**Thornwood Bonus - A World without Breasts**

by Ribeye98

**Part 1**
While she slept, Rachel dreamt of a world completely without breasts. Well, almost completely. There was in her dream a fervently religious terrorist sect who believed that women’s bodies were the root of all the evils in the world. Men would not misbehave if women did not constantly tempt them with their bodies.

The sect set out to develop a ‘cure’ for this femininity plague by creating a vaccine which only targets females. Upon succeeding, they spliced it with the common cold virus for delivery and released it on the world with devastating results.

It took about a year for the public to notice that young girls upon reaching puberty were remaining as flat-chested as their male counterparts. But by then the global infection rate approached 100%. Various home remedies and religious rituals were attempted. The greatest minds of science were put on the case. Alas, the ‘vaccine’ proved incredibly resilient and effective. All attempts to counteract the plague failed miserably.

At first, young women turned to artificial implants. But most could not afford it and either used external replacements or learned to live without. Although on the surface things looked to be returning to normal, the danger had not passed. For the sect had built another cruel characteristic into their complex virus.

Eventually the second stage of the virus activated; this time targeting grown women. It converted existing healthy cells into ravenous flesh eating soldiers. Then it directed its new army to consume mammary glands. The rest of the body remained unaffected.

Like balloons losing their air, women the world over began to gradually deflate over the course of several years. The use of implants and other artificial replacements exploded as women raced to compensate for their lost mass.

No one anticipated the devastating repercussions. Faced with the prospect of a world without breasts, society entered a noticeable decline. Though most women superficially looked the same as before; something important had gone missing from the world.

Theories abounded. Some experts conjectured that implants were ok when used in small numbers. But their ubiquitous use psychologically severed man’s sexual connection to woman. Some went so far as to predict humanity was doomed unless a way to reverse the vaccine was discovered. Others countered that it was just a global post-traumatic adjustment period; that it would work itself out over time.

But things did not improve. Global birth rates dropped precipitously even as suicide rates skyrocketed. One thing was clear. Everyone was miserable in a world without breasts. For the first time in human history, prostitution, the world’s oldest profession, started to disappear as business dried up. The human body simply could not be tricked into accepting mass produced substitutes.

Eventually the original sect emerged and took credit for the vaccine. They explained their motivation and invited all men everywhere to celebrate the new era without temptation and to usher in a time of great peace. They were utterly destroyed within days.

Then the rumors began. Someone had found a cure in Tunisia. No it was South America. A whole village in the Amazon had been cured by a magical berry. Two Mongolian sisters had sprouted after a Buddhist fertility ritual. No it was twins in Jakarta. Each rumor was eventually disproven under scrutiny as a hoax or a scam.

But just when it seemed all hope was gone. Where humanity’s greatest minds failed, nature had its own way of fighting back…

**Part 2**
Rachel was the same type of girl in this nightmare. The teenager had reached puberty just before the virus was released into the world. She was in the process of proudly growing her own pair of breasts. They were small at first yet healthy and she couldn’t be happier.

When the virus struck, she considered herself lucky and thought she had narrowly escaped its devastating effects. Most other girls her age or younger did not sprout at all. The lucky girls took to mocking and teasing them. But Rachel refused to participate. She felt sorry for them. They would have a hard enough time making it through life she thought.

Then stage two struck and, to the dismay of many of her peers, girls who had been developing normally began to reverse course. In haste, America initiated a program to distribute a device called the artificial development substitute (or ADS for short). Nothing more than bureaucratic government-speak for a bra with extra padding where breasts should have been. They came to school and issued an ADS to every girl who wanted it. Rachel did not ask for one. So far her breasts had not been affected; though she knew that day was coming.

The ADS program was all part of America’s ill-conceived femininity promotion initiative; yet another feeble attempt to counteract the effects of the plague. After years of intense research and experimental treatments, no one was even remotely close to a real cure. The section of biology textbooks which dealt with breast development during puberty had been relegated to a footnote and often moved to history books. It was considered too depressing for young girls to be reminded of their cruel fate.

The widespread distribution of ADS devices made it difficult to gauge the number of women who had reached stage two. But every health department estimate was worse than the last. Eventually they stopped issuing reports as the symptomatic rate neared 100% with no sign of stopping. The numbers dwindled until it was assumed no more cases of unaffected women were known to exist. And the world mourned.

But the declaration of defeat against the virus turned out to be premature. Previous rumors that usually appeared on tabloid newspapers were always debunked as hoaxes. People had stopped listening to this false hope.

But then France made an astounding official announcement. After nearly a year of no known cases, they had found a young girl who hadn’t yet lost her breasts. Independent tests confirmed that she was infected with the virus. But by some unexplained miracle, she did not suffer the same effects like other women.

When cases in other countries started appearing, it sparked a gold rush of sorts. Bounties were offered to anyone who found a developing girl. Discoveries started trickling in until the estimate of known cases totaled 57. China claimed 11; though that number was unconfirmed. India and the United States had 6 apiece. Brazil had 5. Russia, Mexico, and Egypt each had 4. The United Arab Emirates and Japan had 3. France reported 2. Thailand, South Korea, United Kingdom, Germany, Argentina, South Africa, Australia, Canada, and Indonesia had 1.

Unfortunately, the number of discovered cases worldwide did not continue to grow beyond that. Though it represented hope and experts concluded that more cases would be found in time, they warned that it might take years or generations to fully reverse the effects. Therefore the challenge became how to manage such a rare and valuable commodity in the short term.

Possession of a ‘blessed one’, as they came to be known, seemed to stabilize the unrest within a country. The UAE, for example, a small country which had somehow produced three blessed ones began to flourish. Each girl was valued at $10 billion. It was discovered that those three girls all shared a certain hereditary genetic mutation. Thinking this was responsible; their rulers planned to multiply their assets while at the same time overcoming the plague through procreation. They initiated a mandatory breeding program. Only royalty and other privileged individuals were allowed to participate in the program.

But not all countries were so blessed. When desperate nations without a developing girl continued to slide toward economic and civil collapse, they adopted extreme measures to gain what they did not have. Tensions escalated when the first kidnapping occurred in Russia. She was recovered, but after that all four girls were placed into a maximum security prison for their own protection.

In Washington D.C., Congress acted in earnest to pass a law called the Sharing Bounty and Restoring America Together Act. They promised to redouble their efforts to make sure every case in America was found. They also vowed to responsibly and equally apportion this blessing to the benefit of the whole country…

**Part 3**
When the news broke about SBRATA, Rachel didn’t fully understand it. All she knew was that she, along with every other girl in her school, was to report to the health department a special mandatory screening.

Arriving at the clinic Rachel got in line along with hundreds of other women. A temporary screening area had been setup. The initial examination was very simple. Everyone was required to remove their shirt and bra (or ADS if they had one). If they were flat, they were free to leave. Those with breasts were moved into a second area for further testing.

She felt self-conscious that her little nipples were exposed. They didn’t let her put her top on for the rest of the screening. At least the other women around her were also topless.

A nurse took measurements while another interviewed her. She barely looked up from her clipboard and looked bored. But she raised her eyebrows and glanced up when Rachel answered that she had never had plastic surgery. The nurse ordered Rachel to join a handful of other patients who were scheduled for an ultrasound.

One by one, the ultrasound revealed that the patients were either mistaken or lying. The numbers continued to dwindle as they were sent home one by one. Finally it was Rachel’s turn.

The doctor had her lay on a table and smeared some gel on her breasts. The cold gel made her nipples stand at attention. He moved the ultrasound wand over her breasts and studied the monitor. Then he excused himself and left the room in a hurry. He returned with three associates in tow and repeated the procedure.

After a quick consultation in which the associates kept glancing over at her, they determined she needed another test. By now Rachel was starting to get scared. Had they found something wrong with her?

The doctors led her into another part of the clinic. No one offered her a gown. The had taken her shirt and bra so she felt embarrassed to be escorted around the clinic while topless.

A new doctor was present for this next exam. He scribbled furious notes when she stated that she did not have implants. He drew blood for analysis. He poked and prodded her; not speaking directly to her but over her head to his associates about his findings.

“Do I have a tumor or something?” she finally blurted out.

The doctor looked up from his charts and spoke directly to her. “My sweet young thing,” he said with a look of sheer relief on his face, “In a way, you do have a tumor. A mass of cells growing in your body. Several, in fact. And those little tumors; those glands are the greatest things I’ve ever laid my eyes on. They represent the dawn after more than a decade of hellish night.”

Further tests confirmed Rachel’s condition. No one knew why the infection didn’t affect her or why her mammary glands were developing. But they were.

At first SBRATA wanted to send her off for more thorough examination. But some feared that removing her from her environment might halt or even reverse the progress. So they brought the laboratory to her. Medical professionals measured her development daily and with intense scrutiny; a process which thoroughly humiliated the young teenager. But that was only the beginning of her humiliation. After another month of analysis, the professionals joyfully concluded that Rachel’s bust had increased 17% with no sign of slowing down.

Noteworthy in the report were the observations about the medical team itself. Everyone who worked on the case reported reduced feelings of depression as well as increased willingness to work together and collaborate with colleagues. They reported a diminished inclination for violence and a generally more optimistic outlook on life; a rarity in society of late. Sociologists concluded that the presence of Rachel’s natural breasts positively and measurably affected the mood of everyone who came in contact with her.

She had officially joined an exclusive group as America’s seventh blessed one. The only thing left was figure out what to do with her…

**Part 4**
SBRATA’s task was straightforward; apportion a scarce resource among a clamoring populace to maximum effect before it was too late. They considered many ways to achieve that goal, but settled on one called operation ‘showcase’. Rachel was introduced to the operation only after they had built the showcase box for her to wear. She was not consulted and neither did they ask for consent.

Her breasts continued to swell at a respectable pace all summer and she was given an etiquette booklet to study. It listed behaviors befitting of her new role in society as well as a bunch of phrases to learn so she didn’t come across as witless or dumb. She memorized the phrases and waited for more instructions.

The day before her sophomore year of high school was to begin, and after months of no news, two armed security guards suddenly arrived at her house and drove her to a nondescript downtown government office. The lab inside was labeled “SBRATA calibration and fitting”. There technicians unveiled the box.

Measuring approximately 14 inches square by about 2 feet long, the clear box was a perfect display case. Just looking at it made her blood run cold.

Something in Rachel’s subconscious had to be feeding this dream. The frequency with which she was left under clothed and embarrassed took its mental toll. Now here she was dreaming about her chest literally being put on display. And the timing of this nightmare ordeal to her real life age was no coincidence. Even in her sleep, humiliation found a way to haunt her.

Technicians swarmed around her and made little adjustments to the box for some time until they were all satisfied. “All right, Rachel. The calibrations are complete and we’re ready to begin the fitting. If you would remove your shirt…”

“Hold on! What about my right to privacy? Am I to have any say in the matter?”

“Technically, no.” The lead technician chimed in, “You have been declared a national treasure. Any claim to rights therefore belong to all citizens equally. But as for privacy, that’s not for you or me to decide. Take it up with the boss.” He looked at some notes, “My instructions aren’t specific on your clothing. I don’t care what you wear. We’re just here to get you into the box.”

Satisfied, she consented to go ahead with the fitting; although she suspected her cooperation was no concern to them. She doubted she had much choice in the matter. They probably had orders to put it on her by force if necessary. The technicians seemed to think that vague statements about the country’s dire circumstances were sufficient to overrule any concern or reservation on her part.

She couldn’t see anything special about it, but she soon learned the box was full of surprises. As they lifted it from its cradle, an invisible seam opened up in the back. What looked to be a simple box was actually the product of a multi-million dollar undertaking. All 7 American blessed girls were simultaneously being fitted and would be presented at various press conferences around the country later today.

They had her step into it like a backward jacket so that her arms went through the holes in each end and her head was sticking out the top. Then it was hinged closed behind her and latched. The careful measurements and calibrations had been accurate. Her neck fit snugly but not uncomfortably through the single hole in top. All the holes were padded for extra comfort. That’s also where much of the electronics was housed. The whole contraption ended just above her belly button.

They took some more readings and asked if she was comfortable. She reported that she was doing ok. Actually a high-tech acrylic material rather than glass, it was very lightweight and not a burden at all. Her only real complaint was the way her arms stuck awkwardly out each end. She could not move any part of her arms from elbow to elbow which were both at shoulder height. She had some motion outside the box but her hands could not reach any part of her body. The box got in the way. She even had to ask an assistant to scratch an itch on her nose.

“I know it feels a little weird right now, but you will get used to it over time. This showcase is the only way to ensure everyone gets equal access. It is your duty to share your blessing.” She was acutely aware of how he stared at the mounds beneath her shirt as he said this. It emphasized his assertion that the contents of the display case belonged to him as much as her. She no longer had a right to be offended.

“A small team will stay with you for a while to help with the adjustment period and to act as your security detail.” Rachel felt silly standing there with her useless arms hanging like a scarecrow as the technician talked to her chest. “A press conference has been scheduled for one hour. The SBRATA director should be here shortly. Feel free to relax until then.”

Relaxing proved difficult. She sat on a couch and watched the calibration and fitting technicians stow their equipment. She could not lie down or even recline. The box forced her to sit upright while she waited.

A small group of technicians were left behind along with the six security guards. This constituted her adjustment team. Rachel needed to pee, but she was sure they wouldn’t let her remove the box and she was afraid to ask for help with such a private matter. She thought she could hold it until after the press conference.

Another security detail appeared along with the director’s advanced team. Needing to prep the calibration lab as a backdrop for the press conference, they moved Rachel into a smaller room across the hall.

The SBRATA director finally showed up followed by another host of aides; all the while dictating speech notes to a subordinate.

“…America needs an image of hope for a better future. Blah, blah, blah. Rachel has an honored opportunity to serve her country. Why is she wearing a ratty t-shirt?”

A technician answered “the orders did not specify…”

The director cut him off with a wave of his hand. He snapped his fingers and an aide handed him a clipboard of the orders. “It says right here. ‘expanse to be bereft of raiment’, but you were probably too stupid to understand that. Are your arms shaved?”

The director had been inspecting Rachel but talking to someone else. It took her a moment to realize that last part was for her. She answered his question while trying to decipher the term ‘bereft of raiment’. “Yes, sir. But I don’t see what that…wait a minute,” all at once she figured it out.

She was nervous about facing the press cameras. It was bad enough that the healthy development of her breasts was to be a topic of intense scrutiny and a source of great pride for the whole country and she was to be paraded around wearing a clear box. But to be topless too? The concept frightened and offended her. “You don’t seriously think you have the right to…”

“The right? Hah! I don’t have time for this.” He turned to the technician. “Fix it,” and just like that he was gone with the army of aides following in his wake.

Rachel did not like that man. She started to back away; about to make a run for it. But two security guards had slipped behind her. In one motion they grabbed either side of the box and lifted her nearly off the ground. Once she was immobilized, a technician approached with a pair of scissors.

She called for help, but the technician set her straight. “Yelling won’t change anything. The boss has spoken. It must be done. If you don’t cooperate we will sedate you. He tapped some invisible buttons on a top corner of the box. Like magic, the front panel silently parted down the middle to provide access.

Unable to escape and fearing a cut, Rachel held still as the technician deftly cut her shirt and bra from her torso. Once she was naked from the waist up, he slide the panel closed and motioned for the guards to release her.

Rachel immediately tried to cover up. But no matter where she placed her useless hands, her bare breasts remained visible from every angle. It was a small consolation that they had left her skirt on. Now properly bereft of raiment, she was led over to the door and across the hall where the eyes of the world waited to gaze upon her naked bosom…

**Part 5**
At the appropriate time, a curtain was opened and Rachel was pushed through. Cameras flashed as a murmur rose from the press corp. America had chosen a bold path. This blessing was too precious and rare to be confined. It must be put on display and enjoyed by all mankind equally.

The director, who had been giving his speech, welcomed the topless wonder to join him on stage. She burned with shame under the bright lights. Her nipples rose to the occasion and added to her humiliation.

The press conference lasted about an hour. As intended, Rachel’s breasts were the center of attention. The director spoke for her and answered the reporters’ questions. For she was not there to be heard; only to be seen.

When the presser ended Rachel was led off the stage, but her duties did not end there. She was immediately escorted down the hall to another room with her adjustment team trailing behind.

A group of America’s richest and most powerful people had gathered to personally meet this curiosity. SBRATA had been their baby; their plan to save the country. Before releasing Rachel and the other girls to the public, they wanted to see for themselves if all the reports were true. Many were skeptical that the mere presence of real breasts actually had the claimed calming effect.

Rather than swarming her all at once, the distinguished dignitaries knew how to behave. They casually mingled in clumps around the room and waited for their turn with the treasure. There was an undercurrent of hostility. The attendees knew the country’s dire circumstances better than most. America was days away from total anarchy. These people had already made arrangements to flee to foreign safe havens if the SBRATA project did not live up to promises.

The director was her personal escort. He promenaded her around graciously accepting praise from the guests. That irked Rachel. What did he do to deserve the praise? He was just exploiting nature’s gift. She was the one walking around with her bare boobs on display.

They barely acknowledged her. Appraising her like they would a piece of fine art. That’s what she was to them; a piece of living art. A beautiful aberration to be admired and appreciated. Not a person. Their eyes rarely rose high enough to meet hers, but lingered on her chest as the showcase intended.

The director fielded their questions which accompanied the accolades. A very wealthy businessman voiced concern about the authenticity of her breasts. How could he be sure they were not artificial implants?

The director smiled. “My good man, you need only to look inside yourself. Although they cannot fully explain it, our scientists have measured the phenomenon. They can also certify what you are seeing is completely natural and unmodified. Surely you noticed the mood of the room improve when the showcase entered. Can you deny feeling better now that it’s here?”

Since the plague began, the businessman had famously surrounded himself with artificially endowed young women in a futile search for happiness. But it had not made him any happier. But he did admit to feeling better today than he had in years.

“Perhaps” he conceded the point and thought for a moment. “But I’m not completely convinced. The stakes are too high to accept the certification of some scientists. I need more. Let me certify for myself. I’ll know they’re real when I feel them.”

“Be my guest.” The director motioned for a technician to open the front panel. “Hold still now, Rachel.”

Rachel was angry and repulsed that the director would allow some stranger to manhandle her all-natural assets. He played with her chest with a big smile on his face. Rachel looked around for help. Surely someone would stand up and point out how improper and wrong this was. But she had no allies in this crowd. They were looking at their own salvation in the flesh. None would dare protest.

After a couple minutes the businessman made a declaration. “I am convinced. These are very nice and very real. You should be proud.”

Rachel was just relieved that he let go of her chest. She managed to mumble one of the phrases she had memorized from her etiquette booklet as another dignitary took the businessman’s place. He had set a precedent and now everyone wanted their own direct contact. With her arms trapped, Rachel could not stop the assault. She was forced to stand in place as over 100 dignitaries took a turn fondling and complimenting her tender young breasts.

By the end Rachel was practically dancing where she stood. The manipulations produced a frenzy of arousal sensations. But the need to pee was also jockeying for priority along with the impending orgasm.

Rachel’s dream was winding down, but her subconscious able to invent a few more means of humiliation before she woke up. The director, persuaded by positive feedback from the dignitaries, issued a new declaration. Henceforth the showcase boxes were to be left open whenever possible to allow direct access to the public.

Rachel was stationed by the exit so every dignitary could shake her breast one last time on the way out the door. Though she felt nothing but soreness and arousal, she had to act honored by the courtesy. The director was the last to leave. He kneaded one of her breasts in the tradition the dignitaries had begun.

“You did well today. I know the showcase box does not allow you much use of your hands. That’s why this team has been assembled for you.” He gave a nod to the remaining team; a mix of technicians and security guards, all male. “They are sworn to serve and protect you. They are highly trained and take their job very seriously. They will be with you day and night and can assist with anything you need. You shall be without want. Do not hesitate to ask.”

Rachel didn’t hesitate. As soon as the director was long gone, she made an obvious request.

“Can you take this off me? I need to use the restroom.”

“Sorry, ma’am”, one of the guards answered. He was tall and muscled. She did not doubt his ability to protect her. He stared at her chest as he talked; just like all the rest. “That is the one request we cannot fulfill. By order of the director, excepting a medical emergency, the showcase box is to remain in place at all times.”

\*\*I’m going to have a medical emergency soon if I don’t get some relief.

It occurred to her that the people running operation showcase had not thought much beyond developing the box. No one had worked out how she was supposed to perform regular human functions while wearing it. They had left that up to the adjustment team to figure out.

“What do you propose I do then? I can’t hold it in forever!” She walked out the door forcing the team to keep pace. When she had found the restroom, she realized someone would have to follow her inside and help her with her skirt and panties. That meant someone would get to see her completely naked.

“I need someone to help me.” She looked around at her team; trying to decide which would be the least awkward selection. They were all relatively young and good looking. And they all openly ogled her chest. Some were even sporting erections. There was no good answer.

“This is ridiculous” another security guard behind her got fed up and decided to simplify things. “You can’t expect us to be going into women’s restrooms all the time. We have limits.” He was standing behind her. Before Rachel could react, he reached up and yanked her skirt and panties to the ground. “We’ll wait out here with your clothes.” Then he held the door open for her as if he were doing her a favor.

Rachel shrieked. Apparently they had no limits when it came to her. She had just been stripped naked in front of 12 young men. The bathroom was her only escape. So she stepped out of her puddle of clothes and scurried inside before they saw her obvious arousal.

Once the urgency to pee had been resolved, Rachel stood alone in the bathroom trying to build enough courage to go back out there and face her team. She wondered if, now that the precedent had been established, they were going to strip her every time she needed to use the bathroom. The thought roused her even more.

Her dignity and clothing had been stripped from her. And her fleeting moment of privacy was at an end. But her arousal was as strong and visible as ever. That urgency had not yet been satisfied. She would have taken care of herself right then and there, but it was physically impossible to reach her pussy with her arms suspended beside her. She gave up and turned to the exit.

The team met the naked girl as she stepped back into the hallway. No one moved to help her get dressed. They were all busy staring at the obvious arousal between her legs. In fact she didn’t see her clothes anywhere.

The technician in charge of her appointments spoke, “There is to be a parade downtown in your honor. Unless you need anything else, we should get going. We have to get you into your costume quickly.”

The thought of being paraded through town with her naked breasts on display sent shivers of arousal down her body. “What do you mean costume? Where’s my skirt?”

“You won’t be needing it.”

They led her into another room where her parade costume awaited. What little fabric existed was a gaudy combination of stars and stripes; very patriotic. There were swooping flag decorations which hung from her elbows to her wrists. A blue ruffle with white stars went around her waist. It was much too small to be called a skirt. Ribbons went in her hair and around her thighs. She was certainly no longer bereft of raiment. About the only thing not decorated were her privates.

She could not stop thinking about being out there exposed to thousands of people. Her pussy was throbbing with need. Just before she was to be taken out to be mounted on the parade float; a guard asked if she needed anything else. She remembered the director’s words, “You shall be without want. Do not hesitate to ask.” She had 12 willing assistants sworn to meet her every need. Driven by that knowledge, Rachel broached the sensitive subject.

“I do have one last request. I can’t go out there yet. It hurts too much. I need relief…down there.” She blushed a bright red to match her American flag motif.

The guard considered her request for a moment. He had no reason to refuse her request. So he stepped forward and rested his hands on her waist. Rachel squirmed in anticipation. He moved around front and slowly carressed her outer pussy lips.

“Harder” she demanded. “And please, somebody pinch my nipples.”

Another pair of hands entered the box with the singular objective of delivering pleasure. When they found their target, Rachel’s tender nipples responded and soon she was writhing in place and whimpering. The girl was in ecstasy. But alas, the end of her dream was at hand and the real world awaited.

The security guard was just about to insert his finger when she lost her grip on sleep and the dream slipped away. She woke up hornier than ever; yet still unsatisfied.

THE END