

Mini-Story: Busty Persian Model

By FoxFaceStories

Hey, my eyes are up here.

Yeah, I know they're enormous. They *feel* enormous too. I know it looks like I'm dressing to show them off. And yeah, it's a fuckton of cleavage just waiting to have a face pressed all up in it. But contrary to what I may look like, I'm not some hyper-buxom Persian babe, or least I'm not meant to be. Behind this pretty face and massive tits, I'm actually a man in his mid-twenties. Or at least, I was. My name before I became Tara was Mark, and I was a bit of a party dude. I liked girls and I loved them most of all when they were exotic and had big tits. Unfortunately, one night at a bar I made the wrong drunken comment, and a witch cursed me to become the very thing I lusted after; over the next two weeks, my body slowly shifted, slimmed down. My skin darkened, my hair became long and dark, and as I lost muscle mass, my fat went . . . elsewhere. Two prominent locations in particular, though my ass also took on quite the bubble.

That was two years ago.

I tried to find that woman many times to undo the curse, but to no avail. These days, I've gotten into the routine of what it's like to be a woman. Part of my curse is that no matter how much I want to cover up my bountiful goods, I'm always compelled to dress in ways that show off my very ample chest. Same for making sure I always look made up and sexy, which means having to follow a consistent diet and a lot of learning the ropes for makeup and hair styling. I can't even wear a hoodie these days, the closest I can get is tight sweater that shows off just how ample I am beneath it.

I never realised as a man just how much of a bother big boobs could be. I always thought busty girls had life in easy mode, but now that I *am* that busty girl, I finally realise what a bother they can be. I'm not even talking about all the come-ons and catcalls and the constant *stares* my chest receives, though that is a never-ending hassle. No, I'm talking about how *heavy* these chest-weights are! I loved big tits as a man, but I never imagined how much of a back pain they could be on poor girls that were 'blessed' with them. Seriously, having these melons on my chest has given me a serious appreciation for the design of modern bras, because I can only go so long bare-chested before my back begins to kill me! Of course, when I do put my hands on my back and lean back a little to compensate, it only means sticking out this big rack even further forward for every male to feast his eyes on. Not to mention the constant wobbling, jiggling, and bouncing. These jugs are so damn active! Even the slightest of movements sets them moving, and all the pervy men around me drooling. I can't even blame them. I mean,

seriously, they're the size of my head for God's sake! I won't deny they make a good show though; a small part of me enjoys my 'big girls.'

Of course, with a new life comes a new identity and little prospects. I couldn't exactly provide I had my degree, and there was just one thing this body was natively built for to make money.

Okay, I know where your mind went. It wasn't *that*. Though I did do a bit of stripping in the early days. No, I'm talking about being a hot model.

I had to become a busty Persian model. It's not like I was able to wear conservative office clothing anymore. I've officially gone from a guy who fantasised over top-heavy models to actually being one. And the worst part? I'm kinda pretty good at it. I'm a front cover girl, and underneath all the shame, I'm worried I'm starting to like it.

Just wait till next week's issue of Maxim. I'm told it's going to 'make my career.' I might just end up being known as one of the world's hottest, bustiest models, and maybe that's just what I deserve after I made those comments. It's not like I can go back anyway, I'm stuck as Tara for life.

Might as well learn to enjoy it.

The End