

Setting up the livestream was the easy part. Getting the damned phone to stay at the right angle was when things started to go wrong.

In theory, what she was attempting to do was simple; it had been done multiple times by several other people, and while the results were definitely dramatic enough that they required the intervention of both local law enforcement, the National Guard, and occasionally military detachments, it wasn't as if they were *permanent*. Plus, it was all in good fun!

At least, that's how Siz chose to see it. Easy enough when she was already halfway there when it came to most people; eight feet of stacked bun had a tendency to stand out regardless of where she went, so the notion of being bigger still was bound to push buttons no matter who she happened to be around. That she was deliberately going out of her way to make as many people could see it at all was just icing on the cake... assuming she could get the damned camera to float around her properly.

So much money spent on an orbital and the darned thing refused to stick to a single, consistent angle; no matter what she did, the camera wobbled from side to side so much that whoever tuned in would likely develop motion sickness before a hint of arousal, and she couldn't have *that*. The whole point of the livestream was to show off to as many people as possible before it became impossible not to notice her by just looking up, and part of that... well, *most* of that was pure horny; couldn't have folks puking because the camera refused to stay put.

It took a while to figure out she had accidentally placed the batteries on the wrong way, at which point the bun had to stop herself from slamming her fist through the wall in sheer frustration; long enough that plenty of people were already stinking up the chat asking where All-Bun was and why things were taking so long to go anywhere. The mods handled most of the worst, but it was still a reminder that she was horribly behind schedule.

Clearing her throat, Siz prepared for her usual intro. Closing the front door behind her, she began her customary walk down the hallway, making sure to put as much force into each step as possible in an effort to *guarantee* screen shake; it was a favourite of her little ones, and a favourite for herself if she was to be fully honest, even if the neighbours didn't quite appreciate her stomping around so much that dust fell from every surface.

Siz gave the order for her mods to get ready, then, and only then, started the stream proper. Putting on her best smile, she greeted all of her "precious buns out there", beaming with only half-manufactured pride at the crowd already gathered behind the screen: hundreds had logged in just to see what she was planning to do, courtesy of her dropping near-constant hints in previous livestreams that "something special" was to happen that day. As usual, her thundering footsteps attracted a handful of shouts from behind closed doors, which she duly ignored; it was both part

of the act, and a genuine attempt on Siz's end to not think too much about the little one around her, given what she was actually planning to do.

Stepping out onto the sidewalk was... always an experience. Siz wasn't built like most people were; while there were hypers out there, these tended to be something of a rarity, a genetic abnormality that *sometimes* happened as opposed to a constant. In addition to that, she lived in a relatively large *town*, not a city proper, making her the one person around that had the gene manifest; thus, whenever she left her apartment block, everyone could tell who she was.

It was impossible to blend into the crowd when she stood literally head and shoulders above everyone else, and more on top of it; eight feet weren't easy to hide, nor were the many, *many* pounds of soft, wobbly flesh she carried around in her bust, rear and legs. A voluptuous body, to be sure, and one she absolutely adored, but one that made it downright impossible for Siz to go anywhere without being the centre of attention.

Which, in all fairness, was exactly how she liked it. Others might find it distasteful to try and grab the spotlight, but Siz *thrived* in it; there was a good reason why her livestreams even existed, and why she went to such lengths to make sure her size was as big of a factor in them as it was. In her mind, it made little sense to hide herself when she could instead do the exact opposite; what was the point of being that large if she couldn't show off to anyone who came looking? It'd be like having a magnificent fresco hidden away in a chunk of drywall in a basement, rather than on full display for the whole world to see.

Whether or not other people agreed was entirely inconsequential. There would always be prudes; no matter how accepting most people were of her, Siz was well aware that she'd never be able to please everyone, even if she always made sure to "cover up" before going outdoors. Not that this did much; putting a shirt over a pair of tits that covered most of her torso, or some pants on an ass that refused to *not* muffintop from them hardly did anything to "cover up"; if anything, it only made her size that much more obvious, highlighting how even custom, designer clothes could barely handle her.

And this was *exactly* how Siz liked it. To a certain extent, even if she *were* allowed to walk around fully nude or in skimpy outfits without having to worry about other people's reactions, she wouldn't; it'd be too easy, too *obvious* of a means of titillation, at least compared to what she could manage with some yoga pants and a shirt-and-sweater combo. It was all about getting people ready, priming them for what *could* happen, and then leaving them hanging on the edge for the payoff (sometimes literally, as her chat could attest).

That day, though, there was something else in Siz's mind. For far too long, there had been one aspect of herself that had gone without the attention it deserved, and the bun intended to

*address that.* She wasn't just a hyper; she was also a grower, a dangerous and volatile combination that had kept her under close watch by the relevant government agencies, just in case she decided to do something stupid like what she absolutely intended to do that day. Siz was actually forbidden from using her abilities beyond a certain range; a restricted, and carefully curated amount of growth was permissible, but anything beyond that and she risked going the same way as all those *other* people who'd done the exact same thing.

That is, assuming she didn't outgrow safety measures first. Every system in place *assumed* that the failsafes were faster than whatever grower triggered them, and while this was indeed the case for the near totality of incidents, Siz had half a mind to make herself out to be the exception... and what better place to start than in full view of everyone, right in the middle of the town park?

It was a bit of a walk, but she needed some space to say hello to all the new viewers anyway... and to let loose a little while no one was paying attention. Truth be told, her clothes were designed to be a couple of sizes larger than they strictly needed to be; it was their design and make that allowed them to fit as nicely as they did on her. If, for whatever reason, the bun found herself wanting to grow somewhat without having to change, she absolutely could do so; her choice of attire was built with certain parameters in mind, and just as long as she kept it gradual enough, Siz could absolutely keep suspicion off of herself.

Granted, this was assuming no one watching her stream called the police before she had the chance to do anything more drastic, but, given the average response times, Siz was feeling hopeful. Besides, as far as anyone knew, it was just her standard fare: walking around town, recording everything that she did, while slowly growing up and out without pedestrians around her truly noticing. It was hard at times to tell whether or not they were even paying attention to her, or to *her*, making it even better overall; more than once, Siz had gotten away with nearly breaking her imposed limits just because people were too busy staring at her figure to notice it getting bigger.

And that day would be no exception. As much as she was a common, known sight around town, there was only so much that the average person could take before their brain demanded they turn their heads and look at what was causing such a visual ruckus; in Siz's case, it was strutting and sashaying in such a manner as to accentuate her curves, leading to her bouncing all over the place as her body grew larger.

A subtle process it was *not*, but Siz had made sure to perfect it to the point where it was *almost* imperceptible; given that she remained on the move, no one individual had the opportunity to truly appreciate what was happening to her, unless they started following her down the street... not necessarily a bad thing, all things considered.

She had her fair share of fans, not all of them possessed of the best sense of shame, but being who she was, everything became an opportunity to impose her size onto the situation at hand. More than once, she'd had folks tail her while she was out on a stream, and used that as an opportunity to "interact with her little ones", usually by way of stepping as close as she could to them without actually making physical contact.

The end result was almost always the same: stuttering, stammering, and a great deal of sweating on the part of those who had, right up until that moment, fancied themselves capable of withstanding Siz's presence. Proving them wrong was part of the allure; making sure she left bigger than she came in was the other half.

Sadly, no such people that day, though at least it gave the bun enough time to make it to the park in the middle of town. It being a hot summer day, there were plenty of onlookers there to witness her shredding her clothes on the way up; not the most dignified of means of ascension, but she *had* bought that orbiting camera precisely so she could get the best possible shots of what was to be the best, biggest growth spurt yet. Nothing less would suffice.

In the meantime though, she made sure to keep people entertained and guessing what might be happening. The slow, gradual growth was a mainstay; by then, most of her regular viewers were used to seeing her chest billow out until it was well over her waistline, her bun butt fattening up until it was visible in just about every shot. It was nothing out of the ordinary, nor was Siz breaking the ten feet line like it was nothing; it wouldn't be out of the ordinary until her clothes showed the slightest sign of wear and tear.

Not that Siz had any intention of allowing that to happen. There would *be* no gradual build-up once she was started; her clothing would go from perfectly fine to being torn to shreds as soon as she could manage, and from there it was only a short trip to the concept of clothes no longer applying to her... at least not until the local police mustered their forces and threw themselves at her in a last-ditch effort to avoid a catastrophic growth spurt.

It was *fine* though, she wasn't like those other hypers. Siz had no reason to go on a rampage, even if accidentally; all she wanted was to *share*. To big herself up a little so that others could look up at the skyline and have a good time! That was the reason she had those streams at all in the first place; it wasn't for the attention, it was for the opportunity to splurge out, be herself, *live a little* and not have to worry about someone showing up with a syringe full of tranquiliser.

And if this meant going on a bit of a binge just to see what it was like, then what was the problem? Hells below, the whole place was so *boring* that having a bun like herself suddenly surge with enough size to be seen for miles was exactly what it needed; at the very least, it'd

make enough headlines to spruce the place up and cause some measure of energy to spread across it, rather than what she saw there: just a bunch of people walking around, feeding ducks and acting like strolling through grass was the be-all end-all of what a park could be used for.

But she knew better. What she had there was a great deal of empty space for her to fill; all she needed was to find a place with enough clearance that she wouldn't run into branches or brambles until she was large enough to ignore them. All the while, Siz kept a smile up for the stream; the most critical part of the performance was to keep people guessing, and seeing as she'd never gone to the park while on camera before, that was already teeming with wild speculation, some of which was entirely on the mark.

Siz, however, remained firmly silent on the subject of that day's surprise; even if the truth was being suggested, and accepted by an increasing number of her viewers, it was keeping it in the dark that made it worth waiting for. Even if everyone "knew" that she was about to go on a growth spurt, they didn't *know* that she would; the best they could do was hypothesize and hope to be correct, picking up on tells like Siz's smug smirk or the way her clothes were starting to tear at the seams.

She couldn't help it. As much as she knew she had to keep things under wraps until the big reveal, she still had urges, and her body occasionally raced ahead of her brain when it came to them; sometimes it was just impossible for her to keep herself from growing *just* a little... it being that, when she was already over ten feet tall and about two thirds as wide, "little" stopped meaning much.

It was all relative. Much like the town would be to her in just a few minutes.

Trying to hide it became less *difficult* and more just... insufferable. It was denying a fundamental aspect of who she was, much like she was used to whenever she had to go anywhere and act like she wasn't the biggest person in the room. Just the thought of what she was capable of alone was enough to get Siz to tremble, forcing her to keep herself in check until the "right moment".

But there *was* no right moment, was the real issue. There would be no point before which it wouldn't be acceptable for her to grow as much as she wanted to; that she acted differently was nothing but an artificial construct imposed by a group of bureaucrats somewhere in a stuffy room that clearly didn't understand the reality of everyday life for the people they made laws for. No, what people *truly* needed was someone like her to show up and show them what they *could* have if they just broke free of their limits... that, and there was a non-insignificant amount of horny energy inside of her that really had to be taken care of.

And, frankly, Siz was tired of pretending that this wasn't the case anymore. Every day she woke up and every day she had to pretend like she wasn't in the mood to be immense, only adding to a continuously deepening pit of resentment that she'd long-since learned to turn into latent arousal; it would all work out in the end, she kept telling herself, when she found an opportunity, an *opening*, to show the world what she was really like.

Just like that day. There was nothing special about it, which was itself the reason why it was so special: it was a reminder. Other hypers might pick dates with some sort of meaning behind them, might go out of their way to pretend like these had any significance, but not her. For Siz, *any* day was as good a day as any to become massive, and the only reason she didn't put that to practice was the fear of consequences. Not anymore though; she'd beaten that back into a dark corner of her mind, overpowering her better judgment for the sake of raw self-indulgence.

It was a wonder how her clothes were still in one piece, even if there were enough gashes in them that passers-by began to notice. Though, not for long; as soon as the bun found herself a spot in the middle of a clearing, *and* made sure no one was around to rain on her parade, the change could truly take place. There'd be plenty of onlookers afterwards, but there was an unfortunate period in between her starting and actually *getting* to a big enough size where she still had something resembling a capacity for regret; while unlikely, there was a non-zero chance that someone telling her to stop might actually succeed, and Siz couldn't afford that.

No, she had to make sure that her growth spurt began unimpeded, so that it may gather enough strength and momentum to carry her through until nothing could possibly get in the way. And for that, nothing was better than to draw on her crowd of watchers; they might be on the other side of two distinct screens, some potentially thousands of miles away, but that hardly mattered when next to the single most important thing they could provide: *devotion*.

Siz would go so far as to say outright worship, even if she wouldn't outright actually *say* it out loud in front of other people. But she knew better; plenty of those who tuned in to look at her grow in public did so not because they were avid fans, but very much because they'd exalt her name and praise the ground she walked on if given half the chance... and, most of the time, Siz had to actively remind herself that she wasn't supposed to like that, that it was supposed to feel creepy and weird, and not at all well-deserved given her status as a giantess in the making.

Alas, there was only so far she could go with this self-deception, and given the state of affairs in her head, this "far" was definitely within eyesight, even without further growth. She could definitely try and hold back the tide of those wanting to start heaping praise upon her in a gratuitous manner, but after a while, when she stopped being able to vocalise anything but her desire to grow, even her mods couldn't keep chat halfway decent. Were an admin to pop in and look at what was taking place... well, they'd likely be smitten by the sight of a bun growing so

much that even an orbital camera had a hard time keep tracking, far too busy ogling Siz to care about the terms of service being broken so flagrantly.

For that is all she did: grow. There was nothing more she *could* do, given the circumstances: after such a long time denying herself and what she truly was, Siz had nothing left in her but the desire to burgeon outwards and make sure the world knew what they had been denying. Years of self-control, bottled up to be used as fuel, kept suppressed only to be unleashed at the best possible moment; Siz went from just big enough that her clothes were beginning to grow tight on her, to so magnificent that nothing remained but tatters clinging onto her soft fur, all in just a couple of seconds.

A moan accompanied her throughout the (admittedly short) process, growing bassier and developing a slight reverb the bigger Siz became. It was proportional as well; while the bun occasionally experimented with increasing the size of her assets alone, that day she was feeling like making sure her *whole* form became immense. And for that, all she needed was to let loose some of that pent-up energy she'd been pretending hadn't been there for all that time; as a result, her shirt went from merely having gashes in it, to having large holes criss-crossed by a handful of fibres, to being torn apart until naught remained of it but bits and pieces ready to be plucked off and thrown to the wind, her pants going much the same way.

And with that, a newfound sense of freedom, especially when her bust was released from the dread confines of her bra and allowed to swing freely in front of her, slapping heavily enough against her torso that everyone in the park heard it... that, and the couple of steps back that Siz took, shaking the ground to such a degree that those closest to her wondered whether there was an earthquake coming their way!

All of this in the span of just a few moments, barely more than two seconds: a first spurt, just a taste of what was to come, a proof of concept for the giantess that Siz knew she could become. In between a few blinks of an eye, she'd gone from merely big enough to dominate any room she was in, to competing with the trees for height, rising just above the canopies with a wide, toothy smile stamped on her face. It was a good start, she figured, to what would become the greatest growthsplosion the world had ever seen, and by then, she wasn't even thinking about the livestream anymore.

It was only ever an excuse. It was there to give her a reason to go outside, there to serve as a facilitator so her brain couldn't come up with excuses for why she shouldn't *growing*. Now bereft of any defences, the bun could absolutely throw her all into it, no longer having to worry about herself getting in the way; now fully dedicated to the notion of *becoming bigger*, the self-styled All-Bun could focus on just making herself larger, and larger, until, at long last, she achieved her first size goal: having her head poke out from over the treeline for all to see.

It was still just a start, but a good one; at least this way she got to look down and observe as all the little ones scurried about trying to make sense of what they were looking up at: a colossal, gigantic bun, smiling down at them with the most genuine expression of love and care she could muster while under constant assault by her libido. It did lead to an impressively wide grin, as well as a decent amount of drooling, but Siz figured the message was being pushed through properly.

Of course, she did have both hands busy milking herself while her legs rubbed against one another badly enough that it was better than anything she'd shoved in between them, so maybe she wasn't exactly thinking straight. Just staying upright at all was enough of a challenge that the poor bun could barely do so without trembling all over; strength was sapped from her with every moment that passed, the combined assault of her horny thoughts surfacing, along with the sensory overload from every inch of her new and improved form, being too much for her to handle.

But this was good, it meant things were working the way they were supposed to; it was *meant* to be horny, it was *meant* to be so overwhelming that she could barely think straight, because *then* Siz could turn that around and use it as further fuel for the fire. She didn't have to *think* about growing bigger, or how she'd do so, or when, or any other ridiculously unnecessary detail; she had her arousal there, and if she just dunked herself fully into it, giving up control to her subconscious processes, then the result was *bound* to be good.

Or, at least, that was her justification for officially letting go of anything resembling a sense of self-control. It was little more than a rationalisation meant to give her the flimsiest excuse to go wild, but now that her initial transformation phase was over, that was all she needed: an excuse, and nothing more. From there, after her first growth spurt, the one that came immediately after would put everything she'd before to shame; no longer constrained by how things were "meant" to work, there was nothing stopping Siz from just going full tilt, hence why her tits promptly smashed through most of the park in the seconds that followed.

The rest of her went along for the ride as well, but it was mostly her bust. It was mostly her falling forwards as the weight of it pulled her to the ground, just as both tits surged out with mass and milk in equal measure, flattening more and more of the greenery as she went through *yards* rather than cup sizes; measuring Siz in anything other than distance measurements would be a fool's errand, especially when her bust reached the half mile mark and just kept going, the rest of her struggling to keep up.

But by then, it was a given that it wouldn't ever stop until the bun hit a wall. Her bust expanding was the signal for the floodgates to be opened, with the destruction it caused only



adding to her mindless enjoyment of it; she knew people were safe, they'd be getting stuck to her fur in a small, personal heaven of theirs, so why worry? Why not, instead, focus on the fact that her tits were barrelling through a large chunk of her hometown, growing ever higher in front of her while the rest of her body tried its best not to become a percentage point of her total mass?

She didn't even have a moment of reprieve once that spurt ended; rather than her breasts crawling to a stop and Siz being granted a few seconds to breathe, the warmth she felt within her bust immediately shot through her entire body and slammed directly into her rump, seemingly from within! Kickstarting a brand new growth spurt, all Siz could do was throw her head back and *scream* for more, her eyes unfocused, her muscles limp, her ass beginning to grow in just as exaggerated a manner as her breasts had!

It was bouncing inside of her, that was what it was doing. She could feel it: the surging, the expansion, the growth, the swelling, the *more* of it, running from one end to another; thickening her thighs, fattening her rump, making her breasts grow ever larger, again and again in a cycle that would never end, causing her whole body to take up more and more space in often-uneven spurts...

... which wasn't enough. No, she hadn't gone to those lengths to then be *lost* in her growth. She was *Siz*; *she* was the one who made the decisions there, the one who called the shots and said how she grew and when! The end result might very well be the same, but she hadn't called herself the All-Bun for nothing, nor would she lose her grip on reality at the very last moment; *she* was the one in control there, and if she had to wrest it from *herself*, then she would!

Getting up was the hardest part. In between her lower body having become dangerously oversized and her breasts becoming so heavy that they began compressing the topsoil into something resembling hardened stone, forcing herself onto a standing position was... difficult. But she *could* do it, and she *would*; otherwise, how could she claim to be the mistress of her own destiny?

It might've taken long enough that the number of people watching her stream rose to a number too high for Siz to believe it was real, but she got there; sure, by the time she did, one of her cheeks had become large enough to flatten an entire city block and still have some room to spare, to say nothing of the rivers of milk erupting from breasts so immense they cast a shadow on the whole town, but *she got there*. She stood, towering above the buildings that yet remained around her, and though few could look upon her face, those that were so privileged saw... something dangerous.

There was glee, of course, a degree of joy that *should* be there, given the excess pleasure being filtered up her spine. But amidst the expected, there was something else entirely on her

expression, something that chilled those who saw it down to their marrows; the bun, this gargantuan, statuesque giantess that could traverse half the town in just one step, this immense, towering titanness whose head broke through the lower clouds and whose form slorshed loudly enough to be slightly painful... wasn't satisfied. Not with that look on her face; judging from the way she licked her lips, the way she gazed down her curves, Siz was nothing if not deeply, thoroughly unsatisfied.

After all, growing to that size was a good start.

But it was *just* a start.