

MISTY F PRESENTS

Just One More Cup!

(HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH FOR A PERFECTIONIST?)

Note: This is a work of fiction. Any similarities to persons living or dead is a matter of coincidence. It is also very much **Not Safe for Work** and should not be viewed by persons under the age of majority in their locality (i.e. Eighteen in the USA).

Warning: This story contains considerable expansion kinks and a couple in a kinky heterosexual relationship. If you are not into massive breast expansion, increases to libido, or impossibly perfect sex, consider reading something else.

Summary: Meradi McKell had started out just wanting to show up her sister with a bit more boob, but that desire changed as her goals grew and now it seems like she has gotten herself in over her head. Can the savvy investment banker capitalize on her unique situation or will her new endowments take control of her life?

Meradi listened to the doctor's Eastern European accented apologies dispassionately while she laid in a hospital bed in the clinic's recovery room. Her body and mind were still kind of numb from being under, but she was cycling over the facts as well as she could. First, she was alone and halfway around the world in Warsaw. Second, she had just paid ten grand cash for a breast augmentation surgery that had not gone according to plan. And third, her train back to Berlin was in five hours.

It was, of course, just her luck the whole shebang had gone sideways. This was *always* how things worked out when she took a big risk without a fallback plan. As soon as she woke up and the weight on her chest wasn't right, Meradi knew that this whole affair only needed a cherry on top to be a total disaster sundae. Things could have been worse, sure, but as far as gambles went this was pretty much a flop. She might as well have bought stock in a company on the verge of bankruptcy.

To keep herself from strangling the surgeon who had taken over her case at the eleventh hour, her hands gingerly caressed the topic of discussion through the hospital gown. While still wrapped from the surgery, like they would for the next six weeks, there was no denying that her bust was considerably larger and rounder than it had been this morning. They certainly outsized anyone she knew.

Her new size, however, was still smaller than what she had been discussing with the clinic for the last six months. After having tried on forms for her new size, she knew just how miniscule her current size was in comparison. She could have gained this much boob in the States and been home for a week instead of on the dawn of a two-month recovery trip in Europe.

"I just don't get how you inserted the wrong implants," she growled when he paused. She pushed herself to sit up in bed and ran a hand through her short,

sweat-soaked hair to collect her thoughts. What was the best way to salvage this? What leverage did she have?

He went to speak, but she shushed him. “No, *you* listen. I’d been saving for *months* for this, not to mention busting my ass for far longer than that to be in the shape to carry around twenty-plus pounds of tit, and you’re telling me you only got me a bit more than half the way there? I took off two whole months to travel out here and give myself time to heal before flying, only to end up barely larger than what my first consult in the States was comfortable doing. Can you understand why I am frustrated?”

“I understand your frustration, Mrs. McKell,” he said, putting his glasses down on the table. “But you are not hearing all of what it is I am saying. Sure, they may only be 650cc, but those implants are also experimental prototypes. They weren’t supposed to be anywhere near your surgery, much less swapped out for your pair of 1200cc saline implants.”

“Wait... *what?*” Something about that statement was more absurd than she could articulate, diffusing her rant. “How... how did you not notice that?”

The doctor coughed, his accent getting worse as he fumbled to explain. “I had a couple of newer nurses assisting me. Completely routine, but they probably did not know the difference.”

Sputtering with reasonable fury, Meradi tried to find words to express her outrage as the doctor switched on a screen and pulled up what she hoped was their malpractice insurance. Granted, she was in Poland and not the States, so maybe there was nothing she could do in that regard. Not that it mattered anyway, because what he pulled up were images of implants.

She laughed at herself for feeling a thrill at seeing photos of bags of saline twice as big as she had intended on getting. Even so, she brought her hand up to her bust.

With her fingertips hovering above the bandages, she considered the idea of replacing these implants as soon as possible with something bigger—either that large or maybe... maybe even *bigger*. Then she laughed to herself again. So much for being done after just one surgery. So much for being satisfied with 1200cc.

“This,” the surgeon said, circling one, “is a traditional saline implant, much like what you had ordered, and this... is our prototype.”

He was pointing at what was conceivably an image of the implants she currently possessed. They did look similar to the saline ones, but still, the difference in size from the 1200cc implants should have been caught. “Okay... so, what does that mean?”

“Ideally, we would have you back in a few weeks, remove the implants, give you the ones you ordered plus a bit more for your trouble, but...”

“But I’m not going to be here in a few weeks.” Her voice cracked like ice. She could feel a migraine coming on. This was great. Just... *great*.

“Right, so, as things are, you are stuck with them until someone Stateside can do the operation. Although,” he added, “once you know what you have gotten instead, I am thinking you will be keeping them.”

With a long sigh, she let go of her anger. Nothing could be done about the situation, so she might as well know what she had gotten herself into. “Okay, so spill. What makes these so special then?”

“A great many things, but for simplicity’s sake... they are our attempt to recreate a safer, more controlled Polypropylene alternative.” He said it so matter of factly that Meradi was sure she had missed something significant.

“Polypropene?” Was she filled with some kind of bio-diesel or something?

“No, *polypropylene*. The so-called ‘Silly String Implants’.”

Meradi still had no idea what he was talking about. His eyes flicked between her and the screen, apparently waiting for a reaction. Finally, he clicked his teeth and turned back to the laptop controlling the screen.

“They were, and probably still are, the holy grail in terms of augmentation,” he said after a moment, making a grand gesture as image upon image of the same six women, each with cartoonishly large tits, began to appear. The more Meradi saw, the hotter she felt for reasons she could not articulate. She squirmed as her body began to throb.

Why were these images so arousing all of a sudden? Until now, she had been repulsed by any size above a certain point. It had been her obvious limit and yet, for some reason, she found herself breathless as her mind filled with imaginings of *her* being that big. The thought of having all her clothes tailor-made to fit her absurd body seemed so decadent. Lounging by the pool in a custom bikini felt so... *tantalizing*.

“Are these... silly string implants highly desired because of that size,” she began, trying to parse the rather unlikely conclusion she was coming to. It seemed like the women in the photos were bigger with each snapshot that passed. “Or is there something else about them?”

“It is sort of a, how you say, chick and egg thing,” he replied. “They are not merely just big, their construction itself is unique. You see... they grow endlessly which is how come they can be so vast.”

“They grow... endlessly? How?”

“The polymer’s replication causes irritation which causes the body to produce a liquid with a viscosity similar to saline.”

More Images flicked by that continued to feature the group of hugely busty women. It seemed, then, that each of them had started out about as big as Meradi was now, but became more and more busty with each passing year. Their measurements had swollen until their tits were not just larger than their head, but much, *much* larger. In the last image, a single woman's almost perfectly round tits encompassed her pretty much entire torso. Her girls' curves were so vast that her nipples were even with her waist despite being almost perfectly centered on her great mounds. These implants could do that to her?

“Okay... and that's considered a side effect?”

“For many of the recipients, yes,” the surgeon replied. There was something of a sour note in his voice that gave Meradi an idea. “They have to get the fluid drained off every few months.

“They really never stop expanding?” Meradi was surprised at the excited tremble in her voice. Maybe what they said about tattoos was true about fake tits as well and it did not help matters that she had a greedy, ambitious streak. It had served her well as a corporate banker, but it also got her in trouble on more than one occasion. She had not earned the moniker of The Dragon for no reason and that flaw was pretty much how she always seemed to end up in moments like these.

She glanced down and her bandage wrapped mounds obscured a third of her thighs now. Her mind spun. Just how big would they have to be for her to not be able to see her knees? Would that be big enough? If not, how big would be... *too big*? Did she dare go that far? Would she even be able to stop herself when it got to that point?

“That last photo, the one you just saw, was two years ago,” the surgeon said. “This is her as of last month.”

Meradi gasped as a video began to play and a woman who was so well endowed that it seemed impossible walked into view. She recognized her at once as the woman

who'd had tits twice the size of her head. She was even more busty than before, her super-size cans coming close to engulfing half her body. She was wearing a swimsuit that amounted to suspenders stretched over her inhumanly massive tits. The pliable fabric was pulled tight like suspension cables as the swimsuit tried to manage her massive measurements. Even then, her thighs bumped the bottom of her boobies with each step causing them to bounce and wiggle dramatically as she walked.

Meradi's chest twinged and she inhaled sharply, but whether the sensation was from pain, panic, or arousal she could not say. Whatever the case, she could not pull her eyes away. Each time the woman's thighs made contact, Meradi's imagination tried to capture the sensations. The thump as taut flesh met muscle. The tingle of vibration from the contact spreading over those great curves. The pressure of the heroic spandex trying to hold on for dear life.

Despite herself, she began to think of the woman as something more than human. In her mind, the word goddess attached itself to a figure that was becoming Meradi's dream body.

She held her breath as another video began. This one had her goddess sitting in a claw-foot tub, her breasts overflowing the sides. Two very well endowed men were pouring oil over her. Once a half-dozen bottles were emptied, they knelt beside her. Each man was focused on caressing the divine mountain of sweater meat before him. The way they stroked her maxed out boobs made it clear they worshiped her. At this point, Meradi was so entranced that she could almost feel it as the men dragged their thick fingers over her goddess' slick, shiny, and drum-head tight skin.

Her heated body throbbed harder as her biggest vice sank her deeper into the fantasy. All of a sudden, it was no longer just about getting a bit bigger to show up her sister, she craved being worshipped by her husband just like the goddess had been. Then there was a flash of more hands stroking her body. She squeezed her thighs together under the blanket and had to bite her lip to keep from moaning. Yes,

she thought, not *just* her husband, but *everyone* she knew. Hell, she would hire people to worship her tits if she had to. Meradi knew they would get off on her lording forty-plus pounds of tit over them, and *she* would get off *on that*.

Wait... what the *fuck* was she thinking? Did she really want tits so big that she was almost immobilized by them? Was that even possible with anything besides those particular implants?

“So what...?” She said, trying to grasp her breath. “How—How come that needs improving? They seem pretty good—if you’re into that sort of thing,” she added, trying not to let on that she was wishing her “accidental upgrade” had been for a pair of those ever-growing gobstoppers.

“There are other health concerns besides the endless growth. The polymer itself can cause dangerous levels of toxicity in the blood. There is also the fact that the strings are very dense and thus incredibly heavy. Those two things are what we wanted to improve on with those prototypes...”

A computer model faded into view on the screen, a date was in the top left corner of the window. As it advanced, the model’s bust line swelled. “We wanted to find something which would grow faster, but not nearly as dense or with so many adverse effects on the body. If anything, we wanted the implant to form a symbiotic relationship with its host.”

Meradi could not help but notice it only took the model a few months to reach truly massive sizes. Also, unlike the woman with the string implants, this growth resulted in a fantasy teardrop aesthetic. If what she was being sold was the real deal, she would dwarf her goddess and keep going. *She* would be the one being worshipped.

The tit-loving surgeon continued to expound on the goals of the experiment, on how the nanocarbon structures they had designed would integrate with organic material, but all she heard now was that she was the proud owner of a new type of

autonomously expanding implants. It was a realization that stroked the greedy part of her personality and quieted her cautious side.

As the animation continued, she could not tear her gaze away as the cgi woman on-screen grew almost as large as the women from the photos and then to a size that rivaled her goddess in the videos.

“So not only would the implants eventually result in not only a bustline even larger than your initial goal, but also a look, feel, and shape that would seem perfectly natural. It would be as if you had started growing again and simply... never stopped.”

Her fantasy of being worshipped was seeming more real all the time. She shook her head. No, that was not what this had been about—or had she been lying to herself? What began as a means to show up her sister’s Mommy Makeover and Butt Lift, became something more almost at once. The moment she began her consultations, her greed had started to run away with her. It only took one appointment for it to be about more than just her sister. It was about being the best. She wanted to be bigger than her sales rival who had gotten 500cc implants for her 35th birthday. Then she set her sights on being larger than her boss’ porn star girlfriend who had recently upgraded to 750cc.

In short order, her fascination with augmentation had merged with her ambition and desire. With each visit, she added another 50ccs until she had pushed the envelope past what many would consider normal or healthy for her first surgery. Over the last year, she had gone from someone who was just worried about her vacation fund dropping below seven figures to a great enthusiast of huge, fake tits—and this moment had seemingly pushed her off into the deep end.

She was going to be the next legend. Her name would hover on the lips of every person who craved gargantuan mammaries. It was going to feel so good growing into her new role. She could already feel it, her tits throbbing as they strained against her

bandages. With soft tearing noises they burst forth and kept growing. Past her ribs. Past her navel. Into her lap and then enveloping her thighs before continuing to grow past her knees. Their heat and weight felt wonderful, she never wanted it to stop. Her tits spread across the floor, their augmented mass inflating like an airplane's escape ramp crossed with a water bed. She was pushing against the walls before she knew what had happened and it was only a matter of time before she broke them down...

The sound of her surgeon's laptop snapping shut brought Meradi, panting, back to reality. Her boobs were still wrapped. She was not filling the room. She could not help but notice the young doctor was flush and that he was tenting his scrubs just a little. Her intuition that the surgeon's interests in the matter extended beyond purely medical advances seemed correct—and that just the kind of investment opportunity she thrived on.

“Now,” he continued, trying to keep his composure. “Because of how they work, there will be other effects as well. Thanks to the hormone cocktail that is part of the implant's structure you will see other growth. Mostly lean muscle to compensate for the increasing weight, but also mass on your hips, butt, thighs, and so on. However, most importantly, there will come a time where the implants will just... become part of you as their structure bonds with your own.”

She had so many questions about that statement, but ‘how soon?’ was what came out first.

“Tests have shown as early as six weeks in favorable environments and a maximum of two years, but the average is six months. In that time they will grow to more than quadruple their volume before the growth tapers off to something less explosive.”

Mind reeling at the possibilities, she felt a grin creep over her face as she put her plan into action. “So, how are you going to make this up to me then? Obviously you

can't remove them now and from what you are saying, they could be part of my body in as little as six weeks. It seems like you've trapped me with these things."

"But they are also a great gift--"

"A gift? I guess, I mean you've just doomed me to ever-growing breasts for the rest of my life." She threw her blanket aside and climbed out of bed. As she did, the hospital gown came undone, revealing her bandaged and augmented bust. Letting herself drop into the sex kitten persona she roleplayed with her husband, she hooked her finger into the doctor's collar and pulled him to her.

His eyes snapped down to her considerable mounds and he gulped.

"How about this?" She began, invading his space. Surprisingly, she had an inch or two on him height-wise and that really worked to her advantage at the moment.

"How about you give me half my money back and I agree to return in six months when these babies are part of me to let you do *all the science* on them?"

She could have sworn she heard his dick hit his pants.

"Better yet," she said, pushing him back into his seat so she was straddling his leg and her tits were scant inches from his face. "How about you pay me a stipend for being a research partner to cover costs and I'll send you regular briefings about just how much I've grown? I'll even send them Right. To. Your. Inbox." She punctuated each word with a tap on his chest. "How's that sound, hmm?"

Eight Weeks Later...

Meradi felt everyone's eyes on her as she and Keith left dinner at the very upscale five-star venue. She had buttoned her long coat under her bust and let the collar drape down her arms in an effort to further accentuate her bust as it rose out

of a sweetheart dress she never would have dared to wear before. The dress was pure sex—and so was she, really. Not only was the neckline just at the cusp of flashing the recovery bra, back's cutout plunged from the strap nearly to her butt and the slit was dangerously close to showing off her expensive lace and silk panties. It was, however, thrilling to be dressed this sexy and to unequivocally feel that she deserved that thrill.

Keith had been nothing but supportive the whole time and while she was somewhat dreading returning home to her friends and colleagues, she knew many of them would be excited for her and those that were not would be dying of jealousy. In the world of high-powered trading, one's appearance was everything. Of all the expensive accessories she could have bought, a boob job was one of the most exquisite. It was inevitable that she would be called horrid things at the office, but she would also be Queen Bitch until someone else went further with their own augmentation—and no one would dare go this far.

As her thoughts turned to her husband, she glanced down at him. They were about the same height normally, but the dress' matching heels added four inches. Unperturbed at being shorter, her fairly hunky husband was all smiles while dressed in his new, freshly tailored suit. She made sure his shoulder was just grazing her bust as she held his arm in a way that played up the evening's power exchange. She was his arm candy tonight, the same way he had been hers in Versailles.

The seesawing action of whom between them was dominant was the basis of their relationship. They had started out rivals, traders in the same company competing for commissions. However, they eventually reached a truce and then as a united front, absolutely wrecked their peers, rising through the firm's ranks as their partnership became a full-blown romance.

With her wellspring of ambition, she was usually the more dominant out of the two of them and all the confidence she had accrued over the last two months had only intensified her comfort in that role.

Tonight, however, was out of her hands and she could not have been more pleased. She was not the one who had insisted they go all out because this was the last night of their trip. *Keith had*. It was as if he read her mind when he presented his reasoning that tomorrow they would return to their normal lives. Their chances to go out to a super fancy dinner alone would narrow significantly. It would also no longer just be them who knew. During the trip, her transformation from flat to stacked had been something that only they shared, but soon enough they both would have friends, coworkers, and family to contend with. That they had managed to keep her change off of social media was a cover-up on par with Area 51.

Yes, in an uncharacteristic display of dominance, her husband had made all the arrangements by himself while they were here in London. The most impressive of which was this dress. He had gotten her measured without letting on that it was part of his plan. While she was otherwise occupied, he had picked it out. The first time she had seen it was when he presented it to her an hour ago with a mischievous grin on his handsome face. She had planned to wear something else, but how could she say no to such a powerful gesture?

She was astonished by how hot dressing to his specifications turned out to be. Knowing that he had picked everything but the post-surgery bra for her to wear made watching him watch her throughout dinner some of the most exciting foreplay in their three years of marriage. It felt like she had no secrets from him, that there was nothing between her soul and his lips as he kissed her. So when he stopped at the hotel bar to arrange for drinks, she popped upstairs to make sure tonight was the night they got to do more than mutual masturbation and intimate aftercare.

Honestly, it was not like she had been completely deprived. She did the full-on dominatrix thing for the couple nights while they were in Hamburg to let off some steam about the restriction on intercourse until she was healed. The rush of being thoroughly in command had only been intensified by the way Keith had worshiped her new assets. It still made her shudder just thinking about it, though she regretted hardly having anything kinky to wear at the time. She had joked afterward about buying some latex clothes and a whip and she was pretty sure those things would be waiting on their doorstep, along with all manner of other things.

Outside of her encore dominatrix performance in France, she had also found relief when Keith had also gone down on her a few times during the recovery period. She'd had some fun in the shower with a new toy as well, but it felt like an eternity since she had felt a mind-blowing release and her being backed up like this was a flood waiting to happen...

The moment the door closed behind her, Meradi undid the clasps and let the surgical shelf bra fall from her chest for what she hoped was the last time. She did not want to wear it tomorrow as they finally made their way home from Heathrow. Instead, she had a comfy t-shirt bralette to keep herself from jiggling too much.

Her Polish surgeon, Oskar, had okayed it during their last Skype call. He also restated many of the warnings he had told her, the entire list of which was tucked away in her backpack. Most of them involved the implants doing weird things to her mental state, but she had yet to notice anything out of the ordinary in terms of temperament, libido, or other such things.

Upon walking into the bathroom, she realized that even with the supportive garment removed, her stuffed tits held the dress up completely on their own. She took a few selfies to send to Oskar to track her progress and then stripped down and began to appraise her girls in the mirror. It was something she had done each morning and night since she had been allowed to remove the bandages.

It looked like she had somehow strapped a pair of soft foam balls to her chest. The almost perfect orbs curved out and up from her waist while straining her sides and pulling her Tail of Spence into a tight shelf along the front of her shoulder. Everything about her upper body was being pushed to the limit by her new tits. In a sense, she was happy that she had ended up smaller for now. It meant her body had time to adapt to what was coming.

Because if Oskar could be believed, as she and Keith played with them, they would relax and expand into her true fantasy size. The growth would, of course, fuel more growth. With each new cup size gained, with each new inch added, there would be more artificial tissue to stimulate and more stimulation would mean she grew larger, *faster*.

She could not wait to get started in earnest.

They had already grown a little bit from the slightly painful aftercare massages. She had hoped the twice a day rubbings would have gotten more pleasurable as time passed, but discomfort was all she seemed to feel. Today though, today she was not feeling sore at all. She was already vibrating with anticipation that tonight was the night especially after the warm-up eye fucking at dinner. So when her dark nipples perked up in the chill air, she could not help but tentatively pinch them.

Truth be told, she had worried about losing some sensitivity to the surgery and up until now, she had been kind of numb from the swelling. It turned out she need not have worried. If anything, as electric pleasure arced over her tight tits, she had gotten more sensitive. With each tweak, bolts of stimulation rushed down her body, pinging her clit.

Her fingers began to tug, their grip moving down to her areolae, and she turned to slump into the sink as she moaned while imagining what her husband--no, her Master's lips would feel like. She could not wait to straddle Him tonight. She craved the feeling of His cock inside her and then there was the anticipation of feeling her

new tits bounce for the first time. All of that would be off the table, however, if she did not stop now and finish her inspection.

She bit her lip and forced herself to stop tweaking her nips. Her disappointed fingers moved on to check the incisions. The soft scars just above the root of her underbust no longer stung the way they had up until very recently. Smiling like a kid at Christmas, she bounced to her toes a few times and the feeling of her bust wobbling as it rose and fell was not painful in the slightest. Over the moon, she rushed to get ready. She moaned slightly more with each bounce of her boobs as she crossed the room to one of their suitcases. Rummaging for a moment, she found her recently acquired six-inch dildo and the bottle of lube. Greasing up the toy, she wasted no time putting it in.

Her clenched thighs held it in place as she poured more lube over her bust and began to softly knead. Feelings like static shocks followed her fingers, she could almost feel a buzz between her fingertips and her skin. She pushed a little harder, her fingers really pressing into her fake tits for the first time. The tightness was an unbelievable turn on. These were no longer mammaries for feeding children she never planned on having, they were emblems of her sexuality and, boy, did being sexy feel great.

Curious as to how her size felt in her hands, she spread her fingers wide in an attempt to grasp all of her stiff tits. Her splayed fingers barely reached around the exaggerated curves. Nonetheless, she squeezed and it was like a bolt of lightning had struck her pussy as she came like never before. From head to toe, her body was wracked with spasms as overloaded nerves began to fire. Even with her legs clenched like a vice, she could feel the dildo slipping out from how tight she was squeezing. Try as she might to hold it in, the contractions of her kegels ejected the toy onto her quivering thighs. The weight of the fake dick on her legs felt surprisingly good and that gave her an idea.

Rolling off the bed, she experienced a new sense of flowing motion on her chest. Her hands flew up and she found that her tits' overstuffed spherical shape had relaxed just a little, letting them jiggle a bit like gelatin. Craving more of that sensation, her fingers began to rub circles over her nipples with ever more pressure. They were already perked up, but she could swear they were getting bigger with each orbit.

She dumped more lube on herself, letting it splatter her thighs. With her skin now slick, her petting intensified. Digging in with her fingertips, she could almost feel the shell of her implants behind her nipples. Working the sensitive peaks of her boobs was the most enjoyable thing she had ever experienced. For what felt like an hour she rubbed, massaged, pulled, and twisted until a flick made her vagina twitch. At the same time, she felt the implants pulse. Her sensitivity skyrocketed for apparently no reason and the next touch sent her shooting over the moon as her body arched up into her hands.

Collapsing back onto the bed, she was sore like she had fucked until beyond exhausted. When her back hit the mattress, she experienced another wave of satisfyingly heavy wobbling from her bust. Laying there, with her arms splayed out, she basked in the afterglow of her second orgasm in mere minutes as she waited for her body to recover. It had other ideas.

Even though she was no longer touching herself, she could still feel her fingers on her skin. Responding to the phantom pleasure, her sensitive nips throbbed harder and harder until her stiff tits were actually twitching and all the while she felt a pressure growing behind her areolae. She could actually see them rising up and inflating before her eyes. A tentative touch confirmed they had indeed somehow plumped up. From how springy they felt, it was like the implants had somehow changed to give her that shape, transforming her once flat areolae into wide hills of

dark skin. For the first time since this had all begun she felt a pang of doubt. Just what had she gotten herself into?

She lay there pondering that for a moment while trying to find the strength to get to her feet. Her heavy chest wiggled again, but she bit her lip and stumbled to their bags on shaky knees. Kneeling down, she began to rummage for something she had picked up as a gag. When she did not find it right away, one of her hands wandered back to her boob and began to tweak her nipple. Curious, she moved down to circle her raised areolae. It felt like an egg-shaped gummi was resting just below her skin. Pinching the circle tight, she slid her grip up so that both nip and its fleshy corona were wrapped in her fist.

Sliding her fingers back and forth against her palm like when she jerked off Keith, she found herself panting within seconds. As a result, by the time she found the huge, horse-shaped dildo, she was already close to the edge again. Not even bothering with the bed, she poured the remaining lube all over her tits, threw the empty bottle over her shoulder, gripped her other nipple the same way, and began to rub herself along the mottled pink and black length.

The sensation of actually having something, anything, between her tits was so completely new, she had no idea if experiencing intense pleasure was typical or another result of the implants seemingly putting her body into overdrive. All she knew was that it felt so good she lost track of herself for a moment. Somehow, she had ended up sitting on her heels and straddling the fake balls to keep the toy in place as she used her whole body to stroke the massive dick. The artfully raised raphe ground against her clit as she moved, only serving to further heighten the sensations crashing over her body.

Her bustline seemed to have swelled during her white-out. Her tits certainly felt more spongy and wobbly as her now raging desire bid her smoosh them around the rubber dick so hard she could almost grip it. Even if she had not actually grown yet, it

was hard to argue she wasn't doing so now. Little by little, she started to feel her skin surpassing the girthy toy. It felt so good to be growing like this, but the lube was also drying up, making her start to stick to tacky rubber.

Shifting her grip to hug her bust with one arm, she was surprised she could manage to encompass so much flesh and rubber. Using her stranglehold on the cock for balance, she transferred her sexual energy into grinding her hot, throbbing crotch harder against the dildo's base while digging for a second bottle of lube. A deep breath pulled her nipples and areolae above her arm and she began to swing her grip to tease them.

When she finally found the extra bottle, she simply twisted the lid off and let it flow in gloopy waves over her heated mounds and the fat, fake phallus. It was so much lube at once, and more than she had ever used, but it never felt like enough even as her tits began to take on a glaze, not unlike candied apples. The slippery goo was rolling down the phallus in great globs, coating her torso and pooling in her lap before running down her thighs to the wood floor. The slick flood increased the potency of her grinding as the movement became progressively more frenetic and demanding.

She was swimming in lube and yet, she kept pouring dollop after dollop of clear fluid over her body. As the flow and weight of the gel grew more and more insistent, she became ever more aware of how much her entire body was throbbing with need. Finally, the bottle was empty and she grasped her soaking, slippery tits and really began to use her whole body in the pursuit of pleasure.

Her boobies were undeniably larger now as they came close to fully enveloping the epic cock. She could feel the curves on the other side of the great shaft starting to brush past each other, then bounce into each other. Leaning into the boob job, she pulled the dick against her chest and marveled at the feeling of her significant improvements squishing impossibly against each other. Something about them

permitted more give than should have been possible because when she released them, they sprang back to a firm shape. Granted, that shape was now more like an egg than a sphere, but it was still one no natural breast could have achieved.

Returning to her play, she leaned over too far and found herself lying on the cock, but that hardly stopped her. The floor was slick with lube and now her stroking the cock also drug her nipples along the lacquered edges of the wood paneling. She was humping the balls empathically now, almost like she was trying to shove them inside. Which is just when Keith opened the door.

“The dam broke I see,” he said with a warm laugh. The door closed behind him. She heard his shoes hit the floor. Heard his coat slide off before he picked up a hanger. His belt clacked as he undid it and then pulled it through the loops. His footfalls were soft as he walked over.

“Yeah...” she said, looking back over her shoulder. She smiled at him and then laughed nervously. Her hips continued to move, seemingly of their own accord. “It was just... so... intense. I can’t... I can’t stop. It feels so, so good!”

“It’s okay, I felt something like this would happen after you told me the implants could cause some mood swings and you went two weeks without a good fucking.” He cleared his throat. “Do you... want me to be in charge tonight?”

She nodded and then sank into a being a submissive when she heard the belt crack as he snapped the halves together.

“If that’s the case, kitten has been very bad. Look at the mess you’ve made of the hotel’s floor, my pet. What am I going to do with a pet who is so destructive?”

In her sex-saturated mindset, just hearing him putting on a dominant tone pushed her over the edge. When she opened her mouth to answer, only a shuddering moan escaped as her hips began to buck into the dildo.

“That’s no good,” he said admonishingly. “It seems my unruly pet needs to be disciplined.” There was no warning before the belt hit her ass the first time. The impact rushed over her body, mingling with her subsiding orgasm to keep her humming with stimulation. He counted out loud to ten before hitting her again, the same as they had practiced. Slowly, methodically, he spanked her nine times and every blow made her moan louder than the last, made her throb harder than she thought possible. The energy of each strike rippled through her, only to be absorbed by her implants.

Before the tenth smack, her knees slid out from under her and she collapsed around the giant dong. She heard his pants come undone. His knees made a splat in the puddle of lube. His fingers dug into her hips, pulled her back up. The tails of his dress shirt tickled her sore butt as he undid the buttons. Finally, though, she felt him rubbing his cock against her. She begged to be fucked, not just because her role demanded it, but because she truly wanted to experience him doing his absolute best when she was already so raw, so overpoweringly turned on.

Once he began to thrust, the sensation of his hips crashing her developing bruises combined the pleasure of penetration with the sharp pain of punishment. The twin sensations mingled as he began to pound her with an intensity she had never felt from him before. His fingers grabbed her short hair, he yanked her back, making her bust bounce with each impact.

”Yes! Yes, oh Keith!... mmm... ah. Yes, yes, *YES!*”

It was another night at a very nice hotel, although months had passed since that night in London. She had just cum for the first time in nearly eight hours and she was hoping for two more orgasms before they went out for this surprise he had lined up for her. Keith continued to drive into her wanting pussy with a power and precision born from having sex twice a day on average for the better part of a year. The slightly hunky investment banker she had married had developed into a true Adonis in the

crucible of her new libido. His body was not the only thing that had leveled up, either, he knew *exactly* how to please the veritable goddess she had become.

Right now the thing she wanted most was being tied to the bed so she was on her knees, effectively laying on her massive tits as he did her doggy style and his fingers squeezed her noticeably enlarged ass. Her hands were bound behind her back, leaving her to bounce and jiggle on her impossibly full endowments. Even now, with the implants fused to her on a genetic level, their firmness remained. So although her tits hung to her hips when she stood, they did so while also curving out in front of her in a cartoonish approximation of a teardrop. They were just big enough that she had to stretch to reach her nipples and it was likely they would pass that point soon if past growth was any indication.

She felt him begin to twitch inside her. He pushed in with an animalistic grunt. Then there was the sensation of cum filling her, flooding her vagina with heat and protein. Her kegel's flexed, drawing his spunk further inside while also milking him for more. He groaned from the overstimulation and pulled out.

“I can go again in a bit. Just... give me a second to catch my breath.”

Her sitting back was a physical miracle, but her taut, strangely concentrated muscles did the job even as her heavy hangers fought to keep her pinned to the bed. They slid back as she did, crawling up her thighs until they monopolized her lap. Letting her widened ass settle into her curled feet, she turned to look at him over her shoulder.

“Or you could untie me and I could get you hard. Right. Now.”

He was supposed to be dominating her, but something about her begging tone overrode any other control. The slipknots came undone in a moment and she wrapped her fat tits around his half-erect but still huge cock. As she began to work him up, her mind wandered. It was hard to believe it had been six months since that night in

London. They had fucked for hours then, her bust gaining another few cups-worth of volume, and *that* was just the start.

Meradi was hardly recognizable as the woman who had gotten a botched boob job in Warsaw. Gone were the markers of exhaustion and burnout, their specters replaced by a bright enthusiasm which had only heightened her ambition. Yes, that trip had been that start of a very transformative period of time in her life and she credited the implants for nearly all of it. Oskar had not believed how much she had grown, not just in the boob department but all over, but she had experienced it first hand. She knew without a doubt that whatever scientific wizardry his prototype was made of, it had allowed her to transform into a completely different woman.

To compare 'her then' and 'her now' would probably make the rapid transformation to boob goddess appear to be some kind of magic, but she knew how much work she had put into developing the new her. Upon recovering from all that sex in London, she had set out to figure out just how much her new implants could affect her. There was definitely a level of fear that she would end up enslaved to the pleasure.

Part of that exploration was going back to the gym, where she discovered that no matter how much she worked out, she never put on significant amounts of mass. The weights increased ten pounds at a time and she added set after set to her routine, but she seemed to peak at the pinnacle of the fitness body-type.

Then something happened when she went for a run and did not realize how much time had passed until her phone died. The realization seemed to unlock something within her. After that, her legs and ass developed to become superhuman; there was no better way to describe the simultaneously thick and muscular build of her lower body. She started getting taller, too.

The gym was not the only place she had to make adjustments. For the first week she was constantly knocking things over on her desk and typing was almost

impossible. She adapted, growing accustomed to her new body. However, she was really starting to grow and it felt like every time she got used to her size, she found that she had grown again. It got to the point that she moved to a standing desk and turned to dictation while pacing to get work done.

Not surprisingly, her stock went down with people in the company as they ridiculed her. Keith stuck up for her, but that usually just ended in jeering from their co-workers. She decided to not let it get to her. She liked the new her that was blossoming. Every week she felt more confident and it began to show returns in her work. She got more aggressive with her investment strategies, starting to operate on an almost intuitive level as she followed her gut on a regular basis. It was not until a dinner three months from her surgery that the reason for her growing success became clear.

The moment began with Keith mentioning a report that confirmed a move she had made the week before. When she explained that moving between futures in oil to polysilicon made sense considering that nine EU countries were all moving towards huge Solar subsidies like it was two plus two, they both stopped eating. He had her explain other abstract principles and not only could she relate them, but she could also extrapolate concrete applications for them.

She could not help but laugh. Her bimbo-riffic tits were making her smarter.

Armed with that knowledge it was not long before she opened her own firm. Her clients flocked to her like crazy and her old firm went bust rather soon after. She had, of course, graciously hired her out of work coworkers. That ended the harassment.

Meradi left day-to-day affairs in Keith's hands as she developed a presentation about her methods. She wanted to get out ahead of the claims of insider trading. The first talk was standing room only in the largest venue at the nearby college of business. After that, her talks were selling out left and right. Of course, her success

brought more criticism of her size, but she continued to remain professional and to grind her rivals into dust or turn them into employees.

Out of everything though, the biggest change was her sex drive. Her libido seemed to swell with her measurements. She managed to keep it under control--at least at first. By the time her tits were past her waist, about two months after her surgery, she realized she was always aroused. Naturally, she had a talk with Keith about it. Up to that point, they had been having sex frequently, but not every day.

“Do you think you could fuck me every day?”

She had said it stone-faced while eating breakfast one morning, but Keith agreed right away. That was when he really started to develop, too. Their evening sessions got longer and longer. She spent more and more time having him eat her out and that seemed to be having an effect on him. He had been going to the gym off and on with her, but he started to see gains like hers once they started fucking every day.

At first, it just made sense that he would be getting stronger. Then his cock started to get bigger. His becoming a stud only amplified their switching relationship. His strength was becoming such that he could overpower her in bed. It became a regular occurrence for him to hold her down by her wrists as he fucked her tits and came on her face. To his credit, he developed as a bottom as well. The night she finally pegged him for the first time, he ended up cumming so much that he wound up dehydrated.

It was that night that was on her mind as she smirked at his thickening erection. Kissing the tip, she slowly swallowed it until there was no measure of his dick that was not enveloped one way or another. He came right away but stayed hard. So she pushed him down and straddled his hips before devouring him once more. She stole three more orgasms from him until he was going cross-eyed and cum was running down between them.

Satisfied, they snuggled on the bed for a bit.

“So... what is this big surprise? Something for our anniversary next weekend?”

“Something like that... You know the busty woman from those videos Oskar showed you?”

She moaned at the thought of the only woman who was probably larger than her. “Yeah, what about her?”

“Well, I... I got you a scene with her.”

“You did what?!” She sat up and looked at him with wide eyes.

He blushed deeply. “I said, ‘I got you a scene with her.’”

“That’s... I... ” Try as she might, the words of excitement and pleasure just were not coming.

“... Are you mad?”

“No, hardly mad. I’m so excited I’m speechless. How?”

“Let’s just say we aren’t taking a big trip next year...”

She pulled him into a hug, his body half vanishing into her cleavage. “Thank you. Thankyou. Thank! You! You’re just the best.”

“Just wait until you see what the two of you are doing.”

“Is it oil? Please tell me it’s a shared oil bath.”

When he only smiled, she could not contain her excitement. She was going to get to meet and worship her goddess. The only thing that could make this moment better would be to find out her goddess was into her as well...