

Sexier By Design

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"A man should not strive to eliminate his complexes, but to get into accord with them; they are legitimately what directs his conduct in the world." - Sigmund Freud

Katy writhed in ecstasy. Her lithe young body was tangled in the sheets of her bed, slick with sweat. Katy was a slight wisp of a girl barely five feet tall with no hips or breasts to speak of. But where nature had been cruel to her in that regard, it had been kind to her in others. She was naturally supple and toned with ivory skin. Her waist was very thin, 21 inches, and her legs had been described as “perfect.” Her long silky black hair was a tangle as she squirmed in a frenzy of pleasure, her elegant neck straining, her eyes tightly shut. Her whole body taut, feelings cascaded through her that were so raw and primal it was almost painful. Forbidden lust, wanton need, and a suffocating feeling; she experienced it all. Decency was forgotten, base desire reined. Her back arched as she let out an animalistic moan of pure elation. That is what woke her from this erotic nightmare.

Katy sat up straight in a cold sweat; her long dark hair a mess as it framed her pretty pale face with its thin eyebrows. It was the same dream again. At least she knew it must be; yet it refused to stay in her waking mind. It was almost as if the civility in her was blocking it, repressing it. She could only remember vague impressions. Just a sense of revelry accompanied with depravity, and... a weight bearing down on her; almost asphyxiating it was so heavy. That was all.

In the breaking light of dawn Katy looked over at her bedside clock with her large mismatched eyes; one was a bright blue and the other a dark green. The orange digital lights let her know it was about time to get up anyway. Enthusiastically, Katy bounced her less-than-100-pound self out of bed. This was a big day for Katy, her first day as a personal assistant. Katy was very excited that she was able to land such a job. Katy was fresh out of college and was hoping that, by working so closely with an important pharmaceutical executive like Joseph Jocelyn, she would learn how to become successful herself. Katy had always wanted to work for a powerful man like Dr. Jocelyn. He had insisted she call him “Joseph.” She had jokingly called him “Joe” when he had first told her to call him by his first name, but she had been greeted by the iciest stare she had received in her life. Joseph’s gray eyes had bore into Katy’s being as he reaffirmed that she was to refer to him as “Joseph” and by no other name.

After her shower, while she was still wet as was her habit, she weighed herself. The old-fashioned dial spun and read 97lbs. “Hmm...” she thought, “I guess I lost a pound.” Katy had always been incredibly short, 5 feet even, and thin. Her large best friend, Camilla, had always made fun of her for being only slightly taller than a legal midget. Katy could buy most of her clothing in the girl’s section, but this was something that had become a source of pride for her over the years. She knew many women envied her.

Katy looked at herself in the mirror as she prepared for work. She was thin and pretty enough that – had she been born taller – she could have been a supermodel. Her size 00 pants easily slipped over her 31-inch hips. She put on a dress that was business-like but titillating as well, showing off her creamy legs and slight shoulders. Her thin arms and delicate hands quickly and expertly applied make-up on her youthful face. She applied mascara to her naturally long dark lashes accentuating her unique eyes. Finally Katy applied heavy bright-red lipstick to her thin lips, which were as pale as the

rest of her. She always applied her lipstick last but she always wanted to use it first. Katy knew she was pretty, but she was a little ashamed of her lackluster lips.

Katy definitely had gotten the impression that Joseph had not hired her for her looks, but she was not planning on looking homely on her first day. Painting her nails a deep crimson and putting on her high heels, she examined herself once again in the mirror as she tactfully placed jewelry, and with her purse over her shoulder her ensemble was complete. She would grab a coffee for breakfast on the way.

Katy lived in the city and riding the bus had never been a pleasant experience for her. She always felt like the men were undressing her with their eyes. It was uncomfortable experience for a small girl like her, but she never let it show on her face. Impassively, Katy stared ahead as some fat slob in the corner stared at her. She knew he thought he was being discreet about it, but he wasn't.

As always the bus ride was too long, but finally Katy was standing outside the large building that was to be her new workplace. Katy had grown up in the suburbs and the size of this building, as well as the thought she would be working in it, overwhelmed her for a second. Coffee in hand she looked up at this imposing structure with her multicolored eyes, then with a heavy sigh, resolutely she went inside showing the guard her pass. She took the elevator up to the forty-fourth floor to begin her new job.

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That night Katy again awoke in a cold sweat. She sat bolt upright, her small body heaving like a hummingbird. It was the same dream; but again, all she could remember was a feeling of depraved needs and a crushing weight. Panting, Katy tried to calm herself. It was late and she flopped back down on her disheveled covers. The dream always left her too quickly; she needed more. Katy's hand slipped under the sheets to her moist mound. She closed both her bright blue, and dark green eye and tried to relax. As she expertly pleased herself, her mind slipped over her day and, inevitably, to her new boss.

Joseph was unlike any man Katy had met in recent years. Everything had to be just so with him; there was no margin for error and any mistake on her part meant he would make her do the complete task over. It was a little ridiculous. At one point during the day she had gotten his coffee with one sugar instead of two, and he had made her pour it out and get a new cup, with two sugars. Katy let out a moan as she remembered, her hands dancing across her body.

There was something else about Joseph Katy found odd: he never seemed to look at her. His gray eyes would almost always pass over her, even as he spoke to her. It was not like he was trying to avoid her, not exactly. It was more as if she did not quite register with him. As if she was a chair or some other furnishing, serving a purpose but not worth one's attention. Katy, who knew she was very attractive, was used to guys ogling her. The fact that Joseph barely looked at her was... well, odd.

Those gray uninterested eyes of Joseph's were all that was in Katy's psyche as an orgasm crashed through her tiny body. Katy rode that sensation, her body straining and arching as she held onto that feeling of ecstasy, feverishly rubbing until her pussy was raw. Then, when she could hold on no longer, the feeling broke over her and she fell back onto the bed, panting, exhausted, but still feeling slightly unsatisfied. Katy closed her dual-hued eyes still thinking about Joseph's gray ones. Unconsciousness overtook her. The alarm woke her the next morning, the harsh orange light of the clock bringing her into reality. It had not been a restful sleep.

In her first week with Joseph, Katy was finding herself more and more intrigued by her new boss. He seemed so in control of everything around him, but also as if he was above it all. He dealt with her patiently as she learned what was required of her. Katy found herself grateful for the civility with which he treated her, but also found his aloofness disturbing.

Katy was a hotly passionate person. Her emotions were often erratic but they were where her motivations originated. That drive had served her well in life.

Joseph was the polar opposite. He was always cool and deliberate in what he did. He went through the day in an emotionless – almost ritualistic – way. He also always dealt with people respectfully, but dispassionately. Katy wondered if it was because he had started out in the medical field as a surgeon before becoming a pharmaceutical executive. Cutting people open for a living might make one more indifferent, she reasoned.

The week had gone by in a blur. In that first week, Katy learned that Joseph woke early every morning to workout at a gym for an hour before coming to work. He often stayed late, and she was required to do the same. Katy found she did not mind this. Despite his detachment, there was something she found calming and safe about Joseph, and she liked being near him. She could use the overtime at any rate.

On Friday of that first week, Joseph informed her that neither she – nor anyone else – was to attempt to contact him until Monday. It would be her duty to hold his calls and delay clients until then. Katy almost felt like protesting. She was already working more than she had planned and did not want to also have responsibilities on weekends. But, as he requested that no one was to contact him, she saw he was looking at her -- really looking at her. Inside those gray orbs there was something she had not seen in them at any other time during that first week, a sense of pleading and... almost desperation.

Katy had found Joseph's detachment unsettling, but to suddenly see him uncharacteristically vulnerable like this was even more disquieting. She stared back into his eyes and slowly nodded. She could feel the sense of relief flood over him as she did, then the control was back. He turned away and busied himself to finish for the weekend. Not looking at her way again.

Katy was relieved that Joseph left work right on time on Friday. He almost seemed to be in a hurry to leave, which was the opposite of how he had operated every other day that week. However, Katy was not about to complain. She had a dinner plans with her one friend in this city, Camilla. It was going to be a “girl’s night out” and Katy was looking forward to letting go. Working for Joseph was intriguing, but she also found it somewhat stifling.

“He’s obviously gay.” Camilla was dark-skinned dark-haired with striking dark eyes, her family originally from India. Camilla didn’t go to the children’s section for her clothing, but to the Big and Tall store. Camilla was quite large, six-foot-one, and superbly voluptuous at 46-36-48. Pale and lithe Katy, 30-22-31, was quite a contrast to her huge dark-skinned friend, who was currently on her third cosmopolitan.

“What?” Katy replied partially in shock and partially because the noise in the club was quite loud and she wasn’t sure she’d heard right.

Camilla brought the cocktail glass to those big sensual lips that Katy had always been so jealous of before responding. “Your boss. He’s a repressed homosexual.” Despite Camilla’s slight intoxication she still managed to perfectly pronounce the word “homosexual;” her enunciation of each syllable impeccable.

Katy was shocked. They had come to this club under the pretense of trying to pick up guys, but really Camilla had wanted to hear all about Katy’s new job, and why her friend had been unavailable all week. Katy had started to tell Camilla about her work. But, after her friend had bought her a few drinks, Katy had ended up talking almost exclusively about Joseph.

“Why would you say such a thing?” Katy was upset, but she wasn’t sure why.

“El-oh-el, Katy. It’s obvious the way you describe him. A doctor but never married? I’d have guessed he was a perv, but even a pedophile would be checking you out.” Camilla was being good-natured in her comment. She was always teasing Katy, claiming she looked like a twelve year-old girl. For her part Katy was always teasing Camilla, claiming she was fat. Both girls were comfortable in their respective body types and such insults held no sting for either of them.

However, for some reason, Katy found this time something about Camilla’s comment greatly bothered her. Three Grey Goose Martinis deep, she mustered a weak “He’s not!”

Camilla normally enjoyed teasing her friend, but something about Katy’s protests let her know she was crossing some line Camilla had not realized was there. Also, Camilla was a little surprised Katy wasn’t doing better in the conversation. Despite the discrepancy in their sizes there was no question that between them Katy could hold her liquor better – and by no means was Camilla a slouch in that department.

“Come off it, Katy. I’m just going by what you said. You kept making comments like how you ‘found his aloofness disturbing’. You said it yourself: he never checked you out the whole week.”

“Maybe he’s a just a real gentlemen,” Katy rebutted, taking another long drink from her cocktail glass.

Camilla could not help but let out a boisterous laugh at that. “Come on, Katy.” Then she swept her dark piercing eyes around the crowded room. “Those two guys in the corner have been trying to get up the nerve to talk to use for the last ten minutes. I think the short one is kinda cute. Why don’t you take the tall one?”

“No,” Katy replied curtly, but then saw her friend’s worried reaction. “Look, Camilla, I’ve had a long week. Thanks for the drinks, but I’m gonna hafta bail on you early tonight.”

Camilla’s full lips formed a textbook example of a pout. Disappointedly she just shrugged.

Katy finished her drink and got up to leave, at that moment the smaller of the two guys Camilla had referred to had finally made his way to them. As Katy stood up she bumped right into him. His dark drink almost spilled all over her baby-blue dress, but in a blur of reflexes and dexterity he managed to save both the cocktail and her garment. “I... um... I’m Richard,” he said extending his hand. He was at eye level with Katy, maybe an inch shorter with her heels on.

Katy regarded him coolly, and was about to just push past when Camilla rose up behind her. The towering dark woman weighed more than two of Katy combined. Coming closer, Camilla loomed large over both of them and looked down at the fit little man. “That was quite a display. Think you can handle a real woman?” Camilla’s yellow dress hung on to her curves for dear life, her wide hips and bosom on full display.

“I... oh... um...” but before he could let out another syllable Camilla was leading him to the dance floor.

Katy let out a sigh and was about to be on her way when she heard: a “And I am Joe,” from behind her. She spun around her heart aflutter, but was disappointed to see it was just the taller of the two. Katy’s blue and green eyes looked into this man’s brown ones, both pairs of spheres regarding the other coolly. This man was tall, handsome, and well built, like Joseph. More, there was something in the way he held himself that reminded her of Joseph.

“Ah, hell,” she thought, “You only live once.”

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In her bed, their bodies slick with effort, Katy rode Joe. Like a champion stallion he bucked underneath her while her petite white body labored above him. Her blue and green eyes were tightly shut, her pale skin flush with pleasure. Soon, Joe found he was just trying to hold on as Katy used him for her own feverish desires. Her actions going from that of lovemaking, to just sex, to something far more... almost bestial in its intensity. Her eyes closed the whole time as she hugged herself; the sounds of ecstasy she was emitting were so fierce, it was as if they threatened to rip her tiny body apart.

“Oh, Joseph!” she roared in elation. At that cry of joy, her body instantly went rigid as she realized what she was doing – or, more exactly, whom she was doing. Her bright eyes flew open in something that could only be described as a kind of desperate madness.

Joe, who at this point was beginning to worry for his safety – so potent had been this stranger’s passion – was completely bewildered by this complete reversal of attitude, as his heatedly limber partner suddenly went coldly stiff after crying out what he could only assume was his name.

“Out!” Katy screamed at him pointing to the door as she went to one side covering herself with her sheets.

In a panic, poor Joe rolled off the bed and desperately flung on his pants with the condom still on, not knowing what else to do. Hurriedly gathering his shoes as he made it to the door. He did manage to regain his senses enough to let out: “You’re crazy, bitch!” before the baleful glare he received sent him scurrying from Katy’s apartment.

When he was gone, Katy’s tears shook her slim body as her stern demeanor fell apart. Her face twisting as she covered it in her hands. She let out a wail. “I... need...” she sobbed, “I... love... my boss. I... want... Joseph.” And with that confession spoken aloud her anguish recessed. She fell back onto the bed and tried to sleep. Gray eyes watched her in her imagination.

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The fat man in the corner of the bus was staring at Katy again as she reflected on her life.

It had been many weeks since Katy had first realized she was in love with her boss, Joseph Jocelyn. She thought that epiphany would bring her solace, but it had only resulted in sorrow. He was quickly becoming an unhealthy obsession, an unreachable desire. Katy desperately wanted Joseph to acknowledge her as a woman, but she simply could not get him to notice her the way... well, the way that degenerate in the corner was noticing her. Once she even wore her sluttiest dress to work to no effect (she had taken a taxi that day).

Katy had worried that Camilla's observations had been correct. That maybe Joseph was simply gay, but even that explanation did not seem to fit. In those long weeks Katy had never seen Joseph check out anyone, male or female. Last night Katy had found on an Internet search, that one percent of the population was aromantic, as in asexual: having no sexual attraction to other people at all. Katy was starting to despair that this might be the case with Joseph.

Part of her knew she was just being silly. That Joseph was most likely simply a true gentleman who was able to hide his real emotions or even think about fraternizing with subordinates. But, another part of her – the emotional part – would not accept it. It was raging against her reason, driving her obsession ever deeper. She was being to think of Joseph as her man, even though he had never given her a second glance. The fact that they worked so intimately together was only making it worse.

Finally, the bus ride was over and Katy could escape the prying eyes of the lout in the corner seat. Katy made her way past the security guard and took the elevator to the forty-fourth floor as usual. This Monday morning however, Katy was surprised to find that Joseph was already in and he was talking to some woman. Suddenly, Katy was flooded with relief while simultaneously almost overwhelmed with spite.

Joseph was looking at this woman, really looking at her; lewdly staring at this woman exactly as that man on the bus had stared at Katy.

The woman had not really registered in Katy's brain when she had entered the office; Joseph, as always, was her focus. However, if this woman held her man's gray eyes, then she had earned Katy's attention as well as her animosity.

This woman before her was unlike any Katy had seen in the office before. Anyone could see she was in the business of adult entertainment; Katy was in the mood to just jump to the conclusion she was some variety of whore. She wore stiletto heels, heavy make-up, and a red dress that left nothing to the imagination. Not that she would have been able to hide her most noticeable assets with a trench coat. The woman had ludicrously large breasts; so round and firm that anyone looking at them could instantly tell they were fake. Audaciously, the woman's lips were so full they seemed to be in a permanent pout. If Katy had not already held contempt for this woman she would have.

But, Joseph clearly did not. Katy could now see on which part of the woman his gaze was transfixed: her cleavage. They stuck far out from the rest of her body. The red dress was having great difficulty containing that expansive bosom and the woman kept having to adjust it.

"P... Please..." Joseph was stuttering. "Please, don't visit me at work," Joseph pleaded.

The scene was so surreal to Katy. Her obsession, Joseph, who was always in control of every situation was now shuddering and stammering and, worse still, begging some

whore to leave. It was too much. Katy felt dizzy, but she gathered herself together. Joseph needed her to do her job.

"I'll call security," Katy said coolly.

"NO!" That violent reaction from the emotionless Joseph was the strangest thing that Katy had witnessed in this unreal morning. Joseph seemed to regain himself a little after that shout. "Alexis was j... just leaving." Joseph's demeanor was imploring.

The woman, now Alexis, looked at Katy and then back at Joseph. "Yeah, sure Doc. See you Friday." She turned and then used her plump lips to blow him a kiss over her exposed shoulder.

Alexis strutted out, looking at Katy the way one might regard a dead fish as she passed.

When they were alone Katy asked contemptuously, "Who was that woman?"

"J... just get me my coffee, Kate." Joseph was still not himself.

However, when Katy returned with the coffee Joseph was back in full control.

Matter-of-factly, as she handed him his coffee, Joseph said: "Sometime today I would like you find out how that woman managed to get into this building." His dispassionate demeanor had completely returned.

Katy nodded acknowledgment, but she already knew how a woman like that had gotten past the rent-a-cops downstairs.

That week Katy had a new obsession. She simply had to know what her Joseph was doing with a *whore* like that. She even went as far as to try to get into Joseph's computer while he was at a meeting. But, unlike in the movies, this proved to be a hopeless task. Yet, fortune was with her: while she sat in his chair struggling to guess an unguessable password, she noticed that Joseph had left his date book behind on his desk.

Joseph was a little old fashioned and she knew he had all of his plans written in this little black book. He normally kept it exclusively in his front coat pocket and she had only seen him take it out to write in or to read out of. The fact that it was now sitting in front of her was a stroke of unparalleled luck. She opened it and was greeted with a very detailed blueprint of Joseph's day-to-day life.

She already knew what he did Monday morning through Friday afternoon by heart. There was his gym and work schedule, everything she knew already. However, the weekends were a complete mystery to her. They seemed to be as full as the rest of his days. Katy had just assumed that Joseph liked being alone on weekends. However, it seemed his weekends were also booked, but Katy found she was having trouble

deciphering what it all meant. Katy didn't know how much time she had, but she was not about to be caught. So she simply took the book to the copy machine with the plan of copying the next month of Joseph's life and figuring out what it meant later.

As she opened the book to do just that, a business card fell out of it. It read "Madam Mammary's Escort Service" with a crude black and white drawing of two boobs. In any other situation Katy would have laughed out loud, but instead she just put the card on the copy machine in a stupor. Still unable to fully process all she was learning this week about her Joseph.

Katy put everything back in place long before the meeting was finished, and except for a quickened pulse and high anxiety, she was unscathed. Katy waited until that night to study what she had copied from Joseph's book. She wished she had known the meeting would run late so she could have gotten more. It was the end of November and what she did have went almost to the end of December. She was able to quickly decipher that Joseph seemed to go out with Alexis every Friday. The rest she found more or less incomprehensible. What he did on Saturdays and Sundays seemed to vary greatly, or it least it was something different in the weeks she had managed to copy.

Katy cancelled her Friday plans with Camilla to tail Joseph. Camilla expressed her concern at her friend's actions, but at this point Katy was implacable.

Friday night Katy left work, went down stairs, and called a cab. From the book she knew where and when Joseph was meeting Alexis.

It was an upscale eatery. Joseph arrived first, smartly dressed; then Alexis strutted in. Her exhibitionistic green dress looked completely out of place in the high-class restaurant, but no more than her hugely spherical breasts. Well, 'breasts' was not the right descriptor, thought Katy. If anything could and should be referred to as 'boobs' these were it. Katy had never cared about breasts before. Having none of her own to speak of, she had never even really gone bra shopping. She had no real understanding or vocabulary to accurately describe these monstrous assets of Alexis outside of "unnaturally humongous boobs."

Alexis' exaggerated boobs were fully on display, flaunted expertly in front of her man. This seemed to be what Joseph was paying for, more than the expensive dinner. Katy almost did not recognize her boss in this situation. While she could not hear what was being said and – of course – couldn't read lips, she did sense that Joseph was being uncharacteristically submissive, as well as shamelessly staring at the mounds of fake flesh being flourished before him

At the start Katy was very excited at this, her first attempt at espionage, but soon realized how mind-numbly boring it was. She was across the street watching them eat dinner. The meal dragged on, and while it seemed like Joseph and Alexis were having a fine time, Katy was stuck outside in the cold November air; stuck eating a hotdog she had purchased for dinner. Then, to add insult to injury, it started to rain. She had no

protection against the cold uncaring onslaught of the elements. She was still in her work clothes and heels. In the cold rain her day-old make-up was starting to run.

Katy was determined to stick it out; at least she was until an image of Alexis and Joseph encountering her in this state flashed through her imagination. In her mind's eye she could see them both ridiculing this wet dejected girl before them. Joseph looking at her with cool disapproval while Alexis simply laughed at this bedraggled would-be rival. This image made her flee into the night, back to her warm apartment and away from the odd couple in the window. She did not sleep well; her dreams decided the motif of the night was embarrassment.

After a fitful rest, in the new morning Katy reflected on all of what she had been exposed to that week. She needed to know what was happening between Joseph and Alexis. She needed to understand why Joseph would be associating with a woman like that. Well, Katy was beginning to understand why. For obvious reasons Katy had never gotten to know a "breast man" intimately before, but she knew *of* them. Joseph, as Katy was starting to realize, was apparently an extreme case.

Still, Katy needed more details. She could barely imagine confronting Joseph about all this, but realized there was at least one other person she could attempt to get the information from.

Katy looked at the copy image of the business card for "Madam Mammary's Escort Service," with her mismatched eyes. The crude black and white drawing of two huge boobs looked back at her. Sighing, she picked up her phone and dialed the number.

It turned out getting Alexis to make a house call was not only very expensive, but openings in her work schedule were scarce. Money was to be paid upfront and it wasn't until the end of December on a Sunday that Katy was able to reserve an hour with Alexis. Katy was not happy about this for many reasons, mostly because she loathed giving Alexis any of her hard-earned money, but knew of no other way to get time with her alone.

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Katy bucked in her bed. Intense, incomprehensible emotions railed through her frail frame. Pleasure so powerful there could be no escape from it. She felt the weight – the person above her – thrusting into her. She was having the dream again. Despite her descent into depravity, this time she tried to hold on; desperately trying to keep what was happening in this cacophony of debauchery in her mind; trying to force herself to experience it all. She would remember when she woke this time; she would finally be able to explain what was happening. But, as her waking state started to grip her, she could feel the memory slip through her fingers. Desperately she tried to bring the images to the forefront of her thoughts, but her reason rejected the fragmented imaginings. Her own rational mind negated any attempts to assault it with the memory of the erotic nightmare.

Breathlessly she came fully awake, and as always, she only had the vaguest impressions of the dream. The impassable ecstasy, the insurmountable need, and the weight; that was all.

Panting and attempting to recover from her nightly ordeal, Katy tried to focus. Today was the day she was meeting Alexis. The days before had all passed in a blur. Sleep, bus ride, and work with Joseph on some new hormonal recovery product. Then, at week's end, out with Camilla when all Katy could do was talk about Joseph. Katy was trying to come to grips with her new understanding of her boss, but this intrigue only made Joseph more intriguing to her. Camilla was convinced that Katy was losing her mind. While Katy loved Camilla like a sister, she knew there were some things even family could not fathom.

Katy bused herself tidying up her apartment thinking about just what she would say to Alexis. At 6 sharp, the doorbell rang. It seemed that Alexis was right on time.

Katy looked through the fisheye lens of the peephole and saw nothing on the other side of the door but cleavage. But, based on the expansive size and perfectly round shape Katy knew it could only be Alexis.

She opened the door and the call girl strutted in not even looking to see who opened the door. Her 6-inch stiletto heels clicking on the tiled floor. Her red sequined dress fighting over every inch of her body, a fight her ample bosom constantly seemed on the verge of winning. Her long, almost sharp, nails were also painted red matching her red purse, which was full of something. Everything about this woman screamed sex from her pert lips to her odoriferous perfume.

Still without looking at Katy Alexis said, "They told me it was a woman this time. I brought some toys in case you don't have any." She patted her purse. "Now," she said turning around. "We've some ground rules to go.... Oh, it's you." She finished unenthusiastically seeing Katy by the door.

Alexis seemed less than thrilled. "They said it was a woman that called, not a little girl." Her long-nailed fingers leafed through her purse and Katy could see all manner of colorful dildos and huge vibrators inside it, but it was a cigarette that Alexis produced. "I'm guessin' I'm not here for a real house call. You're tryin' to get dirt on your boss." It was a statement not a question.

Katy had kept the door open during all this, but now seemed to regain some of her sense and shut it. "Dirt?" She asked.

"Yeah, you plannin' on blackmailin' him or somethin'? Looking for a promotion. You're a good little go-getter."

“No... I’m... I... I just want know more about him.” Alexis’ allegations, smell, and appearance – as well as her bag of toys – had thrown Katy off. Her carefully rehearsed questions fleeing her mind like a memory of a bad dream.

“Oh,” said Alexis sarcastically, “then you came to the right place.” Despite how unwieldy her long nails must be, she expertly lit the cigarette. Trying to focus, Katy didn’t have the presence of mind to tell her not to smoke.

Alexis held the lit cigarette nonchalantly as she sat down and crossed her legs. She continued, “I could tell you all about the doc. I could tell you why he can’t do surgeries no more. I could tell you about his personal body issues.” She leaned forward conspiratorially. “Hell, I could even tell you why he don’t let anyone – not even me – call him ‘Joe.’” Alexis held the cigarette to her full, lovely, luscious lips and took a long drag. Everything this woman did seemed sexual, but this action was over-the-top in that regard. Then Alexis slowly blew the smoke into the room, and the smell mingled with her perfume causing Katy to almost feel like she was choking.

“But, why should I?” Alexis leaned back. “The doc is one of my best customers. I ain’t about to bite the hand, and all that.”

The smoke was not helping Katy’s addled wits. “I don’t want to blackmail him. I just... I just... I could pay you?”

Alexis let out a haughty laugh. “You think whores are stupid or somethin’? You mistakin’ us for Johns. I’m not going to trade a steady source of income for a one shot deal, unless yer goin’ pay me for life, and we both know you ain’t.” Alexis got up, taking another drag; she put the stub of the lit cigarette on the tiled floor and ground it out with her foot. Then she adjusted her dress, as it looked like her boobs would pop out.

“No, you ain’t got nothin’ I want. I’ll be leavin’. I’d offer you a refund, but we don’t do those.” She started to strut to the door, her heels clicking with every step.

Katy felt the panic only complete desperation could bring. “No, please!” She grabbed the call girl’s arm. Alexis was about to try and throw her off, but Katy sank to her knees. “Please, please, I... I love him... Just... Just tell me...” and she broke down in sobs.

Alexis responded to this outpouring of emotion with a cold sneer, but as the crying continued her face softened a bit. Rolling her eyes she said, “Oh lord, you do have it bad don’t you girl? Com’ on, com’ on stand up. Cryin’s only good if you’re trying to get extra out of ‘em.” She helped Katy to her feet. Katy started to get a hold of herself, ashamed of her outburst in front of this woman.

Alexis took out another cigarette. “You’d think me, of all people, would be immune to that sorta thing.” Alexis sighed. “Look, let me level wit ’cha, you’re not goin’ to get the doc. He hired you because he knew that there was no way he’d ever be attracted to you.”

Katy's hand snaked out to slap Alexis across the face, but Alexis caught it and held tight to Katy's thin wrist as she tried to pull away. Alexis sharply looked into Katy's bright blue eye and dark green eye. Then she let go, stood up and walked towards the door, cigarette still in her other hand.

"Hittin's extra," Alexis said nonchalantly. "Look, you're a rail, a stick, a post. It's not a insult; it's a fact. And the only kinda post the doc's ever gonna want is one with two balloons nailed to it." She spun around and grabbed her two huge round tits with her hands, her lit cigarette between two fingers. "You want the doc; you can have him for all I care, but you're not going to get him without these." Obscenely, Alexis squeezed her whoppers to punctuate her words.

"Here," Alexis rummaged around in her purse again as her cigarette ashed. "Take this card; he did me. Now you're definitely not getting any refund." She handed the card to Katy and with that she strutted out of the apartment.

Katy looked at the card a little stupefied. It was, of course, the number of a plastic surgeon who clearly specialized in Breast Augmentation. Looking at the card, Katy deliberately and meaningfully ripped it in half. "We'll see about that," was all she said.

* * * * *

Time had been moving quite quickly for Katy. Much of her new life in the city had begun to pass as a blur. She would wake from her restless dreams to a hot shower and a long bus ride to work and Joseph. The daily grind that had become her routine in the long months she has been working. However her meeting with Alexis had awakened her. She knew she needed to act on her feelings. Subtlety and subterfuge were not the way to a man's heart. Katy knew that men – even a man like Joseph – were simple creatures. They responded best to the direct approach.

Katy resolved herself to such a course of action in order to win him – who she knew would be her man. The holidays were almost upon her and this week was the company Christmas party. That was the day Katy planned for her offensive.

Katy woke up early to have plenty of time for her makeup. But, first she took a long shower, after which she weighed herself; 98lbs. Then she got ready for the party paying special attention to her long black hair. After her shower she combed it meticulously until it shinned, flowing off her slight pale shoulders and down her back.

Then, using a heavy base she took special care that day to really paint her face. Dark mascara, eye shadow, and liner made a potent contrast with her bright dual-colored eyes, highlighting her youth. Her nails she alternated a green and red; Christmas was the theme after all. Lastly Katy applied bright red lipstick making her lackluster lips seem as full and pouty as she could. That day she also wore a heavy trench coat as she

made her way to work. On the bus she clutched that coat tightly shut, acutely aware of her deep blush under her heavy makeup as the man in the corner leered.

Making her way on red and green high-heels, she entered the building taking the elevator to the forty-fourth floor. As planned, she had arrived fashionably late and the party was in full swing. A quick scan of the room revealed that the normal happenings at such an event were occurring, from the over enthusiastic drunkard to the couple slipping away for what was sure to be a regretted activity. However, as Katy walked around the room – her long coat still firmly in place – could not find Joseph.

As she scanned more and more of the party she began to get desperate. It was quite possible that Joseph was not even in the building, but finally, in a flash of insight, she realized the obvious. Katy hurried out of the party area.

There, alone, in his office Katy found him. He was, of course, sitting at his desk working while everyone else was at the party. He looked up as Katy walked in. Katy understood this was her moment; here while she had her love all to herself. There at the doorway, Katy stately stepped out of her coat. Her young supple body fully exposed as the coat fell in a crumple to the floor.

Katy was completely naked, her small nipples hard and red in the cold air of the office. Her youthful hairless body was on full display as she stepped like a queen across the room. Lithe and graceful, she oozed confidence as she walked to Joseph, who stood up in shock. Strutting on her green and red high heels, she was still just under a foot shorter than him. She pressed her pale radiant skin against Joseph's suit. Her toned youthful body against his fit, weathered one. She looked seductively into his dull gray orbs. Her big mismatched eyes conveying her visceral intentions more succinctly than any words ever could. There for a long moment she held his gaze; her sweet breath on his lips.

Tentatively, femininely, she slid her delicate hand against his chest. Her deep red and bright green nails accentuated against his white shirt. Then – boldly – still staring meaningfully at him, she slid her other hand down his pants.

With that action Katy's eyes went wide in shock.

Joseph was soft as satin. He was not even a little aroused by what he was witnessing. Still looking into his eyes Katy, who had been caught up in her own feelings, finally realized what was in the look he was giving her. In horror Katy realized Joseph wasn't looking at what was there, but what was not. All he could see was her nonexistent breasts.

Unamused, his gray eyes pierced through her, as if she was meaningless. Katy felt suddenly ashamed and had an overwhelming urge to cover herself, but she knew it was far, far too late for that. All she could do was pull away and hang her head, her body again speaking her feelings of dejection far more accurately than words.

Joseph's uninterested eyes looked away and he sat back down at his desk, his attention turning completely from her to his work. "It would be too much trouble to train someone else," he said with no emotion at all, which Katy found worse than wrath. Continuing in that off handed voice, "Do not come back until the second, and when you do, I expect you to have regained your professionalism."

Hurriedly, Katy wrapped her coat tightly around herself and did not stop running until she was outside of the building, not even when one of her heels broke. Her hot tears quickly cooled as they smeared her painted face. Those bitter tears trailed streaks of dark eyeliner under her coat and down her naked body. It had started to snow and Katy felt a great cold chilling her very being.

In the freezing night air of late December the feelings of rejection and lonesomeness were almost too great a burden for her mind to bear. She could feel herself breaking under that weight, the pain twisting inside her. Heavy sobs filled the dark as her tiny chest heaved. She looked to the sky as the snowflakes swirled around her, as if asking 'why?' In the dark of the night only those snowflakes close to her could be seen. It was as if the flecks of white were born spontaneously from the black.

She stumbled home that night, walking all the way to her apartment; with her heels broken she might as well have been barefooted. Her pale skin seemed to become paler as it was exposed to the elements; losing color to the cold and becoming almost ice itself. Trudging along with smeared makeup and her heavy coat, she appeared homeless and the callous denizens of the city paid her no mind.

Naked except for her coat and half mad with emotional anguish, she barely knew how she made it home, but she did. The night's chill had touched her in ways unimagined. She had taken some of it into herself and now felt an icy frost deep within her.

Not even bothering to try to warm herself, Katy found refuge from the pain there in her home; her heart frozen solid and broken. Yet, in that bitterness she found strength and resolve. The only thing she remembered from the walk home was looking up into the spinning snow as the flakes fell into her dark lashes. She remembered as a child doing the same in the wintry night, watching a thousand points of light moving in the darkness.

When she was younger she imagined a method behind those shining pieces of white; a hand guiding the seemingly random movements of those gleaming specks of uniqueness as they floated in the void. But, tonight, as she looked to the sky asking why, she realized it was not the snow that held the pattern and purpose, it was the void beyond. The cold and absence was where the design lay. Meaning was not in the movement of those glittering specks of ice, but in the space between them. Only in the emptiness was reason to be found.

Not within the light, but within the dark.

It was from there Katy drew her new strength. A course of action slowly formed in the wake of the turmoil. Chaos becoming purpose once more, but now forever changed by tragedy. Cold, empty, and dark.

Katy's frozen tears had not yet dried as she fished the card Alexis had given her out of the trash. She dialed the number immediately upon piecing the ripped halves together. She kept mumbling to herself as she did.

* * * * *

Katy was not nervous at her first consultation with Doctor Miller; she was determined. Katy, as one could no doubt guess, knew very little about breasts in general and even less about breast augmentation. That was a particular part of her anatomy she had done her best to ignore. Katy wore bras more or less only because it was what was expected; always for comfort, never for support. But now – for Joseph – she would have to change.

The thought excited her even as it made her resolute. She felt like she was standing on the edge of a cliff, longing to jump but knowing that if she did there could be no turning back. She knew it was time to let go of her fear and make that plunge. She walked into the surgeon's building.

The receptionist was very pretty, blond and thin with curves in the right places and a beauty mark next to her pert mouth. She also had this vapid empty-eyed look to her that men find superficially attractive. She told Katy to have a seat.

The plastic surgeon's waiting room was filled with pictures of beautiful people having a beautiful time in beautiful places. Men – but mostly women – were depicted half-clothed in various wholesome activities. Playing volleyball, swimming or just lying on the beach, in all cases showing off their perfect bodies as if to say, "Don't you want your life to be like ours?"

This had no effect on Katy. She already had a body that was the envy of many, and she knew it. She was not here to make herself society's ideal and she saw these pictures for what they were: propaganda. But it was of no consequence. Let the masses change themselves for society; she was here to change herself for another reason.

She was admitted to see the nurse to have a standard physical. She was, of course, in excellent health, but they did all of the standard checks regardless. At long last, while she was wearing her hospital gown, Dr. Miller finally entered the room. He was an older man, slightly balding yet not unattractive. He warmly introduced himself. Looking at the chart in front of him for a moment he came back with warm smile and said, "So you are here inquiring about breast argumentation, is that correct?"

Katy simply nodded. "That is one of your specialties, or so a client of yours told me."

"Yes, I see you wrote down Miss Alexis as your referral. She's a fine young lady."

Katy gave him a long look of disbelief as he said that.

He uncomfortably cleared his throat. "Yes, well, let's get back to you. Do you have any idea what size you might be looking for?"

"Big," was Katy's reply.

He nodded knowingly with a hint of mocking gravitas, "I see." Then in a more realistic tone: "Anything more specific? A cup size you might be shooting for?"

"Bigger than Alexis," Katy said seriously.

Dr. Miller tried unsuccessfully to stifle a chuckle, which earned him another hard look from Katy. "Well, before we get down to brass tacks, let's see what we have to work with. Please take off your gown."

Even though the nurse had already given her a physical, he started examining her himself. "You know, normally people do a little more research before they try signing up for surgery. You mentioned to the nurse that you would want to have the augmentation done as soon as possible. I have to admit that makes me a little leery, given your answer to my question about sizes. This is not something to be taken lightly."

Katy turned to the doctor with her bright and dark contrasting eyes and said meaningfully, "I am not taking this lightly." Then, tossing her hair a little with a twist of her head and without such an air of seriousness to her: "But I also thought that the point of the consultation was to become educated. Aren't you here to explain everything to little innocent me?"

He chuckled again and motioned for her to put her gown back on. "Alright. Well, as I am sure you're already aware," he said with a wry smile, "this surgery normally involves a small incision by your armpit. We would then insert something like this." He handed her a silicone implant, which Katy had never seen before. For lack of a better description, it was a clear bag filled with what seemed to be a clear gel. It felt weird in her hands. "That's a typical 250cc fifth generation semi-solid gel implant."

"Its too small," was Katy's first response.

The doctor cleared his throat again. "Yes, well, if you're truly serious about trying to get to Alexis's size, we will need to take it in smaller steps in any case. But, let me finish with my speech and then we can go look at some pictures."

He continued: "We would make a small incision and insert this under or over your pectoralis muscle. Normally I would recommend someone of your size to insert them under the muscle, but that will depend on what overall size you are shooting for. Based

on,” he cleared his throat again, “based on what you have been saying, we probably will want to go over the muscle.

“You are relatively small busted and the distance between your nipple and the fold is quite short at 5cm. I would want to elongate that by lowering the fold. This will involve an additional incision. But, why don't we go over and start looking at a few pictures and we can start discussing sizes.”

Dr. Miller explained to Katy that instantly jumping to Alexis' size was simply impossible. Her body and skin could not handle that much of a change. Katy did start asking more questions at that point.

“So, what would the maximum cup size I could go in my first surgery?” she asked.

“Well, we don't really deal with 'cup-sizes,’” Dr. Miller explained.

“Well, good, I never really have either,” Katy said with a little chuckle. “What do you deal with?”

“We go by volume. Cup size is more of an inexact measure, you see. Different brands have different sizes and there are many other factors involved. You have a very slight band size so, if you had the same size implant as Alexis you would actually have a much larger cup size because... well, Alexis has a wider chest.”

Katy liked the sound of that. She was quickly realizing that she did not have to go overboard in this first surgery, and – in fact – couldn't. She would have to take it a little slower.

“So, you were saying before that example implant was 250cc?”

“Yes, 'CC' stands for cubic centimeter, that is how we explain sizes. We leave it up to the patient to pick out the bra that best fits them after the surgery.”

“I see,” said Katy.

Dr. Miller spent longer with Katy than he really needed to, but he found it rather enjoyable explaining everything to her. For her part she proved an adept student, quickly grasping the concepts of sizes and cubic centimeters. She learned that, on average, 250cc equated to one cup-size increase, but with her slight frame it was probably more. She also learned from the pictures she was shown how to evaluate a woman's size. The truth was she grasped this knowledge so quickly because she was a blank slate in this regard, soaking it in like a dry sponge.

By the end Dr. Miller felt quite comfortable scheduling her surgery right away. It was refreshing for him to meet a woman so interested in the subject matter; he wished his own wife were as interested in his work.

They agreed that her first augmentation would only be 450cc, which would likely bring her to a 30D or 30DD cup. They also settled on a long-term plan that would allow for larger implants later, but Dr Miller explained that she might change her mind along the way. Katy was polite about his opinion on that matter, but knew he was wrong. Price was discussed and a date was set.

Katy went out with Camilla to celebrate.

* * * * *

“You've gone insane,” Camilla exclaimed.

Camilla's reaction was not unexpected as she continued dressing Katy down in the crowded bar. “You don't see me for a month and now you want to celebrate your decision to mutilate yourself for some guy that's clearly not interested in you?”

Katy knew her friend was just trying to be honest with her, and her harsh words were meant to shock her off her current course because Camilla thought it was in her best interest.

“I love him, Camilla. And so what if I want to undergo a little surgical improvement?” Katy said defiantly as she drank her third Grey Goose Martini.

Camilla rolled her brown eyes. “How can you love him? If this was a fantasy story or something I would think he cast a spell on you. Except even that doesn't make sense since he is. Clearly. Not. Interested.” She spoke the last part slowly, punctuating each word, as if she was explaining something complex to a small child.

“He likes that whore just for her tits,” Katy retorted.

“I don't see how that helps your case about his desirability,” responded Camilla.

“You've always flaunted your breasts over me,” said Katy. “Jealous I might become bigger than you? What are you anyway? Looks to me like there is about 2,000cc in that bra.”

It was now Camilla's turn to be on the defensive. Her friends question taking her a little off guard, but she quickly recovered. “I'm a 46E. That's six feet one, 46-36-48. I'm 100% natural woman.” Camilla traced her curves with her long painted nails; her yellow dress against her dark skin showing everything, as always.

“Like I said,” Katy said matter-of-factly, “About 2,000cc.”

“What do you care?” Camilla retorted. “You've never cared about measurements before. I flaunted my boobs around all the time and I know it never bothered you. Also, this is all

real.” She squished her soft dark breast meat obscenely, her large bosom nearly popping out of her dress as she kneaded the doughy flesh. A guy at the bar that had been trying to act like he wasn't ogling her did a spit take. Camilla turned and gave him a knowing wink.

She turned back to Katy and leaned in. “You don't want breasts like these anyway,” she whispered in earnest, “they're nothing but a hassle. I'm – admittedly – a big girl and even I have trouble lugging these things around, and if I take this bra off they'd sag like bags of sand. You know that's where they get silicone, right? From sand.”

Katy looked back at the guy that was trying to clean up his drink, and his dignity. “Oh yes,” she said mockingly, “I see they cause you all kinds of trouble.” After that they both agreed to change the subject.

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Before the surgery there was one thing that Katy wanted to do. She knew that Joseph had been working on the protocol or procedures for testing a new pharmaceutical hormone that was meant to help speed recovery from surgery. Katy now understood that the faster her body could adjust to the implants the faster she could get new ones.

The hormone had been tested on animals and was almost ready for human testing. That was where Joseph came in. He was working very closely with the doctors that had produced the drug. Katy understood that Joseph had started out as hands-on doctor but for some reason had shifted to the more bureaucratic side of medicine. Why he did seemed to be something that no one was willing to talk about. However, because of his background he was an ideal mediator between the lab and the office.

Katy knew that Joseph has some of the experimental drug in a filing cabinet in his office. She knew where the key to that filing cabinet was, and – most importantly – she knew Joseph would be nowhere near the office on Saturday. She guessed that one of the reasons Joseph has asked her to find out how Alexis had gotten into the building was that he had no idea how to check something like that himself.

Katy walked into her place of work on Saturday. Clint was working the front desk, as normal. “Hey, Katy, ain't you on vacation?”

Katy swayed her hips slightly to show off her slim waist. “Yeah Clint, but I forgot something in the office, and I need it.”

Clint was checking her out. “Well, you gotta sign in if you're on vacation.” He moved the clipboard over, but was looking Katy over as he did.

Katy leaned over staring at him with her big mismatched eyes and pretended to sign. Handing it back to Clint she said. “Am I good to go?”

Clint never even looked at the paper, too busy looking at the show Katy was providing for him. "Yes, Ma'am."

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At the surgery the anesthetic quickly sent her into a sleep that was meant to be dreamless; a happy goodbye as the anesthesia took hold. But it was not to be. Whether it was a real dream or a memory of a memory, the erotic nightmare again gripped her as she slid into the drug-induced unconsciousness. But this time the dream was different. No, that's not quite right, this time Katy was different. Morality was no longer her master and her new self rode the debased feelings that cascaded through her tiny being as a surfer rides a mounting wave: by becoming part of it.

With new understanding, she knew this dream wasn't degrading as she had thought before; it was no longer forbidden. It was right. It was natural. It was purely amorous. Her essence wasn't misaligned with the pandemonium raging inside of her; it *was* her. Still visceral and primal, but now those base feelings were hers and she embraced everything, truly embraced it. Within the dream she saw the gray eyes of the one with her. Gray eyes above her as he drove into her, but they were not Joseph's. She was sure of it. He wasn't Joseph, yet, familiar, and his weight was bearing down on her as he thrust into her. But now it was not asphyxiating as it had been before; it was comforting. Over and over again his member assaulted her being; something about the profligacy of the pleasure was depraved, yet – now – Katy only reveled in it. Gone was the resistance; gone was the civility, only hedonism reigned.

She could feel herself waking. She let go of the erotic reverie holding the gray eyes of her illusory assailant and savor in her mind as she opened hers. The weight from the dream was still with her as she looked up at Dr. Miller's smiling face. It was the weight of her new assets.

"A perfect success," Dr. Miller told her. Then, a little wistfully, he said, "I have never operated on a body so... willing before. It was as if..." Then he seemed to remember himself. "A perfect success." He said again, his professionalism returning. "I would be more than happy to schedule your next appointment whenever you're ready."

Katy spent the next few days in bed recovering. It was not yet the second of January, when Joseph had told her to return. Katy's chest felt so... tight. The 450cc strained against her skin, but somehow, it also felt... right. The extra weight was welcomed; it reminded her of the dream, and she had bought several bras to help her in that regard. Her breasts were, of course, still very tender. But, to her it was the good sort of sore; the kind of ache you feel after a workout, and that was how she thought of it. This was exercise; practice for the big game. Her body needed to become ready for the future changes it would undergo, and it seemed to be sharing her anticipation of that future.

She delighted in spending time trying on the different ones she had gotten before the operation. She found that the 30D bras she had bought were simply too small to fit her.

She thought it might be fun to try stuffing her over-inflated boobies into them regardless, but as mentioned, her breasts were quite sore. She was pleased to find that her breasts fit snugly into a double-D cup, which was the upper-end of her expectations for the operation; the bigger the better after all. However, cup size was not as large a concern to her as overall volume. This was simply the first step. She needed to be bigger -- bigger than Alexis. She needed another infusion of silicone; she needed Joseph.

She did not know whether to be disappointed or excited when she stepped on the scale after a shower and it read, for the first time in her life, over 100 pounds. Well, no, not over 100 pounds, exactly 100 pounds. She looked at the dial in disbelief for a moment, before getting ready.

Men had always checked her out, but now their eyes were looking at her whole package. Also, Dr. Miller had been all too willing to schedule subsequent surgeries, but only after a few follow-up appointments. Katy was feeling impatient, but now understood the fated moves she needed to make to achieve her destiny. She felt like she was at last on the correct path.

When she was feeling better she enjoyed showing off her new self. She briefly wondered what Camilla would think when she saw her again, but that was quickly overshadowed by the more pressing thought about what Joseph would think.

Not nearly fast enough, January second came at last. Joseph had told her to come back with her professionalism regained and she was not about to wear a slut suit or some such to work. She was, however, intent on showing off her new hood ornaments. She bought a new form-fitting work dress just for this. Black and figure-hugging, it almost -- but not quite -- seemed as if it was made of leather while still being work appropriate. She had a matching set of heeled boots that laced up her thin legs. The tight dress accentuated her already overfilled bosom, however it did appear to be discreet at first glance. The black material was bent around her sizable cleavage and held by a silver clasp at the nape of her neck, leaving the stuffed flesh bare. The motif of her attire was 'tight.' She stood at the mirror applying her deep red lipstick and black nail polish, and batted her eyes as she put on her mascara. She thought that a riding crop might be more appropriate than a purse as an accessory for this black outfit, but resisted that temptation. Just before leaving, she swallowed another one of the experimental surgical recovery pills she had taken from Joseph's office. They seemed to be really working.

Oddly, Katy found the first bus ride back to work enjoyable. The fat pervert in the corner was still there, and stared even more openly than he had in the past, but Katy found it no longer gave her the creeps. She even pretended to squirm a little in her ultra-tight dress for him. She took the elevator to Joseph's office and began her new year at work.

Almost immediately in her interactions with him, Katy noticed a difference in Joseph, however small it might be. When she first walked in it seemed as if he was about to make a dispassionate comment, but then acted visibly surprised -- and a little shaken -- by her new appearance. He quickly regained his composure, but not to the extent in

which he normally held it. He never mentioned her extended vacation or talked about the missing pills. 'He might not even know they're gone,' Katy hoped.

Joseph's manner regarding her had changed. He now seemed unable to completely ignore her as he had before. His eyes, and, Katy assumed, his thoughts, continued to wander to her chest through out the day. They were small glances, but more than none as before. Katy had gotten to know Joseph quite well in the months she had worked for him, and while the change was slight it was noticeable. She was no longer a piece of furniture, but a female. At the end of the day he even apologized to her for treating her so curtly at the Christmas party. It was an aloof apology but one never the less, and about something he really needn't feel sorry for.

All Katy could think about on the bus ride home from work that day was how she needed to get bigger implants. She needed to get Joseph to treat her as she had seen him treat Alexis, and now that seemed like a distinct possibility. She just needed better weapons to win this war of the heart.

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"You've already scheduled another surgery?" Camilla did not know what to make of any of this. She had known Katy ever since freshman year of college and she did not understand this clear change that had come over her long-time friend.

"Yes, of course. The doctor said that he was amazed by how quickly I've recovered. Something about the extraordinary supple nature of my skin"

"Are all the doctors you know creeps?" Was Camilla's retort as she nervously glanced around the bar, sucking the straw in her fruity drink. For some reason the noise in the bar was bothering Camilla. She had always enjoyed going out with Katy and had always felt more confident around her, but something was different this time. She must have a new perfume or something because something about Katy's smell was making her uneasy.

"You don't want to wait a bit and adjust more to your new size?" Camilla asked as she looked around. A few guys were checking them out, but Camilla – uncharacteristically – did not really want to flirt tonight. She was also having difficulty telling which men were checking which of them out. Camilla had always prided herself with that skill, but with Katy's new body type she was less sure of herself.

"No, I need to be bigger than this." Katy grabbed her boobs in her dark red dress and shook them; they must not feel even a little sore anymore. As Katy lewdly mashed her fake melons Camilla saw one of the guys watching them eyes go wide.

Camilla was sure the guy had been checking her own body out not moments ago, now he was clearly more interested in Katy. 'Damn,' Camilla thought, 'He's cute too.'

“These are only 450cc; my next appointment will be for special-order implants that can be expanded over time with regular noninvasive surgical appointments. I'm going to be bigger than you soon. Hey,” Katy said, changing the subject, “how big do you think that girl over there is? I'm guessing 350cc.”

Camilla did not even look over. “I don't care, and I still don't understand why you do.”

This was followed by an awkward silence, which Camilla broke awkwardly. Trying to play her normal role of the two of them Camilla said, “You want to put that new body to the test on those two guys over there?”

“Maybe some other night,” Katy said. “I need to get going.”

Katy stood and confidently swaggered out of the bar in her skintight red dress. Her fake boobs looked as if they were trying to escape. Camilla did not watch Katy go; she was too busy watching the men in the bar watch Katy go.

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Dr. Miller was surprised at both how quickly his new client had wanted to schedule a new appointment and how quickly her body had adjusted to the implants. It was nothing short of miraculous. Dr. Miller was finding himself becoming smitten with this assertive young woman who not only had taken an instant interest in his craft, but had a body that seemed almost built to accommodate implants. Her creamy skin and chest had quickly compensated for the intrusion. He knew it was silly thought, but he was very eager to try a larger implants on Katy, ones that could be easily filled with saline.

In any other circumstances he would have been more cautious about this new procedure but again, there was something about this patient that made him want to try to push the limits when it came to his practice. He knew such thoughts were dangerous. It was exactly how his predecessor in this office had lost his practicing license. Dr. Jocelyn had been more than a mentor to Dr. Miller, but there had only been one outcome possible after that incident.

“Just lie back,” Dr. Miller was saying to Katy as he had these inner musings. “This will be just like before. A nice dreamless sleep.” He put the anesthetic mask on.

“Oh, but it wasn't... dreamless....” Katy tried to finish as unconsciousness came to greet her. Maybe it was the mixing of the sedative and the experimental hormones she was taking, but her sleep was anything but dreamless.

The feelings that raged inside of her as the dream gripped her was the most intense they had ever been. Again, the familiar stranger was with her, his member surging into her unremittingly. In the dreamscape his gray eyes were his only visible feature as he filled her whole being with wicked pleasure. She knew her old self resisted this; that her morals had told her this wanton want for this man was immoral. She no longer held

such petty concerns. This was perfect delight, satisfaction, and completeness. The joy threatened to tear her completely in half, and she welcomed it; the weight of him bearing down on her threatened to crush her, and she had never needed it more.

He was being so rough, so forceful. There was no pity in his movements, no niceties. He was taking her and she was his for the taking. Each thrust was hard and deliberate. His hands ravaged her body and she loved it, love him for doing it. The harder he tried to hurt her the more she wanted him to. She wanted him to rend her, to cleave her even as he had cleaved her cherry.

“My cherry...” the realization shook her being. Katy’s old morals almost reasserted themselves and the dreamscape was shaken. Everything started to fall apart. Katy was falling. She hugged herself as if to try and hold herself together. Falling... falling.... The weight was bearing down on her. Crushing her, killing her and she knew – without a doubt – she wanted it too. Suddenly, she opened her multicolored eyes.

“A perfect success,” Dr. Miller told her as he smiled down into her bright blue eye and dark green eye. Wistfully, he continued. “No, it was better than perfect it was... it was....” He seemed a little shaken as gazed at her. “Your smell...”

“My what?” Katy blinked. She was back in reality. She tried to regain herself. The weight on her chest was heavy. This surgery was to be for initially 750cc. She had been told they could safely be inflated with saline to roughly twice that and that it would take multiple visits to do just that. However, as she looked down at herself the implants looked bigger than 750cc.

“What size are these?” she asked.

Dr. Miller blinked and seemed to become clearer-headed. “Um... I overfilled them a little.” Then with a more professional tone, “You’ve been quite clear that you have no set upper limit on how large you’d like to become. I took the... liberty of filling them to 1000cc instead. As I’ve told you at our previous appointments, your body seems quite... receptive, to the implants. I hope you approve.”

“Approve? I’m delighted.” Katy reached up and hugged Dr. Miller.

The action completely shocked the doctor. “How did you.... How are you feeling? You must take it easy. You just had major surgery!”

Katy took a moment to take a mental inventory of herself. She knew she should feel completely wiped out and her chest should be hurting something fierce. But, she felt great. Her chest was a little sore – no doubt – but that was all. ‘The hormones I’ve been taking must have a cumulative affect,’ she thought to herself. But, she tried to subdue her enthusiasm.

"I feel fine," she said laying back a little, trying to act like a normal patient. "I guess I was still under the drugs or something."

Dr. Miller just eyed her. "Yes, well, I'll send the nurse in for you in a little bit."

When she was finally released back to her home Katy examined herself in the mirror. Luckily, she had already ordered some special bras at incremental sizes so she had one that fit her even though she was a cupsize or two larger than she had been anticipating. She was not even sure if she really needed a bra. With the amount of weight two 1000cc bags of silicone felt wondrous on her petite frame. She could feel the weight and the bulk on her chest. She could feel it taxing her muscles, but at the same time it wasn't. She looked at the bottle with the experimental drug. The bottle was half empty. She took out one of the pills. The pink pill looked small even in her delicate hands. She rolled it around in her palm and then, shrugging – an action that caused her overstuffed double-F cup bra to sway back and forth – she popped the pill into her small mouth. "I'm going to have to get more", Katy said to herself as she admired herself in the mirror.

Her boobs arrogantly thrust from her tiny rib-cage. Her overtaxed 30FF bra was tight against her body, and she knew this soon after the surgery squeezing her breasts into something like that should hurt, but it didn't. It felt right. She knew her volume was only a little more than half of Alexis's. She needed more to make Joseph hers.

Something was going on with Dr. Miller, too. Katy had a feeling like she could get him to speed up the schedule. More and more he seemed open to her suggestions. In the last visit he kept talking about how her body was a perfect canvas or something. She had called in sick from work for the last two days, but was now very eager to go back. She wondered how Joseph would treat her now.

This time, spontaneously, she decided to weigh herself before she got in the shower, something she had not done in years. Thrillingly, the dial did read over 100 pounds this time; she was now 102 pounds, dry.

She kept that number in her mind as she dressed after her shower. Her plain brown dress was stretched taut over her exaggerated milky bust and skintight over the rest of her perfectly pale body. Her almost completely spherical boobs were barely contained in the fabric that also clung to her thin waist further emphasizing her massive mammaries. Her hips were also small, so she almost looked like a stick with two large balloons nailed to it. The dress was basic, but that only seemed to highlight the bizarre nature of the body it held. Katy no longer needed to flaunt her assets; she would later, of course, but for now it was no longer necessary. She was huge-chested. This was a simple fact, plain as day. She even muted her makeup, except for her new pink lipstick with extra gloss. She knew her lips were her weakest feature and she need to enhance them. Other than that, her body would speak for itself.

She laughed to herself as the eyes of the pervert on the bus popped out of his fat little face. Despite her earlier thoughts about not needing to flaunt her funbags, she spent the

ride squirming. The little man simply could not contain himself and his hand went down to his pants as he watched.

When he did that, Katy – who had always pretended not to see him – looked directly at him with her mismatched eyes. “Get an eye-full, you degenerate, because you’ll never get a handful.” She did get a handful herself as she said that.

The little man’s face turned a beet red and the bus arrived at Katy’s work. She stood up, leaning over so he could see everything, and she blew him a kiss with her pert pink little mouth. He was paralyzed with embarrassment. Everyone on the bus was staring at the two as Katy sauntered off. She could feel everyone’s eyes on what she knew was her very fuckable body. She drank in the attention as she swaggered to work.

As she got to the office Joseph was at the filing cabinet. His back was toward her as she walked it.

“Kate, have you seen...” he turned and stopped dead, unable to finish his sentence.

Katy was just looking up at him, her finger in her pink mouth making her face look sweet and innocent. She blinked her long-lashed mismatched eyes at him as if to say ‘I’m confused.’ But, it was all an act.

There was a long pause and Joseph was the one who tried to break it. “H... Have... you, s.... s... s... seen....” He was having real difficulty. Katy blinked blankly at him, as if she was a child that could not understand why an adult would act as he was.

As he painfully stuttered through the sentence Katy decided to let him off the hook. Laughing, she turned around. “I’ll go get your coffee. Two sugars, right?” she asked over her shoulder, knowing of course, how he took his coffee. Inside she was gloating. She knew her breasts could be seen from the back.

When she returned Joseph had gotten over his shock, but – even by the end of the day – he did not completely recover. He could not keep his eyes off her for long, and he had real trouble holding hers for any length of time.

It was vindication for Katy. To see her object of desire finally returning her advances was completely liberating. But, she needed more. She needed to wrest control of Joseph from Alexis. She was going to ask Joseph out on a date when he would normally be going out with Alexis, and she need him to say yes. Katy did not think she could take rejection from Joseph again.

She knew that Alexis was sporting two 2,000cc implants. But, Katy also knew that with her slimmer frame she could soon have a larger cup size than Alexis. However, Katy guessed cup size might not matter to a man like Joseph; he was probably more interested in volume. She needed to be about as big as Alexis before asking him out on a weekend.

Work was very different for Katy now. She was becoming more in control than her boss. He was starting to take orders from her and was much less sure of himself around her. Best of all, the fat little pervert had stopped riding the bus.

Katy started taking her lunches with Joseph. Previously, Joseph had always eaten alone, but when she suggested they go out to a café he agreed and it became a regular date. Being the gentleman he was, he would pay. During this time, Katy went back to Dr. Miller weekly for refills, and was always able to convince him to add more than he intended. He was hesitant at first, saying that she shouldn't have been recovering as fast as she was. Katy simply pointed out that what she should be doing was pointless in the face of what she was doing; her body could handle it. And with that, in no time at all, she was pushing 1,500cc; a 30GG-cup.

At lunch, Katy inquired more about Joseph. But, he had not yet told her why he no longer practiced, and he started acting even more uncomfortable around her when she suggested she might know what he did on the weekends.

She had taken to acting cute and innocent around him, and even had started dressing the part. She knew people in the building were starting to talk, but she did not care. More importantly, Joseph seemed to not care. She could feel him becoming more and more enamored with her, especially as she grew. Today, she could tell Joseph had something he wanted to ask her.

"Um... Kate, " he started.

"I told you to call me Katy," she interrupted.

"Yes, Katy, I was wondering. My... friend – yes, friend – canceled on me this weekend and I was thinking... since we have been doing lunch so often you might want to go out to dinner with me?" There was no question as to Katy's answer. She could not wait for the weekend.

That Friday, Katy left work early to pay a visit to Dr. Miller. Katy had researched the silicone implants that he used on her. Using her position with Joseph's company, Katy had gotten the official specs on the implants. She knew Dr. Miller had told her they the implants could be safely filled to twice their original size, but they were speced for more than that.

Wearing a stretchy Hooter's® t-shirt and cut-off jeans, Katy made an unannounced visit to Dr. Miller's office. The vacant blue-eyed receptionist stared at Katy when she entered. "You're not due for another appointment today."

Katy looked at the girl in front of her over her expanded chest. "Where is Dr. Miller?"

The girl blinked with her vapid expression. "In his office."

Katy just walked past her; the girl seemed incapable of responding.

Katy marched into Dr. Miller's office, holding the copies to the specs of her implants. She slammed them on his desk. She pretended not to notice that Dr. Miller had been trying on a bra over his shirt. Mortified, Dr. Miller looked up, putting the sample bra away. "Katy? What... What are you doing here?"

"When are my special order implants coming in?" Katy asked.

"T... tomorrow, but I can't put them in then..."

Katy sighed. Not enough time anyway, she thought. She said, "I need another refill with these then." She pushed her 1,500cc boobs forward.

"Y... you can't. They're at the limit." Dr. Miller was off balance.

"No, they're not." Katy raised the spec sheet and read: "Generation 6 fillable saline implants can be safely filled to over 3 times their starting size. This committee suggests that the recommend value be set at twice their starting size."

"W... where did you get that document?" Dr. Miller had stood up and was backing away from Katy as if she was possessed.

Katy advanced as he retreated and back into the wall behind his desk. "I work with Dr. Joseph Jocelyn and I have accesses to things like this."

"You work with... who?" Dr. Miller turned white at the mention of that name.

Katy was half-a-foot shorter than Dr. Miller and she looked up at him as she pushed him against the wall with the presence of her overflowing bosom, her Hooters[©] t-shirt already straining against the mass it contained. She tugged on his tie. "You're going to fill me up some more," she stated matter-of-factly.

"N... No... I've been pushing it already. No one should... no one can... jump sizes like you have." Sweat beaded on his forehead.

"Yet, I have," Katy said magnanimously as she spread her thin arms wide, her spherical breasts suspended out from her tiny frame. Her shirt edged up as her bare waist become fully exposed. "We both know I can take whatever you can give. But, if you're so worried about how hard you've been pushing me then you'd better do as I ask. If you don't I might have to report you to the Medical Board. Who knows? You might lose your certification."

"No!"

“Yes. Now get pumping.”

Dr. Miller hung his head in defeat.

She had wished that Dr. Miller had filled her up to 2,250cc. She knew the implants could take it – as she could – but he said that 2,000cc was all he was willing to go, no matter how she had threatened him. She felt fine after the surgery. Dr. Miller did not even know how to respond as she just got up after it and walked out. Her shirt barely contained her new massive cups, as the bottom of the strained pale round flesh could be seen. She felt great. The hormones were really working now, however she was running out of the pink pills; she needed to get more.

Camilla’s natural 2,000cc breasts put her at a 46E, and Katy could guess that Alexis was probably a 38G with her 2,000cc implants. Katy however – with her petit figure and her overfilled 2,000cc boobs – was now solidly an H-cup.

Katy weighed herself after her shower again, and laughed as the dial spun to 108 pounds. “I must be getting fat,” she said mockingly as she held her ultra-thin 21-inch waist under her expanded bust.

In anticipation of her dinner date with Joseph that night, Katy put on a checkered dress that was closer to a Catholic schoolgirl’s uniform. But, with Katy’s huge artificial breasts she was clearly not a schoolgirl. She even put her long dark black hair into pigtails. Katy put on a blue-checkered knee-high stocking on her pale thin right leg, which was the side with her green eye. On her left leg, she put on green-checkered knee-high stocking. She folded her white top over her pale 2,000cc boobs. The knot she tied was made to make her breasts seem to further thrust out. Her slim waist was fully exposed – if you could see past her mammoth mammaries. Her nails were a glittering violet. As she put on black heels, she felt like something was missing. Katy thought that neon pink lipstick and bubble gum would complete the ensemble. She knew Joseph would not mind such extravagance, since Alexis had worn a slut dress on the date when she had watched them.

He took her to the same upscale restaurant that she had seen them. And, ironically, the date went much the same. Joseph more or less spent the evening hypnotized by Katy’s expanded deep cleavage. He seemed to almost be studying it. Katy’s boobs bulged out of her shirt and once or twice she squeezed her arms together, which made Joseph’s eyes bulge out of his head. When they were ready to leave Katy said she had never seen Joseph’s apartment and asked if she could. Still seemingly in a boob trance, he simply nodded.

Katy had indeed never been to or seen Joseph’s apartment; it was, of course, much nicer than her own. The carpet was a deep brown and the couches were leather. Katy decided now was the time – in this more intimate setting – to start talking about the subject that was clearly foremost in Joseph’s mind: her formidable assets.

“Do you like them?” Katy asked as she wiggled them in front of him. The question was obviously rhetorical. Joseph just nodded as Katy continued. She stuck one finger in her mouth as she did and pulled out part of her chewing gum. Her other hand idly twirled her left pigtail. Arching her back, her huge bust bulged outward. “Ya’h know, I got them for you.”

Joseph looked into her mismatched eyes for the first time that evening. “Y... you did?”

“Oh, sure.” Katy put her gum back in her mouth and started chewing, her pert pink lips moving as she started to undo the knot holding back her breasts. “I followed you and Alexis one night.”

Her shirt dropped to the floor and her overfilled bra holding its extremely overflowing contents came full into view. Pale mega-meatbags of amplified cleavage and flowing flesh. The white bra almost could not contain what it held as Katy’s boobs seemed to struggle to free themselves. They almost popped from her small body, round, white, and towering.

“Y... you did?” Joseph was like a deer in headlights as Katy’s headlights came into view. They still were contained in her bra, but it was clearly too small. While she had supplied herself with several larger sizes, Katy did not have any H-cups on hand. She was wearing a GG-cup and it was just about to give. The white material was cutting into her newly expanded white flesh. She knew it should have been excruciating, but all it felt for her was wonderful. That was not to say it did not hurt, but the feeling of that bra painfully compressing her newly stretched skin was energizing. Pressure within, pressure without; Katy felt like she was ready to explode with aching exhilaration.

Arching her back, she thrust her whoppers forward. “Yes, I did this for you.” She could see his pants were also straining to contain what they held. Pressure within, pressure without; and she was sure he had been hard the whole night. Waiting for this moment of release. “There’s 2,000cc of silicone and saline.”

“Two... 2,000cc...” Joseph blinked as if suddenly doing calculations, “a... and your first operation would have been... have been...”

“Do you like them?” Katy asked again, slowly swaying them, and then giving her whole body a shake. Her pigtails wobbling back and forth while her boobs bounced to and fro.

Joseph seemed to have snapped out of his boob trance and had entered some other state of mind. “2,000cc... but... no... no... You can’t have, not so quickly, not... not unless...” His mind seemed to be working despite the spectacle in front of him slowing it down. Then something clicked and his voice became stronger, more authoritative. His back straightened. “You’ve been taking the Hormonal Recovery Pills.” He pointed an accusing finger at Katy. “You stole those pills.”

Katy – who was getting used to Joseph being putty in her hands – was taken aback. “What? How do you know?”

“How...” Joseph seemed to lose a little of his confidence again, “How? Because... because that’s what I did for a living.” He drew himself up straight again. “I was the best mammoplasty surgeon out there. Your body could not handle 2,000cc this quickly. I would know, because... because...” he started to slouch again. “I know because... because...” The memory was making him withdraw.

As Joseph deflated, Katy pushed her chest forward as if it was inflating. Moving to him – her breasts bobbing with each step – she slowly took hold of Joseph’s tie as she looked up at him with her big mismatched eyes. She blinked innocently at him. “But, it is. You’re right. I did steal those pills, and now you’re going to help me get more.” He looked down into her miscolored eyes, and then his eyes slipped to her overstuffed bra. The skin was creamy white and the bra was frilly white linen that was about to burst.

“No,” he said quietly.

“Yes. You’re going to get me more so I can give you more. I want to become bigger. I’m just the same size of that whore you normally see – now – but I want to get much...” she moved her chest slowly to punctuate the word, “much bigger, Joe.”

“No....” It was a whisper, a plea. Her scent was all around him now. He had smelled it before, intoxicating. His eyes were full of full boobage. He wanted to touch them, to squeeze them, but – most of all – to INFLATE them. That had been his undoing. He could not tear his eyes away.

Desperately, Joseph’s knees gave way. He fell to the floor and let his eyes fall with him. “No, please, I can’t! They’ll know. They’ll take away my job, just... just like they took my practice.” He was blubbering now. Holding Katy’s black heels as he begged. “Don’t make me, please, don’t make me.”

At this outpouring of emotion from this stoic man, Katy’s body went rigid. Katy knew she had been pushing Joseph, but she was not ready for this. As she looked down on this groveling older man she had held on a pedestal for so long, a dam within her broke. The realization that she had brought him to this caused emotions that completely flooded her being. Intense feelings crashing into her body and causing it to physically vibrate. Possessive passion; lustful disgust; amorous anger. She wanted to kick him, and the same time she wanted to fuck him. She wanted to comfort him, and to make him beg for mercy. The overriding need to be kind conflicting with the desperate desire to be cruel. She didn’t know where this frenzy of feelings and ferocity was coming from. Her body felt hot as the pressure in her bra built. She had to get away. She had to escape, to find the release that could not be found here.

Joseph was clinging to her heels and she kicked him off of them. Katy ran.

Out the door, without her shirt, she ran. The heat flash stayed with her. Again, she felt alone in the world; lost. She thought she had found her path, thought she knew the way. Now incomprehensible emotions were all she could feel. The shaking of that unshakable certainly shattered her.

The last time she had done something like this she had been ignored. This time, however, the denizens of the city were not as uncaring. As she came out onto the night street with just her bra on, she was greeted with catcalls and whistles. Wide eyed, she reacted like a startled animal. She veered into the street trying to get away, her huge boobs bouncing, which only caused more commotion. Men gawked. Women stared, turned their heads, or turned someone else's.

Still confused, she heard something. "Katy?" A familiar voice called her head to snap around.

"Katy!?" It was Camilla. "By Shiva, what are you...?" Camilla came over to her friend. "What are you doing? Come with me."

Someone in the crowd shouted, "You take 'em off, too," but was met with a wilting glare by the big woman. Camilla put her shawl over her spooked friend's shoulders. The crowd sobered, but did not disperse.

Dignified, Camilla walked to the road and flagged a taxi, as if every day of her life she had escorted a shirtless huge-chested schoolgirl to a cab.

During the ride, Katy said nothing. She just vacantly stared out the window. Camilla had never seen her friend in such a state and did not have anything to say. They had the driver take them to Katy's apartment. Camilla walked with Katy in silence to the door. Katy unlocked the door and they both walked in.

Standing in her living room they regarded each other. "What have you done with yourself?" Camilla broke the silence between them that had started on the street. "What is going on? What are those things on your chest?"

Katy gave her friend a blank stare. "Thank you for taking me home. I'm alright now," she mumbled; her eyes fell to the floor as she did.

"Umm. No, no, you're not. There is something seriously going wrong with you, girl. We don't talk for a month and you show up half naked on the street with... with... I don't even know what those are. Also, what's that smell? It reeks in..."

"GET *OUT*!" Katy was so angry she could not contain it. She did not know where this unbridled rage was coming from, but it was now directed at her best friend.

Shocked, Camilla looked at the fuming spitfire in front of her for a long moment. Katy was so angry she was practically foaming, her panted nails forming claws.

“I said *GET OUT!!*” Katy shrieked. Again, Camilla regarded her friend for another long moment.

The two girls had always been so dissimilar. Short petite Katy with her bright mismatched eyes and tall wide Camilla with her deep brown eyes. Katy was pale and always seemed excited while Camilla was dark and always seemed calm. Now, their chests were the about same volume, but Camilla’s brown breasts were soft and real while Katy’s creamy orbs were fake and thrust outward.

Camilla looked at her best friend, the hot-blooded snow-white girl in her ridiculous schoolgirl costume. Something had changed with her; something had gone wrong. But, Camilla just did not want to deal with it right now, not with Katy in such a state.

“Whatever,” Camilla said and flipped her hand in a dismissive gesture and walked out, rolling her eyes. “Call me when you stop PMS-ing.” She said over her shoulder. As she shut the door, she said, “And you’re welcome for the cab ride.”

In her frenzy, Katy watched her best friend leave. Now alone, Katy desperately looked around her apartment. She ran over the drawer – her boobs bouncing in her too tight bra – and pulled out the bottle of pink pills. There were 4 or 5 of them left. Without hesitation she tipped the experimental drug into her mouth and swallowed them all. She was done with this life.

Flopping onto the bed – her breasts sticking up like the over-inflated balloons they were – she closed her mismatched eyes and waited. Darkness came to claim her, the raging inferno that was her soul found solace in the quiet of the end.

Then – from the darkness – he came to greet her, her imaginary gray-eyed gray knight. In the drug-addled dream, he arrived, her dark champion. Standing implacable before her, a monolith. Then – effortlessly – he pushed her down, threw her to the floor, and undid his pants. In her dream she was flat-chested again and he bore his full weight down upon her ribs, crushing her. But, while she knew he was hurting her, she could only feel devotion for him. She was wet and willing when he forcibly took her. His actions were that of sexual abuse – of defilement – but she was all too welcoming. She wanted this, more than she had wanted anything. He could not steal what she was so willing to give. Her womanhood was his; her body, her soul.

But, who was he? She knew him, yet did not. This time she would see him; this time. She looked into his placid gray eyes. Even while he was committing this vile action, he was in control; he was calm; that’s what she had loved about him, his total control of himself and dominance of those around him. His lack of regret was something she regretted not having.

She remembered all she admired in him; all she wished she had inherited from him. She looked from his eyes to his face and now she remembered who he was.

In her drug-induced fantasy her gray-eye father raped her.

And – worse still – she loved it.

She wanted it.

She had begged for it.

The realization was utterly devastating. Her already fragile psyche was stuck a blow from which it could not recover. Her gray-eyed dream-man was her father. Horrified she realized this moment with him was everything she had ever needed. His acceptance, his approval, his love.

“NO!” Somewhere within her a voice screamed. “This is disgraceful! This is sinful! This is *wicked!*”

“Yes,” another voice cried back. “And that’s what you are: a wicked, sinful, *disgraceful* girl.”

“No, no, no.” In horror she watched herself squirm with wanton pleasure under him as he surged within her. “No, no, no...”

“...NO!”

A strong clear voice – her voice – shattered the scene into blackness. Nothing remained except those gray orbs. In the newly formed void she looked up at those gray eyes floating in that nothingness. “No,” her voice spoke again. “It’s not my father. It’s Joseph.” Drawing strength from the cold emptiness, she willed the face around those eyes into existence, Joseph’s face.

“Yes,” she said. “Yes, that’s who it is; who it was, Joseph. It was Joseph all along.”

Content now, she let Joseph have his way with her. The weight bearing down on her was not his weight; it was the weight of the massive fake implants she had gotten for Joseph. Yes, that’s what the weight was. And, he was not raping her; no, they were making love. This is how it had always been in her dream. She was now complete, she told herself. This was what she really wanted; what she always had really wanted.

The hormones worked their way through her body as she slumbered. Not the wild passionate sleep she had before, but a deep restful sleep. In the morning her eyes opened, and there was something different with the way the world looked to her. Besides her room being filled with a thick smell, the world she saw was different. She went over to the mirror and looked into it. Her eyes. Her eyes were no longer mismatched. She had beautiful blue-green eyes – not one blue eye and one green eye – blue-green eyes.

She looked around the room, and inhaled deeply. There was something musky in the room. She inhaled again. It, it was HER. She was emitting some kind of hormone, a pheromone.

“What did those drugs do to me?” she mused out-loud. And then with a toothy grin, “And how do I get more?”

With her new sense of purpose and self, Katy got ready for the day. She dressed in her power dress. The black dress had not been worn in months, and the top no longer even remotely fit her. The rest of her body was as slim as ever, however. The thick black belt with the large silver buckle fit perfectly. The authoritative black dress with shoulder pads now laughably had her humongous pale bosom popping from it. Her too-small bra and too-large boobs popping out everywhere. Makeup made the deep groove of her cleavage deeper still. She pulled her dark hair back into a plain ponytail, which started at her forehead and covered her ears, framing her creamy face. Her makeup was done to accentuate her cheekbones, with deep red lipstick. She looked into the mirror and gave it her best “Don’t fuck with me” look. Knee-high high-heeled boots with black laces and she was out the door.

Her vast boobs swayed with each step. Her slim, thin hips and waist moved in time, her top-heavy body expertly and elegantly walking on heels. She hailed a cab. Leaning over to the driver from the back seat, her musk filled the car. She rested her breasts on the driver’s shoulder and whispered the address in his ear. She laughed as she saw every part of him spring to attention. “Drive,” she said, leaning back and crossing her legs.

Katy strode into Dr. Miller’s building. She did not even glance at the blond behind the desk as she deliberately went to his office. As she barged in he turned white and stood up.

“I’m ready for those new custom implants now,” she announced.

“What... but, you just... no... can’t...” He was spluttering.

Katy gave him a no-nonsense look with her blue-green eyes. “I don’t care if you think it will kill me; you’re going to put those implants into me, today, or you will never work – anywhere – again.”

“But, but... my other appointments...” He whined as the room filled with Katy’s intoxicating smell.

“Cancel them,” Katy stated.

She instructed the doctor that she would remain awake to make sure he filled her correctly this time. She would not tolerate him losing his nerve. The local anesthesia seemed to have no effect on her. As she was cut into the pain was exquisite. With her

enhanced body it was thrilling, pain, which turned into pleasure and then back again. She did not cry out as the implants came into her perfect body. Under her direction she made sure Dr. Miller filled her to the brim with saline, and accepted no protest. The actual filling did not hurt Katy in the least.

They both watched as Katy inflated. "More... more..." was all she said to him as her bust rose into the air, two monuments to womanhood, two monuments to her. Katy's hyper-hormonal body adjusted easily to the freakishly massive implants. They rose and rose as she cried for more. Katy and Dr. Miller were both in awe as the pump did its work.

Each one weighed over 12 pounds before Katy decided it was enough, for now. In each of her enhanced milk-makers was 6,000ccs of silicone and saline. What should have taken so much longer with follow-up surgeries and stretching was filled in hours; she loved the feel of the weight on her chest.

Even though the hormones made her physically feel fine, she still almost fell over the first time she tried to stand. With almost 25% of her body weight now on her chest, her hyper-massive breasts threatened to drag her back down to the operating table. Not used to her new center of mass, it took her time before she could walk, and – most upsetting – she was sure she would have to relearn how to walk in heels. 'Time for that later,' she thought.

When Katy was dressing – almost destroying her dress as she tried to shovel much too much flesh into her top – she told Dr. Miller she would borrow one of his sample bras, taking the sample part out. She knew only custom-made bras could suffice for someone with as thin a torso and large a bosom as herself: a real woman.

Katy knocked on Joseph's door, making sure all that could be seen from inside was her enhanced white boobs. Joseph opened the door a crack and Katy pushed the bigger dumb-stuck man aside and confidently walked into his room. She had, in fact, picked up a riding crop on the way. Her powerful black dress could not contain what was inside of it. Her white sample bra and absurdly mammoth and massive mammaries flowed out of the top. Slim short petite little Katy with ludicrously large knockers stood there, flexing the leather rod and eying Joseph like a piece of meat. She put the end of the crop under his chin.

"Yesterday you were telling me something?" she said.

Joseph could not handle what he was seeing, what he was smelling. As his mind was trying to calculate her breadth, his psyche was cracking under the weight of her womanhood. This was his dream girl. "I... yesterday... what... how..."

"Yesterday, you told me how you were going to get me more of that wonderful test hormone, correct?" Katy punctuated that last word with pressure from the rod she held to his neck. Her deep, meaty, amplified cleavage threatened to swallow Joseph as she moved it closer. Her scent was thick in the air, clouding his thoughts.

“Yes. Yes, I’ll do it, for you... anything for you, Katy,” Joseph said, staring at the temples of femininity before of him.

“That’s right. Remember that, anything for me,” Katy said. “Now, you were also telling me how you used to perform breast augmentations?”

Joseph gulped and nodded.

“Have you ever performed one for boobs this large?” Katy took the crop away from his neck and pushed up her massive overflowing cleavage, her tiny red nipples coming to full view out from her bra and dress on her tremendous white tits.

Joseph gulped “W... Once. My last was large. Right before... before...” He trailed off.

That surprised Katy, but she recovered quickly. She put her red nails into her red mouth and stuck a pondering pose. “Really? Well, we’re going to have to change that. I am going to be the biggest girl you’ve ever operated on. No, I will be the biggest girl in the world. You will never need to look at another girl, EVER. You’re going to come with me to Dr. Miller’s...”

“Dr. Miller!?” Joseph repeated the name in disbelief.

Quick as the whip it was, the crop was back under Joseph’s chin. “Don’t interrupt me again,” Katy said dangerously. “You are going to come with me and you are going to make me into the perfect girl. I want the works: lip surgery, waist surgery... I want at least 3 inches removed; hip surgery... we can take off there as well. But – most importantly – I want you to fill me up with so much silicone and saline I can’t even walk!”

“Can’t even...” Joseph’s eyes went wide at the suggestion.

Katy struck him with the crop on the cheek. Joseph’s hand came to the spot. Then the crop was back at his neck. Sharply, Katy said, “What did I say?”

“Yes, Mistress; sorry, Mistress.” Joseph hung his head.

Katy came and put her tiny hand lightly on the cheek she had just hit. Moving her massive knockers closer to him so that they rested on his lower chest, she looked up into Joseph’s gray eyes with her blue-green ones. “Don’t worry about Dr. Miller,” she told him gently. “I’ll take care of him. You just take care of the surgery.”

“But, my license, I can’t...”

Katy slapped him to cut him off, and then put her hand lightly and lovingly back on his cheek, looking deeply back into his eyes. “I’m sorry, Mistress,” Joseph said, shamefully.

"It's OK baby, you're just learning," Katy said with deep concern in her voice. "Alexis did not treat you the way you should be treated, but I will, don't worry. You'll get everything you ever needed with me."

Joseph looked down into her blue-green eyes and simply nodded.

She was so close to him, her bust pressing against him; and her breath? Heavenly. As Joseph looked down at her, his hand – completely unable to control itself in the face of this overly feminine woman - when down to his aching crotch, obscenely. As he did this, Katy was instinctually reminded of the man on the bus. She was about to hit him again, but he pulled away as she moved to do just that.

He hung his head in shame, and looked so pitiful Katy had to suppress a laugh.

"Is that what you want?" she said, playfully mocking him. She stepped back and mashed her whoppers together. "Do these make you so hard and horny you can't act the gentleman?" She moved her breasts while looking as innocent as any girl could.

Joseph could not tear his eyes away. When she was 2,000cc he could barely control himself and now that she had become 3 times as large in such a short time, he was completely enthralled. "I... I..." was all he could manage, his eyes fixed on her.

Emboldened, Katy came forward, and leaned over so he could see completely down her laughably overstuffed double-zero size dress top. As he stood there spellbound, Katy reached over and pulled down his pants, almost tearing them.

Mortified, Joseph went to cover himself, but Katy stopped him. Looking up at him she shook her head slowly and chuckled. "No. I will see what all the fuss is about, let's see." She looked down at his straining white boxers. His big member so hard you could see it throbbing in time with Joseph's quickly beating heart.

Katy pulled off his boxers and freed it into the air of the apartment. It stood arrogantly out from the shame-faced body it was attached to. Large and red it looked prideful and angry, unlike the man it was attached to. Katy had seen many dicks in her college years, but this was one of the largest she had seen anywhere. It was over 10 inches long and as thick as her wrist. She gave a toothy grin, knowing it would be all hers.

Katy looked up sweetly at Joseph, batting her big blue-green eyes. "Do you want me to touch it?" she asked like some credulous child.

Joseph looked down into her porcelain face and nodded.

"Too bad," Katy replied, wickedly. Joseph did not know what to say. Katy started lewdly dancing down next to his straining member, as if to ridicule its powerful prideful pose. Joseph groaned a little watching this display of sexual lasciviousness.

Joseph's hands again moved to touch his megalith, but – more forcefully – Katy stopped him again. She just shook her head, and continued gyrating her body around his overtaxed manhood, getting so close, but never touching.

Joseph seemed almost desperate now. Katy could tell he was getting closer and closer. He wanted to touch her so badly, but she was denying him. It felt so good for her to deny him after the reverse had been true for so long.

“Please,” he whispered. Katy went rigid when he did and slapped him on the cheek. Her huge bosom heaving from the effort of moving her hooters in the provocative swaying she had been doing.

“Did I give you permission to speak?” she said, sternly.

Joseph's body went limp while his dick remained stiff. He shook his head.

“That's right, I didn't. Now, is this big thing the trouble?” she said, bringing her pretty face down next to its tip. Her lips so close they could kiss it. It was so large she did not know if it would fit in her mouth. Joseph just nodded, afraid that if he spoke again she would stop.

Katy saw he was so close to orgasm; she smiled impishly, and slowly started to blow on the raging rod. Joseph's head whipped back and he let out a moan, trying to hold himself back, but unable to.

Katy laughed as he blew his pent-up load all over her milky mighty mammaries. The preeminent pompous prick wilted, as its premature rage spent itself out; the monument to manhood withering in the face of feminine force.

* * * * *

Crystal had worked for Dr. Miller for years, and for Dr. Jocelyn before that. She knew that really all her job entailed was sitting at the receptionist desk and looking pretty, and she had always done her job well. She had seen many a strange thing while working here. But, like much of what tried to end up there, she had put those things out of her head. It was not her job to judge or contemplate. It was her job to sit here and look pretty.

However, when the small girl with the huge knockers that had been barging in as of late strutted in wearing what looked a little like a dominatrix outfit, holding Dr. Jocelyn – who Crystal had not seen in years – by a leash... Well, Crystal wasn't sure how long it would take her to forget, but she hoped it was soon. And that smell, it made her woozy.

“Crystal,” Dr. Jocelyn nodded his recognition as the pair walked past the desk. The small girl with the huge knockers didn't say anything.

As the two went into Dr. Miller's office without even asking her if he was in, Crystal sighed. She guessed that Dr. Miller would soon be telling her to cancel all of his appointments today, again. Crystal felt her job was already hard enough without these unscheduled irregularities.

* * * * *

"Oh Christ," was all Dr. Miller moaned as Katy and Joseph nearly broke the door off its hinges. "I've got to start locking that..." he mumbled to himself as he backed against the wall of his office as Katy put her riding crop against his chest. Her own chest was uncontainable in her dress.

"Dr. Jocelyn and you will be performing a complete reconstructive surgery on me," Katy stated.

"What... no, no that's not going to happen..." Dr. Miller managed to say.

"If you value your job, it will," Katy stated back.

"If I perform surgery with that man I will lose my license," Dr. Miller said indicating Joseph. The room was filling with Katy's sent, but Dr. Miller held his ground.

Katy's green-blue eyes narrowed and she advanced, her breasts pressing the frightened man against the wall. "You performed unauthorized surgeries on me." Her hard, overfilled breasts compressed against him. "You turned me into THIS, while I was taking an experimental drug."

"What... what, you forced me to!" Dr. Miller did not know whether to be outraged or mortified. This young woman's odd perfume was making it harder and harder for him to think of anything but the huge enhanced spheres of flesh before him.

"Where's your proof?" Katy asked.

Then Joseph stepped forward. He knew his mistress did not like him speaking out of turn, but he also knew he must do all he could for her to achieve her goals. "What would Alexandra think if she found out what you did to this young lady, John?"

"Alex... my wife..." Dr. Miller did not want to think about this; he did not want to think at all. Everything had been turned on its head. His whole body deflated against the inflated boobs pressing against him. Katy stepped back and Dr. Miller slumped to the floor.

Katy nodded her approval to Joseph. Then, to Dr. Miller, "You will be performing this surgery or your life will be ruined. I will ruin it."

"You already..." Dr. Miller moaned, shaking his head. And then: "All right, I'll do it. I'll do anything you want."

“Yes,” Katy nodded, her blue-green eyes glittering. “You will.”

* * * * *

Joseph used his knowledge and John's resources to prep for this complete body surgery. Everything about it was experimental, from the recovery hormones his mistress was using to the implants he procured. He had explained the risks, but his mistress had faith in his abilities, and he had total trust in her.

Her body would be transformed. Her lips would be filled with a new kind of collagen. Her slim waist would be further reduced. Her trim toned body would become emaciated. The implants were the largest one could get, and they would be overfilled to the max. Nature would be defied. Her body would be reborn to fulfill one purpose, and he would be the one to do it.

As she lay on the operating table she looked up into his gray eyes. “I am ready, Joseph.” He nodded and started the IV drip.

'I will not dream,' Katy told herself. 'Dreams are for girls; I am a woman. I need not imagine my fantasies; I will live them...' and with that, unconsciousness claimed her.

* * * * *

The weight threatened to crush her; this time Katy knew it was as it should be. She opened her eyes and saw those gray orbs above her, looking down at her with absolute adoration. Joseph and Katy were alone in the recovery room. Katy tried to reach to her man, but the weight was too great. She could not move her waiflike form enough to rise. Her spherical white boobs probably weighed more than the rest of her entire body. To call them gargantuan would have been a gross understatement. They were impossibly large, smooth, round, and monstrous. The mammaries were really what was in this bed, the rest of her was inconsequential. Her breasts were what held value; they were what gave her control over the thing that mattered.

She put her petite hand to her face and felt her new, big, pouty lips. They were so overly-large they did not even feel like they belonged on her face. Looking down at herself with her blue-green eyes, she could see her body was now impossibly thin. Her wasp waist looked less than 19 inches; even her hips had shrunk. Everything about her was everything she had ever wanted. She was the perfect woman made for one thing and one thing alone. Her body was so slender and her breasts so mountainous she probably couldn't even walk, but would not ever need to. Her form was not designed for such manual tasks as locomotion. Her raven hair cascaded around her hairless ivory physique, highlighting its pale beauty.

She shifted her insignificant weight. The hormones racing through her heightened her senses. Her silky ebony hair felt wonderful lying on her supersensitive smooth skin. The

thrill of immobility was amazing, like built-in bondage. She knew it was of no matter. Joseph would be forever responsible for her well being, as she was for his. They had a bond of all-consuming fixation between them that could not be broken.

Almost instinctively, he informed the patient of the results of the operation. "We were able to remove 3 inches from your waist. As you instructed, your body fat percentage is now under 5%. We injected your lips full of collagen. We did a nose augmentation; your cheek bones...

Katy burst out interrupting him. "Tell me the number that *matters*. How much?" She asked Joseph in desperate excitement. "How big are they? How massive am I? What's my *weight?!?*"

"I... I don't know" he whispered spellbound by the sight of this sex-goddess of a woman who was all but all chest. "The... we lost the number after 10,000cc in each, and the scale...." His voice trailed off.

"10,000cc?" Katy was shocked. "And... and, you kept going?"

Joseph seemed disturbed at the implication. "Yes, of course Mistress, as you instructed."

Katy breathed a sigh of relief; two 10,000cc implants, almost 50 pounds together, would not have been nearly enough.

"I fear, even with the hormones, after such major surgery it will be a few days before you should even be attempting to walk. If you even can..." Joseph started to get teary eyed. "I'm so sorry Mistress; we don't know if you'll even be able to. We warned you that..."

"Shh.... Shhh," Katy comforted him as she positioned the lower part of her body on the bed and spread her willowy legs. "I won't need to; not with you around." Her minuscule body was in motion. Currently, she might not be able to walk, but she was as limber and dexterous as ever. No, more so. She was the perfect partner in all things pleasurable. She was sexier by design than all others, and designed for sex.

"The more pressing issue is how big these are, but we can weigh them later. Now, come make love to me." It was a command.

"Of course, Mistress," Joseph undid his pants. He had been hard since the operation. Katy was so heartbreakingly perfect; he could only gaze on her splendor in fixation. Simply looking at her overwhelming whoppers was better than an addictive drug, and her fragrance might well be one. "I'm so happy you're content."

Katy let out a musical laugh at that. "*Content?* Oh Joseph, you can be so cute sometimes. Of course I'm not *content*. These tiny things aren't nearly enough. Not for

us.” She was writhing now, like a snake or succubus. Her tiny hips gyrating her moist narrow snatch, the room filling with her heavenly honeyed scent.

Joseph’s eyes went wide, but he knew enough not to speak. He would only do what his Mistress asked; give her what she needed. If she needed more that was what he would supply, but it was clear to anyone what she needed now. He approached her, solid and ready to serve.

Katy continued as he did. “You’ll be making these tiny things adequate soon enough.” She said, gesturing to the mind-blowingly large mounds of perfect flesh around her. “But you have other work to attend to at the moment,” she said, gesturing to her flawlessly tight slit.

Joseph nodded. Her aroma was intoxicating, all encompassing. Her breast size was incalculable, endless. But, it was her total control of herself and dominance of those around her that made Joseph know he could never leave her. She had delivered on all her promises. She was all he could ever ask for... and more. Forever, he would be her gray-eyed knight, and she his powerful yet magnanimous queen.

He replied obediently, “Yes, of course, Mistress.” And got to work, laboring for the ideal woman he had created and was now enslaved to. Everything he was for her and her alone. His manhood was hers; his body, his soul.

Katy smiled knowingly as Joseph did his duty, and then she cried out in utter ecstasy as his massive mobile member entered her squirming shaved snatch. Their pivoting bodies now locked together as their lives were, bound by obsession, hunger, and endless desire. Each getting everything they could ever ask for, yet needing even more. Driven to greater and greater heights by that fleeing elation, that vapid sense of fulfillment. Always wanting but never satiated. Continually seeking that which can never be found:

Satisfaction.