You know where you found this. You know what’s in it. You know if you should be reading it.

**Dr. StrangeHands Part 2**

**Or**

**How I Learned To Stop Slacking and Love Big Boobs Part 2**

**By**

**thesarge**

Late morning, after the night at the club, I was awoken by the most incessant ringing in my head. I was still shaking the remnants of last nights weed, and I couldn’t get this ringing to stop. It was so piercing, so loud, so repetitive, so much like a………..phone.

I hate being woken by the phone. It’s a harsh way to exit slumber land. I mean, it’s just so unrepentant, and it never amounts to anything important.

When did anything crucial come from a morning phone call, that couldn’t have waited until you rolled out of bed on your own later that afternoon?

I grabbed the receiver from the phone on my nightstand, and put it to my eye.

“Hello.” I croaked, my voice sounding groggier than I had probably intended.

I listened, and heard nothing.

“Hello!” I repeated, raising my voice.

Still there was nothing. I then opened my eyes and noticed the blurry, ultra close vision of a phone receiver. Slowly moving it to my ear, I repeated my greeting for the third time.

“Hello.”

“Chad? Is that you?” A female voice came from across the wires.

“Yeah………. Yeah. Who’s this?

“It’s Sky, Chad. Look, I know you said you weren’t coming to the club for a little while, but you gotta get down here.”

“Why what’s wrong?” I said, desperately trying to completely wake up.

“Nothing’s wrong. It’s just……you really should come down here Chad. I don’t have time to explain it right now, but trust me; you really want to come down here.”

As I cleared the cobwebs from my head, it started to fully dawn on me who I was talking to.

“Hey. How did you get my number?” I asked.

“Oh. I asked one of the girls, to ask their dealer, if they knew how to get a hold of you, and he gave us your number.”

“OK. How did you know if they were my dealer?” It seemed like the next logical question to ask.

“Honey, it seems every dealer in this town knows what your phone number is.” Made sense I guess.

“Look, I gotta go. Just get your ass down here as soon as you can, I think I’ve solved your problem.” Then she hung up.

That last sentence really woke me up. What problem? I didn’t have a problem. There was no aspect of my life that I considered a problem. Well, except maybe the fact that I was completely awake and horribly sober. Then it hit me. That was it. My problem was that I wasn’t high right now. She must have bought me some Ganja, as a token of appreciation for giving her spectacular tits last night, and she wants to give it to me. I figured this may just turn into a rockin day. I got outta bed, and headed to the shower. First, I would wash off yesterday’s weed smell, before going and replacing it with a fresh layer.

When I finally walked in the club and scanned around I couldn’t see Sky anywhere. I pulled one of the waitresses aside and asked her if she had seen her. She told me she had been giving dances in the VIP area all day, and that she would let her know I was here. I went and found a seat in the back. As soon as I was seated another waitress brought my usual drink. When I tried to tell her I didn’t order it, she informed me that one of the dancers had bought it for me. I figured it was just Sky being generous, and thanked the waitress.

After about 20 minutes Sky finally appeared from out of the VIP area. Damn she looked good. I mean she always looked good, but now she looked amazing, complete, balanced. With her height, and her figure, she always looked like she should have had the ultimate hourglass figure, except the top of the hourglass was always missing. But now, the top was there in spades. In fact, if anything, now she may have been a little top heavy for an hourglass figure, but it soooo worked on her.

She was wearing a wonderfully small Bikini that was obviously pieced together from separate components. The bottoms were red, but the top was blue, and a little too small. She must have borrowed the top from one of the other dancers, most likely one who had bolt ons.

She spotted me and came over to my table with a big grin on her face. Before she sat down, she did a little twirl to show off how she looked in the outfit. I think my drooling tongue conveyed my approval.

“Sorry to keep you waiting.” She said as she sat in the chair putting her things by her feet.

“It’s been crazy busy. I’ve been in that VIP area all day so far.”

“Yeah, the waitress told me. So I guess they’re paying off already.” I commented as I took a sip of my drink.

“You have no idea. I mean, I knew big tits made a difference, but I had no idea they made this much of a difference.” She responded, moving her hands to frame her chest in emphasis of the point.

“Hey, Thanks for the drink, by the way.” I interjected.

Her face took on a puzzled expression.

“What drink?”

“You didn’t buy me this drink?” I asked, surprised by her response.

“Oh, it must have been one of the other girls.” She answered almost dismissively.

“OK. Why would they………Hey! What did everybody say about the new and improved you? What did you tell them?”

Her face took on a more serious look.

“Well this is why I wanted you to come down here Chad. I told them everything.”

“They didn’t actually believe you, did they?” I wondered aloud.

“Not at first, but when they saw them out in the open, and they felt that they were totally natural, they had no choice but to believe me.”

“Cool.” I said, wondering where this was going.

“So…….What does this have to do with my weed?”

Sky’s face scrunched up into a look of complete confusion.

“This has nothing to do with weed. This has to do with business. A lot of the girls here want you to do the same thing to them, today, aaaaand; they’re willing to pay for it.”

“Really?” I raised my eyebrow as I spoke the word.

“How Much?”

“Well I didn’t have much time to think about it, so I told them five hundred dollars each.” There was a look of pride appearing on her face as she spoke the number.

“Wow.” I said, less impressed then I probably should have been.

“Look, I don’t know Sky. I mean, I didn’t get my 11 hours of sleep last night, and I haven’t had so much as a whiff of “Old Tobey” yet today, and…..”

“Chad.” She cut me off mid-sentence, with a slightly annoyed tone.

“Didn’t you say that your unemployment for this month was running low? There are at least 10 girls here that want this done. That’s five thousand dollars in your pocket today. That’s a lot of Kush, high quality Kush at that. What do you say?”

The argument was not without its merits.

“So…….. What?……Now? Where would we do this?” I wondered aloud, trying to wrap my head around this whole plan.

“The same place we did last night, in the back stage area. The girls can come in one by one, when they’re not busy, and you can do your voodoo on them.” She made it sound so simple.

“What about that unpleasant Manager from last night?” I asked, not wanting to run into him again.

“Donald? Oh he’s got a poker game going in his office with his buddies. We won’t see him for the rest of the afternoon.” She had an answer for everything.

“OK……… Look, I’ve never tried doing this many women before. What if there’s like a daily limit or something, and I can’t do them all?”

“Then you do as many as you can. She responded plainly.

“Five hundred dollars each, Chad. Just one is probably more than your unemployment cheque. Stop looking for problems.”

She was right. I could at least do one. I mean, I’d already proven that. Three times before, and I was no worse for wear. I mean, my balls hadn’t shrivelled up as a result. My brain hadn’t atrophied. Well, not from the boob growth thing anyway.

“Alright.” I finally agreed. “Take me to the boobies.”

It went pretty well, for the most part. The girls had all been different sizes, but none of them bigger than a c cup, and most of them wanted to be in the same ball park, between a D to a DD. I don’t know what it is, but it would seem like D cup tits are the standard entry level for good stripper money. Most of them were pretty much the same process as Sky had been. They sat down in front of me, closed their eyes, I laid my hands on tits of one size, the warmth of my hands flowed into their breasts, I felt them grow in my hands, and I removed my hands from tits of a different size. It was pretty unremarkable for the most part.

I was able to accommodate almost all of them except one. She was a dancer that had already had implants. These big round things stuck on the front of her chest. She must have already been about a DD, but wanted to go bigger. I don’t really know why, but, who was I to turn away her money. The problem was it wouldn’t work. It was weird, I would concentrate on making her tits grow, I could feel the heat in my hands, I would lay them on her fakes, and nothing. No flow of heat. No growth, nothing.

It was rather disconcerting. I mean, I had only really been aware of this ability for a short while, yet this inability to perform, was bothering me like a bought of impotency. I would have thought I lost the mojo, if it wasn’t for the last girl.

Her name was Sandy, or Candy, or Bambi, or some shit like that. Maybe it was Evelyn.

Anyway, she was this short Latina chick with a solid lower body. I’m talking Kardashian type ass here, and a decent pair of Cs. She wanted to be big, like H cup big.

Now, like I said earlier, I’m not really a boob guy, at least, not back then, and I had no idea how big H really was. Not knowing how to proceed, I discreetly called Sky over for some guidance.

“Psst. Sky. How big is an H cup?”

“It’s pretty big.” She answered.

“I know that, but how big…….exactly?”

She looked around searching for how to convey the concept to me.

“OK, you know how big you made me? Well, about half again as big as that.”

“That’s not terribly accurate.” I complained.

“Well how much accuracy do you need Chad? I mean you’re not exactly performing brain surgery here.” She asked sarcastically.

“Hey look, don’t harass the artist here. OK? I need specifics to concentrate on. You know, I’m feeling a little vulnerable here right now. I’m not even sure this is still working anymore. So I could use a little support here.”

“Have you always been this much of a baby?” The corners of her mouth curling into a slight smile as she spoke.

“Do you mind? I said, mildly annoyed. “I haven’t had a single toke yet today. OK? This whole situation is just a little too…………. real right now.”

“OK. OK. She giggled. Tell you what. I’ll stay right here and tell you when to stop. Does that work?”

I mulled it over for a moment. “Yes. Yes it does.”

“Then get to work Michelangelo.” She continued to snicker.

I rubbed my hands together while I closed my eyes and concentrated on a big growth spurt. The usual heat in my hands appeared as I laid them on SCamby’s tits. I waited, hoping something would happen, and to my relief I could feel the heat moving into her breasts. I guess implants were immune.

Soon after, I could feel her breasts starting to expand. Second by second they pushed further and further out, causing my fingers to sink into their softness, before I had to move my hands further back to adjust. Splaying my fingers apart, forcing her increasingly hard nipples into my palms. I could watch, and feel them growing beyond the limits of my outstretched hands for a much longer period of time than any other to this point. Still they grew, easily surpassing the cantaloupe size of Sky’s perfect melons.

“You think this is good?” I asked. Wondering when I should stop.

“A little more yet.” Sky answered. Concentrating on the end result like some kind of construction Forman helping to guide a beam into place.

I continued my efforts. Moving my hand underneath the swelling mounds in an effort to encompass as much of them as possible. The task of which was getting more and more difficult by the second.

“How about now?” I questioned. Thinking this must be big enough.

“Not quite.”

“Seriously, Sky? They’re getting a little heavy here.” I informed her.

“She’s not there yet.”

“Well how is she supposed to carry these things?” I wondered slightly concerned.

“That’s for her to figure out.”

“Uh, you know I’m sitting right here, and can here you talking, right?” SBambi interjected.

I looked at the face of the recipient of my work as she spoke, seeing she still had her eyes closed. Then Sky suddenly and loudly signalled.

“That’s it!! STOP!”

I quickly pulled my hands away.

“I think that’s it.” Sky said while critically analyzing the seated girl.

I joined in the appraisal. Wow, just wow. I had never made breasts that big before. They had to be the size of small watermelons. I couldn’t get over their shape though. All the other’s girls’ breasts hung very similar to Sky’s. Firm yet natural. Boobs that could actually sit high and proud without a bra, yet still have a wonderful, jiggly movement, like only natural tits can do. I had expected this to be a different case if I made them this big, but it wasn’t. They were just as perfect, only bigger, firm and full, yet soft and free, with a hint of teardrop shape. I must say, I didn’t know I had it in me.

“Well hone, what do you think?” Sky asked.

The short dancer looked down as she stood. She instantly stumbled forward before she adjusted to the shift in her center of gravity. A huge grin started to form on her face.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!” She squealed in delight. “That’ll do pig. That’ll fuckin do!” Her eyes lit up as she looked down at the large, tanned, fleshy pillows that hung to just below her rib cage.

“Really?” I asked in amazement, wanting to understand her thought process.

“You don’t think they’re too heavy?” I continued, sure in the fact that it would be an issue.

“Nothing I can’t get used to Papi.”

As she spoke, she took both her fists and pushed them into the front of her huge new H cups. The act causing them to become circular, and spread further across her chest, as her fists sunk into their softness. I must admit, it was quite a hypnotic sight to see.

Needless to say, all the participating dancers that day were satisfied, except implant girl. So by the end of the afternoon, I had made forty five hundred dollars, and the dreams of countless club patrons. Just before leaving, I tried to give half the money to Sky. She just looked at me puzzled.

“What’s this for?”

“You know, finder’s fee, for putting this all together.” I explained, trying to put the money in her hands.

“No Chad, this was for you. To pay you back for these fantastic gifts.” She said as she gave her bikini clad tatas a squeeze.

“Were you going to drop by here tomorrow?”

“Actually, I was going to do some shopping.” I answered, thinking of my plans for the next day.

“You going to get some weed?” She asked knowingly.

“Ffff. That goes without saying. But I also have some grocery shopping to do. I think I might get something a little more upscale than Mac and Cheese.”

“Well good for you Chad.” She smiled and responded.

“Yeah. I think I might try Mac and Swiss.”

Her face went completely blank as she looked at me.

“Living the dream Chad.”

She gave me a hug, and I left to go home. The day had gone a lot differently than I had expected. Despite the fact that I had spent way too much of the day in a decidedly un-stoned state, it had worked out pretty well. I was beat though. A half afternoon of feeling tits grow in your hands is fucking gruelling work. And until you can say you have done the same, don’t even try to dispute that claim. All I wanted to do was just get home, spark a jumbo, and get high.

To be continued.