Amanda slammed her door and jumped into her bed, crying into her pillow. That asshole. Jerk. Nothing could describe how much of an asshole he was. She wiped her tears, determined to erase everything about him and not let him get her down. She removed the photo of the two of them from her mirror and ripped him out. She looked at herself in the photo and then in the mirror.

In a word, Amanda was hot.

She had the personality of a girl you’d settle down with, the face of the girl next door and the body of a succubus. Her F-cups and bubble butt made her the envy of girls everywhere.

And yet, it was not enough for him.

Amanda was tired. Tired of being the good girl, tired of jerks making use of her. Most importantly, she was tired of her assets. She wanted them gone. That way, people would see her as a person, not just a walking pair of breasts and ass.

She jumped on her laptop and began searching for options. After an hour scouring the internet, Amanda was ready to break down in tears. Surgery was going to be risky and expensive, something her broke college student ass couldn't afford. Natural remedies didn't come cheap either and the effectiveness was questionable.

She was ready to throw in the towel and accept her fate to be judged for her looks and not her character or intellect. Then a thread on reddit piqued her interest. It led to a 4chan post that recommended Ken's Yogurt. A froyo chain that had a meteoric rise in popularity. There was one near her college. It didn't hurt to check it out. At worst, she would leave with some froyo.

The store was packed with college kids. Amanda wondered if they were all there for yogurt or something else. The thread said to tell the cashier she had an appointment with Kendra. The thread also said that taking froyo from that chain made people smarter. Amanda was filled with skepticism.

"Hi, which flavour would you like?" the cheerful cashier greeted. He looked way too happy for someone working a minimum wage job.

"Uhm, I have an appointment with Kendra?"

"Ah, in that case, follow me!"

He brought her to the back office, down a hallway leading to a nondescript door.

"You can wait inside. Kendra will attend to you shortly."

Amanda thanked him and he left. The room looked like a medical clinic's waiting room. Everything was white and looked sterile. There was a reception table but no receptionist. Two doors flanked the table and a row of seats occupied the opposite wall. Normally, there would be some pamphlets or reading material but it wasn't a normal clinic. Amanda's heart raced, her legs bounced and her fingers were in a twist. How did she end up here? Just two hours ago, she had ca-

One of the doors opened and two incredibly sexy ladies walked out. One wore a tight fitting green dress, flaunting her huge curves but showed no cleavage. The dress must be tailor made. No store would sell a dress that had that much room in the chest and ass. The other had a white button up shirt that was stretched beyond comprehension, little windows between the buttons gave a peek at the bosom within. The buttons looked ready to give at any moment. Her tight ass was squeezed into a black pencil skirt, hugged her curvy bottom and thighs.

The two ladies hugged. "Thank you so much. I am forever in your debt," green dress said.

"Always happy to help. Please do come back if you need any follow up," said white shirt.

Green dress left the room and white shirt looked at Amanda. Her eyes were red. Not 'I-haven't-slept-in-a-week' red. Her iris was a captivating and alluring red.

"Hi, I'm Kendra," white shirt greeted.

"I'm Amanda. I..." Amanda froze. She had not thought about what she was going to say.

"Why don't you come inside my office? We can discuss what you need."

Her office looked like an old professor's office. Mahogany furniture, books on bookshelves, a huge table with two seats in front of it and a leather chair behind. There was also a large black couch in the corner. Did she accidentally walk into Professor Lin's office?

"Please, have a seat. Tell me, why did you come today?"

Kendra's red eyes pierced into Amanda's soul. "I was searching for body modification services online and found you on a message board."

"That's where most of our clients find us, incidentally. So, you want to modify your body? Why not go to a plastic surgeon?"

"I can't afford it."

"Fair enough. What would you like to change?"

"I want a breast and ass reduction. I'm sick and tired of people only seeing my body and not me. I'm sick of being used as a piece of meat to be thrown away." Amanda did not know why she spilled it out like that but in a way, she was glad. She thought about stopping but...in for a penny, in for a pound. "I found my boyfriend cheating on me. Instead of being sorry, that bastard called me a just a hot piece of ass that's bad in bed."

"I'm so sorry, Amanda. You didn't deserve that. So, you want people to not notice you for your looks and notice you for your brains and personality, is that it?"

Amanda nodded.

"Besides assets reduction, I can offer an alternative that can help you achieve that goal. However, it's not cheap."

Kendra wrote a figure on a bit of paper and slid it to her. Amanda balked at the cost.

"$25,000? There's no way I can afford that! I'm a college student making shitty tips at a dive bar!"

"I thought you would say that. I'm prepared to offer you an alternative payment mode." Kendra pulled a document from her drawer and handed it to Amanda. It was a contract "Work for me."

Amanda read the terms. It was very reasonable and the hours were flexible. It was the pay that was unreasonable. "$60 per hour? Are you sure that's not a typo?"

"Not at all. That's the pay I'm offering. I'll take a portion of your pay every week and use that to pay for your treatment." Kendra's smile was sweet and genuine.

"I would be the highest paid receptionist in the world!"

"Well, I want you to work for me for as long as possible! I hate losing employees."

Without a second thought, Amanda signed the contract. "There. When do I start? Wait...what does the treatment ent-"

Kendra kissed Amanda. The college girl's eyes widened with surprise. Kendra caressed her face, a gentle touch that drew her in, relinquishing control to the sexy doctor. She was intoxicating. Amanda wanted more. She never thought she swung that way but perhaps it was something she never thought to try. Before she knew it, they were both naked, hands exploring each other’s body. Kendra led her to the couch and laid her down.

The doctor smiled and mounted Amanda’s face, thighs gripping her head. Amanda started licking. She felt herself being licked as well. She had never done a 69 with any of her exes before and here she was doing it with a person she just met. She didn’t care. Amanda just wanted to pleasure and be pleasured.

She grabbed her boob with one hand and Kendra’s with the other. Kendra did the same. They massaged each other and themselves. The doctor knew what she was doing. She edged her, letting the orgasm build but never allowing a release. Amanda craved for the climax while she had a face full of pussy. She was almost there. Always almost but never quite reaching.

Then, a new sensation. Amanda couldn’t see but she was sure Kendra was fucking her with a dildo. She screamed into the pussy she was eating. It was bigger than any guy she had before. It stretched her deep and wide, rubbing her insides as Kendra fucked her and licked her clit.

Finally, she came. Waves after waves of pleasure ripped through  Amanda’s trembling body. It was out of the world. Kendra came as well, her shaking thighs squeezed Amanda’s head, her pussy squirting into her face. Amanda lapped Kendra clean, licking up all the juices that were dripping out.

Kendra lifted herself off Amanda and helped her up. They kissed again, mixing both their juices and saliva. If they hadn’t just come, Amanda would have asked to be fucked then and there. She noticed something different about Kendra’s breasts. They looked fuller, rounder and firmer. Perkier than when they began. Maybe it’s the afterglow.

“That was...”

“Amazing?” Kendra completed her thought.

“You have no idea! Wow, I never thought I’d be that into eating another girl. You taste so good!”

“You did too.” Kendra smiled. “So, how do you feel? Now.”

“Really good! It’s like I can walk down the street and not care or worry about people ogling at me! Or that they’ll only get close to me cuz of my looks!”

“That’s wonderful!”

“How can I ever thank you?”

“Go out and be a confident young lady that won’t let the world get her down! Also, showing up to work on Monday on time.”

Amanda laughed. “Yes, mdm!”

They got dressed. Amanda found her bra too small for her. When she managed to hook the clasps, her breasts spilled over the cups slightly. Her tank top also had to be stretched, showing a lot of cleavage. More than she used to show. But instead of feeling self-conscious, Amanda beamed with pride. She had worn a cardigan to cover herself when she came but decided she no longer needed to hide her body. Her panties and yoga pants were a little tighter as well. She could feel the outline of her underwear through her pants. It turned her on slightly to think that people would be able to see her panties through her pants.

Kendra’s shirt was definitely stretched further than when they met. The windows between buttons were larger, the shirt rode up higher, showing her belly button. She didn’t even zip up her pencil skirt and yet it stayed in place.

Kendra walked Amanda out to the waiting area. “See you on Monday. I’ll have everything you need ready for you then.”

“Thank you so much for everything you’ve done. I won’t let you down!”

“I know you won’t,” she said with a smile.

When Amanda left the waiting area, there were three guys waiting. She gave them a wink and skipped a little to make her boobs bounce as she walked past them.

~

Amanda was leaving her dorm for work when someone called her name.

“Oh, hey Steve! What’s up?”

“I...uhh... The band is having a formal dinner and dance this Saturday. Would you be my plus one?”

“Steve, I would love to!”

“Great! I’ll pick you up at 5?”

“Sounds good to me! Should I dress to impress?”

“You are already impressive enough on your own.”

“So I should go naked?”

“That’s not what I- N-no, I meant-”

Amanda giggled at Steve’s panic. “I'm kidding! I know what you meant. Listen, I need to get to work. I’ll see you Saturday!” She left him with a peck on the cheek.

It had been two weeks since Amanda sought treatment from Kendra. Since then, she found herself caring less about what people thought of her. She also found that people were way less patronizing towards her. They no longer treated her like a dumb bimbo. They saw her as a person with intelligence. Amanda had no idea what Kendra did, just that it worked. She only remembered signing the contract and then leaving her office. An hour of her life was blank. But it didn’t matter, so long as it worked.