

# Glitter Town

## Part 2



**Extreme breast expansion**  
**Extreme lips expansion**  
**Augmented libido**  
**Bimbofication**  
**Sex drugs**  
**Movement restriction**

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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

Every day Destiny experienced great trouble carrying such huge breasts. The implants increased her weight by over eighteen pounds, bothered her while driving, training, and even at work. She had to be very careful while pouring drinks and cleaning the tables. She often sat down to relieve her strained muscles at least for a moment.

She liked the effect she had on Owen – he wanted to go to bed with her every day and she could caress his manhood, which got hard at the very sight of her. He often said how sexy she was and that she drove him crazy. Sometimes he got irritated when she sent him her photos during the day, because he couldn't concentrate on work and got very horny.



They spent almost every evening together, because he was less and less interested in going out with friends or meeting other girls. On the occasion of her birthday, he bought her a beautiful and expensive ring, which she wore with huge satisfaction. The gift reminded her how much their relationship had changed: now he was the one who was kept on tiptoe, he tried to make her happy, he was jealous when other men flirted with her, asked her if she was sure that nobody bothered her too much at work and whether guys tried to pick her up. He even suggested she might leave the club, and he would support them both, but Destiny didn't agree. She liked her work which allowed her to meet many interesting people, and besides, it excited her that men lost their heads when they looked at her. Now she was the most attractive one, sexier than any other girl, even more attractive than Candy.

At the same time, she felt that with each coming month the excitement caused by the new bust weakened. She slowly got used to it, despite all the inconveniences and the impression she made on Owen and other people. More and more often she fantasized what it would be like if she had decided on implants that would increase gradually instead of this last treatment. Maybe her breasts would be even bigger now? Maybe Owen would really go crazy for her? She could kneel in front of him for days, lick his hard dick and make him come again and again until he would completely lose strength...

She sat on the couch, her mobile raised high above her chest so that she could see the screen. She just found some information about a new, exciting treatment – permanent lip enlargement with the use of implants. She excitedly watched the pictures illustrating spectacular results that could be achieved with this method – the women's lips in the pictures were incredibly full and sexy. She liked the fact that thanks to a special device one could increase the volume of these implants at home. She imagined she was giving Owen a blowjob with such huge, plump lips and a pleasant thrill passed through her.

She looked at her watch and realized how late it was. She wanted to greet him in a unique way today – she spent a lot of time doing dramatic makeup, arranging her hair and buying new, sexy underwear. She hoped for a long, exciting evening and a night full of caresses.

Finally, just before Owen came home, she stuck a plaster of Passion to the skin. Recently, she tried to keep the drug for special occasions only; she had to be careful not to end up like Candy: an addict, unable to control her actions, totally dependent on sex.



A few minutes later, when she was already horny and could barely refrain from masturbating, she got a text message; Owen had to stay longer at work. Furious, she sent him a deeply dissatisfied text. What was she to do now, excited and disappointed? She knew that Owen had no choice, because it was an emergency situation, but the drug made her unable to think clearly. He should be here with her, let her caress his manhood, touch her huge breasts and give her the pleasure she needed.

She had no idea how it happened that she got dressed, packed her purse and left the apartment. She knew she shouldn't do it, that it would end up badly. Her erotic fantasies were growing more and more intense, increasingly suggestive visions appeared under her eyelids, and her inhibitions disappeared with every passing second. Why does she actually limit herself? What stops her from turning the realization of her sexual dreams into her life's aim? Reasons which had previously held her in check, all those rational arguments, now seemed weak, almost ridiculous. Why has she not yet enlarged her mouth to gigantic proportions, why were her breasts not yet as huge as possible? Since she loved to caress big, hard penises, why does she not do it all the time, why doesn't she meet strangers and give them blowjobs with her soft, sexy lips?

She walked down the street, sensuously moving her hips, throwing her hair back and smiling enticingly at every man she met; she struggled hard not to accost strangers to offer them sex. She felt her pussy pulsing and dampening as her breathing became quick and shallow. She wondered if she should go to a toilet in one of the restaurants and masturbate there. Every man he met seemed attractive to her and she imagined him naked, with protruding, hard dick. Everyone around stared at her and she didn't know if it was because of her gigantic breasts or her visible excitement. With each step, her underwear rubbed against her labia and caused even more tension. She closed her eyes several times and moaned lengthily, while people turned to look at her with a mixture of fascination and embarrassment.

It was only when she arrived at her destination that she realized what her purpose was – Dorian's clinic. She knew she had to hide her condition, or they wouldn't take her seriously. She felt a great need to have big, plump and sexy lips, she had to have them and she had to have them immediately. She came up to the reception desk and explained what she needed.

“Do you want it to be done now?” asked the employee, raising an eyebrow. “I’m afraid that you will have to wait for an appointment, I’s not...”

At that moment Dorian entered the waiting room, kissed Destiny on the cheek, and the receptionist said nothing more.

“I saw on the Internet that you’re offering this new procedure and I decided that it was something for me, my lips must become very, very large,” said Destiny, looking Dorian straight in the eye. “I’ve always dreamed about it, I’ve always been obsessed with giving blowjobs and big lips are ideal for that purpose!”

Anxiously she shifted from foot to foot, and her moist panties brushed against her pussy; nipples protruded under her top, her skin was pink and sensitive. Dorian must have known what was happening to her, he had seen girls after Passion so many times, and she was almost certain that he wouldn’t agree to the procedure. The thought that she wouldn’t be able to realize this fantasy now, immediately, was unbearable.

Somewhere in the back of her head she was aware that she shouldn’t be so impulsive, that it was necessary to discuss it with Owen first, but lust drowned out the voice of reason.

To her joy and surprise, Dorian didn’t protest and agreed to perform the procedure.

“You will look spectacular,” he assured her. “I’m sure Owen will love it!”

Destiny nodded enthusiastically and went to the office with him. The procedure was quick and simple, but Dorian reminded her to be careful with her lips for the next few days.

“You’ll give him a blowjob in a few days,” he reassured her. “Until then, he can only admire how wonderful you look. Think what tension this will build up between the two of you!”

He gave her a mirror, and Destiny became speechless. She momentarily forgot about her desire and about Passion, she forgot how horny she was and how concerned about the possible reactions. She felt she had gone too far, her lips were too big now, too plump. She looked vulgar and cheap, like a slut. She parted her lips and gently touched them with her finger; they were numb because of the anesthesia, talking was difficult for her and she lisped slightly.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“I’d like some water,” she said slowly, her voice trembling.

She could hardly pronounce her words now, because her lips didn’t move the way they used to, they seemed too large to be used for speaking. When she opened her mouth, it assumed a plump, round shape and everyone who looked at it would think only of a long, exciting blowjob.

Dorian gave her a glass, she took it from him with shaky hands, and when she brought it close to her lips, she poured a large portion of water over her cleavage. It wasn’t until he handed her a straw that she slowly clamped her lips around it and was finally able to drink.

Once again she looked at her lips in the mirror and this time she was overwhelmed by a wave of excitement so strong that she moaned. Her pussy started pulsing again, her head was spinning and all she could think about was sex.



It was only when she was leaving the clinic that she realized she had no money to pay for the treatment. The only valuable thing that she had on her was the ring Owen gave her. She placed it on the reception counter and left the clinic, even more excited and horny than before the procedure.

It was only in the taxi that she discovered she had several missed calls and many text messages from Owen. Apparently, he tried to contact her when she was at the clinic.

She called his number and explained to him that she was on her way home, but she didn't want to tell him where she'd been.

"Why is your voice so strange?" Owen inquired. "Something happened to you? I managed to get out of work earlier, after all. I thought you'd be happy! Where are you?"

"I'm on my way back," she moaned.

"Have you taken Passion again?!" Owen got nervous. "Did you do something stupid?"

"I..."

"You are to come back home right away!"

She was afraid of his reaction, but she was even more excited, she wanted to tear off his clothes and make love to him for hours.

Ten minutes later she entered the apartment, and when Owen saw her, he froze and stared at her in silence. Slim legs and arms contrasted with gigantic, round breasts that barely fit under a tight dress. The size of her breasts shocked him every time he looked at her, and provocative clothes emphasized the uniqueness of her figure. It excited him how her breasts were bulging under her clothes, how heavy and round they were, how dramatically they changed her figure.

He looked at her as if he had never seen her before, like a stranger, and saw how attractive and dazzling she became. Every detail of her appearance was refined and well-thought-out, from well-groomed nails, to her accessories and outfit, to her intense make-up. Perfectly styled hair surrounded her familiar, yet suddenly strange face, her eyes were emphasized with eyeshadow, her skin smooth and her lips... Those lips it was impossible to take your eyes off were even more plump and fuller than before, invitingly open and exciting. At sight of them, he sighed quietly and shuddered. Even if he didn't know her, if he saw her now for the first time in his life, he would have easily guessed that her fetish was to give blowjobs, her fascination – big breasts. Destiny turned her mouth into an oral sex machine, a perverse, encouraging hole serving to fulfill sexual dreams. His girlfriend's erotic fantasies were clearly visible, and the most intimate sphere of life exposed to public view. He had no idea if he was more angry or excited.

“They’re very sexy, right?” she finally spoke up.

He was shocked at how difficult it was for her to say these words, syllable after syllable, as if her lips couldn’t form a proper shape. She has gone so far that it made her normal speech difficult – just to become more attractive! He felt that it was too much for him, that he was losing control over himself and a wave of anger flooded him. Under that anger, there was hidden desire and fear; fear that Destiny would gain absolute power over him, and worst of all, that he might enjoy it.



“We have already talked about it, you can’t lose control over yourself, take Passion and make impulsive decisions! Did you think about it at all?” He was getting increasingly irritated.

“I had to do it! I felt that I had to have bigger lips, I did it for you, to please you more, to give you better blowjobs. I know it excites you!”

“You completely lost control, after Passion you don’t know what you are doing. Destiny, you’ll destroy your life!” he shouted.

He looked really furious now. He wondered how often strange guys chat her up at the club and in the street, and felt his stomach knot with jealousy. Once he preferred open relationships, he despised possessive partners who wanted to have the other person only for themselves, but now he understood them very well. If she was that impulsive, would she be able to resist the temptation if a newly-met man asked her for a quick blowjob? Under his eyelids there were scenes in which Destiny knelt in front of some horny guy who was coming into her hot, sexy mouth. He hoped that at least that ring on her finger would scare men away a bit.

Then he noticed that on her ring finger there was no ring...

“So it doesn’t matter anymore that I’ve done all these treatments for you? Now, suddenly I’m crazy?” Destiny was indignant.

Owen asked her about the ring, and when she confessed the truth to him, such an intense argument broke out between the two of them that the air seemed electrified with emotion. With tears in her eyes Destiny began to throw her things into her suitcase, and then she announced that she was moving out. She slammed the apartment door behind her.

She took a taxi and went straight to Raven’s place.

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Owen didn't know what to do with himself. It had been three weeks since their breakup, and he was still unable to move on. In the evenings he sat motionless in front of the TV and thought about her, wondering all the time whether to call her. He kept nervously checking her profiles on social media. He began to regret that he reacted so violently, but on the other hand, he couldn't tolerate her impulsive behavior, after all they had agreed to consult all the treatments. Yet, she broke her promise every now and then – she came home with breasts much bigger than they had agreed, then she impulsively took Passion and enlarged her mouth to gigantic proportions. He had to admit that it looked exciting, too exciting, and this truth overwhelmed him.

That evening, as usual, he sat on the couch, eating a take-away dinner, and stared blankly at the television, when suddenly the doorbell rang. He was sure that it was Destiny, he imagined that she would apologize, promise that she would be sensible from now on, she wouldn't take Passion any more...

He stood up and with trembling hands he turned the doorknob, but at the threshold he saw someone completely different. It was Candy. Owen sighed and leaned against the doorframe, he could not think, a sudden wave of desire and excitement flooded him.

“Can I come in?” she asked in a sweet voice.

He nodded and invited her inside. He combed his hair with his hand and took a few deep breaths. He always liked Candy, she was sexy and exciting, always horny and eager to go to bed with anyone. However, they never did it together. He was fascinated by her curves, her huge breasts and protruding but firm ass.

And now they were *even bigger*. Greater than Destiny's. Candy's breasts and buttocks became unimaginably abundant, unreal, a living embodiment of his fantasies; he had never seen such a sexy woman.



“I can comfort you, you don’t have to be sad anymore,” she said, stroking his shoulder. “My daddy made me even bigger and sexier, I’m beginning to be only good for sex, but it doesn’t bother me at all. I think it’s very exciting. You would like to go to bed with me, right? You’ll forget all your worries.”

Then Candy started to undress.

Owen could barely catch his breath and kept telling himself that he had to maintain control, ask Candy to leave the apartment and remember about Destiny, who would surely come back to him, which was all he really cared about! He could hardly formulate these thoughts, shocked by Candy’s new look. Her exciting body made him unable to concentrate.

“Candy, listen...” he began.

"I took Passion and you should, too. It'll be very nice, I promise, I'll let you do with me whatever you want. I know how much you desire my body," she sighed and put her hands over her large breasts. "I need to feel you inside me, Destiny told me so many times how great your member is and..."

The memory of his ex-girlfriend hurt Owen and he momentarily shook off the spell that Candy's body put him under.

"I can't do it, it would be disloyal to Destiny."

"But you two broke up! Please, I'm so horny, you'll be able to see what it's like to fuck a woman as exciting as me. Please, do it for me, just this one time."

She hugged him and touched him, kissed him on the lips and rubbed against him with her amazing breasts and buttocks.

"Take Passion with me, let's spend the night together and you'll forget your worries," she whispered and handed him a plaster.

He refused and asked her to leave.

Candy didn't listen to him, she fell to the floor, spread her legs wide and began to caress herself, moaning loudly. Her buttocks and breasts heaved and bounced with each movement. She looked him straight in the eye, put her fingers in her hot pussy and begged him to fuck her, to allow her to caress his dick.

Owen put the plaster on his skin. He could not resist any more. He undressed hurriedly, ordered Candy to turn her back to him and pushed with his hips, diving into her damp hole. The girl screamed and shuddered, mumbled that she wanted more, and moaned how wonderful it felt to have him inside.

“It’s so big and hard,” she repeated. “Put your hands on my tits, see how big they are.”

Owen was entering her faster and faster, clapping his hands on her large buttocks and stroking her gigantic breasts. Passion made him lose all inhibitions, he forgot about Destiny and focused on the sexy woman with whom he was going to spend the whole night. The delight grew with every second, and the drug allowed him to prolong his pleasure. He was already on the verge of orgasm, but the ecstasy kept getting stronger. He had the impression that he could not stand it, he groaned and screamed, and forgot everything but his own pleasure and Candy’s amazing figure.



They spent the whole night having mad sex until they both felt spent and satiated with each other's bodies.

*Before & After*



A scream of rage woke him up. Destiny stood over him and gesticulated angrily, her face contorted in an ugly grimace.

Owen had no idea what to do. The sight of Destiny made his heart stop, and his head felt empty, like during a difficult exam. He blinked, because he could not believe what he was seeing – Destiny changed one more time. Once again, she has improved her sexy body. He wasn't ready for it, he felt a sudden, almost painful wave of desire, and for a moment he was sure he was still dreaming, and this was just an erotic fantasy.

"I did it all for you!" Destiny was shouting. "For you I changed my body, you know how much sacrifice it cost me?! Can you even imagine it? I wanted to give you a surprise, I wanted to make up with you, move back in, and you are fucking another woman?!"

Owen apologized in a faltering voice, he tried to explain that he was sad after their breakup, and Candy persuaded him to take Passion, and...

"Look at me now! Look how much I've changed for you! I had to persuade Dorian to carry out that procedure for a long time, we talked seriously for a few hours before he realized that I knew what I was doing. I wanted you to be excited by my appearance. How could you do this to me?!"

"Destiny, you look stunning..." Owen sighed. "You've no idea how much I like you..."

Candy was getting dressed, frightened by the girl's rage. Every now and then she threw her a look full of fascination and admiration. She would never believe that Destiny would go that far!

"You really did it..." Candy whispered hoarsely. "That's very... brave. I myself would not decide on such a radical transformation."

Destiny felt an involuntary surge of pride.

"Get out of here!" she barked at Candy.

Finally, the two of them were alone. Owen had no idea what to do next, he couldn't afford to lose her, he couldn't let her leave him again. Now that she has changed so dramatically, he simply wouldn't be able to bear her absence.

“Please, Destiny...” he stuttered.

He did not like it that his voice sounded so weak, so submissive, but how could he resist such a captivatingly sexy woman?

“Do you know how much they weigh now?” Destiny asked pointing to her bust. “Can you understand how difficult it is for me to move now, how much they bother me in every aspect? Look, my skin is impossibly taut!”

Owen started apologizing, promising that this situation would never happen again and giving one excuse after another, but Destiny wasn't listening.

“Do you have any idea what are these implants? Do you realize what I've done for you?!”

Owen shook his head slowly, though he suspected he knew the answer. He felt a wave of desire flood him. Is it possible that she decided on something so radical?

“These are the implants that Dorian once offered to me! You know what it means? They will continue growing for many months, they will keep getting bigger and bigger with each passing day!”

Owen moaned and mumbled something unintelligible.

“I did it as a gift for you, as a reconciliatory gesture, to show you how much I care about you, how far I’m ready to go to satisfy you, to become a perfect woman for you, and in the meantime you go to bed with someone else?!”

“Destiny, I... Really, I’m sorry, what else can I say?” he sighed and spread his hands in a helpless gesture.

He knew that he should be tormented by pangs of remorse, but he mostly felt fascination and desire.

He regretted that due to a stupid mistake he wouldn’t be able to enjoy Destiny’s stunningly sexy body. Some part of him, that he had never known existed, felt somewhat relieved that they wouldn’t be together anymore – the size of her implants was overwhelming, and they still were to keep growing. This seemed difficult to deal with, too exciting, too attractive. Could he live with such a woman?

“I’ll tell you what is going to happen now,” Destiny said in a authoritative voice. “I’ll move in with you and you will look after me. It’s for you that I got such gigantic tits, you have obligations to me now. Besides, when these breasts grow, it will be harder and harder for me to lead an independent life. But don’t imagine that everything will be same as before between the two of us, we are not a couple anymore. You will help me with activities that I can’t perform myself. Just that. You can look at my big, growing tits, but I won’t let you touch them.”





Owen moaned, confused. Too much has happened recently, he had no idea what to do now, he felt overwhelmed and excited.

“Surely, you would like to go to bed with me now, right? You would like to see my breasts without a bra, touch them, lick them and caress them. I know how much they excite you,” said Destiny. “But I’ll have none of that! You can only look at them and imagine how wonderful it would be if you didn’t cheat on me.”

“But I...”

“Don’t interrupt me!” she said, raising her finger. “You’ll be allowed to masturbate thinking about my tits, but I won’t let you do anything more, do we understand each other?”

“But I won’t be able to bear it!” Owen shouted.

“Oh, one more thing. Your penis will become my private toy and I will suck it whenever I feel like it.”

“What?!” Owen said indignantly. “You can’t treat me like this, it’s not fair!”

“Not fair?! As if! May I remind you that it’s because of you that my body is in such a condition now? And you betrayed me. You will do what I want. And I want your member to be my property. I will give you blowjobs many times a day until you lose all strength. If I were you, I would get a stash of Passion, you are going to need it.”

“But...”

“If my conditions don’t suit you, I will leave and you will never see me again,” she threatened.

Owen could not allow that.

“And now, please, help me unpack my suitcase. I got very tired, carrying it from the taxi to your door, you have no idea how fast I get tired with these gigantic implants now,” said Destiny.

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The life of Destiny and Owen has changed a lot. The girl was no longer able to work as a bartender, but due to her amazing appearance she attracted partygoers to the club by her very presence and Dorian decided to pay her for regular visits and for entertaining some of the more important guests. Sometimes she would meet celebrities in the VIP room or just sat at the bar and smiled at everyone around her, enjoying the impression she made on people.

Every morning Owen helped her to get dressed, pull on tops and put on shoes. When she dropped something onto the floor, he picked it up; he prepared meals for her and cleaned up after her. All the time he was right next to her sexy, exciting figure, but he could not touch her, which drew him insane. Sometimes he wondered if Destiny really wasn't able to do any of these activities herself, or maybe she pretended, so that he would have to be near her all the time.



He saw her smile contentedly when he stared at her bust, fascinated and helpless. He couldn't fight it, his desire was too strong. When he masturbated, he only thought about her, no other woman could excite him. Even Candy's body seemed less attractive now.



Every day the girl caressed his manhood, licked it and sucked. What she liked best was to bring him to the brink of orgasm, and then stop for a moment, and then again make him almost reach the top. She adored his member and never had enough of it. She often masturbated while giving him a blowjob. Sometimes she wouldn't let him come at all, leaving him horny and frustrated.

She didn't want him to touch her, and that, combined with her exceptionally sexy look, was unbearable. It seemed to Owen that he was going crazy with the desire, that he would lose his mind from constant tension that had no escape. He felt trapped, with no way out and he wasn't even sure if he really wanted to escape. It happened sometimes that he felt like throwing Destiny out of the apartment and wanted to tell her to cope alone. So what if she did all of that for him? He didn't force her to do anything, and she didn't even consult the last surgery with him. He was in no obligation to look after her. However, he always restrained himself, because the thought of never being able to see her again and losing any chance to caress her perfect body was terrifying. Sometimes he wanted to beg her to stop being angry with him, and let him come near and finally satisfy his lust, but his pride wouldn't allow him to humble himself that much. He could only hope that she would finally decide come back to him.

Destiny often complained how cumbersome it was to have such huge breasts. She talked about the effort it cost her to carry those extra thirty four pounds, she would step onto the scales and sigh deeply.

“I’m so slim, and yet I weigh 144 pounds, Owen, look,” she would say and watch his excitement. “Do you know how hard it is for me?”

She complained that she couldn’t get dressed unassisted, that people pointed at her with their fingers, that she could no longer be an ordinary girl, even if she wanted to. Owen, however, knew how much she liked it and how well she enjoyed her new role; she gladly made the most of all the advantages having such big breasts provided.

She liked to torment him with comments about her ever-growing bust. “In a few weeks I definitely won’t be able to squeeze into this blouse,” she would say when he helped her to put on her clothes; she suggested that she could become so huge that he would have to lift her out of bed and support her while walking. Owen tried to ignore these words, taking them for a provocation, he thought she was testing his endurance.

Sometimes she mentioned that she would like her lips to be even bigger, she showed him pictures found on the Internet, and talked about how sexy she would be if she enlarged them once more.



She was growing all the time, she was getting bigger with each passing day, and Owen was afraid to even ask what size she would finally reach. Newly bought clothes were soon becoming too small, the bras too tight, it was harder and harder for her to move around without assistance. Every few weeks she would step on the scales to show how many pounds she gained and how much her breasts' circumference had grown. For Owen it was like a wonderful torment, he wanted her to be bigger and bigger, and at the same time he wanted this to finally stop, so that he could somehow regain control of his life.

Months passed, and the implants didn't stop gaining in volume, although it seemed to Owen that they were growing more slowly. Destiny also noticed that and felt some relief. Yet, at the same time, with every passing week she missed the strong excitement caused by her ever-changing body.

She mentioned another treatment more and more often.



“Dorian says that I could add another three or four thousand milliliters to them, you know? He assured me that it was safe, that nothing stood in the way of doing it. I wouldn’t even have to be anesthetized,” she said.

“Nothing stands in the way of it?!” Owen said indignantly. “You can’t be serious about it, can you? I have to help you with everything, you get tired so quickly and you constantly complain that you are already too big!”

Destiny only shrugged her shoulders, as if this topic wasn’t important at all. It made Owen crazy that she could so easily become even sexier. One visit to the clinic would be enough! That’s all that separated her from another procedure. He preferred not to even think about it, he didn’t want to go completely insane.

And then, one day Destiny started to talk about the surgery seriously. Owen had no idea how to react, a wave of conflicting emotions flooded over him and deprived him of the last shreds of rational thinking.

“You can’t do it” he said finally.

“Why not?”

Because Owen couldn’t stand it, because he wouldn’t be able to behave normally in her presence, because it would be too much. He couldn’t tell her that; it would only encourage her.

“Think about how you will function with such breasts. You keep complaining that it is too hard for you,” he tried to be her voice of reason.

“You will help me,” she answered lightheartedly.

“This is crazy! Don’t do this. I’m forbidding you to do this!”

“Oh, that’s what you say, but I know you want to see me with monstrous, unimaginably big tits, I know it, you won’t fool me,” she said, and there was something resembling a threat in her voice, as if these implants were her weapon. “You will never leave me, because you won’t be able to stop looking at my big breasts, I will be your living fantasy and your obsession.”

“Destiny, just listen to yourself, it sounds as if you want to take revenge on me with this next treatment. Do you really want to do something so irresponsible?”

The girl raised an eyebrow and looked at him defiantly.

“You can’t stop me,” she said. “And don’t pretend you don’t want it deep in your heart, I know you want it even more than I do. Taking care of me will give you pleasure, just being in my presence will be better than having sex with other women. I will be your obsession.”

“You got addicted to these treatments! You can’t keep doing it forever!”

“Oh? Why not? she asked.

Owen had no answer to that. He couldn’t talk sense into her, and the more he tried to dissuade her from her decision, the more stubborn she became.

In time, his objections weakened, and the fantasies about Destiny with even bigger breasts became more and more vivid. He caught himself imagining her petite figure, her slender arms, narrow shoulders, and slim thighs, coupled with those monstrous implants, and he had to admit that he was excited by this unearthly contrast. He wanted to see what she would look like after the procedure, when her appearance would become even more incredible; when she would transform into a living erotic fantasy.

He knew what he had to do, there was only one sensible way out.

That afternoon he took Destiny to work. She could barely fit into the passenger seat and he had to help her secure her seat belt, and hold her hand when she got into and out of the car. During the entire journey he tried to avoid looking at her stunning breasts so as not to get distracted. He parked in front of the club, took her by the arm and led her up to her table, then kissed her goodbye.

Then he went to the clinic, he had to arrange something there.

*Before & After*



Destiny caused a sensation with her appearance and the club was packed with people even in the early afternoon. The girl felt that she was getting tired more quickly, she took frequent breaks and dreamed about lying down, yet at the same time she was flattered by the guests' interest in her. It excited her that everyone was paying attention to her, flirting and trying to be as close as possible to her. The men around her lost their heads completely, some were openly staring at her, some cast furtive glances in her direction, yet others watched her from their tables and decided to come up to her after only a few beers gave them that extra courage.

In the crowd, she noticed Candy flirting with a few men and once again a wave of anger flooded her. How could Owen betray her like that? After everything Destiny did for him! She endured all these discomforts just to please him, after all.

Destiny felt angry all evening and she wanted to get back home early. She chose Owen's number, but he didn't answer, which spoiled her mood even more. She sent him a text message and then she phoned for a taxi.

The apartment was empty, which she didn't like at all; she recorded a message on Owen's voicemail and sent another text. She wanted to change, but she didn't know if she could do it without help. Taking off her blouse and bra tired her so much that she gave up getting dressed again and remained in her panties; he decided to wait for Owen to come back and help her.

She wanted to have a drink and it made her angry that she had to prepare it for herself. She sighed, stood on tiptoe to reach the shelf with alcohol bottles, and when she was taking down one of them, plasters of Passion spilled all over the kitchen counter. They must have been in the cupboard for a long time, because she forgot about them completely. This time the drug didn't tempt her, she preferred the relaxing effect of a drink. She leaned over the table to collect the plasters. Her breasts hung down heavily and she tensed all her muscles to keep her balance. Unfortunately, despite all her efforts, the heels of her shoes gave way and one of the legs slipped. Destiny fell forward and her bust hit the counter.

She groaned and cursed under her breath, tears of rage and pain appeared in her eyes. If only Owen was here, nothing bad would have happened!

With an effort she stood upright again and realized that a few plasters got stuck to her bust. She reached towards them with her fingers, she had to get rid of the drug as quickly as possible. It's just that her bust was too big! She couldn't reach the plasters. She was squeezing her breasts with her hands, trying from different angles, but nothing helped. Her arms got blocked against the sides of her giant bust, and the places where the drug stuck to her skin were out of reach. She started to panic.





She ran to the mirror to check how many plasters she had unknowingly applied. She moaned, because there were three of them. She had no idea how Passion worked in such a large dose! She knew that only minutes of rational thinking were left, or maybe just seconds, because later on the drug would take complete possession of her . Once again she tried to peel off the plasters, but her efforts did not give any result. She was only getting tired and wasting her time.

She became so tempting, so sexy... The size of her bust exceeded all normal limits... She felt an overwhelming wave of desire, her eyes became glassy, her nipples hardened, her lips parted and her cheeks flushed. She had to lean against the wall, because she suddenly felt dizzy. Her pussy warmed up, got wet and started to throb, not letting her focus on anything else.

Using the last shreds of her will, she forced herself to think clearly. She should use some object to remove the plasters. She reached into her closet and pulled out a hanger, then stood again in front of the mirror. She was dazed with her own, sexy reflection, her gigantic, perfectly rounded breasts contrasting with the slim figure, her large, shapely lips that reminded her how she loved giving blowjobs... She sighed and reached between her legs to the warm, wet clitoris instead of trying to remove the plasters on her breast. She craved that touch, she wanted to feel a hard, large member in her mouth and...

*You must control yourself! Now you will peel off the plasters, just do it!* she told herself. She clenched her teeth, putting a lot of effort into taking her fingers away from her pussy and reaching with the hanger towards the strips with Passion that stuck to her skin. She managed to lift one of them, but touching her breasts, those heavy, too big, impractical breasts, so gigantic that she couldn't reach her own nipples with her hands, was extremely exciting. She never felt so horny in her life. She became the goddess of sex and the sight of her own figure aroused even greater desire within her.

*Before you do something stupid, it's your last chance,* the voice of reason admonished her. The first of the plasters came off, but there were two more left!

She wanted to kneel in front of Owen and give him a blowjob, kneel in front of any guy and satisfy him with her lips. To look at her incredibly sexy body and touch it, caress it, and satisfy it. She needed someone to fuck her. The only thing she wanted in the whole world was for her appearance to become even more exciting. She could do it, she should do it, because at the moment nothing else was important anymore.

She let the hanger fall out of her hands and began to touch herself feverishly.



Owen opened the door of the clinic impetuously and immediately ran into Dorian. He had to say everything before he lost courage or changed his mind.

"I'm forbidding you to perform any further surgeries on Destiny," he said. "She's already huge, she can barely move, she can't even tie her own shoes!" he exclaimed, but his own words made him feel excited despite himself. "You can't let her enlarge her breasts again! She's already started talking about it, she'll never stop, you have to stop her!"

Dorian smiled unpleasantly and crossed his arms on his chest.

"It's Destiny's decision, neither I nor you can forbid her that. I know that her body is able to safely undergo another procedure and if she so wishes, I will do it."

"No!" Owen raised his voice. "It's ruining her life. It's ruining life for both of us!"

"You mean she's too exciting for you, and that's why you want to prevent me from doing that? Are you afraid that you will give in to her and never free yourself from under her power?" he asked in a contemptuous tone.

"You don't care for her at all, you don't give a damn about her wellbeing!"

“She has every right to make her own decisions and if she wants to have another surgery, I will perform it, and believe me, this girl is determined, she will move right up to the limit, to the extreme, and nothing can stop her. She became addicted to the treatments, as soon as she gets used to her new size, she wants more, there is a hunger in her that can never be satisfied.”

“You’re completely irresponsible. I thought that a doctor should behave ethically!” Owen shouted and aimed his finger accusingly at Dorian’s chest.

“Destiny will become gigantic, we both know it. Maybe she won’t be able to get out of bed, take a shower, or walk even a few steps without catching her breath. I can make her much bigger than now and she will continue to use my services, I’m sure. She wants even bigger breasts, She thinks and fantasizes about them more and more often, and in the end this desire will become unbearable, she will have to fulfill it. What will happen to you then? I don’t know, but in my opinion you’ll be lucky if she lets you take care of herself. Many men would give a lot to be in your place, and you can’t even appreciate your luck.”

“You won’t do it, I won’t let you!”

Dorian sighed and nodded to the receptionist.

“Call the police, would you? This gentleman is making too much of a fuss, let them take him away,” he said, and then turned to Owen: “You’ll go crazy because of her; if it hasn’t happened already, it’ll happen soon enough.”

With these words he walked down the hall. Owen could do nothing but leave the clinic.

He didn’t want to return home, he wanted to go to a bar and relax a bit. He ordered a beer and sat at a table, trying to forget about Dorian and Destiny.

He drank quickly and methodically, and after half an hour he was quite intoxicated. He achieved his goal; he forgot. It seemed to him that Destiny would manage one evening alone without him, if she needed something, she could call. He told himself she would be all right, and then, when he poured more alcohol into himself, he stopped worrying about it at all.

Everything became blurred, the street heaved like a ship at sea. Owen met a friend and told him about Destiny’s implants and her blowjob skills. Then they drank some more in another bar, and later on it was too late to get back to his own place, or at least so it seemed to him. Finally, they went to that guy’s apartment, or someone else’s place, he couldn’t be sure of that. There they probably talked about something until they fell asleep on the couch in front of the TV.

It was only in the morning that he realized his phone was off, and when he switched it on, it was flooded with texts and voicemail messages from Destiny. His stomach knotted painfully, his heart started beating like crazy. His head ached, he felt dryness in his mouth, he was dirty and suffered from a terrible hangover. He was lucky that he had met an old colleague who took him to his place; he might have just as well fallen asleep somewhere in the street or gotten into real trouble.

He was reading Destiny's texts and wondered whether he got into real trouble, after all. Why did his brain work so slowly? Why did he feel sick all the time? He went on reading, and the knot in his stomach grew tighter. Destiny's words sobered him like a bucket of cold water, each of her texts was more disturbing than the previous one.

In the earliest ones, she was upset that he had turned the phone off and she had to go home by taxi, later she got mad at him because he wasn't in the apartment and she had to undress without help. Then the messages became less and less coherent, and the voicemail recordings were interrupted by sighs and groans of pleasure. She wrote that she wanted to give him a blowjob, that he absolutely must get back home, because she was terribly horny and could only think about holding him in her mouth, and caressing him long and passionately. That he should take Passion together with her and spend the whole night having sex. She wrote that her lips were so big and it would be so nice when she would finally close them over his penis. "My tits are so huge" she moaned. "You know how huge they are, so huge that when I slipped..." an ecstatic sigh and a scream, "I don't know how it happened, but I couldn't reach far enough with my hands, because they are so big now that I can't reach there with my hand, you know what I mean? And you weren't at home and..." Here the recording stopped.

Owen was breathing faster now. In a hurry, he looked through the rest of the text messages and prayed it wouldn't be too late. Destiny could have done something very stupid, she probably lost control again, and he wasn't there. He was overcome by an unpleasant mixture of guilt and anger. She should control herself better, they were constantly arguing about it!

At the same time, some small part of him, the same one that got excited by the vision of even larger breasts and didn't mind if Destiny completely gave in to her fantasies and became addicted to Passion, that part of him was turned on by the thought of what Destiny might do if she was left alone long enough; horny, stoned, overwhelmed by the desire to have even bigger breasts.

Owen shook his head as if trying to sober up. He couldn't think that way, this was crazy!

"Your penis is so exciting, I haven't seen anything more exciting than that, and I have to have it in my mouth now! Now! I want to lick it all night long. I want to put it between these giant tits, why are not you at home yet?!"

Later she wrote less and less coherently, ungrammatically, that his penis was perfect, that she loved it and wanted to suck it for the rest of her life. She wrote that she needed to have even bigger tits and bigger lips to become a real slut, like Candy, that she didn't care about anything else and that she had never been so horny in her entire life.

When Owen read her last text, his heart stopped for a moment, the hairs all over his body stood on end; it was as if suddenly he couldn't get enough oxygen.

"Why aren't you here?! I did it, I really did it!! Why weren't you at home when I needed you. I did it because of you!"

Owen ran out of his friend's apartment and drove straight to Destiny. He prayed he would find her at home.

At first he could smell her excitement, permeating the whole apartment. He looked into the bedroom and saw the crumpled, stained bed linen and erotic toys scattered all around the room. Did she sleep with someone? Has she betrayed him? Could she cheat on him if she claimed they weren't a couple at all, even though they lived together, and she sucked his dick every day?

She was lying on the couch, naked, with one hand hanging towards the floor, and her hair in disarray. He noticed that Passion strips were stuck to her monstrous breasts, not just one, but two... He stood there, suddenly frightened that she could have overdosed, that something serious might have happened to her. Then she turned her head towards him. Owen moaned and came closer.

He had never seen such big lips before. He had no idea what to say or how to react. What she did was crazy!

“I’m sure it excites you,” she said indistinctly.

She seemed angry and afraid of what she had done.

“You should have come home,” she whispered.

She was lisping a little, and the words came out of her mouth slowly and with great difficulty. Tears of rage rushed down her cheeks.

“How did this happen?” he asked.

And even when she was telling him what occurred the previous evening, he couldn't fully focus on her words, because those plump, sexy lips distracted him and drew his attention. He imagined she was clamping them around his hard penis, sucking its tip, kissing it from the base to the crown. It excited him that she spoke so indistinctly, that her lips ceased to be useful for speech, and turned into an ideal caressing tool.



“You aren’t responsible enough to take care of me,” Destiny finally announced. “All this happened because you weren’t at home. Someone else will take care of me.”

Owen froze, terrified.

“I know you’re angry with me,” he said. “It won’t happen again.”

“I’m serious,” she insisted. “I’m leaving.”

Owen tried to convince her to change her mind, he explained what had happened and provided all kinds of arguments, but nothing worked.

“Who will take care of you?” he finally asked.

“It’s none of your business anymore,” she said putting her clothes into her suitcase.

Her bust was getting into her way when she was packing, she couldn’t see very well what she was doing, and the range of her movements was significantly limited. She got tired quickly and had to take breaks every couple of minutes, but she didn’t want Owen to help her.

She went down onto the street and called a taxi. She planned to go to Raven place, but her friend didn’t answer the phone. After a long reflection, she called Dorian’s number, and he immediately agreed to take her in.

“Thank you,” she said as he carried her luggage into the apartment. “It’s very nice of you.”

“ I feel responsible for you,” the man replied with a twinkle in his eye. “After all, I’m the one who agreed to carry out such radical treatments. I owe you something.”

She smiled at him gratefully.



She was stunned by how luxurious and beautifully decorated his apartment was. She felt like a princess here, as if she were in some other, better world.

“Take it, it’ll relax you,” Dorian said, handing her a strip of Passion.

“I accidentally took three of them yesterday,” she confessed. “I think I’ve had enough.”

“Sure, some other time, then. I’ll show you to your bedroom. Do you think we will need to adjust the bed somehow to your needs?”

They talked for a long time about what facilities Destiny would need in order to feel comfortable in his apartment. She preferred not to climb too many stairs, she wanted special handles to be installed in the shower, so that she could hold onto them when she needed support, she asked for the cabinets not to be too low, so that she could reach into them easily. However, nothing could replace the assistance of another human being. Someone would have to help her get out of bed, put on her clothes or drive a car for her.

Dorian assured her that he would either do it himself or hire someone for that purpose.

The girl preferred not to think about Owen. She was furious with him and left him on impulse. She knew that soon enough she would feel painful longing that nothing would be able to sooth. Will her pride allow her to go back to him? She would have to think it over calmly.

This last thought triggered a wave of memories of Owen, which Destiny wanted to drown out as quickly as possible. One strip of Passion would surely help her to achieve this...

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*Before & After*





Owen had hoped Destiny would get in touch with him within a few days time. He would gladly take her back, but he had no news from her. He contacted Raven, who claimed that everything was fine with the girl and that she didn't want to come back to him.

Weeks and months passed, and he missed her more and more. He was slowly becoming aware that they might never get together again. He couldn't imagine living with anyone else. He went on several dates, but all his potential partners seemed bland. He tried to go to bed with them, but none was even in the slightest as tempting as Destiny. He got excited only when he imagined Destiny. He made love to other women but thought only about his ex, and this seemed wrong. He masturbated watching her pictures. Even Passion didn't work for him the way it used to.

Destiny embodied his deepest, strongest desires, and once he had tasted life with her, he was unable to form a relationship with anyone else. Sometimes he blamed himself for the fact that she left him, accusing himself of irresponsibility and negligence, and sometimes he felt angry at her for such a ruthless breakup of their union. He couldn't come to terms with the fact that she had left so suddenly and then cut him off so completely.

He went to clubs she usually frequented and to the one where she used to work. He asked people about her, but they couldn't tell him much, and the last particles of pride didn't allow him to push the subject too much. Sometimes he heard disturbing but exciting rumors that Destiny grew even larger and he didn't know whether to believe them. Apparently, she has become gigantic, so big that she could barely move.

One day, Owen saw Candy in the club. The girl's hands were moving across her body all the time, as if she couldn't stop touching herself, her eyes were shining with excitement. He watched her with silent fascination, because her breasts were even bigger now. She looked stunning and for the first time since he his breakup with Destiny, he felt something approaching excitement about another woman's figure. He didn't know if it was the effect of the sight of her gigantic breasts, or perhaps the shock related to an unexpected change; the sensation that he always associated with Destiny.

Candy came up to him and kissed him on the cheek. He noticed that her shorts were damp between her legs and she was probably wearing no underwear. He could smell the fragrance of her skin, hair and makeup.

"I really want to fuck," she said by way of a greeting and put her hand on his crotch. "Come with me to the VIP room, fuck me there," she moaned.

“Do you know what happened to Destiny?” he asked, pushing her hand away.

“I heard that she’s huge now!” she said, and her eyes widened. “Apparently, she went through another operation. She hardly leaves the house, Dorian looks after her.”

“Have you seen her?”

She shook her head.

“Please, you have to fuck me,” she sighed. “I missed you...”

Owen thought that it was because of Candy that Destiny broke up with him and despite the fact that the girl looked exciting, and was eager and horny, he didn’t want to go with her. He tried to get something out of her on the subject of Destiny, but she kept telling him to fuck her, and when she realized he wasn’t interested, she immediately turned to another man.

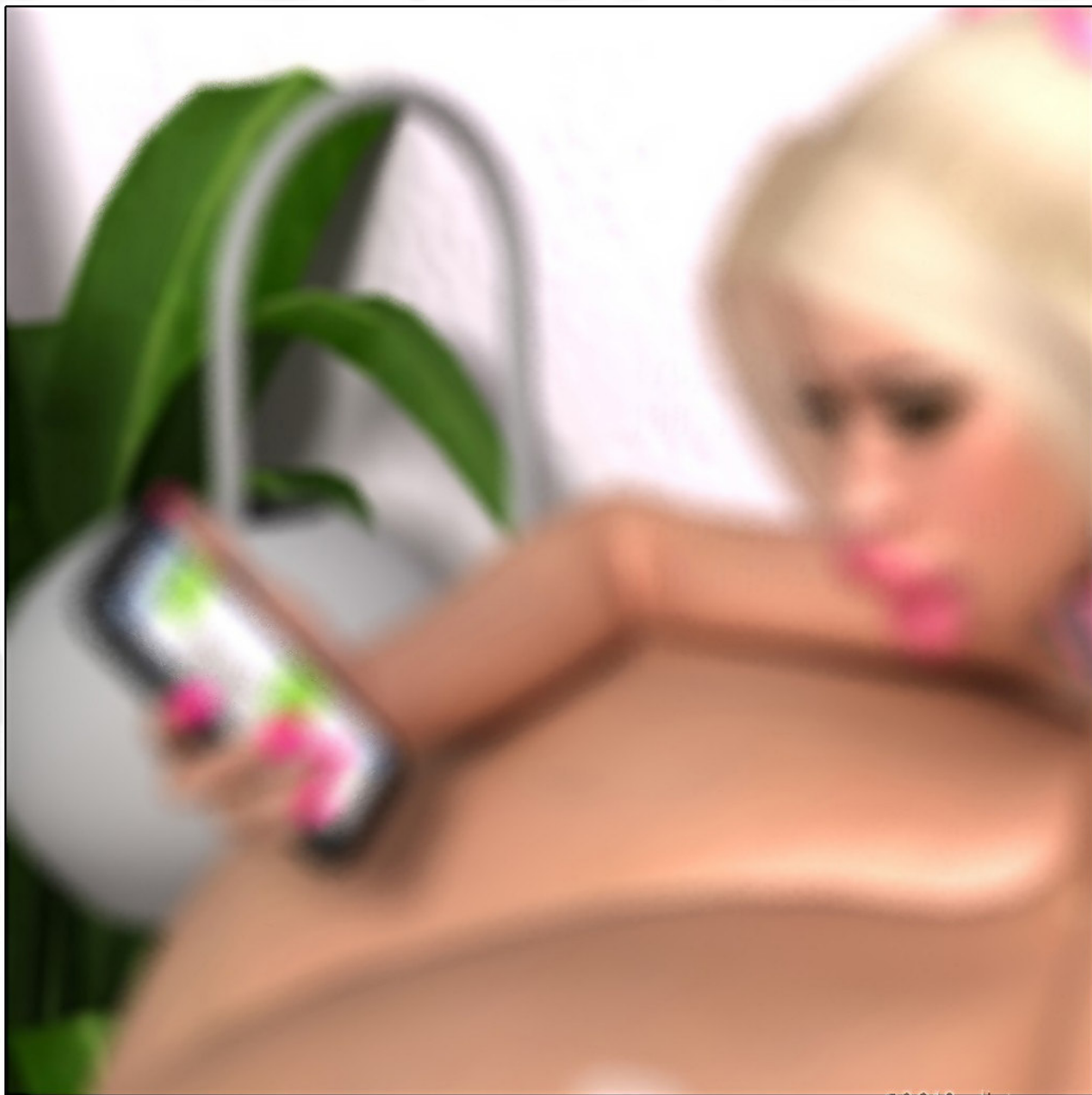


After some time, Owen came to the conclusion that he had to try to move on. He couldn't spend the rest of his life ruminating about his relationship with Destiny. He tried to find some positive points about that breakup – he could finally focus on his work, and his everyday life was no longer tinted with constant excitement. He didn't have to wonder constantly when the girl would metamorphose once again.

He realized that although they weren't together anymore, she still held power over him. She appeared in his dreams and fantasies, she outshone every other woman he now met.

Maybe thanks to that breakup he wouldn't become completely obsessed with her? Maybe if they had stayed together, he wouldn't be able to think about anything and anybody else apart from Destiny and her perfect body?

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One evening he sat mindlessly staring at the TV, exhausted with work, eating the leftovers of the previous day's dinner. The phone vibrated on the tabletop, and Destiny's name appeared on the screen. This was the first message from her he received in months. He picked the mobile with trembling hands and read the message.

It was written incoherently and chaotically, and only when he read it for the third time, he understood what she meant. Was she drunk when she sent it to him? He felt a growing uneasiness, he was suddenly wide awake, despite his tiredness after a whole day's work. She wrote that she needed help, that Owen was to take her from Dorian's place, that things there got out of hand.

He had no intention of waiting until the next day and immediately got into the car. What could it mean that things got out of hand? Crazy visions crossed his mind, terrifying and at the same time appealing. Was it possible that she actually became even greater? He preferred not to even think about it, it was simply unimaginable! If Dorian did her any harm, Owen wouldn't be answerable for his actions.

A maid opened the door but didn't want to let him inside. He moved her aside. In the corridor, he heard Destiny's moans of pleasure and he headed towards them. The maid spoke louder and louder, waving her hands and explaining that he had no right to enter Mr. Dorian's private rooms.

Owen followed Destiny's sighs, and then also smelled the aroma of her excitement. She moaned in this way when they were making love, it was the sound of supreme ecstasy, and it occurred to him that Destiny might have wanted to get revenge on him by showing him how she was having sex with another man. He quickly rejected that thought; she couldn't be that cruel.

He rushed into the room and took in the whole scene at a glance.

It must be an optical illusion, he told himself. Something like that could not really happen! Owen blinked quickly and shook his head, as if in this way he could unsee what he saw. He knew that the scene he had in front of himself would be etched in his mind forever, as if it was burned under his eyelids.

Never, even in his wildest fantasies, could he have imagined such a sexy woman. That would be too bold, too audacious. It wouldn't have occurred to him that such a thing could happen in actual, real life.

He remembered Destiny's figure as amazing, and her breasts as gigantic, unimaginably ample, but now... Now, though it was hard to believe, though he still couldn't believe it, they became even larger.

She was kneeling in front of some unknown man, and her bust rested on the floor. She grew so big that she could not reach forward with her hands. Owen guessed that this bust must also be very heavy, perhaps equal in weight to the rest of her body... She probably wouldn't be able to lift it off the floor without help.

"Destiny..." he said in a hoarse voice, but she didn't even turn towards him, lost in her lust.

He could hear her moans of pleasure, he could smell her aroma. He saw drops of sweat on her skin, her half-closed eyes and plump lips wrapped around the hard manhood of that man. Owen's penis swelled instantly and he wanted to join the erotic scene taking place in front of his eyes.

He repeated her name, louder this time. She turned her head towards him, and then he noticed that her lips were even bigger than before. They occupied a significant part of her face and almost touched her nose; she looked extremely perverse and exciting. Her eyes were misted over with pleasure, he saw a strip of Passion on her skin. She smiled encouragingly and summoned him with the gesture of her hand.

"Would you like to join uf?" she asked. "Look how big I am now... I know how muff you like fuf huge breaf..."

Her speech was so incoherent that he didn't understand some of the words.

He wasn't sure if she recognized him. The strange man shouted something and gestured vigorously, but Owen didn't listen to him, completely focused on Destiny, on her incredible, unrealistically sexy figure, on her excitement and her huge mouth.





"Let's go," he said, then he took her by the arm.

She moaned and rolled her eyes. She was very heavy, warmed up and damp with sweat. Owen accidentally brushed against her dazzling bust and had to breathe deeply to refrain from caressing it, and resist the slurred words of encouragement that she kept whispering.

"I'll feer you up, you'll be able to touf my boobf," she moaned. "I'm horribly horny, you haf to fuck me, you haf to...Why are you taking me from here?" she asked, and then leered at the still hard member of the stranger. She licked her perversely large lips.

They took one small step after another, Destiny leaning against his shoulder and panting heavily, with excitement and effort.

“I don’t haf any frengf, fey are fo heafy...” she complained. “Where are we going? I need to be fucked.”

“ I'll do it when we get home,” Owen promised.

“Really?” she beamed.

She was completely dazed by the drug. She kept repeating how horny and sexy she was and how much she wanted Owen to touch her. The man had to exert all of his willpower in order not to fulfill her wish right away.

He didn’t know how they finally managed to reach the door. He helped Destiny to put some clothes on, and then, promising her a lot of sex, he persuaded her to get into the car with him. She had barely enough room on the back seat, and it was impossible to fasten the seatbelt, it was too short. When they entered Owen’s apartment, the girl was out of breath and tired, but she kept demanding to be fucked.

She dropped onto the floor, leaned on her chest, and stuck out her buttocks. The man couldn't control himself anymore. He told himself that only in this way he would calm her down, although he realized that he was doing it primarily for his own pleasure. He undressed, knelt down behind her, and entered her hot pussy. He embraced her huge breasts with his hands and felt that he wouldn't last long, because just after a few seconds he was balancing on the edge of an orgasm.

It was unreal, like a dream, and at the same time extremely intense. It was better than Passion. Destiny moaned and begged him never to stop.

"Yef, juf like fat, itf fo good, I want more, more..." she sighed.

The tips of her breasts were resting on the floor, those breasts were reaching up to her chin like giant pillows and protruded far beyond the contours of her body.

How could such a thing really happen?

Owen's member has never been so hard. Suddenly, the admiration and desire for Destiny which he had felt over the years, proved to be only a prelude to what he was experiencing now.

"Don't ftop... Pleaf, don't ftop..." she pleaded.



Owen moved his hips faster and faster, with his each push her bust moved forward and then back. It was too much, far too much... The man cried out and climaxed, pushing his hands against the sides of that incredibly huge bust.

Destiny moaned, disappointed.

"You're too sexy" he tried to explain. "How did this happen?" he asked, pointing at her breasts.

"Now touf me wif your hand," she begged. "Or your mouf. Put a toy into me, I need you to fuck me fery hard!

"Calm down," Owen said. "Tell me what happened at Dorian's, what did he do to you?"

Destiny didn't answer his questions, she just kept asking for caresses and the man understood that he had to first satisfy her, otherwise he would get nothing out of her.

He slipped his hand between her legs and pushed three fingers into her warm cunt. She cried out and began to move her hips enthusiastically.

They finished only when the girl was completely spent.

Owen had to support her on the way to the shower and then to bed. He didn't know how to place her on the mattress, so that the big implants wouldn't bother her. Sleeping on the stomach was absolutely out of question, on her back the bust crushed her, and on the side one breast would push against the other in an uncomfortable way.

Only after many attempts they found a position in which Destiny felt relatively comfortable.

Owen watched her sleep, still stunned and unsure whether it was really happening.

\*\*\*



*Before & After*



Destiny lived with Owen again. She told him what happened at Dorian's, slowly and incoherently, forming words with difficulty. Her mouth was now perfect for giving blowjobs, but so huge that her pronunciation was heavily affected.

Dorian graciously welcomed her to his apartment, and provided her with everything she needed, apart from the boundaries that Owen always set out for her. Dorian encouraged her to do everything, he didn't see it as a problem that she took Passion every day and slowly got completely addicted to the substance. At first she enjoyed it and she felt that she could finally realize her whole potential, that nothing and no one could stop her. She realized what she got herself into in when it was already too late. She was horny all the time, stoned with Passion, and she just wanted someone to fuck her, nothing else mattered to her.



As if through a fog, she finally realized how dependant she was on others, how unusual and impractical her body had become. It took a lot of effort for her to walk even a few steps, she couldn't get up without help, get dressed or even eat. In one of the rare moments of clarity of mind she sent that text message to Owen, and when he appeared in the apartment, she was stoned again and forgot why she had actually asked him for help.

She felt grateful to Owen, who helped her in everything. If it wasn't for him... She didn't even want to imagine it.

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*Before & After*



Destiny woke up and realized that Owen was no longer next to her. Her dreams were full of erotic visions in which she sucked his member long and passionately. Between her legs she could feel the hot moisture covering the inside of her thighs. With an effort, squeezing her bust, she reached to her clit and massaged it rhythmically, letting her finger slide over the wet surface of her delicate skin.

Passion left its lasting impact on her body. Her libido remained elevated even when she didn't take the drug, and her orgasms became extremely intense. She felt horny all the time and able to have sex nonstop.

She tried to gradually reduce the use of Passion, but it was very difficult and she often fantasized about ecstatic sensations that the substance provided.



Destiny's finger moved faster and faster, moans kept escaping her plump lips. She put her other hand on the giant breast and stroked it steadily.

"Destiny! What are you doing?"

Owen came into the bedroom. He would love to join her, but he knew that Destiny should work on controlling her desires, so he forced himself to assume a grim expression.

The girl pushed her hips upwards, which made her breasts heave, she stuck her fingers into her pussy, and climaxed. Owen watched her shake with spasms of pleasure and felt his member instantly harden.

She rested for a moment, then tried to get up on her own. Her bust now weighed 130 pounds and was literally crushing her to the ground. With all her strength she strained her abdominal muscles and propped herself up on her hands. She managed to raise a couple of inches, but then she moaned and dropped back onto the pillows. She rolled over to the side, to try again.

Owen watched her efforts with fascination. She was so tiny, while her breasts were so huge, so it was no wonder she couldn't lift them. Finally, he took her arm and helped her sit upright. In this position her breasts were leaning against her slim thighs.



Destiny sighed and wiped the sweat off her forehead. Holding on to Owen, she got up and they went to the bathroom together.

Owen had had to enlarge the shower cabin for her and make sure that the necessary beauty products were on the shelves, and not on the floor, otherwise the girl wouldn't be able to reach for them. Now he was looking at how the water flew around her perfectly rounded breasts. Destiny was washing them with circular motions of her hands that seemed tiny compared to the bust. At last, she carefully got out of the cabin and wrapped herself up in a large towel.

It was especially important to take good care of the skin on the bust, which is why Owen massaged special creams into it every day. Destiny lay on her back, and he ran his hands over her incredible curves. His fingers moved smoothly over her stretched skin, and the lotion warmed it, creating a nice thin layer.

The girl closed her eyes, her nipples hardened, her breathing accelerated.

“How nice” she sighed.

Owen wanted her so very much. With each passing second the tension between them increased.

“I'm so big that I can't do anything myself,” said Destiny. “You have to help me in everything...”



Oven's hands trembled slightly, and his member was so hard that it was getting painful. He thought about how far Destiny had gone to make her fantasies come true. She could barely move, she couldn't leave the house, and it cost her a lot of effort to even go from the bedroom to the kitchen or the bathroom. Her mouth was so huge that she lisped, and pronounced each word with difficulty.

He could smell her excitement, he could see that her cheeks were pink. She was ready again. She didn't need to take Passion anymore to keep being horny.

He threw off his clothes with quick movements and lifted Destiny's hips until her bust fell towards her chin. He entered her violently and shouted with pleasure. The girl rested her slim legs on his back. He moved in deeper and faster, touching those giant, heaving breasts with his hands. Destiny was breathing heavily and moaning, and her excitement grew at an amazing pace. After a short while she reached an orgasm, so long and strong that she had to rest for some time. Owen was afraid that she might lose consciousness.

She was all wet and hot now. He pushed into her pussy again, and the girl let out a long moan. Her bust was swinging up and down, and her nipples stuck out, hard and pink.

He couldn't control himself anymore. He tensed his muscles and allowed the orgasm to wash over him. Destiny came at the same time, excited by his ecstasy.

"You have to finish applying lotion to my buft," she said after a while.

They knew very well that in a few minutes they would both be horny again and would feel like having another round.

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Destiny was aware how much she required of Owen. That was the price of her stunning appearance. She needed assistance with almost all daily activities, and as if that wasn't enough, Owen had to take care of her very high libido as well. All the time she either wanted to give him blowjobs, or to make love to him. She was aware that keeping up with her wild sexuality was a challenge, but she couldn't control herself. She needed it.

When she was alone at home, she practically didn't get up from the bed. She tried doing something constructive: reading a book, or working on a computer, but her desire was stronger than reason. She would spend many hours masturbating, and her bedroom gradually filled with erotic gadgets. She watched porn videos on her laptop and put herself into a state of constant excitement. Her desire grew until orgasm released it, only to start mounting yet again. All the bed sheets were wet with her sweat and strongly smelled of her excitement.



Her moist, big lips were always parted; she liked to put big toys into her mouth and imagine that she was sucking Owen's dick.

Sometimes, after Passion, her orgasms were so strong that she would lose consciousness, but very soon after that she felt like having sex again.

In the evenings, when Owen was back home again, she insisted on making love to him. Fast, frantic sex wasn't enough for her, she needed a long, serious session of it, after which she felt exhausted and, finally, satisfied. At least until the following morning.

She would spend day after day that way, immersed in her own desire, almost unaware of what was happening around her.

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Destiny heard the doorbell buzz. She was lying naked in her bed, her legs spread wide. A toy vibrated between her thighs and teased her clit. Only after the second buzz she realized that she should open the door.

Moaning with the effort, she turned to the side, and then tensed all her muscles, gasped, and got up. She staggered slightly and had to lean back to regain her balance. Slowly, step by step, she walked to the door.

“Finally!” Raven exclaimed. “Why don’t you answer my calls?”

Destiny left her cell in the other room, but even when she heard it ring, she didn’t feel like getting up. It cost her too much effort.

Behind Raven there was Candy with a remorseful expression on her face. She began to apologize for taking advantage of Owen’s weakness and Destiny found to her own surprise that she was no longer angry at her. Perhaps now she understood better what it meant to fight against unbridled desire. When you are so horny, many things lose their significance and Destiny realized that now.

She invited the two women inside and on the way to the living room Raven peeked into the bedroom.

“Were you masturbating?” she asked, looking at the unmade bed and erotic toys scattered around the room. “Is that what you do all day? I’m worried about you. You can’t even leave the house anymore! Look at yourself, you’ve become a saline filled sex doll, completely bedridden!”

“It’s so exciting...” Candy groaned, then licked her lips and slid her hand between her legs.



"I can't believe that you've changed so much," Raven continued, not paying any attention to Candy. "Your life revolves around sex now, you can't do anything anymore, you are immobilized and crushed by these gigantic breasts of yours, and your mouth? You can hardly speak! It can't go on like that, we definitely have to do something about it."

"I juft..." Destiny started.

"Oh, I never have enough courage to go quite that far," Candy whispered. "But it turns me on so much, it's so sexy. You did it to be even more attractive, right? To be the most exciting girl one can imagine! Because of that you can barely walk and talk, because of that everything has to be done for you, and you spend whole days masturbating. This is the most exciting thing I've ever heard of!"

Candy's cheeks were pink and her eyes were glassy, filled with enthusiasm.

"Are you going to spend the rest of your life this way?" Raven asked.

Destiny shrugged her shoulders.

"You should get out of bed sometimes. Have you eaten anything today?"

"Juft breakfast" Destiny replied.

"I'll make you something to eat, and you get dressed in the meantime."

"I can't handle it alone," the girl confessed.

"Candy will help you," Raven ordered and went to the kitchen.

Candy looked into Destiny's closet and sighed. All the clothes were so big! Blouses had several extra stitches to incorporate huge breasts and at the same time emphasize the waistline. The bras were gigantic, and the dresses were disproportionately wide in the bust. Candy had never seen anything like that before.

Destiny cast a longing stare at the vibrators on the bed. She didn't feel like having dinner at all, her lust was much stronger than hunger.

"I heard that you accidentally stuck Passion to your tits, and then you couldn't peel the strips off, is it true?" asked Candy.

Destiny nodded her head.

"I have to see that!" Candy exclaimed.

And then, before Destiny could understand what was going on, Candy brought a strip of Passion closer to her friend's bust.

"I can't!" Destiny protested. "I shouldn't! I'm addicted to that stuff, and if I take it now..."

She didn't finish her sentence, because Candy had already stuck a plaster to her skin. Destiny tried to remove it with her hand, but she couldn't reach out that far.



“It really is true,” said Candy, fascinated. “Your breasts are so big that you can’t get it off...”

There were tears of helplessness in Destiny’s eyes. It was so humiliating! She lost her balance every time she made a move, her back ached from standing up so long.

“Help me,” she moaned.

Candy didn’t answer, just put her manicured hands on her friend’s breasts.

“So big...” she sighed. “So sexy...”

She pinched Destiny’s nipples, and then gently massaged her round breasts.

Passion was starting to work. Destiny felt a wave of desire flow through her body. She hugged close to Candy, and their breasts touched gently. Then, fascinated by each other’s bodies, they started caressing their perfect curves. Destiny sighed with pleasure, parted her lips, and felt her pussy get wet and warm.

“Eat me,” said Candy, spreading her legs wide.

Destiny didn’t even stop to think about what she was doing. She followed her own desires, reinforced by Passion. She leaned forward, and the weight of her breasts pulled her down. She knelt between her friend’s thighs. The fact that her breasts were so impractical seemed the most exciting thing in the world right now. It limited her movements and didn’t allow her to function normally, but instead turned her into the sexiest creature one could ever imagine.

She drew her full lips to Candy’s juicy femininity and kissed it, gently embracing it with her lips. Candy threw her head back and sighed.

“How soft,” she said. “Perfect. Oh, yes, don’t stop now...”

Destiny's lips became moist with the other girl's excitement. Her breasts made it difficult for her to assume a comfortable position, but this only excited her more. That's what she had always wanted – to become a woman that no one could resist. And she has achieved her goal.

Plump lips sucked on Candy's clitoris, her tongue pushed deeper into her vagina. The girl was moving her hips, her moans filled the whole bedroom.

"What's going on in here?!" Raven shouted, having just stood in the door.

The scene that revealed in front of her eyes was breathtaking and Raven felt a sudden surge of lust. Two sexy women, caressing each other, their ideal bodies intertwined, their faces contorted in mounting excitement...

"It feels so great now, your lips are so huge and soft," Candy was moaning. "I'm almost there, don't stop, you can't stop now. Please, I'm so horny, I'm almost..."

She moaned, rolled her eyes and got lost in the midst of a wonderful orgasm.

Raven stood still, not knowing what to do.

"Stop it, you can't do that!" she finally said.

Destiny, with wet, swollen lips, rose slightly and then Raven saw a strip of Passion stuck to her skin. She tore it off immediately, and both other girls let out a sigh of disappointment. Raven knew, however, that it was too late, as the substance was already circulating in Destiny's veins.

"More..." Candy groaned. "I need a rough fuck." She looked at Destiny imploringly.



Moments later, both of them were grinding their hips, clinging to each other and then moving away, and the large dildo between their bodies, which they were both pushing against, was getting wet. The girls' curves swayed rhythmically with their movements. Both were moaning, claspng their breasts with their palms, and impatiently rubbing their clits to increase their pleasure.

Destiny felt she was getting tired, but lust gave her additional energy. She thought Candy was right. It was the sexiest, most exciting thing in the world that she could hardly lift her own bust, that she couldn't even reach its tips and spent her whole days masturbating. And she did all this to realize her fantasies, to become what she had always wanted to be. To satisfy her man...



Raven trembled and licked her lips subconsciously. She felt her thong become wet, as her nipples hardened and her breathing quickened. She couldn't do anything, she could only wait until the effects of Passion wore off, or until both women became completely exhausted.

How many times did each of them have an orgasm? Raven lost the count. Finally, Destiny came so intensely that she fainted. Raven was sure that the entire district had heard her screams. Candy lay down next to her, still caressing her partner's stunning bust. Both were flushed, covered with sweat and totally spent. Raven made sure that Destiny was all right and let them rest.

Raven went to the other room, pulled off her wet panties and slipped two fingers into her pussy. She had to satisfy herself, she was too horny after everything she had seen. It only took a few moves to make her come, too.

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On the following day Destiny woke up sore, like after an intense workout. All her muscles were tired, and her pussy was swollen all the time. Still, she felt happy and satisfied.

Owen, as usual, helped her to get up and take a shower. When the stream of water poured over her body once again she felt the aroma of excitement, her own and Candy's, their sweat and their perfume. Even when she emerged from the shower it seemed to her she still smelled of it.

Leaning on Owen's arm, she went into the living room, where she found Raven.

"We've come to the conclusion that it can't go on like this anymore," Owen said. "Raven told me what had happened yesterday," he added, and his momentarily fascinated expression quickly turned into a stern frown. "You have to start going out of the house, Destiny."

"But how?" she moaned. "I'm too big, it won't work for me. Even when I want to go to the toilet, it's a huge effort for me, these implants weigh no less than 130 pounds, this weight drags me down! How do you imagine that? Am I to stop every few yards to catch my breath, so that I can walk on after a couple of minutes? Or maybe one of you still accompany me so that I can lean on you? Anyway, how do you think people in the street will react when they see me?"

Raven and Owen shared their plan with her.

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The personal trainer appeared in Owen's apartment a few days later. Owen had explained to him what to expect, but still, when he saw Destiny with his own eyes, the man was speechless. For a moment he kept silent and just stared at her breasts filled with unbelievably large implants. Then he looked at her sexy lips. He swallowed hard, blinked several times, shook his head, and finally smiled broadly to cover up the awkward situation.

"We need to work on strengthening your back, abdomen and leg muscles. Because of your... unusual physique" here he paused for a moment, blushed and gave her another smile, "most of the standard exercises will be impossible to perform. All those that require lying on your stomach aren't an option, the jumps are also out of question, I suppose." He pondered and appraised her with his eyes, imagining how her body would look in various standard positions, but erotic visions immediately started coming to his mind. "Workout machines will probably also be impractical... Let's simply check what you are able to do, ok?"

Destiny winked at him and nodded her head. His confusion and futile attempts to hide his excitement were charming. He certainly met dozens of sexy women in his work, and yet he reacted to her very strongly. She was much more attractive than anyone he knew.

He asked her to do a squat, but it soon turned out that the bust rested heavily on her thighs and she was unable to perform the exercise correctly. When she lay on her back, sit-ups turned out too difficult as well.

“I can’t lift thofe 130 poundf!” she said.

“Planks are perfect for the abdomen,” said the trainer.

He showed her how to do it – he placed his forearms on the floor and propped his feet on his toes, so that his body formed a straight line.

When Destiny tried to do the same, she had to arch her back like a cat but she still couldn’t lift her bust off the floor. The trainer moaned, impressed.

In the end, they decided to do back exercises with weights – she was supposed to raise her hands sideways over her head. Actually, this was the only exercise available to her due to the limited range of movement of her arms. She could also strengthen her thighs and buttocks getting up and down a stepper, or prop herself up on her hands, lifting her leg backwards. Although her breasts pushed against the floor, it didn't prevent her from performing this exercise correctly.

Every day her body grew stronger and she wasn't getting tired quite so fast.

"Thanks to all that I'll be able to have more orgasms." She was glad.

"You don't train for it, do you?" Owen replied with a laugh. "Don't you feel like going out?"

Involuntarily, Destiny thought of all the handsome men she might meet there.

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Soon after that a corset-maker visited them. Her reaction was similar to that of the personal trainer. She did her best to try not to show what impression Destiny made on her, but she kept mumbling incoherently, first blushing and then paling, and when she measured the girl's bust size, her hands were shaking.

"122 inches," she sighed, and then repeated the measurement again, as if she couldn't believe the result.

"What we have in mind is a bra or a kind of corset which will relieve her back slightly and allow her to walk more freely," Owen explained. "Now she has big problems with it, because her breasts weigh all of the 130 pounds and have a very large volume."

"I understand," the corset-maker replied, her voice hoarse with emotion. "It will have to be specially reinforced so that the weight can be distributed to the thighs. We'll stiffen the corset, which will relieve her back a little. It'll be a lot of fabric," she said before she could stop herself. "I need to sew it into a special, round shape, so that it fits well these unique breasts."

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The bra looked impressive. It wasn't just a typical lingerie item, but a complicated structure. Putting it on required a lot of practice. Destiny was surprised that it was so huge, the seamstress really had to use a lot of fabric, but when the girl put it on, it turned out to fit perfectly. She felt instant relief and knew that the new undergarment would be very useful for her.

They decided to test the new purchase straight away. Destiny couldn't remember when was the last time she went for a walk. She took one small, hesitant step after another, every now and then supporting herself on Owen's shoulder. She often lost her balance and had to stop to regain it. She was so focused on walking that she hardly noticed the stunned glances that passersby were throwing her. Several people stopped to watch her efforts. She heard someone comment on her appearance.

She remembered that once it was her who stared at women from this district with envy and admiration, wanting to be like them. Now she became more unique than any one of them.

After a quarter of an hour she said:

"I'm tired, let's take a break."

"So soon? We only walked a little way."

Owen noticed that Destiny was breathing quickly, had red cheeks and sweat on her temples, so he didn't insist.

"We'll only get to that café and sit there, okay?"

Destiny leaned against him and took another step. She gasped softly and repeated:

"They're so heavy... Now I really feel it. Despite the special bra and all these workouts, I get tired so quickly."

Owen felt a sudden shiver of excitement. Once again he realized how much she had changed. For him. She crossed all boundaries, didn't allow anything to stop her, and finally achieved an effect that he couldn't resist.

The very thought of her made him feel pleasant excitement. The proximity of her body put him in a state of constant arousal. If only he had enough stamina, he would have sex with her all the time. He couldn't imagine anyone sexier than her.



Sometimes it frightened him how far she had gone and what power she had gained over him, but soon afterward this delightful excitement returned.

“It’s not far away,” he said in response to her long sigh.

“Support me firmly,” she asked. “I don’t have enough strength to get there by myself.”

Finally, very slowly, they reached the café. When they entered, the place went quiet and everyone froze. It took a moment for people to realize that it wasn’t proper to gape at the newcomer and go back to their interrupted conversations and drinks held halfway to their mouths.

Destiny sat down in a chair with a sigh of relief. She couldn’t move any closer to the table. Owen ordered some water for her. He saw that all the guests and staff were stealing furtive glances at her, but Destiny didn’t pay any attention to them, focused on the fact that she could finally sit comfortably in her chair and calm her breath.

“I still need to practice,” she admitted and raised her glass to her lips.

These lips were extremely exciting, but not very practical. Now water ran out of the corner of her mouth and down her cleavage. She tried to wipe the stain, but only enlarged it.

They returned home, and Destiny was proud of herself, as she managed to walk such a long distance. She was already making plans to take more strolls.

“I should repay you somehow,” she suggested.

Owen helped her undress, and the closeness of her perfect curves soon made him very excited. He quickly threw off his own clothes and pushed his member towards Destiny’s sexy lips.

“You’re getting hard so easily lately,” she whispered. “I became so exciting that it’s enough to look at me to make you stiff. You could probably come in a few seconds, but you know how I like it when it takes a long time. I love your dick...”

First, she kissed its base. The touch of her soft, large mouth was so wonderful that Owen immediately groaned with pleasure, and the little hairs on his body stood on end.

“Not so fast,” Destiny smiled.





She stuck out her tongue and licked his penis from the base to the very tip. She felt how hard and hot he was already, inhaling his familiar scent. She loved to satisfy him in this way. She sighed and moved her hand over her bust, then slid it down, towards her clit, throbbing with desire.

Owen looked down at her exciting, amazing breasts. Later he moved his gaze to the full lips caressing his manhood. This view alone made it difficult for him to control himself.

Destiny thought that once she fantasized about a scene like that, she wanted to be the sexiest, most beautiful goddess who cannot be resisted. Now it was really happening.

She slipped the tip of his hard member between her moist, warm lips and gently tightened them around it, then sucked it. Owen threw his head back and tensed all of his muscles.

“You’re the most exciting woman I could imagine,” he moaned.

“But you’ll last a little longer for me, right?”

Inch by inch, she put his penis deeper and deeper. She moved her head back and forth rhythmically, which made her bust heave in a similar rhythm. She loved the sensation of her mouth being filled in this way. She sighed louder and louder, rubbed her pussy more and more energetically. Her soft lips wrapped around Owen's hard member perfectly.

"I can't go on," said Owen. "I just can't..."

Destiny's tongue kept moving, additionally stimulating his hard penis.

"I want it to last, please," she moaned, moving away from him for a moment.

Her eyes were glassy with excitement, her voice slightly hoarse. Her breasts heaved with every quick breath.

Once again, she closed her lips around him and, moaning, moved her head forward and back. Her hand caressed her moist clitoris steadily. She closed her eyes and sighed louder. Her excitement grew quickly and after a while she couldn't restrain it anymore. She climaxed.

The sight of Destiny being shaken with an orgasm was too exciting for Owen. Her lips were still clamped around his member, her head still kept moving steadily. A moment later she swallowed his sperm.

She smiled at him blissfully.

“Wonderful...” she whispered.

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More and more often she went out, dressed in her special corset. Strolling along the streets, she clearly noticed how unique her body was. Looking at other women, she realized how different she was from all of them. Once she would have thought that they had full, enticing figures, and now they couldn't compare to her. She watched the shop windows and knew that none of the clothes displayed there, even in stores for women with ample curves, would fit her. She wouldn't even be able to put them on! The dresses and blouses seemed microscopic against the ones she kept in her closet. She still got tired quickly – she would sit down in restaurants and cafés to have a rest and all eyes were immediately drawn to her. People were sighing, whispering, watching her every move with wide eyes. Her bust was so huge that it didn't let her sit comfortably at a table, sometimes she could hardly fit into the door, and when queuing for the cash register she occupied three times more space than others. She looked through the window at the street where – as if it was a natural thing to do – people were driving cars, or jogging, women were walking the streets with sure steps in their high heels and men rode bicycles. All this was inaccessible to her.

Every time she thought about it, she felt a thrill of excitement. Because her problems were exciting, making her feel even more attractive. They proved how brave and determined she was.

She saw it in the eyes of people around her that they admired her. Men often looked at her with lustful looks and she knew how much they wanted her. She was very proud of it.

She liked to go out with Raven and Candy. The latter couldn't stop looking at her body and kept repeating how extremely sexy Destiny was. She constantly wanted to touch her friend's breasts and told her that her lips were perfect for sex.

"You will eat me one day again, won't you?" she would say, her eyes shining with enthusiasm.

As if by accident, she would brush against Destiny's breasts and she touched her more often than was necessary. Destiny remembered how she had met Raven in front of the Peacock. At the time, she thought her shapes were stunning, and now they seemed so ordinary.

When the three of them walked down the street, it was her, Destiny, who was the most special. Everyone was watching her. This feeling couldn't be compared to anything else.



She kept feeling like sex. Her panties were constantly saturated with moisture, and erotic visions appeared under her eyelids. Raven and Owen helped her control herself, and she knew that if it wasn't for them, she would turn into a bed-ridden, sex-addicted pleasure girl. She couldn't struggle against her own desires alone. She was extremely grateful for their help, but sometimes she got angry that she had to limit herself and would just prefer to satisfy her needs. Sometimes she fantasized that she spent her days watching porn and masturbating, like she used to.

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On the anniversary of their first meeting, Owen invited Destiny to the club. He remembered how impressed he had been with her new 1000cc implants. It was then that he saw her for the first time as an attractive woman. Now she sported 30 000 cc implants that weighed 30 times more than those old ones. He couldn't have suspected then that it would end like that, that Destiny was so determined and courageous.

She sat on the couch, her bust leaning against her thighs. She looked so thrilling that he felt a great urge to go home and fuck her. He wanted to feel her lips on his member, wanted to caress her breasts.

Destiny smiled at him proudly. As usual, she created a sensation and drew everyone's attention. People rubbed their eyes as if they couldn't believe what they were seeing. Their wildest erotic fantasies have just become reality.

"I'll bring you something to drink," he said.

"Ideally, with a straw," she replied.

She grabbed her breasts and tried to place them on her thighs more comfortably. She felt the looks of other guests on her. She smiled to herself contentedly. She looked around for the most handsome men, and then she imagined that she was kneeling in front of them and caressing their hardened penises. She always had a high libido, but Passion forever left a mark on her. She struggled to control herself so as not to summon one of those guys. She didn't want to spoil the evening for Owen, but the thought that she could have each of them so easily was extremely exciting.

She lowered her eyes and it was then that she heard the conversation of the two men at the table next to her.

“No, listen, it’s not like that,” said the first voice.

“Isn’t it? It’s as clear as day,” the other laughed.

“Let me tell you something, maybe I’ll convince you.”

“Go on,” the other said in a challenging tone.

“Two years ago Dave Graves won the lottery and got five million. dollars. He was thirty six years old, lived with his mother, he was fat, spotty and he’d wear the same T-shirt for a month in a row. And just one day after the announcement of the win, he found the love of his life.

“What a coincidence! It only confirms my theory!”

“It doesn’t end here. Amy Bethe was a young model who fell in love with him at first sight. Together they went on a wonderful cruise around the world, and shortly thereafter, they signed a prenuptial and got married. Now they are a happy couple. Amy has enough money not to worry about her future and her children, and Dave got married to a woman he hadn’t even dreamed about. What did each of them do to achieve it?”



There was some silence. Destiny's lips parted slightly and she listened to the conversation.

“Well, Amy took good care of herself throughout her life, she exercised, watched her diet, learned how to do her hair, how to do professional makeup and exercise her body. She even managed to save money for fake boobs. Meanwhile, Dave farted around doing nothing and kept buying lottery tickets. Now they say that he was lucky and Amy is called a gold digger!”

“Such girls are not sincere, they cheat on you and will leave a guy when he runs out of cash to find a richer one,” the other man snorted.

“Who says that? Guys who never had enough money for a girl like Amy to want to be with them? Look, if Dave turns out to be a dick, then it’s Amy who should leave him. And if she cheats on him, let Graves kick her ass, after all, that’s why they signed a prenuptial. And if nothing like that happens, may they live happily ever after.”

Owen came back to the table with drinks in his hands.

Destiny beamed at him. She thought about everything she did to please him and to realize her own fantasies.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered in her ear, hugging her.

The girl took a sip of the drink, wrapping her lips around the straw, which made them assume a sexy O shape.

“Thank you,” she said, and then kissed him on the cheek.

She smiled at the men at the next table, ran her hand over her breasts, and watched their fascinated expressions with satisfaction.

“I like it very much here, but I’d like to get back home soon, I’m getting terribly horny,” she whispered and surreptitiously moved her delicate hand across the bulge in Owen's pants.

The man took a deep breath and pulled her closer to himself.

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THE END

Thank you for reading!