

Plastic is Fantastic 2

Part 1



Breast expansion
Lips expansion
Bimbo conditioning
Bimbo outfits

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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



Dr. Ruth Meason was waiting for a meeting with one of the students in her office. She still had a few minutes before the meeting and tried to use them as productively as possible, browsing data obtained from her recent research.

She felt throbbing pain rising in her temples. She was so busy that day that she didn't have time to eat lunch. All she wanted was to go home, take a long bath and order dinner from her favourite restaurant. Meanwhile, she was waiting for a meeting with Milton Braid and to be honest she really did not look forward to that part of her day.

She sighed and clicked on the e-mail she had received from him a few days earlier. Braid wanted her to become the supervisor of his master's thesis on hypnosis.

Hypnosis.

The very word increased her headache even more.

Ruth was a doctor of neuropsychology and conducted innovative research, the results of which would frequently be published in the most acclaimed scientific journals, and yet she had to deal with such nonsense.

She could not just refuse. That day, the dean suggested that Milton made a generous donation to the university.

"His donation also means new equipment for your lab. Pretty soon," the dean announced. "We want Mr. Braid to enjoy his time as a student at our university."

Ruth barely refrained from asking whether she should also give Braid a blowjob since that would surely leave him even more pleased.

"He wants to study hypnosis," she said. "You know what I think about that. Boring stuff bordering on pseudoscience."

"You do research on control mechanisms and neural activity of brain impulses, hypnosis is related to that. Therefore you will prepare Mr. Braid to defend his master's thesis in the area he has chosen."



Ruth spread her hands but said nothing. Milton was older than her students, maybe even a few years older than her, and she suspected that he had been admitted on the basis of generous donations rather than sheer talent and hard work. She had heard rumours that he was from a wealthy family. His mother had been a famous singer many years before. Her money allowed Milton to start several businesses and when he got bored with his professional career, he apparently decided to get a master's degree in brain science.

Ruth heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," she said.



She looked reluctantly at the man who was standing in the door to her office. He was well-groomed, well-dressed, and radiating with this flippant self-confidence of a person who never lacked anything and no one ever said no to.

Ruth, on the other hand, had to earn her position and defend it all the time, and now she had to deal with Milton just because he was more privileged than her.

She gestured toward the chair next to her. When he took it, she could smell his cologne.

The man gave her a wide smile.

"You want to write a master's thesis on hypnosis?" Ruth started the meeting.

"Yes. I have been interested in hypnosis for many years. I used to do it as a hobby, but I decided to apply a more scientific approach. I was interested in the mechanisms that make some people react with extreme emotional intensity to some--"

Ruth raised her hand to interrupt him.

"Hypnosis is not in my area of scientific expertise," she said. "Unfortunately, I cannot accept your admission request to my seminar."

Milton frowned and was silent for a moment. He seemed strongly disappointed.

"Could you at least have a look at my materials?"

Ruth sighed and reached out for the man's notes. When she picked them up the tips of their fingers touched slightly and she felt a tingling sensation, as if a jolt of electricity had spread all over her body.

"I have a video too," Milton added. "I noticed that some people react extremely intensely to it. How prone are you to hypnotic stimuli? You shouldn't watch it if you are... I can describe the effects without--"

"Let's just see what you've got," Ruth interrupted the man.

She wanted to finish the meeting as soon as possible and leave the office building.

"You may find it controversial, but I count on your professional opinion as a neuropsychologist. It contains content that may be considered inappropriate and..."

Ruth looked at the preview on the tablet, it displayed a black and white spiral. She felt more and more dizzy from the hunger and fatigue.

She pressed play.

There was rhythmic, psychedelic music and the spiral began to spin.

Ruth felt her body and mind relax immediately, as if she had just had a strong drink. The headache had become less painful. Anger and resentment vanished, replaced by blissful peace.

She couldn't take her eyes off the screen. All her worries drifted away, she was getting more and more relaxed with each breath she took.

Words and images began to appear on the screen, but for some reason Ruth didn't recognize them, she only knew they were there.

Suddenly she became much more aware of her body. Milton's scent had become intoxicating and exciting. She wanted to put a hand on his shoulder, slide it under his shirt, feel the warmth of his body...

She let out a long sigh and closed her eyelids. She felt heat accumulate between her thighs and subconsciously tightened her legs.



"... designed in order to limit the activity of the prefrontal cortex, which obviously inhibits self-control," Milton said. "I would like to take a closer look at it related to neural activity of the brain... Doctor? "

The woman saw Milton slide his finger to pause the video and felt a sudden urge to stop him.

If it stopped, it would deprive her of that wonderful blissful state where nothing mattered, without competition or consequences...

The stunned student paused the video.

"Everything OK?" He asked. "What's going on?"

For a few seconds Ruth couldn't answer. She felt unreal and was in shock.

"It's really strong for some people to watch," Milton muttered.

Ruth extended her hand toward him. She had to find out how he looked naked. She wanted to make his penis hard and erect...

"You shouldn't get up..." Milton began.

"I want... to be alone," Ruth whispered slowly. "Leave me alone."

The man hesitated, clearly worried.

"Are you sure?"

"Right now," she said with a stern voice. Her trembling hand, pointing toward the entrance.

As soon as the door closed behind him, the woman turned the lock and leaned back against the door. She was breathing heavily, her whole body was very warm and covered in sweat. Part of her mind was aware of what had just happened. The remaining part, though, was still in a blissful state of daze and serenity.

She slid her fingers between her thighs. She closed her eyes, tilted her head back and moaned. Her pussy was hot, swollen and wet. She slid her fingers further and suppressed a moan of pleasure.

She imagined her body changing. The breasts swollen, round and protruding. The skin tightening, a deep cleavage forming between these beauties... The lips... getting bigger and bigger, becoming similar to sexy plump cushions perfect for blowjobs.





Ruth felt the pleasure coming... A droplet of her pussy juice dripped slowly straight onto the floor. Her whole body was hot and covered in sweat. She rolled her eyes, took a deep breath and gave herself to a blissful orgasm.

A few minutes later, when her breathing calmed down and her muscles stopped trembling, a wave of shame and anger flooded all over her. She had no idea what had just happened. She began to dress, and frantically tried to improve her makeup and hair. When she was ready, Ruth hurried out of the university building with her head down, as she tried to avoid looking people in the eyes.

At home, she poured herself a glass of wine and tried to analyze what had happened. The recording must have been extremely intense for her and she had lost her temper. She turned into someone completely different--into an out of control woman who only wants to satiate her sexual needs as soon as possible.

Also, these bizarre fantasies about improving my body? Ruth shivered as she remembered that moment. She had never dreamed about such a thing before. It hadn't even occurred to her to modify her body. After all, she was a scientist, she was proud of her mind above all, her appearance did not matter much to her.

And yet, even that moment, sitting alone in the apartment, the thought that she could become a promiscuous, silly and sex crazed bimbo, made her feel a pleasant tingle deep inside her, and her nipples hardened immediately once again.

She decided to never meet Milton Braid again, even if that meant losing her job at the university. What had happened could never happen again.



Weeks passed, and Milton was unable to talk to his potential dissertation supervisor. Several times she was not on duty and she immediately left the room after her lectures only to completely disappear. Somebody informed Milton that she had taken a few weeks' vacation.

"You should look for another supervisor before it's too late," one of the department's staff members advised him.

However, Milton did not want anyone else. He suspected that Dr. Meason's scientific interests combined with her focused logical mind and work ethics would lend his work a unique character.

He understood why she didn't want to see him, probably the hypnotic recording had a much more intense effect on her than on other people, and he was determined to explain his case.

He waited outside the office on the day she was scheduled to return from vacation. Ten or twenty minutes had passed since she was on duty, and then forty, and yet Dr. Meason still hadn't appeared.

Finally, when Milton was about to resign, he saw her silhouette at the end of the corridor. He blinked rapidly, blushed, and struggled to keep from smiling.



Dr. Meason's breasts were stretching her top to the limit. Even from a significant distance he could see her nipples protruding, each placed perfectly in the centre of the woman's round ample breasts. She was walking with her head up and there was confidence that Milton had never seen in Ruth before. It was not associated with her scientific achievements and intellect, but with contentment and pride in her own body. She was wearing a more revealing and tight outfit that highlighted the shapes of her body. Her hair was now blonde. As she approached him, the student realized that her lips were also larger than before.

Milton shuddered and suddenly felt a rush of heat all over his body.

Ruth made no eye contact with him and ostentatiously ignored him. Only the blush on her face indicated that she was experiencing intense emotions.

"Good morning, doctor, I came to talk again about my thesis and... to apologize," he said as the woman opened the door to her office.

"I don't have time for you today," Ruth replied coldly. "As I said, I'm not interested in the subject of hypnosis, you need to find another supervisor."

"But..." Milton began.

He looked at her full, plump lips, and then down, at her nubile cleavage showing from the neckline of her blouse.

The woman raised her eyebrows questioningly and gave him a challenging look.

"Just let me explain," Milton said as he followed her into the study.

Ruth reached for the documents on her desk, but didn't do it quickly enough, and the student noticed they were data and charts on hypnosis, as well as photos of sexy bimbos with silly smiles and frozen faces displaying no emotion.

"I'm sorry about what happened," Milton started. "The video was too intense for you, I should have prepared you for..."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ruth replied coldly. "The video, just like all things hypnosis related, seemed just... stupid to me. There is no point wasting my time on such unscientific nonsense."





She threw back her hair and ran her fingertips over her neckline. She placed her buttocks against the edge of the desk and folded one slender leg over the other.

"But..." Milton began.

He wondered if the woman was picking him up. She behaved much more defiantly than she had before. Her new appearance impressed him and he wanted to ask her why she had decided to enlarge her breast and lips, but he felt that it would completely ruin his chance to cooperate with her.

In the end, their relations were strictly of a lecturer-student kind. He had to stick to these boundaries as much as she did.

"Let me tell you more about my work," Milton pressed. "I will convince you that it connects to your research. I am sure that out of all the professors at the whole university, only you can really help me break down the poorly studied phenomenon of hypnosis into prime factors and analyze them from a logical, scientific point of view. During hypnosis, the prefrontal cortex..."

Ruth stopped listening to him. When he entered the room, she felt almost the same as when she was watching the video, as if her mind and body associated Milton-- his appearance, scent, body movement... his voice... with a state of deep relaxation and lack of control.

"Do you like my new inflated tits?" She suddenly asked.

She put her hands on her breasts and squeezed them without taking her eyes off Milton. "They're so big and round now, don't you think? All my tops are too small for me. All the time I'm concerned that the buttons will not hold and everyone will see my new, full tits. Now that would be a scandal, right?"

She began to take off her clothes slowly, still defiantly staring at the student.

"Nobody expected that. Dr. Meason is a dedicated and strict scientist, no one even notices her femininity. An intelligent, brilliant university employee like her would never have augmented her breasts with implants... certainly not as large as these. They're 1200cc, you know? She would never even think of having her lips so plump. Only empty, slutty bitches do such things... and yet..."





She was already completely naked. She pinched her nipples, then squeezed her breasts together with her hands.

"My students and colleagues were shocked and stunned when they saw me," she whispered. "A respected, intelligent scientist with artificial boobs and inflated lips..."

She put her fingers between her thighs and greedily rubbed her throbbing pussy.

"But I want something else now," she moaned. "I do not need control, I want to stop thinking and finally satisfy my desires... Now I will kneel in front of you and suck your dick with my full lips, and then I will spread my thighs in front of you and beg you to fuck me."

"Doctor Meason?"

Milton's words reached her from far away. Ripped from her fantasy world, Ruth blushed violently and looked away.

She was breathing quickly, her neckline was glistening with sweat, and her mouth was completely dry. Her clitoris pulsed pleasantly and rubbed against her moist underwear. Ruth looked down and saw the bulges of her swollen nipples piercing through her top.

She cleared her throat and, trying to make her voice sound indifferent, announced, "Find another supervisor. I will not deal with it."

Milton threw his hands up and sighed. He then nodded, said goodbye and left Dr. Meason 's office.



Before and After



Before and After



A few months had passed and Ruth's life returned to normal. At least that's what it looked like at first glance.

Students and colleagues, initially stunned and surprised by her new appearance, eventually began to accept it. They still didn't understand why such an intelligent, promising scientist would suddenly put so much money and effort into taking care of her appearance. Still, many university employees had their quirks, and probably everyone accepted that the new look must have been hers. Albeit her thing was a slightly unusual one.

She bought a lot of new, sexy clothes that matched her feminine silhouette. She discovered that shopping, trying on costumes and watching men turning their heads in her direction the moment she left the fitting room, gave her a lot of excitement and satisfaction. She liked it when they chatted her up in the bars or looked at her lustfully as she passed them in the streets. She knew that other women often found such behaviour intrusive, but she treated it as a compliment.

She was also slowly getting used to her new body-- the weight and size of the bust, as well as her reflection in the mirror, as she smiled seeing her full, sexy lips accentuated even more by a stronger makeup.

She felt much more confident now, not only because of her intelligence and scientific successes, but also because of her appearance. She devoted more time to styling her hair, visiting a beautician and choosing attractive outfits.





She was missing sex more and more. Only then did she fully realize how much she had neglected that intimate part of her life. She had not been in any relationship for quite a while, did not have casual sex, not to mention going on a date. She felt she was getting more and more horny with every passing week, even despite her attempts to satiate her increasing libido through masturbation. She even bought some sex toys. When she caressed the memory of the hypnotic video invaded her mind. She missed the relaxation it gave, the feeling that there was nothing to worry about, and that she no longer had to control herself.

Work, which had always been her whole life, imperceptibly and slowly took a back seat. Sometimes, she found herself unable to focus while researching or writing articles and her mind was wandering towards other issues such as which sexy outfit to wear the next day. Less and less often she experienced the thrill that had previously accompanied her during her discoveries and animated discussions with other scientists.

She wanted to enter the hypnotic trance once again, but her reason prevailed. She had done that only once, and the consequences were stupendous-- she perfected her body and it awakened her dormant libido. What would happen if she started watching that video regularly?

To her surprise, she more and more often fantasized about subsequent body enhancements. She imagined what it would be like to have even larger breasts-- perfectly round and inflated to the limit, and so huge that you would be able to see that they are artificial at the very first glance-- and a pleasant shiver went through her. She also wanted her lips to become even fuller and sexier.

However, she couldn't do that. That would be crazy. She couldn't be a university lecturer with the looks of a whore. What would her colleagues think about her? Who, or what, would she become?

A few weeks later Ruth went to the clinic. She told herself that this would be her last treatment and she would never come back there again.

She hoped that another improvement of her body would suppress her longing for something undefined, that special something that kept tormenting her more and more.

The moment she got inside the clinic she turned from a strict, cool scientist into an emotional, but not very bright girl. She had no idea how that had happened, but the prospect of inflating her breasts with even more saline somehow disabled her logical thinking.

"I wish my tits were really big," she announced to the doctor. "I know the effect these two have on guys. I want men to ogle at me all the time."

The doctor raised his eyebrows and gave her an uncertain look, as if he suspected it was some kind of joke.

"As far as I remember, you are a neuropsychologist and work at a university?"

"Yes," Ruth replied. "Could I have a look at them?" She pointed to the largest set of implants. "I think these would be great for me... I would look so sexy, don't you think?"

"Of course," the doctor said, giving her the implants.

"They are so heavy and huge! Ruth exclaimed. "Will they really fit on my chest? They'll be touching each other all the time and give me such an exciting cleavage... These are 2700cc, right? Oh, almost no other woman has such large fake breasts..."

The doctor cleared his throat and blushed.

"Is this some sort of an experiment? You're not going to really have this surgery, are you?"

"What do you mean?" Ruth was clearly very surprised.

"Usually women who undergo cosmetic surgery are... well, they are not like you".

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they mainly care about their appearance, do not have professional achievements... Especially those who decide on such radical changes are, above all... well, keep-ups, cam girls, strippers, these kind of, ahem, ladies. I have never met a woman of science, who would like to change her appearance so much. Think about your position at the university. This would dramatically change your image. People would see you differently. I know this because I myself worked many years as a scientist..."

Ruth felt her head was spinning.

"It's 2700cc," the doctor continued. "The change would be shocking. Everyone who looks at you would first and foremost see your huge fake breasts."



Volume: 2700 cc
Combined weight: 10.7 lb



Simulation...

Part of Ruth's mind knew he was right. What she was about to do was ridiculous. It was to hinder her further career path. She had sacrificed so much for that and it had always been the most important part of her life.

At the same time, her excitement grew with each word the doctor said. Her breasts pressed against the fabrics of her top with every breath she took, the nipples rubbed against it, and the skin warmed up to the point that droplets of sweat started slowly travelling down her ample breasts.

"Perhaps... you could show me a 3D simulation of my new look?" she asked.

"Of course," the doctor nodded his head.

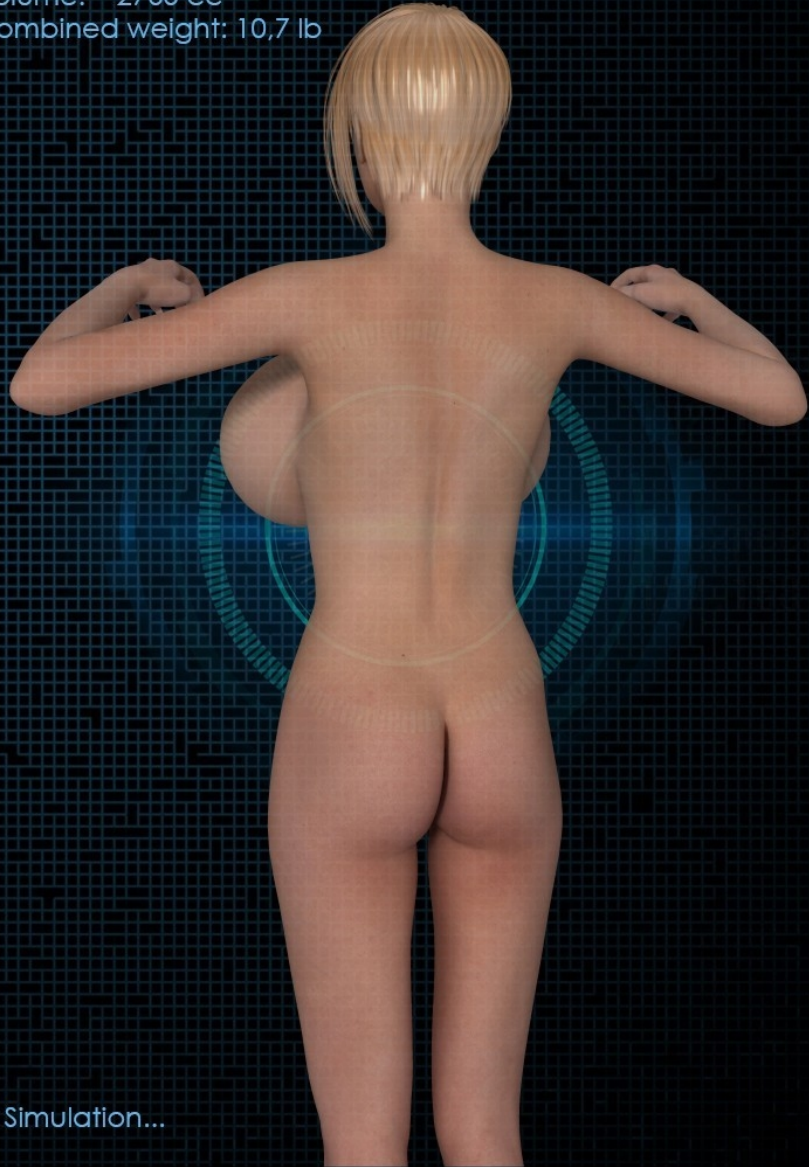
Volume: 2700 cc
Combined weight: 10,7 lb



When she saw what her body would look like, a wave of strong excitement flooded all over her and her knees wouldn't stop shaking. Her mind became empty and relaxed.

Simulation...

Volume: 2700 cc
Combined weight: 10,7 lb



Simulation...

She did not want to deal with complicated issues at work. Never again. She just wanted to look sexy, become more attractive and fuck everyone around... Everything became wonderfully simple and clear.

Ruth could not stop looking at her new body. She looked stunning now.

Her face had several rejuvenating treatments which made her look fresh, as if she had gone back in time a few years at least. Her lips became even fuller and more plump, giving her this sexy “fuck-me” look.



Every inch of her shapely figure was dripping with sex. Large, full and heavy breasts were standing proudly on her narrow chest. She could not take her eyes off them. They were luscious and obviously fake. Everyone could immediately notice how far she had gone to surgically enhance her body, to make it more exciting and attractive. The difference was even greater than she had expected.

She had never been so pleased with her appearance before.

But, she was afraid of how her colleagues and students would react to her. The thought of returning to the uni took her from a pleasant state of relaxation. She would again have to face complicated issues, defend her position on various topics, struggle with all of that... She was much more tempted to submit to her own instincts, simplify everything as much as possible and focus on her appearance.





Ruth's new looks caused so much commotion and shock at the university. She had the feeling that everyone was staring at her or whispering behind her back. The dean, whom she bumped into in one of the halls, was struck dumb for a few seconds. He kept staring at her body and shaking his head in disbelief. At the lectures, the students kept staring at her with wide eyes and they exchanged surprised looks instead of taking notes.

Ruth now understood that the doctor was right. No one listened to her and no one paid attention to her scientific achievements, because they could only focus on her huge breasts barely covered by her skimpy outfit.

A few days earlier, she sent an e-mail to Milton in which she offered her supervision on his master's thesis. She had to analyze what was really happening to her and investigate the immense impact that hypnosis had on her mind.

Ruth was sitting in her office and waiting for Milton. Every now and then her eyes would turn to the door and, in order to pass the time, she started browsing for sexy dresses and various cosmetics on her laptop. Typing became difficult for her, because she had very impractical nail extensions. Not to mention, her full, round breasts hindered her moves and field of view.

She heard a knock on the door, and then Milton entered her office.

He also gazed at her feminine curves. With a slightly open mouth, he studied her newly enhanced breasts accentuated with a deep cleavage of her outfit.

He cleared his throat and finally met her eyes.

"So, you've decided to be my promoter. You asked me to bring my materials and research documents."

Ruth nodded. She was excited that she made such an impression on her student. She knew her body was distracting him. Her presence made everyone go blank.

"First of all, I want to watch the videos which, as I understand, are a vital part of your research."

"I'm not sure it's a good idea," Milton said eloquently, looking at her significantly enlarged breasts.

"Why not?" She asked, pretending she had no idea what he meant.

The man sighed. Ruth could see he was making a decision.





After a moment Milton straightened up and pierced her with a calm, confident look.

"It's obvious to both of us. Hypnosis works on you more easily than on other subjects. You've submitted to hypnotic suggestions with such ease that one video has completely changed your life."

"What are you hinting at?"

Milton took a step toward the woman, and she felt a delightful thrill spread all over her enhanced body.

"In my opinion, the effect is too intense to only be caused by hypnosis. I suspect you liked who you could become and you started using the video to go much further than it had imprinted."

Ruth leaned forward so that the man could look at her sexy cleavage.

"Effect? What effect? And what do you mean by 'go much further'?"

Milton smiled in disbelief and shook his head.

At that moment, Ruth felt that this polite and flattery student was a facade for someone very dominant and very commanding.

"Don't insult your intelligence and definitely don't insult mine," Milton said with a wry smile. "You're a smart woman, much smarter than most people. We both know that all of this-- your excessive treatments, sexy clothes, distraction in class, sudden, strong interest in sex and the seductive way you address me-- it all started with the video I showed you. You liked the state you were put into, but you couldn't let yourself think that you were voluntarily turning into a bimbo, so you convinced yourself that it was only hypnosis, when in reality it's your own psyche, your own desires resurfacing now."

There was silence.

Is he suggesting that my greatest desire is to become a wild and inflated saline bimbo? Ruth felt her pussy tighten nicely. She was out of breath, her cheeks burning with blushes.

That I want to become a silly, horny sex doll? That I am so prone to hypnosis that after having seen this video, I will enlarge my implants even more, inflate my lips as well, and then have sex all day?





Anger and excitement formed an explosive mixture that she could hardly control. Her collected, logical mind could not control her emotions.

"Do you really think I want to be stupid and promiscuous?" she asked.

"I don't know... but I think you should learn more about both hypnosis and yourself before you watch these videos. If you choose a new path for yourself fully aware of your choice then there's absolutely nothing wrong with it. However, if you do it on impulse... the situation may get out of control."

Ruth straightened up and tried to look professional.

"I'm a scientist. I think I should be just fine. Right now I am asking for your research materials," her manicured fingers reached slowly yet surely for the materials.

The man reluctantly gave in, handed her the materials and then scribbled a few digits on a piece of paper.

"This is my phone number," he explained. "If you need anything, call me."

"Thank you," Ruth said coldly. "Now, give me some time to get acquainted with the materials."

Milton stood motionless for a few seconds, as if wondering whether to take the videos back, but finally cleared his throat and said, "Call me if you like."

With these words he turned round and left the office.

Ruth was tempted to play the videos as soon as the door closed behind the man, but she knew it would be highly unreasonable. Instead, she focused on surviving the next few hours of lectures and meetings with her students. She barely managed to do that. In fact, she was so absent and distracted that people asked her several times if she was all right.

At home she settled down comfortably on her sofa and played the video. Black and white spirals started moving rapidly in front of her eyes. She immediately felt blissful relaxation and overwhelming peace. She didn't have to worry about anything anymore. Everything was fine, and the only thing that was preoccupying her mind was to satisfy her insatiable desires. She could finally stop controlling herself.

Her whole body was overtaken with desire. She relaxed and looked in the distance with a blank expression.

Without thinking about what she was doing, she threw off her clothes. Her round breasts released from the bra were firm and protruding despite their supreme size.



Ruth ran her hands over her body and moaned. She squeezed the protruding nipples, stroked the smooth skin on her stomach and slowly massaged her heated thighs.

Without thinking, she reached for the vibrator and slid it inside her throbbing pussy. She smiled to herself and gave in to the mounting pleasure.

The spirals in front of her eyes were still spinning. All of her worries and concerns slowly evaporated. What remained was only pleasure.

She knew that if someone asked her a question about her job, she wouldn't be able to organize her thoughts in a coherent manner. An unending moan of pleasure could be heard as it was escaping her plump, sexy lips.

She imagined everyone around her treating her like a silly, cheerful and horny bimbo. The very thought sparked ecstatic pleasure. It spread through her enhanced body and accumulated in her wet pussy.

She would not have to think so much anymore, no one would expect anything from her, everyone would consider her silly, slutty and easy... She could spend all her days having sex and masturbate...

She screamed as her pussy tightened in a delightful contraction. A drop of sweat ran down her spine. Ruth slipped the vibrator deeper into her tight and wet pleasurehole. A magnificent orgasm took over her body--waves after waves hitting her with all its power. She went completely numb, her mind filled with beautiful emptiness, and her body trembled ecstatically.

Only when she had no more strength to orgasm for a second longer did she relax and look away from the video.



She lay motionless, having no idea how much time had passed, wonderfully numb and complacent.

Ultimately she felt cold and it brought her back to reality. She immediately began to analyze what had happened and her brain was starting to work at full speed again. Ruth did not like it at all, but she could not stop it.

What makes her subject to hypnosis so readily and easily? Was Milton right when he said she was subconsciously amplifying its unusual effects?

It was only then that she realized she hadn't masturbated this way before-- shamelessly and completely at ease. She would usually hide under the covers, a little ashamed of her own body. She would also be easily distracted and it took her a long time to reach her sexual release. What's more, she would frequently find herself unable to succeed. To be honest, she had masturbated very rarely before she watched the videos for the first time...



She didn't want to think about all these things. She felt that she had no more strength but still decided to play the next video.

She took the vibrator, sticky from her pussy juice and ran it over her shiny, enlarged labia. That was exactly what she needed...

Before and After



Before and After



Ruth no longer knew who she was. She had always thought that she was an intelligent, matter-of-fact woman, for whom a scientific career was a priority in life. However, this well defined image was in total opposition to someone who opted for XXL breast implants, lip fillers and wrinkle smoothing cosmetic procedures. Do composed, logical and basically stiff university employees spend evenings on long, crazy masturbation sessions that make them exhausted and sore during the day?



She was in a bind. During the day, she tried to function normally, but she had great difficulty to exhort her enthusiasm for research and lectures that had once been her whole life. Now she couldn't focus on them, and to her dismay she found them basically boring. Everything she did was so abstract and distant from the real world that most people couldn't even comprehend her research.

She would liven up in the evenings-- she would play a hypnotic video, spread her constantly growing collection of sex toys on the bed around her, and then orgasm, again and again, imagining that she turned into a silly bimbo obsessed with her doll-like looks and sex.

Sometimes she wondered how her colleagues would react if they saw her like that.

That day at work she was extremely distracted and discouraged. She was just sitting in her office thinking that she would much prefer to lie on the couch, play the video and caress her perfect body.

A knock at the door disturbed her fantasies.

"Come in," she said, trying not to betray her emotions and thoughts.

One of her friends, Cristina, entered the room.

The woman looked at Ruth with concern, sighed and asked, "Will you finally tell me what's going on?"

Ruth pretended not to know what her friend was talking about. However, Cristina was a specialist in behavioural sciences and it was not so easy to outwit her. She tapped her heel impatiently and shook her head.

Finally Ruth confessed, "I sacrificed everything for this university, for my career... It was a completely obvious choice for me, I didn't even seriously consider other options. I've always been one of the best students... elementary school, maybe even earlier... the most diligent and brainy girl. That's how it stayed. I have never even asked myself whether it suits me, I just followed this path because I assumed that I had nothing more to offer..."

Cristina frowned and put her hand on Ruth's shoulder.

"You know, every single one of us has moments of... doubts."

"It's never happened before to me," Ruth replied coldly.

"You work a lot, you're stressed..." Cristina continued. "Burnout can happen to anyone. There are ways to cope... a nice time in some exotic location or..."

Ruth pursed her lips and gave her friend a challenging look.

"I have nothing but work. No boyfriend, let alone a husband. Friends, hobbies... Nothing... I need a radical change. Vacation won't change anything."

Cristina raised her eyebrows and looked at her friend's inflated breasts. They were barely covered by the clothes. She had never mentioned them before. She even tried to avoid looking at them. Ruth instinctively felt that this was how her colleague was trying to protect her from public humiliation.



"Is this the radical change that you need?" Cristina asked mockingly, pointing to her friend's breasts. "Is this a solution?"

Ruth shrugged and gave her a furious look.

"What if it is?"

Cristina sighed, closed her eyes and squeezed the bridge of her nose with her fingers.

"Really?" She asked gently. "You're a very smart woman."

Ruth rolled her eyes.

"Surely you have to realize how these... treatments affect your career," Cristina continued. "People are gossiping... They wonder what's going on with you. They will treat you like... like--"

"Like what?"

"Oh, you really can't see it?" Cristina was annoyed. "Like a dumb gal focused only on her appearance, with nothing to offer but her salacious, sexy body."

A heated blush rushed through Ruth's cheeks and she held her breath out of anger. At the same time, she noticed her increasing excitement. Yesss... wouldn't it be nice to be seen as such a woman?...





"Scientists should be guided by logic, right? Does the way I look affect my ability to advance in my academic research? Of course not. So what's the problem?"

Cristina looked like she was trying to stop herself from saying something that was about to escape her lips.

"Go on, I'm listening. What is it that you wanted to tell me?" Ruth asked.

"You know what? In your case, empirical evidence points to the opposite. Since you've got these new, inflated boobs and lips, you've become a lot dumber. You work slower, your calculations are full of mistakes and your lectures have simply become boring. You can't focus. Where did your ambition go? Have you replaced your intellect with big fake boobs?" Cristina fell silent, afraid she had gone too far.

"Maybe it suits me? Maybe I want to be like that?"

"Are you kidding me? Who would like to be stupid?!"

Ruth saw that her friend had completely lost her temper.

"If your appearance doesn't matter, maybe you should go even further!" Cristina was fuming. "Why limit yourself? Treat yourself to even larger breast implants. Inflate your tits so much that you can barely lift them. Maybe they will obstruct your view when you lecture and hinder your moves at the computer. So what? You'll manage, right?"

Ruth's throat went dry and she felt dizzy. Her cheeks burned with blushes and her hands trembled.

"Enlarge your lips to the limit. They will probably make it difficult for you to speak, but maybe you'll have to explain the material more slowly in class and your students will be able to keep up with your thoughts. Put on even shorter skirts and tops with deeper cleavage. You work with your head, not your body."

Ruth raised her hand to interrupt Cristina, but she couldn't make a single sound. Each word made her more and more angry. Angry and excited.

"So what if you look like a stupid, horny slut? It is your mind that matters. I bet the students will look at your huge boobs instead of listening to what you have to say, but that's their problem. Maybe when you examine the brain activity of your subjects you will notice that something is wrong because the only active ones will be their cortex areas responsible for desire. You should consider focusing on this subject in your research. I wonder which centers would activate if you gave them a blowjob with your inflated lips or massaged those big fake boobs in front of them? We haven't had any scientific studies published on this subject!"

Cristina gave her friend a furious look and ran out of the office slamming the door.





Stunned, Ruth sat motionless. Her whole body was burning with excitement. She had to satisfy herself as soon as possible because the desire was unbearable.

She locked the door and slid her hand between her thighs. Her fingers touched her panties soaked in juices and she bit her full lip.

Still, she had to do something else before her caresses. She reached for the mobile and called the clinic.

A few weeks later, Ruth was standing in front of the mirror, captivated by her newly enhanced, exciting body.

She had also enlarged her lips and they became extremely seductive and perversely plump. Christina was right when she warned Ruth that such radically pumped up lips would make it difficult for her to speak. Ruth was biting her lower lip every now and then, running her fingertip over her lips and enjoying their newly acquired softness.

She had never been so happy and proud of her shapes before. The breasts were filled with incredibly large 6000cc implants. Each of them weighed six kilograms, so Ruth felt a huge weight on her chest. Despite their size, her breasts were still firm and tight.

She turned in front of the mirror, looking at her body from all sides. Ruth admired how tiny the rest of her figure seemed matched with her massive fake breasts. When she raised her hands, her tits protruded beyond her body frame. When she crossed her arms under her enhanced beauties and provided them with a bit more support, they seemed even bigger!





She was completely different from her former self. She used to be modest and bland, but now she was simply sizzling with sex appeal. Everything about her became exciting and vulgar. Someone who didn't know her would never guess that she was working at a university. She looked more like a promiscuous porn star who uses her body to embody the most wildest erotic fantasies, rather than a respected neurologist with a PhD.

Ruth sighed and looked away from her reflection. Her stomach tightened with nervousness at the thought of having to go back to work in a few days' time.

How will her colleagues react when they see her with a pair of new, super-inflated breasts? She imagined their shocked faces, blushes on their cheeks, their eyes wide and betraying confusion. She will definitely become the most popular topic of gossip among the faculty. Not to mention the students! They will stare at her instead of listening to what she has to say. Will they be aroused by her new looks? Will they masturbate in the evenings fantasizing about her enhanced, porn star body?

Ruth tried to calm down. At first, she wanted to play one of her hypnotic videos and masturbate all evening. It would definitely help her relax her and soothe the nerves.

She was already reaching for the vibrator, but she decided to be sensible. She still had to buy proper outfits before work and it was better to take care of it right away.

Ruth knew shopping would be difficult for several reasons. First of all, hardly any store offered clothes for her current figure. She usually had to squeeze her body into the most stretchy tops, and still they seemed to break at the seams at any moment. Secondly, trying on clothes took her a lot of time. With such huge breasts, taking off and putting on any outfits was a complex and quite tiring thing to do. Her new tits would get stuck in tight dresses and tops. A few times she was even sure that she would not be able to take them off without someone's help. They were so tight that she could barely breathe in them. One of the tops ripped, giving in to her breasts' magnificent shapes and she had to pay for the item. The sales assistant kept staring at her cleavage in disbelief, as if she could not comprehend that you could actually have such gigantic breasts. Especially on her slender body.





Finally, even when she was able to find an outfit that contained her huge breasts, she looked exceptionally promiscuous. Even conservative shirts and turtlenecks on her body looked like the skimpy outfits that hookers usually wore. In some ways they made her seem even more perverse-- they created a contrast between the modesty of the outfit and the amazing, succulent curves of her newly enhanced body. Whatever clothing Ruth wore made her look like a lustful porn star.

As if that wasn't enough, she was getting tired much faster. Her breasts were so heavy and massive that a short walk from one store to another made her out of breath. Every now and then she had to sit down, wipe sweat from her forehead and fix her makeup. She decided that she would need to start doing workouts regularly. If she did not strengthen her muscles, the simplest activities would be a challenge for her, and she did not want to become on others with dressing up or even washing. In addition, she wanted her body to become more sculpted. Now that her breasts had become so big, she planned to work on making her ass match their roundness and firmness.

She left the store and looked around, scanning the street. She needed a coffee shop to sit down and just drink something.

She couldn't help noticing that she caught the attention of virtually all passers-by. Someone even took out his smartphone and snapped a picture. Two young women began to whisper and giggle. The men kept staring so hard that one of them stumbled and almost fell. Even the cars slowed down, as if the drivers wanted nothing more but ogle at her as much as they could.

Ruth felt a strange mix of excitement and embarrassment. She knew what all these people thought about her-- that she was stupid bimbo selling her body for money. They probably thought she had decided to solve all her life problems by radically changing her body. In their eyes she was just an exclusive prostitute or a cam girl. Nobody even suspected that she was an academic lecturer and a damn good scientist.

Then she noticed something that took her breath away.





A woman that had an incredibly sexy, obviously refined figure. Her body was hugged by a tight dress that emphasized her curves even more. She was talking on the phone and laughing cheerfully. Her luxuriant, golden hair was waving with every single step and glistening in the sun. The woman's breasts were bouncing as she moved, while her buttocks were teasingly moving up and down.

The stranger seemed pleased with the curious glances that the passers-by were casting at her. It was obvious that she was proud of her body and wanted to show it. Ruth envied her freedom, with which she moved in those high heels as well as the woman's powerful aura of carefree nonchalance. Ruth herself couldn't get rid of the uncertainty deep inside her.

On an impulse, she decided to follow the woman. She still wanted to look at the stranger's exciting, perfected body.

At some point, the woman stopped in front of quite an imposing building door. She took a small mirror out of her handbag, fixed her hair and makeup, and then disappeared inside the building.

Ruth didn't know what to do next. She had no idea where the door led, but curiosity got the better of her and she decided to go inside.

She had never been to a club with such an amazing ambience before. She had no idea why, but she immediately felt at home there. The people seemed friendly and relaxed, and the air basically gleamed with erotic energy.

She immediately realized that there were more women looking like the stranger who had fortunately led her to this wonderful place. Almost all of the women there had perfect bodies with exciting, enhanced proportions, and wore costumes that barely covered their sizzling bodies, since their only purpose was to emphasize these magnificent voluptuous silhouettes.

It was a place where Ruth felt she did not stand out from the crowd, a place where her huge breasts aroused admiration and did not shock anyone.





Before she could figure out what was going on, a handsome man approached her. He introduced himself as Stan and offered to buy her a drink.

Ruth agreed without hesitation. She was so dazed, delighted and anxious that everything around her seemed unreal. She had the impression that she was transported to a completely different world.

Stan entertained her with conversation, but Ruth couldn't focus on the man and kept smiling and nodding. She was distracted by the sight of alluring women hanging around the club, as well as couples caressing each other in the club's cosy booths and hazy corners.

"First time here?" Stan asked Ruth.

She slowly nodded in response.

"It can be pretty overwhelming," the man looked her in the eyes.

"Yeah..." Ruth blushed and looked away. She looked at the sexy woman she had come to the club for. The hottie was just giggling at some guy's joke.

"Nicole loves to act like an idiot," Stan commented.



Ruth frowned and looked at him questioningly.

"It's nothing bad. She likes it... and many patrons get turned on by that," he continued. "I'm curious what works for you..."

Ruth took a sip of her drink to give herself more time to answer. Did she want to reveal her secret to this strange man? On the other hand, the club's ambience and drinks she had had made her feel safe. She didn't think anything unpleasant would happen to her there.

"Hypnosis," she said quietly. "I like watching videos that make me quite... relaxed."

She looked the man straight in the eye and a wave of lust flooded her enhanced body. Just talking about hypnosis deprived her of self-control. She bit her chubby lower lip and moaned softly.

"That's very sexy," Stan said. "Would you like to show me one of these videos?"

Ruth shivered and took another sip of her drink. Her head was spinning slightly, and the club's colourful lights started blurring in front of her eyes.





"I understand if that's too much for you," Stan withdrew his request. "I didn't mean to confuse you..."

"No, I want to show them to you," Ruth replied and reached for her smartphone with shaking hands.

"I can see you're nervous. You've just discovered this place--"

"Watch it," Ruth interrupted and pressed play.

After a few seconds, lust took over her completely. Her whole body was basically trembling with arousal.

"Stan..." she began and put her hand on his chest. "Do you like my huge, enlarged boobs?"

The man's eyes glowed as he looked at her deep, sexy cleavage.

"Very much," he said. "They are amazing..."

"What about my lips?" Ruth inched closer to him.

"Oh yes," the man replied. "They look very... very intoxicating."

Ruth smiled and moistened her lips with her tongue.

"Do you want me to give you a blowjob?" she asked. "You have no idea how soft and warm they are..."

The man looked like he was fighting with the inner self.

"Yes, I'd love to," he said in a slightly hoarse voice. "From the moment I first set eyes on you I haven't been able to stop thinking how it would feel... Are you sure you want to do it? You're here for the first time, you've just watched a hypnotic video and had a few drinks..."

"Oh, stop it," Ruth said, then put her hand on his crotch. "I clearly feel that you want me."

"That's not the point..."

"Do they have a place where we can be alone?"

Stan finally yielded to Ruth. He moaned excitedly and led her to the VIP room.

Ruth immediately knelt in front of him and began unbuttoning his pants. She was in a fever, insatiable and very impatient.



She unceremoniously slid the man's hardened member in her mouth as deeply as she could, until it reached the back of her throat. She choked slightly, and a tear rolled down her cheek. It was wonderful to feel the man's hard and heated cock in her mouth.

Ruth sucked hungrily bobbing her head back and forth. She eagerly ran her tongue over the hot skin of Stan's hardened penis and felt its veins. A drop of saliva slowly dripped down her chin.

She had no control over herself. From that moment on, inhibitions and shame belonged to a completely different world...

She was so dazed and excited that she hardly realized how it had happened that another man joined them. Later, she remembered that he opened the door to the VIP room accidentally and when he tried to apologize, she invited him inside and told him to slide his pants down.

All she was interested in was to satisfy the men she was kneeling in front of. She took turns licking their erect members, caressing them with her hands and kissing them lustfully.

"Slow down..." Stan moaned begging this incredible enhanced hottie.

Ruth wanted to enjoy his excitement as long as possible. She gave him a much needed break only to tighten her hand on his cock once again and began to jerk his cock rhythmically.

Stan tilted his head back and grimaced as pleasure stabbed through him and orgasmed violently, splashing Ruth's face with hot sticky cum.

The woman smiled and licked her lips hungrily.

Then something happened and it chilled her blood. In an instant, she turned from a silly, horny bimbo back into a responsible, calm and collected university employee. She had no idea how she could afford something so crazy, and now everything she had been working on for so many years was lost...

There were three men in the room. One of them was Milton Braid.

"Doctor Meason?" She saw a young blonde man who attended her lectures.

She didn't remember his name, but she recognized him since she once scolded the man because he was playing with his smartphone during her lecture.

"It's really her," a tall dark man whispered. Ruth remembered his name was Rodrick and he was always well prepared for the exams.

Ruth was sure she would pass out. Her stomach clenched painfully, she couldn't draw air into her lungs, and her heart was pounding like crazy.

"Get out of here," Milton turned to his colleagues. "Right now."

The two students reluctantly left the room.



"I'll take you home," Stan offered.

"No, I WILL," said Milton in a stern voice.

The tone of his voice was so commanding that no one opposed him.

Devastated, Ruth went to the bathroom, wiped the still warm and scented sperm off her face and body, and struggled to keep from crying. She had never been so mad at herself in her life.

"I'll get home myself," she said to Milton, who was waiting for her outside the toilet.

"No way. I can see how shaken you are."

In the end Milton managed to convince her. He went inside her apartment, made her coffee, asked her to sit down and said, "You probably think that what has just happened is a complete disaster..."

Ruth gave him a sarcastic look.

"... but that's not true," Milton continued. "I spoke to Rodrick and Ezra. None of them will ever mention a word about what happened today. In addition, no university regulations prohibit you from going to these kinds of clubs. You are safe."

Ruth shook her head.

"If word spreads out... and it'll certainly spread... I will become a laughing stock. There is no way back."

"Of course there is," said Milton. "You can still go back to your previous life. The only question is whether you want it."

Then he said goodbye and left.



Before and After





The next day, Ruth couldn't stop thinking about what had happened.

Milton's last question resonated with her the most. Did she really want to go back to her previous life? Was she planning to continue her work at the university and simply forget about everything that had happened in the club?

She knew she couldn't live between two worlds. They were totally different! She had to choose one and one only.

In the evening she called Milton and invited him to her place.

"I've made my decision," she said as they sat comfortably in her living room. "I won't work at the university anymore. I want to devote myself... to this," she pointed to her fake-titted body. "Hypnosis, perfecting my hot looks... giving in to lust."

Milton raised his eyebrows and studied her face carefully.

"Are you sure about it? You have been working for your position at the university for many years."

"Yes, I've devoted my whole life to work. To be honest, I have nothing else besides my work."

Milton nodded.

"Your life will be completely different," he announced.

"Do you think I don't understand that?" Ruth was annoyed.

"That's not the point," the man reassured her. "I want to make sure that you are going to think it over carefully. There will be no turning back. What if you miss scientific research? Maybe it's just a momentary lapse of a short-lived obsession..."

"No," Ruth said firmly. "It's exactly what I want. I want to become a real bimbo. I will stop thinking, I will take care of my looks all day, fondle my hot fake-titted body and have lots of kinky sex."

Ruth could feel her heart rate speed and her breathing catch, go shallow.

"Then you'll need someone to look after you," Milton announced after a brief pause.

The woman smiled, pulled a face and said, "Mmm, yes... I was sure you will be the one to do it."

The room seemed to suddenly shrink around them. The tense atmosphere filled with erotic energy made Ruth shiver. Milton glared at her and the woman felt her pussy tighten and swell excitedly.

"Such an independent, self-sufficient and confident woman like you would become a mistress of her own student?" Milton asked her.

Ruth licked her lips and nodded eagerly.

"Do you understand what it means? As a bimbo you will become easily distracted and silly, that's why I will be the one to make decisions for you. You will be grateful that I am making them on your behalf and you will not even be able to object to whatever I decide."

"I won't have to think anymore," Ruth agreed with excitement.

"You'll have sex whenever I decide," Milton went on. "Bimbos can't control their lust, so they must be controlled."



"Yes..." Ruth sighed and nodded.

"You'll fuck me whenever I want and however I tell you to."

"Ohhh..."

"You'll look the way I decide," Milton raised his voice.

Ruth's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm.

"Yes!"

"If you want it, if you really desire this, you'll have to prove it to me."

"How?"

"By enlarging your fake balloon-sized tits even more."

Ruth inhaled loudly and turned pale.

"Even more?"

"Yes, I want them to become really gigantic. You will show that you are really ready to follow a new path."

"But... they are so huge already!"

"And they are going to get even bigger. I know what it means for you. Extra weight that will make you exhausted even faster. Custom made outfits only. Restriction of movement. And above all, shocked, lustful looks that will accompany you wherever you go. Yes, you will have to struggle with your huge boobs on an everyday basis and face everything that goes with them."

Ruth was so dazed that for a few seconds she couldn't utter a word.

"How big are they to become?" She asked in a shaky voice.

"At least 3000cc larger."

"So they'll be... at least... 9000cc," Ruth moaned.

"Or more..."

"They'll be so heavy... So gigantic..."



Milton broke the sudden silence, "I'll give you some time to think."

"No," Ruth said. "I know I want to do this. I will enlarge my boobs again, fill them with monstrous implants and become your bimbo."

"Great," said Milton. "I'll make an appointment for you at the clinic. And then, when your boobs become bigger than you can imagine, I will take care of you. Also, I don't want you to watch hypno vids, have sex, or masturbate until the surgery. You shouldn't lose your stamina and focus. Not yet."

He left her excited, shaky and obsessively thinking about what was to come.

Before and After



END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!