

Dream Bigger

Part 1



Breast expansion
Lip expansion
Bimbo outfits
Teasing
Big boobs problems

Dream Bigger Part 1

Breast expansion
Lip expansion
Bimbo outfits
Teasing
Big boobs problems



Breath Taking!

Writer: Szyla
Illustrator: Zych

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

Customers rarely appeared in the store with men's watches and other accessories in which Layla worked. Sometimes she wondered if this was due to its bad location, a rather unattractive range of merchandise or, perhaps, poor marketing strategy. At times she even thought that maybe she was somehow scaring away the potential buyers.

Now she was hopefully watching a customer, despite late afternoon hours the first one of the day. He was trying on one of their expensive watches.

"It suits you perfectly," she encouraged him. "Makes you look really smart."

The man frowned doubtfully.

"Well... I don't know. I need something much more..." he hesitated, searching for the right word. "Sexy."



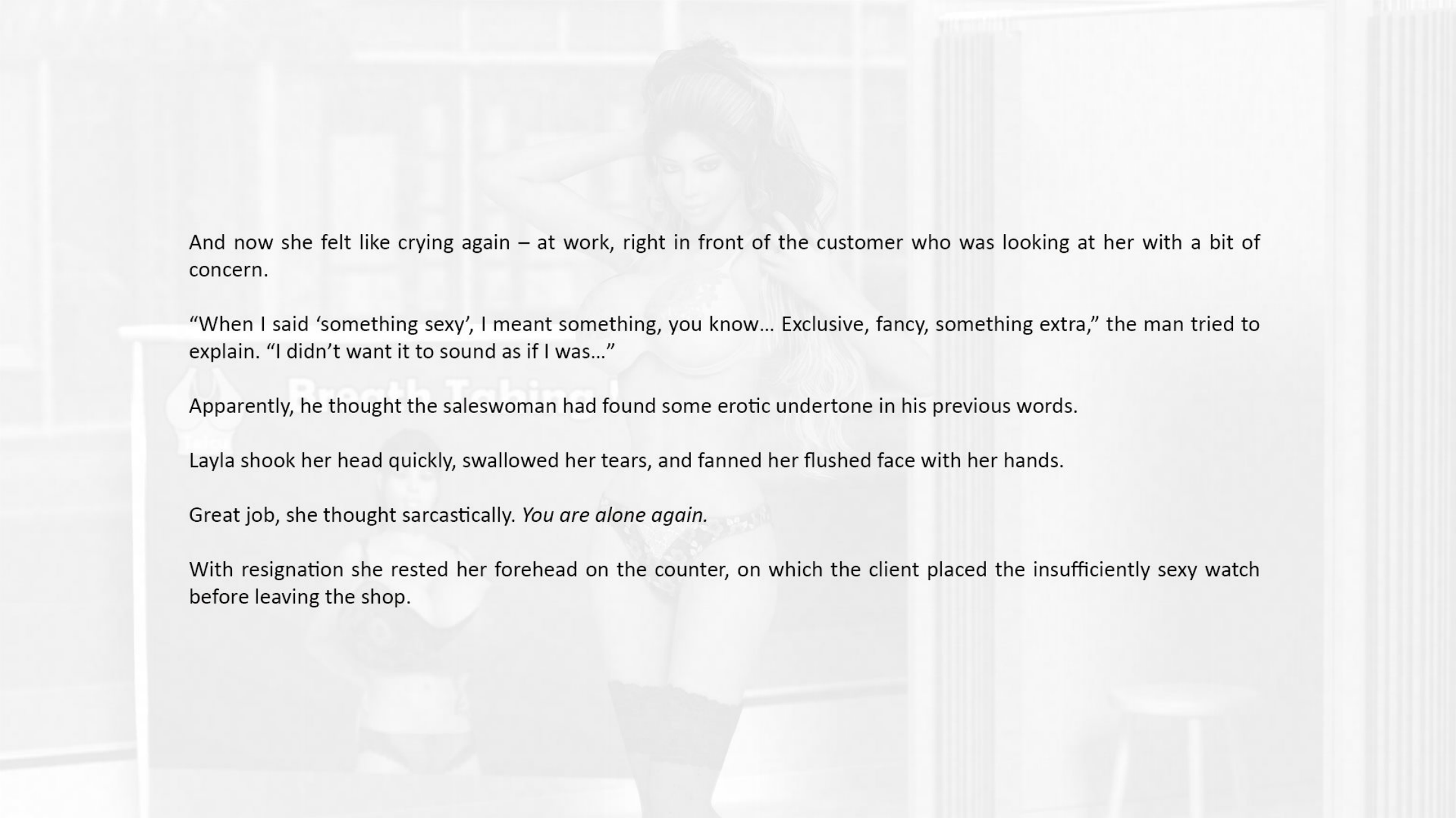


Layla's smile became mechanical and tense, as she was overwhelmed by a wave of anger and resentment that was much stronger than the situation would justify.

Her ex-boyfriend had also needed something "sexier", which was why he didn't hesitate to reach out for it, as Layla discovered a couple of days before, finding foolproof evidence of his betrayal on his cell: explicit text messages and nude photos of a girl with an attractive figure. Layla's attention was especially drawn to her proud, seductive gaze and full, rounded breasts, which simply had to be artificial.

The worst thing seemed to be that Timothy didn't even try to hide the whole thing. "I thought we had an open relationship," he insisted. "We didn't promise anything to each other, did we?"

From the very beginning, Layla had sensed that their affair would end up like that. Could anyone, and especially someone as attractive as Timothy, really love her and stay loyal to her?



And now she felt like crying again – at work, right in front of the customer who was looking at her with a bit of concern.

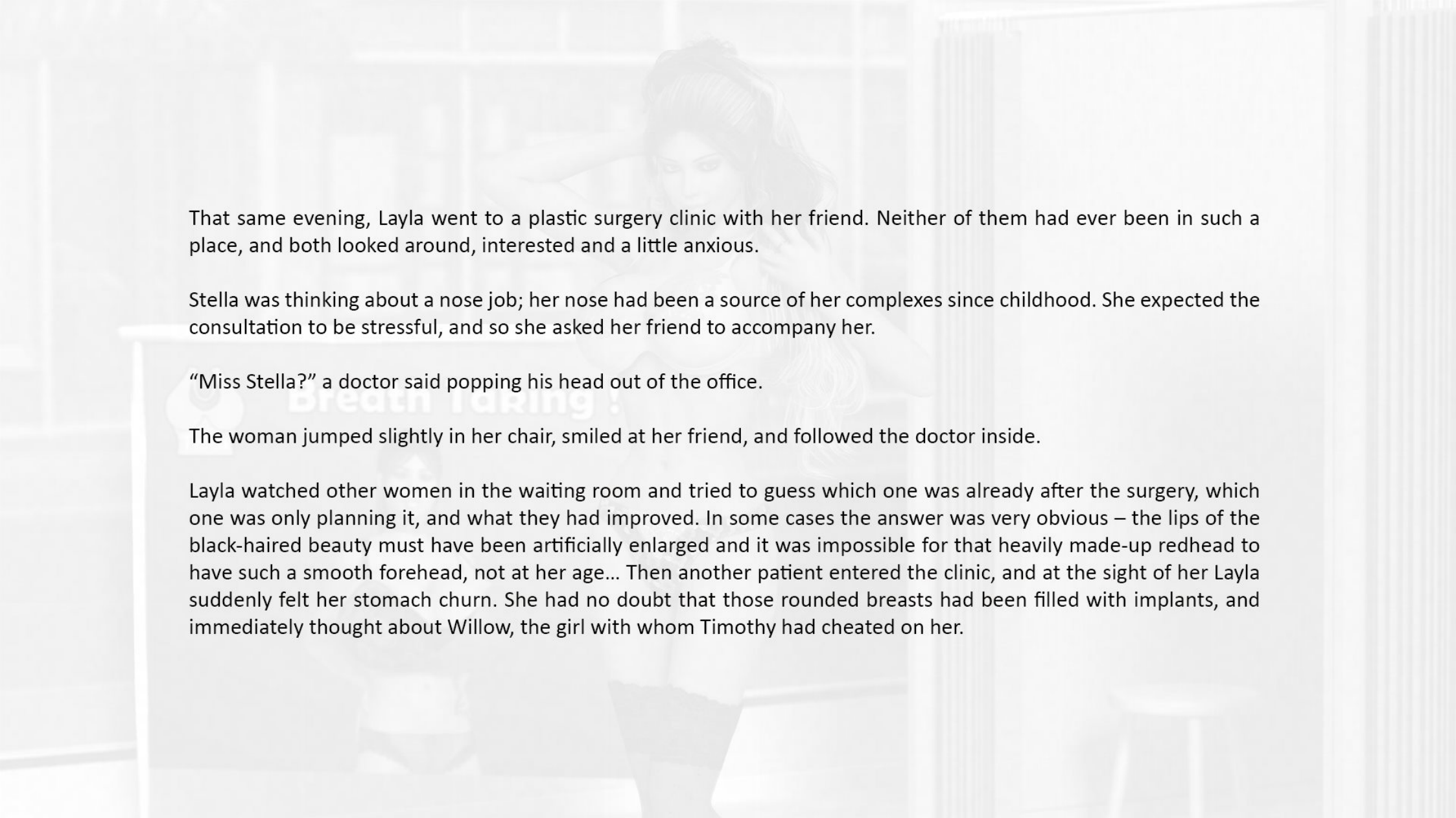
“When I said ‘something sexy’, I meant something, you know... Exclusive, fancy, something extra,” the man tried to explain. “I didn’t want it to sound as if I was...”

Apparently, he thought the saleswoman had found some erotic undertone in his previous words.

Layla shook her head quickly, swallowed her tears, and fanned her flushed face with her hands.

Great job, she thought sarcastically. *You are alone again.*

With resignation she rested her forehead on the counter, on which the client placed the insufficiently sexy watch before leaving the shop.



That same evening, Layla went to a plastic surgery clinic with her friend. Neither of them had ever been in such a place, and both looked around, interested and a little anxious.

Stella was thinking about a nose job; her nose had been a source of her complexes since childhood. She expected the consultation to be stressful, and so she asked her friend to accompany her.

“Miss Stella?” a doctor said popping his head out of the office.

The woman jumped slightly in her chair, smiled at her friend, and followed the doctor inside.

Layla watched other women in the waiting room and tried to guess which one was already after the surgery, which one was only planning it, and what they had improved. In some cases the answer was very obvious – the lips of the black-haired beauty must have been artificially enlarged and it was impossible for that heavily made-up redhead to have such a smooth forehead, not at her age... Then another patient entered the clinic, and at the sight of her Layla suddenly felt her stomach churn. She had no doubt that those rounded breasts had been filled with implants, and immediately thought about Willow, the girl with whom Timothy had cheated on her.

She heard the woman introduce herself to the receptionist.

“Dana Cohl. I have an appointment at half past one.”

Layla bit her lip and frowned because she realized that she had met this woman somewhere, she just couldn't remember where and how... In her memories, Dana didn't yet have those breast implants which now created sexy bulges above the neckline of her top. She used to be a slightly stooping, shy little mouse, always embarrassed when she had to look people in the eye. Presently, this woman kept her back straight, proudly pushing forward her artificial breasts. She spoke in a strong, melodious voice and radiated an aura of confidence. Could it really be the same person?

Layla and those few men who were also sitting in the waiting room watched the body and movements of the newcomer with growing fascination.

Dana seemed aware of that, and vivid interest of the people around her seemed to please her.

Layla closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it might be like to feel that way. To evoke desire, admiration and painful longing... A pleasant shiver went through her and an involuntary, blissful smile appeared on her face.



Stella's voice shook her out of her reverie. The friend had just left the office.

"Shall we go for a drink?" she asked. "You must tell me everything about that jerk, Timothy."

Layla sighed, casting one more curious glance at Dana, who was entering the doctor's office at that moment.

When the two friends were walking towards the bar, Stella excitedly related the details of her consultation:

"...that it's a good idea, because I've had these complexes for so many years and I almost accepted the fact that I have to feel that way, but it simply isn't true!"

Layla nodded, trying to focus on her friend's words. She was tired, resigned and really wanted to have that favorite drink of hers.

Finally, they reached the bar and Layla immediately placed the order.

"Unfortunately, we've run out of lime," the bartender said indifferently.

"How can you be out of lime?" Layla was annoyed. "In that case, maybe you should send someone to get it?"

"I'm sorry, but all employees are busy right now," the bartender replied.

"Let's just have something else," Stella tried to calm her down. "How about a beer?"

Layla sighed and clasped the bridge of her nose between her fingers to get hold of herself.

"Okay, no problem," she agreed. "But I've dreamed of a daiquiri all day long..."

With their two beers they sat at a table near the bar. Stella asked her about Timothy in a soft voice, and Layla set about relating her story, full of loose threads and unnecessary details about his betrayal. She was simply rambling, really.

“He wasn’t worth you, my dear,” Stella comforted her.

“Oh, I’m not so sure about it at all...” Layla confessed.

“He’s a bastard and that’s it!”

“Maybe I wasn’t good enough for him?” Layla wondered.

“How can you even say that?!”

“You know, the worst thing is that I really fell in love with him...”

She paused because her whole attention focused on a woman who had just entered the bar.

Stella followed her friend’s gaze and gasped loudly.

Dana confidently gazed around the room, threw back her hair and, proudly erect, gracefully walked up to the bar, her high heels clicking on the floor.

Layla stared at her round breasts, squeezed under a sexy top.

“They must be artificial, right?” Stella asked in a whisper.

“Oh, yes...”



“She went into the doctor’s office right after my visit,” Stella added. “Those bored guys in the waiting room visibly perked up at her sight.”

“It wasn’t just guys,” Layla corrected her. “I was staring at her, too. Now all attention focuses on her again.”

Layla was right. Dana had an erotic aura about her that no one could remain indifferent to.

“I wonder how heavy her breasts are,” Stella whispered.

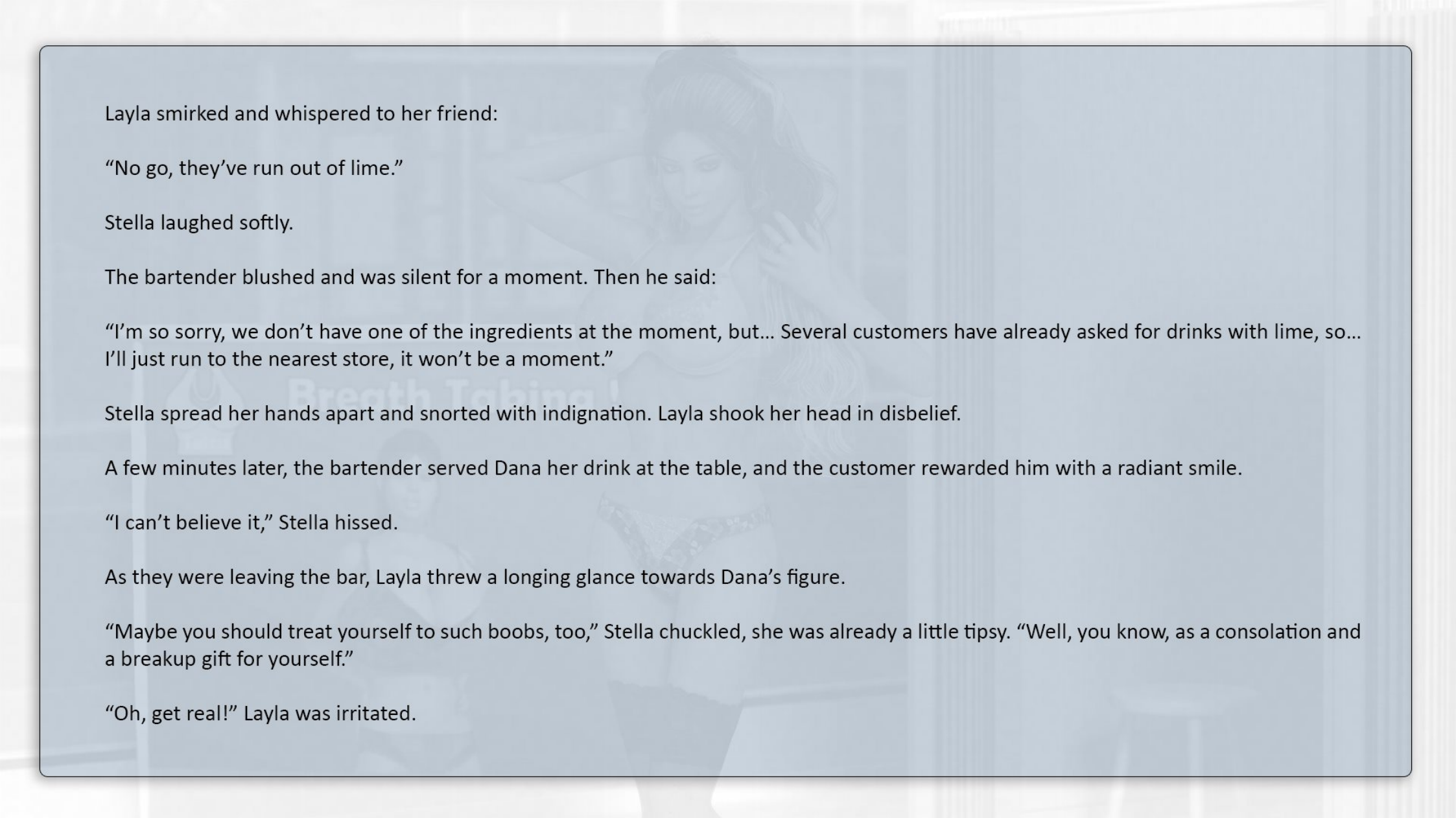
“I’ve no idea... They must weigh a lot... They are so big!”

“But these guys want her,” Stella remarked. “See, how they look at her? Probably most of them are already hard and ready. They are lucky to be sitting at the tables, so no one can see anything,” she giggled.

“Well... Willow has implants, too,” Layla sighed. “Surely, Tim was getting a hard-on just seeing her, not like with me... I told you how much I had to work to make him really hard?”

Stella looked at her friend sympathetically.

“A mojito, please,” Dana said, leaning her fake breasts on the bar.



Layla smirked and whispered to her friend:

“No go, they’ve run out of lime.”

Stella laughed softly.

The bartender blushed and was silent for a moment. Then he said:

“I’m so sorry, we don’t have one of the ingredients at the moment, but... Several customers have already asked for drinks with lime, so... I’ll just run to the nearest store, it won’t be a moment.”

Stella spread her hands apart and snorted with indignation. Layla shook her head in disbelief.

A few minutes later, the bartender served Dana her drink at the table, and the customer rewarded him with a radiant smile.

“I can’t believe it,” Stella hissed.

As they were leaving the bar, Layla threw a longing glance towards Dana’s figure.

“Maybe you should treat yourself to such boobs, too,” Stella chuckled, she was already a little tipsy. “Well, you know, as a consolation and a breakup gift for yourself.”

“Oh, get real!” Layla was irritated.

“Why the hell not? I can see how you look at this woman, at this... Dana, right? Just imagine yourself having such heavy, round breasts that don’t fit into any of your blouses! Carrying your head high because you are so proud of them, so sure of your own attractiveness...”

“Come on, stop it already!” Layla protested.

“Two large, sexy tits, filled with implants, and between them this stunning groove... What do you think?”

“Maybe you should do it yourself if you’re so enthusiastic about it?” Layla shot back.

“I wonder how Timothy would react! Oh, he’d get really mad at himself for cheating on you!”

Stunned by emotions and alcohol, Layla considered her friend’s words for a moment. Yeah, Timothy would definitely regret his behavior and probably try to do everything to get her back.

“Should I take revenge on him that way?” Layla asked in a playful tone of voice.

Stella shrugged her shoulders.

“And why not?”

Layla laughed and shook her head. Even if now, after a few beers, the idea seemed intriguing to her, she knew that in the morning, when she was sober, she’d consider the whole thing ridiculous.

Timothy felt that he hadn't behaved quite fair towards Layla. He should have clearly and openly informed her at the start that he was also seeing other women.

He was convinced that their relationship was nothing serious – fun, sex and some conversation over drinks – which is why her violent reaction after discovering his “betrayal” shocked him quite strongly. Only then did he realize that this small, mousy girl fell in love with him.

Better that it all ended quickly, he thought, because he had no intention of being with anyone on an exclusive basis. There were so many beautiful girls around him, how was he to decide to stay with just one?

Soon he stopped thinking about Layla and focused on those other women. Most of them at some point expected him to commit and get serious, which effectively discouraged him. Willow, who shared his penchant for freedom and good fun, was an exception.

It was her who absorbed all his attention that day. She'd sent him a text that prevented him from focusing on his job and throughout the working day he aimlessly stared at the monitor, trying to figure out what Willow meant when she wrote: “We must meet today! I want to see how you react to my new look. You'll definitely like it because I am very sexy now! ;)”

His heart beating fast and his face flushed, he stared at that veiled message. He tried to get more details from Willow, but she enjoyed herself greatly, teasing him and avoiding a straightforward answer. “Come to Teicu today at 7 p.m. and you'll see for yourself,” she texted him back.

Timothy knew that Teicu was a boutique selling large size bras that Willow liked to go to since her breast augmentation surgery.

When he reached Teicu, Willow was already there, trying on a bra behind one of the curtains.

“Can you come out for a moment?” he asked in a slightly hoarse voice. “I'd like to say hello properly... And see that surprise of yours.”

“Just a second!” Willow called back.

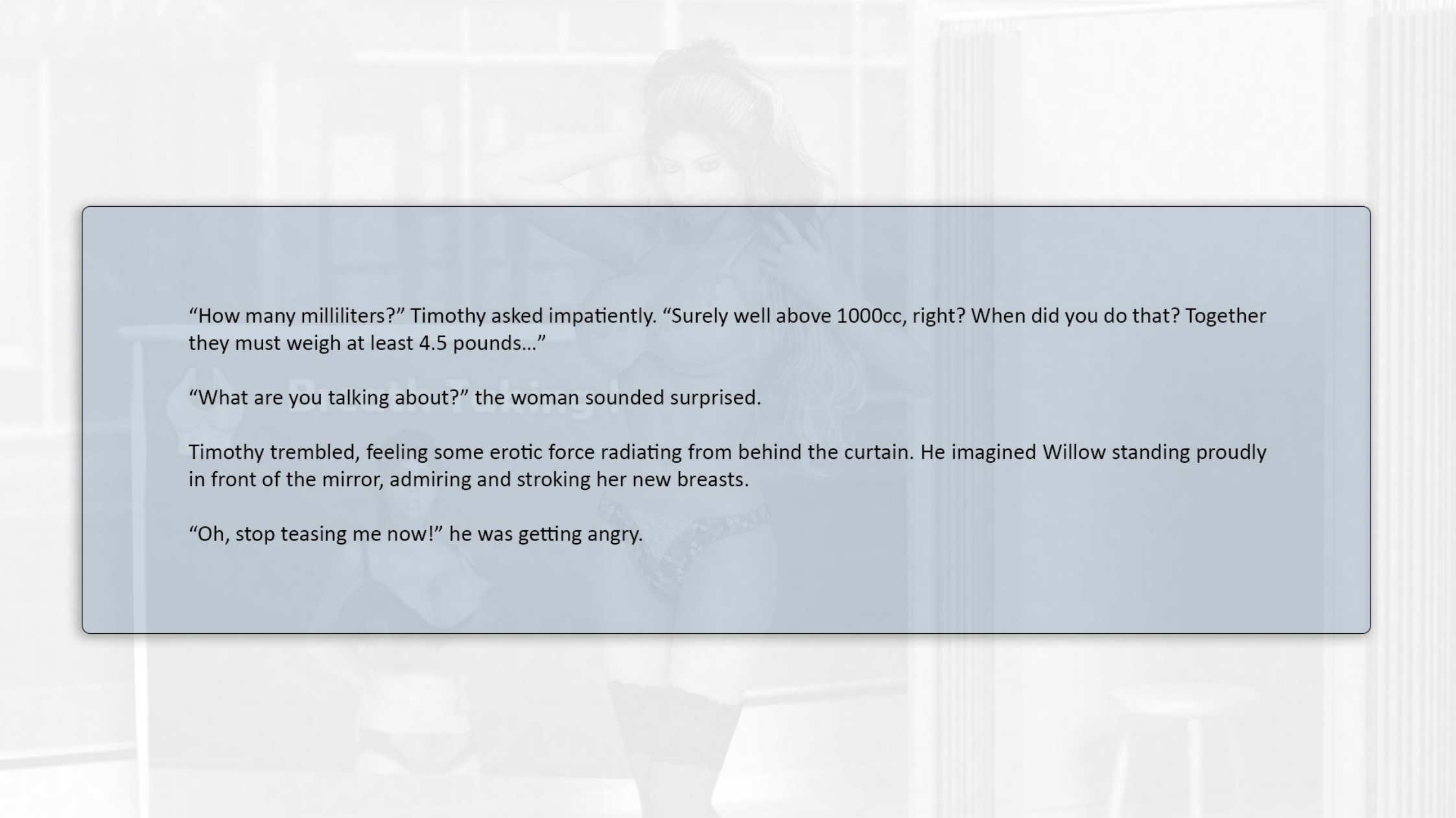
Timothy started pacing back and forth impatiently, until his eyes fell on the bras hanging on the hooks next to the curtain. Some were the size Willow usually wore, but there were a few much larger ones. Timothy held his breath and took one of them into his hands. It was so huge! How big and heavy her breasts must have become if such a big bra looked good on her? How many milliliters did she add to her implants? How many pounds of weight did she gain?

“Does this huge bra have anything to do with the change in appearance you wrote to me about?” he asked.

In his mind’s eye Willow’s breasts grew bigger and bigger, heavier and sexier. He’d never touched such a big breast... He wanted to go home with her immediately, throw her onto the bed and fuck her. Or maybe they could do it here, in the fitting room?

“What?” Willow laughed.





“How many milliliters?” Timothy asked impatiently. “Surely well above 1000cc, right? When did you do that? Together they must weigh at least 4.5 pounds...”

“What are you talking about?” the woman sounded surprised.

Timothy trembled, feeling some erotic force radiating from behind the curtain. He imagined Willow standing proudly in front of the mirror, admiring and stroking her new breasts.

“Oh, stop teasing me now!” he was getting angry.

With a rapid gesture, he drew the curtain aside and starved at her silhouette with hungry eyes. He froze for a few seconds, disappointment written all over his face.

“My hair,” Willow explained, combing her luxuriant mane. “Blond! Just how you like it. Sexy isn’t it?”

She looked at him, expecting compliments.

“What is going on?” she asked after a while. “I was sure you’d like it.”

Her voice showed that she felt slighted.

“Oh, yes,” Timothy said. “They are very pretty. Really, very pretty.”

“Why did you talk about milliliters?” Willow wondered. “And why are you holding this huge bra?”

“I...” Timothy began, having no idea what to say next.





At that moment, the curtain to the adjacent fitting room moved aside, and Layla stepped out.

The wave of erotic energy radiating from her body was so intense that Timothy took a step backwards.

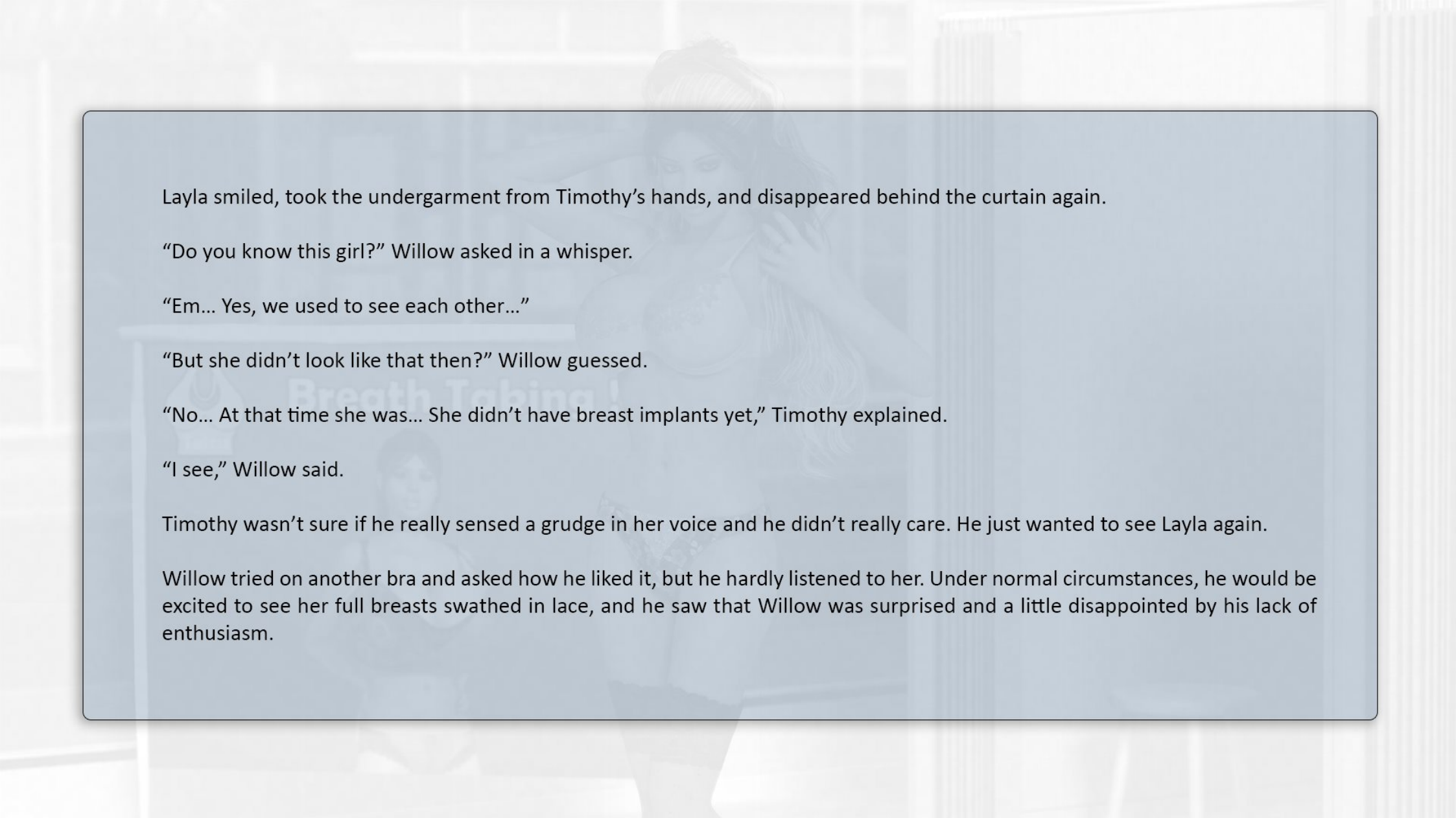
“Oh, dear...” Willow sighed and covered her mouth with her hand.

Layla stood in front of them in her underwear, proudly presenting her new breasts, filled with impressive implants.

Timothy didn’t remember ever seeing her so pleased with herself.

“Can you give me that bra?” she asked, pointing to the garment in his hand. “I’d like to try it on.” Her voice was loud and clear, her tone resolute.

Timothy mechanically handed her the bra. He was still looking at her full, round breasts and had the impression that he would never be able to take his eyes off them.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a blue dress, is looking down at a bra she is holding in her hands. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window and a sign that says "Breath Taking!".

Layla smiled, took the undergarment from Timothy's hands, and disappeared behind the curtain again.

"Do you know this girl?" Willow asked in a whisper.

"Em... Yes, we used to see each other..."

"But she didn't look like that then?" Willow guessed.

"No... At that time she was... She didn't have breast implants yet," Timothy explained.

"I see," Willow said.

Timothy wasn't sure if he really sensed a grudge in her voice and he didn't really care. He just wanted to see Layla again.

Willow tried on another bra and asked how he liked it, but he hardly listened to her. Under normal circumstances, he would be excited to see her full breasts swathed in lace, and he saw that Willow was surprised and a little disappointed by his lack of enthusiasm.

“Do you like her huge breasts that much?” she whispered.

“They’re very sexy,” Timothy said hoarsely.

“You’ve never looked at me with such delight,” Willow said. “I knew you liked big breasts, but I had no idea that you liked them quite so much!” In her voice he could hear curiosity and a slight note of triumph, as if she had just discovered his weak spot. “You like such massive, artificial, heavy boobs filled with implants, huh? It excites you how they contrast with her petite figure... Maybe even nothing else turns you on so much...”

“I... Well... Yes,” Timothy admitted. “But I like you too, you know. This underwear looks great on you.”

Willow laughed briefly.

“I’m not jealous, you don’t have to pretend,” she said.

Then Layla pushed the curtain aside and stood in front of them in the bra that Timothy had previously held in his hands and smiled at the sight of their shocked, delighted faces.

She looked into the man's eyes and asked:

"What do you think about this brasserie?"

"It's... You look very... attractive," he replied, intimidated by her exciting figure.

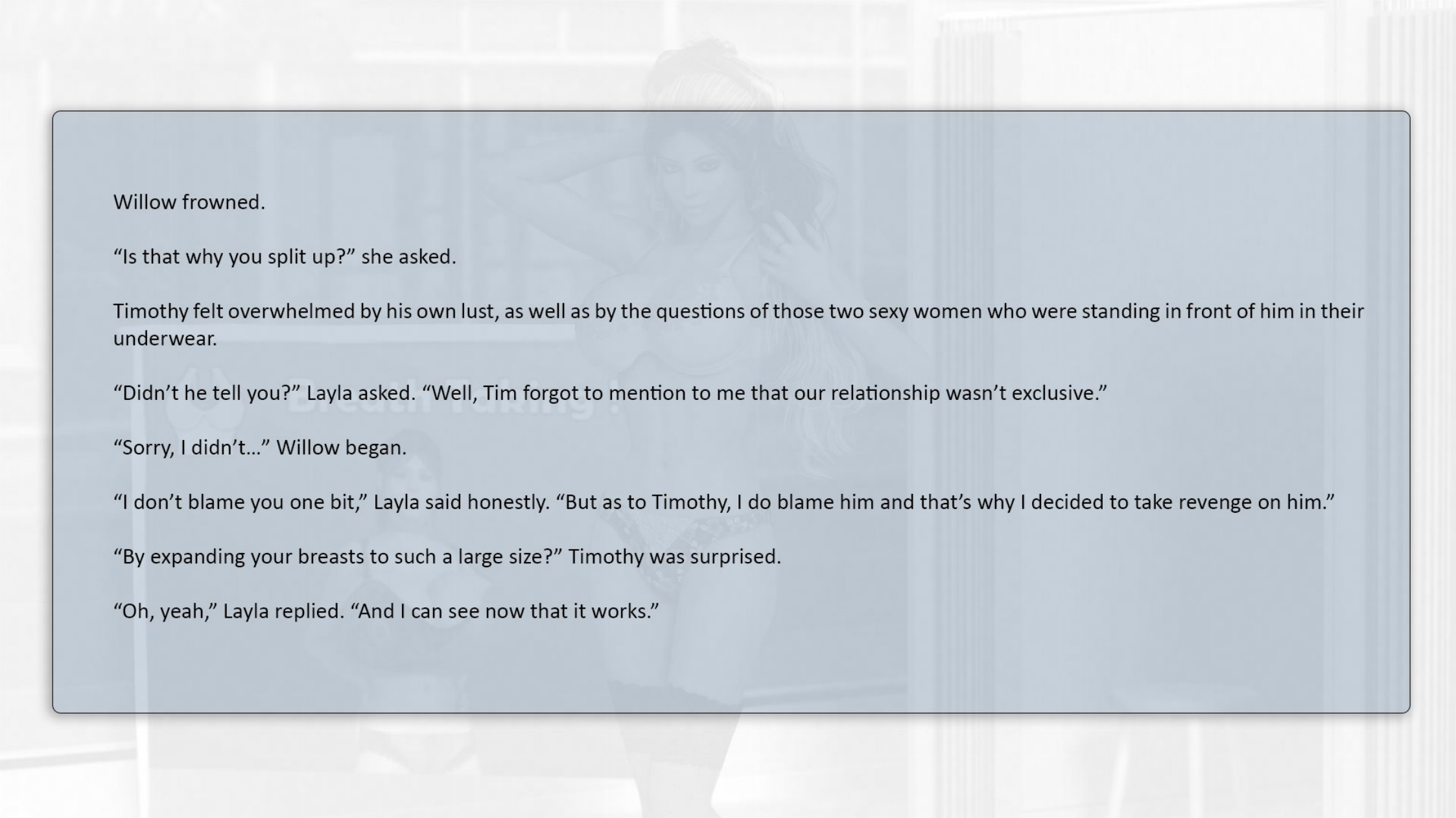
He felt that watching this new, more appealing version of her took him completely by surprise. Seeing her like that, out of the blue, he felt deprived of control over his own body.

"You like me much more now, don't you?" asked Layla, stroking her full breasts. "Look, they're so spherical and artificial that even without a bra to emphasize it, they form this roundness in the top part. You are horny and hard just to see me now, while in the past..."

Timothy shook his head violently, not wanting her to continue.

"You cheated on me with Willow because you were more excited by her body, but now she can't compete with me," Layla added.



A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a blue dress, stands in a room with large windows. She has her hand on her hip and is looking down. The background is a bright, slightly blurred interior space.

Willow frowned.

“Is that why you split up?” she asked.

Timothy felt overwhelmed by his own lust, as well as by the questions of those two sexy women who were standing in front of him in their underwear.

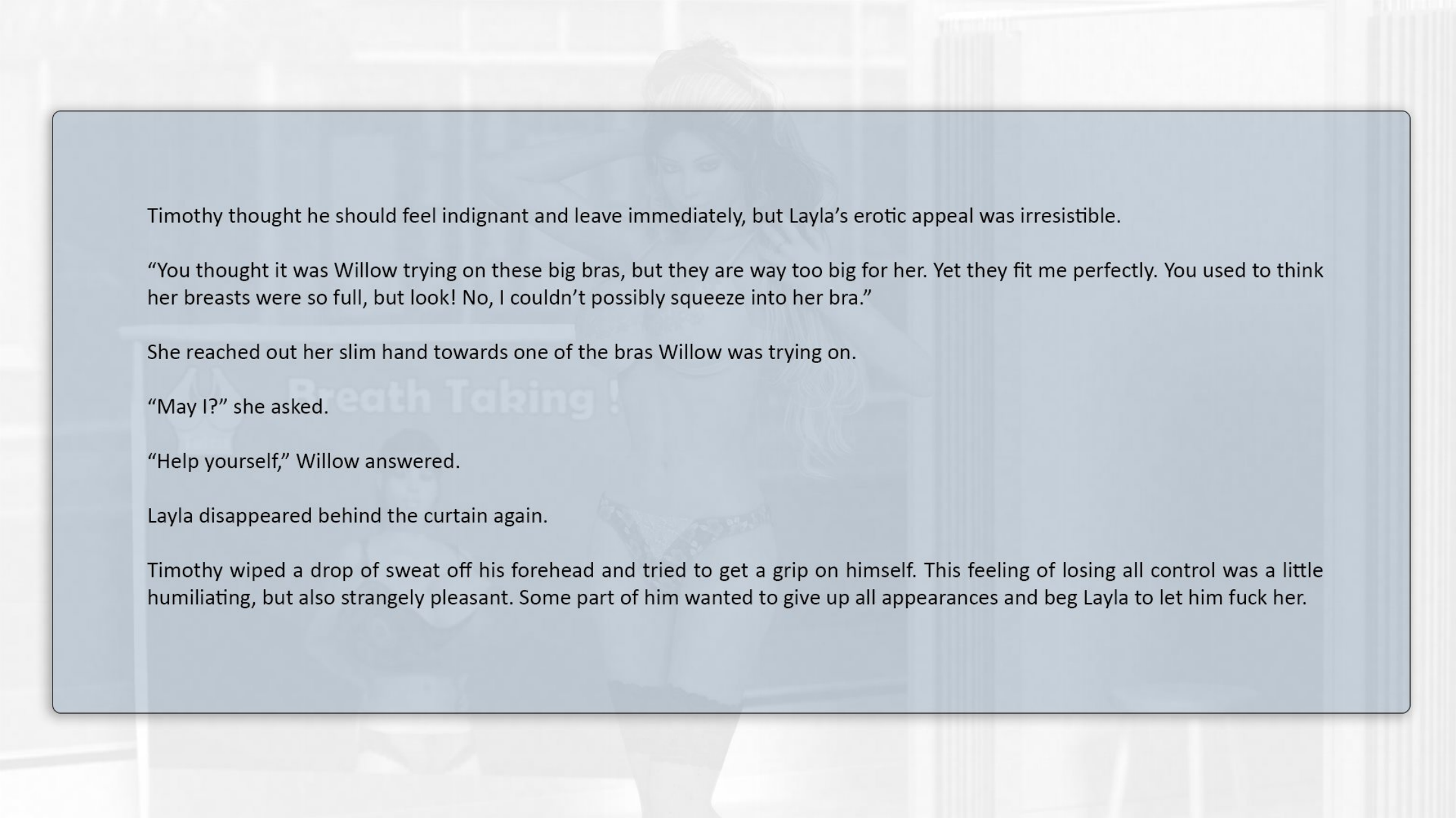
“Didn’t he tell you?” Layla asked. “Well, Tim forgot to mention to me that our relationship wasn’t exclusive.”

“Sorry, I didn’t...” Willow began.

“I don’t blame you one bit,” Layla said honestly. “But as to Timothy, I do blame him and that’s why I decided to take revenge on him.”

“By expanding your breasts to such a large size?” Timothy was surprised.

“Oh, yeah,” Layla replied. “And I can see now that it works.”

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a blue dress, is looking at bras in a store. She is standing in front of a display of bras. The background is a blurred store interior with shelves and other people.

Timothy thought he should feel indignant and leave immediately, but Layla's erotic appeal was irresistible.

"You thought it was Willow trying on these big bras, but they are way too big for her. Yet they fit me perfectly. You used to think her breasts were so full, but look! No, I couldn't possibly squeeze into her bra."

She reached out her slim hand towards one of the bras Willow was trying on.

"May I?" she asked.

"Help yourself," Willow answered.

Layla disappeared behind the curtain again.

Timothy wiped a drop of sweat off his forehead and tried to get a grip on himself. This feeling of losing all control was a little humiliating, but also strangely pleasant. Some part of him wanted to give up all appearances and beg Layla to let him fuck her.



Layla came out of the fitting room in Willow's bra.

"See? It's too small for me!" she said. "My breasts simply spill over the cup! I have to wear much, much bigger sizes."

Layla relished the impression she made on Timothy. She felt his hungry, lusty eyes on herself and was tempted to tease and torment him, so that he would remember this moment forever. She was amused and at the same time excited that he reacted so intensely to her breasts in too small a bra.

"I used to wear B cup, remember? I even have one of my old bras with me, because I planned to leave it with the store employees for recycling, but... I can show you how I look in it now... if I'm able to put it on at all, that is," she said, giggling at the sight of the uncertain look on his face, and disappeared behind the curtain again.

While she was gone, Timothy painfully felt her absence. The tension in his body became unbearable, and his hard member throbbed painfully inside his pants. He knew Layla was teasing him, but he couldn't resist the temptation of staying in her company as long as possible.

"I've never seen you quite so horny," Willow spoke up. "Would you like me to have such huge implants, just like Layla? Or maybe even bigger ones...? What would happen if I filled them to really gigantic sizes? I could probably do anything I wanted with you... It's a rather exciting prospect, you know?"

Timothy was too confused to answer her at all.

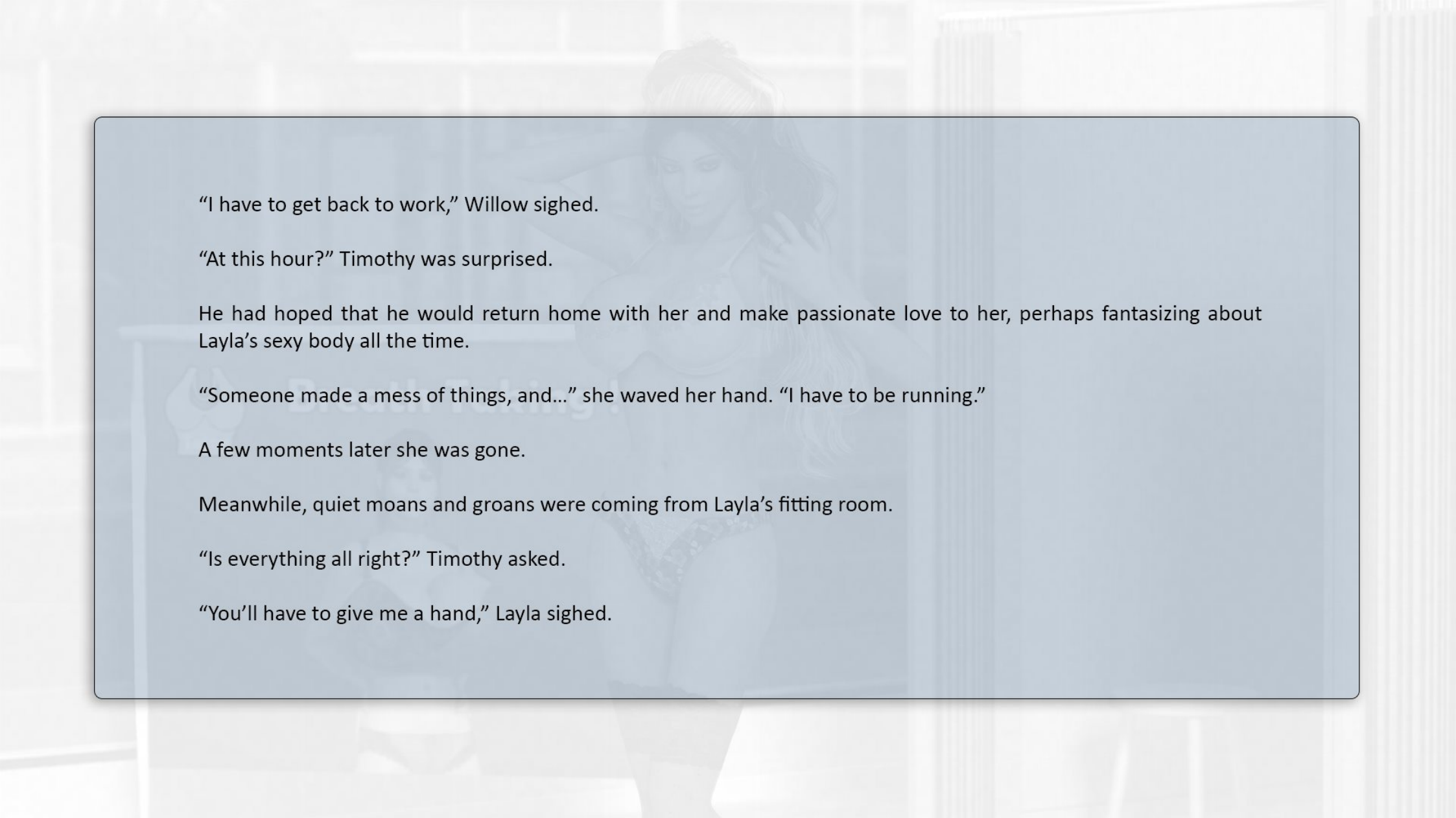
Willow put her hand on the bulge near his fly and sighed.

"You're so big and hard now!"

And right then her phone rang.

"Shit," she hissed. "I have to take it."

When she withdrew her hand, Timothy felt disappointment combined with some relief. He had an impression that lust had taken control over him.



“I have to get back to work,” Willow sighed.

“At this hour?” Timothy was surprised.

He had hoped that he would return home with her and make passionate love to her, perhaps fantasizing about Layla’s sexy body all the time.

“Someone made a mess of things, and...” she waved her hand. “I have to be running.”

A few moments later she was gone.

Meanwhile, quiet moans and groans were coming from Layla’s fitting room.

“Is everything all right?” Timothy asked.

“You’ll have to give me a hand,” Layla sighed.

Timothy entered the fitting room, his knees getting weak. Layla's breasts seemed to take up a large amount of the space and he couldn't take his eyes off them. With whatever willpower he had left, he resisted touching them.

Layla looked at him as if she knew exactly what he was going through. She was holding her hands behind her back, trying to fasten the hooks of the bra that was far too small for her.

"It used to fit me perfectly, can you remember?" she asked amused by his visible excitement.

The bra cups covered only a small part of her breasts. Under the pressure of overly tight underwear, they moved even higher up and were pressed against each other on her breastbone.



Timothy grabbed the fabric with trembling fingers and pulled hard.

“I can’t do that,” he groaned.

“Oh, well,” Layla sighed. “Never mind.”

She pulled the bra away from her chest and stood in front of him only in her panties. Her bare breasts were bulging out, disproportionately large and artificially round, contrasting with her slim figure.

Timothy thought he should leave the fitting room immediately, instead of letting her torment and tempt him.

“They’re so huge, right?” Layla asked. “I knew you would like them, and that thanks to them you would covet me more than any other woman ever before.”

“How many milliliters?” Timothy asked quietly.

“1800cc,” Layla said in a velvety soft voice and looked at him seductively. “1800cc in each breast... Almost seven pounds... They excite you so much,” she whispered and reached towards his fly.

“What are you doing?” Timothy hissed.

“I want to see how much you desire me now,” Layla replied.

“We’re in a public place!” he protested.

“You can leave if you want,” Layla said with a shrug. “But we both know that you won’t do it anyway, because you want me too much.”

When she was unbuttoning his belt she stood so close to him that her full bust rubbed against his chest.

Timothy moaned, staring at the perfect curves of her breasts. He felt her hardened nipples irritate his skin through the material of his shirt.

“I’ve never seen it so hard and big,” Layla exclaimed happily once she took off Timothy’s pants and underwear. “Remember when I had to caress you for a long time to make you stiff? And now I haven’t even touched you yet...”

Timothy put one hand on her chest and moaned quietly, all the time aware of the saleswomen and customers present in the store.

“After our breakup, I went to consult a doctor, because I wanted to feel sexy at last” Layla whispered. “900cc implants seemed so huge to me then! I couldn’t fit into most of my blouses, I swapped my B cup for DD, you know? I was so proud of my breasts, because suddenly everyone started treating me in a completely different way.”

Layla moistened her slender fingers with saliva, and then touched Timothy’s hot member with them.

The man staggered and suppressed a sigh.



"I finally felt desirable, but I quickly realized that 900cc was definitely not enough," Layla continued. "I wanted more, much more. I visited several doctors, and finally found one who agreed to replace my implants with much larger ones... Full 1800cc. When I saw them lying in his office, I knew I had to have them! I imagined how much you would lust for me when you saw me... And I was right, you can't resist me."

She clasped her hand around Timothy's penis and moved it smoothly up and down, enjoying how big and hard he was. She could feel his warmth and those throbbing veins under her fingers.

She looked straight into his eyes, saw how they glowed with excitement, and whispered:

"But I'm not done yet."

"What... What do you mean?" moaned Timothy.

"Now that I see how much you want me, how horny and stiff you are, I know I'll do it again," she explained.

Timothy couldn't help himself and let out a long groan.

"All right in there?" one of the saleswomen called.

"Oh, yes. I only need a moment!" Layla answered her.

She caressed Timothy with expert movements and knew that the man was already nearing a climax. Fascination and lust were written all over his flushed face.

Layla felt her pussy, plumped up with excitement, rub against her wet panties. Her hardened nipples touched Timothy's chest over and over again.

Never in her life had she felt so desirable and sure of her attractiveness.

"I *will* go to the clinic again and demand that they fill my implants even more," she whispered. "I'll be getting bigger and bigger until I won't fit into any of the bras anymore. I'll drive you crazy with my appearance. You will desire only me, nobody else. Everyone else will want me, too. because I'll become the most attractive, sexiest woman they have ever seen."

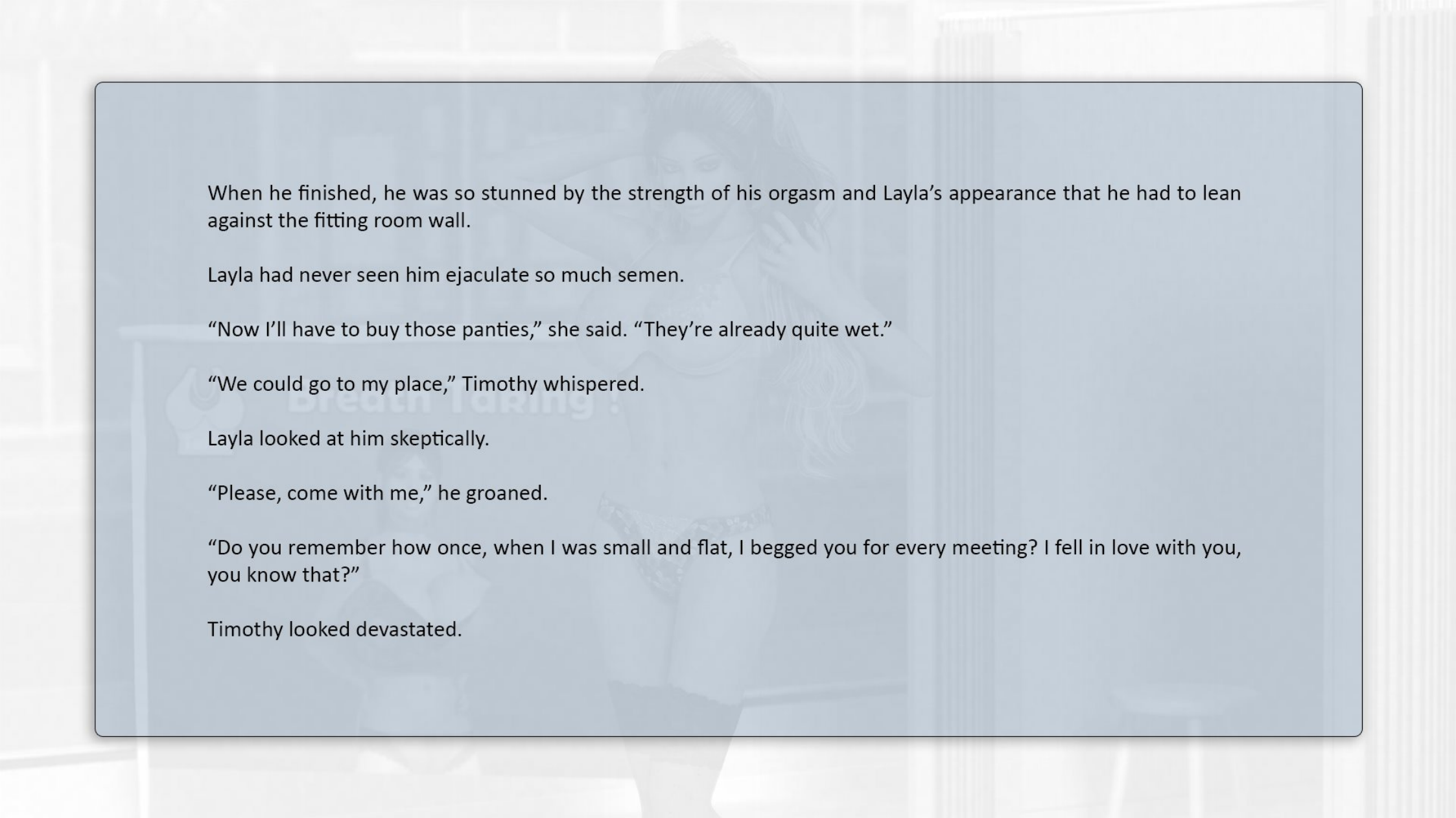
Timothy shut his eyes tight, tilted his head back. His face suddenly contorted. Muffled groans rose from between his clenched teeth.

Layla was a little dizzy and her mouth went quite dry.

"That's it..." she whispered. "Think about how big I'll be in a few months or in a few years, and how much you'll want me... This desire will drive us both insane. I want you to be truly obsessed with me."

Sperm wet her hand and slim thigh, and a few drops fell onto the floor. Timothy came long and hard, trying not to make a single sound.





When he finished, he was so stunned by the strength of his orgasm and Layla's appearance that he had to lean against the fitting room wall.

Layla had never seen him ejaculate so much semen.

"Now I'll have to buy those panties," she said. "They're already quite wet."

"We could go to my place," Timothy whispered.

Layla looked at him skeptically.

"Please, come with me," he groaned.

"Do you remember how once, when I was small and flat, I begged you for every meeting? I fell in love with you, you know that?"

Timothy looked devastated.

“I know, I’m sorry...”

“Now I’ll dictate the terms,” Layla said firmly. “Maybe I’ll call some other man and let him satisfy me...?”

“Do you really want to torture me so?” moaned Timothy.

“In the meantime, you’ll only be able to fantasize about my body,” she said ruthlessly. “Get dressed, you don’t you want to humiliate yourself even more, do you?”

As he put on his pants Layla watched him with contentment and pride.

“I’ll call you,” Timothy promised. “All right?”

Layla winked at him and gestured for him to leave the fitting room.

Layla was sitting at work and dreamily thinking about her meeting with Timothy. Earlier on she had imagined that she might impress him quite a lot, but she didn't think that he would be so totally stunned. His shock and fascination encouraged her to act more boldly than she would ever suspected herself to be capable of.

Some part of her wanted to forgive him immediately for his betrayal and start all over again, but the prospect of tempting Timothy and testing how far she could go appealed to her very much. She never thought she was a woman willing to do such things.

When she returned home with a set of new underwear, she masturbated fantasizing about Timothy's reaction to her even larger breasts. She imagined herself with giant implants, heavy and round, desired by everyone, proud and imperious...

Now, sitting in the store selling haberdashery and watches, she wasn't sure she was ready to undergo the next surgery. "You can't subordinate your whole life to huge breasts, it's crazy," Stella repeated a couple of times when she told her about everything. "You got fixated on that revenge. Timothy isn't worth it, how can you be so unreasonable?" She was right, although Layla felt this wasn't just about Timothy. She enjoyed the interest and admiration that she evoked in everyone around her. It was addictive... But as her friend said, it would be unwise to let this feeling dominate her whole life.

The phone rang, ripping Layla out of her reverie. A customer asked about the possibility of returning the goods to the shop and although Layla tried to discourage him from doing so, she had to inform him of his due rights.

"If you bought it online, you can send it back to us instead of coming in person," she said, hoping he would change his mind after all.

Despite her efforts, the man seemed adamant:

"I'll be there in an hour with the proof of purchase," he announced. "I expect a cash refund."

And indeed, an hour later the door of the store was opened by a man with a package in his hand. He stopped in the doorway, stunned by Layla's figure, and for a moment he looked as if he wanted to run away, overwhelmed by her appearance. His expression changed from gloomy to shocked, and then to slightly shy.

Finally, he came up to the counter, greeted Layla in a shaky voice and said:

“I have to return it.”

“Don’t you like it?” Layla was surprised.

“That’s not the point...”

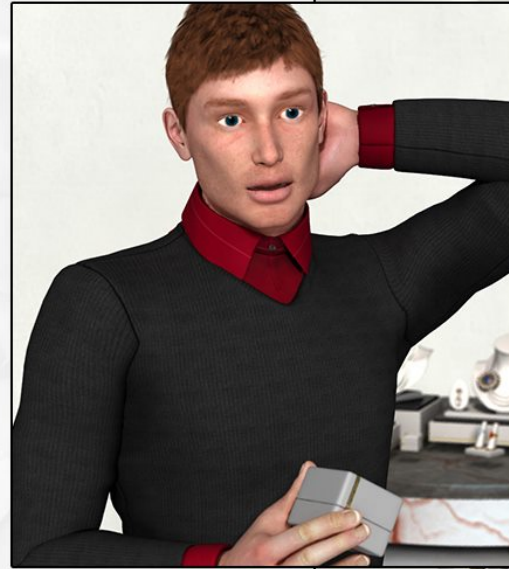
That dry tone of voice that he had used over the phone completely disappeared now.

“My wife got furious because we were supposed to save for our vacation together, and this watch cost a fortune...”

Layla frowned as if she was thinking about something intensely. She felt the man’s lustful eyes on her and wanted to see to what extent she could use her new, sexy look. Earlier on, such a thing wouldn’t have occurred to her at all, but now everyone around her seemed much more prone to persuasion.

“You look very elegant in my opinion,” she said. “Please put it on.”

The man hesitated for a moment and then slipped the watch onto his wrist.



Layla leaned over the counter, under the pretext of taking a closer look at the watch. She wondered if her manipulation wasn't too obvious, but when she saw the man's fascinated face as he was staring at her cleavage, she suddenly felt like laughing out loud.

"Your wife should be pleased to have such a well-dressed man at home," Layla said.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes! And you know what? It seems to me that one of these straps would perfectly match this watch."

Slowly, so that the customer could admire her figure thoroughly, she moved towards one of the shelves.

"Try it on," she suggested. "You'll look great!"

With each passing second, the man's determination to return the watch and get a refund was vanishing, while his self-satisfaction increased.

When he was leaving Layla could hardly believe that not only didn't he return the goods, but also bought a strap that she chose for him.

At that moment she felt that she could achieve anything at all, which was a completely new and extremely satisfying experience.



As he remembered meeting Layla, Timothy felt ashamed and excited in turns. The woman's improved body attracted him and turned him on, yet at the same time her sexiness overwhelmed him.

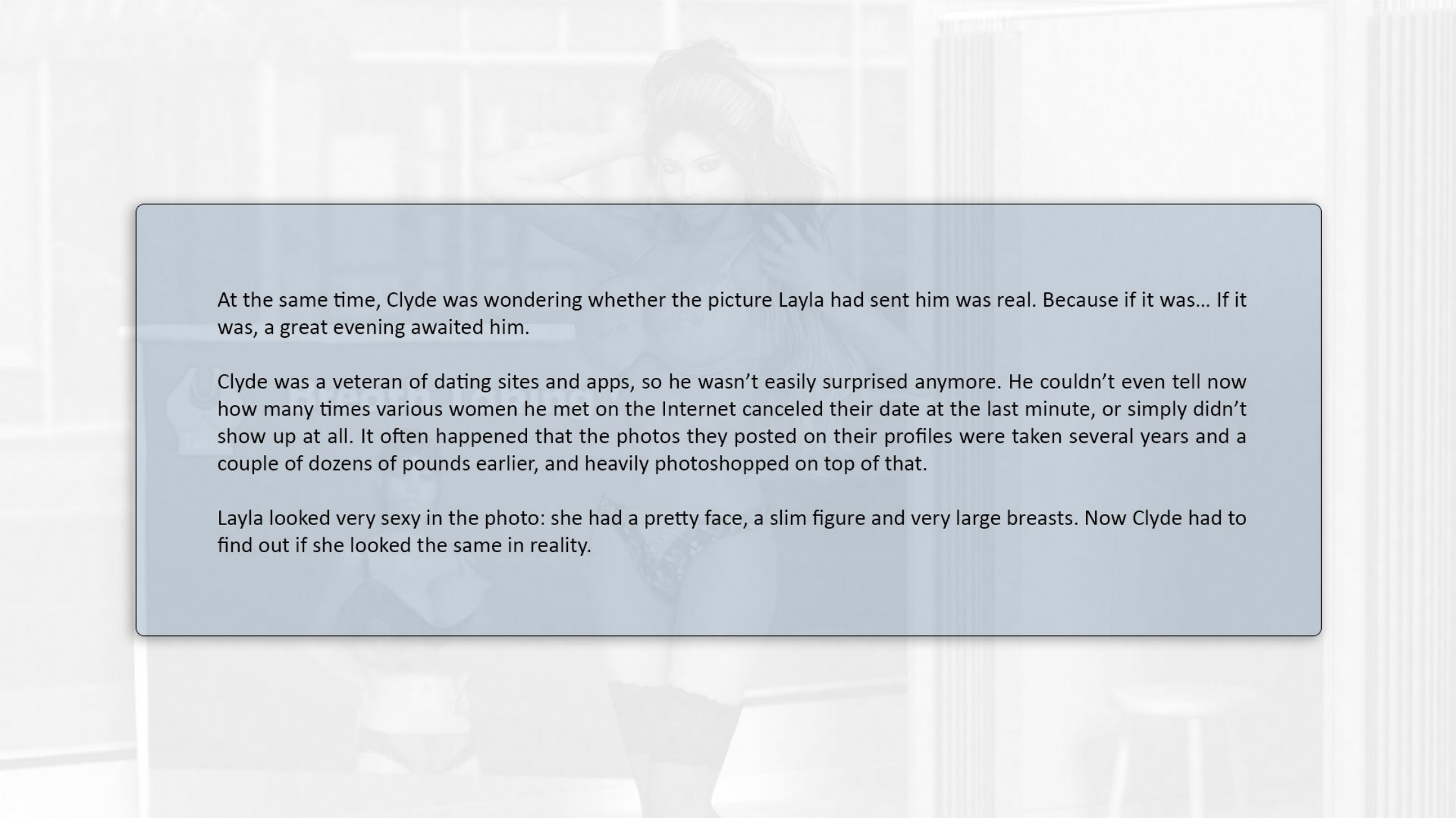
He decided to get a grip in himself and try to win Layla back, but on his own terms.

He was frustrated that Layla didn't return his phone calls and didn't hurry to reply to text messages. Then she would seek excuses and explain to him that she had no time to meet up. Timothy was sure she was doing it to punish him.

For some time he told himself that he could just ignore Layla, as he had done before. Since he didn't show any willingness to set a date, he shouldn't impose himself on her, let alone beg her for forgiveness. This definitely wasn't his style.

Still, with each passing day his desire and longing were getting increasingly harder to bear. He kept seeing Layla in his dreams and fantasies, and all the other women he was dating suddenly seemed far less sexy to him.

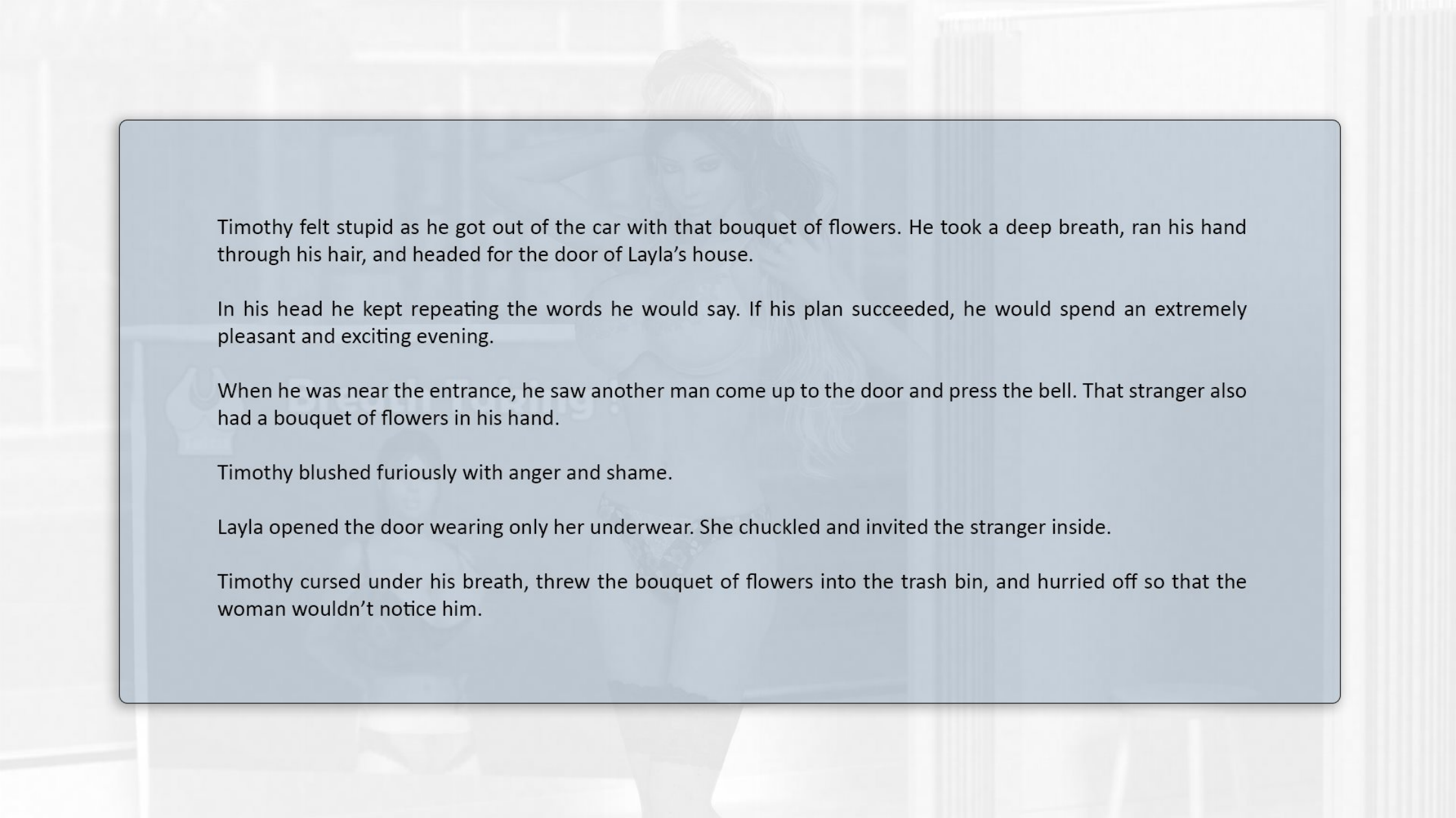
Finally, after weeks that were filled with lust, uncertainty and frustration, Timothy decided that the situation required decisive action. He dressed well, bought a large bouquet of flowers, and drove to Layla's house.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue dress, is sitting on a white chair. She is looking down and has her hand near her head. The background is a bright, slightly blurred indoor setting with a window and a white stool.

At the same time, Clyde was wondering whether the picture Layla had sent him was real. Because if it was... If it was, a great evening awaited him.

Clyde was a veteran of dating sites and apps, so he wasn't easily surprised anymore. He couldn't even tell now how many times various women he met on the Internet canceled their date at the last minute, or simply didn't show up at all. It often happened that the photos they posted on their profiles were taken several years and a couple of dozens of pounds earlier, and heavily photoshopped on top of that.

Layla looked very sexy in the photo: she had a pretty face, a slim figure and very large breasts. Now Clyde had to find out if she looked the same in reality.



Timothy felt stupid as he got out of the car with that bouquet of flowers. He took a deep breath, ran his hand through his hair, and headed for the door of Layla's house.

In his head he kept repeating the words he would say. If his plan succeeded, he would spend an extremely pleasant and exciting evening.

When he was near the entrance, he saw another man come up to the door and press the bell. That stranger also had a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

Timothy blushed furiously with anger and shame.

Layla opened the door wearing only her underwear. She chuckled and invited the stranger inside.

Timothy cursed under his breath, threw the bouquet of flowers into the trash bin, and hurried off so that the woman wouldn't notice him.



Despite the evening chill Layla felt her body warm up.

Clyde froze with astonishment at the sight of her sexy body in a dressing gown whose décolletage showed the full curves of her bust.

"I'm sorry," she said pointing at her figure. "You came too early and I didn't have time to get dressed."

"Really? I thought we arranged to meet at half past seven," Clyde muttered, staring with hungry eyes at her full, round breasts.

"Half past eight!"

"Maybe I should come back later, then..." Clyde said, hoping, however, that Layla would invite him inside right away.

"It's okay, come on in."

Clyde crossed the threshold, stunned by what had just happened.

“You don’t look like the picture you sent me,” he remarked.

“This probably happens all the time, right?” Layla laughed.

“Yeah... Although usually it’s the other way around.”

“What do you mean?”

“Usually a woman turns out to be less attractive in reality, while you...” Clyde began.

“My bust is even bigger than in the photo.”

“Well... that’s it,” Clyde replied.

“But you like it better that way, don’t you?” Layla asked.

“Oh, yes!” Clyde assured her. “Definitely.”

As he followed her down the hall, he clearly felt his member hardening inside his pants. The heat pleasantly spread all over his body, his skin got sweaty, and his heart was beating as fast as if he had run all the way to Layla’s house, instead of driving his car.

In the living room there was another woman, unknown to him.

“This is Stella,” Layla introduced her friend. “She was helping me choose an outfit. You have no idea how difficult it is to buy anything that fits my figure! I couldn’t decide what to wear today and you came too early, that’s why I’m so hopelessly unprepared,” she said, pointing to her body and encouraging him to look at it closely.

Clyde admired her pretty, symmetrical face and slim legs, but most of all – those round breasts, perkily bouncing under her dressing gown. Their small nipples were visible through the delicate fabric. She moved smoothly and gracefully, although she probably had to put much more effort into keeping her back straight than other women did. The lapels of her dressing gown opened slightly, revealing a flushed neckline and a long, sexy cleavage.

Stella watched them both with a bit of amusement and rose from her seat, about to leave.

The contrast between the silhouettes of those two women was shocking. Stella had a model's silhouette, she was well groomed and very pretty, but Layla overshadowed her thanks to the full, disproportionately large artificial breasts. When they were standing next to each other, Layla attracted people's eyes, while Stella was – at best – a pleasant complement, emphasizing the amazing curves of her friend even more.

"I'll be going now," Stella said. "Have fun, you two!"

Layla escorted her friend to the door, offered Clyde something to drink and then disappeared in another part of the house to put on something more suitable.

She returned a few minutes later in a tight, sexy dress in which she looked even more attractive than in that robe. Clyde didn't manage to suppress a groan of delight at the sight of her.

"It's a little too tight," Layla said, turning around so that he could admire her trim figure and full breasts from all angles. "Most of my clothes are too small for me now."



“So... you’ve recently had some surgery?” Clyde asked.

He liked it very much that her bust protruded above the neckline and created two shapely bulges, hugging each other snugly.

“A while ago. But I had no time to change my whole wardrobe just yet. It’s not easy to find something that fits me.”

“I don’t doubt that,” Clyde said hoarsely.

Layla shamelessly flirted with him, but he was still afraid to make any decisive move. He wanted to fuck her right away, but he sensed that she should be allowed to initiate sex and he hoped very much she would.

“See? That’s how I looked a year ago,” she said.

She came up to him with the phone in her hand, leaned over so that he could see her bust in all its glory and pointed at the display.

“Is it really you?” Clyde was amazed. “What an incredible transformation!”

Layla smiled triumphantly. She could feel lust and impatience emanating from the man – he wanted her there and then, but she felt like prolonging the suspense for a little while longer.

She was getting more and more excited with every second. Her breathing was fast and shallow, she felt a pleasant throb between her legs and a tingling sensation all over her body. She imagined Clyde ripping the dress off her, her full breasts slipping out of her neckline, the man entering her violently, unable to wait any longer... She moaned quietly and bit her lower lip.

“I’ve changed a lot,” she confessed, studying Clyde’s reaction carefully. “At first I was quite flat and, to be honest, men didn’t pay much attention to me at all. Later I underwent breast augmentation surgery with 900cc implants.”

“So much? They had to weigh a lot,” Clyde said.

Layla relished his growing excitement.

“Oh yes, over two pounds! And because I’m short, the implants seemed even bigger. When I first saw them in the doctor’s office, I was sure that they would look gigantic in my body! Some doctors advised against this procedure, you know. Women usually choose significantly smaller sizes, especially at the first treatment. They offered me 250 or 300cc, but for me it was definitely not enough! They warned that such large implants would look disproportionate, that they would rub against my underarms and contrast with my slim figure, but that was precisely what I had in mind all along...”

Clyde listened to her carefully, his mouth slightly open.

“But you’re even bigger now...” he said.

Layla could see how excited he was, how much he wanted her and it gave her great pleasure.

“I wanted to evoke desire that people wouldn’t be able to control,” she whispered. “I wanted them to become overwhelmed with lust at the sight of my body, wanted my figure to shock them, wanted to be the personification of their most secret erotic fantasies.”

“I think you succeeded,” Clyde moaned.



He pulled her close to himself, squeezing her bust between their bodies, and kissed her on the lips.

Layla moaned and reacted to his caress, but then she gently moved away from the man and looked into his eyes.

“I just wanted more...” she said. “I wanted to be even sexier, even more attractive, bigger... That’s why I did it again... I enlarged my implants to 1800cc... I became heavier by another two pounds. It’s really a big difference for someone with my figure...”

She felt Clyde’s pulsing, stiff penis pressing against her slim thigh.

Instinctively, to relieve himself at least a little, the man began to move his hips, rubbing against her body.

He began to take off her dress hastily, which was no easy task at all, because the fabric was very tightly stretched across her spherical breasts. The proximity of that bust drove him crazy.

When she was finally naked, Clyde put his hands on her breasts with a sigh and began to caress them gently.

“I’ve never seen anyone sexier than you,” he whispered straight into her luxuriant hair. “I want you so much.”

“Oh yes, I can feel it,” she said, putting one hand on his penis and squeezing it lightly.

Clyde closed his eyes. His face contorted with pleasure and he cried out.

“No... Not so fast,” he asked.

“My implant-filled, full boobs excite you so much that you can come at any moment, right?”

Clyde felt humiliated and overwhelmed by her erotic strength, but it wasn’t unpleasant.

To regain at least some control over the situation and give himself more time, he pushed her onto the bed.

Layla jumped up on the mattress. Her full breasts rose even higher on her chest, then fell down and collided with each other. Her hard nipples seemed aiming straight at Clyde.

Layla smiled and, looking into the man's eyes, moved her slim thighs apart. A drop of moisture flowed out of her pink pussy.

Clyde stared at her perfect body, his eyes travelled down, to her narrow waist, and up, to her blond hair fanning out around skinny arms, and then to her slim thighs, between which her appetizingly swollen pussy glowed, until they finally rested at those spherical, disproportionately large breasts.



He knelt between her legs and kissed her thighs, from her knees up to the pussy that opened before him invitingly.

Layla felt his agile, skillful tongue enter her femininity and her body instinctively tensed under the influence of sudden pleasure. She held her breath, then gave out a long moan. She consciously relaxed her body, tilting her head back and letting the pleasure flow through her in ever more intense waves.

“And it won’t end at 1800cc,” she moaned.

She sensed the rigidness of Clyde’s body and realized the man was struggling against his own excitement.

“ I’ll be even bigger, you know?” she said. “I’ll be so big that nobody will be able to resist me... What do you think? How many milliliters can I still add to my breasts? How huge can I become? You know... I think I got addicted to this feeling... The admiration and desire people feel when they see me.”

Clyde’s lips moved away from her pussy and the man looked up. Her breasts seemed even larger and fuller from this perspective, and he felt overwhelmed and vulnerable.

“You can’t be serious...” he whispered.

“Can’t I?” she said. “I know it’s crazy. I know I shouldn’t do that. But the thought that I could be even bigger, even sexier is so exciting...”

She pulled him to her and kissed him on the lips, which now tasted of her pussy. Later, she put her hand on his warm, sweat-shiny chest, and he gave in to her touch and laid on his back. His member stood stiff, large and ready.

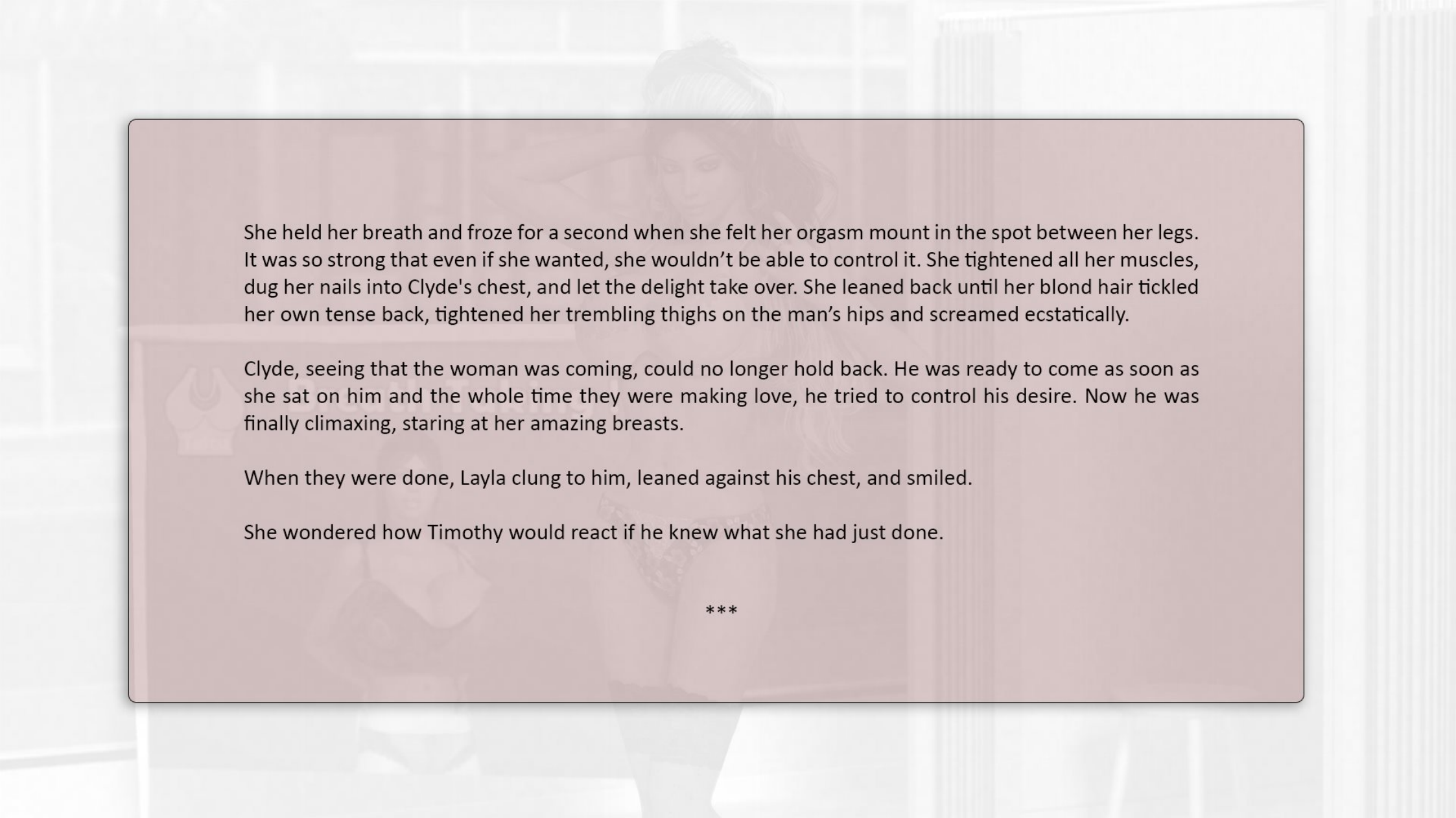
Layla straddled him, then pushed his dick into her wet, warm interior.



They both cried out, overtaken by pleasure. They immediately synchronized smooth, rapid movements of their hips. With each push, Layla rolled her eyes and gave a moan of delight, and Clyde's fingers tightened their grasp on the delicate skin of her legs.

Those full breasts, filled with excessively large implants, swung just in front of his face and he had the impression that they were pushing against him, not giving him a moment to breathe, overshadowing the whole world.

Layla put her hands flat on the man's chest, squeezing her bust between her own arms, making her breasts hug each other. She relished the hardness and warmth of the penis inside her vagina, listened to her partner's sighs and fantasized about even larger, even sexier and heavier breasts.



She held her breath and froze for a second when she felt her orgasm mount in the spot between her legs. It was so strong that even if she wanted, she wouldn't be able to control it. She tightened all her muscles, dug her nails into Clyde's chest, and let the delight take over. She leaned back until her blond hair tickled her own tense back, tightened her trembling thighs on the man's hips and screamed ecstatically.

Clyde, seeing that the woman was coming, could no longer hold back. He was ready to come as soon as she sat on him and the whole time they were making love, he tried to control his desire. Now he was finally climaxing, staring at her amazing breasts.

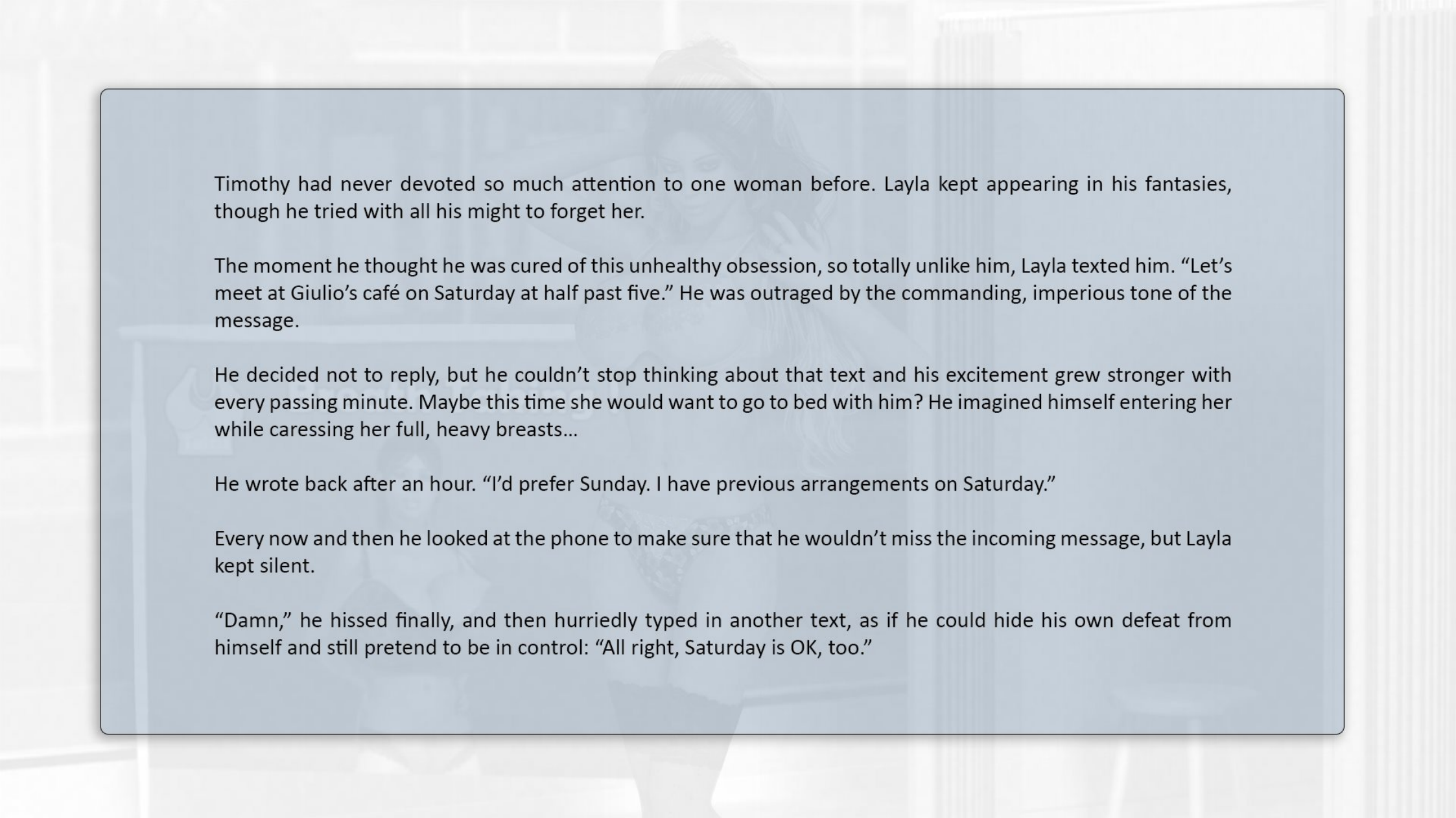
When they were done, Layla clung to him, leaned against his chest, and smiled.

She wondered how Timothy would react if he knew what she had just done.

Before & After



Breathe



Timothy had never devoted so much attention to one woman before. Layla kept appearing in his fantasies, though he tried with all his might to forget her.

The moment he thought he was cured of this unhealthy obsession, so totally unlike him, Layla texted him. “Let’s meet at Giulio’s café on Saturday at half past five.” He was outraged by the commanding, imperious tone of the message.

He decided not to reply, but he couldn’t stop thinking about that text and his excitement grew stronger with every passing minute. Maybe this time she would want to go to bed with him? He imagined himself entering her while caressing her full, heavy breasts...

He wrote back after an hour. “I’d prefer Sunday. I have previous arrangements on Saturday.”

Every now and then he looked at the phone to make sure that he wouldn’t miss the incoming message, but Layla kept silent.

“Damn,” he hissed finally, and then hurriedly typed in another text, as if he could hide his own defeat from himself and still pretend to be in control: “All right, Saturday is OK, too.”

Timothy arrived at the café ten minutes ahead of time, and since Layla wasn't there yet, he ordered a drink and stared expectantly at the entrance door. He imagined her coming inside, wearing a top that would be bursting apart in the seams across her breasts, proud and confident, so different from the shy, stooping girl she used to be when they had first met. Just at the thought of Layla and her sexy figure, his pulse sped up, warmth spread throughout his body, and the little hairs on his shoulders stood on end.

"Don't be an idiot," he muttered to himself.

After all, he wasn't the type of guy who would get crazy about one woman, begging her for dates and hanging about her house with a bouquet of flowers, like a total idiot. He was the one to pick and choose over them, he decided when and where they would meet, he controlled the situation. Usually, it was him who was asked not to disappear and to get more involved.

Half past five came and went, and then, another fifteen minutes later, Timothy started to wonder if Layla would appear at all.

Angrily, he turned his back to the door and looked at his cell on which he had just launched the dating application. That evening he needed a woman, preferably a sexy one that would be enthusiastic in bed. He browsed through profile after profile, but none of the photos made a great impression on him, as if Layla had deprived him of the ability to get excited over other women.

He focused on the phone so much that he could hardly hear the noises around him. At one point, amidst the laughter, music and conversations, he heard the sound of the door opening and the unnaturally loud clicking of someone's stilettos on the floor, but he didn't pay any attention to that, focusing on one of the more promising photographs. He was unaware that the buzz in the café hushed for a few seconds, and that those audible footsteps were approaching him.

He only turned around only when a woman put her delicate, slim hand on his shoulder.



Timothy felt his lungs suddenly empty of all air, and he couldn't catch the next breath. He could hear his own accelerated pulse in his ears and felt drops of sweat drift down his back. The café walls seemed to close in on him. He had the impression that the whole room was dominated by this wonderful vision that had just appeared in front of his eyes.

Layla's huge breasts completely blocked his view. They were much, much larger than before... She stood so close that he could smell her skin and perfume, and her bust, almost tearing the tight blouse, was right front of his face. The small nipples hardened and pressed against the fabric that was stretched to the limit. Layla was breathing quickly, as if she got breathless after walking this short distance from the entrance to his table, or as if she was very excited about something, and with each breath her bust moved towards Timothy's, tightening the fabric of her top even more.

It seemed to him that some strong, unstoppable erotic energy radiates from her person. It reminded him of looking at the stormy ocean, a beautiful but dangerous element.

Everything around seemed more intense than usual and, at the same time, quite unreal.

“I can’t believe you’re trying to set a date with some girl even now,” Layla said, pointing at the phone where the dating app was still open.

She spoke a little indistinctly, which was unlike her. Then, with great effort, Timothy looked away from her chest and stared at her face. He noticed that her lips were now much fuller and sexier than before. She painted them with lip gloss, which made them even more eye-catching and even more inevitably associated with blowjobs.

Timothy took a deep breath of air, but he couldn’t utter a single word.

Layla, clearly pleased with the impression she made on him, sank into the chair next to him. She rested her breasts on the table top and rubbed her back with her hand, a look of great relief appearing on her face.

“Will you order me something to drink?” she asked.

Her words reached Timothy with a slight delay, as if she was speaking to him from behind the thick glass. When he stood up, Layla looked shamelessly at his fly, her full lips spread in a complacent smile.



Rising from his chair, Timothy suddenly realized that he presented his huge erection to her and the entire room. He hurried to the bar, blushing and sweating even harder than he had just before, and ordered coffee for Layla and a strong drink for himself.

“Layla... It’s... It’s crazy...” he blurted out, sitting back at the table and running his hand through his hair. You are...”

“Even bigger?” she asked, her eyes shining bright. “Even sexier?”

There was a blush on her face and she slightly parted her wet lips.

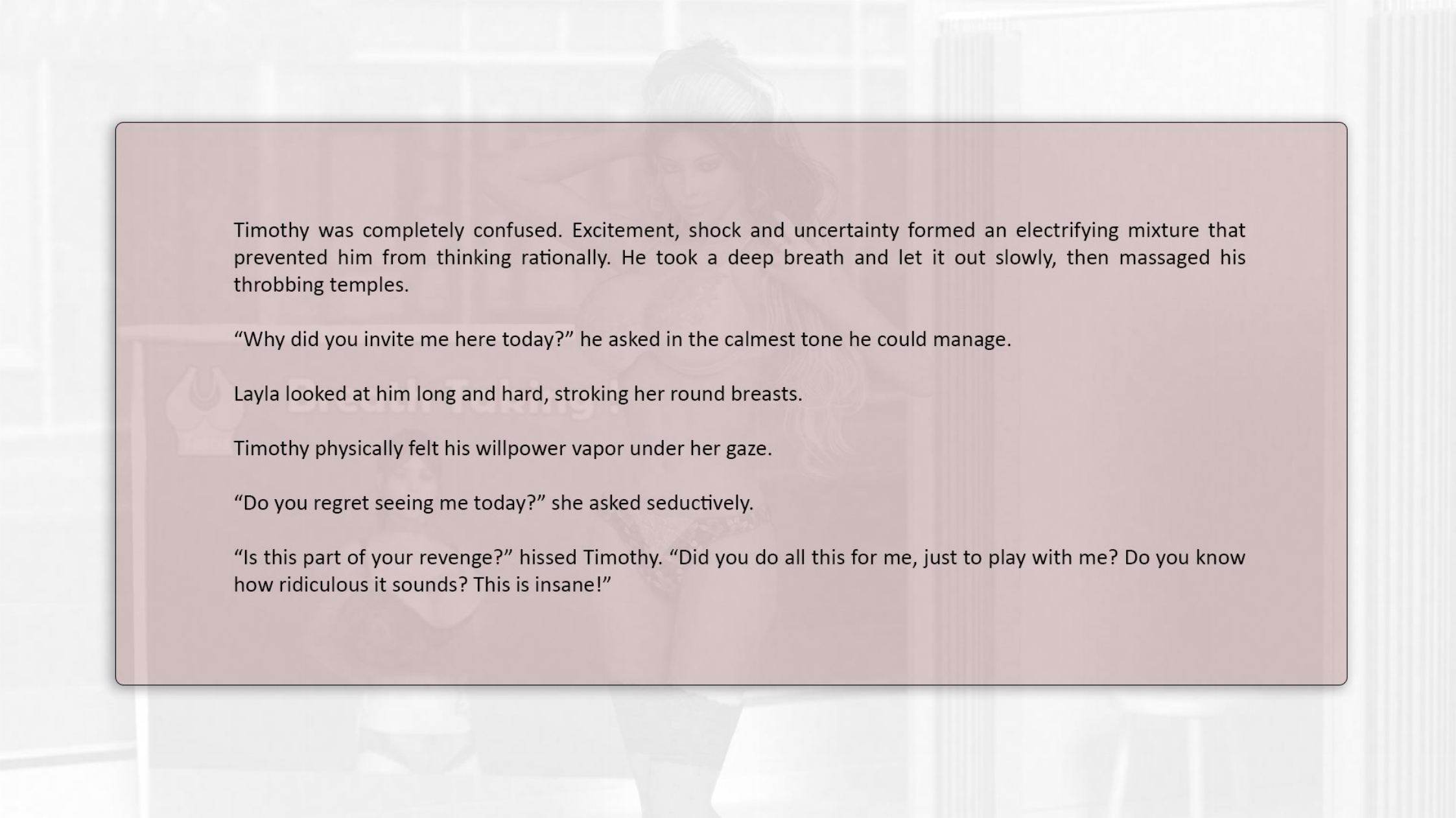
“But... You’re so huge already,” he groaned.

“I told you I would do that,” Layla said indistinctly. “You didn’t believe me?”

“I was sure you were just teasing me...”

“Tell you what it’s like to have such big, round breasts?” asked Layla, leaning towards him and resting on her full breasts.

Under their weight the table creaked slightly.



Timothy was completely confused. Excitement, shock and uncertainty formed an electrifying mixture that prevented him from thinking rationally. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, then massaged his throbbing temples.

“Why did you invite me here today?” he asked in the calmest tone he could manage.

Layla looked at him long and hard, stroking her round breasts.

Timothy physically felt his willpower vapor under her gaze.

“Do you regret seeing me today?” she asked seductively.

“Is this part of your revenge?” hissed Timothy. “Did you do all this for me, just to play with me? Do you know how ridiculous it sounds? This is insane!”



Layla gave him a careful look before answering:

“At the beginning I mostly wanted to get my own back on you, but now... I crave this feeling right after the surgery, when my body is new to me and sexier than ever. Strangers fall silent when they see me, they turn around in the street to look at me, they desire me. It’s exciting and... Addictive,” she said and licked her full lips. “Do you have any idea what it feels like?”

“What it feels like...” Timothy echoed weakly.

“When you know everyone around you feels that painful, unbearable desire for you,” Layla whispered. “I can have them at my beck and call,” she said and snapped her fingers to illustrate her point. “Just like I can have you.”

“Me?”

Timothy wasn’t sure if Layla’s last words made him more angry or excited. Of course, he wanted to fuck her since the moment he saw her, of course he couldn’t think of anything else, but he wasn’t going to let her treat him like her toy.

“I’m going to go home with you and sleep with you,” Layla said.

Timothy groaned as his member hardened even more and pressed unpleasantly against the belt of his pants. He shifted in his chair.

Layla chuckled as if she knew exactly what was going on down there.

“You’re so horny,” she commented. “My huge breasts make it impossible for you to resist me... I used to be a casual acquaintance, just a girl to fuck, with whom you decided to spend some time but then got bored. Yet now...”

“You broke up with me!” Timothy protested and immediately regretted it because he was afraid she might get offended and change her mind about the rest of the evening.

“You’re obsessed with me,” Layla whispered. “You only really want me now.”

She finished her coffee and stood up with some effort, leaning her slim hands on a table that creaked under her weight again.

As they were leaving the cafe, she put her hand under Timothy’s elbow and let him support her weight partly. With each step, the side of her breast rubbed against his shoulder.

She got breathless after a very short walk.

“That’s as much as twenty two pounds,” she explained. “A huge weight to carry around. The doctors warned me about it. I have to strengthen my muscles and get really fit so that I don’t get tired so easily! You have no idea how I felt when I stood on the scales,” she confessed. “It showed almost 122 pounds, I’ve never weighed so much! And they keep bothering me, you know? I forget how big they are and I’m constantly bumping them against something.”

Timothy said nothing because he was sure his voice would sound unnatural and weak. He had never been so excited in his life for so long. This lack of fulfillment drove him crazy.

“You came by car?” he asked after he had regained some of his self-control.

“Oh no,” she laughed. “I tried driving after the last procedure, but my bust wouldn’t allow me to put my hands normally on the steering wheel. I would pose a threat to traffic.”

“And probably all the other drivers would be staring at you instead of looking at the road,” Timothy muttered. “I came here by subway myself.”

“Oh no, I won’t be going back by public transport during the rush hour,” Layla said. “My breasts would rub against everyone around me.”

“I doubt it if we can catch a taxi,” Timothy sighed. “Not at this time of day.”

He was wrong. It was enough for Layla to stand near the curb and wave her slim hand, and a taxi driver stopped a few yards away, having dangerously dodged several cars and exposed himself to furious car honks, verbal abuse and vulgar gestures.

Timothy helped Layla get inside and fasten the seat belt that cut into her breasts and made them appear even larger.

“The doctors kept telling me how many problems I would have with them,” Layla said. “They forced me to sign a pile of documents! They said that I wouldn’t be able to move as freely as before, that I would become heavy and huge... I can’t find a bra for myself even in Teicu, you know? The saleswoman only looked at my breasts helplessly, and when I insisted on trying on the biggest bra they had, I couldn’t even fasten it!”

“Really?” Timothy moaned.

The driver kept glancing at Layla in the rearview mirror and had to brake suddenly several times after he stared at her for too long.

“Oh yes!” Layla replied. “The bra I had bought at that time, remember? It’s too small for me now. And it once seemed enormous to both of us! Finally the shop assistant suggested that they could sew me something for me to order. I am definitely far above normal size table. That’s 5300cc, you know?”

“5300cc,” Timothy repeated weakly.

They arrived at her house. Timothy paid for the taxi and gave Layla a hand, helping her to get out of the car.

“Show me how excited you are,” Layla demanded as soon as they crossed the threshold of her house.

“What do you mean?” Timothy was surprised.

The woman smiled and ran her hands over her sexy body.

“I want to see how much my huge, implant-filled bust excites you... 5300Cc in each breast... It’s so much... Twenty two pounds that I carry around all the time, that make me so heavy, that make me get tired so easily. Undress and show me how hard and stiff your member has become... for me.”

Timothy felt a little insecure as he was removing his clothes. He had the impression that Layla could do with him now anything she wanted, and the nakedness made him even more vulnerable.

The woman smiled triumphantly at the sight of his hardened penis.

“Oh, it’s bigger than ever!” she was delighted. “It’s because of me that it’s so big, and I didn’t even touch you! I didn’t even undress! You can’t wait to fuck me... I can see you fighting against your lust, but you can’t win with it anyway.”

Timothy felt his penis throb, swollen and hot.

“Just look how disproportionately large they are,” Layla said, stroking her breasts. “So huge in contrast with my slim waist and arms ...”





Layla turned her back on him and raised her arms, revealing a stunning view of her breasts protruding on either side of her slim torso. The man clenched his hands into fists and sighed. His mouth was dry and his whole body trembled in anticipation of pleasure.

She leaned down to remove her skirt, and Timothy's eyes raveled to bare thighs, perhaps a little more muscular now than he had remembered.

"I have to exercise a lot to be able to carry those implants," Layla said. "When I went to the gym, people kept hitting on me and trying to chat me up, you know?"

For a while she struggled with the top that didn't want to slip off her chest. The fabric got stretched and threatened to rip, and Layla moaned softly. Her hardened, small nipples were visible from under the top, emphasizing the size of her breasts even more.

"5300cc is very, very much," Layla said turning towards him. "It gives me a lot of trouble, I can't move as fast as I used to, I can't run or buy a top in a normal boutique, but... This lust that I arouse in the people around me rewards everything to me."

"You're so sexy now," Timothy moaned.

"I am, am I not?" Layla sounded happy. "And you love to look at me, admire my giant breasts and listen to me talk about them... It's too much, but you want more, we both want it. Do you think I'm attractive enough already or should I add some more saline to the implants?"

She walked over to the cabinet with the mirror and leaned her hands on its surface, sticking her buttocks towards him. She looked at his reflection in the mirror and smiled encouragingly.

"How do you like my new, full lips?" she asked and licked them. "So big and plump... Do you remember how thin they used to be?"

Timothy gave out an inarticulate moan. He felt as if he was getting lost and drowning in his own desire.

When Timothy stood behind her back, he felt the heat radiating from her. He could smell her excitement. He couldn't believe he was so close to such a sexy woman. He ran his hands over her breasts, her narrow waist and small ass.

"I want to feel you inside me," Layla moaned.



Timothy gently parted her buttocks and slid the penis into her moist, tight pussy. The penis seemed sore from a long wait for pleasure and delight immediately pierced Timothy like a lightning.

“Oh, you're so big now,” Layla moaned, looking at his pleasure-contorted face.

The man moved his hips slowly, enjoying every second of the intercourse. He knew that if he increased the pace he could come far too quickly.

“That’s it... I always wanted to feel that you were so hot and hard for me,” Layla said. “For me, because of my stunning body... Because of my implants filled with 5300cc of saline...”

Timothy felt the muscles in her pussy tighten around his dick. Sweat ran down his back and his legs trembled slightly. He could see in the mirror the reflection of Layla’s self-confident face and her round, disproportionately large breasts.

“Maybe...” Layla started, looking into his eyes. “Maybe I should fill them up even more...”

She pressed her buttocks abruptly against him, until his testicles brushed her swollen clitoris.

“Not so fast...” Timothy moaned.

“You’re on the verge of orgasm, right?” Layla asked.

“You are too exciting...”

“And I could become even sexier, have even bigger breasts... I would go to the doctor and order him to enlarge them as much as possible... All my blouses and bras would become too small... I would be even heavier, even bigger...”

Timothy tightened his arms around her slim waist and staggered on his feet. The closeness of her body, her exciting words and her pussy tightening around his dick made him feel as if he was in a trance.

“You can’t torment me like that,” he sighed.

“Oh, that’s nothing yet...” Layla replied. “Do you think you really want me now?”

“Of course I want you!”

Layla felt a droplet of moisture run down her thigh. She looked at Timothy’s contorted, ecstatic features and smiled blissfully.

“I want you to go crazy about me,” she said.

“I’m already crazy about you,” he replied, drawing circles with his fingers on the tight skin of her bust.

“I will add more and more saline to these implants until they become so heavy that they will anchor me to the bed, I will continue to enlarge my lips until I’ll barely be able speak,” Layla whispered. “You will only think about me... You will desire me like no one else ever before...”

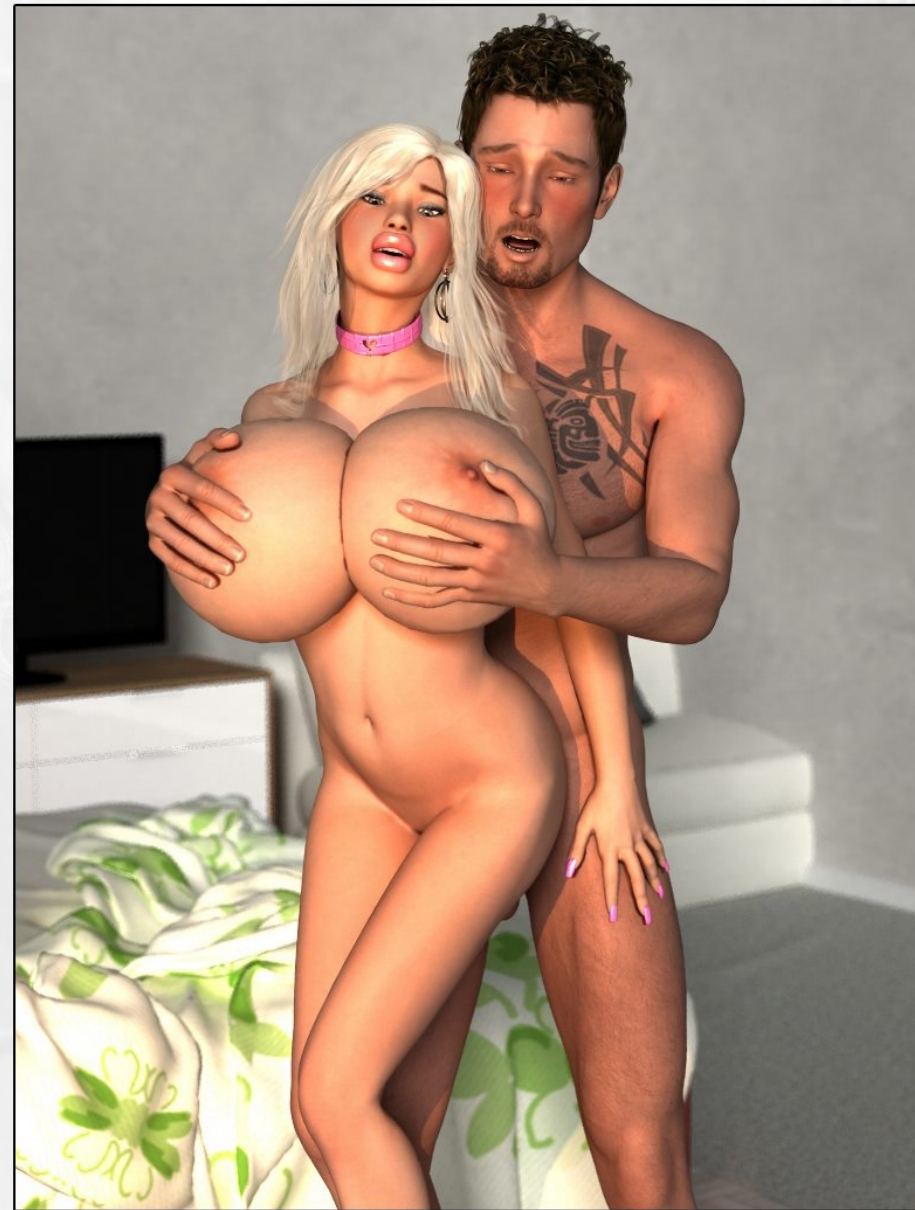
Timothy couldn’t imagine that it was even possible to be so excited. He was on the verge of orgasm, dazed and fascinated by Layla’s body and words. He wanted even more, and at the same time he was afraid that he might not be able bear it...

“It won’t be easy for us,” Layla whispered, dictating a slow rhythm with her hips. “For me, because these giant breasts will interfere with every activity and for you, because I will become for you the epitome of all your erotic desires and no one else will ever be able to replace me. I will surpass anything you could dream up in your wildest fantasies, I’ll be sexier than you could even imagine. I know it might be overwhelming, it might be too much, but... I don’t want to stop... I can’t stop...”

She turned her head to the side and kissed his lips.

“Will you really be even bigger?” Timothy asked. “Even sexier? I... I don’t know if I can take it...”

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll manage to handle it together,” Layla whispered tenderly. “I will grow bigger and bigger, and watch your lust drive you crazy...”



She pressed her buttocks against him and started moving her hips back and forth rapidly, setting her huge implants in motion. It was wonderful to feel him inside, as hard and big as ever, and so stiff because of her stunning figure.

His ecstatic screams and the expression of supreme pleasure on his face made Layla feel a delightful spasm between her legs. She was already so close, it took only a few moves and...

She climaxed, staring at Timothy, who was moaning and trembling, shaken by spasms of his own orgasm. Their hot bodies rubbed greedily against each other, sweat was running down their skin, and the whole house resounded with their cries of pleasure.

Layla let out a last, prolonged moan and smiled at Timothy. She patted his head and then kissed his lips.

The man seemed completely stunned and exhausted. He was still caressing her huge breasts with his hands as if to make sure that it wasn't a hallucination or fantasy, that he really was there.

"We'll be together from now on," he said. "I'm sorry I ever hurt you."

"What?" Layla was surprised.

She felt a trickle of fragrant, hot sperm flow out of her pussy.

"I will never cheat on you again, I will be faithful to you, really," he promised.

"Oh, I have no doubt about that."

Timothy smiled and relaxed.

“It’s just that *I* am not going to be faithful to *you*,” Layla said. “Now that I’m so attractive that I can have any man, I finally understood what you meant by saying that life is too short to ignore all this wonderful diversity.”

“Do you want to sleep with other men?” Timothy was surprised.

He wanted to have Layla just for himself and the thought that she could share this perfect body with someone else seemed unbearable. He felt a painful pang of jealousy.

“I don’t force you to do anything,” Layla said, stepping back and presenting her figure in all its splendor and glory. “Of course, if you don’t feel like it, we don’t have to see each other anymore. But if you want to sleep with me, you have to accept that I will go to bed with other people. Your choice.”

She was repeating his own words. He told her something very similar when a quarrel broke out about his so-called betrayal. And after that fight, Layla left him.

However, Timothy felt he had no choice at all. He couldn’t stop seeing her because he wanted her too much.



Timothy loved to wake up next to Layla and admire her body from the first seconds of the day – her pale blond hair scattered on the pillow, those slightly parted, full lips and large breasts, huddled together, contrasting with her slim waist and legs.

Layla opened her eyes, looked at him and smiled.

Timothy watched her bust move as she struggled to sit on the bed. The mattress sagged deeply under her weight. No wonder, as she weighed twenty two pounds more than before the treatments.

“Shall we meet tonight?” Timothy asked hopefully.

“I have this graduation reunion today, remember?”

“Couldn’t I go there with you?”

“We’ve already talked about that, Tim,” Layla said. “But you can wait for me here.”

Timothy sighed and sank back onto the bed. He watched Layla dress, comb her hair and bustle around the bedroom, and felt his penis harden again.

Layla hadn’t seen her high school friends for many years. On her way to the meet-up, she remembered what kind of girl she used to be then – self-conscious, quiet, always keeping in the background. She wondered how the fate of the people from her class unfolded. Ten years after leaving school, did the most popular ones still remain the souls of the party, and did the misfits still have problems establishing contacts?”

Lightly panting with effort, she walked over to the garden gate of Angela and Billy’s house and noticed that the hosts had already gathered around them a group that laughed loudly at their jokes. In the past it was like that, too: he was the most handsome guy in the whole school, witty and smart, and she was definitely the prettiest, most intelligent girl, adored by everyone. When they joined forces, no one was able to compete with them.

Layla proudly raised her head, straightened her back and entered the garden. At first, no one noticed her, but after a while, heads one by one began to turn towards her. Some of the quests covered their mouths with their hands, the faces of others became comically contorted with surprise, someone even froze motionless with a mug of beer halfway to his mouth. Nobody looked away from her as she walked on smiling contentedly.

“Is it really you?” Maisie, her old friend asked. “I barely recognized you!”

“Your breasts...” one of the women moaned. “They’re massive!”

Layla felt desire and excitement radiate from her former classmates. They seemed to focus on her with anticipation.

“How...? I mean... What happened that...?” Billie asked, not exactly sure how to word the question.

“Oh, I went to a doctor and told him to give me the largest possible implants,” Layla said. “At first it was 900cc, then 1800cc, and then... I filled them up more and more, until I reached 5300cc. Look, I’ll show you the pictures.”

She took out her phone and found the photos from various stages of her exciting progress to such a sexy look. People sighed around and loudly commented on her appearance. In several photographs she stood next to Stella, and over time the contrast between their silhouettes became more and more dramatic. A few photos also captured the shocked looks of random passers-by or incredulous faces of friends whom she hadn’t seen for a long time.



“I, too, can’t believe I used to be so small,” Layla said, hiding the phone.

There was silence. Finally Angela cleared her throat and asked:

“But... why did you do that? They must be very heavy, right? You probably can’t function very well with such gigantic breasts...”

She stared at Layla with dreamy, glistening eyes, and her cheeks started blushing.

“Why?” Layla repeated gently stroking her own bust. “I didn’t want to be that quiet with a lot of hang-ups anymore. I wanted to arouse true lust and I succeeded, didn’t I?”

“But you didn’t have to go that far!” Maisie exclaimed. “You didn’t have to increase them so much! Surely you have a hard time with them now...”

“She didn’t have to,” Angela spoke up. “Except that Layla doesn’t want to be just sexy, she wanted to turn into the most exciting woman imaginable...”

She said that in a voice that was hoarse with excitement, and her hands trembling so hard that the wine almost spilled out of her glass.

Layla smiled at her with her full lips and said:

“Each implant is filled with 5300cc of saline and weighs eleven pounds, which gives twenty two pounds in total, so it’s difficult for me. I have to exercise a lot to strengthen my back, stomach and leg muscles.”

“I’m sure you were a hot stuff at the gym,” Billie commented.



Layla remembered one of her visits to the gym. Dana stood at the reception and Layla only then she realized how she met the girl who inspired her to enlarge her breasts. When they saw each other at the clinic, Dana's implants seemed gigantic, but now they were much smaller than those Layla proudly showed off.

Dana went speechless for a few seconds at the sight of her client's full curves. She covered her mouth with her hand and raised her eyebrows high.

"And I thought I had large implants," she sighed, handing Layla the key to her locker. "The trainer is already waiting for you."

When Layla entered the changing room, all the women fell silent and surreptitiously watched her undress. It took her a lot of time and effort to remove her blouse and bra, and then put on her sports clothes, so she entered the gym room a bit sweaty, a bit breathless and a bit late.

The trainer blushed deep red at the sight of her and instinctively took a step back.

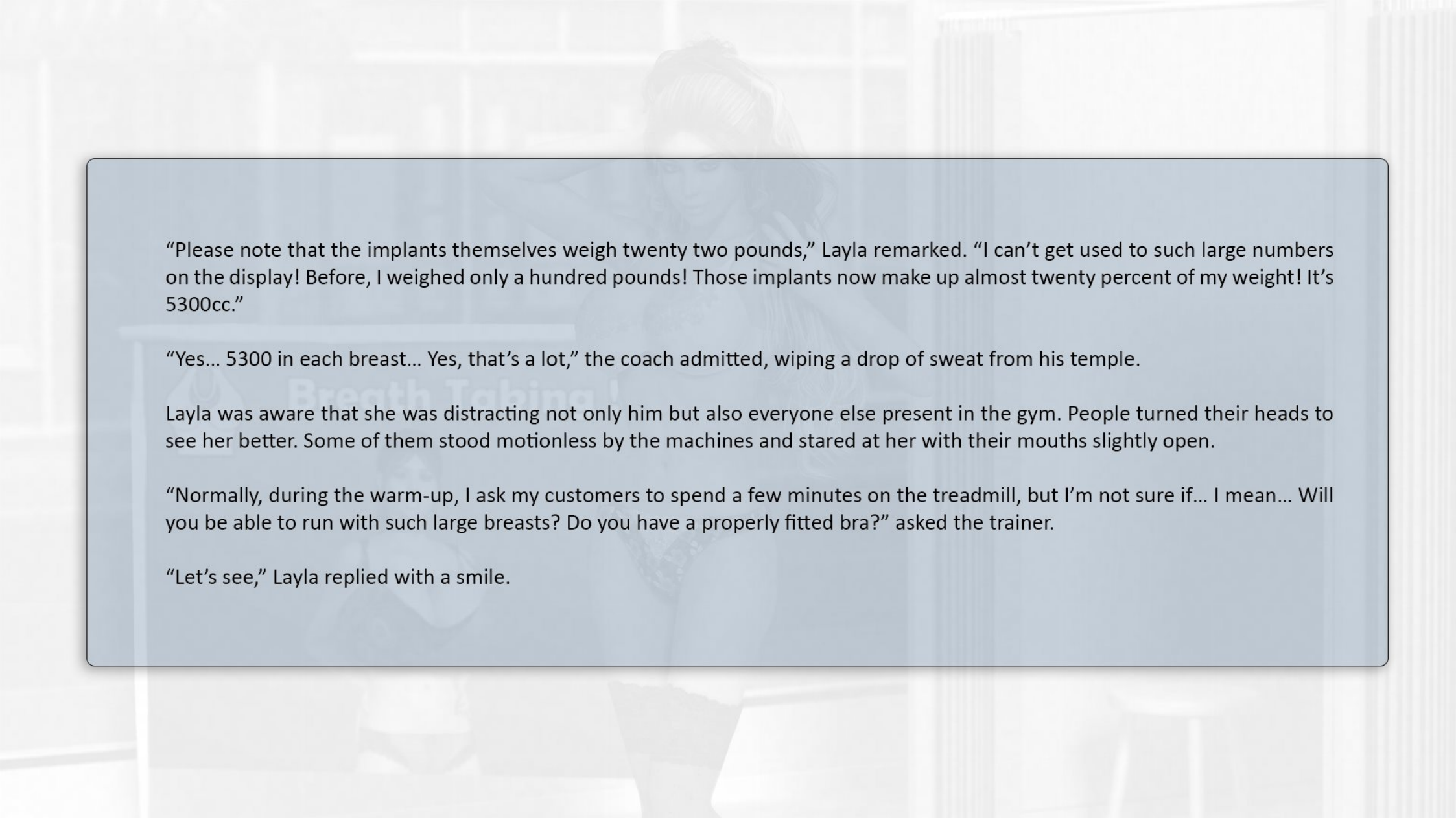
“I did mention on the phone that I have an unusual figure,” Layla commented.

“Yes, yes, of course,” the trainer replied, trying to maintain his professionalism.

He was clearly embarrassed, and Layla found his attempts to hide his emotions charming.

“I used to plan my training myself in the past, but now I have rather unique needs,” Layla said. “I’m not sure which exercises I will be able to do with such large implants and, besides, I should focus much more on strengthening my back. To be honest, I get easily tired even just walking.”

The trainer nodded his head, but he avoided all eye contact with her and every now and then glanced into her deep cleavage. He asked her to stand on the scales and checked her body composition.



“Please note that the implants themselves weigh twenty two pounds,” Layla remarked. “I can’t get used to such large numbers on the display! Before, I weighed only a hundred pounds! Those implants now make up almost twenty percent of my weight! It’s 5300cc.”

“Yes... 5300 in each breast... Yes, that’s a lot,” the coach admitted, wiping a drop of sweat from his temple.

Layla was aware that she was distracting not only him but also everyone else present in the gym. People turned their heads to see her better. Some of them stood motionless by the machines and stared at her with their mouths slightly open.

“Normally, during the warm-up, I ask my customers to spend a few minutes on the treadmill, but I’m not sure if... I mean... Will you be able to run with such large breasts? Do you have a properly fitted bra?” asked the trainer.

“Let’s see,” Layla replied with a smile.

Trotting on the treadmill, her breasts bouncing on her chest, she remembered what her visits to the gym looked like before she enlarged her breasts. At that time, no one paid her any attention as if she were transparent. She thought then that if she hired a personal trainer then, she would feel embarrassed and insecure, and it didn't even occur to her that such a well-groomed, well-built man would possibly be interested in her. Now that guy was trying to hide his excitement and lust – quite unsuccessfully.



Sweating after the warm-up, she placed a weight bar on her shoulders and did a few squats. She felt sweat droplets gather between her breasts and drip onto her flat stomach. She heard whispers around her and was sure people were commenting on her figure.

“Very good,” the trainer praised her. “Try crunches now.”

Some of the exercises she managed to perform without any major problems, others, like crunches, were more difficult than before, and some, for example, those that required clasping one’s hands together in front, had to be replaced by others. When she tried to do a pump, her bust touched the floor with the slightest bending of her arms, all positions based on lying on one’s stomach had to be adjusted to her amazing proportions.

She got tired much faster than before the treatments. The extra pounds made her exhausted and sore after just half an hour.

When she told the trainer that she would gladly meet him regularly, the man’s eyes lit up with joy.

Layla shook her head and returned to the present – her school reunion.

“Oh yeah... I did make quite a big impression at the gym,” she confirmed, and then decided to change the subject. “And what's up with you?” she asked. “Maisie, where do you work now?”

Work-related discussion started and Layla purposefully avoided telling about herself. She liked the feeling that she dominated the meeting, but she didn’t want to seem too self-confident, so she listened politely as her friends talked about work, still casting glances at her figure, fascinated but a bit confused, as if they weren’t sure how to behave around her.

“And you, Layla?” Billie asked. “What do you do?”

Layla told them about her work in men’s accessories store.

“At first, I did rather poorly and I expected the whole venture to fail,” she admitted. “The place is in a terrible location, and I’m not a good seller, but then... After my treatments, it turned out that I have so many new customers!”

“Really?” Angela asked. “It works?”

“I’ve even been promoted recently. I’m no longer just a sales person, but I’m also beginning to negotiate contracts, arrange the marketing... People seem to agree to everything I offer them!”

With each glass of wine drunk, her former classmates were getting rid of inhibitions. They began to ask her about her life with such large implants more and more boldly, and several people shamelessly flirt with her.

At one point, Billie, who had never paid the slightest attention to Layla, laughed so hard at her joke that he spilt his beer all over her top.

Billie began to apologize profusely and tried to dry the stain with some tissues.

“Come inside,” Angela suggested. “We’ll rinse it out.”



However, when rubbed with a wet cloth, the stain just got bigger, leaving an even more visible mark on her top.

“Why don’t you just take it off and put on one of mine?” Angela said.

Layla laughed.

“There’s no way I can fit into any of your blouses,” she said.

“Try it anyway,” Angela encouraged her. “This stain looks nasty, you should throw this top in the washing right away.”

Only then did Layla realize that the woman was flirting with her – she was standing too close, she spoke in a low, seductive tone, and touched her shoulder casually. Despite everything that happened that evening, Layla couldn’t believe that the prettiest girl of her class, who could literally have everyone at a single nod of her head, and, besides, was married now, started picking her up at the party.

Angela led Layla to the wardrobe and handed her one of her blouses.

“This is probably the biggest one I’ve got,” she said.

She stared eagerly at Layla, waiting for her to remove her shirt.

“Shall I help you?” She asked hopefully. “It’s probably not easy for you to undress now...”

Layla thought of Timothy and his jealousy, of Billie, who was entertaining his guests in the garden, and then nodded.

Excited, Angela stood next to Layla and pulled up the material of her top.

Layla could feel her quick breathing and saw her cheeks turn pink.

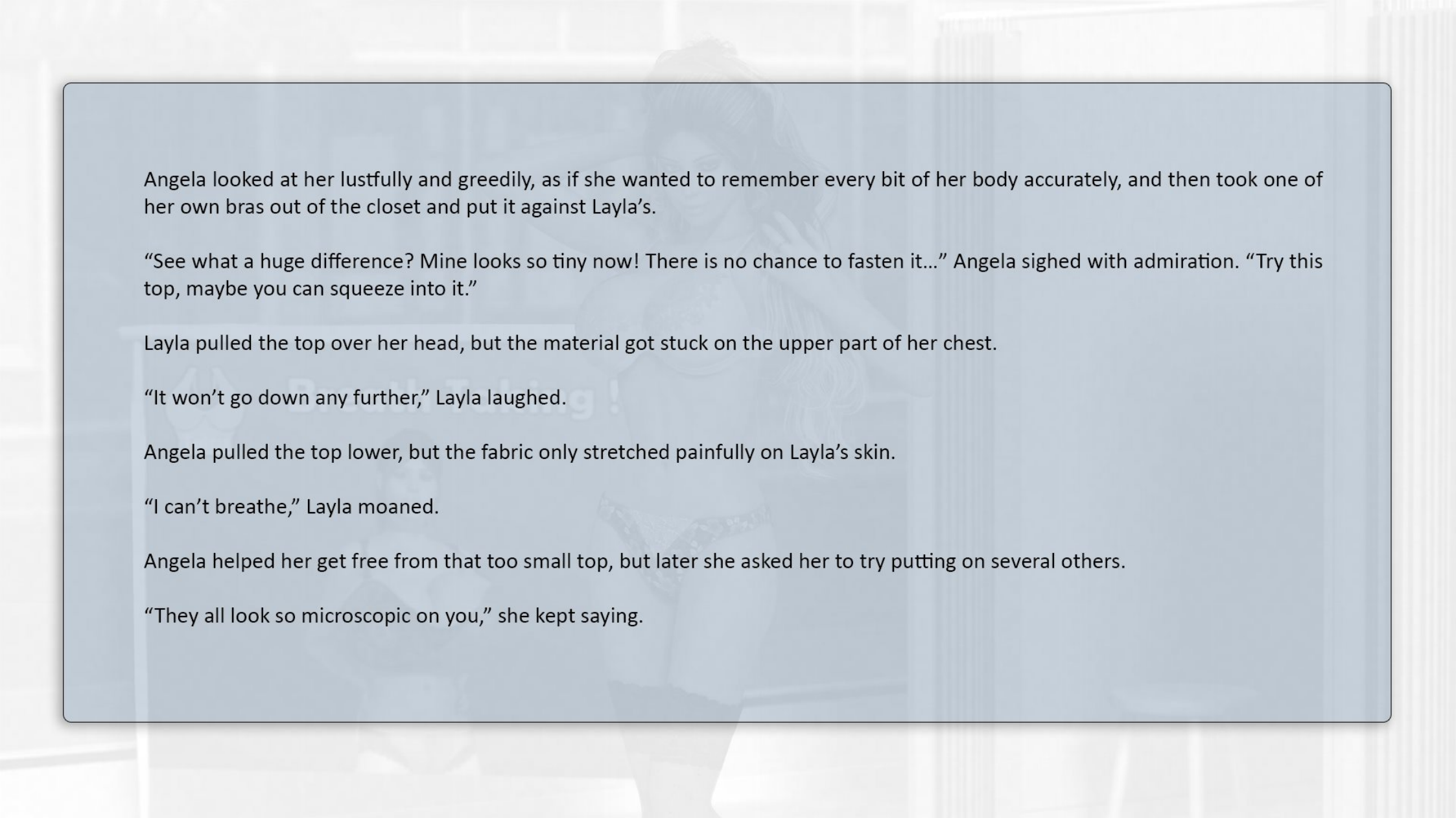
“So big,” moaned Angela. “I can’t believe it... You’ve changed so much. Your bra is wet too, look. You have to take it off as well...”

Angela started unbuttoning her friend’s bra without asking.

“I’ve never seen such a big bra!” She groaned. “What size is it?”

“Oh, I’m above the ordinary scale,” Layla replied.

She felt her nipples harden from cold and excitement.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black top and shorts, is looking down at her chest. The background is a bright, slightly blurred indoor setting.

Angela looked at her lustfully and greedily, as if she wanted to remember every bit of her body accurately, and then took one of her own bras out of the closet and put it against Layla's.

"See what a huge difference? Mine looks so tiny now! There is no chance to fasten it..." Angela sighed with admiration. "Try this top, maybe you can squeeze into it."

Layla pulled the top over her head, but the material got stuck on the upper part of her chest.

"It won't go down any further," Layla laughed.

Angela pulled the top lower, but the fabric only stretched painfully on Layla's skin.

"I can't breathe," Layla moaned.

Angela helped her get free from that too small top, but later she asked her to try putting on several others.

"They all look so microscopic on you," she kept saying.

In the end, Layla managed to pull on one of the most stretchy T-shirts. Her nipples stuck out clearly under the jersey fabric, and her skin gently glistened with sweat.

“Even without a bra, they’re so firm and round,” said Angela.

She stared at her friend with hungry eyes and looked as if she was fighting some painful inner battle.

“Are we going down?” Layla asked.

“No! Wait...”





Angela put her hands around her friend's breasts and kissed her soft, plump lips.

Layla felt a pleasant shiver. Little hairs all over her body stood on end, her breathing quickened and she didn't feel like going back to the party anymore.

"You're the sexiest woman I've ever seen," Angela whispered.

Layla sighed, responding to her caresses. The excitement that accumulated throughout the evening now mounted up now and Layla put her hand under her friend's blouse.

And just then Billie entered the room.

"I was knocking, but..." he started looking at the two women, their bodies entwined with each other.

He was shocked at how small his wife seemed to be next to Layla. He immediately felt his penis harden. He got dizzy, but was sure that it wasn't caused by the alcohol he had drunk.

"What are you doing, Angela?" he turned to his wife.

He couldn't decide if he was more angry, shocked or horny.

"I was just looking for a blouse for Layla..." Angela explained.

There was a tense silence for a moment in the room.

Layla had no idea what was going to happen next, but she felt the excitement and uncertainty of the couple. She had an impression that her perfected body had disturbed their peace of mind in a way they didn't even understand. They both wanted her, but they didn't know what to do about it.

Angela spoke up first:

"I can see how much you like Layla."

Billie opened his mouth, but his wife wouldn't let him say anything.

"Don't try to deny! You look at her the way that... Throughout the evening you definitely fantasize about fucking her, huh?"

"I just..."

"You like those huge, firm boobs filled with enormous implants, don't you?" Angela asked, squeezing Layla's breasts. "You're excited by her inflated, plump lips and you dream about her giving you a blowjob with them."

"I..." Billie began.

He spread his hands apart in a helpless gesture and watched his wife play with her friend's full breasts.

"It's 5300cc, right?" Angela continued.

"Oh yeah..." Layla confirmed. "5300cc in each breast."

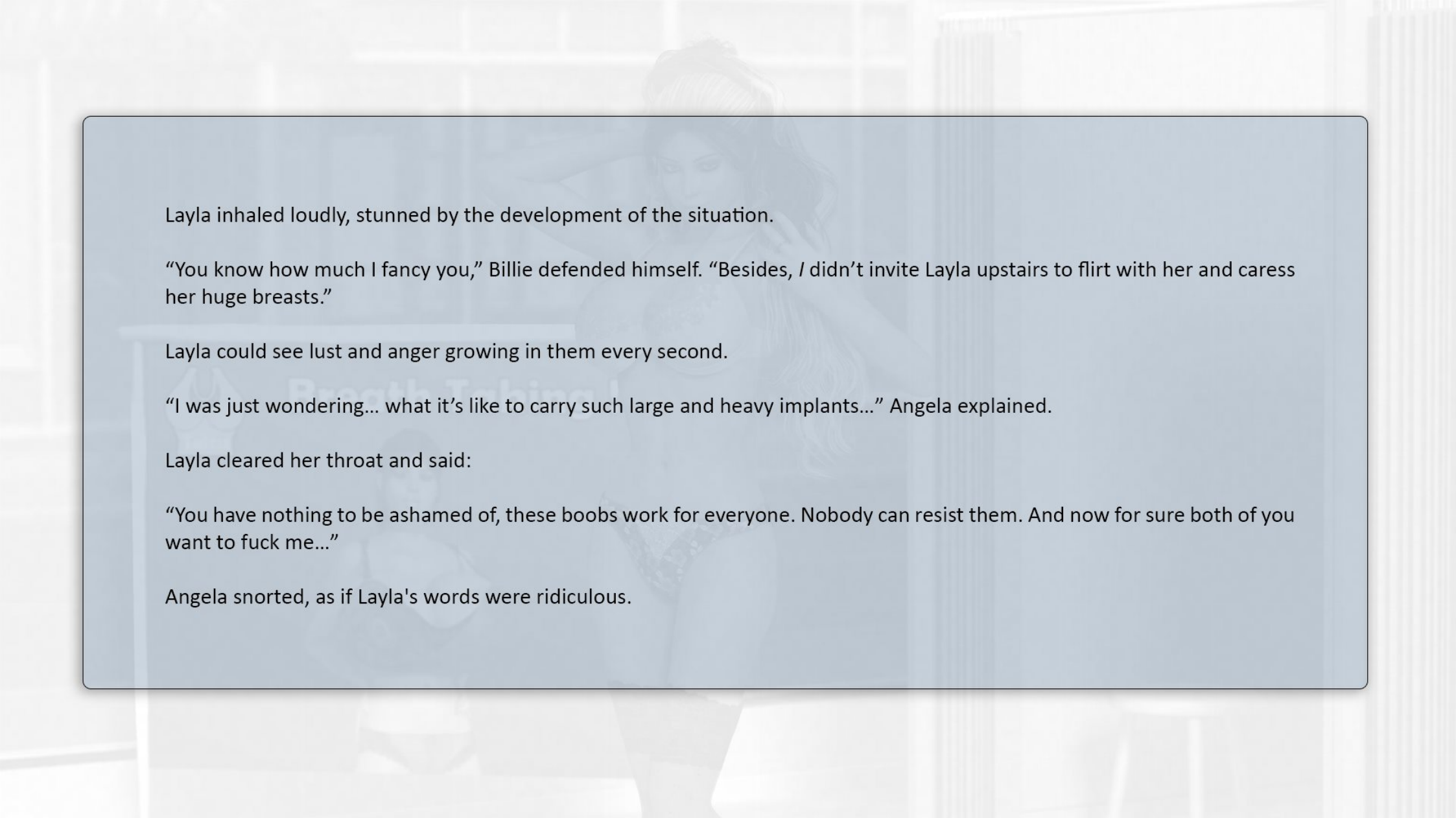
"I had no idea that such big boobs did that for you, Billie," said Angela. "You never told me about it..."

Layla felt as if she was in a dream. Angela's hot hands circled around her breasts eagerly. She couldn't believe that people who had hardly ever spoken to her once, not so much because they didn't like her, as because they didn't actually notice her all, now desire her so much.

"You like them too," Billie said defensively. "You are even excited when talking about them. I haven't seen you so turned on in a long time."

"You probably imagine what I would look like with such huge implants," Angela said accusingly. "Would you like to play with them, caress them with your fingers, slip your hot penis between them. It would seem so small against them... You fantasize about what it would be like if I also enlarged my lips and then gave you a blowjob..."





Layla inhaled loudly, stunned by the development of the situation.

“You know how much I fancy you,” Billie defended himself. “Besides, I didn’t invite Layla upstairs to flirt with her and caress her huge breasts.”

Layla could see lust and anger growing in them every second.

“I was just wondering... what it’s like to carry such large and heavy implants...” Angela explained.

Layla cleared her throat and said:

“You have nothing to be ashamed of, these boobs work for everyone. Nobody can resist them. And now for sure both of you want to fuck me...”

Angela snorted, as if Layla's words were ridiculous.



"I can see how horny you are," Layla said gently. "You can't control your lust... You are excited by my giant boobs and full lips... That's why I went through all these treatments. And you know what you should do now?"

Angela and Billie went silent, staring at her figure with uncertain eyes.

"Each of you wants to fuck me now, but you are too embarrassed and jealous to just do it..."

"That's not..." Billie began.

"That's why I want you to do something different," Layla said. "I want you to fuck while looking at me..."

"What?!" Angela was indignant. "No way!"

Layla shrugged and twisted her full lips in a contemptuous smile.

“I’ll be going then,” she said, but she didn’t move from the spot.

Angela was breathing quickly, not taking her glistening eyes off Layla’s chest. Billie shifted nervously from one foot to the other and blushed even more. They were both slightly sweaty, stunned both by alcohol and Layla’s appearance.

“It’s nothing wrong,” Layla argued.

“Shit,” Angela hissed. “Let’s do it, Billie.”

“We shouldn’t...” her husband sighed.

A second later, lust grew above some critical point and the couple began to greedily kiss and peel off their clothes. Every now and then they glanced toward Layla – proudly erect and fascinated by their excitement.

After a moment, Angela was kneeling on the floor, and Billie was entering her with violent, rapid movements. They both greedily watched Layla’s sexy body. Their moans and sighs echoed off the bedroom walls, their sweaty bodies were rubbing against each other more and more fiercely, their faces were contorted with pleasure.

Layla bit her soft lip and squeezed her full breasts. It was that body who made Angela and Billie fuck like animals in front of her eyes... That’s how her perfect figure influenced them.

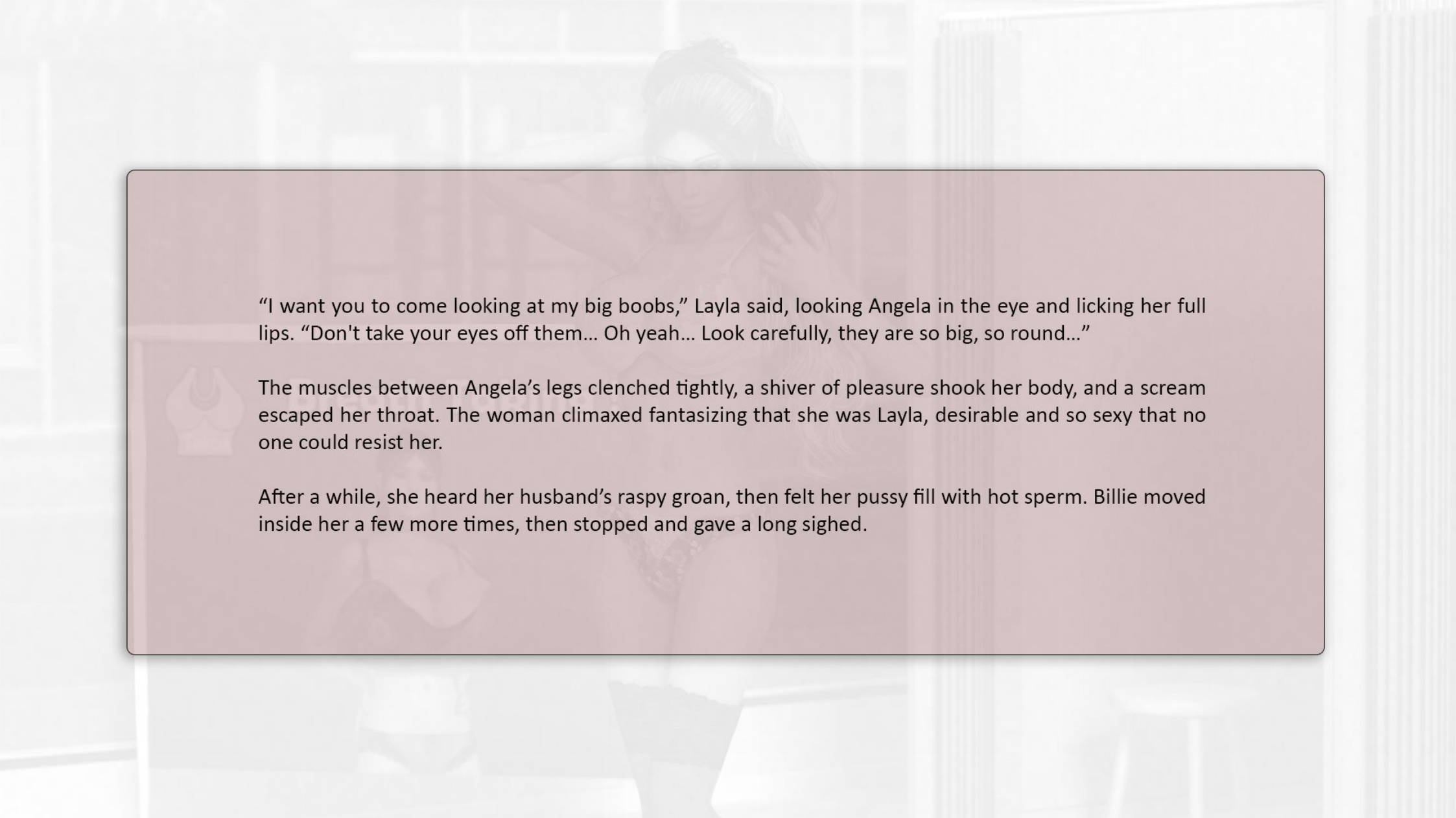
“Don’t take your eyes off me,” she moaned. “Look at my huge, saline-filled breasts and plump, inflated lips... That’s right... My tits have such a perfect, round shape, right? It excites you that all Angela’s T-shirts are too small for me... I’m huge compared to her... It excites you that I used to be so petite, and now...” Layla was speaking, more and more excited both by the sight of the couple having sex and by her own words. “I am getting bigger and bigger, gigantic really, against common sense I still go back to the doctor’s office and I ask him for even bigger implants, I’m getting heavier, more sexy...”



Angela felt that Billy's cock in her pussy was harder than ever and she imagined what would happen if she also filled her breasts with such huge implants... This thought seemed overwhelming and, at the same time, very sexy. Billie couldn't take his eyes off her...

Angela greedily moved her hips wanting to feel him even deeper. A drop of sweat ran down her back down her buttocks.

Billie was sure it wasn't really happening. His whole body throbbed with excitement, Layla's sexy shapes blurred in his eyes, and Angela's pussy seemed tighter than usual. He entered her faster and faster, listened to the ecstatic moans of his wife and admired Layla's stunning figure.



“I want you to come looking at my big boobs,” Layla said, looking Angela in the eye and licking her full lips. “Don't take your eyes off them... Oh yeah... Look carefully, they are so big, so round...”

The muscles between Angela's legs clenched tightly, a shiver of pleasure shook her body, and a scream escaped her throat. The woman climaxed fantasizing that she was Layla, desirable and so sexy that no one could resist her.

After a while, she heard her husband's raspy groan, then felt her pussy fill with hot sperm. Billie moved inside her a few more times, then stopped and gave a long sighed.

Angela tossed the sweaty hair off her face, lifted her head and looked at Layla. The woman knelt down and stroked Angela's hair.

Layla put on her huge bra, her beer-stained top, and then kissed Angela on the lips and left the spouses alone.



“You came back late,” Timothy greeted her.

“The school reunion went well,” Layla said.

“What happened to your top?” Timothy asked, pointing at the stain.

Layla told him about spilled beer, trying on her friend’s T-shirts and sex between Billy and Angela.

“They fucked in front of you?!” Timothy exclaimed in shock.

“Oh yeah,” Layla said, taking off her dirty top. “They were both very horny for me.”

Timothy tried to focus, but the sight of her full breasts and plump lips distracted him. He felt that despite his anger he was beginning to desire her.

“And you think it’s okay?” Timothy asked.

“They liked it,” Layla said with a shrug.

“Okay towards *me!*” Timothy was getting annoyed.

Layla looked at him in surprise, then unbuttoned her bra.

The man sighed at the sight of her bare breasts and felt his whole body warm up.

“We’re in an open relationship,” she reminded him. “Once you wanted it yourself, but now you expect faithfulness from me.”

They quarreled about this many times, constantly repeating the same arguments and neither of them wanted to give way.

"You wanted an exclusive deal," Timothy said. *"How long are you going to continue that revenge of yours?"*

Layla decided not to answer that. Instead, she squeezed her big hardened breasts with her small hands and licked her lips.

Timothy groaned and took a step back.

"I know what you are going to do," he said, trying to give her a stern look despite his growing excitement. *"We'll talk it over this time, you can't solve all our problems this way."*

"I got really horny because of it all," Layla sighed. *"My pussy is quite wet..."*

She took off her skirt and thong, and then ran her hands over her body.

"I know you want me," she whispered. *"Since I've got these huge boobs, you've been wanting me all the time, even now that you're angry with me. Or maybe you are excited about what happened? A couple of beautiful sexy people lost their heads completely for me... He came looking at me, not his beautiful wife and I bet he will fantasize about me for a long time yet. But it was her who initiated all of it. She arranged the situation so that I would undress in front of her and asked me to try on her tiny tops."*



Layla sat on the couch and spread her legs apart.

She looked so sexy that Timothy groaned in delight.

“We should talk,” he said.

“Do you want me to enlarge them even more?” Layla asked, looking down at her breasts, then gently touching her wet lips.

“Stop it,” Timothy moaned and looked away from her because he knew that if he continued to look at her, he would definitely give in. Sometimes it seemed to him that watching her was like looking straight towards a sharp, blinding light.

“Do you resist me because you think that it will make me go and have a next surgery? We both know how much you would like it.”

“Layla, let’s be serious,” Timothy said.

He felt how hard his member was and couldn't focus.

"5300cc is so much, but I could increase them again... I would add 1000cc, maybe 2000cc or even more... I would be even heavier and bigger, and you wouldn't be able to resist me, you wouldn't even try to argue with me... I could become gigantic, bigger than you can even imagine..."

"Stop. Please."

Layla licked her full lips, stroked her breasts, then slipped a finger into her wet pussy and closed her eyes.

"Come to me," she moaned.

Timothy knew he had lost. Maybe he even wanted to lose because the temptation was too great.

Before & After



Body Making!

Before & After



Ever since Timothy got involved with Layla, his life turned upside down. Once, in the past, he might have thought that living with such an exciting woman who didn't require faithfulness from him would be paradise on earth, while now he was rather confused and bewildered. Moments of ecstatic pleasure intertwined with painful longing, humiliation and jealousy. He had no idea how it happened that he changed from a confident, go-getting man into someone that bent over backwards to adapt to the rules set out by his partner.

That day he decided to have a serious conversation with Layla and convince her to create a true relationship. He felt that in her heart she wanted it too, but couldn't forgive him his betrayal, and besides, she got a little intoxicated with her own attractiveness.

Timothy involuntarily remembered her words about the next treatment and felt a wave of excitement. Yes, he wanted her to do that, she would be the sexiest woman one could ever imagine, but at the same time this vision overwhelmed him. Would he be able to control himself in her presence? But he decided to think about it later, once they would have established the principles on which their relationship should be based.

He looked at his watch – he finished work earlier and on the way back home he stopped at a store to buy a bottle of wine. Layla wouldn't expect him for at least two more hours, but he decided to ring the doorbell anyway. There was a light turned on inside, so she was definitely at home.

Nobody opened. He pushed the handle and the door gave in.

Inside, one could hear music and... some muffled moans.

Timothy tensed. His stomach ached, his face contorted in anger. Without knocking, he burst into the living room, from which those sounds came, and the scene he saw caused him to get breathless and freeze motionless.

Layla was sitting on the table. Another woman kneeling between her slim thighs and licking her pussy greedily.

Layla stroked her partner's head and moaned louder, her thighs trembling convulsively as it always happened when she approached an orgasm. Her perfectly rounded breasts, pink and shiny, were bouncing slightly, her full lips were parted and created a perfect circle as she moaned, at times their corners rose slightly in a blissful smile.

The woman he didn't know was apparently so absorbed in licking Layla's pussy that she didn't even realize that someone was standing right behind her back.

Layla looked at Timothy with glistening eyes and bit her lower lip. The man felt dizzy, his member got swollen and stiffened immediately, and his hands began to tremble so much that he almost dropped the bottle of wine he was still holding.

Layla's fingers tightened on the edge of the table, and then came, still looking Timothy straight in the eye.

The man had the impression that this view, one of the most exciting he had ever seen, would be etched in his memory and remain there forever, like an old scar, no matter how much he would try to erase it.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark, possibly black, dress, is looking down with a somber expression. She is in a room with a bookshelf in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from a window on the right, creating a soft glow and long shadows. The overall mood is one of melancholy or distress.

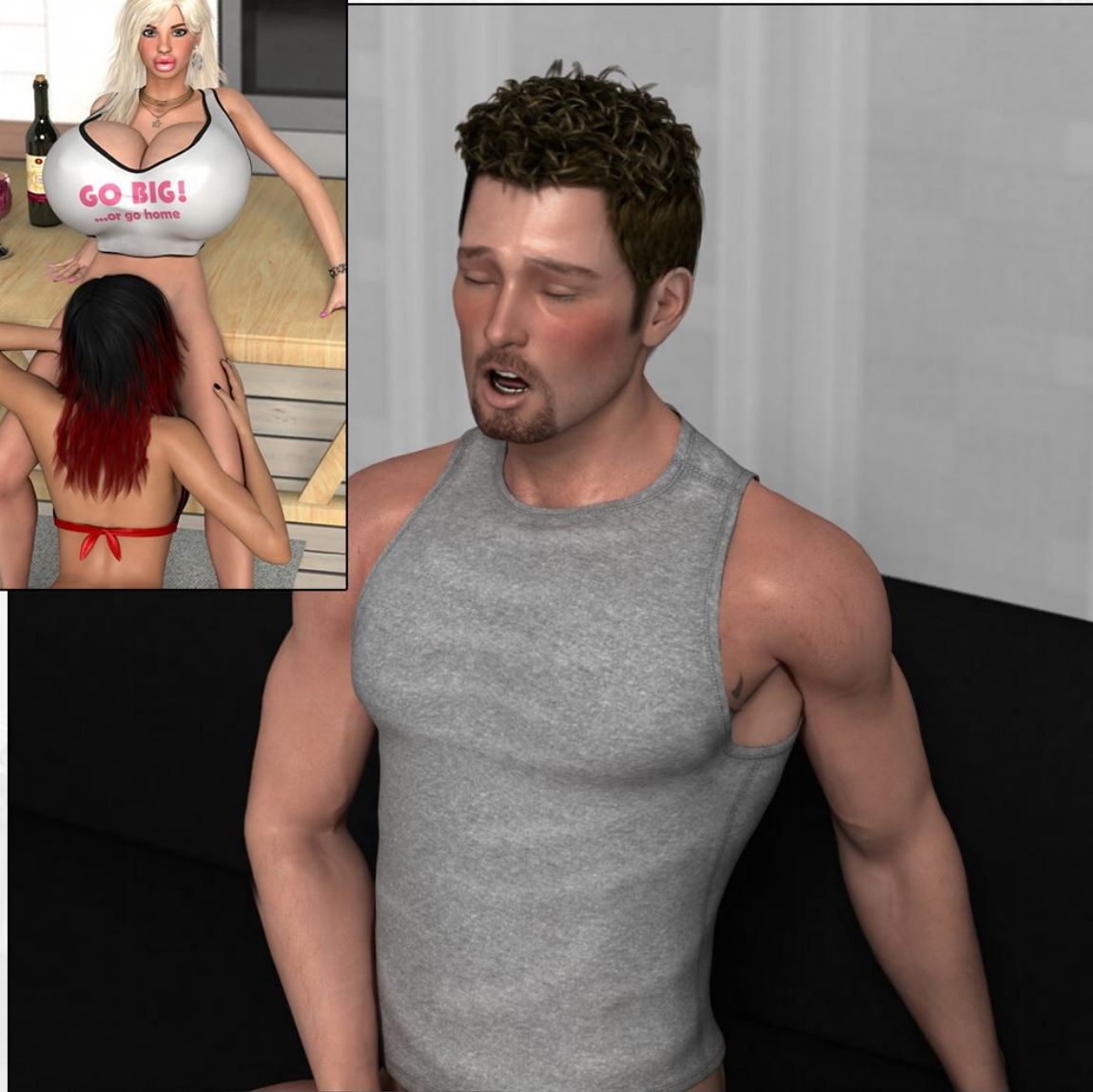
Finally the other woman turned to him and screamed in terror.

What happened next Timothy remembered like a series of blurry images. The stranger getting dressed hurriedly, Layla unruffled by his agitation, repeating the words he knew so well, sexy, still excited and stunningly attractive. These images were mixing with emotions so strong that it was difficult for him to bear them. Rage, because she betrayed him again and, on top of that, just before their date. Lust. The need to always be able to see her body. Jealousy.

He was shouting something at her, but he wasn't fully aware of what he was saying. He remembered leaving the house, slamming the door and taking a bottle of wine with him.

Later, when he returned home, he masturbated, remembering the scene he was a witness of, because he was still horny and unsatisfied.

When he woke up in the morning with a headache and an unbearable dryness in his mouth, he noticed that the wine bottle was completely empty.



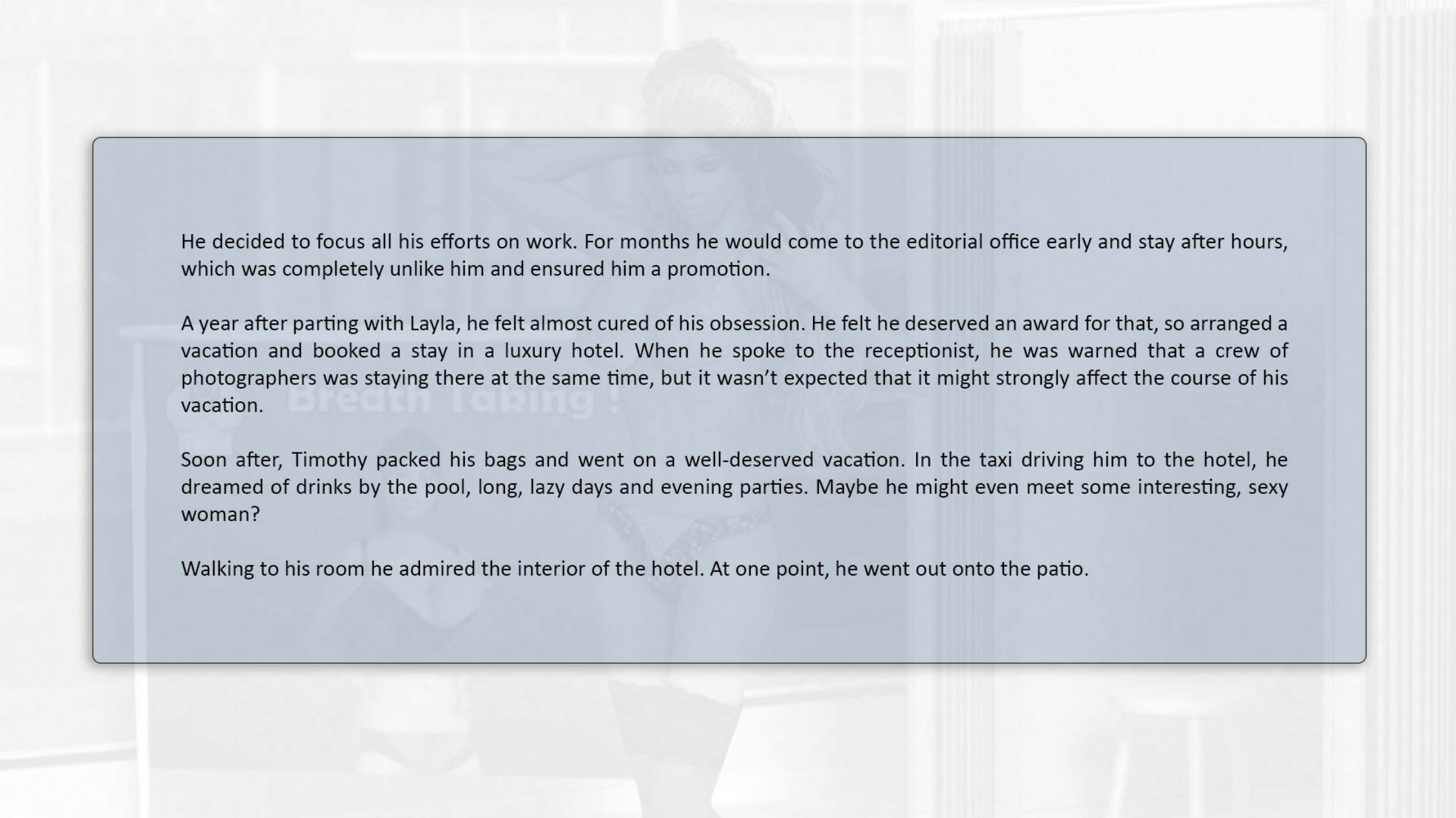
Timothy was devastated by this sudden separation from Layla. He missed her the most in the evenings – he lay alone in bed alone and, despite his common sense, spent hours fantasizing about her perfect body. In such moments his willpower weakened dangerously and he barely refrained from looking at her pictures or sending her a text.

After a few weeks, he deleted her phone number and all her photos, and promised himself that he wouldn't check her profiles on social media.

He was constantly trying to stay busy and give himself enough new experiences to overcome his longing. He met with many attractive women, but he didn't enjoy it as much as he used to. They all seemed colorless and unattractive compared to Layla. He noticed with reluctance that even during sex with these girls he wasn't as excited as when Layla showed him her naked body and told him that she was going to become even sexier, enlarge her breasts once again, fill her lips again.

The thought that the best sex of his life was already behind him and he would probably never meet a woman who would excite him as much as Layla was depressing.

He told himself that it was much better that way, because he couldn't let her humiliate him and cheat on him and, besides, if she really increased her breasts even more... He would go crazy about her. Just thinking about such a possibility excited him more than the naked bodies of his new lovers, but at the same time frightened him, because Layla would gain complete power over him.

A woman with blonde hair tied back is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking down at a laptop screen. The office has large windows in the background, and the scene is dimly lit. The text is overlaid on a semi-transparent blue box.

He decided to focus all his efforts on work. For months he would come to the editorial office early and stay after hours, which was completely unlike him and ensured him a promotion.

A year after parting with Layla, he felt almost cured of his obsession. He felt he deserved an award for that, so arranged a vacation and booked a stay in a luxury hotel. When he spoke to the receptionist, he was warned that a crew of photographers was staying there at the same time, but it wasn't expected that it might strongly affect the course of his vacation.

Soon after, Timothy packed his bags and went on a well-deserved vacation. In the taxi driving him to the hotel, he dreamed of drinks by the pool, long, lazy days and evening parties. Maybe he might even meet some interesting, sexy woman?

Walking to his room he admired the interior of the hotel. At one point, he went out onto the patio.



He noticed her immediately. He stopped and held his breath.

“Layla,” he whispered.

It was as if they parted not a year ago, but a mere few days before. The lust and hunger that he managed to suppress, flared up with double force. He felt his heart rate speed up rapidly and his cheeks were blushing.

He stared at her round, giant breasts, that he could never resist. Layla didn't lie when she said she was planning to enlarge them again. Now they were fuller than ever, and Timothy felt that he must get close to her, that he must touch them. Her sexy figure attracted him, drowned out his common sense and took away all self-control. He was like a moth driven towards a flame.

He forgot how perfectly her breasts contrasted with her small body. And now they were... even bigger. He hadn't believed she would do it, he had always thought she was just teasing him. They were so huge, so full... They were certainly very, very heavy, even heavier than before!

At that moment he had no idea why her sleeping with other people disturbed him so much and he was ready to agree to anything just to be near her. He felt ready, his member hardened more than when he was next to any other lover.

Then she turned her head towards him and smiled in a friendly manner, and he realized that it wasn't Layla at all, and he was staring, as if hypnotized, at some strange woman.

She waved to him, and when she lifted her hand her breasts slightly heaved. Timothy raised his own trembling hand in greeting.

How could he be so wrong? It was only now that he noticed how different she was from Layla. Was he hoping that he would come across his former mistress by accident?

On soft legs, he went on, still casting lustful glances at the sexy woman.

He had great hope that he would have an opportunity to talk to her, get closer to her and maybe even go to bed with her. He fantasized about it and got even more horny, but even at that moment he felt a slight anxiety, as if sex with such a woman was too exciting and thrilling.

Trying to regain his composure, he entered his room, took a cold shower and unpacked his suitcase, then decided to go down to the restaurant for dinner. He was still looking for the woman he had seen earlier, but she was nowhere to be found. After a meal and a few drinks, already slightly intoxicated, he went outside, hoping to meet the Layla-like beauty again.





Another woman was sitting out there and talking on the phone.

Timothy took a seat on one of the sun beds and sipped his drink. The stranger was very pretty. He noticed that she had a well-groomed, slender body and breasts filled with implants, but his attention was mostly drawn to her full, plump lips, painted with lip gloss.

Timothy heard her speak a little indistinctly and wondered if it was because of the big, sexy lips. A pleasant shiver ran down his spine as he imagined that those full lips were kissing his penis, and a nimble tongue caressing him greedily...

Finally, the woman said goodbye and ended the conversation. She looked at him, smiled, and then looked around. They were all alone there.

“Would you fancy something to drink?” Timothy asked.

“That’s very kind of you, my throat got completely dry from all that talking,” said the woman.

She gratefully accepted the drink from his hand and began to talk to him.

Timothy found out that her name was Pearl, she came there for a photo shoot and was single. She talked a lot, laughed out loud and probably had a weak head, or it wasn't her first drink of the evening. Incidentally, she touched his arm, and later encouraged him to swim in the pool together. She flirted with him openly and with confidence, and when Timothy watched her full, wet lips move, he felt more and more eager to have sex with her.

Soon after, Pearl suggested they move to her room. She started kissing him as soon as the door closed behind them. She had soft, warm lips and a nimble tongue. Timothy greedily ran his hands over her well-groomed body and felt almost like he had before meeting Layla. This time he was the master of the situation, he was picked up by a beautiful and horny girl who right now was taking off his shirt and unbuttoning his pants.

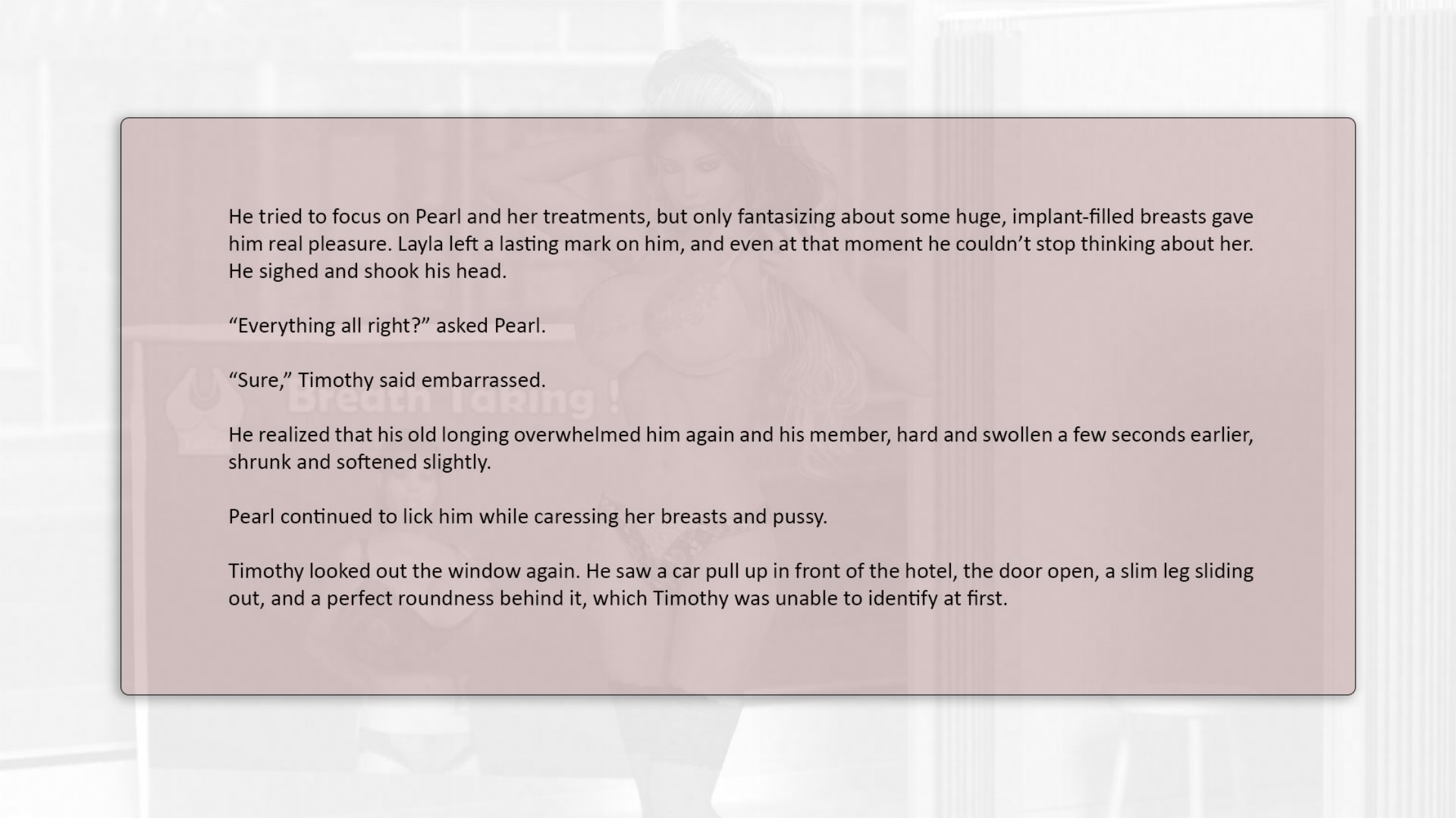




He felt her hot lips on his member and groaned out loud. The soft lips perfectly enveloped his manhood, the tongue gently irritated its tip and moved along the swollen veins.

Timothy leaned his hands on the windowsill and began to move his hips back and forth. Pearl moaned softly and enthusiastically caressed him more and more.

He stared out the window, barely seeing what was happening behind his back, because Layla again burst into his fantasy. He imagined her large, round breasts and full lips. He thought of the woman he had seen at the patio and his member had hardened rapidly.



He tried to focus on Pearl and her treatments, but only fantasizing about some huge, implant-filled breasts gave him real pleasure. Layla left a lasting mark on him, and even at that moment he couldn't stop thinking about her. He sighed and shook his head.

“Everything all right?” asked Pearl.

“Sure,” Timothy said embarrassed.

He realized that his old longing overwhelmed him again and his member, hard and swollen a few seconds earlier, shrunk and softened slightly.

Pearl continued to lick him while caressing her breasts and pussy.

Timothy looked out the window again. He saw a car pull up in front of the hotel, the door open, a slim leg sliding out, and a perfect roundness behind it, which Timothy was unable to identify at first.

The woman had to squeeze her breasts to get out of the car, because they almost got stuck in the door. They leaned on her small thighs as she sat, bent forward. Later, she pushed herself away from the seat, grabbed the door and rose with an effort.

Timothy felt a sudden, uncontrollable surge of excitement. For a few seconds he was convinced that the woman standing outside was just a fantasy. She couldn't be real... These breasts were too big to be real.

"You've got so hard," Pearl moaned with delight. "So big..."

Timothy hardly heard a word. His head was spinning, his knees weak and excitement made him completely breathless.

He had never seen such a gigantic bust before. He didn't even dare to fantasize about it.

Layla looked up and stared directly at him. Although it seemed improbable, he could have sworn she looked him straight in the eye, confident and proud.





Timothy cried out, shocked with his own excitement, and then climaxed hard, completely out of control. The pleasure was so intense that it totally overshadowed all other sensations. The image of Layla with new giant breasts burned into his mind and he knew he would never see anything more exciting than that.

“You’ve come so hard,” Pearl whispered, licking her full lips.

Timothy was unable to answer. He watched Layla slowly walk towards the hotel entrance, taking every step thoughtfully. How many milliliters did she add to each of her implants? How heavy were they now? They really were even bigger than before!

Pearl stood up and began to caress his chest.

“You’re still hard,” she said, touching his penis.

Timothy was surprised to see that it was true. The mere sight of Layla with the new, larger implants worked on him like a drug.

Pearl pulled him to bed with her. When they made love, Timothy still fantasized about Layla.

The maid was waiting for Layla at the reception desk. She was told that the client needed special facilities because of her unique silhouette – a room with a larger shower and a double bed, as well as assistance with some activities, such as getting dressed.

The maid was a bit nervous. Although during her years of work at the hotel, she was assigned various, sometimes unusual tasks, something like this had never happened before.

Layla's tops and bras arrived at the hotel that morning. The maid had never seen such gigantic outfits and couldn't imagine how huge their owner's breasts must have been. Although there weren't so many, , due to their sheer size the clothes barely fit in the wardrobe.

The hotel employee tried to breathe calmly and told herself that she was prepared and knew exactly what to do, but when Layla crossed the threshold, her mind went blank and her body froze.

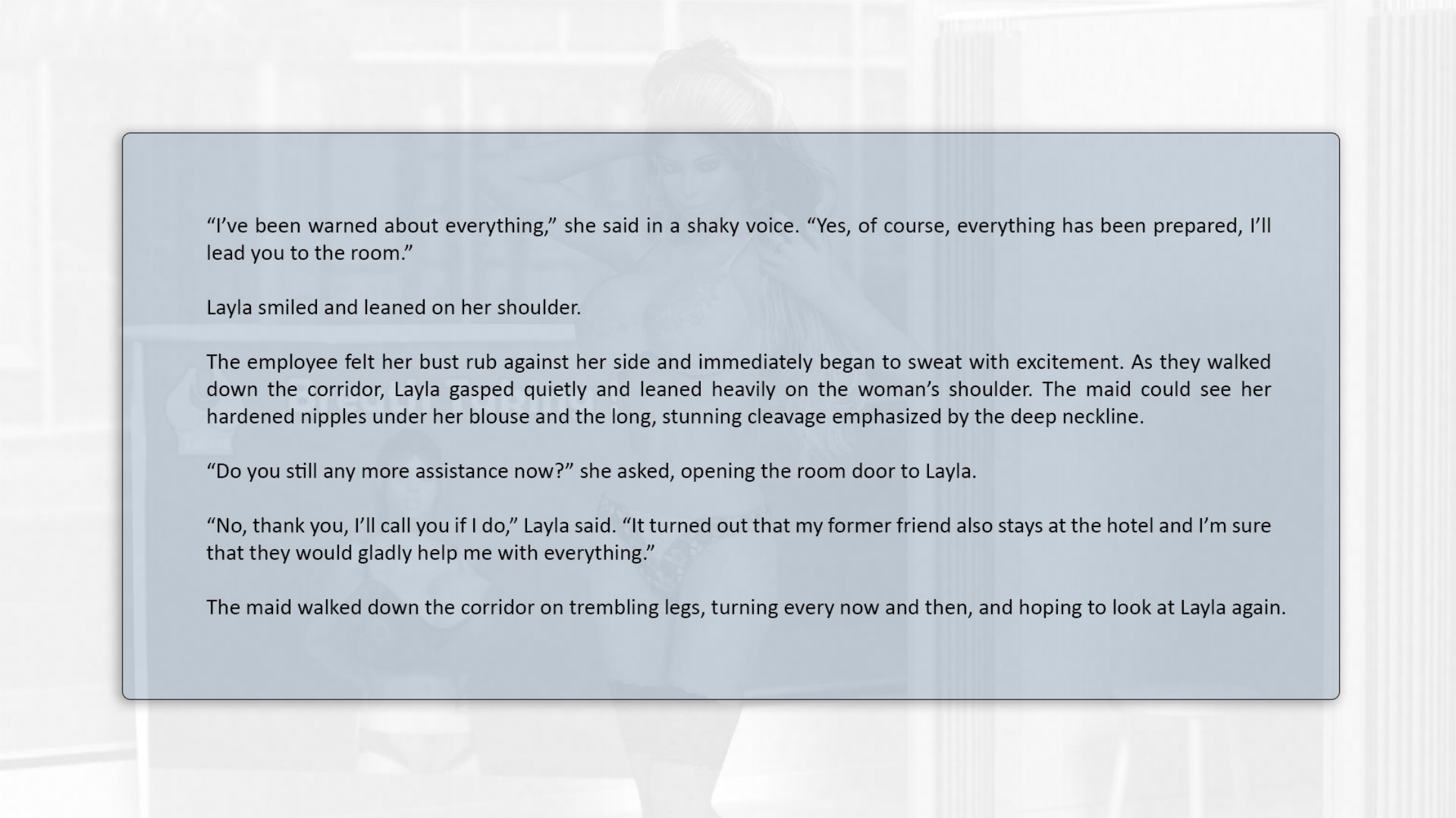
Layla moved slowly, thoughtfully, as if making each move cost her a lot of effort. Her leg muscles flexed hard with each step, and the giant breasts swung slightly. Trying to balance the weight of the implants, she gently leaned back.

The maid felt a surge of excitement pouring through her tense body. One could not remain indifferent to such a figure.

Layla greeted her politely and asked her something, but the woman was so shocked that she didn't understand her words.

"I thought you were informed beforehand," Layla said. "I asked the person to whom I spoke to pass on the message that I am wearing extremely large implants and that I will need help. However, you look as if she had no idea."

The maid jumped slightly and blushed.



“I’ve been warned about everything,” she said in a shaky voice. “Yes, of course, everything has been prepared, I’ll lead you to the room.”

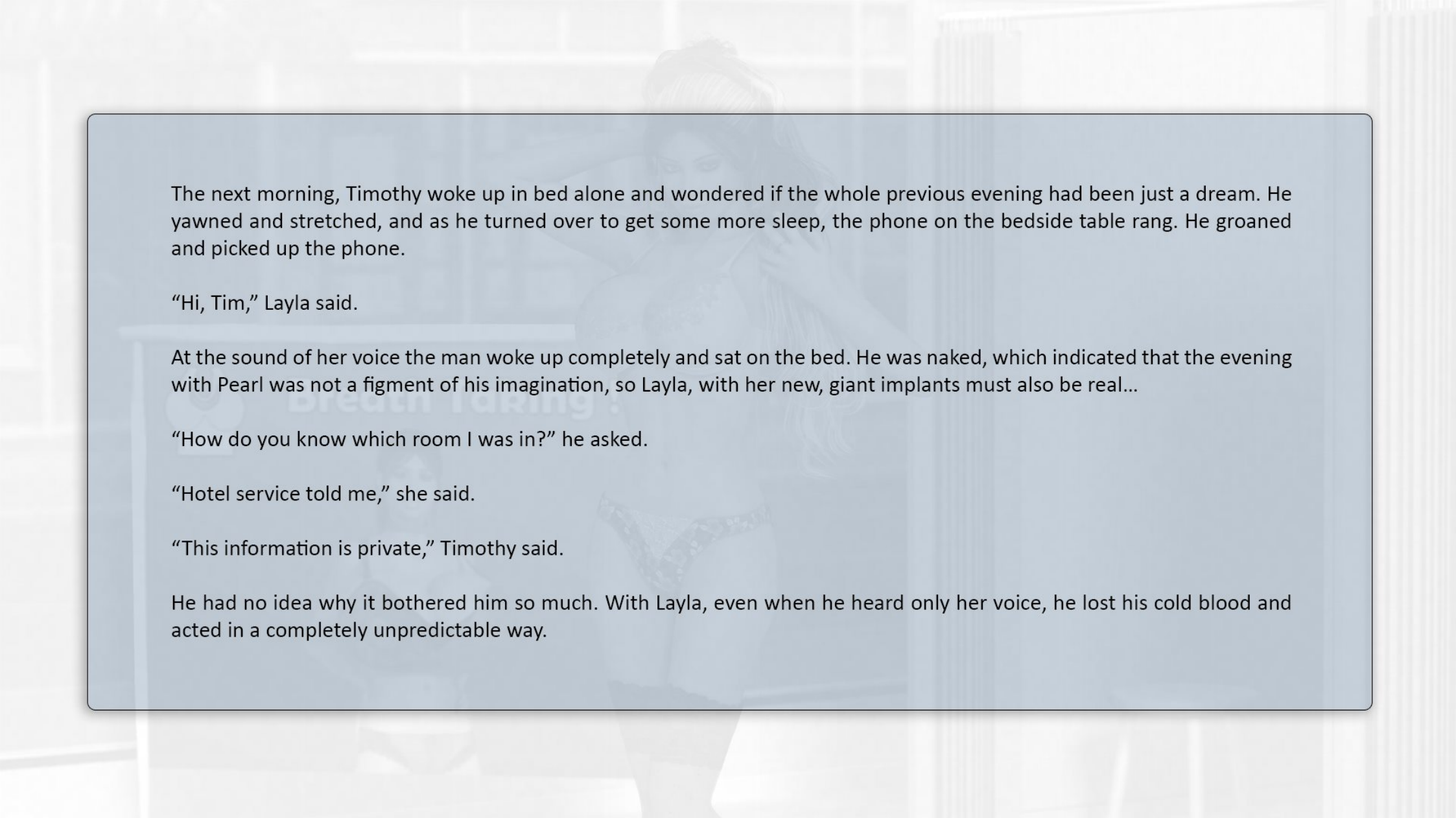
Layla smiled and leaned on her shoulder.

The employee felt her bust rub against her side and immediately began to sweat with excitement. As they walked down the corridor, Layla gasped quietly and leaned heavily on the woman’s shoulder. The maid could see her hardened nipples under her blouse and the long, stunning cleavage emphasized by the deep neckline.

“Do you still any more assistance now?” she asked, opening the room door to Layla.

“No, thank you, I’ll call you if I do,” Layla said. “It turned out that my former friend also stays at the hotel and I’m sure that they would gladly help me with everything.”

The maid walked down the corridor on trembling legs, turning every now and then, and hoping to look at Layla again.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white hospital gown, is holding a baby wrapped in a blanket. She is standing in a hospital room, looking down at the baby. The room has a window with blinds in the background.

The next morning, Timothy woke up in bed alone and wondered if the whole previous evening had been just a dream. He yawned and stretched, and as he turned over to get some more sleep, the phone on the bedside table rang. He groaned and picked up the phone.

“Hi, Tim,” Layla said.

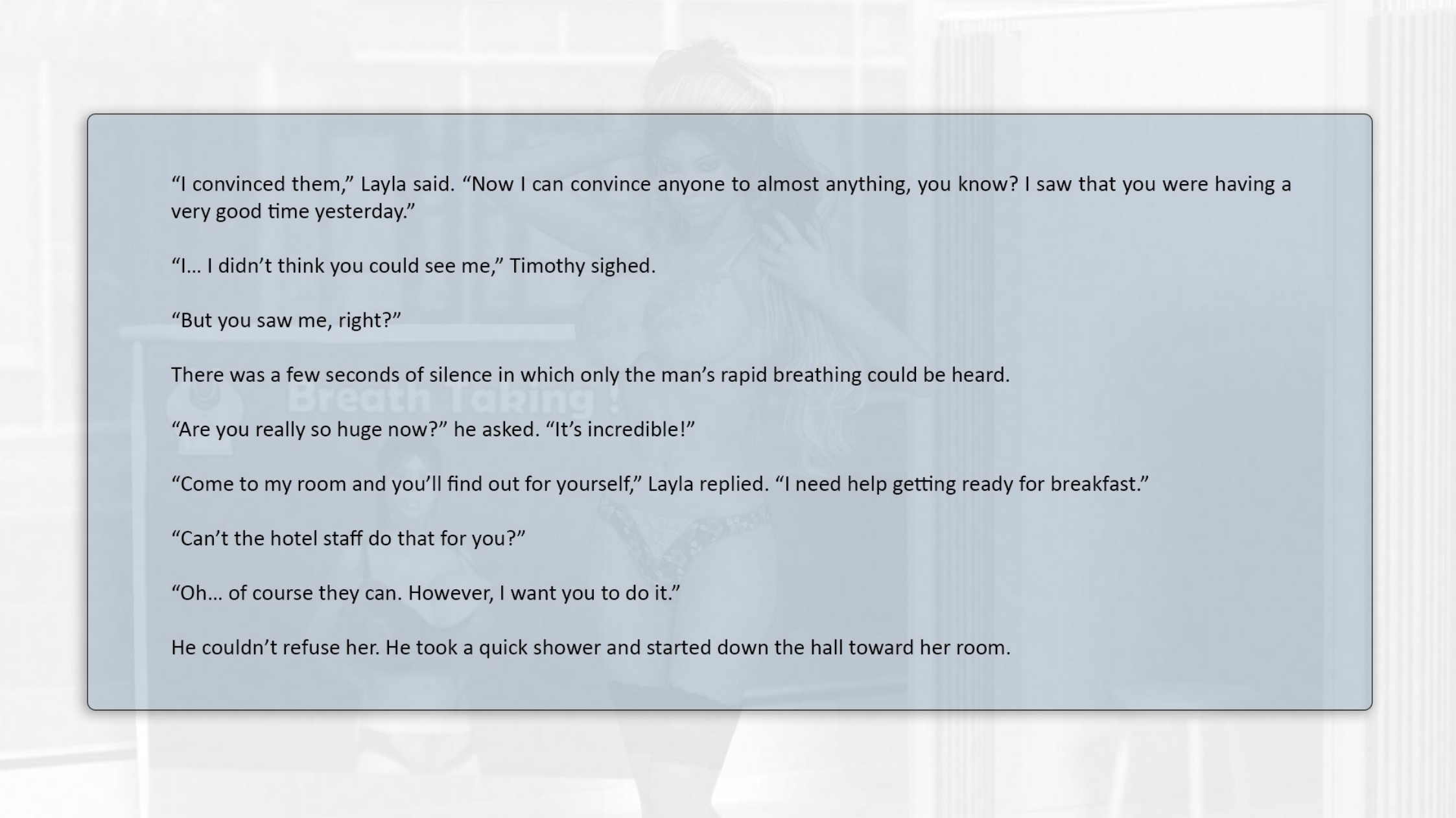
At the sound of her voice the man woke up completely and sat on the bed. He was naked, which indicated that the evening with Pearl was not a figment of his imagination, so Layla, with her new, giant implants must also be real...

“How do you know which room I was in?” he asked.

“Hotel service told me,” she said.

“This information is private,” Timothy said.

He had no idea why it bothered him so much. With Layla, even when he heard only her voice, he lost his cold blood and acted in a completely unpredictable way.



“I convinced them,” Layla said. “Now I can convince anyone to almost anything, you know? I saw that you were having a very good time yesterday.”

“I... I didn’t think you could see me,” Timothy sighed.

“But you saw me, right?”

There was a few seconds of silence in which only the man’s rapid breathing could be heard.

“Are you really so huge now?” he asked. “It’s incredible!”

“Come to my room and you’ll find out for yourself,” Layla replied. “I need help getting ready for breakfast.”

“Can’t the hotel staff do that for you?”

“Oh... of course they can. However, I want you to do it.”

He couldn’t refuse her. He took a quick shower and started down the hall toward her room.

Layla was lying on the bed, covered with a sheet, under which the stunning curves of her breasts appeared.

“They’re so heavy,” Layla said. “I could get up by myself, but I would prefer you to help me. My back isn’t strong enough yet, because I did the surgery a short time ago... My boyfriend, Jose, was supposed to come with me, but something came up at work, and...”

“Your boyfriend?” Timothy took his eyes away for a moment from her breasts hidden under the sheet, and looked into her face.

“Yeah,” she said. “He’s obsessed with me.”

“It doesn’t surprise me at all... Did you enlarge your breasts so much for him?” he asked. “I can’t believe you really did it! This is crazy! How many milliliters are these?”

Timothy got more and more excited with each of his words. He felt her huge breasts attracting him, hypnotizing him, her erotic power filling the whole room and taking possession of him.

Layla smiled and lifted herself up on the pillows, partly exposing her bust.





“It’s 13000cc,” Layla whispered. “57 pounds.”

“Really that much?” Timothy asked in a shaky voice.

“Oh yeah... 13000cc in each breast. Each of my implants weighs as much as 28 pounds... I can’t stand or walk for long, but it doesn’t bother me at all, because everything is compensated by the lustful looks of other people. Your lustful look. I know I’ve gone too far, it’s insane, but you know... it’s addictive to see such confusion, excitement and shock in everyone’s eyes.”

Layla rolled the sheet down to her waist. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and Timothy groaned at the sight of her giant, round breasts that reached far beyond the lines of her slim body.

The woman reached out for him, then leaned on him and with a quiet sigh and a grimace of effort stood up.

Timothy felt part of her breast weight and realized that it must have been very hard for her. He wondered what distance she could walk on her own before she completely lost strength.

He still couldn’t comprehend that she really did it. He wanted to ask her dozens of questions, but this situation seemed so unreal and exciting that he had no idea where to start.

“Mornings are the hardest, because I’m surprised every time that they weigh so much,” Layla explained.

Timothy saw her small, pink nipples harden.

“Your boyfriend wouldn’t mind?”

Layla raised an eyebrow and gave him an amused look.

“Does it matter to you? I’m sure that even if he didn’t like it, you would use every opportunity to see me naked, be close to me, touch my 13000cc saline filled breasts and... go to bed with me.”

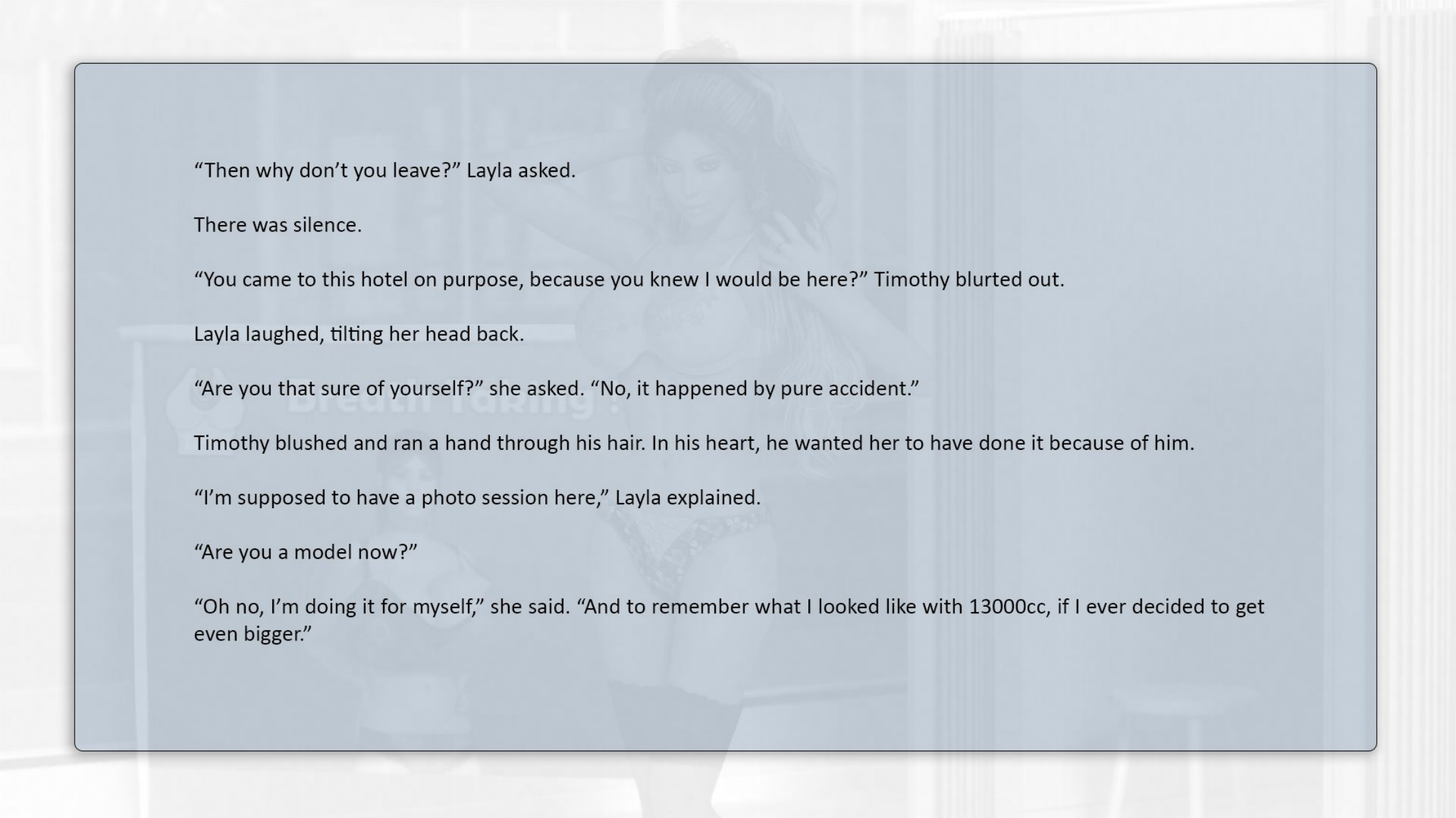
Timothy’s body was hot, throbbing with tension and excitement. He knew Layla was right, but he had no intention of admitting it. He felt the same way as when they were together, and she teased him, checking how much he craved her, to what extent she could use the fact that he was so horny for her.

Now she was even sexier and had even more power, and he couldn’t resist her. It excited him, overwhelmed him and made him slightly anxious.

“How do you like my new lips?” Layla asked. “They’re a sexy addition to my huge implants, right? I have already heard from Pearl that you like such plump lips... Maybe I should enlarge them as much as she did, how do you think?”

“You lured me into this,” Timothy said reproachfully. “You want to torment me with your appearance again. I’m not going to put up with it.”



A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a white dress with a high slit and a decorative belt, is posing in a studio. She is looking down and to the side, with her hands near her face. The background is a bright, out-of-focus studio setting with a white chair and a table.

“Then why don’t you leave?” Layla asked.

There was silence.

“You came to this hotel on purpose, because you knew I would be here?” Timothy blurted out.

Layla laughed, tilting her head back.

“Are you that sure of yourself?” she asked. “No, it happened by pure accident.”

Timothy blushed and ran a hand through his hair. In his heart, he wanted her to have done it because of him.

“I’m supposed to have a photo session here,” Layla explained.

“Are you a model now?”

“Oh no, I’m doing it for myself,” she said. “And to remember what I looked like with 13000cc, if I ever decided to get even bigger.”

“Bigger than 13000cc?!” Timothy exclaimed.

Layla shrugged, which made her giant bust heave, and twisted her full, plump lips in a complacent smile.

Timothy felt more and more horny with every second. Layla stood so close that her breasts almost brushed his shirt. 13000cc and 57 pounds... She really did it! She was almost as heavy as he was now, and she had such a small figure... She was talking about even bigger breasts! It was way too much.

“Please, give me my top,” Layla said.

He took a giant bra out of the closet, at the sight of which his whole body tensed with excitement.

“It’s so huge... Does it really fit you?” He asked.

“Oh, yes, but I’m having problems putting it on and taking it off.”



He helped her put the top on, and as he adjusted the material, his fingers touched her taut, hot skin several times.

“Do you remember how tiny my bras were when we met?” Layla asked. “Recently I found one of them at the bottom of the closet and I couldn’t believe that a few years ago I was wearing it! My first implants seemed huge right after the surgery, but now I have the impression that they were so tiny. I was all so small, so easy to overlook, that people didn’t notice me, and now... Wherever I appear, I cause a sensation. Can you help me put on those shoes? It’s difficult for me to bend down sufficiently because the breasts take up too much space...”

Timothy helped her put on her high heels, and when he looked up her breasts seemed even bigger. He saw nothing but them.

Now she looked at Timothy and in his face she saw all the feelings for which she underwent all these treatments. Admiration, lust and a slight concern.

“Help me go down for breakfast,” she said. “I have a busy day today, I have to prepare for the photo session.”

Timothy took her arm and felt her unnaturally heavy weight. She used to be so light! He remembered that he could easily lift her up. She moved a little closer and her chest brushed his shoulder.

He didn't remember ever wanting anything as much as he wanted Layla now. Only his self-respect and pride prevented him from begging her to let him masturbate while looking at her sexy body.

She walked carefully, panting lightly after covering the short distance.

"How far are you able to walk by yourself?" Timothy asked.

"Not far," she said. "It's really tiring, believe me. I should train more in the gym to strengthen my muscles."

Her friends Pearl and Julia were waiting for Layla at the restaurant, and invited them to join their table.

Timothy felt electrified with the erotic aura that radiated from the three of them. They were all sexy and exciting, but none could compare with Layla.

Layla's chair creaked under her weight. She gestured to Timothy to come closer.



The man leaned over her and those giant breasts and an impressive cleavage were right in front of his eyes. The familiar smell of her skin and perfume hung in the air.

“I sense your desire,” Layla whispered. “It has never been stronger, right? You only dream about fucking me, and if it turns out to be impossible, you will now go back to your room and masturbate, fantasizing about my body. You want me so much... You love these giant boobs and inflated lips, huh? Would you like to look at them all the time, listen to me talk about them, caress them...?”

Pearl chuckled softly, and Julia looked shocked.

Timothy blushed, straightened up and looked down at Layla. He cleared his throat and then as calmly as he could, he said:

“Actually, I was planning to use the spa area and go for a massage. Apparently, it’s great.”

Layla gave him a searching look.

“Sure,” she said. “I’ll see you later,” she added and winked at him.

END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!



Breath Taking!

