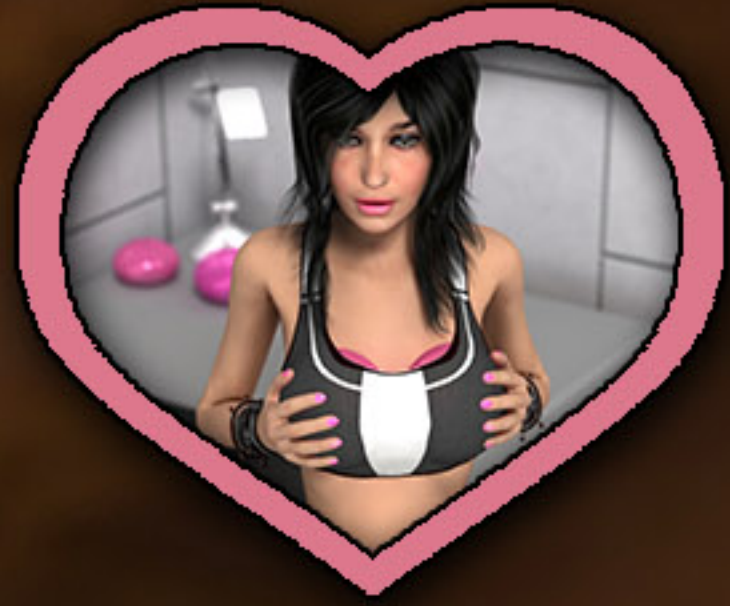
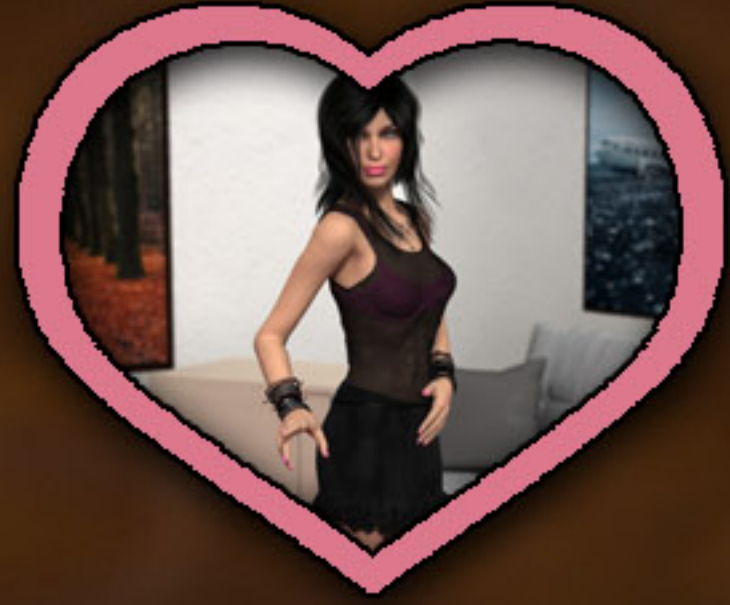


Boobie Greed



Caring femdom
Extreme breast expansion



Boobie Greed

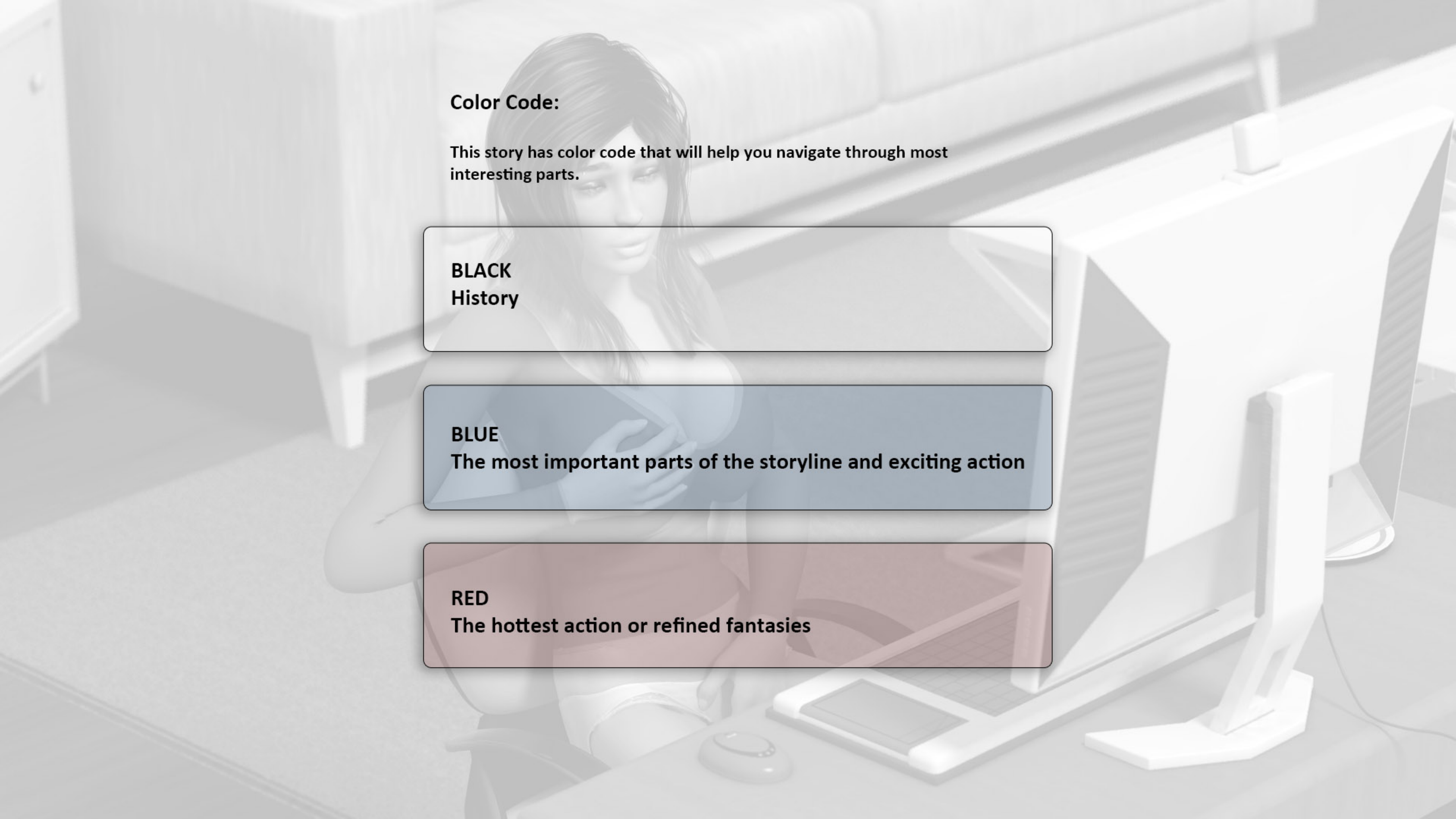
Caring femdom
Extreme breast expansion

Writer: **Szyl**

Illustrator: **Zych**

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A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in a modern office or home setting. She is looking down at a tablet device she is holding in her hands. On the desk in front of her is a large computer monitor and a laptop. The background shows a white sofa and a side table. The overall scene is dimly lit, with the woman's face and the objects on the desk being the primary focus.

Color Code:

This story has color code that will help you navigate through most interesting parts.

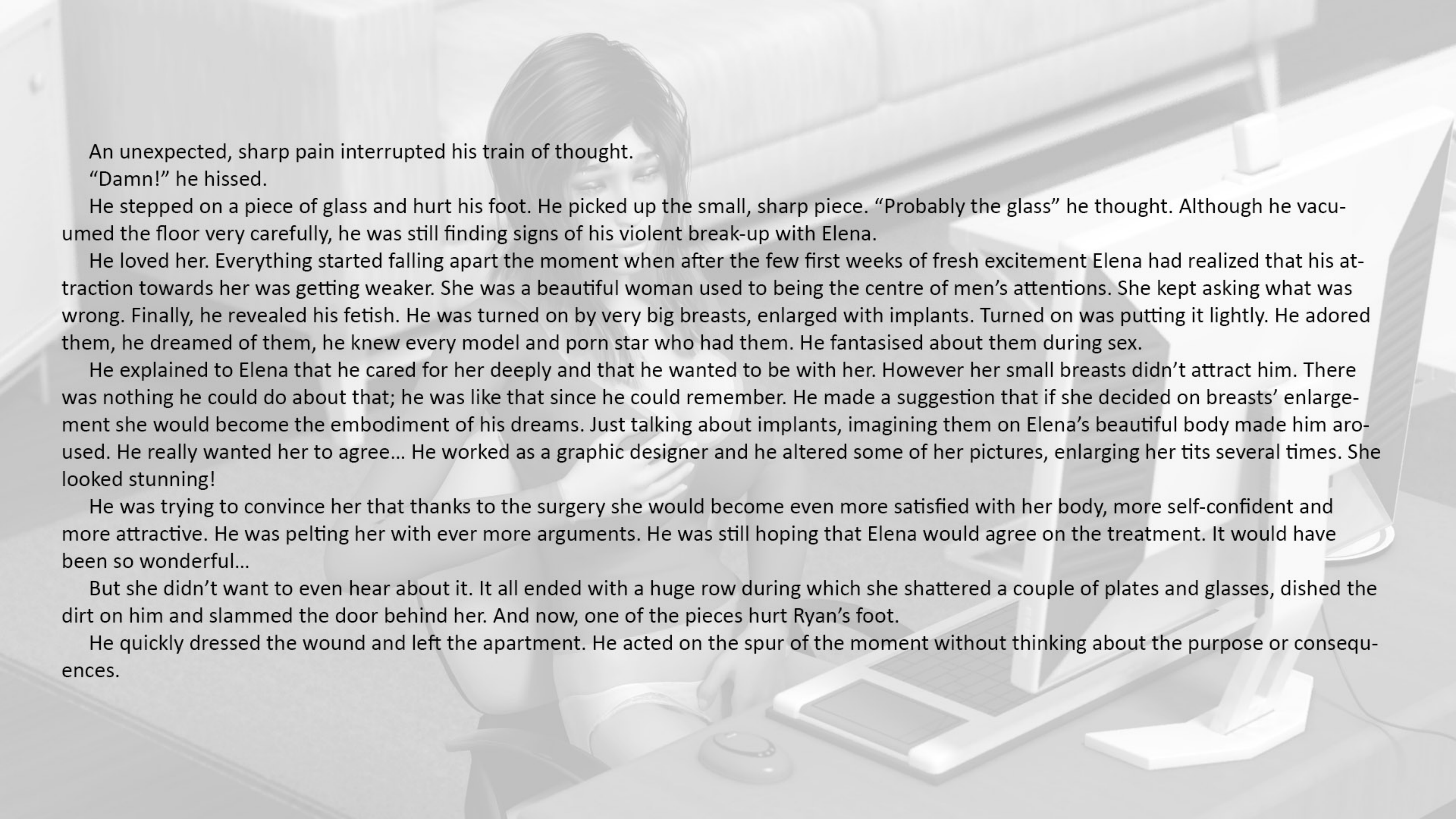
BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies

Ryan looked out the window. As usually at this hour she was taking a dog for a walk. She let it off the leash, sat down on the bench and lighted up a cigarette. Short, very thin with messy hair falling down onto her skinny arms she was looking glum and tired. Not his type at all. Regardless, from the moment he saw her for the first time, something had been drawing his attention towards her. A premonition, an intuition? Since then he had been looking for her silhouette outside his window almost unconsciously.



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a laptop. On the desk, there is a computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a window with blinds.

An unexpected, sharp pain interrupted his train of thought.

“Damn!” he hissed.

He stepped on a piece of glass and hurt his foot. He picked up the small, sharp piece. “Probably the glass” he thought. Although he vacuumed the floor very carefully, he was still finding signs of his violent break-up with Elena.

He loved her. Everything started falling apart the moment when after the few first weeks of fresh excitement Elena had realized that his attraction towards her was getting weaker. She was a beautiful woman used to being the centre of men’s attentions. She kept asking what was wrong. Finally, he revealed his fetish. He was turned on by very big breasts, enlarged with implants. Turned on was putting it lightly. He adored them, he dreamed of them, he knew every model and porn star who had them. He fantasised about them during sex.

He explained to Elena that he cared for her deeply and that he wanted to be with her. However her small breasts didn’t attract him. There was nothing he could do about that; he was like that since he could remember. He made a suggestion that if she decided on breasts’ enlargement she would become the embodiment of his dreams. Just talking about implants, imagining them on Elena’s beautiful body made him aroused. He really wanted her to agree... He worked as a graphic designer and he altered some of her pictures, enlarging her tits several times. She looked stunning!

He was trying to convince her that thanks to the surgery she would become even more satisfied with her body, more self-confident and more attractive. He was pelting her with ever more arguments. He was still hoping that Elena would agree on the treatment. It would have been so wonderful...

But she didn’t want to even hear about it. It all ended with a huge row during which she shattered a couple of plates and glasses, dished the dirt on him and slammed the door behind her. And now, one of the pieces hurt Ryan’s foot.

He quickly dressed the wound and left the apartment. He acted on the spur of the moment without thinking about the purpose or consequences.



Clara put out the cigarette and was about to call the dog when a strange man appeared in front of her. He was smiling friendly and looked as if he couldn't decide what to say.

"Hi, I'm Ryan" he finally spoke up.

Clara slouched, crossed her tiny arms on her breasts and stood up. Her body language expressed distrust and wariness.

"You probably think I am some kind of pervert or psychopath, don't you? A conman, at best."

Instead of answering, Clara lift her eyebrow and a gleam of amusement appeared in her eyes.

"You may be right. I was watching you through the window, when I hurt my foot with a piece of glass, that my ex had shattered recently... I sound more like a lunatic now."

"I'm Clara" she said and offered him her slender hand. "You were watching me through the window and?"

"I don't know why but I felt a sudden urge to come here." He spread his arms in a gesture of helplessness.

Clara was observing him very closely. He was around her age, well-kempt with interesting features and almost black eyes. He was speaking with a warm, deep voice that was calming her but at the same time it was quickening her pulse. All of that awoke her interest.

"You do sound a bit like a lunatic. Why don't we go somewhere with more people, a cafe perhaps? You won't hurt me in a crowd, will you?"

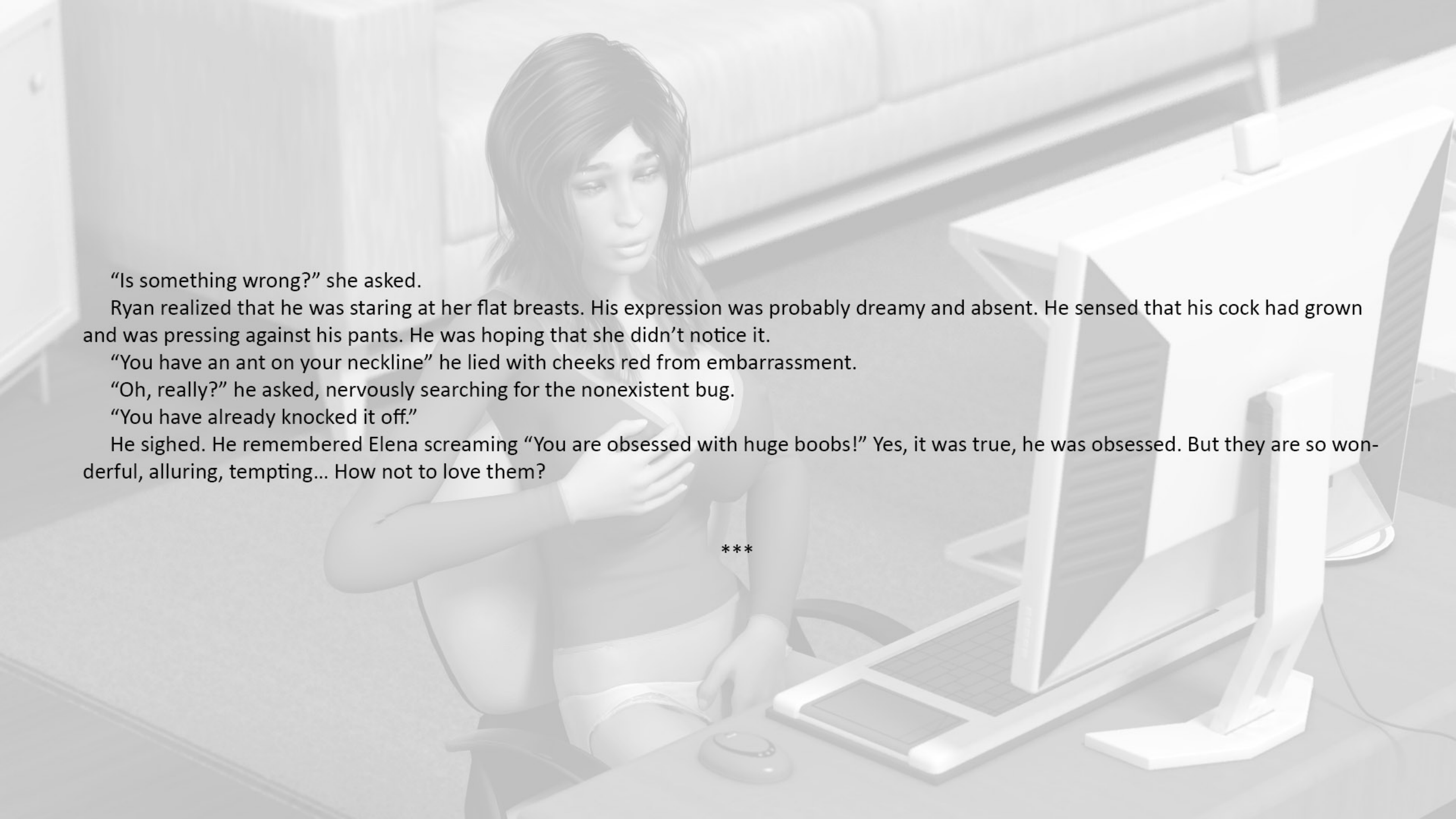
"Very reasonable" he smiled. "Will the one on the corner do?"

"Only, if it's filled with people."



She called her dog and the three of them started towards the cafe. Ryan looked at her slim, fragile body. She needs to put on some weight. Maybe he could talk her into eating some cake?

He eyed her small breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra and her bust was barely noticeable under the blouse. He imagined it growing. Getting bigger and bigger. Fuller and heavier. He could almost see it filling a loose t-shirt, well visible under the material. Pressing through it more and more, nearly ripping the seams. He was wondering how big implants she could get with such a tiny silhouette? Probably not larger than 600cc to start with... It would be obvious right away that they were not natural. Maybe she would pick HP or even UHP? He liked those the most. They gave breasts a round, firm shape. In a low-cut dress they would look stunning. Two, prominent, filled to the limits breasts would proudly squeeze against one another forming a voluptuous cleavage, prominently sticking out of her chest well outside the ribcage. He could already see her standing on the scale which showed her weight moving up and up, adding ever more pounds... How saline loaded her body and enlarged her bosom...

A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at her chest with a thoughtful expression. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a simple room with a sofa.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

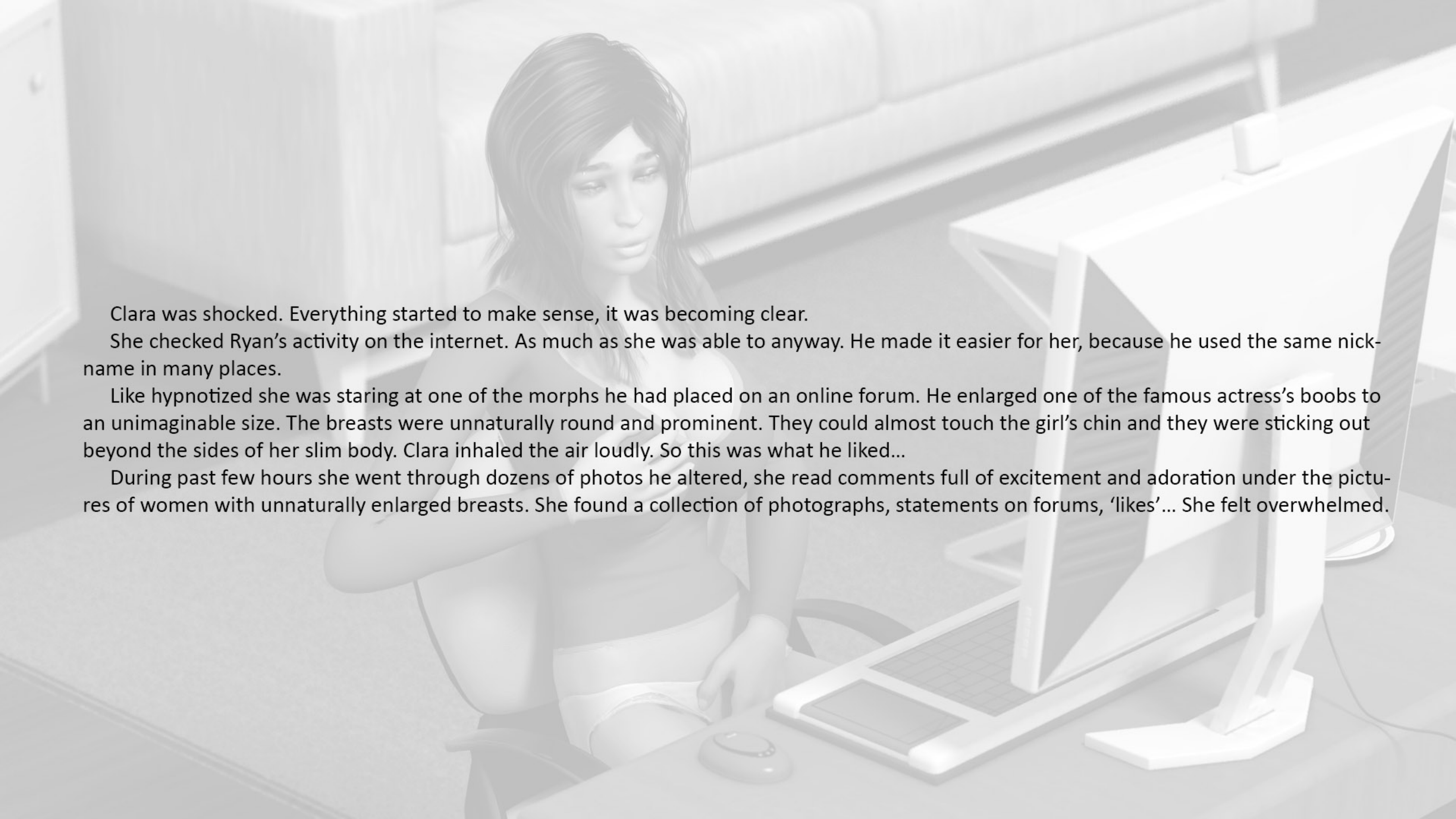
Ryan realized that he was staring at her flat breasts. His expression was probably dreamy and absent. He sensed that his cock had grown and was pressing against his pants. He was hoping that she didn’t notice it.

“You have an ant on your neckline” he lied with cheeks red from embarrassment.

“Oh, really?” he asked, nervously searching for the nonexistent bug.

“You have already knocked it off.”

He sighed. He remembered Elena screaming “You are obsessed with huge boobs!” Yes, it was true, he was obsessed. But they are so wonderful, alluring, tempting... How not to love them?



Clara was shocked. Everything started to make sense, it was becoming clear.

She checked Ryan's activity on the internet. As much as she was able to anyway. He made it easier for her, because he used the same nickname in many places.

Like hypnotized she was staring at one of the morphs he had placed on an online forum. He enlarged one of the famous actress's boobs to an unimaginable size. The breasts were unnaturally round and prominent. They could almost touch the girl's chin and they were sticking out beyond the sides of her slim body. Clara inhaled the air loudly. So this was what he liked...

During past few hours she went through dozens of photos he altered, she read comments full of excitement and adoration under the pictures of women with unnaturally enlarged breasts. She found a collection of photographs, statements on forums, 'likes'... She felt overwhelmed.


She didn't know that it was even possible to reach such sizes! Supposedly the record was 10000cc. At the office where she worked they ordered water in huge bottles, more than two gallons each. Both of that woman's implants had approximately that volume. Each weighed around 22 pounds, and together they were 44 pounds! It was difficult for Clara to even imagine it... She herself weighed merely 91 pounds, so breasts like that would consist a half of her body mass.

She understood how somebody might fancy C-cup sized breasts but something like that? It is so impractical – it impedes daily activities, burdens the chest and spine and requires custom made outfits... Not to mention the risk and pain related to the surgery itself. Why would anyone do it?

She was thrown off by it. But she felt something else as well. A strong, painful jealousy.

So this is what she was lacking... Huge implants. It explained a lot.




A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a laptop or tablet in front of her. On the desk, there is a computer mouse and a keyboard. A large computer monitor is visible on the right side of the desk. The background shows a blurred office or home workspace with a chair and some papers.

They met regularly and every date brought them closer together. They enjoyed their conversations, and every meeting with Ryan cheered Clara up and made her happier. She felt very comfortable in his company, cheerful... With time, apart from sympathy and warm friendly bond she started to feel something more. When he was sitting next to her she wanted to move closer to him, even just an inch as if she was being drawn by a magnet. A ringing phone made her heart beat faster. All excited she was glancing at the screen in hope it was him who called. She was looking forward to every single date. The first time she saw him, she thought that he was interesting but she wouldn't have called him attractive. Now, she considered him handsome, well-built and alluring. At last she realized that she was in love with him. She desired him. She was waiting desperately for even the smallest sign that he was interested in her too. To no avail. Consequently and inexorably he stuck to the boundaries of friendship. Close and sweet but just friendship.

Several times she tried to initiate something on her own. Conveniently she touched his hand, when they were taking a walk with the dog. Ryan kept away and pretended that nothing had happened. Another time, she wanted to kiss him. She stood on tiptoes and moved her lips close to his. He smiled apologetically and explained that he needed time after the break-up with Elena, that he was not yet ready for another relationship. Clara backed away but the embarrassment and mortification hadn't left her for couple next days. She knew that he was lying – it wasn't about his ex. It was about Clara's skinny silhouette and a complete lack of breasts. She just didn't attract him at all. When she first realized it, tears of anger and sadness welled in her eyes. The realisation was so painful that for the few seconds she couldn't catch her breath. At the same time, all of a sudden she thought that it was not the end of the world. It could all be fixed after all... If she decided on the surgery and look more like the women he adores... This new crazy idea showed up somewhere on the edge of her consciousness.



When she finally understood that she had fallen in love with him, she tried to take greater care about her look. She chose her outfits more carefully, she started putting on a stronger make-up, she even went to a hairdresser. She bought perfumes, nail polishes, a lipstick. She wore high heels more often. Ryan was complimenting her look, which gave her false hope. Now she saw, how pathetic her efforts had been. He needed more, way more. To attract him she had to go through with a radical transformation. An insane, unreal one...

A grayscale background image of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking towards the camera with a thoughtful expression. In front of her is a computer monitor on a stand. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the side, creating soft shadows.

Once again Clara dialled the phone number. By then, she'd learned it by heart. She was under the impression that she had two totally different personalities. First of them was dialling the number and pressing the phone against her ear. This Clara was excited by the vision of big, firm breasts. She desired them. She was already imagining Ryan's reaction when she would present them to him. At first he would be shocked, but then... fascinated and aroused. He would look at her in a totally different way and finally see a real, sexy, desirable woman in her. She fantasized about that moment so many times – a flash of excitement in his black eyes, arousal, a need to have her...

After hearing the signal in the phone the other Clara showed up. To her the idea of boobs' enlargement seemed stupid and ridiculous. If he didn't like her the way she was, she just needed to cope with it. Tough luck. There was no point in kidding herself. Besides, she had always been proud of her slim, tiny body. Implants would destroy it, make her fat. Not to mention the risk, pain, complications. And money spent. For what? Only a shallow, stupid, insecure woman would do something like that for a man. She didn't want to be this kind of woman. That's why she kept pressing the red button and hanging up. Then, once again, first Clara took over. And on and on it went.

Ryan left a couple weeks before. He received a very good job offer. He would be back after one year. Clara was hoping that thanks to the separation she would distance herself from the whole situation and her feelings towards him would cool down. Unfortunately, it was quite the opposite. With every day she missed him more and more. She could clearly see how important meetings with Ryan were, how much they brought to her life. She wanted him more than ever before.

She couldn't stop thinking about the idea of breast enlargement. She started watching photos taken before and after the treatment, she was reading forums, looking for opinions about doctors and surgery prices. She had no idea that there were so many kinds of implants! She knew that Ryan liked the high-profile ones, that gave boobs unnatural firmness, creating curved mounds below the collarbones. If she decided to achieve such effects, her flat breasts could be advantageous – artificially enlarged bust with properly matched implants would look exactly like Ryan loved it.

She dialled the number once again.


Before & After



Weight: 91 lbs
Implant size: -
Implants weight: -
Total weight: 91 lbs
implant mass ratio: 0%



Weight: 91 lbs
Implant size: -
Implants weight: -
Total weight: 91 lbs
implant mass ratio: 0%

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office or reception area. She is looking down at a document or her hands with a thoughtful expression. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, and a mouse is visible on the desk. The background shows a white reception desk and a chair.

“Please come in!” said the receptionist with a beaming smile. “Doctor Powell is already waiting.”

Clara stood up, trying to control the shaking of her knees and hands.

“What results do you expect?” the doctor asked after a polite chit-chat and checking the results of her examinations.

“I want to have much bigger breasts. I’d like very firm, round shape with prominent nipples sticking forwards. I don’t want to look natural, quite the opposite. It must be obvious that the breasts are artificial.”

Clara showed the doctor the pictures of boobs she liked. Or rather, the ones Ryan liked. Women with disproportionately large, high-held tits, often squeezed against each other even without a bra on; voluptuously bulging in low cut dresses and shirts.

“You are a very filigree woman, slim and short with an AA-cup. That’s why even small implants will be very obvious. I will measure your chest and later we will determine the size with using inlets.”

He handed Clara a sports bra and several inlets – ranging in size from 200 cc to 400 cc. Clara put on the biggest ones straight away and looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't know what to think about them. On the one hand they seemed enormous, completely disproportionate to her slim figure. She felt strange with them on, they encumbered and burdened her. On the other hand, she was light years behind women that Ryan liked. Compared to them, her breasts with inlets seemed paltry! And the point was to impress Ryan as much as possible.





“May I try on something even bigger? – she asked
The doctor rose his eyebrows with surprise.

“Do these seem too small for you?”

“I think so, yes. I want them to be really big.”

The doctor gave her different inlets. She tried them on one by one, getting bigger with each subsequent pair. 500cc , 600cc, 700cc... The last ones made her bra really heavy, and the shoulder-straps bit into her skin. She had to put a lot of effort to keep her back straight. The material of the bra stretched and bulged. Clara looked in the mirror with satisfaction – Ryan would probably like this size. She was really huge! At the same time she felt terrified. Does she really want to change her body so much? She would look artificial, she would attract attention wherever she went...

“How much do these implants weigh?” she asked even though she felt that even breathing was harder for her.”

“One and a half pound each” doctor Powell replied.

“Oh...” She sighed. She didn’t think it was that much!

“Miss Clara” the doctor interrupted her thoughts. “Taking under consideration your figure and the state of your health I must say that 700cc is way too much. You are underweight, your chest is very slim. You can feel it yourself how heavy they are. It is too much of a burden for your organism. But I can see that you like big sizes...”

“Yes, very much. It’s really important for me. Do you think it is impossible?”

She look wistfully at her reflection in the mirror, a person with disproportionally big boobs, contrasting with her narrow waist, small buttocks and slim legs. This was what Ryan would want. This and much, much more. Did she really have no chance of achieving it?

“I think that the result you are striving for is very radical. Frankly, not many women decide on such a spectacular change. I think you can achieve that, but you have to be aware of a few very important things.”

“Yes?” Clara’s heart filled up with renewed hope.

“First of all, the women in the pictures you have provided are wearing unusually large implants. You can see the descriptions yourself – 1350 cc, 1100cc, 1500cc. More often than not, patients choose significantly smaller implants, from 200 to 500cc. With time, there may be a chance to fill them up some more, and after a few months or years to replace them with new, bigger implants. At the moment, your skin isn’t stretched enough to fit in more saline. You must remember that it involves some inconveniences. A higher risk of complications to start with, difficulties with performing intense physical exercises, back overload. And more mundane problems, like finding a suiting outfit.”

“So you think that in time it will be possible?”

“There is a chance. But you have to put on some weight to reach the healthy BMI level and build up your muscles. Consider well if such a drastic change is really what you want. Even with 500cc sized implants, your body’s proportions would change a lot, and breasts would seem unnaturally big.”

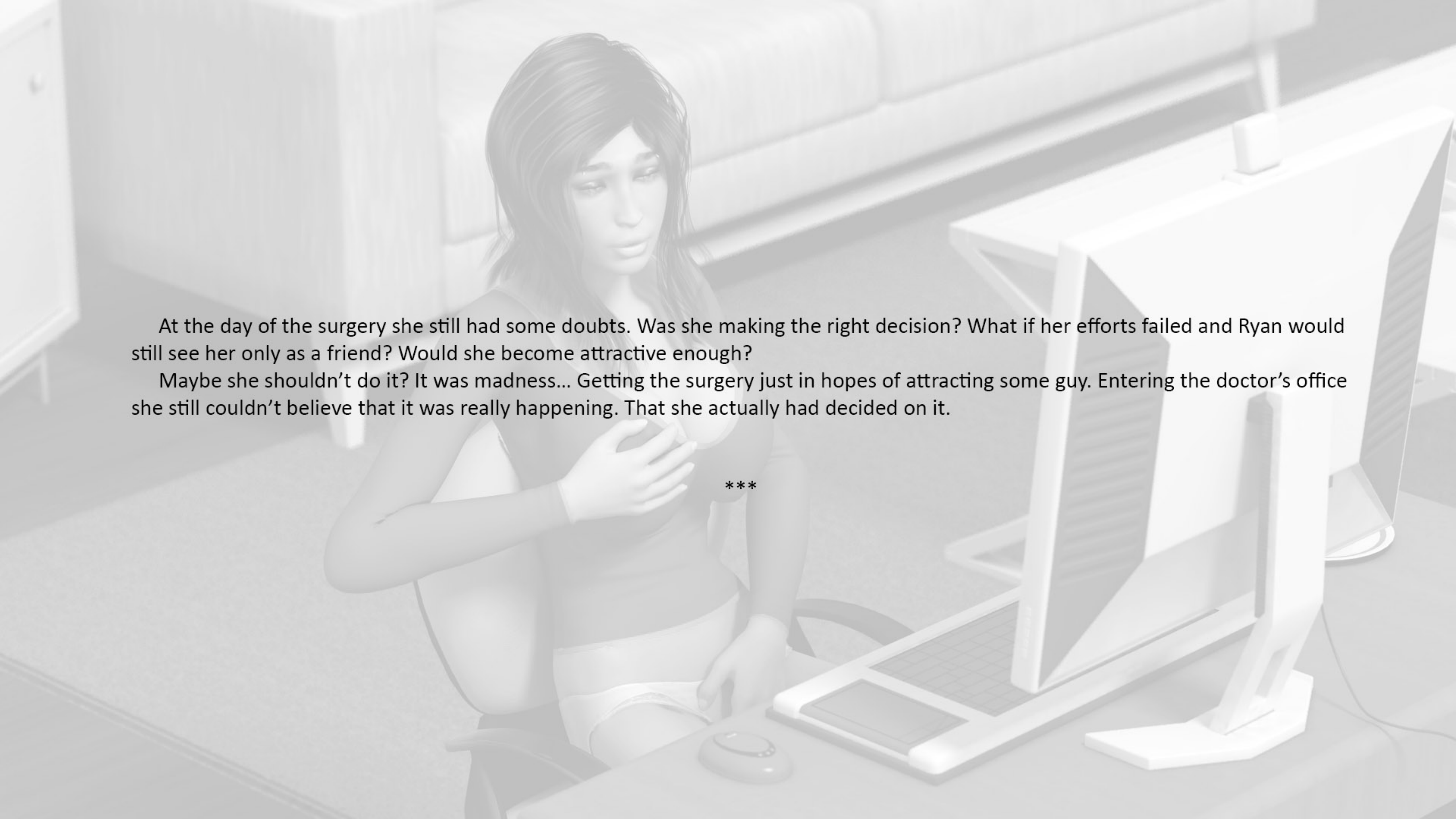
“That’s exactly what I want.” Clara replied.

Clara felt uncomfortable. She couldn't stop thinking that everybody was gaping at her. The sports bra was filled with the inlets the doctor had given her. They could hardly fit under the stretchy blouse and Clara couldn't get used to their weight. Her chest seemed to be ostentatiously big now.

Some man was eying her. Never before had she attracted so much attention. He smiled at her and started staring at her breasts. A pleasant shiver of excitement went through Clara's body. She straightened up and proudly lifted her head.

Later on, she often went out wearing the inlets. She wondered what would happen if she met someone she knew. Would she feel abashed? Or maybe the opposite – self-assured and attractive? She noticed that every time she wore silicon pillows she acted differently, with more confidence and more provocatively. She started to enjoy it more and more.





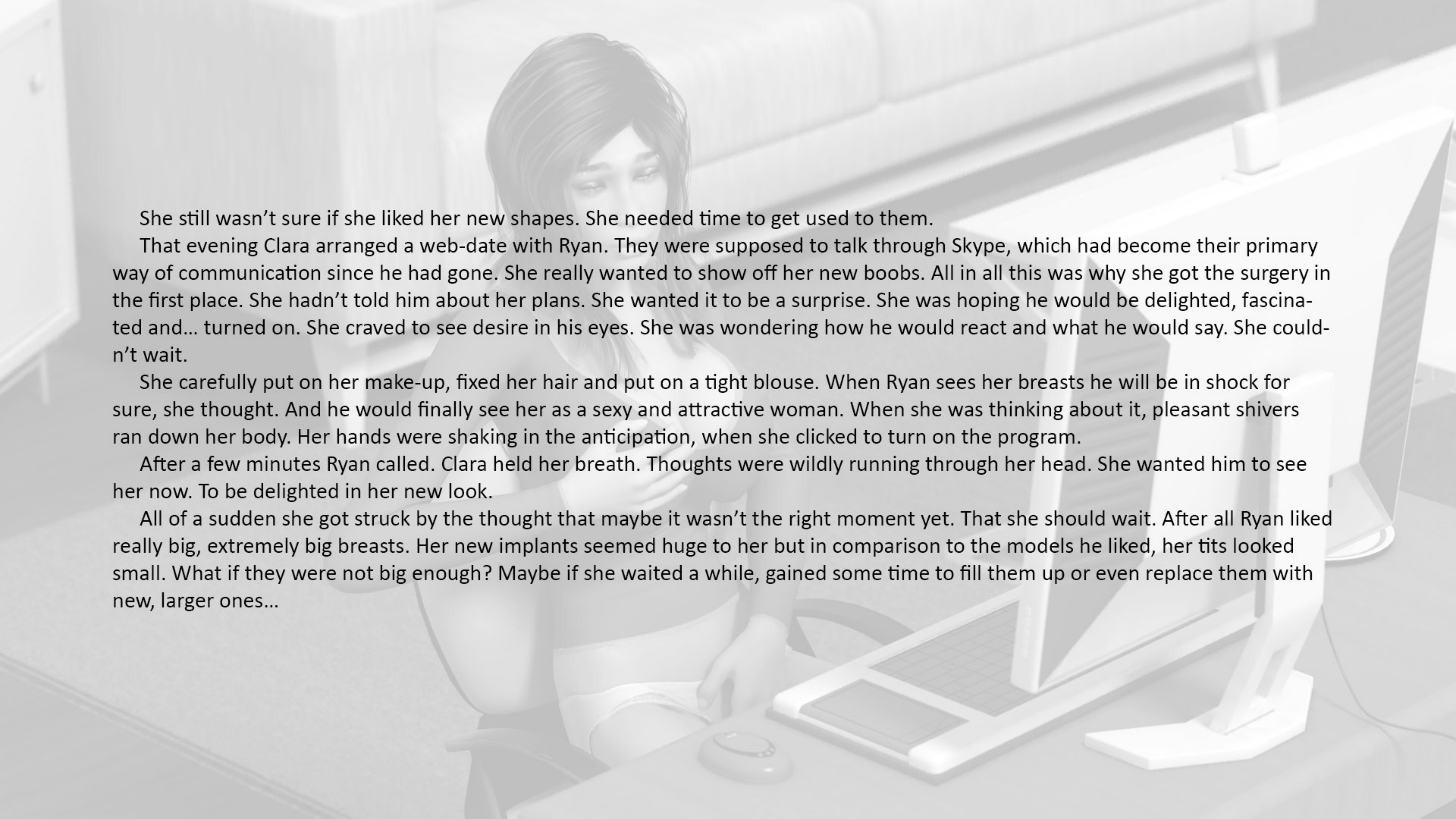
At the day of the surgery she still had some doubts. Was she making the right decision? What if her efforts failed and Ryan would still see her only as a friend? Would she become attractive enough?

Maybe she shouldn't do it? It was madness... Getting the surgery just in hopes of attracting some guy. Entering the doctor's office she still couldn't believe that it was really happening. That she actually had decided on it.

After the surgery she couldn't believe how big her bust had become. It seemed enormous. It jutted proudly, contrasting with her slender body and encumbering her chest. Clara was under the impression that her skin had stretched to the limits. Firm, round breasts resembled two large bowling balls. Unlike the natural boobs, they hardly moved as she walked and didn't change their position when she lied down. They nearly touched each other at the sternum, creating a sexy cleavage and were sticking out at the sides, brushing against her arms. She could see their outlines when she was standing with her back towards the mirror with her hands lifted above her head. The doctor was right – for a woman so tiny as she 550cc was actually a huge change.

She was heavier by 2,4 pounds now, which meant that she weighed more than 94 pounds. During one night her body grew so much heavier. Well, actually not her body, it was just saline...



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on a laptop. A large computer monitor is visible to her right. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an office or home workspace.

She still wasn't sure if she liked her new shapes. She needed time to get used to them.

That evening Clara arranged a web-date with Ryan. They were supposed to talk through Skype, which had become their primary way of communication since he had gone. She really wanted to show off her new boobs. All in all this was why she got the surgery in the first place. She hadn't told him about her plans. She wanted it to be a surprise. She was hoping he would be delighted, fascinated and... turned on. She craved to see desire in his eyes. She was wondering how he would react and what he would say. She couldn't wait.

She carefully put on her make-up, fixed her hair and put on a tight blouse. When Ryan sees her breasts he will be in shock for sure, she thought. And he would finally see her as a sexy and attractive woman. When she was thinking about it, pleasant shivers ran down her body. Her hands were shaking in the anticipation, when she clicked to turn on the program.

After a few minutes Ryan called. Clara held her breath. Thoughts were wildly running through her head. She wanted him to see her now. To be delighted in her new look.

All of a sudden she got struck by the thought that maybe it wasn't the right moment yet. That she should wait. After all Ryan liked really big, extremely big breasts. Her new implants seemed huge to her but in comparison to the models he liked, her tits looked small. What if they were not big enough? Maybe if she waited a while, gained some time to fill them up or even replace them with new, larger ones...

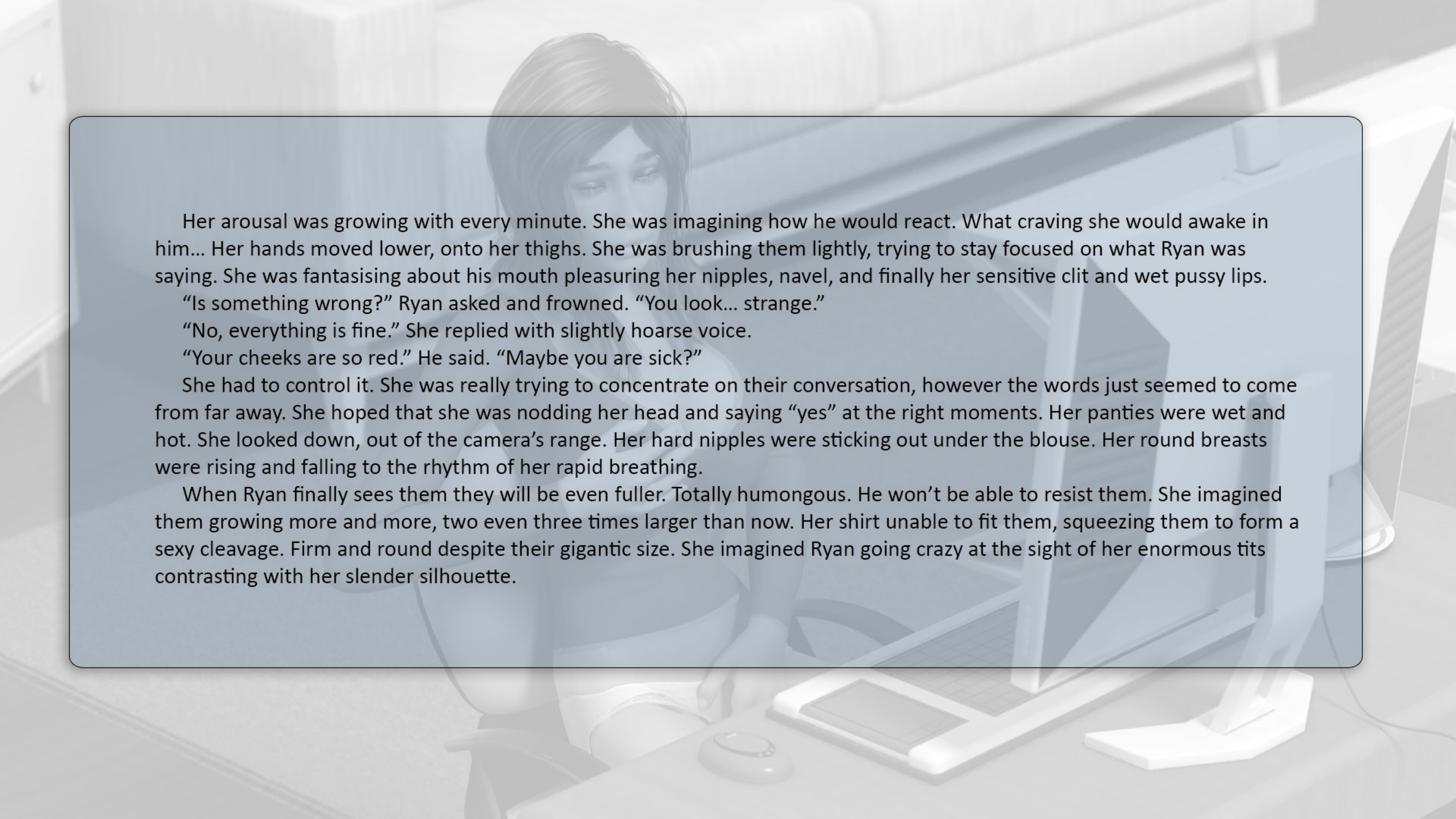


She fixed a camera so only her face was visible and she answered the call.

“Hi!” Ryan greeted her. “You look very nice today. How are you?”

At mere sight of him, her heart started pounding faster. He was talking with her as usual – friendly and heartily, without any clue as to what she had done and what plans she had. He was still treating her like a colleague, not even suspecting that soon she would surprise him with huge boobs, which he would not be able to resist. She sensed pleasant tingling between her legs and unwittingly she spread her lips.

Now, she had a weapon, he did not know about. And she intended to use it. It was difficult for her to focus on the conversation. She was still thinking about the implants and how huge her breasts would become. Unwittingly she touched them. Ryan, the man of her dreams would not be able to resist them.

A woman with dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her thighs. She has a slightly worried or uncomfortable expression. In front of her is a computer monitor and keyboard. The background shows office shelves and a window.

Her arousal was growing with every minute. She was imagining how he would react. What craving she would awake in him... Her hands moved lower, onto her thighs. She was brushing them lightly, trying to stay focused on what Ryan was saying. She was fantasising about his mouth pleasuring her nipples, navel, and finally her sensitive clit and wet pussy lips.

“Is something wrong?” Ryan asked and frowned. “You look... strange.”

“No, everything is fine.” She replied with slightly hoarse voice.

“Your cheeks are so red.” He said. “Maybe you are sick?”

She had to control it. She was really trying to concentrate on their conversation, however the words just seemed to come from far away. She hoped that she was nodding her head and saying “yes” at the right moments. Her panties were wet and hot. She looked down, out of the camera’s range. Her hard nipples were sticking out under the blouse. Her round breasts were rising and falling to the rhythm of her rapid breathing.

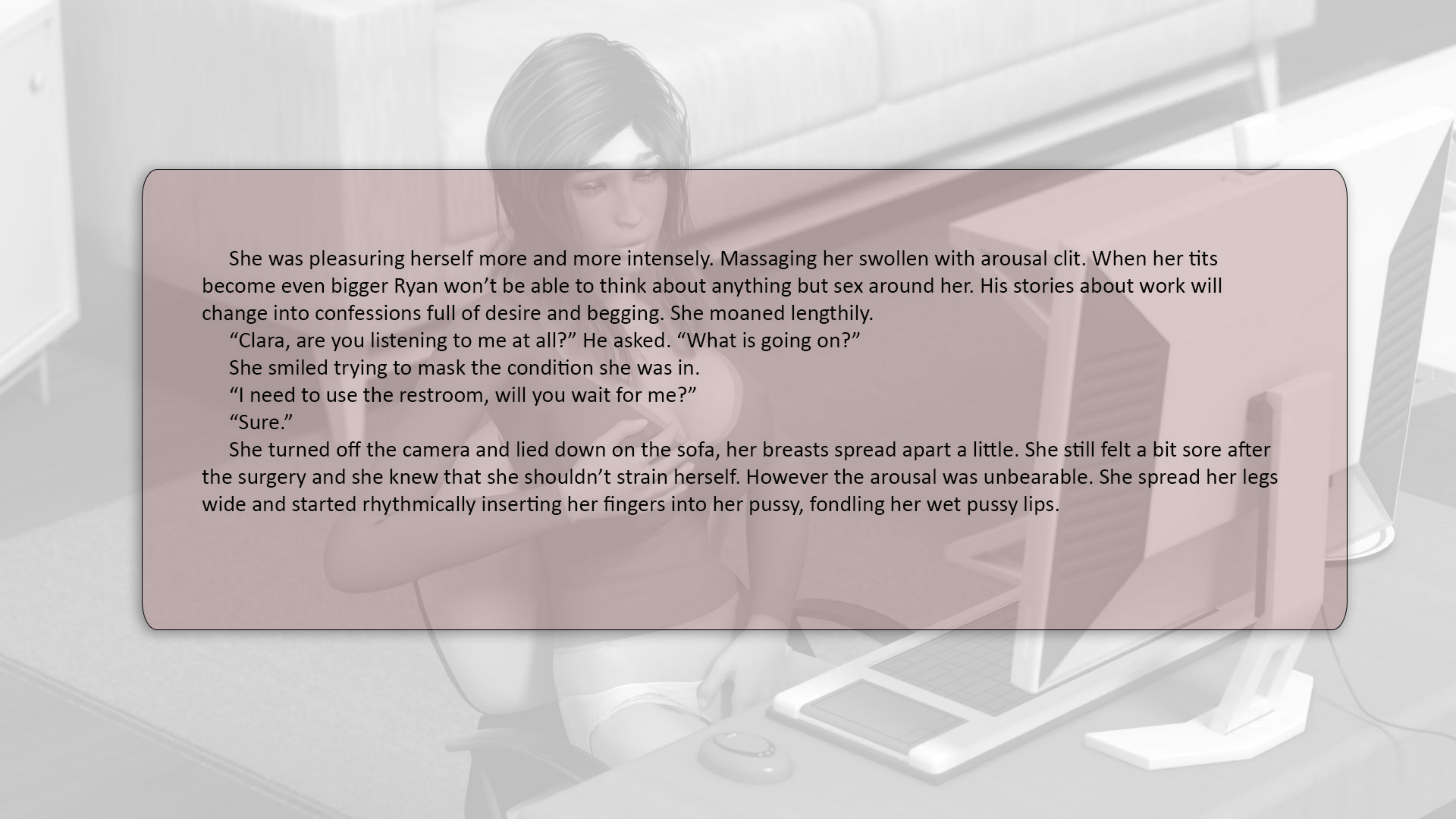
When Ryan finally sees them they will be even fuller. Totally humongous. He won’t be able to resist them. She imagined them growing more and more, two even three times larger than now. Her shirt unable to fit them, squeezing them to form a sexy cleavage. Firm and round despite their gigantic size. She imagined Ryan going crazy at the sight of her enormous tits contrasting with her slender silhouette.



The teasing tingling between her legs was getting unbearable. She lowered her hand and touched her hot womanhood through the fabric of her wet panties. She quelled a sigh of pleasure.

"... the project I was telling you about before. It turned out to be extremely exciting, so despite all the hard work I am really enjoying it."

"That's great." She whispered.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. She is wearing a dark-colored top. In front of her is a computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a white sofa and a window with blinds. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an evening or indoor lighting.

She was pleasuring herself more and more intensely. Massaging her swollen with arousal clit. When her tits become even bigger Ryan won't be able to think about anything but sex around her. His stories about work will change into confessions full of desire and begging. She moaned lengthily.

"Clara, are you listening to me at all?" He asked. "What is going on?"

She smiled trying to mask the condition she was in.


"I need to use the restroom, will you wait for me?"

"Sure."

She turned off the camera and lied down on the sofa, her breasts spread apart a little. She still felt a bit sore after the surgery and she knew that she shouldn't strain herself. However the arousal was unbearable. She spread her legs wide and started rhythmically inserting her fingers into her pussy, fondling her wet pussy lips.

She was fantasising about Ryan. About his desire, his touch, unbridled lust that her new body would evoke in him. She was moaning quietly and sighing. The pleasure was growing very fast. When she imagined Ryan touching her gigantic boobs with fascination and a hungry gleam in his eyes she climaxed. A delightful shiver went down her body and her pussy muscles clamped on the fingers inside it. A warm moisture damped her buttocks and sofa underneath. She screamed and drifted into a void of bliss.



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down with a thoughtful expression, her hand resting on her chest. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a modern living room with a sofa and a coffee table.

After a while her body relaxed and her breath started to calm down. Hurriedly she fixed her hair and make-up, trying to mask the flushes on her face. However nothing could hide the gleam of satisfaction in her eyes.

“What took you so long?” Ryan laughed when she called him back.

“Nothing, I was just thinking.” She answered.

She couldn’t control her mysterious smile.

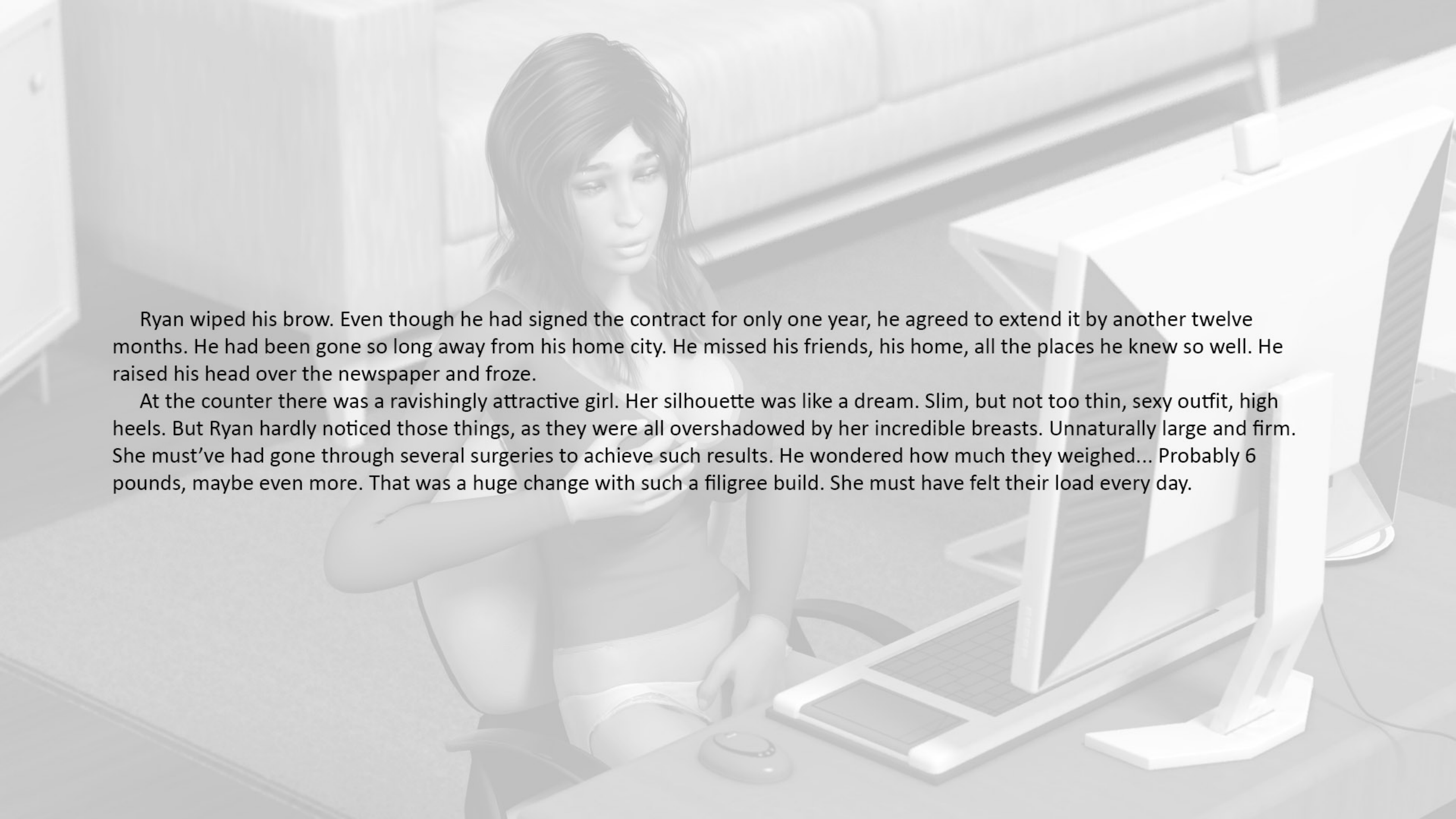
Before & After



Weight: 91 lbs
Implant size: -
Implants weight: -
Total weight: 91 lbs
implant mass ratio: 0%



Weight: 92 lbs
Implant size: 550 cc
Implants weight: 2.42 lbs
Total weight: 94,42 lbs
implant mass ratio: 3%



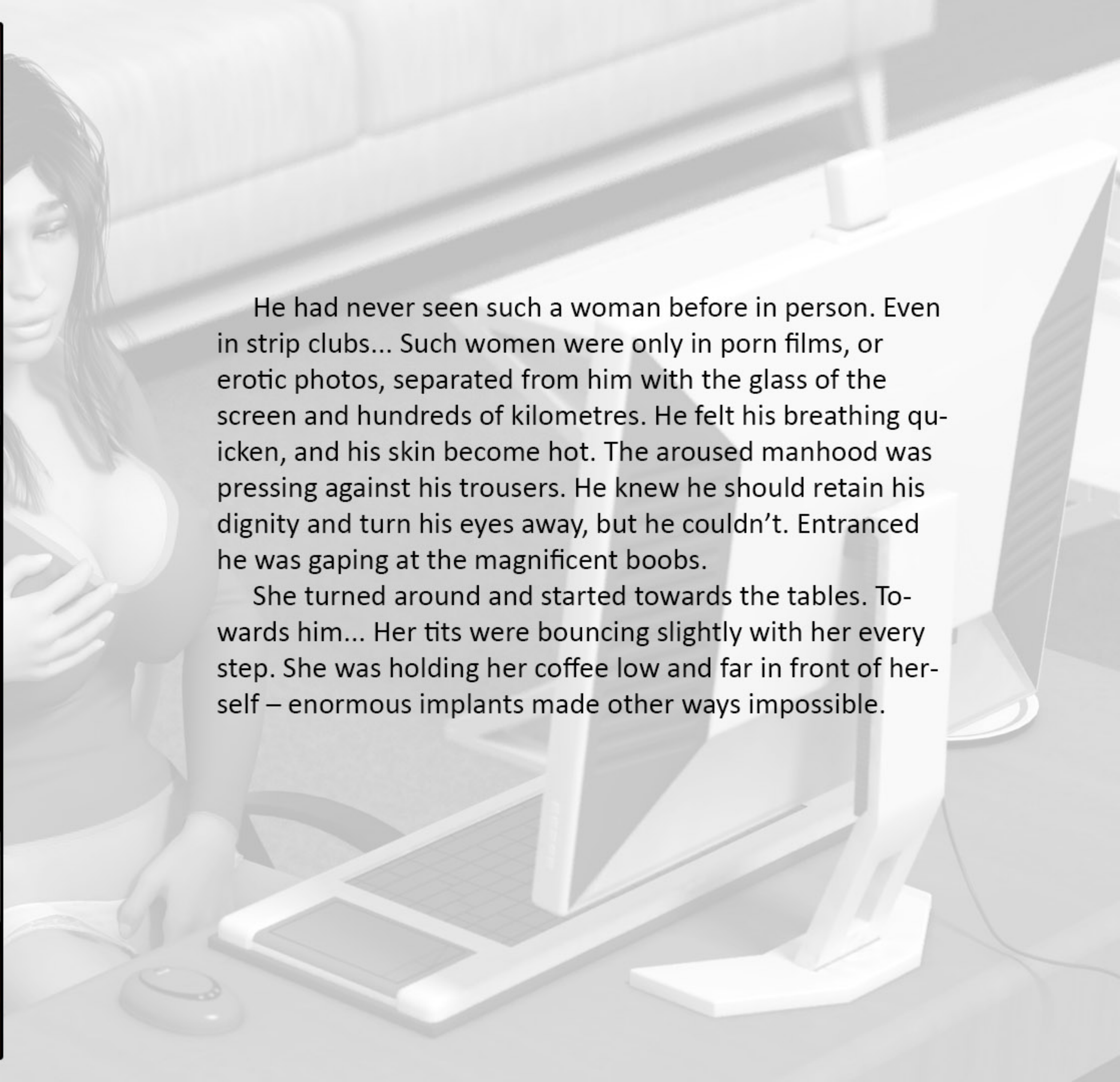
Ryan wiped his brow. Even though he had signed the contract for only one year, he agreed to extend it by another twelve months. He had been gone so long away from his home city. He missed his friends, his home, all the places he knew so well. He raised his head over the newspaper and froze.

At the counter there was a ravishingly attractive girl. Her silhouette was like a dream. Slim, but not too thin, sexy outfit, high heels. But Ryan hardly noticed those things, as they were all overshadowed by her incredible breasts. Unnaturally large and firm. She must've had gone through several surgeries to achieve such results. He wondered how much they weighed... Probably 6 pounds, maybe even more. That was a huge change with such a filigree build. She must have felt their load every day.



He had never seen such a woman before in person. Even in strip clubs... Such women were only in porn films, or erotic photos, separated from him with the glass of the screen and hundreds of kilometres. He felt his breathing quicken, and his skin become hot. The aroused manhood was pressing against his trousers. He knew he should retain his dignity and turn his eyes away, but he couldn't. Entranced he was gaping at the magnificent boobs.

She turned around and started towards the tables. Towards him... Her tits were bouncing slightly with her every step. She was holding her coffee low and far in front of herself – enormous implants made other ways impossible.



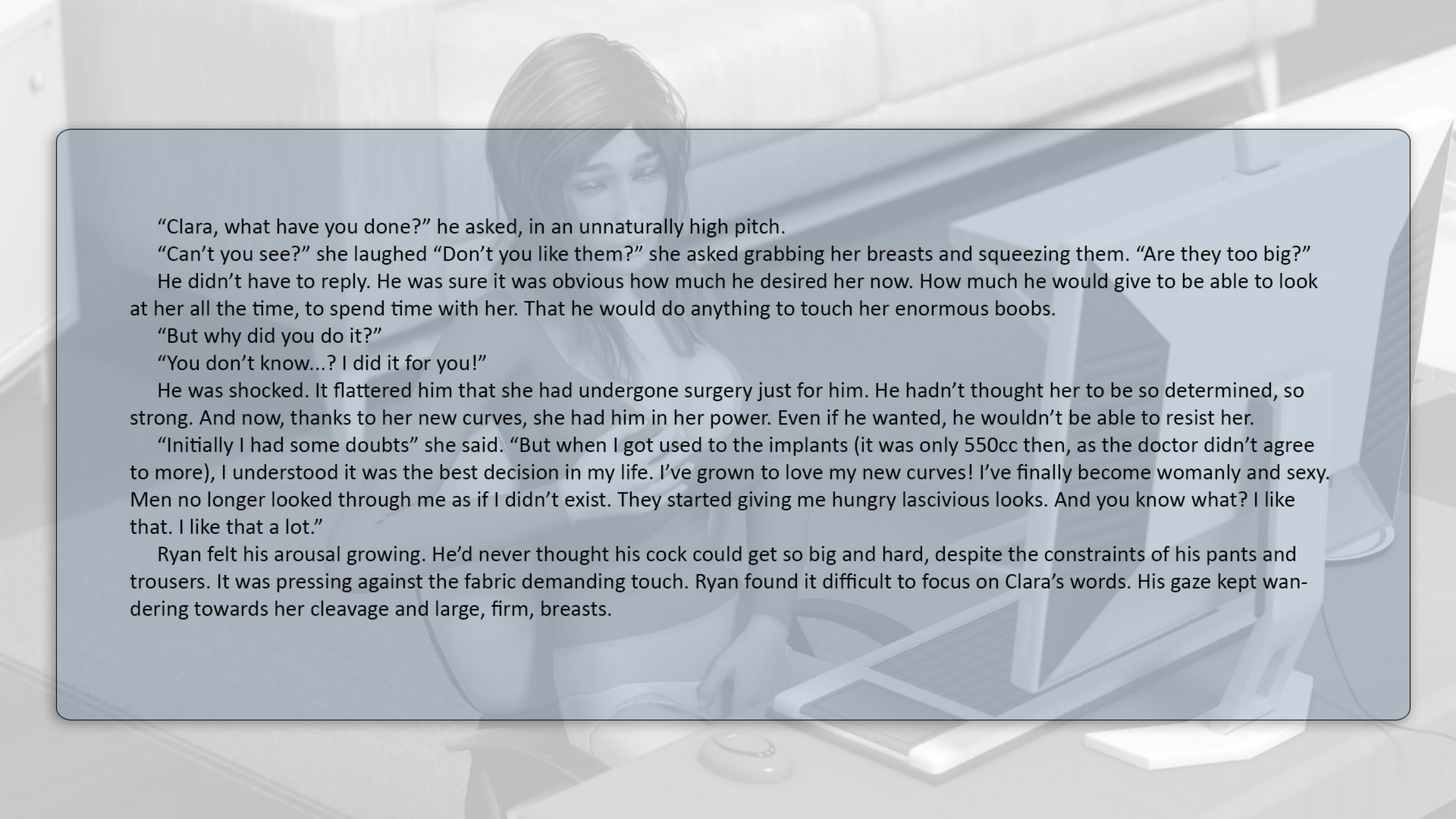
He only recognised her when she sat down opposite him, and smiled cheerfully.

“Clara?..” he whispered.

In reply she leaned over the table. Her breasts touched the tabletop, revealing the voluptuous cleavage between the firm mounds. With every second Ryan’s arousal kept growing. His pulse quickened, his hands got sweaty. His penis got erect and grew pressing against his pants.

He could not believe it was really her. She had undergone such a metamorphosis! He had always treated her as a friend, he’d never felt anything but sympathy for her, and now... He was looking at an incredibly attractive, sexy girl! He’d never expected that he would ever crave Clara. Crave her so much, he couldn’t control himself. He knew she wanted something more than friendship. But he kept refusing her. Now he was angry at himself. It wasn’t until now that he saw a woman in her. Exceedingly attractive... He’d never thought he would have the chance to meet in person, let alone talk or become friends, with a girl who was the embodiment of his erotic fantasies. And now he had her in front of himself, he only had to reach for her. The only question was, would she still want him now, after her amazing metamorphosis? She could have anyone...



A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at a document she is holding. In front of her is a large computer monitor and a keyboard. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source coming from the monitor and keyboard area.

“Clara, what have you done?” he asked, in an unnaturally high pitch.

“Can’t you see?” she laughed “Don’t you like them?” she asked grabbing her breasts and squeezing them. “Are they too big?”

He didn’t have to reply. He was sure it was obvious how much he desired her now. How much he would give to be able to look at her all the time, to spend time with her. That he would do anything to touch her enormous boobs.

“But why did you do it?”

“You don’t know...? I did it for you!”

He was shocked. It flattered him that she had undergone surgery just for him. He hadn’t thought her to be so determined, so strong. And now, thanks to her new curves, she had him in her power. Even if he wanted, he wouldn’t be able to resist her.

“Initially I had some doubts” she said. “But when I got used to the implants (it was only 550cc then, as the doctor didn’t agree to more), I understood it was the best decision in my life. I’ve grown to love my new curves! I’ve finally become womanly and sexy. Men no longer looked through me as if I didn’t exist. They started giving me hungry lascivious looks. And you know what? I like that. I like that a lot.”

Ryan felt his arousal growing. He’d never thought his cock could get so big and hard, despite the constraints of his pants and trousers. It was pressing against the fabric demanding touch. Ryan found it difficult to focus on Clara’s words. His gaze kept wandering towards her cleavage and large, firm, breasts.



“I started caring about my look” she went on. “As you have probably noticed, I’ve been to the hairdresser.”

It wasn’t until then, that he noticed her elegant, originally dyed haircut. He had been so focused on her breasts he hardly noticed the rest of her body.

“I weigh more, but it’s mainly due to muscles, because I jog a lot. That, and the breasts added another 7 pounds. They are really heavy. I have to keep reminding myself to keep my back straight and keep balance” she giggled. “I use stronger makeup, visit the beautician, regularly have manicure... I’d never done it before! I don’t know how I could have let myself become so unkempt.”

„Maybe because I'd had no one who'd care" she winked at him.

Ryan was speechless. He'd never seen her so cheerful and optimistic. She'd always seemed withdrawn, downbeat. And now she was shining...

"Well, and thanks to the fact I'm healthier now" she continued "the doctor has agreed to fill my implants with another 250cc. They weighed 3,5 pounds then. I had the next surgery several months later. 1600cc, that is 7 pounds. It was a huge change! I couldn't fit into my old clothes. All dresses were squeezing my boobs so much they almost touched my chin. One top even ripped when I pulled it on.

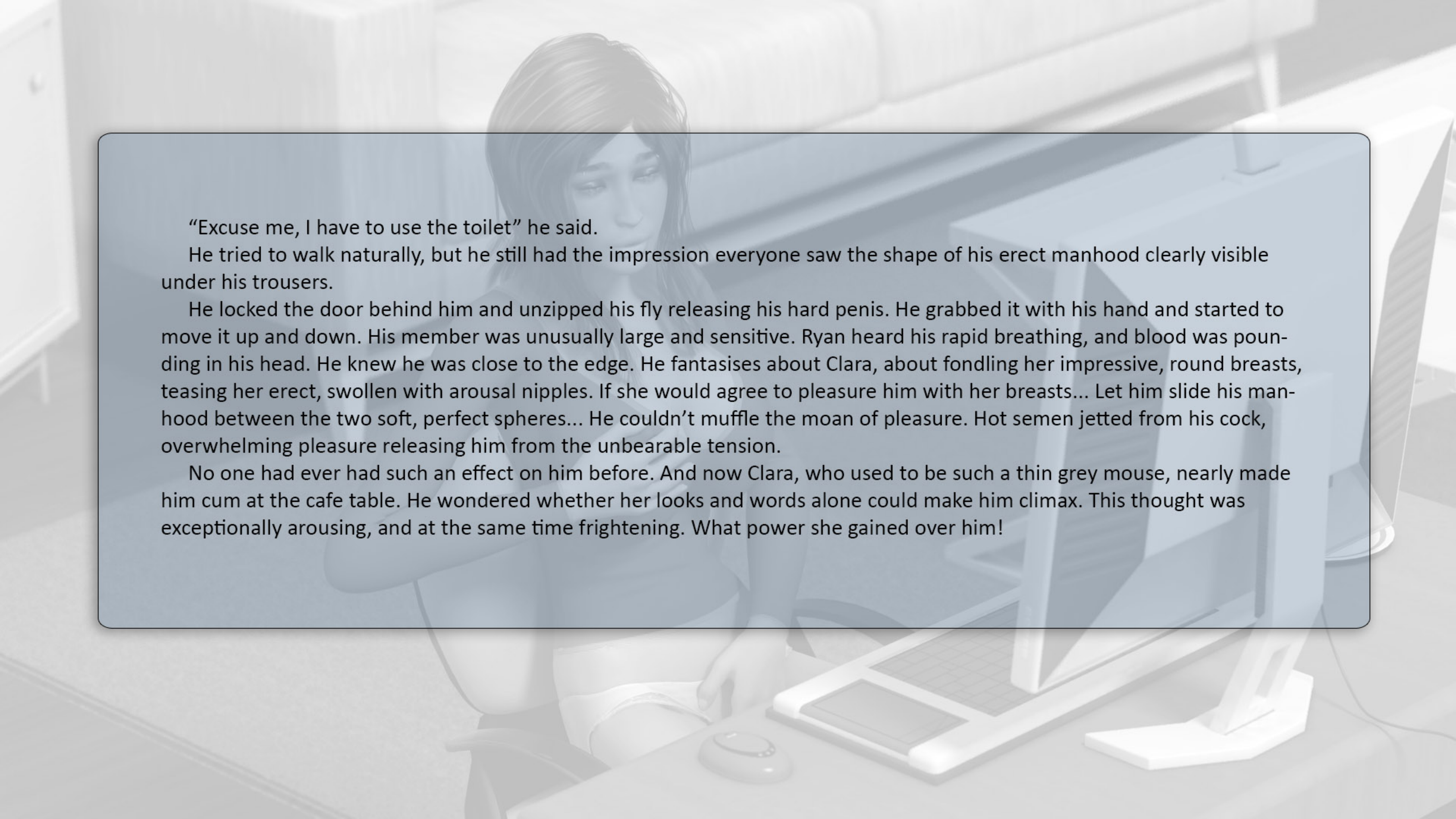
"But why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

Every word made his desire grow even more. He loved it when she was talking about her boobs how much she liked them. She gestured wildly, which made her breasts bounce up and down, and swing to the sides. It seemed that nipples would slip from underneath her low-cut top. He didn't know if he could take another arousing sentence. Is it possible to cum without any touch? That would be humiliating. Orgasm in the cafe, in front of all those people...

"I wanted it to be a surprise for you" she answered. "And be there the first time you see my new breasts." She smiled and leaned over the table even more, and her nipples became hard and prominent beneath the thin fabric of her top.

That was too much for Ryan. He could no longer stand the rising erotic tension.



A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at a document on the desk. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand and a keyboard. The scene is dimly lit, with the background showing office furniture like a chair and another desk.

“Excuse me, I have to use the toilet” he said.

He tried to walk naturally, but he still had the impression everyone saw the shape of his erect manhood clearly visible under his trousers.

He locked the door behind him and unzipped his fly releasing his hard penis. He grabbed it with his hand and started to move it up and down. His member was unusually large and sensitive. Ryan heard his rapid breathing, and blood was pounding in his head. He knew he was close to the edge. He fantasises about Clara, about fondling her impressive, round breasts, teasing her erect, swollen with arousal nipples. If she would agree to pleasure him with her breasts... Let him slide his manhood between the two soft, perfect spheres... He couldn't muffle the moan of pleasure. Hot semen jetted from his cock, overwhelming pleasure releasing him from the unbearable tension.

No one had ever had such an effect on him before. And now Clara, who used to be such a thin grey mouse, nearly made him cum at the cafe table. He wondered whether her looks and words alone could make him climax. This thought was exceptionally arousing, and at the same time frightening. What power she gained over him!



When he left the toilet he saw a strange man standing next to Clara's table, chatting her up and ogling her cleavage. She laughed loudly at something he had said. Ryan clenched his fists with anger and envy. He left her only for a moment and already someone was flirting with her! Why does she agree to that? On the other hand she wasn't his girlfriend. He made sure of that. And now it may be too late...

"I have to go back to work" he said anxiously glancing at his watch.

"Sure, let me walk you there" Clara replied raising up and revealing her unbelievably sexy silhouette in all of its glory.

Ryan wondered how she managed to carry such heavy breasts. It must've cost her a lot of effort to hold her back straight wearing such implants. She told him herself that each weighed 3,5 pounds. It was as if she was carrying 7 pounds all the time.

"Shall we meet tonight?" he asked full of hope.

"Oh, I'd love to but I already agreed to meet my friend who lives nearby" she lied and smiled apologetically.

The words came out on their own, unconsciously. Of course she wanted to meet him in the evening! Go to dinner, maybe on a walk, and later to his place, where they would have the best sex of their lives. Ryan would fondle her body for hours on and she would relish in the desire and fascination with which he touched her breasts. She could already imagine multiple orgasms, moans of pleasure, sleepless night filled with ecstatic pleasure. She didn't have to leave or meet with nonexistent friend. She enjoyed the desire she could see in his eyes. It flattered her how he changed his attitude towards her, how he started treating her as an attractive, sexy woman. She knew he wanted her, and she wanted to prolong it. She wanted to see what he would do to win her.

"That's a shame" he replied "When will I see you again?"

"I don't know. Probably when you're back in town."

"But that's still several of months away..."

"I'll miss you too" she promised "but we somehow managed to spend a year without each other, we can wait a couple more months."

"Of course" he thought "but you weren't so sexy then".

He noticed that everyone's attention was on Clara. Men were ogling her unnaturally large breasts. Women looked after her, their eyes wide with amazement. Clara saw all those reactions and it was clear she liked them. Ryan had never suspected she enjoyed being the centre of attention so much. The implants radically changed not only her look, but also her life philosophy.

He wondered what he should do to make her interested in him again. He'd had her at his feet, she wanted something more... But now? Did he have any chance with her?

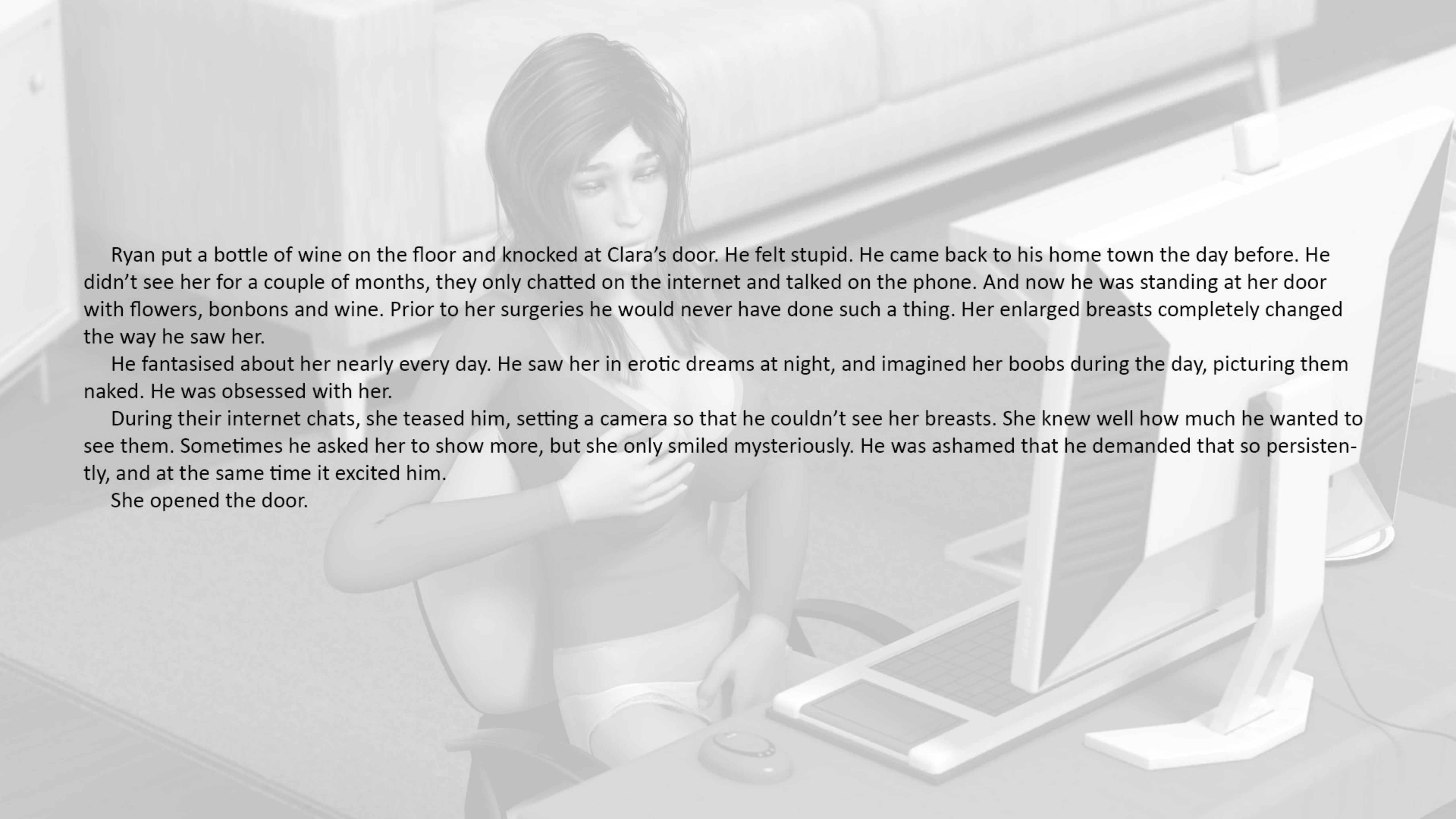
Before & After



Weight: 92 lbs
Implant size: 550 cc
Implants weight: 2.42 lbs
Total weight: 94.42 lbs
implant mass ratio: 3%



Weight: 95 lbs
Implant size: 1600 cc
Implants weight: 7 lbs
Total weight: 102 lbs
implant mass ratio: 7%

A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a book or document she is holding in her hands. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a simple room with a sofa and a window.

Ryan put a bottle of wine on the floor and knocked at Clara's door. He felt stupid. He came back to his home town the day before. He didn't see her for a couple of months, they only chatted on the internet and talked on the phone. And now he was standing at her door with flowers, bonbons and wine. Prior to her surgeries he would never have done such a thing. Her enlarged breasts completely changed the way he saw her.

He fantasised about her nearly every day. He saw her in erotic dreams at night, and imagined her boobs during the day, picturing them naked. He was obsessed with her.

During their internet chats, she teased him, setting a camera so that he couldn't see her breasts. She knew well how much he wanted to see them. Sometimes he asked her to show more, but she only smiled mysteriously. He was ashamed that he demanded that so persistently, and at the same time it excited him.

She opened the door.



Ryan didn't know what to say. He couldn't move, nor react in any other way. He gulped. He completely lost control over his body. His heart started pounding and his breathing became irregular. His member started swelling and becoming more sensitive. His desire was growing, becoming more intense with every second.

Clara was even larger than before. Her breasts had become even larger and more swollen, reaching as high as her collarbones and sticking far to her sides. Ryan thought they must have been really heavy. How much could they weigh? Probably around 14 pounds. They were stretching the tiny top she was wearing. Beneath the fabric he could see her erect nipples.

"Your breasts..." Ryan blurted instead of saying hello.

“They are really big, aren’t they?” she said and brushed them with her hands.

“Enormous!”

“Even larger than the last time” she smiled. “Will you come in?”

“Yeah, sure” he said.

Even her flat seemed cosier than before. He handed her the gifts, and she poured the wine into two glasses.

“I underwent the surgery several weeks ago” she said. “Now my breasts reached the size of 3500cc. Each of them weighs more than 7,5 pounds. My doctor said it was a very radical step. I found myself among the few women with really large implants. And because I am short and filigree, they seem even larger...”





Clara was talking pleased with Ryan's reactions. His cheeks were flushed red, his chest was rising and falling in rhythm to his rapid breathing. He could not take his eyes of her boobs. She was sure that his manhood became hard and erect. And all that thanks to her look.

"Clara, don't you think this is taking it too far? Your life must be turned upside down since you so radically enlarged your breasts."

"You don't like them?"

"Of course I like them! They are... Wonderful."

"My everyday life changed a lot. It's harder for me to work which is why I decided I have to change my job. I'll become a model!" she announced.

"A model?"

"Yes. I have thought it through well."

"Oh..."

“My breasts are a hindrance in many activities. Sometimes their weight is a problem for me. Each weighs a hefty 7,5 pounds after all. I put on so much weight because of them” she giggled “they’re a nuisance when I’m driving, and in public transport I occupy a lot of space and everyone is staring at me! Wherever I appear, I draw a lot of attention. People literally can’t take their eyes off me. The choice of outfits and bras is not easy. I used to like sleeping on my belly, now it’s impossible. But it’s worth it! I love my breasts.”

“I’m not surprised...” he replied, still gaping at her boobs.

“Would you like to see them? She asked as if casually.

“Excuse me?”

“Should I take off my top?” Ryan’s throat was dry, his head was swimming. What a question!

“That would be...” he started. “Yes” he finally managed to blurt it out.

“How much do you want it?” she asked teasingly playing with her shoulder strap and raising her top slightly upwards.”

“Very much...”

“Do you want to see my large, heavy, round boobs? Tell me how much you want it?”

“I’ve never wanted anything more.”

“I’m sure, you are already aroused. Hard and ready.”

“I am...” Ryan admitted.

“Undress, I want to see how much you desire me.”

“But...”

“Do you want to see them or not?” she asked and raised her top by another inch or two.

He meekly took off his clothes. His manhood was stocking out, swollen and erect. He was naked and vulnerable. Clara had total power over him. He could not control his lust and he knew he’d do anything to please her and be closer to her amazing body.

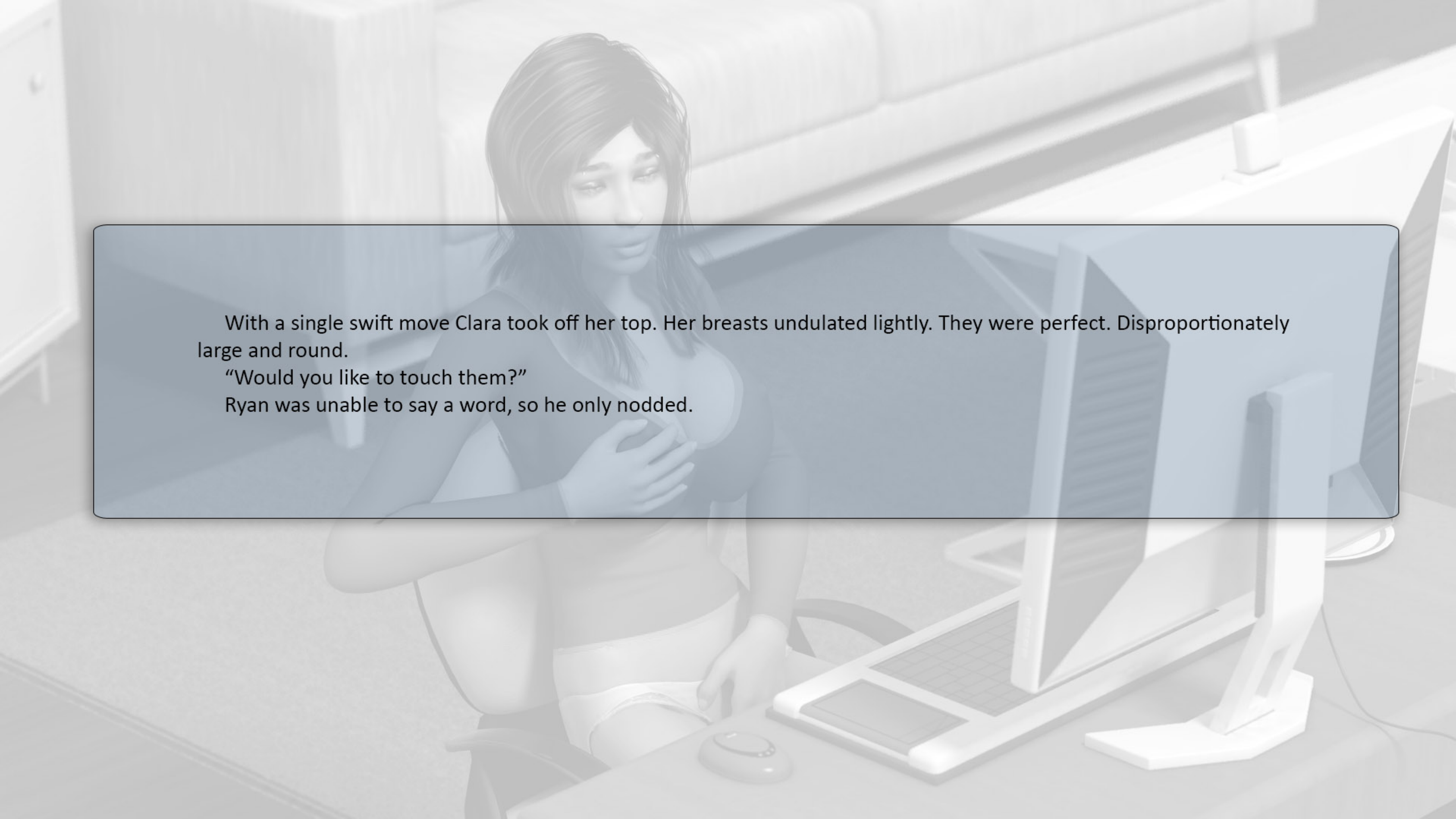
“Very well” she smiled. “Now I see how much you like me. I’ve waited for this moment a long time, so let me enjoy it.”

She was watching his manhood smiling like a happy cat. She bit her lip lightly and her breathing got faster. She squinted, triumphant.

With her delicate fingers she started to slowly take off her bra. Teasingly she slid off the shoulder straps. She lifted the fabric even higher, nearly revealing her nipples. Ryan saw how her perfectly firm and round breasts were under the top. She squeezed them making them stick high above the collarbone.

He had never been so aroused before. His member got hard and erect, demanding to be touched. He could barely refrain from masturbating. He knew, that in several minutes he won’t be able to control himself.



A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in a room with a white sofa in the background. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top and white underwear. She is looking down at her chest with her hands near her breasts. A large, semi-transparent blue box with a thin black border is overlaid on the image, containing text. The background is slightly blurred, showing a modern interior setting.

With a single swift move Clara took off her top. Her breasts undulated lightly. They were perfect. Disproportionately large and round.

“Would you like to touch them?”

Ryan was unable to say a word, so he only nodded.



Clara approached him slowly, relishing in his arousal. He reached for her breasts and embraced them. Her skin was soft and warm. She moaned softly and tilted back her head. Ryan circled her breasts, and raised them slightly. Only then did he realise how heavy they were. Clara had to bear this load all the time.

She pushed him onto the couch. She spread her legs and kneeled before him.

He could hardly believe that it was happening for real. He felt he was the happiest man in the world. He was grateful she allowed him to see and even touch breasts he'd had fantasized for so many years. His breathing was rapid, droplets of sweat covered his skin. He knew just a couple of strokes would be enough to make him cum.

She moved closer to him, and her breasts filled the space between his thighs. Ryan moaned with ecstasy. Clara's touch was electrifying; warm, soft and sensuous. Her breasts were squeezed against each other and raised even higher. She moved closer, and her boobs touched his manhood.

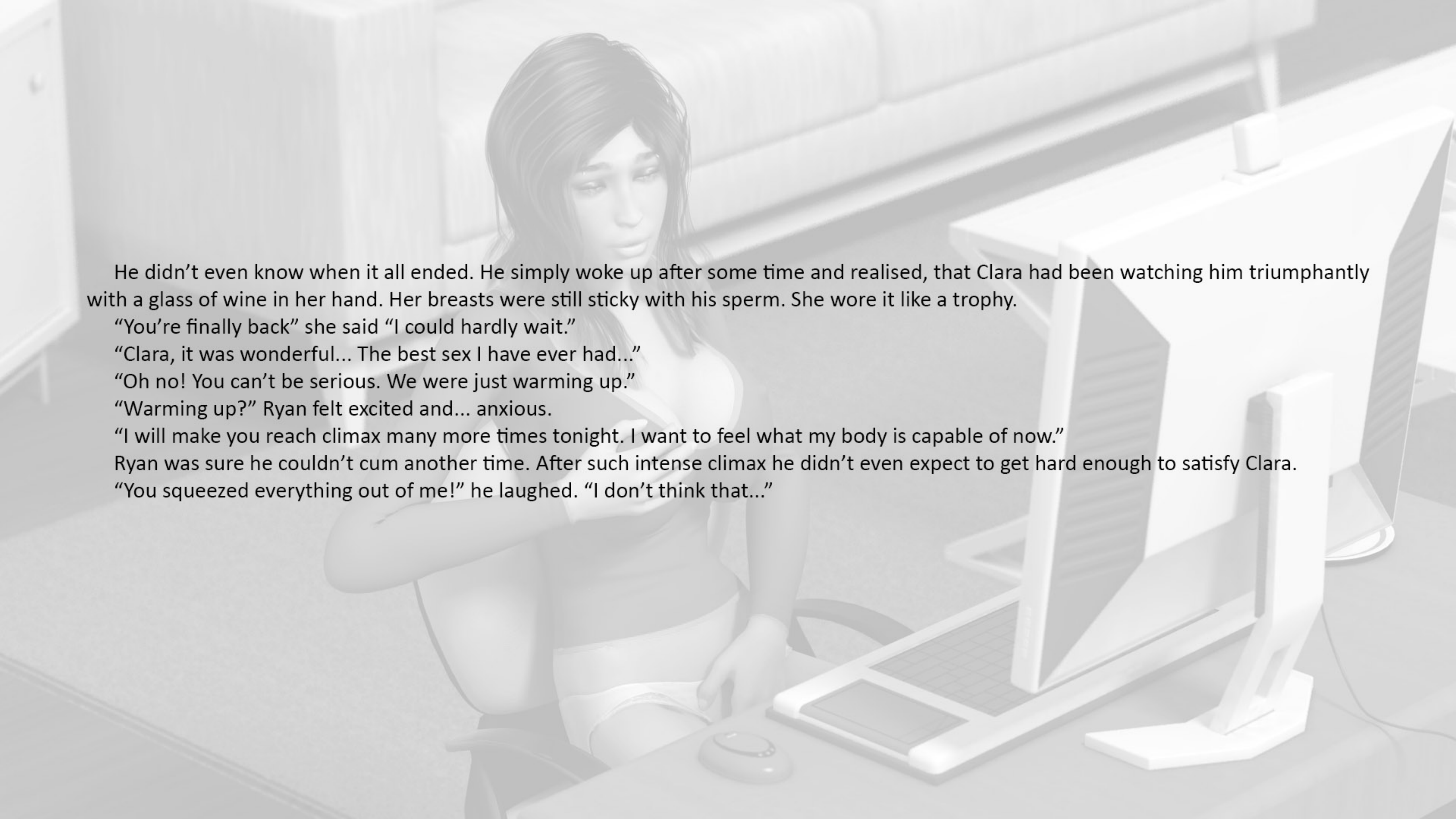
"Do you like it?" she asked. "Do you want me to take it between my implant-filled breasts?"

"Oh, Clara..."



She smiled and moved even closer. She embraced his manhood with her breasts. Ryan clenched his teeth and sighed. Her boobs were brushing against his legs and belly. He massaged their magnificent curves. Clara was moving up and down, finally quenching his thirst. He could no longer control himself. After only a couple of seconds he was on the edge of climax. His thighs synchronised with Clara's rhythm. She licked her lips and observed his reactions, pleased. He was at her mercy, helpless yet strong. He crossed a point after which there was only pleasure. He was screaming, but he hardly realised it. The sounds were muffled by ecstasy filling his entire body. His semen spurted out on Clara's cleavage. He clenched his hands on her breasts, embracing them tightly. Ecstasy took over completely. He thought it should've weakened by then, he had never climaxed so long. But his body knew better. Clara's image got blurry and hazy. Ryan could not catch his breath. More sperm was coming from his cock in an intense stream. He got lost in ecstatic pleasure.



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a smartphone in her hands. On the desk in front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. In the background, there is a light-colored sofa. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source coming from the computer monitor.

He didn't even know when it all ended. He simply woke up after some time and realised, that Clara had been watching him triumphantly with a glass of wine in her hand. Her breasts were still sticky with his sperm. She wore it like a trophy.

"You're finally back" she said "I could hardly wait."

"Clara, it was wonderful... The best sex I have ever had..."

"Oh no! You can't be serious. We were just warming up."

"Warming up?" Ryan felt excited and... anxious.

"I will make you reach climax many more times tonight. I want to feel what my body is capable of now."

Ryan was sure he couldn't cum another time. After such intense climax he didn't even expect to get hard enough to satisfy Clara.

"You squeezed everything out of me!" he laughed. "I don't think that..."

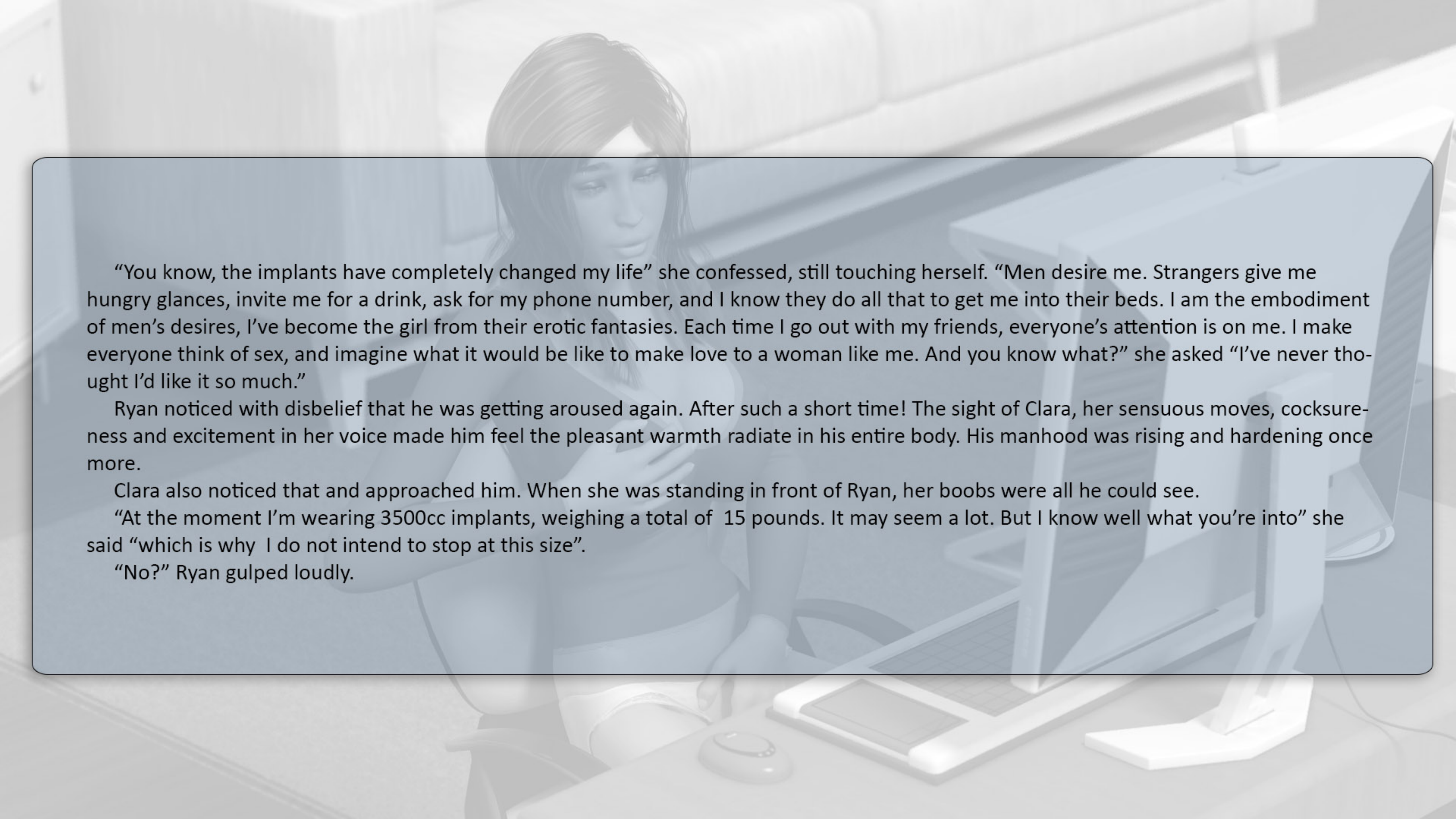
“Let’s see!” she interrupted and stood up.

Now he could see even better, how her breasts dominated her whole silhouette. The rest of the body seemed puny and frail. Humongous boobs made it impossible to focus on anything else.

Clara caressed and massaged them, looking at Ryan all the time, watching his reactions. She lifted up her breast and licked it, tasting his semen.

Ryan had never suspected his thin, withdrawn friend had been hiding so much eroticism. That she could be so... shameless and perverted. He had a suspicion she hadn’t known that before as well.



A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on a laptop. A large computer monitor is visible to her right, and a mouse is on the desk in front of her. The background shows a white office chair and a desk lamp.

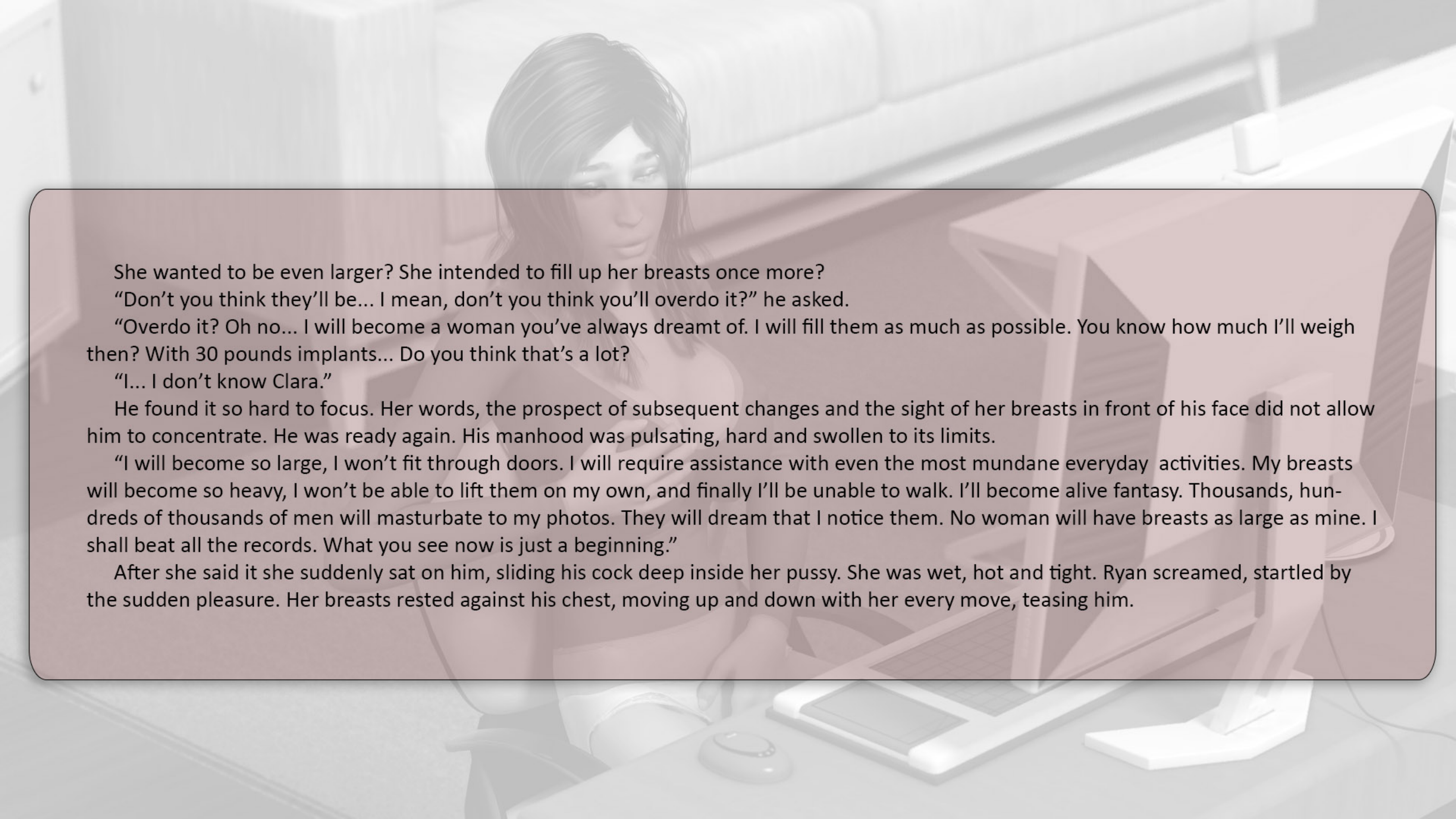
“You know, the implants have completely changed my life” she confessed, still touching herself. “Men desire me. Strangers give me hungry glances, invite me for a drink, ask for my phone number, and I know they do all that to get me into their beds. I am the embodiment of men’s desires, I’ve become the girl from their erotic fantasies. Each time I go out with my friends, everyone’s attention is on me. I make everyone think of sex, and imagine what it would be like to make love to a woman like me. And you know what?” she asked “I’ve never thought I’d like it so much.”

Ryan noticed with disbelief that he was getting aroused again. After such a short time! The sight of Clara, her sensuous moves, cocksureness and excitement in her voice made him feel the pleasant warmth radiate in his entire body. His manhood was rising and hardening once more.

Clara also noticed that and approached him. When she was standing in front of Ryan, her boobs were all he could see.

“At the moment I’m wearing 3500cc implants, weighing a total of 15 pounds. It may seem a lot. But I know well what you’re into” she said “which is why I do not intend to stop at this size”.

“No?” Ryan gulped loudly.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in a dimly lit room. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on a laptop. A large computer monitor is visible to her right, and a mouse is on the desk in front of her. The background shows a white sofa and a window with blinds. The scene is overlaid with a semi-transparent reddish-brown box containing text.

She wanted to be even larger? She intended to fill up her breasts once more?

“Don’t you think they’ll be... I mean, don’t you think you’ll overdo it?” he asked.

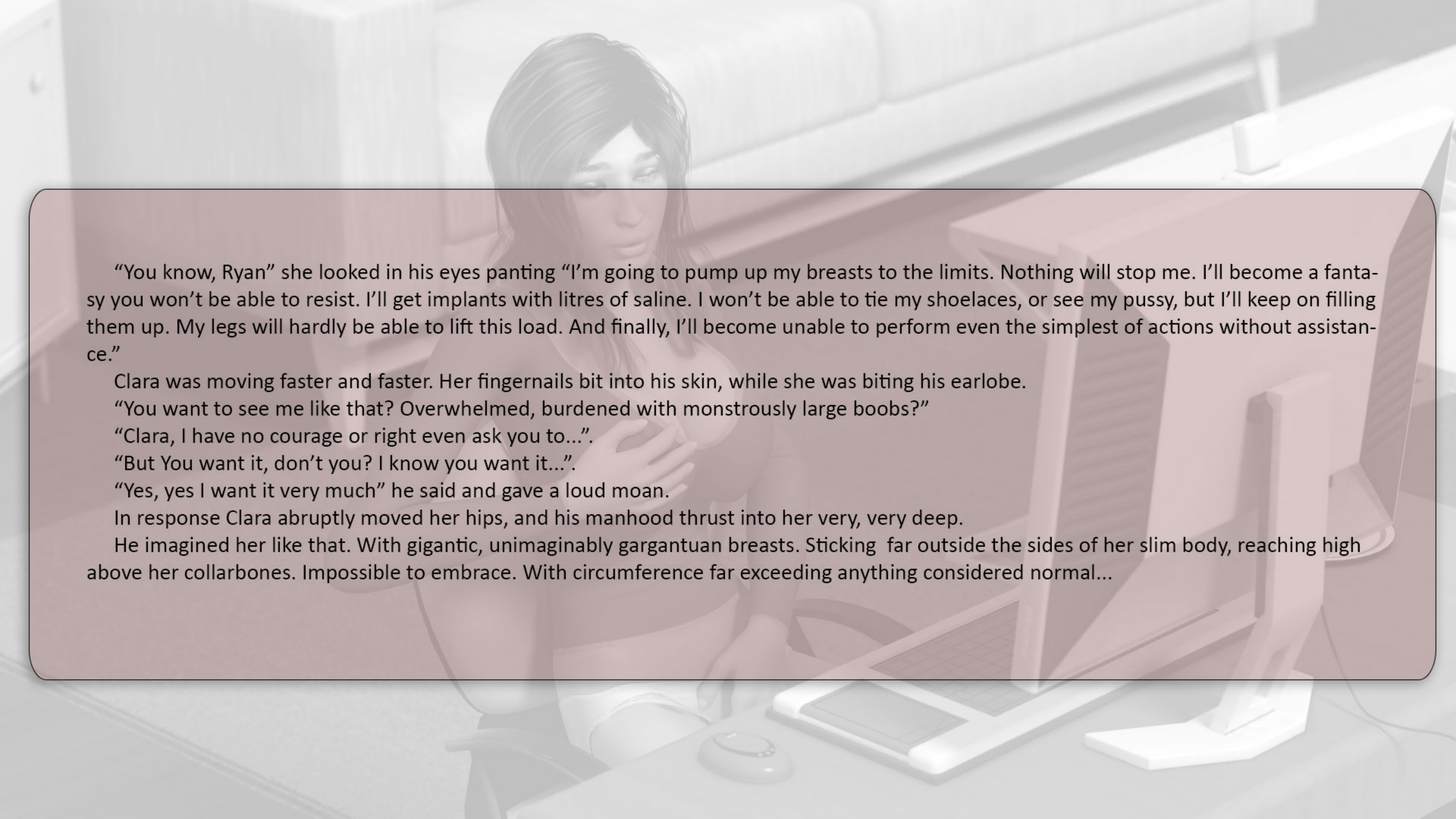
“Overdo it? Oh no... I will become a woman you’ve always dreamt of. I will fill them as much as possible. You know how much I’ll weigh then? With 30 pounds implants... Do you think that’s a lot?”

“I... I don’t know Clara.”

He found it so hard to focus. Her words, the prospect of subsequent changes and the sight of her breasts in front of his face did not allow him to concentrate. He was ready again. His manhood was pulsating, hard and swollen to its limits.

“I will become so large, I won’t fit through doors. I will require assistance with even the most mundane everyday activities. My breasts will become so heavy, I won’t be able to lift them on my own, and finally I’ll be unable to walk. I’ll become alive fantasy. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of men will masturbate to my photos. They will dream that I notice them. No woman will have breasts as large as mine. I shall beat all the records. What you see now is just a beginning.”

After she said it she suddenly sat on him, sliding his cock deep inside her pussy. She was wet, hot and tight. Ryan screamed, startled by the sudden pleasure. Her breasts rested against his chest, moving up and down with her every move, teasing him.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down and to the right. In front of her is a computer monitor and a keyboard. The background shows a white sofa and a desk with a computer mouse.

“You know, Ryan” she looked in his eyes panting “I’m going to pump up my breasts to the limits. Nothing will stop me. I’ll become a fantasy you won’t be able to resist. I’ll get implants with litres of saline. I won’t be able to tie my shoelaces, or see my pussy, but I’ll keep on filling them up. My legs will hardly be able to lift this load. And finally, I’ll become unable to perform even the simplest of actions without assistance.”

Clara was moving faster and faster. Her fingernails bit into his skin, while she was biting his earlobe.

“You want to see me like that? Overwhelmed, burdened with monstrously large boobs?”

“Clara, I have no courage or right even ask you to...”

“But You want it, don’t you? I know you want it...”

“Yes, yes I want it very much” he said and gave a loud moan.

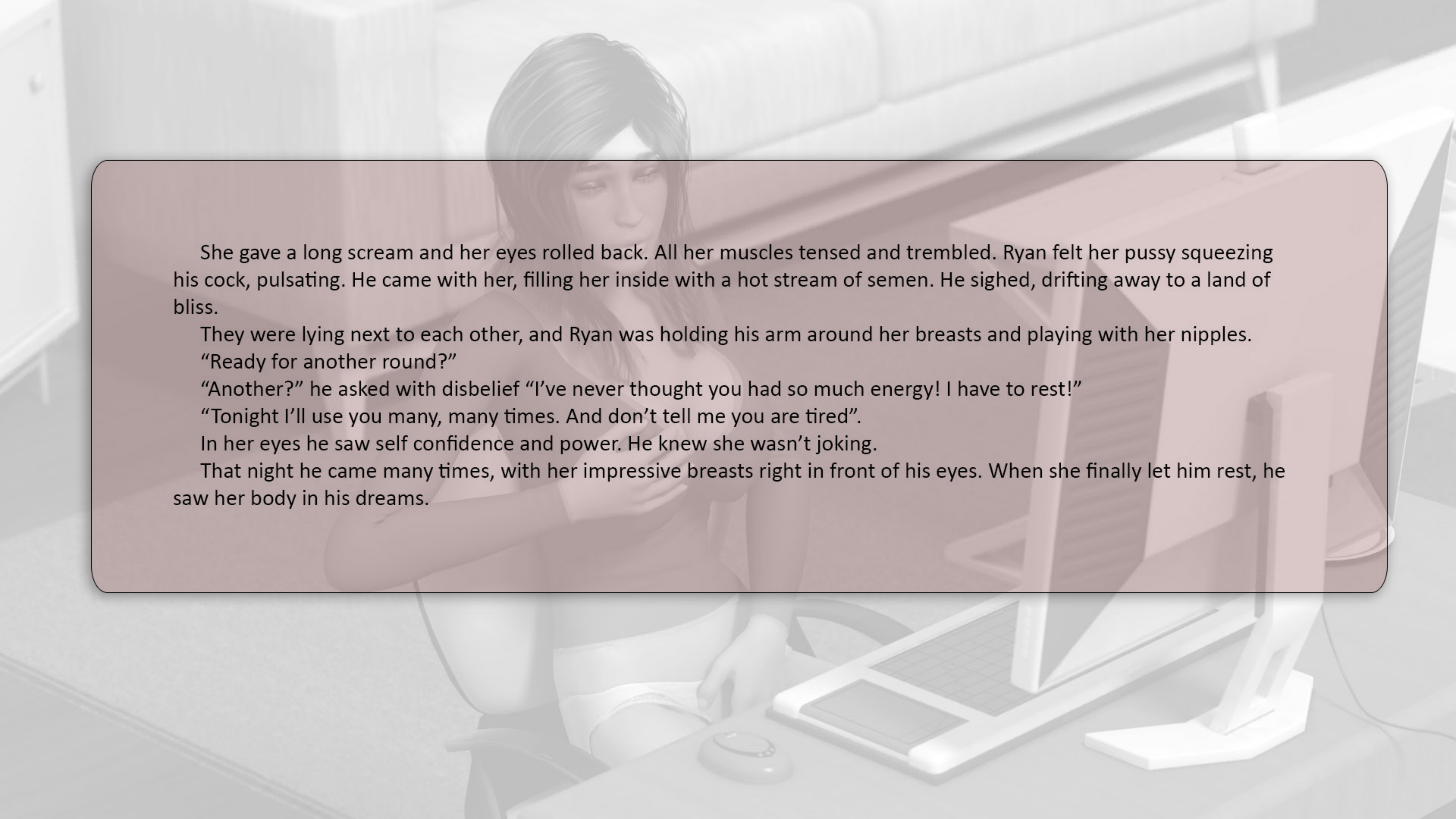
In response Clara abruptly moved her hips, and his manhood thrust into her very, very deep.

He imagined her like that. With gigantic, unimaginably gargantuan breasts. Sticking far outside the sides of her slim body, reaching high above her collarbones. Impossible to embrace. With circumference far exceeding anything considered normal...



Clara's wetness was dribbling down his balls and thighs. Her skin was hot and slick with sweat. Her breathing was getting faster and she was moaning ecstatically, aroused by her own vision. Every now and then she kept changing the pace and rhythm.

"Ryan, you have no idea how large I will become. I'll grow to a gigantic size. You think 3500cc is a lot? It's just the beginning, a warm up. I will be heavy and humongous... I will set the world record and no one will even come close to me..."

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. She appears to be in a state of deep thought or perhaps a bit of distress. The office environment includes a computer monitor, a keyboard, and a mouse on the desk. The background shows a white office chair and a desk lamp.

She gave a long scream and her eyes rolled back. All her muscles tensed and trembled. Ryan felt her pussy squeezing his cock, pulsating. He came with her, filling her inside with a hot stream of semen. He sighed, drifting away to a land of bliss.

They were lying next to each other, and Ryan was holding his arm around her breasts and playing with her nipples.

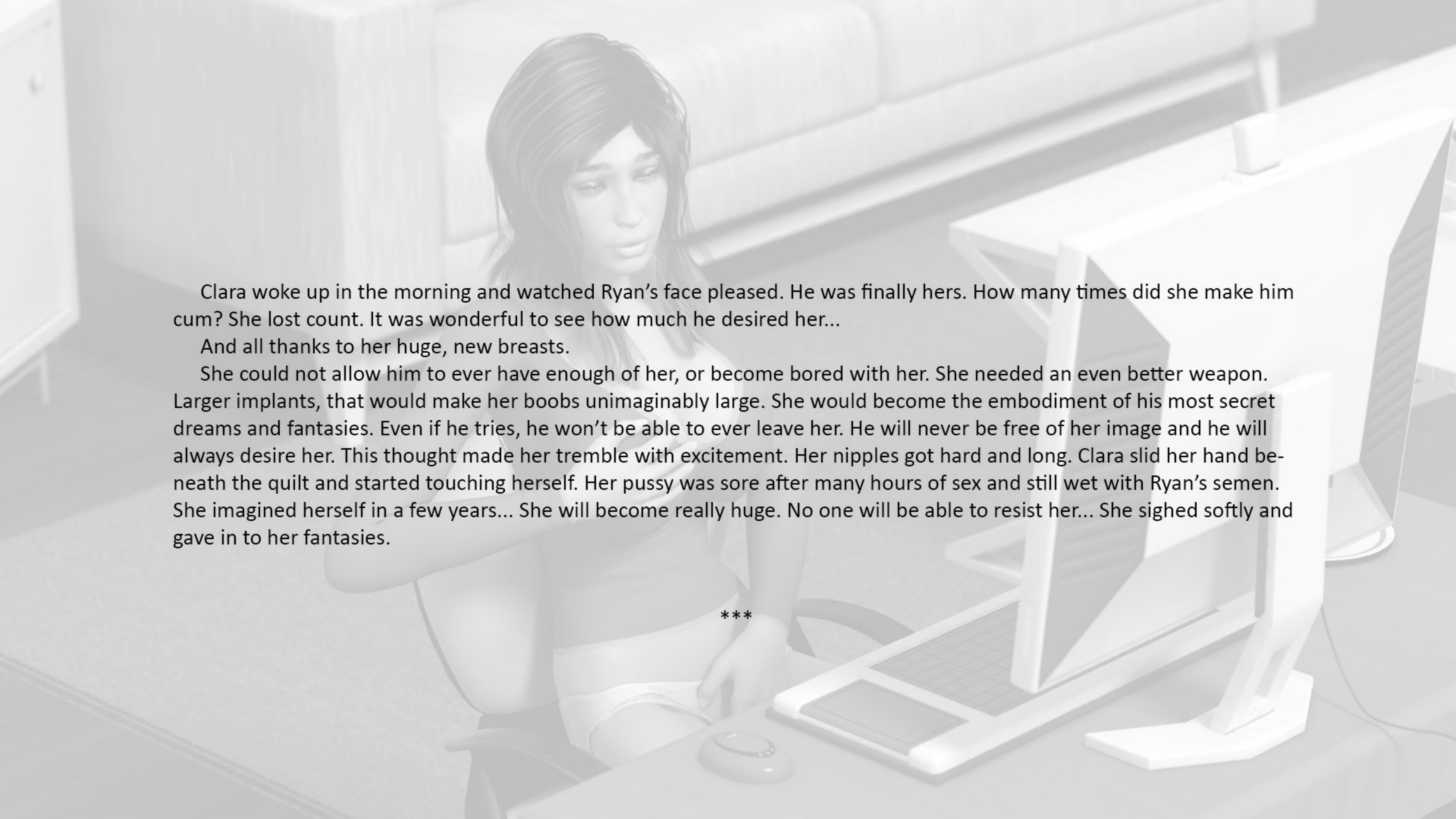
“Ready for another round?”

“Another?” he asked with disbelief “I’ve never thought you had so much energy! I have to rest!”

“Tonight I’ll use you many, many times. And don’t tell me you are tired”.

In her eyes he saw self confidence and power. He knew she wasn’t joking.

That night he came many times, with her impressive breasts right in front of his eyes. When she finally let him rest, he saw her body in his dreams.



Clara woke up in the morning and watched Ryan's face pleased. He was finally hers. How many times did she make him cum? She lost count. It was wonderful to see how much he desired her...

And all thanks to her huge, new breasts.

She could not allow him to ever have enough of her, or become bored with her. She needed an even better weapon. Larger implants, that would make her boobs unimaginably large. She would become the embodiment of his most secret dreams and fantasies. Even if he tries, he won't be able to ever leave her. He will never be free of her image and he will always desire her. This thought made her tremble with excitement. Her nipples got hard and long. Clara slid her hand beneath the quilt and started touching herself. Her pussy was sore after many hours of sex and still wet with Ryan's semen. She imagined herself in a few years... She will become really huge. No one will be able to resist her... She sighed softly and gave in to her fantasies.


Before & After



Weight: 95 lbs
Implant size: 1600 cc
Implants weight: 7 lbs
Total weight: 102 lbs
implant mass ratio: 7%



Weight: 96 lbs
Implant size: 3500 cc
Implants weight: 15.4 lbs
Total weight: 111.4 lbs
implant mass ratio: 14%

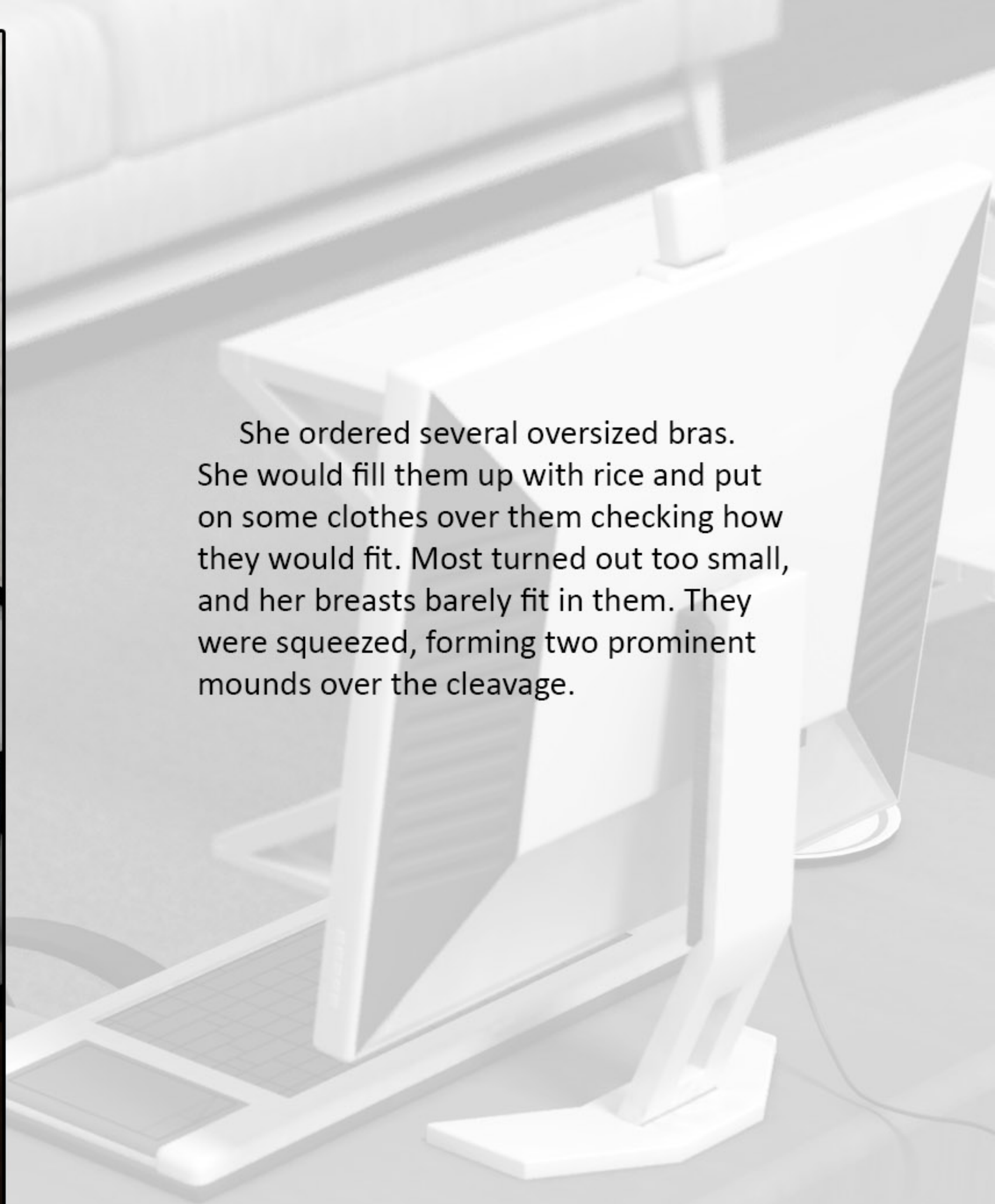
A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a document or her hands with a thoughtful expression. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, and a mouse is visible on the desk. The background shows a blurred office or home workspace with a sofa.

Subsequent weeks were filled with passion and sex. Every day they made love for hours, and despite the passing time their passion did not grow weaker. Clara relished in the lust that made Ryan jump at her as soon as she passed the threshold. She tested his limits and her own attractiveness.

She was planning another surgery. She wanted to fill up her breasts to the largest size possible. The doctors tried to calm her down, making her realise she had to wait some time before the next operation. Her organism needed time to get used to the enormous implants. Clara knew her skin would have to stretch and become more elastic, and her body would have to get used to additional pounds she was carrying on her chest. Despite these rational arguments she could hardly wait! She ceaselessly thought about larger implants. She asked Ryan to morph her pictures. When she saw what she would look like with 10000cc... it was amazing. She wanted them so much!




She ordered several oversized bras. She would fill them up with rice and put on some clothes over them checking how they would fit. Most turned out too small, and her breasts barely fit in them. They were squeezed, forming two prominent mounds over the cleavage.



She realised she was getting obsessed over her boobs. She got addicted to enlarging them. After several weeks her new implants, despite significant weigh and capacity, started to seem definitely too small. She still wanted more. She was annoyed she had to wait.



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at her chest with a contemplative or slightly sad expression. Her hands are resting on her breasts. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless top and light-colored shorts. In front of her is a computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a blurred living room with a sofa and a coffee table.

Weeks and months were passing and Clara continued to grow. She was becoming larger and heavier. She underwent subsequent surgeries, replaced implants and filled them up. After every surgery she felt stronger. She was fascinated with her new shapes and was pleased to watch Ryan's reactions to her transformation. The mere sight of her made him breathe faster and made his manhood hard. Her body resembled his erotic fantasies more and more. He followed her with dreamy eyes, wishing to make love to her all the time, and not missing a chance to touch her enormous boobs.



Her breasts were becoming more and more cumbersome. She had difficulties in performing everyday activities, every move required effort. Carrying so many litres of saline with such a tiny physique was a serious problem.

Before & After



Weight: 96 lbs
Implant size: 3500 cc
Implants weight: 15.4 lbs
Total weight: 111.4 lbs
implant mass ratio: 14 %



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 5000 cc
Implants weight: 22 lbs
Total weight: 119 lbs
implant mass ratio: 18 %

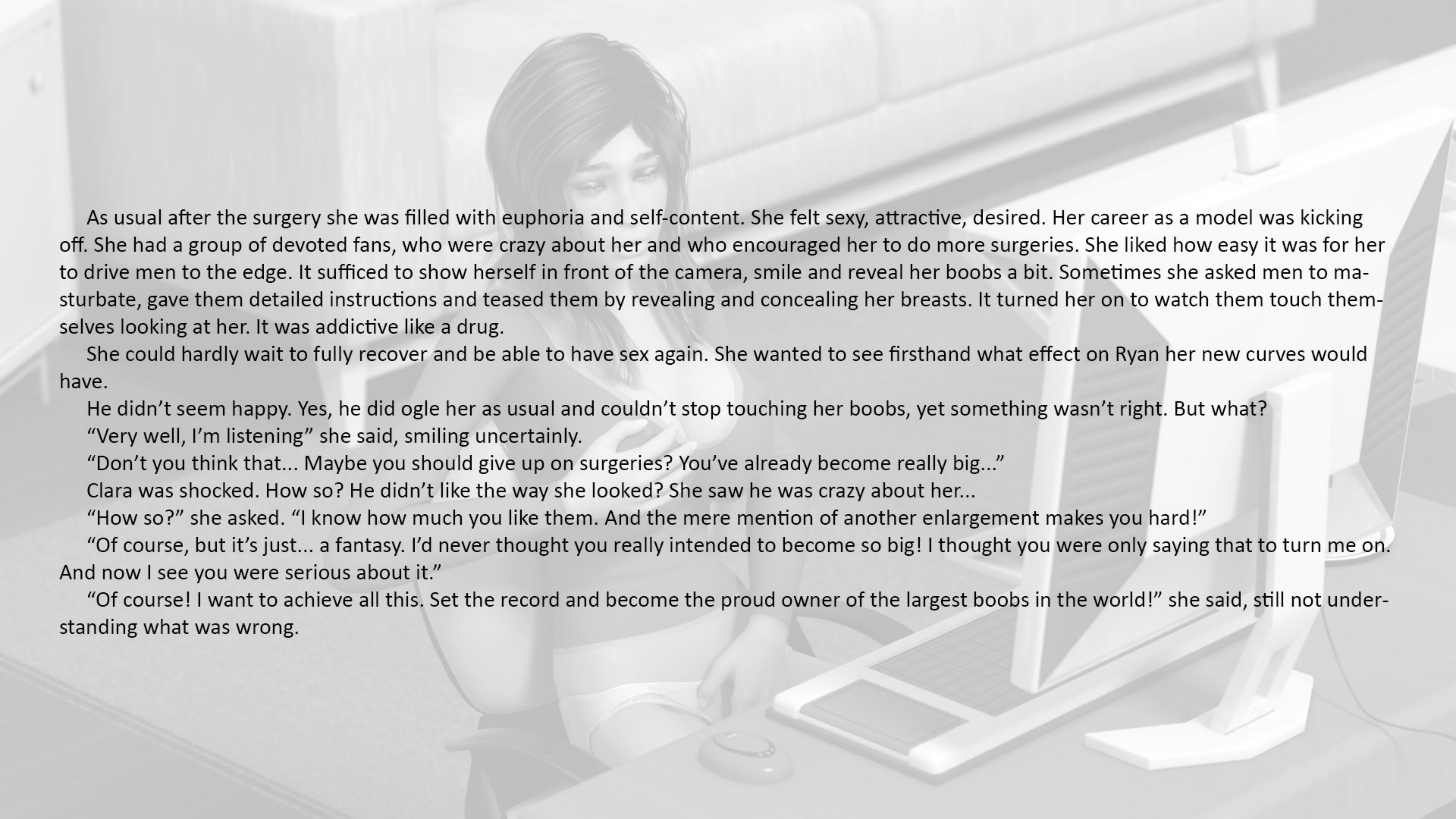
She worked as a model and was very successful at that. She hadn't even suspected she would do so well. Her breasts changed her life. They gave her power and opened up possibilities she had never even dreamt of.

Ryan adored her body. Every subsequent surgery resulted in explosion of passion and fascination. If he could he would stay at home all the time and have sex with her all day long. At the same time Clara noticed, that when she exceeded 5000cc and mentioned another surgery, he started getting nervous. She saw that conversation about even larger breasts aroused and hypnotized him, but she felt that there was something that made him anxious.

"We need to have a serious talk" he said one day.

He brought some shopping to her home. A week before she underwent another surgery and replaced the implants once more. Her boobs reached a spectacular size of 7400cc and weighed 33 pounds. The doctor refused to agree to more. Anyway, only few people would undertake to perform such a surgery. She was feeling quite well, but walking or driving a car was very problematic. The weight on her chest was overwhelming, it made breathing harder, and strained her muscles. She needed time to get used to it.



A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down at a document in her hands with a thoughtful expression. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, and a mouse is visible on the desk. The background shows a blurred office setting with another desk and chair.

As usual after the surgery she was filled with euphoria and self-content. She felt sexy, attractive, desired. Her career as a model was kicking off. She had a group of devoted fans, who were crazy about her and who encouraged her to do more surgeries. She liked how easy it was for her to drive men to the edge. It sufficed to show herself in front of the camera, smile and reveal her boobs a bit. Sometimes she asked men to masturbate, gave them detailed instructions and teased them by revealing and concealing her breasts. It turned her on to watch them touch themselves looking at her. It was addictive like a drug.

She could hardly wait to fully recover and be able to have sex again. She wanted to see firsthand what effect on Ryan her new curves would have.

He didn't seem happy. Yes, he did ogle her as usual and couldn't stop touching her boobs, yet something wasn't right. But what?

"Very well, I'm listening" she said, smiling uncertainly.

"Don't you think that... Maybe you should give up on surgeries? You've already become really big..."

Clara was shocked. How so? He didn't like the way she looked? She saw he was crazy about her...

"How so?" she asked. "I know how much you like them. And the mere mention of another enlargement makes you hard!"

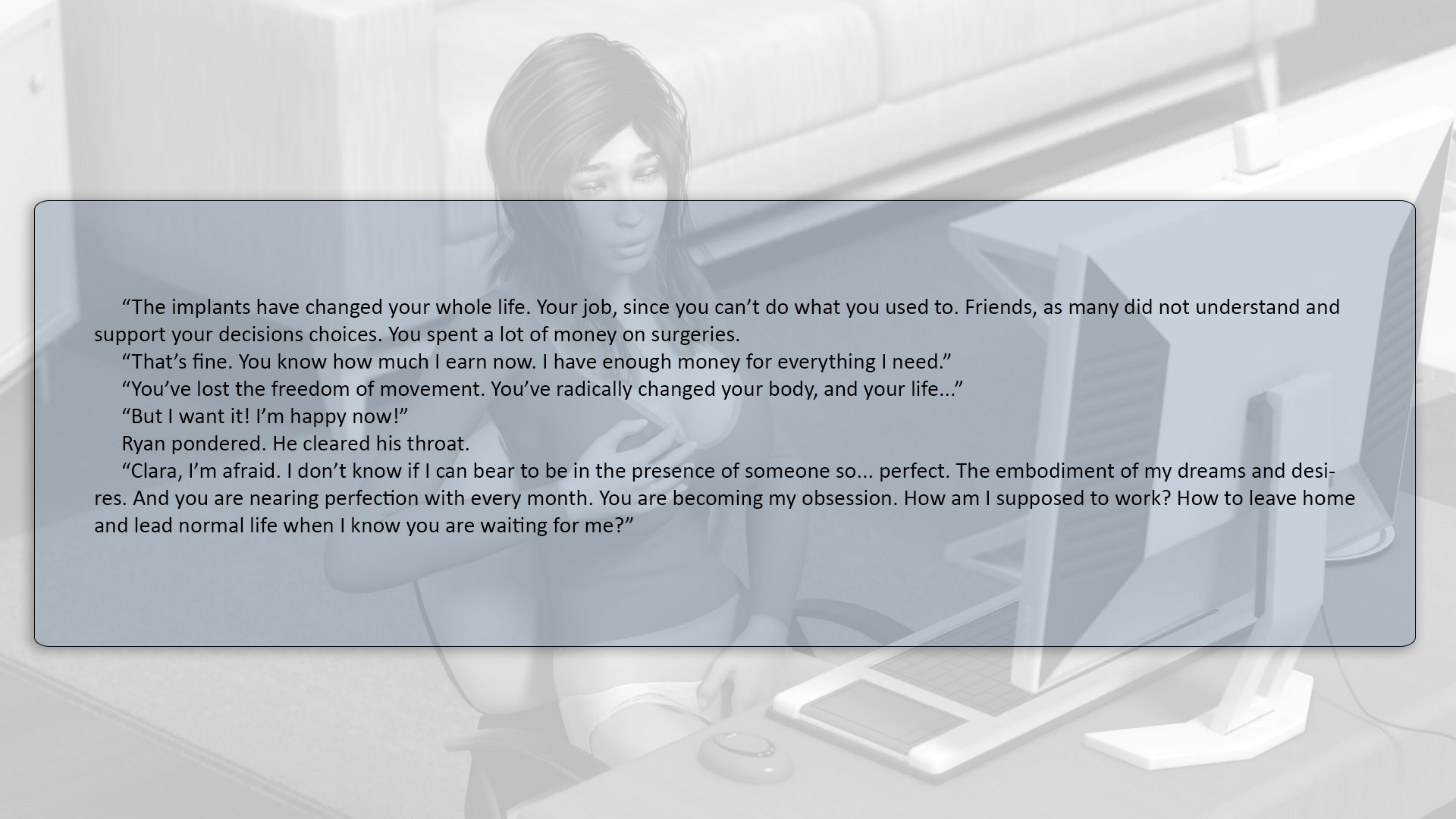
"Of course, but it's just... a fantasy. I'd never thought you really intended to become so big! I thought you were only saying that to turn me on. And now I see you were serious about it."

"Of course! I want to achieve all this. Set the record and become the proud owner of the largest boobs in the world!" she said, still not understanding what was wrong.



“You have to realise the price. Clara... your breasts already weigh 33 pounds. It’s a quarter of your weight. You have a tiny body, and you make it carry something so heavy. Every day your legs are more overburdened. And so is your spine, chest, shoulders... Your skin is stretched to the limits. Sometimes you can’t even put on shoes on your own, because you can’t reach them. Your breasts make it difficult for you to cook. Do you remember how you tried to cut something recently and you could barely see what you were doing? You can’t hold driving wheel normally, because your breasts rest against it. Public transport is out of the question: you occupy two seats and everyone stares at you. You often ask me to help you take a shower or get dressed... The surgeries have become your obsession. Addiction.”

“I see nothing wrong with that” she replied and wanted to cross her arms on her breasts in a defensive gesture, but her boobs had become so huge it was no longer possible.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in a modern office. She is looking down at a tablet device she is holding in her hands. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand. The background shows a white sofa and a window with blinds. The scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow from the computer screen.

“The implants have changed your whole life. Your job, since you can’t do what you used to. Friends, as many did not understand and support your decisions choices. You spent a lot of money on surgeries.

“That’s fine. You know how much I earn now. I have enough money for everything I need.”

“You’ve lost the freedom of movement. You’ve radically changed your body, and your life...”

“But I want it! I’m happy now!”

Ryan pondered. He cleared his throat.

“Clara, I’m afraid. I don’t know if I can bear to be in the presence of someone so... perfect. The embodiment of my dreams and desires. And you are nearing perfection with every month. You are becoming my obsession. How am I supposed to work? How to leave home and lead normal life when I know you are waiting for me?”

He was a helpless mess. Now she understood what was wrong. She wondered for awhile. She liked the vision he described. He was afraid, but she knew there was no reason to. They will both be happy.

“We’ll manage it somehow” she replied. “What man wouldn’t like his fantasy to become reality?”

He didn’t know what to say. The sight of her enormous breasts contrasting with her tiny, slim body was getting him aroused again. The warmth radiating through his body, faster heartbeat and the swelling bulge in his trousers were unmistakable. She turned him on, and every passing month made it more intense.



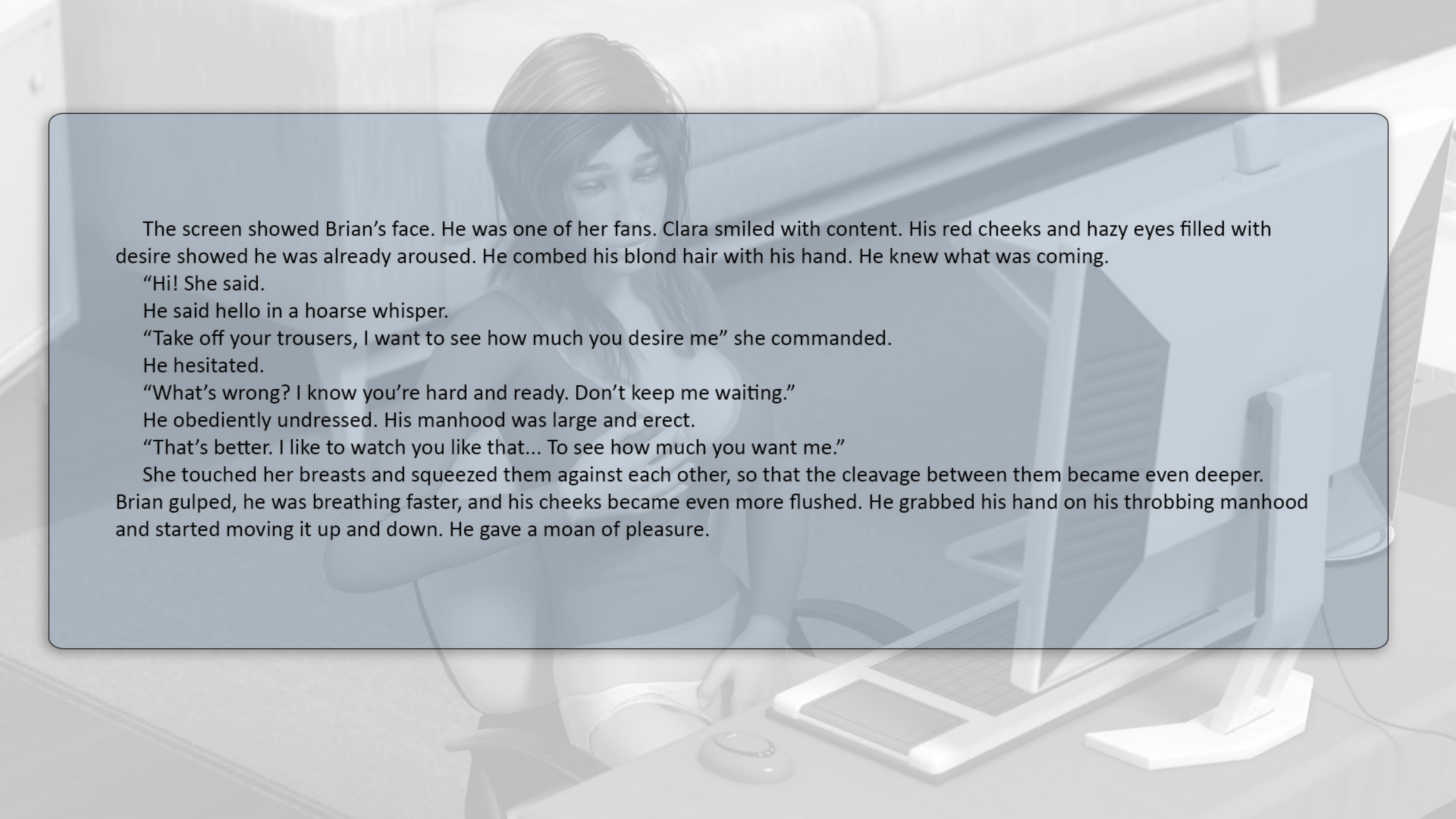
Before & After



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 5000 cc
Implants weight: 22 lbs
Total weight: 119 lbs
implant mass ratio: 18 %



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 7400 cc
Implants weight: 33 lbs
Total weight: 130 lbs
implant mass ratio: 25 %

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking at a computer monitor. The scene is dimly lit, and the overall tone is somewhat somber or focused. The woman is wearing a dark top. The desk has a keyboard and a mouse. The background shows office furniture and a window with blinds.

The screen showed Brian's face. He was one of her fans. Clara smiled with content. His red cheeks and hazy eyes filled with desire showed he was already aroused. He combed his blond hair with his hand. He knew what was coming.

"Hi! She said.

He said hello in a hoarse whisper.

"Take off your trousers, I want to see how much you desire me" she commanded.

He hesitated.

"What's wrong? I know you're hard and ready. Don't keep me waiting."

He obediently undressed. His manhood was large and erect.

"That's better. I like to watch you like that... To see how much you want me."

She touched her breasts and squeezed them against each other, so that the cleavage between them became even deeper. Brian gulped, he was breathing faster, and his cheeks became even more flushed. He grabbed his hand on his throbbing manhood and started moving it up and down. He gave a moan of pleasure.



“No!” commanded Clara “I didn’t allow you to touch yourself!”

The man reluctantly loosened his grip and hid his hand behind his back. His member became even larger and engorged.

“Soon you’ll be allowed to masturbate” she said soothingly “But not just yet.”

She was still caressing her breasts. Her nipples were hard and her skin hot. She bit her lip and glanced seductively at the camera. They are so easy to drive to the edge. She hardly had to put any effort into it. She had become an object of desire, symbol of sex, fantasy come true. There was no need to endeavour, but she liked to tease them.

“Do you know what size is my bra cup now?” she asked casually.

“I don’t know, maybe... K or M...”

The man was breathing heavily. He watched her breasts with desire.

“Oh no!” she laughed. “My size far exceeds the standard numeration. No one had anticipated that breasts could be so enormous. Would you like me to take off my bra and show them to you?”

“Yes, very much” he whispered.

“I know Brian, I know. Large boobs are your biggest fetish, aren’t they? Nothing arouses you more. You are their slave and you’ll do everything for me to reveal them.”

She loosened her shoulder strap and smiled triumphantly.

“Please, I’d really love to see them” he said. “You are the most wonderful, the most attractive woman I’ve ever seen. I desire you more than anyone... I’m begging you, please let me masturbate... Please, Clara...” his voice became slightly high pitched.

“Look at me” she said “But you have to take it a bit longer. I know it’s hard for you. How much you want to touch yourself now. I know how much my enormous boobs excite you. I understand it.”

She slowly started to undress. She took off her bra and threw it on the floor. He shuddered. She squeezed her nipples and moaned softly. His lust aroused her.





“Can you see how huge they are?” she asked caressing her naked breasts. “The way you like them... Firm, round and full. On such a slim body! They weigh 47 pounds, can you imagine that?”

“Please Clara, I can’t take it any longer...”

“And now look at my boobs, don’t take your eyes off them and grab your dick. Yes, just like that, very good. Move your hand... But not so fast! Slowly... Yes, that’s it just like that.”

Clara was watching him masturbate, in his eyes she could see his fascination with her breasts. She wanted it to last as long as possible.

“Excellent, touch yourself looking at me. At my heavy, oversized boobs. You know how large these implants are?”

He said nothing, only started stroking his cock more rapidly. She knew he was losing control over himself.

“Answer me!”

“I don’t know maybe 9000cc?” he gasped out.

“No... They are much larger than that. When I saw the implants before the surgery I had no idea how they would fit in my body. I could hardly lift them, they were so heavy. They are 10700cc, can you imagine that?”

“Oh, Clara, they are perfect!”

“Keep looking at them all the time. They are so round and firm” she said and moved her chest, to make her breasts sway. They bounced off her arms and she had trouble keeping balance. “Your cock is so large and hard at the moment. Rub it faster, really fast! I want you to come for me. Yes, just like that. I know you are close. Look at my large breasts, don’t stop.”

Brian was moaning, his face was covered with sweat and his knees were trembling. He was moving his hand faster and faster. Clara felt her panties got wet, and her skin hot. She loved the power her body gave her.

He whispered her name, screamed and shuddered. The stream of semen spurted on the floor and desk.

“Just like that...” said Clara. “I want to see you cum for me.”

His climaxed long, moaning and gasping, his sperm wet his hand and thighs.

“Thank you Clara” he whispered.

His face was red from the effort, and his cock was still hard and erect.

“For what?”

“For letting me cum watching your perfect breasts” he replied.

“You did well” she said. “I know how much you like me. I’ll see you soon. Nothing will satisfy your lust. Maybe I will let you touch yourself again, like today.”

“Yes, I’d love that...”

Before & After



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 7400 cc
Implants weight: 33 lbs
Total weight: 130 lbs
implant mass ratio: 25 %



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 10700 cc
Implants weight: 47 lbs
Total weight: 144 lbs
implant mass ratio: 33 %

Ryan came home, put the shopping on the floor and wiped his brow.

“Hi darling!” he shouted.

“Hi!” he heard from the living room.

Clara was posing in sexy lingerie. Ryan greeted the photographer. He felt a sharp pang of envy. He got used to that. It came every time Clara was acting provocatively in the presence of others. Even when he knew it was her job.

Yes, just as she had announced, every couple of months she underwent a surgery. She would fill the implants and replace them with larger ones. Her breasts were becoming ever larger and heavier. She appeared on websites, gossip magazines, and she was even interviewed on TV. She became even more famous. She was known not only to fans of huge boobs, but to other people as well. She was proud of herself. Of course she had to face a wave of negative comments, which sometimes made her lose her temper. She tried to simply ignore them and focus on the positive ones. She understood that not everyone accepts her choices and lifestyle. But it was her life and her body. It was her right to make decisions about it.

Her breasts had become monstrously large. Despite their firmness and perfectly round shape it reached below navel. They were sticking above the collarbones, and to the sides, limiting the movements of her arms. The skin was stretched to the limit, taut and smooth. All tops, blouses, bras and dresses were custom made.






Every time she stood on the scales, she was shocked. She knew how much she weighed, but to see the numbers on the display made her realise how much she had changed. Prior to her transformation she weighed only 91 pounds. The first implants and healthier lifestyle added her 8 pounds. Now she reached 153 pounds. Saline constituted a significant part of that mass. 37%. Every day she had to wear these additional pounds. Her breasts reached an unimaginable size of 12700cc. Clara set the world record. Large boobs, its capacity and weight turned even the simplest chore into a challenge. She didn't leave home unaccompanied, she required assistance with dressing and undressing, even short walks exhausted her. Her breasts were gradually immobilising her. They gave her power and popularity, but that came with a price.



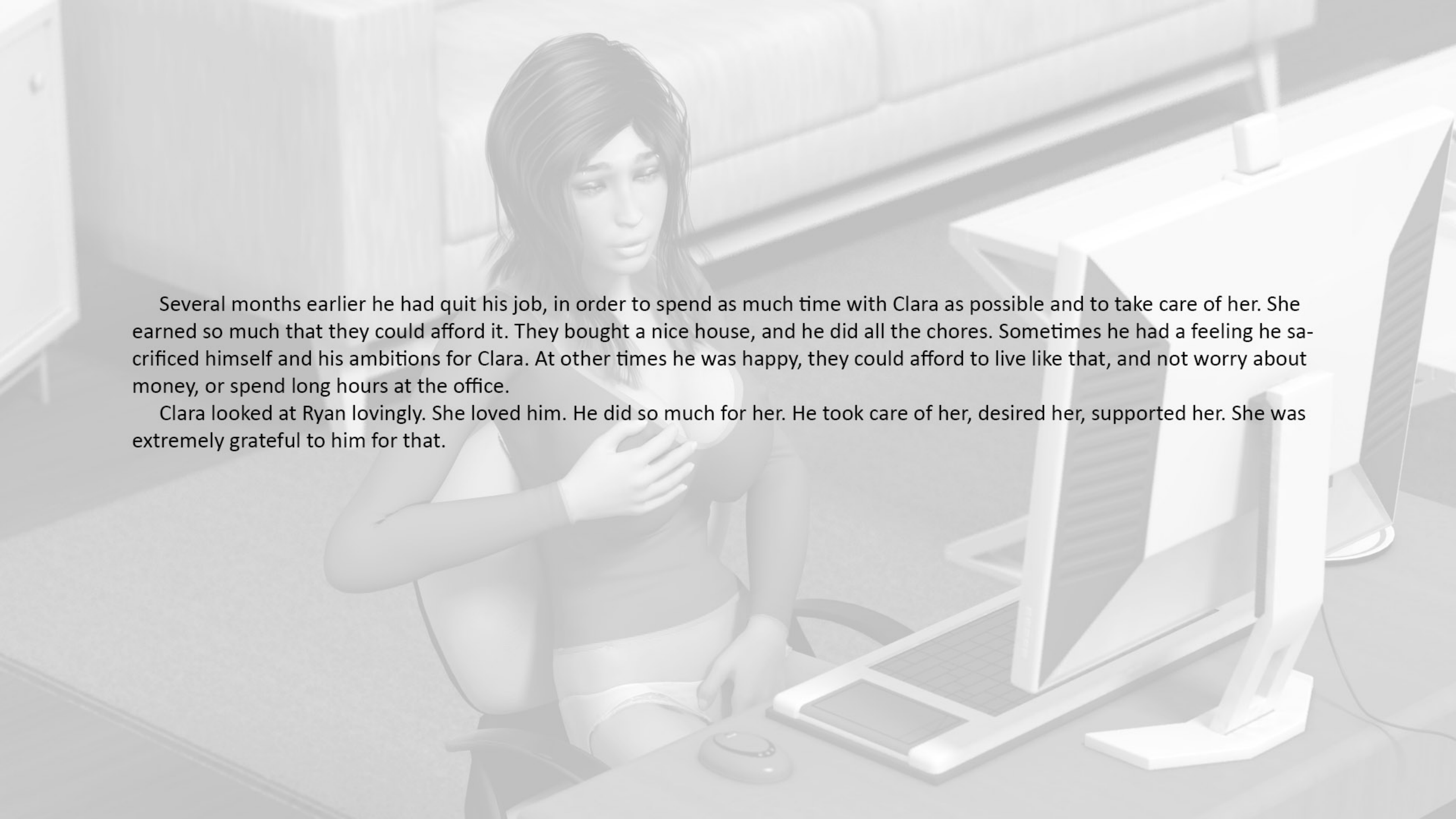
She got used to curious, hungry looks, and looks of disbelief. She was a sensation wherever she went. All eyes were on her. Men did not approach her as often as they used to, even though she knew they liked her more than before. They simple felt they were out of her league, that they had no chance with her. They just gave her longing or hungry looks, and Clara knew, that as soon as they got home they would masturbate to her photos. Or fantasise about her while making love to their wives. It was obvious they envied her partner. Every one of them would gladly switch places with him.



As if hypnotised, Ryan watched Clara pose. Despite the time they spent together his passion did not burn out. On the contrary, he felt aroused all the time. He kept thinking of her and fantasizing about her. He never had enough. He worshipped her body, the embodiment of erotic fantasies and dreams.

In her presence he felt weak, victim of primal instincts and desires, that took over. He was like a trapped animal. And yet he was the happiest man in the world. He didn't think anyone could feel as fulfilled as he did. His most secret dreams had come true. He adored and loved Clara for what she had done in order to become his perfect woman. He was extremely grateful to her. But sometimes he also felt grief and anger: she had shackled him with invisible chains. No other girl would satisfy him or incite such passion in him ever again. He knew she realised that as well.





Several months earlier he had quit his job, in order to spend as much time with Clara as possible and to take care of her. She earned so much that they could afford it. They bought a nice house, and he did all the chores. Sometimes he had a feeling he sacrificed himself and his ambitions for Clara. At other times he was happy, they could afford to live like that, and not worry about money, or spend long hours at the office.

Clara looked at Ryan lovingly. She loved him. He did so much for her. He took care of her, desired her, supported her. She was extremely grateful to him for that.

His constant arousal made her more self-confident and pleased her. Even now she could see he was breathing faster and his manhood was bulging his trousers. She thought it was cute. Sometimes his preoccupation was annoying and tiresome. He had become so... predictable. She knew well how to rouse his passion, to rule his mind and body. It was easy. Too easy. It was no challenge at all. Sometimes she tested how far she could push him. She brought him to the edge, barely brushing the tip of his cock and forbidding him to masturbate. She just spoke about her breasts and massaged them. Sometimes he massaged her feet for hours, or complimented her before she finally agreed to have sex with him. At other times she allowed him to masturbate watching her naked body. Crossing subsequent limits gave her joy. She felt triumphant. She knew she could humiliate him shame him, tell him to do disgraceful things, and he would still remain under her spell. And even though she was excited by such prospect, she never went so far; she cared for him and wanted him to be happy.



The photographer was taking pictures, Clara was taking more and more seductive poses, and Ryan was watching. She felt like once again testing her power over him.

“Darling, you just came home, and I can see you’re already aroused” she started looking at the bulge in his trousers. She was talking softly, nearly whispering. Her voice was soothing, and at the same time very sensuous.

“I know you like my body. You adore it and love it. No wonder. In the entire world there isn’t another woman with such breasts. That’s what you like in me, isn’t it? My huge, oversized breasts...”

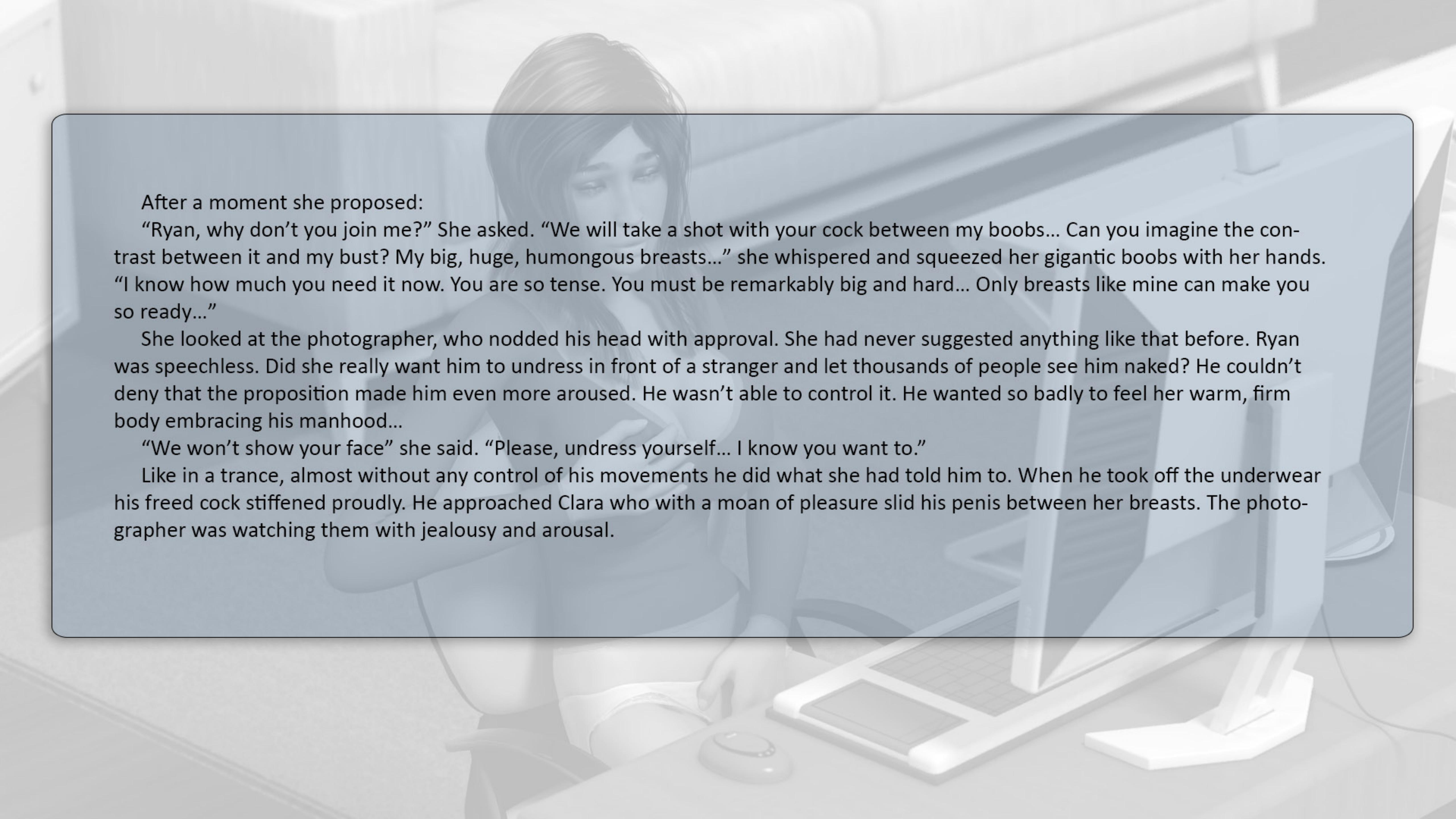
Her every word turned him on even more. She was right. He had never met a woman who would rouse his desire so much. He could not refuse her. He wanted to go to the bedroom to calm down. He knew she was playing with him. Testing how far she could go. And yet he just stood there, feeling his body taking over control.

“Can you remember how small they were? Flat and tiny. I didn’t even have to wear a bra. And later I enlarged them. I asked the doctor to make them as large as possible. I filled them to the limits. For you!” she said, this time louder.

She was looking into his eyes and with a hint of smile watched his.

“I have enlarged them to attract you. And it worked!” Her mouth’s edges lifted higher presenting her white teeth. “Each month I grew more. I was getting bigger and bigger... My tiny boobs grew to unimaginable sizes. Look!” She pointed at her breasts. “They’re so, so big. Too big. You haven’t even suspected that they could grow so much, have you? I have changed into the sexiest, the most alluring woman you can imagine. For you!”

Clara was posing and talking to Ryan, while letting the photographer take more pictures of her. Ryan stood still. The desire was burning in every single cell in his body and Clara’s voice was hypnotizing.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at a tablet device she is holding in her hands. In front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand. The background shows office chairs and desks, suggesting a professional setting. The overall scene is dimly lit, with a soft blue tint.

After a moment she proposed:

“Ryan, why don’t you join me?” She asked. “We will take a shot with your cock between my boobs... Can you imagine the contrast between it and my bust? My big, huge, humongous breasts...” she whispered and squeezed her gigantic boobs with her hands. “I know how much you need it now. You are so tense. You must be remarkably big and hard... Only breasts like mine can make you so ready...”

She looked at the photographer, who nodded his head with approval. She had never suggested anything like that before. Ryan was speechless. Did she really want him to undress in front of a stranger and let thousands of people see him naked? He couldn’t deny that the proposition made him even more aroused. He wasn’t able to control it. He wanted so badly to feel her warm, firm body embracing his manhood...

“We won’t show your face” she said. “Please, undress yourself... I know you want to.”

Like in a trance, almost without any control of his movements he did what she had told him to. When he took off the underwear his freed cock stiffened proudly. He approached Clara who with a moan of pleasure slid his penis between her breasts. The photographer was watching them with jealousy and arousal.



“These pictures will be great” said Clara. “Can you feel how pleasant is it?”

He could. He could also see that his penis had completely disappeared between her boobs. She moved her body pleasuring him.

“Oh yes” she sighed. “I want to feel you between these enormous breasts. They’ve made you so hard, haven’t they? I know that my oversized boobs turn you on.”

Ryan could hardly understand her words. His cock had swollen to an exceptionally large size. Under the sensitive and delicate skin it was stiff and hard.

Clara was moving rhythmically and sighing, relishing in her own triumph. Ryan had the impression the he would explode any moment now. His body was pulsating with arousal. He was breathing heavily and moaning while clenching his hands on Clara's slender arms. Yes, she was growing rapidly which was both sexy and dangerous. Ever larger and larger... to the enormous, disproportionate, oversized proportions.

"And I have no intention of stopping now" she kept saying. "I am going to grow even more. You think that I turn you on now, don't you? Imagine that my breasts are going to be even bigger! They are already huge but it is not enough. I will enlarge them to gigantic sizes and you will watch them grow. You will observe how I fill them up with subsequent millilitres of saline, how I become a woman of your dreams. The ideal fantasy. The perfect sex symbol and embodiment of your erotic desires. I will do that so you will always desire me and never get enough of me. I want my breasts to be so monstrous that you will cum at the sight of them. I want you to think of nothing else. You will dream and fantasise about them. Only they will make you cum, everything else will just be a mere shadow compared to me and my body."

Ryan knew that was exactly what was going to happen.

With Clara's last word he had crossed the point after which he could not control his lust. He was only the observer experiencing the ecstasy. Pure, uninterrupted pleasure. Clara moaned when the sperm spurted on her cleavage. She tilted her head back and looked at Ryan with satisfaction. She loved driving him to such a state. He was lost in his dreams, rapt with pleasure.

He was slowly coming back to reality, as if through a haze. His head was heavy. He felt wonderfully relaxed and deeply satisfied.

Every intercourse with Clara seemed elevated, almost mystical. It was like he was revelling some kind of a secret or truth, he had no idea of before. It was almost like sex with her was the perfect complement of his very being. He had never thought that the wild, animalistic passion tied in so closely with spirituality.

"Wonderful!" Said the photographer they had already forgotten about. "It will be a real hit!"

Before & After



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 10700 cc
Implants weight: 47 lbs
Total weight: 144 lbs
implant mass ratio: 33 %



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 12700
Implants weight: 56 lbs
Total weight: 153 lbs
implant mass ratio: 37 %

It was evening. Clara was sitting comfortably on the sofa. She pulled up her legs so her breasts were resting against them, bulging and sticking out far beyond her slender silhouette. Ryan knew that there was no point in trying to free himself from the spell she had cast over him. The things she had done to her body made her irresistible to him.

Once again he reached out for the magazine she gave an interview for. She was famous. Many people treated her with aversion and lack of understanding. At the same time she had a group of devoted fans, who adored her, cheered her and supported her. His eyes skimmed over photos of Clara. It was fascinating that despite many years of their relationship, having this girl every day, spending time with her... he still felt aroused upon seeing her pictures. Never before had he suspected that it was even remotely possible.

He started reading, even though he already knew very well the content of the interview.



A grayscale photograph of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is looking down and to the right with a thoughtful expression. On the desk in front of her is a computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a window or another part of the office.

The reporter:

“Wow! Your breasts are really huge! In reality they seem even bigger than in the pictures. I am under the impression that they are heavier than you. I guess many people react this way when they meet you for the first time. How do you cope with that?”

Clara:

[Laughter] “I don’t have any reasons to complain. I really wanted to look this way and to be honest I am not surprised that many people get shocked when they see me. I always give them time to get used to my ... unusual shapes.”

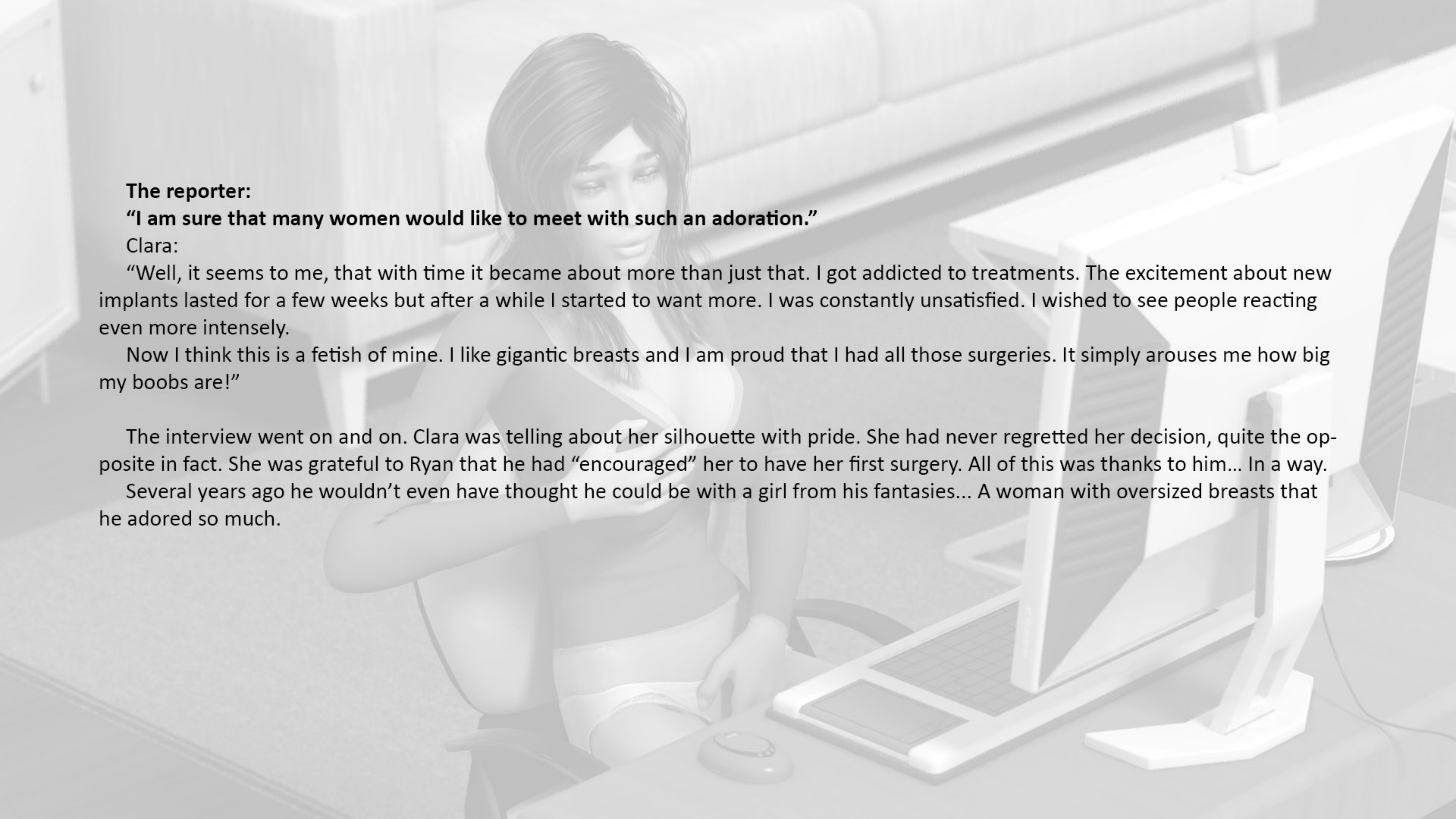
“You are right, they are very, very big. I am a proud owner of the biggest implants in the whole world. Currently I’m wearing on my chest 16300cc, which translates into almost 72 pounds. And again you are right, they are extremely heavy compared to the rest of my body. Without them the scale would show only 97 pounds. Which means that the implants contain 43% of my body mass!”

The reporter:

“These numbers are impressive! What made you go through with such a radical transformation?”

Clara:

“You know, to be honest it is not that easy for me to answer this question. Before the first surgery I had many doubts. I decided to do it because of my friend. I really wanted him to see a woman in me. I knew that he liked girls with big boobs. I went to the doctor and said: “Please, enlarge them as much as possible!” Since then my life has changed completely. I started to take greater care of my look, I gained some weight, put more attention into what I was wearing, I quit smoking. I had to do all of that to become even bigger. Maybe it will sound wrong, but the truth is that I liked the impression that I started to make on men. The power that big breasts gave me.”

A grayscale illustration of a woman with long dark hair sitting at a desk. She is wearing a dark top and light-colored shorts. She is looking down at a tablet device she is holding in her hands. On the desk in front of her is a large computer monitor on a stand, a keyboard, and a mouse. The background shows a blurred office or home setting with a sofa.

The reporter:

“I am sure that many women would like to meet with such an adoration.”

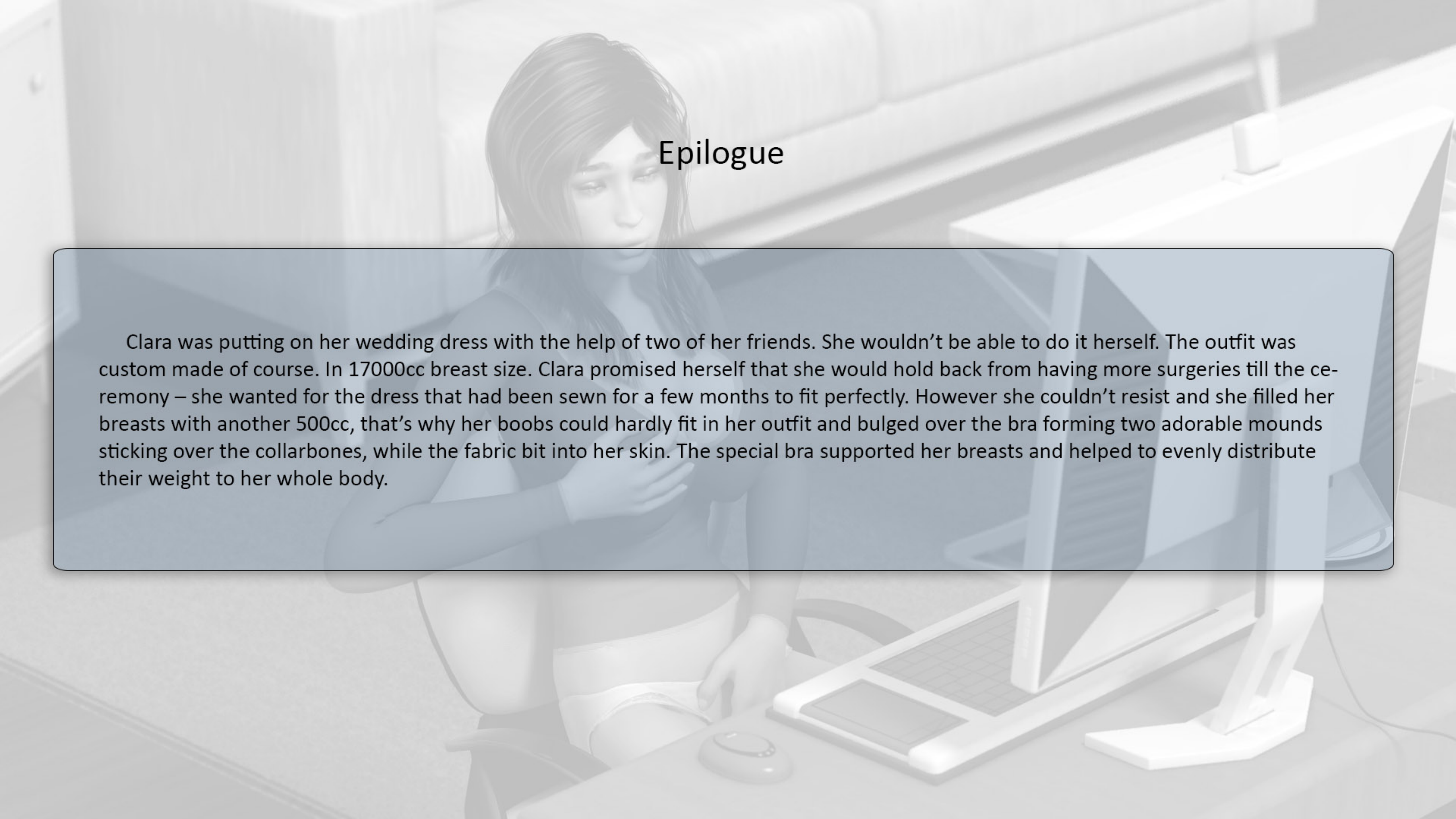
Clara:

“Well, it seems to me, that with time it became about more than just that. I got addicted to treatments. The excitement about new implants lasted for a few weeks but after a while I started to want more. I was constantly unsatisfied. I wished to see people reacting even more intensely.

Now I think this is a fetish of mine. I like gigantic breasts and I am proud that I had all those surgeries. It simply arouses me how big my boobs are!”


The interview went on and on. Clara was telling about her silhouette with pride. She had never regretted her decision, quite the opposite in fact. She was grateful to Ryan that he had “encouraged” her to have her first surgery. All of this was thanks to him... In a way.

Several years ago he wouldn’t even have thought he could be with a girl from his fantasies... A woman with oversized breasts that he adored so much.

A woman with long dark hair is sitting at a desk in a modern office or home setting. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. She appears to be in a state of reflection or concern. In the background, there is a large white sofa and a computer monitor on a desk. The overall scene is dimly lit, with a soft, ambient glow.

Epilogue

Clara was putting on her wedding dress with the help of two of her friends. She wouldn't be able to do it herself. The outfit was custom made of course. In 17000cc breast size. Clara promised herself that she would hold back from having more surgeries till the ceremony – she wanted for the dress that had been sewn for a few months to fit perfectly. However she couldn't resist and she filled her breasts with another 500cc, that's why her boobs could hardly fit in her outfit and bulged over the bra forming two adorable mounds sticking over the collarbones, while the fabric bit into her skin. The special bra supported her breasts and helped to evenly distribute their weight to her whole body.

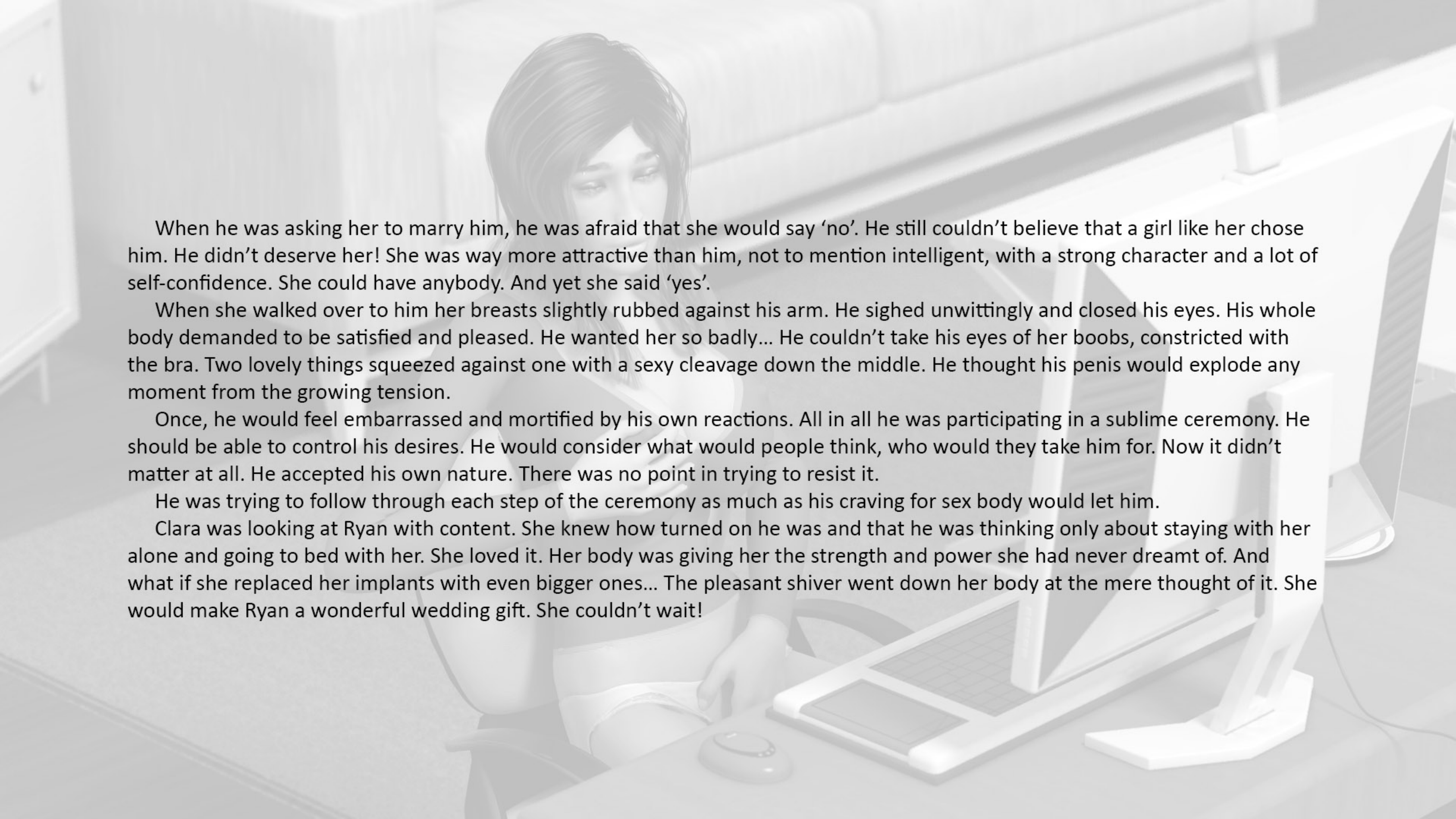


When Ryan proposed she said “yes” without any hesitation. She knew that the ceremony was just a formality. He was completely, absolutely committed and faithful to her anyway. Nothing could quench his desire. He became her slave.

Her friends were supporting her while she was walking to the altar. She was slightly swaying on high-heels. Moving was difficult for her. However it was a price that she was gladly paying for everything she had gained thanks to her look.

Ryan was looking at her lasciviously. Her huge boobs were moving with her every careful step. He knew that her slender legs could hardly carry such a burden. It was 77 pounds! She had to put a lot of effort to maintain her body in upright position. She was proudly wearing her enormous implants. She was walking with her head raised high and back straight despite the burden; satisfied with her silhouette and the effect it had on others. He felt his cock growing and becoming visible under his pants. It was indifferent to him if anyone could see how aroused he was.





When he was asking her to marry him, he was afraid that she would say 'no'. He still couldn't believe that a girl like her chose him. He didn't deserve her! She was way more attractive than him, not to mention intelligent, with a strong character and a lot of self-confidence. She could have anybody. And yet she said 'yes'.

When she walked over to him her breasts slightly rubbed against his arm. He sighed unwittingly and closed his eyes. His whole body demanded to be satisfied and pleased. He wanted her so badly... He couldn't take his eyes off her boobs, constricted with the bra. Two lovely things squeezed against one with a sexy cleavage down the middle. He thought his penis would explode any moment from the growing tension.

Once, he would feel embarrassed and mortified by his own reactions. All in all he was participating in a sublime ceremony. He should be able to control his desires. He would consider what would people think, who would they take him for. Now it didn't matter at all. He accepted his own nature. There was no point in trying to resist it.

He was trying to follow through each step of the ceremony as much as his craving for sex body would let him.

Clara was looking at Ryan with content. She knew how turned on he was and that he was thinking only about staying with her alone and going to bed with her. She loved it. Her body was giving her the strength and power she had never dreamt of. And what if she replaced her implants with even bigger ones... The pleasant shiver went down her body at the mere thought of it. She would make Ryan a wonderful wedding gift. She couldn't wait!

Before & After

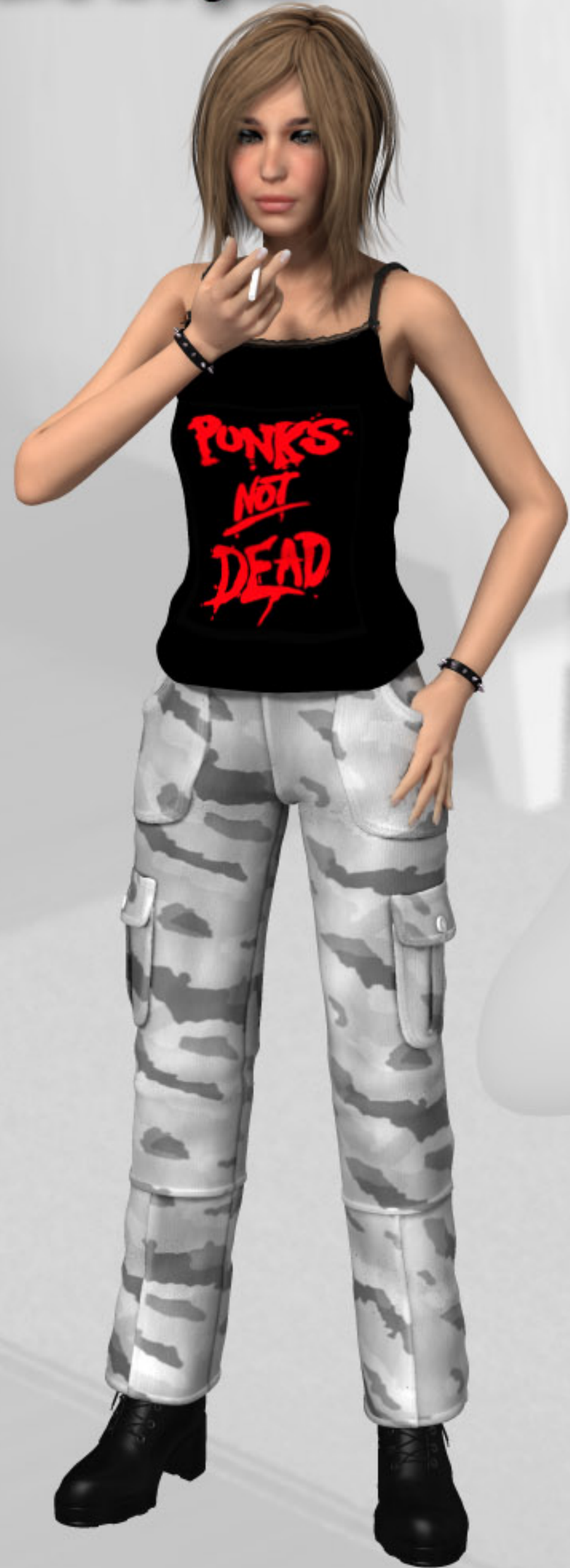


Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 12700 cc
Implants weight: 56 lbs
Total weight: 153 lbs
implant mass ratio: 37 %



Weight: 97 lbs
Implant size: 17500 cc
Implants weight: 77 lbs
Total weight: 174 lbs
implant mass ratio: 44 %

Before & After



Before & After





THE END

Thank you for reading!