

CHAPTER 1

Part 3

Jac had been a serving wench at Roguish Ends for seven days, yet his body still felt like a stolen garment, ill-fitting and utterly wrong. To his chagrin, mastering the art of walking in heels had only made his hips sway with a maddening rhythm and sent his sensitive breasts bouncing in a way that drew every eye in the tavern. When he found moments alone in the back room, he'd stare at his reflection in the rows of liquor bottles, his face distorted by the curved glass until it appeared twig-thin, while his breasts ballooned into massive, impossible spheres. He couldn't look away, couldn't stop the morbid fascination with the stranger staring back at him.

For nearly a week, they had sat on his chest—round, firm domes capped with nipples that seemed perpetually aroused, like cherries atop scoops of vanilla ice cream. Even wearing baggy shirts to bed provided no escape; they were still there, hidden but proudly pushing outward from his rib cage. Warm, overly sensitive, and utterly alien. He hadn't touched them, not once, though the ache to be handled, to be caressed, grew stronger each day—an itch that screamed to be scratched. He gulped, staring at them in the bottle's reflection, massive and obscene in the bulb-shaped glass. He let out a shuddering breath, grateful that his actual cleavage wasn't quite the colossal melons in the distorted image. They were too sensitive, his whole body was too sensitive, a traitorous landscape of pleasure points he hadn't asked for and couldn't control.

When he walked out among the patrons, some oaf with hands like a bear gave him a resounding slap on his bubbly behind.

"Eek, w-watch it!" He growled in his high girly voice.

"You're supposed to punch 'em, and kick 'em out, or they'll keep doing it!" Some drunk fairy, drinking from a thimble on the shelf, giggled.

All Jac could do was blush and continue servicing. He had never been a trained fighter; he was a strategist, curling his girly fingers into a fist... a fist that would probably break on that guy's jaw. He'd just report him. The new serving wench moved on, ignoring the throbbing handprint on his ass hidden by his skirt, or how this dumb, sensitive body warmed from the impact in places he'd rather not think about—the sudden heat between his thighs, the way his nipples pebbled beneath the fabric of his chemise.

"Jess... JESS!" Jac called as he pushed his way into Jessie's Alchemy lab that sat wedged in the building between the roguish end's Tavern, and her potion shop.

"What?!" the ginger rogue growled, her focus on her potion mixing was interrupted by his interruption.

"This... whole debt thing sucks!" He crossed his arms under his boobs in defiance. His eyes widened when he saw how it pushed his boobs higher, creating a valley of cleavage that seemed to demand attention. He dropped his arms, flustered, as they bounced back to their typical position, the movement sending unwanted sensations through him.

"I'm sure it does." Jess continued measuring, never turning around.

"It's just taking so long!" Jac whined to the curly red locks on the back of Jessie's skull. "I've been here a week and I've hardly made any tips!"

All he got in response was a reflex 'mhhh'. He had to push harder. He couldn't be stuck as some busty barmaid for gods knew how long, not right at the start of his career.

"Plus, it's not like you're paying me a remotely decent wage compared to how much you're taking out for room and board."

"I told you you could get cheaper lodgings-" Jessie huffed as she gently added three drops of something or other to a mixture of who knows what. "You just didn't like that they came with roommates."

Jac's mind flew back to five days ago, walking into the hotel room in Woodrot Pier, the bad side of town in FreePort. Inside, there were already two occupants and one bed.

"Lookie Bort" the old toothless one pointed at what he thought was a sexy woman. "We got a third!"

"Blimey," smiled his tall, beer-bellied companion, who could use a bath, a shave, and maybe counseling. "She do look preedy, don' she?"

Both men's eyes kept flicking to Jac's boobs every few seconds, their gazes hungry and possessive. He had turned right around and left, his stomach churning with a mixture of disgust and something else he refused to name.

"Bedmates. BEDmates." he huffed.

"Well, look-" Jess tried to soften her voice to an encouraging tone. "Once you pay for your tab, your potion, the ingredients, plus the brewing of your antidote, and the-"

"WHAT?! I have to pay for being Ka-girlled and Ka-guyed?" Jac had had enough. His girly roar echoed back into the tavern.

"Mues Deuses! I'm pretty sure I owe more now than when I started!" He was pacing. He was stomping. His boobs were wobbling and swaying everywhere, the movement drawing his unwilling attention to their weight, their sensitivity, their sheer presence on his chest.

"How am I possibly going to catch up at this rate?!"

Jess, finished with her potion brewing, let out a deep sigh, leaned back, and without a word of warning, poured a vial of pink fluid into Jac's cleavage.

"If you want bigger tips, you need bigger ti- er, you'll see."

And just like that, she went back to work.

"I... but... you." Jac looked down at his breasts, soaking up the potion like sponges, the pink fluid disappearing into his skin as if it had never been.

For a moment, nothing happened. Jac stared at his chest, expecting... what? An explosion? A sudden transformation? But there was only the faint scent of roses and the lingering dampness of the potion. He was about to turn back to Jess, to demand an explanation,

when the first sensation hit him—a strange, tingling warmth spreading through his breasts, like drinking mulled wine on a cold winter night.

"What did you..." he started, but the words caught in his throat as the tingling intensified, becoming a deep, pulsing heat that seemed to originate from his very bones. His breasts began to feel... heavy. Not just their usual weight, but something more, as if they were filling with warm honey, swelling outward with each beat of his heart.

He looked down in horror as his chemise began to stretch, the fabric pulling taut against his expanding flesh. "No," he whispered, his hands flying to his chest as if to physically hold back the growth, but the moment his fingers made contact with his sensitive skin, a jolt of pleasure shot through him so intense his knees nearly buckled.

The growth was visible now, his breasts rounding, swelling, pushing against the confines of his chemise with each passing second. He could feel the fabric straining, the seams groaning in protest as his breasts continued their relentless expansion. It was wrong, it was horrifying, it was... utterly intoxicating.

"Jess, make it stop," he gasped, but his voice came out as a breathy moan, his traitorous body responding to the overwhelming sensations flooding through him. His nipples, already sensitive, now felt like they were on fire, pebbling into tight knots of pleasure that demanded attention.

As if drawn by some magnetic force, his hands began to move, his fingers tracing the expanding curve of his breasts, circling his nipples in a way that sent waves of pleasure crashing through him. He was dimly aware of Jess watching him, a knowing smirk on her lips, but he couldn't stop, couldn't control the responses of this new body that seemed to crave sensation even as his mind recoiled in horror.

The fabric of his chemise gave way with a sound like tearing silk, and his newly expanded breasts spilled out, round and full and impossibly sensitive. They were larger now, much larger than before, heavy and warm and utterly alien. He cupped them in his hands, the weight of them both shocking and strangely satisfying, his thumbs brushing against his nipples in a way that made his entire body tremble.

"There now," Jess said, her voice cutting through the haze of pleasure that had enveloped him. "That should help with the tips. Men are such simple creatures—show them a bigger pair of breasts, and they'll forget all about their money."

Jac looked up at her, his eyes wide with a mixture of outrage, humiliation, and something else he refused to name. "You... you did this on purpose," he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Jess shrugged, wiping her hands on a rag. "I did what needed to be done. You wanted to pay off your debt faster, didn't you?" She gestured toward his now-exposed breasts. "Consider this an... investment in your future. Now get back to work. And for gods' sake, cover yourself up before someone gets the wrong idea."

An hour later, he was stuffed into a new chemise top that could still barely contain his growth. His cleavage muffled out of the low-cut top, flush and fuller than he had been this morning. "I'm probably getting charged for that 'tips enhancer' and new top..." he sighed. "Tsk, I hate that I've doubled my tips already." Hated that he had giant boobs. Hated that Jess was right, that the more sexy wobbling spectacle he became, the faster it would be over. But what he didn't hate was the bag of silver the new "enhancements" had nabbed him. "Huh... no pockets." He patted down his skirt, shrugged, and then shoved it deep down between his tits, ignoring how good the pressure on his swollen flesh felt. "Well, good for a few things, it seems... back to work we go."