

HOLLYWOOD HILLS







**Holly
Wayland**

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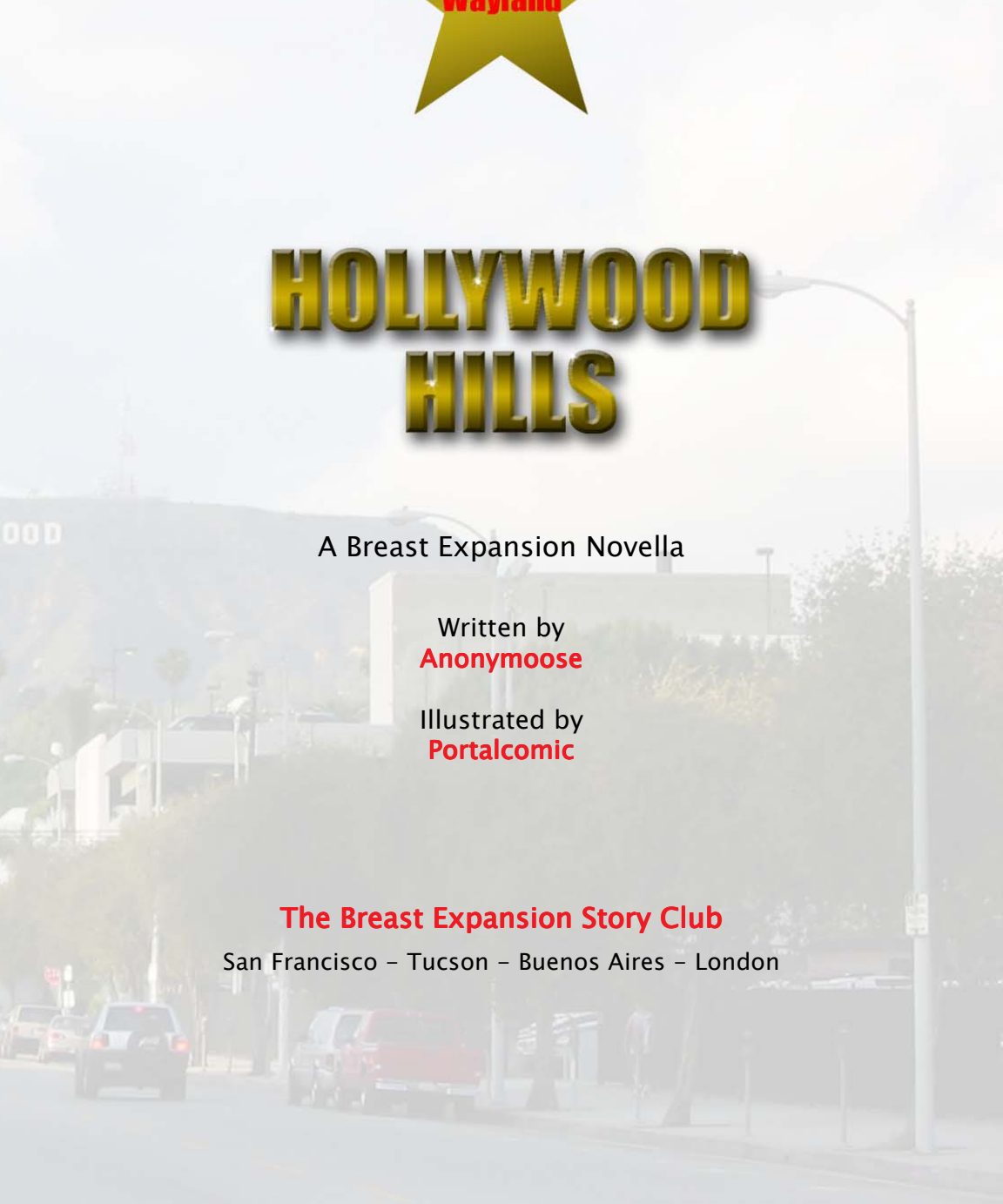
A Breast Expansion Novella

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The Breast Expansion Story Club

San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



Hollywood Hills
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Chapter I: *Washed Up*

"What the fuck is this?" actress Holly Wayland cursed at the stagehand. "I asked for spring water."

"That's Dasani water, ma'am," he replied, trying to mask his contempt for this woman. "That's fresh bottled water."

"I didn't ask for *bottled* water. I asked for *spring* water – s - p - r - i - n - g," she said, spelling it out for the stagehand, as if he couldn't understand the English language.

"I'm sorry, but that's all we have," he said in his defense. She became even more irate.

"Listen up helper boy. What you can do is run down the street to the nearest grocery store, buy some Fiji, Hawaii, or some other brand of *spring* water and bring it back here. That Dasani shit is straight from the Los Angeles aquifer. I'm not drinking that. It may be okay for stagehands but those of us who are looking after our health and complexion do not pollute our bodies with that shit. Now run along before I have you fired."

"Ma'am, I'm not sure the producer would be happy about me leaving the lot during work hours. I'm needed elsewhere. Why don't you just have the Dasani for today, and we'll make sure to have some of a different brand here for you tomorrow, okay? Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to work."

"Grrrrrr!!!!" Holly thought to herself. She was really pissed with this guy. Ever since she stopped getting A-list roles, she didn't have the kind of proper treatment she was used to. She used to get an entire entourage of assistants waiting on her, anticipating her every request, happy to oblige whenever she made demands. It was clear to everyone now that her star status was waning, and these parts weren't going to reverse that.

Holly Wayland was fast approaching 45, and early in her career she made the fatal mistake of not taking roles that showed off her skill as a serious actress. She always took the blonde bombshell roles – the hero's sexy girlfriend, the damsel in distress, the seductive villainess. In her twenties and early thirties, she was the sex goddess of the silver screen. She was on calendars, magazine covers, and there was always some Internet site claiming to have her nude photos. Now, no one particularly cared about seeing Holly Wayland in the nude.

She'd been relegated to playing the leading woman only in B-movies and made for TV garbage. Occasionally she'd get a role in a major motion picture, but it was never the lead role and it was always playing something she despised – the "mom" parts. The fact was, her looks had faded and there was a new crop of actresses to lust over. Holly Wayland was a has-been; she just didn't want to accept it.

After her "rude" treatment, Holly called her agent to give him a piece of her mind, "Porter, the production is totally out of control. I'm getting no respect here at all. The stagehands won't listen to me and the director won't take any of my suggestions. You've got to do something. I'm tired of these supporting roles. I want to play the lead."

"Holly, first, settle down. I'm sure it's not as bad as you think. Once you wrap up this movie, I have a part for you in Family First, a drama for HBO. It's a great part! It's about a mother of three who gets cancer and has to choose between..." he said, before getting cut off.

"Forget it, Porter! Not a chance. I'm tired of these sentimental mom parts. Look, I played opposite Tom Cruise. I was a Bond-girl! Get me something good."

"Holly, you were twenty-eight when you had that picture with Tom and twenty-four when you played a Bond-girl."

"Big fucking deal. He's over 40 and he still gets the leading man roles. You can get me the good parts too. I can act every bit as well as he can."

"Holly, no one is disputing that. It's just that the female audience still pays to see Tom Cruise cast as a sex symbol. The male audience doesn't pay to see women your age in those kinds of roles. There's not a producer in this town that would cast you in one of those roles anymore. Besides, your talents have matured beyond those kinds of parts."

"Those kind of parts are what get women magazine covers, sponsorship deals, and fat paychecks. When is the last time you saw Susan Sarandon on the cover of Vogue or sponsoring a lipstick? She may be a good actress, but she's not pulling in the kind of audience, paycheck, or sponsorship deals that Cameron Diaz or Penélope Cruz are getting."

"Holly, I'm sorry, but I can't get you roles like that. Let's be realistic here. Unless you can take off 10 or 15 years there's nothing I can do." Holly hung up the phone, angry with her agent for not doing anything to help her. She needed to do something to get her career back on track. There had to be something she could do – some more plastic surgery maybe.

"I couldn't help but overhear your conversation there," a well-dressed man said, speaking to Holly from behind. "Granted, what I heard was a one-sided conversation, but I think I got the gist of it. I hope the help hasn't been too bad around here."

"You're John Ashton," Holly said, surprised at the stranger's identity.

"Guilty as charged," he replied, laughing a little.

"What are you doing here?" she asked him.

"I'm producing this movie. You're doing a great job by the way. I've seen the dailies and your acting is terrific."

"John, you look great. I didn't know you were producing now. I'd always wondered what you'd been up to. The last thing I saw you in was Enemy Threat. You were great in that."

"Yes, but my acting days are over. I'm happy with what I'm doing now. To tell you the truth, I like producing better. You have a steady income instead of two big paychecks for the year and that's it. I'll be honest; I was an idiot during my acting days. I figured my action-hero cachet would last forever and I spent money like it was water. Then the parts stopped coming in, and I was in trouble. If it weren't for producing, I'd be in real trouble right now. How about you, though? I'm sure you have millions saved up from all those endorsement deals you did back in the 70s and 80s."

"Well, not exactly. I guess I was sort-of in the same boat as you and every other young actor in this town. I blew through all my paychecks and didn't put much aside for retirement, which came a whole hell of a lot quicker than I thought it would. What I wouldn't give just to be able to do one more leading role. If only I had my looks. Honestly, I'm surprised you're not still acting. You look as good as ever – maybe even better than when you did Enemy Threat. How old are you?"

"Sixty-four."

"Shut-up," Holly said, in total disbelief.

"I'm serious. I was fifty when I did Enemy Threat and that was back in 1990."

"But you could pass for thirty-five right now. And there's no way you looked fifty in that movie. This is unreal. You have to tell me your secret. I'm going to make an appointment with your surgeon."

"Yeah, you and everyone else in this town would like to know," he said, being coy. "It wouldn't be a secret if we just told everyone who asked."

"So, you're not going to tell me?" she asked.

"I had to pay 2 million just to get an appointment to see this guy. To get the treatment, I had to pay 10 million more."

"Small price to pay, though, if it gets you movies like Enemy Threat."

"True enough. I decided to go out with one big bang. I haven't done another big film since Enemy Threat. I've put all my effort into producing since then."

"You've still got the body to do action movies," she said.

"You don't look so bad yourself. I'm not even sure you'd need the treatment," he told her, being polite.

"Tell me what it is at least. I have to know."

"It's a youth and vitality serum. It's extremely difficult and expensive to manufacture and it isn't approved by any government. From what I understand, the manufacturing and refinement processes are – how shall I say it – morally ambiguous at best. I asked

once what the ingredients were and the only thing they told me was ‘Don’t ask.’ So, I’m not sure everything is entirely legal. But with the effect it has, I really couldn’t care what goes in it. I signed a confidentiality agreement, so I can’t really say more than that without introducing you to the doctor himself."

"Wow," Holly replied, her curiosity peaked. "You have to introduce me. I’ll sign over my acting fee plus residuals for this film to you – just introduce me to the people who make this serum. I *need* to get some of this stuff."

"A little desperate for the good old days?"

"Don’t ask," she said, trying to hide her desperation.



Chapter II: *Second Chances*

After a good 30-minute drive outside Los Angeles, Holly and John approached what looked to be a warehouse in one of the vast industrial parks outside the city. There were several buildings in this small industrial park, including what looked to be a small two-story office building next to the main warehouse. A barbed wire fence surrounded the entire park, and there was a security guard clearing people for entry into the compound.

John drove up in his BMW, rolled down the window, and spoke to the security guard. "John Ashton and Holly Wayland, here to see Dr. Reichmann."

"Just a moment, Mr. Ashton," the security guard responded. He walked into the security booth and picked up the telephone. Neither John nor Holly could tell what he was saying or who he was speaking to.

"Is this normal?" Holly asked John, stunned that they weren't being shown in immediately.

"Yes. It happens every time," he replied. The security guard returned from his booth a few minutes later and allowed them to enter. Immediately after parking, the two were met by another guard. Mr. Ashton, Ms. Wayland, please come with me. They followed the guard into the office building and were instructed to wait in a waiting room for the doctor to arrive.

"Dr. Reichmann is in the lab currently but he'll be here in just a few minutes to see you both," the guard told them.

"Who's Dr. Reichmann," Holly asked John, trying to be discreet.

"I'm pretty sure he's the head of research here."

A few minutes later a tall blonde man with glasses and a lab coat entered. "Hello Mr. Ashton. It's always nice to see one of our first and most valued customers. I trust everything is working fine for you," the man said with a thick German accent. "And who is your lady-friend?"

"Doctor, this is Holly Wayland, an actress from one of my movies. Holly, this, of course, is Dr. Reichmann."

"I guess my PR people aren't doing their jobs," she said, a little upset that the doctor didn't know who she was.

"Ms. Wayland, you'll have to forgive me, but I have no time for movies and such things. I do suppose that makes me an oddity here in Los Angeles, but my work keeps me quite busy. I gather that you've already been told about my treatment from Mr. Ashton and you are here to procure a supply for yourself."

"That's exactly right, doctor."

"Excellent," he said, clasping his hands together. "My fee for a consultation is 2 million dollars. After payment, you'll get a thorough introduction to my treatment and I will be available to answer any questions you might have. If you choose to purchase the treatment, the fee is 10 million."

"How long does the treatment last?" she asked.

"As I said, I'll be happy to answer any questions after the consultation fee has been paid."

Holly furrowed her eyebrows, upset that the doctor wouldn't give her any more information. She reached into her purse, pulled out her checkbook, and asked him, "Who do I make the check out to?"

"Reichmann Medical," the doctor answered. Holly made out the check and gave it to the doctor.

"You will not be disappointed," he told her, taking the check and giving it to one of the employees in the next room. Holly's heart was pounding. After that check cleared, there wouldn't be much left of her savings. She had no idea how she'd come up with the \$10 million for the treatments.

The doctor's explanation took about an hour. He showed her pictures and slides of how the serum worked and tried to leave out the jargon so that the former starlet could understand what he was saying. "The key point is that the serum works on a cellular level. We rejuvenate the cells in your body, making them more eager to divide, like when you were younger. You become healthy and youthful again inside and out. If you're menopausal right now you can expect that to change."

Holly asked a few questions, "How does the payment work? Honestly, I think I might have trouble coming up with 10 million all at once. Would you take payments?"

"Normally, no. But with an actress, yes I will. I know what this serum will do for your career. How much can you pay up-front."

"I can scrape together 5 million if I get a loan on my house, and I can sell my residuals for some of my old films. Now that all my old films are coming out on DVD, I've been getting some more back-end payments recently."

"Very well," the doctor told her. "I will give you the first dose of the serum today. You'll have one week to bring me your first payment of 5 million. I suggest you return here before the week is up so you can get the next dose on schedule." A nurse took some of Holly's blood and left for the lab. "There's something else I need to tell you," the doctor said in a somewhat foreboding tone. "The serum is specially engineered for your DNA signature and yours alone. Don't get the idea that you can sell it or do anything else other than take it. I also have to ask that you sign this confidentiality agreement. You are absolutely forbidden to talk to anyone about the serum except to refer him or her to me. And under no circumstances may you ever mention the serum to a journalist or anyone who works for any media outlet. If you break any of these rules your supply of the serum will be cut off and your body will revert back to its previous state."

"You don't have to worry about me Dr. Reichmann."

"Good," he replied. The doctor handed Holly the serum after the nurse returned. "Inject 10cc per day every morning. This bottle here has 70cc of the serum. Here's the needle. You don't need to hit a blood vessel. Just pinch a little fat and inject it. The body will absorb the serum from wherever you inject it." After a few more follow-up questions for the doctor and another stern warning to be prompt with the payment, Holly and John left the compound and headed back towards the studio. John dropped Holly off, wished her good luck, and told her to stay out of sight when she injected the compound.

"The transformations are rather... how shall I put it... sudden and violent. It won't be pleasant, but just be glad you only have to go through it once." Holly heeded his



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warning and drove back to her estate. She placed a call to her banker and left a voicemail about taking out a mortgage on her property. She would need the cash quickly, she told the machine.

Now it was time to use the serum...



Chapter III: *Changes*

Back at Holly's estate, the actress contemplated her next move. Would she take the serum now? Would she wait until the end of the current movie? Should she tell her agent and get him started looking for new roles? And if so, what kind of roles should she take? Perhaps she should talk to her publicist. How was she going to explain her sudden and newfound youth and vitality? Should they start mapping out a strategy? On the other hand, perhaps she was worrying herself too much. What if no one noticed the change at all? What if she was totally ignored? Could she ever get her star-power back?

"Fuck it," she thought to herself. She wasn't about to wait for all these people to confer and decide her future. She was going to do this and let all those people deal with the fallout. She would tell her agent to find her some new roles – ones that showcased her soon-to-be youth and vigor. She'd let her publicist worry about questions about her looks – that was going to be his problem, not her's. She'd let all the professionals come up with the explanations in the morning. Right now, she was going to take the serum and she wasn't looking back.

Holly took the syringe from the plane-looking Reichmann Medical bag and removed the vial of serum very carefully. She plunged the syringe into the vial, just as she'd been shown back at the medical plaza, and withdrew exactly 10cc of serum from the vial. She pinched a fatty area on her thigh and injected the serum, hoping it would find its way into her system. She didn't have any reason to doubt the doctor, but she was a little concerned about the injection. She had never given herself a shot before. Everything she'd seen from movies always had showed the person looking for a vein – no matter what was being injected, from insulin to heroin. The one thing she remembered was that you always had to find a vein. Nevertheless, she was resolute and watched in patience for the changes to start.

Just a few minutes later she started to feel nauseous. Her body started feeling weak as well, as if she was about to go limp. She was somewhat prepared for this – she was warned the transformation would be sudden and unpleasant. She wanted to find a mirror so she could see the transformations first-hand. Holly ran to the nearest bathroom and watched as the changes started to unfold right before her eyes.

Holly saw the changes start first near her eyes. The crow's feet near the sides softened, and some of the lines just melted away. The harsh lines around her cheeks gave way to soft curves that revealed a soft jaw line. Her hair lengthened several inches and softened, despite the significant abuse it had suffered at the hands of the various hair treatment products Holly used on a regular basis. The skin blemishes and



freckles that had developed on Holly's face over the last decade just faded away, as if they were being erased. Holly quickly grabbed her makeup-removing wipes and frantically wiped at her face, wanting to see all the changes made to her skin.

The rest of her body was transformed simultaneously. Holly felt the cellulite in her thighs melt away, as if she was undergoing liposuction. A similar effect happened around her midsection. Her abs started to peek through as her belly fat slowly began to melt away. She didn't have much before, but she wasn't in the absolute pinnacle of physical fitness either. Age had taken its toll. Holly was beginning to see herself like she once did more than 10 years ago... as a fit and attractive 30-something. She looked great and the changes were continuing.

Her breasts, already riding high from two previous breast enhancement surgeries, firmed up even more and started to gain mass. Holly was a little worried. She weighed in at a healthy D-cup before the changes started, but as she watched they filled out to at least an F-cup. Her breasts were surging outward with a vengeance, seeming overly anxious to grow. Holly realized she'd need to get her implants taken out after the changes were through. Her body had finally given her what she never had naturally, an impressive bustline.

With the continued expansion, Holly began to worry more than a little. The growth in her breasts was not stopping, much less slowing down. She felt her skin stretch and pull as her boobs pushed outwards. Holly quickly unfastened her bra before it had the chance to snap off, which it surely would have done had she not taken action. Impressively, there were no stretch marks to accompany this rapid growth. Her skin was growing right along with her breasts, accommodating her expanse. By the time the growth leveled off, her breasts were the size of volleyballs. She looked enormous.

"My God," she thought to herself, "I look like a cow." It actually wasn't an accurate thought. Her breasts were the only things big about her. Her body had slimmed down considerably and, if anything, she looked less like a cow now than before the sudden transformation. The fact that she had 500cc breast implants, combined with the enlargement provided by the serum, just served to make her breasts look overly large.

Holly took several more minutes just staring at herself, trying to take in all the changes her body had undergone. After the shock started to wear off, she rummaged through her collection of DVDs and started up a movie she had made when she was in her early thirties – comparing her look on camera to how she looked now. It wasn't quite identical, of course. Her breasts were obviously much larger now, owing to the breast growth and her existing set of implants. Otherwise, however, it was a virtual match. She really did look young again. The serum had worked as promised.

Chapter IV: *The Crisis*

Holly called her plastic surgeon immediately and told him she had somewhat of a "overnight growth spurt" and she'd need her implants removed right away. Her breasts were now far too large, she told him. He scheduled her for an operation in ten days. He told her that was the absolute soonest he could offer her, despite her pleading and begging for something earlier. Holly was unsure what to do – could she even go out in public looking the way she did? What would they say back on the set? How was she going to deal with this?

"First things first," she thought. She was going to need some clothes to fit. The stuff she had now was woefully inadequate to fit her enlarged bust. She was going to need some clothes to tide her over for the week and a half while she waited for her reduction. She found the largest top she could find, put it on, got in her car and left. It took her about 20 minutes to arrive at her favorite Los Angeles shopping district. The valet who took her car didn't seem to recognize her and that was a good thing. She had on some dark sunglasses, hoping she wouldn't be noticed.

If she weren't in Los Angeles, she would have looked a little ridiculous in her top. It was clearly too small for her – her boobs were filling it out completely. The top was stretched across her chest, and it pulled it up, revealing four or five inches of bare midriff. Even though LA was arguably the breast implant capital of the world – there was never any shortage of busty blondes – it was still little unusual to see a girl sporting a pair of volleyball-sized boobs. In LA, D-cup or E-cup breasts rarely turned heads, but Holly's G-cup wonders were rare enough to cause a show.

And she was causing a little bit of a show. What Holly didn't notice was the van parked on the side of the road across the street had a telephoto lens pointed right at her. A member of the famed paparazzi clearly noticed her and was snapping away. This was perhaps Holly's worst nightmare, but she didn't know it yet. One thing she didn't want was to have her picture plastered up everywhere before she had a chance to get her breast implants removed. It was too late for that now, though. The van had already left and was determined to see those pictures of Holly Wayland splashed all over magazine covers.

During her shopping a few people, some store clerks and others, did seem to recognize her. "Are you Holly Wayland?" they would ask her. Holly brushed it all off and pretended not to be herself.

"Oh, I get that a lot," she said. She didn't know whether people bought it or not, but they stopped asking questions after she gave her explanation. After buying 15 new tops and some oversized bras to fit her enlarged bust – she thought they looked like

miniature parachutes – Holly drove back home. The paparazzi van was parked nearby, waiting for her car to approach – just to confirm that it was her. He snapped some more photos of her as she drove in through the front gate. Since she was driving her convertible and the paparazzi was elevated relative to her front gate, it made it easy for him to get some excellent shots. Her huge boobs were mashed together in her too-small top and created a valley of cleavage that was exactly what the photographer was looking for. He was already counting the payoff in his head as he continued snapping as many shots as he could get.

The next day Holly got a frantic call from her publicist, Amy England. "Just what the hell did you do to yourself?" Amy asked her. "Are you going to be trying out for parts in porno movies or something?" Holly was worried... how could Amy have known what happened.

"What are you talking about?" Holly asked, playing dumb.

"Hello! There are pictures of you and your new implants plastered all over the Internet. I've been getting calls from E!, the National Enquirer, Variety, and not to mention from producers for some of your upcoming roles. They all want to know whether you've supersized your chest. They're not going to let you play these parts with a chest like that. Tell me this is all a mistake or some stunt or something."

Holly tried to think of a reasonable explanation for her new mega mammories, "I had some plastic surgery done – a face lift, some lipo, and a replacement of my previous implants. They made a mistake and overfilled them. Someone wrote something down on the chart wrong and they filled them way too much. I'm going back in to get it corrected in a week and half – back to my regular doctor though."

"Good. Do me a favor and just stay out of sight for the next week then. The last thing I need is having your pictures pop up all over the place with these huge breasts. That's not going to help us at all. I'm going to call back everyone and deny everything. So, just stay out of sight and don't make me into a liar. I'm very sorry about what happened, but this is the kind of thing that can ruin a career, so don't let yourself get caught again."

"I'll keep a low profile, don't worry," Holly promised. After getting off the phone with her publicist, Holly realized she was a little overdue for her daily injection. She grabbed the bottle of serum and her syringe, withdrew 10cc of the formula, and injected it. It seemingly had no effect. She didn't feel any younger or better than she did the day before. She began to wonder whether what the doctor said was true about the follow-up doses. Perhaps she didn't really need them and it was a bluff to make everyone keep paying him. She was starting to get a little disappointed with the results

of the transformation. She did look 10 years younger, but she had hoped it would work better than that. There was only one thing to do.

She was going to take a second injection of the serum to see if it could work any better. She already had a 10cc injection this morning, but it hadn't had much of an effect, if any. It was time to try another 10cc to see if the results would improve. Holly withdrew another 10cc from the bottle, filling the syringe, and injected herself once again. She waited...



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Chapter V: A Not Entirely Unexpected Result

Holly only had to wait another three minutes before she felt the same nauseating feeling that she felt the first time. The serum was working its magic once again. Once again the changes started happened suddenly, affecting her face and body simultaneously. As even more of her body fat melted away, her muscles peeked their way through to the skin even more so than before. Holly looked fit and trim. Her waist thinned and her face gained even more definition as her body began to resemble someone in her early twenties. Holly had the body and beauty of an underwear model, with one profound exception...

Holly's breasts were billowing outwards once again, seemingly losing all control. Her jaw dropped as she observed the changes that were taking place. She couldn't believe what was happening. Her breasts, already a G-cup before, were now beyond description. She was growing larger by the second, unable to control her own expanse. She grabbed her boobs and held them, as if she could hold them back from growing further. It was no use. They were growing on their own schedule and still had work to do. Holly could do nothing but stare wide-eyed as the breast-flesh surged outward and onward. She was powerless to stop the expanse. Clearly she underestimated the effect of a second 10cc dose of the serum.

After a full two minutes of growth, Holly's breasts slowed their expansion before finally stopping fifteen seconds after that. Holly surveyed her chest, and she was at a loss for words to describe what she saw. The new growth, combined with her old growth and her 500cc implants had left Holly with a set of massive basketball-sized breasts. Her boobs were so big that they took up more horizontal space than was available on her tiny frame. Holly could no longer swing her arms from front to back because her upper-arms were obstructed by about 4 inches of tit hanging out on each side of her. The lack of available space on the front of her torso caused her two tits to mash together in a symphony of deep succulent cleavage, providing the onlooker with a visual feast. This new Holly was truly a sight to behold – busty beyond anything Hollywood had ever seen before.

Holly looked around for her phone, she needed to call Dr. Reichmann right away and explain what had happened. She thought that perhaps he might have some solution that would reverse the process. She could have sworn that she had just put the phone down, but she couldn't find it anywhere. It was extremely difficult to move around now that her center of gravity had been shifted dramatically upward. Embarrassingly, the phone was right below her on the counter the whole time – she just couldn't see it with her enormous chest blocking her view. Each of Holly's tits protruded a full 10

inches from her frame, severely limiting her field of vision. Holly realized she'd never again see her stomach without the assistance of a mirror. It was a shame too, considering how her abdominal muscles gave her stomach just the perfect amount of definition. After the second dose of the serum, Holly was in top-shape.

After locating the phone she placed a call to the Reichmann Medical and heard the devastating news from the nurse who took her call. She's now need 20cc of serum per day to maintain her current health and figure. There was no way to reverse the serum's effect other than to just let it wear off. If that happened, she'd revert back to the old mid-forties Holly... the same Holly that was having trouble booking A-list movies. Her only choice was to fix the overgrowth of her breasts with surgery and then continue taking the 20cc of serum daily to maintain her youthful appearance. There was another complication... she had only 40cc of serum left, which gave her just two days to come up with the first \$5 million payment before she ran out.

Holly called her banker to follow-up on the voicemail she had left earlier. He was a little concerned about the request for the quick money, and he started asking a lot of questions, "Why do you need the money so fast? If we're going to do a home loan, we have to do an appraisal, home inspection, and a lot more paperwork. How quick do you need the funds?"

"I need them before the end of the week. Within 2 days, to be exact."

"Impossible," he said. It simply would take more time than that to go through the entire process, especially for an expensive home like her's. It was not going to be a walk in the park.

"You have to help me," she said. "I'm investing in a blockbuster movie, and I have a limited amount of time to put in my share. I need that money on time."

"Come on in to the bank. We'll get the ball rolling, fill out all the paperwork, and set things in motion for the loan."

"Can't we do this by fax or something? I don't feel really well today," Holly replied, trying to avoid having to go out again.

"Well, sure, but that'll create a delay. I have to get some of these signatures on the original documents."

"No delays," Holly replied. "I'll be in soon. Get the paperwork ready for me to sign."

"No problem," he replied. "I'll get it started now."

Holly hung up the phone and headed upstairs to find something that she could wear to meet the banker. She couldn't believe she was leaving the house in her current condition, but she needed to get the money quick. The best outfit she could muster was one of the new large tops she purchased the day before. Although it fit her comfortably back when she had G-cups, her new basketball-sized boobs totally

overpowered it. Holly gave a valiant effort trying to squeeze and jiggle her newly expanded bosom into the shirt, but the result was less than optimal. The top was stretched to the max over her colossal boobs, and with most of the material forced around her tits, the shirt looked like a cut-away. Nevertheless, it was the biggest top she had and it was going to have to make due. The largesse of Holly's chest pulled at each side of the top, making the v-neck of the top stretched wider than was ever intended by the designer. Holly was exposing an indecent amount of cleavage, but she had no other choice. None of her clothing was built to accommodate such a generously proportioned bosom.

Shaking her head at the ridiculousness of how she looked, Holly headed to her garage. She hopped into her SUV this time – there was no way she was taking the convertible looking the way she did – and set off towards her bank. Unbeknownst to her, she was being tailed by several paparazzi. They kept a safe distance – about 50 meters – to try and avoid being discovered. Each of them was determined to get video this time. Word was out that all the celebrity gossip shows were willing to pay big for video of Holly and her new bustline. Ever since the Britney Spears breast implant stories took off, Hollywood gossip magazines and news shows were especially interested in getting a scoop on any expansion-related news.

When she arrived at her bank, she quickly exited the car and ran into the branch. As one of the "High Net Worth" clients, she would be seen by her private banker in his office. She made her way through the parking lot of the bank as quickly as possible, but the sight of her jiggling her way from the parking lot to the building only served to attract attention. She literally stopped passers-by in their tracks as they stopped to look, turn their heads, and stare in amazement. Her breasts were so large that none of the onlookers actually recognized who she was. They only saw huge pair of basketball-sized tits jiggling their way into the bank. The three groups of paparazzi who were following her were stunned when they actually saw the enormity of her breasts. Holly was safely in the bank by the time they were able to get their cameras out and none of them were able to get any shots. Each of them were going to camp out and wait for her to exit the bank, however. They each saw that Holly's breasts were even larger than they imagined. The Internet pictures did not do them justice at all.

By the time that Holly had reached her banker's office, one of the photographers was already on the phone with his contact at Access Hollywood, one of the celebrity gossip shows. "The Internet pictures don't do them justice. They're bigger than you could have possibly imagined! This'll be your lead story for tonight's show. I'm going to take some film and then personally drop it off afterwards. You won't believe how huge these puppies are! They're beyond enormous."

Holly left the bank an hour later, having spent the previous 40 minutes signing paperwork and explaining her need for the quick turnaround on the loan. It took her a full 20 minutes to convince her banker of her identity and her story. She finally just came out and told him the truth about the serum she'd taken, the rather large effect it had on her body and bustline, and the true reason why she needed the \$5 million. He accepted her explanation and tried his hardest to keep his attention focused on the business at hand. His mind was clearly elsewhere, however. Holly's bustline created a *growing* distraction.

When she finally stepped outside the bank, Holly was confronted by three video cameras and shouts from the cameramen, "Why'd you get these huge implants?" one of them asked.

"Are they for a role? If so, which one?" asked another.

"How big are they? How much do they weigh?" asked another.

Holly froze like a deer-in-headlights, unsure of what to say or do. She finally went into flight mode and ran towards her car. Each cameraman kept pace, jogging backwards and capturing video of Holly running at them. Holly's bosom bounced and wobbled out of control as she ran for her car. The three cameramen captured the entire scene flawlessly. It was a comical moment for the three of them as they continued to shout questions at her as she ran. When she finally arrived at her car she fumbled around in her purse for her keys, ignoring the onslaught of questions from the paparazzi.

In the confusion, she dropped her keys on the ground. Sensing an opportunity for some great footage, the cameramen repositioned themselves to get a shot of Holly bending over to grab the keys. It was at this moment that the enormity of her bosom was captured on video as her twin Hindenburgs hung from her chest. In the rush to escape the paparazzi, Holly failed to compensate for her new center of gravity and toppled over bust-first as she bent forward. Her breasts broke her fall as they mashed themselves into the asphalt. The video was truly priceless.

That night the video of Holly's misadventure outside the bank aired on Access Hollywood, Inside Edition, and was practically on a 30 second loop on the E! Channel. The late night comics all had their fun at Holly's expense as well. Jay Leno was particularly hard on her, "Actress Holly Wayland was spotted today with a new set of breast implants. Apparently her surgeon is getting a little hard of hearing because when she told him she wanted a D-cup, she woke up with Z-cups instead. No, but seriously... these new breasts are causing some serious problems. Researchers at NASA today said they thought they'd found two new moons in low earth orbit, but it turns out it was just some astronomer was using telescope time to stare at Holly's breasts."

The next morning Holly was distraught. Her phone had been ringing off the hook – mostly from her agent and publicist. She couldn't bring herself to answer the calls. She resolved herself not to use the serum. She was just going to wait until it wore off and let herself return to her natural figure. She couldn't deal with having breasts that huge, even if it meant that she'd have a smoking-hot youthful body. Holly spent the rest of the day waiting for the serum to wear off. The changes started at about 3:00

3.04

REC



PM. Over the course of about an hour, Holly's body reverted back to its original state. The changes didn't stop, however. They continued.

By the time Holly's body was done changing, she looked fifty. She had an enormous number of wrinkles, her breasts were sagging, her skin was loose against her body, and she felt terrible, weak even. Holly ran as fast as she could to the bottle of serum and injected 10cc of serum. Nothing happened. She took another 10cc injection. The changes began and Holly quickly found herself back at her youthful appearance. She was in her twenties again and her breasts were back to their over-expanded basketball-sized volume. A quick call to her banker revealed that it would be at least five days until he could have the money ready for her. There was no way to get it to her any sooner. She had only one day left of serum. There was no way she was going to let herself revert back to that horrible old maid she had become earlier. She was going to need some more serum.

Chapter VI: *A Desperate Plan*

Holly was going to have to go back to Reichmann Medical, explain her situation, and get the serum one way or another. Hopefully Dr. Reichmann would advance her the next week's supply of serum. If not, she'd have to take it. She wasn't leaving there without a supply of serum. She needed it now. She grabbed her Springfield PX9505L Ultra-Compact 9mm and put it in her purse. She hoped she wouldn't need it, but she was going to take the serum one way or another.

It took Holly about 30 minutes to make her way to Reichmann Medical in the Los Angeles traffic. She kept an eye out for paparazzi, not eager to repeat yesterday's incident, but she didn't notice anyone following her. When she pulled up to the security gate, she gave her name to the guard and waited while he called it in. Finally he let her enter and directed her to the same building she visited last time. Dr. Reichmann was there waiting for her this time. She could tell he wasn't pleased.

"Clearly someone does not know how to follow directions," he said in his thick German accent. "Obviously you took too much of the serum and you have attracted far too much attention to yourself. I do recall asking you to be discrete."

"I'm sorry," she explained. "I wanted to look even younger. The 10cc dose just didn't do it, so I took more. But the serum has this crazy side effect. You never told me that my breasts would be expanding out of control like this."

Reichmann began to get more upset. "And you yourself did not tell me that you would not follow my directions. If you had done what you were told this would not be a problem."

"Even with the 10cc dose... it blew my breasts up to a G-cup. I looked ridiculous."

The doctor scowled, getting angry, almost spitting as he talked to her, "That's because you have two water bags in your chest. If you still had a natural figure you would have ended up well proportioned after the initial dose. Now tell me what you want before I throw you out of here."

"I'm out of serum. I only have one day's supply left. I need more."

"And your payment," he asked, holding his hand out, waiting for her to give him a check.

"It's going to take five more days before the bank has my \$5 million ready. I only have 20cc left. I need another 80cc to hold me over."

"Ha! I should never have taken you on as a client. You'll get the serum once you pay and not a minute sooner."

Holly wasn't about to let that happen. She reached for her purse, grabbed her gun, and pulled it out. She pointed it at Reichmann and told him to freeze. She padded his

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lab coat pockets and found what she thought she was looking for. There were a few vials in there and she took them out. One was labeled "Female Precursor Serum." She asked him, "What is this? Tell me the truth."

"It's the unrefined serum. But you can't take it. It's not formulated for your genetic profile. It's far too powerful."

"What happens if I take it?"

"You simply cannot take it."

The nurse in the room looked at the doctor when he said that and then looked away. Holly thought she might know something. "Tell me, is that the truth?"

"Say nothing," the doctor told her.

"Shut up," Holly ordered, scolding the doctor. "It's okay, I'm not going to hurt you. Now tell me about this. Can I take it?"

"You could," the nurse said. "The refined serum is designed to keep the user addicted. If you stop taking it you instantly revert, and it's not pretty."

"Shhh..." the doctor scolded.

"Keep going," Holly told her. "Tell me everything."

"Well, the precursor will stay in your bloodstream longer. You drink that and it'll stay in your blood for years and years."

"Will I change more?" Holly asked.

"Yes, but you won't appear younger than about twenty or your late teens, that's about all the serum can do, refined or not."

Holly liked what she heard. She popped the top off the vial and chugged the whole thing down. "Ugh...", she said, "It tastes like cum."

Dr. Reichmann started laughing manically. "Stupid girl," he said. "You sealed your own fate with that." A minute or two later Holly started having convulsions and was twitching uncontrollably. A security guard approached her from behind and smacked the gun from her hand. Holly blacked out shortly after the guard restrained her hands from behind using a set of handcuffs.

No one ever heard from Holly again after those videos of her expanded breasts were aired all over television. She never returned to her set, never showed up at her plastic surgery appointment, and never finalized the loan on her house. No one knew what became of her. Her agent, publicist, and her family had no idea what happened to her. It was a complete mystery in Hollywood for about two months. After that, people got busy and distracted with other things and no one paid it much attention. Everyone figured Holly would show up some day and explain why she decided to expand her chest up to such a ridiculous size. Maybe it was part of some new reality TV show.

Only a few people at Reichmann Medical knew what actually happened to Holly Wayland...

Epilogue

Holly shook her head trying to clear her eyes. The room was completely dark, and her hands were restrained. She felt groggy. The last thing she remembered was blacking out after taking the unrefined serum. As she came to, she could feel that she was lying on her stomach. She still couldn't see yet. It was pitch black. She felt awkward. She could barely wiggle her arms or legs. She could tell that she was strapped in. She tried moving her body around, wiggling her torso, and she had a bit more luck. After trying to move she could feel that there were several straps beneath her stomach, around her waist, and even around her shoulders. Even her head was strapped in.

Whatever was holding her down was doing a very good job. Holly could feel a series of straps around her breasts as well. When she tried to move her torso she could feel her breasts sway back and forth a little bit. She could tell that she was not laying flat on the ground. She was being suspended in the air. It was clear to her that her breasts were bigger, although she couldn't tell by how much. She wasn't entirely used to the previous feeling of her basketball-sized boobs, but she did remember how they wobbled around when she moved her body. These new breasts didn't move the same way. It was almost as if... they moved independent of her body. She had some effect on them, but not a whole lot. She wondered what could make that happen. Perhaps the straps were just doing a very good job of restraining them. They didn't feel all that tight, however.

Holly stayed awake for what seemed like hours. She tried to think of how she could get out of there. She started screaming, "Hello! Can anyone hear me? Help!"

"Shh....," came one reply.

"They'll hear you," another voice said.

"Help me! Please, can you help me! Who is that?"

"Shh....," first voice said again. "Get some sleep. Don't make them come or they'll be upset."

"Who are you? Can you help me?" Holly asked. When no one was forthcoming, she started screaming, "Please, get me out of here!"

More voices told her to "Shh!" Holly could hear footsteps in the distance.

"Now you've done it," one of the voices said. Holly didn't recognize any of the voices speaking to her, but they were all female.

About 200 feet away Holly saw a door open with light shining through. The only light was coming from outside, and although Holly could see the silhouette of a man standing in the doorway, she couldn't make out any of his features. "What's the problem?" he asked, sounding upset. The sound of his voice echoed through the room. Holly could tell now the room was very large.

"Get me out of here," Holly screamed back. "Help me!"

"Oh, yes, another new addition," she heard the man reply. "I suppose we're going to get started early today, otherwise this one is just going to continue screaming all night."

"Now look what you've done," one of the other female voices said back to Holly, clearly upset.

The figure at the front of the room flicked a switch, and the large fluorescent lights at the top of the room began blinking and turning on one by one. With the aid of the lights Holly now saw the dire predicament she was in. Her entire body was strapped in and suspended at least 40 feet in the air, facing downward, and she was finally able to see just how large her breasts had become. Each one looked to be the size of a massive futon chair – 5 or 6 feet in diameter. That wasn't the shocking part, though. There



were two large hoses leading up and under the expansiveness of her breasts. She could tell what she was feeling now – the two hoses were attached to her nipples.

Holly wasn't alone in the room. Turning her head to the side she could see that there were four women per column each suspended by straps. Looking down she figured there would be three other women beneath her, but her breasts blocked her view. She rotated her head upwards to look directly across the room and saw that the other side of the room was filled with another series of women stacked four in a column top to bottom. There were dozens of women in the room – perhaps more than a hundred. Every woman was in the same predicament that she was... they were all in their early twenties or late teens and they had breasts that were five feet across!

It seemed quite alien, looking down into the room and seeing huge pink spheres hooked into hoses and suspended by numerous straps. Everyone was naked, with no clothes, except for the man who walked in. He walked steadily towards Holly, aware that she was the new addition to this strange collection of super-busty women. He walked close enough for her to see him, although his face was still 35 feet below her. "I bet you're wondering why you're here and what could possibly be the purpose for all this. Well, you're about to find out." Holly heard the man fiddle with some kind of control. "Time for your morning session," he shouted out to everyone.

The sound of machinery firing up could be heard all throughout the room. It reminded Holly of the sound of a vacuum cleaner. A few seconds later she felt suction against her nipples, and she realized pretty quickly what they were there for. Milk literally gushed out of her tits at a rate she didn't know was possible. The feeling of being milked was intensely pleasing and erotic as the pressure inside her breasts was relieved. Holly turned her head and watched as the dozens of women to her side were milked in the exact same manner as she was. All the women in the room were giving milk at the same time.

She could see that all the milking tubes led to giant troughs on the bottom row, which diligently collected the milk that was flowing out from their tits. The slight tilt of the troughs caused the milk to run to Holly's left to the end of the room where it was collected into a huge metal vat that had pipes leading into the wall – apparently the destination of the milk was some other location. Holly lost her train of thought as the milking hoses did their work. She felt so good.

After the milking session was over with, Holly asked the girl on her left, "How do we get some water around here?" Holly was extremely thirsty; she didn't know how long it had been since she last had a drink of water.

"Water hose is on the left. Food hose on the right. Just start sucking," she told her. Holly turned her head to the left and sure enough there was a hose with a small opening available to her. She sucked it, and water started coming out, quenching her thirst.

Holly turned back to the girl on her left, "What is this place? Why am I here?"

"Let me guess... you either didn't pay up or you told someone about Reichmann Medical. Which one?"

"Well, both actually."

"There you go," the girl replied. "Now you know why you're here. Ever wonder where the male serum comes from?"

"No, not really."

"Well, now you know. It comes from us... from the breast milk of women who've been taking the female serum."

The End