

The reasons why the game was built with such a realistic physics engine became increasingly clearer as the mods were loaded and the character on-screen was modified in real-time, something that he didn't expect would happen, but wasn't about to complain that it did. To say that the cat was surprised at how well his vision was translated into a model that he had done very little to would be an understatement; sure, he spent quite a bit of time perusing through some rather obscure (and frankly scandalous) forums to get the mods that he was looking for, but never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that it would ever turn out so well! Admittedly, he had to cringe at himself ever so slightly for deliberately creating a character that existed purely to cater to his own personal interests; the stereotype of the lonely male in a basement making a stunningly gorgeous woman to ogle at was very much real in his case, and though he recognized it as a slight character flaw on his side, he couldn't really help himself. Besides, the mods themselves were all client-side, so as far as anyone knew, his avatar was still decked from head to toe in plate and mail, rather than the skimpy nothing-armour that Paul was looking at from behind his screen. Oddly enough, there were a couple of mods that were designed to add "size-specific" buffs, which he was certain shouldn't be possible without some major hacking of the game's code itself, something he was convinced wouldn't happen with any mod that was actually allowed to run... or perhaps, the ones who made it were just *that* good that they could tell the game what to do just by snapping their fingers; honestly, the cat didn't particularly care, because the whole goal was just to give his character some extra curves to help (quite literally) pad out the increasingly heavy downtimes now that he'd reached the endgame. With most of his playtime spent grinding through dailies and trying to get his crafting skills up to speed, monotony had begun to set in, hence why he was even using the mods to begin with; he'd promised himself that he would never fall into that trap some time before, but with some urging on the part of his friends, and a few choice images he happened to stumble across (and certainly not search for them himself), he was handily convinced that maybe he *should* spend some time searching through the most popular mod lists for what he might find interesting... and then download a good few dozen of them, all so he could live out fantasies that real life, sadly enough, didn't allow for. It'd be disingenuous to claim that he got right back into playing after loading the whole list, rather than spend a good thirty minutes in the character selection screen admiring his craft, even if most of it was made by other people and he just put the puzzle pieces in place; in a certain way, it was so unbelievable that he almost didn't feel arousal as much as he did raw admiration, considering that, just a few years prior, freedom of that sort would be unthinkable. You would make a character, pick between a handful of slightly different 3D models, mess around with a few preset choices that were barely even consequential given that most of the time they wouldn't even be seen, and then off you went; nowadays though, now the cat got to watch as he transformed what was already a graphical masterpiece into something that he had to work exceedingly hard to convince himself wasn't resonating at a far deeper level than just the sexual one, thoughts he decided not to touch upon as he finally logged into his chosen world and set about doing something useful with his downtime. As per usual, muscle memory kicked in, and the first thing he did was queue up for a random dungeon, almost instantly landing

himself a spot thanks to choosing the frankly thankless job of tanking; it'd be an interesting experience, given the prevalence of extremely wide and overly dramatic motions that in no way resembled actual swordsmanship, not to mention the fact that his character appeared perfectly normally to everyone else around it, making for some potentially odd interactions where the feline would be incredibly distracted by something literally no one else could see. At first glance, it seemed that things would be even harder than he expected, because he just so happened to give his avatar enough of a bust for it to be seen even from behind, providing a distractingly large target for his eyes to look towards when they were supposed to be looking upwards at the rest of the screen; more than once, the entire group nearly wiped because Paul was too busy staring at how bouncy his new character model was, how curvaceous the skimpy armor design was, or fighting off the increasingly intrusive thoughts on how much he wanted that to be him. Not exactly the sort of thing he was used to thinking about, hence making it incredibly hard for him to ignore as he lacked the strategies to do so, adding yet another element into the distracting mix, which made the fight against the final boss *significantly* harder than it really had any right to be; for what was supposed to be a perfectly regular tank-and-spank approach, the group was on the verge of collapsing throughout the entire engagement, either because the feline in charge of attraction attention was too busy looking at a pair of bouncing breasts or clapping cheeks, or because his blush was growing increasingly more powerful as he wondered what it would be like if a few couple of narrative tropes suddenly came true. Perhaps, he thought to himself, it would be interesting if there was a *change* when the boss was defeated, that the game's overload of mods would somehow end up "synching" with his real self, transforming it into an ever more accurate facsimile of his avatar; idle fantasy, to be certain, because it wouldn't be *him* having his body shift in marvelous new ways, but his *character* instead. As Paul wound down from the fight, having to keep his hands off of himself, he couldn't help but notice that his character model, already quite stacked from the changes wrought upon it, had begun to *grow*... just not upwards. Their bust began to swell outwards, covering more and more of their chest, while their thighs widened, their legs thickened and their hips flared out even more, leaving them both positively bottom-heavy and *amazingly* stacked up top; that the rest of the group was entirely unaware of this didn't escape the cat's attention, especially since his fellow dungeon divers were quite busy complaining about the (admittedly sub-par) tanking quality put on display, with one even threatening to file a report, of all things. To them, they were looking at an amazon decked in some of the best gear that grinding could get them, a mini-giantess really, who utterly dominated their much smaller companions; they couldn't possibly know that what this character's player was seeing was something so different, so vastly out of the same category, that whatever words they had for them would be completely wasted. How could Paul even begin to care, even *think* to pay attention, when his virtual avatar had suddenly developed a pair of tits big enough to cover most of their torso, and an ass so wide it would have trouble going through doors? It came as both a shock and surprise that such a thing was even possible, up until he remembered the couple of mods that claimed they would introduce size-based buffs; indeed, ignoring the many angry messages levied at him from across the chat box, Paul noticed a small row of icons on the top of

the screen that he had never seen before, all of them being some sort of cartoonish, stylized busts or butts. Mousing over them revealed that they were given some incredibly inventive, if painfully punny names, with the effects they had on his character highlighted in bolded, bright white lettering: one flat-out just told him what the size boost was, percentage-wise, another let him know of a speed reduction, yet another of a boost to HP and mana reserves, which fit... surprisingly well, all things considered, at least if milk was going to be involved (and it probably was; there was most likely a mod for that somewhere on the list). What struck him as mostly odd was just how unannounced it was; there were no bells nor whistles, no big flashes of light, not even an announcement splashed on the screen, just growth, happening right there in front of him absent any warning whatsoever. One moment his character was fine, albeit significantly more enhanced than before, and the next they were growing into a much less combat-capable form; it took Paul for such a spin that, by time his left hand found its way between his legs, he didn't question why he found the space to be mostly empty, nor why it had an entirely different apparatus from before. Rather, the one thing in his mind was how *needy* he was, and just how much he needed to take care of that urge before he ended up doing something stupid like soliciting a fellow player for some private-time roleplay; he became so engrossed in what he was doing that he never stopped to think about why he didn't have a cock where it was supposed to be anymore, or how he fell so naturally into a rhythm of working a slit that hadn't been there just moments prior. It felt natural, just like bringing a hand to his chest and cupping a breast that had literally just grown, or like readjusting his seat because his fat ass got stuck in the sides of his chair again; it was something he knew he did, something he knew he was used to, and so no second thoughts were given to how much his form was being changed in real time, nor how *heavy* it all felt after just a few seconds. His seat and its armrests groaned heavily when his hips and legs pushed out against it and his rear reached a big enough state that it rapidly approached the weight limit on the pneumatics underneath him; his chest grew so compressed underneath the mounting heft of his brand new pair of breasts that breathing became distinctly harder, as if he was trying to push a bag of rocks off of him every second or so... and yet he kept going, hands at the ready, pleasuring as much of himself as he could without any care nor concern for the consequences, even as his body blossomed into something that very much resembled his virtual avatar; in fact, by the time the cat reached climaxed, splashing the inside of his newly-thickened legs with femcum for the very first time, he might as well *be* his character, albeit with a far more feline bent to it. Looking down, part of him realized that something was wrong, as it did when he got up to clean himself in the bathroom; couldn't really play the game with their fingers being all sticky, now could they? Hot, perhaps, but entirely unhygienic and ultimately damaging of the equipment, and as much as the sight of a pair of torso-obscuring breasts activated parts of Paul's brain that hadn't seen use in forever, the last thing they wanted was to put their keyboard out of commission. The chair, however, was quickly heading down that direction, especially once the cat threw themselves onto it like they usually did, not realizing they were a lot heavier than before; mercifully, the suspension system held out, even if just barely... and, given the sort of plans in the feline's mind, very much temporarily. After all, the changes took place after a

dungeon's final boss was defeated, which as far as Paul cared, meant that the obvious thing to do now would be to queue up for yet another run and see what happened at the end. Oddly enough, though they had ample trouble remaining focused beforehand, the feline found that they were blessed with a renewed sense of purpose, even if they couldn't quite figure out why that was; clearly, they were horny enough to try and make their character grow again, and the sheer amount of ridiculously exaggerated bounce was enough to make *anyone* squirm on their seat, so by all means, they should've been entirely unable to even get the simplest of combos right. Yet, be by sheer happenstance or because they had an actual goal in mind, the cat found themselves blazing through the dungeon without so much as a single hitch, at one point even receiving open praise from the healer for managing to avoid taking damage when they should've been dead at least three encounters prior. Little did they know that it was only the significant buffs generated by the increase in asset size that were keeping their virtual avatar afloat, something that worried the cat slightly in the off-chance that a cheat detection system looked in their general direction; but, by the time they got to the end and defeated the final boss again, once the cutscene was over and the growth began anew, any concerns they might've had before vanished almost instantly, washing off their body and eliminating a weight on their shoulders that Paul didn't even realize had been there before. All they could focus on was the *growing*, which that time they managed to capture properly by angling the camera so it faced in *just* the right direction that it caught breasts, ass and legs all together, giving the cat the best possible show they could hope for. The second growth spurt was even more pronounced than the first, not only leaving their character with a bust big enough to hang down onto their knees while still maintaining a barely-sagging form *and* jutting out a couple of feet from either side of their torso, but only saddling them with an ass that was somehow even *wider* than that, melting down into a pair of legs so scandalously oversized that it was nothing short of miraculous that the character could even walk at all with copious amounts of clipping. And yet, despite there basically *needing* to be some graphical weirdness going on, the game faithfully rendered what the client-side mods had determined must be true, creating a fluid, realistic motion that truly brought to life a set of curves that could never truly be, from the swaying of the model's breasts, to the jiggling of their cheeks, and the way the soft flesh of their thighs moulded against itself with each step. It was distracting enough that, when a random prompt appeared on-screen, the cat's first reaction was to immediately hit the first button they could find on it, which just so happened to be a three-letter response; almost immediately after, their avatar leaned forward, biting their lower lip, their hands outstretched as they sunk *deep* into the soft breastflesh of their colossal tits... tits that began to fill up. It was unreal, really, being able to watch as a couple of milk tanks were stuffed in real time, pumping up their size in such a way as to leave the bottom of their curvature hanging mere inches off the ground in a matter of *seconds*; the character's facial expression was one of relief, of knowing that at least things were over, at least until the realization that no milk had come out hit them at about the same time as it did their real-world controller, with the headphones the cat had on blaring the sound of liquid churning at such a high volume that the feline found themselves *gushing* down below as if by reflex, all while their eyes were fixated on the most perfect sight: their character's

breasts, already immense, bloating to over *twice* their size before finally erupting into a shower of milk, coating the ground in front of them! Even better, despite being in full flow, they were still growing, almost as if their productivity had surpassed their ability to output, at least for the time being; this was, naturally, too much for the poor cat to withstand, at least without doing something about her positively supernatural levels of arousal. Her hands *had* to move between her legs again, her eyes *had* to close just so she could hold onto that perfectly clear-cut image of her character's body, forever burned into her brain at its most perfect, her back *had* to arch in the exact angle required to bring out the weight of her breasts, to make it even *more* real than it already was. There was no concern in her mind for how much heavier they were becoming, how each second that passed during stimulation gave her another cup size; certainly no care for how her ass was getting wider by the moment, her thighs thickening once again, her whole body growing to match the virtual one she had crafted for herself under the pretext that it was "just a game" and all she was doing was trying to play into tired sexual fantasies. No, she just needed it to happen, needed the arousal out of her in any way possible, even if this meant forcing it into increasing amounts of mass attached to her in just the right places, even if it meant breaking clear through her chair's weight limit and ending up sitting on her colossal ass instead; wouldn't last long either, as the weight distribution ensured that the feline would tip over almost instantly, buried by a pair of breasts that insisted on growing, on filling, on spurting copious quantities of milk everywhere. By the time she managed to turn herself around and, if not get up, then at least find her footing, the top of her tits' curve was already taller than she herself was, and only getting higher with each gallon of milk produced; her room was coated in the stuff, her rig inexplicably saved from the deluge, apparently only to provide for her something to look at... because she did look behind herself, to where her character was waiting, where they were clearly much, *much* smaller than she herself was. The model had stopped growing. She didn't.

And she didn't want to stop either.