

Hannah Expandah

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Chapter 1

Hannah Michaels and Brenda Gutierrez each stood behind two seated girls, both draped in a protective apron with their heads hanging above a sink. Both beautician students held a slinky movable faucet head in their hands, rinsing the treatment off their volunteer subjects with warm water as they massaged their clients' scalps with their free hand.

Their instructor Ms. Buckland came by and nodded approvingly at Brenda before moving onto Hannah. She gave Hannah a glare and adjusted the water colder. She looked as if she had some choice words as well, but not wanting to upset the client, bit her tongue.

After the two volunteer clients made their way out, Ms. Buckland finished the training for the day.

"Good work Brenda. Hannah Michaels, haven't I told you to use colder water over and over!? You are training to satisfy highly wealthy clients, and one mistake like this will get you fired immediately! And your bedside manner! You need to fix your attitude immediately! These volunteers will be nothing like the pampered, spoiled socialites that you are seeking to work for! If you can't keep your mouth shut for hundreds of thousands of dollars, I don't know what else would make you!"

Hannah began to retort, but Ms. Buckland cut her off.

"See?! Already you're talking back! I don't want to hear it unless it's an apology!"

"I wouldn't work for some sort of prissy bitch celebrity anyway! I'd find better clients!"

Ms. Buckland sighed.

"Why are you even here then? You should think about if this is what you really want to do. Otherwise, you are just wasting your time and money. This class is over."

Brenda and Hannah made their way back to their dorm on the breezy, sunny Spring day. Hannah surreptitiously kept glancing over, stealing every opportunity to catch a glimpse of Brenda's bountiful bosom, simultaneously admiring and envious of her best friend's good fortune.

"You know, Hannah, all you really need to do is turn the water down... we both know you know

this.”

“It was down! That big titted bitch just has it out for me! She thinks she’s better than me just cuz she has bigger boobs!!”

Brenda sighed and tried once more. “We all know Ms. Buckland really knows this business. She’s worked on all of the big celebrities who sign under Buckland Agency... she’s not better than you cuz she’s bustier! She’s our teacher, for gods’ sakes!”

Brenda was forgetting to keep a cool head in her attempt to steer Hannah right. She continued.

“And what does her boobs have to do with it!? You’re so weirdly obsessed with them!”

“Well, what would you know about it anyway?!” Hannah went on the defensive. “You’re big too! Not flat like me!”

“Hannah, what the hell! You’re so pretty already! You could be, like, a fashion model! Or a runway model! Not all women have big breasts! And they’re so heavy and uncomfortable sometimes. Your daddy is rich as fuck, you’re beautiful and strong cuz of all your gymnastics training... you should be grateful!”

“GRATEFUL!? Of this totally flat chest?! Now you sound like Ms. Buckland, the stupid fucking cow!”

“Yeah, the cow that you’re so jealous of!”

“UGH!”

The two girls took separate paths back to the same dormitory.

Hannah holed up in her room, not wanting to talk to anyone. She hoped that her roommate, Kayla, wouldn’t be back anytime soon either. That girl’s seemingly perfect short curls, combined with her beautiful ebony curves and generous chest always made Hannah feel uncomfortable and inferior. She was really nice, too.

Too nice, Hannah reminded herself. Just to have something to hold against Kayla should the girl betray Hannah’s trust.

A little bloop and a pop up chat message appeared on her phone screen.

“Sorry about earlier. Still don’t know why you’re so obsessed with boobs. Wanna go eat?”

Brenda Gutierrez

Hannah swiped the notification away, not wanting to acknowledge that she’d read it.

She started looking into breast enhancement surgery for the hundredth time. Surprisingly, a new clinic was at the top of the list. She clicked on it.

BetterBeauty Inc.

Look your best! All the time, all the time! We at BetterBeauty, Inc. are dedicated to painting you at the peak of your potential! Smoother skin, brighter eyes, bigger bust! To help you reach the ideal potential that you always had within you!

New experimental method devised! Mesmerize your audience with the new, improved you! No one will be able to resist!

No scar tissue, minimally invasive procedure, reduced healing time! Clearer skin, brighter eyes, longer legs, larger bust. And a winning smile!

Side effects may include drowsiness vomiting nausea bleeding dry skin short term memory loss diarrhea constipation irritable bowel syndrome brain fog brain sluggishness generally heightened irritability dry eyes headaches lupus migraines excessive urination hair loss erectile dysfunction lowered libido heightened libido loss of balance dizziness sore muscles dry mouth runny nose lazy eye blindness saggy face and unwanted pregnancy. Do not undergo this surgery if you are allergic to peanuts tree nuts all nuts pollen dust dirt people dog hair cat hair dander outdoors indoors. Please see a doctor if effects last for more than 4 hours.

Hannah read the first three paragraphs and couldn't resist this time. No other ad ever promised this much before! She inputted her daddy's credit card, all sixteen digits memorized (plus CCV of course) and signed up for their first available slot.

Chapter 2

"Ms. Jill Johnson?"

"No."

"Oh sorry, let me check again. Paula Brown?"

"No! Hannah Michaels! I signed up on your website after I saw the ads!"

"Sorry, our scheduling system doesn't work very well. Hannah... Michaels, you said? I don't see you on the list."

"You take my money and I show up on the right day, and you don't even have me in the system?! What the hell kind of a clinic is this!?"

Hannah had completely ignored the dingy interiors and dilapidated furniture. She had paid her money, and she expected to receive what she was due.

"Umm... Doctor Dunn? Can we schedule her for like... now?" the airheaded receptionist shouted into the back.

A tall man in a wrinkled button down shirt and some jeans came out. He pushed up his glasses and looked at the waiting room.

"Is there anyone else waiting?" he asked in his deep baritone voice.

"No, I don't think so. I don't see a Jill Johnson or a Paula Brown here."

"That's because it's my turn! Hannah Michaels!"

Dr. Dunn shrugged. "I'll go see if Doctor Davis is ready. Miss, you understand this procedure is highly... experimental?"

"I don't care if it's experimental, as long as I get what your website promised! I just want to have big, beautiful boobs so all the girls will stop looking down at me!" Hannah shrieked.

Dr. Dunn and the receptionist exchanged glances, then shrugged again.

"Okay, let me talk to Dr. Davis."

While Hannah glared daggers at the receptionist who was now trying to avoid her gaze, the beautiful, delusional girl could hear a female voice from the back. The pair of doctors came back out, Hannah admiring Dr. Davis's impressive bust, but simultaneously on guard should she disrespect Hannah in any way.

"Alright, you understand the risks involved?" the female doctor asked.

"Like, duh!" Hannah spat back. She would not be spoken down to... even if she didn't.

"Whoa, okaaaay..." Dr. Davis muttered.

"I know what I signed up for!" Hannah lied. "I totally read, your like, experimental warning things! I don't care as long as you give me some nice boobs so other people will stop looking down on me!"

Dr. Davis and Dr. Dunn looked at each other.

"Okay then."

They put Hannah in a surgical gown and lay her on an operating table. The room looked far less than professional. Monitoring machines were unplugged, their plugs just hanging around helter skelter. One of the fluorescent tube lights overhead was flickering, and yet the glare was still intensely harsh. Hannah squinted her eyes as Dr. Davis began to put a gas mask over her face.

"You won't feel a thing..."

Hannah awoke in the recovery ward a few hours later. Where was she? She didn't recognize her surroundings. This place was shabby as hell! Nothing compared to her lavish bedroom in her father's mansion, or even her tastefully decorated dorm room.

She climbed out of the high rickety bed before realizing that she was in a hospital gown. Oh right! She'd come in for an operation. Peeking around, she checked for privacy before dropping

the peeling the medical garment off of her upper body and checked herself out in a small mirror tucked away in the corner of the room.

I don't look any different, she thought. Still short, despite her long looking legs, still sporting her signature strong core from years of gymnastics, and still flat as a... flat as a B cup. Hannah brought her elegant fingers up and squeezed her own flesh. They ached as she massaged them. It was quite a foreign... sensation... no, this was just normal.

"Urgh!" Hannah stomped the floor in anger. "I look exactly the same as before!"

Dr. Davis and Dr. Dunn heard the outcry and walked into the room. They found the spoiled brat standing partially nude in the corner of the room.

"Are you satisfied with the changes?"

"Satisfied!? You guys didn't change anything!"

"Ms. Michaels," Dr. Davis approached her. "You've grown significantly since the operation. And we expect you will continue to grow too. This is the experimental phase of our treatment."

"Yeah, I know it's experimental! Why do you keep saying that like I don't get it! What I'm saying is, I'm not any larger than before! Look!"

Hannah hefted her new, budding breasts in her hands and pointed the perfect, pink peaks at the pair of doctors. They both flinched for a moment as they felt a twinge of lust, those rounded spheres of Hannah's luscious female flesh overpowering their professionalism, such as it was. They'd never felt anything as powerful or overwhelming as that before!

Dr. Davis handled it fairly well, shaking off the lust inducing effects and clearing her throat. The sound brought Dr. Dunn back to reality. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to hide the sudden erection that was tenting his slacks.

"Uh, yes Ms. Michaels. Why don't you go home and get some rest? I believe you will feel better in a few days."

"I don't want to feel better! I want my boobs to be bigger!"

She squeezed and massaged that soft flesh. Dr. Davis barely held on, while Dr. Dunn was clearly having trouble. His entire vision was filled by those modest, perky orbs. He wanted to do nothing but stare at that electrifying flesh, feeling the flush of arousal coursing through his trembling body, yearning to suck on those hard, pronounced tips of Hannah's perfect femininity...

"We expect your boobs to get larger, Ms. Michaels. Over the next few days. Like I said. Good day."

"You can always schedule a follow-up appointment!" Dr. Dunn interjected, desperate to see their patient again.

Dr. Davis looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Tch. As if I would pay for this scam again. You're going to hear from my lawyer!"

Hannah put her robe back on and stomped out of the room.

"Excuse me..." Dr. Dunn mumbled to his colleague as he made his way to the bathroom.

Chapter 3

Hannah drove back to Mesmerize and Enchant's campus and parked outside her dorm. Her breasts had been tingling and aching throughout the entire trip. Hopefully it was nothing. Just some stupid experimental side effect or whatever. Those scam artists!

She hoped her father wouldn't find out about her little ten thousand dollar purchase. He usually didn't notice such small expenditures anyway.

But what a gyp that had been! That was the most frustrating part. Hannah wouldn't even have anything to show her father for it. Usually he forgave her trespasses after she convinced him that what she'd purchased was worth it, but this? This was nothing!

She peeked down the second floor hallway and around corners, checking if Brenda was around. Hannah wasn't in the mood to confront her friend at this moment. She rapidly made her way to her own room on the bottom floor and fished for her keys.

Unfortunately for Hannah, it sounded like Kayla was in. She wasn't looking forward to her black roommate's attempts to cheer her up once she'd realized Hannah was in a bad mood. She was always trying to make everyone happy. It was so spurious!

She opened the dorm door and prepared for a barrage of speech from her talkative roommate.

"Hey Hannah, you're back! I heard you had a rough time."

"Rough time?! Who told you! Don't doctors have some sort of... confidentiality thing!? Or whatever it's called!"

"Doctors? No, with Ms. Buckland! She can be pretty mean, I know."

"Ms. Buckland?" Hannah searched her thoughts. Oh right. "Who told you about that?"

"Brenda. She wants to talk to you, you know."

"Ugh! Well, I don't wanna talk to her. I just wanna go to sleep. Stupid operation..." she muttered.

"You really should talk to your friend," Kayla continued to nag, ignoring Hannah's petulance.

Meanwhile, Hannah was undressing. "I said I want to go to sleep!"

She pulled off her t-shirt.

The sight of Hannah's breasts battered Kayla, clawing and tearing right in her soul. The inexorable, lustful gravity of those perfectly formed breasts, their impossible perkiness, the smooth, silky skin yearning to be fondled and caressed drove Kayla absolutely mad with desire. Thanks to those gravity defying spheres, Hannah's generous cleavage looked absolutely inviting, forming a perfect, sexy canyon of female flesh that she wished she could bury her face in and never leave.

"Kayla? What are you staring at? Is it my small boobs?"

Kayla could only drool as the fire in her womb burned ever hotter.

"It is, isn't it! We can't all have boobs as big as yours, okay! Stop!" Hannah brought her arm over her nipples, brushing them gently and shivering from the shockingly sensitive sensations before covering them up fully.

"Noooooooo!" Kayla whined. "Please, let me see them again!"

"You're not making fun of me?" Hannah asked cautiously.

"Nooooo! Pleaaaaase! I need to... unnf... god, you're so sexy!"

"Okay..." Hannah obliged, still distrustful.

She brought her arm down slowly, revealing her new, improved chest to her roommate once again. Kayla gasped as her eyes glazed over, marveling at how Hannah's breasts didn't sag at all, even with her arm no longer supporting them. Hannah's breasts asserted their dominance over Kayla's mind once again, drilling pure bliss and obedience into her vulnerable, spotty thinking.

The black girl's leaking sex was staining her jeans. Her arms and legs felt weak, her fingers trembling. Her vision was beginning to spin and blur, multiple images of a faded Hannah rotating around, with only her breasts remaining solid and constant.

Kayla couldn't break her gaze even if she wanted to. And she didn't want to.

Her lips went slack. She began to drool out of the corner of her mouth.

"Kayla, what the hell are you doing? Is this supposed to be some kind of joke?" Hannah was feeling self conscious again.

"Guhhh..."

Kayla's pussy was pulsing now. Her clit throbbed and ached, her spine tingled with pleasure, radiating blasts of ecstasy through her entire electrified body. All from just staring at the perfection that was Hannah's breasts. She licked her lips, trying to imagine just how sweet her mistress's perfume pink nipples tasted.

"M... mistress..." she spoke out loud, giving voice to the thoughts swirling in the lusty fog that

was her mind. "My mistress..."

"What!" Hannah shouted.

Her subtle movement caused her breasts to bounce oh-so-barely. The erotic movement of her rippling flesh nearly pushed Kayla over the edge.

Hannah eyed the girl curiously. Nobody could put on that convincing a performance!

She cupped her girlish breasts and gave them a jiggle. Kayla's pupils followed obediently with Hannah's nipples, never breaking her intense stare.

"So you really like my smallish boobs, huh?" Hannah inquired.

"Y-yes... like..."

"You sound like some sort of zombie!" Hannah giggled. "You like them that much?"

She gave her breasts another slow, sexy squeeze. They bulged so deliciously.

"Mmf!! Yes!!" Kayla cried out.

"It's like you're totally mesmerized by them! Like our school name! You are getting veeeeery sleepy..." Hannah droned jokingly.

Kayla's eyelids began to droop.

"Hey! Eyes open! Focus on me now," Hannah ordered.

Kayla could not possibly disobey. Her deep-set eyes snapped wide open, but her mind was still lost in a hazy fog, full of visions of Hannah controlling her every movement, her every thought.

"Wow, you're really playing along! Let me see..." Hannah brushed the irresistible pink bud on her breast as she brought her finger up to her chin, striking a deep-in-thought posture.

Kayla merely drooled brainlessly.

"I've got it! Going to sleep is boring. But instead..." Hannah smirked mischievously.

"Look at my tits," Hannah's voice dropped into a conspiratorial whisper. "So... large," she choked on the word, too ashamed to be able to lie about her breast size so easily. "So round, so perky, so wonderfully shaped..."

That wasn't a lie.

"You're totally obsessed with them. Every second you stare at them, your mind slips away, further and further, replaced by lust and worship... you want nothing more than to look at my pretty boobs..."

Kayla gasped in arrested lust as she processed Hannah's commands.

"Yes, that's it... keep looking, deeper and deeper, hornier and hornier," Hannah droned, amazed by Kayla's convincing act. She decided to go for broke.

"They're so wonderful, you can barely handle it! You're going to come from just looking at them!"

"Nnng!" Kayla moaned urgently, feeling the growing wetness between her legs turning into a boiling fountain.

"Yes! You love it so much! Just looking at my boobs..." Hannah massaged those perfect spheres once more...

"Wanting to suck on my nipples..." she flicked them with her beautifully manicured digits...

"Oh, to lick and suck on them..." she jiggled her rippling flesh for Kayla's eyes...

"It just makes you totally brainless and come all over yourself!"

Kayla choked, her throat seizing as she began to orgasm on the spot. She would have shut her eyes, but something about Hannah's breasts demanded total obedience and subjugation. She just stared at Hannah's lovely twin peaks and trembled violently as her love canal clenched and spurted her fluid down her inner thighs.

The intense sensations of her Hannah-induced orgasm was better than anything she'd ever felt before! Better than sex with an experienced lover. Better than playing with herself with a dildo in the exact ways she knew how to get herself off. Hannah was just better.

"Nnnng!" was the only sound that came out of her mouth as a second orgasm boiled inside of her as the first subsided.

Hannah's eyes began to glow with power as Kayla broke under the influence of Hannah's new breasts. Unintentionally breaking Kayla had triggered something primal inside of her that the operation had brought out.

Hannah's own tan flesh began to smooth and even out as she broke her victim. The fine body hairs along her legs, her arms, her torso, her pussy, all fell away, never to bother her again. She shut her eyes involuntarily as she gained an inch of height, all in her slender, supple legs. And those breasts that had utterly battered and crushed Kayla into a gooey, orgasmic mess, swelled in response, growing in size before hefting up, remembering to ignore the pull of gravity.

The two girls finally came down from their respective highs. Hannah opened her new, more intense gaze and found Kayla on her knees, staring up worshipfully.

"Are you happy now, slave?" Hannah declared. "I can't believe you would like breasts as small as mine. I barely believed you the day I met you, but you instantly became my slave as soon as I moved in. I suppose you're just weird like that. I've always only been a C cup. What's so impressive about these?"

She traced her silky fingers underneath them and gently massaged her firm, swollen breasts once more.

Kayla groaned.

Chapter 4

"Hannah? What is this credit charge? 12,000 dollars after taxes and fees?"

Hannah sat at her desk with Kayla kneeling below her, massaging Hannah's perfect feet. She did her best to dig her fingers into Hannah's smooth and supple flesh without tickling her mistress.

"It's nothing, Dad! I'll explain later! God!" She hung up before he could get another word in.

Her phone lit up again. Hannah swiped her father's call away.

"Mistress... may I go to class now?" Kayla begged for permission.

"Fine, I guess. You may leave."

"Thank you, mistress!" Kayla got off her sore knees, stretched her cramped muscles, and headed back onto campus. Hannah stared enviously still at Kayla's breasts. They were the same size, but that just wasn't enough. Plus, there were still so many girls bigger than her.

Hannah checked her phone. It was time for her class too, on client retention and business practices. Just then, a notification popped up. It was Brenda again.

"Hey, are you around? Don't ghost me. We're best friends, right?"

Hannah grumbled. Her mind was a mess, reconfiguring itself after her operation and enslaving Kayla. Brenda, her best friend? More like her biggest rival! Especially in the chest department.

She swiped away the text without acknowledging it once again.

Out in the hallway, Hannah ran into some other girl in the dorm whose name she hadn't bothered to learn.

"Hey Hannah? Did something happen to Kayla? She looks all, like, zonked out. Muttering something about Mistress Hannah..."

"What do you mean, did something happen?" Hannah scoffed. "It's always been like this. She's always been my slave."

The girl's eyes widened. "Uh... what the hell are you talking about? Is this some kind of joke?"

"What the hell! Why is everyone picking on me today!" Hannah whined. "You too, Mary?"

"...Uh, my name's Terri. And what the fuck! Nobody's picking on you! This has to be some weird practical joke you and Kayla are pulling! And I don't get it. It's just creepy."

Hannah was incensed by the girl's seeming defiance of what had always been the relationship between her and Kayla. Even the smaller chested girls were disrespecting her now! However, Hannah's breasts were tingling with desire again, and she couldn't help but massage their prodigious swells under her t-shirt.

Terri's eyes widened as Hannah's hypnotizing breasts began to tug at her soul. There was just something about them... their impressive size, so perfectly shaped, nipples poking through... utterly, devastatingly erotic. She wanted to lick them. Suck on them. Fall to her knees and beg for permission to touch them. Hannah's boobs were becoming her whole universe.

Terri sucked in a deep breath as she felt a squish in her panties.

God, she was absolutely drenched in her own lust! Her lips were suddenly dry, her breath ragged. She wet them with her tongue, her saliva thick as molasses as she continued to stare at Hannah's clothed bust. Her heart thundered in her chest, her lust-heated blood swishing through her veins.

"Uh, hellooooo... Earth to Mary?"

Terri was about to object, but any thought of denying Hannah got blown away by the sight of her beautiful C cups like dandelion fluff on a windy day.

"Mary... I'm Mary..."

"Eh. Looks like you want to be my slave too. This is exactly how it went with Kayla the day I met her. I told you it wasn't a practical joke. You're so fucking weird!"

"Slave... like Kayla? Yes..." Mary drooled. "Slave to Hannah. Slave to Hannah's boobs... to her beauty..."

"Fine. No more insubordination from you soon."

Hannah led Mary to her room like an obedient puppy, one who constantly whined when not having her master's breasts within line of sight. Once they were inside Hannah's room, the brunette beauty stripped off her top and presented them to her new thrall. Hannah was still unsatisfied with their size, but it would do for now.

Mary clenched and contorted on the spot, before falling to her knees. Her deafening scream of ecstasy could be heard throughout the dorm as she surrendered her soul to Hannah's crushing, undeniable beauty. Her master was already so fetching, and with these new, lush breasts adorning her model-thin torso, Mary stood no chance. Her body continued to churn with pleasure as she doubled over, neck still craned to stare at Hannah's magnificence. She groped her violently pulsing pussy through her skirt and panties with a single hand, rubbing against the soaked cloth as hard as she could while she held herself up with the other against the floor.

Hannah's eyes glowed once again, lightening in color permanently this time. Her usually dull, dark brown eyes took on a green glow as her body was fueled by this prostrate subject before

her.

Hannah's height expanded yet again as Mary knelt before her, feverishly bucking, panting, and completely helpless to look away. Inch after inch of smooth, svelte flesh grew onto Hannah's lengthening legs. Those fluid limbs, now packed with elegant swells of muscle covered by smooth, polished skin, swayed languidly as Hannah stood in place, frozen and trembling. Her breasts swelled once more, as firm as apples and just as large and delectable.

Her hair grew as well and took on the kind of luster that she was in school to learn, to study, and to apply for her clients. If that glorious shimmering health could be applied to anyone else, Hannah would be a billionaire many times over.

Hannah opened her blazing eyes as her body reconstruction began to calm down, settling into a light emerald hue. Mary was still panting and moaning, the sight of Hannah's unbelievable transformation before her very eyes setting the helpless lust-ridden girl off once again.

"Okay, slave. That was a nice session. I'm just so generous." Hannah stroked her new, fuller swells, already believing that this had always been her size. And that Terri had always been Mary. And her slave. "Aren't you lucky to have met me and be turned into my slave on my very first day here?"

Mary bowed in submission. There was no way she was going to defy her mistress. Certainly not while she was still in the throes of continuous orgasm.

"Okay, enough now. I have to go to class."

Hannah waved her away. Mary hobbled back to her room, hearing and feeling the uncomfortable squish between the junction of her legs. She had her own classes to attend, but she would spend the next few hours masturbating in her room to the memory of Hannah, becoming taller, larger, and more beautiful in front of her very eyes.

She couldn't wait to worship her mistress again.

Chapter 5

Hannah was alone in her room once more. Having two slaves was nice, but her grapefruit-sized breasts had never been enough for her. Her rival Brenda and teacher Ms. Buckland always tormented her with their much more ample bosoms, and Hannah was tired of being overshadowed by those women.

Ignoring her classes, she browsed the internet idly, looking for solutions to her "little" problem. Hannah massaged her chest as she did so, trying to relieve the tingling ache she always felt in her ripe breasts.

She stumbled across an ad for BetterBeauty Inc.

BetterBeauty Inc.

Look your best! All the time, all the time! We at BetterBeauty, Inc. are dedicated to painting you at the peak of your potential! Smoother skin, brighter eyes, bigger bust!

A ton of text followed, but Hannah couldn't be bothered to read it. She gleefully signed up for an appointment and punched in her daddy's credit card number from memory.

Hannah walked into the dingy, unfamiliar clinic. Ugh! The lobby was full of other girls. Didn't Hannah have an appointment? What were all these other people doing here?

The receptionist looked flustered and frustrated as she huffed and puffed while wrestling with the computer's keyboard. Hannah cleared her throat to get the mousy woman's attention.

"One moment! One moment! Are you by any chance Jill Johnson?"

"No! Hannah Michaels!"

"Ah, um, please take a seat. We'll be with you as soon as we can... there's going to be a bit of a wait," the receptionist said apologetically, still not looking up from her computer.

Hannah looked at all of the other women. There were at least a dozen!

"How long?" Hannah demanded.

"Ah, um... I don't know. Eight hours?"

"EIGHT hours!? I have an appointment!" Hannah stomped.

The receptionist looked at Hannah, dressed in a revealing sports bra that left her décolletage on display. She sucked in a deep breath as she tried to process that incredible bust and canyon of cleavage, contrasted with the girl's incredibly tight midsection. Why would someone as beautiful as her need to come to this clinic?

"Excuse me. Can you answer my damn question!" Hannah was losing her patience.

"Uh... no... sorry, scheduling troubles. First come first serve... I guess." The receptionist was losing her focus.

"First come first serve, huh?" Hannah regarded the other women predatorily. "So if they give up their spots, I can go next?"

"Yeah. Guess so." She took the opportunity to wipe the drool off her face as Hannah turned her head to look at the other women.

"Okay then." Hannah sized them up. These women were no match for Hannah's slightly above average bust. They could certainly use an upgrade, but Hannah had been tormented by larger women her whole life. So it was only fair they'd have to let Hannah cut in line.

"Hey! You're not going to let her go in front of us, are you!?" One woman shouted.

Hannah strutted over while emphasizing her long, polished legs, her high exercise shorts swishing over her lean thighs. Swiveling at the torso, her breasts bounced beautifully, too impossibly alluring to be ignored.

The woman faltered.

"You don't mind letting me go ahead of you," Hannah declared. "In fact, you would love nothing more. I'm so much more than you. So much better. That's why I deserve to go in front of you. That's why I deserve to be worshipped by you."

"Wuh..." the woman's eyes were growing unfocused, her body suddenly flushing uncomfortably with arousal. In public, no less!

Hannah was standing in front of the seated woman now, towering over her despite her average height. Her exaggerated confidence and indomitable will, combined with her already considerable beauty and protruding, mesmerizing, undeniably perfect breasts made the seated woman feel completely inferior and unworthy.

"That's right. Keep looking at my hypnotic, beautiful tits. They're merely okay right now, but I deserve to be so much larger, don't you think?" Hannah's body radiated her own flushed heat. It always turned her on to dominate and have her way with other, smaller, unworthy women. She'd been doing it ever since she developed so rapidly as a teen.

Hannah's nipples were tenting through the silky fabric of her sports bra. Another woman seated next to her target began to moan, staining her own pants as she orgasmed uncontrollably.

"Oops!" Hannah giggled. "Wasn't even aiming for her. Hey you, having a good time?"

"Mmmm! Fuck! So good!" she moaned.

"You want to let me go in front of you? Give me anything I want? Become my slave?" Hannah goaded. "I promise I'll make you feel this good again..."

"Gah! Yes! Please, I belong to youuuu!!" she screamed, her body clenching, knuckles whitening as she gripped the chair. As pleasure blasted through her overworked nervous system, she felt her willpower draining away with every violent spasm. Images of Hannah's beauty and her irresistible breasts filled her mind, wiping away all other thoughts.

The poor girl continued to come as Hannah turned her blistering emerald gaze back onto her intended target.

"Well?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at the first girl.

Her original victim's jaw went slack as she began to orgasm as well.

"I take it that's a yes," Hannah declared triumphantly.

That was two girls down. There were still a bunch left to go.

They were all glued to their seats or frozen on the spot. A combination of too shocked by the events that were taking place, or too curious to experience the same thing those other women seemed to be enjoying... all of the potential patients remained motionless as Hannah's personal visitations broke them all, one by one.

"Well?" Hannah chirped, gesturing to a floor of lust-crippled still spasming women behind her. "Can I have my scheduled appointment yet?"

The receptionist trembled for a moment before her body went stiff, barely able to process the submissive, obedient lust that Hannah's beauty demanded. Her mind went blank, her pussy clenching and gushing as she devoted her life to serving her new, beautiful mistress.

"What's going on out here!?" The pair of doctors came out from the back.

"I believe it's my turn for an operation," Hannah declared.

Dr. Dunn only lasted a few seconds. The bombshell before him was too much to withstand.

His gaze traveled along her sculpted legs, so incredibly long and slender. The mesmerized doctor's eyes lingered, enjoying the sexy journey and dragging it out as long as possible. He'd gotten a quick glance at the girl—considering how long it took him to complete his visual tour of her legs, he could scarcely believe that the woman before them was shorter than average!

As his gaze traveled up her thighs, he desperately wondered what her intimacy looked like. If it was anything as perfect as her sinuous legs and flared, curvy hips, he would die a happy man just to get a forbidden glimpse of her sweet intimacy.

Dr. Dunn's eyes traveled up to her abdomen, admiring the pebbled abs on display. So strong, yet so feminine, he longed to touch her smooth skin and feel those delicious muscles resisting the pressure he would exert on them with his fingers.

And when he finally made it past those tight, well defined abs and slender waist, he was greeted by the most perfect pair of breasts he'd ever seen. They pressed against her sports bra, their curvature completely unaffected by the tight garment. So full, so firm, so unbearable sexy. He felt as if his entire being were being physically pulled into her generous cleavage. He could spend the rest of his life there, swimming in this young woman's sexuality.

Dr. Dunn's mind submitted instantly. He spasmed on the spot, going bow-legged, staining his slacks with his fierce ejaculation. His balls burned as jet after jet of semen erupted from his rigid tip, defying his physical limitations. Hannah's beauty demanded so much more than mere human limits.

He was coming nonstop for her, his penis never softening, showing his new mistress the response she deserved.

Finally, his body could take no more as his mind gave out as well. He collapsed, unconscious, writhing involuntarily on the floor like all of the other women in the clinic.

"You... we operated on you yesterday!" Dr. Davis was putting up more of a resistance.

"What? What the hell are you talking about! I've never been here!" Hannah protested. "Man, what kind of a shitty operation are you guys running!"

"Yes, you came in just yesterday! The operation was successful, but you were so bitchy about it! We told you to give it time because we expected the effects to kick in later, but oh my god!"

"I still don't know what you're talking about!" Hannah screamed. This woman was hellbent on defying her! Of course she was. Her breasts were so much larger than Hannah's own. Ugh! Just like Ms. Buckland and her stupid rival Brenda!

If only Hannah were larger... more beautiful, more perfect...

Hannah's green eyes glowed as her body finally began to process the influx of victims she had so callously conquered. Nearly twenty lust-bent victims quivered on the floor, all due to her comeliness. Her ever-magnifying beauty swelled like never before, going far beyond what BetterBeauty's experimental methods would have suggested.

The envious, spoiled girl inched slowly upwards as her legs lengthened once more. Still so slender, elegant, and interminably irresistible, her trim ankles and svelte calves looked more desirable than ever. Her thighs filled out with even more firm, female flesh, properly proportioned to the rest of her new height.

Her hips widened to accommodate her new legs, leaving a lovely gap between her thicker thighs. Her pussy ached with excitement as her shorts grew together, rubbing between her pink folds and tugging along her newly, staggeringly sensitive clit with firm pressure. Finally, the piece of clothing tore apart with a loud rip, unable to hang onto Hannah's sudden sexual growth spurt.

Her derriere expanded deliciously, packing on even more firm muscle. They gained in size as well as power, never sagging. Her bubble butt looked strong enough to bounce a quarter off of, her smooth, tanned skin completely taut, even and toned.

Her waist was already so narrow, her proportions so cartoonishly sexy, but even then, her body found a way to adjust. Everything about her became impossibly sexier. The new aura of pure lust she was now radiating could bowl over any onlookers. And if that weren't enough, Hannah developed a new, divine floral scent that could drive any person, man or woman, mad with desire. Even against their will.

Her cobbled abs became even more sublime and subtle, not as prominently in your face as before. No, now they faded and flexed into and out of view, synchronized with every slight movement of her perfect body, mesmerizing and bewitching the eye. Its effect was devastating, drawing victims deep into her hypnotic pull as they tried to comprehend the magnitude of her beauty.

And speaking of hypnotic, Hannah's spellbinding breasts became downright unstoppable.

Irresistible. Mind-bending, all-conquering, soul-crushing.

They swelled nonstop for a full minute, the size of large grapefruits, still utterly firm and gravity defying. Her stretchy bra could no longer contain them. Hannah's back arched naturally and seductively, exaggerating their profound shape even further, dragging her top along with it. Their incredible size meant that more than half of Hannah's breasts were now visible, generous underboob peeking out from underneath the silky nylon and latex top as well as tanned, irresistible cleavage on full display from above.

Hannah was still busy in the throes of transformation, she couldn't even hear Dr. Davis gasp of submission.

But the accidental domination of the female doctor only fueled Hannah's transformation further. Her breasts swelled again, those luscious melons now ripping off her only remaining piece of clothing. The scraps fluttered to the floor, leaving Hannah's impossibly perky, more-than-well endowed spheres of crowning feminine appeal on display. The beautiful sway and curves of her torso, her slender, toned arms as she lifted them above her head in a languid stretch... all of it served to magnify her enchanting beauty even further.

As Dr. Davis shrieked in uncontrollable joy, Hannah's arms and fingers lengthened as well to accommodate her new height. Standing now over six feet tall, a simple gesture with her slender digits would be enough to cripple any onlookers with pleasure, something that had been reserved for her indomitable breasts before.

Every inch of her was so far beyond what she had been just moments ago.

Finally, her lustrous brunette tresses flowed down to her lower back, perfectly framing her new, heart-breaking visage. Thick lips, large eyes, a cute button nose, and her devastating green pupils painted the perfect picture on the canvas of her heart-shaped face.

Hannah opened her eyes. Dr. Davis was hunched over the counter, hips bucking, but she was still standing. Barely.

Why did this woman think she could resist Hannah? The devastating beauty had been controlling people all her life.

"Dr. Davis."

"Y-y-yes... ooooh! Mistress!"

"No more excuses. I came here for the operation that I was promised. You will give me the experimental treatment."

"Yes mistress!"

Hannah wrapped her powerful arm around her doctor and nearly carried her to the operating room herself. Grabbing a surgical gown and covering her intractable loveliness, Hannah lay down on the table. It was just enough for Dr. Davis to be able to control her own physical

reaction.

She placed the gas mask over her mistress preparing to perform the procedure once more against her own better judgment. But that was irrelevant now. The doctor's mind was no longer her own. From now on, only Hannah's decisions mattered.

Chapter 6

BetterBeauty Inc was no more. Dr. Davis and Dr. Dunn would not be operating on any other patients. It was an affront to Hannah, their new mistress and goddess.

A smoldering, ascended Hannah emerged from the building, dressed in an oversized surgical gown. Random passersby on the street collapsed at the mere sight of her ankles. The luckier ones caught a glimpse of her wrists and fingers before having their consciousness consumed.

She checked her phone... it was dead. What day was it, anyway? She'd been so obsessed with self-improvement and satisfying her slaves that she'd lost track of time. Tuesday? Maybe Tuesday.

That meant haircare class with Ms. Bunkland tomorrow. And probably that bitch, Brenda would be there. Hannah grit her teeth. Those two were always so smug and superior with their large breasts. She massaged her own cantaloupe sized bosom, anxious and depressed that they simply were no match for those two women. Still... she better go to class.

Six cars had parked in front of her by now, their drivers clutching their steering wheels while they erupted in climax before their tall, buxom goddess.

"You." Hannah picked the one closest to her.

The driver stared up at the glorious vision of sexual perfection before him. He continued to stain his pants.

"Take me to Enchant and Mesmerize."

She opened the passenger side door and climbed into the seat. The slightest glimpse of her thighs and the anticipation of possibly getting to see her womanhood sent him into convulsions once again.

"And stop coming, slave! Beep beep! Let's go!"

Her impromptu taxi driver ceased his non-stop eruptions and obeyed her command.

Meanwhile, Hannah's casual, accidental domination of the crowd outside began to settle, and her eyes glowed as her body continued to ascend...

Chapter 7

"Brenda, have you seen Hannah?" Ms. Buckland asked.

"Um... no, Ms. Buckland. I have no idea where she is," she admitted sheepishly. She hadn't exactly meant to rat out her friend. She just answered honestly by reflex.

Ms. Buckland clicked her tongue as she regarded the long line of volunteers that had gathered outside for hair styling.

"What a shame. That girl has some promise, but she would never be able to handle finicky celebrity clientele with her attitude. More practice for you, though. If you keep at this, I may even hire you into my agency when you graduate."

"Wow, really!?" Brenda gushed.

"Careful with the scissors," Ms. Buckland brought her back down to earth.

"Eep!"

Her volunteer client grimaced in fear at what was happening above her.

Suddenly, the little salon went dark as the sunlight streaming in from the windows was blotted over by a long shadow. The sound of a sudden, coordinated gasp of shock preceded a loud, guttural moan from the crowd of students in line outside. Moaning, gasping, and twitching, they all collapsed onto the concrete.

Hannah almost had to bend over to fit her new height through the little doorway.

"Miss?! Who are you? What is..."

Ms. Buckland's voice caught in her throat.

The brunette goddess standing before them put Aphrodite to shame. They should tear down every statue of every fertility and love goddess ever, and replace them with the sultry, indomitable vixen that was standing before Ms. Buckland's eyes. Those long limbs, her thick, lustrous hair, her striking facial features on her perfectly made up face... It was unlike anything Ms. Buckland had ever witnessed. Like staring into the sun. Going blind from this marvelous creature's eclipsing beauty.

"It's me, Ms. Buckland. Hannah Michaels."

Hannah's silken voice tickled her teacher's ears. All of Ms. Buckland's fine hairs stood up straight as she felt goosebumps crawl along her body from the lusty promises that Hannah's little sentence seemed to imply. A raging undercurrent of lust and arousal coursed through her limp body as she continued to stare at the feminine perfection standing in the doorway.

Hannah blinked in confusion. Wasn't Ms. Buckland supposed to be much larger than her? Turned out that Hannah absolutely dwarfed her insufferable teacher in every dimension possible.

"Hannah Michaels..." Ms. Buckland moaned, her vision now permanently glued to the swells of Hannah's perfect chest beneath that surgical gown. "You're... late..."

"Oh shush," Hannah ordered.

Ms. Buckland fell silent.

"I don't know why I ever thought you were such a threat to me. Looks like you're totally my slave already!"

"I'm... your slave..." Ms. Buckland processed her new role in life. She fell to her knees and began to crawl toward her new mistress, grinding her thighs together and trying to relieve her molten need.

"Stop right there, slave. Why don't you come for me? I need to talk to Brenda."

Ms. Buckland's arms gave out as her body collapsed under the unbearable weight of Hannah's crushing beauty. She flopped to the floor in an undignified, quivering heap, spurting her juices like she'd never known before.

"Well, well, well. Here we are, Brenda."

"Eep..." squeaked the girl who had been getting her hair styled. It was a complete disarray now, what with Brenda's unsteady hand shaking it into a goopy, product-soaked mess.

Hannah turned her imperious green gaze onto the girl and flashed her breasts at the little volunteer. Her squeak turned into an outright cry of carnal joy until her throat grew dry as she passed out from sheer pleasure.

Brenda was gasping too, processing her own impossibly powerful orgasm. Hannah covered herself back up.

"Why did I ever think you were a match for me...?" Hannah mused.

"Hannah....," Brenda panted. "What... happened to you? What did you do?"

"What do you mean? I've had loyal, enslaved pets my whole life. Kayla, Mary, those doctors at the BetterBeauty clinic, all those little bystanders..."

"BetterBeauty clinic!? What's that!" Brenda had never heard of such a thing. She dug her fingers into the salon chair, trying to hang on for dear life against Hannah's irrepressible sexuality.

"I dunno. Some lying place where they said they could make you more beautiful. They tried to tell me I'd already been there before. It was so weird."

"You... slaves... Hannah! What did they do to you!?" Brenda's mind was racing a mile a minute now, enough to distract her from Hannah's nascent goddesshood. The girl seemed to be transforming before her eyes even as they spoke! Before it was too late, Brenda focused her will and buried her head into her client's goopy hair, preventing her from watching Hannah becoming even more impossibly sexy.

"I dunno. Nothing. Took my money." She neglected to mention that it was her father's money they'd taken.

"You... you weren't like this before! Don't you think it's weird!? All your... slaves, as you called them, are from here! Isn't this all recent stuff?!"

"Oh! Hmm... you make a good point. But you could just be lying to me. We've always been rivals," Hannah pondered.

"Rivals!? What the hell are you talking about!? How could I rival... you!? As you are now! I can barely hang on!"

Hannah tried to process Brenda's logic. It rang true. As she tried to recall recent events, fuzzy and unfocused images drifted through her mind. She couldn't remember clearly.

"You know... you may have a point," Hannah conceded.

"What kind of operation was this anyway!? This isn't normal!!"

"I do recall reading some side effects. Can't remember what they are though. You think... you think they really might have done something?"

"Yeah! Yeah! Hannah, stop! We gotta figure this out! Don't... um... enslave... me... please?" Brenda was ambivalent as she put in her little request. Maybe it wasn't so bad to get enslaved. Her juicy, throbbing pussy certainly didn't mind.

"Hmm," Hannah mulled it over.

Silence overtook the room. Everyone else had fallen unconscious from Hannah's crushing loveliness. The only one making any sounds now was Brenda, hanging on by a tiny thread.

The chair leather squeaked from the beautician-in-training's head bobbing up and down, synchronized with her ragged breathing.. The arrhythmic, irregular squish from between Brenda's thighs was clearly audible. Her free will hung in the balance.

"Eh, nah," Hannah decided. "Come for me, little slave."

Hannah's little sonorous command was enough to dominate and tear away Brenda's free will instantly. As Brenda sobbed in pure bliss, thanking her mistress for freeing her from the shackles of everyday life, Hannah's sexuality surged anew with more fire and vibrancy, her breasts expanding larger as their perverted influence ascended even further...

Epilogue

Hannah's phone buzzed. It was her dad. 50 missed calls! She answered.

"Hannah! Another charge!?"

"Don't worry about it, daddy."

Her voice, replicated through cell phone towers, clawed into his pliable mind. Her dulcet yet forceful tone smashed away any objections he had toward his daughter's actions.

"Yes, Hannah," he droned.

Hannah's eyes glowed. Father had always been so submissive toward her.