**Ann's Art Project**

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**Ann's Art Project Ch. 01**

Ann couldn't remember when those dreams started. Ever since her breasts became so large, pictures of her globes started popping up in her mind all the time. Her boobs materialized as part of old paintings and art installations, on walls and windows, in fruit baskets and even inside book shelves! It was just crazy, and quite irritating.

At some point, Ann was concerned that she was about to go crazy. She knew she had to do something about those weird thoughts. And so she decided to study art, to make those fantasies a reality. Maybe that would make them go away!

In order to kick-start her career, she figured it would be best to convince the dean of her art school. With his support it should be much easier to gain appreciation and popularity for the twisted artwork she was planning to do. Without his backing however, she would most likely end up in the 'another weirdo trying to be creative' corner. She would likely never gain any popularity, but would instead be regarded as some sort of freak, obsessed with putting her own boobs all over the place.

Following her well laid out plan, her first target was to get the dean on her side. This shouldn't be too difficult though, as Ann had heard that the dean was quite open to new ideas, and an avid supporter of controversial, sexualized artwork.

To bring her plan to life, she would have to create an artwork to exhibit her assets in a beautiful, yet daring setting that would make her breasts look like an expensive sculpture. But she would need to make sure that her boobs, and only her boobs, would be visible, and nothing else. And she would obviously need to sneak into the dean's office at night to set herself up. And then she just had to hope for the best.

Ann's heart was racing. The mere thought of being stuck in that office for hours, boobs exposed, made her horny as hell.

She went into her cozy little workshop, her mind full of ideas for the first object to showcase herself. A hollow column, made from dark wood, was the centerpiece of what she was planning to create. Ann had it custom-ordered a few days ago. This fine piece even had carved-in steps inside, so she could get in and out easily. With delicate movements, and fully absorbed by her task, Ann carved two carefully measured holes into the column, her small, skillful hands caressing the exquisite material in the process.

After a few days of work, Ann was finally satisfied with what she created. The luxurious bronze plate she ordered online, arrived just in time. Round, bold letters formed the description of her work:

'Breasts of a happy woman, 2014'

'Artist: Ann'

'Sculpture made of styrofoam, latex, silicone gel and paint'

'Handle with care'

With trembling hands, Ann fixed the plate on the column. She was almost there, she would need to go into the innards of that column soon. The excitement almost killed her. With shaking hands she stripped herself naked, and climbed inside. It was dark in there. So dark that she barely found the openings. Things were much more complicated than she expected though. The column was too narrow for her to get her arms on her sides, so she ended up in an awkward stretch, her arms high above her head. Luckily the column was high enough, so her hands still wouldn't show.

Curious if everything worked out as planned, Ann pressed her naked breasts against the holes. The openings seemed to be big enough, but as she couldn't pull them from the other side, her only option was to push her flesh through from inside. But as her hands were trapped, this wasn't really an option either.

Ann wasn't sure if her boobs were in fact aligned with the openings at all, and how everything looked from the outside. She was pretty sure that her boobs were pressing against the openings, but they didn't slip through. Damn! She should have set up a video camera to tape herself! That would have made it easy to check if everything was at least aligned well!

When Ann pulled herself free and climbed out of the column, she wasn't happy. In fact, she was furious. Furious about her own stupidity, about her non-preparedness and her bad planning. She looked at the column again, pondering how she would be able to get herself fitted. Without requiring another person to help, of course. This whole project was a secret, and should stay that way. Only after she convinced the dean, she would consider going public and advertise her art more openly. But for now it was only her, nobody else.

She was studying the column intensely for minutes, thinking about ways to pull her boobs through the openings. How could she do this? But first, she set up the video camera. She wouldn't make the same mistake twice! Then she looked at the holes again.

"Of course!" she muttered. She would just need to install some small, motorized rollers that would pull her flesh through! And she already knew where to get those! Ann dashed off to the much better stocked workshop of the performing arts props department. They often had to come up with some motorized moving props, so they surely had this kind of stuff in stock, right?

Ann was lucky. Pete, the props engineer, was at work and happily helped her out. A few minutes - and some awkward questions - later, Ann had twenty rather thick, about one inch long, battery-powered rollers, already wired up into two sets of 10 pieces. She couldn't believe her luck, it was just what she needed.

Back in her workshop, Ann positioned one of the rollers at one of the openings. The thickness was a problem. The rollers would surely show at the sides of her boobs! That would spoil the whole experience! She repositioned the small machine, angled it inward. Yes, that could work. She began fixing the small devices, one by one, in a circle around the openings. She then led the wires upward and fixed the small control module at the end, where her hands would be able to reach them. Each module had a simple 3-way switch to control the rollers.

Once she had everything fitted and cleaned up, she started the camera and prepared for another trial. Ann climbed in the hollow column, let her body slide down, and pressed her naked boobs against the roller-fitted openings as tight as she could. She searched for the controls and triggered the switches. The rollers sprang to live, and with a loud hum began to rotate. Ann felt her boobs getting pulled through and smiled. It worked! After a few seconds she felt a bit of pain around her boobs and concluded that everything was pulled through already. Satisfied, she flipped the switch to stop the rollers. She grinned broadly. That was easy!

After a few moments in the column, she got aware of a strange pumping sensation in her trapped breasts. It felt quite tight there, too! But it also felt rather interesting. Daring. On display. Exciting. Out of control and at the mercy of whoever would be at the other side. All in all, much better than she ever thought! Satisfied, Ann triggered the switches, and with a loud hum her trapped breasts were released. Giggling happily, Ann climbed out of the column and rushed to the camera. She couldn't wait to see how everything looked from the outside.

When she saw the footage, she couldn't believe her eyes. The sight was utterly spectacular. A simple, shiny, wooden column, a luxurious bronze plate, and two big, fat bulging boobs sticking out of the wood. The rollers weren't visible at all, her bulging flesh hid them perfectly. The holes indeed seemed to be quite tight, and her breasts looked rather puffy and swollen with a nice shade of pink. It looked so much better than she imagined! Ann was so happy! She decided to call it a day and have some fun with her friends tonight. And after that, she was ready for the real thing!

Her night out was fabulous, but left her with a bad hangover and a headache that really sucked. Ann was glad that she hadn't planned much for the day. The only real task she needed to do was, to find out if the dean would be in the office next day, and how to get in there.

With a buzzing head, Ann headed out to the campus. A look to the office opening times told her that the dean's office would be closed today, but that it would be open the next day 7 to 12. Ann went inside of the building and searched for somebody that might know a bit more about the office's habits. After a bit of searching, she bumped into the dean's assistant. Ann took her chance and asked her straight away if the dean is usually staying in the office, or if he's leaving the building. The assistant was a bit reluctant first, but she finally told her that the dean is usually spending his day giving courses and stuff, and that he's barely in the office except for the official opening hours. Ann thanked her for her openness and left. This was what she hoped for, she would be able to get out there around lunch time! Just about five hours of action in the column and she would be done. Great!

She went to her workshop and prepared her stuff. It would be rather difficult to get the column in the office, but everything else should be rather easy. She went back into her dorm room and began to prepare herself. An extensive bath, followed by a thorough shaving, lotions and everything else she could think of. She even applied some makeup, knowing that she would probably die from embarrassment if anybody would actually see it. Ann looked into the mirror, checked herself out. She examined herself closely, paying special attention to her big, full breasts. Yes, she looked good! Her mind started to wander. She thought about the whole project, how she would be there, in the office, reduced to a pair of tits. Beautiful tits, mind you. But how would the dean take note of her? Would he wonder what this strange sculpture is about? Maybe she should write a note and put it on his desk? Yes, that sounded like a good idea. She sat down and began to write.

"To the dean of arts:

Dear Mr Roberts,

You might have seen the sculpture of a woman's breast in your office. This is my very first piece of art that I ever created, and I must say that I feel quite insecure about it. I plan to apply for a slot at the upcoming General Exhibition but am unsure if my work is meeting the quality standards of this event. I was thinking long and hard about this, and decided it's best to ask for a review by an expert, you, first. Therefore I have set up my sculpture in your office, for your thorough study. I would welcome your sincere critique.

Kind regards, Ann"

This should do it. Ann picked up the letter, re-read it, and grinned. Yes, that should work. So that's it! Everything is prepared! Now she only had to wait until about 4am before she can get started. Time to eat and get some sleep!

Of course, she couldn't get any sleep. Her mind was racing, she was so excited about what was going to happen that she couldn't get any rest at all. She ended up leaving her dorm at 3am, and that was after a healthy breakfast and an extensive trip to the bathroom! She just couldn't wait any longer. A few minutes later she was on her way to the dean's office, carrying the heavy column on her back. Opening the main door was easy, she had the key from one of her numerous side jobs. And getting into the dean's office was piece of cake, too. Her trusty student's card was all she needed to get in. She pressed the card into the gap between door and frame, and the door gave in. It obviously wasn't even locked properly!

She pushed the column into the dark room, maneuvered it into a corner just opposite of the dean's desk. A perfect place! She carefully positioned her letter on his desk, right on the keyboard of his computer. He had to see it. Now she only had to climb in there, right? Well, maybe a last trip to the toilet couldn't hurt.

A few moments later, Ann was back in the room. It was only 4:30am, that's more than two hours to early! But maybe that's good! Maybe that'll get her in the right mood! And if anything goes wrong, she would have plenty of time to fix it!

OK, so let's get cracking! Ann stripped, putting her clothes in a neat pile on a chair. Her clothes! Where should she put them? The only real option was in the column, anything else would be quite suspicious. Ann climbed on the chair and let her clothes fall into the hollow structure. Then she checked the room one last time. Everything looked alright. OK, ready to go. She climbed into the column, adjusted herself, pressed her bare breasts against the openings and activated the rollers. The humming sound and the pull on her tits was already enough to get her excited. She let the rollers do their work, let them pull and tug quite bit longer than at her initial test, before she switched them off. Now all she had to do was to wait.

It was pitch black around her, she couldn't see a thing. And there was almost total silence, except for the odd creaking of the building's plumbing. She felt a light breeze on her nipples. Had anything changed? Was there an open window? Was there someone else in the room? Probably not.

Ann lost track of the time. She had absolutely no idea how long she was in that office already. By now, her boobs were almost the only thing she actually felt. They were pumping, buzzing, and kind of hyper sensitive. And they hurt. She definitely underestimated the pressure of those rollers against her breast. The holes were too tight with the added rollers, and caused her boobies to swell like balloons. But now it was too late, now she was trapped and had to endure it. She wondered how long it'll be until she can get out again. And how would it be, when the dean would arrive? Would he check her out? Would he find out that the 'sculpture' was actually a real breast, attached to a real woman?

Suddenly there was a sound. Footsteps! She heard some key rattling, then a bit of light through the top opening of the column. The dean arrived! Ann was wide awake, her heart racing. She heard heavy footsteps, some muttering, the sound of paper. Did he read her letter? Then different steps, lighter. Another person maybe?

"Ah, Ms Thompson, good morning. Do you know a student named Ann? There is a letter on my desk, and a rather interesting sculpture in my office. Did you allow her to bring this stuff in here?"

"Ann? No, never heard of her. Maybe the janitor or somebody from staff let her in?"

"Awkward. Never mind. Was just wondering..."

Ann heard footsteps again. Then, suddenly something was touching her super-sensitive breasts. It felt incredible! Rough hands were brushing over her globes, prodding, pushing.

"Well, whatever this 'Ann' person was using to create this sculpture, it did work out amazingly well. Could you come here and have a look? I would say the properties of this fine piece are almost up to the real thing. Don't you agree, Ms Thompson?"

Ann felt something touching her again, but this time it was a rather painful poke of a slender finger. "Bouncy!" She heard a female voice saying. "But they look a bit swollen and puffy! What does the artist want to tell us with this?"

"No idea! What amazes me is, that the thing even radiates some heat! Here, grab it with a bit more force! It's like you can feel the heart pounding, right? I have honestly no idea how the artist did this! And the texture and elasticity of this sculpture is simply amazing! See, when I pinch those nipples and pull on them, how nicely they stretch? Looks almost like the real deal! Oh, wow, those tiny little nubs even get hard!"

Ann was panting, desperately trying to stay silent. Tugging and prodding hands were all over her boobs! It felt amazing, but she was quite concerned that they would find out about her any minute! She closed her eyes, savoring the feelings caused by those prodding hands. Her nether region was definitely getting excited, too! If she would only have brought something to help her with that part!

"Alright, enough fooling around with this piece of art" she heard the dean say, "Could you please contact this artist and set up a meeting with her? I want to know how she created this incredible piece. And secure a slot at the exhibition for her, too!"

"Sure thing, will take care of it."

Ann heard the door close, steps, then some typing sound. Was she alone? Or was the dean working at his desk? Her boobs were still red and hot from the rough handling, but her heart was thankfully slowing down at least a bit. If she just would have something to grind against, to get some satisfaction! How long would she need to wait before she could get out? And how on earth should she continue to fool the dean with her 'sculpture'? She would have to create a fake version of her boobs, no doubt about it. But how to simulate the hardening of the nipples, the blushing and body heat? Was this even possible?

She heard the door opening, noise, voices. Plenty of voices! Ann heard the dean clearing his throat and then shouting "You must be the

group of freshmen for this year's sculpture course. Please come in, I'll explain you everything you need to know regarding the administrative side of things. And as a special treat, I'm also in the lucky position today to show you a fine piece of art created by a fellow student of yours."

What was that? Was he advertising her own 'sculpture' to those people? How many were they, ten? Twenty? Thirty? Even more? She heard the dean explaining some stuff about how many courses everybody needs to take, how the grade system works, and so on. She didn't listen to the details, the only thing she was interested in was, how many people they were. She was getting nervous, really nervous. Panic-grade nervous. Then she heard the dean saying "Now to something more entertaining. Please have a look over there, at this dark, wooden column. This sculpture was created by your fellow student Ann, who did a truly terrific job."

Ann heard giggles, mumbling, some laughing. Some guy grinned "What's that? Some titties on a wall?" Another one said "I knew it, boobs always sell, everybody likes boobs!" A girl chirped "Well, they do look good, better than the stuff Ed created in the last course". Loud laughter.

"Yes, they do look great" the dean interrupted, "But it's not so much the looks, but the materials used, that puts this piece apart from others. Get closer, touch this incredible work, and you'll immediately recognize what I mean"

"Oh my, now it's really getting interesting" Ann thought to herself. Her mind was racing, her blood pumping, and she couldn't remember that she was as horny ever before.

"Ouch". That was her first thought when all those hands began prodding, poking and kneading her breasts. Thankfully she managed to keep silent, but the attention she received was overwhelming. Those guys really meant business! They teared at her, pinched her nipples, some even slapped against the undersides of her breasts, apparently too observe the 'springiness' of the material.

"This is so cool!" some guy shouted "They feel like prime boob material! I would be in heaven if my girlfriend would have melons like this!"

"Well," a girl replied, "I am getting a bit jealous. Those breasts indeed look and feel fantastic. How were those made?"

Suddenly Ann felt something very different, an absolutely fantastic feeling of a warm, wet 'something' engulfing one of her nipples.

"Are you kidding me, Ron? Are you really sucking at those fake boobs? You're disgusting!" Laughter, giggles.

"But they feel so real! Nice and warm!"

"You moron! Those are fake! A stupid sculpture! Some freaking piece of 'art'!"

"Are you jealous or what? Should I suck on your tits instead?"

"Oh shut up and don"t touch those fucking melons ever again!" Ann felt a sharp slap hitting her exposed breasts. She bit her lip, hard, desperately trying to stay silent.

"Please!" the dean shouted with his dark, loud voice. "Don't you dare damage this sculpture! The reason why I showed you this extra-ordinary piece was, to make you aware of the kind of material that is available to you. Don't just use whatever is easy to work with, select the best material for whatever you want to create. Just like Ann obviously selected the finest materials for her breast sculpture. But enough of that. Please head out to the cafeteria, where we will have lunch together."

A polite clap of hands, then steps again. Silence. Was she finally alone now? Damn, her boobs hurt! She listened intently. There, she could hear some typing noises. Was the assistant still there? Ann wasn't sure. She waited, the feeling of her red, hot breasts almost overwhelming her senses. What an experience that was! Finally, she heard a chair moving, steps, the door. Nothing. Silence.

Ann waited a bit, strained her ears. She couldn't make out any sound. With pounding heart, she pressed the switches, groaning as her hurting breasts were released. She then climbed out of the column, checked the room. Nobody was there! She grabbed the heavy, wooden column, tried to rotate it to get her clothes out. Damn, that was difficult! After a few tries, her shirt and her rather short skirt finally showed up, bra and panties were still stuck inside. Ann groaned, put on the few clothes she got out, and pushed the column through the door.

The way to her dorm was exciting, to say the least. People looked at her curiously, probably wondering about the column she was carrying. Maybe they also spotted her bouncing, bra-less breasts, or got a peek under her short skirt. But Ann didn't care. She was just glad when she arrived in her room, totally spent. What a day that was! How exciting! It was so hot to feel just her boobs being handled by strangers, she could come on the spot, just thinking about it! But now she had work to do! She desperately needed a strategy for that meeting with the dean! And she needed to start working on an artificial 'copy' of her breasts immediately! How else would she manage that piece of trickery she was embarking on?

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 02**

Ann was pounding her head against the workbench in frustration. There had to be a solution! She simply had to find a way to create a life-like replica of her breast! If she couldn't come up with some brilliant idea, she was screwed big time.

Ann had spent the last few days brainstorming and checking different materials. Every day she was sitting there, fiercely groping her own breasts to get a feel for their consistency, softness and texture. But she wasn't getting anywhere.

And now she still was stuck in her workshop, with no significant progress whatsoever. She felt silly sitting there, at her littered workbench, her large breasts hanging out and dangling freely in front of her.

But every few moments she would need to touch herself anyway, grope one of her large melons, poke herself and compare the feel with whatever material was in front of her. How else would she determine which materials to use for her project?

The dean was dead-serious! She still couldn't believe her luck. Her scheming to convince him of her art, her talent, was a fantastic success after all. That guy instantly became a huge fan of her 'sculpture' the moment he touched it, touched her!

The only problem was that the 'sculpture' he touched was her very own - her actual - breast. And now he wanted to know how she created that 'sculpture'. But she didn't create anything yet! The dean had groped and squeezed her tits and didn't even know what he was touching!

Ann's head went dizzy just from remembering the situation. Of course, the dean was fascinated. Fascinated that the sculpture felt so real. That it even had that warm, life-like feel!

Ann remembered that she nearly freaked out when he finally touched her disembodied breasts in his office and pointed out to his assistant that he could even sense a pulse, blood pumping, a pounding heart!

And to make matters worse, her damn nipples got hard just when he touched and tweaked them! Good grief, she got wet just thinking about it! Being stuck in that dark column, her breasts on display, out of reach, separated by a wall of wood, helpless to whatever would be done to them! What a blast!

Ann's eyes glanced around, examined all the stuff lying in front of her. What a mess it was! She tried everything she could think of, silicone implants, industrial foam, all kinds of molds, everything!

But every single one of those materials had some flaws. The Styrofoam was too rigid; the foam was too foamy, only the silicone pads felt somewhat close. But even those felt so very different to her own breasts. The stuff felt way too rigid and cold, just not natural and way too artificial. And the whole warmth/pulse thing was another headache on a completely different level! She had absolutely no idea how she could fake that part at all.

Ann was frustrated. Her tries to come up with something that would at least appear to work were all pretty useless, and she had merely a week before her meeting with the dean.

What on earth would she tell him, if she had no sculpture to show? She could hardly go there and 'play' the sculpture herself, while, at the same time, discuss with him how she created it? That was simply impossible!

Her head was fuming. This was a freaking disaster waiting to happen! Ann decided to go for a walk. Maybe that would give her some inspiration. She tucked her breasts back under her shirt, adjusted her clothing and left the building. She had to find a solution! She just had to!

Ann tried to clear her mind and started a brisk walk to the nearby lake. Her thoughts wandered, her gaze went here and there, and her brain worked overtime. She recalled the situation in the dean's office. How he and his assistant squeezed her trapped breasts, pulled and even slapped her bulging tits while she was stuck, hidden in that dark, tight column. Ann giggled, thinking about the feelings, the sensations those people evoked in her. What an awesome adventure!

But there was simply no way in hell she could 'replicate' her tits in a way that the sculpture would realistically imitate the real thing, right? If she was lucky, she may be able to create something that looked like her boobs from a few feet away. But as soon as somebody would go near the sculpture to inspect it more closely, or, heaven forbid, touch it, the trickery would become obvious.

Another alternative would be to convince another woman to help her out, someone with a similar built and skin tone, with massive, soft, pliable boobs just like hers. The only problem was that she knew of no-one who would fit into that category. And even if she would find such a person, how on earth would she convince her to cooperate? Not an easy task.

She returned to her little workshop, her mind spinning, and carefully examined all the materials again. She would need to focus on the looks only, on the texture, the color, on replicating how her tits looked in that column from some distance away, squeezed by the tight holes.

Yes, this sounded almost doable, but the materials she tested weren't all that great. She would need to find something better. And how would she go about creating those replica breasts? She would certainly need to make some sort of cast, some form that she could later use to create the actual objects, the sculpture of her bosom.

Ann grabbed her laptop and decided to do some research, again. She quickly found endless variants of products and massive amounts of tutorials on how an artist could create a sculpture using polyurethane foam or other types of casting resin to create a cast or the sculpture itself. She had researched most of the stuff already.

She knew that some people used wax to do an initial outline, some plaster to create a form. Others used one type of polyurethane for the cast and another one for the sculpture. There were endless options, but nothing seemed very fitting for what she intended to do.

But then she stumbled over a product called 'ElastoHug Casting VDSE'. This particular piece of kit was marketed as the ideal choice to create realistic casts of soft objects in difficult environments. The 'VDSE' part stood for 'viscous delayed setting edition' and was intended to highlight the main property of this variant.

The material came in thin sheets that could be wrapped around the object like modeling clay. Once that part was done, the mass would need to be wetted with water, which would then start a chemical reaction that would liquefy the material into viscous goo. This goo would in turn sink into every nook and cranny of the object and slowly harden again over the course of a few hours.

Once that process was completed, the master object could be removed and the cast would be done. The end result would be a solid form, shiny and hard from the outside, and an exact replica of the master's surface property, wherever both came into contact with each other.

Ann smiled. This was exactly what she needed. Why didn't she find this before? The only slight problem was that this stuff was incredibly expensive. They wanted 200 dollars for the smallest pack! Considering her current financial situation, and the fact that she'd also need to buy some materials for the actual sculpture, this was definitely way over her budget.

She kept browsing on the site, hoping to find cheaper alternatives. And indeed there was a section labeled 'daily deals', where a similar product called "ElastoHug Casting VDSSIE" was offered for only 20 bucks per packet. She checked the description. The additional 'SI' in the name apparently stood for 'Strong Impact', whatever that meant in this context. Everything seemed to be the same, except for a few notes that read:

Dear artist, please be aware of the following:

1) This product should only be used to create casts of rigid or semi-rigid objects, as the resin will contract during the setting process and exercise significant force against the master sample to accurately replicate its surface structure.

2) This product will emit significant heat during the setting process and should therefore only be used with heat-resistant master samples.

3) This product may cause light irritation on skin and should not be handled without protective gloves or similar.

4) Depending on material, temperature and other factors, the minimum setting time of this product may vary between two to twelve hours. It is recommended to let the product harden overnight in a cool place. Avoid any disturbance of the setting process. Do not touch the resin as this may cause damage to its structure.

5) You may wrap the moist resin in aluminum foil or saran wrap before the setting procedure to protect it during this critical phase. Once the setting has started, do not remove any such foil or otherwise manipulate the material. Wait until the setting is complete before removing any wrapping (12 hours recommended).

Ann frowned. What a bummer! Looked like this product wasn't for her after all. Curious about what others had to say, she clicked on the 'read reviews' button and read:

funnybunny: I have used this resin to create a cast of my own hand, as I wanted to create a model of it. First, I was skeptical because of those warnings. But it worked flawlessly. My hand got a bit itchy and pinkish, but that went away after a few minutes. Also, there was very light pressure building up during the setting, and the resin pushed slightly against my hand as it expanded. But that was barely noticeable! I think the manufacturer grossly overstates the irritation risk and the expansion, probably because they want to sell you the much more expensive VDSE variant. I can definitely recommend this product! Don't let those warnings fool you!

The comment below read:

level99: Agree with funnybunny, this product is great and a real steal for this price. Get it, you won't be disappointed!

The next one simply said:

ImAnArtist: ^ this^

And yet another one stated:

FunkyGal: Yep, worked as advertised!

She clicked further, selected the only one star review for comparison. It said:

TheGreatHeadShaper: Ugh, don't believe the positive comments, this stuff is vile! And dangerous! Tried to create a cast of my head... What a disaster! Thought my trusty old noggin would explode! The pressure was unbearable, and it felt like my eyes would pop out. Also, that rash! Still scratching my ears all the time! DON'T USE THIS ON YOUR BODY!

Ann groaned. Why was it always like that? Why can't those reviewers have one opinion for once? Well, there were 20 positive reviews and only one really negative one. Maybe that guy got a defective product? Yes, that would make sense. So... should she try it? She pondered, trying to make sense of everything she just read.

She sighed. She was so fed up with this, she had so much to prepare and no time for this bullshit. Ann blinked and boldly clicked the 'buy' button. With pounding heart, she ordered a number of sheets. With overnight shipping she should have everything by tomorrow. This just had to work! The manufacturer surely just overstated the risk to be on the safe side, right?

Then Ann searched for actual modeling resin. She needed something life-like, something soft, which ideally would copy her skin structure in a realistic manner. She wanted the duplicate to have a skin-like texture so that the ambient light would break and reflect like on an actual body. If she learned anything in the short time at the university, it was that details and working materials matter. A lot.

She browsed through plenty of art supply sites again, looking for anything that would fit her requirements. After a bit of searching she finally found a product that was advertised as ideal for creating soft, pliable body sculptures. The resin was apparently made of some latex-like material and its color tone was a bit like her own skin when she had a light tan.

The product was described as soft and flexible and, to Ann's surprise, it was also reasonably cheap. She ordered one package and sighed happily. That was it! That was all she really needed, except maybe for some paint!

The shipments arrived on the next day already, and Ann couldn't wait to get started. She dashed into her little workshop, packets balancing in her hands, and began to prepare for her little experiment. Ann locked the door, removed her shirt and bra and inspected her large boobs carefully. After having spent most of the night thinking about how to cast her breasts properly, she was positive that she devised a reasonably good strategy.

Ann unpacked the resin and inspected the gooey strips closely. The material felt almost like clay. She carefully laid some saran wrap on her workbench and put the strips of casting resins on it one by one. Ann then used a rolling pin to flatten the squishy material a bit and to bring it into the right shape. With a bit of water, she began wetting the material thoroughly.

Once the resin was wet and shiny, and Ann giggling with joy, she wrapped the whole thing around her torso so her breasts and back were all covered with the squishy material. The sensation was quite pleasant; the wet, cool material was pressing tightly against her hot skin and caused goose bumps everywhere. Ann grinned as she felt her nipples harden and poke into the clay.

Looking at her mirror, Ann frowned. This wasn't working as expected. The resin didn't cover the area between her boobs, her cleavage, at all! And her boobs were flattened by the wrap! Why didn't she think of this before? How should the replicas work, how would she stuff them through the holes in the column when they were compressed like that? Her mind spun, trying to come up with a clever solution to this new challenge.

She thought about making a wooden plate with holes and use that to shape her breasts before wrapping them up, but in the end she decided to simply put some rubber bands around the base of each tit while they're wrapped, so she wouldn't have to toss away the resin and start over again. Those bands would surely be enough to get her boobs in the proper shape, and that was exactly what she needed.

Ann quickly searched for suitable bands, and luckily found a jar full of such. She nervously sat down, ready to proceed with her plan, and, with shaky fingers, grabbed a handful of the strong rubber bands.

"Oww!"

The sting from the first band snapping around the base of her left breast surprised her. Even though her bust was all wrapped up like that, it hurt like hell. She closely inspected the result, pressed her shining, slightly bulging flesh and shook her head. That definitely was not enough pressure! She wasn't satisfied at all. Surely, the column would press her orbs into a much tighter package! She had to show some courage and outdo herself on this task!

The young artist groaned annoyed, concentrated on what she wanted to achieve, and began wrapping the rubber bands around her tits. One by one they snapped in place. And with each of the strong bands, Ann's fingers shook a bit more as her breasts were forced into tight, hard balls of flesh. Her eyes became watery by the time she had applied the full pack.

With tears in her eyes, the determined artist inspected her now throbbing tits that were neatly packed into shiny saran wrap. Ann was fascinated about the effect the bands had on her breasts, about the way her flesh was formed and compressed by the wrap that still neatly covered everything with resin and kept the material well protected.

She walked to her large mirror, savoring the movement of the tight balls with every step. When she looked at her reflection her heart skipped a beat. The sight was nothing short of spectacular! Two, perfectly round, shiny plastic balls looked back at her and just begged to be touched! They looked simply delicious! Ann grinned, this was perfect! Now she just had to wait for twelve hours before she could continue!

Though after a few minutes Ann wasn't so sure anymore. The resin was getting hotter and hotter, and her constricted boobs felt like wicked balls of fire. She desperately wanted to scratch herself, to relieve the itching sensation just a tiny bit. But if she didn't want to damage the resin, she had to keep her hands off her wrapped-up treasures.

She had to distract herself, had to keep her mind from focusing on her delicate boob situation. And the first sensible thing that came to her mind was to go to the cafeteria and chat with people.

She carefully put a body-hugging shirt on, pulled the cloth over her wrapped-up boobs and looked into the mirror to check if her constricted tits would show. But she looked like usual, like she would wear one of her push-up bras. Nothing awkward or suspicious there! Satisfied, she left her little workshop and headed to the cafeteria.

It got harder and harder to ignore the itching, and the heat generated by the resin almost killed her. Ann was sweating profusely and desperately tried to keep her hands off herself. And then she saw him. The dean. And he saw her, too! He smiled and waved at her and then quickly approached her table.

"Ann! I was looking for you since ages!" the dean beamed.

"Hi, glad to see you, too! Thank you for all your support! Really appreciate the opportunity to show my art!" Ann replied with a wide smile.

"My pleasure! Your art is simply amazing! So daring and provocative!" His eyes locked onto Ann's bulging breasts, "So these are the real ones, right? You made the sculpture after your own.... bust?"

Ann's face reddened as she nodded "Yes, yes I did. In fact, I'm working on an improved version just now!"

The dean looked at her with growing interest. "Really? Well, that's great to hear! Especially, because the well-known magazine 'The New Artist' just informed me that they will be covering the exhibition this year. And I'm sure your art will leave a lasting impression on the reporter!"

Ann's face reddened even more as she stuttered "D-Dean, I... I'm really glad about this opportunity and all. But I... I think this is a bit too much. I..."

Then something clicked inside her head, and she suddenly knew how she could make her little project so much easier on her nerves.

She continued, "For some reason, I can't stand witnessing how other people look at my art. When... when I hear them criticizing my work, or listen to their praises, my stomach churns and grumbles and I faint. That's why I avoid this situation at all cost. That's why you will rarely see me together with any of my artwork at any place. Remember, even in your office, you haven't seen me, right? I'd rather stay away and let people judge without me around."

Ann looked at the dean, hoping that he would swallow her sweet little lie.

The dean laughed, "Well, this is interesting indeed. I can somehow understand, but can assure you there is nothing you have to be ashamed of. Anyway, thanks for letting me know. I'll try my best to respect your wish. I can't guarantee that I can honor your request at all times, but I will certainly try to. Now, what's this improvement you mentioned earlier?" The dean's gaze locked on Ann's tightly packed twins.

The sensations on her compressed boobs came back with a bang. Sweat was forming on Ann's forehead; the intense heat felt like it would melt her breasts away any minute. Ann was barely able to reply and whispered, "It... will be a surprise..." Then she turned around and briskly walked away, back into the safety of her workshop.

The dean looked after her, puzzled, and laughed, "Artists! I never understood them! So emotional!" Then he too left the cafeteria.

The itch! The heat! The poor girl couldn't stand it any longer. She locked the door of her workshop, practically tore her shirt off and inspected her tightly encased boobs. Sweat was running down her cheeks, and she was howling in pain. Her breasts felt like they were being cooked! She wanted to rip this vile stuff from her body! But then the project would have failed, and she wouldn't have a solution for her little problem!

Ann ran to the little refrigerator and ripped the door open. Ice! Where was the ice? The desperate girl grabbed all the ice she could find, lay down on the floor and put the welcoming cold over her heated, hurting boobs. That helped a bit at least.

Ann was cursing. She was furious about herself, about her stupidity. Why did she use that awful stuff? Why didn't she listen to that review? This guy was so right! She just hoped that her twins would be able to cope with the challenge!

She looked at the watch. Barely an hour ago since she wrapped her breasts with the resin. How should she survive this? Meds! Maybe there were some painkillers somewhere! And some sleeping pills, too! If she just popped a few of them and got to sleep? Tomorrow, everything would be fine!

On shaky legs Ann approached the little medicine cabinet located in the bathroom. Thank god, painkillers! She popped some of them, grabbed some sleeping pills and went to her bedroom. It was just 3pm, but there was no way she could go through this awake! Determined to ignore the itching, Ann swallowed some of the sleeping pills and sighed relieved as her mind went dizzy. Minutes later, the stressed out girl came to rest and dozed off.

At 4am in the morning Ann stirred. She didn't know where she was, couldn't remember what happened. Just that something around her torso felt pretty weird and made it incredibly hard to breathe. Puzzled, the young woman crawled out of her bed. Her clumsy fingers found the switch and she turned on the light.

And then, she shrieked in shock.

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 03**

Ann stared into the mirror in disbelief. What she saw in that silver screen was absolutely terrifying. The saran-wrapped upper part of her body was tightly encased by a shiny, white, rigid material. Its polished, shimmering surface looked actually pretty neat, but those two objects that sprang from it weren't what they used to be. Their shape was like nothing she had ever seen before! Those things more resembled some weird, alien plants than anything else.

And worst of all, it was all her own fault! Why did she go cheap when ordering the resin? There were plenty of warnings everywhere, she had nobody to blame but herself! She had trouble comprehending that those two bulbous things that towered above her rib cage were actually part of her own body.

The bases of those strange objects were rather slim so that they somehow looked like gigantic light bulbs. Or mushrooms. They definitely didn't look like they belonged to herself anymore, and they didn't look like her own breasts at all! And worse, they weren't in any shape or form that would have been useful for the task at hand. This wasn't going to result in any casts she could use to make her replicas!

Ann felt incredible pressure on her disfigured boobs. This hurt! She stumbled, had to grab a chair to not collapse on the floor. Her fingers explored the hard, white shell that hugged her body so tightly. She feared her ribs would crack any moment, and that her tits would simply fall off and roll on the ground! The shell was so tight and rigid that she couldn't even get a finger between the material and her skin! Her heart raced in panic.

Poor Ann was about to hyperventilate, on the verge of losing her mind. She feared that she would be trapped for life in this strange, concrete-like corset she just created. Somehow she had to crack the nasty thing open! But how? Ann tried once again to get a finger under her strange, body-hugging prison, but to no avail.

She looked around her room for a solution, for tools to use. Her scissors! Maybe those would work? But the blades didn't make a dent in the hard surface when she tried to cut it open. The frightened girl searched around in panic, desperate to find something, anything that would free her. But there was nothing that seemed of help, nothing that could get her out of this nightmare.

And so she did the only thing that she could think of and called Sue, her longtime friend and fellow artist. Sue's field of work was quite a bit different though. Ann never understood video arts, and always wondered just how many people actually watched her works. But that didn't stop them becoming close friends in just a few days after meeting the first time.

Yes, this was definitely a Sue situation. She couldn't even imagine to ask anybody else for help. With Sue, it was different. Sue was always easy-going. Sue would help her and Ann wouldn't even feel awkward afterward.

"It's 4am, bitch! What are you thinking?! Better hope this is important!"

Ann creaked, barely able to control her voice, "Listen, Sue. I... I have a bit of a ...situation here. I... I need your help. It's really urgent!"

Ann explained her situation quickly, but her friend was obviously not really awake just yet.

"Wait... You did WHAT?"

Sue couldn't believe what she just heard. Apparently, Ann was working on some fucked-up art project and got herself into trouble. Big trouble. She sighed. Of course she would need to help her. Again. At 4am in the morning. Fuck.

"Calm down, honey. I'll be there any minute!" Sue groaned.

When she arrived, Ann was in tears, sitting on her bed and sobbing uncontrollably. Sue's eyebrows rose as she saw the white, corset-like thing that encased Ann's upper body. And the two objects that stuck out of it like strange, alien creatures.

"Your boobs ... look funny, sweetie!" she grinned, "So what exactly did you want to achieve with this... art project?"

"I... I just wanted to create molds! But... it kind of went sideways, I guess. Can you please get me out of this? My tits fucking hurt!"

"Molds, huh? Well, it looks like it kind of worked!" Sue giggled. The curious girl approached Ann and touched the hard surface of the material.

"Wow, feels like stone or something!"

"I know!" sobbed Ann, "It's like a freaking corset made of concrete! Look at me!" Tears flowed freely.

"Don't freak out, we'll find a solution. Let me have a closer look at it."

Sue examined the hard shell, tried to wiggle a finger underneath the material.

"Did you keep the instructions? There must be a way to cut this open!"

Ann nodded, "I think they're still at the workshop, with all the other boxes and stuff."

"Alright, I'll be back in a minute. Just wait here and don't do anything stupid! Well, this is already way beyond stupid anyways, but... just don't move, OK?"

Ann looked at her, eyes wide open and wet from tears, "Please, help me?!"

It didn't take long for Sue to find the instructions. She frowned as she read through the rather concise text. The only information that was remotely relevant was a short paragraph that explained how the 'master object' could be removed after the resin has hardened.

"If the resin is wrapped around the master in a manner that does not allow for removal without destruction, use a thin saw, chisel or a wire cutter to carefully cut the hardened resin away. For fragile master objects, use of a small chisel with a rubber hammer is recommended."

Great! Just great! Sue looked around the workshop, her eyes wandering over the wooden column. A chisel, right. But wait, what the hell was THAT thing over there? And why were two holes in it? She examined the strange object more closely.

The wooden material the column was made of looked rather expensive, almost luxurious. But why the holes? And what were those funny rollers about, that were fixed inside around the rim of those holes? What was Ann's latest project again? Did she even tell her?

Back in Ann's little room, Sue waved chisel and rubber hammer in front of her friend's eyes, smiling broadly.

"Found the instructions, sweetie! And got the right tools, too!"

Ann sighed relieved. "Thank god, you are back!"

"Now, let's remove the saran wrap and get to work! Oh, and those rubber bands, too! Why did you put them on in the first place?"

"Well, I thought that would shape them nicely. Otherwise the resin wouldn't cover my ... cleavage. And I couldn't think of a better way. But obviously they were quite a bit too strong, and now I'm stuck with two mushrooms instead!" she whimpered.

Sue grinned, "Sure. Whatever. So let's get rockin'!"

With renewed hope, Ann waddled towards Sue and let her cut the rubber bands and rip the saran wrap away. She didn't feel a thing; the hard cast shielded her breasts completely.

"So you'll have to chisel me up?" Ann asked with a doubtful look.

"Yep. That's what they say. By the way, I saw a strange thing in your workshop..."

"Yes?"

"A huge, wooden column. Somebody apparently destroyed it, cut two holes into the beautiful piece..."

"Well, the two holes... they're kind of necessary..."

"So you did this?"

"Yes... the column... my breasts... I'm..."

Sue looked quizzically.

Ann sighed, "OK. Listen. I'm pretending my boobs are a sculpture of their own... My take on 'body art', I guess. I'll put the column somewhere public, sneak into it and squeeze my naked tits through the holes."

"Wow. Wait. Really? I mean... wow!"

Ann blushed, "Yep. People think it's a breast sculpture, but in fact it's me."

"And you enjoy being in there, touched by total strangers..."

"Y... yes..."

"So you're a bit of an exhibitionist and look for excuses to show yourself? And what are you trying to do now?"

"No, I mean...Yes... No... argh, fuck it! Yes, yes you're right I guess." Ann's face reddened even more, "Anyway, the dean liked my 'sculpture' so much that he now wants to have it at a freaking exhibition!"

Sue grinned, "So it was a success, right? Just what you wanted! You must be thrilled!"

Ann smirked, "Of course I'm thrilled. I'm so excited! But how would that work out? Obviously, I can't present my art while I'm in there. So I need an actual sculpture...a replica. But now I'm stuck in this freaking thing and my tits are about to fall off! And they hurt like fuck!"

Sue giggled, "Now I get it. So, you want to create some molds of your breasts to make an actual replica of them?"

"Exactly! I... I need to create near-perfect copies of them, so that I don't need to be in the column myself all the time."

Sue smirked, her eyes piercing Ann, "Still can't get my head around this project. Just to get it right, so you stay in that column and have your tits ... hanging through the holes... for everyone to see?"

"Well, they were not really hanging... more bulging, but in short, yes."

Sue whistled, "You're a naughty little girl, Ann. Did you get wet down there? Was it exciting to have your tits groped?"

"You have no idea, Sue. It was fantastic! The most exciting thing I ever did! I'm getting all worked up again just thinking about it!"

Sue smirked, "I guess I get it now. You're quite a hot little bitch, sweetie. And now brace yourself. I'll try to open the cast around your boobs so we see if they survived!"

"Around my... breasts? Why... why not at my back, or my sides?"

"Well, you want your boobs bulging, right? And those molds should have the correct size at the end. But by what I can tell, your tits are way too compressed right now and have a rather weird shape. I think you'll find that the mold, while usable, won't accurately reflect your actual size. So we'll need to do it again. And this... corset... for a lack of better words... will be quite helpful as it accurately simulates the column. If my estimates are right, your tits will balloon through those openings just like when you are in that... thing!"

"So you think the molds are not usable?"

"Actually, no. But let's see!"

With that, Sue took the chisel and told Ann to lie on her back. She inspected the cast once again and said, "I'll open it here, just around the base of those melons of yours. Then we can pop it off and see if those forms are still useful. Now hold still so I won't hurt you!"

Slowly but carefully Sue hammered away, chiseling a small gap into the hard material. Ann closed her eyes, hoping that her friend would be careful and not injure her in the process.

Sue expertly opened the cast around the bases of her breasts piece by piece. It took almost an hour until she declared, "This is it, I think both sides should be ready now. Let's try to get your tits free!"

Sue pulled at the bulbous object that still trapped Ann's left breast. The tugging caused the hard form to move a bit, but her breast stayed firmly inside, stuck in its strange prison. Sue pulled harder and harder, but the tit wouldn't budge.

Desperate to get out of there, Ann grabbed hold of her hurting breast and, with combined efforts, the girls pulled the hard object away from Ann's body. Her trapped tit stretched further and further. And then, with a mighty bang, it suddenly popped free.

Ann howled in pain as the resin was ripped from her skin. She clutched her red, hot breast, tears welling up in her eyes. She was so relieved that at least one of her breasts finally was free again! If just the pain wouldn't be so nasty!

And Sue laughed like a maniac. She had to actually hold her tummy while she cackled hysterically. The one, giant, red boob that was now expanding just in front of her eyes was just too much for her. What a stimulating sight! One breast still trapped and compressed into a tight, white light bulb of sorts, the other one red and hot, wobbling and shaking like a bulging melon!

"Tits is udderly s-boob-tacular!" Sue giggled, "I never saw a boobie like tits before!"

"Oh come on, Sue," groaned Ann, "You're ridiculous! Your jokes never were funny, so don't try now. Let's get the other sucker out, too!"

"Aww, don't you have any sense of humor? That was incredible! But well, let's free your other melon."

Again, both pulled at the cast and ripped the tight mold from her other breast with force. Ann howled and cursed as the material finally gave way and her other tit popped out of its prison.

"I could do that forever!" giggled Sue, "Look at you, look how nice and puffy your melons are! Tasty! There, head over to that mirror and see for yourself!"

Sue helped Ann from her bed and pushed her in front of the large mirror.

"Oh fuck, this looks ridiculous!" Ann squeaked, "My fucking tits look like some gigantic tomatoes or something. Look how red and puffed up they are! And still bulging like freaking balloons! And they itch!"

Ann scratched her tortured flesh, squeezed and mauled her hot twins. "Owww... fuck, what a nightmare! And I don't even have the mold yet! How should I ever make those stupid fake boobs?"

Ann's friend picked up the two, now hollow, mushroom-shaped objects and inspected them with interest. These were fascinating! The surface showed the very structure of Ann's skin! The area around her hard nipples looked particularly interesting, as every detail of those little hard nubs was clearly visible when she shone a light into the hard form. Certainly, the resin's capabilities were top-notch!

"Look at those things, Ann! They're awesome! You could create boob-vases out of them!" she grinned.

"Wow, and look at the surface! I knew it was the right stuff! Just a bit too small though. Not my natural size, I guess!" Ann laughed embarrassed, "So what now?"

"How about trying it again? But this time, I'll help and make sure that your tits are adequately replicated!"

"No other choice anyway, right? Did you check if there is still enough of that resin stuff left?"

"Should be plenty. Let's head into the workshop. Here, put your sweater on, so nobody gets a heart attack when we hit the streets!"

There were indeed some awkward moments as both girls walked through the city. A bunch of young guys were openly staring at Ann's impressive, ballooning bust which was jiggling under her sweater. They heard some catcalls and awkward ...invitations... for lack of a better word.

Some people were ogling Ann's jumping melons like they were some tasty fruits or something. And one older creep actually tried to feel her up, tried to touch Ann's itchy assets with his sweaty hands. But when Sue stared straight into his eyes and raised her eyebrow in disgust, he hustled away.

Once they arrived at the workshop, both took stock and put all the supplies they could find on the table. Ann couldn't wait to get started again, and rummaged through her stuff to find what they needed.

With Sue's help, the whole ordeal became just so much easier! Ann climbed on two sawhorses and positioned herself so that her corset was flush with the wooden supports and her naked, swollen boobs dangled freely below her. Sue then knelt down and started teasing her swaying tits. She grabbed Ann's hardening nipples and pulled at them, jokingly imitating a milking motion.

"This will be fun," she giggled, "It definitely was worth it to come here, even at 4:30 in the morning!"

Ann laughed, "Glad you enjoy this! But can you be a bit more careful please? Those suckers still hurt! Also, we have stuff to do!"

"Oh, sorry! And yes, we'll need to prepare you now. I'll need to wrap your boobs up a bit to get them in shape. They need to be bulging through those holes, right?"

And before Ann could even answer, Sue pulled at one tit and wrapped its base with some kind of elastic bandage. Ann was curious to find out what her friend actually did, but she couldn't see a thing as her view was obstructed by the wooden sawhorses that supported her body.

The feeling was nice though. Somehow, Sue's actions increased the sensitivity of her tits, and Ann definitely liked those sensations caused by the stretchy material. Once Sue had wrapped up about a hand's width of her flesh, she snapped some strong rubber band around each base for good measure and marveled at the spectacular sight.

"They are so pretty, honey! I just love the puffed up look of your gigantic udders! Never seen something even close to this before!"

"Uh-huh..." Ann groaned, not knowing what to respond. She had the feeling Sue was a bit too enthusiastic. Was this level of constraint really needed, just to create those casts? She had some doubt.

Sue was getting busy again and continued with her work. She wrapped another layer of bandage around her twins while she explained to the complaining Ann, "We'll need to get them nice and puffy first, before we cover them with resin again. This way they get into the proper shape!"

Ann still couldn't see what was happening, but she was definitely concerned. Everything seemed quite a bit tighter than previously, and she could feel her boobs swelling up quickly.

But Sue was totally absorbed in her task as she covered Ann's still itchy twins with a thin layer of resin. The itching only got worse by the new coating, and Ann simply couldn't stand it anymore. Her hands suddenly moved towards her bulging beauties and she scratched herself, messing up the already applied resin.

Sue watched with displeasure as Ann grabbed her itching breasts. She shook her head and whispered, "You really shouldn't touch yourself there. You'll damage the resin! The instructions are quite explicit about this! In fact, you already destroyed what I have applied, and I have to do it all over again!"

"I know!", Ann creaked, "But I can't tolerate this itch any longer! It's hideous!"

"Well, in that case we need to do something about it so you don't mess up again. Right?" Sue murmured, grabbed Ann's hands and pulled them together behind her back. Within moments, she wrapped some zip ties around her wrists and pulled them tight.

"Hey! You can't do that!" Ann complained, but Sue just shook her head and groaned.

"I'm just taking care! You'd jeopardize everything again! And you won't die just because you can't scratch yourself for a few hours, so deal with it! We're doing this for you, remember?"

Ann sighed. Of course Sue was right, but binding her hands for this? Really? She couldn't move them a bit anymore! She was totally helpless!

Sue smirked and nonchalantly returned to applying the resin. She cleaned the messed-up bits and carefully covered the entire breast in a thin layer, until everything was nice and wet again.

Ann thought Sue was done already, when she saw her kneeling down in front of her and poking her with some kind of Q-Tip. Well, actually she wasn't poking her but slid around her boobs, like she was drawing a fancy pattern into the resin. What the hell was the point of this? But Ann didn't want to complain again so she kept silent and tried to feel what exactly Sue was doing.

Sue knew exactly what she was up to and carefully scratched away pieces of the already hardening material. She had to be very careful and thorough if her plan should work out as intended. She examined the two glistening bags of flesh closely, carefully checking if she removed enough of the resin from the first layer already.

Ann couldn't wait any longer. She had to know what was going on! She asked, "What the hell are you doing down there? This has nothing to do with creating my casts, does it?"

"Oh, so you noticed?" Sue grinned gleefully, "Didn't expect you would be so attentive! Just a little experiment of mine, couldn't let this opportunity slip by. No worries! Just relax and enjoy!"

With that, Sue started to work on the second layer, applied more resin and again scratched off some of it with her Q-Tip. On and on it went, as Sue applied layer after layer while Ann felt the pressure on her boobs increase slowly but steadily.

The resin was beginning to set and tighten up. Ann knew exactly how it would feel in a few hours. After all, she had gone through that ordeal already a few hours earlier!

But what the hell was Sue up to? Ann had troubles to see anything. And bound like she was, there wasn't much she could do. But this 'layered approach' and that funny scratching on her boobs was definitely a bit fishy.

Suddenly, Sue's head popped up from under the table and declared, "I think I'm done! well, with this part anyway. Now I just need to decorate you properly!"

"Decorate me?" Ann didn't understand a word.

Sue just smiled at her, said "You'll like it!" and vanished.

Ann groaned. What the fuck was that girl up to? Her tits felt like they were close to bursting again, but hopefully this time she would get the casts she needed.

When her friend returned, Ann was puzzled. Why did she bring painting supplies? And a video camera? And that green cloth? This didn't make any sense! She looked up and asked, "Why this stuff? Surely not for my casts, so tell me Sue! What is this about?"

Sue giggled and said, "I had kind of revelation when I saw you back in your room. An inspiration that rarely happens! And I just need to try it, really! I'm sure you'll like it, too! And it won't take too long, promise!"

And then she began to cut two holes in the green cloth and fixed it onto the saw horses below her, like some strange, green mattress or something. Her encased, swollen boobs were pulled through the tight holes and actually helped to keep everything in place.

Ann couldn't believe her eyes when she saw Sue starting to paint underneath the cloth. If Ann could have seen what was happening, she would have witnessed Sue painting the hard material around her breasts with a whitish, eggshell color, complemented by a bit of green near her body. The green paint covered just the bases of her breasts in an arc shape, which resulted in her tits looking like two big, fat, white eggs on green background.

Finally, Sue set up the camera, positioned some lights and started to record.

"Ready to go, sweetheart! Almost finished, now hang in there, I'll be back in a few hours!"

"What? you can't leave me like that!" shouted Ann, her voice trembling with fear, "What's the point of this anyway? Can't we just make the casts and be done with it?"

"Hush, hon, don't get your panties in a knot. Instead, be proud that you're part of one of my video projects! You'll be fine! And maybe famous, soon!"

And with that she left. Ann was frustrated. What was she supposed to do? Lying here all night? Besides, her tits hurt like crazy already, and this time she had not even painkillers around! She was bored, lying there with nothing to do. But as time passed, and the resin compressed her tits further and further, she had other things to worry about.

Soon, Ann was sweating profusely, panting and moaning from pain. Then, suddenly, the door opened and Sue entered the room again. She examined the two strangled twins closely and whispered, "Looks like it's time! I think the hatching is imminent!"

She sat on the floor and watched Ann's bosom like it was some exotic bird. And then it happened. A sound like a breaking twig echoed through the room. One of the strange eggs developed a crack along the carved pattern.

Ann moaned louder and louder as the shells suddenly separated and her red hot flesh squeezed through the opening gaps. Then, the upper half of the egg fell down, letting the trapped and compressed tit blossom in an instant.

Ann was ecstatic as she felt the long needed freedom on one of her boobs. Finally! And Sue cackled like crazy as she watched the spectacle unfold in front of her. It didn't take long for the second 'egg' to 'hatch' either. Within minutes, the strange breaking sound was heard again, and the second breast broke from its spiky eggshell and bloomed like an alien flower.

Ann screamed in delight as both of her tortured orbs finally had space to breathe and expand. What a stimulating experience! But she still couldn't make sense of anything happening to her. She just knew that those broken casts would definitely not help her to create the fake boobs she needed so much. At all. She was getting furious.

"Tell me Sue, how would any of this help me? We're supposed to make a cast of my breasts, and now they broke again?"

"But it was worth it," giggled Sue, "Don't you think?"

"But it doesn't help! What was this about anyway?"

Sue smiled, "With your help I just created the raw material for my new movie project. Maybe I should call it 'The Hatching', what do you think? I just need to do some work with my green box software, add some fancy background and stuff. It'll be spectacular! Your tits are so awesome! The scene when your twins explode through those cracks? Amazing! Everyone will be stunned when they finally get what they actually see!"

Now Ann understood. So that's what all was about. A video project! About her boobs! As eggs! Inventive indeed. She couldn't help but wonder how her boobs will look in that movie, when they broke free of the shell. She smirked, but then she remembered her task and baffled, "All well and good, but what about the fucking mold? That General Exhibition is just around the corner and time is running out!"

Sue patted her head and whispered, "No worries, dear. I'll help you. This time for real. As soon as you feel ready, we'll do another round. But you'll need to get up for it. It wouldn't work anyway with your boobs dangling down like that, right? You're supposed to stand in that column, remember?"

"Right..."

Ann felt silly for not spotting that obvious error before. Of course Sue was right, the whole lying around was just silly! She could have found out that something was wrong so much earlier! Now it was too late anyway. Time to toughen up and do that shit again! Hopefully for the last time!

"Let me get you out of that corset of yours now. I think your body needs a bit of rest, and it'll work better when you get into that column anyway."

Ann sighed relieved as her friend took the chisel and finally freed her from that horrible prison that squeezed her body since hours. The column, right... she would need to get in there. Only then, her boobs would take the right shape. It was so obvious! Why did she spend all that time with such fruitless attempts?

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 04**

At least she had gotten some rest. Ann's breasts still hurt from yesterday's feeble tries, but nothing she couldn't deal with. Just that her attempts to create replicas of her soft twins haven't been really successful.

She had gone out clubbing with Sue the day before and her head was still dizzy from all the booze. They had agreed to meet again around noon to finally create something usable. She just hoped Sue would show up. That girl looked pretty hammered!

Ann was still a bit miffed by how Sue took advantage of her, how her friend used those hurting boobs for her own project instead of helping with that mold. Well, now that Sue got what she wanted, she would need to assist her in return!

When the two of them met at the workshop a few hours later, Sue was beaming, "Just checked that recording I did yesterday. Absolutely brilliant! A few hours of work and my best-ever movie will be ready! Do you think I can convince the dean to show it at the exhibition? Maybe as background for your work?"

Ann laughed, "I like that idea! Let's ask Mr Roberts next time we see him! But now, let's make those fucking molds!"

The two girls quickly devised a plan, this time taking into account everything they had learned. They even had an idea to take care of the shrinking properties of the resin!

Soon, Ann had to strip naked and climb into her column again, with Sue happily assisting her to get everything in place. She almost forgot how tight that wooden prison was, that her arms only fitted if she had them stretched over her head.

"Finally I get to see how those rollers work," grinned Sue as Ann pressed her large breasts against the tight holes.

"Indeed. Now watch closely, here they come!" laughed Ann and pressed the switch that was located above her head, right below her fingertips.

An audible hum emanated from within the column, and two soft, squishy objects slowly bulged through the openings.

"Wow, works like a charm! I can see your tits already!" giggled Sue and grabbed a handful of the warm flesh, yanking it roughly through the small holes.

"Oww... Wait!" squealed Ann, but it was too late. Both of her boobs were thoroughly trapped already and began to slowly balloon up.

"Time to get to work, hon!" smirked Sue and grabbed some sheets of resin.

She carefully wetted Ann's bulging melons and started to wrap them up in the sheets. Sue took special care to squeeze some of the stuff between Ann's tits and the rims of the openings, so that the replicas would be big enough to be fixed into the holes. Once she had covered everything in saran wrap she chirped, "Time to get the pump!" and left the room.

Ann was alone again, stuck in her column. But this time she didn't feel so vulnerable. She had Sue to take care of her after all! And she knew that it would only take moments for her to get the pump and those attachments, so they could support her tits properly against the force of the hardening resin.

The door opened again. That was quick!

"Ann? Are you here? I wanted to chat with you about the exhibition! We'll need to discuss some logistics!"

Fuck, it was Mr Roberts! The dean! Ann's pulse raced. Hopefully he wouldn't spot her!

The man looked around, searching for his favorite art student. Ah, there was that incredible column, and apparently Ann already worked on an improved sculpture! The objects were still wrapped in some kind of foil, so the artist was obviously in the process of creating them! He stepped closer, thoroughly inspecting the fine work.

Suddenly, the door bust open and Sue shouted, "I'm back, Ann, time to get your melons ballooning up! Oh... Hi Mr Roberts! What an honor to have you here!"

"Hi Sue, do you know where Ann is? I have to discuss something with her..."

Sue smirked, "Oh, isn't she in her workshop? I thought I heard her somewhere. She asked me to bring this vacuum pump to expand her sculpture a bit. She said, they're still a bit too small ..."

"Well, she doesn't seem to be around, does she? I mean, her sculpture is here, but where is our gifted artist?"

Ann held her breath. Hopefully, Sue didn't spoil it! There she was again, hidden in that column, tits through holes, in the same room as the dean himself. And he had no clue about it. Just like the last time. Her boobs started to itch. Fuck! Was the resin already setting? Come on, Sue! Just get him out of the room already! Quick!

"Well, looks like she had some urgent matters to attend." Sue mused, fumbling her phone out of the pocket. She glanced at the screen.

"Yup, got a message from her. Says her mother had an accident and is in the hospital. Ann went there already. No wonder she isn't around!"

"Oh, poor girl!" whispered the dean, "Hope her mother is ok?"

"Sure hope so! She also mentions her sculpture, and asks if I could use the pump on it while she's away. Apparently that resin is drying up quickly and she wants to grow them bit before it's too late and they harden up. But I'm really not sure how to do this. I'm videographer, not a sculptor!"

"Well, I can assist you, if you want," offered the dean, "Her art very special and I would be honored to have part in it!"

Oh no! What was Sue doing? Ann couldn't believe what she was hearing. Was Sue really trying to get Mr Roberts to work on her tits? Beads of sweat were forming on her forehead, her hands trembling with anticipation. She desperately tried to breathe slowly, to stay silent. She just hoped he wouldn't spot her.

"Sue, are you familiar with Ann's work?"

"Not really, no. Just know that she is working on this breast sculpture. We met a few months ago, and she was kind enough to model for my latest video project, which is also pretty breast-y," she chuckled, "She told me about the exhibition and I wondered if I could show my movie there, kind of as background to her work. It's about the same pair of tits after all!"

The dean raised his eyebrows, "Sounds interesting, what is your project about?"

"Well, I really don't want to spoil it for you, so no details just yet. But it prominently features Ann's incredible boobs, and it'll be amazing!" she laughed nervously, looking at the older man.

"Well, I'll think about it. But now, let's help our artist. What are we supposed to do?"

Ann groaned under her breath. That bitch was really going for it! But then, it was about fucking time! that itch got worse and her melons already felt the pressure quite a bit!

Sue grabbed the attachments of the pump and handed them to Mr. Roberts. "I guess we just need to put those over the sculpture and slowly pump out the air. That will make them grow. But you need to be careful that the seal is airtight!"

"Sure," the dean said, inspecting the spherical cups in his hands, "what I wanted to ask you... Do you have a clue what Ann is using as base material? When I... touched... her work last time, it felt so... real! I still can't believe it!"

He approached the column, touched the wrapped-up orbs, poked them with his finger and said, "Well, these feel quite different though. Maybe she processes the material in a later step?"

Sue shrugged and said, "Honestly, I have no idea. But let's do our job now. Could you press the cups on it? Let me know when I can start the pump..."

The dean nodded and pushed the large cups over the shiny objects. The cups surely were big ones! The sculpture looked pretty tiny inside there! He made sure to push the flexible rim against the polished wood and said, "Ready to go!"

Ann heard the air being pumped out of the containers. Then she felt the pull on her tits. Wow, that was a weird feeling! She tried to breathe slowly, to not moan or make a sound. Ann heard the dean say, "Seems to work? Look at this, amazing how the material slowly stretches! How far are we supposed to go? Just how big does Ann want her sculpture to be?"

Sue looked at the swelling twins and said, "No clue, but let's give it a few moments before we shut it off again."

Both watched intently as Ann's twins slowly ballooned in front of their eyes. The poor girl was panting heavily by now, fearing that her tits would pop from the strain. But then, Sue decided to stop and turned the pump into a 'maintain pressure' mode.

"OK, I think that's it Mr Roberts. Suppose we can leave the sculpture like that and let it set."

"You think so?" the dean asked, eying the objects closely. Then his gaze fell on his watch and he muttered, "Damn, almost missed my appointment. Sorry, need to go. And Sue, show me your movie when you're ready. Would love to present it at the exhibition. But deadline is this Friday already!"

Sue nodded, "Sure, will show it to you as soon as it's ready. You'll love it!"

Sue closed the door behind the dean and whispered, "He's gone!"

"Good grief, how could you do that? Invite him to help? I almost fainted in here!"

"Thought you'd like the excitement," chuckled Sue, "Besides, it worked just fine! I was even able to pitch my new video! So how is it going, in there?"

"Glad you asked! My boobs itch like there is no tomorrow, but at least that stuff is not strangling them again! The pump seems to work well!"

"So you can stand it another few hours? They're recommending at least twelve, and we have barely passed the two-hour mark..."

"Another ten hours in this thing? You're kidding me, right?"

"Unfortunately not. Hope you don't need to pee or something..."

"Don't even mention that... Just thinking about it makes me want to go to the bathroom. Can you switch on the radio or something?"

"Sure. But I'll have to leave you soon. Need to work a bit more on that video. I'll drop by in the morning again to get you out. Here, take your mobile in case there is an emergency."

Sue climbed up the ladder and handed the phone into Ann's raised hands. It wasn't a comfortable position she was in, but dialing Sue's number should be possible even with her arms stretched like that.

"Alright, so see you in the morning. Hope this works!"

"Yeah... see you!" creaked Ann.

Ten hours! How should she endure this? The itching drove her out of her mind already! She saw the light going dark. The radio was playing one of those light-hearted summer hits. She heard the pump spring to life. Great. That was how she would spend her night?

It was so tiring to stand in there! And so boring! Nothing happened, just that the radio blared an endless stream of music, silly talk and horrible ads. Soon, her feet started to hurt. Ann desperately wanted to get out to stretch her legs. Should she call Sue? But she had to endure this! The phone slipped from her hand and rattled on the floor. Fuck, now she was really stuck. She wouldn't even be able to call for help! And the itch on her boobs got so bad that she wished somebody, anybody would just enter the room and rip that vile stuff from her!

She had no idea how she survived this ordeal, but finally she heard the door opening, and a familiar voice said, "How are you doing in there? Everything ok?"

"Thank god you're back! I so need to get out of here! Can you check the resin?"

Sue removed the sucker cups, poked against the hardened shell and grinned, "I think we're good to go! That stuff is solid as a rock! Want me to rip it from your boobies?"

"God, YES!"

After all those accidents and slip-ups, it was surprisingly easy to get Ann out of the column. Sue removed the hard cast like a pro, and Ann only complained for a moment as her buzzing orbs got separated from the hard shell. Sue had to press against the red, hot balls to make them squish through the tight openings again, but other than a few screams there was nothing blocking progress.

Soon, Ann climbed from the column and the girls thoroughly inspected the molds they created.

"They look fantastic! See how my nipples are replicated in there? We did it!" beamed the naked girl

"Yeah, great work! Finally you can make those replicas!"

"Can't fucking believe it! I'm so happy!"

"So how are your boobs doing? Itching? Screaming?"

"Oh, just a bit tender... It was definitely worth it! Now where's that foam-stuff... "

"So you're getting busy? It's middle of the night, hon. Don't you want to take some rest?"

"No way! I want to see how this works out! I have to try it now!"

"Whatever you like. But I really need to go home. Have fun, Ann. See you tomorrow!"

"Sure. Thanks Sue, Thanks for your help!"

"No problem. Always a pleasure to help such a determined boob-fanatic!"

Ann worked through the night and forgot everything around her. She even forgot to dress. Naked as she was, she dashed around the workshop, mixing chemicals and substances to create the optimal mixture for her breast replica. And she succeeded! When the sun rose again, she had created four different sets of breasts that all looked convincingly similar to her own pair, especially when seen from a distance. Yes, yes, finally this would work!

Ann carefully removed every imperfection, made sure that nothing distracted from the illusion that these artificial objects were indeed her own breasts. She beamed happily as she examined the result of hours of work. Way better than she imagined! But now it was time to get some rest.

Sue was amazed when Ann showed her the squishy objects the next morning.

"Those look so real! This is incredible! A bit on the big side, too!"

She took one pair, held it to her chest and pranced around in front of a mirror.

"How do you like my new tits?" she smirked as she marvelled at the picture in the mirror.

"You look great!" laughed Ann, "My tits would look great on you!"

Sue grinned as she put the objects down again, "So what now? What's the plan?"

"Well, we'll stuff them in the holes and be done with it! As soon as those things are fixed to the column we are ready to go!"

"By the way, when is that exhibition taking place?"

"The General Exhibition? This weekend. I have to set up everything on Thursday night. Friday is for the professionals. Journalists from art magazines, collectors and other members of the global art community will show up and use the day for a good look on what our university and their sponsors are offering. Then on Saturday and Sunday the general public will storm the place and marvel at expensive stuff they will never be able to afford."

"So you have only today and tomorrow to prep?"

"Yep."

"Wow. That means I need to ask the dean immediately if I can show the video, too! Damn. where do I get a projector and a screen?"

"The dean will be able to organize everything. Don't worry. Now, can you help me with that column?"

Ann took a pair of fake boobs and pushed them into the holes of the column. But they only stayed there for a few seconds and then bounced on the floor.

"Damn. That doesn't work, does it?"

Sue tried her luck, but the result was the same.

"Can we glue them in?"

"Not really. I still need to be able to use my own boobies, especially when press is coming and people are examining the sculpture from up close. Nothing tops the real thing."

"Right. So we need something that kind of holds them i place... like a clamp or something."

"A clamp... Sue, your fucking brilliant! I know exactly what to use! Follow me, I'll show you!"

Ann led Sue into a hallway of the art school and pointed to a wall with a number of plants that were fixed with what seemed like golden handles.

"I don't get it, Ann. I just see a bunch of flower pots!"

"Look closer! See how they fixed them to the wall? Those handles are the key! If you push them down, this mechanism clamps around the flower pot and holds it in place. If you push the handle up..."

"Be careful!" Sue shouted, catching the falling flower pot.

"...the clamp opens and releases the plant."

"Ok, but how does that help with our problem?"

"You really don't get it, do you? Just imagine my fake foam boobs instead of those pots. We tilt the holders 90 degrees, get the handles fixed to the outside of the column and put the holders right in those holes..."

"Hey, now I understand! You want to use those to..."

"Exactly. Now help me to unscrew two of those so we can use them in my project!"

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 05**

The idea had been brilliant. Fixing the handles to the column worked like a charm. Ann even managed to position the circular pot-holders in a way that they were completely invisible from the outside. Their thin, golden metal band was truly hidden right inside the wood!

When Ann pulled the handle down to test the setup, the mechanism immediately snapped in place with a satisfying click forcing the holder rings that sat in each opening down on the outer rim of each rubber object and securely fixed them in place. The foam boobies finally stayed where they should.

"Damn, you're a genius, sweetie!" grinned Sue, "This is perfect!"

"Thanks!" beamed Ann, "Do you think anyone will figure out that those breasts are different from what I showed before?"

"Well, only if they look very closely and if they have seen your real ones before."

"Which limits it to the dean, his assistant and bunch of students..."

"Low risk I would say. You just need to take care of the dean. Make sure he only ever sees your real boobs from up close. He would immediately see that something's different. That guy is so in love with your tits!"

"Only the dean...That should actually be manageable if you'll help me."

"Of course I'll help you!" laughed Sue.

"Great! So let's celebrate! I'll invite you to a nice dinner and then we'll hit the bars, what do you think?"

"Sure! But I still need to show my video to the dean first. Want to join?"

Needless to say, Mr. Roberts was totally blown away by Sue's 'hatching' movie. And when Ann assured him that it was indeed her very own breast that spectacularly broke through those shells, the poor man almost fainted. He immediately agreed to show the video at Ann's booth and even told Sue where she could get the necessary equipment.

The two girls partied so hard that night that they needed a full day for their heads to stop buzzing again and so it was evening when they finally met again, both exhausted from the night before.

"Ugh, my head.... What did I drink last night?"

"The same stuff as I did," groaned Sue, "And that guy at the bar... did he ever stop staring at your boobs?"

"Nope, but he paid for every drink!" Ann chuckled, "Anyway, let's get going. We need to get this monster to the exhibition hall. The show starts tomorrow at eight!"

It took them more than an hour to get the column to the place. The hall was busy with people setting up artwork and installations. Ann got assigned to a generous 100 square foot space framed by three black partition walls with bright spotlights illuminating the center.

The column looked absolutely great in there! The lighting really made it shine and her plate with the title 'Breasts of a happy woman' sparkled invitingly.

Sue dashed off to get everything she needed for her video display while Ann looked for a ladder she could use whenever she needed to get into her exhibition piece. She then carefully fixed the pair of plastic breasts on her column and made the clamps close down on them. Taking a few steps back she marvelled at her work.

"Great! Looks like I'm ready to go!" she thought as she scanned the room.

Suddenly, her phone started ringing. She looked at the display. Unknown number. Who could that be?

"Hi, who's there?"

"Ann? It's me, Roberts..."

"Dean? What a nice surprise! Anything I can do for you?"

"You know that the show opens tomorrow morning, right?"

"Yes, at eight. I'm setting up my stuff right now."

"Fantastic. Can we meet at 7:30 in that cafe next to the exhibition? I think it's called 'Coffee Heaven' or something. Want to introduce you to a reporter who is writing for the magazine 'The New Artist'. It's the first time for them to visit our exhibition and I would like to make them aware of your spectacular work."

Ann could barely speak. Her tummy was churning, her hands sweating. How the hell was she suppose to react? She stammered, "'Coffee Heaven' you say? S...sure...I'll be there!" and hung up. Fuck! She really needed a plan!

Sue showed up, her arms full of equipment.

"Can you help me, please?" she moaned as she dumped everything on the floor, "I need to fix this reflective screen to that back wall and find a place for the projector. Maybe we can hang it from the ceiling?"

"Sure. Let's ask one of those maintenance guys. Follow me, I need to tell you something."

Ann quickly instructed someone from staff to set up everything for a video art project and then pushed Sue into a quiet spot.

"Listen, I just got a call from the dean..."

"What did he say?"

"He wants to meet me tomorrow 7:30 and introduce me to some journalist writing for 'The New Artist'."

"Wow, that's great!"

"Sue! I'm panicking! This is a freaking disaster! What do you think those guys will do at 8?"

"They'll want to take a good look at your artwork and ask you about your message and.... Oooohhh!"

"Exactly! They will take a real close look and ... will find out I'm a fraud! Those replicas are nice and all but they won't pass the dean's touch-test! He'll know something is wrong!"

"Hmmm... that complicates things indeed. Let me think...."

"I need your help, Sue! When we return from that coffee shop, I need at least a few minutes to get in that column and ..."

"Hah! I know! I'll just rush in there a quarter to 8 and explain them my project, too! I'll keep them occupied for a bit while you sneak into the column. Then, I'll walk them over, show them everything... and for some reason you can't attend. Obviously I have to cover for you and explain everything and promise that you will be available for an in-depth interview later."

"That... actually sounds like it could work! Thanks, Sue, that calms my nerves a bit."

"We better take a picture of you in front of your work, too! You can show that to the journalist so he has some photo of you to print."

"Good point! Do you have a good camera we can use? I only have my phone with me and it makes crappy pictures."

"Yes, I just need to go back to my place quickly. How about you get home and dress up a bit? The picture needs to be good, otherwise they might want to take one themselves..."

"Right. So let's meet in... say... one hour?"

"Sure!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Roberts was on the phone, promoting his new favorite student to the renowned magazine 'The New Artist'.

"Listen, Ms. Shinozaki, this girl is absolutely spectacular. You need to see her breast sculpture! Never in my life have I seen something so... real!"

"Mr. Roberts, I already told you that my time budget is very tight. I have to visit a number of artists already and HQ gave me a pretty long list of art that I need to cover. Ms... what was her name? Ann? Ms. Ann isn't part of that list though."

"Then you really need to rethink your priorities. I'll tell you, that girl will be huge! Just give her a few minutes in the morning. Join me at 7:30. We'll meet her in that coffeeshop next to the exhibition, 'Coffee Heaven'. Give her a few moments to explain her vision, then we'll head over and let her show her work. That's all I ask!"

"I don't have time for that Mr. Roberts! I already have an appointment in the morning! And by the way, every other artist nowadays does something edgy, with bare boobs and stuff. This isn't new nor spectacular. It's just a young artist looking for attention! I really don't understand why you are so excited about her."

"Please, Ms. Shinozaki! You haven't even seen her art! Just give her a chance. You won't regret it! Promise!"

"Oh well. I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks so much. I assure you, it will be worth your time."

Ann looked great in her black mini, and Sue took great care to put her and the column into the best possible light. She made the young artist pose in various ways, made her smile, laugh and groan until she was satisfied with the result.

When Ann browsed through the pictures on Sue's camera she gasped, "Wow, look at me! This is fantastic! And those boobs on the column look definitely like the real thing, too!"

"Thanks! Let's print them out and go for a quick bite!"

Ann barely made it to the meeting in time. She again wore her sexy, black mini as she entered 'Coffee Heaven' at 7:30 sharp.

"There you are! Glad you could make it!" greeted the dean who already had a coffee and a sandwich on his table. An exotic-looking woman next to him eyed her skeptically.

A woman! The journalist was a woman! That would complicate things. Men were so easy to fool when they had a big pair of juicy tits in front of them. Women though? The complete opposite!

"So this is her? The artist?"

"Yes, that's her. Ann, please take a seat. Want some coffee? Tea?"

"Thanks, but I have only a few minutes. Need to prepare for the show. But my friend Sue would be available later if you want to interview her, too. We're doing a joint project this time."

"Sure, sure. Now let me introduce you to Ms. Shinozaki, a well-known Journalist of the renowned 'The New Artist' magazine. I told her about your art and she..."

"Thanks for the Introduction, Mr. Roberts. So Ann, I haven't seen your art in person yet, just the explanation by Mr. Roberts. So tell me, what is it all about?"

"I... I have pictures with me. Here, see that column? See those breasts attached to them? Those are mine... that's my art... an... exhibition of my very own... womanhood. I... I wanted to make a statement... A statement against the oppression of femininity, against the blatant disrespect of those wondrous sources of life... I..."

"Really? Isn't it a bit... bland and uninspired to make some art focussing on breasts? Everyone and their dog does it right now. So what's different about your art? Why does it matter?"

"It matters because my replicas are incredibly detailed, almost life-like. The spectator can truly feel the warmth, the caring nature, feel welcomed and... nourished, protected..."

"I see. So you... you modeled those objects after your own... body?"

"Yes. These are near perfect replicas of my own breasts."

"So... why did you make these? And what should that tell the audience?"

"As I said, It's my statement for a respectful future, where girls don't need to be ashamed of their big breasts. For a future of freedom, where not every nipple is censored whenever it shows up on social media or elsewhere, where the female form is appreciated, loved and praised!"

"So this is a political campaign?"

"No, not really, It's just my very personal way of stating my opinion."

"Right. So... how did you create them? What's your technique? Are those breasts as incredible as Mr. Roberts tells me?"

"That you have to judge for yourself. Just visit me at my booth," Ann glanced at her watch. It was already a quarter to 8. Where was Sue? "I'm terribly sorry but I really need to go now."

The door suddenly opened and Sue came strolling along.

"Hi there!"

"Hi Sue," said Ann relieved and muttered," Just in time. As usual!" Then, in a more serious tone she continued, "Sue, this is Ms. Shinozaki of 'The New Artist'. And our dean Mr. Roberts, but you know each other already, right?"

"Right. Glad to meet you Ms. Shinozaki. I would like to explain you a bit about my video project. Ann assisted me and her breasts play the starring role in it!" she smirked.

The journalist looked at her watch, "I really need to get going, too..."

"Please, just a moment? I had this vision... this vision of female breasts breaking through a hard shell.. Like a chicken hatching. I had to recreate this dream. It symbolizes the advent of the movement, the Great Beginning!"

"So you're a boob artist, too?" the Journalist smirked.

"Well, if you want to phrase it that way, Yes! Ann really inspired me. And we did great work together. You really should have a look!"

Ann finally managed to sneak out and ran towards the exhibition center. Only 10 minutes left! Hopefully Sue could occupy them a bit longer! The artist dashed through the gates and towards her little booth. The hall was still almost empty. Thank goodness!

As soon as she reached her booth she switched on Sue's projector and the connected laptop that was hidden behind some cover. As the video started playing, she pushed the ladder to the back of the column, opened the handles to remove the plastic breasts. Then, she climbed up, threw the plastic objects inside her tight new home and let her legs slip into the dark space.

"Hurry!" she muttered to herself as she pushed the shoulder straps of her dress downwards. With a quick flick of her wrist she opened her bra and let it slide into the column. Bare-breasted as she was, she descended downward, careful to position herself correctly. When her toes met the ground, she pressed her soft, naked breasts against the small holes and pushed the button above. The motors whirred to life and she felt the odd pull on her melons as they were slowly forced outside.

Was everything alright? Did it look good? Was something amiss? Ann's heart raced. She had no clue how everything looked from the outside. All she could do was hope that everything worked out.

The pull increased, tugging at her body. It felt like her fleshy globes were ready, sitting outside of the wall that separated her from everything, outside of her reach, waiting for those taxing eyes, those curious hands. She shivered with excitement.

The artist heard the P.A. system crackle. A loud voice echoed through the hall.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to the General Exhibition! Today we welcome our esteemed members of the professional art community. Our sponsors, journalists and established artists will have a full day to revel in stunning art and converse with young, upcoming artists from all over the world. Starting from tomorrow, the general public is invited to get a glimpse on what our great artists have to offer. Enjoy this spectacular show of amazing art!"

The exhibition opened! Ann could hear people passing by, chatting, joking. If she could only see that she was positioned correctly, that everything looked like it should! But she couldn't see a thing, trapped in that column!

Suddenly there were hands on her, fingers poking in her sensitive breasts. She gasped.

"So this is it?" she heard a woman saying, "This is the incredible piece you have been talking about?"

She remembered that voice.

Another very familiar voice responded, "Yes, this is it. Just look how perfect those globes are!"

It was the dean! And that other person was the journalist! Thank god she had made it in time! She heard Sue saying, "Like it? And by the way, please don't miss my video project. Just look at how those breasts hatch from hard shells! Can you see how they bulge through those first cracks?"

Ann strained her ears and tried to figure out what was going on. The thin, cold finger suddenly jabbed into her sensitive flesh and dug deep into the tender ball. Ann had troubles keeping silent. Her heart raced, she tried to breathe normally even though her whole body just wanted to scream!

Another finger drove into her other breast, digging deep into the tender orb. "These indeed feel very real," she heard the reporter say, "Not artificial at all... I wonder how the artist accomplished this..."

Ann felt the fingers relaxing, then brushing over her hard nipples. Suddenly they clamped down on one of her nubs and yanked it upward.

Tears were streaming down Ann's face and she nearly bit her tongue off. She heard Sue saying, "So what do you think of my little video project? Pretty innovative, isn't it?"

Sue was such a good friend! She tried so hard to get the brutal reporter away from her! Ann so hoped her friend would succeed. She felt the fingers finally leave her exposed breasts. Steps. She was walking away! Thank god!

"Kind of neat! Funny idea and ok-ish execution. I may even mention it briefly in my article."

Ann suddenly felt warmer, gentled hands on her throbbing bust.

"So, Ms Shinozaki, what are your thoughts about Ann's work?"

"Well... It's a bit bland... that column and all... But the material she uses is indeed fascinating. So yes, I think the girl has potential. But she has to develop her style more, needs to mature, sharpen her message, create some more thought-provoking artwork. It's a neat start, but she still has a long way to go."

"I think you're a bit harsh," Ann felt heavy hands caressing her buzzing boobs,"It's her first piece, and she impressed us already with the material alone!"

"Maybe, but there is so much great art out there... Anyway, I need to head over to some other artists. Was nice to meet you again, Mr Roberts."

"Will you mention her work in your article?"

"Probably. As said, I am quite impressed by the material she used, so ..."

"Good, good. Thanks for your time, Ms Shinozaki, enjoy our little exhibition."

Ann was listening intently. Were they done? Were they leaving?

"Oh, Mr. Roberts, one more thing..."

"Yes?"

Ann heard footsteps. Suddenly, something was pressing her breasts together.

"Those golden handles... In the picture the artist showed this morning they were pointing downwards, not upwards. Somebody must have changed them. I assume this is not in the interest of our absent artist. We should really fix that... I mean, she certainly wants us to experience her art like she envisioned it, don't you think?"

Ann felt one clamp move. Blood rushed through Ann's ears. Oh my god... this was not good.... this was definitely not good!

She felt the clamp on the other side squeeze down, too, biting hard into her already straining flesh. The holding mechanism for those fake tits now grabbed her real breasts and mauled them brutally.

"You are right! How observant of you! We definitely should fix this for our artist!"

The trapped girl sucked in air through her clenched teeth, desperately trying not to panic. The pain was immense as the cold metal mechanism clamped down on her melons and snapped in place with a sickening sound. Stars appeared in front of her eyes. Ann almost fainted.

"What an interesting color change! And the form changed a bit, too, didn't it?"

That was the reporter. Ann felt dizzy. Her tits hurt so much!

"Quite fascinating indeed!" agreed the female voice, "Now I'm really curious how she achieved that trick!"

Ann felt hands on her taut, hard balloons testing her flesh, squeezing the hurting orbs.

Sue's jaw dropped as she saw the journo and that dean pushing down the handles. She could only imagine what pain that caused to Ann. Her boobs were so swollen and red like tomatoes! She had to do something! Sue dashed to the column and reached for the handle.

"I think they need to point up!" she declared firmly and pushed the handles into the release position. Sue could hear faint whimpers from within the column, Ann must have been in terrible pain.

"No, no, you're wrong," insisted Ms Shinozaki, "Those have to point down. I'll show you!" and reached into her bag. "Look, this is the photo I got from the artist herself. See? The handles point downward! That's how the artist wanted it! They need to point down to make the artwork complete. The symmetry is much better and I'm sure the artist had lots of reasons to design the piece this specific way."

"She's right Sue, " said the dean who watched the squabble with interest, "This picture that Ann showed us proves it. The handles have to point down. So can we please correct this now? I don't want Ann to see us messing with her sculpture like some bloody amateurs..."

Ann was terrified. Her tits hurt so much from the bite of those awful clamps that her face was drenched in tears already. She would never have thought that those metal holders intended to keep the replicas in place would ever get a hold of her real boobs! The clamps were so strong, the force so immense that she shuddered just thinking about it. There they came again. Ugh...

Ann had trouble controlling her breath, avoiding any audible sound. She felt the metal bite into the sides of her bloated melons, cutting off the blood flow right at the base of her breasts. The squeeze was out of this world.

"This looks so much better," mused Ms Shinozaki, "See how the color changes again? Fascinating, really fascinating. Maybe I should mention this piece in my article after all. The material is really impressive. Well, I better take some photos then, right?"

The reporter readied her camera and took aim. She took pictures from every angle, even asked the dean to place a hand on one of the sculpture's artificial breasts and apply some pressure so the color change from red to white was clearly visible.

"Great, but now it's indeed time for me to look at some other artwork. If you see the artist, tell her that I wasn't impressed by the concept or her message but of her choice of material alone. She can grow a lot and may even get relevant in the local art scene if she concentrates on what she does best and improves on the rest. Anyway, time to run. Thanks Mr. Roberts for convincing me to have a look. It was worth it after all."

"I have to thank you, Ms. Shinozaki. Was a pleasure to see you here."

The Journalist had a last look at the unassuming column with attached boobs, turned around and walked away.

"Ann will be thrilled," beamed the dean, "I'm sure she will be featured in the magazine. That woman.... she is always so critical of young artists and is really hard to please. I think we made great strides convincing her!"

"Yes, sounded like it.. but she could have paid more attention to my video," Sue complained while she was carefully eyeing Ann's red, hot, bloated boobs hoping that her friend was doing OK.

"Don't worry. Your work is great and many people will enjoy it even if it doesn't get featured by 'The Artist' like Ann's work. Now please excuse me, I have some other things to take care of."

"Sure, see you around Mr. Roberts! I'll look for Ann and tell her what happened."

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 06**

As soon as the dean waltzed away, Sue jumped to the column and yanked the handles upwards. She whispered, "Hey, Ann, are you OK? This... woman..."

"I... I heard every word, Sue," hushed Ann, "Fuck, my tits felt like they would pop any minute! Thanks for releasing those handles. What a stupid, stupid idea. I should have seen that coming! I should have used a safer mechanism to fix those foam boobs into the holes. But now it's too late for that. Fuck it. You can't imagine the pain when these things clamp down on your tits. Fucking unbelievable!"

Sue giggled, "You sound like you're fine though, otherwise you wouldn't be bitching like that. I'll keep an eye on the handles from now on. Hope none of the visitors messes with them!"

"Thanks Sue, you're a real lifesaver!"

Kendra watched the two women with interest. She had been lucky to get one of those rare visitor tickets for the professional day, only a few students ever got those. It was so much more fun to look at the art without so many people around. She had planned to visit every booth and interview the artists for her little project, but when she saw that column again, her plans took quite a turn.

That column. She remembered that thing only too well. Kendra pretended to examine some artwork just opposite of the booth, but in reality she had been keeping an eye on what happened over there for quite some time.

Back at the dean's office, Kendra had been told that this column was some spectacular artwork of a highly skilled fellow student. Artificial tits! She still couldn't believe that the artist got away with this blatant use of a pair of fat plastic udders to attract attention. And then her boyfriend, well, now ex-boyfriend, sucked on them like a sick freak! And when she finally landed a hit on those stupid plastic pillows she got told off for it!

But something was wrong with that silly piece of artwork. Why was this girl always around, moving those handles up whenever somebody pushed them down? It looked like it was really important to her. Was that girl the artist? Her idiot fellow student that made her boyfriend suck on plastic tits? She had to find out more.

Sue saw some visitors approaching. It had been rather quiet since the dean and that reporter had left, and she already doubted that setting up the booth was worth the effort.

A group of people looked at Ann's work with interest, poked into the taut breasts on display and discussed emphatically just how life-like they felt. Sue smiled. She could only imagine what Ann went through whenever someone touched her tits.

"Is this your work?"

"No, I'm just taking care of it. The artist is busy with something else, but she may be around tomorrow. My work is this video running in the background."

"'The Hatching'.... catchy name. And well-made, too! Are those breasts the real thing or fake like those on that column?"

"They're the real thing. The model went through quite some effort during production!" Sue grinned.

The guest chuckled, "Would have loved to see that. The end result is pretty spectacular though. Is it up for sale?"

"The video?" Sue never thought about selling her work. How much should she charge for a copy?

"No, the column. I would love to put that into my garden..."

"Sorry, no, it's not for sale!" replied the disappointed Sue.

"Is there any other artwork from you or the other artist?"

"No, this is all we got right now."

"Understand. I think you guys should continue this good work. It's really inspiring. Never seen something like that!"

"Thanks!"

"Here's my card in case your fellow artist decides she wants to sell her piece after all."

"Sure."

And that was only the start. More visitors came and went and Sue had to explain their work to many of them. She laughed, smiled, made things up, and collected one card after the other while Ann's sensitive breasts got examined, poked, squeezed and marvelled at. Sue was exhausted.

Once the booth was empty again she whispered, "Hey, sweetie! Hope you are doing well in there!"

"It's... it's fucking incredible! All those curious hands! You can't believe how this feels! I'm on cloud nine!"

"Good, good... Listen Ann, I really need some coffee now. And a bio break is in order, too. I'll be back in a few moments, OK?"

Ann was concerned. Without anyone paying attention outside, wouldn't she be in danger?

"I... i don't know, Sue," she hushed, "What if some freak comes along?"

"What freak? This is an art exhibition, there are tons of people around! And everybody things your tits are made of plastic anyway! What on earth are you afraid of?"

"I... well..."

"It will be only a few minutes. And I really have to hit the bathroom. Please, Ann..."

"S..sure. But be quick, OK?"

"Of course, sweetie."

Ann heard Sue leaving the booth. The sound of people talking far away was all she could hear. Her body was on high alert. What if somebody would visit her now, while Sue was away?

Kendra saw the artist leaving. That was her chance to take a closer look! She headed over to the column to start her investigation. The girl strolled over to the peculiar column and put her hand on one of the strange globes. Time to have a thorough look at those things!

Kendra had to admit that those breasts indeed felt like the real thing. They were so squishy and springy, so close to the original that she could almost make out the heartbeat. Did those fleshy balls just get goose bumps? Kendra examined the blushed, bulging balls. That was just not possible, was it? Her fingers closed around one of the little buds. She sharply twisted the little nipple and watched closely. It got hard! the little sucker got hard! And did she just hear somebody gasping?

Kendra pondered what all that could mean. Then it hit her like a sledgehammer. Of course! There was a real woman inside! These were real breasts! That was the only way this could work! This artist was a fraud!

She grabbed one of the warm globes with might, closed her fingers as hard as she could, and whispered to the column, "I know your secret, bitch! And I will make your life miserable, promise!"

Ann bit her tongue in an effort to not scream from the pain. Her tit was on fire! That girl's fingers were a fucking vice! And she knew it! She knew that Ann was inside! Ann panicked. She felt exposed and vulnerable. Where was Sue? She really needed her right now!

"So what do you want me to do now?" teased Kendra, "Should I chew off your nipples?" she twisted the little buds hard, "Or maybe bite into those glorious globes?" her fingers sank into the taut balls, "Or maybe just make them blush a bit more?" her flat hand crashed into one of the breasts leaving a white, hand-shaped mark, "Well, I'm sure I can come up with some more interesting ideas..."

"Hey, what the hell do you think you're doing?" screamed Sue as she saw the girl slapping Ann's boobs, "Don't you dare to destroy this piece of art!"

"Art? Rrrright!" laughed Kendra, "I just had some fun with your friend's tits! No reason to freak out! By the way, what are those handles for?"

Kendra grabbed one of the golden objects and yanked it down.

Ann gritted her teeth as her breast felt the brunt of the unforgiving clamp again. Tears drenched her flushed face, her lips quivered in despair. She felt so tremendously vulnerable being at the mercy of this unknown girl.

"Oh look, the tit is changing color! Must be a real challenge for the girl inside! Can't imagine how that must feel!" sneered Kendra as Sue dashed to the handle to release Ann from the pain.

"But now this piece of art is totally out of balance, I should pull the other one down, too!"

Kendra jumped to the other side of the column and ripped the second handle down. Ann's other breast was mercilessly crushed and bloomed up in response. The poor artist groaned in pain.

"Stop it!" screamed Sue as she ran to the other side to release the clamp. But Kendra was faster, dashed back to the first handle and yanked it down again. Sue couldn't believe it. How could that girl be so mean? Sue frantically chased the rogue visitor and tried to catch her. But the damned brat was always a bit ahead, yanking down the handles so fast that Sue had a hard time to keep up.

Meanwhile, Ann was trying to understand what the hell was going on outside. The horrible clamps with their sharp teeth bit down on her bloated breasts time and time again, just to be released shortly after. It was like a freaking metal maw chewing her tits off! Her face was wet with tears by now, and her lips were quivering in pain. She could barely keep herself from screaming out loud.

Finally the torment stopped. Ann heard her friend huff and puff, desperately trying to collect her breath, "So sorry Ann! I hope you're OK! Your boobs took quite a hit!"

"What the hell happened?"

"That stupid girl... She found out... She knows you're inside, knows that the boobs are real. And she's pissed for some reason. Tried to catch her, but she was too fast! Ran away now..."

"I know! She talked to me, told me how she would make my life miserable! Shit! shit, shit, shit!"

"Calm down! Chances are she won't tell anyone. Let's just proceed as planned! It's only a few more minutes until we're done for the day anyway! Fuck, what's that?"

"What's WHAT? Sue, tell me what's happening, please?"

"Cameras, huge-ass cameras! And a huge crowd! They're heading right towards us! I think it's a TV crew... and there's the dean. And that reporter. And sooo many people. Ann, I think the entire board of our freaking school is having a look at you. Keep still, I'll try to manage."

"Fuck! Don't screw up, Sue! Please?!"

"Are you the artist of this piece?"

"Well, I'm the creator of this video playing in the background, but the column? No. That's Ann. But she's busy right now, so I stepped in for her. We have a joint booth."

"So she's not available for an interview?"

"Sadly no. But maybe I can help out?"

"We're recording the different exhibitions and interview the artist. The material will be used to promote the school cross-country but it will also be used for selecting the candidate that gets the 'best of show' award."

"Wow! Rather unfortunate that Ann can't be here then..."

"Indeed, indeed. so maybe you can tell us a bit about the background of this work?"

"Sure! So, where to start... Well...Honestly, Ann has always been a bit of a weirdo. Since I know her, her work has focused on the female breast, on the different sizes, shapes and forms of these wonders of nature. Her goal was to perfectly recreate a breast, to make a piece of art indistinguishable from its natural counterpart. This piece shows just how well she managed the task. Just look how nice the material feels, how it deforms oh so gently if you poke your finger in it. Unfortunately the true marvel will be difficult to capture on video..."

Ann felt fingers poking into her hyper-sensitive flesh, pulling at her tender nipples. Her breasts were so sore from those clamps that the slightest touch forced more tears into her eyes. It took everything she had to stay silent.

"This video in the back actually shows Ann's real breasts. You can see how similar, yes, almost identical they look. The 'hatching' of her breasts could of course be interpreted as Ann's immense talent breaking free of the morals of society holding her back."

The camera zoomed in on the movie and on Ann's exposed breasts from all angles.

"Thank you!" replied the dean, "Thanks for the insight."

And off they went.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the exhibition will close shortly. Thank you very much for your visit."

"Thank god it's over!" groaned Ann, "Is it safe to get out now?"

"Stay in there for a moment. You're almost done, sweetie!"

"Ugh... I really need to get out! My boobs are killing me! Can you at least open the handles again? It hurts like hell!"

"They are open, sweetie! Otherwise you would be screaming!"

"Really? It hurts so much!"

"Your tits are just swollen from all the excitement, honey. No reason to freak out, they still look healthy.... kinda. Looks like everything's clear now. Get outta there, quick!"

Ann's fingers found the control buttons, and small motors whirred into action. The swollen mounds shook slightly, then disappeared behind the wood. Ann's arms were showing up at the top of the column, and soon the whole, red-faced, bare-breasted girl emerged from within the art piece.

Ann quickly yanked her flimsy dress over her hurting breasts and muttered, "Bra's still inside and also the plastic models... Can you help me turn the column around so they fall out?"

Sue nodded, smiling, "How are you? everything OK?"

"Except that my tits buzz like some hornet's nest? Yeah, I'm fine. just glad I survived this day. Come on, help me turn this thing around!"

Both women grabbed the large, wooden object and tilted it slowly. Soon, the two rubbery objects rolled out of the darkness and unceremoniously slithered on the show floor.

"Here there are, your second pair of boobs!" smirked Sue, "Let's attach them again!"

"And my bra? Where's my bra?"

"No idea. Fuck, this thing is heavy. Let's put it down again, please?"

Ann sighed, "That's an expensive one! I need it!"

"You'll get it out soon enough. But let's focus on the important stuff first. Let's prep this thing for tomorrow and be done with it!"

"Alright, alright," groaned Ann as they erected the column again, "Just tell me that I can go home like this?"

"Home? We'll hit the bars first! we have something to celebrate, right?"

"If you say so..."

"Your first public show! And I think it was quite a success! Your boobs got on TV for god's sake!"

"Ugh, don't remind me about that," groaned Ann, blushing furiously, "So can I go out like this? With no bra and just this flimsy little dress covering me up?"

"Well... without the bra..."

"Sue?"

"You look hot, Ann! Your boobs bounce around so nicely, everybody will like to touch them!"

"Sue! That's not what I want to hear! OK or not OK?"

"You're fine, honey. We'll just go out for a drink anyway. You'll be home soon enough."

Ann sighed, "Fine. Let's pack up and head out. Tomorrow it'll be just the plastic boobs. I really need some rest!"

Sue and Ann were soon sitting in a nearby bar, Ann only too conscious about her unprotected breasts that were still buzzing from the day's work. Both had ordered a Long Island Ice Tea and were looking forward to a good chat.

"So how did you like it in there? You had probably more people touching your naked boobs today than you had in your entire life!"

Ann smirked, "Most of the time it was really exciting. Not seeing what's going on outside is absolutely the best. But once they started to pull down those handles? The horror! I really should have thought that one through before!"

Sue giggled, "Accidents happen. In the end, it worked out quite well I think. Just my little movie didn't get much attention. Your boobs were simply too much competition for me. So tomorrow only the plastic stuff, right?"

"Right. And I will finally have the chance to actually talk to people. I just hope the dean doesn't show up!"

"No worries, it'll be open day. Much too crowded for his liking."

Ann noticed a group of men openly staring at her breasts. Some were winking, one was openly whistling.

"Hey, I think we need to leave. This gets creepy."

Sue looked around, saw the men making pretty explicit gestures. She grabbed her glass, dumping it in one go.

"You're right. Your boobs are a bit much for them. Let's go!"

Ann gulped down the drink, "I'm tired anyway. Let's call it a day. Hope I can get some sleep!"

Ann was relieved once she arrived at her place. She was hungry, spent and really exhausted. She made herself a quick meal, managed somehow to do her usual evening routine, and crashed only a few minutes later. The sleep was deep and satisfying.

Ann dreamt of breasts stuck on trees, growing on plants. It was a common dream of her, but this time it was much more intense than usual.

When the alarm went off, Ann could barely move a finger. Slowly reality returned and she somehow managed to sit upright.

"Owww!"

The slipping bedsheet really hurt on her nipples. Ann blinked, trying to remember where she was. The exhibition, right! Her gaze fell on the clock. One hour to go. The column. Her boobs. Her ears glowed bright red as she remembered the day before, the hundreds, thousands of hands groping her breasts. She looked down, brushed over her chest. Ouch! They still were so sensitive from all the groping and squeezing!

The young artist couldn't stand the thought of a bra pressing into her tender flesh, so she decided to look through her meager collection

for something she could wear without.

Her mood only got worse as she searched for something fitting. Nothing seemed good for an event like this. Plain jeans and white shirt? Boring. Fluffy skirt and some odd jacket? No way.

Suddenly, a wicked thought hit her. She was an artist! A boob-artist, focusing on breasts! Shouldn't she be more aggressive in marketing herself? Plenty of artists had quite a weird fashion sense anyway, so couldn't she be just as weird and unconventional in her choice, too? She could choose something that really highlights her expertise, her own speciality, her... tits! And if she dresses up daringly enough, maybe people wouldn't pay too much attention to those plastic boobs either!

Ann remembered a present she got some time ago, a daring costume for Halloween. Actually it had not been appropriate for Halloween either, maybe more for an adult costume party of sorts. She opened a few boxes searching for it.

Hidden beneath lots of clutter, she finally found the sizeable package and pulled it out. 'Breast-Maid' was written in big, pink letters across the lid. She remembered how her friends laughed when they handed over the present. Apparently some of them had found out about her breast fixation and decided to play on it.

Ann opened the box and placed the different parts across her bed. There was a cute, white headpiece, a short, white skirt, a black-and-white corset, a white apron, and even some fitting, black high-heels inside, topped off by a black, fluffy feather duster for good measure. The only difference to a standard maid outfit was that the corset had a large gap on breast level, and even the apron was tailored in a way that it didn't hide anything of importance. The only item supposedly covering those tender pillows were a pair of tiny pasties that would barely hide her nipples!

Ann cringed at the thought of wearing this abomination. It would certainly give her all the attention she needed though. Nobody would even take a look at those plastic boobs stuck on that column if she would stand right beside it with her boobies barely covered. And her tender breasts wouldn't have to endure a constricting bra either! But walking through the city dressed like that? No fucking way!

She wiggled into the corset, carefully pulling it close until the little hooks slipped in place. Ugh, tight! She could barely breathe. Ann donned the apron, put on the shoes and headpiece. There were even some fitting earrings, gloves and a necklace!

The girl walked over to the mirror. She gaped at the image in front of her. Good lord, she looked like straight out of a manga! And her boobs looked even bigger than usual with this corset squeezing everything together! She placed the pasties over her nipple to check if they would cover those sensitive spots. Barely. But those cute cow heads on them really added to the overall image!

Could she really wear this at the exhibition? She looked at the mirror again. All strategic spots were covered, so technically it should be fine, but...

The phone rang.

"Ann? Where are you? The show is about to open any moment!"

Shit, was it already so late? She glanced at the watch. Damn.

"Sue, I'll be there in a minute. Just trying to figure out what to wear. My boobs still hurt, so I thought something that wouldn't require a bra..."

"Whatever, just be quick!"

"Can I sent you an image of my outfit? I could really use some good advice!"

"Sure, send it! But fast!"

"OK, hang on!"

Ann positioned herself so most of her body was visible in the mirror. She took a picture and sent it to her friend.

"This is it. My nips would be covered though..."

"Damn, this is hot!" giggled Sue, "Is this THAT costume we gave you as a gift?"

"Yep! So what do you say? Can I go like that?"

"Considering that you do boob-art, I would say it is actually very appropriate. Love it! Just don't get caught on the streets!"

"So I can wear it?"

"At the show? Definitely! All eyes will be on you though. Are you prepared for that?"

"Thanks, Sue. I'll wear something different for the walk over though. See you in a moment!"

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 07**

Ann changed into her usual jeans and shirt, stuffed the maid costume into a large bag and quickly readied herself for the day. With fresh makeup, and smelling of flowers, she dashed over to the exhibition grounds.

There she went straight to one of the restrooms and wiggled herself into the maid outfit again. The two little 'pasties' indeed barely covered her nipples, with a hint of color showing around the edges, but it had to do. She groaned as she checked her appearance in the mirror. Time to be brave. Ann gathered all the courage she had left and stumbled out into the large hall.

Oh god! Those stares! Time seemingly had stopped for a moment. Every eye in the entire hall seemed to ogle at her large, swaying, vulnerable breasts. She heard faint whistles, gasps, Oohs and Ahs as she made her way through the crowds.

Ann quickly found out that having no bra was only a partial solution to her tenderness-problem as she bumped repeatedly into people tits-first. She tried to get through the masses as quickly as possible, pushing people aside as she sped through the corridors. Finally, her booth!

Sue was grinning like mad when she spotted her almost-topless friend.

"Wow, you look gorgeous, Titties!"

"Did you just call me Titties?"

"Shhh... I'm speaking with your wobbly wonders!"

"Aw, come on Sue! Be serious!"

"Serious? With you being dressed like that?" Sue giggled as she lightly touched one of Ann's swaying endowments, "Great outfit by the way!"

"Thanks... Sorry for being late. Anything happened?"

"Pretty quiet so far but I guess that will soon change. Best if you just stand next to your column and explain it to people. I'll do the same for my video."

"Sounds like a plan."

Ann's daring outfit quickly drew some attention. Once people spotted her, news spread like a bush fire. Their place soon was packed with people trying to catch a glimpse of that wacko artist putting boobs on wood. Ann struggled a bit to get into her new role but soon she was talking like a pro while fending off hands that were a bit too eager to touch her 'originals'.

Plenty of visitors asked about her motivation, about why she was so obsessed with breasts and to her own surprise the artist felt like a fish in the water as she explained herself to those strangers. She enjoyed the attention immensely.

But everything changed when that girl showed up again.

Kendra quickly inspected Ann's work and laughed out loud. Grinning evilly, she then approached the artist, leaned close into her, and hissed, "I knew you're a fraud!", her blue eyes piercing through the confused young woman, anger and disgust flaring deep within them.

The angry girl suddenly reached for Ann's almost bare breasts and grabbed one of her barely covered nipples, pulling at her engorged tips with force.

"Today, your artwork looks like boring plastic foam. No warmth, no pulse, no nothing. And even with those handles down, their color is missing that exciting red hue. Quite a letdown, don't you think? But yesterday it was different. Yesterday I had the exact same tit in my hand, right? Right?"

Ann blushed. Pain seared through her trapped breast as the steely fingers of the fuming girl clamped down on her. "Let me go, weirdo!" Ann hissed, "You're insane!"

"Insane?" Kendra snarled, "You're the weirdo here! You made my friend suck on your tits! You made everyone believe your art is special! But you just like to show off your udders! You're an exhibitionist! A sex offender!"

Ann fumed. She yanked her tit free and spat, "Leave me alone, sucker! And don't you ever come back or I will call security!"

"Stupid, big-titted bitch!" barked the angry girl as she slapped Ann's left breast, hard, "You'll regret that you ever tried to fuck with me, big time! Just wait and see!"

Swearing and cursing Kendra left the booth, leaving the puzzled, hurt artist behind.

"What the hell was that?" asked Sue, just returning from a short trip to the coffee shop.

"It was that weird girl! I remember her voice! Man, that bitch is mean! She threatened me!"

"Really? What did she say?"

"She pinched my tit and said I would regret it big time!"

"Regret what?"

"I don't know! She seemed furious though..."

"Just a stupid bitch, I guess. Nothing to be afraid of."

"Yeah, you're right. But her iron claw? Damn, my tit still hurts!"

"Hey, look! That's Greg from the awards committee!"

A tall, young man approached them, a huge grin on his face.

"Wow, this must be heaven!" he laughed, "Great outfit! You must be Ann the breastist, right?"

"Breastist?"

"Breast-artist, or short 'breastist'. Looks like my joke didn't work all that well if I have to explain!" he smirked.

Ann giggled, "Thanks for the laugh though. Yes, I'm Ann."

"Ooooh, I love maids! Can I take a grab?"

"Don't you dare!" grinned Sue, "So what's up with the awards?"

"Awards... Right, that's why I'm here. You two got nominated for the 'best of show' price. Good chance that you'll win if you can make it to the ceremony. The dean put in everything he had to support you two. You should have heard him praising your projects!"

"Me too?" squeaked Sue, "My video got nominated? Really?"

"Yep! You just need to be at the ceremony tomorrow around 3pm with your art so we can properly celebrate your stunning works. It's right at the end of the show. Press will be there, lots of important people... you name it!"

"For real? You mean, I'll have to show my art there? At the ending ceremony?"

"Yes, that's the deal! Well then, see you there! I have to let the other nominees know, too!"

"Damn, Sue! This is great! But also quite scary! My stomach is all butterflies!"

"Hehe, what a great achievement! We'll be famous!"

"You think? Anyway, time to pack up and head home. Looks like the show is over for today. I'll change to my street wear."

"Aww... but your outfit is so cute! Can't you keep it on for a bit? I'll take care that nobody touches your sensitive pillows if that's what you're afraid of"

"Eh? You want me to go home like that? Really?"

"It's only a few blocks anyway! I just love how your boobs sway and jiggle. Can't stop watching them! Pretty please? For me?"

"Alright, alright. But you'll watch out for me! And no funny tricks, OK?"

"Great!" laughed Sue, "Let's go then! And let them jump around while walking. It looks so hot!"

"Those boobs jump around all by themselves, nothing to worry about. Just make sure no creep attacks me. These things attract them like moths to a flame!"

"No worries. Let's get crackin'!"

Ann tried to cover her bouncy assets as much as possible as both girls sneaked outside. She gasped as the chilly evening air hit her exposed body and made her nipples hard. Her eyes dashed around wildly, trying to spot any danger that might await her. Why did she give in so easily?

"You want to get home quickly, right? so, let's make a run!" giggled Sue and dashed off.

"Wait! WAIT!" screamed the startled artist as she tried to keep pace.

Ann had to give up her protection quickly. Holding her bouncing tits while running just didn't work. And so she let her sore melons jump and quiver as she, too, ran as fast as she could.

Bystanders rubbed their eyes at the sight of the two girls, attracting cat calls and whistles on their way. Some people even recognized Ann as the local 'boob artist', and some were quick to pull their phone and post a picture or two to their social network of choice, showing a bare breasted girl dashing through the streets.

The next day, the internet as well as local newspapers and radio programs were chock full of Ann's 'indecent' public behavior. Many articles mentioned her controversial artwork and debated if such a blatant display of female attributes could still be considered art or not. Public interest in Ann's work skyrocketed and everybody and their dog wanted to get a glimpse on what all the fuss was about.

Ann did not get the news though as she had barely time to prepare for the day. She had decided to again wear a simple, white button-down shirt sans bra and a jeans for the way down to the exhibition hall and had planned to change into her maid costume as soon as she had arrived.

By the time the artist got back to the convention center, she had troubles getting through the masses of people waiting for the show to open.

"What the hell happened? Did the entire city suddenly get interested in art?" mused Ann, shaking her head in bewilderment.

"No fucking clue! This must be thousands of people!"

As they passed a newsstand, Sue caught a glimpse of the headlines and laughed, "Uh-oh! Look at that! Maybe they are here because of your little show yesterday night?"

In their usual tone, the local yellow press had titled, "Big Breasted Local ARTIST Caught RUNNING Through The Streets - WITH BARE TITS! Marketing Stunt For Controversial BOOB ART?"

Ann pulled the cap deep into her face to hide and cringed, "Fuck, of course somebody took a picture of me running, with tits bouncing like crazy, and spread it. But that even the press picked up on it? Do you really think those people are only here because they want to see my tits?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Let's get to the staff entrance."

The day didn't get any better for Ann. When they arrived at their little booth, the artist screamed in shock.

"My tits! They turned black! Look at this?!"

And indeed, the plastic replica sitting in the holes of the column sported some nasty discolorations. The sides and tips of the artificial boobs had a unsightly bluish-black tone and just looked utterly horrible.

"Fuck, what now?" groaned Ann.

"Only one option. You have to get into that thing again and quick! If you want to show your unblemished 'art' to the unwashed masses that is."

"Not again!" squeaked Ann, "I had enough excitement for a while! What if that devious nutter-girl returns?"

"Ann! You have no other option! Didn't you see those people waiting outside? Do you want to present those ugly, discolored plastic tits to them? And remember, there will be the contest ceremony today and you are one of the nominees!"

"Shit. You're absolutely right. No choice... Ugh, but please have an eye on me, OK?"

"You used to enjoy this part, Ann! Just relax and lean back, indulge in those groping hands, let them massage your cravings away! And no worries, I'll be on the watch for that crazy girl. Now, get in there, sweetie! Quick!"

Ann sighed as she handed her bag with the maid outfit to Sue.

"Guess I won't need this today then."

She slipped out of her shirt and jeans while Sue removed the replicas. Ann dumped everything in the empty column with all her other stuff. With bare breasts, inadequately covered by her squeezed arms she climbed up the ladder and vanished in the dark, hollow object once again. And soon, two pinkish globes appeared at the holes, tugged into the open by whirring motors.

"Ugh, I think I'm stuck!" complained the hidden girl as she squeezed her breasts against the openings.

"That's how it should be. Nothing wrong with that!"

"No, I mean my tits are not through. They're jammed or something. Can you help me?"

Sue inspected the soft globes carefully. They indeed seemed to be slightly smaller than before. She grabbed one of the hard nipples between thumb and forefinger and yanked at the stuck balloon sharply.

"Aiiieee!"

"I think this did it. Everything through?"

"Ouch, that was mean! Let me check..." Ann let her finger trace around the ribcage, "Yep, I think I'm all set on this side."

"Brace yourself, other side incoming!" grinned Sue as she reached for the second nipple.

"Ouch! Damn, girl? Bit more careful, please?"

"But it worked, didn't it?"

"Sure, it worked alright, but..."

"Shhh someone is coming!"

"Who? Who is coming? The exhibition hasn't opened yet, has it?"

"No, still a few minutes to go. It's a group of maintenance guys. They bring... what the hell is that? Looks like barriers or something."

"Barriers?"

"Yeah, like those at airports and stuff. For queueing, you know? And they are heading right for our little place!"

"Are you serious?"

Sue was serious indeed.

"Shhh, let's see what they're up to. Just stay quiet, Ann."

The men whistled joyfully as they set up the barriers around the booth.

"Finally, a piece of art I can relate to!" laughed one of the men as he pulled a post in place.

"Yeah, most of this stuff is plain boring but that girl's work really is something. Those nice juicy tits... Did you feel them up already?"

"Not yet, not yet. But I heard they are pretty close to the real thing."

"As close as it gets. You really should give those a proper workout. Take a handful and see for yourself. Let them jump and jiggle! We still have a bit of time."

The two men walked over to the pair of breasts while Sue pretended to work on her video installation. One of them put his hands on the taut twins.

"Wow, those feel incredible!"

"Slap them around a bit. They move just like the real thing!"

Ann felt a sharp sting on her left breast, followed by another hard blow on the right. From all the pulling and tugging, it was obvious that her tits bounced and quivered quite a bit on the other side of the wood. She tried desperately not to groan in pain.

"Hey, what do you think you are doing?" the hidden artist heard her friend shout.

"Just appreciating your art!" laughed the rude man, "I have to say I really like this sculpture!"

Another slap, this time even harder.

"Stop it, you fool! No slapping! Pull and knead all you like, but don't fucking slap it! You're damaging the sculpture! Did you see all those people outside? They only came here to experience this work, so don't spoil it for god's sake! Just get on with whatever you are supposed to do! What is this stuff anyway?"

"Crowd control measures. Higher-ups got nervous with all those people showing up, so we are supposed to set up some of these barriers so that everything gets done in an orderly fashion. Hope your 'art' will survive the eager hands of all those people!" the worker chuckled.

"It's not my art, it's Ann's! But don't you dare damaging it! She will be furious and you'll be in for a hell of troubles!"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. Shoot, that manager-jerk is approaching! Stop the fondling pal, we have some work to do!"

"Awww, you said we still have time!"

"Not anymore! That fat ass is coming our way! Come on, get cracking!"

His partner gave Ann's taut boobs a final squeeze and sighed, "Alright, alright."

"Hey Sue, what's going on?" whispered a breathless Ann from within the column, "I just felt those rough hands fondling me and..."

"Shhh... somebody else is approaching. My, this guy looks important. He is dressed in some sort of tail coat. A bow tie! He wears a fucking bow tie! And that big-ass mustache! Ridiculous! And he's so fat!"

"What? Who's this? What is he doing here?"

"I don't know! Just keep silent and let me handle this, OK?"

Ann sighed, "Not much choice, right? I trust you, Sue, but please screw up."

"Of course. Now shush. He's almost here."

The strange man entered their small booth, huffing and puffing from his little walk. With his head red and sweaty, he looked at the workers skeptically and yelled, "Didn't I tell you to set up the queuing guidance so that there are two rows? One ending in front of the right breast and one on the left? This needs to be handled as efficiently as possible! And make those queues more narrow. We don't have that much space!"

He turned around, "And who are you?"

"Sue, I'm Sue. I did this hatching video here. And I'm filling in for Ann who did this column while she's away."

"What a pity, what a pity..."

"What do you mean?"

"That the artist is not present. I really need to talk a few things through with her. She is so popular now! The evening news yesterday... I must say she is a very talented artist. And so controversial. I like her piece, I really do. Those breasts look so... But the management is very nervous. Very, very nervous. Everybody is afraid of the publicity. Very afraid. They are not used to such a... But they look so good, don't they! I really should experience them, too, shouldn't I? I'm the site manager after all. It's my duty to make sure everything is run in an orderly fashion, isn't it?"

He stepped to the column and reached for Ann's bloated breasts.

"Such a nice work. They are so springy! So pleasant to touch! Perfection... pure perfection! The breasts I usually get to experience are more flabby and much, much smaller. And not so springy! I love that springiness! These are just lovely! Absolutely lovely! Now, where did I... Yes, yes, so the artist is away... Uhmmm... uhmmm... But I really need to... They have nominated both of you for the 'best of show' award, haven't they?"

"Yes!" beamed Sue, remembering the pleasant surprise.

"So it is of utmost importance that the sculpture doesn't get damaged!"

Sue nodded profusely, "Yes indeed! It would be a shame if..."

"But on the other hand we want to provide the audience with a unique and very interactive experience, especially now that the press is all over us because of this stunning work of art."

"Interactive experience?"

"Yes, yes. We want the people to truly experience this lovely sculpture, don't we? So they should touch and feel this magnificent objects, no?"

"Sure! Absolutely!"

"But also they need to be careful. This is very important! I have decided that I personally will keep watch over this place and remind everyone that they need to be respectful towards this fantastic piece. But I need to know just how sturdy this work is, so I can judge what level of interaction is still alright. But only the artist knows for sure, no?"

"Oh, I would say this piece is very sturdy indeed!" smirked Sue, "It can take quite a beating and will still be fine!"

"Really? So if, say, someone would squeeze them like this..." he demonstrated how people presumably would squeeze Ann's breasts, "Or maybe pull them like this..." he yanked the two globes hard, "Would this be fine with the artist?"

"Like this you mean?" smiled Sue and pulled sharply at Ann's other tit, "I think that's alright. Ann told me once that her work is pretty much indestructible if handled properly, so I think you can allow lots of interactivity. Just make sure nobody slaps it too hard or scratches the surface or uses some dangerous tools on them."

"Tools?"

"Knives, lighters,..."

"Oh, absolutely. So no hard slapping or scratching... What about sucking and kissing?"

"That's fine, I think."

"But the health... this may be a health hazard! If thousands of people kiss something... We need some sanitizers! Maybe we should put up some hand sanitizers here?"

"Good idea!" chuckled Sue, "And you should really encourage people to experience Ann's work. Tell them to squish the sculpture, to tickle it, to... do whatever they like. This makes them relate to the artwork right?"

"Exactly, exactly. They should experience this lovely piece as much as possible. So, sanitizers...I assume you will be presenting the video?"

Sue nodded, "But I will also have an eye on Ann's work."

"Please do, please do. I have to ask you to respect my authority though. Any communication with the audience needs to come from me and only me! I'm representing the host of this exhibition and am responsible for this event, so if you see anything that bothers you or endangers the artwork, please report to me immediately."

Sue nodded. What a pretentious jerk. The smug man looked at his watch, sighed, and barked "Will you please set up the barriers the way I told you? We have only 5 minutes left!"

He marched over to the puzzled workers to show them just how they should set up the barriers and guidance systems. The two men then reluctantly followed his instructions and moved the metal barriers into place.

"Sue? What did you guys just talk about?" whispered Ann concerned, "You can't let thousands of people jiggle my boobs like that?!"

"Calm down, honey. That's what you wanted from the very beginning. Just appreciate those loving hands and relax. Funny idea with that sanitizer, but I guess he has a point!"

**Ann's Art Project Ch. 08**

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the final day of our General Exhibition. If you are looking for the sculpture 'Ann's Breasts of a Happy Woman', please follow the signage picturing two female breasts. Please be aware that long waiting times may be necessary as this piece is particularly popular today."

"Uh-oh, I think the masses are about to hit our little booth! Good luck Ann. And remember, just enjoy yourself! That weird, bow-tied man will be on the watch the whole day to make sure everybody is behaving. It's just a few hours to the contest anyway."

"Oh god, I hope this doesn't go sideways." whispered Ann.

"Shh, your new watchdog is approaching. You have to shut up for good now if you don't want to be found out."

The manager pushed two large hand sanitizers mounted on metal stands just besides Ann's two breasts and smiled, "This should do it. I think we are ready. Ah, the first visitors are coming. Here, people, follow the signs and queue up. Yes, like that. Everybody is allowed to touch this fascinating sculpture, just be gentle. Experience the superior materials! The stunning texture! The fantastic tactile properties of this controversial work of art! Touching, kneading, kissing, pulling is all fine. No slapping, no hitting, no punching!"

Swaths of people longed to get their hands on Ann's work, wanted to see with their own eyes what the fuzz was all about, and soon the artist's exposed breasts got thoroughly massaged, played with and examined by many, many curious visitors.

The manager continuously repeated his new trademark sentence, "Listen all you lovely people: Touching, kissing, pulling is fine. No slapping, hitting or punching please!" and watched over the masses of people like a benevolent mother over her kids. And Ann had no choice but to endure this ongoing torment, this attack of the many hands.

Kendra patiently waited in line to get her chance to inspect that disgusting 'sculpture' again. Yesterday, those boobs had clearly been fake and she had made sure that the stupid foam thing became unusable. It had been surprisingly easy to sneak into the exhibition hall at night and inject a little ink into the soft material in the hope that the damage would force that stupid girl to show off her real udders once again. And had she been right! The 'sculpture' was already up for public inspection and didn't show any discolorations. That bitch was back in the column showing off her tits again! And because of that silly publicity stunt that this stupid whore pulled off yesterday evening, everybody and their dog now wanted to get their dirty hands on those bloated milk bags.

But Kendra would make sure that this nasty fraud had no time to enjoy the attention. She smiled as her fingers brushed over the contents of her purse. A simple, well-planned attack should be enough to force that cunt out in the open for good!

Ann soon could tell the differences of the hands that groped her. Some were eager, excited, almost obscene; some were taxing, testing her resilience; some were investigating, curious; some were envious, resentful. She could distinguish the male from the female hands, the young, inexperienced from the old and experienced. To distract herself from the irritating sensations, she tried to imagine how each person looked, how they felt and what they thought.

And then, all of a sudden, there was pain. So much pain that tears welled up in her eyes and she had difficulties not to scream. Something was searing through her tender breasts, inflaming her sensitive skin. Ann could barely keep herself from crying out loud.

"Knock, knock. Who's there?"

Oh no! It was that nutter again!

"Did you miss me? Do you enjoy my little gift? Don't worry, it's just a bit of itching powder and some chili paste and whatnot, made into a nice, sticky fluid. Nothing to be afraid of. But I do wonder how long you'll be able to stay in there, with your udders on fire."

Ann bit her lip. Oh god, where was Sue? She needed Sue! Now!

"You see, I even had to use gloves just to hand over this present to you, so please show some appreciation!" Kendra giggled massaging the taut, bloated tits in her well-protected, gunk-covered hands, "By the way, those handles... I think they're all wrong again. They have to point downward, right?"

Ann gasped as she felt the awful metal jaw clamp down hard on her left tit again. Sweat was dripping from her nose.

"Hey Miss! Don't do that! The handles need to point up! You might damage the work!"

Thank god, the watchdog was paying attention. That way that evil monster couldn't go too far.

"Aehm... I think the young woman is actually right. The artist intended the handles to point downward."

It was that Journalist! What the hell did she do here?

"Sir, I'm Ms Shinozaki, a reputable art reporter. I interviewed this artist earlier and the lady personally gave me this picture of her sculpture. Look here, the handles are clearly pointing downward in this image!"

Ann heard Sue joining the quabble and arguing for her case. But the evidence of the photo was again so overwhelming that whatever Sue said to convince the site manager just didn't work.

"I have to admit this is quite an obvious case," muttered the manager, "The lady is right, we have to respect the artist's intentions down to the very detail. Therefore I declare that those handles shall always point downwards!"

"But you can't..."

"Miss, I have decided. It is my duty to keep watch over this lovely piece of art and have authority over how it is protected."

"I still believe this is a big mistake!" complained Sue.

"Don't you worry, young lady, everything will be fine. Now just go back to your video art and let these lovely people have a look at Ann's wondrous work. This case is closed. Please step back and let the audience have their chance."

He shushed them away and went back to telling people what they can and can't do.

Everybody had to use the hand sanitizers before they were allowed to touch Ann's now awfully constricted boobs and the young artist was about to lose her mind over the intense stimulation. Thankfully, the sanitizing fluid slowly washed away the itching mess, but not before heating her glowing orbs up to the burning point.

Ann couldn't remember just how she was able to withstand this constant attack of the many hands, but somehow she made it through. The worst part had been that evil girl, who apparently queued up time and time again just to torment her boobs as often as she could. And whenever she had made it to the top of the queue, she would massage Ann's bloated orbs feverishly, covering her tits in this vile, itching fluid again while pulling and twisting her flesh around, whispering words of hate and contempt.

After each attack of that mean woman, Ann's breasts burned and itched like hell. That vile, sticky fluid her determined foe smeared on her twins again and again made Ann's exposed flesh ever more alert to the following touches and greatly amplified the sensation of being reduced to her tits only.

Kendra enjoyed this play tremendously. She couldn't wait to get her hands on those fat tits again and again, torturing this wanton 'artist' with whatever idea she could come up with. Sometimes she would squeeze those nasty udders, sometimes she would punch them, smack them around, turning those bloated balloons into red, hot balls of flesh.

Thankfully the manager kept a close eye on Ann and sent the angry girl away whenever she got too violent.

All those nasty words were still echoing through Ann's head when the manager called for Sue and said, "I think it's time to prepare for the ceremony. Will the artist be able to join this event?"

"I don't think so," she heard Sue reply, "Would be very surprised if she turns up. She's way too shy for this kind of thing."

"Really? That's a pity. She has to work on this, otherwise she will never be successful. Now lovely lady, would you lend me a hand to get everything arranged? I will call the maintenance team to get the column over, but you need to get your video equipment into the ballroom, too."

"Sure, I'm ready when you are."

Ann heard the manager telling the annoyed crowd that the exhibition will now be closed and that it will unfortunately not be possible to experience this masterpiece any longer. She heard people booing and complaining but the man didn't budge an inch and sent everybody off to look at other works. Then she heard some male voices she remembered from earlier.

"You want us to carry this thing to the ballroom for the contest?" one asked.

"Yes indeed. But be careful, it's a very delicate piece."

"But the ballroom is two floors up and I don't think this monster will fit into the elevator!" another voice complained.

"Just take the stairs then. Now do as you're told, please!"

Suddenly the world around her shook and wobbled. Ann's senses immediately went on high alert as the column tilted and spun, her clothes and purse sliding around dangerously. She desperately tried to catch all the stuff that suddenly started moving and hoped that her shirt, jeans and other belongings sliding around wouldn't be noticed.

And then she was carried away, her bulging, crimson breasts jiggling from the underside of the large wooden object as the men walked off with her. Ann tried to stay as still as possible. Keeping herself stable, but holding on to all her stuff turned out to be rather challenging.

The short trip proved to be quite an adventure for the trapped artist. She got hoisted around by her tits, rolled on the floor and even turned upside down at some point during her way to the ballroom. The men didn't care too much about damaging this expensive piece of equipment and laughed at those funny rubber boobs that got squeezed between the wood and the floor whenever they needed a short rest.

But fortunately the workmen didn't bother to peek into the large opening at the top of the column or otherwise they would have spotted the stressed-out, young woman that desperately tried to limit the strain on her trapped breasts.

Ann held on for dear life, tried to ignore the searing pain in her boobs and hoped to not lose any of the loose objects skidding around her. And finally, after a particularly painful travel up a flight of stairs, where her tits scraped along each and every step, the column found its place on the stage.

When Sue entered the large ballroom to set up the video equipment, she saw Ann's column standing there already, the bulging tits glowing in an angry purple.

"Hey Ann, you alright?"

"N-n-no. This was awful. My tits are on fire! Those guys rolled me around like a barrel! Can you believe it? Do you know how painful it was to get flung around by your tits?"

"Can barely imagine. I'll open the clamps for a bit, but I'm pretty sure those idiots will close them again because that's apparently what the artist wants..."

"Thanks a million. Aaaahhh... the pain! Those things are all pins and needles! By the way, how do I look?"

"Honestly? Your udders look a tad smashed up. Like your blood has been trapped for too long or something. Do you want me to massage you a bit? Maybe that improves things?"

"Sure, go ahead! But be careful, OK? Too many people touched me there already. Ahhh... that's good! Keep it up!"

Sue kneaded the hot balls of fire to get Ann's blood flowing again. And it worked wonders. Soon, her friend's melons were back to a light rose tint and looked as delicious as ever.

"Room is filling up already. I guess I should stop with this or people will think I'm a pervert," whispered Sue, "Have to set up my video anyway."

"Thanks so much, Sue. Feeling better now. I am so looking forward to get out of my self-made prison!"

The large hall soon was bustling with people. Broadcasters were setting up their cameras, teams of reporters were testing their equipment and looked for a good spot, and hundreds of people were chatting about the upcoming event. Ann could only hear the voices mumbling and laughing in the darkness of her column and the thought that so many people were looking at her exposed bits got her all excited once again.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the award ceremony, the final highlight of our General Exhibition. It is my pleasure to announce this year's winners and I'm really looking forward to talk with our upcoming artists."

The ballroom slowly calmed down, everyone was looking at the stage. An odd column was standing there, sporting two pinkish protrusions, and a video was playing. There were other pieces, too, but the focus clearly had been put on the column which stood brightly illuminated in the center of the small stage.

The announcer harrumphed.

"For the first time ever, this year's 'best of show' award goes to a young lady who is actually unable to attend this ceremony. We were trying hard to get her here, but unfortunately we were not successful in our efforts."

Ann cringed.

"So you can imagine the discussions we had. 'Should we really award somebody who shows no respect to this ceremony?' and 'Doesn't this set a bad precedent?' were some of the minor concerns raised. But in the end the committee decided to make an exception due to the stunning work of this young artist that just needs to be brought to the attention of our community. Look at this work, look at those flawless attributes of an indeed very happy woman! You simply have to experience how warm and soft those magnificent breasts feel like. Nobody was able to determine just how the young artist managed to create this stunning sculpture."

The hands of the announcer touched Ann's exposed breasts and made them jiggle around.

"Aehm, Greg?"

"Yes Mr Roberts?"

"I think those handles are in the wrong position again. Can you please for once push them down for good? It's really important to show the artwork as intended by the artist!"

"Sure," the announcer muttered and turned to the audience again.

"I was just informed that we were a bit sloppy when setting up this nice piece. Apparently those beautiful golden handles need to point downward. Let me fix that for you."

Ann gritted her teeth in anticipation. Moments later the metal clamps closed down swiftly on her, forcing tears into her eyes. She cursed herself once again for coming up with the stupid idea to use those metal holders. At least she was almost done with this event. Only a few more minutes and...

"FRAUD! THIS BITCH IS A FRAUD!" somebody yelled, and moments later Ann felt a something bounce hard against her exposed breasts. Then there was another hit and a wet splash that drenched her trapped twins in what felt like water.

Stunned silence, then shouting, yelling.

"Catch her! Catch this woman! She destroyed the sculpture!"

Ann couldn't make sense of what just happened, but something felt very, very wrong. Her breasts burned like fire and felt kind of weird. This wasn't water, this was something else! But as hard as she tried, the trapped artist couldn't figure out what the hell was going on.

Beads of sweat formed on Ann's entire body, her stomach felt like it was just a big, unwieldy knot, and panic rose quickly within the poor girl. The searing pain emanating from her exposed breasts drove her out of her mind. She remembered her earlier experiments with that casting resin. Was this similar? Or was it something new? What the hell was it that hit her breasts? And what was going on out there?

"We can't find her! I think she escaped!"

"Keep searching! Damn, look at the damage! The column is completely soiled and this magnificent sculpture is almost entirely covered in that awful blue mess! Get somebody from the restoration department, and be quick! We need to do everything we can to save this piece of art!"

Ann heard a familiar voice closeby. Sue! It was Sue!

"Hey darling, can you hear me? Are you ok?"

"Y...yes, I'm fine... kind of. What happened? My boobs are burning terribly. Something is wrong, isn't it?"

"That bitch attacked you. She threw something at you, probably a water balloon filled with...something. Maybe ink? Your tits are covered in blue color, just like the entire middle-section of your column."

"It... it can't be only ink. That heat... Something else is..."

"We will find out soon. They called for some experts that will clean you up. Just be patient."

"Experts? What experts?" Ann was about to freak out, "Will they inspect me? Fuck, Sue! They will find out for sure!"

"Damn, you're right! But I can't do anything right now. This place is way too crowded!"

"Can you at least open the clamps? It's killing me!"

"Sure!"

Ann felt the rigid metal claws move.

"Hey, what are you doing? Don't touch the artwork! Experts need to have a look first to assess the damage! So keep your hands off!"

Dammit, that pretentious prick again. Sue looked at him with disgust. She knew Ann was in terrible pain, she could hear the poor girl writhe and moan for god's sake! But only she knew about the real implications of that attack. Who knows what that vile stuff was! Maybe it was dangerous? Maybe it harmed Ann's breasts? And Ann was right, those experts would find out the truth as soon as they started to examine the damage. She had to do something and quick!

Sue looked around in panic. But what? What could she do? There, the fire alarm! If she would push that button...

She scanned the room. Nobody was paying attention to her. This was her chance! She leaped forward and smashed the glass of the emergency switch. A horn started to whine at an excruciating frequency. The whole room suddenly stood still and everybody looked around. Meanwhile Sue was back next to the column and looked as innocent as she could muster. Would anyone notice?

Security guards started yelling and ordered everybody to leave the room immediately. The room started to move. Sue quickly scanned her surroundings and dashed behind a curtain.

Minutes later the room was empty. Sue peeked out of her hiding place and checked if it was safe to get out. She ran back to the column and panted, "Ann! I thought about it. We need to prepare those fake boobs! Like if they were the ones getting damaged, you know?"

"What?"

"Ah, forget it, no time to explain. Let me just take a picture and I'll tell you later."

Sue fumbled her phone out and aimed at the messy breasts of her friend. "OK, that's that. Now get out of there Ann, quick!"

"Is it safe?"

"No one's here except us. Come on, hurry up!"

She pushed the handles up to open the clamps.

"Ugh, finally! That's much better! Now if I can just..."

"Hurry up, Ann! Just pull the suckers out!"

Sue waited impatiently, her eyes dashing around. Suddenly her gaze fell on a peculiar object lying on the ground. She reached for it.

"What the hell is that? Some sort of balloon filled with... Did she miss... That must be it! She..."

"Sue? I'm stuck!"

"Oh come on, Ann, just rip them out, please?"

"No really, I'm stuck! The motors don't work anymore! They must have been damaged by the attack or something!"

"Christ! And what now? Can't you just pull yourself free?"

"I tried! But it's not working! You have to help me! Can't you... I don't know... push my boobs through?"

"Do you know how messy they are? They are covered in... eek... sticky!"

Sue examined the tip of her finger she just dunked into the slimy, blue goo covering Ann's breasts.

"This is gross."

"Please Sue, help me?"

"Dammit! Alright Ann, I will try to push those fat tits in."

She grabbed the sticky flesh balls and pushed, but they didn't budge.

"Harder! Push harder, Sue!" Ann groaned from within.

"You have to pull, dammit! Ann, pull!"

"It doesn't... oh fuck, I'm so stuck! It hurts, Sue. It hurts so much!"

"Calm down, sweetie, we'll get you out! I will... shh, I think somebody is coming. Stay calm, I have to hide!"

Sue dashed back behind the curtain. A security guard walked in, looking around and shouting, "Anybody still in here? Please leave the building now and wait for clearance by the fire brigade!" He strolled through the hall muttering, "False alarm as always, but rules are rules! Oh, what is that?"

The man inspected the column, his hands touching Ann's exposed breasts.

"Eww, what a mess! Artists these days! What the hell is that thing supposed to be anyway? Well, not my problem. Time to check the other rooms."

He slowly waltzed out again. Sue glanced around. The room was clear.

"Whew, that was close," she looked at her messy hands and groaned, "This stuff that the bitch threw at you? It's vile! Sticky like glue, messy like paint, and itching like nothing I experienced before. I have no clue how you can stand that stuff!"

"I have no choice, Sue! It's horrible, but I'm so stuck I can't move an inch! Just get me out!"

"Alright. So the pressing and pushing didn't work. The only idea I have short of squeezing your tits through with a jackhammer is to just try to push harder. But I'm not convinced that this will work. Do you want me to try again?"

"Hit them."

"What?"

"Punch my tits with all your strength. That's the only way. You have to bash them through the holes!"

"Seriously?"

"That's the only way. Shit, can you hear the sirens too?"

"Fuck, the fire brigade. We don't have much time left! Alright, brace yourself, this will hurt!"

Sue took aim and punched one of the messy balls hard.

"Owww..."

"Did it work?"

"I ... I don't know. Do it again!"

Sue delivered another punch.

"Yes," squeaked Ann, "I think it works! I'm pulling as hard as I can and you keep punching, OK?"

Sue hit the breast again. And again. And again. She pounded against the sticky flesh so hard that her fists started to hurt. And finally the first boob vanished into the column.

"Fuck, this is the worst!" wailed Ann, "But it worked! Do my other breast!"

Sue sighed and hit the second tit. Repeatedly.

"Oh for fucks sake, just pop through!" cursed the artist as she pulled and pulled. And then it happened. The second breast vanished from sight.

"Oh my god, finally! Now get out of there, girl!"

Ann's sweaty face appeared at the top of the column. Moments later the girl was on the ground, her teary eyes looking at Sue, "Thanks! Thanks so much for your help! I wouldn't..."

"My pleasure. And sorry for hitting your tits. How are you? Can you walk?"

"Y... yeah. But my shirt and bra are still inside that thing. Can you get it for me? I can't stand going in there again!"

"Sure, just wait here. And don't touch your tits! You'll get as messy as i am, and you have to go outside to the others in a moment!"

"But it itches so much!" Ann moaned.

"You have to be brave, Ann! Worst part is over!"

Sue climbed into the column and reappeared with Ann's stuff.

"I have a cap, a purse, a white shirt, jeans, and... well, I think that bra is utterly unusable. Look at those straps! And the cups? Shredded."

"My missing bra? You found it?"

"Yep, but it's totally wrecked. How did that happen? Did you stand on it? Look at the wire of the cups, they are totally bent out of shape! And the straps are both broken, too!"

"Shoot! So no bra? But with that mess on my tits and a white shirt..."

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Sue examined Ann's sticky tits, looked at the broken bra again and shook her head, "No way this will work. There is only one thing we can do."

She quickly slipped out of her shirt and removed her own.

"Here, take this. It's too small for your gigantic hooters but it'll be better than nothing. I can go without for a while. Now squeeze your melons in there and get ready for the show!"

Sue helped her into the way too small piece of clothing, squeezing her sticky large melons into the tiny cups. The short straps dug deeply into Ann's shoulders but somehow they managed to at least cover her nipples with it.

"I would lie if I'd say this looks good, but better than nothing I guess. Now put that white shirt on. Let's see how that looks!"

Ann slipped into her button-down shirt.

"Not so bad. There is some of the blue stuff between your tits peeking out but if people don't look too closely... Nice cleavage by the way. If you tie the shirt into a knot and show your flat little tummy...and maybe you can push your jeans down a bit... You know, distract them with your other assets?"

The artist followed Sue's suggestions.

"Perfect! Your tits still look weird if someone really pays attention but it'll be OK. And by the way, I expect you to pay me back! I loved that bra!"

Ann smiled, "That's the least I can do for you. Ugh, this is tight, can barely breathe! So what now?"

"You go out and show yourself. Tell them you just returned from another engagement, ask what has happened, act all shocked and stuff. Meanwhile, I will run back to the showfloor, get the fake boobs and then dash over to our workshop. There, I'll prepare these foam tits with the stuff in that balloon. We need them for later and they have to look exactly like yours right now, which is why I took that picture. People will want to see the damaged sculpture so we need to be ready. That misfired balloon is a godsend! I will take care of everything."

"Understood. So see you later?"

"See you later. And remember, you have to leave a lasting impression. This is your chance! Everyone is waiting for you anyway. Give them what they want! Talk to the press, the dean, everybody!"

Sue slipped into her own shirt again, grabbed the balloon the attacker used and left, her cute little breasts jiggling underneath the thin fabric. She barely made it out before the firemen barged into the building and hoped Ann would manage to leave in time, too.

The young woman headed straight for the booth to search for the pair of fake boobs. Luckily, she found them quickly, tucked away in some corner. She inspected the nasty-looking objects. Those black and blue spots really looked ugly. Sue stuffed the plastic replicas into her bag and headed towards their workshop.

Meanwhile, after narrowly escaping the fire brigade, Ann mingled with the people outside. Everyone seemed annoyed about the situation. It was obvious that there had been no actual fire and many complained bitterly about the unacceptable situation. Ann spotted the dean who stood near the center chatting with that journalist.

"Mr. Roberts? Do you know what is going on here? I was able to leave early from my other appointment and thought I might be able to attend the award ceremony after all. But it looks like I'm too late already?"

"Oh Ann! Something terrible happened! Your artwork... your fantastic sculpture... it's destroyed! Some crazy person threw something at it and now it's covered in some messy... I don't even know what it is! It's heartbreaking! I just hope that our experts can restore your work of art!"

It wasn't easy to focus for Ann, with her tits itching like crazy beneath the tight bra, but somehow she managed to play along.

"Really? My art is... broken? B...but.." Ann squeezed out a tear, "B...but why is everyone outside?"

"Oh, that attack was not all! Just when everyone tried to hunt down the perpetrator the fire alarm went off! Now that horrible person is still on the loose and we have to wait for the fire brigade to clear the place! I'm convinced that monster did it on purpose to distract us!"

"Oh god, this is so terrible!" wailed Ann, "My art! Destroyed! How can I ever ..."

Her hand desperately wanted to scratch the hell out of her itching boobs, but she managed to keep her trembling fingers away from her sore bosom.

"Ann, I'm so sorry! I can't undo the damage and I feel responsible because I made you come to the award ceremony in the first place. If I wouldn't have nominated you, your work would still be intact."

"It's not your fault, Mr. Roberts, I know that. I'm just..."

"I know. But I'm sure our experts..."

"Mr. Roberts? I don't think I want it restored. The act itself, this destruction... I don't think I can bear it."

She really had to go to the restroom or something. Those tits were killing her!

"I was just chatting with Ms Shinozaki about this awful event and she made an interesting proposal. She said if she could decide, she would show the damaged piece very publicly as a memento."

"A memento, huh?"

Ms Shinozaki smiled, "Yes, as a memento. This kind of violence is despicable and we need to fight it. If we show the damaged work to the public, everyone will see that the attack did not change anything!"

"Wow. So you would... And Mr. Roberts...?"

"I'm very supportive of this idea. In fact I already found the perfect place for it, right in the middle of the lobby of our town hall! I already talked with the major and he seems fine with it. Apparently he wants to get rid of the current installation anyway and proud local artists are always good for promotion purposes, especially such popular ones like yourself. Now let me introduce you to our local TV team. They asked for an interview and I would like to have you do it."

Ann muttered, "B-b-but."

"Don't be shy, Ann! Just tell them what you told me. Everybody is utterly shocked by this devious attack and wants to hear how the artist feels about it!"

"I... th..thanks so much! E..excuse me, Mr. Roberts, I really have to... where... Where are the restrooms?"

"Oh, they're inside, so you can't go there now. But there is a public one close by down the street!"

"Th...thank you!"

Ann hurried away, searching for a quiet spot to scratch herself. She found the restroom quickly and dashed inside. Two stalls, one occupied. She opened the door of the vacant one and slipped out of the shirt. The small bra was off in a moment, and her fingers dug into the itching flesh to relieve herself. She moaned happily as she scratched away at the slimy mess.

"Nasty stuff, huh?" she heard a familiar voice next door.

Fuck! It was that girl!

"I knew you were in there. Couldn't wait to punish your obscene udders. So how do you like my little mixture?"

"You're crazy, bitch!"

"No really, I want to know how your udders feel right now!" she giggled.

"They hurt like shit! And this stuff is so sticky that you can't even scratch! What the hell is that anyway?"

"Oh, just a little bit of glue, a bit of ink, some itching powder, some of my secret ingredients... this and that really. I'm glad it worked out like planned though. Have fun with your hooters, they will be like that for quite a while. Oh, and you do recognize that you just admitted your scam?"

"I... I didn't..."

"Oh for fucks sake, I threw that stuff at a column with a supposed boob sculpture, and now your tits are covered with it! You can't deny it any longer!"

"Fuck it, bitch! If I see you ever again I'll call the cops!"

Ann was furious. She wiggled her boobs back into the tiny, soiled bra, put the shirt on and marched outside, leaving the giggling girl behind.

Meanwhile, back at the workshop, Sue worked hard to prepare the fake set of tits for an expectant audience. In the end, she simply had to throw that balloon on those things, but she only had one shot. And if that shot went sideways, she had a big problem. So Sue wanted to make sure that this wouldn't happen.

The first step was to fix those boobs in a similar position as Ann's real breasts on that column. The easiest would have been to just stick them at a wall and be done with it, but how? She didn't want to damage those objects any further, so nailing them on the wall was out of question. And she couldn't find any clamps or other fixtures to put them in place. Sue searched the place from left to right but couldn't figure out how to solve this problem until she found herself standing in front of the elevator in the hallway.

"That's it, I just let those doors clamp it in place!" she thought. And indeed that worked like a charm. She let the doors close around the foam tits, one above the other and grinned amused as she saw them stuck to the door. What if Ann would have her delicious melons squeezed like that by an elevator door? It certainly would give a nice impression to unsuspecting guests! She simply had to take a picture and send it to her friend!

Finally, she grabbed the filled balloon, took aim and threw it against the elevator. Her heart skipped a beat when the balloon almost slipped out of her hand, but in the end the object landed squarely on those foamy objects and burst into millions of pieces, soiling the metal door and everything around in sticky goo. Perfect, an absolutely perfect throw! And the unsightly black marks on those plastic replicas were not even visible anymore and neatly hidden underneath all that goo! Now she just had to remove those things and store them somewhere safe so they could dry! And of course she had to clean up this ugly mess, too.

Thankfully that cleaning didn't take too long. The stainless steel doors of that elevator were exceptionally easy to clean with a good industrial detergent, and the floor of the hallway was not much worse. In the end, Sue managed to finish everything within an hour and was back at the event when people were still around.

She found Ann standing next to Greg from the awards committee.

"Hey Ann, how's everything?"

"Hey Sue! Good to see you. Well, I did some interviews, talked with people everyone is so shocked about what happened, right Greg?"

"Yeah, absolutely. What a scandal! Looks like every newspaper and even the local TV station are here. Bet this story will be everywhere by tomorrow. Who knows, maybe it even makes it on national news!"

"Yeah, the art community is going crazy over this, too! I got support messages from so many people I don't even know!"

"Wow. So your artwork is still broken?"

"Yep, the column is still inside, but the boobs are gone for now."

Greg looked at Ann, "So the dean wants to put it into the town hall? In this damaged state?"

"Yep. And I think everything is already organized for tomorrow. I'm kind of proud that my piece gets exhibited there, even if it's soiled like that."

"And rightly so! Sorry guys, I have to leave! The dean is looking for me!"

"Fuck Sue, this is so great! The column will be standing in the freaking town hall, can you believe it? By the way, I met that girl again! She teased me about the itch and stuff, told me what she put in that balloon! Come on, let's go to Coffee Heaven and have a chat!"

Sue smirked, "Sure! You probably want to know how everything went?"

"I can't wait! Come on, let's go! You have no idea how bad my tits itch! Hope that nightmare is over soon!"

"Want me to scratch them?"

"Hehe, sure! But let's wait until we're alone."

A few minutes later, both girls were sitting in their favorite coffee shop with some delicious drinks in front of them.

"So how did it go?" asked Ann excitedly.

"Without a hitch! Your plastic boobs look just like your real ones now. Look, I took a picture of how I did it."

She unlocked her phone and showed an image of the plastic boobs squeezed by the elevator doors.

"That... looks kind of cute! And hot! Like there is some girl stuck in the elevator and only her tits are peeking out!"

"Nice, huh? Do you want to... I don't know... do it for real?"

"For real?" Ann laughed, "No, not for now. I've had enough 'boob peril' for a while. But still, the idea is cute! And how did the balloon... did it burst?"

"As said, it looks just like y..."

Suddenly Kendra stood in front of them, phone pointing at Ann. Within split-seconds her hand shot forward, grabbed Ann's shirt and ripped it wide open. Before Ann could even react, her hand got to work again and thrashed the almost bursting bra, too, forcing the glue-covered tits out in the open.

"Hah, this is all the proof I need! This video will go viral, bitch! You are a FRAUD! Your tits and the tits on that column are the same as evidenced by that nice blue color. Now nobody can ignore the truth anymore!"

Sue jumped from her chair, tried to grab her phone but she was too slow. Kendra quickly turned around and ran away before Ann could even say a word.

"What the...fuck this bitch!" the artist muttered.

"Dammit, now we're in trouble."

"Oh god. If she really posts this stuff..."

"Let's just not freak out for now, Ann. You never know how things develop, so just wait it out, OK? No point in overreacting. And better cover yourself up again, those people are already staring at your soiled boobs!"

"Right..." Ann tried to put the bra back on but it was of no use anymore. At least the shirt still covered her somewhat decently.

"Let's call it a day, Sue. I really need to get this mess off my tits and I'm quite tired anyway. Tomorrow we have to set up that column or at least sneak those plastic tits in somehow, so we need some energy."

"Right. OK, let's go."

Ann had a tough night. Her breasts itched and burned so terribly that she barely got any sleep . The exhaustive cleaning session in the bathroom of her dorm got rid of most of the vile liquid, but it also caused her red and raw breasts to hurt even more. When she finally went to bed, she cuddled her buzzing orbs in her arms. It hurt so much. Ann wondered whether she should get up again and pack her twins in ice to ease the pain, but then she thankfully dozed off.

The next morning, when her alarm clock switched on the radio, Ann woke up to an interview about the recent 'incidents' at the local art exhibition. The moderator was gushing about the exhibit, about the controversial 'boob art' that got exhibited there, and that the organizers had selected an especially daring piece for one of their awards. He continued to talk about the lewd art work and replayed some interviews with local visitors that had seen said sculpture in person. The moderator turned to his guest, the dean of the local art school named Roberts, and asked

"So Mr Roberts, can you tell our listeners what happened yesterday evening at that award ceremony?"

Ann sat up in her bed and gasped.

"A terrible, terrible attack on the entire art community, that's what happened! A deeply disturbed individual threw a bag of what apparently was mostly paint and glue at one of the exhibits right during the ceremony and claimed that specific piece is a fraud."

"Wow! And then? What happened?"

"Well, needless to say there was lots of commotion. And then somebody hit the fire alarm and it got really wild. I suspect it was the perpetrator herself that did this to distract people and flee from the scene."

"It was a woman?"

"Yes, apparently a young female student. We still haven't caught her though. Her plan worked well."

"So what does the art community have to say about this blatant attack?"

"Everybody is up in arms about it. This artist did a fantastic job in recreating the female breast as lifelike as never before. And now this unique piece is gone forever!"

"Won't she create another one?"

"Who knows! I can only guess how long it had taken her to create something so utterly perfect like those breasts. I have had the chance to personally experience this stunning work multiple times, but now it might be gone forever!"

"So what does the art school plan to do? How will your organization react?"

"We will stand up against this act of violence and put the damaged work right at the heart of our city. I have convinced the city officials to display this destroyed piece as a memento, to remind everyone that art must be free to do controversial work! We have a role to fulfill and such attacks might scare young artists to express themselves in future. The formal erection of the piece in our town hall is scheduled for today at 3pm."

"Thank you Mr. Roberts, it was a pleasure talking to you."

Ann crawled out of her bed thinking about the whole hubbub. All the excitement around her work got a bit too much for her. Of course she felt honored by the idea to have her column exhibited in city hall, but she was also scared about all the publicity she suddenly got.

She hurled herself into the bathroom to get ready for the day. At least her boobs didn't hurt as much anymore and she could wear sensible clothes again.

A few hours later she was standing in front of a sizeable crowd telling her story once again. Thankfully, Sue had been able to sneak into the General Exhibition again where she placed the prepared plastic replicas on the ground near the empty, soiled column. There, staff picked them up and so everything ended up where it should. Now the dean himself handed the objects over to Ann who then showed them prominently during her short speech.

When she finally walked over to her column and affixed the plastic breasts into the holes, it felt almost like a ceremonial act. The entire hall fell dead silent when she pulled the handles down to close the clamps, and as soon as she stepped aside to show the soiled piece she was receiving standing ovations.

"Now you're famous, sweetie!" smiled Sue as they chatted over a glass of champagne.

"Yeah, I know!" beamed Ann, "Just look at how many people are here! I already got interview requests from dozens of news outlets! But I'm still freaked out by that girl. Do you think she..."

"Don't panic, all will be well. Nobody will believe her anyway."

"I sure hope so. Let's get some food, I'm starving!"

The days flew by and Ann was busy telling her story. Soon, she made it into several national TV shows and her work got featured in a number of magazines. And then her world fell apart.

Kendra had staged a formidable attack against her foe. The angry girl had worked hard to prepare the evidence she needed, and now pictures showing Ann's soiled boobs and the goo on the exhibited column side by side hit the net like a tsunami. And when someone asked for more evidence, she was quick to show an extensive analysis originating from a renowned university that backed her case.

Public opinion shifted in a matter of days, news sites suddenly accused Ann of being a fraudster and the poor girl was being harassed by former friends and strangers alike. One of the worst experiences had been when Mr. Roberts called her into his office to talk.

When she showed up he immediately started to yell at her and kept shouting for minutes. He accused her of backstabbing, of being an utter disappointment and generally an awful human being. He made abundantly clear that he was deeply offended by Ann's actions felt utterly betrayed by her. Without any sugar-coating, he told her to pack up and leave the school or he would do anything he could to make her life miserable.

That day was still fresh in her mind, and the only positive thing Ann could remember was that the dean's secretary, Ms Thompson, had handed her a business card, had put her hand reassuringly on her shoulder and had whispered, "Don't worry, there are many that support you. I can't do much in the open but please call if you need help."

And then she lost the dorm. In a matter of days she went from celebrity to outcast. Ann's only choice was to move in with Sue for a while and get things sorted out. They met at the coffee shop once again to talk about the future.

"Hey Ann, how are you? Did you pack up yet?"

"Yes, I'm ready to move in. But let me know if you want me to go somewhere else. I would understand."

"Stop sulking, girl! It had been a rough week but things will improve again. Listen, it might look bad but you have more support than you think. I just got a call from that Journalist, Ms. Shinozaki. Remember her?"

"Sure, what did she want? An interview with a broken artist?"

"Hah, definitely not. She wanted to know how you feel, if you are doing OK. She was really concerned and very angry about how everyone treated you,"

"You told her?"

"I told her everything. She got so upset about Mr. Roberts she was cursing like a sailor! You wouldn't believe it! Anyway, she told me that she will pull some strings and that you should call her as soon as you can."

"For what?"

"I don't know! Just take the phone and call her! Maybe now would be a good time?"

Ann grabbed her phone and dialled the number Sue told her.

"Shinozaki?"

"Hey, it's me, Ann. The boob artist. You wanted to talk to me?"

"Oh Ann, thank god! So terrible how they treat you! Listen, if you need a place to stay, I can offer you a nice little atelier close to Daring Arts private school. It's run by a close friend of mine. They are very supportive of non-conformist artists. I told them about your work and how the public is shunning you. They can't wait to meet you. Everything is arranged already, and don't worry about money or anything. You can bring your friend, too."

"That's... thank you but I don't know if..."

"Stop it. I know you need help. But what you might not know is that there are many that support you. Ask your friend. Log in to your social network and ignore all the hate. You will find those messages! You will see that many of us are supporting you."

"Really? I only see those nasty comments, people telling me to 'go die in a fire' or..."

"Ann, did you listen at all? Ignore those idiots, look for the other voices! I just heard about another support club being founded at some university nearby the coast. That's number ten today. Do you understand? Ten organizations created only to support your case. In one day! They have fancy names like 'Ann's Boobs Are Our Boobs' or 'Ann's Tits Can't Be Silenced' that really don't leave many questions open. There are similar clubs all over the globe, in countries I have never heard of! All those young women are talking about your art, about what you achieved and how to continue with your project! I can show you piles of messages sending in ideas about the next big performances, about how to shock the public by showing real breasts at unexpected places! And they all look up to you! You are their idol!"

Ann was stunned. Was she telling the truth? Was there another side to this mess? People supporting her? She remembered the dean's secretary, her reassuring words. Maybe Ms. Shinozaki was right?

"Ann, are you still there?"

"Yes I am. I just... I don't know what to do!"

"Like I told you. Go to Daring Arts, move into that atelier together with Sue. She will support you no matter what. Listen to her and let us all help you out. Now pack up and go, there is nothing left to do in that stupid little city full of morons."

Ann heard her hang up. She looked over to Sue. "Care to move to another place? I just got an offer for an atelier at Daring Arts! And you are invited, too!"

"Daring Arts? Really?"

"Do you know that place?"

"Yeah, I ready about some of their projects. All I can say is that your stuff is pretty tame in comparison."

"Wow. Sounds like the place to be then. Want to share a flat?"

"With you? Hell yes!"