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

**Dr. StrangeHands**

**Or**

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

**By**

**thesarge**

So, for anyone who cares, here is my story. The story of my incredible talent, and where it has led me. You probably won’t believe it. Hell, I don’t even believe it, but I’m high right now, so I attribute everything weird to some fucked up trick of perspective from copious amounts of chronic.

My name is Chad, and I can make women’s breasts grow as big as I want. Now, I immediately know what you’re asking right now. “How can this guy’s name be Chad?” Well it isn’t. It’s actually Eugene. An unfortunate brain fart of my Mother’s that I put an end to right quick. I mean seriously, Eugene? What kind of fucked up name is Eugene? Unless the person reading this is named Eugene, in which case, it’s a rockin name man. You own that shit. Anyway, on me it sucked. I know, you’re probably thinking Chad isn’t much better. Unless the person reading this is named Chad, in which case, yeah! Fuck that Eugene guy.

Anyway, I got the nick name Chad in High School by my smoking buddies. They said it was because I used to tie my hair back in a ponytail…….. I know, but it made sense at the time. Then again, we did take a lot of shrooms back then. Anyway, I liked it better than Eugene so I’ve gone with it to this very day. Shit, where’s my spliff?

So anyway……… What was I talking about?

Oh right. I can make women’s breasts grow as big as I want. At least I used to be able to. Maybe I still can. I haven’t tried it in a while, but the last time I did, it didn’t work. But back in the day, it was solid. I had it, then I lost it, with some funky shit happening in between, which would make a good story if I wrote it down or something………. Oh yeah! That’s what I was doing. Man, I gotta quite smoking this shit.

So, you’re probably asking how I got this ability. I don’t know. Wish I did. I don’t know why I had it, how I did it. I don’t even know when exactly I got it.

I mean, I know when I discovered it, but I don’t know if that was exactly when I actually got the ability. There was that time in college with that chick I picked up in the bar. Cute chick, nice little average figure, white trash, but hey, I was high. She had a nice perky pair of probably B cups.

So we get back to my place, start doing the deed, I’m playin with her tits, and they start to feel a little warm. I didn’t think anything of it, cause, you know, I was high. So after the “magic” happens, and she’s getting dressed to leave, she complains that her bra feels a little snug. She did look a little bigger, like maybe a C cup, but I couldn’t really be sure cause, you know, I was high.

I officially discovered I had the mojo while with my girlfriend after collage. She was an average looking girl, which, for me was right in my strike zone, if you know what I mean. She was about 5’4”, brown hair, and brown eyes. Pretty average weight, a set of small As on her.

Now you’re probably wondering, what was I doing with a girl with A cup boobs? Well, believe it or not, I’m not really a boob guy. I’m not infatuated with big boobs. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t dislike them either. I just don’t care either way to be honest.

I tend to look at my physical preferences for women as a man in the dessert would look at water. If she has a pussy, I’m all over that shit. Some may think that makes me a pig. I tend to see myself as an equal opportunity cad.

In any case, my girl had small boobs, and I was quite OK with that. So, one night while we were layin pipe, she gets on top of me and starts riding. I start rubbing my hands along her small tits, and I start to feel them getting kinda hot. Now this I take notice of cause it reminds me of that chick back in college, and this time I wasn’t high.

I was a bit drunk, but my perception of things gets fucked up in a totally different way when I’m drunk than when I’m high. So, if the same weird shit happens when I’m high, and when I’m drunk, I know that the weird shit is actually happening. It’s a handy little way I’ve come up with to keep track of reality, cause I’m either drunk or high a lot.

So I start to pay attention to this heat from her tits, and then I realize, my hands aren’t feeling heat coming from her tits, the heat is coming from my hands, and going into her tits. Now this realization would have probably freaked me out if my judgment hadn’t been so impaired by alcohol. So lesson learned kids. It’s a fucked up world out there, start drinking.

As if the revelation that my hands just became some kind of flesh furnace wasn’t enough, I then noticed the feeling of my girl’s tits swelling up in my hands. I looked up to see if she had noticed, but she had her head back, and her eyes closed, just going with the fantastic sex she was giving herself, cause, honestly, at this point, I had stopped any contributions to the act myself. You could say I was a little pre-occupied. Seeing that she was lost in her own little world, I turned my attention back to her tits growing into my hands, which they were still doing. Slowly filling my palms and forcing my fingers apart as they expanded more and more.

I was dumbfounded. I kinda zoned in on the act, concentrating on their growth and the heat going from my hands into her tits. It was amazing. I don’t think I wanted to make them bigger per say, I was just lost in how remarkable the situation itself was. And still they grew, out beyond my hands, spreading out across her chest. It was at that point that she finally decided to look down at me. Probably wondering why she had been doing all the work for the last few minutes. The scream broke me out of my trance. Needless to say, the shit hit the fan.

Now, it would seem that not all small breasted women automatically want larger tits. Who knew? She instantly jumped off me and started screaming while looking at her jugs. And what jugs. They were large, and very nicely shaped, if I do say so myself. I couldn’t really tell due to her flailing around in hysterics, but I would say they were firmly into the D cup territory, maybe even nudging into DD.

I guess she found her breasts growing from an A cup to a borderline D/DD in just a few minutes was a little much to handle, as she was hysterically screaming wanting to know what happened.

Now see, this is where me being a little less drunk, at the time, might have been beneficial. In my drunken stupor, I told her that I did it. I explained everything that happened.

Naturally she didn’t believe me, so I put my hands on her tits and concentrated on making them grow again. The heat in my hands returned, and before both of us knew it, her tits started expanding outwards once again. She screamed and slapped my hands away from her boobs, but not before they decidedly crossed the border into DD cup territory.

She wasn’t happy to say the least. She called me a freak that had mutilated her, and walked out of my life, all because I accidentally made her boobs grow. The fact that I never really held down a steady job may have also contributed. I think she would have tried to sue me, if it wasn’t for the absurdity of the story.

She did get a guy she knew at her work to come to my place and punch me in the face though. He was cool. He said he was pretty much duty bound to give me a shot in the kisser, because he promised her he would. He actually thanked me afterwards, cause due to all of this, they ended up getting together, and he really liked big boobs. We shared a joint while I iced my jaw.

So, there I was. An ordinary guy, with the ability to enlarge mammary glands at will, no current employer, and no girlfriend to speak of. What was I to do? What any guy in that position would do, I went to a strip joint. Actually, first I had a joint, then I went to a strip joint.

One of the advantages of being lazy, and having no ambition is, being able to really stretch an unemployment cheque. My apartment was shit, and I was OK with that. My car was shit, and I was OK with that. My clothes were shit, and I was OK with that. Mac and cheese was quick, easy and cheap. My simple life style was exceedingly inexpensive. So what else did I have to spend the pogie on except weed and strippers.

So I show up at my usual strip club and notice that my regular entertainer is just finishing up on stage. She had been my regular go to dancer in this joint for the last three years.

Yes. I came here regularly while I had a girlfriend. I told you, I was an equal opportunity cad.

Anyway, the dancers name was Sky, which was actually her real name, not a stage name. Sky Peterson. She lived up to it to. A tall gorgeous creature, who stood about 5’11” in her bare feet, long black hair, vibrant green eyes, wonderfully long legs that stopped at a fantastic heart shaped ass, beautiful full hips. A tight, toned waist and small pert little boobs. She was a nice girl too. After three years, and probably thousands of dollars of dances, we had gotten to know each other pretty well. To be honest, I would have rather been going out with her than my girlfriend, but you know, strippers are kinda out of most guys’ leagues.

Once she saw me come in, she motioned for me to go to the back VIP section. I went and found a booth in the back, sat in the stained love seat, slapped my money down on the end table, and waited for her to join me. When she did, she greeted me with the usual hug, and we proceeded to engage in the customary chitchat until the next full song started playing. She danced divinely as she always did, but my mind was too pre-occupied with the current events for me to really appreciate it. I guess she noticed.

“Chad? Is something wrong? You’re kinda quiet today.” She asked wondering where the usual dance conversation had gone.

My response was probably not what she had expected.

“Sky? You ever wish your boobs were bigger?”

“Excuse me?!! Where did that come from?”

“No. I was just wondering if you ever wish your boobs were bigger.” I answered without really answering.

“I thought you didn’t care about me having small boobs, because big boobs didn’t really matter to you.”

“No they don’t!” I quickly reiterated to hopefully kill any possibility of offence.

“It’s just that you have the smallest boobs of any girl in the place and……. Ok, look, you are the hottest dancer in here. Yet, whenever I come in, you’re always available. The other girls always seem to be busier than you, and I couldn’t help but notice that they all have bigger boobs. Yes, most of them are bolt ons but still. I know enough about the exotic dancing business to know that the two are probably related. So I was wondering, do you ever think that you would make more money if you had bigger boobs?”

“Well of course I wonder that.” She answered in an almost exasperated way.

“I have often thought about getting a boob job, but you know how much those things cost? How much it costs to maintain them over the long haul? That, and the fact that they wouldn’t be me. They’re a bag of water sewn into my chest. Girls have told me that they don’t feel natural, you know, from the inside. It just creeps me out. Besides, you should be happy I’m not as busy as the other girls. That way, you always get to see me.” She said with a broad smile.

“Sky? What if I told you I could make you’re boobs bigger without surgery?”

“Thanks. But I’ve tried all those stupid pills and diets. They’re a load of crap. Besides, even if they did work, they only claim a cup size or so. I don’t know if you noticed, but I need a little more help than that.” She said as she continued grinding against my leg.

“I don’t mean I know a way to make your boobs bigger. I mean, I am the way to make your boobs bigger. Any size you want. Quickly. Without surgery. What would you say?”

She stopped her dancing and looked at me quizzically.

“I’d say you were putting me on.”

“Nope. I’m dead serious.”

“How?” She asked. Looking even more puzzled then before.

“That’s a little tough to explain. You just have to trust me. All I need is a place a little more private than this, and I can give you the boobs of your dreams.” She sat just looking at me, trying to figure out what the angle was.

“Look.” I continued.

“If I’m full of shit then you’re no worse off than you are right now, but if I’m right, then just think of what could be. What have you got to lose?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Like maybe you trying to take advantage of me.”

“Sky! We have known each other for three years. In all the dances you have done for me, have I ever tried to lay an inappropriate hand on you?”

“No.” She answered in what almost sounded like a slight tone of disappointment. Or I was just hearing things. I mean, I was slightly high.

“OK.” She said quickly grabbing the cash and her things, ending our dance session.

“Meet me here after last call tonight, and I’ll make sure we get some privacy. But if you try anything…….” She trailed off as she briefly daydreamed before continuing.

“Just don’t be a jerk. OK.”

“Fair enough. I’ll meet you here.” And with that we hugged and I left, wondering what the fuck I just got myself into. What if she freaks out? What if she reports me to the Police, or the Government, or the Illuminati? OK. The weed was making me a little paranoid, but still, there were a lot of unknowns here.

**Chap 2**

So I showed up at the club about 20 minutes after last call. I guess the bouncer was expecting me cause even though the place was pretty much emptied out, he let me in. Sky was sitting at the bar in her civilian clothes, a simple pair of jeans and a grey T Shirt. When she saw me she came over and greeted me with a hug. She then took my hand and led me to the back stage area.

While we were walking she shouted out.

“I just need a few minutes of privacy in the back Donald, OK?”

“Hey! I don’t want you turnin no tricks in my joint Miss Peterson.” Came the reply from somewhere beyond my field of view.

“For Christ’s sake, I’m not turning any tricks you pig! We just have to have a private conversation for a couple minutes!”

Once we got back stage, she closed the door, sat me down in a chair, and sat across from me in another one.

“So?” She started. “What happens now?”

“Right.” I acknowledged, trying to come up with a plan.

“Well, first, I’m going to need you to take your top off.”

“Done.” She said as she peeled off the grey T. Needless to say, she had no need of a bra.

“Uh, second…..I’m going to have to touch your boobs, if that’s OK?”

“Chad, if this is all some elaborate scheme to touch my tits, you could have just asked during one of our dances.”

“No no!” I answered. “It’s seriously part of the process.”

“OK.” She said with a slight rolling of her eyes. “It’s OK if you touch my boobs.”

“Good. OK. Now…….Oh Yeah! How big did you want them?” I asked realizing I had no idea what she was hoping to get out of this process.

“Well I’m a tall girl so I always thought they should be pretty big. Like say a DDD cup or so. Like about to here.” She moved her hands out in front of her chest indicating their size.

“Right. OK. So, Uh…. Close your eyes, relax, and……….try not to think about…….stuff.” Yes, I was winging it. She could have been reading 50 Shades of Grey while calculating Pi without it effecting things for all I knew. But it sounded legit, so I went with it.

As she followed my instructions, I rubbed my hands together a few times and concentrated on her boobs growing to the size that she indicated. When I got a clear image of it in my mind, I laid my hands on her small tits. Instantly, the heat from my hands started to flow into her breasts.

“Wow. Your hands are so warm.” She said surprised.

“I know. Stay quiet I’m trying to concentrate.”

“OK. Sorry.” She subtly patronized.

Then it started. I could feel her small tits slowly expanding in my hands. It didn’t seem like much at first, but soon the rate of expansion increased, swelling into my palms. The flesh soon began to force my fingers apart spreading them wider in order to cover their increasing expanse. As they continued to grow, I could feel their weight increase, and the change in their texture. They became both softer yet firm. Soon they started to grow beyond the limits of my outstretched hands. Spilling out below my palms, spreading out beyond my fingers, forcing my hands further from her chest. When they roughly reached the size of large cantaloupes, I removed my hands from her tits.

They were awesome. At about a DDD cup, they were the largest breasts I had ever seen in person. But it wasn’t just the size that made them so remarkable; it was the overall look of them. They hung so perfectly. They sat high and proud, with a firmness that was rare for natural breasts, but still retained that natural shape. Her nipples were gloriously hard, sticking straight out, like two pencil erasers. Must have been a result of the growth, cause, lord knows, I didn’t play with them.

“I think……… that’s it.” I said while appraising my work.

“Ohh OK.” She said sarcastically. She then opened her eyes, and just looked straight ahead at me.

“You know, that was a neat trick. Moving your fingers around like that so it felt like my boobs were growing. Next time you want to touch my tits just be…. HOLY SHIT CHAD!!!!!!”

As she looked down at her chest, her face conveyed a multitude of emotions, but it mostly conveyed the Holy Shit one. Yes, Holy Shit is a separate emotion. Look it up.

She sat dumbfounded for a few minutes, completely speechless. She then gently poked her finger into the large, yielding pillow of flesh she was staring at.

“HOLY SHIT CHAD!!!!!!!!” She reiterated again.

“This is me!!! This is actually all me!!! You weren’t kidding!!!! What was……. How did you….. WHAT THE FUCK CHAD?!!!!”

“Do you like them?” I asked trying to make sure I wasn’t in a shit tonne of trouble.

“Of course I like them! Who wouldn’t like tits like this?!” She said as she started hefting them with her hands. “But what the fuck Chad?”

“Look. I don’t have any answers for you. I don’t know why or how. I just know that I can do this. It is real. It seems to be permanent, and……You’re not going to turn me into NASA are you?”

“Turn you in? I should kiss you. This is the most amazing fucking thing that’s ever happened to me”

With that, she looked as though she was going to follow through with that sentiment, until the most hideous of bellows came from beyond the backstage door.

“Miss Peterson! I’m closin da place up here! So, whatever yous are doin back there, yur done! Now get da fuck outa my joint!”

“Oh shit! We gotta go.” She said as she quickly grabbed her grey T shirt, and pulled it on over her head.

That was a sight to behold. Before, the shirt was a little loose, and long enough to tuck into her jeans. Now, the shirt was barely long enough to cover the bottom of her stomach, stretched tightly across the firm round mounds that now made up a significant portion of her chest. She then grabbed her jacket and my arm, herding me out the back stage door while holding the jacket in front of her torso.

We passed by the short balding manager that had displayed his wonderful manners a second earlier.

“We were just leaving anyway. C’mon Chad.” She spat the words towards the manager as we passed him.

Once we got out the front door of the club, we heard it slam and lock behind us. Sky walked the ten feet to her car with me in tow, and opened her door.

“I can’t wait to get these babies home, and see what clothes they look good in. Oh! You’re going to be here tomorrow, right Chad?” She asked while tossing her jacket on the passenger seat.

“Well….. My pogie for this month is running kinda low, and I’m outa Mac and Cheese. I was going to lay low for the next week or so to stretch what’s left.”

“Yeah, that’s too bad.” She answered while starting the car. It seemed like she answered without even fully listening.

“I really appreciate this Chad. I promise I’ll make it up to you the next time you’re in the club. Have a good night OK.” With that she closed the door, and sped out of the parking lot.

As I watched her tail lights fade into the distance, I slowly walked back to my shit box car.

This had been a heavy night. Full of strange and freaky shit, and it called for only one response. I had to get high.

To Be Continued…………..