
Chapter 1 – Pain Medicine

38 tiles, still. There was nothing else to do but count ceiling tiles and listen to the buzzing of the neon lights, shivering naked on the examination table with her legs in stirrups. The nurse had asked the young dark-haired girl to strip down (undies too) then set her up on the scary leg-spreader before telling her the doctor would be in shortly.

Amelia was a good girl; she stayed put as the nurse asked but really wished she could have spent the last 3 hours with her clothes on. More importantly, she wished the nurse had closed the door on her way out as her open legs faced the clinic's waiting room.

Several men were staring at her from over their phones or old magazines when she joined her small hands over her hairless slit. Shielding her pussy from gawkers meant extending her arms forward, and that meant squeezing together a wall of soft flesh in front of her face. Ironically, it gave the strangers a better view of the real show and the reason she had missed school today: the largest pair of breasts they had ever seen mounted on a body that should be sporting bee-stings at best.

Amelia was no stranger to embarrassment. She knew she was different, but not *why* her hormonal imbalance drew so much attention, especially from boys. She had a friend at school who had one hand with 3 fingers. No one stared at her all day. Teachers didn't ask her to stay after class to get a closer look at her weird hand. Boys didn't spend recess touching and pinching it. And her mom wasn't giving her a hard time for something she couldn't control. So why did people treat her and her overdeveloped chest that way?

It sometimes felt like she was being taken advantage of, but Amelia didn't know why. Was it just morbid curiosity that made everyone so obsessed with what she tried to hide under baggy shirts? With the nipples receded behind a wink of her puffy areolas, they were freaky-looking on top of their freakish size.

It wasn't just embarrassment; things often got scary whenever she was alone with a man, even if he seemed nice at first. The one time she complained to the principal about one of the teachers, the old man spent an hour recreating the scenarios of how Mr. Thompson touched her: "Was he gentle like this? Or rough like this? Did he suck on them like this?"

Amelia's mom had gotten angry with her this morning when the new boyfriend's hands wandered inside her pajamas at breakfast. That's why she was dumped at the clinic: to get fixed. Amelia was totally on board with that. She had dreamt of being normal ever since the first time she was kicked out of gymnastics for being a distraction to the other girls' dads. And if she couldn't be normal, maybe they could make them small enough to fit in her mom's bras again. People were a little less handsy back when her melons were not loose and bouncing under there from any small movement.

"Well hello there, young lady. I am Doctor Miller... wow, she wasn't kidding; look at that rack!"

Amelia had seen that face many times. It was the face men sitting by the changing rooms made last month when her mom had her try on bathing suits at the store. The face her gym teacher made when he asked her to continue the jump rope exercise even though her church bells had popped out of her impossibly tight white gym shirt.

She didn't think less of the doctor but blushed all the same and took her hands off of her pussy to try and hide what she could of her chest as if her skinny little arms could cover a meaningful percentage of her shameful airbags.

Doctor Miller closed the door behind him to a sigh of relief from Amelia. He walked over to her and took advantage of the now exposed crotch.

"I'm just going to take your temperature. Tell me what brings you here."

The large index finger of a gloveless left hand wiggled its way into Amelia's asshole and before she could even start explaining that there was something wrong with her breasts, the doctor's hand that was not busy taking a cavernous internal temperature batted her arms away from their flimsy boobhold. Gravity was trying its best to flatten the voluptuous knockers infused with the springiness of youth but only managed to part them on each side of her small torso. The doctor proceeded to cop a deep feel of the soft tissue while joining a middle-thermometer to the index-thermometer already in her anus.

Through clenched teeth, Amelia tried to explain the problem as her young mind understood it: "I think my boobies are too big."

"What makes you say that?" the doctor asked, pushing another pair of knuckles past her rim.

"Ow... mom says I look like a freak. And I have to carry them in my arms when I walk, or they bounce too much. And I can't reach my desk unless I put them on the desk but then there's no room on the desk for... my... notebook..."

A third 'digital' thermometer stretched her bum hole and made Amelia struggle with the end of that sentence. On top of that, her doctor was testing the elasticity of the breasts by pulling one after the other upward by the pinched areolas, to watch them jiggle back into place when he let go.

"Uh-huh..." he replied, busy multitasking. "Alright let's get a better look at them."

Amelia's breasts knocked against each other as she sat up on her sore bum. They would have looked abnormally large on a tall, full-figured woman and she was nothing like that. She was so petite that her breasts took over her entire chest, the bottom of the teardrop curving at bellybutton level. Now vertical, they swooped forward with the firmness of tits one-tenth the size. With a band of only 26 inches, her proper cup size was pushing the end of the alphabet.

"Yes, these are quite unsightly," Dr. Miller confirmed, slapping the titties around. In all honesty, these were the biggest and most beautiful breasts he had seen in 20 years of practice (or malpractice if you consider why he ended up in this cheap clinic in a dying mall). The inverted nipple tips, hiding like buried treasure, had him salivating from all the playful possibilities.

The good doctor pushed the fingers of his left hand against Amelia's tongue and slid them deep enough to make her gag. This was not a tonsil check-up; it was simply his routine when a hapless young thing found her way into his office. And this one was gifted and all alone, the holy grail of naïve cock suckers. "Barbara!" he yelled at the door, "cancel my appointments."

8.4 kilograms is where the needle of the scale landed with Amelia's bosom resting on it. Then came the physical examination. This was eerily similar to the uncomfortable breast massages from Mr. Thompson. Just like with the daily 'alone-times,' there was bouncing, squeezing, slapping, licking and poking fingers in the slit to tickle the shy nipple inside. At least today she knew she was in professional hands; by now, Mr. Thompson would have gotten his willy out.

"Have you seen one of these before?" the physician asked, his willy out. It was much bigger than Mr. Thompson's.

Words weren't coming out. Amelia was hugging her sore titties spotted in red patches of abuse in her arms. Her reddening cheeks shamefully admitted that this was not her first encounter of the penis kind.

"And you've seen what comes out?" he followed-up.

Amelia turned a darker shade and looked away.

"Look at it; you have to get used to seeing one. The only way for you to get better is to drink the milk that comes out while it's fresh," the doctor said.

Amelia frowned. She would gladly drink a whole bottle of foul-tasting cough medicine instead of letting any of the sticky, smelly, off-white stuff men sometimes used to paint her breasts touch her tongue.

"See, you have very big boobies, and I have *no* boobies," he said, pressing down on his shirt. So far, the logic was sound.

"I have no boobies because I produce a hormone called testosterone. What comes out of a man's penis is pure testosterone. If you drink lots of it, it will counteract your girl hormone, estrogen. We get testosterone in, estrogen out, and you'll start getting smaller and you can play normal girl games again, I promise."

The doc really had her number there. Playing normal girl games was Amelia's dream. She nodded her commitment. That was good enough to count as consent in Dr. Miller's world.

"Great! You're a brave girl. Lay back down on the table; I'll give you your first dose."

After another breath-taking look at the juicy mountains, the doctor adjusted Amelia's position on the table like dragging a gym bag across a bench to bring it closer. In this comparison, the bag's straps were two large masses of delicate flesh. He kept pulling until the girl's head dipped off of the edge.

Amelia yelped and was a sobbing mess even after the man released his grip. Nobody had ever been this rough and careless with her breasts before.

“Pain is also something you’re going to have to get used to. It’s what burns up estrogen. Without intense pain, there won’t be any room for my testosterone. The more it hurts and the more medicine you swallow, the faster we get you to a point where you can wear cute little dresses and go swimming at the pool.”

The young girl’s head filled with dreams again. She had to put her trust in the doctor. No one had tried to help her before. Her cries subsided to sniffles.

“Say aah.”

Amelia braced herself for a spray of man milk against her palate but was instead surprised by a round spongy object pressing on her tongue then clogging her throat. Had it not been all complete bullshit, she would have lost a lot of estrogen just from the rough skull-fucking that ensued with a complimentary deep-tissue massage of her cursed gifts. Coarse-skinned thumbs wiggled their way into the folds of her inverted nipples to push them deeper into the core while his other fingers dug in just as painfully in the outside layer of her breasts.

The completely inexperienced Amelia could have used some tips about relaxing her throat and breathing through her nose, but her physician enjoyed being the conductor to a symphony of desperate gasps and gags, and the feel of a narrow throat convulsing on his thick meat. He came quickly knowing he could tap that again whenever he wished. Without realizing it (not that he would have stopped himself if he did) he lifted Amelia’s torso an inch from the table during his climax, suspending her by hooked thumbs inside her boobs.

With a clear head and empty balls, he dropped her back on the table, cum oozing out of his new fucktoy’s gaping mouth. After filling her upside-down nostrils, the cum overflowed onto the floor and Amelia coughed for her life more of the slimy substance that had gotten into her lungs.

“Look what you’ve done. The medicine I made for you is all over the floor,” the doctor said.

Amelia eventually got back enough of her breath to say she was sorry.

“Clean this up while I go get some equipment.”

Only Amelia's body was on all fours, scooping up cum off the dirty floor. In her mind, she was making a sandcastle at the beach. She was wearing an unremarkable bikini top over her flat chest. Boys and men were walking by from time to time, ignoring her completely.

"All clean? I was thinking that while I prepare a new batch of testosterone juice, we can squeeze a lot more of that estrogen out with this." Doctor Miller came backtracking into the room dragging a big machine as tall as he was.

Amelia couldn't even begin to guess what the contraption was for. It had some kind of saddle with a glass tray on top.

"It's a mammogram machine," the doctor revealed.

That didn't help Amelia much. Mammowhatnow?

"How about I just show you how it works. Normally it also takes x-rays, but I turned that part off... I think."

To rest her bosom on the saddle, Amelia needed a little white stool. She was nervous, but not as nervous as she should have been, unaware of this next part.

With the press of a button, the machine rumbled, and the thick glass shelf began lowering. It was unsettling how loud it was to move a part the size of a dinner plate at a snail's pace. Amelia knew the doctor wouldn't let that thing crush her boobies, but she was still terrified the same way she got terrified in a rollercoaster even knowing the operator cared for her safety. In any case, this caring operator was standing right behind her with big manly hands on her shoulders; she couldn't back out.

The machine was designed to gradually increase compression until the breast is flattened to an inch of thickness and hold it at that stage for mere seconds. However, Amelia's breasts were beyond the specifications of this cheap model. The machine couldn't pancake boobs of this size to a satisfactory width. So, it did what mindless machines with incompetent (or in exceptional cases: cruel) operators do; it kept trying while the motor screamed its frustration.

Amelia's sandcastle was hit by a giant wave. She opened her eyes and the beach turned into a drab examination room. She opened her mouth to call out to her mommy (the last person who would ever come to help) but got a roll of gauze jammed in her whine-hole instead. She could still scream but at least now her pain wasn't advertised to the entire mall.

The overflow of breasts spilling out the sides of the pressure plate was growing red and throbbing. The pressure was slowly ejecting her nipples from their nook. It was the first time Amelia saw the full length of the big, bumpy suckers of her novelty baby bottles. As they were used to a cozy 37°C, room temperature was enough to harden them with tingles.

"Look who came out to play. They must be really sensitive, especially now, right?" the doctor asked, delighted to play the virgin nips like a cat on a spring doorstep.

Amelia could not even articulate a monosyllabic answer and just shook her contorted face. When the doctor switched to full blast finger flicks, Amelia said all the doc needed to hear by soaking the gauze in her mouth with a wet scream.

"I have an idea. Don't go anywhere," Dr. Miller said, knocking the stool from under Amelia's feet on his way to the wall of medical bins. She bit down on the cotton and nearly sprained her ankles trying to reach the floor with her toes. Alas, the rest of the session would have to happen with her body's weight suspended by the base of her pancaked breasts.

"Found them! Check out these clamps. They are normally for umbilical cords. Best part is that you need a special tool to get them to open once they are locked shut."

Amelia nearly swallowed the gauze from the excruciating pain of a jagged plastic clamp designed to cut off circulation on a much smaller scale. The zigzag pattern dug deep in the tender nipples. It took all of a grown man's strength to squeeze them enough to lock. The only thing the tethered girl could do, besides kicking her feet and gargling screams, was to focus on all the progress she was no doubt making.

A superpower she could do without, Amelia could detect the subtle air currents in the room with her hypersensitive nipples, each divided into two equally flaring halves by the barrette-looking clamps. These unbearable circumstances would have to last at least until a second oral injection of meat and man milk.

Amelia's vision was blurry, but she heard a chair being dragged to the front of the machine (where her mouth was). The roll of gauze in her mouth was replaced by a strong-smelling sausage. Though this was her second throat-fuck, she hadn't gotten much better at taking a cock without drowning in her own bile. It was still a poor distraction to everything else she was going through. Finally, cum flooded her oral cavity only to get barfed onto the glass tray assaulting her teats.

"We're going to need to work on that. Don't think of it as a punishment, OK? It's more like... conditioning."

Doctor Miller pulled out a Bic lighter from his pocket, pushed the fork and spun the spark wheel. Amelia followed the flame with her eyes, praying she was wrong about the presumed destination. The nipples felt the flame long before it was in their general vicinity. Amelia's tippy toes took a break from desperately trying to reach the floor to curl as the burning sensation grew.

It only took one fleeting pass of the lighter under the inflamed nubs in turn for Amelia's mind to move straight to Stockholm. She would do anything never to experience this sensation again and was eternally grateful to her protector for not letting the flame linger more than a millisecond. She would never again fail to swallow her medicine no matter how much or how often.

The machine reversed its humming and Amelia's toes were allowed to touch the sweet ground once again. As soon as the glass pressure plate was in range of her tongue, she licked it clean, unprompted. As her breasts returned to their original shape, the nipples desperately wanted to return home, but the clamps stopped them at the door.

"How about I drive you home. We'll give you another dose of medicine on the way and I'll talk to your mom about pulling you out of school and leaving you in my care. To start seeing results, we need to get serious," Dr. Miller said a hand on the bare back of his panting protégé.