

Lily's burden p.3

Max stood in the doorway, his breath hitching as he watched Lily struggle against the nightstand. Her new form was a nightmare come true, and the guilt gnawed at him with every passing second. The four massive breasts that now adorned her chest were an impossible burden, each one larger than her head, their weight pulling her forward until she could barely stand upright.

"Lily," Max croaked, stepping into the room hesitantly. "I... I didn't mean for this to happen."

Lily looked up, her eyes wide with a mixture of pain and disbelief. "You didn't mean it? How could you not have known what would happen?" Her voice trembled, each word a skirmish against the overwhelming need to collapse.

Max swallowed hard, his hands trembling as he tried to find the right words. "I just thought... I thought you'd be happy. That it would make you feel more... confident."

Lily let out a bitter laugh, the sound strained and desperate. "Confident? Look at me, Max! I can't even walk without these things dragging me down!" She gestured wildly at her chest, her nipples on the four pepper-sized breasts throbbing painfully.

Max took another step forward, his eyes darting between Lily's face and the monstrous breasts that now defined her body. "I'm so sorry, Lily. Is there anything I can do to help?"

Lily pressed her lips together, her brow furrowed in concentration as she tried to shift her weight. "Help? You want to help? Then get rid of them!" She winced as her movement jostled the heavy masses, causing a fresh wave of pain to ripple through her sensitive nipples.

Max's mind raced, trying to think of a solution. "Maybe... maybe we can find someone who knows how to reverse the wish. There has to be a way."

Lily shook her head, her long hair flicking back and forth with the motion. "And what if there isn't? What if this is it, Max? What if I'm stuck like this forever?"

Max felt a pang of helplessness, but he forced himself to stay focused. "We'll figure something out, Lily. We have to." He reached out, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, careful not to touch the breasts that seemed to pulse with their own life force.

Lily sighed, her eyes closing for a moment as she leaned into the fleeting comfort of his touch. "Just... just let me try to get to the bathroom," she whispered.

Each step was a Herculean task, her body screaming in protest as the breasts bounced and swayed with her movements. By the time she reached bathroom, sweat had broken out on her forehead, and her chest heaved with exertion.

Max bit his lip, his mind racing with possibilities. "Maybe there's a way to bind them or support them somehow. Like a special bra or something."

Lily snorted bitterly. "A bra? Have you seen how big these things are? No ordinary bra could ever contain them."

Max nodded slowly, thinking hard. "Well, maybe we can get something custom made. Or build something ourselves. Anything to help you move around easier."

Lily sighed, her fingers tracing the edge of the shower cabin. "It's not just about moving around, Max. It's everything. Even trying to cover myself is impossible. I can't wear clothes anymore."

The bathroom door clicked shut behind Lily, the sound echoing in the small, steamy space. She leaned against it for a moment, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. **Four breasts.** The weight of them pressed against her ribs, a constant reminder of how different her body had become since the transformation. She closed her eyes, willing herself to focus on the task at hand: getting clean.

"Max, I need you to leave me alone," she called out, her voice firm but laced with exhaustion. She could hear him pacing outside, his footsteps heavy and deliberate. He had been hovering all morning, offering help she didn't want—or need. "I can handle this myself."

"You sure?" came his muffled reply, tinged with concern. "I mean... they're kind of a lot to—"

"Out!" she snapped, cutting him off before he could finish the thought. Her cheeks burned, not just from frustration but embarrassment. She didn't need him pointing out the obvious. **Of course, they're a lot. They're huge.**

The sound of retreating footsteps gave her some relief. Finally, she was alone. Turning toward the shower, she reached for the faucet, twisting it until water cascaded down in a steady stream. Steam began to fill the room, clinging to the mirror and fogging up the tiles. She peeled off her clothes, letting them fall into a damp heap on the floor. Standing naked now, she couldn't help but glance at her reflection.

Her upper breasts—the **first pair**—stretched high, their weight pulling slightly downward despite their size. Beneath them, the second pair rested lower, fuller, their curves more pronounced. It wasn't just the sheer volume that made them difficult; it was the logistics. How was she supposed to wash all of them properly? The thought alone made her groan.

Stepping into the shower, she let the water soak her skin, warm and soothing. But as she reached for the soap, reality set in. **How do I even start?** She lifted one of her upper breasts with her forearm, holding it up so she could access the lower pair. The effort made her arms ache almost immediately, but she gritted her teeth and pressed on.

Lathering up her hands, she began to work the soap into the underside of her lower breasts, her fingers sliding over slick skin. Each movement required precision; she had to keep her upper breasts elevated while scrubbing, a balancing act that left her feeling clumsy and awkward. Water trickled between the curves, pooling in places she couldn't quite reach without shifting her entire body.

"Ugh," she muttered under her breath, frustration bubbling up. **This is ridiculous.** She switched tactics, crouching slightly to let gravity do some of the work. It helped, but only

marginally. Her fingers dug deeper, trying to scrub away the sweat and grime of the day. Her shoulders burned from the strain, but she refused to stop. There was no way she was going to call Max back in here for this. No way.

By the time she finished washing her lower pair, her arms were trembling. Switching her grip, she lowered them and moved on to the upper pair. These were easier to access, at least, though their size still posed a challenge. She cupped one in her hands, running her fingers over the curve, working the soap into every inch. The sensation was oddly intimate, and for a brief moment, she let herself enjoy it—the warmth of the water, the softness of her own skin. But then she caught herself and shook her head. **Focus, Lily. Just get it done.**

Rinsing off took longer than she anticipated. The water seemed to cling to her body, reluctant to let go. She twisted and turned under the spray, trying to ensure every part of her was clean. When she finally stepped out, steam rolled off her skin, leaving her damp and flushed. The real challenge, however, was yet to come.

Grabbing a towel from the rack, she began to pat herself dry, starting with her arms and legs. But when it came to her breasts, things got complicated. One towel wasn't nearly enough. She dabbed at her upper pair first, the fabric absorbing what it could, but by the time she moved to the lower pair, the towel was soaked. Frustrated, she tossed it aside and grabbed another, repeating the process. Even then, water continued to drip down her torso, pooling at her feet.

"Are you kidding me?" she muttered, glaring at the pile of damp towels now scattered across the floor. Her body felt like some kind of logistical nightmare, every step requiring more effort than it should. She reached for a third towel, determined to finish the job, when a knock at the door startled her.

"Everything okay in there?" Max's voice carried through the wood, hesitant but curious.

Lily froze, her heart skipping a beat. She clutched the towel to her chest, suddenly hyper-aware of her state of undress. "I'm fine," she called back, though her voice wavered. "Just... give me a minute."

But the truth was, she wasn't fine. Not really. And as she stood there, dripping wet and surrounded by towels, she couldn't help but wonder if she'd ever feel normal again.