

“Good luck!”

These were the last words the sharkess heard before walking out on stage and having her eyes be pierced by the studio lights, her ears filled with the sounds of an adoring crowd cheering for her name. Extremely cheesy game show music blared from all directions, and as confetti began to fall from the ceiling, that’s when she heard the cat’s voice again. It was indistinguishable from among the cacophony around her, but she didn’t need to know what was being said; it had all been made explicit in the contract already.

That crowd was there not to watch her accomplish ridiculously nonsensical tasks in the pursuit of some arbitrarily high monetary award, nor were they there to watch her try her luck at singing in front of a crowd. Far from it actually; they were there to watch her *grow*. It was a new form of entertainment, or so the feline had reassured her, the concept of a growth drive brought to life, live on stage and in front of a studio audience; rather than a bunch of nameless tags on social media, these were real people with real voices all seated in neat little lines and each possessed of a small electronic panel at the table they were at, every last one of them reading “\$0”. The shark knew what the point of those was, about as well as she knew that there was a secondary panel hidden behind the ones she could see where her “patrons” could select what their money went towards.

Why exactly they had decided that this was a good idea was beyond them now that they were standing in front of a very eager crowd that numbered far higher than anything she had expected to see. The shark would be lying if she said the concept of a growth drive as applied to actual people hadn’t stoked her enthusiasm so badly that her whole body was set ablaze, but she believed she had disguised it well enough... until, that is, what was supposed to be a short meeting for coffee and business arrangements turned into an unrelenting onslaught of teasing on the lynx’s part, who refused to let go of her buttons until she admitted how much she wanted it to happen. From there, things progressed almost abnormally quickly, until finally, there she was: on a stage, with hundreds of people looking at her in a skimpy swimming suit, while the cat loudly announced the rules for that night’s show. There would be no running on stage, simultaneous bidding would be allowed “for once” (whatever that was supposed to mean) and the drive would only end an hour from there, “regardless of size”; this last comment was a sentence powerful enough to leave the sharkess sweating profusely, though not out of fear. Just the thoughts alone were enough to get her whole body shaking in anticipation.

Then again, she had no idea what the crowd was going to do. As far as she knew, they might very well veer towards... anything, really, from the utterly mundane to the absolutely fantastical. Time had reassured her that the growth drive’s rules made sure that nothing too drastic happened to her in terms of bodily transformation, it being focused more towards size than anything else, but they *did* also cap that little titbit off with the cryptic addition of “barring surprise additions,

of course,” which frankly left her feeling even more eager for what was about to happen, if that were even possible. As the seconds ticked by and the introduction was finalized, bringing her closer and closer to her very first, actually-for-real-it-was-actually-happening growth drive, the sharkess’ trepidation and worry began to melt away, replaced with a sense of nearly unnatural calm. After all, this was exactly what she wanted, exactly what she had been dreaming of for the past several years, and now it was *happening* to her. So why not make the best of it?

As if on cue, she decided to take a step forward and then strut towards the edge of the stage at about the same time as the lynx was done introducing her to the crowd, prompting those watching to start hooting and hollering at the top of their lungs before Tim requested they “try and remain decent” before the bidding started. From her position, the sharkess got to see just who was there for the occasion: everyone and anyone from all walks of life, with personal aesthetics so utterly contrasting with one another that the audience looked more like a poorly-assembled collage of photographs than anything else. And yet, this only gave the shark even more of a reason to smile a toothy grin; after all, this could only mean that the idea of making her grow was so attractive that she managed to snatch people from just about everywhere, a much-needed confidence boost for such a special occasion.

With an energetic “Let’s go!”, the lynx passed the baton and allowed the crowd to finally get down to business doing what they were there to do. There would be no overflow control; as far as the sharkess was aware, the only thing stopped the audience from just sending in every request at once was their own curiosity and willingness to *watch* and not participate, though given how quiet everyone became all of a sudden, she could only guess that the focus had shifted towards one another. They were all competing for her body, since the changes need not be of the outward variety; should anyone want to, they could very much ask for her to shrink, introducing a bit of conflict between those of different tastes. She could see them, looking at one another and trying to gauge who would be the first to break, who would be the first to tell the sharkess’ body what it should be doing via the judicious application of a fat stack of digital cash.

As it turned out, it was a random stuffy-looking dog in a suit who cleared his throat and began to input a series of commands into the screen in front of him. All the sharkess could do was stare at the bright panel with the zero and dollar sign, waiting for it to change; it wouldn’t tell her what the money went *towards*, but given what they were there to do, that almost felt redundant. Within a few moments, the “\$0” disappeared for a second or two before being replaced with a “\$100”, a rather sizeable and generous donation to start the growth drive off... if it hadn’t all been directed at a single place, that is.

She felt it before she saw it, the sudden pressure in her chest and the mounting weight betraying just how much of that first bid had been directed at her tits, right before her balance was thrown right out of whack and she almost fell flat on her new breasts from how *heavy* those

things were. The shark brought her hands up reflexively, hoping to catch them before they fell too much, only to end up grabbing the underside of them without needing to move her arms around more than a few inches; finally looking down, her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped at the sight of her new bust, which had gone from small enough that bras weren't needed to suddenly being able to cover most of her torso, leaving her practically unable to walk without having to bend over and waddle around with those things attached to her.

The crowd, however, could not be more satisfied by the change, enthusiastic clapping breaking out and the man responsible nodding along as if he'd just accomplished something of worth. The next donation didn't take too long before being thrown into the ring, with another sharkess adding an extra fifty to the equation... one that didn't really do anything. The one on stage looked at herself, even turning her head around to make sure it hadn't been her ass that was given the extra boost, but no, there was nothing. It took until she moved her hands up slightly and felt the warm dripping before she realized what was going on, at which point the milk was already flowing freely, her palms were absolutely drenched, and the audience had gone wild again. Didn't take long before the second addition to the milkiness was given out, then the third, fourth, and suddenly the sharkess couldn't really stand anymore; if the weight of her tits had been bad enough before, suddenly having them bloat up with so much milk that she could probably feed everyone responsible for it had left her completely immobilized! She was kneeling on the floor, arms splayed over her milk tanks, watching with slack-jawed awe at how much they were expanding, how quickly they bloated in every direction even as her nipples were firing pressurized jets of cream all of the crowd in front of her.

Goodness, it was *exactly* how she had envisioned it.

“More!” she shouted, hoping the audience could hear her, “More!”

She needn't shout it. The crowd was well on its way to drive itself into a frenzy, the decorum and patience they exhibited for the past couple of minutes immediately falling to reveal that it had never been anything other than a thin, flimsy façade covering a blazing inferno of sexual debauchery and base needs, fueled by both carnal lust and a complete lack of shame on the part of those high-rollers. Soon enough there would be money flowing in from every direction, enough that the sharkess very quickly began to realize that being immobilized by her tits was probably the least of her concerns; why, the first thing that happened after the milksplosion was her ass burgeoning outwards, taking up about as much room her bust did and trapping her increasingly-tiny torso in between two marshmallow hills that just kept getting bigger by the second. She made her own pleasure well known, moaning at the top of her lungs in between outright begging for her patrons to go faster, to think wilder, to not be afraid to throw in even more cold, hard cash into the growth drive in order to swell her up further. *Let her be big, let her go, let her fill and bloat until she took up the entire stage!*

The building itself was rumbling past a certain point, and not just because the star of the show was becoming so large that the wooden panelling underneath her began to crack from the pressure. The audience itself had grown increasingly agitated the longer the drive went on, and with competing interests there came the first changes that actually made the shark *smaller* than before, albeit not by much; there were always a few wealthy whales (sometimes literally) who were more than happy to ask for her tits to get tinier so they could get a better view of her ass expanding to slam again the back wall and onto the backstage area, with others wanting the exact opposite and still others deciding that she was *too big* (whatever that was supposed to mean) and demanding her overall size go down. Thankfully though, these were in the minority, and very easily outbid by those who had come to watch a *growth* drive, not a shrinking one; perhaps it was the whole point of inviting the contrarians in the first place, to provide another reason for those with enough money burn to throw the numbers onto the proverbial pyre just so they wouldn't have to be forced to watch as their lovely sharkess shrunk down. If so, it was an ingenious marketing maneuver, though not one the sharkess herself was in any fit state to really consider.

It was hard enough to think when her tits alone were the size of her torso. Now that they took up a good third of the stage itself, along with her ass being equally as gigantic behind her, the only thing in her mind was the desire to grow larger still, to fill until she was about to burst and then fill up some more, even when she felt the very front of her tits start to overflow from the stage itself and the back end of her back end press heavily against the wall keeping the backstage area defended against the avalanche of flesh that was the sharkess' body. And while she wasn't quite thinking too much about what was happening to her, what with her sense of self diluting into a pool of hazy lust that seemed intent in utterly dissolving whatever consciousness she still had left, her instincts and muscle memory were apparently still intact enough that she kept begging for her audience to give her even more, until inevitably, she received exactly what she wanted, even if she wasn't aware that's what it was at all.

There was nothing stopping those in the crowd that night to demand more than just "big" or "bigger"; in fact, there had been no real limits imposed by the lynx's initial speech, what with it only being some minor stuff about proper code of conduct. Imagination alone dictated where that night was going, and while most were content in merely taking a body and driving it to the very edge of what was even possible, some visionary souls looked further beyond and sought to reach a kind of perfection that would be unattainable for those who didn't dare go beyond their comfort zone. And one of those people, one very brave elephant who decided that he'd had enough of amateur hour, threw a whole thousand dollars into the system and made a very specific request, one that not only left the entire first two rows completely soaked in shark milk, but very nearly slammed the sharkess responsible for it against the ceiling!

The request itself was simple: add more breasts. Not take the ones that were there and make them bigger, not bloat them up with milk, just simply *more* breasts; two more rows, to be precise, just enough to shift her position so that the performance artist on stage could use her now-six tits as a colossal bed of sorts. This had far-reaching consequences, however; it wasn't as if everyone else had stopped sending money in or making demands of the sharkess' body, it wasn't as if the rest of the audience were simply going to stand there and do absolutely nothing while that one elephant went ahead and did what they wanted to do. As such, what should have already been an enormous change, enough to snap the shark back to reality and get her to pay attention to what was happening to it, was magnified tenfold, if not more, by everything else happening to her body at the same time. Thus, rather than "merely" being stranded atop three milk-stuffed busts, the poor sharkess was instead projected upwards, the correct sequence of events lining up to ensure that just as she developed two more sets of breasts, so too did all of her racks nearly double up in milk content, *showering* everything in front of her and leaving several people positively drenched! Thankfully, the electronics were still working; the lynx had foreseen such a thing taking place and made arrangements for it.

With their plaything now so large that their front row of milkers was fully off the stage and the back one had taken up the role of tearing down the back wall, while her ass had been promoted to trying to bring the ceiling onto her, one would think that those in attendance would at least slow down, perhaps employ a bit more caution when it came to rampant transformative action. After all, the building itself was in danger of collapsing from just how large the sharkess was getting, and given how much milk was pouring out of her six teats, flooding wasn't out of the question anymore. But, fortunately enough, one would be wrong; if nothing else, such a sight merely worked to further motivate those in the crowd who were very much there to see big things get bigger. Even if the few contrarians threw their hands up and got up to leave, giving up on what they saw as mindless excess and opening the floodgates for a complete and utter breakdown of decency, as now there was nothing standing in anyone's way to just keep making that giantess grow ever larger.

Above them, the sound system blared with the lynx's voice, using an opportunity for telling people to slow down and employ caution to instead urge them to donate even more, offering not only to extend the growth drive beyond what had been set as the monetary goal, but even a "double up" round should they reach a secondary target! This had the effect one could expect on a crowd of horndogs who could barely even think properly anymore, most of them having already removed their ties or shirts, a few openly stroking themselves at the sight of such a marvelously overbloatd sharkess screaming at them to make her even more milky from amidst her dairy throne. It was absolute madness to think that they should double the effects the donations had on her, nothing if not complete insanity to want to *keep going* even after the ceiling began to crack and bits of wood and plaster were falling down on the audience below. Even when the torrents of milk grew so strong as to start lapping at the feet of those in the lower

rows, even when the gushing of femcum too had become so utterly engorged as to leave the poor sharkess unable to even *think*, even when her nipples loomed over everyone present and began splashing milk onto *literally everyone*, the crowd continued to demand that she grow larger and more productive.

After all, the building was still intact. And once it wasn't, the electronics were still there. And once they were gone, well...

... they'd think of something.