On July 1st, 2022 a blog made its first post. This garnered about as much attention as one might assume. The blog, a humble little thing called The Double’s Standard, mostly served as a quirky way for the author (age unknown, location unknown, profession unknown, though estimates of each came fairly easily) to complain about various societal double standards, mostly towards women. While some of its contents could be…bizarre, it seemed easy enough to dismiss those as parody. That changed a week later when on July eighth at exactly eleven AM eastern standard time, the author (now using the pen name The Matriarch) wrote a…strange post.

“Hello internet! Last night I dreamed that some kind of god or genie or fucked up demon or biblical angel (I can’t remember) gave this blog reality warping powers, lol. I think I should stop whatever I’m doing which caused that?

Anyway, today’s topic: boobs. Isn’t it fucking annoying that if you’re horny about boobs you have to do it in a ‘feminine’ way or people accuse your work of being written by a man? Like yeah, men love to write about women, like, breasting boobily and all that but jesus some motherfuckers need to chill. Everyone knows tits are hot! We all agree! Okay well that’s not universal across cultures, I know that, but like- you get what I mean! Boys shouldn’t get to keep tits to themselves! It’s so annoying seeing girls have to trip over themselves qualifying that they’re trying not to be weird! Just let girls gush about boobs, okay guys?

Fuck it, I have reality warping powers apparently, let’s test them out. I decree that all girls are openly, giddily attracted to boobs and there is zero stigma around that behavior for anyone, especially not the recipients. Oh, and we all agree that bigger is better, lol

God, if only.”

Things got weird after that.

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“Holy shit I look good,” said Lize, a blonde college student currently marveling at a selfie she’d taken while drunk the previous morning. Her boobs- massive orbular things (was orbular a word? Fuck it, she said that it was), didn’t feel quite as vulgar or obnoxious as they usually did. In fact, she quite liked them. She suddenly felt like all of the attention they garnered was completely justified. Well…not completely, she supposed. Catcalling still wasn’t okay and some of the comments levied at them made her angry.

But when a cute boy or another girl got starstruck staring at them, fidgeting with obvious arousal? The mild jealousy nakedly apparent on less busty girls’ faces as they stared without reservation at them? Those things filled her with joy now where they used to make her super uncomfortable. Supposedly some blogger called The Matriarch held the blame for that. She wondered whether she ought to curse or thank them.

Beep!

Her friend Leslie’s phone alerted them of a new post. In the week or so since July first, that blog had steadily exploded in size. One figured it might, given the worldwide changes it announced on a whim. Leslie whipped out her phone and quickly opened the social media site hosting the blog. The name change a few weeks ago- to Zee or something trite like that- was starting to properly take hold. The old loading screen annoyed Lize by not coming up. Instead Leslie watched an edgy tryhard Z rotate as the site loaded in.

“Do we really need to hang on the Matriarch’s every word like this?” Asked Lize, rolling her dull brown eyes at her skinner, nerdier, small boobs-ier friend. Leslie seemed too focused on the blog to notice so Lize pouted. That failed to get Leslie to look at her, too. “C’mon, we’ll be late for class!”

“Universally looser rules about that, remember?” Leslie replied with a curt quality to her voice. “Thanks to the Double Standard. We can just say something bad happened and be excused as long as we’re not deliberately exploiting the system.” Leslie’s voice seemed to suggest irritation. “Last night, last night…ah. There IS a new rule. Wait…no, this isn’t a *rule* I guess.”

“Whatcha mean by that?”

“Nothing we have to worry about,” sighed Leslie as she stood up. Her miniskirt fluttered nicely as she did, prompting an appreciative stare from Lize. “Let’s go.”

“What is it?” Asked Lize as she stood up. Her bright baby blue bejeweled bikini bottom blazed brilliantly in the sun. She tilted her head in a gesture signaling confusion and curiosity. Leslie stared directly at Lize’s exposed bikini bottom and licked her lips as she answered.

“College girls have to dress really skimpy today.” Leslie had a habit of interpreting the Matriarch’s words in unflattering ways. Lize knew that so she decided to press the matter.

“Exact words pleaaaase!” She pouted. Rather than stay where she was she bent over the table towards Leslie and planted her hands on it. As she did, her arms strategically mashed her massive mounds together. The situation didn’t call for rudeness, after all. She kept her eyes fixed squarely on the vibrant red babydoll top Leslie wore. On her campus at least, girls with small boobs had picked up a tendency to either hide or stuff them. Leslie did neither. It struck the busty blonde as brave, honestly.

“Uggh, fine. It reads, and I quote,” Leslie replied as she brought her phone’s screen up to her face, “I decree that today schoolgirls age eighteen and up have to show off their wonderful bodies! That means lingerie, bikinis, thigh highs, heels! Bright colors! Lipstick and makeup! All immaculate whether the wardrobe or ability existed or not! And of course, anyone who doesn’t read this message will think nothing of it, even if you read the post to them.”

“C’monnn, that’s clearly a joke!” Replied Lize, flipping her immaculately voluminous hair with one hand as she straightened her back. “I just felt extra confident today and wore a bikini!”

“A bright blue bikini. With glittery white and pink rhinestones. And actual jewels. And lacy stockings. And high heels so goddamn blue you look like you curb stomped a sunny day’s skyline. You’re wearing that to class.”

“Yep!” Giggled Lize, wiggling her massive tits. They seemed lighter recently. “I mean, I have the bikini, and it’s sooo expensive, y’know? So I gotta wear it for *something.* And like…if I swim in it, they might fall out.”

“Your tits?”

“The jewels!”

“So you mean your tits.”

“Not my tits, dumdum! The JEWELS!” Lize insisted while pouting cutely. She stamped her foot and grabbed her boobs, tracing the beautiful design of the bikini top using her fingers. “These!”

“Stilll pointing to your tiddies,” replied Leslie. She seemed more appreciatively daised than genuinely teasing, this time. She snapped out of her stupor fairly quickly though. “So you own a bikini worth probably thousands of dollars, you can’t swim in it because that might ruin it, and that…makes sense to you?”

“Why not?” Asked Lize. “It’s so pretty!”

“God damnit, just…here.” Leslie thrust her phone into Lize’s hands. “Read the bit.”

“I don’t see how that will…” Lize muttered as she read it, only to lose steam as she absorbed the words. “I…really thought this outfit was MY idea. It just…it made sense to me at the time…”

“Bitch is checking what she can get away with,” Leslie muttered as she snatched her phone back from Lize’s grasp. “We really gotta keep an eye on that. She already turned our college single gender, which wasn’t even a thing schools could BE before. Honestly, who knows what else could possibly come next?”

“Yeah, how did that work anyway? Did the guys just get transferred, or are they girls now, or did they get replaced or-”

“I don’t fucking know, Lize. Let’s just get to class.”

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Lize felt so comfortable in class now. All the weird guys who used to stare at her tits were elsewhere (hopefully just elsewhere) now, and all the eyes glued to her jiggly mounds made her feel welcome and appreciated instead of hunted. Well, mostly. Some of the bustier girls did make her feel like a feather toy dangled before a cat. That felt right, though.

Words she couldn’t hear traced the very tips of her spinal cord: *smaller girls submit.* She didn’t know why every girl with boobs bigger than hers made her feel butterflies in her stomach but she felt no reason to question it. Girls submitted to girls with bigger boobs. Obviously.

*“*And why are you two late?” Asked the teacher, a sneering old lady with wispy hair. Nobody liked her. Leslie stepped forward, ready to give their excuse, but Lize had a better idea. She flashed her professor a snide flirty grin and grabbed her tits through her garishly colorful top. The teacher, a woman without much in the way of a chest, visibly got her eyes and attention snagged. The old woman’s eyes widened slightly. “Th-this is extremely inappropriate behavior, young lady!”

“What are you DOING!?” Hissed Leslie in a whisper. “Are you trying to get us expelled!?”

“She won’t get us in trouble over this,” giggled Lize. Taking command of the situation just felt…right. Why should that mean old bitch with a washboard where her tits should be tell a girl as hot as her what to do? “Isn’t that right, Ms. Hearth?”

“I-what? I….I guess…not,” the teacher mumbled, looking Lize in the eyes but clearly having trouble keeping her gaze so high. The magnetic pull of Lize’s chest obviously demanded incredible focus to resist. “But you’re…late?” She said, audibly unsure of herself. “You…you’re disrupting…-”

“*You’re* disrupting,” giggled Lize, her long beautiful eyelashes playful and aflutter. “Just let us slip on in next time and welcome us in with a smile, mmkay Mrs.?”

“That’s…Dr…”

“Nope!” Teased Lize, her hands grripping her tits and hoisting them up. The sight of her magnificent mounds hefted up like that, folding upwards and squooshing so softly up against Lize’s hands, made the teacher sway side to side in a horny stupor. “You’re Mrs. Mas now, and you’re going to call me Miss, okay?”

“B-but…I wen…went…”

“Shhhh~ just for that you’re getting demoted to Mas, okay?”

“I- but…o…okay…” Mas’s body shivered with obvious delight as she gave in to the younger woman’s demands. At last Lize felt satisfied and dropped her haughty new exterior. She and Leslie took their seats near the side of the room. For the rest of the period, everyone in the room but the two or three classmates with boobs bigger than Lize referred to her as Miss, exclusively.

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Date: July 16th

“Hey guys, I get a lot of complaints about how sexualizing schoolgirls is apparently weird or something. On one hand I kinda get it but on the other, reception is generally overwhelmingly positive! So I think I’m gonna simply continue as I’d been doing things, anyway. The decision to make humanity 65/35 women to men is starting to blow over too, thankfully. To all the trans women and spontaneously abiogenerated cuties who made that possible, I love you!!

Anyway yesterday I had to listen to someone complain about straight people using the word ‘partner.’ The old me would monologue about the point of the term, and how it doesn’t bloody work if nobody uses it unless they’re gay, but the new me is fun and powerful! So!

From now on, girl-girl friendships are extremely sapphic! Girls have an irresistible drive towards other girls which compels them towards kissing and caressing and humping and rubbing each other to show affection or pride! Show your friends you love them, okay girlies?”

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“We need to start writing down what’s normal in case that blog starts fucking with our, like, memories or something,” said Alanna, a straight floormate of Lize and one of the girl’s only friends with tits bigger than hers. Lize sat next to her on a bench, staring romantically at her friend’s huge honkers. Both young women wore a deep shade of red lipstick and both had a matching shade of red on their faces.

“Why do you say that?” Asked Lize, fighting the urge to grope Alanna. The girl had a boyfriend, so even as her friend Lize had to be restrained. She was trying to stave off the desire by lovingly stroking Alanna’s thick milky thighs. They felt absolutely lovely and Alanna kept shivering with delight whenever Lize’s hand strayed too close to that yummy black thong.

“I mean…” sighed Alanna in a sultry whisper. She leaned over, her heaving flesh mounds pressing up against her friend. She kissed Lize on the ear. She could feel Lize wiggling with horny joy. That made her very happy. Good friends turned each other on. “I’m straight, you know. I don’t think I’d normally do this with you.”

“You don’t…think?” Whimpered Lize, too aroused to think clearly. Alanna seemed to sense her weakness and climbed into her lap. Having Alanna's tits, the physical proof of her friend’s superiority, pushed up in her face extracted a sigh of bliss straight from Lize’s giddy little lungs. Alanna noticed. She bit her lip.

“I mean, yeah, I can’t remember doing this before,” Alanna whispered as she pushed her body down against Lize.

“Weird,” Lize huffed. “Your tits are…so fucking big. That’s so hot…” she started rubbing Alanna’s butt and wrapped an arm around her. “And you’re so…*friendly.*” The word “friendly” fired a jolt of white hot excitement down both of their backs, so both of them moaned in unison. Lize threw her spine back, and Alanna only pressed down against her more.

“Friendlyyyy,” Alanna repeated. The word hit her mind and dunked it violently into a haze of static and crackling sexual need. Her hands gripped her beautiful big breasted bouncy bestie’s face in both hands, snarling as she spoke. “Suck on my tongue, damn it.” She dove down Lize’s throat with her tongue. The two got lost tonguefucking each other’s mouths and devolved into a loud, showy mass of flesh and adoration. Lots of passersby took photos or recorded videos of their intercourse. Neither noticed.

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July 17th

The vote to make furries real came in! Somehow yes lost. We’ll come back to that. I’m an honest girl though, so I have to think of something else…alright. Every woman in America between the ages of…hmm, let’s say nineteen and forty? All of you have twenry hours to record yourself kissing another girl on the mouth and reply to this post with the video! Oh, and you don’t have to ask. I decree that for the next twenty four hours, ALL kisses between girls are one hundred percent consensual!

I really hope that last bit works, or I might have to test if this shit can time travel…”

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“Holy shit…” muttered Leslie, scrolling through the longest and lesbian-est thread she’d ever seen. “There’s like…senators and shit in here!”

“Huh. I kinda figured the age range would exclude most of them,” mused Alanna, groping Lize and not taking her eyes off the girl’s tied, tight blouse for an instant. Lize moaned appreciatively. “I love you, Bestie.” Alanna gave her bustiest bestie a nice, sexy, platonic kiss on the mouth. Lize reciprocated with a long shaky moan. It made Alanna *wet.*

“FOCUS!” Snapped Leslie. Both of the other two seemed to come to their senses, so they disengaged from each other. Leslie sighed in annoyance and rubbed her temples. “Don’t you have a boyfriend, Alanna?”

“He understands,” Alanna answered confidently. “He’d kiss Lize too. Without hesitation.”

“You say that like it’s a good thing,” jabbed Leslie. She rolled her eyes. “Anyway, looking at this, it’s pretty obvious this behavior is only going to escalate. We have to do…*something.*”

“Do we?” Asked Alanna, keyed back into reality. Her vibrant eyes settled on Leslie’s phone. “I feel like we should be fine, probably? And how would we find her?”

“I don’t know,” grumbled Leslie, “assemble a scooby gang. We have a lesbian nerd and a bimbo already, we just need a jock and a stoner.”

“No talking dog?” Joked Lize.

“That isn’t helping,” Leslie retorted and rolled her eyes. “Presumably she’s an American like we are.”

“Well, we already knew she primarily speaks English,” said Alanna, procuring a text file on her phone. “Proooobably white. She likes anime, and her tastes and choice of slang suggest that she’s probably a young adult from either America or Britain.”

“Britain?”

“She used bloody that one time,” Alanna clarified. “Though that seems kind of pithy compared to this…stunt. She could have picked a country besides her own though…”

“Are we sure this is a woman?” Leslie asked with her eyes focused on her phone. “Could be a catfish.”

“I dunno, I don’t like throwing doubt on that kinda thing,” Alanna responded, sounding uncomfortable. “I don’t think a man with ultimate power over reality would do…*this,* either. Not that this is an especially progressive use of the blog, but…”

Their phones beeped.

“Hey, girls? Mind helping me take a bunch of slutty selfies I can post online?” Asked Leslie with an uncharacteristically blissful face.

“That’s a wonderful idea,” said Lize, already drooling at the idea of Leslie putting her worrywart bullshit aside for a second. “Here, Alanna, prepare your camera.” She got up from her seat at the table and pulled Leslie to her feet. “Hands on your hips. I want a nice confident smirk for the camera.”

“Like this?” Asked Leslie, putting her fists on her hips and staring at the phone in Alanna’s hands.

“Jusssssst like that,” Lize purred seductively into her lesser-endowed buddy’s ear. Her arms reached around and unbuckled, then unzipped, Leslie’s jeans. “Wow, not even a flinch. You’re doing great.”

“Can’t ruin the photo,” said Leslie. Her body twitched on a delay as if to catch her jeans as they slowly glided down her legs, but rigidly returned to the pose she’d been tasked with. “Smile. Confident. Hands on hips.”

“Just like that,” giggled Lize, who then winked playfully at the camerawoman. She lowered herself back onto the picnic table’s seat and put her body against Leslie’s. “This is a great way to show how much better my tits are.”

“Oh…” sighed Leslie. Her voice sounded only a little hurt. Mostly she seemed aroused. “Better…”

“That’s right!” Encouraged Alanna, focusing her phone’s camera on her two friends. She lustfully licked her lips. “Those tiny titties are soooo lacking, right little buddy?”

“So lacking…” mumbled Leslie. Her smile didn’t falter but her eyes grew wider and darker. “My…tiny titties…less. Lesser. You two are…better…”

“Yup!” Lize yanked up Leslie’s shirt, revealing a pitiful little pair of adorable boobs. She hugged their owner and pressed her far superior ones up against them. “Bigger is better!”

“Bigger is better!” Squealed Alanna, taking the first photo.