

ALICE LOCKE

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**BIMBOIFICATION
AGENCY
COLLECTION**

Before We Begin

This story will be told in a serialized fashion, but every chapter can be enjoyed individually.

You can find all of them in my [Author Central profile page](#).

In this bundle, you'll find books One to Five.

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Part One

It all started as a simple **plastic surgery clinic**, but it quickly **evolved** into something else. **Women came** looking for **body enhancements** and we delivered, the word got out, and everything changed. Soon enough we found ourselves offering **more** than just that. People wanted to **give up control of their lives** to become **living dolls, mindless bimbos** to be **used and discarded**. We helped them by **transforming their bodies and minds** to fit their wishes. Our last client is a **young girl** from a deeply **religious family**. Her world is about to turn upside down. **Taken so hard and deep**, she will never forget it.

Part Two

The Agency has a **new client** to take care of. **Natalie, a med student** wracked with **stress** wants nothing more than to **leave her old life** behind. She wants to have her **body enhanced** to be a **mindless bimbo**, and no one but the Agency knows how to do it. Her **new body** is a **dream on two long legs**, and at the end of them, a **great backside waits to be filled...**

Part Three

Summer is near, and that means the **Agency** will receive many **new clients** looking to become **mindless bimbos** just before the **heat** arrives. The most recent arrival is **Gina**, a former **cheerleader** that just got out of a **divorce**. She wants the **full package, mind and body**, to go back to how things were back then. **The Agency can't turn her down**, and during the testing sessions it's clear **Gina knows how to worship men** - and wants nothing more than to be

full of cream...

Part Four

The Agency never stops working, even under the **August heat**. Fewer clients to take care of, though. The newest arrival is **Maggie, a young girl** that saved up enough money to get a **full set of procedures** done. **Her dream is to escape her life** and turn into a **mindless bimbo**, much like everyone else who ever came to the Agency. After all is said and done, all that's left is **testing** her new capabilities. **Taken hard, fast and filled to the brim**, Maggie truly has some **hidden potential** that can't wait to **come to life**.

Part Five

Summer is over, and the Agency is ready to receive a **big influx** of new clients. That was the norm, people couldn't help but see **mindless bimbos having fun** on the beach and **something** inside their **minds** would **click**. They **needed and wanted** to be like that. **Ada** had a good reason to want a new life. Her entire town found out **she'd been having an affair** with her boss and shamed her for it - so **she snapped**. The Agency will **turn her body into a walking dream**, and the testing sessions will be **full of cream just like her ample back side...**

PART ONE

Life's inner working and machinations can be hard for people to deal with. Every day we chase something that will take the edge off and relax us, to escape the problems and challenges we normally would have to face.

Everyone deals with it in their own way. Some turn to substances, others to sport or entertainment. Others, like my clients, decide to abandon ship. They used to be rare, those people, though word of mouth spread quite fast.

Little by little we stopped getting clients who just wanted to look better — we used to specialize in low impact cosmetic surgery — and started only receiving people who simply wanted to be someone else.

We upgraded our plans, building and services just to cope with it. The small jobs like mole removals turned into breast augmentations, for example, and we began offering all manners of similar services to accompany those.

Those who came to us, mostly women, often did so after facing particularly hard times in their lives. Others instead grew up with the desire to be someone else and took the first opportunity they got, as soon as they were old enough to request our services.

Complete physical overhaul, to the client's wishes. That was the first step. The second was far more complex. They had the body they dreamed of, but deep down they were the same people. That had to change to match the looks, and we offered training for that as well. People entered our clinic looking plain and prude, but they came out looking like prime sex dolls, starved for cock and attention like no other. There was no denying that fact, even if at first we did try. After some time we just embraced it and re branded ourselves. Thus, the first Bimbofication Agency — though it was still more of a clinic — was born.

The public eye didn't care that much considering we were simply doing what the clients wanted, after a few rounds of psychoanalysis just to ensure they truly desired the change. Hardly anyone didn't, as it turned out.

We didn't ask too many questions, they spontaneously told us their life stories and what brought them to us in the first place. They'd heard about us on the internet and realized we offered what they desperately sought. The rest was history, as they say.

Our most recent client is currently undergoing preliminary exams. Arlene McCarthy, early twenties. Grew up in a very religious family and finally found the guts to rebel. She seemed hell bent on going through with the procedure. Frizzy hair that would be straightened, hormonal injections to boost her suppressed sex drive and a slew of other additions to turn her into what she truly wanted to be. The opposite of what her dear parents raised her to be. I recall her saying she wanted, and I quote, "to be a mindless whore". I didn't question it, though I did wonder what could drive people to make such decisions.

Either way, she was in the right hands.

A few days later the surgeries began. Some of them more invasive than others, she would need a bit of time to recover. Our surgeons are extremely skilled, masters at their craft. I oversaw the process and couldn't wait to see the finished result. To test it.

The third part involved a new round of analysis and a testing phase to see how the clients enjoyed their new bodies. In some cases, I stepped in personally if the client in question seemed worthy enough or just so starved for cock that the hormone injections would create the filthiest of whores. Arlene fit the bill perfectly.

I let a few days pass just so she could recover, and once I saw the reports stating she was up and running, I went down to her room to begin the testing phase.

The quiet and reserved girl that was in my office just a few days before was nowhere to be seen. I unlocked the door to her room with my master key and crossed the threshold into it.

Arlene sat on her bed, wearing a pair of sweatpants and a loose fitting tank top we provided. Her hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy as she moaned softly. The hormones were already raging and doing their work, which was always a great pleasure to see.

These women wanted nothing more than to be come dolls one could fuck and forget about, and Arlene had her wish fulfilled. In my office

she looked plain and boring but in that bed she was the complete opposite.

Slender, toned but curvy in all the right places. Her blonde hair — which used to be brown and frizzy — now resembled a golden waterfall, splayed across the bed she laid on. Her breasts had been enhanced too, but not too much as not to create an unbalance. Our whores were built to last and function, after all.

She spotted me and without saying a word, Arlene turned to face me. I could see the outline of her fingers hard at work under the fabric, and I couldn't wait to have my way with her.

"Why are you still wearing clothes, whore?" I asked, my hands reaching for my belt buckle.

Arlene used her free hand to try and get her tank top off first, but failed miserably. She pouted when she realized she'd need both hands, and as such, the pleasure would momentarily stop.

Either way she obeyed my order and slid her shirt away, her tits bouncing slightly as they were freed. Just looking at them made me hard, but nothing in comparison to what I saw afterwards.

In one swift motion Arlene removed her sweatpants and spread her legs wide, giving me a full view of her perfect, hairless pussy. A pristine hole, for me to use and abuse to prepare her for the rest of the life she chose.

My cock stirred in my pants as I watched her fingers rub her swollen clit in circles, her juices steadily leaking out and dripping down her ass.

I approached her as my pants fell. I kicked them to the side, and pushed my boxers down to my ankles and stepped out of them. My cock, hard as steel, sprung free and Arlene's eyes darted to it.

Hunger and lust, mixing together to give her a special kind of tunnel vision. She wanted it, I could feel it in the air. Arlene sat up and opened her mouth wide, ready to receive what she'd been craving her whole life.

Her free hand — she just couldn't stop playing with herself, the little slut — moved upwards to find my veiny shaft and gripped it gently yet firmly, instantly starting to stroke my cock without hesitation.

She brought it to her waiting mouth and took me in, engulfing the

head of my cock in her warm, wet embrace. She was somewhat inexperienced, though that would change soon. Deep down she knew how to handle a cock, and her repressed skills soon began to shine through.

Her tongue savored the head of my cock, circling it slowly and deliberately. I looked down to see her hand moving at the same pace, equating the idea of giving pleasure to that of receiving it. Arlene was somewhat smart, though intelligence usually went down the drain after the procedures. They wanted to be sentient toys for people to dump their cum into, nothing more. That's what we gave them, and hadn't had a complaint since we started.

The whore began bobbing her head up and down my cock, taking more of my shaft as time passed. I knew for a fact she couldn't take my cock down her throat even if, to her credit, she tried.

The vibrations coming from her throat felt great on my cock, though I wanted more. Still, given mine was the first cock she'd ever had, I decided to let her have her fun.

She freed it from her moist prison and began licking the shaft. Broad strokes, leaving thick trails of saliva hanging from it but covering the entirety of my cock, from my balls up to my sensitive head.

Arlene was a quick learner and would surely be an exceptional slut once done with the treatment.

I threw my head back and let her experiment with my cock. Her soft groans and moans as she savored my rod were somewhat endearing, though I wanted more. She did, too, and it was crystal clear.

I put a hand on her head and pushed her backwards, making her lay on the bed instead of sitting up. As soon as her back hit the mattress she spread her legs and flashed her perfect cunt once more, spreading her lips with her fingers, inviting me to fuck her deep. I nestled myself between her legs. How could I pass up that invitation?

Her cunt was primed and ready to take me. I grabbed my shaft and lined it up against her opening, pushing forward ever so slightly. It slipped in with ease, and her tightness enveloped me. Arlene tensed up as she felt my cock press deep within her, stretching her walls wide and splitting her apart.

It was her first time as she'd told me, but the hormones took care of

the pain. It all mixed with endless amounts of pleasure to create a cocktail that sent her over the moon. Her soft moans turned to cries of pleasure right after, and I hadn't even done anything.

All I did was sink my cock into her, yet that was enough to send her into overdrive. Years of suppressed needs would do that, I'm sure, though Arlene was just feeling the beginning of it.

I filled her to the brim and gave her a moment to get used to my presence before moving. Her face was contorted into a mask of pure wanton desire, lust taking over her senses in the same way the overwhelming pleasure was.

She'd never experienced anything of the sort, though she seemed to loved it.

I pulled back slowly, just so she could feel every inch of me leaving her hole. She was so tight I had to control myself not to fill her up with cum from the get go, even though that was my ultimate goal. I always made a note to cum inside the clients I tested, just to mark my territory.

My cock slid out of her but I quickly plunged back in, setting a pace that had her scream for more in no time. The whore probably never had an orgasm to begin with, and I wondered just how strong the pleasure she was feeling could be.

I began steadily pumping into her cunt, propping myself up on my elbows as I played with her soft — yet firm tits. Her nipples appeared to be quite sensitive, Arlene would cry out every time I brushed against them, which only encouraged me to pinch them between my fingers as I fucked her.

The cries of pleasure made her resemble a banshee, though it was nothing I hadn't grown accustomed to. Fucking my clients felt weird at first, but lots of them actively encouraged it. The testing phase was opt-in, and people were always eager to see what their new bodies could do.

In Arlene's case, it was simple. All the pleasure she'd been denied she could now have, in exceeding amounts. I felt her hand nest between her legs again, her knuckles brushing against my crotch as she rubbed her clit. The combined effort sent her body thrashing on the bed by my weight held her steady as she suffered the first orgasm of her young

life.

The mind shattering pleasure spread throughout her in waves that seemed to have no end. I kept on pounding her cunt without relenting or slowing down, fully determined to extend her orgasm as much as I could.

I wanted to melt her mind down to nothing, just so she could experience what I truly felt like to be a toy. A pair of holes for men to dump their cum into, just as she desired.

Her pussy clenched on me rhythmically and made her even tighter, almost strangling my cock. I kept thrusting and plowing her, hard and fast like I wanted to hurt her. I didn't, naturally, though a good whore had to be trained. Arlene, despite her inexperience, would have a bright future as a slut. I had no doubts about it.

She was still on cloud nine but somehow found the energy to lock her legs around me, forcing me in place. Her new instincts were already kicking in, and her flustered face bore the expression of someone who just wanted to be full of cum.

Mouth hanging open, a rivulet of saliva dripping from one of the corner, eyes shut tight and cheeks flush with red. Her body rendered limp by the everlasting shock waves of pleasure simply took the full brunt of my sexual prowess.

I lost count of how many orgasms Arlene had that day, though I frankly didn't care. After a while I was solely focused on mine, on filling her cunt up for the first time in her life.

I needed it, craved it even, and as such I began pounding her with all I had. I thought she would break, but she didn't and just took all of what I gave her.

The pressure rose and rose, culminating with an explosion of cum that coated her battered, stretched walls. Spurt after spurt, thick ropes of cum shot out of the swollen head of my cock to plaster her insides, spraying her cunt with the first load she'd ever taken.

Arlene pushed me closer to her as I came, forcing me to dump all of my cum inside of her, without knowing I already set my mind to do just that. I wasn't surprised, personality shifts such as that were very common after all.

The women that came to us had a clear goal in mind, and we helped

them reach it. They were free to make their own decisions, and if they had the money to back it up we would gladly help them through their struggles.

After all life can be complicated for a variety of reason. Wouldn't it just be easier to give up and obey rather than be forced to choose?

Wouldn't it feel good to just let go? The Bimbofication Agency would take care of it.

PART TWO

The amount of satisfied clients we had in our track record was astonishing.

People came from all corners of the world just so they could be born again in a new vessel, free from the constraints the old one had.

Through surrender they found freedom. It wasn't hard to see why or how, these women simply couldn't bear the pressure they had to endure.

Giving up control made it easier to bear, and we were there to guide them through their new life.

Most of the porn stars one could find around the internet used to be our clients, and some still were. We offered continuous support to make sure nothing could go wrong. The influx of new clients grew month after month. An epidemic of sorts. As the director, I couldn't have been happier.

I oversaw everything and naturally got to test the clients' new bodies if I felt like it. It already happened last week and countless other times.

My surgeons always respected the clients' wishes, and they did a damn good job at it.

The newest arrival was a med student with stress levels high enough to count as towers. She breezed through the preliminary checks like they were nothing, perhaps using the knowledge she acquired in college.

Natalie, she said her name was. When everything checked out it was time to start the procedures to turn her into the veritable bimbo she aspired to be. I had seen the charts and her desires, along with the proposed changes made by my team.

She wanted to be skinny but still have massive breasts that would destroy her back, or lips so full they would float up whenever she happened to be in any body of water. That simply wouldn't work, we took pride in the fact that our work was barely noticeable. As if there had been no trace of us, though people inevitably ended up spreading the word.

Natalie came out of the operating room looking like a dream on two long legs. Her brown hair was no longer frayed but rather soft — and

blonde. Her curves were definitely accentuated, but in a way that would compliment her frame rather than make her look like a caricature of herself.

Her lips and ass were now luscious enough to be a blessing to whoever laid hands on them, and I had half an idea to take her for a spin myself.

I made my way down to the her room and caught her as she was coming out of the shower, without even bothering to wear a towel to cover herself. The training was already working, or perhaps she'd just forgotten about the towels altogether. Either way I didn't care, we both knew why I was there. Natalie had signed up for the immediate training regime, meaning the sessions would start as early as possible. Her body was fully healed and I could tell she was eager to use it. I closed the door behind me and the noise it made startled her, though she calmed down the second she saw me standing there. Devouring her with my eyes, waiting not-so-patiently for her to make a move. That role would fall on me instead, and as I took a step towards her, Natalie tensed up.

A fierce passion burning behind her piercing blue eyes, she didn't feel the need to cover herself. In fact her entire body was bared to me, from her supple tits down to the puffy lips of her pussy.

I took a step towards her and wrapped my fingers around her neck, pushing her backwards until her body met the wall. Natalie instinctively spread her legs for me and my free hand trailed across her still wet body to find her much wetter hole.

She shivered as she felt my fingers graze her swollen clit, though that was all but the beginning. I started circling it slowly and gently, watching her face as she shut her eyes tight, pleasure slowly taking over her mind.

Natalie's mouth hung open as she breathed raggedly, enduring the waves of pleasure that came from my torturous motions. Every once in a while I would tap her clit just to grin at her surprised yelps, even though she loved it.

These bimbos were highly susceptible to sexual stimuli, more than they realized. The hormones were responsible for that and they were made aware of it beforehand. Most of them accepted it without

hesitation, hoping the new sensations would lead them further away from what they used to be.

Natalie was no different.

I put more pressure onto her clit and her breaths became groans and moans in the blink of an eye, though I wanted more. My cock pressed against the tight fabric of my clothes, wanting to be freed even though I wanted to take my time and enjoy her body.

I plunged two fingers inside of her, as deep as they would go. Natalie gasped and her eyes shot open before shutting down again, tighter than ever. Her nectar seeped out of her pussy and slowly coated my fingers as I pushed deep into her and backed out, listening to her lustful moans fill the room. Her hole was like a pot of honey, albeit an extremely tight one I couldn't wait to probe with my straining cock. Natalie was a gorgeous woman now, one that men would fight over. And I got to have her for myself before anyone else. She was mine to use and abuse just as she requested.

I loved the first training sessions simply because the clients aren't used to their new bodies, it gave me a degree of freedom and power I can hardly find anything else. That, and seeing them fight over their old personality while occupying a shell that was miles ahead of the old one was priceless. Well, at least technically — they all had to pay, though I would get the best of both worlds.

The more I fingered her sweet pussy, the more I wanted to jam my cock in it and make her scream like she never had. Perhaps those hormones would rub off on me too as I had my way with them, I wasn't too sure.

What I did know, however, was that Natalie was primed and ready for me to fuck.

I brought my hand up to her face and she lapped away at the finger that were fucking her just a few seconds before, tasting her sweetness on them.

Grinning, I flipped her over and pressed her into the wall. My hands left her body but she stood still, pushing her ass outward to meet me. My pants and boxers hit the floor and I kicked them to the side.

Springing free, my cock slapped Natalie's ass cheek and left a droplet of precum on her flesh. She wasn't the only one ready to take things

further.

I watched as her hands slithered to grab her ass and spread it wide, giving me a full view of her pussy. Absolutely drenched and hairless, just how I liked them.

The heat radiating from her hole was impressive, and while I did feel it on my fingers, it didn't compare to how it felt on my cock. I grabbed my shaft and lined it up against her waiting cunt, pushing forward firmly enough to sink into her with no issue.

The head of my cock popped in and the rest of my shaft followed right after, like a hot knife through butter. Natalie let out a prolonged groan as she felt every inch of my rip her apart, splitting her cunt in two.

Every vein on my thick shaft rubbed against her walls and left a mark, a permanent reminder of how it felt to be with a real man. I grabbed her wrists and joined them behind her back, holding them with one hand to use as support as I prepared to begin slamming into her.

I sank all of me into her cunt, feeling her juices drip down onto my shaft and slowly, ticklishly make their way onto my ballsack.

Withdrawing, I made sure I went as slow as I could just so she could feel my cock leaving her hole, emptying her insides and leaving them craving for more. Craving for me, specifically.

Yet Natalie didn't have time to wait and I slammed myself back into her, tearing a harsh cry of pleasure out of her throat. Our bodies collided, making a slapping sound, which soon became the soundtrack that filled her room. Accompanied by my grunting and her incessant moaning, that is.

She was slowly giving herself up to me, realizing her new life would bring her nothing but pleasure and happiness so long as she accepted it and gave up the last shred of control she had. When she finally did, it was an entirely different experience.

Natalia began thrusting her ass outward to meet my pace, shortening the distance my cock would need to travel and making each hit feel twice as hard. I pounded her cunt without holding back and soon enough her moans turned to shrill cries of pleasure.

No coherent words, just noises, that was all she could muster as her brain tried to handle the continuous waves of agonizing pleasure I kept inflicting on her, thrust after thrust, going as deep as I could.

I looked down and saw her lips hug my shaft so delightfully I never wanted to leave her hole, though seeing her pristine asshole there gave me an idea. She wanted the full package after all, and she would surely get it.

Pulling out, Natalie gave me a surprised groan. It turned into a pained yelp as she felt my cock press against her asshole, though the pain was quickly washed away by pleasure.

Her muscles put up a fair fight but I won and buried my cock into the virgin depths of her asshole, advancing slowly but firmly just so she could get used to it. Her cunt began leaking even harder as she felt my cock storm her other hole, and before I knew it I found myself backing out to push in again, even if I wanted to go slowly.

I just couldn't, her ass drew me back after each thrust. Harder and harder until the pain subsided and got replaced by nothing but pure pleasure. I let go one of her hands and she swiftly placed it on top of her aching clit, rubbing it furiously, just to make it even easier for her to bear.

She seemed to relax and I took it as a clue to begin pounding her asshole faster and deeper, stretching it wide too. She wouldn't leave the agency without a thorough testing session, after all.

I lost myself in the lust of the moment and let my cock govern my body. I was a beast, pounding her sore asshole like I hated every fiber of her being. Focused only on my pleasure, I didn't care about hers.

Regardless, I felt Natalie tremble under my relentless movements, screaming incoherent nonsense as I felt her juices spray out to coat our legs. She would need another shower and so would I, but in the moment I couldn't stop — and I didn't want to.

Despite her quivering I held her body steady as I pounded her as hard as I could, grunting after each hit. I wasn't even afraid I would break her, and truth be told, if I did, my surgeons would fix it. It wouldn't have been the first time, though coincidentally those would turn out to be our best clients.

Most of those bimbos loved being manhandled and fucked like they were just objects to abuse, and Natalie surely fit the bill.

I felt the familiar surge of pleasure rise through me, the pressure about to reach critical levels. Still I couldn't stop and gave her all I had,

pushing into her asshole with enough strength to leave a hole in the wall I was fucking her against.

When my orgasm hit I swear my vision went white. I let out a guttural grunt as I sank fully into her, shooting rope after rope of hot cum deep into her hungry and battered asshole. The swollen head of my cock rubbing against her insides sent torturous jolts of pleasure up my spine, even if my ever flowing cum lessened the friction. Regardless, I loved every moment of it even as I slowly came to a stop after dumping all the cum I had in me within her body.

Part of me hoped she would go back to her college and tell her friends about us, though I knew Natalie had no place in a college any longer. She had been fully transformed into a whore, a living sex doll made for — and exclusively — for fucking.

Either way, a job well done, and one I took pride in.

PART THREE

The months preceding summer would always net us the most clients.

Tons of people found out they couldn't handle their job or studies any longer and decided to spend their life savings to reshape their lives. A lawyer became an Instagram whore, a soon-to-be architect went on to star in quite a few porn movies. Not one complaint.

The procedures awakened something hidden deep within them, their long forgotten raw instincts, perhaps. They could finally give in to temptation and lead others into it without fearing rejection — who would turn down a goddess?

Summer, as the figures stated, was our best time frame. Be it due to the sweltering heat or the vacations, people swarmed us to make sure they got what they wanted before the heat rolled around. They wanted to look good in bikinis and whatnot, but soon realized they hardly even wanted to wear those in the first place.

The massive amount of paperwork they had to sign didn't scare them away, thankfully. It absolved us from any and all blame, essentially.

Sometimes our clients wouldn't make the smartest of choices, though after leaving the agency they were no longer our responsibility.

It was a tried and tested method.

Reshape the body and the mind to fit the client's desires. It was our specialty. We even had a few men bring in their wives so we could turn them into their dream whore. Despite our best attempts at staying under the radar, more and more people requested our services.

Part of me loved it. Money and the chance to use the clients to relieve my stress — anyone would have taken that job in a heartbeat. Years ago when I started it I would have never dreamed it would get to that point, and yet there I was reading up on a new client before the scheduled interview.

Gina, recently divorced her high school sweetheart. Late twenties, a job as a secretary in some law firm I'd never heard of. The divorce had been rough on her, and she realized she would rather drop the act and

restart her life in a way she liked.

The money she had would be enough to cover everything she requested, which boiled down to taking years worth of stress off of her and turn her back into the cheerleader she used to be.

Most of the procedures would take about a week, give or take. It depended on how invasive they were, clients could stay with us for up to two weeks even. Some of them needed more time to get adjusted to their new life, and we took pride in ensuring people always walked out of our Agency with a broad smile on their lips.

That was the case for Gina, too. I tapped into the camera feed — we had one in each room, just for safety — and saw she was up and running, staring at herself in the mirror. I could see she was pleased with the results of the surgeries, overjoyed even. Testing would soon commence. I turned off the feed and stood up, heading towards the elevator that would bring me down to their floor.

Gina's room was at the end of a hallway where other clients were currently residing, each in various states of transformation. I passed a couple along the way that I wouldn't have minded stopping to test right away, but Gina had priority.

I opened her room and startled her, though she quickly recovered and set her gaze on me as I closed the door behind me. The cameras didn't do her justice.

Her tight, slender body had regained the tone it indubitably once had, and even her blonde locks shone brighter under the LED lights that illuminated the room. Gina winked at me, flashing me a smile that showed her perfectly white teeth and a glint of devious lust behind her eyes. I didn't inquire further about her divorce, though I imagined she wanted to be with a man that knew how to satisfy her.

That day, I happily took on that role.

She was happy to see me and I to see her. I watched her take a step towards me, her eyes darting up and down my body but stopping dead center onto my crotch. The outline of my hardening cock was visible, and she couldn't help but notice it.

Following her deepest desires as they rose to the surface, Gina got on her knees and crawled up to me. Her hands roamed across my thighs and caressed my cock through my clothes, feeling it twitch under her

gentle touch.

I looked down and had a clear shot of her breasts from the gap in the thin shirt she wore. Round and firm, her turgid nipples almost poked through the fabric. Her hands reached my belt buckle and blocked my view, though that hardly mattered.

In seconds Gina had my cock out and wrapped her hands around my veiny shaft. It slowly hardened as she played with it, pawing away at it almost as if she'd never handled a cock before. We both knew that not to be the case.

She parted her lips ever so slightly and planted a wet kiss on the head of my cock. I grunted and felt the blood rush downward, that little whore had me hard as a rock in no time.

Gina welcomed my cock in her mouth, enveloping in a wet and warm embrace that made me grunt in delight. The sly smile that camped on her lips made it clear she was used to this kind of reactions, and I certainly enjoyed her skills.

One of her hand trailed downward, aiming to reach my ballsack whereas the other remained onto my shaft, gliding gently up and down its entire length. Gina's tongue was quick to start circling the engorged head of my cock, leaving behind a trail of saliva that would inevitably leak out and help her better jerk me off.

Her eyes were open and staring into mine as she began bobbing her head on my cock, slowly taking more of me in her throat. She wouldn't be able to take all of my cock, but I appreciated the effort. The way she massaged my balls proved Gina was an expert cocksucker. Combined with everything else, she could have made me cum fairly quickly had I not been trying to contain myself.

I wanted to fill my clients up, just to leave my own personal mark on them. They didn't seem to mind — in fact some actively encouraged it — and besides, they would soon be cast into a life where being full of cum would be a daily occurrence.

Still, Gina seemed hell bent on worshiping my cock as if I were her one and only God. I certainly didn't mind. Putting a hand on the back of her head I began pushing her onto me, guiding her movements as she gagged onto my rod.

Those squelching noises were music to my ears. Still, I couldn't wait to

listen to her moan in pure ecstasy. I let her have her fun with my cock for a while, pushing her head deeper into me with each stroke until she began gagging harder, her saliva forming strings that bound her mouth to the veiny shaft of my cock.

I pushed her away and gave her a moment to breathe, which she used to get rid of her pants and underwear. Her gray cotton panties were soaked, the dark spot on the fabric didn't lie. Gina's pussy had probably been dripping her nectar even before I showed up, which wasn't that unheard of. Our clients often experience arousal the first times they see their new bodies, and Gina had all the reason to. Watching as she sauntered over her bed, I got rid of my pants just so I could actually move. When I looked up I found Gina on all fours, kneeling on her bed. Both of her holes exposed for me to take full advantage of, looking back at me to make sure I wouldn't go anywhere else — not that I wanted to.

Her pussy looked as inviting as a buffet. The glistening folds of her hole were drenched in her juices, the same one that would soon coat my cock. I grabbed my shaft and lined my head against her dripping cunt, feeling her heat on me. Without hesitation I pushed in and felt her walls stretch to accommodate my size, splitting her apart and sinking inch after inch into her tight, soaked cunt.

I didn't stop until our bodies touched and even then I only gave her a brief moment of respite before withdrawing. Gina's eyes rolled to the back of her head as the pleasure began coursing through her veins. She grasped the sheets tightly as I prepared to thrust back in again.

My strokes were deep and slow, just so she could feel all of my cock bruise her hole, as deep as it would go. Dominating her entire being, both body and mind under my control just like she'd always dreamed of.

Perhaps Gina had always been a whore, she just needed to come out of her shell to express her true self.

I grabbed her hips for support and began pushing harder, listening to the cacophony of filth that slowly filled the room. My grunts and her moans, the squelching noises coming from her drenched cunt and the slapping sounds of my balls hitting her clit after each thrust.

I didn't dare up my tempo just because I knew it would send her over

the edge — I wanted to keep her begging for more, waiting for the orgasm she so desperately craved. The one she knew would be impossible to forget and would spend her life chasing after, the one that would turn her brain into mush as pure bliss ravaged her mind and body.

We both knew that became her first and only prerogative after the procedures, and there was no shame in hiding. I simply wanted to take my time and make sure my cock would leave a permanent imprint on her insides.

Gina began slamming her hips onto me, desperately trying to reach that breaking point she knew only I could bring her to. One of her hands darted across her body and nestled itself between her legs, finding her swollen clit which she began to furiously rub right after. The volume and frequency of her moans increased, and so did her quivering. She trembled like a leaf on the wind though I held her steady, even as I finally granted her wish and began fucking her faster. A series of throaty gasps escaped her mouth as she felt my cock ravage her. I thrust into her without mercy, relentless as a machine that had no concept of safety or boundaries. Gina's hole was mine to use and abuse, after all. Given how she screamed in delight, she certainly didn't hate the treatment she was receiving.

Grunting as I pounded her sweet cunt I couldn't help but look at her flustered face. Her arms had collapsed and she arched her back just to thrust her ass outward more for me, though most of her upper body laid on the soft mattress.

Her face donned a mask of pure pleasure, and her mouth hung perpetually open, crying out after each thrust. I wanted to make her scream so loud the other clients would hear her and get wet in anticipation. Alas for the time being, all of my attention was focused on her.

With a crescendo of cries and moans her body began thrashing after one last, loud liberatory cry. I tightened my grip on her hips and kept pounding her through her orgasm, even if her pussy kept clenching on me so tightly I thought she would rip my cock out.

The mind shattering orgasm tore through her mind and body, sending wave after wave of pure unbridled pleasure through her. Crashing one

after the other in an endless chain of heavenly pleasure, Gina was finally home. On cloud nine, her senses overwhelmed by the raw power of what a good orgasm felt like.

I simply kept going and fucked her through her orgasm, both to lengthen her beautiful agony and both because I knew I wasn't too far off either. There was something about her tiny frame that drove me wild, and the harder I pounded her sweet hole, the harder I wanted to go.

I gave her all I had, reaching my breaking point and grunting as I came, never stopping my motions. An explosion of hot cum erupted from the engorged head of my cock and sprayed her insides, coating them like they'd done to so many other women before her.

The relief lasted a few seconds, but my mind went blank. Even as I slowed to a halt, her cunt still tried to suck me back in and drain me of all the cum I had within me.

I pulled out and watched my seed leak out onto the bed, joining her juices in the sizable wet spot we had made onto the sheets. I didn't care about it in the slightest, I was more than satisfied with how that testing session went.

Gina's battered pussy looked like a battlefield. My cum still leaking out of her as she tried to regain her breath, I sat on the bed beside her to do the same.

At times I couldn't believe I got paid to do just that, though it was my reality, and the life I built for myself.

PART FOUR

Summer finally hit and with it, the mass of clients that still occupied our clinic for a wide variety of last minute adjustments vacated the premises and went on to enjoy their holidays. We also did normal stuff, not just full body transformations, though the stigma was hard to wash off. We didn't even try it, and instead embraced it.

Those that chose us did so because they knew we were leagues ahead of everyone else in the business.

Sometimes people would come in for minor surgeries and change their mind, opting instead for a full set of modifications. Some other times, we just convinced them to give in to that temptation. It was easy enough, mostly because deep down the people that came to us were deeply insecure.

They knew they wanted to fix whatever issue they had, and overcompensation kicked in as soon as their goal was within reach.

Crooked nose? We'll take care of it, and since we're already there, why don't we lift your breasts up a bit? What about lip injections?

Before they knew it they started picturing themselves as beacons of pure beauty, oozing raw sexual energy from every pore. At that point, most of them caved and said yes to whatever it is we proposed. Hell we could have drafted up ridiculous plans that would have turned them into caricatures of themselves and they still would have agreed. Hope is a drug, though one we learned to exploit.

What we did was no secret, in fact it was our main selling point.

Often times clients would have a pre-written list of demands, or suggestions as they would call them. Most of them were normal enough, whereas others were downright outlandish. We wouldn't risk our reputation just because someone wanted an enormous set of breasts they couldn't even carry without a wheelbarrow. In those cases we stepped in and suggested corrections we knew would work better. We had the experience on our side, after all.

Those lists all sounded similar to one another, as if there was some sort of unspoken agreement in place as to what whores should look

like. Everyone wanted long blonde hair, injections on both breasts and ass cheeks and all manners of minor fixes to turn into their idea of a perfect woman.

Aside from the money and sexual relief I would get, it was genuinely heartwarming to see these people leave the Agency with renewed purpose and happiness, a complete polar opposite to what they used to be when they came to us.

Such had been the case for Maggie. She came to the clinic just as August was rolling by, and right off the bat I could tell she had plenty of potential. Despite her young age, barely twenty years of age as the papers stated, Maggie's life hadn't been the easiest.

Clients kept telling us their life stories as if we'd need to hear them to perform whatever procedure it was they wanted — in reality, we just needed money and a few signatures. In short, Maggie could no longer bear to live with her parents and thus decide to break free from their grasp and use the money she saved up working at a fast food joint to change the way she looked.

Like many others she had a list, and much to my surprise it was reasonable enough we hardly had to change anything. I approved it and sent her downstairs so she could begin the preliminary exams right away.

A week passed. A busy one at that, we had plenty of new arrivals to evaluate. Thanks to the cameras I could see directly into Maggie's room as she recovered from the procedures, and a few days after the last one I decided to head downstairs to begin the testing sessions. The surgeons had done an amazing job with her. She looked plain and down on her luck when she first walked into my office, smelling of failure and sadness. Now, Maggie looked like an underwear model. No more stretch marks, no more frayed hair, nothing of the sort. Her breasts and ass cheeks had been augmented and inflated enough to make a man question his loyalty towards his wife. I had none, however, Maggie was all mine.

She sat on the ground, fully naked in front of the mirror, just staring at herself. Disbelief is another very common symptom, people often couldn't believe what they were looking at. Maggie seemed mesmerized by her new body, genuinely overjoyed at the notion that

she could look like that.

I closed the door and sat on her bed beside her. She hardly seemed to notice me, but after a few more seconds she turned to face me, a broad grin shining on her fresh face. Maggie crawled up to me, already heading for her new goal in line: cock.

The hormone injections were fairly powerful it seemed, though had different effects depending on the recipient. In Maggie's case, they seemed to have been very effective. The bright fire that burned behind her piercing green eyes made it clear lust was the only thing on her mind.

Her new, ample tits jiggled with each step as she crawled towards me, and I could already feel my cock stir. It had been a while ever since we'd had a client with us, given the summer slump. Maggie looked tasty, and I could hardly wait to put her body up to the test.

I stood up and undid my belt, pulling down my pants and boxers just to make her job easier. My cock sprang out and Maggie slid herself below me, opening her mouth to catch without using her hands.

She welcomed me inside with a warm, wet hug that had me fully hardened within seconds. Her hunger showed, and her willingness to be a whore made her look all the more endearing.

Maggie held her hands behind her back as she rolled her tongue around the swollen head of my cock, tasting the salty droplets of precum that leaked out of it. She let out a satisfied moan and began inching forward, taking more of my cock into her hungry mouth. Eyes close, as if she were praying, Maggie wasn't taking the concept of cock worship lightly.

It wasn't long before she began bobbing up and down my shaft, coating my rod with her sticky saliva as she took me deeper and deeper. I stared at her and watched my cock disappear into her mouth, and further down, her tits bounced beautifully to the rhythm of her gagging.

I grunted and pushed her head away, taking a step back to sit on the bed. I propped myself up on one elbow and used my free hand to grab my shaft, holding it upright so the whore could better get the message. Maggie pouted briefly, perhaps wanting to suck my cock longer. Still, I had other plans, and I wanted her to impale herself onto me. She

climbed up on the bed and straddled me, hovering right above my rock hard cock.

The heat emanating from her pussy was nothing compared to how it felt when she finally lowered herself on me. I could see her lips were red and coated with her juices, signaling the whore had been playing with herself before I showed up. Typical.

Her tiny hand wrapped around my shaft and rubbed the head of my cock across her drenched slit, slowly and deliberately. She even tapped her clit a few times, yelping in pain right after but still going back for more.

I let her play her games for a while, mostly because I knew she wouldn't last long. She needed to feel my hard cock probe her depths, violate her tightness and fill her up like never before. I grinned when I felt her drag my cock against her opening, steeling myself for what was to come.

Maggie lowered herself on me. The tip of my cock slipped in and her cunt engulfed it with its tight, hot and incredibly wet embrace. Inch after inch she took all of me, never stopping until our bodies touched. She threw her head back as a prolonged groan escaped her lips, feeling my cock stretch her wide like she'd never felt before. That was how a real man could make her feel. If only she'd known earlier.

She raised her hips right away and I felt her walls try to suck me in even as my cock left her tight pussy, though promising it would soon be back. Like clockwork, Maggie moved back down right away. She decided to take it slowly, as she probably never had anything just like my cock before.

I placed hand on her hip, gripping it tight as I followed her motions. My eyes couldn't leave her tits, and my other hand crawled across her smooth skin to reach them. I squeezed and pawed away at them, unleashing another chain of lustful moans. I took her turgid nipple between my fingers and pinched it slightly as I tortured her firm tits, which seemed to send her into overdrive.

Maggie's movements became harsher, as if a new wave of desire overcame her senses. She was no longer going slow, in fact she started bouncing on my cock harder and harder still. Each time her hips rose she would let out more of my cock, only to slam back down onto me to

feel my rod split her apart.

Her moans became pure cries of pleasure, and I bet even a hint of pain. She didn't care, not in the slightest, as Maggie's mind was focused only on getting the maximum amount of pleasure she could derive out of my cock.

I watched her tits bounce, synchronized with the rest of her supple body as she slammed her hips onto mine. Her juices kept leaking out of her cunt and soaked both of our crotches, ending up on the growing wet spot beneath us.

We just couldn't stop. I began thrusting upwards, meeting her body halfway through just to make each hit feel twice as powerful. Her moans turned into throaty cries as she begged for more, pleading me to fill her pussy up with my cum.

That was most definitely the plan, though she would need to wait a bit more. I could feel the pressure rising and it would indubitably burst relatively soon, however. Something about the way Maggie was behaving drove me wild.

I wanted to dominate her and make her mine in every sense of the way, just so she would never forget it.

Putting all my strength behind my thrusts, I decided to go all out just as Maggie did the same. At that point she was raising her hips so high only the head of my cock remained inside of her, but she didn't care — and neither did I.

It was a dangerous game we were playing, but one we couldn't get enough of. I heard her pitch rise and her cries become shrill as her movements turned frantic, signaling she was about to be rocked by a massive, mind shattering orgasm.

My predictions were correct.

With a sharp gasp Maggie convulsed, her entire body trembling like a leaf and she impaled herself fully onto my cock with one last brutal slam of her hips. She began grinding her clit on my crotch as the waves of pleasure tore through every fiber of her being. I watched her flustered face, contorted in a mask of filthy lust and wondered just what could be going on inside of her brain. The pleasure must have been overwhelming, and I can't say I didn't envy her. Her life would go on to be quite comfortable — all Maggie would need to do is spread her

legs and use her pussy to get whatever she wanted. And that day she was only mine to use, abuse and mark.

She collapsed on top of me and slowly stopped grinding, which finally enabled me to move again. I planted my feet on top of the bed and began thrusting her upwards, still feeling her cunt pulse on my cock in the glow of the devastating orgasm she just had.

I didn't care and just pushed and pushed, pounding her sweet pussy until I reached the point of no return. I turned to the side and watched the serene expression on her face — Maggie was still on cloud nine, and I would soon join her.

With one last thrust I let out a guttural grunt as I slammed my cock as deep within her wet cunt as it could possibly go, thick spurts of cum shooting out of my tip. Her wall still convulsed onto me, sucking every drop of cum I had left in my body. All of my pent up seed, shot out and coated her insides. Maggie took it all and I could swear I saw her smile briefly as I pumped her full until it overflowed out of her.

I didn't even bother pulling out. We stood there until my erection faded and my cum rushed out of her battered hole, joining the rest of our filth onto the sheets. Maggie would make for a fire whore, there was no doubt about that.

PART FIVE

Summer flew past and left a trail of satisfied clients in its wake. Normally, even more would come after the holidays. We made all the necessary preparations as we waited for the word to travel around. New ads rolled out, too. Everything was built specifically to lure people to us, with the promise of a new life. They knew we were more than capable of doing it, all they had to do was take the first step — and have enough money to cover everything, of course.

Regardless, given how we offered varied payment methods, our services were definitely affordable. People just needed to find the strength to give up, so to say. It was an oxymoron, but it described the situation perfectly.

Leaving everything behind was no easy choice, and often times clients were conflicted. All of that promptly vanished whenever they saw what their new life could be like, however. Before all the procedures and the conditioning, before the hormone shots and the recovery. A glimpse of their new selves was all it took to solidify that desire into their minds.

It was easy to show them what they wanted, mostly because they would probably end up getting it. Aside from that, most wanted a way out in most cases. Changing who they were was seen as a reward and a platform upon which to begin anew and start a new life. Many of them often changed their names and moved far away from their original place of residence.

It was fascinating to see the lengths these people would go to leave their past behind.

Just as we expected, a new wave of customers flooded us. All of them with good reasons to motivate their escape and the money to back it up. We ended up taking almost all of them in, save a few. I took the time to review some cases before passing them down the chain to the surgeons and shrinks we employed, as I normally did. Under ideal circumstances I would oversee each case, though that time I would need far too much time and simply let the others lead. I trusted them, after all, and they had never left me down.

I opened the last dossier on my desk and began reading through the documents. The client's motivation for requesting our services were simple yet not as saddening as the norm — she'd been caught having an affair with her boss, and her entire town knew. It must have been a great deal of pressure for a girl in her early twenties, and this one didn't even try to stick it out. She just dropped everything and came to us.

Looking at her picture, she hardly needed anything done. Her procedure list was far from outrageous, just the standard breast and ass injections. New lips, too, and some other minor additions to fill out the package.

Ada, that was her old name, had it all figured out.

The next week would be somewhat stressful, given how many new clients we took in. We all got used to it after a few years of hard work, it all came as a second nature. Granted I couldn't claim the same level of stress as the surgeons, for obvious reasons. Being at the top, it was my job to make sure everything would run smoothly.

After a few days I was left with mountains of boring paperwork to fill. I kept the camera feed on my monitors just to see what the clients were up to, and flipping through them in a fit of procrastination I landed on Ada's.

She looked great after her procedures. The injections gave her body the edge she needed to make heads turn, that much was certain. I watched as she stood up from her bed and tried her old clothes, finding most of them didn't quite fit as they used to. She grinned as she did so, happy to see her new body was just what she wanted.

I looked over at the stack of paper sitting on my desk, then back at the monitor. I chuckled and turned the camera feed off before sauntering over to the elevator.

Ada jumped when she heard the door open, but quieted down once she saw it was me. In fact, I saw the same grin she wore just a few minutes before shine back on her face, albeit this time it was slightly different.

Hungry, even. I had seen that same demeanor countless times before, as a direct result of the euphoria that washed over them once they saw themselves — coupled with the hormonal shots, naturally.

I took a step towards her and she didn't budge. Her eyes scanned my figure just as I scanned hers and took in the new features of her body, hidden by nothing more than a thin set of white lingerie. In truth I wanted to fuck her back in my office, too, but decided to wait for her to be enhanced.

My cock stirred and twitched as I took in the sights. A true beauty, made to look as attractive as possible. Barely a trace left of our work, and that's just because I knew it had happened. She got on her knees, almost reflexively, as soon as I got close enough to her. God knows how many times she'd done that to her boss, though I barely cared. That day she was mine to use, and I wanted nothing more than test her new capabilities.

Her plump lips parted, and Ada rolled her tongue out as she waited for my cock. She was a patient little whore it seemed, given how I took my time to pull it out. She never complained, and just sat in wait. I grabbed the veiny shaft of my cock and took another step towards her. A few inches separated us, but Ada didn't move. She already accepted her role as a sex toy, which I was surprised to see. It usually takes them longer to realize their new purpose in life. Rubbing the head of my cock onto her upper lip, Ada teased me with the tip of her tongue, sending shivers of pleasure up my spine. She had me hardened in a matter of seconds, and barely hid a devious smirk that betrayed her intentions.

I felt her hands rise on my thighs and reach over my cock. She'd finally decided to spring into action, and I was perfectly fine with it. A toy with initiative is one that will last, after all. She cupped my ballsack with one hand and wrapped the other one around my shaft, gentle jerking me off as she flicked the tip of her tongue over my cock. Her touch was gentle, yet at the same time it was backed by a clear will to please.

Her light brown locks swayed as she began to bob her head on me, cutting straight to the chase. Ada didn't want to waste time, and neither did I.

I let the whore taste my cock for a minute or two, perhaps even more. I can't say I wasn't enjoying the treatment, after all. Her technique clearly showed experience, and her hunger gave her all the

necessary motivation to treat my cock as if it were her last meal. I could see why her boss had picked her, now that Ada's tongue circled mercilessly around the engorged head of my stiff cock. The same devious smile shone on her lips, even if her mouth was rather busy. The games had one on for long enough. I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her upwards, before shoving her onto the bed. Her landing wasn't the softest, but she quickly recovered and got on all fours, presenting her holes to me. All that separated my hard, throbbing cock from her pussy was a flimsy layer of damp fabric that would soon disappear.

Ada swayed her hips side to side, inviting me to take what was rightfully mine. The very obvious wet spot on her panties sent a clear signal, and I took a step forward, reaching over to grab the fabric of her underwear.

With a firm tug I pulled them downward, exposing both of her pristine holes to me. The folds of her pussy were absolutely drenched and her juices were already forming thin, clear strings that would soon drip down her supple thighs.

Without hesitation I grabbed my cock and lined it up against her hole, pushing it in with one vigorous thrust. Ada yelped in both pain and pleasure when she felt her walls stretch, accommodating my size without any sort of preparation. Despite the surprise, Ada took it all without complaining. I kept pushing into her, sinking all of my cock into her tight, hot and impossibly wet cunt until my balls slapped against her swollen clit.

Her yelps would soon turn to lustful moans.

I grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them wide, looking down at my cock and how eagerly her cunt swallowed it all after each thrust. Her mouth wasn't the only hungry thing, it appeared. My fingers dug into her flesh, grabbing her tight for support as I began pushing harder into her, slamming my hips against hers. The waves of pleasure that overcame both of us were strong but we both held on, never losing sight of the orgasm at the end of the race.

Ada's body was made to be fucked. Enhanced by us to be the perfect, willing sex machine she knew deep down she truly was. It wasn't long before she began pushing backwards against me, meeting my pace just

so she could feel my thick cock ram her cunt harder.

As I predicted, the pain vanished and left behind nothing but the purest forms of pleasure. With each hit her body would tremble like a leaf, quivering as her cunt took the full brunt of my relentless pounding.

The squelching noises that came from our depravity were music to my ears, but I wanted more. I wanted to hear and feel her scream, and her pussy simply wasn't enough. Her asshole would certainly do the trick, however.

I pulled my cock out of her gaping hole. Her nectar covered all of it, even my ballsack, though that hardly mattered. Without wasting any seconds I dragged my rod upward and pushed against her puckered hole.

Ada tensed up at first but quickly relaxed, understanding her job — and by extension her entire new life — revolved around taking cock. The sooner she'd get used to it, the better. Still, judging by the way she took it all, I doubted it was her first time.

Her juices made the process easier, and I was able to sink the entirety of my shaft into her impossibly tight asshole. I gave her a moment to get used to it before pulling back, only to thrust in again right away.

Ada's throaty moans rose in volume as I slowly picked up the pace. Soon enough I found myself slamming her asshole just as I did her pussy just minutes before, and the whore loved it.

She loved every second of it. Having her tight asshole broken by the largest cock she'd ever taken was a great way to start her new life, I was lucky to be the one to do the honors.

I kept fucking her without any semblance of restraint or safety, listening to the constant slapping sound my balls made as they hit her swollen clit. That very sound was hard to notice given how Ada began screaming her head off, begging me to fuck her even harder as the orgasm approached.

Approach it did, and it tore through her like a hurricane. She almost collapsed onto the bed but I held her steady and instead gave her all I had, pounding her asshole even harder than I had before.

A raspy scream was torn out of her sore throat. Ada's body convulsed onto me, thrashing and trembling, feeling the endless waves of

agonizing bliss ravage the entirety of her. Setting every fiber of her being on fire and never stopping, thanks to my relentless movements. I couldn't stop pounding her even if I wanted to. I felt her juices spray out of her cunt and coat our legs but even that didn't stop, though tasting them did cross my mind. All I could see was her quivering figure, taking sharp and shallow breaths as I kept pushing into her with violent thrusts.

At that point I was simply going forward for my own sake. I needed a release too, and dumping all of my cum into her waiting asshole would be a perfect way to end a boring day. I gripped her flesh even tighter, my knuckles turning white, and gave her all I had.

The friction felt heavenly on the engorged head of my cock, and the pressure rose through me like a raging fire, culminating in a flash of white-hot pleasure that lasted nowhere near as long as I would have wanted.

Yet, cum erupted from the tip of my rod and sprayed her insides down. Spurt after spurt, the pleasure spread through me with every twitch and throb. I wanted nothing more than to fill her asshole up to the brim.

I slowly came to a stop after unloading all of my pent up cum inside of her battered hole and delivered a hard slap to her cheeks after pulling my cock out. Ada would surely be a prime fuck doll, and I would definitely be coming back to her room for more testing sessions.

The Agency had had plenty of clients through the years, though only some remained in my mind. Ada was one of them. A perfect little whore we designed to be used for sex and nothing else. She had been a pleasure to work with, and I wished more clients were like her. Alas every client would be, after coming out of the Agency.

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African-American CEO of a Fortune 500 company, and he has an undying hunger for white women.

He had a sex dungeon built into his house, all he needs is some new whores to use and abuse - and his new secretary will help him just as soon as she understands who her Master is. It might take a long night in the dungeon, tied and gagged, but Emma will learn her lesson.

Soon enough she'll start bringing him new whores to fuck, a new one every day just like he ordered.

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Black Leather Alpha Bundle #1 to #3](#) - The first 3 stories compiled into one bundle.

The Alpha Scent

[The Alpha Scent - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - Jason receives a package he didn't order. Curiosity takes over and he opens it, revealing a bottle of cologne. After trying it on, something

peculiar happens: every woman he walks past stares at him with hunger, perhaps waiting for him to make a move.

His neighbor is just be the first of many - they simply can't resist him. As soon as they smell it, the women around him turn into horny nymphos ready to serve him in any way, shape or form - and Jason will quickly lose himself to the scent's alluring power...

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[The Alpha Scent Bundle #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

The Bite - Alpha Vampire

[The Bite - Alpha Vampire - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, MC\)](#) - Humans and vampires have lived together for quite some time, and humans are inevitably drawn to the other side.

Vampires are said to be formidable lovers, after all, and many bimbos simply can't wait to experience something of that sort.

**The hunt is on, and he needs preys...
Every human needs a vampire lover, and
he just loves to watch them squirm under
his muscled body. His long life gave him all
the knowledge he needs to please a woman,
and he will stop at nothing once he finds a
prey.**

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

**[The Bite - Alpha Vampire Bundle #1 to #5](#) -
The first 5 stories compiled into one
bundle.**

The Bimbo Potion

**[The Bimbo Potion - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - John's new
temporary job after graduating college has
him sitting behind the counter of a bar he
used to be a patron of. One day he finds a
rather peculiar bottle, which seems to
contain nothing but sugared water - and
yet when Sandra, an attractive redhead
drinks it, she suddenly turns into a lusty**

bimbo for him...

It sparks a chain of events that he can hardly believe - does the bottle truly have the power to turn any woman into a willing nympho? John is fairly stunned at first, but quickly learns to love it...

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[The Bimbo Potion Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Alpha Brand

[Alpha Brand - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - After a night out drinking, Michael wakes up to find a weird tattoo on his chest.

Upon close examination he realizes it's not just ink but rather resembles a brand - like the ones applied to cattle.

His first instinct is to go see a doctor, but as soon as the redhead in the lab coat sees it, she turns into an insatiable bimbo ready to please her master...

The same happens to any other woman

who sees it, including his ex girlfriend. After some initial doubts, Michael soon realizes the power he holds - but will he use it responsibly or be corrupted by it?

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Alpha Brand Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Under His Alpha Spell

[Under His Alpha Spell - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - James, and archeologist, unearths an ancient Egyptian tablet with a curious inscription on it. It reads: "Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control.". Any woman who hears it suddenly can't control herself, turning into a sex crazed bimbo for him. James can't believe it at first, having discovered it by accident, but he quickly learns to love it...

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Under His Alpha Spell Bundle - #1 to #5](#) -
The first 5 stories compiled into one
bundle.

Alpha Ring

[Alpha Ring - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, MC\)](#) - Mark receives a ring from his grandfather, saying it will "help him" in college. Little does Mark know, whenever he puts it on girls can't resist him and desperately want to serve him in any way, shape, or form!

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Alpha Ring Bundle - #1 to #5](#)- The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Alpha Paradise

[Alpha Paradise Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, BDSM\)](#) - Jack is in dire need of a vacation, and stumbles upon a place in which social norms are twisted and warped. People rarely wear clothes, and sex is

commonplace - a perfect place for an alpha male like him.

Alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Alpha Paradise Collection](#) - The entire series bundled into one book.

Bimbo Spy

[Bimbo Spy Series \(Bimbofication, BDSM, Fertile\)](#) - The life of an Elite Spy such as Alexandra Miller can be extremely stressful. More so when world renowned scientist Johan Lindholm decides to host a party to unveil his next project, said to change humanity forever.

Alexandra's mission fails, and she realizes that her true calling didn't have anything to do with being a spy, but rather a mindless Bimbo who only lives to please her one and only Master.

Or alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Bimbo Spy - The Complete Collection](#) - All the stories compiled into one bundle.

Bimbo Cheerleaders

[Bimbo Cheerleaders Series \(Bimbo, Menage, Fertile\)](#) - The college in Brightwater lacks a cheerleading coach after the last one was fired due to a scandal involving him and the team. I wanted change, so I applied and got accepted. I didn't know things would get this crazy, and I certainly wasn't expecting to find a team of bimbos ready to submit to me. All of them will be mine.

Or alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Bimbo Cheerleaders - The Complete Collection](#) - All the stories compiled into one bundle.

Brainless Bimbos

Plenty of stories with different female

leads, who all need to see Doctor Montague for one reason or another before inevitably realizing just how easy life is is they would just submit to their Master.

[Brainless Bimbos Collection - 1 to 5](#) - The first five stories all compiled into one book.