

Warning: Contains Huge Boobs, Attempts at Second Person Perspective, and probably typos. (No Beta, we die like men!)

*'Keys, check.
Wallet, check.
Phone, check.'*

You locked the door to your apartment, walking down the hall and into the elevator. A few floors and as many miles separated you from your place among the eagerly awaiting fans, because tonight, after a four year development and hype cycle (and a recent media blackout to avoid spoilers after that first initial trailer), you were finally only a half hour away from the midnight release of *Infinity Saga IX*.

All that remained was to get down to the store to claim your prize, and then you'd be on your way to a critically acclaimed fantasy realm so popular that it slowed Japan's economy down to a trickle every time a new installment was released.

But then...

The old building elevator's descent to the ground floor stopped almost as soon as it began, putting your heroic quest on pause. It was a little strange; there weren't a lot of night owls in the building, and this close to midnight you had figured everyone else was already in for the evening.

The old mechanical doors creaked open.

And then there were breasts.

Perhaps it was rude for that to be the first thing you noticed about her, but in all fairness you knew it'd be a lie for anyone to claim it was something else. The young woman standing in the corridor beyond the open doors had the largest breasts you had ever seen.

The globes on her chest defied description. She was beyond simply busty; they were bigger than her head, and by such an insane margin that comparisons to sporting goods and various fruit seemed comically inept.

Even without an introduction you knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that you were looking at the tenant from apartment thirty-six.



To your knowledge, no one in the building had ever officially met her. Of course, everyone knew there was a tenant in apartment thirty-six. One day the vacancy sign was taken down, the mailbox at the front of the building had gained an illegible scrawl on it that could *theoretically* have been a name (although if it was first or last was anyone's guess) and that was that. There were food deliveries a few times a month and the occasional package that attested to that corner of the continued existence of an occupant.

But that was about all anyone knew, and given the tendency for people in the building to mind their own business, that was enough to sate most curiosities. Even Mrs. Papadopoulos, the most notorious gossip in a five block radius, could only offer that Thirty-six was a 'poor girl with some sort of medical condition that barely left the house'.

'There's medical conditions and then there's...whatever this is,' you thought.

She froze in the corridor, a doe in the headlights, as if she was confused that anyone else was out at the late hour. A dainty mouth lined with dark makeup fell open in mute surprise – or perhaps she was about to speak– but closed again as she thought better of it.

She looked up at you, storm colored eyes narrowing in mute suspicion. She *had* to, because outside of the inhuman protrusions on her chest she was petite to the extreme; she couldn't possibly have been over five feet tall. Her small frame couldn't have been to immaturity; even ignoring the monuments to post-pubescence she was sporting, there was a certain sharpness to her features; insomnia ringed eyes and a weary angularity to her that confirmed her adulthood even as it ran counter to her diminutive stature.

The elevator dinged, interrupting your stand off as they began to close. Purely on reflex, you reached out to halt the closing doors. Thirty-six – for you had mentally dubbed her thus– recoiled, startled by the sudden movement. The jerky motion did amazing things to her topography; her enormous swells heaving –rising and falling–, surging like a tide. In the awkward, late night silence of the corridor the sound of her breasts slapping against her torso might as well have been an explosion for how audible it was.

It was wildly hypnotic, and if nothing else it confirmed they were real. Not that you really thought otherwise; not even a mad scientist would have crafted implants that big, and the shape of them seemed well formed and natural, just scaled up in proportion to something that surpassed human limits.

The silence spread out between you for another ten heartbeats, before Thirty-six seemed to make a decision, steeling herself.

She took a tentative step forward; wobbling more than walking. Truth be told, you thought it miraculous that she could even stand, and clearly moving with a bust that size must have been a struggle. Her gait seemed measured and cautious, as if each step was a constant battle for dominance against the weight and physics of her mammoth breasts as they tried to pull her off balance.

Her slender arms wrapped around the vast expanse of her bust, woefully unable to meet in the middle, as she struggled to contain her excessive overdevelopment; the massive boobs rebelling, trying to find their way out wherever possible as she moved. She was carrying her absurd breasts now, each an

unwieldy, overflowing armload of flesh that she could only just corral. She squeezed, hands sinking into the soft flesh and deforming the gigantic masses.

You blinked as realization dawned on you. She was compressing them! Thirty-six was so busty --so damn *huge* – that at rest the diameter of her bust more than exceeded that of the elevator. Her breasts made her so wide that had to hold them in them just to squeeze through the doors!

She took another step forward, enough pillowy goodness spilling out from her arms to be the equivalent of a dozen buxom women, and entered the elevator.

In such close quarters it was impossible to look at her without lowering your gaze. Her shirt hung off her slender shoulders, its neckline loose and only just hinting at what must have been several feet of cleavage. This made a certain amount of sense; anything capable of wrapping around the sheer volume of her chest was bound to be over-sized everywhere else, and when it came to her bust that thing was stretched to capacity. Her proportions were just *that* at war with each other.

You took an involuntary half step back. Despite being so petite, Thirty-six *loomed*. Those massive mounds had a near otherworldly presence to them, and made you feel unexpectedly claustrophobic. She had yet to relax her grip on her gargantuan bust, likely in an attempt to give you both that little extra bit of personal space, the action warping the design on her t-shirt beyond recognition.

Or...rather, *almost* beyond recognition.

You blinked again. You *knew* that symbol. It might have been distorted by the expanse of her curves and half of the text hidden under the horizon of her chest, you'd seen it in so many instances and permutations that you could've placed it anywhere– it was the logo for *Infinity Saga VI*! Unbidden your fan brain reminded you that the subtitle for that game had been '*Witch of the Pale Moon*', a phrase that was particularly ironic given the planetary orbs that lay behind that thin barrier of cloth. You hadn't realized they'd *made* graphic tees that size. It must have been a homemade knockoff, since there were more X-s on that shirt's tag than in a dictionary.

Hanging precariously from her neck, above the cavernous canyon of her colossal calcium cannons, was a Caged Soul Gem, the signature artifact from *Saga IV*. The little trinket was a bonus from the collector's edition of that particular, and one you knew all too well given that a copy of it was currently on your key chain, suddenly burning a hole in your pocket.

Clearly, you were in the presence of a kindred spirit. But, before you could act on this knowledge, Thirty-six shuffled around in place awkwardly, turning her back to you, her vast oceans rippling and wobbling.

Somehow, she looked even more impossible from the back. It was hard to tell given how the immensity of her globes eclipsed everything else, but she really was quite slender; each of blonde's massive breasts was significantly wider than her torso. The outer swells of her titanic chest protrusions could be measured in feet. Unbidden that piece of trivia about how bumblebees shouldn't have been able to fly given their wing to body ratio popped into your head; perhaps Thirty-six was ambulatory using a similar method. It was obvious that every calorie that ever entered Thirty-six's body was being redirected to feeding the greedy boulders of breast flesh growing out of her frame.

With a lurch, the elevator stopped; the residual inertia of its descent traveling up Thirty-six's body and into her overstuffed chest. Even from behind you could see her bust jiggling in a gelatinous tribute to Newton's first law of motion.

With a wince, you realized this meant you were now on the ground floor. The journey from the third floor where the inconceivably busty woman dwelt was infuriatingly brief.

You weren't sure if it was the angel or devil on your shoulder prompting him but you knew you had to say or do *something*. You were in the presence of another super fan, after all, and it was one that was attractive and so impossibly shaped. But what to say? There was just no way to let this moment slide, awkward though it was, it was still the rarest of rare encounter. And you knew once those doors opened and you went on your separate ways odds were good you would never see Thirty-six again; the young woman was a phantom that haunted the building, avoiding her neighbors for reasons that were now all too obvious.

And then it struck you. She was wearing merchandise from two of the installments in the franchise, so maybe? It was a long shot, but it was a shot nonetheless:

Infinity Saga VIII was the one with multiplayer.