tile announced Alice before anyone could even see her. She was live, the lens of her phone's front-facing camera framing her face in flawless lighting as she held it at the perfect angle. For her, it was just another blessed day in the life of an influencer.

Alice's plump, glossed lips curled into a subtle pout, icy blue eyes wide and alluring, practically begging for attention. Her long, straight blonde hair shimmered like spun gold, brushing her bare shoulders as she moved with a confident sway. She wore a white crop top tight enough to squeeze her generous chest enough to see the outline of her bra, the hem just barely covering the bottom curve of her breasts. Below, a pleated pastel skirt clung to her hips and fluttered with every stride, short enough that a stiff breeze might have given those she passed by a free show.

The chat on Alice stream was alive with thirst emojis and compliments. She purred into the mic, "Just doing a little lunch-hour shopping, babes. The perks of being your favorite boss bitch! No boring day jobs, just me and whatever the hell I want."

Alice giggled, soaking in the validation like it was sunlight.

Thud

A shoulder clipped Alice's. Not hard, but enough to jostle her slightly and send her phone momentarily wobbling in her grip. Her heel scraped against the tile.

"Excuse me?" Alice snapped, spinning around with a huff.

A short, hunched woman draped in a drab, floral-print dress stood before Alice. Wisps of silver hair curled around her deeply lined face. Her plastic bag rustled as she adjusted it, blinking up with wide, watery eyes. "Oh! I-I'm so sorry, dear. I didn't see you there."

Alice sneered. "Maybe try watching where you're going, *grandma*," she barked, not lowering her voice. "Ugh. I swear, people just don't pay attention..."

The old woman hesitated, gaze dropping briefly to Alice's outfit. Her wrinkled brow furrowed. "...Is that really what young women wear these days? In public?"

With a heavy, drawn-out sigh, Alice rolled her eyes dramatically, making sure the camera caught every ounce of her disdain. “Okay, wow. First of all, it’s none of *your* business what I wear. Second, maybe if you had *anything* worth flaunting, you wouldn’t be so damn jealous, judging me.”

There was a sharp inhale from the older woman. Alice smirked, already turning away with a dismissive flick of her hair. She posed for her watchers while she walked, flaunting her looks in a way that she knew drove her followers wild.

The older woman’s eyes narrowed, her mouth settling into a thin, disapproving line. “You’re the *perfect* example of what’s wrong with your generation,” she exasperated, her voice low but sharp, like the crackle of a broken speaker. “No respect for your elders. No respect for *anyone*. Just noise, vanity, and entitlement wrapped in plastic smiles and empty words.”

Alice paused mid-strut, but the old woman’s gaze didn’t waver. She continued, “There’s so much *ugliness* inside you, girl. No amount of makeup or technology will ever hide it...”

The words slipped beneath Alice’s skin like ice water, uninvited and bracing. Her jaw clenched, blue eyes flashing like lightning over dark waves. Her chat was *still* buzzing, someone had even typed “*who’s the hag?*”, but the sound dulled behind the roar in her head.

Alice turned on her heel with a stomp, stalking back toward the old woman. “*Excuse me?!?* Who the hell are *you* calling ‘ugly’, you wrinkled little crypt keeper?” she lashed, throwing her arms wide for the camera. “Are you mad because you’re long past your prime, if you ever even had one? It must *really* suck that you can’t even bend over without breaking a hip!”

The old woman didn’t flinch, didn’t even frown, she smiled, then *laughed*. It wasn’t a cackle, it was something colder, deeper. It rolled out of her chest like a whisper dragged from the bottom of a well, coated in smoke and dust. It wasn’t loud, but the sound stopped Alice in her tracks. Her arms prickled, while the hair on her neck rose like static clinging to silk.

“Oh, sweetheart,” the old woman said softly, smiling like she already knew how this story would end. “If the attention of others means so much to you... then I’ll make sure they *never* forget *you*.”

Alice blinked, then scoffed. “What are you gonna do, *cancel me?*” she goaded, pantomiming fear with a mocking gasp and wiggling fingers. “Please. If I lose a few sponsors, I’ll just start an apology stream and flash a little extra cleavage. It’s called *knowing your brand*, granny.”

Giving the camera a wink, Alice tossed her hair over her shoulder again with a flourish. “Anyway, I don’t have time for your menopause-fueled drama. Go back under whatever bridge you crawled out of...” She laughed, bright and airy, as she sauntered past the old woman again,

resuming her casual livestream with a practiced smile, her heels clicking with extra emphasis. Behind her, the old woman stood perfectly still, watching and smiling.

Alice resumed her strut through the mall's central promenade, basking in the illusion of control. Her phone was tilted just right, angled to capture her full curves and golden locks with every step. The chat sparkled with comments, hearts, flames, drooling emojis, and she rewarded her audience with a coy little smirk here, a jiggle there, anything to keep them hooked.

"Alright, babes," Alice cooed, her voice sugary-sweet, "I need something *hot* to wear tonight. There's a new club opening downtown, and you *know* I've gotta show these other basic bitches who the *queen* is."

With a slight twirl, her skirt flared for the camera, flashing just a tease of the smooth skin above her thighs. Her hand ran along her hip as she walked, purely just for the show, but then paused. One of her eyes twitched. Her fingers had brushed *more*.

Alice's thighs felt slightly plush, warm to the touch. There was no pain, just *swelling*. The inner flesh kissed and clung with a faint squish as she moved, a slight chafe, a shift.

"Ugh," Alice muttered under her breath, adjusting her grip on the phone as she tugged discreetly at her waistband. Her panties were starting to ride up, wedging deeper between the softening cheeks of her ass. She wriggled slightly, trying to get them unstuck, but they snapped right back. That's when she heard it.

"Damn, girl... what's it going to take to let me clap those cheeks?"

"Shit, look at that bounce..."

The two young men loitering near a bench turned and openly stared as Alice passed. One of them gave a low whistle. The other chuckled, clearly not bothering to hide his gaze. Her ass had begun to peek, just barely, beneath the hem of her skirt, its swelling curve becoming a show of its own.

Alice snapped her head back toward them, lips curling. "Pigs," she muttered, shooting them a venomous glare and flipping them off over her shoulder. The guys just laughed in response.

As Alice kept walking, her thighs rubbed in a low, steady rhythm she hadn't quite noticed before, a tiny pulse of warmth coiling beneath her belly. Her heart thudded and she licked her lips without thinking.

There was a primal thrill in being watched, although Alice would never openly admit it. Knowing that others couldn't look away stirred something within her. She had felt it a thousand times before, but this time was *different*, rawer, as if their eyes weren't just taking her in, they were *feeding* on her.

Alice shifted again, feeling her panties digging deeper. She ran her fingers along her thigh, pretending to adjust her skirt, but stopped as she noticed just how *thick* her legs looked. Her skin was soft, smooth, almost *overripe*. The fullness was jiggling ever so slightly with every step now.

“Okay, what the hell,” Alice murmured with a nervous little laugh. “Maybe next time I shouldn’t eat such a big breakfast.”

The mall light seemed hotter now. Alice’s skin tingled. Another tug at her waistband yielded nothing, just a vain attempt to adjust as her panties sunk further into the heft of her rear. Her smile wavered. For the first time since her stream began, she hesitated.

What was that old hag’s deal anyway?

Alice snapped out of it and glanced over her shoulder briefly, half-expecting to see the woman still standing there in the distance, stalking, but the space behind her was empty. There were just shoppers, just noise. Still, she felt a prickle over her skin, as if her body knew that something else was going on.

Forcing another smile, Alice re-centered her camera as she walked. The flush in her cheeks could be passed off as flirty excitement, but a creeping pressure in her lower body told a different story.

“Anyway... ugh, *men*, right?” Alice teased, rolling her eyes for dramatic effect as she strolled past a row of boutique windows. “I swear, they fall all over themselves if I so much as *look* at them. I mean, I’m not saying I take advantage of it, *but...*”

Alice paused, biting her lip in faux innocence before flashing a wicked grin to the camera. “Okay, no, that’s *exactly* what I’m saying. I’ve had guys buy me shoes, dinner, perfume. Hell, one guy took me on a weekend trip to Vegas, just for a *kiss*. And when I’m done? Block. *Ghosted*. Byeeeeee.” The chat lit up.

“queen behavior”

“get that bag girl”

“they deserve it lol”

“men = walking wallets”

Alice giggled as her confidence flared. She flipped her hair and strutted a little harder, until her stride faltered. A fresh pulse of pressure bloomed through her ass, like air inflating a balloon one tight squeeze at a time. Her breath hitched.

Jiggle

The motion was unmistakable now. Alice's ass had grown again, a visible, luscious swell. The elastic band of her panties groaned in protest, the fabric now wedged too deep into the cleft of her ass to be properly reached on her own, completely devoured by the full, ripened expanse of her cheeks.

"Mmmfff... shit," Alice hissed under her breath, the smile on her stream disappeared for a beat.

Alice tried to keep talking, tried to laugh it off, but the pressure was too distracting. Every step made her thighs *kiss*, her skirt riding higher and higher still. The hem now barely reached the middle curve of her cheeks. Her panties would have been visible from the back, if not for the fact that they were lost to the cavern of cleavage that was her bottom. To make matters worse, the delicate cloth could be seen from the front, where the stretched material had pulled into a taut triangle at the apex of her thighs.

Just a little bloated, she told herself. *Maybe water weight. Whatever.*

Trying to keep her voice upbeat for the stream, Alice's laugh felt more forced now. "Remind me to hit up the gym later. Probably should lay off the carbs for a week."

Alice's stride quickened, her tone wavered. Every movement made her ass bounce, *heavy*, juicy, obscene. She could feel eyes behind her. People had no problem making their feelings known either.

"Goddamn, look at that thing."

"Screw cake, she's got a wholeass *bakery*."

"I've got a face-shaped chair right here for you, baby, if you need to sit down!"

Alice didn't respond this time. She kept her eyes forward, marching toward the nearest bathroom sign, which felt like it was miles away. One hand held her phone aloft, still streaming, her viewers probably getting a shaky view of the mall ceiling and her bouncing reflection in storefront glass. The other hand frantically tugged down at the back of her skirt, a *hopeless* effort. It kept snapping back, pulled tight by the sheer mass of her new curves.

*This isn't happening. It's just in my head. I'm just bloated. It's just the skirt. It's **fine**.*

Despite whatever excuse Alice tried to come up with, her panties shifted otherwise with every step. They rode *deep*, taut and slippery, teasing nerve endings she wasn't used to feeling back there. Her breath quickened as her thighs squished, sticky and warm. She could feel her heart pounding away, not just from exertion, but from a lingering sense of fear she couldn't quite place.

That hag...

The thought surfaced again, uninvited. That wrinkled smile. That *laugh*.

Alice shivered. Her hand gripped the phone tighter. The lighting above her shimmered. Her reflection in the nearest store window rippled for a second, making her question if her hips looked even wider now. She blinked, then looked away.

Power-walking past the escalators, Alice's phone returned to the usual higher angle, though her stream shifted from polished performance to awkward, jittery motion. Her cheeks were red, her breath shallow. Every step was a battle now. Her thighs rubbed like thick velvet ropes, while her ass essentially fought gravity with every wobble of movement.

Okay, okay... just a few more-

WMPF

Another surge hit Alice like a jolt of heat, rolling through her hips and slamming straight into her rear. Her breath caught as she felt the full swell of her cheeks billow outward, stretching wider, rounder, each one nearing the size of a beach ball, provocatively plush and increasingly heavy.

"No no no... fuck! This isn't real! *This isn't real...*"

Alice's voice cracked. She winced. The panties, or what little remained, had become a thread of agony, stretched into a tight, thin floss wedged so deep between her cheeks that they vanished entirely from view. Her skirt was little more than a decorative belt now, riding high on the bloated swell of her hips.

There's no way this is actually happening. It's just... This has to be some kind of hallucination, or maybe a dream. I've gotta be dreaming, right?

With one final *snap*, the panties gave out, not torn clean, but *buried* within the expanse of flesh, completely *devoured* by the two ridiculous globes of her rear. Her ass jiggled with relief, but her balance shifted wildly. Heels quaked beneath the considerable bulk of her new proportions.

Alice tried to take another step, but couldn't. Instead, her hips *swayed* from side to side in wide, exaggerated motions, her thighs brushing and *slapping* together from the weight. Her gait collapsed into a graceless wobble, like she was trying to walk with two overinflated yoga balls strapped to her.

"Shit... *shit!* Fuck, *come on!*" Alice hissed through clenched teeth, still trying to act like nothing was wrong, even as the whispers began.

They came from *everywhere* now, not just guys. Women paused mid-conversation to gape. A mother covered her grown daughter's eyes. An older couple gasped aloud.

"Is this some kind of stunt?"

“That poor girl...”

“I didn’t realize you could get implants that big.”

“Are you seeing this?!?”

Alice flushed hard. “Mind your business!” she snapped, voice sharp and cracking as she tried to push her skirt down again, not that it helped. Her bare ass was on full display, hypnotic and surreal.

Another pulse, another surge gripped Alice. “Nnnnggggghhh... haaaaahhhh!”

Alice *whimpered* this time as her hips shot out, wider. Her ass continued its relentless growth, the heft and heat were unbearable. Each cheek was so wide she could *feel* them start to drag slightly behind her. She reached back in disbelief, her fingers sunk into the plush, round flesh like dough, and it just *kept expanding*. All it took was one awkward step and...

THUMP

One of Alice’s heels snapped, her knees buckled. The weight was too much. She collapsed forward with a gasp, catching herself with one hand while the other still held onto her phone in a trembling grip, as if her life depended on the safety of the device. The floor was cool to the touch, but her body *burned*. Her breathing had been reduced to short, shallow pants.

The cheeks of Alice’s ass were burgeoning behind her, massive, lush, trembling with each breath she took. She couldn’t sit upright anymore, the weight was pulling her backward, her spine arching unnaturally just to stay balanced. Trapped in place, she could feel the ripples of her skin. The gasps and murmurs around her were deafening. She could see her viewers reacting, the chat now *exploding* with a mix of confusion, arousal, and awe.

“omfg what’s happening?”

“is this a filter?!?”

“that ass is unreal”

“girl u ok???”

“MORE!!!”

Alice’s jaw clenched, while her blue eyes darted wildly. She couldn’t move, couldn’t think. All she could was kneel there in the middle of the mall, her ass still slowly, sensually swelling, her breath hitching with every pulse, as the entire world around her watched and whispered.

Sweat slicked Alice’s temples. Her heart raced. She felt too hot, too heavy, wishing she could be anywhere else at this point.

“Okay, that’s enough,” Alice announced, eyes wild as she tapped frantically at her phone’s screen with her free hand. “End stream. *END. THE. FUCKING. STREAM.*”

Nothing happened. Alice swiped, tapped again, harder this time, anything to try and stop broadcasting. Her chat continued to scroll, filled with emojis, question marks, and stunned reactions. She held the phone away from her face and tried to turn it off, with no such luck.

Alice let out a strangled scream and attempted to hurl the phone at the floor, but it didn't leave her hand. Her arm flung forward, but the phone was *still there*, clutched tight, as if her hand had *fused* to it. The muscles in her wrist tensed, fingers locked.

"What the *fuck?!?*" Alice shrieked, tugging at her own wrist, trying to pry her fingers open with her other hand. "Get off me! Get the fuck off!"

It was useless. The phone pulsed in her grip, responding to her efforts with a soft *buzz*, almost like it was *watching* her now, mocking her. She was the star of a never-ending spectacle.

"WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?!?" Alice cried aloud, her voice rising above the sea of murmurs from the forming crowd. "What did I *do?!?*"

The memory hit her with the force of a speeding semi-truck. That *smile*. That *laugh*. She felt the familiar chill in her spine when the old woman spoke. Her lips curled back in rage, eyes narrowing.

"That *bitch*," Alice snarled. "That fucking *hag*! This is her... *Nngggghh*... this is *her* doing! She cursed me! She *CURSED ME!!!*"

Alice kicked at the ground, the motion only making her bloated ass wobble worse, drawing more gasps and phones recording from the onlookers. A voice echoed, not around her, but from within her mind. It boomed like thunder in her skull, cold and cruel.

*If the attention of others means so much to you... then I'll make sure they **never** forget you.*

"No... no, no, *please*," Alice begged, but the words dissolved into a whimper as a strange *tingle* blossomed in her chest. She looked down. Her crop top, already tight across her chest to begin with, stretched *more*.

"*NO NO NOOOO!!!*" Desperate cries that fell on deaf ears.

Alice's breasts swelled slowly at first, with rhythmic reverberations like a heartbeat building from deep within. They surged forward, straining the fabric. The material creaked, seams drawing taut. Her cleavage deepened, rising with each breath.

"*omg her tits!!!*"

"*she's growing more???*"

"*this is insane*"

"*holy fuuuuuuuuuck*"

“god I wish that were me”

Alice sobbed, voice hoarse. “No... don’t look... don’t fucking *look!*”

In a desperate attempt to maintain whatever dignity she had left, Alice crossed her arms over her chest, trying to hide herself, but her arms were quickly parted by her own flesh, pushed outward by the unstoppable expanse of her bosom as it continued to grow. Her crop top slipped higher, the bottom edge riding up over her underboob, exposing more soft, pale skin inch by inch. They jiggled as she shifted in place, trying to relieve her discomfort, as each bounce set off a fresh round of murmurs, gasps, and laughter.

The crowd around Alice has grown to dozens, maybe more, wide eyed and phones primed. Some had climbed benches to get a better view. Others whispered behind their hands. A few didn’t even bother to whisper, loudly commenting on the poor woman’s plight.

A wall of screens surrounded Alice. Her stream was still live, her camera still fixed on her trembling, weeping face, even as her chest swelled like a lewd caricature of itself.

“Holy shit, is she real?”

“I wonder how it feels...”

“Her ass is the size of a fuckin’ couch!”

“Bro, her tits are *still* growing. Look at ‘em!”

Alice’s chat was worse, pure chaos.

“thicc overload”

“plz bounce once... for science”

“bigger. BIGGER. BIGGER!”

“I can’t look away”

“help her someone wtf”

Streaking with her tears, Alice’s eyeliner ran down her flushed cheeks. She held the phone inches from her face, desperation oozing from her every word. “P-please... someone, help me,” she pleaded, quivering. “I don’t want this. I didn’t *ask* for this! Just... *make it stop!*”

No one moved. No one stepped forward. Everyone was too busy watching Alice, out of fear or fascination, maybe even a bit of both.

Alice looked around, wild-eyed, wailing harder. “STOP LOOKING AT ME!” she screamed, her anger momentarily overcoming her sadness. “JUST FUCKING STOP! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ALL OF YOU?!?”

Another pulse surged through her chest like a wave of molten molasses. She felt her bra cut in harder, tighter. Her back curved from the pressure. The sensation made her nipples stiff,

sensitive, practically begging for friction through the thinning fabric. The bra was no longer lifting or supporting, it was *sinking*, helpless against the change.

"Nnnngghhhh... stop... *please*... no more... *no more!*" The words falling from her lips with such sadness, as she was left there, feeling defeated.

Alice's breasts wobbled, bounced, and pushed outward in a rhythm that felt cruelly sensual. She felt the straps of her bra dig into her shoulders, then snap free with a whiplike *crack*. The cups sank into the heaving mass of her chest, swallowed up like her panties had been earlier.

SNAP

The clasp of Alice's bra gave way with a wet, plasticky *pop* that echoed louder than it should have in the silence that followed. She *screamed*, clutching at her crop top, which barely covered her nipples at this point, her cleavage deep and delicious, breasts bigger than yoga balls. The fabric stretched to the point of transparency, riding high and digging into her sideboob like a last line of defense that could give at any moment.

Alice tried to hunch forward, but her bosom pushed back. Her body was becoming a prison, fleshy, bouncy, overstimulated, and the eyes on her felt like heat lamps, as she baked in humiliation. Worst of all, beneath the discomfort and humiliation, she hated how much her expanding body *turned her on*.

A deep, *slow* pressure welled up in Alice's chest, chasing the previous surge in size. She gasped as heat rushed through her breasts, a heady, decadent fullness that sent ripples of pleasure and terror through her spine.

"No... *mmmmm*... nononononono... *STOP!*" Alice shrieked, but the growth didn't stop, it *accelerated*, almost as if done so in spite of her pleas.

RIIIIIPPPPP

Alice's top split straight down the middle. Fabric exploded outward in jagged, fluttering scraps as her breasts *ballooned* out in all directions. A moan escaped her lips before she could choke it back.

The crowd gasped and shuffled back, the nearest bystanders taking a few stunned steps away. Alice's breasts were swelling at a rate that defied logic, bouncing and wobbling in slow, alluring waves with every throb. Her bare nipples jutted forward, puffed up and stiff, exposed in front of countless phones and faces.

Alice's arms were trapped. One stretched helplessly upward, still cradling her cursed phone. The other pressed weakly against the outer curve of one breast, utterly dwarfed.

The swelling left Alice *suspended*, no longer kneeling on the floor but *pinned* exhaustedly between the massive weight of her breasts and butt, body barely visible under the impossible swell of her curves, both bigger than her entire body once was.

Alice whimpered through clenched teeth, reduced to a red-faced, blubbering mess. Her mascara ran in dark rivers down her cheeks. She wanted to disappear into her new curves, away from a world that would rather watch her swell up like some kind of cartoon, rather than lift a finger to help. Her lips trembled as the chat continued to go berserk.

“she’s gonna fill the whole mall”

“can she even move???”

“I wonder if it’s like laying on a waterbed”

“would”

Even now, as Alice’s tears fell, as her body heaved under the weight of its own punishment, the cursed phone stayed locked in her hand, still broadcasting her humiliation to the world. Massive mounds of lecherous flesh that jostled and jiggled almost with a life of their own, for all to see. The old woman had won, a fact Alice could no longer ignore. Instead, she decided to embrace the increasing heat, losing herself to the sea of endless bliss.

At the edge of the crowd, peeking through a gap between stunned shoppers, stood the old woman. Her timeless eyes twinkled with satisfaction, a knowing smirk curling her lips. She watched for a long moment, soaking in the scene. Alice was helpless, bloated, transformed into a living monument of vanity and excess, exactly as the woman had planned.

Lingering only for a second longer, the old woman then turned and walked away. No words, no wave goodbye, nothing to let her presence be known. Just a soft, mirthful chuckle, as she faded into the crowd one last time.

Alice didn’t even see the old woman, too overwhelmed, trapped in the soft prison of her own flesh, cameras flashing and recording, laughter still echoing. She had become everything she wanted, and *so much more*. She was a cautionary tale, a public spectacle, a viral legend. No one would ever, *ever*, forget her.