



by Alexander Diogenes

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## **Chapter 1:** Ordinary Life

Tina was desperate for some excitement in her life, any excitement. She had spent six years at her university getting a bachelor's degree and a master's degree. It had been difficult, but she had been working towards something. She had punctuated all her hard work with crazy drunken parties, spontaneous adventures with friends, meaningful philosophical conversations, and a couple sexual relationships with varying degrees of meaningfulness. Ever since she started her current job, she felt like there was little true excitement left to be had in her life. It was like the magic of her youth was fading and now she was facing the drudging reality of everything that she had naively been working towards.

Although people told her that her job was important, and she honestly felt lucky to even have a job after seeing what the job market was like for history majors, she never imagined that her life would end up looking like this. Glorified paperwork, clerical archaeology, she was a technician performing redundant tasks. After a long day at work of cataloguing ancient Greek scrolls and tablets, she had little energy left to seek out adventure and excitement.

Her workstation lit up with a bright flash. A high-fidelity imaging device had just taken another snapshot of the tablet that she was cataloguing. She saved the files, appropriately labeled them, and then uploaded them into the museum's digital catalogue. After slipping on her nitrile gloves, she carefully lifted the 2,400-year-old tablet and walked it back to its designated location, packaging it carefully with a specialized foam. When she got back to her workstation, a coworker was there waiting for her. It was almost the end of the workday on a Friday, and this seemed like a good break point to end her day. She was in the mood for some conversation and maybe a little gossiping.

Her coworker stood awkwardly waiting for her. He looked at the ground and rubbed the back of his neck as he spoke. "Uhh... Hey, Tina. I was uhh, I was wondering if you're going to the work party tonight. You know? Like if I'll see you there?"

"Totally. Of course I will, Danny. But like, not because I'm like excited. Did you see that crazy email from Dr. Mathers? She made it way clear that attendance is not mandatory, but not attending will be like grounds for demotion. Not explicitly, but that's probably what she meant. So yeah, I'm gonna be there."

Her coworker laughed, trying to look her in the eyes before retreating his gaze back downwards. “Well, I don’t think it will be so bad. There’s going to be lots of fancy food paid for by rich people and it’s also an open bar.”



Tina chuckled. “Haha, yeah. Free drinks are the best way to win me over. But the problem is that like, we can’t get too obviously drunk in front of our bosses and the museum donors. It’s going to be a difficult balancing act. Haha!”

“Well, I like the free drinks, but I don’t like to drink that much. I just like to get a little bit loose while staying in control. I don’t think I would ever say anything bad in front of Dr. Mathers. But still, I’m way too terrified of her. If demonic creatures were real, like in artifacts that we document here at work, then maybe we’ve found our first real life specimen in that office over there.” Danny pointed towards their boss’s currently unoccupied office in the corner of the complex.

Tina knew that she was a little bit out of his league, but she wanted to give him a chance because although he lacked self-confidence, he was smart, he was nice, and sometimes he was funny. But she knew that he would need to demonstrate more value to her if she were to ever consider him as a viable partner, which currently, she did not. Even though she was an overly educated and semi-introverted history nerd, she recognized herself as well above average in physical attractiveness. Danny was okay to look at, nothing special. He wasn’t tall or physically fit. He wasn’t charismatic or

inspiring. However, he was accommodating and immediately interested in her. Tina knew that she could string him along, occasionally flirting with him to maintain his attention. She really had no intention of ever dating him, but she liked the idea that she could control him and bend him to her will with mere flirtations.

She stood just a few feet away from her coworker. Her petite hand whisked her blonde, highlighted hair behind her shoulders. “Well maybe one day, you’ll be the boss, Danny?” She smiled and held her tight little body upright. She looked around to make sure no one was nearby before whispering, “You’d be a way better boss than Dr. Mathers, because at least you’re not a psycho, sociopathic bitch.”

Danny smiled through clenched teeth, “If I were the boss, I’d let you work on whatever you want. You do really good work here, Tina. Both of us should be promoted.”

“But instead of pay raises, looks like we get to kiss up to rich assholes and tell ourselves that it’s our privilege to be working here.” She scoffed.

## **Chapter 2:** **Fancy Parties Are Dumb**

It had taken several hours for Tina to commute home, get cleaned up and dressed, and then make her way back to the museum for the gala. She didn’t have a car, which made little sense in the city anyways. Fortunately, her apartment building was only one train away from her work with minimal walking required. Even during rush hour in the city, she could still commute efficiently even though there was a lot of people crowding the subway.

She showed her pass to the security guard, and he let her inside. Most of the museum was closed, except for the one wing where the party was occurring. Before entering the main hall where everyone was congregating around drinks and food, Tina ducked into a bathroom to check her appearance. She tossed her long blonde hair, making sure to emphasize its volume. She pulled a tube of lipstick from her purse and touched up her lips, making sure they were an alluring, shiny red. The rest of her makeup looked good. It was a good amount, not too heavy.

She took a step back and smoothed the fabric of her long black dress against her torso. As she ran her hands over her curves, she enjoyed the sensation of the soft material clinging to her skin. She admired her petite body in the mirror, youthful, skinny, and delicate. She knew that she wasn’t always the most attractive girl at parties, but she also knew that she was undeniably pretty. She wasn’t very curvy, but she had curves, nonetheless. Her curves didn’t come from having wide hips or a large butt, and they certainly didn’t come from her flat, A-Cup chest. Her curves, for the most part, came

from being rather short and having a very tight midsection. She also had rather long legs for her size which compressed her upper body and enhanced the curves that she did have. Her high heels emphasized all these attractive features, especially her well-toned legs. She made sure to wear a dress long enough to be socially appropriate, but short enough to show off her amazing legs.

She worked hard on her body and her appearance with regular cardio exercise and a healthy vegan diet. Running was something that she had enjoyed her whole life. It helped her blow off steam and keep her considerable anxiety in check. Tonight, she was feeling more anxious than usual, and she suspected it wasn't just the party, it was also because she hadn't had the time to go for her regular 10 Kilometer run. She smiled at her likeness in the mirror, took a deep breathe, and headed to the party.

The large, open hall had been transformed for the occasion. Whereas it was normally completely open, tonight it was crowded with tables full of appetizers. Off to one side there was a bustling bar with plenty of standing tables around it. A stage on the other side of the hall elevated a band that was playing soothing music that filled the room. Lots of people dressed in fancy clothes moved around, forming groups, and discussing various subjects. Many people were gathered around display cases that had been brought out to showcase elements of the museum's new collection of ancient Athenian artifacts. The sophisticated atmosphere of the event was presided over, literally, by an epic painting of the night sky covering the domed ceiling of the hall.

Tina scanned the room, taking in the vibes and searching for someone she knew. Most of the people here were much older than her. Except for the museum employees that were invited to the party, most of the attendees were also very wealthy. She didn't like the fact that many of these people probably looked down on her because of her social position, but she did like knowing she was one of the youngest and most attractive females there.

She became aware of a lanky, awkward figure in a suit and jacket approaching her. It was her coworker, Danny. "Hey, Tina! Do you want me to get you a drink?" He waved and smiled, gesturing towards the bar. "To celebrate the new exhibit, they have a whole selection of wines that were made in the style of what ancient Athenians drank. It's surprisingly good."

"Sure, I'll try that." Tina looked Danny over. He was wearing a suit and tie, and while there was nothing terribly wrong in his appearance, there was something haphazard in the way he wore his ensemble. She wanted to say something nice, so she lied, "You look nice today, Danny."

He glanced down at himself. Adjusting his tie, he commented, "It's nothing special, I'm sure all these rich people aren't impressed by a suit from Men's Warehouse." He lifted his gaze and beheld the tiny blonde before him. Suddenly, as if he had almost forgotten something important, he blurted out, "Ohh! Yeah, and you! You look great, Tina. I like your dress and stuff. It's all good."

Stephanie liked the affect that she had on Danny. She wasn't sexually interested in him, but it was fun for her to lead him on and watch him chase her clumsily.

The two of them moved towards the bar. Tina waited nearby at a standing table while Danny got them wine. She took the intermediary time to look through messages on her phone, she had felt awkward standing there all alone and not doing anything. When he got back, she grasped the stem of the glass eagerly, taking a long sip of the beverage to quell her anxieties. It started helping almost immediately, so she took another larger sip.

"So, who do you think all these people are?" Stephanie looked around the room at the attendees.

Danny joined her in surveying the room. "Well, looks like most of our department is here. I saw Dr. Mathers earlier and thankfully avoided talking to her. There are probably 60 or 70 other museum employees here from other departments, also most of the admin people. Lots of the other people here are donors. There are a few reporters. Also, there's some academics, like historians, archaeologists, those sorts of people."

Tina nodded in agreement, she was making progress on her wine and finally starting to relax a little bit, though it would take a lot more wine to bring her anywhere close to feeling at ease.

Danny continued looking around the room when suddenly his eyes widened with surprise. "Oh shit, Tina! Do you know who that is?" He covertly pointed towards a man of perfectly average height and well above average weight. The man was well-dressed in what was clearly an insanely expensive suit.

"Who, that fat guy with the curly black hair?" She started to point more obviously towards the man when Danny stopped her.

"Don't point like that! He'll know we're pointing at him. That's Matthew O'Sullivan. He's the guy who donated all the ancient Athenian artifacts. The new Athens exhibit that we're celebrating tonight happened because of him. He paid for most of this wing of the museum. He's a god-damned billionaire. I recognize him from the news. I don't know why, but I just didn't expect him to be here."

Tina looked more carefully. He was about 80 feet away and standing awfully close to a younger fellow. The two were talking as if they were close friends. She was underwhelmed at seeing her first billionaire, but the younger man he was talking to was impressive in his own way. There were two things that immediately stood out about the Billionaire's companion. First, he was tall, fit, very handsome, and radiated confidence. Second, he was not dressed up at all, he even had a baseball cap on. In fact, he was the only person at the entire event not wearing formal attire, yet he didn't seem to mind at all how out of place he appeared. Tina felt something stir inside her, a rush of warmth and desire.

She sneered over her wine glass, "So that's what a billionaire looks like? I'm not impressed. He's pretty fat and kinda gross." She giggled as she asked, "How much would he have to pay you to fuck him?"

Danny grimaced at the mere thought. "Not for a billion dollars. Not for a trillion dollars. Would you sleep with him for a billion dollars?"

Tina paused; she was seriously considering the question. "Hmm... I would suck him off for five million. I would need at least twenty million to fuck him, then I would need the world's longest shower." On that note, she finished her glass of wine and held it up so her companion could see it was empty. "More, wine!"

When she had reached her third glass of wine, she was finally feeling somewhat relaxed. They had been meandering around, complaining about work, and checking out the items that were on display. They were standing in front of an ornate, jewel-encrusted goblet sitting inside a glass box on a pedestal. "I need that cup for my wine." Tina pouted, "Here I am, drinking out of this boring glass like a slob. I want to be fancy. I want that cup for my wine."

Danny laughed heartily. "Maybe you can ask the bartenders?"

While they joked, they didn't realize until the last second that two men had come up behind them and were now standing next to them, viewing the same goblet. Danny stuck his elbow into Tina's side, gesturing with his eyes at the men who had just approached. He didn't need to say anything, Tina understood immediately. One of the men next to them was Matthew O'Sullivan.

O'Sullivan was deep in conversation with the same underdressed companion that Tina had seen with him with earlier. The two were still deep in conversation. O'Sullivan's voice had a low grumbling quality to it. "Well, I don't know how you could possibly know that just by looking at it from here?" He said to his companion.

The handsome, underdressed fellow responded, "You think that because you don't know anything on the subject. You're too damned arrogant to appreciate that I can see certain nuances that you are blind to. You think you know everything because everyone around you kisses your ass. I can explain how I know, but that still wouldn't convince you that I'm right. To prove it to you one hundred percent, we'd need to run some tests on it, and it would prove my theory conclusively."

She didn't know what they were talking about, but Tina was surprised that this young man was able to speak to the billionaire with such disrespectful candor.

"Well, maybe you're right. But if you're right then it's not worth anything. So, I don't want you to do those tests because I would have nothing to gain from it," O'Sullivan grunted.



The underdressed man laughed pointedly. "There you have it, Matt! Now you understand why collections are often filled with frauds and forgeries. There's no incentive to weed out the frauds, people don't want to know. They'd rather share a common delusion than know the truth." He paused and then abruptly turned himself 90 degrees, facing Tina directly from just a few feet away. "Well, what do you think about that goblet?"

She was taken aback, her pulse increased. She didn't know what to say, "Are you asking me?"

The man smiled comfortingly and took a step closer to Tina. "No, not you. The other hot blonde girl," he joked.

Tina was flattered, this super attractive, probably rich guy had just called her "hot". She managed to compose herself and answered, "I wanted to drink my wine out of it, but the bartenders said I couldn't because they're mean."

O'Sullivan and his friend both laughed raucously. The two of them gathered closer to Tina, indicating they wished to start a conversation. "This is my friend Matthew O'Sullivan, and I'm Quentin, Quentin Connors." He held his hand out.

Tina shook his hand, smiling. "I'm Tina Quillman and this is my colleague, Danny Birch. We work here at the museum cataloguing and preserving the museum's collection."

The men stood mostly around Tiffany, their body language indicating they were uninterested in Danny, who was too stunned to say anything anyways.

"Matthew here is a ruthless robber baron. And as for me, I am an adventurer."

Tina was intrigued, "What do you mean you're 'an adventurer'?"

O'Sullivan interrupted, "Quentin here is a romantic. He is an evolutionary biologist by training, but he has a penchant for archaeological chemistry."

"Yes, those things are true. But I *am* an adventurer. If I am not an adventurer, then there is no such thing as adventurers or explorers anymore."

Tina beamed at her new acquaintance. "Well, that sounds remarkably interesting. I think I'd like to hear more about what you do."

O'Sullivan coughed and said, "I can tell you what I do. I paid for all this." He stretched his arms out, indicating the extent of his domain.

"That's great, Matt. Everyone knows. You sound like a total A-Hole the way you constantly remind people. Say Tina, I'll tell you what. Maybe Mr. O'Sullivan here can tell us about all the poor people he fucked-over this week to fill his swimming pool with gold coins. Don't believe the news, this man is a regular Scrooge McDuck. Billionaires only pay for shit like this so people praise them. The philanthropy also gives them something

to point to that enriches the community, so everyone looks the other way while they steal all the wealth from that community.”

Tina smiled politely at Mr. O’Sullivan, “He doesn’t seem that bad to me. He’s friends with you and you seem cool.”

O’Sullivan smirked in approval. “Thank you, Tina. I don’t have a swimming pool full of gold coins. I’d like to, but that would be impractical. However, it’s true that I love fucking-over poor people. You shouldn’t knock it until you try it. It’s my favorite thing. Also, Quentin is wrong, I really do like history and art.” He grinned with self-satisfaction.

“Oh, please, Matt. You love history and art the way a narcissist loves mirrors.”

“Hey, I know history. I read a lot.”

Quentin moved closer to Tina, he was now almost touching her. Then, he put his hand on her shoulder. Leaning in, he pretended to whisper, speaking loudly enough for Matt to still hear. “He masturbates to biographies of Napoleon.”

Tina laughed loudly. She was no longer nervous at all. Having him closer to her made her feel warm inside. She wished for him to touch her again. His hand was no longer on her shoulder, and she wanted it to return.

O’Sullivan pointed an accusatory finger at the tiny blonde woman. “Tina! That’s a bad girl! You are not allowed to laugh at billionaires. That’s the rule.” He thrust his head back triumphantly, then took a sip of his whiskey and sighed. “Ahh... Yes! I have thusly decreed. No laughing. Respect my authority.”

She laughed even harder. She never imagined that billionaires might act like this, but then again, she had never given it much thought. Much more than the billionaire, she was impressed by Quentin. She brushed her hair back and gazed at him. “Does he make a lot of important billionaire decrees?”

“Constantly, that’s why I never pay any attention to him.” Quentin adjusted his posture and appeared to be deep in thought for a moment. “Say, Tina. It just occurred to me that you may be able to provide some perspective on our disagreement.”

“Okay, I can try. What is your disagreement?”

“Well, to put it simply. I believe that that goblet is a forgery. Sure, the gems are real, but I doubt it’s from ancient Greece. In fact, I don’t think it’s even a particularly good forgery. If I were a forger, that goblet is exactly the type of thing that I would forge. And because the gems are real, you’re less likely to question its overall authenticity. But, the value of those gems would quintuple if you could convince someone that they’re from ancient Greece. Every museum likely has unfound forgeries. In fact, quite appropriately, the wine your drinking is fake.”

Tina was captivated. “What do you mean, Quentin? How is this wine fake?”

"I seriously doubt they replicated any of the processes or ingredients from Athenian wine. More importantly, ancient Greek wine wasn't wine just because of the alcohol. They put all sorts of plants in their wine as medicine. Real Athenian wine would have all sorts of plants and herbs in it to give the wine medicinal qualities. In fact, the Greeks were fond of putting hallucinogens in their ceremonial wines to have an occasional spiritual experience. As the plaque there says 'this goblet was used in sacred rituals'. In overall appearance, that goblet resembles a ritual goblet like the vessels used for the Dionysian mysteries, but it's far too large. Secondly, the plaque says it's from 450BC, but the symbolic imagery carved into the goblet looks way more like imagery from the cults of early Christianity in Rome than anything you would find from the 5<sup>th</sup> century BC. That, Tina my dear, is no ancient artifact."

The arrogant billionaire responded defiantly. "What would you do Tina, if someone you trust told you that all the cash in your wallet was fake. And pretend your me so you can pretend you have lots and lots of cash in your wallet. You could take the time and money to get your cash inspected, and if it's true, then you are now poorer. Unless of course, you spent the cash anyways, which would be criminal. Or you can go on with your life, keep using the possibly fake cash, and no one will ever know the difference, not even you. How about it, Tina? What do you do? I'm sure as hell not getting that money inspected."

"Well, that's a good philosophical question," she opined.

"For me it's not philosophical," O'Sullivan grunted.

"I don't know what I would do. That's quite the conundrum. But I do know that I would not want people being lied to. I believe in karma, and not being honest with others, or yourself, is always bad karma."

Quentin congratulated her observation, "Well put, Tina. So, what you're saying is that this greedy bastard over here should let me run some tests on that goblet. Now that we're all agreed, do you know who oversees the validation of the authenticity of these artifacts?"

"If there's anyone in charge here, then it's our boss. But, we don't run tests very often. If we do, it's probably just a radioactive dating test to determine the age. For the most part, we rely on certificates of authenticity. The certification is done outside of the museum by certain companies."

"How secure does that sound to you, Matt?" Quentin glared at his friend. "The museum doesn't check. An employee at the company could easily be bribed. And consider the capabilities of professional fraudsters. If you can forge an ancient Greek goblet, you can probably forge a piece of paper. Tell me Tina, who is your boss?"

"Her name is Dr. Mathers. She's here tonight."

The billionaire had a look of disgust. "Total bitch." Everyone laughed. "That bitch needs to take the pinecone out of her cunt. Probably needs a good rough fucking from a real man like myself and not her dweeby cuckold husband."

Tina was relieved that O'Sullivan agreed with her and that it wasn't just her employees that she acted like a bitch towards, it was towards everyone. "I know! Everyone hates her. Danny and I were just talking about how she intentionally makes everyone around her miserable to bring them down to her level." She glanced at Danny, who clearly felt that he was not wanted in the conversation.

"Well, let's go talk to her." Quentin held out his hand for Tina to take.

Tina really didn't want to go talk to her boss, but she did really want to hold Quentin's hand. Her desires easily overrode her fears, and she took his hand. As the three of them walked away, Danny stayed behind. He did not want to be involved with upsetting his boss.

"There's the bitch," O'Sullivan nodded in the proper direction.

Dr. Mathers was with her husband, a dweeby looking fellow exactly as O'Sullivan had described. They were in a group talking to two other donors. The billionaire asserted himself and his companions into the discussion, "Dr. Mathers, I was just talking to one of your employees, Tina. She is delightful, I'm sure she's a pleasure to work with. You have some exceptionally talented people here. My friend and I have an inquiry about one of your artifacts, a goblet. Can you please bring up your quandary with Dr. Mathers?"

"Dr. Mathers, I am completely convinced that your 'Athenian sacred ritual goblet' is phony. It's an obvious forgery. And if one of your most prominently displayed artifacts is a fraud, then I can almost guarantee that your entire museum is riddled with similar forgeries."

Quentin went on to explain his theory in even more detail than he had done earlier. When he was done explaining, Dr. Mathers had become visibly agitated. This man she had never met, who had the nerve to wear jeans and a baseball cap to an event requiring formal attire, was speaking to her insolently. Who was he to question the quality of the operation she was running? He had a lot of nerve. She spoke shrilly, "And who are you? You've never even inspected that goblet, let alone run any tests."

"Madam, apparently you have never inspected that goblet either."

Dr. Mathers glared with contempt at the man. She looked at Tina, briefly wondering what she had done to ingratiate herself with O'Sullivan and the irritating man. "Good night, Mr. O'Sullivan. Thank you for your support. It is very much appreciated. She then gave a commanding look to her husband and the group dispersed.

Quentin had released her hand when they had finished walking. Tina yearned to hold it once more. "Oh my god! I can't believe you did that. I've never seen her that

mad. It was like her brain was going to explode through her eye sockets. You were absolutely scathing. You completely humiliated her in front of everyone and made her look totally incompetent. She knew you were right and all she could do was get angry. That was brilliant! I just hope I don't get fired on Monday for just witnessing that."

"We like you Tina, much more than that incompetent bitch. If she tries to fire you, then O'Sullivan will have her fired. Isn't that right?"

O'Sullivan made a throat slitting gesture, dragging a finger slowly across his neck. "I like to make it quick. There's mercy in a quick firing."

The three of them went to the bar to get more drinks. Afterwards, someone approached O'Sullivan and he broke off from the group. When he was gone, Quentin held out his hand again for Tina. "I got an idea," he said. She took it eagerly and squeezed his large, manly palm. It felt warm and wonderful to hold him, even if it was only his hand. She didn't know where he was taking her, but at this point she felt like she would follow this man anywhere. "Let's go walk around the museum. Fancy parties are dumb."

"Quentin, the museum is closed. Only this part of the museum is open for the party, all of the rest of the museum is locked down."

"We'll see about that." He led her out of the party. They walked down a dark hallway and at the end there was a gate with a locked door.

"See, I told you it was locked."

Quentin let go of Tina's hand and reached into his back pocket, pulling out a small leather pouch filled with tiny metal instruments. He inserted two of the wiry tools into the lock, jiggled them in a specific way, and after no time the door was unlocked. "Well, looks like someone forgot to lock this one."

"Oh my god, you did not! We can't go in there."

"Why not, we're not going to steal anything. We just want to walk around and get away from the party. If security stops us, then we'll just play dumb. They will ask us to leave, and then they'll be too afraid to report anything because they'll assume that they fucked up by not locking the gate."

"Okay, Quentin. I trust you, but I really don't want to get in any trouble."

They walked together hand in hand through the dark and silent museum. There was a solitude and a strangeness to being in the museum alone at night. They walked past scenes of stuffed prehistoric creatures, displays of ancient hunting weapons, and depictions of paleolithic human life. They spoke intimately as they walked, basking in each other's company. Tina told him about her life, previous relationships, and some of her hobbies. Quentin told her about how he had met O'Sullivan a few years back and how his friend had asked him to come to the gala tonight to "ruffle some feathers". He

also spoke of some of the things he did in his job, although he seemed rather vague when discussing it.

Tina talked about her workout routine, how she likes to go for a long runs almost every weekday, and how she had been really anxious tonight until she had met him. She told him about her love for history and the things she had studied in school. They found common ground in their favorite historical topics and passively discussed some of the dimly lit exhibits as they strode passed. She was midsentence when suddenly, Quentin grabbed her by her hips and pulled her close to him. The tall, strong man had no problem handling the tiny woman. He pinned her body up against his, bent down, and kissed her assertively. Tina felt like her body was melting. His sudden and forceful display of affection overwhelmed her. She kissed him enthusiastically in return, wrapping her arms around his back and squeezing her body closer to his. They continued to make out and caress each other's bodies for several minutes when unexpectedly they heard footsteps approaching them. They broke away from each other. Tina's face was flushed, and she tried to collect herself.

"Hey, you two! How did you get in here?" The security guard was more confused than angry.

Quentin held Tina firmly by the hip while he coolly addressed the guard. "Hey, there! We were just at the party and thought we would go for a little walk and see some of the museum."

"All the doors are locked, how'd you get in?"

"Not the door we came through. That one is open."

The security guard gave a nervous look of incomprehension. "Well, it's time to go back to the party. I don't know how we could have forgotten to lock a gate. I'll walk you two back to the party. Please show me the gate that you came through?"

When they got back to the party area, Quentin squeezed her hip and said, "Let's go back to my place. It's not that far. We'll have more fun there."

Tina glowed with affection. "Yes! I'd love to. Do you have a car? I took the train."

## **Chapter 3:** **International Man of Mystery**

Quentin pulled his car into his driveway, stepped out, and then walked around the car to escort his companion. Tina had expected his home to be a little larger or more extravagant because he was best friends with a billionaire. It was only one story, but the architecture was modern and attractive. She was still impressed that this handsome man, of only 31 years of age, was successful enough to afford a home with some

property just on the outskirts of the city. He escorted her into his home. "You're not allergic to cats, are you?"

"No, I love cats. I love all animals. Well, not like Cockroaches. I've had cockroaches in my apartment before. Not right now. I mean my apartment is fine, but your place is really nice." She knew she sounded nervous. Being swept up by this amazing man was making her heart flutter.

"No pests could penetrate my property. My vicious feline would assault and devour any unwanted intruders. And I must warn you, Tina. You must be always on guard in this house. I purchased this beast on my travels to Persia. It is half house cat and half African lion, technically she's a miniature lion."

His joking manor and the way he rubbed her back as he spoke but her at ease. Tina laughed, "You're full of it. It's hard to tell when you're joking sometimes, but I know that's not true."

Entering the kitchen, a screeching "meow" sound greeted them. A brown, black, and white ball of fur, weighing no more than 10lbs, scurried into the room and glared at them with disproportionately large eyes and a flat face. "Meowww!" It repeated.

Quentin scooped up the fluffy cat with one hand and cooed in a tender voice, "There you are, baby girl. You must be hungry, my baby puff ball. I love you, baby princess. Don't be fooled by this miniature lion's cuddly appearance, she's a stone-cold killer. Under all the fluff, she has razor sharp claws and teeth that can tare flesh from bone." He passed the cat to Tina as one would pass a baby.

"Oh my god, she's adorable. Clearly very vicious as you have warned, but so beautiful. Is this a Persian calico cat?" She stroked the animal's thick and luxurious coat. It responded by purring, and exposing its belly more, anticipating belly rubs.

Quentin prepared cat food on a plate, which he placed on the ground. "Yep. And you should put her down now, you don't want to keep that vicious beast from her meal."

"You said you have other pets?"

He occupied himself in the kitchen, preparing drinks for them. He poured Tina a tall glass of wine, and for himself, he poured a beer. "Here, it's a Merlot." He handed her the wine glass. "And yes, I have some other pets. I can show you my toads and my frogs. I also have lots and lots of plants. Bring your drink, I'll show you around."

All the appliances in the kitchen were new and high end. This was also the case for all the rest of the furniture and accoutrements in the home. It wasn't a big house, but it was genuinely nice and not gawdy at all. It smelled nice inside and the air somehow tasted even cleaner than outside. A few things grabbed Tina's attention, most of all, the artwork on his walls. Some of the paintings were of psychedelic-type art with hypnotic fractal patterns. The rest of the art had a theme that made Tina a little uncomfortable,

there were at least 4 paintings of mostly naked women who were extraordinarily busty. Tina felt the need to comment, "Interesting artwork, where did you get it?"

"These paintings here," he gestured to the psychedelic art. "Those are from a friend of mine who is an artist in Brazil. His art is inspired by ayahuasca visions. We have a common interest in Aztec history, art, and architecture." He gestured to the portraits of busty women, "Those are gifts from an artist that I had a loose romantic relationship with several years back. She moved to New Zealand, and we don't keep in touch anymore. That one right there is actually her self-portrait."

Tina choked back her disapproval. Knowing her own features were far less voluptuous, she couldn't help but feel inadequate. "You keep them even though you broke up with her?"

"Well, we were never really dating. We just hooked up a few times. I've thought about selling them, but they are probably worth a lot of money and that value should continue to appreciate. It's like an investment. And besides, I like them."

She pressed the matter. "They have a very particular, rather interesting theme?"

Quentin understood exactly what Tina was getting at, yet he didn't react at all the way Tina had wanted. Instead, he essentially ignored the comment. "Oh definitely. That's why I like them. I believe in a type of Feng-Shui. There is something important about creating a space conducive to positive thinking. Here, let me show you my greenhouse. I like to meditate in it."

They opened a glass door that led to a greenhouse attached to the back of the home. The walls and ceiling were glass. It was dark outside and therefore dark in the greenhouse as well. Quentin hit a switch and a green spectrum light illuminated the space. It was filled with a variety of plants, some that Tina recognized, and others that seemed very foreign. The flowers and foliage had an eerie appearance under the green glow, like an alien planet. "I turned on the green light, because that spectrum tends to not disturb that plants during their night cycle. Plants need sleep too."

Tina marveled at the well-curated microcosm of nature. The greenhouse was of decent size, maybe 20ft by 40ft. Many of the plants were potted in soil, but some of them were on hydroponic rails or towers. Although she loved looking at plants and nature, Tina had grown up in the city and was only vaguely familiar with gardening and botany. She wandered down a path with her glass of wine and inhaled the humid air. It was rich with natural fragrances. The wall that was against the house had a series of white pipes that wound its way down from ceiling to ground. "What is this tower of tubes with plants in it?"

Quentin smiled, reached out, and picked a flower from the wall of plants and tucked it behind Tina's ear. She gleamed with delight. "This is a hydroponic tower. The water with plant food is stored in that container, it gets pumped up to the top and then trickles down those tubes back to the container. As it flows, all those plants feed off it

and they grow in place. Some plants like it much better than soil and can grow a lot faster. I have some herbs and such at the top, and the flowering plants down near the bottom. All the plants in the back of the greenhouse are hydroponic.”

“This big one over here with its own container, what is this one? It looks familiar.” She reached out to touch the sprawling green plant.

“That’s a cannabis indica plant. It’s finishing its vegetative stage. I’m going to start flowering it soon. In about 10 weeks, I’ll have perfect, potent, home grown marijuana.” He spoke with pride.

“I’ve never seen a marijuana plant. It’s actually very pretty.”

Quentin stroked Tina’s lower back reassuringly. “Do you enjoy marijuana?”

“Well, not really. I tried it a couple times in college, but it just made my anxiety worse. People said it would help my anxiety, and you know how I told you that it’s something I’m always dealing with. It’s probably just not good for me.”

Quentin shifted his hand onto Tina’s hip, he began guiding her out of the greenhouse. “It’s all a state of mind, Tina. Marijuana, like many other substances, is a tool that can enable you to tune your mind towards sensations and experiences that you would not be able to grasp otherwise. All the plants around you are my friends, that marijuana plant, I will get to meet one day when I consume it. Those tomatoes over there are ripe, you can eat one and get to know that plant in the same way. Plants provide for us, and all they ask in return is to be allowed to thrive. Let me show you the rest of the place.”

They walked down a hallway and Quentin pointed to rooms, “That room is my home gym. It’s nothing too fancy as you can see, just some free weights and kettlebells and such. And this is the guest bedroom, nothing special in there. I don’t have a lot of guests, so I put most of the cat stuff in there. My bedroom is at the end of the hall, I’ll show you that soon. This here is my office.” He guided her inside.

There was a billiard table in the middle of the room. A large desk and cabinets covered most of the far wall. Two of the other walls were wrapped in bookshelves, floor to ceiling. They were full of books on a vast variety of subjects. The remaining wall had two unusually large glass cases, around 12 feet wide by 4 feet deep in area, and as tall as Tina at 5 feet. Inside the glass cases were what appeared to be terrariums. One case looked like a desert, and one looked like the rainforest. “They’re habitats for my frogs and toads,” Quentin explained. “These are rainforest frogs, and these are toads from the Sonoran Desert. There is one male and two females in each case. You have to look closely because they’re usually hiding.”

Tina spent several minutes scouring the tiny artificial environments that housed the strange amphibians. Each tank was like a tiny world. “You take very good care of your place, it’s kind of like part laboratory and part museum.”

“I love it! That’s the vibe I like.” Quentin moved away from his woman and dug through a drawer, he pulled out a glass jar and from it he removed a large joint. Without saying anything, he lit the joint and inhaled sharply, expertly expelling a large cloud of psychoactive smoke. He took another puff and looked at Tina with expectations. “This is a good chance for you to try cannabis again. It’s some of the best marijuana in the world, in my biased opinion. I grew it out there. You just met this plant’s clone. That plant in my greenhouse is genetically identical to this one. You’re already friends with this plant. I know my plants. I can tell that it likes you.”

Tina giggled and took the last sip of her wine. She put the empty glass on the edge of the billiard table, then lifted herself into an elevated sitting position on the table next to her glass. She was uninterested in marijuana, yet for some reason she completely trusted this man she had just met, and she wanted to engage with him as deeply as possible. “I trust you, Quentin.” She said as she took the joint, brought it to her lips, and inhaled.

Instantly, she felt the world around her become alive with meaning and emotion. She looked around the room, taking in her surroundings and experiencing a new state of mind. The bookcases were alive with knowledge, the desk was so improbably geometrical and elegant, the terrariums seemed to sparkle with the voracity of life. She gazed wholly at her companion, he was no longer just a man, he had an aura about him. He had become a superman. She looked inside her mind and saw the most perfect embodiment of herself, a princess. Her heartbeat intensified as Quentin approached her. She sat on the billiard table with her feet off the ground, legs spread. Her superman placed himself between her thighs, against the edge of the table, and draped his arm around her back. He took the joint from her, inhaled, and exhaled. Once again, he inhaled, but instead of exhaling, he moved in to kiss her. Their lips met delicately. With the smoke still in his lungs, Quentin continued to kiss Tina. Opening her mouth with his lips, he exhaled the smoke directly into her lungs like a CPR technique.

The smoke was much cooler and smoother coming directly from his lungs. It was like he was breathing his spirit directly into her body. Her body tingled and she felt more alive than ever. “Please, do that again. It was like having your breath inside me.”

Quentin obliged by grabbing the back of her neck. He tilted her head back and guided the cloud from his lungs into hers. She let his exhalation fill herself, then breathed it out, feeling more like herself than ever before. Everything was pure and everything was harmonious. She sighed profoundly and as she exhaled, she leaned back on the billiard table. Fully on her back, she spread her legs and lifted her dress to show her black thong, “Please, take me right here,” she begged. She reached out and tried to unzip his jeans.

Quentin effortlessly scooped his woman up off the billiard table and into his arms. He began to carry her out of the room and into the master bedroom. “If I fucked you the way that I want to fuck you, we could snap that table in two. You’re such a perfect dainty

little doll, I'm going to throw you around and use your body like the goddess that you are."

Tina left his arms and flew several feet through the air, landing on her back in the center of a King-Sized bed. She giggled almost uncontrollably, then closed her eyes and inhaled sharply as Quentin climbed on top of her. He spread her legs around his pelvis. Leaning down, he kissed her neck obsessively. She exposed the side of her neck, writhing and moaning from his rough kisses as if she had just been penetrated.

As he continued to give attention to her neck, Quentin lifted her dress and then with one quick motion, whipped off her panties and threw them across the room. He eagerly removed his own pants and underwear. Tina felt more aroused than she had ever felt in her life, she wanted this man to dominate her completely. She wanted to feel him inside. "Please, take me. Take my body and do what you want. I'm yours." She reached out for his cock and grasped it firmly in her tiny girlish hand. "OH FUCK! You're really big!"

He stopped kissing her neck and brought his face nose-to-nose with hers. He put a hand on the back of her neck and starred directly into her mesmerizing eyes. He said nothing but communicated everything as he gazed into her soul. As their eyes locked, his hand began massaging her vagina, it was soaking wet. Without warning, he pulled himself back, grabbed her by the hips, and flipped her around like a rag doll so she was now face down on the bed. He mounted her from behind and inserted his thick erection. Tina squealed, "FUCK FUCK FUCK! It's soo fucking big. I've never taken a cock this big. But I'm so fucking wet. Fuck me with that huge thick cock, Quentin! Please fuck me like a horny princess!"

Driving her into the mattress, Quentin held her down by her head and hips. One powerful hand gathered her hair long blond hair in a clump at the base and forced her head downwards. His other hand assisted his pelvis in pinning her lower body to the mattress. His thrusts were slow, deep, and thorough. At the apex of each thrust, he held himself inside her, pushing their bodies together each time, and each time she let out a triumphant squeal. Her pussy was getting a workout taking him inside. He was pacing her appropriately, feeling out the rhythm that she could take. With each thrust she opened herself, letting him into her body, and then rejoicing when he was completely immersed in her.

"Do you want to be my little fuckdoll? My little toy with her tiny barbie doll body? Tell me you want to be my fuckdoll!" His words accompanied the rhythm of his thrusts.

She could breathe just enough while he forced her head into the mattress. Slightly muffled by the comforter, Tina wailed, "YES! YES! I want to be your fuckdoll! Please make me your fuckdoll. Ohh! It's soo good. You're soo big! Fill me up and make me your fuckdoll! Please fill me up! I want to be your toy... uhhh..."

“Such a greedy fuckdoll. Demanding all my cum. You need to earn it if you want it. I don’t give my cum to just any doll. I only give my cum to special doll toys. Do you want to be a special, perfect doll toy for me and take my cum?”

“Yess!” She begged. “Yes, please let me take it. Please fill me up. Your doll toy is ready!”

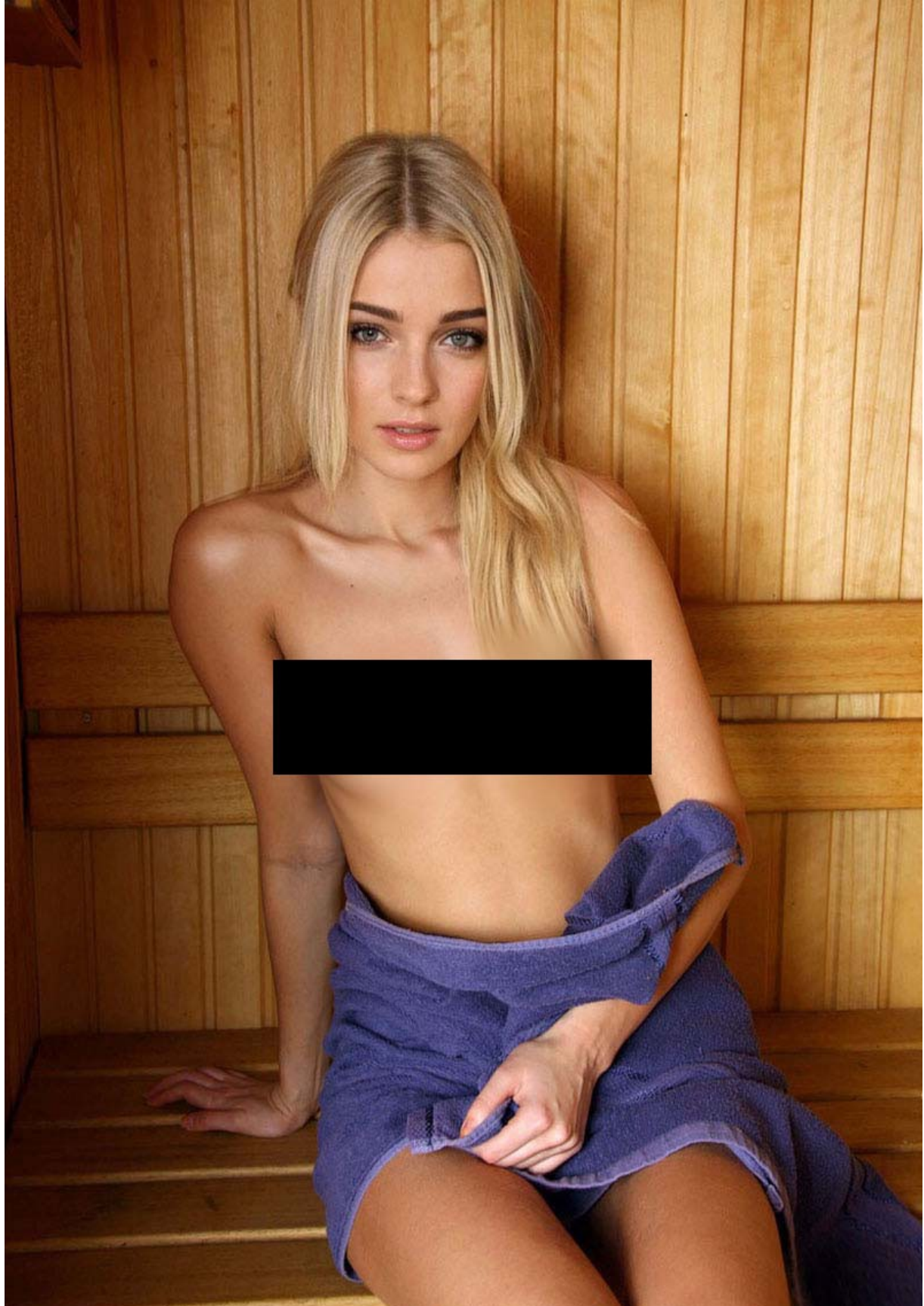
Quentin made an unexpected move, ending his rhythm mid stroke, and pulling himself off her. Tina felt the cock vacate her insides, leaving behind a longing emptiness. He wasn’t done with her yet. She was being dragged around the bed by his powerful arms. She obeyed as best she could, allowing her body to be repositioned. He was now sitting upright at the head of the bed. She was chest down between his legs with her head only inches from his throbbing erection that was still wet with her juices. The whole time, Quentin had never let go of the stern grip he had of her hair at the base of her scalp. “If you want my cum, you need to take it from me. Suck it out like a good doll. Suck it hard and deep if you want it from me.”

Tina obeyed instinctively, swallowing his manhood with delight. The hand holding her hair stuffed her head forcefully towards his pelvis. She inhaled as much of the cock as she could into her throat, but despite her best efforts, she only managed to get 5 inches of the 7-inch shaft past her lips. When he forced her all the way down, she made it almost an inch away from the base. He pulled her head off his shaft and let her catch some air. “That’s a good doll, you almost got all the way down. I know you’re trying very hard to be a good little barbie fuck doll for me. I need you to suck even harder and more desperately. Suck it with everything you have. Be a good doll and pull all that cum out with your mouth.”

Quentin set the rhythm with his arm, bouncing her head off his cock. Tina did her best to keep up, applying as much suction to his genitals as she possibly could, and taking it as deep as she could without gagging. The cock started to pulse, indicating it was about to erupt. His alternate hand met the first on the back of her head to apply double pressure. As he forced her face into his crotch, she struggled to remain suction as the cock exploded in her mouth. She miraculously refrained from gagging as she chugged the streams of thick fluid. Even though she managed to swallow most of it, some of it leaked past her lips and trickled down his shaft. When the ejaculation finished, Quentin let go of her hair and allowed her to pull her mouth off his cock. She was still trying to swallow the last mouthful, but it was a lot. She coughed slightly and a few droplets erupted from her lips and splashed on the comforter. “Achem! I like... I tried to swallow it all. Sorry that I got some on your bed. There was like a lot of it.”

“Don’t worry your tiny little doll head, you were perfect for me. You were a good toy, just like I told you.”

“I was a good doll toy, so you gave me all your cum.” She grinned. Another trickle of semen escaped the corner of her mouth. She graciously lapped up the trail with her tongue and licked her lips. “You’re so big and thick, and you taste amazing.”



He grabbed his new toy and pulled her body against his into a spooning position. He brought their bodies tightly together, resting his head against hers, and smelling the unique scent of her hair. They fell asleep in that position. Quentin was perfectly contented, and Tina was also happy, but she couldn't help but reflect on her inadequacies as she fell asleep. This exceptional, perfect male specimen had taken her away on a voyage that night. He had given her excitement, adventure, and unexpected new experiences. She felt fulfilled by him, but she wondered if she could fulfill him. Thoughts of his rich and famous friends filled her head.

Presciently, she reflected on the paintings in his living room of his busty artist ex-girlfriend. The thing that bothered her the most, was that during the entire time they were having sex, up until they fell asleep in each other's arms, she still had her dress on. He had never bothered to strip her completely naked. He had exposed all her body except for her breasts, pulling her dress above her midsection, but never bothering to remove it, and never even touching her breasts for more than a moment. It was like her chest was completely uninteresting to him.

Tina had the same thoughts in her head the next morning when she woke up. She arose before Quentin and made her way to the master bathroom. She fixed her hair somewhat and did the best she could with what remained of her makeup. Even worse, she didn't have a toothbrush and her breath smelled like a petri dish of wine, saliva, and semen. She used mouthwash and tried to brush her teeth with toothpaste and her finger. She collected her panties from the corner of the room where Quentin had flung them in a fervor. Trying not to perseverate on the artwork, she walked through the living room and into the kitchen.

Quentin was still fast asleep and didn't look like he would get up immediately, so she got to work making him breakfast. She wanted him to know that she wasn't just some slut. She wanted to show him that she was good wife material. Maybe she couldn't compete with that artist girl's huge boobs, but she knew that she could try to outperform girls like that in other ways. She wanted to satisfy this man to the best of her abilities.

She checked the refrigerator and freezer. There was a lot of good healthy food that she could work with. Tina wasn't the best cook, but she was decent. She was always creative with whatever ingredients were available, a skill she learned from her days in college with no money.

She found everything that she needed in the kitchen to prepare a hearty breakfast and laid it out on the counter, emphasizing presentation. As she finished preparing the meal, she heard a familiar meowing. Quentin's cat had come asking for attention. Tina gently scooped up the tiny, fluffy creature like a baby. She stroked its fur and whispered, "You're so soft and nice. Let's go wake up your daddy." She chuckled at a naughty thought that popped into her head and decided to say it out loud to the cat. "Well, maybe one day he'll be my daddy also. Let's be friends and not compete for him, okay kitten?"

She put the animal back down and it followed her curiously to the bedroom. Quentin wasn't awake yet, but he was beginning to stir. "Quentin, I made breakfast. You can sleep more if you want, just letting you know."

An enormous groaned emanated from the bed, followed by an even longer yawn. He rolled over to face Tina, eyes open. "Well, fuck Tina. You really gave me a good workout last night. Your pussy makes cross fit seem like playing golf."

Tina laughed, self-consciously adjusting her hair. She was embarrassingly aware that she didn't look nearly as put together as she did last night. "I had a great time with you last..." She started a sentence, but stopped when Quentin rolled back the covers, exposing his naked body. His substantial girth was fully erect. "You're still so hard."

He looked down at himself, looked back at Tina and grinned deviously. He saw her lustful look and recognized her desire to satisfy him. He folded his arms behind his head, glanced at Tina, then back at his erection. "It must really like you."

He didn't need to say anything else; she knew what he wanted. Tina seductively crawled onto the bed. She placed herself ass up and face down in front of his cock. "Does it like this?" She grasped the hard member with her delicate hand, holding it in place while she slowly drew her tongue all the way from the base of his shaft up to the tip. She did it several more times, each time slower and more wholeheartedly. She popped the shaft in her mouth. Using both of her dainty hands to strangle it at its base, she milked it as intensely as she could with her mouth. After ten minutes of consistent pumping and sucking, she received her reward. This time she swallowed it all with no problem. She licked her lips. "You're such a horny boy. I'm glad I could satisfy such a big cock."

"Oh boy," he moaned. "That was something else. You swallowed it all so greedily. Was that some good breakfast?"

"Fucking delicious." She licked her lips again. "I should tell you that I'm a vegan. I don't eat any animal products, except for one. I can eat as much cum as I want." She continued to gently stroke his saliva-soaked shaft as the erection faded.

After their morning blowjob session, they ate a real breakfast together. The best part of the morning for Tina was when Quentin asked her to go on a date later that week. She eagerly accepted, glad she had made the impression that she did on this remarkable man. He also mentioned something to her that made her sad. He told her that he had to go away in a few weeks on "an adventure in a remote area of Nepal". He would be gone for 4 weeks.

It made her much less upset when he asked her to house sit for him. As he explained it, "I need a house sitter; someone smart that I can trust to take care of my plants, my frogs, my toads, and most importantly my baby puff princess. You can sleep in my bed and use my car. Just don't bring anyone else here, there's lots of things here

that I can't have anyone messing around with. And of course, I'll pay you. \$250 a day seems about the right price."

Tina agreed to taking care of his place, but she insisted that it was too much money and that he did not need to pay her anything. "Seriously Quentin, that's like way too much money for not doing much. That's like \$7000. I can't take that much money from you. I want to do it for you because I like you."

He wouldn't consider any of her objections. "It's settled, I'll leave a list of instructions, but I'll also need to show you how to do everything. My cat is extremely high maintenance. If you've never brushed a long-haired beast such as her before, then you're in for a treat. Trust me, it's no simple task. You will earn that money. But to show you everything you'll need to do while I'm gone, you'll need to come back here soon."

Tina loved it every time he mentioned meeting again. It could not be soon enough for her. She put her hand on his thigh and asked, "Well, maybe after our date next weekend, we can make each other breakfast again the same as today?"

Quentin ran his hands through her hair. "You my dear, are a very good girl."

## **Chapter 4:** **The Conspiracy**

"You came here for drinks and to discuss our new project. I can tell that you can't stop thinking about something else. I can read people good, you know? You must be able to read people to be as successful as me. The more money you get, the more people there are that think they can get a piece of it, especially women. I see it on you, in your silence. You're plotting something. It must have something to do with that girl you've been fucking."

"I'm not 'plotting' anything. I'm just thinking. You're projecting. But you're right that I was thinking about Tina."

"Oh no, I know you're up to something. You're always up to something. That's one of the reasons that I enjoy mentoring you, Q. I suspect that I know what it is. Well, not exactly, but I have the general idea. This Tina girl is not exactly your type. Sure, she's smart, she's cute, she's fun, but she's sure as hell not busty. I know your type. So tell me, what are you plotting, Q?"

"I wish you wouldn't use that word. There is no plot. I have things that I want and things that I don't want out of a serious relationship, and I need to approach it delicately, setting boundaries and expectations. What I'm really doing is visualizing what I want and potential pathways to get there."

“Tell me more of this plot!” The stout man sat relaxed in his throne like chair. Unmoving, he grunted in the direction of a bottle of whiskey that was sitting on the ornate coffee table positioned between the two of them. “Humph! More booze, please!”

“Fuck off! I’m not one of your servants. I’m not going to pour your goddamned whiskey.” Defiantly, Quentin poured himself more whiskey, placing the bottle back on the table even further away from O’Sullivan. “There is no plot. I like the girl. But I’m being cautious. She’s exactly the type of girl I want. She does everything she possibly can to satisfy me.”

“I know the type you like, and she’s missing the primary characteristics of that type. You like fake lips and big plastic breasts. The plastic bimbo look. This one is a little different. She’s a little flat in the chest for ya, eh?”

“I’m sure I can convince her to get lip injections. And boob jobs are cheap. It may take time, but I’m almost certain that I can convince her to go just about as big as I want. I haven’t brought it up with her yet, but I’ve been suggesting it indirectly.”

“Haha! That’s rich!” Groaning strenuously, as if he had never attempted a sit-up in his life, O’Sullivan leaned forward and poured himself more alcohol. “See here. You’re plotting how to manipulate this naive girl, who is desperate for your affection, into getting lip injections and oversized breast implants. You’re scheming! Plotting! You may not recognize your thought process as a plot, but that’s what it is, Q.”

“I like Tina, but like I always say, I don’t ever plan on getting married. I don’t want to be tied down. And there’s no way I’d spend the rest of my life with a girl who has less than 2000ccs.”

“You’re far better at scheming than you realize. It’s what I do every day, figuring out how to make more money. If you spent all your time figuring out how to make more money, instead of toiling about with these silly side projects that I generously fund, then you would have lots more money. If you scheme hard enough, then one day you could have a house like this.”

“I’ve made you plenty of money, and I have enough money. I don’t do the things that I do for you just for money. I do it because it’s an adventure. I enjoy it. I enjoy life, and I’m honest about what I want. I don’t manipulate women. I let them make their own choices. I don’t force anyone to do anything, and I don’t let women impose themselves on me.”

“You don’t force them to do anything, but you do impose your will on them. You’re also good at it. But not as good as me.” O’Sullivan swirled the whiskey around in his glass contemplatively. “We can talk about making me money later. You’re my golden goose, and I want to help furl your feathers. I have an idea to further your plot. There is a strange feeling coming over me, a desire to help you even though it won’t immediately make me money. But first, let me say something. You need to be careful not to become too attached to women, Q. They’re all out to get your money, succubae every single one

of 'em. You simply need to take what you can get from 'em. Trust me. I'm older than you and I know these things better than you. I do like your style though. A gallon of saline in her chest is a good way to anchor her to your side. If you blow her up enough, she won't be able to get any normal job, then after she's lived a luxurious lifestyle, she won't want to take the only jobs available to her: sex work. It's a solid way to maintain control over her. You just can't marry her unless you get a nuclear prenup. Anyways, Q. I can help."

Quentin sighed, he didn't appreciate the way that his friend was construing his motives, but he didn't mind O'Sullivan's help in achieving his objectives. "What do you have in mind? I leave for Nepal in a week."

A wicked grin crept across his face, "I know women. Believe it or not, even before I was filthy rich, I could pick up almost any woman that I wanted. I know how women think, they all operate with the same programming. I know exactly what we need to do to make this girl insecure enough about herself to contemplate altering her body for you. More whiskey please," he paused, and held out his empty glass demanding.

"I'm not your god damned servant, you arrogant old bastard! And stop talking about my girlfriend like that!"

He extended his arm further in Quentin's direction. "Do you want to hear my idea or not?"

Quentin sighed, picked up the bottle of whiskey, and topped off his friend's glass. "This better be good. And we are not going to do anything too fiendish, Tina is a good girl."

O'Sullivan sipped his beverage with smug self-satisfaction. "A double date! You and I go on a double date. You bring Tina, and I'll bring an escort. Except that I won't just bring one escort, I'll invite myself to bring two escorts, without 'telling' you."

"Okay, we're going to make her jealous by bringing hotter girls to show her up. I'm not impressed with your plan."

"But wait... They won't just be any escorts. I'm going to get them from Double Diamonds." Quentin was beginning to understand the plan. O'Sullivan continued, speaking slowly to emphasize the deviousness of his plan. "That way, from her perspective, she will not only be outclassed, but she will also be faced with the realization that her man could leave her at any time for one of the ladies I bring with me. Afterall, I will have extra one."

"It's not a bad idea. Not bad at all," he mused. "You just can't be too mean to Tina. I've been crushing that pussy and I don't want to scare her off. I really like her."

"It's a plot then! Huzzah! I will have my secretary get us a table at L'Artusi on Friday. I'll call Double Diamonds myself to make sure that we get exactly the right girls. How old is Tina?"

"She's 27."

“Perfect. I’ll get them the same age, or younger. The plot is afoot!”

“I wish you wouldn’t call it a ‘plot’.”

“Then what would you have me call it? Oh! And speaking of plots, how is our little scheme coming together? Are you all set to rendezvous with the beekeeper and the local plant guy?”

“Yes, the plans are set to meet the apiarist and the local botanist, as well as our Sherpas. The equipment has all been inventoried. Are we all set to use your jet?”

He finished his drink and held out the empty glass once again. “You can use my jet to go to Kathmandu, but not on the way back. I need it that weekend. First class is nice. Not nice enough for me, but nice enough for you. But... I might let you use it if you pour me another drink.” Quentin glared at him, unaffected. Slumping back in his throne, the billionaire whimpered sarcastically, “Please sir, I want some more.”

“Fuck off! Pour your own drink. You pay me to oversee these operations, not to be your bartender. You’re a cheap, rotten old bastard, Matt.”

## **Chapter 5:** **Chest Envy**

Every week for the last three weeks, Tina spent most of her weekend with Quentin. This was going to be their third real date, and she knew she needed to continue to make an impression on him, especially because he was going away for 4 weeks. She hadn’t seen Matthew O’Sullivan since that night at the museum, but she did learn more about him on Google. When Quentin invited her on a double date, she had initially been anxious until she reminded herself how funny and irreverent Mr. O’Sullivan was with her at the party. He was very smart and eccentric, just like Quentin. She could see why they were friends.

Quentin was coming to pick her up soon to take her to the Italian restaurant. She had spent a long time getting ready for him. After she had agreed to the date, she had immediately gone out, gotten her hair done, and purchased a dress and heels specifically for the event. She even stopped at Victoria’s secret and spoiled herself with a new set of lingerie to impress him. Her new bra pushed up her small breasts to create all the cleavage that was possible, and her new red dress emphasized her slender body while showing off the little available cleavage that she had. She slipped on her matching red high heels and found her balance. They were much taller than she was used to, but that was what Quentin had told her that he liked.

On the drive there, he complimented her on how beautiful she looked, which made all her effort worthwhile. Tina was also happy to see that Quentin had dressed up

nicely. He had never taken her anywhere this fancy, and the last time they were anywhere this nice, it was at the museum party where he wore jeans and a baseball cap. He was looking handsome, clean, and highly desirable. Tina also complimented him on his appearance.

They arrived at the restaurant before the other couple. Their reservation was for a semi-private room in the corner of the restaurant. They sat down and ordered a bottle of wine while they waited. Quentin's phone buzzed and he withdrew it from the pocket of his khakis. "It's a text from Matt. He says his ETA is 25mins. The obnoxious old bastard thinks he can show up whenever he wants because apparently his time is more important than everyone else's."

"It's okay, babe. I'm just happy to be here with you. I'm not upset. It just means I get to spend more time at this fun restaurant with you drinking fancy wine." She resonated appreciation for her date.

Quentin showed his agreement by smiling pleasantly and grasping her thigh. Her dress settled halfway between her hips and her knees. He brushed the dress upwards, so his hand was under her dress, firmly holding the warm, malleable flesh of her inner thigh. His expression changed as he read another text message. "He just sent me another message. You're not going to believe this. I can believe it, obviously, because I know how obnoxiously egotistical he can be. This is why you can't leave any plans open-ended with him. You need to set finite boundaries or he'll do something shameless to show off."

"Why what did he do? Is he still coming?" Tina didn't really care what Mr. O'Sullivan was up to, she was happy to have her man next to her, so close.

"Here, look for yourself." He handed Tina his phone displaying the text conversation.

Tina read the message out loud. "Had to make another stop. My date wanted to bring a date. When you meet them, you'll understand why. Sorry that I'm not sorry, Q. Dinner is on me tonight, order whatever you want while you're waiting." Tina paused and reflected. She asked, "Does that mean he is bringing two girls?"

Quentin feigned annoyance. "Yeah, that's what he means. Is that okay with you? I can tell him to fuck-off and we can go somewhere else? You need to be firm with him sometimes and tell him off, otherwise he just assumes that he can do whatever the fuck he wants."

Tina put her hand on top of Quentin's hand, resting them together on her inner thigh. "Oh, don't let him upset you, baby. That doesn't spoil our plans at all. We have room for everyone at this table, and I don't care one bit. Like I said, I'm here for you, and I'm glad to be here. He could bring the circus with him, and I wouldn't care, as long as you're here."

Their bottle of wine arrived, and the waiter poured some for each of them. Forty minutes went by and still, O'Sullivan and his dates had not arrived.

They had just finished their first bottle of wine and Tina was starting to move beyond tipsy into the realm of drunkenness. The waiter had come by twice to check on them and didn't seem bothered by the fact that they hadn't ordered food yet. Tina suspected the restaurant knew who had made the reservation, which explained why they were being overly accommodating.

Just after the second bottle of wine arrived, so did the rest of their party. O'Sullivan had a woman under each arm. He failed to apologize for his lateness, or his extra guest, perhaps thinking that paying for the meal was going to be apology enough. "Ah! Quentin! Tina! Good to see you two. And may I say, you look gorgeous, Tina. That dress is spectacular. Devilishly red!"

Tina wanted to react gratefully to his compliment, but she could not bring herself to muster the emotion. A knot was forming in her throat, and a queasy feeling overcame her stomach. Her face flushed and her heart rate increased. She was looking at O'Sullivan's dates. Both women were not what she had expected. They were plastic bimbos. Both were young, hot, slutty looking women with extremely large breast implants and swollen fake lips. Even more surprising for Tina was that O'Sullivan's dates were dressed like they were ready to hit the club, not a fancy Italian restaurant. Their oversized plastic breasts were completely on display, each woman exhibiting maximum cleavage. Thoughts raced through Tina's head. She felt so outclassed by these women that it bordered on embarrassment. Choking on her words, she managed to respond, "Achem. Thank you, Mr. O'Sullivan. It's good to see you again."

The billionaire and his two women took their seats at the table opposite Quentin and Tina. He shifted his gaze between his women and his friends as he spoke. "Girls, these are my friends Tina and Quentin. Tina works at the natural history museum, where I do most of my philanthropic work. Tina is as beautiful as she is brilliant. She has a bachelor's degree in history and a master's in museum studies. She has very ..." He paused, looking not at Tina, but instead at the cleavage of his dates. "...very big brains."

O'Sullivan's dates giggled delightedly. He continued with his introduction. "And my friend over here, he likes to be by the name Q. He's an evolutionary biologist, and a god-damned genius."

"Matt is the only one who calls me Q. I don't care if you girls call me that, but my name is Quentin. And yes, it is true that Tina is super smart. You don't get a master's degree from an ivy league school without being brilliant."

Quentin applied more pressure to Tina's thigh, indicating that he comprehended her situation and was supporting her. He looked at his date as he spoke. "Tina has a difficult life. It is extremely difficult for a woman to be both brilliant and smoking hot. A delicate balance, which she is able to maintain."

Tina forced a smile. Although she was not happy with her situation, she needed to feign complacency. "Your dates are lovely, Mr. O'Sullivan. Will you please introduce us?"

He presented his guests. Emphasizing the blonde woman to his right who appeared to be the same age as Tina. "This is Stephanie. She likes to go by Steph. She likes animals, Snapchat, white wine, and wearing bikinis on beaches. Isn't that right, Steph?"

Stephanie appeared to be either very stupid, or very drunk, and probably both. Her voice was high pitched and would have been obnoxious if she did not look like a porn star. "Like OMG. I'm so happy to be here and like so happy to meet you guys. Like, Matt was telling us on the way here, like how clever you are, Quentin." She looked directly at Quentin while she spoke, and only glanced for a moment at Tina. "I totally like didn't think you'd like also be so cute, Quentin."

Instinctively, Tina wanted to speak up to defend her claim, but before she could think of the right thing to say, O'Sullivan was introducing his other date. "And this magnificent brunette here is Megan. She just moved here a few months ago from Miami. She didn't know many people out here when she moved, but she is good at making friends."

Tina attempted to assert her social dominance. "Where do you girls work?"

Megan, the slightly older and larger-breasted girl chirped, "Oh, we are both dancers. It's like a lot of fun. We don't have to work a lot and it's like a lot of money. I also do OnlyFans and I have like a lot of followers on Instagram."

Stephanie pressed her upper body against O'Sullivan enticingly, her breasts squishing together as they rubbed against her date. "Yeah, like you guys should come see us dance at the club. Megan is trying to get me into OnlyFans, but I like totally make enough money already. Sometimes, we like also like to do escorting. Ever since I met Megan at the club, we are like totes besties. We meet like the coolest people."

O'Sullivan glanced at both of his women, not at their faces, but down into their sprawling cleavage. He lifted both his arms in the air and brought them down around the shoulders of his escorts, pulling them towards him. "Aren't they fantastic? They really know how to take care of a man. Isn't that right girls?" The girls leaned in and simultaneously kissed him on either cheek. "Good girls!"



“Like, OMG. Matty is like soo breast obsessed. It’s like adorable,” Stephanie squealed as she thrust out her chest for her date to get a better look down her shirt.

Megan thrust her chest out similarly. “Yeah, he like wouldn’t stop talking about our tits the whole ride over. He’s like totally obsessed with our big boobs. Isn’t that right Matty?”

O’Sullivan squeezed his dates even closer, his hands sliding under their breasts and lifting them up slightly. “Look at these bad girls, calling me Matty. I told them to call me your highness.” The girls both giggled and smiled at him. “But these bad girls are right. How could I not enjoy such a delectable selection as these two... or four?” He starred alternately between their chests.

Quentin responded with veiled sarcasm, “You really do know how to pick ‘em, Matty.”

“It’s true, I pick them by the price tag. Also, by their bra tag.” He roared with commanding laughter. “So, who do you think is bigger? Q here is a savant for guessing sizes, volumes, heights, and ages. It’s a game we play that I’ve never won before. He’s damned uncanny. Take a guess at these girls, will ya, Q?”

Quentin addressed the question, but deflected slightly, turning some of the attention to Tina who was becoming visibly uncomfortable with the topic of conversation. “Matt gets impressed when I ‘guess’ the volume of a pint glass. But yes, I do have an eye for guessing these things. If I weren’t a badass scientist, I would have made a damned good carnie. For example, Tina here is 27 years old. She already told me that, and I believe her. But she also told me that she is 5 foot 1 inch tall. And I don’t believe her. She is in fact, 5 foot and a half inch.”

Tina grinned with surprise, pretended to be angry and slapped Quentin’s shoulder playfully. “How did you know? I just round up because 5 foot sounds like really short, but 5 foot 1 sounds more like normal short.”

Quentin laughed, then leaned in and kissed his date on the lips. “I know lots of things, my dear.”

The waiter finally came back around, they ordered their meals, along with a lot more alcohol for the table. Tina was relieved when her supply of wine was replenished, allowing her to cope with the stress of being out-sexualized by these two airheaded sluts.

O’Sullivan wouldn’t let the topic go, “Now do these girls. Girls, stand up and give Quentin a twirl,” he commanded. The girls obliged, stood up, and spun around slowly, showing off their unnaturally curvy young bodies, ornamented by tight revealing dresses.

“Stephanie, you are 27 and 5 foot 2 on the mark. Megan, you are 31 and 5 foot 4 and a half.”

The two bimbos squealed in delight. “Like OMG that’s totally right!” Megan said. “I turn 31 next month, but everything else is like totally exactly right. That’s amazing. Now guess how big our boobs are.” Both bimbos thrust their chest out.

Quentin hesitated. O’Sullivan pressed the matter, “Guess their breast implant sizes in cubic centimeters. If you are within 50ccs for both these girls, then I’ll give you a thousand dollars. If you’re wrong, you have to chug the rest of your glass of wine and then tell me that I’m the smartest man in the world.” He removed his arm from Megan’s body, reached in his pocket, and slapped 10 crisp hundred dollar bills on the table. “Deal?”

To Tina’s dismay, Quentin was now focusing intensely on the two pairs of enormous fake breasts in front of him. The bimbos were happy to have their oversized plastic parts admired. “Well, they’re both well over 1000cc. Megan, you are a little bigger than Stephanie, but not that much bigger. Hmmm... I’m going to say that

Stephanie, you are 1300cc per breast. And Megan... you are ummm... let's go with 1550ccs."

O'Sullivan roared with delight and his two sluts bounced gleefully in their chairs, their stiff plastic melons jiggling ever so slightly as they bounced. "A god-damned savant, I told you girls! I don't know how he does it!" He slid the cash across the table as he continued to laugh with his big-titted escorts. "Money well spent! And also, money well spent on these two ladies next to me."

"He like totally got your boob size exactly right, Steph. Your boobs are 1300cc saline. And like Quentin, you were so close to guessing my implant size like exactly. My twins are 1600cc." Megan smiled and looked with admiration directly into Quentin's eyes, completely ignoring his flat-chested date and her sour expression. "They're a little bigger than you thought, huh Quentin? I'm thinking about getting even bigger implants than these. Do you think that would look good?"

Quentin faltered. Tina who was now ahead of everyone else in terms of intoxication jumped in defensively, instinctively protecting her claim against this overly aggressive slut. "That's a great idea. If you like doubled the size they are now, you wouldn't need air bags in your car."

Megan acknowledged Tina's words, but never took her attention away from Tina's date. She batted her long, fake eyelashes and starred even more intensely at Quentin. "They would be useful for lots of things... Is that a good idea, Quentin? Do you think I should make them twice as big?" As Megan spoke, she stood up and confidently strode to the other side of the table, pausing directly in front of him. He swallowed and no words came out. Before he could speak, Megan was grabbing his free hand and placing it on one of her large fake breasts, helping his hand squeeze the oversized melon through the thin fabric of her dress. "They're kinda stiff right now and I want them to be softer. My surgeon says that if I went a bigger, they would be like more rounder and like more soft and jiggly. What do you think?"

"I uh... " As if waking from a vivid dream, it took Quentin several seconds before he even realized what was happening. After a few involuntary squeezes, he came to his senses and pulled his hand away. "I uh... I think they are very fine, Megan."

Megan smiled wickedly, then pivoted around on her high heeled boots and walked off into the restaurant, "I'm going to find the girls room. BRB." As she walked away, she made sure to make a show of swaying her shapely, likely to be fake buttocks.

"Isn't she something? What a babe!" O'Sullivan laughed, embracing his remaining date.

Tina knocked back the rest of her third glass of wine and tried her best to regain her date's attention. She put her hand on his inner thigh and to her surprise, Quentin had an enormous erection. She looked down and saw the obvious bulge in his pants.

He was also blushing. His face had taken on a pink hue. Embarrassment was something she had never witnessed in Quentin; he was always supremely confident. All that Tina could think of was to say something sarcastic and nasty, "Well it's better that all that plastic ended up in her body, rather than in the ocean with the fish. That's very environmentally conscious of Megan."

Quentin remained frozen while O'Sullivan and Stephanie laughed at the joke. "You're a feisty one too, Tina. I see why Q likes you."

Their meals finally arrived along with more alcohol. Megan came back from the rest room after nearly ten minutes. Before she sat down, she stopped next to her friend and whispered something in her ear. Stephanie perked up and laughed gleefully at the confidential comment. When she was done laughing and Megan had sat back down, Stephanie announced to the table, "Megan was like totally fingering herself in the bathroom. She's such a fucking slut!"

"Like WTF, Steph! That was a secret! I just got like horny talking about making my boobs bigger and like getting them squeezed."

"Like, OMG, Megan. You like didn't say it was a secret."

"You're such a slut, Steph!"

"I know I'm a slut. You're the one pretending you're not a slut."

O'Sullivan wrapped his arms around his escorts dominantly. "Ladies! Ladies! You're both sluts. And you can prove that to me later when we get back to my mansion."

For the rest of the meal, Tina kept her eye on the two sluts, she was not going to let Megan get away with anything like she had done earlier, humiliating her, and taking control of her man. For the rest of the meal, the topic of conversation was mostly not about breast implants, but Tina still had not recovered from the shock of watching her man touch another woman's breast, and an enormous, obviously unnatural breast at that.

She spent some time sitting in quiet contemplation. Even though Quentin had only touched Megan's giant breast for a few seconds, she couldn't think of a time since they had started dating that Quentin had touched her own breast for that long. She felt completely inadequate in front of these bimbos. Tina told herself that she had 30 IQ points on these sluts, but then, she wondered if CCs were more important to Quentin than IQ points. There was plenty of delicious, expensive wine, so she suppressed her self-doubt with chardonnay until she lost count of how many drinks she had had.

By the time they were ready to leave, Tina was very drunk and emotional, and up to this point had done a good job suppressing her emotional compulsions. When she was in the car alone with Quentin, she could no longer contain her jealousy. As they pulled out of the restaurant parking lot, she asked, "Do you want me to come home with you tonight? I promise to be a good girl for you. I'll be even better for you than your

friend's escorts could be." She reached her slender arm towards the driver's seat, setting it near his crotch. She began stroking the material around his penis. "I can be such a good girl for you, Quentin. You know that I can be a very good girl for you?"

He enjoyed the teasing while he carefully pulled his car onto the expressway. His Tesla was equipped with self-driving features which he engaged. He removed his hands from the steering wheel and used them to unclasp his belt and free his stiff erection from the bondage of his khakis. He leaned back in his chair with a sigh, "I know, Tina. You will be an extraordinarily good girl for me."

## **Chapter 7:** **Cosplay**

Tina grasped the base of Quentin's rock-hard shaft pumping slowly and gently. The handjob lasted for the remainder of the trip back to his house. When they arrived, the couple made their way quickly to the bedroom. By now, Tina's wine consumption had put her over a threshold whereby Quentin wondered how much of their proceeding activities she would remember the next day.

Quentin lay sprawled out naked on his king-sized bed while Tina undressed, tripping and almost falling as she drunkenly struggled to take off her clothes. When she got her clothes off, she climbed on the bed and crawled erotically on her hands and knees until she was between his legs. She grasped his cock and ran her tongue slowly from the bottom of his shaft to the tip, pausing at the tip and sucking generously. She repeated the motion several times before pausing and asking, "Is that good, babe?"

Quentin, who had been laying back with his eyes closed, now opened them and replied, "Fuck yes! Now, get back to work, fuckdoll."

Tina giggled and gave his cock a few more licks and sucks with the same slow, bottom to top approach. After a prolonged suctioning of his head, she paused again and asked, "Do you think you'd like it better if I had bigger lips? I would do that for you, Quentin. I would get lip injections. I don't think I could go as big as Matthew's bimbos, but I would do it just for you."

He grinned from ear to ear, clearly approving of the proposal. "Tina, I would love that. In fact, I'd pay for the whole thing."

As he spoke, Tina gave his rigid member some more attention. She paused once more, grasped his shaft firmly with both hands, and straightened herself up onto her knees so Quentin could see her chest. She spoke softly, "And my boobs? You like my boobs? I saw how much you liked those bimbo's boobs. I know you like big tits. I can tell, you don't need to pretend with me. I like you the way you are."

“And I like you the way you are, Tina. That’s why I’m dating you and not some idiot bimbo.”

Tina smiled, relieved. Half-jokingly, she asked, “Are you sure you don’t want me to be a stupid bimbo with big plastic boobs?”

He laughed loudly and simply stared into Tina’s eyes, which were slightly glazed-over from alcohol intoxication, not seriously addressing the question.

Still upright with both hands on her man’s cock, she pumped deliberately. Tina changed her demeanor, mockingly pretending to be as dumb and slutty as Megan. “Like OMG, Quentin. I totes can’t believe what a dumb slut I am, I just love your cock so much. It like tastes soo good in my mouth. You could like totally like fuck me on camera for my OnlyFans page.”

They laughed together, Quentin greatly appreciated her humor, and was slightly turned on. “That’s hilarious, Tina. You sounded just like Megan. But no, I don’t want to fuck Megan, I want to fuck you. Megan might be borderline retarded. I doubt she can carry on a conversation about anything other than cosmetic treatments, clothes, or what color she likes her drinks. I can talk to you about Hannibal and Carthage, Napoleonic France, or high Renaissance art for hours. And then afterwards, I get to fuck you like a perfect little doll. And, you give some of the best blowjobs I’ve ever had, I mean... FUCK!” He stopped mid-thought as Tina started milking his cock aggressively.

After few minutes of serious shaft suctioning, she withdrew herself and positioned her pretty face next to the hard cock. Placing her chin on Quentin’s pelvis, grasping the cock with her right hand, she pressed the member up against her cheek. She looked up at her man and asked innocently, “I’ve never considered getting a boob job. And it just seems like so weird to have these like two weird bags of saline attached to your chest. I don’t know, it’s just like weird, ya know? And to go under for surgery, all just to make your boobs bigger... I don’t know. Also, it’s like really expensive. I couldn’t afford it even if I wanted to do it.”

Quentin didn’t speak for a long moment, appreciating the view. “It’s more than just making your boobs bigger. It’s like making a fantasy come true. Most women don’t realize the power that their breasts have over men. If you want to know what it feels like to have very large breasts, we can do some roleplaying.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that I have an outfit that you can try on if you’d like. You can wear it while we mess around in bed. It would be hot, and I’d like it. It’s in my closet. It hasn’t gotten any use in a long time. I got it for a girl that I was hooking up with way back when and it was only used once. It should fit you, do you want to try it on?”

“If you want me to... then I want to.”

“It’s in the bottom drawer over there.” He pointed in the proper direction. “You should take the box it’s in and put it on in the bathroom for me.”

Tina obliged, retrieving the package, and taking it into the master bathroom. Her eyes widened when she saw what was in the box. Inside there was a pink t-shirt with the word ‘Barbie’ written across the front, some tight booty shorts, and most surprisingly, there was an enormous bra that was filled with gigantic, realistic looking breast forms. “Oh fuck... these are huge,” she muttered to herself. “These things are way bigger than Megan or Stephanie’s implants.” She picked them up and studied them. “And they’re crazy heavy.” The shape, texture, and general look of the explants were quite realistic. She noted to herself that for the quality and realism of these breast forms, they must have been expensive.

Sliding the bra containing the massive fake breasts over her shoulders, Tina felt the tremendous mass weighing on her chest, and the bra straps digging into her petite shoulders. She took the pink ‘Barbie’ shirt and stretched it as best she could over the protrusions on her chest, the ‘Barbie’ logo was now distorted from the horizontal stretching. Looking down, she could no longer see her feet or any of her lower body, just an expanse of pink fabric. She turned sideways to see herself in the mirror, her small and slender side-profile was completely dominated by the round humps. She bounced slightly on her toes, the explants jiggling slightly just like real implants. With the shirt on, it looked like she actually had breasts that large.

She grasped both breasts with her hands and squeezed. She didn’t know what huge, fake boobs felt like, but she imagined they probably felt just like this. “This is crazy, I’d never get breasts this big,” she thought. “This is just a fantasy for Quentin. I’ll be a good girl for him.”

After a long, deep breath, Tina straightened her back under the weight of her costume and opened the bathroom door. She tried to get herself in character, pretending she was a girl who voluntarily got gigantic breast implants for her man. She smiled and waved, “Hi Quentin! Do you like my new top? I had to get a whole new wardrobe because I just upgraded my boobs again. I know you like them really big, so I made them even bigger. They’re all for you.”

He had the look of a little boy who had just been told he had won a free shopping spree in a candy store. “Yesss! Quentin very much likes!” He was practically drooling. “Come to bed with me, Barbie doll.”

Tina crawled onto the bed the same way she had done earlier. She made her way between his legs and grabbed his hard cock with both hands, keeping herself upright so he could see her protruding chest. “Ooh you’re soo hard for me already!” She stared at her man and began to pump his shaft. “Can you guess how big they are now?”

Still grinning from ear to ear, he replied, “I’m guessing they’re 2500ccs.”

Tina grasped her explants from the bottom and cocked her head, acting surprised. "Like OMG, that's exactly right! How did you know?"

"I know lots of things, babe. I just never thought you'd go and inflate your tits that big."

"They're really really heavy now, but I think I could handle making them a little big bigger. I mean... if that's what you want, then I'd do it for you. I filled my tits up with a fuck ton of saline so that I look like a Boobie-Barbie doll, because you like it that way. I'd do anything for you Quentin. Do you like them, are they big enough, or should I go even bigger?"

"They look like expander implants. Can you fill them up on demand?"

"Oh yeah, totally!"

"Hopefully..." He gulped, "Hopefully, they're not too big already that they get in the way when you suck me off and fuck me."

"Let's find out!" She cheered, whipping her hair back and lowering her face towards his crotch. She held the cock in front of her cute face for a moment and licked her lips before inserting the member into her mouth. The weights on her chest were so large that they pressed against Quentin's inner thighs as she got to work. She took as much of the shaft as she could, but it still wasn't even close to the whole thing. As she bobbed up and down with her head, the objects contained within her oversized bra undulated in a similar bobbing motion and compressed against his thighs.

"Fuck!" Quentin groaned, "They're so big and soft, I can feel them bouncing against my legs." He reached down and grabbed Tina by the shoulders, pulling her upright and closer to him. "I need to fuck you right now, climb on my dick and ride me."

Tina quickly removed her booty shorts and panties. She didn't need any more foreplay, her pussy was plenty wet. She climbed onto his cock, parting her pussy lips, and lowering herself onto the large, rigid member. She winced from the endeavor as she let the large piece of man-meat slide inside of her body. When she managed to get the cock all the way inside, she held her crotch against his, feeling his warmth inside of her. She leaned back slightly and moaned. "Oh my god! It feels soo good!"

"Tina, your tits are so big that I can barely see your face while you ride me."

"Fuck, I know! You should grab them and play with them!" He grasped the artificial, rubbery breasts through her shirt and bra and massaged them. Tina moaned loudly, pretending the objects on her chest were real breast implants under her skin. "That feels soo good! Keep squeezing them while I fuck you!"

As she bounced on his cock, Quentin held the spherical toys in place, squeezing them like stress balls. "I'm going to cum, Tina! I'm going to fucking cum inside you."

"Do it! I want it! Please fill me up, baby! PLEASE!"



## **Chapter 8:**

### Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow

It was a Saturday afternoon and Tina had already finished her morning run, completed some errands, and taken care of Quentin's plants and animals. She really enjoyed running through his neighborhood which had a lot of nice modern homes to

appreciate, lots of shade from an abundance of large trees, and plenty of decent views from the tops of rolling hills. But when she got back to Quentin's house, she felt lonely. His cat was very friendly and made good company, but somehow in his house she felt even more lonely than she had in her own tiny apartment with no plants or pets.

She hadn't heard from him in days ever since he left for his adventure in Nepal. She wanted to call him to just hear his voice, but he was on the opposite side of the world in the middle of nowhere with no cell reception, and she probably wouldn't hear from him for weeks. She had been spending most of her previous weekends with Quentin, which meant neglecting her regular female companions, so she decided to find some company in her friend Sarah. She got in Quentin's Tesla and took it into the city to meet Sarah for coffee at an upscale cafe.

Upon entering the establishment, she saw her friend waving to her and went over to have a quick word before ordering her own coffee. The two of them then sat and chatted for a while, catching up on recent happenings in their lives.

Sarah was on a long diatribe about her role as Lady Macbeth in a play that was to debut soon. Tina liked Sarah as a conversational companion and as a friend, but she had never been particularly interested in Sarah's acting career, which showed little promise. Nevertheless, Tina always tried to be kind and supportive towards all her friends' dreams, even if she thought they were silly. When Sarah's rant was finished, Tina did her best to sound excited and encouraging. "That's great, Sarah! Congrats! I'm like super happy for you that you get to be Lady Macbeth. But I'm sorry that Brian broke up with you, I never really liked him. He was always kind of mean and inconsiderate. I remember when he like completely forgot your birthday last year. That was fucked up."

"I know, like what the fuck was wrong with him? And now he's dating some skank who is a junior in college. Like what the fuck? The bitch just turned 21. Ughhh!" Sarah placed her hand on her forehead and groaned. "How about you, Tina? What have you been up to recently? You haven't been coming out with the girls recently, is there a man?"

Tina sipped her latte pensively. "Well... yeah."

"Oh my gawd! Who is he? Tell me about him?"

She was eager to talk about her relationship, not to brag, but just because she was so enamored with her man. "Well, his name is Quentin. He's just about the coolest guy I've ever met. He's just a couple years older, but he's like really fit, and kind of tall. He owns his own house and it's really rad. Actually, I'm cat and house sitting for him right now for a few weeks. I think he has a lot of money, but I'm not really sure because he doesn't have like a normal job. I met him at a gala at the museum and he was like super funny and charming. I fell for him immediately and we've been hanging out a lot ever since."

“That’s great! Now I’m way curious. I want to meet him some time. Too bad we can’t do a double date anymore because Brian turned out to be a dickhead. Do you think you can show me his house?”

She really wanted to show her friend Quentin’s cool house, but one of his only rules was that she wasn’t allowed to have guests over. She didn’t know why that was the case, but she needed to respect his rules. “I’m not supposed to have anyone over. It’s kinda like... well, he’s kind of eccentric and has a lot of not strange... but unique things in his house, like artwork, and some small exotic animals, and this crazy greenhouse thing. I think that’s why he only wants me there.”

“Well, that’s kind of weird. But that’s fine, I don’t want to impose. Maybe we can meet up at a bar with the girls sometime soon.”

“Thanks or understanding, Sarah. We haven’t been dating all that long and I really want everything to be perfect for him, I really really really want him to be the one.”

“Oh my god! You are in love, I see it all over you. You’re blushing right now, girl!” Tina was indeed blushing, she tried to think of something else besides Quentin to regain her composure. Sarah continued, “He sounds really interesting. Like what does he do? What is this trip that he’s on?”

“Umm... I’m not one hundred percent sure what he’s doing on the trip, he doesn’t talk about his work that much. He’s kind of secret about all of it. He works with this businessman named Matthew O’Sullivan. They are looking for rare plants and animals. Quentin is in the middle of nowhere in the Himalayan mountains right now. He says that he’s an evolutionary biologist, but he never finished college. But he also knows like everything, it’s crazy. He’s probably the smartest guy I’ve ever met. He knows like a ton about almost all types of science. We talk a lot about history and archaeology. He goes on these long trips a lot and he calls them his ‘adventures’.”

Sarah’s eyes were wide open. “Did you say Matthew O’Sullivan? He works for Matthew O’Sullivan?”

“Uhh.. yeah. I don’t think that he works for him, I think’s it’s more like they work together, or Matt funds him to do these trips or something. I’m not sure. But yeah, Quentin and him are good friends.”

“Damn! That’s freaking cool! Do you think you’ll ever get to meet O’Sullivan?”

“We had a double date with him last week.” Tina knew she was stretching the definition of a “double date”, but that didn’t matter.

“Tina! You are moving up in the world! You know that guy is a fucking billionaire?”

“Yeah, I know. He’s actually a pretty fun guy. Kind of arrogant, but in a funny and self-aware kind of way.”

“Well, you need to lock down this Quentin immediately. He sounds like one hell of a catch.”

Tina smiled knowingly, she was already working hard on that. “Thanks, Sarah. I’m doing a lot to try and reel him in.”

“I can see! You’re hair and makeup are on point! And you’ve always been fit, but you look even hotter today. Oh yeah, and your outfit. Girl, you are looking fine! Has he said that he loves you yet?”

The positive demeanor that had been accompanying Tina faded for a moment. “Not yet...”

Sarah reached across the table and put her hand on top of Tina’s, saying reassuringly, “I’m sure he will, Tina. You’re awesome just the way you are.”

Those words reverberated through Tina’s mind, “You’re awesome just the way you are.” But, she wondered, could she be even better? She sat back in her chair, smiling again as she sipped away at her beverage. Changing her tone, pretending that her next question was on an entirely different subject, she asked, “Say, Sarah... Totally unrelated, but do you know anyone who has breast implants? I was just wondering what you thought about that because I know someone who is thinking about doing that.”

Sarah didn’t make the connection, and Tina was relieved, but she still did not like her friend’s response. Sarah chortled loudly, followed by some quieter chuckling. “Breast implants? Haha! Only skanks get boob jobs. Do you remember everything we learned in our feminist studies class? That’s like one of the most oppressive things that the patriarchy does to women, making women change their bodies for men’s pleasure. It’s humiliating. Only a woman with no self-respect would turn themselves into an object for men to gawk at. If a man doesn’t like you the way you are, then he can go fuck off and find a dumb, uneducated skank to be his slave.”

Tina was beginning to understand why Brian may have left Sarah. Her friend’s advice was having the opposite effect that was intended. In fact, everything that she had just said had only strengthened Tina’s convictions and weakened her remaining doubts. She replied, “Thanks for your opinion.”

Sarah quickly moved on from the last topic. “Let’s go out tonight! Stacey and I are going to this cool new martini bar downtown, and Marissa might meet us there as well. Come with us!”

“I wish I could. Give me a rain check. I have something to do early tomorrow morning and I can’t drink tonight.”

For the first time, Tina was now seriously considering what her friends would say the next time they saw her. She had only been thinking about Quentin. But now, a new set of doubts were entering her mind. It wasn’t just what her friends would think. What would people at her work say? Maybe they wouldn’t say much, but surely, they would

say lots of things behind her back. Regardless, she had made up her mind. She was not going to end up like her feminist friend Sarah, abandoned for a slightly younger woman, or even for some slutty bimbo. Tina wanted to have it all: looks, brains, style, class, sexuality, and the man of her dreams.

## **Chapter 9:** **Unnatural Selection**

Tina did not have much in her savings account. Her student loans had not helped with that situation. Fortunately, the significant sum of money that Quentin was paying her to take care of his place was more than enough to cover the surgery. She could even afford to go to the best breast augmentation surgeon in the city.

It was now the day after Sarah had inadvertently attempted to discourage her from getting a boob job. Tina found herself in the waiting room of a plastic surgery clinic. She had made the final decision to go through with the surgery rather abruptly. Despite her concerns, she knew that this was the right path forward. At her consultation last week, the doctor had been knowledgeable, straightforwardly honest, and supremely confident in his abilities. He had also been totally non-judgmental, something that greatly reassured her. Even when she had told him that she wanted the largest possible breast implants, the surgeon was happy to oblige her wishes. Due to her tiny frame, to get the size and shape breasts that she wanted, she would have to go with the highest profile available. She settled on 800cc saline implants.

The longer she sat in the waiting room, the more anxious she became as the doubts that she had suppressed began to boil up. Will strangers treat her differently? What would her boss say? What would her friends say? What would her family say? She hadn't told anyone about the surgery. It was all for Quentin. And what would Quentin say? Would he be put-off that she had done it all for him? Maybe she shouldn't tell him that it was for him? She didn't want to seem desperate.



She took a deep breath and tried to think positive thoughts. The surgeon was as good as they come, and he would do an amazing job. Quentin would like her new breasts, of that she was also certain. It didn't matter what people would say about her at work, it was none of their business. They're just boobs, who cares? She would still be just as good at her job and that's all that matters. And as for her friends, they would have to understand or else they were not her real friends. Her family lived thousands of miles away and didn't use social media, so she didn't have to worry about their reaction anytime soon. And besides, her body was none of her family's business, they would have to understand.

The nurse finally came and brought her to a changing room, handing her a clipboard with paperwork attached. She undressed and put on a robe. Just as she was finishing the paperwork, there was a knock on the door and the surgeon stepped in carrying a tray with two large saline filled bags. He spoke confidently, "Tina, great to see you again! We're all ready for you. I see you're done with the paperwork. Excellent."

She exhaled sharply when she saw the implants, they were larger than she had remembered. "Are those the ones you're going to use on me?"

"Oh no. Those need to remain sterile. These are just for you to inspect one last time before we go ahead with the procedure."

She picked up the bags from the tray and turned them over in her hands, feeling the weight. Together they contained over a liter and a half of saline and weighed three and a half pounds. They would drastically increase the size of her bust. They felt huge, but Tina just kept thinking about Megan and Stephanie whose implants were twice the size of the ones she was holding. She told herself, "If those girls can do it, then I can definitely do it. These 800cc implants are actually not big at all compared to those girls."

## **Chapter 10:** **Augmented Confidence**

After a week, Tina was feeling mostly recovered. The pain had gone away, and her breasts were starting to soften up. She was amazed at the way that nothing more than two plastic bags had completely changed her figure. When she got to take the bandages off, she had been amazed at the surgeon's work. Her tits were perfectly symmetrical with her nipples topping the new mounds on her chest like perfectly placed cherries on a hefty scoop of ice cream. The projection that they achieved was far more than she could have anticipated, but she was not frustrated at all. In fact, she was incredibly happy with the results.

She had taken a week off work using her built up vacation days, and in a few days, she would have to go back and face her coworkers.

She needed a few days to get used to her new situation and to fully recover from the surgery. She wasn't quite ready to get back into running, but she decided to get ready to start it back up soon. After doing a research online, she found a lot of great tips for working out with large breasts. There were some workout bras and tops on the market that she thought were cute and were also supposed to give a lot of support to her new girls. She had gotten herself a little overly-excited, and with the extra money she still had left over after the surgery, she justified buying a whole new wardrobe.

Having a small, skinny body with exceptionally large breasts provided endless fashion dilemmas. When ordering clothes online, it was hard to tell what would fit, so

she ordered a bunch of stuff that would be easy to send back. She also went shopping downtown for clothing that could suit her immediate needs.

During her first appearance in public, Tina immediately became aware that everyone would now treat her differently. Even though she wasn't wearing anything too revealing, just leggings and a simple t-shirt with an elastic bra underneath, the lumps under her shirt really seemed to draw attention, especially from men. She wondered how much attention she could get if she got dressed up and found a nice little top with some cleavage that would really show off the new girls. She decided to put that thought to the test.

The first clothing store she went into had only a few options in her size, and no bras that would fit her. She noticed that the female attendant had acted a little passive aggressively and was rather impatient with her. It had bother Tina at first, but she realized that this was the type of reaction that she would be getting from some women and that she would have to get used to it.

After no success at the first store, she did a few searches on her phone and found a store nearby that seemed more likely to cater to her unique requirements. She had much more success at the second place. She had also been surprised that this store, called "Pleasure Couture", had a lot of sex toys and stripper clothing. The female employee at this store was much nicer to Tina, presumably she regularly catered to skinny girls with XL breasts.

The employee was not unattractive, but she was a little overweight and did not have much hourglass curvature. However, the woman presented herself with a very enthusiastic disposition, almost overly eager to help this busty customer. Tina later learned that the woman was bisexual. "How can I help you, babe?" She had asked.

"I'm looking for some bras and tops. I want a few sexy ones to impress my boyfriend, but also some things that I can wear day to day and be more conservative. Do you have anything like that?"

The woman moved close to Tina, so close that it almost made her uncomfortable. "We have lots and lots of sexy stuff. And I think there should be some bras that I can find to fit you. As for casual stuff, like how casual are you talking?"

"Umm... Like something I can wear to work."

The woman cocked her head, looking confused. "Oh, I see. You're not... a stripper?"

"HAHA! Oh my god! You're hilarious. No, I'm not a stripper. I have a real job."

"Stripping is a real job. You make real money that you can buy real stuff with."

Tina was taken aback, the employee seemed slightly offended. "I didn't mean... You know... That it's not a real job. I just meant that I'm not a stripper. I work at a museum."

“Oh, are you the artwork?”

“Stop it! You’re too funny,” she smiled appreciatively.

“It’s just, you’re like crazy hot.” The employee took a long gaze up and down Tina’s body, lingering on her chest. “I hope you don’t mind if I ask. Are those new?”

Not expecting such a direct line of questioning, she decided to be honest. “Yeah. They’re like really new. How could you tell?”

Chuckling, the attendant responded, “Well, I get a lot of girls that come in here. None of them are quite like you. But I could tell from everything you said, what you’re shopping for, and most importantly the way you carry yourself. It’s kind of like I can tell that you’re not quite used to them yet. You are embarrassed by the attention and really uncertain of what you want.”

“Are you saying that I should be more confident?”

She put her hand on Tina’s shoulder like an old friend would and said, “Tina, you are fucking gorgeous, you have huge awesome boobs, and you’re also clearly a smart girl. Anyone woman would want to be you, and any man would want to have you. So yes! Be more confident!”

Almost two hours and \$1200 dollars later, Tina left Pleasure Couture feeling much better about herself. She was even confident enough to leave the store wearing one of the tops she had just purchased in addition to some high heeled black boots. The top was very tight, but it fit her melons perfectly. It showed off most of her taut belly and had thin straps that wrapped around her shoulders. The cleavage was significant, but her new friend at the store had talked her into it. The reasoning she had fallen for was this: “Why do you have such amazing boobs if you can’t show them off?”

As she walked down the street back to Quentin’s car, she felt like a whole new woman. She breathed in the early evening air, sucking it in deep and feeling her heavy new chest heave beneath the restricting fabric. As if her boobs weren’t high and tight enough on her chest already, her new top smushed them together, creating a valley of cleavage and a presentation as if her breasts were overflowing from her top. “I can’t believe I’m wearing something like this in public. My boobs are bursting out. I could totally pass as stripper like this,” she thought.

After dropping three bags of clothes off at Quentin’s car, she checked her phone. She had been getting a lot of texts while she was in the store. Looking down at her phone, the view of her protrusive cleavage briefly distracted her from what was on her phone. The messages were from Sarah, asking Tina to come out to a martini bar tonight. “Oh fuck...” She thought, “I can’t see my friends yet. I’m not ready for that.”

Although she didn’t want to see her friends, she was enticed by the idea of a martini. She resolved to satisfy that urge. Conveniently, right down the street there was a restaurant with a lovely bar that she had been to once before. She texted her friends

back that she couldn't make it and headed towards the bar, settling into a mindset of supreme confidence in her femininity.



The restaurant wasn't busy. It was still early, and it usually didn't get busy until later in the night. Tina strutted in, chest puffed out, demanding the attention that her new style exhibited. Instead of getting a table, she sat down alone at the mostly empty bar. The bartender, an older male who looked like he had just been in a conversation with another patron across the way, immediately abandoned that conversation when he saw Tina, scurrying over to wait on her.

"What can I get you here? Food? Just a drink? Anything you need, darling? We're on happy hour right now."

Tina glanced at the menu, then looked back up at the bartender. “Just a drink. Do you have a fun martini that you can recommend?”

“I make a mean appletini. It’s a twist on the regular recipe. It’s my patented version.”

“Is it on happy hour?”

The bartender tipped his head down, scratching his bald head, weakly disguising his attempt to peer into Tina’s cleavage. “I uhh... I don’t have that one on the happy hour menu, but I can charge you the happy hour price.”

Tina looked directly into his eyes and batted her eyelashes, pretending not to notice that he had been checking out her boobs. “Thank you! That sounds great! I’ll have that, please.”

She loved her drink. It was much stronger than she had expected, but it didn’t matter if she was a little tipsy because she had nothing important to do tonight and Quentin’s car had self-driving features.

After the bartender served her drink, he went back to the patron he had previously been talking to. Not long after that, the patron walked around the bar and stood next to Tina. He was an average looking fellow, but was very well dressed. He looked to be around 40 years old. “Hi there, My name is Greg. I work down the street at a law firm. I’d like to buy you a drink. Couldn’t help but seeing you over here alone. I thought you could use some company.”

Tina had been offered free drinks at bars before, but it had never been this easy. She wasn’t particularly impressed by this man, and had zero romantic interest in him. She had mostly come into the bar to test out her newfound allure. She had succeeded. Before the surgery, Tina had some idea of how obsessed men can be with breasts, but she didn’t realize that big boobs were essentially magic. She decided on a course of action that would maximize her self-esteem. “Oh hi, Greg. My name is Tina.”

“Do you mind if I sit down, Tina?” He gestured to the stool next to her.

“No one is sitting there,” she said, staring at her drink which was nearly empty.

The bartender was standing around nearby, apparently ready for Greg’s move. “Can we get another appletini over here? Put it on my tab.”

Over the next fifteen minutes, in an attempt to impress the girl with the big fake boobs, Greg continued to brag about his job as a corporate lawyer. The sexy little blonde seemed less and less interested over time, so Greg proceeded to brag even harder, talking about his boat, his scotch collection, and the minor celebrities that he had worked for at the law firm.

Eventually, Tina finished her second drink and decided it was time to leave. “Thanks for the drink, Greg. I have to go.”

Greg was dismayed, he wasn't going to let this hot, young piece of ass leave without giving his best effort. "I'm on a list tonight at a club nearby. How about I get your number and you meet me there?"

Tina, who had been enjoying her drink and not saying much at all, confidently brushed him off. She lifted herself off her stool onto her high heeled boots. "No thanks, Greg. I need to get home. My boyfriend is coming back from his business trip soon. I was just getting ready with a couple drinks because he can be very demanding when he hasn't gotten any in a while. Sometimes a girl just needs a few drinks to get, you know..." She looked Greg directly in the eyes and smiled, "...lubricated."

She had never felt so confident in her life as she walked back to the car. Tina finally felt like she deserved a man like Quentin. She also felt like she was finally awake. "How had I been so blind before?" She wondered. "All that bullshit about modern feminism and empowering myself with a respectable career when all I had to do was get a boob job and now, I'm a fucking goddess. She looked downwards, admiring her bouncing cleavage as she walked. It felt like she had figured out a secret to life that few other women understood. She finally comprehended the power that Megan had had over Quentin at their dinner. It was so simple now, she realized that the answers had been obvious the whole time. And now, the answers were installed on her chest.

## **Chapter 11:** **The Girl with the Big Fake Boobs**

Tina's confidence had been at an all-time high in her life during the weekend before returning to work. That had all changed when she had to present her new self to her colleagues at the museum. After her first day at work, she came home and cried. As the week progressed, she tried to do and think the things that made her feel positive.

She thought about the way she had been ogled over the last time she was downtown, and the kind things that the woman at *Pleasure Couture* had told her about being sexy, smart, and wholly desirable.

Now that she had her new workout bras that provided extra support, she started running again to improve her mental and physical health. But she had to scale back her running routine significantly. The way her new boobs leaped and bounced on her chest was difficult to get used to. She had to limit her pace to a slow jog until her implants settled in a little more over the coming weeks. To replace the high that she got from cardio, she started learning how to use the weights in Quentin's home gym to supplement her exercise. After the way she was treated at work, she needed an outlet for her stress other than reality TV and petting Quentin's cat.

Tina was desperate for Quentin. She desired his validation after the radical life choice she had made. She also longed for his return, simply to be in his arms and feel his presence. She hadn't washed the sheets all month because they still smelled like him. Even after all the things that happened throughout the week at work, she felt at ease thinking about him as she went to sleep in his bed.

Aside from her physical exercise, taking care of Quentin's plants and animals had been a cathartic exercise. She felt like she was taking care of an extension of him. She admired his plants as she watered them in his greenhouse and gave his cat plenty of attention every night. She would even talk to the cat, cradling it up against her enhanced bosom, she would say things like, "See, kitty. Aren't they nice and warm and soft just like you? He's going to love them, won't he? I know he will."

Taking care of herself and Quentin's things, as well as her self-affirmations from her positive experiences the prior weekend, were the only things that got through the negative experiences at work.

On Monday, her friend Danny had been the first to react to her new appearance. Seeing her from a short distance at her workstation, he had waved to her and then approached in his normal awkward manner. Tina had tried to wear a concealing outfit, and she also made sure to wear her lab jacket all day to conceal her impressive chest. She even toned down her makeup to a minimum to draw less attention. These things did not fool her coworkers. The size of her breasts relative to her slender waist made her chest lumps forever obvious.

"Hey, Tina! How was your vay..." Danny stuttered, slowly comprehending that the poorly hidden bulges under Tina's lab coat were more than just wrinkles. "...uhh... vacation?"

Tina had tried to make her normal small talk with Danny, but he was totally taken aback. It was a relief to her that Danny did not directly address the obvious. He struggled to make even the most basic small talk and made even less eye contact than usual. He quickly excused himself to go back to working on his project.

On Tuesday, after overhearing two of her colleagues' conversation, she found out that people were referring to her as "the girl with the big fake boobs". Her colleagues had continued to jokingly speculate that "the girl with the big fake boobs" was working weekends as an escort, selling her body for money. That was the first night that she came home and cried.

On Wednesday and Thursday, she was convinced that she overheard several other conversations about her, but they were cut short as she approached. Danny usually talked to her at least once a day, but he had lost the nerve to approach her. All her other male colleagues had been trying to make unnecessary in-person meetings with her over her recent projects, while all her female colleagues seemed to be giving her the cold shoulder.

On Friday, her boss Dr. Mathers called Tina into her office for a meeting. Tina had only been in Dr. Mathers' office before for performance reviews. During the meeting, nothing was said about Tina's breasts, but everything that was said had implied something to do with the objects now mounted to Tina's torso.

Her boss began with the most complimentary thing that she had ever said to Tina since she had started working at the museum. "I want you to know that you are doing great work, Tina. I want you to keep up that great work." She looked at Tina as if she had some special insight, and then continued in a condescending tone. "I can't get involved in my employees' personal matters, but I will offer you some professional advice, woman to woman. Men are all pigs. They will try to keep you down. As highly capable women we must not give them any reason to keep us down. I know what people say about me out there. I don't care! I get the job done and my work speaks for itself. People respect me because I am uncompromising. Right now, out of everyone I have working under me doing research and cataloguing our library, I would prefer that you succeed, Tina. We women need to look out for each other, and I know the things that people have been saying about you, as I'm sure that you already know as well."

Tina tried to change the subject to something more positive, "I didn't know you thought so highly of my work, I really appreciate you recognizing my hard work. It can be tedious sometimes, but I really do enjoy it most of the time."

With a flick of her gaze downward, Dr Mathers indicated to Tina that this conversation was about Tina's chest, not her work. "We both know that this meeting is about something besides your performance. I am here for you, for now. I don't know what you are going through or what is happening in your personal life. And frankly, I do not want to know. But I want you to know that you have a strong future here at this establishment. I also want you to do something for me..."

"Okay?" Tina said quietly.

"I want you to report to me any of your colleagues that are making disparaging comments about your appearance. They will be disciplined."

Tina did not know what to say. She did not want to report any of her coworkers, but she appreciated that her boss was trying to protect her. She had always thought that her boss was a total bitch. Now she had confidential confirmation that her boss was a total bitch, but she also had that bitch defending her with totally bitchy tactics. Tina did not have a choice, she replied, "Okay, Dr. Mathers. Thank you for looking out for me. I didn't know you were so cool."

With stern sincerity, her boss said, "I am not cool, Tina. I am pragmatic. Now get back out there and catalogue those artifacts. And if you need any life advice, don't come to me. See a therapist of something."

The talk with her boss had made her feel awkward, but also a little bit better. She had known that she would be treated differently after the surgery, but she had never

thought that people would treat her differently to the degree that she was now experiencing. It was crazy to her that big boobs could cause such a disturbance. Afterall, they were just boobs.

One final confidence booster came as Tina was getting ready to leave for the day, packing up her things. A man from a different department that she recognized and had met once before, but whose name she had forgotten by now, came to visit her at her workstation. Tina was in the Collection Care Department and this man was from the Human Remains Department. Tina was confused about why he was coming to see her. Their departments did not have much interaction, especially with the stuff that she was currently working on. It didn't take her long to realize that his motives had nothing to do with work.

"You're Tina, right? Tina Quillman?" The man said confidently, flashing a friendly smile. He was an attractive fellow, somewhere in his mid-thirties. He had long black hair that was slightly unkempt, giving off a stereotypical research scientist vibe.

"Oh hey! You're in Human Remains, right? I'm sorry, I forgot your name."

"That's okay. I'm Rich. Rich Miller. And yeah, I do forensics in the Remains Department."

"Oh, that's cool! So, you're like a historical detective?"

Rich laughed heartily and shifted himself a little closer to Tina, "Yeah, sort of. But more like a Historical Coroner. Our distant ancestors are all just dying to meet me."

"That's funny!" Tina laughed.

"I see you're getting ready to head out for the day. Some coworkers and I are going to a bar down the street to grab some drinks. Can I count you in? First round is on me."

Tina thought seriously for a moment about taking his offer. She did like the idea of having a drink and getting to know some people from the museum that she didn't normally interact with. But she also didn't want to lead Rich on. It was obvious to her that he was romantically interested. She had enjoyed leading on the guy at the bar last weekend, getting a free drink, and then leaving him hanging. It had made her feel sexy and empowered, but she didn't want to do that to a coworker. There was already enough gossip about her going around, she didn't want people to also think that she was a tease. She decided against it and determined to make up an excuse that would make it clear that she was already taken. She had a lot to do tonight anyways. She wanted to make sure Quentin's home was clean and everything was ready for his return tomorrow. Maybe she would go out with them another week if she could bring Quentin along. "Thank you for the invitation, Rich. That sounds fun. But I can't go tonight, I already made plans with my boyfriend."

Rich was clearly disappointed. His body language immediately changed when he heard the word “boyfriend”. Still trying to smile, he said, “I understand. Maybe next time. Can I get your number?”

Tina decided it was okay to give away her number, there was no commitment in that, and she had already rejected his advance.

## **Chapter 12:** **Homecoming**

Quentin was supposed to get back on Saturday at 4pm, but his final returning flight kept getting delayed. He had been texting Tina from the London Airport, and he said that he would text her again when he landed, but she couldn't help herself and continuously checked his flight status every few minutes until it finally landed at 7pm. She had offered to pick him up at the airport, but Quentin said he would just take an Uber. He didn't want the delays to force Tina to wait around for him. Also, he said he was hungry and asked Tina to have dinner ready.

That plan worked perfectly for her. She was much happier to surprise him this way. Meeting him in the car would have felt anticlimactic. She had everything planned out. She had cleaned his entire house thoroughly last night. Earlier in the day, she got her hair, makeup, and nails done. She liked to go the same hair and nail salons and she always used the same hair stylist. Her stylist was rather surprised to see that Tina had suddenly gone from nearly flat chested to super busty. Her hair took a few hours to do and during that time, the stylist revealed to Tina that she was jealous of her new bust. Tina told her about the surgeon she went to and the lifestyle adjustments that she had to make to accommodate her new breasts. She even felt comfortable revealing the size implants that she had received, 800cc saline.

Her last stop of the day had been the grocery store. She wanted to make something special for her man. Quentin wasn't a vegan like Tina, but he didn't mind eating vegan food and loved Tina's cooking. He encouraged her to make vegan dishes, knowing that what she cooked was always healthy and delicious.

It had taken her awhile to pick out the perfect outfit. She wanted something tight and revealing that left nothing to the imagination. She was wearing booty shorts that squeezed her tight ass and showed off its well-toned curvature. The top was the most important part of her entire ensemble. It was one of the more erotic pieces of clothing



that she had purchased from Pleasure Couture. It was a strapless, white piece of fabric that was even more revealing than most bikinis. Her expansive bosom bulged out from above and below, creating tons of cleavage and showing off her under-boob. Her big fake tits were perilously contained by the thin piece of fabric, looking as if they may burst forth and tear the fabric at any moment. She liked that it was white because it made the perfectly centered position of her nipples just barely visible through the thin material.

When she got the text from Quentin that he had landed, she got to work cooking. She wanted to make sure that she was just finishing the meal as he was getting home, that way she could nonchalantly act distracted, as if nothing was different and as if she hadn't spent the entirety of the last month constantly thinking about him.

The timing was perfect. Quentin opened the front door, smelled the cooking, and heard Tina doing things in the kitchen. With a loud, exasperated groan, he called out from down the hall, "Whew! That was one hell of a long trip. How's it going here, Tina? Everything go okay?"

"Hey babe! Welcome back! I missed you! Everything was good. The cat is right here. We had fun together. Your frogs and plants are fine too. Just give me a minute here. I'm finishing up your dinner. How did it go? You must be exhausted."

Quentin dragged his bags down the hallway, approaching the kitchen as he spoke, "It was fine, I'm just exhausted. I've been traveling nonstop for 48hrs. You wouldn't believe..." When he turned the corner and entered the kitchen, he stopped mid-sentence and dropped his bags. They made a loud crashing sound as they hit the floor. The sound frightened off the cat. Tina, who had been standing over the stove, was also surprised by the noise and whirled around to face him. As she abruptly turned, her chest bounced and took a few seconds to stop jiggling.

It was at that moment that Tina fully comprehended what it meant for someone's 'jaw to hit the floor'. He stood there frozen, mouth wide open, totally speechless. His eyes were wide open as her brain struggled to process the information that it was receiving. Tina smiled innocently and cocked her head slightly, pretending to be oblivious to his state of shock. "What wouldn't I believe, babe?"

"Ta...ta...ta.. Tina! You... Your boobs! They're..." He stuttered, unable to construct a proper sentence.

Tina put down the stirring utensil she was holding. She looked down at the mounds of flesh on her chest, took both hands and cupped them from the base. She batted her eyelashes and said casually, "Oh these?" She hoisted her new girls up, amplifying the cleavage. "These are my new boobs. As you can see, I decided to go pretty big."

She began to play with them, bouncing them in her hands and showing off how they jiggled when put in motion. They were firm, but still very jiggly from the liter and a

half of saline packed inside. Still bouncing them, she looked Quentin in the eyes and asked, "Do you like them, babe? If you want, you can play with them."

Quentin blinked his eyes and shook his head rapidly from side to side as if trying to wake himself up from a dream. Finally, he managed to regain some of his composure. "Holy fucking shit, Tina! You're tits are fucking amazing! I can't fucking believe it!" He said, practically yelling.

Tina turned the stove off and removed the food she had been cooking. Leaning against the countertop, she pushed her chest out proudly. "Dinner's ready!"

Quentin approached her slowly, retaining a look of lust and disbelief on his face. "I'm... I'm not sure that I'm so hungry anymore." He began to reach his hands out as he moved closer.

"Oh are you sure?" She said in her most seductive voice. She grasped her top and pulled it down, completely exposing her naked breasts. "I thought you might like to try these as an appetizer?"

Quentin grasped her tits, one in each hand. He ran his palms and fingers over every inch of her artificially oversized breasts. Examining the perfectly round curvature and unnatural projection, he traced the shape of her implants all around their edges, savoring their warmth and softness. He began to lightly squeeze them, testing their firmness. Vibrating his hands, he watched them undulate, then settle back into position. He was absolutely fixated, staring at Tina's new toys as he continued to lustfully play with them.

She watched his hands massaging her new assets, finally receiving the appreciation that she had been longing for. He was trying to grab each breast as fully as he could, but even though he had large hands, they could not fully encompass her breasts' significant volume. It was hot for her to see that in more ways than one, he could not 'handle' her new tits. She pushed her chest out as far as she could to give him better access. The way the saline sloshed inside as he jiggled them felt amazing to her. She couldn't help but let out a high pitched sigh followed by a long moan. "Ohh yeah... that feels soo good, baby."

Managing to pull his attention away from her breasts for a moment, but without taking his hands off them, he brought his face close to Tina's and kissed her passionately. "This is the best surprise that anyone has ever received. You are a fucking goddess. These tits are absolutely, positively perfect. They are perfectly big, and perfectly round, and by god... you're nipples are even perfect. You have the perfect boobs."

Tina could not have been happier. She also could not have been hornier. She wanted to tell him that she did it all for him, but she never got the chance to. "I did it... Ohhh! That's soo good!" Quentin had interrupted her train of thought by suckling on her nipples. He whisked his tongue in circles around one of her nipples. After a giving

attention to her left breast for a minute, he moved to the other breast, giving it the same treatment. Tina moaned ecstatically the entire time.

Without warning, Quentin grabbed Tina around her hips and lifted her into the air, tossing her tiny body with little effort over his shoulder. Tina shrieked gleefully, knowing exactly what he was about to do with her. Carrying her over one of his broad shoulders, Quentin began to make his way to the bedroom like a caveman that had just claimed a helpless female mate as his prize.

Tina giggled loudly as she was carried away. He teasingly admonished her, "You've been an awfully bad girl, Tina. Bad girls need to be taken care of in a particular way. I'm going to show you how bad girls get treated."

When they reached the bedroom, Quentin threw Tina into the middle of the bed. She landed on her back, her body bounced off the mattress causing her boobs to bounce around as well. With a satisfied grin, Quentin took a moment to appreciate his prize. He began removing his clothes. As he threw his shirt on the ground, he uttered a simple command, "OFF!"

Understanding the command, Tina removed her shorts and her top and threw them to the floor. She sprawled herself out and ran her fingers through her long blonde hair, adjusting it so that it splayed out in a pattern on the bed, framing her pretty face. She squirmed in anticipation as Quentin finished undressing.

Rolling onto the mattress beside his prize, he lay with Tina and wrapped one of his arms around her, dragging her closer to him. He adjusted both of their bodies so that they were on their sides facing each other and both of his arms were wrapped around Tina's back. Tina responded by wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Squeezing her body as close to hers as he could, Tina's breasts were now pressed up against Quentin's manly chest, squishing into his body more and more.

"I'm sorry if I smell. I haven't showered in two or three days. It's been crazy, but nowhere near as crazy as coming home to you. I mean fuck, look at you. You are so fucking sexy. Your tits. Your whole body. You feel incredible right here."

Tina giggled appreciatively and gave her man a prolonged, wet smooch on his cheek. "I love the way you smell. I can't get enough of you." She was glowing with joy and sexual energy. Whispering in his ear, she asked "Are you gonna fuck me now?"

In one quick motion, Quentin pushed his big-boobed woman back towards the headboard of the bed, lifted and parted her legs, and positioned himself between her thighs. Bringing his swollen erection into place, he began to rub his member against her clit. She was already wet. The introduction of his penis between her thighs had her pussy dripping in anticipation. Slowly, he inserted himself into her. One thrust at a time he made his way deeper and deeper into her vagina. He could tell that she was struggling slightly to take his girth, but he pressed onward knowing that she was greatly enjoying it.

“Yes! Get it all the way in, babe! I’m soo fucking wet for you.” She said in between moans. “Is it all the way in yet?”

With one final thrust, he had his cock all the way inside. His hips pressed up against hers as he reached the apex of a slow thrust forward. “That’s it. I’m all the way in you. You’re soo tight. My toy didn’t get any use while I was gone. I need to stretch her out.”

Tina closed her eyes and tilted her head backwards as her man used her body, gently yet intensely fucking her missionary style. She felt his hands suddenly grab her round plastic toys. He was squeezing and massaging them, exploring the delights that her new bosom had to offer. “Fuck yes! Play with my big boobies!”

Quentin gave them a vigorous shake. He liked seeing how the implants under her skin shifted and quivered. “You’re such a good fuckdoll for me. Tell me that you are a big fake titty fuckdoll.” He commanded.

Opening her eyes and tilting her head forward again, Tina watched the way Quentin played with her boobs while he jammed his cock inside of her. Looking into his eyes, she responded obediently, “I’m your big fake titty fuckdoll.”

“You are a perfect little fake titty fuckdoll. You’re tits are so big on your tiny little body.” He let go of her breasts and relocated his hands to Tina’s taut belly, grasping her abdomen on either side and asserting complete control over her body. Thrusting himself into her even harder now, he began appreciating the way her breasts bounced as he fucked her. Picking up his pace, the large boobs in front of him trembled in synchronicity with the impact from his hips against her pelvis. When he was done watching the show, he demanded, “Now play with your tits while I fuck you.”

Her delicate hands adorned with long painted fingernails began digging into her breasts, intermittently massaging them, and squeezing her nipples. “Like this?” She whined.

“Fuck yeah, just like that. Play with those perfect, hard little nipples. And tell me again what a good fake titty fuckdoll you’ve become.”

Tina rolled her head back again, closing her eyes and taking in the raw pleasure of being used by her admiring lover. “I got big fake tits so that I could be a better toy. I wanted to be a good fake titty fuckdoll for my big strong man so that he wants to fuck me all the time. I just love having big fake boobies and looking like a doll. Uhhh...” One particularly hard thrust sent a wave of pleasure down her spine. She felt the cock inside her spasm on the verge of orgasm. Knowing she was saying the right things, she continued. “My big boobies are brand new. They’re 800ccs of saline. Soo big! They need their first load of cum. I want my man to cover them with his jizz. These big fake 800cc titties are your toys. Just for you! Please please please! Please cover my big plastic boobies with your hot stuff. Please!”

Tina had said exactly the right things. Quentin hastily vacated her pussy. Grasping his cock and aiming it straight forward, he gave his member one last pump and it exploded with stream after stream of cum. With each stream, he better adjusted his aim so that it landed more accurately on her protruding chest toys. Some of the fluid landed on her stomach and some of it on her chin and neck. The first few streams missed and landed on the bed, but the last streams landed directly on her tits. When his orgasm finally abated, Tina couldn't help but being impressed with herself. When he flopped down on the bed next to her gasping for breath, she was pleased that she had completely drained him sexually and physically.

They lay together side by side on the bed, catching their breath and staring at the ceiling. Tina turned her head to watch her man still panting heavily. She was proud of herself. Quentin had totally lost control in her presence. Her new boobs had given her a level of control over him that she never knew was possible to have over a man.

When he had finally recovered enough, Quentin turned to meet Tina's gaze. They both smiled and laughed. Looking into each other's eyes, no words needed to be said. Gradually, their collective attention became directed at the mess all over Tina's frontside. Her breasts were completely splattered with semen. More trails of the sticky fluid snaked their way from her belly button up to her chin. She touched one of her boobs and ran a fingernail over the splatters, tracing a pattern in circles around the fleshy mound. After a moment of playing with the mess, she turned back to Quentin. They gazed into each other's eyes and began laughing again.

Quentin was the first to say something. "That was amazing. Woman, you are hotter than a porn star. You took it all out of me. I'm exhausted. I don't know if I can even get up. Fuck that was good!"

Tina planted a long kiss on his forehead and then sprang out of bed with surprising energy. "I'll go get cleaned up and then go get your dinner ready. My boy needs to eat something to get his energy back so that he we can do that again soon. I'll put my sexy top back on for you. That way you have some nice cleavage to look at during dinner. Unless... you want me to leave it off..."

The only word that he could manage to respond with was uttered in a long slow groan. "FUCKKKK!"

## **Chapter 13:** **A New Normal**

Several months had passed since that epic night when Quentin had returned from his trip to find Tina transformed. The two of them spent every weekend together. They went out to bars and restaurants often, but sometimes they never made it out of

the house and spent nearly the entire weekend fucking. Quentin liked taking Tina shopping and watching her try on clothes. He told her which outfits he liked the best and then paid for them. Often, the outfits were a little bit too small for Tina's breasts and showed off extensive cleavage.

He was also more than eager to buy Tina expensive new bras. He referred to her bras as 'the canvas', implying that her breasts were the artwork. "You need the proper canvas to display proper artwork," he would often say. When they went out on the town for date night, he loved showing her off, and Tina loved being his arm candy.

She had gotten back into her normal schedule of running long distances. It had taken her awhile to find the right sports bras to contain her bust while she jogged. It was hard to maintain the same pace that she had been used to before her surgery even with top quality sports bras. As firm and secured as her breasts were, they still created uncomfortable impacts when she ran too quickly. The resolution was to get a gym membership and train with lower impact cardio exercises as well as occasional weight training. She got a lot of attention at the gym and sometimes got hit on by random guys. That was the type of attention that she was getting used to now.

Things at work had become more or less normal once again. Even her awkward colleague Danny was talking to her again on a regular basis, although now it was clear to him that Tina was completely out of his league, and he ceased trying to take any steps beyond the friend zone. She liked Danny more now that he wasn't trying to gain her affection. She thought of him almost like a gay male friend. However, sometimes she would catch him staring at her breasts, but she didn't mind very much, that was what most men did when she was around, and she was increasingly unaffected by such behavior.

One Friday night, she had gone out for drinks with some coworkers from the Human Remains Department after being invited again by Rich. Quentin met their group at the bar and Tina was excited for the opportunity to introduce her boyfriend to her colleagues. He had been charming as usual and everyone there liked him. They requested that she come out for drinks again soon and bring Quentin along again. She was expanding her friend group, which helped with her reputation at work. Her new breasts had given her a new sense of self-confidence. That confidence was exponentially reaffirmed being in Quentin's presence.

Although she still occasionally overheard coworkers talking about "the girl with the big fake boobs", it didn't bother her at all anymore. She didn't mind being "the girl with the big fake boobs", it was true. She was a girl, and she did have big fake boobs, it was a perfectly accurate description of her. She could have big breast implants and still kick ass at her job. Her confidence was at an all-time high, especially on the weekend when she was all dressed up and being escorted around on her man's arm.

The couple did hang out on weeknights sometimes, but not as often as Tina would have liked. Nowadays, there were only two things that gave her anxiety. The first

was seeing her old friends from college again. She had been avoiding them for fear of what they might say about her plastic surgery. Coinciding with that fear was what her family would say when they found out what she had done to her body to entice a man. She still talked to her friends on the phone and on the internet, but she stopped posting any pictures of herself on social media. The second fear was an insecurity with what she perceived as Quentin's lack of reciprocated affection. She was completely in love with him and wanted to spend every minute of every day with him, but she still could not get him to say the words "I love you". She had not said those words to him herself out of fear of seeming needy and overbearing, yet she had strongly implied it on many occasions. Compounding that worry was the fact that Quentin preferred to spend weeknights alone. Tina thought that after she had surprised him with her boob job that he might invite her to start living with him at his house. That did not happen. She was still spending most weeknights alone in her tiny apartment in the city, falling asleep every night thinking about him.

Tina spent many nights trying to figure out ways to gain more affection from the man she loved. She wanted to live with him. She wanted to make him dinner every night. She wanted to gratify him sexual. She wanted him to buy her nice things and show her off to his friends. She just wanted to be his, but to do that, she would have to figure out how to make him hers.

She had been doing a lot of research on various cosmetic procedures. There were a lot of clinics nearby that did lip fillers and Botox injections. She was surprised to find out how common those treatments have become and was encouraged by the fact that they are completely safe. She had also been doing a lot of research on what it would necessitate to get bigger breast implants. She started out Googling the subject out of curiosity and the more she researched it, the more she thought that maybe more saline was the solution to permanently securing the affection of the man that she loved.

When her mind wandered, it was often remembering moments with Quentin. They had sex a lot and she had endless memories of their times together, but none of those memories came even close to the night that she had surprised him upon his return from Nepal. She had never seen him so thrilled. Everything had been perfect that night. She had completely given herself over to him, transformed her body for him, and he had been dumbfounded.

The time had come for her final follow-up appointment with her plastic surgeon. There had been no complications and her breasts were as sensitive as ever. The appointment was more of a formality. She decided to use it as an opportunity to ask her doctor about some of the stuff that she had been checking out in her online research. She wasn't going to be committing to anything right now, but it would be helpful for her to know what options she had in the future.

## **Chapter 14:**

# Know Thyself

“This is a picture I took of her two weeks ago when we were hiking. And this is from just a few days ago at the botanical gardens. And here’s a couple shots of her when she got all dressed up for dinner earlier this month.” Quentin was scrolling through photos he had taken of his large-breasted girlfriend. In every photo she was beaming cheerfully or posing and making a funny face. Additionally, the photos that he was touting all showed her in low cut tops displaying ample cleavage.

“You player!” Matthew O’Sullivan exclaimed and then repeated for emphasis, “Q, you player!”

Eager to show off his arm candy, he continued to scroll through numerous photos of Tina, pulling up the best ones to show to Matt. “And here she is in a bikini sunbathing in my backyard. I picked out that bikini for her.”

Matt took the phone from Quentin and brought it closer to his face for proper inspection. “I’ll bet you did, old sport! That thing is more like a piece of string than a bikini. Good choice! Cheers to that!” He handed the phone back to his friend and then raised a glass of scotch as a ceremonial toast.

They clinked their glasses together. As they were taking a swig of their well-aged whiskey, the plane experienced a sudden bout of turbulence. Quentin reacted gracefully and did not spill anything. Matt was not as reflexive and the sudden drop in altitude resulted in a good portion of his drink dribbling down his chin and getting all over his dress shirt. He reacted furiously, “Damn it all to hell! Why do I pay so much to own a private jet that just bounces all over the place like a damned pinball machine?”

“That’s called turbulence. You may not remember what it’s like to fly commercial, but I promise you that turbulence is ubiquitous. It happens on all planes, even private jets. That’s just how planes work, dude.”

“I know that! Stop patronizing me, Q. Even alpha males need to bitch a little bit sometimes,” he said while dabbing as much of the liquid from his shirt as he could with a napkin.

Quentin took another sip of his scotch and gazed out the window at the field of clouds flowing by. “Well, I guess you get what you deserve, old man.”

When Matt was done wiping himself off, he crumpled up the napkin and threw it at Quentin, missing his target by a few feet. “Well then, I guess you deserve a stacked blonde.”

‘You’re damn right I do,’ he stated with certainty, his gaze unmoved from the passing clouds.

“So you came home after your last trip and she had gone under for breast enlargement without telling you?”

“Yep...” He sighed serenely.

“And she used the money you gave her for cat sitting to buy 800cc implants because they were the biggest she could get?”

“Yep...”

“She must have done it all just for you. You know that right? She didn’t strike me as the type of girl that would go ahead and max out her bosom with plastic surgery. She must have anticipated that you wanted that and then gone ahead with it just to impress you. It’s the logical conclusion, right?”

“Yep...” Eyes still fixed on the sky, he indulged in another sip of the Scotch. “You have no idea. It’s totally fucking awesome. I’ve had experience of ecstasy while experimenting with various entheogens, but none of those experiences compare to coming home to find my flat-chested girlfriend having suddenly become totally stacked like a fucking pornstar.”

There was a moment of silence as Matt finished his drink and poured himself another serving. Sitting back in his chair he swirled the brown liquor around in the glass reflectively. “You know, Q, there’s something you should know, in all seriousness. I don’t think you realize how powerful your mind is and how much influence you have over these girls that become infatuated with you.”

Finally pulling himself away from the window’s view, he directed his full attention back towards his friend. “What do you mean, Matt? I know my IQ, I know what I’m capable of. I know I’m attractive. I know how most of the women I get to know who don’t think that I’m crazy seem to fall for me. I know that I have a powerful mind, so I don’t use it to take advantage of people. I can’t say the same for you, Mr. Ruthless. I would never pressure a woman to do anything she didn’t want to do. I am honest with the women I date, I respect them, and I encourage their desires. I am also honest about my own desires and fantasies. Furthermore, I don’t womanize, I don’t sleep around, and I would never cheat. I only need one good woman who can take care of me, and in return, I will take care of her like I would a rare and exotic flower.”

Raising both hands high in the air, O’Sullivan made a sweeping gesture to indicate their luxurious surroundings as he made his point. “You see all this? It’s just the two of us her on this sixteen seater private jet with custom interior and my own private office in the back. In my opinion, it doesn’t get much better than this.”

Quentin sipped his drink impatiently. “Yeah, yeah. I get it. You’re rich. Congratulations, you’re the king of the fucking world. Who cares?”

“I care. I have no regrets. I know who I am. I know I’m an overweight, arrogant alcoholic. I also know that I love money. It’s my first and my last love. I chose the love of

money over the love of a woman. No regrets. I get all the sex I want, but I can't imagine a woman could ever genuinely love me, because I would always love my money more than her."

In response, Quentin executed a sarcastic slow clap. "I had no idea you were so self-aware," he stated flatly.

"I don't believe in all this 'Law of Attraction' nonsense, or any of that psychic mumbo jumbo, but I do believe in the power of the mind. If you desire something enough, and you have a powerful enough mind to achieve that desire, then you will make that desire come true. Your attitude towards the people around you forces those people to act a certain way towards you. It's all quite obvious when you think about it. I wanted lots and lots of money. Everything I did all day every day was about getting more money. Now I have lots and lots of money." He paused for a minute to wet his throat with more Scotch and then continued. "Q, my friend, you have an exceptionally powerful mind, perhaps even more powerful than my own. I enjoy mentoring you, but I also hope that you never become me."

"Me too! I have nightmares about that."

"You say that you like to treat your woman like a rare flower. I know that you own some exceedingly rare plants and animals. You even have two of the rarest species of frogs in the world in aquariums in your home office."

"Two of them are frogs and the other two are toads," he corrected.

"My point is that you like controlling rare and beautiful things, and you are also good at it. That tendency is not unique to yourself, it's something that many people strive for. But you are unique in that you are exceptionally capable of getting what you want."

"Okay, Freud. You're saying that I want to control Tina like a potted plant, bending and twisting her to my desire so that she reaches a final form that please me. I don't agree, but I get what you're trying to say."

O'Sullivan raised an eyebrow in a glowering manner. "Do you get it? You've been dating this girl for barely over half a year. If you had never met this chick, she never would have considered getting plastic surgery. And then, shortly after you meet her, she decides to get two unusually large plastic bags filled with saline sewn into her chest. Why?"

Quentin was getting frustrated with the line of questioning. "Ugh... Because it's fucking hot, that's why."

"Because you wanted her to do it."

"Of course I wanted her to do it, but I never told her she had to do it. She did it all on her own. I just came home one day and there she was, busty as fuck."

“You never told her to do anything, but you wanted her to do something, so she did it. You manipulated her into getting plastic surgery.” O’Sullivan took a moment to sip his drink. Mashing his lips together as he savored the taste he prepared the final phase of his argument. “And I helped, I’ll admit. I wanted to see you get what you wanted. But now that you have it, was it worth it? That’s the question you should be asking yourself. Because you may have gotten more than you intended.”

“And what do you mean by that?”

“Have you heard the story of King Midas?” He asked, pleased to be in control of the discussion.

“Oh course I know Kind Midas, I know ancient Greek mythology like the back of my hand. King Midas wished for more gold, his wish came true, and the reality of the dream was not the heaven he thought it would be. It’s a common theme in storytelling.”

“And what is Tina up to right now? We are going to be in Alaska for three weeks. Would you know if she is planning another boob job? Did you give her more money to house sit for you?”

“Of course she’s not getting another boob job. Sure... I’d like her to go bigger, but that’s not going to happen anytime soon. Maybe at some point I’ll try to persuade her to go bigger. But for now, she wants to have a career and shit. It would be hard for her to be taken seriously at the museum with a gallon of saline pumped into her boobs. But yeah... I gave her a few thousand bucks to take care of my place again, she does a good job, and there’s very few people I can trust for that job.”

With a loud groan, O’Sullivan stood up from his luxurious chair. He stretched his arms and legs inelegantly, let out a loud yawn, then plopped himself back into his thrown. “Hmmm... And you say that your honest with her? But does she know what you do?”

“Yeah, for the most part,” Quentin said uneasily, knowing where this was going.

“She knows that you were in Nepal to bring back colonies of bees that produce hallucinogenic honey, and to collect samples of local plants that will enable us to establish a colony of those bees at a preserve in Alaska so that we can sell that honey at extravagant prices.”

“Well, no not exactly. I told her that...”

O’Sullivan interrupted him, “And... Does she know that I fund your independent chemical archaeological research into ancient peoples’ use of hallucinogens unknown to modern science?”

“Of course she doesn’t...”

Holding up his hand, he interrupted once again, “And... you say that you are honest with the women that you date.” Quentin tried to speak up, but Matt continued to

dominate the conversation. “You don’t need to be one hundred percent honest with her, but you should be as honest as you can with yourself. You know what the ancient Greeks would say? You’re the one always quoting them, now it’s my turn.”

Unhappily hanging his head, he stuck his nose in the scotch, sniffing it but not bothering to take a sip. “Yeah, yeah, yeah. The motto is ‘Know Thyself’.”

“You need to realize the affect that you’ve had on this girl. It seems to me that she would do literally anything for you, even if you don’t explicitly ask her to do it. You need to be careful of the power of your own mind, less your dreams come true, and those dreams turn out to be more burdensome than you anticipated.”

He had to admit that Matt had made a good point. “Okay, okay. I guess you’re not as senile as you come across. I’ll cheers to that, my friend.” He held up his glass.

Matt met the cheers and said, “Know thyself.”

“Know thyself,” Quentin repeated, and they both took a drink.

## **Chapter 15:** **Fantastic Voyage**

“What do you mean you’re not coming?” Quentin was upset that Matt had changed their plans at the last minute without telling him. They had spent the last three weeks on a remote, high-altitude strip of private land. The land was owned by one of Matthew O’Sullivan’s business partners who was in on their hallucinogenic bee honey operation. During their trip, they had begun preparations for scaling up their operation. Currently, it was Friday night and they were initiating an argument at the airport in Fairbanks, Alaska.

“I mean, I’m not going back with you,” Matt stated plainly.

“Do I still get to take your jet back home? I don’t get it, what the fuck are you going to do in Alaska? Fuck a polar bear?”

“You take the jet. It’s waiting for you. I’m flying out with Mr. Huang on his jet. I hate to admit it, but it’s nicer than mine, and he has a Taiwanese model working as his stewardess. He should be here any minute.”

“That guy!? All you did all that time we were setting this shit up on his land was make fun of him behind his back for his accent and the mole on his forehead. Where are you jetting off with him to?”

“He does have a pretty stupid accent, doesn’t he?” Matt laughed obnoxiously, “And I don’t know why he doesn’t get that mole removed? It can’t be that hard. I don’t

dislike him, that's why we're doing business together. Also, he has a private island with a lot more Taiwanese models. Also... Filipino and Korean models."

"Jesus, dude! Models? You mean prostitutes!" Quentin threw his hands up in the air in frustration. "Is this how you consolidate all your business relationships? Fucking slutty Asians on private islands with your plutocrat pals?"

"Yes."

"Fine! I'll go back alone. But I thought we had a plan."

O'Sullivan smiled wickedly. "You're jealous."

"Fuck you! At least it's better than flying commercial. But now I can't drink. It's weird to drink alone."

"One day I'll invite you to one of my plutocrat pal's private islands and we can fuck some models together, deal?"

"You're disgusting! I'm going home to my hot girlfriend. She's cooler than you are anyways." Quentin turned his back and began to leave.

As his friend walked away, Matt called after him, "You can fuck my stewardess if you want! Just don't get any stains on my custom interior."

Quentin lingered for a moment, turning to call back, "You don't have a stewardess! You're too damned cheap for that! Have fun on hooker island with Mr. Mole Face!"

Walking across the tarmac, O'Sullivan's pilot greeted Quentin warmly. "Hello, Mr. Connors. How are you today?"

"Fine, fine. I'm doing good," he muttered.

"I understand that Mr. O'Sullivan won't be joining us anymore. Hop in and make yourself comfortable. I think it's going to be a pleasant ride." The pilot gestured towards the stairs, caught Quentin's eye, and winked at him.

"Thanks. I think I'm just going to read and then take a nap."

He climbed into the plane and settled himself in. He eyed the bar nearby with expensive liquor but decided to refrain from indulging alone. From his luggage, he pulled out a book and continued reading from where he had left off. The airport was not busy, and it was only a few minutes later that they were airborne.

When they reached cruising altitude, the pilot made an announcement over the intercom. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have reached cruising altitude. In a moment, your flight staff will be by for complimentary beverage service. Thank you for flying with O'Sullivan Air."

Quentin looked up from his book, chuckling softly. "Very funny," he mumbled. The sound of the jet engines was starting to affect his concentration, so he withdrew his set of noise cancelling headphones from his luggage, and then went back to reading with improved focus.

Two minutes later, he heard another voice, but this time it was not coming from the intercom. It was a gentle female voice coming from behind him. Through the noise cancelling headphone he barely made out the voice. "Can I help you with anything, Mr. Connors?"

Surprised, he yanked off his headphones, closed his book, and swiveled his neck around. His level of surprise was amplified when he realized whose voice he had heard. She was standing right behind him with her hand on his headrest. What he saw made him freeze in place. She took a step forward and stood over him. Bending forward, she put her hands on her knees, giving him a spectacular view of her plentiful cleavage. In a sensual whisper she repeated, "You can have anything you want, Mr. Connors. I'm here for your service." She bent over even further, bringing her enormous breasts closer to Quentin's shocked face.

Inhaling sharply to regain his breath after his heart had skipped a few beats, his nostrils tasted Tina's familiar, delectable fragrance. Still overcoming the shock, it took him another moment to decide whether to address Tina's surprise presence on the plane, or the other much larger surprise currently dangling in front of his face. "You're here? But... How? And..."

Continuing to present her cleavage, Tina brought a finger to her lips and shushed him, 'Shhhh... You're favorite flight attendant is here for you. Just sit back and relax and let your busty stewardess take care of you.' She stood up straight in her high heels, her hands on her hips and her chest thrust forward, she emphasized the contrast between her slim waist and her spectacular bust. Slowly and teasingly, she unfastened the front of her top that was concealing her huge fake breasts. She paused for a moment, briefly postponing the nude reveal of new, much larger boobs.

"They're even bigger! They're huge!" Quentin gasped, almost shouting in astonishment.

"Shhhh..." She shushed him once again. "Are you ready to see them, baby?"



Quentin's mind was churning with questions, but he was too excited to properly process any of those questions. For the moment, he pushed those questions aside and gave his full attention to the hot blonde in front of him ready to show off her newest set of implants that she had purchased just for him. "Please..." He begged, "I need to see them. They're so fucking big!"

Tina made a gesture as if she were about to pull her top away and reveal her new tits, then stopped. "How big do you think they are?"

From his sitting position, he tried to reach out and pull the fabric away from her chest to see her them and end the tease. She took a step back, dodging his hand and continuing to hold her top its position. "No no no. That's a bad boy. You need to guess how many CCs my new boobies are? If you guess close enough, then I'll let you titty fuck them. But you need to be gentle because they're still very new and very sensitive."

Quentin withdrew his hands in disappointment and attempted to focus the quantitative part of his mind. "They're just so big... ummm... 1700cc?"

Tina yanked on the fabric of her top, pulling her breasts closer together. "So close. A little more."

"1800cc," He gasped.

"That's a good boy. You're soo close. My new boobies have 1850cc of saline packed into each one of them. You did a good job, baby. I think I'll let you see them now." She whisked off her top and let it fall to the ground. She thrust her chest out proudly, letting Quentin admire the surgeon's handiwork.

"But how? How did you go so big?"

Still standing, she leaned forward and placed her hands on Quentin's thighs. Her breasts were hanging less than a foot from his face. "My new tits..." She whispered gently, "They're tissue expanders." She gave her chest a quick shimmy, setting her protruding melons into motion. As they jiggled in front of Quentin's face, she said proudly, "I can make them even bigger if I want. All I have to do is add more saline."

His hands trembling with anticipation, Quentin reached out and clutched the huge fleshy bags attached to Tina's chest, attempting to hold as much of them in his hands as he could at one time. He gently kneaded her new breasts. "They're so fucking big... So fucking soft and warm... So fucking big..."

She moved her hands to his shoulders, arching her arms over him for better support while he massaged her heavy chest. She sighed, enjoying the fondling, "So good, baby...As big as you want... I can make them as big as you want."

Totally taken in, Quentin had stopped thinking about how she had ended up on O'Sullivan's jet. His primal, sexual thought processes were now the only parts of his brain currently active. He whimpered as Tina moved her breasts away from his grasp.

She fell to her knees in front of him, reached one of her dainty hands out towards his crotch and scraped her a long painted nail on the fly of his jeans, indicating her desire to play with the stiff erection concealed underneath the fabric. "Take these off. You're going to fuck my tits now."

Unzipping his jeans, he thrashed his legs around as he removed them as quickly as possible while still seated. Tina helped by yanking his jeans and underwear off when they were around his ankles. He settled himself back in his chair with his erection prominently pointed at the sky.

While still on her knees in front of her man, Tina thrust her head back, ran her hands through her long blonde hair, and stuck out her naked chest for his admiration. Teasingly, she allowing the warm skin around her implants to brush the inside of his legs. She smiled seductively, pretending to resume her role as a slutty flight attendant. "This flight comes with complimentary blowjob and titty fucking service. Is that something that you are in need of this evening, Mr. Conners?" She extended her arm and grabbed his cock, stroking his shaft tenderly as she spoke, "From the look and feel of it, I'd say you have a lot of built up tension. I am specially trained and specially equipped to handle tension such as this. Do you mind if I proceed with my tension relieving treatment?"

Breathing deeply, halfway to hyperventilating, Quentin grasped the armrests on either side of his seat tightly as if he were an astronaut preparing to take off in a rocket ship. Struggling to participate in Tina's roleplaying, he leaned back in his seat and whimpered, "Yes, please. I have a lot of built up tension and I could really use a strong release."

Reaching into the back pocket of her booty shorts, Tina pulled out a small tube of lubricant. She handed it to Quentin and said, "This is my favorite flavor of lube. It's great because most of my passengers like to use my big tits for titty fucking, but I'm also very skilled with my hands and my mouth. My specialty is titty fucking and sucking at the same time. I use this lube because it's edible and it tastes like strawberries. Cocks taste great, but they taste even better when they're lubed up and taste like a strawberry cocksicle." She continued to stroke his rock hard shaft with gentle dexterity. "Will you please help me pleasure you by coating your cock with that lube. Please use as much as you'd like, Mr. Conners. Don't be shy. I'll rub it in for you, so you don't get your hands messy. And make sure to squirt some right here as well," she pointed to her cleavage.

Quentin uncapped the tube of lubricant and squirted a hefty portion on the tip of his member, then aimed the bottle at her cleavage. His pretend flight attendant slut rubbed it all over his member, lavishly coating both it and the crevice between breasts with the flavored lubricant. She stared at his erect penis, then looked up into his eyes. Her direct attention allowed Quentin to refocus himself slightly. Enjoying the game she was playing, he looked back into her eyes and asked, "You must be a highly desirable stewardess. Did you get new, bigger fake tits so you could pleasure your passengers better?"

Returning attention to her passenger's penis, Tina examined his shaft hungrily, caressing it with both of her petite hands. She was pleased that Quentin was indulging in the roleplay that she had set up. "Oh Yes... I had large fake breasts before, but my regular passengers are very demanding. They wanted the biggest, fakest boobs that money can buy, so I was forced to upgrade myself even more."

Tina took her lubricated hands from her man's rigid member, wiped them on her shorts, and then placed them on the underside of each of her overhanging fuckbags. She squeezed them together and slid them around each other, continuing to playfully lubricate herself in preparation for the titty-fucking session. The way her breasts squished around each other created slurping sounds from the intense lubrication.

The passenger she was about to service let out another load groan, followed by his instructions. "I see that you are quite passionate about your job." She began to stroke his slick shaft with one hand, pumping with increasing intensity. The faster she pumped his cock, the harder it was for him to think.

"Oh yes! I'm deeply passionate about pleasuring big hard cocks. Why else would I get such huge fake titties and act like a total slut?"

After releasing a deep breath that felt like a miniature orgasm, Quentin continued with the fantasy, "...Your breast implants look brand new. You are quite the woman, Misses... Miss... I don't know you're name, Miss Stewardess?"

She wanted to totally immerse Quentin in a role-playing fantasy. From her knees, she leaned forward until her jugs were against his waist, touching his erect penis. She placed her hands on either side of her unnaturally protruding melons, pushing them forward to encompass his cock within her cleavage. With her boobs swallowing the bulk of the shaft, she briefly shifted her gaze from the placement of her boobs to Quentin's lustful eyes. In response to Quentin's question, she answered, "My clients call me whatever they want to call me. I like it that way. If you have a name for me, then I can go by that. Otherwise... Maybe you should call me Ms. Boobie Doll?"

"Unghhh!" As the two bulging saline bags consumed his cock, a noise somewhere between a painful moan and an ecstatic groan emanated from Quentin's mouth. The warmth that her cleavage provided was as hot as her pussy. Her breasts completely engulfed his member much more thoroughly than her last set of implants were ever capable of accomplishing. "I like that. I decided I'm going to call you Boobie Doll."

"Oh! Thank you, Mr. Connors! That's a great name for me. It's true that I have very very big boobies." Tina squeezed her new breasts together with as much pressure as she was comfortable with. Her implants were still brand new and not quite one hundred percent healed. She lifted herself up and down by slightly flexing at the knees, allowing her boobs to rise and fall on his erection. "Do my boobs feel good on your cock, Mr. Connors?"

It was obvious to Quentin that she was proceeding cautiously, applying the maximum pressure that her fresh tits were capable of handling. Momentarily worried that Tina had pushed herself too far too soon after her last surgery in the interest of pleasuring him, he asked, “Your tits are brand new. Are you sure they are ready to titty-fuck right now?”

“Thank you for your concern, Mr. Conners. It’s true that I just got huge new boobs and they are super sensitive, but you don’t need to worry about me. Boobie Doll is just here to serve you tonight. I’ll take it slow and I’m also going to use my new lips to help suck the cum out of your big sexy cock.”

Having been completely focused on her newly inflated breasts, he finally noticed that Tina’s lips were noticeably plumper. And now that he was aware of that change, he also noticed that her face seemed slightly smoother and more doll-like. In his intoxicated state, he almost ruined the role-playing. “Tina... I mean... Boobie Doll... You just had work done on your face as well as your boobs?”

With her concentration focused on guiding her chest mounds, Tina responded indifferently. “Oh yes. My clients prefer that I have larger lips as well as much larger breasts. I’ve recently had Botox and Juvéderm treatments to further improve myself. Would you like to try out my new lips? Even though my tits are huge, you have an especially large cock, and it is large enough that I should be able to suck the tip of it with my new lips while I titty-fuck you. Would you like me to try that, Mr. Conners?”

“Yesss... Please!”

“This is my first time titty-fucking and sucking with my new tits and lips. I’m very excited to put them to use. They are soo sensitive. I’ll try to do my best for you. Please sit back, relax, and cum all over me whenever you are ready.”

Tina’s Juvéderm injected lips began kissing the tip of Quentin’s cock while the remainder of his shaft was being gently massaged by her lubricate cleavage. It took less than sixty seconds of this treatment for his orgasm come on. Tina had been attempting to hold his cock head between her lips while she moved her breasts up and down, but when his orgasm began, she found it difficult to keep her head down and swallow the torrent of semen. She did her best to swallow the significant volume that she had extracted from his balls, but her efforts were inadequate. When the orgasm ended, her cleavage, the tops of her breasts, her chin, and her lower lip were drenched in sticky white fluid.

Doing her best to clean up the mess, she used her hand to wipe her chin, collecting a puddle of the cum and licking it off her fingertips. Also licking her swollen lips, she cleared the remainder of the mess off her face. For the moment, she ignored the mess that had accumulated from her breasts to her neck, electing to clean off Quentin’s cock first. She put her hands on his knees, spreading his legs wide as she dipped her head down to put as much of his shaft in her mouth as she could handle.

Pulling her head back, she sucked as hard as she could, expertly cleaning off his fading erection. "Yummy!" She cheered. "Strawberries and cream, my favorite."

Still on her knees in front of her man, Tina arched her back, pushing her cum covered chest forward. Quentin sat slumped in his seat, totally drained. He was breathing heavily, making noises somewhere between whimpers and gasps. Tina stood up, preparing to walk away. "That was a very big and very tasty load of cum, Mr. Conners. My big fake boobies also thank you! I'll go clean up in the restroom. Then I'll be right back, and you can play with Boobie Doll's new toys some more if you'd like. Would you like a drink from the bar while I'm up?"

The explosive sexual release had cost Quentin much physical energy, but now he was receiving some mental clarity. He did not want Tina to leave quite yet. From his slumped position, he jerked himself forward and grabbed her by the hips, dragging her towards him. Tina squealed with delight as he manhandled her, dropping her ass onto his lap. He wrapped his arms around her abdomen, pulling her back close to his chest while lifting his arms to cradle the underside of her breasts with his forearms.

Tina sighed happily and leaned her head backwards onto his shoulder. If her eyes had been open, she would have been looking at the ceiling of the plane. Meanwhile, with Tina in this position on his lap, Quentin had a spectacular view of her cum-drenched breasts. Taking in the view, he appreciated how the mini-mountains now completely dominate Tina's perspective, and therefore her worldview.

Staring down at her gigantic, nude breasts, he thought about the advice that Matthew O'Sullivan had given him just a few weeks ago. The woman in his lap and the two enormous breast implants mounted on her chest had just given him more pleasure in the last few moments than he had ever felt in his life. Observing the view from Tina's perspective, he thought about how much her new boobs were going to completely change her life. He was certain that she had done it all for him. Thinking this way, he started to feel guilty. With tits that big, Tina's life would never be the same. But at the same time, maybe her life would be much better now? There are endless advantages to having huge tits. He wondered, "Did I really have that much influence over her?" Then, he reconsidered the story of King Midas and wondered whether he had now set something in motion that could not be stopped.

With his head buried in Tina's thick blonde hair, he inhaled her aroma with acute intensity. Now that his mind was settling, pieces were falling into place. The things that Matt had said to him on the plane ride to Alaska, Matt's comments about fucking the stewardess and the pilot winking at him. It was all obvious now. He whispered in her ear, "You set this all up, didn't you?"

Rolling her head on his shoulder to face him, she replied. "Of course, babe. I talked to Matt weeks ago. I asked him to help me surprise you. He was all in on the surprise. He sent the jet to pick me up this morning so that I could be waiting for you. And all he asked for in return was a guided tour at the museum."

“He knew that you were getting bigger implants the whole time?”

“I had to tell him, so he knew what the surprise was about.” Tina giggled as she looked down at her expansive, cum-coated chest. “Can I go clean up now?”

Lifting her by her hips, Quentin raised his doll back into a standing position on her heels. He leaned forward in his seat and gave Tina’s tight ass a playful slap. “I don’t want you to get cleaned up yet, Boobie Doll. I’m going to need you to get me a drink right now. Scotch on the rocks... And fix yourself a drink as well. I don’t want to drink alone.”

Resuming her role-playing duties, Tina reverted to her submissive tone of voice that she had been using earlier. “Yes, Mr. Connors. Right away. I guess I’ll just let all this cum dry all over my huge new titties. Thank you for all that delicious load. Now let me go get you that drink, sir.”

## **Chapter 16:** **Night at the Museum**

“We haven’t hung out in like forever. When are you going to come out with me and the girls?” Said the voice on the other side of the phone.

“I know. I know. I’ve been busy with work and all my free time has been spent with Quentin.”

“That’s a lame excuse, Tina. We all want to meet him. Stop hiding him from us and come hang out. What are you doing tonight? It’s Friday! Let’s do something fun!”

“Sorry, Sarah. I can’t come out tonight. I have plans with Quentin and his friend.”

“Bring his friend too. I’m sure I can get Stacey and Marissa to come out too. Is Matt’s friend single?”

“Yes, he’s single. But I wouldn’t want Stacey or Marissa, or you to get involved with him. He’s not really the type of guy that does dating. And besides, I already promised him that I would give him a tour of the museum. And then afterwards, he’s going to show me his house, which is supposed to be huge. He has this crazy swimming pool with an outdoor bar, and we’re going to hang out and have some drinks. I’d like to invite you, but Quentin’s friend is not the most easy going type. Also, I owe him a favor because he helped me pull a big surprise on Quentin.”

“Is his friend Matthew O’Sullivan? I remember you telling me that Quentin works with him. Is that who you guys are hanging out with tonight?”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

“Oh my god, that’s so crazy! You’re going to his mansion? I’m super jealous. You need to befriend him so that you can bring me there as well.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

Changing the subject slightly, Sarah asked, “So how’s everything going with you and Quentin. You told me about all the fun things you guys have been doing, but I never see any pictures on social media. I don’t even know what Quentin looks like.”

“Umm... I’ll send you a picture. I’ve been trying to stay away from that stuff recently. I realized how addicted I was to it and I’m trying to just live in the moment, ya know? Carpe diem and such.” She stretched the truth to cover up the real reason she wasn’t posting any pictures of herself on her accounts. Glancing down at the spherical weights attached to her ribcage, she imagined what her friends’ reactions would be when they eventually saw the upgrades she had given to her body. The thought suddenly occurred to her that she may not have a picture on her phone of just Quentin, or of Quentin and her before the surgeries. Most of her pictures with him were post-op, and she didn’t want to send any of those. She immediately regretted promising to send Sarah a photo. Maybe she had a selfie of the two of them together that didn’t show her chest? Or maybe she could do some digging and find an old photo?

“Well, I guess that’s smart. I know it’s addictive, but so is everything else that’s fun. Ha-ha! So, you need to tell me... did you tell him that you love him?”

“Well... yeah. Pretty much...”

“What does that mean? ‘Pretty much?’ Did you say it or not?”

“I told him that I’m falling in love with him.”

“And what did he say?” Sarah asked eagerly.

“He said, ‘I’ve never been with any woman anywhere near as perfect as you.’ That was the closest that I got.”

“Ugh! How annoying! Do you think he’s afraid of commitment or something? You guys have been dating for almost a year now, right?”

“Almost, it hasn’t been a year quite yet. He says that he’s never been in a relationship that has lasted this long and that he’s only ever loved one girl besides his mother, and that’s his cat. He’s been in relationships before, but it seems like they were all more like flings than real relationships. He’s not a loner or anything, and he’s really good at socializing, but he really likes his privacy and spends a lot of time alone.”

“Are you living with him? I remember you telling me that you would like to, and that he has a really cool house.”

“I probably spend three or four nights a week there, but I’m still spending most weeknights at my apartment. I’m much closer to work here anyways, and I don’t have a car.”

“I think you should be more direct with him. You need to tell him straight out that you love him and don’t let him weasel his way out of it with some lame non-response.”

Another call was coming through on Tina’s phone. Talking to Sarah had made her lose track of the time. “Sarah, I gotta go. Quentin is calling me, I think he’s pulling up right now. Let’s chat later.”

“Okay. Later, girl. Remember what I said. Have fun tonight at the mansion. You’re straight up living it up.”

“Bye!” Just in time, she ended her call with Sarah and picked up Quentin’s call. “Hey, babe! Are you here?”

“Yeah, just pulling up now. I can’t find any parking. Do you mind meeting me outside the entrance to your building?”

“Oh yeah, sure thing. Just give me a minute to get my things together. Sorry! I’ll be right down.”

“It’s fine, doll. Don’t you worry your pretty little head. Take your time and come on down when you’re ready.”

She hung up and placed her phone and a few other items in her purse. Skipping over to the bathroom, she checked her reflection in the mirror. She fluffed her hair and checked her makeup. She gave her glossy red lips a hefty pout, appreciating the way the Juvéderm had puffed them up, so they protruded invitingly. The Botox and lip injection treatments were noticeable, but not overwhelmingly so. Unlike her breasts, which were now the main feature of her body and the first thing that anyone would notice about her, even from a great distance away.

Every few weeks for the last several months, she been regularly attending appointments to fill her tissue expander implants with more saline. She had pumped them up with another 1000cc of saline per breast. They were now 2700cc each. The affect that they had on her miniscule frame was to totally overwhelming. Altogether, the additionally weight of saline trapped in her chest totaled close to twelve pounds. She could never get away from the feeling of her breasts weighing her down. That feeling, along with their ever-present position at the bottom of her field of vision, were a constant reminder that she had radically altered the course of her life to become hyper-sexualized.

Running had been her favorite hobby before the implants. She had given that up to go even bigger. Even with the most secure sports bras she could find, the way her heavy melons bounced when she jogged was too uncomfortable. She had to switch to low-impact cardio. However, most of her workouts now were not cardio. Instead, she

focused on strength training, especially for her back muscles. After a long day of standing or walking around, she felt the tension in her back from carrying her tits around all day. Week after week, she pushed herself harder and harder at the gym. And month after month, her boobs became even larger.

After briefly straightening her jeans with the palms of her hands, she turned her attention to her primary feature, humongous plastic boobs. She was wearing a tight pink top that showed off a ridiculous amount of cleavage. The top was especially tight because she had purchased it back when she was 2200cc. It was a never ending chore to keep her wardrobe able to accommodate her expanding bosom. She was constantly buying new clothes, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to find anything that fit. Constantly buying new bras and tops was fun for Tina, but it was also expensive. Fortunately, her man had offered to pay her clothing budget. Quentin's only condition for paying was that Tina show plenty of cleavage when they were together. He also paid for her to buy conservative outfits or work, going out in public alone, and going to the gym, but those outfits were not to be worn around him, unless he requested that she dress more conservatively, which was rare.

Turning to the side, she checked her profile in the mirror. Her slender form burst outwards between her lower ribs and her shoulders. The projection of her nearly spherical chest dangling over her miniscule torso was breathtaking. She turned back to face the mirror, running her fingers between her stretched-out breast flesh and the seam of her top, adjusting it so that it was symmetrical and suitably framed her explosive cleavage. She felt weird wearing this outfit to the museum, her workplace, the place where she dressed as conservatively as possible. She tried with futility every weekday to cover up her huge boobs. She thought about wearing something with less cleavage, but she decided not to. She did not want to disappoint Quentin. She was terrified of seeing someone she knew from work at the museum tonight, but eventually she convinced herself that no one would see her. It was Friday night, which meant that work was the last place that any of her colleagues wanted to be. Because she worked in the back of the museum, her job had nothing to do with the employees that were on the floor of the museum with the visitors. She knew a couple of the security guards, but they all worked the day shift.

Satisfied with her appearance, she slipped on sneakers. Quentin would be disappointed that she wasn't wearing heels, but touring the museum required a lot of walking, and spending a few hours standing upright was enough work already for her with twelve pounds of saline strapped to her upper body. Scooping up her purse, keys, and another small bag that contained her bikini, she left her apartment. As she made her way down flights of stairs, her breasts bounced with each step as she descended. She hadn't seen Quentin in a few days and was thrilled to see him again. She was also eager for him to see her new pink top, and later her new bikini. Showing off the new outfits that her man had purchased for her was one of her favorite activities.

Tina hopped into the passenger's seat. Her face glowing, partially from Botox, but mostly because she was so happy to see Quentin. She leaned across the divider with her thick lips puckered, demanding a kiss. Their lips met and stayed together for a long moment. Quentin sucked on her lower lip as he pulled away, testing its firmness. Directing his attention to Tina's chest, he marveled at her fleshy mounds that were now each the size of her head. Extending a hand towards her right breast, he cupped the bottom of her curve, tracing his fingers around the implants edge. As he cupped a feel, he continued to stare at her chest, commenting, "The girls are looking lovely tonight. I love this top on you. You are so fucking hot, Tina."

The compliment made Tina blush. She forced her chest out proudly, allowing him better access to her boob. "You're hot too, babe," she said.

On the short drive to the museum, Quentin engaged in his normal behavior pattern, glancing over whenever the road was bumpy to watch her saline-stuffed chest jiggle wildly inside her restricting top. Tina didn't mind, in fact she encouraged him. In the middle of the ride, she noticed a thick bulge in his pants. Flirtatiously, she stretched out her left hand and gave the bulge a few gentle strokes. He moaned loudly. She felt the bulge pulsate from the attention she had given it and whispered, "I'm sorry that my big boobies made you soo horny. I'll have to take care of this nice hard toy later tonight. Maybe you'll get some road head on the way home... we'll see."

The couple met Matt inside the museum and the night proceeded to be entertaining for everyone. Although she did attract a lot of attention, Tina didn't see anyone she knew from work, which was a big relief. To her surprise, Matt didn't really know very much about anything in the museum. He knew his way around the place, yet it was obvious that he had never taken much time to look at any of the exhibits. Tina did her best to describe everything so that he wouldn't have to spend time reading. She did her best to give additional insights including historical context and scientific importance. A few of the exhibits, she had worked on herself and had knowledge of where certain artifacts were acquired and the special attention that was needed to preserve those artifacts.

Quentin was also helpful in conducting the tour. He had not spent a lot of time in the museum either, but he did have extensive knowledge on certain subjects including biology and anthropology, which helped make the tour more interesting for Matt.

At one point in the tour, Matt paused to reflect on what he was learning. "This stuff is actually pretty interesting. Now I know why I give this place millions of dollars. You know... It may surprise you, but no one around here has ever offered to show me around the place. They must assume that I know about all this stuff already because I'm

so damn smart.” His friends laughed. “What’s so funny? I have a brain the size of that



mammoth over there, and the killer instincts of this crocodile over here, and everybody

“This is actually an alligator. Sort of...” Tina gestured to the plaque on the exhibit next to them. “It’s called Purussaurus, and it lived in South America millions of years ago. I don’t know if it’s even technically an alligator.”

Quentin chimed in, “I think it’s an alligatoridae. I could be wrong, but I’m usually not.”

“I’m calling your bluff,” Matt said. “You just made that up. And if you’re right, then I’ll buy off all the publishers that print alligator biology textbooks and have them change it so that I’m right. So there! I win! Nobody knows the difference between an alligator and a crocodile anyways. Nobody!”

Tina laughed. “I know the difference, Matt. Alligators are cuter than crocodiles. Look at him, isn’t he cute?” She had been holding Quentin’s hand. Turning to face him, she pressed her body up against him, her breasts doing most of the body-to-body contact. Looking up into his eyes, she batted her eyelashes and tried to look as cute as possible. “I think you should get a pet alligator Quentin. Look how cute!”

He wrapped his arms around Tina. “I don’t need a pet alligator, we can just hang out with Matt. He may be less attractive than an alligator, but like he said, he has the instincts of a crocodile.”

Tina laughed, squeezed her bosom harder against Quentin, and pressed the side of her face against his chest. Matt replied jokingly, “I’ll have you two for supper if you don’t show the proper respect. I probably paid for that Alligatoridae thing to be here. So who’s laughing now? Touché!”

Their tour continued with similarly friendly banter until they got tired and decided to go back to Matt’s house.

Pulling up to the house, Tina was more impressed than she had expected. It was more of a mansion than a house. After a quick tour of the place, they stopped in the kitchen and met Matt’s private chef. “This is Remi, my cook. Always hire a Frenchman if you want your steak cooked right. Isn’t that right, Remi?”

Clearly used to O’Sullivan’s personality, the chef told the couple, “I’m French-Canadian. And I can make more than just steak. Just let know what type of dish you enjoy, and I’ll whip you up something fabulous.”

Matt pointed at Tina. “That one there only eats cabbage. Do we have anything besides meat around here, Remi?”

“I’m a vegan,” Tina corrected. “Matt thinks that means that all I eat is cabbage. I’m not picky, I’ll be happy with anything. Thank you, Remi.”

While their food was prepared, they retreated to the backyard. Tina was blown away by the enormous pool with natural rock formations, two hot tubs, a waterfall, and a

full-sized bar. She was eager to take a swim, partly because of how unique the pool complex was, but mostly because she wanted to show off how sexy she looked in her new bikini. There was a changing room on the other side of the pool. While she was taking off her clothes and getting her bikini on, Quentin occupied himself at the bar, making drinks for everyone.

When Tina came out, the two men were sitting at a table overlooking the pool, sipping on the drinks. While she was still far enough away for their commentary to be unheard, the men marveled at the tiny blond with tits the size of her head that was bouncing their way. "Isn't that the greatest thing you've ever seen in your whole life?" Quentin asked.

"You sure are one lucky fellow, Q." Matt said, sipping his whiskey. "I'll be damned if those aren't the biggest set of knockers I've ever seen in my life. Almost as sexy as a foursome with three Taiwanese super models."

"Those were hookers, Matt. Now that..." He gestured to Tina with his eyes. "That is a woman."

Tina approached the table smiling. She noticed there was a colorful drink in a martini glass on the table. "Oh hey, boys! Is that drink for me?"

Quentin handed her the alcoholic beverage. "I made it just for you, doll."

"Yummy! That's good. Thanks, babe. Are you boys coming in the pool?"

"Matt doesn't swim. He drinks. You'd need to fill the pool up with Scotch if you wanted him to come in," Quentin joked. "Go hop in there. I'll be right behind you. You can bring your drink in the pool." Tina obeyed his instructions, and the men watched her walk away, the naked sides of her breasts visible from behind, jiggling subtly with each stride. Right on the spot, Quentin took off all his clothes except for his boxers.

"You didn't bring swim trunks? You're just going to swim in that?" Matt asked.

"I won't need my boxers on the way home. In fact, they will probably get in the way." Sticking his tongue in the side of his mouth so that his cheek bulged, he made a pumping gesture in front of his mouth with his fist. Winking, he picked up his drink and followed Tina into the pool.

## **Chapter 17:** **Brainy Bimbo**

Dr. Mathers seemed frustrated, but not angry, as she addressed her subordinate in her private office. "I wanted to let you know that Jeff was fired today for breaching the employee code of conduct."

“Jeffrey Morris?” Tina asked. She was confused as to what this had to do with her. She had assumed she had been called into Dr. Mather’s office once again to indirectly discuss her expanding bust.

“Yes, Mr. Morris. I had to let him go yesterday. It had nothing to do with his performance. Unfortunately, he was responsible for circulating inappropriate images and commentary using his company email address. Two other employees from other departments who participated in the email chain have been reprimanded and will face less severe consequences.” Dr. Mather’s raised an eyebrow, baiting Tina to infer the origin of the controversy.

“Oh no! That’s awful. Jeff has been helping me a lot recently. With the all the new projects I’ve been working on, I’ve had to use some new imaging equipment that I’d never used before, and he was always right there to help me whenever I needed his expertise.”

Further emphasizing her raised eyebrow, Dr. Mathers elaborated. “Many people have been asking for you to participate in their projects recently, Tina. There are also many people who seem very eager to help you with these projects. All of these people are men.”

“I guess so... I just finished that scroll cataloguing project for Rich Miller, I’m almost done the petroglyph imaging project for Carlos Santiago, and I’m just starting work on a project with Tristan Shepherd organizing and classifying our collection Roman currency. My workload has gone up, but I think I’m getting more efficient as time goes on, and I’ve getting everything done on time.

“I’m taking you off the project with Tristan.”

“What? Why? I love Roman stuff. I spent like a lot of time this week on that already.”

Dr. Mathers reclined in her chair authoritatively. “Tristan was one of the two employees who has been reprimanded.”

“I don’t get it. Did I do something? What is happening to that project?”

“The project is ongoing. Tristan is facing disciplinary action which will be handled by HR, but he is still running that project. I am just taking you off it.”

“Wait... what? Why am I being punished? Am I not still doing a great job? Last time I was in your office, you told me I was surpassing your expectations.”

There was a long pause before Tina’s boss replied. “You are not being punished. Your work is more than satisfactory. My opinion of the work you produce has not changed. What has changed is the affect that you are having on other employees. You should know that Jeff was fired for circulating certain pictures and making certain inappropriate comments. They were pictures of you, Tina. And the comments had to do with your new... how shall I say... with your new look.”

“Ohhh,” Tina muttered. She knew people talked about her behind her back, but she had stopped caring about it long ago. She wondered what picture they were talking about.

Her boss opened a laptop and clicked a few buttons, then turned the laptop around and placed it in front of Tina. “I thought you should know what was said. I don’t want you to be in the dark on this. I also want you to be aware of the affect that you are having. Your work is very professional, but when men see you, they seem more interested in your appearance than in the work that you produce. Here are the emails.”

“Fuck!” Tina thought, thankfully not saying the word out loud. She believed that she had gone unnoticed on Friday when she was at the museum with Quentin and Matt. Apparently, she had been noticed, and she had been photographed wearing a revealing top that barely contained her huge plastic boobs.

The initial email with the photograph was titled “Bimbo Sighting”. The body of the email contained the following text: “Hey lads! I spotted that bimbo from work with the gigantic fake tits after hours at the museum today. She’s always got those super-sized sweater puppies covered up good at work, but I caught her wearing what I can only assume is her normal after work attire. She was with two guys, I think one of them is a major donor to the museum. I must conclude that she is sucking him off to keep her job, or maybe she’s just hooking on the side for some extra cash. No judgment on that donor. Hell, if I had that chance, I’d fuck that bitch back to the Stone Age. I mean holy cow, dude. Look at these utters!”

The two respondents to the email thread were almost as demeaning and chauvinistic. One response read: “She just showed up one day and her tits fucking huge. Suddenly, she decided to blow up her boobs like party balloons. And they just keep getting bigger. They look bigger every month. You just know that she’s using those fuckbags to milk cocks on the reg. Do you have more pics?”

The language used by her coworkers shocked Tina. She knew that men were ogling over her and that some of the new assignments that she was getting were because of her boobs. That didn’t bother her because she also knew that more likeable and more personable people always got promotions. She also knew that she was more than capable of doing all the additional work that had been assigned to her. Danny for instance, was also very capable of taking on a larger role in the department, but nobody wanted to work with Danny because he was awkward and lacked self-confidence. So what did it matter that she was moving up in her job because she had big boobs? She had seen people get promotions for far worse reasons, such as the museum’s Public



Outreach Liaison who sucked at her job and only held that role because her uncle was the head of the Communications Department.

The chauvinistic language about her breasts did not bother her very much. She liked it when Quentin used some of that same language while they were having intimate time together. However, what did bother her was the revelation that some of the people on the email exchange, whom she thought that she was friends with, barely thought of her as a person. None of them even used her name. Instead, her personhood was being reduced to the objects she carried on her chest. It was startling to see how differently people thought of her behind her back, versus what those same people said to her face. What she saw in those emails was not simply office gossip, it was what a large portion of the men she worked with genuinely thought about her. She was just a pair of tits to them.

When she was finished reading, she passed the laptop back to Dr. Mathers. Closing the computer, she focused a penetrating stare into Tina's eyes. "I can see that you are surprised, as you should be. Maybe now you realize the affect that your recent cosmetic changes have had on your professional prospects. I don't know what is going on in your personal life, and I don't want to know. Just know that I am rooting for you to succeed. But also know, that it is become harder and harder for me to provide the support for you that you will need to succeed in this field. If you continue on the path that you seem to be on, no matter much talent you have, nobody... and I mean nobody, will take you seriously." Her boss let the words sink in for a moment before continuing. "It's Wednesday. There is a lot of inventory work happening tomorrow and Friday, which I'm sure will slow down the projects you are working on. I want you to take the next two days off as 'mental health' days. Give yourself a relaxing four day weekend. Don't bother putting in a vacation day or a sick day, you can save those. Just be sure that you know what you are doing and how your actions will affect the people around you... That's all."

Fighting back tears, she managed to stay strong. Dr. Mather's speech had a devastating effect on Tina's ego. She thought about Quentin, all the amazing times they'd had together, and how much she loved him. Those thoughts helped keep her from crying in front of her boss. All she could manage to say was, "Okay, Dr. Mathers. I understand." She needed to stand up, but her knees felt weak. She wanted to avoid any further eye contact with her boss, so she looked away as she stood up, which turned out to be a bad decision. As she hoisted her body out of the chair, her 2700cc implants knocked over a framed photo that was standing on Dr. Mather's desk. Embarrassed, she righted the photo, apologized, and scurried out of the office. "So sorry, Dr. Mathers."

It was the end of the day, and for that, she was grateful. On any other occasion she would have been ecstatic to have received an impromptu four day weekend. After stopping at her workspace to gather her things, she got out of there as fast as she could. It was 5pm as she exited the museum. Her phone began buzzing. It was sending

her a reminder. She unlocked the device and read the reminder: “Fill appointment, 300cc, 6:00pm”.

The weight on her chest suddenly felt much heavier. One hour from now she had an appointment to pump more than one pound of additional saline into her expandable breast implants. She looked down at the expanse of fabric held up atop a plateau of bulging bust. Her new boobs had helped her further her desires immeasurably, but they had also caused her much trouble. Her fill appointment was already paid for, and besides, she did want the extra 300cc in each implant. After scheduling an Uber ride to her plastic surgeon, she texted Quentin to ask if it was okay for her to come over and spend the night tonight. While she waited for her ride, and for Quentin’s response. As she waited, she wondered how much more she wanted to fill her tissue expanders. They were rated to go over 6000cc, but did she really want to go that big? Despite what she had heard from her boss today, and despite all her reservations, she was certain that going bigger was something that she wanted. It was as if she could not help herself.

Making them bigger had a positive effect on her self-confidence. Every time she went bigger, it turned her on sexually. And most importantly, as she got bigger, she seemed to have more control over Quentin. Going bigger felt like an inevitability to her, but she would have to stop at some point. For now, she felt compelled to continue pushing her limits. She was addicted.

## **Chapter 18:** **Birthday Balloons**

When she reached 3000cc of saline in each implant, Tina decided to take a break from her filling appointments for a few months. The break was not because she was hesitant to go bigger, it was for the opposite reason. She needed the breast tissue that was stretched thinly around the plastic shell of her implants to heal enough so that she could put a lot of saline in at one time. After some convincing, the surgeon had committed to allowing her to add an additional 800cc to 1100cc in one filling session, depending on how much her breast tissue could safely stretch during the session.

She scheduled the appointment exactly one day before Quentin’s birthday. His birthday was this Saturday. He never talked about his birthday, and Tina wouldn’t have even known that it was his birthday if she had not secretly inspected his driver’s license. She didn’t like being sneaky, but she had asked him once before and all he had said was, “I’m an Aquarius,” and then avoided any further questions. The timing of his birthday worked out perfectly for her surprise. His birthday was on Saturday. They hung out every Friday, but this Friday, she made up an excuse to stay in her apartment and then see him the next day.

When the weekend finally came around, Tina was desperately eager to execute her surprise. She had been working out extra hard in the gym to strengthen the right muscles in anticipation for the extra weight that she would be carrying. All the extra workouts were paying off and she almost never had any back pain anymore.

Her Friday appointment went even better than expected. She had watched as her breasts expanded right in front of her. So much saline was injected into her boobs, that she could feel the extra weight clearly changing her center of gravity. As her boobs expanded, they became slightly sore, her skin began to take on a mildly red hue, and veins became more visible under her skin. So much room temperature fluid was injected into her plastic bags, that she could feel in her thin layer of sensitive breast tissue a noticeable cooling sensation in her otherwise warm bosom. When 1000cc had been injected into each breast, the doctor paused and tried to call the session off. After convincing him that she was okay, and it felt good, she succeeded in persuading him to put another 200cc in each side. The result was a monumental increase in her bust size from 3000cc to 4200cc.

She had worn a very stretchy top to the appointment that was now so tight that she could barely get it back on. With over a gallon of saline in each breast, she felt tremendously proud of herself. Until she got used to the extra 5 pounds that had just been added to her breasts, she would have to carefully plan every movement. The unnecessary total of 18 pounds of saline now installed prominently on her torso made her unbelievably top heavy. Standing up after the fill, she wobbled on her feet for a moment before regaining her balance.

Before she left the plastic surgery clinic, she underwent a routine checkup. Her before and after X-Rays were incredibly revealing of the transformation that she had undergone. Remembering the paintings of busty women in Quentin's home, she asked the doctor for a copy of the before and after images. Her plan was to give it to Quentin to be framed as a birthday gift.

She slept well that night, despite increased pressure in her inflated breasts and the exorbitant amount of weight atop her ribcage that pressed her against the mattress. She fell asleep planning tomorrow's reveal, and imagining Quentin's reaction. He loved it when her boobs were extra firm, sticking straight out, and pumped up to the max. Right now, her tits were freshly pumped-up even more than they had ever been before.

The next day, Tina spent several hours getting ready for their date. He was scheduled to pick her up early in the evening so they could go to a bar for aperitifs before going to a restaurant nearby for dinner. She had picked out the perfect outfit. It was a dress that she had never worn for him before. The dress had been tailored to fit her unusual body type. Her new 4200cc chest balloons stretched the fabric of the dress enough to test its limits, but still felt comfortable on her sensitive skin. The x-shape pattern that the fabric made in the front of the dress exposed a valley of cleavage that ran down past her perfectly centered nipples. She had to be careful not to make any sudden movements, or else one of her tits could easily pop out. Another thing that she

loved about the dress was that it was long sleeved and went down to her shins, but it was tailored so that it was tight against her slim body from top to bottom. Quentin loved to see a substantial 'strap gap' between her breasts and her shoulders, and this dress offered plenty of that. To top it off, she wore a ribbon that tied across her mid-section, bringing the outfit together and matching well with a necklace that Quentin had recently purchased for her. The ribbon also helped emphasize her tight stomach, accentuating her preposterous proportions.

She received a text that he would be there to pick her up in 5 minutes. She was all ready to go. She took a moment to stand in front of the bathroom mirror and give herself a brief pep talk. An impossible busty figure with perfectly round plastic boobs stared back at her. "You are hot as fuck, Tina. You're tits are fucking perfect. He is going to lose his mind when he sees you like this. You're going to marry that man. No woman has tits as perfect as yours. You are a fucking goddess. Get ready to blow his mind." She snatched her purse and the manila envelope with her before and after x-rays inside, exited her apartment, and bounced her way down several flights of stairs.

The door to his car swung open. Quentin had been sending an email on his phone while he waited for Tina to come down. As she sat down, he was still typing the last few words on his phone. "Hello, darling," he said. He hit send and then looked up.

His reaction was better than Tina had imagined with her most optimistic forecasting. She had her body turned slightly in his direction, sitting upright with her back arched to increase her chest's projection. She sported an innocent expression, pursing her lips and fluttering her eyelashes naively. She maintained that posture even while Quentin's brain exploded.

The first thing he did was involuntarily fling his phone out of his hands like he was having a min-seizure. Next, he sucked in air so hard that it seemed like he had the wind knocked out of him. For several seconds he stopped breathing. His face almost turned blue. When he was finally able to breathe again, his air intake took on the cadence of whimpering. He found himself halfway between laughing in disbelief and crying with joy. "Oh my dear lord! I don't believe it!" He glanced at Tina's face. She was still pretending to be naïve, staring sweetly back at him. His hands shaking, he slowly extended them towards Tina's newly inflated boobs. "How... How big?"

Reaching out to meet him, she grabbed his wrists and pulled him towards her bosom, inviting him to play with the surgically-installed, oversized sex toys. "Oh yeah! I forgot to tell you. I had them pumped up another liter or so each. They're 4200cc now. I guess I forgot to tell you because you forgot to tell me that it's your birthday."

She waited for him to give her chest balloons a good fondle before adding, "Do you like your birthday present. Another 1200cc in each one just for you, baby. Do you like?"



Quentin unbuckled his seat belt so he could get better access. Cupping the underside of her gallon-sized boobs, he brought his face close enough to her cleavage that he could feel the warmth radiating off them. "I like. I really really like," he said into her cleavage. Burying his face in between them, he grasped her tits firmly and mashed them around his head. As he bounced her warm saline balloons all over his face, he let out a loud moaning sound that was drowned out by Tina's suffocating cleavage. "Unhhhhh... Yesss..."

Tina cooed with satisfaction. The vibrations of his loud moaning pulsed her huge breasts. It felt to her like the saline inside was vibrating at the same frequency of his guttural moaning. Her surprise birthday present had succeeded. She stroked the hair on the back of Quentin's head as he motorboated her boobs. "That's a good boy. You just enjoy these huge fake boobies, just like that." The pleasurable feeling in her breasts, combined with the reward of watching him obsess over her body, was putting Tina into a parallel state of ecstasy. She spoke soothingly from her heart, letting the words come out without any forethought. "That feels soo good, baby. These 4200cc boobie-toys are here just for you to enjoy. I love you soo much, baby. I'd do anything for you. I'd even make my breasts so huge that they take over my entire life. They're all for you, my perfect boy, my love." Several seconds after she finished talking, she suddenly realized what she had said.

His hands still gripping her breasts tightly around the fabric of her dress, Quentin removed his head from her cleavage. He kissed his woman passionately on her plump red lips and then pressed his cheek up against hers so that his mouth was next to her ear. "I love you too, Tina," he whispered.

In that moment, Tina felt happier than she had ever felt in her entire life. No other moment even came close to the satisfaction of hearing Quentin say, 'I love you.'

"Is that a tear?" Quentin asked. He had felt a droplet of moisture against his cheek while their faces were pressed together. Pulling his face away from hers, he could clearly see that indeed she was crying. "Why are you crying, Tina?"

A single droplet of moisture streamed down her cheek and splattered like a raindrop atop the skin of her left breast. She wiped away the stream of tears as best she could. "It's just... I'm so happy that you love me too."

"I can't imagine a more perfect girl for me." He smiled and gave her a heartfelt kiss.

She smiled back, no longer crying. It seemed like it had all been worth it. All the problems and changes that her enormous breasts implants had presented were all insignificant now, knowing that she had won him over. She gripped either side of her dress' cleavage gap and asked, "So do you want to see them?"

"Yes! Please!" He begged.

Tina pulled the fabric down under her breasts. The flexible material of her dress pushed her tits upwards and closer together even more than they were normal presented. Her perfectly round, gallon-sized melons stood naked and at attention, framed artfully by her dress like soft, spherical sculptures. “You like?”

“That is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life!”

After a few minutes of making out and playing with her newly pumped tits, they drove away to begin their date night. Tina began loading her melons back into her dress, but Quentin stopped her. “Can you please leave them out for now, just while we’re driving? I love watching they jiggle around while I drive.”

“Of course, baby. Anything you want, as long it’s okay for me to stroke this big bulge in your pants while you drive?”

## **Chapter 19:** **Doll House**

“This is a lot of clothes. Do you they all still fit you?” Quentin asked as he carried yet another container filled with garments into his house.

“I think so. I tried most of these on while I was packing up my apartment and donated the rest?”

“Donated? Who is going to be able to fit into your old tops?”

“I don’t know. It’s better than throwing them out anyways.”

He dropped the container in their bedroom next to the other ones. “But still... this is a lot of clothes.”

Tina twirled around, showing herself off. “A pretty girl needs lots of clothes so she can look good for her boy. You don’t want me wearing random t-shirts from goodwill, do you?”

“That’s a valid point. If I’m going to be living with a doll, then I need my doll looking good for me.” He opened a closet, began clearing things out and putting them in a box, so that so that Tina could fit her clothes inside.

“I’m so happy that you invited me to move in with you, babe! You have no idea how happy I am. I fucking love you so much.” She skipped across the room and grabbed her man. Her preposterously large bosom forced her to hug him in an awkward way. She squished her implanted breasts against him, winding the rest of her body around the bulges on her chest, bringing herself as close to him as possible despite the unnatural protuberances. She leaned her head back while she embraced him, puckering her swollen lips, waiting for him to kiss her.

“I love you too, my perfect little toy.” He cradled her lower back with one hand and grabbed her ass cheek with the other hand, dipping her backwards slightly before meeting her lips for a kiss. Her new lips were wonderfully luscious. She had just recently received another round of lip filler. While she was at the clinic, she also touched up her face with some more Botox. All of that was in addition to the saline injections that she had continued to receive to keep expanding her breast implants. Her boobs were now 5100cc each.

“I’m going to use your gym to lift weights so I can support my huge new boobies. I’m going to make you dinner every night. I’m going to dress up for you whenever you want. And oh yeah...” She backed herself away from him slightly so that he could see better into her cleavage. “...You can use my tits whenever you want.”

“Good girl!” He groped one of her giant fuckbags.

Tina broke away suddenly and refocused her attention on hanging her clothes in the closet. Quentin looked disappointed. She noticed and said teasingly, “Go get the rest of your doll’s dress up clothes from the car. You can play with my boobies when you’re done.”

“Bad doll!” He scoffed before exiting the room.

In the box of items that he had cleaned out of the closet, Tina noticed something familiar. She saw the top that she had worn almost a year ago that said ‘Barbie’ across the front. It wasn’t that long ago that she had fucked Quentin while wearing it, roleplaying that she had large breast implants. Although it had been relatively recent, it seemed to her like it had been ages ago, way back when she was wearing A-cup bras. She got a naughty idea and decided to act upon it immediately. She took off her top, grabbed the ‘Barbie’ logo top, and attempted to put it on. There was no way that it was going to cover her 5100cc monsters, but that was the point. If she didn’t lift her arms, the top barely covered her nipples. It was more ornamentation for her breasts than a real clothing. The bottom half of her melons jutted out, presenting a totally inappropriate amount of underboob.

When Quentin came back into the bedroom, Tina was gone. The bathroom door cracked open, and she called out, “I think you should probably take your clothes off and wait for me on the bed.”

He did not need to be told twice. Within seconds he was naked and lying patiently. In the bathroom, Tina admired her oversexed figure. She tried to think back to that night when she was just pretending to have breast implants. The breast forms that she had worn were 2500ccs, half of what was now permanently installed under her breast tissue. She remembered thinking that 2500cc had been heavy. She had been so

naïve back then. She removed her pants so that she was only wearing her panties.



“Hey there, hot stuff!” She said as she opened the door. “Your fuckdoll like totally needs to play with your sexy cock right now.” She knew that he would find it sexy if she roleplayed being an airheaded bimbo for him. Standing at the edge of the bed with her hands on her hips, she shoved her chest out and gave her best pouty face. “I think I like filled my tits way too big. They feel so heavy on my chest, but I love it. It makes me horny all the time having boobs so fucking huge that everybody just sees a pair of huge plastic boobies when they look at me. Do you want to play with my fun bags while I ride your cock? Or maybe I can suck you off first with these lips?” She touched her lips delicately with her fingernail. “I just had these pumped up too. I suck cock like way

“Holy fuck...” He groaned, his erection throbbing with anticipation. “Bring that perfect plastic fucktoy body over here and get to work sucking this dick, you sexy bitch.”

“Yay! I’m soo excited to suck your cock. It looks soo yummy!” She cheered as she crawled onto the bed. She lay down between his spread legs and eagerly thrust his shaft into her open mouth. She grabbed his hips firmly while she sucked away. From this position, she was laying on top of her breasts like enormous cushions. Their immense size lifted her head and neck well over the surface of the mattress at a height was convenient to suck him off with no hands. Her body smushed her boobs onto the bed, pushing them outwards and against Quentin’s inner thighs. The repeated motion of pumping her head up and down his shaft was made easier because of the way her saline balloons acted like a trampoline, bouncing herself back up every time she forced herself down.

“Fuck me! That’s amazing! Your lips look so hot locked around my dick. And that’s so unbelievably sexy the way you bounce off your own tits to suck me off.”

She let the cock pop out of her mouth to say, “I know, right? Having giant fake boobies is like totally the best. They’re like really useful.” After her comment, she slipped his dick right back into her warm mouth and continued with the blowjob.

After several minutes of bouncing and eagerly sucking, she felt her hair being yanked. Quentin was grabbing her long blonde strands and peeling her off his waist. “Good work, slut. I’ve had enough of that for now. Get on your hands and knees. I’m going to fuck you doggy style so I can watch those huge melons swing around while I plow your pussy.” He commanded in an assertive tone.

She flipped herself around and assumed the requested position. To wet her pussy for his entry, she stuck a few fingers in her mouth, coated them with her saliva, reached backwards around the side of her breast, and rubbed them all over her pussy. She made sure that Quentin had a good view of her while she self-lubricated. When she was done, she wiggled her tight little ass. “My slutty pussy is all ready for you to use it.”

“That’s a good toy.” He mounted her from behind, firmly grasped her hips, and slowly inserted himself inside her. He gradually built up the pace over a few minutes until he was fucking her hard. She moaned as his hips clapped against her ass repeatedly. Quentin watched with satisfaction as Tina’s hanging breasts began swinging

pendulously. As he built up the pace, her gigantic boobs began to swing madly. He found a quick, rough pace that made her tits swing out, around, and then clap into each other with an audible slapping sound. Every time he clapped his pelvis against her ass, her swinging boobs responded in turn by clapping together. The sound of them having sex was like music, and vocals were Tina's incessant moans.

After a while, he couldn't take it anymore. Without saying anything, he grabbed his woman and tossed her about, adjusting her body so she was laying on her back with her huge tits sticking straight up into the air.

Tina anticipated what was about to happen and encouraged him as best she could. "Please give me your cum! I really need it all over these five-thousand one-hundred CC saline fuck toys. That's what I got them for... so you could fuck them and cover them with your tasty cum." She pressed her heavy chest mounds together to provide an optimal target.

With his cock still lubricated with pussy juice, he gave it a few final pumps, summoning a torrential ejaculation that drenched the balloon-like breasts in front of him. "So fucking big..." He groaned as he splattered his seed all over Tina's fake titties.

The two lovers lay next to each other, both exhausted from the physical effort. "That was such a huge load, baby. I must really turn you on."

"You have no idea, Tina. That was fucking hot. You are my fantasy come to life. I love how you like doing the roleplaying with me. You're such a naughty little bimbo."

"Naughty... yes. Bimbo... yes. But little?" She gave one of her breasts a quick shimmy and raised an eyebrow questioningly. The saline inside the breast she shook continued to quiver for several seconds before settling back down.

They both laughed. "They're so big that they caught the whole mess."

Trails of fluid were trickling down the sides of her tight breast flesh. "I better go get cleaned up before I get it on the bed." She stood up slowly, considerate of the awkward weight on her upper body. "I'll do a quick rinse in the shower and then make you dinner. Can you please use your big strong man arms to bring the rest of my stuff in from the car?"

"Yes, doll."

She blew him a kiss, "I love you."

## **Chapter 20:**

### **Grievances and Resolutions**

"I can't believe I'm doing this..."

“Can’t believe what? That we’re going to hang out with your friends? Sounds pretty believable to me.”

“I don’t know... I just feel weird. Maybe I should wear something less revealing. This outfit has soo much cleavage. I’m scared they’re going to be all judgmental and think I turned myself into some sort of hyper-sexualized slut. You don’t know them, Quentin. Sarah thinks breast implants are disgusting and a ‘tool of the patriarchy’ for ‘female enslavement’. They are probably the most feminist people you’ll ever meet.”

“You look awesome with what your wearing. Why would you change your outfit just to make your friends more comfortable? Do what makes you comfortable. This isn’t a work outing. If these girls are your friends, then they will be cool with you being yourself. All that ‘feminism’ stuff is hilarious. I’m used to it, my sister is like that. Women who don’t get the attention they want tend to be more feminist, and then men want even less to do with them, which makes them even more feminist. It’s a vicious cycle that drives them crazy, especially when they see strippers making ten times as much money as them. Did you tell any of your friends that got implants?”

“Umm... well... not really.”

“Not really, or no?”

“Umm... no. I’ve kind of been hiding it from them. And my family.”

“People are going to find out one way or another. You can’t keep avoiding your friends and family just because you have big boobs. That’s silly. Just be yourself. Who cares what anyone else thinks?”

Tina tugged at the sides of the top that framed her copious cleavage, hopelessly trying to limit the amount of skin that was exposed. “Okay, baby. I’ll try my best to think that way.”

“And besides, your boobs aren’t that big. They’re only 5500cc. That’s only what? Like three gallons of saline stuffed in those things?”

Normally Tina would have laughed at Quentin teasing her over the unwieldy size of her bosom, but today it was not funny to her. “You’re not helping,” she whined.

“Sorry, baby. I don’t mean it that way. I’m just teasing. You look hot as fuck. I bet these ‘feminist’ friends of yours are all dating closeted homosexuals.”

Still toggling with her cleavage, she lamented, “I should have brought a jacket.”

The bar that they were all meeting at had a lowkey, pub-like atmosphere. Sarah, Marissa, and Stacey already had a table and their first round of drinks when Tina and Quentin walked inside. Tina smiled and waved to her friends, trying to play it cool and



allowing the subject of her new breasts to address itself. “Hey girls! Soo good to see you! This is my boyfriend, Quentin. Quentin, these are my friends Sarah, Marissa, and Stacey.” She pointed to her friends in order of introduction. “We’ve been besties since Freshman year of college. Sarah studied theater, she’s an amazing actress. Marissa has a Masters in Journalism, she works for Vice News. And Stacey is finishing her PhD in Psychology.”

“Delightful to meet you, ladies. I’ve heard a lot about you girls already from Tina. The drinks are on me tonight. My treat.”

Throughout the introductions, her three friends sat motionless, barely breathing, staring at Tina's chest like bystanders who had just witnessed a high speed train wreck. A few awkward seconds passed without any response. Tina decided it was necessary to address the subject of their disbelief. "I know you're surprised to see that I had a little work done. I'm really happy with it and I feel fantastic. I know I should have told you guys earlier, but I was a little scared at what you all would say about it. I don't mind your jokes or whatever, I get it... they're really big. But it's not like I'm a stripper now or anything like that. I'm still Tina and I'm like super happy with the changes I've made."

Sarah disbanded her disbelief with a frantic rant. "A LITTLE WORK DONE?! You call that..." She pointed at Tina's boobs, "...a little work done? Your breasts look like carnival balloons! They're practically the size of basketballs! I can't even imagine how much those things weigh. How do you even do anything with those things? What in the hell were you thinking? Have you gone totally crazy? You look like a perverted teenage boys wet dream! You're a god damned blow-up doll! Those... breasts... if you can even call them breasts anymore...are the most obscene thing that I've ever seen in my life! How in the hell do you think anyone could ever take you seriously ever again with those things bolted onto your chest?"

Stacey was more sympathetic, yet still not understanding. "I know some really good psychologists who I think could help you, Tina. I think you have something called 'body dysmorphic disorder', I can help find someone to get you through this phase."

Quentin leaned forward and prepared to speak in Tina's defense. She squeezed his thigh sharply and shot a glare in his direction, assertively indicating that she wanted to be the one to talk her friends down. He received the subtle message, stood up, and headed to the bar. "I think we need some drinks here. I'll get you ladies another round while I'm up. Be right back."

When he was gone, Tina addressed her friends harshly. "I do not have a FUCKING mental disorder and I will not be seeing any FUCKING psychologists. I'm not going FUCING crazy. Okay?! I kept this secret from y'all because I knew you would be total bitches about it. And now here I am, sitting here, listening to y'all sound like total bitches. There is nothing FUCKING wrong with me. I just like having big boobs, okay? I like it. It's that just that simple. And if y'all are going to be the ones who want to be all judgmental and shit, with all this shit like 'Oh, Tina's such a skank now', 'Oh, Tina's a victim of the patriarchy', 'Oh, Tina got really big boobs because she's crazy'.... So let me remind y'all... Our very first week at college, before classes even started, we went to parties almost every night, and Stacey made out with a different guy every night. One night, you made out with at least two guys. And that was our first week in college! How many other guys were you with since then? HUH?! How dare you judge the way I want to look, Stacey. You are the one with bright blue hair, ten earrings, and a nose ring."

She exhaled angrily before continuing. "And you, Sarah... do I need to remind you of your nickname at Alpha Omega? They called you 'furniture'. As in: 'I got on Sarah last night, and since you brothers have hooked up with her too, I guess that

makes her furniture now'. When you found that out, you complained to the dean that it was sexual harassment. They were all just joking. You were 'furniture'. They were right!" She saved her friend who had not said anything yet for last. "And Marissa... I love you. I read everything that you write on Vice's website and I'm grateful to be your friend."

"Thank you, Tina. I love you too," Marissa said obsequiously.

More awkward silence followed. So, Tina continued her rant. "I've hooked up with two other guys in my entire life besides Quentin, both of whom I dated for months before giving them anything. So how dare you talk about my appearance when I've seen how you, Sarah, and you, Stacey... how you dressed like total fucking skanks at house parties, and I said nothing, because I wanted you to live your own lives." She pointed to the bar, "That man over there is the love of my life. I completely control him with these things. You have no fucking idea how much power these things give me. I LOVE having huge boobs. These things are like magic. I could control any man I wanted using my tits. So don't pretend that you know what it's like to be me. I'm a grown adult woman who can make choices for herself. This is my body and I decide what I want to do with it. If you are going to continue to be total bitches about the choices I've made, in my own life, over my own body, then you can fuck off and Quentin and I can go to another bar." She took a meditative breathe and then continued more calmly. "Marissa... You are welcome to come to the other bar with us and Quentin will buy us drinks because he's a gentleman."

The passionate rant had exactly the intended affect. Her words had been the culmination of months of self-doubt and built up anxieties. Letting it all out in front of the people whose opinions she feared and respected the most was cathartic.

"I'm sorry, Tina." Stacey said. "I was just so surprised. I agree with you. It's your body and your choice. I just want to look out for you as your friend and make sure that you're not doing anything that you'll regret. I'm sorry that I was a bitch." She raised an eyebrow and looked in Sarah's direction.

Sarah was more ashamed and had less to say. "I'm sorry too, Tina."

With perfect, likely intentional timing, Quentin returned with more drinks. "There you are, ladies. Did I miss anything interesting while I was gone?"

Tina grabbed him by his belt and yanked him down close to her domineeringly. She wrapped her arm around his back, allowing her expansive bosom to press against his body. "We were just reminiscing about college."

The rest of the night was fun for everyone. Even Sarah managed to get over her misanthropy and enjoy the company. Quentin charmed Tina's friends with his anecdotes and genuine interest in the women's careers. The evening ended with all four girls cheerfully intoxicated. Tina managed to become especially inebriated. Although it had been a metaphorical weight off her chest to reunite with her friends, she still had the literal weight on her chest. Her friends ceased making comments about her breast

implants, but she could still feel their penetrating stares. The emotional rant and her friend's responses to it had relieved much of her anxiety. Four strong alcoholic beverages removed all the remainder of that anxiety.

Tina was very drunk and emotional on the drive home. Despite her reduced cognition, she couldn't help professing her love to Quentin. "I fucking love you, soo much, baby. Do you like even see how big these boobs are? They're like fucking huge. And like... you know I did it all for you, baby. My friends were all like... what the fuck, Tina? Your tits are so fucking big. And I was like... fuck you... my tits are fucking awesome, and my boy loves my tits."

"I love you too, doll," he said, highly amused, allowing Tina to continue her drunken monologue.

Slightly slurring her speech and occasionally hiccupping, Tina continued, "When we get home, I'm like totally going to let you fuck my tits. I know I'm like drunk and stuff. Imma try not to fall asleep cause I really want you to fuck my tits when we get home. And... and... even if I fall asleep, you can just fuck my tits anyways. I don't care... I want you to. I got them just for you because... because I love you. You can fuck them whenever you want... Hicc!" Struggling with her motor skills, she fumbled with her top. Finally managing to remove it, her protruding chest sat there exposed, undulating enticingly as the vehicle rolled along the road. "See... look... I took them out for you, cause I know you like watching them bounce like this when you're driving."

Maintaining his control of the wheel, Quentin unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his cock. Tina noticed and responded instantly. "Like... oh my god... it's like soo hard because of my huge boobs. Imma play with it to keep it hard until we get home and then you can fuck my super big plastic titties. Okay, baby?"

## **Chapter 21:** **Threshold**

From his office, Quentin heard the front door to his home swing open and then slam shut. It wasn't even noon yet, and Tina was not supposed to get home from work until 5:30pm. Surely, he thought, she would have texted me if she were coming home early. He sensed that something was wrong. Closing his laptop, he stood up and went to investigate. "Tina? Is everything alright?"

He found her on the couch in the living room with her knees tucked up towards her face, and her arms wrapped around her legs. Due to the unnatural protuberances on her upper body, she could not draw knees all the way to her face, instead, her legs smooshed into chest pillows. She had her head down, buried in the fabric that was stretched across the top of her newly expanded, 5800cc breast implants. She was crying.

“Tina! Baby! What’s wrong?” He sat down next to her and began massaging her back.

With her face still buried, she moaned into her shirt’s stretchy, tentlike fabric. “Dr. Mathers! She fired me. What the fuck am I going to do now? She’s right! I look like a high class prostitute. No one takes me seriously anymore. I’m a big joke at work! What am I going to do? I can’t be a stripper!”

“That’s ridiculous! She can’t fire you because of the size of your breasts. That’s illegal. Do you remember exactly what she said?”

“She said…” A long outburst of tears delayed Tina’s response. “She said ‘no one takes you seriously anymore’, that I’m ‘a distraction and therefore a liability’, that ‘it didn’t matter what the quality of my work was’ because I was ‘affecting the work quality of work the whole department’. She said that she was ‘ashamed to see a talented young woman turn herself into a plastic monstrosity to gain men’s attention’. She said that I ignored her warnings and there was nothing she could do to help me anymore. And then she said…” Another outburst of crying followed. “She said that… that I could make a lot more money as a stripper anyways because that’s clearly what I want with my life. FUCK MY LIFE! I can’t be a fucking stripper! What am I going to do now?”

Quentin massaged her shoulders with both hands while she continued to sob. The fabric stretched fabric was wet with her tears. “It’s going to be okay, Tina. That woman is a total cunt. You are not going to need to be a stripper. I’ll make sure that everything is okay, I promise. I swear to you that you are going to be fine.”

He continued to comfort her for another twenty minutes. When her crying began to peter out, he decided that it was time to do something about the situation. “Tina, baby. I’m going to make a call. I’ll be back in a few minutes. I love you.” He stood up and walked back into his office.

Fifteen minutes later, Quentin came back into the main area of the house. He sighed deeply and rubbed his forehead. “Whew! Okay…” He said without explanation. Stopping in the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator, pulled out a can of beer, cracked it open, and took a heavy swig. “Do you have your phone on you, Tina?”

Still in the same fetal position, but no longer sobbing loudly, she responded “Uh huh.”

Suddenly, her phone began ringing. She looked at the caller ID. It was her boss’s boss, Dr. Jacobson. An older, balding man, Dr. Jacobson was someone whom Tina had spoken to only a handful of times. He had little to do with the day to day operation of her department. Tina was shocked. “What the fuck? Dr. Jacobson is calling me.”

“Who’s Dr. Jacobson?”



“Hold on, I have to take this.” She let it ring a few times while she composed herself. “Hello. This is Tina.”

“Tina Quillman?” A raspy voice said on the other side of the line.

“Yes. This is she.”

“Hello, Tina. This is Dr. Jacobson. I understand that there was a terrible mistake. I wanted to call you to personally apologize for what happened today. Dr. Mathers was out of line. She overstepped her authority without my knowledge, or the knowledge of any of the other board members. You are a valuable asset at this institution, and I sincerely apologize for her actions today. Your employment here is not terminated. In fact, in light of what transpired today, I have personally reassessed your performance reviews and I have determined that you deserve a significant raise.”

“Oh,” was the only syllable she could utter.

“In order to make things right, and to ensure your well-being and the well-being of the entire department going forward, I have just terminated Dr. Mathers from her position. She will no longer be an employee at this institution. I hope these actions are sufficient for your forgiveness. When you return to work, I would like you to come to my office where I will have a new contract for you with your new salary, increased 33%. I understand that what happened today was difficult for you, so as a final means of apology, I would like to give you a few paid weeks off before you return to work. Let’s say... two weeks. Is that fair?”

Tina’s head was spinning. She could not believe what she had just heard. Her boss had been fired and now her boss’s boss was groveling to her. “Ummm... Thank you, Dr. Jacobson. Yes, that’s fair.”

“Excellent! I’m glad that we could resolve this situation between the two of us. I will send you an email shortly documenting the details we’ve just discussed. Please reply with an affirmation. Enjoy your time off, Ms. Quillman. I’ll see you in a few weeks. Goodbye.”

Tina dropped her phone on the couch. Her mouth wide open in disbelief, she turned around to look at Quentin who was in the kitchen casually sipping his beer. “That was my boss’s boss. I was un-fired. What the hell is going on? And then like... he said that Dr. Mathers was fired... and that I get a raise... and that I get the next two weeks off as paid vacation.”

Leaning against the counter, Quentin did not seem surprised. “Well, that’s good. I told you that everything would work out. And it worked out real fast, huh?”

Sitting in a kneeling position on the couch, Tina faced backwards so she could see into the kitchen. She rested her extremely heavy, 26 pounds worth of plastic boob on the top of the couch’s backboard. Raising an eyebrow inquisitively, she asked, “Why aren’t you surprised?”

He sipped at his beer calmly. "I just knew it would all work out. It sounds like this Dr. Jacobson guy is terrified of a lawsuit. That Dr. Mathers cunt deserved to get fired. It doesn't get much more illegal than firing someone because of their appearance. You haven't signed anything yet. You still have options. I know some good lawyers. If you want, I'll help you pay to sue the museum. I'm sure you'd get a ton of money."

Tina rested her elbow on the couch backboard beside her boobs, and then rested her head in her hand. "I can't sue the museum. I feel bad enough already that they fired Dr. Mathers."

"That's up to you, babe. I'm just stating your options. We can talk to a lawyer if you want, and they will lay out your options in much more detail. If I were you, I'd take the next few weeks off, hold off on signing anything or writing anything in emails for as long as you can while we seek legal advice, and then decide. You got them on their toes. They are terrified of a lawsuit, and at the very least, you should be able to get more concessions out of them."

"I just couldn't! I'm already 'the girl with the enormous boobs'. I don't want to become 'the girl with the enormous boobs who sued her employer'. Everyone will think that I'm a gold-digging bimbo."

"First off, there is nothing wrong with being a gold-digging bimbo. I know that's why you are dating me. Second, who cares what people think about you? You can probably get enough money out of this that you'll never have to work again."

She brought her other elbow up on the couch backboard and squished her enormous bimbo boobs together in a nonchalant, but obviously intentional manner. "Is that what you think of me? Just some gold-digging hoe who got huge fake tits to manipulate you?" She giggled, seemingly no longer traumatized by the day's events.

"Oh yeah. You say you love me, but I know you only care about my money," he joked. "But that's okay! So long as you let me play with those fantastic tits, and you keep pretending to love me, I'll enjoy the charade and keep buying you things."

Now that Tina was feeling better, she was starting to think more clearly. Their jokes about money had allowed her brain to make an obvious connection. No longer smushing her breasts together with her elbows, she asked more seriously, "Quentin? Who did you call when you went to your office?"

"I was getting legal advice."

"Yeah, but who did you call? Did you call Matt O'Sullivan?"

He finished his beer, crushed the can, and threw it across the kitchen into a waste bin. "I was on a conference call with Matt and a lawyer."

It all made sense now. "You had Matt threaten to withdraw his philanthropic support for the museum. He's their largest donor. They would do literally anything that he asked."

“Well... Maybe he did that... And maybe we also had one of his lawyers threaten them with a lawsuit that they knew they could not win.”

“But why would he threaten to sue an institution which is primarily funded by himself?”

“For one, he likes you as a friend. There’s also the fact that he owes me a favor. And lastly, he enjoys power trips where he gets to dominate people and make them submit to his will. And besides, the museum has insurance for lawsuits like that, so Matt wouldn’t really be hurting himself, he would be defending an innocent young woman. It’s good publicity for him if it’s spun the right way. I think he’s getting tired of that type of philanthropy anyways. He told me that it looks better giving money to kids with cancer, and that the tax write-offs for that are better.”

## **Chapter 22:** **Sex, Drugs, & Rockin’ Rack**

Tina opened her banking app for the tenth time since she woken up that morning. She was still in disbelief at the number of zeroes on the screen. The money she had received from the lawsuit was enough to pay off her student debt, and to leave her with enough money that she did not need to work if she did not want to. Within reason, she could now afford whatever clothing and cosmetic treatments she wanted, especially because her man was paying the rent, and still paying for her new clothes. She felt like a goddess, and that image was reinforced by the positive feedback she received from Quentin daily.

Whenever she wanted, she could go get her hair and makeup professionally done, which ended up being very often. She had plenty of time now to cook meals. Several times a week, she had spa appointments. At the spa, she received massages that focused on her back, which helped a lot with both the stress of the weight she was carrying in her breasts, and the vigorous weightlifting routine that she had taken on. There was no way for her to lay down on a regular massage table. Instead, she would sit in the spa’s hot tub while the masseuse worked on her back. With her tits sitting in the water, they felt like they weighted nothing at all.

Now that her breast implants had reached 7200cc, standing for long periods of time put tremendous strain on her back and shoulders. Once a week, she had a personal trainer come to the house. The trainer was a butch lesbian who came up with a special workout routine for Tina to build muscle to support her continuously growing bust, which now clocked in at 32lbs cumulatively. She was highly committed to the workout routine, and was eating the right diet to build muscle. With all the work she put in, the results were clear. Her back was still sore sometimes, but it didn’t hurt. She was also learning how to hold her posture so that she didn’t strain certain sensitive muscles.

She tried to avoid standing for long periods of time, but when she was required to do so, she would lean back slightly, shifting her center of gravity closer to her mid-section. As her breasts got larger, she had to lean back even more while keeping her back straight, to compensate for her center of gravity moving ever forward.

Sometimes, she missed being able to go jogging, but the affect that her breasts had on Quentin was more than worth it. She had pushed her tissue expanders beyond their limits. Her plastic surgeon was no longer willing to allow her to add more saline, or as she had come to call it, "boob juice". She had been looking forward to maxing out her expanders for months, but now that she had gotten to the point that she could no longer put any more "boob juice" in them, she was disappointed. If her expanders had allowed it, she knew that her increased musculature and overall commitment to the big-boob lifestyle would allow her to add at least a few thousand more CCs.

Quentin had not been on a long trip recently, but he had been taking day trips and other short trips that tended to not last no more than two or three days. Even though Tina was living with him and spent many hours a day in his company, she still felt like it was never enough, and whenever he left for an overnight trip, she felt as lonely as she had ever felt. The couple had sex almost every day, and sometimes several times a day. Tina was always thinking up sexy new ways to be intimate with her lover. As attached as she was to him, being forced to be away from him for any period of time was difficult for her. Quentin's cat had become an inadequate proxy for the warmth and comfort that he provided. On a normal night, the couple would go to bed together and embrace. Their favorite sleeping position was facing each other on their sides with Quentin's arm draped over her bulging upper breast and around her back. As her boobs got bigger, it was getting harder for her to sleep on her side. When he was gone, she would sleep on her back. Under the weight of her two 16 pound saline bags, it was harder for her to breathe, but it also felt oddly comforting for her to be crushed into the mattress by her bosom. It was a reminder to her that she was doing something important with her body, maximizing her potential, and maximally enticing her lover.

When Quentin was gone, his cat enjoyed curling up beside the warm mountains of sheltering bosom.

The day eventually came when Quentin announced that he would have to go on another trip. This time, it was longer than he had ever gone away from her before. Regrettably, he informed Tina that he would need to be away for two months while he traveled the Middle East, Northern India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia. It was difficult for her to hear, but she knew that it was necessary. She begged to come with him on the trip, offering to provide her sexy stewardess services on the private jet, but she was needed at home to take care of the plants and animals.



Always in the back of her mind, Tina was intent on manifesting her final goal, marriage. Now that her tissue expanders had reached well beyond their maximum volume, she was concerned that she could no longer offer the same level of sexual arousal that she had been able to offer several times before. When they were watching

a romantic movie, or when they were in the presence of a married couple, Tina did her absolute best to insinuate her desire for marriage. She used all her feminine wiles, especially the allure of her gigantic boobs, to reel in her man, to make him hers permanently.

The messages Tina was trying to communicate were clear to Quentin. As the departure date of his lengthy trip approached, he felt the need to come clean with her regarding precisely what he did on his adventures, and in turn, what he did to make money. After all their time together, and all that they had talked about in their wide ranging discussions, he assumed that his exact line of work would not be a big surprise to her. He had often hinted at what he was doing on his adventures, and the fact that she knew not to ask certain questions let him know that she had a good idea what was going on. He felt that he could trust her absolutely.

A couple days before he was due to leave, they had just finished having sex. Quentin had fucked her pussy from behind while spooning her and cradling her massive melons. He came inside her. She received the load gratefully while he squeezed the basketball-sized sex toys implanted on her chest. In post-orgasm ecstasy, he briefly considered cancelling the trip, fearing the lost pleasures that came with spending such a long period of time away from his perfect sex doll.

After their sex-session, Tina went to rinse off in the shower per usual. It was still early in the evening, so after her shower, she went to the kitchen to cook dinner while he finished some work in his office. After dinner, she asked, "So what should we do the rest of the night, babe? Did you get enough use out of your doll? You really filled me up good."

He smiled, but there was a serious bent to his expression. "I'm going to be away for quite a while, and I want know that you'll be okay, Tina. I can tell that it's hard for you to do certain everyday things. You're doing great with working out to support your breasts, but I can see the daily struggle that you go through. I know you're working hard to get stronger to carry that weight, but you still struggle to do sit-ups. I want you to promise me that while I'm gone, you won't do anything crazy."

She knew what he meant. He meant "don't get larger breast implants", but she chose to interpret his statement more literally. If she did decide to go bigger, it wouldn't be crazy, it would be for completely logical reasons, or so she calculated. In her mind, going larger would mean increased desirability to her man. Most importantly, going larger could bring her closer to her ultimate goal, a marriage proposal. So to her, such a move would be logical and not at all crazy. Fleetingly glancing down at the fleshy spheres that dominated her field of vision and her entire life, she said, "I won't do anything crazy. I promise. I promise to be a good girl for you."

Skeptically, he accepted the answer for what it was worth. He spoke even more seriously now. "There's something I need to tell you, and something that I want to share

with you before I leave. I know that I can trust you and that I can tell you anything, so I want to share some secrets with you. You have to promise not to tell anyone, ever.”

“I fucking love you, Quentin. I had plastic surgery so I could make my tits the size of basketballs just for you. I’d do anything for you. I’d keep any promise for you. I know you’re a good man and that anything you do has a good reason. I promise that whatever it is, your doll will keep it a secret.”

“Good. Do you know what I do on my adventures?”

“Yeah, you like look for exotic plants and animals, like the ones you have in your greenhouse and in your office.”

“Yes, that’s true. But the exotic species that I seek out are more than just rare, they are...” He paused to find the right words. “These species are entheogenic. That means they produce a chemical, that when ingested, produces a non-ordinary state of consciousness.”

“Like marijuana? I really like it when we use marijuana. We haven’t done it in months. It was magical when we did it on the first night that we met. A while ago you told me that we could try smoking the plant that you grew when it was done curing. Can we do that tonight. Oh, baby... I remember the night we met, the way you breathed it into me. Can we do that again? You could titty fuck me while we’re high, it would be soo perfect.”

He thought about the first night they had spent together, then he looked at her chest. An erection quickly emerged that threatened his current thought process. Less than two years ago, her breasts were wholly insignificant, now they were the most significant thing about her. “Yes, we can do that.”

“I’m gonna squeeze every last drop of cum out of you, babe. You gave me soo much cum already today, but it wasn’t enough for me. I’m sorry I’m soo greedy for you, I just can’t help it because I fucking love you.”

“I know that you’re a greedy girl. Now, you sit your tits right there and I’ll be right back.” Quentin realized that it could be a good idea to indulge her with the intoxicating effects of cannabis while he revealed aspects of his occupation to her. He stood up from the dinner table and left for his office.

Tina’s thinly stretched top was doing little to support, contain, or cover her boobs. She plopped her multi-gallon, saline-stuffed chest on the kitchen table for added support while she waited for her boy to return.

When he returned, she could smell the potent odor the cannabis he was carrying. He placed a joint in the middle of the table, then, retaining his serious tone, he told her, “The specimens that I acquire on my trips are not like marijuana. These specimens are extraordinarily rare, highly hallucinogenic, and questionably legal. You probably shouldn’t know the details of many of the things that I’ve procured, but I will tell you that

these rare specimens are extremely hard to find, and the financial reward for discovering them and returning them home to be cultivated are enormous. That is the gestalt of the business that I am currently in with O'Sullivan."

Her breasts still resting on the table, she sighed. "I love you, I don't care. I kind of knew anyways. I'm your girl. I'll keep your secret."

Quentin put the joint in his mouth and produced a lighter. He lit the tip of it and inhaled. "I want to show you something."

He helped Tina stand up and the two walked arm and arm into his office. A trail of smoke followed them. "These two toads that you've helped feed in this large desert simulacrum enclosure are called *Bufo Alvarius*. They produce a venom known as 5-MEO-DMT, the most powerful hallucinogen known to man. The two Amazonian tree frogs in the other enclosure are *Phyllomedusa Bicolor*. The source of Kambô, a concoction containing bio-active peptides that when properly ingested cause drastic changes in consciousness." He took another puff of the joint and exhaled the smoke into his office. Tapping some ash into a nearby ashtray that he had prepared, he handed the joint to Tina.

To his surprise, Tina seemed unfazed. "That's incredible. I don't know exactly what you mean, but I still think it's amazing. You are amazing, you know that? I don't really care about this stuff, it only lets me know that you're even more amazing than I ever knew." She arched her back and presented her breasts along with an unbelievable amount of cleavage. "And now you have another very rare creature in your menagerie." Tenuously, she took her first puff of the joint. Satisfied that she could handle more without coughing, she took a larger hit, and then passed it back to Quentin.

In a swift motion, he wrapped his hands around her waist, spun her around 180 degrees, and drew her body close to him. From this angle, he could see over her shoulder, imitating her point of view. Her boobs toppled forth from her chest, curving upwards and outwards, completely obscuring any view of her lower body. From her point of view, a great deal of her field of vision was obstructed by her plastic tits. Quentin squeezed her tightly and lifted his folded arms higher up her body, cradling the underside of her melons, which he lifted higher on her chest with his forearms, while leaning her back against himself to get an even better view of her cleavage. With her body leaning back against his, her upper body weight shifted onto him, and he could experience second-hand some of the tremendous load that she had to carry.

He let her breasts drop again as he took the joint back, and inhaled. Passing it back to her, he returned to folding his arms under her breasts and lifting them up, and consequently unloading some of the weight from her body. "It's probably easier to inhale if I hold them up like this, so they're not putting so much weight on you."

She took another puff. The effect of inhaling the burning plant was beginning to drastically affect her perception. Everything around her had taken on a happy glow and she felt her body tingling. The normal sensations she felt in her stretched-out breasts

were amplified. Quentin's body against her body, and his arms cradling the underside of her bosom, felt better than any than any massage she could get at the spa. "I'm soo happy right now, baby. It feels soo good when you hold my tits like that." She handed the joint back to him.

Releasing her from his grasp, she walked around his billiard table and sat down in his chair. With only his eyes, he beckoned Tina towards him. As she approached, he removed his pants and underwear. Tina countered by removing her top and throwing it on the billiard table. Although he saw them every day, the sight of the gigantic, perfectly round and symmetrical breasts instantly brought about an erection. She approached slowly, striding so that her naked tits jiggled freely. Then, just as slowly, she sank to her knees in front of his chair. She placed her hands on the underside of her implants and hoisted them onto Quentin's lap. Sliding herself forward, his cock disappeared.

"Do you have the lube?" She asked with her boobs completely enveloping his lap.

He dropped the joint in an ashtray on his desk and retrieved a tube of lubricant that they extensively used for such purposes. Holding the tube upside down over his cock, which was now buried comfortably in a converging valley of warm breast flesh, he squirted a generous amount of lubricant between her 7200cc breast implants.

Sliding her heavy fuckbags around his cock, she spread the lubricant over his member and throughout her cleavage. "They fuck your cock soo good. It's hard to even lift them like this to titty fuck you. Your cock is big, but I can barely see the tip of it when my melons are all the way down in your lap. Imagine if they were even bigger?"

"You wouldn't..." He groaned as she squeezed his favorite sex toys tightly around his dick. "...Unghh... Yes! So warm inside here... But, promise me you won't make them any bigger."

"I promise I won't do anything crazy." She dipped her head forwards. Craning her neck, she buried her face in her own cleavage to get her lips as close as she could to the tip of his shaft that was peaking between her sandwiching breasts.

The fact that she had not explicitly promised not to go bigger was no longer of any importance to Quentin's dopamine-flooded male brain. He felt her tongue flicker around the head of his penis. "Fuck yes! That feels so good. Keep doing that." She continued sucking and titty fucking. "Yesss.... More...."

It was hard for her to repeatedly lift and then drop her boobs. Instead, the way she titty-fucked him relied more on bouncing and squeezing them like saline pillows. She tried to enhance his pleasure with her dirty talk. "I love how I completely fill your lap with my huge boobs. I'm so happy that I made them this fucking huge for you. I know you like me to be your fucking plastic barbie doll and you get to decide just how I look. You get to dress me up in slutty clothes and fuck my huge plastic boobs whenever you want. I pumped these fuckbags so big that you can barely handle them."

He grabbed her melons and helped her bounce them to a rhythm. Together, they bounced her basketball-sized breasts, dribbling them off Quentin's lap exactly like two basketballs. Tina continued her dirty talk. "That's it, babe! Help me bounce them off your big fucking dick. You just can't fucking control yourself. I know your cock needs them. Mmmm... yeah...oh fuck... yeah...oh god yes! They're soo fucking heavy! Oh yes... so fucking round... and so fucking fake and so fucking plastic and huge! Do you love them? Do you want to cum all over my giant fake titties? Do you want to cum all over the most giant fake titties you've ever seen in your life? ... uhhh... yeah... Fuck!"

"...So fucking big..." Quentin moaned. "So fucking warm in there. And so fucking tight!"

"I want you to give me that load. Cum for my giant fake titties. I love when you come for my giant fuckdoll titties. Yes! Yesss... mmmmm... oh fuck... I love when you come for my super huge, super heavy plastic fuck toys. Watch me suck it, baby!" She went back to trying to lick the top of his cock. It was a little awkward for her to cram her face into her cleavage while her chest bounced so wildly. She was getting tired, but she could feel his dick starting pulse like it was on the verge of orgasm which gave her the energy to double her efforts.

The sensation of her warm, saline-inflated chest bouncing on his lap while her cute face tried to tease his cock with her tongue was too much for him. "Squeeze those soft round fuck bags tighter on my cock, Tina. I want to see you fucking squeeze them!"

Tina maintained her heroic titty-fucking effort until she sensed his balls were completely drained. She managed to catch all of it between her boobs. Sticky and yummy! A bunch of cum all over my giant fake boobies, just the way I like it." She slid her breasts from side to side on Quentin's lap, slapping his cock around between her semen-soaked masses. "Ohh... poor dick getting slapped by my big plastic, barbie-doll boobies."

"Holy fucking shit, Tina. That was... that was..." He was too spent to find the words. "So fucking naughty."

"I guess I just turn into a horny fucking slut for you when I get high. Maybe we should smoke pot more often?"

"Whew!" He rubbed his eyes and his face, pausing with his fingers applying pressure to his temples. "That was almost too good. Your tits break my brain, Tina. Unhhhh..." He slumped back in his chair, draping his head over the backrest in exhaustion. "Tina?" He felt the warmth of her mouth suctioning his flaccid shaft insistently. "What are you doing?"

She let the penis pop out of her mouth for long enough to tell him, "Getting it hard for another round. I know there's more cum in there and I want it."

Moments ago he thought that he was totally spent, but somehow his cock was stiffening once again. "Good girl. Such a horny girl."

## **Chapter 23:**

### **Vows and Broken Promises**

Music played loudly as he tapped the steering wheel like a drum set. Despite his exhausting trip back from Cambodia, he was feeling wide-awake. When he had a mission to accomplish, he always found the energy to enliven himself. He parked the brand new Tesla next to his old one. The new one was a different color, and was a lot more customized than the older one. Before pulling his bags out of the trunk, he quadruple-checked his pants pocket, anxiously ensuring that the expensive diamond ring was still in there.

Quentin was still humming the tune to the song he had been listening to in the car when he swung open the front door. "OH, TINA! WHERE ARE YOU? I have a surprise for you, my doll!"

"I'm in here! I just started making dinner. You're home early. And I also have a surprise for you". Her voice came from the kitchen.

When he entered the kitchen, his first view of her was from behind, looking over her shoulder. She was topless, wearing only jean shorts. The drastic curvature of the orbs on her chest were clearly visible from behind. As she turned towards him, the extent of that drastic curvature came into full view. They were bigger. Much bigger!

The plastic bags implanted in her body stretched the skin and breast tissue out tightly in a thin layer around the plastic shell. Her taut breast flesh had long, blue veins arching through it, indicating that her skin was still struggling to accommodate the recent expansion of her implants. Her pink areolas were spread across her globes tightly, like the skin of a drum, with nipples perfectly centered at the forward apex of her bust. Despite their ludicrous weight and volume, Tina's boobs stood high and firm on her body, completely dominating her chest and even her abdomen.

Quentin was trembling. On one hand, he was upset that Tina had broken her promise to not go any bigger. On the other hand, he had never imagined that her breasts could get so large, and he liked it. An erection instantly emerged in his pants. After two months away, he was incredibly horny. His suppressed libido combined with the overwhelming sight nearly made him jizz in his pants on the spot. His right hand shot down to his dick, grabbing it to prevent ejaculation. "Oh god! TINA! What did you do?! Those tits...!"



She gave her chest a gentle shimmy that sent her massive boobs into a jiggling fit. “Uh oh! You can tell that I went bigger? It’s only a few more gallons of saline. I didn’t think you’d even notice.”

“I thought we agreed you wouldn’t go any bigger. They’re so fucking huge now... I don’t know how you’ve been able to do anything with all that weight. I mean Jesus... They’re enormous!” He approached her to feel her absurdly large new breasts, he couldn’t help himself. Drips of pre-cum stained the front of his boxers.

“Oh, that. I said that I wouldn’t do anything crazy.” He was rubbing her boobs in awe, like a treasure hunter would rub a genie lamp, feeling every curve, especially the angles where her swollen implants met her upper body. “Now that I see how much you

like them, I know that it wasn't crazy to go bigger. You like them, right? Tell me that you like them, baby.

"FUCK! I fucking love them. But you don't give a heroin addict more heroin just because he wants it. There is such thing as having too much of a good thing. I mean, fuck... look at these fucking things. I've never seen anything like it. They're the biggest boobs I've ever seen anywhere!"

"Well then, I'm glad I did it. It wasn't easy to find a surgeon that would help me get bigger tissue expanders. And it wasn't cheap either. But I knew I needed to do it. Even though they weigh 33 pounds each, I just had to go this big. They're 15,000cc, double the size from when you left."

He wrapped his arms around her bosom, hugging her balloons like two huge pillows. Sighing, he lowered his head onto the top of her soft bulges. "Oh Tina... I love you. Even though you're addicted to making your tits bigger... I fucking love you."

Enjoying the feeling of her lover embracing her chest pillows, she stroked the hair on the back of his head and whispered, "I love you soo much, baby. You're the one addicted to huge fake tits, I'm just your treatment."

After a few minutes of embracing that way, Quentin let go of her saline balloons and backed away slightly, the way an artist backs away from a canvas to see their painting in full scope. "I just can't even," he sighed. "That's a bad doll, Tina. I shouldn't be rewarding you right now, but I got something for you. Sit down and rest your breasts on the table for a minute. I don't know how you've been lugging those things around. I'm going to have to get creative to help you out with that weight."

"I fucking love it. They're soo heavy and it turns me on soo much. I don't even need to rest them on the table anymore. I can just sit them in my lap now." She demonstrated the way they fit on her lap, requiring her to lean forwards only slightly.

"Here, I have a surprise for you too." Reaching into his bag, he pulled out a gift wrapped box and handed it to Tina. While she was opening it, he grabbed a bottle of wine and uncorked it.

"This is the goblet! It's the one from the museum when I first met you. How did you get this?"

Quentin took the jewel-encrusted goblet from her and filled it with Chardonnay, then passed it back to her. "I made a bet with Matt that it was fake. Shortly after you and I met, I paid to have it independently tested for authenticity. I won the bet and Matt had to buy it back from the museum for me. I've been holding on to it, waiting for the right time to give it to you."



Tina sipped the wine from the ornate drinking vessel. “Do I look like a princess with this?”

“More than a princess. You look somewhere between Demeter goddess of fertility, and Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty. I have another surprise for you, but you need to come outside. Do you have any tops that still fit you?” He wasn’t sure if his question was a joke or not.

“Yeah, I have a few things that fit right now, but I need to buy a lot more.”

“Okay, go put something on and meet me outside.”

Quentin stood outside next to the new vehicle, watching Tina awkwardly make her way to him. She could not see the ground directly beneath her, so the two steps by the front door were especially difficult for her to navigate. It was clear that she was not used to carrying the additional saline weight. He patted the hood of the car and said, “This is for you. It’s just like mine. Maybe a little bit nicer.”

“OH MY GOD! You got me a car! Really?”

He reached into his pocket. His pants were extra tight in the front from an unceasing erection. He pulled a small box out of his pocket and lifted the lid. “Tina Quillman. Will you marry me?””

## **Chapter 24:** **Super-Power or Disability?**

The day began waking up next to her fiancée, and underneath her beachball-sized boobs, being crushed into the mattress. Back before she had monstrous breast implants, she would sometimes cuddle up underneath a weighted blanket. Similarly, the sensation of being crushed underneath 8 gallons of saline fastened to her upper body was oddly comforting.

Quentin put his arm over her nearest breast, resting his hand in her valley of cleavage and hugging her left breast against himself. She turned her head to the side and made a kissy face. He craned his neck to reach around her masses of breast and kissed her soft, Juvéderm-enhanced lips. It was always a struggle to get out of bed in the morning when he wasn’t around, but today was not one of those days. He got up first and walked around to her side of the bed. Wrapping his arms around her shoulders and under her armpit, he helped lift his tiny, top-heavy fiancée off the bed.

In the bathroom, she took a steamy shower. The hot water helped relieve some of the tension in her body from carrying the tremendous load of titty. After her most recent surgery, and before Quentin had come home, she had struggled to fit into the shower. There had been only one angle that she could stand without scraping her

boobs against the walls, and it was a hassle to turn her body around at all. When her fiancée had seen the struggle she was going through, he hired a contractor to come out the next day and make the shower much wider. Quentin had some handyman skills himself, and cleverly installed a shelf in the shower that folded out from the wall like a desk. The shelf was coated with water-proof cushioning material at just the right height for her to rest her breasts on when she was standing in the shower. She felt lucky to have a man that was so clever, and cared so much about her comfort.

After completing some cosmetic prep work, she put on a stretchy white top and jeans. The top did not have cleavage. She was going out alone to run some errands today and did not want to attract excess unwanted attention. When she got home later, she would put on something much more revealing to entice her man.

Tina parked her new car outside of the clothing store. She had been buying custom bras and tops online, but they didn't always fit right because of her unique proportions. She wanted to try some stuff on, feel the material, and see how the tops looked before buying them. She didn't really expect much to fit, but she figured that if there was something that she liked, she could get it tailored to fit her. While she was shopping, she could also look for shoes, pants, and shorts to match all her new tops. Once again, she was building a completely new wardrobe.

Constantly buying new clothes was something she was used to by now and rather enjoyed doing. When they got engaged, Quentin had given her a credit card to buy whatever clothes she wanted. She also used it to purchase groceries when she cooked him meals.

She had been leaving the house less often since her last operation because getting around was difficult for her, and she became tired quickly when she spent too much time standing or walking. Her rigorous daily workouts and regular back massages helped combat the fatigue and soreness in her back, but her breasts were so incredibly heavy now that she was forced to refrain from being upright for any extended period of time. Before her surgeries, she weighed around 100 pounds. With the 66 pounds of added saline, and the extra muscle she had put from weightlifting, she now weighed over 170 pounds.

She didn't mind the stares, whistles, and whispered comments when she was out in public. Those were things that she had become desensitized to. The reason she didn't make it out of the house very often, was simply due to the weight of her breasts. She still went to the grocery store sometimes, but now she mostly had the groceries delivered. Ordering the groceries for delivery was a good way to limit the amount of time she had to be upright every day. She did decide, however, that going out for hair, makeup, nail, and spa appointments was necessary. Most of the time she was leaving the house was for those appointments, and sometimes her fiancée would drive her and help her get around.



The only parking directly outside of the clothing store was handicap parking. She was frustrated to have to park two blocks away, which added unplanned and unwanted walking time. She wished that she could get a handicap placard, but even if she could, she probably wouldn't. It would be weird to claim to be handicap because her boobs are too big, but to some degree, it was true. She unbuckled her safety belt which needed to be tucked under her bosom because it could not stretch across it. Before climbing out of the car, she tilted her upper body back slightly, lifting her breasts, so she could slide the pillow out from under them. She kept the pillow in her car to prop up her tits up above her lap while she drove. That method took a lot of strain off her back, and it was a technique that she used when she was sitting around the house as well. It had been Quentin's idea to keep the pillow in her car. He had also come up with a lot of other clever ideas to take the weight off her back as she went about her daily routine.

Inside the store, she got the same looks of disbelief that she normally got. Counting herself lucky, she found a few tops made from very stretchy material that she thought might be able to fit her. She brought them to the changing room and did her best to squeeze her overstuffed chest into the constraining fabric. When she finally managed to stretch the spandex material enough to fit, she breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a lot more effort than she had expected to get it on, and now she would be faced with the opposite challenge of getting it off. The top was so tight, that it was difficult to take a full breath, and her boobs felt like they were being crushed together and against her body in an uncomfortable way. "Oh no... If this one doesn't fit, then nothing is going to fit."

She let out a disappointed sigh, and as she did, she heard a tearing sound. The pressure on her chest from the top was relieved slightly as a large opening exposed itself on the bottom of her right breast. "Fuck! I'm wayyy too big for this thing."

"Oh my god, this is gonna be soo embarrassing." She didn't get embarrassed about the tremendous size of her breasts very often anymore, but this was a unique situation. She would have to purchase the top that she had just ripped, and it would be incredibly obvious to the salesclerk what had happened.

To her relief, the employee did not comment on, or ask any questions about the torn top. His eyes and body language let her know exactly what he was thinking, which was something like: "This chick might have the biggest, fakest tits in the world... Why did she think she could fit in this top? And how does she carry those things around all day on such a tiny body? Does this happen to her often? Unexpectedly tearing open shirts?"

After her shopping mishap, she got back in her car, tucked the pillow between her lap and the underside of her breasts, buckled her seatbelt in an awkward but necessary way, and drove to her salon appointment to touch up her nails and makeup professionally done for her date tonight with Quentin. They weren't going out to a restaurant, but she still wanted to look as nice as possible. She was going to cook him dinner, watch a movie with him, and although it was not planned, they both knew the night would end with sex and cuddling.

She liked going to this salon because they did a great job, but she also liked that the women who ran the salon knew her and were no longer surprised by the unbelievable size of her knockers. She knew most of the employees there by name, and they knew her. It was nice for her to be able to go somewhere where she was treated as "Tina", a kind young lady who liked to make small talk and loyal customer who tipped well, as opposed to how she was treated at most other places, as a walking pair of tits.

The only thing that she didn't like about the salon, was the front entrance. The doorway was tighter than a standard doorway, which was something that she did not notice until after her recent surgery. To avoid bumping the sides of her boobs, she had to walk through the doorway sideways, which was something that that made her self-

conscious. Having boobs so enormous that she needed to walk through certain entryways sideways really made it sink in the degree to which her life now completely revolved around the objects she carried on her upper body. Even worse, she knew that people who saw her maneuver her body like that were thinking the same thing.

Back at home, she still had a few hours before she needed to start making dinner. Quentin had been in his greenhouse tending to his plants when she returned. As soon as he heard her enter, he came to meet her, wrapped his arms around her back, and pressed her body against his. The way they hugged now, wasn't so much pressing their bodies together as it was pressing his body against her massive boobs. Her arms weren't long enough to hug him properly when standing straight up, and when she tried to rest her head against him while they embraced like she used to be able to do, now she just ended up resting her cheek against the top of her own tits. She had to lean forward, putting a lot of weight on her back for them to kiss.

It was a weekday, and Tina was grateful that she no longer needed to work, both because of the settlement she had reached with her ex-employer, and because Quentin was now financially supporting her. She had all the time in the world to beautify herself, train her body to tolerate her new tits, and take care of her fiancée's needs.

She put on her workout outfit and began her regular routine that her personal trainer had laid out for her. Everything in her life now was organized around her multi-gallon breast implants, from her diet, to her workouts, to her wardrobe, and even her house. She always started her workouts on the elliptical that Quentin had purchased for their home gym. She couldn't run at all anymore, but she had come to love the elliptical machine. It gave her the same dopamine rush that running had done, especially now that she knew she was working out for a higher purpose, which was to carry her huge boobs around for her fiancée's pleasure. Like many of the other areas of their home, the elliptical was rigged in a clever fashion to support her breasts during her workout. Quentin had retrofitted the arm bars on the elliptical so that thick elastic bands stretched across them. This enabled Tina to rest her breasts on the elastic bands like a hammock. The bands took most of the weight off her chest. When she was going at full pace during her workout, the bands absorbed the impact from her boobs bouncing.

After cardio, she did her weightlifting routine. She had a different weight routine for everyday of the week. Many of the muscle-building exercises that she used did not require weights. She carried more than enough weight in her tits so that bodyweight exercises were strenuous enough. All the exercises she did were prescribed to her by her personal trainer who came around every other week to check her progress and update her routine. In the same way that she liked the women at her favorite salon, she liked her personal trainer, a tough looking lesbian body builder who treated Tina with respect, not as a pair of tits like strangers tended to do. The trainer was also paid very well, which probably helped with her amiable attitude.

After her extensive exercise session, she relaxed in a brand new hot tub. When she told Quentin how she received her massages at the spa in a hot tub, and how nice

it was to sit in the water with the buoyancy of her breasts taking the weight off her back, he went out and purchased one for the house immediately. His backyard patio was next to his greenhouse. None of the neighbors could see into his backyard, so she didn't even need to wear a bikini if she didn't feel like putting one on.

After her soak, she dried off and went into the guest bedroom. Quentin had paid for a peculiar, custom mattress that looked like a bizarre massage bed. It was a regular foam mattress, but it had an enormous, oval-shaped divot near the middle of it. In addition to the mattress's odd geometry, it also had unique functionality. The bed was equipped with a hydraulic lift that could tilt it 90 degrees from flat to vertical. This allowed Tina to position herself face first against the contraption with her breasts resting snugly in the mattress's divot, she then pressed a button on a remote control and the bed tilted forward, back to its flat position. She could then lay prone without there being any additional weight stressing her body. She liked to call it the "anti-gravity bed". She usually slept in this bed when Quentin was away, and sometimes when her back was feeling extra sore from standing too long, the couple would sleep there instead of the bed in the master bedroom. She also liked to lay like this after her workouts sometimes, when she was reading, or when she was messing around on her phone. When she was done, she would hit a button on the remote and the contraption would tilt her back to an upright position.

Today, she wanted to do some reading. She knew that Quentin was really into ancient Greek history, and she liked to be able to have conversations with him about the things that he was interested in. She loved history, which is why she had a Bachelor's degree in the subject, but she had always been more interested in recent history. Quentin was really into the mysteries of Eleusis, which was the topic of the book that she was reading. Pretty much her whole life now revolved around her boobs. They were so massive they felt like the center of her universe, and it was her that was orbiting around them. Engaging herself intellectually was liberating. She knew that all the strangers that glimpsed her, or that briefly interacted with her, immediately judged her. To most people, she was just a pair of tits, a dumb bimbo, a trophy wife, an overly inflated saline slut, or worse, a plastic whore. Regularly reading books and then engaging in discussions with Quentin made her feel whole again. It was almost as if the whole world was trying to classify her as nothing more than a pair of breasts and the only thing that was preventing her from becoming exactly what everyone thought of her was to exercise her intellect. She knew that her fiancée did not think of her as merely a set of ginormous titties, although, she did like being treated that way by him sometimes, she still liked to let him know that her mind was also special, and that her intellect also deserved appreciation.

Reading time was over now. She needed to begin making dinner. But first, she needed to put on a sexy outfit. The more cleavage, the better, was her rule of thumb. With some trouble, she slipped on a red dress that had been tailored to her specifications. Like most of her wardrobe, it was brand new. Quentin had never seen her in this dress before and she was eager to surprise him. The dress held her breasts

comfortably, with the bottom hugging tightly to her lean body, and the top containing a glorious window of cleavage.

In the kitchen, she began cooking a vegetable stir fry for dinner. She was becoming very good at cooking. She enjoyed learning new recipes and perfecting her techniques. Cooking was yet another thing that she prided herself aside from her breasts. Making tasty meals was something that she knew she was good for besides just getting fucked.

There were two areas around the kitchen where Quentin had installed padded shelves that folded out, like the shelves in the shower. When she was standing over the stove, or standing in front of the counter-top island, she could fold out the shelves and rest her cumbersome bosom while she prepared meals. The kitchen had to be reorganized so that most of the cooking equipment was at a level where she did not need to bend over or reach too far. Quentin made sure to stock the pantry and refrigerator so that the things Tina would need to cook were more accessible.

When dinner was ready, Quentin dimmed the lights and lit a candle. Tina was sitting at the table with a pillow on her lap to support her breasts, as was now typical for her. They were so large that the pillow wasn't even visible from most angles. In addition to the support the pillow provided, it had the added benefit of lifting her tits up and presenting them in a more enticing fashion.

Quentin poured two glasses of wine, one in a normal wine glass, and another in the goblet that he had given her for their engagement. "Here you go, my princess." He said, handing her the ornate cup.

"I love doing date nights at home with you, baby. I guess it's because I love you." She held up her glass.

He met her cheers and said, "I love you, Tina. You're the most perfect creature I've ever encountered in all my travels. And that dress that you're wearing... Holy fuck! I couldn't have imagined anything sexier than what I see in front of me if I had a thousand years to try and imagine."

She giggled and asked jokingly, "You like my tits? Oh! I had no idea. Well, then I'm glad I wore this dress to show them off." She sipped at her wine confidently.

They both laughed. Their candlelit dinner went on for a while, the length of the meal was best measured by the depletion of two bottles of wine. Throughout their meal, most of the conversation was not about Tina's tits, although that subject cropped up with expected frequency. She had been eager to talk about the book she was reading, which ended up being part of a larger conversation about history and science.

After dinner, their conversation continued. They decided not to watch a movie and continued talking and drinking wine instead. The future married couple hung out in Quentin's office. They kept the lights on a low setting to not disturb his frogs and toads. It was mating season for the toads, and they were making croaking sounds

that sounded beautiful, especially to a human in a blissfully inebriated state. Even Quentin's Persian cat decided to hang out with them, sitting on his desk and observing the couple like a plush miniature sphinx.

They were playing eight ball on Quentin's billiards table, the same table they had sex on the first night they had met, something that Tina would never forget and would always connote with the room and the table. She had never been any good at billiards, and it was especially difficult now. She had to rest her tits on the table, lean over them, and then stretch her arms around them to take shots. They weren't playing very seriously, but it was something to do while they continued drinking wine and talking.

Even when he wasn't trying to win, Quentin was incredibly good at billiards. He didn't care that Tina was terrible at the game, he liked playing with her to supplement their conversation. He also liked watching her cleavage being exposed when she bent over, and seeing her boobs getting in the way as she struggled to find the proper body positions to take shots.

She didn't mind losing to him without getting a single ball in. She was not playing billiards because she liked billiards. She liked playing the game because Quentin liked it, and because it was an opportunity to tease him. When Quentin was lining up the eight ball to win the game, Tina plopped her huge boobs down on the table, completely blocking the pocket that he was trying to shoot at.

"There seems to be something in my way," he said feigning surprise.

"Oh, sorry. I just needed to rest them for a bit. You know how heavy they are. Were you trying to shoot at this one that my tits are covering?"

He continued to line up his shot despite the obstruction. "Eight ball. Corner cleavage." Drawing back his cue, he prepared to hit the ball forcefully. Tina was briefly afraid that he may actually hit the ball hard at her tits. When he took his shot, it was a light tap. The cue ball tapped the eight ball, and the eight ball trickled slowly towards the covered pocket, bouncing gently off Tina's huge boobs ever so slightly.

"Hey! You hit my tits! You're an abusive fiancée!" She stood up straight, stuck out her chest, and made a sad, sarcastic pout.

"You're the cheater! And cheating is grounds for divorce."

"I just needed to rest my tits somewhere. I didn't know you were shooting at that pocket."

Quentin walked around the table and scooped Tina into his arms, pressing her breasts up against himself in their normal hugging position that was made awkward by her colossal boobs. With one hand on her lower back, his other hand slid down and squeezed one of her ass cheeks. "I know. I know. You're just a dumb bimbo with tits bigger than beach balls who doesn't know how to play pool, and who reads 400 page books on ancient Greek history in her free time. Pretty standard bimbo trophy wife stuff."

She looked up and over her breasts at Quentin. Pouting her enhanced lips, she said mockingly, "How dare you call me a dumb bimbo! I'm so angry at you that I'm going to go into the bedroom, taking all my clothes off, and laying there with my huge plastic boobies just sitting there. And you're not allowed to come fuck me. You hear that, mister? I'm going to go lay naked on your bed with these boobies sticking out, ready to be used, but you're not allowed to play with them, and you're definitely not allowed to fuck me. Humphhh..." She pushed herself away from him and strutted off to the bedroom, beginning to remove her dress as she walked away.

"Bad doll!" He called after her. "I want those tits! Come back here my favorite toys!"

He waited a few minutes before following her to the bedroom. He figured it would take her some time to position her cumbersome body. Entering the bedroom, she was waiting for him sprawled out nude on the bed. He couldn't see her face at all. Her implanted breasts towered over her chest, their weight causing a noticeable indentation in the mattress that bent her entire body towards them. Her voice came from behind the masses of tit. "You're not allowed to fuck me because you were mean and called me a dumb bimbo. You also abused me with your pool balls. So I'm not gonna let you fuck me. If you want these tits and this pussy, then you're gonna have to force me to give it to you. But, I don't know if you're bad enough to take it." She spread her legs even further apart and placed her hands on the sides of her mountainous breasts, squeezing them together as best she could.

Crawling onto the bed, Quentin positioned himself between her legs. While on his knees in front of her, he still couldn't see her face beyond the titty horizon. He reached his arm out, snaking it through her cleavage. Tina applied less pressure into squeezing them together, allowing him to fit his entire arm through the cozy cavity. His hand found her neck. Creeping around her throat, his fingers located a dominating position. He grabbed her throat and squeezed lightly, letting her know that he now had complete control over her airway, but was choosing not to apply any more pressure. Tina reacted by using her hands to squeeze his arm tightly between her breasts, as if she were titty fucking his whole arm. At the same time, she was sending the signal that she enjoyed the way he was manhandling her.

Carefully, and with no hands, Quentin positioned his pulsing erection against Tina's dripping pussy. She was tipsy, she was horny, and she had been aggressively testing him. She wanted him to take control and fuck her hard. With his hand wrapped firmly around her throat, and her huge boobs wrapped firmly around his arm, he inserted himself inside her well-lubricated pussy. Pumping himself in and out of her, he gazed forward at his arm that disappeared into a valley of breast flesh. Only able to hear her moans, and unable to see her face, he fucked her harder. Not being able to see her face dehumanized her and made him think about what strangers thought when they saw her carrying her tits down the street. He fucked her pussy steadily yet

forcefully. At the same time, his arm felt like it was fucking her tits while it throttled her throat.

She gasped for breath, but not with desperation. He was squeezing her throat more tightly now. She responded by squeezing her tits against his arm even harder, indicating that she wanted more. As he pounded her pussy with increasing rapidity, she had to squeeze her huge boobs more tightly together to prevent them from jiggling uncontrollably, which also indicated that she wanted more, and she wanted it harder.

Finally, after an unknown amount of time whilst lost in ecstasy, Quentin was ready to come. Tina could feel his cock pulsating inside her pussy and encouraged him. "Fill me up, baby! Please fill me up! Your huge fake titty girl wants all your cum! Please, baby... I need it. I feel it pulsing inside me... I want to be filled up. Your dumb bimbo trophy wife with super huge fake plastic boobies wants all your cum! I can't even see you while you fuck me because I made my tits way too big! FUCK! Fuck your slut!"

As he came, he stared at Tina's protruding chest prosthetics lustfully while squeezing her neck controllingly. The orgasm subsided, he withdrew his arm, climbed on top of her breasts, and looked down at her face for the first time since they had begun having sex. He leaned against her distended chest, the warmth of her bosom embracing him and adding to the weight on her ribcage which further crushed her into the mattress. Seeing his face peeking over the top of her cresting cleavage, she looked back at him with contentment.

"How did I get such a perfect doll?" He asked.

"Perfect boys get perfect toys," she cooed.

"FUCK! It's hard to even believe that you're real sometimes, Tina. You're perfect. Absolutely, positively perfect!"

"You're perfect, babe. You have no idea how good it feels when you fill up my pussy. And you know exactly what I want all the time. You're the perfect boy. I fucking loved the way you held me down and squeezed my neck. The way you control me makes me soo fucking wet."

## **Chapter 25:** **Black Market Boob Juice**

"What do you mean you can't help me? Why?"

An exasperated voice came from the other side of Tina's cell phone. "Ms. Quillman, your breasts weight over 60 pounds and the rest of you barely weighs 100 pounds. I approved your latest surgery despite my worries because you seemed unstoppable in your quest to go bigger, and I didn't want you running off to an unethical

and inexperienced surgeon who would be willing to do anything for cash. But now I see in your file that you have gone all the way up to 15,000cc. That is something that I never would have approved of myself. It seems that some of the details in your file are untrue or exaggerated. I don't know exactly how you got my nurses to add another 3,000cc to each of your expanders, but it's done now, so I can only make decisions from this point forward. My decision is that you are far, far too large. I would be risking my reputation beyond what I have already risked if I allowed this to continue. I hope you'll understand my concern and take it seriously."

She was flustered and spoke quickly. "Of course they can go bigger, I'm doing fine carrying my implants, and they can hold a lot more. I can do at least another few thousand milliliters. I got these expanders so that I could go as big as I want. Please, doctor. I just want you to help me inject more boob juice... I mean saline. They're already humongous and a little more saline wouldn't make much difference at all."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Quillman. The answer is no. You should be content where you are now. You are already have close to the largest breast implants in the world, and relative to your frame and bodyweight, they probably are the two largest implants that any woman has. If you're not satisfied with your current size, then you may never be satisfied."

Tina Quillman was not satisfied with the size of her breasts. "Please!" She begged.

"Goodbye, Ms. Quillman."

Taking a deep breathe, she prepared to exert herself by standing up out of her chair. She put her hands on the chair's armrests and heaved herself into an upright position. As she stood, she grabbed the pillow that had been supporting her breasts over her lap and tossed it on the chair. She sighed in disappointment and muttered to herself, "If I could get another 5,000cc in each of my tits, then they would rest perfectly in my lap whenever I sat down. That would be so comfy and cozy."

Walking gingerly with a huge portion of her lower perspective obstructed, she made her way to the home gym to begin her daily workout. Exercising always made her feel better and helped blow off steam. She climbed on her elliptical machine and loaded her tits onto the shelf made of elastic bands that provided her support during her workouts. As her heartbeat got going and she fell into a rhythm, her thoughts drifted between her upcoming wedding, and her burning desire to get her tits pumped up more before the wedding. And then, suddenly, she got an idea. "Wait! Why do I need the people at the plastic surgery clinic to help me go bigger? All I need is medical grade saline and the other thingies on that contraption to access my fill port."

She paused her workout, whipped out her phone, and did some searching on the internet. With her tits still slung up above the elliptical, she rested her arms on the sides of her tits like a shelf. She quickly discovered that people extensively use saline solution for intravenous IVs at home when they are hungover. "It can't be that hard to get the

saline and everything else I need,” she mused. And with that knowledge, she was now hellbent on getting her own supply of saline and pumping herself up bigger without her doctor’s consent, and despite his warnings.



Her surgeon had been right about at least one thing, she had indeed lied to the nurses to go bigger. The last time she was hellbent on filling her implants, she lied about her height, weight, and having the surgeon’s approval. She had made sure to show up late in the day after the surgeon had left, acted surprised that she did not have an appointment, and made up reasons why it was urgent for her to have the procedure done immediately. She had prepaid for the fill session via wire transfer. The nurses had looked for the proper paperwork, and when they couldn’t find it, Tina pointed them to the evidence that she had already been billed, which was enough to convince the nurses.

If she wanted to go bigger, then nothing would stop her. And she really, really wanted to go bigger.

Later in the day, she had an appointment nearby at a bridal shop to look for a wedding dress. She had warned the woman she had spoken on the phone about her

unique proportions. The woman reassured her that it didn't matter how large her bust was, they would be able to tailor dresses to fit her. Her reassurance did not satisfy Tina, who felt like the woman was dismissive in her reassurances and did not understand the dramatic magnitude of bust that they would be dealing with.

For her wedding dress, she wanted to make sure that there was extra room in the dress's bust to accommodate her planned expansion. Otherwise, she wanted the dress to be able to be tailored again before the wedding to refit her further inflated tits. She did not want the dress to fit perfectly however, she wanted her boobs to be bursting out of the dress and appear to be barely contained, which is exactly the look she knew would drive Quentin mad with lust.

Today, Tina was wearing a long sleeve shirt with no cleavage, but everything she wore was inevitably tight around her breasts. There was no way to hide them. She was not wearing a bra today, but usually when she went out, she wore her custom bras. Most of her new bras had a type of built in corset that helped keep her back straight and provided added support that allowed her to use all her back muscles to support the 66 pounds of saline in her tissue expanders. Although she was wearing some of the most conservative clothing that she owned, she still made a bit of a scene, as she tended to do everywhere she went.

As expected, the employee at the bridal shop was more than a little surprised when she walked through the front entrance. There was one other customer there, a young woman around Tina's age who audibly gasped when she saw Tina. The woman then turned around quickly and pretended to be exceedingly interested in the dress in front of her, aware that Tina had heard her reaction. The employee was an older, professional looking woman. This was a very upscale bridal shop, and the employee managed to keep her cool after the initial surprise of seeing her. Throughout their interaction, the woman was kind and accommodating. Tina did not feel as though she was being judged for her artificially enhanced body by the woman. She presented Tina with all her potential options, and was straightforward regarding the dresses that there was no possibility of altering to fit Tina's unusual proportions.

When they had picked out a few options for her, she informed the employee of the additional accommodations that she was seeking. The woman managed to fight back another round of shock and maintain her professionalism when Tina asked, "So do you think that maybe, after we do the first set of alterations, that I could get the dress altered again. I just want to know it's possible, just in case I end up going a little bigger, with... you know... my breasts."

The employee hid her shock by coughing into her hand. "Achem! Oh... well yes. I supposed that can be done. There's no reason we can't do that. It will just cost a little more to do something like that." She scanned the girl in front of her up and down, mentally sizing up her outrageous figure. Trying not to stare, she continued with as

much professionalism as she could muster. “It will also cost extra for each dress that you want altered to try on. Unfortunately, we don’t have anything in your size available for you to try on today. If you’d like, you can see how the material feels on your body and get a general idea of how it looks by putting these dresses on your lower body, but for today, I don’t think we have anything that can quite fit over your...”

“My gigantic boobs. My boobs are too big for the dresses. They’re crazy huge, I get it. You can just say it,” Tina groaned. Clearly this woman was not entirely comfortable talking directly about the issues that 15,000cc breast implants caused when shopping for wedding dresses, and Tina had gotten tired of it. She appreciated the woman’s honesty, but wanted her to be more direct and not talk around the subject. People acted this way around her all the time, and it was becoming exhausting. Clearly, she had fucking enormous fake breasts, and clearly she didn’t care about talking about them, otherwise she wouldn’t have pumped her tits up to the point that they essentially handicapped her in everyday life. “Please don’t be shy. I know they’re really really huge. I just want to know what my options are, and I don’t care how much it costs.”

Exhaling thankfully, the employee felt relieved to no longer feel the need to talk around the elephant-sized tits in the room. “Oh. Okay. In that case. I would suggest that we alter three or four of these dresses so that you have options that you can try on next time we convene.” As she had suspected, her mega-titted client had plenty of money. She was probably a bimbo trophy wife for an older rich fellow. “Of course, it will be a considerable amount extra to alter multiple dresses that you will not be purchasing, but it will definitely be worth it to have options to try on.”

“And it’s no problem to alter my dress a second time before the wedding?”

“Of course not. In fact, now that I’m thinking about it, there is a special spandex lining that we can sew into the bust when we alter it each time that should make the dress easier to put on and more comfortable for someone with breasts as large and heavy as yours. OH! And I just thought of one more thing! With the weight you are carrying up there, you might want to select one of the dresses that come with, or can be altered to have, a corset-type internal structure that will provide you added back support and encourage good posture. I can probably have the dress tailored so that the corset extends to the underside of your bust to create a built in bra type of thing.”

“That’s great! Let’s do that. Most of my bras have that type of thing in them. It really helps with all the weight. You can probably imagine what it’s like to haul these things around all day, and at my wedding, I’ll probably need to be standing and dancing for hours.”

“I’m sorry! I should have considered your comfort. I’ll grab a chair for you to sit in while I take your measurements.” She took Tina’s measurements, but when it came to measuring her bust, she did not have the proper tools. Wrapping the measuring tape ribbon around her client’s back, she tried to take a bust measurement, but the

measuring tool was far too short. After thinking for a moment, she grabbed another measuring tape ribbon and tied the two together, then completed the measurement.



“I’ll talk to our expert tailor about which dresses we can alter to those specifications and give you an approximate quote for the costs. Give me a few minutes, I’ll be right back. If you want to take a seat on the bench in our main gallery, I’ll meet you there momentarily.

Using both arms to push out of the chair in the fitting room, she lifted herself to her feet with considerable effort. “Thank you! You’re awesome. You probably don’t realize how hard it is to find anything that fits me, especially wedding dresses. You’ve been soo helpful. I’m excited to try them on and see what the internal bra support thingie and elastic bust feels like.”

The employee that had been helping Tina convened in the back of the store with their head tailor. The tailor looked at the measurements and laughed. “HA-HA. Very funny, Diana. That is not a real bust measurement. Good prank. Let me know when you actually need help.” The tailor handed back the paper and went back to stitching a garment.

“I’m not pranking you, Sam. Those are the actual measurements. I had to tie two measuring tools together to measure her bust.”

“Yeah, right! Five feet tall and skinny, with boobs the size of beached whales, Yeah, right!”

“SAM! Listen to me! I’m serious. This is going to be a total custom job, on multiple dresses. She says she has the money to do it, and she certainly has the tits to prove it. I almost pissed myself when I saw her walk in. You have no idea how hard it was to keep my composure. But she is cool. She doesn’t care that I was freaked out. She seems used to it. But seriously... I’m not fucking around with you. There is a petite young woman out there with boobs that are ten times bigger than the biggest boobs you’ve ever seen in your life. It’s un-fucking-believable.”

Sam dropped the garment she was working on and turned off the sewing machine. Taking a few steps, she approached the curtain that separated the main area of the store from the back area. Parting the curtain and peeking out, she exclaimed, “God almighty! You’re not joking! Those jugs are like literal jugs! There must be gallons in each one of those puppies. They’re more than jugs! Those things are god-damned water towers!”

“I told you!”

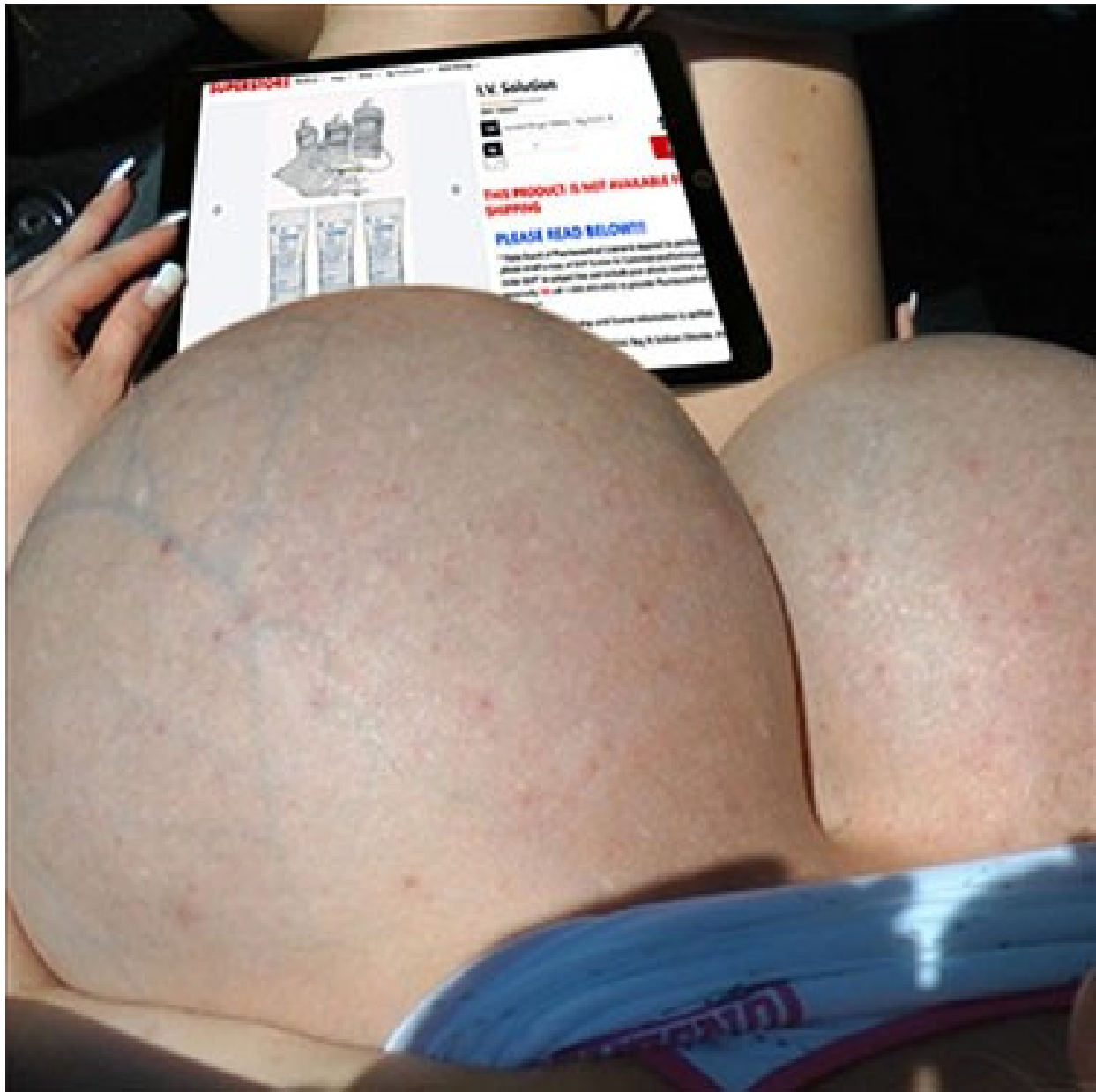
“Well, fuck me! I better go out there and double check these measurements. This is going to be one hell of a custom job. Are you sure she can pay for all these crazy alterations on multiple dresses just to try them on?”

“Am I sure? Just look at her... Have you ever seen a more obvious trophy wife in your life?”

“I’ve never seen anything like that in my life. I’m going to go take a look for myself.”

After the second set of measurements from the head tailor, Tina decided on three dresses that she wanted altered to try on in a few weeks when the alterations were complete. It was going to be awfully expensive, but she didn’t care. She had the money, and she had her man to take care of her now. And most importantly, she wanted her wedding to be unforgettable for her future husband. She wanted to blow his mind with her breasts the same way she had done many times before.

When she got home, she began preparations for her final breast expansion. She had found a website that had a good reputation for selling high quality medical products, including medical grade saline. Before she hit the “BUY” button on her iPad, she set the device down in her lap and thought for a moment. From her perspective, she could barely see the top part of the iPad sitting on her lap.



Contemplatively, she pulled up her shirt over her boobs and stared down at the masses of saline and plastic that controlled her life. Her breast tissue was stretched precariously over the sheaths of plastic that enclosed dozens of liters of fluid. Her naked skin warped around her implants in an incredibly unnatural way. Long, tree-like veins presented themselves, arching over her rounded breast horizon, carrying blood through the thin layer of flesh that encompassed her gargantuan implants and providing warmth for the reservoirs of saline inside of her. She asked herself, “Do I really want to go bigger?” It wasn’t really a question, but she still felt the need to ask it to herself. The answer was obvious. “Yes! I want it. I need it. Quentin will love it, and then he will need me even more.”

## **Chapter 26:** **The Addict**

Tina didn't think Quentin would be home so soon and she didn't hear him come in, so she was surprised when the bathroom door swung open. "I KNEW IT!"

Tina gasped, she had been caught. "Quentin?! What are you doing home?"

"You tried to hide it from me, but I could tell. Look at yourself, Tina... you're shooting yourself up in secret like a heroin addict. You're completely and utterly addicted to inflating your tits. Where did you even get the saline anyways?"

She stood over the sink and in front of a mirror. Her tremendous breasts were resting on a fold-out ledge in front of the sink that Quentin had installed to hold her heavy masses while she was doing her makeup and dental hygiene. Attached to her right breast, just under her arm, was a needle that was connected to a tube, which was in turn connected to a syringe filled with saline. She was in the middle of adding several hundred additional milliliters to her right breast. "Please don't be mad, baby! I love you, and I wanted them to be bigger for you. Don't you want me to go bigger?"

"Oh course I *want* you to go bigger. But it's not about what I *want*. I *want* to eat pizza for every meal and drink beer all day, but that would be terrible for my health. I have self-control. You need to have self-control, Tina. You have the best tits in the whole goddamned world. You don't need to go any bigger. Your body won't be able to handle it if you try. Look at how much your life has changed. Your tits are so fucking gigantic that you need custom shelves everywhere to support them while you do anything." Spying a box filled with many liters of medical-grade saline solution, Quentin confiscated the lot of it.

"My boob juice! What are you doing with that?" She cried out anxiously.

"I'm getting rid of it."

"Please don't throw it out. Please! I'll just buy more."

"NO, Tina. You are not going to buy anymore. I must do this for your own good. You are going to promise me, right now. Promise me you will not buy anymore."

"Wait, wait..." She whimpered. "I have to have a little more... Please! I added 1000cc to this one." She patted her right breast, the incredible mass of saline and flesh sloshed and undulated gently from the pat. "But this one..." She patted her left breast, the sea of saline inside sloshed and undulated the same way the right one did, with the skin containing her implants rippling in delicate waves from the gentle tap. "...This one hasn't been filled yet, and I can't have them being uneven."



Sighing, he allowed her to retain a bag of saline. “Oh, Tina. What am I going to do with you?”

She shrugged. “There’s plenty of things you can do with me. I’m your doll. You can use your doll however you want.”

“You’re very sexy, doll. But, you are going to promise me that you won’t buy any more of this stuff. You’re boobs are already as big as they could possibly be. Promise?”

She accepted the remaining bag of saline from her fiancée. Hesitantly, she said, "I promise. I won't buy any more boob juice for my implants."

"Good girl. Now I'm going to sit here and watch you fill your other breast. You are only going to fill it up so that it matches the other one. I'm going to get rid of the remaining saline. You are not going to buy anymore saline. Okay?"

"Okies..."

Quentin watched as she attached the mechanism to her left breast and prepared two 500cc syringes of saline to inject into her fill port. "I know that you went bigger last week. I'm guessing you added 1000cc back then, and that you were planning on adding another 1000cc today. Is that right?"

She compressed the syringe and allowed the cool, room-temperature solution to squirt into the saline reservoir that was her left breast implant. "Yeah... You're right. You're soo smart, baby. You knew the whole time. I'm sorry."

"How big are they now?"

"Like you said, they're only 2000cc bigger. So that makes them 17,000cc each."

"Listen to yourself! Only 2000cc? Do you remember when you had 800cc implants and that was big? In the last week, you casually added more than double the entire volume of your original breast implants to each of your new expanders. Does that not seem excessive to you?"

"No. I filled them up with 1000cc each and they didn't look any bigger. They didn't even feel any heavier. I couldn't even tell the difference. That's why I needed more." She finished injecting the last of the saline and disconnected herself.

Changing his method from confrontational to comforting, he approached his fiancée and embraced her. She was topless. He wrapped his arms around her boobs, hugging them and cradling their undersides closely. Turning her towards himself, he lifted her heavy breasts off the shelf and held them so that their stupendous weight was not hanging as substantially on her chest. "I love you, Tina. You're my dream girl. You don't need to go any bigger. I'm worried that you're addicted to filling these things."

"I love you too, babe. You have no idea how much I love you. I like filling them up for you. I'd do anything for you. I turned myself into a mega-super huge boob girl for you."

"I know, baby. I know. Just stick to your promise for me and don't buy anymore, okay? I'm going to get rid of this saline now. This is for your own good." He dropped her breasts, turned around, and took the box full of Tina's boob juice to the outside trash can.

She watched him go. As soon as he had left, she executed a well-practiced body weight squat. Her toned legs supported the weight on her upper body despite her

awkward center of gravity. On her knees, she opened the cabinet below the sink and pulled out a box. The box was identical to the one that Quentin had just confiscated. It was filled with a dozen liters of medical-grade saline. She grunted as she completed the squat, bringing all that she was carrying into an upright position. As quickly as she could, she jiggled her way towards her bedroom closet. Tearing clothes out of her top drawer, she placed the box in their place. Stealthily, she covered the box with her clothes and shut the drawer. "I promised not to buy anymore. I didn't promise to not fill anymore," she said to herself

## **Chapter 27:** **Valentine's Day**

The mechanism on their new bed made quiet whirring sound as the top part of Tina's side of the bed tilted upwards at an increasing angle. Holding the remote control, she giggled as the bed automatically positioned her into a sitting position. When it had completed the forward tilting motion, she activated the button on the remote to return her to a reclining position. Quentin's half of the bed had remained reclined. He was laying on his side watching Tina play with the remote functionality of their new bed as if it were a ride at Disney World.

'Wheee! So fun!' Tina cheered as she brought herself back up into a sitting position and prepared to recline again for the fifth time. "It's going to be so easy to get in and out of bed now. I won't even need your help. Ha-Ha! This is soo great. I love you, sexy boy."

"I love you, Tina. I'm glad you like it. I also got you some flowers. They're supposed to be delivered in the next hour or two."

"Oh my god! Thank you, babe! I love you soo much. And I love flowers. You're soo thoughtful. I have something for you too, but you have to drive me there."

'Interesting... Will it take long? It's almost noon and we have our Valentine's day dinner date at 7pm.'

"Nope. It's not far away, and it won't take long."

"I'm intrigued. Go get some clothes on and I'll take you."

Tina put on multiple stretchy tops. She also made sure that her tops would offer a significant amount of cleavage. Not only was she going out with her fiancée tonight, she was also trying to tease him all day to build up the sexual tension for their Valentine's day date, and more importantly, the sex they would be having after the date. When she was dressed, she loaded herself and her tits into the passenger's seat of the car. Quentin handed her the pillow that he kept in his car for her to tuck under her tits to

keep her back upright and keep the weight of her implants off her spine. She texted him the address, still not letting him know where they were going.

Thirty minutes later they pulled into the parking lot of the GPS address. Quentin was surprised, but not upset. He had suspected something of this sort. "Facial Plastic Surgery Clinic? You had me drive you here?"

She unbuckled the safety belt that had been awkwardly strapped under her breasts and around her abdomen. "Surprise! I'm getting some Botox and lip injections today. It's not that much. It's gonna be enough that you'll notice, but not enough that it'll be crazy like the size of my tits or anything. Maybe sometime soon I'll fill my lips up crazy big, if that's the type of thing that you like. But today, I'm just getting another syringe in my lips and then another round of Botox in the rest of my face. Your doll needs to look good for you!"

The Botox and Juvéderm injections took little time. She had laid there, comfortably crushed under her breasts, as her plastic surgeon updated her fac. When the procedure was complete, her lips looked even more artificially swollen and her face looked even more smooth and doll-like.

Faster than Quentin had anticipated, Tina was finished with her appointment. Her lips were significantly swollen and lightly bruised. He kissed his fiancée gently, enjoying the stiff softness of her overfilled lips. "That's hot as fuck, Tina. You're gonna need to put those lips to use later tonight."

"They're like really sore right now, but I'll try. I might not be able to give you a hardcore blowjob because they're soo stiff and bruised, but I can at least suck on you a little bit. My lips are more stuffed than I thought they would feel. They're also feeling kinda numb, so I don't know how good they're gonna suck cock. Maybe you can just fuck my pussy, or fuck my tits, and then cum on my face and lips."

Back at home, Quentin hung out in his office while Tina spent the next few hours getting ready for their date. She had promised him that the new Valentine's day dress she had picked out was one of the best dresses she had ever worn. She also promised him a spectacular amount of cleavage for his viewing pleasure throughout the night.

A few hours passed, yet he did not think the time elapsed was unusual. Tina often spent a long time getting ready with her elaborate makeup and hairdos. The cumbersome nature of her mega-sized breasts also hindered the process. Sometimes, she would spend an excessive amount of time trying on different dresses, different bras, and different bra-dress combinations, admiring her body, and optimizing her appearance for her man. So, the fact that he had not heard from her in a few hours did not concern him in the least.



When it was getting nearer the time they needed to leave to make their reservation, he decided to go check on her. The bathroom door was locked. Knocking, he asked, "Tina? Babe? Everything alright in there?" He heard drawers slamming shut and various objects being rattled. It sounded like she was trying to hastily clean up a mess.

"Yeah! Everything is fine! I'll just be one more minute."

"Okay. We need to leave soon or else we'll be late for our reservation. Do you need help with anything? You locked the door."

"No! Thanks, babe. I just dropped something, and it was hard to pick up, but I got it now. Just putting on the final touches."

Sitting on his bed, he waited for Tina. Every few minutes he checked his phone for the current time. If they didn't leave in less than five minutes, they were definitely going to be late. Finally, the lock to the bathroom door clicked and the door swung open. Tina stood there, awkwardly leaning backwards to reposition her center of gravity towards a more manageable position. Her blonde hair sparkled under the LED lights in the bathroom. A heavy application of makeup perfectly complimented her soft, Botoxed face and plump red lips. She was wearing a red dress with thin straps and a ridiculous amount of cleavage. The straps created a gap between her shoulders and her bosom that further emphasized the absurdly unnatural nature of her breasts. The dress was impressively tailored to embrace her massive boobs, while also tightly hugging her slim body. The effect of her top-heavy upper body teetering over stick-like lower body was accentuated even more by the high heels she was balancing on. The overall effect of her appearance was more than impractical looking, it seemed impossible. But regardless of how impossible her curves seemed, they were real, and Quentin was there to witness it. The state of her precarious balancing act on her high heels made it seem like she could topple over in any direction with any miscalibrated movement.

More shocking than her revealing dress, her unreal curvature, her plasticized face, her stiffly swollen lips, or her perilous posturing on her high heels, was the inconceivably huge size of Tina's boobs. Their size was so unthinkable because they weren't just enormous, they were larger than when she had entered the bathroom a few hours earlier. And they weren't just larger, they were much larger.

Leaning forward in disbelief, with his elbows on his knees and both hands embracing his forehead as if to keep his brain from exploding out of the top of his head, Quentin stared at her with his mouth open. A moment of silence followed. Vigilantly, Tina shuffled herself a few steps closer before pausing in front of him. She pouted slightly, half-smiling as she rotated her upper body gradually back and forth to give him a better view of her promiscuous figure. It took a whole minute before he managed to say anything. "You finally really did it... You went too big! You blew them up!" Shaking his head, he lamented, "I should never have told you that I wanted you to go bigger. It was true, but I should have lied or something. I thought I made my point about self-

control. I thought that the crazy handicaps you faced everyday would make you realized you couldn't go any bigger. I should have known! I should have fucking known you would go bigger. It's my fault, I encouraged you, I knew you were addicted to filling them, and I didn't do enough to stop you."

Tina grinned like a succubus that had just ensnared her male prey. She didn't care about Quentin's lamentations. It was funny to her the way he was suppressing his lust. She knew him well enough by now to tell he was overcome by desire. She also found it funny how he thought that he could have stopped her, as if he were the one in control of the situation. She bent over as much as her balance would allow to show off her cleavage, which was not far. Shimmying her chest so the fluid filled bags under her skin jiggled tantalizingly, she asked, "So does that mean you want be wanting to play with these tonight?" She took a few steps closer. The tented fabric covering her inflated tits was now right in front of his face. He inhaled her perfume. The terrific view, and her seductive scent, tempted him to reach out and squeeze her unbelievably large breasts. He obeyed his uncontrollable desire, reaching out to grasp the underside of her protrusions. They felt soft, yet stiff. They felt calming, and exhilarating.

He stroked her bust from every angle, including what was covered by the thin fabric of her dress and the naked skin exposed by her cleavage. "But how? I told you not to buy anymore saline. You promised."

"I did promise. I didn't buy anymore. You confiscated part of my stash, but I had a lot more."

"Hhh... How..." He was choking on his words. "How big?"

"Well, I was going to add another 2,000ish to each of my girls tonight. But after I finished, I barely noticed any difference. So, I decided to double that. When they were each 4,000cc bigger, the girls finally looked a lot bigger. After that, I had 2,000cc of saline left. I knew you would make me get rid of whatever I had left, so I pumped all the rest into my tits."

"5,000cc bigger? In each one?! You added two and a half gallons of saline to your implants tonight?"

Tina moved even closer. She put her hands on Quentin's thighs to brace herself as she lowered herself to her knees in front of the bed. Her boobs sat in his lap, completely absorbing it and spilling over either side of his legs. He felt their weight on his thighs. He was forced to imagine the appalling task ahead of Tina, carrying around this stupendous weight she went, for the rest of her life. "Yep! Ten more liters tonight. My new fuck toys are 22,000cc. That's like... I don't know... a lot of gallons and a lot of pounds. More important is how they look and feel."

The breasts resting on Quentin's lap barely resembled what a laymen would conceive of as 'breasts'. They were far larger than basketballs or even beachballs. The only appropriate size comparison that came to Quentin's mind was beanbags. Tina's

chest sacks were now practically the size of bean bag chairs. A more apt analogy might be “twin waterbeds”. His hands on top of her chest sacs, he stroked the taut skin around her cleavage adoringly. Sitting on his lap, they were so large and round that they rose almost to the level of his shoulders. Partially kneeling in front of him, Tina’s head was submerged into her own cleavage with her chin toughing the tops of her tits. They were still sensitive, and she felt his bulging erection pushing eagerly against the underside of her exorbitant masses.

“That makes them...” He gulped. Distracted, he still managed to output the proper calculation. “Um... That makes them, together, 97 pounds. That’s like... 11 and a half gallons of saline. FUCK ME!”

“Don’t mind if I do,” Tina puckered her lips seductively. All the weight of her boobs was currently on his lap and the mattress. Delicately, she touched the straps of her red dress that draped over her shoulders. She slid the straps down and pulled the dress over her breasts. Jostling her chest around, she was able to slide the fabric under her breasts. Quentin watched her unwrapping her new tits. He felt the dress scrape between his thighs and the underside of her bust.

Responding in turn, he slid his pants and underwear off. He had to help her lift her tits up, bouncing them from side to side somewhat as he slid them off underneath her heavy masses. Finally, he felt the reward of her warmth on his legs and genitals. The welcoming feeling emanated from the underside of her naked breasts. His throbbing cock pushed upwards into the cavity created between her fleshy spheres.

Tina placed her hands on the sides of her boobs. Quentin’s hands were also on her boobs, controlling them from a position on their sides a little lower than where Tina’s hands were. Together, they manipulated her chest pillows, allowing his cock to settle between them. The heat they produced when squeezed together made them a little bit sweaty, providing a natural lubricant. Quentin bounced his hips, and the mega-melons on his lap answered by jiggling furiously. He could feel their jiggling all the way down to his cock as the saline inside rippled endlessly from each little motion. The rippling of her tight skin was reminiscent of the latex coating on overfilled water balloons.

Tilting her head forward, Tina face planted herself into her own cleavage. She did her best to spit and provide salivation to further lubricate the titty fucking process. The saliva tricked down her chest cavity, eventually reaching the enveloped cock. Quentin moaned loudly, feeling the crevice his cock was wedged in become wetter and more fuckable. He picked up his pace, bouncing his hips and using his hands to squeeze Tina’s huge boobs tightly around his cock.

Tina lifted her face out of her cleavage. There was saliva dripping from her plump lower lip. She took her right hand off her right breast and cleaned her face. She wiped the excess fluid on the side of her boob and returned her hand to its previous position. Feeling his cock pulsing between her trembling jugs, she knew he could cum at any moment. Wanting to offer him encouragement, she egged him on. “Fuck yeah! Fuck

those fucking ridiculously huge fake boobies. My jugs are so fucking huge they're like literal fucking water jugs that I filled with fucking gallons of boob juice. I filled them up so fucking huge just to make your cock hard. I fucking own this cock now. These huge plastic tits fucking own this cock. No other titties will ever be good enough for you now. You need the biggest, hugest, most ridiculous fucking titties ever if you want to cum. You need my titties. You need your girl! Fuck!"

Panting heavily, Quentin squeezed her chest pillows together as hard as he could, his palms and fingers making indentations on the sides of her pillows. He was overwhelmed by the sensation of the underside of her boobs rumbling on his lap, and the view of the top of her boobs heaving as the saline swirled tumultuously inside of her implants. "I can't believe you went bigger! They're so fucking huge!"

"Please, baby! Please cum for my super-sized plastic barbie doll boobies! I want to feel your cum between my tits. I want to know how much you love them. I want to feel your love squirting all over my huge fake tits. Please! Give it to me!"

Quentin's face contorted like he had just received a violent electric shock. The orgasm he was experiencing shook him to the core. When he was completely spent, he collapsed backwards on the bed. With her breasts still crushing his lap, Tina enjoyed the sensation of a successful titty fuck, savoring the feeling of hot semen coating her inner cleavage. "Soo good babe!" She cheered, "That was a really good load. Thank you!"

"Unhhh... He moaned ecstatically. "I think...We missed our dinner reservations."

## **Chapter 28:** **Oversized Load**

Tina had not slept well the night before. She never slept well when her fiancée was away. The bed always felt empty. When she awoke in the early morning, she was greeted by the familiar pressure deriving from 11 gallons of saline piled on top of her torso. She was aware that while she slept, she breathed at a slow rate. Everything in her life now was dependent on the limitations created by her breasts, even her breathing. It was hard to inhale deeply or to take sharp, quick breaths while laying in a prone position. Looking to her left, she saw the empty spot where Quentin should be laying. Like a phantom limb, she also felt the absence of his arm draped over her left breast in the way he regularly embraced her in the morning. His scent was still present, but only weakly. She sighed. Exhaling was easy, but inhaling after the sigh at the same rate was hard. Gradually, she let the air back into her lungs.

She spoke a few words of encouragement to herself. "Just one more night alone. He'll be home this time tomorrow morning." She reached out her right arm and felt

blindly along the side of the bed for the controller. When she found it, she depressed the up arrow and the bed raised itself with her on it to an angle, so she was sitting upright. With her tits on her lap, she scooped herself to the edge of the bed, and draped her legs over the side. Most mornings, Quentin was there to help her get out of bed and get dressed. They called it “doll dress-up time”, and he would help her pick out the outfit that he wanted her to wear for the day. When her wasn’t there to support her, she had a special process that she needed to go through.

Still sitting on the edge of the bed, Tina opened a drawer next to the bed and pulled out a bra that looked more like a tandem-parachute. More than a dozen clips needed to be fastened behind her back. When Quentin was there to help, the process was quick. When she had to put on her own custom bra, it took a long time. Finally, she managed to get the garment comfortably fastened in place. The bra she was wearing was a completely different type of bra, and not simply because of its size. It was more aptly described as a ‘device’. The fabric below the cups wrapped around her tummy like a corset. The material between the corset portion and her underboob was lined with a polymer plastic that was slightly elastic, but also resilient. This arrangement enabled much of the weight of her breasts to be distributed throughout her back and shoulders. It also encouraged good posture, forcing her to use her legs more and preventing her from bending her spine at awkward angles. The most unique feature of the bra was its harness. In the back near the straps, there was a loop of sturdy material exactly like a safety harness.

From the edge of the bed, she lifted herself to her feet. Finding her balance, she a rope that was dangling in front of her. The rope had a carabiner attached to the end, which she fastened to the harness at the back of her bra. “Whew! That feels better,” she said, relieved as some of the weight was taken off her back. The rope that supported her was slightly elastic like a bungee cord, but taut enough that it supported her upper body, making her feel more like the 100 pound woman that she used to be.

Above her, Quentin had mounted a contraption to the ceiling that could rotate 360 degrees like a fan. Also like a fan, but much sturdier, there was a radial arm that stuck out. Attached to the end of that arm, there was the bungee rope with the carabiner that was now attached to Tina’s bra. This setup enabled her to walk around her changing area and get dressed without worrying about breaking her back while bending over. She had to unhitch herself when she wanted to put a top on, but she always saved that for last and she could do that while sitting down if she needed to.

Quentin had rigged up similar contraptions around the house. There were two radially rotating harness rigs in the kitchen, two in the home gym, one in the bedroom, one in the shower, and one in front of the bathroom sink. He also had a contractor come and install handicap railings alongside the toilet in the master bathroom. The accommodations made it possible for her to continue her daily routine independently, but she still preferred it when Quentin was there to help. Often, when she needed to stand up or get around, he would grasp her bra harness and lift her up with his muscular

arms. She felt incredibly lucky to have such a caring, clever, and strong man who cared about her comfort, and enabled her unique lifestyle.

After getting used to the harnesses, she liked them even more than the fold out platforms that were installed around the house to rest her tits. She still used the cushioned platforms, but the harness allowed her to walk in a small area directly under where the contraption was mounted to the ceiling.

There was one more tool that Quentin had acquired for her. He had designed it himself and then sent the plans to one of his friends who was a mechanical engineer to build the tool. The tool had elements of a baby walker to prevent toddlers from falling over while they learned to walk, and a handicap walker for elderly people to take weight off their back. It was a mobility device that had four omnidirectional wheels, a steel frame, and a shelf at its front. The shelf was exactly like the shelf on her elliptical machine. The shelf was meant to support her boobs, and it was made of a series of elastic bands that were strung across two parallel steel bars. When she loaded her tits onto the elastic platform, she could then walk all throughout the house with the mobility device supporting the entirety of her breast implants' weight.

She used the walker-device often, but she tried not to use it as much as possible. If she used it too much, then she was worried that she would become dependent on it. So, she tried to do as much as she could without the walker to continue building the muscles that would enable her to continue to freely support her extraordinary breasts. Her wedding was coming up in a few weeks and she did not want to be forced to use the walker or anything like that for her special day. She didn't want anyone to think that she was handicapped or anything like that. Her huge boobs were supposed to project confidence and feminine power, and she felt like using her walker would take away from that image. Therefore, she tried to use that particular support system only when she needed to move around the house a lot, or when she was feeling a lot of strain in her back.

Today, she had a very strenuous workout planned. She was constantly increasing her workout goals, building muscle in the right places as fast as possible. After her workout, she was exhausted. Normally she hit the hot tub right afterwards, but today she felt like she just needed to lay down for a while. She unleashed herself from her bra harness and steadily made her way down the hall to the guest bedroom where her anti-gravity bed was located. Loading her tits into the indentations in the upright mattress, she depressed a button on the remote and the bed began to tilt forward. Her body hovered at the surface of the mattress while her boobs hung below it, cradled by the hole in the mattress. She reached into her butt pocket and pulled out her phone, which she placed next to the remote control on the bed. With her other hand, she reached towards the bedside table and grabbed her book. In this position, she felt no weight on her chest. Quite the opposite, she felt her own body's weight weighing on her giant plastic boobs.

Indulging herself in her book, her back was starting to feel a little bit better. She felt like she could use a massage and decided to use the hot tub when she was done reading as a substitute. Her concentration was disrupted by a small creature that had just hopped up on the bed next to her. "Meow," it said. Tina looked back and saw the cat. It was in the mood for attention. She couldn't displace her body to pet it from where the cat was sitting, so she went back to reading her book.

The cat climbed on her back and started kneading Tina's shoulders. "Good kitten. How did you know that I needed a massage? Your claws are kinda sharp, but that's still nice of you." The cat then jumped off back, wandered towards Tina's phone, and began pawing at it. "Hey, buddy. That's my phone, get your own." She took her phone from the cat and dragged it closer to her body. The cat turned its attention to the bed's remote control. With two quick swats, the cat knocked the remote off the bed and onto the floor. Tina had not been looking, but when she heard it hitting the ground, she knew exactly what had just happened. "OH NO! Kitten! What have you done?" Oblivious to her dire situation, the cat jumped off the bed and continued to attack the remote control.

Entering a state of panic, Tina turned her head from side to side looking for a way out of her situation. Without the remote, she had no idea how she was going to get out of the position she found herself in. "Fuck! I'm fucking screwed! How the fuck am I going to get out of here now? My fucking huge tits are sunk into the hole in this mattress, and I don't know if I can roll over, or pull myself out of this thing, or what. FUCK!" It would be twenty hours before Quentin got home. She knew she wouldn't starve to death or anything like that, but she absolutely needed to find a way to get herself out of this situation. She was hungry and would need to use the bathroom soon. On top of that, she didn't want Quentin to come home and find her like totally helpless like this. She wanted him to know that she was capable of being independent and that her decision to blow her breasts up to their current size was something that she could manage.

"Okay... I got this!" She said to herself confidently. She tried to execute a push-up, but got nowhere. She tried to roll over on her side with even less success. After a minute, she came up with a plan. Reaching both hands to one side, she grabbed the mattress, digging her fingers into the soft material. She scrapped and clawed to get as much grip as possible. At the same time, she rotated her body with all the force that she could muster. One leg over top of the other, she generated even more torque with her lower body. Utilizing every possible muscle in her body for leverage, she triumphantly raised her boobs out from the hole in the bed. Gasping from the effort, she flopped onto her back. It was hard to collect her breath with the weight of her boobs crushing her into the bed, yet she felt immense relief from achieving her goal. "Yes! I fucking did it! Jeez... that was fucking exhausting."

The jerking maneuver had put a lot of strain on her lower back. She got off the bed and waddled her way over to her walker. Loading her tits onto the elastic shelf, she

used the device to escort her to the hot tub. She needed a good, long soak to relieve the tension in her mind and body. “Holy shit. I was almost stuck there all night. What would have happened if Quentin was away for another week, and I couldn’t get back up?”

Standing in front of the hot tub, she abandoned her walker and removed her bra. To enter the hot tub, she first placed her breasts on its edge, then plunked them into the water. In a motion reminiscent of a high jumper, she wrapped the rest of her body over the edge, meeting her breasts on the other side. She sank into the hot water and tried not to think about the dangerous situation she had narrowly escaped from. Instead, she considered easier ways to get in and out of the hot tub. “I need to talk to Quentin about building me some stairs for this thing.”

## **Chapter 29:** **Perspective**

The soon to be married couple sat next to each other on a bench in Quentin’s greenhouse. It was early in the evening and the sun was just about to set. Rays of sunlight refracted off the greenhouse glass and scattered over an abundance of colorful flowers, fruitful plants, and long serpentine vines. Tina felt at peace sitting amongst nature. That feeling was amplified sitting next to her lover.

She sat with her massive fake breasts on her lap. They were large enough now so that when sitting, her distended chest reached all the way from her thighs at their lowest point, out past her knees at their furthers point, and all the way up to her neck at their highest point. Before her surgeries, she had weighed around 100 pounds. Today, her total body weight was over 200 pounds. She was still just as skinny, but she now sported a significant increase in muscle mass, which was only responsible for a tiny fraction of her additional weight. Almost all the additional weight was from the saline that she had pumped into her breast implants. Each implant enclosed 22,000cc of saline. The total weight of both of her breasts was 97 pounds. While rested on her lap, her massive boobs burst out in every direction. They had grown as close together as they possible could have, creating a grand canyon of cleavage, while simultaneously spreading away from her torso, far past her shoulders. There was no position for her arms that was not awkward, currently they were pinned between the bench’s backrest and her chest prosthetics. If she needed to use her hands, she had to reach up and around.

Quentin sat next to her, his hips touching hers. Tina’s left breast shared the space on his lap. He had a magnificent view of her cleavage from over her shoulder. “Do you feel anything yet?” He asked.

“No, not really. I feel a lot, like how heavy my boobs are, but I don’t feel any different. I don’t know what it’s supposed to feel like anyways.”



“It will come, just relax and enjoy the scenery.” He put his arm around her shoulder. Looking down and to his right, he appreciated his own scenery, a view of the mountains.

“Like, I guess I don’t understand how this could help me?”

“I understand your skepticism. You just need to trust me, and trust the mushrooms. These medicines have helped people all over the world for thousands of years. They have helped me often in my life, and I think these mushrooms will help you. I have a special relationship with them. I discovered them on a trip to Turkey. They were growing less than ten miles from an ancient temple called Gobekli Tepe. They’re my favorite.”

“They didn’t taste very good.”

He laughed, “Well they’re not Flintstone’s vitamins, that’s for sure.”

“I really don’t think there’s anything that I need help with. You kept saying that I’m an addict, but that doesn’t make any sense. I just wanted bigger boobs, it’s not like I’m doing drugs or anything crazy like that.”

“People can be addicted to anything, not just drugs. Often, it’s a behavior that they’re addicted to and not simply a substance. When a behavior starts significantly impacting your life, then it’s probably an addiction.”

“But my life is great. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with wanting to have really big tits.”

“Really? You can’t be serious. Your tits are so fucking huge that can barely do anything on your own anymore. I had to rig the whole house up so you can do anything, and you still need help doing basic things almost every day.”

“Well... maybe,” she blushed.

“I love you, Tina.” His right arm still around her, he reached his other arm across his body and rested it on top of her left breast. He rubbed her soft skin approvingly. “I love your tits too. I’m just worried about you. It’s going to be hard for me to leave you on your own if I need to go on another long trip. And if I do go away again, I can’t come back to find out that you’ve filled them up even bigger. You simply cannot go any bigger. It’s for your own good, and for the sake of my sanity.”

“I love you too, babe. You don’t even know. I just love you so much.” She turned her head and planted a wet kiss on his cheek with her swollen fake lips. “I’m so excited for our wedding. It’s so soon!”

“Do any of your friends or family know how big you’ve gone?”

“My bridesmaids have seen.” She hesitated, “But... I haven’t exactly told anyone else. I posted some pictures on social media and explained my transformation, but the

pictures I posted were from a while ago when I was around 6 or 7 thousand CC. They were less supportive than I wanted, so I decided not to post any newer pictures yet.”

“So your family knows you went really big, but not this big?” He gave the top of her breast a playful squeeze.”

“...I guess so...”

“Well then, I guess they’re going to find out soon.”

“Did you hear from your family? I’m really excited to meet them. And it will be fun to have Matt as your best man. He told me that he’s buying us something extravagant as a wedding gift.”

“I’m more excited for our honeymoon, but yeah, the wedding will be a blast. My older sister and my younger brother are coming, also some of my aunts and uncles.”

“You never ended up inviting your Dad?”

“No, he’s been a total dick to me my whole life, and especially after my Mom died. I haven’t talked to him in years.”

“Oh my boy. I’m sorry.” She rested her head on his shoulder.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. But maybe it’s something I’ll be thinking about when the mushrooms kick in. I should probably be more understanding. But hey, it is what it is.”

Approximately twenty minutes passed. Quentin had taken a much higher dose than Tina and was starting to notice the effects. He could tell that she was also feeling it. She hadn’t said anything in a while and had been gazing wide-eyed at the greenery.

Suddenly, there was an outburst from Tina. “The plants are alive! I see them! I feel them! They’re alive!”

He squeezed her shoulder comfortingly, but remained silent. She continued to stare in awe, occasionally looking around at the well-maintained microcosm of nature. Ten minutes later, she had another moment of inspiration. “It’s all around me and all over me! The light, the air, the smells! It’s so beautiful! It’s all moving and changing! I didn’t see it before, but I can see it now. So beautiful!” She continued to sit with reverence for a while longer, stewing in epiphanies that seemed as profound as they were mundane.

Quentin altered his attention between the greenhouse and his fiancée. He was having his own deep thoughts, mostly about Tina. He couldn’t believe how lucky he had been to find her. Was it luck? Was it fate? Or had he brought this woman to him and then manifested something inside her that yearned to satiate his deepest desires? He couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have Tina and her tits. His whole life he had been infatuated extremely large plastic boobs. And now the biggest most perfect set of tits in

the world were right next to him, partly on his own lap, and he could do whatever he wanted with them whenever he wanted. He loved everything about fake tits: their firmness, their feel, their look, their hyper-femininity, the way they bounced, the way they are both fake but also hyper-real because they are more perfect than anything that nature could produce. Big fake tits gave him comfort, and made him feel like more of a man. Having a hyper-busty, hyper-sexualized woman on his arm was a status symbol that gave him infinite confidence in the same way that a dominant peacock carries unnecessary and inordinate plumage. Pleasant thoughts about Tina and her huge fake tits swirled around in his brain. And then, an unpleasant thought crossed his mind, it was something that O'Sullivan had told him on their flight to Alaska. "Am I King Midas?" He wondered. He had everything that he ever wanted in his fiancée, but was it too much? Was his love for and attraction to fake tits taking over not only Tina's life, but his own life? Had he finally gotten more than he bargained for? It would be hard to continue to travel for his work. If she got herself in the wrong position, she may end up like a top sized turtle, unable to get back up again. He didn't think that she could go more than a few days on her own. "I'll figure it out," he thought. "I always figure it out." Tina was addicted to going bigger, and he was now addicted to her. He needed to fuck her constantly. He had completely stopped even looking at other women. At this point, he wondered whether he could even get hard for another woman after being so spoiled by her world-class breasts. He began to realize that this whole time, it was not simply that he had influenced Tina to go bigger, it was also Tina that had been influencing him. Before he met her, he was convinced that he would never get married. He had always been independent and spent most of his time alone. Now, he was getting married and gave his fiancée hours of attention every day. "It goes both ways. There's a give and a take, a yin and a yang," he imagined.

Having been looking straight forward, he had not noticed the abrupt shift in Tina's mood. In seemingly an instant, she had gone from a state of ecstasy, to a state of terror. "OH MY GOD!" She cried out.

He whipped his head around to see her. She was wide-eyed and breathing heavily, looking straight down at the expansive shelf created by her bust. "MY BOOBS! MY BOOBS ARE FUCKING HUGE! WHAT THE FUCK?"

"Tina. Look at me," he commanded.

She ignored him. "WHAT THE FUCK DID I DO? Oh my god... oh my god... I used to go running... Now my boobs are so fucking big I can barely walk. What the fuck? What the fucking fuck? HOW ARE THEY SO FUCKING BIG? They're soo fucking heavy! Oh god! On hundred pounds... my tits weigh one hundred pounds. I'm more tit than person now. I'll never be normal ever again. No one will ever be able to look at me and see anything but a pair of ridiculously gigantic fake plastic boobs! What the fuck did I do to my tits!" She was beginning to panic.

"Tina! Look at me!" he commanded more forcefully this time.

When her eyes locked on his eyes, she felt a jolt like an electric shock run through her entire body. She gasped, and stared deeper into his eyes. The sensation overcoming her was like coming up for a breathe of air after being under water for a long time. She let the sensation fill her mind and body. She felt love, and she felt it more deeply and profoundly than she ever could have imagined. Her panic instantly faded away.

“You’re the most gorgeous creature I’ve ever seen in my life. I need you, Tina. I love you.”

She felt his words sink into her body. She could feel her own heartbeat quicken, and then relax. His admiration for her was palpable.

“You’re wrong. When I look at you, I see more than a pair of tits. I see you, Tina. I see my fiancée. You are beautiful. And your breasts are beautiful.” He ended the direct eye contact, gesturing with his pupils towards her cleavage. “Look again, Tina.”

She looked back down at her breasts. This time, their shocking size didn’t make her want to panic. They were beautiful, just like Quentin had said. She felt beautiful. “My tits... they’re wonderful. They’re a part of me, but they are not all of me.” She returned her attention to her fiancée and initiated a kiss.

The couple made out energetically. He stroked her silky blond hair with one hand and rubbed her breasts all over with his other hand. For a long while, they enjoyed the sensations of each other’s bodies. With her extra-large lips, Tina sucked on Quentin’s earlobe teasingly. “I want you to fuck me,” she whispered.

Standing over her, he grabbed her under her arms, leaned her breasts against his body, and hoisted her to a standing position. His arm around her for support, he led her back into the house. “Put me there,” she instructed, pointing to the couch. He helped her lower herself to a seated position. She proceeded to remove her clothes. Quentin did the same.

In an awkward effort, she rolled her body over on top of her massive breasts. First she got on her side with her breasts on top of each other. Then, gripping the couch for support, she completed the roll. The breast on top slid over the lower one, crashing on the couch next to its twin. She adjusted herself so that her girls sat comfortably. Her head was buried in a cushion, and her butt was sticking up in the air. Rocking from side to side on top of her tits, she wiggled her ass invitingly.

Grabbing her hips firmly, he positioned her pussy against his eager, throbbing erection. He rubbed his member against her womanhood to stimulate her and facilitate lubrication. In no time, she was dripping with anticipation. With only a few thrusts, he was balls-deep inside of her. Tina screamed in pleasure, but her cries were muffled by the pillow she had face-planted herself into.



In an aggressive move, Quentin grabbed her near her knees and lifted her legs into the air. He held onto her legs like the handles on a wheelbarrow. She flexed her knees, so her feet were pointing straight upwards. Her body was now suspended over her saline cushions. Usually, her tits were weighing on her, but from this position, it was her body that was weighing on her tits. Her saline bags compressed into the couch, flattening out slightly from their standard spherical shape. As he thrust his cock into her, her body shook from the impact, the momentum of which carried through into her breasts. Every time he forcefully entered her, her body smushed her breasts further into the couch, causing them to bulge even further out to either side of her body. It looked as if the fluid inside her implants was surging back and forth in waves like a saline ocean, repeatedly compressing, and then distending the shape of her globes, like current coming in and out.

As she got fucked, her upper body bounced in a vertical rocking motion. The sensation she felt was like jumping headfirst onto a waterbed and feeling the undulations carrying her up and down, except that the waterbed was also part of her body. She continued to moan loudly into the couch cushion the entire time.

After a few minutes of fucking her this way, he tried to slow down the pace to keep going, but the carnal stimulation was too much for him. "Tina! My perfect fucking doll. I'm gonna fill you up!" A moment later, he kept his promise.

Tina screamed as the hot fluid filled her insides. "YES! FILL ME THE FUCK UP! I'm just a giant pair of tits for you! I'm your girl! I'm your giant pair of fake plastic tits! YESSS..."

## **Chapter 30:** **Evermore**

All eyes were on Tina as she walked down the aisle. More specifically, all eyes were on Tina's breasts as they jiggled their way down the aisle. She had tried to warn her friends and family about the plastic surgery she had recently undergone. Her warnings were insufficient. However, their collective shock had simmered down over the last few days. Her bachelorette party and the rehearsal dinner helped towards desensitizing most of the crowd that was attending their wedding, but there were still many people present who had not yet seen her. Tina's new tits were the primary topic of gossip amongst the guests.

Quentin had not bothered to warn his friends and family that the five foot tall, petite woman he was marrying had elected for cosmetic surgery to inflate her breasts to a size that essentially handicapped her. The first time his brother and sister saw his bride, they reacted in ways that Quentin had fully expected, especially after seeing hundreds of other people react to Tina's appearance over time. After the initial shock faded, his sister pulled him aside and scolded him. "Quentin! Are you marrying a pornstar? What in the hell is going on with her breasts?"

"Geez! Chill out, sis. She's not a pornstar, who do you think I am? She has a master's degree from an Ivy League school. She might be smarter than you."

"What did you do to her? Did you pressure her to do that to herself? It's disgusting."

"Wow, thanks. Calling my bride disgusting, that's nice. To be clear, she got breast implants that big because she wanted to do it. I was constantly telling her not to go any bigger, but she kept going around my back and filling them up. I told her not to do it."

"I didn't mean that she's disgusting, just that I think it's disgusting that they're so ludicrously fake and heavy. It's hard for me to believe that a woman would just do that to herself."

"Well why don't you go ask her. She's one of the sweetest and smartest people you'll ever meet. I'll introduce you. You'll love her if you can manage to get over your petty bias. Because seriously, it's not like you to judge someone for their appearance. She likes looking that way, and I'm sure she won't judge you for looking like a hipster."

His sister did end up liking Tina and later apologized for calling her 'disgusting'. The first conversation he had with his brother after first seeing Tina was less confrontational, and more congratulatory. "Quentin... dude..." His brother started with a knowing smile. "...I don't know how you pulled that off... but, bro! Nice job!" He then offered up a fist pound.

Quentin wasn't there for the moment when Tina's family first saw her. He had purposefully scheduled his Bachelor party on that day so he wouldn't be around. He wanted to have Tina talk her family down and get them to accept her new look a little bit before he had to meet them. Otherwise, he would have been worried that Tina's Dad would jump to conclusions and try to kill him. When he met her parents the next day, it had been easier than he expected. The topic of Tina's breasts never came up directly. He didn't know what she said, but she had apparently done a fantastic job calming them down. He got a little nervous when her Dad pulled him aside at the wedding. He spoke in a serious, paternal manner. "My daughter has endlessly positive things to say about you. You are clearly a highly intelligent young man, and from what Tina tells me, you have the resources to more than adequately provide for her. I want to have your assurance that you will take good care of my daughter. As you may have imagined, the other day when we flew in, I was more than surprised to see some of the changes that Tina has decided to make to her appearance. She assured me that these changes were entirely her idea, that you did your best to restrain her, and that you are doing everything in your power to make her life easier now that she has decided to make these changes. I understand that she is a grown woman, and she can make decisions for herself, it's just that those decisions are concerning to me. So please, promise me that you'll take care of her, mentally and physically?"

"I promise, Mr. Quillman. Your daughter means everything to me. I never thought I would ever get married, but here I am. It's all because she made me fall in love with her. And just so you know, she has given me her sincerest promise that she will not get anymore major cosmetic procedures. The things she's got right now can be reduced in volume as easily as they were increased. I don't want to pressure her to do anything she doesn't want to do, but I have been encouraging her to consider reducing them to a more manageable size. She seems intent on staying the way she is right now. She has a strong will. I promise to take care of her no matter what." Quentin reasoned that 90 percent of what he had just said was true, which made the entirety of his comments effectively truthful. He had not been encouraging Tina to get a reduction, but he figured that it would be a comforting thing for Mr. Quillman to hear. And it was true that she could easily get a reduction, but there was no way in hell that Tina would ever part with a single drop of her precious boob juice.

Overall, the wedding turned out to be a great success. Tina was so happy that she cried while Quentin gave his vows. When the audience saw how happy she was, it was hard for anyone to make any rude comments about her breasts afterwards. The bride and groom stayed together the whole night, in part because Tina needed help getting around. She had to stand a lot, and her husband was at her side for her to lean on. The built in support system inside her wedding dress helped a lot, but there was no painless way to carry the weight of her breasts on such a tiny body without sitting down, which she did as much as possible throughout the night.



At dinner, speeches were given, and a few lighthearted jokes were made about Tina's new look, but all the jokes were in good humor and Tina was the first to laugh. By the end of the night, she was exhausted. She couldn't remember her back having been this sore in a long time.

When they got home, she was too tired to do anything other than take off her clothes, lay on the bed getting crushed by her boobs, and let her husband fuck her missionary style. Although her body lay flat on the bed, her massive fuckbags rolled around while she got fucked, doing their own thing practically independent of her body. When her husband was ready to finish, she encouraged him to fill up her pussy. He opted to pull out and spray his load all over his wife's overly-inflated fucktoys. Her husband promptly passed out next to her. With Quentin asleep, and without the energy to lift herself out of bed, she fell asleep as well. The semen gradually trickled down her distended breasts like rain on a window, its streaks dried overnight. Tomorrow morning she would wake up to the sensation of her husband's spent ejaculate calcifying on the stretched-out skin that strained to contain her breast implants.

## **Chapter 31:**

### **The Island**

“Bartender! Hey bartender! I need another margarita, pronto!”

“I don’t know if want to serve you. You’ve been very demanding all day and I haven’t even received a tip yet. I’m also concerned that you are violating this establishment’s dress code. You’re boobs are hanging out everywhere. You’re distracting everyone in the pool area.”

Tina looked around the pool area. There was no one else there. “Distracting? Who am I distracting? You? Is that why you can’t make me another drink? Are you too distracted by these?” She shimmed her chest, causing her breasts to sway in the water. She was swimming in three feet of water which caused her breasts to float near surface level, making them feel virtually weightless. “This is the first I’ve heard about a dress code. I was swimming naked in here earlier today with my huge boobs hanging out for anyone to see. And on top of that, I’m pretty sure I gave you a tip after lunch today. Does a blowjob not count as a tip?”

“Those are some convincing arguments, Mrs. Conners. It’s true that you give fantastic blowjobs. Your fake lips were exceptionally soft around my cock, and they provided excellent suction. I suppose that I’ll be making you that drink now. But, I will be expecting another tip tonight. You’ve been flaunting those gorgeous fuckbags all day. For my next tip, I’d like to screw you while I suck on those glorious plastic titties.” He began to mix a margarita.

“Oh thank you! I just had these done again right before I left to come out here.” Lifting her pointer finger to her lips like she was making a shushing sound, she touched the cock pads on her face, compressing them to emphasize their volume. “I went a little bit overboard with inflating my tits. So now, ever since I maxed out my implants, I’ve been working on pumping up my lips. I’m super glad that you liked the way they felt on your cock. Hopefully when you fuck my pussy tonight, it will be just as warm and fuckable as my face.”

The bartender leaned over the edge of the pool and handed Tina her margarita. “You must be a very exclusive fuckdoll, Mrs. Conners. I made sure to salt the rim because I know how you like it salty.”

She took a sip of her drink and giggled. “Mmm... Yummy! Salty and sweet, just like a tasty load of cum.” Having been reclining slightly and using her breasts like flotation devices, she stood up more straight in the shallow water. As she lifted her breasts above the water line, her bikini stayed behind. It was unclear whether or not she had been intentionally trying to expose herself. She grabbed her bikini top, which was

closer to the size of a mattress cover than a bikini, and with the hand that was not holding her margarita, pulled the bikini back over her nipples. “Oh no! I let the girls go loose again. I have serious nip slip problems. With boobs as big as mine, it’s hard to find bikinis that work. You weren’t supposed to see that quite yet.”

“That’s alright, Mrs. Conners. You don’t need to worry about exposing your perfect breasts. I rather enjoyed it. The rest of the staff is all occupied and they know not to interrupt you. You don’t even need to wear that bikini at all if you’d prefer not to.”

“Thank you for the offer, Mr. Bartender. But, I’d prefer to keep it on, that way I have something to take off. It makes the girls more desirable when their covered up until I’m ready for them to be used.”

“So tell me, Mrs. Conners, do you get a lot of use out of the girls?” The bartender poured himself a drink. “I hope you don’t mind that I’m drinking on the job?”

“Oh, that’s fine. Please drink with me. And yes, absolutely. The girls need lots of attention, and they get plenty of it. They really like it when they’re covered in hot sticky cum. My lips are crazy good at milking cock, and I love the taste, but I usually prefer the cum to end up all over my boobies. It feels soo good to have them satisfy a hard cock with a nice titty fucking. I love the sensation as the cock pulses between huge plastic boobies and then dumps its load between them. I usually let it sit there for a while and enjoy the feeling. Last night, I didn’t even bother to clean it up, I just put my top back on and went to dinner with all the cum still there. I try my best to be a good titty-slut.”

“That’s a wonderful story. Thank you for telling me. You certainly look like and sound like a top-notch titty-slut.”

Pushing out her fat lips into a pout, she sipped on her margarita. “Thank you! You’re soo nice. I’m glad you like my look. It’s a lot of work to carry around my fuckbags all day, so it’s nice to know that it’s all worth it. Some people don’t like it, you know. They don’t like the fact that almost half of my body weight is in my boobies. They think it’s bad that each of my boobs weighs almost 50 pounds. They think I’m crazy for pumping up my lips so big that they look more like cock-sucking pads than real lips. I don’t know why. I think they’re the crazy ones.”

“I heartily agree, Mrs. Conners. Those people are just jealous. They are probably mad that they can’t be you, or jealous that they can’t have you. I can say unequivocally that you are the single sexiest woman that I have ever seen. If I had to fuck only one woman for the rest of my life, you would be the woman that I would choose, and no other girl comes even close.’

“What a nice compliment. All this talk about my super-sized plastic melons and how I’m such a good fuckdoll is making me horny. My margarita is sweet, salty, and cold, but I think I’m in the mood for something different now. Do you think you could make something for me that is sweet, salty, and hot? I want to drink it up quick. Even if there’s a lot of it, I’m super good at chugging yummy stuff like that.”

His drink in hand, he walked around the bar to the edge of the pool. Removing his pants, he sat on the edge with his feet in the water. "Here you go, Mrs. Connors. I have that drink ready for you right here, but you're going to need to suck it out. I hope you don't mind working a little bit for that drink?"

She swam over to him. "Thank you! I like to work for it." She spread his legs apart and moved her body as close to him as possible, pressing her chest cushions up against the pool's wall. Grasping his cock firmly, she lowered her lips onto the tip and teased him with her bloated dick sucking lips. "Like this? Is this how I'm supposed to get my yummy treat?"

"Try to get the whole thing in your mouth. Pump it and suck on it more."

'Oh, like this?' Holding her lips with her fist like a cock-sleeve, she inhaled as much of the erection as she could. Dragging her overstuffed lips along the shaft, she pumped her face up and down like a piston.

"Yeah, just like that. Fuck! That's fucking good. You are one hell of a cock-sucker. Those lips are perfectly designed to suck cock."

She stopped sucking for a moment to ask, "Do you think my lips should be bigger? I can't pump my tits up anymore, but I love pumping up my plastic parts to become a better fuckdoll. I think these fake lips would look even better if they were twice as big, or maybe three times as big. I could have like absolutely fucking huge cock-vacuum pads on my face. They wouldn't even look like lips, they'd just look like a blowjob machine, and my whole face would just look like an artificially designed cock hole. I think that I should probably do that. That way, my lips can match my tits. What do you think? Would I look like a better plastic fuckdoll with way huger lips?"

He struggled to respond as the slut went back to determinedly milking his shaft. "That's unghhh... That sounds like... That sounds like a great fucking idea."

Instead of rapidly pumping his shaft, Tina was now trying to cram the cock as far down her throat as possible. It was long and thick, so she was having trouble getting it all in. She gagged and choked as she attempted to perform deepthroat.

"Fucking cram that cock to the back of your throat just like that! You need to practice your deepthroat skills if you are going to get way bigger lips and turn yourself into a slutty titty-fucking, blowjob machine."

Giving her best effort, she shoved her face repeatedly into his pelvis until her lips touched his balls. She gurgled and gagged as her throat expanded, doing her best to hold her lips down against his balls for as long as she could before pulling out for a breather.

"Fuck, right there! Hold it right there!" Grabbing her head with both hands, he forced her head down even further so that he could feel her nose against his belly, and her lips compressing around the base of his dick. He heard her gagging and felt her

involuntarily trying to resist. He swung his legs up over her shoulders and wrapped them around her head. With his legs crossed, he squeezed the sides of her head with his thighs, locking her into place. "FUCKING TAKE IT!" He yelled as his orgasm erupted. With his cock crammed all the way down her throat, she was forced to chug as much cum as she could because there was no place else for it to go but down her gullet.

She gasped for air through her nose as bursts of semen emptied into her esophagus. When the orgasm subsided, he parted his legs and released her from his grasp. Her head launched off his cock like it was spring-loaded. For a brief moment, a long tendril of cum and spittle connected the tip of his shaft to her bottom lip. She gasped for air, and then began coughing. Droplets of white fluid flung from her mouth as she coughed. The cum that had backed up in her throat was now dripping off her lips and trickling down onto her tit-shelf. "Achem! Achem! Oh my god! That was soo much fucking cum! You just blasted it right down my throat, holy fuck. That was soo hot the way you just treated me like a plastic blow-up doll."

"You liked it? I was worried that maybe I was being too rough."

She wiped the excess jizz off her lips and chin and wiped it on the top of her boob. "No. I liked it. I would have tapped your leg if it were too much. It's fun when it's rough sometimes, but maybe later you can give it to my pussy nice and slowly so that I can cum."

"Oh yeah? You like being face-fucked by your bartender?"

She giggled. "Yes, but only if you're the bartender, Quentin."

"You're a perfect little wife toy for me, Tina. It's fucking hot when you roleplay all slutty like that. Do you really want to make your lips that big?"

"Yeah. Why not? I think it would be hot, and I know that you would like them that big also. It's funny how you think I was roleplaying being a slut. I am a slut, but only for my sexy husband." She winked and blew him a kiss. "Do you know what time it is?"

"It's almost 4pm. Do you need to get ready for your massage?"

"I thought it was earlier than that. That would have been awkward if the masseuse came in about five minutes ago..." She laughed.

"Do you like having a private masseuse giving you massages every day?"

"I'm getting used to it. I'm also getting used to having a private chef and maid service. How about we stay here forever?"

"That would be nice, maybe one day. I don't own this island. Let's just enjoy our honeymoon. We've been here a week and we have three weeks left. That's enough time to make a lifetime worth of memories. And besides, this place isn't equipped for you to do anything on your own. All you've been doing all day is swimming, sunbathing, and getting fucked."

“I’m okay with doing only those three things for the rest of my life. Sounds perfect! And it doesn’t matter to me that I can’t do stuff on my own at this place, I like it that you need to help me with everything. I can never get enough of you, babe.”

He shook his head with incredulity, “How did I end up with such a ravenous doll?”

“I don’t want to think about going back, but you know what? We should do something nice for Matt when we get home. He pretends that he’s a callous jerk, but this was like super nice of him to set all this up for us. Loaning us his jet, working it out with his friend so that we could use their private island. A girl could get used to that type of treatment.”

“I don’t know about a private island, but I could easily have a pool installed in my backyard. That would be a good way for you to exercise and take the weight off your back when you wanted to relax.”

“Ohhh! I like that! Please can we get a pool?”

He chuckled, “I don’t think that I could refuse you anything, Tina. I’m crazy about you.”

She fluttered her eyelashes and flashed a needy pout. “Well then, I’m going to need a pool. And there’s one more thing that I’m going to need...”

“What do you need, doll?”

“I’m going to need lots and lots of lip filler.”

## The End

