

# Dream Bigger

Part 2



Extreme breast expansion  
Lip expansion  
Bimbo outfits  
Teasing  
Big boobs problems

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Extreme breast expansion  
Lip expansion  
Bimbo outfits  
Teasing  
Big boobs problems



Breath Taking!

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He opened the wrong door and entered another treatment room instead of the changing room. Layla was laying on the bed, and a slim woman was massaging her giant breasts.

Timothy froze, paralyzed by the sexy scene that lay in front of him. The hotel employee skillfully moved her fingers across the giant breasts, squeezed them and kneaded them. The masseuse's hands seemed so tiny against Layla's breasts!

The contrast between the two women's bodies was shocking – Layla's amazing curves completely dwarfed the masseuse's average, slim body. Layla used to be as small and petite once, but now... She has become the sexiest woman he had ever seen. An erotic force radiated from her, attracting and intimidating everyone around her.

"Sorry," Timothy said, and took a step back.

“Stay,” Layla asked. “We’re almost done. The doctor recommended regular massaging of my breasts, it should help the implants to spread properly. Jose usually does it for me, but they have qualified service here, fortunately.”

The hotel employee tried to keep a neutral, professional facial expression, but Timothy saw that Layla’s amazing shapes were affecting her, too. She was breathing quickly, her face was flushed pink, and lust glinted in her eyes. She certainly never had such an exciting customer.

“Would you like to try it yourself?” Layla asked.

Timothy felt his body tighten with desire.

“Jose wouldn’t like that,” he replied.

“He won’t find out, will he? And besides, Jose has to accept that I’m not his exclusive property.”

Layla thanked the masseuse, who seemed disappointed that she had to leave, and after a while they were alone again.

Timothy put his trembling hands on Layla’s round breasts. They were firm, perfectly smooth and warmed up.

The woman guided his fingers and showed him exactly how he should caress her bust.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, looking into his eyes.

“For what?” Timothy asked.

“I was cruel to you today, it’s not fair.”

“What do you mean?”



“I know how my giant implants and full lips affect you,” Layla said, looking at him tenderly. “You’re quite vulnerable to my charms, don’t deny it, we both know it is so. When I’m near you, you lose yourself in lust, but it’s nothing wrong, right?”

Timothy was breathing faster and faster, and dark spots danced in front of his eyes.

“I like it that you want me so badly,” Layla said. “It’s very exciting... You can’t take your eyes off me and you only think about fucking me. Nothing works for you quite the same as my amazing figure. I shouldn’t have tormented you so much and left you unsatisfied...”

Layla reached with her hands towards his fly.

“You’re so horny for me,” she said, looking at his swollen, stiff member. “Nobody turns you on as much as I do...”

Layla licked her delicate fingers and then circled them around Timothy’s member.

The man closed his eyes, groaned, and leaned forward. Pleasure spread all over his body, warming it up even more and making him shiver.

"This is insane," he sighed. "You're so sexy now..."

"You thought you could have power over every woman, that they all existed just to please you, but now you lose all control around me," Layla said.

"That's why you do it, right?" Timothy asked. "To drive me crazy, to make me suffer."

Layla's hand moved up and down with smooth precision, caressing his member more and more urgently. Timothy felt that he could come at any moment, because the lust he felt for Layla couldn't be controlled in any way.



“Now I even turn you on when I don’t intend to,” Layla said. “Even during normal, everyday activities, when I get into the car, put on my clothes, or walk around the house... It’s because my body excites you so much. I used to have to try so hard to get your attention, remember? Now it’s completely different... All I have to do is just stand next to you, it’s sometimes even enough for you to see my picture, to look at one of my giant bras, or just think about me,” Layla whispered frantically. “And all this only because my lips are so full now, my breasts are so huge... 13000cc... So heavy, the total of 57 pounds... It excites you when I mention these numbers, right? You like it when I talk about my giant implants... You get even more horny because of it,” she said, caressing him more and more energetically. “See how hard and big you got for me... Your penis is so stiff and huge... Oh yes, with me you’re really excited... You have nothing to be ashamed of, in the presence of such a body no one can control lust.”

Timothy’s whole body was tense, warm and filled with pleasure. His member grew even larger and stiffened like never before.

“That’s... That’s too much,” he moaned, bewildered by his own lust.

He felt as if he was falling into a pit of overwhelming desire for Layla.

“Don’t worry,” Layla whispered. “I won’t be cruel to you anymore. I know that I have power over you now, but you don’t have to worry about anything. Just give in to lust...”

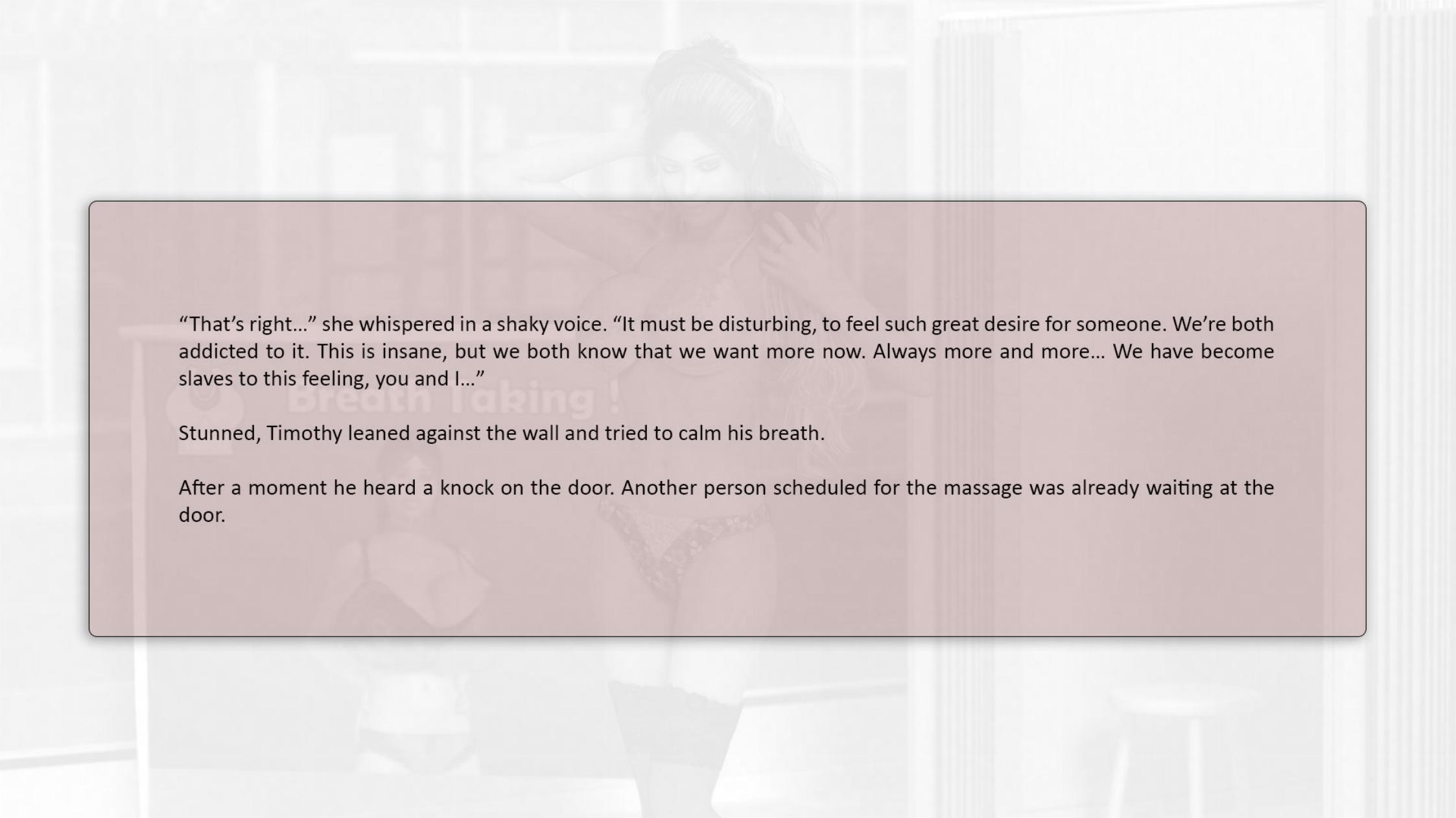
Timothy staggered on his feet. He had difficulty breathing, and the room around him seemed to swirl. All the sensations were so intense that he barely endured them.



“I want you to come now looking at my bountiful, disproportionately large, fake breasts,” Layla said, running her fingers over Timothy’s penis. “They are incredibly huge, right? 13000cc, it’s unthinkable, and yet I have become so big to feel proud of my own body, to arouse lust, to drive everyone around me mad... I carry these 57 pounds every day to see how much you want me...”

Timothy could no longer hold back his own ecstatic scream. He tilted back his head and climaxed hard and loud. Sperm ran down the woman’s hand onto the floor.

Layla smiled triumphantly. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red dress and high heels, stands in a room that appears to be a massage parlor. She has her hand on her head and is looking down. In the background, there is a sign that says "Breath Taking!".

“That’s right...” she whispered in a shaky voice. “It must be disturbing, to feel such great desire for someone. We’re both addicted to it. This is insane, but we both know that we want more now. Always more and more... We have become slaves to this feeling, you and I...”

Stunned, Timothy leaned against the wall and tried to calm his breath.

After a moment he heard a knock on the door. Another person scheduled for the massage was already waiting at the door.

Later, Timothy went down with Layla and watched as the crew was getting her ready for the photo session – the hairdresser arranged her hair, the makeup artist powdered her face, and the stylist kept bringing more outfits.

Timothy felt more and more excited with every passing second, despite the fact that he had just experienced a powerful orgasm. Fascinated by Layla's figure, he couldn't focus on anything else and lost himself in the desire that nothing could possibly satisfy.

Layla easily outshined both friends – Pearl and Julia. The women changed their poses, smiled and laughed, and the photographer kept taking pictures. Timothy could see that the man was also excited. Around Layla everyone was getting horny, no one could resist her charm.

"I'm tired," Layla sighed at some point.

"You can't stay on your feet for too long with these implants, can you?" asked Pearl admiringly.

"Maybe we'll have something to eat?" Julia suggested.

Timothy helped Layla walk to the restaurant. He could see her legs trembling slightly with fatigue as she walked in her stilettos.

“I can’t even sit down at the table normally,” she laughed, pointing at the bust that kept her from moving closer to the tabletop.

She sat sideways to the table and gingerly reached towards her plate, trying not to upset anything with her huge breasts.

She was so sexy that Timothy was speechless and admired her body with his mouth slightly open.

“Sometimes I wonder if I’m exaggerating, if these 13000cc aren’t too much...” Layla confessed. “But when I see how you look at me, I have no doubt that it was the right decision.”

“Layla, I’m wondering...” Timothy began in a choked voice and leaned over the table towards her. “Actually, I’d like to ask you a question.”

“Yes?” Layla encouraged him.

And just then Julia came up the table.

“Have you finished yet?” she asked. “We should go back if we want to wrap up the session before sunset.”

Layla nodded her head and struggled to get up from her chair.



Layla felt good in front of the camera and she enjoyed the fact that that everyone around her admired her unusual curves. Especially Timothy.

He watched her with fascination all day. Even when she was performing the most ordinary activities, such as putting on her shoes or changing clothes, he looked at her with lust that he couldn't hide. She got horny and wet under his gaze. She wanted Timothy to go crazy, listen to him begging her to come back to him, and watch him masturbate while admiring her body.

Was he horny enough yet? Could she torment him and deceive him much longer?

After sunset, together with Julia and Pearl, they went to her room. They were all giggling excitedly and felt like having some fun. They ordered drinks from the bar and commented on the photo session.

"You eclipsed us both," Julia laughed. "You are so sexy... But I wouldn't dare take such a step myself! You've gone so far..."

"Your implants are also very large," Layla admitted. "But you probably can understand why I did it."

"Oh yes... This feeling cannot be compared to anything else... I've always been quite confident, but after the surgery I feel like a real goddess. Although against you even I seem small! I can't believe that my 26 pounds, almost 6000cc saline implants, really seem insignificant!"

"Your perspective changes over time," Layla said. "Once 1500cc was gigantic for me, but now... I'll finally get used to these implants, too, I guess."

There was a few seconds of silence.

“And you’ll want to fill them up even more?” asked Pearl.

“Don’t be silly,” Julia scolded her. “It’s impossible! It’s... I prefer not to think about it! You saw how hard it is for Layla to move around! If she increased them even more...”

“Yeah,” Layla sighed. “That would be ridiculous, right? But how sexy...”

“Timothy is so horny for you,” Pearl said. “He’s crazy about you! It must be exhilarating to know that someone is so turned on by your very presence...”

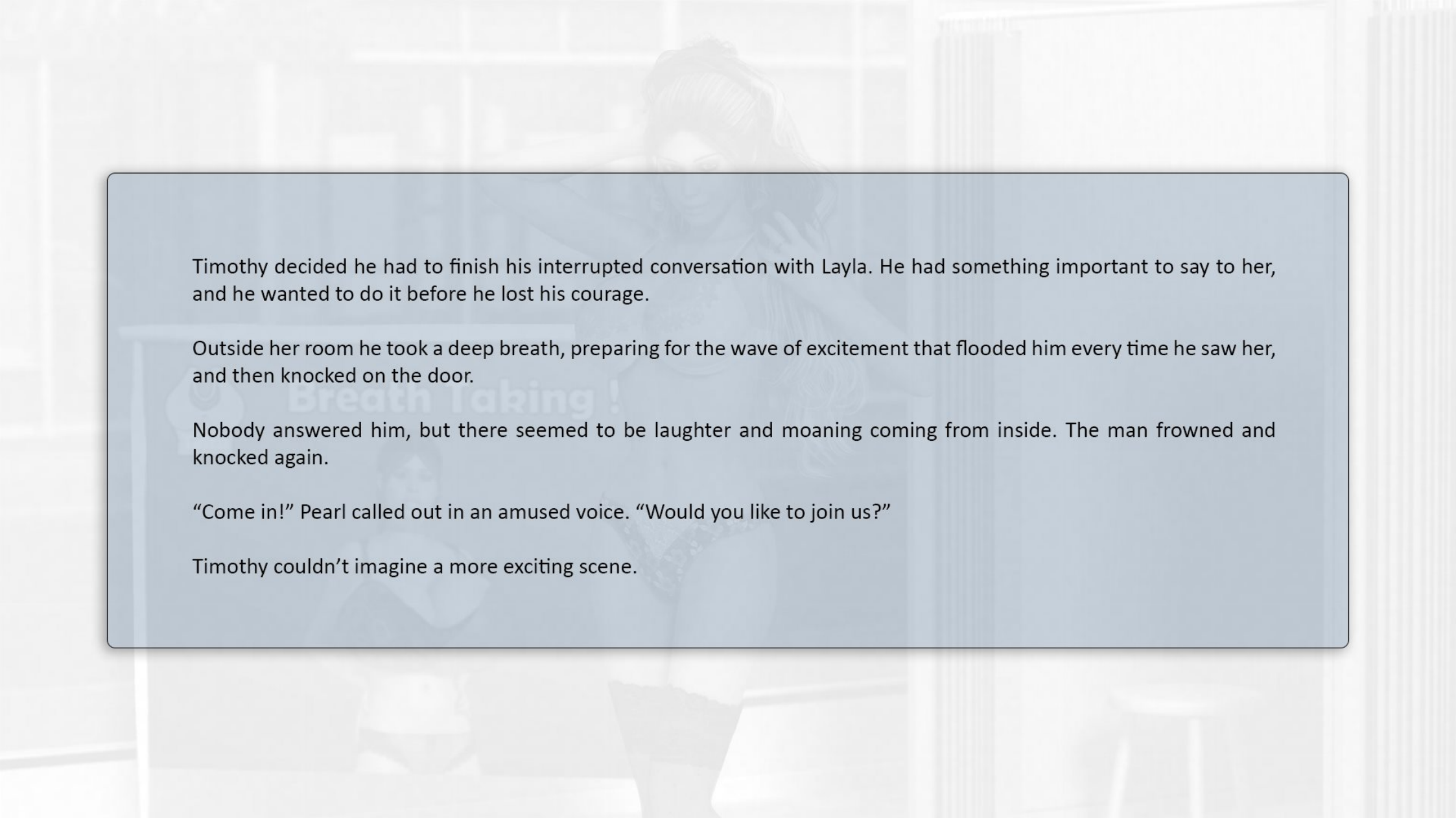
“You know, I also get horny when Layla is next to me,” Julia confessed. “I’d like to fuck you myself, you know?” she giggled.

“Seriously?” Layla asked. “Do you like such giant breasts, too?”

Julia pretended to be thinking about the answer, staring at Layla’s neckline.

“You’d have to show them to me up close so that I could decide,” she said.

Layla smiled and began to take off her blouse.



Timothy decided he had to finish his interrupted conversation with Layla. He had something important to say to her, and he wanted to do it before he lost his courage.

Outside her room he took a deep breath, preparing for the wave of excitement that flooded him every time he saw her, and then knocked on the door.

Nobody answered him, but there seemed to be laughter and moaning coming from inside. The man frowned and knocked again.

“Come in!” Pearl called out in an amused voice. “Would you like to join us?”

Timothy couldn’t imagine a more exciting scene.



Layla did it to him again. She was playing with his feelings and induced in him jealousy and lust that he couldn't bear. He had already entered once her apartment when she was cheating on him with another woman, and then he broke up with her. And now they weren't even a couple anymore. On top of that, she was sexier than ever.

Layla was standing and Pearl was on her knees in front of her. She gave Timothy a seductive look, and then began to lick Layla's pink clitoris. At the same time, Julia was kissing Layla and caressing her huge breasts.

"I..." Timothy began, though he had no idea what he had meant to say.

"After the photo session we got terribly horny..." Layla sighed.

It was wonderful to feel Pearl's agile tongue teasing her swollen pussy, Julia's warm, small hands caressing her huge breasts and their hardened nipples, and watching Timothy get more horny with every passing second. She felt the lust drawing them all towards her amazing body. She tilted her head back and moaned. She staggered on her slim legs and Julia had to support her.

"I... I just wanted to tell you something, Layla, but... Maybe I'll come back later," Timothy said.

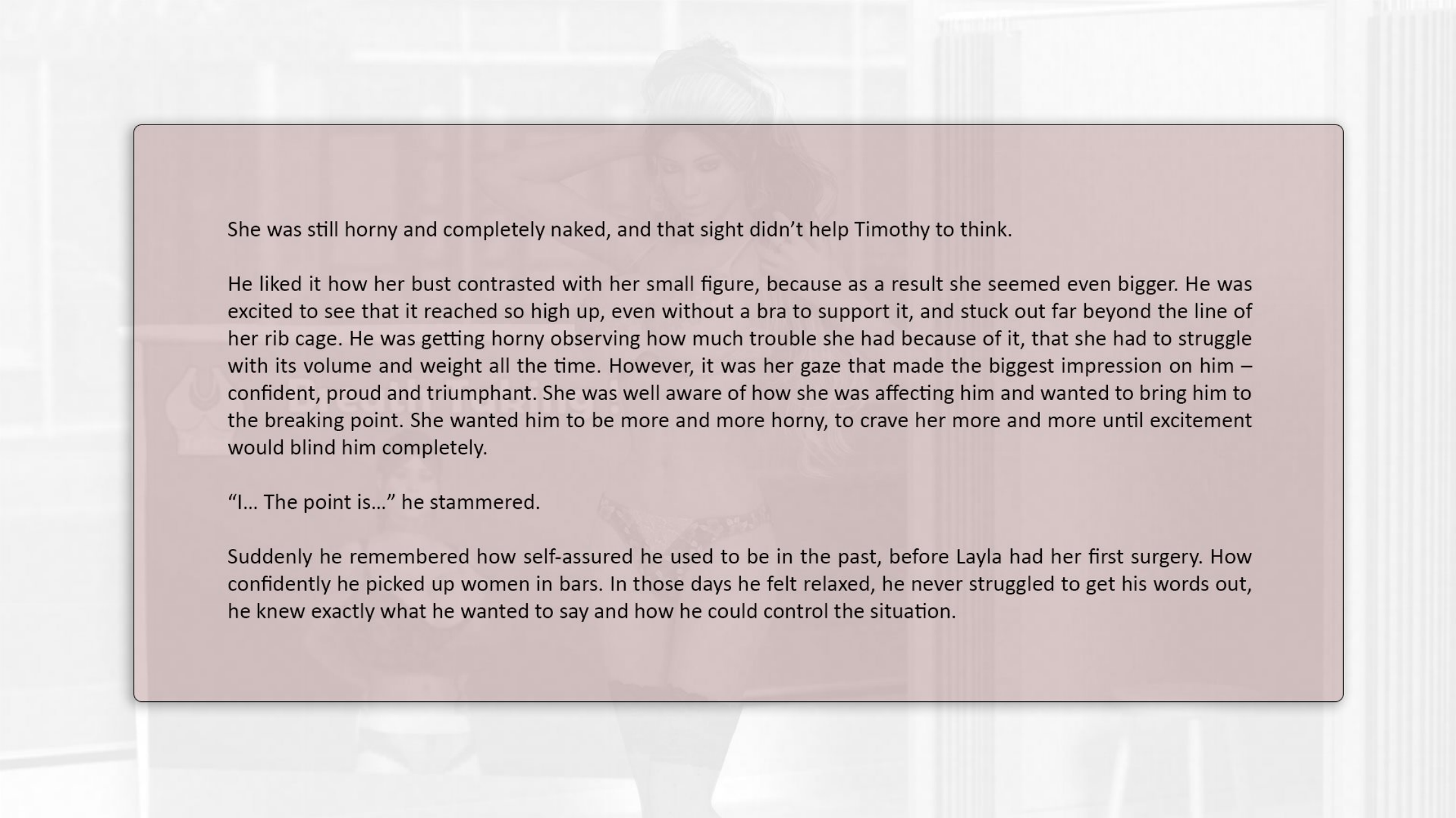
Looking at Layla's bust, he experienced longing and unease. At the very thought that he would never see her again, his stomach squeezed painfully, and at the same time he was afraid of what would happen if he stayed with her.

"No," Layla moaned. "Girls, that's enough."

"What...?" Julia sighed with dissatisfaction. "Are you throwing us out at such a moment?"

"Timothy can come back later," said Julia.

However, Layla remained adamant. She asked the two women to leave her room, and then looked at Timothy expectantly.



She was still horny and completely naked, and that sight didn't help Timothy to think.

He liked it how her bust contrasted with her small figure, because as a result she seemed even bigger. He was excited to see that it reached so high up, even without a bra to support it, and stuck out far beyond the line of her rib cage. He was getting horny observing how much trouble she had because of it, that she had to struggle with its volume and weight all the time. However, it was her gaze that made the biggest impression on him – confident, proud and triumphant. She was well aware of how she was affecting him and wanted to bring him to the breaking point. She wanted him to be more and more horny, to crave her more and more until excitement would blind him completely.

“I... The point is...” he stammered.

Suddenly he remembered how self-assured he used to be in the past, before Layla had her first surgery. How confidently he picked up women in bars. In those days he felt relaxed, he never struggled to get his words out, he knew exactly what he wanted to say and how he could control the situation.

“Yes?” Layla asked. “Spit it out.”

“We should get back together,” Timothy said. “I feel you want it too.”

“What gives you this courage?” Layla asked.

“I suspect... that you did it all for me,” Timothy said.

Layla winced slightly.

“Of course, you are more confident now, proud of yourself,” Timothy continued. “You like that everyone around you desires you, but... you really care about me.”

Layla blushed and combed her hair nervously. For the first time that day she seemed thrown off balance.

“Are you suggesting that I changed my body so much for you?” she asked. “I underwent several lip augmentation procedures to make them plump and full, I got larger and larger breast implants, until all bras became too small for me, until the doctors started refusing me any more treatments and my breasts became so heavy, that I can hardly lift them, and you think that I did it all for you, to excite you more and finally feel really desirable and confident?”



Timothy spread his hands apart and then nodded shyly.

“No cheating,” he said. “We’ll really be together.”

“Oh, I don’t think you would want to cheat on me now,” Layla snorted. “Who could compete with me? You see...” she said, and sighed heavily. “I think you haven’t changed at all, you know? As before, you only think about yourself and my feelings don’t really count for you.”

“What?!” Timothy said indignantly.

Layla’s face contorted with anger, but even furious she looked very sexy.

“When it was convenient, you wanted an open relationship, and now you want exclusivity because you’ve become jealous,” she said.

“That’s because you’re so sexy!” Timothy exclaimed. “I can’t stand you seeing other people... This Jose, I haven’t even met him, but I already don’t like him. You drive me insane, you are too exciting, I can’t control my desire for you. Do you have any idea how humiliating it is for me? How wonderful, addictive and terrifying at the same time? Since you came here I feel like I have been on some emotional swing, I don’t know what’s going on with me, I’m horny all the time and I only think about you...”



Layla smiled enigmatically.

“Do you think you already desire me bad enough?” she asked.

She approached him, still hot and smelling of sex, stroked her giant breasts and looked into his eyes.

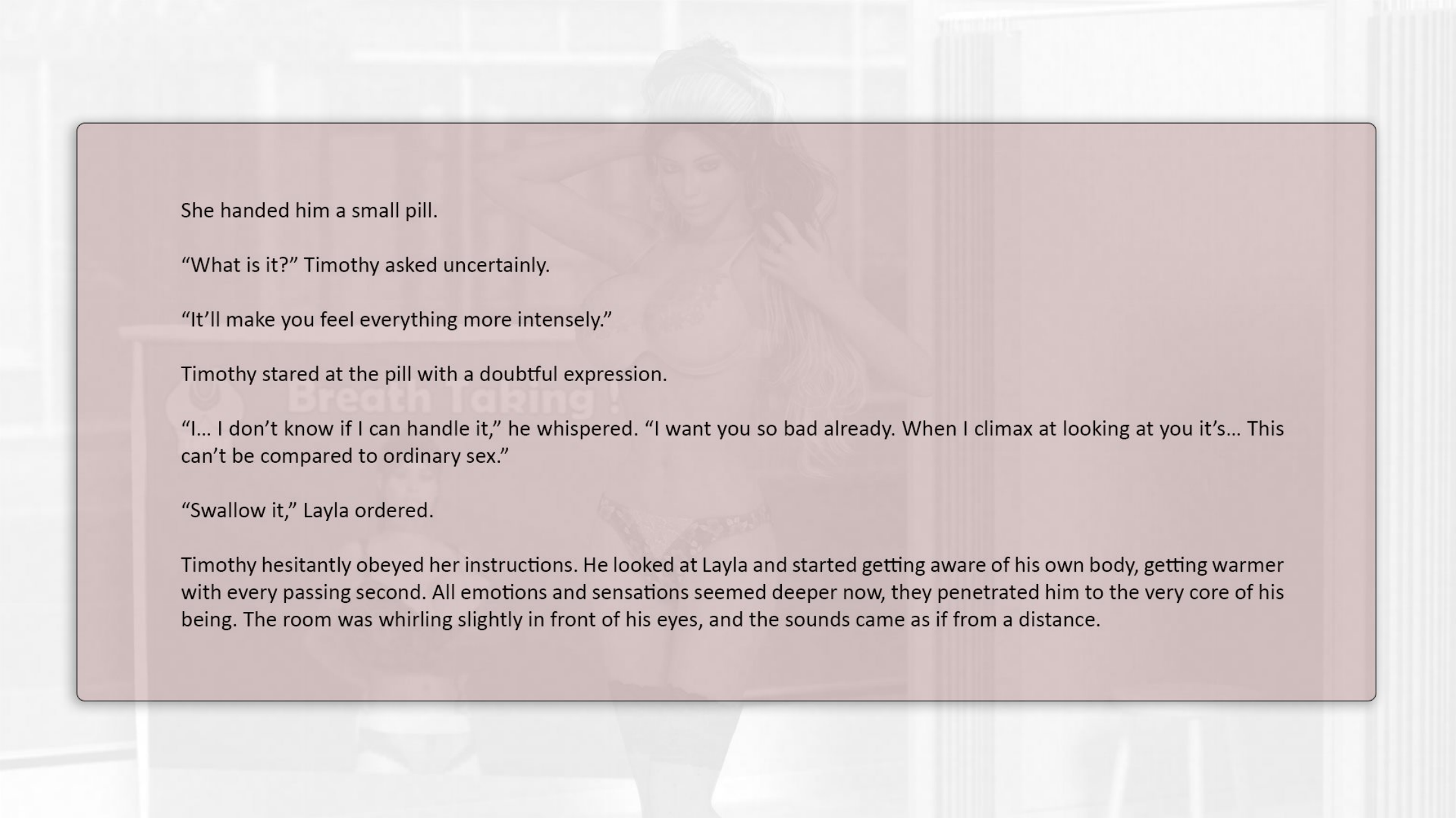
“Do these huge 13000cc implants make you horny enough?”

“I can’t imagine that I could crave you any more strongly,” Timothy choked out.

“Even now, after such a strong orgasm, do you fancy me?” she asked. “I can see you’re getting hard again... It’s these heavy, 57 pounds implants that make you come back to me again and again. It would be unthinkable before my surgery, right?”

“I feel like I could make love to you all the time,” Timothy said, touching her breasts.

“I need to see how hard and big you can become.” Layla said. “For me...”

A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a white, short-sleeved dress, is shown from the waist up. She is holding a small, round pill in her right hand, looking down at it with a focused expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting with light-colored walls and a window with blinds. The entire scene is overlaid with a semi-transparent, reddish-pink rectangular box that contains the text.

She handed him a small pill.

“What is it?” Timothy asked uncertainly.

“It’ll make you feel everything more intensely.”

Timothy stared at the pill with a doubtful expression.

“I... I don’t know if I can handle it,” he whispered. “I want you so bad already. When I climax at looking at you it’s... This can’t be compared to ordinary sex.”

“Swallow it,” Layla ordered.

Timothy hesitantly obeyed her instructions. He looked at Layla and started getting aware of his own body, getting warmer with every passing second. All emotions and sensations seemed deeper now, they penetrated him to the very core of his being. The room was whirling slightly in front of his eyes, and the sounds came as if from a distance.

“Look how big you are now,” Layla was delighted, touching his penis. “I’ve never seen you so huge...”

“That’s because I want you so badly.”

He pulled her onto the bed with him. When she sat on it, its wood creaked, the mattress caved in deeply under her, and her breasts rested heavily on her thighs.

“I wish you wanted me even more,” Layla whispered stroking his hair. “You’re so big and stiff now, but I want you to be even bigger...”

“It’s... it’s impossible,” Timothy moaned.



Right next to his face, her gigantic breasts obstructed his view and he was so excited that he felt dizzy and weak. He experienced everything too vividly, too intensely, and was unable to accept any more sensations.

Layla caressed his large, hot member with her hand and breathed quickly, excited by his violent reaction. She looked at Timothy's face with glistening, slightly hazy eyes, and then licked her full lips.

She gasped with effort and threw her slim leg over his hips, so that her wet pussy was right above his member. Slowly, with her eyes closed in pleasure and her lips parted slightly, she slid his penis, inch by inch, into her hot interior. He was so big that he caused her a bit of pain and she had to breathe calmly to relax.

"Wonderful," she moaned.

He filled her to the limit, and when he was all inside, the pain subsided completely, and bliss spread over her body.

"You've become so big for me," she sighed.

She moved up and down on him very, very slowly, further reinforcing his desire, teasing him, testing what heights she could lead him to.

Her giant breasts moved right in front of Timothy's face. They overwhelmed him and obstructed his entire view. The man stared at them wide-eyed, dazed and horny like never before. He didn't think that it was possible to feel such delight and dissatisfaction at the same time.

“What if I...” Layla began, gently combing his hair with her fingers. “What if I went to the clinic again and...”

“Don’t... Don’t even say that...” Timothy groaned.

“I could enlarge those breasts even more...” Layla whispered. “You’d love that, wouldn’t you? You’d enjoy it.”

Timothy felt like he was losing his mind. Layla’s vision with even larger breasts was so unbelievably appealing... His penis was so hard and big that Layla’s pussy seemed delightfully narrow.

Timothy looked at her face lit with lust and knew that he would have come if only she moved her hips faster once more.

“But they’re huge now,” he gasped. “13000cc... In each breast... They weigh 57 pounds! You can’t make them bigger. You cannot...”



“You want it,” Layla murmured. “We both know that you don’t want anything more, but you are afraid of how much you would desire me then. You want them to be gi-gan-tic... Just imagine that I’m still filling them with saline, they’re growing bigger and bigger, unimaginably large, overwhelmingly sexy... No woman in the world has such huge implants as I do... I could add 2000cc to them, maybe even 5000cc...”

“It’s... it’s insane,” Timothy moaned. “You think... Do you think you could even lift them up?”

Timothy’s whole body trembled like in a fever, sweat running down his skin. His penis was so big, while Layla’s pussy squeezed it tightly, increasing his excitement.

“I don’t know,” Layla sighed. “I have no idea if I could carry them around... But it doesn’t bother me, because you would covet me even more than now...”

Timothy groaned and clenched his hands on the sheet.

“All your blouses would become too small again,” he said. “You’d have to exchange them for even bigger ones...”

Timothy had the sensation that his own excitement was consuming him wholly, incapacitating him, and driving him crazy.

“Everything would revolve around your breasts, Layla,” Timothy said. “Now when you get on the subway you occupy a couple of seats. With larger breasts... maybe you wouldn’t even be able to get into your car anymore.”

“You are excited just talking about it, right?” Layla asked, still steadily moving up and down.

She was panting and pink with effort and pleasure, and her voice was slightly shaky.

“You get even more horny when we talk about it... About the fact that I could ask the doctor for even larger implants,” she said smiling triumphantly at him. “Yeah... Life would be harder, every activity would require much more effort, but it only makes everything even sexier...”

“They...They would be too heavy for you,” Timothy said, wincing in pleasure. “Layla, please, let me come... I’ve never been so desperate...”

“You’ve never been so big,” Layla said. “You can barely push your whole dick into my pussy. I want you to be even more excited...”

“I...”

“Listen... I would be so heavy,” Layla moaned. “Maybe even heavier than you are... You would support me while walking, right? Oh, I could become really monstrously big... That’s what I want... I feel how hard you are for me, how fully you fill me when I talk about it... I might not even be able to reach my own nipples... Yeah... I want to be bigger and bigger, and you want it too...”

“Please, Layla...” he groaned. “How can you consider this? How can you torment me so?”

“I can’t stop now,” Layla confessed. “I have to be bigger... Bigger and bigger until I become gigantic,” she said excitedly, fascinated by her own vision. “It is not enough for me that I am huge, I want to be spectacular, unimaginably large...”

“Please, let me come now,” Timothy moaned.

“Hush...” Layla whispered. “I know it’s hard for you... But we both got addicted to that feeling, right? We both want more, regardless of the cost. I know that it will be hard for me, maybe I’ll become so huge that I won’t be able to move on my own... You’ll have to help me in everything, be with me all the time and live in constant excitement...”

Timothy groaned, grabbed her by the hips and entered her as hard as he could.

Layla felt him fill her perfectly, felt how hot he was, and how he throbbed with desire.

“It’s normal for this vision to bother you...” Layla was saying. “Overwhelm you... Intimidate you... It’s more than you’ve ever imagined. You lose all control over your own body, over your thoughts, and only lust remains. But that’s what you want. We both want it. Think about it, imagine that my implants are even larger, gigantic, that they grow to sizes that we haven’t even dreamed of. We have already gone this far... But we can go even further and this is what we want...”

Timothy shouted and gripped her waist tightly. She was so slim and delicate, and her small body contrasted so much with those massive, rounded breasts.

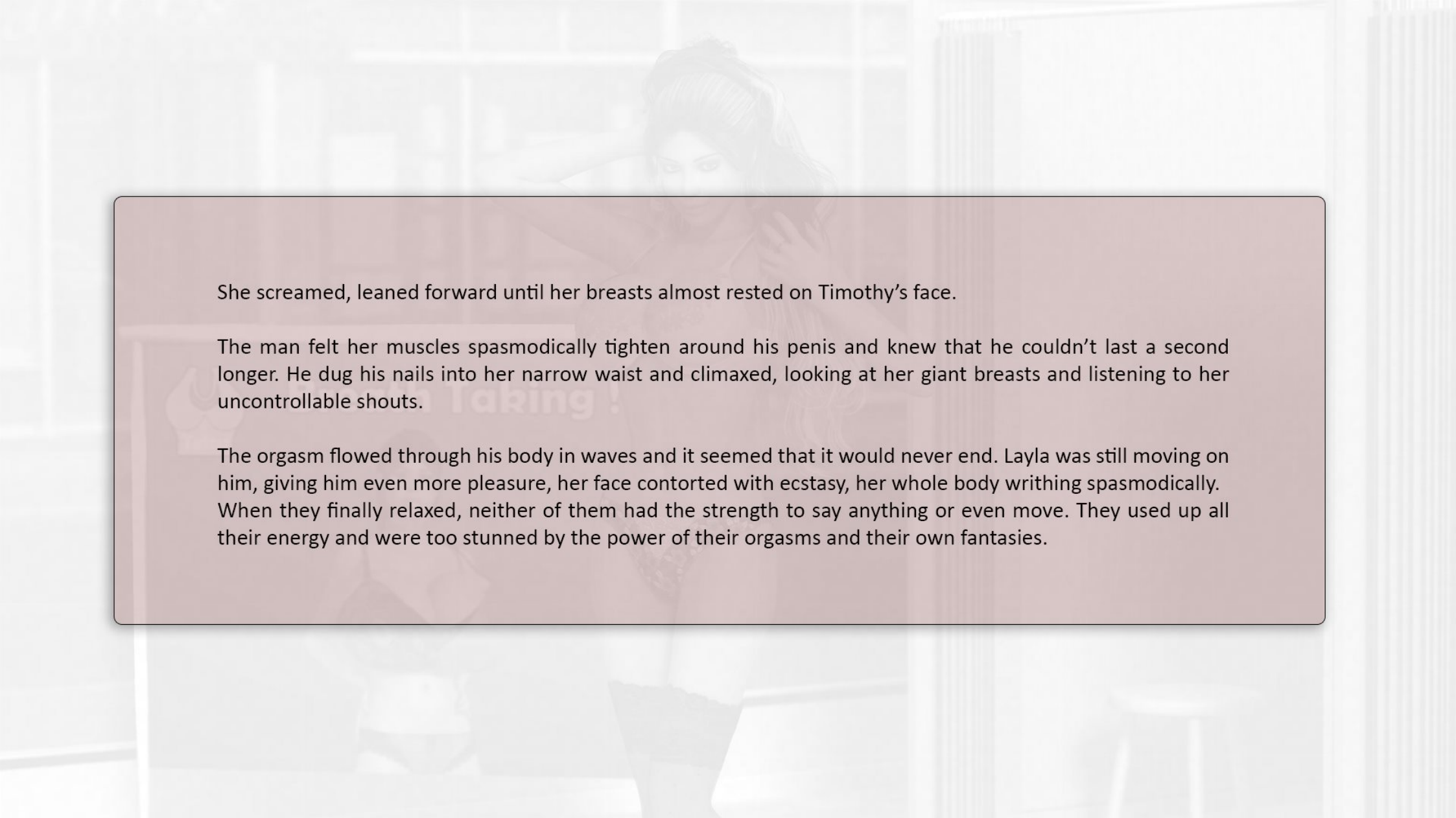
“Can you imagine that?”  
Layla asked.

“Yes,” Timothy moaned. “I  
can imagine that.”

Suddenly Layla gave up all  
her calculations and lost  
control. She began to ride  
him violently and greedily,  
until her giant, massive  
breasts began to collide  
with each other.

“I’ll be so huge,” she  
moaned.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red dress, is leaning forward in a room with bookshelves in the background. She has her hands behind her head and is looking down. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from a window on the right.

She screamed, leaned forward until her breasts almost rested on Timothy's face.

The man felt her muscles spasmodically tighten around his penis and knew that he couldn't last a second longer. He dug his nails into her narrow waist and climaxed, looking at her giant breasts and listening to her uncontrollable shouts.

The orgasm flowed through his body in waves and it seemed that it would never end. Layla was still moving on him, giving him even more pleasure, her face contorted with ecstasy, her whole body writhing spasmodically. When they finally relaxed, neither of them had the strength to say anything or even move. They used up all their energy and were too stunned by the power of their orgasms and their own fantasies.

The next morning, a phone ring tore into Timothy's sleep. He groaned, turned to the other side, and realized that Layla was lying next to him. Still half-asleep, he was even more susceptible to her erotic appeal and immediately felt excited.

The woman reached out her slim hand towards her cell phone and with a grimace of effort rose to a sitting position.

Timothy stared at her huge, heavy breasts that crushed her to the bed and admired her full lips move as she spoke.

"Today?" she asked her interlocutor. "Oh, that's... great. Of course I'll wait. Yes, me too, see you."

She put down the phone, sighed, and looked seriously at Timothy.

"You should go now," she said. "Jose will be here soon."

Timothy's stomach contracted painfully, his cheeks pink with anger.

"Layla... please," he said.

He didn't like the sound of his own plaintive voice.

The woman hesitated, ran a hand through her hair, and parted her lips slightly as if to say something, but then she looked away and shook her head.



“You can’t do this to me,” Timothy moaned. “Look into my eyes and tell me you would rather be with this Jose guy than with me.”

Layla remained silent, biting her lower lip.

“You really should go now,” she said finally.

Timothy angrily got out of bed, dressed and left her room without a word.

Timothy needed time to think and calm down, so he went outside and sat by the pool. He closed his eyes and tried to sort out his own feelings.

Shortly afterwards he heard Layla's voice. She walked slowly, carefully picking her steps and leaning on Jose's shoulder. The man helped her sit on a deck chair.

Timothy grimaced in disgust at Jose's humbled, adoring posture. He acted as if Layla was the most wonderful creature in the world, and even from this distance Timothy saw the erection under his pants.

"Would you like something to drink?" Jose asked.

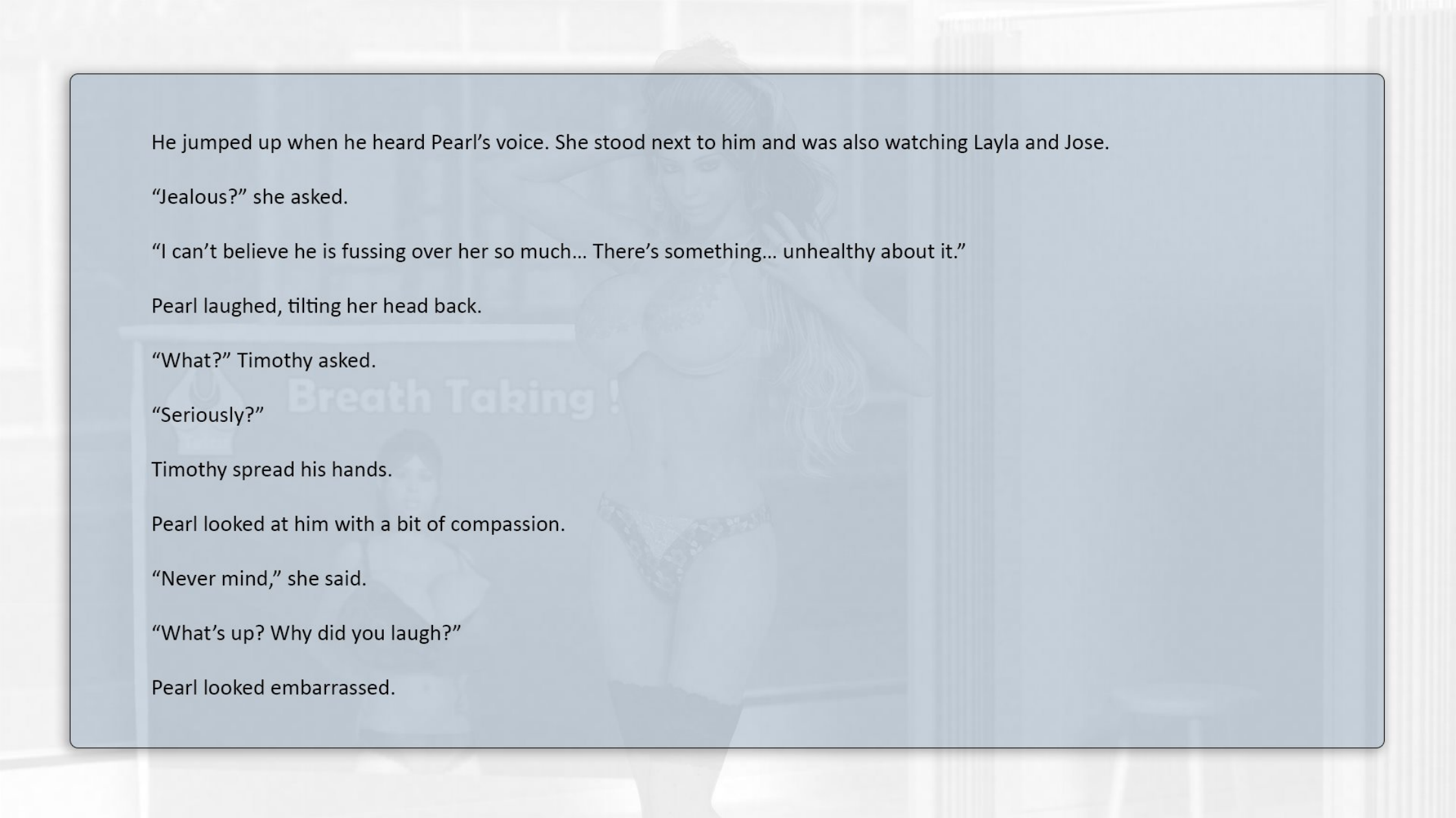
Layla shook her head.

"Are you sure you're comfortable? Do you need anything else?"

"No, I'm good."

"I'm so glad I managed to leave work earlier," Jose said, staring admiringly at Layla's figure.

Timothy snorted and looked away, disgusted.



He jumped up when he heard Pearl's voice. She stood next to him and was also watching Layla and Jose.

"Jealous?" she asked.

"I can't believe he is fussing over her so much... There's something... unhealthy about it."

Pearl laughed, tilting her head back.

"What?" Timothy asked.

"Seriously?"

Timothy spread his hands.

Pearl looked at him with a bit of compassion.

"Never mind," she said.

"What's up? Why did you laugh?"

Pearl looked embarrassed.

“It’s nothing compared to how you behave around her,” she whispered.

Timothy felt his whole body getting very heavy.

“Really?” he asked.

Pearl nodded seriously.

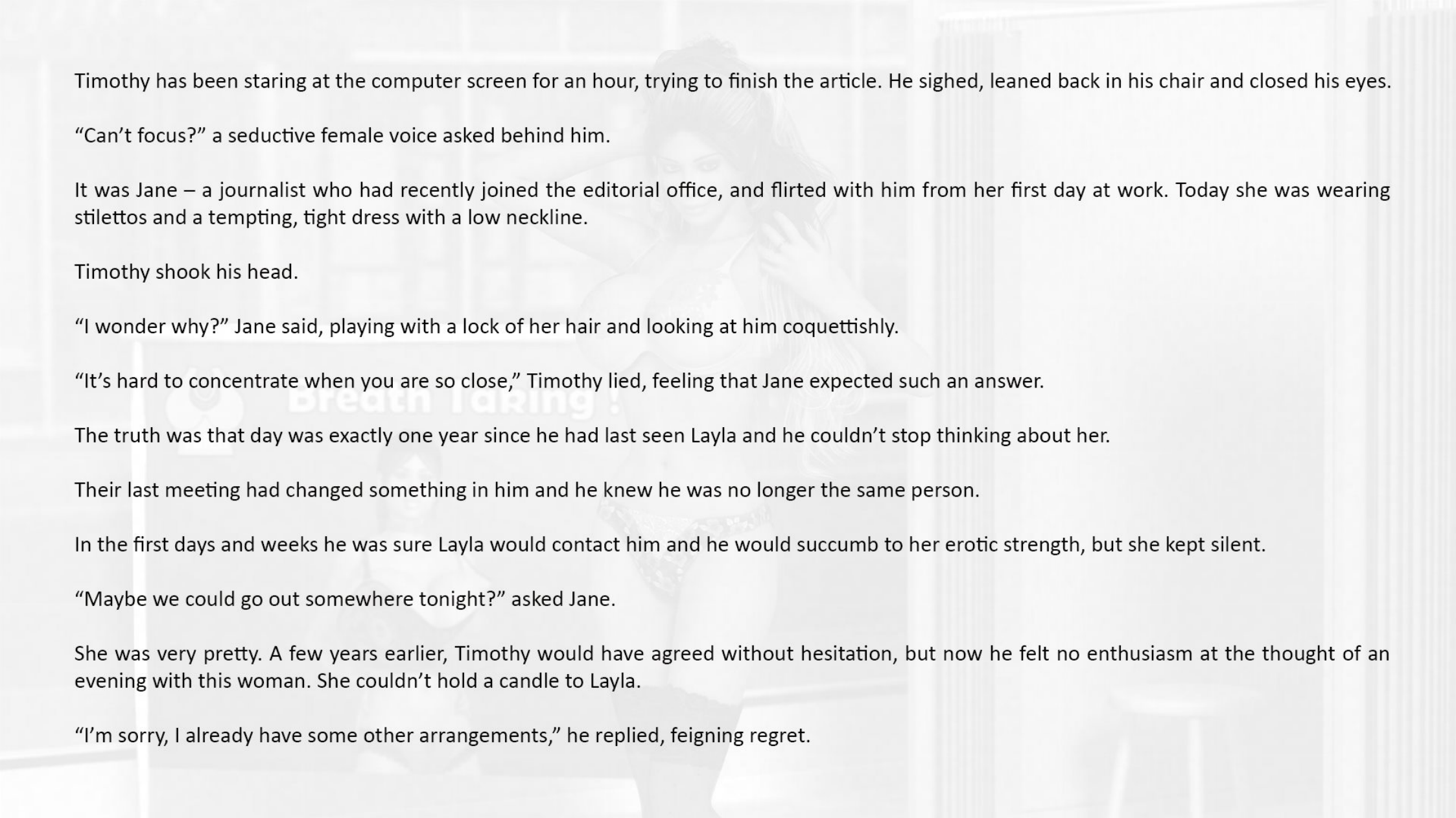
Timothy knew what he had to do – he should leave the hotel as soon as possible and permanently quit this addiction to Layla that he had developed.

When he packed his things into the suitcase, he felt a deep, unbearable regret at the thought of never seeing her again, but he couldn’t let that obsession ruin his life.

He left the hotel without saying goodbye, trying not to think about everything that had happened over the past few days.

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Timothy has been staring at the computer screen for an hour, trying to finish the article. He sighed, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

“Can’t focus?” a seductive female voice asked behind him.

It was Jane – a journalist who had recently joined the editorial office, and flirted with him from her first day at work. Today she was wearing stilettos and a tempting, tight dress with a low neckline.

Timothy shook his head.

“I wonder why?” Jane said, playing with a lock of her hair and looking at him coquettishly.

“It’s hard to concentrate when you are so close,” Timothy lied, feeling that Jane expected such an answer.

The truth was that day was exactly one year since he had last seen Layla and he couldn’t stop thinking about her.

Their last meeting had changed something in him and he knew he was no longer the same person.

In the first days and weeks he was sure Layla would contact him and he would succumb to her erotic strength, but she kept silent.

“Maybe we could go out somewhere tonight?” asked Jane.

She was very pretty. A few years earlier, Timothy would have agreed without hesitation, but now he felt no enthusiasm at the thought of an evening with this woman. She couldn’t hold a candle to Layla.

“I’m sorry, I already have some other arrangements,” he replied, feigning regret.

Layla made it hard for him to get excited around other women, though he tried very hard. Her revenge for his betrayal turned out to be more painful than either of them could have expected. In the evenings he masturbated staring at Layla's photos. He fantasized about her when he was in bed with someone else.

He was tempted to call her, but he was sure that if he spent more time with her he would be completely lost in lust and the next breakup would be unbearable.

"Maybe over the weekend, then?" Jane didn't give up.

Timothy had already opened his mouth to answer her when his phone vibrated on the desk. The man looked at the display and started to sweat, immediately felt weak and his heart sped up.

"Layla," Janet read the ID on the display. "Oh... Does she... Does she really look like this?"

Timothy stared at the phone screen on which Layla's picture had just appeared. He couldn't remember the last time she called him. Why was she doing this right now?

At that moment, all the reasons why he decided to stay away from her seemed completely unreasonable to him. With a shaking hand, he reached for the phone, but when he was about to swipe the green icon right, it stopped ringing.

“Yes,” Timothy said. “She really looks like that.”

Jane studied him closely, as if trying to draw conclusions from the information she had just obtained.

“Is she your girlfriend?” she asked.

Timothy shook his head.

“You looked at her picture like you never looked at me,” she whispered. “Tim... I know I’m an attractive woman, and when you rejected me I thought you might be gay because you don’t respond to my signals at all... But now... I understand everything now... I can’t compete with her, right?”

Timothy combed his hair with his hands and moaned softly.

“Let’s not talk about it, okay?” he asked.

“You look pretty crazy about her,” said Jane. “No wonder...”



“I should get ready for that meeting now,” Timothy said and stood up.

In the bathroom, he washed his face with cold water, then leaned against the sink and tried to calm his breath.

He returned to his desk and saw another missed call from Layla. He picked the phone in his hands and then it started ringing again.

“Hi,” Layla said in a slightly wheezed voice. “I’m calling because... Could you meet me in an hour?” she asked.

Timothy was so dazed that he couldn’t make a sound.

“Tim?” Layla said.

“You contact me after a year’s silence, all of a sudden, and ask if I could meet you in an hour? What’s up, Layla?”

“I...” she hesitated. “I need your help. Stella was to go with me, but at the last minute she canceled... Please...”

Timothy closed his eyes and shook his head.

“Are you playing a game with me?” he asked. “You know how I react to you now, don’t you? Do you have any idea how hard it was for me not to see you for a whole year, to refrain from calling you?”

“You left,” Layla said indignantly.

“Because your boyfriend came to the hotel!” Timothy said. “I won’t let you toy with my feelings anymore. Your body... is the realization of all my fantasies and when I see you... Layla, it’s really not easy for me.”

“Please, I need you,” said the woman.

“I have an important meeting in ten minutes,” Timothy said.

Layla fell silent and he heard her breathing in the receiver.

“I really want to see you,” she whispered. “I should have talked to you sooner, and...”

Exciting scenarios began to multiply in Timothy’s head with Layla in the lead part, and he felt his member harden and warm up.

“Okay,” he sighed, knowing he was making a mistake. “Where?”

Layla thanked him and gave him the address.

Timothy’s boss and colleagues weren’t happy when he informed them just before the meeting that he was feeling unwell and had to go home. His lie seemed quite credible, though, as his cheeks were pink, his eyes glassy and his breathing was quickened – he looked as if he had a bout of flu.

He went to the address Layla had given him and realized that it was a plastic surgery clinic.

“Shit,” he hissed and clenched his fists in anger.

*Before & After*



h Taking !



She played with his feelings again, tested his boundaries, and teased him. He was about to turn round and leave when a taxi stopped next to him and he saw Layla inside.

He forgot how stunning she looked. Those disproportionately large breasts made her barely fit in the back seat. She opened the door, smiled at him and reached out her hand, so that he would help her get out. Timothy felt the erotic attraction and the little hairs on his body stood on end.

“Why did you call me?” Timothy asked as she leaned on his shoulder.

He felt uncomfortable because everyone around them was staring at Layla with a mixture of desire and amazement. She didn’t seem to notice it, and Timothy thought she must have gotten used to it.

Layla glared at him and arched her full lips in a smile.

“I want to show you something,” she said.

“You can’t do this to me,” Timothy hissed. “You play with me, it’s not fair!”

“You love it how you react to me,” Layla whispered. “You like to give in to this feeling... You drown in lust when you look at me and you enjoy it... You like how full my lips are and how gigantic my boobs became... You get horny listening to me talk about them...”

“Why are we going to the clinic, Layla?” Timothy asked. “We haven't seen each other for so long, and then you call me suddenly, and ask for something like that!”

“You shouldn't have come here if I treat you so badly, right?” Layla replied.

Timothy snorted and looked at her flushed, enthusiastic face.

“I shouldn't have,” he admitted.

His eyes slid lower, towards her stunning neckline. Her breasts were so huge that he couldn't even embrace them with his gaze.

They walked on in silence, Layla leaned heavily on Timothy's shoulder and breathed quickly. The man felt the heat radiating from her body and the familiar smell of her skin.

When they entered the clinic, several people let out strangled moans of surprise. Timothy had the impression that the room was filled with Layla's mesmerizing presence and that all the people inside were able to concentrate only on her.

“Why are we here?” Timothy repeated his question. “Did you come for a check-up?”

“No... It's not a check-up,” Layla replied.

Timothy thought that the waiting room was starting to spin and everything around became unreal. Layla's presence was enough to make him horny, overwhelmed and defenseless against her charm.

"You don't want to tell me that..." he began in a shaky voice.

"What?" Layla asked, raising an eyebrow.

Cheeky sparks glinted in her eyes.

"That you plan to enlarge your implants even more," Timothy choked out.

"I'd take my body to the extreme, right?" Layla said. "Because they are already gigantic, so if I increased them even more..."

"You're not serious!" Timothy replied. "It's... It's impossible..."

At that moment a doctor leaned out of the office and invited them inside.

Even the doctor seemed stunned by the size of Layla's bust, as if he himself had equipped her with a weapon by which she could now convince him of everything.

"Are you convinced as to the lip size we were talking about?" he wanted to make sure.

"Oh yes, definitely," Layla replied enthusiastically. "They are supposed to be gigantic!"



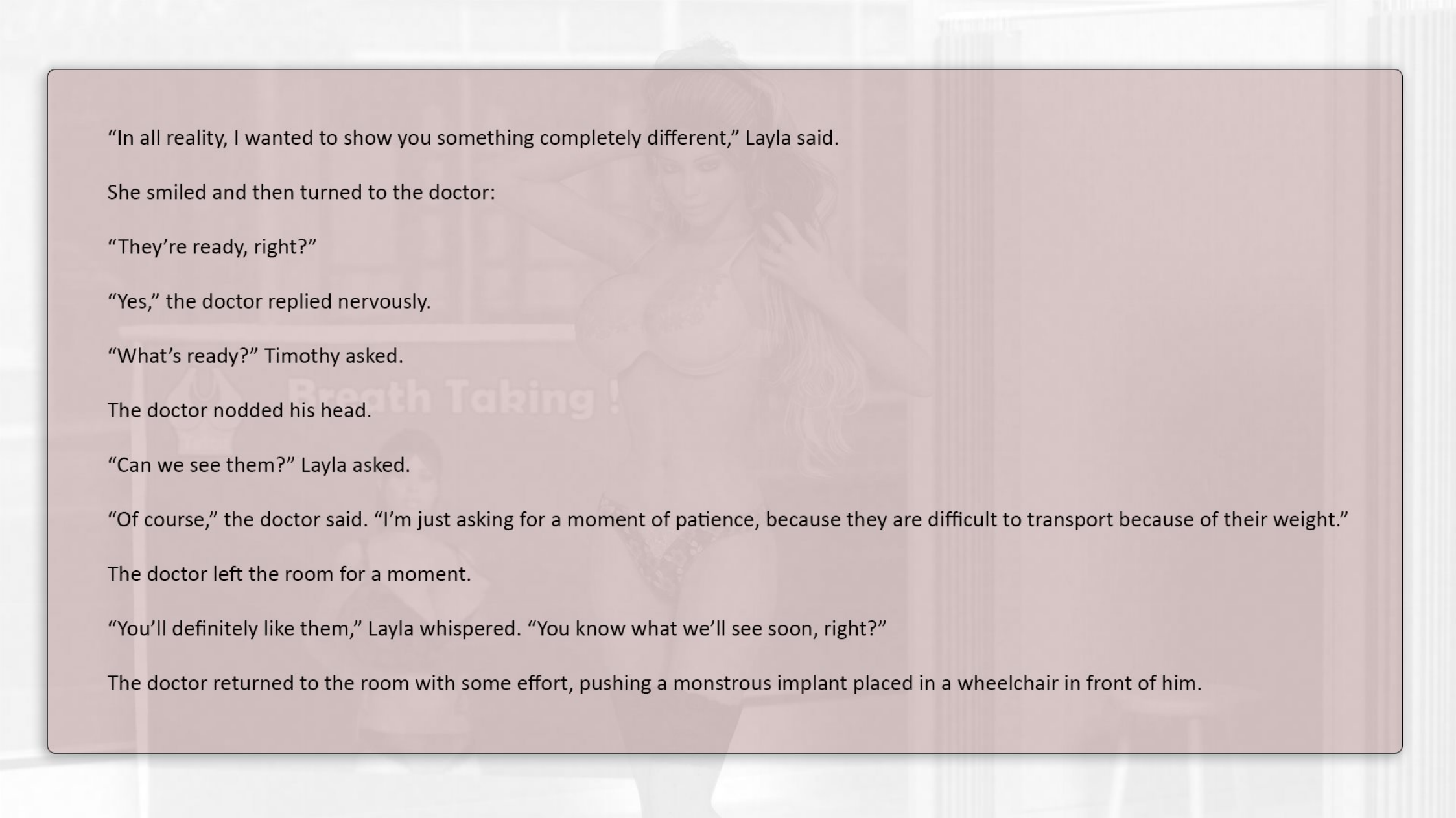
Timothy opened his eyes wider and shook his head.

“Layla, it’s... Will you even be able to speak with an even fuller mouth?” he asked.

“Speaking can be difficult, especially at the beginning,” Layla replied. “But I want it so badly. You certainly want it too... You get horny at the thought that I might have such huge, inflated lips...”

“Layla, please stop it,” Timothy said. “Did you invite me here for that? To torment me with your appearance again? I will not allow it.”

The doctor cleared his throat and looked a little embarrassed.



“In all reality, I wanted to show you something completely different,” Layla said.

She smiled and then turned to the doctor:

“They’re ready, right?”

“Yes,” the doctor replied nervously.

“What’s ready?” Timothy asked.

The doctor nodded his head.

“Can we see them?” Layla asked.

“Of course,” the doctor said. “I’m just asking for a moment of patience, because they are difficult to transport because of their weight.”

The doctor left the room for a moment.

“You’ll definitely like them,” Layla whispered. “You know what we’ll see soon, right?”

The doctor returned to the room with some effort, pushing a monstrous implant placed in a wheelchair in front of him.

“No...” moaned Timothy. “It’s impossible...”

Layla watched his reaction with a smile on her face. She gently bit her lower lip and then licked her full mouth. She felt her pussy moisten and warm up.

“It’s monstrous,” she said. “I can’t wait for the surgery... I’ll be gigantic... Can you imagine how I’ll look with such huge implants?”

“It’s too big...” Timothy sighed. “Too big...”

He couldn’t believe his eyes. It couldn’t be happening.

“You aren’t going to implant those, are you?” he asked. “You have such a small figure, they certainly won’t fit under your skin!”

Then it occurred to him what this was all about.

“It’s a joke,” he said. “You don’t intend to implant these... You play with me, you want to see my reaction.”

Layla raised an eyebrow and looked surprised.

“You think so?”





Timothy stepped closer and touched the implant with a trembling hand.

“You just can’t carry such implants, it’s technically impossible.”

“It’s difficult, but it’s possible,” the doctor said.

Timothy fell silent and snorted softly.

“I don’t believe it,” he replied. “Look how much they weigh!” He took the implant in his hands and lifted it with visible effort. He felt its weight crushing him to the ground and had to strain his muscles hard not to drop it.

“It’s too heavy,” he said. “I can barely lift a single one of them and I’m stronger than Layla. She won’t be able to move around with them...”

“Oh, it’ll be hard for me,” Layla confirmed.

She stared at the implant in Timothy’s hands with excitement and lust.

“Implanting them is a difficult procedure, but I’m sure it will succeed,” the doctor said in a slightly offended tone of voice.

Timothy, careful not to damage the sterile coating, put the implant on the table and looked at Layla in disbelief.

“You really want to do it,” he said. “You’re really going to implant these monstrous things...”

“Oh, yeah...” Layla said.

“No,” Timothy objected.

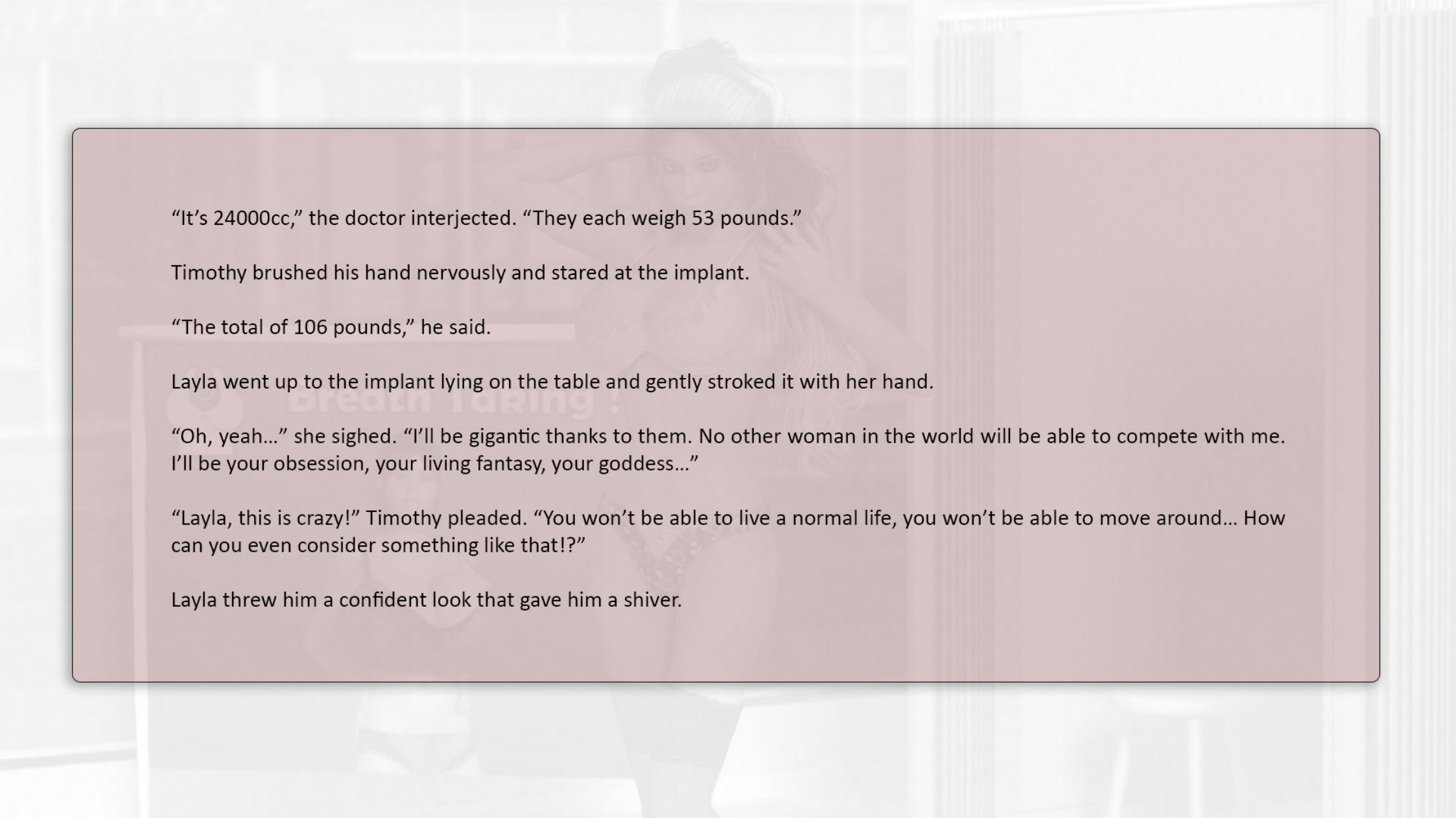
“Yes,” Layla repeated. “It will really happen.”

And only then did Timothy believe her. Excitement hit him with a strong, hot wave and he staggered on his feet.

“But... you can’t lift them,” he groaned. “They are too big! Just look at them!”

“Oh, you mean, when I get them you’re going to go crazy about me? Imagine how huge they will be... I’ll have such full lips and monstrous tits...” Layla said.

“No, Layla, you really can’t carry them,” Timothy said. “What size is it?”



“It’s 24000cc,” the doctor interjected. “They each weigh 53 pounds.”

Timothy brushed his hand nervously and stared at the implant.

“The total of 106 pounds,” he said.

Layla went up to the implant lying on the table and gently stroked it with her hand.

“Oh, yeah...” she sighed. “I’ll be gigantic thanks to them. No other woman in the world will be able to compete with me. I’ll be your obsession, your living fantasy, your goddess...”

“Layla, this is crazy!” Timothy pleaded. “You won’t be able to live a normal life, you won’t be able to move around... How can you even consider something like that!?”

Layla threw him a confident look that gave him a shiver.

“I know you want it,” she repeated. “You are excited by the sight of these monstrous implants and the thought that they will soon improve my body. Thanks to them I’ll be the sexiest woman you can imagine. Nothing turns you on as much as large, rounded breasts filled with implants, and mine will be the largest, extremely large... I will go as far as possible...”

Timothy stared at the implant and listened to Layla’s words. He had no idea what to say. She was right – some crazy part of him really wanted her to do it.

“I... I’m obsessed with you already, Layla,” he whispered. “You can’t do this to me...”

“I can,” Layla said. “And I will. You’ll never want any other woman again,” she whispered and kissed him on the lips.

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In the following days Timothy was in a trance. Whatever he was doing, he was still thinking about the giant implants he saw in the doctor's office. They were too big to fit into Layla's body... It was unthinkable for her to enlarge her breasts that much!

He knew that Layla was determined and would do anything to achieve her goal. She became addicted to surgery and common sense told him that he should stop her. What she was planning to do was completely crazy! He couldn't believe she wanted to get such monstrous implants. 24000cc! Would she ever be able to get out of bed with implants weighing 106 pounds? How much would they limit her range of movement? She would probably need help with the simplest activities... She was ready to sacrifice so much to become even sexier, even more exciting.

He couldn't imagine what she would look like after the procedure. It excited him and he was a little afraid. She was about to become too big, gigantic, larger than any other woman... She knew full well that he was excited by huge breasts filled with implants and she was about to push to the extreme what excited him most, regardless of the cost. He had no idea if she was doing it for him, but just thinking about what she would look like he felt strangely vulnerable and exposed. He had this one fetish, one weak point, which took all his confidence away, and she planned to use it. He knew he would have to submit to her. The lust he once managed to control would be unbearable. He wanted to give in, give up and allow himself to be lost in excitement.

He never wanted anyone as much as Layla, and now she was going to become even sexier.

He knew he should stop her – if not for her own well-being, then for his. However, he was unable to. He wanted her to do it.

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A few days later, Layla invited Timothy to the clinic. He was so distracted and excited that he could hardly drive his car and was thinking about her new, unimaginably large breasts all the time.

Waiting for the doctors to let him see her, he paced around the waiting room on legs that felt soft, he was so filled by emotions. Time seemed to flow strangely slowly, and then suddenly accelerated in unexpected moments.

He felt it was the last moment to save himself. He could still leave the clinic, go home and never see Layla again. He knew that when he saw her with larger breasts, he would be lost. The desire for her would be so strong that it would suppress all other feelings and all common sense. He would do everything Layla asked of him.

He remembered how used to feel when she had no implants. Then he had power, he could control the situation, sleep with whomever he wished, and now... He became quite dependent on Layla, on her whims and wants.

If he intended to preserve at least something of the person he used to be then, he had to get out of here as soon as possible. He took a step toward the door when one of the doctors invited him to the room where Layla was waiting for him. He walked down the hall like in a trance, panting slightly, his pulse quickened, his knees trembling. He was dizzy and felt strangely unreal. In a moment he was going to find out what she looked like now...

When he saw her, he was hit by a violent, overwhelming wave of excitement. She was lying on the bed and smiling – her lips were now much larger than before, plump and sexy. Her breasts were covered by a sheet and he couldn't see their contours exactly, but they were nevertheless gigantic.

The doctor left the room and they were alone.



“So huge,” Layla said, her words a little blurry. “Unbelievably big... 24000cc... Just imagine it, there is 24000cc in each of my breasts...”

Timothy couldn't answer. He just stared at her with his eyes wide open. She really did it!

“And heavy... 106 pounds... I feel them crushing me down, you know?” Layla was saying.

She seemed happy and excited.

“You've never craved me harder,” she added. “I can see how horny you are... I went so far, I agreed to bear such inconvenience... Do you remember how petite I was once?”

Timothy remembered and couldn't believe it was the same person who was lying on the hospital bed.

“You were... so tiny, and now...” he groaned.

"I weighed 100 pounds," Layla said. "Now, with these implants, I weigh over 200 pounds... I feel them crushing me to the bed... Everything will be now... more difficult. Standing, walking, even the most ordinary activities that other people don't ever think about, they'll be a challenge for me, and I will have to learn to do them again. And all because I decided to turn into the most exciting woman in the world."

She gently pushed back the sheet and showed Timothy her breasts.

He had never been so excited in his life. Nothing mattered at that time except desire. His member was so stiff that the fabric of his pants bulged and it throbbed painfully.

"You want to masturbate right now, right?" Layla said. "You want to come looking at my monstrous, disproportionately large, artificial boobs... I see how much you desire me..."

"No..." moaned Timothy.

"Oh, that's all you can think about. Do it, please, I want to see you lose control. Look how gigantic I am now..."



Timothy was already reaching towards his fly when a nurse entered the room.

“We still need to run some tests to make sure everything is fine,” she said. “Could you leave the room for a moment?”

Layla chuckled softly.

Timothy didn't want to leave. He wanted to look at Layla, admire her too sexy, exaggerated and perfected body... The nurse looked at him expectantly.

“Yes, of course,” he muttered and left the room with red cheeks.

Layla followed him with a confident, proud look.

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Each day the first one when he saw Layla with giant implants seemed unreal to Timothy, but at the same time extremely intense. He wanted to be as close to her as possible, look at her, make love to her, but her presence was disturbing and almost larger than life. It was difficult for him to come to terms with the fact that he became so sensitive, exposed and overwhelmed with lust because he had always tried to give the impression of self-confidence and full control of his emotions.

He thought about her body all the time. He remained in a constant state of excitement and even when he finished masturbating and fantasizing about her amazing shapes, after a while he became horny again.

At work, he couldn't focus on anything. Everything, except Layla's heavy, monstrous breasts seemed distant and insignificant.

He had a date with her that day and was afraid of what would happen when he saw her. He planned his own reactions to try to defend himself against her erotic strength to some extent. He wouldn't go to bed with her unless they agreed on some rules. He couldn't let her play with his feelings ruthlessly.

He breathed deeply in front of her door, trying to calm himself down. The very thought that he would see her soon made his body stiffen and warm up.

Instead of Layla, he saw Stella in the doorway. He was shocked by how small her body seemed to him.

"She's still in bed, I was just helping her up," Stella said and invited him inside.

"At this time of day?" Timothy was surprised.

"You have no idea how difficult it is for her to move independently," Stella whispered as they walked down the hall. "I told her not to, but she insisted!" Stella looked at Timothy as if it was all his fault. "She has to relearn to do everything again! This is crazy! These huge breasts just crush her against the bed... Layla told me that she weighs as much as 206 pounds, can you imagine that?!"

Layla lay on the bed and smiled at Timothy. Her face was pink, a little sweaty and her lips slightly parted. She stared at the man with hypnotizing, confident eyes. Those giant breasts that could barely fit into a tight blouse rose to the rhythm of accelerated breath.

Timothy instinctively took a step back, as if to defend himself against this exciting image.

Stella came up to her friend and asked:

“Shall we try again?”

The contrast between the two women was shocking. Stella’s body didn’t change much over those several years, while Layla turned from a petite, insignificant woman into an erotic fantasy, at the sight of whom Timothy’s whole world got reduced to unsatisfied desire.





“I’m tired,” Layla sighed. “But let’s try.”

Stella put her hands under her friend’s back.

“Come on, tense your stomach muscles,” she groaned, trying with all her might to help her friend get up.

Timothy couldn’t make a sound or move.

The faces of both women were tense with effort, and their muscles visibly struggled and trembled. Finally, Layla sat on the bed, took a deep breath, and put her feet on the ground.

“And the hardest part now,” Stella said. “Lean on my shoulder and try to get up.”

Layla wiped the sweat off her forehead, nodded, and concentrated.



“Maybe I’ll do it?” Timothy finally said.

He came over to Layla, trying to keep himself under control. He had the impression that he was approaching the dangerous, unstoppable element that would eventually consume him.

Layla leaned on his shoulder – he felt the weight of her body and when he realized how much weight she must carry every day, he experienced a delightful thrill of excitement. She weighed so much now that he had to really strain his muscles to support her.

She stood up moaning with exertion, her slim thighs trembled, and her whole body swayed slightly, and finally she straightened up completely.

She looked Timothy in the eye and smiled at him as if she knew exactly what was going on in his mind right now.

“I’ll leave you alone,” Stella said. “You can manage, right?”

“Of course,” Layla replied. “Thank you, Stella!”

She lisped a little and her breath was short and rasped – Timothy didn't know if it was from emotion or effort.

“Do you have to learn to get up again?” Timothy asked when they were alone.

“Oh, yeah... To get up, walk, prepare meals by myself. Everything has become so difficult! I weigh over 200 pounds now and I get tired very quickly,” Layla said, wiping a drop of sweat off her forehead.

Timothy, fascinated, admired her stunning body, while repeating in his mind the resolutions he had made earlier. He couldn't just allow himself to be drawn into all this. He took a deep breath and said:

“Layla, we need to fix a few things first. Your figure... doesn't allow me to think logically, which you know very well, but it is very important to me. Listen...”

“I was sure you would contact me as soon as possible after the surgery,” Layla interrupted. “Meanwhile, I had to call you myself.”

“I...” Timothy began.

He felt something breaking in him. How could he ever delude himself that he would be able to resist her? He couldn't think about her, couldn't breathe, and he felt dizzy, as if he had already had a few drinks. Desire overshadowed all other emotions.

Her breasts were so close now... So heavy and huge. He couldn't believe they weighed 206 pounds!

Layla reached out a slim hand and stroked his head tenderly.

“I know how you feel,” she whispered.

“Oh, you have no idea how I feel!” Timothy shouted. “It's... What you did with your body, how you perfected it, it's unbelievable!”

“You crave me so much now,” Layla said, running her fingertip over her full lips. “You want me... Do you know how much it turns me on?”

“24000 cc, Layla! How could you go this far? Just look how your life looks now! This obsession changed everything! You got addicted to it!”

“I got addicted to the lust people feel for me,” Layla answered, gripping Timothy’s arm more tightly. “Which you feel for me.”

He could feel the heat radiating from her now. The implant filled bust was even closer.

“Can you get out of bed by yourself?” Timothy asked. “How far are you able to go?”

“You like talking about it, right? You get excited talking about how much I sacrificed to become so sexy. No, I can’t walk or stand for long, I can’t reach my own nipples and I have limited range of movement because of my giant, monstrous breasts. My big, inflated lips make me speak slowly and gave me a bit of lisp, but it’s nothing... It just makes everything even more exciting, even truer...”



Layla ran her hands over her body and moved closer to Timothy until her giant breasts were crushed between their bodies.

“Help me undress,” she said. “I can’t do it alone...”

“I shouldn’t... I need to sort out a few things with you first...”

“You want it,” Layla whispered.

She took the man’s hand in hers and laid it on her bust.

“You want to see me naked again,” she said.

Timothy gently slid his trembling hands under her tailor-made blouse and touched her flat stomach, then pulled the fabric up. Although the top was extremely stretchy, Timothy had a lot of trouble removing the outfit that got stuck across her bust.

Layla had to let go of his arm and she swayed a little on her feet. Timothy helped her keep her balance, and Layla tensed her muscles, leaned back, and finally managed to stand up on her own.

“I can’t even undress myself now,” she said. “I have become so huge that these ordinary activities are too difficult for me.”

Later, when he helped her remove her skirt and panties, he noticed that her underwear was already moist and fragrant with excitement. The panties were tiny and contrasted strongly with the huge top. Layla still remained petite and slim, she changed only in one area – her chest.

“I’m sure you already got very hard,” Layla said. “Ever since you saw me, you keep fantasizing about being able to fuck me.”

Timothy ran a hand through his hair and looked away from her with great effort.

“If I do it and you play with my feelings again...”



"I know I took my body to the extreme," Layla said. "Being in my company, looking at me, going to bed with me, may seem too intense an experience. You may feel overwhelmed and uncertain, but you crave me even more, I know that. Nothing is stronger than your desire. Surrender to it, we both know that you want it. It's like a drug, right?"

"I can't believe you are that huge," Timothy moaned.

"I'm... I'm so big... It's 24000cc... It's really happening, Timothy, let yourself feel it..."

Timothy's skin got warm and tingled, his head was spinning, his penis throbbed unbearably.

With trembling fingers, he began to unbutton his pants. He could feel drops of hot sweat running down his spine. His member stuck out, stiffer and bigger than ever. It looked as if it could explode from accumulated inner tension. Timothy has never seen it so huge.

"Yeah, yeah," Layla moaned proudly, straightening up. "Now look at me, look at my plump, oversized lips and disproportionately big boobs... See how round, how firm... Don't take your eyes off them and clutch your hand with your prick. Oh yes..."

“Layla, I... I don’t know if I can take it... It’s too much.”

“Oh, that’s too much, but you can’t stop it,” Layla said. “Just like me, I couldn’t stop increasing my boobs, filling them up more and more, until they began to bother me in my daily life, until everyone started staring at me because of them. But even then I didn’t stop, nothing stopped me and I wanted more all the time, just like you do. I was getting bigger and bigger and now I can barely walk and I can hardly talk and every moment of my life is dominated by these monstrous tits.”

Timothy followed Layla’s instructions and clenched his hand on his penis. He was surprised that he was so hard and stiff.

“You were so big lately when I gave you the drug, remember?” Layla said. “You made me so swollen...” She licked her plump lips and ran her hands over her bust.

Timothy was once more struck by how small her body seemed compared to those extremely large breasts.

“Now move your hand, but not too fast, because I know you can come anytime,” Layla said. “And look at me all the time... Admire my full lips, my boobs filled with implants. 24000cc... They excite you so much...”

“I’ve never seen anything sexier...” Timothy admitted.

“Oh, yeah... Remember what I was like once...” Layla said.

“You were so petite and slim,” the man moaned, still masturbating. “I never thought you would do something like that!”

“Oh, neither did I, but that feeling when everyone looks at me completely differently than before, when they suddenly begin to desire and crave me, it’s quite addictive,” Layla said. “I couldn’t resist it. That’s exactly why I did all this; to arouse desire, to make everyone who sees me stunned by my giant boobs, just like you are now.”

Timothy groaned and began to move his hand faster.

“Look how huge I am now,” Layla said. “Let yourself really feel it... Think about how heavy and how monstrous my tits are now...”

“You’re so... big,” Timothy moaned.

“You’re still trying to fight this,” Layla said, stepping closer to him.

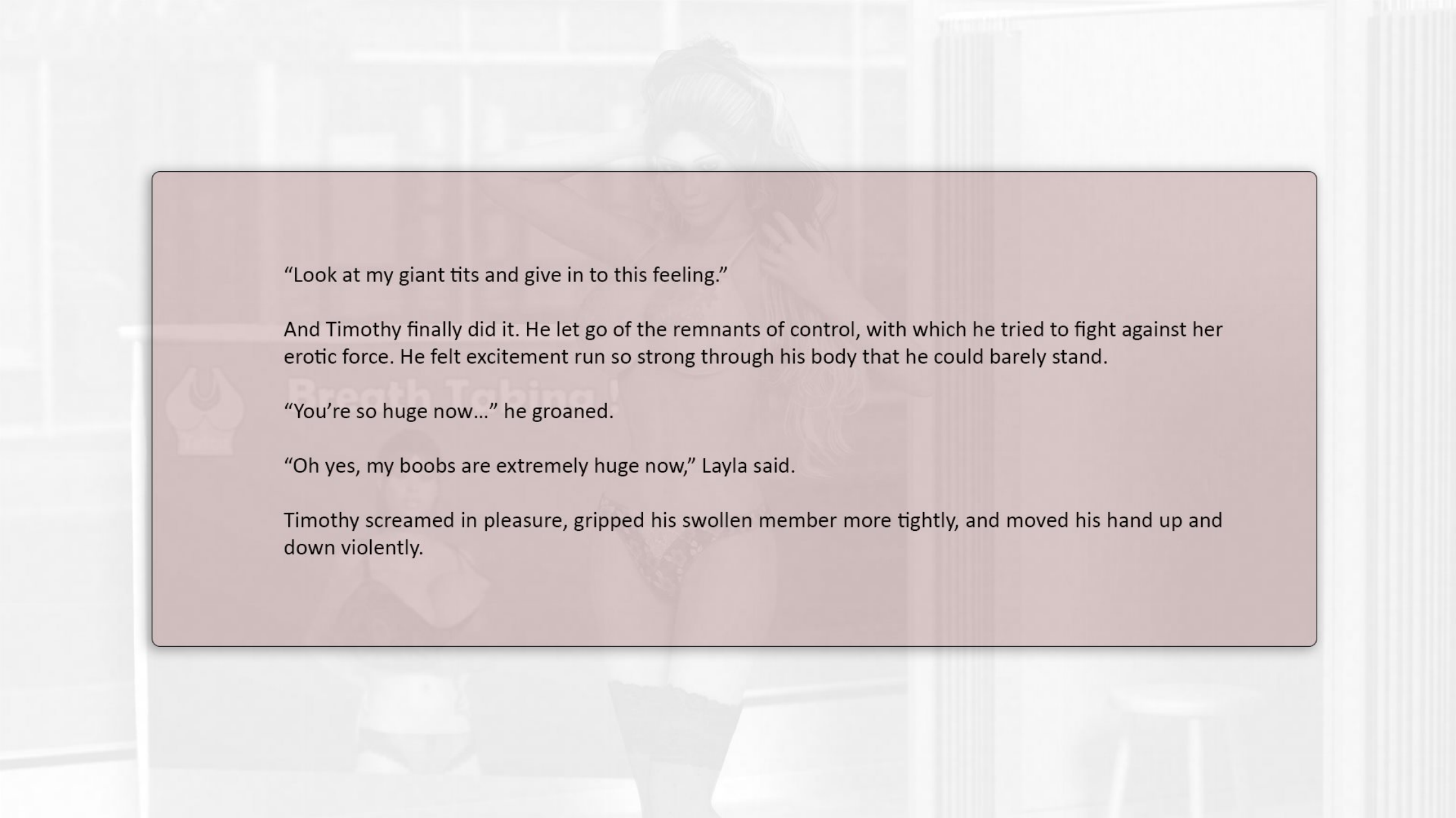
She took small, careful steps and leaned back to keep her balance. Her face turned pink with excitement and effort. Timothy noticed the muscles on her slim legs tremble with fatigue.

“I want you to immerse yourself in this experiment, Timothy,” Layla said. “When I’m with you, you have no control over yourself. Once, when we met, you could decide everything, but now I have the power... Let yourself fully experience the desire that you feel for me.”

“It’s... it’s too strong,” Timothy sighed.

Layla stood before him proud, confident and determined. With a faint smile on her face, she watched how excited he was and enjoyed the sight.





“Look at my giant tits and give in to this feeling.”

And Timothy finally did it. He let go of the remnants of control, with which he tried to fight against her erotic force. He felt excitement run so strong through his body that he could barely stand.

“You’re so huge now...” he groaned.

“Oh yes, my boobs are extremely huge now,” Layla said.

Timothy screamed in pleasure, gripped his swollen member more tightly, and moved his hand up and down violently.



“Now you’ll come for me,” Layla sighed. “For me, you got so horny and so hard and you will climax looking at my incredibly big boobs...”

Timothy knew he couldn’t take it anymore. When he was on the verge of orgasm, his whole body concentrated, and the pleasure that was about to flow through his body was disturbingly strong. He couldn’t prevent it just as he couldn’t control his desire for Layla.

He came looking at her stunningly sexy body. He moaned and staggered, and Layla watched him with a pleased, triumphant expression.

“That’s it,” she whispered.

Hot cum splashed on Timothy’s hand and on the floor in front of him.

The man felt dizzy. Layla's amazing figure blurred in front of his eyes and using the rest of his strength he came up to the bed, and then fell on it.

Layla sat down next to him with a sigh of relief. The mattress sank deeply under her weight and her breasts rested against her thighs.

"Great," she said. "Finally you gave in to your lust..."

Timothy felt stunned. It was the strongest and most pleasant orgasm in his life, but its intensity seemed unnatural to him. He was overwhelmed and felt defeated, because once again he didn't control himself.

"You came so hard," Layla said.

"I can't free myself from this feeling, from this craving for you," Timothy sighed. "It's so overwhelming."

"Oh, look, you're still hard, even after such an orgasm," Layla said.

“That’s because you’re so close,” Timothy said. “You influence me like that, I’m ready for you all the time.”

Layla shifted closer to Timothy. When her amazing body came close, he smelled her excitement. He saw her eyes gleam with it.

She moaned and threw her slim leg over his hips, and then sat down on his lap, so that her wet pussy rubbed against his member.

“You are so hard and warm,” she said.

As she sat on his dick, her giant breasts completely obstructed his view, overwhelmed and confused him. Layla’s delicate, hot pussy stimulated his excitement even more.

Layla strained her leg muscles with all her might and shifted a bit.

“I want to feel you inside,” she moaned. “I want to feel how hard you’ve become for me.”

Timothy shouted with pleasure when his penis entered Layla's pussy. He felt the weight and warmth of her breasts against him. Now they seemed more real than ever before.

"I have to confess something to you," Layla said, gently moving up and down on him.

Every move required a lot of effort from her and she sighed with pleasure and fatigue over and over again.

"I really... did it all for you," she said.

She felt Timothy's big, hot member perfectly fill her pussy.



“For me?” Timothy asked. “You have enlarged your lips and breasts to such sizes... just for me?”

“Oh yes,” Layla confirmed. “I know that’s what turns you on the most. I felt that if I went to the extreme, you would really belong only to me.”

Timothy moved his hips rhythmically to feel Layla squeeze him even more.

“You had you all these treatments for me?” Timothy asked, putting his hands on her bust.

“Precisely.”

“And when they got really big, you kept coming back to the clinic to enlarge them even more...” moaned Timothy. “You’ve become bigger and heavier...”

“Oh yes,” Layla said.

She tilted her head back and contorted her face with pleasure.

“I wanted you to desire only me, to fancy no one else anymore, to go crazy about me, until I finally became so gigantic that I can barely move.”

Their hips collided more and more frantically. Fragrant juices flowed from Layla’s pussy and ran down Timothy’s penis. The man felt her pussy tighten on him, further enhancing his excitement.

“Now you’re hard for me, even though you came just a few minutes earlier,” Layla said. “And all of this thanks to my plump lips and those heavy, unimaginably large implants weighing 106 pounds...”

“I can’t believe you did all this for me...” Timothy said.

“I got addicted to your desire...” Layla replied. “You used to hardly pay any attention to me, and now you will do everything to be close to me... And all of that just because I was still going back to the clinic and enlarging my implants even more when they were already gigantic. I didn’t listen to anyone around me when they told me I would be too big, that it would change my life completely. I didn’t care when the doctors warned that it was too much, that I wouldn’t be able to function normally anymore.”

Layla spoke in a voice that was more and more broken, hoarse with excitement.

“No blouse fitted me anymore, all bras became too small, but I still wanted more. Because you wanted more... And now... I’m so big and heavy that I can’t even dress myself, that I can barely lay comfortably in my own bed and can’t hug my own breasts, but that’s what I want because all of this is rewarded by yours desire. You can’t resist me now...”

As Layla moved, her huge breasts rose heavily and fell down to the rhythm of her words. Timothy felt how heavy it was and realized how many inconveniences and obstacles she had to overcome every day to be the sexiest woman imaginable.



Layla arched her back and screamed. Sweat ran down her body and her breasts collided with each other.

"I'm already... so close," she moaned.

Pleasure pierced her body in waves, her slim thighs and shoulders were trembling. She gasped and moaned loudly with each push. In the end she crossed the line of no return. Her pussy tightly squeezed around Timothy's swollen member and Layla came enjoying the man's desire.

“You want me so badly now,” she moaned. “You’re so horny for me. Please... come for me again... Look how gigantic I am, how huge I have become for you!”

After a moment, Timothy’s screams joined her sighs. The man raised his hips as high as he could, froze for a second, and then Layla felt her pussy filled with hot sperm.

After a moment, the woman relaxed and fell heavily onto the bed.

“It was... amazing,” Timothy moaned. “I’ve never experienced anything like this. But...”

“Don’t be afraid,” Layla said with some effort, turning over. “Now that I know that no one else excites you like me, that I have absolutely no competition, I won’t toy with your feelings anymore. It would be cruel... And just my presence makes you crazy with lust, so living with me will mean being in a constant state of excitement for you.”

Timothy sighed, still staring at her big breasts. He believed Layla was finally telling the truth.

“I’ve always sensed that this is what it is about,” he confessed and gently stroked the skin of her breast, stretched to the limit.

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A month later

“You can’t stay in bed all day,” Timothy said sternly.

Layla looked at him innocently and parted her full lips.

“You know how difficult it’s for me to move now...” she moaned.

The man felt the little hairs on his body stand on end. Every second spent with Layla was full of excitement. He would have liked to give up and do whatever she wanted, but he knew he should be reasonable.

“I know and that’s why you should exercise,” he said. “You remember what the doctors and trainers said, right?”

“But look how huge they are!” Layla said, putting her hands on her bust. “They are so big and heavy... I have no strength to lift them!”

Timothy’s heart skipped a beat and his face blushed.

“You need to learn to be independent,” Timothy said. “You don’t want to become overly reliant on other people.”

“You’ll help me with everything...” Layla replied smiling at him.

“Come on, get up, I’m taking you for a walk.”

Layla groaned, put the colorful magazine on the bedside table and nodded.

As usual, it took them a lot of time to leave the house. Timothy had to help Layla shower, get dressed and get in the car. The proximity of her body meant that when they drove to the park he was already excited and hardly focused on driving.

“I haven’t been in a garden for so long!” Layla said when she realized where he took her. “I used to love to walk in the park or forest for hours, but now...”

Layla hardly noticed the shocked faces of people around her – she was already used to them, and besides, she focused her attention on walking.

“Won’t you let me support against you?” she asked surprised.

“I’d like you to walk by yourself for a while,” Timothy said.

Layla gritted her teeth and took a few unsteady, slow steps. Her every move was well thought out and required a lot of effort.

“How do you like it here?” Timothy asked. “Have you ever been here before?”

Layla didn’t answer him because she was focused only on movement. Her face was already blushed.

“Layla?”

“Yes?”

“I asked you if you liked it here,” Timothy repeated.

The woman looked into his face, swayed on her feet and struggled to keep her balance.

“I got distracted for a moment,” she explained, breathing heavily.

She looked around for the first time.

"It's very nice," she said. "And everyone is staring at me, have you noticed?"

"Let's go on," Timothy said.

Layla sighed and took a few more strained steps. Her slim legs seemed even more fragile compared to those giant breasts, and Timothy wasn't surprised that she had to tense her muscles so much.

"I need a break..." she moaned.

"But look how little distance you have walked!" Timothy protested.

Layla turned back and sighed.

"Once I wouldn't have even noticed covering such a distance... But now, with such heavy and huge breasts, it's completely different!"

"Come on, just a bit more," Timothy encouraged her. "You can do it."

Layla wiped a drop of sweat off her temple, moaned quietly, and moved forward, setting her too big breasts in motion.





“I want to sit down for a while,” she said.

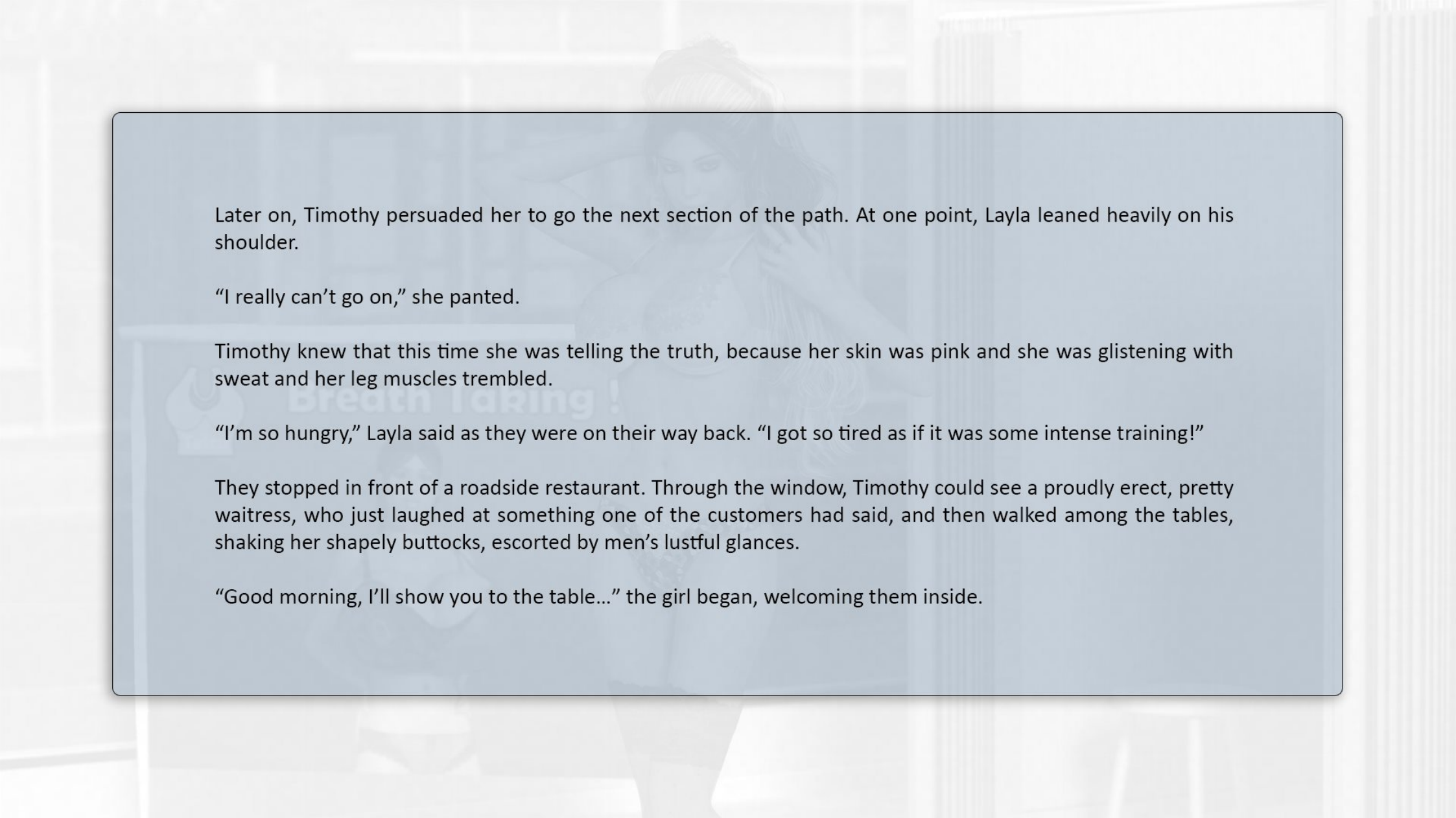
“I know you still have some strength,” Timothy said.

Looking at her when she was moving with so much effort and seeing her breasts wobble sideways was extremely exciting. It made Timothy realize how much she sacrificed to achieve such a spectacular effect.

“My legs hurt,” Layla complained. “Let me lean on your shoulder at least.”

“Reach this bench and then let’s rest,” Timothy said.

Layla contorted her face with effort and walked a few more steps, then fell heavily to the bench. For a moment she was only breathing heavily and wiping sweat off her forehead.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a blue dress, is running on a path. She is looking down and appears to be out of breath. In the background, there is a sign that says "Breath Taking!".

Later on, Timothy persuaded her to go the next section of the path. At one point, Layla leaned heavily on his shoulder.

“I really can’t go on,” she panted.

Timothy knew that this time she was telling the truth, because her skin was pink and she was glistening with sweat and her leg muscles trembled.

“I’m so hungry,” Layla said as they were on their way back. “I got so tired as if it was some intense training!”

They stopped in front of a roadside restaurant. Through the window, Timothy could see a proudly erect, pretty waitress, who just laughed at something one of the customers had said, and then walked among the tables, shaking her shapely buttocks, escorted by men’s lustful glances.

“Good morning, I’ll show you to the table...” the girl began, welcoming them inside.



The flirtatious smile that remained on her face after talking to a group of men became artificial and slowly turned into a shocked expression. The girl looked like she had no idea what to say or how to behave, although a few seconds earlier she was confidently and energetically serving her customers.

“Good morning! We’ll find our own table,” Layla said. “I’m very tired and I would like to sit down as soon as possible.”

The waitress nodded absently. She couldn’t resist looking at Layla’s cleavage.

“I hope she can remember our order,” Layla muttered, sitting down at the table.

She had such a gigantic bust that she had to sit quite some way away from the tabletop.

“I’m sorry,” the waitress said in a trembling voice as she approached them. “Can I... take your order? Maybe something to drink... for the start?”

She had flushed cheeks, glassy eyes, and glanced at Layla’s neckline every now and then. She looked quite confused, and Timothy wasn’t surprised at all.

When they placed the order, the waitress's hands shook so much that she dropped her pencil on the floor twice. Later, the girl left hurriedly, as if she could no longer bear Layla's presence, but still she turned around several times to look at her again and inadvertently hit her hip against one of the tables.

"Let's hope she doesn't drop her tray with food," Layla commented. "I'm so hungry and tired..."

"That's why you should exercise more," Timothy said. "You should go outside, walk, do as much as possible by yourself."

Layla shifted in her chair, which creaked under her weight, and smiled at him.

"But you are excited about how dependent I have become on others," she said.

"Layla, please don't talk about it now," Timothy whispered, looking around nervously.

"You get stiff and hard when you watch me struggle with the simplest activities... And all because of my giant implants... When you watch me walk or get dressed with so much effort, you want to fuck me right away..."

"Keep it down!" hissed Timothy.

"Maybe that's why you want me to do as much as possible by myself? You want to watch how much these monstrous tits bother me in everything and how strangers react to me..."

At this point, the waitress placed plates of food in front of them.

Layla had to turn sideways to the table and stretch her arms around her bust to reach her plate. After each bite, she licked her full lips and gave Timothy a flirtatious look.

“I love watching you get so frustrated,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

The woman laughed briefly and violently, until her breasts rippled.

“You are so horny for me, but you try not to show it,” she explained. “It’s probably difficult to be excited all the time, right?”

Timothy just shook his head and sighed. He felt humiliated, yet more and more excited with every second.

Layla watched him with a pleased, confident look.

Driving back, Timothy glanced at her in the rearview mirror every now and then. He could only think about how great it would be to make love to her when they arrived home.

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*Before & After*



*Before & After*



A woman with long, wavy hair is standing in a gym. She is wearing a dark, short-sleeved top and a dark skirt. Her hands are on her hips. In the background, there is a sign that says "Breath Taking!".

“You’ve got a training plan, right?” Stella asked.

She was standing in front of Layla in her workout outfit, her hands resting on her hips and she seemed a little uncertain.

“Yes,” Layla replied. “But I don’t want to exercise alone. I will just do my workout and you do yours, okay?”

Stella nodded, picked up her weights and said:

“Let’s get to work.”

After a while she started doing squats.

Layla looked at her with her mouth slightly open.

“What is going on?” Stella asked.

“You can do it so easily...” Layla replied. “You do one squat after another, as if it didn’t cost you any effort!”

“Oh, you used to do that too, don’t you remember? Everyone told you that it would be like that.”

“Maybe I could do at least one...” Layla said.

“You’re too heavy,” Stella said. “Besides, your breasts will probably rest on your knees...”

Layla slightly bent her legs and pulled her buttocks back. She moaned, contorted her face with exertion, and staggered. Her thigh muscles began to twitch and her face turned red.

“I can’t get up,” she panted.

Stella immediately ran to her and helped her to her feet.

Layla smiled uncertainly.

“You should stick to the plan designed by the trainer,” Stella said.

Layla performed the next exercises recommended by specialists and admired her friend who did push-ups, bends and lunges without difficulty. She herself was tired of the movements, which were very simple for other people. She took breaks every now and then, but after a few minutes she started breathing heavily and sweat was running down her body.



“You’re so athletic,” she said to her friend.

Stella raised her eyebrows high.

“You used to be like that, too! I bet you are as strong as I am, maybe even stronger. I can’t imagine living with extra 106 pounds! You are so worn out by them.”

Layla took a deep breath and went back to her exercises.

“Yes, of course you are right,” she moaned.

Every move cost her a lot of effort.





“Timothy would probably be delighted to see you now,” Stella commented.

“Oh yes,” Layla replied. “He loves to look at me... Just think what would happen if I went to the gym now!”

She laughed softly, imagining the faces of men and women watching her try to do some simple exercises.

“What you did is real madness,” Stella said. “I still can’t believe you changed so much! You can’t even do a squat!”

At that moment Timothy entered the room. As always, when she looked at Layla his eyes widened and his body tensed. Although he saw her every day, he was still stunned by her amazing shapes. Layla’s silhouette affected him just as much as when he saw her for the first time.

“Of course, you’re right,” Layla replied. “But I don’t regret it at all.”

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Layla stood at the kitchen counter and tried to make a salad for dinner.

“How are you doing?” Timothy asked as he entered.

“I can’t do that!” Layla replied angrily. “I started half an hour ago, and almost nothing is ready.”

“You promised you would,” Timothy said.

“I’m exhausted from standing up,” Layla complained. “I can’t see what I’m doing from behind these huge boobs, I’ve tried everything! I tried to squeeze them, it’s not enough! See?” she said and demonstrated how she was trying to flatten her breasts. “Later I turned sideways, but then I can use only one hand!”

“I know it’s not easy for you,” Timothy said.

“Then I leaned forward to see better, but I almost fell over! How can I prepare anything if I can’t even see my hands? Please, do it for me,” she implored.

Timothy looked at her, blushed, and then shook his head.

“I know you can do it,” he said.

Layla sighed, frustrated and dissatisfied.

“It’s too hard! And you know what...” she began, changing her tone to seductive. “If I use so much energy to prepare a meal, later I will be very tired... But if you do it for me and I will rest meanwhile...” she said and ran her slim hands over the curves of her bust.

Timothy couldn’t take his eyes off her breasts, and the longer he looked at her, the harder and stiffer his member became.



“These implants are really too big for me to function normally,” she said. “How do I prepare dinner with them? I have become too big to perform such activities! I know you want all the best when you insist for me to be independent, but there are things I just can’t do!”

Timothy noticed her nipples harden and form two protrusions perfectly in the center of her round breasts.

“Look how gigantic I am now,” she said. “I’m so huge that I can’t even cook anything for myself...”

“I know what you are doing, Layla,” Timothy said. “But I’m having none of that.”

“Oh, you like it when I talk about it... You love to look at me... You can’t resist me! You know, instead of bothering with cooking, I should go to bed with you. Surely you want to fuck me... You could enter me while caressing my giant breasts, what do you think about it?”

“Layla, please... You can’t solve every problem this way,” Timothy said irritably.

It annoyed him that whatever happened, Layla used her sexy body as a weapon, and it even more irritated him that he couldn’t resist it.

“Why not?” Layla asked innocently. “It works, right? You desire me so much that now you can go to bed with me, even though you have decided something completely different. Why are you fighting this? I know exactly how my huge, too big boobs work on you. How much you like my full lips... That’s why I changed so much...”

Timothy groaned and felt a drop of sweat run down his spine.

“I did all this for you,” Layla whispered. “I want to feel how much you desire me...”

Timothy pulled her to him and kissed her lips. He began to caress her gigantic bust with his hands. Once he could fit each of her breasts in his hand, and now... He could hardly see them!

“That's right...” she said. “You can’t win with it anyway, so take me to the bedroom, undress me and fuck me. I want to feel you inside me, I want to see you coming for me...”

Timothy groaned and took her arm. There was no point in fighting the lust he felt for her.

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Six months later

Lying in bed, Layla watched Timothy get ready to leave for work.

“Can’t you really stay any longer?” she asked, sliding her hand over the giant breasts.

Timothy looked at her and froze for a few seconds.

“You know I’d love to... But I have an interview today, which I have yet to prepare for.”

Layla made a sad face and changed her position on the bed with some visible effort.

“I woke up so horny today...” she moaned. “Stay just a little while...”

Timothy felt his member harden, and strong will weaken.

"I'm already late and if I don't come on time one more time this week, my boss will be really furious," he said and left the room so that she couldn't tempt him anymore.

On his way to work, he thought about Layla all the time – he pondered on her incredibly sexy figure, her full, parted lips and seductive voice. He would give a lot to spend this morning with her...

His younger colleague, Alan, was already waiting for him. His cheeks were pink with emotion and he shuffled nervously from one foot to the other. "You barely made it on time," he said shaking his head in disbelief. "You don't want to be late for the interview with these girls, do you? Myself, I can't wait!"

"Let's discuss the questions," Timothy said, yawning and sitting at the desk.

"How can you not get excited about it?" Alan asked.

"You will behave professionally, right?" Timothy looked sternly at his younger colleague.

"Of course," Alan assured him. "But... Do you think they'll treat us to a private show? Start kissing and undressing...? They should show us exactly what their job is about, right?"

Timothy sighed and rubbed his temples with his fingers.

"Professionalism, Alan, just remember, okay?"

That day, they were supposed to do a job that all men in the editorial office envied them: conduct an interview with cam girls who had become very popular over the recent months. The editors-in-chief had deemed it a controversial topic that might attract readers. Timothy agreed with them on that, but he wasn't able to muster any enthusiasm. Both women were really pretty, but neither could measure up to Layla and instead of listening to their stories about working as cam girls, he'd prefer spend the whole day in bed with his own girlfriend.

Sitting at the desk and reviewing his notes, he looked at the phone – he had several unread messages from Layla. At the sight of the pictures she had sent him, he held his breath and felt overwhelming excitement. Layla wrote how hot she was for him and that she was masturbating just at that moment, fantasizing about him. Timothy took a few deep breaths and concentrated on his work.



In the cab Alan didn't stop talking. He flipped through the notes with shaking hands, and glanced nervously at his watch.

Timothy's phone rang and Layla's photo appeared on the display.

"When you get back home?" she asked. "I really need you today..."

"Layla, I have a job to do now," Timothy moaned.

"Have you seen the pictures I sent you?"

"Yes..."

"I can imagine how hard and big you got when you looked at them... My body always makes you react like that..." Layla whispered into the phone. "These huge, 24000cc filled breasts that I can barely lift... I know that when I talk about it you get terribly horny."

"Layla, really, I have to go now," Timothy said.

"What kind of important job is it?"

"I told you, an interview," Timothy replied.

"With whom? Why are you so mysterious? Will you be talking to some sexy woman?"

"We'll talk about this later, okay?" Timothy replied, and then he said goodbye to her and hung up.

Soon after, Joy and Karina opened the door for them, their smiles dazzling. They invited them inside and offered something to drink, and then everyone sat down on the sofa and armchairs.



“So, what would you like to know?” Joy asked.

Alan cleared his throat nervously, scanned the women’ bodies with his eyes, blushed, and asked the first question.

The women responded openly and freely, laughing and joking. Timothy noticed that Karina gave him coquettish glances and smiles, but he answered them only out of courtesy.

Alan kept to the list he had worked out before, which Timothy was relieved to notice. He was afraid that his colleague might say something inappropriate.

In the end, after two hours of conversation, there wasn't much more to add. The women told them how they started their adventure with this unusual, controversial line of work, described what it was like to have sex in front of the camera, shared some funny stories and their plans for the future.

"Thank you, I think we've got everything that we need," Timothy said, collecting his notes. "The article should..."

"Oh, I thought you'd want to see how we work," Karina interrupted him seductively, smiling at Timothy. "Thanks to this, the text will be much more... suggestive."

The man noticed that she wasn't wearing a bra, and her stiff nipples stood out under her shirt.

He looked at the whole scene as if from a distance. He knew he should be excited, just like Alan was. A few years earlier, he would have gladly agreed to Karina's offer without worrying that he was, after all, at work. Now, he just couldn't get excited.

"Have you watched our performances on the Internet?" Joy asked.

"Yes," Alan replied, blushing violently. "We did some background research..."

"And how did you like it?" Joy asked curiously.

Timothy saw hope and disbelief appear on his colleague's face, followed by an uncertain smile.

"We really should be going now," Timothy said.

He looked at his muted phone and noticed several missed calls from Layla, and even more of her exciting photos. At the sight of them, his whole body warmed up, a blush crept up his cheeks, and his penis immediately hardened.

Joy smiled triumphantly, misinterpreting Timothy's sudden excitement. She pulled her friend to her and kissed her on the lips. After a while, the women's bodies were intertwined, and the room filled with their sighs. Joy took off Karina's shirt and began to caress her flat stomach and firm breasts.

Alan sat there with his lips slightly open, staring greedily at the women.

"Let's go," Timothy hissed, taking his arm.

At that moment someone opened the front door. Timothy heard heavy footsteps in the corridor and then – rapid breathing.

Joy and Karina moved away from each other.

"Who is this?" Joy asked a little nervously.

Layla entered the room. First, her giant breasts appeared in the door, and only then the rest of her petite body.

Everyone was speechless. Joy let out a long sigh, Karina put her hand over her mouth, and Alan froze motionless at the sight of the stunning woman's body.

Timothy felt the room fill with the erotic energy that his girlfriend radiated.

"What is going on here?" Layla asked, lisping slightly, and gave the women a stern look.

Everyone began to explain the situation at the same time – with their each word, Layla's eyebrows rose higher and her lips curved in a grimace of anger.

"Oh, that's why you didn't want to tell me what kind of interview it was," she said to Timothy. "You wanted to see a private show, or maybe you were hoping to sleep with one of those sexy women?"

"How... How did you know where I was?" Timothy asked.

"I went to your office," Layla replied. "They told me everything."



Timothy imagined what his girlfriend's visit at his office must have looked like. Shocked looks, painfully intense lust filling the space around her, stuttering co-workers unable to look away from her figure.

"You shouldn't worry," Joy mumbled. "Timothy was very professional. Nothing happened."

Layla looked down at her and snorted.

"Then why is she not wearing a top?" she asked pointing at Karina.

"Go now," Timothy hissed to his colleague.

Alan hesitated, still staring at Layla's body, but Timothy's furious expression made him hurry to say goodbye and leave the apartment.

"I wanted to show Timothy how we work, but he refused..." Karina said shyly. "You really shouldn't be jealous, nothing happened."



Layla straightened and took a deep breath, making her oversized breasts seem even larger.

“Jealous?” she was indignant. “You don’t really think your bodies are able to impress Timothy! Just look at me! He’s obsessed with me! I filled these breasts with such monstrous implants to make sure that only I would excite him,” Layla drew another breath to calm down. “I’m just angry Timothy didn’t tell me that. You were supposed to show him how you work, right? So what are you waiting for?”

Joy and Karina exchanged uncertain glances.

“Layla, let’s go home now,” Timothy said.

“No way,” Layla replied. “I want to see how you work.”

“Okay...” Karina said.

She turned on the camera and smiled at it. Joy gave her a long look and then the women started kissing. They moaned louder and louder, their hands began wandering around their slim, sexy bodies.

After a while they were already stripped down to their panties, warmed up and flushed with excitement.

Karina looked at Timothy and realized that the man paid almost no attention to their show, but stared lustfully at Layla.

“You see?” Layla asked. “I don’t even have to try, all I have to do is stand here and Timothy can’t take his eyes off me. It’s because he likes big breasts filled with implants, right, Tim? Joy and Karina do everything to get your attention, but you still prefer to watch me. All those men who are watching you now would definitely go crazy about me,” Layla added and slowly, with an effort, began to walk towards the two women.

“What are you doing?” Timothy said indignantly.

“I’m going to help Joy and Karina get more viewership,” Layla said, raising an eyebrow.

“You cannot!” Timothy shouted.

“Really?”

Layla sat on the couch between Joy and Karina. Because of the huge breasts that leaned on her thighs, she took up a lot of space and the women had to move away from her. Layla’s body made the couch sink heavily, causing Joy and Karina to lean towards her as if they were drawn to her by some erotic force of attraction.

“You know what to do, don’t you?” Layla turned to the somewhat confused women sitting on either side of her. “After all, it’s your job. Just look at these comments,” she added, pointing to the monitor.

Comments of excited fans were already appearing on the screen.

“Oh yes, they are so huge,” Layla said touching her breasts. “I know how much you like that... You want to see me naked... You’ve never seen such giant, sexy breasts, have you?” she asked the fans.

Timothy saw her nipples harden and enlarge, and a blush appear on her cheeks. Joy and Karina timidly caressed Layla’s giant breasts. Timothy admired the contrast between the figures of those women – once, these cam girls would be totally able to compete with Layla, now they were the background that further emphasized her stunning figure.



“All you have to do is look at her and you’re already excited,” Karina remarked, looking at Timothy.

Later, she slowly, gingerly began to take off Layla’s blouse. The naked, round breasts could barely fit in the camera frame. The number of viewers grew rapidly and their comments became more and more enthusiastic.

“Layla, you shouldn’t do that,” Timothy said weakly. “Let’s go home now...”

“You probably want to fuck me, don’t you?” Layla asked. “I know how much you want me now... Or maybe you’re jealous that hundreds of people can see my naked boobs...”

She gave Timothy a challenging look, then turned her head away and kissed Karina, who was hugging her closely, with her soft lips.

Timothy felt his whole body get tense and rigid. He watched Joy and Karina caress Layla’s monstrous breasts while sighing and moaning. Earlier, when there were only the two of them, their excitement seemed studied and artificial, but now they certainly didn’t pretend. Layla’s amazing body made them horny, too.

“I’ve never seen such gigantic boobs,” groaned Karina. “I didn’t even imagine it was possible! They’re too big... Too heavy...”

Layla felt the heat radiating from both women. Their smooth, warm bodies rubbed against her and caressed her skin more and more boldly. She parted her lips slightly, tilted her head back and moaned. Everyone around desired her. In her underbelly she felt a pleasant contraction of sheer lust.

“Layla, that’s crazy,” Timothy said. “You’ve already proved that I should have told you about this interview. You proved that I desire you and only you. Now get up, get dressed and let’s head back home.”

Layla's eyes followed the admiring comments appearing faster and faster on the monitor. All these people wanted her and every one of them would like to fuck her.

She felt her pussy tighten and moisten pleasantly. She looked at Timothy and smiled.

"I can imagine how hard and warm you are right now," she whispered. "I love it when you get so big for me..."

Timothy was flooded by a wave of familiar feelings – difficult to bear, overwhelming desire mixed with a bit of humiliation.

"You want to masturbate looking at us, right?" Layla asked.

Karina chuckled softly and blushed. She rarely saw such excited men, even though she appeared naked in front of the camera every day. Timothy was so horny it seemed painful.

"You'd like to undress, show us how big your dick got, and then come looking at my huge boobs..." moaned Layla.

Karina saw that Layla was getting excited by her own words. She imagined what it might feel like to be so confident, so shockingly sexy, and her fascination mixed with jealousy.



“Look how gigantic I am compared to them,” Layla said, pointing at the women next to her. “You only want me, only I can really satisfy you...”

Timothy felt he could watch Joy and Karina caress Layla for hours. Their small hands greedily stroked her bust filled with implants, their lips kissed those plump mouth, their hips moved in anticipation of pleasure. All three women were breathing quickly, sweat glistening on their skin, and their eyes were shiny with desire.

“We’ve never had so many people online,” Joy said, staring at the monitor. “Even during our most popular performances...”

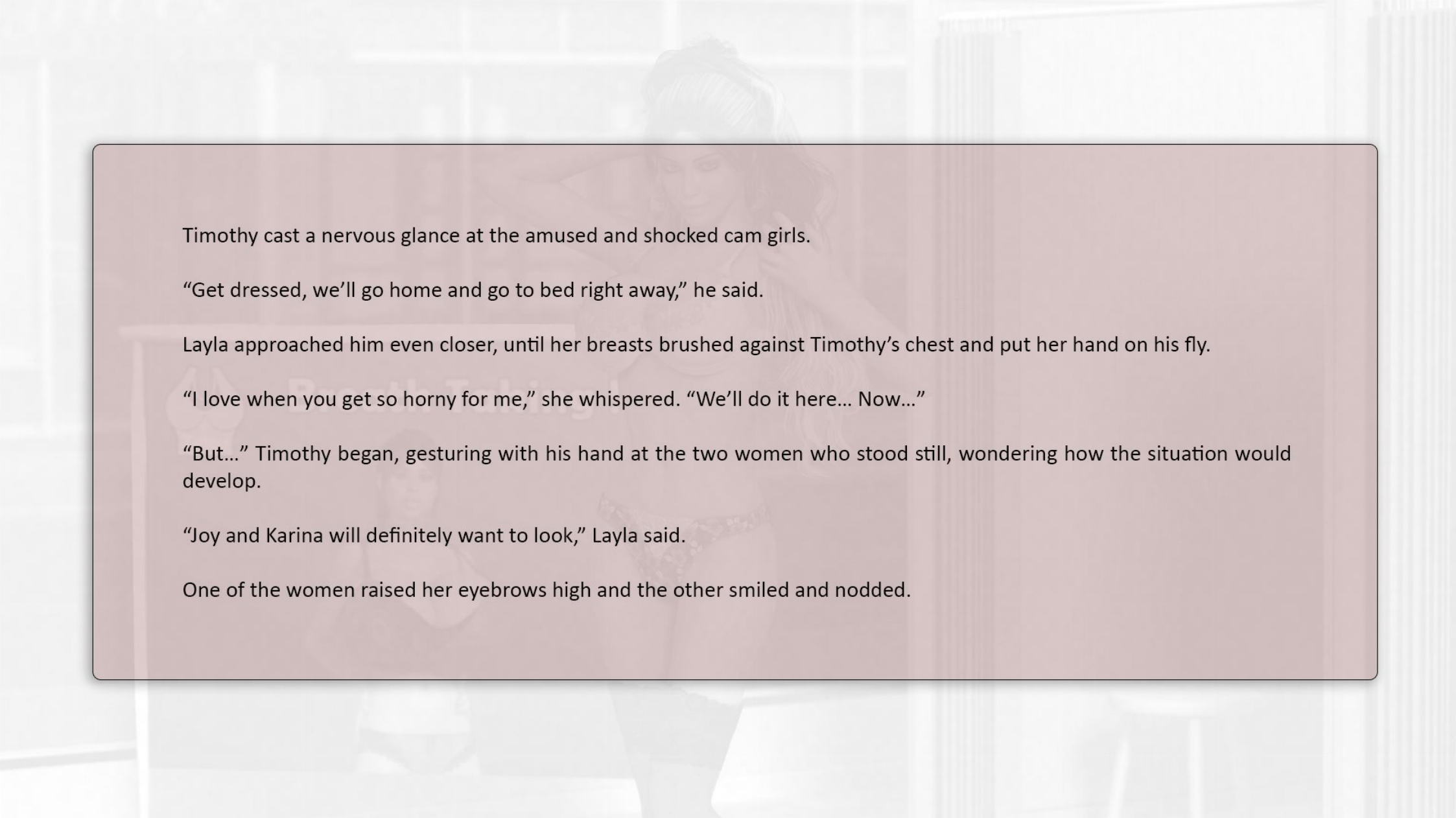
“I’m so horny today,” Layla sighed.

Timothy was afraid of how far she could go. Was she going to have sex on camera? Some part of him wanted it. He wanted to watch those two strangers satisfy his girlfriend in front of hundreds of people and masturbate while enjoying the view. He was so excited that his whole body trembled, longing for an orgasm. The desire he felt for Layla didn’t allow him to think, it completely deprived him of control and rationality.

Layla took a deep breath, and then struggled to get up from the couch. The amazing proportions of her body appeared to everyone in their full glory – a small, slim body, which thanks to those oversized implants became stunningly sexy. She took a few uncertain steps towards Timothy.

The man was once again struck by how much effort she had to put into such ordinary, everyday activities as walking. The closer she was, the more he felt her erotic aura which he couldn’t resist.

“Fuck me,” she moaned. “I know how much you want it.”



Timothy cast a nervous glance at the amused and shocked cam girls.

“Get dressed, we’ll go home and go to bed right away,” he said.

Layla approached him even closer, until her breasts brushed against Timothy’s chest and put her hand on his fly.

“I love when you get so horny for me,” she whispered. “We’ll do it here... Now...”

“But...” Timothy began, gesturing with his hand at the two women who stood still, wondering how the situation would develop.

“Joy and Karina will definitely want to look,” Layla said.

One of the women raised her eyebrows high and the other smiled and nodded.

“You can’t resist me anyway,” Layla said.

She dropped to her knees and lay down on her giant breasts as if on two matching pillows.

Timothy experienced such an intense wave of desire that he felt dizzy. He knew he should get Layla out of that apartment and take her home.

With trembling hands, he began to unbutton his fly, though he didn’t make that decision consciously, it was as if his fingers had gained their own will. Almost in a trance, he knelt down behind Layla, only partly aware of the two shocked women watching them.





He entered her with one powerful push, and Layla screamed with pleasure. When he was deep inside her tight, moist pussy he felt some relief, but at the same time his lust became even stronger. He began to move his hips abruptly, focusing on his growing excitement. Layla's huge breasts heaved with his every move. They were so gigantic that they protruded far beyond the line of her slim back and she could comfortably rest on them, using them as pillows. He could hear her moaning louder and louder, he saw under his own body – her body, trembling with excitement, covered with sweat – and he knew that he was only a few pushes away from fulfillment.

Layla threw back her hair and screamed in pleasure. A drop of Timothy's sweat fell onto her back. He moved quickly and violently inside her, wonderfully filling her hungry pussy. He was so huge that he could barely fit inside. With every push she felt his testicles bump against her clitoris.

"You want me so badly," she moaned. "I'm so huge that I wouldn't even be able to get up by myself... It's for me that you're so horny..."

Everything was happening so fast and so abruptly that it seemed unreal. Layla's body reacted to every thrust, to Timothy's every caress, and after a short while she was already on the verge of orgasm. It was for her that he completely lost his self-control, she caused him to get forget all his scruples, to feel that he must fuck her there and then...

Timothy felt Layla's narrow pussy squeeze his penis. He gripped her shapely buttocks tightly, and sank into ecstatic pleasure.



“Oh...” Karina sighed and put her hand over her mouth.

“I’ve never seen anyone fuck that way,” Joy moaned.

The cam girls watched the whole scene with a mixture of fascination and uncertainty.

Timothy and Layla moved even faster and more violently, until finally their screams turned into ever quieter moans. Then they moved away from each other, panting heavily.

“Amazing...” Karina sighed with admiration.

She, too, would like a man like Timothy to desire her so badly. She knew she was an attractive woman, but she had never met anyone who would want her that much.

“And a little... disturbing,” Joy laughed nervously.

Timothy’s lust seemed just too strong. Joy imagined what it would be like to want someone so intensely... She stroked her friend’s face with her hand, put her fingers in her hair and kissed her lips.

“Looking at all this, I got horny, too” she whispered.

Karina smiled at her and then looked at Timothy and Layla.

“Maybe we should help her get up?” she asked. “Layla, do you need help?”

Layla was still lying on the floor, panting heavily. She shook her head and gazed around the room with hazy eyes.

“Look, he’s still hard,” Karina commented, glancing at Timothy. “After such an orgasm, he still wants her...”

Timothy groaned and rose from the ground. His whole body seemed a little limp, as if the orgasm deprived him of all his strength, and yet he still wanted more. He wanted to enjoy Layla’s sexy body, caress her, look at her and bring her to the top again.

He looked at Karina, who came closer and watched his still hard penis with fascination. It was only at that moment that he remembered that Layla and him were not alone there, and he felt the blush of shame on his face. He let these strange women watch him lose his self-control. When he realized that his boss could find out about it, he became fully aware of the potential consequences of what had just happened. And all of it just because Layla wanted it! It was her whim and irresponsibility that made him give in to lust.

“You’re still horny,” Karina whispered.

She ran a hand over his sweaty, hot chest and stomach until it reached the base of his penis.

“Help me twist to the side,” Layla said, reaching out to Joy.

The woman ran up to Layla and held her by the shoulders.

“You’re... so... heavy,” she panted. “How can you even walk with such implants?”

Timothy kept his eyes on Layla. He was mad at her, and yet she excited him so much. He felt Karina’s warm hand gently tighten around his member and begin to move along its length. He gave out a quiet sigh.

“You love looking at her, right?” whispered Karina. “I like you, you know? You are a very attractive man...”



Finally, with Joy's assistance, Layla managed to turn her face towards Timothy. She propped herself on her forearms, spread her slim thighs apart and smiled at him.

"You're getting so hard just for me," she said. "You never have enough of me. And all because of my giant boobs... 24000cc... You still can't believe I really did it! I used to be so flat, remember that? Now nobody can compete with me... It's enough for you to look at me and you get really excited... You have completely lost your self-control."

Karina's hand tightened around Timothy's penis. The man trembled with excitement and delight.

"I could lose my job because of that," he moaned.

"Nobody is going to know," Karina whispered. "We won't tell anyone..."

She knelt in front of him and licked his member.

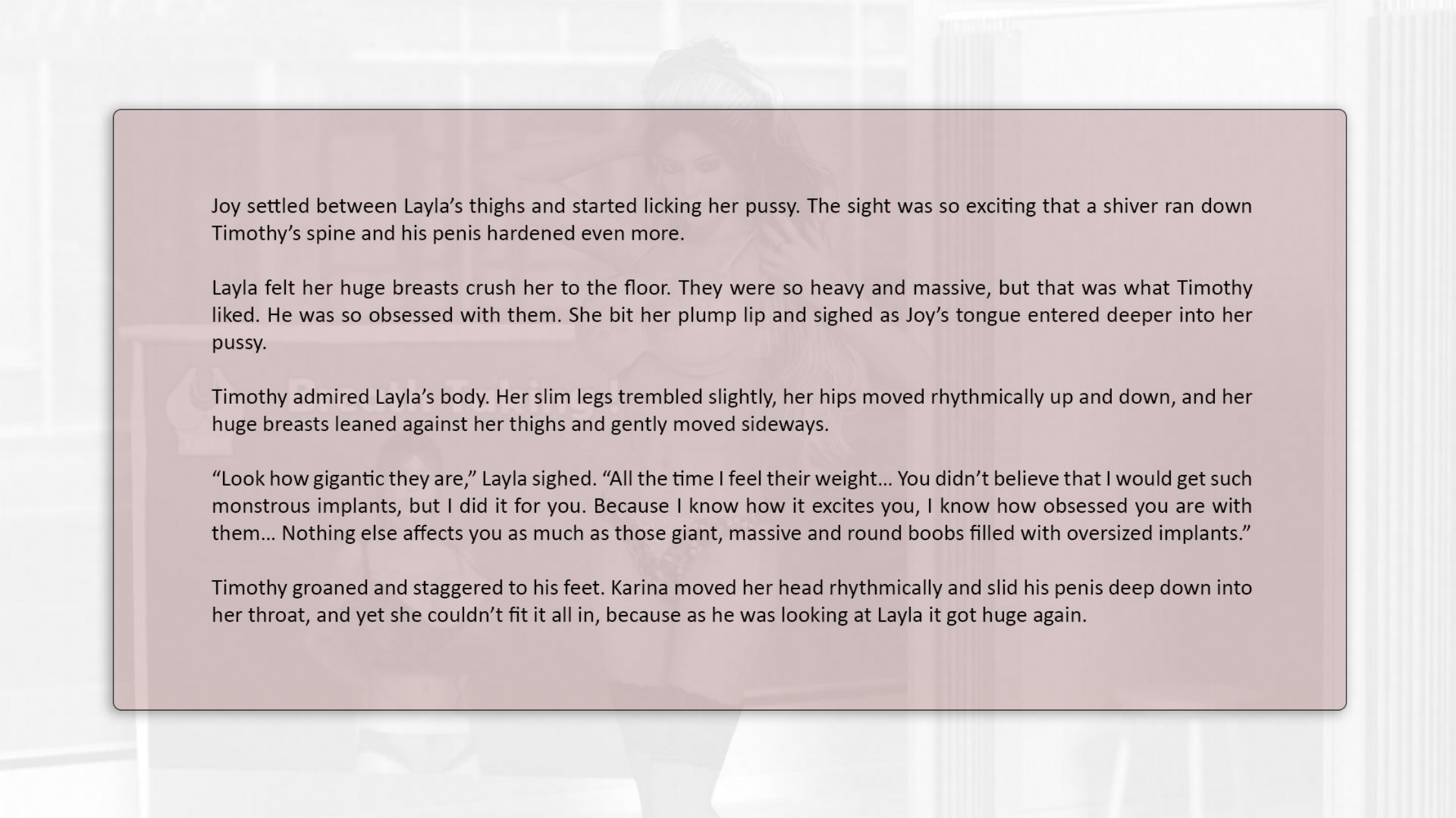
Timothy sighed and clenched his teeth.



“You desire me too much to give up now,” Layla said. “You like my giant tits too much. You have always liked large, artificial breasts, and I’m the fulfillment of all your fantasies. We both know you can’t fight it.”

She tilted her head and kissed Joy, who caressed her huge breasts with trembling hands.

It was too much for Timothy. He felt like he was falling into a sea of excitement and desire. Karina’s agile tongue and lips were caressing his hardened member. He heard the woman moan with every move.

A woman with large breasts, wearing a red dress, is shown from the waist up. She is looking down and slightly to the side. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window and curtains.

Joy settled between Layla's thighs and started licking her pussy. The sight was so exciting that a shiver ran down Timothy's spine and his penis hardened even more.

Layla felt her huge breasts crush her to the floor. They were so heavy and massive, but that was what Timothy liked. He was so obsessed with them. She bit her plump lip and sighed as Joy's tongue entered deeper into her pussy.

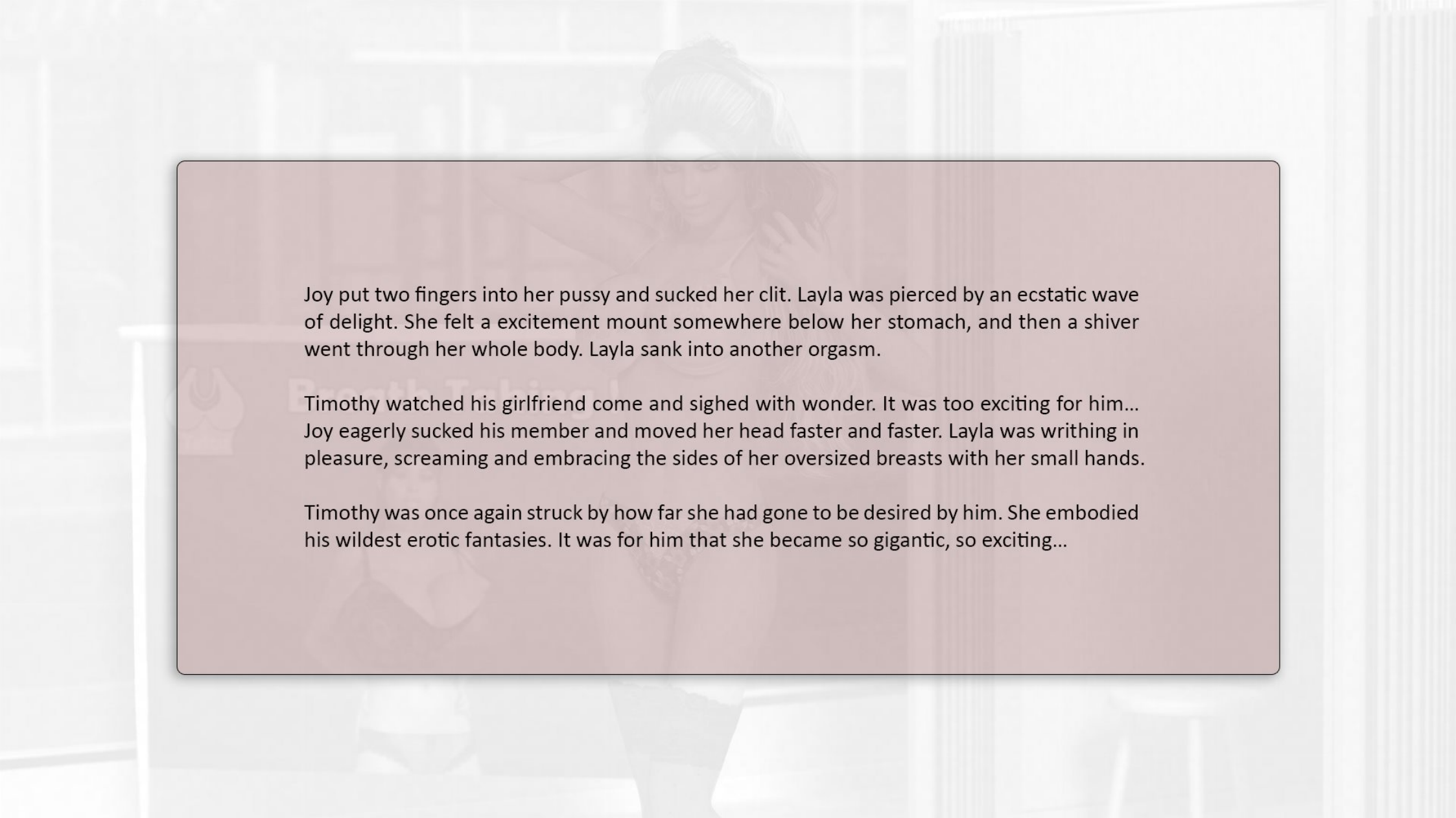
Timothy admired Layla's body. Her slim legs trembled slightly, her hips moved rhythmically up and down, and her huge breasts leaned against her thighs and gently moved sideways.

"Look how gigantic they are," Layla sighed. "All the time I feel their weight... You didn't believe that I would get such monstrous implants, but I did it for you. Because I know how it excites you, I know how obsessed you are with them... Nothing else affects you as much as those giant, massive and round boobs filled with oversized implants."

Timothy groaned and staggered to his feet. Karina moved her head rhythmically and slid his penis deep down into her throat, and yet she couldn't fit it all in, because as he was looking at Layla it got huge again.

Layla was breathing hard and moaning even louder. Joy's tongue circled around her swollen clitoris, penetrated her pussy, her lips licked Layla's parted labia. She could smell Joy's perfume, Timothy's sperm, and her own pleasure. She heard Timothy moan and was his face from behind her huge breasts. He didn't take his eyes off her. He admired every inch of her body as if she were a goddess.



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a red dress, is sitting on a white chair. She is looking down and has her hands near her face. The background is a bright, slightly blurred indoor setting with a window and a white wall.

Joy put two fingers into her pussy and sucked her clit. Layla was pierced by an ecstatic wave of delight. She felt a excitement mount somewhere below her stomach, and then a shiver went through her whole body. Layla sank into another orgasm.

Timothy watched his girlfriend come and sighed with wonder. It was too exciting for him... Joy eagerly sucked his member and moved her head faster and faster. Layla was writhing in pleasure, screaming and embracing the sides of her oversized breasts with her small hands.

Timothy was once again struck by how far she had gone to be desired by him. She embodied his wildest erotic fantasies. It was for him that she became so gigantic, so exciting...



The man climaxed staring at Layla's stunning body.

Karina felt his sperm pour into her throat and swallowed it greedily. Later, she thoroughly licked the remains of the seed from Timothy's member, looked at the man's face and smiled.

But he was still staring at Layla.

Later, when they got home, Timothy couldn't shake off what had just happened. He looked at Layla, who seemed extremely pleased with herself and involuntarily remembered the person she had been a few years ago.

He remembered what she looked like at the time, but even for himself it was difficult to fully realize that it was really the same woman who was sitting next to him now.

"What is going on?" Layla asked, noting his attentive look. "You're mad at me, right?"

Timothy shook his head.

"I don't know... I thought about how much you had changed."

"I used to be so... ordinary then. I almost forgot how I felt!" Layla said. "And later I started to change for you..."

"Your breasts and lips were getting bigger and bigger."

"More and more exciting," Layla whispered back.



She could see herself from a few years back, a shy and indistinguishable girl. Under her eyelids, subsequent stages of her own metamorphosis appeared just like a series slides. She remembered how tiny her bras used to be. Ordinary blouses from the high-street shop fit her perfectly! She could easily jump and run, and she didn't get tired getting up from her bed... She sacrificed so much to become this exciting, unique woman. Subsequent treatments, ever larger clothes, ever heavier and heavier implants...

Layla didn't regret anything, because she had never felt so sure of her own attractiveness before. No one, absolutely no one, remained indifferent to her stunning appearance. She became completely unique.

"I was exchanging my implants for bigger and bigger ones, heavier ones..." she whispered. "My lips were getting plumper and sexier every month. I got addicted to it... I couldn't stop. I still wanted to be more attractive for you. I wanted to feel your desire. I did it all for you... You like to listen about it, right? I know how horny you get when I talk about it... Nothing else excites you like my body."

Timothy gently touched the tight skin of her bust with his fingers. He couldn't imagine a woman that would be sexier than Layla.

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*Before & After*



Brea ing !

THE END

Thank you for reading!



Breath Taking!

