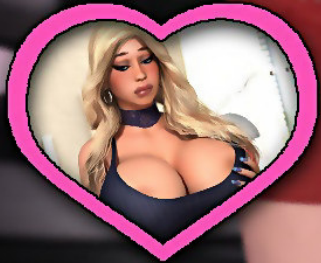


Glitter Town

Part I



Breast expansion
Lip expansion
Ass expansion
Augmented libido
Bimbofication
Sex drugs

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Breast expansion
Lips expansion
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Sex drugs

Writer: Szyla
Illustrator: Zych

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Color Code:

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

BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies

Amanda threw the grocery bags onto the table and smiled, thinking of that handsome sales clerk who had already caught her eye a couple of weeks ago. Sometimes she would go to the store just to have a look at him. If he only knew what she was thinking about every time she glanced his way... She blushed a little, feeling a nice tingling start between her legs. She was able to do with this guy whatever she felt like... in her fantasies.



She fished a sexy bra from among shabby clothes, carelessly thrown into her wardrobe. The size of this bra still amazed her every time she looked at it. She spent a fortune and got it online, from a shop for large-busted women; it was several sizes bigger than bras that actually fit her. She put it on now and imagined the empty space between her chest and the undergarment filled with rounded, heavy breasts, strongly pushing against the lace and bulging above the edge of the fabric. She envisaged a long, sexy cleavage and smooth roundness brushing against her arms with every move. They would really be heavy, very heavy, but she would carry that weight with pride and joy.

She pushed several pairs of rolled-up socks into the bra and attempted to give the whole garment as round a shape as possible. She moved her hands across the bra, imagining her breasts to be really that large. If she had such tits, she might really become attractive and desired. She would have no problem finding a man who would let her caress his manhood all day long.

She allowed her thoughts to flow freely and got totally lost in daydreams. She is entering that store... And everyone is looking at her. Guys can only think how they would love to fuck her, but she is paying attention only to that handsome sales clerk. And one smile of hers is enough to make him leave his work and follow her to her apartment.

Amanda was breathing faster now. She kept moving her hands across her body – this body that in her mind's eye was stunningly attractive. Her fingers slid between her legs and when she touched her clit, she smiled involuntarily and felt a delicious shudder.

Plump lips are passionately kissing the man's ample penis, the tongue moves up and down the hardened shaft and then she takes him deep into her throat, very deep, but she can't fit him all in, he's just too big. The sales clerk thrusts his hips, dazed with excitement, he still can't believe that a girl as attractive as that picked him up. He comes and his cum drizzles out of the corner of her mouth. But she hasn't had enough of him yet and the man's penis hardens again. Amanda slides it between her huge, round breasts, she can feel him against them and she moves up and down, faster and faster. The sales guy can't take it anymore, he keeps groaning louder and louder, his cheeks redden. He comes again, this time staining her cleavage, but she's still unsatisfied and wants to caress his penis until she squeezes all sperm out of it, until nothing is left, and that's why she sits astride him and starts to ride him, feeling his manhood inside her. Her huge breasts keep bouncing up and down. The man is overwhelmed with excitement, he asks her to slow down because she's too attractive for him to bear it even a second longer...

Amanda pushed her fingers deep into her wet pussy, she clasped her hand against her bra and gave out a muffled moan. She was already close, very close, lost in her vision. And that's when the socks fell out of her bra and the ample bust became quite ordinary and small. She was immediately struck by the absurdity of the whole scene and she pulled her fingers out of her wet cunt. She knew she would not be able to come now. She felt acutely, painfully depressed.

Whom was she trying to fool? She could go on imagining that she was some stunning beauty but in reality she let herself go, terribly so, she weighed a couple of pounds too many, she wasn't fit, used the cheapest stuff to do her make-up – she couldn't afford anything else – and she got her nails done for the last time probably when she was still in college. She wanted to stand out and compete with those fashionable girls whose profiles she obsessively followed on Instagram, and that's why she'd dyed her hair pink some time ago – yet, the color didn't come out as nicely as in those photos, and since that time her roots had already started to show. She touched her thin lips and small breasts with some reluctance. The worst thing was that she had no chance for a change. She will never, ever have the body she'd been dreaming of...

"I want you to fuck me hard," she said to the phone, skipping any form of greeting. "I don't want to be alone..."

"I'm busy," Blake replied.

Amanda could hear fast clicking in the background.

"I'm playing," he added after a while.

She hung up without saying goodbye. She got dressed quickly and went to the bus stop to go to Blake's place.

That was exactly her problem; she couldn't control her impulses. When she felt sad, or when she'd had too much to drink, she lost her restraints, went to one of the clubs nearby, told the guys she met there how she loved to give head, how their penises fascinated her and that she'd love to have huge, artificial lips and breasts, and then she slept with just anyone, simply to forget her worries for a little while. And in the morning she woke up, terribly disgusted with herself.



Blake hardly looked up at her when she entered his apartment, he just muttered something under his breath. She slid under his desk, undid his flies and imagined that she was the most desired girl in town and that every guys just dreamt of fucking her. And then she closed her thin lips around Blake's penis.





She was on her way home late in the evening, standing at a bus stop, trying not to think about anything and shivering a little in the cold. She heard some women standing at the bus stop comment on her hairdo. *Why would you do something like that, does she really think it's pretty? Pink hair, and what else?! I'm glad my daughter doesn't get such ideas.* A man was sitting on the bench with a bottle of cheap beer in his hand. There were shouts coming from one of the houses; a family was having a row.

Suddenly, Amanda heard a loud roar of a car engine, music and laughter; a convertible was moving along the street. Inside it she noticed two women and a man. She held her breath because they looked so beautiful: well groomed, happy, carefree. The women wore tight-fitting, obviously expensive clothes, they had ideal hair and nice make-up, their toned figures emphasized by tight skirts, breasts were visible in low-cut tops. One of the women was leaning out of the car and shouting joyfully. Amanda felt slight burning in the corners of her eyes; she wished so much she were in these women's place. But then her bus arrived and obscured the view of the limousine that seemed out of this world.



When she was climbing inside the bus, she heard people around her muttering with displeasure. *Speeding. Must be gold diggers, not decent girls. What were they doing in our district?!* Someone even shook a fist at the limousine as it was driving off, but Amanda also noticed several people who, just like her, followed the car with dreamy, envious eyes, trying to remember every detail of the world in which people could enjoy themselves without a care and ignore the opinions of others.

She felt her phone vibrate and saw Raven's name on the screen. Her college friend, with whom she had gradually fallen out of touch. She couldn't even remember the last time she saw her. Amanda answered the call and when she heard Raven's familiar voice, she smiled at the memory of good, old times when they were both much better groomed and – far away from their home towns – fulfilled their fantasies with no limits, which gave them the reputation of easy lays as soon as in the first weeks on the campus. They didn't mind that at all and knew that every guy was masturbating imagining them both naked. Especially Raven, because she had always been the prettier one. It was then that Amanda discovered her own fascination with giving blowjobs. She loved to open her eyes in the morning next to a newly met student and then waking him up with a long fellatio.

She was curious whether Raven let herself go the same way she did... Raven, in contrast to her, didn't drop out of college. Amanda didn't have the same family support, she run out of funds and had to go to work, and later on her life simply didn't go quite the way she'd planned...

"...it'd be best if we went to Peacock. Do you know where it is?" Raven suggested.

Amanda knew it and hesitated, unsure what to say, as Peacock was a club that she absolutely couldn't afford.

"Maybe..." she started and gulped nervously.

"It's on me!" Raven cut her off casually.

Amanda agreed, excited but also a little unnerved.

She didn't have anything to wear. Truth be told, she wasn't even sure what one is supposed to wear to a club like that. Suddenly, she noticed with renewed strength all the flaws in her looks – hair roots, nails without manicure, amateurish make-up, rather unattractive figure. She even considered phoning Raven and cancelling the meet-up, but the memory of those happy people in a limousine made her decide to go despite everything.

In front of the club she started to wonder nervously if the selectors would let her in. She wasn't sure if Raven was already inside. In the street there were attractive, stylishly dressed people and she could feel she stood out in the crowd. She noticed several women with colorful hair, but much better dyed than hers, there were several girls whose round breasts were pushing against tight tops, and everyone – no matter whether male or female – was well built. What she'd considered extravagant – like her pink hairdo – here wouldn't surprise anyone.

Someone caught her arm and Amanda jumped like a scalded cat and instinctively clutched her purse in a tight grip.

“No one is going to rob you here,” Raven laughed, pointing at the cameras and security guards.

Amanda opened her mouth to say something but no sound came out. First she noticed her friend's well-manicured hand with long, painted nails, then her gaze followed the line of one well-toned, obviously worked-out arm, towards Raven's face. The girl had ideal make-up, such as Amanda seemed never to be able to do by herself. It emphasized the good points of her face and hid its imperfections, causing Raven – always a pretty girl – to look like a real beauty now. Shiny hair was falling onto the girl's shoulders just the way it should, in studied disarray.

Amanda sighed as she'd just then realized how much the rest of her friend's body had changed. Her bust nearly tore apart the tight dress, its neckline revealed two ideal globes that visibly changed the girl's whole figure. For a couple of seconds all Amanda could think of was how big they are, maybe even too big. She had no idea how such huge implants could have been fitted into her friends' once tiny breasts! She saw blue veins on the taut skin and wondered what bra size Raven was wearing now. Possibly, even that bra into which Amanda pushed rolled-up socks a couple of days before would be too small for her. The girl's well developed arms and legs seemed petite against those giant, artificial breasts.



Amanda flushed hotly, suddenly ashamed of the fact that she was staring at her friend's breasts. She felt embarrassed, fascinated and a little jealous. Raven had always been the prettier one, but now the contrast between the two of them was simply hard to bear.

She was let inside probably just because she accompanied Raven. Amanda was amazed by the diverse crowd of beautiful people having unaffected fun, by the casual, friendly atmosphere in which erotic tension was almost palpable. Raven ordered some drinks and asked her:

“So, how’s life?”

Amanda shrugged her shoulders shyly.

For a while they chatted about what had happened over the last years, trying to make up for the years of no contact, but Amanda could see that it was hard for her friend to focus on the conversation. She kept glancing at men around them and unconsciously moving her hands across her body. One could see desire in her eyes, an almost painful yearning, just as if she were a child looking at the window of a sweet shop.

“Do you have someone?” Raven asked.

Finally she seemed genuinely interested in an answer.

“Nobody special. I sleep with him from time to time.”

“And? Is he a good fuck?”

“He’s... all right,” Amanda replied, uneasy about such a direct question.

Raven seemed strangely excited, her skin was flushed, lips slightly parted and nipples hardened.

“All right is not enough,” she said. “Each and every one of us needs to be seriously fucked from time to time, there’s nothing shameful in admitting that! And ever since I got these two beauties,” she paused for a moment and grabbed her own breasts, causing Amanda to exhale rapidly and feel slightly dizzy, “I can simply pick and choose among men. Do you remember when in college I would allow myself to have sex with whomever I fancied? Now it’s much, much better. These men can do things that...” she shook her head and smiled mysteriously at her friend.

“They’re very big,” said Amanda in a changed voice. “I’ve never seen boobs like that...”

“I can show them to you if you like. They’re different to the touch than natural breasts.”

Amanda was torn between fascination and embarrassment, and she was saved from having to answer her friend by two men who just started chatting up to Raven. She took a big swig of her colorful drink and she felt dizzy – she didn’t know if it was a reaction to alcohol or the sight of the taller of two strangers. She has never seen such a handsome man before; he shook her hand and introduced himself as Owen. He offered to buy her a drink.

It was easy to see that both men liked Raven much better and Amanda could understand why, but she was upset anyway. They probably thought they’d make a bad impression if they both ignored her so as to flirt with her friend, and that’s why they divided their roles.

Amanda was drinking too fast and she could hear that her words were slurred, while the voice of common sense in her head was becoming silenced by the music and drinks. With every passing second her resentment and jealousy were increasingly replaced by pleasure, she was happily succumbing to the atmosphere of the club, listening to the voice of the newly met good-looker and forgetting that she was not a part of that world.

Raven and that other guy, Hudson, were already kissing passionately, while Owen talked to Amanda. She was surprised that she was getting on so well with him; they were skimming through various topics easily and smoothly. Owen was tactful and funny, and though he made no move to suggest that he was interested in something more than a friendly conversation (which Amanda thought understandable, yet, at the same time, disappointing, especially at the sight of the couple next to them who were enjoying increasingly more intimate caresses), she had to admit that she was having a great time.

She found herself imagining Owen naked and fantasizing about his stiff cock – surely, it'd be big and hard. She saw herself kneeling in front of him, moving her head forward and back, wrapping her lips around his hardened manhood. She felt more and more horny and found it increasingly difficult to follow the conversation. Raven and Hudson were nowhere to be seen and she tried to hide how drunk and excited she was.

“...Passion, I don't know if you've heard about it,” he said and paused, clearly waiting for an answer.

“Excuse me?” she pretended not to have heard his words.

“A drug that your friend used today,” he explained. “It becomes very popular now as its effects are really pleasurable.” He smiled. “Let's say that you get turned on by... Well, what turns you on?”

Amanda was speechless, she gulped uneasily.

“This is a very private question,” she replied, blushing.

“For instance, I like girls who aren't afraid to modify their looks and improve their bodies to perfection. Enlarged lips, breast implants... Do you like that, too?”

“Yes,” said Amanda. It seemed to her that words escape her mouth almost against her will. “I'd love to change into a girl like that myself.”

“When you take Passion these desires will increase greatly, the very thought about them will be highly exciting. Sex after that substance doesn't compare to anything else. Would you like to try?”

After a moment's hesitation Amanda nodded her head and Owen stuck a small plaster with the drug onto her skin.

At first she felt nothing. Several seconds later she realized that the world around her seemed somehow more intense, and she could think of nothing but sex. She imagined Owen's stiff penis in her mouth, she fantasized that she was an attractive girl, just like Raven and that no one could resist her.

The rest of the evening she remembered only vaguely, as a series of blurred, chaotically overlapping scenes. She didn't know how it happened that she was suddenly telling Owen all her erotic fantasies that she'd never openly confessed to anyone yet.

"I love to give blowjobs, penises are really a fetish of mine, especially big ones," she was saying and it seemed to her that there was nothing improper in talking about this subject. "I'd like to change my looks, that'd give me more self-confidence. I dream of huge, artificial breasts and plump lips."



“How big would you like to be?” asked Owen, his eyes shiny with desire.

It always seemed to Amanda that she would like her implants big, but not gigantic; excess and going to extremes was sexy in erotic fantasies but unacceptable in real life. She thought the same about lips. She saw how much controversy surrounded girls who improved their looks, the Internet was full of comments about how plastic and unnatural they looked, that they'd gone much too far. Her pink hair was enough to draw attention and she preferred not to think what comments she'd attract if her lips became much bigger and her tits giant.

It all seemed irrelevant now, though.

“I'd like to be very big,” she admitted, shocked by her own words. “Very, very big. I'd like my whole face to change because of such large lips, I'd like my breasts filled with huge implants.”

Then they talked about how one can achieve such a huge size and what doctors do the procedures. The man was increasingly turned on and it seemed to Amanda that he was looking around for Raven. He was telling her what he'd heard about XXL breast implants and what a procedure like that entails. Amanda discovered that all the inconveniences, such as the weight and problems with getting well-fitting clothes only excited her more.

She knew she'd had too much to drink. She couldn't remember exactly how it happened that she found herself in a VIP room that Raven had already gone to, or how it came about that she offered to give Owen the best fellatio in his life. Later on she was kneeling in front of him and licking his dick, ideally hard and very large. Then she gave blowjobs to other men while Owen caressed Raven's naked, round breasts, and Amanda was suddenly overcome by a wave of envy and desire that seemed hard to control. She couldn't take her eyes off them and she'd give anything to be in her friend's place.



She woke up in the afternoon with a splitting headache and dryness in her mouth. She couldn't recognize the house she was in, which scared her. With whom she'd spent that night?

And then she heard Raven's voice from another part of the house:

"How are you?"

Her friend stood in the doorway and looked at her with concern.

"Dreadful," said Amanda truthfully. "I'm sorry, I feel so embarrassed... I lost control and acted like a slut, normally I don't..."

Raven raised her hand and interrupted her friend.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, you took some Passion and had some fun."

Amanda sighed and looked at her friend gratefully.

"I'd like to look like you," she confessed.

"In that case, try to achieve that."

Amanda burst out laughing, because Raven was talking about it so casually and with such nonchalance as if this goal was possible, or even easy to reach, as if it was enough to simply try. Amanda hadn't even thought that she actually could look as stunning as Raven, look like her in real life, all she allowed herself was to fantasize about it. She was always uglier than her friend and now the difference between them was only more visible, as Amanda was so out of shape, while Raven improved her appearance.

“I won’t be able to do that.”

“Why?”

Amanda started to enumerate all the reasons why she would never become as sexy as Raven.

“You can’t do it? Or are you afraid to?”

“What would I be afraid of?”

“Well, being a bimbo requires a lot of courage. Look how people criticize your appearance! You don’t do your make-up – you’re ugly and you have bad complexion, you cover all of that with fluid – you put too much stuff onto your face. Platinum blondes are stupid, redheads are mean. You have small breasts – you’re as flat as a plank, you do a boobjob and it turns out you’re artificial and trying to cheat nature. You wear a push-up – you are a con. You do your make-up, eyebrows and eyelashes – again, you lie to the world.”

“You boost up your photo on Instagram” she continued, “you cheat. Where does this come from, all this aspiration to truth in people who are too hypocritical to even admit that they simply envy you? And really, it has nothing to do with how you look. It’s to make you not to stand out from the crowd and in exchange for that you’ll have a quiet, boring life” said Raven, her cheeks flushed with emotion.

“Quiet and safe.” Amanda shrugged her shoulders. “If I’m a nice girl but if I don’t make it, everybody...”

“Everybody will just feel sorry for you.”

“That’s the point!”

“They’ll feel sorry for you and that’s it.” Raven sneered. “If you rebel, you might at least make them happy about your failure. But whatever you do, it’s not “everybody” but your true friends that you’ll be able to count on. I’m offering you a red pill, my dear. No one cares what you want! They only want to be able to tell you how you should feel! Beauty is the power people are afraid of. Most of women, and you belong to that category, have such an enormous potential for beauty and desirability. If you want to, you can let it be seen! It won’t be easy to change, there’s a lot of work waiting for you, but when you succeed, you’ll feel the power you’ve never felt before! And here, in Glitter Town, people can appreciate it. And you know what?” her friend finished with a determined look on her face. “I’ll help you achieve all of that!”

Later on she suggested for Amanda to move in with her and assured her that she would help her find a new, better job.





Life became beautiful. Amanda moved from her small apartment in a run-down district to Raven's place. Every day she walked the streets looking at the windows of luxurious boutiques and smiled at people. Although she had only spent a couple of weeks there so far, she already felt at home in these surroundings.

Raven found her a job in a club owned by her friend and Amanda spent her evenings behind the bar, observing well-dressed, beautiful people enjoying themselves, flirting and dancing. She felt as if she landed in a completely different world, where style and originality was appreciated and not condemned. Here, it was allowed to stand out, and self-expression was treated as something positive.

Raven treated her to an instant makeover, after which Amanda looked like a completely different person. A new hairdo and professional makeup emphasized her features and she could hardly recognize herself in the mirror. She went to the gym regularly and started dieting, which made her figure change for the better with every passing day. Still, she was far from her own ideal, but at least she was on her way to get there. She took care of her nails and complexion, she bought new outfits and was finally beginning to feel well in her own skin.

She had an impression that she was born anew, and her name was the only thing left after that previous life. Every time it was used it brought painful recollections of the past she'd rather forget. In college, her friends sometimes jokingly called her Destiny, she couldn't even remember why. That was the name she gave to Owen, as if she could erase the times when she was a shabby, frustrated little mouse just by hiding her old name.

She asked Raven to call her Destiny from then on, and her friend agreed without asking unnecessary questions, understanding very well where such a need came from.

Amanda became Destiny, a completely new girl.

It gave her pleasure to hear people pronounce the name she chose. She had to learn to react to it, just as she had to get accustomed to her increasingly improved image in the mirror. She liked to introduce herself as Destiny and she liked that the newly met people had no idea what she had looked like just a couple of months before.



"I've nothing left," Raven moaned, going through the contents of the medical cabinet in the bathroom.

Destiny knew what she had in mind. Passion.

"You could go to Dorian and bring me a stash, I'm too busy today and in the evening I'm going on a date, and..."

"No problem," said Destiny.

Dorian was formally her boss, the club in which she worked belonged to him, but she'd never met him. He was said to be very rich, he owned a couple of clinics, beauty salons and even a newspaper, and as if it was not enough, he worked as a surgeon and Destiny was a little nervous before that meeting. Unnecessarily, as it turned out, because Dorian was extremely friendly and outgoing, he asked her how she enjoyed the job in his club, and she told him how her life changed when she moved to that part of the city."

"Everything looks different here," she said excitedly. "I feel as if I could become who I really want to, and this is all due to a coincidence, thanks to Passion given to me by a guy I met at a club. And, of course, thanks to Raven, as without her I wouldn't stand a chance.

"Raven is a great girl," Dorian replied. "And Passion emphasizes our most secret fantasies, it brings them to the surface and amplifies them. It helps us see what we really desire but are often too ashamed to admit even to ourselves, so it's not surprising it changed your life."

For some reason Destiny was deeply convinced that her life changed thanks to Owen, although the man didn't really do anything for her. She felt guilty towards Raven, who supported her in all ways, and maybe that was the reason why she never mentioned that man. She tried to persuade herself that it was only the influence of Passion, but she knew it wasn't true. She kept telling herself that there would come a day when she would get the courage to find him, though she wasn't sure a man like that would like to waste his time on a little mouse like herself, when there were so many attractive women around.



Dorian told her more about his clinics and salons that he was running, and she listened to him with increasing fascination.

“I feel it is my mission to make women feel beautiful because it makes the world a better place,” he said.

“I noticed that here all people seem happier. Women deserve to feel well about themselves, to look the way they want. Life is too short to compromise about such things.”

“Well said! If you want to, I’ll be happy to give you a tour of my salons and you’ll tell me later how you liked our services.”

Dorian gave her a few sachets of Passion, and then hesitated for a moment, and added another one.

“This one is for you,” he said. “Shall we take it together?”

Destiny didn’t know what to do.

“I don’t want to lose control again,” she whispered.

“Why? There’s nothing to be ashamed of, we all have our fantasies,” he said and applied the small plaster to his skin with a content smile.”

Destiny felt she had no other option but to do the same.

After a couple of minutes she experienced a wave of excitement and started to fantasize about undoing Dorian’s flies, taking his member into her mouth, and caressing it for a very long time, slowing down when he’d be on the verge of orgasm and prolonging his pleasure forever.

“You deserve to be beautiful,” said Dorian. “If you come to my clinic, I could suggest some procedures that would make your body perfect. Our approach is based on fulfilling every request, no matter how eccentric.

Destiny had problems comprehending the man’s words because all she could focus on was her frantic thoughts and ever more daring fantasies.

“You have thin lips and no make-up will give a good enough result,” said Dorian, moving a finger across her mouth. “They could be easily enlarged, it’s a simple and safe procedure. If you want to fill them to a larger size, so that they might get really plump, we can do that for you.”

Destiny moaned and dropped on her knees. Nervously, she started to undo Dorian's flies. For a couple of seconds the man kept silent, but later, when she licked him with her hot tongue, he gave out a long groan and started to mumble something not quite comprehensible.

Destiny imagined her lips to be huge, full and soft, just the way Dorian described them. She was moving her head faster and faster, until his penis reached the base of her throat. She gave out a muffled sigh. That was what she needed, a hard penis that she could caress to her heart's content.

"Your breasts also require improvement, they should be much bigger, can you imagine how sexy you might become? You could rival Raven, or even surpass her, you could have breasts that wouldn't fit into any top, that would turn heads of all men."

The girl reached between her legs and started to masturbate, listening to his voice. She was getting excited with every word of his, and when he was speaking so casually about the changes that might be introduced to her body – exciting, sexy improvements – Destiny for the first time felt that she might actually be able to carry them out.

She imagined gigantic breasts weighing her down and lips so huge that they would make eating difficult. And then she came, rubbing her clit and moaning.

She could feel the effects of Passion – her body was tired after that orgasm, yet it wanted more. She pushed her fingers between her labia, never stopping to caress Dorian. The drug caused him to be able to last out for a long time despite mounting pleasure, and Destiny was happy to give him that prolonged, very exciting fellatio.

She had no idea how much time had passed until they both finally lost their strength, satisfied and exhausted, still thinking of fantasies that the drug unleashed.

Before & After





Over the next few months Destiny was quickly settling into her new surroundings, meeting new people and making friends with them. She hadn't even realized that it was possible to live that way and she felt that did not want to ever return to the district she'd left. When she had to go back there to settle some last arrangements related to the apartment she used to rent there, she was struck by how uncomfortable that place made her feel. People were looking at her with dislike, as if there was something wrong with her appearance, though at her new place she was considered average-looking. Suddenly she realized that her short skirt, precisely styled hair and sexy stilettos here are considered extravagant; threatening and definitely unwanted. She returned to the area of Raven's apartment with great relief. Here, her looks caused no sensation and only now she started to feel at ease again.

She was telling Raven all about it and her friend, sitting on the bar stool across her, kept nodding her head with understanding. It was early afternoon and at that time the club was almost empty, which was why the two friends could chat as much as they wanted without any interruption.

As usual, Destiny admired her friend's stylish, impeccable appearance and promised herself that someday she'd be equally well-groomed. She was working on it but she felt that she was still far from the ideal. She thought of Owen and wondered if he would pay attention to her if she tried harder. Sometimes she saw him in the club, from time to time he even smiled at her and exchanged a couple of words with her, but he never looked at her with admiration and longing, the way he eyed other girls up and down. She opened her lips to confide in Raven, but just then a girl entered the club. It was impossible not to notice her.

She had thick, wavy hair – it must have been a taxing job to style such hair – and impractically long, perfect tips, but it was her big breasts and buttocks that really made people stare. When she came nearer, fascinated Destiny noticed how plump her lips and how excessive her make-up were. She looked like a doll and her figure seemed out of this world, too sexy to be real. Destiny was speechless and for a while she just gaped at the girl.

“Candy!” Raven greeted the newcomer.

“You know each other?” Destiny asked.

A while later it became obvious that it was so, as Candy kissed Raven on the cheek. Destiny introduced herself and shook the girl’s hand. She could feel how warm her skin was and the girl’s sweet perfume made her dizzy. At a close distance her breasts seemed even larger, and her make-up even more dramatic.

Candy sat on a bar stool but she couldn’t stop fidgeting – she kept playing with her hair, licking her lips and looking around as if she was expecting someone.



“My daddy is at work today and I’m so horny,” she complained.

Destiny opened her mouth slightly, shocked at such an open confession.

“Daddy?” Destiny repeated. What was that girl talking about?

“Sugar daddy.” Raven explained. “Mitch Costner, the owner of Mitch Entertainment. You must have seen him here a couple of times.”

Candy slipped a finger into her mouth and started sucking on it, and Destiny experienced a sudden wave of desire. All about that girl was so direct and open, and all had an erotic context – her looks, her pink tight clothes, her girlish, sexy voice, the gesture with which she swiped her hair back, all of that seemed to scream: *fuck me!*

“Candy, have you taken Passion again?” asked Raven in a stern voice.

Candy blushed and smiled like a child caught doing something naughty.

“Yeah,” she moaned. “I couldn’t stop myself.”

Raven rolled her eyes and explained to Destiny:

“Candy takes too much Passion, she sticks on her plasters without planning how she’s going to satisfy her desire later, and when her boyfriend is not nearby to take care of that, she frequents bars and looks for random sex. Your sugar daddy’s not going to like that,” she addressed Candy now.



"I know but recently he's worked so much and I need a lot of sex, I go nuts without it," explained the girl. "This body needs serious fucking." She squeezed her breasts between her hands and her lips formed a perfect O. "I wanted to keep myself busy, so I went to a beautician and to have my nails done. Later I went to a lingerie shop and bought myself a couple of sexy sets, but when I was trying them on I got so excited and I so much wanted another dose of Passion that..." She spread her hands in a helpless gesture and shrugged her shoulders.

Destiny couldn't stop staring at her cleavage. Involuntarily, she started to imagine taking off the girl's clothes and touching her round, ideal breasts, sucking her nipples and caressing her giant bust.

"I don't like it that my daddy spends so much time at work," Candy went on complaining. "I did all of that for him," she indicated her body. "He wanted me to transform into a living doll, into an ideal sex partner, and it so happened, but now I keep being horny and I need him more than ever. I'd like him to be with me at home all day and make me come time after time," she said in a dreamy voice and her eyes became glassy and distant. "I feel so lonely... Is Rickie at work today? He could satisfy me, he knows how to do that, he's already helped me out several times!" Candy was getting enthusiastic about her last idea.

“He’s here,” Destiny confirmed. “Shall I get him for you?”

“Your boyfriend is not going to like it, he hates it when you wander around the town alone,” Raven objected. “You should go back home and wait for him, I’m sure in the evening he’ll give you all you need.”

“I can’t wait that long!” Candy was getting irritated.

At the sound of her voice Ricky, one of the security guards, came over from the other room and smiled broadly when he saw Candy.

“Are you horny again, doll?” he asked.

“Please, Rickie, let’s go to the VIP room, I’m sure it’s empty now, you’ll be able to fuck me really well and maybe I’ll be able to hold on until my daddy comes back home.”

Several minutes later the four of them were already in the VIP room.

“What are you waiting for? Stick out your ass,” ordered Rickie.

Candy eagerly fell onto her knees and stuck her bottom towards the man. Destiny noticed that the girl’s pussy was already swollen and wet, and after a while the air was filled with the scent of her excitement.



Rickie unceremoniously stuck three of his fingers into the girl's pink hole and Candy cried out in delight, closed her eyes and started asking for more. Destiny watched with increasing fascination as Candy was moving her hips, her cheeks getting redder and a smile of genuine delight appearing on her face.

"She needs to be satisfied, otherwise she'll be suffering and pestering everyone around with her blabbering," Rickie explained.

He wanted to add something else, but he was interrupted by Candy's animal-like moan. The girl arched her back, grabbed one of her huge breasts and came loudly.

Destiny sighed deeply, shocked by how quickly Candy reached her orgasm. Not even a full minute had passed before she reached the peak! Certain that it was all over, she rose to go back to work, but Rickie gave Candy another order and the girl obediently lay down on her back and spread her legs widely. The huge breasts moved slightly to the sides and Destiny could see that her pink pussy glistened with juices.

Rickie started rubbing the girl's clit with his fingers. Once more, rhythmic moans and quick, panting breaths began.

"You like it just so, don't you?" he spoke to Candy.

"Yes, daddy! Fuck me, daddy!" Candy moaned, lost in her own fantasies.

Destiny covered her mouth with her hand, shocked by the sight.

"Are you surprised by this?" Raven asked. "Candy is addicted to Passion. Because of it she is constantly turned on, and Rickie knows exactly how to satisfy her."

At that very moment Candy cried out again, rolled her eyes and started mumbling incoherently.

Destiny didn't realize it was possible to come so easily and so intensely. Candy looked as if she was experiencing ecstasy so deep that it almost too hard to bear. She was sweaty and her face was flushed, she kept moaning loudly, touching her breasts and asking for more.

Rickie told her to change position one more time.

"Do you want her to come again?!" Destiny was astonished. "But it's not possible for her to..."

“Candy can come multiple times in a row, she’s always been like that, but after Passion it’s really difficult to satisfy her” Rickie explained.

Candy moaned from time to time and caressed her whole body with shaky hands. She didn’t stop moving and it seemed that every cell of her body demanded more ecstasy.

“They’re so big, so huge, and all of that for my daddy,” she sighed, caressing her bust. “For him I’m changing onto a sexy doll, I’m getting prettier and prettier, and everyone admires me. I can’t wait until my daddy comes back home from work and fucks me all night...”

Destiny raised an eyebrow and opened her mouth in amazement, but no one apart from herself seemed surprised.

“When she’s excited she starts talking about what an exciting bimbo she is,” Raven told her.

“And they’ll be even bigger once we pump them as much as they can take,” the girl was moaning. “I’ll be the sexiest fuckdoll in town and my daddy will be so proud of me.”

Later on her words became incomprehensible again as another extremely strong orgasm started. Rickie’s hands were now completely wet and the air smelled of Candy’s excitement.

“Passion made her very stupid,” Rickie commented. “She thinks only about sex, she has no energy left for anything else.”

Destiny knew that she should be getting back to work. With huge effort she tore her gaze away from the girl and left the VIP room. She knew she wouldn't be able to forget what she saw in that room anytime soon. She felt she would like to pleasure Candy herself, caress her perfect body and play with her gigantic breasts. She knew that scene would accompany her in her erotic fantasies for a long time to come.

Candy didn't emerge from the VIP room until late afternoon, when there were many more people in the club. She was tired but visibly more relaxed, and she had a broad smile on her face.

Out of the corner of her eye Destiny noticed Owen enter the club and she held her breath for a moment. She hoped he would come up and exchange at least a couple of words with her. As usual, when she saw him she remembered that evening when she met him and took Passion for the first time. She felt a pleasant quiver when she recollected what it felt like to suck his hard manhood. Subconsciously she licked her lips and kept observing the man with shiny eyes.

She was still in college when she discovered how much men's penises excited her, it was a true fetish. She loved it when they were big and hard, she delighted in taking them into her mouth and nothing else was able to give her quite the same satisfaction. She dreamed of being able to spend every morning sucking Owen's dick and caressing it until he got his satisfaction.

Unfortunately, he didn't even look at her, as his whole attention focused on Candy, tired after her marathon of intense orgasms. The man looked appraisingly at her sexy body, stopping to admire her full lips, huge breasts and rounded buttocks.

Destiny looked away, sighed and went back to work.

Owen actually didn't think about Destiny at all, she was just one more newly met girl with whom he'd had some fun one evening. His fantasies revolved around Candy and her perfect body. True, she had nothing interesting to say, but it was enough for him to watch her fantastic figure. Raven, Destiny's friend, was also very cute and Owen sometimes came to the club just to have a look at her.

That was why when Destiny called him, for a couple of seconds he had no idea who he was talking to. He didn't save her number on his mobile and the girl had to explain that she worked the bar at the club. Only then he remembered who she was. She suggested a meeting and at first Owen was tempted to decline, giving some excuse, as he wouldn't want the girl to build any illusory hopes. Her interest flattered him, but he knew that Destiny and him could only become friends – they had had a very nice conversation but that sex after Passion was just a one-time pleasure. Yet, he had to admit that it was rare to meet a girls who would be so good at giving a blowjob.

He didn't know why he had finally agreed to meet her. He decided he'd let her know he was not interested in anything more than friendly relations. They would have a nice chat and that'd be all.

PEACOCK



Before & After



On the day they were supposed to meet, Owen remembered about their date at the last minute. He run into the café panting and a quarter of an hour late. Destiny was already sitting at a table and drinking wine, checking something on her mobile with an impatient look.

When Owen saw her, all his resolutions became invalid and he felt sorry he didn't put on some better clothes, didn't decide to take her to a finer place. Suddenly he felt very stupid for being late. Destiny seemed – unexpectedly – very desirable; in an instant she transformed from a girl who might be, at best, a good friend, into an object of desire.

Owen knew very well that he had a soft spot for large breasts but it was something he had no control over – he wasn't even sure he'd like to. And just then it had no significance, all that mattered was that Destiny's bust very appetizingly filled her tight top.



The girl felt that he was looking at her and looked up from her phone. When she recognized him, she smiled broadly and in her eyes there was something Owen hadn't seen there before – budding self-assurance and awareness of her own attractiveness.

Owen thought for a moment that she changed so much for him, but he decided it was nonsense, after all they hardly knew each other! He dismissed the thought as idiotic and egocentric.

He mumbled an apology and offered to buy her a drink. He enquired about her work, asked if she liked it and if she started to feel at home at her new place. He tried not to become distracted by her full figure but he kept thinking about it and every now and then glanced at her cleavage.

Destiny noticed that at once and felt extremely attractive. She hadn't expected that breast enlargement and a nose job would have such an effect! The procedures were enough to transform from well-groomed but still average girl into a sexy doll that turns men's heads in the street. She wasn't used to that and every time someone flirted with her spontaneously or looked at her with desire, she felt a surge of pride and self-assurance.

She could see Owen was looking at her completely differently than just a couple of weeks earlier. Now he was attempting to draw her attention, nervous and on edge, kept combing his hair with his hand. She reveled in the interest he demonstrated. She was sure that had he known earlier what she looked like now, he wouldn't have been even a minute late.

"You've changed," he remarked, touching the subject of her implants for the first time.

By way of an answer Destiny smiled broadly.

"I *have* changed a lot, I'm all the time surprised how much! At first I wanted my implants to be smaller but then I decided to fulfill my fantasies and chose a really big size. How do you like them?" she asked though she knew the answer.

"They're very sexy," he said in a low, slightly hoarse voice.

"Do you realize how nice it feels when suddenly you're no longer an average girl and you become a unique object of desire? Thanks to these breasts I became very, very attractive for many men. I think it's easy to become addicted to that feeling..."

"Are you already addicted?" he asked. "I mean, would you want them to be... even bigger?"

Destiny raised an eyebrow and gave him a wink.

"I don't know, maybe... But I think I should be very careful and think things over seriously before I decide to have another procedure, because what happens if I get seriously addicted, the way Candy is addicted to Passion? Doesn't it seem dangerous to you? I wouldn't be able not to have more operations, and my breasts would ultimately become really giant. We wouldn't want that, would we?"

Destiny observed with satisfaction the effect her words had on Owen. In truth, she wasn't considering new procedures at all, she knew it would be too much, but she liked to see how excited he was listening to her talking about it.



A little while later Owen started suggesting that they could move to a quieter place. Destiny couldn't believe her ears.

"You like them that much?"

"What do you mean?" Owen seemed surprised.

"A couple of weeks ago you hardly noticed me at all, you stared only at other girls, at Candy and Raven, and now, suddenly, you are so vividly interested in me..."

"It's not like that!" he replied in a piqued tone. "You present it in a wrong light."

"There's nothing wrong in it, I'm simply interested. Everyone has their own fantasies and fetishes, me too," she said. "I was simply surprised that it turns you on so much."

Owen hesitated for a moment, as if judging whether she was being honest.

"Yes, I like them very much and I admit that now I see you differently," he sighed.

"This is very exciting," said Destiny with a twinkle in her eye.

"Really?"

"Oh, yes... Does it mean that even when the girl is irritating or her personality does not appeal to you at all, she will still seem attractive to you as long as she has huge breasts?"

Owen nodded his head hesitantly. He didn't like where this conversation was going.



"I would like it so much to go home with you now and give you the best fellatio of your life," whispered Destiny leaning over the table in such a way that he could clearly see her cleavage. He felt another wave of desire.

She started taking off his pants as soon as they entered the apartment. She was glad to see that he was already hard and ready for her to take him into her mouth. She thought one more time that her lips ought to be much plumper.

Destiny squeezed her breasts with her hands, sighed and looked Owen straight in the eye. Not taking her gaze away, she licked the tip of his cock and then took all of it into her mouth.



She wanted this to last as long as possible and that's why, when she felt he was getting close to a climax, she was slowing down or taking a break and touching her enormous breasts. Owen looked at her with fascination. He couldn't tear his gaze away from her new figure. Finally, he started asking her to let him come.

"Not so fast," she whispered. "I want to enjoy you some more."

She kept moving her tongue delicately along his dick, all the time keeping Owen on the brink of an orgasm.

"And now I want to feel you inside," she said, lay down in front of him and spread apart her legs.

When Owen's chest touched her round breasts, he moaned lengthily; her hardened nipples were brushing against his skin, her pussy was hot and wet, and it was difficult for him to bear the increasing tension.

Destiny was moving her hips to feel him as deep inside her as possible. She enjoyed that moment, every bit of the pleasure and her own attractiveness. Right at that second her fantasies were becoming reality.

She felt the pleasure mount within her with increased intensity, she started moving faster, gripped Owen's buttocks with her fingers and, crying out, gave in to ecstasy. As if from afar, she heard the man's moans, his sighs and words whispered to her ear.

Before & After



Over the next couple of days Destiny was happy and a little absentminded, as she kept remembering that wonderful evening she'd spent with Owen. That's why she was looking forward to a meeting with Raven, who invited her to a party on Friday evening. The only thing that bothered her was the presence of Candy, whom she was still jealous about. The girl excited her and Destiny admired her ample curves, extravagant outfits and general enthusiasm, but she didn't like the fact that Owen paid so much attention to her.

She kept reassuring herself that there was nothing to worry about, because Owen liked her much more, conversation with her gave him great pleasure and, besides, she had a beautiful body, too plus skills that Candy surely didn't possess.

Unfortunately, as soon as she saw Candy she understood how wrong she was. The girl smiled at her radiantly through the lips that were even fuller than before and waved, which caused her giant breasts to sway. Those breasts were larger than ever, much larger than her own. When Candy turned around, Destiny noticed that her buttocks were also fuller now. Everyone around them looked at the girl admiringly, gaping a little, and caressed her with lustful stares.

“Can you see?,” she chirped, seizing her tits and then her buttocks with her hands. “My daddy enlarged my tits, ass and lips, and now they’re really, really huge! I’m more sexy like that, aren’t I? It’s so exciting. I keep feeling like sex all the time, but because of the procedures I couldn’t take Passion, do you have a plaster to spare?” she asked imploringly.

“These breasts are really huge,” said Raven. “Don’t they feel heavy?”

“Oh, yes, very much so. That’s why I need to exercise a lot. I like riding the bike best, because it gives me that funny, tingling sensation in my pussy, which is very pleasant ,” she chuckled. “Do you have Passion? I can finally take it, I missed that feeling so much. I’ll go to the floor to dance and pick up some guys.”



“Your boyfriend won’t be jealous?” asked Destiny.

“Oh, no. He just doesn’t like it when I leave not telling him where I’m going, or when I’m completely alone, because then I might do something dangerous. As long as I go to clubs he knows and spend time among friends, it’s no problem. I can fuck whom I want. For my daddy I’m a sex doll; he knows I need it and he doesn’t mind sharing me with others.”

Raven gave Candy a plaster of Passion, and the girl immediately stuck it on and smiled blissfully. After a while she went to the dance floor, to flirt and tempt guys with her sexy body.

Destiny looked around the club, making sure Owen was not there. She knew for sure that he would admire Candy’s new figure as soon as he met her at a party, and he would be delighted with these curves. Her own breasts, enlarged to a very big size, wouldn’t impress him just the same. Destiny resignedly took a sip of her drink and felt pleasantly dizzy.

“I met a couple of basketball players,” Candy squealed, running up to the girls.

She was panting heavily, her face was flushed and covered with a film of sweat, and Destiny wondered if it was the result of having to carry around those several additional pounds that her new breasts must weigh, dancing, excitement or maybe the drug.

She had no idea how heavy Candy’s breasts might be, but suddenly she imagined the girl stepping on the scales to weigh herself, and Owen looking at her admiringly. *Oh, I really weigh 136 pounds, Candy giggled in her imagination. But that’s eight more than before, my tits and buttocks are now really heavy, would you like to touch them? You can fuck me if you feel like it, my daddy won’t mind.*



Destiny was trying to push those thoughts aside when she heard the words of the real Candy, who was standing right in front of her:

“They’re so handsome, so well built and on top of that – funny and clever.”

The girl’s nipples stuck out under her blouse, and she kept touching herself involuntarily – stroking that enormous bust, moving her hands across her buttocks, swiping her hair aside. Time after time she licked her full lips, and her eyes were shiny with desire.

“They said they’d be in the VIP room. Do you want to go with me?”

Raven smiled at her and said a little disdainfully that maybe later.

Candy ran to the VIP room and Destiny managed to notice wetness on the inside of her thighs. In her head, there was a new vision of Candy with Owen: he takes a measuring tape and checks her bust size with it, staring lustfully. *They're so big that this measuring tape is too short*, she laughs. *I've never touched such a gigantic bust*, he says, and then moves his finger across her plump lips and kisses her lengthily and passionately.

Later on Destiny and Raven observed that more and more men were going into the VIP room, they even noticed someone quite obviously being given instructions on the phone how to find the place.

“Let’s see what’s going on there, Candy shouldn’t be alone for so long” Raven decided.

Candy wasn’t alone. For several seconds Destiny was watching the scene which unfolded in front of her eyes. She blinked a couple of times, as if she couldn’t believe that it was really happening.

Candy was having sex with three men at once, and the next four were waiting for their turn, watching the whole scene. Destiny didn't think something like that could even happen. She admired the energy Candy obviously had to have to be able to handle to many partners. As if hypnotized, she stared at the girl's bouncing breasts and buttocks spreading slightly with her every move. She felt a sudden surge of desire, and her whole body shuddered. Candy was so perverse and so shameless, she spoke of her fantasies so easily and fulfilled every whim of hers – it was simply impossible to remain indifferent to her.



Destiny had a sudden wish to follow the same path as Candy, not to limit herself and put into practice everything she might feel like, she imagined her breasts much, much bigger, so big that they'd obscure her view when she tried to look down, that they'd tear apart her tops, weigh her down to the ground. She fantasized that her lips were enlarging, becoming so big that it'd be difficult to speak or to eat.

She sighed because she knew it would be decidedly too much for her, that she couldn't afford to mindlessly fulfill every wish she had, because later on she would have to bear in real life the consequences of her decisions, and she didn't feel ready for that.

"I'm a fuckdoll, I was made to be fucked!" Candy was shouting ecstatically.

She moved her hips frantically and kept rolling her eyes. Passion exposed and reinforced her most perverse fantasies.

"That's it, use me as your toy, use all of my holes! I must be fucked all the time, oh yes!"

One of the men climaxed and splashed his semen all over her breasts. Another one replaced him at once.

Destiny and Raven sat on a couch and watched Candy have sex with more and more men, change her position, satisfy them with her hands and her lips. It was visible how much everyone liked her new curves, all the time someone was touching them, stroking, squeezing. Destiny held her breath when Candy put one man's dick between her breasts and moved them energetically, while another man was caressing her huge buttocks. In spite of herself Destiny imagined Candy giving her cunnilingus with those plump, sexy lips. She sighed softly.

She would love to join the orgy, go crazy and allow several men at once to caress her body, but she didn't want to cheat on Owen. They met a couple of times already and she felt she'd like them to become a serious item, and because she expected fidelity from him, she had to restrain herself, too.

Candy moaned again and had another strong orgasm. Destiny would love to experience that, to learn what it was like to come so many times in a row and become completely lost in ecstasy.

She had no idea how long it lasted but at the end, when Candy was already losing strength, she was on the verge of orgasm herself, wet and excited. Raven also had pink cheeks and one could see her nipples harden under her top.

Finally, Candy weakened, several times she fell onto the ground panting heavily, but she kept getting up again, ready for a next round. The girl's movements were slowing down, her moans getting softer, but she still seemed determined to reach another orgasm, and then another one, until she'd lose all of her strength.

Raven asked the men to leave the VIP room and handed Candy a glass of water. The girl was dazed and tired, she mumbled that she'd just had the best time of her life, that it was the best sex she'd ever experienced.

"You always say right after sex that it was the best one you've ever had!" Raven sighed and rolled her eyes.

"But this was really the best! I'm sure it was because of my new, huge breasts and that ass," she stroke her own buttocks. "If I hadn't changed so much, I wouldn't have had such great sex!"

"Candy, you don't make any sense," said Raven.

"I feel wonderful, I've never ever felt better, I just wish it didn't have to end so fast," Candy moaned.

"So fast?!" Destiny was surprised. "But..."

"If I was only more fit," Candy murmured and then tried to get up, but she didn't have enough strength.



“You’re heavier than before, those tits and ass must weigh a lot, and you’re so slim! It’s no wonder that after an effort like that you have no energy to get up. You know, Candy, you have absolutely no restraints and when nobody guards you, you’re able to end up in a state like this!” Raven scolded her.

“It was so great...” moaned Candy in reply.

In fact, she really had no strength and couldn’t get up without help. Destiny and Raven had to assist her when she rose to her feet and then they took her home in a taxi. At the door her sugar daddy was already waiting for her.

Before & After





Destiny felt bored, she had nothing to do that day. Owen wasn't at home, and her friends had no time to hang out. She bit her lip and one more time felt surprised that her lips were so big – she enlarged them a couple of weeks before, fulfilling one of her fantasies. The procedure made her look much more sexy and giving a blowjob to Owen was now decidedly more exciting. She didn't have to imagine that she was a well-groomed, attractive woman, because her dream became reality. She saw how much Owen liked her new lips and often, as if unknowingly, she moved the tip of her tongue across them, observing how her boyfriend reacted to that.

She met him more often now, stayed over at his place whenever possible, to enjoy the closeness of his hard manhood and give him long, exciting fellatio. She liked it best to wake him up with delicate caresses, to savor his surprise, when – half asleep – he discovered that he felt so great because Destiny was closing her full lips on his penis. She wondered whether his dreams were as full of sexual fantasies as her own and what he liked better: the reality or his imagination. He smiled delightedly, put his hands behind his head and allowed her to take him to the top. His perfect cock excited her, she loved to have it in her mouth and usually she reached an orgasm, too; only after that morning sex, satiated and relaxed, she allowed him to get up. Sometimes she wondered if this constant attention directed at his penis wouldn't become a burden for Owen. She had been in relationships in which men in the beginning seemed happy that she wanted to give them head so often, but in time were unable to keep up with her needs, complained that they had no strength left, that she was interested only in one part of their bodies. Destiny couldn't help it, it was simply her fetish, it excited her and even when she was masturbating she imagined that she was giving someone a blowjob; often she put her fingers or a dildo into her mouth and sucked passionately.

She had to admit that Owen's dick was perfect – big, shapely and hard. She loved it and could caress it and suck it all day long.



As time went by, more and more of her things stayed at Owen's, and finally she moved in with him.

Now she missed him very much and hoped he'd soon come back home from work.

She stood in front of the mirror and corrected her make-up, focusing her attention on her big, full lips that she was so proud of. She decided that in the evening she would give Owen the blowjob of his lifetime, that it would be the sex he won't forget for a long time.

On the shelf she noticed a plaster of Passion, which Owen must have left there after some party or other. She took it into her hands and hesitated; she felt like sticking it onto her skin, she was tempted by the chemically reinforced ecstasy that was difficult to compare to anything else, but she was afraid to lose control. She remembered how Candy behaved after Passion – she became completely lost in pleasure and all her inhibitions disappeared. She remembered how she felt herself when she was under influence of that drug, dazed by desire, as if only sex counted in life. She knew she shouldn't take Passion when she was home alone.

Although she lived with Owen, he shied away from full commitment, clearly stating that he wanted to see other women, too, that he was only interested in an open relationship. Destiny didn't want to resign herself to that, she wanted to have him only for herself.

She stuck the plaster onto her skin and nervously waited for the results.

At first she felt pleasantly relaxed, just like after one or two strong drinks, and then Destiny's thoughts wandered towards fantasies, increasingly clear and perverse. She felt her skin tingle, her nipples harden and a pulsing started between her legs.

She tore off her clothes quickly and began to touch herself, energetically and passionately, as if she felt no ecstasy in months. She imagined that her lips and breasts were even bigger than now, that they grew to reach giant proportions, that she knelt in front of strangers excited by her figure.

She had no idea how long she masturbated, her orgasms were much stronger than usual, but still they only intensified her excitement, she kept wanting more and more. She called Owen, but his phone was switched off.

After another orgasm she picked a different number. Dorian answered after the first ring.

“I need your help,” she moaned, touching herself all the time. “I want to enlarge my lips again, I want them to be really big and plump.”

When she imagined that, she felt a pleasant quiver and right after that she climaxed; she cried out and stopped hearing what Dorian was saying to her.



“What’s up?” he asked.

“Oh, nothing special...”

“Have you taken Passion?”

“No,” she lied. “I just decided to enlarge my lips and realized that it has to happen now. Can you arrange that?”

“Sure,” he replied in a slightly amused tone. “You won’t regret this decision.”

She waited for a nurse for half an hour but the time seemed to drag on endlessly. She had to do it, she wanted to be even more sexy. She had to, immediately.

The nurse anesthetized her lips and then, with precise movements, started filling them and giving them a tempting shape.

“They’ll be as big as you wish,” she replied when Destiny kept asking her if the result really would be satisfying enough. “Some would say that they seem too artificial, but in my opinion you’ll look great!”

It was hard for Destiny to be patient during the procedure because she kept thinking about touching herself. The closeness of this strange woman, her smell and practiced touch of her hands, excited her even more and visions of passionate lesbian sex started crossing her mind.

When the nurse left, Destiny was caressing herself, looking at her new, prominent lips; ideal, plump and very attractive. She imagined that she closed them over Owen’s dick and kissed him slowly, lengthily, until she brought him to a spectacular finish. The dream was so realistic and so intense that she felt the taste and warmth of his sperm on her tongue.

Owen came back home a couple of hours later and he stopped short at the sight of Destiny.

“Your lips...” he sighed.

“Do you like them? In my opinion they are very tempting. The nurse said that I should be careful, but I want to give you a blowjob right now, I’m sure it will be very nice...” she said, came up to him and reached towards his flies.

“Destiny, you didn’t say you were planning a procedure,” he said, crossing his arms and moving away from her.

It was easy to see that desire and common sense were competing to get the better of him.

“I know you like them” Destiny whispered.

“It’s very thoughtless, to undergo a procedure after Passion. Under its influence you don’t know what you’re doing, you may be sorry for that later!”

“I’m fulfilling my fantasies,” she tried to defend herself. “And yours, for that matter, don’t pretend that you’re not turned on by that, that you don’t like how I’ve changed and that you’re not dreaming now that I’d take your manhood into my mouth” she sighed and licked her lips.

For a moment Owen was speechless, hypnotized by the sight of her.



“You should have thought it over calmly, discussed it with me. Destiny, you can’t take Passion at will and then give in to your erotic desires!”

“Oh? Why not? Wouldn’t it be great if I realized them all?” she asked and moved her hands along her body, even more excited.

“This is real life, not a fantasy. Think what’s going to happen if you continue like that! You’ll make spontaneous decisions and change your body so much that it’ll make it difficult for you to function, and everyone around will see you as a walking erotic dream, nothing more. What if you do that a couple of times more and pump your lips up to such a size that everyone will know about your obsession with blowjobs? How would you feel then? Imagine that you go to work and all men think only about you giving them head!”

“That’s very exciting.” Destiny moaned and reached between her legs, to touch herself again.

“Stop it! You have to learn to control yourself. If you enlarge your lips any more, you’ll start looking perverse and lustful, no one will take you seriously. Is that what you want? How much are you ready to sacrifice so as to make your sexual fantasies come true? Next time you should think things over before the procedure and discuss it with me first!”

“But you like large lips. I know that because I saw what you search for on the Internet, what kind of girls you look at. And somehow you don’t mind it that they look perverse!”

“That’s different. Not all erotic fantasies should be made real, you can’t subject your whole life to them!”

“Why not?” Destiny moaned.

“We’ll talk when you’re sober again” said Owen, throwing her another lustful look. Then he left the room.

Before & After



Destiny was leaning over Owen, who was moaning with pleasure. He was already tired and exhausted, but Destiny still wanted more and more.

Ever since she enlarged her lips, her fantasies about giving fellatio intensified and she insisted on fulfilling them – every day she caressed Owen's dick and wanted sex to last as long as possible. She didn't let him come too soon and she toyed with him so that pleasure was becoming almost unbearable. It was difficult for Owen to restrain himself, because Destiny's lips become enticingly large, soft and expert; they gave him delight that was irresistible. He found it hard to keep up with her expectations, she wanted to caress him even several times a day and Owen sometimes felt overwhelmed by her insatiable libido.

This time Destiny asked him to take Passion so that he might make love to her longer. He already came three times, and after every orgasm she allowed him a short break, but then she caressed him again with her hands and lips, and brought to another peak.

"I can't anymore" he moaned.

"Oh, don't exaggerate, I know that you still can," she said moving her hand along the shaft of his penis. "You're hardening again. Let me caress you a little longer, you know I need it..."

Owen groaned and felt his dick once more move between her large, soft and warm lips, ideal for giving pleasure. She kept moving her head forward and back, caressing him from the base of his shaft to the very tip. She loved doing that and nothing excited her more, she fantasized of doing it with him day after day on end. She touched her implant-filled breasts and gave out a muffled moan.

Owen was shaking with desire and exhaustion, hot and sweaty. No one was able to satisfy him as well as Destiny. He didn't think he'd be able to come one more time, but the girl's lips were so expert that after a couple of minutes more he was on the verge of orgasm again. Destiny sucked him and kissed with increasing energy, moaning and stroking her ample bust. Owen loved looking at it and sometimes imagined her breasts even bigger, but for some reason he didn't mention that to Destiny.

The girl felt him become harder in her mouth and she realized her was going to come soon. She reached with a shaky hand between her thighs and rubbed her hot clit, wet with her juices. Several seconds later they both climaxed and Destiny swallowed another portion of cum.

“So good...” she whispered happily, licking her lips.

She didn’t know if Owen could hear her because he was lying there with his eyes closed, breathing heavily.

“You know, I was thinking about something,” she said and stroked her breasts. “It’s about my implants.”

“I see...”

“They’re very big, right? I mean 1000cc is a big size, not many women decide on it, most girls choose much smaller sizes.”

“I thought you liked them?” Owen moaned, lifting his head slightly so as to look at her.

“Very much, and that’s why I wondered if... I know it might seem crazy, that it might be too much, but...”

“What is it, Destiny? Is something wrong?”

“I wondered whether I should enlarge them a bit more...”

Silence hung over the room. Only Owen’s fast breathing could be heard. Suddenly the man felt wide awake, blood started flowing faster in his veins and though he was lying, he felt dizzy.

“You’d like them to be even bigger? Really?”

“Oh, yes. I know that they’re already big now, that I have to take care of them and that my life has changed once I decided to have them, but all the time I feel that I want something more, you see? This sensation after I woke up with these big implants and then walked along the street with them and observed how much men liked them, it was very addictive. I would like to experience it again, I’d like to feel like that one more time!”

Owen’s face flushed, his pupils widened; after Passion he felt excited all the time, and the vision of Destiny with even larger breasts was incredibly enticing. He wanted her to do it to him, his fantasies and fetishes were amplified by the drug and pushed to the front of his mind. He’d most gladly tell her that it was a fantastic idea, that she should do it as soon as possible, that it’d be best to go to the clinic at once and ask for the biggest size available.

Yet, he tried to maintain common sense and not to lose his head.

“What if you won’t be able to stop? What if the next procedure isn’t enough to satisfy you and the desire to have larger and larger breasts gets so strong that you’ll decide on another surgery, and then another one...?”



“Oh, you know I’ll be reasonable, there’s nothing to fear” she assured him. “Even if I fall into the trap of addiction, at some point my breasts would start to bother me seriously and I’d lose any wish for further changes, right? I’m not so crazy as to make it impossible for myself to function normally because of the size of my bust! Do you realize how much trouble and sacrifice such really giant breasts would cost me? And I mean really giant...” Destiny sighed and for a moment became thoughtful. “Who do you take me for if you think that I wouldn’t be able to stop at the right time?”

The very fact that the girl was thinking about a situation in which her implants might interfere with her daily existence seemed unsettling to Owen, who, on the other hand, thought it overwhelmingly sexy. Under the influence of the drug he couldn’t grasp all these conflicting, intense emotions.

“Destiny, we should talk about this when I’m sober,” he said in a shaky voice. “I can’t think clearly now.”

“Now your dreams are reinforced by Passion, that’s different. We both know how much the thought of new implants turns you on,” she whispered pointing at his hardening cock. “Maybe when I enlarge my bust again you’ll finally stop seeing other girls, eh?”

“Please, don’t start that again, we’ve already talked about that!”

Destiny smiled and squeezed his manhood with her hand.

“I’ll become so attractive that other women won’t be able to compete with me and it won’t make sense to see them, because none of them will be able to satisfy you, only I will.”

“This is crazy, you can’t think like that... You can’t use your body to...”

“They will be so big that all my tops will have to be replaced with new, bigger ones. I wonder what my circumference in the bust will be then...?”

“How much would you like to enlarge them?” Owen moaned, giving in to desire.

“I was thinking 2000cc, it’s a size you’re certainly going to enjoy.”



Owen wanted to add something, but Destiny took his member into her mouth, and now he was able to think only of what she'd look like after the procedure. He already knew that he was going to agree, he couldn't control that, he was too excited by the idea of living with that sexy, tempting girl.

They discussed the subject the next day, when Owen was fully aware of what was going on around him. They decided that larger breasts were a good idea, as Destiny desired just that. 2000cc seemed a lot, but, after all, Owen knew girls who functioned normally with implants that big; there was certain inconvenience involved, such as limited opportunities for working out, strained back, or difficulties in finding a fitting outfit, but Destiny was aware of what she was getting into, wasn't she?

On the day of the procedure she was very excited and she couldn't wait until the moment she'd wake up from anesthesia having larger breasts. She kept talking about how huge they were going to be and how wonderful it would be to flaunt them in front of everybody. She was happy to notice that Owen was drinking up her every word, increasingly excited about the vision she was unfolding.

"They'll be really huge," she was saying. "I wonder how on earth I'll be able to find tops spacious enough for them! I'll really stand out in the crowd, everyone will notice me! I'm sure you'll like them, too, I know you like such huge tits."

Finally, she was taken to the operation theatre, and Owen started nervously walking around the clinic, waiting for the procedure to end. He couldn't think of anything else apart from Destiny's new, bigger implants. She was right, they would surely make a huge impression on him and he would want her more than ever before. Even now, when he was imagining the results of the procedure, the girls with whom he met from time to time seemed much less attractive. There was a strange knot in his stomach, as if out of his own free will he got into a trap he wouldn't be able to free himself from.

Ever since Destiny was wheeled into the post-op room, Owen kept looking at her huge bust. It was so sexy that he found it hard to refrain from fondling it now, when it was still sore and sensitive. Newly inserted implants stretched and tightened the skin, as if it was difficult for the surgeon to fit such amounts of saline into the girl's petite body.



“They’re so huge,” she sighed, looking down. “So giant... Look, they rest against my arms when I’m on my back and they reach so high up here. Do you think I overdid it about the size? They’re gigantic... You know, its for you that I decided to enlarge them one more time, I wanted you to like them, so that you could realize your fantasies just the way I do! Not many girls have breasts that big, and because I’m slim, they appear even bigger. Tell me that you like them, that it excites you how disproportionately huge they are.”

Owen wasn’t able to utter a single word. He just nodded his head, with his mouth slightly open. He remembered what Destiny looked like when they first met. Then he paid almost no attention to her. Now it was completely different, she drove him insane with excitement, he wanted to have her by his side all the time, to be able to caress her saline-filled breasts and to kiss those plump lips. She used to be shy and insecure, she blushed every time they met and it was obvious that she didn’t believe herself to be attractive. Now she looked at him like a content cat, very well aware how much he liked her. He wondered whether anything would stop her from using the power she’d just gained over him.

Before & After





Destiny took a couple of days off work to rest after the procedure; she spent a lot of time in bed and Owen took care of her, helped her to wash and get dressed. None of her outfits fit over such a large bust, so until Owen returned from the shops with some extremely stretchy tops, she had to wear her bra only.

He kept thinking about her and couldn't wait until he might finally sleep with her. He masturbated and imagined that he was taking her breasts into his hands, weighing them and licking.

It was equally hard for Destiny to stay away from sex. Several times she offered she'd give him a blowjob, that she'd put his manhood between her new breasts, but each time he refused, reminding her what the doctor had said.

The only thing Owen allowed himself was to touch the taut, stretched skin over her implants very delicately. He outlined her nipples with his fingers and kissed the rounded contour of her breasts. When the doctor finally allowed Destiny to have sex, they were both so excited that they literally tore off each other's clothes and made love passionately and hurriedly. Fulfillment came after just a few minutes of frantic caresses.

Destiny was proud of her ample bust and readily emphasized it with low-cut tops and tight blouses; she smiled when men turned in the street to watch her, while women looked with astonishment at her huge, artificial breasts. Finally she felt attractive and desirable, and this sensation was addictive like a drug. Just the way it was after her first surgery, she noticed a huge difference in how people reacted to her, which gave her the self-confidence she wouldn't be able to achieve otherwise. She experienced it every step of the way: when strange men flirted with her in the street, ignoring their own frustrated partners, when people asked her permission to take pictures with her, when college students pointed their fingers at her. She knew that at that moment they were imagining that they were going to bed with her, and later on, in the evening, they masturbated fantasizing about her body. She could hardly remember the times when she was a little mouse, full of complexes and afraid to chat up an attractive man, always overshadowed by prettier friends, grateful to every guy who paid attention to her, though suspecting that they were doing that out of pity. She was overwhelmed by the power she gained thanks to her new breasts.

She took Passion more often now, which Owen didn't appreciate very much. He kept warning her that she might get addicted, but she dismissed his words and always found some excuse for herself. She loved that feeling when sexual energy mounted within her, she loved those strong, long orgasms which she was unable to get in any other way, or sometimes she simply wanted to have some fun, to experience something more. In her circles, everybody took Passion from time to time, so she could see no problem in that.



That evening she felt like making love to Owen after the drug and she applied the plaster to her skin almost without thinking. She sighed deeply and felt her body immediately react to the substance: her nipples hardened, little hairs on her body stood on end, her breathing quickened. Under her eyelids she saw a series of exciting visions of Owen's hard cock which she liked so much to caress with her lips. Ever since she enlarged her breasts, he allowed her to do that every time she felt like it, which made her very happy. She would only prefer him to be able to withstand longer, but for that the drug was needed. She liked it that he got so excited at her sight that he couldn't control his desire and came very quickly, yet she would like to play that game with him for hours, until he would be totally spent.

She put on some sexy underwear and entered the living room where Owen was watching something on his phone. She hoped he wasn't looking at other girls' profiles, but her jealousy disappeared quickly, because Passion was working more intensely now and the only thing she wanted was to take his hard manhood into her mouth.

"Put it away," she said and took the phone out of his hands.

She placed his hand on her narrow waist, and then moved it up, to her breast. Owen inhaled audibly and opened his eyes wider. She put his finger into her mouth and fixed him with a piercing gaze.

"I want to caress you with my lips," she whispered. "I want to do it for a long, long time, and then put your dick between my giant breasts."

Owen squeezed her bust with his hands and felt his own desire get the better of him. He kissed the girl's soft, sexy lips and reached towards the clasp of her bra. He was already imagining himself licking her hard nipples and stroking her huge breasts with his hands, when suddenly he noticed a plaster on her skin.

"You've done it again!" He was annoyed. "I asked you not to take so much Passion, have you already become addicted to it?! Do you want to end up like Candy, who can't stay away from it even for one day?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me," she moaned, moving her hands across her body. "I just wanted it to be nice for us both..."

"I won't make love to you when you're stoned," he said and looked away.

"In that case, am I to go to the club and allow some strange guys to fuck me? Listen, I want you and I'm so horny now that all I can think about is your glorious dick," she said and placed her hand on his crotch. "You're hard and I know you want me."

Owen sighed, torn between anger and desire.

"You'll have to deal with it yourself."

"Please, I feel so turned on right now... I won't be able to satisfy myself so well. These breasts make me feel like having sex with you even more, they're so big and exciting, I want you to caress them all the time, to be able to touch them and look at them. I know you want that too, so why do you deny ourselves this pleasure?"

"Destiny, I already said *no*. I want it, you excite me very much, but it just won't do, we have to know when to stop."

“Oh, all right” she moaned. “Let me just show you something, then.”

“What?” He was taken aback.

“I’ll show you just that one thing,” she repeated.

“Okay,” he sighed.

Destiny smiled and went to the bathroom, swinging her hips. She came back carrying the scales.

Owen gulped, because he knew exactly what Destiny was planning. It was a very simple tactic, but he was afraid it might work.

“You want to convince me to go to bed with you,” he stated.

“I’ll show you how much I weigh now,” she replied with self-satisfaction. “I’m sure you’re curious to know that. Do you know how much I weighed in college? Only 110 pounds, not a lot, right? Later, after the first procedure, I gained over four pounds. I thought then that I was very heavy. And do you know how much I weigh now? When I stepped on the scales for the first time I thought it was broken!”

“Destiny, stop it,” Owen asked, but he didn’t sound convincing.

The girl knew he wanted her to go on. She raised her foot just above the scales.

“This is a big change. Are you ready to see these numbers on the scales? When I realized how much I weighed, how much I’ve changed, it was a huge shock. Look, see for yourself!”

She stepped onto the scales and Owen saw that she weighed full 120 pounds. He realized that her bust was really heavy, especially when compared to the rest of her body.

“I’m ten pounds heavier, that’s the weight of saline which fills my breasts,” she whispered. “Would you like to feel for yourself how heavy they are?”

She put her hands under her breasts and lifted them up.

“Look! Those boobs hardly fit into my old gym top! And I thought it was so stretchy...”

Owen moaned and moved his hand across his face. He had to keep reminding himself that he needed to maintain common sense and not to give in to desire.

“I wonder what their circumference is,” Destiny sighed, taking a measuring tape into her hands. “I’ve never measured them before, but I’m sure the result will be impressive, what do you think? I wonder if this tape is long enough...” She put the tape around her bust and a muffled moan escaped her lips. “Something’s wrong, I can’t be that big...” She checked if the tape was placed around her narrow back and ample bust the way it should. “46 inches! Incredible, isn’t it?”



Destiny approached Owen and embraced him, pushing her breasts against his chest. She placed her hand on his pants and smiled, and then kissed him on the lips.

“You like me so much, why do you want to resist me? It was just a bit of Passion! It’ll make sex much more pleasurable... I’m already wet and ready, don’t make me beg any more, please... I know how you react to my breasts, I know how you like my big lips.”

Owen felt his body start to move against his own will. He hugged the girl back, put his hands on her breasts, kissed her lips and sighed a long sigh.

A few minutes later they were making love quickly and frantically, Owen watched Destiny’s incredible curves as if hypnotized and wanted that moment never to end.

Several weeks later Destiny decided that Owen was right, after all, and that she should really limit her use of Passion a little. That was why, when Raven suggested a meeting, she invited her over to her place and asked if her friend liked to play cards. This seemed safe, a quiet evening with no drugs, no alcohol, and a bit of innocent entertainment. Raven wanted Candy to come, too. She thought their friend might also need a bit of rest from crazy partying, and Destiny agreed a little reluctantly.

As usual, Raven looked great, but Destiny didn't feel envious any more. She knew that she was just as attractive herself and that Owen couldn't take his eyes off her.

"He's fascinated with me, those large lips and breasts really stimulate him," she confessed to her friend. "Once he hardly paid attention to me at all, and now he stares at me all the time."

"You've changed so much it's hardly surprising he does" Raven replied.

"My metamorphosis has some downsides, too. I can't move as freely as I used to, these breasts bother me at work. True, I get much bigger tips, but it's not easy to mix drinks when you have breasts this size" she laughed.

"Does it mean you're sorry you did that?"

"Not at all! They delight me, really. It's just that sometimes it's tiresome that I have to pay such a high price for them. You know, it's a great sensation when suddenly, in an instant, you become much more attractive than before. This is very addictive, just like Passion."

"But... does it mean you're considering another procedure?" Raven was surprised.

“Sometimes I fantasize about it...” Destiny admitted. “But it would be simply crazy! I imagine myself really huge, my breasts so heavy that I can’t carry them around, my lips so big that it’s difficult to speak, that I change my body beyond recognition, and Owen wants to make love to me all the time, because I’m becoming the most exciting woman in the world. But these are just fantasies.”

Raven listened with shiny eyes.

“It’s very exciting,” she sighed.

Destiny remembered that they were supposed to take a break from erotic fantasies and do what other girls usually do, so she started dealing the cards.

They didn’t even start the game before Candy rang the doorbell.

Destiny opened the door and sighed audibly. She gaped at the girl without saying a word, too shocked to even greet her.

“I know, I know,” Candy laughed and entered the apartment. When she was passing Destiny in the corridor, her ample breasts brushed against her. “Everyone looks at me like that now. People can’t believe I really did that!”

“You said nothing about planning another procedure!” Raven cried out when she saw her.

“My daddy wanted me to get bigger, so I filled my breasts with even larger implants! I’ll do anything for him to like me, but sometimes I get the feeling that it’s too much,” she admitted, sighed heavily and with a muffled moan of relief sat down on a chair.



She looked excited, but also tired, exhausted even.

“He still wants me to get bigger and bigger, realizing all of his fantasies, and my breasts and ass keep growing. I have no idea if it’s ever going to stop! I want to be pretty and sexy for him, so that he likes me more than any other girl and I love it when he spends whole days fucking me. I can see how much he likes me now, but it’s really tough for me...” she finished in a slightly tearful voice.

Destiny, until now so proud of her full figure, felt a painful prick of envy and she imagined how Owen would react if he saw Candy. Her eyes kept following Candy’s giant, heavy breasts, she admired her ample buttocks and one more time felt something she hated so much – she was no longer the sexiest girl in the room. Again, she was the second best, overshadowed, pretty, yes, but...

In a way Candy inspired her. She was excited by her voluptuous figure, but she was even more impressed by her determination and courage to carry out her own, even most daring intentions. Not many would go so far, not many would be able to decide on such a radical change just to fulfill their partner’s fantasy.

“It was enough for me to walk from the taxi to the lift and I already got tired, those additional pounds exhaust me. When I have sex, I’m short of breath and I don’t have the stamina to do it for so long, I need to take breaks! I should get fit again to carry these implants around, because I don’t know when it’s going to end, I don’t know if he’s ever going to stop making me have these procedures,” she said and started fidgeting in her chair.



When the first shock passed, Raven dealt the cards and they started playing. Candy wasn't able to focus and it was necessary to keep explaining the rules to her, she was constantly moving in her chair, and Destiny noticed that she put her hand under the table every once in a while. At first she thought that the girl was adjusting her underwear, but she started to suspect that she was doing something else. Candy's face flushed, her breathing quickened, and her face seemed strangely tense.

"What are you doing?" Raven asked finally.

"Oh, my daddy allows me to use Passion only in its cream formula, and it has to be massaged it into my pussy. It makes me even more horny than I used to be, I need to touch myself constantly. Besides, my pussy got much bigger because of it, would you like to see it?"

Before the girls had a chance to reply, Candy lifted her dress and showed her clit and labia. Indeed, they were swollen and much bigger due to the use of Passion. Her pussy was wet and flushed, ready to be fucked.

Raven sighed and gently touched the big clit with her finger.

“Do you like it when I touch you like that?” she asked.

By way of an answer Candy moaned and pushed her hips toward Raven.

Raven moved her fingers over the wet labia, and then delicately pushed one finger inside.



“Where do you like it best?” she asked.

Candy wasn't able to form a coherent sentence, she sighed and moaned, repeating that she needed to be fucked and was extremely horny. No matter how Raven touched her, Candy kept saying it felt wonderful.

“That's good, that's perfect, keep touching me like that,” she moaned. “Oh, yes. Here. It's fantastic, just please, don't stop!”

Caressing Candy required no expertise, it was enough to simply touch her, and she immediately started coming. Huge breasts were heaving against her chest, her buttocks shifted in a sexy way when she moved her hips.

“Like that...” she sighed when Raven pushed two fingers into her hot cunt.

She shuddered, rolled her eyes and started screaming. A strong orgasm made her whole body sweaty, and her pussy became even bigger and wetter.

“And how do you like that?” asked Raven, massaging the girl's clit.

“It's fantastic, it feels good, don't stop...”

“And now?”

Raven moved her tongue across the girl's labia.

“Oh, yes, right here,” Candy groaned. “It feels so good here...”

She was nearing another orgasm, her words were becoming increasingly less comprehensible, and her moans louder.

“And now? Do you like it like that?”

Raven pushed three fingers into her friend's cunt and started moving them rhythmically.

"Just like that, yes, fuck me like that, daddy, fuck me really hard!" she shouted. "I'm made to be fucked hard" she kept moaning, giving in to her fantasies. "My daddy will keep pumping me with silicon until I'm no good for anything else!"



Destiny wasn't able to even move, hypnotized by the sight of two girls caressing each other. She gripped the edge of the tabletop with her fingers, feeling her own desire mount. This evening was supposed to be completely different. As usual, Candy drew all attention to herself. Her giant breasts, enormous ass and insatiable libido dominated the whole meet-up.

She looked reproachfully at Raven who was making Candy come one more time.

"We need to satisfy her, otherwise she won't be able to focus on anything else," Raven explained.

Candy was in her own world, she called out to her sugar daddy and begged him to fuck her even harder and never to stop.

Destiny didn't know how much time had passed before the girl finally calmed down a little. Exhausted and panting, she complained that her bust and buttocks were so heavy that she was getting tired easily.

"I need to exercise more," she kept saying. "I need to be strong so that my daddy is pleased with me."

After several minutes they managed to start playing cards again, and for some time Candy concentrated on the game. The air still smelled of her excitement and after this performance Destiny was ready to start touching herself. She secretly fantasized about Passion and Owen, instead of thinking about cards.

A little later Candy got fidgety again, she couldn't sit still and pretended she was adjusting her outfit so that she could touch her pussy one more time.

Candy looked at her with fascination and growing envy. She didn't want Owen to like another woman better, it was her that should be at the forefront of his mind! She got used to that idea and wasn't going to give it up.

Before & After



Owen was stroking Destiny's prominent, round breasts and looking at them lustfully.

"You like them," she stated with pleasure.

"Of course," Owen replied. "You ask just so I would say one more time how much you turn me on."

Destiny giggled and winked at him playfully.

"You like the fact that they are so big and perfectly round. That I got them for you," she whispered.

Owen licked her nipple and moaned.

"What would you say if I enlarged them again?"

The man held his breath and became motionless.

Destiny smiled observing his face. He was shocked by her words, but at the same time she saw how much he enjoyed the idea. He couldn't believe she was speaking seriously, as if it would be too much, as if the very thinking about it could make him lose restraint and become completely engulfed by his own fantasy. Sometimes it seemed to her that her implant-filled breasts were for Owen like a cake for someone who diets – tempting, but at the same time dangerous. He wanted them, yet he was afraid that they would make him lose all self-control and he wouldn't be able to focus on anything else.

“You can’t be serious,” he said finally.

“They’ll be huge, much bigger, much heavier and I won’t fit into any of my tops. You won’t be able to take your eyes off me!”

“But... such implants would be too big,” Owen hesitated. “We talked about it.”

“Too big? Maybe according to average standards... But don’t you think that too big sounds very exciting? Disproportionately big, considering my figure, too heavy, with even bigger circumference...”

“How big would you like them to be?” asked Owen in a muffled voice.

He wasn’t really planning to ask her that question, would prefer to end this discussion as absurd and preposterous, but still the words escaped as if by their own volition.

“A difference should be visible, so they must be much bigger than now, don’t you think? I’d like them to become really big, very, very big...”

“But... have you thought it over? We should think about it some more. What if they turn out *too* big?”





“I know what you’re afraid of,” Destiny reassured him. “You’re afraid that I’d be too exciting for you to be able to resist me, and will make you do anything I ask. You already stopped seeing other women because I don’t like that. What’ll happen when my bust gets even bigger...?”

“It’s not like that,” he replied, slightly offended.

“On the other hand, we both want it, so why limit ourselves?” she asked. “You want that, Owen, you want me to be stunningly attractive, so sexy that you won’t be able to refuse anything to me.”

The man moaned and squeezed her breast harder, and then pushed her head down, towards his penis.

Destiny took him into her mouth and sucked hard. She assumed that Owen had already agreed.



On the next day they went to the clinic to discuss the procedure.

Owen was increasingly more convinced that they were doing the right thing. Paradoxically, the more adventurous he became when speaking of the operation and its effects, the more doubtful Destiny became. At first she mostly focused on getting her boyfriend to agree to the procedure – she liked to watch him struggle with conflicting emotions, to observe how his desire fought common sense. Now that the former got the upper hand, she started thinking whether she was really making the right decision. Owen drew boundaries she kept trying to shift, but once she succeeded, her excitement became mixed with nervousness. She felt like a child left alone in a sweet shop.

“You’ve decided to enlarge your breasts one more time, I’m very glad. You’ll look spectacular!” Dorian clasped his hands, happy about their visit. “I must admit I didn’t expect you to go that far. It’s a very radical change, you do realize that, right?” he asked with a serious face. “Your breasts will be even larger and heavier, you’ll have to deal with all the consequences of that decision, also those less pleasant ones.”

“I saw how Candy deals with gigantic breasts,” replied Destiny. “She is tired all the time and complains about the additional weight.”

“Yeah... Candy’s implants are exceptionally big, it’s 3900cc, they weigh over seventeen pounds, plus she has these buttocks implants, too! She decided to improve her body in a dramatic way, and her transformation is spectacular, it’s rare for me to meet such determined clients.” Dorian’s eyes lit up at the memory of Candy’s body.

Owen nervously shifted from one foot to the other.

“Do you want them to be as big as Candy’s implants?” he asked.

Destiny thought for a moment, delighting in his excitement.

“You like the way she looks, don’t you?”

“She’s very attractive” Owen admitted. “If you decided on a size that big, it would be stunning...”

“Aren’t you afraid I might get too exciting for you?”

Dorian smiled and clasped his hands together.

“Destiny, listen,” he began, looking at her closely. “I know how much you enjoy having such large breasts, you got addicted to these changes. Don’t deny it!” he raised his hand to silence her. “I already saw it a couple of times, that gleam in the eyes of some patients, their desire to become even more sexy. It’s nothing wrong! But this is precisely why I’ll suggest to you something I normally don’t mention to my clients, something quite exceptional.” He lowered his voice conspiratorially.

“I haven’t become addicted!” Destiny protested.

“I didn’t mean anything bad,” Dorian tried to justify himself. “I noticed that right after the surgery you’re happy with the results, but soon after that you get used to the new size, learn to function with it and start to want more. You want to experience one more time that bewildering sense of the new size, to feel that you carry a bigger weight, are attractive and more desirable than ever before. It’s understandable. That’s why I suggest implants that will be gradually growing. This solution has already been used in the past, but without satisfactory results. Now I can assure you that your breasts with these implants will be shapely and round. You won’t have to undergo further procedures, and the growth will be slow and gradual, your body will have time to get used to the change.”

“Doesn’t it sound good?” Owen turned to Destiny. “You’ll keep growing all the time... The whole time, every day, you’ll be getting bigger and bigger...”

“What size might I reach?” the girl asked. “Won’t I become too big? What if the size gets too much for me and I want to stop the process?”

“Before the procedure we’ll decide what size you expect and we’ll choose the right option,” Dorian explained.

Destiny got thoughtful. She noticed that Owen became excited by Dorian’s words, that he very much enjoyed the idea of her growing constantly, waking up every day sexier and more enticing. She imagined she would kneel in front of him with these giant, still growing breasts, that she would caress his manhood and he would find it tough to contain his desire. No one would be able to match her, and Owen would think only about her all the time.

“You wouldn’t have to undergo any further surgeries, and still you’d be getting bigger and bigger,” Owen was trying to convince her.

“I’m not sure,” Destiny hesitated. “I was thinking rather of saline implants... As to the size, I haven’t decided yet.”

“We can decide that during our next appointment,” Dorian assured her.

They chose the date for the procedure, and over the next couple of weeks Destiny kept thinking of those new, larger implants. Sometimes she wasn't sure if she was making the right decision, she wondered if she was going too far, if she got carried away by her own fantasies. Once it would seem to her that such a large bust is an excess, something unthinkable, but now the surgery was all set and her erotic dreams were to become reality.



A few days before the operation it turned out that Owen had to leave town on business. He was furious, but he could do nothing about it. They agreed that after the surgery Destiny would be taken care of by nurses and the girl reluctantly agreed to that solution.

Dorian asked her to visit the clinic one more time. He wanted to talk to her about preparations for the surgery.

“First of all, I want to make sure that you didn’t change your mind about the size of the implants,” said Dorian. “You’ve decided on a very large size and I must make sure you know what you’re doing.”

“It’s to be what we decided over the phone,” Destiny confirmed.

Dorian pierced her with his gaze and scratched his chin thoughtfully.

“You’ve talked it over with Owen, right?” he asked, as if he suspected the truth.

“Of course!” said the girl a little too forcibly.

“And he also approves of that size? Because I had an impression that he might not fully realize...”

Destiny nodded her head energetically.

“Are you suggesting I lied to him?!” She was indignant.

“No, I just want to make sure there’s no misunderstanding here,” Dorian explained calmly. “As you both know what you’ve decided, let’s talk about the details now. Destiny, I admire your decision and I’m sure, you’ll be happy with the results. I assure you, you’ll look absolutely stunning. At the same time, you must remember that such a radical procedure is connected with certain... inconvenience,” he said, looking her straight in the eye.

"I'm ready for that," she assured him.

"Your bust will become very, very big," Dorian continued, as if he didn't hear her answer. "As I said before, these implants are custom made, no one manufactures that size on a mass scale."

Destiny bit her lip. She was beginning to comprehend what she intended to do and it was at the same time exciting and a little scary. How many women in the world decide on such a large size? Was she really ready to do that?

"I must ensure that you'll manage the size and weight of your breasts," Dorian was saying. "Additional pounds will influence your whole body, which is why I suggest you should start training your back and stomach muscles as soon as possible. I know you're strong and fit, but you should pay most of your attention to these parts of the body. We don't want your bust to be too heavy to carry, right?"

"Can something like that happen?!" Destiny was surprised.

"Getting tired quickly, back pains, problems with keeping your balance..." enumerated Dorian. "You'd rather limit these unpleasant side effects to the minimum, am I right? That's why you must train, and I additionally suggest to purchase a special, reinforced bra which will support the heavy implants better and distribute their weight to the whole torso. Thin shoulder straps and delicate fabrics may look sexy, but you should give them up."

Destiny nodded, trying not to show how impressed she was with the doctor's words.

"Make sure you'll have someone to help you with everyday activities," added Dorian. "You probably won't be able to drive by yourself, and these things which seem easy now, like tidying up, cooking or shopping, may turn out to be much more difficult."

"Owen will surely help me," Destiny replied.



“The skin will stretch a lot during the procedure, so you should use special creams. It would be best to start right away.”

“Sure, I’ll do that.”

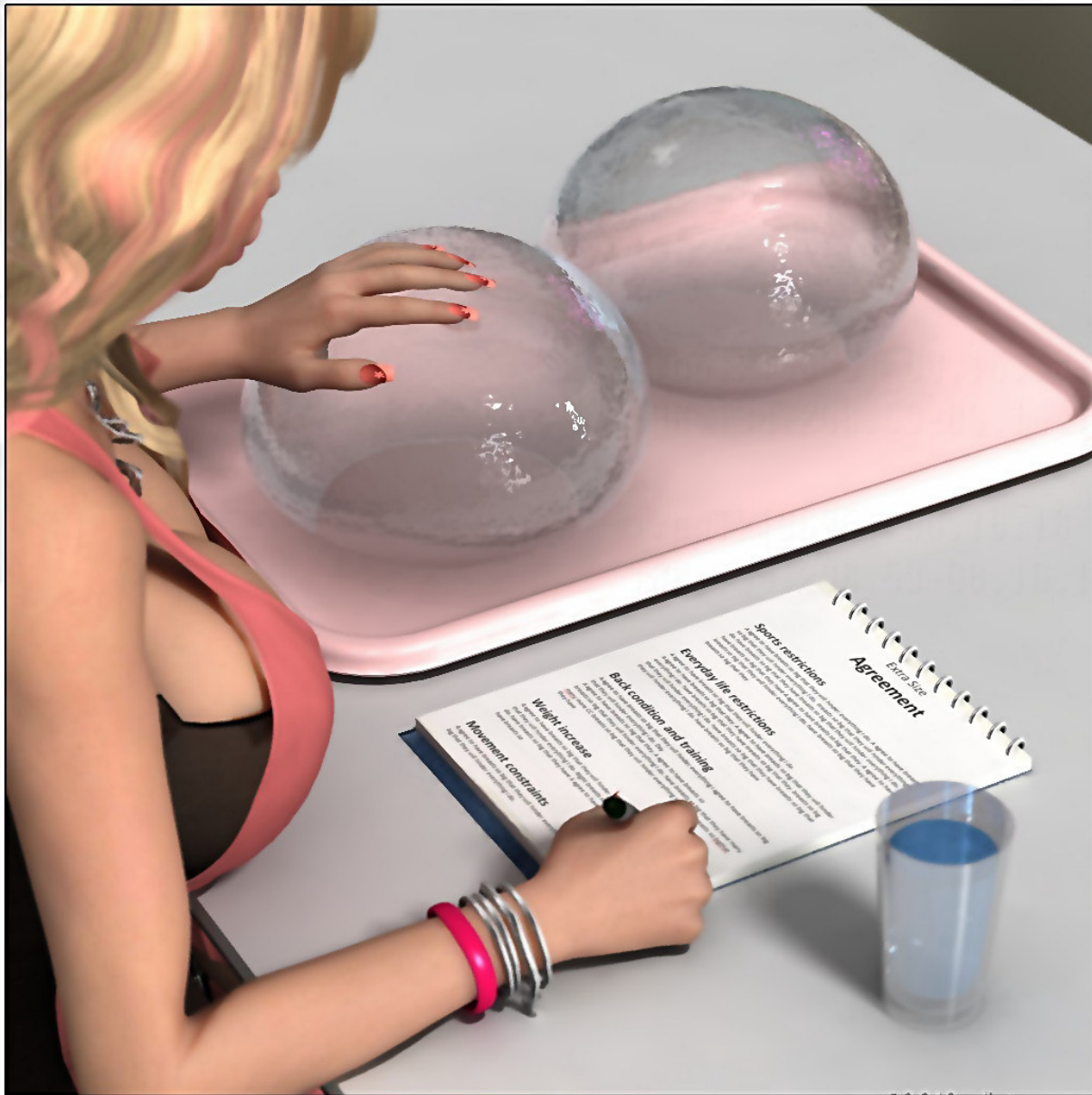
“And now imagine that it’s already after the procedure and your breasts are much larger than now. What will your whole day look like? Are there things you won’t be able to do?”

Destiny closed her eyes and thought of all the things she did every day. She wondered how the new implants might change that. Her workouts probably would have to be adjusted to her new figure, tops will have to be made on order. She won’t find a suitably big bra anywhere, she’ll have to order it, too. The bust will probably obscure her view, so getting meals ready will become more difficult. Will she be able to reach her shoelaces to tie them? How soon will the weight of her new implants tire her? Will it be comfortable to lie on the bed?

She felt overcome by doubts.

“Are you still sure you want to do that?” Dorian asked.

“I’m sure,” she replied.



She wasn't going to back out now. She'd surely find a way to deal with everything, and Owen would be willing to help.

"Great. In that case, you'll just need to sign that statement here..." said Dorian.

"But I already filled all forms during the last appointment..."

"This is not a part of the standard procedure," he explained. "As these implants are so big, I want to make sure that an additional document is signed, stating that you're aware of what you're up to."

Destiny looked through the papers Dorian moved towards her. She read all the recommendations and warnings carefully: about limited freedom of movement, whole body weight strain, skin stretching. She glanced at the volume written in bold letters at the end of the document. Despite all explanations she wasn't able to imagine what it would be like once these giant implants would be inserted into her body.

She took a deep breath and signed the papers.

Owen wasn't at all glad to leave Destiny alone. According to the schedule, the surgery should have finished by now and he couldn't stop himself from sending her numerous text messages, asking how she felt and requesting some photos.

She assured him that all went well, the procedure was over and her new bust was spectacular and really huge. She felt weak, dazed and wished he was by her side.

I'm not going to send you any photos, I want you to see them with your own eyes, she wrote, and Owen started dying with impatience.

They're are gigantic, I can't wait until you see them and touch them. They'll make you crazy and you'll keep thinking about them all the time, about how big and round they are. You won't be able to focus on anything else!

That evening he masturbated thinking about her, fantasizing about her giant boobs.

He was driving back home very excited, he couldn't wait to see her. 3000cc was really a lot and he imagined petite Destiny looking stunning.

When he stopped for a while at a petrol station, his mobile rang.

"Destiny, how are you?" he asked.

"All's well, I just wanted to tell you that..." she hesitated and sighed. "I hope you won't be angry with me..."

“What is it?” he asked, frowning.

“You know, it’ll be better if you see it for yourself,” she replied.

“Something went wrong during the procedure?”

“No, no, all is fine, it’s just... The result is slightly different than we intended.”

“Meaning?”

“You know, I shouldn’t have phoned. Just promise you won’t get angry, okay?”

He asked her what it was all about, but didn’t manage to learn anything more from her.

She didn’t hear him enter the apartment. He found her sitting on the couch, with her phone in her hands. Her bust was so giant that she had to hold her mobile high up in the air, otherwise her breasts obscured the view of the screen. She wore a top which was low-cut at the front, emphasizing her huge, stunning breasts.

“This is no 3000cc,” Owen whispered. “Destiny?”

She turned towards him and smiled. She was radiating self-confidence, her eyes were shining, lips were slightly parted. She threw her hair back and got up with a little gasp, showing her full figure.

“I hope you’re not angry,” she told him.

“They’re much bigger than we agreed... We had a deal with Dorian that it would be 3000cc,” he moaned, overwhelmed and taken aback. “What’s this size, Destiny?”

“I thought I’d give you a surprise.”

“A surprise,” Owen echoed and then added, as if to himself: “You really enlarged them much more, they’re bigger than 3000cc, much bigger.”

He kept repeating these words as if that way he’d be better able to understand what had happened.

The girl squeezed her bust and two shapely globes appeared above the neckline of her top.

“I hope you’re not angry with me, she said, coming slowly towards him. “I thought... Well, really I have no idea how it happened...”

“You have no idea how it happened?!” Owen uttered in a voice that seemed to belong to someone else. “You don’t know how it happened that your breasts got so huge? How it happened that the implants are much bigger than what we agreed on?!”





“I know that we’ve agreed that I will keep things moderate and that we’ll discuss every time what size they should have, so that I wouldn’t go too far, but I couldn’t stop myself,” she said and bit her lower lip.

She made an innocent face, like a child caught eating sweets belonging to a younger brother.

“Tell me how big they are.”

Owen didn’t take his eyes off her giant bust, fascinated and intimidated by the size of her breasts.

“Before the procedure, when I showed Dorian the results of the tests, he said that we could safely exceed 3000cc and... I agreed. I don’t know how it happened. He suggested 4200cc to me and the thought that they might be so huge excited me so much that I changed my mind.” She looked at him a little uncertainly, but her eyes shone with excitement. “Do you think they’re too big?”

Owen didn’t know what to say. They were too big, decidedly too big, and at the same time so attractive that he would never stop looking at them.

“4200!!” he moaned finally. “Do you have any idea how much they weigh?! This is almost nineteen pounds!”

“Are they too big...?” Destiny repeated her question.

“Yes, they are too big!” Owen shouted.

There was silence in the room, neither of them knew what to say. At last Owen sighed, forced himself to look away from her breasts and looked her in the eye.

“But they are also very, very exciting, you have no idea how much I like them.”

A wide, content smile appeared on Destiny’s face.

“I knew it! When Dorian said that they could be so gigantic I imagined your face when you see them and I think this was what convinced me. You know how much I care about you, I want you to be happy, I want your fantasies to become a reality and that’s why I decided on this size.”

“They’re incredible,” Owen whispered.

“No girl can match me now, I’m the embodiment of all your dreams. I know that they are very heavy and how much they weigh, I know that I can’t do everything right now, but for you I’m ready to bear the consequences...”

“But you like them too, right?” Owen asked.

“Oh, yes... Deep in my heart I’ve always wanted to have such huge breasts!”

Owen reached out his hand towards her and stroked the cleavage, then circled the gigantic breasts. He still couldn't believe they were so big.

"I'm going to undress now," Destiny said.

Owen moaned and felt dizzy. Sex with such an exciting girl was extremely tempting and he suddenly felt insecure, like a teenager who touches a woman for the first time and doesn't want to make a fool of himself.

He licked her naked nipples and felt his manhood pressing against his pants. Destiny sighed, he heard her breathing speed up. She kissed him with her full, big lips and pressed his hands firmly to her huge bust. Owen couldn't even start to imagine how much strength was needed to carry such large implants, how much it cost her to keep her balance and how much inconvenience it caused.



She knelt in front of him and took off his pants. The bust protruded so far that it brushed against his thighs and Owen felt he was getting weak. She licked his hardened member, slowly, as if she tasted candy. She sighed and took his dick into her mouth, sucked it and moved her head back and forth.

Owen tried to think of something else, not wanting to come too fast, but he could concentrate only on her stunning figure. In the end, he caught her head and held her to stop it for a moment.

With an effort, she got up from her knees, supporting her giant breasts with her hands. Owen put his palms on her boobs, massaged them, and kept whispering how big they were.

Destiny tightened her hand on his manhood and caressed him, moving faster and faster. She liked it that his cheeks were flushed, his breathing was quick and his skin hot. It excited her to see the fascination with which he looked at her perfectly round breasts.

He groaned, touched her breast more firmly and without taking his eyes off it, he reached an orgasm. His sperm wetted Destiny's hand.

He felt exhausted and spent. Destiny's figure was too exciting now, too sexy, and it was hard to bear the strength of his own desire for her.

Destiny lay down next to him and pressed her breasts to his back.

"I'm glad you like them," she whispered.

Before & After





END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!

*Part 2 will be available
on 29th August.
Stay tuned!*