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Contains: *Breast Expansion, Hyper Breasts*

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The Ascension of Cassie

COMMS One, this is Mission Control. Come in, COMMS One.

COMMS One, Davis here. Go ahead, Control.

We're seeing some strange readings up there, Davis.

You're gonna have to be more specific, Control.

Apologies. COTs Two and Three are showing an increase in particle density near the belt.

The next growth cycle was projected to start in the next sol. That's probably all it is.

Negative, COMMS. All COTs in a dark side orbit show the growth cycle as projected. The rate is higher than the projection but within one standard deviation of the model's tolerances.

What rate are the telescopes reporting?

Three point zero five cubic kilometers per second.

Verifying, stand by, Command.

Standing by.

COMMS One instruments show a rate of two point nine seven.

That's within the fault tolerance.

Barely. I'll add recalibration to the next EVA cycle. You should send teams to the telescopes as well.

It's already on the schedule.

Roger that. We've never seen a growth cycle above three KM cubed per second, though.

The team on the ground theorizes that her proximity to the belt has introduced increased matter levels for dermal absorption.

A sound theory. We'll continue to monitor the situation up here. COMMS One, out.

Wait! I mean, belay that, COMMS One.

Go ahead, Command.

The particle density increase near the apex is accelerating. It's almost as if...

Repeat last, Command.

It's as if her growth is compressing the space around her.

Is this your first day? The growth phase always causes a shift in the interplanetary medium.

I'll have you know I have PhDs in astrophysics and astrobiology. I'm telling you, the particle density in the interplanetary medium is well above longitudinal levels. We now show levels an order of magnitude above the mean.

Stand by, Command. We're showing unprecedented levels as well. What does this mean?

The team has drafted a model for this phenomenon. If the growth phase continues at this rate, the interplanetary medium may reach critical mass.

What does that—

Stand by. COT Two shows the rate increasing. It's now at three point one-six. Now one-seven. COT Three confirms. We may be looking at an extinction-level event, Davis.

This is no time for histrionics, Command. We're not at some Cassian cult rally.

All station communication is placed in the public record, COMMS One. Please refrain from denigrating the Church of Cassie.

Fine, fine. We're showing three point one-seven KM cubed per second up here. The discrepancy was probably just latency from solar winds.

COTs show the rate at three point four and rising. We're adjusting the models as fast as we can, but if the growth phase doesn't end soon, we're looking at hours, not sols.

The combined world governments couldn't stop her from growing when she was still on the surface, where we had theoretical control of her caloric intake. How are we supposed to stop her now?

Three point eight. Three point nine. Four point zero two. The interplanetary medium is distorting, COMMS One.

What are you saying? She's outgrowing interplanetary space like it's an undersized bra?

That is an apt metaphor, Davis. Our model projects a cosmic rupture within minutes—if not seconds. My name is Berlinger. I suggest any persons of faith up there start praying to their chosen deities. It's been an honor to serve.

I'll... I'll pass that along, Doctor Berlinger. Godspeed.

Belay that, Davis! Are you seeing these readings?

Repeat last, Command?

The growth phase—it's decelerating!

Well, thank the gods for that.

No, Davis! The rate has dropped below zero! Minus zero point eight and dropping!

That's... that's not possible.

Instruments don't lie. COT One shows minus four point two, and COT two shows minus five point zero six.

That's not within fault tolerances! Stand by... We're showing zero point three!

None of this equipment was designed to measure a *reduction* in glandular mass. Higher deviations are to be expected. But all three data sources show a decrease. The COTs are reading at least minus forty cubic kilometers per second and dropping!

We're down to minus twenty-three point two up here... What's happening?

We have no models for this, Davis. Minus fifty, minus sixty—the rate is accelerating. She's either shrinking incredibly quickly, or...

Or what!?

Minus one-hundred, one-hundred ten...

Damnit, what's—

Davis? Davis! COMMS One, come in!

Davis here. We were hit with some turbulence up here. All our systems are rebooting. Do you have any readings?

Stand by. There's... no, it can't be...

What is it, Doctor? Talk to me!

She's gone, COMMS One.

What do you mean, gone? How can she be gone?

COTs show nothing but empty space. The turbulence you experienced must have been the interplanetary medium filling the vacuum.

I don't understand. What happened?

We'll have to review the data. Please return to SOP for the time being.

Damnit, man, I need answers!

I have none, Davis. I'm sorry. At least we're all still here. Take what comfort you can in that.

That's something, I guess.

Indeed. Mission Control out.

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Hi, Janey!

Cassie? You're back! You're so small...

Hehe... Does a thirty-two (z)(z)F seem small to you?

Well, relatively speaking...

I guess that's true. Anyway, I'm not really back. I came to say goodbye.

Goodbye!? Where are you going?

Oh, I wish I could describe it to you, Jane. It's the most amazing place. Well, it's not really a place at all. I just... words aren't enough. Even if I could explain it, I don't think you'd be able to understand.

But... but how?

I don't really know, exactly. My boobs just kept growing and growing, like they always do, and then, I guess... I finally got too big to stay here.

What will we do now? What about your church?

The Church of Cassie was your dream, Jane, not mine. I'm sure you'll be just fine.

But...

Hey, hey! Shh, don't cry, my love. I'm finally going where I belong. I just wish I didn't have to leave you.

Let me come with you, then!

If only I could. I can feel it pulling me back already. I need to give you my message, though.

What message?

Tell everyone I'm sorry. I'm sorry for eating so much food... and smashing all those buildings. I fixed as much of the damage as I could. Farms and stuff should work ten times as good as they used to—for a few decades, at least. It's my gift to the world. I don't really understand all this stuff, but hopefully, I bought humanity enough time to fix the rest. You'll tell them, won't you?

Of course I will, Cass. I'll tell everyone!

Thank you, Jane. Now, come give me one last hug.

Hmmm, please don't go...

I can't stay. I'm sorry.

I love you, Cassie.

I love you, too~