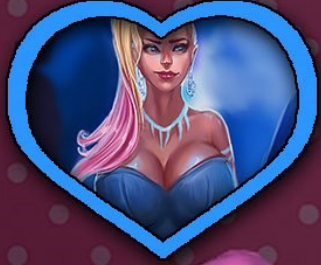


Never say 'bimbo' like it's a bad thing



Breast expansion
Bimbofication



Never say 'bimbo' like it's a bad thing

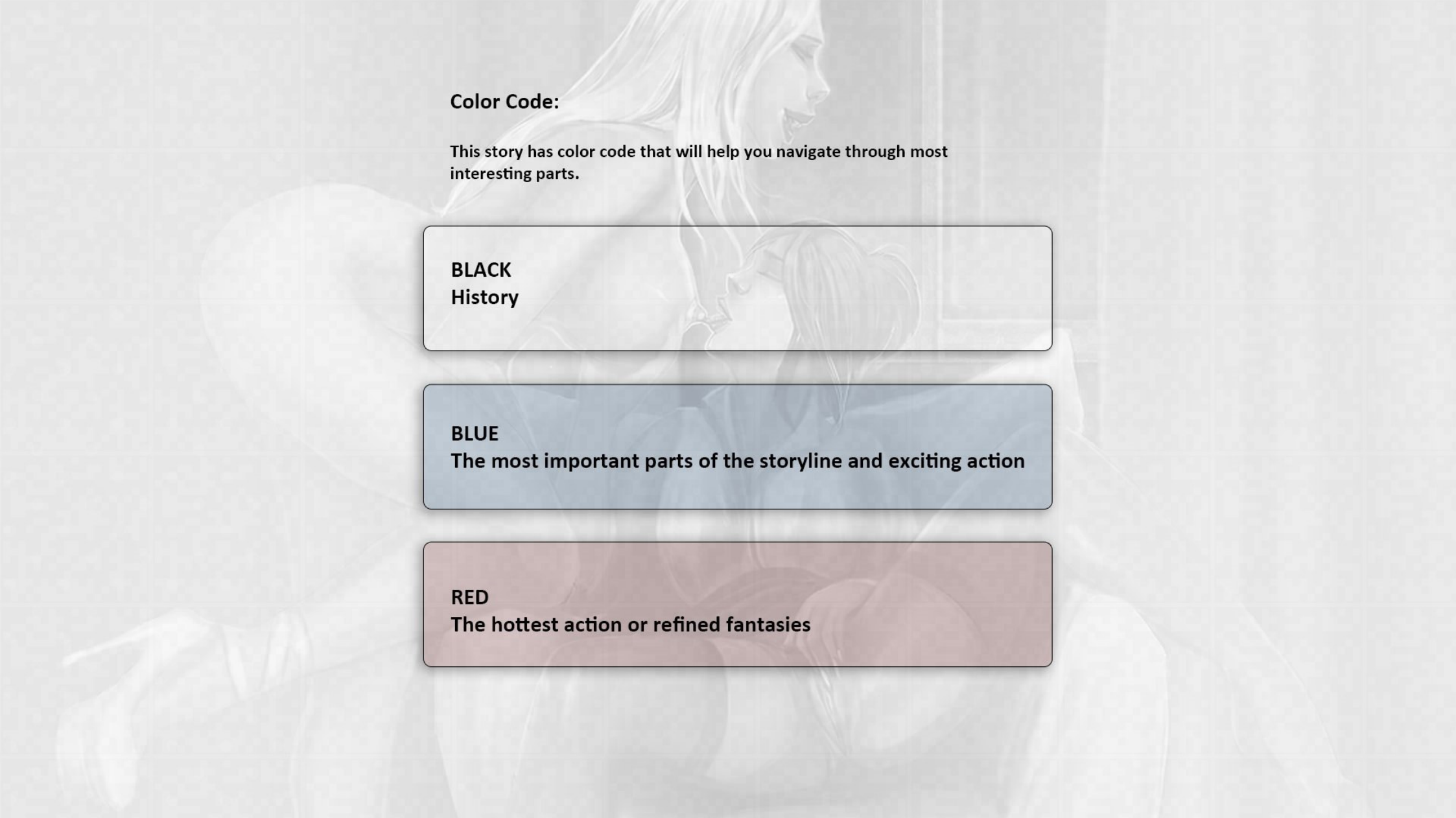
Breast expansion
Bimbofication
Girl Fantasy*

*This story is a girl's fantasy about discovering bimbo nature.
Written and illustrated by Szyla & Bemma.

Writer: Szyla
Illustrator: Bemma

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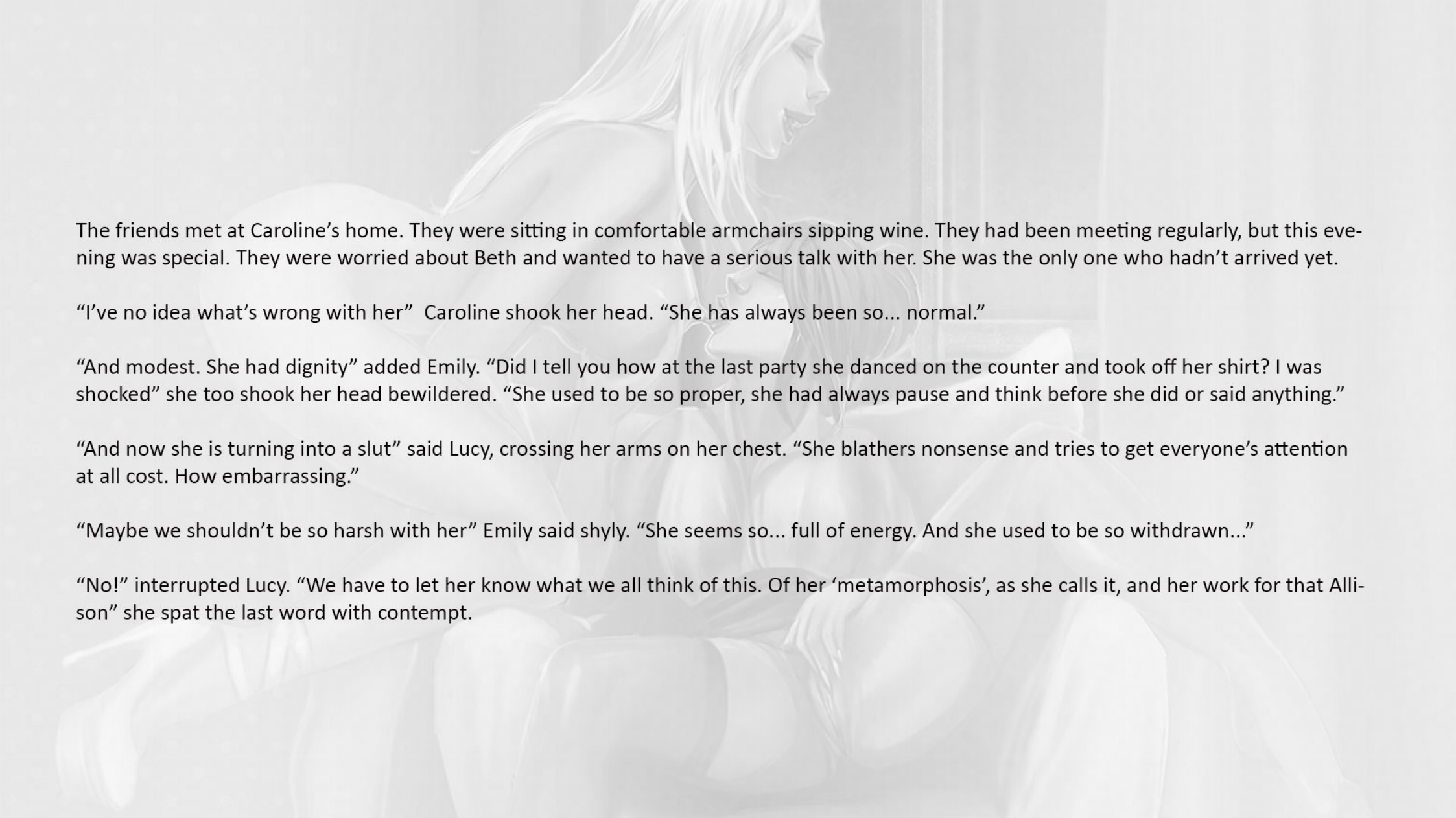
Color Code:

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



The friends met at Caroline's home. They were sitting in comfortable armchairs sipping wine. They had been meeting regularly, but this evening was special. They were worried about Beth and wanted to have a serious talk with her. She was the only one who hadn't arrived yet.

"I've no idea what's wrong with her" Caroline shook her head. "She has always been so... normal."

"And modest. She had dignity" added Emily. "Did I tell you how at the last party she danced on the counter and took off her shirt? I was shocked" she too shook her head bewildered. "She used to be so proper, she had always pause and think before she did or said anything."

"And now she is turning into a slut" said Lucy, crossing her arms on her chest. "She blathers nonsense and tries to get everyone's attention at all cost. How embarrassing."

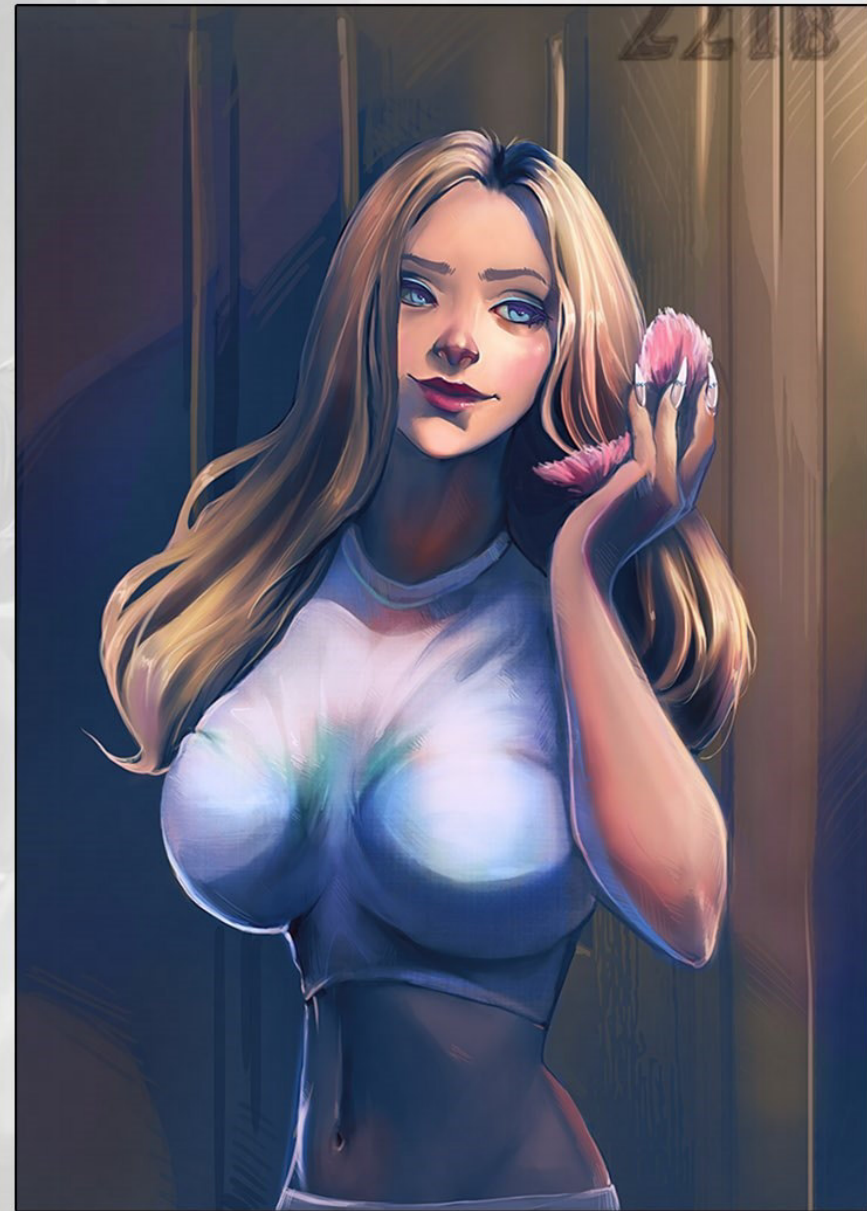
"Maybe we shouldn't be so harsh with her" Emily said shyly. "She seems so... full of energy. And she used to be so withdrawn..."

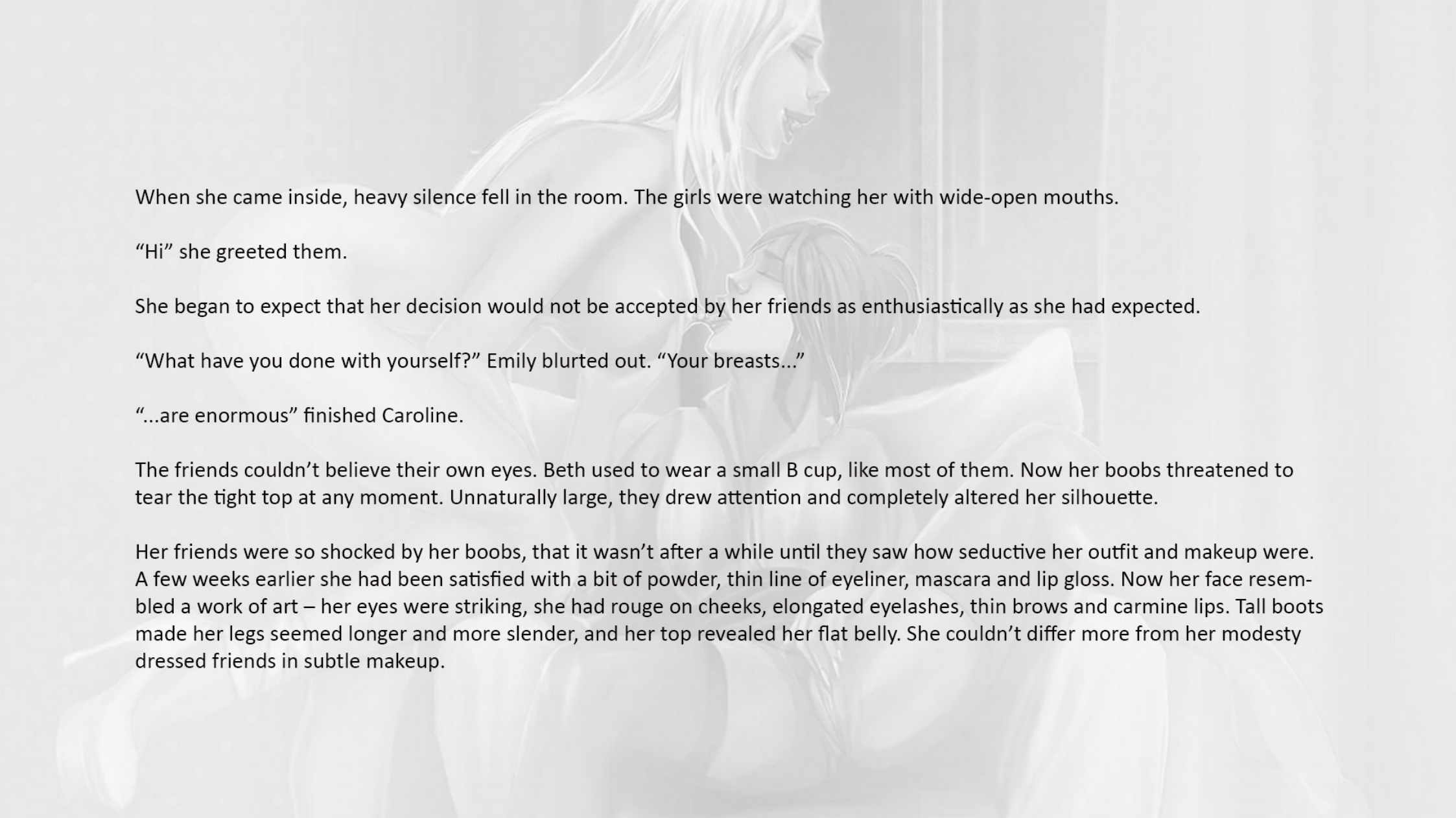
"No!" interrupted Lucy. "We have to let her know what we all think of this. Of her 'metamorphosis', as she calls it, and her work for that Allison" she spat the last word with contempt.

Meanwhile Beth was already at the door making sure, with a small mirror, that her make-up was impeccable. Recently was wearing sharp make up that she had been so fond of recently. She believed cosmetics made her more striking and brought out her beauty.

That day she decided to share big news with her friends. To show them who she felt she really was, and celebrate her metamorphosis together. That was why she had decided to dress in style she liked the most. Tall, wedge heel boots, tight miniskirt, top revealing her belly. She wanted to wear a low cut top, but she was afraid that her silicone inlets would stick out from underneath the fabric. The girls hadn't seen her with such bust yet. She hadn't told them anything about her breasts enlargement plans. She believed they would understand and support her. They were her best friends after all.

She rang the doorbell.





When she came inside, heavy silence fell in the room. The girls were watching her with wide-open mouths.

“Hi” she greeted them.

She began to expect that her decision would not be accepted by her friends as enthusiastically as she had expected.

“What have you done with yourself?” Emily blurted out. “Your breasts...”

“...are enormous” finished Caroline.

The friends couldn’t believe their own eyes. Beth used to wear a small B cup, like most of them. Now her boobs threatened to tear the tight top at any moment. Unnaturally large, they drew attention and completely altered her silhouette.

Her friends were so shocked by her boobs, that it wasn’t after a while until they saw how seductive her outfit and makeup were. A few weeks earlier she had been satisfied with a bit of powder, thin line of eyeliner, mascara and lip gloss. Now her face resembled a work of art – her eyes were striking, she had rouge on cheeks, elongated eyelashes, thin brows and carmine lips. Tall boots made her legs seemed longer and more slender, and her top revealed her flat belly. She couldn’t differ more from her modesty dressed friends in subtle makeup.



“These are just silicone inlets” explained Beth. “Let me explain”.

“Please do” grunted Lucy.

Beth sat down and poured herself some wine.

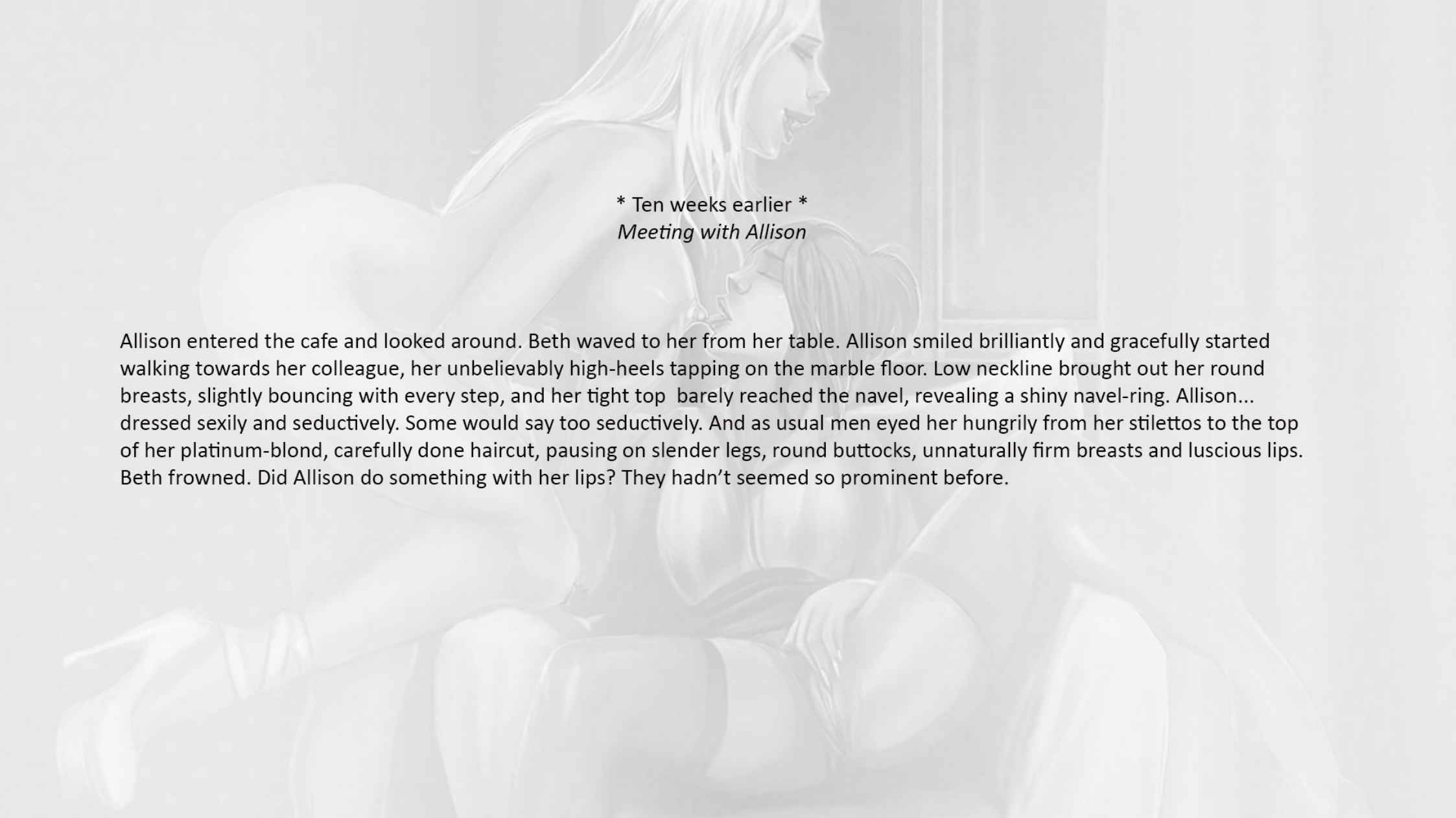
“You’ve probably noticed how much has been going on lately in my life” she started in a formal tone. Her friends nodded their heads. “I started to take greater care about my look. This gives me self-confidence I’ve never felt before. I have the impression of finally becoming my true self..

“Excuse me?” interrupted Caroline. “Of finally becoming your true self? I cannot believe that this is what you really are” she said pointing at Beth. “You used to be a normal girl, and look at you now... Well, no offense, but frankly you are turning into a... I mean you look like a prostitute. How far do intend to go with this?”.

“And all this started the day that Allison employed you” said Emily.

Beth didn’t know what to say. She had been expecting her decision to raise some questions, doubts a bit of controversy... But such open hostility?”

Everything had begun the day she started working for Allison... Yes, that was true. Her thoughts went back to that moment.



* Ten weeks earlier *

Meeting with Allison

Allison entered the cafe and looked around. Beth waved to her from her table. Allison smiled brilliantly and gracefully started walking towards her colleague, her unbelievably high-heels tapping on the marble floor. Low neckline brought out her round breasts, slightly bouncing with every step, and her tight top barely reached the navel, revealing a shiny navel-ring. Allison... dressed sexily and seductively. Some would say too seductively. And as usual men eyed her hungrily from her stilettos to the top of her platinum-blond, carefully done haircut, pausing on slender legs, round buttocks, unnaturally firm breasts and luscious lips. Beth frowned. Did Allison do something with her lips? They hadn't seemed so prominent before.

Allison kissed Beth on the cheek and sat down crossing her legs, so that her skimpy skirt nearly revealed her panties. They didn't see each other very often, so Beth was curious why Allison had invited her for coffee. She would always lose her confidence around her and become completely invisible to men.

They chit-chatted for some time, sipping latte, before Allison got to the point:

"I've heard you're looking for a job?"

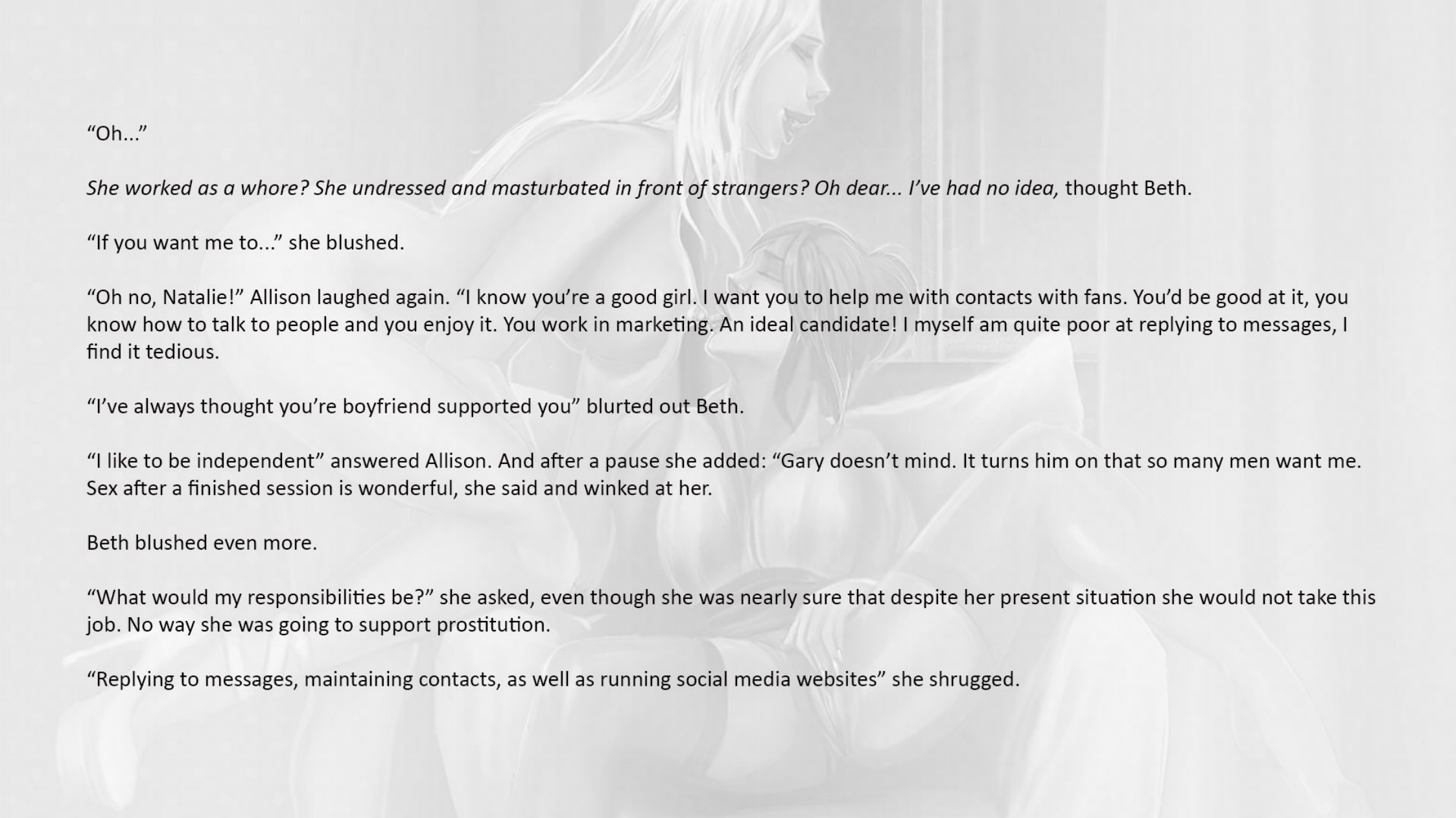
"Yes, mass layoffs. This will be my last week" sighed Beth.

"Splendid!" Allison cheered and reached inside her handbag, she took out a business card and handed it to her colleague.

"Natasha Lust?" read Beth. Below the name there was a webpage and e-mail address. "Who's that?"

"Why, me of course" Allison raised her thin, well-groomed eyebrows in surprise. "You didn't know?" she laughed, and her breasts bounced up and down. "I work as a cam girl."





“Oh...”

She worked as a whore? She undressed and masturbated in front of strangers? Oh dear... I've had no idea, thought Beth.

“If you want me to...” she blushed.

“Oh no, Natalie!” Allison laughed again. “I know you’re a good girl. I want you to help me with contacts with fans. You’d be good at it, you know how to talk to people and you enjoy it. You work in marketing. An ideal candidate! I myself am quite poor at replying to messages, I find it tedious.

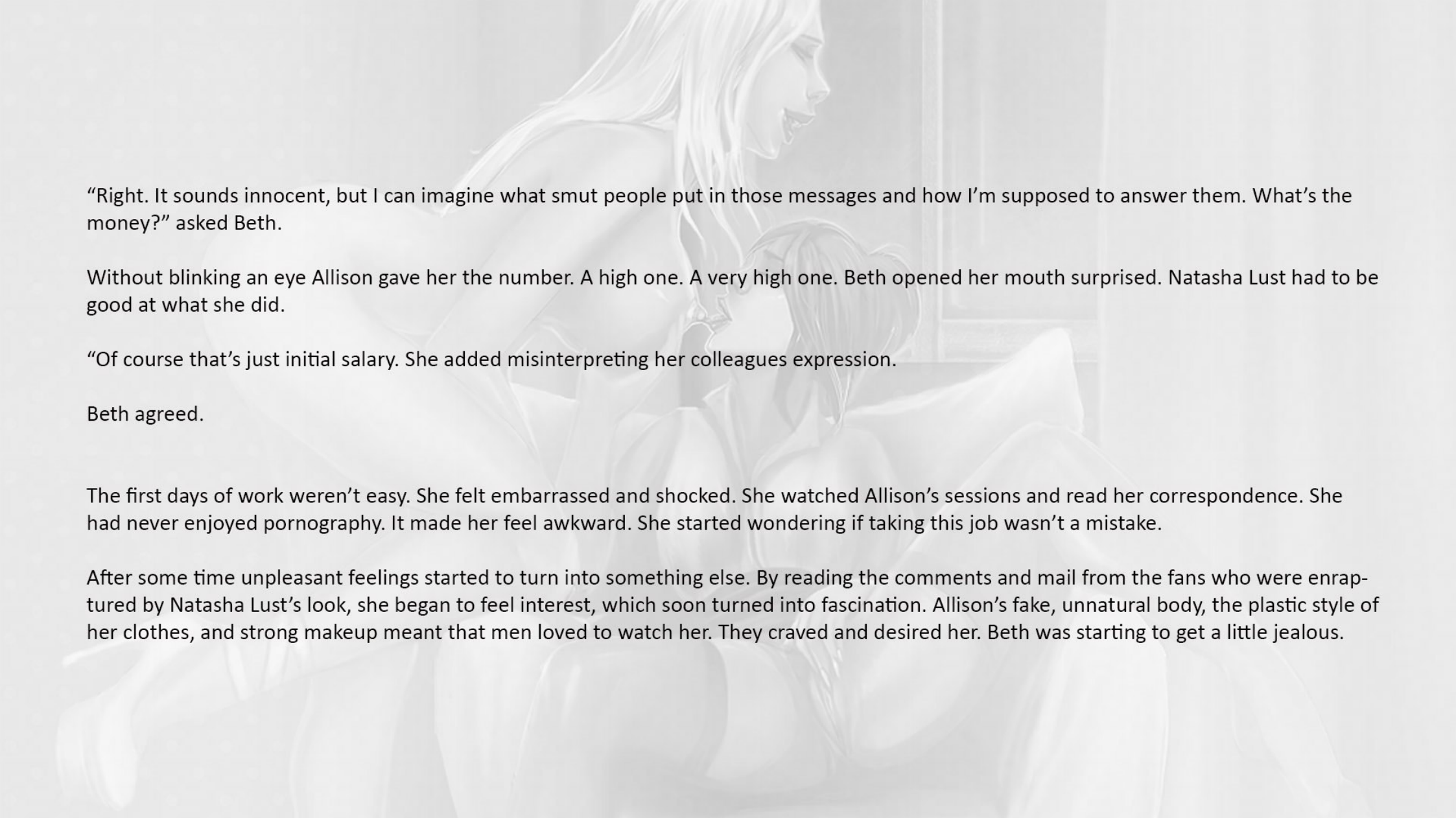
“I’ve always thought you’re boyfriend supported you” blurted out Beth.

“I like to be independent” answered Allison. And after a pause she added: “Gary doesn’t mind. It turns him on that so many men want me. Sex after a finished session is wonderful, she said and winked at her.

Beth blushed even more.

“What would my responsibilities be?” she asked, even though she was nearly sure that despite her present situation she would not take this job. No way she was going to support prostitution.

“Replying to messages, maintaining contacts, as well as running social media websites” she shrugged.



“Right. It sounds innocent, but I can imagine what smut people put in those messages and how I’m supposed to answer them. What’s the money?” asked Beth.

Without blinking an eye Allison gave her the number. A high one. A very high one. Beth opened her mouth surprised. Natasha Lust had to be good at what she did.

“Of course that’s just initial salary. She added misinterpreting her colleagues expression.

Beth agreed.

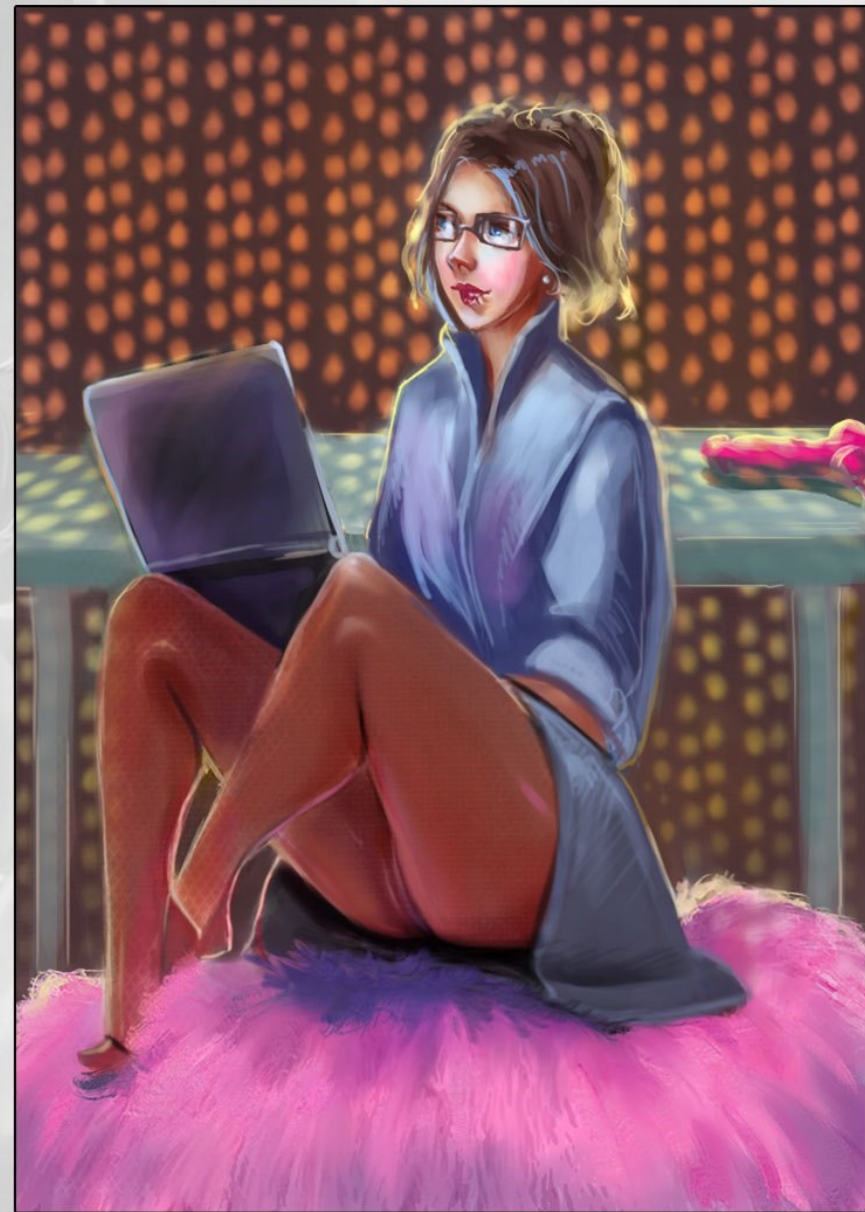
The first days of work weren’t easy. She felt embarrassed and shocked. She watched Allison’s sessions and read her correspondence. She had never enjoyed pornography. It made her feel awkward. She started wondering if taking this job wasn’t a mistake.

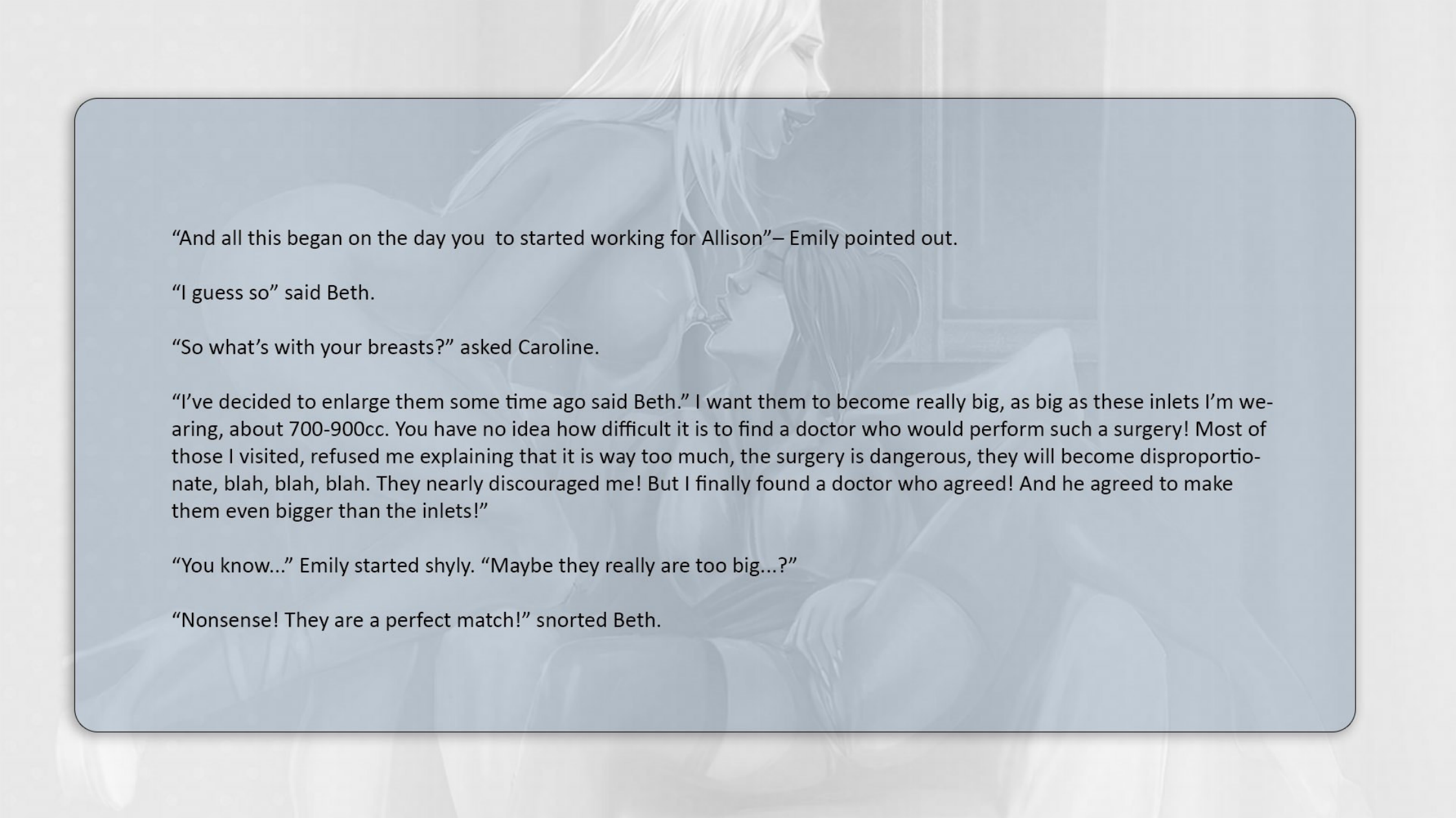
After some time unpleasant feelings started to turn into something else. By reading the comments and mail from the fans who were enraptured by Natasha Lust’s look, she began to feel interest, which soon turned into fascination. Allison’s fake, unnatural body, the plastic style of her clothes, and strong makeup meant that men loved to watch her. They craved and desired her. Beth was starting to get a little jealous.

Watching Allison's sessions no longer embarrassed her. On the contrary. It resulted in pleasant tingling between her legs, her nipples becoming hard, and her panties getting wet. She tried to resist these sensations, but after a couple of days she had to admit that Allison's world allured and aroused her.

That was the first time she thought she could change more in her life than just a job. A creeping idea to start taking greater care about her looks and try to look more like Allison. To gain some of her self-confidence, popularity, attractiveness. And of course, the attention of men.

She was afraid of this idea. Not all reactions to Allison were positive. She knew well, what people say of "her kind". A slag, plastic, fake, easy... the list went on. The worst thing seemed to be, that Beth agreed with most of those terms. At least until then...





“And all this began on the day you started working for Allison”— Emily pointed out.

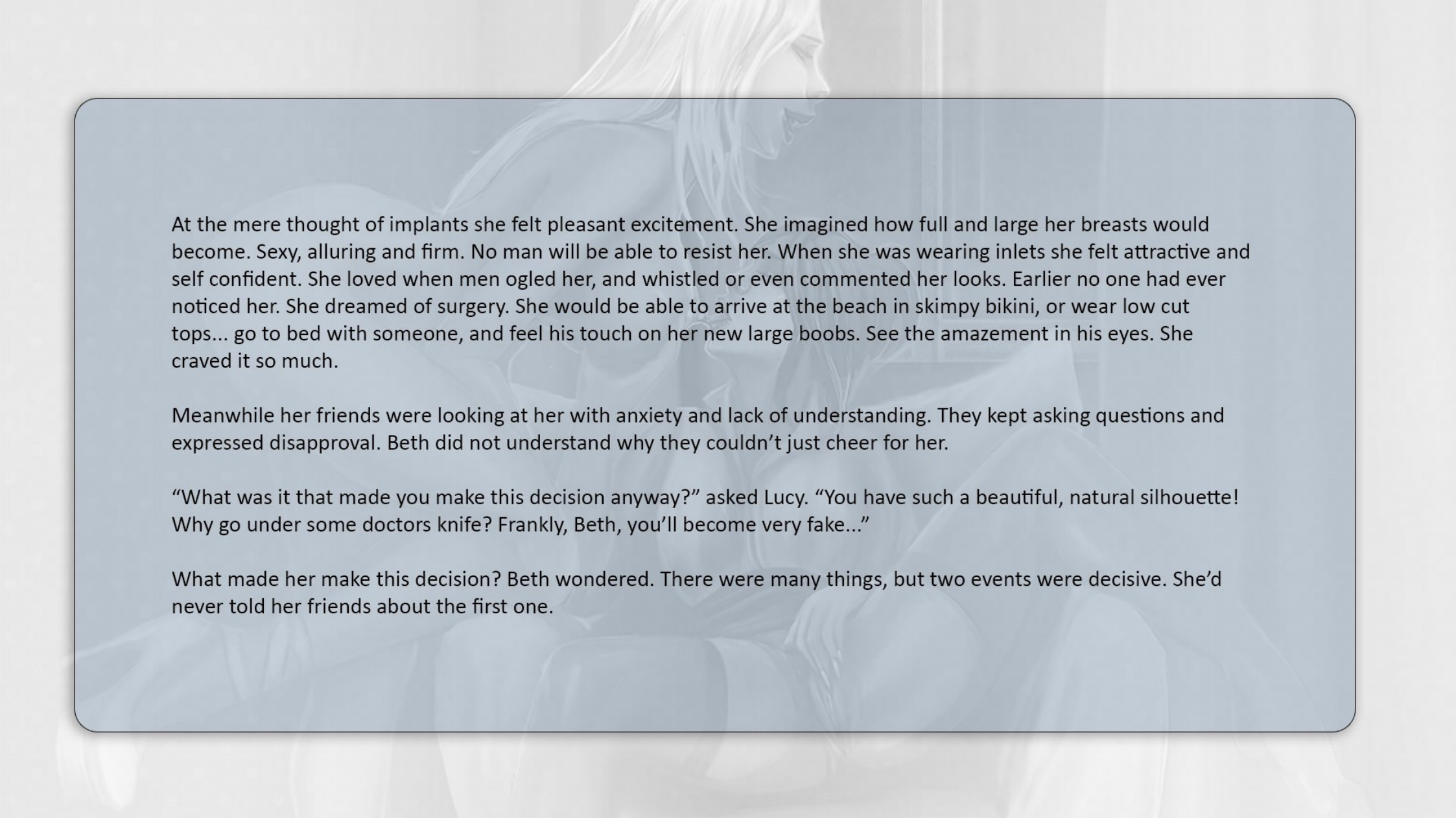
“I guess so” said Beth.

“So what’s with your breasts?” asked Caroline.

“I’ve decided to enlarge them some time ago said Beth.” I want them to become really big, as big as these inlets I’m wearing, about 700-900cc. You have no idea how difficult it is to find a doctor who would perform such a surgery! Most of those I visited, refused me explaining that it is way too much, the surgery is dangerous, they will become disproportionate, blah, blah, blah. They nearly discouraged me! But I finally found a doctor who agreed! And he agreed to make them even bigger than the inlets!”

“You know...” Emily started shyly. “Maybe they really are too big...?”

“Nonsense! They are a perfect match!” snorted Beth.



At the mere thought of implants she felt pleasant excitement. She imagined how full and large her breasts would become. Sexy, alluring and firm. No man will be able to resist her. When she was wearing inlets she felt attractive and self confident. She loved when men ogled her, and whistled or even commented her looks. Earlier no one had ever noticed her. She dreamed of surgery. She would be able to arrive at the beach in skimpy bikini, or wear low cut tops... go to bed with someone, and feel his touch on her new large boobs. See the amazement in his eyes. She craved it so much.

Meanwhile her friends were looking at her with anxiety and lack of understanding. They kept asking questions and expressed disapproval. Beth did not understand why they couldn't just cheer for her.

“What was it that made you make this decision anyway?” asked Lucy. “You have such a beautiful, natural silhouette! Why go under some doctors knife? Frankly, Beth, you'll become very fake...”

What made her make this decision? Beth wondered. There were many things, but two events were decisive. She'd never told her friends about the first one.

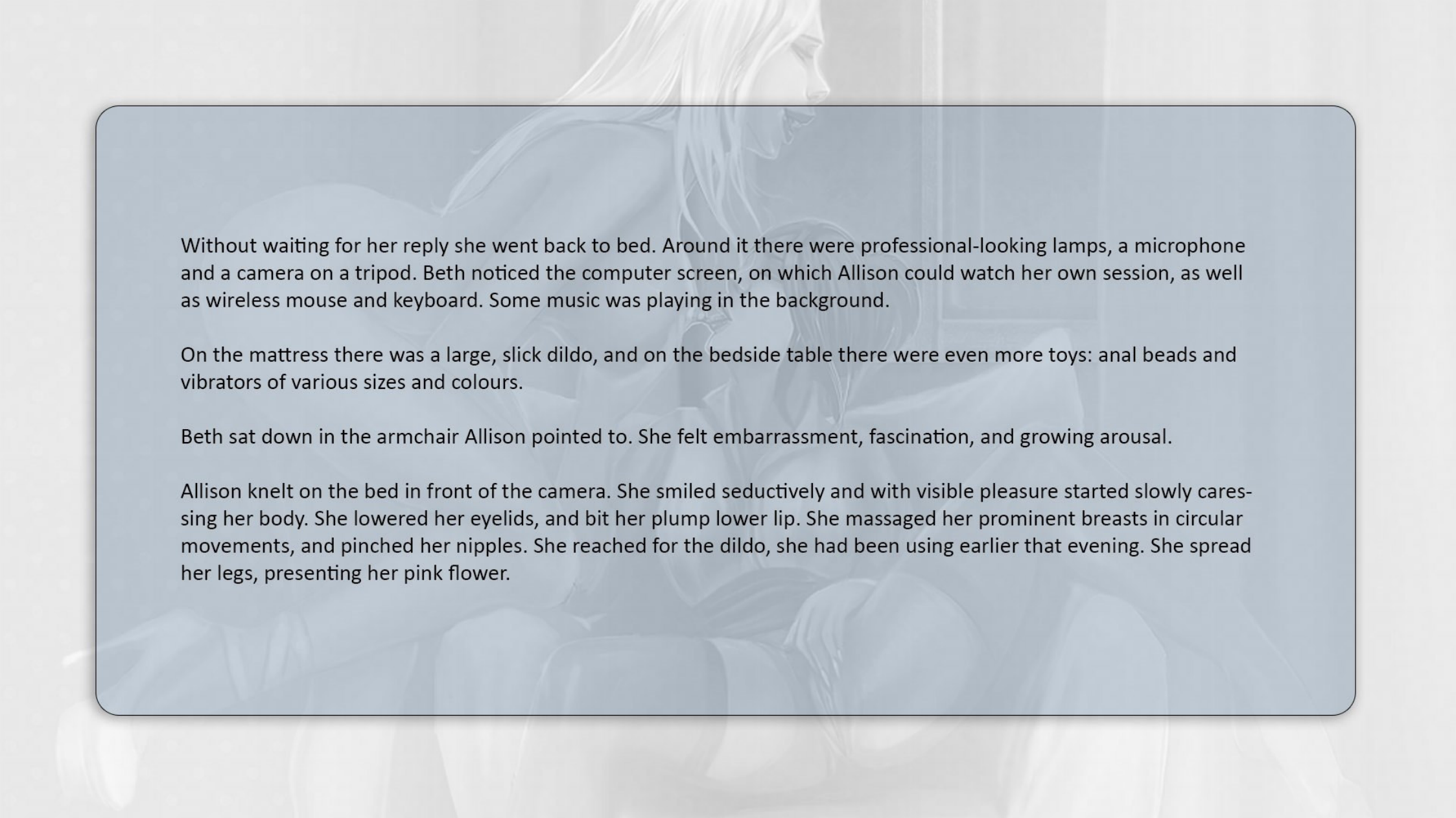


*Eight weeks earlier *
Allison's session

Beth and Allison met regularly to talk about work. On that day they agreed to meet at Allison's. Beth rang the doorbell three times before Allison opened, panting. She was flushed and dressed 'for work', that is naked apart from incredibly high stilettos and pink lacy nightgown. The air was filled with scent of arousal.

Beth sighed softly – Allison looked stunning.

"I'm having a wonderful evening! It's been a long time since I had such a good one, so I didn't want to stop" gasped Allison closing the door behind Beth. "Please sit down and give me a half an hour or so, okay?"

A woman with long blonde hair is sitting on a bed, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a dark top. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting.

Without waiting for her reply she went back to bed. Around it there were professional-looking lamps, a microphone and a camera on a tripod. Beth noticed the computer screen, on which Allison could watch her own session, as well as wireless mouse and keyboard. Some music was playing in the background.

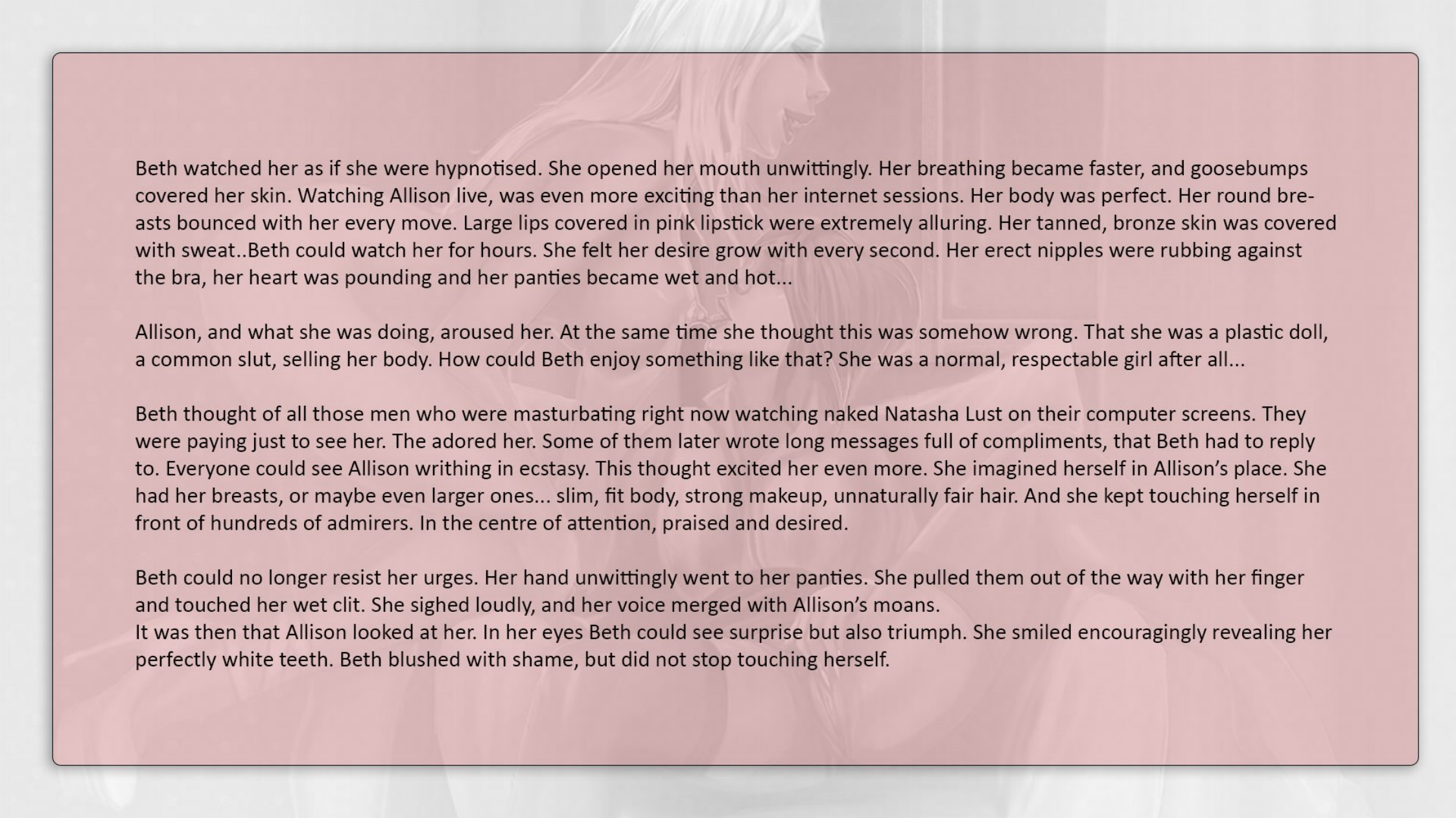
On the mattress there was a large, slick dildo, and on the bedside table there were even more toys: anal beads and vibrators of various sizes and colours.

Beth sat down in the armchair Allison pointed to. She felt embarrassment, fascination, and growing arousal.

Allison knelt on the bed in front of the camera. She smiled seductively and with visible pleasure started slowly caressing her body. She lowered her eyelids, and bit her plump lower lip. She massaged her prominent breasts in circular movements, and pinched her nipples. She reached for the dildo, she had been using earlier that evening. She spread her legs, presenting her pink flower.

She slowly inserted the toy inside, and her face relaxed with utmost pleasure. She was moving her hand faster and faster, pulling the dildo out and pushing it deep.





Beth watched her as if she were hypnotised. She opened her mouth unwittingly. Her breathing became faster, and goosebumps covered her skin. Watching Allison live, was even more exciting than her internet sessions. Her body was perfect. Her round breasts bounced with her every move. Large lips covered in pink lipstick were extremely alluring. Her tanned, bronze skin was covered with sweat..Beth could watch her for hours. She felt her desire grow with every second. Her erect nipples were rubbing against the bra, her heart was pounding and her panties became wet and hot...

Allison, and what she was doing, aroused her. At the same time she thought this was somehow wrong. That she was a plastic doll, a common slut, selling her body. How could Beth enjoy something like that? She was a normal, respectable girl after all...

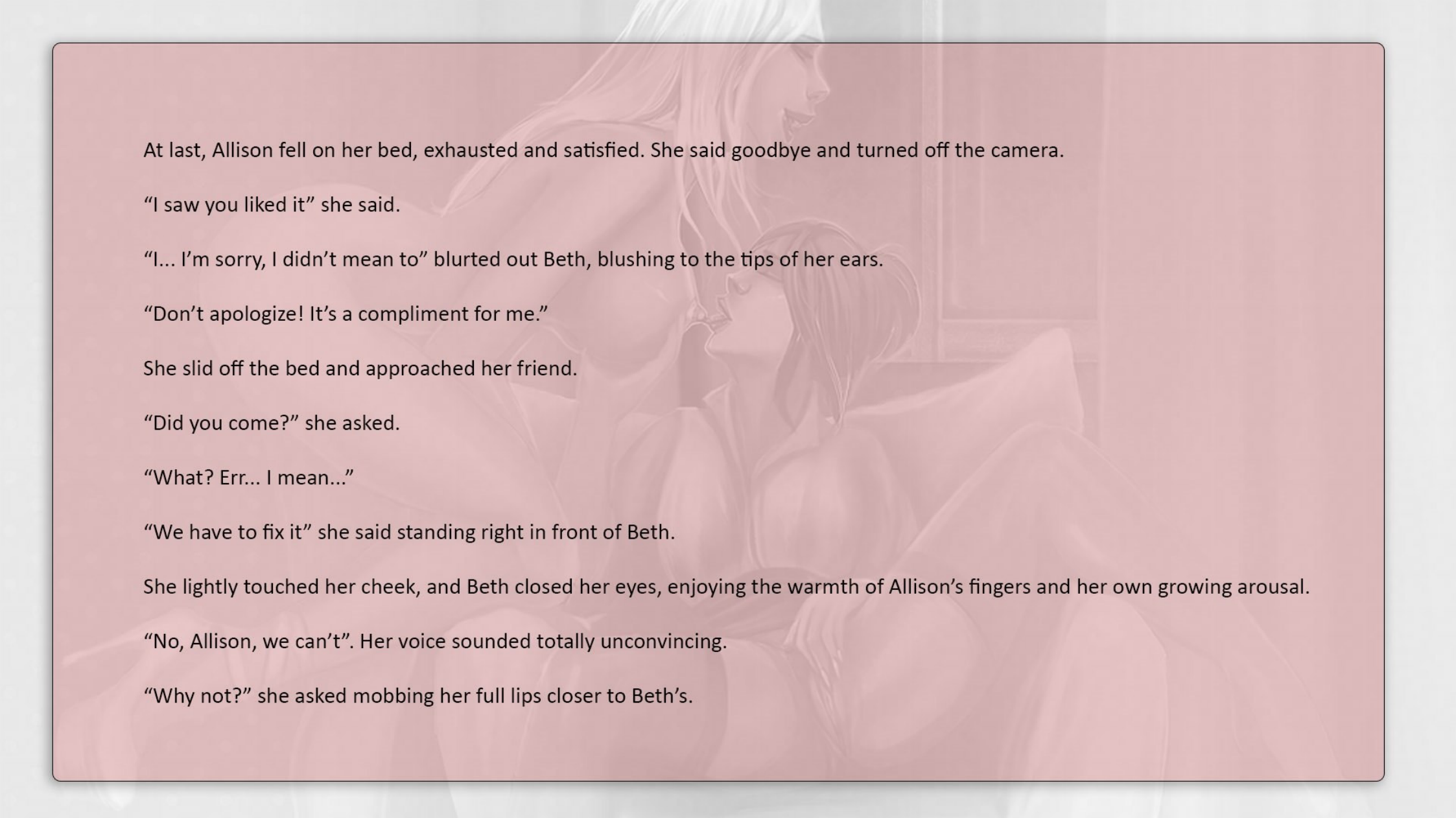
Beth thought of all those men who were masturbating right now watching naked Natasha Lust on their computer screens. They were paying just to see her. They adored her. Some of them later wrote long messages full of compliments, that Beth had to reply to. Everyone could see Allison writhing in ecstasy. This thought excited her even more. She imagined herself in Allison's place. She had her breasts, or maybe even larger ones... slim, fit body, strong makeup, unnaturally fair hair. And she kept touching herself in front of hundreds of admirers. In the centre of attention, praised and desired.

Beth could no longer resist her urges. Her hand unwittingly went to her panties. She pulled them out of the way with her finger and touched her wet clit. She sighed loudly, and her voice merged with Allison's moans. It was then that Allison looked at her. In her eyes Beth could see surprise but also triumph. She smiled encouragingly revealing her perfectly white teeth. Beth blushed with shame, but did not stop touching herself.

Allison slid her fingers between her buttocks, pleasuring her other hole. She was moaning louder and louder and she was moving her hips faster. After a while all her muscles tensed and she let out an inarticulate howl. Her eyes rolled back and she frowned.

Beth thought that hundreds of men were cumming at the same time with her. Thanks to her. She felt she was approaching climax.





At last, Allison fell on her bed, exhausted and satisfied. She said goodbye and turned off the camera.

“I saw you liked it” she said.

“I... I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to” blurted out Beth, blushing to the tips of her ears.

“Don’t apologize! It’s a compliment for me.”

She slid off the bed and approached her friend.

“Did you come?” she asked.

“What? Err... I mean...”

“We have to fix it” she said standing right in front of Beth.

She lightly touched her cheek, and Beth closed her eyes, enjoying the warmth of Allison’s fingers and her own growing arousal.

“No, Allison, we can’t”. Her voice sounded totally unconvincing.

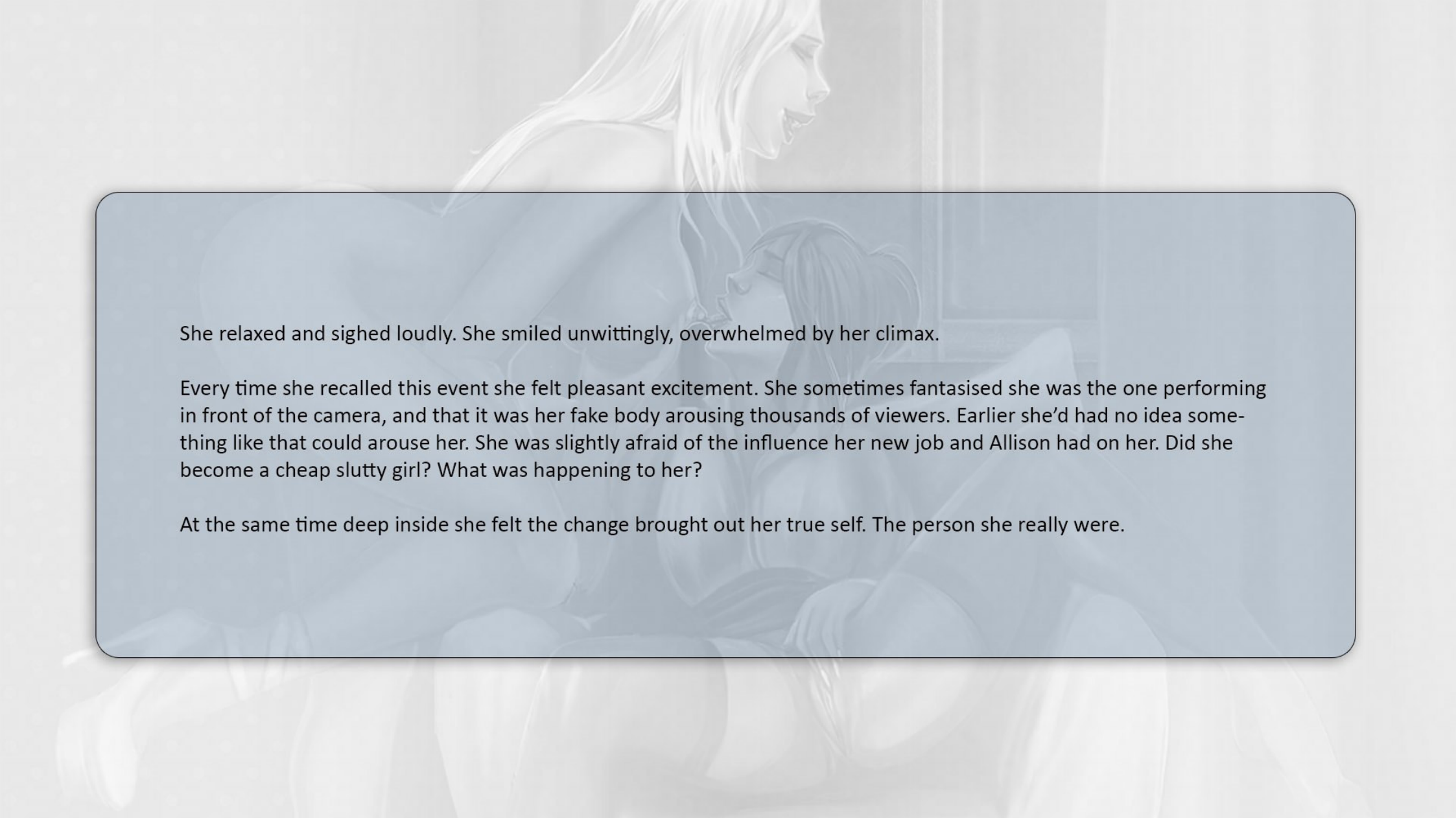
“Why not?” she asked mobbing her full lips closer to Beth’s.



The temptation was too strong and Beth could no longer resist. Allison's lips, plump and warm pleased hers. Beth licked them and bit on them lightly. She touched her neck with her fingertips and ran them down, lower and lower. When her hand reached the perfectly round breast she sighed with pleasure. Allison's boobs were firm and springy, and at the same time pleasantly soft. With the fingers of her other hand Beth was fondling her own clitoris. She'd never touched herself in the presence of another person. She leaned down to lick Allison's nipple. Allison let out a long moan. Beth caressed her breasts with fascination bordering with worship. They were perfect despite being fake. And maybe that was the reason? Next to them her own boobs seemed unattractive.



She knew she was approaching climax. She no longer felt embarrassment or shame. Only lust. She squeezed Allison's boob, and teased the nipple with her tongue. The hand in her pants was moving faster and faster. Finally she felt a wave of orgasm washing over her. She fell to her knees, moaning. Her body was wracked with spasms of ecstasy, making her unable to think, only feel.



She relaxed and sighed loudly. She smiled unwittingly, overwhelmed by her climax.

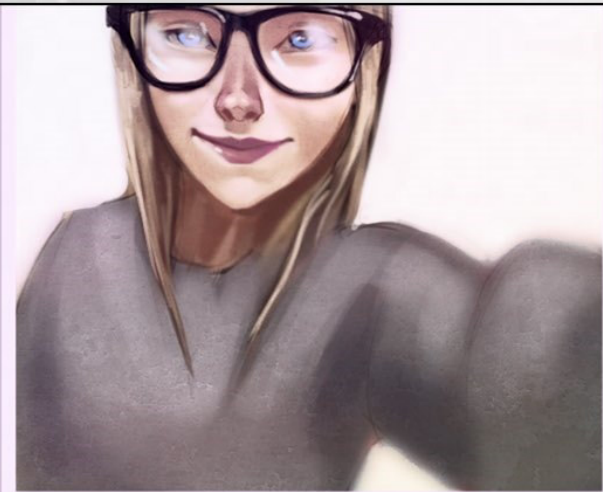
Every time she recalled this event she felt pleasant excitement. She sometimes fantasised she was the one performing in front of the camera, and that it was her fake body arousing thousands of viewers. Earlier she'd had no idea something like that could arouse her. She was slightly afraid of the influence her new job and Allison had on her. Did she become a cheap slutty girl? What was happening to her?

At the same time deep inside she felt the change brought out her true self. The person she really were.

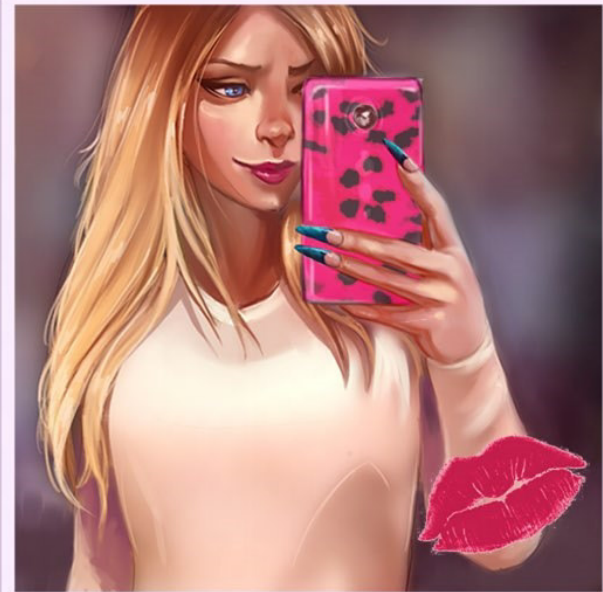
Several weeks later Allison invited her out to celebrate even more spectacular successes of Natasha Lust. She attributed this success primarily to Beth, who did her job dutifully and well.

Allison had planned the whole day. They first went to a beauty salon and spent over three hours there. Beth had never even suspected she could look like this! She left the salon wearing strong makeup, thin eyebrows and elongated eyelashes, which completely altered her face. Her new hairstyle was perfect, and she loved her new light streaks. Her fingernails became little works of art. And let's not forget depilation. From the waist down there was no trace of hair on her skin. The panties were rubbing against her bare mound of Venus.

Within a few hours she had been changed from a grey mouse into an attractive, alluring woman. Excited, she looked at her own reflection and smiled triumphantly. She took out her phone and snapped a selfie. She had to save this moment forever.



YESTERDAY



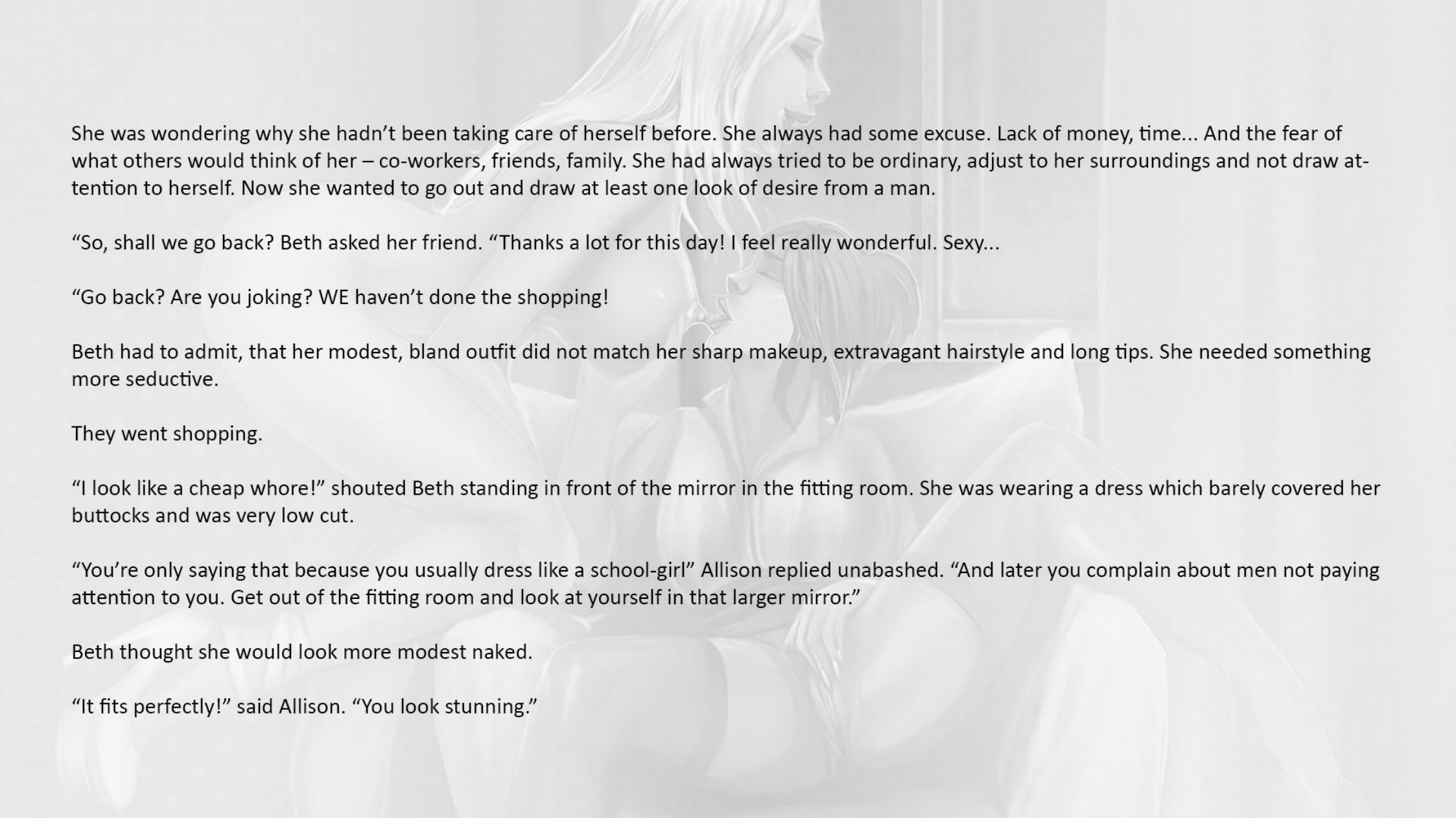
TODAY

#newday
going to work :)



Beth13

#newlook
#cute
#selfie
new look,
new life :*



She was wondering why she hadn't been taking care of herself before. She always had some excuse. Lack of money, time... And the fear of what others would think of her – co-workers, friends, family. She had always tried to be ordinary, adjust to her surroundings and not draw attention to herself. Now she wanted to go out and draw at least one look of desire from a man.

“So, shall we go back? Beth asked her friend. “Thanks a lot for this day! I feel really wonderful. Sexy...”

“Go back? Are you joking? WE haven't done the shopping!

Beth had to admit, that her modest, bland outfit did not match her sharp makeup, extravagant hairstyle and long tips. She needed something more seductive.

They went shopping.

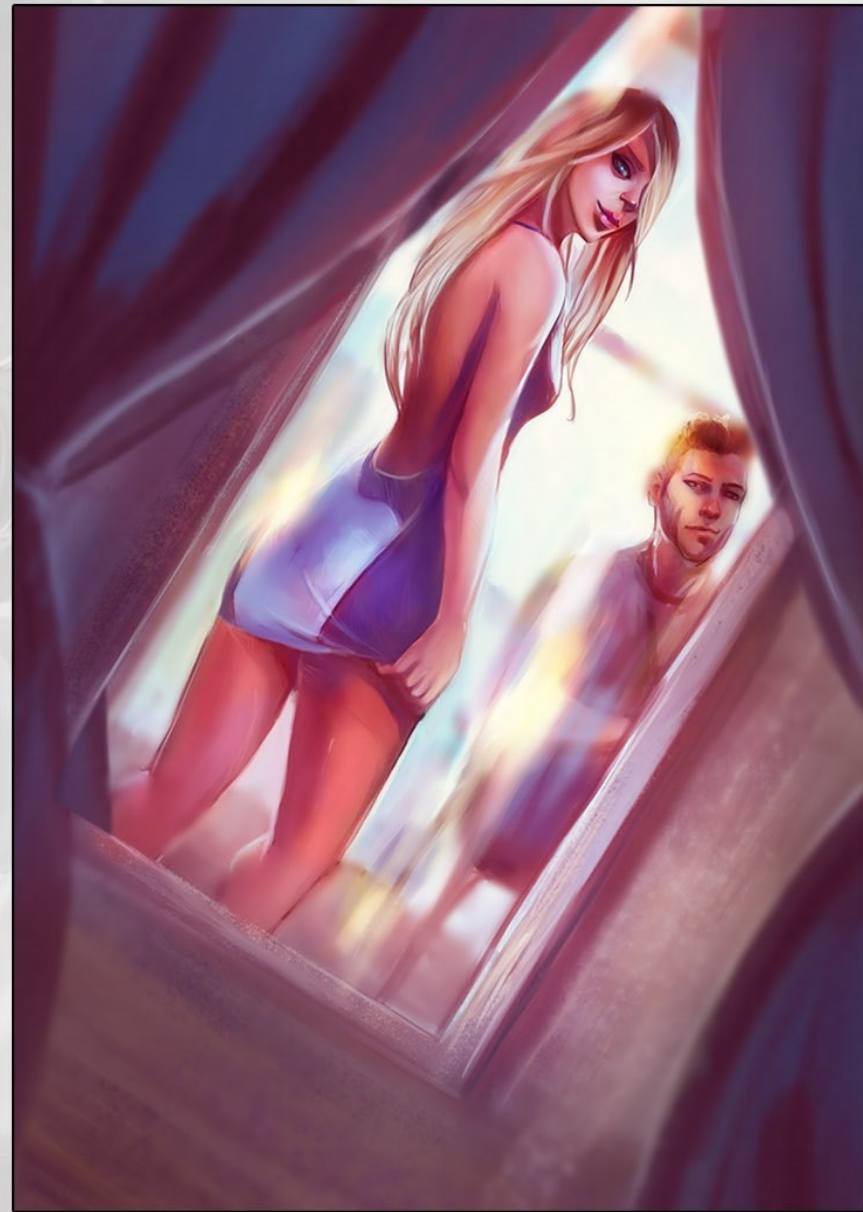
“I look like a cheap whore!” shouted Beth standing in front of the mirror in the fitting room. She was wearing a dress which barely covered her buttocks and was very low cut.

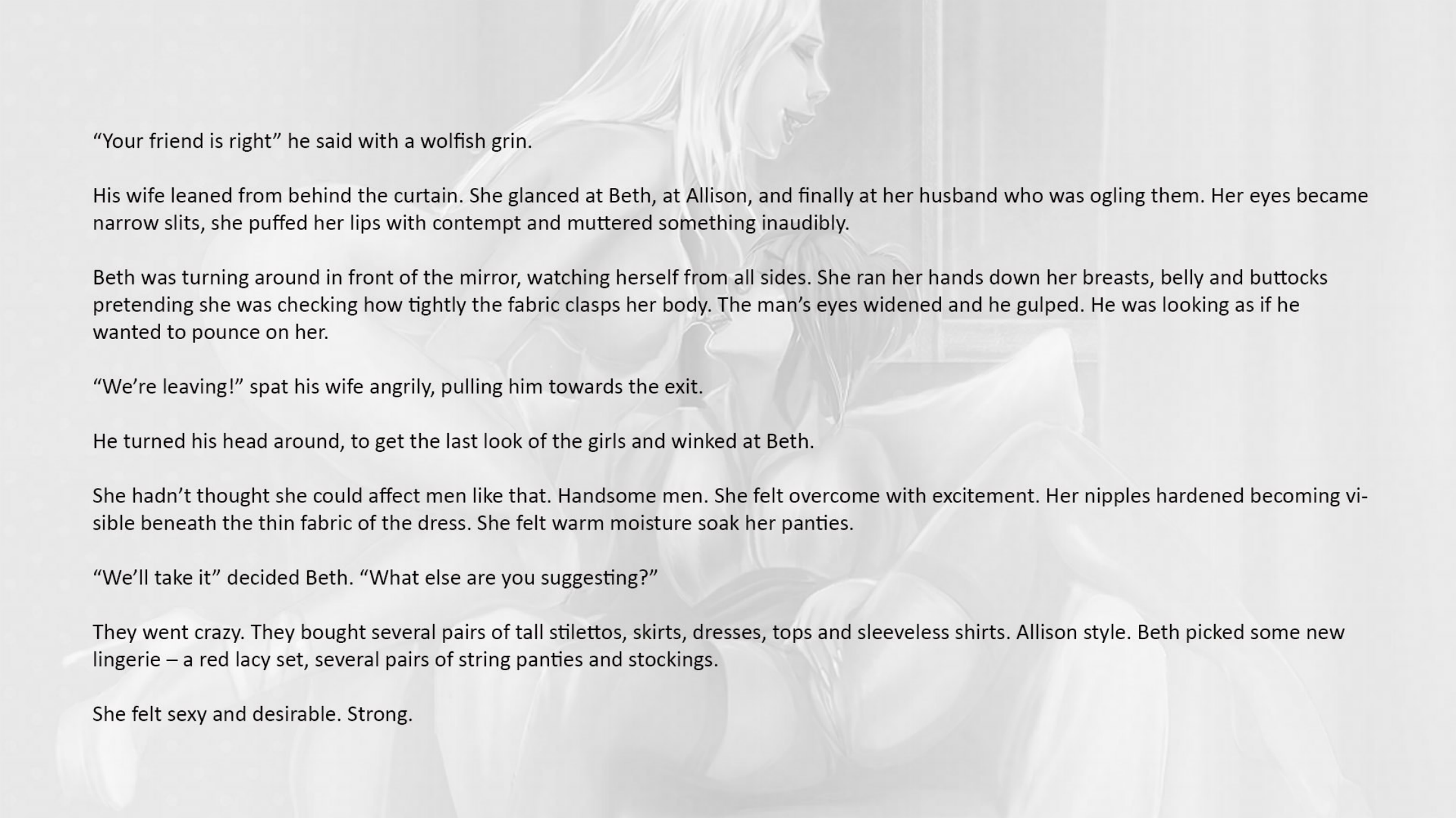
“You're only saying that because you usually dress like a school-girl” Allison replied unabashed. “And later you complain about men not paying attention to you. Get out of the fitting room and look at yourself in that larger mirror.”

Beth thought she would look more modest naked.

“It fits perfectly!” said Allison. “You look stunning.”

A bored man waiting for his wife to try on another outfit raised his eyes at Beth and suddenly became livelier. In his eyes she saw sparks of hunger that appeared when men were looking at Allison. But he wasn't looking at Allison, he was looking at her. He was devouring her with his eyes.





“Your friend is right” he said with a wolfish grin.

His wife leaned from behind the curtain. She glanced at Beth, at Allison, and finally at her husband who was ogling them. Her eyes became narrow slits, she puffed her lips with contempt and muttered something inaudibly.

Beth was turning around in front of the mirror, watching herself from all sides. She ran her hands down her breasts, belly and buttocks pretending she was checking how tightly the fabric clasps her body. The man’s eyes widened and he gulped. He was looking as if he wanted to pounce on her.

“We’re leaving!” spat his wife angrily, pulling him towards the exit.

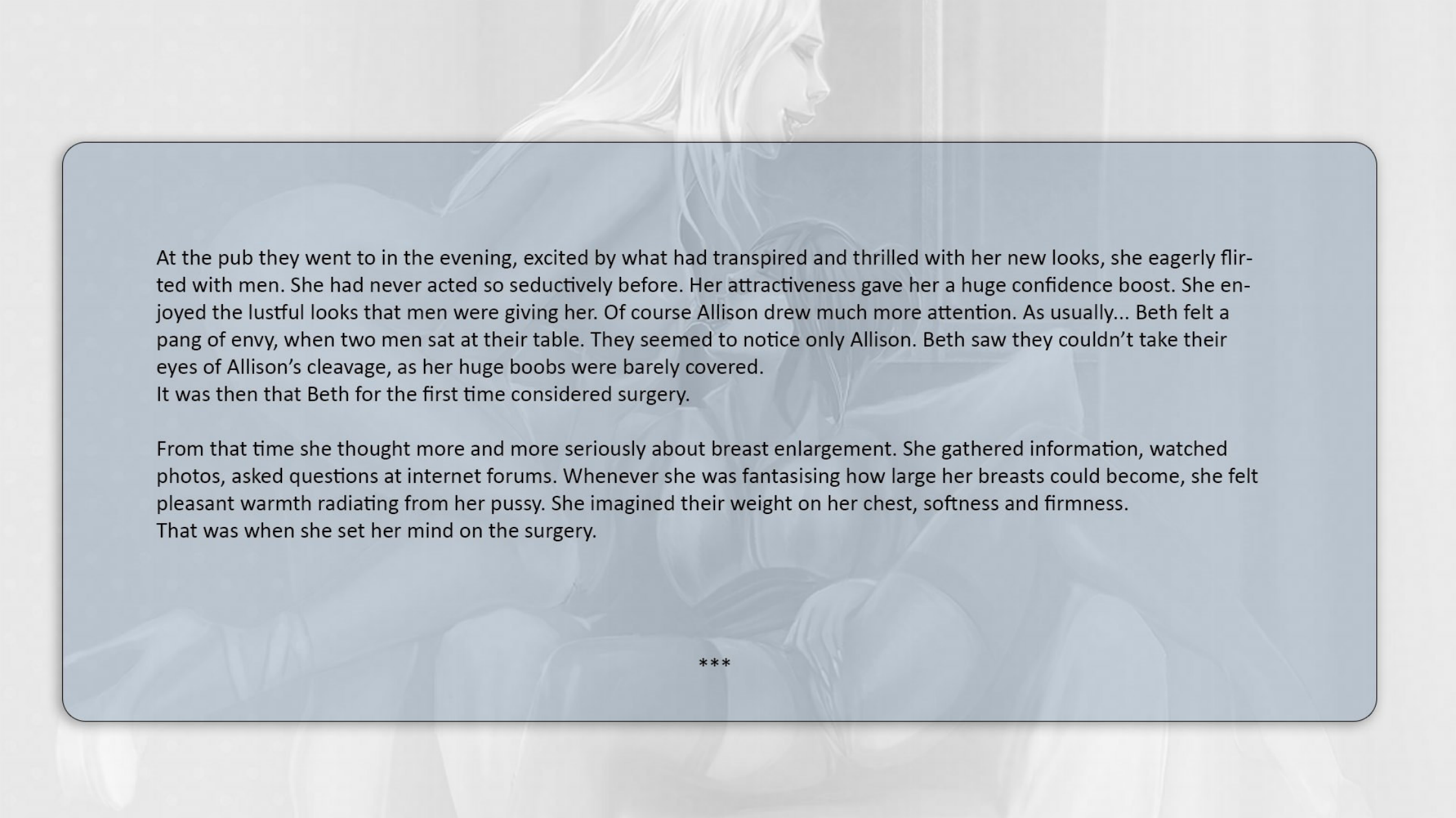
He turned his head around, to get the last look of the girls and winked at Beth.

She hadn’t thought she could affect men like that. Handsome men. She felt overcome with excitement. Her nipples hardened becoming visible beneath the thin fabric of the dress. She felt warm moisture soak her panties.

“We’ll take it” decided Beth. “What else are you suggesting?”

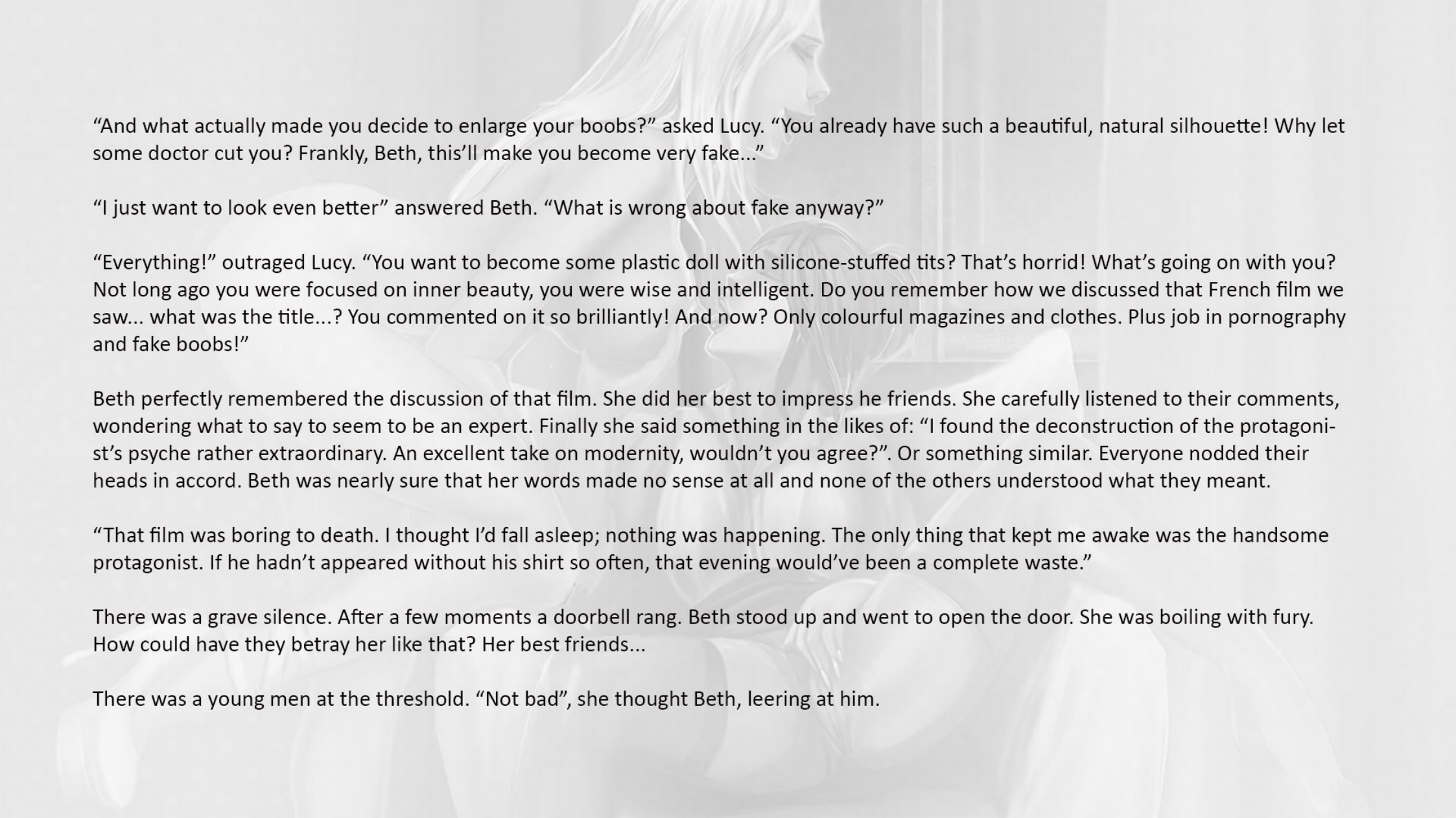
They went crazy. They bought several pairs of tall stilettos, skirts, dresses, tops and sleeveless shirts. Allison style. Beth picked some new lingerie – a red lacy set, several pairs of string panties and stockings.

She felt sexy and desirable. Strong.



At the pub they went to in the evening, excited by what had transpired and thrilled with her new looks, she eagerly flirted with men. She had never acted so seductively before. Her attractiveness gave her a huge confidence boost. She enjoyed the lustful looks that men were giving her. Of course Allison drew much more attention. As usually... Beth felt a pang of envy, when two men sat at their table. They seemed to notice only Allison. Beth saw they couldn't take their eyes of Allison's cleavage, as her huge boobs were barely covered. It was then that Beth for the first time considered surgery.

From that time she thought more and more seriously about breast enlargement. She gathered information, watched photos, asked questions at internet forums. Whenever she was fantasising how large her breasts could become, she felt pleasant warmth radiating from her pussy. She imagined their weight on her chest, softness and firmness. That was when she set her mind on the surgery.



“And what actually made you decide to enlarge your boobs?” asked Lucy. “You already have such a beautiful, natural silhouette! Why let some doctor cut you? Frankly, Beth, this’ll make you become very fake...”

“I just want to look even better” answered Beth. “What is wrong about fake anyway?”

“Everything!” outraged Lucy. “You want to become some plastic doll with silicone-stuffed tits? That’s horrid! What’s going on with you? Not long ago you were focused on inner beauty, you were wise and intelligent. Do you remember how we discussed that French film we saw... what was the title...? You commented on it so brilliantly! And now? Only colourful magazines and clothes. Plus job in pornography and fake boobs!”

Beth perfectly remembered the discussion of that film. She did her best to impress her friends. She carefully listened to their comments, wondering what to say to seem to be an expert. Finally she said something in the likes of: “I found the deconstruction of the protagonist’s psyche rather extraordinary. An excellent take on modernity, wouldn’t you agree?”. Or something similar. Everyone nodded their heads in accord. Beth was nearly sure that her words made no sense at all and none of the others understood what they meant.

“That film was boring to death. I thought I’d fall asleep; nothing was happening. The only thing that kept me awake was the handsome protagonist. If he hadn’t appeared without his shirt so often, that evening would’ve been a complete waste.”

There was a grave silence. After a few moments a doorbell rang. Beth stood up and went to open the door. She was boiling with fury. How could they betray her like that? Her best friends...

There was a young man at the threshold. “Not bad”, she thought Beth, leering at him.



“That’s probably our sushi” shouted Emily from the living room. Will you take it?”

“Sure” replied Beth.

She took the boxes from the delivery guy and paid him.

“Hey, wait a minute” she said as he was just about to leave. “You work hard, don’t you?”

She leaned against the doorframe, and touched her skirt as if accidentally, revealing more flesh. She whipped her hair back. He smiled with disbelief.

“You know such things happen only in the movies” he said taking a step towards her.

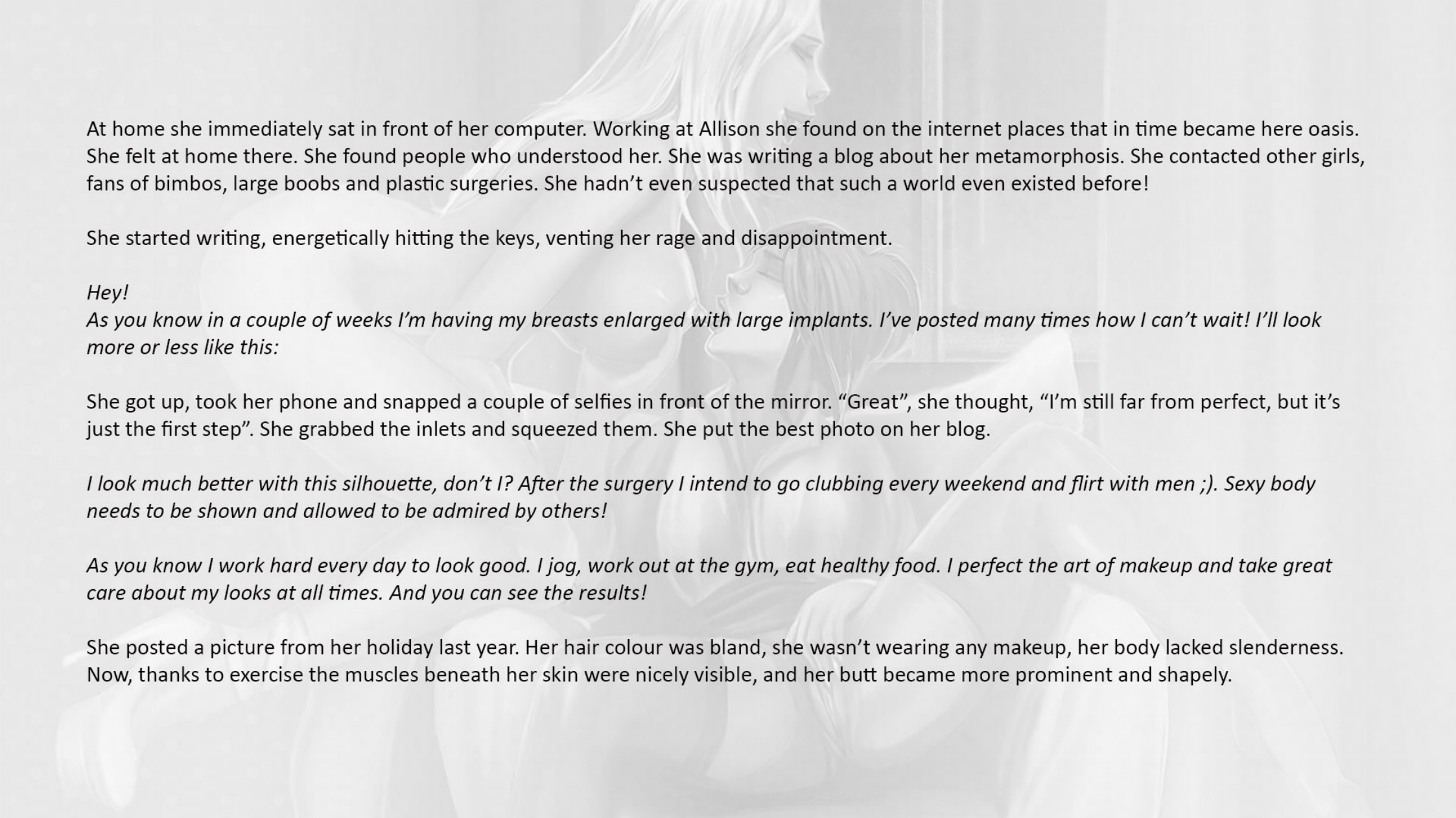
Beth laughed loudly, feeling her silicone inlets bounce. She knew her friends were watching her and could hear what she was saying. She wanted to be mean to them.

The man was looking at her with hope and desire.

“You know what, I think I’m gonna go with you” she said. The atmosphere in here is awfully stiff.

She took one box of sushi, said bye to her friends and slammed the. When they left the building she kissed him on the cheek.

“Today was only for show. But here’s my number” she said writing it on his palm.



At home she immediately sat in front of her computer. Working at Allison she found on the internet places that in time became here oasis. She felt at home there. She found people who understood her. She was writing a blog about her metamorphosis. She contacted other girls, fans of bimbos, large boobs and plastic surgeries. She hadn't even suspected that such a world even existed before!

She started writing, energetically hitting the keys, venting her rage and disappointment.

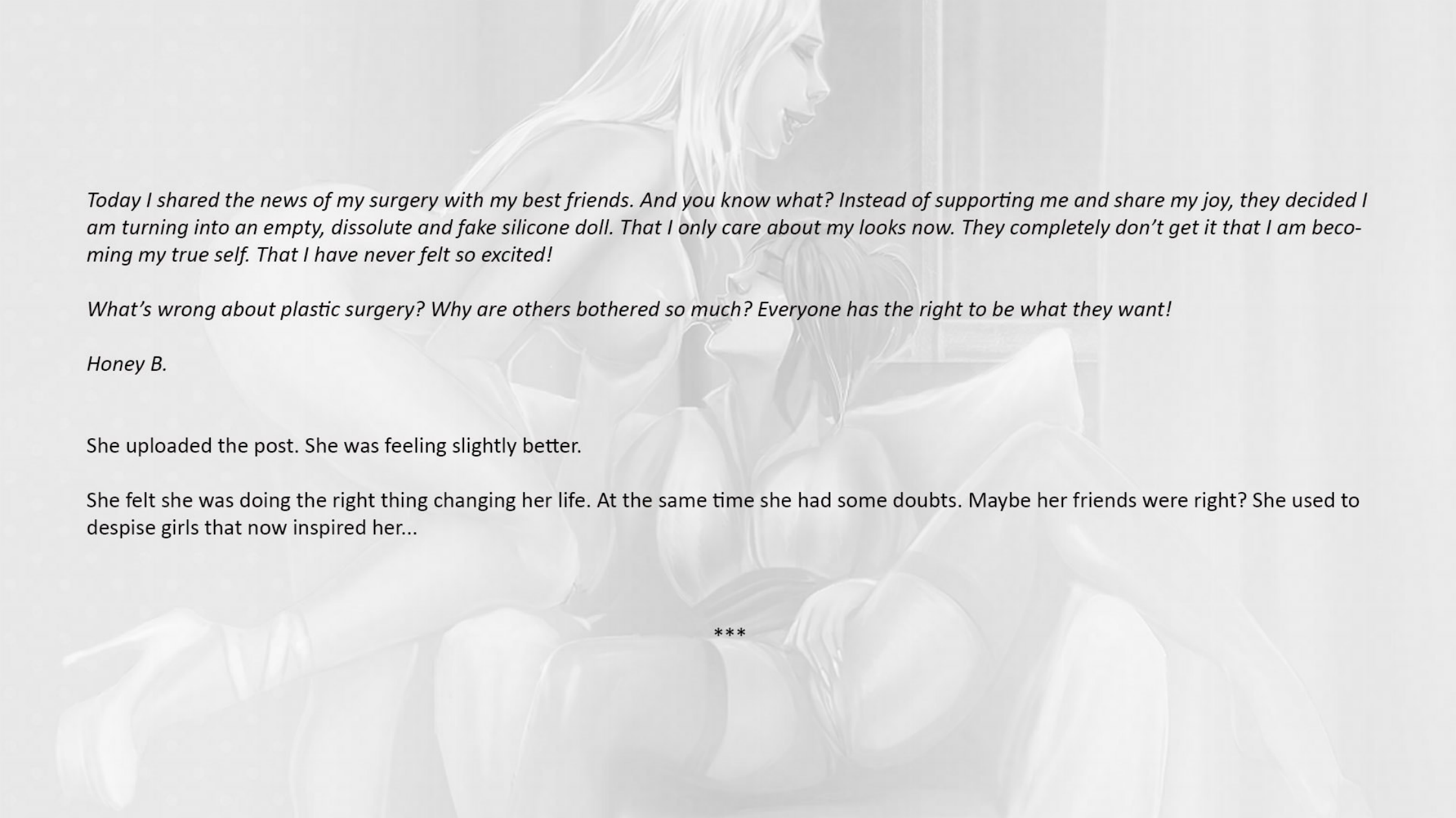
*Hey!
As you know in a couple of weeks I'm having my breasts enlarged with large implants. I've posted many times how I can't wait! I'll look more or less like this:*

She got up, took her phone and snapped a couple of selfies in front of the mirror. "Great", she thought, "I'm still far from perfect, but it's just the first step". She grabbed the inlets and squeezed them. She put the best photo on her blog.

I look much better with this silhouette, don't I? After the surgery I intend to go clubbing every weekend and flirt with men ;). Sexy body needs to be shown and allowed to be admired by others!

As you know I work hard every day to look good. I jog, work out at the gym, eat healthy food. I perfect the art of makeup and take great care about my looks at all times. And you can see the results!

She posted a picture from her holiday last year. Her hair colour was bland, she wasn't wearing any makeup, her body lacked slenderness. Now, thanks to exercise the muscles beneath her skin were nicely visible, and her butt became more prominent and shapely.



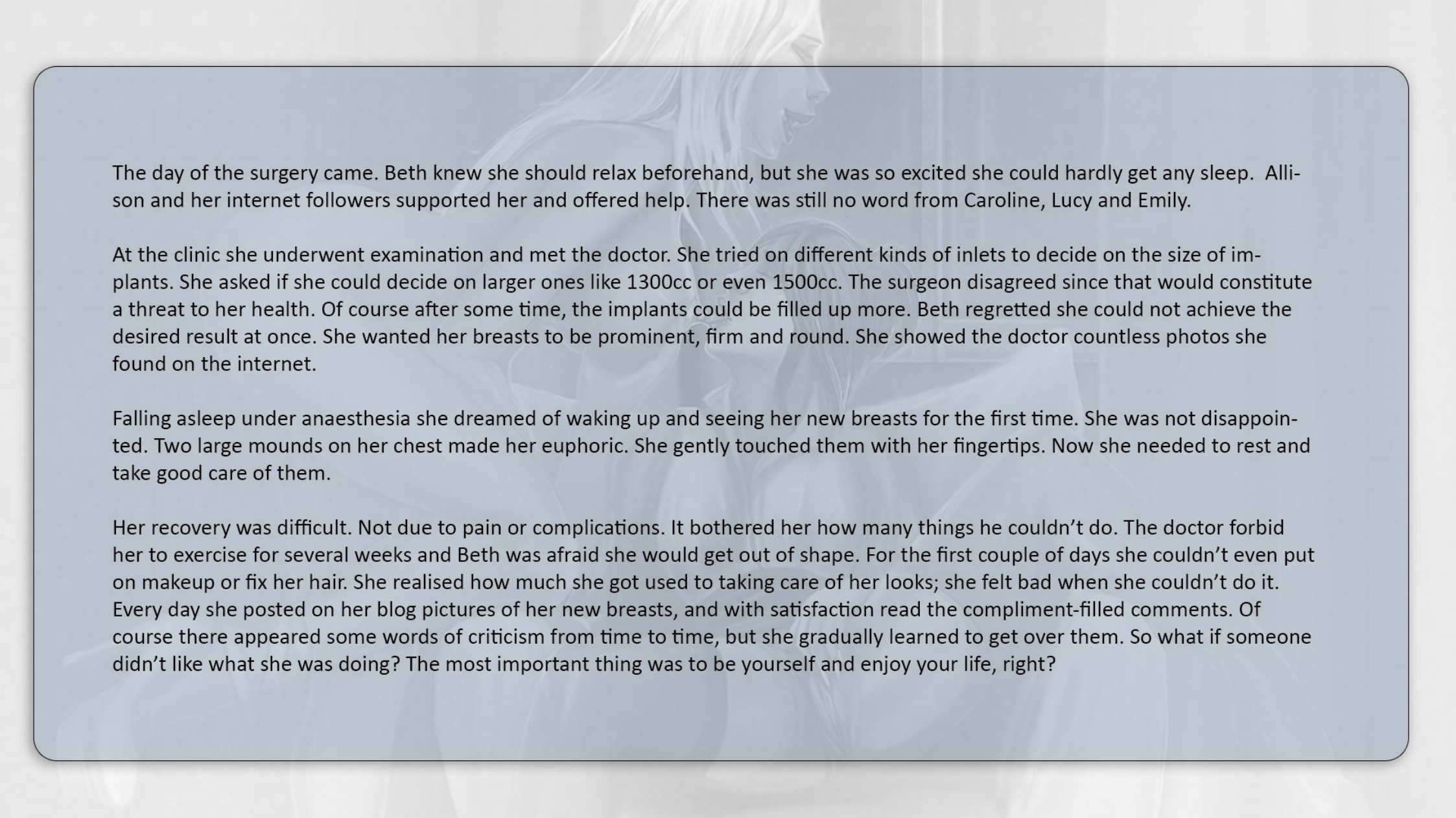
Today I shared the news of my surgery with my best friends. And you know what? Instead of supporting me and share my joy, they decided I am turning into an empty, dissolute and fake silicone doll. That I only care about my looks now. They completely don't get it that I am becoming my true self. That I have never felt so excited!

What's wrong about plastic surgery? Why are others bothered so much? Everyone has the right to be what they want!

Honey B.

She uploaded the post. She was feeling slightly better.

She felt she was doing the right thing changing her life. At the same time she had some doubts. Maybe her friends were right? She used to despise girls that now inspired her...



The day of the surgery came. Beth knew she should relax beforehand, but she was so excited she could hardly get any sleep. Allison and her internet followers supported her and offered help. There was still no word from Caroline, Lucy and Emily.

At the clinic she underwent examination and met the doctor. She tried on different kinds of implants to decide on the size of implants. She asked if she could decide on larger ones like 1300cc or even 1500cc. The surgeon disagreed since that would constitute a threat to her health. Of course after some time, the implants could be filled up more. Beth regretted she could not achieve the desired result at once. She wanted her breasts to be prominent, firm and round. She showed the doctor countless photos she found on the internet.

Falling asleep under anaesthesia she dreamed of waking up and seeing her new breasts for the first time. She was not disappointed. Two large mounds on her chest made her euphoric. She gently touched them with her fingertips. Now she needed to rest and take good care of them.

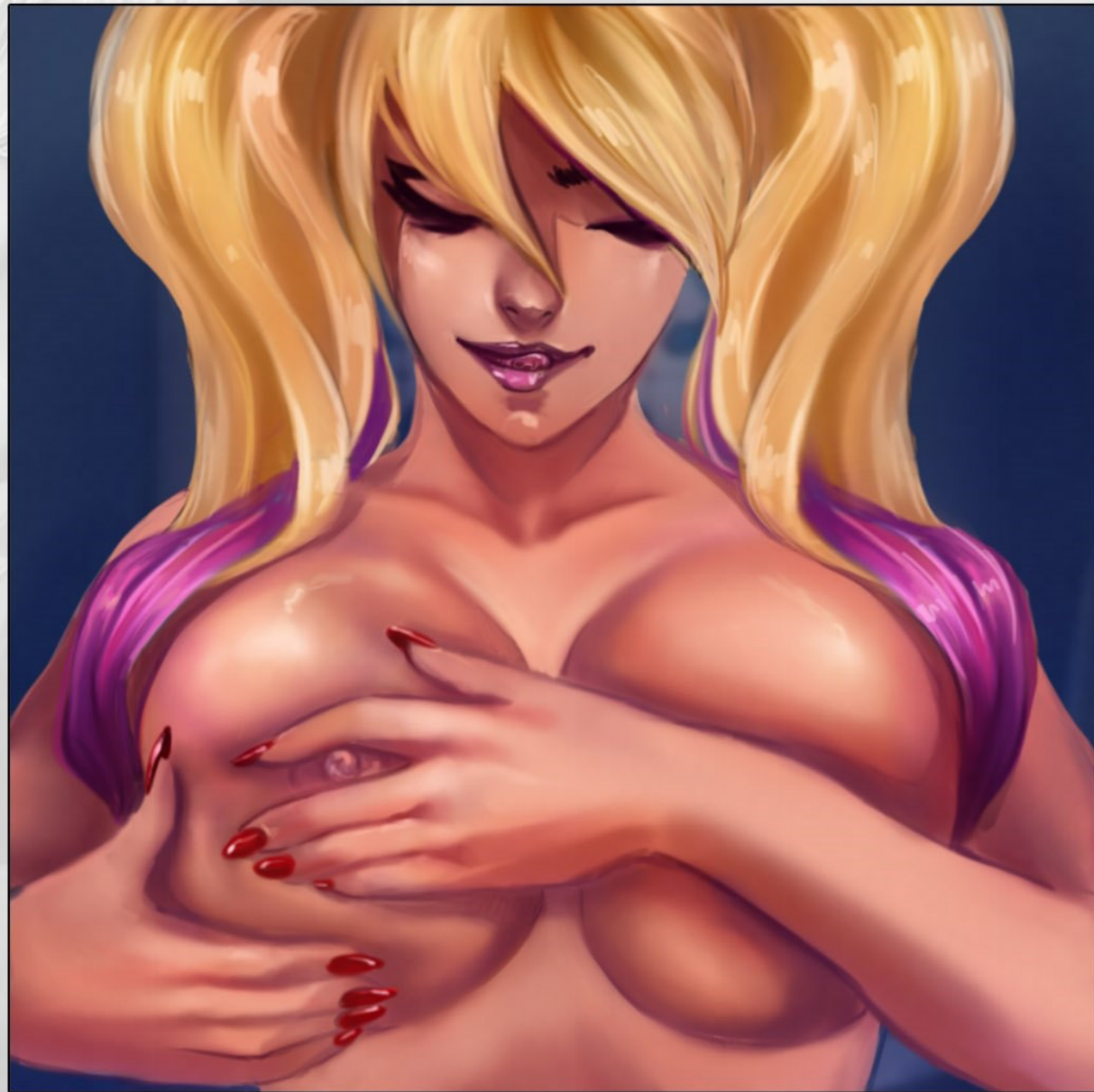
Her recovery was difficult. Not due to pain or complications. It bothered her how many things he couldn't do. The doctor forbid her to exercise for several weeks and Beth was afraid she would get out of shape. For the first couple of days she couldn't even put on makeup or fix her hair. She realised how much she got used to taking care of her looks; she felt bad when she couldn't do it. Every day she posted on her blog pictures of her new breasts, and with satisfaction read the compliment-filled comments. Of course there appeared some words of criticism from time to time, but she gradually learned to get over them. So what if someone didn't like what she was doing? The most important thing was to be yourself and enjoy your life, right?



After several weeks she recovered. Her boobs looked wonderful! Her silhouette gained some sexy curves. She couldn't be happier and tried to expose her breasts as much as she could. On the spur of the moment she posted a photo of herself in only string panties. She wanted to show off her new body.

Why keep something so attractive only to herself? She was sometimes troubled by critical voices of her friends. Easy, cheap, empty... Was she right, showing her topless picture to strangers? Positive comments quickly reassured her that indeed she was. She relished in the growing popularity. Each day she gained more and more followers, and ever more frequently she received private messages. She was becoming famous and she loved it.

She felt great in her new body. Twice a day she massaged her breasts, as the doctor ordered. Every time she was doing that she felt a pleasant tingling between her legs, and her nipples became hard and erect. She loved touching her warm, firm, soft breasts and feel their weight. Every rapid step, outburst of laughter or sudden movement caused her breasts to bounce, reminding how large they were. Beth proudly looked at her reflection in every passed mirror. She couldn't remember the last time she was so satisfied.



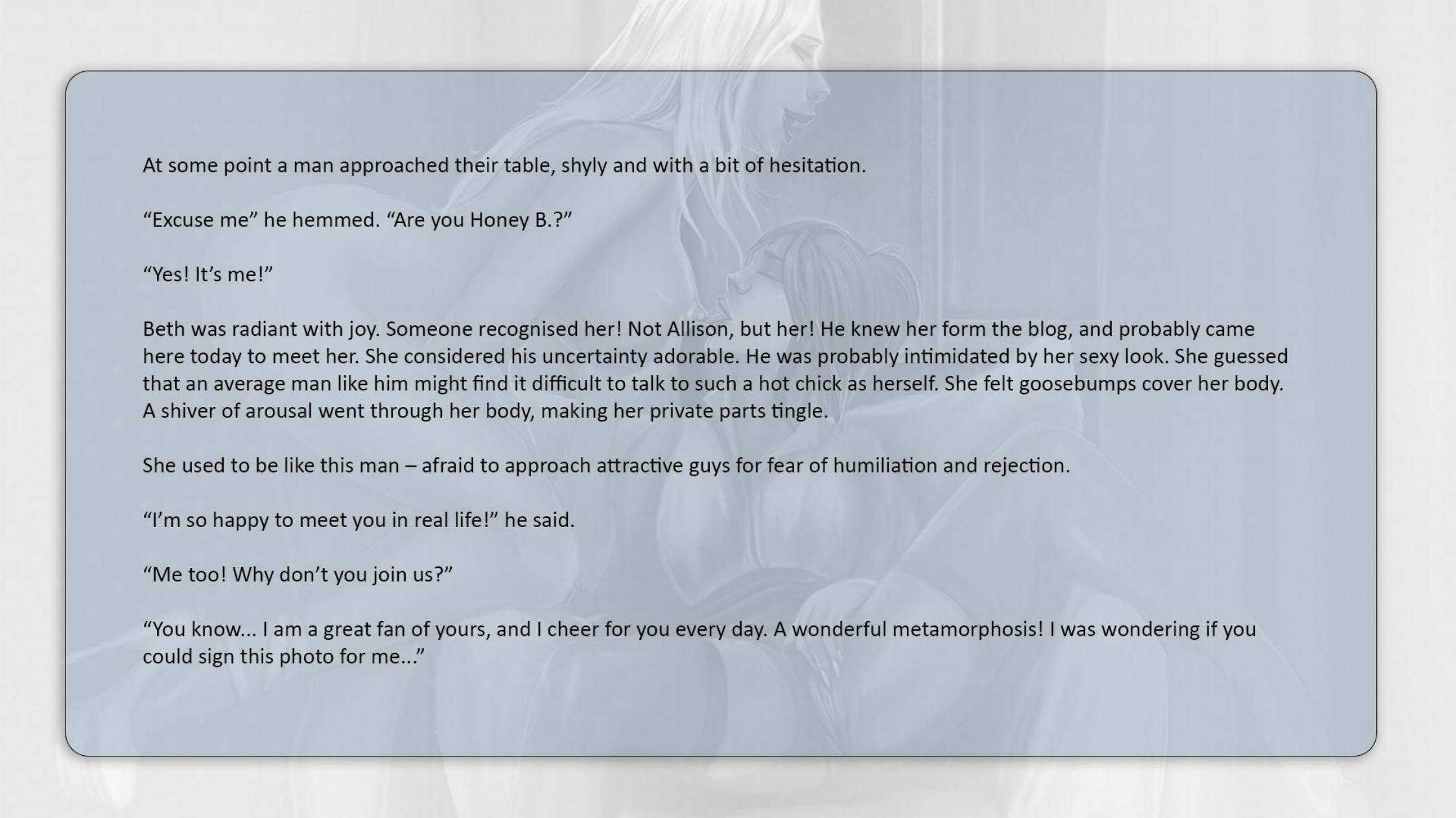


She decided it was time to have some fun. She went to a club with Allison. She made sure she looked her best. She visited a hairdresser and a beautician, and carefully chose her outfit and makeup. Before she left, she had snapped a selfie and posted it on her blog informing where she was going.



In Allison's presence she always felt she was "the less attractive one". Men always ogled Allison, flirted with her and bought her drinks. Beth was noticed only out of courtesy. She expected this time to be no different. She was wrong.

When they went inside the club she saw that men no longer ignored her as if she were invisible. Now everyone was interested in her as much as in Allison. They were two sexy ladies, embodiment of every man's fantasies. Beth enjoyed every hungry, lustful look she was given.



At some point a man approached their table, shyly and with a bit of hesitation.

“Excuse me” he hemmed. “Are you Honey B.?”

“Yes! It’s me!”

Beth was radiant with joy. Someone recognised her! Not Allison, but her! He knew her from the blog, and probably came here today to meet her. She considered his uncertainty adorable. He was probably intimidated by her sexy look. She guessed that an average man like him might find it difficult to talk to such a hot chick as herself. She felt goosebumps cover her body. A shiver of arousal went through her body, making her private parts tingle.

She used to be like this man – afraid to approach attractive guys for fear of humiliation and rejection.

“I’m so happy to meet you in real life!” he said.

“Me too! Why don’t you join us?”

“You know... I am a great fan of yours, and I cheer for you every day. A wonderful metamorphosis! I was wondering if you could sign this photo for me...”

From his pocket he took out a printed photo from her blog. Beth was speechless.

“Of course!”

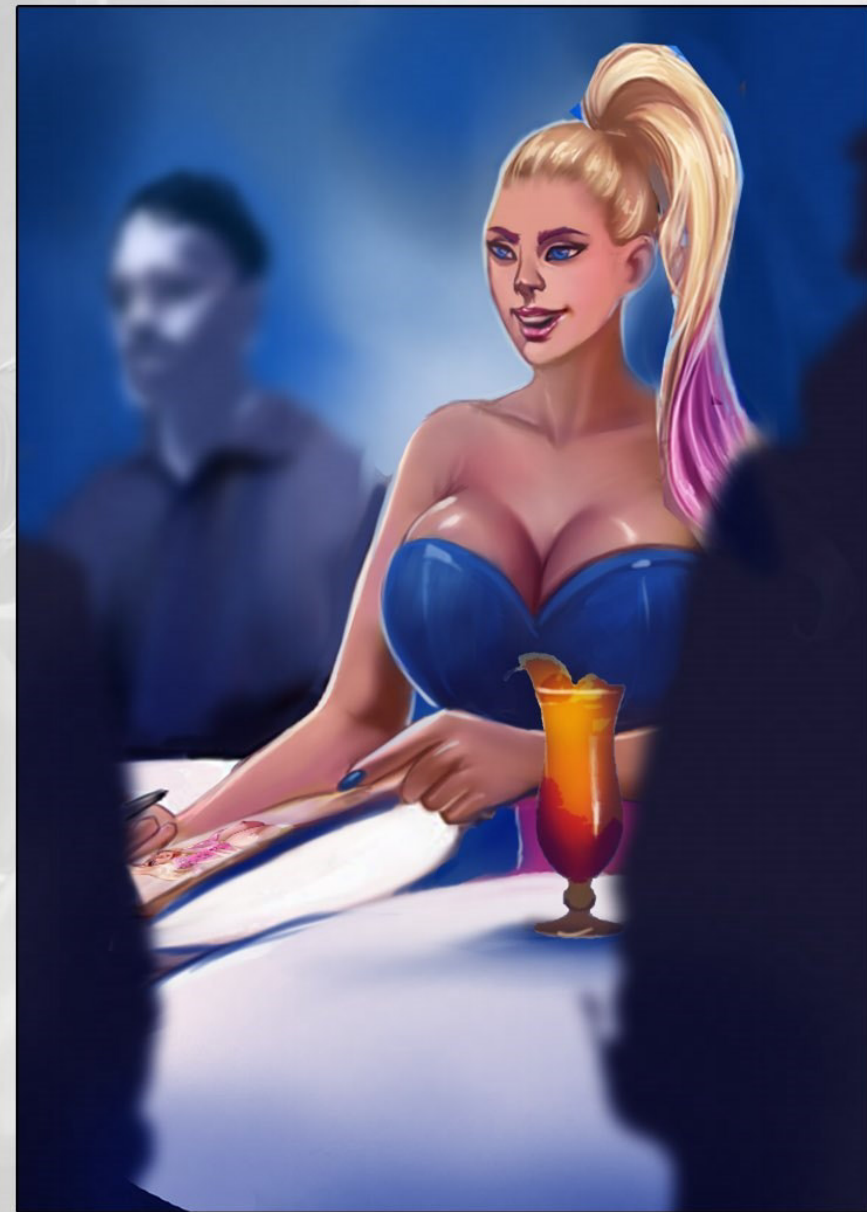
“I see you like your new role” Allison whispered into her ear.

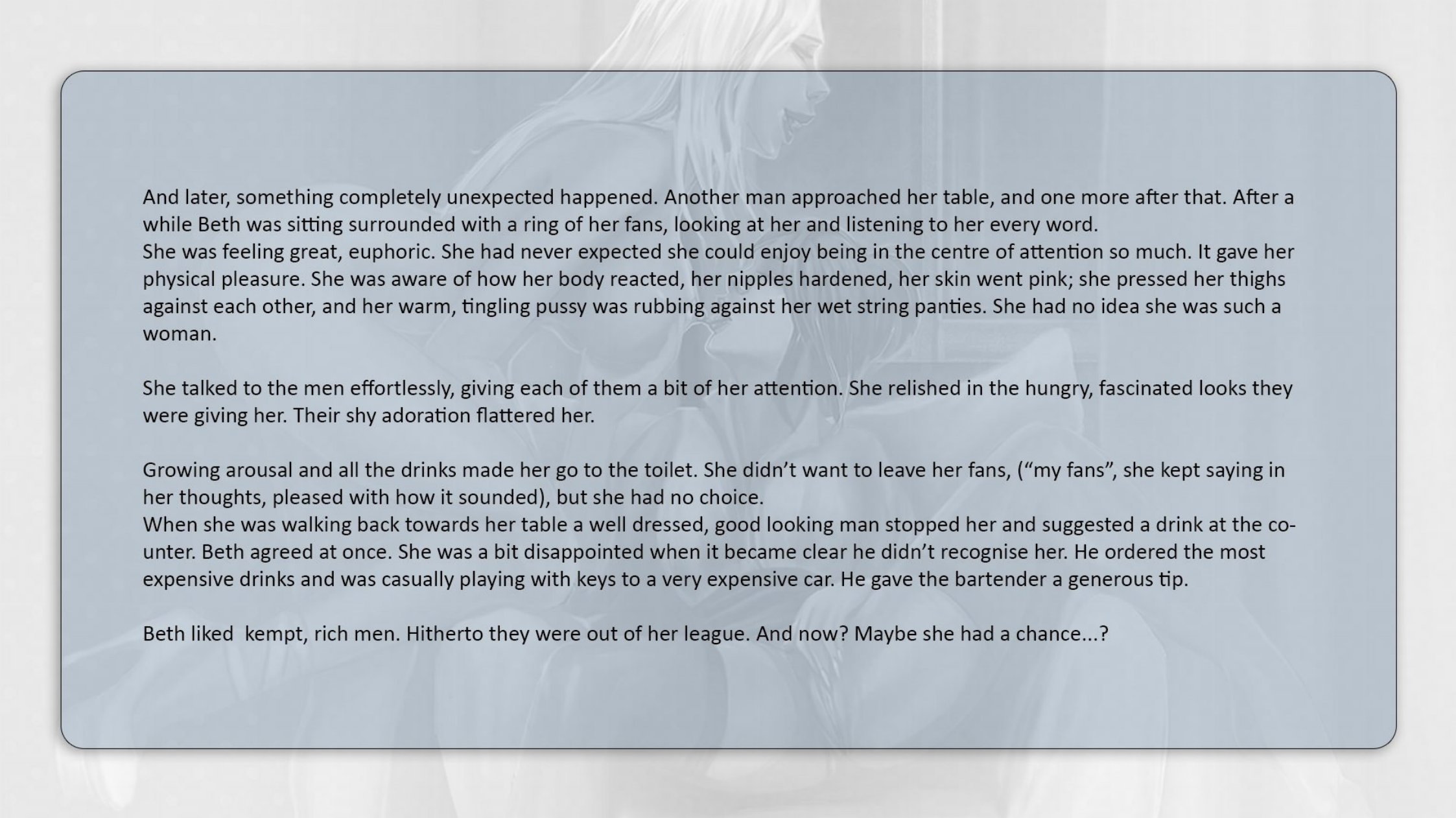
“Very much!”

“I didn’t expect that of you” said her friend.

“Neither did I.”

She signed the photo with a trembling hand.





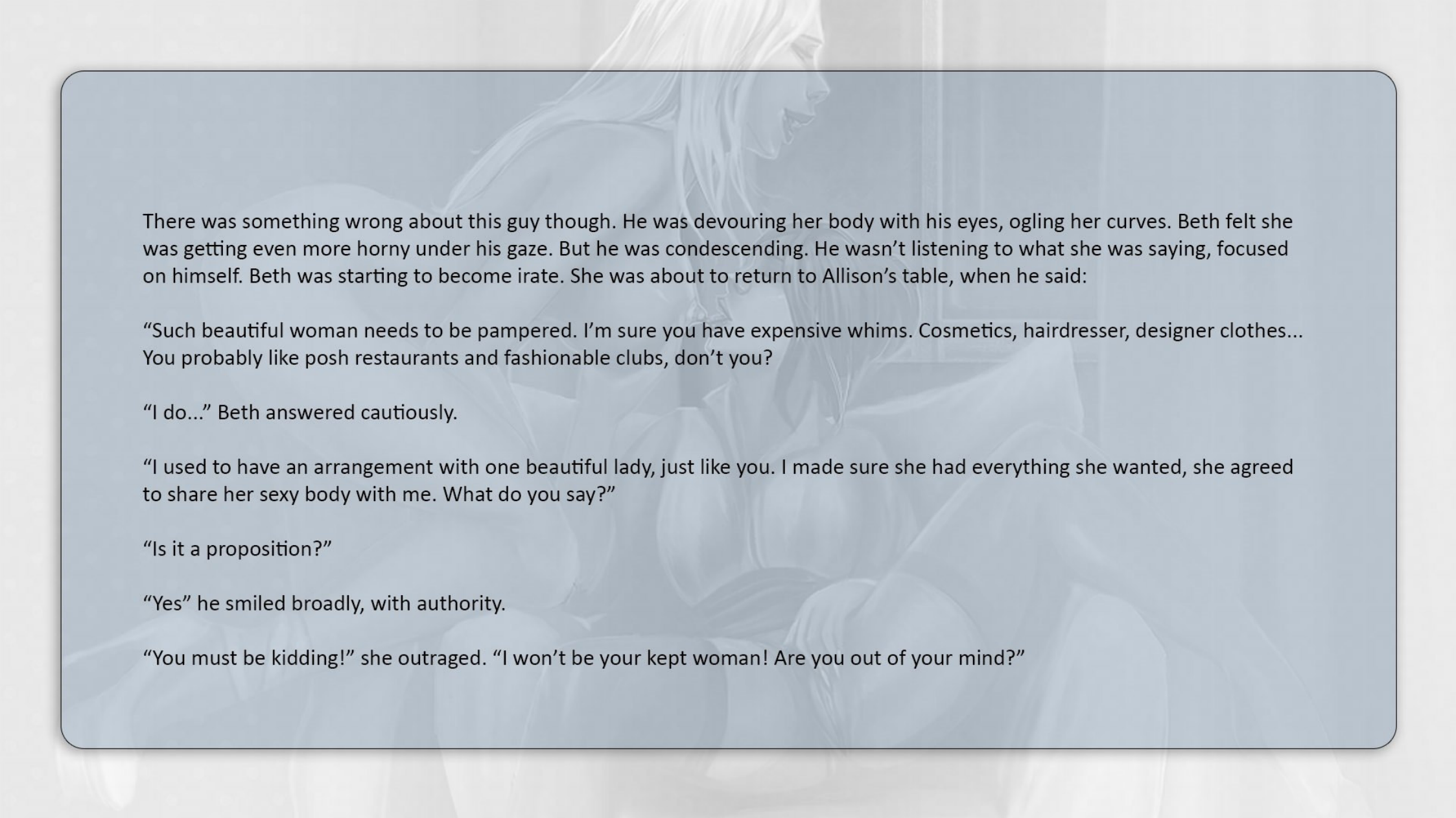
And later, something completely unexpected happened. Another man approached her table, and one more after that. After a while Beth was sitting surrounded with a ring of her fans, looking at her and listening to her every word. She was feeling great, euphoric. She had never expected she could enjoy being in the centre of attention so much. It gave her physical pleasure. She was aware of how her body reacted, her nipples hardened, her skin went pink; she pressed her thighs against each other, and her warm, tingling pussy was rubbing against her wet string panties. She had no idea she was such a woman.

She talked to the men effortlessly, giving each of them a bit of her attention. She relished in the hungry, fascinated looks they were giving her. Their shy adoration flattered her.

Growing arousal and all the drinks made her go to the toilet. She didn't want to leave her fans, ("my fans", she kept saying in her thoughts, pleased with how it sounded), but she had no choice.

When she was walking back towards her table a well dressed, good looking man stopped her and suggested a drink at the counter. Beth agreed at once. She was a bit disappointed when it became clear he didn't recognise her. He ordered the most expensive drinks and was casually playing with keys to a very expensive car. He gave the bartender a generous tip.

Beth liked kempt, rich men. Hitherto they were out of her league. And now? Maybe she had a chance...?



There was something wrong about this guy though. He was devouring her body with his eyes, ogling her curves. Beth felt she was getting even more horny under his gaze. But he was condescending. He wasn't listening to what she was saying, focused on himself. Beth was starting to become irate. She was about to return to Allison's table, when he said:

"Such beautiful woman needs to be pampered. I'm sure you have expensive whims. Cosmetics, hairdresser, designer clothes... You probably like posh restaurants and fashionable clubs, don't you?"

"I do..." Beth answered cautiously.

"I used to have an arrangement with one beautiful lady, just like you. I made sure she had everything she wanted, she agreed to share her sexy body with me. What do you say?"

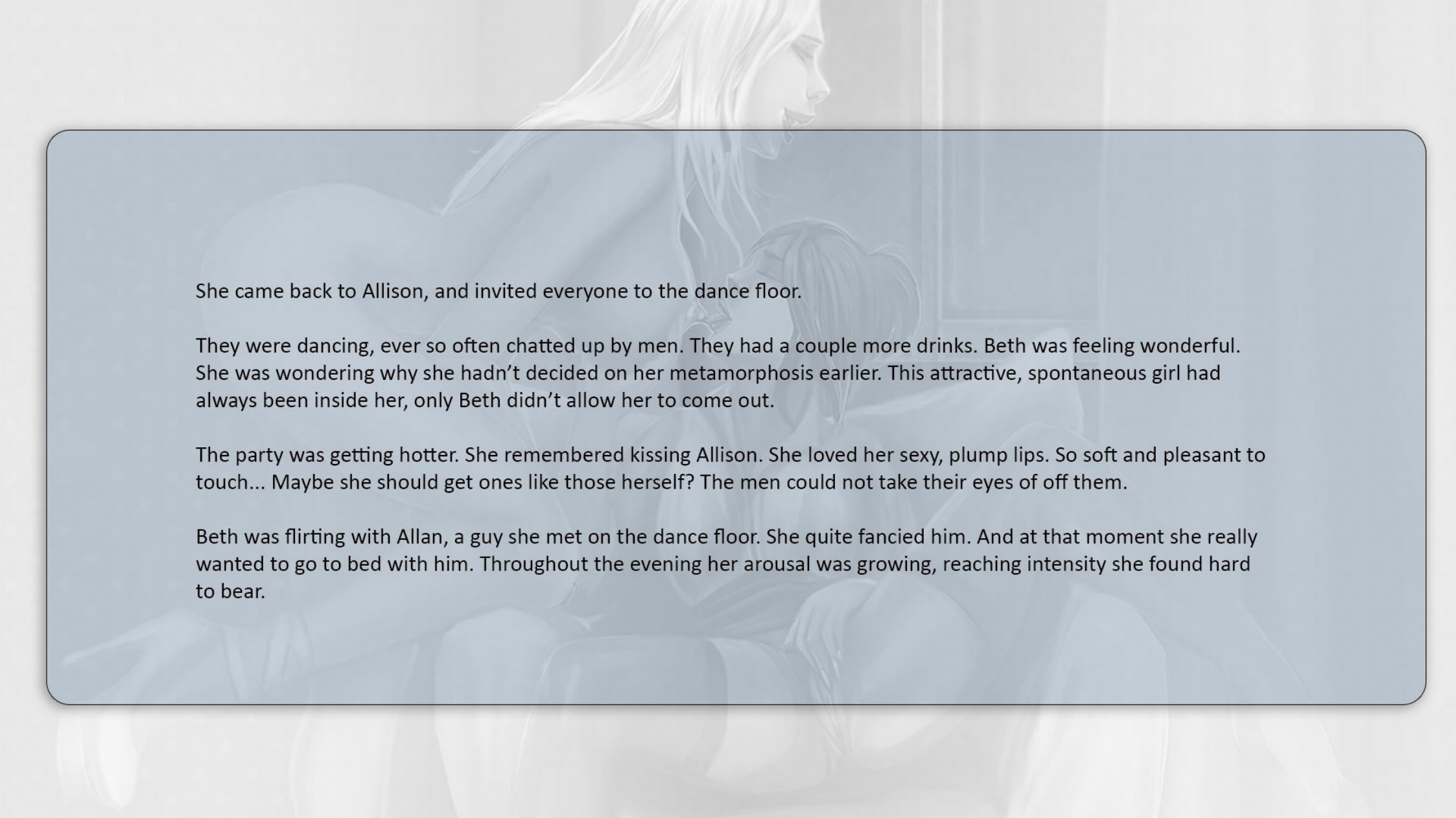
"Is it a proposition?"

"Yes" he smiled broadly, with authority.

"You must be kidding!" she outraged. "I won't be your kept woman! Are you out of your mind?"



She walked away, a little bit disgusted, but also proud and shocked that she just turned down such an attractive guy.



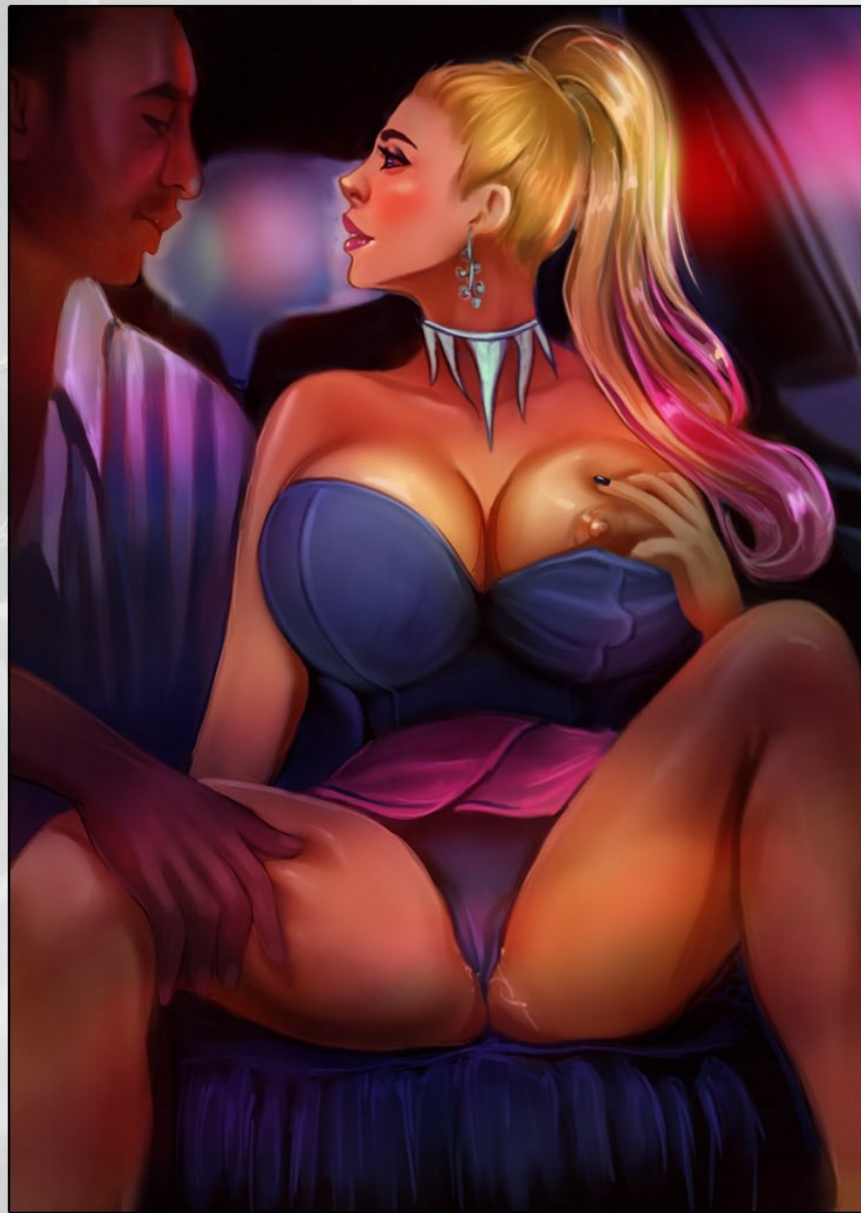
She came back to Allison, and invited everyone to the dance floor.

They were dancing, ever so often chatted up by men. They had a couple more drinks. Beth was feeling wonderful. She was wondering why she hadn't decided on her metamorphosis earlier. This attractive, spontaneous girl had always been inside her, only Beth didn't allow her to come out.

The party was getting hotter. She remembered kissing Allison. She loved her sexy, plump lips. So soft and pleasant to touch... Maybe she should get ones like those herself? The men could not take their eyes off them.

Beth was flirting with Allan, a guy she met on the dance floor. She quite fancied him. And at that moment she really wanted to go to bed with him. Throughout the evening her arousal was growing, reaching intensity she found hard to bear.

He invited her over to his place. In the taxi he couldn't stop touching her.





In the hall they tore off their clothes. Allan was looking at her body as if he was hypnotised and was touching it with lustful worship. Beth enjoyed his every move.

“I’ve never made love to such a sexy girl” he said. “Your body is perfect.”

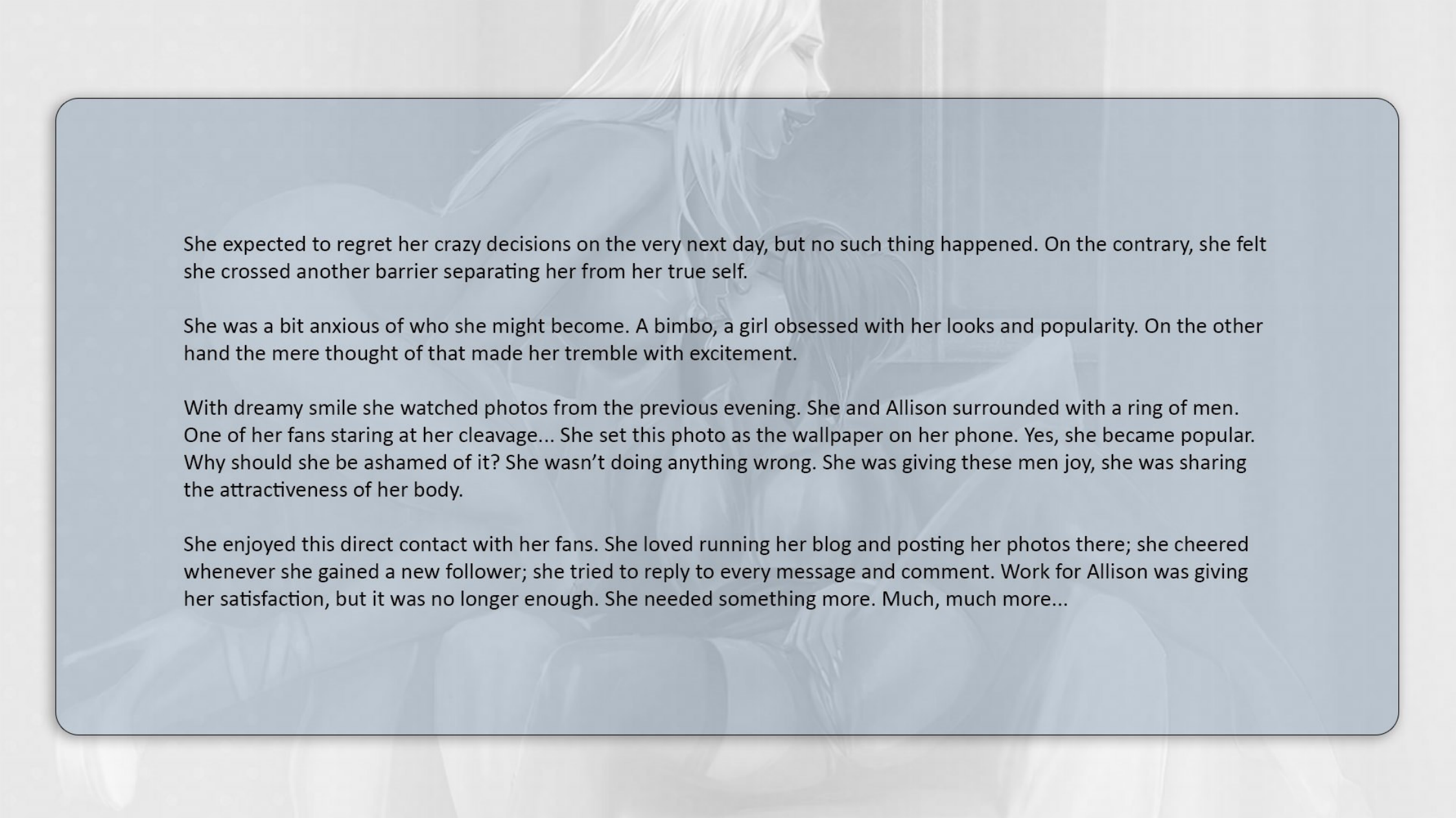
He fondled her breasts long and with skill. She could tell how much they turned him on.

Beth had never had sex like this. She had been ashamed of her body, she liked to do it in total darkness. She had always been distracted by doubts such as: will he like me? Will he notice the fold on my belly? Now she felt proud and desired. Shameless and self-confident.



She'd never gone to bed with a complete stranger. But was there anything inappropriate about it?

Approaching orgasm she imagined her body change even more. She fantasised about unnaturally large, full tits no man could resist. A round, prominent butt, plump lips. What would it be like to become a perfect girl, an embodiment of sex and femininity? She came thinking of the wonderful metamorphosis she could go through.



She expected to regret her crazy decisions on the very next day, but no such thing happened. On the contrary, she felt she crossed another barrier separating her from her true self.

She was a bit anxious of who she might become. A bimbo, a girl obsessed with her looks and popularity. On the other hand the mere thought of that made her tremble with excitement.

With dreamy smile she watched photos from the previous evening. She and Allison surrounded with a ring of men. One of her fans staring at her cleavage... She set this photo as the wallpaper on her phone. Yes, she became popular. Why should she be ashamed of it? She wasn't doing anything wrong. She was giving these men joy, she was sharing the attractiveness of her body.

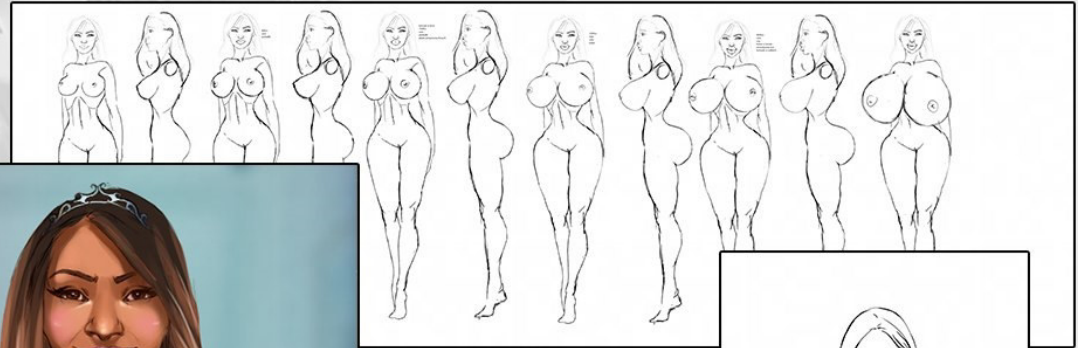
She enjoyed this direct contact with her fans. She loved running her blog and posting her photos there; she cheered whenever she gained a new follower; she tried to reply to every message and comment. Work for Allison was giving her satisfaction, but it was no longer enough. She needed something more. Much, much more...

THE END

Thank you for reading!

This is the first story illustrated by Bemma. Thank you for purchasing it for the full price even though the artist is still developing her skills. With each picture made, she masters her abilities.

Below are some illustrations Bemma is working on for her next story.



We'll be happy to hear feedback from you - visit our forum to share your thoughts