

Early Alpha Version for SubscribeStar



# The Chest Expander

A Pure Fantasy novella

By James Hardcourt © 2021

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## Introduction

This is a story exploring the kink of Breast Size Teasing – it’s quite niche, and if may well not be for you. It does include a lot of medical fetish concepts too, and also some quite serious mindfucks, so that might win you over.

Please don’t distribute this, it’s just for SubscribeStar subscribers. Thank you.

Please let me have your feedback either on the SubscribeStar post or email me at [james@edging.space](mailto:james@edging.space). I’d also love your suggestions for other kinks to explore in a similar way.

## Chapter 1

I’d been dreading the party. It had been billed as an unofficial school reunion. Most of us had finished our three years at university that summer, and some bright spark had come up with the idea of a get together.

I was stood there with ‘Bethany’ hastily drawn on a label stuck on my chest. As if I needed more attention drawn there. And anyway, it’d only been three years, surely people would remember names? Apparently not, if the number of guys who stared at my chest was anything to go by. That was a first. No one’s had any reason to stare at it before, unless they were making jokes. School had not been my favourite time. *What the hell am I even doing here?*

I don’t know if you’ve ever been to any of these things, but they are pretty hideous.

The smart ones casually dropping how they’d got a ‘first’ at any possible opportunity, the sporty ones boasting of their prowess on university teams, and of course everyone seeming

to have a job already lined up. Didn't these guys know graduates aren't supposed to get jobs any more? At least it seemed like the one girl I'd hoped to avoid wasn't there.

'Hey tiny tits, still haven't hit puberty then?'

*Fuck. It seems Victoria was there at all.*

'Hi Vikki,' I just about managed to splutter out. I folded my arms across my chest, unable to avoid looking at the chest I'd grown up envying more than anyone's. She had a smirk on her face, the smirk I'd grown up hating. By some fluke of genetics, Vikki had hit puberty about a year before everyone else, and she'd made the most of her head start. No one had caught up. She'd ended up with the best set of tits, as officially voted for annually by the guys, throughout school.

She wasn't a bully, in fact I had very mixed feelings about her, but she had just always thought it funny to comment on my lack of breasts, and because every guy in the year, and lots of the girls, followed her around like was the queen of Sheba, the teasing came from all directions.

My emotions about her were mixed, because as much as I hated the teasing, part of me felt I deserved it, but more than that, my fevered, horny fantasies often revolved around her. Every chance I'd get when changing for games at school, I'd try and look at her, creating a powerful mix of envy, and jealousy but also, I guess, desire, that I couldn't process. It meant that without fail, every encounter with her led to me blushing and losing the ability to speak. Today was no exception.

Vikki was one of the sporty ones I mentioned. Hockey was her thing at school, and I had no doubt she'd gone on to play for her university. I realised I'd been quiet for a long time, and finally managed to speak. 'How are you, what are you up to?'

'I'm great, thanks, Pancakes.' She slapped me on the arm. She had no idea what being called that did to me. She'd been so proud when she came up with it, and the nickname had stuck. 'I got my sport science degree and now I've landed a job at the leisure centre gym, it's everything I hoped for.'

*Of course it is. Oh God, please don't ask what I'm doing...*

'So what are you up to now you've graduated, Pancakes?'

'Umm, living at home, just temp stuff while I look for something permanent.'

I saw her gaze shift to someone she was clearly more interested in and she gave me a slap on the arm and started to move.

'Well good luck with that, Pancakes, see you around.'

'*Pancakes*', *fuck*. I'd almost forgotten that nickname. It hadn't been used so much at school as we all got older. Well except by Vikki. She always thought it was funny. *Even now apparently*. The worst of it was, sometimes I'd imagine being called it in my fantasies, by her, by others. I blushed as I remembered the things I used to get myself off to. A raucous laugh interrupted my embarrassing recollections.

I've talked about how people show off at these events, but by far the worst were the ones with engagement rings, flashed at every opportunity. Eugh, how had they managed that when I'd barely managed a date throughout my entire university time?

Of course once the ring was flashed in your direction you had to ask about the fiance, the proposal, wedding plans. After I'd met my second engaged alumni earlier, I was determined to avoid any more.

Until I saw Chelsea. Well, heard her first. Hers was the laugh, a very distinctive outburst that sounded more like a donkey than anything. I shouldn't be mean, she is lovely. She and I had been good friends for a few years, but one of those things that had fallen away as they do. Her back was to me, but to my astonishment, she was also waving an engagement ring like it was the highest achievement one could possibly imagine. Around her were clustered not only a few of the girls, but half a dozen guys who I couldn't imagine wanted to hear her proposal story. Was she marrying someone famous?

I could not believe that she, of all people, was engaged. The thing that had united us at school was the fact that while most of the girls around us had seen some gains from puberty in the chest department, she and I had almost nothing to show for it. 'The No Bra Club' we'd jokingly called ourselves. It was never a very funny joke.

I sighed, I couldn't avoid this. 'Chelsea, is that you?' I called out, walking up behind her.

She spun around, and for a moment I assumed I must have got it wrong, that it couldn't have been her. I really should have double-checked her face, but my eyes were fixed firmly on her chest. Instead of the flat chest that we used to have in common, she had the most extraordinary, gravity defying, cleavage. I knew for sure they broke the laws of gravity because the sexy, red minidress she was wearing, more nightwear than partywear, left no room for doubt, or for a bra. In fact beside a cute little silver choker and wide silver bracelet, I was pretty sure she was only wearing nothing but the dress and heels. Not a panty line in sight, and this thing was tight enough to show.

But it was her breasts that I couldn't help staring at. They weren't ridiculous, just impossible, not just the size of them. To all extents they were perfect, way *too* perfect, the

kind of thing you only saw in comics – women drawn by men. And yet there were were, and now they were right in my face.

‘Bezza!’ she yelled, making a happy leap that her bosom took a moment to catch up with. I still hadn’t looked at her face, I was mesmerised. I managed to peel my eyes away from her chest and sure enough, it was Chelsea. The girls who’d been gathered around her had evaporated given the chance to escape, but she was still pursued by a bunch of the guys. Now I knew why.

‘Chelsea, wow, you’re engaged! Congratulations.’

‘I know, isn’t it wonderful! He’s a stockbroker, and it was love at first sight.’

*I bet it was.* I couldn’t help it, I had to look down again. She gave a little giggle. ‘Aren’t they something. I can’t tell you the difference it’s made. I’m a different girl to the one in the No Bra Club.’

‘You’re not kidding,’ I said. ‘I never thought you’d get implants, you were always so against them.’

Chelsea took my hand, leaning in close. She looked around and shooed the men who were hanging around her away. Reluctantly, they left. ‘Do you want to know a secret, from one member of the club, to another?’

I was about to object she was an ‘ex’ member but technically she still fitted the club’s name. I had no idea what she might be about to tell me. ‘Yes, please.’

‘You can’t tell anyone, I mean it. I’m only telling you this because, well you know, our shared... problem.’ She led me away to a corner of the room.

‘Okay, I won’t, I promise.’ *What on earth is it?*

‘They’re not implants.’

I stood up straighter, my eyes meeting hers. She was supposed to be one of the smart ones, and she knew I was too. ‘What are you talking about?’

‘These,’ she whispered, ‘are not implants.’

‘Chelsea, they clearly are. What are you talking about?’

She looked a little miffed. ‘They are not, I promise. These are the real thing. Do you know how much implants this size would weigh?’

I frowned. ‘I don’t understand, what are they then?’

'They're my boobs!'

'But, that's impossible. I only saw you last year, and you were as flat as I was back then. You must have had a boob job.'

'I didn't have a boob job.' Chelsea was sounding annoyed but there was no other explanation. I saw her look around then she grabbed my arm and pulled me through a curtain into a little storage area half full of stacks of chairs. She put her little clutchbag down by her feet, and without a word she slipped her fingers through the thin straps of the mini-dress and gave a shrug, her top falling down to her waist and her breasts springing into full view.

'Chelsea!' I couldn't believe it, and looked over her shoulder but no one was peeking through the curtains, and anyway her back was to them.

She lifted them up, glowing with pride. 'See, no scars.'

I'd seen enough TV shows to know that wasn't the only way it happened, in fact, for a time I was obsessed with the idea myself. 'They can do that around the nipple now though.'

'They are *not* implants, Bezza. Feel them,' she challenged me.

'Chelsea, I'm not going to feel your tits.' Although I couldn't stop looking at them. They were incredible, and she was right, there wasn't a hint of scarring, but more than that, they were a very natural shape, just gravity-defying in their size and pertness.

'Feel them!' She grabbed my hand and squashed it against her breast. Now, I don't know what implants feel like but I know that they have a big bag of silicone or saline in them, and for sure, what I felt as she pulled my hand against her was soft, yielding, breast.

I was fascinated. Now my hand was there something about the pillowy, yielding flesh was deeply comforting. I shifted my hand, giving them a more pronounced squeeze. I began to believe her, if these were implants they weren't anything I'd ever seen in a documentary. I shifted my fingers and to my consternation the touch made Chelsea give a little cry. *Did I hurt her?*

I looked up at her but it wasn't pain on her face. Her pretty little mouth was open, and she was looking at me through half open eyelids. 'Feel me,' she said, deeper and more softly, taking my spare hand and placing it on her other breast.

As my fingers met it I couldn't resist giving it a squeeze. *No wonder those boob stress balls are always best sellers.* For the first time I looked at her nipples. Even though my hands were nowhere near them (there was a lot of real estate to play with here) her nipples were like hard, dark bullets, sticking rigidly out. *She's aroused. Oh my God.*

I shifted my fingers ever so slightly, about to pull them away. 'Oh please, feel me, feel me Bethany.'

'What, what are you saying?' My hands stayed where they were. My fingers couldn't help but gently knead the soft flesh.

Chelsea gave a little moan of pleasure, pushing her chest out. 'It doesn't work if I do it, not any more. He says it's like you can't tickle yourself. Please, just a little longer. Play with them?'

As I realised what she was saying I jerked my hands away and she looked as if she were about to burst into tears. She grabbed my hand in both of hers. 'Please Bethany, I'll do anything. Just play with them. I'll tell you how I got them, even though I'm not supposed to!'

'So they really aren't implants?' I didn't reach out and touch them but I couldn't stop staring. I've seen big breasts before. My lack of a boyfriend has meant I sometimes watch an embarrassing amount of porn. But in videos none had looked like this. They were either obviously big implants, with the strange shape, stretched skin and scars that came with it. Or they might be naturally big, but that meant they'd hang down lower.

Chelsea's miracle pair had that slightly convex top leading to her perfectly central nipples, below which was the curve and swell of the rest of them. I'd seen breasts this shape, and always been envious how they looked, but they were always a C-cup, maybe-D. Hers must be Double-G at least, and yet impossibly kept that shape.

And it wasn't just their shape, it was their position. They were so...forward I guess is the way to put it. Pointing straight ahead, not pointing out like any breasts besides cute little ones would. It was as though they were in a wonderbra, a massive one at that, but the bra wasn't there. Her tits were out, unsupported, and she still had the cleavage I was so jealous of even when it's created by good underwear.

I couldn't help myself, my fingers were itching to touch them again. She let out a little mew as I gave in to her request and my curiosity, stroking my fingers around the outside curve of one until I cupped it underneath and once more let them sink into that glorious softness. I could not believe this was the same girl I'd commiserated with in the No Bra Club. But it was, it was her. I looked at her face, eyes shut, her mouth open in a needy little pout. 'Yes, yes, yes,' she sighed as my other hand gave in to her begging too.

'How? How is this possible?' I whispered. I had to know. As I said I'd got a bit unhealthily obsessed with the idea of getting implants for a while, but the reality of the surgery involved finally put me off. Her claim these weren't implants was rocking everything I knew.

'Please, more. I'll tell you everything. Just, more?' Her eyes flicked open, eyebrows up. The desperation I saw as I looked into them was unlike anything I'd seen before. She conveyed a neediness, and arousal, that was both compelling, and disturbing.

I was curious to see how she reacted. I let the thumbs of both hands slowly move up towards where I imagined she really wanted them, those perfect, bullet hard nipples. 'Oh God, yes, thank you, thank you.'

I wasn't going to give her all she wanted though. Firstly, because the idea of playing with Chelsea's nipples was very bizarre to me, and I was already battling with just getting out of there. But secondly, I wanted to know her secret before I did anything. My thumbs reached the darker circle of her areola, scribing teasing semi circles under her nipples. 'So, tell me how you got these?'

'Oh Bethany, please, more, just a little more.'

'No. You can have more once I know. This is all you get until then.'

My brain was trying hard to distance myself from what I was doing. I let my thumbs just rock left and right, *it's just a massage, nothing but a massage*. They were having quite the impact though, she was whimpering and kept dropping down a little. Whether because she got weak at the knees or simply hoped my thumbs would get to her nipples, I don't know.

It didn't take long for her to break. 'Okay, this doctor, Dr Hinderburg.'

'So they are implants!'

'No, they aren't. It's a therapy. It took most of last year.'

'A therapy? What, how can that work?'

'There's lots of suction, and stimulation. But it's mental too, listening to tapes, watching things.' I saw a shadow pass over her face, her thoughts distracting her from what I was doing for a moment. I wanted to know more. I let my thumbs brush over her nipples just once. She cried out in pleasure, loud enough I was worried someone might hear. But her attention was fully back with me.

'I find that hard to believe, you're saying, they grew?'

'Yes, yes, that's it, they really did. Please, more?'

'But that's impossible!'

Chelsea lifted her hands and indicated her extraordinary chest. 'It's very possible.'

I thought of another objection. 'How on earth did you afford it, you're just a student like me.'

She was clearly reluctant to say more, but I knew the solution to that. Again my thumbs reached out, two little circles on her nipples loosened her tongue.

'It's experimental. Some of the things... aren't very ethical.'

'What, how so?'

'Please, I can't tell you! I'm sworn to secrecy. I couldn't even tell you if I wanted to.'

I had to find out, I had one move I'd been saving for this moment. My hands slipped upwards and I took hold of her nipples between my thumbs and side of my first fingers, and squeezed.

I was scared she was going to scream but nothing came out of her mouth. Her body arched with what I imagined was pleasure, it was hard to tell. Both her hands clenched my forearms like a vice. I suddenly recognised what was happening. *Oh my God, she's going to cum!*

Looking back I should have let go and stepped back, but with her gripping me, pulling me in something made me do the opposite, I rolled them firmly between finger and thumb. I had no doubt she was about to climax. Her breathing was high and rapid, her muscles became tense, and her grip on me was almost painful.

But she didn't. She was frozen on the brink of orgasm, I tried squeezing them, pulling them, I could tell she was there, she should be cumming. Instead, she shuddered and coiled her arms around me, her lung so full of air she couldn't take any more in. There was a beep from the silver bracelet she wore and I realised it must be some kind of smart watch. *How high is her heart rate, oh my God?* That thought brought me back to reality.

Finally, I let go and she collapsed onto my arms, letting out little sobs. 'Oh God, I thought that was it,' she muttered more to herself than me.

Guilt hit me hard. *What the hell am I doing, this is hideous.* I wrapped my arms around her and she broke into deep, heaving sobs. I didn't know just what the tears were for but I knew I was partly to blame. 'I'm so sorry, I'm sorry Chelsea.'

Finally, she was able to reply. 'No, no, not you. It's me. I thought...'

'What did you think?' I asked, my arms still around her.

'It doesn't matter. It's fine.' She wiped her cheeks, sniffed and pulled an unconvincing smile. 'I'm happy you like them.'

She finally pushed back, hooking her straps back up. I felt a sense of regret as they were covered up, as though it was a beloved piece of art being taken off display in a gallery. I pulled my gaze to her face, embarrassed by my stare and all I'd done. She had a different look on her face, colder, harder. She picked her handbag off the floor and fished out a card, giving it to me.

'Tell him I sent you. It won't cost you anything.' She paused, evaluating what she'd said. 'It won't cost you any money, if he thinks you're suitable that is. But I'm sure you will be.'

## Chapter 2

Waking the next morning the events of yesterday seemed like they'd just been one of my regular sex dreams. But there it was, the card on the desk. 'Dr Roger Hinderburg Phd' it read. 'Research Scientist'.

That was it, with a phone number. Not even an email. *Who doesn't even have an email nowadays?*

I thought back to that crazy experience in the little store cupboard. I could vividly remember how she'd felt, and had a strange longing to experience it again. *Imagine sinking your head into them.* But then my point of view changed, and it was me who was the one sporting those incredible breasts. What must it be like, and just how sensitive must they be for Chelsea to have reacted the way she did.

I was surprised to find myself still horny. After I'd got home last night I'd cum four or five times, working through what the experience had done to me, but apparently it wasn't enough. I grabbed my vibrator from where I'd left it on the nightstand. As I quickly got close to yet another orgasm I thought about Chelsea's recommendation. I knew that if I came I'd probably not be bold enough to make that call, but right now I wanted to.

I turned off the vibe and before I over thought it, I picked up my phone and dialed the number. It went to a voicemail.

I stuttered into a response after the beep. 'Hi, you don't know me but my friend Chelsea told me about...' *Shit, I wasn't supposed to know,* 'well nothing I shouldn't know. She just said you had helped her with her... condition.' *God, I can't call it that. Too late.* 'Anyway, I am in a similar position and wondered if you can help me?'

*Eugh, what the hell are you doing, Bethany?* I left my name and number and hung up, already regretting the call. I picked up my vibe. 'At least you don't judge me.' It was soon showing me it didn't.

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A few hours later I was at work. I'd pretty much forgotten my embarrassing call this morning when my phone rang. It was a young sounding woman. 'Hello, I work with Doctor Hinderburg. He can see you today at 4pm, would that suit you?'

I checked my work calendar. It was clear. My boss was a sweetheart, he'd let me go early for something medical, well for anything really.

'Yes, 4pm, what's the address?' It turned out to be fairly local, which was a good thing as I hadn't even asked Chelsea. They could have been anywhere. 'Is there anything else I need to do?'

'Just one thing, please don't wear a padded bra. Have a nice day.'

'Don't wear a padded bra?' I said to myself as I put my phone down. *But all my bras are padded.*

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I stood in the doorway of the foreboding looking building, and pressed the buzzer again. It was a street in the city centre, a whole row of four-storey office blocks that must be 70 years old at least from the weathered limestone exterior, which still suggested the kind of original details carved high up that nobody bothered putting on new buildings.

According to the doorplate, 'Hinderburg Medical Research' occupied the top floor, and finally the front door opened and I took a surprisingly modern lift up to the fourth floor.

Double doors opposite the lift were already open and I walked into a small, but well appointed waiting area. I shifted my top nervously. I'd got around the bra predicament by switching to my workout crop top underneath my shirt before I'd left for the appointment. I felt almost naked as I stood there without the breastplate of my usual padded bra.

Reception was empty. I was just about to ring the bell on the desk when the click clack of heels behind me made me pause. 'Miss Smith? Would you like to come with me, the doctor is ready.'

I gave her the once over, from bottom to top. First those heels were ludicrous for work, five inches I guessed, maybe even six. *How can she wear those all day?* Her immaculate tights went up, and up. Something told me they'd have a line down the back. When I finally reached her skirt, which was only just decent by perhaps an inch, it was tight, with a big belt on top.

But that wasn't the real kicker. I should have guessed, it was stupid not to. But her elegantly tailored white shirt blossomed out around breasts that weren't quite as large as Chelsea's, but weren't far off. Moreover, the thinness of the material made it quite clear she had something else in common, the need for no bra. The shirt material was thin enough to just hint at that, the slightest darkening around her nipples, which were proudly erect and on show. The top must have been some kind of cotton lycra mix for them to hug her breasts so intimately. It walked the line between obscene and gorgeous with perfection. I was painfully jealous.

I finally got to her pretty face, and she seemed absolutely nonplussed at my lingering appraisal. Her blond hair was woven into a ponytail that I saw, as she turned, reached half way down her back. I looked down again and smiled. *Yep, pencil line tights. No, not tights.* From behind I could see the dark strip of the tops of the stockings, and even a glimpse of her thigh as she took a first long stride.

I'd been here two minute and already felt utterly inadequate. *Fuck my life.*

She opened a heavy wooden door and held it wide as I walked into the doctor's office. He was sat behind a classic old desk, dressed in a slightly shabby lab coat over a shirt and tie, typing at his computer. *At least not everything felt like the 1950s here.* Without a word the door behind me closed and he seemed to notice me at last, standing up and ushering me into the room.

'Welcome, welcome. Please, take a seat.' There was just one seat placed centrally in front of his desk, so I perched myself on it, putting my handbag down by the chair. I took time to look him over as he came around to my side of the desk and sat back against its edge.

He was, I guessed, late 40's. A little taller than average but skinny with it. His hair and closely cropped beard were showing the first signs of grey, but his dark brown eyes were full of youthful enthusiasm. He rubbed his hands together, there was no telltale wedding ring. 'So, I hear you're interested in taking part in our research?'

I shifted on the chair. I wasn't really sure what it was I wanted. 'Well, yes, I guess I wanted to find out more about it at least.'

Without the slightest hesitation his focus moved to my chest. 'Yes, well I can see why.'

My neck prickled, this was so uncomfortable. Not since being teased at school before games lessons had anyone been so overt about my flat-chestedness. 'That's a bit rude, isn't it?'

'Just the truth, Miss...' he checked a post it note, '...Miss Smith. We deal in the truth here, science, facts, not just what we want to hear.'

'I...I guess.'

'I never guess, Miss Smith. Everything we do here is of the highest rigour and quality.' *Well he's a pompous ass isn't he.*

He continued. 'I spoke with Chelsea after your call, who confirmed your story, and was most insistent I include you in my research.'

'That's kind of her?' I didn't know what else to say.

'Yes, she's quite a girl isn't she. Quite a catch.' He sounded a little resentful over what I could only assume was her recent engagement.

Thinking of Chelsea refocused me on why I was there. 'Can you, do for me, what you did for her?'

'It's too early to say, but Chelsea was one of the first to take part in phase three of our research and as you saw yourself, the results were, good.'

I snorted. 'Good? I'd say spectacular. I couldn't believe they weren't implants.'

The doctor seemed to shudder. 'Goodness no, that is part of my hope for this research, that it will release millions of women from the barbaric practise of surgery, when the body and mind itself can create the desired outcome with just a little help.'

'So you're saying, there's no surgery involved?' I still struggled to believe it.

'I hate the sight of blood, Miss Smith. I came into this research with the firm conviction that there were better, natural alternatives to this problem. And just imagine the implications. Such compelling evidence of the body's ability to transform itself, with just a little encouragement.'

'What kind of encouragement?' This was what I really wanted to know.

'Ahhaa, all in good time, Miss Smith. Those are proprietary methods and I will not, cannot risk my work by saying too much until you are vetted, assessed, and have committed to the program I will create for you.'

'Can't you tell me anything?'

The doctor stood and began pacing back and forth in his office. "It is my belief, backed up by solid research, that your breast size is more than pure genetics. The latest studies show that genetics, heredity, only account for some 56% of what you see.' He gestured rather blatantly to my chest.

'Your breasts,' he continued, fully into his speech now, 'are the most variable parts of your physiology. They can change on a monthly basis in accordance with your menses. But most

remarkable of all is the transformation during pregnancy, when a tripling or quadrupling in size is quite possible.'

*Menses.* I hadn't heard that used to describe a period since biology class. *Well he is a doctor.* I had an objection. 'That change is due breastfeeding, surely? They are changing to be able to provide milk.'

'But is it, Miss Smith? Or is that just coincidence?'

'I'm pretty sure it is.'

'Who is the scientist here? Correlation does not mean causation!'

'Okay...' *This guy is really hitting the mad scientist archetype now.* 'So, if it's not all genetics, what else is it down to?'

'The mind, Miss Smith, the mind! The least understood organ. I'd go so far as to say one of the greatest wonders of the universe. We have barely tapped into its potential.'

'You're telling me that my mind controls my breast size?'

'It's a significant factor, along with other primal biological systems.'

*Primal biological systems, what the hell are they?*

He was still in mid-rant. 'Breast tissue is unlike almost any other part of human anatomy, Miss Smith. Changing size, texture, even physical make up on an almost daily basis.'

I felt like I had to argue. 'But those are minor changes, and surely hormonal.'

'Hormonal indeed, but what determines your hormone release?'

I thought about it, conceding he might have a point, 'My mind?' I guessed.

'Yes!' He looked overjoyed, as though he'd won a convert.

'But still minor,' I objected.

'Only minor because until now just a small part of the mind's capacity has been exploited. I have, in my research, learnt to fully unlock its potential.'

'Let me get this right. Are you telling me my breasts are small, because that's what I want? I can assure I don't.'

'Not what you want, Bethany, but what you believe you deserve.'

I thought back to all the years of anguish over my flat chest. 'That's deeply offensive. I think this is nonsense, objectionable nonsense.' I put my hands on the seat. I was about ready to leave.

He gave me a sly smile, 'Your friend, Chelsea, said just the same.'

He had me there. I settled back into my seat. He folded his arms. 'Let me ask you a question, I expect you to get it wrong. What are your breasts' primary purpose?'

I tried to think of anything but the obvious answer but it was so obvious I still had to say it, 'For milk production, to feed a baby.'

'Wrong!' He looked smug. 'That is by definition a secondary, if wonderful, use for them.'

'How can you argue that? Just look at their design.'

'A secondary purpose is one, by definition, that can only be fulfilled once a primary purpose has been met.'

I wasn't sure that was true but I was intrigued with where he was going. 'So what's the primary?' I decided to play the interested student.

'Let us work backwards. What is required for you to breast-feed?'

I shrugged, 'A baby?'

'Correct! And before a baby?'

'To be pregnant?'

'Yes, very good!' I was strangely pleased at getting so many answers right.

'And before that?'

*Oh, I think I know where this is going.* 'To be fertilised?'

'Yes, yes, to be *impregnated!*' The way he said it was a little creepy. 'And for that, you need a man, who wants to impregnate you.' He stopped, seeming to think he'd made a complete argument.

'I'm not quite sure...'

He shook his head, interrupting. 'The primary purpose of your breasts, Bethany, is sex. They are to attract a mate.'

'I mean...'

'How else do you explain the extraordinary fascination with them by the male of the species? What are they really, two fleshy mounds, and yet a simple flash of them can render most men dumbfounded.'

I didn't want to confuse things by bringing up the fact gay men would likely dispute his theory. But as much as it annoyed me, he did have a point. *Why are men so obsessed with tits?* I blushed a little as I realised they weren't the only ones obsessed with them. *But that's different.*

'Do you play with your nipples, when you masturbate, Bethany?'

His sudden switch of topic to something so personal caught me by surprise. 'Yes,' I answered before I had really considered what he was asking. I blushed and felt a flush of heat spread through me as I'd confessed to both masturbating and what he'd asked in one go.

'And why do you do that?'

I couldn't look him in the face but felt that now I'd started answering this line of questioning I couldn't back out. 'Because it feels nice.'

'Exactly, have you ever considered how strange that is? The vagina, the clitoris, they are logical centres of arousal. But why the breasts?'

'I don't know.'

'Because they are the starting point for attracting a male. They are the part of you,' he looked at me disparagingly, 'well for most women, that will draw a seed donor to you.'

*Ewww, seed donor?*

He kept going with his inquisition. 'Your nipples, what do they do when you are aroused?'

I felt out of my depth now. His passion for this topic was far beyond even my obsession. 'They, harden.'

'And what possible use might that have? There is no child ready to latch onto them, in fact their hardening when aroused is quite different from lactation.'

I'd never thought about it. *Okay, that is kind of weird.* 'Why do they harden?'

'As a signal, dear Bethany, a signal that you are in eustrus!'

'In what?'

'In heat, Miss Smith. Wanting to be bred.'

To hear it put so starkly, in such animalistic terms, made my stomach flip. I had a sudden image of myself, on all fours, being mounted, used... *Being bred.*

And dammit, wouldn't you know my body betrayed my thoughts. I felt my nipples harden and stupidly, looked down. There they were, just visible through my thin bra and tight top.

My gaze caused the doctor to notice too. 'You see, it's pure instinct, your body knows better than you do what you really crave.'

I was flustered, as you can imagine. I folded my arms across my chest to hide what was happening. 'I still don't understand how all this connects with, changing the size of these.' I shrugged, squeezing my arms together more to give my tiny breasts just the smallest of boosts.

He stepped closer, and reached out, tapping the middle of my forehead gently with his finger. 'It means so much of what you want lies hidden in here. You have to *want* it, Bethany.'

'But I do want it, I've wanted it for so long.'

'You have to *need* it.'

'What does that mean, who needs bigger breasts?'

He started striding around again, seeming to quote from a pre-prepared talk. 'You know some healthcare systems see it as so important for mental health that implant surgery can be obtained for free?'

I nodded, still folding my arms. 'I'd heard that.' *I wish that was the case here.*

'Even the medical establishment appreciates that bigger breasts can be a need. The real challenge is you believing it.'

'How?' I asked, needing to know more, no matter how crazy this seemed.

'Well, this is where we get into the details of my therapy. Details I can't share with you yet, not until you've undergone a proper assessment and signed a non-disclosure agreement. But Bethany, after your encounter with Chelsea, do you have any doubts that what I'm offering, can work?'

I thought back to the other night, to my old friend's magnificent bosom, and I shook my head. 'I can't deny, whatever you're offering, worked for her at least.' I looked at him, this strange man who'd dedicated his life to helping people like me. 'I want it, I want it so much Doctor.'

He smiled. 'Good, that's the first step.'

'But how do I turn that into a need?'

He reached out again and patted me on the cheek, 'That's what I'm here for.' He turned away and picked up a clipboard. 'Can I assume you're interested then?'

'You can assume that, yes.' My heart was racing. I couldn't believe this was actually happening.

'We can start the assessment process today if you wish. You'll need to come in again in a week's time to complete it, before I can say whether you're an acceptable candidate for my therapy.'

Even the thought of not being given access to whatever he was offering made me suddenly desperate. Here before me was some kind of solution to my biggest source of self-doubt, and this man would be the one who decided if I'd be allowed it. I was about to plead with him, but I bit it back. *I'm here, I'm being considered.* 'I understand.'

He took off his glasses, and gave them a wipe with the corner of his lab coat. 'Miss Smith, I need to be very clear with you upfront. All parts of this process, from the assessment through to the therapy, are very intimate.'

*Intimate? What does that mean?* 'I see.'

He shook his head. 'No, you don't. Let me be explicit, I will come to know your most secret desires and cravings. Similarly, there are many things you will be required to do, and experience, that go far beyond anything you'll have experienced before.'

'Before, in what way?'

'Sexually,' he stated boldly. 'My therapy taps into the very deepest of human sexual responses and experiences to unlock the desired results. I understand that will be difficult at first, but if there is the slightest question that you won't be prepared to do anything, and I mean anything, to achieve your goal, then this is not for you.'

*Bloody hell. Anything?* 'What, kind of things?'

'I can't tell you much of that, but I can assure you that if you pass the assessment it will all be explained before you decide to do anything.'

I thought about it for a moment, not even sure what that might involve. 'But, it would all be consensual, yes. I can stop anytime I want?'

'Oh yes, of course. Anything else would be deeply counter-productive. You have to want this, to want it more than anything else, for it to work.'

'I want it more than anything.' I decided it was true as I heard myself say it.

'Very good, then if you'll accompany me next door we can begin.'

## Chapter 3

Doctor Hinderburg led me to a wooden door at the other end of his office and it opened onto a sparkling white examination room. As I entered I blinked from the bright light, the smell of antiseptic cleanliness filled my senses. I realised it was more than just an examination room. At the far end was another chamber of some kind, curtained off from my view, but I could still see it was expansive.

The room I was in was pretty traditional, a desk, some steel workbenches below functional white cupboards. To my right was a stool and examination table. But my tummy tumbled when I saw the other examination option, a big gynaecological chair. Next to it stood a nurse. The kind of nurse I'd grown up seeing in the Carry On Doctor films my dad used to like. A scandalously short uniform, and of course, cleavage that would make a young Dolly Parton proud. She was maybe in her late 30's, early 40's, but she was unreasonably attractive, aided by absolutely immaculate make-up and nails that were surely impractical for her job.

I felt embarrassed that I'd put no effort into my appearance before arriving, not even topped up my lipstick.

'This is Nurse Chebs.' The doctor's introduction made me realise I was staring at her breasts. She'd noticed and was wearing a wry smile. 'Please strip down to your undergarments and take a seat,' the doctor said. She patted the seat of the chair and her smile grew to a grin. *She can't possibly know what that thing does to me, no way.*

I shakily started to undo my shirt buttons. When I was at my GP they usually let me undress behind a curtain, or at least did me the favour of looking busy. Both the doctor and nurse simply watched me take off my blouse, shoes, then suit pants and finally socks. I stood there in my plain white cotton panties and a very mismatched blue gym crop top. Their gaze, and quick looks to each other, did not make me feel very comfortable.

The nurse patted the chair again and I meekly went over to it, and hopped up, sitting up straight rather than lying back. I sat there, arms around myself, as he asked me a variety of boring questions about my medical history, allergies. I found myself calming down a little from the sheer ordinariness of it.

That didn't last long.

'How often do you masturbate a week?' The question came out of nowhere.

'Umm, three?' I guessed.

'You don't seem certain,' the doctor observed.

'It varies, between, two, and six I guess.'

He looked at me over his glasses. 'So some weeks you masturbate almost every day?'

*God, you're making me sound like a slut.* 'Yes, I suppose so. Is that normal?'

He pushed his glasses back up, made a note and didn't answer my question. 'And what's your normal technique?'

I blushed, this really was intimate. I was determined not to be intimidated. 'Fingers, I suppose, sometimes a vibrator.'

He looked at Nurse Chebs, she leaned in. 'He didn't mean tell him, sweetie, he means show him.'

I didn't understand what she was saying for a moment, then it clicked. 'You want me to masturbate, here, now?'

'Of course,' he said, not even looking at me.

'But, that's... I've never...'

Finally he raised his head. 'I believe I made it clear that this would be very sexually intimate. If you don't feel the rewards are worth it?'

As if to demonstrate those rewards in person, Nurse Chebs leaned over me, her cleavage filling my vision. 'Don't be shy, sweetie. He's a doctor, this is what we do every day. It feels odd at first but if you can't do this...' Her threat was just left hanging, like her breasts right beside me.

I looked at them, if they were trying to remind me of what I might gain, it worked. I shut my eyes and leaned back, breathing in deeply then letting it out as I rested my hand on the soft cotton of my panties.

'If you can use the stirrups, that would be helpful,' Dr Hinderburg said, pointing at them with his pen, and nodding to the nurse to help. She did more than help, she grabbed the nearest foot and dropped it into the calf support, before walking around and doing the same to the other. 'Do continue.' He was watching me intently now.

*Fine, I won't let you intimidate me.* I made simple little circles on my panties with my fingers, not pressing too hard. I was demonstrating my technique, just as he'd requested. I was pleased with my little victory.

He nodded, seeming satisfied, and made a note. 'Do you play with your breasts, nipples at the same time?'

‘Sometimes, especially in the bath.’

‘Please demonstrate, both together.’

I put my hand on my chest and made a little circle on the fabric. My nipples shot up immediately and as much as I tried to resist, playing with it was harder to fake. Every little circle of my finger tip made the ache between my legs grow and it became harder to not press my fingers more firmly against my mons.

None of this was helped by the nurse, who was leaning back in, her incredible breasts almost bursting from the top of her uniform. I imagined what it would be like to be blessed like that, how it would feel. I let out a little moan from the thought, and the fact my fingers were really doing what I’d only pretended before. I was masturbating, while being watched, and I cared less about it every second. It felt so good, letting myself deal with the sexual tension the way I usually did. Only with more observers.

Just as I really began to relax and let my fingers do their work Dr Roger spoke up. ‘That’s enough, thank you.’

‘What, but...’ As soon I stopped rubbing, the reality of what I was doing hit me, and tried to close my legs. The stirrups prevented me and unhooking my legs would have been too awkward.

‘I think we’ll continue with some questions while Nurse Chebs helps with the physical, that should save some time.’

I couldn’t see a reason to say no, but the grin on her face made me think I should have tried. However, she just began to take my blood pressure as he continued his questions.

‘Do you always orgasm when you masturbate?’

‘Yes, doesn’t everyone?’ The pressure on my arm began to hurt. ‘Ow, is it supposed to be that tight?’ I looked at Nurse Chebs and there was a strange look on her face I couldn’t understand. She muttered some numbers to the doctor and then proceeded to take my pulse.

‘And what about having sex, do you climax then?’ he asked.

‘From the actual sex?’ I didn’t have to think hard, there weren’t that many times to consider. ‘No.’

‘Okay, and have you had any of these kinds of orgasm. Clitoral?’ I told him I had. ‘Vaginal?’ I shook my head. ‘Anal?’

‘Is that...? Women can cum from that?’

'Oh yes,' the nurse answered for him with more than a hint of personal experience.

The doctor chuckled. 'And what about nipplegasms?'

'That's a thing?' I thought to Chelsea the other night, how sure I was she was about to climax from me touching her there. 'No, not even close.'

'Okay, very good. We need you naked now. The nurse can help you undress so you don't have to get up.'

The nurse was behind me. 'Your top please,' she asked. As strange as it sounds, even exposed as my pussy would be in that chair, I had even greater reservations about taking my top off. She leaned in, 'Come on now, it's not like you've got anything to see.'

Never before had I known that when I blushed, it wasn't just my face. That's because I'd never been naked, or at least it had been dark. All the sex I'd ever had was with the lights out, for obvious reasons. But as she said it to me I watched my chest that wasn't covered by my top, went bright red too. I could only imagine my face. Before I knew it the nurse was helping lift my top and my hands were up in the air before I clamped them back down across my now, bare breasts.

She began to move to the end of the chair. 'I'm fine I can...' but it seemed like I didn't have a choice. Nurse Chebs was between my legs, and pulling my panties down before I had a chance to hop up and do it myself. I had to lift my bottom up to help her, which required me moving my arms to the rests and pushing up, and then awkwardly raise my legs as she slipped them right off. With panties and top still in hand she took hold of both my ankles and planted them straight back in the stirrups. I was suddenly very conscious that I was naked, with my legs spread in full view of them both.

The nurse tutted disapprovingly as she looked between my legs. *What the hell is your problem, lady?* She turned away and deposited my clothes on a table as she fished something from a cupboard.

The doctor explained. 'I'm afraid that as some of the therapy requires the placement of sensors in the genital area, we need you to be bare. Shaved.'

'Oh, okay. I'm sorry, it's not very tidy down there. I can do that this week I guess.'

'I'm sorry, you misunderstand. We're using those sensors now,' he said. I joined his gaze to the nurse who was walking towards me with a little brush, shaving bowl and scary looking cut-throat razor. 'Don't worry, she's very experienced.'

And so it proved, but that didn't make it any less than excruciatingly embarrassing. She snapped on some rubber gloves, pulled up the stool between my legs, and got to work. She

quickly used a trimmer to reduce my hair to shorter than I'd ever had it myself. Then she took her time rubbing in the shaving foam, first with her bare hand, and then the brush. I swear she lingered in places that felt annoyingly good, but not long enough for me to say anything. What I was most aware of was how the slightest pleasurable touch caused my little nipples to leap up in response. I was sure both she and the doctor were very aware of it.

I wanted desperately to cover myself but once I'd taken my hands off my chest to help with my panties, I didn't feel like I could cover them again. So I just sat there, being shaved, completely naked, wondering how on earth I'd got myself into this situation.

I forget what questions the doctor asked during this time, but some of them were very personal ones about my sexual experience. I even got asked if I spit or swallow.

Finally the shaving, and questions came to an end. Nurse Chebs stood, seeming pleased with the job she'd done. *I'm glad my pussy now meets with her approval.*

The doctor stood and fetched something from a drawer. He held out an oval metallic band, about 2cm wide and a green in colour. 'This is your monitoring bracelet. We're going to calibrate it now, and you'll wear it all week until your second assessment.'

'Okay, what's it do?'

'It's very like a standard smart watch, in fact it even tells you the time, see here?' There was a square black display on the other side of it. 'However, it's significantly more advanced than most, with some unique features, and most importantly it monitors some key metrics that we are interested in.'

I was about to ask what kind of things when he interrupted. 'There's one thing you should know, you can't remove it.'

'What? Why not?'

'It's imperative our data is complete. Once attached the bracelet can only be removed here. I mean you could break it off I'm sure, but that would render the trial invalid and you'd have to leave the program.'

'Okay, I can cope with that.' I reached out my left hand and with a smile he put it around my wrist, and with a click it was secure. It pressed firmly into my skin but it wasn't uncomfortable. I could see it would be too small to fit over my wrist though.

'Wonderful, and please, be careful with it, it's very, very expensive.'

'I'll do my best.'

He nodded. 'Now, we need to calibrate it.'

The smile on Nurse Chebs face told me this was something she was looking forward to. They'd already taken my blood pressure and pulse, what else could it calibrate to?

She pulled the stool around to slightly behind the chair where I had to crane my neck to try and see her. The sound of snapping gloves brought my attention right back to the doctor. He'd pulled over a tray table and from a drawer beneath it began to select and then place objects on top that made my eyes go wide.

They were all sex toys.

## Chapter 4

'Woah, wait up. What are those for?' I pushed myself up in the chair to get a better look. The doctor had laid out over a dozen objects that all looked vaguely familiar from online sex toy sites I often browsed but rarely bought from. Dildos from medium to what seemed huge, vibrators of a few different varieties. And to my greatest astonishment, three butt plugs from small to large.

'You're not planning to use those on me?'

'Well they aren't for me,' he joked. 'I did tell you, Bethany, this is very intimate. I'll explain a little more of the methodology but we really must be getting on, shaving you has meant we're behind schedule. However, it's quite common to be nervous, and even to cry out without thinking, things like 'no,' and 'stop.' So we have a practise of using a safety word if you really wish us to stop what's happening. Just say it, and it's all going to stop.'

'What word?'

The doctor thought for a moment and smiled. 'Chelsea.' He chuckled. 'Seems appropriate.'

'Oh, okay. Chelsea.'

'Very good. Now please lean forward, the nurse needs one more set of measurements.'

I pushed myself up, which isn't so easy with your legs up in stirrups, and the nurse put a measuring tape around my chest. She noted down the number, and then drew out something much more scary, a pair of metal calipers. She measured the width between my nipples, and then a few other things I wasn't clear on, before giving each breast a sharp pinch with the tool and writing down the result.

'Very good,' declared the doctor, examining the results. He looked at her. 'Begin the calibration.' Nurse Chebs turned to a computer screen just out of my line of sight, clicking something with the mouse, and then tapped my monitoring bracelet a few times before she nodded to the doctor and stood behind the chair once more.

'I'm going to touch you now, Bethany. The purpose is to stimulate you in different ways and teach the bracelet your responses. Nurse Chebs will be involved too. Is that clear?'

I was lying there, totally naked, my legs spread, at the mercy of both of them. I looked at the tray of devices and then down at my freshly shaved mound, the redness from its shaving starting to fade. I'd never felt so exposed.

The nurse leaned in and whispered to me. 'You have a choice, sweetie, we all did, you can choose to be excited, or afraid. They're so very similar. Decide to be excited.'

'Are you ready?' he checked again. I nodded. *I choose to be excited.*

To my surprise he didn't reach over and grab any toys, instead he gently laid his hand on my thigh. Nurse cheb's beautifully manicured hands slide down from my shoulders and she began to make slow circles on my nipples, causing them to harden instantly.

No one had ever played with my nipples like that. They'd had a few rough gropes from guys on their way to other places, but it was only me, in my most erotic moments, who'd play with perhaps one.

To have someone else do this was an entirely different experience. The nurse began rolling them between her fingers and thumbs and the doctor's hand on my thigh began to be infuriating. I wanted more. I ground my hips in the air, hoping he'd touch, rub me, do anything. I felt so embarrassed at my obvious wantonness, that something so simple could cause me to get so desperate. He looked at me, expectantly. *I will not ask you, no way.*

For a moment the pleasure torment stopped, the nurse's hands sliding up over my shoulders before leaving my skin. I heard the sound of something being pumped, and then her fingers were back, but this time, *Oh God, how can it feel that good?* She'd lubricated her fingertips and as her hands cupped my breasts from above she was gently pinching my nipples, pulling, tugging them away from my body until they slipped off. It was like... it was like they were being milked, and the sensation drove me wild.

'Please, please...' I begged, not wanting to be specific. But that dignity wasn't to be afforded me.

The doctor smiled, 'Please what, Bethany? I'm sure you only have to ask.'

'Please, it feels so good.'

The nurse squeezed my nipples even harder as she pulled on them, 'I don't think that was a question, sweetie.'

'Oh please, God, please touch me.'

'But I am touching you,' he gave my thigh a squeeze. You're going to have to be more specific.'

'Oh my God, I'm going crazy, can't you just...' I still couldn't bring myself to say it.

'Just what?' From the smile on his face he was clearly a man who enjoyed his work, or perhaps it was just joy at making me say what I'd been so reluctant to.

'Please touch my pussy,' I cried, appalled to hear myself even say it.

I stopped writhing as he lifted his hand, his victory apparently won. I gasped as he laid it on my freshly shaved mons, giving it the gentlest of squeezes. And that was all. 'Is that better,' he said, clearly knowing it wasn't.

'I... oh God, please!' Nurse Chebs had slowed what she was doing, grasping not just my nipples but my whole breasts, well what there was anyway, and squeezing, dragging the pressure up through them until she pulled my nipples roughly from my body. It should have hurt, she was being so mean to them, but it felt incredible. I began trying to hump my pussy against the doctor's hand, appalled at myself, ashamed but unable to do anything but try to satisfy the need she was creating in me.

But he wouldn't even let me have that, his hand moving with the desperate grinding of my hips.

'Say it, Bethany, say what you want me to do.'

I dropped back into the chair, tired from my pathetic attempts, but the nurse's fingers were unrelenting, I couldn't sit still. They had broken me, my pride. 'Please,' I looked at him, my face blushing hard, unable to believe I was about to say this to a man I'd just met. 'Please, masturbate me.'

'Of course, why didn't you ask before?' he was clearly delighted at how easily I'd succumbed.

I couldn't even think of a smarmy reply as the pleasure from his fingers exploded through me, just simple circles on my clit, not dissimilar to what I'd do to myself. But they felt incredible. The situation, perhaps, the fact it was being done to me, and for sure the nurses unrelenting ministrations to my breasts. I can safely say my body had never known such pleasure before.

'When you masturbate, how long do your sessions tend to last?' he asked.

*You're asking me more questions now?* 'Huh?' was what I actually said. I'm so eloquent.

Suddenly everything stopped, as if he'd given some secret signal to Nurse Chebs. 'What? No, please...'

'You need to answer my questions, Miss Smith, or we'll need to stop.' He held his hand there, I had to hold myself back from trying to hump it again. 'When you masturbate, how long do your sessions tend to last?' He waited.

'I don't know, not very long?' Apparently that wasn't a detailed enough question, his hands didn't move. He still waited. 'Five minutes, not more than ten, ohhhhhhhh!' That was a

satisfactory answer it seemed, the stimulation instantly resumed and somehow felt even better for having earned it.

'I see, you never take longer?'

'No, it's always quick.' The pleasure was as intense as anything I'd known and I could feel an orgasm growing. It was going to be incredible, I had no doubt about it. The fact it was going to be in front of this doctor and nurse didn't matter right now, I could feel it, so close.

My bracelet gave a single beep and upon hearing it both of them took their hands away. 'Nooo!' I cried, 'please don't stop, please!' Looking back I'm appalled at how quickly they had me in this state but you have to understand, I'd never experienced anything like it.

They both ignored me. Nurse Chebs went to check the computer, tapped a few keys, and the doctor turned, and turned, running his fingers along the selection of dildos he had lined up. They were all similar. They were all pure white, imitation penis shapes, not like some of the smooth ones you can get. They had a head, and veins along the shaft. But no balls, they were just shafts until they ended in what looked like a suction cup. They were all relatively long, 20cm to 30cm, but varied in width from I realised with a little intake of breath, he was deciding which to use on me.

He looked at me, hand resting on the dildos. 'Your sexual partners. Which of these would equate to the most well endowed of them?'

*What a question.* 'I... I don't really know. Not very big from what I recall.' His hand lay on the third smallest, raising his eyebrows. 'Yes, maybe, about that? But not as long. Are, penises supposed to be that long?'

He chuckled. 'These are just medical instruments, not replicas, Bethany.' He turned back to the selection and picked a dildo from the middle of the sizes. 'Let's try this.'

'Oh God, you're kidding?' It was easily twice the size of anything I'd had in me. He squirted some lubricant onto his rubber glove and began stroking it over the head and top half of the dildo.

'The vagina is a wonderfully plastic organ, Miss Smith. You will be amazed at what it can handle.' It sounded more like a promise than a fact.

I felt the nurse lean in and her fingers were on my nipples again, working their magic. I struggled to form a sentence. 'But, it's huge, please, oh God.' He'd placed the tip of the dildo at the entrance to my vagina. I could feel myself clenching, trying to keep it out of me but the pleasure from my breasts was driving me crazy. The head of it nestled against me, it looked so enormous, there was no way it would fit. I was about to tell him that when his other hand rested on my hip, his thumb reached out, and began to gently flick forward and

back on my clitoris. 'Holy shit, yes, yes.' I couldn't believe how good it felt, I'd never stopped masturbating and resumed before. It took me close to orgasm immediately. But his thumb was agonisingly slow and gently, flick up, flick down, each giving a surge of pleasure. Meanwhile the pressure against my vagina increased. But this was different, with even the slow teasing rubs on my clit it transformed how I felt about it. I wanted it in me. I looked up, my gaze meeting his. He knew exactly what I wanted.

I felt him twist the head against me, my labia dragging against the thick sex toy. I began grinding my hips, trying to get more from his thumb, or the toy. His thumb was unrelenting but the dildo he held in place, so the little movements I could make didn't have an effect. I could fuck just a centimeter or two back and forth against the head of it.

I groaned as I felt it spreading me, I thought wanting to be masturbated was bad enough but this was something even more primal, and he knew it.

'Say it, Bethany, say what you want.'

I couldn't, it was so vulgar, so demeaning.

'Show me you will do anything you need to.'

*This is all a test, a test of if I'm suitable!* I tried to push my whole body down, to impale myself, willing to squirm and writhe but still not prepared to give in and say what I knew he wanted to hear.

'Say it, sweetie,' Nurse Chebs whispered. 'It'll feel so good, don't be shy. You're one of the good ones, I can tell. Don't fail now.'

*One of the good ones?* But it was those last words that got to me most. I hated failing, anything. If this was a test, an assessment, of my willingness to do what was needed to get what I wanted... well somehow that made it easier.

I relaxed, stopped trying to fight. I was getting so tired anyway. *Oh my God, am I really going to...* Nurse Chebs pulled hard on my nipples, as roughly as she ever had. And that was enough. 'Fuck me, please, God, fuck me!' I cried out and then a noise came from my throat unlike anything before, a deep, primal groan of pleasure as the long, thick dildo was pushed slowly into me.

The few times I've had sex, my main impression afterwards has been, 'Was that it?' Sure the guys told me I was great. *So great they never called again.* But mostly it was strange, and a bit messy and it didn't feel bad but clearly it didn't do for me whatever it did for them.

This though, it's hard to describe. As Doctor Hinderburg worked that fat dildo into me I lost my mind, just for a moment. Everything else ceased to exist except my body, and pleasure.

It was a little like an orgasm, but so much more. And then, I came to sudden clarity, some unreached part of my brain was suddenly unlocked. 'This is it, this is what all the fuss is about.' I felt a strange relief, that something that had confused me for so long was suddenly being answered.

And then I lost my mind again as he began fucking me with it, long, slow thrusts at first, speeding up. I could feel it inside, stretching, rubbing, pleasuring me. It was unlike anything I knew my body was capable of. Something was missing though. I was able to finally look down, and his other hand had moved to my thigh, giving him more leverage to thrust his other hand back and forth. 'My clit, please, my clit,' I cried out as I recognised what was missing.

'We've already established you're clitorally receptive, Miss Smith, this is testing your vaginal response.' He kept eye contact with me, a new look in his eyes as mine went wide, he thrust the dildo deeper than he had yet, and my mouth fell open, transfixed at his stare. He was aroused, deeply, profoundly aroused at what he was doing to me. And I wanted him to be.

He smiled at me, somehow he knew. More than that, he expected this.

'Do you know what edging is?' he asked me, resuming the questions.

'What? Huh?' I was not expecting to have to think.

'Edging is the practise of masturbating, without orgasm. It's a key part of our therapeutic process, Bethany. With time I'm sure we could teach you to learn the discipline to edge from clitoral masturbation, but my hope is that your vagina will provide an alternative option.

'It feels so good, I had no idea. It feels so good.' I sounded like an idiot. I wasn't really taking in what he was saying. I could feel the pleasure growing inside me again, but this was different from before, from ever before. It might sound obvious, but it was in me, at the very core of my body, my senses. That thick cock, working back and forth inside was teaching me new forms of pleasure that I hadn't known were possible.

But it wasn't enough. It was reaching a peak, an incredible, powerful peak, that meant I never wanted it to stop. But it wasn't the pinnacle I craved. It wasn't enough to make me cum.

'The female orgasm is a curious thing, we don't fully understand why it even exists.' That he could talk so calmly while doing such things to me didn't seem possible. 'Of course the male orgasm is evolutionarily required for the most basic of motivations, the continuation of the species. But yours, they serve no purpose at all.'

I felt like I should be objecting to whatever he was saying but nothing mattered right now as long as he kept fucking me with the dildo.

'And that was one of my breakthroughs in the research. How to create the kind of need that your body simply couldn't ignore.' To prove his point he began even faster long, deep thrusts. I could feel it, an orgasm, an orgasm from a place, and of a power I hadn't even dreamt of. So much more than what I'd known. I craved it, I'd never known what desperation was until this moment.

And my bracelet beeped.

The thrusts slowed, but didn't stop. 'Very good, very good indeed. Well done Bethany, that's excellent.' He stopped, the dildo deep in me. Nurse Chebs again departed to type something at the computer. I was exhausted. I wanted more, I wanted to ask for more. But I wasn't sure I could take it, and anyway, I couldn't talk right now.

Now all stimulation had stopped the sensation of it being in me... I felt so incredibly full. But it was more than that. It's hard to describe. It was like I'd been missing a puzzle piece and suddenly it had not only been found, but put in place. And of course, just as I came up with that lovely metaphor, he slid it out of me.

From fullness to a sense of emptiness I'd not known existed. My legs spread on the stirrups didn't help but I could feel it, cool air inside me, only exacerbating the brutal need to be filled up again. 'Please,' I finally managed to say.

'You feel empty?' He smiled. 'That's normal. Don't worry, you'll have plenty of opportunities to correct that.' He put both hands on my thighs, moving in close. 'Do you appreciate what I'm saying, Miss Smith? This is a core part of your therapy, this experience of being pleased, without being satisfied. It is how we prime both your body and mind for the changes you wish to see.'

'I don't, understand?' I really wasn't sure what he was saying.

'Put simply, Bethany, you're going to be giving up your orgasms in return for the breasts you always wanted.'

'But do I have to?' I felt like I'd been given a gift only for it to be snatched away.

'No of course not, you can go and use what you've discovered today and have a very fulfilled, pleasurable sex life. And small breasts.'

'Oh.' *Well that was plain enough.*

'I know, it's not an easy decision and you don't have to make it now, you have all week to think about it and some exercises to explore the reality of it.'

The reality was already hitting home. 'You mean I'll never cum?'

'Not never but they will need to be rare, and under strict conditions or you risk losing all you will have gained.'

'But I'm not sure I have the self control to do that.'

'That's completely normal, and part of the therapy.' He patted my bare thigh. 'Failure to "stick with the program" was a huge issue in early trials so we've now built in new parameters that means as part of your therapy you will begin to find it more difficult and eventually probably impossible, to climax without help.'

'Help, what kind of help?'

'Two fold, that self-stimulation will become less satisfying, and that, to put it bluntly, you will require permission to climax.'

'Don't be ridiculous, that's not possible.'

'The mind is an extraordinary thing, Miss Smith. While it seems improbable, I can assure you that for many it's much simpler than you'd expect. The primary factor being how much you want the alternative. You tell me, Bethany. Do you want bigger breasts more than the short-lived pleasure of a stolen orgasm?'

Now he put it that way it didn't sound so ridiculous.

'There's really no alternative?'

'No, it's the heart of our technique. I can promise, while it's not easy, there are many benefits to gain from it beyond just the primary objective. But perhaps it's still too high a cost, you don't truly want, or need this?'

'I don't know. This isn't what I expected.'

He looked behind me. 'Nurse Chebs, can you help us here?' I heard her walk around on her clicky heels to this time stand next to me. In my slightly delirious, post edging state her breasts seemed more of a dream than something I could ever have.

She leaned over me, her pretty face and enormous bosom filling most of my field of view. 'Look at these, sweetie,' she said, almost kindly, 'wouldn't you like to have these instead of your flat little mosquito bites?'

I was about to take offense when I felt her hand, between my legs, her finger rubbing gently on my clit. Pleasure surged through me.

'It feels so good, doesn't it, and I know, all you want to do, is cum right now. But think, sweetie, what do you really want. Look at them.' She put her other arm on the top of the chair, almost on top of me now. 'Imagine you had these. Go on, you can touch them if you want.'

*How did she know, how did she know that their proximity, combined with the pleasure she was giving me, made me want to touch them, just like I had Chelsea's?*

I didn't hesitate, my boundaries torn away by the slow, insistent rubbing of her finger on my clit. My hands cupped her fabulous breasts, the thin material of her top giving almost no resistance to the glorious pillowly texture I'd felt with my friend too.

'Good girl, aren't they wonderful? Can you imagine how good it is to own these, for them to be yours? Don't you want that more than this?' She rubbed me harder, causing me to cry out. It felt so good, but... but not as good as the idea of being like her, of being so well endowed. I felt my resolve harden, I was being convinced, and happy to feel it happen.

'I want these,' I said quietly.

She smiled. 'I want big, beautiful, breasts,' she said. I knew she meant me to repeat it and I did.

'I want big, beautiful breasts.'

She rubbed me harder, I was so close to cumming but it somehow made my decision even clearer. She pressed even closer, her pouty mouth just inches from mine. 'I want big, beautiful breasts and I'll do anything to get them.'

I looked into her eyes, not able to interpret the wide-eyed fascinating I saw there. But I knew what I wanted. 'I want big beautiful breasts and I'll do anything to get them.'

I saw her pleasure at my words, her mouth parting with a little pant. I don't know what came over me, but I pushed my head forward, and kissed her. Her finger stopped masturbating me the moment our lips touched, but she didn't pull away. She didn't return my kiss beyond a little pursing of her lips.

I suddenly realised just what I was doing and pulled away, slamming my head against the thankfully cushioned seat. 'Oh God, I'm so sorry, I thought...' *I don't know what I thought.*

Yet again I was bright pink with embarrassment. But she hadn't moved. 'Nothing to worry about, sweetie.' She bit her lip, finally leaning back up, her gloved finger sliding down between my wet lips before lifting away. 'We're all girls in this together, aren't we?'

As she lifted her hand from the chair I stared at her wrist and noticed something for the first time. She was wearing the same metal bracelet as me, just it was gold coloured, not green like mine.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW FOLKS

There are some more chapters written but they aren't ready to be read yet.

So, what did you think, does this have potential?

Let me have your thoughts – [james@edging.space](mailto:james@edging.space), message me on SubscribeStar or leave a comment on the post you got this from.

Thanks so much for your support and advice!

James

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