

Chapter 15

Mei Lin

I didn't know what to do. No, that wasn't it. I knew exactly what I had to do and I wasn't happy about it.

I'd only managed to pull over on the side of the street for half an hour before the need inside me became too loud to ignore.

Hey, it's Mei Lin from the store

Mei Lin? How'd you get my number?

You forgot your handkerchief, I thought maybe I should return it?

Maybe now?

Now?

Is there something wrong with that?

No... I just wasn't expecting to see you again

Is your girlfriend home?
:)

Not for maybe two to three hours.. Why do you ask?

Well, I think I'd like to give you an early birthday present.. Finish what we started? What's your address?

It didn't take me long to get there. I even took another short break, trying to hold myself together for a few minutes while redoing my makeup with the emergency kit we always kept in the car.

I couldn't believe that I wanted to cheat on Alice with the last guy I talked to and change reality to become his dream girl.

Ironically the sticky note had said the exact same thing though I couldn't remember the rest. Still, it burned me up inside that Millie knew about this (recent?) secret of mine.. I was going to kill her.

I quickly fixed myself up as best I could and walked up to the door, hating how wet I was, and rang the doorbell.

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Daniel was a bit awkward but kind enough. I ended up sitting on his bed while feeling extremely self-conscious waiting until he came back after finishing up his grooming routine; of which I had interrupted.

Now... I was here in his house, his room. Horny as fuck, and.. And I *needed* to be his dream girl.

"Can I ask you a question?" I choked out with fake confidence. The entire situation was so fucked up but I needed to do this.

"Uh sure. Though would it be okay if I asked you one too?" He said while nervously closing the door behind him.

"Yeah go ahead, ask me anything." I smiled through the deep foreboding weighing down on me.

"Are you.. A uTuber maybe? I thought I recognized your voice from somewhere.."

"I'm a Vtuber actually, Naiza.." It wasn't like me to so casually expose my online persona to strangers but if I was lucky and he already liked me as I am... Then maybe I wouldn't have to change at all!

"Seriously, you're Naiza?!" Dan's eyes widened as the realization of who I slowly dawned on him. "Aren't you dating AliceInWonderlust?" He exclaimed while proverbially picking his jaw off the floor.

I just nodded silently while beginning to blush profusely. The username used to be somewhat controversial in my previous realities, being derived from Chinese slang for boobs, but at least in this timeline, people absolutely loved it. Now it was more of a compliment more than anything.

"My turn.." I muttered before taking a deep breath to center my mind as I stood up and began to take off both my shirt and my bra in one fluid motion. Letting my massive tits drop out unrestricted, bouncing and jiggling while a look of bliss crossed my face. Getting lost in the sensation of them as usual; it felt really good and gave my mind some much needed reprieve.

"Would you consider me to be your dream girl?" I cooed while tossing the clothing items to the floor, squeezing my tits between my arms.

"Oh... I-" Daniels dark complexion couldn't hide his own fluster well enough. It was cute, although something in his eyes changed when I said the words *dream girl*. He grinned through his nervousness but still shook his head gently, "You're close, but not exactly it, I think."

I pouted, both because I knew this meant I had to change myself (how??). Something told me I couldn't fuck him until he was satisfied with my existence. The thought alone chilled me to my core. "What do you like about me?? What would make me your dream girl? Please, I need to know!" I whimpered. My desperation grew with every passing second and it showed.

"Um well... Let me see.. think it's pretty hot that you're so.. Forward? Uh, what's the word, promiscuous maybe?" He muttered, seemingly unsure if he was even using the right words. "You have uh, great boobs though they could be a bit bigger? Just a little."

Forwardness and promiscuity, I could do that. It definitely made me feel better about trying to get him to fuck me. I would have sex with anyone really, as long as they were attractive enough. However.. I wasn't sure how I would make my tits-

I paused when my breasts suddenly lurched, nearly causing me to trip over myself. I instinctively grabbed them with my hands to hold them steady, only for it to happen again. My fingers were quickly sucked into the expanding flesh until the pressure became too much and I let go. My tits bounced free, unrestrained, and.. Were they bigger?

Or had they always been this big? I couldn't tell but it all last felt as if they'd grown maybe two cup sizes? No, that's not it either. What was going on? Alice and I were in the top fifty women with the largest tits in the country, in both the natural and enhanced brackets. Alice sat comfortably at 12th and I was 24th? No way, my tits were bigger than that, I was 18th for sure.

"Wow, you uh. Nevermind, you're definitely the ideal size? I'm pretty sure." Daniel choked out as my tits began to finally settle down.

My mind easily buried any uncertainties as my focus drew back to the man standing in front of me; relieved that my hopes of not needing to change myself weren't unfounded, growing my own tits would have been impossible. "Yeah? What else? What would make me your dream girl?" My voice sounded slightly deeper, breathier. This was something I'd done before. I was confident with it, and practiced to perfection.

"Well, um.. I don't know much about uh.." He looked around the room, eventually landing on an old hentai game sitting in a trash bin. "You said you were Japanese right? That's pretty cute."

Alice

"No! Not now!" I grunted with frustration, which then quickly turned into confusion. I shouldn't be able to lactate... Shouldn't I?

Something wasn't adding up. I knew that logically, because it was on a sticky note, it was most likely caused by whatever Millie had done to me. Though I do vaguely remember beginning to lactate when I was 19, but I couldn't be clear on that.

This note felt different from the other ones which didn't actually change reality as far as I could tell. Those were commands though, actions to take now.. This felt like a much weaker casual shift from the cube, hopefully less impactful too. That was probably for the best, but I couldn't be sure.

"Oh my gosh! Goddess!" Claire gasped, rushing to grab some paper towels. The girl had been fingering herself quietly while she waited for me to give her another command, I could smell it and...

"ooohhh ffuckkk" I moaned, eyelids fluttering while my eyes crossed. For the next minute and a half, I stood there drooling blankly, until I eventually came down from the mini orgasm caused by the feeling of my brain melting out of my pussy. My bra was full to the brim with milk which gave off a sweet tangy aroma, but honestly it just made me feel nauseous.

Claire was on the floor below me, trying to clean the milk dripping from my ruined clothing. "Goddess you taste SOOO good!" She squealed, unable to help herself from continuing to masturbate while also licking her milk covered fingers.

I sunk down to my knees and grabbed Claire's wrist. There wasn't any resistance as I shoved her fingers into my mouth and sucked. God, she was right.. My milk was delicious, and her pussy juices only made it better...

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At some point I was able to collect myself before we could start fucking. Even if I really wanted to, the feeling of wearing wet clothes wasn't worth it. I'd ordered Claire to help me undress and then clean up; properly this time.

After that, I removed the limiter on her pleasure, which resulted in an instant series of orgasms. Claire probably would have kept going but she was kind of loud and I wasn't in the mood for it, so stuffed my soggy panties in her mouth much to both our amusement.

I was a lot hornier than usual, but it wasn't <i>that</i> bad.

As least on my way to the upstairs bathroom there weren't any sticky-.. god fucking damnit.

I was staring point blank at a blue piece of paper stuck onto the bathroom mirror and I couldn't stop myself from reading, "Your reflection in mirrors is now independent, and she loves to bully you." What the hell did that mean?

"It means you're stuck with me you fucking cow." I said.. No / didn't say anything, it came from.. "Me. Now get this stupid paper out of my face."

Carefully I peeled the sticky note off to find myself looking very annoyed. I raised my hand as a test, but my judgmental reflection remained unchanged. "There's no way.." my brain was trying

so hard to understand what was going on but it felt so much slower than usual. I stared at the mirror dumbly for a few seconds before it spoke again.

"You really are stupid jeez. Yes you dumb fuck, I'm your reflection." Mirror Alice scoffed, folding her arms.

"B-but how?! I don't remember you? I remember lactating kind of but not.."

She just rolled her eyes at me and pointed at the sticky note in her hand, it was the same as mine although written backwards. "It says 'now' dumbass. I'm independent, which probably means I'm not affected by your brain rot." Mirror Alice shrugged with a knowing, haughty smirk.

I was going to say something but a searing pain filled my head. Chromatic aberration and digital glitch-like visuals rippled through the bathroom in a way I couldn't understand, before vanishing through the wall as the migraine subsided. Looking back to my mirror self, her expression had changed to something between fear and worry.

"Alice, you have to find the cube." The other me said sternly. "If you get too stupid to stop Millie, we're all fucked. The cube isn't stable, even with the upgrades, it's clearly being pushed too far."

I nodded slowly until a loud snap brought me back to attention, having spaced out, getting lost in my (her?) huge milky titties.

"Hello! Earth to bimbo! Pay attention, you're already bad enough as it is." Mirror Alice groaned in frustration. "If I had to guess, Millie doesn't know the full scope of the cube's abilities. These sticky notes are clearly her way of testing what it's capable of, which is not good."

"Wow, you're really smart.. I mean um. Right." I did my best to summon every last brain cell still functioning in order to keep up. "So.. But wait, wouldn't the cube be boobies? Wait, that's not it.."

"Booby trapped." Mirror Alice was losing her patience and I, well I just really liked boobies. "Alice! Stop thinking about tits for just a god damn second you fucking moron!" My reflection shouted at me. "You're not capable of handling this, Call Ryan. He's the only one who knows about the cube and is immune to its effects. Whatever you do, don't go looking for the cube. Just stay in the living room, got it?"

"Ok ok.. That's a really good idea! I forgot about Ryan." If anything, I kind of wanted to-

"No, please don't fuck that twit. We're lesbian remember? We're not even attracted to Men."

"Yeah but.. You want it too don't you!" I wasn't that stupid, not yet at least. Even I could tell she felt it as well, we had the same brain even if she wasn't affected by the notes.

"Right, which means they *are* different from the cube's casual shifts... And you're getting distracted again. Call Ryan first at least, then you can take a shower."

"You're leaking.." I muttered.

"I'm? Oh!? what the hell is this shit!?" Mirror Alice yelled, grabbing a towel to dry off her tits, though the pleasure only made them leak more milk. "T-there's probably a difference between action commands and physical alterations... Ok enough you dumb fuck, go call Ryan now before I come out of here and beat the shit out of you." She barked after me as scampered back out of the bathroom.

Both my tits and my pussy were wet. Having a meaner version of myself say demeaning things to me was way too arousing..

I made my way into the laundry room down the hall to retrieve my phone which was sitting on a table with the rest of the stuff I'd forgotten in my pockets. At least Claire was attentive, I probably would have forgotten..

Though it did take me a few minutes of trying to figure out what my phone's passcode was before it told me to just use the fingerprint scanner. How helpful!

After finding his contact I waited patiently "Hey Ryan! It's been soooo long but I could use your help!" I chirped way too happily. "I mean, it's uh, really bad."

"Alice? How did you..? Fuck am I glad to hear your voice, I'm- Nevermind I'll explain later, what do you need?"

"Umm.." sat there naked on the dryer with my phone in one hand, and a titty in the other. Eyes crossed, tongue out, drooling profusely.. "Umm come over to fuck me?? I- I mean help me find the.. my box? The cube! That's it."

"Are you ok? I'll be over ASAP.."

I hung up. I was excited! Although I should probably take a shower... I was leaking milk everywhere!

Millie

"Don't you think you're being a little bit harsh? I thought you and Alice were friends." Winston said before eating another french fry.

"I thought so too, but you know how it is." I sighed, gesturing to my flat chest just as our waitress came by to ask if we needed anything else.

Her giant udders trembling enticingly behind a bra that was definitely way too tight on purpose. I wanted to ask for more ketchup but she completely ignored me, turning all her attention to Winston first. I begged him with my eyes and he immediately understood.

"Can we have some extra ketchup please?" He asked politely.

"Sure thing sugar," the waitress winked at him before finally turning to me. "Anything you need little lady?"

I grit my teeth and shook my head with a fake smile. I was short, sure, but I *knew* the cow looked down on me, like every other woman. Including other.. 'inferiors'; if they had even a slightly larger bust than me, which was practically everyone, they'd lord it over me to make themselves feel better about their own position in the hierarchy.

When the waitress eventually left I could breathe again. "Sorry for that.."

"Don't worry about it, I know how uncomfortable you get." Winston reassured; the older man was a gentleman with an unusually kind hearted soul. The fact that Alice had given him her phone number enraged me to no end. I hated the way he talked about her, as if there was something mysterious connecting him to the damn whore. He didn't; she just had massive milk bags.

Alice already had enough passes in life, and most certainly didn't deserve to be as smart as me.

"I knew her in highschool, actually. We were good friends too." I sighed, relating back to our previous conversation. "But, like a lot of my *friends*, she got surgery done. Some kind of fat cell transfer bullshit, and never talked to me again."

Looking over at another table nearby the same waitress was tending to two women, clearly a couple. The one with the smaller breasts blushed and squirmed in her seat as they lowered their head submissively while their presumed girlfriend ordered for them both.

It pained me to see so many women *enjoy* their positions in society. To shut up and give in, to just pretend like they were happy to be oppressed? They were broken, but now...? Now I could fix everything. Using Alice's project, I could put us on top and take back the power we deserved, I could wake everyone up to the truth.

I heavily doubted that Alice actually built the damned thing. There was simply no way, it had to be alien technology or a secret government project. Calling the cube *her* project was a gross overstatement. I had seen everything that happened last night after easily hacking into the university's security network, the power outage made the process far more trivial than usual.

Normally I would.. Indulge myself, watching Alice grope herself like an idiot when she thought the camera feeds were overlaid with her spy movie style looping video. Which they were, but I had been using a backdoor to reroute the feed to my laptop for almost two years now. Mostly out of curiosity of exactly what she got up to in there after midnight.

The cube was in my control, there was nothing and no one who could stop me. Not even Alice, especially after she's reduced to nothing more than a vapid bimbo. I wanted to love her like I did when we were kids, but what could I love her with after she dumped my heart in a shredder and walked away without ever looking back to see what she'd done to me. Just like our waitress, Alice didn't even recognize me anymore.

Still, there were a few things I had to figure out before I delved too deep into my plans. I had to test the limits of the device as well as how to use it without accidentally affecting myself in the process. Altering Claire worked well enough, but she wasn't even from our god damned dimension, so there was little chance of altering the past with her. I also couldn't undo whatever

they had done to her either, meaning mistakes would be permanent unless I could find a workaround.

“That’s.. Yeah, that’s pretty rough. Though have you tried.. You know, talking to her? Alice I mean. Not in a surface level way to get her attention, but like in a vulnerable way. Opening up to her about how you feel and working things out together?” Winston tried with a shrug, taking another few fries.

Poor Winston... He was smart, more caring than anyone I knew, but he was a fool. The time to work things out passed almost two decades ago.

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When it was time for our check I made sure to tip well, as a consolation for what came next. A sticky note attached to the bill.

I couldn’t help but smile to myself, hearing the waitress yelp in shock and horror as she realized her tits had turned into breast pads, organically fused to her chest, much to the confusion of everyone else who saw no change. She chose to be fake, so I made sure she wouldn’t forget.

Having Claire use the cube on me with detailed instructions I was effectively able to make myself a god. It felt incredible, at least after the migraines subsided. I nearly thought I was going to die but it was all worth it. Besides, this way I could avoid using the cube directly until I understood it better, especially when it came to phrasing and wording.

One thing that nagged in the back of my head.. I hadn’t meant to make all the traps I set for Alice to be so... Sexual. In fact, most of the things I’d been doing with the cube and my special notes were filtered through some sexual lens, and I kind of liked it?

Maybe I even loved it.

“Do you think you could drive me-” I stopped myself as we walked out of the diner when I spotted an actual friend of mine. “Nevermind, I’ve got a ride already. It was a good time, maybe we can do this again sometime soon?” I chirped maybe a little too fast, before propping myself up on my tippy toes to kiss Winston’s cheek. “See you at AVC!”

“Vivian!” I shouted as I bounced down the parking lot, waving at the goth who noticed me just as she was about to get in her car. Involving Winston in this.. I didn’t want to mess that up, but everyone else? Free reign.

My reign.