

Reality Wiki  
A Titacular Short Story  
- By Razmagurk -  
= Part 1 of 2 =

Wait, Sam had tits?

I gawked as he stood up and went to the front of the class to give his presentation.

Yeah, wow. Hot damn, did he ever.

He wasn't even trying to hide them. Hell, he was showing them off! Just look at the way his button up was tied at the midriff! He was pulling it off better than any woman.

I laughed. I couldn't help myself. My ultra macho football bro ex-boyfriend, jiggling around that pair of braless mommy milkers like he was trying to win a wet t-shirt contest? Was this a prank? Had he lost a bet?

But no one else seemed to be laughing. My tablemate Scarlet even shot me a dirty look.

"What's going on?" I leaned into her. "Did I miss the memo or something?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean look at those tits!" I held my hands out in front of my own modest bust to emphasize their size.

"God," giggled my other tablemate, Sofia. "Aren't they great?"

"Right?" Scarlett smirked, her eyes going half lidded as they focused down on Sam's curves. "I wish I had a boyfriend with boobs even half as nice as that."

"The dude is truly blessed." Confirmed Sebastian, rounding out our little corner. "Totes jealous."

I pulled my eyes off Sam's bouncing bust to throw an incredulous look at the three. Were they in on this too?

"No, I mean... what is going on? Is this for real?"

"You tell us, Sarah." Scarlett waggled her brows. "You're the one who slept with him."

"Like, three times! What does that have to do with anything?"

"I'm saying, girl, that you've had a better look than any of us."

"Well he didn't have those, that was for sure." I turned back to Sam's jiggling jubbies. "I think I'd notice if he was packing a pair like that."

“Wait,” Sebastian turned back to me. “Are you saying that those things have gotten bigger?”

“What? No I-” But they had already turned to stare all the harder.

The entire class was enraptured as Sam bounced and wiggled. He must have been showing them off - nobody needed that much pep in a presentation, even if it did keep the class hanging on his every word. The entire class that is except that nerd, Sydney, who’s face was buried in his laptop so steadfast you could see the effort it was taking. But then again, he and Sam had a history.

Honestly? I couldn’t deny the appeal. They were the kind of boobs every girl dreamed of. Even I was weirdly jealous.

Mmm... more than jealous. I could feel myself going flush. The hell? I wasn’t into boobs was I? I was straight, I promise. But damn, these ones were just so... so... */hot./*

I let out a little breath. This was too much. I needed to get my mind off this. I pulled out my phone.

That’s when I started to realize this was way more than just a prank. I almost didn’t catch it at first, it was subtle. My background picture. An old one of me hanging out with all my friends at some party.

Sam had tits. And he was showing them off.

Had someone been in my phone?

I pulled open my photo reel and started swiping through them, but an alarming trend soon presented itself.

Every photo of Sam prominently featured his new busty assets. There were pictures of him with his arms pressing together to draw his cleavage forward and up, beach shots of his big tits in bikini tops, and candid photos of my happy face snuggled into his pillows as we relaxed on the couch. The whole works.

He seemed so keen on showing them off. So did everybody else. People were gawking in every pic.

My heart pounded. What the hell was going on? Nobody would go through that much trouble for a prank.

I pulled up one of the many nudes he had sent me when we were dating. One of those stupid pictures I always totally intended to delete but that I kept wandering back to on lonely nights.

I gulped. No prank could be that mouth-wateringly good.

And that left one possibility.

It was me. I had done this

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It had been a dark and stormy night. Outside the rain was howling, and the thunder grew ever closer. But for all the fury of nature I was curled up in bed, music blaring as I studied.

But nature was in no mood to be ignored.

A barrage of lightning shook the sorority house. Too close! I looked up just in time to see a bolt from god land squarely outside my window, slamming its full load directly into the fiber optic cable that brought the neighborhood it's internet.

My laptop, shitty old thing that it was, barely lasted five seconds before draining out.

And then the world went dark.

“Shit!”

I fumbled for my phone, holding it as a flashlight and raising from my bed to peer out the window.

The power the was out. Here and everywhere else. As far as the eye could see. Not one light in the entire student ghetto. I'd never seen anything like it.

I let out a slow breath. There was a blackness there, the strange knowledge gnawing at the back of my brain of just how impossibly alone I felt in that moment. Like the last person on this quiet earth.

And worse, the internet was down.

My phone didn't even have signal. No cell, no data. How big was this storm? None of the games on my phone worked without the internet and, well, so much for studying.

Maybe I should have gone out with the other girls after all?

What followed was the longest ten minutes of my life. There was no denying it. I was going to die of boredom before they ever got the power back on.

Except... there was still a network I could connect to. Why hadn't I seen it before? I don't know how, but there it was in my list - a wifi network named RealityNetAccess and then a long string of numbers. It was open. Some store that endured the storm? A nerd with a backup generator? Secret world government? I'd take anything.

Thunder cracked again as I logged on. The storm was getting worse.

The elation I felt from seeing my phone connect, however, was short lived. I tried to pull up my social media, only to be redirected to something called Reality Wiki instead. I tried other sites, other apps, but it was like all traffic routed there.

I frowned. The hell kind of network only connected to one site? Some kind of library?

I want to say curiosity got the better of me, but let's face it, boredom is a powerful thing. I began to read.

Most of the site's articles were technical jargon. Exact weights and measurements and times, all kinds of nested statistics and formulae that made no sense to me, but jumping around a few random pages I found myself in more familiar grounds. The site seemed to double as a weird Wikipedia clone. It had entries for pretty much anything, even if the formatting was weirdly arcane.

Somehow I found myself reading through our university's entry. I was surprised we were apparently noteworthy enough, but the site had all kinds of info I had no clue about. It even had a complete roster of our football team. Hell, it had pages for each of our players.

And that's how I found myself looking at Sam's smug face. Or a picture of it anyway. Height, weight, history, a meticulous collection of stats and interests - even a recent picture of him dressed to party, as I was sure he was out doing tonight. It knew more about him than I did.

Creepy.

Okay, so this had to be what? Some kind of AI's advertising database? Was that why it was formatted so weirdly? I was clearly not supposed to be here.

But - I smirked - while I was here, maybe I could have a bit of fun with it?

I navigated into the appropriate sections and started changing details. I added a bra size to his profile and added sexy blouses and tops to his clothing preferences. I went through his personality section and wrote whole paragraphs about how he was just so proud of his big sexy breasts and how he loved showing them off, how everybody was just so jealous of them. I even threw into his history section that he had won a series of bikini contests when he was younger. I had a whole little backstory in place and everything!

God, could you imagine the next time someone used this database to try to sell him something? He'd be getting flyers and coupons for Victoria's Secret and La Senza. Half off bikinis and lingerie!

I was so busy laughing I almost forgot to hit 'confirm changes.'

And then lightning struck again. One final bolt. And with it, the lights flickered back on.

The storm had broken. How long had I been on that weird site?

Too long. It had gotten late and I still hadn't finalized this sociology presentation.

I flopped back onto the bed. The internet was back too. I had already put the whole thing out of mind and was ready to never think of it again.

But then, well...

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Sam had tits.

And not just any tits. He had the tits that I had given him. I had just been playing around! How did he -  
Reality Wiki.

No, it couldn't be.

I pulled out my phone and opened my web browser. The page was still there. I was even still connected tot hat weird network, though the signal was only at half bars. This was crazy. This couldn't really be happening!

My hand shook as I pulled up Sam's page. The picture had changed. It was the spitting image of him as he was now, same confident smile, same huge boobs - those big proud round melons that everybody loved, that everybody was jealous of.

Well, there was only way to test this thing out.

I highlighted the section that listed them as D cups, then turned them to Gs instead.

There was no rush of light or sound, no comical cartoonish stretching as his buttons popped one by one. There didn't need to be. One minute the truth of the site's power was displayed large on his chest, the next, it was jumbo sized.

They were almost a parody of breasts now, larger than life even from this distance. His nipples so thick they tented the thin fabric. And oh how giddily they bounced as he gave his presentation.

Sam didn't slow a breath. No one did a spit take at the sudden heft of his melons. I'd say they didn't even notice but al the staring had certainly intensified. I could hardly blame them. I don't know how long I stood dumbfounded myself.

I don't think it hit home even there, not really.

Then I grinned.

Who else could I use this on?

I looked around. Our table didn't have a great view of the rest of the class. There was Sydney behind us and the rest of the class in front of us, but that meant I'd either have to turn to look or just see the backs of their heads.

That left Scarlett, Sofia and Sebastian. We weren't great friends or anything, but we shared a few classes and we got along well enough.

Was it better that I was going to try this out on people I sort of knew? Or way worse?

I pulled up Sebastian's entry. The photo may as well have been taken at that exact moment.

I started with something small - his hair. I added a few inches. Just like with Sam it happened instantly. Just like with Sam, nobody noticed. Good. Then gradually I amped up my experimentation. I made him taller, then shorter, older, then younger. I turned his hair purple, then green, then pink.

For those last three, his hair remained listed as natural instead of dyed. Could this thing really do something so biologically impossible? I mean, I guess so. Sam had boobs.

Could I... could I go bigger?

In a flash of daring I pulled up the page on blonde hair and made some edits. In a blink all of the blondes in class had pink hair.

Okay, that was a rush.

I wanted to do it again, I wanted to do more! But I bit my tongue instead. I barely knew how this thing worked, who knew what kind of side effects that could cause?

No, I refocused on Sebastian's page. What else could I play with?

Actually reading the page left me a little unsettled. The poor boy's entire life was being laid out plain before me. I tried to just skim section to section, but this had to be some kind of invasion of privacy right? I was learning things about him he may not even have known himself.

Wait, hold on - my breath hitched – No way! There was a whole section for fetishes under the romance header?

I didn't want to know. Honest. But my curiosity had been piqued, and how could I not read further into it when I saw that familiar name?

I looked back and forth between him and Scarlett. He had a crush on her? I tried to hide my grin, but this gossip was just too good.

How did she feel about him? I flipped to her profile. She felt the same way! Oh my god.

Surely they wouldn't mind a little breach of privacy like this if it helped the two of them hook up, right?

Okay, what kind of girls did Sebastian like?

Dominant redheads with enormous dicks.

Huh. I blinked, then read that again. A hot blush crossed my cheeks. Just when you think you know someone.

And what did she like in men? Femboys getting pegged.

My heart thumped. This is what I get for looking up people's fetishes. I'd never be able to look at either of them the same way again.

But at the same time, it was kind of cute? They were so close to perfect compatibility. I could bridge this gap! I could reach out into the world and give them both what they wanted.

I glanced around conspiratorially and pulled up the entries on female anatomy. I wrote in a paragraph about some girls having big hard dicks like the kind Sebastian was into, but it seemed so contrary to the rest of the article I didn't really expect it to sit.

I hit 'submit changes', then gasped at the sudden tightness in my crotch.

Well, it had worked. It must have - I could feel my newfound cock straining underneath my panties. Why had I thought I wouldn't be included? But aside from my own predicament nothing else seemed to change.

Because of course I couldn't see anyone's dicks, could I?

I pulled the article back up. It was different now. Somehow the little additions I had made had echoed out into the rest of the article. There were corroborating details now, average dick sizes, formulae about ball dimensions and sperm count.

Hastily, I added a line about girls loving to show their enormous dicks off and no one minding. I could always turn this back, right?

Maybe I shouldn't have used the word 'enormous.'

This time the world changed. Scarlet and Sofia were suddenly leaning back in their chairs, their hands idly rubbing over their massive dicks. Sofia's was big enough she could lean down and run a tongue along the head. Sebastian was drooling as he watched scarlet go. Several of the other boys in class seemed to be similarly distracted. Sam's boobs had some competition it seemed. Had they always been into this sort of thing or had everybody's fetishes change to match?

And it wasn't just the dicks that caught my attention. The girls were all wearing special underwear which seemed to support their balls like a bra, and there was a variety of lacy cock-covers and jewelry on display. I couldn't be sure but I think a few were even wearing special skirts to show off their appendages. The world had changed around this.

"Something wrong, Sarah?" Sofia nudged me with her elbow, her hands not leaving her shaft for an instant.

Was I alright? What a question! But it was so hard to think with my own dick straining in the air before me, aching diamond-solid. Because of course - I'd given us */hard/* dicks. Always throbbing, always horny.

I resisted the urge to grab and squeeze the damn thing. To give in to the temptation and really explore. Instead, I pulled up the 'recent changes' page and pressed the undo button. In another blink, female anatomy was back to normal.

I let out a breath.

“Sarah? Everything okay?”

“Uh?”

“Yeah, I just, uh.” Everybody was looking at me. I was flush, my breath hitched.

“Looking at porn in class?” Scarlet smirked.

“No!”

“Relax I’m joking. I get all worked up staring at those melons of his too.”

I blushed harder, then buried my face back in my phone.

Okay, giving everybody dicks was a stupid idea, obviously. What had I been thinking? But maybe I could still make this work.

On Sebastian’s page I highlighted the area I was pretty sure detailed his junk, then cut and pasted it onto Scarlet’s page (with a little beefing up, of course). Then for good measure I took the section detailing her pussy and cut and pasted it into the hole I’d left on Sebastian’s.

I pre-emptively winced as I hit confirm, but nothing horrible seemed to happen. Had it only affected the two of them?

Sure enough, he had her pussy. The rest of the article changed to match. He was still listed as a guy, but he had stats for gave vaginal depth and menstrual cycle and other arcane stuff.

Then I took a wild chance and put ‘femboy’ in his gender and sexuality. His entire body seemed to change, softening. His pink hair was grown out in a feminine style and his outfit went from boring plain to fashionably feminine and cute. Was he wearing makeup? He even sat different.

More to the point, him and Scarlett were now sitting much closer together. She had a hand on his thigh and a big grin on her face. Oh my gosh, were they dating now? I mean, that had been my goal, obviously, but I hadn’t explicitly put that in. God, I’d have to be so careful with this thing.

I wondered if I could-

But then the period was over. What? No! I was only just getting started! I hadn’t even gotten to Sofia yet.

“Later!” the formerly blonde Sofia waved. Scarlett and Sebastian waved as well and rushed for the door together, the tent in her skirt proof of how eager they were to get some time alone.

I started flicking through pages, just imagining all the things I could do with something like this.

“What the hell was that?”

I jumped. I hadn’t even heard Sydney approaching.

“Nothing!” I slammed down the phone. “What was what?” Oh god had he seen?

“You spent the whole class editing wikipedia?”

“I - maybe? Why, what did it look like?”

“It looked like you were getting all hot and bothered by it.” he laughed. “I didn’t know you were the type.”

I bristled under the accusation.

“You didn’t notice anything... strange?”

“Besides the fact that you weren’t drooling over dickweeds tits for once?” He looked down at Sam, who was still talking to the professor after his presentation. “Why, what were you doing?”

I shivered. There was something about this guy. It wasn’t just that he was gangly and unkempt. He acted like the world owed him everything because he was a nerd, and he was always so angry that he wasn’t getting it. He thought that he was smarter and better than everybody else.

“It was nothing, really.” I took a step back.

“Oh come on,” he stepped forward. “That grin on your face? It was more than nothing.”

He was moments from pressing the issue, but his eyes caught on something behind me and he faded back.

“Forget it.” he hoisted his bag over his shoulder and made for the door. “Not worth my time anyway!”

“Sarah?”

I spun around. An enormous pair of boobs filled my vision.

I blinked, then blushed. Sam stood before me. The rest of the class was filtering out.

“Sam!”

“Everything okay?” His eyes were still on the door from Sydney’s retreat.

“Uh? Oh, yes! I mean, no.” I looked back to the door, then back to him. “But uh - “ It took an effort to pull my eyes out of his cleavage and look him in the eye. “Listen - we need to talk.”

“Of course.” He gave me one of his big dumb smiles and put his arm around me like he always used to do when we were together. I knew I shouldn’t encourage this sort of thing, but his arms were like a warm familiar coat. They were exactly what I needed. Granted, this time I could feel his heavy cups pressing into my own meager offerings. But still. “I have like, half an hour before Chem, what’s up?”

“You’re not going to believe me, but I found this -”

I stopped midsentence. No, there were too many people around. I didn’t want anybody to think I was crazy. Or worse, that I wasn’t.

“Actually,” I put my tablet and textbook away. “Can we take this somewhere private?”

“Ooh,” his grin intensified. “Is this a booty call?”

“No!” I bopped him on the shoulder, but I couldn’t help but blush at the way it set his breasts swaying. Damn it, I wasn’t even into boobs! I was as straight as they came, why was I losing my shit over his perfect pair?

Oh. Of course. I was just as much at the mercy of the wiki as everybody else. I’d called his tits sexy and now I was dealing with the consequences.

“Really? Cause your face is all red, babe. Come on,” He squeezed me in tighter as we set out into the hall. “I know that look. You want some quality time with my tits?”

“No, this is - come on, cut it out.” I pushed him away. “This is serious.”

“It is, sorry. Your right. I never joke around your booty.”

“Sam!”

“Sorry.” He laughed. “What’s up?”

I pulled him into one of the spare study rooms, glancing both ways to make sure the coast was clear.

“Its about your boobs.”

“So it /is/ a booty call? A booby call, you could say?”

“Sam!”

“Cause its okay if it is. I know how much you like my man melons, babe.” he tugged down on his top to expose even more cleavage. He was dangerously close to flashing me one of those thick nipples tenting so obscenely through the material of his top. “If you want to see them you just have to ask.”

My breath hitched at the sight of all that exposed skin.

“Damn it, that’s just it!” I poked one of his boobs. God it was so soft. “You don’t notice anything weird about those? You’re a guy for fucks sake, you shouldn’t have tits! And people certainly shouldn’t be gawking over them jealously.”

“Why not? Aw, baby. It’s okay, you know I’m used to it. Truth be told like the attention. Especially from pretty girls like yourself.” He winked.

“Sam!”

“Sorry.”

“Look, what if I told you that you didn’t used to have those boobs?”

“Well sure, when I was a kid, but -”

“No - what if I told you...” I tried to slow it down, as much for my own sake as his. “That I maybe accidentally gave them to you. And now you’ve always had them. Like, retroactively?”

“I thought you said this was serious. I’d call you crazy.”

“Okay, right. Fair. Because that’s what this is. Insane.” But that was one of the reasons why I needed to talk to him about it. I needed someone I could trust to talk about this with. I needed somebody to tell me that I wasn’t crazy. “Here. Look. I found this the other night.”

I pulled up his page and showed it to him.

“Uh - okay?” he skimmed the article. “A little creepy, but hey its good to know someone cares. Why am I on Wikipedia?”

I took a breath. Here it was. All or nothing. I needed his help and there was only one way I was going to get it.

I explained everything. The storm, the page, his tits. All my little experimentation. When I was done, I looked up at him bashfully. He just shook his head.

“What, no more jokes?”

“Oh I’ve got plenty,” he smirked. “But you’ve got that look on your face. Whatever the deal here is, its important to you.”

“You don’t believe me.”

“Would you believe you?”

“No, I guess I wouldn’t.” And that meant there was only one way to prove myself.

“If you could change anything about yourself,” I took the phone back. “What would it be?”

“Wait, this isn’t some weird pyramid scheme pitch, is it? You’re not going to try to sell me boner pills?”

“I’m serious.”

“Honestly?” He looked down at himself. “Just between you and me?” he leaned in. “I wouldn’t mind if these things were a little lighter you know?” He took one of his soft breasts in each hand. “And like... perkier?”

“What!?”

“I mean they’re great, obviously. I love them big!” He lifted them up and let them swing as they dropped. “But they’re heavy and sometimes I just wish they were all perky and bouncy and they didn’t weigh me down so much.”

“Okay. If that’s really what you want.” I shook my head. What the hell had I done to this man? “Let me just...”

A few minutes of clicking later and his page now read exactly what he had described.

The change was so sudden I almost lost it in a blink. It was like his knockers were straining for attention. They were still natural, but now they had zero sag. It was like he was wearing an invisible push-up bra. And god - I gulped - just look at the way they jiggled.

“There!” I smirked up at him. “How do you like that?”

“How do I like what?”

“I just... wait shit.” I smacked my hand to my forehead. “I just gave you tits so perky you could poke an eye out with them, but of course now you think that’s normal too.”

“Aw, thanks, babe.” He laughed and bounced on his toes to show just what sort of wiggle he could put into them. “They’re all natural you know.”

He was the one bouncing, but it was my heartrate that was going up.

“Maybe you have to make the changes yourself? Here.” I flipped through my phone and broadcast him the network details. “Connect to this.”

He pulled out his own phone from his back pocket. He had to hold it up overtop of his breasts they were so in-the-way.

“There, okay now - “

“Hold on.” he squinted at his phone. “I didn’t get it”

“Oh, weird. Okay let me send it again. How about now?”

“Got it.”

I leaned over as he pulled up the wiki, as he started cycling through random pages. Then he entered my name in the search. His incredulous expression turned to a smirk, then to a great big grin. He started to make changes to my profile.

“Wait, hold on, what are you doing?”

But he'd already hit confirm.

"Holy shit!" his jaw went wide as he stared at my boobs. "Babe, this thing is real!"

"What did you do?"

"Oh my god, you really can't tell?" he wiggled his chest. "Oh, this will be fun. Come on, babe, take a guess."

"Oh no," I sighed. My tits pressing up against his in the limited space of the closet. "I'm not going down that road. You'll have me second guessing everything. There's a history section that tracks recent changes."

"Aw," he stuck out a tongue. "Where's the fun in that?"

"Boobs?" I looked up from the phone to him, then down at my breasts. The breasts he'd apparently given me just now despite me remembering very clearly that these were the ridiculous things that I'd spent my whole adult life lugging around. I ran a hand over them - they were the same sensitive sweater stuffers they'd always been. But now apparently they hadn't been moments before. "Oh, come on!"

"Turnabouts fair play, love." He gave another grab at his own mounds. "The point is - it worked! Do you know what we can do with this? We can.... Wait, why are you showing me this?"

"Because..." I let out a sigh. "You can be an ass, sure, but I think out of all the people I know you're the only one I can trust with something like this? I need someone to keep me grounded. I needed to show someone so that I could know I wasn't just imagining this."

"Aw," Our tits squished together as he pulled me in for a hug. "Thank you, babe, that means a lot."

"Yeah well," I fidgeted out of his grip. I didn't to give him the satisfaction of knowing how swollen my own great big nipples were getting in response to his sexy pillows.

Had he really just given me these? I looked again at the history. Sure enough. I'd been a modest B before this. I could barely even imagine them so small, it would be like not having any tits at all.

I hovered over the 'revert changes' button. I... I knew I should want to change back, logically. But it was the damndest thing - it didn't feel like changing */back/* at all. This was the real me. In so far as my own brain, my own sense of self was concerned, I'd always been a colossally endowed titty monster. That was just who I was. All those awkward gym showers, getting to lord it over my flat chested sister, having guys walk into poles as I went past. Was I about to give that up just because it wasn't how things were 'supposed' to be?

Maybe... maybe I'd fix it later.

"We should be careful with this." My voice was quiet. Suddenly this was all feeling too close to home. This could spiral out of control so easily.

“Agreed.” He winked up at me. He was already typing up more changes. “But babe, we have a chance here to make the world a better place, right?” he made a show of hitting submit. “We should take it.”

“What did you just do?”

“I’d tell you to poke your head out and see, but I guess that wouldn’t work, would it?” he laughed. “I gave guys boobs. The rest of them, anyway. I always felt like everybody else was missing out, you know? Ooh, maybe now we’ll have like, our own bra shops and it’ll be so much easier to find tops that fit and honestly? I think the girls are going to love the eye candy.”

“But guy’s have always...” I stopped myself. No, it didn’t matter what I thought did it? I opened the door to have a look around.

It was a perfectly normal scene. Guys walked past with their big breasts bouncing, showing them off in low cut crops and unbuttoned blouses and bikini tops.

I tried not to stare too hard, I knew it was rude to do so, but who could deny the sheer sexual magnetism of a dude’s boobs? It wasn’t my fault they all loved showing them off. What girl could resist?

“Wait, how else was it supposed to be?”

“Like, no boobs.”

“Like, at all? What?”

“Flat as a board.”

“But that’s so *weird*.” I tried to picture one of those guys without boobs, their bikini top just flat against their chest, but the image made them all seem so immature and childish, like little kids who hadn’t grown theirs yet. “Wait, that’s your idea of making the world a better place?”

“Well,” he shrugged, “It’s a start. I can do the girls next, if you want?” he grinned. “Give them all even bigger -”

“No, no, stop.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. I had to take a moment to steady myself. This was too much. This wasn’t making any sense. If all guys had boobs why had I found it so fun to give a pair to Sam?

“Are you okay?”

“Look, Sam? Maybe we don’t go so overboard with this kind of thing. Let’s hold off on any changes until we’ve had a chance to talk it over, okay? Can we meet up after school?”

“I’ve got practice tonight, but maybe after that?” he was still typing. “Oh man I can’t wait to see how the rest of the team have to deal with boobs! Let’s see how they like getting */thei/r* titties tackled for once.”

“Page locked to edits? Why can’t I make my dick bigg- I mean, uh. I can’t seem to edit my page?”

“Oh, I still have it open in edit mode, I think? There. Try it now?”

“There we go!” he grinned and reached past his boobs to adjust his mammoth crotch.

“Really Sam? You need that monster all the bigger?”

“Its a guy thing. Just... adding some inches all around.” he ran a hand over his chest. “If we’re not going to be using this, I want to take advantage now.”

I looked him over. He was the same jock he’d been when he came in. He noticed me looking and started bouncing on his toes again, drawing more attention to his I -cup tits. Maybe I should have dialed it back a bit when I’d added the extra size back in class, but I wanted to give him a pair that rivalled my own sweater stuffers.

“Right, okay, we’ll talk more about this tonight. We can make more changes then. I want you to promise me you won’t make any changes until then, okay?”

“Right right, sure.” He held up a hand. “I promise. No more changes.”

“And don’t tell anybody.”

“Of course.”

Okay. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. I could trust Sam, right? I don’t know why I was so worried.

What was the worst that could happen?

-

An hour later I was sitting in class, completely oblivious to anything the professor was saying.

I was bored. And that was dangerous.

No more changes. That’s what I had said. None. But it hadn’t stopped me from thinking about it. I’d already filled an entire page with ideas. Sam was right, we could make the world better. But it all seemed so risky. who knew what kind of knock-on effects we could end up with? The last thing I wanted was for this to spiral out of control. I was adamant. Steadfast. No more changes.

But there I was breaking my own rule. Again.

I couldn’t help myself! No sooner would I have set the phone down than I’d think of some other little experiment. I was what, twelve deep?

And to be fair, the more egregious ones, I’d switched everything back after. But I’d had way too much fun turning the guys into girls, then the girls into guys. Back and forth, different proportions. I’d swapped gender roles around entirely. I’d given everybody sexy school uniforms, then just made everybody naked. But always I found my way back to where it had been at the start of class. Always I tried to put away the phone and focus.

Okay, so maybe not always. I'd left the one I'd done about making everybody just hot. 10/10 attractive. Learned a hard lesson about the importance of that when I'd done the 'everybody's naked' thing. And besides, that was doing good by the world, right?

Except... I let out a breath. Except now I was surrounded by supermodel-tier hunks.

That was a part of my current conundrum. It was an especially hot day and a lot of boyflesh was on display. Every time I tried to think about doing good, I'd get all side tracked as Tucker leaned back and stretched, or as Jack undid a button.

Stupid sexy boys and their stupid sexy boobs.

I was just about to undo my latest change - that boys all wore sexy little skirts - when I noticed something strange.

"Prof. Delacroix is a cock hungry bimbo slut. She'll fuck anyone any time and no one cares."

What was that doing in the recent changes?

I looked up at the professor. She was up against the wall as Sydney and some of his fellow losers pounded her senseless, their tits swaying with every thrust as they rubbed into her arched and trembling back.

I hadn't wrote that.

I looked for more detail, but it only gave a timestamp - ten minutes ago. I certainly hadn't done it, had I?

Sam then? Why was he trying to change my professor around? I tightened my fist around my phone. He promised!

"I thought we agreed not to fuck around?" I texted Sam. I was angrier than I thought I'd have been. He had promised! And for what?

I looked back up at the professor. Her own tits were pressing into the chalkboard so hard they were leaving two big round imprints. She was still trying to continue her lecture, but she struggled with this sort of material at the best of times and being eight inches deep at both ends was not one of those times. Not that I minded, of course. The woman had a hunger to sate, and it was good to see her getting her fill for once.

But why had Sam been changing her?

"I haven't!" His response came ten minutes later. "But don't think I haven't seen things pop up in the history. Having some fun, are we?"

I blushed and looked around all the hotties. Okay, maybe I had gotten a little carried away.

Fine. You know what? If he wanted to experiment a little too, I'd leave him to it, as long as it wasn't anything too drastic.

I tried to turn my mind back to the lecture, to get it off of the phone, but staring at the way the now-hot Sydney's melons swayed and skirt swished as he laid into our airheaded professor's needy snatch. I ended up with more perverse daydreams than world changing ideas.

I wonder what the professor would look like with a dick...

But no. No. I was going to be good. I couldn't very well ask Sam to hold off and then go crazy myself. This was good. I was glad I had him to keep my accountable.

After all, who knew what sort of trouble someone could get into if they were going at this alone?

Tonight we'd talk things over. Tonight we'd set everything right with the world.

-

True to his word Sam came over right after practice, though I just about had a heart attack when I opened the door.

"Sorry, it's raining." He pointed up with a dumb grin. He was soaked, head to toe. The thin fabric of his football-branded crop top clinging translucently to the enormous melons they barely contained. Fuck, you could see every inch. "I didn't think to pack an umbrella."

And shit – he was hot! He was still Sam but now he was a 10/10 too, all his worst features smoothed over, all his best features brought to the fore. And he was wet and hot and might as well have been naked.

I shoved him into the nearby powder room to dry off, for what little good that did. When he came out his prize-winning gazongas were still on full display, but at least he wasn't dripping.

The sorority sisters all gave him their usual catcalls as I dragged him up to my room for some 'studying'.

"Really Sarah?" Chided Amy. "I know he has nice tits but I thought you two had finally broken up for good."

"It's not like that!"

"Just... keep it down this time, okay?" Bianca yawned. "He's gotta be the loudest boy I've ever heard."

"Once! We had sex once!"

"Yeah, but you know boys," Amy sneered. "Always looking to get their tits played with."

"Oh, like you're one to talk." Veronica laughed. "Make sure to get pics, girl!"

"Oh my god," I pushed Sam through the sorority house. "He is literally standing right here."

"Don't even worry, I'm used to it."

"And make sure he doesn't leave his bra lying around like last time!"

"I'm so sorry about that." I pulled him into my room. "They're good people, really, they're just..."

"Jealous?"

"Yeah."

"Oh my god, babe! That's the funniest thing I've seen all day." He pushed past me to look at the movie poster hanging up on the far wall over my dildo collection. A hunky actor was posing with his tits squeezed into a string bikini. "Babe, you have no idea how crazy this has all been for me!"

I swallowed. I was alone in my room with my incredibly sexy ex-boyfriend. I could smell the rain on him. Deep in the back of my brain ancient hungers were coming to the fore.

"Sarah?"

"Ah?"

"Are you okay?" He grinned at me with perfect teeth. He knew full well that I wasn't.

"Look," I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding. "Sorry for giving you a hard time earlier about experimenting."

"No, I get it. I think it's important. You're right, we should branch out a bit. Why not have a little fun as we go? As long as we're responsible about it, what's the harm in enjoying ourselves? As long as we're making things better as we go, right?"

My heart pounded. What was the harm in having fun indeed.

"Is that what you've been using it for?" I looked at all the recent changes on the phone. He'd been busy. "I don't quite get why you'd make a few of them?"

"Honestly babe? I've mostly been focused on reading stuff. Have you read your own profile?"

"What?"

"Yeah, it's crazy stuff! Stuff you don't even know. Stuff you don't want to admit. But like, lots of good stuff too. It's this totally objective take on things I was always way too close to."

"I haven't looked." I shook my head. "Oh, but when I was looking at Sebastian's I saw there was a whole thing for fetishes?"

"Ooh, see? There's so much we can learn about ourselves. Like, aren't you the least bit curious what sort of stuff you might secretly be into?"

"N-no." I blushed, trying not to think about all the weird stuff I'd found surprisingly enjoyable in class today.

"Let's check!" He pulled out his phone and pulled up my page.

"Hey, no wait, cut it out!" I reached to grab it back, but he had the advantage of height. My gigantic breasts squished against his own wet pair, causing the fabric to cling to my flesh as the bumping of our busts bumped me back on the bed.

"Aha!" he cried, not even looking at the screen. "I knew it."

"Wait what? What does it say?"

"I'm sorry Sarah, it looks like your tragically, hopelessly obsessed with my tits."

"I am not!" I slapped him on the shoulder, my boulders hitting into his like a landslide. We both giggled and fell over.

I cuddled up next to him, his firm flesh was warm despite the rain, the skin of his pillows so strangely soft. We held that position for a moment. No worries, no fears. Just two people looking to escape together in a moment.

It was good to let out a bit of the anxiety.

Anxiety. That's what it was. I'd been nervous all afternoon. In a way I hadn't been in a long while. And I think a part of me was afraid, because underneath it all I was scared. Scared that I'd get hooked on that rush. Scared I'd do something I'd regret.

"Listen, Sam. I've been thinking. We want to change the world, right? But that's a big step. Maybe we start off slow. Small things."

"Small like my tits?"

"You know," I laughed, "you always used to joke about that."

"Did I?"

"What? Yes. Whenever I said something you thought was impossible you'd always be like "yeah, when I grow tits."

"Babe, I grew tits when I was like, twelve."

"Yeah, now you did." I frowned. "God, it's so weird us having these entirely different histories."

"Acutally? I think it's a good thing. It sounds like titless me could sense what he was missing. You have no idea how much I love these things."

"Mm, me too" I laughed, despite myself, and buried myself further in his cleavage.

"What I'm saying" he continued. "Is that I agree. Small changes that make people happy. Like you apparently did with me. So come on, what do you want to do? What would make the world a little better?"

I looked down at my phone and hit a blank.

What I wanted to do was him. What I wanted was to rub our naked tits together, our rock hard nipples grinding as his hands worked their way over my trembling body.

But it was stupid, I knew. How many times had we been here? He didn't have what I needed.

All the plans I made were suddenly so distant. I needed inspiration. What had Sam been experimenting with? I looked down at the recent changes.

He'd added to the female sexuality page? Girls are always horny? Something about needing to get off a bunch throughout the day? He'd made girls love big cocks? As opposed to what, liking little ones? I'd take that any day.

And he'd changed around his dick size again. Of course.

Wait, when had he made those? On the way over? Why?

I looked up at him. I wasn't sure how I felt about these changes. But I trusted Sam. Whatever he was playing around with I'm sure he was causing more good than harm, and either of us could turn it all back at any time, right?

And besides - I looked around all the dildos lining my desks and bookshelves - it had given me an idea.

"What if..." I chewed my lip and gave a naughty smirk. "What if I gave all my sorority sisters big dicks?"

The laugh he gave was not one of judgement or derision, but one that let me know he was 100% down on my pervy bullshit. It was a good laugh.

"I didn't know you were into that!"

"I sort of played around with the idea earlier today? I ended up chickening out. But mmm... after a day like today it would just be nice to have a bit of eye candy floating around, you know? I don't want to turn them into /boys/ perse but -"

"No, no, I get it! If this is something you want to try out, something you're going to love, then you go for it." he eyed my dildos. "I know how obsessed you girls can be."

"I like big dicks okay?"

Maybe that's why it hadn't worked out with Sam and I. He had such a comically small penis.

“Oh don’t I know it.” He winked. “When we were dating it as all you ever talked about. Remember when you met my mom and sister for the first time and the three of you spent the entire night gabbing about cock? Us guys couldn’t even get a word in edgewise.”

“Oh come on, I wasn’t that bad, was I?”

“No, no, I’m saying this is good! I’m encouraging this. If this is how you have a little fun, and maybe make the world a little brighter in passing, then you go right ahead - hell, you should take it a step further?”

“Further?”

“Why not make it so they all just love waving them around, showing them off?” His boobs bobbed as he made a stroking gesture. “Big hard things they’ll be more than happy to let you play with!”

I blushed. It wasn’t a bad idea...

“Okay.” my voice was already hitched. “I’ll do it!”

And so I spent the next few minutes writing and rewriting an addendum to the sorority’s entry. I wanted to make sure I got this right. It was... A little raunchier than I’d intended. Between Sam’s boobs and not having had a chance to get myself off since lunch, the horny was really starting to get to my brain.

But of course, its never that simple is it?

“Wait - shit!”

I whimpered as I put a hand around the thick dick now jutting from my crotch. My pants and even underwear had transformed to accommodate it, but it still felt so out of place. It was throbbing and it was hard and just touching it was sending strange thrums of pleasure through me.

“What is it?”

“I forgot I’d be included!” I mewled. “This is the second damn time. I have a cock!”

“Oh my god.” It took a moment for Sam to process this. Then he started laughing so hard I thought he was going to smack me in the face with his boobs. “Yeah babe, boy do you ever!”

“No, I mean it, look!” I grabbed the thing in both hands and waved it in his direction like I was wrangling a hose. Part of me wanted to scream at my own behavior – I should be trying to cover it up! - but the notion of him not seeing this just seemed so wrong. Like Sam would be missing out, like I would be missing out, like the whole world would be missing out.

“I’ve seen it baby.” He put a finger to the head and pressed it down. “Many times.” I buckled as it sproinged back up. “But I guess, what? This is your first time with it?” he laughed again. “Oh wow that’s so weird.”

I blushed as he played with it - fuck the thing was sensitive - but didn’t pull away.

“So you don’t remember having this thing at all? What about all of the times you like, jacked off all over my tits?”

“What!?” I didn’t know it was possible to turn so red. “When was this!?”

“Like all the time? Whenever we were hanging out and you’d get horny you’d beg me for some spank off material. It was like half the reason you were dating me.

My eyes were glued to his chest. My heart and my dick were both pounding. It was such a different form of arousal, so needy, so insistent. I ran a hand along it to try to assuage it, but it just came away so much worse.

This was a nightmare! So why... why did I like this so much? Why did I love the way Sam smirked as he laid eyes on it, as he gave it all his attention? I thought back to what Sam said about fetishes. Was this one of mine hidden on my page? Or was this just something in the change I’d made? What had I wrote?

“This doesn’t...” My breath was slow and heavy. “This doesn’t weird you out? That I have a dick instead of a pussy?”

“Well some guys would be a little intimidated by your girth sure, but I think yours is pretty cute.”

I twisted to get a good look at it down past my enormous breasts. Cute wasn’t the word for it! But damn. I kinda loved it. It was a good dick.

“Mmm, ” Sam adjusted his top, I could see that his nipples were hardening beneath the damp fabric. “Well it clearly likes what it sees. Do you want to jack off to my titties now?”

This wasn’t helping. Really it wasn’t. But yes. Yes I did. I licked my dry lips. So much of Sam’s tits occupied my vision that it was hard to see anything else. And why would I want to? What would that dick look like buried between those melons? Was it big enough to poke through or would it be drowned entirely in his cleavage?

“You - you don’t mind?”

“What? No, of course not.” He grabbed the bottoms of his shirt and began tugging it off, his straining torpedoes bouncing free. “I know how much you girls need to get off.”

How was it this had made such a small thing made such a difference?

I reached down to grab at my cock with both hands. There was no stopping it now. I was shuddering with the sensation of my soft hands squeezing it, stroking it, pumping furiously as Sam wiggled and posed invitingly for my amusement.”

But then he snickered and I broke pace.

“What?”

“Is that really how you’re holding that?”

“What do you mean? How else would I hold it?”

“No, no, it’s fine. It’s just that normally you go overhand.”

“Overhand?” I tried to shift my grip but there was nothing about that angle felt right.

“Yeah, come on don’t tell me you don’t know how to work your own dick.”

“I - I’ve never had to work my dick before!”

“You’re doing it all wrong. Here, try slapping it against your palm. Yeah, like that! And be sure to squeeze your balls really tight.”

“How is any of this supposed to – “ I stopped. “Your fuckin with me aren’t you?”

His laugh just made his tits jiggle all the more enticingly. I stuck out my tongue, then returned to my previous grip.

“Have you seriously never worked a dick before?”

“I have!” I didn’t want to tell him that the only one I’d was his and it had been too small to get a hand around. “This is just different! Look, you are not helping.”

“Sorry, sorry. Here. Let me give you something to aim at.” he pressed his cleavage together and leaned forward to demonstrate the vast landscape of his creamy titflesh.

My jacking intensified. I’d crossed a threshold and suddenly every stroke was alive with electric sensation in a way I’d never felt before. Waves of hormones screamed in my brain to go hard and fast! To take and take and mark those big fat boytits as my own!

I was close, so close, right on the edge!

And then his phone rang.

He had barely turned his head to look at it when the cum sprayed out, a surge of pressure and pleasure and rutting humping bliss. A wave of relief flying out of me and spattering all over his face and his tits. Rope after rope after rope, thick sticky cream splattering against his skin.

He blinked in surprise, a dollop of jism rolling down over one eye.

“Sorry!” was all I could think to say.

“One sec!” he held up a finger, clutching his tits around his breasts to catch any of the cum that might have rolled off as he went to answer the ring.

“Hello?”

He nodded into the phone, then sighed. He gestured to the nearby box of tissue. I grabbed a bunch and started to wipe him down, but there was so much cum it was a struggle. Did it always smell so potent?

“Okay, you got it. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

And then he hung up.

“Everything okay?”

“Sorry babe, I’ve got to go. Coach wants us in some kind of emergency practice. Something about showing everybody what I’m made of? Can you help me get my top back on?”

“Emergency practice? That’s... weird?”

“Right?” He laughed. “We’ll pick this up again next time, okay?” he gave a wink. “Maybe we meet up and figure out how to handle this wiki thing?”

Right, fuck, the wiki. I’d been so distracted by all this I’d almost forgotten. I helped him tug his top back on. It wasn’t shlorping wet, but with hooters like that he needed all the help he could get.

And then as we stepped out of my room a cry of pleasure peeled through the house.

We rushed down the halls to the stairs that overlooked the main room.

I could hear them before I could see them. Those fellow girls who were home were gathered around the living round, grunting and panting as they stroked their members.

Right. I smacked my forehead. I wasn’t the only one with a dick now.

Despite myself, I couldn’t help but stare. I couldn’t help the way my eyes widened, or how a grin broke across my face. Name me one girl who doesn’t go all gooey at just the sight of dick like that, let alone a half dozen.

And from the looks of it, I wasn’t the only one enjoying it.

They’d gathered in groups of two or three, entirely enamored by eachother’s thick penises. They cooed and giggled as they exchanged mutual handjobs while studying or doing chores or just chilling out.

"What is it?" Sam leaned against me.

“Wow.” I took a breath. “They’re really loving it! Damn, girls!” I chewed thoughtfully on my lip. “And look,” I pointed. “Normally Amy and Mary can't stand eachother but look at them go.”

The two girls in question were on the couch, video game controllers in hand and eachother’s big fat dicks in their mouths, they seemed to be just as eager to get the other to cum as they were to win the race.

“How did this go from ‘wanting to show their dicks off’ to a sorority wide orgy?”

“Well you know how much girls love cocks. You put a bunch of them together like this, waving them around for all the others to see? They’re going to go wild. Isn’t mutual support like that the whole point of a sorority?”

“So, it’s always like this?” I bit my dry lip and let out a slow breath.

“Every time I’ve been over, yeah.”

“I uh - “ I was torn. In the glow of my orgasm I was seeing things with clearer eyes, but on the other hand I couldn’t deny that this was what I’d wanted.

“Too much for you?”

“No, this is... let’s just say its nice to see everybody getting along.”

“So, it’s good?” he laughed. “You made the world a better place?”

“More like a hornier place.” I blushed. “But yeah, a little. I wouldn’t want to give all girls everywhere dicks or anything.” I paused to consider. “Yet, anyway? But its a good sample.”

“I’m glad to hear it. So where do we go from here, babe? Bigger things?”

I looked at the change history, fiddling with hem of my miniskirt as I pondered what I wanted to do next. There were more changes I didn’t recognize. How had Sam made all those edits to female fashion? He had barely been on his phone this whole time.

No. I shook my head. I didn’t have the mental bandwidth to even think about it.

“Sam? Honestly?” I blushed. “I think I maybe need a little bit of time to wrap my head around all this.”

“Uh huh.” he gave me a playful elbow. “I can think of a few things you might be wrapping your head around.”

I wriggled. He wasn’t wrong. Even having just cum the sight of all these dicks was getting me all worked up even more than usual, and the memory of spilling my seed all over Sam’s stupid sexy tits certain wasn’t helping.

“I just - I don’t want to go into this porn brain? There’s no rush, right? I want to enjoy things for a bit, think things over.

“Alright,” he gave me the same teasing tone he always gave when he knew I was running off to masturbate. “Let’s meet up early before school tomorrow? We’ll figure it out then?”

“Sounds good. I’ll see you then.”

He pulled me into a goodbye hug, our breasts squeezing together tenderly. But horny as I was, All I could think about was how eager I was to go explore the change I'd made to my sisters, to see how it played out and rippled around the girls and their lives. to enjoy the little pocket of world that I had created.

But if I had known what kind of trouble tomorrow would bring? I'd have held onto him tight and never let him go.

To be continued.