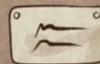
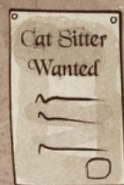
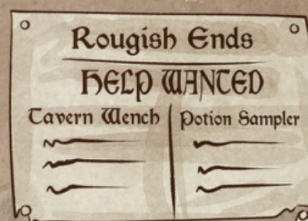
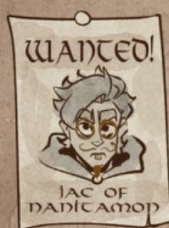


A Wench in the Works

chapter 1



an adventure by
Jessie Star
and **Jakal Ovid**



CHAPTER 1
Part 5

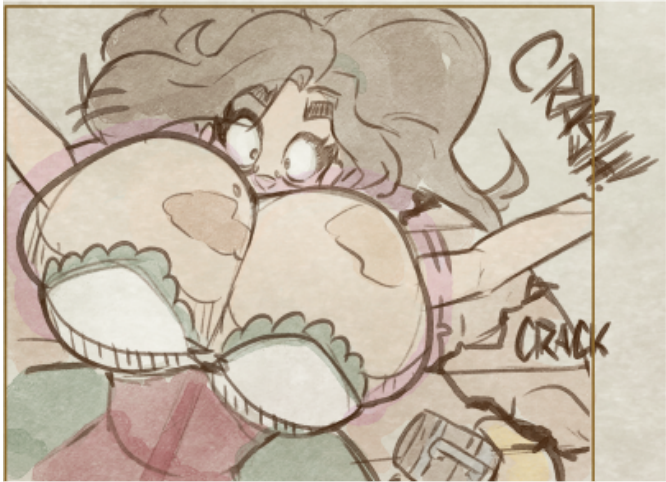
They often talk about a “Work, Life balance.” But Jac of Nanitamom would have settled for just being able to find Balance *at* work. “Dumb tits.” He grumbled. “Stupid tops” he moaned. He had gone and borrowed Jessie’s last available serving wench uniform. These cups weren’t soft stretchy material. They were firm, supportive, and way less likely to tear. The problem? They were many sizes small. By a lot. “Come on, Come Onnnn!” the brunette growled as he tried to stuff his massive bosom into the tiny titty cups, shuddering when he’s accidentally graze a big fat nipple or grip his breast flesh way too roughly.

Everything was too sensitive, everything was too big, too heavy Too... tooo..
“There! You’re in” He cheered, body heaving, red and sweaty. “B-back to work weGo.”



The rogue turned wench grabbed his next order of mugs, minced over to his customers and greeted them with a big breath, that made his pressurized corset puppies slip enough from their prison to surge out, his wobbling jugs colliding with his ale filled mugs and spilling all over his customer. “Nnnno! Not again.” The running gag was running out of space. Another cost. “Puxa-Vida I’m so sorry Ma-a *EEP!*” Another growth spurt. Jac could feel the grip of his top get deathly tight on his tits. Like a drowning man gripping on for dear life. But they weren’t getting smaller. His boobs were just getting bigger. The sensation of fat and tissue multiplying, stretching his skin tight, rising up toward his chin till all his lower vision was blocked by breasts. “That was a magic one, wasn’t it.” He whimpered, thinking about how much wasted magic drafts added to his tits... er tab.

“It’s not even the right order!” The patron squeaked as her ears rounded and she shrunk inside her own clothes. “My Friend ordered the Rattatat rum!” Reduced to a squirming lump in her top, squeaking rodent obscenities.



For Jac there was a bigger problem. Two VERY big problems. This wasn't just about the size anymore more, the throbbing, the ache of super sensitive sloshing knockers shoved into clothing tighter than a lover's embrace or enemies death grip! This was about weight. Jac had barely adjusted to walking in his uniformed heeled boots when his new breasts were reasonable. Awkward, but... not impossible. This pumpkin sized pillowy monstrosities were now over a third of his own body weight, and they were taking him down with them! "Ack sorry about

this!" he spat as he felt his mammoth mammories press into bar goers sitting in front of him. He felt they struggle, push, grab ('that better have been because you couldn't breath buddy!') and felt panicked lips muttering from deep inside of his cleavage. "Hnnnnng!" Jac grabbed the back of the bar chairs and hefted himself back on his feet. His view was now half tits. He could barely see over his own tits, covered in drinks and sweat. "OOF! Stupid heels! I'm sorry everyone one I..." He had pulled up too fast. Now he was free falling backward, arms windmilling, as he fell on the table behind him with a crack, all of his proper padding doing little to buffer the blow, and everything to give him a hell of a time standing back up. It felt like two goblins were sitting on his chest, but it wasn't. It was his own massive, ever wobbling landscape of bosom.

SLAM! "That's it!" Jac's girly voice screamed. "Shrink my tits, I don't care about my debt. These-" he motioned to the vast spheres hanging off of him, wider than his shoulders, bigger than melons, "These are making me more clumsy, and now I need tailored tops!"

The door slam had unsettled the shelves in Jess's office, but neither she nor Jac noticed the slow domino effect going on up above. "Speaking of," Jac couldn't see it but he could feel the seams of his uniform starting to fail "Your 'Super-Lift-Indestructable Top' is about to *huff* Burst apart!"

"Shame, I liked that top." Jess Smirked without turning around. "Expensive too!"

"WHATEVER! Add it to the tab! Just..." He grabbed his massive, heavy breasts and hefted them up "GET RID OF THESE THINGS!" Above, a fertility idol was hitting some books, some books were falling against a plate, and a





very bustylooking cat mummy was next in the path of momentum.

“OKAY!” Jessie finally broke giggling. “Okay, I think you’ve learned a bit of your lesson anyway.” She smirked wider as she turned around.

“Wait? Learned my lesson?” Jac’s jaw dropped. “So... So I’m paid off?!”

“What?! No!” Jess shook her head. Turning back around to her work. “Fuck no. You still owe me big time! I think you’ve just suffered enough where I can stop being cruel. Though” She stopped for a minute thinking. “You sure about the down size? Some people pay huge tits to just get a hug from a girl like yo-”

“No.. I want to be my normal size again... I mean normal for me, Girl me! WHATEVER!” Up on the Shelf, that cat mummy had been hit. The domino effect had ended with The busty little feline wobbling, and tumbling over.



“Well, it’s your Life-In-Debt.” Jess shrugged, “Just give me a second to-” The cracking of stone echoed from the shelf and the head of the stone cat mummy landed with a thud on the desk right in front of the Ginger Tavern owner. “What the Mestopheles?” Jess grabbed the stone head while at the same time orange ashes poured from the Mummy’s cracked body right onto her scalp. “Did you- ACHOO!” Jess sneezed, watching a cloud of orange dust envelope her. “Did you knock over my cat mummy?! I’m getting its ashes all over me!”

Jac looked at the door he was leaning on, then the shelves it hit, then the knocked over stuff on said shelves. “What?! No... Me? That doesn’t even make... sense? Why would a mummy be full of ashes?” He was scrambling. Her office had the MOST expensive items.

“I don’t know, Jac, I didn’t make the damn thing! Hiss” Her ears had already gone pointy and migrated to the top of her skull. Feline fur was sprouting on her shoulders and hands. “Oh crap, I didn’t even catalogue that stuff yet. I don’t know what it’s doing to mrreeow!”

As Jac watched his employer sprout fur and hiss, he let out a nervous laugh. “Heh so... Were we going to de-bustify me now, or should I come back later?” He was answered with claws.

