

ROSE AND SAVANNAH

Written by *LucLucilleCJ*, Based on Photo Edit by *Swago3789*



Introduction

Working with Lucille on this new story and will have some more sexual manips to continue the story. Rose had always been flat. Growing up through her teens, she would look on enviously at her peers, whose chests would progressively outgrow hers, overshadowing her in photos and in luck with dating. Despite her pristine appearance, blessed with flawless, tropical tanned skin, flowing ebony hair, and toned ass, Rose somehow still seemed to get overlooked in favor of her bustier friends in nightclubs, bars, and parties whilst trying to pick up the men she wanted, especially her worst frenemy, Savannah.

Any time the two went out, Savannah would be flocked by men and women, complimenting her tops and dancing, taking their shots at flirting with her and asking her out, but with few succeeding. Rose was extremely jealous.

Rose spent countless trips to clothing stores desperately hoping the woman measuring her bust would say anything higher than B, was always met with disappointment and a loss of hope. She could not afford breast implants, nor did she want to ruin the pursuit of the natural beauty she had chased through countless hours in the squat rack, attempting to compensate for her lackluster chest with a curved and muscular rear. But with no natural curves, Rose felt like just another flat girl, forever cursed to take Instagram photos facing away from the camera, and ignored by the breastmen of the world. Rose wanted tits.

The Contact

This desire would remain nothing more than a pipe dream, until one evening, just like the rest, spent in bed jealously scrolling through other women's social media wishing she had their bodies, Rose received a text message from an unknown number. Assuming it to be just another scammer or telemarketer, Rose was quick to assume nothing of the message, but a quick glance at the first few words of the sentence proved this was different from the bots she was expecting.

"I know what you want most. I can help... for a price. Call me for more details. I'm expecting to hear from you"

Rose blinked abruptly, dumbfounded at the mysterious and ominous nature of the message, but was intrigued if anything to go along with an elaborate prank.

"Oh yeah? And what would that be?"

Rose replied facetiously

"Don't kid us both, you're a woman who has everything, a great job, a nice place, good health. But still, you harp on your one superficial flaw. Your breasts. Come see me here and I can help"

The mysterious person on the other side of the screen attached an address. Inner city, Rose was unfamiliar with that part of town. At an all-time low of self-esteem and an all-time high of desperation, Rose took the mad risk and copied the address into her phone's GPS, set it as a reminder for the next day, and responded back.

"OK. I'll see you there after work tomorrow, call it 6 pm. Try anything funny and I'll end you, I know judo." Rose bluffed unconvincingly but to no hesitancy of the messenger.

"Excellent, be on time"

The Meetup

Another day in Rose's middle management HR job came and went without anything remarkable once again, little work was done as she spent the workday dreaming of the benefits of a greater bust, getting hit on by co-workers, being treated like a queen on dates, maybe even considered for a promotion in exchange for small favors for her boss.

As soon as 5 p.m. ticked around, Rose made the dash for her car, hastily plugging in the suspicious address to her Toyota's navigation system. An unnamed warehouse, way out of her town and in the heart of the inner city. Rose was unbothered, desperate to make the most of this opportunity.

The suspicious messenger stood outside the address, adorned in a white lab coat and rounded spectacles, and gestured for Rose to move quickly and come inside. Somewhat comforted by his professional appearance, Rose exited her car and trudged across the pothole-ridden driveway to enter behind the scientist.

"Right, now that we're alone, and you're certain you weren't followed?"

Rose nodded

"Okay, good, I'm Dr. Kovatsky, I've moved here because, well, I've done some experiments that don't exactly align with the morals and values of my colleagues, but I think I'm really onto something that will truly help people."

"You have me concerned Doctor, what exactly are we talking about here?"

"Well, I've found a way, non-surgically and non-invasively, to, well, conjoin people. I can take the body matter at a cellular level, and pair it to another, creating a sort of unified body for the two."

"And why the fuck would anyone want that?"

Rose snapped in response

"Plenty of reasons, war veterans missing body parts, partners wanting to display total commitment to each other, sexual deviants you name it, or in your case, those that want to enhance their body by combining it with another. If I were to pair you with say, a woman with J cups but a flat rear, you would both combine those assets into a new, shared body, granted you'd only get control over half the body, or, some other kind of allocation I'm not entirely sure yet. But the point is, you can finally get the body you've dreamed of and even more."

"Is it risky? Can it be undone? And better yet why should I trust you?"

Rose replied

"Look, I can't guarantee anything, but I've performed it on plenty of non-human subjects and they've stayed perfectly healthy, but I think the better question is are you going to be happy for the rest of your life, having given up this chance."

Rose sighed deeply and asked to be shown to the lab, a gesture to which the doctor looked visibly relieved and excited.

"Right this way, Rose"

Begin Operation

Dr Kovatsky pulled back on a wide, cream curtain, to reveal a type of improvised shower, fitted with various pieces of scientific equipment beyond Rose's understanding of high school chemistry.

"It's not much, but I don't have access to everything I would like to, plus it makes clean-up easier."

Rose ignored the suspicion of the doctor's statement and followed his instructions.

"Now ma'am, could you please undress, I can pull the curtain back if you like but I will have to see you naked for the procedure anyway"

Rose was admittedly a little excited to finally be able to undress for a man, even if he was just an average, 30-something creepy scientist, unveiling her smooth cocoa butter skin, a quality for which the man gave high praise.

"I'm just going to apply a small dose of general anesthetic, you're going to go under for a little bit, but by the time you wake up, the procedure will be finished."

Rose drew her breath, laid on the floor of the shower, and allowed the doctor's gases to enter her lungs, counting backward from ten, and trailing off at around six and a half...

The Result

Rose had no clue of how long she had been out, feeling only the unfamiliar coldness of the scungy shower tiles, and an odd numbness to the right side of her body. Attempting to sit up proved impossible, she only was able to move her left side extremities and felt an especial weight on her shoulders. Gradually coming back to her senses, Rose remembered the purpose of the procedure and went cold.

"H-Hello?! Dr. K? What's happened?"

The doctor eagerly came out from behind the curtain, holding a full-body mirror with a beaming smile across his face.

"Ladies, say hello to your new and improved, shared body"

The doctor planted the mirror on the ground and kicked out the stand, allowing Rose and her new partner in the flesh to observe each other and themselves. The woman Rose saw fixed to her right side was much paler than her, adorned with long bleached blonde hair, bright pink nipples, and bright red tastefully injected lips. Slowly raising her gaze to the woman's face, Rose shuddered at the features she discovered.

"Savannah?!, What the fuck? Why are YOU conjoined to me?"

Rose snapped

"Me? I could say the same for you bitch! This doctor promised me a fatter ass if I agreed to a 'minor medical procedure', I thought that piece of shit was going to give me a BBW, but now I have to share a body with you!"

Savannah tugged the two's body towards her, attempting to break free from their union to no avail, merely starting an aggressive back and forth as the two used their respective control of their shared body to overpower the other, resulting in an extended stalemate.

In the heat of their struggle, Rose noticed their shared breasts, D cups at best, respectable for an average woman, but having sacrificed half of her body to her sexual nemesis, Rose was furious.

"And what the fuck are these? I agreed to this whole procedure because you promised me the bust I wanted! I could have gotten these at a plastic surgeon you prick! I wanted to look like fucking Ellie Mae if I'm giving up my bodily autonomy for tits!"

Rose gestured at her new breast, singular, as her other now belonged to Savannah, a concept which revolted and angered Rose, prompting her to turn to her new partner.

"If I'm joined with you, we're supposed to get the best of both worlds, so why do I now have tits smaller than yours on your own, and a flabbier fucking ass? If anything I'm meant to look like the curviest woman on the planet right now, but all I, fuck, we are in some average city broad."

"If anything you've fucking shrunk my tits! Our whole body is all bony and hard, what the fuck happened to my soft curves? This is all your fault. But even in the same body, my tits still outshine yours, look how saggy and small yours looks next to mine."

Savannah manipulated the body's right arm to cup and press her breast into Rose's, pressing the two together whilst shoving Rose's off to the side.

"Are you crazy? You must be fuckin blind to think that pale breast is even remotely close to mine, back off bitch!"

Rose shoved her breast back into Savannah's, leaving the breasts pressed together tightly along the center line of their new body, the dual-tone breasts lining up with the blending of their respective skin tones. Quickly the women's titfight escalated, as each of them tugged and shoved in each direction, fighting for dominance over the other as the women pinched and pulled on each other's nipples, creating simultaneous yelps in a mix of pleasure and pain as they struggled to stay upright.

Dr. Kovatsky had long already pulled out a handheld camera, recording the ordeal between the two women for... research review and assessment.

Remaining in a stalemate between their now equal breasts, Rose sought to employ her only now differing attribute from her rival, twisting her neck as far as she now could face her other half, and aggressively plunging her tongue deep into Savannah's mouth, tightly pinning her lips closed and tongue to the bottom of her mouth. Savannah yelped and protested in suppressed moans and exclamations, to no effect, eventually fighting back against Rose's kissing. The blonde willed her tongue out from underneath Rose's, and just as fiercely pressing back. The two tongues wrestled back and

forth for dominance, matching up with the greater body's struggle for control as both equally matched women battled from within the same flesh.

Minutes of intense kissing passed as neither woman was willing to give in, despite them both simultaneously growing more tired by the minute, the once fierce and aggressive tongue wrestling shifted to a more reserved, and passionate makeout, as to the best of the women's physical restrictions.

Despite Rose's exhaustion, she was still determined to dominate her opponent, moving for the part of the fight that neither woman was brave enough to try. In a last-ditch attempt, Rose darted her hand to their shared cunt, rubbing over their shared lips and clit, an act which caused the two heads to separate for the first time in nearly fifteen minutes in a joint surprise and extreme pleasure.

"W-what are you doing... unhhh"

Savannah moaned, attempting to use push Rose's hand off their pussy and pulling away from their union. Rose jumped on the opportunity of her distracted opponent, driving her tongue deep back into Savannah's mouth, pinning her rival's hopelessly and moving back to their clit. Savannah was entirely incapacitated, left vulnerable to Rose's will, who took full advantage, rubbing and fingering their shared vagina, sharing every feeling of pleasure and sensitivity. The two built up together, still joined at their mouths as they rose into joint climax,

"Fuck, uhhh, don't do- slow down- uhhh" Savannah desperately moaned

The two women's faces broke apart once again, but this time in collective ecstasy, a nervous system feedback loop causing each of the women to feel the orgasm of the other, cycling back and forth resulting in the two cumming scores of times harder and longer than usual, the force of which causing the two to slide down the shower wall, and onto the floor.

"All right.... fuck, you win" Savannah barely squeaked out through intense pants gasping for air.

"Good and since I've proved I'm the better woman, I'm gonna be in charge, first order of business, Doc?!"

Dr Kovatsky emerged from behind the edge of the curtain, still buckling his belt back up.

"Yes, Ms. Rose?"

"Get us implants, I want J cups, now"

"Right away miss, uh, misses"

Rose turned to her rival, cracking a smirk.

"What do you say we put this new body to some good use, and get some play?"

"Like I'd want to be caught dead with you stuck in my body, but what choice do I have"

"Good enough for me, I want Mac from advertising first"