

The lights blared in the contestant's eyes as a cascade of confetti fell onto the stage, accompanied by the same jingle that everyone there had heard a thousand times before. As the curtains were pulled apart and the audience was given the order to start clapping, the presenter, still carrying their much-too-wide smile, walked out in front, the camera focusing on them with a variety of wide, panoramic shots. The handsome man remained in their spot, waving at the crowd as if he cared about what they were clamouring for, his teeth practically glinting under the studio lights. It was a well-rehearsed spectacle, and one the lynx was clearly *not* tired of, given his grin was nothing if not entirely genuine.

“Hello everyone, and welcome to another episode of Gains’A’Plenty, where our contestants bet big to win big to be big!”

The last word was drawn out, almost comically so, delivered along with a series of loud musical stings, courtesy of the band playing on one of the sides of the polished wood stage. There were the usual introductions, the back-and-forth quipping that often bordered on the downright scandalous, the sort of thing that happened when one's show was based around... well, what that show was about.

Those in the audience looking at the contestants would see not the usual gallery of hopefuls whose aspirations ranged from the mundane to the downright monotonous, perhaps desiring a vacation in an exotic location, or a cheap set of appliances for their home. They were not the normal motley crew of randoms and averages that populated the gameshow ecosystem to the point of choking out all competition, for Gains’A’Plenty, despite its absolutely terrible name, had found for itself a niche that no other program had managed to dislodge it from: growth television.

It was ingenious, really: get a bunch of size fiends together, put them all in one show, and promise them growth dependent on well they did on answering a variety of trivia questions and completing a series of inane physical challenges designed mostly for the viewer's entertainment than any self-edification. Make sure to bring in repeat contestants so that their existent gains would get in the way, and it was *guaranteed* viewership, especially for those who tuned in to watch everything except the actual *game* component of the show.

Even better was how the programming had been split into different sections, with each one having a very specific focus on one particular body part: you had your breast episodes, your cock and balls ones, the Global Growth specials, and even the occasional “Spin The Wheel” charity drives were the winner more often than not left the program practically unrecognisable from what they had been previously. With plenty of advance warning, it was just a case of the viewership tuning in to whatever they were most interested in, providing a steady supply of eyes glued to the screen, and a steady stream of ad revenue, all for the low low price of consistently

poor critical reviews on the part of people who couldn't understand why anyone would watch such "degenerate programming", as it was often called.

For one vixen in particular, however, the show was far more than just a means for getting bigger. It was a dream come true, a way for her to become everything she was *meant* to be, all without the hassle of paying for genetic therapy or growth boosters out of her own pocket. No one quite knew how the show itself provided for its main prize; those who came onto it had to sign so many NDAs one would be forgiven for thinking they just weren't allowed to ever speak again. Samantha, on the other hand, didn't even bother reading those; she knew she wasn't allowed to talk about it, so she didn't, and everything else was secondary to her main goal: tits.

For years she'd been flat, and that was wrong. Not unfair, just plain wrong; she knew she was meant to have a proper rack, and she didn't, so that had to be rectified. Unfortunately for her, treatments weren't exactly *cheap*, so unless she wanted to save up for years just to dump it all into breast enhancement genemodding, her options were either trying to find something through less than reputable means... or going on the show. She'd been a fan of Gains'A'Plenty for years before she finally received a letter telling her she was chosen to be a new contestant, and after she was done bouncing around the house, immediately began drawing plans.

The show's premise was quite simple once one got through the obvious: any contestant who won in any given episode format would be kept for the next one as the "reigning champion" of sorts, with the new batch being given the task of taking their spot. Thus, anyone who succeeded in holding their position for long enough was *guaranteed* to be given an absurd amount of size for their chosen asset (or assets, in Sam's case), just as long as they could keep winning episode after episode; given the sort of entertainment this was, no one at home was going to complain about one person taking it all every single time either, with the longest streak having lasted an almost impossible *six months* before the otter in question grew too large and unwieldy to even move at all, forcing them to forfeit midway through an episode.

For the vixen, however, the concept of giving up was not in her repertoire. She had *decided* she was going to grow as much as possible, and as the curtains parted to reveal herself in the central stand, surrounded by four, *much* smaller people in two groups on each side, she couldn't but help but grin widely enough for her fangs to glint under the studio lights. She *had* been flat, but two months of consecutive (landslide) victories had left her anything *but*; the show had to provide for special supportive bras just so she could move around at all, and there were talks of moving her up to compressors now that her tits had reached her waistline and threatened to move past it.

Not that Samantha would ever accept such a thing. To her, *hiding* her new rack would be downright criminal! The only circumstance in which she'd even *remotely* accept this would be as

a temporary alteration during one of the show's physical challenges, and even then this was purely so she could actually compete, allowing her to get *even bigger*. Everything had to be done in service to, and in pursuit of, a larger pair of breasts, nothing more, nothing less.

Perhaps the best aspect of it was that, the bigger she became, the more others seemed to want to make her grow. There was ample jealousy for her *spot*, sure, plenty of want and need for her *position* as the champion for that section of the program, but no one had anything other than words of encouragement for her as a *person*; even her main competitors were happy to tell her that, even though they were absolutely gunning for a victory, there'd be no hard feelings if she took home the prize again, since, as *far* too many people pointed out, "any win for you is a win for the rest of us."

Sam wondered whether this was deliberate, and the whole show had turned into one long and convoluted attempt at getting her to be as big as she could possibly be... or, perhaps, she had simply forgotten what one of the unofficial mottos for the show itself was. Whatever the case may be, as soon as the announcer was done explaining the rules of the game for what had to be millionth time, he turned around to face the contestants for the night, introducing all of them bar the vixen herself; she was meant for last, that she may be asked to step out from behind her small podium and show herself off to the crowd... well, mostly her tits, but still.

Once back behind the stand, the show itself could commence. Samantha was lucky enough to have a good head for completely random trivia, and even if she couldn't get every answer correct, she didn't need to; all she had to do was stay ahead of everyone else and she'd take home the prize. More to the point, winning each individual game awarded her with a hefty bonus, paid out not just in points, but in size as well; some might say it made it unfair for the rest of the competitors that things snowballed that hard so quickly, but most of everyone agreed: it was just good television. Watching someone bloat outwards after getting a bunch of random history questions right was the highlight of their evening, and as Samantha slammed her hand down on the button time and time again, she saw her next top-up coming.

She *really* should've stopped several episodes prior, but there was no way she was going to give up her dream now. Her life had taken several turns already, to the point where she'd had to leave her previous job thanks to her tits getting in the way and no one having uniforms that fit her size. Then again, she wasn't averse to putting her newest assets to good use; plenty of people out in the world who were happy to pay to have a vixen such as herself in their catalogue, and while the thought of taking pictures for money was initially difficult to square with most of her life 'till then, as soon as the first deposit landed in her bank account, most doubts were scrubbed clean from Samantha's mind.

Really, her life had never been better... apart from what she correctly deduced was something akin to a developing addiction for growth. She tried not to think too much about it, but the simple truth was that she *couldn't* stop, no matter how often she told herself that she could. Waking up every morning to look at herself in the mirror, to measure if there had been any growth at all despite that being impossible, had become something of a routine; her fix was each and every pump of mass received from the show's esoteric methods, her high the sense of weight on her back. She needed it about as much as she needed air or water... and no one was going to stand in her way.

She tried not to let it surface too much, but it was hard not to glare at whoever managed to slam down on the button before she did, or to scowl whenever she got an answer wrong and someone else had it right. Her score was always ahead, that much was out of the question, but it could be *more*; she didn't get a flat reward for just being the stage leader, she was made bigger the more points she had, and any question stolen, every question flubbed, was one less ounce of breastflesh, one less inch for her bust.

In the end though, it was all her. In the end, the audience applauded, the contests by her side offered their half-insincere congratulations, the announcer turned towards the crew in the backstage, and the podium Sam was on descended into the floor, leaving only her, standing in front of the cameras, in full view of everyone watching there and at home, as a screen was lowered over her head with the total tally of her score. Like an odometer, it was reduced to zero, and as it was, her breasts *swelled*.

It was the serotonin hit she needed. Looking down and seeing her milkers *grow*, even if they weren't technically full of anything; looking down and watching as her cleavage became deeper, became longer, as the weight tugging at her spine went up and up until such a point as she shouldn't be able to deal with it... but she did, because of course she did. Why shouldn't she? Those were *her* tits, and she was going to carry them around until she literally couldn't anymore.

And it wouldn't be the weight either, but *size*. That much Samantha had decided upon: the only point when she'd stop was whenever she literally *had* to stop on account of her udders having become too large to move at all. She might be a size addict, but she wasn't an idiot, she knew that she had a limited amount of muscle power, and that, at some point in the future, there'd be so much of her slung out in front of her chest that, no matter how hard she tried, she'd be incapable of moving it. But it was there that she wanted to be, there she wanted to reach: she wanted to become a wall of boob, a vixen strapped to a pair of tits rather than the other way around. And as the points drained into her bust, leaving her feeling like she'd just climaxed on the spot... it was time for the next challenge.

Everything was a blur by then. The first handful of episodes had been spent with a keen sense of awareness, where everything Samantha did was carefully calculated to maximise the odds of success. Beyond that though, she was content with letting things carry themselves; as it turned out, she was decently competent at the challenges the show put up for its contestants, be it trying to fit into increasingly odd shapes by contorting her body, running through obstacle courses while blindfolded, or occasionally snapping watermelons in half without using her hands. It all fell into an indistinct slurry of motion, of noise, of the cheering of the crowd, that only ended when she snapped back to reality and found herself covered in synthetic slime gunk with one hand in the air and the announcer going off in her ear about how she'd won the next round.

And once again, the counter above her head, and once more, the sense of fullness as the silence in the studio was replaced by the low, rumbling creaking of a bust made to swell beyond its natural maximum size, by the moans of a vixen who wanted *more* and couldn't abide by anything else, by the cheering of a crowd who erupted into hoots and hollers after it was given what it wanted: growth, and so much of it that Samantha began wondering how that otter lasted for six months.

Granted, they hadn't been scoring as many points as she had, but... it wasn't about that. It was about growing. It was about becoming bigger for as long as the show allowed her, and she wasn't going to let something like feeling her tits on her knees stop her. If anything, them being that large just meant she had to put in more effort in the next round of physical challenges, *after* she was done scoring a great deal more size for herself in the second trivia round. Really, after a while, it stopped being about any one individual question, or any one specific motion, and became the simple exercise of *growing*; everything led to it, so everything *was* it as far as the vixen was concerned.

Thirty minutes. That's how long the show lasted, though obviously the recordings took significantly longer. A few hours were spent in between making sure that the lighting was just right, the camera angles were correctly set up, all the contestants were following instructions, and all manner of things that, quite frankly, Samantha lacked the mental willpower to focus on. She just wanted bigger tits, that was all; if anyone asked her if she wanted anything, she'd just tell them to get on with the game. If anyone requested she do something, she would, just as long as it was a staff member: the sooner the recording got going, the sooner she could go back to growing.

One by one, the rounds were filmed and enough reel recorded to make sure to give the people at home what they wanted. One by one, challenges were complete, Samantha staying ahead of the curve even when her body was slowed down by the weight of a pair of breasts that didn't belong on it. The announcer even suggested that she take a compressor bra, but the vixen wasn't listening; she was too busy sinking her hands into her bust, marvelling at how immense it was,

hoping maybe that, if she were to rub it for long enough, it'd become milky as well. Maybe someday someone would come up with a show for that; she'd be the first one on the list, she just knew it.

For the time being though, she had this little kingdom. It was her own, and no one could take it from her; even when she had to have two members of staff rush to grab her once she tipped over from the weight of her own bust, Samantha didn't want to stop; she refused to, so much so that she very nearly wrestled her way out of the hold and back onto the stand to keep answering trivia questions before remembering the next round was a physical challenge one. She didn't care; they were points for her to gain and turn into more mass, that's what mattered.

So she sat in the corner, one hand holding a fan pointed at her head, the other practically squeezing a water bottle into two from grip strength alone. Most of the liquid would end up poured over her enormous rack, along with three other bottles before Samantha was satisfied. Only a few droplets would grace her tongue and throat, but that was all part of the plan: she was parched, but she would be sated by more growth. That was her motivation, and the dryness in her mouth was the reminder she needed to know that, if she did well, she'd get her prize by the end.

And then she'd be there next week to get it again. And again. And even more, until maybe, someday, she'd be satisfied.

Or not.