

## Mini-Story: Alternate Self (MtF, Breast Enlargement)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Lee made a huge mistake when he used his uncle's time-machine to alter the past. Now, he's accidentally shifted into a timeline where he was born female instead of male. And worse, he's had the gene for macromastia this whole time. So now as a woman, her breasts just won't stop growing!*

### Alternate Self

Lydia groaned as she stared at her mirror image again. How could this have happened to her? Not only was she a woman, but she had big boobs! Big, heavy, round boobs that stuck out prominently from her chest. When she looked down at her chest, her double-D's jutted out prominently, and she needed a bra to hoist them up, which only showed off her lovely cleavage.

"Why did I have to use that freakin' time machine!?" she whined, cupping her breasts, which were strangely sore. "I just wanted to have a bit of fun, I didn't mean to change into some alternate timeline, and leave me as my alternate self!"

Unfortunately, that was *exactly* what the busty beauty had done. Just a few days ago from her perspective, she had been Lee, not Lydia. She had been an ordinary-looking twenty year old Asian-American with a slightly gangly figure and short black hair. Lee had been visiting his Uncle Wei in the hopes of getting some employment, since his uncle had a cushy position in a powerful tech company. What he didn't know was that his uncle was working on a freaking *time machine* in his basement, one that Wei told him, very emphatically, not to touch. Ever. At all.

But Lee was too curious, and just wanted to see if it worked. Instead, he was accidentally catapulted back in time right to his own parents' meeting at a subway station on the way to their respective work over twenty years ago. Realising he had sabotaged them finding one another, he desperately worked to bring them back together, and only just managed to make them meet several hours later when they were coming *back* from work. At that moment, he was catapulted forward in time again, only to come face-to-face with his Uncle Wei, who was looking *very* dismissively at him.

"Well, look who was using my machine when *she* shouldn't be, hmm?"

At that point Lee had looked down, and literally *screamed*. He'd suddenly changed into a busty woman's body from his own perspective, complete with a summer dress that pinched tightly around *her* slender waist.

"Wh-what happened to me!?" she cried in a high soprano voice.

“Well, that depends. Where were you, and what did you do!?”

Lee - now Lydia - explained in detail, and at the end Wei just laughed, working it out.

“You altered your parents’ meeting, and now they conceived a girl, ha! Serves you right for disobeying me. You’re lucky I installed a chronolock on the house, so I’m immune to these ripples, or else you’d never get answers, and you’d lose your own memories of your original timeline, too.”

“You have to get me back to normal, please!” Lydia cried, cupping her breasts and trying to hide them.

“No way, not after what you did! Besides, I’m not risking it! This is your punishment for messing with time. I’ve been very careful with this machine, so you can get out and enjoy your new life!”

“But-”

“Get out, kid! Go enjoy being a woman!”

That had been several days ago, and now Lydia was starting to come to terms with the fact that she was, very likely, stuck like this. Guys looked at her when she went to the mall, and even more on campus. A few had even asked her out, and worst of all, her body was *attracted* to them. She was straight for *men* now, yet another change. Everyone knew her as Lydia Chang, including her sister and parents, and so she had to simply go along with it. It meant a lifetime of being a woman, having her boobs bounce as she walked, having men catcall or flirt with her, fighting her own interest in men, and having to sit down to pee. That wasn’t even going into the whole thing with periods.

“At least my boobs aren’t *that* big,” she said, staring at her reflection in the mirror. “I wish they were smaller, but they’re not as massive as they seemed on that first day, looking down. It’s just perspective, I guess.”

How wrong she would turn out to be. As the next few weeks passed and Lydia became more accustomed to the facts of womanhood, she started to detect something strange. Her boobs were often sore, and her nipples very sensitive. She had started masturbating and fondling herself in private, exploring her new body and trying not to think of hot guys, but afterwards her breasts would be all achey. One morning, she went to put on her bra in the morning and found that her boobs wouldn’t fit in it. They spilled over the cups somewhat painfully, and no amount of settling them in would work. To her horror, something had changed.

“I’ve - I’ve gone up a cup size? How is that possible!?”

She had to go out later that day and, much to her embarrassment, purchase some *E-cup* bras instead. Her breasts were almost the size of cantaloupes by this point, and jiggled even more. They were a real pair of palm-fillers, larger than most girls on campus, and people were noticing.

“That new top looks great on you! Love the emphasis!”

“Um, did you have a late growth spurt, Lydia?”

“Fuck yeah, busty Lydia, looking more buxom than ever! Show us the goods, babe!”

It was humiliating, and they were heavier. She hated the fact that she was stuck as a beautiful woman, especially one that white guys fetishes so hardcore on account of her being a busty Asian, but things got even *worse* two weeks later, when she went up another cup size yet again. Half of her shirts no longer fit unless she wanted to show off her lovely midriff, and her bras were getting painful. She was now a full F-cup, the kind of cup size you either had if you were fat, extraordinarily lucky (for a girl), or had a thicker body type to support such a chest.

But Lydia's waist wasn't thicker, her hips had stayed in the same petite yet hourglass shape, and she still looked slim and pretty. Only her breasts were growing, and it wasn't a time ripple thing, because people *noticed* the change. She was getting more and more embarrassed, and it was getting harder to hide her big boobs. More than once, her buttons pinged off due to her shirt being too tight, which only exposed a deep line of cleavage that had men salivating, and she wanting to earn that salivation. It didn't help that the larger her boobs became, the more sensitive they got. Her big nipples stiffened with arousal just imagining hot men, and soon she was able to climax explosively in bed just from fondling herself alone in her apartment.

But said fondling had a price: it was almost like she was encouraging further growth. Her boobs continued to expand more than they should have. She went up to a full G-cup, then a freakin' H-cup until she made her way to an I-cup. By this point her massive jugs were no longer cantaloupes, but *melons*. Actual *melons* attached to her chest and hanging low. Pert given their size, of course, but gravity still took its toll, weighing her huge, heavy, endlessly jostling tits down so that no matter what she wore, they dominated her torso. She needed to purchase custom bras ordered online with her unique measurements, but by the time they arrived, her bust had grown yet again.

“I don't understand it!” she whined to the doctor. “Can I get a breast reduction? I'm twenty years old, how is this happening to me?”

The answer came after some tests, and it wasn't encouraging: Lydia had macromastia, literally the condition that makes for overdeveloped breast tissue far beyond what an ordinary female body would reasonably develop. Even more, it was a rare strain of it, one that heightened the sensitivity all over her chest.

“Oh God, you've got to be kidding me!” she murmured to herself as she left the doctor's office, her massive melons wobbling up and down, up and down in her blouse, making a man nearly run into a telephone pole. “Bad enough that I get stuck as a woman, I'm stuck as one with boobs that won't stop growing!”

Hell, they were practically reaching the size of basketballs pretty soon, and their sensitivity was powerful enough that she spent far too much time in boring lectures at college or idling in her apartment, her mind playing out erotic scenes of hunky men sucking on her tits or even her suffocating their faces in her flesh. She would release her monstrous mammaries, uncaring that they hung down upon her chest and shifted with literally the slightest of movements. Simply that feeling of freedom - heavy as it was - gave her some relief, and let her play with herself.

“Can’t even get a fucking breast reduction, or they’ll grow back even faster, and bigger,” she said to herself. She sighed as she looked at her mirror yet again. “Can’t believe I thought I was busty before. Now I’ll be lucky if a guy looked me in the eyes ever again. Ugh.”

She pressed her breasts together. She had cleavage that was literally the length of a measuring ruler. Perhaps longer. Her tits jutted out far enough that they entered the room before her. Hell, if she got pregnant, she was pretty sure it would take six months or longer for her belly to even catch up to her boobs in size.

“Fuck, and now they’ve got me so damn horny,” she whined, touching her inch-long nipples, stroking them and gasping. “What am I gonna do!? So I had the macromastia gene all along but now I’m a girl so it can affect me!? It’s not fair. The only upside would be getting a sexy fit guy to fuck my tits and it’s not like . . .”

Lydia trailed off as she spied a new clothing arrival in the corner. Amongst it was a black dress that was fitted for her. She wasn’t even sure why she’d bought it, other than out of need to have *something* to wear, but it had a very plunging neckline, and pushed her boobs way up to prominence. Still . . .

Lydia posed a little in the mirror, thinking of how sexy and fucking *stacked* she would look in that dress. It would certainly make guys look. Hell, everyone would. It would be goodbye to ever being looked in the eyes again, but that was her fate now anyway, right?

“Fuck it,” she said, turning on the spot and causing her boobs to wobble massively as she trudged over to the dress. “I’m hot and my boobs are fucking gigantic. The least I can do is get goddamn laid.”

As she began putting her dress on, she felt a familiar ache in her breasts and sighed before putting it on even faster.

“That’ll be another cup size up by the end of the week, I bet,” she mused.

No doubt she was gonna make a lot of guys very happy with that news. For now though, she didn’t even care. If this was her alternate self she was stuck as, then she was damn well going to have fun and orgasm while motorboating a guy. And with tits like hers, she expected volunteers would be lining up to help her.

**The End**