

Cassandra

By TROGDOR297

It was another boring day at work for Cassandra. But then again, most days at work were boring for her. Cassandra was a waitress, and a damn good one, but despite that fact she never seemed to get the tips that some of the other girls raked in.

She knew the reason why of course, well, the two reasons why. She worked at an upscale bar in the downtown core, very close to the business sector, so she often was serving arrogant rich men, and the one pattern she'd noticed in her two years working here, was that those arrogant rich men had a thing for tits.

They'd make no attempt to hide as they ogled the other waitresses, whose breasts filled out the white button up that was the waitstaff uniform. Night after night they would leave enormous tips to the busty girls who served them, while Cassandra got the bare minimum.

She sighed as she cleared another table, her small top loose on her. She didn't even wear a bra most days, for what was the point. Those were for girls who actually had breasts. It's not that she wasn't attractive, she had long curly red hair that trailed to her waist, pale freckly skin, with green eyes that shone. But the bankers clearly had a type, and she wasn't it.

As she brought a stack of menus back to the hostess podium, one of the other girls ran up beside her, hastily adjusting her breasts under her top. The blonde wore a push-up bra, that squished her D-cups together into a delectable valley of cleavage, clearly visible as she had undone the top few buttons her uniform. She bumped Cassandra out of the way, her eyes focused on the door.

"Hey, watch it, Jess!" Cassandra snapped.

"Oh, Sorry Cass, didn't mean to run it to you, just wanted to get up here first, Mr. Bronson is here!"

Cassandra turned to the doors which opened. A tall man in a navy three-piece suit entered the restaurant, as if Jess's very words had summoned him. He was in his late 30's, clean shaven, incredibly handsome with a head of blonde hair that he wore slicked back. Both girls melted as he approached the podium, he was positively dreamy.

"Good evening" He said, with his posh British accent. "I'll take my usual table, by the bar." Though both girls were standing there, his words were addressed to the busty blonde alone. Jess smiled widely at him. "Right this way Mr. Bronson!"

Cassandra sighed as she watched them go. Most of the bankers and businessmen who frequented this establishment were pigs. Mr. Bronson was different. She had heard he was the son of a lord, or perhaps a duke. Whatever he was, he was sophisticated and classy, and he always treated the waitresses with respect, never ogling. She had only served him once, but he'd been as charming as the devil and given her the largest tip she'd ever received. But still, it was clear where his desires lay, as he had completely ignored Cassandra just moments ago.

Soon enough another customer entered and Cassandra stepped forward to greet them with a smile. Perhaps another day she would get Mr. Bronson.

A few hours later, she counted up her tips at home and did some quick math in her head. She double checked her arithmetic, and then pulled out her savings, hidden in a Tupperware under her bed, and counted once more.

She giggled with glee. She'd finally saved up enough. Ever since she had exited puberty underdeveloped, she'd known she wanted to get implants. Nothing crazy, just 500cc in each, enough to give her a bit of cleavage. She even knew what doctor she was going to go to. She'd seen his ads in magazines, boasting tales of a minimally invasive surgery, with almost zero recovery time. She was sceptical at first, but after reading 100's of reviews online, it seemed like this place was the real deal. She called to ask about pricing, the secretary had been very helpful laying out exactly how much it would cost. From that point on Cassandra had lived very modestly, saving as much of her tips as she could. It had been a year since then, and now she'd finally had enough.

After booking her appointment with the clinic she called in to work telling them she couldn't make it the next day, and then went to sleep, dreaming of her new boobs.

The next day she woke up feeling invigorated. After a quick breakfast, she hopped on a bus and made her way to the cosmetic surgery clinic. The inside was what she expected a cosmetic clinic to look like, bright white walls, some pieces of art scattered about. "Alright...this place look's legit" She said as she walked to the counter. "Good morning, my name is Cassandra, I'm here for my appointment?"

The secretary smiled at her warmly. "Very good, Ma'am. Just right down the hall into room 101 and the Doctor will be with you shortly"

Cassandra walked excitedly until she found room 101, and then entered. She walked over to the exam table to sit on it, and by the time her bum rested on the fabric, the doctor had entered the room.

"Good morning, Cassandra! My name is Doctor Carmichael, and I'll be taking care of you today!" The doctor was a short, portly man, with a balding head. His face was friendly, with a thick brown moustache.

"Good morning, Doctor" Cassandra said, still feeling excited. She couldn't believe she was doing this.

"Now before we begin, could I please ask you to remove your top? I need to inspect your breasts to ensure you're a good candidate for the procedure." The doctor said, gesturing to the plain t-shirt she wore. Cassandra nodded and pulled the shirt over her head. Once again she had not worn a bra.

The doctor approached, and gently touched the skin on her pale chest, covered in freckles. Her nipples were bright pink, and looked oversized on her almost non-existent boobs. After a few moments he pulled his hands back. "Your skin is in excellent condition" He said with a smile. "You're a perfect candidate for our procedure!"

Cassandra shook on the table. "Yes! Thank you, Doctor! How does it work? Your ads say it's minimally invasive?"

He nodded "Yes, my dear. Normal breast implant procedures involve large cuts through the skin, through which the implant is forced through into the breast tissue. Our procedure, the implant is input through a tiny hole, and then once inside it is inflated with saline."

"Like a balloon!" Cassandra said, nodding her head.

"Precisely, like a balloon" The doctor agreed. "Now we can begin right away, if you're ready?"

She smiled. "I am, doctor!"

"Very good, and I see here from your paperwork that you wished for 500cc in each breast? Is that still the case?"

"No Doc, I want 4 times that!" She said her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Ha, could you imagine..." She chuckled.

The doctor made a note on his clipboard. "Very good then, let's get you in there"

Minutes later she was laying on the operating table, and counting back from 10 as the anaesthesia started to flow through her system. *Soon, I'll have boobs.* She thought dreamily as she drifted off into unconsciousness.

A few hours later, she awoke, still feeling groggy from the anaesthesia. An unfamiliar weight rested on her chest. She smiled; eyes still closed. *Those are my tits! I finally have tits.* She reached up to feel them, and made contact far sooner than she expected.

She opened her eyes and screamed. A moment later the door burst open, and the doctor stepped in. "Ms. Lewis? Is everything ok?" He asked worriedly.

Cassandra sat up in bed and looked down at herself. She had only wanted 500cc in each tit, just enough to give her some natural-looking full breasts. Instead, she was looking down at tits the size of volleyballs that jutted out aggressively from her rib cage. The skin on them was shiny and taut. Each nipple pointed out stiffly. "What...what did you do to me?" She asked.

The doctor smiled. "I'm not sure your meaning Ms. Lewis? The operation was a complete success! Your skin adapted wonderfully to the implants, no stretchmarks whatsoever. I'll admit I was a bit worried going to that size, but everything turned out wonderfully!"

Cassandra still stared at them in shock "I...I didn't want to be this big!"

The doctors smile dropped. "I beg your pardon?"

Cassandra looked angrily at the doctor. "I put 500cc for each breast in my paperwork!"

"Yes..." The doctor said tentatively "But then during the pre-op exam, you said you wanted 4 times that amount, and so we put 2000cc in each implant"

Cassandra for a moment said nothing, then she exploded in fury. "I was joking! I didn't seriously mean I wanted that! Have you never heard sarcasm in your life!"

The doctor frowned. "Oh...is that so? Well, I apologize my dear, this has been a terrible mix-up..."

"Take them out!" She yelled!

"I'm afraid I can't do that yet. Your body needs a few days to recover from the effects of the surgery before we can put you under again. Come back in two days, and then we'll remove them, free of charge, and give you the previous size that you wanted"

"Are you serious!" She shouted, getting angrier.

"I'm afraid so, Ms. Lewis. The nurse will help you get prepped to leave, and assist you in booking the next appointment" He turned and exited the recovery room, not wanting to endure any more of Cassandra's wrath.

Minutes later, the nurse entered with Cassandra's original clothes, as well as a temporary bra for her to use.

"Damn girl, you're looking good!" The nurse said, as she approached.

Cassandra scoffed, as she grabbed the clothes from the nurse. "Don't patronize me, I know they look ridiculous"

The nurse shrugged as she walked away, giving her privacy to change. "I wasn't...they look good"

Cassandra hurriedly put on her clothes, including the stretchy large sports bra they had given her. Lastly, she pulled her t-shirt over her head. The previously loose garment now wrapped tight across her chest, and cool air against her stomach told her that the front had ridden up considerably. She grabbed the front and tried to pull it down, but to no avail; there was no getting around her new knockers.

She booked her appointment then went home, promptly collapsing in bed and falling asleep, her body still out of sorts from the anaesthesia. *Maybe this is all a dream, and tomorrow I'll wake up before this ever happened.*

The next day she awoke, and sat up in bed, her two heavy boulders pulling her shoulders forward. "Crap...They're still here" She said.

She grabbed her phone, and saw a number of urgent messages from her manager. Today was going to be her day off, but someone had called in sick and they needed Cassandra. "It was only fair that she went in after unexpectedly calling off yesterday" her managers message had said. She flopped back onto her bed grunting with frustration. Her round globes flopped with her, nearly hitting her chin. "Jesus, you two are a lot to deal with" She said as she held them steady.

She checked her clock. 2:00pm. She had overslept considerably, and was expected to be at the restaurant in an hour. "Fuck!" She yelled as she hopped out of bed. She ran around and got dressed as quick as she could. She pulled on her panties, and the uniform black skirt. Then she grabbed the overly large sports bra, that fit extremely snug on her new tits. Lastly, she grabbed her white button shirt.

As she began to do it up, she realised she was going to have a serious problem. While the top usually had enough room, that would not be the case today. As she started to do up the buttons around her breasts, she found that she could only get halfway up, before the fabric was simply pulled too far apart for the buttons to connect. The upper edge of the black sports bra was visible where the edges of the shirt pulled apart. "I guess that'll have to do..." She said.

As she made her way out the door, she stopped at the full-length mirror in her hall to check her hair. As she did, her eyes widened as she took herself in.

As it turned out the nurse hadn't been patronising her, she did look really good, if a bit ridiculous. Her tight black skirt, her white shirt now bursting open with tit flesh, all of it framed by her curly red hair cascading around her. "Fuck I look like a stripper...but like...the hottest stripper you've ever seen" She said with a laugh. She ran out of her apartment and left the building, still laughing to herself, at how absurd she looked.

As she got to work, she made her way to her manager's office. As she approached her manager walked out. As she saw Cassandra her eyes bugged out comically. "Cassandra! What happened to you!"

"It's...a long story" She said blushing. She had gotten leering looks on the entire bus ride over. She couldn't wait for these next three days to be up.

"Well...I certainly can't have you out on the floor serving like that! Your shirt isn't even done up!" She rushed forward and grabbed the edges of the shirt and attempted to pull it together to do up her shirt. All that this resulted in was Cassandra's tits being squeezed together, pushing further out of her top. After a few seconds of efforts in vain, the manager gave up. "Jesus...alright. You're on bar tonight, maybe no one will notice you if we keep you back there"

Cassandra nodded in agreement. The last thing she wanted was more unwanted attention.

An hour later she stood behind the bar cleaning glasses, when she saw a number of waitresses rush to the door. She rolled her eyes "I guess some bigwig is here, and they're all rushing to get him" She stooped down to place the glass she was cleaning under the bar.

"Good evening" She heard a voice from up above. A posh British voice. She stood suddenly, the movement causing her tits to bounce aggressively in her top.

There at the bar in front of her sat Mr. Bronson, wearing a grey suit, a smile on his face, his blonder hair slicked back same as always.

"Good evening Mr. Bronson!" She said nervously. With a hand she gestured to a table a few feet away. "Your regular table is ready!"

"That's quite alright, I think I'll sit here this evening" He said. Over his shoulder Cassandra, could see a trio of waitresses all shooting daggers at her with their eyes. *This must be who they were all rushing to see...and he chose me?!*

"Certainly, Mr. Bronson! What can I get you this evening?" Her arms awkwardly at her side. She couldn't help but feel she looked ridiculous, with her breasts half out of her top. *Why did he have to come here this evening...*

"Mmm, that depends. Tell me what's good tonight..." His kind eyes met hers, he raised an eyebrow expectantly.

With a jolt she realized he was asking her name. "Cassandra!" She blurted out.

"Aha, that's a lovely name, Cassandra" She shuddered slightly as he said her name, she liked the way the bass in his voice rumbled when he said it.

"So then, tell me what's good tonight, Cassandra" She bit her lip slightly as he said her name once more. *Fuck, he's so hot.* "Umm...I don't know, I don't usually work the bar. I make a pretty good cosmopolitan, I guess?" She said awkwardly.

"Then let's have that." He said with a grin.

"Right away, Mr. Bronson!" She immediately began to assemble the ingredients of the cocktail, and pour them into the cocktail shaker. The entire time she felt his eyes follow her, as she hurried about, starting to feel flushed. At last she had filled the shaker, grabbing it at both ends, and shaking it aggressively in front of her. Immediately she realized her error, as she felt her tits begin to shake in time with her motion. They bounced around in her top, desperately trying to break loose, she could feel the topmost button she was able to do up straining.

She looked at Mr. Bronson and gave him a weak smile. *Just pretend nothings happening.* His eyes were no longer level with hers, and instead were focused on her jiggling tits. He broke his stare as she turned to look at him, and he met her gaze with a charming smile. *Of course, that's why he's over here.* She sighed internally; he was just interested in her tits.

She poured him the drink, and passed it to him. "Here you are, sir" He slid her a hundred across the bar. "Thank you for the drink, Cassandra" She picked it up and turned around, stuffing it down her bra while facing the other direction.

"Cassandra" His gentle voice rang out behind her. She whirled back around. "Yes, Mr. Bronson?"

He took a sip of his Cosmo. "I've never had a cosmopolitan before, but this is excellent. You've got a real talent" He said gently shaking his drink in his hand.

"Thanks" She said, feeling herself blush.

"What are you doing right now?" He asked staring her directly in the eyes.

"I'm working..." She said, unsure of why he was asking.

"Would you like to come with me? Right now?" He asked, taking another sip of his cosmo, his eyes never leaving hers.

Cassandra's mind raced. Mr. Bronson just asked her to go home with him. But she knew he was only asking because of these overstuffed tits she had. But then again, this was Mr. Bronson. He was the hottest guy she'd ever met. So what if he was using her for sex? Couldn't she use him for sex?

"Maybe" She said coyly. "Although I'll have to ask my manager"

He laughed. "Oh, don't worry about Cathy, we're old friends, I'll send her a text from the car...so...what do you say?" He reached out his hand across the bar. With a smile Cassandra reached across and took it. Hand in hand he led her out from behind the bar, and toward the exit. As they passed the group of waitresses waiting near the front, Cassandra gave them a big smile, as they all flipped her off.

A short car ride later, and they were in his penthouse apartment. She walked in and stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. "Nice place" She said, trying to fill the silence.

"My dear, there's no need for such trivialities" He said as he approached her. "We both know why we're here"

He reached forward and grabbed the edges of her shirt, and with one swift motion tore it open. Cassandra gasped with a smile at his brazenness. She reached forward to do the same to him but he caught her hands. "Ah, ah, ah. This is a 15,000-dollar suit, you will do no such thing" She pouted as she watched him carefully undress.

Once finished, he stepped forward only wearing his boxer briefs, a sizable bulge visible in the front. "Now the bra" He demanded. Obediently she gripped the underside of the elastic fabric and pulled it up over her head. Her tits dropped as they were released from its confines, bouncing only once before sitting perfectly still.

He licked his lips "Magnificent" He stepped forward and scooped her up by her ass cheeks, lifting her up to him. She wrapped her legs around his waist, as he brought her tits up to his face. Gently he took one nipple into his mouth and began to suck. She breathed in sharply and moaned. They were far more sensitive than they'd ever been before. Where her legs wrapped around his waist, she felt something poke her from below. She reached down, and felt his hard cock had slipped from his briefs, and now was sticking straight up at her. He moaned, her nipples still in his mouth, as she began to stroke it.

He carried her over to the couch and set her down before sitting down himself. He then lifted her, facing outward from him, placing each of her feet on top of his thighs. With his hands around her waist, he gently lowered her onto his awaiting cock.

She was already soaking wet from the attention that he had paid to her nipples, and so he slid into her, filling her wonderfully. She reached back, bracing herself with her arms on the couch and then began to bounce up and down on his member. *Holy fuck, he's bigger than I imagined.* She thought, as he repeatedly filled her up as she continued to bounce on him with her legs.

It was then that she noticed the wall across from them was completely mirrored. As she continued to spear herself with his impressive cock, she could watch it happen in front of her eyes. *Holy shit, I look amazing.* Her slim body was toned and firm as she effortlessly moved on top of him. Her red curly hair flowing as she tossed her head with pleasure. And her tits. They bounced aggressively, slapping into her torso with each lunge. So heavy, and full. *Fuck they feel nice.*

Then he grabbed her by the waist, and held her still. He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "Allow me, my little slut" Before she could say anything, he began to thrust up into her, at double the pace and intensity that she had been maintaining. What she'd been doing before was Sex, but this...this was Fucking. "Ohhhhh...Fuuuuccck" She moaned as he slammed into her. He was going so deep, every other thrust hit her cervix, but she didn't care, it all felt so good.

After a minute, her legs started to wobble, no longer able to hold herself up after the intense pounding. Effortlessly he lifted her up, and gently leaned her forward, resting her arms and enormous breasts on the coffee table before them. He then lifted her legs, bringing her pussy up to him, and then while standing plunged his dick into her once more, then resuming his intense pace.

Cassandra watched in the mirror as this demigod of a man railed into her from behind, his face pure lust and concentration, hers full of utter ecstasy. And there below her, laid out on the metal coffee table, were her round full tits. Every few thrusts she felt flares of erotic thrill, as she slid across the table, dragging her nipples underneath her.

Then when she thought she could take no more, his thrusting became more fervent, more animalistic. With a series of grunts, sounding like a grizzly bear, he came inside her, each impact of his cock, knocking at her cervix. And then he pulled out, carefully setting her legs down. For a minute they just lay there sprawled across his couch, panting with exertion. She felt his cum slowly dribble out from her. Then silently, he stood, wrapping his arms around her, and carried her to bed.

The next morning, she awoke in a daze. "Where...? Oh right, Mr. Bronson's place.." She said suddenly remembering the night before. She looked down, she was wearing one of his button shirts, which was actually done up all the way. She hugged the fabric. *Thank goodness he's so much larger than me!* She rose and padded out into the main hall.

There he stood in the kitchen, wearing only a pair of boxers, cooking eggs over the stove.

"Good morning, Cassandra" He said with a smile.

She smiled back "Good morning, Mr. Bronson"

He laughed. "Please call me Albert"

She wrinkled her nose at that. "Ew! Your name's Albert! That's so...not you!"

He laughed, as he spatulaed a pair of over easy eggs on a plate and slid them towards her. "Well, if you'd prefer, you can call me Bertie, that's what my family used to call me"

She took the plate and hungrily began to eat. "I can work with Bertie" She said through a mouthful of eggs.

"I'm glad" He said, cracking a second set of eggs into the pan. "So, what's on the docket for you today, Cassandra?"

She swallowed. "If I'm going to call you Bertie, then you can call me Cass"

He looked over his shoulder with a smile. "Oh, I don't think so, Cassandra" She felt her pussy tremble with longing.

She took another bite of eggs. "Today...I'm going back to the clinic"

"Clinic?" He asked with eyebrows raised.

As he continued to cook, and then eat his eggs, she told him the story of what had happened at the clinic two days ago.

"...and so, now today I'm going to go back and have them removed" She said, looking down at them. She sat up suddenly, she hadn't realized that she'd been resting her tits on his countertop.

He smirked at her, as she blushed. "So, you don't like them?" He asked.

"Well..." She said cupping her hands under them. "I don't know...They do look good"

He held up a finger "Correction, they look magnificent"

She laughed, waving him away with a hand. "Oh hush. Yes, I know they look pretty good, and they feel good too, I mean, last night...wow"

He nodded "Yes, that was the best sex I've ever had as well, and I assure you I've had more than my fair share"

She laughed. "Oh, I bet you have"

He laughed along with her, before he asked her once more. "So seriously then...why get rid of them?"

She bit her lip. Was she being crazy? Were they really that bad? She did look amazing, once you get past the ridiculousness of it all, and God they felt good when they had fucked.

"But my job? What will I do?" She asked, seriously weighing the options now.

"Fuck your job. Do you really want to be a waitress your whole life?"

She leaned forward, resting her globes on the counter once more. *That really is quite comfortable.* She looked up at him. "No, I don't, but what else will I do?"

"Come work for me" He said.

"Be serious!" She replied.

"I am serious. I'm in need of a new assistant, after the last one walked out on me. Be my assistant" He said completely straight faced.

She squeezed her boobs together. "You like my tits that much, that you'd pay me to keep them?"

He walked forward and grabbed her hands in his. "I like your breasts enough that I'd pay you to just sit around my apartment all day, doing nothing if it meant you kept them, but I figured you'd get bored, so Assistant" He said with a smile.

She chuckled. This turning out to be quite the eventful one-night stand. "Can we still...fuck?" She asked.

His smile turned devilish. "Try and stop me"

"Oh you're bad" She said, blushing once more.

He laughed, letting go of her hands. "There's just one more decision you have to make then" He said, serious once more.

Confused, Cassandra cocked her head. "What's that?"

He looked at her tits, and then back at her. "Are you satisfied at this size?"

"What...what do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm familiar with this clinic that you went to, and this is not the largest they go, quite far from it. So...are you satisfied with this size?"

She pulled the collar of his large shirt forward, and looked down at her tits. They sat resting on the marble countertop, two round orbs of flesh, nipples still pink and stiff. They were already the size of volleyballs...bigger than she'd ever imagined. But...she closed her eyes, picturing herself from last night, and then she pictured herself with even bigger tits, resting on them as Bertie Bronson fucked her tight pussy. She shuddered at the thought.

"Cassandra?" He asked.

She looked him in the eyes with a smile. "Let's go to the clinic"

A few hours later they arrived at the clinic. The doctor was surprised to hear of her news to go bigger, reminding her that if that was her choice their previous deal was off and she'd have to pay. Mr. Bronson reached into his wallet and handed the Doctor his Platinum card, and that was the end of the conversation.

Several hours later, Cassandra awoke, finding it difficult to breath. There was immense pressure on her chest. She sat up in bed, and gaped.

"Ah you're awake!" A charming British voice said from her left. She looked over and there was Bertie sitting in a chair beside her bed, watching over her. "So, what do you think?" He asked her as he stood, gently taking her hand.

She looked back down at herself, mind reeling. Her tits were...enormous. Bigger than any tits she'd ever seen. They were like a pair of basketballs, resting on her torso, but far heavier. Her skin was just as pale and freckly as ever, although there was now considerably more space between the freckles as the skin had stretched considerably to fit the new implants. She reached around and felt for her nipples. As her hands grazed them, she shuddered. Just as stiff as before, but even more sensitive. Mr. Bronson stepped forward and gently ran a hand across the top of their great expanse. "Incredible..." He whispered. She thrust her chest forward, pushing her breasts into his hand, eager to show off how big she'd become. "Yes, they are, aren't they?" She purred. He leaned forward to kiss her, when the doctor burst through the door.

"Hello..oh! I hope I'm not interrupting!" He said startled.

"Not at all Doctor" Bertie said, straightening himself.

"How big am I, Doctor?" Cassandra asked, her arms still hugging her enormous breasts.

"Well, my dear, as you had requested, we filled up to as much as we could. Your skin is incredibly pliant, so we filled you far more than I expected. My initial estimates would be we'd get you up to 5000cc in each, but we blew far past that! 8000cc in each breast!"

"8000..." She murmured to herself, giving each one a gentle squeeze.

"Thank you doctor" Mr. Bronson said with a smile. The doctor nodded and left.

"Come on, let's get you home" He said, helping her out of the bed. She took his head and stepped out of bed. She nearly fell over, from the weight of her new pair. "Easy!" Bertie said as he helped her steady herself. "How. do I look?" She asked as she stood beside him. "Amazing" He said, holding her hand. "I could eat you up right now" She giggled at his compliments.

"Now we've got to make a few stops on the way home." He said as helped her out of the clinic.

She looked at him, confused. He smiled. "If you're going to be my assistant then you're going to need a proper wardrobe"

Two Months Later.

Mr. Bronson sat in his corner office, studying a report that had just come in. A gentle knock at his door. "Mr. Bronson? Are you ready for your two o'clock appointment?" Cassandra's voice echoed through the door.

Mr. Bronson frowned, checking his calendar. He didn't have anything scheduled for two?

"Who is it, Cassandra?"

The door opened and Cassandra entered. As always, the sight of her took his breath away. Her wild curly hair was done up in a bun atop her head. She was wearing one of the outfits that he had purchased for her; custom made of course, for how else would they account for her enormous bust.

Today's ensemble was a black blazer atop a silver blouse, with a black skirt below. Although, he noticed as she stepped forward, the silver blouse was missing. She'd been wearing it when they left the apartment that morning, but now underneath her blazer she wore just her bra, an enormous garment made entirely of black lace. She didn't need it for support, her implanted tits sat perfectly on her chest, ignoring the forces of gravity, but it made her feel sexy, and he didn't disagree.

"Me, Mr. Bronson. I'm your two o'clock" She said, removing her blazer. At the edge of the lace cups, her two pink nipples poked out. His mouth watered at the sight of her. A day hadn't gone by since she'd decided to go this size when they hadn't fucked wildly at least once a day, and today would be no different.

He kept his composure, acting cool. "Ah, I see, very well then. Since you're here there is a matter that you can assist me with."

She walked around his desk and sat on its edge beside him. Her tits stuck out incredibly, and even though she was leaning back on the desk, he could almost reach them with his tongue from where he sat. "And what would that be, Mr. Bronson?" She asked, tilting her head.

With a smooth motion he undid his zipper, and pulled his already hard cock out through his fly. Cassandra's eyes widened at the sight of it. "My goodness, Mr. Bronson, this is a serious issue. Let me assist you at once." She stepped forward off the edge of the desk and turned to stand beside him, with a hand she patted the edge of the desk, gesturing for him to sit. He rose from his chair and sat on the desk, his 8" erection still hard and at attention.

Cassandra reached behind her and undid several clasps, before removing her enormous lace bra. She dropped on the ground beside her, before taking a tit in each hand, stepping forward and sandwiching his cock in between them. He moaned as her warm flesh enveloped his member from base to tip. "Oh? Where did it go?" She asked innocently. "I thought you had a big cock?" She teased.

"Very funny, Cassandra" He groaned, as he began to thrust within her tits. He reached forward and took each of her nipples into his hands and twisted.

"Ahhhh!" She cried out in pleasure. "Th...that's cheating!" She said still squeezing her tits around his thrusting member.

It was incredible, Bertie thought as he continued to enjoy his titfuck, how these tits were so big that they could swallow his dick whole, and with room to spare.

He let go of her nipples, and stood up. Cassandra was still reeling from the sensation, and let him out from under her. He stood behind her and pushed her forward, guiding her onto his desk. She didn't have to bend very far, before her basketball sized breasts sat comfortably upon the wood surface. He placed his cock between her ass cheeks and leaned forward, grabbing her around the neck. "Do you want me to fuck you, Cassandra?" He hissed in her ear. Her hands braced herself atop her tits as she pleaded "Mmhmm"

He began to rub his cock up and down between her tight cheeks. "Do you want me to fuck you in the ass, Cassandra" She moaned as he said her name. "Oh god yes" She said, turning her head to look at him, her eyes wild with desire. "As you wish, my little slut" He said with a grin.

He reached in front of her with his hand, pulling aside her panties. He rubbed his hand across her pussy, feeling it drenched with her juices.. He took his soaking hand and lubed up the head of his cock, and then gently pressed into her asshole. "Unnghhh" She groaned as he slowly pushed his way in. He could feel her asshole clench around his cock as he pushed deeper. At last, he was all the way in, his cock quivering inside. "Fuck....me....god..." She whispered; his hand still clenched around her throat.

He went wild, thrusting with power into her ass. In front of them her tits wobbled as both of their body weights pressed into them with each thrust. She was so tight that he knew he wouldn't last long. "Oh my GOD" Cassandra screamed at the same time as he blew his load into her ass. Gently he pulled out and sat back onto his chair, breathing heavily. She continued to lay on her tits, hands idly tweaking her nipples.

At last she stood, and turned to face him, her breasts swinging out wildly. "Do you like my tit's, Mr. Bronson?" She asked.

He nodded silently, his dick starting to go hard again. He checked his watch, 2:30. Did they have time to go again?

She sat on the desk, and bit her lip. "Would you...would you like to see them bigger?"

He looked back at her. "What did you say, Cassandra?"

She blushed. "You heard me, Bertie"

He stood and rested his hands atop her colossal mounds. "Are you being serious right now?"

She looked to the side, not meeting his gaze. "Maybe..I mean, these past two months have been the best of my life, and a central part of that has been these." She said, squeezing her tits together. "I just feel so sexy with these incredible tits...And so lately, I've been thinking...what if they were even bigger?" She looked up to him, eyes searching for approval.

Mr. Bronson swallowed, his cocked throbbing in his pants. "Nothing...nothing would make me happier, Cassandra"

A grin split her face as she leapt up to hug him. It took all his force to not be knocked over from the force of her boobs barrelling into him, but he managed. He smiled as he embraced his redheaded dream woman. Could he really be so lucky?

2 days later.

Cassandra awoke in Mr. Bronson's apartment. She smiled as she looked up to what greeted her. Yesterday they had gone to the clinic, and she'd been filled again. 20,000cc in each implant. Where yesterday morning she had basketballs, today she had beachballs. Enormous globes of flesh, that jutted from her ribcage. She made to get up out of bed, and soon realised she couldn't. "Bertie!" She called. He ran through the door. "Yes?"

"I can't get up...My tits are just too big!" She said playfully. He laughed and leapt to the bed. "Whatever will we do with you!" He said, as he grabbed her underneath her shoulders and hefted her up. As he did the center of gravity of her tits shifted, and soon they fell forward, pulling her with them. From this position she pulled her legs under her, and then heaved. With no small effort, she pulled herself to standing. "Whew...that is not easy" She said, bracing herself with her hands on her hips. She stood slightly leaning back, doing her best to counterbalance the two round masses on her front. They each stuck 18" in front of her, perfectly round boobs, defiant of gravity's pull.

"Come on, it's time for breakfast." Mr. Bronson said before he ducked down and scooped her up around the waist. Then he stood throwing her over his shoulder. "Gah!! Put me down you brute!" She shrieked with delight, as he carried her to the kitchen. Her legs flailed out in front of him, her breasts bouncing against his back. He entered the kitchen, and with one smooth motion, gently laid her down on to the marble countertop. "What're you doing?" She asked. "Having breakfast." He said with a devilish grin, before he dove face first into her pussy.

"Oh fuck..." She moaned, as his tongue raced up and down her folds, each time stopping to tease her clit. *For a guy with a big dick, it's not fair that he's so good at that.* She thought as he continued to effortlessly please her. She felt herself edge close to orgasm, and reached forward to tweak her nipples, but she couldn't reach them. Her breasts were now too large for her to reach her own nipples. The thought made her shudder with delight. "Fuck, I'm so big" She whispered, before Mr. Bronson's rhythmic sucking on her clit pushed her over the edge.

While her body still twitched from the pleasure of her orgasm, she felt herself moving. "Now" She heard him say "We're going to do something, that I've always wanted to do"

She felt the cold touch of tile on the front of her tits. She opened her eyes, he had laid her face down on top of her tits, and now he stood behind her. "Oh my god..." She said, as he lifted her legs and his cock probed at her entrance. *I'm big enough now that he can bend me over my own tits!*

Without hesitation he slid his shaft into her, making her let out a guttural grunt of pleasure. As he rammed into her, she had only her own tits to hold onto, to brace herself against his impacts. "Fuuuckkk" She heard him say. "You're so fuckin hot, my little slut" *Yes...Yes I am.* She thought as she felt him unload into her. He pulled out and laid on top of her, both of them resting on her enormous firm flesh pillows.

She closed her eyes and sighed with contentment. This may not have been what she'd thought of when she'd started down this road, but she was sure glad that they'd made it here. She was so incredibly sexy, with her enormous tits, and tight body. But...

She sighed. "What's wrong, Cassandra." Mr. Bronson whispered into her ear from a top here.

"Nothing, Bertie. I'm just a little sad. The Doctor said that this was the biggest he was willing to go. Not that I wanted to go bigger, but...it would've been nice to know that I could" She turned her head back and kissed his cheek.

"Well...I was going to wait to tell you this but. I've found a doctor overseas...who says he can go bigger"

She turned her head with a look of excitement on her face. "Really?"

"Just say the word" He said. He began to slide his dick between her ass cheeks, as he grew hard once more.

She looked down at the pair of enormous breasts she rested on. Her skin shiny and smooth, each tit impossible round and firm. She kissed each one, then gasped as she felt his cock enter her once more. "Maybe not for awhile" She said as he began to fuck her once more. "But...you'll be the first to know"