

“Alright everyone, let’s start with what happened over the past week. Steve, do you want to kick us off?”

He’d repeated these words so many times before that he didn’t even have to think about them, barring whatever name he happened to need to remember for the support group he was assigned to. Three times every week with three different collections of individuals from the most varied walks of life, all brought together to huddle in that cramped office for one reason and one reason alone: their Abnormal Trigger Syndrome.

It was an ugly name for a slightly inconvenient condition that some hypers were unfortunately saddled with. Most of those blessed with the gene had perfectly predictable triggers for their growth spurts (either sexual arousal or some sort of food item) or just weren’t growers to begin with; however, every once in a while, an unlucky hyper just so happened to be cursed with the worst kind of victory in the genetic lottery, resulting in them *having* a trigger for their bodies to start swelling uncontrollably, and at times one to *stop* them from growing, but just not knowing what it was... until they randomly stumbled onto it during their everyday life and suddenly had to come to terms with their bodies being significantly larger than normal for no real apparent reason. While the proportion of those suffering from the condition was extremely low compared to the overall percentage of hyper individuals, it was still enough of a problem that an organization like his had to come into existence eventually.

The Unusual Growth Trigger Support Group, or just UGT for short for whoever didn’t want to constantly spout the whole thing in random conversation, had been set up *by* a group of hypers afflicted by the syndrome in order to help others like them get the help they needed to not just discover what their unusual triggers might be, but be taught the proper strategies and tactics required to help mitigate the effects that their uncontrollable growth might have. Given the extreme variability in what these triggers might even *be*, individual counselling still constituted most of the UGT’s focus, but group sessions were still seen as valuable to help those afflicted recognize that there were others just like them out there, and they were just as capable of keeping their life in order as anyone who didn’t have the syndrome at all. It was an important part of the therapeutic process, and given the constant need for accompaniment and follow-through, the weekly sessions for each support group often lasted for years on end before any one person decided to move on and live their life on their own.

It was then, perhaps, nothing short of appropriate that the person leading that day’s support group in office seven was not a hyper himself, nor anything of the sort; the cat was actually quite small, barely reaching five-foot-seven, leading to him looking entirely out of place amidst a crowd of hyper-sized individuals who could all very easily smother him without even realizing what they were doing. It was a constant struggle for him, given that most of his patients had a lot of trouble seeing directly in front and below them, an issue which had caused several

embarrassing incidents over the years. Getting anyone's trust was an exercise in frustration at times as well, especially with newer groups; after all, what exactly did someone like *him* know about the struggles and woes of a hyper when they looked so tiny as to need to climb up chairs just to sit down on them? What was *he* going to say that they didn't already know, *he* who hadn't spent a whole life dealing with their unique condition?

Truth be told, Charles himself had these exact same doubts when he first joined the UGT, and indeed he had serious issues managing his first support group. It was one thing to sit in a room alone with just one person in an atmosphere of utter trust; another to be the pipsqueak, the odd one out among a large group that inevitably contained at least *one* person who just *had* to start making random remarks about how their therapist was small that they should be wearing safety gear while inside the building. Charles chose not to engage with these disparaging comments, not the least of which because he once *had* to wear a hard hat while working, until this was deemed as slightly too offensive to those using their services (by which, of course, the administration really meant "We received several dozen complaints and need to cover our asses legally").

Regardless, the cat had grown into his role, gaining just enough confidence in his skills that he didn't feel like constantly second-guessing everything he did, even if he occasionally had to stop and stare at his notes post-session just to make sure he hadn't screwed things up royally. Thankfully, that only really happened once, and though the situation could've been resolved more amicably, it was, at least, *resolved*. Ever since then, Charles had taken it upon himself to provide the best possible service to everyone in the room with him, regardless of how confrontational or vitriolic they were; after all, the whole reason why he had patients to begin with was because they suffered from a condition that left them at the mercy and whim of the fates, unable to really control themselves despite their best intentions.

The main issue with ATS was that the T portion of it could quite literally be *anything* at all. There was no rhyme or reason to it, or at least none that the endless amount of studies ran on it could find. Some of those who suffered from the condition still presented with more physical- or psychological-based triggers, albeit very exotic and (fittingly) abnormal ones: they would start growing after consuming a certain amount of salt and only stop after taking exactly one ounce of honey, while others would begin swelling and producing more rapidly after thinking about a particular idea or concept, requiring them to genuinely laugh before their growth spurt ended. A few triggers, however, were downright bizarre and effectively unable to be predicted at all until they hit whoever they were hiding in: hearing the word "bees", being next to a telephone pole at around noon, driving a car and taking three left turns without a single right one, and all manner of other strange and nonsensical conditions that made those who had ATS turn into growth-based ticking time bombs. What was worse was that, unlike hypers who didn't suffer from this condition, those who did often presented with *multiple* triggers as opposed to a single,

well-defined one; this effectively turned their lives upside down the moment they were initially diagnosed, as it was impossible to tell which would *only* have their *one* unusual trigger, and which would present with two, three or, in some extreme cases, four or more.

This, above all else, was why individual and group therapy was so important, *vital* even; that everyone there might know that, no matter how outrageously out of the ordinary their trigger happened to be, it *was* possible to learn to live with it and it *was* possible to develop strategies to better handle their growth spurts whenever they did happen. Sure, sometimes it required some experimentation, but that's why the UGT's facilities provided private quarters for those who sought out their services to test out their possible trigger conditions in a safe and controlled environment; push come to shove, even the worst of all growthsplosions could be safely halted by the application of a special chemical compound developed several decades prior as part of a concerted effort to help deal with the increased number of those "afflicted" with the hyper gene. The world had gone a long way since then, mostly by the demographics shifting so much that non-hypers were very close to being in the minority, but there was always a practical reason to keep that compound around; no one wanted a country-sized blob to start rolling over everything.

... well, that was a lie, some people did want that, but everyone recognized it was important not to let it happen. Having a functional country to live in tended to trump whatever arousal one might get from being smushed underneath a state-sized tit... most of the time, at least.

Nevertheless, the session was about to start. The door was locked, the sign outside informed everyone to knock before entering, and as far as anyone in there knew, what was said in the room *stayed* in the room; it was a mark of trust between everyone present, developed over months of active work: the unspoken assumption that they could rely on one another's discretion when it came to the more *embarrassing* titbits of information that would inevitably be aired out within those walls. Steve in particular wasn't just a random choice on Charles' part; the serval had a long history with the UGT, having been part of their therapy program for the past three and a half years, and stood out as a major success story, especially given their unique trigger: sunlight.

One might be forgiven for thinking that being forced to grow whenever one was exposed to the light of the *Sun* might effectively end one's entire life outdoors, and indeed for many years the big cat had refused to leave his house, keeping most of his blinds shut and relying entirely on artificial light. The few incidents he had after the hyper gene had kicked in worked together with his well-endowed nature to leave him possessed of a package that was about as big as he himself was, no small feat given that his main body was close to eight feet tall and built so strongly that he could probably bend steel beams just with his two hands. He initially sought the UGT as a desperation measure, hoping beyond hope that they could find a way to control his growth when he had found none himself, and while initially it looked like a completely lost case, a

genius-level insight on the part of one of their prior therapists cracked the whole thing wide open and gave him his life back: a lux counter.

Contrary to what the serval himself believed, it wasn't *just* sunlight that triggered his growth spurts, but specific amounts of it during specific time periods, hence why he hadn't simply started bloating and never stopped the moment puberty hit. With some trial and error, and enough paper sheets to make up a whole tree, the team working with him as part of the UGT's pilot project figured out the threshold amount of lux-per-minute that triggered a growth spurt on the feline's body. Just like that, not only was he given a means of *quantifying* his condition, but a way to *control* it as well; with the use of a simple lux counter worn on the wrist like a watch, he could keep a close eye on how much direct sunlight he was getting, the tiny device warning him with a loud, continuous beep if he was approaching dangerous levels. What initially looked to be a major breakthrough turned out to be even better than expected with some applied ingenuity: parasols, umbrellas and covering clothing could all be used in conjunction with careful maneuvering in order to give Steve his old life back, or even better, allow him to make a brand new one! Sure, he wouldn't be going on long treks in the middle of nowhere, but at least he could walk down the street to head to the shops again, and for someone who'd been used to being cooped up inside of his house twenty-four hours a day, even something as simple as this was a radical change to his routine, one that he grabbed onto and never let go. Since then, he'd managed to get a better job (albeit one that eventually allowed him to work from home anyway) and even developed a habit of heading to his local park to enjoy some fresh air, in sharp contrast to what his life had been previously.

"Well, truth be told, last week I actually did something I never did before," Steve replied, looking incredibly proud of himself, "I went on a hike!"

A round of murmuring followed this simple statement, with all those present in the room nodding along and recognizing how much of an achievement such a tiny gesture actually was. Charles in particular was beaming, so much so that he felt like making a joke about accidentally triggering some growth himself.

"Well, why don't you tell us about it? How did you manage to stave off your growth?" the smaller feline queried.

"You see, I've been keeping track of my monitor extra closely for the past few weeks, right?" the serval carried on, leaning forward and looking around as if to urge the others around him to come in closer to listen furtively, "Because I figured that maybe if I used an extra-large parasol or something, then I could reduce the amount of light I was exposed to, right? I almost ended up triggering a few spurts, not gonna lie, but I managed to write enough stuff down that I figured that all I really needed was to wait for it to be overcast, and wouldn't you know? Last Tuesday it

was *super* cloudy, so I took the opportunity to drive out of the city, into the hills, and had some fun hiking around the woods! Didn't grow a single inch... apart from the usual, of course."

The serval's immense balls almost seemed sentient with how timely their gurgling was. As much as Steve might have learned how to control his unusual triggers, that still didn't stop him from being so productive that passive bloating was just another element of his everyday life. Nevertheless, the fact that he managed to do such a thing was-

"Remarkable!" Charles exclaimed, a wide smile on his lips, "And remember how much you were convinced this would be impossible just a few months ago, Steve?"

"I honestly didn't expect it to work," the other cat mused, his confidence giving away to a certain amount of sheepishness, "I stood next to the car for like, ten minutes just to make sure the plan worked and I didn't need to get my shots and drive off the moment I felt myself grow. It was great though, it was great! I hadn't been there since I was what, fifteen? So being able to go back and relive a few of those memories was... I dunno, it felt like I didn't have this condition, you know? Even if just temporarily."

Charles nodded along, making sure to look at everyone around him to make sure everyone was listening as well. It was paramount that his patients be able to take lessons from others who suffered from the same syndrome as them, as it was proof positive that not only was it controllable, but they could have some semblance of a perfectly "normal" life even with it constantly looming over them. It was with no end of joy that the cat noticed everyone else's face had lit up as well, prompting him to move over to the next person he had in mind: Cynthia.

Cynthia was, in many respects, the butt of a cosmic joke, a living punchline if ever there was one, and one who was all-too aware of this status herself. Being a bovine, her innate nature already conspired to give her above-average endowments compared to the population at large; coming from a long family of hypers, this was only exacerbated once the gene kicked in, and having a significant chunk of her ancestry be heavily involved in the dairy industry meant that this confluence of factors was nothing if not magnified tenfold, resulting in a young woman who, by the age of twenty-five, when she first discovered she suffered from ATS, was already... quite well-endowed. This was, in itself, an understatement: having anything beyond the halfway point of the alphabet was well-endowed, and yet Cynthia managed to make other hypers look positively tiny by comparison; even nowadays, with her triggers under control, she was still the only person who had to make use of the office's sliding wall, for even its double-wide doors weren't enough to deal with the sheer amount of boob she carried on a regular basis. In fact, were it not for her asking for help climbing onto those immense mounds just so she could participate in the group session, she could very well stand up behind them and no one would be able to see her. It was a constant struggle for her, especially considering that they were

productive that multiple pumps had to be attached to both them *and* Cynthia's udders, which, while not as impossibly colossal, were still big enough that the cow had to waddle from place to place even while completely empty.

Of all the people there, she'd been the one who Charles had a harder time adapting to. His personal predilections aside, having someone whose chest was so massive and *noisy* constantly grating on his ears and eyes made for a distraction that the poorly-experienced therapist just wasn't ready for; with time, however, he found it easier to just accept it and carry on, which turned out to be a far better solution than trying to come up with active ways to ignore it.

Cynthia's abnormal trigger was one of those whose sheer improbability was enough to let her live most of her life up until her twenty-fifth birthday without even being aware that she suffered from the condition. It was only after someone jokingly referred to a "quarter-life crisis" that the bovine's milk production began to *skyrocket*, far in excess to what it had been before, resulting in a flooding incident that only ended once the words were spoken again. All things considered, it would've been an open and shut case, considering the same factor that served to kickstart the growth reaction also made it stop... were it not for the "unfortunate" fact that most of the excess productivity that she gained never really went away.

For most hypers undergoing a growth spurt, and even those with ATS, very few of their gains were retained permanently, usually only a decimal point of what they had accrued, very rarely reaching to one or two percent. For Cynthia though, this couldn't be further from the truth; whether because of her unique genetic make-up, her family history or just some cruel twist of fate, a significant portion of the milky boost she had received upon hearing the words "quarter-life crisis", something along the lines of sixty percent, had been retained by her body, coincidentally triggering a crisis of its own as suddenly the cow had to adapt to a completely new lifestyle that even their most productive ancestors had never even dreamed of. Mobility became an immediate issue; she had been busy before, sure, but her breasts had only ever hung below the waist, not been so massive as to obscure her body completely, requiring a complete overhaul of her home for the installation of ceiling rails, not to mention the purchase of several pieces of equipment meant to lighten the load whenever she had to leave the house. The reasons for doing so would become slimmer and slimmer as the months went by, however, until finally Cynthia simply never left her family's manor; to be fair, it wasn't as if she needed to, but as her twenty-sixth birthday approached and she began feeling cooped up and going stir crazy, the cow chose to resort to the UGT's services.

To say that she was heavily distracting to everyone else present would be an understatement, but the other patients at least had the decency to try and keep it in their pants for the duration of their session together, even if "it" was pretty obvious against the denim, leather or whatever else they were wearing. Most of the work done with her revolved around helping her find activities

she could still perform outdoors while having *heavily* impaired mobility, as well as keeping on the lookout for any other trigger-phrases that might result in extra growth spurts. Thankfully, none had been found to date. Not so thankfully, Cynthia's interests were often of a more... carnal variety, the sort that weren't all that welcome in what would stereotypically be deemed "polite" society, especially given that, while she couldn't say she liked being immobilized by her own tits in practical terms, having tits big enough *to* immobilize her absolutely did check several of her boxes, and at times the cow had to be actively reminded to stop rubbing those milk factories in front of everyone, lest they trigger someone else's growth via a spike in arousal.

"So Cynthia, tell us again about what you were planning?" Charles asked of her, giving everyone else in the room a stern look to remind them to keep their libidos in check, "Something to do with your fan club?"

"Yes!" the bovine replied excitedly, "It was a bit difficult to get everyone together in one spot, schedules and all that, you know, but after I got my mods to start writing down when everyone was available, we spent a couple of hours hashing out a time where we could get most of everyone in, so now it should be ready to go!" - the fact that the word "mods" seriously confused at least a good third of everyone in the room didn't seem to register with Cynthia - "I was considering sharing my milk with them, but your doctors told me it might be a bad idea because the tests for contaminants came back inconclusive, so..."

"Yes, let's... not," Charles quickly interjected, "I'm glad that you're able to live with your condition and accept it so eagerly, Cynthia, but we really musn't expose others to what might potentially be growth-triggering substances just for the sake of idle fun. Remember: we don't want anyone's genetic code to be scrambled if we can avoid it."

"I know, I know," the cow replied, waving her hands around with the most disinterested look on her face, "besides, it's not as if I'd do it for free."

"What *do* you do for free?" one of the other patients asked in jest, not expecting to actually receive an answer.

"There's a 'your mom' joke in there somewhere, but no one here is low-class enough to say it," Cynthia instantly shot back, the biggest, widest shit-eating grin stamped on her face, "but seriously, it'd cut into my bottom line, I *do* sell it off to my parents' dairy company for reprocessing, so I can't just be handing it out like candy. Some of them would probably bottle it up and sell it on E-bay or something like that, and then I'd be in a *heap* of trouble."

“Yeah, wouldn’t want other cows to start getting pinned down like you,” Steve chuckled, attracting the ire of two other plus-sized bovines in the room before he lowered his head and averted their gaze, “s-sorry...”

“Alright, that’s enough banter,” Charles interrupted, “let’s not get carried away, we don’t want a repeat of what happened three months ago... plus the plumbing still hasn’t recovered and we really can’t afford to put it under stress again, so let’s try and avoid poking each other’s buttons for the time being. Cynthia” - the cat turned to face the cow - “Just as long as you follow doctor’s orders, I’m happy that you’re finding the time and energy to get together with your fans... in your own way. Just please: *be careful*, you never know what other trigger might be waiting to manifest.”

“Pfft, please, if it does I’ll just repeat the words and it’ll be over, what’s the big deal?” the cow scoffed, “I have it under control, there’s no need to worry about anything.”

“*Cynthia.*”

“I know, I know... sorry, I’ll try and keep it under control, no worries.”

“Thank you. And let’s all please remember that we’re not here to pass judgement on one another,” Charles decided to remind everyone for the upteenth time since that group was first assembled, “we’re here to *build* something together, not tear it down. Now, anyone have anything they’d like to share before I pick someone at random and we begin with our exercises?”

He gave the group a few seconds to consider his offer. More often than not, it took him throwing the ball at their face for anyone to pick it up; it was less a question of their intimacy being off-limits and far more the constant struggle of finding meaning in the smallest of things. To most people, something as utterly mundane as having gone to someplace new down the road or having accomplished a task that most others would deem “simple” or “easy” got caught up in the filter that society had so handily installed in their heads; getting his groups to understand how *meaningful* it was to accomplish these things given their unique condition was a constant source of frustration and work for Charles, especially during the one-on-one appointments. Still, it was worth it in the end, when someone inevitably raised their hands up in the air because all the pieces clicked in their head and they realized that something they did that seemed completely unremarkable when it happened was actually worth sharing with the rest of the group; if nothing else, it might just motivate someone else to do it too, an attitude the feline insisted on instilling with his patients.

This time, the happy volunteer was Manuel, a very... special case. Normally, individuals like him would end up not participating in group sessions due to the severity of their condition, not to



mention the potential risk of contamination, but after personalized therapy proved to be insufficient, Charles lobbied *hard* for him to be included with the rest of his patient portfolio. The reason for this exclusion was quite simple: Manuel was *big*. Not just big in the sense that Cynthia was so large that she needed to have special accommodations just to move, not big in the sense that Steve had to bring slings with him everywhere he went just to keep his junk from dragging along the ground. No, Manuel was big in the sense that they didn't actually enter the room; the outside wall had to be removed so a crane could place them inside, something that had to be done at least five or six hours ahead of schedule. Manuel was big in the sense that a good third of the room itself was taken up by their body, and the people closest to them had to stay several feet away just to stop themselves from accidentally triggering a growth spurt.

It used to be that they were a perfectly “normal” and unassuming cheetah, one who happened to enjoy flexing their species' natural predisposition for high-speed sprinting almost as much as they did putting their knowledge of obscure cinematography on full display. They never had any issues with growth during puberty, and a routine genetic scan for one of the few professional competitions they entered yielded no results that would indicate they were even a hyper at all, much less capable of suffering from ATS. Up until their twenty-third birthday, they believed themselves to be just another face in the crowd, albeit one that moved slightly faster than most... and then, on the starting line to the hundred-yard dash, the small crack signalling the start of the race triggered a reaction that wouldn't stop until several hours later.

It came out of nowhere so quickly that the attending staff were left blindsided and unable to react until it was already too late, and Manuel was left writhing on the ground, unable to move themselves from their spot as their assets expanded in every direction and their body warped into an entirely different shape; their spine bent and lengthened, their lower body twisted in odd ways before thickening considerably, and before anyone knew it, the poor thing was not only developing a second pair of legs, but a tauric undercarriage as well! Emergency measures were put in place and the whole stadium evacuated to prevent any contamination, but without any idea of how to stop the growth spurt, the few people on-site that were even remotely capable of handling an “active” hyper were left unable to do anything at all beyond call for help and hope it arrived. In the meantime, Manuel's body continued to swell and bloat, their breasts plumping up from their previously flat state, filling with so much milk that gallons of it spilled onto the race track, while their member became so engorged that it managed to run all the way from the back of their new tauric half all the way to the front; the sensations were so overwhelming that the chee nearly fainted several times during the process... nearly.

Hours passed, with the growth continuing unabated throughout, none of the attempts at stopping it yielding any kind of results. Even when the UGT sent specialized personnel in to stop the growth spurt from carrying on, there really wasn't any way for them to do so in the proper way; all they could do was inject the correct dosage of halting agents and hope that they would

do the trick. They wouldn't, and in fact only seemed to make the transformation *speed up*, a reaction that had never been logged as happening before; the amount of scrambling that ensued would forever remain as a stain in the organization's history, and the main reason for why Manuel's body was as excessively endowed as it ended up being.

With nothing else in their repertoire of tricks, the technicians assembled on-site were reduced to trying whatever they could think of, based at least tangentially on their personal experience, in the hopes that it would serve as the counter-trigger, while still occasionally attempting to inject higher and higher doses of the same chemicals which failed to do anything but worsen the situation even further. Panic had set in, especially once the cheetah's body began to *multiply* its own assets, not only forcing several more pairs of breasts to sprout beneath the original one, but multiple phalluses as well, leaving Manuel unable to really do anything other than *beg* for someone, anyone to knock them out and end it all... when they weren't actively demanding for things to get even worse. In the end, the only reason it even ended at all was complete luck: someone clapped their hands seven times in a particular rhythm, and suddenly all the groaning and creaking just... stopped. Everyone present remained frozen in place, expecting things to get worse, but instead all they got was Manuel moaning and mewling pitifully atop their over-engorged body, now possessed of a few more pairs of arms with which to pleasure himself as well.

The end result? The unassuming chee had been turned into a colossal tauric creature that, were they to stand without their tits in the way, would easily reach ten feet of height, and yet still managed to never reach the ground. With four pairs of breasts on their chest and an impressive array of *ten* more on their tauric half, all of which were big enough even while empty that the best Manuel could do was reach the floor with the very tips of their toes, they were effectively doomed to a life of immobility. Add to that the cluster of five shafts that had developed in their nethers, not to mention double that number in nuts, and they'd gone straight from "face in the crowd" to something that defied categorization. Taurification transformations were practically unheard of, even in those that suffered from ATS, and for it to be accompanied by a multiplicity episode *and* an extreme increase in size made Manuel's case something beyond unique when it came time to properly catalogue it. The PR nightmare that ensued from the botched handling of their "episode" took months to deal with, and was only ever resolved thanks to the chee's own open support for the UGT, who spared no expenses in giving them the absolute best treatment they could.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, their sheer size and... general appearance, for lack of a better word, was a constant source of stress for everyone involved, especially since they had to be housed at a UGT facility for ease of care. Even the biggest of hypers paled in comparison to what the cheetah's body had become, and with it being impossible for them to really take care of themselves, the responsibility fell onto those who failed to prevent the disaster from happening;

since then, best practices were changed and alternative tranquilizers were developed, but it didn't really change the fact that, for the past seven years of their life, the chee had basically been living under the constant threat of another growth spurt leaving them completely unable to even fit into buildings anymore, what with secondary triggers not having yet been ruled out.

Surprisingly though, Manuel themselves took the whole thing in stride, and though they were obviously left scrambling to reorganize their life after the growth incident, they had enough interests that could be pursued from atop a throne of tits that they adapted amazingly quickly to this new existence of theirs. With remote classes being a possibility, they focused entirely on finishing up their cinematography degree, in the hopes of one day directing their own feature-length production based on their own personal experience, and despite the obvious challenges that came with being so large that they couldn't even move on their own four feet, the chee faced everything that life threw at them with a smile on their face and a half dozen terrible puns at any given time.

The same could not be said for the rest of the folks in the room, because having someone whose breasts were bigger than they were sitting within squeezing range made it significantly harder to focus than it would be normally, even if Manuel themselves tried their best to make people feel as comfortable as possible. The sloshing didn't help either, nor did the thrumming and humming of the many, *many* pumps that had to be constantly hooked up to the nearly thirty milk factories the chee-taur sported, so far above what even Cynthia required that it almost felt like the feline was deliberately attempting to go overboard with it. The rhythmic pumping ensured that their body was in a constant state of motion, with shockwaves coursing through their engorged udders in ways that defied explanation, given how *calm* Manuel themselves always seemed to be; truly, a creature of extremes, if they themselves wouldn't go so far as to say that.

"To be fair, I don't know how valid this really is," they began speaking, "but I've been working my legs out and now I can actually keep them stretched out for long enough to plant my paws *fully* on the ground!"

"That's... surprisingly good news actually!" Charles replied, his brain working overtime to try and understand how that was even possible, "I thought the doctors said tha-"

"Oh, the latest scans found out that I'm actually still growing, just like, *really* slowly," Manuel explained matter-of-factly, "it's basically unnoticeable, but I figured that if I really tried my best then I could... I dunno, 'tell' my body how it should go this time, you know? And I dunno if that's what happened or maybe I just got lucky, but look!"

The taur-cheetah cracked the many knuckles on their many hands, breathed in slowly, and then exhaled... before pulling up their four legs and then pushing them back down as far as they could go, coincidentally causing the gurgling of milk to become quite a bit louder and the machines attached to their udders to pump even harder as the colossal boobtaur somehow, against all semblance of logic, managed to keep the bottom pads of their paws on the floor for a rather impressive ten or so seconds, even if they were drenched in sweat by the end of it.

“See?!” they excitedly shouted, “Told ya!”

It was indicative of the sort of atmosphere and culture the UGT cultivated that this was genuinely seen as an achievement worthy of having the whole room break out into applause, with a few of those attending even going so far as to gently pat the sides of one of the many rows of udders that Manuel was sitting upon. Immobility being conquered was no small matter, especially for a case as extreme as that, which is why Charles decided it'd be best to let his group carry on until things died off naturally; besides, the chee-taur looked perfectly happy in letting others offer congratulatory pats, so as long as no one started to bloat, then they should all be... somewhat fine.

“Anyway, I've had a long chat with the doctors,” Manuel carried on after everyone else simmered down, wiping some sweat off their brow and readjusting their legs to nestle comfortably into the many cleavages beneath them, “they've detected some residual growth still going on, but they figured that it shouldn't affect me too much. They were the ones who suggested I try working out parts of my body to see if I could direct it, so I guess I might just be able to walk on my own by the end of the year!

“That's *excellent* news, Manuel!” the therapist replied, beaming with barely-contained pride, “But surely you understand th-”

“Oh no, I ain't moving out anytime soon, are you kidding?” - everyone in the room chuckled at the idea of someone like the cheetah somehow managing to live on their own - “I'll be able to drag myself from place to place, but I'm not dumb enough to think that'd be enough. At the very least, I wanna be able to show up to the meetings without having to use a crane, it's honestly starting to chafe a bit the more I bloat, and the sounds the suspension makes don't really leave me too comfortable if I have to be honest.”

“Well, at least we have a goal set, and we all know what that means, don't we?” Charles mused, with everyone else in the room nodding along, “Now, anyone else before we move onto the exercises?”

“A-actually...”

The voice was barely audible, a tiny little squeak coming from somewhere in between two elephants that had sat down side by side; even they seemed surprised at anyone being there, with a diminutive mouse having to sheepishly ask that they give her some room so she could scoot her chair forward. Her face was unknown to most people there, and indeed it took some time before the therapist himself processed what he was seeing, the reason for which became obvious as soon as he looked at his notes and realized what he was dealing with. His eyes went wide for just a moment as he looked up to inspect this newcomer who he completely forgot to introduce, with their worried face letting him know that he just blundered into a potentially critical situation in terms of making someone uncomfortable. Just the fact that she had to remind him that she was there was bad enough, but on the other hand, could anyone really blame him? With *those* levels of compression?

It was always a chore to deal with hypers who used compression gear, not only because of the sizes involved and thus risk of serious structural damage should anything happen to the clothes or trinkets, but also due to the spatial distortions that came with it. For those of average height and build it was easy enough to work around, but when someone as small as that mouse had to use that kind of equipment, it was distressingly common for them to simply vanish into spatial folds whenever others weren't looking, creating an odd-looking optical effect that was only really truly visible if one knew where to look. That is, after a certain point; low-level compressors distorted vision, sure, but it took a truly spectacular amount of dimensional fuckery before things got so bad that a whole room of people failed to notice someone new was in there with them.

A cursory look through his notes let Charles know why this was though, even if he had a hard time believing what he was reading. The mouse's name was Clarabelle, and according to the information gathered by the UGT, she had already been seeing a private specialist for a few years before asking for their help, thanks to the rather... unique contours, for lack of a better word, of her situation. She was still a hyper, with the first symptoms having manifested during late puberty, and still suffered from ATS, which made itself known around the age of twenty-seven; she was currently thirty-two, worked from home as a software engineer, and her body measurements had to be written down in scientific notation, something that Charles didn't even know was acceptable formatting for in-house documentation. It was hard enough trying to make sure of the exponentials involved, doubly so when he looked up and saw what looked to be a perfectly unassuming, barely four-foot-tall rodent with a tail nervously wrapped around one of their chair's legs. She looked immensely out of place next to everyone else in the room, but if those notes he was given were correct, then she could outsize any of them. All of them. At once.

And everyone else while she was at it as well.

It was almost impossible to fathom, and left Charles feeling weak-kneed at the sheer thought of it, like he'd been put in a room with a live bomb, no disarming manual and a single screwdriver to fix everything before it went up in flames. If *anything* happened to that woman, they'd all be screwed, assuming they even survived the destabilization of the spatial pocket keeping her contained; no wonder he could barely focus on her, given the amount of distortion required to keep her body even remotely functional. Then again, she was there and he couldn't do anything about it, so the only way forward was, well... forward.

"Yes, of course Miss... Clarabelle," Charles hastily answered back, having forgotten to check her last name, "deepest apologies for not having introduced you to the group, I honestly don't know what came over me."

"N-No, it's alright... I'm used to it by now, actually," the mouse replied, her voice meek but her face sporting the smallest of smiles, "keeping compressors on kinda does that to you, heh..."

The mention of compressors immediately drew everyone's attention, with Manuel in particular perking up on hearing the word; they'd been courting with the idea of asking for some distortion equipment, but it was prohibitively expensive unless actively subsidized by either the UGT or any other governmental body, and those handouts were only given to *extreme* cases where one's size became a genuine impediment to life in general around them. As such, to have one of those cases there in the room with them left everyone about as happy to be there as Charles was, with a couple even surreptitiously dragging their chairs back, as if that would do anything.

"W-well, uh, Clarabelle," the therapist tried, and failed, to say without his voice trembling, "why don't you introduce yourself to the group and th-then we'll go from there?"

The mouse nodded, readjusting herself on her chair and causing everyone to reflexively flinch away from her before remembering what they were in that group to do in the first place. To her credit, the mouse didn't react to this, or was at least so used to it that she didn't let anything slip. With a small inhale, she straightened her back, gave the room one last look, then began recounting her personal story.

Her hyper gene activating hadn't been the worst of it, and indeed it barely even registered at all given the kind of sizes she would achieve later down the line. At worst, it was just a temporary inconvenience before she learned to live with her extra size, especially given that her body never really went beyond the small stature that it had nowadays; carrying around immobilizing, ground-dragging breasts and a package that, while not immediately visible, she assured everyone in the room was *quite* large made for an interesting transition into college, especially considering she had to move in alone and try to figure her life out while also dealing

with size woes. Still, she found her own unique ways of handling it, altering her daily routine and buying extra-supportive clothes, allowing her to finish her degree without much hassle and find work at a tech firm, a welcome bit of mundanity after the insanity of the years prior to it.

Things took a turn soon after she turned twenty-seven however, when one day she woke up to find that her breasts and balls had grown during the night, far in excess to what they usually did thanks to their production rates. Emptying them out didn't solve this issue, and neither did hooking herself up to milking pumps and letting them go for a couple of hours; if anything, all it accomplished was giving her enough time to notice she was *still* swelling right in front of her own eyes, leaving her in a slightly panicked state, given that she was aware of what Abnormal Trigger Syndrome was. Had she been subjected to one during her sleep, or even just before it, perhaps right as she woke up even? If so, why was her growth so slow and not as explosive as it tended to be for those who suffered from the condition? These were all questions that coursed through her mind as she tried to figure out what to do, before realizing that she'd wasted too much time and became stuck in her bathroom after her assets outsized the door.

Calling for her neighbors, what followed were several hours of trying to get help through to the increasingly cramped space that her body was occupying, and if not for the timely intervention of a doctor who lived in the building and happened to deal with extreme cases like hers, she might very well have suffocated after being pressed against the wall. Even then, she never really shrunk down; instead, emergency compressor gear was called in and hurriedly slapped onto her body, a temporary solution before better, more fitting attire could be found. Even then, she still visibly swelled a few inches every other minute or so, leading to most of the (by then sizeable number of) onlookers keeping a wide berth from the front door of her house. Hours later, when her tits were once again too big to fit through the door, a set of dimensionally distorting clothing was procured, at the doctor's expense, allowing Clarabelle to walk freely once again... for a few days at least.

As she put it, the problem was that she simply never stopped growing at all. No matter what she tried, no matter how many times she attempted to find a trigger to halt her bloating, or even the one that started it all, her body refused to settle down and keep to one set of measurements for more than an hour. She spent *days* being analyzed by the company that provided her compressors, stuck inside of a laboratory compound sleeping on an incredibly uncomfortable bed, before being given a more permanent solution in the form of custom-tailored clothes meant exclusively for her personal use. For the time being, Clarabelle was informed, she'd have to see the same doctor that helped her on a weekly basis to make sure her growth wasn't speeding up, because stopping was just not an option that was on the table at that point. The best they could do was keep it stable, *maybe* one day hope to slow it down... a day that never really came.

“It hasn’t really gotten worse,” the mouse concluded, paying no heed to the fact that many of those around her had only moved further away as she told her story, “but it hasn’t gotten better either. Having to change clothes in the morning is a bit of a chore, but I’ve gotten used to it... i-it’s just that, I felt like I needed something new to change things up, and figured that I should at least try to find someone who knew what I was going through, so...”

“Perfectly understandable,” Charles replied, in an attempt at recovering from the terrible faux pas of forgetting to introduce the mouse to begin with, “are you comfortable sharing with the rest of the group what your current measurements are, or should we leave it for a future session?”

Clarabelle’s face lit up at the mention of her size, with her mouth breaking out into what seemed to be an extremely uncharacteristic grin. The therapist would’ve expected her to be embarrassed about those numbers, or even just bashful and unwilling to discuss them, but judging from the way she was staring down at her lap and how harshly her fingers were digging into her jeans, not to mention the colour of her skin being fully visible even beneath her auburn fur, the predominant emotion in that head of hers was *arousal*, or at least as close to it as could be. Charles couldn’t blame her; while the numbers on his notes were nothing if not daunting, there was a small part of him that reacted to them with a non-insignificant amount of excitement, the same part that he had to constantly shout down in order to align his behavior with his profession’s code of conduct.

“I uh... d-don’t really know what to say there,” Clarabelle spoke back, her voice shaky and carrying a few notes that made the rest of the group gulp; they’d heard those tones before, and nothing good ever came out of them, “I t-try not to think too much about them, see, b-because...”

She bit her lip. The mouse’s body was trembling all over, a rumble audible in the distance like something massive had just plummeted onto the Earth. The room the group was in seemed to tremble as if in an earthquake, with the many chairs rattling quietly for a few seconds before it all... turned worse. If it was something their subconscious picked up in the first couple of seconds, it became hard to ignore after that, with Charles in particular dreading the possibility that the session would be interrupted by an earthquake at what was likely the *worst* possible time. Either that, or Clarabelle had just done something that would bury them all; that was always a possibility.

One that turned out to be uncomfortably close to the truth as well, given how much the spatial distortions around the tiny mouse began to warp and tear at themselves, even managing to encompass a few others sitting right next to her, all while the tiny rodent herself let loose a prolonged, throaty moan that filled everyone’s ears, triggered a couple of growth spurts that further reduced the amount of space the group had to work with, and finally put an end to that



phantom quaking. The sounds and rumbling stopped almost as quickly as they had begun, with the only thing left being Clarabelle's long, sighing exhale trembling in the air... as well as a brand new Clarabelle to go along with it.

It was hard to tell where the mouse even was, given that her body had been completely buried underneath three pairs of tits big enough to reach all the way from the ground to the ceiling, her chair reduced to a thin metal pancake after her similarly-numbered nuts smashed into it, a single cock spreading her many cleavages and bending slightly after hitting the ceiling. Remarkably, her clothes were still intact, though judging by how hard it was to focus on her, this was most likely the result of her compressor gear. The poor thing was breathing heavily, very clearly lactating so profusely that even her equipment couldn't hide it all, the churning of milk and cum slowly creeping into the back of everyone's mind during the time it took for her to find her bearings again. When she spoke, her voice was just as soft and bashful as before, though carrying with it hints that there might just be a completely different beast hidden underneath the unassuming exterior.

"I don't... I-like to think too much about it," she carried on, as if nothing had happened in between then and her last attempt, "or else the compressors start acting weird. They're a bit... u-unstable, even at the b-b-best of times, but nothing on the market can really service me, s-so..."

"Do you... do you need help?" was all that Charles could muster up to say, his mind still reeling from what he had seen, "I don't know how, but, surely there's something we can do?"

"No worries, th-this will go down on its own" - the mouse waved her hand around dismissively, with it being impossible to see except for anyone immediately behind her - "just... I-let's carry on and maybe get our minds off of things, heh..."

Easier said than done. With everyone's eyes fixated on the mountain of breastflesh that had just sprouted from the "smallest" person in the room, and a few still struggling to contain their own ATS from firing too quickly, hands on whatever served as their counter-trigger, there weren't a lot of voices to help cover the warm, sloshing noises of milk and the roiling currents of spunk inside of Clarabelle's body... which served only to remind the mouse herself of what was going on with her compressors, thus leading to a bit of an unfortunate cycle whereby the tiny rodent quietly, but sternly requested that those around her *please* come up with something for the group to talk about, lest "something bad" happen. And given how her tits were very clearly swelling right in front of everyone else, all eyes turned towards Charles, who was at least nominally supposed to know what to do in those situations.

The cat, however, was at a complete loss. Not only was this someone whose true dimensions were slightly too big to fit on a single planetary body, but someone whose growth had never really *stopped*; there could *be* no counter-trigger to use because none had ever been found, and relying on the compressor gear was the only thing they could feasibly do. Then again, having that sort of growth sprung on everyone there without any kind of warning, not even a post-it on his notes letting him know what kind of dangers he was walking into, precluded any kind of measured response to this budding crisis. In the end, it was Manuel who took the initiative to do something about it, by clearing their throat and very loudly asking:

“So what do you do for a living, Clarabelle?”

Like a charm. It almost felt like cheating with how easily that simple question seemingly turned off the sloshing and halted the growth entirely, with the mouse letting out a prolonged sigh before turning to face the chee-aur, having to strain her neck just somewhat in order to get a good look. It was clear from her expression that she was immensely grateful, and as she began to explain, in great detail, what exactly a “freelance reference artist” did, the tension in the rest of the room dissipated as the mouse’s compressor gear began to work itself back up to proper functioning. It still took a while before the distortions engulfed Clarabelle and *only* Clarabelle, and even longer before her proportions were anything close to non-hyper, but she got there; through the many questions thrown at her by the genuinely interested Manuel and a couple of interventions on the part of other members of the group, the conversation steered away from the proverbial elephant in the room for long enough that it went away.

Or was *packed* away, to be fair. Charles could only breathe a sigh of relief as disaster was narrowly averted, making a mental note to copy Manuel’s strategy the next time he met Clarabelle or anyone in a similar-enough position. Being willing to learn from one’s patients just as much as one tried to instruct them was crucial in his line of work, since a good idea was a good idea regardless of where it came from; he made sure to write it down as well, along with a small PS reminding him to complain to his boss for having dumped the mouse onto his lap without so much as a scribble on the side of the page telling him what to do in case of an explosive release. He *also* remembered to write down “*Contact doctor; ask after session*”, seeing as he had a reasonable suspicion as to who it might be, and wanted to be sure to explore every avenue going forward, especially if the mouse was meant to stick with the group for the foreseeable future.

Still, it could’ve been worse. The building could’ve been burst open from the inside as Clarabelle completely lost control over her own emotions, her compressor gear might’ve failed to contain her completely, thus resulting in damage in the order of the *incalculable*, if even anyone survived to tally up everything that was broken, but instead, all the world got was a slight rumble and a single room filled with terrified hypers who had just seen their life flashing before

their eyes before being saved at the last moment by an immobilized cheetah sitting on a bed of tits big enough to have them bump their head against the ceiling. It was such an absurd set of circumstances, not to mention so ridiculous as to be nearly farcical, that a few couldn't help it; they *had* to laugh.

It was a nervous laugh, not really possessed of a lot of genuine mirth, but a meaningful and heartfelt one regardless. It started on one end of the group and ended on the other, with even Clarabelle joining in despite not knowing the reason for it; the cackling was infectious, and soon everyone was enjoying some proper stress relief as the realization that they could've very well unleashed a boob-and-balls-based apocalypse washed away from their minds and bodies, to be memory hole'd and never thought of again. It probably wouldn't last, to be fair; topics like those *had* to be approached and discussed, not to mention would probably come up during the private appointments that Clarabelle would no doubt want to make good use of, but Charles didn't believe that was enough of a reason to deny everyone those much-needed moments of levity. *Let them* laugh; it was the least they could do after nearly getting crushed.

The rest of the session proceeded as usual, with the group engaging in a myriad of exercises designed to help them build coping strategies to better deal with their bodies and the laundry list of inconveniences produced by them, with the mouse deciding that it'd be best to simply observe and not try to push her luck any further than she had already. She nodded along with everyone else when Charles scheduled the next group meet-up, got up when everyone else did, and walked out like nothing strange had happened. Only then did the therapist allow himself to slump on his chair, undo his tie, and grab a packet of smokes from a shirt pocket with a shaky hand, followed by him fumbling with a lighter for a good minute or so.

It was going to be a long month.