

## THE NEW NEIGHBOUR

BY TROGDOR297

Wendy Fletcher stood in her living room, large mug of coffee in hand. It was the first Saturday morning of June; summer had finally returned. She stood staring out the front bay window of her house, watching the world go by as she enjoyed her morning caffeine. This would be her and Trevor's first summer as man and wife after being married last fall, and she was eager to make the most of it.

Her husband emerged from the kitchen holding a plate of bacon. He stepped up beside her and held it up, offering her a piece, which she gladly accepted. "Whatcha looking at?" He asked as he crunched on his own piece.

"Mmm, nothing really" she said as she took another sip of her coffee.

Her husband nodded. "Fair enough. Well, when you're done staring at nothing, there's eggs in the kitchen"

He leaned over and pecked her lightly on the cheek, drawing a blush and a giggle from her, before he returned to the kitchen. A smile formed on her face as she lifted up her mug to sip once again. Yes, this was going to be a good summer.

She and Trevor had met while she was in her early twenties, and him having just turned thirty. She'd been a cheerleader for the local NFL team, making use of her gymnastic and dance background, as well as her stunning physique and model-esque features. Trevor had been brought in to the team as an advertising consultant, to help boost ticket sales. He'd gone down to the field one day to make his own assessment of the team's current situation, and he'd run into her as she was just finishing practice. He'd chatted her up and asked her out, and now here they were 5 years later, man and wife.

She'd quit cheerleading just over a year ago. Trevor's consultant fee was quite lucrative and with several contracts on the go, he made enough to support them both easily. Now her job was just to maintain their lifestyle, and keep her husband happy. Not exactly feminist of her, she often mused, but she didn't care. They were happy, and that's what mattered.

She wandered back to the kitchen to enjoy the eggs that Trevor had prepared for them. She stopped momentarily to stare at herself in the full-length mirror that hung on the wall of their hallway. She wore a light t-shirt, and yoga pants today. Her blonde hair was done up in a messy bun atop her head. She nodded at her reflection with self-satisfaction. She wasn't as fit as she'd been in her cheerleading days, putting on maybe a few pounds here or there, but she was still hot.

An hour later she sat rocking gently on the bench swing on their front porch. She'd made herself a second cup of coffee, and sipped at it contentedly, as she watched her neighborhood come alive. Kids began to run around on front lawns, people rode their bikes up and down the street, and she knew it wouldn't be long before she heard the recognizable, albeit annoying, jingle of the ice cream truck.

The heavy roar of a diesel engine echoed down the street, causing her to turn her head with curiosity. She watched with dawning understanding as a moving truck drove up the road, past their house, and pulled into the place directly to the left of theirs. Moments later a sporty bright pink car pulled in directly behind the truck.

Wendy set her mug down on the porch, and leapt to her feet from the swing. "Trevor!" She called through the front door she'd left open.

"Yeah?" Came his yelled response from somewhere within the house.

"The new neighbors are here! Let's go meet them!" She didn't wait for him, as she bounced down the front steps, and padded her way across the front lawn. A pair of burly movers were standing outside the cab of the van, putting on gloves. Wendy passed them, walking towards the pink car parked behind the van.

"Hello?" She called.

"Ola!" Came the response from a sing-songy voice. Wendy hurried around the van in the direction of the voice. She rounded the end of the tailgate, and nearly ran into her new neighbor.

"Oh shit! Sorry!"

"Aha, no no! I am sorry! I should be more careful of where I am going!"

As Wendy stepped back, she took in her new neighbor, and it took all of her effort to not drop her jaw. If Wendy was hot, this girl was *Scorching*. She was latina, and Wendy guessed in her mid-twenties, maybe a year or two younger than herself. Her face was that of a seductive angel, impossibly beautiful. Her eyes were large and bright emerald green. Her lips were full and pouty. Her shiny black hair fell in waves off her head, bouncing off her shoulders and down to her mid back. And her breasts...

Typically, Wendy didn't make a habit of noticing other women's assets, but it was hard not to when they looked like the ones before her. There was no way they were real; real breasts didn't look like that. Perfectly round, and incredibly perky. She wore a bright red floral sundress with a low-cut cleavage, that her bust, looking like a pair of ripe oranges, nearly burst out of. Maybe she was just wearing a very aggressive push-up bra? That theory was soon thrown out the window, when Wendy noticed the two little dents of her nipples poking slightly through the fabric of the dress. She was braless. Those perfect orbs of titflesh were all her.

"My name is Lucy Gonzalez!" She said extending a hand, giving Wendy a beaming smile. "Are you my new neighbor?!" She spoke with just a slight accent, which Wendy found just made her hotter.

Feeling her mouth go dry, Wendy took her hand and shook it. She said nothing for a moment, until the other girl raised an expectant eyebrow at her. "Wendy...ahem, Sorry. I'm Wendy Fletcher. Yes, we live just there, at number 17."

"We?" Lucy asked with a smile.

Wendy pulled her mouth to a tight lipped smile as she suffered a mini panic attack. She'd forgotten about Trevor. Trevor who she'd just invited to come out and meet the new neighbor, who apparently was sexiness incarnate. She took a breath and nodded with a smile, as she pushed down her insecurities. "Yes, I live here with my husband Trevor."

Like a specter summoned by an occult ritual, her husband emerged from behind the trailer, mere seconds after she spoke his name. "Hey babe, you find the new neighbor"

Wendy turned and gave him a half smile. "Ahh...yup. Here she is..."

"Ola, Mister Fletcher. My name is Lucy Gonzalez! I'm so happy to be your new neighbor!" She bounced forward to greet him, nearly causing her tits to jump out of her dress. She leaned in and hugged him, pressing each juicy mound fully into him, before pulling back and kissing him once on each cheek. As she pulled away, she looked over to Wendy and gave her an innocent smile. "You are a lucky lady, Wendy. Mr. Fletcher es *muy guapo!*"

Trevor's face went red in a heartbeat, as he chuckled. His hand went up to his face, absentmindedly touching his cheek, still moist from where she'd kissed him. Wendy ignored him as she spoke to Lucy.

"Yes, he is. We're both lucky, to have found our soulmates. Right dear?" She said, voice saccharine.

Trevor said nothing.

Wendy turned to face him, an annoyed expression on her face. Trevor wasn't looking at her. His face was blank, as he stared ahead...and slightly down. His gaze was locked onto Lucy's cleavage, which jiggled slightly within her dress as Lucy rocked back and forth on her heels, hands held behind her back. Lucy bore an easy smile, no sign of annoyance or anger at his obvious leering. If anything, she seemed to enjoy it, giving a soft giggle as Wendy elbowed him in the ribs.

"Trevor!" She barked.

"Hm?" He said, turning to face her. "Oh, yes of course. I've never been happier since I met you" He smiled at her, leaning in to kiss her on the side of the head.

"Oh, that is wonderful!" Lucy said. "I love a good love story! You must tell it to me sometime, once I am done unpacking! Yes?"

"Absolutely" Trevor said, wrapping his arm around his wife's shoulder.

"Uh, we're pretty busy. We'll have to see..." Wendy quickly countered.

Trevor opened his mouth to speak once more, but a second elbow to the ribs, shut him up.

Lucy smiled and nodded, her eyes squinting shut. "Of course, of course! You tell me when you are free, yes?"

Wendy nodded "Yeah, of course" She lied.

Lucy clapped her hands excitedly, bouncing up and down. "Excelente! Estoy en la luna! So nice to have new friends for neighbors! And to meet so quickly!"

Though Wendy wasn't looking at him, she suspected her husband's gaze had returned to Lucy's tits which once again were in motion. "Honey, shouldn't you get started on the lawn? You promised you'd trim it today?"

Trevor nodded "Oh yeah, sure thing. Nice to meet you Lucy"

Another wide smile from the latina "Wonderful to meet *you*, Mr. Fletcher! Adios!"

Trevor set off back across the lawn, Wendy watching him go with a fake smile. Once he was out of earshot, she turned back around and pointed a finger in the other woman's face.

"Two things. One, I don't know what you're thinking, or what your plan is but stop flirting with my husband. He's mine"

Lucy's face took on a look of shock, her juicy full lips turning into an 'O' of surprise. "Wendy, I don't know what you're talking about! I was just being friendly, yes?. Of course Mr. Fletcher is yours. He is your soulmate like you said!"

Wendy narrowed her eyes at the other woman, who just gave an innocent smile back. "Alright, good."

"Numero dos?" Lucy asked.

Wendy looked back and forth to see if anyone was nearby, before she stepped close and asked, voice a whisper. "Just between us girls...Those aren't real, right?"

Lucy shook her head with confusion "Those...?"

Wendy flicked her eyes down towards the latina's bountiful bosom.

"Oh! My cha-cha's! They are magnifica, no?" Her face split into a broad smile as she did a little shimmy with her shoulders, making them jiggle excitedly back and forth.

Wendy averted her eyes, not wanting to stare at them. "Yes, that's what I meant. Are they?"

"Are they what?"

"Real!" Wendy said exasperated.

Lucy's eyes widened with sudden understanding "Ohhh, you mean are they enhanced? Si, Si! My sisters, they all got the big booby gene from ma madre, but I was not so lucky. So I found a wonderful doctor, who gave me what nature didn't. He did a fantastic job, yes?"

Wendy nodded, still avoiding looking at them. "What was his name?" She asked.

"Dr. Marcus Anderson. He is wonderful. So kind, and so caring." Lucy replied with a warm smile, the memory of the doctor clearly a happy one.

Wendy filed the name away in her memory. She wasn't sure why she wanted to know, but something told her she'd be glad she did. "Well, it was...nice to meet you, Lucy."

Lucy beamed at her "You too, Wendy! I hope you and I will be best friends!"

"Not likely" Wendy said under her breath as she walked back across her own lawn. She found her husband in the backyard, struggling to get the mower to start.

"Come on you...son of a...GRR" The pull cord snapped lifelessly back into the motor, as he swore at it.

"Leave it Trevor, I don't care about the lawn" she said as she walked over to sit at the backyard picnic table.

Trevor stood up, sweat on his brow from his effort. "Wait, really?"

She shook her head angrily. "No, you fucking idiot. I just wanted to get you away from "Big Tits Rodriguez" out there!"

"I think her name is Gonzalez..."

"Oh shut up!" She yelled.

Trevor walked over to his wife, sitting beside her. "I'm sorry about how I acted out there. I was just...caught unawares. She just looked so...ridiculous, right?"

Wendy looked at her husband "Yes, thank you! She looked ridiculous. Who dresses like that on a moving day. And her breasts? Please! Who would actually like them like that"

Her husband just gave a small chuckle "Ha, yeah..."

She stared at him, then smacked him on the shoulder. "Oh my god, you *do* like them! You are such a creep!"

He held up his hands to defend himself. "Whoa, hey now, that's not fair! I'm sorry I stared, but come on. Are you really going to be upset that your husband likes big tits? That is part of what attracted me to you, remember?"

Wendy looked down at her own chest, braless D-cups visible beneath her t-shirt resting against her chest. "Mine aren't that big!" She said.

Trevor wrapped his arm around her shoulders "No, but yours are natural. So it's not even a fair comparison."

Wendy crossed her arms, pouting. "She's like 10 years younger than you..."

Trevor squeezed her “Yes, much worse than our 7-year age gap”

She rolled her eyes, refusing to accept his logic. He leaned in to kiss her on the side of her head, before he whispered in her ear. “You’re forgetting the most important fact”

“What’s that?” She said quietly.

“That I love you, you silly girl.”

Wendy smiled as she leaned into him. “I love you too”

“Good. Now let’s forget all about Ms. “Big Tits Gonzalez” shall we? I know I will” Trevor didn’t wait for her to answer as he stood up and returned to the lawnmower, determined to get it going.

Unfortunately for Wendy, forgetting Lucy Gonzalez wasn’t as easy as her husband had made it out to be. That night Wendy had a dream, featuring the three of them, with her husband leaving her and making love with the busty latina right before her. She’d woken with a start in the early morning, drenched in sweat. It’d only been one night, but she knew she couldn’t live like this.

Wendy, as it turned out, was the jealous type. She’d never known this about herself, because there’d never been anyone able to compete with her. She’d always been the hottest, most beautiful girl any of her partners had ever been with. Now that a very serious rival had appeared in their lives, she found that she did not like it. Not one bit.

It would be impossible to remove Lucy from their lives; the woman lived next door, they would see her now and then as one does with their neighbor. Perhaps even more often if Lucy attempted to pursue a friendship as she’d implied. Wendy realized, as she sat drinking her morning coffee in the kitchen, that she likely would never get over the way Trevor had looked at Lucy.

Every time she saw Lucy, she’d think about how her husband secretly lusted for the latina, even though he promised the opposite. His first reaction had spoken the truth. He’d acted like a caveman, his brain functioning at its most primal level. He desired her, her body, and that was that.

So how does one get over jealousy? The simplest way was to remove the competition. She couldn’t get rid of Lucy, but she could make her no longer competition. Wendy would simply have to get hotter.

When Trevor came downstairs, still in pyjamas, he found her emerging from the basement, in tights and a sports bra, body slick with sweat.

“Whatcha doing?” He asked.

“Oh...I was just working out. Using the exercise bike. Get a little cardio, you know?” She said with a grin.

"Oh yeah?" Trevor said, nodding appreciatively.

Wendy nodded back "Yup. Just trying to burn off a few pounds...Hey, can I talk to you about something?"

Trevor shrugged. "Yeah of course. What's up, my love?"

"Can we sit down?" She said, gesturing to the kitchen table. Trevor lifted a questioning eyebrow, but nodded, following her into the kitchen.

Sitting down across from him, she held her hands in his. She looked him in the eye, took a deep breath, and then said "I want to get implants"

Trevor's face went from serious, to shocked, and finally to laughing. "Ha ha, what?! Oh my god, that is not at all what I expected you to say!"

Wendy smiled, squeezing his hands to get his attention. "I'm being serious!"

Trevor nodded "Sorry, I'm listening. So...where's this coming from? Pretty sure this is the first time you've even mentioned anything like this. Wait...is this because of our neighbor?!"

Wendy's face was already flushed from her workout, but it turned an even deeper shade of pink at her husband's accusation. "No...maybe...Yes" Trevor gave a look, that said 'Spill the Beans'.

Wendy gave a loud sigh before she began "I know it's stupid, and I'm immature, and you must think I'm silly, but the way I saw you yesterday stare at her, the way you were obviously into her, it made me jealous, and I know I've never been the jealous type, but no one's ever been as hot as me, and it really struck a nerve, because you never look at me like that, or at least not anymore, you used to, but now you don't and I understand that it's not entirely your fault, people lose interest over time, and I know I've put on a little bit of weight, which I am trying to lose, but I just wanted you to look at me like that, because I always want to be the hottest girl you know, and I can't be that with Lucy next door, or at least not with how I am right now, so I got the name of Lucy's plastic surgeon so he can give me big tits like her, no, *bigger* than hers, and then no one will be hotter than me!"

Trevor stared in wide eyed silence at his wife as she gulped in air after her rant. "Wow" He said.

"Is that all you have to say? Wow?" She asked, annoyed.

He shook his head. "No, sorry. Just a lot at once. Wendy...I love you, I'll always love you, and you will always be the most beautiful girl in any room I'm in."

Wendy sighed, shoulders slumping. "I know, Trevor, I know. Logically that's what my mind says, but emotionally...I need a little more to be put at ease. This was my solution. Concrete evidence that I am indeed, the number one girl for you. Is that crazy?"

Trevor shook his head. "Not at all. I want you to be happy, and if this will help make you happy, then I'll support you."

She nodded "It really will. Thank you, baby."

Trevor leaned across the table to kiss her. "No, thank *you*." He eased back to sitting, then caught her eye. "Did I hear you say that you're going to go bigger?"

Wendy giggled and nodded. "Yes you did, lover! Only way to be certain that I'm better than her is to be bigger! Do you like the sound of that?"

"Come over here and find out" He replied, his voice getting heavy.

With an eager smile Wendy rounded the table, letting her husband wrap his arms around her and show her just how excited he was.

A month later Wendy sat in her backyard, feeling on top of the world. The last 30 days had been a period of transformation and she'd decided that this weekend would be the time to unveil her new self. It was the 4th of July and every year someone in their neighborhood threw a large barbecue to celebrate the holiday. Wendy had insisted that they host this year, as it would be the perfect opportunity to flaunt her new assets.

The barbecue was in full swing, with a number of families from the neighborhood congregating in their yard, enjoying food, drinks, and the gorgeous summer afternoon. Trevor was the master of the party, standing before the grill, constantly in motion as he cooked burgers and sausages for everyone in attendance, while handling any questions from their guests. He handled it all with an easy charm; he'd always been extroverted and thrived in this kind of setting.

Wendy sat off to the side, stretched out in a lounge chair, soaking in the sun. Her blonde hair was done up in a high ponytail, large reflective aviators perched upon her face, as she laid her head back, staring up at the sky with a satisfied smirk on her face. She was a smokeshow today, and she was proud of it. Especially her brand new fake tits.

The day after discussing it with her husband, she'd gone in to have a consultation with Lucy's doctor. He'd been kind and incredibly helpful, and luckily enough available. He'd booked her in for surgery the following day, which had made Wendy incredibly happy. When the question of how big she wanted to go came up, she asked what size were Lucy Gonzalez's implants. Wendy had explained that Lucy had referred her and she wanted to use Lucy's size as a reference. The Doctor bought the lie, and quickly told her that Lucy had 750cc implants in each breast. With a triumphant smile, Wendy had asked for 1000cc each.

The Doctor had balked at first, going so large on the first set, but after examining her he admitted that with the current size of her natural breasts and the impressive elasticity of her skin, he should be able to make 1000cc work. 24 hours later she was released from surgery, owner of a pair of freshly enhanced jugs.

She'd spent the month since in recovery, preparing for this day. She'd continued her workout regimen, focusing on low impact exercises to help burn off a few more pounds from her mid-section, which now looked amazingly trim. She'd gone tanning twice a week, turning her skin to a delicious bronze sun-kissed look. Every day she'd applied moisturizing lotions and creams to her skin, focusing on her chest, to help her body heal and bounce back from the surgery. Her efforts had been rewarded, as her breasts looked simply perfect, sitting high upon her chest, like



a pair of fleshy grapefruits. Lucy had not been mistaken, the doctor did good work, and in Wendy he'd created his 'piece de resistance'.

She'd doubled down today on her new oversexed image. She'd bought a stars and stripes string bikini, in honor of the holiday, though she'd purposefully selected one a size too small. The swatches of fabric on her top only covered a fraction of her freshly enhanced breasts, leaving the majority of her delicious orbs bare. Over her bottoms she wore a tight pair of denim short-shorts, the hem barely reaching the bottom of her butt cheeks, with the fly undone.

The outfit was absolutely scandalous. It was more suited for the centerfold of a sports illustrated swimsuit edition, then it was for the host of a backyard barbecue. She'd drawn both bug-eyed stares from the men in the neighborhood, and sneers of disgust from the women. She didn't care; in fact, she relished in it. Even now, from behind her reflective sunglasses she could spot a handful of men across the yard ogling her from a distance. *Let them stare*, she thought; she was a goddess, and goddesses deserved to be worshipped.

She lifted her bottle of beer from the little cooler of ice that sat beside her chair, bringing it to her lips. A drop of condensation formed on the upturned bottom, dripping off and landing square in the center of one of her round full tits. A wave of goosebumps appeared on her skin across her chest, and she felt her nipples stiffen underneath her swimsuit, pressing out against the thin fabric. One of the women who was standing by the barbecue waiting for Trevor to give her a burger let her jaw drop in shock, as she watched Wendy's nipples enlarge and become visible through her swimsuit.

"Something wrong, Hannah?" Wendy asked without lifting her head, a smirk on her lips.

The other woman closed her mouth, refusing to reply as she took her burger from Trevor and walked back to her seat. Hannah's own husband had been one of the men currently engaged with trying to sneakily undress Wendy with their eyes. As Hannah returned, Wendy could see her immediately begin to tear him a new one. Wendy took another sip of her beer as she chuckled to herself.

Wendy remembered staring at herself in the mirror a few hours earlier, after getting ready for the party. Trevor's own jaw had dropped when he'd walked into the bathroom behind her and saw what she'd picked out.

"Too much?" She'd asked.

He'd nodded dumbly, his hands coming up around either side of her, to gently cup her bust. She'd giggled, before letting out a soft moan at his touch. "Mmm...good. I was aiming for too much" His pawing had increased in intensity, and she'd had to push him off her. The time for that would come later.

Trevor was as much a fan of her new chest as she was, and in the past week they'd had sex every single day, often twice a day. It was like their formerly tepid sex life had been doused in gasoline and lit ablaze, leaving both of them extremely satisfied.

There was only one thing that would make this day more perfect for Wendy. And as luck would have it it'd just walked in.

“Ola! Ola, mis amigos! So nice to see everyone! Oh...Why are you all wearing so many clothes?”

Wendy tilted her head forward to watch Lucy Gonzalez enter the backyard from around the side of the house. She grinned as she saw her approach, and her choice of clothing for today. Wendy had added a little detail to Lucy's invitation, that had been absent from all the others; that the 4th of July party was to be a swimsuit party. So, while everyone else wore modest shirts and shorts, Lucy walked up in a tiny black bikini, 6" stilettos on her feet, and a large pair of trendy sunglasses covering her face. The suit fit her slender frame exceptionally, with her long black hair done up into a long braid down her back. She looked good, really good, but so did Wendy. And in a direct side by side comparison, it was immediately obvious that Wendy's bust was easily larger than Lucy's. Her breasts were fuller, rounder, projected further. Quite simply Wendy's breasts put Lucy's to shame, and that thought made Wendy tremble with pleasure.

“Lucy, over here!” She called from her lounge chair.

Hearing her name, the latina walked over, her face lighting up with joy as she spotted Wendy in the chair. “Wendy! Ola besty! I've missed you! Oh, and here's Mister Fletcher. Ola my *handsome* neighbor”

Wendy ignored the girl's flirtations with her husband. She had nothing to fear from Lucy now that she was beating her in every department. “Lucy, come sit with me. I saved you a chair” Indeed a second lounge chair was set out on the back patio right beside her. Wendy had shooed a few people away who'd tried to sit in it.

“Oh, thank you Wendy! I would love to!” With a happy smile Lucy made her way over, her long stilettos forcing her to make short quick steps. Carefully she lowered herself onto the sunchair, stretching her legs out with a contented sigh.

For a few moments they laid there in silence, two gorgeous women taking in the sun. The number of men staring had increased with Lucy's arrival, with the women beginning to aggressively gossip amongst themselves.

“Wendy” Lucy spoke first, her voice low so only Wendy could hear. “I thought this was supposed to be a swimsuit party. Why is no one in their suits!”

Wendy shrugged “I dunno. I'm wearing mine!” She looked at Lucy and gave her a broad grin. “So...notice anything different?”

Lucy nodded with a smile, not turning her head to look at Wendy. “Oh, but of course Wendy! I am not blind, no? You have seen Dr. Anderson, Si?”

Wendy's smile faltered slightly, and she turned her head back to look straight ahead. This was not the reaction that she'd been hoping for. “Yes, a month ago” Wendy replied, voice clipped.

Lucy nodded, letting her head relax against the lounge chair as she enjoyed the hot sun beating down on them. Tension built in the air as Wendy stewed, unsatisfied with how the interaction was going.

“Well?” Wendy demanded after another minute of silence.

"Que?" Lucy said, confused. "What is the matter, Wendy?"

Wendy sat up, and swung her legs over the side of the lounge chair, turning to face Lucy fully. "What do you think?!" Her hands gestured to her ample chest, nipples still stiff beneath the stars and stripes.

Lucy looked over and smiled. "Of your girlies? Oh, mucho gusto, Wendy. Like I said, Dr. Anderson does very good work. You are muy caliente with your new cha-cha's! You like them, Si?"

Wendy nodded, still feeling annoyed. "Yes, I like them. So does Trevor. He *loves* them"

Lucy turned her head to look back up at the sky. "That is muy bien, Wendy. I'm glad I could help you with the recommendation!"

Wendy frowned, getting frustrated with how flippant Lucy was acting. "They're Bigger" Wendy said assuredly.

Lucy smiled "Well, of course? That's why one gets implants, yes?"

Wendy shook her head. "No, I mean they're bigger than *yours*"

Lucy turned her head back to Wendy, pushing her oversized sunglasses up onto her forehead. Her eyes darted down to Wendy's chest, now currently heaving slightly as she breathed in and out through her nose to keep her frustration in check. "Si, they are." Lucy set her glasses back in place and settled back onto her lounge.

Wendy groaned with annoyance. "Don't you care!?"

Lucy shrugged "Not really. I like my girlies, you like your girlies, that's what's important, Si?"

Wendy flopped back on to her sun chair, arms crossed in anger underneath her bust, pushing it up toward her. She seethed in silence while Lucy soaked in the sun beside her. "Gracias for the invitation, Wendy. It really means a lot. Your backyard is amazing! And such beautiful weather today, mmm!"

"Yeah, it's just perfect" Wendy grumbled, taking another swig from her beer. She really shouldn't be annoyed, she knew that. Lucy was right, even though Wendy hated to admit it. What mattered was that they were each happy in their own bodies. Any sort of competition that existed between them, Wendy had made up in her own head. Still Wendy had really hoped that at the sight of her now larger chest, Lucy would have crumbled and ran away in tears. The thought brought a smile to her face, while the real Lucy laid not 3 feet from her, completely oblivious to Wendy's desire for her downfall.

Wendy found her annoyance waning throughout the day, and after all the guests had disappeared, including Lucy who'd been one of the last to leave, Wendy joined Trevor in their bedroom. As he stood behind her, his gentle but strong hands undoing the ties of her bikini top, his lips on her neck, she felt the last dregs of worry about what Lucy thought wash away.

His hands came around her side, brushing against the side of her breasts, lightly teasing as he pinched the edge of the fabric, gently lifting the loose bikini top that rested upon the shelf of her bust. Her breath quickened as he moaned against her neck, the sight of her exposed breasts taking their hold upon him. Her nipples went erect in the air, her excitement palpable. He brought his hands in and cupped them, squeezing their round forms, fingers finding her nubs and eagerly teasing them with his finger tips. She leaned back into him, eyes shut as she reveled in the feeling of his hands upon her.

"You" He said, his mouth pressed against the crown of her head "were so. Fucking. Hot today. I've been waiting for this since I saw you this morning"

"Mmm, thank you baby" She purred as she pressed her butt against his groin, feeling his hardness within his pants. "Was I the hottest one there today?"

"Mmhmm" He grunted as he continued to fondle her.

"Hotter than Lucy?" She offered.

Her husband didn't hesitate for a second. "Absolutely. She's not even close to you, my love. You are just on another level. You're more beautiful, your body is sexier, and your..." His hands squeezed tight around each fleshy orb for emphasis.

"Say it" She demanded.

"Your tits are bigger. Your big...fat...juicy tits. Grrrr" He growled, pulling her against him.

"Oh, you like my titties?" She teased.

Wordlessly he let go of her, bending down and scooping her up into his arms. Wendy giggled with delight as he manhandled her, carrying her to the bed. There he threw her down on the sheets and with the help of his cock, presented a number of well thought out arguments on how much he did indeed love her tits.

An hour later Wendy laid on her side, her husband's naked form asleep, up against her as he spooned her from behind. He'd fallen asleep with both hands gently cupping her breasts, not willing to let them go for even a second. With a sigh of content and a pleased smile, Wendy nestled against him letting herself join him in the peaceful respite of sleep.

A few weeks later Wendy was upstairs folding laundry when she heard a knock on the door downstairs.

"Babe! Can you get that?!" She called down to Trevor.

"Yeah!" Came his cry back up the stairs.

Wendy smiled to herself as she set down his shirt on top of the pile that she'd started on the bed. She picked up the next one from the laundry basket, lifting it to her face and breathing in,

filling her nose with his scent. She let out an involuntary moan before she pulled it away and began to fold it like the one before.

Since the Fourth of July party things hadn't cooled off between Wendy and her husband. They'd maintained the frequency of their sexual encounters, and the intensity had only gone up. Last night he'd made her squirt, something that she'd never thought was even possible for her. A few nights ago, she let him fuck her in the ass, something that *he* never thought would be possible. Wendy had enjoyed both encounters immensely and already planned to incorporate both acts into their regular routine.

This increase of sexual attention had affected how she handled herself in her day to day life. Her confidence had gone through the roof, and she'd begun to dress more provocatively throughout the day, prouder of her body each day that passed. The bikini outfit from the party had just been the beginning for her.

They had no plans today, just stay at home and tidy up, but she still wore an outfit that would be guaranteed to turn heads. She'd taken an old plaid button snap shirt of hers, and tied each side together, the knot snug up against the bottom of her bust, forming a makeshift crop top. She was braless, as she was most days, so her nipples were visible poking through the cotton. She found it difficult to not keep her nipples erect throughout the day, her mind constantly on her husband and the sexual escapade they'd performed the night before, or were planning to do the night ahead of them. Her midriff was left exposed, her smooth skin and hint of abs on display. Around her waist she currently wore those same extra short denim shorts that she'd worn at the party, as they'd become a fast favorite of both hers and Trevor's.

She hummed an aimless tune to herself as downstairs she heard the door open. She assumed it was likely a solicitor of some sort, aiming to sell them a product they didn't need. She couldn't have been more wrong. Mid fold she jolted upright as she heard the high pitch accented voice of Lucy Gonzalez.

"Ola Mister Fletcher! How is my favorite neighbor!"

Wendy shook her head with a smirk. The poor girl was hopeless, still trying to flirt with her husband. They hadn't seen Lucy since the Fourth of July party, which was fine with Wendy. She'd only invited the latina to show her up, anyway. Though it hadn't worked out exactly the way she'd envisioned, Lucy had acknowledged that Wendy was indeed bigger, and that was good enough for Wendy.

"Oh, hello Lucy. What's up?"

"Is my besty here? I came over because I wanted to drop off some clothes of mine. I thought maybe Wendy would want them?"

Wendy set down the clothing she held in her hands on the bed and left the room, heading for the stairs. She didn't know what game Lucy was playing at, but she figured she better just go find out for herself. She rounded the corner and hurriedly made her way down the stairs, her tits bouncing eagerly upon her chest with each step. She smiled as she had to hold a hand atop them as she descended, to stop them from popping out of her top.

She entered the foyer to find Lucy standing in the threshold holding a large bundle of clothes in her arms. Her husband stood before her, looking lost on what to do. As she stepped up beside him, he let out a sigh of relief, stepping back to let her deal with Lucy.

"Hello Lucy, what's up?" She asked, resting her hands on her hips.

Lucy smiled, cocking her head slightly to the side. "I've got some clothes for you! If you want them, that is. They don't fit me anymore, and I thought maybe you would like them?"

Wendy shook her head, trying to keep a smirk off her face. "That's very nice, but I don't think they'll fit me either? I am bigger than you after all..."

Lucy returned the smirk. "I'm pretty sure these are your size, Wendy" Then she opened her arms letting the bundle of clothes fall to the floor. Wendy's smirk disappeared as her eyes fell upon Lucy's chest, and the pair of breasts that rested upon it...ones that were bigger than hers.

There was no doubt in Wendy's mind that they were bigger. Lucy was wearing a simple pair of yoga pants and a sports bra, but the spandex of the bra was stretched tight around a pair of huge round breasts, each one the size of a small cantaloupe. The edge of two brown areolas peeked over the neckline of the sports bra, hinting at the presence of her nipples below. Wendy could say nothing as she felt her blood pressure rise. Her husband wisely left the room, not wanting to be caught in the crossfire.

"So, Wendy, what do you think?" Lucy said with a coy pursed lip smile, mimicking the question that Wendy had dropped on Lucy back at the party.

"I...I don't understand! I thought you said you were happy with your 'girlies'?" Wendy spluttered.

Lucy nodded "Si, Wendy, I did not lie. I was happy with them. But you just looked so sexy at the party, with your big fake ta-ta's stretching out your swimsuit, it made me think 'What would I look like with a pair that size?'. So I booked an appointment with Dr. Anderson to see what my options were."

Wendy pointed at her accusingly "Aha! You *did* care that I was bigger!"

Lucy shook her head, holding her hands up. "No, no, no! You misunderstand me, Wendy! I simply thought you looked amazing, and was curious if I would look amazing too! And I think I do, no?" She rolled her shoulders back, pushing her chest forward, further emphasizing how large her breasts were now, making Wendy feel small.

Wendy's face went pink with annoyance. "But if you didn't care who was bigger...why did *you* go bigger?!"

Lucy let out a soft laugh "Oh, that was Dr. Anderson's idea! I asked his opinion and he said my body could go as big as 1500cc in each, and so I said let's do it! I really just wanted to see if I could get ones like yours Wendy, as they are very sexy, but when he offered for me to go bigger, I thought, why not! Bigger is better, yes?"

Wendy pouted as she fumed in silence, the color in her face deepening.

A fake frown appeared on Lucy's face. "Oh, Wendy, you are not jealous, are you? Don't be! You are still so very sexy! Trevor is a very lucky man to have you, bonita!" She looked over Wendy's shoulder and gave a friendly wave at Trevor who watched from the kitchen.

Looking back at Wendy, Lucy stepped closer. Wendy stood her ground, and so their chests collided, Lucy's larger, rounder breasts pressing against Wendy's own pair. When Lucy spoke again the friendly tone in her voice was gone as she whispered so only Wendy could hear.

"But perhaps he would be even luckier to have a girl like me! A handsome man like that deserves a girl with a *real* set of big cha-cha's...not little ones like yours" Lucy puffed out her chest, pushing her bust against Wendy's, hammering in her point. They felt even bigger than they looked as they pressed against her, enveloping her own chest. Wendy pushed back, but there was no denying she was outmatched.

Then as quickly as it had started the showdown was over, and Lucy stepped back through the threshold, her bubbly smile returning to her face. "Buenos Dias, Fletcher's! I hope the clothes fit you, Wendy. I'm going to miss them, but I'll need clothes for *big* girls now, ha ha ha!" Then she turned and strutted down their front walk, hips swaying with each step. Before she'd even left their front lawn, Wendy slammed the door shut. Without a word she scooped up the pile of clothing that Lucy had dumped in their front foyer, stomped her way back to the kitchen, stepped on the kick lever of their garbage bin and shoved the whole load in.

"Those not your style?" Her husband asked, trying to lighten the tension. Unfortunately for him Wendy was not in the mood.

"Shut the fuck up! God, I am so mad! That fucking *WHORE!!!*" Her voice had risen to a shriek, her husband blanching as he realized how upset his wife was.

"Whoa! What happened?! She was just dropping off some clothes that she didn't want anymore? Isn't that nice?"

Wendy rolled her eyes as she placed her hands on her hips. "Ugh, you are such a man! That little display had *nothing* to do with the clothes. It was about shoving her new big tits in my face! It was about her making it clear that she's the biggest girl around, not me. I can't believe that I believed her back at the party, when she said she didn't care that I was bigger! I should've seen through her lies... Of course she cared! The way she flaunted her boobs when we first met her, jiggling them about right in front of our faces. She was obviously proud of being hotter than me, having fatter tits than me. The way she flirted with you, calling you handsome and "*Meester Fletcher*"." Wendy twisted her face as she mocked Lucy, exaggerating her hispanic accent. She began to pace around the kitchen, unable to contain her frantic energy.

"That little tramp has been trying to steal you from me since we first met! She knew you liked tits the way you gawked at her, and she leaned into it. And the way she dressed at the party! That tiny thong bikini! Sooooo fucking inappropriate! That was a family event and she showed up dressed like a prostitute!"

Trevor, sitting at the kitchen table with his arms crossed while he listened, offered an objection. "Wendy, your swimsuit was just as, if not *more* provocative than Lucy's... And besides, didn't you specifically tell her to wear a swimsuit?"

Wendy ignored his valid point about her own outfit when she replied. "I didn't tell her to wear fucking 6" hooker heels! She fully came to that party to seduce you, and if I hadn't stayed by her side the entire time, I bet she would've tried!"

Trevor gave her a soft smile "Babe, I think maybe you're overreacting? Do you really think she did all that just to try and seduce me? That's a little ridiculous don't you think?"

Wendy shot back, getting more emotional. "No, it's not! She told me! She fucking told me just now. She practically bragged about it! She said a handsome man like you deserves a woman with bigger breasts!" Her voice was beginning to crack and tears had started to form in her eyes. "And...and...\*sniff\*...and she said that I was *little*!"

With tears dripping down her cheek she reached down to her tied crop top and pulled free the knot, her shirt falling open exposing her own round fake jugs. Gripping them with her hands she sobbed "And she's right! I thought these were big?! They're nothing beside hers!"

Trevor immediately hopped up and ran over to embrace his wife, recognizing her ongoing breakdown. His arms wrapped around her pulling her against him, her head tucking under his chin as she sobbed into his chest. "Wendy, my love. Your breasts are not little. They're huge. Ask anyone and they'd tell you that. You've got larger breasts than like 99% of the population"

"I'm not bigger than Lucy" She moaned.

Trevor kissed the top of her head. "No, but who cares? I love the way you look. I'm certainly not going to leave you for Lucy"

"I care! I know you don't understand but...it was important to me! I really felt proud about myself and how I looked, and now I'm just second best..." Wendy pushed herself away from him, still sniffing.

Trevor grabbed her shoulders and looked her in the eye. "Well, if it's that important for you, then just go bigger?"

Wendy blinked, not sure if she'd heard correctly what he'd said. "What?"

Trevor reached up and wiped the tears from her eyes as he spoke. "I said why not just go bigger? I'll love you either way, but if it'll make you happy to beat her, then do it?"

Wendy gave him a weak smile. "Really? You're ok with that?"

Trevor laughed. "Am I ok with my wife making her breasts bigger? Yeah, I think I can live with that"



Wendy laughed back, playfully slapping him on the chest. "Oh, shut up, you turd!" She wiped the last few tears from her eyes and looked down at her exposed chest, her skin tan and smooth, her nipples stiff and pointy. "How big do you think I should go?" She asked.

Trevor shrugged. "As big as you want, I guess? Whatever makes you happy, I will support"

Wendy nodded thoughtfully. Within minutes she had Doctor Anderson's office on the phone, and had an appointment booked for the very next day.

The next day Wendy entered the office of Dr. Anderson, feeling determined. After sitting in the waiting room for only a few minutes she was summoned to meet the Doctor. The Doctor stood as she entered, extending his hand to shake hers in greeting. Wendy had settled on a more modest outfit for today, just comfy tights and a loose t-shirt with a high v-neck. Even still her bust filled it out incredibly, stretching the cotton fabric tight around her chest.

"Good Morning, Mrs. Fletcher, so lovely to see you again. How are things?" The doctor said as he sat, gesturing for her to sit across from him. He was a middle-aged man, with a receding hairline. His face showed hints that he was quite handsome in his youth, but time had taken its toll.

Wendy settled into her chair, hands resting in her lap. "I'm good, thank you doctor."

The doctor nodded "Excellent. Everything healed well then? No scars or marks?"

Wendy shook her head "No, I took care of them like you recommended"

Dr. Anderson gave her a warm smile. "As I knew you would. Well, that is great to hear. I always appreciate when clients have a stress-free recovery. Well, I guess there's not much else to talk about then!"

Wendy frowned. "What do you mean?"

The Doctor returned her expression. "Sorry, forgive me. Aren't you here for your follow up?"

Wendy sat up, leaning forward. "No! I guess your receptionist didn't tell you what we spoke about on the phone?"

Dr. Anderson's easy smile returned. "I'm afraid not! So, what *can* I help you with then, my dear?"

"I want to go bigger" she said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My chest. I want to go bigger" She pointed with one finger at her bust, as if somehow the doctor hadn't noticed them.

The doctor met her gaze, confused. "You...you do? But you just got these ones? Surely you need some more time to adapt to them?"

Wendy shook her head, adamant. "Nope, I'm well adapted, and I've decided that they aren't big enough for the look I want."

The doctor steepled his fingers. "I see. How big do you want then..."

Wendy leaned forward with a grin. "How big can you make me?"

The doctor lifted his eyebrows in surprise. "Well...I mean...hmm."

Wendy didn't let up. "Well? How big? I know you do up to 1500cc but I have a feeling that isn't the top of the scale."

The doctor nodded. "You are correct, that isn't the largest that I'm comfortable doing."

"So, what is?!" Wendy demanded, arms leaning on his desk as she sat at the edge of her seat.

The doctor grimaced, contemplating his next move. Eventually he decided to just be straight with her. "2200cc. In each breast"

"2200! Woooow" Wendy cooed, trying to picture it in her head. The thought excited her, and within moments her nipples appeared like two little dents through her t-shirt. Once again, she'd gone braless.

The doctor continued "Yes, that's the largest I've done...but it was only once."

Wendy smiled "That's what I want. 2200 in each. Please"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't know Wendy...You only just had surgery, your body may need more time to recover before you go back under the knife. And I may not be able to go that big that fast. This would be doubling the size of your implant, that's a very dramatic size change!"

Wendy leveled her gaze at him "You doubled Lucy Gonzalez's. She went from 750 to 1500"

The doctor nodded "Well...yes, I did. Still, it's no guarantee"

Wendy crossed her arms in defiance. "This is what I want to do Dr. Anderson. If you can't help me then I'll go to a doctor who can"

He sighed "Alright, follow me to the exam room. Let me judge if your skin will be able to handle it"

"Thank you, Doctor" Wendy said with a smile.

An hour later, the Doctor had decided that yes Wendy could indeed handle the 2200 implants, though it would be tight. Wendy, eager to proceed, signed a waiver forgoing any lawsuits if things didn't turn out. Then she got prepped for surgery.

She woke from the anaesthetic the following day with a foreign weight on her chest. Lying in bed she barely had to tilt her neck down before she saw them, a hump projecting from her chest covered by the bedsheets. Her jaw dropped as excitement started to well within her. They were *huge*.

Gently she grabbed the edge of the sheet that covered her and lifted, pulling it down to her waist. There they were upon her chest, two massive orbs of silicone filled flesh. Her skin was bright pink and shiny, irritated as it was stretched tight. Delicate veins were visible in places, pressed up to the surface by the implant within. She knew they were going to be big, but she didn't expect this. They were each the size of a small watermelon, nearly perfectly round spheres at least 7" in diameter. One thing she knew for center; they were definitely bigger than Lucy's.

With a tentative hand she reached up and touched them, just to be sure it wasn't a dream. Her fingertips brushed where her breast met her chest and she shivered from the sensitivity. She ran her fingers up and along their curves, marveling at the feeling of her taut stretched skin. And they just kept going?! Her fingers had slid several inches along the upper surface of her bust, and there was still so much more to go before she reached their ends. Finally, she found her nipples, quivering and excited, though positively tiny compared to the humongous orbs they rested upon.

She gently squeezed each nub and felt a shock of stimulation run through her. She smiled as she squeezed them again. She'd been worried about potentially losing sensitivity after going so big, but luckily, they felt just as good as they always had.

"They're perfect" She whispered to herself as a giddy smile split her face. She moved to sit up, but a sharp pain at the underside of her bust made her lay back down. The sutures still needed time to heal. Wendy relaxed back into her pillow, eyes drifting closed so she could rest, hands idly rubbing the shiny surface of her newly stuffed tits. She couldn't wait to share them with Trevor. She *definitely* couldn't wait to lord them over Lucy.

It was the middle of September and Wendy was relaxing at home watching some Netflix on their recliner couch. She'd spent many days this way over the past 6 weeks as she recovered from the impromptu surgery she'd undergone. This recovery period had been more arduous than the first surgery, but that was to be expected. She'd stretched her skin to its current limit, more than doubling the number of CC's of silicone she'd packed into each breast. Since then, she'd spent every day rubbing them with every moisturizing and regenerative cream available on the market. The Doctor had ordered her to take it easy, and she had, with her loving husband doting on her every step of the way.

Trevor had been absolutely blown away when he'd picked her up from the clinic, which had pleased Wendy to no end. Even weeks later she still caught him just staring at her throughout the day, full caveman mode.

Unfortunately, the doctor had recommended that for her breasts to heal properly they were banned from sexual intercourse for 6 weeks, which at first had been frustrating, but they quickly found workarounds. The doctor was only worried about the aggressive motion involved with sex, and so Trevor eating her out was still on the table. As for his pleasure, Wendy would just lay on the bed before him and play with her massive breasts, teasing her nipples until they were fully erect, while he jerked himself off. He rarely lasted longer than a minute.

This afternoon Wendy wore nothing but a pair of fuzzy pyjama shorts over her panties as she rested on the couch. She'd ordered new clothes that fit her new bust, but when she was just schlepping around the house, it was just easier to be topless. Especially with how often she did what she was about to start doing.

She'd begun to feel a small tickle in one of her breasts, a minor irritation of the skin, a side effect as her body adjusted to its new size. Whenever this feeling came upon her, she knew it was time to reapply. She leaned over and grabbed a large glass bottle from where it lay beside her on the couch. Unscrewing the top, she held it up over her chest and began to drizzle its contents over her swollen tits.

She'd started her recovery process using expensive creams and lotions designed for skin restoration, but with how often she was applying and how large her breasts were she was going through a tube of the stuff every day or so. She'd likely spend more on the recovery than she had on the surgery itself at that rate. Eager to find a better solution she found a blog that touted the benefits of olive oil being massaged into skin. Wendy had tried it and loved it, leaving all those expensive creams behind.

She let out a gentle sigh of pleasure as she moved the bottle back and forth, covering the top of her breasts with the thick clear oil. She was laying upon a large thick beach towel so she wasn't worried about messing up the couch, and she wanted to be sure she got more than a decent amount of coverage. As she continued to pour, her other hand began to rub and massage, spreading it around the impressive curve of her bust.

After she'd emptied nearly a quarter of the bottle onto her chest she put it down, and her second hand joined her first in spreading the oil and massaging her breasts. Her hands slid across the round curve of each watermelon sized tit, a thick layer of oil making them slick and shiny. She let out a moan of pleasure as she continued to massage and squeeze them, rubbing the oil into her skin.

She was in love with them. She'd been a little shocked at how big they were when she'd woken up from surgery, but those feelings had quickly passed. Now she didn't know how she'd lived without them. They felt so good in her hands as they slid up and down and around her oiled skin. So huge, round and firm.

It didn't take long for her nipples to awaken, engorging from little flat nubs to pinky tip sized points. As her hands explored the round masses of her breasts, her palms grazed them, bringing shivers of excitement. After the fourth or fifth time of sliding her slick hands over her awaiting nipples, she gave up on massaging, and started to play with herself fully. One hand tweaked and teased her nipples, while the other slid its way into her panties to touch herself.

She bit her lip to hold in her moan as she elevated her own pleasure, her one hand squeezing as much of her tit and nipples as she could manage, her other hand plunging two fingers into her pussy, while her palm rubbed against her clit. Her climax came swiftly, drawing loud breathy moans of ecstasy as her back arched, thrusting her chest into the air.

She collapsed into the couch, breathing heavy, a satisfied smile on her face. Removing her hand from her panties, she returned to massaging the slick oil into her breasts. This was her third time applying today, and both of the previous times had resulted in her masturbating as

well. It was likely that she didn't need to do it this often, but the truth was she just couldn't help it. She would seize any excuse to fondle and caress her tits. She couldn't keep her hands off of them. Plus, the oil really did feel quite amazing, and it made them look fantastic, all sleek and shiny, like they were made of plastic themselves.

A knock at the door startled her. It was the middle of the day on a Thursday; who could that be?

"Ola? Mr. Fletcher? Are you home? I was hoping you could help me with a clogged drain!"

Wendy leapt to her feet with excitement. Her moment had arrived. Her breasts still shiny, coated with oil, she eagerly walked to the front door. Hiding behind the door she opened it a crack, letting only her head peek out.

"Oh Hello, Lucy" she said with a fake smile. She quickly did a once over of Lucy and had to struggle to not roll her eyes. Help with a clogged drain? Unlikely.

Lucy had arrived dressed to the nines, wearing a backless sleeveless cocktail dress, that tied up behind her neck. The folds of fabric that held her breasts were insufficient for the size of tit they tried to contain. Over half of Lucy's round brown cantaloupes visibly extending on either side. Beneath her bust the dress hugged her curves, reaching only just below her ass. Her makeup was fully done, and her wavy black hair impeccably set. You didn't wear an outfit like that to just ask for a favor.

Lucy returned the smile, feigning politeness. "Oh Wendy! So nice to see you. Is Mr. Fletcher home? I was hoping he could help me with something...back at my house"

Wendy shook her head "No, he's at work. You should probably just call a plumber"

Lucy shrugged "I guess...I just don't trust strange men in my house. I'd much prefer someone I know, and so I thought of your husband!"

Wendy struggled to contain her annoyance, even though she knew she had the upper hand now. "I told you to stay away from my husband, Lucy."

Lucy grinned devilishly "Si, you did. But he's just so handsome and charming! And I know he wants me, Wendy. I saw the way he stared at me and my cha-cha's when we first met! It was cute that you tried to outdo me with your little implants, but nobody beats Lucy Gonzalez. Certainly not when it comes to looks. So why be a pain and get in the way? I know your man wants a woman with truly big titties" Lucy leant forward slightly emphasizing her deep cleavage.

Wendy returned Lucy's grin; the latina had fallen into her trap. "Well, I do have to agree with you on one thing Lucy. Trevor does deserve a woman with absolutely massive tits"

Lucy smirked self-satisfactorily. "Of course he does"

Wendy pouted "Oh, did you think I meant you?" Wendy opened the door fully revealing her topless self, an imperious smile on her face. Her breasts looked magnificent, perfectly round, and impossibly perky in the way that only 2200cc of silicone can accomplish. The oil still coated

her, making her skin slick and shiny. Her nipples hadn't yet calmed down from her play session minutes earlier, and so they stuck out at Lucy as if to say hello.

Lucy's aloof demeanour was shattered. She couldn't pretend to not be impressed this time, as her eyes bugged out and mouth opened slightly in shock. "Dios Mio! Wendy, what have you done?!"

Wendy rested a hand on one of her breasts and rubbed along its side. "Gone bigger than you, of course? It took some convincing of Dr. Anderson, but he eventually came around"

Lucy stared at them, then down at her own chest. Her bust was impressive, but Wendy's was superior. Bigger, rounder, tighter. Even Wendy's nipples looked nicer, though Lucy wouldn't tell her that.

"Oh, and don't bother trying to beat me" Wendy said. "This is the biggest that Dr. Anderson will go. So, by all means join me in the 2200 club, but you'll never be bigger"

Lucy said nothing her eyes transfixed upon Wendy's gargantuan orbs. "Wendy...these are...muy grande..."

"Yes, they are" Wendy said, reveling in her victory.

"May... may I touch them?" Lucy asked, voice pleading.

Wendy blinked in surprise, unsure that she'd heard Lucy correctly. "What? Uh...Yeah...ok?"

Wendy was caught completely by surprise by the latina's request, and was even more surprised by her own response. Wendy hated this woman, and yet they shared a strange kinship; a collective love of their breasts.

Palpable tension hung in the air as Lucy stepped forward, hands rising before her up to Wendy's chest, hovering less than an inch away. Lucy hesitated, considering whether or not she should really cross this boundary. Wendy watched, an unexpected excitement building within her. Were they really going to do this?

Wendy had only viewed Lucy as a rival since she'd shown up in her life, but if she ignored that she couldn't deny that the girl standing before her was incredibly gorgeous. Wendy had never considered herself a bisexual, but she'd definitely had urges in the past, though she'd never acted on them.

They both were motionless, stuck in that moment of indecision. Wendy absent-mindedly bit her lip, the anticipation building to a fever pitch. Lucy's breathing was getting shallower as her eyes bore into Wendy's chest, her hands trembling a mere inch away from contact that would change the dynamic of their relationship forever.

It was Wendy who acted first. With a roll of her shoulders, she thrust out her chest, each round breast surging forward into the waiting hands of Lucy.

“Oh!” Lucy said with surprise, looking up to meet Wendy’s eyes. Together they chuckled softly, both slightly embarrassed, and yet undeniably turned on. With her hands resting atop Wendy’s breasts, Lucy began to slide her hands across the blonde’s skin, the motion effortless as Wendy’s oil-slicked breasts offered little friction.

Wendy closed her eyes and moaned softly, the noise barely louder than a whisper, as Lucy explored her tits with her hands. Lucy’s hands were soft and gentle as she rubbed and massaged Wendy’s bust, though her touches became firmer and more confident as time went on.

Wendy let out a gasp as Lucy’s fingers at last found her excited nipples. The latina’s hands froze, until Wendy said “No! No, Keep going!” Her voice a husky whisper. Wendy brought her own hands up, cupping and squeezing her breasts together from the side, lifting them up towards Lucy in offering. Lucy squeezed tight around Wendy’s nubs, bringing a hiss of delight. Her whole body shook as a wave of pleasure shot through her.

For a moment Lucy let go, and Wendy whimpered, upset at being denied more pleasure. Then she felt an odd sensation, something soft and yet slightly stiff rubbing against each of her tips. She opened her eyes and her face lit up with both surprise and excitement. Lucy had removed her own breasts from the fabric of her dress and had stepped close enough that she could rub her own excited nipples against Wendy’s. Lucy smiled at Wendy, a genuine smile of desire and lust. Wendy returned it, her hands letting go of her own bust and reaching forward to touch Lucy’s. The latina’s breasts, though smaller than Wendy’s, were no less amazing, her skin soft and inviting.

They exchanged no words as they stood together upon Wendy’s doorstep, round silicone-stuffed breasts mashed together as they each massaged the other. Lucy’s breathing quickened as her motions became more fervent, insistent. It was when Wendy started to feel her own wave of stimulation build within her that she unexpectedly stepped back.

Wendy forced a smile as she stepped back inside. “I...I have to go. I’ve got some cleaning to do”

Lucy nodded, as she looked around to make sure no one had seen them, tucking her own breasts back into her immodest dress. “Si, Si. I have to go call a plumber. Buenos días, Wendy” Then without waiting for Wendy to respond, she turned about face and hurried down their front walk, breasts jiggling with each step. Wendy closed the door, a hurricane of emotions whirling through her.

She immediately hurried upstairs and took a cold shower, both to wash the last remains of the oil off of her chest, but also to dampen the arousal that still coursed through her.

That night Trevor came home, and found her on the couch. “Hey babe, how are you?”

“I’m good” She replied.

“I ran into Lucy outside” He mentioned as he opened the fridge to grab a drink.

Wendy looked over, suddenly feeling incredibly tense. She still didn't know what to make of this afternoon's interaction with Lucy. She wasn't even sure if she was comfortable telling Trevor about it. "Oh yeah?" She said.

"Yeah, she was on the front porch paying her plumber? She came over to talk to me when she saw me" Trevor explained.

"What did she say?"

"She just mentioned that she'd spoken with you today, and wanted to make sure that you weren't upset? What happened?"

Wendy hesitated before responding. "Nothing...It's nothing. I'm not upset... Thanks for letting me know"

Trevor nodded as he opened his beer. "Ah, ok. I bet she was pretty annoyed that your breasts are bigger than hers now?"

Wendy chuckled, her face going slightly flushed. "Aha, yeah...She was definitely surprised..." The memory of Lucy's hands upon her breasts, the contact of their nipples against each other, made Wendy shiver. She shook her head, to clear her mind as she settled back on to the couch.

What had happened today, had been...unexpected. But it was just a onetime thing. They definitely couldn't do that again...Right? Beneath the oversized comfy hoodie she wore, she felt her nipples stiffen as if in answer to her question, causing her blush to intensify.

That night she and Trevor made love for the first time since her surgery. It was what she needed after today. A reminder of who she was, and who she loved. She relished her husband's touch as he firmly grasped her breasts and played with them, as his tongue explored her nether, and finally as he thrust into her, filling her with his cock.

But lying in bed late that night Wendy couldn't help but maintain a wistful feeling of desire for the busty latina next door. While her husband snored beside her, she gently traced her fingers across the outer curve of her immense bust, remembering the feeling of Lucy's soft hands on her skin. That afternoon had awakened something in her, and she wasn't sure if she'd be able to let it go.

The weeks that followed were full of emotional turmoil for Wendy. She didn't know what to think of the situation between her and Lucy. Before yesterday she'd genuinely hated the women. She'd tried to seduce her husband! Tried to bully her, make her feel small and unsexy! And yet in that moment upon her front step Wendy had felt a real connection with the latina. They were unexpectedly kindred spirits, both incredibly aroused by huge fake tits. There'd been competition between them, but that hadn't been the only reason that Wendy had gone bigger. She truly loved the way she looked with this massive fake rack. Regardless, things between her and Lucy were messy, and she didn't want to deal with it.

A week after their intense personal moment, Lucy had returned to the Fletchers front step. Wendy made Trevor go turn her away, and tell her that she didn't want to see her. Trevor



returned telling her that Lucy had looked upset but understanding. Lucy had tried again two weeks later, and once again the young latina was rebuffed.

After that Lucy stopped trying. Despite feeling relieved at this, Wendy still often found herself standing in the front room of their house watching out the bay window. A few times she'd seen the latina leaving the house, or returning. Each time she'd been dressed more modestly than Wendy had ever seen her, completely covered up, and she deliberately avoided looking over at their house. Each time Wendy felt a tinge of regret, and was tempted to go speak to her, but each time she pushed those feelings down.

Then one day Lucy left and didn't return. The pink car disappeared from the driveway, and no lights were ever on in the house. Wendy felt an unexpected sense of loss, that she couldn't quite explain. After a month with no sign of their busty neighbor, Wendy slowly began to let it go. Just as suddenly she'd appeared in their lives, she was gone. Though Wendy would never forget the impact that she'd had on them. How could she with 2200cc's of silicone in her chest to remind her!

Lucy was the last thing on Wendy's mind as she and her husband snuggled on the couch together on Valentines Day the following year. The weather outside was frosty, with snow softly falling, but inside things were hot. They'd decided to stay in for a romantic evening; going out to a restaurant often brought too many stares. Not that Wendy didn't like the attention, quite the opposite it aroused her incredibly, but tonight she just wanted it to be about her and Trevor.

Wendy had put on a satin teddy that barely contained her round melons. She wore no panties, a fact that she'd just revealed to her husband, as she paused the movie they were watching, and got up to straddle him on the couch.

Trevor's hands found their place upon her chest as she bent down to kiss him, when the sound of their front door opening pulled them both back to reality.

"Wendy!" Came a familiar high-pitched voice from their front hall. Wendy stood up off the couch, utterly shocked. Lucy had dropped off the face of the earth for almost 4 months and now suddenly she just barges into their home?

Without waiting for an invitation Lucy strode into their living room. She wore a full-length fur coat that covered her from neck to ankle. Her face split into a broad smile as she found the Fletchers. "Ah, Wendy, there you are. Buenos Noches! Ooo, Buenos Noches, Mr. Fletcher"

Trevor had stood up beside his wife, an equal look of shock and confusion on his face, and a visible erection in his pants. He blushed, as he tried to adjust himself to hide it. Wendy frowned as she walked around the couch to confront Lucy. "Lucy, what the fuck are you doing here?! It's Valentines Day! Also, once again, stop flirting with my husband!"

Lucy beamed at Wendy. "Oh, I did not mean to flirt, Wendy, I do not care about Mr. Fletcher!" Lucy's eyes traversed down Wendy, taking in her body in her satin nighty "Mmm, you are looking very sexy this evening, Wendy"

Wendy was totally disarmed by Lucy's words. "Oh...uh, thank you? You...aren't trying to seduce my husband?"

"No! No of course not, and I am sorry that I tried to in the past. That was terrible of me." Lucy reached forward and took Wendy's hands in hers, squeezing them fondly, her face one of sadness and remorse. "I was in a bad place, moving here after a terrible breakup. You and your husband looked so happy, and I was jealous, and so I stupidly thought I should take that for myself. I am sorry Wendy, truly."

Wendy looked to her husband who shrugged. Wendy looked back to Lucy and studied her. She seemed sincere, and Wendy had never been one to hold a grudge "Ok...apology accepted? So...if you're not here for my husband...Why are you here?"

Lucy still held on to Wendy's hands, and pulled her closer with a smile until they were almost touching. The thick fur of her large overcoat tickled the outer edge of Wendy's bust, sending tingles of sensitivity rushing through her. They were nearly standing as close as they had that day so many months ago. "Why, I'm here to seduce *you*, Wendy!"

Wendy's face went red "What?!"

"Si, it is true! Since that day in September, I have longed to feel your touch again!"

"Wait, what day in September?!" Trevor interjected.

Wendy looked back at him and gave him a sheepish smile "Uhh..."

"Wendy and I shared a moment of *passion* on your front step!" Lucy explained with a smile.

"Sorry...I should've told you" Wendy apologized meekly.

Trevor gave her an understanding smile. "It's ok. It honestly makes a lot of things make sense. How strange you were acting last fall, always staring out the front window, watching for Lucy..."

Lucy gasped "Wendy! You were pining for me!?"

Wendy shook her head over eagerly. "No, no, no! That's not it. I was just...I was...I...I don't know..."

Lucy beamed "You have nothing to explain, Wendy. Nothing at all"

Wendy stepped back, pulling her hands out of Lucy's. This was all too much; she needed a moment to breath. "Gah! Why did you come back Lucy! I was over you, over this silly...whatever it is! I'm married, dammit! I can't be having feelings for you!"

Lucy said nothing, just weakly smiling at Wendy, giving her a moment to process. Trevor also stayed silent, unsure of how this would play out.

Wendy began to hyperventilate, her bountiful chest heaving as she sucked in air, as a panic attack hit her. She'd tried to forget these unexpected feelings and desires, but now they'd come back stronger than ever. "Why now, Lucy? Why today?!"

Lucy nodded "Oh, that's simple! I wasn't ready until today! I needed time to heal!"

“Heal? Wait...” Wendy looked at Lucy’s body hidden by the full-length coat. She now realized that the coat appeared to be hiding a much bulkier form than she remembered. “Did you go back to Dr. Anderson?”

Lucy shook her head. “No, Dr. Anderson couldn’t help me with what I wanted. I knew when I came back, I had to *really* impress you!” With a flourish she threw off the heavy coat letting it fall to the floor. Both Trevor and Wendy couldn’t help but gasp at what they saw.

Lucy had arrived wearing only lingerie beneath her coat. A tiny pair of black thong panties, and a silk bra. The bra was custom made, as you’d never find one that size in any store, and even still it failed to contain the immense form of Lucy’s new breasts. They’d more than doubled in size since Wendy had last seen them. Her tits were like a pair of bowling balls, perched upon her chest. Her skin was shiny and smooth, veins visible across the surface as her flesh was stretched tight across the implants within. The bra barely covered half of them, the majority of their surface area bulging up over the edge of the cups. Her nipples were fully visibly on the front, tiny brown nubs surrounded by her large dark brown areola.

“Boom! Ha ha! Look at me, Wendy! I am *HUGE!*” Lucy said with a wild grin, using her hands to heft up her bust from underneath, though they barely moved, her skin so incredibly tight.

Wendy nodded, speechless. She was massive! Such enormous, round breasts, on Lucy’s lithe frame. Wendy felt her mouth go dry and her own nipples begin to tingle at the sight of them. She pulled her eyes away from them to look at Lucy, who stood with a proud grin upon her face.

“How...how big?” Wendy asked.

Lucy’s eyes flashed, eager to answer “4000cc’s each! I didn’t go this big at first, of course. They’re saline expanders! I started at 2500 back in October, and have been slowly filling them since! These shells can go up to 5000, but my doctor said I couldn’t go any bigger...”

“4000...wow. They must feel incredible!” Wendy said in awe, any hint of annoyance at Lucy’s return dissipated by the amazement of her new bust.

“Si, they do. I could try and explain but...I thought it’d be easier if you could just feel it yourself, yes?”

“What? Me, that big?” Wendy asked, a new excitement building within her at the possibility.

“Si! Your skin is much nicer than mine, I bet you could go even bigger!” Lucy said giddily. “I made an appointment for you with my doctor, for tomorrow! I thought we could go together?”

Wendy was dumbstruck, speechless for the second time in the past few minutes.

“I...wow...thanks Lucy! I would love to have you there with me. I guess we’ll see you tomorrow then?”

Lucy’s face fell. “Oh, I see...”

“What? What is it?” Wendy asked, confused at the disappointment.

“Wendy, I did not just come here to show you my new ta-ta’s. I came here for *you*! You cannot lie to me, that you did not feel something that day when we touched. I thought when you saw me and my new huge titties, you’d want to...do it again...”

Wendy shook her head. “Lucy, I’m married...I was wrong to do that the first time...” Inside Wendy pushed down the desire that was building within her. Since Lucy had taken off her coat, Wendy had wanted nothing more than to explore the latina’s new bust, even though she knew she shouldn’t.

Lucy nodded “Si...I’m sorry Wendy, you’re right. I should not disrespect your relationship with Mr. Fletcher. I will see you tomorrow...” Lucy turned to leave when at last Trevor spoke up.

“Whoa, whoa, don’t go! Wendy, baby, I appreciate that you’re thinking of me and standing up for our marriage, but seeing as I’m also a part of this marriage I figured I should have a say too, right?”

The two women both with their massive tits barely covered in lingerie, looked at him confused, waiting for him to explain.

“Clearly whatever happened between you two, was pretty intense, and is something both of you are looking to repeat. Am I wrong?”

Lucy shook her head emphatically, Wendy bit her lip, blushing slightly with embarrassment before she also shook her head.

Trevor smiled “Ok, then. So, it seems like the only thing standing in your way is that we’re married? Well, what if I say I’m ok with it? In fact, I’m more than ok with it! My wife getting it on with a big tit hottie? Yeah, I’m cool with that”

“Really?” Wendy said, while Lucy clapped excitedly. Wendy was shocked, though as she processed her husband’s explanation, she quickly surmised that she really shouldn’t be surprised that he’d be into it. His love of big tits wasn’t exactly a secret to her. She was more surprised that she hadn’t *already* thought he’d be okay with it.

“Yes, really” He said, confirming his acquiescence. “I mean...as long as I get to watch?”

Lucy smiled as she looked to Wendy “Oh yes, Mr. Fletcher. Wendy and I will give you a real show, Si?”

Wendy looked back and forth between her husband, and Lucy, or more accurately Lucy’s gargantuan fake tits, 8” deep orbs of flesh stuffed with saline, just a few feet away. Wendy let out a shaky breath, her face growing hot as she let her lust grow freely. She nodded her agreement, making Lucy’s smile grow wider.

Lucy stepped forward until the front of her bust brushed against Wendy’s. Wendy shuddered at the contact; Lucy’s breasts were so big, a fact hammered home as they pressed against Wendy’s own. Lucy rested her hands atop her bust, rubbing them along the upper surface and down the front until they touched Wendy’s breasts. She turned her head to look at Trevor. “Please sit, Mr. Fletcher” With a happy nod, he made himself comfortable on the couch across from them.

Lucy turned back to Wendy, an excited smile on her face. After a moment, Wendy returned it, feeling the last of her inhibitions slip away. "What...what should we do?" She asked unsure.

"Mmm...good question, Wendy. What should we do, Mr. Fletcher?" Lucy said coyly.

"Let's start with taking off your clothes..."

"As you wish" Lucy turned around so her back was to Wendy. With a toss of her head, she pulled her hair out of the way, revealing the back of her bra. "Could you, Wendy?" She asked over her shoulder.

With a tentative nod, Wendy reached forward, and began to undo the series of clips that held the brassiere together at the back. She had to struggle to release the final fastener, with the amount of tension built up in it, but she got it done. She let go and the garment slid apart. With a roll of her shoulders Lucy slid off the straps and let the enormous brassiere fall to the floor. Her breasts barely moved an inch.

"Your turn, darling" Trevor commanded from his spot on the couch.

Wendy's eyes widened as Lucy spun back around, her projecting bust swinging in a wide arc until it rested before her once more. Somehow, they looked bigger, freed from the bra. She really wanted to touch them, and she knew from the look in her eye that Lucy wanted them to be touched. Gently she pulled the delicate straps of her nighty off her shoulders, and let the satin garment slide off her body exposing her own melon sized tits.

"Get the oil" Trevor instructed.

Wendy grabbed a large bottle of oil off the kitchen counter before returning. She unscrewed the cap, the subtle scent of olives wafting from the glass container. As the odor hit her nostrils, a feeling of calm washed over her, memories of the previous summer, when this unorthodox self-care routine had been a regular part of her life. She lifted the bottle and tilted, when Lucy abruptly caught her wrist.

"Allow me" Lucy purred, taking the bottle from Wendy. Lifting it high she turned it over letting a thick stream of oil pour out, coating her own chest. Wendy could no longer hold back, could no longer resist the temptation of Lucy and her immense globes. Her hands sprung forward into the puddle of oil building upon Lucy and began to spread it around, hands gliding across the seemingly unending surface of Lucy's curves.

Wendy's breathing quickened as Lucy let out a deep moan of sexual satisfaction. She continued to pour the oil, and Wendy continued to rub and massage it into Lucy's breasts. Her skin was so tight and smooth, Wendy could feel the overfilled implant just beneath the surface of her flesh as her hands traced every inch of Lucy's orbs. Her hands brushed the pebbly edge of Lucy's wide brown areola, drawing a gasp of excitement from Lucy. Needing no further beckoning, Wendy began to focus her attention around Lucy's nipples, though never touching them.

"Ay, Wendy! You are such a tease!" Lucy moaned, as she stopped pouring the oil to instead focus on Wendy's touch. "Please, Wendy, don't be cruel!"

Her confidence building, Wendy continued to just trace the edges of Lucy's nipples with her fingers, each nub now erect and turgid with arousal. Her fingers came ever so close, just grazing the base of each nub before pulling away. Each time she drew near Lucy let out another breathy moan, followed by a small cry of disappointment.

"Don't be mean, Wendy" Trevor said from where he watched on the couch.

Wendy smirked at her husband, but fulfilled his command. With both hands she massaged the front of Lucy's bust, drawing her fingers in until they closed around each of Lucy's nipples. With each tip in between her fingers she squeezed and pulled, while rubbing the very end. Lucy let out a deep moan, her knees buckling slightly as a wave of pleasure rocked her entire body. After 10 seconds of this Lucy, pulled back, her face flushed and her breathing laboured.

"Dios Mio...I have waited so long for this Wendy, and you do not disappoint!"

Wendy smiled "Aha, I guess I've been sort of eager to do this again as well"

Lucy lifted the bottle "Well, now it is your turn, and do not think I've forgotten the way you just teased me!"

Wendy arched her back to lift her chest up and forward. "Do your worst"

"Fucking hell this is hot" Trevor said from the couch, as he began to slide his pants down to free his erection.

"Ah ah ah!" Lucy tutted, catching his motion from the corner of her eye. "We said you could watch, not that you could play!"

Trevor laughed unsure if they were serious. "Wait, really?"

Wendy nodded with a grin. "That was the deal, my love. Though perhaps we can let him join in later?"

Lucy nodded back. "Si, but only when we say so! Until then you sit, and watch, and keep your hands to yourself!"

Trevor groaned "Now who's being cruel..."

The two women ignored him, returning to their play with each other. Lucy began to eagerly pour the oil over Wendy's own bust, until she was equally coated, her breasts shiny and slick. Both of their hands explored each other's bodies, hands teasing and groping the others round full breasts, tweaking and stroking their nipples. Wendy grabbed Lucy around her back and pulled her tight, tits pressed tight against one another.

"Lucy..." Wendy said "...I'd... I'd like to kiss you"

"Si..." Lucy said breathily.

Wendy craned her neck forward, aiming towards Lucy's full lips. Lucy leaned forward as well, having to traverse the distance created by their own breasts. Wendy felt the heat of Lucy's breath on her lips as they neared. Gripping her body tightly she leaned in, kissing Lucy deeply. Both women let out soft moans of release, as months of sexual tension was relieved. They held their embrace for nearly a minute, kissing and caressing each other wherever they could reach.

When they pulled apart, they were both breathless, smiling giddily at each other. "Shall...we go upstairs?" Wendy offered.

Lucy nodded "Absolutely. Come along Trevor, time to go have some fun"

Trevor leapt to his feet "Oh thank god, I'm dieing over here!"

Both women laughed as they each took one of his hands and led him upstairs. There they made love together, with Trevor upon his back, and both women riding him, Wendy upon his cock, and Lucy upon his face. The two women faced each other holding hands as they both writhed with pleasure atop Wendy's husband, their breasts heaving and sliding against each other. It didn't take long for them to reach climax, the encounter downstairs priming their bodies for sexual release. Afterwards, bodies coated in sweat and oil, panting with exertion, the three of them fell asleep together, Trevor on one side of the bed, Lucy and Wendy on the other, their two bodies entangled.

The next 24 hours were a whirlwind for Wendy. They awoke and got cleaned up from the night before, Wendy and Lucy showering together. Both women couldn't stop laughing as they washed each other off, unable to contain their happiness at finally having come together at last. After Trevor ran over to Lucy's house to fetch some clothes, the two women got dressed then left for Wendy's appointment at Lucy's new doctor. They did a quick pre-op consult, then got her into surgery. Before Wendy went into surgery Lucy gave her a kiss, and promised she'd be right there when she awoke.

Hours later, Wendy awoke to a combination of sensations. Pressure on her chest, irritation on her skin, and a warm hand gripping hers. Her eyes as they opened first went to Lucy's smiling face, then to her chest, and her newly pumped breasts.

"Oooo...How much?" She asked as she tried to prop herself up, but a firm hand from Lucy kept her lying down.

"3000 in each...for now. That's the base size of the shell they put in." Lucy said with a warm smile. "The doctor was impressed with how elastic your skin is! He said you could definitely take more already"

Wendy nodded "Let's do it then"

Lucy beamed "I was hoping you'd say that, Wendy! I'll let the nurse know"

An hour later a nurse arrived with two large bags of saline with a long tube and a needle attached to each. Wendy felt giddy as she watched the nurse hang the bags on a pair of hooks above her bed. Pressing a button the nurse raised the head of the bed, bringing Wendy into a sitting position. She kept a hand on each breast as they slid forward, gravity pulling them away

from her. They were already quite a bit bigger than they'd been before, and she could feel it. But her skin still felt soft and supple, not at all tight. That meant she still had room for more.

Wendy sat idly rubbing them, feeling their newly swollen size, nearly as large as Lucy's bowling balls. With luck she'd soon be bigger. The nurse inserted the needles into the implant's ports, located near her armpit, then flicked a switch, activating a pump attached to the tubing. Saline began to flow from the bag and into the shells.

Wendy sat back against her pillow and closed her eyes, still holding Lucy's hand. It was a strange feeling, a pressure from within, as she felt the saline shell inflate as more and more fluid was pumped into it. She could literally feel her breasts getting bigger in real time.

Minor tickles of irritation made her wince, until a cool creamy sensation doused it. She opened her eyes to see Lucy standing above her, rubbing lotion into her breasts. "Ahhh, thank you, Lucy" Wendy said with a contented smile, as she relaxed again, letting the saline flow into her.

After 30 minutes, the pump stopped, and Wendy opened her eyes. The huge round form of her bust filled her vision before her. It was hard to gauge their size from her perspective, but she guessed she was as big as Lucy now.

"How do you feel, Wendy?" Lucy asked.

Wendy smiled "Amazing! You were right, they really do feel fantastic when they're this big.

Lucy nodded "Si, I knew you'd love it! Thank you, nurse"

Wendy looked at the nurse confused. "Wait, is that all?"

The nurse raised an eyebrow as she unhooked the now empty bags of saline. "We just put 1000cc into each of your shells. That's a pretty huge amount for a single fill..."

Wendy bit her lip "I'd...I'd like to do more"

Lucy gasped, clapping her hands excitedly. The nurse frowned. "I'll have to get the doctors sign off"

Wendy nodded, settling back against the bed to wait. Minutes later the doctor returned, and examined her. After triple checking with Wendy to be sure this is what she really wanted, he gave her the go ahead. Her skin still had lots of give in it, and could handle another fill.

Minutes later the pump was running again, and Wendy settled into another session. The first fill had been fairly calm, her skin easily stretching to accommodate the first 1000cc. This second 1000 however was proving more difficult. She was reaching her limit, but she didn't want to stop.

"More lotion" she said quietly to Lucy, who immediately began to apply the cream to Wendy's skin.



Wendy began to breathe in and out rhythmically as she felt her skin begin to tighten across her chest. Each breast was filling bigger and rounder, growing heavier on her chest as the pump pushed more and more saline into her shell.

“Wendy, are you alright?” Lucy asked, voice concerned.

Wendy nodded, her brows scrunched with concentration “Keep going. I want more”

Wendy grimaced as she felt her skin stretch, waves of itchiness and occasionally pain emanating from the outer edge of each breast. “Come on” She whispered “Come on”

It was exhilarating, feeling her breasts swell bigger and bigger, pushing her limits to the max. She would’ve whooped with delight if not for the fact that she was too focused on pushing through the pain.

Finally, the pumps ceased yet again, and the growing pressure within abated, though it did not disappear. The nurse removed the needles, eyes wide with shock as she stared at Wendy.

Wendy leaned forward slightly, resting her breasts against her lap. “Oooooo” She moaned, realizing how little she’d had to lean to make contact.

“5000cc’s...Dios mio, Wendy. You...you are amazing!” Lucy exclaimed.

Wendy nodded, hands gently rubbing her skin. It was incredibly tight, her flesh taut and firm. A few stretch marks had appeared on the side of each breast, but she didn’t care. She’d done it. Upon her chest rested a pair of basketball sized tits, with a tiny little nipple on the far end. A shiver ran through her body as she looked down at them.

The feeling was indescribable, feeling this big. This incredible weight on her chest, it was all her. She smiled at Lucy, as she caressed each massive melon. “Let’s go home”

Lucy smiled. “Si, Wendy. Let’s”

**THE END**