

A pair of police sirens whined by. He raised his head and looked out the window, a trance broken. The Miami night was saturated by neon, and the tourists streaming like schools of fish along the sidewalks wore white in the heat, the particolored reflections beamed off them made him think of dappled undersea sunlight. He plucked at his sweaty clothes. The car's A/C struggled to make a dent in the humidity.

The clients would be in an air conditioned hotel room, rested up, waiting for him. A position of strength and defense. This would be their mindset. He sensed early the magnitude of this meeting, and coming to them from a position of weakness could not be allowed. He checked his watch. Almost time to go.

The radio was muted, and he momentarily turned it up.

"-enator Shelly Broadstreet in Miami this week for the party's biggest convention in years. Seventy thousand spectators are expected to fill the stadium to hear her speak, and most of them will likely be women. That's not to say the Senator doesn't have a fair few male fans," here the reporter chuckled a bit. "But women have been responding to Broadstreet's strong feminist message with the kind of intensity normally reserved for rock stars. The success of her outsider campaign seems to have thrown her opponent for a loop. Governor Peckem has been slow to respond with an effective message of his own, and several gaffes have hobbled his campaign. With the election just a few months away, some pollsters are predicting a landslide for Broadstreet."

He didn't follow politics much, but this Broadstreet woman was everywhere. Of course men liked her too, but that was for a different reason, and probably didn't have anything to do with her message. More likely it was because she was incredibly hot, with the kind of unusually huge tits that normally barred someone from the national spotlight. Somehow she made it work, the force of her charisma had made it impossible to reduce her to just a big pair of boobs. Anyway, she was a welcome sight on television. The next four years were going to be truly spectacular.

He shut the car off and glanced at the woman in his passenger seat. She had not moved in half an hour, because he had not told her to. She blinked with such regularity he could have set his watch to it. He snapped his fingers. "Wake up." She inhaled sharply, shivering and feeling the heat for the first time. The motion caused her enormous breasts to sway back and forth, barely clothed in a nearly sheer white tank top. Unlike Senator Broadstreet's, this woman's tits were fake. And they weren't *entirely* her idea. They would serve as an effective example of his work. She was his portfolio on jobs like this. "Get out of the car and follow me," he said. He couldn't remember her name and couldn't be bothered to give her one yet. In her former life she had been some kind of famous pop music sensation.

Without making sure it was safe, he started across the busy street. He found the girl's wrist and tugged her along, the 7 inch platform heels and gigantic fake tits making her gait halting and ungainly. He dimly heard cars screeching to a stop, the focus needed to extend his will into the space closing off his other senses. Someone was getting out of their car. Hostility.

That wouldn't do at all.

A man covered in tattoos approached. He locked eyes with this person and spoke in a modulated tone, key phrases to switch portions of the hippocampus on and off. By the time the angry gentleman was close enough to touch, the action was nearly complete. A hand on his

shoulder and the words, "you're tired," shut him down. 250 pounds of tattooed muscle flopped to the broken asphalt. He stepped over it and continued on his way, the girl walking on stilts clopping after.

It was a wonderful hotel. The doorman welcomed them inside, and they made their way straight to the men's restroom. He made the girl stand in front of the urinals while he freshened up in the sink and changed clothes from his briefcase. He combed his hair and slapped his cheeks. He gave the girl a once over. He pursed his lips. A sharp tug on the bottom of her tank top revealed more of her soccer ball sized implanted tits. In the sudden air conditioned cold of the bathroom her nipples were erect, and the areola were dark and very visible through the thin material. "It'll do," he said. He snapped his fingers and she followed.

An elevator took them to the 25th and final floor. The door slid away and a blast of refrigerated, perfumed air greeted them as he stepped into the marble entry way, the girl following. Ornate double doors were guarded by a Secret Service agent who regarded them behind mirrored sunglasses, one hand up to bar their entry.

"He's expecting me."

"I don't."

"Your father loves you. That was his last thought, when the life left him. That was Vietnam, 1971. I was there." He placed a hand on the man's wrist and completed the circuit. The man would be inconsolable and crying for the next several hours.

Brushing past the weeping Secret Service Agent, beyond the double doors, the well-appointed suite extended out before them, the ceilings high and vaulted, the furniture modern and all black, with dark carpeting and walls. Coming from around the corner, he recognized the music on the stereo; a Sade song. The floor to ceiling windows held a 25th story view of the heart of Miami's nightlife, the lights glittering like jewels in the wet dark. He followed the sound of the music around the corner into another large room.

He came upon his clients then. Governor Peckem stood in his cowboy boots, pants around his ankles. A mustachioed tailor with measuring tape and pins in his teeth knelt before him. The governor puffed on a cigarette, watching the smoke curl away. Seated on the edge of a couch nearby and leaning forward excitedly, a man who must be his son watched a basketball game without sound on a projector screen, clad in workout clothes. They both turned to see him enter.

"Hello," he said.

"What the fuck!? Dad, do you know these freaks!?"

Governor Peckem ignored his son. "Hello," he said. "It's an honor to meet you Mr Rasp. Have a seat if y'all would."

Rasp made his way to the couch and sat, but the woman stood near him. She wouldn't sit unless he commanded it.

"Would y'all like something to drink?" asked the governor, one eye closed, a long pull on his cigarette.

"Yes, thank you, that would be lovely."

"Thad, make this here gentleman a drink."

The young man bristled. "Uh, OK dad. I'll just make a drink for this fuckin' guy and his titty slut. What do you want, pal?"

Rasp smiled.

"Boy, show some goddamned respect!" snarled the old man. At the tailor's wordless motion, he pulled up his pants and buttoned them. "This here gentleman is the most important sonofabitch you've ever met in your lazy goddamned life!"

Thad bolted up and did as he was told, going to the bar behind the couch, loudly clinking bottles. "What do you want...sir?" he said, sullenly.

"Any brown liquor will do," he said, regarding his host. Rasp never drank, but it was useful to let his clients think he did. Peckem was not tall, but neither was he short. At 61 he was a decent age for a statesman. The heavily lined visage that should mark a man of great power and great stresses was entirely absent. Besides his shock of thick white hair, the man didn't look old. He was tan and fit. In fact, he looked remarkably free of worry for a man about to lose the race for President of the United States in a historic landslide.

Thad handed him a glass, and Rasp sniffed it before taking the liquid to his lips in a pantomime of drinking, and then set the glass down on the table in front of him. Peckem lit another cigarette, and the tailor stood to put something back in a case. The Governor and Rasp stared at each other for a short time. Rasp wondered what the man thought he saw. Finally, he broke the silence.

"You summoned me, Governor. At great cost. I'm here. I've guessed why, of course, but the summons by nature includes no specific wish."

The governor nodded. With the tailor done, he thanked him and tipped him with cash, waiting for him to leave the hotel room before he spoke, his face turned up into the lights so when the unfiltered cigarette smoke curled out of his face it was bright and white.

"A wish," the governor said.

"To be president?"

A long draw burned down half the governor's cigarette. "To rule the world, mister Rasp. To take my due. My family's due." He exhaled another cloud of fumes.

"And there is someone in your way."

The governor nodded again, a sneer twisting his smooth features. "Some WOMAN."

Rasp smiled. "What did you call her, again? A Les-"

"She's a fuckin dyke!" Thad exploded. "A fuckin carpet-munching dyke! Who gives a shit that some asshole raped her in the 80's? How is that our problem!?"

"Boy..."

Thad was pacing around the room. "No! No! This is bullshit! We're a joke! We were 20 points up, and some fucking fag reporter has to record you off the record to ruin our lives? She'd be nothing without that, and you know it!"

"Sit DOWN, boy!" growled his father. Thad sat down, the cords in his neck standing out.

"Yes. Well," said Rasp, "I don't follow politics but even I can see you're in trouble. And my business is trouble, Governor."

"Oh I know. I know all about you, Mr Rasp. They whisper," the governor said, motioning to the window with the burning ember held in his fingers. "Tall tales get out. If I connect the dots, you've had your mark in every major world event since I been breathin'. And long before that."

"Yes."

"I want revenge. I want my due."

"Yes."

"And you can give that to me."

Rasp nodded, holding his glass of liquor. "Yes."

"You can ruin that-" the old man twisted up. Trouble was foreign to him, his anatomy had no defense against it. "That, Broadstreet bitch. You can ruin her. Help me beat her."

"All this can be yours, Governor Peckem. If you really want it." Rain started to spot the glass windowed walls that separated them from the masses down below.

"I've wanted it all my life."

Thad sighed, the strain of keeping calm seeming to make him quiver tectonically. "Dad, who is this guy....why is this big titted hooker with him. What the hell is going on..."

Rasp touched the busty pop star woman on the wrist and completed the circuit that allowed his will to flow into the mind of another. "This is what I can do for you. Thad, you are stressed. Have a seat on the couch, please."

Peckem nodded to his son to comply, and Thad threw up his hands in an exasperated gesture and sat down on the couch. "Well, OK, what now?"

Hand still on the girl's wrist, Rasp said "Suck his dick to completion."

She got down on her knees, pulled the stunned Thad's basketball shorts down and went down on his cock.

"Look at him," ordered Rasp.

Thad's face was a mix of horror and ecstasy. "She's..." he gasped, "She's, she's...Taylor Swift!"

Rasp looked across at a concerned glance from Governor Peckem, whose unlit, new cigarette hung from his mouth and threatened to fall out. Rasp motioned for calm. "Relax, she's not missing, she hasn't been kidnapped. This is all voluntary *after a fashion*," he said, letting that hang in the air.

The Governor took a shuddering breath, unable to take his eyes off the biggest pop star on earth sucking his son's dick. "I...didn't recognize her at all," he muttered.

"No, and that's part of it. The change is more mental, more than the physical. In fact the mental will express itself physically, from the inside out. I merely suggested the plastic surgery, but to her it is the greatest idea in the world, because it makes sense to the new her."

"And you can do this to Broadstreet? Because that woman is no musician, she's a politician, she's a street fighter. I hate the woman, but I'll be damned if I underestimate her again. She's good. Smart. She'll put up a fight."

"There is no fighting me. I do not fight, Governor. How do you want this to go?"

The Governor poured himself a glass of brandy, and swallowed it in one gulp, and then lit his cigarette. He was silent for another moment, then he spoke slowly. "We have our first debate in a few weeks. I want her to lose it. Badly. And I want her to lose every other debate. I want her humiliated. That's your speciality, I think."

Rasp was careful not to stare too long into the Governor's eyes. His gaze had a debilitating effect on people, and he needed Governor Peckem fully aware.

For now.

"Broadstreet is a feminist, and that sheeit is killing me. I got no defense, you see. Take

that away from her too. She's already got those big damn tits, so I don't know what good it will do to get her all plasticked up with surgery like one of them middle eastern Kardashian women. Just mess her up."

Thad was finishing, moaning in the throes of a powerful orgasm. Taylor Swift's throat worked, she arched her back with the effort of swallowing his cum. After the man was done she rocked back on her knees and stayed there staring into space. Rasp stood.

"I'll do it. You'll have your election, Governor Peckem."

"That's it, just like that?"

"Yes."

"What's, what uh, is your fee. How much do you want," he said, reaching for a checkbook on the bar

"Not money. I have no need of it. I take what I want, Governor. I'll let you know what I want from you when it is time.". Rasp finished his drink and set the glass down on a table beside the couch and turned to leave.

Thad blinked in alarm, looking from Taylor Swift to Rasp as he walked toward the door. "Wait, aren't you taking her with you?" he asked, motioning to the mannequin pop star with the hugely implanted tits.

Rasp shrugged. "I don't need her anymore, she's yours."

"What!? What are we going to do with a Taylor Swift sex slave!?"

"Whatever you want," Rasp said, shutting the door behind him.

In contrast to Governor Peckem's family run operation, Rasp was pleased to find Senator Bradstreet's organization was thoroughly professional and run like a corporation. There was a chain of command with a narrow focus at each level.

This made it easier and less taxing on his mental energy to slip into her presence. He had less work to do convincing the Senator's underlings he was supposed to be there, because anyone outside of their own narrow focus was unknowable. Just by projecting an appearance of purpose he was told where to go to reach the next echelon of control. Such surface level efforts were something taught to new students of his Order in their first year learning the Art.

In this way Rasp had quickly penetrated Senator Shelly Broadstreet's inner circle within her campaign headquarters in Miami. Another luxury hotel a few miles away from the Governor's. A Secret Service agent opened the door for him without checking his credentials.

After all, he was *supposed* to be in that room with the Senator.

Inside was the leading candidate for President of the United States, surrounded by her closest advisors and her longtime partner, who Rasp knew to be Jack Quiddick, a lobbyist of some kind. They all turned as he entered the room.

Time to work.

He extended the field of purpose he projected, he smiled, and he drilled his gaze into each set of eyes that challenged his presence, redirecting them. He reached his first interlocutor, a bald man already chattering away at Rasp in a sharp Texas twang.

Rasp touched his wrist gently, friendly, and completed the circuit. He whispered

something about the man's wife, and didn't need to watch him as he left the room hurriedly. Rasp knew that in less than an hour the man would be on a plane to beg his wife's forgiveness.

He peeled them away one by one in about 15 seconds and sent them from the room, leaving just the Senator and her lover Jack.

Senator Broadstreet was a beautiful woman, and up close she was dazzling. Youthful movie star looks and a porn star's body made her status as a powerful woman even more amazing. She projected power, in the firm set of her full red lips and Roman nose and her thick, fiery red hair which looked so striking on the popular posters of the day. Artists had designed them to look like old Soviet agitprop art that said "Hear Me Roar" in block letters across the bottom.

He'd seen some on the internet that had been Photoshopped to say "BOOBS!"

And indeed, it was very hard for anyone to see past the Senator's. To call them big or large was inadequate. Up close Rasp was shocked at their obnoxious heft. She wore a white turtleneck and her huge breasts dominated her frame. A great, multi-paneled bra was visible underneath the garment, stretched thin across at least a foot horizontal of bulbous tit.

She was way up there in the alphabet of bra sizes. An H or a J cup at least.

She regarded him with brilliant Irish green eyes. "I don't believe we've met before Mister...?"

"Rasp," he said smiling and taking her wrist. The circuit completed. She twitched slightly in the corner of her left eye. He shook her hand vigorously, unable to miss in his peripheral vision the gravid wobble of her great big tits.

"Mr Rasp what can you..." she shook her head, trying to make sense of the mental messages flooding her cortex and overwhelming the defenses her psyche had erected over a lifetime, "uh, what can we do for you? I mean, what can we do for each other."

She was strong. Rasp had been wrong, she could fight him. But only just enough to make this interesting.

"I've been brought on as your new image consultant," he said.

Jack Quiddick appeared to bristle, flashing signs of aggression and male challenge. "Image consultant? Shelly doesn't need a consultant on her image, she's fine just the way she is. People love her, she's killing in the polls. So I totally-"

Rasp waved his hand and spoke a mnemonic keyphon to disable Jack's hormone spike. Then he extended his hand in friendship. "I'm sorry Jack, I think we're getting off on the wrong foot." He clasped the other man's wrist to complete the circuit and mentally dominate him.

"Why don't you have a seat," said Rasp. The two politicians complied and sat down on the couch which appeared not to have been used yet. They didn't arrange the pillows, but sat straight down among them. It looked awkward and uncomfortable.

"Make yourselves comfortable," he said. They complied, moving cushions and pillows out of the way and sitting back. Rasp sat across from them, a coffee table between them. Senator Broadstreet's huge tits thrust out to hover above her thighs, casting a shadow. By his estimation their bottom ends were somewhere just above her belly button.

"In the interest of full disclosure, I need to know everything, including the ugly, let's say dirty details," said Rasp. With every word his sub-audible changes in pitch and intonation wove a spell. With every word he spoke the more he bound them to his will. Every minute with Rasp

was like a Python wrapping itself about the victim, strangling the sense of self until it was gone.

He continued, placing his hand over his heart. "It may be embarrassing, but I'm only asking these questions to help you and your wonderful campaign, which I believe strongly in."

They nodded. "Good!" said Rasp. "First question: Shelly, how big are your breasts?"

Though the Senator's expression did not change from the passive features of a trance-like state, she began to blush and redden all over her pale skin. "I...I don't..." she struggled, fighting him.

"Shelly, you *have to tell me*. How. Big. Are. Your tits."

She bit her lip. "I...wear an I cup bra." She raised her hands and clasped the sides of each enormous tit. "These are I cups. They're horrible. I can't stand them. I hate the way people look at them. I want to get rid of them". He marveled at the way each pillowy boob dwarfed her little white hands.

"Very good," he said. At those words, he knew, pleasure hormones were flooding Shelly's brain. Her mouth slackened and a partial sigh escaped her.

"They bother you. Is that because you're a feminist? Does it make it hard to be a feminist with tits that big? Nobody takes you seriously?"

Her expression darkened. "I make them. Men want to limit me, box me in because of... these," she said angrily, throwing up her hands. "They make men weak, they make men underestimate me. I crush them for it. I'm a feminist because it shouldn't be that way."

"Very good," said Rasp. "Jack, do you like Shelly's tits?"

As Rasp surmised, Jack shrugged. "Not really, they make her life a pain. They hurt her back. After she wins we're both ready for a reduction."

"How's your sex life?" he asked Shelly.

"Jack is gay. So am I. We don't have sex. Our arrangement is mutually beneficial to both our careers. We plan to launch Jack as a candidate for Senate to fill my old spot in the next election, and the constituents in my district are too conservative to ever elect a homosexual candidate."

"Very good," Rasp said. Both his victims sighed like they were sliding into warm bath water. He thought for a moment, crossing his legs and leaning back into the pillows. This would be fairly standard, but unusual because his work was never allowed to play out on the world stage.

It might be time for that to change. For all of society to change. The Senator was a feminist because her body was an inconvenience, which was a shame. Why should something so spectacular and beautiful limit someone of such intelligence and political skill?

An idea began to take form in his head, which Governor Peckem wasn't going to like. Oh well.

Rasp uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, impaling Shelly with his gaze. His voice deepened and the lights seemed to dim. "Shelly Broadstreet," he intoned.

She sat upright, nearly covering her lap with her massive breasts again. "I...yes..." she said, her resistance subtle and eroding.

"You are wrong about your breasts. They are not bad. They're good. They are the source of your power, and the source of your success, don't you see it now? Look at them."

She gazed downward at the acre of sweater clad boob obstructing her view of her bare

feet. "I...but...are they really?"

"Yes," he intoned, and the walls seemed to groan, and the lights got dimmer.

"My big tits are my power," she said. "I need power to win. I want to be President of the United States. The President...is powerful."

"Yes," he intoned.

Her eyes widened as a terrible logic began to unfurl within the deepest, reptilian recesses of her mind. "Ohh..." she said, and grasped her tits. "I see..."

"Very good Shelly Broadstreet," he said, completing the message. The lights brightened and the oppressive weight vanished. The Senator was still running her hands over her jugs, staring at them like they were people she wanted to form an alliance with.

Rasp stood and took a card from his coat pocket and walked over to hand it to Jack Quiddick. "This is the name of an expert surgeon in Buenos Aires. He is the best in the world and just as discreet. Call him and arrange a consultation. It will clinch this election for you. I'd stake my life on it."

Jack took the card and turned it over and over in his hands, like a jewel. He looked up at Rasp with eyes full of tears. "Thank you Mr Rasp. This election is so important."

"I know," he said, buttoning his suit jacket. He turned and left them sitting on the couch, with candidate Shelly Broadstreet polling at 54% and running her hands over the largest rack ever to make a splash in politics.

He had a feeling the splash was about to get bigger, and the poll numbers with it.

Rasp sat at a cafe sipping coffee. On the table was spread an article in a scuzzy tabloid rag with the title "PRESIDENT BLOWUP DOLL."

It purported to show Shelly Broadstreet on a hotel balcony draped in a hospital gown. But that was impossible, because this woman's hair was blonde.

And it looked like the tits that had to be underneath that gown were bigger than basketballs. Rasp smiled, and folded the paper and shoved it aside. Underneath were more tabloids running versions of the same story, with the same blurry unconfirmed pics from a hotel in the south of France.

Quotes from anonymous campaign insiders expressing alarm that the Senator was having a mental breakdown of some kind, that she'd fled the campaign and the country, unable to deal with the stress. There were quotes from experts saying this was a disaster, that she'd quit the crucial work of campaigning mere weeks before the debate, citing tanking poll numbers showing Senator Broadstreet in the 40% range.

Best of all were the supposed eyewitnesses and paparazzi that claimed the Senator had gotten experimental implants and inflated her already freakishly large tits into monstrous size. That she was seen topless, flaunting round, obviously fake and nearly beach ball sized breasts on a private beach.

The public was unprepared to believe it, which was why so far the story only ran in the sleaziest tabloid papers, and the mainstream media only reported on the Senator's bizarre and unprecedented sabbatical. It was a slow process, the osmosis that got the unbelievable into the

reality. The 24 hour networks were starting to hint at something insane having happened to Senator Shelly Broadstreet in Brazil.

Slowly the housewives in the Midwest were getting the word that the most powerful woman in the world had gone and made herself into a pornographic fantasy.

When she stepped out into the debate stage in a few weeks, Senator Broadstreet would have to make the case for feminism and a young woman as president burdened by the biggest breasts the mainstream media had ever seen.

And, he chuckled to himself, they'd get even bigger. There were 3 debates after all...

Shelly was alone in her dressing room. Well, alone except for her wonderful image consultant, Mr Rasp, who had done so much already for the campaign.

He was working overtime to salvage it from the colossal mistake she'd made, or the pair of them to be precise. Reflected back at her in the dressing mirror and lit by high wattage bulbs were her new, massive, career-ending breasts - so big that they were like completely separate presences. Everyone talked to *them* instead of Shelly. She sat uncomfortably around them in her makeup chair, feeling the arm rests pinching in to their sides, and resting hugely in her lap.

She couldn't stop staring at them. How was she going to do this? Why had she taken such a drastic step? And especially now, at the most critical moment of her campaign for the Presidency. The only thing that kept her from breaking down was Mr Rasp's wise counsel. He advised that it was useless to try and avoid them because it would be seen as weak and two faced. Rather, they should address her breast enlargement head on. There wasn't any other option, unfortunately.

Or tits-on, as Jack had said, laughing. He'd been extremely supportive throughout the whole process, including the hare-brained late night strategy session that lead to Shelly's mistakenly thinking a breast enlargement was a good idea. She shook her head, eyes heavenward. He was such a bad influence on her.

Shelly reached awkwardly around the huge tanned spheres of her jugs to get at the note cards hidden from view by the bulging rise of her cleavage, straightening them on the shelf her boobs made. Looking at them, how they obscured everything...even her campaign message, she sighed.

Mr Rasp was at her side, his hand on her shoulder, and as usual just his touch had a fantastic calming effect, like the golden mellow of a bunch of Xanax. "Senator, it may seem difficult, but I assure you that people will respond favorably to your new look."

"You're sure? I just...I just wish I hadn't been so hasty. Maybe after the election, before I was sworn in. Why did I do it now, when so much is at stake?". She stared worriedly at the tops of her titties, which jiggled crazily as she gestured. She shook her head again. "How is anyone even going to hear what I have to say? Peckem will eat me alive..."

The lights seemed to dim then, and there was a rush of blood in her ears when Mr Rasp said her name, "Shelly Broadstreet, listen carefully..."

She blinked rapidly, forgetting where she was. It seems some time had passed. Mr Rasp was at her side, good naturedly as always. "How do you feel, Senator?" He asked.

Shelly looked at herself in the mirror again, and saw something else besides her freakish balloon boobs. She saw Senator Goddamn Shelly Broadstreet. They called her the Lioness of the Senate. She saw someone who radiated power and femininity, who spoke for all women. She saw a spectacular pair of tits that were a testament to her man-killing, ball-busting bravado.

"I feel powerful," she snarled, caressing her vast bosom, giving it a nice couple shakes to plump them. "Let's give this sonofabitch Peckem an eyeful, you hear me Rasp?"

"That's the spirit, Senator!". He stepped out of the way so Shelly could unwedge her nearly beach ball-sized breasts from the chair, and she stood and turned toward the door like an Admiral aboard her flagship, he huge tits thrust out like full sails, full of power and elan.

Senator Broadstreet's team was posted back stage along with all of the press. Governor Peckem's team was somewhere else in the building, but Rasp would have liked to be among them, a fly on the wall. The Governor was expecting an easy victory, but that was not what Rasp was serving up to him. He and his people were in for a shock.

Rasp found moments like these, and the reactions that went with them his favorite part of what he did.

The debate was starting, and along with the Senator's team, Rasp watched on the monitors. The debate's moderator, the venerable Bert Hampstead was wrapping up his preamble to bringing on the candidates.

"And now, without further ado, your candidates running for the presidency of the United States: Governor Hannibal Peckem, and Senator Shelly B-b-oobstreet. I'm sorry, that's Senator Shelly Broadstreet."

Bert's gaffe was lost in the collective gasps and shouts of alarm from 100 million mouths watching around the country as the Senator took the stage from the right. They'd chosen not to downplay her shocking figure, but to display it, and for this they chose a custom made tight fitting, bright red blouse framed by a black suit jacket they could not possibly have closed around her nearly beach ball sized breasts. At Rasp's suggestion, they'd left the blouse unbuttoned quite a bit, so that at least a full 14 inches of cleavage was on display, as well as much of the tops of the Senator's blimps, tanned brown from nude sunbathing in the South of France.

The surgery was still new, so the massive round orbs were still tight and high. Even so, there was so much of them and they were so enormously heavy, as evidenced by the way they bounced side to side and slapped against each other. In the few seconds the Senator took to reach the podium, her gigantic tits wobbled so much they'd loosened another button, and the tight shirt burst open another inch, revealing the edge of a lacy black bra. She reddened in embarrassment and tried to reach around her massive tits to pull it closed, but it was no use. Her boobs were far too big to button her shirt by herself.

To make matters worse, when she stepped to the podium, the microphone buried itself straight down into her cleavage. She projected out so far she still wasn't used to negotiating the clearance required by her breasts. Smiling sheepishly, she removed it with great difficulty from about a foot deep between her tits, the sound system banging and crackling from the friction

against the mic. She adjusted it so it was level with her face, placed her hands on the podium, and took a deep breath and smiled.

The room back stage was almost silent except for whispered exclamations like “Oh my god,” and “Jesus Christ...” Rasp could have heard a pin drop from the other side of the auditorium. Jack Quiddick, however, was beaming.

“She looks great!” Jack said, patting one of their advisors on the shoulder. He didn’t notice the looks of perplexity he was getting, people with mouths agog, eyes bugging out. As Senator Broadstreet’s campaign now hung motionless in the air with nothing from an embarrassed Bert Hampstead following the emergence of the world’s biggest tits, things seemed to have gone off a cliff.

Rasp rocked back on the heels of his expensive Italian loafers. Whatever came next, it would come down to Shelly Broadstreet’s skill as a debater. Bert Hampstead recovered and cleared his throat. “The candidates will now be allowed two minutes for an opening statement. Governor Peckem, why don’t we have you start?”

The Governor, who had gone almost entirely unnoticed taking the stage or shaking his head like a father ashamed of a neighbor’s daughter, now looked out into the audience with practiced sternness. Rasp could imagine him on a horse, surveying the lands he’d inherited from generations of wealth, not all of it gotten fairly. “Folks,” he said, and pursed his lips in disapproval. “I can not believe we are seeing this. I want to apologize for what y’all are having to put up with this election year, from my opponent in this race, who is making this great nation a laughing stock on the world stage tonight. If y’all have kids watching, I would highly encourage you to send them to bed. My opponent has consistently behaved in a manner totally at odds with the office of the President, in her decorum, in her manners, in her behavior, and in her appearance. I want to apologize to you, Bert, and say I am grateful to be here and I thank you for having us. And that’s all,” he said, looking away and shaking his head in an expression of puzzled wonderment.

Bert said, “And now, uh, Senator Shelly Broadstreet, your two minutes.”

“Thank you, Bert,” she said, and continued in a high, clear, and strong voice, “And I want to thank you also for hosting us tonight, in the most important election in my lifetime. Important not because I am running in it, but because of what’s at stake. This election has now become a referendum on women. I didn’t make it that way, nor did I want it that way, but the mere presence of a woman so close to the seat of the executive branch has surprisingly revealed that such a thing makes people, many of them men, uncomfortable.”

She looked down for a moment, into a decolletage that rose almost to her chin. “I have made men uncomfortable my whole life, and told I should be ashamed of the way I look, even though this is *me*. I know many women out there who have felt the same way, and I’ve met hundreds, thousands of them across the country in this great campaign. But I am here to tell you now, I’m not ashamed of the way I look. It’s just how I am. I have never let it stop me...”

She paused dramatically for effect, and here, as they’d planned, she removed her black jacket, struggling for a moment, her breasts undulating with the effort and slipping another overtaxed button. She stuffed the jacket into the podium, out of sight. Underneath were rolled up sleeves, a sign of a political fighter ready to go to work.

She continued, her voice rising in strength, "...and it is high time that women should not be ashamed of the way they look, if they are tall, or skinny, or overweight, black, brown, or yes, a little busty," she said, smiling sheepishly. Her understatement drew a huge laugh, and she paused for it to die down. "I believe that everyone should have an equal opportunity to succeed in this great nation. That is what we were founded on. It's time, my fellow Americans, that we should live by that creed."

There was silence in the auditorium. Again, the fate of the world hung suspended in air. Then, a smattering of applause, and then more, and then the entire place was on its feet, clapping. Audience camera shots panned out showing a majority of them were women. It wasn't exactly an accident, more a bit of the kind of underhanded tricks native to politics that had the Senator's campaign flood the audience with women, who were now filling the place with the thunder of their applause.

In the press area backstage, the Senator's aides were crowding around laptops showing live metrics from their undecided voter focus group. At the start the graph had plunged into the red when Shelly's freakish balloon tits appeared, but now after her opening statement, the response was positive and climbing higher and higher.

It was working, she was pulling it off.

With the applause dying down, Governor Peckem was butting in, trying to break the momentum. Everyone turned to watch.

"Now hold on a damn minute," he said, raising his hand for quiet. "Nobody ever said anything about equality or women's rights, this ain't about that! We're talking about a modern day candidate for President...running off and getting a radical surgical procedure that, that, uhh, makes her look like a damn circus attraction! It ain't natural! This is a travesty!"

Jack Quiddick crossed his arms, his body a tight coil of nerves in a slim suit. He bit his lip. "Come on Shelly, come on. Pivot, pivot, pivot, pivot."

On the monitors, the shot was switched to the Senator for her reaction. She was looking at Governor Peckem with calm regard, even a little imperious. When he finished, she held up her finger to Bert to ask for time.

"Senator you'll have 60 seconds to respond, then we really need to get into our first question," said the moderator.

She nodded. "Thank you Bert. When the Governor said nobody mentioned women's rights, or equality, he has a point. Because at no point in this entire campaign," she began to pick up strength and timber in her voice, great heaving breaths making her huge jugs bulge like bellows, "has the Governor ever said anything about the other half of the country. Never has he committed to increased maternity leave, to making women's health issues even a passing concern. He simply doesn't care about women, and, he clearly doesn't understand women."

"And Governor," she cut off what he was about to spit back, "you should know better than to call a woman fat. I don't know who raised you, but she should have told you. *Never call a woman fat!* In my home state of Virginia, we behave better. And finally, I would like to address these rumors, if I may. I'm sorry if I go over Bert."

She talked right over Bert and Peckem's protests. "I know I've gained a little weight, the campaign trail isn't kind to a girl's figure. But to repeat these ridiculous tabloid stories is the sign of someone without a real message. I'm not apologizing for having a large bosom," she said,

and rolling her eyes and chuckling, "Okay, maybe very large. This is the way God made me. If Governor Peckem doesn't like it, well so what. For the record, I'm not particularly attracted to him either."

Laughter and applause again. Jack smiled. "Look at the focus group voter graph, every time she pokes fun at her boobs, they love it. They're eating it up!"

"Excellent," said Rasp. As he watched the Senator slice apart the Governor in front of 100 million viewers, he thought about how he would push the envelope even further. They'd accepted Senator Broadstreet's insane figure so far. But what would happen if it got crazier?

Would they still accept it?

Ready or not, soon there'd be an answer.

Back at Shelly's hotel suite, her team was ecstatic. The sound of popping champagne corks filled the air, as well as party music and laughter. Shelly was in the bedroom getting dressed. She pulled on a casual pair of dark blue yoga pants. The custom made white tank top she wore was very tight and encased her vast round bosom like a second skin, but all her clothes were like that now. She could have draped herself in ponchos and scarves, but that had never been Shelly's style. She didn't hide who she was. Especially not now, when she was growing increasingly fond of her increasingly swelling bust.

Previously all of Shelly Broadstreet's people thought her boob job had doomed the campaign. Now it turned out her crazy circus tits were only helping her. The news shows talked about almost nothing else. If they *did* talk about Shelly's performance it was how powerfully feminine it was, how outrageous and bold and shocking it was. Soon enough they were back to talking about how she looked, how much cleavage was on display, who designed her striking red blouse.

It was as if everyone who saw it and heard her words was under a spell...

Checking that her insane figure looked at least halfway decent, Shelly opened her bedroom door and went out, negotiating her pair of blimps through the narrow confines of the doorway. She discovered recently that she had to be careful about spaces she used to take for granted. Doorways were now so narrow she was in danger of getting stuck in them. The team turned to greet her and there was a momentary silence as the Senator paused, her tits still jiggling with arrested momentum. It was a shock for even those who knew her to see Shelly in casual clothing.

Then Jack Quiddick rushed forward to mash himself into her frontage and kiss her, lifting her up and spinning her around, crowing like a rooster! The sound was muted by his face being buried in her deep cleavage. "You did it" he cried.

He put her down and then everyone crowded around, congratulating Shelly. Her Vice Presidential running mate, Dan Abel, a grandfatherly man with a shock of white hair and a bowtie, handed her a flute of champagne. "I believe a toast is in order!"

Shelly thought for a moment, and glancing down at the acre of tanned boob meat welling up out of her tank top, lifted her champagne high and cried "To President Blowup Doll!"

Laughter and glasses tinkled together in harmony, and people awkwardly hugged Shelly and whispered congratulations in her ear to be heard over a Beyonce victory anthem on the stereo.

Shelly then shushed everyone for a moment and extricated herself from the well wishers, and with Jack's help stood on the chaise lounge in order to be seen by all. Wobbling for a moment like a top, she found her footing. "Everyone, if I could have your attention for a moment. We had a victory tonight. But we're not done yet. We need to talk about our next steps, and while I realize this is a party and that we're here to celebrate...time is short. The election is coming up fast and my next surgery will have a recuperation time I can't rush, so--"

At this there was an uproar from the couple dozen staff members, who all began talking at once.

"What are you talking about?"

"This is crazy!"

"You are already too big!"

"Don't do this!"

"Senator rethink this!"

"We'll lose!"

"How much bigger can they get!?"

Shelly held her hand out for calm, and took a sip of champagne while she waited. "Everyone needs to calm down, please. I've already thought about this. We did fantastic tonight, as I knew we would. My boobs are throwing Peckem and his campaign off center, and they don't know how to react. It's working, and the obvious play is to maximize our effect."

Her bowtied running mate ran his hands through his hair and groaned. "Senator, I mean, Shelly. That doesn't make any sense. 'maximize *our* effect?'. We aren't doing anything, you are. You getting another boob job is for you, it doesn't help us do our job. It, it makes it *harder!*"

"Dan, I'm not changing my mind. This is my decision and it's how I want to do it. I know there are some who will disagree, but I believe the public responds favorably to the enlargement of my breasts. I think it works for me, and so that's what we're going to do. Just, you know...more."

"Senator, we did not work so hard for 2 years just to see you throw it all away on a bunch of boob jobs!" Dan Abel was shouting. "If you go down this road you will lose. I won't be part of a campaign that doesn't want to win."

Shelly drained the last of her champagne in one gulp. "I accept that. You are free to leave and resign as VP. I'll pick another. Anyone who agrees with Dan is encouraged to follow him out the door."

There was grumbling, arguing. Shelly hopped off the couch. The down bounce of her tremendous chest made her lose her balance and she began to fall forward, only caught from falling on her face by Jack Quiddick, who threw an arm out. Blushing beet red in embarrassment, Shelly turned away and went to get more champagne.

A slow exodus began of campaign staff who would not support Shelly's next breast enlargement, saying their farewells and including dire warnings of failure. When Shelly had

turned her attention back to the party, half of her people were gone. The last of them slammed the door shut.

She raised her glass and toasted them, feeling buzzed from a mix of alcohol and tonight's incredible victory, which had vindicated what she suspected. Her big tits were the source of her power. And to win they had to get bigger. In the past she'd thought they had limited her, but tonight convinced her she'd been wrong before. It was time to be proud of her figure.

She motioned Jack over and mashed a jumbo sized titty into his side in a half hug. "It'll be alright," she said.

"Yeah," he said. There was a snapping sound, and in shock he turned her around. "Your top ripped. The seam gave way."

"Oh," she said, smiling sheepishly.

One of the remaining staff giggled a little, and she had an infectious laugh. It caught on and soon everyone was giggling, hiding their faces in their champagne. They felt crazy, Shelly knew. Just like she did sometimes. Along for the ride behind these crazy huge jugs.

The only person not laughing was Mr Rasp, who stood somewhat apart from the rest. He smiled though, and Shelly caught his eyes. She knew he was on board with this.

Mr Rasp was the biggest supporter of her quest for Presidential sized breasts, and she knew with him and Jack by her side, she could make it happen.

Rasp stood in the shade of a cabana, watching Senator Shelly Broadstreet swim. Next to him was the recumbent figure of Jack Quiddick, sunbathing in a sliver of midday Brazilian light. They couldn't jet off to France again for the Senator's recovery this time, the surgery was more difficult and she had needed more monitoring.

But now all that was done, and they were due to return to the U.S. for the next debate. Neither Senator or "lover" were paying attention to the polls or the news out of the States, choosing to focus instead on Shelly's recovery.

And adjusting to life with her new, much bigger breasts.

The Senator reached the ladder to climb out of the pool and began to haul her bloated zeppelins out of the water, but spent a moment struggling, trying to reach past her boobs to get a grip and finding she could not get enough leverage to pull herself up with the newly added weight. It was too much. She gave up, and fell back into the water, laughing.

"Jack," she yelled, "help me! I can't get out of the water on my own, my tits are too big!"

Jack pulled a newspaper printed in Portuguese off his face (he'd been sleeping) and walked over to the ladder, watching his longtime partner bobbing in the water in a bright red one-piece swimsuit. A side effect of the latest experimental surgery was that her nipples had grown tremendously so that they stuck out like D batteries, capping the ends of freakishly huge tits.

Jack lent his hands, and Senator Broadstreet swam back to the ladder and took Jack's hands, hauling her up. She climbed out dripping wet and bent at the waist catching her breath. From where Rasp was standing the Senator's breasts hung past her knees, and billowed out

almost a foot past each shoulder, smushed against her thighs.

She stood up straight and was revealed in all her glory. Rasp had been with the Senator the entire time, so he had seen the entire process, but it never ceased to shock him how massive she'd made herself with such little suggestion.

The implants were of a special and prototype construction. They had lost their almost perfectly spherical shape and were now much more ovoid, with a very small amount of droop, but their overall size was now larger than beach balls. They completely dominated her frame from collar bone to pelvis and projected in a powerful, sweeping two foot arc, the ends capped by pornographically prominent nipples, which jutted visibly anytime she wore a single layer, such as now.

All three of them stood staring at the Senator's massive breasts, dripping and jiggling in her swimsuit. She said "Well, what do you think Mr. Rasp? Am I ready for prime time?"

He smiled and strode forward with a towel. "Almost, Senator."

She took it and handed it to her partner. "Jack dear, can you help me dry off? I'm finding I can't reach my legs anymore."

"Really? How come you didn't say anything before?"

She smiled and hooked a hand under one of the strained, cable-like straps of her custom made swimsuit, and her arm practically rested on the tanned shelf of boob meat that extended into her armpit. "I kind of just couldn't believe it. I mean I tried, but they're just so big I can't get around them. You've seen how I can't tie my shoes at all. It's the same thing, they bunch up into my face when I sit down."

Jack started drying her back, and it caused her to wobble and undulate with his effort, which translated into several cubic feet of tan, shimmering breasts jiggling in front of Rasp. If he wasn't master of the mind it would be very difficult to have this conversation with a clear head.

"Senator, I believe it's time we talk about our situation."

"True," she said, staring dreamily at the 18 inch line of cleavage stretching out before her. "I've spent enough time healing. Let's hear it. What's the status?"

"You've lost ground again. Peckem is ahead in the latest polls, and the media is starting to catch on about the surgeries."

She motioned Jack to wait. Though Botox kept her brow from moving, the fear and displeasure was clear on her face. "What, how?"

"Leaks," said Rasp.

"From who, who could leak? What is getting out?"

Rasp shrugged, "Former staff out to get you, out to make a buck. Your circle is small, and very little has gotten out, but it's enough to cause a feeding frenzy in the media, Senator." Now was the moment to step on the gas. When Shelly Broadstreet became stressed, she would go to an emotional place, and the boundaries of Rasp's mental suggestions would be tested. But in re-applying his mental obsessions that dominated her psyche he would be allowed to get even deeper inside.

She feared enemies surrounding her and she feared failure. These things were gnawing at her defenses now, he knew watching her face. "What are they saying? What's trending?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"Nothing good, and everything to do with your latest procedure, I'm afraid." He took a

stack of the raciest, sleaziest American and British tabloids from under his arm and handed them to her.

Shelly used her tits as a desk and read the cover of the top one. *National Disgrace*, the headline read, over a blurry paparazzi pic of Shelly sleeping on her side in a beach chair, with her gigantic jugs stacked on top of each other piled high in a bright pink bikini, the dreaded nipples tenting the flimsy fabric. In the sand were an empty wine bottle and a bottle of pain meds.

Shelly walked haltingly to a lounge chair, angrily flipping through tabloids and tossing them aside. She reached the chair and turned awkwardly so she could see around her boobs, which blocked her vision of things directly in front and below and found a place to sit.

True to her word, her huge breasts plopped heavily against her thighs and held their shape, sticking out as far as her knees and piling up into her face. She searched for a moment and then, near tears cried "where did the fucking papers go? I can't see around these things!"

Jack picked the papers up from the edge of the chair, pulling because Shelly's leg was partially covering them, just beyond sight around her hugely swollen, fake left boob. "It's alright babe, they're right here, don't worry."

He held it for her to read, and the cover said in big bold letters "*BIMBO BROADSTREET: ADDICTED TO BOOB JOBS!*" over a paparazzi's telephoto shot of the Senator splashing in the waves in that same overtaxed pink bikini, nipples obscenely exploding out. Apparently the water was very cold that day.

The Senator slapped the paper away, broke down, and covered her face sobbing into her ridiculous cleavage. "What have I done?" she moaned.

Jack sat down next to her. "Shelly, it's going to be fine, we've been here before. Remember last time? This isn't any different. People just need to get used to the new you. Your new... size."

"No!" she snarled, and clutched at the sides of her blimps, inadvertently causing them to bounce and jiggle, "you don't understand! I was so excited, I had the doctor install the kind of implants that keep growing over time. They absorb fluid, so they're just going to get bigger and bigger before the debate!"

"Oh my god, what! I didn't know that!"

"It's true, look at the paparazzi pictures. I'm already much bigger than that. I've been growing little by little every day. It doesn't help that I've been drinking all this booze! The doctor said that makes them get bigger, faster."

"Oh Jesus, I didn't notice. Mr Rasp, did you know about this? What are we going to do! We're sunk!" Jack was like a spooked horse. He flipped through the tabloids too fast to read the dozen articles about President Blowup Doll, headlines like *America's Shame*, *Top Heavy Harlot* and *Porno POTUS*, mocking Senator Broadstreet's insane breast enlargement.

Rasp squatted next to them in his suit, not feeling the heat of the tropical sun, not allowing it. "Yes, I knew," he said.

From his position he could no longer see Shelly's face over the horizon of her tits, but he heard her whisper, "you knew?"

"Of course I did. The doctor is a friend of mine. He asked my advice, what did I think would work best for you. Knowing you, I told him to recommend you the largest possible

expander implants, and to send you to recovery with a healthy supply of booze and pills, so you could relax. And grow..."

"But why?"

"Give me your hands, both of you," he said. Puzzled, but they complied. It completed the circuit of his mental energy, and his will flowed into them. "Shelly Broadstreet. Your breasts are big and getting bigger, and that is good. The attention from the tabloids is good. Attention is good."

"My big breasts get too much attention," Shelly moaned, blushing with shame. "It's too much. It's sinking my campaign. Everyone is laughing at me, just like I was afraid of."

"No, that's wrong. They laugh now, but that is no consequence. You are winning because your breasts are so large. They get attention, and that makes people talk about you. The more they talk about you, the more you dominate the conversation."

Shelly squinted, working it out for herself now, making sense of it. "So...the bigger my boobs get, the more attention I get, and the more they talk about me and my campaign for President, even if what they say about me is *bad*, it helps me win?"

"Yes," he intoned. The brightness of the sky seemed to dim. His power oppressed even the light of the sun.

"So it's good to get larger, and more outrageous and...and shocking" she said, running her hands out to the ends of her huge wet tits, and grasped them in the inadequate palms of her hands. They just barely managed to cover her nipples. "That one paper called me top heavy. It's true, I have no other curves. I should get more, and even it out...I should get bigger all over."

"Yes," Rasp intoned. "Very good. Shelly Broadstreet, you know now what you have to do to win." He completed the message.

She was released from his hold, but was still lost in her own trance, the suggestion taking hold and blooming like a flower unfurling ideas in her mind. What body parts to inflate, how big, how soon.

Jack Quiddick shook his head. "Now what?"

Rasp stood. "You have a couple more days here in Brazil Mr Quiddick. I suggest the both of you have fun. A lot of it. See the doctor again, he may have some suggestions for the Senator ahead of the next debate, which I believe is a town hall. They'll be filming her from different angles, including the posterior..." he winked suggestively at Shelly.

She stared at him, slack jawed. "Thank you so much, Mr Rasp!". She tried to stand and couldn't quite get the leverage, to his amazement. She struggled and flopped back down, her gigantic, ridiculous balloon tits jiggling like crazy. Jack helped her up, and she grabbed both men's arms and pulled them into a hug with her boobs separating them all with 2 feet of implant swollen boob, and still growing.

"Thank you," she said, crying tears of joy.

It was now the night of the 2nd debate, and Shelly waited behind the curtain to be brought on and begin the show.

And a show it would be. The forecasts were stunning. It was predicted nearly a billion

people would be tuning in to this, worldwide. Nobody could believe Shelly was still in the race, or that she still had a shot of winning.

It might be a long shot right now, but there was still time to campaign.

And time to grow.

Shelly had gotten bigger again, and this time it wasn't such a secret. Exclusive paparazzi photos, arranged and staged with Shelly beforehand had leaked to the papers and the mainstream media had finally picked it up. She was still claiming it was just weight gain, but the obviousness of the lie only increased the public's hunger for more. It only fed the conversation about her, and what she'd done to drastically alter her physique beyond anything people had ever seen.

From the stage, she heard the cue from moderator Aaron Sterling. A stage technician whispered "Go," and Shelly started her hyper voluptuous curves into motion.

Her flaming red hair was blown out and coiffed for maximum volume and length, and extensions brought it down to the small of her back, where it swished above her now surgically and chemically enlarged ass, clad in a tight fitting black miniskirt that stretched to cover hips three feet across at their widest point, and buttocks the size and shape of basketballs. All on powerful thighs shed enlarged with muscle and fat in a crash course of gym work and steroids.

It was a long walk to the stool and podium, and she could see in the monitors the cameras showing her from the side and rear jiggling obscenely in clothing chosen to emphasize the effect of walking in very high heels. She did add a wiggle to it they'd choreographed in debate prep, but this was almost too much. She could actually feel her gigantic ass wobble behind her with each heavy step.

That was a sideshow, however, to her breasts. In the weeks since her big talk with Mr Rasp, she'd swollen considerably, thanks to a regimen of drinking fluids specifically targeted to blow her boobs up as much as possible. Most of that had come from a sex, drugs, and booze soaked orgy at her resort in Brazil. Shelly's stylists had taken Mr Rasp's advice and dressed her in the most revealing top design they could get away with. And it had to be designed, because nothing made for anyone else would ever fit Shelly again.

Each breast was now a tad larger than an exercise ball, and testing the limits of her implants they'd become extremely round again. They were wrapped in a blue halter top split down the middle, all the way to the belly button, which was hidden underneath her titanic tits, along with the rest of her bare stomach and crotch. Even her arms were covered now. They disappeared behind the outside sweep of each bouncing breast, which extended at the widest a foot past the sides of her torso. It almost looked like she was wearing a giant bikini, because so much honey tanned breast was showing.

A solid line of cleavage extended out from the wall of her chest, just under Shelly's collar bones, arced gently upward so that the tops of her breasts were almost level with her chin. They then swept down and away to their farthest point, three feet away, and were capped by nipples that had continued to enlarge along with her breasts. Her halter top mashed them down a little but their circumference was easily seen, about as big around as a small soda bottle.

And they were tremendously heavy. Her team had realized after watching her increasing struggles with simple tasks that she was in danger of being crippled by the size of her breasts. The punishing gym routine that thickened her thighs had also worked to pack

muscle into her back. An extremely illegal course of powerful steroids had helped her become muscular enough to carry it all with a manageable amount of difficulty.

One thing they hadn't figured out how to fix was how to manage the shimmy and shake effect when Shelly walked. Unless she went very slow, her breasts would swing side to side, slap against each other in the middle and rebound outward, so that the shimmying kept increasing until she stopped walking. They'd tested all sorts of silly walks to minimize the effect, but nothing worked.

A billion people around the world were now treated to the sight of Senator Shelly Broadstreet's breasts uncontrollably jiggling and bouncing together as she struggled to hold them inside her top, her tiny hands on their sides and practically disappearing into them, overflowed by several feet of implanted tits. The sound of her tits slapping together was picked up by the microphones, and filled living rooms and computer speakers everywhere as the world watched in stunned silence.

She reached her podium and brought her impossible physique to a stop. Everything was still wobbling when Aaron Sterling cleared his throat. "If I could remind the audience, please no noise during the course of the debates, this includes applause, cheering, and uh, hooting."

Shelly smiled and pursed her lips. They too had been dramatically enlarged and inflated beyond the mainstream. Her hugely plump lips glistened in the monitors with cherry red lipstick and a high gloss. She grabbed her microphone off the podium and had to hold it at a high angle to get around her monstrous right boob. "That includes you, Aaron," she said.

He laughed, and so too did the audience, their nervousness at the outrageously inappropriate figure before them being eased by levity. Mr Rasp had advised Shelly and her debate team to keep it light on politics and high on humor and friendliness. Their first reaction to Shelly's enlargements was going to be shock and disgust. She had to put them at ease in order to bridge the gap.

Aaron Sterling recovered his composure and held out his hands to the candidates. "Governor Hannibal Peckem and Senator Shelly Broadstreet, thank you for joining us tonight. If you'd have a seat for a moment, we can begin with our debate tonight, which as you know is town hall style. Audience members will provide the questions, and neither of you have seen them in advance."

Governor Peckem had gone totally unnoticed until this point. Every camera ignored him taking the stage, but now Shelly could see him in the monitors taking his seat. He looked bad, like he hadn't slept in weeks. His tie was askew, and deep bags under his eyes made him look sort of evil.

Shelly went to get onto the stool and then stopped. She'd had enough time adjusting to the constantly increasing challenges of her expanding body to know she couldn't fit on the narrow seat, and wouldn't be able to haul her ungainly body up without slipping a nip in this top.

She blushed, she couldn't help it, but made sure to purse her swollen lips together for effect. "I'll have to remain standing for this, or get a bigger stool," she said. There was silence. "I can't fit this booty on that stool!" she said, laughing. She was relieved when the audience laughed with her.

Aaron Sterling suppressed a chuckle. "We'll see about getting you a bigger chair,

Senator.”

“A bench maybe!” She said, to more laughter.

“Ok, well we really need to get started because we have a lot of questions from our undecided voters behind you both,” said Sterling.

“Were these ones planted by Shelly too?” snarled Peckem, shocking everyone. The monitors changed to a split screen for Shelly’s reaction, and she made sure to remain impassive, staring off to the right and pursing her big lips again.

Testily, Sterling said “No, Governor, these are real undecided voters, and the questions they will be asking tonight will help them choose. We go to our first question, from Mister David Boner with a question for Senator Broadstreet.”

A squat, plain man in a Christmas sweater and spectacles rose, and read from a note card into his microphone. “Hello Senator. My question is, how big are your...chest. Uh. How big are they.”

Aaron Sterling sighed, “Okay, we apologize, that is not the question he was supposed to ask. We’ll move on to the next-”

“Wait, no, I will answer it,” Shelly cut in. Her team had anticipated this and they’d prepped for it.

“Okay then Senator, please proceed,” said Sterling.

Shelly held the microphone perched on top of her tit shelf and rotated her body on the balls of her feet to face her questioner. “David Boner, love the name, don’t change it. I hope it’s not fake.” As they’d rehearsed, she approached the audience dais to seem engaged with the person, and flashed the cameras her obscenely bulging ass in her thin skirt.

“David, I get this question a lot, as you can imagine. In fact, I’ve gotten it all my life. I’ve been sticking out of the crowd for a long time, so I’m used to it; it goes with the territory of being a big girl.”. She spread her hands and shrugged. “People wanna know, how big are they. My weight fluctuates a lot, and lately it’s fluctuated more than ever. I know I look different, but that’s okay.”

She rotated her body back towards the main audience for a moment, breasts wobbling smoothly. She’d worked on these moves, getting them down and adjusting to her new center of gravity so that she didn’t commit gaffes, didn’t stumble under the weight of her bust and appear weak. It was all part of her life now, figuring out the dance steps needed to negotiate these gigantic body parts around the room in a graceful way.

“Everyone is different,” she continued, pausing for effect. “People come from different places, they speak different languages, they pray in different ways. And that’s okay. Everyone who comes here to these United States has a right to be treated with decency, like a human being. Every man, but also every *woman*. No matter where she comes from, how she looks, the color of her skin or her weight. It’s in our Constitution, and it specifically refers to *people*. Not citizens born here, not just men, even, but everyone who breathes the free air here...everyone has a right to live their life free of oppression. Everyone.”

She could see herself in the monitors, her incredible body, and the impassioned but beautiful face above it making her case to the public in her finest hour. She felt triumphant. She turned on the balls of her feet again, dancing with the momentum and weight of the huge

masses projecting 3 full feet ahead and to the sides, and continued, "So David, to answer your question my breasts measure 150 inches around. You have to keep in mind that bra sizes being made for breasts past a certain size don't exist, so I can't give you a cup size, like double D or something. I kind of left bra sizes behind a while back."

David Boner only stared, mouth open in shock.

"That's twelve and a half feet around, for those playing at home," Shelly said, and winked at the camera. "I hope that answers your question Mr Boner." She jiggled back to her place at the podium, and stopped, waiting for the Jell-o undulations in her tits and ass to level off.

The audience was cheering and hooting, and Aaron Sterling said "We need to remind the audience to please keep silent and respect the solemnity of this event." He shook his head at the ridiculousness of his statement. "Alright, our next question is for you, Governor Peckem. Joe Jackson, with a question about the economy."

An elderly black man rose and read from his note card, but tossed it aside. His voice shook, and he cast furtive glances at Shelly's heaving bosom. "Uh, Governor Peckem, my question is...are you seeing this shit? That white woman is fine as hell!"

Governor Peckem threw his face into his hands. The monitors went to split screen again, and Shelly looked off to the right, serene and relaxed.

Peckem raised his head and stared up at the ceiling, beseeching heaven. "Mister Rasp, if you're out there please call me. My people have been trying to find you! Please get in touch with me, this...this is going all wrong! It's not going like you said!"

Shelly tried not to let it show her face, but a tremor shook her. Why was he saying that? How did he know Mr Rasp? Was Mr Rasp helping him? He'd helped her so much, why would he ever talk to Peckem? From the minute he'd showed up he'd made such great changes to...her. Her boobs. A dark cloud drifted over and away from her mind, and something snapped like chains around the deepest parts of her personality. She'd escaped something. *But what?*

Governor Peckem slid sadly off his stool and walked over to the old man. He sighed into his microphone. On the monitors he was visibly sweating. "You want to know what I see? I see a whore. Y'all want that in the damn White House? The house of *Washington? Lincoln? Reagan?* I-"

"Those are all men," Shelly snapped. Peckem's words jolted her out of her own head. "It's always been a man. The first woman that steps up and you call her a whore. Be ashamed, Govern-"

"You are a whore!" He shot back, vicious hatred twisting an old man's white weathered face in an image that would be shown again and again on cable news and Twitter, round the clock for weeks. "Your fake tits are making a mockery of this country, and it's disgusting! It ain't right." He turned to the cameras. "Stop this. Please stop this. Make it stop, I...I can't lose this way, y'all. To a damn...a damn...."

"*Woman?*" Shelly cut in, to roaring cheers. Even the undecided voters got to their feet and clapped.

Peckem flinched and shrank from it. He seemed to shrivel under the hail storm of applause for his hated opponent. He said something into his microphone, but it was lost in the noise. He slunk back to the podium, got back on his stool, and hung his head.

Aaron Sterling again had to chide the audience for breaking protocol, and then he

continued. "If that's all from the Governor, we'll move on to our next question for Senator Broadstreet, from John Wilson."

A short man in suspenders rose, and pulled a woman beside him up too. He was grinning sheepishly. "My question is supposed to be about defense spending, but Hell, who cares. Senator, my wife really wants to know: how much do they weigh? Are they real?"

Sterling threw up his hands. "No, No!"

Shelly waved the moderator off. "It's alright Aaron, I'll take this one. Mr Wilson, what's your wife's name?"

He held the microphone to his wife's lips. "Linda!" she said, laughing.

"Linda," Shelly said, dramatically and jokingly shaking her head, "you naughty woman. Do you wanna feel 'em? Would that give you an idea how heavy these puppies are?"

The audience started to lose it again. Linda giggled yes, and with her arms held out wide Shelly went over to the dais. "Now hold on, I'll come to you," she said into the mic, held as ever at a high angle to get around her exercise ball sized boob. "Momma's coming!"

Shelly mounted the aisle, but found some difficulty. She was too wide to get through without bumping people with her tits. "You guys will have to make some room, uh, please. I'm too wide. Watch out!" she cried, too late. A young college student was staring dumbly, unseeing, and Shelly's huge left titty rammed into his face, her obscenely large nipple ploughing into his nose and catching on it. It started to pull that panel of her halter top off, and Shelly had to stop and shove her gigantic boob off the guy to keep from flashing a billion people, dragging her ungainly protrusions through the crowd.

Some got out of the way, leaning to the side to make room for the passing of her tits, but some purposefully stayed put to get walloped by a breast 6 times bigger than their head. Shelly had reached the top steps where Linda and her husband waited, giggling, and with a big grin Shelly stepped forward.

She couldn't see anyone directly in front and below her, and she couldn't see the steps, and this time, she missed one. Shelly fell forward, yelping in embarrassed alarm. She engulfed the Watsons in her tits. Mr Watson's head and shoulders ended up between them and his wife was flattened into her seat by Shelly's huge left jug, pancaking out and around Linda as a jiggling, tanned blob more than three feet in diameter. Shelly struggled to extricate the Watsons from her breasts but couldn't get the necessary leverage to lift the 80 pound mass of her tits up in this position.

She felt strong arms hook under her armpits and pull her up. Her good Samaritan's enormous erection wedged itself firmly between Shelly's swollen butt cheeks as he lifted her up. When she was able to get her footing, she turned her head and saw it was the college student, and that he was helping wipe the dirt off. There wasn't any, but that didn't stop him from helpfully slapping at her wide hips, big ass, or elephantine tits.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you I'm fine now, please take your seat," and set him packing with a shove. Three feet and some change away, John Wilson popped his head out of her cleavage, gasping for air. Shelly leaned back to get her boob off his wife. "I'm so sorry, I'm so embarrassed, are you guys all right?"

John Wilson wiped his face. There was a lot of perfumed oil in between her tits to keep them smooth and free of stretch marks as they grew, but also to cut down on friction and

irritation. There were practical matters people seldom thought of when someone's breasts became this large.

Mr Wilson finished cleaning his face and put the handkerchief back in his pocket, held his microphone up, and said "*Well, she's got my vote!*"

The dais was filled with laughter, which moved out into the wider audience.

Shelly said "Thank you! Thank you for being such good sports. Linda, what do you think? Did I pass the test?"

"Madame President, they're real, and they're spectacular!"

Shelly's mouth fell open in feigned shock at this Midwestern mom's perfect sound bite. More laughter, more applause. Shelly held her arms out like *can you believe her?*

Live blogs of the debate and news reports put out the next morning pointed out this was the moment Senator Shelly Broadstreet lifted away from the controversy and became unstoppable. They also marked the exact moment Governor Peckem was completely forgotten, 17 minutes into this 2nd debate.

There was another hour of questions, meanwhile, but the event turned into a talk show hosted by Shelly and broadcast to hundreds of millions of English speakers, and hundreds million more around the world who didn't particularly care what she was saying, they just couldn't take their eyes off this pornographic fantasy come to life who was weeks away from becoming the most powerful woman in the history of the world.

Nobody had ever seen anything like it.

Shelly's victory was assured now, with more than a month away to election day and a final debate still to go. It was safe to stop getting bigger, it wouldn't be necessary to get more attention, not now that she'd reached critical mass, both literally and figuratively.

And yet...she didn't want to stop, she wasn't ready to stop. She couldn't. There was still some more room to grow. Her swollen ass cheeks would accommodate some more injections, her hips, even her lips. Her Brazilian doctor had just devised a new set of experimental implants.

She couldn't stop now. The race for the Presidency had taken on a life of its own, and her desire to match that depth of power with the kind of goddess-like physique worthy of it wasn't something she could control anymore.

Staring into the cameras that captured her every move, keeping all of her huge tits always in frame now, Shelly knew Mr Rasp was watching. He had something to do with this, the compulsions and obsessions she was starting to realize had nestled in her psyche because of some power he must have.

Shelly would need to rectify this, because it would be incompatible with the Presidency for him to control her. She didn't want to stop growing and getting bigger, but he couldn't be allowed to influence that.

They would have to talk.

It might be troublesome. Everytime she shared her doubts with Mr Rasp her bosom seemed to triple in size...

Rasp sat at the little desk in his hotel room, composing a letter to the Masters of his Order in Nepal. They eschewed technology, and that included email and text messages, even telephones. Communication was done in person or letters via post.

This wouldn't reach them for more than a month. By then, things would be quite changed. Rasp knew what was coming, and to protect his Order he must sever his connection to them. To be loyal, he must break his most sacred oath. He wrote of his intentions and plans and finished the letter. He melted wax with a cigarette lighter onto the envelope containing the letter, and pressed into it the seal on the medallion he wore around his neck.

It was done. He set it aside for now. On the table was the issue of Rolling Stone magazine he'd been reading before. Senator Broadstreet was the cover story, "*The New Body Politic: Can Shelly Broadstreet's radical new feminism save us?*"

In the cover photo she was dressed as the Statue of Liberty, but with a low cut robe showing off the newest boob job, which had swollen her breasts to a bizarre new size. The line of cleavage on display was more than two feet long, and each tit was 3 feet in diameter. Shelly held a baby in her left arm and a cell phone high in the other, like she was taking a selfie. Bright aquamarine lipstick gave her shockingly huge, fat lips a special emphasis.

Rasp had lost interest in finishing the article. The TV was on but muted, and he turned the sound back up to catch the latest news of a horrific scandal rocking Senator Broadstreet's campaign, mere days before the final debate.

The Morning Show host, Phil Bauer had turned from bantering with the affable weatherman to take on a somber expression. "A week ago, Senator Broadstreet was defying the odds and forecasts that said a candidate for President who looked like this,"

A picture of Shelly was put on screen, a recent one when she'd been shopping on a sunny day in Los Angeles. She was bigger than ever, wearing a black and white vertical striped, bell bottomed ensemble, her enormous breasts so big now they were past her crotch. There was 4 square feet of exposed, honey brown tit welling out of the low cut top. As if to emphasize the insane size, she was walking an extremely small terrier on a leash. Big fashion sunglasses covered much of her face from paparazzi camera flashes.

"...would never win. But she was polling at 58% and looked to be assured of winning when scandal struck. A sex tape has leaked online that has alarmed the public, sending shockwaves through what has already been a tumultuous and unprecedented presidential campaign. The shocking video purports to show homosexual sex and drug use, and features a cameo from reclusive pop star Taylor Swift."

Stills from the infamous video cycled on screen. They were from a time before Shelly's latest enlargement surgery, back in Brazil, when Rasp had convinced her and Jack to go out and party. Shots of Shelly and Jack and Taylor Swift smoking weed and snorting cocaine with a bevy of the Brazilian doctor's other surgically over-enhanced clients, drinking from large bottles of alcohol.

The pop singer, Taylor Swift was much, much larger in the chest than Rasp had left her, almost approaching Shelly's size, definitely bigger than basketballs. Rabid public interest had linked her and Shelly romantically, confirming the intense sexual interest between them displayed in the sex tape. They'd been caught twice since the leak kissing and fondling each

others constantly ballooning tits in sunny locales.

Curiously enough, Jack was linked to both. The effect of Rasp's mental emplacements meant Jack grew increasingly obsessed with Shelly's growth. This was lampooned on late night shows with Jack Quiddick portrayed as a slaving Renfield, ministering slobberingly to Shelly's huge fake boobs (another actor in cartoonish falsies) and referred to as her "boob czar".

Tabloid reports detailed how privately he talked about nothing but Shelly and Taylor and their plans for further enlargements to breasts and buttocks, lips and hips. He was always close by the women, assisting them with whatever needs and difficulties their near-crippling tits were causing.

Rasp turned his attention back to Phil Bauer's reporting. "Broadstreet's campaign has refused to comment on the leaked tape as the public outcry has..." he coughed, "...swelled, and have stayed off the campaign trail. This has taken a toll on the candidate's previously meteoric poll numbers, and recent days have seen double digit losses to bring Senator Broadstreet back under 50 per cent of likely voters saying they would support her on the ballot."

Rasp opened his laptop, and clicked to open the file folder containing the sex tape he'd recorded that night and had uploaded five days ago. He clicked play.

Phil Bauer said "In the next half hour, for the first time since the infamous video was posted online, Senator Shelly Broadstreet will speak, sitting with us here in studio for an exclusive interview. You won't want to miss it. But first, we preview some of this year's silliest Halloween costumes!"

A show intern wore the Shelly Broadstreet costume being sold everywhere, a mask with Shelly's big fake lips and flaming red hair, with a couple big foam, flesh colored falsies strapped to her chest.

Rasp turned the TV off. The real Shelly Broadstreet was on his laptop screen, the original video he shot of the orgy in Broadstreet's hotel suite.

Sade's "Smooth Operator" could be heard playing in the background on the suite's stereo, mixed with coked out laughter and hysterical conversation. Taylor Swift walked into the room, wearing black panties and nothing else. Her tits were the biggest there that day, besides Shelly's own, and like Shelly's when unrestrained they bounced heavily in rhythm with her steps. Rasp's camera panned to follow her across the room to the bed.

On video the unmistakable figure of Senator Broadstreet was on her back among the pillows, each breast lolling to the side big and round as exercise balls. Between her thick thighs, one of the doctor's models was buried in her pussy, eating it like she was auditioning for a job in the administration. Shelly was chugging straight from an oversized bottle of Grey Goose.

Swift crawled on the bed with a joint held between her lips like a pirate's dagger, and straddled one of Shelly's huge breasts, and Rasp had focused on the enormous erect nipple's insertion into her vagina. Swift cried out in ecstasy. She leaned forward to plant the joint between Shelly's overstuffed blowjob lips, and the latter puffed on it.

Before she could exhale Ms Swift was on her, locking their plumpened lips together in a furious kiss. Shelly's exhaled smoke leaked from Taylor Swift's nostrils.

Rasp skipped the video to around the time when the cocaine entered the picture. Jack Quiddick was on camera patiently rubbing lotion into one of Shelly's towering breasts. Shelly

was still swigging from *another* bottle of vodka. He zoomed in on her breasts.

Taylor Swift's voice could be heard off camera. "Everyone look! Shelly's growing again!"

The camera caught it. Shelly's breasts were perceptibly swelling. She momentarily popped the bottle out of her mouth and slurred, "keep rubbing lotion in Jack, don't stop, it feels so good. It feels so good to grow bigger and bigger and biggerrrrrr.". She went back to chugging the alcohol that exponentially boosted her growth rate.

The women crowded around and chanted "chug chug chug!" as Shelly gulped at the alcoholic mixture blowing her tits up. Taylor Swift held a tape measure up.

"Two more inches! Get it girl!". She grabbed an enormous handful of titty slick with oils and jiggled roughly. Shelly moaned around the bottle. She appeared to pass out then, the bottle falling from her lips and leaking onto the bed.

"Get the coke!" Jack barked. Someone brought it into the camera frame and Taylor Swift took it, bent over, working around her own obstructing gigantic boobs to hold it under Shelly's face. She lightly patted Shelly's cheeks.

"Wake up babe, you have to keep going! You're not done growing. Hit these rails."

There was a snorting sound, and Shelly's eyes blinked rapidly. "I need to get fucked!" she screamed, and tried to sit up. The ladies laughed at her and piled on. A very large dildo appeared.

Jack Quiddick continued to lovingly apply the lotion to his expanding Madame President.

Rasp skipped the video toward the end. His phone vibrated, and he checked it to find, what else, a text from Shelly Broadstreet.

We need to talk.

He thought about how to reply. She'd exiled him from the campaign. At some point during the 2nd debate she'd broken his control, and knew better than to let him get into the same room with her to re-apply the mental domination. Her security was alerted to the danger he represented and he was barred from coming close, and she'd closed all lines of communication with Rasp.

Peckem had promised she was tough, and Rasp had ignored him and critically underestimated the fiery Senator. He'd damaged her, but Shelly had retaken control. Now Rasp was forced to deal with her on equal terms, something he found amusing.

Leaking the tape had been his response, establishing that he still had a measure of control over the Senator. From exile he was still a grave threat that couldn't be buried. It seems she'd gotten the message, however late in the game.

She texted again.

Come to Miami. I need you here.

Interesting. He replied.

I will be there Senator.

Rasp put the phone down and stopped the video, freeze framing on Shelly in the middle of the hotel's master bedroom, naked and grinding on another woman wearing a strap on.

She was supposed to go on in five minutes for this interview. He wondered how she'd do it. He got up to get a water bottle from the mini fridge and then looked out the window at the people below for a time.

He turned the TV back on. Phil Bauer was talking. The video looked pre-recorded despite their claiming it was live.

"Senator, thank you for joining us this morning."

The POV switched to Shelly and Taylor Swift seated side by side on a couch. Each of them had their legs crossed, and draped their gargantuan tits on either side of their legs, so that they appeared to emerge from more than a yard of cleavage. Even with each woman's tits laying flat on the couch, they projected past the edge of the seat and rose to their noses. Combined, several feet of breast flesh was exposed by the clothing they wore, with the tanned tops of their breasts rolling gently anytime they moved.

They held hands in the middle, just visible beyond the horizon of Shelly's left boob and Taylor's right.

Shelly said "Thank you for having us, Phil, and allowing us this chance to speak plainly to the American people." Her words came out slurred and with a small lisp now, apparently because she had injected so much filler into lips that they were now a tad too big for normal speech.

Each lip was hugely swollen and distended, with the bottom one almost as big around as a small banana, and the were permanently stuck slightly open in a pout.

Cool as a cucumber, Phil Bauer nodded. "Uh huh, of course. And of course you've brought Taylor Swift with you. People have been asking based on the infamous leaked video, and this seems to confirm it: Are you in a relationship, Senator?"

They held their clasped hands aloft so they could be seen over their tits. "Yes, we are Phil," lisped Shelly. "I'm in love with Taylor."

Swift piped up. She was like a version of Shelly from a month ago. A little less inflated, with breasts that didn't quite completely overtake her, and lips that weren't so pumped up that she couldn't talk. Both of them had the same color hair and could have been twins except for the size of their chests. "It's really true Phil. We met and fell in love. We don't want anyone else. If people have a problem with that, well then that's on them. We're doing us, and I'm supporting Shelly as much as possible in her campaign and stuff. I just try to help out a lot, even though I don't know much about politics or anything."

Shelly looked across at her, giving their hands a shake. Everything made her body wobble like a water bed, the cone like nipples faintly visible in the dark blue top she wore moving up and down on the distant ends of her boobs. "Taylor has been great, very supportive of this process. I feel free finally. She made me feel safe to come out."

"Did the video prompt you to come out?"

"No, I don't think so," she lied. "You know, I had been thinking about it for a while, debating it. My thinking evolved during the campaign. It just felt like the time to do it, and be completely honest with the American people."

"I see. There are also allegations that the video shows your recent, uh, growth spurt, changes, are not weight gain as you've repeatedly claimed, but experimental cosmetic procedures, to enlarge your breasts, even your lips. What do you say to that?"

Shelly wet her huge cocksucker lips with her tongue so they glistened with saliva and gloss, and then leaned back into the couch, casual but for the seismic undulation it caused to ripple across her 4 foot wide tits. "So, let me just say, I understand why people might think that when they look at me. I know my figure isn't average, or Taylor's for that matter. Our condition is kind of what brought us together in the beginning."

"Your condition? Would you care to elaborate?"

"Sure. So, we have a condition, very rare, very unusual. It's genetic, called breast hypertrophy. We both have a late onset. It causes rapid weight gain in our chests."

"I see, and-"

"And everywhere," Taylor added. "Weight gain all over."

"Except our stomachs," said Shelly. "And so that's why we appear to be getting bigger all the time. These rumors and falsehoods from Governor Peckem's army of internet trolls, saying we're addicted to surgery, enlargements what have you, they're just that. *Lies*," she lisped.

"But nevertheless, people are responding to the conversations about these things, what's in the video. You've fallen in many polls by ten points or more, so clearly people are responding to that."

Shelly shook her head sadly, and leaned forward and inadvertently caused her tits to slide forward on the couch and pull her blouse down, exposing another foot of boob meat. She reached out, appeared to struggle and grunt with effort, but she clasped the hem of her top and pulled it back up.

She cleared her throat, and said in her slurred lisp "And you know, that's a shame. People will believe the worst about a woman who leans in. Ambition is a bad word for women like us in this country. There are people who look at someone like Taylor, or me, and say she should keep her mouth shut. She should stay out of sight. Get a man to help you."

"That's bullshit," Swift said, bleeped.

"Well, I'd use a different choice of words," Shelly said, visibly annoyed, "but the sentiment is shared between both of us, and I think all women. We're tired of double standards. This is how we look. Get over it. It doesn't make us inferior."

"Uh huh. I think that resonates with a lot of people Senator. But a lot of people are also upset at the appearance of drug use in the video, saying it shows a lack of control. Certain aspects of it, it certainly seems like they have a point. What do you have to say to them?"

"So, I understand how people can be upset by what the video seems to show. People need to keep in mind this was a private...uh, function, and that recording was never meant to be shared. But the allegations of drug use are false, I can state that unequivocally."

"False? You weren't using marijuana or cocaine?"

Taylor Swift piped up. "We don't use that stuff."

Shelly nodded. "That's true, the things Governor Peckem's friends in the corrupt media are saying we used, those are illegal. The video does not show that."

"You've never used drugs, Senator?"

"Never, I've never touched them."

"She gets high on me," said Taylor.

Senator Broadstreet blushed bright red, licking her swollen upper lip, and laughed nervously. She shook Taylor's hand again. "That's true," she said. "She's very beautiful."

"Senator, there are some who say that your, uh, condition is endangering your health. Your mobility is being affected. Reports put your recent weight gain at more than a hundred pounds, and there are concerns that since you have not yet replaced your running mate, who viewers will recall left the campaign over differences in strategy after the first debate, if anything should happen to you Senator who will govern the nation?"

Shelly nodded, "Well-" her lips frozen in a huge, fat pink donut, Taylor interrupted her.

"I'll be her Vice President!"

Shelly's eyes widened in alarm, and she looked across at Taylor, fake laughing. "Babe, please, don't interrupt. She's joking, of course," she said, hand held out to Bauer.

Taylor Swift looked upset. She jerked her hand away and draped her arms on top of the naked skin of her giant implanted tits.

"Phil, I can assure the American people of two things. One, I will select an appropriate, *effective* running mate to replace Dan Abel."

"Do you have a shortlist of candidates?"

Shelly nodded. "Very short. There's one name on it," she said, almost menacingly. "And second, neither my mobility or health are affected by my weight gain. I exercise daily and eat very healthy. I am as careful about my own health as I will be of every American's when I am President."

"I see. Can you stand under your own power?"

Shelly laughed. "I get this question a lot. It's not easy with curves like these, I'll admit. But I'll show you."

She scooted forward, the huge blobs of her breasts slamming and shimmying against her legs and the couch, until they slid off, and she went into a crouch, holding her boobs together so they didn't throw her off balance. She then used the same stance one adopted when weight lifting, squatting more than a hundred pounds suspended almost four feet ahead of her. She grunted, straightened out, and stood. She arched her back.

Her torso and arms were completely hidden until she turned around, rotating in place in the much mocked style she had of appearing to dance on the balls of her feet. Her ass was gigantic, bigger than Rasp had predicted it would get.

It was extremely round, very high, and stuck out more than a foot from the small of her back. The white pants she wore were tight and firmly wedged between her cheeks, showing every inch of gel-injected, bloated buttock. Each cheek had to be bigger than a basketball.

"See?" She said, and rotated back to front and sat down in the same careful manner, but reversed. "I get plenty of my workouts just hauling this junk in my trunk around," she laughed. She tried to pat Taylor Swift's leg, but the younger woman angrily jerked her legs away.

Phil Bauer looked at his notes. "I see. One last question, Senator. Do you know who leaked the video, so damaging to your campaign? Some members of your party have accused Russian hackers of the theft. Are you planning any legal action?"

Shelly looked straight into the camera. Her eyes flashed immense power held tightly

behind them. She obviously guessed Rasp was watching. "No, that won't be necessary. I know who it is. It's a lesson for the campaign, and for me. We keep our friends close..."

"...and our enemies closer."

The final debate was tomorrow in Ohio, and Rasp had accepted Senator Broadstreet's invitation to parlay at her campaign headquarters in Miami, the place where they'd met. It was an odd choice, but he suspected he knew why.

When he presented himself at the front desk as they'd agreed over text messages, an armed security detail came to escort him to the Senator. Rasp noticed they wore earplugs and made a point of walking behind him, out of range for him to touch. Broadstreet was taking no chances.

He was brought to the 45th floor of her high-rise hotel, her private suite at the top of the building. The guards opened white double doors for Rasp, and told him to go inside, that the Senator was waiting.

He walked in and the doors were shut and locked behind him. Rasp felt without seeing the presence of power. It was in the walls, thrumming along the floor. Everything was arranged to absorb and store and emanate Senator Broadstreet's dominating mental energy. She'd done her homework on his Art, but it was serious overkill.

He could feel her energy out there, stalking the lush white carpet of her quarters.

He heard music. Sade again. Always. He followed the sound. There were empty bags of medical supplies on most of the white marble tables and white couches. The Brazilian doctor had stopped responding to Rasp's texts. He was firmly in Shelly's thrall these days.

He heard glasses tinkling. He followed the sound around the corner and came into a high ceilinged living room. The far walls were floor to ceiling windows, like he remembered Governor Peckem's hotel room. Only the view outside these was of the Miami sun setting in the sea, casting fading orange light into the room.

Shelly was at the other end, fiddling with the wet bar. She turned as he entered, a gauzy transparent white robe around her shoulders, and nothing else.

She'd made a final growth push for the last debate. She was now impossibly over inflated. There was no going back. Rasp shook his head. She was tits on a stick. Two watermelons on a toothpick. And more besides.

Shelly's breasts were so big now their bottom ends obscured her knees and everything above them. They projected outward 6 feet, more than she was tall. Their massive weight finally caused them to lose their spherical shape and droop, sloping gently in sweeping curves of tanned brown, perfectly smooth skin to end in the rounded, jiggling ends facing Rasp, which were about level with where her vagina should be.

The front of each breast was about 4 feet wide before it tapered upward to be 5 wide at the widest, where they bulged outward against each other. They overflowed into the side of her torso somewhat, and she was forced to keep her arms always perched on top of them, or they'd be pinned to her side. He ballooning chest had simply become too wide for her body. She'd

finally gained body mass everywhere else, visible in her face and upper arms in order to accommodate the sheer volume, but it wasn't enough.

When she'd turned around, Rasp had also caught sight of her breath takingly enormous ass. She was 5 feet wide across the hips now, with thighs so thick she couldn't part them when standing. Her calves had been built out to match.

All this with an ass the size of two beach balls, her robe resting on the shelf of it, which stuck out in a high round curve a distance of two wobbly, jiggly feet of each rounded, bulging buttock.

She held a champagne bottle in one hand and two glasses in the other.

"Drink with me," she said.

He didn't move and said nothing. She smirked, something that looked different on her incredibly swollen lips. Her entire mouth had been forced to expand to accommodate the amount of filler she'd been obsessively injecting into her upper and lower lip, and they'd widened considerably to the point they split her face in half. Each rubbery pink lip was plumped to the size of a banana, and at rest her mouth was forced open like a fish, her teeth visible. The upper lip was so puffy it obscured part of her nose. When she spoke she would be forced to slur her words because her lips were now so fat they had lost the full range of motion.

"Come and sit, Rasp, I won't bite you," she purred, and came towards him with the champagne. She'd lost the exaggerated jiggle her body parts used to have. They were too heavy for that now, and evoked instead the kind of slow swing of an elephant walking. She still moved gracefully despite being burdened by an extra 200 pounds of weight. But she was slower now, walking carefully and deliberately, one foot in front of the other, still doing her famous dance on the balls of her feet.

She lumbered over to a large white couch, each titanic breast undulating with a thick leg pushing against it. She set the champagne and glasses down on the low table, and her breasts caressed the floor when she bent over.

She sat down awkwardly, her boobs resting on the floor and pressing and overflowing against the coffee table. She patted the spot next to her. "Come. Please."

Rasp went and sat down near her, close enough to touch. She had to know what that meant, if he chose to strike and make contact he'd complete the circuit and she'd be helpless to stop him from re-applying the mental domination that had trapped her before.

She didn't seem worried. Shelly picked up the champagne bottle and popped the cork, letting it fly across the room. Bubbles flowed up and leaked out over her fingers. She licked at the alcohol like a woman dying of thirst, her huge wet lips engulfing her hand. Then she poured them both a drink.

She held one out to Rasp. He didn't move.

Shelly smirked again. "Oh that's right, you never drink. How could I forget..." She pretended to toast him, and then put the relatively tiny glass to her lips which dwarfed it and poured the entire contents into her mouth.

"What do you want from me, Senator."

"Call me Shelly." She poured herself another glass. "And I'll call you Rasp and drop the mister."

"You wish to make a deal of some kind. Get to it, Shelly," he said.

She thought for a moment. He noticed she couldn't take her free hand off her breast. She caressed it in slow circles like a pregnant mother would her belly, for the thing always growing inside.

"I get CIA briefings now. So does Peckem, but he's in a coma. I have access to their resources. I know all about you. About your Order. You've been around a long time."

Rasp stiffened. If he had to make a move now, he had to be ready. He tensed his hand. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh relax," she laughed, studying him. "If I wanted you dead I could have had it by now. You know, you look quite different without your magical glamour thing hiding your appearance. Not unhandsome."

"I felt it was time to drop the pretenses, Shelly. I am exposed. We know each other now, I think. Taken the *measure*."

Shelly nodded at the little jab at her insane figure. "We underestimated each other."

He shrugged. "That is in the past."

"But not forgotten. I have yet to respond. You exposed me, leaked that fucking tape you made. That was bad. Even with all this," she motioned at her bloated physique, "I was never so humiliated. But that tape...that was difficult for me. Personal."

"Yes, about that, where did that woman go, the pop star?"

Shelly made a face. It didn't move much because of the Botox and stuffed lips. "Taylor's gone. We had a falling out, she was getting in the way and interfering with the campaign."

"I'm surprised."

"That I would kick her out of bed?". Shelly wrapped her big lips around her glass and sucked down the contents again. She got saliva all over it and wiped her swollen lips with her whole arm.

Rasp watched in amazement. "No, that you still care about the race more than satisfying your compulsion to...grow."

"But only just, Rasp. It's a constant battle against the ideas you put in my head, and I'm losing. You asked why you're here, but you already know.". She met his cold blue eyes with a pained stare coming out of the daily effort of living with 200 pounds of implants and the obsession to swell ever larger. "Make it stop. Please."

"Why?"

She became angry, her bloated lips twisting into a grimace. "Because if you don't I'll nuke your fucking Order. You'll be dead in 24 hours. There is nowhere you can go I won't find you. The most sophisticated spy corps in history will hunt every last one of you...*creatures* down. I'll pull your temples apart as my last act before these tits swallow me up."

She wiped her mouth again. She had a slight drool problem, it seemed. He plucked at his shirt, avoiding her intense stare. She was powerful, she had learned much from him. "If I do it, you'll let me and the Order exist in peace?"

Shelly took the glass he'd refused to drink from and examined the bubbles inside. "No."

"Then why-"

"Because you're too dangerous, Rasp. And you can be too useful. I need you where I can keep a close eye on you."

"I won't work for you. I don't work for governments. The Order forbids it."

She then pulled an envelope from between the cushions on her side of the couch, and he recognized it instantly by the seal in red wax from the medallion resting against his beating heart.

"You don't belong to the Order anymore," she said with a voice that dripped venom, "You severed your connection, remember?" She slapped his letter on the table with a sharp *whap*.

"You..." he choked on his words, fury forcing his hands into the claws that would shred her psyche, and found he was standing but he didn't remember doing it.

"There are three weapons trained on you from snipers on the other rooftops, Rasp. Don't do anything stupid. Sit down and listen to me. It's over. You played your little game and you lost."

He sat down heavily, the breath leaving him. Shelly slurped another glass of champagne, back to obsessively rubbing the huge left breast resting on the floor next to her.

"We don't need to be enemies. I have enough of those. What I need now are allies. What I need is a Vice President. You."

He shook his head. "No, we work in the background, in the shadows. In the past we tried to take control and it ended up in disaster."

"You won't be in control. Your role will be to use your talents to dominate the Congress, Rasp. There's no love lost between me and my colleagues in the Senate. Getting any of my policies enacted into law will be impossible. Unless of course you are there, making them do it. But don't mistake me, I am in charge. You will answer to me and none other. Your ties to the Order are severed. Forever."

He bristled. In his long life no one had ever treated him like this. To be controlled like a dog, or a henpecked husband. It was humiliating.

Shelly smiled. "It is humiliating, isn't it? That's what you're thinking. You're not wrong, you know. This is how your victims feel. It's good that you're getting a taste of it."

"What if I refuse. You can't stop what I've done. It will consume you. You'll enlarge your breasts and buttocks until you're immobile, or worse."

Shelly shrugged. "As I said, I will destroy the Order, root and branch. It will be like none of you ever existed. But you don't want that. Join me, join my administration. Help me govern justly. Together we can do a lot of good."

"How do you know I won't destroy you when you let me into your mind again. How do you know I'll go along."

"I don't. But I know you enough to risk it. I think if you make a deal you won't go back on it."

Rasp said nothing for a long time, and Shelly let him think. She did have more alcohol, too addicted to the swelling effect it had on her implants to stop. She kept caressing her breasts as well. He thought he heard her cooing a little with love for her vast body.

"I accept," he said finally. "I'll switch off the trigger in your mind. You can do with me what you like after."

"Good," she said. Then she eyed him up and down some more. "There's another matter I'll need your help for, Rasp."

He'd had about enough of this, but kept his voice cool. "What? How can I be of...service."

"My time with Taylor left me with certain appetites. Now that she's gone, I can't fulfill them, and it's making me uncomfortable."

"You refer to sex."

"Yes. Simply put, Rasp, I need you to make more women like me and Taylor, and bring them to me. When you're inside my mind, don't mess with that setting, by the way. I like it and want to keep it."

He nodded. "Very well, shall we begin?"

She gave him her hand, and he began with, "Shelly Broadstreet. Let's talk about your breasts...."

As it turned out, the final debate did not go as planned. With Peckem on his death bed, his son Thad tried to pick up the torch and finish out the final debate. This did not go well for Thad. He lost control of himself in the middle of it, and in front of viewers around the world tried to molest Shelly Broadstreet on the debate stage.

Peckem was finished and so was his son, two footnotes in history. An inglorious end for the "man who would be king."

With no opponent, Shelly Broadstreet won in the biggest landslide in American presidential history. They were now weeks away from the swearing in ceremony in January, and Shelly was making her adjustments to the White House necessitated but her larger proportions.

The famous desk carved from the hull of a battleship presented a problem. Any desk did, really. Shelly had privately told Rasp and her team that she would mostly likely conduct most of the business from her bedroom. Any required military briefings would get a more required setting. Nobody said anything.

Rasp stood looking out the window on a cold Washington morning in what was to be his future office as the United States Vice President, across the hall from the Oval. Since Shelly had announced she wouldn't be in there much, he would have the West Wing largely to himself. Right now it was full of the sounds of saw blades whirring and hammers hammering. The VP's office had already been emptied of everything except the desk.

The outgoing Vice President was an interesting man, and they'd met briefly a few times during the campaign. He had a piece of advice for Rasp.

"Mr Rasp, don't you get comfortable. Word is Shelly didn't pick you because she likes you. I know that woman, or at least I did before all...this," he said, pantomiming a big set of tits. "She'll eat you up if you let her, I mean they don't call her The Lioness for nothing. Be strong. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. You gotta be there to make sure her power isn't absolute...you hear me?"

The words echoed in his mind often.

His kind were unsuited to rule. They merely influenced here and pushed there. Never directly did they act. This mantle of responsibility chafed him. And politics...Rasp found all the necessary back and forth, feinting and bluffing a silly waste of time.

It occurred to him the sound of construction had ceased at some point. He guessed that meant Shelly was in the building. The workers found it difficult to keep on task when she was around. He turned in time to catch Shelly lumbering up to his office door.

She couldn't get in, she was far too wide. As it was Shelly barely fit in the hallway. She'd taken to wearing specially made robes she could drape around herself as a prudent solution for her body being unsuitable for clothing. There just wasn't any point to putting on pants.

And nobody was about to tell the leader of the free world to put on some pants if she didn't want to.

"I wanted to make sure I caught you before you leave, Rasp. There is a briefing with CENTCOM tomorrow, and your presence is required," she said, smiling through her bloated lips. His discomfort at his new role amused her, and she didn't bother to hide it. In the last few months they had spoken only as much as necessary for him to do this job, or at least to appear that way.

"Very well," he sighed. "I'll be there."

"Great. Oh and, about that other thing."

"The girl."

"Mhmm, did you get the one I wanted?"

He couldn't remember the actress' full name. "Margot..."

"Robbie, yes."

Rasp pulled at one of his shirt cuffs to straighten it. "Yes, she's in process. Buenos Aires now. She'll be about the size you were in the first debate."

"Mmmm," Shelly shook her head. Her eyes fluttered and her cheeks were faintly colored with desire. "I need you to...bump that up."

"You want her here sooner? She can recover in D.C. if that's what you-"

"No, no. *Bigger*. I need her bigger."

Rasp stared at the President. This was interesting. He hadn't realized these new desires were so strong. Looking at her, obviously uncontrollably aroused, he recognized a chink in the armor. She had a weakness she hadn't noticed. He smiled very wide, and extended a hand in reassuring warmth, approaching her. Ordinarily that was a dangerous act, but she knew better than to fear his touch now.

He placed a neutral hand on the upper slope of the immense breast closest to him. "Madame President, I believe we can do that. We can get you anything you desire. We wouldn't want you to go...hungry."

"Good. I'm in your debt, Rasp," she said, still flushed and imagining the lush body he would deliver to her.

"I know," he said. "Shelly Broadstreet..."

The lights of the White House flickered and dimmed, and his power filled the mind of the President.