

Genetic Treatment



Breast expansion
Booty expansion
Lactation

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Part 1

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Booty expansion

Lactation

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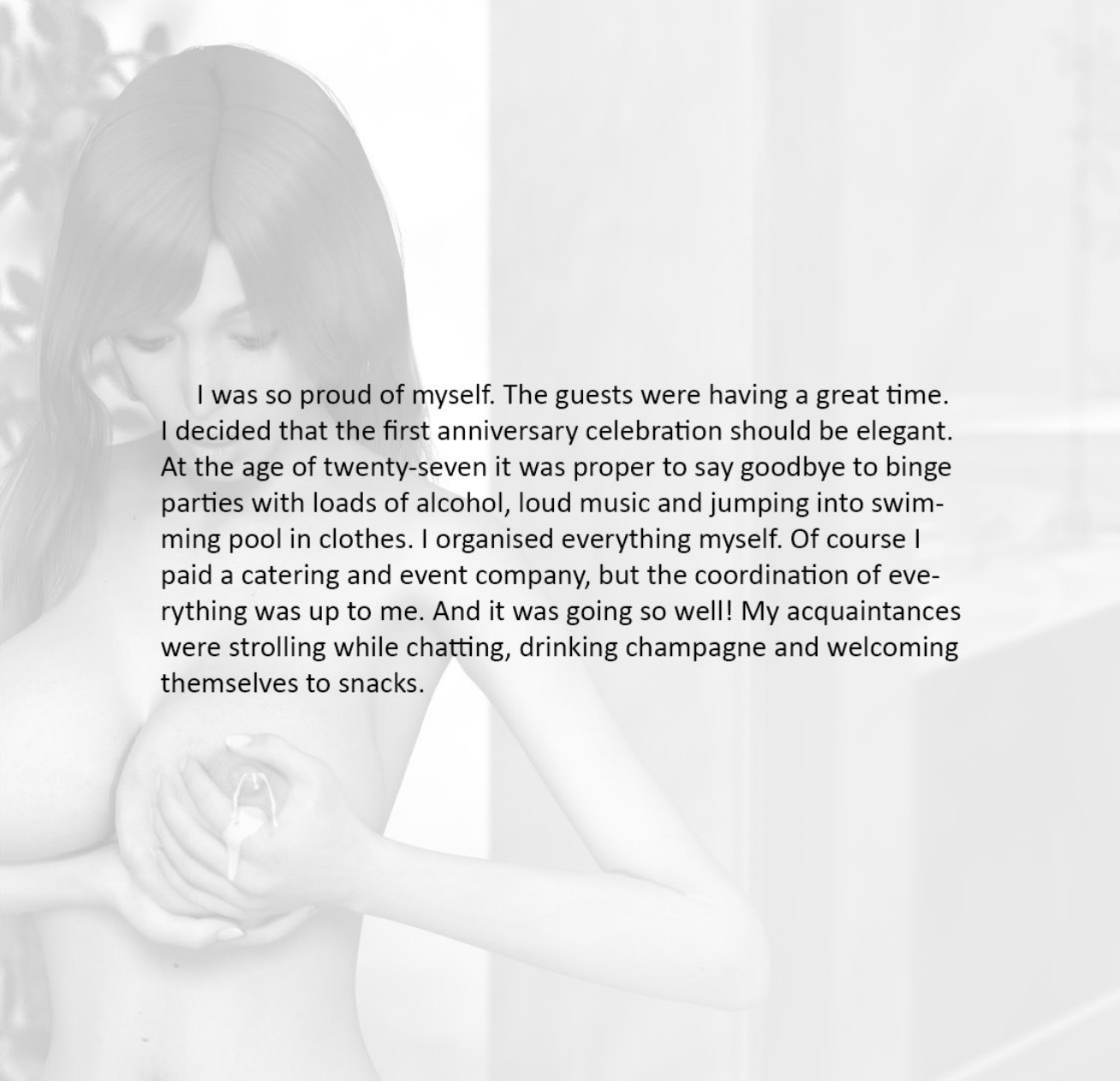
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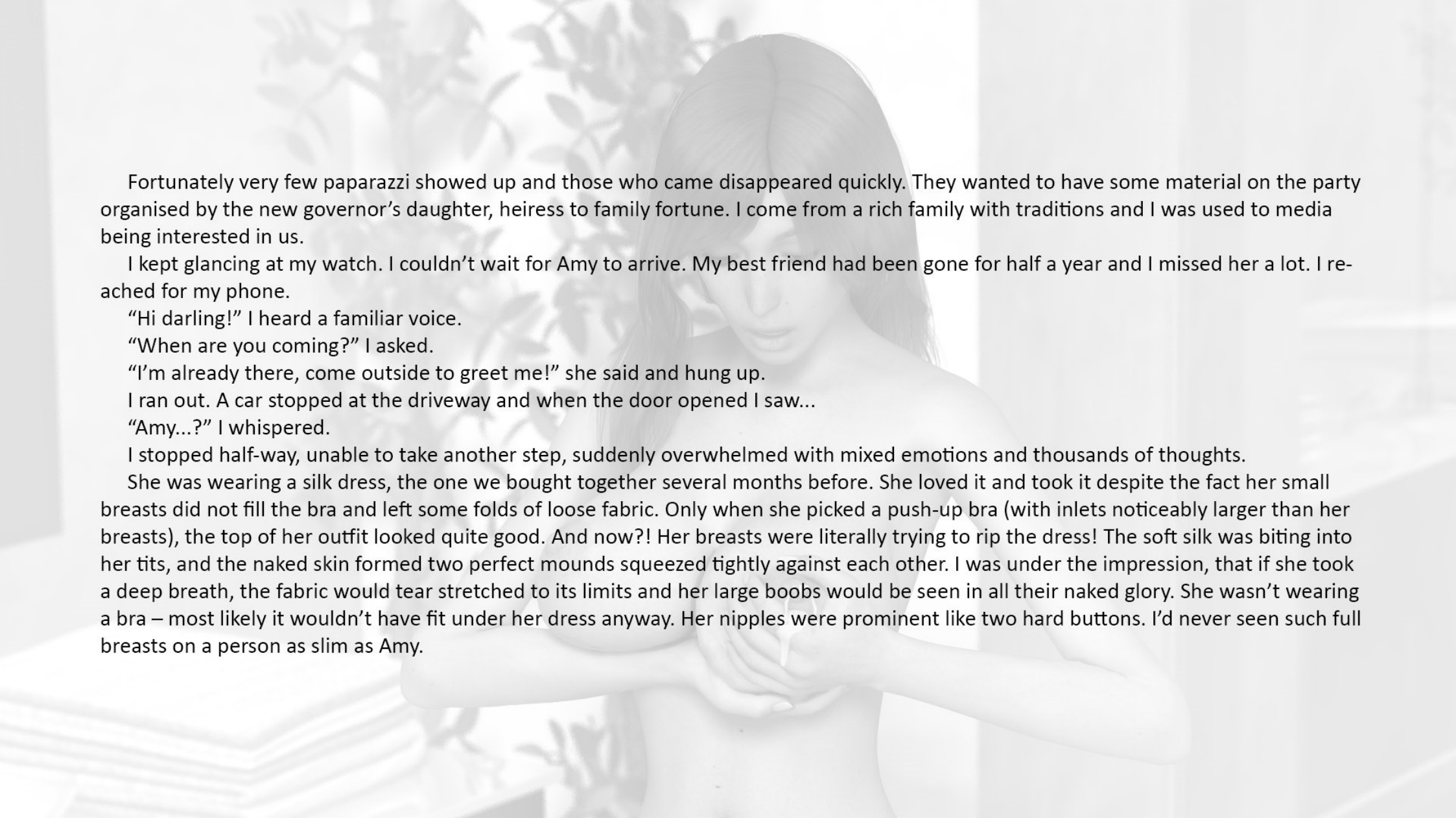
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History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



I was so proud of myself. The guests were having a great time. I decided that the first anniversary celebration should be elegant. At the age of twenty-seven it was proper to say goodbye to binge parties with loads of alcohol, loud music and jumping into swimming pool in clothes. I organised everything myself. Of course I paid a catering and event company, but the coordination of everything was up to me. And it was going so well! My acquaintances were strolling while chatting, drinking champagne and welcoming themselves to snacks.



Fortunately very few paparazzi showed up and those who came disappeared quickly. They wanted to have some material on the party organised by the new governor's daughter, heiress to family fortune. I come from a rich family with traditions and I was used to media being interested in us.

I kept glancing at my watch. I couldn't wait for Amy to arrive. My best friend had been gone for half a year and I missed her a lot. I reached for my phone.

"Hi darling!" I heard a familiar voice.

"When are you coming?" I asked.

"I'm already there, come outside to greet me!" she said and hung up.

I ran out. A car stopped at the driveway and when the door opened I saw...

"Amy...?" I whispered.

I stopped half-way, unable to take another step, suddenly overwhelmed with mixed emotions and thousands of thoughts.

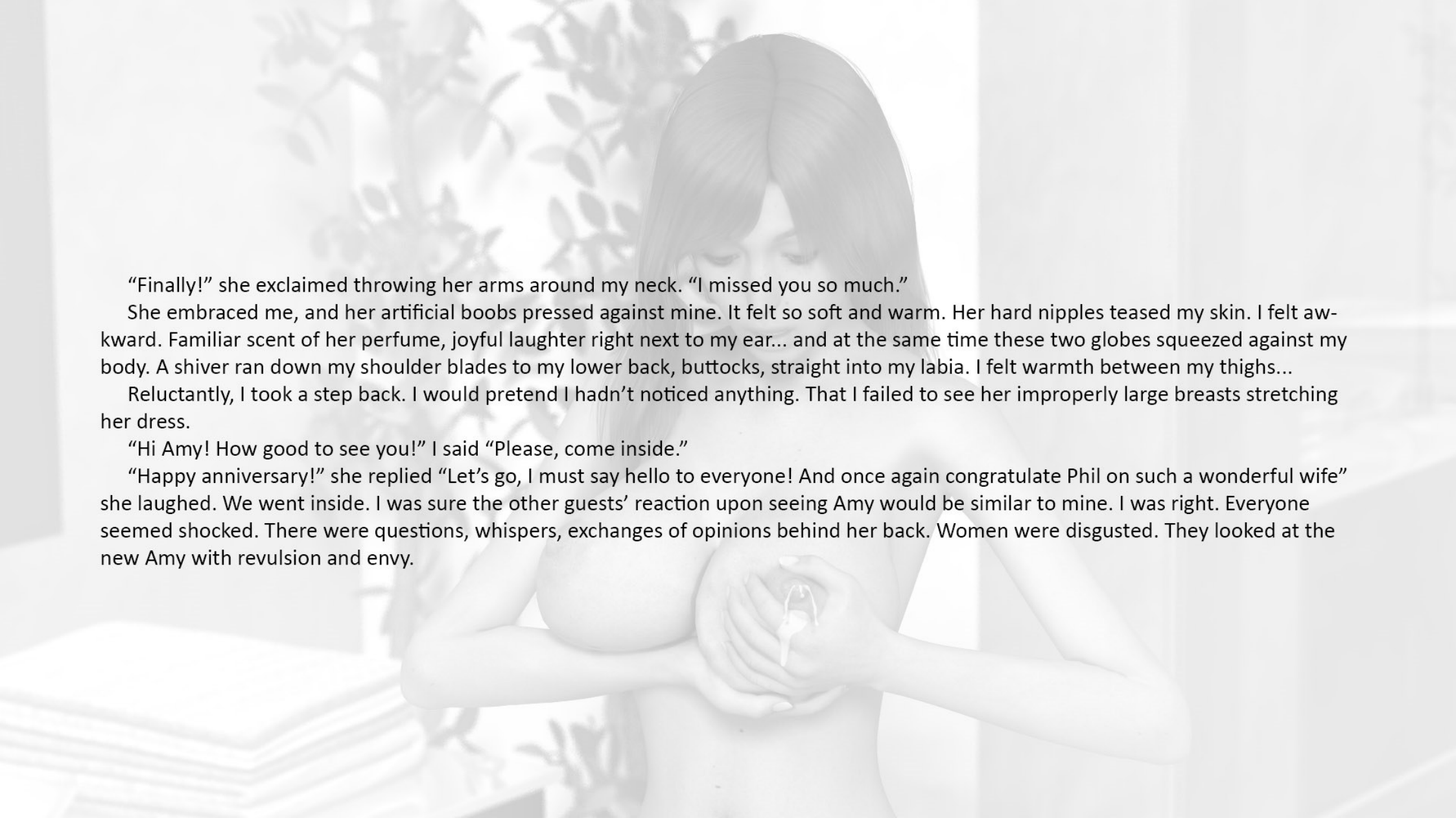
She was wearing a silk dress, the one we bought together several months before. She loved it and took it despite the fact her small breasts did not fill the bra and left some folds of loose fabric. Only when she picked a push-up bra (with inlets noticeably larger than her breasts), the top of her outfit looked quite good. And now?! Her breasts were literally trying to rip the dress! The soft silk was biting into her tits, and the naked skin formed two perfect mounds squeezed tightly against each other. I was under the impression, that if she took a deep breath, the fabric would tear stretched to its limits and her large boobs would be seen in all their naked glory. She wasn't wearing a bra – most likely it wouldn't have fit under her dress anyway. Her nipples were prominent like two hard buttons. I'd never seen such full breasts on a person as slim as Amy.

I was dumbstruck. I didn't know how to react, or what to say. We had always been proud of elegant, sublime, well balanced style that we worked out together. Slim silhouettes, subtle makeup, carefully chosen designer clothes. We never shocked with sexuality, we believed it to be vulgar. Now, looking at her monstrous boobs I felt betrayed.

She looked so vulgar. It was obvious her tits were unnatural and silicone-filled to their limits. They didn't fit her slender silhouette. They provoked. The whole look seemed to be making a statement: I am attractive, willing and ready, fancy a fuck? Her look stimulated the most primitive instincts and immediately reminded of perverse sex and promiscuity. It made her into a plastic, silicone-pumped doll.

How could Amy have done something like that?!





“Finally!” she exclaimed throwing her arms around my neck. “I missed you so much.”

She embraced me, and her artificial boobs pressed against mine. It felt so soft and warm. Her hard nipples teased my skin. I felt awkward. Familiar scent of her perfume, joyful laughter right next to my ear... and at the same time these two globes squeezed against my body. A shiver ran down my shoulder blades to my lower back, buttocks, straight into my labia. I felt warmth between my thighs...

Reluctantly, I took a step back. I would pretend I hadn't noticed anything. That I failed to see her improperly large breasts stretching her dress.

“Hi Amy! How good to see you!” I said “Please, come inside.”

“Happy anniversary!” she replied “Let's go, I must say hello to everyone! And once again congratulate Phil on such a wonderful wife” she laughed. We went inside. I was sure the other guests' reaction upon seeing Amy would be similar to mine. I was right. Everyone seemed shocked. There were questions, whispers, exchanges of opinions behind her back. Women were disgusted. They looked at the new Amy with revulsion and envy.



But men... Men, on the other hand... At first glance they seemed to share the ladies' revulsion, probably to avoid marital arguments and fits of jealousy. But they were really poor at pretending. I noticed they really liked what they saw. I couldn't believe it! These refined, well educated, worldly gentlemen were fixed on her breasts like hungry predators watching their prey. They wanted her! As if in a trance, their eyes followed her, they were looking for an opportunity to at least exchange a couple words with her, they were serving her drinks or snacks... Even Phil! As if he had forgotten about me, that it was our anniversary, that I was to be the center of attention that evening. He kept glancing at her every now and then and smiling like a fool. I saw him approach her and joke about something, making her laugh. I emptied my champagne glass in one go. I felt dizzy and I swayed on my six-inch heels.

Amy stole my anniversary. A circle of guests assembled around her, focused only on her and her overly large boobs. I was furious at her. It was to be my day. Mine and Phil's.

After the third glass I relaxed a bit. The world seemed far, and yet loud and fascinating at the same time. Now even I couldn't control myself and I kept glancing at my friend. I was realising what it was about her shapes that was so alluring to men. They were ostentatiously sexy. Inviting and provocative. They reminded them of their fantasies of a perfect woman, blooming beauty, of porn film babe whose only purpose is to pleasure every man who fancies her.

I wondered how heavy they are... Aren't they a hindrance every day? How it feels to touch them? Maybe she'd let me do it... They are probably soft and yet very firm. With smooth, stretched skin and big, hard nipples. I felt my private parts coming to life. My string panties got moist, and the slick fabric was brushing against my wet clitoris. It was probably the effect of alcohol. Whenever I get drunk I feel like having sex.

"It's time for the cake and renewal of our vows" said Phil, appearing out of nowhere by my side.

I nodded my head. The guests gathered around us and watched the ceremony. I had a feeling that when I was saying the words of a modified vow (which was meant to be funnier) I made a few slips of the tongue. To make things worse, my husband was eyeing Amy again and again. When we were cutting the cake, he was staring at her all the time! I gritted my teeth and tried to calm my breathing, in order not to cry and make a scene in front of all these people. Jealousy twisted my stomach. If I had breasts as large as Amy's, he wouldn't be able to take his eyes off me! Or even larger! He would definitely like it. I'd go to the doctor and tell him: "Make them as huge as possible. My husband has to burn with desire and want me every second of his life. He has to give jealous looks to every man who sets his eyes upon me. Then I will have the upper hand. Maybe, when I'm in a good mood, I'll let him touch me... or masturbate looking at me".

Yeah, right. If I said these words to the doctor, he'd consider me a lunatic and send me to a psychiatrist. Alcohol made me have these thoughts.

Men are simple, unrefined, and can only think about one thing. Men are pigs.

After our anniversary celebration I ran upstairs. I locked myself in the bedroom and started crying.

I didn't know how long it took. When I finally calmed down, I was feeling much better. I sat at my dressing table and fixed my messed up makeup. I heard the door creak open.

It was Amy. I recognised her by the boobs. They were the first thing visible from behind the door, the rest of her body followed slightly afterwards.

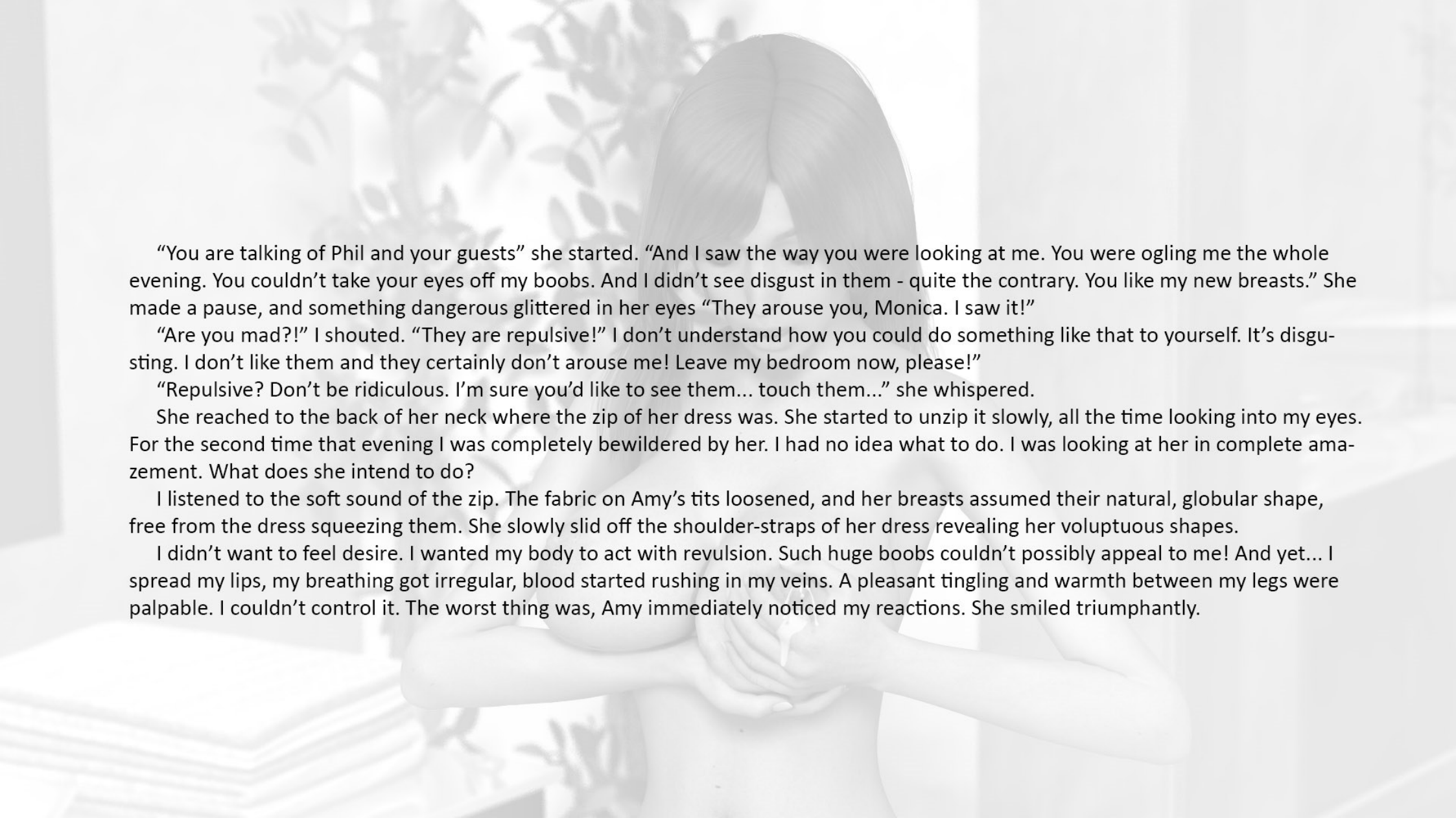
“I came to see how you were doing. You disappeared so abruptly. What’s wrong?” she asked.

Did she really fail to notice what was going on? I wanted to answer coolly as if I didn’t care. Still, the words came sprung from my mouth on their own.

“What’ wrong?!” I was outraged “Let me tell you what’s wrong! You came back from your trip with huge tits. Amy, what were you thinking? They are horrible, can’t you see? You come to my anniversary and steal everyone’s attention. It’s my party, my special day, and everyone’s attention is on you and your monstrous jugs! Even my husband, who should adore me, only me, follows you with his eyes like some sex fiend! And you’re asking me what’s wrong, as if you didn’t know.”

At last. I spit it out. I expected Amy to feel shame, blush with shame and start apologizing. However, she simply smiled knowingly and nothing indicated she was one bit ashamed.





“You are talking of Phil and your guests” she started. “And I saw the way you were looking at me. You were ogling me the whole evening. You couldn’t take your eyes off my boobs. And I didn’t see disgust in them - quite the contrary. You like my new breasts.” She made a pause, and something dangerous glittered in her eyes “They arouse you, Monica. I saw it!”

“Are you mad?!” I shouted. “They are repulsive!” I don’t understand how you could do something like that to yourself. It’s disgusting. I don’t like them and they certainly don’t arouse me! Leave my bedroom now, please!”

“Repulsive? Don’t be ridiculous. I’m sure you’d like to see them... touch them...” she whispered.

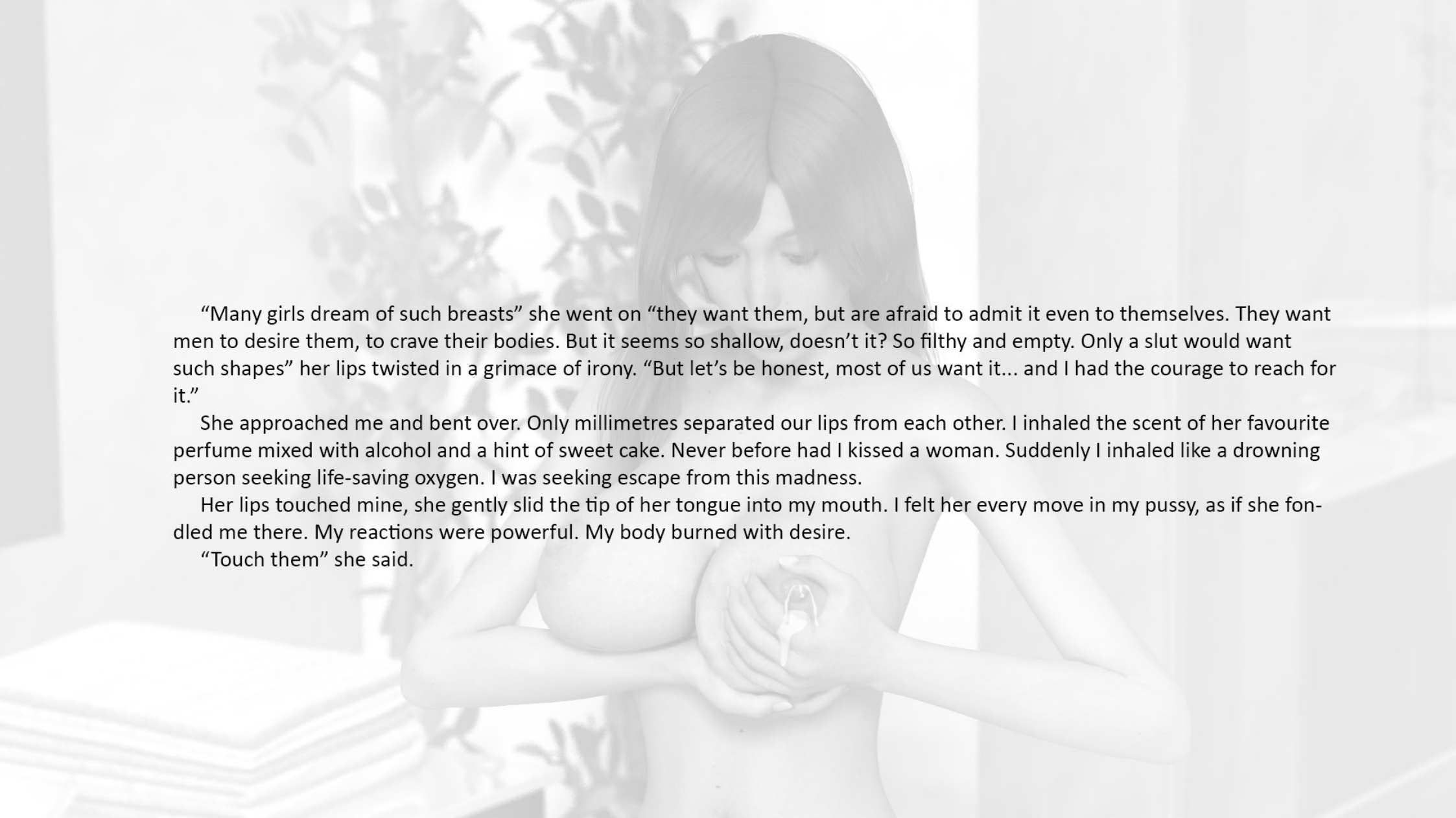
She reached to the back of her neck where the zip of her dress was. She started to unzip it slowly, all the time looking into my eyes. For the second time that evening I was completely bewildered by her. I had no idea what to do. I was looking at her in complete amazement. What does she intend to do?

I listened to the soft sound of the zip. The fabric on Amy’s tits loosened, and her breasts assumed their natural, globular shape, free from the dress squeezing them. She slowly slid off the shoulder-straps of her dress revealing her voluptuous shapes.

I didn’t want to feel desire. I wanted my body to act with revulsion. Such huge boobs couldn’t possibly appeal to me! And yet... I spread my lips, my breathing got irregular, blood started rushing in my veins. A pleasant tingling and warmth between my legs were palpable. I couldn’t control it. The worst thing was, Amy immediately noticed my reactions. She smiled triumphantly.



“You see? You fancy them” she said “I knew it!”
She gently touched her breasts and started massaging them with circular movements. I did not try to hide my arousal anymore. I could hear the blood rushing to my head.



“Many girls dream of such breasts” she went on “they want them, but are afraid to admit it even to themselves. They want men to desire them, to crave their bodies. But it seems so shallow, doesn’t it? So filthy and empty. Only a slut would want such shapes” her lips twisted in a grimace of irony. “But let’s be honest, most of us want it... and I had the courage to reach for it.”

She approached me and bent over. Only millimetres separated our lips from each other. I inhaled the scent of her favourite perfume mixed with alcohol and a hint of sweet cake. Never before had I kissed a woman. Suddenly I inhaled like a drowning person seeking life-saving oxygen. I was seeking escape from this madness.

Her lips touched mine, she gently slid the tip of her tongue into my mouth. I felt her every move in my pussy, as if she fondled me there. My reactions were powerful. My body burned with desire.

“Touch them” she said.




She took my hand and put it on her breast. I trembled. Carefully, with fascination I examined her body. I squeezed her erect nipple lightly, and she sighed lasciviously. I fondled her firm, full boobs, and my arousal grew every second. I'd never touched another woman this way. It was carnal, crazy and perverse — and I enjoyed it. I crossed an invisible line I hadn't even known existed. An uncontrollable, wild desire fired up in me. I forgot about norms, rules, and even my own limits and shame.

Suddenly, as if our desires had reached the apex, we started tearing off our clothes. We were undressing each other hastily. Our hands were trembling with excitement. I heard the material of her dress rip, but it didn't matter at all. We fell on the bed, our bodies entwined in a loving embrace.

We fondled each other long and passionately. Her every touch was extremely pleasurable. I had never experienced something so intense and crazy. I was pleasuring my friend. Something like that couldn't possibly be happening. This forbidden fruit tempted and allured me. Her body shouldn't incite such lust in me. It should NOT. Meanwhile, I was burning and had no strength to resist my desires.

I gently spread Amy's legs. The sight was wonderful — her eyes watching me with desire, two large mounds of breasts, her flat belly and finally her pink, wet flower. I moved my lips towards it and gave it a kiss. I still couldn't believe I was really doing it. What was happening to me?





I could taste her arousal. Amy shuddered. She screamed and closed her eyes. She moved her hips begging for more. I slid my tongue inside her, licking her hot ecstasy.

Then I heard him.

“Monica?” asked Phil.

I jumped away from Amy as if stung. I still had her wetness on my mouth. Phil was standing at the threshold with a non-descript look on his face. I was frightened and ashamed. Not to mention the fact I was extremely angry that he interrupted us.

“What are you doing?”


The answer to this question was obvious. However, Phil couldn’t believe it. No wonder.

“Maybe you want to join in?” suggested Amy as if nothing had happened, spreading her legs and presenting her wet pussy.

I wanted to object. Firmly. That wasn’t right.

However, some part of me - maybe due to alcohol - craved the same thing she wanted.

As if spellbound, I nodded my head and smiled to my husband. For a couple of seconds he just stood there speechless. Then his eyes glittered with desire. He closed the door.




I leaned over Amy. Kissed each of her breasts and bit each nipple. I went lower. I slid my finger inside her. I felt her squeeze her muscles on it. She was moaning louder and louder. Phil kneeled behind me and I heard him unzip his fly. He put his hand on my buttock and entered me in one sudden thrust. The abrupt pleasure took away my ability to move, to think, to feel. His manhood was hard and hot, he was thrusting faster and faster, and his balls were slapping my clit.

We were pleasuring each other, entwined in a threesome. Every move brought even greater pleasure. How delicious this forbidden fruit was! It aroused me how promiscuous and perverse I was. I didn't know I could be like that. I had never allowed myself to behave this way. Our moans were becoming louder and louder, more and more ecstatic.

Amy was writhing from ecstasy my fingers and tongue were giving her. All her muscles tensed, she rolled back her eyes and squeezed her boobs with both her hands. She was thrusting her hips like crazy. She let out a scream and I felt her pussy pulsating rhythmically around my fingers. She was very wet. Trembling, she begged for more. Finally, she relaxed and collapsed on the bed lost in her bliss.

Her orgasm brought me to the edge. I rubbed my clit impatiently. I knew I was about to come any moment now. I was looking at Amy's relaxed and beautiful body. Her large breasts rising and falling with every breath. I felt orgasm taking control over me. I was breaking to pieces, Phil's every move was electrifying, piercing my whole body. I was moaning devoured by spasms of fulfilment that lasted relentlessly. I had no more strength, yet the pleasure was too powerful to resist. My screams echoed from the bedroom walls. My pussy muscles were twitching.



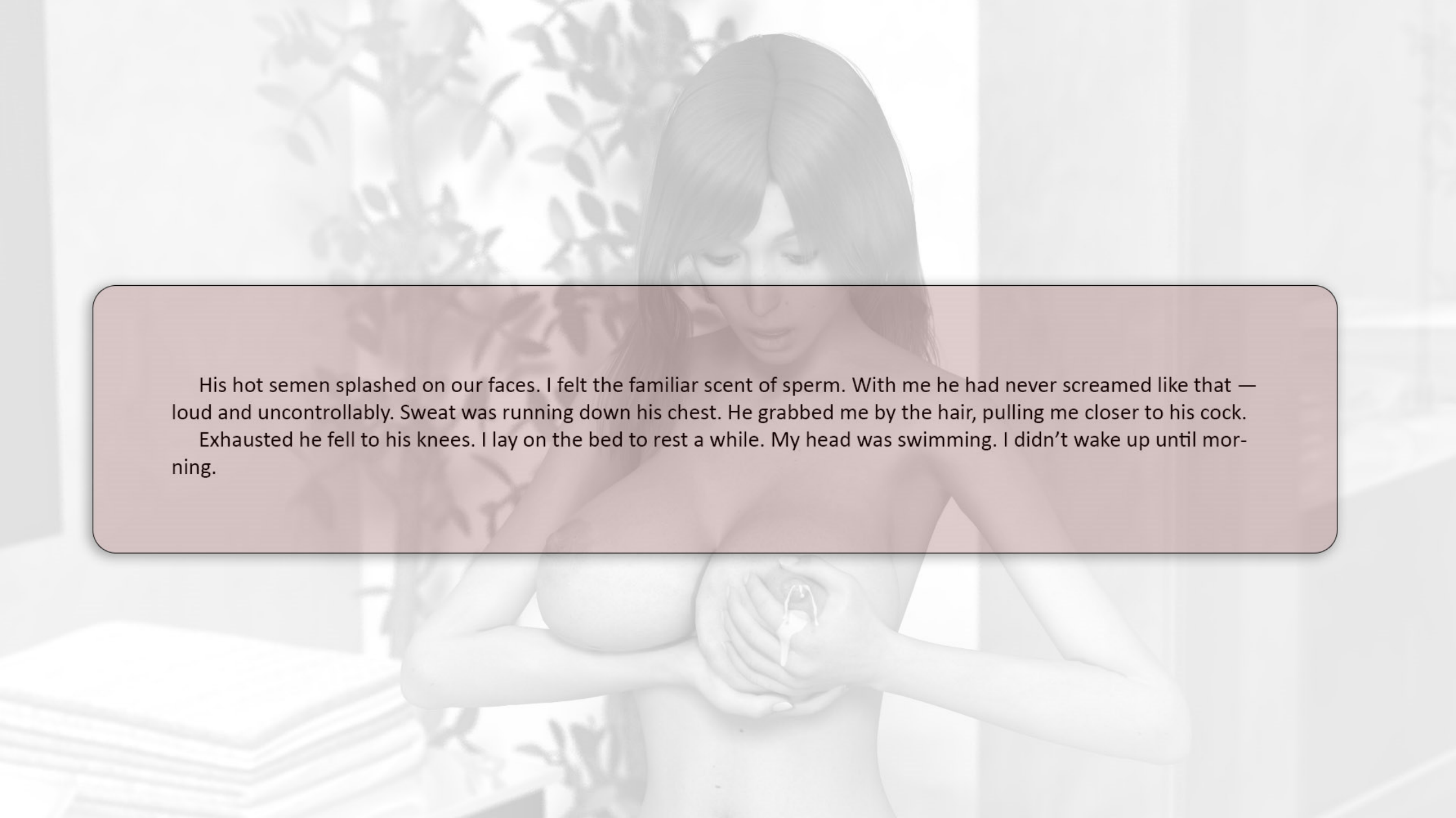


Later I slumped into a wonderful blissfulness. Blood was humming in my head and my breath was slowly steadying. Meanwhile Amy regained her stamina and kneeled in front of Phil. My husband was looking at her with a mixture of desire and hope. She licked the tip of his cock, sighed and took it all inside her mouth. Phil moaned in ecstasy, his skin was covered with droplets of sweat, his breathing even more rapid.

I should have felt jealous. I should have been outraged. But no. I liked what I saw. It aroused me. I didn't know what was happening to me. What came over me.



I joined them. Now we were both kneeling in front of him, licking his large, hard manhood. Our tongues were pleasuring him, our lips were sucking vigorously. Amy's face was right next to mine, separated only by Phil's throbbing member. I had never seen my husband so aroused before. His lust was primal, bestial, as if he had no control at all. And yes, I loved that too. I wanted him to crave me like that. ALWAYS.



His hot semen splashed on our faces. I felt the familiar scent of sperm. With me he had never screamed like that — loud and uncontrollably. Sweat was running down his chest. He grabbed me by the hair, pulling me closer to his cock. Exhausted he fell to his knees. I lay on the bed to rest a while. My head was swimming. I didn't wake up until morning.



“How could you do that to me?!” I was furious.

Phil crossed his arms on his chest in a defensive posture. He was looking at me as if I’d gone insane.

“What’s the problem?” he asked. “You were having a great time yourself.”

“I was drunk! You should’ve stopped me! You should protect me! And you gleefully joined in! You betrayed me with my best friend.”

My eyes welled with tears of anger. What was he thinking? How could he have so blatantly taken advantage of the situation and now call it “a great time”?

“You know what’s the worst?” I asked. “You enjoyed it SO MUCH. I’ve never seen you so aroused. It turned you on — don’t deny it! Two girls with you in a hot threesome! Men are pigs. I thought you were different! And you did it on our anniversary day!”

“Darling, don’t be such a hypocrite. I saw how excited you were. You were horny like never before. Maybe I should feel jealous too? You like your best friend more than your husband!”


Phil was beginning to get angry. I knew he was right, I did enjoy it too. A lot. And that was the worst. I had no intention to admit it, though.

“Her boobs aroused you so much, didn’t they?” I continued. “Her huge, unnatural silicone-filled rack. That’s what turns you on so much! You can’t appreciate natural feminine beauty!”

“Yeah, right! And it was a coincidence that you went to bed with your friend, when she showed up with her ‘huge, unnatural rack’! Complete coincidence! There’s no telling why you started fancying her so much, is there?” shouted Phil “Everything in the name of appreciating ‘natural feminine beauty’”.

His voice was sarcastic. Tears were running down my cheeks.

“You’d like me to buy myself such a pair too, wouldn’t you?” My voice was breaking. “Then I’d turn you on as much as Amy. You were ogling her the entire evening!”



“If you liked them so much, maybe you should get them yourself” he answered coolly.

“Admit it, you’d like to have such a big busted bimbo for a wife, wouldn’t you? With huge jugs that wouldn’t fit her silhouette! Dazzling with sexuality and vulgar!”

“Monica, that’s not the point..”

“Would you like me to do it or not?”

He fell silent, watching me carefully. A strange, mysterious grimace twisted his face.

“Yes” he said.

“What?!”

“I’m answering your question” he replied. “Yes, I’d like it if you enlarged your breasts.”

I was speechless. For a while I was lost for words.

“Idiot!” I spat and ran outside slamming the door behind me.

I got inside the car and simply drove without thinking where I was going. I wanted to get as far away from my husband as possible.

I called Amy. I was looking to vent my fury against someone — and she was perfect. I pelted her with swear words and accused of treachery. I knew I would soon regret every word, but I couldn’t help myself. It gave me a temporary relief.

I drove to my favourite place and ordered a drink. I was looking at people strolling along the streets. I started paying attention to women’s silhouettes, wondering which of them enlarged her breasts. Most of them were average, with B cups, but some appeared to be suspiciously well gifted by nature — or by a doctor.

“What is happening to me?” I thought “I had never paid attention to such things before...” Regardless, I had no doubts I’d get over it soon.

I almost didn't speak to Phil at all. Amy did not call. Days were passing and I felt more and more lonely.

I ignited the anger that was slowly burning out. I reminded myself that I have the right to be furious and I deserve an apology. Meanwhile, neither my husband nor my friend seemed inclined to admit I was right.

And all this only to not admit to myself how much I liked all of this. Amy's large boobs, sex, desire... I didn't want to be someone who is turned on by such things. I wanted to be regarded as a classy person, posh and with excellent taste. And it appeared I was drawn to overly large tits and perverse games in bed.

After some time there was no use pretending. I had to admit I envied my friend her body. I too wanted to look so attractive and be desired. Shamelessly display my sexy body.

I think I've always liked large breasts, even though I tried to hide it. That is why I despised attractive women with huge, full boobs. I deemed them mediocre and empty. Whenever I went to a lingerie shop and chose the B cup, I had to hide my anger and envy I felt at the sight of those larger C, D, and even E cups. They seemed enormous, forbidden. I was afraid of such rampant sexuality. I told myself that slim women with small breasts are more elegant and less ostentatious. That my husband wanted me as such. I kept repeating I had to stick to my timeless style. I was fooling myself. Every time I saw large breasts on a slim girl I felt a painful stab of envy I tried to interpret as contempt.

Maybe it was high time something should be done about it? Maybe I should allow myself to fulfil my fantasies?

Nothing stood in my way. I had enough money to afford the best specialist. There was nothing to limit me — besides my own reservations and fears of the society's reactions. What would those closest to me think of this? Would they turn away from me? I am, to a degree, a public person. I try to avoid the media, but as one of the heiresses to a family fortune, a daughter of a politician, I evoked public interest. In my imagination I saw the headlines of gossip websites "Monica Brown shocks with her silicone breasts". Horrible! On the other hand, should tabloids dictate how I am to go about my life? They'll grab onto something anyway. This one put on some weight... that one got slimmer... this dress is too expensive... that watch is too cheap. I knew that was the way of things, and learned to ignore it.

I sighed. A difficult task awaited me. I owed Phil and Amy an apology. They deserved it.



“Oh come on, just forget about it” said Amy warmly.

We were sitting on the terrace at her home. I was explaining that insults and accusations I offended her with during our last conversation were only a result of jealousy. All because she was so sexy now — much more attractive than me. Men were ogling her. She had the courage to radically change her look, regardless of hostile comments from people like me. I told her how much I liked her new boobs.

I saw her relief. I understood she’d forgiven me.

I tried to control myself, but I kept looking at her cleavage. She was wearing a tight top perfectly underlining her full shapes. Her breasts formed two perfect mounds and filled the top. It was difficult for me to maintain eye contact, because the sight of her curves allured me. I was experiencing first-hand how men felt in the presence of this beautiful woman.

My body reacted again, easily overcoming my strong will. The memory of our last meeting made it difficult to focus on what she was saying. The images of our intercourse appeared one by one in front of my eyes. Her naked skin next to mine... our rapid breaths... desire and ecstasy. I felt a pleasant shiver...

Finally I worked up my courage to ask about the surgery. Amy told me all about it.

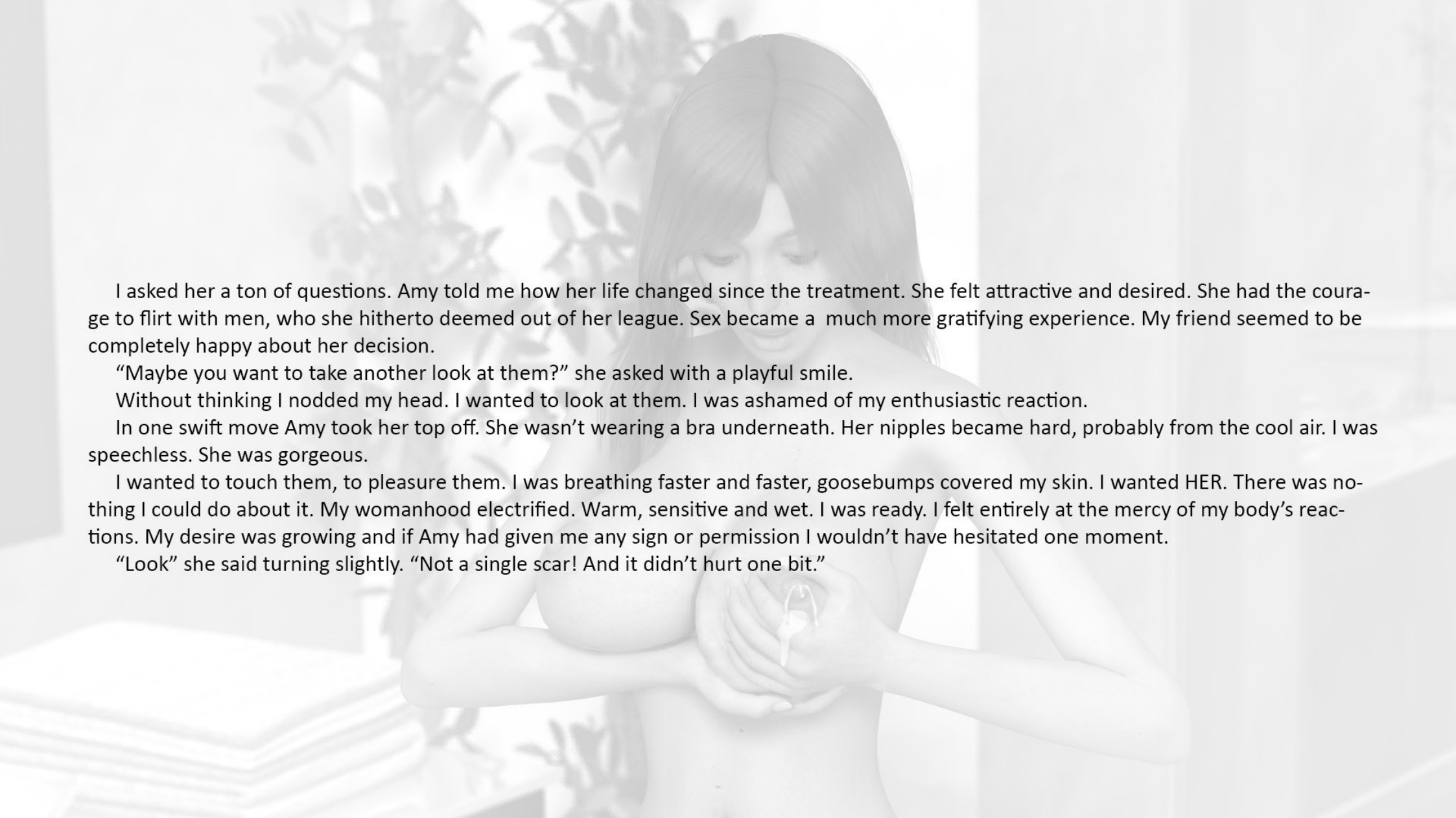
“It wasn’t a surgery” she said “It was a state-of-the-art treatment. It is quite complicated and I did not understand everything. It has to do with some slight alteration that the doctors perform to your DNA which causes your breasts to gradually grow.”

“Really?” I was surprised “I had no idea such things are even possible!”

“Neither did I! It’s some super modern technology. The treatment is painless, short and leaves no scars!”

It wasn’t until then that I realised that Amy’s body bore no scalpel marks. I blushed at the memory of the night we spent together.

“Since breasts grow slowly, it can last even a couple of months and the skin has enough time to stretch and adjust to your new body curves” she said.



I asked her a ton of questions. Amy told me how her life changed since the treatment. She felt attractive and desired. She had the courage to flirt with men, who she hitherto deemed out of her league. Sex became a much more gratifying experience. My friend seemed to be completely happy about her decision.

“Maybe you want to take another look at them?” she asked with a playful smile.

Without thinking I nodded my head. I wanted to look at them. I was ashamed of my enthusiastic reaction.

In one swift move Amy took her top off. She wasn’t wearing a bra underneath. Her nipples became hard, probably from the cool air. I was speechless. She was gorgeous.

I wanted to touch them, to pleasure them. I was breathing faster and faster, goosebumps covered my skin. I wanted HER. There was nothing I could do about it. My womanhood electrified. Warm, sensitive and wet. I was ready. I felt entirely at the mercy of my body’s reactions. My desire was growing and if Amy had given me any sign or permission I wouldn’t have hesitated one moment.

“Look” she said turning slightly. “Not a single scar! And it didn’t hurt one bit.”

“They are very pretty” I answered, putting a lot of effort into not letting her realise how horny I was. “Do you know what their circumference is?” I asked.

“No” she laughed “I didn’t even think of measuring them.”

She went towards a cabinet and pulled out a measuring tape.

“Will you help me?” she asked.

I took the tape from her hand. I moved closer and her nipples brushed against my body. I muffled a sigh. I felt like touching them, sucking and squeezing them. I stopped myself with the last bit of my willpower. I put the tape around her chest and watched the numbers grow. The tape slightly bit into her naked skin, betraying the softness of her breasts. My breathing was becoming faster and faster. My fingers were touching her balloons. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing.

“Amy! You're over forty inches!”

“Oh, really?” she looked down on the tape surprised “You’re right! Do you know how heavy they are?” she added. “They added extra four pounds to my weight! But I have no intention of losing this additional load” she laughed.

“May I see for myself how heavy they are?” I asked and immediately felt afraid of my own boldness.

“Sure” she replied.

Slowly and shyly I put both my hands below her breasts. I raised them slightly. Yes, they could’ve weighed as much as four pounds. I moved my hands up and down in order to get a better feel of their weight. I shivered. I squeezed my hands lightly. I did not want to check anything anymore, I just wanted to caress Amy’s perfect body, massage her breasts, enjoy their softness. I wanted to repeat the events of our previous meeting. This crazy exhilaration and wonderful ecstasy. I moved my fingers upward, examining her curves. Amy trembled under my touch, and goosebumps covered her skin as well. Her boobs were rising and falling faster and faster and her body was becoming hotter. She moaned.

Suddenly her mobile rang and I jumped away from her as if stung.

The spell was broken.

I couldn’t allow my instincts to take over me like that. My cheeks went red with embarrassment.



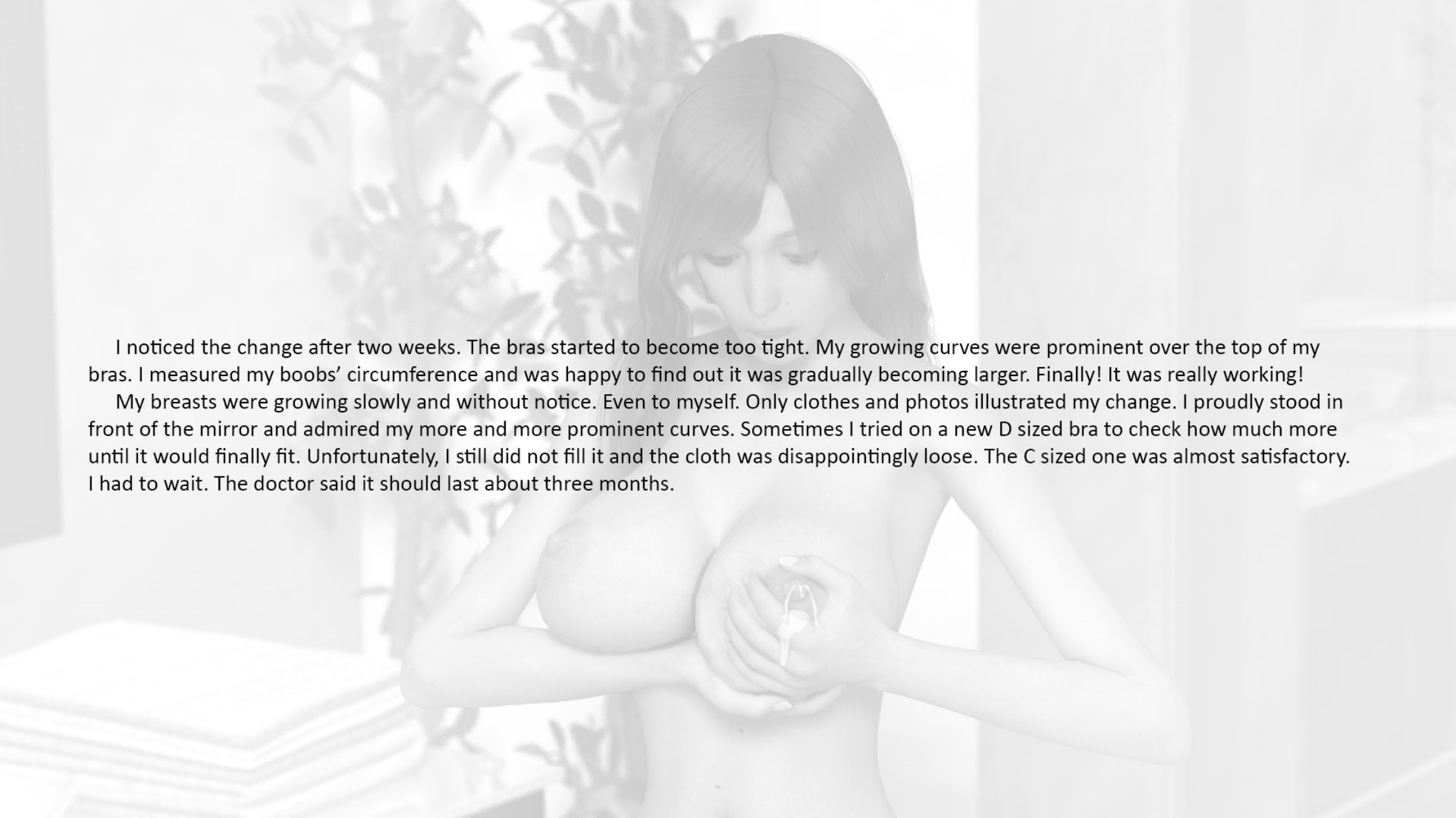
When I left the clinic I experienced a real storm of emotions. Excitement, arousal, anticipation, anxiety and doubts formed an overwhelming mix.

Yes, I finally went through with it! After many consultations, conversations and sleepless nights spent on the internet searching for information. I felt I had made the right decision.

The treatment was completely painless, just as Amy and the doctors had promised. Over the course of several subsequent weeks I could experience some inconveniences, such as breast pains or sudden shifts of mood. The boobs should grow gradually until they reached the desired size. I didn't go with such radical change as Amy did. I wanted my breasts to grow to a DD size. I trembled with anticipation and excitement. Every now and then I glanced down, and touched my boobs, as if incidentally, to check if they had already started to grow. Of course, no such thing was happening — at least not to the extent I could notice. Yet, I felt different. I walked with my head raised high and with a smile on my face. I felt proud of myself, and more beautiful than just a couple of hours ago.

I entered a lingerie store. I knew I still had a lot of time, but I wanted to buy myself a new, larger bra. I felt excited at the mere thought I would be wearing a DD sized bra. I chose several beautiful laced C, D and DD ones. Phil would love them. They seemed incredibly large to me and I found it difficult to imagine they would soon hug my own breasts.





I noticed the change after two weeks. The bras started to become too tight. My growing curves were prominent over the top of my bras. I measured my boobs' circumference and was happy to find out it was gradually becoming larger. Finally! It was really working!

My breasts were growing slowly and without notice. Even to myself. Only clothes and photos illustrated my change. I proudly stood in front of the mirror and admired my more and more prominent curves. Sometimes I tried on a new D sized bra to check how much more until it would finally fit. Unfortunately, I still did not fill it and the cloth was disappointingly loose. The C sized one was almost satisfactory. I had to wait. The doctor said it should last about three months.

Before & After





After six weeks I was happy to notice I was becoming more and more attractive to Phil. He too was fascinated by my growing breasts. He cupped them with his hands and fondled checking how much they had grown. As if jokingly he asked how many inches the circumference had grown by, and how much weight I had gained, but I knew how much these conversations aroused him. I sometimes teased him with long monologues about how my breasts were growing, and how large and firm they would become. I loved that it excited him so much. He immediately felt like going to bed. Sex had become much more passionate. We made love as if we have just met, fascinated with each other. Newly found reserves of erotic energy emanating inside me.

Ten weeks had passed since the treatment. I could finally wear DD sized bras! It seemed that the breasts wouldn't grow much more. They had become very sensitive, and the nipples grew and became swollen. The doctor mentioned it could happen, so I wasn't alarmed. Every touch I felt became extremely intense.

All my acquaintances noticed my metamorphosis. I had been afraid how they'd react. Some felt outraged, others were disgusted. Sometimes my new look was praised and I was admired for courage. Unfortunately, as I had feared, some articles appeared in tabloid press.

I had the impression men were much more interested in me. They flirted with me more frequently, they followed me with their eyes and smiled. I was wondering how much I owed it to my new shapes and how much to my newly found self confidence and rampant sexuality. Regardless, I felt wonderful! I didn't know why I had suppressed my own desires. I even regretted I had not decided on a larger size. A shame my breasts wouldn't grow much more...



Before & After





Something very strange was happening. Nearly four months had passed, and my boobs continued to grow! The new DD sized bra was becoming tighter every day. I was happy. I thought I'd grow a bit more and that would be it. F cup is really large! I complained to Phil, that my breasts were growing to be larger than I had originally wanted them to be. My husband tried to clumsily support me, but I knew he was happy with the results of doctor's mistake. He couldn't take his eyes off me. We made love every day, as if we have just met and didn't know each other for long.

My breasts had become even more sensitive. The delicate skin reacted to even the slightest of brushes.

I was constantly gaining weight. It was the fault of growing breasts, but not only... Unfortunately I had also grown in the buttocks area. I went on a diet and exercised a lot, but it didn't help. Usually the extra pounds were located on the belly and thighs, but this time it was different. My whole body remained slender, except for the butt. Trousers started to become too tight. Strangely, Phil seemed to like that as well. He praised my curves every day. I'd had no idea, he liked women with such silhouette! I had thought he preferred slim girls as if straight from the models' runway.

One day I woke up in the morning and noticed my nightgown was wet and warm. I was startled. Two wet spots at the height of my nipples smelled of me. I immediately threw the gown into a laundry bin. When I squeezed my nipples a stream of warm milk spurting from their tips. Was it another side effect? I had to consult this with the doctor as soon as possible.

I made an appointment for the following day.



“Mrs Brown, I have analysed the results of examinations we performed” the doctor said. “Everything seems to indicate, that your body reacted to the DNA modification in an unexpected way. A chain reaction had started, resulting in subsequent changes.”

I shook my head. I didn't understand much of what he was saying, but it didn't sound good.

“Your body started to secrete hormone in much larger doses than we had planned. Moreover, they are responsible for the side effects such as buttocks enlargement and lactation” he said.

“But all this is reversible, right?” I asked hopeful.

“Unfortunately, it is difficult to say. Personally, I believe there is no chance for you to return to DD cup or previous hips size. Further genetic modifications are out of the question for health-related reasons. We hope the excessive tissue growth will stop” he replied.

“What?!” I protested. “Does it mean I can grow even more?!”

“Everything seems to indicate that. We shall try to administer the right medications in order to minimize the unexpected side effects.”

“You've got to be kidding!” I exclaimed. “It was supposed to be an ultra modern and safe method! I paid a fortune for this treatment!”

The doctor said nothing.

I covered my face with my hands and swallowed tears.

“How much more... how much more can my breasts and buttocks grow?”

“Frankly, we don't know” he answered. “I understand you are concerned, we will do everything we can to stop the growth. However, at this point it is difficult to predict how you will react to medications...”

This simply couldn't be happening! How would I look in a couple of months?

“What about lactation?” I asked.

“We'll try to reduce it — also pharmacologically.”


The conversation lasted a while, before I finally realised what the doctor was telling me. My boobs would most likely grow some more. Impossible to say how much. Same thing with my buttocks. Lactation may not cease quickly. There was a possibility it would never cease.

And all I wanted was to look sexy! Not like some perverse porn star! That wasn't supposed to happen! Why did something have to go wrong?... So wrong...



Before & After




A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up, looking down at her hands. Her hands are holding a small, light-colored object, possibly a bra strap or a small toy. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting with a plant and a window. The entire image has a light blue tint and a semi-transparent blue box overlaid in the center containing text.

That day I couldn't fall asleep for a long time. When I finally did, nightmares kept waking me up. In those horrible dreams I saw my breasts growing constantly. Their circumference grew subsequent inches every second. I helplessly watched how they grew like inflated balloons. They started sticking over my collarbones and far below my ribs. I could no longer reach my nipples, warm milk was dripping from them. White droplets were running down my body and falling on the floor. I was becoming heavier and heavier and had to put all the effort into supporting my enormous milk-dripping jugs. The nipples were the size of clenched fists, swollen and full of milk. I looked back and realised my buttocks also reached a terrifying size. They became enormously wide and were sticking out far back. Two huge curves kept growing and stretching my skin. I felt as if I would burst from the inside. I couldn't even touch them entirely, they were out of my hands' reach. I was growing like inflatable doll, larger and larger, crushed under her own body, slowly turning into some perverse fantasy.

The breasts started to obstruct my view and kept growing. Their undersides reached my stomach, then thighs, knees, and finally the floor. My boobs became larger than me, they immobilised me and spanned in front of my body. I became an addition to my tits. And they did not stop growing.





I woke up all sweaty and frightened. My nightgown was wet with milk. I felt like crying again. I ran to the bathroom, took off wet clothes and squeezed my nipples. White liquid spurted from them in two streaks. I didn't want it to be pleasurable — but it was... Despite my anger and helplessness I felt warm tingling between my legs. My boobs were swollen from the excess of milk. I took a cup and started to pour the liquid into it. The doctor had asked me to check how much I produced. I kept squeezing the nipples mercilessly, and my milk kept flowing.

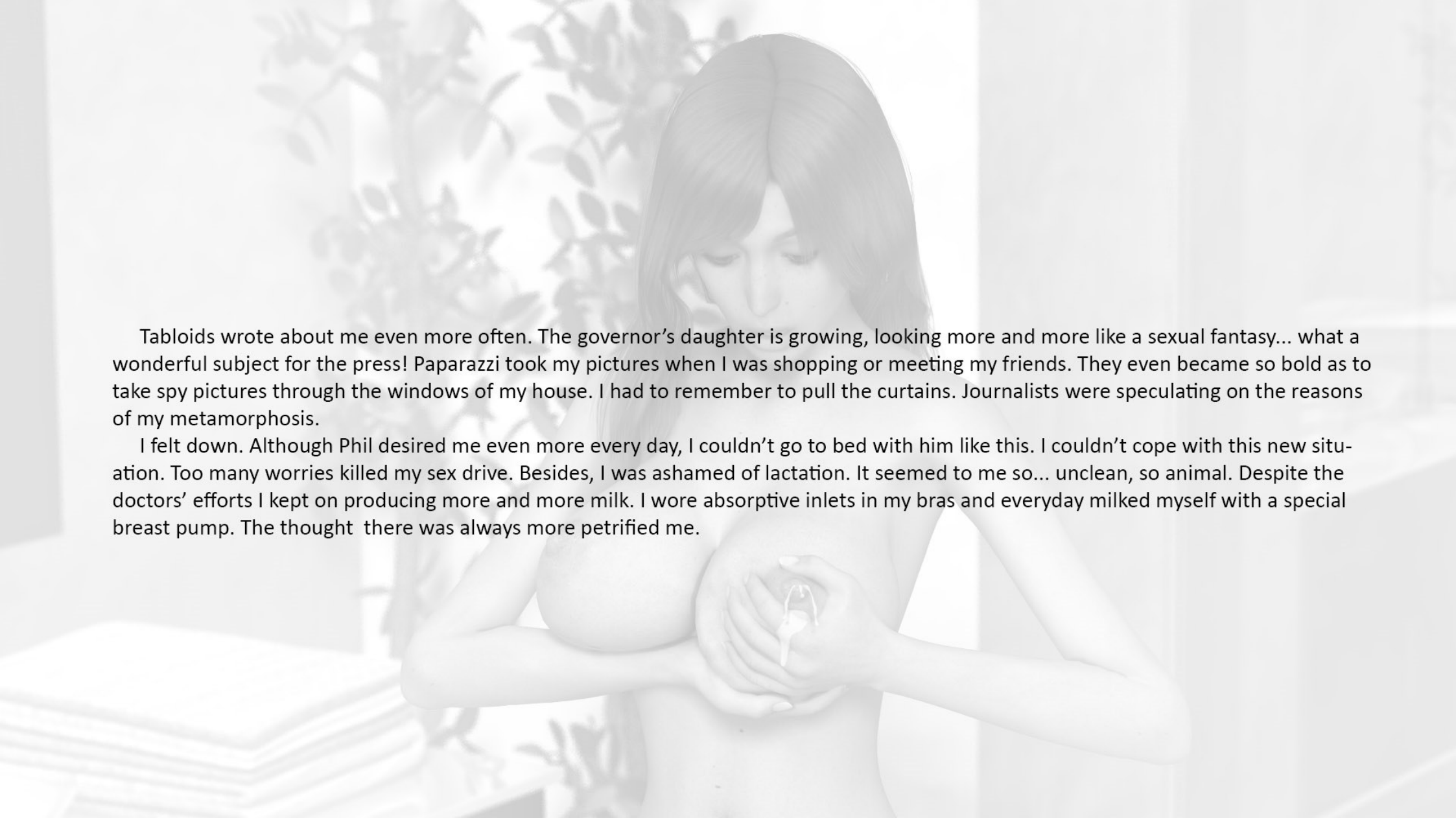
I filled almost the whole cup. It had to be 200 millilitres! I was looking at the white liquid in shock. I couldn't produce so much! What was happening to my body?

I took a cold shower and went back to bed. Under my shirt I wore a bra with absorptive inlets. I snuggled into Phil. I felt somewhat safer. My boobs were tightly pressed against his body. I fell asleep.



Weeks were passing by and I kept growing. I had to constantly replace my clothes. From F cup I went to G and then H size, until finally reaching double H. That still wasn't the end! Actually, nothing indicated it was. I regularly visited the doctor and tested new medications to no avail. My breasts and buttocks were gradually becoming larger.

I drew more and more attention. People were pointing at me with their fingers. I couldn't blame them. I was very distinct — huge tits, slender waist and huge rump were impossible not to notice. Men couldn't get their eyes off me.

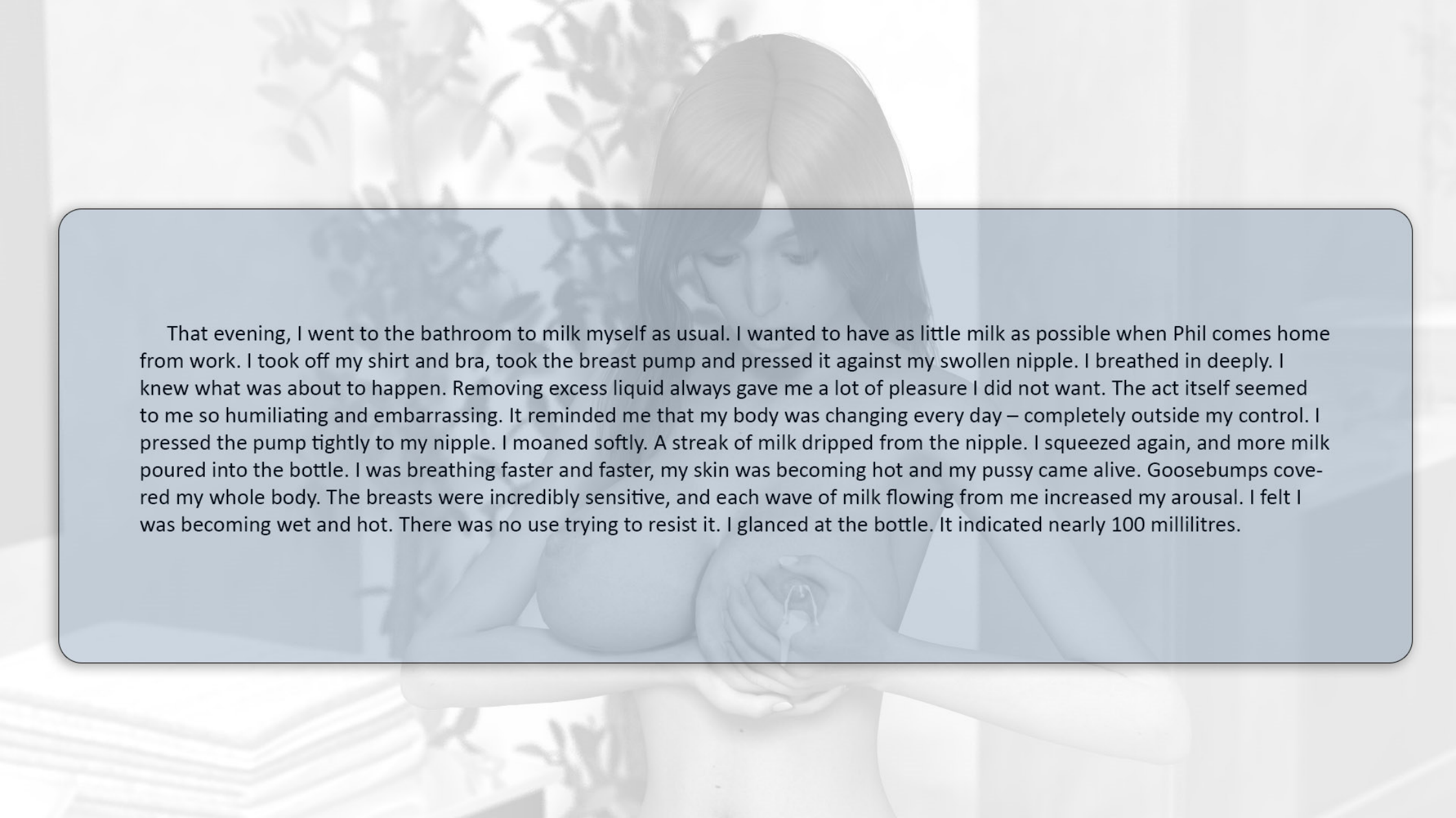


Tabloids wrote about me even more often. The governor's daughter is growing, looking more and more like a sexual fantasy... what a wonderful subject for the press! Paparazzi took my pictures when I was shopping or meeting my friends. They even became so bold as to take spy pictures through the windows of my house. I had to remember to pull the curtains. Journalists were speculating on the reasons of my metamorphosis.

I felt down. Although Phil desired me even more every day, I couldn't go to bed with him like this. I couldn't cope with this new situation. Too many worries killed my sex drive. Besides, I was ashamed of lactation. It seemed to me so... unclean, so animal. Despite the doctors' efforts I kept on producing more and more milk. I wore absorptive inlets in my bras and everyday milked myself with a special breast pump. The thought there was always more petrified me.

Before & After




A woman with long brown hair is shown from the chest up, using a breast pump. She is holding the pump against her right breast and a clear collection bottle. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting with a plant and a window. A semi-transparent blue box with rounded corners is overlaid on the image, containing text.

That evening, I went to the bathroom to milk myself as usual. I wanted to have as little milk as possible when Phil comes home from work. I took off my shirt and bra, took the breast pump and pressed it against my swollen nipple. I breathed in deeply. I knew what was about to happen. Removing excess liquid always gave me a lot of pleasure I did not want. The act itself seemed to me so humiliating and embarrassing. It reminded me that my body was changing every day – completely outside my control. I pressed the pump tightly to my nipple. I moaned softly. A streak of milk dripped from the nipple. I squeezed again, and more milk poured into the bottle. I was breathing faster and faster, my skin was becoming hot and my pussy came alive. Goosebumps covered my whole body. The breasts were incredibly sensitive, and each wave of milk flowing from me increased my arousal. I felt I was becoming wet and hot. There was no use trying to resist it. I glanced at the bottle. It indicated nearly 100 millilitres.



I pressed the pump against my other breast. It was so swollen and warm. When the milk spurted from the nipple I let out a lengthy sigh. I rested against the washbasin breathing heavily. I pulled down my trousers and quickly slid my trembling hand under my panties. They were all wet. I squeezed the pump again, heard the liquid splash into the bottle, and fondled my swollen clit with my other hand. The air immediately filled with scent of milk and arousal.



It was then that I heard the front door slamming. Phil came home from work earlier than usual. I frantically tried to hide what I was doing, but to no avail. He entered the bathroom and saw me almost naked, the breast pump in my hand. White liquid was splashing inside it and the measure showed 300 millilitres. My fingers were still wet from my love juices. I turned red with embarrassment.

Phil looked at me. Then he looked at the breast pump and the squirt of milk running down my breast. He reached his hand for it. In his eyes I could see fascination and sudden arousal. I knew how much he liked my body now. His gaze full of desire, made me feel luscious heat in my panties.

“Please, no” I said softly and wiped off the liquid with my hand.

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of” he replied.

He craved me so much.

“I like you like that” he whispered moving closer to me and brushing my sensitive, milk-filled breasts with his warm hands.

“You know I’m not feeling too well today” I blurted out.


I wasn’t ready for this. I was paralysed with embarrassment.

My husband pierced me with his eyes. They were full of hunger and desire. The tension was electrifying. My large nipples became erect. I started to breathe faster.

“Actually, I think it’s the opposite” he said.



He approached me and grabbed the tip of my boob between his thumb and index finger. A streak of milk dribbled down my breast onto the belly. Phil observed it lustfully. He squeezed the nipple even harder, and I moaned, closing my eyes, feeling the pleasure radiate through my whole body.



I wanted him. It wasn't until now that I realised how much I had missed sex. Something inside me broke. However, I couldn't make love to him, not in this state. I had to somehow mask the lactation.

"Give me ten minutes, please" I whispered.


Phil grimaced with unwillingness. He was still caressing my breasts. I loved how much they were turning him on.

"Very well, but not a minute more, OK? Don't keep me waiting any longer" he said.

I ran to my bedroom and fished around in my wardrobe for a sexy lacy outfit we bought together on one holiday. I was hoping it would hide my lactation. Streaks of milk running down my body during sex seemed incredibly embarrassing. I didn't want that to happen. I put the sexy piece on... with a lot of difficulty.



My breasts stretched the delicate fabric and for a moment I was almost sure it would tear. Fortunately, it didn't, although it was very obvious it was definitely too tight. My bust was sticking far over the bra, and the skirt was too tight around my butt. I hardly put it on. I didn't want to test what would happen if I sat down. I also put on incredibly high wedge stilettos. They would suit a horny nightclub stripper, and we bought them in a sex shop on the spur of the moment. Even though I wore high-heels every day now, these ones were a real challenge for me.



I lay on the bed carefully not willing to tear my sexy outfit. I was waiting and the excitement was growing. What was taking him so long? He should already be next to me, touch me, caress me...

He came in after several long minutes. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and the sight of his naked chest made me tremble with desire. He was holding strips of red cloth in his hands.


"Today I want you all for myself" he whispered.

He grabbed my ankle and with a few skilful moves tied it to the bed frame. He did the same with my other ankle and both wrists. I was lying spread on the bed, completely helpless. I was trying to set myself free but my bonds only cut into my skin. He could do anything he wanted to me now.

We'd never played like this. My legs were spread so wide, the skirt slid up to my stomach, and my naked sex was clearly visible to Phil. I felt excruciating throbbing between my legs, my immense wetness and warmth arousing me even more. I wanted him to touch me there.

"You look wonderful" he said.

He approached me and with a single move he ripped my already stretched outfit revealing breasts. All my preparations were useless! I tried to hide my milk-producing tits and he uncovered them so easily!



I'd never seen him so... wild. Usually he was delicate and loving and now his lust seemed rampant and overwhelming. I liked how much he wanted me. His arousal increased mine, made me proud, gave me strength and excited me.

He leaned over me and kissed my nipple. I moaned with pleasure. He brushed my tender breasts with his hands, and my body reacted to his every move. It became fiery, my heart was pounding faster, I could hardly catch my breath. Wetness was dripping onto the sheets between my legs. I could feel his caresses deep inside me, they were piercing me like powerful electric impulses.

I had never known I could feel so horny. Sexual abstinence, my husband's desire and incredibly sensitive boobs made my enhanced body burn with ecstasy and lust.

"Touch me... There..." I pointed my eyes to my womanhood burning with desire.

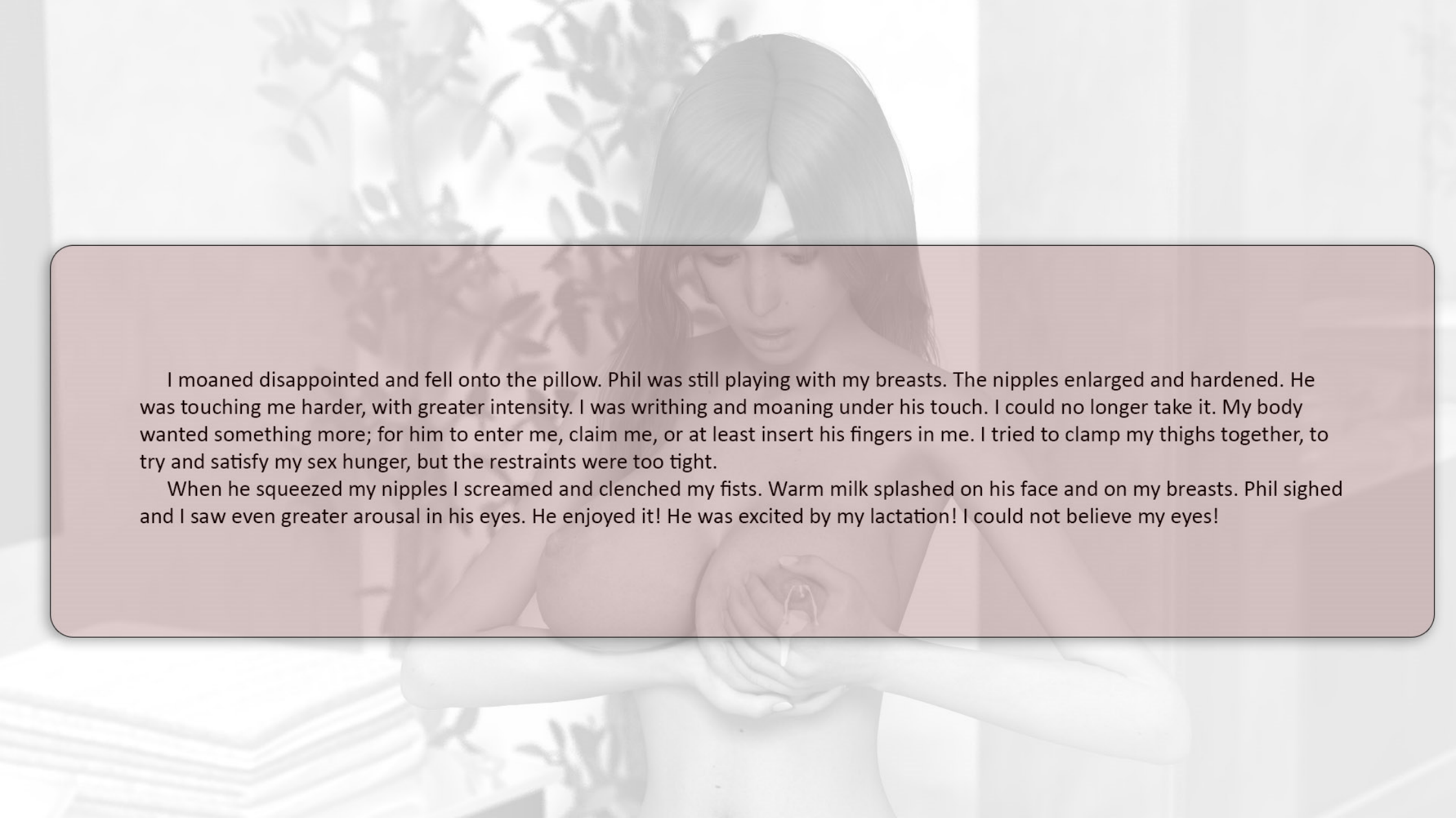
"Where?" he asked with a glitter in his eye.

"You know..."

"Tell me where."

"Touch my pussy" I said and blushed all over.

"Not yet".




I moaned disappointed and fell onto the pillow. Phil was still playing with my breasts. The nipples enlarged and hardened. He was touching me harder, with greater intensity. I was writhing and moaning under his touch. I could no longer take it. My body wanted something more; for him to enter me, claim me, or at least insert his fingers in me. I tried to clamp my thighs together, to try and satisfy my sex hunger, but the restraints were too tight.

When he squeezed my nipples I screamed and clenched my fists. Warm milk splashed on his face and on my breasts. Phil sighed and I saw even greater arousal in his eyes. He enjoyed it! He was excited by my lactation! I could not believe my eyes!

He moved his mouth closer to my skin and started licking milk off my horny body. He delighted in it and tasted it with absolute pleasure.





It was something primal and animalistic. Unwittingly I felt I enjoyed it as much. His tongue was exploring my large tender tits, so wet and hot. I sighed and struggled against my bonds. Phil took my nipple in his mouth and started sucking it lustfully. The sensation was so intense, it pushed me to the edge of orgasm. I saw him swallow mouthfuls of my milk. The pleasure radiated within my body, and the perversity of his behaviour burned my senses, allowing me to feel everything even more intensely. His face showed fascination and satisfaction. He squeezed my other nipple with his lips. White boobie liquid was dribbling from his mouth to his chin. I was all extremely hot and wet. I was no longer capable of thinking, only feeling. He kissed me and I tasted the sweet taste of my own milk on my lips. One more second and I'd reach orgasm. I had no idea I could come like this. However, at the very last moment, my husband moved away from me. I looked at him with reproach.

"You like it, don't you?" he asked complacently.

"Yes" I admitted softly "More, please..."


He pulled down his trousers. His manhood was large and erect. I imagined him entering me and filling my wet inside with his hardness. I bit my lip and flexed my body intoxicated with spasms of desire. I'd never wanted him more than at that moment. The emptiness inside me was becoming painful. I felt I'd break into pieces if he didn't satisfy my horny pussy soon.

He laid on me. I could feel his hard member on my belly. I was completely immobilised, pinned with his weight. I tried to move my hips to at least rub my clit against his rod.

He entered me suddenly down to my very essence. My body exploded with ecstasy. My nipples were dripping milk, wetting our aroused bodies. I felt its stickiness between our fleshs. White droplets were falling onto the sheets. The air was filled with sweet scent. The more I was aroused the more milk was squirting from my swollen, tender nipples. It excited me how perverse I could be. How much Phil desired me at that moment. He wanted my body with enormous boobs producing ever more milk, with huge, shapely buttocks... I delighted in his salacious lust.



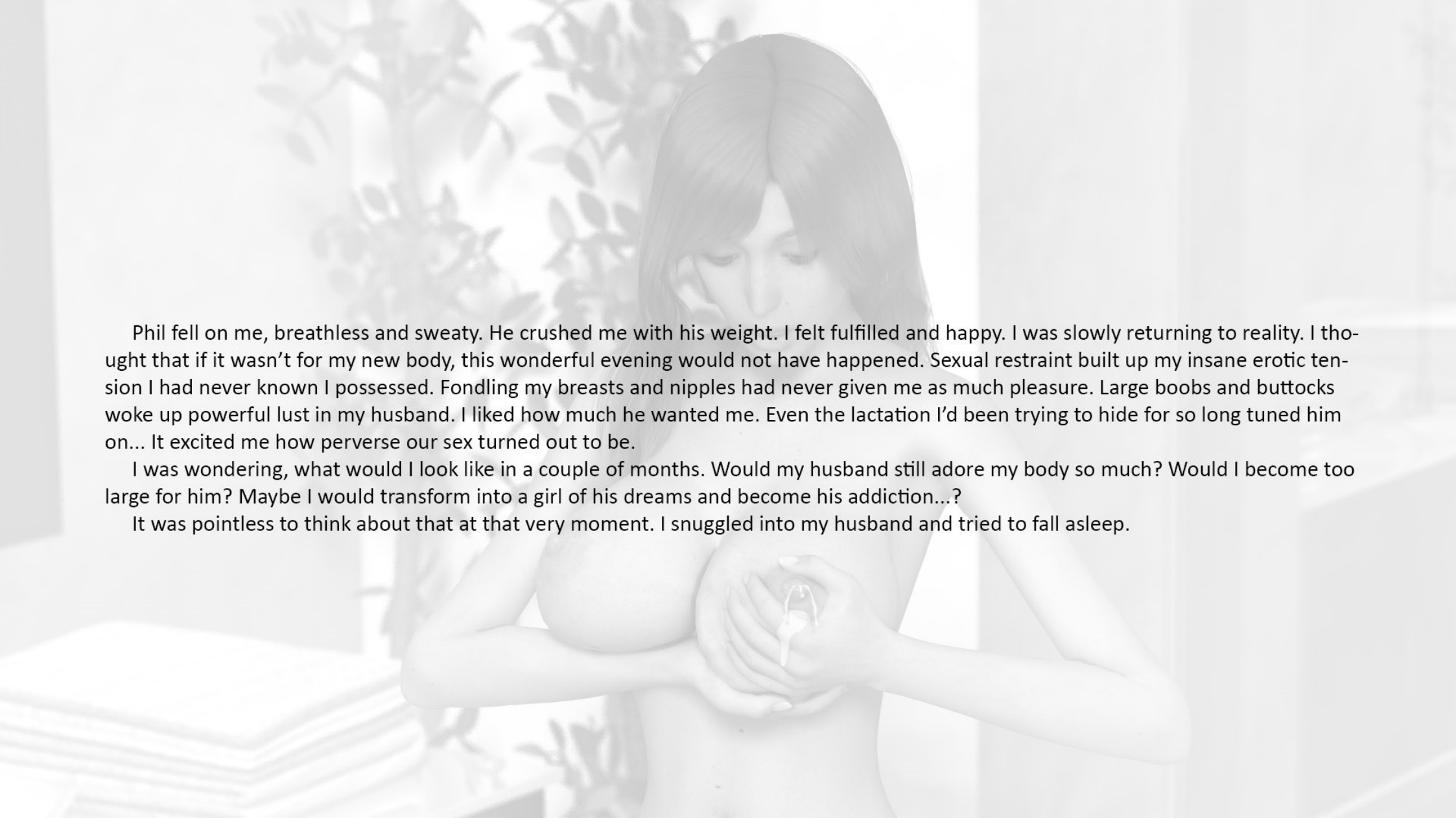
My eyes became hazy and all thoughts left me. I heard his muffled moans and my scream. I was worried if I could bear such intense sensations. He was moving decisively and quickly. My body trembled uncontrollably. The bonds were painfully biting into my skin, and the bed frame was creaking. The orgasm came very fast. It overwhelmed me with its power. I transcended somewhere far beyond, where there was only Phil and I melted in our exceedingly intense ecstasy. Tears streamed down my cheeks. Every atom of my body was filled with satisfaction and resonated with divine pleasure.



After an infinitely long time I relaxed. I was breathing heavily, my head totally empty. My breasts were completely wet and covered with milk. I was lounging, fulfilled and happy. Phil froze, although I knew it must've been difficult for him.

He did not give me much time. After just a short while he started moving again. I relished in the carnal obsession I could read from his face. He impatiently thrust his manhood in me, and it became harder and harder. He filled me entirely, I could feel him with every nerve of my hypersexualised body. My husband bit my earlobe sighing with satisfaction. His hand squeezed my nipple. Arousal started rising once more. Another streak of milk squirted from me. My breasts were so sensitive every touch resulted in another ecstatic spasm. I saw that Phil was reaching climax. He was thrusting faster and faster. All his muscles tensed, and his hot semen filled me. I crossed the border of orgasm as well, and another wave of pleasure washed over my body and mind. We came together, screaming loudly and experiencing untold ecstasy.

I had no idea, I could bear so much pleasure. It flowed through me, filled me, set me free.



Phil fell on me, breathless and sweaty. He crushed me with his weight. I felt fulfilled and happy. I was slowly returning to reality. I thought that if it wasn't for my new body, this wonderful evening would not have happened. Sexual restraint built up my insane erotic tension I had never known I possessed. Fondling my breasts and nipples had never given me as much pleasure. Large boobs and buttocks woke up powerful lust in my husband. I liked how much he wanted me. Even the lactation I'd been trying to hide for so long tuned him on... It excited me how perverse our sex turned out to be.

I was wondering, what would I look like in a couple of months. Would my husband still adore my body so much? Would I become too large for him? Maybe I would transform into a girl of his dreams and become his addiction...?

It was pointless to think about that at that very moment. I snuggled into my husband and tried to fall asleep.



I heard my phone ringing, and reluctantly glanced at the screen – an unknown number. Again. Probably some sensation hungry journalist.

“Hello?” I said in an icy voice.

“Monica Brown?”

“Yes. Who is it?”

“My name is Rebecca. I wanted to talk to you if you have a moment.”

She didn’t sound like a journalist. She had a nice deep voice. There was something else in the background as well, something like... some liquid being poured.

“I believe doctor Keesey didn’t tell you everything about the treatment” she said. “He probably didn’t mention a series of failed experiments, did he?”

She sighed quietly. I held my breath waiting for her to continue.



“I saw your pictures in the papers and on the internet. The changes may proceed much further. And I am not talking only about the looks. The treatment affects the functioning of the whole body. Trust me, I know what I’m talking about” she assured. “I’m afraid that soon you will have to completely alter your lifestyle. Like I had to.”



END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!