

## Fio's Year

Fio: January

Ah yes, Fio. Where do I even begin? The basics, I suppose. She was 23 years old and sported a freshly obtained bachelor's degree in business finance and an even fresher job at an accounting firm. Born of a family with no financial troubles, no major emotional turmoil, and a fulfilling childhood she had every reason to succeed and live a happy, stable life.

Standing 5'10" (178cm for all of you metric folk), with fair skin, toned muscles, shimmering green eyes, and luscious black hair - she had a physical presence that turned eyes upon her everywhere she went. For the hearts that did not trust their master's eyes, her soft-spoken voice and confident demeanor did sway. C-cup breasts, a thin waist, and womanly hips naturally caused other things to sway.

One of *those* people, among hushed whispers they would say, that seemed so well-equipped to handle life that it seemed unfair. Fio was an anomaly of a person, someone they ought to hate and envy, yet they could not help but like. Unfair! The office women clamored in the backroom and between cubicles, torn between love and hate, that such a girl as Fio would and could exist.

Her existence already seemed so improbable to her peers, that it brought them to pure disbelief when the changes started happening. It started in January, three months after Fio had begun her new work. She had been promoted to the secretary for one of the head honchos at the accounting firm. Her meteoric rise in position was lauded, but it was her meteoric rise in bust line that attracted intense scrutiny.

Fio's breasts jumped from a C-cup to an F-cup in only a week. A cause for imminent alarm, but doctors said nothing seemed *wrong* in terms of health. That it was due to diet and genetics. A doctor's note cleared her of suspicion of cosmetic surgery, then the next week it had gone to a G-cup. Fio was coming to work each day with breasts the size of variously large fruit, always larger than the previous day. The sizes having come about in such a short time that her clothing could not keep up and threatened to burst. Still, she kept an air of professionalism about her - and talks of her bosom were kept in hushed low tones.

By the end of January, Fio was being let go, as she was causing too much of a workplace disturbance. Rightfully so! Her bosom had never stopped growing, and with the close of the month, her breasts were the size of ripe watermelons. Later that night, she saw to her shock her breasts already overflowing her brand new bra.



Fio: February

Naturally and rightfully distraught was Fio, at this sudden turn of events. In the relative blink of an eye, she was jobless. She had a fair amount of savings to last her, but she wasn't the kind of person to simply lay down and stop. It didn't take long for her to find a new footing.

Only a few days had passed since being let go before she was already interviewing for a new job. It helped that a coworker knew a friend in the marketing industry, he promised there would be a guaranteed job for Fio given her credentials.

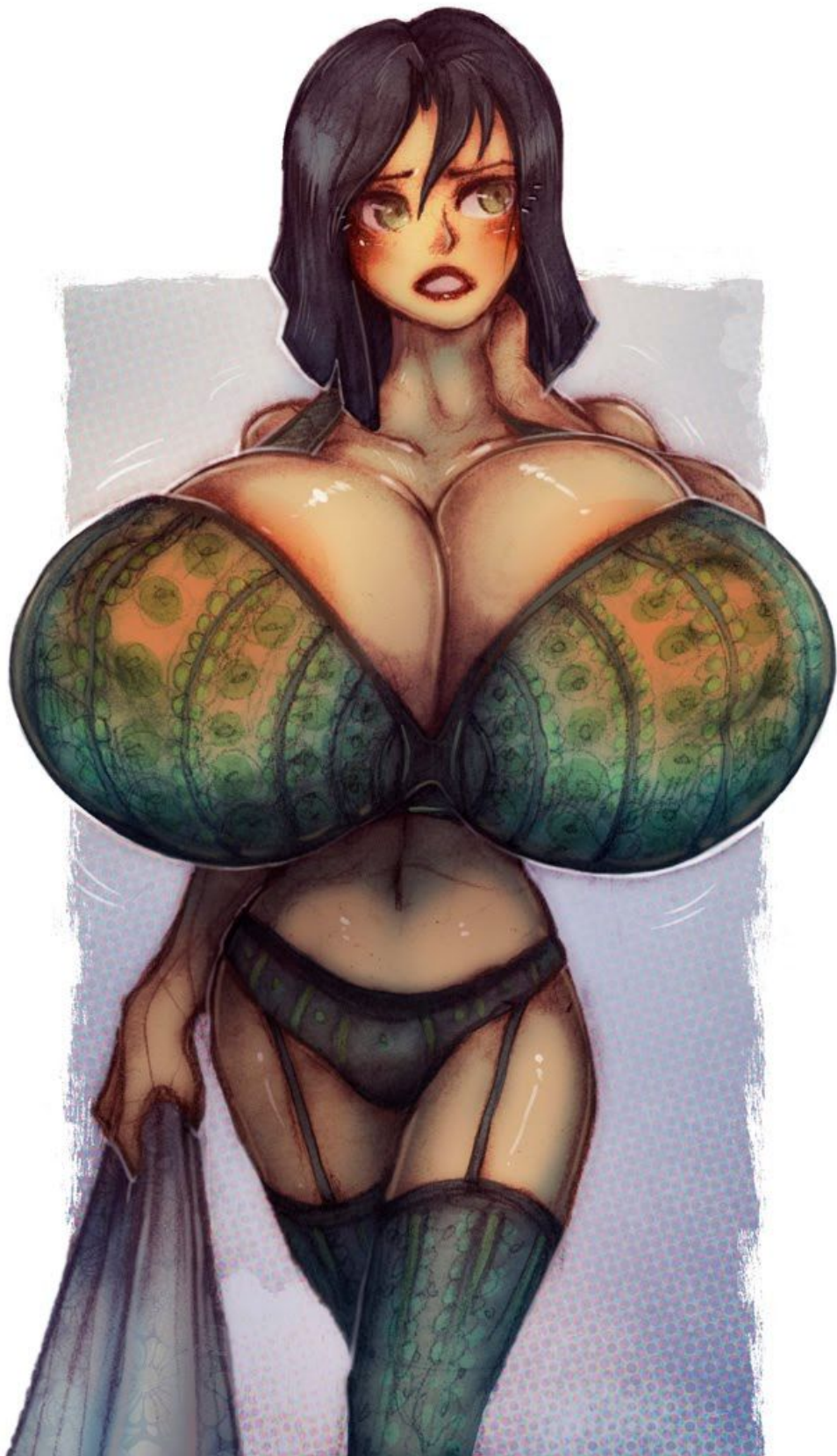
The first phone interview was a success, and so was the second. The third interview was to be in person, and by then February was more than halfway over. Even though these events would be considered a grand success, it was but a muted ding in Fio's mind - and she filled her days with food and shopping. In the maelstrom of change and uncertainty, Fio was numb, and she went through the motions without thought or hesitation.

It wasn't until the day of the interview that Fio came back to her senses. She had just slipped on her new underwear and wanted to see them in the mirror. She blankly stared at the reflective pane, unable to comprehend what she was looking at. The gears spun in her mind, and her body grew warm. In one moment, the dam of understanding broke and the waters of lucidity flooded her mind.

Her body was nearly synonymous with her breasts. Fio realized with pure shock the sheer *volume* of which her breasts encompassed herself. Her arms darted out and found that she could only cup her nipples while her arms were mostly extended. Her nipples fit snugly into the palms of her hand like a tangerine, and a glimpse of her areolae could be seen around the covering hands. The moment of clarity seemed to last forever, and the whole time Fio didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She looked like a sex freak, *an extreme fetish porn star*. But they were there in the flesh, and they were hers.

Lost in the immediate moment, Fio recognized that the soft texture of her underwear felt nice against her engorged nips. She reached her hands between the fabric and gave her bumps a nice soft squeeze. Sex-tricity ran throughout her body as she rubbed her gigantic nipples, gently in the beginning but which then graduated to vigorous pumps. Her face expressed a heavenly smile, and her quivering womanhood expressed a flood of approval as her body rewarded her with dopamine.

Fio came home later that day, her interview a rousing success.



Fio: March

Fio's breast growth slowed down dramatically for the month of March and she was relieved to find that she got to keep the clothing in her closet for once. At the marketing firm, she was an instant hit. The duties she handled from day to day were a lot less stressful than the previous responsibilities she had had, and they were performed flawlessly. She didn't mind the lower pay that came with lower responsibilities, as the extra time she found throughout the workday was filled with other more personal tasks.

Back at home and in the bedroom, Fio was content. She accepted her new breasts with the utmost confidence, befitting of her demeanor, which wasn't difficult given how easily it was to get off with them. Her usual hobbies of reading and horticulture were replaced by nipple stimulation and masturbation. While men (and women) chased her all the time, she knew that she could get carried away much too easily and passed on most of their advances.

She kept a low profile given everything that happened to her in the last two months. Accustomed to much more attention in the past, she found herself enjoying a more secluded life. With no boyfriends to commit to (though a few dates here and there to pass the time) and a small social circle, she lead a laissez faire life of food, work, and pleasure.







Fio: April - July

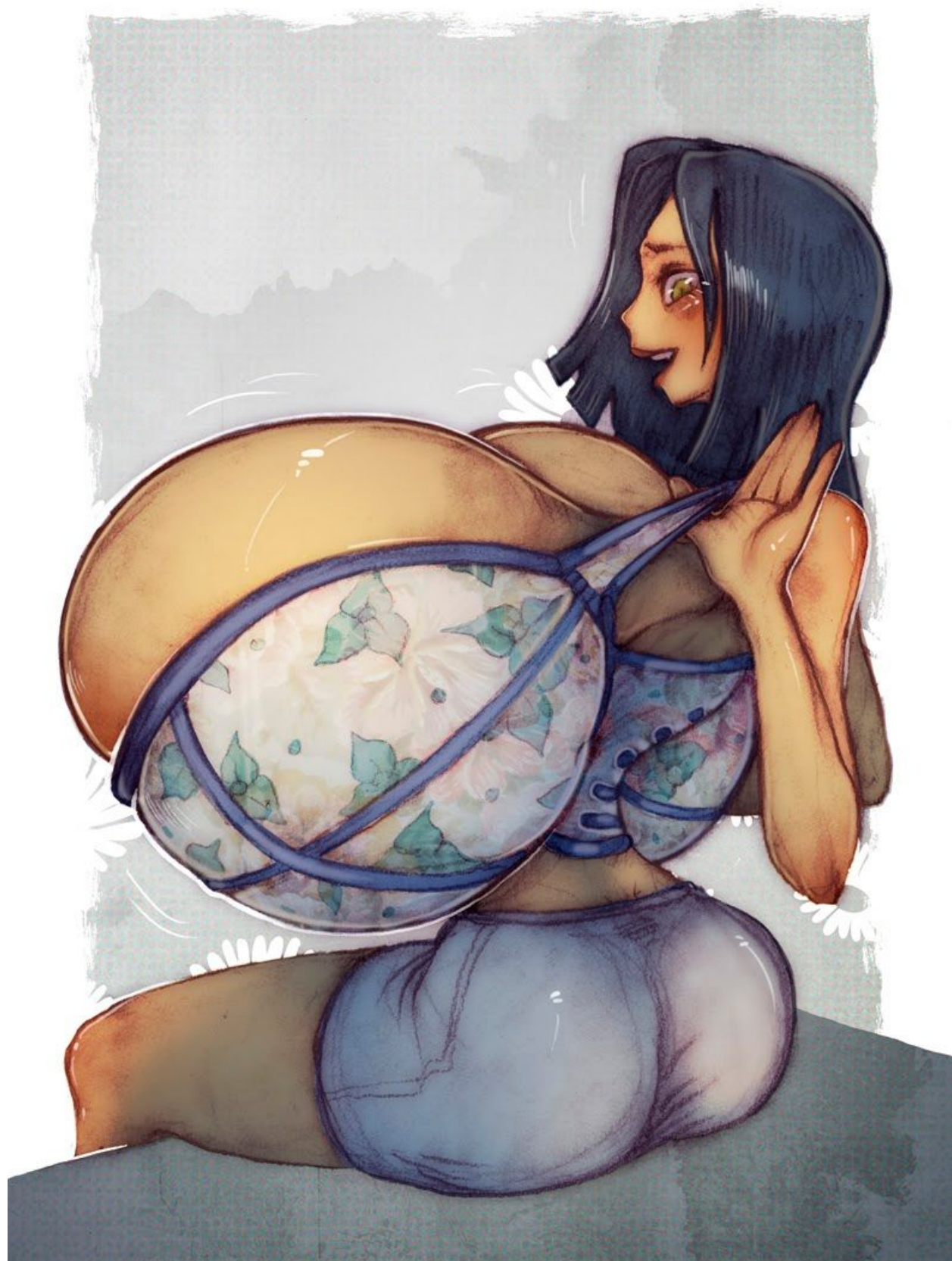
With Quarter One just finished and spring coming around the corner, the crosswinds of change began to blow again. Fio was offered a job in early April at none other than the modeling and lingerie company her marketing firm was contracted with. It was the end of the day when the director of the modeling company nearly suffered whiplash as she caught sight of Fio leaving for the day. They had been searching high and low for a uniquely-sized model and she knew at that moment she had found the answer everyone was looking for.

Fio was the perfect candidate for their avant-garde product, lingerie and underwear for people with robustly large sizes. With that, Fio was given an offer she couldn't refuse and in May she started. With the director personally vouching for her, there wasn't much Fio was deprived of. Acting classes were paid for, pampering massages were scheduled, and a personal chef was assigned.

It was the end of Quarter Two when Fio was properly deemed ready to begin. Floral designs were in for the summer - and Fio was to be the one to showcase it all. Finely engineered and manufactured with state of the art materials, the new bra was a perfect mix of support, elegance, and durability. Full-page ad inserts in leading women's magazines were bought. The release was going to be *large*.

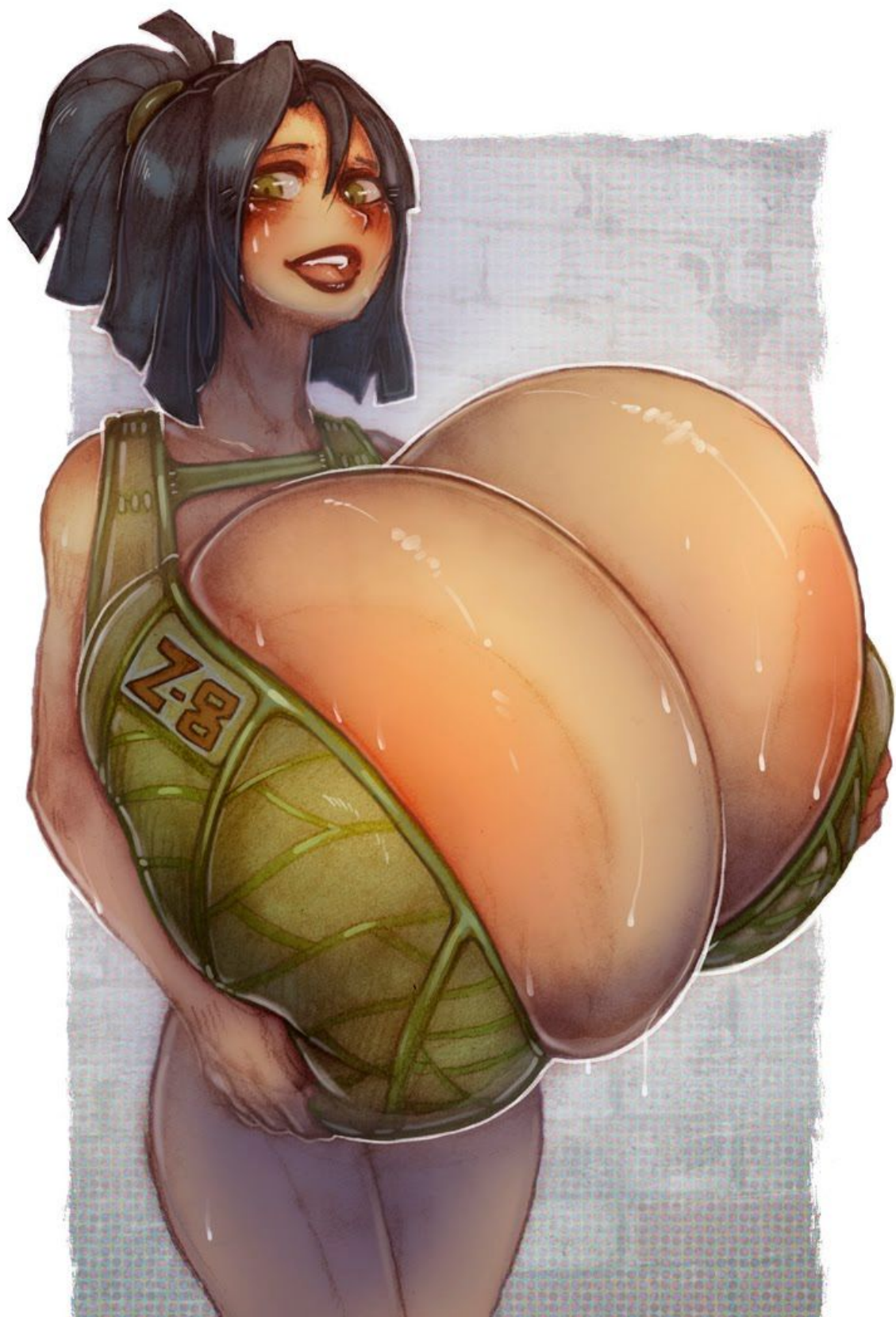
When it came time for the shoot, Fio's breasts had outgrown the measurements taken weeks prior, and to everyone's shock (with the exception of Fio), they saw that it was already too small.











Fio: August - December

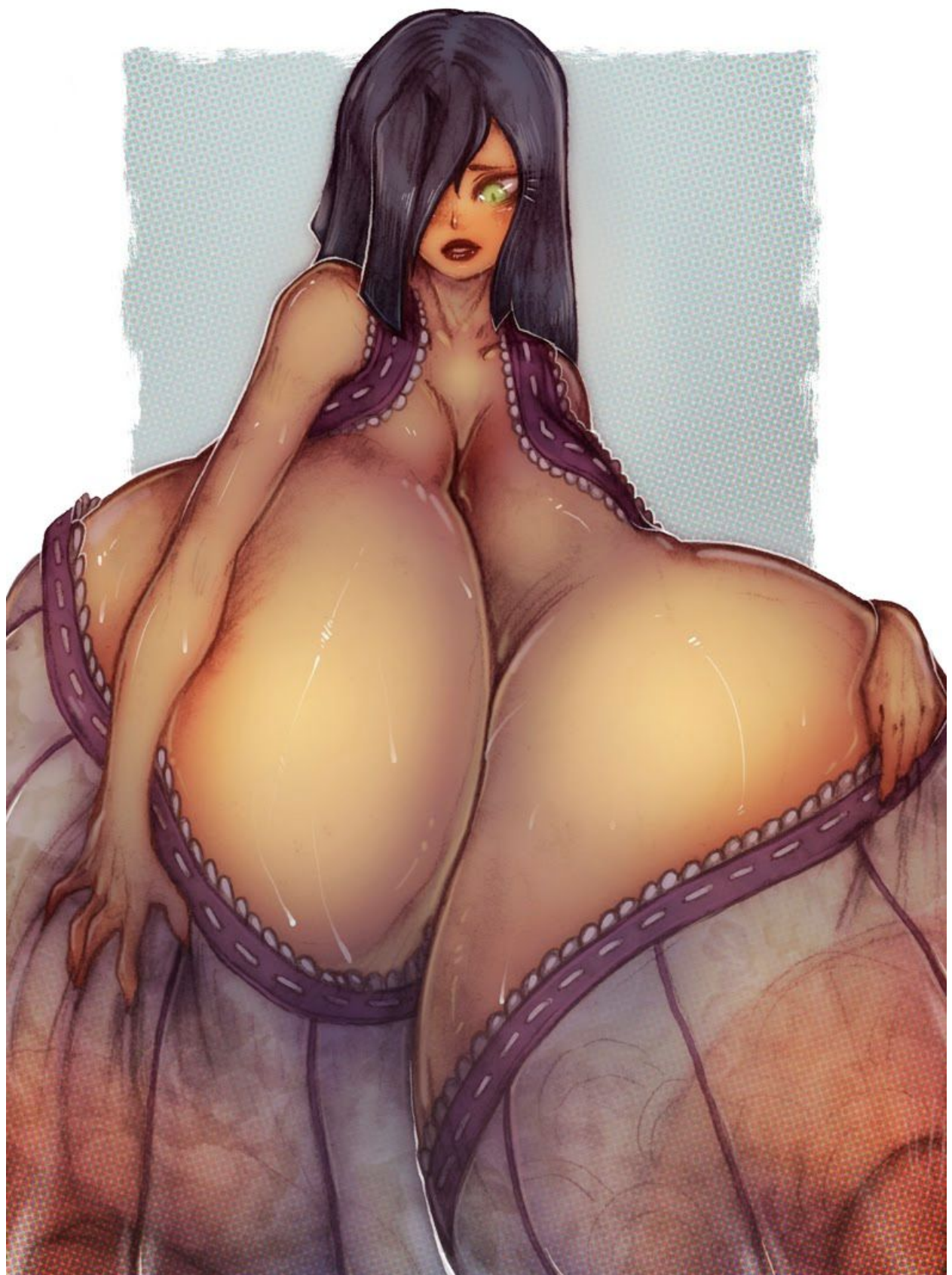
Fio, naturally, was a hit. An instant sensation. Media clamored over her outrageously large bust. There was a blaze of controversy around Fio's modesty. Her body was simply *too lewd and immodest* to be displayed publicly, some argued. Others argued that you can't ban the way a person looks, and that the world needs to get used to the growing population of generously endowed people. Regardless of such, any press is good press, as the adage went. The underwear sold out across the nation.

As her fame grew, so did her career, and of course, so did her bust. Some days Fio could tell she was a few cup sizes larger than the day before, and some days she could tell she stayed the same. The result was the same, in the end; whenever it came time for a photoshoot it was revealed that she was over-endowed for the clothing she had been given to model.

Larger and larger the clothing got, made with enough fabric to clothe a dozen ordinary people. Larger and larger her breasts became, with enough flesh and mass to break scales. Without support, Fio's breasts hung to her knees and made walking difficult. Basic tasks became nearly impossible, and an entourage of assistants was provided to ensure she could live comfortably.

By the end of the year, Fio's breasts had grown so large they grazed the floor as they bounced to her gait. Her nipples rivaled her head in size and remained jarringly sensitive. It was a miracle that Fio never suffered any back problems. No ill health ever plagued her, and it seemed to the world that she was a goddess from heaven.





Fio: End of Year

Ah yes, Fio, where does her story end? Here, I suppose, for now. April rolled around again, but now she was 24 years old and a famous model. Her meteoric rise to success was matched tit for tat by her bust size.

Fio stood in the nude on her balcony over-looking the vast ocean. Now, even standing, her breasts rested upon the deck. She had stopped modeling by February's end, due in part because her breasts had grown so large no amount of support could possibly help her anymore. No bra could reasonably lift her gargantuan breasts off the floor without also simultaneously blocking her vision. Not that she minded, no. She was still the quiet, composed girl she was last year, and it was nice to be away from everything. It had been a busy year.

She sighed, breathing in the salty ocean air and wondered alone to herself. What will she do now?

