

Hiruko sighed with ennui, bored out of her skull as she ate her breakfast in the cafeteria. Around her, her fellow students were all smiles, chatting amicably. Although, they were really only ‘students’ in the loosest possible sense of the word. Last Defense Academy was really more of a military base wearing the façade of a school.

In reality, Hiruko and the rest of her comrades were only here to fight off the planet’s invaders. And while there was more to it than that, only she and Sirei – their mascot-looking, robotic commanding officer – were privy to that information. Time travel was also involved. It was honestly a huge, complicated mess, but one which Hiruko herself had gotten used to.

And that was the problem. As she slowly picked at her omelet, Hiruko found herself zoning out from the conversations taking place at the table. She’d heard it all before. Ima was fawning over his sister to an unhealthy degree, Kurara and Gaku were competing over the title of ‘most obnoxious’, Takumi and Nozomi exchanged bland pleasantries, the usual.

What she really needed was a change of pace. Something not only exciting, like their defensive battles, but entirely *new*. Hiruko didn’t really have anything pressing to do at the moment, since the path they were on seemed to be a smooth one, mostly full of bad jokes. The only person to experience total death so far was Eito, and that wasn’t even at the hands of their enemies.

As she chewed another forkful of her omelet, Hiruko’s idle thoughts drifted along to a theory she’d had a while ago but hadn’t tested yet. Up until now, she’d been using her specialist skill, Discipline, in the manner which came naturally to her when the war had first started. However, sending bursts of extra power to her muscles wasn’t necessarily the *only* way she could use it. Some of the others, like Shouma, had already proven theirs had multiple effects.

Moreover, Hiruko *had* absorbed the cryptoglobin of the last couple enemy commanders they’d killed, so her hemoanima should be strong enough to attempt what she was envisioning. All Hiruko needed to do was commit. Given that none of her actions so far had stuck, that wouldn’t be a problem. Plus, if there ever was an opportunity to try it, it would be now.

“Screw it,” Hiruko said to herself as she stood, moving to put her dishes away before continuing at a higher volume in her standard breathy yet icy tone. “I’m going to go exploring today, by myself.”

Takumi looked her way. “Oh, okay. Stay safe, Hiruko,” he said.

“Your concern is noted but unnecessary. It’s the *invaders* who should be worried,” she noted, her heels clacking on the tile floor as she took her leave.

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Once she'd passed through the wall of violet undying flames with one of the academy's fire extinguishers and ventured into the city ruins, it wasn't long before she encountered a group of invaders on patrol. The colorful abominations came in an assortment of shapes and sizes as per usual, but they all bled just the same. This pack was small, with only few dozen of the tiny, ball-shaped Darumarr and no more than ten of the larger types, ripe for the slaughter.

Hiruko licked her lips in anticipation. They hadn't spotted her yet, so she took a moment to shut her eyes and focus. Steadying her breathing, she concentrated on her power, the pounding pulse of her blood, ready to be used and channeled.

Once she was ready, she tightened her grip on her battle axe and charged, the wind pulling at her hair and the black skirt of her class armor amounting to nothing before the strength born of her training.

The invaders saw her coming and readied their blades, but they were still too slow. As soon as she reached the first group of Darumarr, she swung her axe in a fierce horizontal arc, bisecting nine of them at once in a shower of gore.

Normally, she would be reveling in the carnage, but instead, Hiruko was reveling in something else. When she killed the invaders, her hemoanima flared brightly within her. By default, it would make her even deadlier until it wore off, but this time, she willed all of her power to travel somewhere else: her breasts.

The effect was immediate. An exquisite heat began to burn in her chest, and her chest began to swell, precisely as she'd hoped! Her nipples rubbed deliciously against the inside of her bra. "*There we go,*" she purred, watching as her C cup breasts rapidly grew into double D's and beyond before her eyes.

Making her tits enormous wasn't Hiruko's first choice of body mods, but it came close. Now that she knew this worked, perhaps once the war was truly over she could get herself knocked up with sequential hyper pregnancies, but between her relationship with the others and the loop resets which would erase any results, it wouldn't work out.

Hiruko had already lost enough. Having hundreds of children was a dream for later. For now, she'd settle with mega mams.

The sharp pain of claws raking deep wounds across her back snapped her focus back to the present, and Hiruko spun, slashing through the purple, ursine invader that had attacked her. "Oh, just stay still and let me eviscerate you. I'm trying to expand my breasts, here!"

From there, she got back into the familiar rhythm of combat. Invaders rushed her from all sides, and Hiruko made sure they all got some intimate time with her razor-edged class weapon. "Some soldiers you are, charging heedlessly into your graves!"

The invaders did not reply, being mutant bioweapons designed only to kill. So, she returned the favor. A yellow one twice her size managed to swat her in the side with its clublike arms before she brought her axe overhead and cleft the beast in two from head to toe. Hiruko felt her chest swelling further from its brutal end at her hands even as she'd already moved on to the next.

She dodged venomous tendrils, swept her blade through their owner with callous, hungry ease. More of the little Darumarrs fell before her like the insects they were. All the while, she savored the resulting sensations coursing through her body. The tingling heat in her girls was like nothing she'd ever experienced before! Hiruko felt as if they were getting massaged from the inside by a dexterous pair of hands, except there was *more* of them getting attention every passing second. It was getting her all hot and bothered, and she *relished* it.

Hiruko also relished the challenge. Not only was she fighting alone, but she was weaker than usual since she was channeling all of her power into her tits. And what tits they were becoming! Hiruko could feel the weight of her chest inexorably building higher and higher with every spray of gore coating her axe. Soon, they had grown so massive that they were actually beginning to affect her movements.

But she couldn't stop and admire herself just yet, not until she'd crushed the skulls of every last one of these invaders beneath her bootheels!

Laughing with carnal ecstasy, Hiruko rampaged through the remaining invaders, heedless of the relatively minor wounds she sustained in her ruthless display. The escalating pleasure within her breasts paired *deliciously* with the already sublime high of a heart-pounding battle to the death.

These mooks were hardly a challenge to her, though, even with a handicap, and in short order silence fell across the ruins once more, the only sounds being that of Hiruko's own breathing and the sizzling of nearby patches of undying flames from battles past.

Sighing with satisfaction, Hiruko swung her axe one final time to flick off the lingering bits of viscera before surveying the results of her experiment. Peering down at her chest, she was equal parts fascinated and aroused by what she saw.

Her tits were positively *massive*. Each one was practically the size of a watermelon! The fit of her class armor had shifted to compensate, but the way the dark material had stretched tightly around them like latex made her look incredibly sexy, even without showing any cleavage whatsoever. She'd never seen a rack this large before on *anyone*. And it was all hers.

"*Excellent*," Hiruko purred. Planting her weapon in the barren ground, she cupped them from beneath in her now freed hands. They were as gloriously heavy as they looked, Hiruko having failed to truly notice exactly how much so until their weight was transferred into her palms.

She gave them a few bounces up and down, moaning as she did. “I suppose I’ve outdone myself, haven’t I? I wonder how the others will react when they see me now?”

Hiruko hadn’t done it for *them*, though. She’d grown the greatest pair of boobs in the world for her own joy and amusement at the novelty.

So why hold back? There was nothing stopping her from indulging in them, in all the lewd fun she craved, *right the fuck now*.

Hiruko didn’t even bother to check the surrounding half-collapsed buildings for a potential ambush. She simply found a dry patch of earth in between the piles of bloody invader corpses and laid down, dispelling her hemoanima as she did.

Immediately, the limitations of her regular outfit, nearly identical in style though it was, made itself known. Her new assets were squeezed *tight* inside her blouse and her old, pathetically small bra. Hiruko audibly heard the fabric straining to contain her breasts as they fought to be freed from their prison, putting equal pressure on her ribcage.

With a breathless moan, she wasted no time in stripping. Not even bothering with the buttons, Hiruko tore her shirt in half, freeing her now prodigious rack from its confines. Her knockers flopped free with a soft plap, falling overtop her now woefully inadequate bra cups.

She took a long moment to simply admire them. Splayed to both sides, her melon mams swayed gently in the open air with her every heartbeat. Her warm, pink nipples, once modest, were now each thicker than her thumbs and aching stiff, begging to be played with.

Hiruko did so with gusto. “*Mmm*, that’s the stuff...”

As she groped, pinched, and fondled every inch of fat tit she could reach with her left hand, Hiruko yanked off her boots and her skirt with her right, tossing them aside and exposing her scarlet panties. Once accessible, she slipped her fingers inside, teasing at her folds. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d been this fucking *horny*.

So, she embraced it, losing herself in the carnal sensations of her body. Breathing hard between groans, Hiruko twitched and squirmed beneath her own ministrations as each brush of her fingers sent an electric bliss dancing across her skin.

Some curled up towards her g-spot, forgoing all buildup and pursuing immediate, total relief from her boiling urges. The rest were busy exploring her tremendous new bust. No matter how much flesh she kneaded, there was always more aching to be played with.

“*Fuck*, I almost wish one of the others was here,” Hiruko groaned, eyes shut tight as she climbed higher and higher. Her new breasts demanded more attention than she could give.

Still, that wouldn't stop her from trying. As her legs spasmed and her toes curled, scraping lines in the dirt, Hiruko switched to teasing her clit, leaving her fragrant juices to seep out of her pussy unimpeded.

Unable to contain her breathless moans, climax rapidly approaching, she angled her monstrous mammary towards her face before latching onto her warm, turgid nipple with her lips. Then, Hiruko *sucked*, hard.

The sensation, alongside the fact that her tits were so big she could *autofellate* them, was enough to tip her over the edge into glorious release. Hiruko saw stars as she lost all control of herself, her back arching and cunt squirting madly as fire greater than anything cryptoglobin could muster roared through her veins.

Screaming into her own boobs as she breathed heavily through her nose, Hiruko's hips left the ground as she violently attacked her clit, the roiling sensation of orgasm dragging on for what felt like *hours* as wave after wave of pure pleasure assaulted her.

And when it finally ended, she didn't stop, couldn't *dream* of stopping so soon. Hiruko quickly switched out her left melon for the right, forcefully sucking at her other needy nipple as she licked it all over with her tongue. With her femcum slicked hand, she scraped at her inner walls with renewed fervor, stuffing herself in all the right places.

All higher reasoning had long since fled her mind, and the only thing running through her head now was a burning hunger for ecstasy, more and more and *more* until she was totally spent.

With each bucking motion, each coil of tension popping loose, Hiruko's knockers lived up to their name, bouncing about madly like cowgirls atop a bull. Anyone watching her now would have assumed she was not a trained soldier, but a horny slut.

That thought alone was enough to instantly send another release bursting through her. Hiruko's eyes rolled back into her skull as she came, her whole body vibrating with joy as her strength fled. She could feel the breeze caressing every exposed millimeter of her bloated breasts as she burned with lascivious satisfaction.

By the time it was over, Hiruko was left a panting mess on the ground, drowning in a mesmerizing afterglow. Her tits weighed heavily *on* her shoulders, dangling erotically upwards as her saliva-coated areolae nearly touched the earth. Her panties were soaked through, and her jacket would need a deep cleaning too, but in that moment, she was so utterly relaxed that she gave zero fucks about anything.

"*Ahhh*," she sighed, slowly coming back to her senses. For a long minute, she simply laid there, the scents of her own arousal and the still-lingering invader blood marks of her own blissful domination.

Hiruko would have gone for another three more rounds of hedonistic revelry, but alas, she should probably pull herself back together before another enemy patrol showed up.

With a deep exhale, she slowly rose, once more wrapping herself in her aura of cool professionalism now that her urges were sated, for now. “Most excellent.”

Smiling, Hiruko did her best to clean herself up, wiping off the fluids with the small washcloth she kept on her person. Her hair was a mess, and her glasses had gone askew, so she straightened both out before putting her skirt and boots back on. Her bra, she took off and shoved in her jacket, no longer needed.

As she stood there, her top unable to close around her huge breasts as before, Hiruko knew one thing for certain after all that. Such a cup size still wasn’t *close* to enough.

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By the time she’d returned to Last Defense Academy, it was approaching evening. Her new chest bounced in front of her with each step, despite the tightness of her class armor. While they didn’t typically use their hemoanima outside of a war footing, the alternative at this point was walking around topless, a problem Hiruko was going to remedy immediately.

While she didn’t *mind* the others seeing her new boobs bared – far from it, in fact, as part of her wanted to show them off in all their glory – Hiruko knew some of her friends would handle their new size... poorly. Gaku in particular would likely spurt all the blood in his body out of his nostrils and perish on the spot.

So, Hiruko maintained her aura of quiet indifference, save the addition of a slight grin, as she reentered the school. She would show herself off once her new wardrobe was ready.

At first, she didn’t encounter anyone in the halls, only hearing sounds of work or relaxation from within the rooms she passed. With more effort than previously required, she made her way up to the third floor and entered the rec room. This was the point where her luck ran out, as Tsubasa, their group’s mechanic, and Kyoshika, the self-styled samurai, were in the middle of a game of ping pong when she walked inside.

Tsubasa was the one facing the door, so when she noticed Hiruko behind her opponent, she froze in open-mouthed shock, dropping her paddle and allowing Kyoshika to score an easy point.

“Haha, the finishing blow has been struck!” Kyoshika cheered before noticing the look on Tsubasa’s face.

“H-Hiruko! What *happened*?! Your boobs are ginormous!” Tsubasa exclaimed, pointing and wide-eyed.

As Kyoshika spun to face her too, Hiruko sighed, planting a hand at her waist. “Ah, I wasn’t aware,” she replied sarcastically. “It’s almost as if I specifically used my specialist skill to make them bigger, or something.”

‘Bigger’ was perhaps a bit of an understatement. Hiruko had dispatched two more groups of invaders before returning, and the final size she’d settled on as satisfactory put even dairy cows to shame. Each of her breasts was the size of a *yoga ball*, their teardrop mass hanging nearly to her knees. Much larger than that, and she wouldn’t have been able to move easily. And the size of her nipples matched their overall prodigious dimensions, their outline visibly poking through her clothes as if she’d shoved twin soda cans down her shirt.

“My goodness, look at those gazongers!” Kyoshika gasped, boggling. “The Holy Jumonji Sword is quite stunned! Never even in manga have I beheld such an enormous set of breasts!”

“I know, right?” Hiruko said, patting their sides affectionately. “I’m already enjoying them very much.”

“I didn’t know your Special Discipline could even *do* that!” Tsubasa continued, unable to tear her eyes away.

Hiruko shrugged at that. “Neither did I, but I thought I’d try anyway. And you can’t argue with the results,” she declared, twisting from side to side and making them sway pendulously.

Blinking multiple times, Tsubasa shook her head. “Well, you do you, I guess. Maybe I should thank you, Hiruko. None of the guys will look twice at my chest anymore with you carrying a rack like *that* around.”

“I suppose not,” Hiruko noted. Before today, Tsubasa’s D cups had been the largest among the student body, much to her continued consternation. Well, unless Moko counted, but basically every part of the muscular wrestler was large, so they looked smaller in comparison. Hiruko, of course, now made them both seem utterly miniscule.

“This calls for a celebration!” Kyoshika said, all smiles. “I shall gather everyone in the cafeteria tonight so that you may impress upon everyone with a grand reveal of the new you!”

“If you wish to do so, that’s fine,” Hiruko confirmed. Once word got out, she’d be the center of attention for a while one way or another. She chuckled to herself, already able to picture their flabbergasted and enraptured stares. “In the meantime, I’ll be using the Gift-O-Matic to manufacture some new clothes.”

“Ah, that must be why you are present here in the first place,” Kyoshika mused aloud, nodding. “Very well, the Holy Jumonji Sword and I shall not hinder you any further.”

“Uh, do you need any help taking your new measurements?” Tsubasa asked, pulling an industrial tape measure out of the side pocket of her work pants.

“That would make things easier, yes. Thank you, Tsubasa.” Then, Hiruko snapped her fingers and dispelled her class armor, baring her titanic tits in all their soft, pale, and *vast* glory. (The snap itself was just a bit of unnecessary theatrics, for fun.)

Both Tsubasa and Kyoshika’s cheeks reddened as she did, the latter rapidly taking her leave as Tsubasa walked with Hiruko over to the Gift-O-Matic.

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As promised, Kyoshika had gathered everyone in the cafeteria. Hiruko could hear curious voices emanating from beyond the door as she and Tsubasa stood a few paces away outside.

Her mouth set in a line, Hiruko adjusted her glasses before glancing sidelong at Tsubasa, who was still looking a tad flushed.

“Frankly, I’m still not convinced the boys will react well,” Tsubasa noted, fidgeting with her jacket sleeves a bit. “Did you really have to go with an outfit like that?”

The Gift-O-Matic had indeed been able to make tops in her size, but as extra textiles were already hard to come by in the ruins, Hiruko had opted for sexier garments.

What Hiruko was wearing now under her open leather jacket amounted to little more than an oversized yet skimpy black underwire bra. It held her colossal breasts high enough to keep her legs from bumping into them as she moved, and a fishnet upper section stopped them from bouncing free while still showing off multiple square feet of cleavage.

Sweat was already beginning to bead up where flesh met flesh.

“Yes,” Hiruko deadpanned. “I already explained this to you, didn’t I? Just be a good little helper and open the door for me.”

Tsubasa sighed. “I guess you did.” Then, she stepped over to the cafeteria door and slid it aside.

As Hiruko strode inside, her beyond prodigious bustline jiggling with each pointed step, faces turned to look, and any ongoing trains of thought among those present audibly sputtered and died, any words about to spoken replaced by choking noises.

“Ah, there’s the woman of the hour!” Kyoshika proclaimed, gesturing with a sweep of her hand.

Staying silent, Hiruko casually surveyed the room. As expected, poor Takumi was red as a beet, with Takemaru not far behind. Nozomi and Moko stared in utter bewilderment. Shouma instantly spun away, and Eva, being a prisoner of war turned brainwashed husk, was nonplussed.

And those were the more *mild* reactions.

As expected, Gaku literally fell out of his chair, his nose discharging rivers of blood as his eyes rolled back. Yugamu and Darumi broke out into bouts of uncontained laughter. Ima practically *dove* to cover Kako's face with a cry of "Don't look, sister dearest!"

Oh, was Hiruko going to enjoy teasing them over these next few weeks.

"Hiruko?!" Kurara exclaimed, her green tomato mask showing mixed emotions. "What the hell happened to your moneybags?!"

"You took the words right out of my mouth!" added Sirei. Standing on one of the tables, he stomped his little feet in indignation. "How are you supposed to fight the invaders like that, Shizuhara? Run this sort of thing by me, first!"

"Fighting the invaders was how I *got* them," she explained carefully, rubbing their warm immensity from below as she did. "I used my specialist skill. Battles moving forward won't be an issue."

At this, Sirei sighed in resignation. "Well, if you say so. I suppose that with your laudable talent for merciless bloodshed, it would take more than some great googly mooglies to stop you."

"I guess, but they might stop *us*," Moko said, gesturing to where Gaku remained twitching on the floor. "Just look at what happened to Gaku! It looks like he was hit by a triple suplex!"

"Who cares about him, what about Kako?" Ima questioned, meeting Hiruko's cool look with a chilling stare of his own. "She can't be exposed to such, such..."

As he was searching for the right words of condemnation, Kako poked her head out from behind him. "Woah! Hiruko, your boobs are *gigantic*! That's so cool!"

"Indeed! I was equally impressed," said Kyoshika as Ima groaned.

"I'm all for it!" declared Darumi with two thumbs up. "It's just more of Mistress Hiruko to worship! You need anybody to get crushed beneath those boulders, you call me, okay?"

Hiruko stayed silent at that. She still didn't know quite how to deal with Darumi. Every ruthless barb only seemed to make the crazy chick like her more.

Tsubasa, having followed Hiruko into the cafeteria at this point, adjusted her hair. “To me it just seems like they’d be a huge hassle.”

“Well then, if Hiruko wants to be a bloated, inelegant cow, that’s her prerogative,” added Kurara with a shrug.

Hiruko’s brow rose at that. She was a *woman*, and she *owned* it. “This coming from a spoiled little girl who doesn’t even have the confidence to show her face.”

“Hey!” Kurara protested, stomping her feet.

“Be nice, you two,” Nozomi insisted, projecting her voice as she stepped in front of Kurara. “Let’s try to be body positive.”

“Exactly, this is excellent news!” exclaimed Yugamu, who was unabashedly ogling Hiruko now. “If you were open to such extreme body modifications, why didn’t you say so?” Licking his lips, he pulled out a scalpel. “I could give you some more changes on top of this if you’d like. How’d you like your nipples to spray neurotoxin at high velocity?”

Hiruko moved to sit down at an open space nearby as she considered his offer. Her tits took up half the table with a mighty thud, and she rested her chin in her cleavage as she met his eyes. “It’s an amusing idea, but I wouldn’t want *you* doing the surgery.”

“Oh come on, not even just one of the two?” he pleaded.

Hiruko crossed her legs under the table. “No.”

There was a brief, awkward silence. The only sound in the room was that of Shouma trying to shake Gaku awake. It was Eva who broke it. “I would have that surgery performed if ordered. Being able to lactate neurotoxin would allow me to kill more invaders.”

“That’s not necessary,” Shouma quietly insisted, still gently shaking Gaku.

“That’s obviously not working, dude,” said Takemaru, who had at last managed to tear his eyes away from Hiruko. Then, kneeling down, he slapped Gaku in the face, hard. “WAKE UP, MAN.”

Hiruko smirked, leaning back in her chair and shifting her tits. When they weren’t at each other’s throats, she and Takemaru tended to click, and she was glad he seemed to dig her new look as much as she herself did.

Meanwhile, Gaku floundered awake with all four limbs flailing like a beached fish. “I’M ALIVE. I’m alive.” Looking up at Takemaru and Shouma, he rubbed his head with one hand and pantomimed groping with the other. “I just could have sworn I saw Hiruko walk in with, like, the most impossibly big boobs of all time. It was *awesome*. Must have been a dream, though.”

Hiruko's smirk grew. "I'm afraid you're wrong as usual, Gaku. You weren't dreaming."

"Nope," Takumi confirmed. He kept glancing between Hiruko's massive rack and the wall behind her rapidly while scratching his cheek. "That one illusion commander isn't even here. They're – *ehem* – very real."

"Seriously?" went Gaku before standing up, turning.

Hiruko waved once, most of her arm hidden behind her breasts. "Good morning, loser."

Gaku's eyes practically bulged out of his sockets. Hiruko half expected to hear an 'awooga' noise. Instead, she laughed when he started babbling incoherently, her body evidently too magnificent for Gaku's virgin mind to process.

"Looks like you broke him again," said Moko. "Your newly boosted girl power is just too much, Hiruko."

Sirei crossed his arms, hands on his pointer. "As long as I make sure to deploy the lad on the opposite side of the school from Hiruko during defensive battles, it'll probably be fine. The Special Defense Unit has been through far worse and came out stronger for it under our guidance, right Takumi?"

"R-Right," Takumi acknowledged. Though, clearly, his experience in the future hadn't prepared him for Hiruko's new, tremendous titties. Takumi cleared his throat again before relearning how to make eye contact with Hiruko. "So, um, that said, I know you already told us what happened, Hiruko, but what are we supposed to do moving forward? Can we, like, still look at you?"

She rolled her eyes. "If I wasn't okay getting your lecherous stares from time to time, I wouldn't have expanded them in the first place. But don't think the *other* girls here won't judge you for it."

Takumi quickly spun to study Nozomi's face. Her mouth was curled into a disapproving frown.

Takemaru laughed. "Yeah, that got him."

"Okay, but what about touching?" pressed Gaku, drooling. Yugamu was pulling a syringe out of Gaku's neck, and whatever was in it had fixed him. "Can I cop a feel? Or ten?"

Evidently not well enough.

"What do *you* think?" Hiruko asked, glaring his way.

He stepped closer. "Yes? *Please?*"

“Hard pass,” Hiruko declared.

“Oh, come on, *really?*” Gaku protested. “Kako and Darumi are literally face-deep in your chest right now!”

He was correct about that, at least. The two of them had dived in while Sirei was talking, and Hiruko hadn’t felt like standing up to knock them away, since she was still tired from all the walking and fighting. Kako’s torso was buried in the side of her left milker as she squeezed with both hands. She was going “So soft...” over and over. Kyoshika looked on with envy at her audacity, clutching her sword with wide eyes.

Meanwhile, Darumi was using Hiruko’s right milker as a backrest, sitting on the table and kicking her feet back and forth. She’d been giggling as she watched the show, but now leveled a wrathful scowl at Gaku. “I’m her pet, it’s different! She can do whatever she wants to me, too!”

“Yeah, I don’t mind if it’s another girl. That’s honestly kindof expected,” Hiruko clarified. Then, she narrowed her eyes at Gaku. “But if *you*, or one of the other guys tried this, I’d break every bone in your body and let the Revive-O-Matic sort you out.”

“With your chest?” Gaku asked, excited. “Because forget Darumi, I’d *totally* let you crush me to death under those puppies.”

Hiruko intensified her glare from unamused to scalding.

Gaku threw up his hands and took a step back. “It was a joke! I was joking, sheesh.”

“If you really want to make sure, you could wear a very spiky shirt?” posed Ima, who was trying unsuccessfully to pull Kako off of Hiruko by her hair. “I did that once to keep the ladies at bay, you know.”

“Did it work?” questioned Takumi.

“Not very well, but better than this,” Ima said, gesturing to his sister, who was still basking in the vast, warm softness of Hiruko’s bust.

Hiruko, for her part, appreciated Kako’s gentle ministrations as she clung to her. But the others were still visibly embarrassed by the ongoing show.

Takemaru coughed once, clearing his plate. “Anyway, I think I’d better go. Shouma already left, I don’t think anybody else noticed. Should probably do some training.”

“To get your mind off my tits?” Hiruko posed, deadpan. God, this was already paying out dividends.

“Yes,” Takemaru replied, stealing one last look before hightailing it out of there.

“I think I’ll join ya,” added Moko. “And hey, Hiruko, if you need help coming up with a new exercise routine to work around your girls, gimme a call, yeah?” Then, she waved goodbye, also shooting a thumbs-up as she left.

“I’ll consider it,” Hiruko said, now chuckling to herself.

By this point, Kako had gotten her fill, and she was standing with Ima, looking ashamed of herself. “Thanks, Hiruko. I went a little overboard, there.”

“Not an issue. I figured you might be a bit jealous,” Hiruko said.

Now blushing, she fled the cafeteria, Ima shouting “Wait up!” as he followed. Hiruko had read the girl like a book; she’d always wanted to come off as more mature physically to project her independence.

“Great! Looks like we’re all sorted out now!” Sirei exclaimed. “Why don’t the rest of you little soldiers get back to preparing? You never know when the enemy will strike!”

Before anyone could reply, he’d already dashed off somewhere. Gaku wasn’t having it, though. He started creeping closer to Hiruko, hands antsy at his sides. “Fat chance! Almost as fat as those boobs, like, *damn*. I’m totally gonna follow you around for the rest of the day and—”

Kurara had slapped him across the face and started dragging him away, screaming, before he could finish. Yugamu and Kyoshika said their well-wishes soon after, the pair in the middle of an animated discussion of other possible modifications for breasts which could be useful in smiting the invaders. Nozomi ushered Eva away, the pair having just finished eating, while Tsubasa was now grabbing her own meal.

Takumi, the aggravating yet somehow endearing dork he was, shuffled away with an awkward “G-Good luck with those, Hiruko.”

Darumi chortled as she waved him off. “Laterz~ If you need me, I’ll be here!” she exclaimed, wiggling as she snuggled into Hiruko.

Hiruko leaned back in her chair. “Actually, you’re going to have to get up too. I’m famished; be a dear and fetch me some pasta salad,” she ordered.

Hiruko watched as Darumi rose, hopping to her feet. The sudden absence of weight pressed into her breasts was somehow a bit saddening. “Sure thing, mistress! Wouldn’t wanna make you lug around those mondo milkshakes of yours for no reason, after all! Suckers must be heavier than the plot of *Made in Abyss*.”

“I’m unfamiliar with that series, but you’re likely correct,” Hiruko sighed.

Life from now on, however, wasn’t going to be. Her new assets were certainly bound to spice things up, she mused, continuing to idly savor the passive sensations they gave her.

* * *

A few weeks had passed since Hiruko dramatically expanded her bustline to the size of yoga balls, and she’d largely (ha) settled into her new normal with grace and undiminished bliss. The main differences were her continued teasing of the boys, an increased masturbation frequency, and a large amount of back pain. But compared to the pain of literally dying and getting resurrected over and over, that was nothing.

Hiruko slept on her stomach by necessity, nestled in the pillowy comfort of her tits pressed between herself and the mattress. After waking to the prerecorded morning announcement from Sirei as always, she twisted, tossing her sheets aside as she rolled out of bed.

Leaving her glasses on her nightstand, she heaved her tits upwards, and they slapped juicily against her stomach and thighs as she did. With a sigh, she pulled her lacy, white silken nightgown – practically a tablecloth with three holes cut in it – over her head and casually tossed it aside with a flick of her wrist before also removing her panties and heading for the shower.

Hiruko barely fit inside the stall, with at least one side of a tit mushed up against the cold tile wall no matter where she stood. She took her time, using a long-handled sponge brush to reach every inch of her scrumptious rack, from cleavage to underboob, while letting her conditioner soak into her hair.

Once she was done freshening up, Hiruko got dressed, careful not to tear the fishnet portion of her bra as she wrangled her bountiful bosom into its supportive confines and hooked up the industrial-strength straps.

She left her socks off, though, as she wanted to redo her violet toenail polish. Obviously she couldn’t normally even see her feet anymore, so Hiruko had to sit down cross-legged before hooking one up and over her breasts, resting it on her tit like a cushion, they doing the other. Only once she’d painted both feet, and the polish had dried, did she put on her boots, admire her massive pair in the mirror for a moment, and head out onto the roof to face the day.

For the rest of the morning, after a mildly entertaining conversation with Kurara about fashion over breakfast, Hiruko went to continue analyzing the data of their previous battle in the war room. The computer desks weren’t built for a woman with her staggering proportions in mind, so she had to sit sideways in order to use it, and even then, the back of her right breast pressed against the edge of the monitor. Still, she made it work.

Later, on her way to a late lunch, Hiruko was turning a corner in the halls when she bumped into something tits-first. They squished like dough from the collision before springing back into shape. Wait, not something, *someone*, as they cried out pathetically and were sent sprawling onto the floor.

Hiruko could recognize that whimper anywhere. “Oops.” When she leaned forward, her bra nearly touching the floor, Hiruko could see that it was, in fact, Shouma.

He was rubbing the back of his head, shaking like a leaf, and spun away the instant they made eye contact, cheeks burning. “S-Sorry! I shouldn’t have t-touched you there like that! Feel free to toss me into the trash as recompence!”

Hiruko groaned. Dealing with Shouma was always a chore, but at least he wasn’t a blatant pervert. “You’re fine, Shouma. It’s not your fault that you’re so short I can’t see you past my cleavage when you get too close.”

“I-It isn’t? You won’t flog me, or drown me in boiling oil?” he asked, getting to his feet.

“No, I will not. Just go, please,” she said, pointing over her shoulder.

Without another word, he carefully shimmied around her, then dashed off, out of sight.

Taking a deep breath, Hiruko straightened back up, tossed her hair back into place with a hand, and casually moved on. Did she care that he’d gotten a facefull? Not particularly. Had he actually been buried between them and started squirming around in there... No, she shouldn’t be fantasizing about that right now.

Filing that away for later, she moved on.

After her meal and a short rest, Hiruko hauled her chest back up to her room to grab her swim bag, then went back down to the leisure lounge. Long before now, swimming had been one of her favorite activities, both for unwinding and staying in shape. But now? She enjoyed it even more, as her fat tits were quite buoyant, and being in the water took their immense weight off her shoulders.

This time of day, the pool, with its scenic waterfall feature, went otherwise unused, this being exactly what Hiruko wanted. Moving over to the locker room, she quickly changed into her swimsuit, which consisted of nothing but her usual black bikini bottoms.

She’d tried wearing an actual swim top in her new size exactly once before abandoning the idea for pasties, which also didn’t work in water. In a top with enough coverage to actual contain her jugs, she couldn’t swim on her back without her head being trapped and suffocated in her own

impenetrable cleavage. And swimming on her stomach wasn't really possible since her arms didn't have enough reach for proper strokes.

So far, nobody else had walked in on her, and it was a risk she was willing to take. One which also happened to be more than a little thrilling.

When she strutted back out into the lounge, Hiruko appeared completely naked from the front, her immense breasts bare to the world. As she slipped into the water, her huge nips stiffened from the bracing chill, poking lewdly outwards.

Continuing down the steps, her breasts bobbed enticingly on the water's surface as the rest of her submerged up to her shoulders. Hiruko wasted no time in rolling onto her back and starting a set of laps, settling into a fitting reverse breaststroke. As she alternated kicking her legs and pushing with her arms, her breasts danced above her, and she took breaths whenever they separated slightly from the force of her motions.

As she swam back and forth, clearing her mind and entering a zone of steady exertion, Hiruko would, at first glance, appear as a set of huge knockers navigating the pool. They bounced and jiggled madly, her nipples jutting proudly upwards nearly a meter above the surface.

It felt wonderful, to the point where if she wasn't pushing herself to move quickly, Hiruko would be tempted to stop and start jilling herself off. Instead, she made a self-imposed vow to keep going until the entirely different yet still pleasant sensation of that hum in her muscles from a good workout had settled in.

However, it was not her own lust, but something else which cut her swimming session short: the school's alarm system.

Red lights, as bright as they were harsh, suddenly turned on overhead alongside a blaring siren. "INTRUDER ALERT, INTRUDER ALERT."

Hiruko's movements screeched to a halt, even as her momentum carried her tits-first into the wall of the pool. "Dammit."

V'ehxness wasn't supposed to show up yet! She supposed the decision she'd made to expand her breasts had altered the timeline somehow.

Hiruko rapidly disembarked from the pool, her hair pasted to her skin as water flowed off of her curves. Her thoughts raced as she quickly grabbed her towel and dried herself off.

It would be minutes before the Supreme Commander of the invaders started to smash her way through the barrier. She could take the time to go put on her bra, but even with all her practice, it still took a while. So instead, she just wrapped her towel around her bust. It wasn't long enough

to go all the way around, and there was no way it would stay in place even if it could, so Hiruko just held it over the important parts, her hands pressed tightly into her sideboob to keep it in place. Breastflesh oozed over the edges of the cloth above and below.

This was the erotic manner in which she ran as quickly as she could – which wasn't as fast as the old days – over to the war room, her immense orbs practically carrying her forwards. Being automated, the door slid open as she approached.

Even rushing as she was, Hiruko was the last to arrive. As expected, the others were all various degrees of scandalized by the whole 'using nothing but an undersized towel to preserve her modesty' thing she had going on.

"H-Hiruko!" Takumi choked out. "Why are you—?"

"She's topless! Digging the confidence, but not really the time or place," mused Moko.

"How indecent!" Kyoshika exclaimed, looking more like a tomato than Kurara did.

"I was *swimming*." Hiruko deadpanned, cocking her hips to the side even as she continued to squeeze the towel tightly against her behemoths. "It's not like I had time to *get* decent."

"I certainly don't mind," added Gaku, drooling lecherously even as blood dripped from his nostrils. Again.

Takumaru snorted, maintaining composure even though it was obvious to Hiruko he was also cementing the view into his memory. "Gaku's fuckin' bleeding and he hasn't even been wounded yet, the lightweight."

"I will not bleed. I will make the invaders bleed instead," Eva declared, in her usual monotone.

"Focus, peasants!" Kurara exclaimed. "We have a *fight* to get to!"

"Exactly! The important part is that Hiruko is here," said Sirei, from his usual spot on the command table. "Just grab your infusers and get out there!"

"Yeah, V'exhness is back, and she looks as deranged as ever!" noted Tsubasa.

"Places, people!" exclaimed Ima, moving to grab his Infuser. "Let's get this done to save my dear sister! Also humanity, I guess."

It was then that Hiruko realized she had a problem. In order to stab herself in the heart with her Infuser and activate her hemoanima, she needed her hand free, which meant dropping the towel. Oh well, nothing for it, she'd just face the wall.

“Toss me my infuser, would you Nozomi?” Hiruko asked, shifting around to do so and dropping her towel. Free again, her girls settled back into their natural teardrop resting positions, if breasts so huge could even be considered ‘natural’ anything.

Darumi immediately started barking like a dog. Yugamu wolf whistled. “Damn, way to bare it all, girl. You certainly make an enticing target,” he said.

After a beat, Nozomi replied, taking it well. “Oh, uh, sure thing, Hiruko,” she said, pulling it out of the weapon rack and throwing it to her.

It went high, and Hiruko, looking over her shoulder, expertly caught it as it sailed overhead before spinning the blade towards her chest and plunging it in, hard.

One painful transformation sequence later, and she used a launchpad to blast outside, now clothed in her class armor alongside the others. Sailing through the sky, the wind exhilarating, Hiruko descended rapidly. Her center of gravity was much higher than before, and as the others hit the school grounds – complete with track and field lines – feetfirst, she landed on her boobs, which absorbed the force like springs, sending a jolt of mixed pain and pleasure across her nerves.

Adapting, Hiruko tucked into a forward somersault as she bounced back into the air. Now having slowed down significantly, she was able to stick the landing this time. Her heart began to race in anticipation of the pitched battle to come.

For there was V’ehxness, approaching the fifteen of them with an aura of overwhelming power, in part syphoned from her own comrades. This was only accentuated further by the wild gleam in her eyes and her menacing metal armor. She laughed maniacally as she strode confidently into speaking distance. “Tremble before me and despair! For at last the day has arrived where I shall kill you all and ascend as a new God! You insects will— wait, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOUR TITS?!”

She’d cut herself off to point at Hiruko, mind clearly boggling.

Seeing that look on her face alone would have made this worth it to Hiruko. Maybe she could even spin this into a better outcome to the war.

“She got way sexier, that’s what happened,” quipped Darumi. “Don’t ya just wanna bury your face in ‘em like an eroge character would?”

Taking her cue to press the advantage, Hiruko struck a pose, holding a hand behind her head, smiling, and lowering her voice into a tone even more sultry than her usual. “If you agree to an unconditional surrender, I’ll let you play with them as much as you’d like~”

“Holy fuck, I’d take that deal,” declared Gaku.

“If you don’t, we’ll have no choice but to take you down,” added Takumi, acting like a proper leader as he should, raising his katana.

Notably, V’ehxness hadn’t even heard any of them. The tyrant was still staring intently at Hiruko, mumbling to herself. Even her guarded stance had slipped. “Did they gather the Boxes of Blessings? No, that makes no sense, I would have heard about it. And why would they waste them on something so, so...”

And then, suddenly, before she could finish her thought, her head exploded.

“Woah!” Tsubasa exclaimed, covering her mouth as she started to heave.

“A textbook one hit KO!” added Moko, eyes wide.

As V’ehxness’ lifeless body collapsed to the ground, Hiruko blinked, lowering her arm. She certainly wasn’t complaining about the death of that lunatic, but who had killed her? Detecting motion on her peripheral vision, she turned to face the source.

It was Kako, the barrel of her eldritch sniper rifle smoking. Other pairs of eyes quickly followed, and soon the whole group was staring Kako’s way, stupefied.

Kako simply shrugged. “What? She’d obviously lost focus and wasn’t in her battle form. I saw the opening and took it.”

Ima dove towards her with sparkles in his eyes, hitting her with a tackle-hug combo. “That was incredible, sister dearest! You won the war for us!”

“I feel like Hiruko did at least half of the work there, but okay. I’m just glad it’s over,” said Shouma with a relieved sigh.

“Who cares, you all get medals of honor!” Sirei cheered over comms. “Ding dong, the bitch is dead, and the earth is saved! Hooray! Hooray!”

“Fuck yeah!” cried Takemaru, echoing Sirei’s cheers. “Now we can all go home to the TRC!”

“Great job, Hiruko!” Moko exclaimed. “You saved the day with your girl power!”

“More like her size fetish,” clarified Kyoshika. “N-Not that I would know about such perverted things.”

Hiruko sighed. “I would have preferred getting to chop her to pieces, but I suppose I can’t argue with results. I underestimated you, Kako.”

As Kako shied away bashfully at the praise, Takami and Nozomi shared a relieved hug. “Everyone made it through alive!” Takumi cried out, overjoyed. “Well, except Eito, but he was a traitor, so who cares!”

“I can’t believe V’ehxness’ weakness was gay panic this whole time,” quipped Yugamu.

“Now what do we do?” asked Eva, shifting her gaze around the group. “Can we fire the missiles early? I wish to wipe out the remaining invaders as soon as possible.”

“What else? We *party!*” exclaimed Gaku, approaching Hiruko with an excited smile. “And, since we won because of how sexy Hiruko is, the theme of the party should totally be everyone getting together to massage her. You know, as thanks for a job well done!”

“Pass,” Hiruko scowled. “On the *‘massage’*, not the party. That part is actually sensible.”

She *could* go for a back rub, if she was being honest, but that clearly wasn’t what he was actually aiming for.

“Also, *Kako* was technically the one who beat V’ehxness, so we should really be celebrating her, much as I am loathe to forgo the spotlight,” added Kurara.

“Exactly!” Ima enthusiastically confirmed.

“Suits me fine,” confirmed Hiruko with a shrug. “The war is over, as Takumi said. That’s the important part.”

“Yeah! All’s well that ends well!” cheered Nozomi, beaming.

Shared laughter echoing through the air, everyone began making their way back inside Last Defense Academy.

With a rare, genuine smile on her face, Hiruko cradled her tits from below with both arms in appreciation. Now that the pressure was off, she could spend the rest of these hundred days exploring the myriad pleasures enormous breasts could bring to the fullest.

Breast Expansion Route - End