

# Zara's Idle Curves

by TrebleCleffy

*Contains ass expansion, breast expansion and pussy expansion. Not suitable for readers under 18.*

Zara had to admit, they were the fattest mice she'd ever seen. They waddled their tubby bodies around in the terrariums, slept in their undersized beds, ate their little seeds...

"Believe it or not," said Tomio, slipping his arm into his lab coat sleeve, "you might be looking at the medical breakthrough of the decade. Last year, all we had was cultures in petri dishes. This year, mice. And still no signs of adverse effects. Even after many trials."

Zara did her best to look interested. What she really wanted was to go back to an apartment—Tomio's or hers, either would do—and make out. Then, fuck. She was buzzed. Buzzed and raw with thirst. She hadn't been laid in five months. But, Tomio was biding his damn time. They'd been out on three dates. *Three!* It still hadn't happened.

"So...uh, what's such a breakthrough about fat mice?" said Zara. Dammit, she was only helping him waste her time. She would do anything to move this conversation to a bed. In fact, fuck the bed. She'd do doggy in the back of Tomio's used Volkswagen. She'd do it right here in the lab. She wasn't picky.

"Well," said Tomio, "these mice didn't have to go on any special diet. There were no alterations to their immune system, no change in their brain functions—nothing. We did it with this." He picked up an object from a makeshift cradle with a latex gloved hand. The thing was shaped like a taser with three long prongs. It was connected by a thick cord to a bulky piece of machinery that resembled a stacked washer and dryer. Tomio flipped a switch and the machine hummed to life. Lines of gibberish code text poured up a small screen. He extended the taser thing out into the air and his finger pressed a button. An arc of blue electricity shot out at the end. It made a crackling sound.

At dinner tonight, Zara emptied a bottle of rosé. It was a risk of pride for a woman to exhort a man to fuck her brains out. And, if there was one thing Zara had never had to ask for in her life, it was sex. Men found her desirable—at least, the ones who could appreciate a curvy body. There were plenty of those, and Tomio was one of them. Even tonight, Zara had arrested his gaze the moment she marched up to his car. Four times at dinner, Tomio had lost his tongue between glances down Zara's drooping sweater collar. Yep. Boy was thirsty enough.

But, Tomio, it seemed, was only comfortable talking about his lab work. He did not mention how gorgeous and sexy and desirable he found his well-coiffed date. And, goddamn it. Just when they

were paying the bill, Tomio suddenly remembered he'd forgotten to submit his report at the lab today. It had to be on the director's desk tomorrow morning. It would take thirty minutes, he said. That was fine, Zara lied.

Now that they'd arrived at the lab, Tomio wouldn't shut up about his stupid, fat mice. The end of that thirty minutes seemed further and further away. But, Zara hadn't quite worked up the nerve to be anything but pleasant and polite with Tomio. Anyway, why should she have to *ask*? Wasn't her sultry attire enough?

"You...zapped the mice?" said Zara.

"This machine sends a tremendous amount of energy into the body, which immediately triggers production of healthy cells in the body." Tomio returned the taster thing to its cradle and flipped the switch again. The device powered down.

"So, you can make mice fat, instantly?"

Tomio laughed. "Not quite instantly. It takes about eight seconds. And *then*—fat mice."

"Does it hurt them?"

"Not in any way we've observed. The machine expends energy that the body immediately metabolizes. The mice are fine. Just...uh...chubby." Tomio laughed nervously. "They're a little unsteady on their feet until their muscles catch up."

"So...uh...what's the breakthrough?"

"Oh, that!" Tomio sucked in his breath. "For starters," he said, "this will open new avenues for diabetes research, even treatment, possibly. And, then there's, well..." Tomio giggled. Zara raised an eyebrow. "Cosmetic surgery," he said at last. "If this kind of tech gets approved for it, it's possible not many people will be going to plastic surgeons for silicone and saline implants pretty soon."

Zara laughed. "You're saying, you could just point that thing at a boob and it would get bigger?"

Tomio laughed. "Well, we've never tested anything like that, but...yeah? Theoretically, there's no reason one couldn't do that."

Zara set her hands on her hips and looked up at Tomio with a measure of esteem. She had actually managed to forget her thirsty loins for half a minute. Nice shot, science.

"Good work," she said.

Tomio laughed. "Thanks. But, it's not just my work. Everyone here in the lab—we've all been at it for over four years. We've put in so many hours. Our research is out there too. It's been peer-reviewed. There've been articles in science magazines."

"I don't read many science magazines. Fluffy romance is more my thing."

Tomio giggled nervously.

"So...uhh...can we leave soon?" said Zara. She knew she was being rude, but she hadn't signed up for an academic field trip.

"Oh! Uh...sorry. I got carried away. I do that, sometimes. Just need to proof my notes from today and send 'em in."

Zara sighed. "Okay. What do I do?"

"Well..." Tomio stammered. "Sit tight, I guess? I'll only be thirty minutes. And then, I'll be done here."

Great. Thirty minutes starting *now*, after they'd already been standing around for fifteen.

Tomio turned and approached a door at the corner of the room.

"Wait, where are you going?" said Zara.

"Uh...well, my desk is in here. And, my computer."

"Okay. So, I'll go in there with you."

Tomio sucked his breath in through his teeth. "Yeah...the problem with that is, we've got some proprietary stuff in here. You're not really supposed to see it."

"Huh. More secret than your mouse-fattening machine?"

Tomio laughed. "The 'mouse-fattening machine,' as you call it, is public info. What we have back here is in earlier stages."

"Oh."

"So...um, I'm gonna need you to wait out here. Sorry."

Was Tomio serious? He was going to leave her buzzed and horny, right here, alone, in the middle of a *lab*?

She wanted to tell Tomio this was a serious damper on what had been shaping up to be a great night. But...only thirty minutes of browsing on her phone? Through clenched teeth, Zara could swing it. Maybe.

At the center of the room was a small table. Zara parked her shapely, skirted bottom on a little chair and realized she was a bit drunker than she'd thought. Good thing Tomio was driving tonight.

"Anyway, I'll be quick," said Tomio.

"Okay, sounds good," said Zara, avoiding eye contact.

Tomio disappeared behind the door.

Zara scrolled her phone. Her head was woozy. The euphoria from the rosé had long run off. Her head felt twice its usual weight. Her mind traveled.

*What are we doing here? Every date with him has been perfect. He's cute and awkward, in a sweet way. Not rude or braggy. He wants me, too. Why? Why not his place, or mine? Why do all guys want the same thing all the time, except the good ones? Do I have to beg?! Will I have to ask for everything in this relationship? Doesn't he fucking WANT me? He looks like he wants me. Why can't he make a fucking move? Why can't he stick his tongue in my mouth and feel up my boobs? Just fucking BRING IT, Tomio. I'm HERE!*

Time stretched. Zara's head began to hurt. She checked the time. It had been thirty-five minutes since Tomio had left her here.

She went to the door and knocked. Tomio's head poked out with a guilty expression. "Hey," he said. "Uh...sorry. I-I realized I need to re-run some numbers. I'll be done *really* soon. I hope."

He *hoped*. Zara stared at Tomio and searched for words that would somehow be both appropriate, and honest. "Should...should I call a Lyft and just go home?" she said.

Tomio's gaze dropped to the floor. "That...might not be a bad idea," he muttered.

Fuck. That was supposed to be a trick question. Tomio's eyes twitched to avoid her gaze.

"I wanted a date with you," she said.

"I-I scheduled us thinking my work would be done this afternoon and," Tomio let out an exasperated sigh. "it's not. Sorry."

Zara sighed. "I don't care about *sorry*. I want a date with you."

"I...I don't know what to tell you."

Zara's hand clenched into a fist. She held it like that and counted to three.

"You really want me to just go?" she said.

"Well...no. But, it's taking me longer than I thought, and..." he trailed off.

Zara huffed. "I'll wait a bit longer, I guess."

"Uh...alright. I'll try to be quick."

"Just...do your job. If I get bored, I'll leave."

And so, Zara was back in the chair. Her hands were clammy. Her skin prickled. She could no longer slow the train of angry thoughts. She wasn't mad at Tomio, she was just *mad*.

She could see the relationship years into the future already: a never-ending struggle between Tomio's job and her. She couldn't handle it. When would it be *her* time? She had craved it through hours of text conversations, through three dates. Tonight, she went to dinner in an old bra a size too small, just to push her boobs up into this meaty shelf with a long line of cleavage. It was hardly comfortable, especially after several hours of wear, but she had a message to send: she was *slutty* tonight, dammit. Take the fucking bait!

Zara's heart pounded. She ground her teeth; her nostrils blew steam.

*If he likes his science more than me, maybe it's time for his science and I to get acquainted.*

She stood, went over to the big machine and flipped on the switch. Once again, it came to life with that low hum. She lifted the taser thing from its cradle and pressed the button. Sparks fizzled in the air. She released the button and studied the three tongs.

Zara looked over her shoulder at the door to the other room. Tomio evidently had not heard the machine. The device was, after all, pretty quiet. And, that door looked thick.

In her hand was a piece of prototype technology. No way to be sure of its safety on a human subject. But, she was drunk and very, very frustrated. *Natural implants? Hey, whatever happens, it'll be more interesting than sitting around here like one of those fatass mice.*

Zara brought the tongs to the exposed part of her left boob and pressed the button.

A blast of tingles ran down her tit. Zara gasped. She released the button and pulled the taser thing away. She turned the machine off. The tingling lingered a few seconds, then dissipated.

Zara returned to her chair. She stuck a hand down her neckline. Her mouth dropped open. Boobie flesh poured out like couch pillows stuffed in a dresser drawer. Well, it had been like that before, this being an undersized bra. But, there was a shocking disparity between the left boob and the right now.

Zara had once named her boobs to torment a past boyfriend: Heidi Righty and Bethy Lefty. The appellation had made the boyfriend wince hard, which redoubled Zara's eagerness to speak Heidi and Bethy's names at every possible turn. Only a pinch of Heidi Righty stuck out over the cup; Bethy was a beast beside her. She looked like a roll of bread dough, avalanching over the garment. With one push of that button and just a few seconds under its voltage, Zara had gained at least a cup size or two.

They were uneven, and not just by a bit.

*Shit. What to do, what to do...?* Tell Tomio? Zara made a face and shook her head. No. There was no chance Zara would walk out of this building with uneven boobs. Heidi needed an upgrade, too.

Zara marched back to the machine, flipped it on, sucked in her breath and gave Heidi a zap.

"Yeeee!" she gasped under her breath. Her timing was off. The zap had lasted a bit too long. And, that sensation was ticklish as hell. Though, not unpleasant.

Alright, now Bethy and Heidi were...huge. Jesus. She had been a double D minutes ago. Now, what? G? H?

Zara eyed the closed door that was Tomio's refuge. She turned her back to it and scooped her boobs out of her bra.

Aw, dammit. It looked like Heidi had more than caught up to Bethy—she had to be at least a cup size bigger now. What a pain.

Zara pressed the button again and gave Bethy the most glancing zap she could. "Ooooh," she moaned through her teeth.

She could get used to a feeling like this. Even from that little blast of energy, she felt warm and stimulated. Her nipples were erect.

Zara powered off the machine and returned to the table. For the first time in hours, her mind wasn't on Tomio's dick, but on boobs. She dug a hand under her sweater sleeves, undid her bra, got the straps around her elbows and slipped the undergarment out from underneath the hem. *Probably won't be wearing that ever again.* She stuffed the bra into the interior pocket of her coat. It seemed so tiny now.

As best she could tell, Heidi and Bethy were of equal size once more. *Yessss.*

Zara had just given herself a free, non-surgical breast augmentation. And, it felt so good. Physically, *good.* The afterglow of the machine's charge still tingled faintly in her nipples. Zara squeezed her legs together and her jaw dropped. Her pussy was on fire! It throbbed against her inner thighs.

*This.* This was the sensation Zara had longed for. Oh, god! She wanted more...

*Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck...* Dare she?

Zara tiptoed back to the machine. Okay, okay. So, she would become a J cup or something. So what? She was already huge. Just a little, tiny, extra splash of sparks. That's all she wanted. *Yes, yes, yes...*

She flipped the machine on once again. She needed to be careful and not doom her breasts to asymmetry once more. She had to send the sparks to both knockers at once.

With her forearm, Zara hoisted up her boobs. They slid together, forming a deep valley of cleavage. She turned the taser thing upside down and stuck the tongs in the soft meat where Heidi and Bethy mashed together. The tripod formed by the tongs wedged a triangular opening where her boobs met her sternum. Zara pushed the trigger.

"Ohhhhh..."

Her nipples were so erect, they bordered on painful. Her jaw dropped as waves of tingly joy ran down her chest. Zara had an urge to fall forward on a wave of bliss, but kept herself upright, boobs in place.

Fresh tit weight bore down on Zara's forearm. It was so jiggly and warm! The current felt like a massage from the most loving pair of hands.

Zara closed her eyes, clenched her teeth, opened her mouth in a silent gasp. Her neck and face tensed and untensed. She wanted to scream.

Orgasm swelled up inside Zara. It was like a bubble getting bigger...*bigger!*

The bubble popped. Zara groaned and shuddered. She stopped the current and slid down the side of the machine to the floor in a heap of tingly goo.

She kept a hand pressed to her mouth so her moans wouldn't carry past the door.

The blissful sensations died down. Zara sat up against the machine, legs splayed on the floor, and checked herself. "Uh...oh...oh *god.*"

Her sweater was packed almost to bursting with boob.

This was no J cup. No K cup, either. These were huge, fat, bigger-than-head-sized whoppers, resting in Zara's lap. Bethy and Heidi were absolutely obese. They looked like a pair of mini beer kegs. She slid her palm out to Heidi's forefront. A sharpie cap nipple, still very stiff, jabbed her palm.

Zara was dismayed. What had she just done to herself?

Then, Zara looked up at the machine. What *had* she done to herself, *indeed?* Something amazing. She wanted more. She'd only had *one* orgasm. Zara was a three, sometimes four-orgasm kind of girl. Could she really stop here?

But, these boobs were so far beyond reasonable. Finding some way to live with these whoppers would be a serious journey.

Zara stood. Interesting. The boobs were heavy, but not as heavy as they looked. She rocked back on her heels. She could still balance. *Not bad.* It seemed the machine had expanded her size more than her mass. She poked Bethy in the side. It was a bit like poking a piece of memory foam. Dense and puffy, but not too weighty, or droopy.

Then, she took a step. Her new tits jostled inside her sweater like toy castles made of Jell-o.

Okay, so walking would take some getting used to. But, it seemed doable.

She had boobs to last a lifetime now, and this size was quite enough. But, Zara still wanted that second orgasm. Well, there was always...

Zara zipped down the side of her skirt and stuck a hand down her panties.

Dare she?

The machine was still on. Zara snatched the taser thing and, with her other hand, pulled out the waist of her skirt and her panties with it. She held her breath and stuck the taser thing down there. With the tongs lodged at the upper end of her butt crack, Zara sucked in a long, tormented breath. She pressed the button.

What happened next was indescribable. The current ran down Zara's crack. It shot down her legs to her ankles. A surge of runoff bathed her pussy. Every nerve in Zara's lower body was so raw, it took a mighty effort not to turn to jelly and collapse once more. She held the taser thing in a trembling hand and kept the current flowing.

Her skirt stretched. It made a creaking noise over her fattening thighs. Her blimping buttocks closed quarters around the device and mashed together in a fleshy embrace. Zara peered around her massive rack and gaped at the swell of her left hip. Her tights strained around thickening calves.

The growth was not as rapid as with her breasts, but it went so much further. Little holes popped open in Zara's tights around her thighs. Thickening flesh bubbled out. The skirt was so tight around Zara's hand, her fingers began to go numb.

*Sk-sk...skrrrrriiiiip.*

The seam on the side of the skirt split over a burgeoning hip. Another tear soon ran down Zara's buttock.

*Rrrrrrrrip.*

The skirt busted apart, ripping to shreds at Zara's flank. A sad belt of dangling patches rode up Zara's waist. The bulk of the garment was dragged down around the swell of her inflating thighs. Soon, the last remaining threads snapped and it dropped to the floor. Zara's poor, sexy black



underwear clung for dear life around an ass that had stretched it, more or less to a thong. It sank into her deepening crack and bit her buttocks with lacey teeth. The garment's elastic waistband pinched muffin-ing hips. Her tights were a net of holes around mounds of swelling flesh.

Zara gazed at her flowering haunches. Her head swam in disbelief. She seemed to be double her former hip width now.

The orgasms returned. Her eyes unfocused...focused...unfocused... She bit her lip so she wouldn't scream.

Zara's underwear rashed her upper buttocks as the waistband dragged down the broadening slopes. With a *whisking* sound, her tights broke across her bottom. She peeked down behind her shoulder and caught a rising tide of naked ass. With each glorious second, it grew bigger, fatter and barer from its shrinking confines...

Shreds of Zara's tights popped across her legs as many holes merged into few. She didn't really have tights now, just very messy socks.

This was it. Zara was nearly bare-ass nude from the waist down in a laboratory and if she didn't stop now, she might not fit in an office chair ever again. *Better stop...better...!*

*Snap.*

Zara's panties burst at the waist. The cotton shrank to a mesh of gaping threads whose only home seemed to be her chasm of an ass crack.

She *had* to stop! These orgasms were too much. She was too big. Too naked. Tomio was in the other room!!

Another orgasm. Another. *Another!* Sweat dribbled down Zara's brow. She could barely hold her head up. For a second, her vision went blank.

Her finger eased off the trigger; whether it was an act of will or an involuntary weakening of her hand, she couldn't say. She pulled her white knuckled hand out of the tatters of her skirt and peered at the device in her fingers as though it were a just-unburied hunk of precious metal, the value of which was still too big for her reeling mind to fathom.

Slowly, Zara's composure returned. She looked around the room. She looked down at herself.

*Oh...god.*

Zara beheld the hugest, fattest ass she'd ever seen in her life. Her hips were an arm span wide, her ass cheeks broad as library globes. Her butt crack might have traced a 180° curve.

Zara stepped out of the remains of her skirt hem and lifted a leg and groaned at the sight of a thigh, thicker than her own waist. She kicked out her foot and saw a calf as fat as a melon. Only at her ankle did Zara's leg meat taper down to a thickness that resembled the original her.

She shut off the machine and gazed around the room for some thread of a plan.

On the far side of the lab was a big locker with no lock. Her ass, hips and thighs swam like gelatin in the air as she crept towards it. Her knees wobbled to move such ponderous legs. *They're a bit unsteady on their feet until their muscles catch up*, said Tomio of the mice. Zara now knew the poor, fat mouse's troubles.

She opened the locker. Lab coats. Thank *god*. She took the biggest one. The shoulders were too wide apart for her. Well, at least she could close the coat over her crotch if she gripped it with all her might.

Hopefully, it would be enough coverage to get away from here on a breezy evening.

So much for Tomio. He couldn't know about this. Besides, it would probably ruin his career, or something. Whatever. You win some, you lose some.

Zara yanked off the ruined tatters of her skirt and gathered the rest of it off the floor. She stepped into the hall, slipped off the shredded mess her now dead tights and fished a sad, broken rag that was once a pair of panties out of her butt crack. All of it went into a trash bin at the end of the hall. She summoned a car on her phone.

The phone reported a 10 minute wait. Dammit. That was too *long*.

*...But, wait.*

Zara poked her head into the lab once more. No sign of Tomio. Still toiling away, entirely unaware his date was more curves than woman now.

And then, Zara turned her gaze to the machine.

Was she really this stupid??

Yes. Yes, she was. One more orgasm. *One* more orgasm. Just one. One piddly little climax, and then she would truck this fat ass home and figure out how to live again.

With the lab coat fluttering at her fat calves like sails in the breeze, Zara slinked back to the machine and powered it on.

Just the *one* orgasm, that was all. It would be that and then she would leave. Yes.

*Oh god. I'm really going to do this.*

Zara gripped the taser and drew it between her legs, the tongs pointing up. Two of the notches pressed into Zara's clit, the third into her pussy. She would press the button, count to three, and then release it.

Zara pressed the button.

Her pussy ignited like a match to lighter fluid. The hood of her clit swelled against her knuckles.

*One.*

Her clit screamed bliss so pure it could have shattered every vial, beaker and graduated flask in the room.

The charge ran out to her hips. The lab coat flew open like a popcorn shell.

*Two.*

The feeling was so raw, she was in tears.

She couldn't even feel the floor beneath her feet. Everything was tingly, gooey bliss.

*Three.*

Oh god...no! She couldn't stop—couldn't turn away from something so...

*...Four?*

"Ohhhhh."

Waves of undulation ran up her backside. Her thighs rocked together. Her clit was huge and swollen and wet...

*...Five.*

A door clicked open. "Okay, I'm finally done! Sorry about—"

Tomio's voice gasped.

*...Six.*

"Oh my—oh my god! What are you doing?!" said someone who was probably Tomio.

She screamed: "OH MY GOD I DON'T EVEN FUCKING KNOW."

*...Seven.*

Zara would've held that button for all eternity, but her body was fried. Her limbs were weak beyond estimation. She could even hold the...

...*Eight.*

The taser slipped from Zara's grasp and swung on its cord, hitting the machine with a heavy bang.

She fell. Mountains of naked ass hit the floor and vibrated in a symphony of jiggles, wobbles and side shocks. Zara sank into a heart-stopping mass of squishy flesh. It poured out beneath her thighs and up to her lower back. She rubbed her distended legs together. They massaged the puffy folds of her clit as the orgasms poured forth like wine.

What was she even counting now? Certainly, not the orgasms. She'd definitely has more than—

...*Nine.*

The orgasms were almost painful, but they kept coming. Zara gyrated on the floor as if having a seizure. One orgasm didn't want to wait for the last to end before stepping in. Her mouth couldn't make words now, just weird sounds.

...*Ten.*

The orgasms slowed, coming every second, then two seconds, then five. Sweat bathed Zara's face and hands. She trembled. Tomio was by her side, saying stuff, but she couldn't process it. The only sound that meant anything was her panting breath.

The orgasms finally ended. Zara felt an ounce of strength return to her limbs. She tried to rise, but the lab coat snagged her shoulders. Most of it was trapped under a recliner's width of ass. She shrugged the coat off and gazed at her body, which was naked, save for a stretched out sweater, though even that was riding up the southern slopes of her globular boobs.

Zara beheld the enormity that was now her. Ass surged two hundred and seventy degrees around her. In her seated position, ass mounted up with Zara's hips, forming a fleshy wall that crowded her elbows. The back fat of her legs lifted Zara's seat inches higher than what was normal. Her pelvic bone seemed to rest on a trampoline. She gazed down at thighs, thicker than couch pillows. Her hips were so wide that her palms could barely press into the floor beyond them. At something like thrice her original hip width, she would likely spend the rest of her life mashing these hips through doorways. Zara reached down and felt her labia. It formed a mini donut in size and shape now.

Tomio's voice came back into focus. "Hey! Hey! Are-are you alright?!"

One trembling hand reached up and clutched Tomio by the shirt. Zara dropped to her back and dragged him with her onto her colossal, nearly-nude body. Tomio cried out and splayed against her sweater-packed, soccer ball boobs. His chin sunk into a drain of cleavage. Their faces were inches apart.

"I..." Zara gasped. Getting words out through orgasmic aftershocks was hard. "I...have a t-tip for you. If we're gonna make this a thing."

"W-what?" Tomio stammered.

Zara shook Tomio by his shirt and gazed into his terrified, brown eyes. "P-pay attention to me," she said, and kissed him.