



PERFECT BODIES™

By Sობტაც

‘Every woman deserves a body that can be worshipped.’

Katy read the promotional flyer, cynically considering the fantastic promises that PERFECT BODIES™ were making. Half of her wanted to turn away in disgust, sure that she was wasting her time here, but on the other hand if even half of what they promised was true...

She had known what she wanted since she was sixteen years old, and found her older brother's hiding place on the family computer. Big bulging women with heaving bosoms, that's what she had found. Women who commanded respect. Women who commanded the respect of every man they encountered.

And Katy, reasonably pretty though she was, would not be happy until she could fit a man's face comfortably between her breasts.

And so, armed with a singular vision in mind, she had handed over her credit card and embraced this strange organisation who ‘claimed’ they could give her exactly what she wanted.

The elevator chimed merrily, announcing that they had arrived on the second floor of the building, causing the receptionist to glance up from behind her desk. She was a tall woman who didn't even have to crane her neck to peer over her computer and smile at their newest arrival.

Katy did her best to smile back, cautiously making her way towards the reception desk, glancing nervously around her at the plush trimmings. Every surface was varnished wood or clouded glass, and there were paintings hung on the walls in a variety of different styles; abstract, cubist, chalk portraits, every one a depiction of the female body in some form.

Katy placed her handbag on the reception desk and began to search for her appointment. As always she was carrying far too many things and had to dig around for the crumpled piece of paper.

The receptionist, who had the name badge Janet pinned to her shirt, pressed two buttons on the computer and took the lead: "Katy Tanya Green?"

"Yes," Katy nodded. "I've an appointment."

"I know," Janet replied with slight sarcasm. She glanced over her shoulder down the corridor to the right. Across the tiled floor there were several doors leading to different rooms; "Is this your first visit?"

Katy nodded mutely.

"Then I'll take you to Terri myself," Janet replied, and pushed her chair back from behind the desk. The wheeled roller travelled backwards an unusually large distance before the receptionist started to stand, and when she did Katy nearly let out a gasp of surprise.

It was like watching this enormous woman unfold. The chair had been lowered to its shortest position, with the woman's legs curled up beneath the desk. Standing she rose up to at least seven feet in height, literally looming over Katy like some kind of behemoth.

As Janet walked around the desk, smiling as she watched Katy take her enormity in, her prominent breasts cruised forwards like missiles towards her, eventually taking up most of her vision.

Behind the desk Janet had looked tall, but Katy would have never remotely guessed 'how' tall.

"The staff get discount service," the receptionist explained, doing a small pose so Katy could take in her enormous form. Although she was tall, unfeasibly tall for a woman, she was still a model of femininity. She was curvy, with prominent breasts and a plump ass, but she wasn't remotely fat. "Seven feet two inches. The tallest women in the world have another half a foot on me, I didn't want to risk getting in any record books when technically I cheated."

"Wow," was all Katy could say. Any lingering doubts about what PERFECT BODIES™ offered gone in a moment. If it weren't for her size this woman would still have been the absolute model of perfection; skin, teeth, hair...

She glanced down at her own flat chest and suddenly felt strangely unambitious.

Janet led her to a door half way down the corridor, knocked smartly on it three times, and then pointed to a seat for Katy. She took it, and smiled up at Janet who now loomed over her like some kind of goddess.

She glanced around the room and spotted a framed picture hanging against the opposite wall. It was a chalk picture of a woman's midsection and face side on to the portrait, her mid stretch.

However it took a few seconds for Katy to spot the woman was rising out of the floor, her head forcing its way through the ceiling. Around her were the tiny artifacts of the flat she was passing through, a tiny man staring at her in shock as she carried on her journey upwards and outwards.

"That's my favourite portrait," Janet said, noticing what Katy was examining. She smiled down at Katy with brilliantly white teeth; "Well, good luck."

Katy smiled back, still slightly in awe of the giantess.

And the office door slid open gently, revealing yet another woman behind it. This one's eyes were at Katy's level, the woman of a normal height, and so it took Katy a few seconds to notice everything else.

Although Terri had stepped back away from the door to let her through, Katy still had to squeeze past a prominent bulge. Terri's stomach was swollen. She was at least nine months pregnant, looking ready to pop at any second.

"Katy Green?" she asked smiling, patting her stomach proudly. She offered her hand which Katy took, staring down at the stretched shirt, buttons straining against the swollen stomach. "I am Terri Wiseman, founder of PERFECT BODIES™."

Around the belly Terri was actually quite a fit, lithe young woman who still had some freedom of movement. Once Katy was inside the closed the door and made her way back to the desk with considerable ease, hesitating only as she had to lower her prominent belly down to the desk.

"So, what can we do for you?" Terri asked.

Katy handed her appointment form over mutely, letting Terri read her requests for herself. It wasn't that she was normally shy, it was just the spectacle of a full blown giantess followed by this had her a little shocked.

"That's a fairly standard request," Terri nodded politely, glancing up at Katy's flat chest with sympathy. "Who doesn't want huge boobs? When we started this company everything was about the breasts, it's only recently we've expanded out into everything else."

"I just want men to notice me," Katy replied firmly. She sat up straighter, craning her neck to peer down at her shirt. The 'slight' bulge beneath it was created almost entirely by her bra, which truth be told didn't need to be there at all. "I'm fed up of being passed over for the blonde bimbo with the tits. I just want that attention for myself."

Terri nodded astutely. "You'll be happy to hear it is the cheapest service we offer."

"And how much is that?" Katy asked.

Terri told her.

Although her first response was shock, Katy thought about it for a few seconds, and nodded. It was more expensive than most implants but what PERFECT BODIES™ were offering wasn't implants. All her life Katy had hated hospitals, so she never would have elected for surgery, but this....

"Our selling point isn't just the procedure itself," Terri explained, turning around her computer screen to reveal a ready made promotional slide. "We are all about the after service, helping you to adjust to your needs. We offer our customers contacts in the clothing industry who can see to any special



needs, clear advice for gym workouts and other therapy sessions. And any procedure we do is at least fifty percent reversible without surgery within two years, all carried out at no cost to yourself.”

Katy nodded along to the spiel of information.

She was already imagining herself two months from now.

When everything was done, and Katy had signed all the paperwork, Terri struggled back to her feet and helped her around the office. “So all we need is a thorough medical check. As long as our doctors are happy you are in good health we can start the procedure whenever you want.”

“Thank you,” Katy smiled, watching Terri’s prominent stomach rise up and down as she walked to the door. “When is the baby due?”

Terri laughed, glancing down at her stomach and placing both hands on the top of the bulge.

“I’m not pregnant dear,” she replied. “There is no baby... You have to understand the reason I started this is because I love the female body. What could be more feminine than this? I’ve been nine months pregnant for three months now.”

Katy, who had just been getting used to the idea, boggled.

“Aren’t you uncomfortable?”

“Well as I’m not really pregnant I’ve not had to go through all the awkward side effects like morning sickness or swollen ankles. Lactation we can do though, if you’re interested, there’s no better feeling than having someone latch on and...”

“No thank you,” Katy replied hurriedly. “I know what I want.”

“Smart woman,” Terri nodded. “I’ll see you after your medical then.”

Two weeks later Katy was back on the second floor of PERFECT BODIES™.

Janet led her not down the corridor to the right, but down the corridor on the left behind the reception desk. Janet gave her an encouraging smile, depositing her on a comfortable chair facing a cubist portrait of a woman breastfeeding a child.

A woman came through the door, a plump lady with enormous breasts and wide hips that brushed against the side of the door as she came through. Despite her generous curves though Katy could make out no layers of fat in her face, no unsightly curves of skin layering over itself for no reason. Every pound of the generous flesh this woman possessed was in use, padding out her womanly features to the extreme.

“Katy?” the woman asked, glancing down at her clipboard. “Katy Green?”

“Yes,” Katy nodded. “I’m ready.”

“Well strip down,” the woman replied, stepping back and allowing her client into the room. Her breasts bounced proudly with each step, her entire body wobbling with pride. She gestured towards a rack she could leave her clothes on; “I take it Terri has already explained the whole procedure to you.”

Katy nodded, pausing for a moment before unclipping her bra.

She felt uncomfortably exposed before this bountiful woman, who possessed such generous proportions. It was almost as if she was showing off that she had everything Katy did not.

“You have beautiful pale skin,” the woman replied, pointing towards the chair where the procedure would be performed. “Large breasts will suit you... Did you ask Terri about your nipples? We have an endless supply of options.”

“Well,” Katy replied, nonplussed.

“How puffy do you want them? How long when erect? We can even invert them if you want... With the size you’re going for we could have areolae anywhere from their current size to full dinner plates...” The woman took a seat at the end of the room, sitting before a small computer where she could initiate the procedure. “Well it’s the last thing you need to decide so you’ve plenty of time to think about it.”

“It’s cold in here,” Katy said, perched on the chair.

“You’ll warm up when we start,” the woman assured her. She travelled from the computer to a small cupboard, her body jiggling with each step, and took out two bottles of oils and creams. “The first step to prepare you is to rub in these over your breasts. The cream will stimulate growth, and the oil will loosen and enrich the skin to ensure you get no stretch marks.”

“Good,” Katy tensed herself, ready for the coldness of the oils. As expected the woman’s hands were freezing, and it took almost all of her effort to hold herself still and endure the touch.

“Then the process itself will take at least an hour. If I could ask you to stay on the chair whilst I control the magnetic radiation we will subject you to. If you do need to get up in an emergency press the red button and we will stop. You don’t have to keep your eyes closed but please try and avoid looking directly into the light.”

Once again Katy nodded mutely.

All the time she was speaking the attendant was forcefully rubbing cream into her breasts. When it was finally all in the woman went over to a sink, washed her hands clean, and took her leave.

It took a full fifteen minutes before Katy felt anything happen.

Of course she wasn’t aware of this. She felt as though she had been sitting there for an hour, looking at (but never directly into) a red beam of light shining down on her from the centre of the room.

Slowly she felt a warmth in her skin, a tingling sensation running over the surface of her breasts. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth as it penetrated deeper and deeper into her.

It took a long time as the gentle warmth turned into a slow boiling heat, coming now not from the surface of her skin but from the insides of her breasts coming out. She reached down with her fingers to probe at the small mounds on her chest and flinched in pain; they were boiling.

And then she felt them increase.

She didn’t notice them grow, it was definitely too small to be noticeable, but she suddenly realised with elated certainty that she was bigger. That she was more than she had been.

She shuffled around in the chair, trying to see if she could feel the weight on her chest. Everything felt the same, felt normal, but she knew. She ‘knew’.

Ten minutes later and it was noticeable to the eye. She glanced down and saw her breasts, actual proper breasts now at last, sitting proudly on top of her rib cage.

She could have cried for joy but there was no-one there to see or share them with.

She wanted to reach down and hold them, and feel them, but Terri had made it quite clear in her explanation of the process that she should resist this. At least until the procedure had finished.

Interfering with the light beam would slow the process.

And so she just sat there, wishing she had a mirror so she could watch herself more easily.

After a few minutes she tried an experimental wiggle, turning her shoulders left and right and enjoying the sensation as ‘something’ bobbed against her ribcage. There was a definite weight there, something with some definite motion independent of her body.

She’d never had that feeling before. It was... strange... Kind of fun but also kind of distracting. With the right bra she was sure that she’d get used to it.

“Oh, congratulations,” a familiar voice cooed from the far side of the room.

Katy turned around in the chair and spotted Terri walking towards her, a vivacious grin on her face as they both took in her new breasts.

Terri paused, just out of the light beam, and hefted her own breasts up for comparison. They were large and milk swollen, round and firm dirigibles riding high on her podgy stomach.

“I’d say you were a large C cup,” Terri decided, eyeing Katy’s pair with lust. “We need to get you at least as far as an F, if not further. Not too long ago I would have thought that was enormous...”

“Are you meant to be here?” Katy asked.

“Dear, I own the company, I can be wherever I want to be,” Terri replied with a small laugh. “Why? Do you want me to go? I always like to check my clients are happy with what they’re getting.”

Happy.

She wasn’t happy. She was beyond the concept of happiness, this was something else entirely. The sensation of her breasts pushing outwards, expanding, stretching, it was sublime.

The things she could do with them. The men she could catch with them.

She sat up, rising out of the chair, and felt the new weight against her chest as her breasts sagged down against her ribcage for the first time. She couldn’t tell from her perspective but they felt tall and proud...

The new her had arrived...

