



The forecast had cautioned me about the possibility of rain that evening, but my thoughts were consumed by a bigger, more pressing matter.

I needed to see Gwen.

The way her eyes bore down on me, a mixture of pity and understanding in her eyes. It was unbearable. My life had spiraled into chaos, and I couldn't allow my story with Gwen to end on such a dismal note. I was desperate for redemption, seeking refuge from this relentless storm of disappointments and upheaval. Everything else in my life had crumbled, and I refused to let Gwen slip away without offering her a heartfelt apology for my actions.

It was the least I could do. Then... I could properly let her go, and we could move on with our lives.

"I would only hold her back," I muttered to myself, gazing out the bus window as it traversed the rain-soaked streets.




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As I stepped off the bus, I was immediately greeted by the relentless downpour. Without an umbrella to shield myself, my clothes clung to my skin and my hair hung heavy, drenched by the unforgiving rain. From where I stood, the warm glow of the café's interior lights appeared to be a sanctuary from the cold rain outside.

Taking a deep breath, I hurried across the street and pushed open the door, already out of breath. A wave of warmth and the comforting scent of freshly brewed coffee enveloped me as I entered. I scanned the room, my heart pounding in anticipation, but Gwen was nowhere to be found. My stomach churned with a sinking feeling of defeat. The thought of her deciding not to come gnawed at my mind, leaving me desperate and worried. I slumped into a nearby chair, feeling utterly lost in the face of yet another disappointment. I watched as the droplets of water escaped my hair and began to pool against the wood grain of the floor.



With a heavy heart, I began to gather my soaked belongings, preparing to leave. Just as I was about to step out into the storm, the bell above the door chimed, and there she was.



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Gwen strode into the café, a vision of grace and poise. Her impressive height of 6'9" (206 cm) never ceased to amaze me, particularly when compared to my modest stature of 5'6" (168 cm).

Shielded by her umbrella, she appeared untroubled by the downpour outside. As she closed her umbrella and flicked off the residual droplets, her eyes found mine. Her gaze met mine, and she loomed forward, looking down at my disheveled state.

A whirlwind of emotions enveloped me—relief that she had come, and dread at having to confront her and articulate my remorse. Overcome with gratitude that she hadn't forsaken me, I mustered the courage to speak.

"G-Gwen, listen... I--"

"Oh my goodness! Look at yourself. X, you're soaked to the bone!" A gentle breeze of sweet perfume wafted into my nose as she passed me by. Her beige cardigan opened only briefly, revealing

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a hint of her sculpted abdomen beneath her statuesque figure. "Two coffees, please," she requested, leaning against the counter. Her form-fitting jeans accentuated her graceful curves. She glanced back at me, her gaze lingering for a moment, before adding, "And one with extra cream."



"You remembered," I stated, my eyes fixed on the coffee in front of me, grinning.

"How could I forget?" she replied with a warm smile, her cheeks tinted with a rosy hue. We both cradled our steaming drinks, the atmosphere feeling both slightly awkward and unexpectedly comforting.

The silence was broken by Gwen, who seemed eager to explain her tardiness. "I'm sorry for being late. My boss... I had to cover an extra shift at work, and I didn't anticipate the traffic. Plus, there was no parking nearby, so I ended up jogging a couple of blocks to get here, and—"

Her anxious rambling reminded me of the lively girl I once knew. I raised my hand to interrupt her. "It's okay. I completely understand." But then it hit me, the significance of her words. "Wait, you jogged two blocks?" My gaze drifted towards her chest, rising and



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falling steadily. She showed no signs of being winded, unlike myself who had been panting after just running across the street earlier.

Her eyes searched mine, unfazed by where they had recently lingered. "X, what's wrong?"

I hesitated for a moment, the weight of my own troubles making it difficult to maintain eye contact. "Gwen, there's something I need to tell you," I began, my voice wavering. I wanted to apologize for hurting her in the past, for not acknowledging her feelings. But in the last moment, fear took hold, and I changed course. "I... I lost my job recently."

Her eyes widened, her expression a blend of concern and sympathy. "Oh, X... I'm so sorry to hear that."

As our conversation unfolded, it became apparent that this date was turning into more of a therapy session



than a romantic encounter. The atmosphere was heavy, and was weighed down by my selfish depressing topics.

"Yeah, things have been... rough," I admitted, my posture slumped, betraying my lack of confidence. "I even had to sell my car just to make ends meet." The words came out heavy, steeped in the sadness that had been my constant companion of late.

Despite the somber tone of our conversation, I pushed myself to continue. "But I needed to see you, Gwen. You're important to me. I couldn't just let you go without telling you how much you mean to me." My gaze finally met hers, attempting to convey the depth of my feelings.

She reached across the table, placing a tender hand on mine. "X, I appreciate your honesty. But it's evident that you're not in a good place. Look at yourself," she gestured to my



appearance. "You've lost weight. Skin and bones. And you're drenched. In fact," she said, her eyes flickering with concern and frustration as she rose from her seat. "Stand up." Her command resonated as she stood tall above me. When I rose, her face appeared only slightly closer, my gaze lingering just below her breasts.

In a seamless motion, she gently spun me around and draped her floral-scented cardigan over my shoulders. "We're taking you home." Gwen strode to the cashier with determination. "Two turkey sandwiches, a blueberry muffin, and a half dozen bagels, please. To go."

Armed with a warm bag of food in one hand and a reassuring grip on my shoulder with the other, she guided us out the door, taking confident strides as she did. The handle of her umbrella was securely tucked under her arm.



As we approached my apartment, my heart plummeted at the sight of the eviction notice taped to my front door. I quickly removed it, but not before Gwen caught a glimpse of the bold text. She remained silent, but her concern was palpable. We stepped into my home, which appropriately mirrored my deteriorating circumstances.

The apartment was chaotic – containers of stale food, dirty clothes scattered on the floor, and envelopes adorned with red labels signaling growing debt. Gwen's expression grew uneasy as she assessed the situation, and her firm grip on my hand spoke volumes.



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"Oh, X..." She started, a tear escaping her eye before she wiped it away. "Let's get some food in you." Gwen mustered a strained smile, maintaining eye contact. She strode into the kitchen with practiced ease, opening drawers and cabinets in search of what she needed.

Soon, she joined me on the couch, enveloping my shivering form in a warm, comforting blanket and offering me a delectable sandwich. "Let's start at the beginning." She draped her strong arm around my shoulder, pulling me close, and rested her head against mine. "Tell me what happened." Her gentle voice and enchanting scent enveloped me, her ample chest lightly pressed against my side, seemingly oblivious of the effect she had on me.

I hesitated but eventually opened up about my job, the lack of tips, the dismal pay, and how everything had spiraled out of control. But as I shared my story, she listened intently, biting




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her lip as her brow furrowed with concern.

After a moment of contemplation, Gwen shifted in her seat and put on her glasses, and extended an unexpected offer. "X, why don't you come stay with me for a while? You can sleep on my sofa. It's a completely platonic arrangement, of course. But I can't just leave you here in this state."

I hesitated, torn between my desperate situation and my fear of disappointing her further. "Gwen... I don't want to burden you and intrude on your happiness," I admitted, my voice wavering as I surveyed the mess that was my home.



Gwen offered a reassuring smile, her eyes full of understanding as she gently squeezed my hand. "X, you're not a burden. That's what friends are for, right?"

Her words should have comforted me, but hearing her refer to me as a friend clarified where we stood in our relationship. Any lingering false hope of something more between us was officially dispelled.

"...Friends?" My single word conveyed more than I intended.

Her gaze seemed to read my thoughts. "Yes, X. For now, at least. I can help you get back on your feet," she continued, her hand still on mine. "That way, you can start over, properly." She leaned in slightly, her cleavage hovering just before me. "What do you say, X? Who knows what the future may hold?" Her body pulled me in, completely overwhelming me as the indented sofa cushion tilted me into her.



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"I... I c-can't pay rent," I murmured, almost inaudibly, against her. Her laughter filled the air as she shifted her weight, sending the entire couch bouncing and filling my nose with her sweet perfume. She gently stroked my hair while analyzing me, refusing to let go. "That's quite alright. My new job has got us covered..."

It was then that I made a resolution. "I-I'll make up for it by cooking-- a-and cleaning! Just until I get another job!" I declared, trying to meet her eyes with determination. "Of course," she replied slowly, still stroking my hair and allowing her plush lips to drift close to my ear. "I'm not a mooch..." I declared, filled with conviction. "I know you're not..." She blinked slowly.

"I'm serious, Gwen. I'll—" My words were cut short by her tender, big, soft lips pressing into my cheek. My mind went blank. "I know, X. I understand you better than you realize." She stood up, and I could still feel the lingering



warmth of her lips on my skin.

"Alright, get your stuff together."
"N-Now?" I stammered, still reeling
from her close proximity. "Of course,
now! You're being evicted, aren't you?"

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That evening, Gwen and I moved everything important out of my old apartment, and in no time at all, we arrived at her place. Her home put my dark, cramped apartment to shame.

"Well, here it is!" Gwen announced, giving me a playful wink as she led me into the luxurious space. "I hope there's enough room for you." Her hips swayed hypnotically as she walked, emphasizing the curves of her body in a way that left me speechless.

It was spacious, filled with natural light from the broad windows and expertly decorated with a minimalist touch that screamed class beyond anything I could have attempted to replicate. What struck me the most was how this was clearly her place. Even with every room looking ripped straight from a magazine, her perfume, her scent, and her warmth were spread over everything. Just stepping into the place melted away the built-up anxiety and depression that had hung over me.



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However, a lingering, icy sensation still gripped my heart. After showering, changing, and being swaddled in blankets, I found myself seated on a luxurious couch, sipping an extra creamy coffee while listening to Gwen's tender words of encouragement. Her voice gradually faded into the background as guilt gnawed at me, and I knew there was something I needed to address— words I had failed to speak at the café. Interrupting her speech, I blurted out, "I'm sorry, Gwen." Confusion clouded her eyes.

"Sorry? Whatever for?" she inquired. Struggling to articulate my thoughts, I held her gaze with fervent intensity, my brow furrowed. "Oh," she uttered, as understanding washed over her and her expression fell. All the painful memories resurfaced, and I had to continue. "I'm... I'm sorry that I disappeared on you," I began, my words flowing like a breached dam. "I'm sorry that I ignored all your calls, your text messages—every heartfelt attempt you



made to reach me!" I hastily set the coffee down, spilling some on my hand and the table. Gwen's eyes briefly flicked to the mess before refocusing on mine, her lips parted as she processed my confession. "The truth is, every waking moment I've spent with you has felt so perfect!" Gwen's eyes welled up with joy, and her rosy cheeks blossomed into a smile. She was happy. "Then... why did you leave?" she asked sincerely.

My gaze dropped, and I hesitated. "...I ask myself that every single day. I guess I was afraid of..." "Of me?" she interjected, concerned. "No, never," I scoffed. "You were always so busy with school, acing every test, and then..." This time, she didn't interrupt. Instead, she silently moved closer and listened intently. "And then... you were already so beautiful. But every time I saw you, it was as if you'd become even more breathtaking. It seemed... unnatural to me..."



Gwen's sweet smile faltered as the word 'unnatural' slipped from my lips. I watched as she sniffled and averted her gaze, her body language hinting at a deeper struggle. But then, she surprised me by leaning in, her lips so close to mine that I could feel her hot breath on my skin.

"Well, X," she murmured, her voice sending shivers down my spine. "What if it was?" Her eyes smoldered with a primal hunger, daring me to take the bait. My heart pounded in my chest as I struggled to comprehend the depths of her insinuation. "...W-Was what?" I stammered, barely able to keep my composure.

"...Unnatural." The word hung in the air like a forbidden fruit, tantalizing and sweet.

I remained frozen, mouth ajar.

"Tell me, X... am I beautiful?" her soft words danced into my ears. "Am I



finally beautiful enough for you to pay attention to me?" Her voice wavered as she revealed a brief moment of vulnerability. "Y-You were never ugly to begin with, Gwen—"

And then, she kissed me. Her lips were soft and pliant, yet forceful at her size, parting mine with ease. I tasted the sweet scent of her lip balm and felt the heat of her body pressing against mine. Her dominant hands roamed over my body, tracing every curve and plane as she devoured me with her mouth.

In that moment, nothing else mattered. I didn't care if her changes were unnatural or not. All that existed was the two of us, lost in the throes of desperate passion. I surrendered myself to her completely, consumed by a lust that I never knew existed within me. I wanted her. I needed her! This was meant to be!!

The intimate moment, however, only lasted for a few fleeting seconds. Gwen



released a heavy exhale, her stunning, statuesque form rising above me as she stretched, arching her back with an air of grace. "You've got quite the wild imagination, X," she chuckled, adjusting the strap of her top and smoothing her hair in the reflection of a nearby mirror. With a gentle tug on her disheveled bra, her voluptuous curves settled with a mesmerizing sway. "There's nothing unnatural going on. You left me because of your own insecurities." I couldn't help but ignore her explanation. "W-What the heck was that?!" I exclaimed, a whirlwind of disappointment and confusion engulfing me, arms outstretched, still trying to catch my breath.

Gwen cleared her throat and adopted an almost business-like demeanor. "I told you this would be purely platonic," she teased, her gaze meeting mine. "That was not platonic, Gwen!" I immediately retorted, rising to my feet as if to challenge her with my modest height of 5'6" (168 cm).



Her beautiful, piercing eyes bore into mine, her expression serious yet still tinged with a hint of loving affection. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just... appreciated what you said. It reminded me of... some happy moments with you."

Before I could respond, she had hurried out of the room, leaving me standing there, bewildered. The soft click of her bedroom door closing behind her punctuated the silence. Her muffled voice called out from afar, "Have a good night."

As I stood there, the realization dawned upon me: I wasn't the only one fighting back feelings of affection.



Adjusting to life in Gwen's home was an experience in itself, with the echoes of our intimate moment reverberating through each shared glance and conversation. An unspoken awkwardness lingered between us, its presence undeniable but never addressed. I tried to push it from my mind, focusing on the promises I'd made to her and myself. Resisting the urge to admire her beauty was a challenge in and of itself.

I devoted my time to cooking and cleaning, hoping to make her life a little easier. While I wasn't a culinary master by any means, the sight of Gwen's delighted expression upon tasting my creations, after a long day at work, brought me immense satisfaction.

In the midst of our new routine, I observed a curious shift in Gwen's behavior. She began leaving her bedroom door ajar more frequently, as if extending an unspoken invitation for me to observe her private moments. The



ever-present gap seemed to tease me, hinting at a vulnerability I couldn't ignore.

One early weekday morning, as I stirred from my makeshift bed on the sofa, I noticed her door open once again. There she was, emerging from her slumber, wearing absolutely nothing. I sat up instinctively, unable to look away as her beautiful smooth skin shone in the morning sun rays. The way her huge breasts sloshed to and fro as she sat up, gently colliding with one another, was impossible to ignore.

Her wide, child-bearing hips sent my morning wood into overdrive, activating every primal instinct a man could ever possess. Quietly and perfectly still, I continued to peep unseen. I didn't want to make a move. Instead, I gently massaged my manhood beneath the covers as she stood up... and up... and up! She had grown so tall-- seemingly taller every day, and the way the top of her head nearly matched the tall



cabinet beside her was telling. She had to be at least 6'10" (208cm)... or maybe even 6'11" (211cm)! I watched in a trance as she lifted one voluptuous leg up, revealing her beautiful clam-shaped pussy, just for me, and slipped her panties up past her huge ass, and pressing the white fabric between her cheeks. They were just that huge. "What is Gwen eating?" I asked myself, in disbelief.

Her nipples were always beautiful and perky, but they too seemed to have grown bigger... longer... lewder. As she leaned forward to retrieve her bra, her breasts dangled from her body, swinging beautifully without losing too much of their shape, and I knew she was going to completely overwhelm that tiny L-cup bra in her hands. One of the few perks of doing her laundry, I knew she had worn L cups for quite some time. It was only a matter of time before she'd go up a letter.

Little had a known that it would be a lot



sooner than I thought.

Gwen's eyes darted to the clock, her anticipation palpable as if she was waiting for something significant to occur. Her breathing grew heavy and slow-- seductive almost, as she held the large cups of the bra against her bare chest, waiting to fasten it for some reason. "Come to momma..." She whispered between heavy breathes. To my disbelief, the bra appeared to fit her quite well, almost perfectly, in fact. "Hnnnggh..." She moaned, just barely audible, as I saw her quickly fasten the back of her beautiful white bra. "Guhhh! More... beautiful..." She exhaled sharply, once again steadying herself with nearby furniture. I couldn't believe my eyes, but there was no mistaking it. Her once perfectly fitting straps began to sink into her skin and her bra strained against her chest, causing them to bulge out more... and more. I couldn't believe it, but I watched as her fight with her L-cup bra, her head began to rise out of view. Every part of her was



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increasing in beauty right before my eyes. It wasn't until I dropped my line of sight that I saw her poor panties pulled even thinner against her.

I gasped and Gwen's face quickly turned to me. Her initial shock giving way to embarrassment, before her expression transformed into a shy smile. "...I hope you enjoyed the show," she said with a blush, swiftly closing the door behind her.

As I sat there, heart pounding, I couldn't help but mutter to myself. "There's no way that's natural..."