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Robin Wood

10. Documented

“Couldn’t help yourself, could you, my niece?” Auntie Ti frowned upon seeing Lin walk into the parlor the following day. Lin wore a mahogany sweater which fit well, but still loose enough to not be overtly sexual. Her auntie didn’t agree. She shook her head and tutted, doing a complete walk around her niece who stood under her imperial judgment. “You look ridiculous, like some kind of strumpet. With *these*,” She grabbed big handfuls of warm soft breast in her hands, shaking them in Lin’s face. She could almost slap her cheeks with them. She dropped the heavy weights which bounced and wobbled back into position, held by a sturdy yet stretchy bra. Disappointment melted her face into a scowl.

“Auntie, I-” Lin had been staring at the ground, embarrassed, but knowing this was coming.

“And *this* looks even bigger. As if it were possible.” Auntie Ti scoffed, taking a big full-fisted pinch of a butt cheek. Over a week of inadvertent thigh-fat harvesting still made her look bottom-heavy despite even after her newly sculpted bust. The black slacks she wore were actually just stretch pants that had lines printed to look like ironing marks in straight lines down the front of her legs. Lin winced as her auntie’s powerful grip bit into her butt through the thin, black fabric drawing a gasp.

“Have you heard from the family about my, *condition*?” Lin shrugged off the bombardment and skipped ahead to the real task at hand in her mind. Auntie Ti finished her second circle around her niece and stood before her in her classic cheongsam. Despite her age her defiant stance showed off shapely legs and her arms crossed under her bosom showed them off proudly. The buttons on her dress were under pressure, thanks to Lin of course, but her silhouette was a quintessential hourglass of modesty. Her hair was perfectly flat and she had the tiniest side bangs curling up by her ears. Her perfectly spherical bun was offset by the dangling golden tassel of the *ji* poked through it.

“I have.” Her auntie responded looking at the hideously exaggerated hourglass figure of the young girl before her. This was more than nubile youth. This was *explicit*, no matter how she tried to downplay it with dark colors and loose cloth. Her hairpin clinked gently as she tilted her head in judgment and disdain for her niece. Lin’s face brightened at the response. “And they are looking into it. Rumors and legends, mostly. But they *do* want evidence.”

“Evidence? Of what I can do?” Lin tilted her head, long straight hair draping down over her shoulders. She had one hand on her hip where it seemed to be going a lot lately and subconsciously enjoying the little squeezes she gave herself.

“Pictures of your results. And video of your technique. They weren’t specific, but I am fairly sure we can provide what they need easily. It *is* almost time for *my* massage. We will set up a camera then.” Her aunt explained shaking her head one last time marking the end of the morning harangue. Lin liked the idea of her skills and *abilities* being shared with the main family.

“Thank you always, auntie.” She bowed and had to step forward to catch herself falling off balance. She *only* bowed around her auntie and this was the first time since she went from B’s to G’s. She regained balance while rising and her auntie actually let out a laugh through her nose and smiled.

“There are many things I’d like to ask, my niece.” Just before she could settle into her waiting routine, a shadow crossed through the morning light shining in through the front windows. Their attention was drawn to the first customer of the day, one of Lin’s regulars and a friend of Mrs. Mables. “But it will have to wait.”

Lin blinked and possibilities with her family back home were folded neatly and placed on a shelf in her mind and she smiled greeting her customer.

“Miss Lin! I love the look! I was feeling so good after last Thursday I couldn’t wait a whole week! Morning Miss Ti! Looking lovely as always.” The woman smiled, taking off her coat eager to get started. And the start of a busy week began. Lin was cautious and careful when giving massages to her feminine clientele, not wanting to absorb any more than she already had. She focused on honing her transfer and sculpting ability.

All the women complimented her on her figure and many told her breast implants were nothing to be ashamed of. Some wondered why she didn’t use her massaging techniques on herself since they were so effective on them. She’d laugh it off and tell them it only worked one way, while smiling inside.

Giving massages with breasts the size of small melons even with support proved to be laborious. She hadn’t grown up with large breasts her whole life and didn’t have the musculature or endurance to lean over clients giving massages all day. The swinging and swaying of her heavy chest threw off her rhythm and by lunchtime she often had sore aching shoulders and a stiff back.

“I know the feeling dear.” Mrs. Mables said one day upon seeing her favorite masseuse arching with both hands pressed on her lower back after a massage. “And I was only half *your* size. At least until I met *you*.” She giggled, shaking her head. “How *did* you get boobs so big so fast? They can’t be implants... Have you been strapping them down this whole time?”

Lin's stretch pushed her chest out. In silhouette she looked like an 'S' inside of a yin-yang symbol with dots on the 'wrong' side. Mrs. Mables bit her lip looking at the sexual shape and then down at her own. Something inside of her wondered what was going on, but couldn't put a finger on it.

'Something like that, Mrs. Mables. Since moving to this country I have a feeling the food is affecting me, too.' Lin deflected doing another stretch and then looking at her client. 'It's so delicious!' She smiled with cheerful eyes. Mrs. Mables was dubious.

"I've been eating cheeseburgers and ice cream all my life and you saw where it got me. Never heard of a skinny little thing like you sprouting tits as big as your head over a weekend. And that ass. Girl I will pay you *any* amount of money to come *close* to having what you got, sister." Mables leaned over sideways tactlessly to get a better glimpse of the dump truck which wobbled every time Lin took a step.

"The magic of cheeseburgers, a little massage, and some luck, I guess?" Lin shrugged. Mrs. Mables smiled and wagged a finger at her.

"I like you, Lin. I like you a lot." Mrs. Mables got ready to leave as Lin bowed gently covering her tight tummy with both hands. All the compliments were getting to her.

"And I like you, too, Mrs. Mables. Same time next week?" Lin asked, escorting her client out. They shared light words and there was already another client waiting for her. She wanted a break as a tight warm ache began to build up inside of her. She told her client to wait just a moment while she prepared the room for her and headed back shutting the door behind her.

"Oh god." She said in a hushed whisper pulling down the waistband of her stretchy pants exposing her black panties, bulging from a nearly fully-soaked pad. She had to struggle to look over her own bosom to see what she was doing and sat on a small stool leaning back against the wall thrusting her hips out to get a better view. She squeezed her eyes as she peeled back the sodden thing from her sensitive clitoris breathing hot breaths. She wrapped it in a tissue carefully and dried herself off whispering 'Please stay down. Please stay down.' while reaching for another pad.

Her clitoris didn't listen and rather, decided to get harder and more plump as it engorged. Lin frowned as the squishy and soft *concealable* inch or two of thick stubby clit rose and thickened before her eyes. She didn't care to touch it for fear she'd just get *more aroused* biting her lip and looking around nervously.

'Do I just put a pad on it and hope for the best? That client has been waiting for fifteen minutes already. I don't think I could finish so quickly. Even if I did, what about the mess?' Lin's mind was a mess as she calculated if shoving a towel in the small trash can would be enough to soak it all up.

“Fuck. What should I do?” She whispered over tits as her clit defiantly swelled to fullness. “How am I going to work with *this* fucking *thing*?” She wanted to cry, but then laughed remembering what her roomie said to her the night before. “Go fuck myself with this thing?” She raised an eyebrow hearing Bruce’s rude tone. ‘*It might just work.*’ She took a deep breath and gently pushed her clit forward sucking in more air while she bent the tip towards her drooling lips. It *wasn’t* a penis and was actually far more spongy and pliant than a penis was so it didn’t hurt at all.

It did feel *really good* the second her own hot aching pussy began to envelop her clit. Her gaze went hazy and lazy as she pushed the majority of the thing inside of herself. Letting out quiet squeaks and muffled cries helped her get through the feeling of penetrating herself to the last inch. ‘*This thing is thicker than it looks. Fuck.*’ Her teeth bit into her lower lip almost to the point of pain, but she did it. She let out a breath and hastily prepared another pad and it securely plugged herself in, pulling up her panties. After a few controlling breaths and a wobbly raise to her feet to pull her pants up, it actually felt pretty good. Yeah, she was fucking herself, penetrating and being penetrated simultaneously, and it felt good. But unless she pressed directly on it or moved her hips a lot, the pressure was actually a lot more manageable.

‘*This... This could work.*’ She thought and quickly cleaned up the room continuing her day. Massages came and went and nobody was the wiser. She found her mind wandering more as the day went on as accidental bumps, bending down to pick things up, and constantly touching hot soft flesh took a toll. The sun was setting and she found herself working the corner of the massage table again working her hips back and forth.

“I have been using the swaying of the table to get more leverage.” She lied to a face-down female client working her fatty thighs and oversized ass with oiled hands. She smiled lazily, humping the table corner and coaxing her half engorged clit to swell up inside of her again while pawing at the woman’s ass pushing thigh into booty. Her hands were warming up and so was her crotch as the grinding sensation began to be joined by a squishy wet smush.

‘*I can’t stop myself.*’ Lin worried, feeling hot all over her body. Her client remarked how amazing it felt. Lin couldn’t agree more as she filled herself up and each gentle tap against the corner of the massage table pushed herself in and out just enough to feel like she was *fucking herself*. Bruce was talented with his lips and tongue, but Lin thought the sensation of her own hot, tight femininity was unparalleled. ‘*I want more.*’ She approached climax while absent-mindedly massaging her client with more and more fervor to the point the table was creaking back and forth.

‘*I’m...*’ She couldn’t stop if she wanted to and soon felt her insides start to clinch and press down on her clit and was pushed over the edge. Grabbing deep handfuls of fat saggy buttcheek she shook and quaked as her pad soaked up immediately with hot squirting pleasure. The part of her clit that was outside of her pussy *finally* got to experience the warm wet sensation as it was comforted by an increasingly juicy sponge.

Lin felt her knees shaking and managed to play off, poorly, grabbing her clients ass and shaking it wildly as some kind of technique. She pulled her hands down the woman's legs trying to ride out the long-delayed orgasm with dignity. '*Please, please, please.*' She prayed starting to catch her breath, but the first trickles became streams as her pants began to soak up the excess. She sighed and just hoped it wouldn't be so bad.

She gave her client a friendly farewell, still half behind the door to the massage room waving. Auntie Ti gave Lin a strange look over her shoulder while ringing the woman up, but Lin was already in the room surveying the damage. It looked like she had a diaper on, the pad soaked beyond capacity and had a rude wet circle spreading. She yanked her pants down quickly and the pad had bulged out from both sides of her panties soaking her inner thighs totally. Her inner thighs didn't look as shapely as she sculpted them. They seemed *fatter* and even *bigger* than before. She whipped her head over her shoulder sticking out her ass and a grimace stole across her face. Her ass had blown up, too. The grimace tightened into a helpless pout.

"No. No. No. NO!" She yelled in a whisper at her ass which must have ballooned up another inch or two. She pressed her hand deep into the pillowy ass cheek and it felt softer and squishier than ever. Only the trickle of the unignored aftermath of her orgasm could pull her from the sorrow and disappointment she felt at the moment. One pleasure-filled yet harrowing pad change later and she was approaching the front desk, yanking her sweater down as far as it would go, her auntie standing impatiently.

"Another one of your admirers, my niece. Get that fat ass moving." Auntie Ti stared her up and down and leaned in for a whisper. "He has been playing with himself under his jacket while staring at me. What took you so long?" She scowled.

"Sorry auntie. It won't happen again." She apologized with empty sincerity looking up to see Dexter sitting there. She caught herself halfway through the sigh and smiled at him putting on her more egregious accent. It instantly brought him to life and he smiled as she escorted him to the massage room. His eyes took one last deep drink of Auntie's dress before being locked onto Lin's wiggling wobbling pumpkins bouncing back and forth before him with each step.

"I am glad to see you, Lynne sensei." Dexter said lying and getting the nominal massage before what he *really* came for. "You are more beautiful than ever tonight." He said face down staring at the floor. Lin responded with fake interest and continued the massage. She was mostly lamenting losing control of herself during the previous massage. '*This ridiculous clit is going to be the end of me.*' Lin thought and had him roll onto his back.

"Lower abdominal massage for you today, sir?" She said playfully while he avoided eye contact with anything besides her breasts or hips. He nodded eagerly.

"I... Yes, please. I have *more* this time." He smiled weakly. That was good news. Lin felt like he was kind of a cheapskate, but he never lasted more than five minutes so it wasn't a big deal to her. *And* he actually said when he was going to get off which meant a lot.

“Very good, Mr. Dexter.” She smiled, finally remembering his name.

“C... Can you call me *oniisan*?” He muttered under his breath. Lin didn’t catch it.

“What was that sir?”

“Can. Can you please call me *oniisan*?” He said a bit clearer.

“Oniisan? What does that mean?” Lin said unfamiliar with the term.

“It’s a nickname. That I like. If it’s ok. Like I said I have *more. Please.*” His eyes were pleading and scared at the same time. ‘*Oh who even cares at this point.*’ She thought.

“As you wish, *oniisan.*” She said, squinting her eyes with a smile at him. The towel over his waist popped up almost as fast as whack-a-mole and she almost laughed. ‘*This guy is weird. I have to remember to look that up later. Oniisan.*’

“Oniisan. You are so excited for me today.” She performed the nominal abdominal part of the massage and saw him quivering under the towel. She was soon giving him a lazy handjob and wondering how *she* had a bigger cock than *him*. She only needed a thumb and two or three fingers to handle him and went kind of slowly. If he finished *too* quickly he might not tip as much as he said he was going to. “Oniisan. You are so big for me today. Tell me when you are going to shoot, OK?”

“Yes Lynne sensei.” He said. She shook her head while his face contorted oddly as she played with him. She sighed and wondered about what happened with Bruce. She had figured out *something* but wondered exactly what that was. ‘*But if I mess this up, this poor guy will be left with nothing.*’ She feared. ‘*But if I stay this big I won’t be able to get through the week before I blow up like a balloon.*’

She made up her mind and started to concentrate. She found the points of light within herself quicker than before and soon felt his as well. Having constant connection through touch was helpful and also the experience from doing Bruce. ‘*Not too much now. Just a bit. Just a test, right?*’ She contemplated how she felt when she took from him and then how she felt when she gave back. Only needing one hand she reached down the front of her pants while jerking off Dexter. She began to press against her still-damp panties in rhythm with the handjob. She felt tingles and continued to imagine the two rods. They were different sizes, but what if they were the same size? She focused on that image. Perfect equality. She wasn’t as thick as him, but she was longer but an inch or two.

“Sensei. Sensei it feels good. You are so good.” He purred, eyes still covered by the warm towel.

“Oniisan, don’t shoot yet. Please. You still have such a long way to go.” She said trying to remain focused. The synchronization seemed to help a bit. *‘Do I need to get off for it to work?’* She pressed and pumped in time and tried to link the points of light up and the heat began to flow. At first she felt the clit inside of her start to bulk up pressing a bit more against her insides. She felt herself start to slip into wanting *more*, but managed to overcome her urges and shake off the feeling.

“Sensei. Lynne Sensei. It’s almost here.” He said with a shaky voice and she slowed down even more. *‘No need to rush. Nice and easy.’* She took a deep breath and the pace she pressed her clit in and out of herself and stroked his cute little penis became extremely deliberate. She felt the spongy hardness under his skin while she felt all the surface of it. *‘I understand.’* She nodded and the points of light were brighter still.

“Oniisan, are you ready?” She said in a whisper.

“Yes, sensei.” He replied. Lin began to pump a little faster and felt her clit pulling out just a little bit. The points of light shifted and danced in her mind’s eye. Like she was a grand constellation donating a handful of stars to her neighbor. She had gone from a thumb and two fingers to three feeling some girth slip away, but length grew by an inch in her hands. “Sensei, it’s so hot.”

“Oniisan. Please. *Oniisan.*” She said it with an extra layer of seduction and he let out a weak grunt which was enough of a signal for her to aim the thing in a safe direction. He let out a few spurts and she actually managed to not come at all. The aftermath of the handjob was awkward as always with Dexter, but he offered a final bow staring wide eyes down at the tits and ass she was sporting. Then he left in a hurry leaving a healthy tip, as promised.

“I wonder if he will even notice?” She said quietly after checking to see that she did indeed give him almost an inch of her clit to the guy. She might have taken up a bit of girth, no more than half an inch or so in the process, but she shrugged and smiled. *‘I am getting better at this.’*

The week proved to be busy and rumors were getting around about the voluptuous masseuse and her sexy auntie. Women coming out with bodies that looked sculpted and perfect and guys getting the best handjobs of their lives. Lin was hunched over by the next day still unused to carrying around such big heavy breasts. Oddly enough after a few athletic types and bodybuilders came in for hand jobs she found giving them shoulder and back massages eased a bit of the pressure and soreness she had. This gave her a great pause at first, but she decided not to dwell on it.

Taking an inch off the top and donating it to Dexter was a great start and her focus increased dramatically especially after being paired with her new self-fucking technique. She managed a solid day of work and even felt energized enough to give back an inch and a half to Bruce halfway through the week. He was so thankful and supportive of her for figuring things out. Although he told her she owed him at least another inch or two calling it ‘interest’ for borrowing so much of his cock.

She still had a pretty big clitoris, almost a full inch when she was turned on, but could hold out almost the whole night without needing to get off. The squirting also toned down to the point she would only need to change pads once a night instead of between every massage which was a blessing.

Later in the week her Auntie and her decided to close up early and she wanted her massage. She also claimed it was going to be for the 'evidence' to be sent back home. Lin *had* put on a few extra pounds from slipping earlier in the week and had been too busy taking care of Bruce and that to actually smooth herself out. She had been exhausted nearly to her physical limits after pushing herself to help Bruce.

"Yes Auntie. As you wish." She said in a depleted and subservient tone while her auntie flipped the closed sign and turned off the lights. '*Maybe this will be a good time to try that...*' She thought, smiling weakly. Her auntie took off her dress and stripped down to a towel. Lin prepared the camera and took before pictures of her auntie at multiple angles. She was shy about it, but it was family business and she took it seriously. "Will you take pictures of me next?" She wondered what her auntie was waiting for.

"I suppose your shape alone is enough to convince them that something unnatural happened to your body." She nodded thoughtfully and soon Lin was standing in her panties and a bra being photographed by her auntie. "Without clothes on you really do have a lewd body. How do you even wash an ass that big? Can you even reach it?" From the side Lin's stomach was flat and toned, but her ass swelled out more than twice the thickness of her body and rounded back into thick wide thighs. Her breasts stuck out as far as her core was thick, about as large as her head. She seemed a lot shorter since she was so chunky. From behind her ass and hips flared out like a giant heart and reminded her aunt of a big turnip.

"I can reach my ass, auntie." Lin said, reaching back over the crack of her ass. "I have no problems taking showers."

"I'm just surprised you still have a hand after shoving it down there." Her auntie smiled approvingly of the stinging barb. Lin smiled as well, facing away. Mind made up.

"Are you ready?" Lin said after the photo shoot was finished. Standing face to face with her auntie they were basically the same height, but she was confident she would smother her aunt if she fell on her.

"Nothing silly, though. Don't turn my body into some slut's dream come true." Auntie Ti said giving squeezes and pokes to all the large round places Lin had grown. "Like you." She smiled and then layed on the table. Lin bowed her head and turned on the camera, a little nervous if she could go through with it or not. This was to *prove* that she was something special so she *had* to provide some convincing evidence.

“Yes, auntie.” Lin said, rubbing her hands together. And then she began the massage. Using her new understanding of the ‘points of light’ technique as she was starting to refer to it in her mind she quickly began to map her auntie’s entire body. She quipped and complained, but when Lin said “I need to focus,” she fell silent.

Lin performed the regular ‘touch ups’ that her auntie asked for, but decided to go against her wishes. She was tired of bearing the burden and wanted to see how her auntie liked it and donated a little bit of thigh, butt, belly, and breast to her. But today’s experiment was to see if she could transfer it all to her aunt’s stomach. Transforming the weight from thigh fat to belly fat, and so on.

By the time her aunt’s massage was nearly complete she was pleased to see how much mastery she had gained. *‘Bruce was right. He was really right!’* She smiled as a belly swelled before her eyes. She couldn’t help but laugh and when her auntie opened her eyes she let out a surprised scream sitting up abruptly.

“What did I tell you? What have you done to me!” She cried aloud and slipped off the table, getting in her niece’s face.

“I wanted to lighten up. You have kept telling me and telling how fat I am getting. I am just following your advice, auntie.” She said in a respectful tone filled with veiled malice. She could feel the blinking red light of the camera behind her seeing the whole interaction.

“And turn me into some fat pig? How DARE you?” Auntie Ti was raising her hand to strike when Lin stopped her.

“The massage isn’t over, Auntie. Please return to the table. This is for the family, right? Evidence of my abilities?” Lin’s voice was strong. She felt empowered and her auntie lowered her hand. She took a deep breath and stared down at her niece.

“FIX this.” She said with deadly seriousness pointing a finger into her collar bone.

“Yes, auntie. I intend to.” She said respectfully. Her aunt scoffed and hopped on the table mewling over having a fatty belly that jiggled. She had taken care of herself her whole life and it was one of the main reasons she felt she could get away with calling everyone around her fat. To see her like this, even for a moment, felt like glorious retribution.

The second part of the massage went smoothly and although it took some time, Lin managed to shift the weight around and give her aunt another cup size and a bit more hips, thighs, and ass than before in the process. It went quicker too and Lin’s confidence was growing considerably.

After the massage, once they shut off the camera, her auntie thanked her for fixing the ‘mistake’ and told her to never let it happen again. They took the after photos and were both captivated

utterly at Lin working. Despite the harsh words, harsh treatment, harsh everything, her auntie *had* to respect the skill and talent her niece had. When her auntie tried to put her dress back on, she had to squeeze in tight and it wasn't easy, but she managed.

"I told you not to make me into some kind of slut. But I will take *this* over having a fat gut." She gestured to her thighs and ass which stretched the silken fabric to its limit. She was giving off Chun-li vibes in her outfit now. She would never admit it to her niece, but it was thrilling. The before and after pictures clearly showed her auntie with much wider hips and a bigger chest. Still an hourglass, but a bit more juicy than before. Lin as well, still a bombshell pinup with an ass people work their lives to hone, had clearly donated an inch of thigh and ass to the cause and looked a bit slimmer compared to before.

They gathered the footage and pictures confident that this was going to blow the mind of their family abroad and become some kind of new era for them. At least that was what *Lin* was hoping for.