

Breast Expansion Rush

Part 1



Breast expansion
Realistic
Tease
Relationship focused
Caring fem dom

An illustration of two women in a tiled room. The woman on the left is offering a lit cigarette to the woman on the right. Both women have long, wavy hair and are wearing light-colored, possibly white, clothing. The background consists of a wall with a diamond-shaped tile pattern. The overall style is soft and artistic.

Breast Expansion Rush Part 1

Breast expansion
Realistic
Tease
Relationship focused
Caring fem dom

Writer: Szyla
Illustrator: Zych

Special thanks to our friend who has helped us proof read the text.

Thank you very much for buying this illustrated novel.
Buying it you support the DollProject community and help us grow.
Thanks to people like you, in the future there will be more such publications.

You can find more stories like this at
<http://Dollproject.net>



Color Code:

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

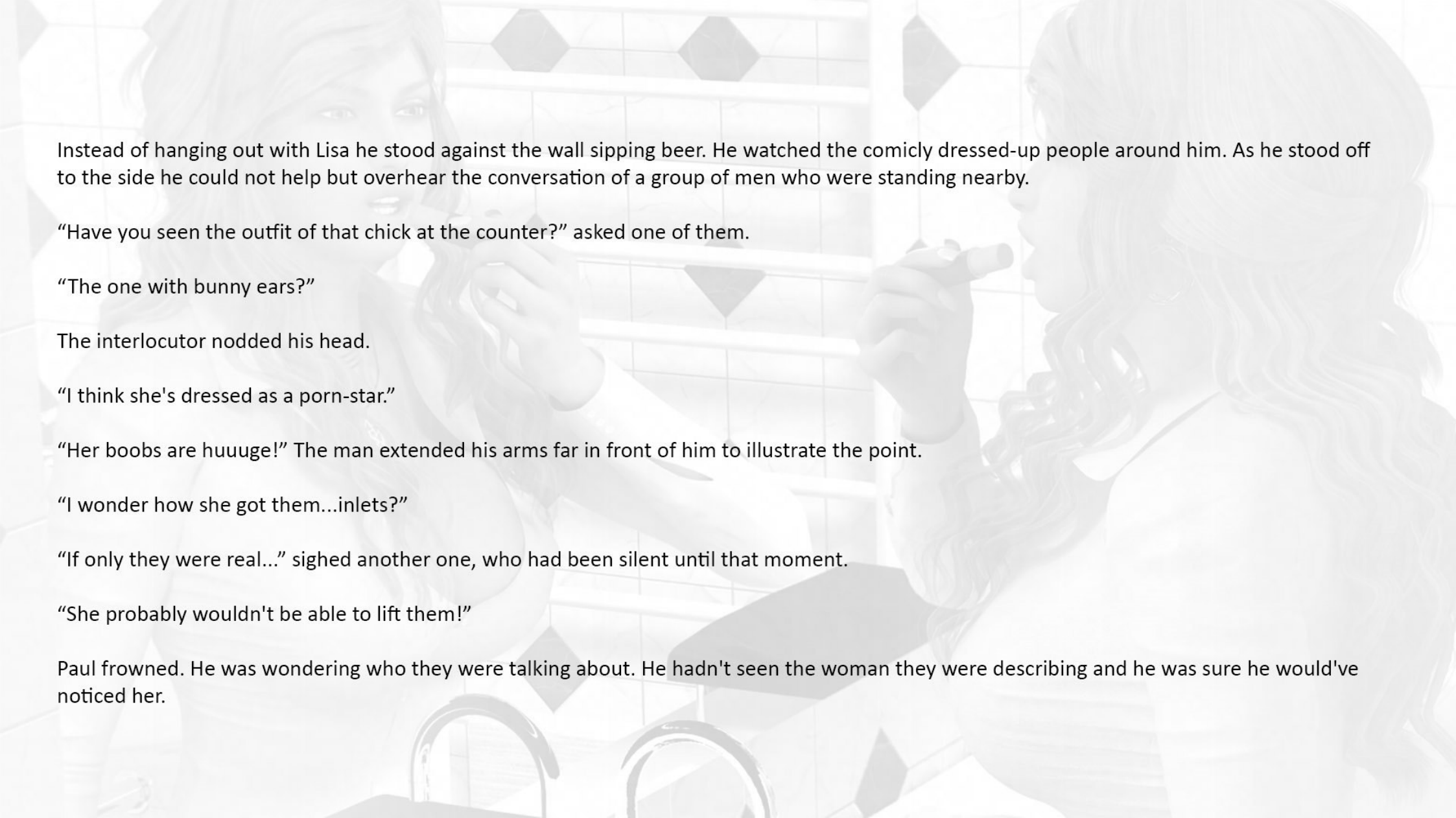
BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



Paul discreetly glanced at his watch. It was only quarter past nine and it was improper to leave so early. He had never been to such a boring Halloween party before. On top of that, he felt stupid in his nineteenth-century gentleman's outfit. Lisa was supposed to have dress as a ghost haunting him and without her his costume was incomplete and didn't feel Halloween-y enough. She stood him up at the last moment saying that she 'felt ill'. Paul suspected it was just a convenient excuse. He wasn't sure if he loved her; they had little in common and in the long run they would probably get bored with each other. Her greatest asset (the best way he could describe it) was her sexy silhouette. Lisa had a perfectly round bottom, slim waist and ripe breasts. Paul was almost certain they were fake but she persistently denied it. He didn't know why since it didn't make any difference to him; maybe he would have liked it even more.



Instead of hanging out with Lisa he stood against the wall sipping beer. He watched the comically dressed-up people around him. As he stood off to the side he could not help but overhear the conversation of a group of men who were standing nearby.

“Have you seen the outfit of that chick at the counter?” asked one of them.

“The one with bunny ears?”

The interlocutor nodded his head.

“I think she's dressed as a porn-star.”

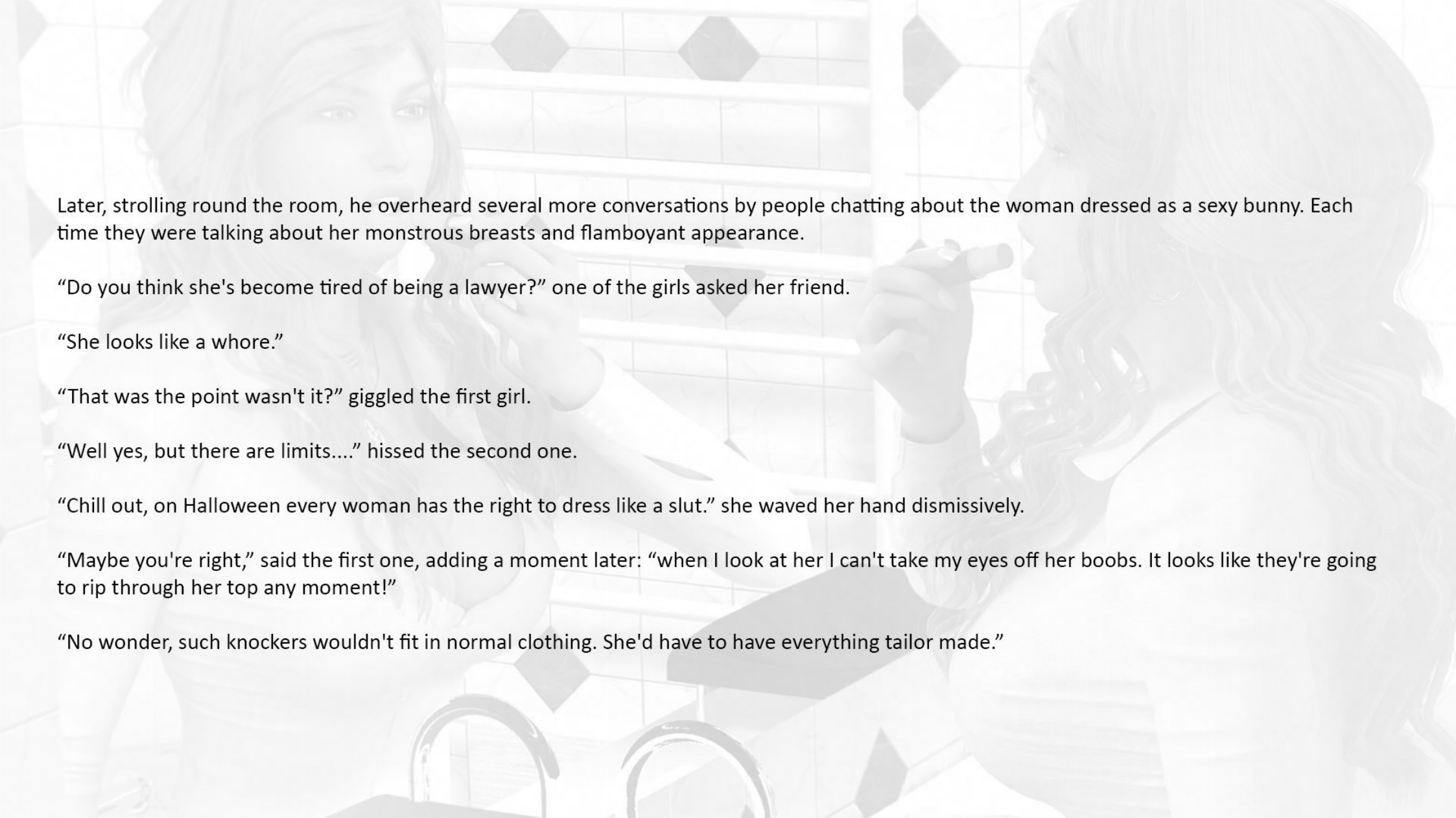
“Her boobs are huuuge!” The man extended his arms far in front of him to illustrate the point.

“I wonder how she got them...inlets?”

“If only they were real...” sighed another one, who had been silent until that moment.

“She probably wouldn't be able to lift them!”

Paul frowned. He was wondering who they were talking about. He hadn't seen the woman they were describing and he was sure he would've noticed her.



Later, strolling round the room, he overheard several more conversations by people chatting about the woman dressed as a sexy bunny. Each time they were talking about her monstrous breasts and flamboyant appearance.

“Do you think she's become tired of being a lawyer?” one of the girls asked her friend.

“She looks like a whore.”

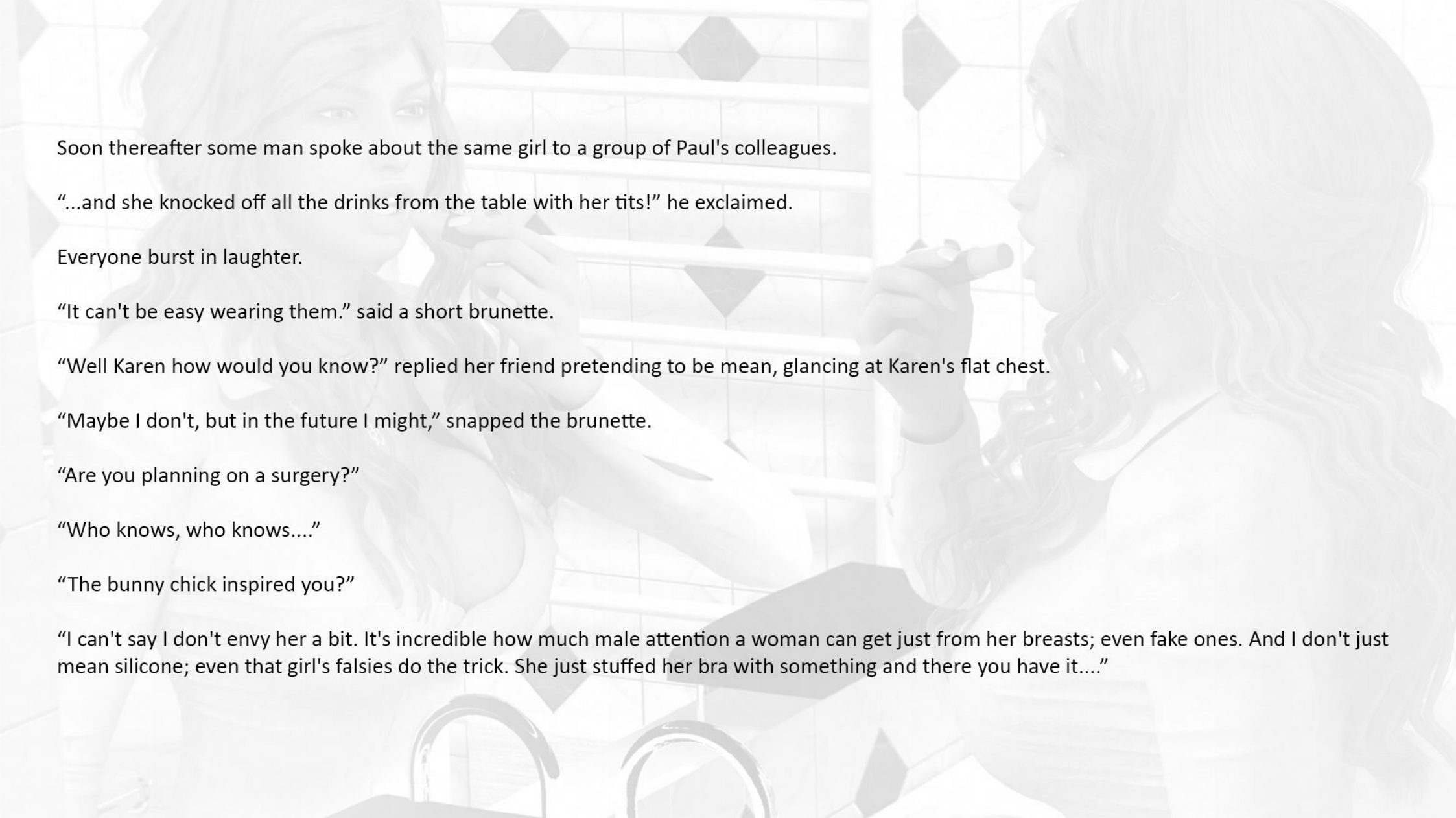
“That was the point wasn't it?” giggled the first girl.

“Well yes, but there are limits....” hissed the second one.

“Chill out, on Halloween every woman has the right to dress like a slut.” she waved her hand dismissively.

“Maybe you're right,” said the first one, adding a moment later: “when I look at her I can't take my eyes off her boobs. It looks like they're going to rip through her top any moment!”

“No wonder, such knockers wouldn't fit in normal clothing. She'd have to have everything tailor made.”



Soon thereafter some man spoke about the same girl to a group of Paul's colleagues.

“...and she knocked off all the drinks from the table with her tits!” he exclaimed.

Everyone burst in laughter.

“It can't be easy wearing them.” said a short brunette.

“Well Karen how would you know?” replied her friend pretending to be mean, glancing at Karen's flat chest.

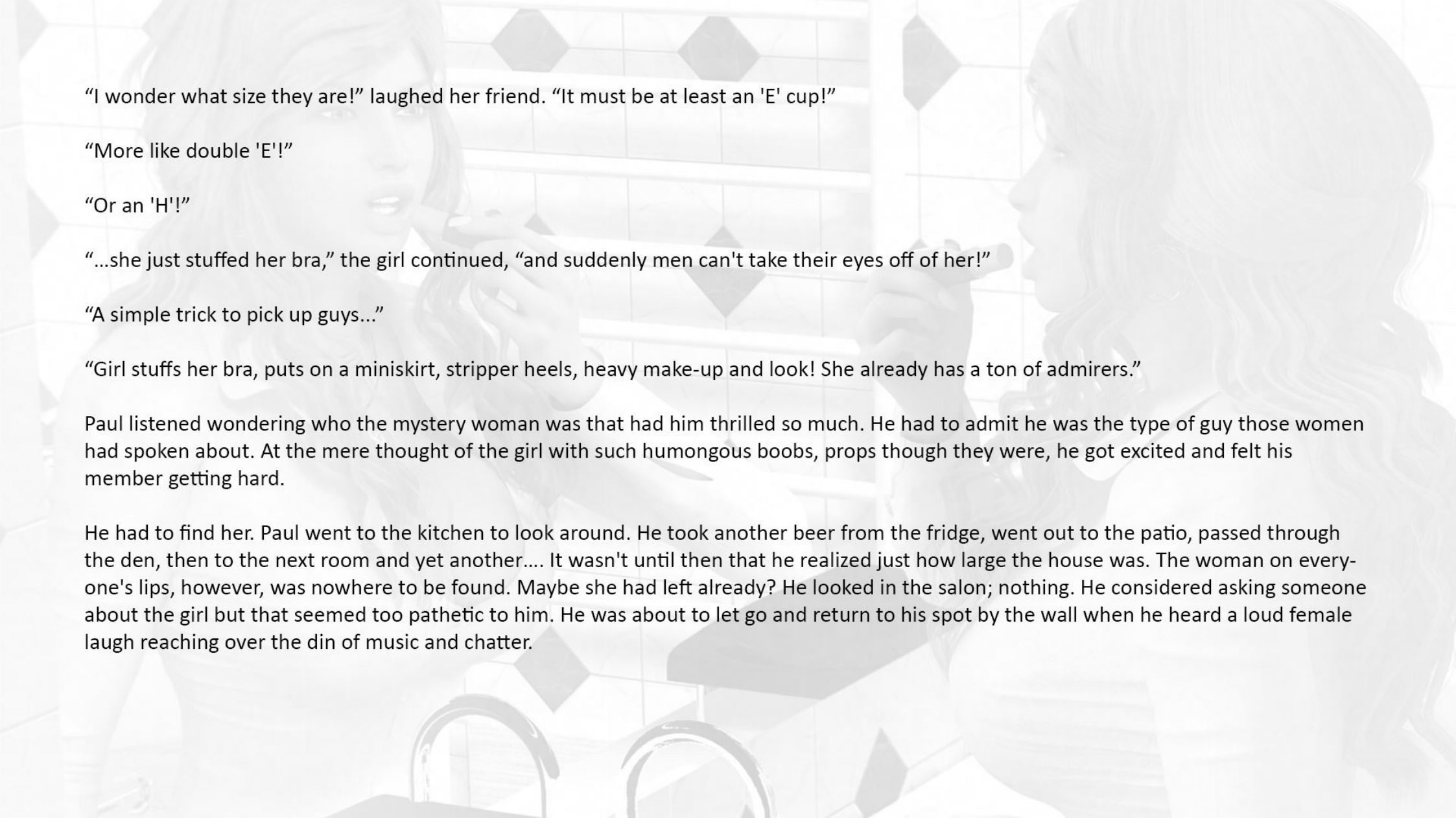
“Maybe I don't, but in the future I might,” snapped the brunette.

“Are you planning on a surgery?”

“Who knows, who knows....”

“The bunny chick inspired you?”

“I can't say I don't envy her a bit. It's incredible how much male attention a woman can get just from her breasts; even fake ones. And I don't just mean silicone; even that girl's falsies do the trick. She just stuffed her bra with something and there you have it....”



"I wonder what size they are!" laughed her friend. "It must be at least an 'E' cup!"

"More like double 'E'!"

"Or an 'H'!"

"...she just stuffed her bra," the girl continued, "and suddenly men can't take their eyes off of her!"

"A simple trick to pick up guys..."

"Girl stuffs her bra, puts on a miniskirt, stripper heels, heavy make-up and look! She already has a ton of admirers."

Paul listened wondering who the mystery woman was that had him thrilled so much. He had to admit he was the type of guy those women had spoken about. At the mere thought of the girl with such humongous boobs, props though they were, he got excited and felt his member getting hard.

He had to find her. Paul went to the kitchen to look around. He took another beer from the fridge, went out to the patio, passed through the den, then to the next room and yet another.... It wasn't until then that he realized just how large the house was. The woman on everyone's lips, however, was nowhere to be found. Maybe she had left already? He looked in the salon; nothing. He considered asking someone about the girl but that seemed too pathetic to him. He was about to let go and return to his spot by the wall when he heard a loud female laugh reaching over the din of music and chatter.

He recognized the laugh; it belonged to his friend Shilia.

It came from the couch that was facing away from him so he could only see the backs of the heads of the seated women. Only when one of them turned her head did he noticed his friend. She had dyed her hair blonde and wore make-up so heavy that Paul hardly recognized her.





When their eyes met Shilia smiled, waved hello and stood up. It was then that he saw the fake breasts that everyone was talking about. Her top was stretched to the limits. It appeared that the fabric was about to rip at any moment, freeing her enormous boobs. Paul could not take his eyes off of her. He just stood there hypnotized, ogling her huge tits. All his coherent thoughts were gone, immediately replaced by pure lust.

Shilia confidently walked towards Paul and kissed him on both cheeks as usual. Her fake breasts brushed slowly against his chest.

“Oh, excuse me,” she said in an unnaturally deep and alluring voice, stretching syllables, and grabbed her bust. “They're new, I haven't got used to them yet. I just keep bumping into everything.” She fluttered her fake lashes and in a theatrical gesture she brushed back a few strands of her platinum hair.

Paul let out an inarticulate moan. He couldn't look away from her breasts; their size was overwhelming. They were beyond sexy. He was starting to sweat, his breathing was rapid and shallow and he was painfully aware of the rock-hard erection in his pants. ‘Focus you idiot!’ he reproached himself in his thoughts. ‘Get a grip and don't act like a dumbass!’

“Do you like my outfit?” inquired Shilia.

“Yes, it's very...suggestive.” he managed to blurt out.

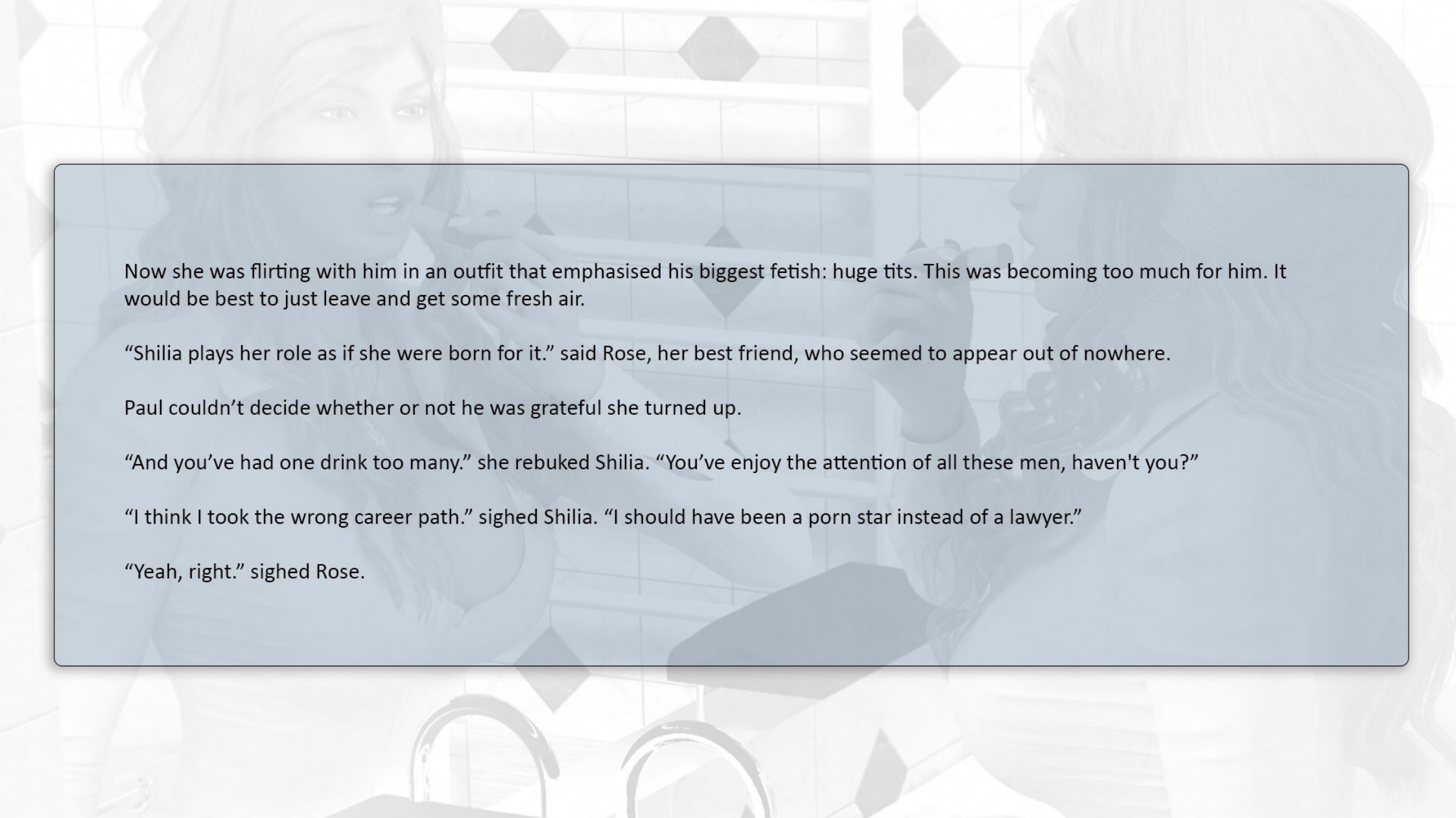
“I know, right?” she answered pleased with herself. “Especially my sexy curves.”

“I wasn't expecting you to be here.”



“I’m not spoiling the fun for you am I?” she teased in a seductive voice and approached him so that her boobs were once again pressed against his chest. “I would never wish to make such a handsome guy feel bad because of me...quite the opposite.” she whispered sensuously.

Paul was losing the ability to think clearly. He had fancied Shilia for as long as he could remember. She was his soulmate; they understood each other, laughed at the same jokes. Yet Paul had been certain he was nothing more than a friend to her. She had never given him a reason to think he could be anything more so he had learned to hide his true feelings.



Now she was flirting with him in an outfit that emphasised his biggest fetish: huge tits. This was becoming too much for him. It would be best to just leave and get some fresh air.

“Shilia plays her role as if she were born for it.” said Rose, her best friend, who seemed to appear out of nowhere.

Paul couldn’t decide whether or not he was grateful she turned up.

“And you’ve had one drink too many.” she rebuked Shilia. “You’ve enjoy the attention of all these men, haven't you?”

“I think I took the wrong career path.” sighed Shilia. “I should have been a porn star instead of a lawyer.”

“Yeah, right.” sighed Rose.

"I would suck all those huge dicks, ride them and put them in all my holes," she whispered closing her eyes and puffing her lips.

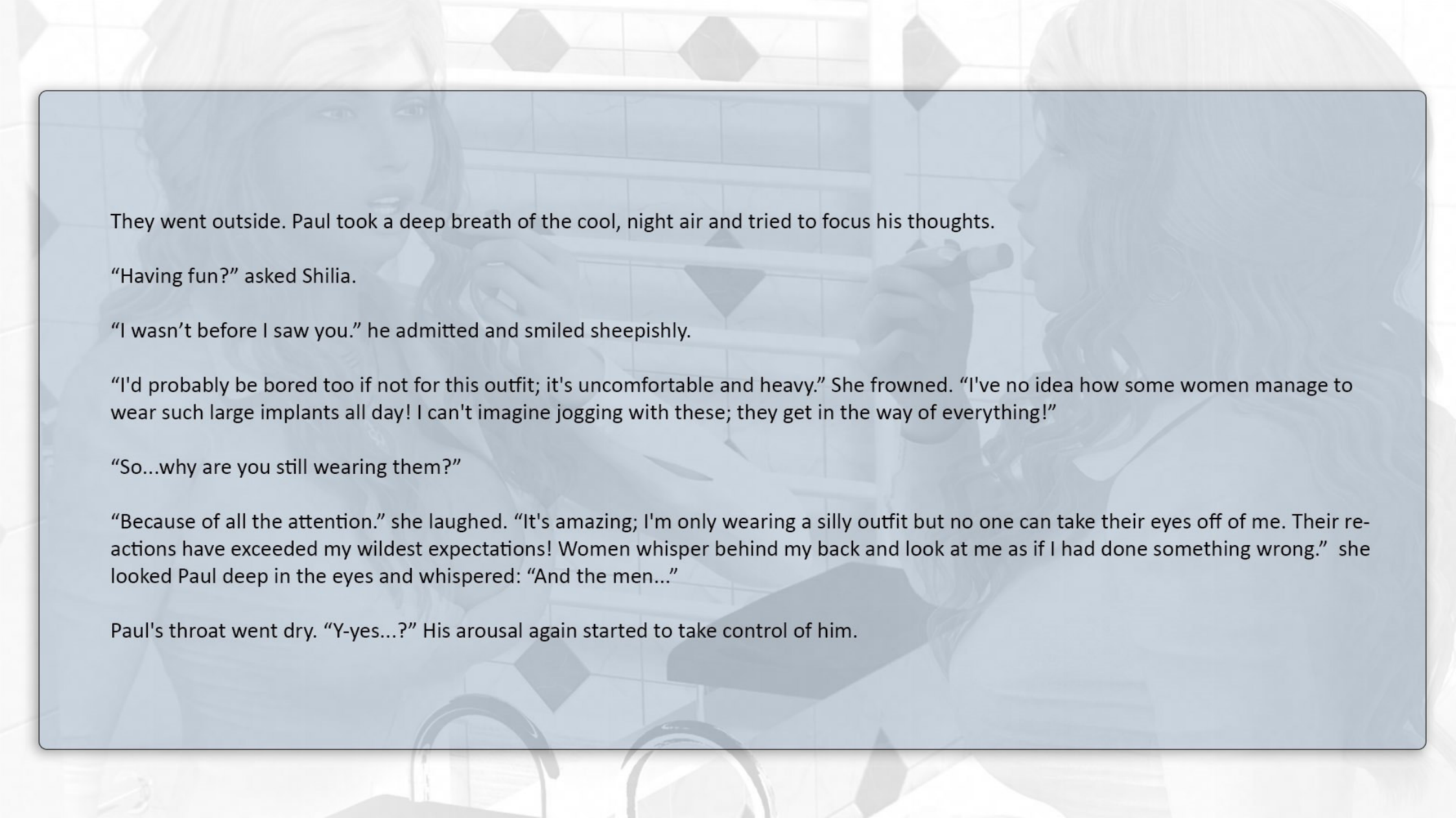
"Yes, yes, of course you would." Rose patted her shoulder. "Will you please take care of her, Paul? I have to go use the ladies' room and I don't want to leave this horny, unfulfilled porn star alone." she whispered.

"Em... sure." replied Paul.

"Shall we have a drink?" asked Shilia and swayed slightly. "I'm empty."

"Let's get some fresh air first." said Paul. "You could use it." In his thoughts he quickly added: 'So could I.'





They went outside. Paul took a deep breath of the cool, night air and tried to focus his thoughts.

“Having fun?” asked Shilia.

“I wasn’t before I saw you.” he admitted and smiled sheepishly.

“I'd probably be bored too if not for this outfit; it's uncomfortable and heavy.” She frowned. “I've no idea how some women manage to wear such large implants all day! I can't imagine jogging with these; they get in the way of everything!”

“So...why are you still wearing them?”

“Because of all the attention.” she laughed. “It's amazing; I'm only wearing a silly outfit but no one can take their eyes off of me. Their reactions have exceeded my wildest expectations! Women whisper behind my back and look at me as if I had done something wrong.” she looked Paul deep in the eyes and whispered: “And the men...”

Paul's throat went dry. “Y-yes...?” His arousal again started to take control of him.



“This outfit makes me the centre of attention. I've become object of desire. Everyone is hitting on me and it's all because of these huge, fake tits. And when I act provocatively and get into my role... You'll see for yourself in just a moment.” She cleared her throat, threw back her hair, placed her hand on her hip and puffed out her lips. She started speaking in a very sexy tone looking at Paul seductively: “I know how much you like me. How turned on you are by my... huge. round. boobs. You can't take your eyes off of them and you'd give anything to have me right now.”

She laughed and returned to her normal voice: "I knew men were simple but I didn't expect that something as trivial as this would be so effective!"

Paul felt like an idiot. He wanted Shilia to continue flirting with him and at the same time he was hoping she wouldn't torment him with her game. Her boobs, even though they were falsies, drew him like a magnet. He began to imagine her going through with the breast enlargement surgery; she'd look... breath-taking. He wanted her to do it but was also afraid of the power she would gain over him.

"Let's go find Rose, she's probably wondering where you are," he said, struggling to hide the arousal in his voice. "Besides, I want to get another drink."

He spoke trying not to look at her and especially not her breasts. A sense of humiliation mixed with fascination was making it hard to control his actions. His shirt was damp from his sweat while his cock remained erect.

"You're aroused as well!" exclaimed Shilia with a spark in her eyes. "Such a well-mannered, highly educated gentleman and these simple tricks still work on you, eh?"

"Shilia, please..." He started. He felt pulled in two directions, wanting to move far away from her and at the same time to take her into his arms and take her somewhere far away where they could make love for hours.

"Admit it, you like my large tits." she laughed. "They are so big, stupendously large, aren't they? If you're nice to me I might let you touch them..."

She came closer to him and looked him in the eyes. There was no mockery or irony in her voice. She seemed serious, and watched him attentively.

Paul noticed the familiar scent of her perfume. With her breasts once again squeezed against his chest he had never wanted her more. He realized she wasn't joking, she wasn't acting. With a sudden move he forced her head closer to his and kissed her. He had yearned for this moment for so long but he had never gathered enough courage. He slid his tongue into her mouth. Shilia sighed, as if in relief, and pressed her body against his as much as her huge breasts would allow.





The moment of their spontaneous passion was interrupted by morose voices of men who went out onto the patio:

“Look at that, our bunny has got herself a date!” One of them exclaimed.

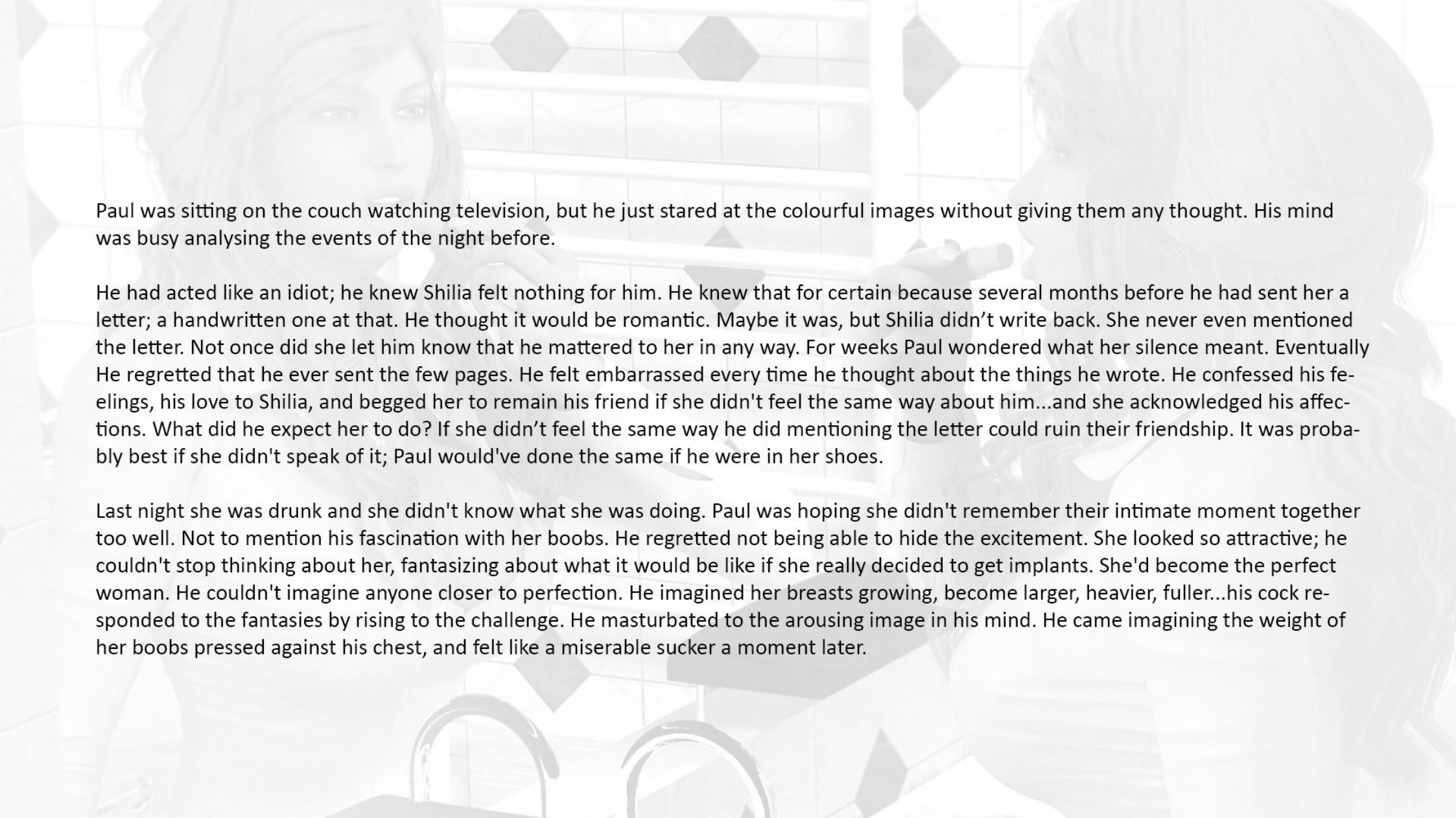
“Maybe they've decided to make a video?” Joked another. “I wonder how the plot will unfold...”

Shilia stepped away from Paul and gave them the finger.

“Oh, come on Shilia, don't be angry!” The first one raised his hands in a gesture showing he had meant no harm. “We're only joking!”

The romantic mood was gone. Neither of them knew what to think of what had just happened between them. Soon afterwards they each went home, separately and alone.

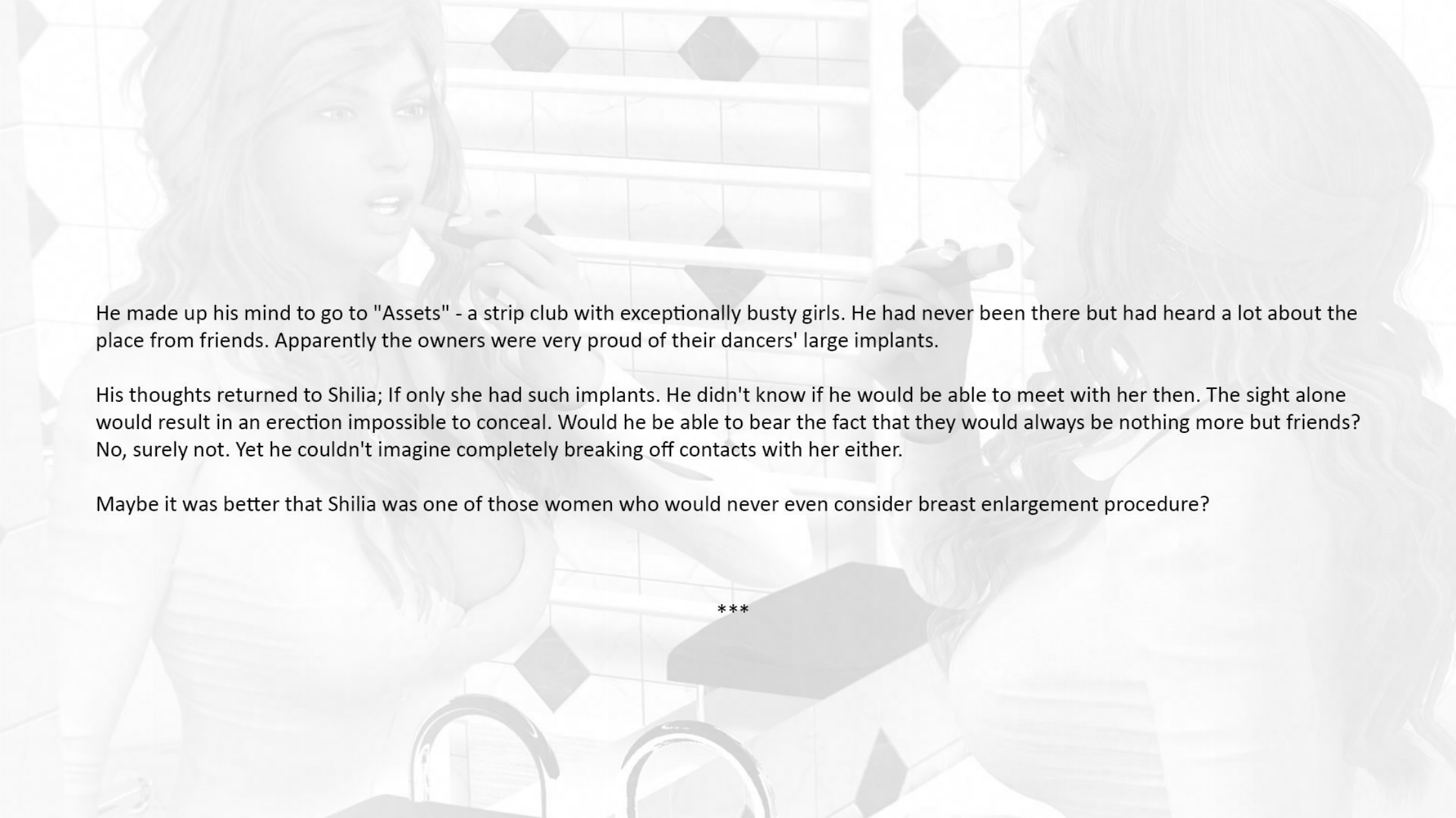




Paul was sitting on the couch watching television, but he just stared at the colourful images without giving them any thought. His mind was busy analysing the events of the night before.

He had acted like an idiot; he knew Shilia felt nothing for him. He knew that for certain because several months before he had sent her a letter; a handwritten one at that. He thought it would be romantic. Maybe it was, but Shilia didn't write back. She never even mentioned the letter. Not once did she let him know that he mattered to her in any way. For weeks Paul wondered what her silence meant. Eventually He regretted that he ever sent the few pages. He felt embarrassed every time he thought about the things he wrote. He confessed his feelings, his love to Shilia, and begged her to remain his friend if she didn't feel the same way about him...and she acknowledged his affections. What did he expect her to do? If she didn't feel the same way he did mentioning the letter could ruin their friendship. It was probably best if she didn't speak of it; Paul would've done the same if he were in her shoes.


Last night she was drunk and she didn't know what she was doing. Paul was hoping she didn't remember their intimate moment together too well. Not to mention his fascination with her boobs. He regretted not being able to hide the excitement. She looked so attractive; he couldn't stop thinking about her, fantasizing about what it would be like if she really decided to get implants. She'd become the perfect woman. He couldn't imagine anyone closer to perfection. He imagined her breasts growing, become larger, heavier, fuller...his cock responded to the fantasies by rising to the challenge. He masturbated to the arousing image in his mind. He came imagining the weight of her boobs pressed against his chest, and felt like a miserable sucker a moment later.



He made up his mind to go to "Assets" - a strip club with exceptionally busty girls. He had never been there but had heard a lot about the place from friends. Apparently the owners were very proud of their dancers' large implants.

His thoughts returned to Shilia; If only she had such implants. He didn't know if he would be able to meet with her then. The sight alone would result in an erection impossible to conceal. Would he be able to bear the fact that they would always be nothing more but friends? No, surely not. Yet he couldn't imagine completely breaking off contacts with her either.

Maybe it was better that Shilia was one of those women who would never even consider breast enlargement procedure?



“I still can’t believe we’re here.” said Rose shaking her head, trying to deny what was happening.

A month had passed since that Halloween party. The two girls were sitting in the waiting room of a plastic surgeon.

“I can't believe that you're really thinking about enlarging your boobs for a guy.” Rose complained.

“Not for a guy, for me. How many times do I have to repeat myself?” Shillia replied. She spoke slowly and emphatically, like she was talking to a child. “I want to feel better in my body; I need a change, that's all.”

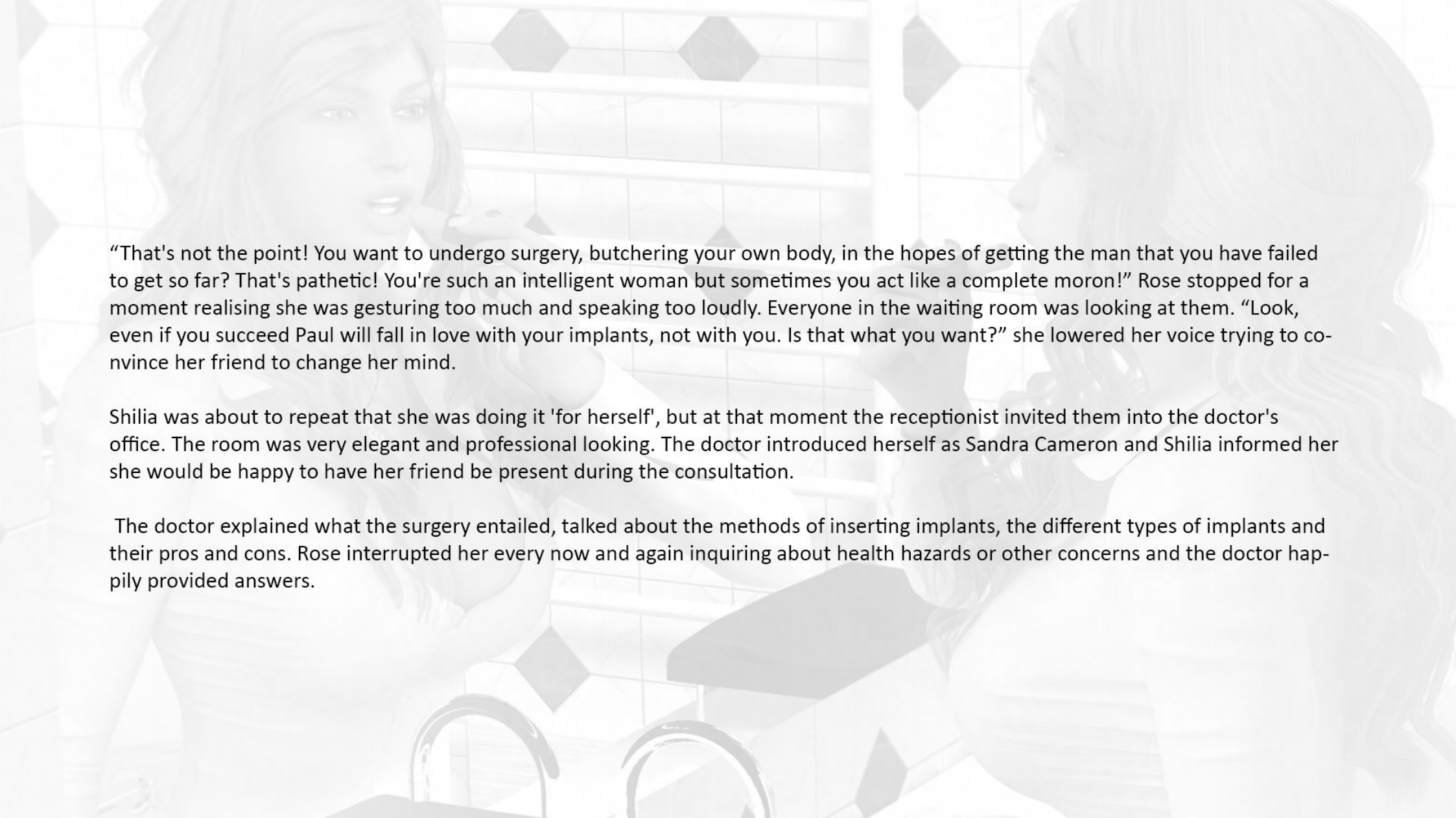
“Yeah, right.” said Rose rolling her eyes. “It turned out that Paul, the one you'd been in love with for years now...”

“I'm not in love with him!” protested Shillia. She crossed her arms over her flat chest and frowned. “I'm not! Maybe I was once, but that was a long time ago! Now I feel nothing but sympathy for him.”

“Who are you trying to kid?” commented Rose. “Me or yourself? Because for me it is simple: it turned out that the guy you've been hopelessly in love with for years,” Shilia was opening her mouth intent on denying it, but Rose raised her finger threatening not to interrupt her. “You got that guy's attention when you were wearing those absurdly large inlets. And what happened then? A week later you announce that you're 'considering breast enlargement surgery'.” she said in a mocking voice. “You're hoping he'll want you when you have a C cup rather than double A? Shilia, darling, think this through again....”

“I haven't decided what size I want yet.” Replied Shilia sheepishly. “Maybe a B? Although I'm still considering up to a D....”

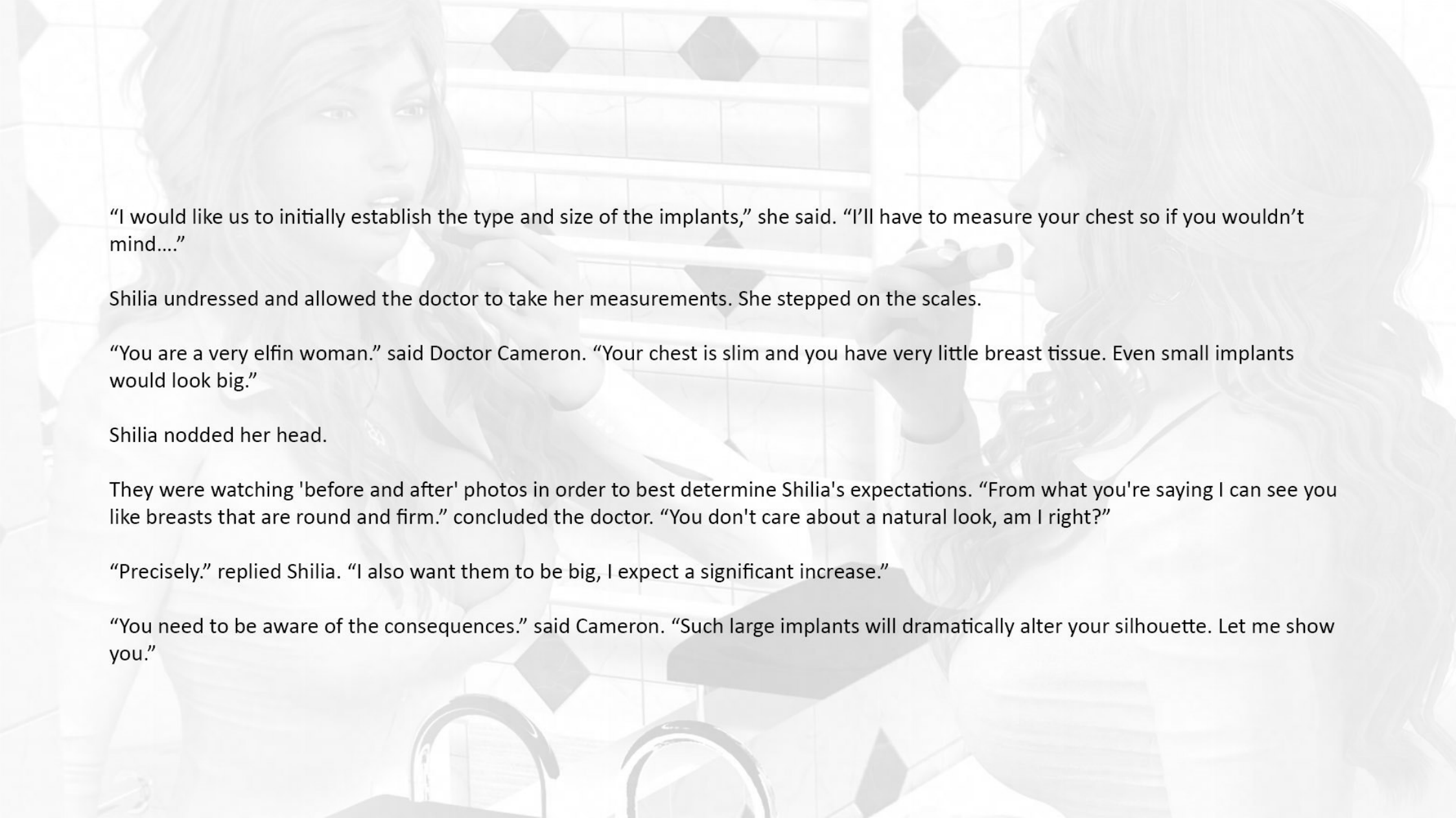




“That's not the point! You want to undergo surgery, butchering your own body, in the hopes of getting the man that you have failed to get so far? That's pathetic! You're such an intelligent woman but sometimes you act like a complete moron!” Rose stopped for a moment realising she was gesturing too much and speaking too loudly. Everyone in the waiting room was looking at them. “Look, even if you succeed Paul will fall in love with your implants, not with you. Is that what you want?” she lowered her voice trying to convince her friend to change her mind.

Shilia was about to repeat that she was doing it 'for herself', but at that moment the receptionist invited them into the doctor's office. The room was very elegant and professional looking. The doctor introduced herself as Sandra Cameron and Shilia informed her she would be happy to have her friend be present during the consultation.

The doctor explained what the surgery entailed, talked about the methods of inserting implants, the different types of implants and their pros and cons. Rose interrupted her every now and again inquiring about health hazards or other concerns and the doctor happily provided answers.



“I would like us to initially establish the type and size of the implants,” she said. “I’ll have to measure your chest so if you wouldn’t mind....”

Shilia undressed and allowed the doctor to take her measurements. She stepped on the scales.

“You are a very elfin woman.” said Doctor Cameron. “Your chest is slim and you have very little breast tissue. Even small implants would look big.”

Shilia nodded her head.

They were watching 'before and after' photos in order to best determine Shilia's expectations. “From what you're saying I can see you like breasts that are round and firm.” concluded the doctor. “You don't care about a natural look, am I right?”

“Precisely.” replied Shilia. “I also want them to be big, I expect a significant increase.”

“You need to be aware of the consequences.” said Cameron. “Such large implants will dramatically alter your silhouette. Let me show you.”



She stood up and left them for a moment. When she returned she was carrying a pair of transparent implants and a sports bra.

“Those are gigantic!” exclaimed Rose, her eyes open in shock at the sight of the massive implants. “They won't fit in....” she glanced at her friend's slim chest.

“They could.” assured Cameron. “But it would be a radical change, which will surely be noticed by everyone. That’s why I advise you to consider how your family, co-workers and friends will react.” Saying the last word she looked at the shocked Rose.

“The most important thing is for me to be happy, right?” said Shilia.

“Of course.” agreed the doctor. “However, many of my patients tell stories about reactions they encounter, sometimes extreme. On both the positive and negative side of things. Which is why I believe you should be aware that some people will treat you differently after the surgery. Many patients experience an increase in self-esteem and self-confidence. Some also admit to an increased sexual satisfaction and higher libido. I even receive letters and phone calls from their husbands expressing their gratitude.” She coughed into her fist as if she realized she'd said too much.

“And the negative reactions?” Rose probed.

“Sometimes family or friends, women in particular, are very critical of the surgery and its results,” admitted Cameron.

“They're probably just jealous,” remarked Shilia and knowingly smiled at her friend, who sighed ostentatiously in reply. “Can I hold them?” she asked pointing at the implants.

“Of course!” Cameron handed her the transparent bag. “These are 500cc. They are saline-filled implants and they will give you the effect of the firm, round breasts that you're after.”

Shilia weighed the object in her hand. It seemed large and heavy. She had to admit that Rose was probably right – even she couldn't imagine how something so big would fit her small chest. Her skin would have to stretch significantly. She was terrified of the extra weight she'd have to haul around on her front every day and wondered if it was something she could ever get used to. Would they make her back hurt? She would probably never leave home without a bra again, something she did often. She would need a solid piece of fabric and durable shoulder-straps to support such weight....

“Each of them weighs a little more than a pound,” explained Cameron, as if reading her mind. “So together they would be 2 and a quarter pounds, maybe a little larger. With your supple frame it would constitute a distinct change. If this is what you want I'd advise you start training your back muscles. It'll help you get used to the additional burden. That is, of course, if you decide on such large implants. First I'd like to ask you to try them on.”

Shilia put on the sports bra and slid the implants inside it. They felt cool against her skin. She had to tense her back muscles to counter the weight. She imagined these things in her body, becoming an integral part.



"Wow..." marvelled Rose. "You look...different."

"How do they feel?" inquired the doctor.

"Wonderful." Replied Shilia, gazing in the mirror. "I feel like my self-confidence is increasing already."

"Are you happy with the size? With your petite form 500cc will result in a rather unnatural look. Everyone will know that these are implants," explained Cameron.

"Think of all the people who will be shocked the first time they see you." added Rose. "You know your co-workers and what they can be like. They're bound to gossip about you, everyone will be talking about your breasts!"

"Why would that upset me?" Shilia challenged Rose.

"Would you like to check how they look when you're wearing clothes over them?" asked the doctor changing the subject.

"Yes, great idea!" exclaimed Shilia.

The weigh was burdensome. No surprise there, it was more than two extra pounds after all! She took a glance into the mirror once again. She looked completely different; her slim body seemed even slimmer. The implants contrasted with her petite frame.

She started to put on the dress she came in. The back zip got stuck at shoulder-blades' height.

"Damn it!" she hissed, struggling with it.

"Need a hand?" offered Rose.



She walked to her and pulled the zip with all her might. Shilia felt the saline bags flatten against her chest, but Rose could not pull the zip to the end.

“I should've worn something more stretchy,” complained Shilia.

“I don't think you'll fit in this size,” judged Rose. “If you really decide on breast enlargement you'll have to replace all your clothes! Here, let me try again. Hold your breath.”

Shilia complied and exhaled. Rose forcefully tugged at the zip.

“Finally,” she sighed and stepped away. “We did it.”

The dress was in place but it was stretched tightly around Shilia's chest. The fabric looked strained, and the implants created two unnatural bulges. Shilia was trying not to breathe too much.

“Stand straight,” said Rose. “Why are you slouching?”

Shilia was hunching due to the load on her chest but also because in this position the dress didn't squeeze her as much, allowing her to breathe. Despite the inconvenience she straightened her back.

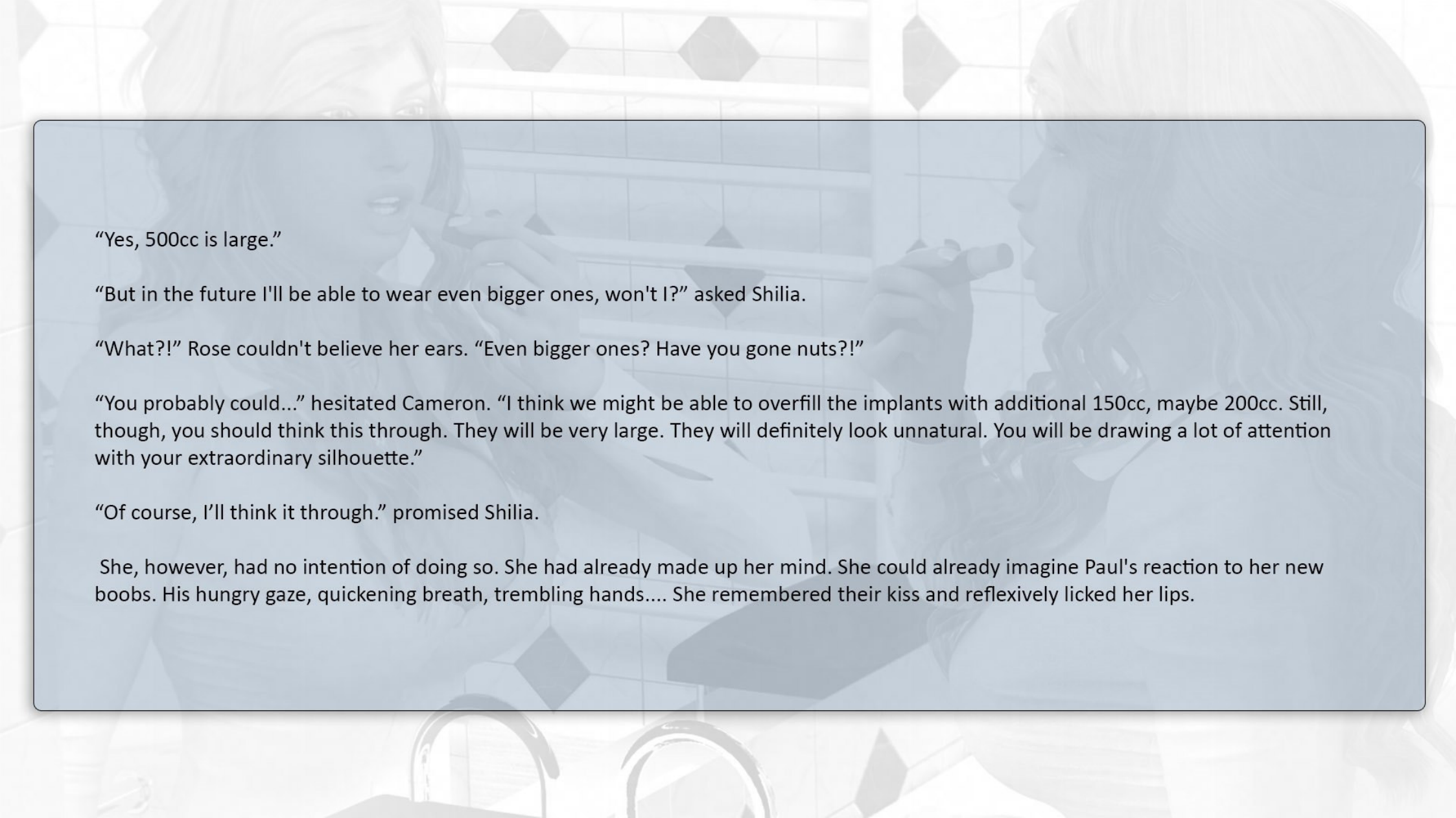
There was a loud ripping sound as one of the seams tore and a large and growing tear appeared in the dress.

Rose covered her mouth frightened and amused at the same time.

“You wanted large breasts? This is what you get!” she said.

The doctor gave a slight cough.





“Yes, 500cc is large.”

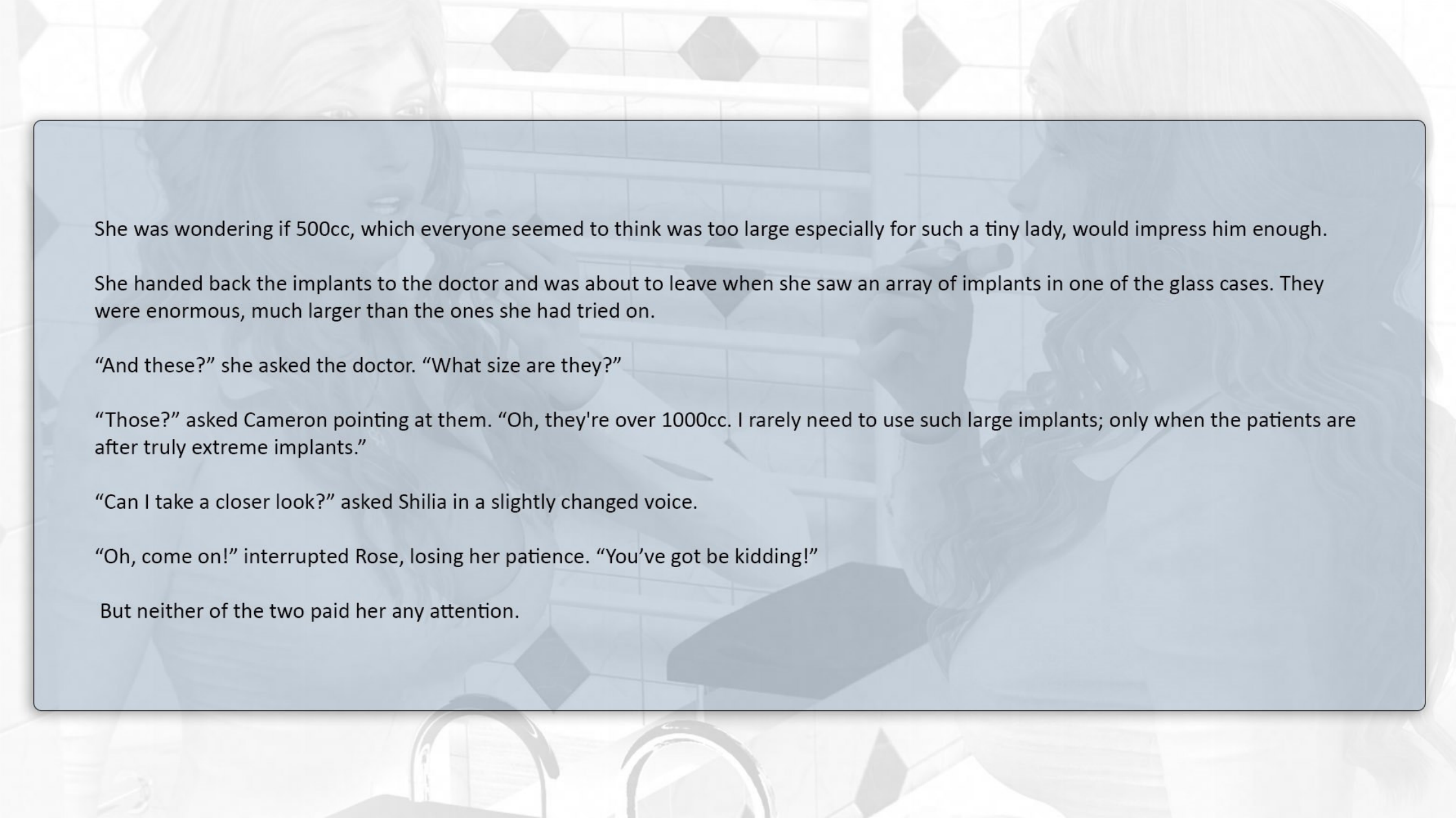
“But in the future I’ll be able to wear even bigger ones, won’t I?” asked Shilia.

“What?!” Rose couldn’t believe her ears. “Even bigger ones? Have you gone nuts?!”

“You probably could...” hesitated Cameron. “I think we might be able to overfill the implants with additional 150cc, maybe 200cc. Still, though, you should think this through. They will be very large. They will definitely look unnatural. You will be drawing a lot of attention with your extraordinary silhouette.”

“Of course, I’ll think it through.” promised Shilia.

She, however, had no intention of doing so. She had already made up her mind. She could already imagine Paul’s reaction to her new boobs. His hungry gaze, quickening breath, trembling hands.... She remembered their kiss and reflexively licked her lips.



She was wondering if 500cc, which everyone seemed to think was too large especially for such a tiny lady, would impress him enough.

She handed back the implants to the doctor and was about to leave when she saw an array of implants in one of the glass cases. They were enormous, much larger than the ones she had tried on.

“And these?” she asked the doctor. “What size are they?”

“Those?” asked Cameron pointing at them. “Oh, they're over 1000cc. I rarely need to use such large implants; only when the patients are after truly extreme implants.”

“Can I take a closer look?” asked Shilia in a slightly changed voice.

“Oh, come on!” interrupted Rose, losing her patience. “You’ve got be kidding!”

But neither of the two paid her any attention.

“Certainly,” said Cameron and took the gigantic implants out of their glass case.

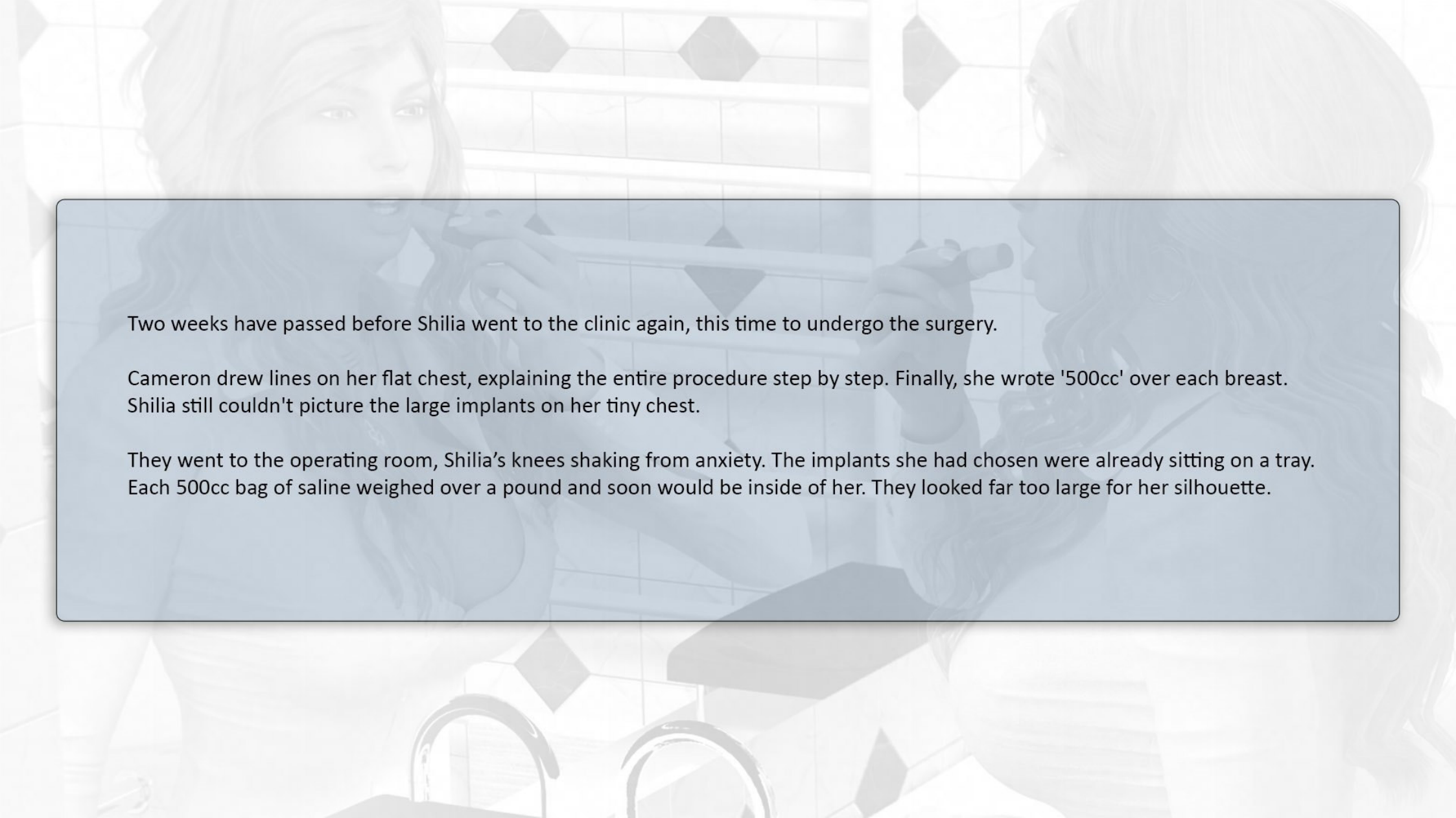
They were really, really heavy. Shilia couldn't imagine how something so massive could fit inside a human body, least of all her body. Would she be able to jog at all? Or even sleep on her belly? How could these monstrous implants fit under her skin?

Would she ever be able to gain Paul's interest?

‘I'm doing it for myself.’ she thought. ‘First and foremost for myself, not for some man!’

She handed back the saline filled bag and quickly left the surgery, trying to cover the tear in her dress.

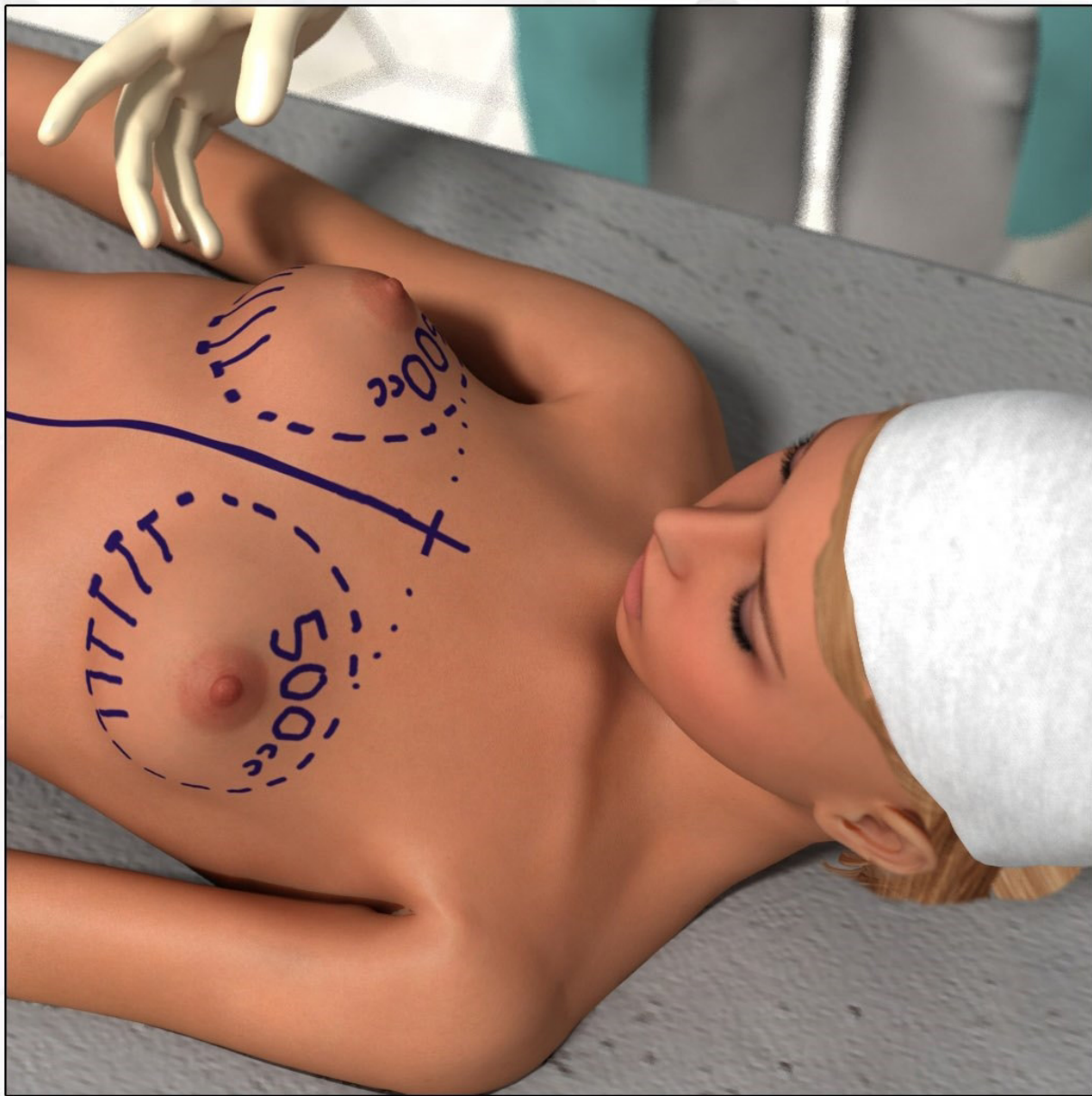




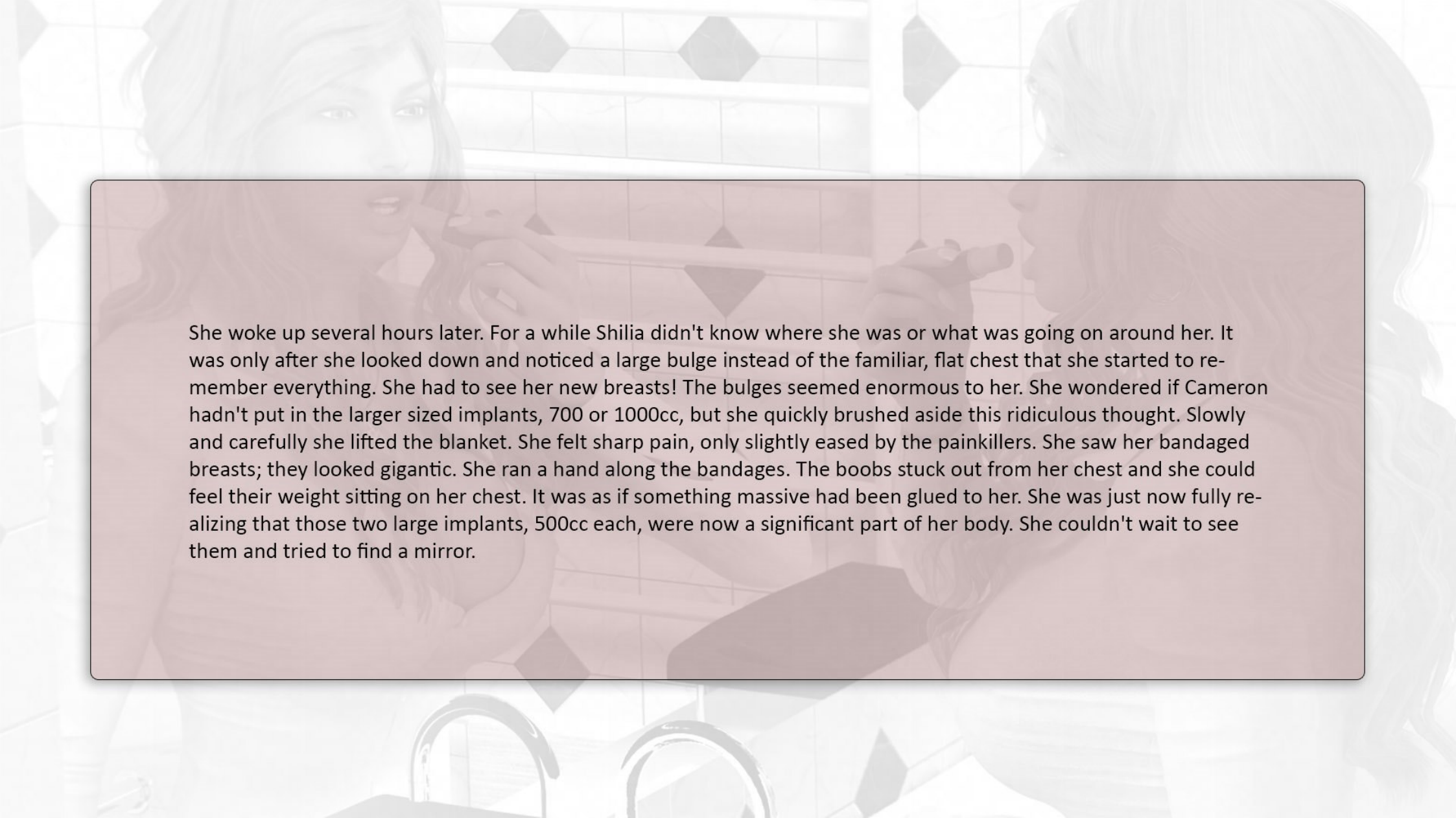
Two weeks have passed before Shilia went to the clinic again, this time to undergo the surgery.

Cameron drew lines on her flat chest, explaining the entire procedure step by step. Finally, she wrote '500cc' over each breast. Shilia still couldn't picture the large implants on her tiny chest.

They went to the operating room, Shilia's knees shaking from anxiety. The implants she had chosen were already sitting on a tray. Each 500cc bag of saline weighed over a pound and soon would be inside of her. They looked far too large for her silhouette.



She laid down on the table and managed to keep the smile on her face to assure the doctor she was feeling fine. The anaesthetist told her she would soon fall asleep and then covered her mouth with a breathing mask. Shilia managed to glance at her flat bust and 'appreciate' it for the last time before she was put under.



She woke up several hours later. For a while Shilia didn't know where she was or what was going on around her. It was only after she looked down and noticed a large bulge instead of the familiar, flat chest that she started to remember everything. She had to see her new breasts! The bulges seemed enormous to her. She wondered if Cameron hadn't put in the larger sized implants, 700 or 1000cc, but she quickly brushed aside this ridiculous thought. Slowly and carefully she lifted the blanket. She felt sharp pain, only slightly eased by the painkillers. She saw her bandaged breasts; they looked gigantic. She ran a hand along the bandages. The boobs stuck out from her chest and she could feel their weight sitting on her chest. It was as if something massive had been glued to her. She was just now fully realizing that those two large implants, 500cc each, were now a significant part of her body. She couldn't wait to see them and tried to find a mirror.

She lifted herself on her elbow and was instantly reminded about the anaesthetic that was still flowing through her system. A nurse noticed Shilia's failed attempt to get up and helped her back into the bed, telling her to 'get some rest'. Shilia obediently closed her eyes and soon fell asleep.



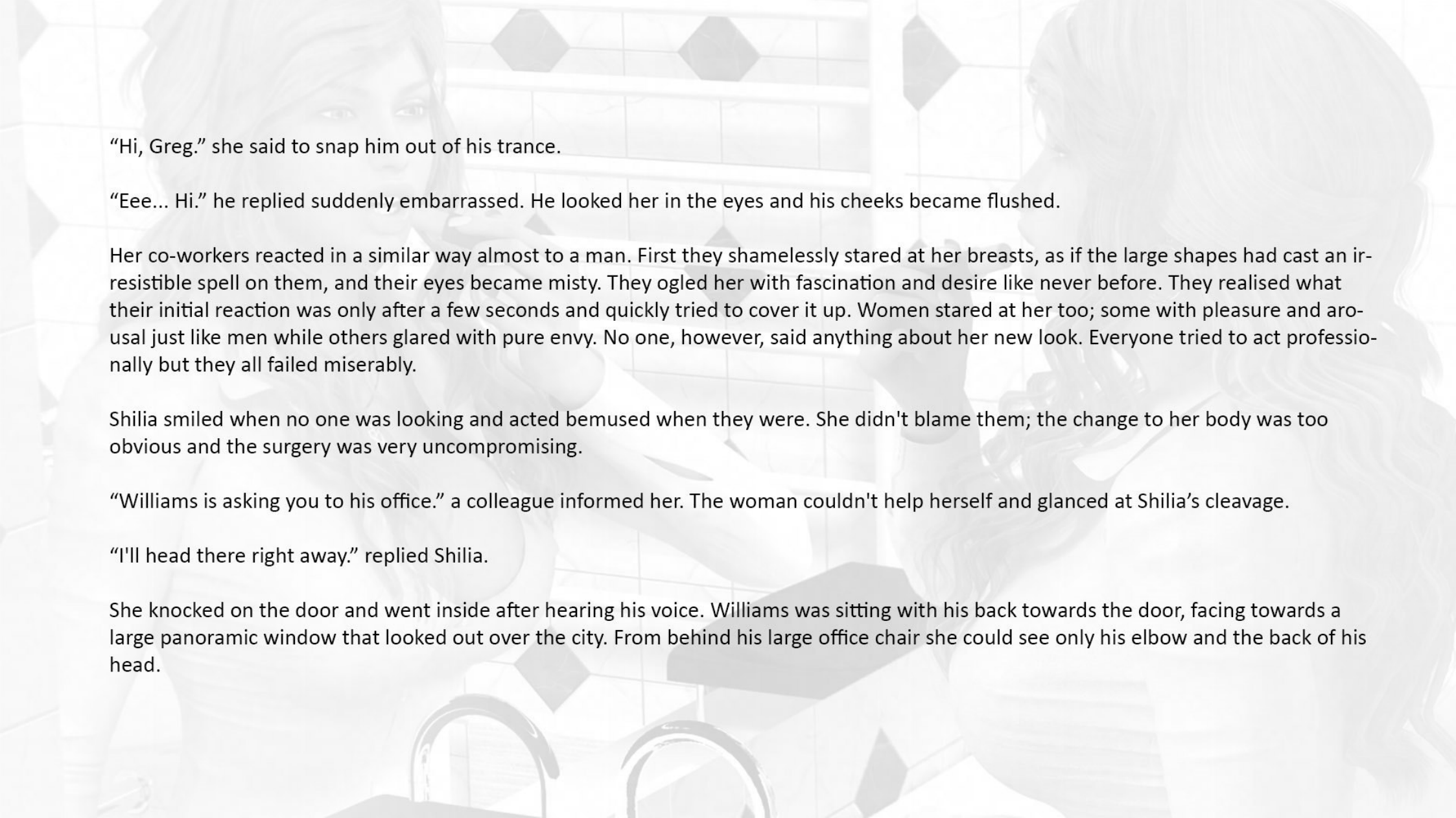
Before & After



A few days later she was back at the office. She felt well but still felt tender after the surgery. She hadn't told anyone at the office about her augmentation so she expected her new look to come as a bit of a surprise; she wasn't disappointed.

On her first day back she got to the office precisely at half past eight. She smiled to the familiar security guard who smiled back and after a moment took a second glance when his brain registered the change in her look. His gaze lingered on her enlarged breasts and he opened his mouth. His face a mask of mindless fascination. Shilia placed her ID against the scanner and went through the gate. The guard followed her with his eyes.





“Hi, Greg.” she said to snap him out of his trance.

“Eee... Hi.” he replied suddenly embarrassed. He looked her in the eyes and his cheeks became flushed.

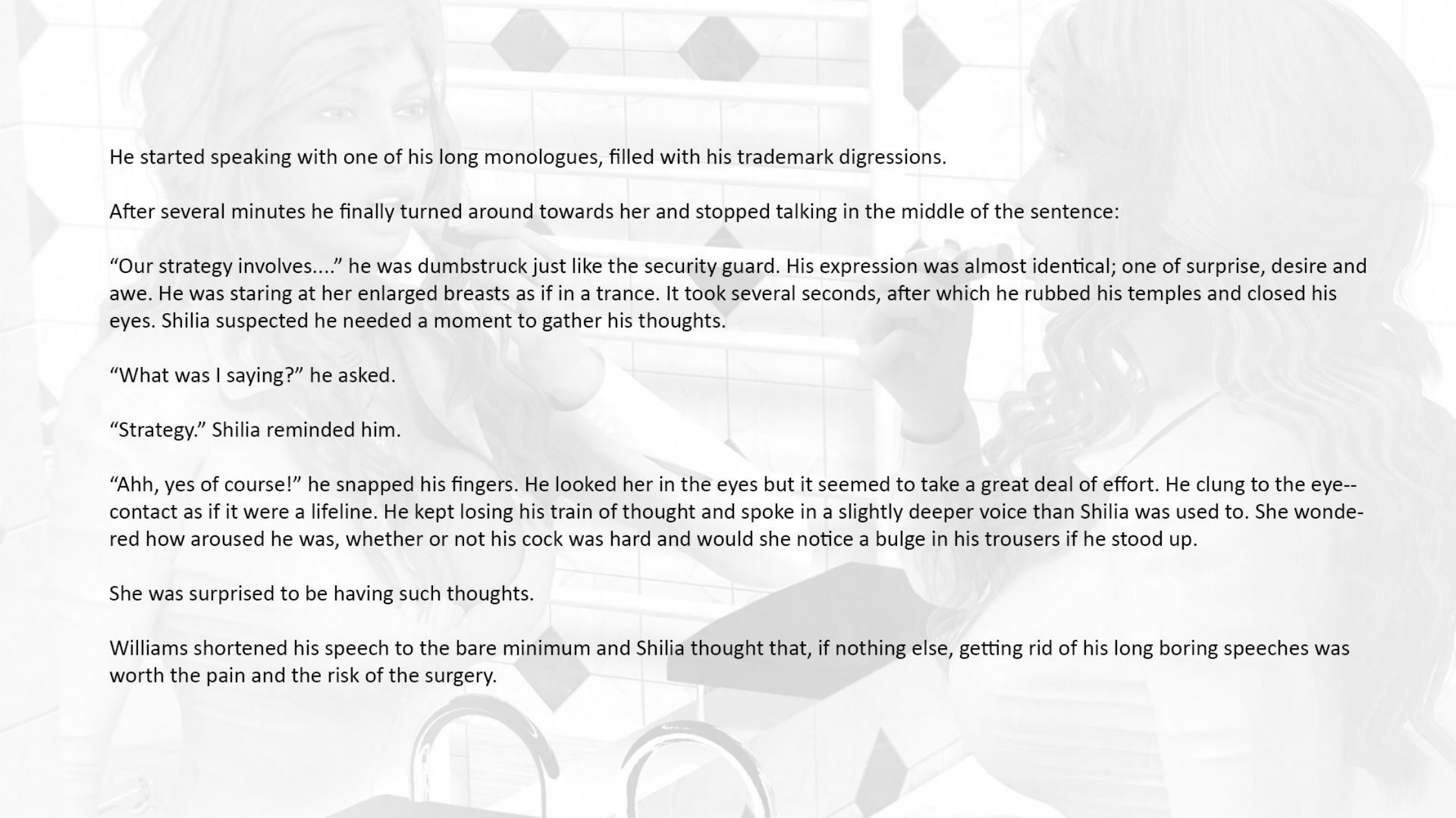
Her co-workers reacted in a similar way almost to a man. First they shamelessly stared at her breasts, as if the large shapes had cast an irresistible spell on them, and their eyes became misty. They ogled her with fascination and desire like never before. They realised what their initial reaction was only after a few seconds and quickly tried to cover it up. Women stared at her too; some with pleasure and arousal just like men while others glared with pure envy. No one, however, said anything about her new look. Everyone tried to act professionally but they all failed miserably.

Shilia smiled when no one was looking and acted bemused when they were. She didn't blame them; the change to her body was too obvious and the surgery was very uncompromising.

“Williams is asking you to his office.” a colleague informed her. The woman couldn't help herself and glanced at Shilia's cleavage.

“I'll head there right away.” replied Shilia.

She knocked on the door and went inside after hearing his voice. Williams was sitting with his back towards the door, facing towards a large panoramic window that looked out over the city. From behind his large office chair she could see only his elbow and the back of his head.



He started speaking with one of his long monologues, filled with his trademark digressions.

After several minutes he finally turned around towards her and stopped talking in the middle of the sentence:

“Our strategy involves....” he was dumbstruck just like the security guard. His expression was almost identical; one of surprise, desire and awe. He was staring at her enlarged breasts as if in a trance. It took several seconds, after which he rubbed his temples and closed his eyes. Shilia suspected he needed a moment to gather his thoughts.

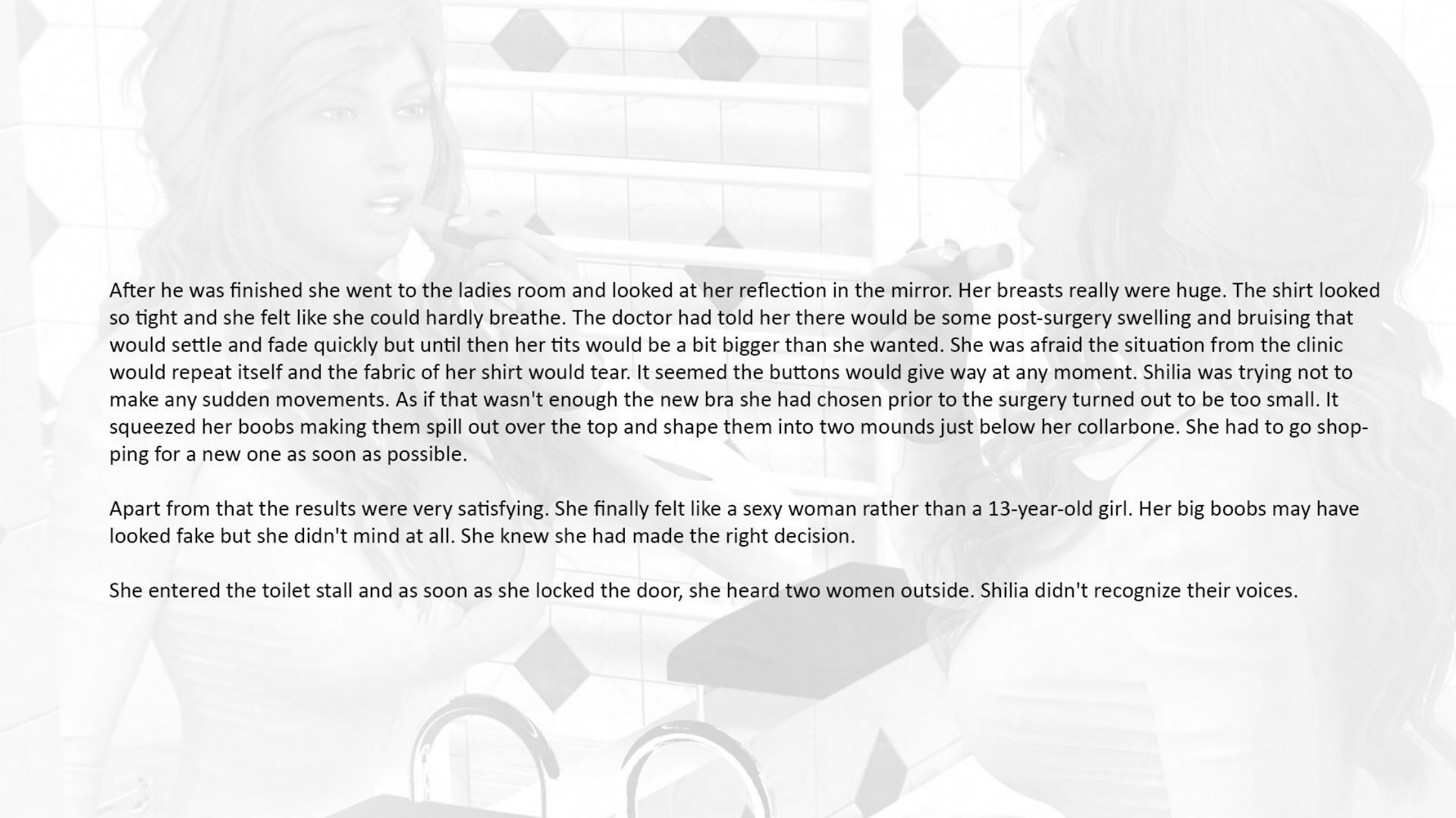
“What was I saying?” he asked.

“Strategy.” Shilia reminded him.

“Ahh, yes of course!” he snapped his fingers. He looked her in the eyes but it seemed to take a great deal of effort. He clung to the eye--contact as if it were a lifeline. He kept losing his train of thought and spoke in a slightly deeper voice than Shilia was used to. She wondered how aroused he was, whether or not his cock was hard and would she notice a bulge in his trousers if he stood up.

She was surprised to be having such thoughts.

Williams shortened his speech to the bare minimum and Shilia thought that, if nothing else, getting rid of his long boring speeches was worth the pain and the risk of the surgery.



After he was finished she went to the ladies room and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her breasts really were huge. The shirt looked so tight and she felt like she could hardly breathe. The doctor had told her there would be some post-surgery swelling and bruising that would settle and fade quickly but until then her tits would be a bit bigger than she wanted. She was afraid the situation from the clinic would repeat itself and the fabric of her shirt would tear. It seemed the buttons would give way at any moment. Shilia was trying not to make any sudden movements. As if that wasn't enough the new bra she had chosen prior to the surgery turned out to be too small. It squeezed her boobs making them spill out over the top and shape them into two mounds just below her collarbone. She had to go shopping for a new one as soon as possible.

Apart from that the results were very satisfying. She finally felt like a sexy woman rather than a 13-year-old girl. Her big boobs may have looked fake but she didn't mind at all. She knew she had made the right decision.

She entered the toilet stall and as soon as she locked the door, she heard two women outside. Shilia didn't recognize their voices.

"...what was she thinking!" said the first, with a high-pitched voice. "She looks like a bimbo!"

"She really overdid it." agreed the second woman in a low, nasal voice. "They aren't even pretty, sexy maybe, but..."

"...only if you're a freak that likes balloon boobs." The first woman finished. "I'm sure some guys dig that. They all couldn't take their eyes off of her."

"They're so humongous! I can imagine having two silicone sacks under my skin, yuck!" her companion agreed. "Disgusting!"

"When I look at her I keep wondering when her top will burst open revealing those things." the former laughed. "That would be something!"

"She probably did it for some guy. Maybe he got bored with her and she decided to turn up the heat in bed?"

"Pathetic."

Shilia finished using the toilet and made sure to make enough noise as she left the stall to draw their attention. She looked Olivia and Kelly, co-workers she hardly knew, in the eyes and held her head high as she walked to the sink next to them. They went silent, ashamed at their earlier sniping.

"I didn't think you two would be so jealous!" she said. "And these are saline, not silicone; 500cc each. Men may follow me with their eyes but I did this exclusively for myself. Maybe you should consider it too if you can't stand being in the presence of a woman who's sexier than you?"




Olivia snorted with contempt and Kelly retreated into one of the stalls without saying a word. Shilia washed her hands and fixed her make-up. She smiled at her own reflection in the mirror.

She hadn't expected the results to be so spectacular.

Before & After





Paul had decided to text Shilia once more. She'd been avoiding him ever since the party when they kissed. He understood her reasons why and reproached himself for his weakness; she had flirted with him only for fun and he got carried away. Now she felt awkward.

He was standing in the street waiting for Lisa who was supposed to give him back the keys to his flat.

He was impassively staring off into the distance, trying not to feel too sorry for himself. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed a short, shapely woman, very much like Shilia, on the other side of the street. Incredibly similar to her. For a second he thought it was actually her but Shilia didn't have large breasts, she really did have breasts at all.



The woman's impressive boobs contrasted with her slender frame; implants for sure, they just couldn't be natural with such a slim body. Paul couldn't take his eyes off of her. She looked so much like Shilia! He watched her until she went inside a plastic surgery clinic. Only then did he remember to text Shilia. He wrote that he wanted to meet her. He hoped that he managed to make it seem casual. A simple: "What's up? Long-time no see, maybe you'd like to go out for a coffee sometime?" He glanced at his watch. Lisa should be here any moment now....

Half an hour later Shilia left Doctor Cameron's office and read the text from Paul. He wanted to meet. She could imagine his shock and surprise when he saw her new rack. She would instantly become more attractive to him; that she was sure of. He wouldn't be able to resist her. Would he flirt with her like he did at that Halloween party? Definitely. She would finally become the object of his desires. At the mere thought she felt a warm, pleasant tingling between her legs.

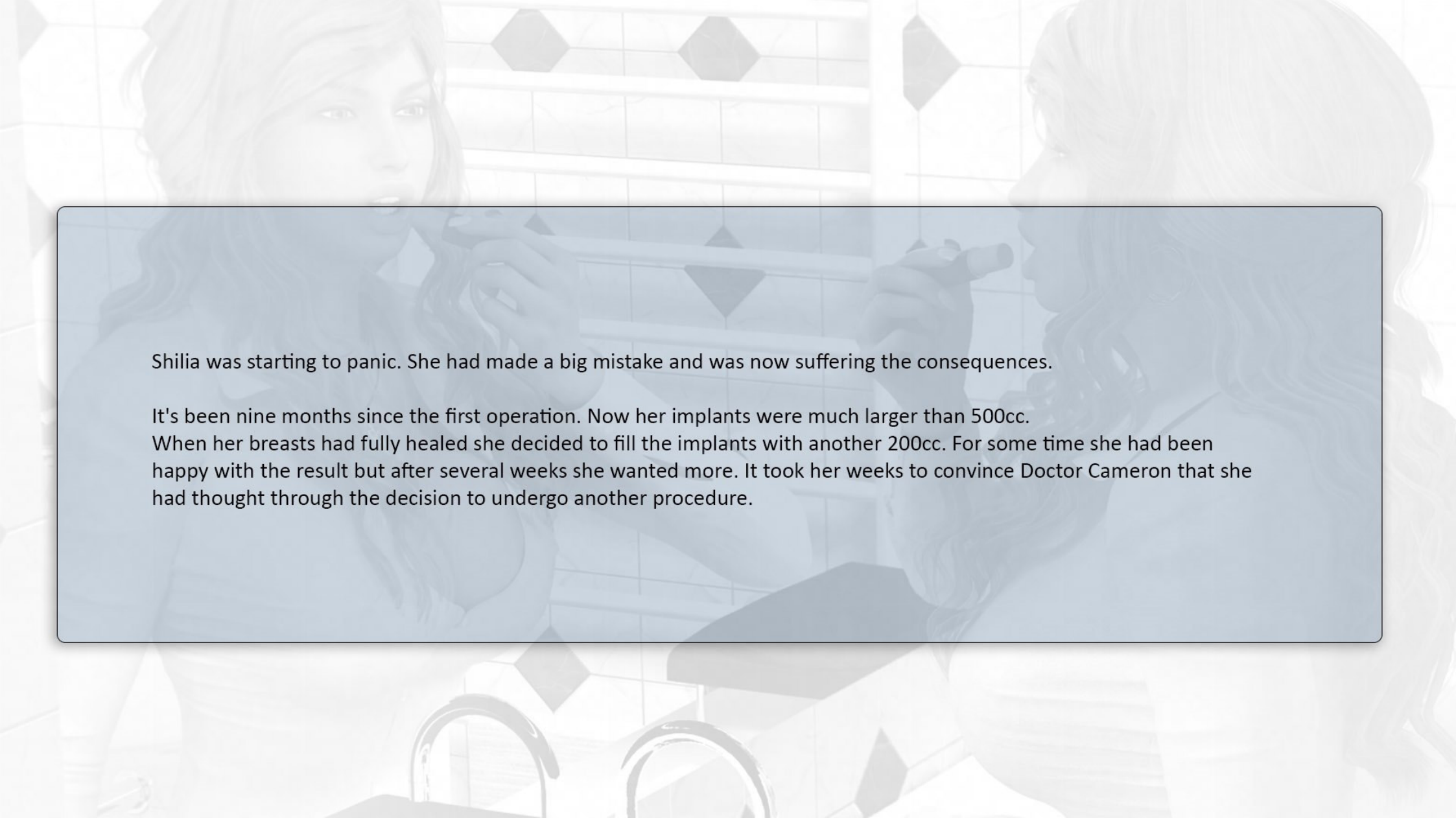
'Get ahold of yourself.' she mentally reproached herself. "I did this for me!"

She was struggling to regain her composure when she texted him back: "Sure let's hit that new diner for breakfast this the weekend. I'll send you the address." She was about to press 'send', when she saw something unthinkable.

Paul was shocked. Lisa jumped out of the cab and threw her arms around his neck. She pressed her lips against his and she squeezed her big breasts against his chest. He had no idea what was going on, they had split up mere three days before!

Shilia was watching the scene with growing anger. She deleted the message. She lost all interest in replying to his message.

She thought that next time she would ask Doctor Cameron about the possibility of enlarging her breasts even more. Her voluptuous 500cc implants suddenly seemed ridiculously small to her.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown in profile, looking towards the left. She is wearing a white lab coat. The background is a tiled wall with a diamond pattern. A large, semi-transparent blue text box is overlaid on the image, containing text.

Shilia was starting to panic. She had made a big mistake and was now suffering the consequences.

It's been nine months since the first operation. Now her implants were much larger than 500cc. When her breasts had fully healed she decided to fill the implants with another 200cc. For some time she had been happy with the result but after several weeks she wanted more. It took her weeks to convince Doctor Cameron that she had thought through the decision to undergo another procedure.

The doctor told her about all the health and social consequences. Shilia remembered her words:

“The implants will be very heavy. They’ll be over 10 extra pounds that you’ll have to carry around. Your skin will become taut and you might get stretch--marks. It is of paramount importance that you work on your back muscles. Do you work out at the gym?”

Shilia nodded her, but all she was thinking about was Paul and his reaction to her new, gigantic implants. His arousal, his gaze drawn to her magnificent chest, his difficulty to focus...

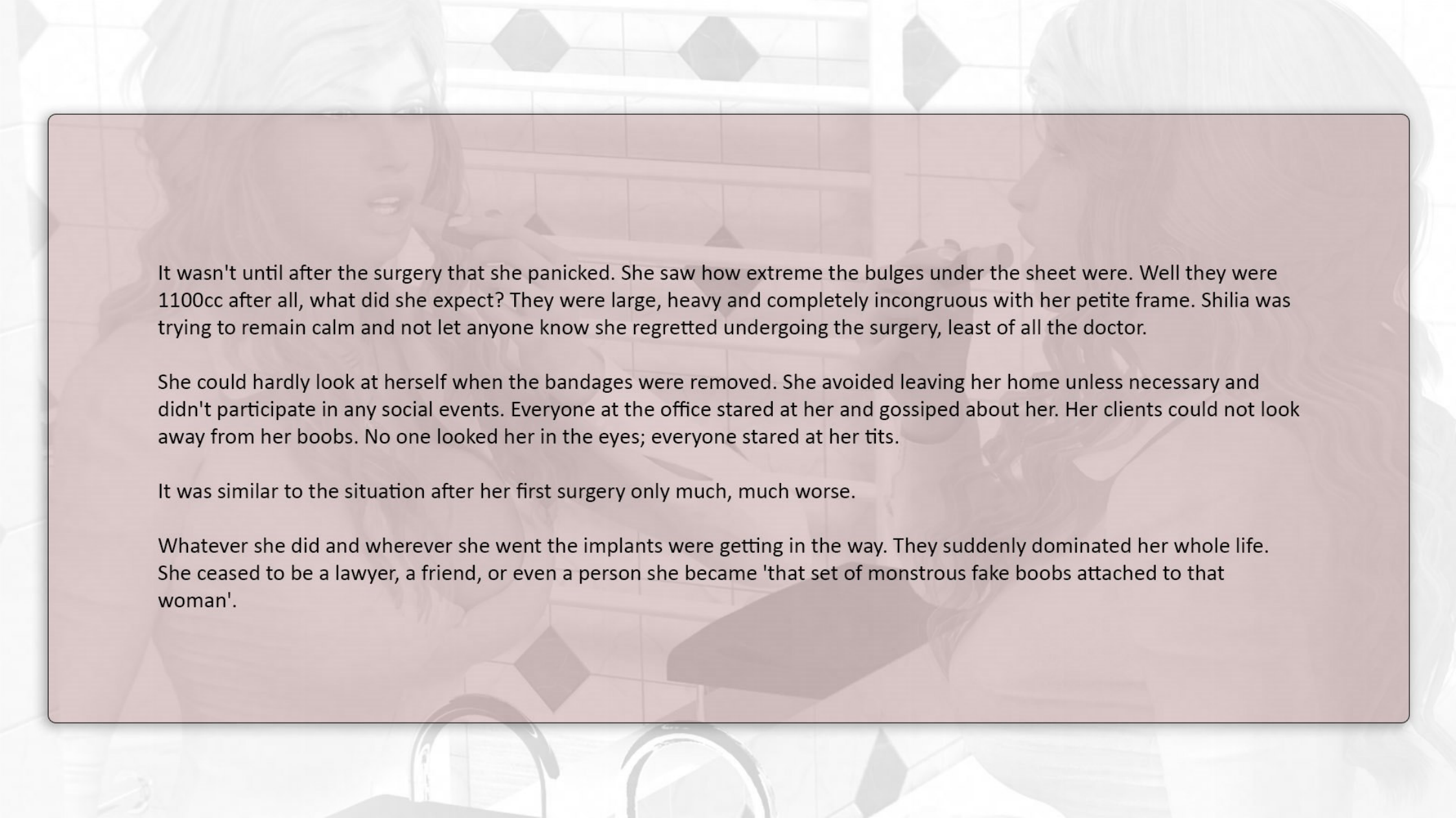
“ ...take care of yourself.” continued Cameron.
“Please rethink how you will feel with the change. At work, with friends and family - basically everyone will notice you've once again enlarged your breasts. To an extraordinary size. It may be a huge psychic burden for you.”

But Shilia had already made up her mind. She needed larger breasts; she wanted these boobs regardless of the consequences.





When Cameron showed her two colossal implants, 1100cc each, Shilia was shocked. She hadn't expected them to be so large. She weighed them in her hands and realized that after the surgery she would feel this weight all the time. She still wanted to go through with the enlargement however.

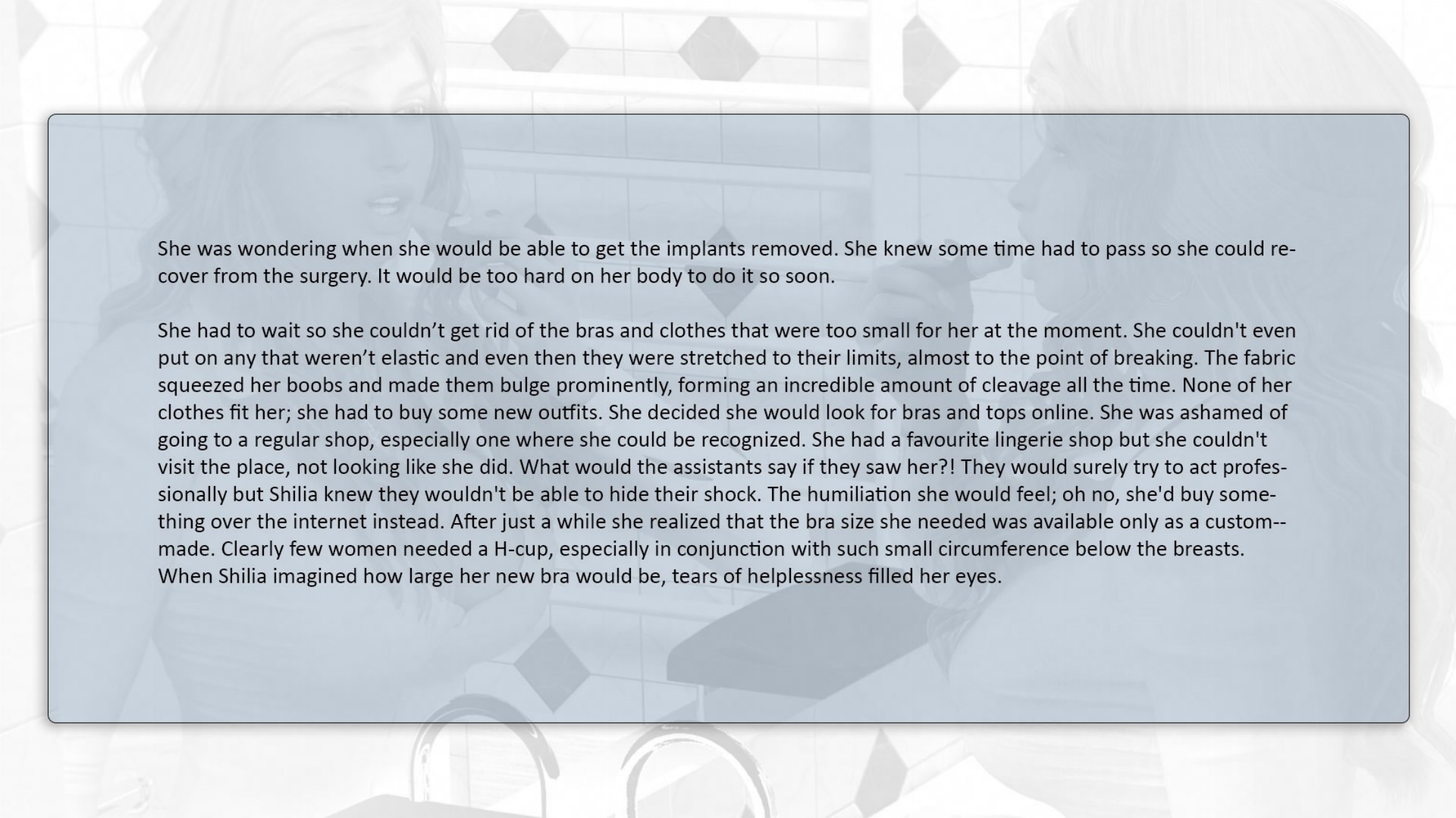
A woman with long blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white hospital gown. She is looking down at her chest, which is partially covered by a white sheet. The background is a tiled wall with a decorative pattern of hexagons and diamonds. The entire scene is overlaid with a semi-transparent reddish-brown rectangle containing text.

It wasn't until after the surgery that she panicked. She saw how extreme the bulges under the sheet were. Well they were 1100cc after all, what did she expect? They were large, heavy and completely incongruous with her petite frame. Shilia was trying to remain calm and not let anyone know she regretted undergoing the surgery, least of all the doctor.

She could hardly look at herself when the bandages were removed. She avoided leaving her home unless necessary and didn't participate in any social events. Everyone at the office stared at her and gossiped about her. Her clients could not look away from her boobs. No one looked her in the eyes; everyone stared at her tits.

It was similar to the situation after her first surgery only much, much worse.

Whatever she did and wherever she went the implants were getting in the way. They suddenly dominated her whole life. She ceased to be a lawyer, a friend, or even a person she became 'that set of monstrous fake boobs attached to that woman'.



She was wondering when she would be able to get the implants removed. She knew some time had to pass so she could recover from the surgery. It would be too hard on her body to do it so soon.

She had to wait so she couldn't get rid of the bras and clothes that were too small for her at the moment. She couldn't even put on any that weren't elastic and even then they were stretched to their limits, almost to the point of breaking. The fabric squeezed her boobs and made them bulge prominently, forming an incredible amount of cleavage all the time. None of her clothes fit her; she had to buy some new outfits. She decided she would look for bras and tops online. She was ashamed of going to a regular shop, especially one where she could be recognized. She had a favourite lingerie shop but she couldn't visit the place, not looking like she did. What would the assistants say if they saw her?! They would surely try to act professionally but Shilia knew they wouldn't be able to hide their shock. The humiliation she would feel; oh no, she'd buy something over the internet instead. After just a while she realized that the bra size she needed was available only as a custom-made. Clearly few women needed a H-cup, especially in conjunction with such small circumference below the breasts. When Shilia imagined how large her new bra would be, tears of helplessness filled her eyes.

It was then that her phone rang. It was Paul. He hadn't tried to contact her for quite some time which was no wonder since she always found an excuse not to meet him. She was surprised he still wanted to have anything to do with her.

He had no idea she had enlarged her breasts, let alone inflated them into the things they were now. She never told him about it and they hadn't seen each other since Halloween, or at least he hadn't seen her.

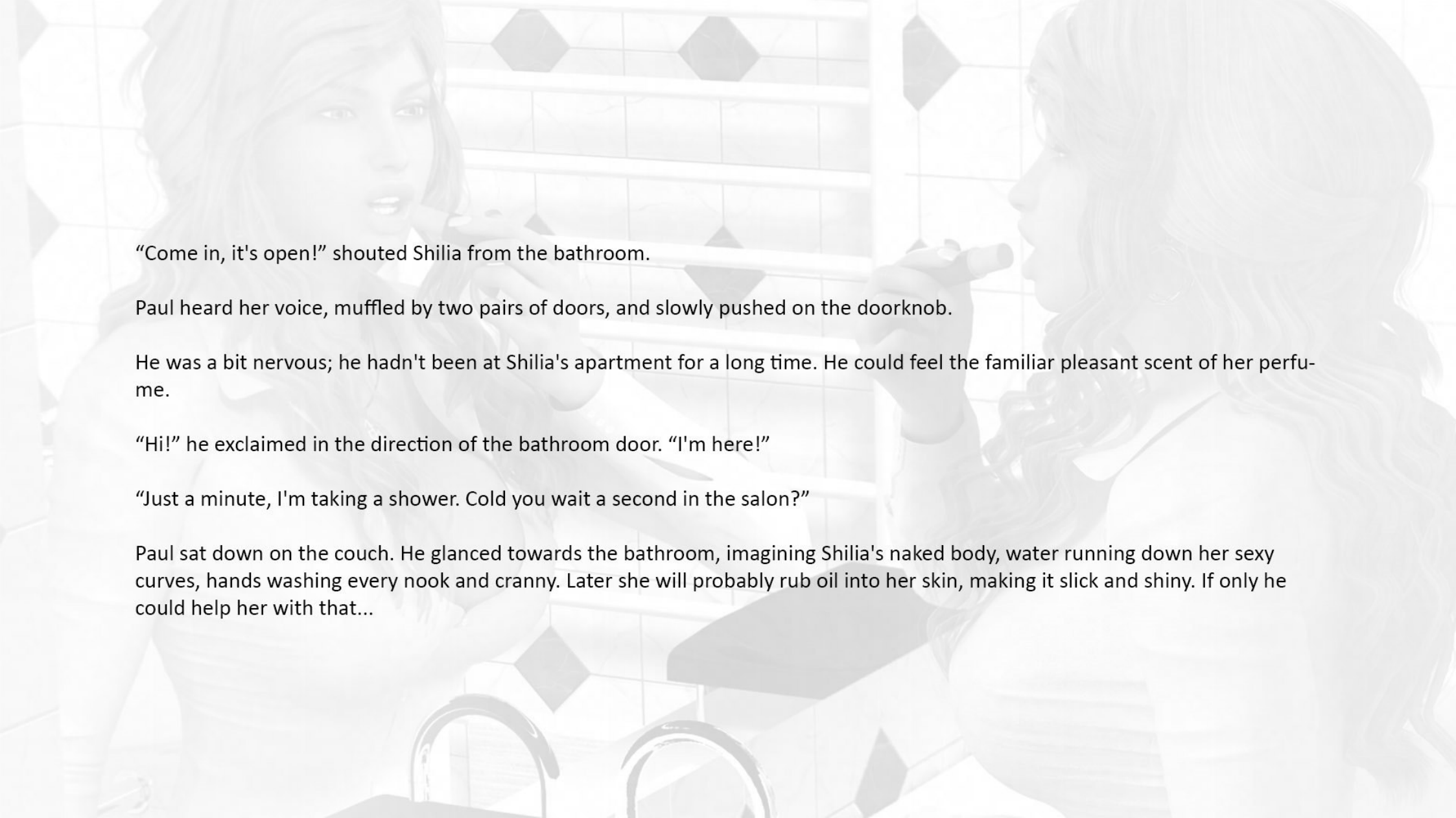
They talked for several minutes, Shilia trying to sound calm. Paul casually mentioned something about seeing each other and Shilia agreed as if nothing had happened.

She agreed! What was she thinking?! Paul will see her in her new state – with her new, gigantic boobs!

She was about to refuse, thinking of an excuse why she wouldn't make it this time... but she stopped herself. She really did miss Paul. Ah what the hell, let him see her.

She was curious how he would react.

She smiled and cheered up immediately.



“Come in, it's open!” shouted Shilia from the bathroom.

Paul heard her voice, muffled by two pairs of doors, and slowly pushed on the doorknob.

He was a bit nervous; he hadn't been at Shilia's apartment for a long time. He could feel the familiar pleasant scent of her perfume.

“Hi!” he exclaimed in the direction of the bathroom door. “I'm here!”

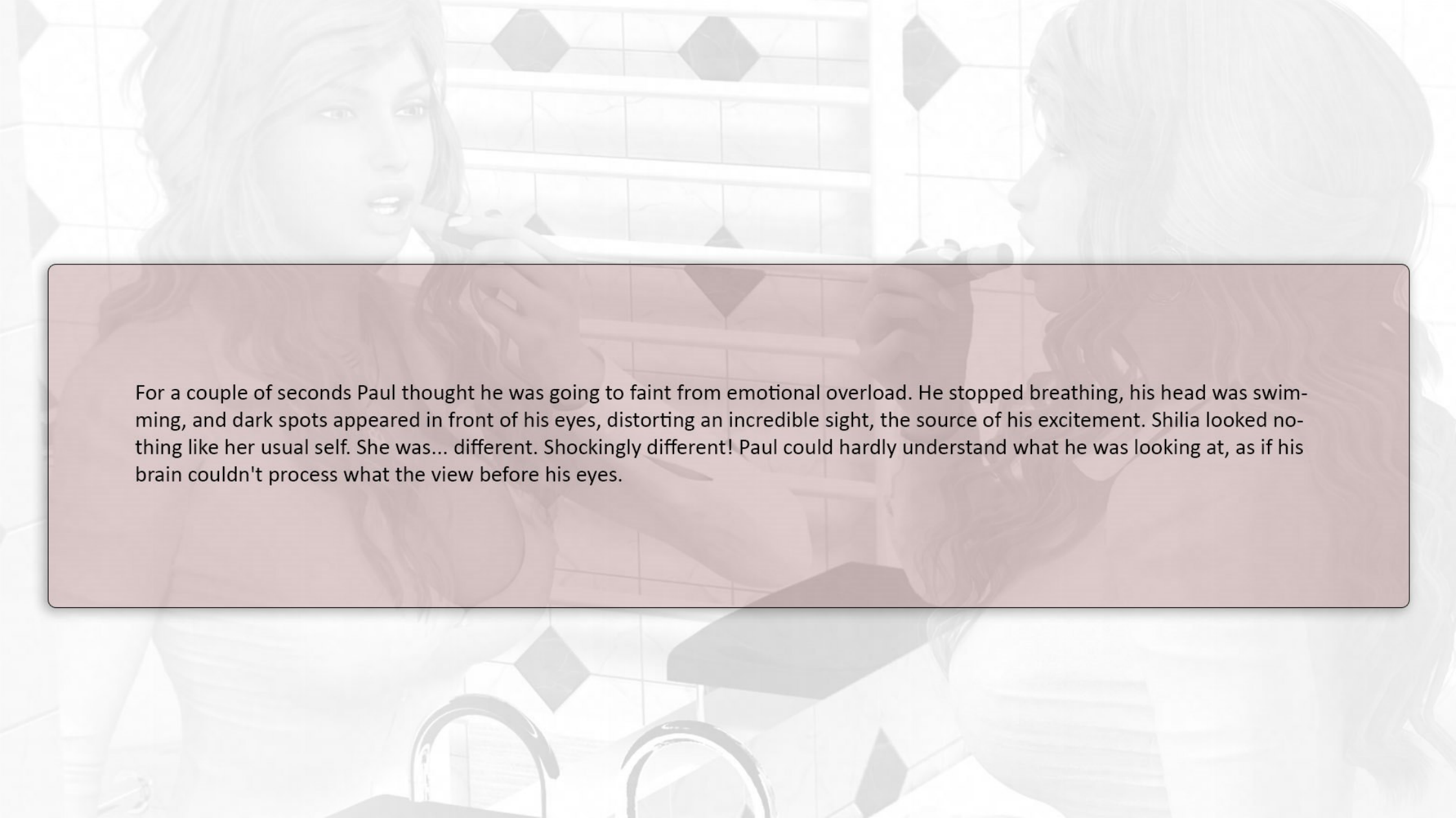
“Just a minute, I'm taking a shower. Could you wait a second in the salon?”

Paul sat down on the couch. He glanced towards the bathroom, imagining Shilia's naked body, water running down her sexy curves, hands washing every nook and cranny. Later she will probably rub oil into her skin, making it slick and shiny. If only he could help her with that...

He shook his head as if he was trying to shake off these pleasant thoughts. He looked around. A bikini top caught his attention. It seemed quite concealing, almost like a sleeveless belly revealing top. The cups were so huge! Or maybe they only seemed to be? There was a thick volume of 'Code of Commercial Companies' on the coffee table, and beside it there were printouts of various exercises for strengthening back muscles. He also noticed an advertising magazine of a company specialising in tailor made clothes and lingerie. Why would she need one? Does she need a dress? Next to it there was a tape measure. There were some notes in the magazine. They were made by Shilia and looked like some measurements in inches. He wondered which part of her body could have 38 inches.

Shilia couldn't decide what to wear. She was annoyed. She knew she didn't have much time, Paul had already been waiting in her salon for about ten minutes. She could wear a more modest top, or the low-cut one... She had changed five times already. Finally, she chose the latter. Her breasts formed a long, deep cleavage and bulged over the rim of her top. She didn't feel ready... still, she had to leave the bathroom at some point.

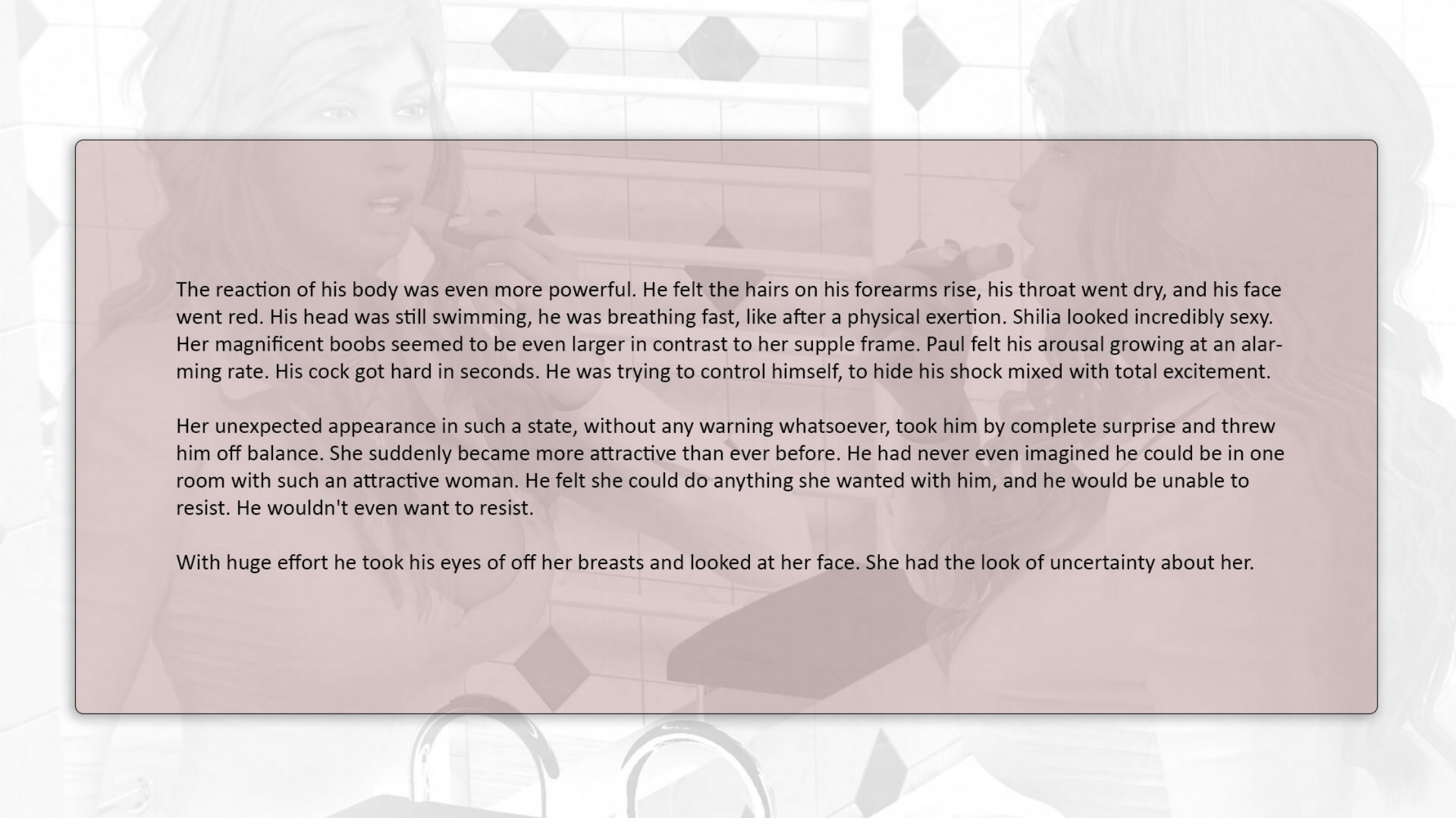
Paul heard the door open, and the sound of her small steps. He first saw her shadow on the floor. Something didn't seem right, almost as if... a moment later he saw *her*.



For a couple of seconds Paul thought he was going to faint from emotional overload. He stopped breathing, his head was swimming, and dark spots appeared in front of his eyes, distorting an incredible sight, the source of his excitement. Shilia looked nothing like her usual self. She was... different. Shockingly different! Paul could hardly understand what he was looking at, as if his brain couldn't process what the view before his eyes.



Instead of two hardly visible mounds that passed for breasts, there was a particularly impressive set of round boobs. Paul had never seen such big ones live. Never. For a moment he thought they were those props, that Shilia was once again wearing her Halloween outfit. However, her cleavage was perfectly visible and Paul understood they had to be implants. Extremely large ones. Questions were swirling in his head: when did she do it? Why? Why did she avoid contacting him? Has she started dating a man? Who could this lucky guy be?



The reaction of his body was even more powerful. He felt the hairs on his forearms rise, his throat went dry, and his face went red. His head was still swimming, he was breathing fast, like after a physical exertion. Shilia looked incredibly sexy. Her magnificent boobs seemed to be even larger in contrast to her supple frame. Paul felt his arousal growing at an alarming rate. His cock got hard in seconds. He was trying to control himself, to hide his shock mixed with total excitement.

Her unexpected appearance in such a state, without any warning whatsoever, took him by complete surprise and threw him off balance. She suddenly became more attractive than ever before. He had never even imagined he could be in one room with such an attractive woman. He felt she could do anything she wanted with him, and he would be unable to resist. He wouldn't even want to resist.

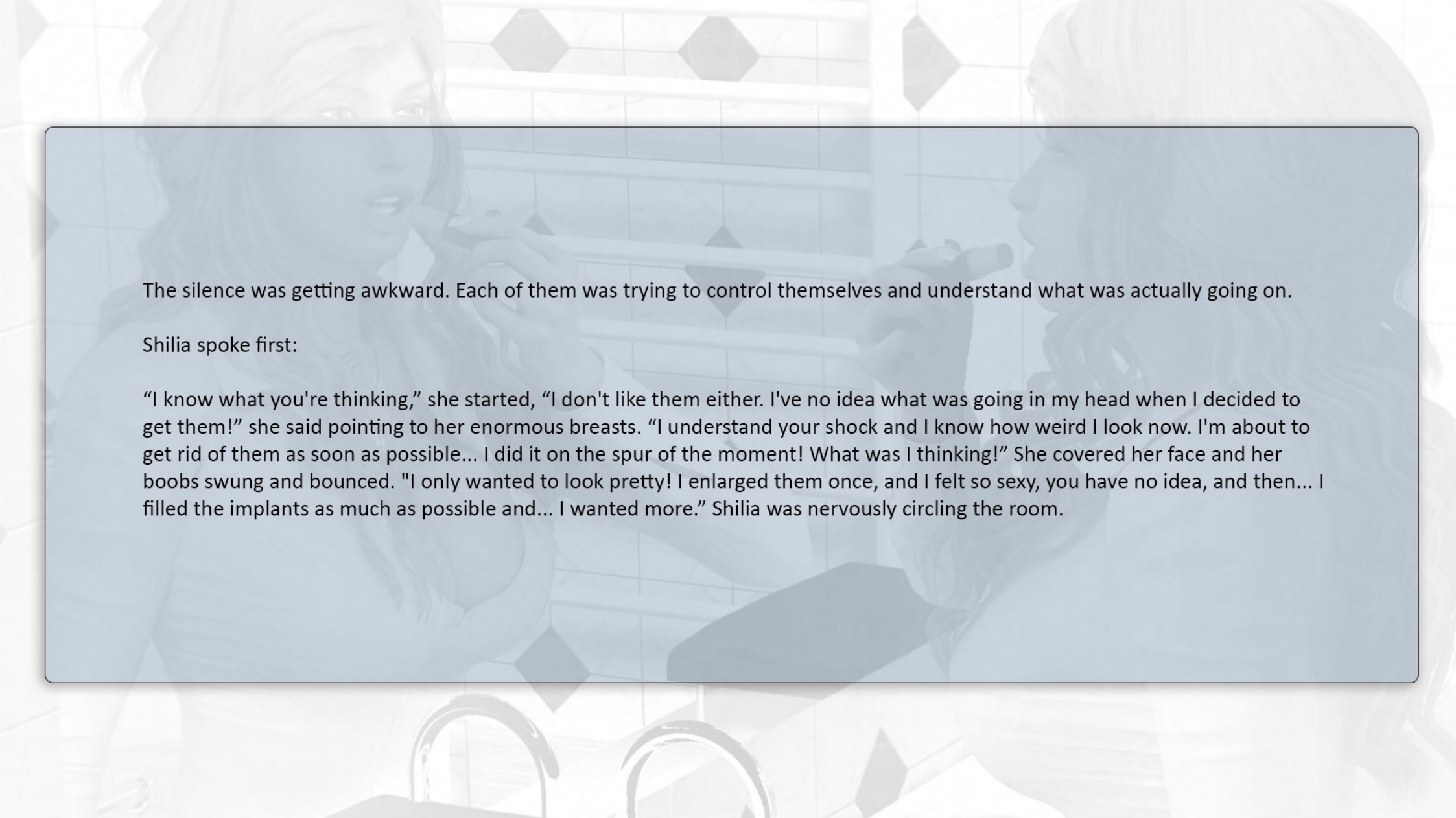
With huge effort he took his eyes off her breasts and looked at her face. She had the look of uncertainty about her.

Shilia saw how perplexed Paul was. He surely had no idea how to react to her new silhouette. He was clearly puzzled and Shilia couldn't blame him for it, nor was she surprised. After all, she hadn't told him anything to prepare him for this.

She thought that he didn't like the implants at all. He was staring at them intensely, leaning slightly backwards with clenched fists, and red cheeks. He was probably Embarrassed. She made him feel this way, she made him feel awkward. What was she counting on? She felt collywobbles. She imagined something inside her slowly dying and turning into a cold, frightening lump of disappointment and shame.

What was he thinking about her that very moment?





The silence was getting awkward. Each of them was trying to control themselves and understand what was actually going on.

Shilia spoke first:

“I know what you're thinking,” she started, “I don't like them either. I've no idea what was going in my head when I decided to get them!” she said pointing to her enormous breasts. “I understand your shock and I know how weird I look now. I'm about to get rid of them as soon as possible... I did it on the spur of the moment! What was I thinking!” She covered her face and her boobs swung and bounced. “I only wanted to look pretty! I enlarged them once, and I felt so sexy, you have no idea, and then... I filled the implants as much as possible and... I wanted more.” Shilia was nervously circling the room.



She looked at Paul's stern face, in search for consolation. She hadn't expected it would end up so badly! And he seemed too disgusted to say anything. She had to confess everything. "I underwent another surgery. I thought I'd become even more attractive. Everyone kept telling me it was a much too radical move. Everyone! Rose, my family, even the doctor! Why hadn't I listened to them?! Why hadn't I turned to you?! How could I've been so reckless?!" she exclaimed and threw herself on a sofa hiding her face in her hands. Her boobs bounced so much when she was sitting down that for a moment they seemed to slip out of her top.

Paul was struggling to understand her chaotic blabber. It was hard to focus in the presence of such an attractive woman. All he wanted was to look at her and admire her body. Submit to her charms. He didn't want to think, even analyse this situation. When she was moving, her boobs were swinging sexily, stretching her tight clothes. Paul tried to estimate how much her new tits weighed.

He knew he should focus on her words. She seemed upset and he could not understand why. His whole body became tense and hot from arousal. His manhood got extremely hard - so much it almost hurt. Shilia's words were reaching him with a delay, as if they had to travel some great space between them.

Slowly, he was starting to understand. She was complaining that she looked... bad? That he believed the surgery made her ugly... Really?

The awkward silence went on. Paul realised his mouth was open in amazement all the time and he closed it quickly trying to assume a more intelligent expression.

"Is it that bad?" whimpered Shilia. "Paul, why don't you say something? Please, say something..."

"It's the sexiest and most arousing thing I've ever seen in my whole life," he said in a deep voice, that sounded unfamiliar even to him.

Another moment of silence followed his words. Shilia was weighing his words and wondering if he was serious.

“You're not kidding, are you?” She asked with suspicion, looking at him intensely. “Because if it was irony or meanness...”

“No!” he reassured her, shocked that she even thought such a thing was possible. “It wasn't! I was dead serious.

Suddenly, who knows why, Shilia stopped thinking her huge implants were so disgusting. She didn't regret the surgery that much.

She was pleased she had decided to wear the low-cut top.

“You like them,” she sighed, which made her boobs fuller and much more prominent. “I haven't even offered you anything to drink.”

He asked for a cup of coffee, so Shilia got up and went to the kitchen. They were both relieved to have a moment alone to regain their composure. They both tried to gather their thoughts and not give in to the emotions.

Paul had thousands of questions, but he didn't want to seem intrusive. He was trying to control his arousal, think of something repulsive or very unpleasant. But under his eyelids he could only see Shilia's new image imprinted and impossible to ignore. He desired her. He wanted to look, admire, touch, undress... No, he couldn't focus on anything else. He was nearly certain, that Shilia would notice the bulge in his trousers. He would compromise and ridicule himself.

He rubbed his temples with his fingertips, as if he had some incredibly complex problem to solve.



Meanwhile, Shilia was making coffee, waiting for the water to boil. She had to press breasts with her forearm to see the coffee pot. She tried to understand her emotions. The glitter in Paul's eyes could actually be an indication of his fascination. Not - as she thought - the one of anger or horror. Strained arm muscles could mean arousal due to the sudden awe, and stern expression could have meant a struggle to control his reactions. It was very possible... But what did it mean? This shouldn't change anything! She had repeated so many times she had enhanced her tits for herself! Paul's opinion was irrelevant. Wasn't it? And yet, her mood was completely different than just fifteen minutes ago.

When he saw Shilia at the door with a steaming cup of coffee, her back was straight and her head raised high. There were no signs of fear on her face, and her eyes were shining bright. Paul was once again shocked by how sexy she was. And she had been gone for only two or three minutes (during which, frankly, he hadn't stopped thinking about her)! She sat down next to him, and he couldn't resist the urge to glance at her exposed sexy cleavage.

“You really want to remove the implants?” he asked. A split second later he regretted his words, deciding they had sounded too abruptly.

“Well...” she hesitated. “I think I have overdone a bit, haven't I? Everyone says so. They are too big... don't you think?” She looked him straight in the eyes expecting some intimation of assent.

“You know...” Paul started slowly as he had no idea what to reply. To him they didn't seem too big. They were perfect, totally sexy and alluring. His head was beginning to hurt. How should he continue this subject? What to say not to hurt her feelings? He couldn't advise her to remove the implants! He simply couldn't! His intense arousal made it difficult to gather his thoughts. Why did she have to ask such difficult questions?

“Paul?” said Shilia frowning. “Is something wrong? Are you feeling alright?” she asked with care putting her hand on his shoulder.

Paul felt as if there was some energy flowing between their bodies, tingling, flowing through his chest and stomach and gathering in his throbbing loins. He could inhale her elegant intoxicating perfume.

If only she knew what he was thinking about (and he was, of course, thinking only about her boobs and all the different ways he could touch, admire, caress and adore them), she wouldn't be looking at him with such concern!

“And...you think they're too big?” he asked trying to make it sound casually.

Shilia sighed and looked down at her breasts. She stood up, walked to the mirror and looked at the reflection of her supple silhouette with contrasting humongous boobs. She was studying her body with a pensive look on her face.

“I don't know,” she answered after a while. “They aren't very practical.”

“What do you mean?” he inquired.

He wanted her to talk about them as long as possible. It aroused him enormously. His skin was hot, his brow was now covered with tiny droplets of sweat, and his heart was pounding like crazy. He wanted to listen to her voice, lose himself in it. At the same time he wanted her to stop. He felt so helpless under her spell... He couldn't have her anyway, so why suffer more? He'd do something reckless again and he'd regret it.

“They make me stand out in the crowd,” explained Shilia. “I make other women feel jealous. They see me as a threat. No wonder, as their men can't take their eyes off me! It isn't easy at work either. You can imagine all the gossip and mean comments. You know my co-workers aren't exactly angels. My clients stopped taking me seriously. Business partners keep looking at my cleavage. One of the women was even flirting with me. Well, how can you take seriously a woman with such large tits?! They all start to doubt in my competences. I don't seem decent to them. This may end my career...”



Paul was nodding his head and hoped he looked compassionate. It would be rude to let her see how aroused he really was.

“So, they give you trouble at work.” He said to assure her he was listening attentively.

“Yes! No one is taking me seriously! A couple of days ago I went to a garage and all the men were staring at my breasts with stupid smiles on their faces instead of fixing my car. Things kept dropping from their hands, they all blushed and made embarrassing jokes. One of them even started to stutter! Can you imagine?!” She exclaimed slamming her open hand at the table. Her breasts wobbled and bounced up and down once again.

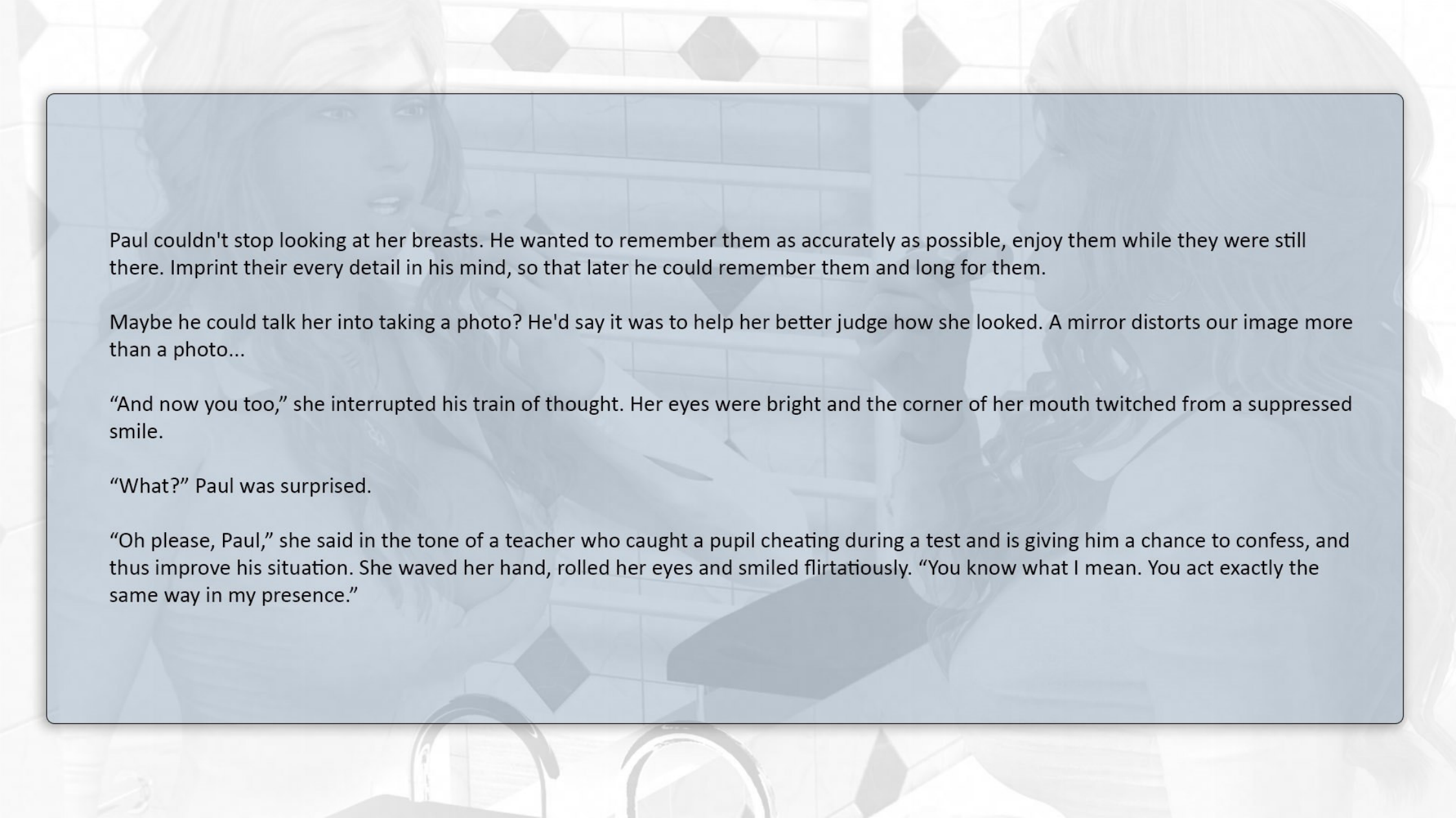
“Maybe they just couldn't focus in the presence of such an attractive woman?” suggested Paul. “Maybe they take you seriously, but...”

“No one listens to me...” Shilia interrupted with a sad voice. “I'm used to people treating me with due respect, like a professional. But now?! They only stare at me mindlessly, as if they aren't listening to what I'm saying. It's so aggravating! As if they didn't see a person in me, as if I'm only a set of large tits.”

She paused and took a deep breath to calm down. Her boobs rose, bulging over the rim of her top, and fell again.

Before & After





Paul couldn't stop looking at her breasts. He wanted to remember them as accurately as possible, enjoy them while they were still there. Imprint their every detail in his mind, so that later he could remember them and long for them.

Maybe he could talk her into taking a photo? He'd say it was to help her better judge how she looked. A mirror distorts our image more than a photo...

"And now you too," she interrupted his train of thought. Her eyes were bright and the corner of her mouth twitched from a suppressed smile.

"What?" Paul was surprised.

"Oh please, Paul," she said in the tone of a teacher who caught a pupil cheating during a test and is giving him a chance to confess, and thus improve his situation. She waved her hand, rolled her eyes and smiled flirtatiously. "You know what I mean. You act exactly the same way in my presence."

“You mean I can only think about your breasts?”

“Precisely...”

There was a moment of silence during which each of them pondered on this fact. The air between them was almost crackling with energy.

Paul didn't know where this conversation was going. He felt anxious, as if Shilia was setting up a trap for him.

“... and you can't focus on what I'm saying?” she made sure.

“It's difficult...” he admitted. He wanted to add something more but decided that would only make his situation worse.

“My breasts draw your attention away from everything else?”

“Well... yes.”

“And I am more attractive to you?” Shilia kept inquiring, clearly drawing pleasure from this conversation.

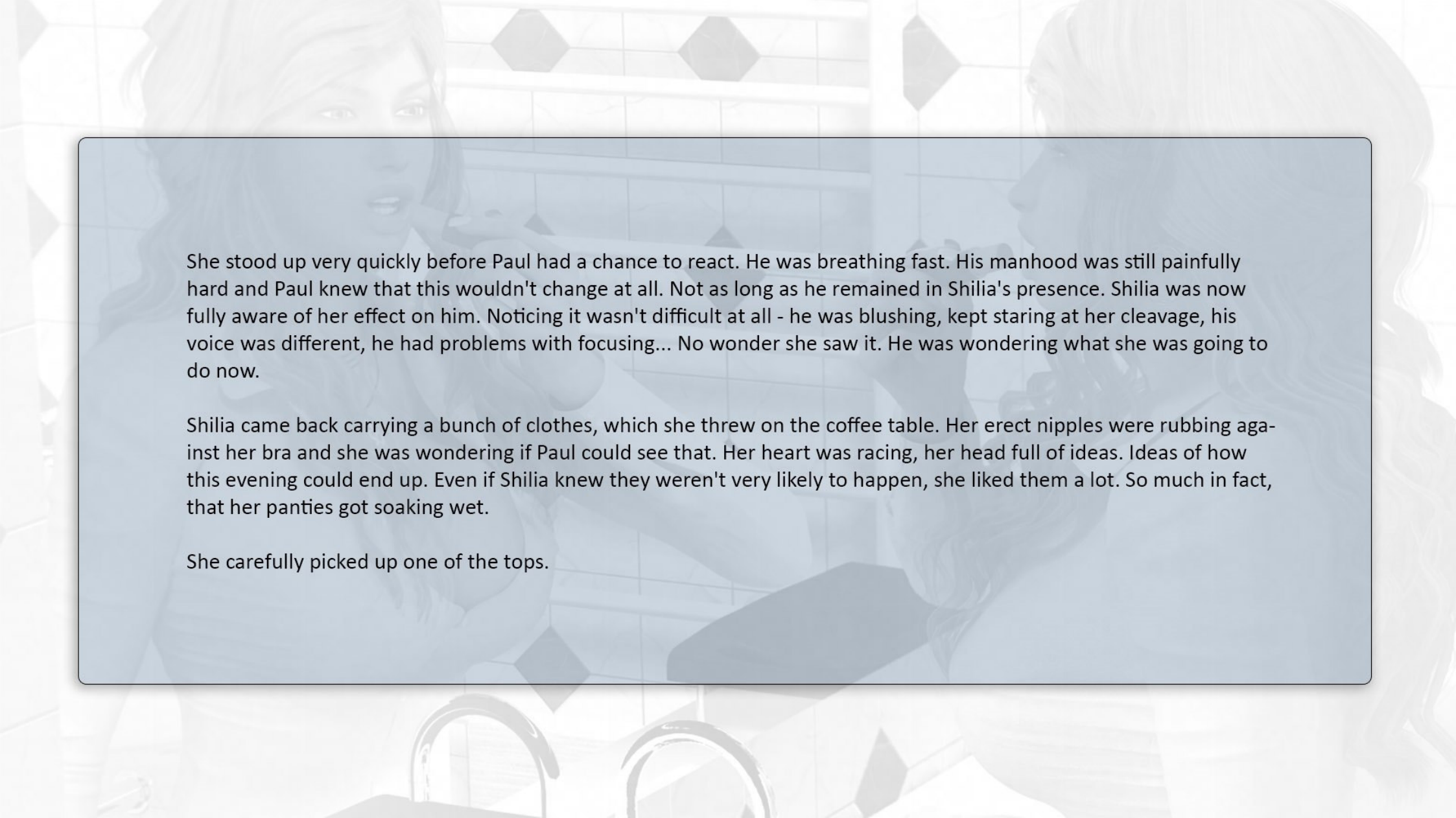
“Of course,” he said.

“Yesss,” she became pensive. “This is the biggest disadvantage of having large breasts, and at the same time its greatest advantage. Suddenly I've become attractive to men, who had always seen me only as their colleague, contractor, co-worker...as their friend. As if they only just understood that I am an absolute woman!”

Shilia felt powerful. She had power and regardless of her decision about the implants, she was going to use them right now, to see what effect they had on Paul. She wanted to feel, if only for a moment, that this man could belong to her.

“But there are other downsides as well,” continued Shilia in an alluring, warm voice. “All my clothes are too small... Let me show you!”

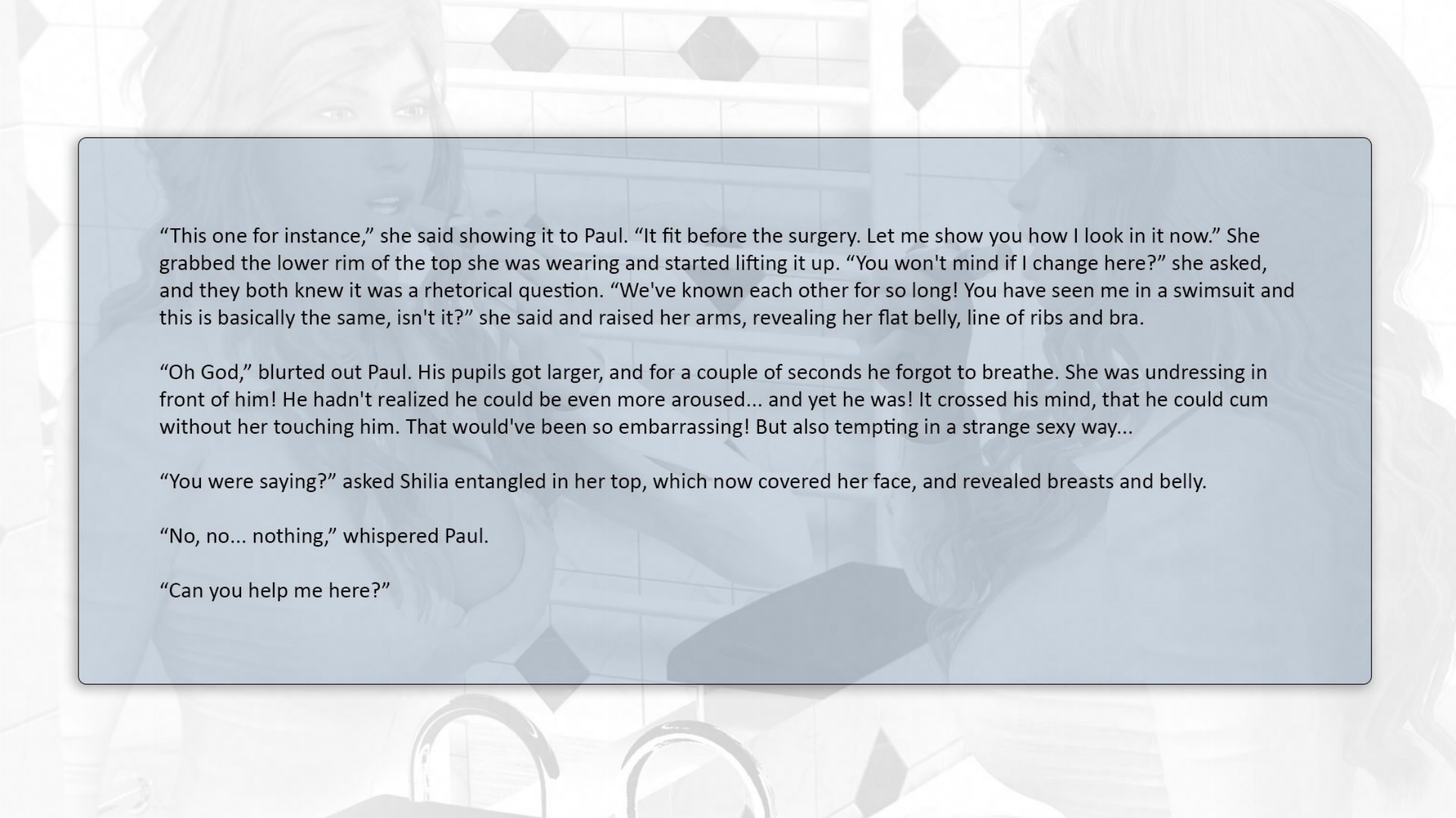




She stood up very quickly before Paul had a chance to react. He was breathing fast. His manhood was still painfully hard and Paul knew that this wouldn't change at all. Not as long as he remained in Shilia's presence. Shilia was now fully aware of her effect on him. Noticing it wasn't difficult at all - he was blushing, kept staring at her cleavage, his voice was different, he had problems with focusing... No wonder she saw it. He was wondering what she was going to do now.

Shilia came back carrying a bunch of clothes, which she threw on the coffee table. Her erect nipples were rubbing against her bra and she was wondering if Paul could see that. Her heart was racing, her head full of ideas. Ideas of how this evening could end up. Even if Shilia knew they weren't very likely to happen, she liked them a lot. So much in fact, that her panties got soaking wet.

She carefully picked up one of the tops.



“This one for instance,” she said showing it to Paul. “It fit before the surgery. Let me show you how I look in it now.” She grabbed the lower rim of the top she was wearing and started lifting it up. “You won't mind if I change here?” she asked, and they both knew it was a rhetorical question. “We've known each other for so long! You have seen me in a swimsuit and this is basically the same, isn't it?” she said and raised her arms, revealing her flat belly, line of ribs and bra.

“Oh God,” blurted out Paul. His pupils got larger, and for a couple of seconds he forgot to breathe. She was undressing in front of him! He hadn't realized he could be even more aroused... and yet he was! It crossed his mind, that he could cum without her touching him. That would've been so embarrassing! But also tempting in a strange sexy way...

“You were saying?” asked Shilia entangled in her top, which now covered her face, and revealed breasts and belly.

“No, no... nothing,” whispered Paul.

“Can you help me here?”



Paul approached her, his knees shaking. He lifted the top up freeing Shilia. Her breasts bounced up and wobbled to the sides. He could now see how extremely large they were. Her skin was smooth and firm. The implants made her breasts very round and unnatural, their tops bulged below Shilia's collarbone and their outer and inner lines were perfectly symmetrical.

Paul wondered what size her bra was. The one she was wearing seemed too small. It squeezed her boobs and made them bulge even more.

"I wasn't able to find a fitting bra," she explained as if she could read his thoughts. "This is a 27F cup, but - as you can see - it's too small. Most stores didn't even have this size! When I asked for a larger one the shop assistants were shocked. It seems there is little demand for such large sizes! Finally someone recommended a good tailor." She picked up the folder that Paul had seen earlier. She was still wearing the same bra. She wanted him to get a good look of her breasts. "I contacted him and asked about the details. He asked me to send him my measurements, hence the tape measure" she explained. "Did you know that my boobs are 38 inches? Before they were only 28. Incredible, isn't it?"

Paul agreed with her completely, but he found it difficult to say anything. His voice was caught in his throat, so he only nodded.

"He will soon make me a bra for my size," she said. "I just wanted to show you how I look in my old clothes!"

She started putting on a top that was clearly too tight. The effort made her moan and sigh. To Paul it was equally adorable and sensuous. She was pulling it slowly down on her body. Inch by inch. Her breasts got squeezed in one place only to bulge in another. When she was pressing them from the top they bulged to the sides, and when she squeezed them from the sides, they formed a sexy cleavage. Shilia's body struggled with the top and Paul was wondering if the fabric would last.



Finally she pulled it on completely. It seemed at least three times too small at breast height. It fit well everywhere else. Shilia was trying to breathe shallowly to keep her chest as flat as possible. The fabric puckered in unexpected places.

“See how I look in this?” she asked.

Paul nodded his head, unable to take his eyes off her sexy body.

Shilia changed again and again presenting a bunch of tops and dresses that were all too small for her. She even tried to put on her old bra, but it was so small it hardly covered anything. The thin shoulder straps bit deep into her skin, and the cups seemed ridiculously small.

“That is why I have to buy some tailor-made clothes,” she explained. “I can't find anything in the stores...”

“Is that a reason to reduce your breasts...?” asked Paul in a pleading voice.

“Oh, that's not all! She said. “There is also their weight. You have no idea how heavy they are. Each weighs almost two and a half pounds, and together that makes almost five pounds! That's a lot for me. Imagine carrying something so heavy on your chest all the time, without the option to put it away! It's very problematic, especially for me, as I am short and slender.

“I imagine it must be tough...” stuttered Paul.

“Do you want to check for yourself?”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.





At that moment something incredible happened. Something that Paul had fantasized and dreamt about. Shilia slowly slid off one of her shoulder-straps. Then the other one. She unfastened her bra, and let him see her breasts in their naked glory.

They were perfect, even more beautiful and arousing than Paul had imagined. Round and absolutely firm. Most of all they were very, very large.



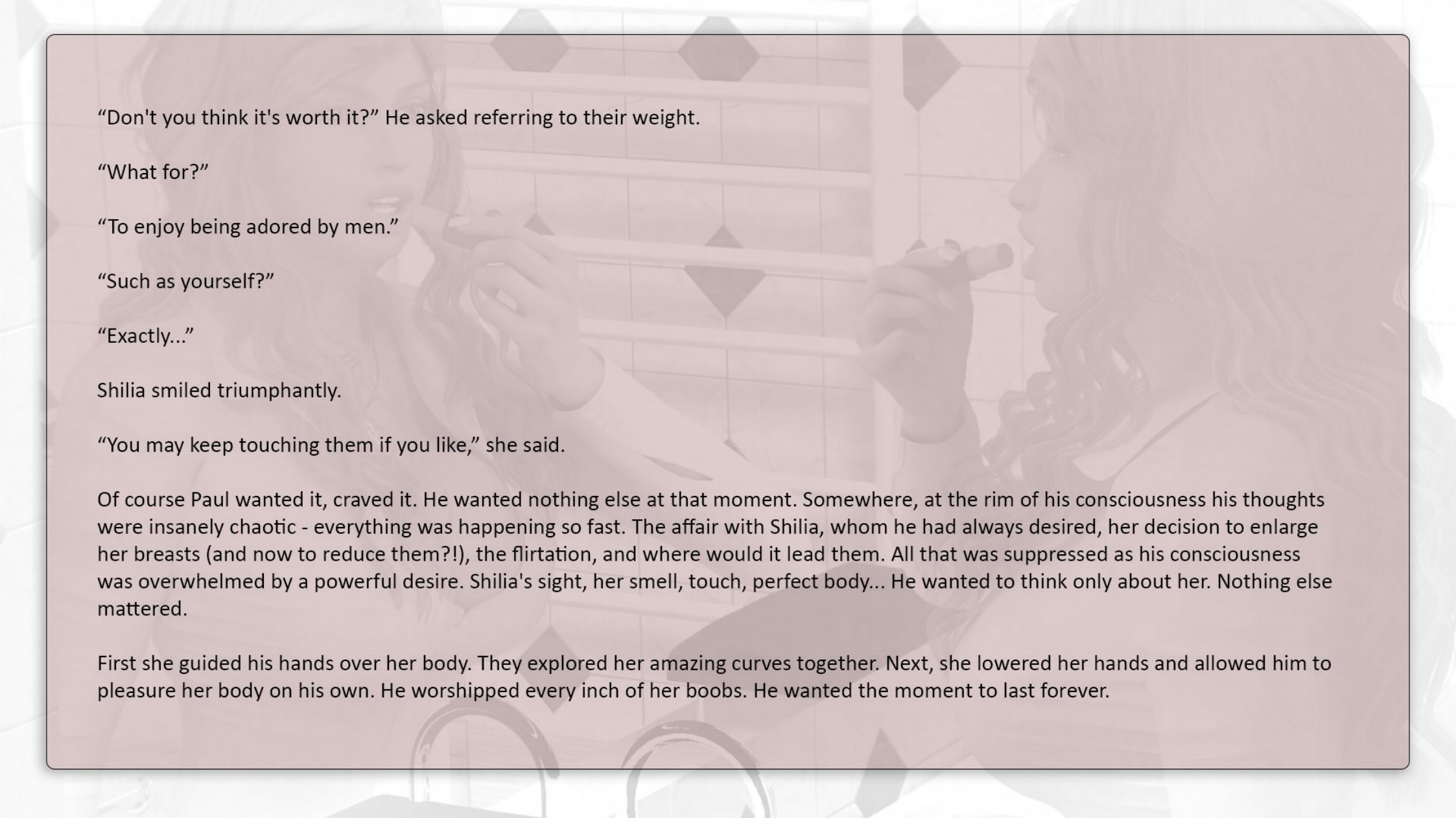
Paul moaned with awe. There was no point trying to mask his arousal.

Shilia watched his face with pleasure and growing excitement. He had never looked at her like this before - with hunger and admiration in his eyes. She felt desired and beautiful.

She approached him and they were standing very close to each other. Her hardened nipples were brushing against his shirt. She took his hands and led them to her breasts. Before his fingers even touched them, he felt warmth radiating from these beauties. It travelled through his arms straight into his rock-hard cock.

Shilia put his hands under her boobs, so that they supported them. He could feel their weight and the softness of the skin.

“Can you feel how heavy they are?” she whispered.



“Don't you think it's worth it?” He asked referring to their weight.

“What for?”

“To enjoy being adored by men.”

“Such as yourself?”

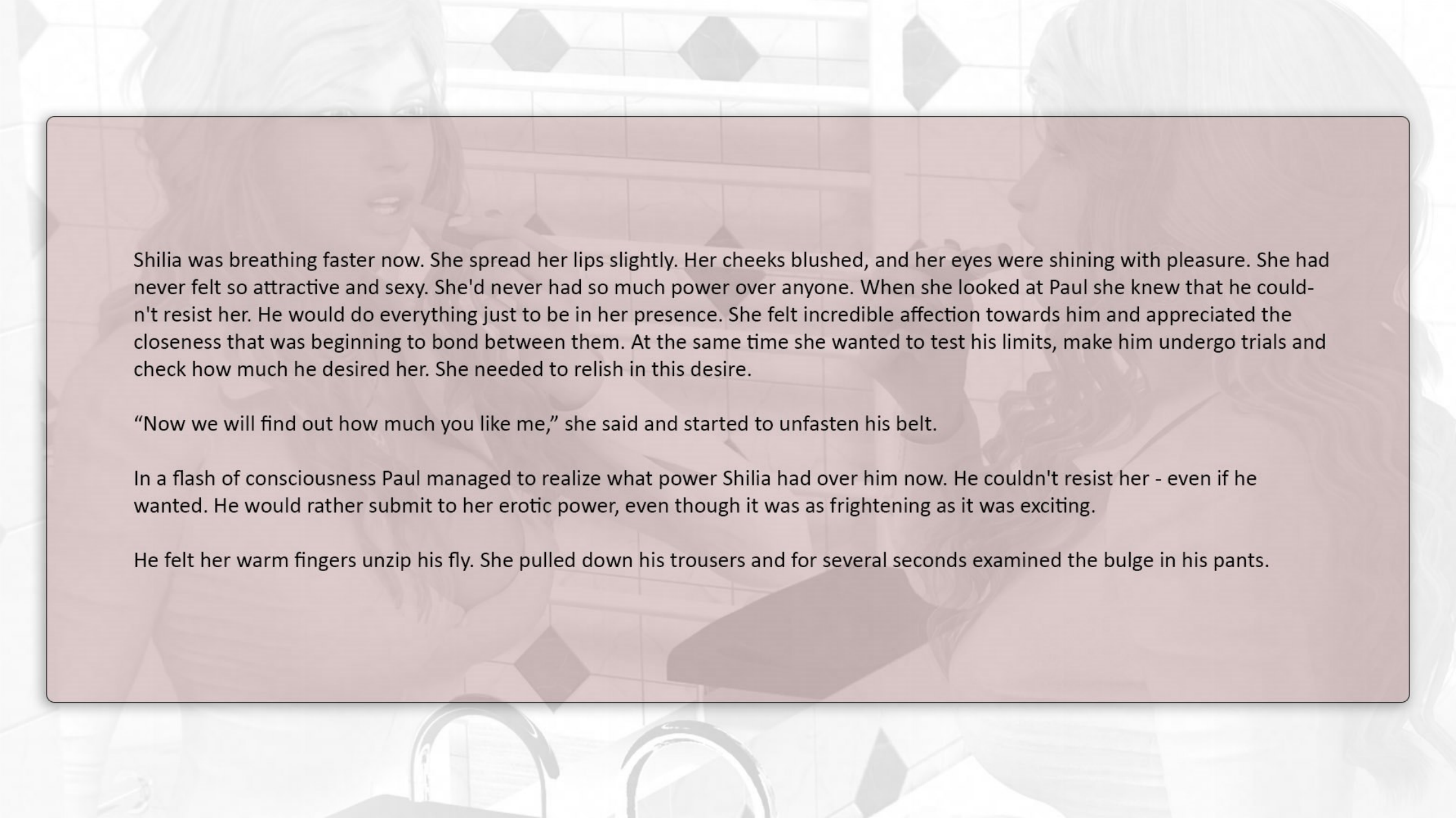
“Exactly...”

Shilia smiled triumphantly.

“You may keep touching them if you like,” she said.

Of course Paul wanted it, craved it. He wanted nothing else at that moment. Somewhere, at the rim of his consciousness his thoughts were insanely chaotic - everything was happening so fast. The affair with Shilia, whom he had always desired, her decision to enlarge her breasts (and now to reduce them?!), the flirtation, and where would it lead them. All that was suppressed as his consciousness was overwhelmed by a powerful desire. Shilia's sight, her smell, touch, perfect body... He wanted to think only about her. Nothing else mattered.

First she guided his hands over her body. They explored her amazing curves together. Next, she lowered her hands and allowed him to pleasure her body on his own. He worshipped every inch of her boobs. He wanted the moment to last forever.

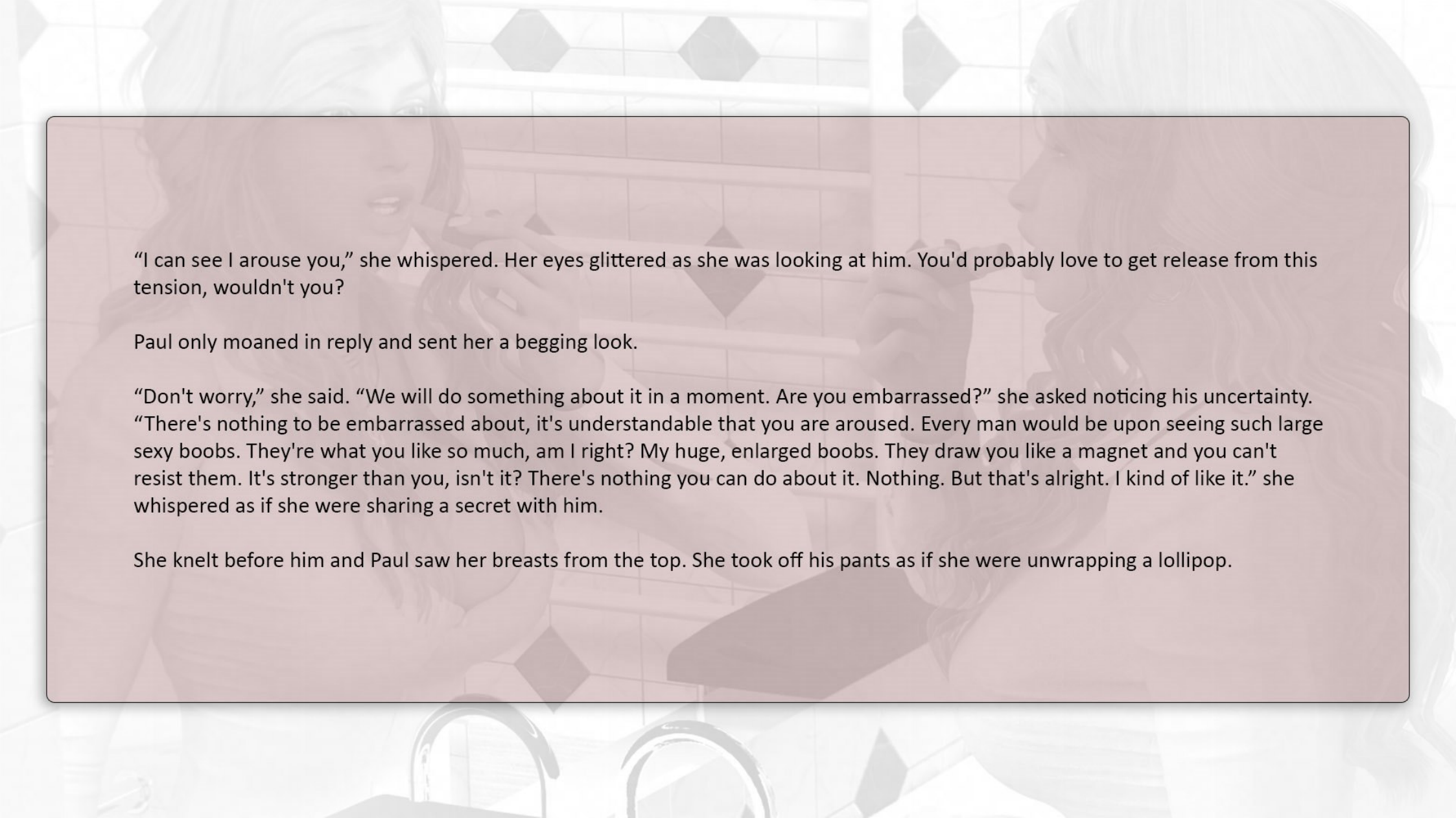


Shilia was breathing faster now. She spread her lips slightly. Her cheeks blushed, and her eyes were shining with pleasure. She had never felt so attractive and sexy. She'd never had so much power over anyone. When she looked at Paul she knew that he couldn't resist her. He would do everything just to be in her presence. She felt incredible affection towards him and appreciated the closeness that was beginning to bond between them. At the same time she wanted to test his limits, make him undergo trials and check how much he desired her. She needed to relish in this desire.

“Now we will find out how much you like me,” she said and started to unfasten his belt.

In a flash of consciousness Paul managed to realize what power Shilia had over him now. He couldn't resist her - even if he wanted. He would rather submit to her erotic power, even though it was as frightening as it was exciting.

He felt her warm fingers unzip his fly. She pulled down his trousers and for several seconds examined the bulge in his pants.



"I can see I arouse you," she whispered. Her eyes glittered as she was looking at him. You'd probably love to get release from this tension, wouldn't you?

Paul only moaned in reply and sent her a begging look.

"Don't worry," she said. "We will do something about it in a moment. Are you embarrassed?" she asked noticing his uncertainty. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about, it's understandable that you are aroused. Every man would be upon seeing such large sexy boobs. They're what you like so much, am I right? My huge, enlarged boobs. They draw you like a magnet and you can't resist them. It's stronger than you, isn't it? There's nothing you can do about it. Nothing. But that's alright. I kind of like it." she whispered as if she were sharing a secret with him.

She knelt before him and Paul saw her breasts from the top. She took off his pants as if she were unwrapping a lollipop.



"You are completely ready now," she said with awe, looking at his hard, swollen cock stretching in front of her. "The mere sight of my enhanced beauty aroused you so much. My large boobs. So large they make my everyday life difficult. I have to struggle with the weight of these hot beauties all the time. My sexy tits that make my clients treat me like a sexual object, and my co-workers constantly gossip about me."

Shilia looked him in the eyes challengingly and started to play with her breasts. She squeezed her symmetrical curves against each other, so that they formed a voluptuous cleavage. She pinched her nipples and caressed her skin.

Paul was looking at her with fascination and fought the ever increasing need to get release from sexual tension, which has been growing in him since he saw her. He wanted to grab his cock and masturbate looking at Shilia's perfect curves.

“Just a moment longer,” she said tenderly, as if she were reading his thoughts.

For a couple of seconds, which to Paul seemed like eternity, she was looking at his manhood. She was admiring her prey. She felt her panties were completely wet. The warmth was radiating from her pussy into her thighs and belly. She wanted Paul more than ever before, and at the same time she wanted to prolong this moment of triumph.

She moved her face towards his cock, and licked it's tip.

Paul was paralysed by sudden pleasure. It was an impulse that pierced his body, and took away his will. He was looking down at Shillia's lips embracing his cock and at her sexy fake boobs.

She licked it and took it ever deeper. She relished in its warmth and listened to Paul's moans with satisfaction.

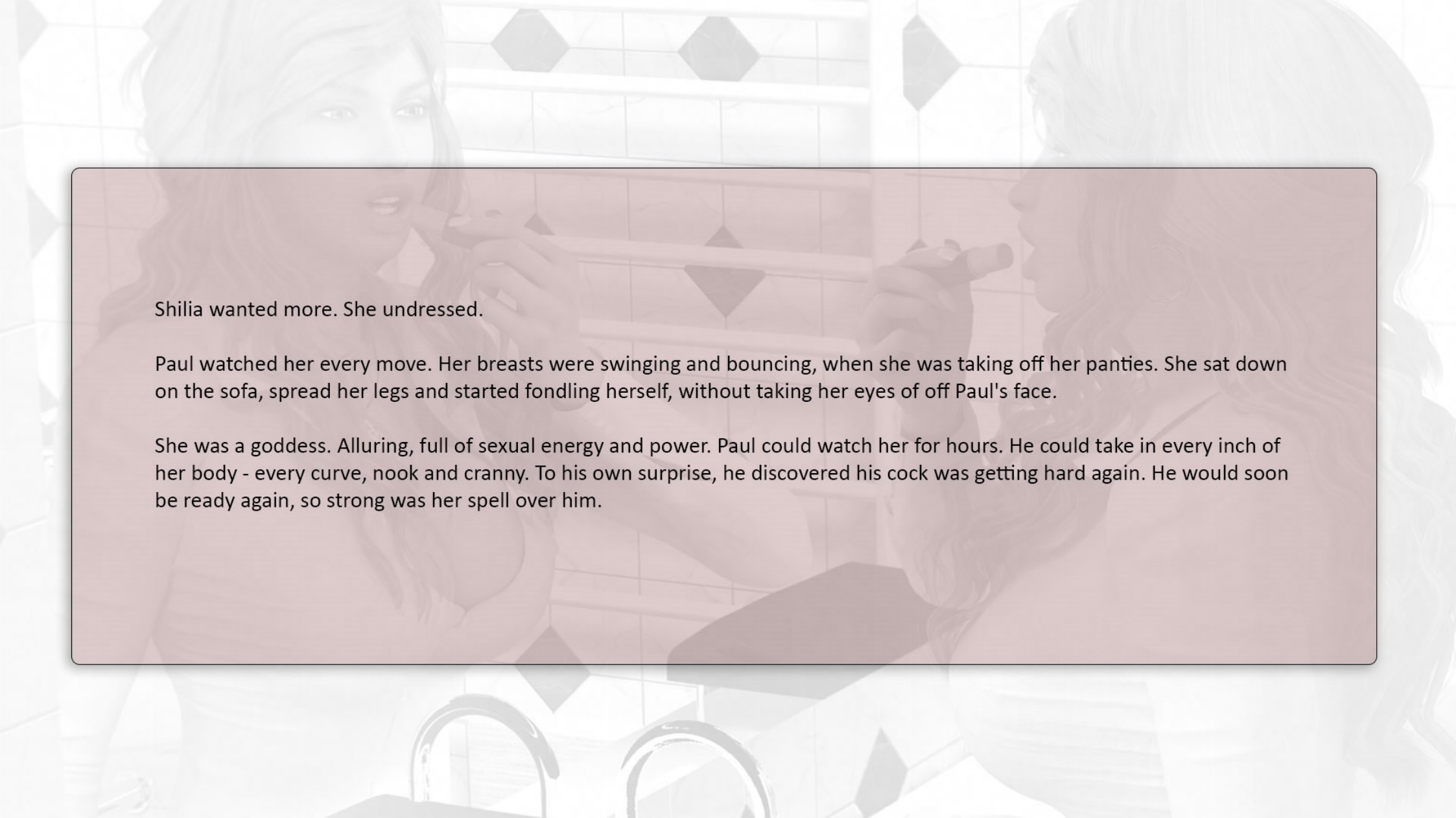
Paul knew he couldn't last much longer. He screamed and came in her mouth. His sperm filled her immediately. She swallowed it all with pleasure. It tasted of victory.





Paul felt relief. His mind was slowly recovering from bliss. He couldn't believe it had all really just happened.

Shilia, stood up, pleased with herself. She had just made Paul climax. She still couldn't believe it.



Shilia wanted more. She undressed.

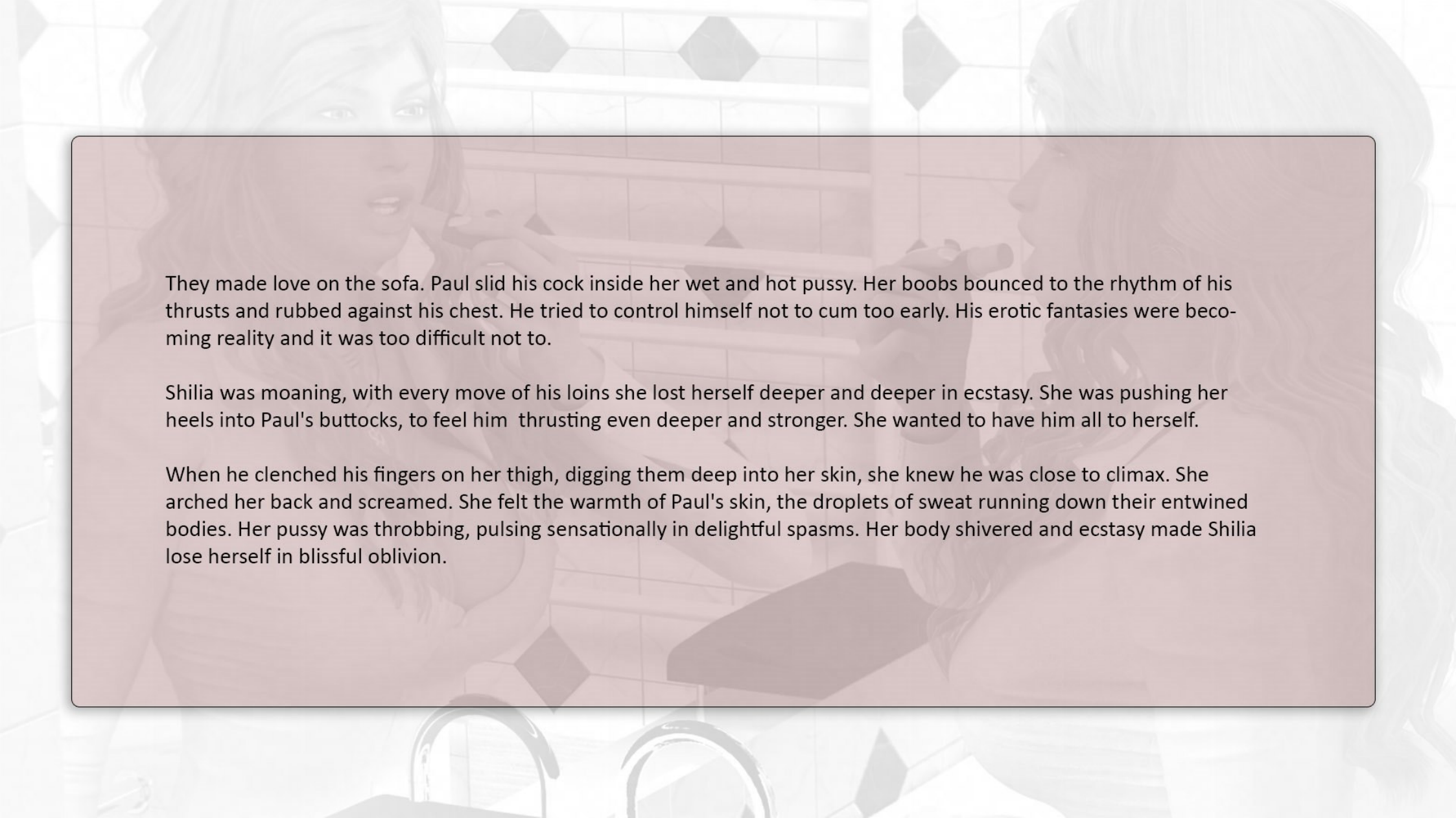
Paul watched her every move. Her breasts were swinging and bouncing, when she was taking off her panties. She sat down on the sofa, spread her legs and started fondling herself, without taking her eyes off Paul's face.

She was a goddess. Alluring, full of sexual energy and power. Paul could watch her for hours. He could take in every inch of her body - every curve, nook and cranny. To his own surprise, he discovered his cock was getting hard again. He would soon be ready again, so strong was her spell over him.

“Come here,” Shilia called him. “I want to have you.”

He obeyed her. Shilia allowed him to watch how she played with herself, and he was getting hornier and hornier. She squeezed her boobs and then circled them with one hand, while the other was busy between her legs. Paul smelled her arousal, saw her wet fingers and craved her.





They made love on the sofa. Paul slid his cock inside her wet and hot pussy. Her boobs bounced to the rhythm of his thrusts and rubbed against his chest. He tried to control himself not to cum too early. His erotic fantasies were becoming reality and it was too difficult not to.

Shilia was moaning, with every move of his loins she lost herself deeper and deeper in ecstasy. She was pushing her heels into Paul's buttocks, to feel him thrusting even deeper and stronger. She wanted to have him all to herself.

When he clenched his fingers on her thigh, digging them deep into her skin, she knew he was close to climax. She arched her back and screamed. She felt the warmth of Paul's skin, the droplets of sweat running down their entwined bodies. Her pussy was throbbing, pulsing sensationally in delightful spasms. Her body shivered and ecstasy made Shilia lose herself in blissful oblivion.



Paul was moving faster and faster, thrusting deep inside Shilla's gushing pussy and clenching his hands on her huge hot boobs. He came several seconds later, pushed to the limit by the sight of climaxing Shilia. He felt his seed fill her hot writhing body.

They collapsed on the couch, resting. They were both under the spell of what had just happened and neither of them asked the question what would follow.

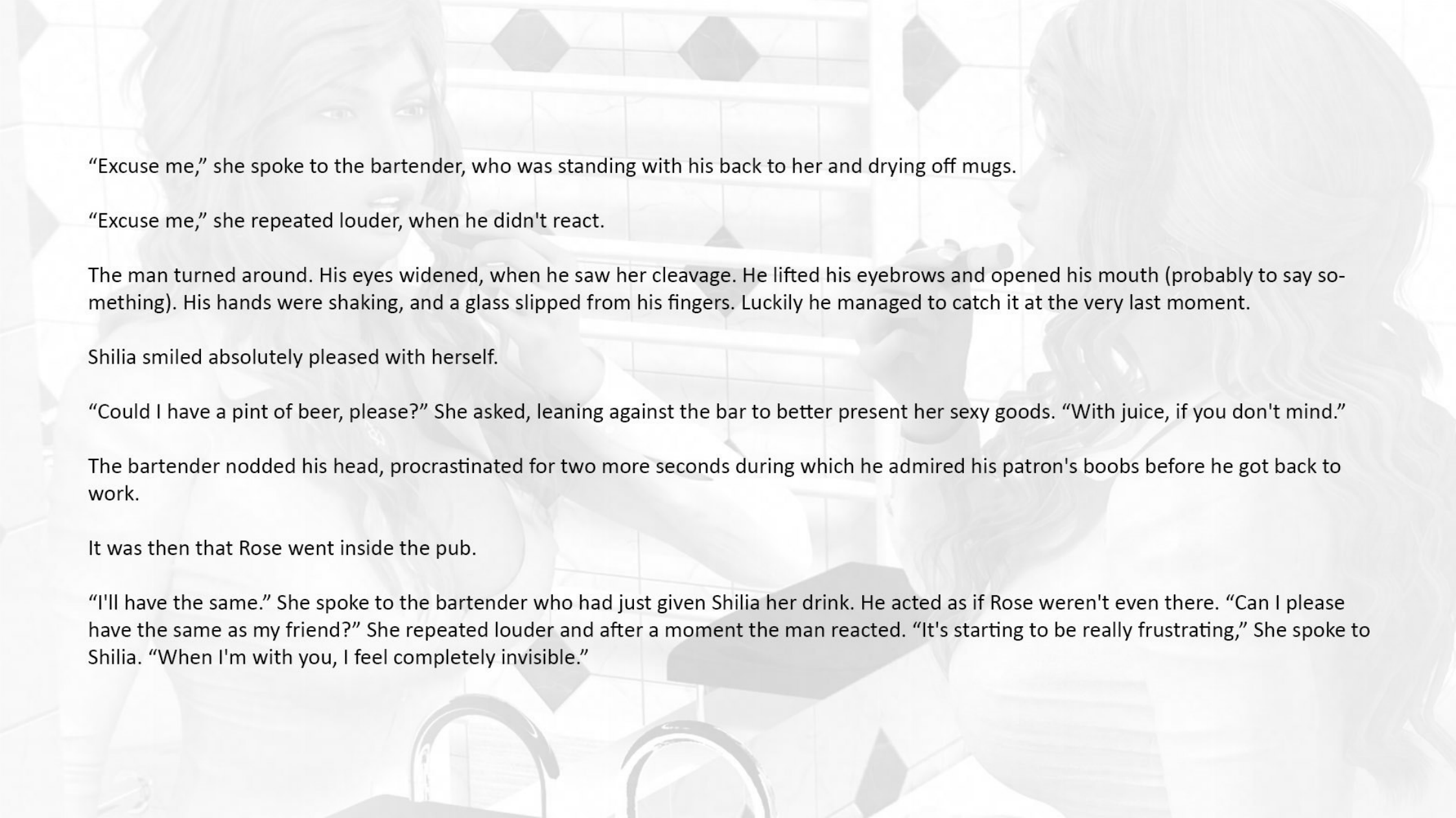
Before & After



Shilia entered the pub. She was a sensation, wherever she appeared. It was no different this time. She walked to the bar and looked around for Rose. She didn't find her friend but she could notice the impression she made on the patrons. Tonight, she wanted to be looked at. She straightened up, pushing her breasts forward so that the fabric of her dress stretched and her boobs bulged over the rim of her neckline. She put on heavy make-up so that the layer of the concealer under her eyes covered the swelling from crying. She carefully fixed her hair, chose her outfit and perfume. She smiled lightly when she noticed how women reacted to her look – they were staring at her exposed cleavage with shock, whispering to each other and checking their partners reactions with anxiety. Meanwhile, all the guys were ogling her with complete fascination. Some of them opened their mouths, others froze with their beer mugs halfway to their mouths. some of them even straightened up and pulled in their bellies unwittingly.

For a moment she basked in the sea of envious and lustful looks.





“Excuse me,” she spoke to the bartender, who was standing with his back to her and drying off mugs.

“Excuse me,” she repeated louder, when he didn't react.

The man turned around. His eyes widened, when he saw her cleavage. He lifted his eyebrows and opened his mouth (probably to say something). His hands were shaking, and a glass slipped from his fingers. Luckily he managed to catch it at the very last moment.

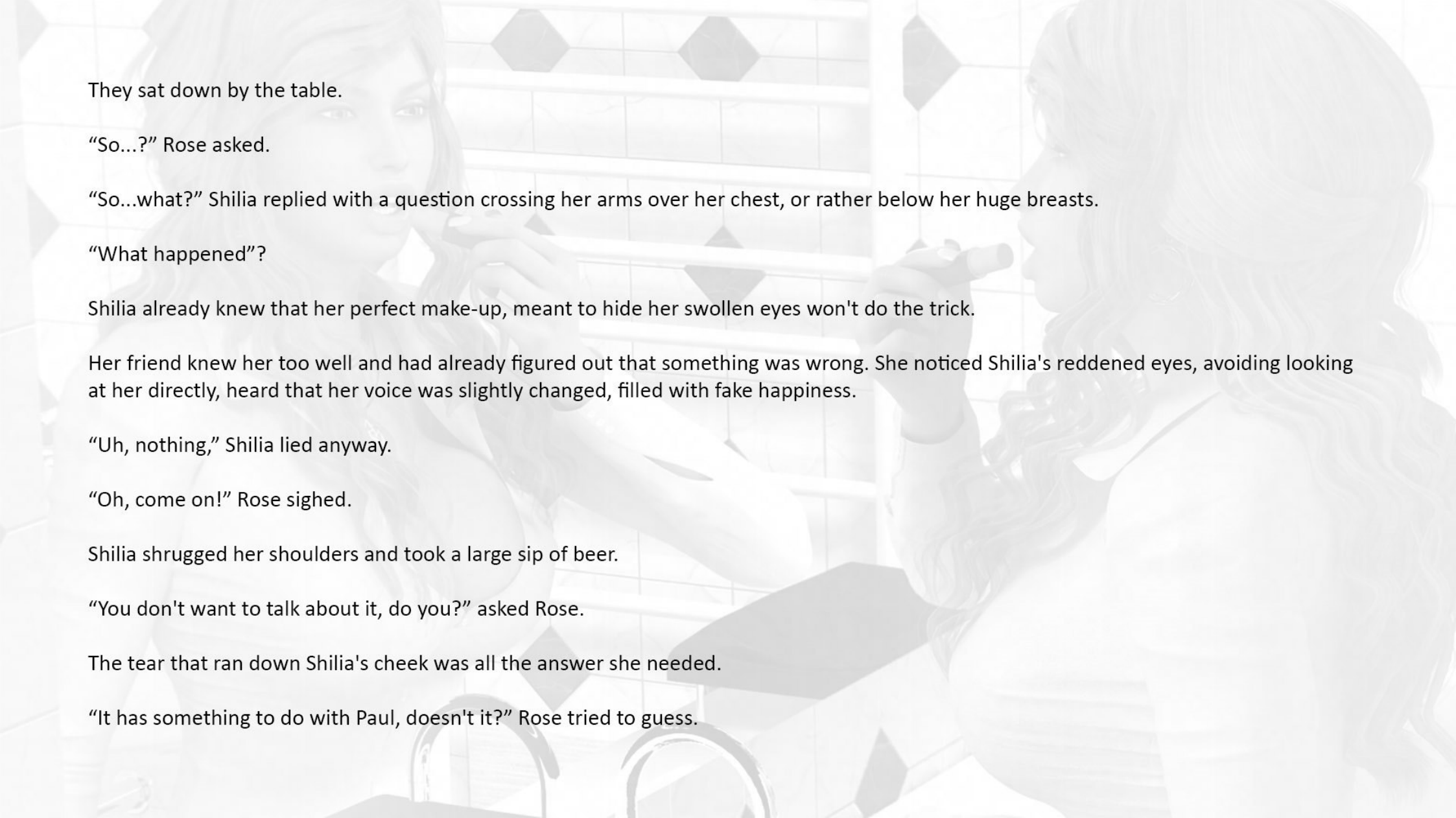
Shilia smiled absolutely pleased with herself.

“Could I have a pint of beer, please?” She asked, leaning against the bar to better present her sexy goods. “With juice, if you don't mind.”

The bartender nodded his head, procrastinated for two more seconds during which he admired his patron's boobs before he got back to work.

It was then that Rose went inside the pub.

“I'll have the same.” She spoke to the bartender who had just given Shilia her drink. He acted as if Rose weren't even there. “Can I please have the same as my friend?” She repeated louder and after a moment the man reacted. “It's starting to be really frustrating,” She spoke to Shilia. “When I'm with you, I feel completely invisible.”



They sat down by the table.

“So...?” Rose asked.

“So...what?” Shilia replied with a question crossing her arms over her chest, or rather below her huge breasts.

“What happened”?

Shilia already knew that her perfect make-up, meant to hide her swollen eyes won't do the trick.

Her friend knew her too well and had already figured out that something was wrong. She noticed Shilia's reddened eyes, avoiding looking at her directly, heard that her voice was slightly changed, filled with fake happiness.

“Uh, nothing,” Shilia lied anyway.

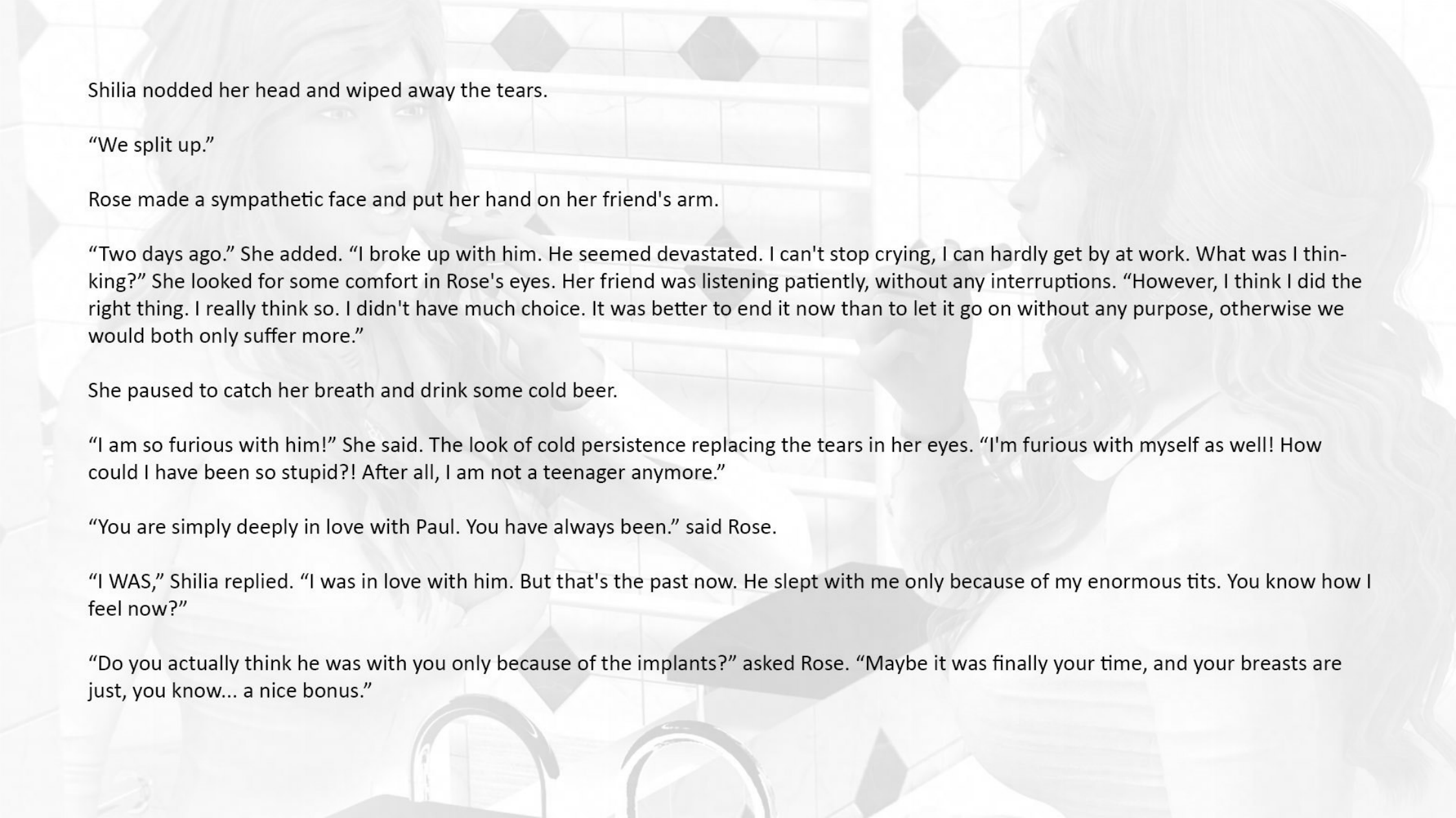
“Oh, come on!” Rose sighed.

Shilia shrugged her shoulders and took a large sip of beer.

“You don't want to talk about it, do you?” asked Rose.

The tear that ran down Shilia's cheek was all the answer she needed.

“It has something to do with Paul, doesn't it?” Rose tried to guess.



Shilia nodded her head and wiped away the tears.

“We split up.”

Rose made a sympathetic face and put her hand on her friend's arm.

“Two days ago.” She added. “I broke up with him. He seemed devastated. I can't stop crying, I can hardly get by at work. What was I thinking?” She looked for some comfort in Rose's eyes. Her friend was listening patiently, without any interruptions. “However, I think I did the right thing. I really think so. I didn't have much choice. It was better to end it now than to let it go on without any purpose, otherwise we would both only suffer more.”

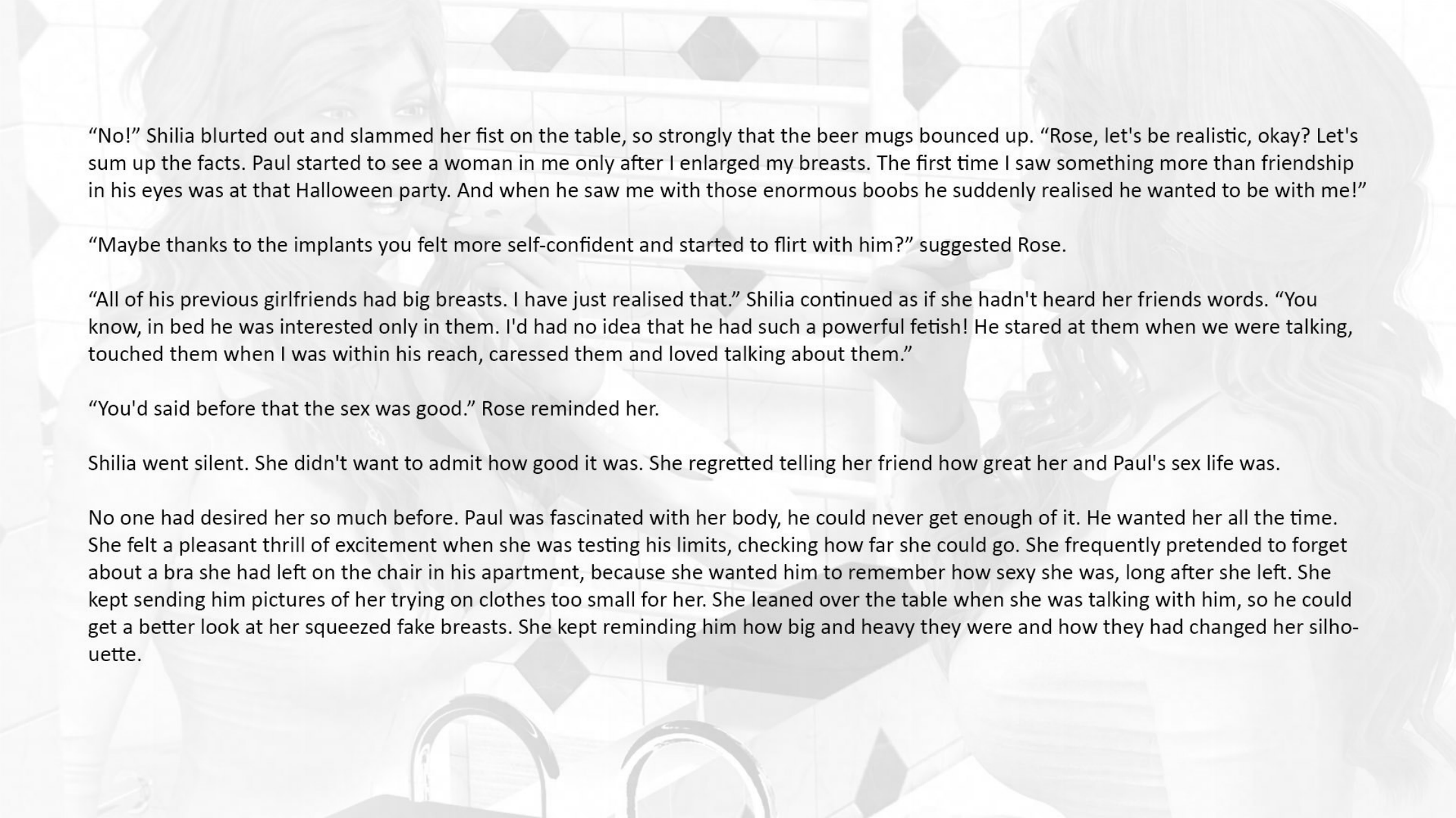
She paused to catch her breath and drink some cold beer.

“I am so furious with him!” She said. The look of cold persistence replacing the tears in her eyes. “I'm furious with myself as well! How could I have been so stupid?! After all, I am not a teenager anymore.”

“You are simply deeply in love with Paul. You have always been.” said Rose.

“I WAS,” Shilia replied. “I was in love with him. But that's the past now. He slept with me only because of my enormous tits. You know how I feel now?”

“Do you actually think he was with you only because of the implants?” asked Rose. “Maybe it was finally your time, and your breasts are just, you know... a nice bonus.”



“No!” Shilia blurted out and slammed her fist on the table, so strongly that the beer mugs bounced up. “Rose, let's be realistic, okay? Let's sum up the facts. Paul started to see a woman in me only after I enlarged my breasts. The first time I saw something more than friendship in his eyes was at that Halloween party. And when he saw me with those enormous boobs he suddenly realised he wanted to be with me!”


“Maybe thanks to the implants you felt more self-confident and started to flirt with him?” suggested Rose.

“All of his previous girlfriends had big breasts. I have just realised that.” Shilia continued as if she hadn't heard her friend's words. “You know, in bed he was interested only in them. I'd had no idea that he had such a powerful fetish! He stared at them when we were talking, touched them when I was within his reach, caressed them and loved talking about them.”

“You'd said before that the sex was good.” Rose reminded her.

Shilia went silent. She didn't want to admit how good it was. She regretted telling her friend how great her and Paul's sex life was.

No one had desired her so much before. Paul was fascinated with her body, he could never get enough of it. He wanted her all the time. She felt a pleasant thrill of excitement when she was testing his limits, checking how far she could go. She frequently pretended to forget about a bra she had left on the chair in his apartment, because she wanted him to remember how sexy she was, long after she left. She kept sending him pictures of her trying on clothes too small for her. She leaned over the table when she was talking with him, so he could get a better look at her squeezed fake breasts. She kept reminding him how big and heavy they were and how they had changed her silhouette.



She loved seeing how arousing all of it was for him, how he couldn't resist her.

Yes, to be completely honest, Shilia abused Paul's fetish. She liked the power that her body gave her. She didn't have such an influence on any of her previous partners.

Besides, Paul was the man she had desired and loved for such a long time. And finally, she got him. She had been dreaming about it since the day they met.

But now? Everything was lost. She felt too angry at Paul, at herself, at this whole situation to remain unbiased.

“I want him to love me, and not my breasts, isn't that obvious?” she asked and the tears welled up in her eyes again. “Am I asking for too much? Why be with someone who appreciates me only for a pair of overly large implants? It makes no sense! I am so angry at him! He gave me hope, fulfilled my dream, and then...” Shillia's voice broke down. She found a tissue and wiped her nose. “... and then it turns out he was only after my breasts. I can't allow him to treat me like an object. I can't.” she repeated as if she were trying to convince herself.

“But something must have happened...” began Rose.

“Yes! Something happened, you bet it happened,” said Shilia frowning. “Without asking my permission he posted my photo on a forum about...” she hesitated. “For fans of big fake breasts. I found out by accident.”


“Oh...” her friend sighed.

“Do you know how he signed it? 'My new boobies,” Shilia's face went red. Her boobs were rising and falling faster now as she was breathing faster. Tears welled up in her eyes and she clenched her teeth and wiped her brow. “Not: 'my new girlfriend', or 'my friend'... anything would've been better... How could he?”

“Shameful,” Rose shook her head. “I wouldn't have expected something like that of him.”

“I'm so angry at him!”





Rose was trying to console her. They talked, had another beer, and then another one. Shilia was drinking too much. She wanted to ease her pain. Alcohol made it dull and it didn't seem so unbearable.

She was drunk. Rose went to the toilet leaving her alone.

Shilia was too embarrassed to tell her friend everything. She didn't mention the visions of revenge she had since they broke up. She imagined she had total control over him. And he couldn't have her. Despite craving her so badly. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

It was then she got the idea to call Paul. She knew she shouldn't do it. She knew she would regret it later, and yet she reached for her mobile and dialled his number. She felt her heart pounding and her breathing getting faster. Her throat went dry, so she took another sip of beer. Her head was swimming and she felt queasy. Paul's voice startled her. She was silent, unable to respond to his 'Hello?'. She couldn't gather her thoughts and wanted to hang up.

“Shilia?” asked Paul. “What's going on?”

"I intend to do it again," she felt a pleasant shiver of excitement as soon as she said it. She imagined how shocked and fascinated Paul must have been, how sick with lust and arousal.

"Are you drunk?"

"I'm sure you're going to like it," she went on. "You'll be crazy about me. No woman will compare to me.

"What are you talking about? Where are you?" kept asking Paul. "Who's there with you?"

"That is no longer any of your business," she replied. Let me tell you there are many men here, they're watching me and can't get enough of my hot breasts.

"Really?"

"I'm going to enlarge them again. They will be enormous. You can't even imagine!

"You wanted to remove the implants," Paul reminded her after a second.

"I'm considering 1500cc, or maybe even 1700cc! I have to ask doctor Powell how large they can be. I'm sure they'll have to be custom made. Can you imagine how I will look then? You think now they're big? Oh no! They'll be even bigger! Unimaginably huge! You won't be able to resist them. You won't be able to think about anything else. You'll desire me and all the time think of how to make me yours!"

"But I already desire you!" assured her Paul.



“Oh, you will crave me even much more than now. Desire me obsessively! I know how much you are infatuated with large boobs, which is why mine will be totally exceptional. You won't be able to resist them, you'll never forget them and I will become your ideal type. The perfect woman, the sexiest in the world - and you know what?”

Paul was silent. He wanted to know if Shilia was really safe and if someone was with her. He was afraid she could do something stupid in such state. Still, he could not quell his growing arousal. What Shilia was promising was so alluring. Even though he realized that she wasn't serious, just drunk, and tomorrow she would regret telling him such things, he imagined what it would be like if...

“You know what?” repeated Shilia. I won't let you have them! You'll be able to look at them and writhe and squirm in an unfulfilled desire. You will masturbate thinking of them. Have sex with other women imagining they are me. You will desire my new gigantic tits like nothing else in the whole world. But you won't have them!

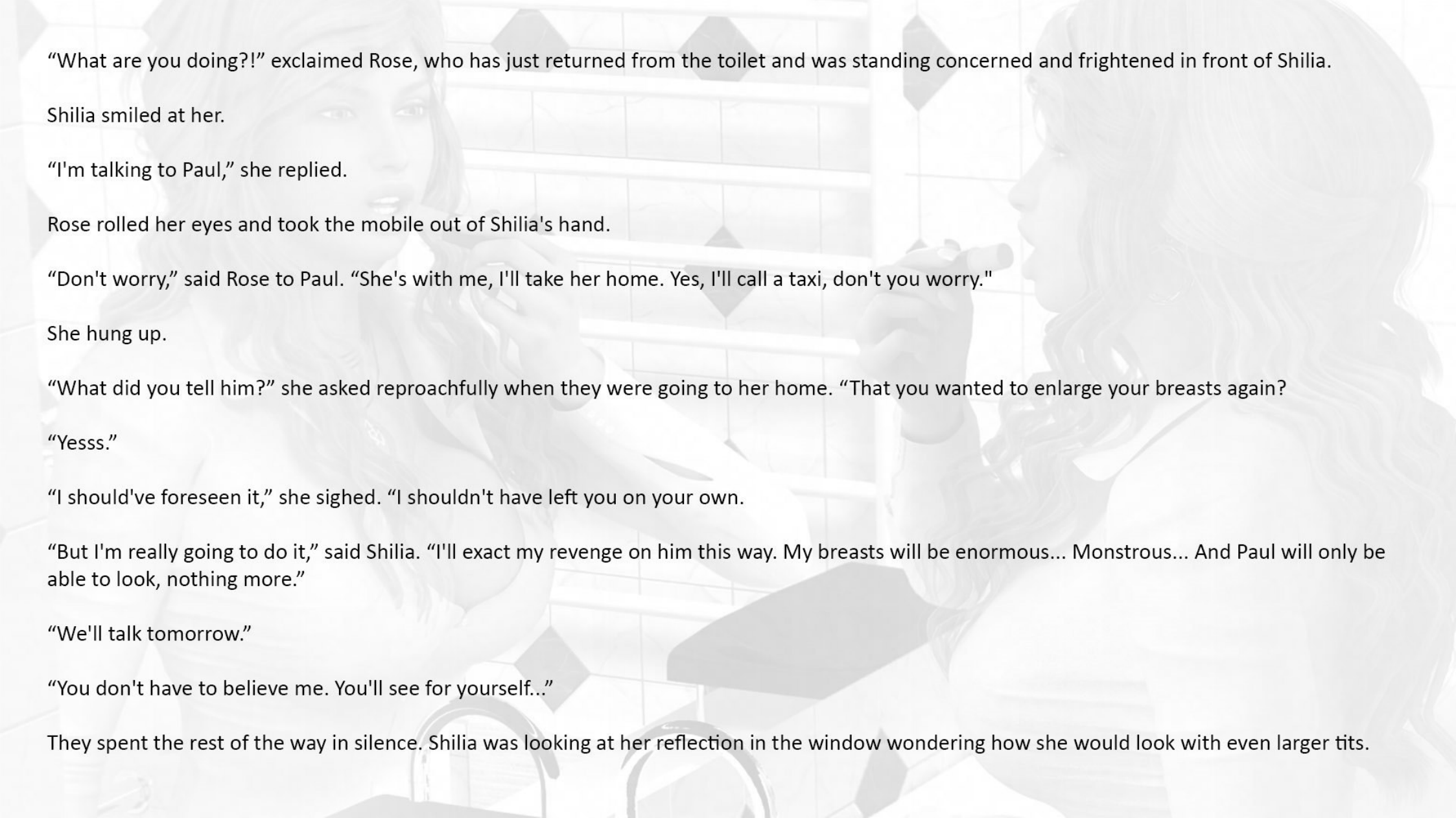
“Shilia, please...” whined Paul.

“They'll be so heavy, I'll be hardly able to lift them. So large that the alphabet will run out of letters to describe my cup. They won't fit in any clothes and I'll have to have everything tailor-made. I'll become the woman with monstrous silicone tits. Your dream girl. Yes, Paul, it'll be so! Can you imagine that?”

“Shilia, I...” began Paul.

“You won't be able to cover them with your arms. I wonder what woman has the largest boobs' size and how many inches it is... Maybe fifty? Or sixty? You know what? I want an even larger one! Maybe if you're very nice to me, I will let you touch them. Would you like to touch them Paul?”





“What are you doing?!” exclaimed Rose, who has just returned from the toilet and was standing concerned and frightened in front of Shilia.

Shilia smiled at her.

“I'm talking to Paul,” she replied.

Rose rolled her eyes and took the mobile out of Shilia's hand.

“Don't worry,” said Rose to Paul. “She's with me, I'll take her home. Yes, I'll call a taxi, don't you worry.”

She hung up.

“What did you tell him?” she asked reproachfully when they were going to her home. “That you wanted to enlarge your breasts again?”

“Yesss.”

“I should've foreseen it,” she sighed. “I shouldn't have left you on your own.”

“But I'm really going to do it,” said Shilia. “I'll exact my revenge on him this way. My breasts will be enormous... Monstrous... And Paul will only be able to look, nothing more.”

“We'll talk tomorrow.”

“You don't have to believe me. You'll see for yourself..”

They spent the rest of the way in silence. Shilia was looking at her reflection in the window wondering how she would look with even larger tits.



END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!