

Everyone assumed it would've stopped at the first wave, but then averages kept getting skewed and every projection was thrown out the window. Not that anyone was about to complain about it; the first few "hypers", as they would come to be called, were seen as not a random genetic abnormality, but rather a *blessing* in disguise. If not for the obvious allure of having one's proportions be so enormously augmented that they spilled over a lot of buttons in the process, then the fact that one's body could even withstand such sizes without collapsing in on itself, which led to several breakthroughs in both medical science and, oddly enough, theoretical physics. With a burgeoning population affected more and more by whatever condition or illness that caused sudden size spurts, it fell on the world's top minds to figure out a way to keep all this extra size contained, lest the entirety of civilization need to be rebuilt from the ground up to accommodate for them; it was one thing for a few dozen people around the world to suddenly grow tits bigger than their torsos, but as soon as more folk had that genetic sequence triggered, and the *effects* of said awakening began to magnify for some inexplicable reason, alternative solutions were required if the modern world was to be able to function without grinding to a halt every other second. This led to an entirely new field in particle science, one subservient to cosmology and high-end physics, dedicated entirely to the discovery of new and more efficient ways of warping spacetime via the applied use of localized distortions; while normally this would've been the impetus for a golden age of scientific discovery, in practice it was put to work designing tight-fitting clothing that could be worn by anyone of any size, as it would work to "compress" one's proportions to a more manageable state. The end goal was to bring someone back to what used to be an average size before the wave of hyper awakenings worldwide, even if just for the sake of getting out of the house to be done with the work day; the reason why clothes were picked was precisely because one could decide whether or not to wear them at any given point, on any given day, rather than any more dangerous and invasive procedure. And initially, things went perfectly according to plan: though the prices were a bit on the heftier side at first, streamlined procedures and further funding ensured that the second wave of commercial compressor wear was available to just about anyone that could purchase regular clothes, and many more than couldn't thanks to generous governmental subsidies. For a while, things seemed as if they would be going back to normal; sure, there were plenty of structural changes required to society in general, and with the cat out of the bag, it *had* to become normal to see someone walking around with a cock bigger than their torso, or an ass so wide it didn't fit through doors, but it became something normal, almost mundane. If someone wanted to flaunt their size, it was less a scandalous affair and more just an issue of ducking under them when passing by on the street, or giving them enough of a wide berth so as to not trigger any accidental release; it went from the fantastical, to the accepted, to taken for granted, all in the course of a couple of years... until sizes began to increase in earnest, that was. It came slowly at first, enough that those afflicted assumed they were simply undergoing some residual growth left over from their first spurts, but as time progressed and even the smallest among the populace reached sizes that would've dwarfed the *largest* among them after the first grand awakening, it was hard to deny that the hyper "plague" wasn't anywhere near over. Far from it, given that the number of people

that *didn't* exhibit some form of abnormal size rapidly shrank to become the minority, one that became smaller with each passing day. Soon enough, compressor wear that used to be considered excessive became the norm, with new and more powerful variants having to be thought up, designed, and then manufactured in a way so as to not be prohibitively expensive... which didn't really work out in the end. It was still *technically* affordable, in that each individual piece of clothing wasn't so expensive to produce that one had to pay thousands of dollars for it, but people around the world *did* have to see their compression gear go up to triple digits, sometimes quite high ones at that. It wasn't necessarily so bad that one would go bankrupt from it, but given how growth spurts had begun to take place even with those who had already grown, confidence in the long-term stability of any item of clothing was at an all-time low, leading to further advances in compression technology to abate fears, which only drove prices up further. In the end, buying, say, a size-reducing bra would rip open a hole in one's wallet deep enough that one could physically feel it; which was precisely where Cynthia, sitting at home and watching videos about how said bras were made, was at that moment. Once upon a time, she would've called herself one of the "lucky" ones; back when her size wasn't nearly as much of a hassle as it was nowadays, the bat would've been happy to show off how she'd been one of the few blessed with truly *absurd* sizes, especially since her body had never quite developed any curves to it whatsoever until her hyper genes woke up one day. From flat to a pair of tits large enough to cover most of her torso and spill over delectably on each side of her, so much so that she went out of her way to show off her backboob as if to point out that yes, they *were* real, Cynthia used to be exceedingly giddy about the mere prospect of her tits existing, let alone all the things she could do with them (or *to* them. Or have *others* do it as well, if she was particularly lucky). With a cushy job in an accountant's office, money was really no object at all, at least before the second round of growth kicked in and suddenly things stopped being so predictable; while at first the bat was *exceptionally* happy about her tits growing even more, once it became clear that she wasn't actually going to stop any time soon, suddenly the idea wasn't that amazing and mind-bendingly fun to think about, considering the amount of money that would have to be spent on compression bras. After a point, it wasn't *just* the size; as much as the gene helped her carry her breasts around with minimal help, there came a time when they became *so* immense that the bat had legitimate issues moving them around, requiring plenty of external help that only became more embarrassing the bigger she became: if at first she could move along just fine by anchoring her hands on a nearby wall once every so often, she was stuck using trolleys for her tits in the last couple of weeks before her bosses *finally* allowed her to work from home on a special dispensation. They didn't like that, but they hardly had a choice in the matter; it was either allowing the bat to work somewhere that they'd pose minimal hassle, or have to hire a cleaning crew just to make sure Cynthia didn't flood her office space with milk every single shift. Even then, this hardly fixed the problem of her having a pair of hyperactive milk factories that seemed intent on billowing out further with each passing day, enough so that, after a point, the bat had to buy two milking pumps that had to stay on at effectively all times, lest her productivity cause further bloating which would lead to even more swelling in a recursive, vicious cycle. Getting a

compression bra became almost impossible from the moment her udders broke through her waistline, since by then it was obvious that they weren't about to stop growing any time soon, and with any potential equipment becoming increasingly more expensive as time went on, the bat had to come up with... alternative solutions. Hence why she was sitting at her desk, being forced to use her computer sideways given the size of her bust; by then, each breast had ballooned to such an immense size that Cynthia could easily curl up inside them a couple of times over and still have room to spare, both of her milktanks stuck dragging along the ground even when she was fully standing up. Worse yet, they still weren't done; it was quite clear, from the way she woke up every morning feeling stiff and bloated, that her bust was only going to get larger, hence why she was looking up guides on how compression technology worked, hoping to make something for herself. While normally she wouldn't go so far as to outright attempt to distort the fabric of spacetime in a self-taught DIY project, the bat also wasn't going to waste any more money than she had to on something that wouldn't even last that long; as far as she was concerned, her taking the time to understand the intricacies of compression technology, as well as the electronics and sewing techniques required to adjust an improvised compressor system to one of her bras, was an *investment*, one that would pay off in her not having to spend nearly as much time and money on getting rid of milk she unfortunately couldn't sell (something about health concerns, whatever that meant). Thus it was that she had a video on one monitor of a piece of compression technology being dismantled, and a text editing program on another, showing the last few lines of code in a project the bat had spent *far* too much time on; at points, it fell down to her trying to compile it and then just going through the errors one by one, while others she simply had no clue what she was supposed to do, forcing herself to continue on pure momentum alone. Eventually, however, a few hundred lines turned to a thousand, then a couple thousand, and soon, the whole thing began to make *sense*, in the way that only a deranged project like that one could; Cynthia was sure her codework was beyond sub-par, so mind-boggling in how bad it was that it would give actual programmers a headache just by knowing it existed... but it *did* exist, and it *did* compile without errors, so all she needed to do was make sure the correct piece of equipment was plugged in, the code was put in place properly, and then she was all set; as soon as the haphazard assembly of wires, batteries and contained singularities was ready, all she had to do was sew it into a bra and see if it worked. If it did, then it was back to the drawing board to make something that didn't look and feel like ass, but comfort came second to functionality; Cynthia needed to make sure the improvised compressor did actually... well, compress, otherwise the whole thing would've been a waste of time. The last few minutes were the absolute worst, with the first signs of panic finally flaring up: what if it all went wrong? What if she tried the bra on and it just didn't do anything at all, proving that all of the time she spent "learning" how to code was a complete waste? Worse yet, what if it *did* work, but it failed to compress her completely, proving instead that, while she *could* make something *like* commercially-available compression equipment, she'd still need the real thing if she wanted to have a chance at keeping her size under wraps? All these thoughts and many others swam around in her head for long enough that Cynthia almost failed to notice her milking pumps were running

full; this, above all else, prompted her to throw caution to the wind and just *go* for it. It was either going to work, and her life would change forever, or it wouldn't, and she'd at least have confirmation. Doing her best not to think about how outmatched that tiny bra was, the bat carefully placed it on top of her immense udders, taking the time to carefully adjust the straps over her shoulders; once there, she turned to face the monitor with the device's control panel and turned on phase one: readjusting the size of the bra itself to fit with the bust it was on. Supposedly, this would make the compression device working in reverse for a few seconds, expanding what it was attached to in order to make it easier on the wearer to wrap it around whatever they wanted shrunk... and, much to Cynthia's amazement, it actually worked! The plain black bra that she bought for a measly sum at a local sale began growing itself, enough that, in just a few seconds, she could comfortably place both of her breasts inside of it properly, and with minimal hassle at that! There was still the issue of milk, to be certain, but at least she had proper support, and, as soon as she initialized phase two, she would *finally* be back at a proper size again; granted, "proper" in her head was still massive, easily able to reach her waist if she so wanted it, but anything was better than dragging around a pair of colossal, floor-length milk tanks. Thus, as soon as the bra was on properly, the bat carefully chose the correct size parameters and, completely ignoring the handful of error messages popping up just at the bottom of the screen, told the device to start working on shrinking her down. Almost *immediately* after, she instead bloated by a couple of feet in every direction. It was so sudden that the bat almost didn't notice it, as if the sheer incredulity was such that her brain refused to recognize what had just taken place; but it *was* there, and as soon as she came back down to reality, Cynthia had no choice but to realize that yes, she *was* a lot bigger than before, and yes, she *did* feel the weight on her shoulders. Her head snapped to the side, desperate for an explanation, only for the compression device to beep loudly for a moment or two before the bat felt her tits *stretch* yet again, that time around nearly *double* what they had gained just a few seconds prior; they were already big enough to drag along the ground on their own, but now, with the sudden and inexplicable growth spurts, they had become *taller* than she was! Even if she managed to get up, which at that point was more a question of "if" than anything else, the bat wouldn't be able to see past the curvature of her breasts, a problem that was only made worse when the device beeped *again* and her tits exploded with additional size, very loudly impacting against the ceiling as they made their rapid approach to the window in front of her. It had to be the device itself, it just *had* to; Cynthia refused to believe her body would just up and grow like that on *that* moment on pure happenstance... but, at the same time, she'd gone through the code a million times and never spotted any major glaring errors, so what could it possibly be? She'd never find out, given that her computer system, being very much a physical thing that existed in spacetime along with her, was subject to being broken by a wide variety of things, such as, for instance, a titanic pair of tits so colossal that, once their fourth growth spurt knocked at the door, the bat was pushed back until she slammed against wall, with most of the room in front of her being nothing but her own bust. She didn't see the error messages cropping up in the compiling log, she didn't see how they tried warning her to an infinite loop issue with her decompression sub-routine; she would never

have the opportunity to learn that she wasn't *growing* so much as the piece of equipment she had on was trying to decompress her back to her "original" size, not knowing that no shrinking had been done to begin with. Instead, it was told to return Cynthia to her fullest heft, which unfortunately for her meant a continuous cycle where the compressor tried to do so, failed, recognized that it had to do it anyway, then bloated her size by way of dimensional distensions, only to then try and "decompress" her again, restarting the whole thing. She'd never know, because as soon as her back hit the wall, the side of one of her tits smashed her computer to pieces, leaving not just several thousand dollars' worth of electronic components in no fit state for anything but the scrapyards, but herself with no way out. She was only ever going to turn the damned thing off by using the control panel on her second monitor; now that both it *and* the whole computer attached to it were gone, *and* her bra was so far away from her that she couldn't even begin to think of reaching it, the bat was left with no real options. She couldn't *stop* the compressor, she couldn't order it to reverse, and, judging by the way her house was rumbling and the device was beeping, she wouldn't have a roof to stay under for much longer... nor would the storm drains outside her house remain unclogged for more than a few more seconds.

She had no clue whether it could even be stopped at all. Maybe at some point, someone would hack into the device and get it to stop working; but, as she stood there, feet barely touching the ground, house crumbling before her very eyes, Cynthia could only think of one thing:

Should've just bought the damned compressor.