



The next morning, I woke up on the couch to the sound of running water--Gwen was taking a shower. My eyes felt heavy, still groggy from last night's wine and emotional exhaustion. The events of the previous night played back in my mind, a jumble of emotions and physical sensations that left me feeling bewildered and vulnerable.

When the water finally ceased, Gwen appeared from the bathroom, her skin still flushed from the warm shower. I quietly admired her, watching as her plump rear seemed to jiggle and sway nearly as much as her bountiful L-cups.

As she moved around, seemingly lost in her own thoughts, I found my gaze lingering on her. She seemed even more radiant than the night before. Was it the way the light kissed her skin, or how every delicate movement she made sent droplets of water shimmering



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down her curves? My musings were interrupted when Gwen's soft voice floated in the air. She was measuring herself against the doorframe. "Oh, gosh. 7'0" (214 cm) even already. It's speeding up..." Her eyes shifted, catching her reflection in the mirror and eyeing her bra which was in the middle of a losing battle. Breast flesh poured out of every available crevice as her bra straps dug into the plush softness of her back and shoulders.

I could barely make out what she said as she reached into her drawer and pulled out a beautiful brand new bra. "Bye bye L-cups..." It was huge, dwarfing the previous bra as I stared, feeling a stirring between my legs. One by one, her breasts fit comfortably into their new home.

I waited until she was finished before catching her attention. "About last night," I started,



carefully selecting my words as she leaned forward to retrieve a pair of socks.

“Can we talk about it later? I need to get dressed,” she hurriedly said, now reaching for a red dress.

“No, we need to talk now,” I insisted, my voice firm.

She paused and turned to me, her eyes narrowing. “It was nothing, X. Just forget about it,” she said, annoyance creeping into her voice as she slipped her blouse over her head.

I watched as she put on her glasses and fastened her watch. “There’s some leftovers in the fridge,” she muttered, attempting to divert the topic.

“What’s so urgent that you’re avoiding this conversation?” I burst out, unable to contain my frustration any longer, and tired of all the ambiguity. “Why do you need to



go out on a Saturday? You don't even work today!"

She was silent for a moment, but then she finally spoke. "You're making a big deal out of something that's not--"

"You said things that meant something, Gwen," I interrupted. "Last night meant something, at least to me!"

"It was the wine talking," she defended.

"That's bullshit, and you know it," I countered, feeling my face heat up. "Is it about your body changing? You've changed again-- I can see it. Does this have to do with what's going on?"

She froze, and for the first time since this uncomfortable conversation began, she seemed vulnerable. Her posture softened, her shoulders slightly slumped, and her eyes looked far away, as if carrying a weight I couldn't see.



After a deep sigh, she finally admitted, “I’m going out to see Armin. We... have a date.”

The name hovered in the room, like a thick fog that couldn’t be dispelled. My mind raced, trying to understand the significance, the hidden meanings behind her actions and words. Why would she do this to me?!

My heart sank into my stomach at the mention of Armin Petrosyan. The name echoed in my mind, each syllable like a dagger stabbing at the edges of my sanity. I felt my mouth go dry, my lips struggling to form words.

“A-Armin? I thought you stopped seeing him,” I stammered, my voice barely a whisper.

Gwen looked puzzled. “I never said that, X. Where did you get that idea?”

“So, you’re still seeing him?” I forced myself to ask

the question, even though I wasn't sure
I wanted to know the answer.





“Yes, X, I am. And if you remember, he’s actually an executive at the company.”

“Ah, ok, an executive at the company AND your pants.”

My chest tightened at her words. Again, I was being pushed to the sidelines, trivialized, made to feel like an afterthought. But Gwen must have sensed my emotions shifting from confusion to heartbreak.

“I understand this isn’t easy for you to hear,” she began softly, “but it’s not as simple as it seems.”

“In what way is this complicated?” I muttered, my voice tinged with bitterness. “He’s an executive, he’s your boyfriend--what’s there to figure out?”

Gwen sighed. “Armin’s a great guy, but he’s also incredibly demanding. Always has to lead, to be the one in control. Maybe it’s his height,



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or his position at the company, or maybe it's just him. It can get exhausting, honestly."

I listened, even though each word she spoke felt like salt sprinkling onto my open wounds.

"That's why you're so special to me, X," she continued. "You're not like him. You're understanding, compact, easy to be around."

I was 5'6" (168 cm)... I was sure that I was nowhere near Armin's stature, and I didn't hold an executive position at any fancy company. But did my height, or lack thereof, make me compact, less of a man?

"Your... size, your disposition, they make you easier to connect with," she explained. "There's an intimacy that I can share with you, that I can't with him. So yes, even if I'm seeing Armin, you mean something very special to me, X."



Something different.”

“But different doesn’t mean better, does it?” I finally asked, breaking the heavy silence that had fallen between us.

Gwen looked at me, her eyes searching for something--forgiveness, understanding, I couldn’t tell.

“Better is a relative term, X,” she said, “but special is absolute. And you are special to me.”

Her words should have offered comfort or reassurance, but they didn’t. Instead, I was left pondering the shelf life of being “special” to her. How quickly could my uniqueness be eclipsed by someone taller, more successful, or more “executive”? It felt like I was just a comforting placeholder in Gwen’s life, valuable only until she found her permanent match. Once that happened, my purpose would be served.



“Have you kissed him? Slept with him?”
The words escaped my mouth, fueled by
a mix of courage and desperation.

“That’s really none of your business, X,”
Gwen shot back, her eyes narrowing.

“But after last night, Gwen--”

“It’s not the right time, and it’s not
something you need to know,” she
interrupted, her frustration evident.

Unwilling to back down, I pushed
further. “If we’re involved, Gwen, I have
a right to know.”

“This is getting ridiculous. You’re
wasting too much energy on this, X,”
she snapped, her anger boiling over.
“Instead of obsessing over my
relationship with Armin, you should be
using this time to find a job. My funds
aren’t unlimited, you know.”

With that cutting remark, she

The Ugly Side of Beauty



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stormed out, leaving me alone and hollow. Her words resonated, stinging far more deeply than I think she realized. It wasn't just that she had dismissed my feelings; it was the implication that in the grand scheme of her life, I was ultimately replaceable. And that uncomfortable truth became harder and harder to escape.



If all hope hadn't been lost yet, it definitely was now. The room seemed to grow colder after Gwen closed the door behind her, leaving me alone with my thoughts and a gnawing sense of despair. It was becoming clear that the distance between us was more than just physical; it was emotional, maybe even insurmountable.

Days went by, and before I knew it, it was my birthday. Gwen looked at me between her morning coffee and glanced at her cellphone. Cold. Dismissive. "So, what do you want for your birthday?" she asked, her eyes never leaving her phone.

I looked into her busy eyes, a bitter smile forming on my lips. "Other than a job? I think you know what I want."

Her expression changed, turning into a mix of concern and reprimand. It was enough to get her eyes off the screen and



finally look at me. "I'll be back from work late. We can think of some way to celebrate then," she said, her voice edged with dismissal. And then she was gone, leaving me alone in an empty house, each tick of the clock echoing, reminding me that I was once again alone with my thoughts-- and on my birthday of all days.

This wasn't how I wanted my life to go on--this perpetual waiting for something that never seemed to come. The empty pit in my stomach expanded every time Gwen spoke to me dismissively, every time she sidestepped the questions that mattered most to me. I stood up abruptly, my eyes scanning the room as if it were a prison. I felt as if I were on the verge of breaking, mentally and emotionally.

And then, suddenly, an idea came to mind. Maybe I should leave, I thought. Maybe I should leave



and never come back.

The moment couldn't come any sooner. My hurried steps carried me toward the door, each footfall resonating like a heartbeat in an empty chamber. More voices came pouring into my mind like a tidal wave, "I can let go. Start anew. She wants this. She's with Armin, after all. This will make her happy. Unburden her. I will move on and forget about her. I can and WILL get over Gwen!"



My hand, shaky but resolute, reached for the doorknob. “This is for the best,” I reassured myself, gripping it and flinging the door open. And there she was--Mandy, of all people, her hand poised in the air as if about to knock. The timing was so uncanny it jolted me. “Oh, X. Uhh-- Surprise! Happy Birthday!!” she exclaimed, presenting a warm tray filled with the alluring aroma of her famous buttermilk birthday brownies.

“I hope you haven’t eaten already!” Mandy began with a wide smile, her eyes twinkling as she held up the brownies.

For a moment, I felt rescued from the darkness that had consumed me just moments ago. The scent of the brownies, the sight of Mandy’s genuine smile--it was like a supernatural lifeline had been thrown at me when I’d nearly forgotten how to swim. Perhaps someone, or



something, was pointing me in a direction.

Mandy paused in the threshold, her eyes searching my face as if picking up on my internal dialogue. "...Can I come in?" My senses returned. "Of course, of course," I stammered, stepping aside.

As if on cue, a streak of fur darted past me. "I brought Spike along," Mandy chuckled. "I know how much you two get along."

Before she could finish her sentence, she raised her voice. "Spike! Off the couch! You know better than that!"

"He hasn't had his walk yet," she added by way of explanation, shuffling past me into the kitchen. I heard her rummaging through drawers, presumably looking for plates and utensils.

As I watched her move with such considerate



intent, I felt my heart flutter, followed by a warmth that filled the room-- as if all the darkness, the foreboding feeling, the shadows that clung to me whenever I thought of Gwen, were suddenly being whisked away. It was as though Mandy's presence, complemented by Spike's joyful scampering around the room, carried a light strong enough to penetrate the gloom that had settled inside my heart. My eyes followed her as she navigated around the kitchen, her hourglass figure, the weight of her healthy chest, it all was subtly highlighted by the morning sunlight filtering through the windows. Even Spike seemed to bask in her glow, as if her positive energy had enveloped us both.

Something shifted within me. Was this it? Could the comfort, the genuine caring, the spark of something potentially more be standing right in front of me,

The Ugly Side of Beauty



hidden in plain sight all along? Suddenly, I found myself questioning my unwavering path of yearning for Gwen. Maybe, just maybe, there was another way-- another path that led to a happier me.



“Here we are. Still hot out of the oven,” Mandy announced, her voice tinged with excitement. She leaned forward, both elbows on the kitchen counter, her hands propping up her face as she looked at me. Those green eyes sparkled, framed by locks of her beautiful orange hair, and her tight blue overalls revealed her bust looming temptingly below my gaze. For a moment, I felt like I was floating, butterflies erupting in my stomach.

I caught myself--I'd been staring at her face a second too long, so I hastily redirected my gaze to the brownie on my plate. I took a bite, and immediately a symphony of flavors sang through my taste buds. The richness of the chocolate, the gooey texture, the perfect blend of sweetness and a slight hint of salt--all elevated by that unique creaminess of buttermilk that made her Triple-B's so incredibly




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special. It was as if every ingredient, every morsel, was hand-crafted to perfection, with a sprinkle of love and care.

I felt like I could cry. In fact, before I knew what hit me, tears started welling up in my eyes, and a soft sniffle escaped my nose. For a moment, I was reminded of the happiness that still existed in this world. I had become too focused on my bleak surroundings to realize that goodness resided right next door.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Mandy’s voice cut through the haze of my emotions. She looked genuinely concerned, her eyes searching my face for an answer.

“I-It’s nothing,” I managed to say, my voice choked. “It’s just... thank you, Mandy. These brownies, they’re perfect. More than perfect.”

Her eyes met mine, and she gave me a



smile that felt like the embodiment of understanding and... true love. I took it as a sign, my heart raced as I leaned in, eyes half-closed, fully expecting our lips to meet.

“Wow, X, what are you doing?” Mandy abruptly pulled back, her eyes widening in surprise.

“I--uh--I thought, I mean, I was trying to kiss you,” I stammered, feeling a rush of embarrassment flood over me.

Mandy let out a gentle sigh and looked at me with understanding eyes. “X, you’re an incredible person, and you have so much to offer. But your heart is already somewhere else, even if you’re not fully aware of it. Sometimes, we can’t see what’s right in front of us because we’re too focused on what we think we should want.”

My heart sank. She didn’t explicitly mention a name,




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but the implication was clear enough. I needed to get over Gwen and move on, but something--some invisible, emotional tether--still bound me to her, and Mandy could sense it.

"I should probably go," Mandy said softly. She moved towards the door, her footsteps slow and deliberate. As she reached for the handle, she paused and called out, "Spike! Come on, boy!"

From the open sliding door that led to the backyard, I heard the rapid patter of paws against the grass. Spike, who had been perfectly content rolling around on his back, sprung up and darted inside, skidding to a stop beside Mandy.

"Happy birthday, X," she said, offering me one last warm smile before stepping out the door, Spike trotting obediently beside her. She closed the door softly behind her.



I was left standing there, staring at the closed door, feeling a mix of frustration, embarrassment, and regret. “Stupid,” I muttered to myself, “so stupid. Why did I misread that situation? What was I thinking?”

The room felt colder now, the warmth of Mandy’s presence replaced by a growing chill of isolation. But even that couldn’t compare to the icy realization that I was lost, once again navigating the complicated terrain of my own emotions and relationships, with no map to guide me.

Once again, I was immersed in the silence of Gwen’s home, alone with my thoughts. The house seemed to close in around me, the walls becoming extensions of the emotional barriers I felt rising within. The aroma of Mandy’s Triple-B’s lingered in the air, a sweet contrast to the bitterness settling in my heart.



I sat there, wrestling with the conflicting emotions surging through me. Mandy's visit had offered a fleeting escape, a momentary brush with what life could be if not entangled in the complex web I had woven with Gwen. But even that brief encounter had made me confront an inconvenient truth--I was the architect of my own unhappiness.

Why had I misread the situation with Mandy so terribly? Why did I continue to cling to a love that felt increasingly unattainable? Questions without answers swirled in my mind, like leaves caught in a never-ending whirlwind.

"Shut up, shut up-- SHUT UP!!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, a part of me hoping, after the fact, that Mandy could not hear me from outside. My outburst reverberated through the empty rooms of Gwen's house.




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The Ugly Side of Beauty



I was determined to break this cycle of self-loathing. As my scream's echo faded, a heavy silence filled the room, absorbing the tension and dread. Just as I was reflecting on my fears, my phone buzzed, snapping me back to reality. The email read:

"Congratulations! You've passed to the next stage of the interview process."

"No way..." I muttered, scrolling down the email to find the details of the interview. My eyes widened when I saw the scheduled time--today, and just a couple of hours from now. They'd apparently sent an earlier email that I'd overlooked in the chaos of the morning. All I needed to do was confirm my appointment.

"Okay, focus. I need to get ready," I said to myself, already mentally sifting through my wardrobe for the most professional outfit I could muster on short notice. This could be

The Ugly Side of Beauty



the lifeline I'd been waiting for, the first step toward changing the direction of my life. I couldn't afford to mess this up!


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Gwen pushed open the front door, carefully balancing two cups of coffee in her hands. “I’m hommmee! I got coffee--one with extra cream, just how you like it!” she announced, expecting to hear X’s footsteps or at least some acknowledgment from somewhere in the house. But there was only silence.

The air felt colder than usual, as if the house itself was empty of life, empty of warmth. “X?” she called out, her voice tinged with a growing sense of unease. She set the coffee cups down on the kitchen counter and started searching the house. Living room: empty. Bedroom: empty. Even the bathroom was vacant.

Gwen’s eyes darted to the back sliding door--it stood open, inviting the cool evening air to flood the house. “Why would he leave the door open?” she thought, rushing to close it. The chill she felt now



went deeper than just the temperature; it gnawed at her insides, filling her with dread.

Her mind raced through their recent interactions--the dismissal she'd given him that morning, the emotional distance, the intimate moment she'd pulled away from. Had it all become too much for him? Had he left for good... or worse? She picked up her phone and dialed X's number, her fingers trembling as she held the device to her ear.

The dial tone abruptly cut off. "X?! Are you--" she started to say, only to hear a recorded message: "The number you have dialed has been disconnected."

The automated message felt like a punch to her gut. Gwen's knees gave way, and she sank down to the floor, tears streaming down her cheeks. All the emotions she'd been holding back, all the fears she'd been



suppressing--they broke free in that vulnerable moment.

“God, what have I done?” she whispered through her tears, her shoulders shaking.

The Ugly Side of Beauty



I stood just outside the automatic sliding doors of the grocery store, exhaling a sigh of defeat. The sky was tinged with the orange and pink hues of the setting sun, signaling the end of what had been a grueling day. The interview had been a disaster; I stumbled over my words, hesitated at key moments, and left with a sense that I'd blown my chances.

Rifling through my pockets, I found just enough money for a simple dinner for Gwen and me--something to lift our spirits on my birthday, at least. But as I looked up, I spotted Mandy, of all people, sitting on a nearby bench, counting change with a furrowed brow. Concern washed over me. I'd been aware of Mandy's financial difficulties but never witnessed them directly. It made me appreciate her birthday brownies all the more.

"Hey, Mandy," I greeted as I



walked over to her.

Mandy looked up, slightly startled, hastily sweeping her change into a pocket. “Oh, hey X,” she said, a crooked smile briefly lighting up her face.

I furrowed my brow, concerned. “What’s with all the change? Planning on hitting a bunch of vending machines?”

She chuckled awkwardly. “Uh, something like that. Budgeting, you know?”

Something about her evasive answer and the situation really got to me. It wasn’t just that I knew Mandy was going through tough times; it was that she had baked brownies for me, made an effort, despite all her struggles.

I hesitated, looking at the money in my hand I’d counted for dinner. Slowly, I extended it toward her. “Here, you need this more than I do.”

The Ugly Side of Beauty



She looked at the money, then back up at me, her eyes widening just a bit. “You sure? What about you? You didn’t come to the grocery store just to leave empty-handed.”

“I had a job interview here,” I said, only revealing part of the truth. “Didn’t go too well, so I guess I won’t be shopping for a celebration dinner just yet.”

Mandy looked at the money again and finally took it. “You’re one of a kind, you know that? Gwen is lucky to have a man like you under her roof.” She chuckled, shaking her head as if to clear the emotional weight of the moment. “But just so we’re clear, this doesn’t earn you a smooch, mister!” she added, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

My heart felt lighter as I smiled back. “Aww, and here I thought I was finally going to get that big romantic moment.”

The Ugly Side of Beauty

She shook her head, grinning. "In your dreams, buddy."



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I barely got through the front door when Gwen lunged at me. Dropping to her knees, she wrapped her powerful arms around me in a vice-like grip. Her beautiful face, with tears streaming down her cheeks, pressed against my chest, frantically showering me in kisses.

Yet something was different, and it was more than just her heightened emotions. Kneeling before me, she still towered in a way that made my pulse quicken, her eyes nearly level with my chest. It felt... impossible. It was as if the pace of her unexplained transformation had changed.

“Where have you been?! God, you had me so worried! I’ve been worried sick!” she gasped, her words muffled against my shirt.

“Gwen, you’re barely dressed! And did... did you grow again?!” I exclaimed, noticing that her white work blouse



was straining even more than usual, accompanied only by thin black panties. Her soft, gargantuan tits spread across nearly half of my legs. “It doesn’t matter,” she screamed back mid-sob before continuing. “Now answer me-- where were you?!”

The whirlpool of emotions was dizzying. When she finally pulled away to look at me, her eyes were red but filled with a concern that tugged at my heart. “I...I had my first job interview today, Gwen. I’m not sure how it went, but I’m staying positive.” I managed to say. “It ran longer than I expected.”

She looked at me, her eyes blinking as she took the information in. “A... job interview? Oh, X, that’s-- that’s wonderful but... you had me so worried! Why didn’t you tell me you were heading out?” Her voice trailed off, caught between relief and lingering worry.



“I would have,” I explained, my hand gently stroking the back of her head as I tried to find the right words. “The thing is, I haven’t been able to send or receive calls for a while now. My phone’s fine, but my service got cut off. I couldn’t... afford the bill. I’ve been telling jobs to email me.”

“Oh, X... why didn’t you tell me? You know I would’ve taken care of it for you,” she explained, her voice intentionally soft so as to not overstep.”Well... heh heh... I can’t exactly rely on you for everything, can I?” I replied, forcing a laugh with an averted gaze.

Gwen stood up, and up... and up. I was wrong. She hadn’t just grown... she had exploded in height in the short time I was gone. I found myself staring up at the underside of her bust, momentarily awestruck.



Her height effortlessly soared past 7 feet (214 cm).

With a surprising yet gentle force, Gwen pulled me into her arms. “X,” she began in a whisper, her voice tinged with motherly reassurance. For a moment, the world seemed to fold away, leaving only the warm, comforting scent of her presence. It was as if everything outside of her ceased to exist.

“You’re never a burden, you know that? You can always rely on me,” she reassured, her soft, plush lips tenderly meeting my forehead. “You’ve been my one constant, even when everything else is so unpredictable.” As she spoke, her hand gently stroked my hair. “I’m sorry that I’ve been so hard on you lately. I have my reasons... and... I still have feelings for you, but I--... we both have to go about it the right way.”

I sensed she was hinting at the new influence in her



life--the high-profile executive whose family name carried weight, but it felt like there was something else she was holding back--something beyond her control. Nonetheless, hearing her admit that she still harbored feelings for me was like a surge of electricity, lighting up every fiber of my being. It wasn't just elation; it was as if my soul had been reignited.

Her gaze held mine as she continued her tender caress. There was an unmistakable depth of love in her eyes, echoing the intimacy and affection that we had shared during our closest moments before all the drama. That deep connection had always been there, obscured but never extinguished by the complexities of life.

Eyes closed, I rose onto my toes, my neck nuzzling into the pillowy softness of her breasts as I reached up to meet her lips. Yet,



even stretched to my fullest, I was dwarfed by her towering presence, physically reminding me of the chasm that lay between us. I was at the mercy of her affections.

A sultry, heavy pause filled the air until it was shattered by her gentle, hesitant voice. “Oh, X... Didn’t we just talk about this? You... you know I can’t do that...”

“P-Please... just... just for my birthday,” I whispered, each word tinged with a mix of hope and desperation. “God, Gwen. You’re... you’re so big... so beautiful. Please... I love you.”

With my eyes still closed, I could sense a change in the atmosphere around us. It felt like the air had thickened, making each second that passed almost unbearable as I waited for her response. I had reached a point of no return; my heart was laid bare,



and I yearned for her to meet me halfway.

Finally, she spoke, her voice soft yet tinged with hesitation. "Alright, just this once... but let's not read too much into it, alright? One kiss." "...okay."

Our lips met, hers enveloping mine, yet still with the gentle caution of a fragile moment, but the dam of suppressed feelings burst almost instantly. It was as if we were kissing for the first time again. Our kiss deepened, our breathing quickened, and for a few stolen seconds, we allowed our passion to consume us. Gwen was there. Behind all the veiled mysteries and the corporate mumbo jumbo. My Gwen!

Then she gently eased me away, both of us catching our breath, flushed and a bit disoriented. "X," she began, "I'm sorry. We've both been through so much lately. I shouldn't have been

The Ugly Side of Beauty



so distant with you, so caught up in my own problems that I overlooked yours.” She looked at me, her eyes searching my face as if trying to read my thoughts. “Will you... forgive me?”

“Well, let’s start with the best birthday dinner a guy could ask for,” I said, nuzzling back into her embrace. “You’ve got it,” she said, her eyes meeting mine with a heartfelt warmth as she patted my back gently. “How does your favorite Texas BBQ place sound?”

A genuine smile unfolded across my face, as if released from the emotional tension that had gripped my chest for so long. “Sounds like the beginning of a perfect apology to me!”

Her laughter filled the room, and for that moment, everything felt alright.