

The Weight of Her Decisions

Part 1



Breast expansion
Ass expansion
Lips expansion
Enhanced genitalia
Enhanced lips
Waist reduction
Bimbofication

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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



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

Welcome to Butterfly – our newly opened beauty studio and aesthetic surgery center.

My fingers tighten on the leaflet and I hold my breath for a moment. My eyes follow the text hungrily.

It is our mission to make you a person you have always wanted to be. Our experienced team of specialists and the use of modern technology cause most limitations to disappear. Let us create the perfect you!

“Yes!” I sigh, shifting from one foot to the other, just like an impatient child. “That’s precisely what I want.”

Further phrases make me even more excited.

We will offer you silicon pads which you try on to check how you feel and look with different sized breasts. You will experience the weight of the bust and see how you will fill your tops. When you choose a specific size, we will provide you with a custom-made bra with in-built inserts that stimulate the size and shape of your chosen breasts. We will ask you to wear this bra for some time, at least at home. It would be best if you went out wearing it as well, so as to see how you feel and how other people react to the sight of you. At first, you might be a little uncomfortable – after all, you were used to the previous size of your bust.

I bite on my lip and imagine that I appear at work in such a bra. I would surely start getting higher tips.

Such sexy look can be addictive – many of our patients tell us! That is why we advise you not to be afraid of larger volumes. Experienced doctors and new technologies allow us to achieve fantastic results after the very first procedure – even 1000cc during the first surgery!

I can feel my cheeks starting to burn and my heart beating faster. As much as 1000cc!

There can be mixed reactions of the patients' environment to the change, especially when the change is radical.

I'd like to see the shocked faces of all people I know. I imagine that I'm wearing a low cut dress and go to a club, and all the men ogle me...

“Camilla!”

Hearing my name I jump a little, nervously push the leaflet into the pocket of my waitress apron and raise my eyes. I smile innocently.

The boss looks at me sternly, with her hands propped up on her narrow hips.

I get back to work, but I keep thinking about the Butterfly Clinic's offer that I had found on one of the tables. It was left there by two women – they had drawn my attention from the start because they were exceptionally attractive.

I take the order from another customer and I can feel that ever since I have read that leaflet, little hairs on my body keep bristling. I lick my lips and stroke my hair. I push my knees together nervously because my thong suddenly got hot and wet.

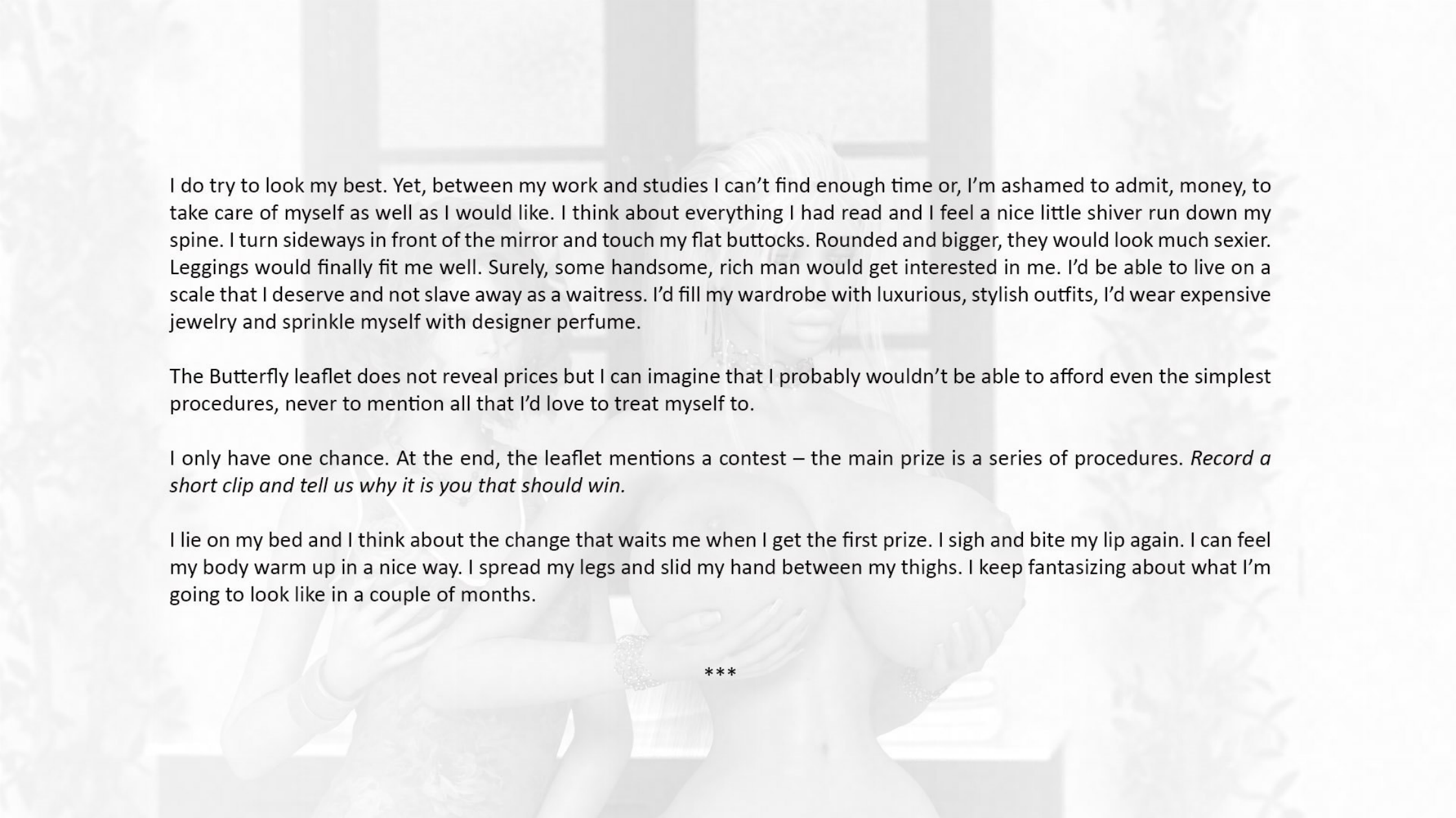
“Are you OK?” the woman breaks off in the middle of placing her order and asks in a concerned voice. “You look as if...”

She doesn't finish her sentence and I just smile and nod my head. I notice that the woman's husband looks at me with a self-satisfied, crooked smile.

At home I study the leaflet until the very end. I'm much impressed by their offer. I stand in front of the mirror and imagine my breasts growing. They get bigger and bigger, and I almost feel their weight against my ribcage. I breathe faster, a little stunned by this vision. I take my breasts into my hands and push them away from my body, trying to imagine what it would be like if I wouldn't be able to encircle each tit with one hand. My subtle bra with its thin shoulder straps might not be able to hold them up. I sigh loudly and look at the leaflet one more time. They offer not only breast enlargement, but a whole range of other procedures, too.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01



I do try to look my best. Yet, between my work and studies I can't find enough time or, I'm ashamed to admit, money, to take care of myself as well as I would like. I think about everything I had read and I feel a nice little shiver run down my spine. I turn sideways in front of the mirror and touch my flat buttocks. Rounded and bigger, they would look much sexier. Leggings would finally fit me well. Surely, some handsome, rich man would get interested in me. I'd be able to live on a scale that I deserve and not slave away as a waitress. I'd fill my wardrobe with luxurious, stylish outfits, I'd wear expensive jewelry and sprinkle myself with designer perfume.

The Butterfly leaflet does not reveal prices but I can imagine that I probably wouldn't be able to afford even the simplest procedures, never to mention all that I'd love to treat myself to.

I only have one chance. At the end, the leaflet mentions a contest – the main prize is a series of procedures. *Record a short clip and tell us why it is you that should win.*

I lie on my bed and I think about the change that waits me when I get the first prize. I sigh and bite my lip again. I can feel my body warm up in a nice way. I spread my legs and slid my hand between my thighs. I keep fantasizing about what I'm going to look like in a couple of months.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

The projector was showing Camilla's face, her words were flowing from the loudspeakers. Board members of the Butterfly Salon watched her closely.

She was wearing only her thong and a bra that barely covered anything. She was twisting and turning, presenting her slim figure from different angles.

"I'll become your living advert," she said. "Treat me as your investment. You won't regret it."

Her cheeks were flushed pink and her eyes shone with excitement. Her face was still visible on the screen for a couple of seconds more and then the recording was over.

"She's no material for the winner of the contest," the president of the board decided. "But I'll be happy to offer her something else. She'll undergo a metamorphosis she's never dreamed of."



Ever since I sent that contest clip, I've been sure I'd win. They couldn't find a better candidate, could they?

When the opportunity for a radical change of my looks became real, I began to have doubts. I was wondering how I'd feel with such enormous breasts, big bottom and so on. Wouldn't I look too vulgar? I like it when men are interested in me but won't their interest start to bother me?

Everybody will pay attention to me, all the time, even if I go out modestly dressed and with no make-up. You can't hide such a figure. I'll provoke them just being there. I'm sure all men will only have one thing in mind when they see me. Naturally, that's precisely what I had in mind and I get excited by the prospect, but on the other hand... There is something unnerving about it all.

Won't these breasts be too heavy? Will I like what I'll see? I feel as if I was just about to do a bungee jump or set off on a dangerous, yet exciting trip. Such a change... I shiver with excitement.

The results of the contest are to appear today on their website. I sit in my tiny room and every couple of seconds I refresh that site on my phone. I hold my breath and my heart beats like crazy. The verdict is there! My fingers tremble as I scroll down, looking for my photo and name – and that's when I notice that... Someone else won.

ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

I can barely get up from my bed the next day. I sit in the lecture room and try very hard to focus on what the professor is saying.

I can feel my phone vibrate in my purse. I don't know that number. The lecturer seems lost in his own musings and the lecture room is big, so I bend over, hide my head under the desktop and whisper, picking up the call.

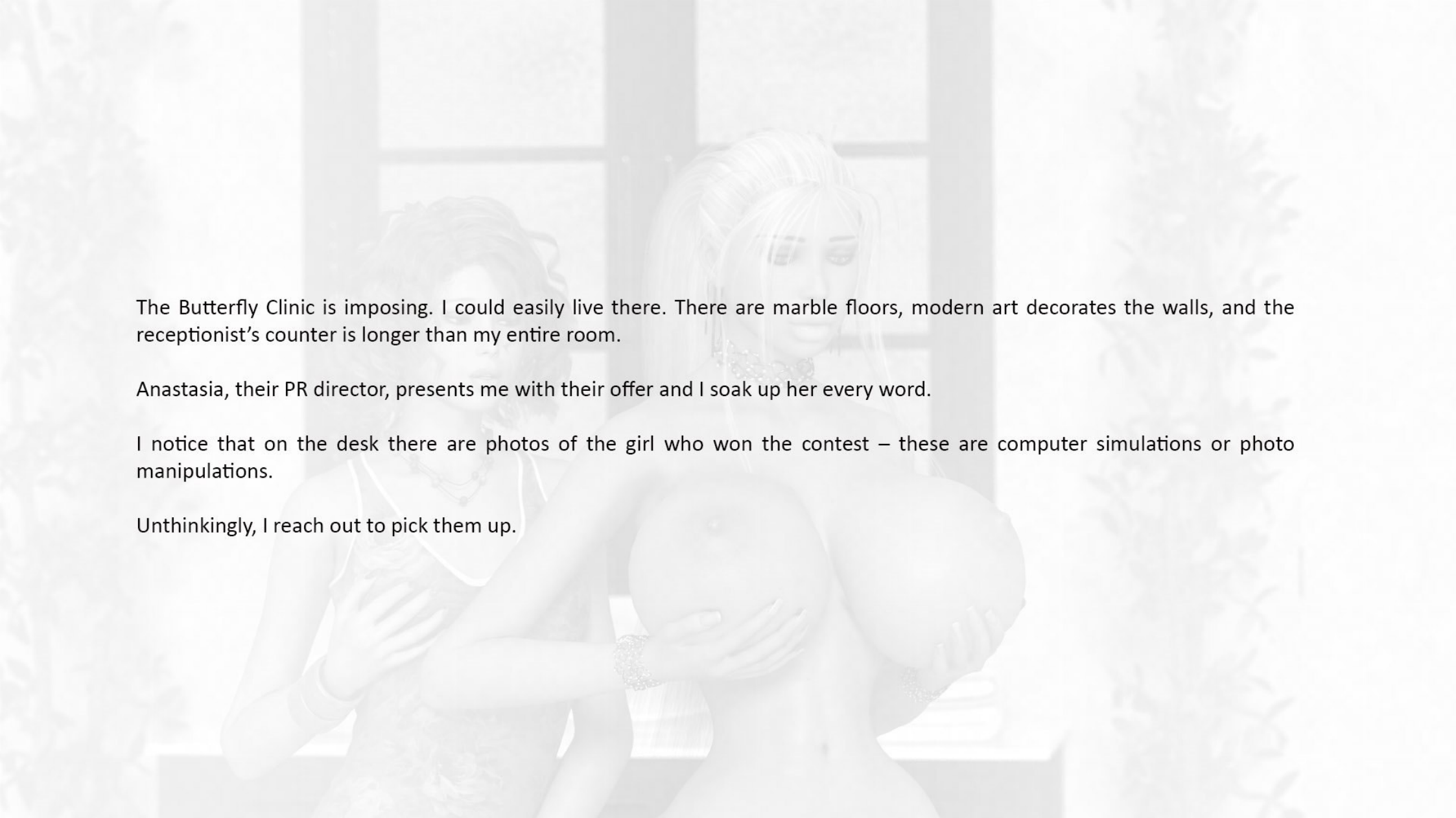
"I'm phoning from the Butterfly Clinic," I hear a woman's voice.

I can hardly breathe as I listen to what she has to say.

Then I get up and leave the room, paying no attention to the lecturer's look of surprise.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01



The Butterfly Clinic is imposing. I could easily live there. There are marble floors, modern art decorates the walls, and the receptionist's counter is longer than my entire room.

Anastasia, their PR director, presents me with their offer and I soak up her every word.

I notice that on the desk there are photos of the girl who won the contest – these are computer simulations or photo manipulations.

Unthinkingly, I reach out to pick them up.

“You’ll be much sexier than that. Can you see how her buttocks get bigger? They won’t be flat anymore, they’ll become firm, round and enticingly perky. We’ll fill up these tiny breasts, these implants are 1000cc size,” Anastasia comments.

I don’t know what to say. I keep silent, watching the photos, fascinated by the transformation planned for the contest winner.

“This change is... amazing,” I finally whisper.

“Do you like it?” Anastasia asks, and I suddenly feel as if I was in a job interview.

“Very much!”

“In that case listen to what we have in mind for you.”

Anastasia tells me about the Salon’s plans for me. I get more and more excited with every word of hers. I can feel my skin warm up, my breathing accelerates. I grip the edge of my chair tightly between my fingers.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

I'm excited and incredulous at the same time. I listen to Anastasia telling me about a series of transformations that I'm to undergo. I imagine how I'll look after a whole set of them and I hold my breath for a couple of long seconds. The woman describes every procedure in minute detail: initial preparations, recovery, most important medical information. But I listen most closely when she describes the results – how my body will change, what sensations I might expect, how people around me will react. What I will have to give up and what I will gain.

I can feel my nipples harden and my skin gets warm. Just as when I was reading the salon's leaflet.

“Apart from what I've already mentioned, there are also additional enhancements, performed on special order. The most modern advances in medicine. Rather controversial and that's why we never mentioned them in the leaflet.”

And then Anastasia describes in detail what these procedures entail. I open my eyes wider and, unknowingly, my mouth, too.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

“How is that even possible?” I can’t stop myself from exclaiming aloud.

The woman smiles her warm smile.

“It is and if you agree, you’ll undergo a procedure like that.”

I’m at a loss for words. What Anastasia described is much more radical than the transformation planned for the contest’s winner.

“Naturally, there are also additional, standard services such as make-up, diet, personal trainer and stylist,” the woman enumerates in one breath. “All of that plus all the procedures will be financed from our own funds as long as you agree to advertize us within the circles of influential people. We’d like to promote among them this new, expensive look and you’ll become our brand’s ambassador. How about that?”

I consider all this for a moment. My life will change irrevocably. But that is exactly what I want, isn’t it?

I nod my head, still stunned.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

Anastasia pushes a thick stack of papers towards me. I look through them briefly – it's a long document written in the legal language but I understand from it that I agree to undergo the procedures in exchange for advertizing the salon. I put my signature in all indicated spaces.

“Great!” Anastasia seems happy. “Formalities being over, let's move on to the specifics. Do you have some more time or are you in a hurry right now?”

For a brief moment it seems to me that they'll immediately put me on the operation table to start on one of the procedures mentioned by Anastasia. Of course, nothing of the sort happens – the woman passes me into the hands of some doctors and nurses who perform a thorough medical check on me, asking dozens of questions. They make sure my skin will endure all the stretching by the implants, that my muscles are strong enough to let me get back to normal soon. The doctors ask me to stand on the scales, to take off my top or my skirt, I even have to sit on a gynecological chair at some point.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

When they show me the implants, I freeze. They seem so enormous and I have no idea how these transparent prostheses will fit under my skin. They also seem exceptionally heavy. I've always been slim and I'll certainly feel these additional pounds. I'm not sure I'm going to like it. Will I be able to work out as usual? What does it feel like to run with such huge breasts and buttocks?

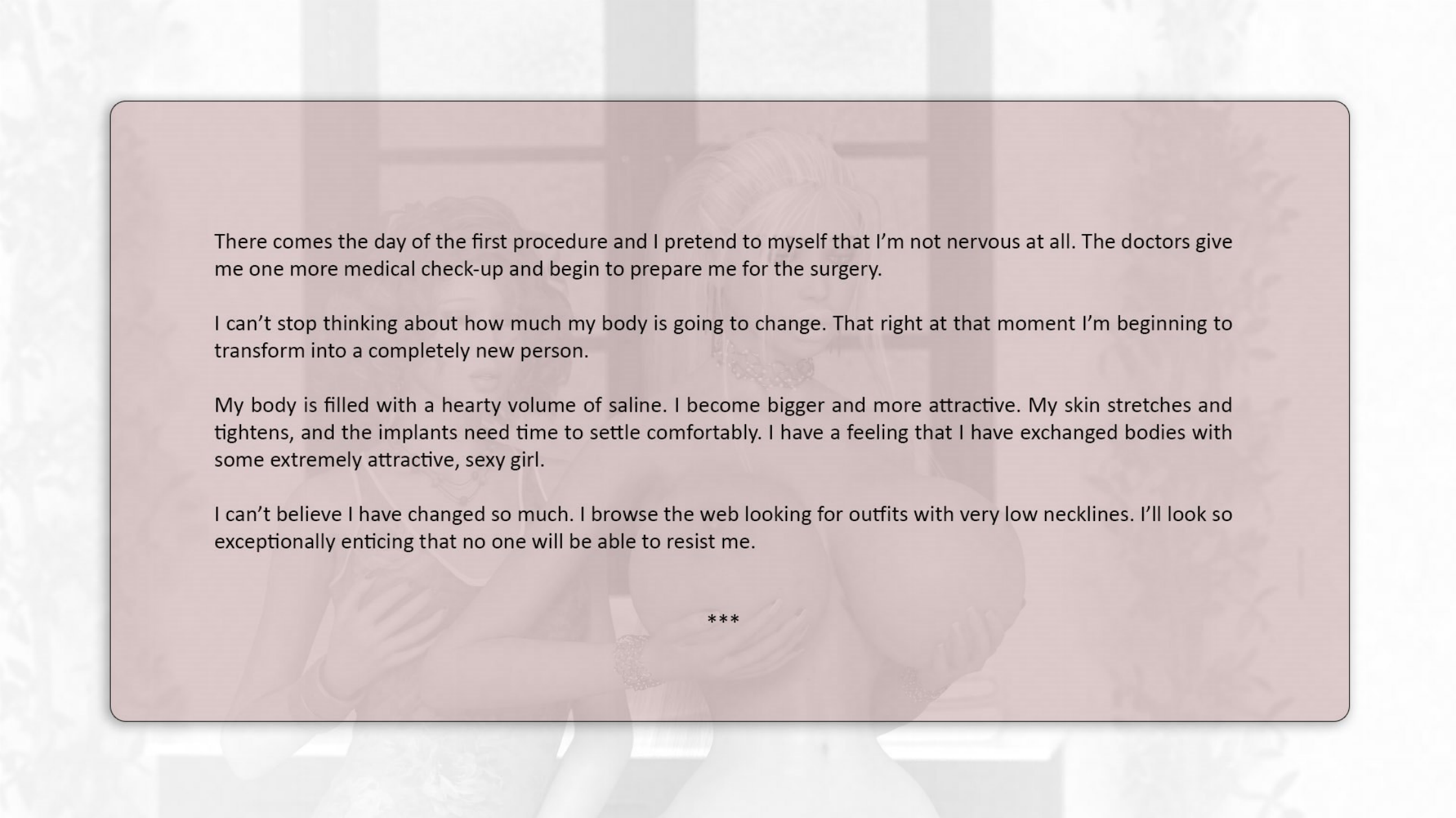
A moment later it turns out that these implants are just samples. Mine will be custom-made as soon as the doctors conform that I'm a suitable candidate for the procedures. A nurse then informs me that my implants will be even bigger and I can't suppress an inarticulate moan.

A 3D model of my future look is being created. I can't help but sigh. I can't recognize myself in this new woman. Her figure is so altered that it seems unreal.

Finally, I undergo a series of psychological tests and I talk to a psychiatrist. They want to make sure I know what I'm up to.

When we finish, I'm exhausted. I have to sit down for a minute before I leave. The receptionist gives me a glass of water and calls a taxi.

Lying on my decrepit bed in the dingy room I can't believe all of that really happened.



There comes the day of the first procedure and I pretend to myself that I'm not nervous at all. The doctors give me one more medical check-up and begin to prepare me for the surgery.

I can't stop thinking about how much my body is going to change. That right at that moment I'm beginning to transform into a completely new person.

My body is filled with a hearty volume of saline. I become bigger and more attractive. My skin stretches and tightens, and the implants need time to settle comfortably. I have a feeling that I have exchanged bodies with some extremely attractive, sexy girl.

I can't believe I have changed so much. I browse the web looking for outfits with very low necklines. I'll look so exceptionally enticing that no one will be able to resist me.

Each time I wake up I'm surprised and for several seconds unable to grasp what is going on. So much has changed.

I open my eyes and see a luxurious apartment suite. Only a while later I remember that this is where I live now. The soft bed sheets smell nicely. I lie naked, on my side. In front of me, two round breasts hug each other. One rests heavily on the other and when I get ready to sleep I have a sense that they form an additional pillow. I turn onto my back and I feel how heavy my bust is. My breasts stick out proudly into the air like two mountaintops. I stroke them with my fingers – once I was able take each of them into one hand but now it's absolutely impossible. My tits are ideally round and firm, they perk up high on my slim chest and when I stretch, the bust contrasts heavily with the ribs visible under my skin. It is immediately obvious that it's artificial, but I don't mind, quite the opposite, it excites me. It's apparent that it had cost a lot. The doctors had to put a lot of effort to equip me with such huge implants. When I heard for the first time what size they offered to me, I thought they were joking. Meanwhile, I became a proud owner of such breasts. Thanks to Butterfly, I transformed into a better version of myself. The bust as an expensive accessory that I carry with me everywhere. And it costs me a lot of strength, because they're really heavy, they weigh almost seven pounds each!



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02

I brush aside a wave of my thick hair. The doctors used a technology which allows to thicken it permanently, and the hairdressers chose the color and cut.

I rise and I feel the gravity pull my bust downwards. Yet it remains firm, which would be impossible with a natural bust of that size. My breasts bounce when I stretch, they extend beyond the contours of my body. If someone looked at me right now from behind they would see two half-moons outlined next to my ribs. My nipples harden because of the cold.

Slowly I get used to my new curves. When I stand next to other women, I get even more aware of how attractive I've become. They all seem so flat and plain now, they can't possibly rival me. Their partner's eyes becomes literally glued to my figure, as if I was some sort of incredible phenomenon. In a sense, I am – a miracle of modern plastic surgery. That's what one of the doctors called me. I myself sometimes find it hard to tear my eyes away from this body.

At first I had problems with posture because muscles couldn't handle additional weight on the chest. I need to keep reminding myself to straighten up. After all, I want my breasts to properly visible.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02

I'm spending a lot of time training at the gym at the moment. I need to build a lot of strength and adjust my body to an extra weigh they have to support. What is more, I really want to have them nicely shaped and toned under my skin.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02


I frequently workout at home – curious looks of other people as I pass them by during my jogging time make me a bit uncomfortable. Some of them even point their fingers at me. I love being the center of attention, but it's hard to follow with the training.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02



I am ready for my first night out. Butterfly managed to get me an invitation to one of the most exclusive nightclubs in the city. The whole day is filled with the visits from my stylists, make-up girls and a hair stylist. When their job is done I am in total awe. I look ravishing. So sexy it's hard to recognize my face in the mirror.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02

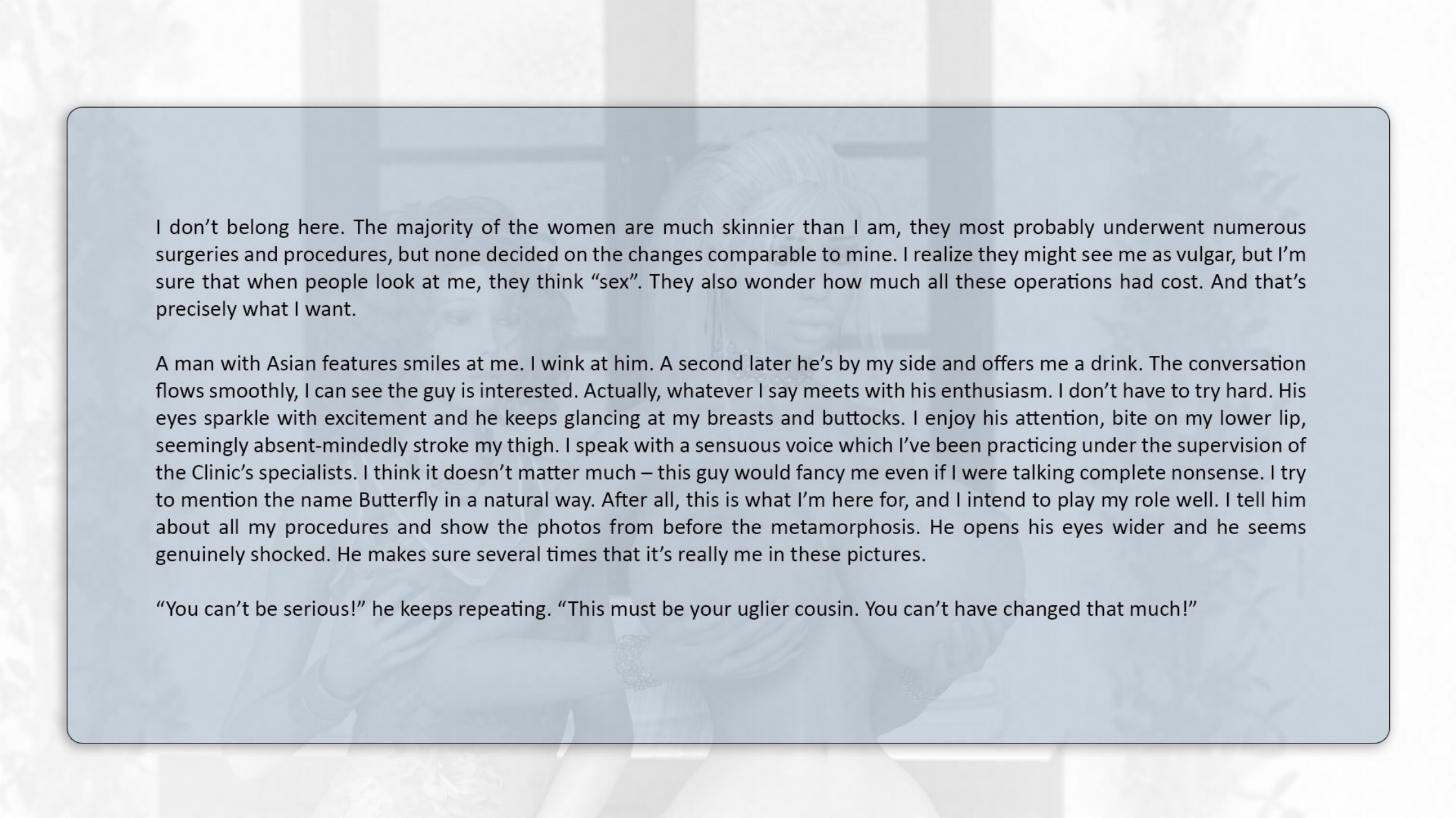
I enter the club and, for a few seconds, stand still, delighted. The interior is opulent and decorated in a modern style, I can hear music, laughter and the din of conversations, the air is filled with the scent of expensive perfume. The corridor is lit with a purple light that creates a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. Men wear suits that fit them perfectly, they are well groomed and self-assured – all of them either achieved success or at least inherited their money. It gives me a thrill, just looking at them.

I'm proud of my looks – not just the figure but also the styling. It emphasizes my silhouette perfectly and highlights its assets. Women in this club also look great but none of them is dressed quite as provocatively. They sport the casual elegance of people who take luxury for granted.

Courageously, I go inside and then all of them notice me. Some people avert their eyes discreetly, some stare at me impudently. I smile and keep on walking. The more pairs of eyes are on me, the better. I keep my back straight and brush my hair aside, I lick my lips and proceed slowly to the bar. The cocktail which they hand to me is so beautifully served that it'd be a shame to drink it. It tastes great and I feel the alcohol relax me. My breasts make it impossible for me to move closer to the bar.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02



I don't belong here. The majority of the women are much skinnier than I am, they most probably underwent numerous surgeries and procedures, but none decided on the changes comparable to mine. I realize they might see me as vulgar, but I'm sure that when people look at me, they think "sex". They also wonder how much all these operations had cost. And that's precisely what I want.

A man with Asian features smiles at me. I wink at him. A second later he's by my side and offers me a drink. The conversation flows smoothly, I can see the guy is interested. Actually, whatever I say meets with his enthusiasm. I don't have to try hard. His eyes sparkle with excitement and he keeps glancing at my breasts and buttocks. I enjoy his attention, bite on my lower lip, seemingly absent-mindedly stroke my thigh. I speak with a sensuous voice which I've been practicing under the supervision of the Clinic's specialists. I think it doesn't matter much – this guy would fancy me even if I were talking complete nonsense. I try to mention the name Butterfly in a natural way. After all, this is what I'm here for, and I intend to play my role well. I tell him about all my procedures and show the photos from before the metamorphosis. He opens his eyes wider and he seems genuinely shocked. He makes sure several times that it's really me in these pictures.

"You can't be serious!" he keeps repeating. "This must be your uglier cousin. You can't have changed that much!"



ARCHIVE: PHASE 02

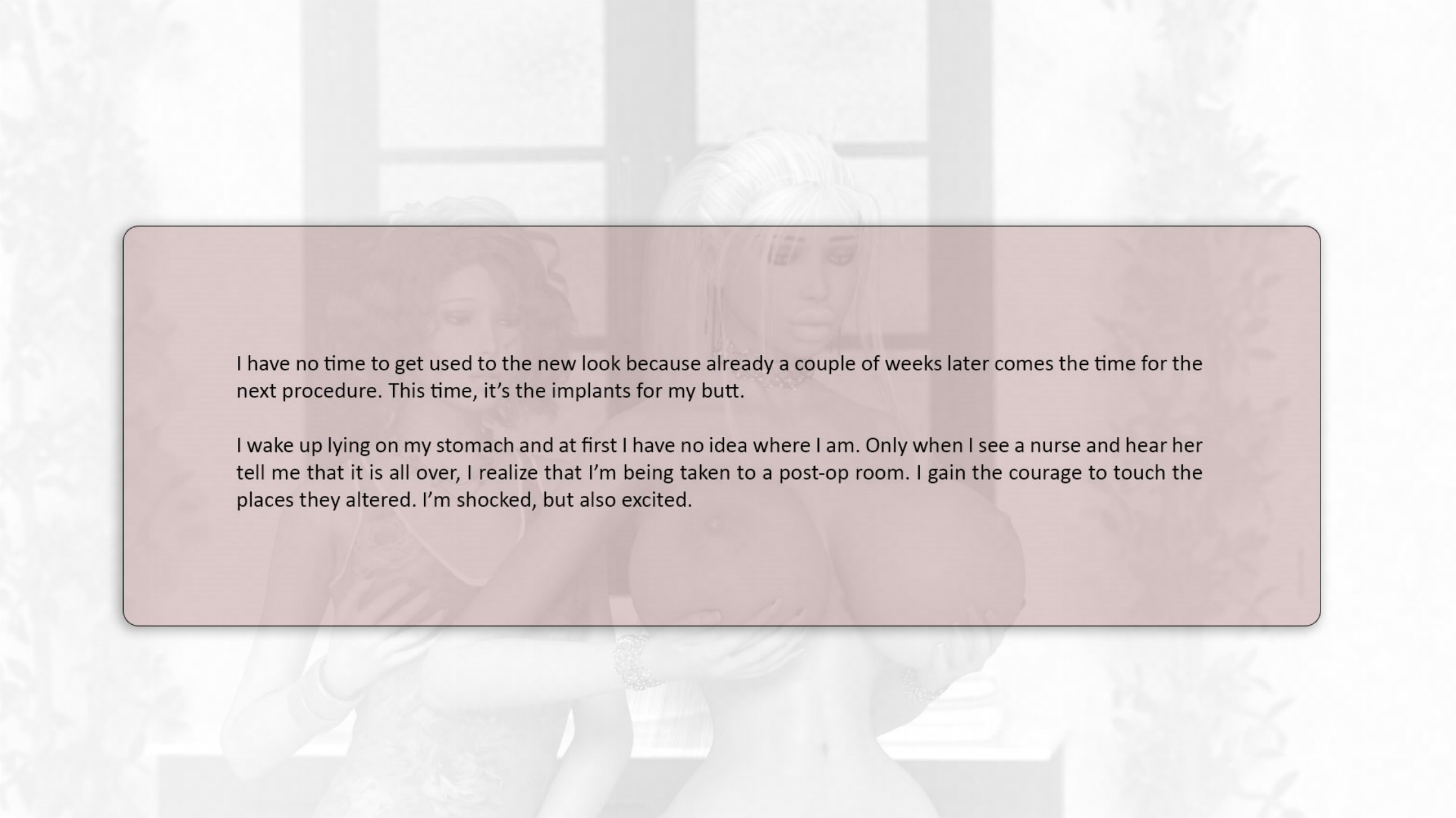
I suggest to him that we might go to talk somewhere more quiet but just then his wife appears. She's furious, though she tries to mask it with a smile, which only makes her face twist ugly. She'd look quite beautiful if she weren't frowning, but it'd be impossible for her to try to match my sex appeal. She drags her husband away from me and I finish my drink.

The situation repeats itself several times – men flirt with me and their women come up, jealousy written all over their faces, to guard their own territory. I'm delighted, as I haven't expected it to be quite so simple! I sit at the bar or walk across the luxurious club and they run up to me, one after another.

I know the clinic will be proud of my marketing skills.

Before & After





I have no time to get used to the new look because already a couple of weeks later comes the time for the next procedure. This time, it's the implants for my butt.

I wake up lying on my stomach and at first I have no idea where I am. Only when I see a nurse and hear her tell me that it is all over, I realize that I'm being taken to a post-op room. I gain the courage to touch the places they altered. I'm shocked, but also excited.

My buttocks became huge. The skin is tense to its limit. I stroke them, fascinated, and my fingers tremble as I move them across my skin. Lying on my back I feel down there those implant-filled buttocks. I can distinctly feel the difference between the natural tissue and the implant, especially when I sit on a hard surface – the silicon creates a tight pillow inside my buttocks.

I come back to my tasks after a few weeks. The results of the surgery are amazing. I've never thought I could change my looks so much!



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03



Big breasts and buttocks contrast with the narrow waist and give the whole figure its sexy hourglass shape. If I were a guy, I'd get a hard-on seeing that. I pout and then smile, imagining what every man associates my lips with now. That hair makes me even more attractive and when I put on make-up... Well, I must admit, sometimes even I get excited looking at myself.

I move my hands along this body which has so many sexy curves now. I turn around and look at the play of light on my buttocks, legs and breasts.

I look at myself in the mirror and turn around. I look sexy and alluring, the change is stunning.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03

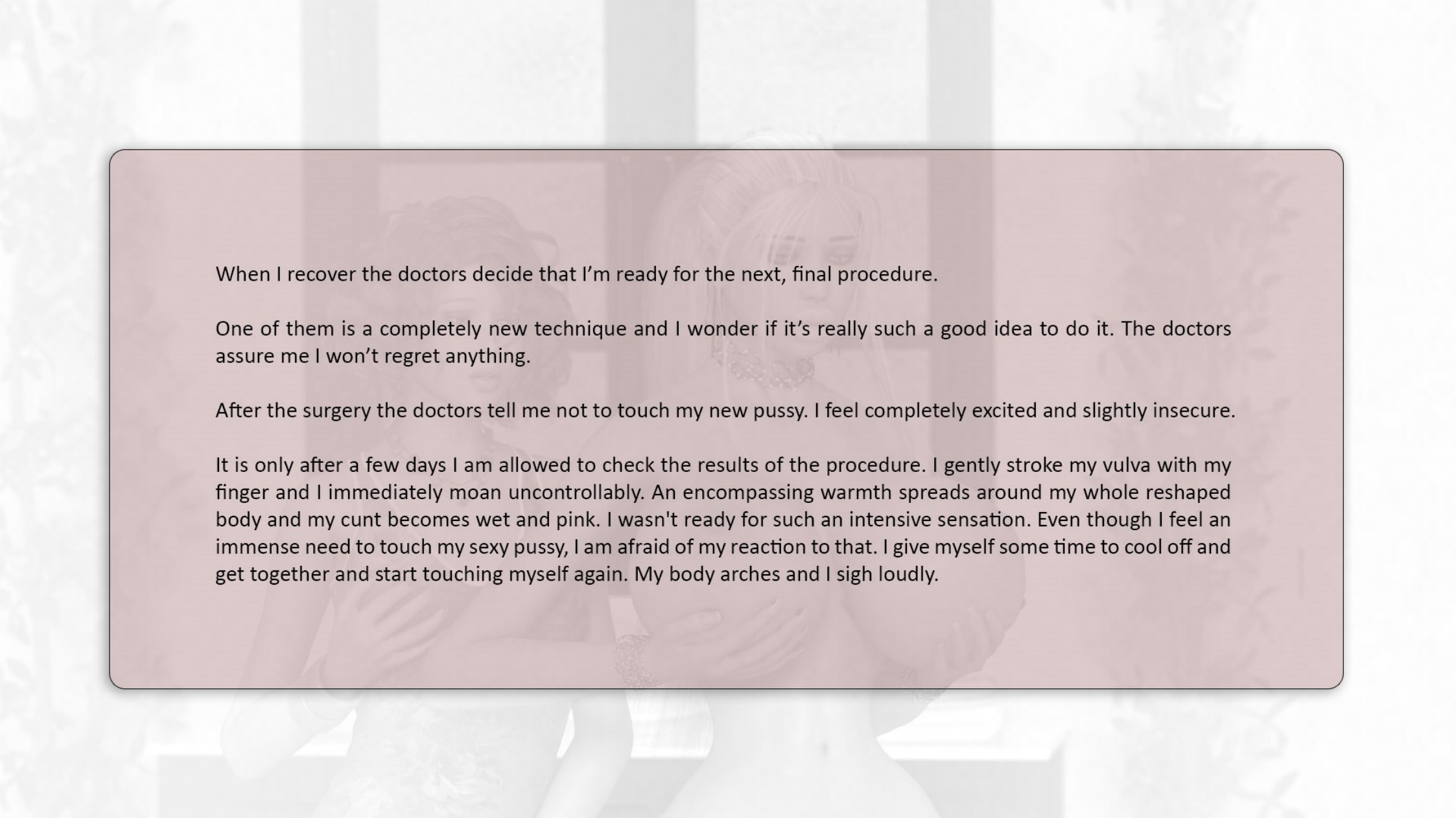
After the procedure I couldn't fit into any of my pants except some jeans with stretch. All my tops were too tight in the bust. I wanted to just throw them all away, but Anastasia forbade me to do it. She told me to record a clip in which I'd be trying to put them on.

I don't object and she thinks that it could be useful as promotional material. The Salon invested a lot in me, it's their money that pays my living now. I know it'll end at some point but I'm sure by that time I'll have met some men ready to support me. If I had money, I myself would be willing to pay for my company.

I take a couple of skirts and pairs of pants from the closet, I throw some tops onto the couch. I press the "record" button and start with the skinny jeans. It's quite easy to deal with the legs but I'm unable to push my bottom inside these jeans. I pull on the belt loops as hard as I can and I jump up and down. My breasts are heaving and swaying in their bra, the straps press into the skin and the lace fabric crackles and stretches. Finally I give up and pick another pair of pants. I manage to squeeze my butt into these as they are extra-stretchy. I take a couple of steps and then the fabric rips apart on my bottom. I inhale deeply and start laughing, I redden with shame. I hope Anastasia will edit it out. I give up trying on the bottoms and turn to the tops. Most of them simply get stuck on the protrusion of my bust. I'm afraid I'll tear them. I manage to put on one top but the fabric is so tight that I'm sure it'll tear any moment now. I can't straighten up and have difficulty breathing. My breasts are painfully squeezed together. Taking this top off proves equally difficult as putting it on. For a while I'm thinking of cutting it open with a pair of scissors but I finally manage to free myself. At last I can breathe easily.

Before & After





When I recover the doctors decide that I'm ready for the next, final procedure.

One of them is a completely new technique and I wonder if it's really such a good idea to do it. The doctors assure me I won't regret anything.

After the surgery the doctors tell me not to touch my new pussy. I feel completely excited and slightly insecure.

It is only after a few days I am allowed to check the results of the procedure. I gently stroke my vulva with my finger and I immediately moan uncontrollably. An encompassing warmth spreads around my whole reshaped body and my cunt becomes wet and pink. I wasn't ready for such an intensive sensation. Even though I feel an immense need to touch my sexy pussy, I am afraid of my reaction to that. I give myself some time to cool off and get together and start touching myself again. My body arches and I sigh loudly.

It's amazing how my fingers find their way, sliding deep between my pussy lips, as if they acted on their own now. I've never felt something so intense, overwhelming and wonderfully encompassing. Unmatched, divine pleasure in its purest form. I immediately knew that once I felt it I'd never let go of it.






A few days later I'm trying to touch my highly sensitive pussy as little as I can – otherwise I get superhorny and want to finger myself all the time. It's very hard, since my pussy is so sensitive now, it immediately reacts to the slightest whiff.

Every morning, under the shower I become aware of the newest enhancement of mine, the invisible one. Due to special enzymes applied under the skin, my intimate parts became much more sensitive. When I reach with my hand between my thighs to wash them, I experience a sudden surge of excitement. From the time of the procedure I have not slept with a man, but even my own touch gives me enormous pleasure. Sometimes it's enough to excite me when the lace fabric of my panties tingles my skin; it can be really embarrassing. The doctors told me that I won't regret it and they were right. This sensation when I push my finger inside is incredible, much better than sex has been so far. I'm sure that not only I but also my future partners will be delighted with this improvement.

I sigh loudly when my hand caresses the sensitive places, I close my eyes and lean against the tiles. It's increasingly more difficult to control the surging wave of excitement.

I finish showering, do my hair and apply make-up. Today I have a lot to do. I put on my underwear – panties which are bigger in size than in the past and a bra that still seems enormous to me. Although it's so huge, a large part of my bust enticingly peeks out over its upper edge.



When I visit the club for the second time, everybody's eyes are on me. Their whispers commenting the changes done to my hot body.

The atmosphere becomes more relaxed once everyone has had a couple of drinks. I can see a young woman with a boyish figure looking at me very intensely.

“What can I do to have a body like that?” she asks.

“I underwent two surgeries: buttocks enlargement and breast implants,” I explain. “Then they filled up my lips and, yes, there was one more procedure but I don’t know if I can tell you the details as it is a completely new technology.”

“You’ve enlarged your breasts to this size in one go?! I haven’t realized it was possible!” she says and her eyes glisten with excitement.

I show her the photos from several months ago and she shakes her head with disbelief.

“I’d love to see how you look without clothes,” the girl says.

She doesn’t seem embarrassed or ashamed. Quite the opposite – she ogles me with her eyes and doesn’t try to hide her interest.

I become aware of a group of people that gathered around us to listen intently to our conversation. My whole body tenses with excitement. I look around me and see that all those elegant, rich people stare at me with desire. My nipples harden and my skin gets hot.


“Tell me some more about this secret procedure,” the girl asks.

“It’s just that...” I clear my throat, embarrassed but, at the same time, excited. “My pussy is now much more sensitive to the touch, which makes sex more pleasurable. At least, that’s what I expect as I haven’t slept with anyone after this procedure.”

There are a few moments of silence.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03



“I’m sure we can do something to remedy that,” jokes a guy in the crowd.

Someone laughs and I observe the reactions of people who surround me. I take another sip of my drink. I wonder which one of these men I’d like most to seduce. I get more and more excited but I try to control it. I don’t want to do anything stupid. The warm wetness seeps through the fabric of my panties, which makes me even more excited. The alcohol makes it increasingly difficult to control myself.

I notice a guy in the crowd. He looks straight at me and his eyes seem to pierce through me. He practically oozes power and self-assurance. My knees go weak when I look at him. There is something about him that both attracts and paralyzes me.

He makes a similar impression on other people around. The crowd makes room for him and people shift their eyes from me to him. I have no idea who he is but it must be someone important.

Suddenly I lose all my confidence and feel that I should get away and stay alone for a while. I squeeze past the crowd and just then this man grabs my wrist and stops me. His skin is hot and the grip of his fingers is certain though not at all unpleasant.

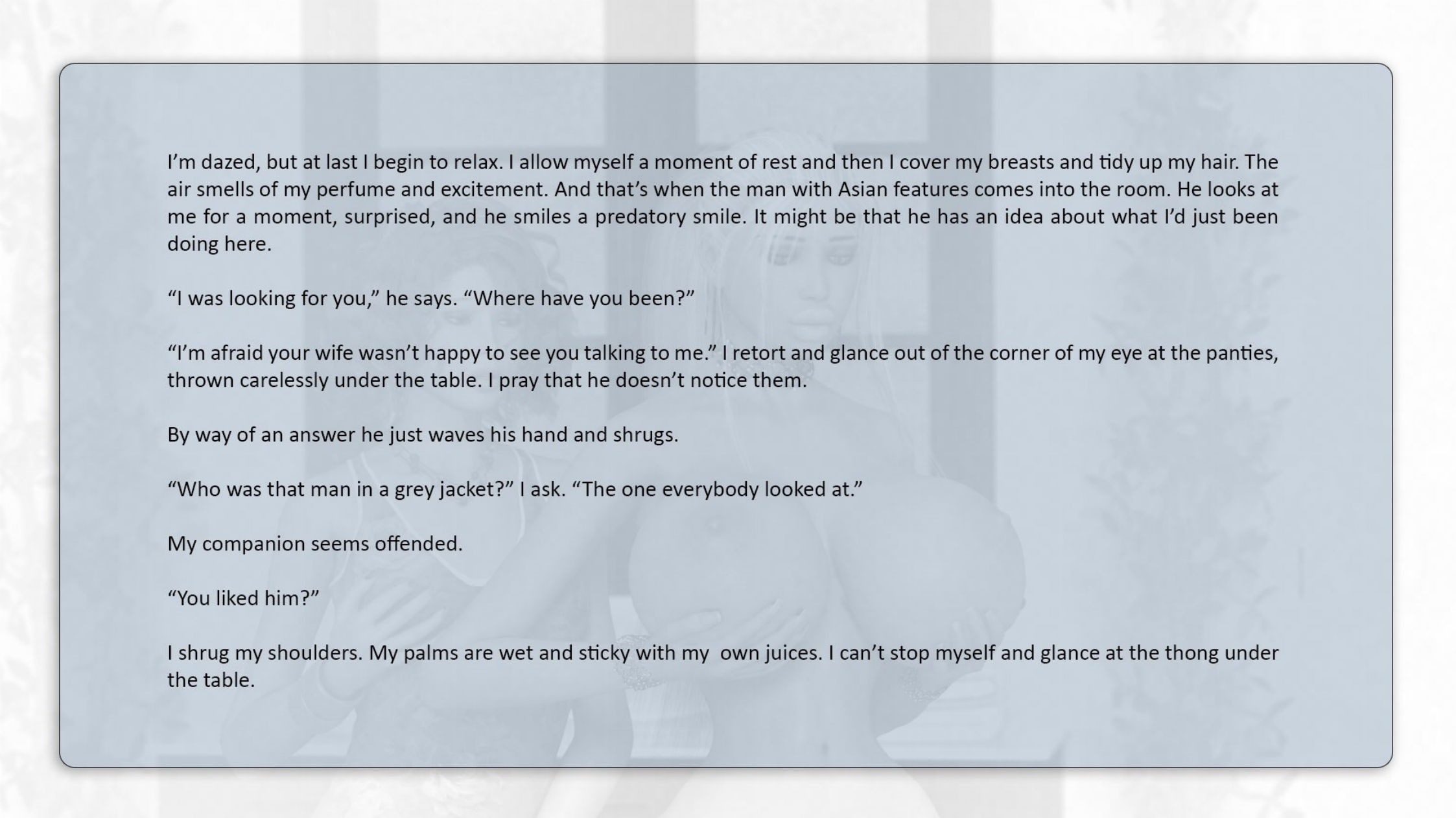
“Already going?”

I open my mouth but I’m unable to say anything. My mind goes completely blank. I chuckle like a teenager and then flush red.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03

The man lets go of my had and I quickly rush forward. I open some door and it turns out to lead into a VIP room which is, luckily, empty. I go inside, close the door and sigh deeply. I can't suppress a long moan that escapes my mouth. I realize that I won't be able to take it any longer. As if in a trance, I push down my wet panties and free my breasts from under my top. I know full well that at any moment someone might come in here but I can't stop myself. I push two fingers into my wet cunt, arch my back and moan. The other hand moves, as if by its own will, to my enormous breasts. My pussy is so sensitive that every movement gives me a wave of pleasure. I push my fingers as deep as I can, and wetness flows down my buttocks. I cry out and just hope that the music will muffle these sounds. My whole skin is covered with sweat, the world seems to spin, I have a feeling that everything apart from this sensuous pleasure is unreal. With one hand I caress my pussy rhythmically, with the other I stroke my rounded breast. My face twists and I come with a long, deep moan.



I'm dazed, but at last I begin to relax. I allow myself a moment of rest and then I cover my breasts and tidy up my hair. The air smells of my perfume and excitement. And that's when the man with Asian features comes into the room. He looks at me for a moment, surprised, and he smiles a predatory smile. It might be that he has an idea about what I'd just been doing here.

"I was looking for you," he says. "Where have you been?"

"I'm afraid your wife wasn't happy to see you talking to me." I retort and glance out of the corner of my eye at the panties, thrown carelessly under the table. I pray that he doesn't notice them.

By way of an answer he just waves his hand and shrugs.

"Who was that man in a grey jacket?" I ask. "The one everybody looked at."

My companion seems offended.

"You liked him?"

I shrug my shoulders. My palms are wet and sticky with my own juices. I can't stop myself and glance at the thong under the table.

“I was wondering why everybody is paying so much attention to him,” I explain.

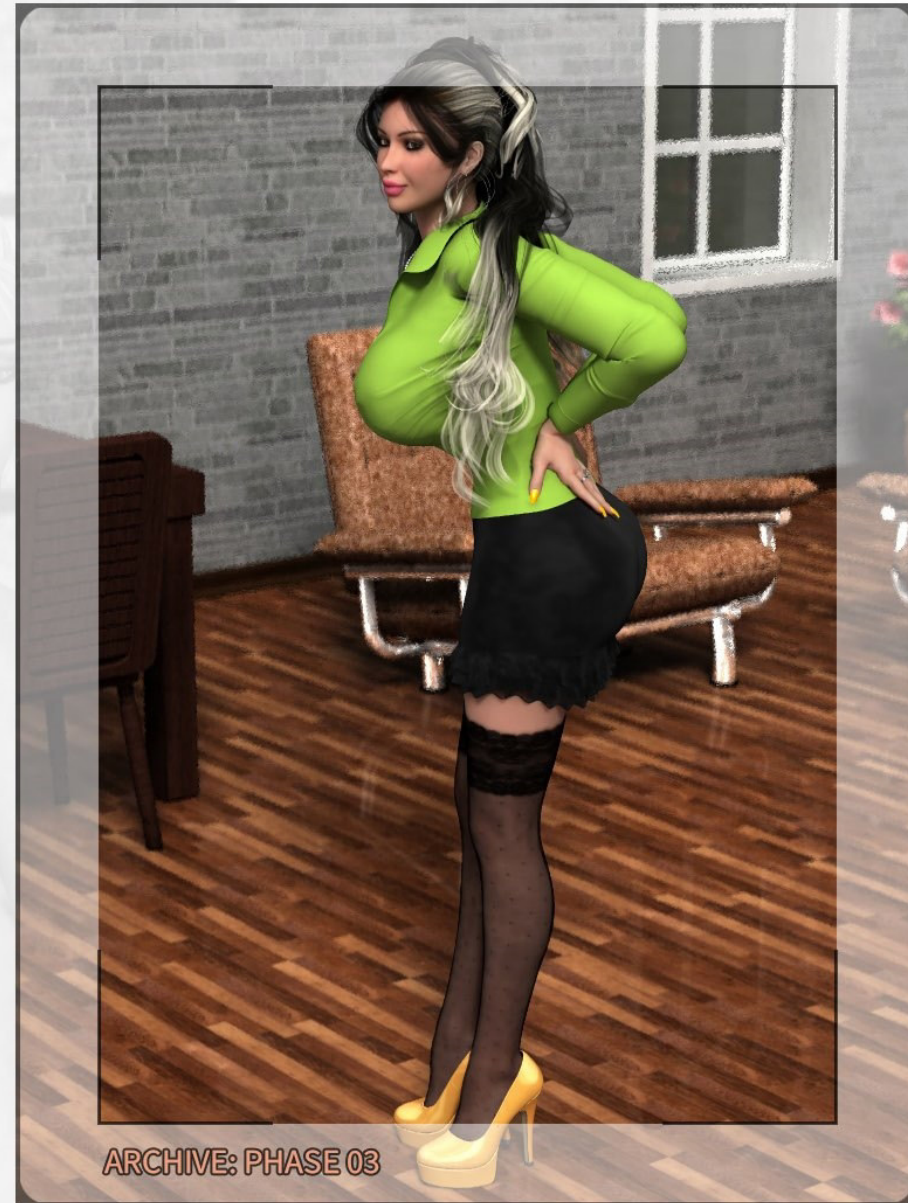
“His name is Franklin Finch, happy now?”

My jaw drops.

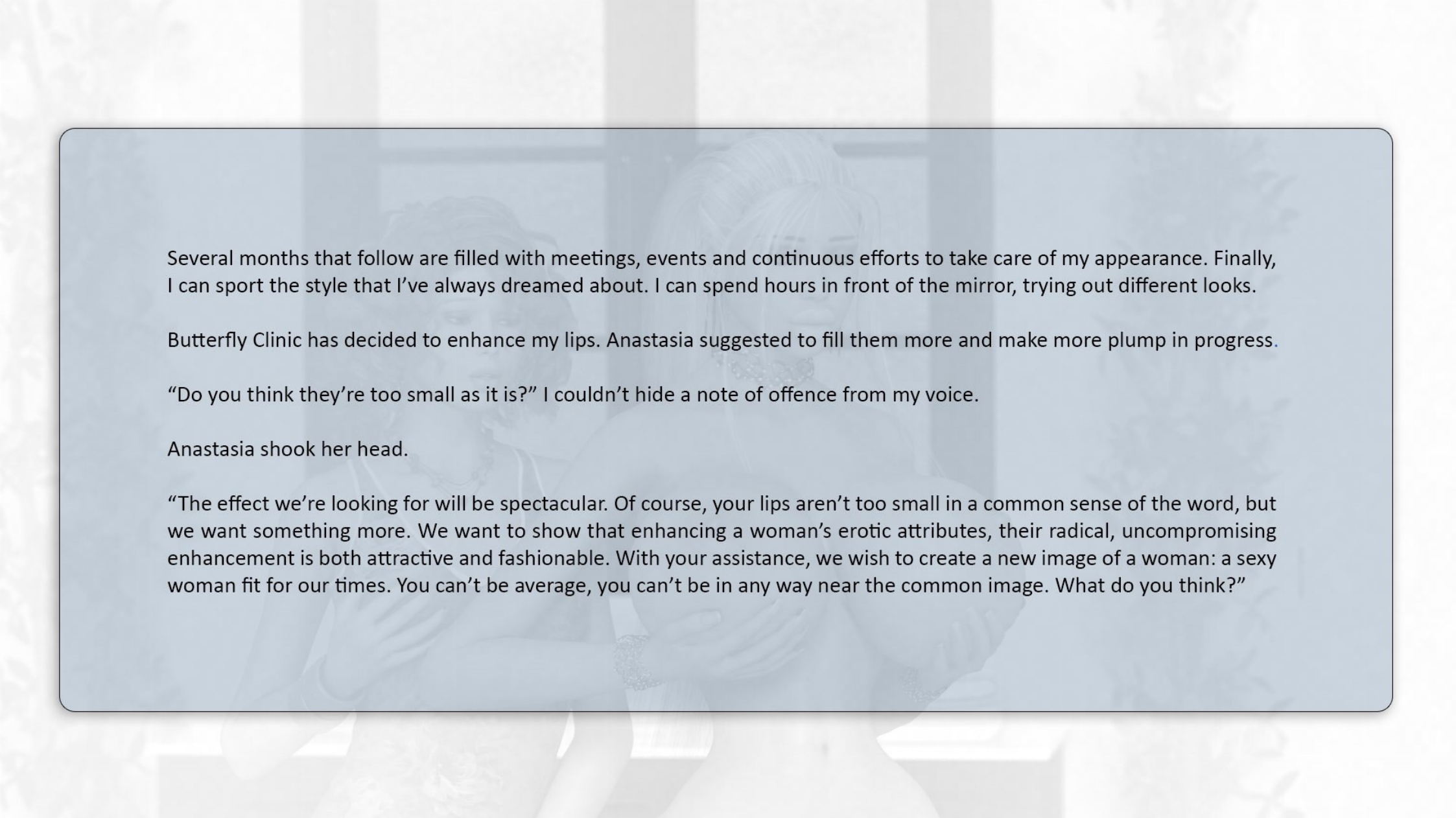
“Yes, this Franklin Finch,” the man sighs and rolls his eyes.

An uncertain sound escapes my mouth. I don’t know what to say. After a while I manage to smile brightly.

“Will you buy me another drink?” I ask. “I just need to go to the restroom, freshen up a bit.”



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03



Several months that follow are filled with meetings, events and continuous efforts to take care of my appearance. Finally, I can sport the style that I've always dreamed about. I can spend hours in front of the mirror, trying out different looks.

Butterfly Clinic has decided to enhance my lips. Anastasia suggested to fill them more and make more plump in progress.

"Do you think they're too small as it is?" I couldn't hide a note of offence from my voice.

Anastasia shook her head.

"The effect we're looking for will be spectacular. Of course, your lips aren't too small in a common sense of the word, but we want something more. We want to show that enhancing a woman's erotic attributes, their radical, uncompromising enhancement is both attractive and fashionable. With your assistance, we wish to create a new image of a woman: a sexy woman fit for our times. You can't be average, you can't be in any way near the common image. What do you think?"



ARCHIVE: PHASE 04

At first it was very hard to adjust to such a significant change. I had to learn to use my new mouth – I had problems pronouncing words clearly, even drinking wasn't easy. Soon enough I learned but I still feel how plump my lips are now. I love biting on my lower lip to check how thick and soft it is.

I've managed to gather profitable contracts, and the affluent society became used to my presence, which has its good and bad points – on the one hand they are more natural and enjoy themselves in my presence, on the other hand my figure does not impress them so much any longer. Of course, I still stand out and no one compares to me, but because of me a couple of girls have already used the Salon's services.

I live now in the world that I always wanted to get into, the world of jacuzzi parties, expensive cars, clothes from famous designers and splendor. Every time I enter that space, I'm overtaken with excitement and joy. I feel I belong right here.

I found men who are ready to pay for my company. It excites me that they are so drawn to my body. I can see that in their fascinated eyes, in their touch, their gestures. They can't resist me. I play with them, making increasingly high demands. I can see how they hesitate when I expect new expensive gifts or dinners at elegant restaurants. In the end, they do what I want and I know that I'm worth every dollar they have spent on me.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 04



ARCHIVE: PHASE 04

Sex has got so much more pleasant that it's even difficult to describe! When I went to bed with a man for the first time, I lost all control. The ecstasy was so great that I came after several seconds!

For some time I was obsessed with sex. I wanted to do it as often as possible, in as many ways as possible. In the society they started to gossip that I'm very hot and willing. I would come time after time and I still didn't have enough. Men were delighted with my enthusiasm, but after some time even the customers felt like doing something other than just making love. I purchased some toys and spent my whole days masturbating. I even started to forget my duties. This was crazy! Fortunately, my coworkers from the Clinic noticed what was going on and together we managed to keep my libido within check. I still sometimes feel like locking myself in my room and masturbating without end, but I manage to control this impulse – at least, in the majority of cases.

It couldn't be better, I have all I ever wanted. I look stunning, I live in a beautiful apartment, with a closet full of designer clothes and purses, I meet with rich, influential men who keep giving me new presents. I don't have to toil as a waitress or get bored at university lectures. I'm in my element, at a place I've always wanted to reach. And still, I have this feeling that something is missing. Sometimes, especially when I'm alone, I get an overwhelming sense of dissatisfaction.

Before & After



Anastasia sits opposite me, next to her sits doctor Kent, a man with a piercing gaze and skin as dark as ebony.

“We want your body to become even more exceptional,” says doctor Kent. “We intend to sponsor further enhancements for you.”

I feel my heart go faster. I haven’t even considered that, I didn’t think they would want me to undergo any more surgeries. After all, my body has already been altered so much.

“Are you being serious?”

“Yes, of course,” answers the doctor.

Anastasia bites on her lip.

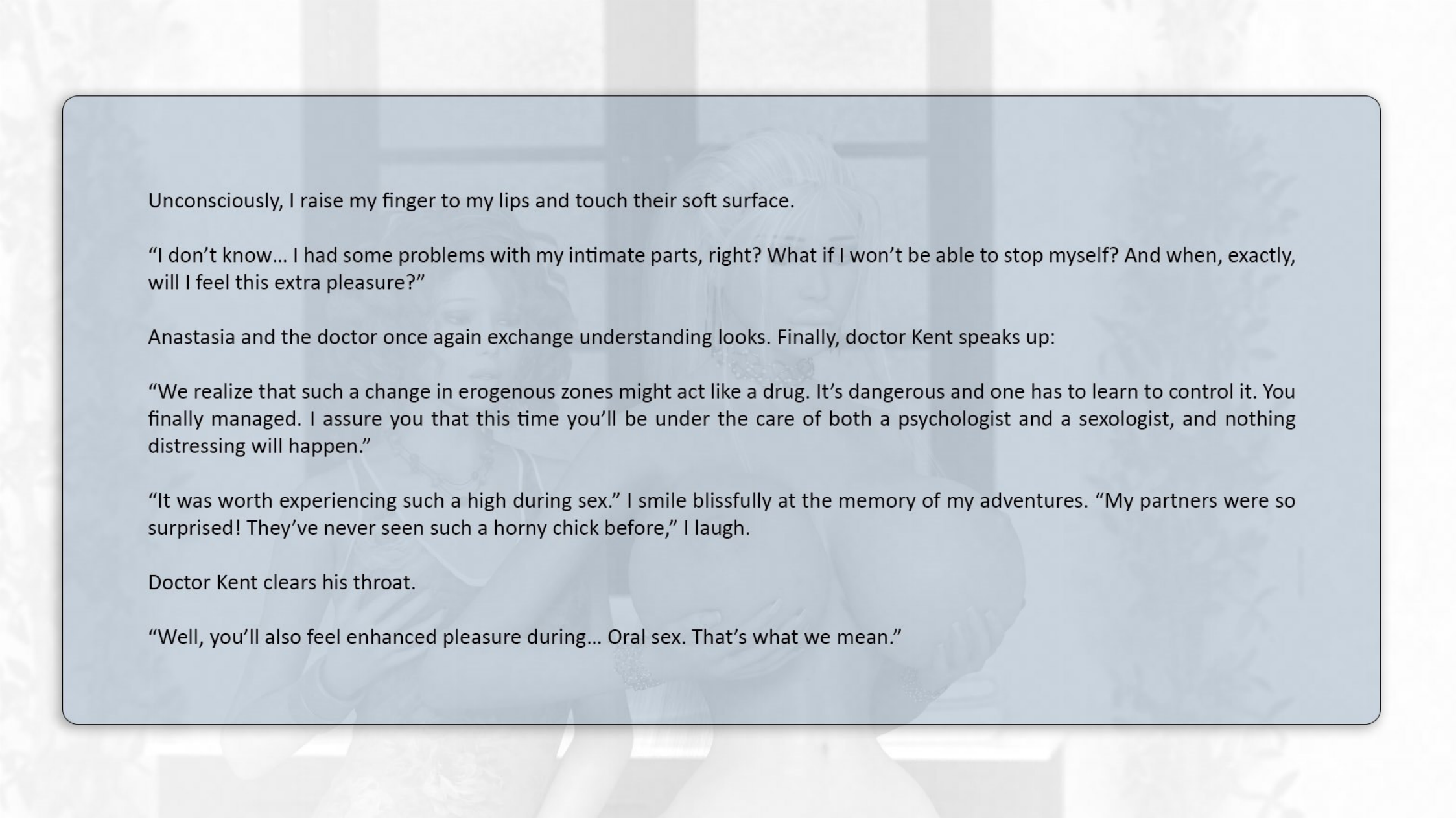
“There is a provision in that contract that says I have to agree first, isn’t there? Wasn’t there something about it mentioned in small print?” I laugh nervously.

Anastasia and doctor Kent exchange looks.

“Actually, there wasn’t,” says the man. “At least listen to what we have in mind for you, all right? You said you liked the changes consisting in making your intimate parts more sensitive. That’s why we thought it might be worthwhile to apply it in other areas as well.

“What areas do you have in mind?”

“For instance, the lips,” explains Anastasia. “This is a sensitive spot anyway, and we want you to feel a more intense pleasure. You already know what it’s like, you’ve experienced it.



Unconsciously, I raise my finger to my lips and touch their soft surface.

“I don’t know... I had some problems with my intimate parts, right? What if I won’t be able to stop myself? And when, exactly, will I feel this extra pleasure?”

Anastasia and the doctor once again exchange understanding looks. Finally, doctor Kent speaks up:

“We realize that such a change in erogenous zones might act like a drug. It’s dangerous and one has to learn to control it. You finally managed. I assure you that this time you’ll be under the care of both a psychologist and a sexologist, and nothing distressing will happen.”

“It was worth experiencing such a high during sex.” I smile blissfully at the memory of my adventures. “My partners were so surprised! They’ve never seen such a horny chick before,” I laugh.

Doctor Kent clears his throat.

“Well, you’ll also feel enhanced pleasure during... Oral sex. That’s what we mean.”

I lick my lips and gently part them. I imagine my lips wrapping around a hardened cock, augmented and sensitive to pleasure. The pleasure from giving a blowjob will greatly increase. Guys will love me. I tremble lightly with pleasure at the thought and my skin seems to pick up static.

“And what when I eat? Or apply lipstick? Won’t that bother me?” I ask, looking in turns at the doctor and Anastasia.

“This could happen, especially at the beginning,” admits the doctor. “With time you’ll learn to control these sensations, but at first even such innocent tasks as eating meals may bring erotic pleasure.”



I lift my eyebrows. A thought about such a transformation seems unnerving, but at the same time it tempts me. My hardened nipples push against the fabric of my bra, I breathe fast, just as if during a physical effort.

“But these are not all of the changes we suggest to make,” doctor Kent continues, not giving me time to reply. He seems strangely excited by what he’s just about to say. “We want to emphasize your buttocks and breasts even more, turn your figure into a real hourglass. That’s why we intend to decrease your waist size.”

“Oh, I heard there are those special corsets which one can use to train a waist,” I interrupt, glad that I know what the doctor is talking about. “You need to wear them almost all the time if you want it to bring results. I saw many celebrities wear them even when they go to the gym.”

“This is not the solution I had in mind,” says doctor Kent. “This won’t give us the desired effect.”

I look at him uncomprehendingly.

“We mean a surgery,” he explains.

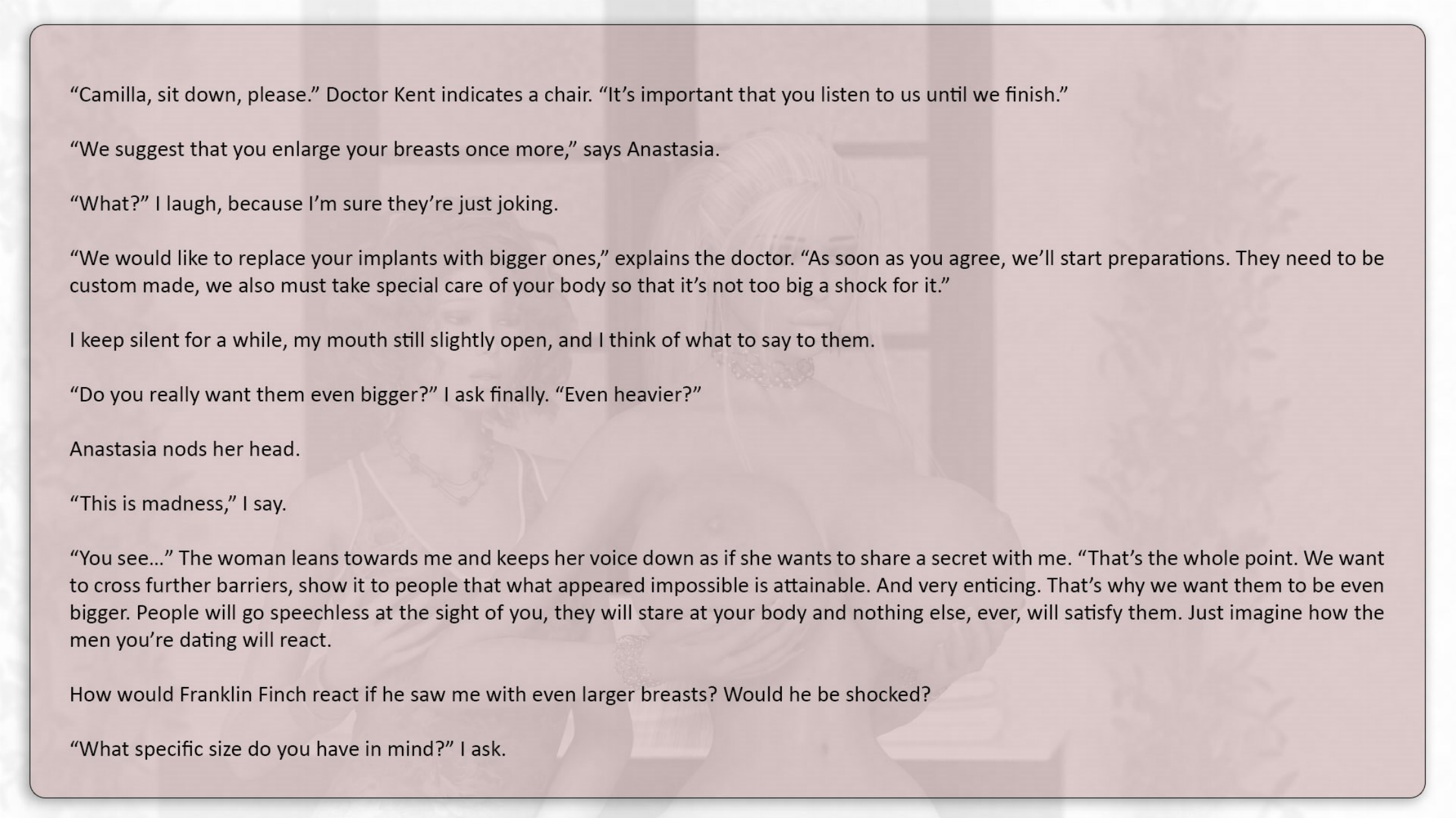
And then he tells me what exactly the procedure entails and what is it all about.

“Your body will have to get used to its new shape, it’s normal. The muscles will need to be strengthened, we’ll have to teach you how to exercise and in what way to maintain good posture. After several weeks you’ll feel yourself again.”

“I’ll think it over and let you know, all right?” I get up and I’m about to say good bye to them when I notice that something’s wrong.

“That’s not all,” says Anastasia. “Let me tell you about all the changes that we have planned.”

“That wasn’t all?” I’m surprised.



“Camilla, sit down, please.” Doctor Kent indicates a chair. “It’s important that you listen to us until we finish.”

“We suggest that you enlarge your breasts once more,” says Anastasia.

“What?” I laugh, because I’m sure they’re just joking.

“We would like to replace your implants with bigger ones,” explains the doctor. “As soon as you agree, we’ll start preparations. They need to be custom made, we also must take special care of your body so that it’s not too big a shock for it.”

I keep silent for a while, my mouth still slightly open, and I think of what to say to them.

“Do you really want them even bigger?” I ask finally. “Even heavier?”

Anastasia nods her head.

“This is madness,” I say.

“You see...” The woman leans towards me and keeps her voice down as if she wants to share a secret with me. “That’s the whole point. We want to cross further barriers, show it to people that what appeared impossible is attainable. And very enticing. That’s why we want them to be even bigger. People will go speechless at the sight of you, they will stare at your body and nothing else, ever, will satisfy them. Just imagine how the men you’re dating will react.

How would Franklin Finch react if he saw me with even larger breasts? Would he be shocked?

“What specific size do you have in mind?” I ask.

“We want the change to be clearly visible,” says doctor Kent. “We’d like the metamorphosis not to proceed by stages, but to be abrupt. We intend to surprise everyone with your sudden metamorphosis. People will talk about nothing else.”

I raise my eyebrow and look at him expectantly, as he hasn’t really answered my question.

“Two thousand?” I ask. “Two liters in each breast, is that what you’re after?”

I try to imagine what it would look like. The bust would be much larger than at present, it’d stick much more forward and to the sides.

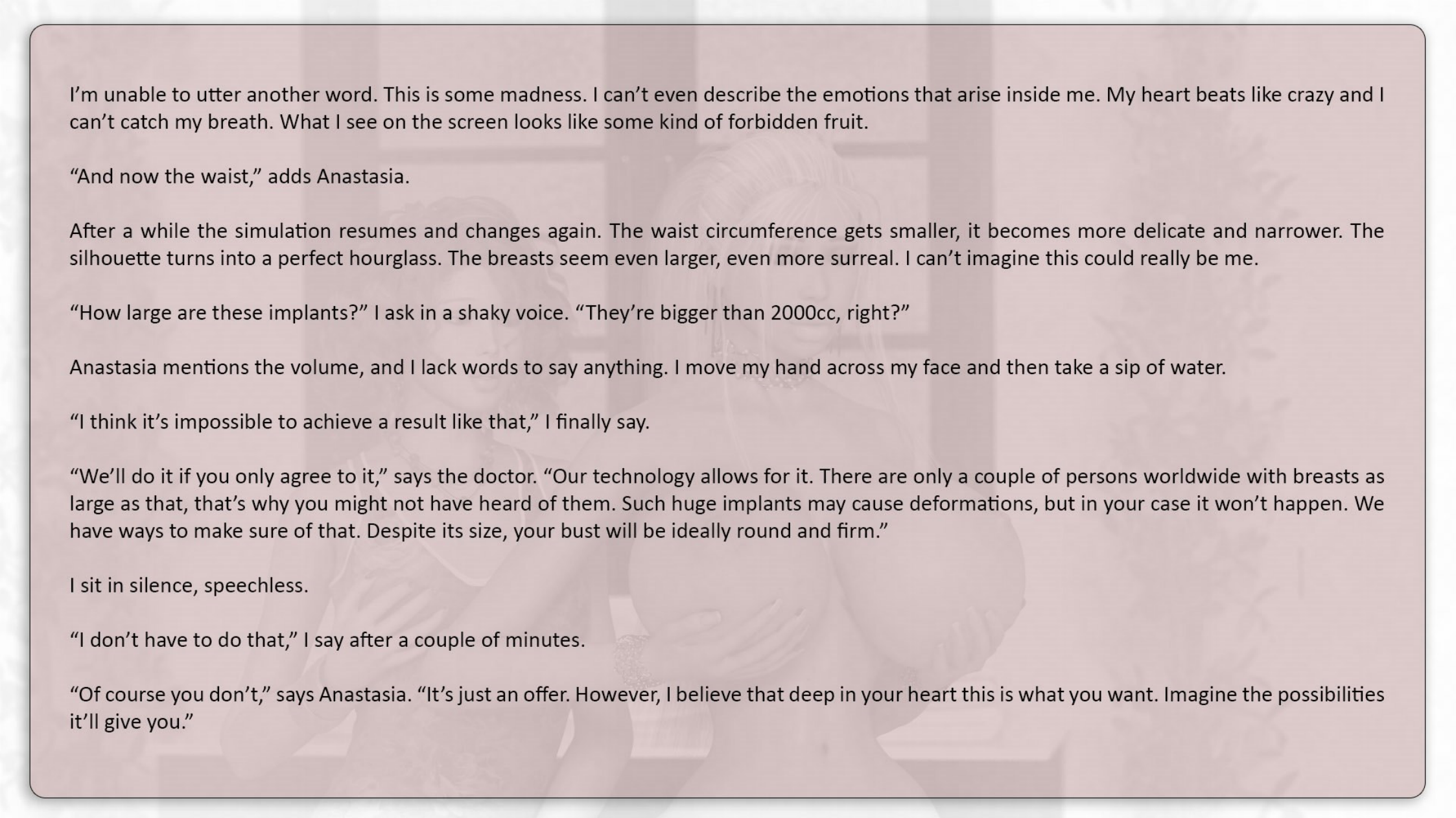
“I’ll show you the visualization,” says Anastasia.

After a while on the monitor there appears the outline of my present figure. The woman clicks several times and the silhouette on the screen begins to change. The bust grows with every second. It gets gradually bigger, rounder, firmer. It changes the proportions of the whole body, making the buttocks and thighs look even slimmer. And then it grows some more and I cover my lips with my hand because I can’t believe that they have planned something like that for me. The breasts grow huge, unrealistically huge, and I realize now that it can’t be 2000cc, but much more. The silhouette on the screen stands straight, but I can almost feel how this bust drags me towards the floor. Such implants must be incredibly heavy. The breasts do not stop growing, they stick so far outwards and to the sides. They climb almost to the line of the collarbones, they meet at the level of the sternum. Finally the animation stops and I look at it in disbelief.

“You’ve planned something like *that* for me?”

Doctor Kent nods his head.

“You’d look stunning,” he says.



I'm unable to utter another word. This is some madness. I can't even describe the emotions that arise inside me. My heart beats like crazy and I can't catch my breath. What I see on the screen looks like some kind of forbidden fruit.

"And now the waist," adds Anastasia.

After a while the simulation resumes and changes again. The waist circumference gets smaller, it becomes more delicate and narrower. The silhouette turns into a perfect hourglass. The breasts seem even larger, even more surreal. I can't imagine this could really be me.

"How large are these implants?" I ask in a shaky voice. "They're bigger than 2000cc, right?"

Anastasia mentions the volume, and I lack words to say anything. I move my hand across my face and then take a sip of water.

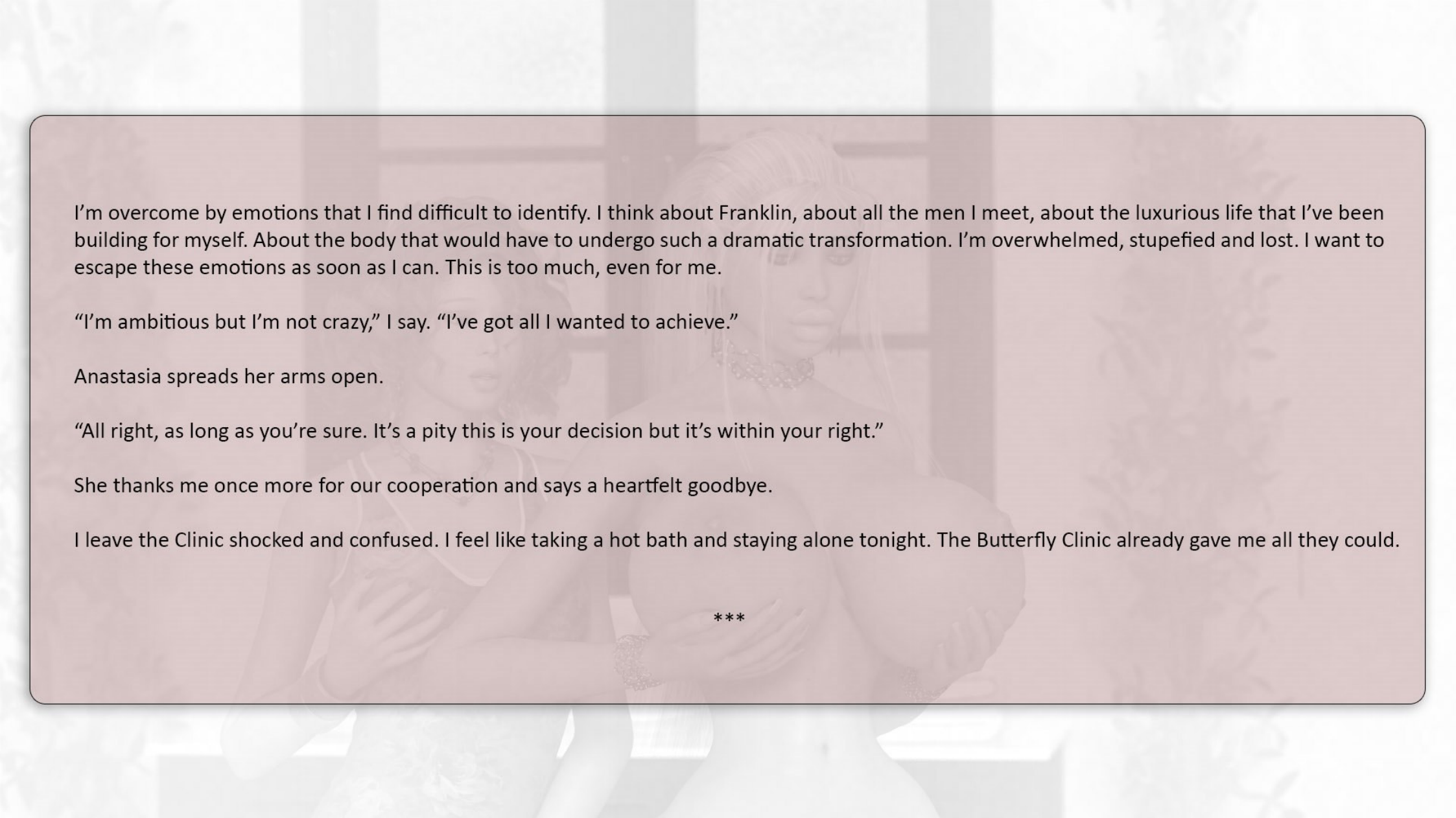
"I think it's impossible to achieve a result like that," I finally say.

"We'll do it if you only agree to it," says the doctor. "Our technology allows for it. There are only a couple of persons worldwide with breasts as large as that, that's why you might not have heard of them. Such huge implants may cause deformations, but in your case it won't happen. We have ways to make sure of that. Despite its size, your bust will be ideally round and firm."

I sit in silence, speechless.

"I don't have to do that," I say after a couple of minutes.

"Of course you don't," says Anastasia. "It's just an offer. However, I believe that deep in your heart this is what you want. Imagine the possibilities it'll give you."



I'm overcome by emotions that I find difficult to identify. I think about Franklin, about all the men I meet, about the luxurious life that I've been building for myself. About the body that would have to undergo such a dramatic transformation. I'm overwhelmed, stupefied and lost. I want to escape these emotions as soon as I can. This is too much, even for me.

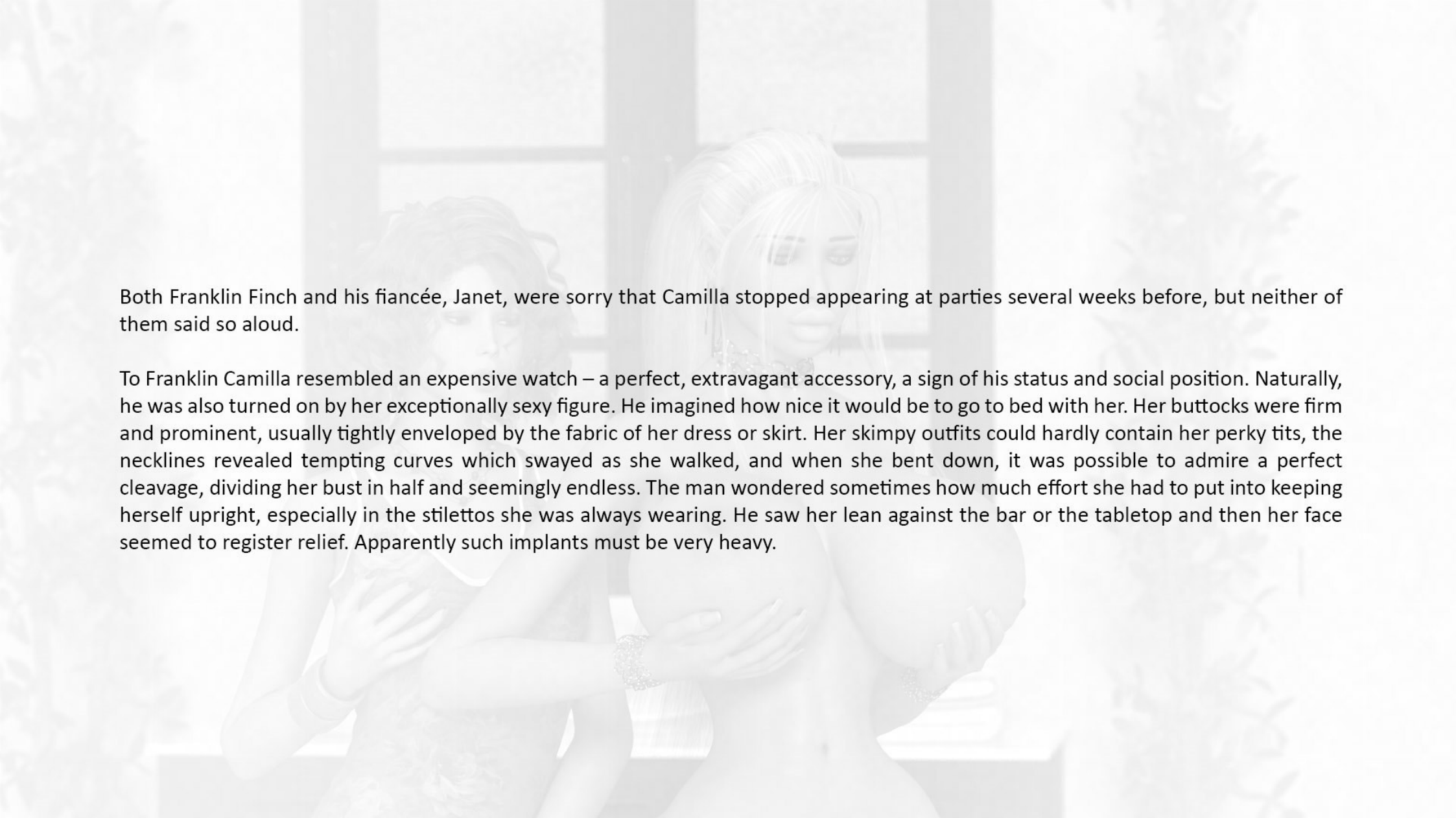
"I'm ambitious but I'm not crazy," I say. "I've got all I wanted to achieve."

Anastasia spreads her arms open.

"All right, as long as you're sure. It's a pity this is your decision but it's within your right."

She thanks me once more for our cooperation and says a heartfelt goodbye.

I leave the Clinic shocked and confused. I feel like taking a hot bath and staying alone tonight. The Butterfly Clinic already gave me all they could.



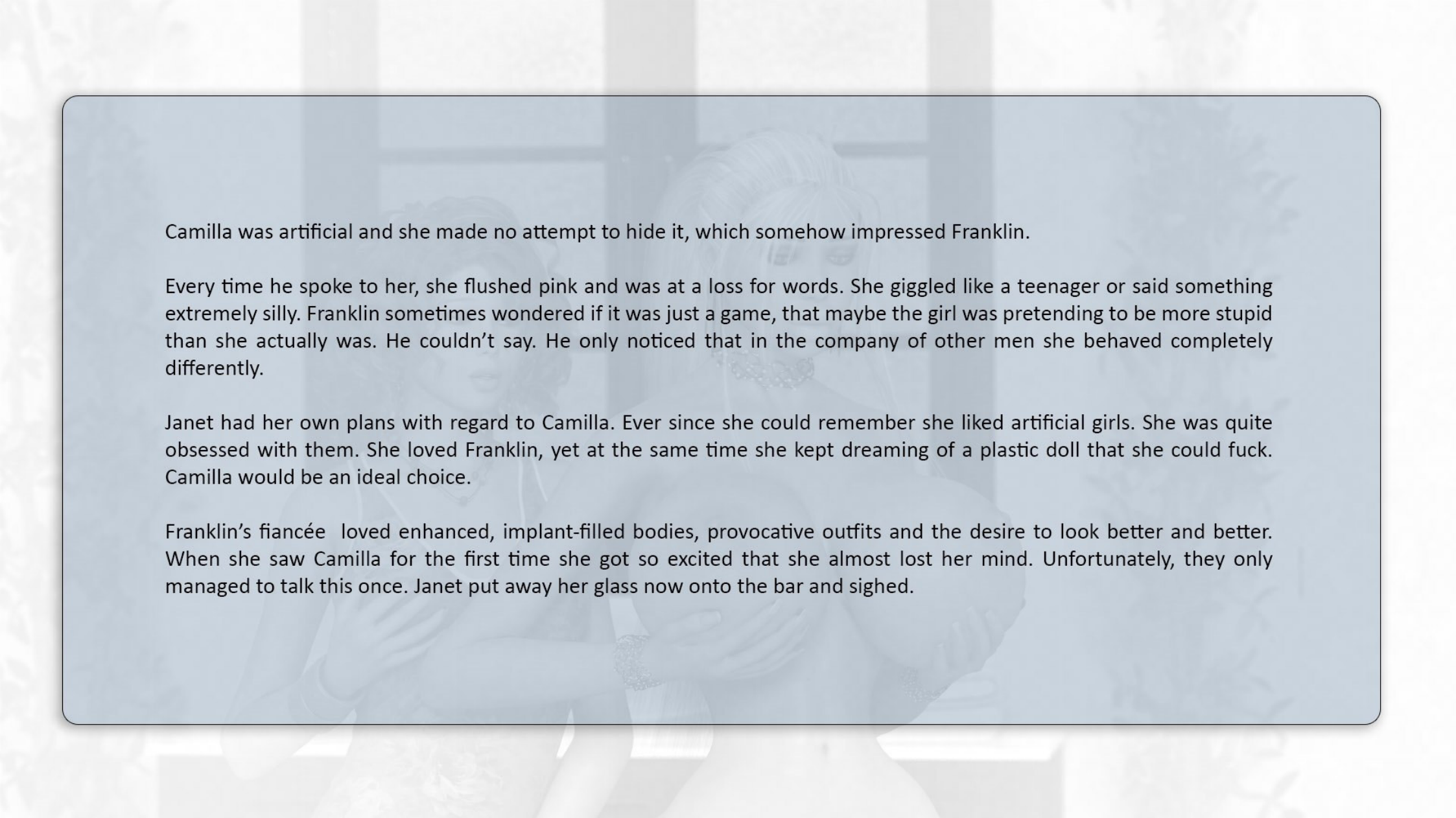
Both Franklin Finch and his fiancée, Janet, were sorry that Camilla stopped appearing at parties several weeks before, but neither of them said so aloud.

To Franklin Camilla resembled an expensive watch – a perfect, extravagant accessory, a sign of his status and social position. Naturally, he was also turned on by her exceptionally sexy figure. He imagined how nice it would be to go to bed with her. Her buttocks were firm and prominent, usually tightly enveloped by the fabric of her dress or skirt. Her skimpy outfits could hardly contain her perky tits, the necklines revealed tempting curves which swayed as she walked, and when she bent down, it was possible to admire a perfect cleavage, dividing her bust in half and seemingly endless. The man wondered sometimes how much effort she had to put into keeping herself upright, especially in the stilettos she was always wearing. He saw her lean against the bar or the tabletop and then her face seemed to register relief. Apparently such implants must be very heavy.

He loved to watch her plump lips move when she spoke. They must have been enhanced, because the line they formed was not quite natural. It excited him to see her lick them or bite the lower lip when lost in thought.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 04



Camilla was artificial and she made no attempt to hide it, which somehow impressed Franklin.

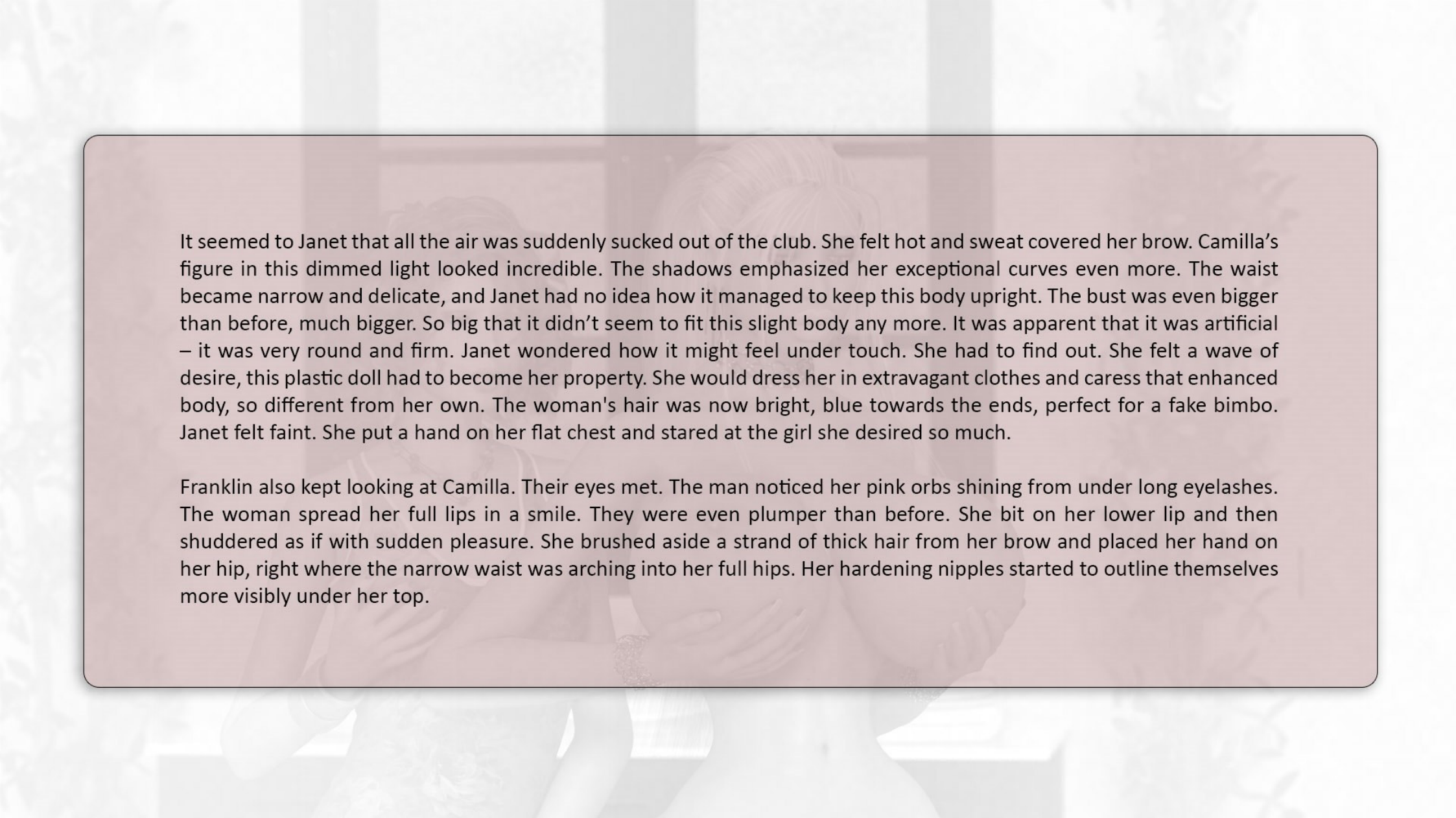
Every time he spoke to her, she flushed pink and was at a loss for words. She giggled like a teenager or said something extremely silly. Franklin sometimes wondered if it was just a game, that maybe the girl was pretending to be more stupid than she actually was. He couldn't say. He only noticed that in the company of other men she behaved completely differently.

Janet had her own plans with regard to Camilla. Ever since she could remember she liked artificial girls. She was quite obsessed with them. She loved Franklin, yet at the same time she kept dreaming of a plastic doll that she could fuck. Camilla would be an ideal choice.

Franklin's fiancée loved enhanced, implant-filled bodies, provocative outfits and the desire to look better and better. When she saw Camilla for the first time she got so excited that she almost lost her mind. Unfortunately, they only managed to talk this once. Janet put away her glass now onto the bar and sighed.

Suddenly, all voices in the club hushed. There was a communal sigh and then the conversations picked up with the doubled volume. All eyes moved towards the entrance, where Camilla was standing. She was changed even more than ever, her body so amazing that it seemed unreal.





It seemed to Janet that all the air was suddenly sucked out of the club. She felt hot and sweat covered her brow. Camilla's figure in this dimmed light looked incredible. The shadows emphasized her exceptional curves even more. The waist became narrow and delicate, and Janet had no idea how it managed to keep this body upright. The bust was even bigger than before, much bigger. So big that it didn't seem to fit this slight body any more. It was apparent that it was artificial – it was very round and firm. Janet wondered how it might feel under touch. She had to find out. She felt a wave of desire, this plastic doll had to become her property. She would dress her in extravagant clothes and caress that enhanced body, so different from her own. The woman's hair was now bright, blue towards the ends, perfect for a fake bimbo. Janet felt faint. She put a hand on her flat chest and stared at the girl she desired so much.

Franklin also kept looking at Camilla. Their eyes met. The man noticed her pink orbs shining from under long eyelashes. The woman spread her full lips in a smile. They were even plumper than before. She bit on her lower lip and then shuddered as if with sudden pleasure. She brushed aside a strand of thick hair from her brow and placed her hand on her hip, right where the narrow waist was arching into her full hips. Her hardening nipples started to outline themselves more visibly under her top.




ARCHIVE: PHASE 05

Camilla tottered in her high heels and propped herself up against a table. It required some effort for her to keep upright and Franklin was hardly surprised. She waved her hand as if she suddenly felt very hot. There was empty space around her, as people were moving away. Franklin approached her quickly and took her under her elbow, helping her to stay upright. All eyes were directed at the two of them.

Camilla blushed. The man had to notice that up close her bust seemed even larger. The skin was as tight as it possibly could. The breasts protruded so far out, the bust seemed so heavy, it was no surprise that Camilla found it difficult to keep her balance.

“Everything all right?” he asked.



Franklin asks if everything is all right. I look at him, confused, and open my mouth slightly, but I'm unable to speak. I lean against his arm. It's really difficult for me – I didn't think it would be so hard to get used to these new breasts.

Yes, I decided on the modifications suggested by the Clinic although they were so radical.

When I looked down for the first time and saw how huge my breasts had become, I cried out with shock. They obscured my view completely, and the skin was so taut that I wasn't able to stretch myself. I saw blue veins under my skin. It seemed to me that the implants would explode any moment now. It was necessary to prepare a special custom-made post-op bra for me.

I was terrified and overwhelmed; I was sorry I decided to do that procedure. I'd already been thinking that 3000cc was definitely too much and when I woke up after the surgery, it took me a long time to recover.

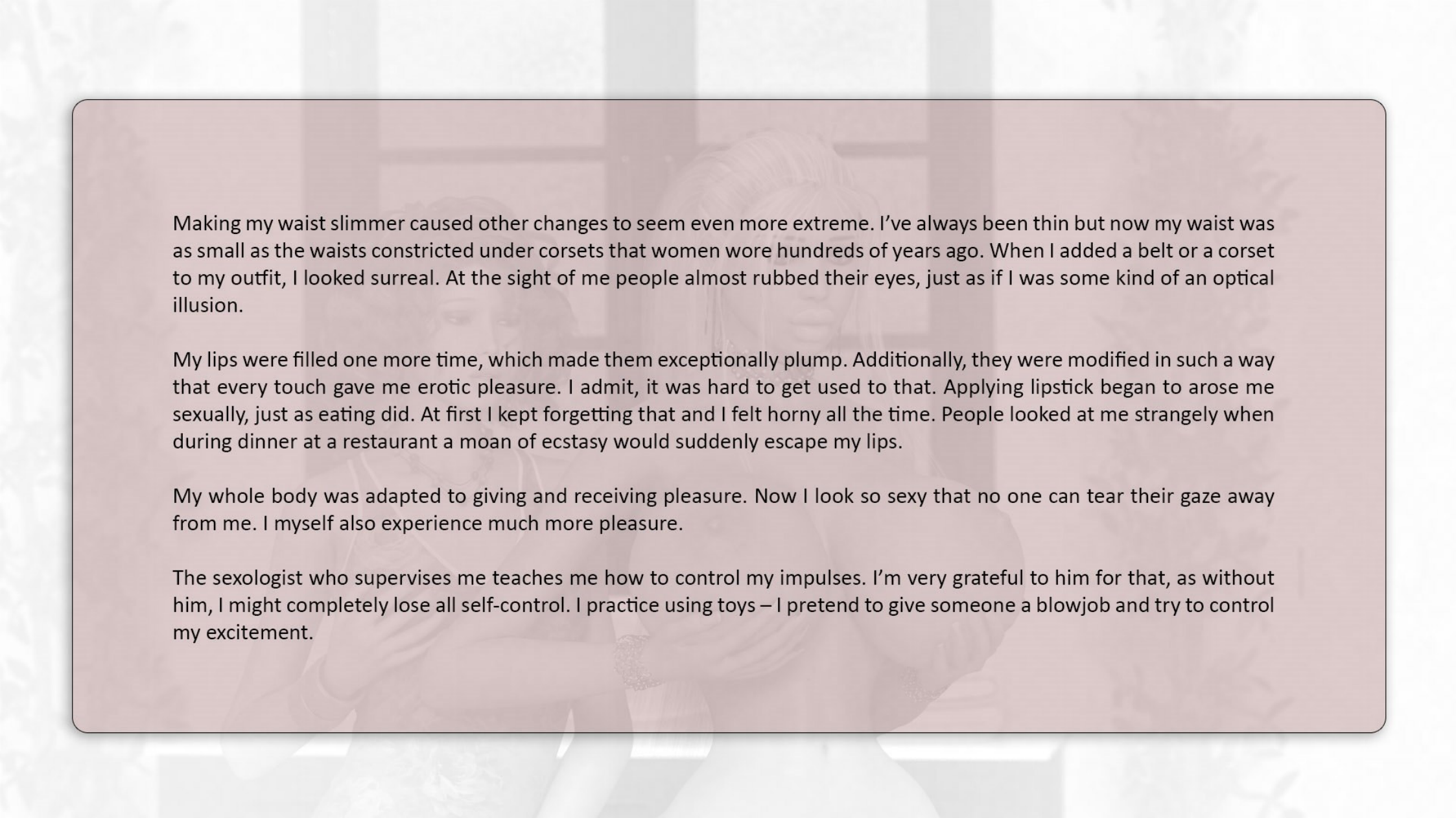
My tits became so huge that I wasn't able to work out in a normal manner, though I used to like it so much. It was difficult to carry their weight, my arms were constantly brushing them. It was as if my whole life suddenly became subject to this single, artificially enlarged part of my body. I was convinced that I made a terrible mistake.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 05

I knew that was what it would look like, the doctors had told me about it numerous times, but it is simply impossible to make oneself ready for something like that.

It was only with time that I learned to accept them. I'm still sure that they are disproportionately large, but at least I already know that I can get used to them.

A faded background image showing a woman in a corset and a man in a suit. The woman is in the foreground, looking slightly to the right, and the man is behind her, looking towards the camera. The image is semi-transparent and serves as a backdrop for the text.

Making my waist slimmer caused other changes to seem even more extreme. I've always been thin but now my waist was as small as the waists constricted under corsets that women wore hundreds of years ago. When I added a belt or a corset to my outfit, I looked surreal. At the sight of me people almost rubbed their eyes, just as if I was some kind of an optical illusion.

My lips were filled one more time, which made them exceptionally plump. Additionally, they were modified in such a way that every touch gave me erotic pleasure. I admit, it was hard to get used to that. Applying lipstick began to arouse me sexually, just as eating did. At first I kept forgetting that and I felt horny all the time. People looked at me strangely when during dinner at a restaurant a moan of ecstasy would suddenly escape my lips.

My whole body was adapted to giving and receiving pleasure. Now I look so sexy that no one can tear their gaze away from me. I myself also experience much more pleasure.

The sexologist who supervises me teaches me how to control my impulses. I'm very grateful to him for that, as without him, I might completely lose all self-control. I practice using toys – I pretend to give someone a blowjob and try to control my excitement.

Soon after that I knelt in front of one of my clients and, for the first time since the surgery, I took a cock into my mouth. My lips enveloped this stiff manhood softly and my partner had some trouble slowing down the growing ecstasy. I shivered with excitement. My lips were pulsing with blood that was flowing through them, they got as hot as my pussy does when I'm horny. I had a sense that my lips transformed into labia and that my most intimate parts are now visible for all to see. When I was moving my head to caress my client, I was on the point of orgasm. I had to ask him to tie my hands behind my back, otherwise I wouldn't be able to stop myself from masturbating. My thighs were wet with my pleasure juices, I had problems catching my breath and kept moaning aloud. Ever since it's become my favorite way to have sex. I fantasize all the time about what it would be like if both of my sensitive holes were being satisfied by two men at the same time. I don't know if I'd be able to deal with that.



Now that Franklin supports me, holding my arm, I can't think of anything else but what it would be like to give him a blowjob. This crazy thought comes to my mind: to just kneel in front of him, here and now, and to satisfy him under the eyes of all these people. I know I'm capable of that. I close my eyes and imagine the stern face of my sexologist explaining to me how to deal with such impulses.

"I'm a little dizzy," I finally answer Franklin's question.

And that's where I should stop, but I discover to my own horror that my lips form to pronounce next sentences almost against my will.

"This top might be just a little bit too tight and it's difficult to breathe. So hard to find something that will fit my bust well," I say. "And they're so heavy that it's hard to straighten up."

The man lifts an eyebrow and smiles a little.

"I can imagine," he says.

More and more people gather around us. Franklin brings me a glass of water. I breathe heavily and my bust heaves, pushing against the fabric of the top. It might really be too tight. I hear people around me commenting on my looks. They talk about my perky buttocks, huge bust and such a narrow waist. Their whole attention is focused on me. Again I feel that it was worth it. It pays to have undergone all of these procedures, to have survived the recovery and dealt with all these everyday problems just for a moment like this one. I'm in the center of attention. I don't belong to this world, but at the moment it revolves around me. This evening I am the sensation. No one stays indifferent to me. Some people scorn and sneer, other look down on me, but the majority is simply fascinated. Men look at me as if I was a trophy, as if they had to get me and were only judging whether they could afford me. I smile with triumph. Every one of them wants me at least to give them a single look. They completely ignore their wives and partners; these women simply can't compare to me.

I take a sip of water.



“Your lipstick has smudged a little,” Franklin says and before I can react he touches my lips, wiping it off.

I tremble and moan with ecstasy. My body tenses under this unexpected caress. The man looks at me, surprised. In the crowd, someone laughs, the room is again full of din and commotion. I smile at Franklin apologetically.

I can't believe that such a man is interested in me. If someone told me something like that before my transformation, I would have laughed at them. This is a dream come true and I'll do anything for him to get even closer to me. I give him a cow-eyed look and feel all my restraints give way. My femininity pulses and gets warmer. I take his hand and bite on my lip. Ecstasy pierces my whole body, I can't think, as if I were in a trance.

"I want to give you a blowjob," I say to him.

My heart beats like crazy, I look him straight in the eye and squeeze his hand harder.

"I'll bring you some more water," he replies, taking the glass out of my hand.

He leaves and my eyes follow him. I don't know if people around us heard what I told him, but I guess they did.

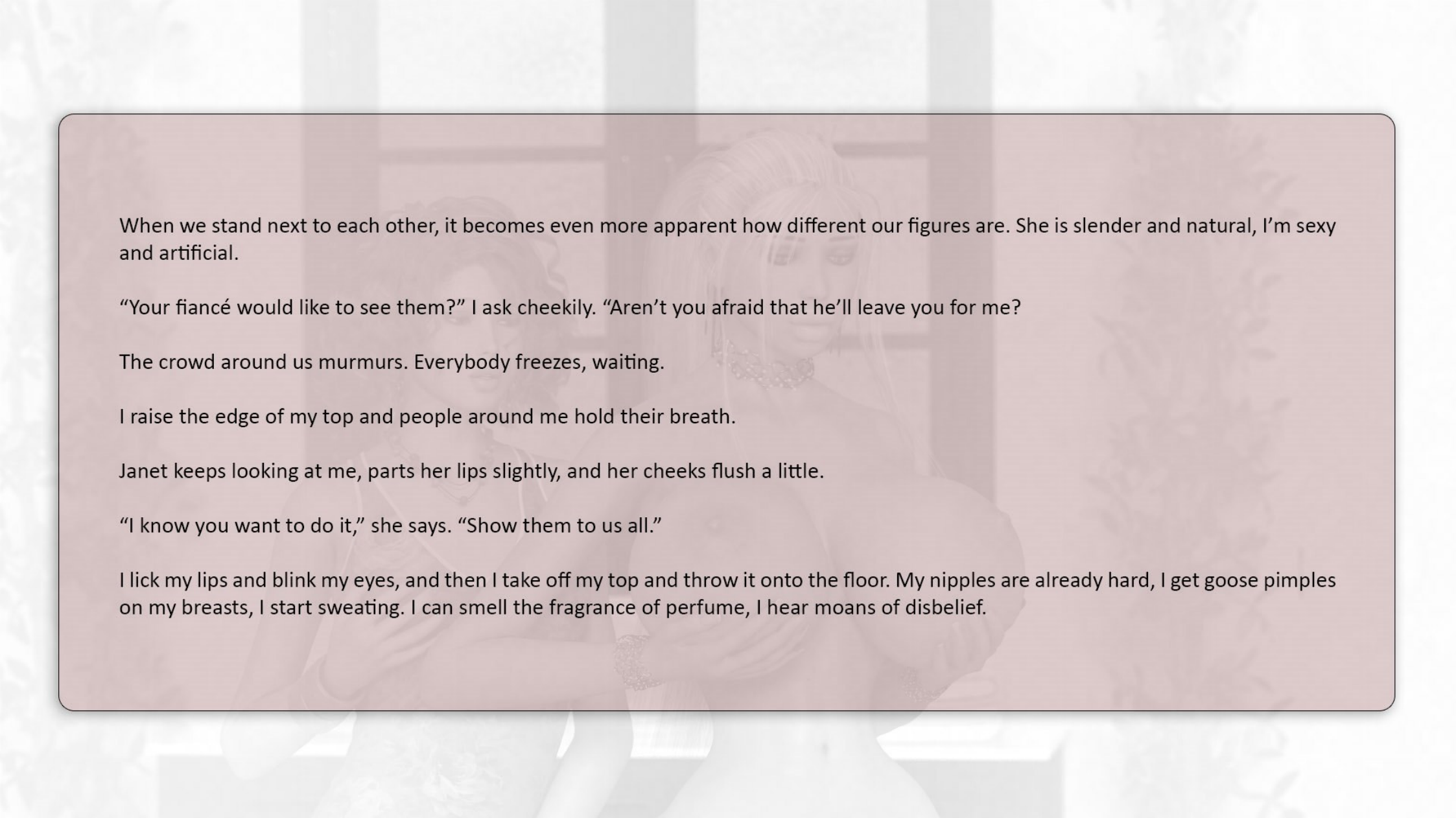
"Show us your tits!" a woman shouts in the crowd.

I remember now that I had talked with her before. Later I found out that her name was Janet and she was Franklin's fiancée.

People react with whistles, outraged cries and laughter. All faces are directed towards me. In men's eyes I can see hope and desire, they look at my bust and can't tear their eyes away. They desire me, they want to look at me, they're unable to hide it.

Janet squeezes through the crowd towards me.

"Everybody wants to see your new breasts, Camilla," she says.



When we stand next to each other, it becomes even more apparent how different our figures are. She is slender and natural, I'm sexy and artificial.

"Your fiancé would like to see them?" I ask cheekily. "Aren't you afraid that he'll leave you for me?"

The crowd around us murmurs. Everybody freezes, waiting.

I raise the edge of my top and people around me hold their breath.

Janet keeps looking at me, parts her lips slightly, and her cheeks flush a little.

"I know you want to do it," she says. "Show them to us all."

I lick my lips and blink my eyes, and then I take off my top and throw it onto the floor. My nipples are already hard, I get goose pimples on my breasts, I start sweating. I can smell the fragrance of perfume, I hear moans of disbelief.



I slid two fingers into my mouth and begin to suck on them. Franklin, having just come back with a glass of water, looks at me as if hypnotized. I look him straight in the eye. The delight spreads, starting in my mouth, across my whole body, I sigh and tense all my muscles. I feel as if I were drunk, although I haven't had even a sip of alcohol. Blood buzzes in my ears, I'm dazed, everything around me seems unreal. My hand travels between my thighs, I reach under my skirt and start pushing my panties aside.

People cover their mouths and laugh nervously, their eyes are filled with desire and fascination. I can see just how much they admire me.

On the edge of my field of vision I register some quick movement. That's the security – after a couple of seconds two guys grab me under my elbows and drag me out of the room. They both can't stop from themselves looking at my bust. They take me to an office and tell me to get dressed. I ask them to let me go to the restroom. In the stall I quickly slid down my panties and start caressing myself intensely, with total abandon. With one hand I penetrate my pussy, I suck on the fingers of the other hand. I come very quickly and I lose my balance, I need to lean against the cool tiles because suddenly I feel faint.

It's only then that I realize I have gone too far.



The next visit to the Butterfly Clinic is a disaster. I can't believe that they really expelled me from the program due to my behavior at that party. I leave the building, furious. In the street I notice a familiar face – it's Janet, Franklin's girlfriend. She looks at me with fascination and desire. She stares at my breasts and then beckons me to come over with a decisive gesture of her hand.

Going towards her, the whole time I can feel how heavy my breasts are. I knew at once that 3000cc was too much, I have no idea why I agreed to that. I can't exercise as usual and I had always liked it so much. I train under the supervision of specialists who advise me how to take care of my improved body. No sports bra can contain such a bust, or to support it effectively. I get tired faster and have to struggle with back pain.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 05

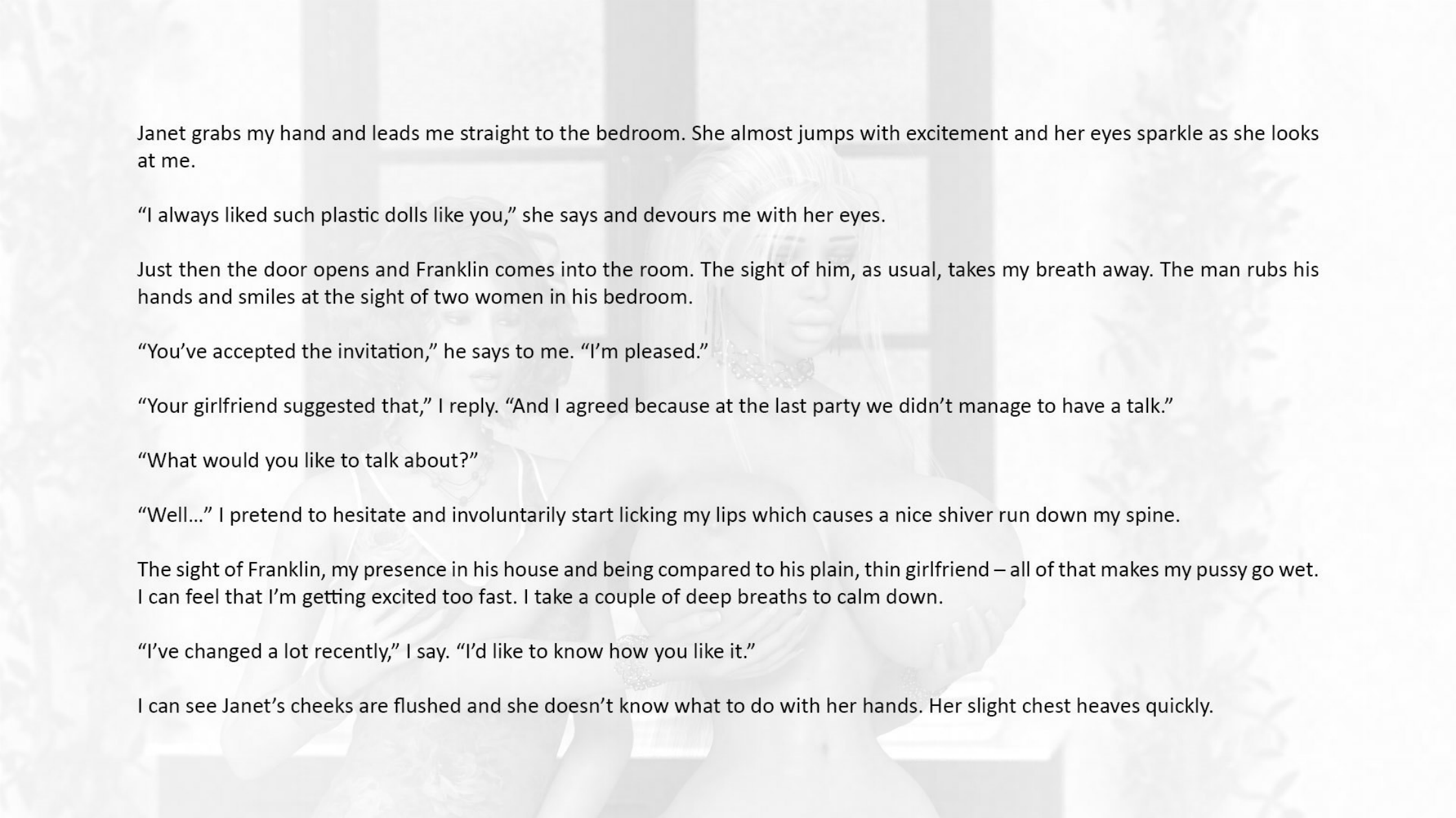


Janet invites me into her car. At first I'm reluctant but finally my curiosity takes over. In the car, she presents me with an offer.

"You fancy my boyfriend, right?" she asks with the directness that makes me speechless. "We can go to our place, you'll meet him and we'll see which one of us he likes better."

I smile and accept, surprised with this girl's naivety. How can she think that she stands a chance, compared with me? My figure causes me much trouble but it's so sexy that there are few people that can resist me.

Franklin's house is luxurious and impressive. When I leave the car I put my arm under my bust – when I bend over, my breasts painfully drag me down. My waist is so narrow that it takes enormous effort just to keep upright. Despite exercises, it's difficult for me to deal with the additional weight. There are already three other gleaming sports cars on in the driveway. The house is surrounded with a huge, well kept garden. The trees hide it from the sight of strangers; I notice a large pool and a fountain. No expenses were spared while decorating that interior – my heels click on the marble floor, and when I put my hand on the couch's upholstery, I realize it's genuine leather. In the air I can smell the fragrance of fresh flowers that are arranged in a vase standing on the mantelpiece. But most of all, I'm impressed by the size of this place – I've never seen such a huge living room, such ostentatious waste of space. I imagine that soon I might be living here and I smile impulsively.



Janet grabs my hand and leads me straight to the bedroom. She almost jumps with excitement and her eyes sparkle as she looks at me.

“I always liked such plastic dolls like you,” she says and devours me with her eyes.

Just then the door opens and Franklin comes into the room. The sight of him, as usual, takes my breath away. The man rubs his hands and smiles at the sight of two women in his bedroom.

“You’ve accepted the invitation,” he says to me. “I’m pleased.”

“Your girlfriend suggested that,” I reply. “And I agreed because at the last party we didn’t manage to have a talk.”

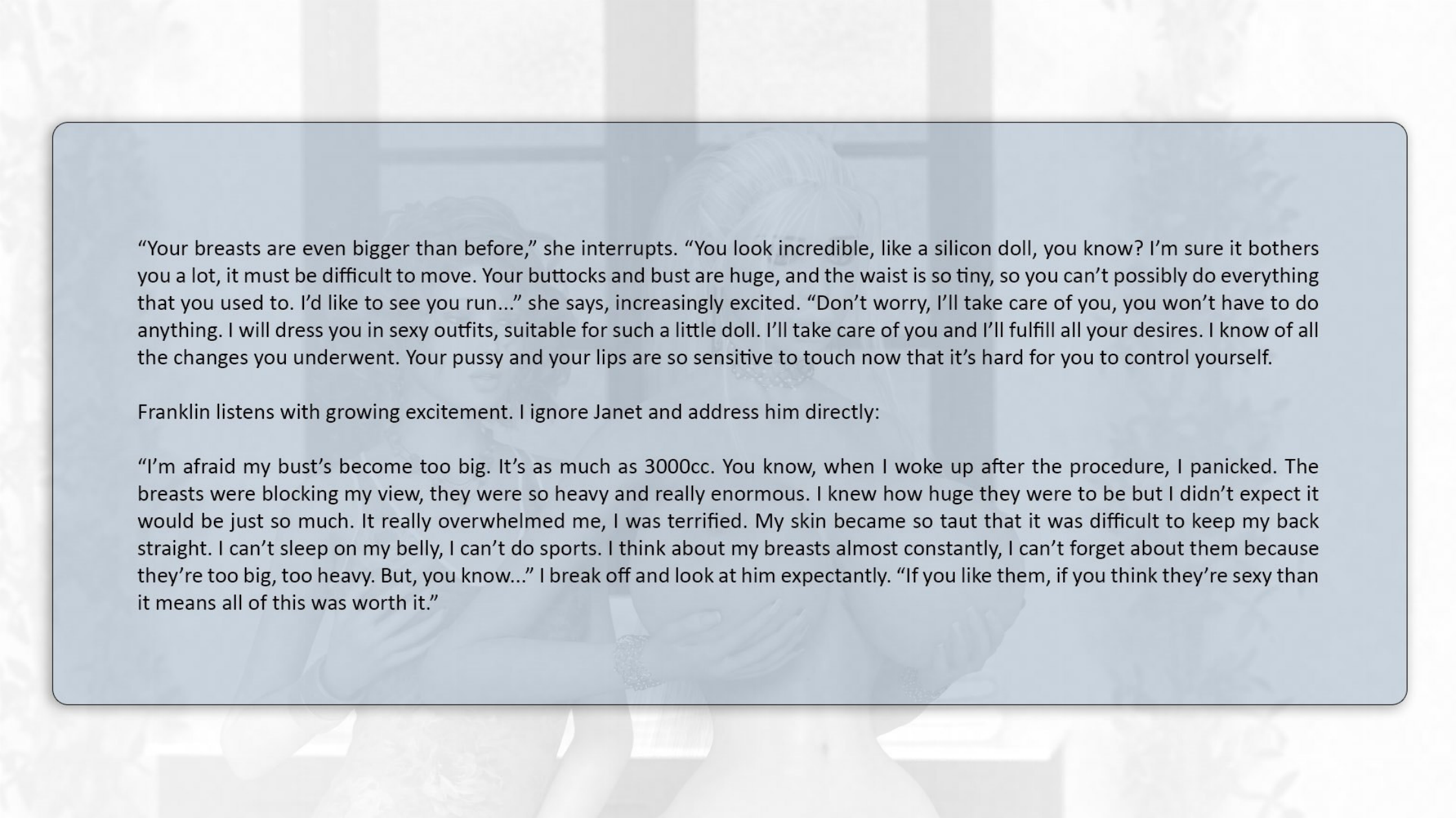
“What would you like to talk about?”

“Well...” I pretend to hesitate and involuntarily start licking my lips which causes a nice shiver run down my spine.

The sight of Franklin, my presence in his house and being compared to his plain, thin girlfriend – all of that makes my pussy go wet. I can feel that I’m getting excited too fast. I take a couple of deep breaths to calm down.

“I’ve changed a lot recently,” I say. “I’d like to know how you like it.”

I can see Janet’s cheeks are flushed and she doesn’t know what to do with her hands. Her slight chest heaves quickly.



“Your breasts are even bigger than before,” she interrupts. “You look incredible, like a silicon doll, you know? I’m sure it bothers you a lot, it must be difficult to move. Your buttocks and bust are huge, and the waist is so tiny, so you can’t possibly do everything that you used to. I’d like to see you run...” she says, increasingly excited. “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you, you won’t have to do anything. I will dress you in sexy outfits, suitable for such a little doll. I’ll take care of you and I’ll fulfill all your desires. I know of all the changes you underwent. Your pussy and your lips are so sensitive to touch now that it’s hard for you to control yourself.

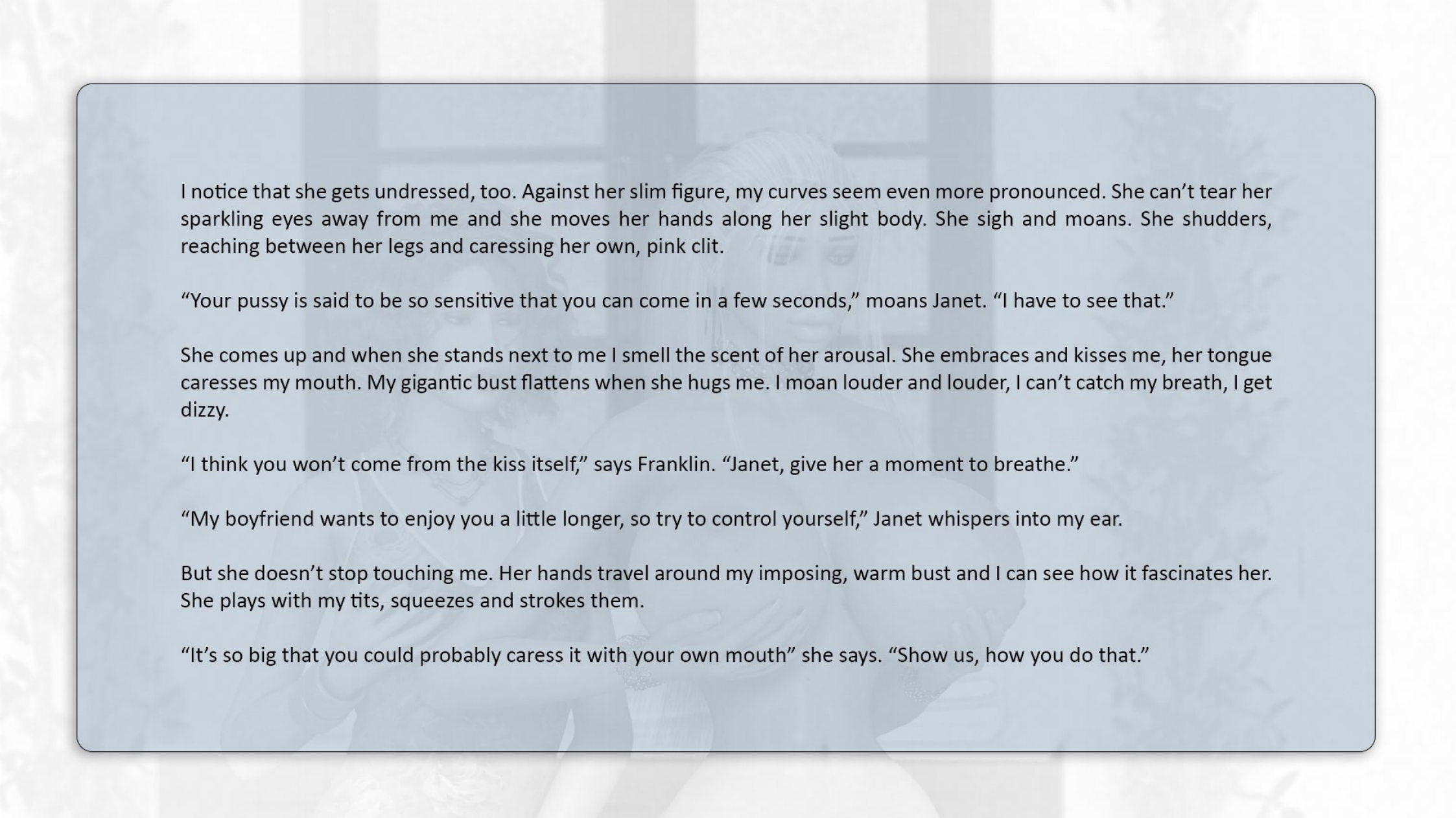
Franklin listens with growing excitement. I ignore Janet and address him directly:

“I’m afraid my bust’s become too big. It’s as much as 3000cc. You know, when I woke up after the procedure, I panicked. The breasts were blocking my view, they were so heavy and really enormous. I knew how huge they were to be but I didn’t expect it would be just so much. It really overwhelmed me, I was terrified. My skin became so taut that it was difficult to keep my back straight. I can’t sleep on my belly, I can’t do sports. I think about my breasts almost constantly, I can’t forget about them because they’re too big, too heavy. But, you know...” I break off and look at him expectantly. “If you like them, if you think they’re sexy than it means all of this was worth it.”



Intuition tells me what to do now. I don't give Franklin time to reply. I take off my clothes, one item after another. Without support, my bust seems even heavier. When I lean over, I can hardly keep my balance. For an instant the fabric of my skirt gets stuck across my big buttocks – the difference between waist and hips is so huge that it's almost impossible to find clothes that would be stretchy enough. I breathe faster and faster, my skin gets hot. My pussy pulsates, and my clit swells, it gets wet and waits for a caress. I can't stop myself and I touch my lips looking Franklin straight in the eye. I bite on my plump lip and feel that the excitement takes over. I moan and squeeze my nipples.

"Fantastic," sighs Janet.



I notice that she gets undressed, too. Against her slim figure, my curves seem even more pronounced. She can't tear her sparkling eyes away from me and she moves her hands along her slight body. She sigh and moans. She shudders, reaching between her legs and caressing her own, pink clit.

“Your pussy is said to be so sensitive that you can come in a few seconds,” moans Janet. “I have to see that.”

She comes up and when she stands next to me I smell the scent of her arousal. She embraces and kisses me, her tongue caresses my mouth. My gigantic bust flattens when she hugs me. I moan louder and louder, I can't catch my breath, I get dizzy.

“I think you won't come from the kiss itself,” says Franklin. “Janet, give her a moment to breathe.”

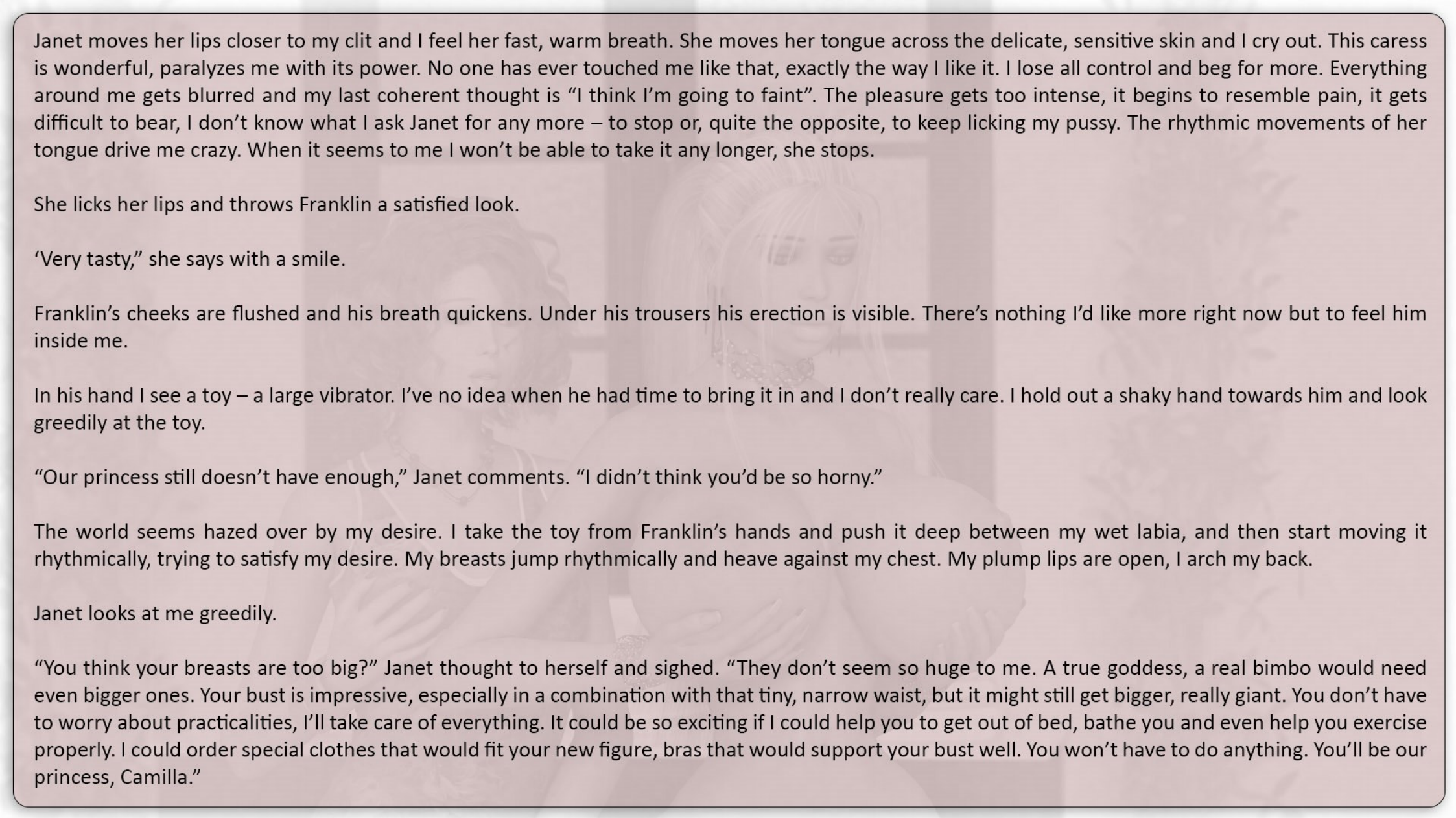
“My boyfriend wants to enjoy you a little longer, so try to control yourself,” Janet whispers into my ear.

But she doesn't stop touching me. Her hands travel around my imposing, warm bust and I can see how it fascinates her. She plays with my tits, squeezes and strokes them.

“It's so big that you could probably caress it with your own mouth” she says. “Show us, how you do that.”



I look Franklin in the eye and lift my heavy breast, I stick out my tongue and lick the warm skin, damp with sweat. My pussy gets even warmer, I can feel wetness dribbling down the inside of my thigh. I start to shake, as if I had a fever.



Janet moves her lips closer to my clit and I feel her fast, warm breath. She moves her tongue across the delicate, sensitive skin and I cry out. This caress is wonderful, paralyzes me with its power. No one has ever touched me like that, exactly the way I like it. I lose all control and beg for more. Everything around me gets blurred and my last coherent thought is “I think I’m going to faint”. The pleasure gets too intense, it begins to resemble pain, it gets difficult to bear, I don’t know what I ask Janet for any more – to stop or, quite the opposite, to keep licking my pussy. The rhythmic movements of her tongue drive me crazy. When it seems to me I won’t be able to take it any longer, she stops.

She licks her lips and throws Franklin a satisfied look.

“Very tasty,” she says with a smile.

Franklin’s cheeks are flushed and his breath quickens. Under his trousers his erection is visible. There’s nothing I’d like more right now but to feel him inside me.

In his hand I see a toy – a large vibrator. I’ve no idea when he had time to bring it in and I don’t really care. I hold out a shaky hand towards him and look greedily at the toy.

“Our princess still doesn’t have enough,” Janet comments. “I didn’t think you’d be so horny.”

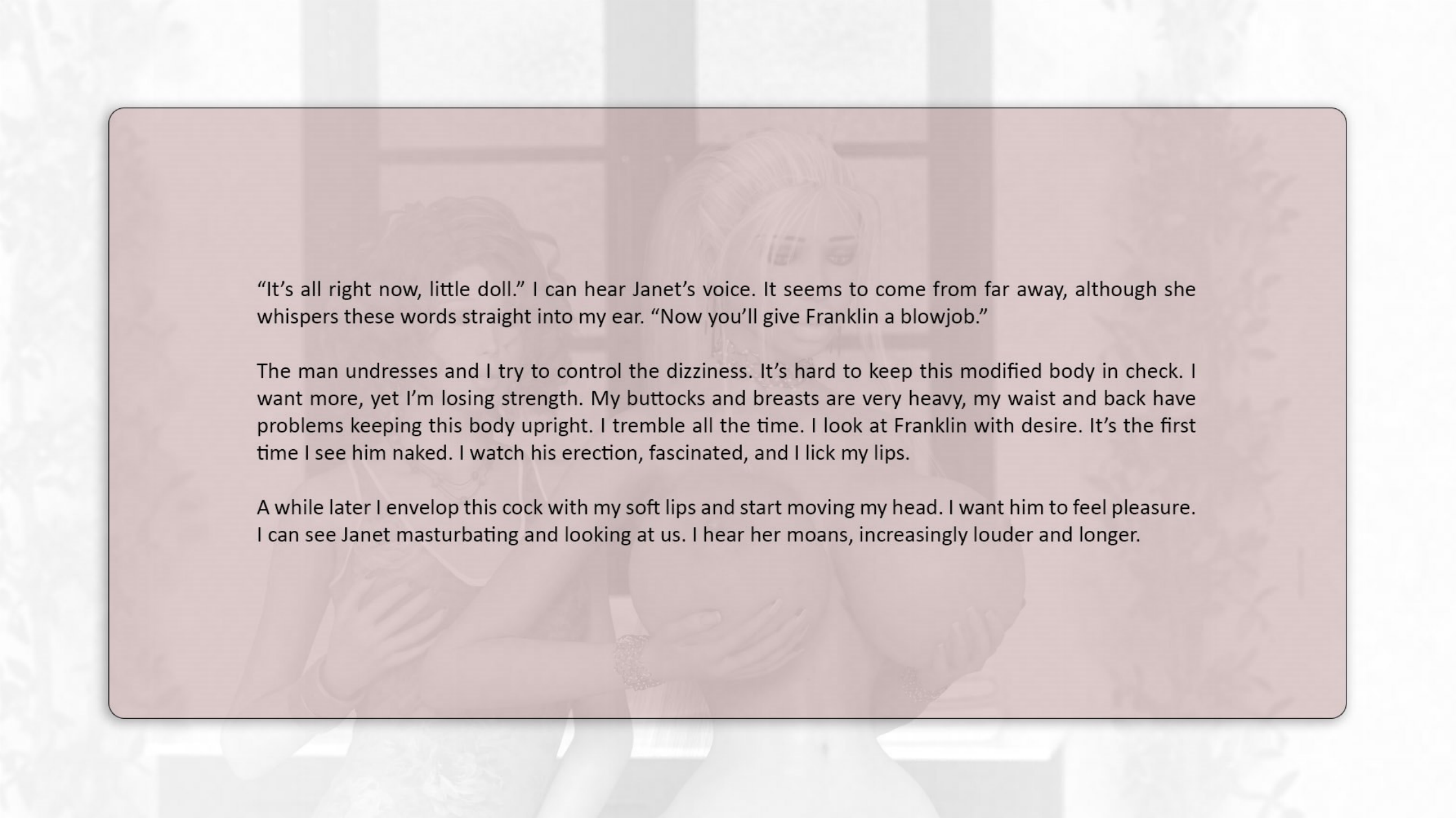
The world seems hazed over by my desire. I take the toy from Franklin’s hands and push it deep between my wet labia, and then start moving it rhythmically, trying to satisfy my desire. My breasts jump rhythmically and heave against my chest. My plump lips are open, I arch my back.

Janet looks at me greedily.

“You think your breasts are too big?” Janet thought to herself and sighed. “They don’t seem so huge to me. A true goddess, a real bimbo would need even bigger ones. Your bust is impressive, especially in a combination with that tiny, narrow waist, but it might still get bigger, really giant. You don’t have to worry about practicalities, I’ll take care of everything. It could be so exciting if I could help you to get out of bed, bathe you and even help you exercise properly. I could order special clothes that would fit your new figure, bras that would support your bust well. You won’t have to do anything. You’ll be our princess, Camilla.”

Janet hands me a second toy which I instinctively put into my mouth. Both my sensitive holes are satisfied now. Hot wetness flows down my thighs, my body tenses. My cries are muffled by the dildo in my mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut and I realize that I can't bear it any more. I feel Franklin and Janet's gaze upon me, ever more excited. The orgasm pierces me, my pussy gets even hotter, its smell is everywhere in the air around. The muscles clench rhythmically on the dildo inside me.

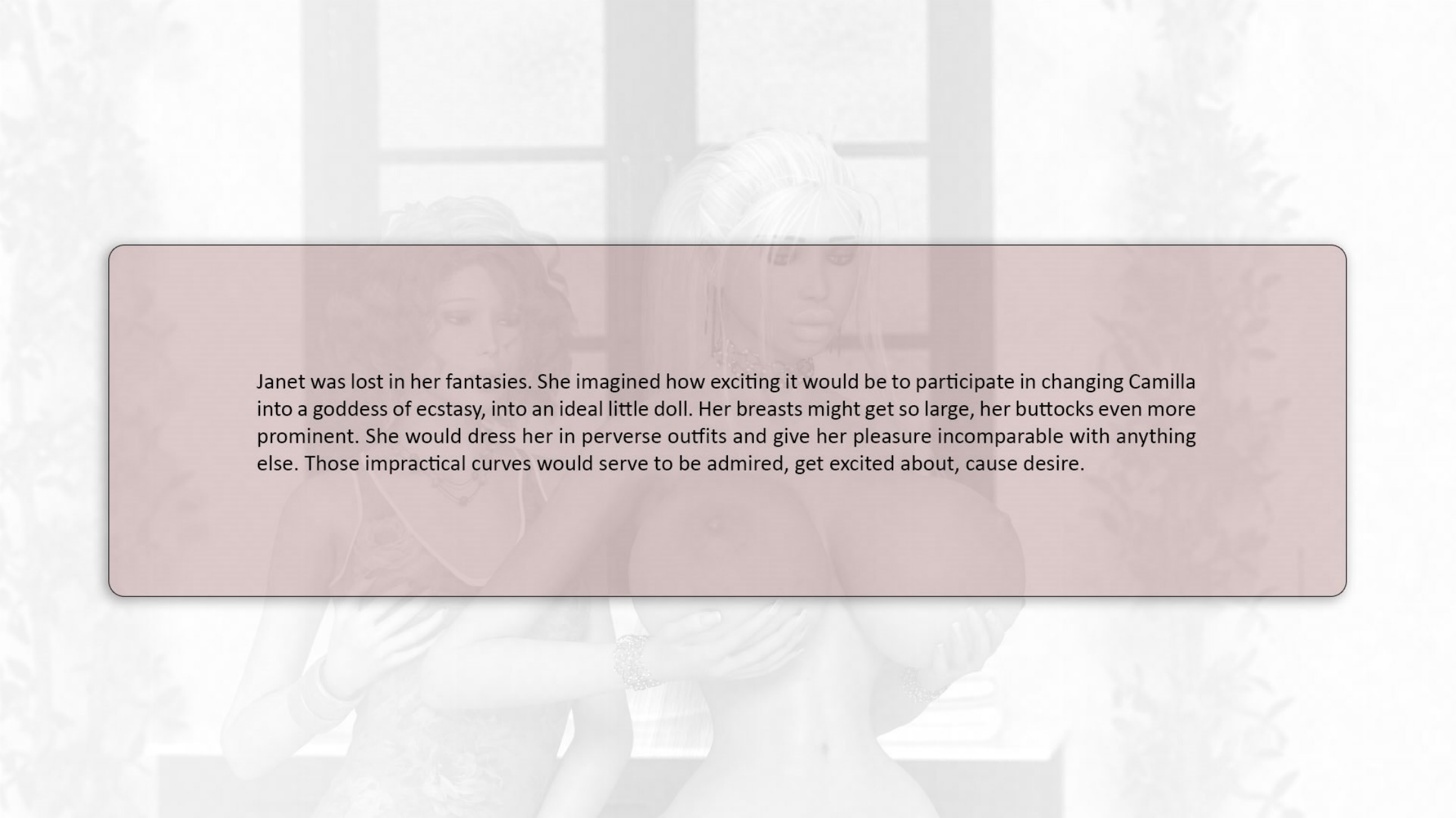




“It’s all right now, little doll.” I can hear Janet’s voice. It seems to come from far away, although she whispers these words straight into my ear. “Now you’ll give Franklin a blowjob.”

The man undresses and I try to control the dizziness. It’s hard to keep this modified body in check. I want more, yet I’m losing strength. My buttocks and breasts are very heavy, my waist and back have problems keeping this body upright. I tremble all the time. I look at Franklin with desire. It’s the first time I see him naked. I watch his erection, fascinated, and I lick my lips.

A while later I envelop this cock with my soft lips and start moving my head. I want him to feel pleasure. I can see Janet masturbating and looking at us. I hear her moans, increasingly louder and longer.

A faded background image showing two women in a room. One woman is standing and looking down at the other, who is sitting or kneeling. There is a window in the background and some plants on the right side.

Janet was lost in her fantasies. She imagined how exciting it would be to participate in changing Camilla into a goddess of ecstasy, into an ideal little doll. Her breasts might get so large, her buttocks even more prominent. She would dress her in perverse outfits and give her pleasure incomparable with anything else. Those impractical curves would serve to be admired, get excited about, cause desire.

“My private, fuckable doll,” she moans and masturbates, her eyes still on me.

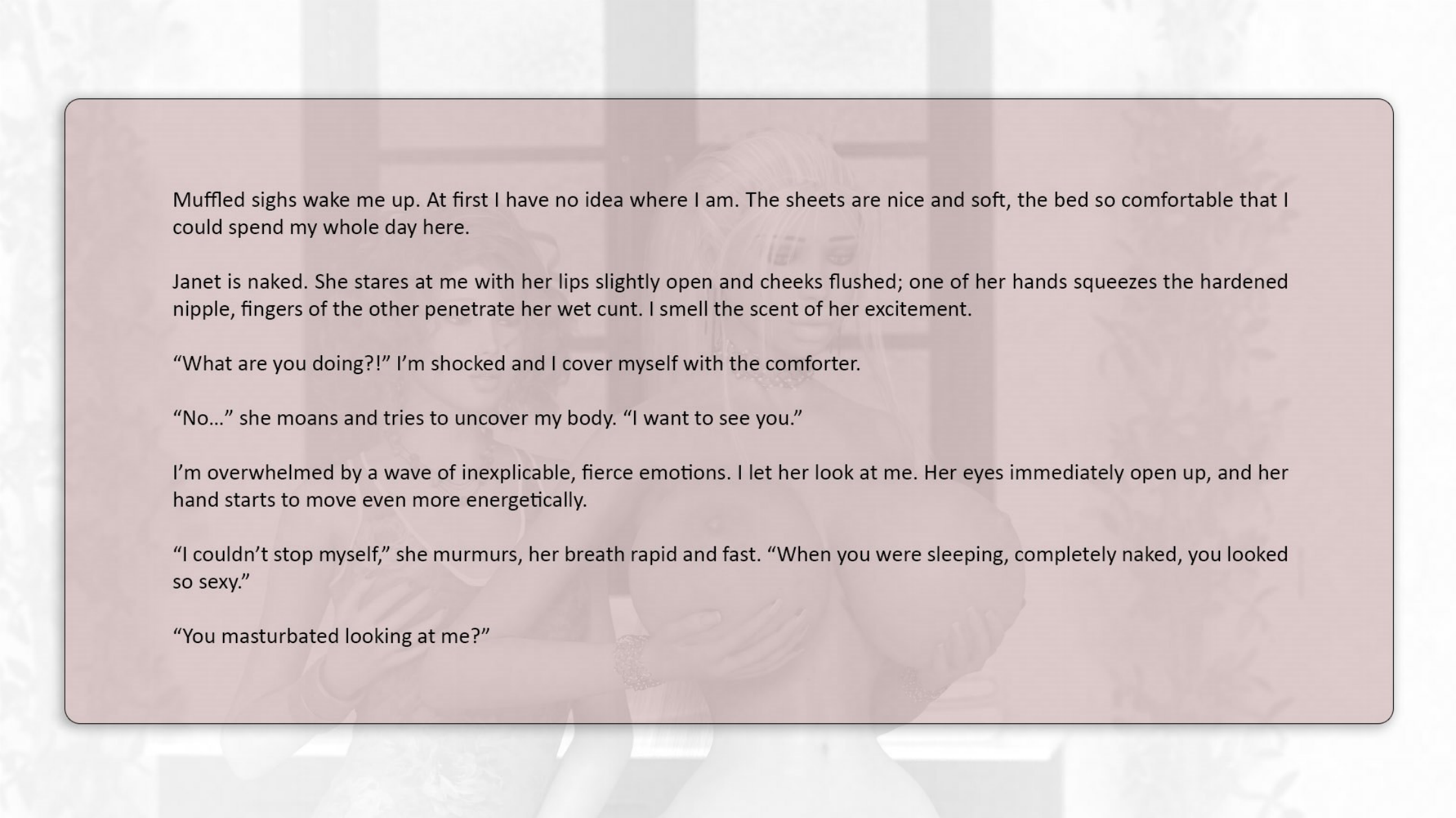
I have no idea where all my strength comes from, I feel exhausted yet at the same time I still want more. I’m insatiable, like someone who hasn’t eaten for many days, like a drowning person who suddenly came to the surface and, tired, gasps for air.

I move my tongue along the whole shaft of Franklin’s penis, then I suck his balls. He reacts with a muffled cry and the movements of his hips become more frantic. I push him into my mouth as deep as I can, gagging, until tears flow down my cheeks. The man tightens the grip of his hands on my hair and moans. I reach between my legs and caress my wet, hot clit. My whole hand gets wet with my own juices. Franklin cries out, his sperm fills my mouth, I swallow it and lick my mouth. I tremble again feeling a new wave of ecstasy. I come to the top, moaning and rhythmically moving my hand.

I sigh and relax, and when I fall asleep, under my eyelids I still have the image of Franklin’s face, distorted by delight.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 05



Muffled sighs wake me up. At first I have no idea where I am. The sheets are nice and soft, the bed so comfortable that I could spend my whole day here.

Janet is naked. She stares at me with her lips slightly open and cheeks flushed; one of her hands squeezes the hardened nipple, fingers of the other penetrate her wet cunt. I smell the scent of her excitement.

“What are you doing?!” I’m shocked and I cover myself with the comforter.

“No...” she moans and tries to uncover my body. “I want to see you.”

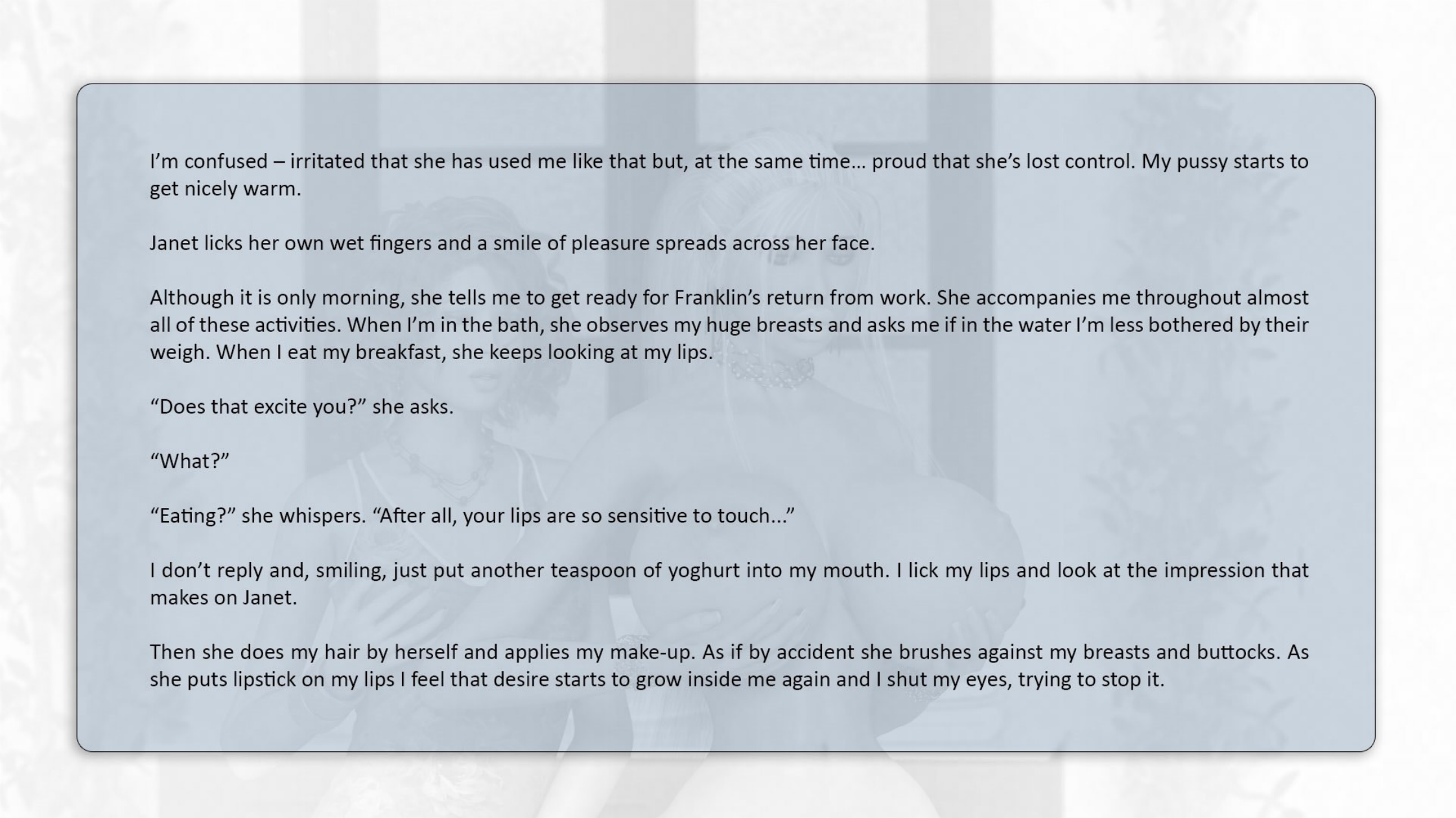
I’m overwhelmed by a wave of inexplicable, fierce emotions. I let her look at me. Her eyes immediately open up, and her hand starts to move even more energetically.

“I couldn’t stop myself,” she murmurs, her breath rapid and fast. “When you were sleeping, completely naked, you looked so sexy.”

“You masturbated looking at me?”



Janet looks up and down my body. Her gaze stops on my prominent buttocks, moves across my tiny waist, and when it reaches my bust, a long moan escapes her mouth. Her fingers emerge from between her pink labia, and rapidly disappear inside her. She cries out and shakes with ecstasy, eyeing me all the time.



I'm confused – irritated that she has used me like that but, at the same time... proud that she's lost control. My pussy starts to get nicely warm.

Janet licks her own wet fingers and a smile of pleasure spreads across her face.

Although it is only morning, she tells me to get ready for Franklin's return from work. She accompanies me throughout almost all of these activities. When I'm in the bath, she observes my huge breasts and asks me if in the water I'm less bothered by their weigh. When I eat my breakfast, she keeps looking at my lips.

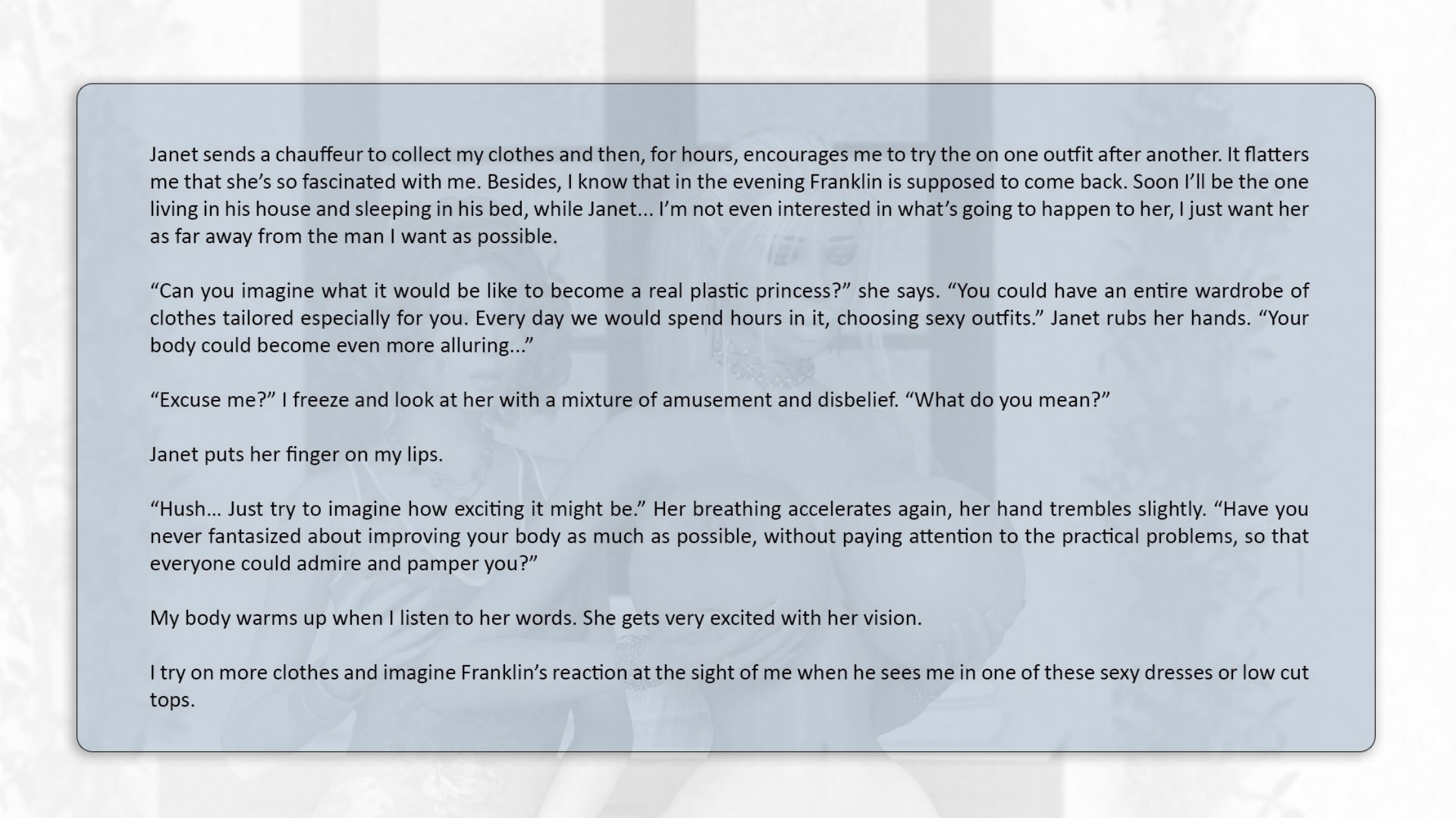
"Does that excite you?" she asks.

"What?"

"Eating?" she whispers. "After all, your lips are so sensitive to touch..."

I don't reply and, smiling, just put another teaspoon of yoghurt into my mouth. I lick my lips and look at the impression that makes on Janet.

Then she does my hair by herself and applies my make-up. As if by accident she brushes against my breasts and buttocks. As she puts lipstick on my lips I feel that desire starts to grow inside me again and I shut my eyes, trying to stop it.



Janet sends a chauffeur to collect my clothes and then, for hours, encourages me to try the on one outfit after another. It flatters me that she's so fascinated with me. Besides, I know that in the evening Franklin is supposed to come back. Soon I'll be the one living in his house and sleeping in his bed, while Janet... I'm not even interested in what's going to happen to her, I just want her as far away from the man I want as possible.

"Can you imagine what it would be like to become a real plastic princess?" she says. "You could have an entire wardrobe of clothes tailored especially for you. Every day we would spend hours in it, choosing sexy outfits." Janet rubs her hands. "Your body could become even more alluring..."

"Excuse me?" I freeze and look at her with a mixture of amusement and disbelief. "What do you mean?"

Janet puts her finger on my lips.

"Hush... Just try to imagine how exciting it might be." Her breathing accelerates again, her hand trembles slightly. "Have you never fantasized about improving your body as much as possible, without paying attention to the practical problems, so that everyone could admire and pamper you?"

My body warms up when I listen to her words. She gets very excited with her vision.

I try on more clothes and imagine Franklin's reaction at the sight of me when he sees me in one of these sexy dresses or low cut tops.

After a couple of hours Janet really starts to get on my nerves.

“Oh, look at that!” she says, handing me another outfit.

She’s as excited as she was in the morning and bursting with energy.

“Oh, come on, I’ve already tried on this one three times,” I moan.

“I want to see one more time how you look in it,” she insists. “You need to be ready to meet Franklin. I want to talk to him in the evening about new modifications for you. You should look as sexy as you can.”

I roll my eyes.

“You’ve seen me in it already. I can’t spend the whole day changing my clothes!”



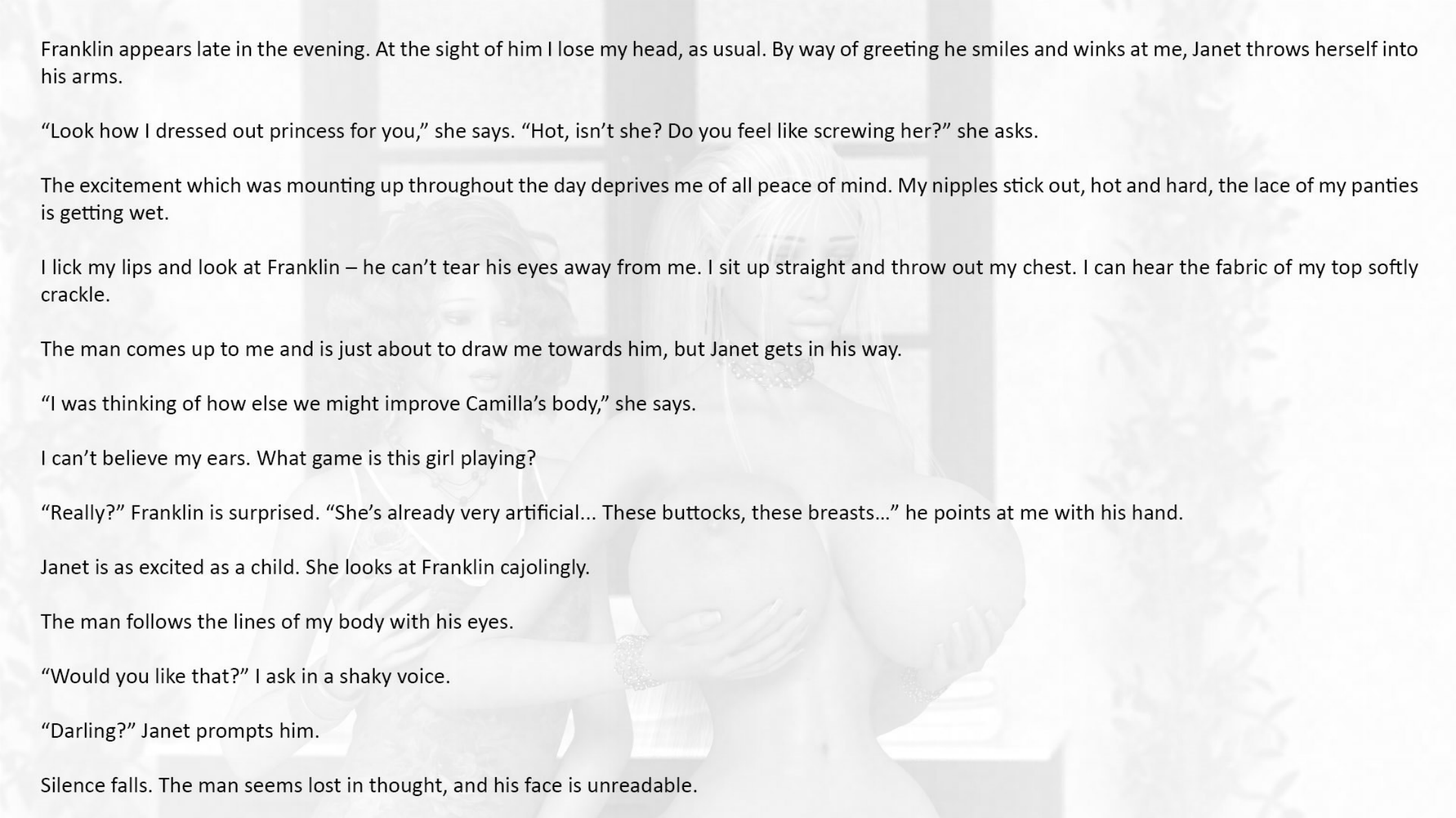


Janet comes up to me and kisses me. She slips her hand between my thighs and starts to caress me, and I moan with pleasure. Suddenly, all my irritation, my defiance and bravado, disappear. I've never been touched with so much skill. I can't catch my breath, I feel dizzy.

The girl moves away quickly.

“So? Will you put on that outfit or not?”

Not looking at her, I obediently put on the clothes. I wonder if I'll be able to slip out to the bathroom to make myself come – her touch made me so very horny again.



Franklin appears late in the evening. At the sight of him I lose my head, as usual. By way of greeting he smiles and winks at me, Janet throws herself into his arms.

“Look how I dressed out princess for you,” she says. “Hot, isn’t she? Do you feel like screwing her?” she asks.

The excitement which was mounting up throughout the day deprives me of all peace of mind. My nipples stick out, hot and hard, the lace of my panties is getting wet.

I lick my lips and look at Franklin – he can’t tear his eyes away from me. I sit up straight and throw out my chest. I can hear the fabric of my top softly crackle.

The man comes up to me and is just about to draw me towards him, but Janet gets in his way.

“I was thinking of how else we might improve Camilla’s body,” she says.

I can’t believe my ears. What game is this girl playing?

“Really?” Franklin is surprised. “She’s already very artificial... These buttocks, these breasts...” he points at me with his hand.

Janet is as excited as a child. She looks at Franklin cajolingly.

The man follows the lines of my body with his eyes.

“Would you like that?” I ask in a shaky voice.

“Darling?” Janet prompts him.

Silence falls. The man seems lost in thought, and his face is unreadable.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 05

“Yeah...” he finally says. “It’s a good idea.”

His lips stretch in a smile, he seems confident about his idea.

“The clinic terminated the contract with you but I’m sure this can be remedied. You can live with us, I saw that you liked my house a lot. You won’t lack anything.

I’m thinking, moving my finger across my sensitive lips. This offer is very tempting.

“Camilla, it’d be great if you decided to move in.” Franklin looks at me lustfully. “Your body is so exceptional, so exciting that we’d very much like to be able to admire it daily. You know just how much you turn me on. And if you agreed to modify that body even more...” The man licks his lips and rakes his fingers through his hair. “Well, I think I wouldn’t be able to think about anything else. Imagining that, I’m afraid what my own reaction would be...” He shakes his head.

I don't know what to tell him. My bust is already much too big and too heavy, I regret having undergone that last surgery. I recollect that moment of panic after waking up in the post-op room. And now to change once more?

Franklin looks at me and waits. I look around this luxurious house, with its marble floor, jacuzzi and art on the walls. That's where I should live.

I tense the muscles of my back and stomach and I pretend to myself that that this bust is not really that heavy, that these additional pounds are really nothing. I imagine breasts that would be even bigger, unbelievably heavy and impractical. I can see the shocked faces of people passing me in the street. And then Franklin's content face, desire in his eyes. I imagine him whisper that I've become his ideal woman. In this vision there's no place for Janet.

"All right, if that's what you want," I reply.

Janet squeals softly and claps her hands, though I hardly register what she does.

Franklin puts his arm around my waist and kisses me.

"Excellent," he murmurs into my ear. "I can't wait."

He hugs me and strokes my back.

Before & After



Janet was getting more excited with every word of the doctor, who claimed that Camilla's breasts could be enlarged even more, though he warned them against the consequences. Her body would become even more fragile and delicate, especially at first. Janet promptly assured him that she would take care of the girl and look after her during her recovery.

Camilla seemed uneasy and unsure. She kept asking if her bust wouldn't be too big, if the skin could take it all, if she would be able to train her back and abdomen properly.

Janet devoured the girl's sexy body with her eyes and imagined how much it would change. Soon her figure would be truly impressive. It would become the sense of her existence to inspire excitement and admiration. She wouldn't have to do anything herself, and her looks would become her only weapon.

When they returned to Franklin's place, Janet was too excited to focus on anything. She kept saying how wonderful it would be when her princess already recovered after the surgery.

"Why are you so listless?" she asked when the girl wasn't answering her numerous questions.

"I'm not convinced it's a good idea..." Camilla admitted.

"Just imagine how Franklin will react when he sees you," Janet repeated. "He'll be stunned. No one will rival you. You won't have to worry about anything, your looks will ensure that you'll get all you need."

Camilla crossed her arms on her chest.

“I know what will relax you,” Janet added.

She stroked the girl’s bust, squeezed her buttock and sighed loudly.

“Get undressed and you’ll forget about all of that,” she said with directness that was typical for her.

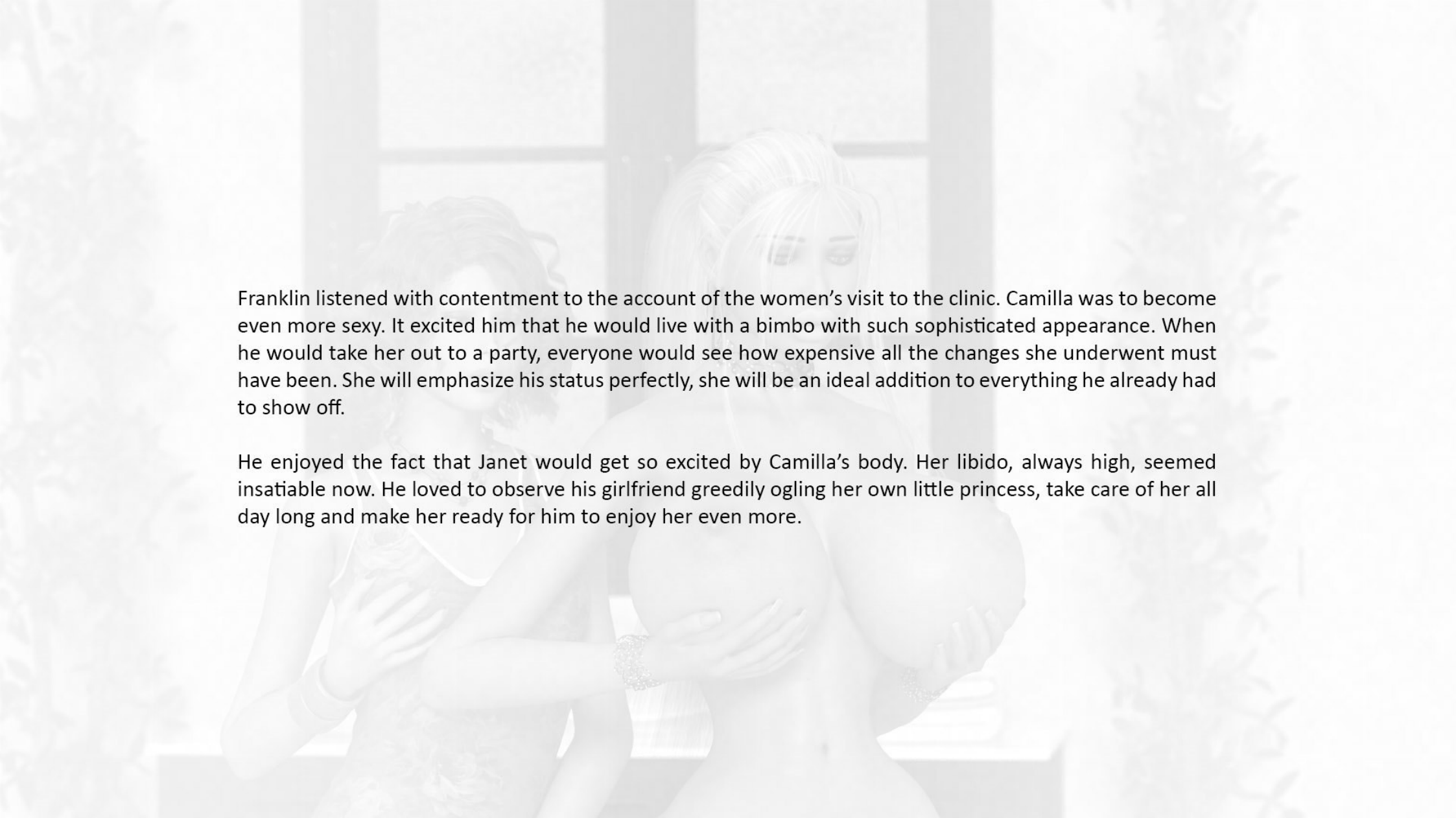
Camilla hesitated for a moment but the temptation was too great. Janet knew exactly how to touch her, and she got hot at the very memory of her lips and tongue caressing her pussy. Nothing could compare to that touch.

A moment later Camilla was moaning and trembling, as Janet’s tongue was moving deep between her labia. The pleasure was so great that the girl forgot all her concerns.

“I’ll do that every day for you, any time you want,” Janet promised her later. “Your perfect figure deserves to be treated properly.”

Camilla noticed that with every passing day Franklin’s girlfriend was getting to know her body better, was learning it as it were. She was capable of inducing sensations that Camilla had never knew before. She pushed her to the brink of orgasm and then interrupted the caress so as to prolong the pleasure. Camilla felt that she was coming at exactly the moment Janet wanted her to. Her fingers, lips and tongue gave her the ecstasy she hadn’t even imagined before. After that she was be relaxed and happy, and the whole world seemed a better place. Camilla wasn’t about to give it all up.





Franklin listened with contentment to the account of the women's visit to the clinic. Camilla was to become even more sexy. It excited him that he would live with a bimbo with such sophisticated appearance. When he would take her out to a party, everyone would see how expensive all the changes she underwent must have been. She will emphasize his status perfectly, she will be an ideal addition to everything he already had to show off.

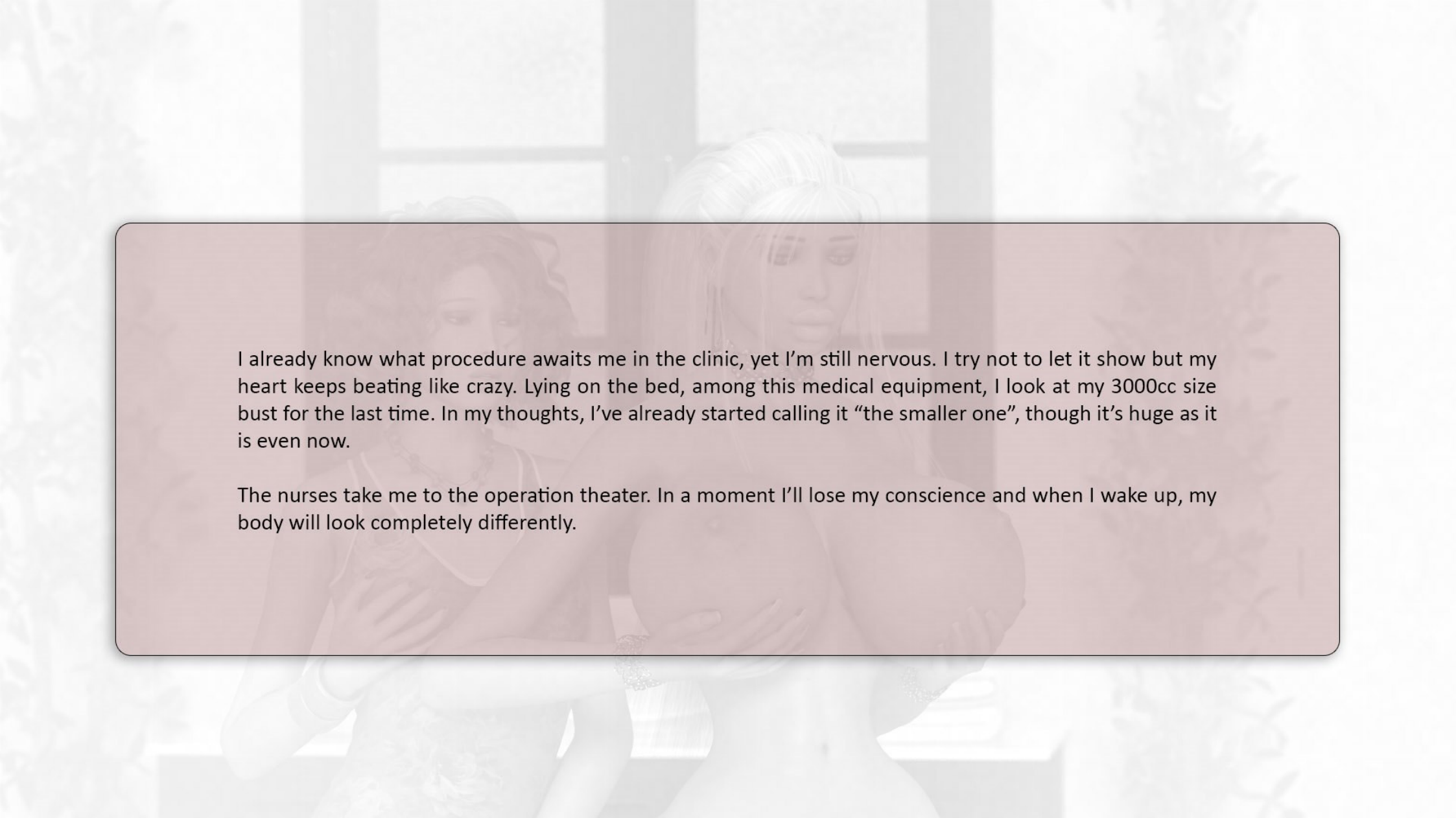
He enjoyed the fact that Janet would get so excited by Camilla's body. Her libido, always high, seemed insatiable now. He loved to observe his girlfriend greedily ogling her own little princess, take care of her all day long and make her ready for him to enjoy her even more.



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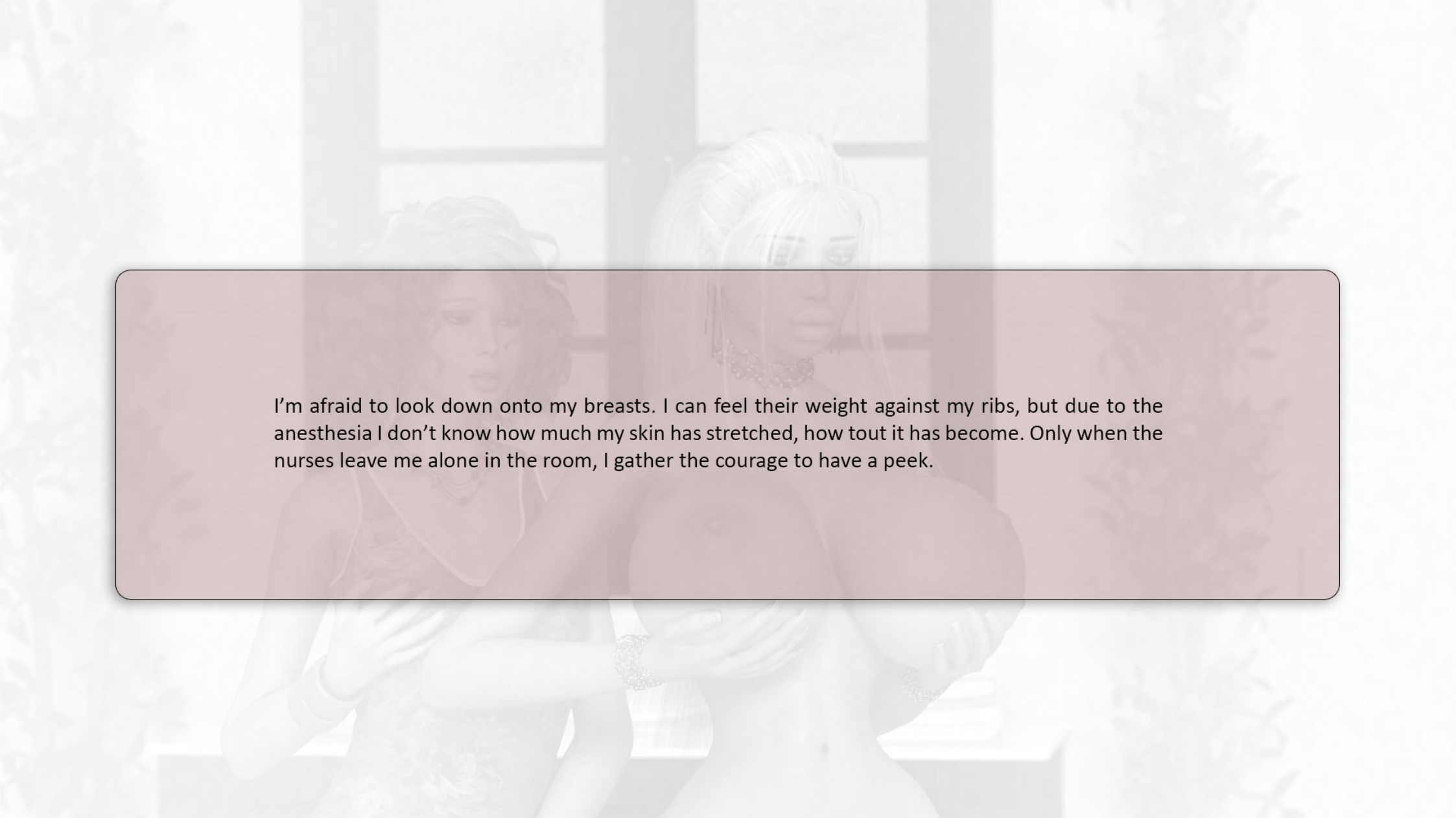
I can't stop thinking about this coming procedure. Fantasizing about how much Franklin will be excited when I get back home with even larger breasts make me pleasantly excited. I know this is exactly what he wants, that he wishes me to become his perfect bimbo. I'll make him crazy, he won't be able to tear his gaze away from me. No one will give him more delight than me. I'll secure a stable position for myself in his life, among these beautiful objects to which I've already become used, among these luxuries and comforts. Now, in a beautifully decorated house, where the meals are prepared by a cook, rooms cleaned by a maid and symmetrical flowerbeds kept neat by a gardener, I cannot imagine how I could bear working as a waitress and living in a tiny apartment. Only now I am at a place that I've always deserved.

On the other hand, I can't get rid of anxiety. The transformation seems so radical that I can't even imagine it. I know there will be no going back to my previous life, that I will cross the final line.

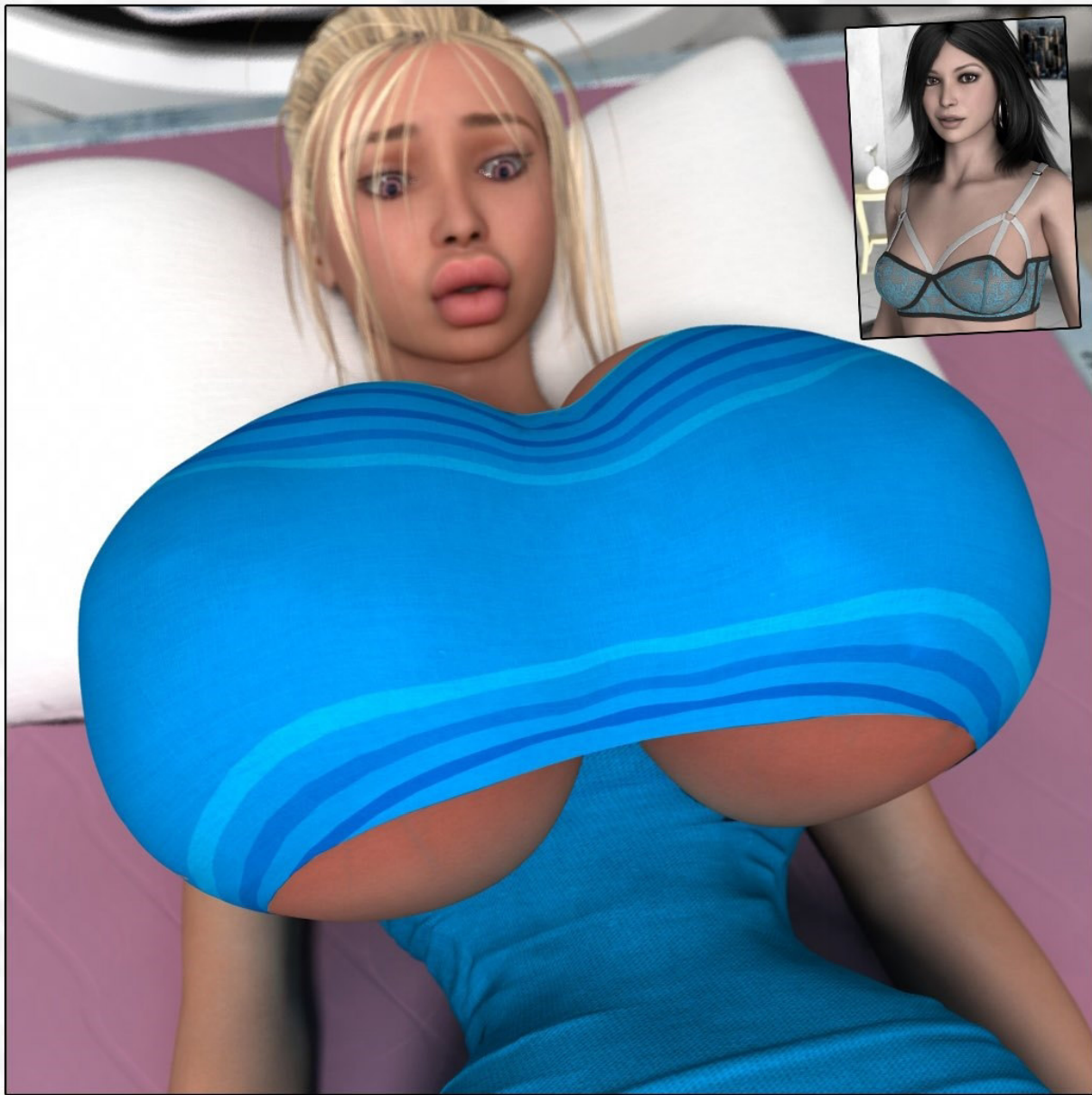
A woman with large breasts is being examined by a doctor in a clinical setting. The woman is wearing a white top and has her hands on her breasts. The doctor is wearing a white lab coat and is looking at the woman's breasts. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window and some plants.

I already know what procedure awaits me in the clinic, yet I'm still nervous. I try not to let it show but my heart keeps beating like crazy. Lying on the bed, among this medical equipment, I look at my 3000cc size bust for the last time. In my thoughts, I've already started calling it "the smaller one", though it's huge as it is even now.

The nurses take me to the operation theater. In a moment I'll lose my conscience and when I wake up, my body will look completely differently.



I'm afraid to look down onto my breasts. I can feel their weight against my ribs, but due to the anesthesia I don't know how much my skin has stretched, how taut it has become. Only when the nurses leave me alone in the room, I gather the courage to have a peek.



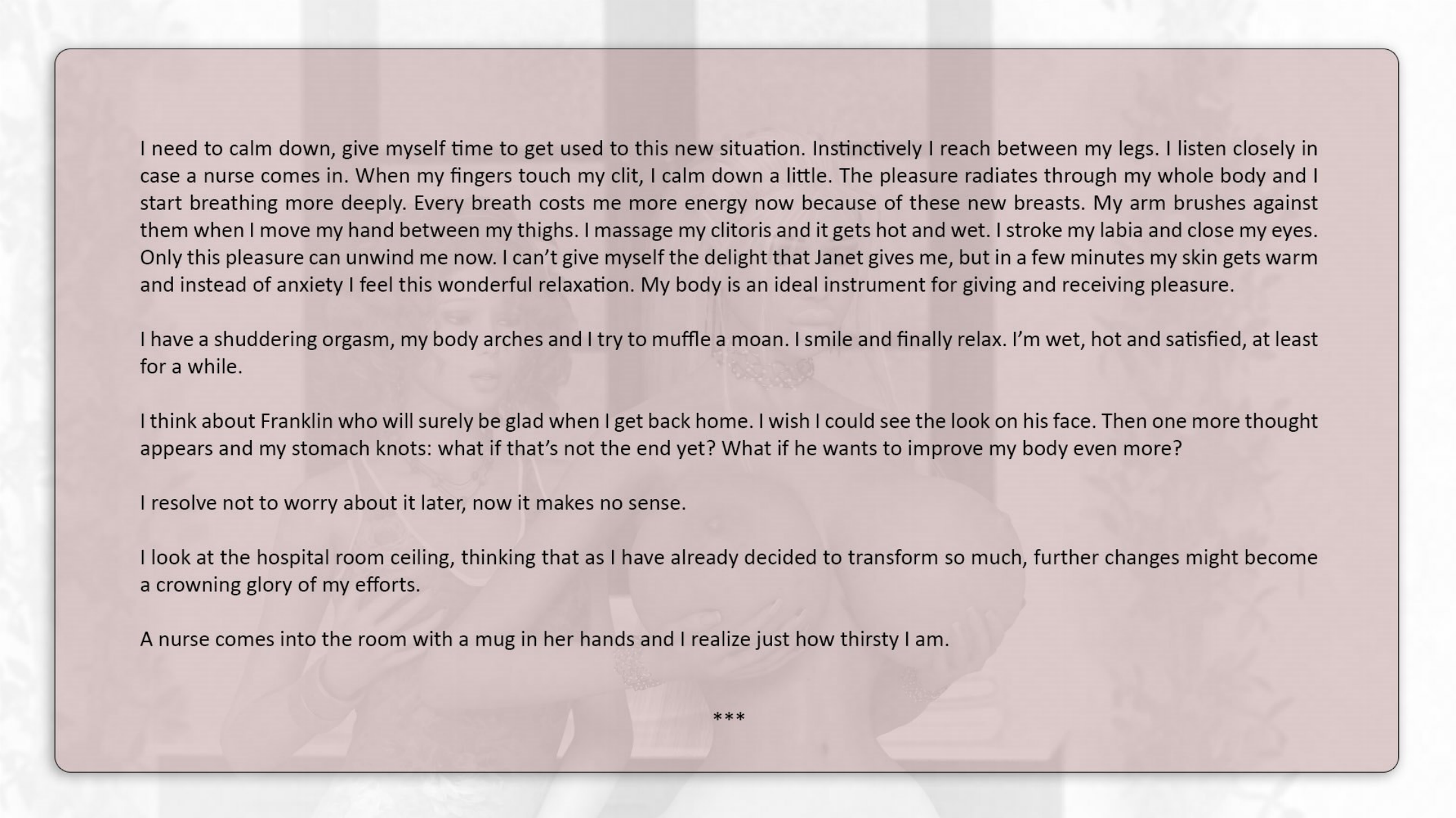
My heart quickens and my mouth gets dry. I feel dizzy and the room seems to spin. My bust became giant, much larger than I expected. It reaches to my chin and protrudes high above my ribs. I can't imagine how I'm going to function with it, how I'm going to carry it.

From a normal girl I turned into an artificial bimbo, just as Janet and Franklin wanted. There's no going back, with such a body I won't return to a normal life. It's impossible to hide a bust that size. I know that everyone who meets me will stare at my figure.

Crazy thoughts rush through my head: about all these activities that will become too difficult or simply impossible to perform. Will I be able to drive a car? What will it be like to work out with a weight like that on my chest?

No, I'm not a typical girl any more. I've undergone a radical transformation. Now my body will be admired and caressed. It will require exceptional care, like a delicate ornament. I will become isolated from the daily routines of commoners and I will socialize in the circles of rich, privileged people who will appreciate my appearance. Nothing will be the same.





I need to calm down, give myself time to get used to this new situation. Instinctively I reach between my legs. I listen closely in case a nurse comes in. When my fingers touch my clit, I calm down a little. The pleasure radiates through my whole body and I start breathing more deeply. Every breath costs me more energy now because of these new breasts. My arm brushes against them when I move my hand between my thighs. I massage my clitoris and it gets hot and wet. I stroke my labia and close my eyes. Only this pleasure can unwind me now. I can't give myself the delight that Janet gives me, but in a few minutes my skin gets warm and instead of anxiety I feel this wonderful relaxation. My body is an ideal instrument for giving and receiving pleasure.

I have a shuddering orgasm, my body arches and I try to muffle a moan. I smile and finally relax. I'm wet, hot and satisfied, at least for a while.

I think about Franklin who will surely be glad when I get back home. I wish I could see the look on his face. Then one more thought appears and my stomach knots: what if that's not the end yet? What if he wants to improve my body even more?

I resolve not to worry about it later, now it makes no sense.

I look at the hospital room ceiling, thinking that as I have already decided to transform so much, further changes might become a crowning glory of my efforts.

A nurse comes into the room with a mug in her hands and I realize just how thirsty I am.

Before & After





THE END

Thank you for reading!