

TARA'S RESEARCH CHAPTER 50

MAKING WOMEN INSANELY CURVY CAN BE A TERRIBLE RESPONSIBILITY TO BEAR.

LIQUID BIMBOCITE #54

NEW OFFICE ARC #17




TARA SAT IN HER OFFICE THE DAY AFTER HER ENCOUNTER WITH ALLISON, THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



I
ACTUALLY HAD
A FANTASTIC TIME
WITH ALLISON YESTERDAY.
MAYBE TOO MUCH
OF A GOOD
TIME?





EVLIN
TOLD ME THAT
MY DEMONIC SIDE
WOULD NEVER SHOW
ITSELF, BUT IT
SURE DID
YESTERDAY.



DOES
THAT MEAN
I'M BECOMING
MORE OF A
DEMON?

UNDERSTANDABLY, SHE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND STARED OFF INTO THE CORNER OF HER OFFICE IN WORRY.

WAS EVLIN WRONG THEN? IS IT GOING TO COME OUT MORE OFTEN AND MORE EASILY GOING FORWARD?



AND
WAS SHE RIGHT
ABOUT ME? WAS I
AN EVIL PERSON
ALL ALONG?





SHE
HAD NEVER
ACTUALLY SAID THAT
TO ME, BUT WHAT ELSE
COULD IT MEAN
IF I'M A HALF-
DEMON.

Inhale!



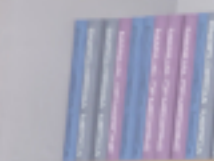
I
MEAN, I'M
CERTAINLY NO
ANGEL, BUT I NEVER
THOUGHT OF
MYSELF AS
BAD.

Heavy Sigh!

AND YET, I
ENJOYED MYSELF
SO MUCH GIVING INTO
MY WORST
DESIRES.



SO MUCH SO THAT I DIDN'T EVEN REALLY MIND SPENDING MOST OF LAST NIGHT CLEANING UP.



NOT TO MENTION THE THINGS THAT I'VE BEEN DOING IN MY PRACTICE.


LIKE HOW I TREATED THAT YOUNG WOMAN THAT I SPOKE TO BRIEFLY AFTER ALLISON LEFT.

I BARELY LISTENED TO HER BEFORE GIVING HER SOME OF MY NEW CREAMS, AND I DIDN'T EVEN REALLY TAKE THE TIME TO EXPLAIN HOW TO USE THEM PROPERLY!



ALTHOUGH,
MOST OF MY
PATIENTS DO SEEM
TO WANT WHAT
I HAVE TO
GIVE.






THEY DON'T
EVEN SEEM TO MIND
TURNING INTO BRAINLESS
BIMBOS WITH THE LIBIDO
OF ANY TEN NORMAL
WOMEN.

MAYBE EVLIN WAS
RIGHT ABOUT THAT TOO
AND I SHOULDN'T WORRY
ABOUT THE MENTAL
SIDE EFFECTS.



JUST TURN EVERY RICH, GREEDY, OR UNWISE WOMAN SEEKING MY HELP INTO A DITZY AND SUPER SLUTTY FLUCK-BUNNY.

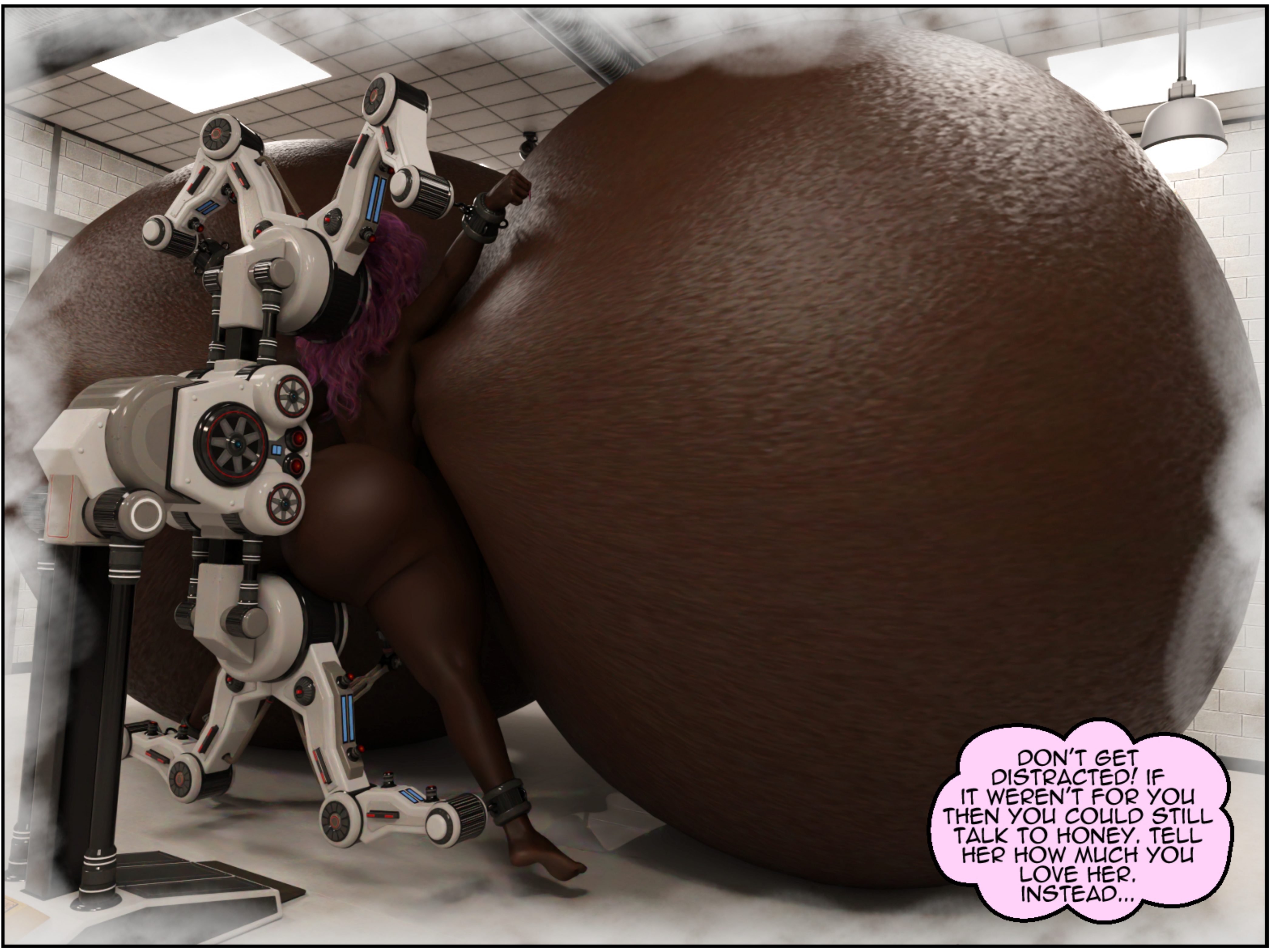


THAT IS SEEMINGLY WHAT THEY WANTED AFTER ALL. WHO AM I TO DENY THEM?



I MISS
BEING ABLE TO
TALK TO HONEY. SHE
WOULD HAVE HELPED
ME FIGURE THIS
OUT.

AND THAT BODY!
FLUCK ME! I WANT TO
SLICK ON THOSE GIANT
TITTIES SOME MORE.
SHIT! STOP THINKING
LIKE THAT!



DON'T GET
DISTRACTED! IF
IT WEREN'T FOR YOU
THEN YOU COULD STILL
TALK TO HONEY. TELL
HER HOW MUCH YOU
LOVE HER.
INSTEAD...

INSTEAD, SHE
WAS STUCK IN THE
BASEMENT BEING A ONE
WOMAN MILK FACTORY AND
THE MAIN SUPPLY OF
OUR PRIMARY
INGREDIENT.



THOUGH SHE
CERTAINLY SEEMS
TO REALLY ENJOY HER
ROLE IN THIS ENTERPRISE,
STILL, I WISH THAT I
COULD HAVE HER
BACK.



BUT THAT WOULD MEAN FINDING A VIABLE REPLACEMENT AMONG ALL OF THE PATIENTS THAT I HAVE TREATED.

Tap!

Tap!

Tap!




AND,
SO FAR,
NONE OF THEM
HAVE SHOWN THE GENETIC
OR MAGICAL MARKERS
THAT WERE
REQUIRED.



WHICH
MEANS I
AM JUST GOING TO
HAVE TO HOPE THAT ONE
OF MY NEWER PATIENTS
WILL PROVE
SUFFICIENT.





LIGH!
HOW MANY
HUNDREDS OR
THOUSANDS AM I
GOING TO HAVE TO GO
THROUGH, HOWEVER,
BEFORE I FIND
SOMEONE TO
FILL HONEY'S
ROLE?

A KNOCK AT HER OFFICE DOOR INTERRUPTS TARA'S MOROSE THOUGHTS.

NO SENSE WORRYING ABOUT THAT NOW. FOCUS ON YOUR NEXT PATIENT.

COME IN!

<GRUNT>

Stomp!

Stomp!



AS HER LATEST PATIENT, WHO IS MASSIVELY OBESE, NEARLY CRUSHES HER OFFICE CHAIR.

<WHEEZE>

Groan!

CREAK!





WELCOME!
SO HOW CAN
I HELP YOU
TODAY?



THEY SAY YOU MAKE WOMEN SUPER HOT AND SEXY.

I DON'T WANT ANY OF THAT SHIT, YOU KNOW HUCOWS? I WANNA BE A HUCOW, WITH FUCKING GIANT AND MIKLY TITS!



OK,
I CAN
PROBABLY HELP
YOU WITH THAT, BUT
YOU MAY END UP LOSING
SOME WEIGHT AS
A PART OF THE
PROCESS.





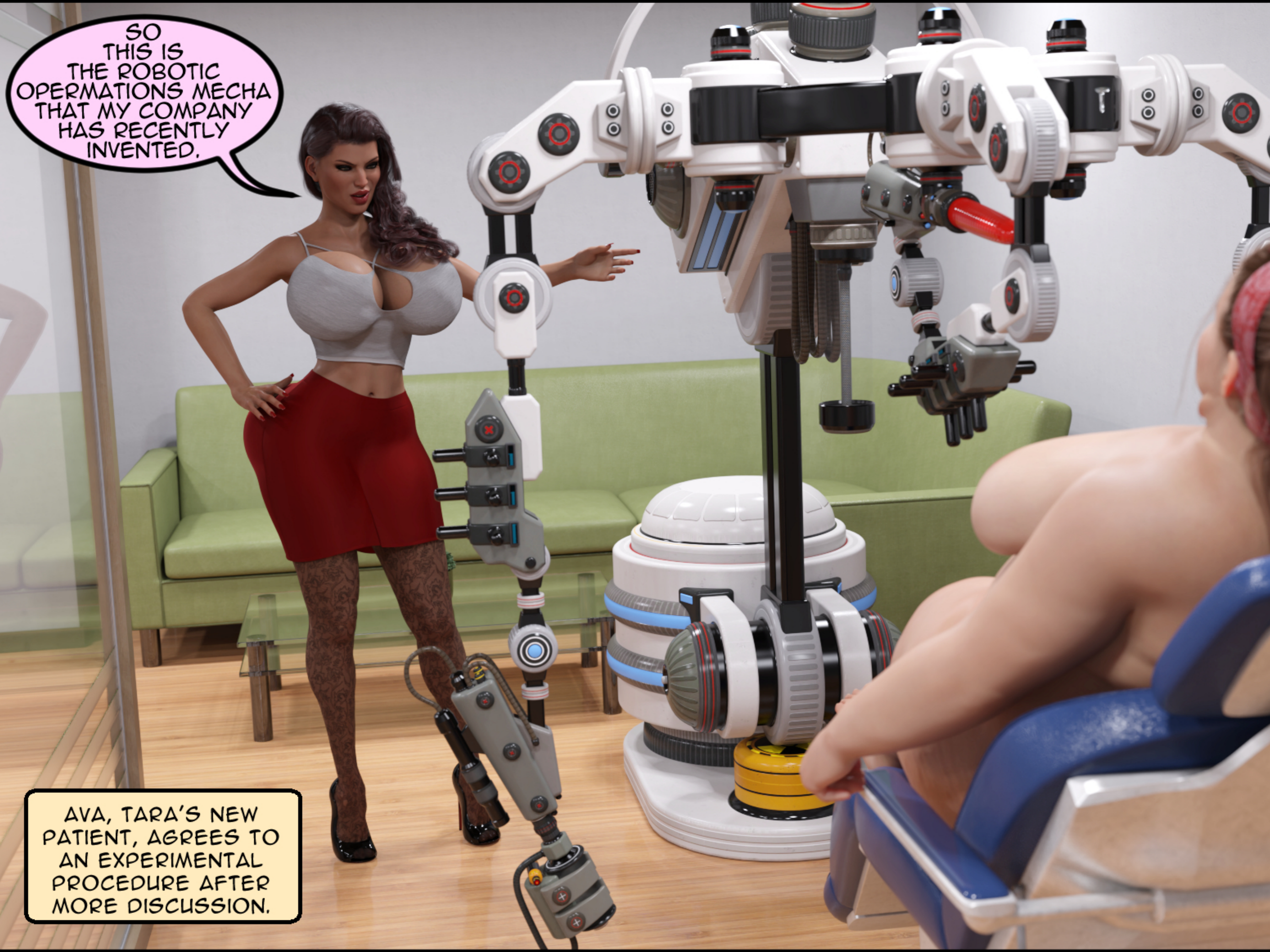
THAT'S FINE. DON'T CARE. ONLY GAINED THE WEIGHT TO GET BIGGER BOOBS.

ALL RIGHT. WELL, WE HAVE A FEW DIFFERENT OPTIONS. MOST OF THEM WILL TAKE WEEKS OR MONTHS TO SEE REAL RESULTS.

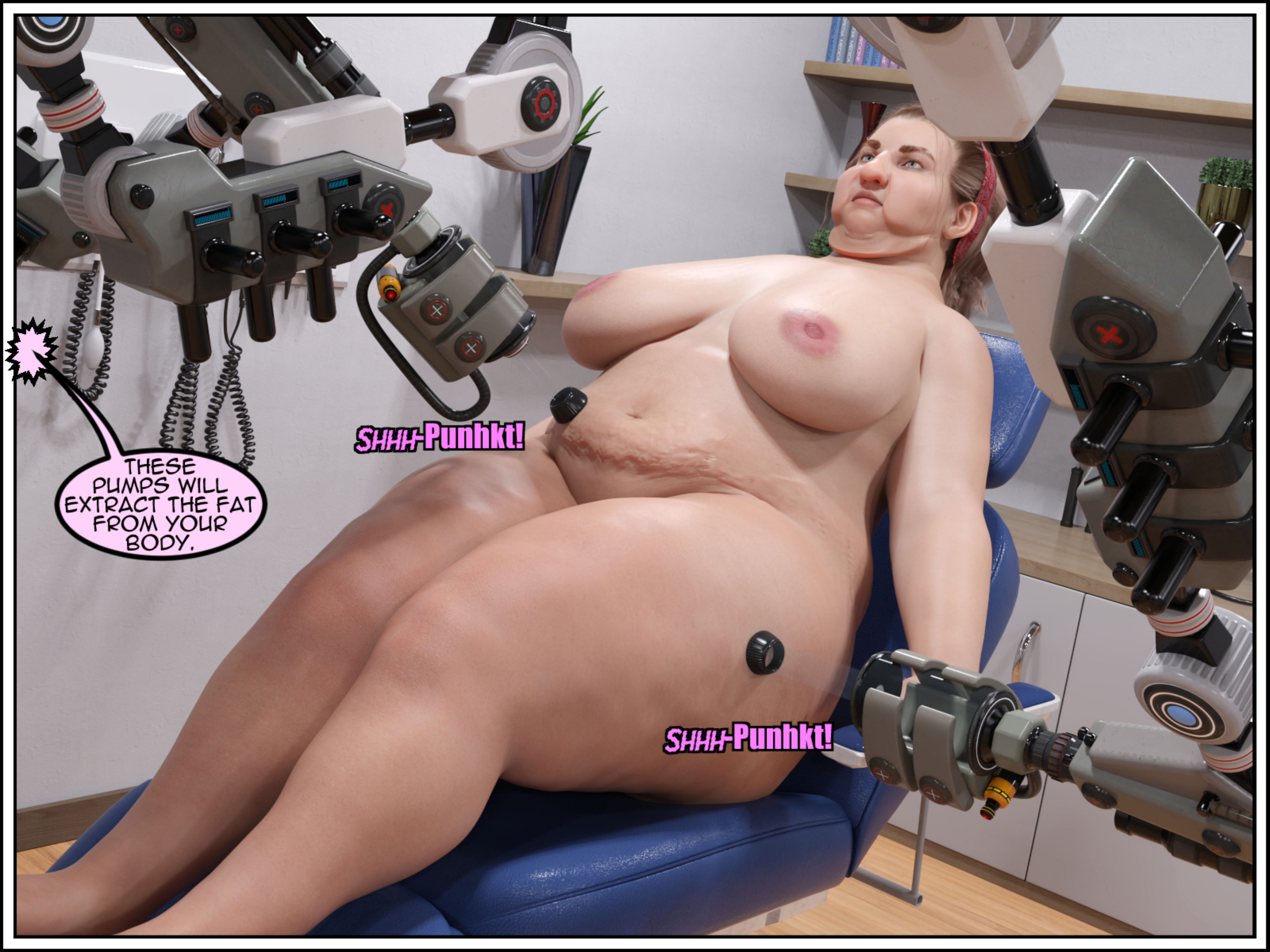
DON'T
WANNA WAIT,
WANT GINORMOUS,
GIGANTIC JUGGIES,
AS FAST AS
POSSIBLE.



SO THIS IS THE ROBOTIC OPERATIONS MECHA THAT MY COMPANY HAS RECENTLY INVENTED.



AVA, TARA'S NEW PATIENT, AGREES TO AN EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE AFTER MORE DISCUSSION.



THESE PUMPS WILL EXTRACT THE FAT FROM YOUR BODY.

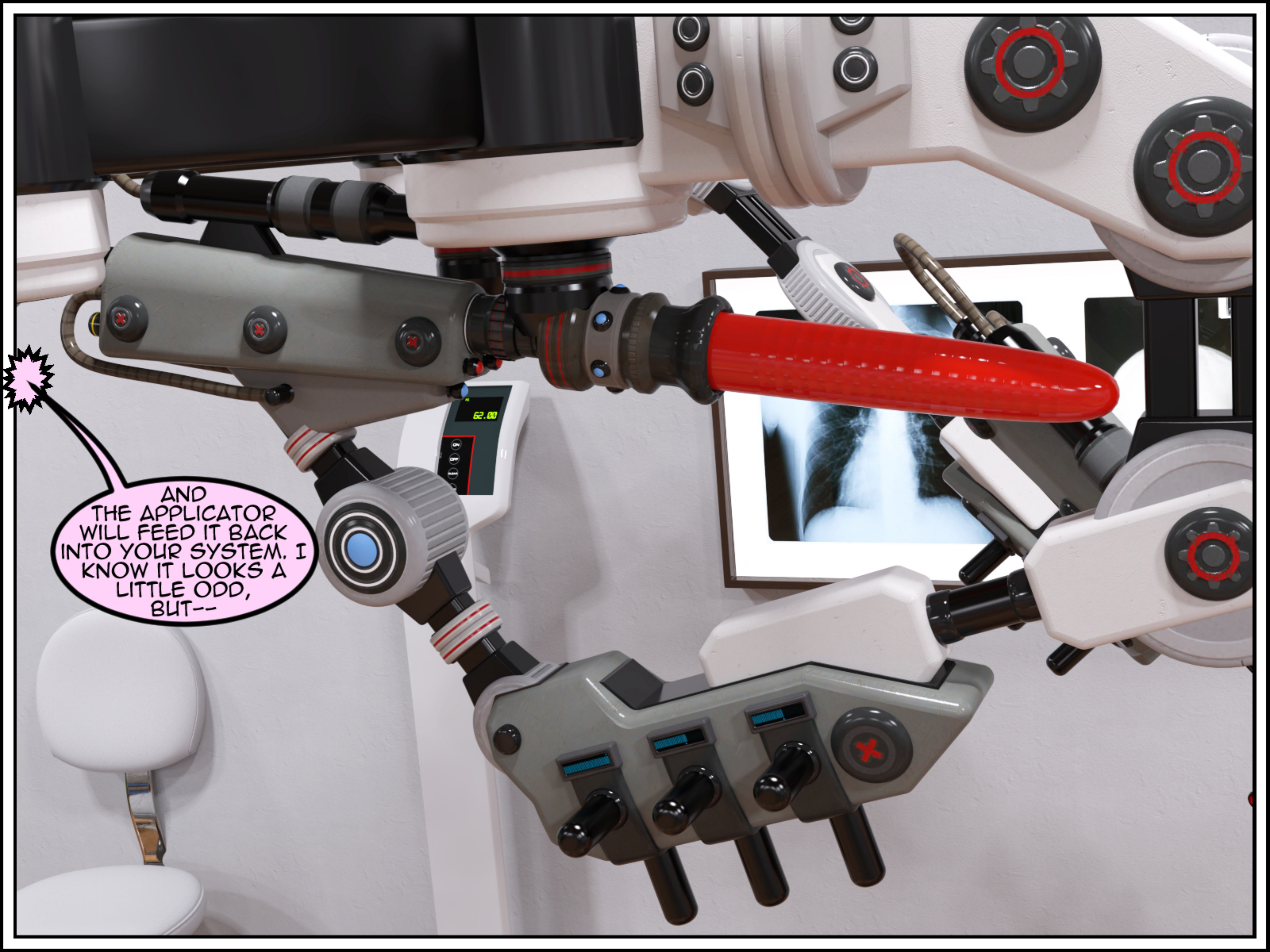
SHHH-Punhkt!

SHHH-Punhkt!



THEN
IT WILL
BE MIXED
WITH SOME OF MY
PATENTED ENHANCEMENT
TREATMENTS IN
THIS SPECIAL
RESERVOIR.






AND THE APPLICATOR WILL FEED IT BACK INTO YOUR SYSTEM. I KNOW IT LOOKS A LITTLE ODD, BUT--

I
REALLY
COULDN'T GIVE
A SHIT, DOC. GET TO
MAKING WITH THE
HUGE HOOTERS
ALREADY.





FLICKING
RUDE BITCH.
YOU WANT SOME
MASSIVE AND MILKY
MOUNDS? JUST
YOU WAIT!

FINE.
THE PATIENT
IS ALWAYS
RIGHT.

THE MACHINE COMES
TO LIFE WITH THE
FLIP OF A SINGLE
SWITCH.

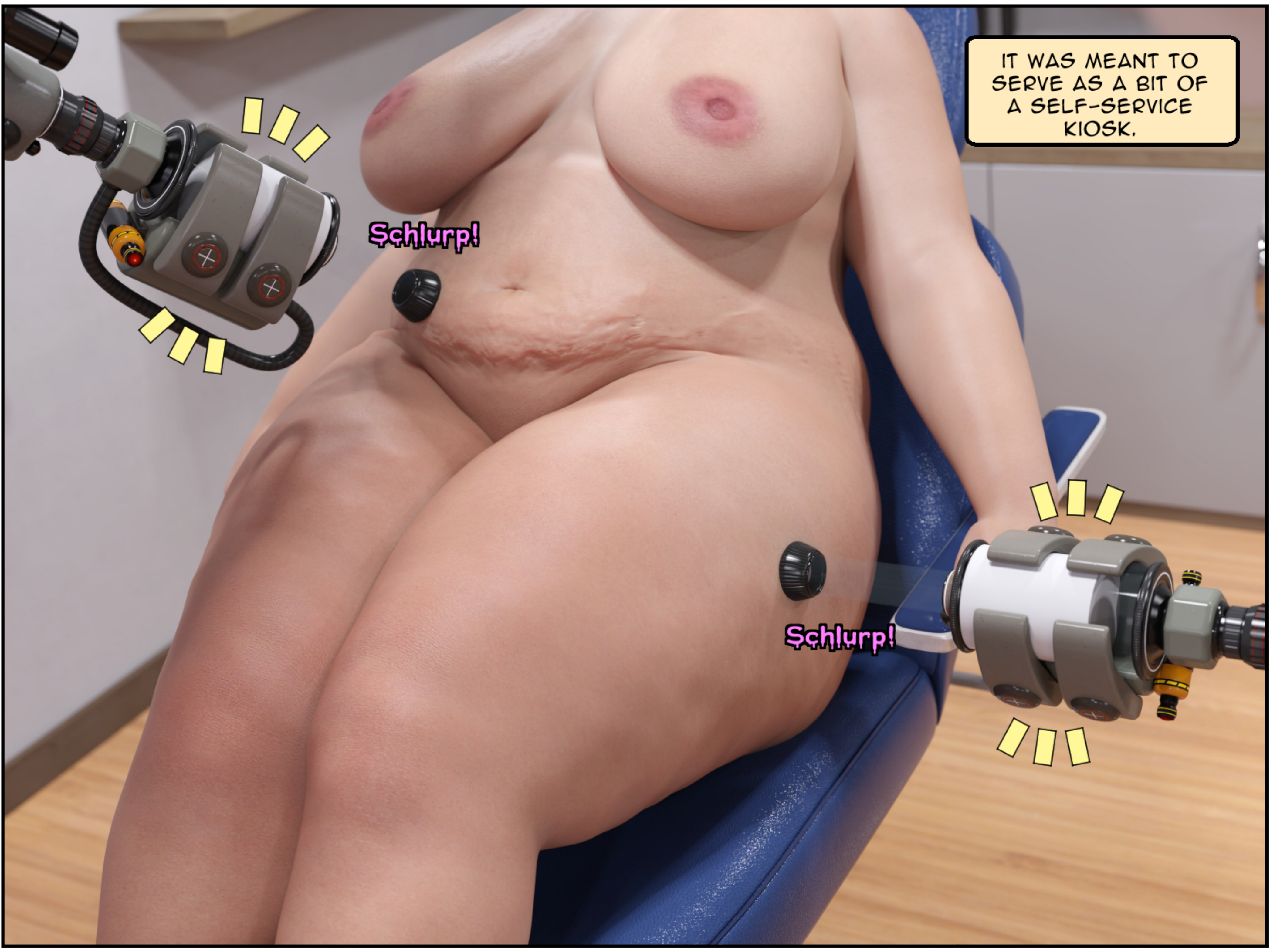
THRRRUUMMM!



IT WAS MEANT TO SERVE AS A BIT OF A SELF-SERVICE KIOSK.

Schlurp!

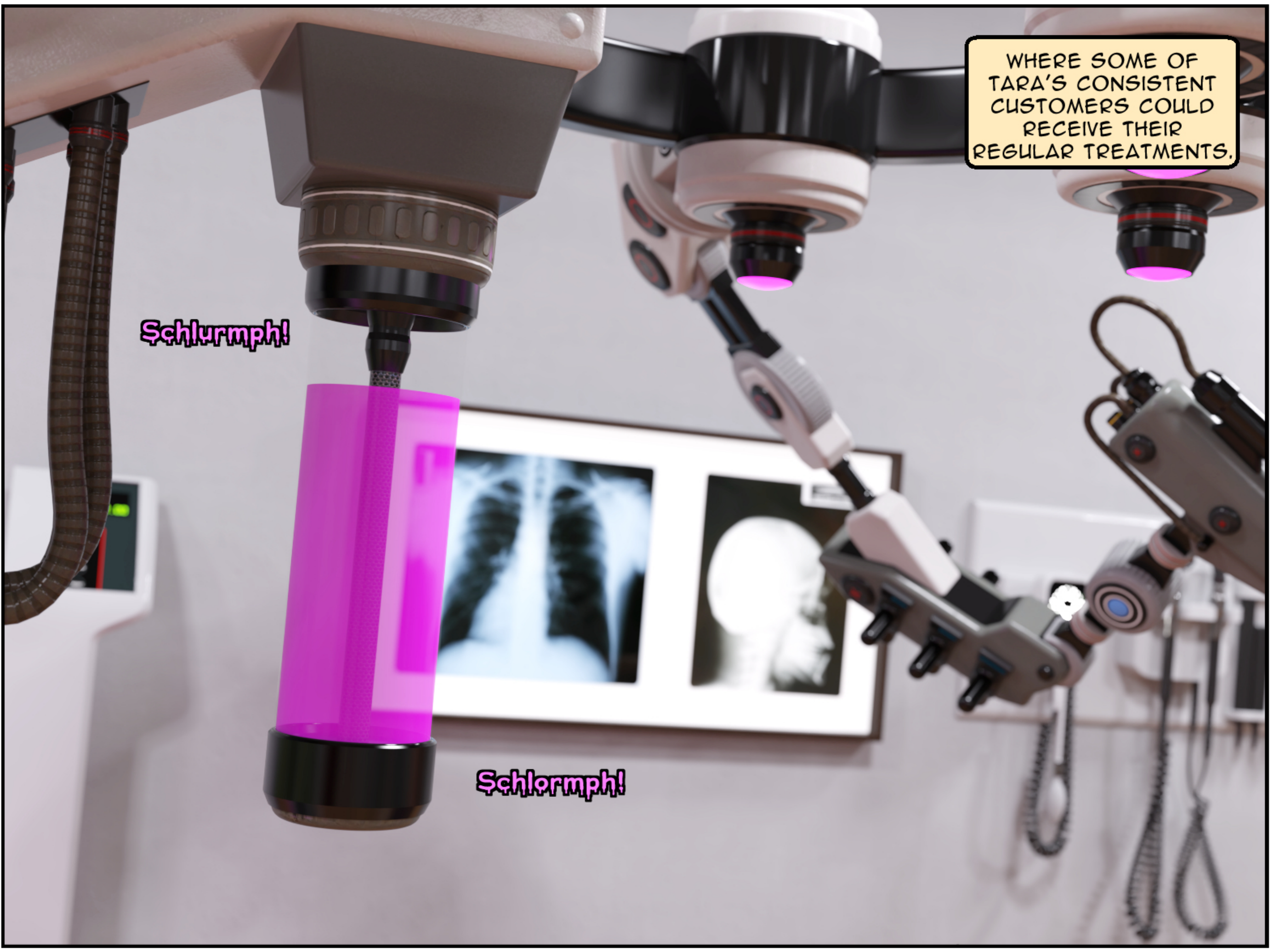
Schlurp!



WHERE SOME OF TARA'S CONSISTENT CUSTOMERS COULD RECEIVE THEIR REGULAR TREATMENTS.

Schlurmph!

Schlormph!

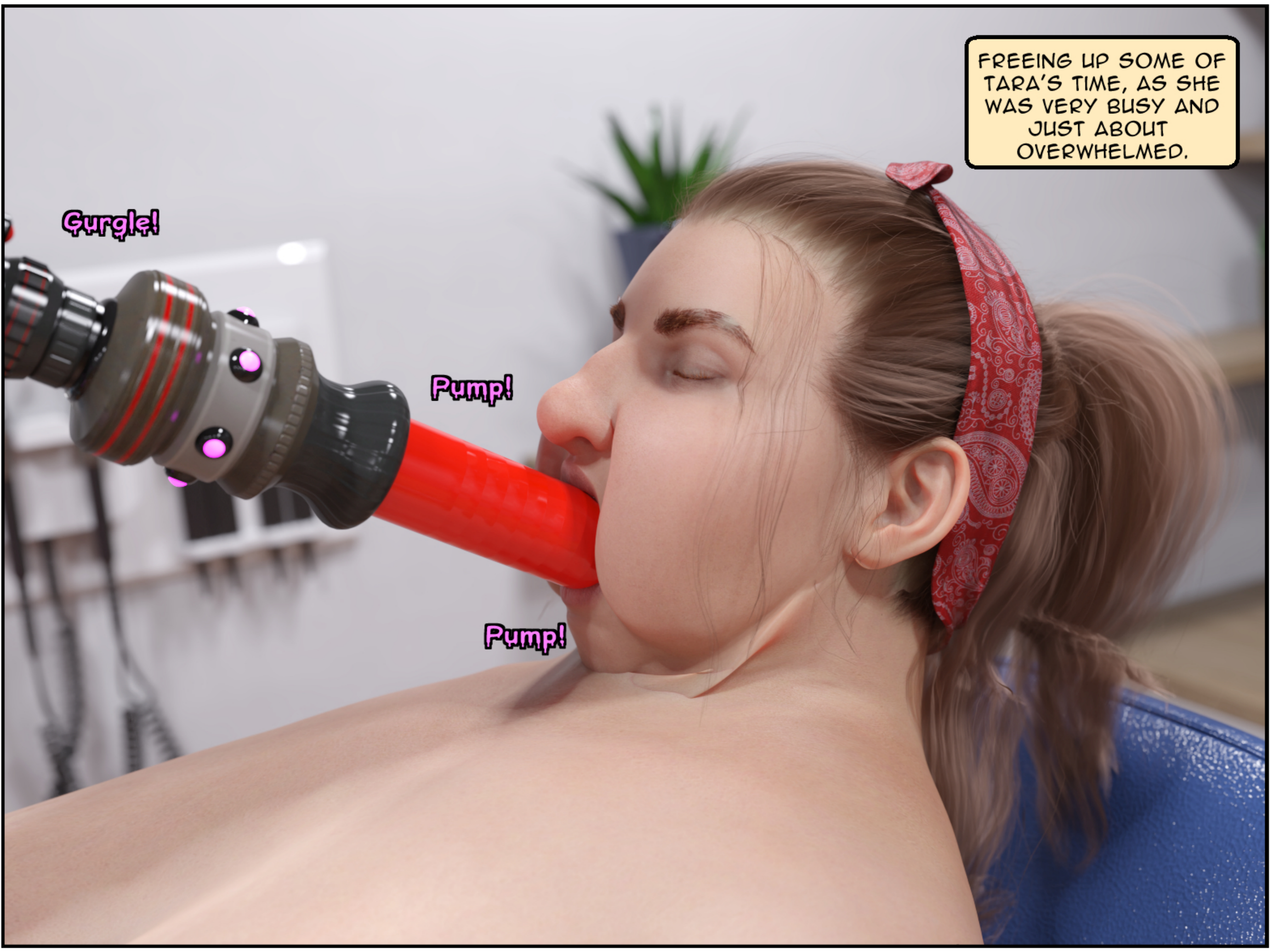


FREEING UP SOME OF TARA'S TIME, AS SHE WAS VERY BUSY AND JUST ABOUT OVERWHELMED.

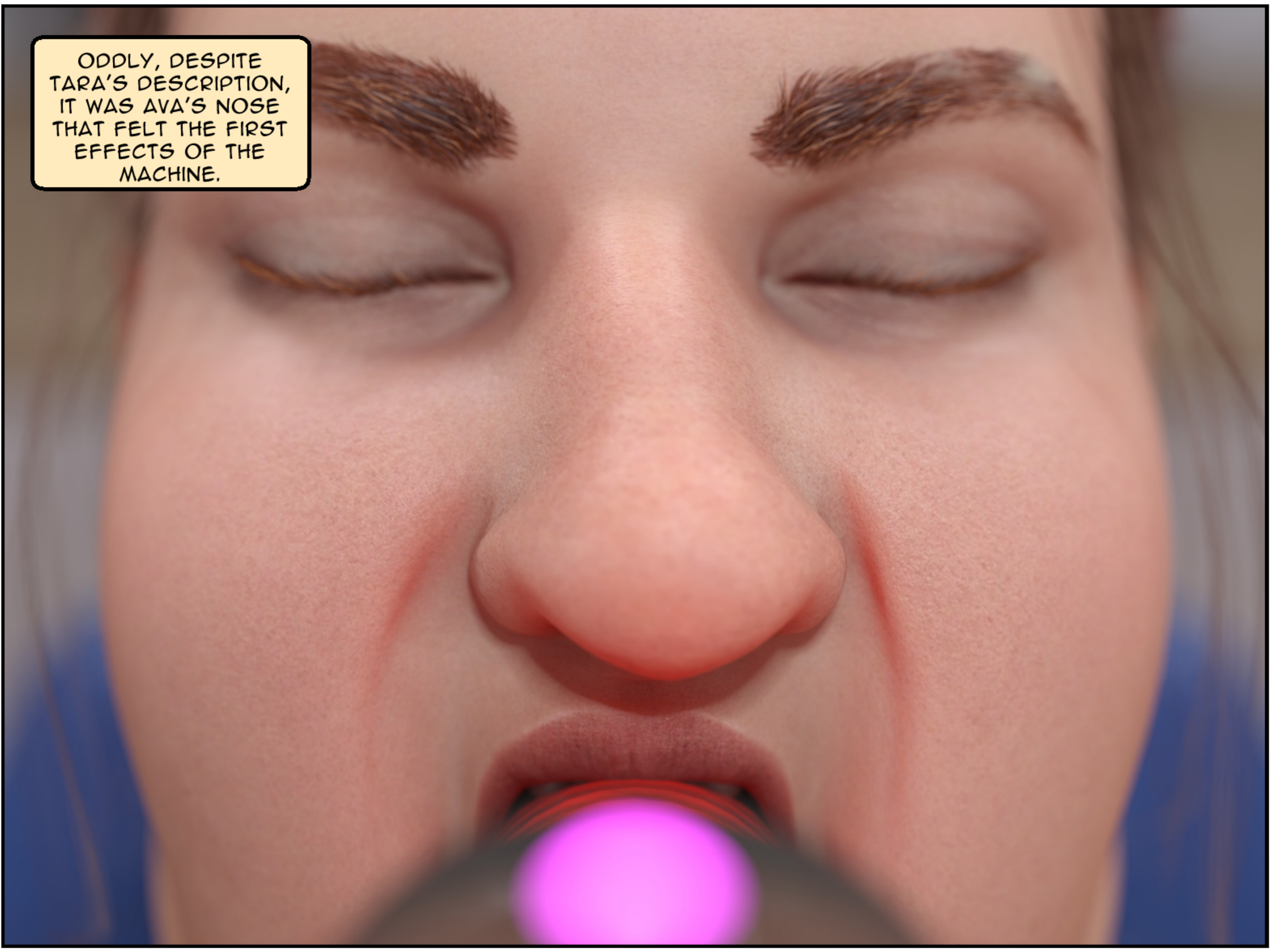
Gurgle!

Pump!

Pump!



ODDLY, DESPITE
TARA'S DESCRIPTION,
IT WAS AVA'S NOSE
THAT FELT THE FIRST
EFFECTS OF THE
MACHINE.



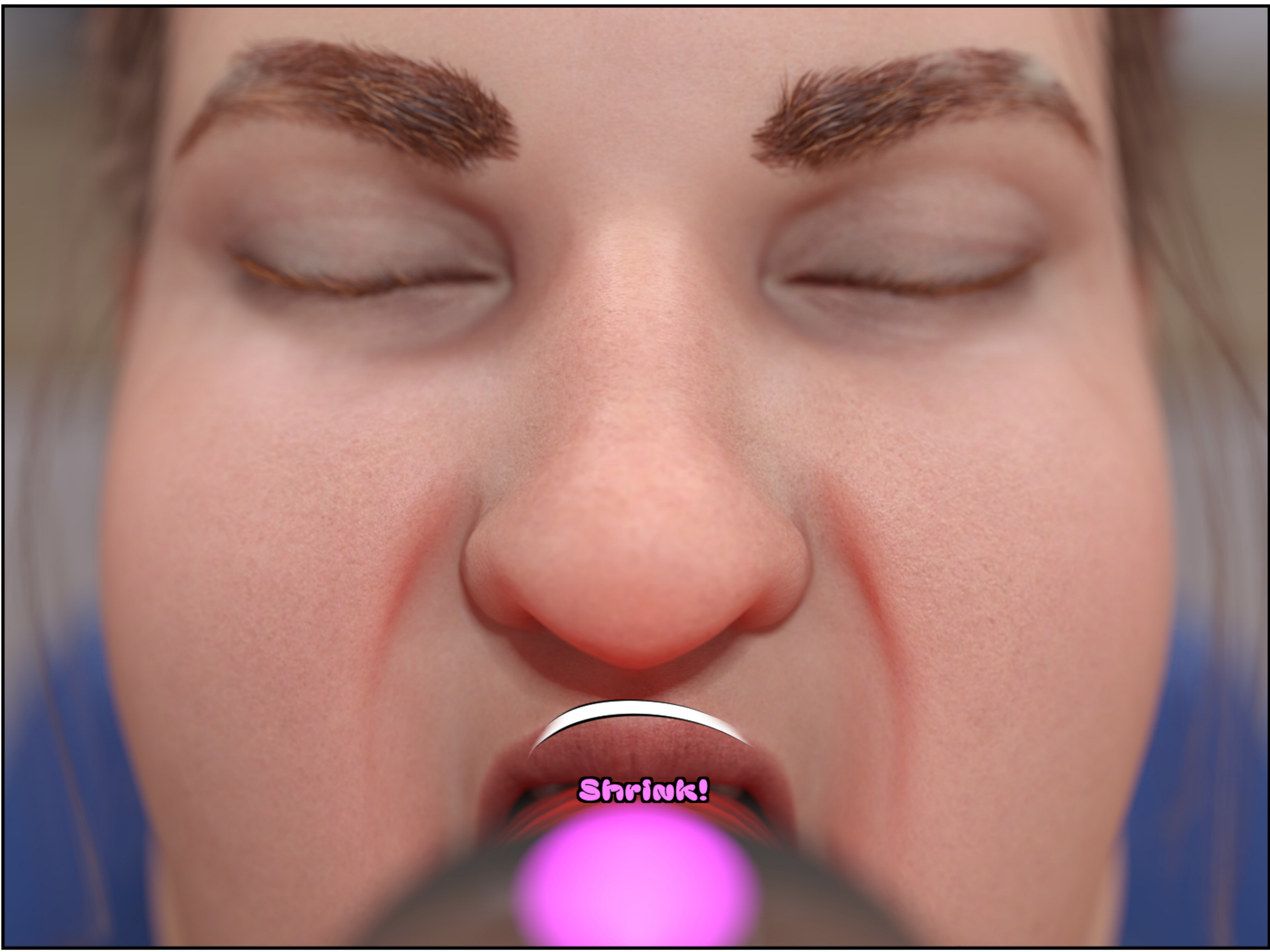
Snap!

Crackle!

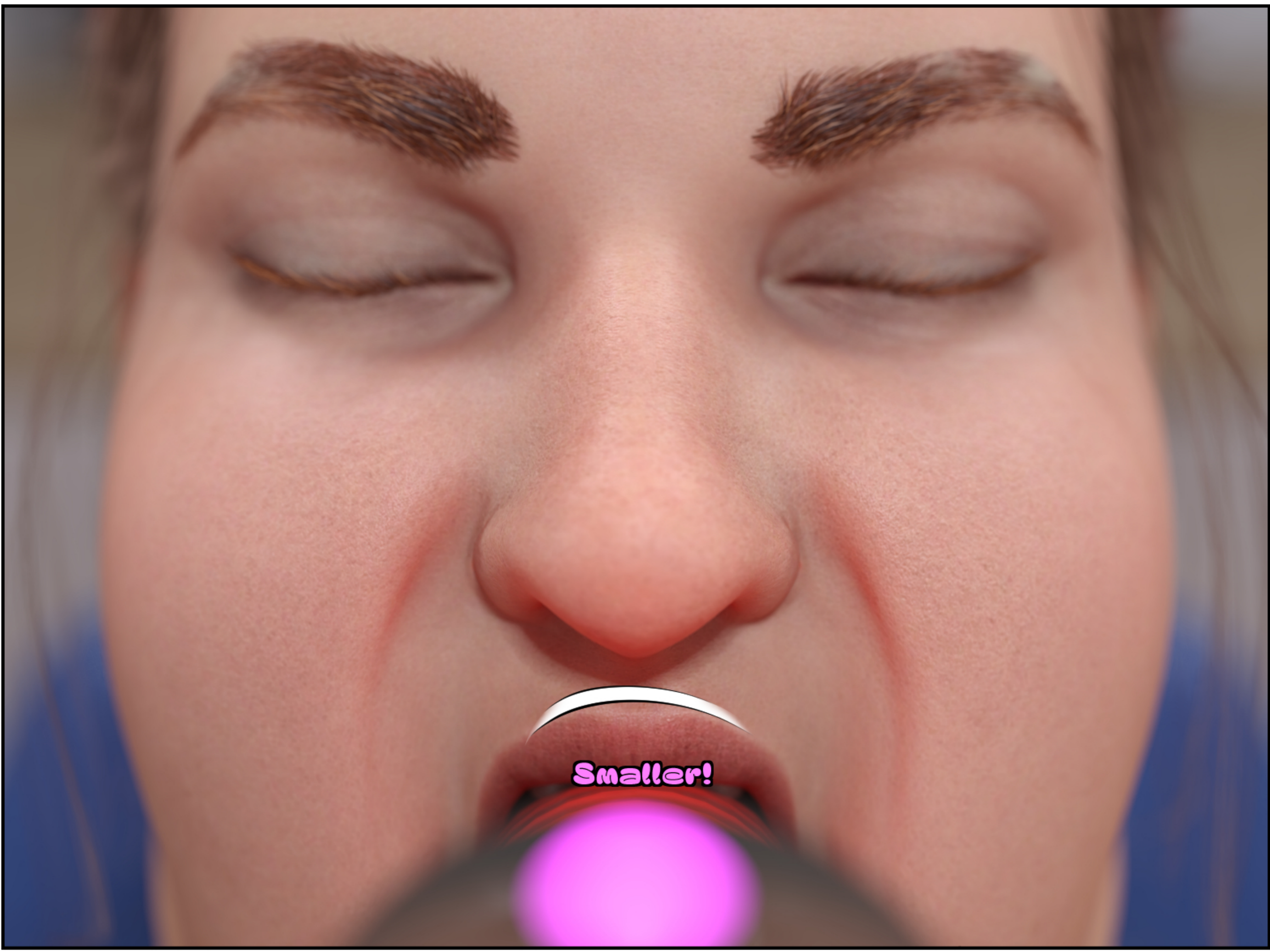
Pop!

Straighten!

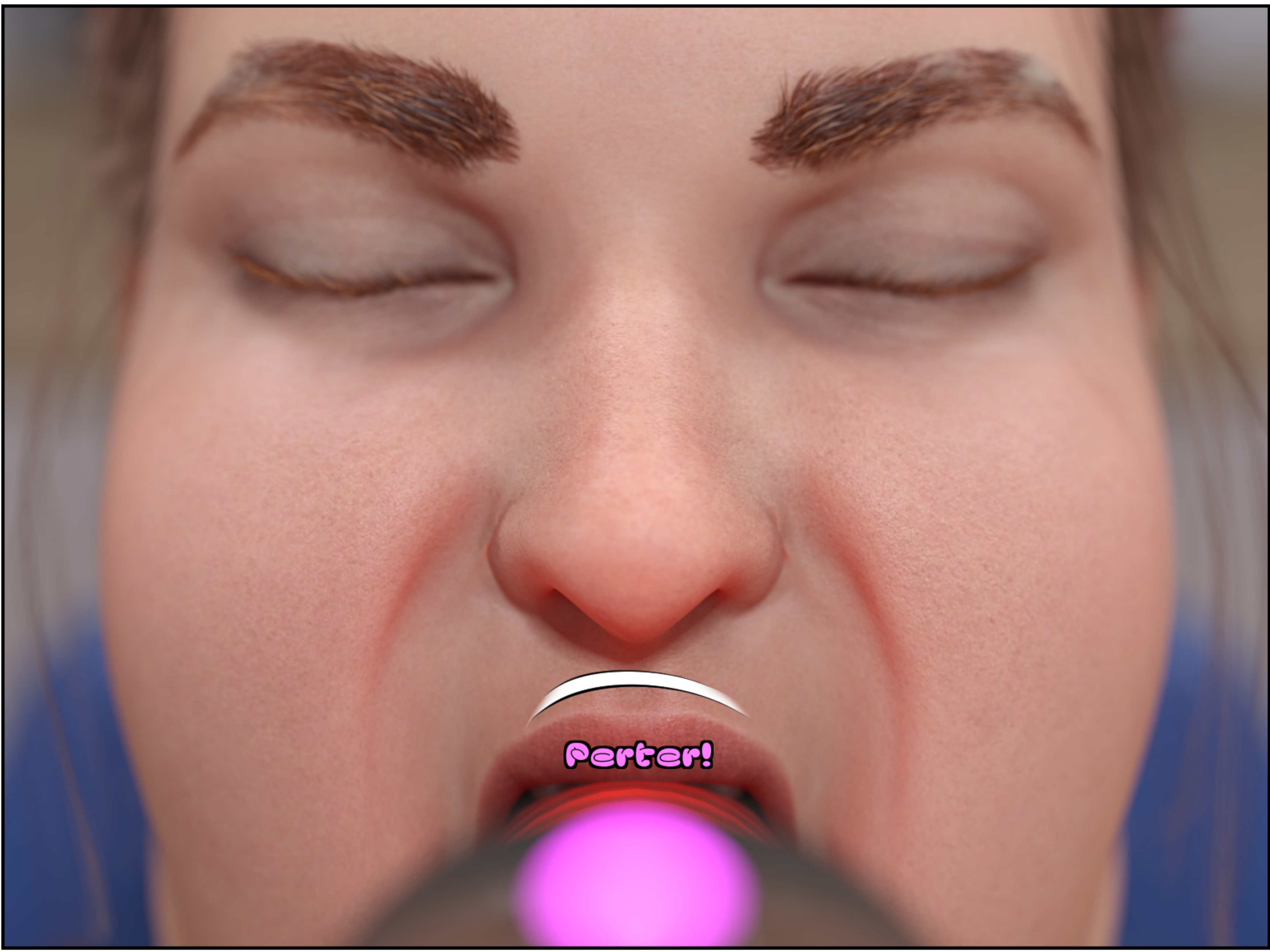




Shrink!



Smaller!



Perter!

BUT THEN THE
VACUUMS BEGAN TO
SUCK THE FAT RIGHT
OUT OF HER.





Slimmer!



Narrower!




Thinner!



Sexier!

AND OH BOY COULD
THEY SUCK, AT LEAST
AS GOOD AS SOME
OF OUR MODELS...




A photograph of a person lying on a blue padded table, possibly in a medical or laboratory setting. The person's torso is visible, showing their chest and abdomen. A white and grey medical device with a black knob is positioned on the person's chest. Another similar device is on the person's abdomen. The person's skin appears pale. The word "Lighter!" is written in a stylized, pink, bubbly font with a black outline, positioned over the chest area. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with some equipment visible.

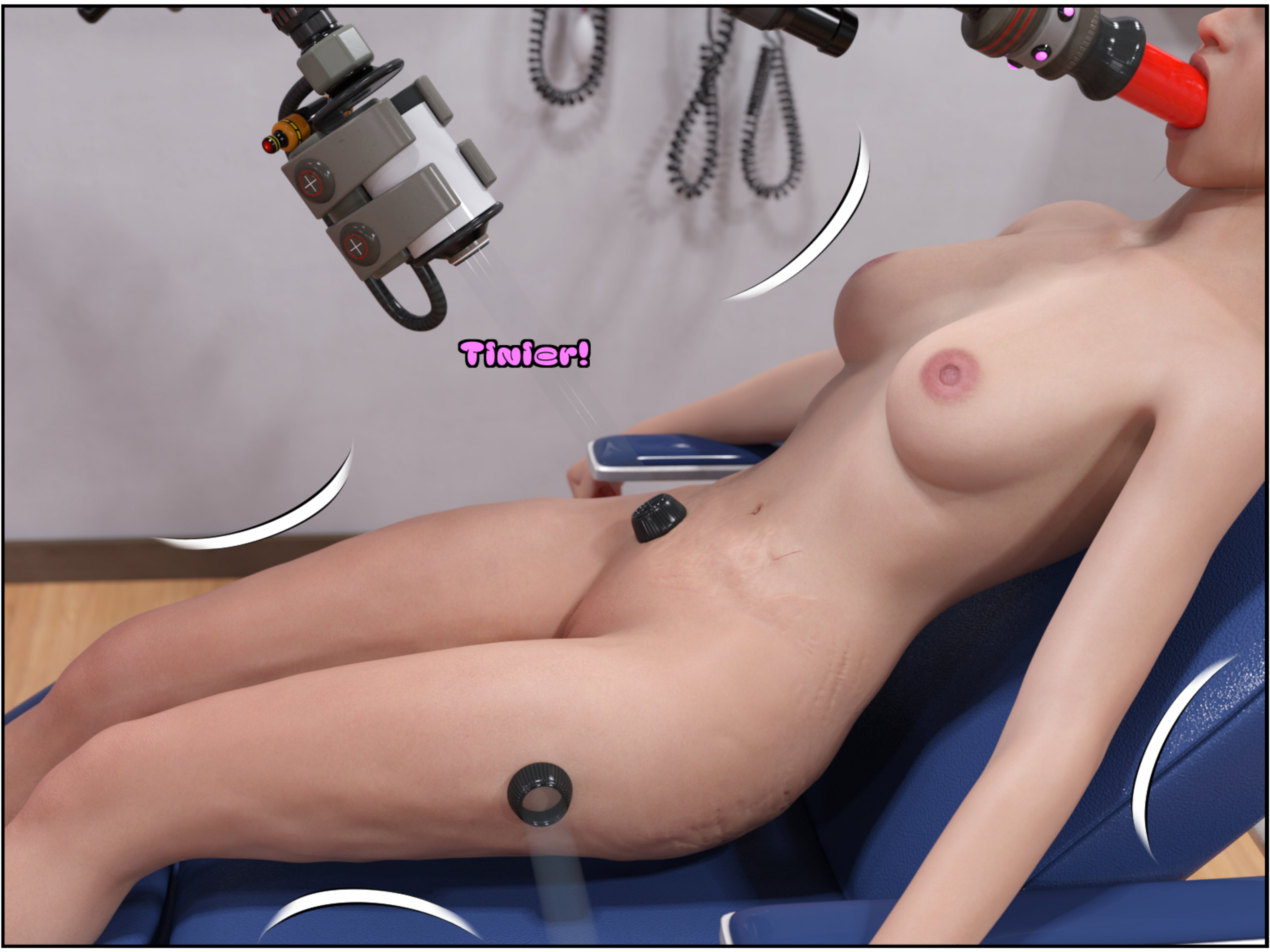
Lighter!

A woman is lying on a blue medical table in a clinical setting. She is wearing several black circular sensors on her abdomen and upper thigh. A robotic arm with a white and grey body is positioned above her, with a thin probe directed towards her midsection. The background shows a white wall with medical equipment. The word "Slighter!" is written in pink, stylized text with a black outline, positioned near the robotic arm.

Slighter!

A 3D rendered female mannequin is lying on a blue medical table. A robotic arm with a white and grey body and a yellow tip is positioned above her. The mannequin has several black circular sensors attached to her abdomen and thigh. The background shows a white wall with some medical equipment. The text "Skinnier!" is written in pink, bubbly font with a black outline, pointing towards the mannequin's midsection.

Skinnier!



Tinner!

IT LOOKED LIKE AVA
WASN'T TOO BAD AT
THAT SKILL EITHER, AS
SHE GULPED DOWN
LOADS AND LOADS
OF HER OWN
TAINTED FAT.

SLURP!

SLURP!





Swell!!



Fuller!



Plumper!

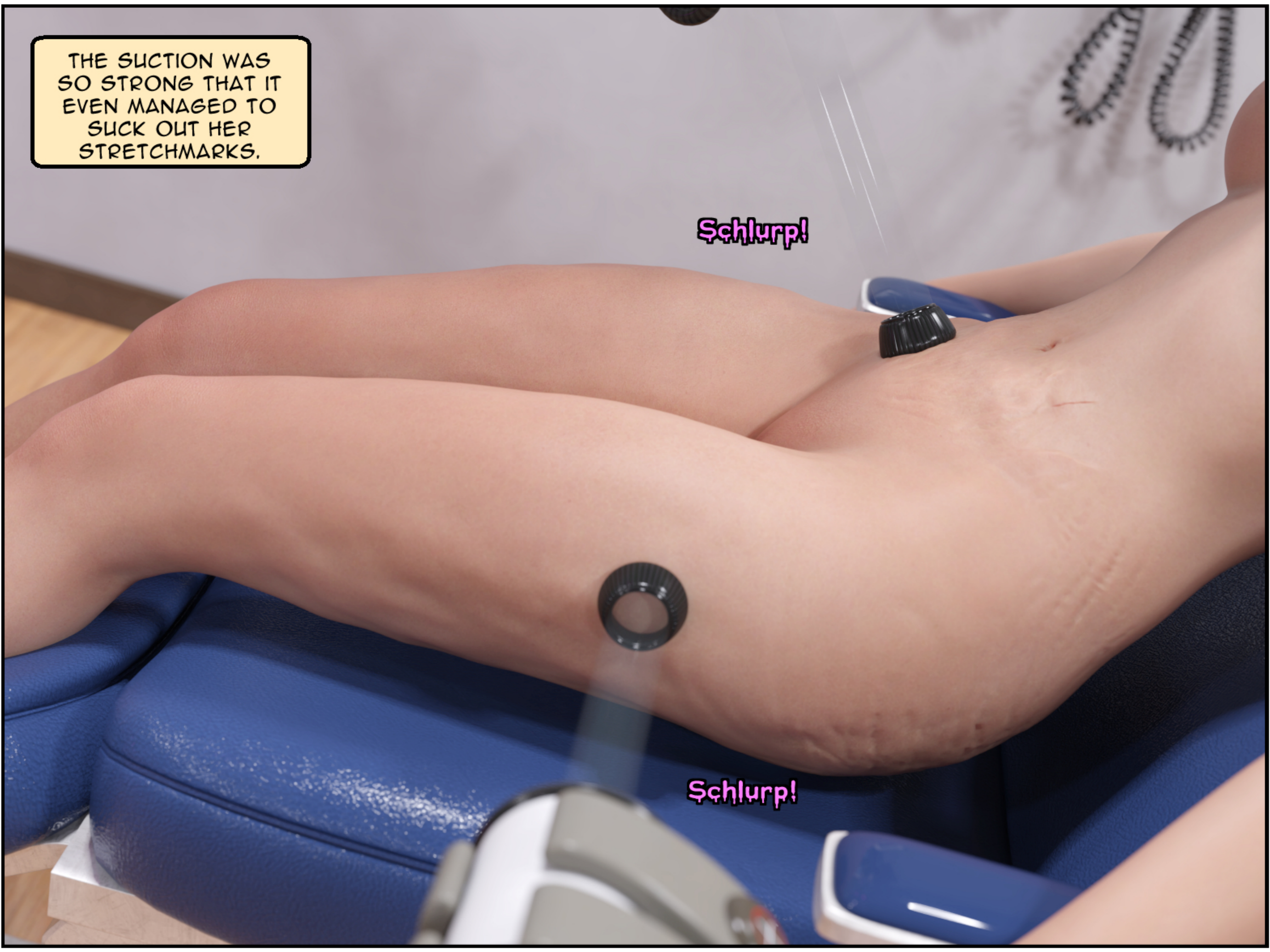


Plusher!

THE SUCTION WAS SO STRONG THAT IT EVEN MANAGED TO SUCK OUT HER STRETCHMARKS.

Schlurp!

Schlurp!



SHHH-Plorp!



BLING!

SHHH-Plorp!



AS THE MACHINE SWITCHED TOOLS TO BETTER FACILITATE THE EXPANSION OF BREAST FLESH.

WHIIIRRR!

Ka-Chunk!

Ka-Chunk!



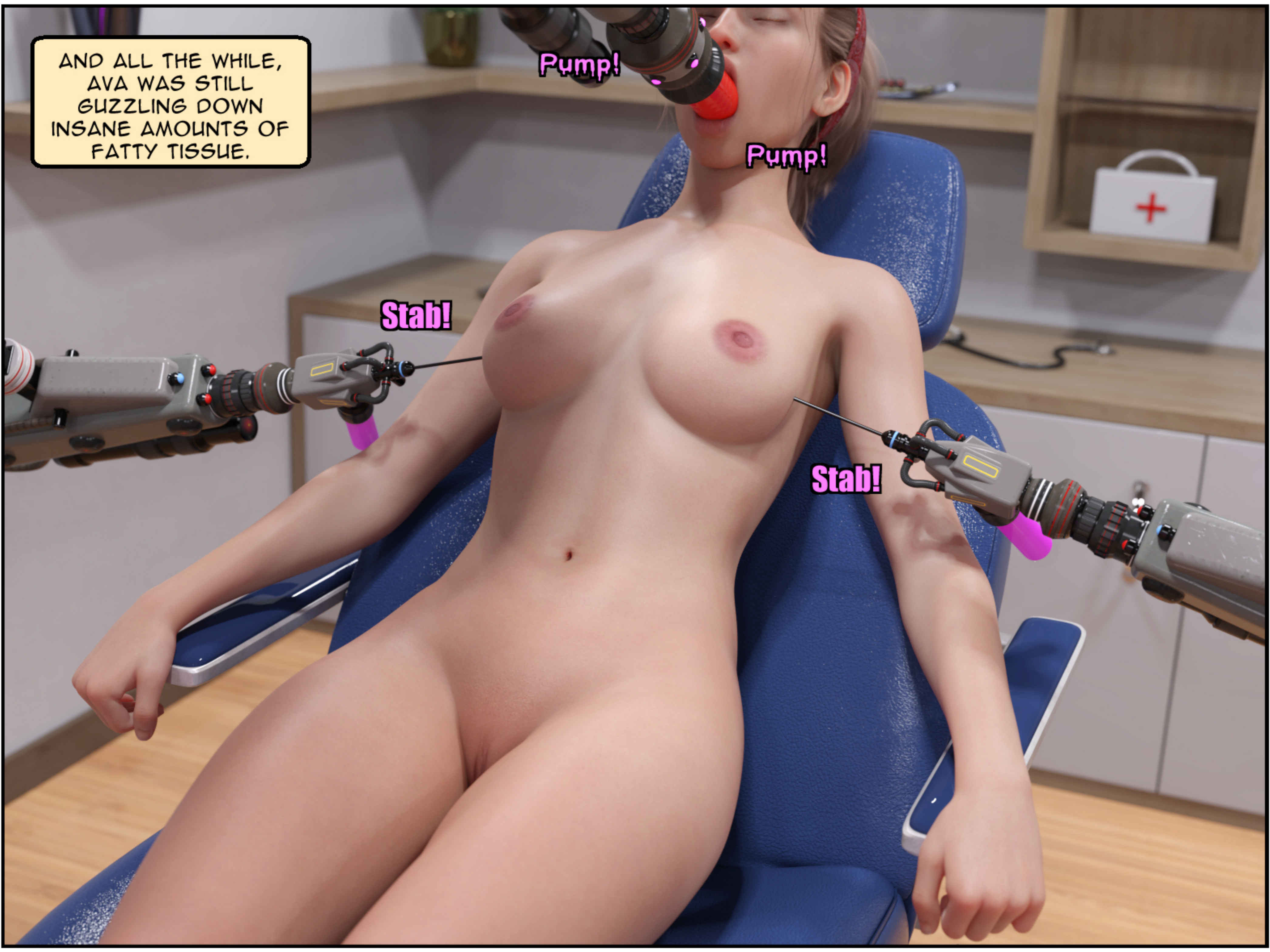
AND ALL THE WHILE,
AVA WAS STILL
GUZZLING DOWN
INSANE AMOUNTS OF
FATTY TISSUE.

Pump!

Pump!

Stab!

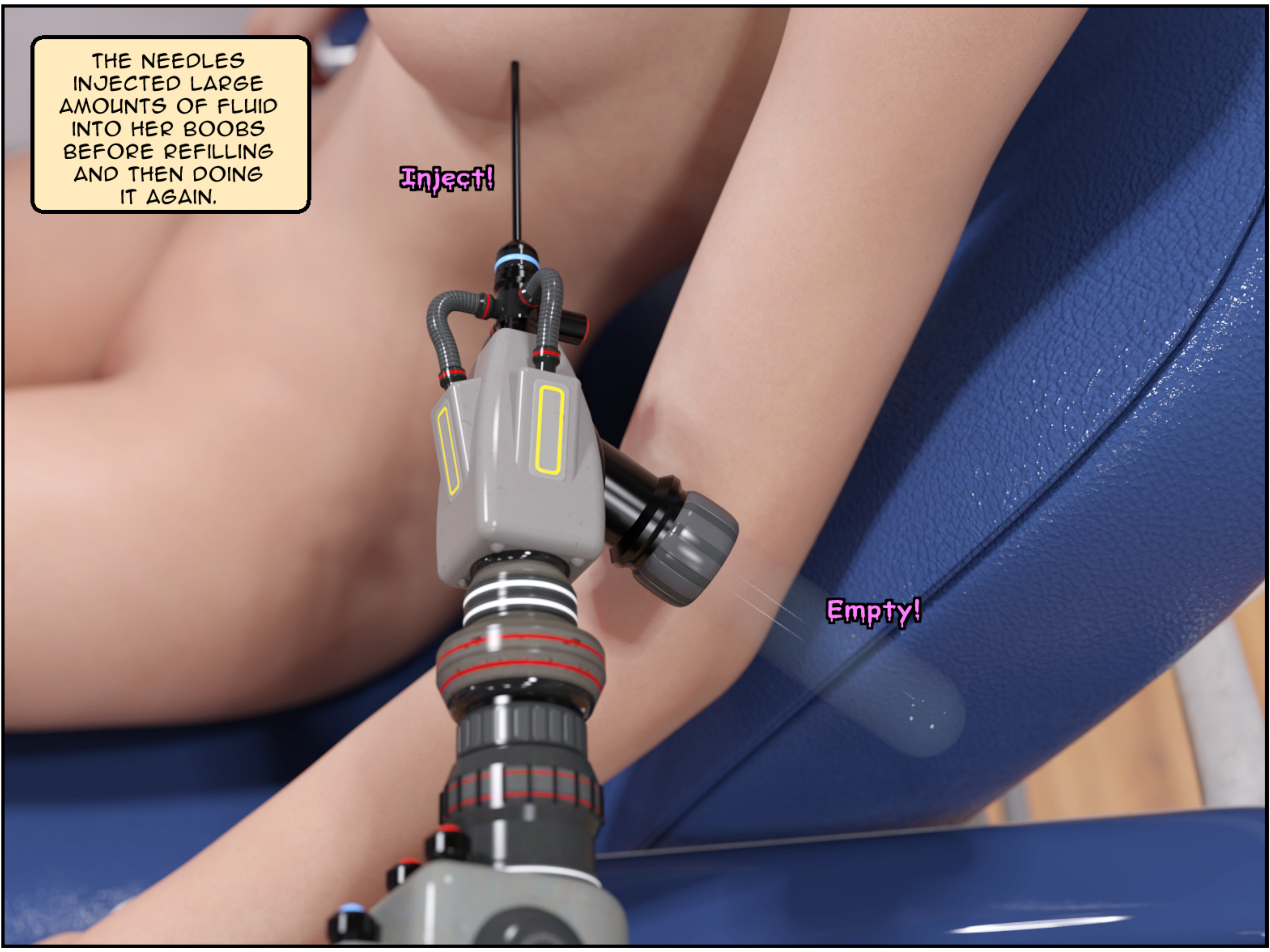
Stab!



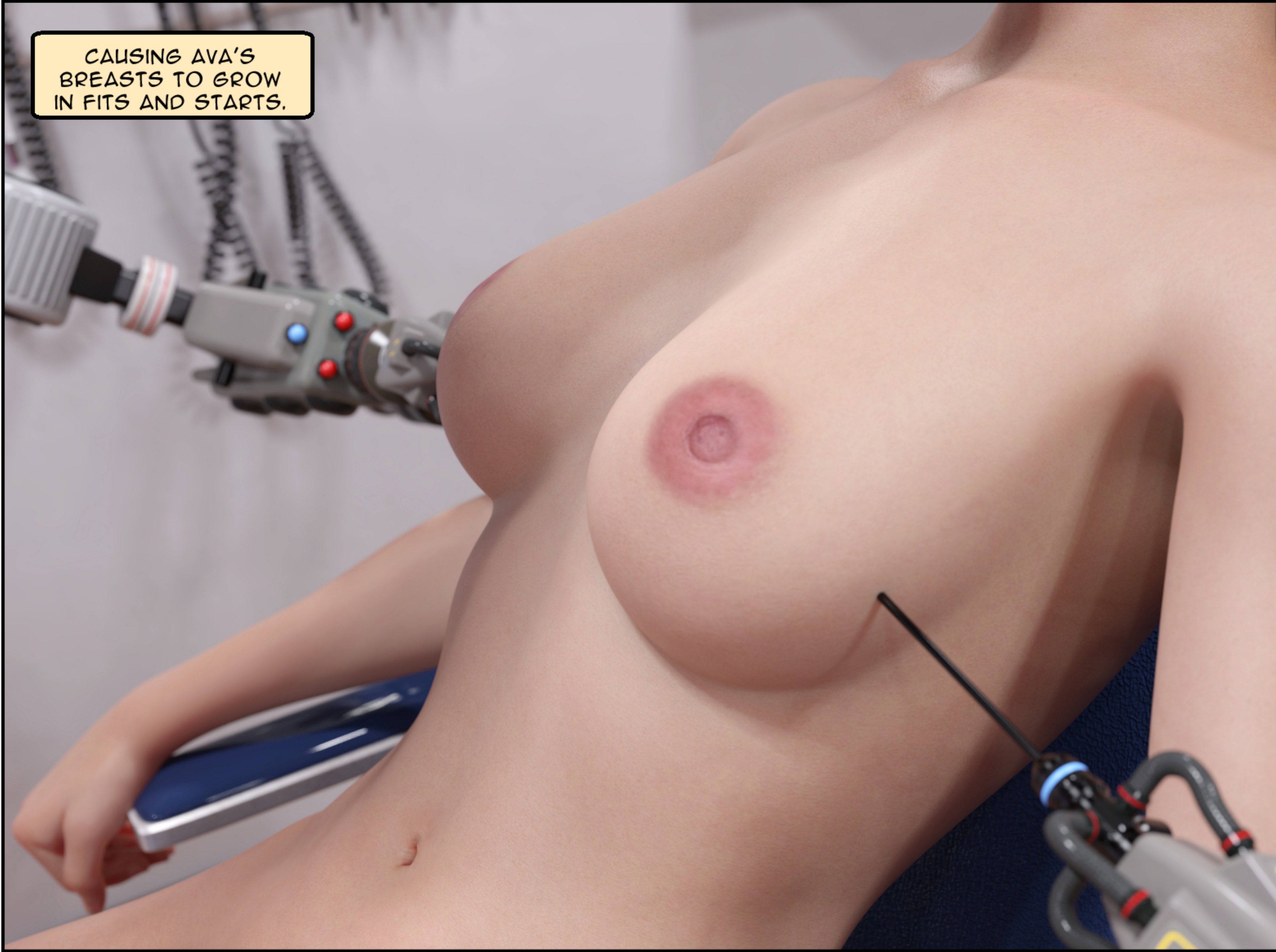
THE NEEDLES
INJECTED LARGE
AMOUNTS OF FLUID
INTO HER BOOBS
BEFORE REFILLING
AND THEN DOING
IT AGAIN.

Inject!

Empty!



CAUSING AVA'S
BREASTS TO GROW
IN FITS AND STARTS.





Swell!!



Grow!



Bulge!



Bigger!

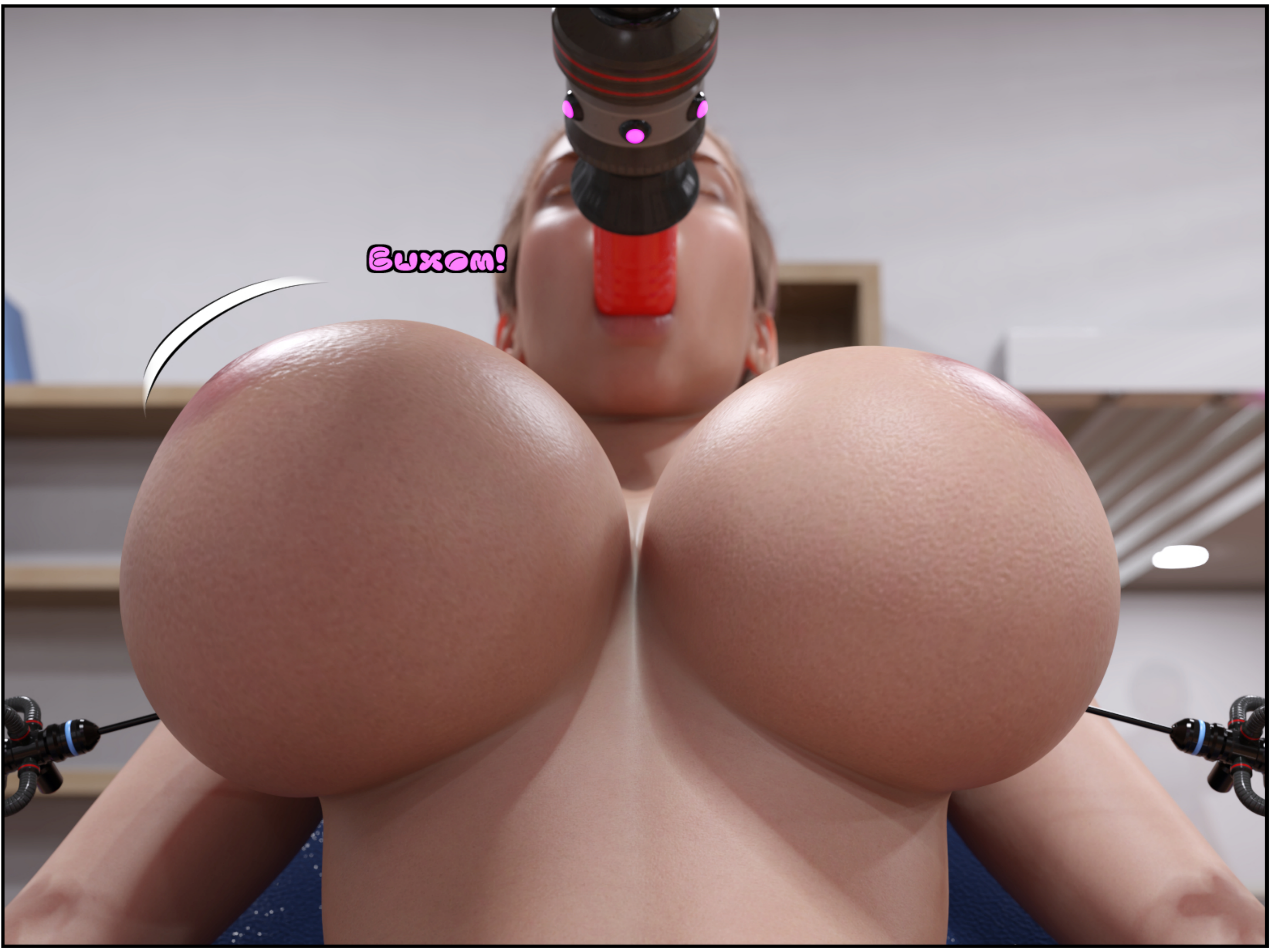
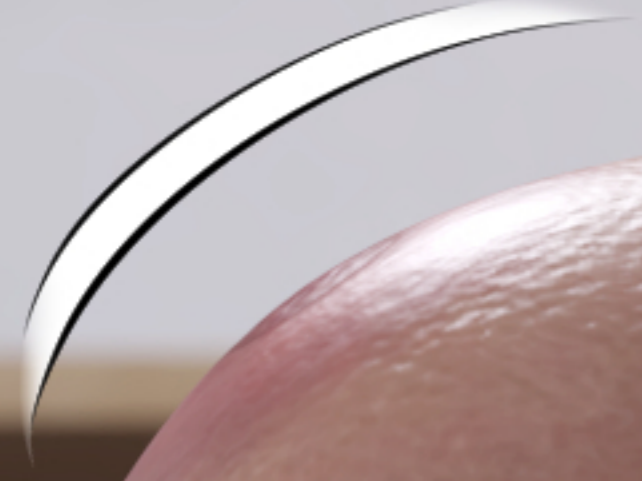
SOMETIMES ONE
SYRINGE WOULD
RELOAD SLIGHTLY
FASTER THAN THE
OTHER.





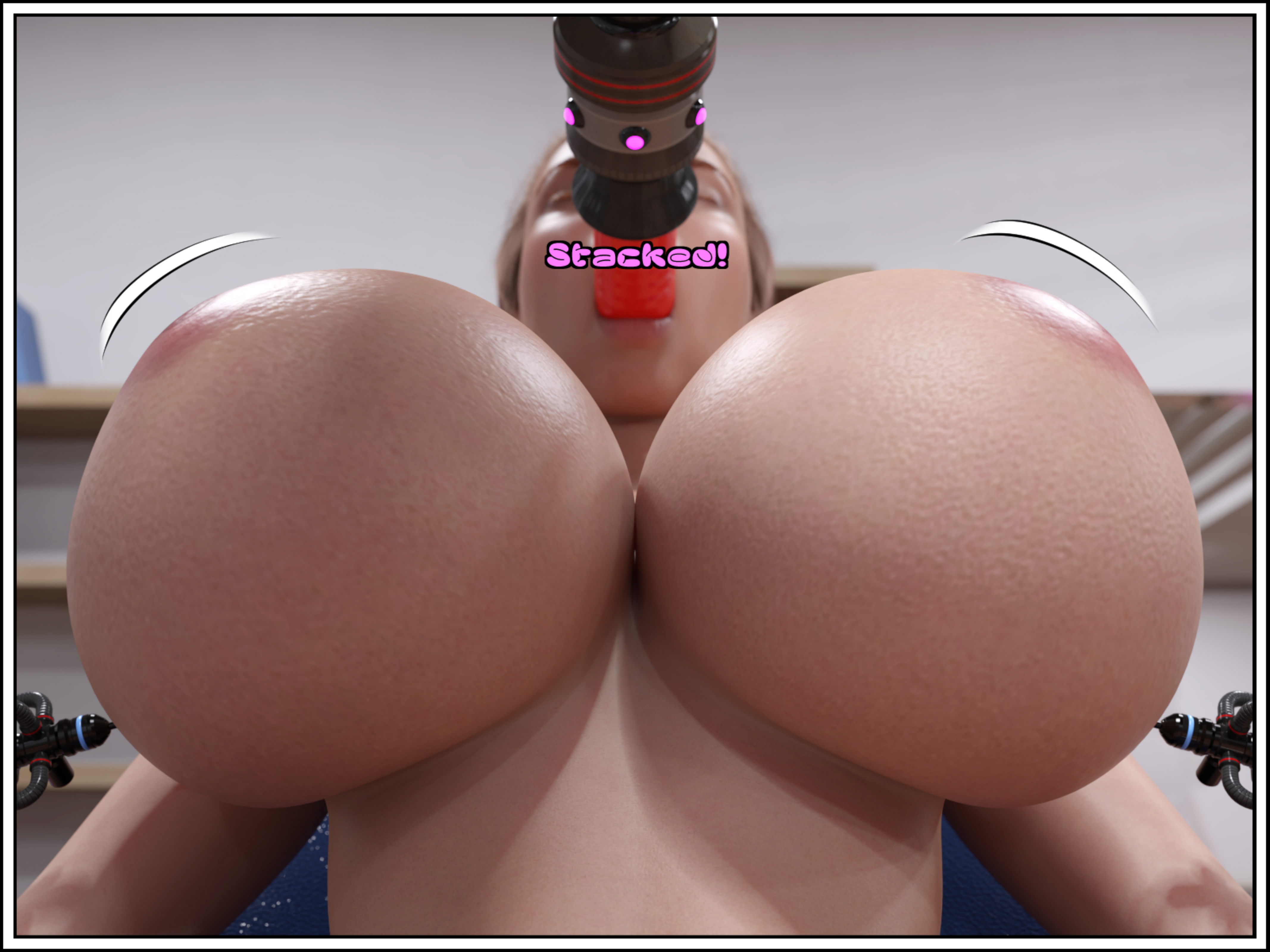
Ample!

Buxom!



Bustier!



A close-up photograph of a woman's buttocks, which are the central focus of the image. The skin is smooth and has a natural, warm tone. In the background, a woman's face is visible, looking upwards. She has blonde hair and is wearing a red top. A futuristic, black and red scanning device is positioned directly in front of her face, with several glowing purple lights. The word "Stacked!" is written in a stylized, pink, bubbly font across the center of the image, positioned over the woman's face. Two white, curved lines are drawn above each buttock, emphasizing their rounded shape. The overall scene suggests a high-tech or futuristic body scan or measurement process.

Stacked!

CAUSING ONE RAPIDLY SWELLING BALLOON TO SURGE MUCH LARGER THAN ITS PARTNER.





Bloat



Expand!



Enlarge!



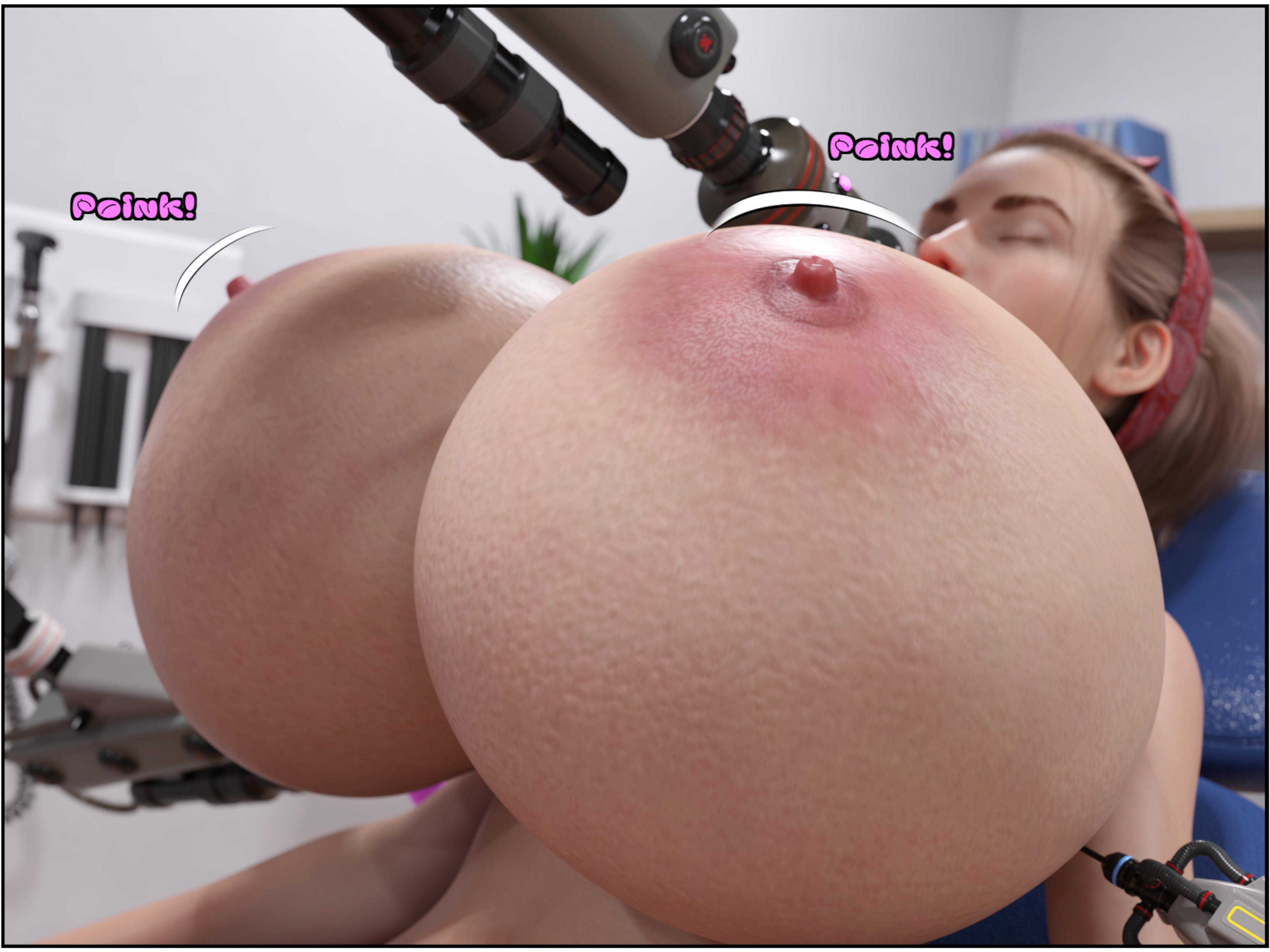
Balloon!

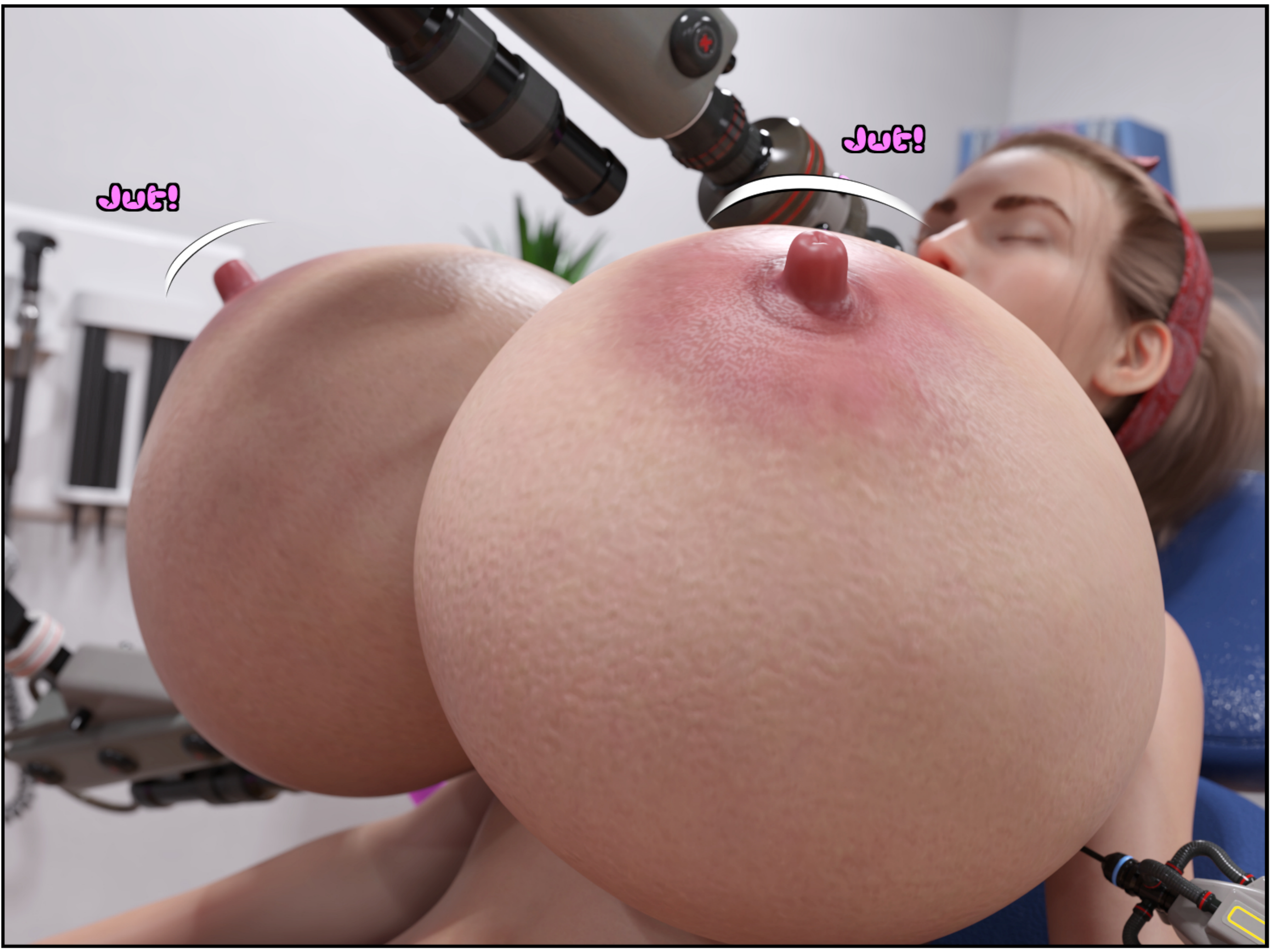
EVENTUALLY HER MASSIVE NEW MOUNDS EVENED OUT IN SIZE, BEFORE BEING TOPPED WITH HUGE, THICK, TURGID NIPPLES.



Poink!

Poink!





Jut!

Jut!

Thrust!

Thrust!

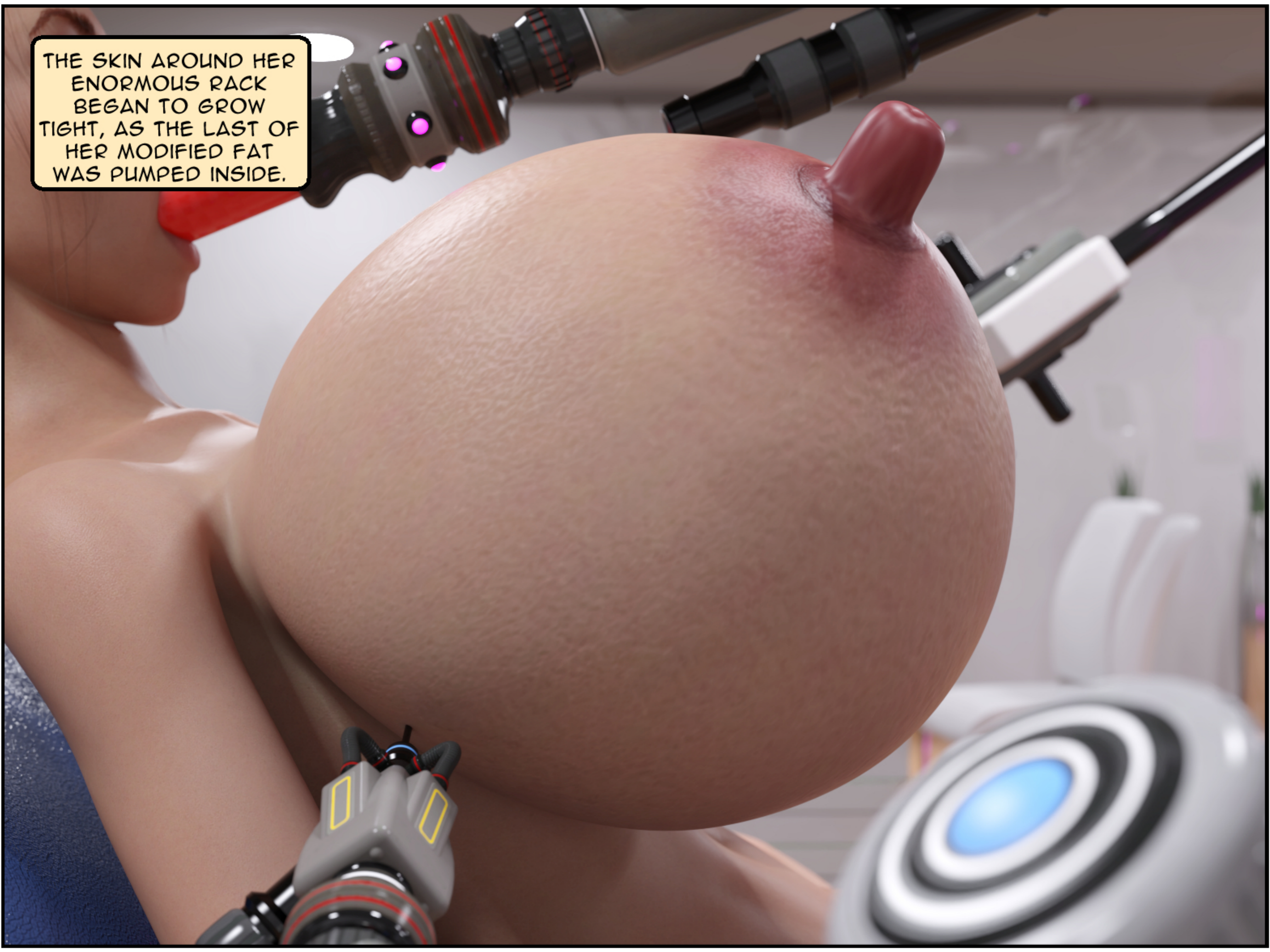


Thicker!

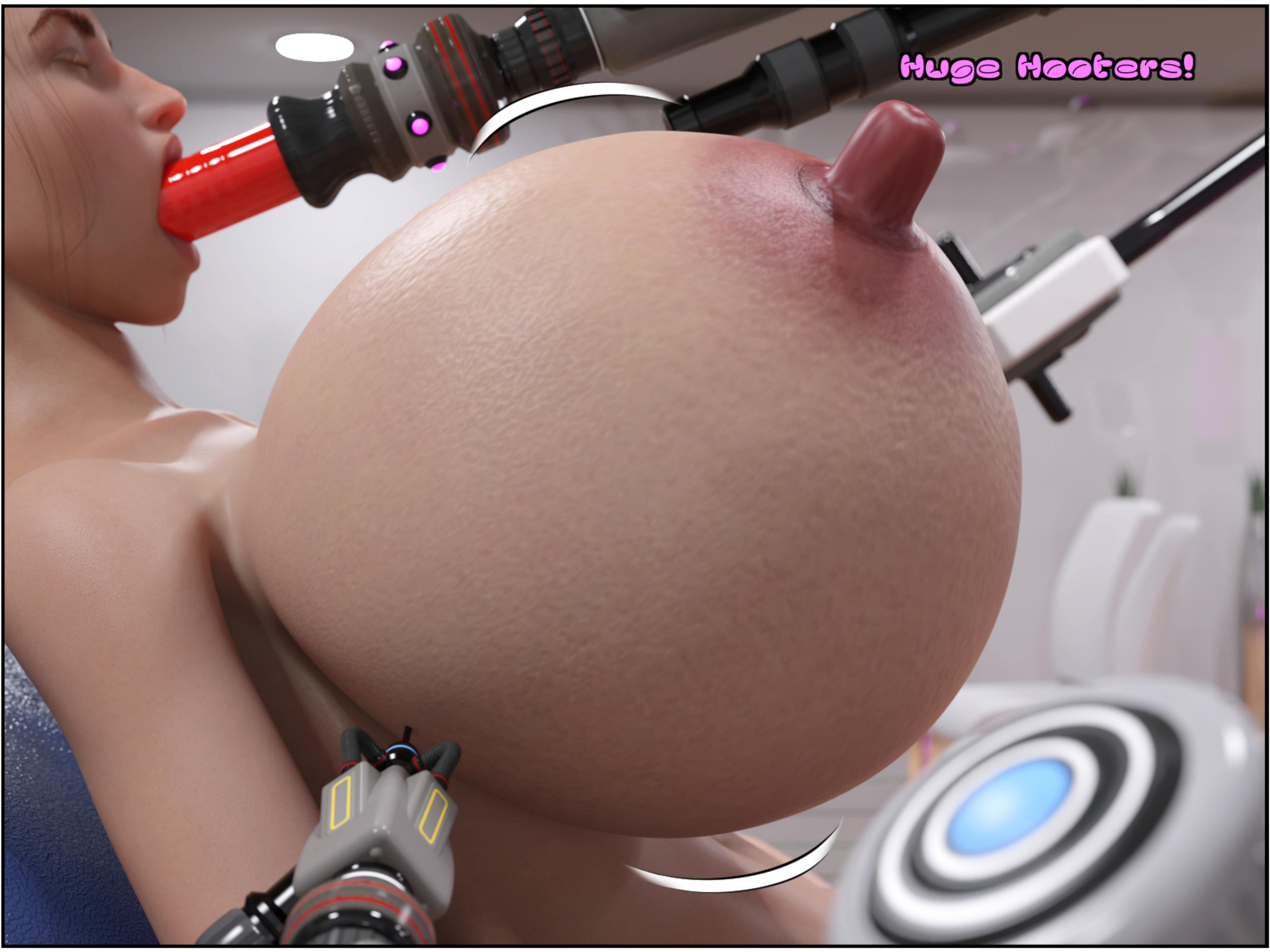
Bigger!



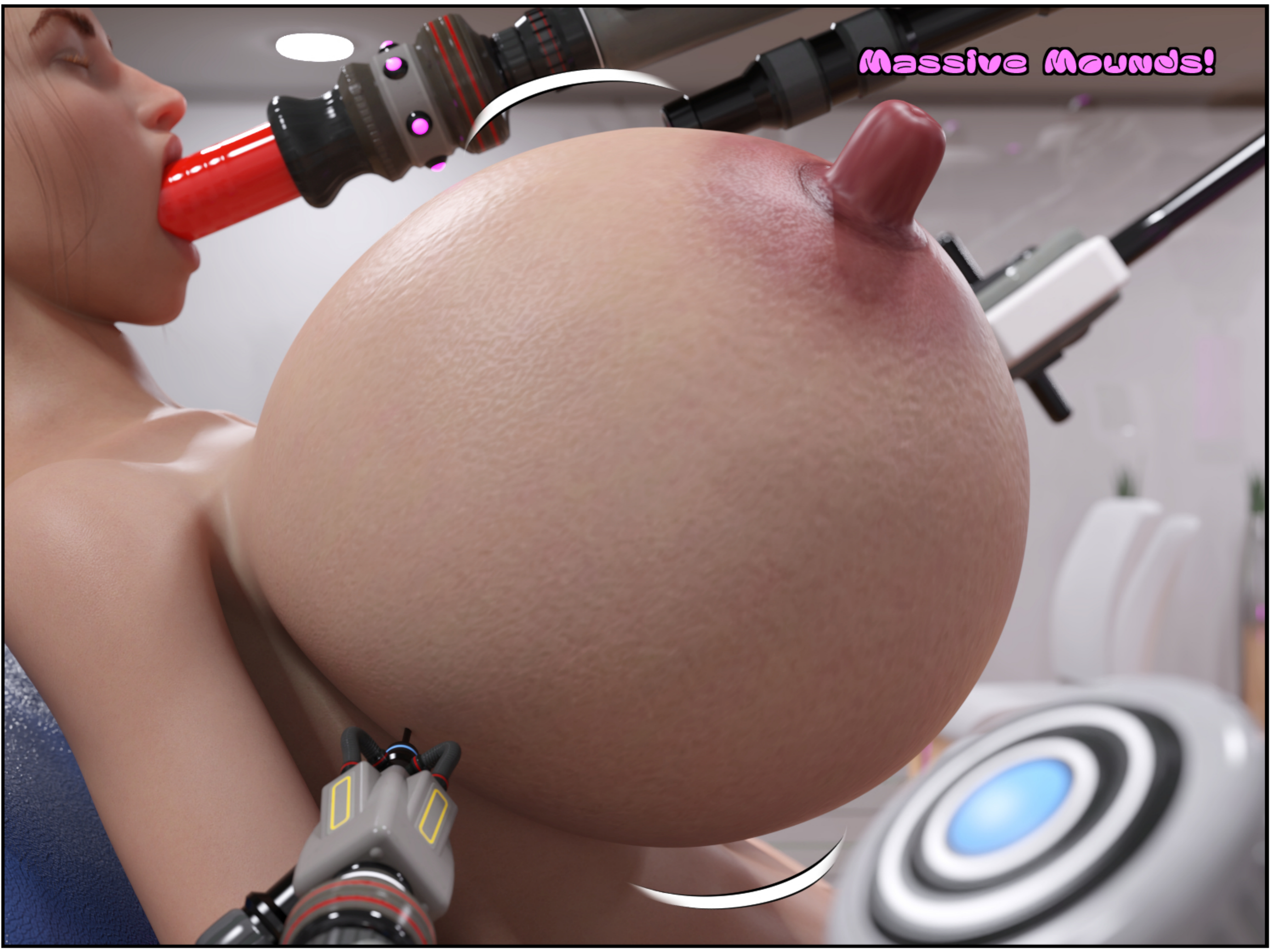
THE SKIN AROUND HER ENORMOUS RACK BEGAN TO GROW TIGHT, AS THE LAST OF HER MODIFIED FAT WAS PUMPED INSIDE.



Huge Hoooters!



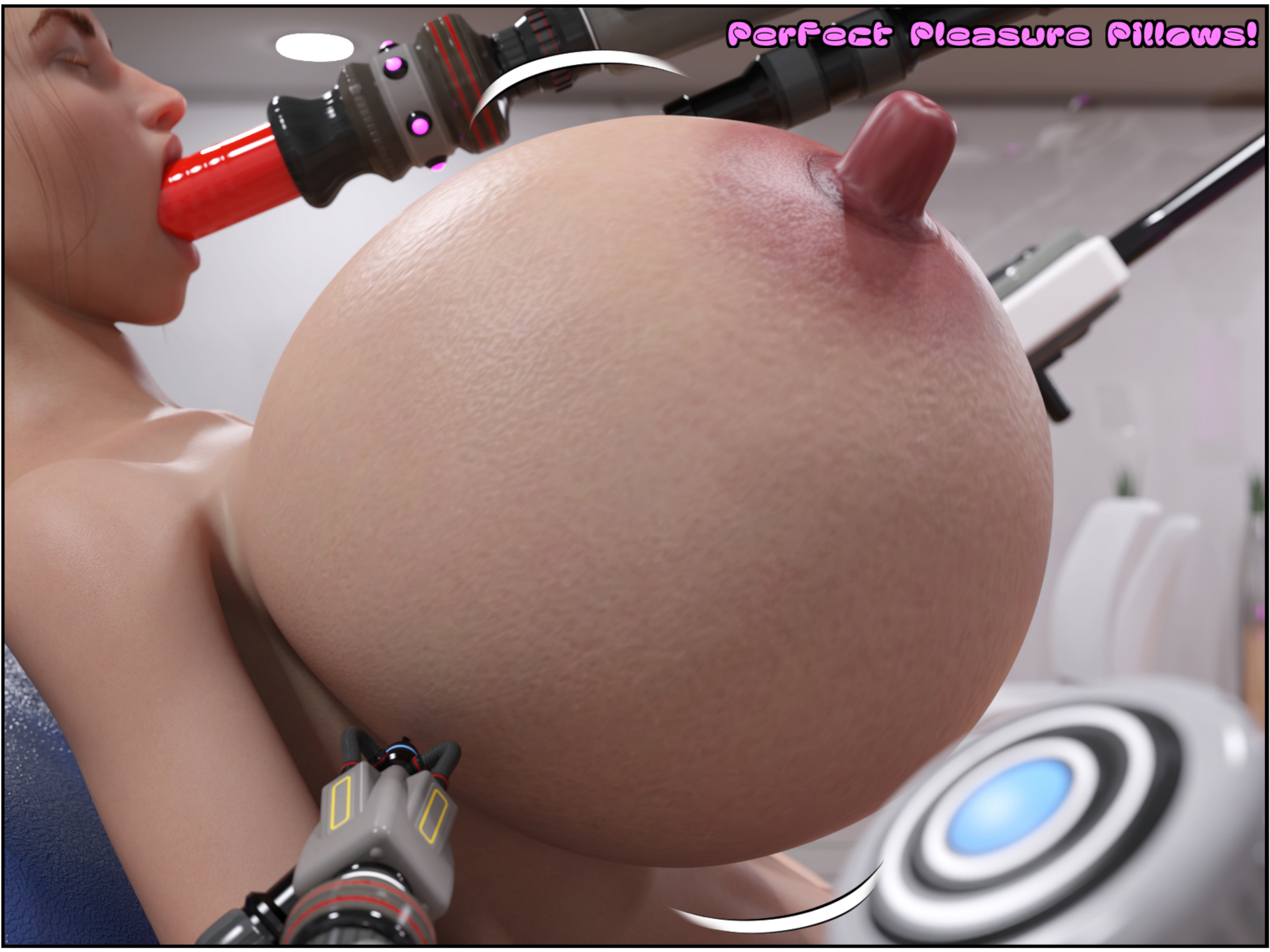
Massive Mounds!



Obscene Orbs!

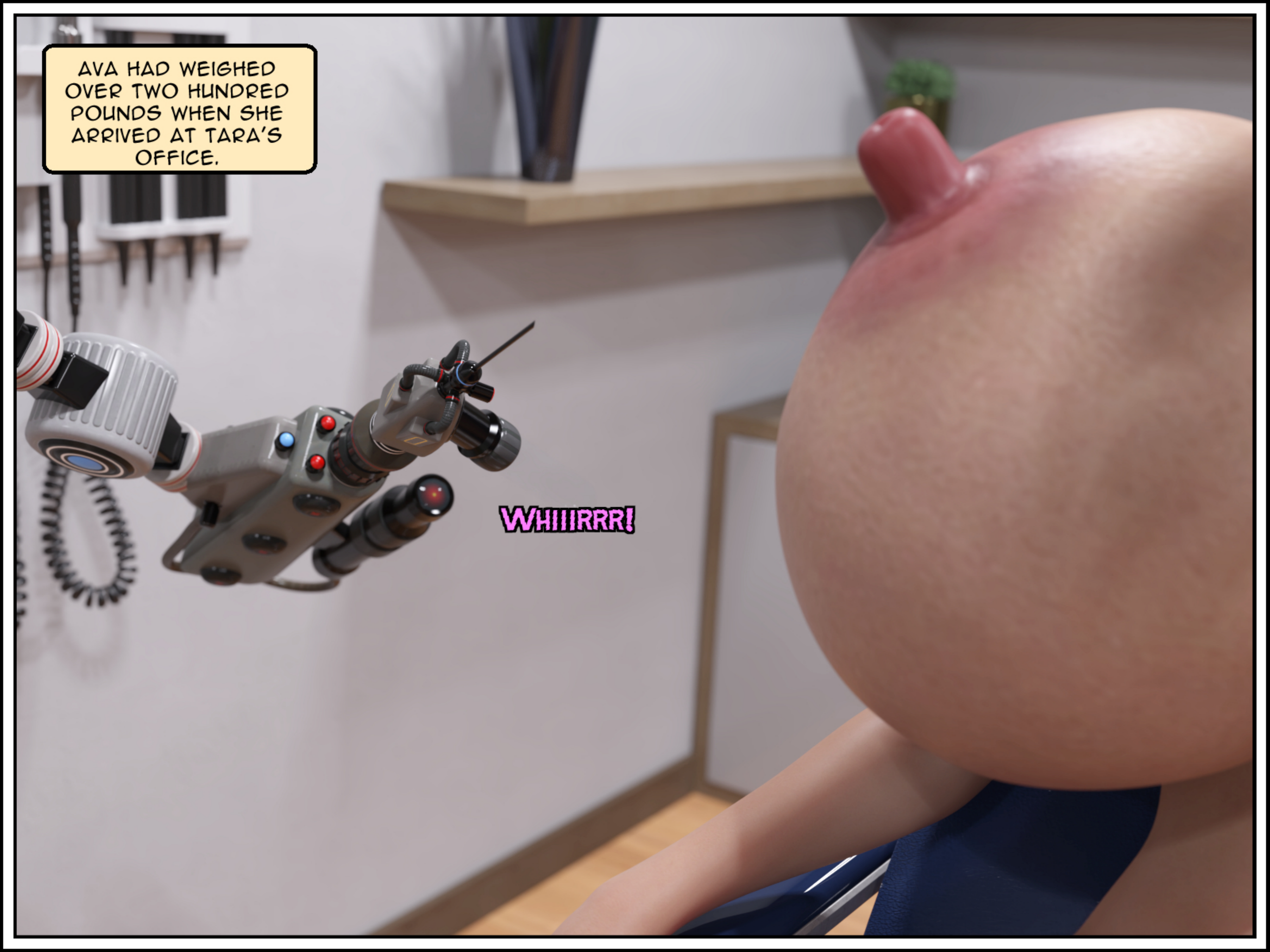


Perfect Pleasure Pillows!



AVA HAD WEIGHED
OVER TWO HUNDRED
POUNDS WHEN SHE
ARRIVED AT TARA'S
OFFICE.

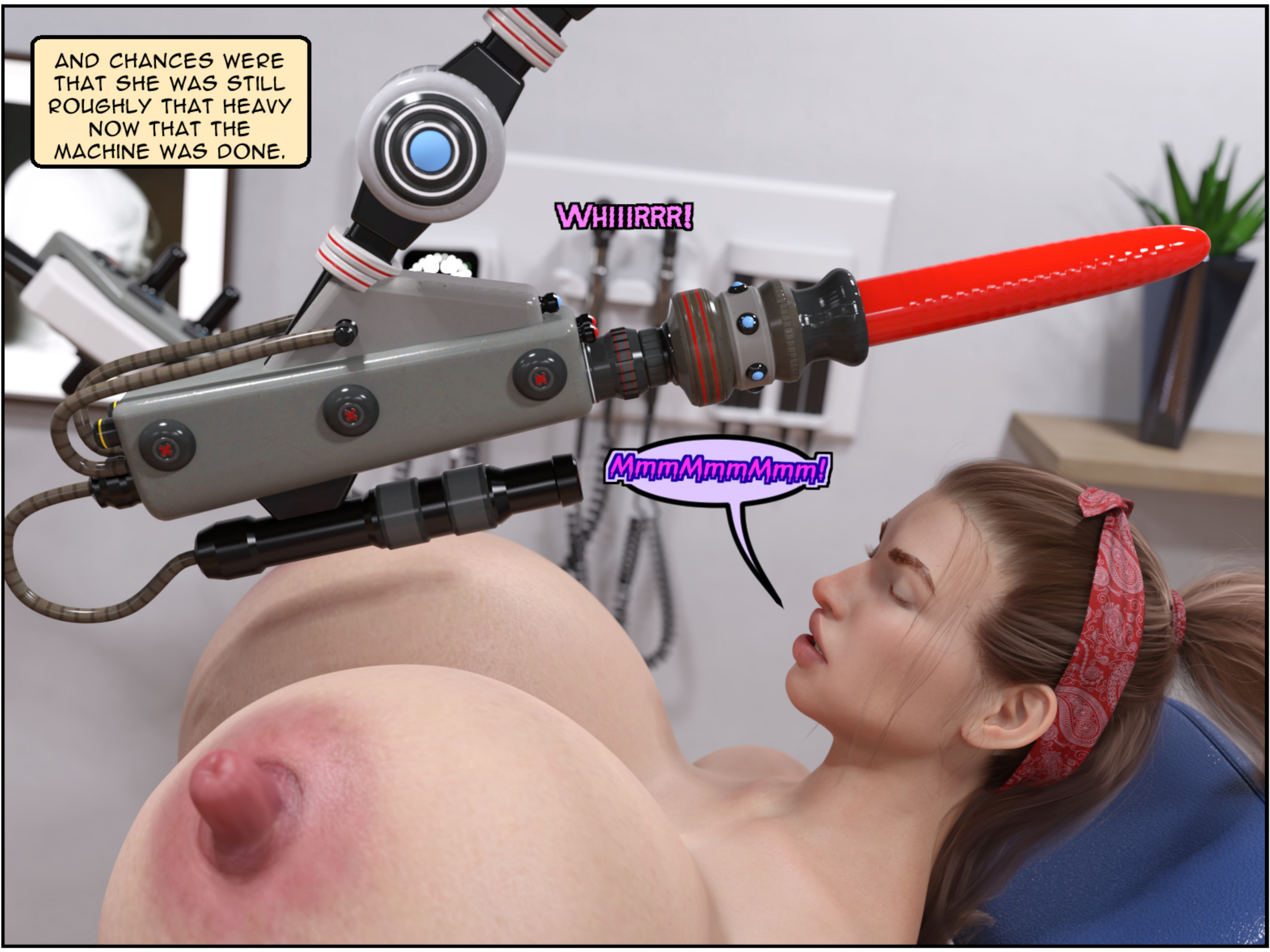
WHIIIRRR!



AND CHANCES WERE
THAT SHE WAS STILL
ROUGHLY THAT HEAVY
NOW THAT THE
MACHINE WAS DONE.

WHIIIRRI!

MmmMmmMmm!



HOWEVER, A LARGE
AMOUNT OF THAT
WEIGHT NOW RESTED
SOLELY IN HER
TITANIC TITTIES.

FLICK
YEAH! I
FEEL PRETTY DAMN
GOOD. I CAN FEEL NEW
WEIGHT ON MY CHEST. I
CAN'T WAIT TO SEE
MY HUMONGOUS
HOOTERS.
I--

WHAT THE HELL
ARE THESE, YOU STUPID
BITCH!? I SAID I WANTED
MONUMENTALLY MASSIVE
AND MILKY MOUNTAINS!
NOT A SET OF ITTY BITTY
TITTIE BALLOONS!

Grope!

Grope!

WHHHHAAAATTT!?!?!



OUR STORY
WILL CONTINUE!

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