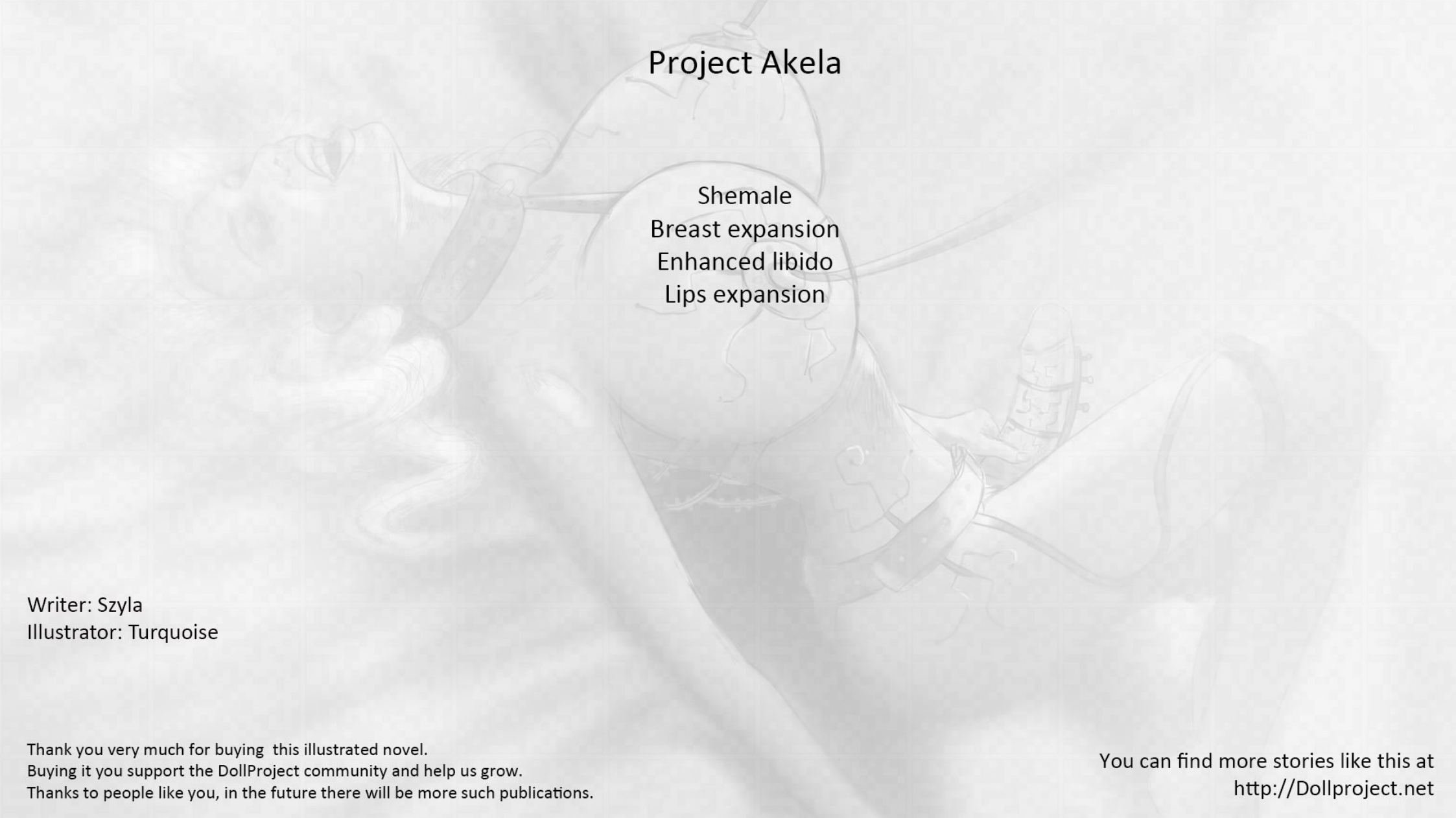


Project Akela



Shemale
Breast expansion
Enhanced libido
Lips expansion



Project Akela

Shemale

Breast expansion

Enhanced libido

Lips expansion

Writer: Szyla

Illustrator: Turquoise

Thank you very much for buying this illustrated novel.
Buying it you support the DollProject community and help us grow.
Thanks to people like you, in the future there will be more such publications.

You can find more stories like this at
<http://Dollproject.net>



Color Code:

This story has color code that will help you navigate through most interesting parts.

BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies

LOG 086

Object operational. Healthy and safe yet showing signs of slight confusion.
Trigger message will be sent directly to the microchips at a critical moment.
Further observation recommended.

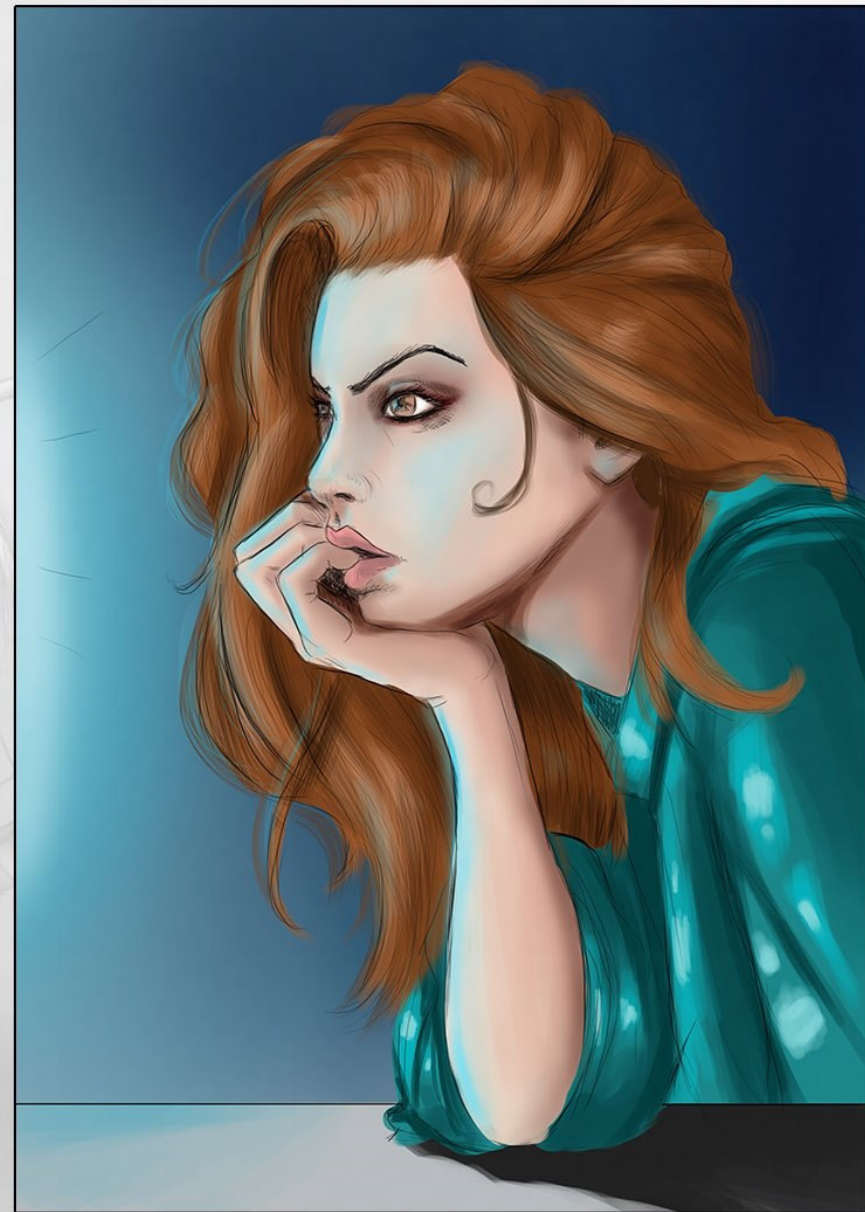


The woman knew her name was Akela and she remembered how she had entered the pub a few minutes earlier. Apart from that she did not know anything about herself.

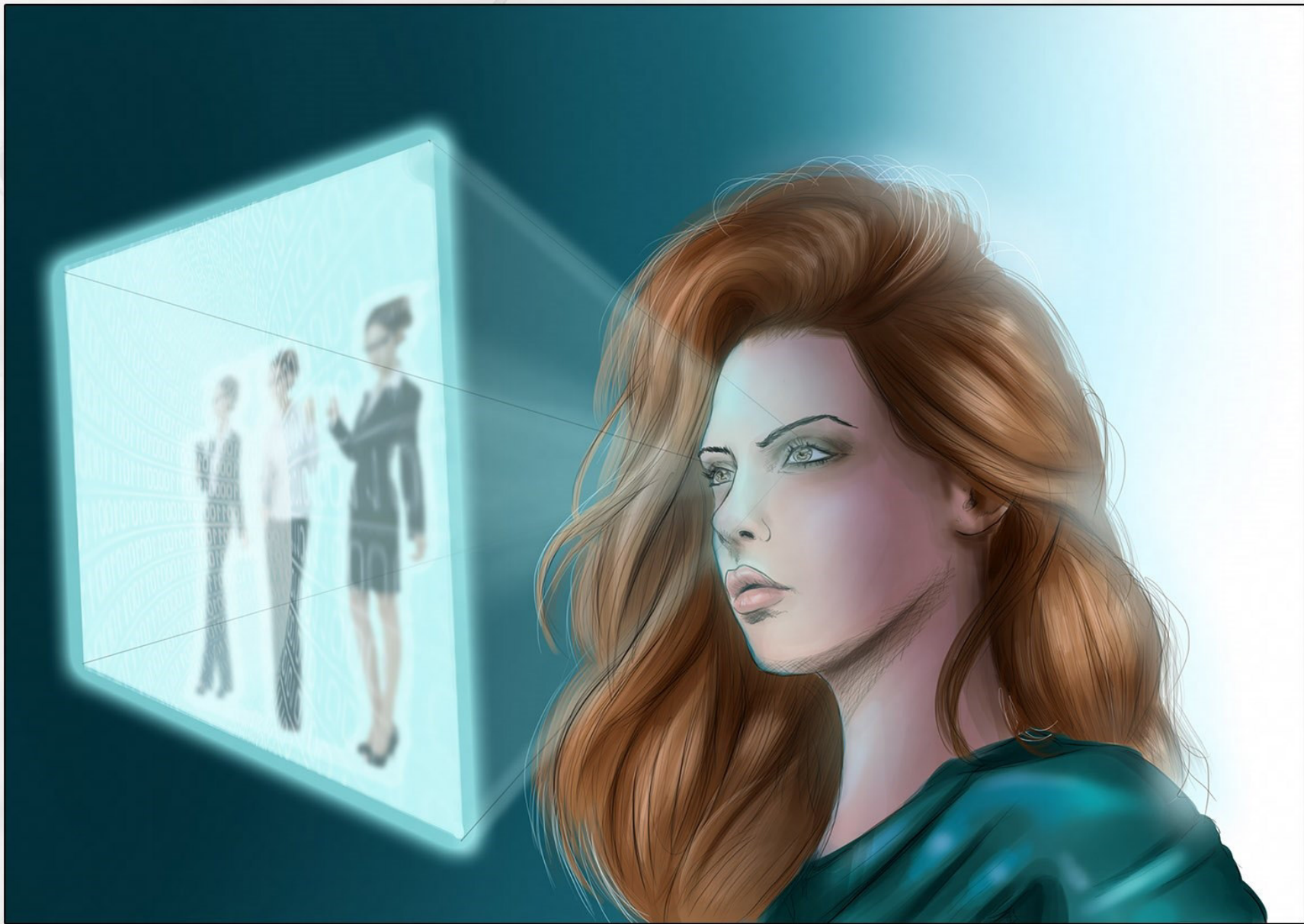
Instinctively she felt that the situation was unusual. She was sitting on a bar stool and sliding her finger across her lower lip as she tried to come up with some sort of explanation.

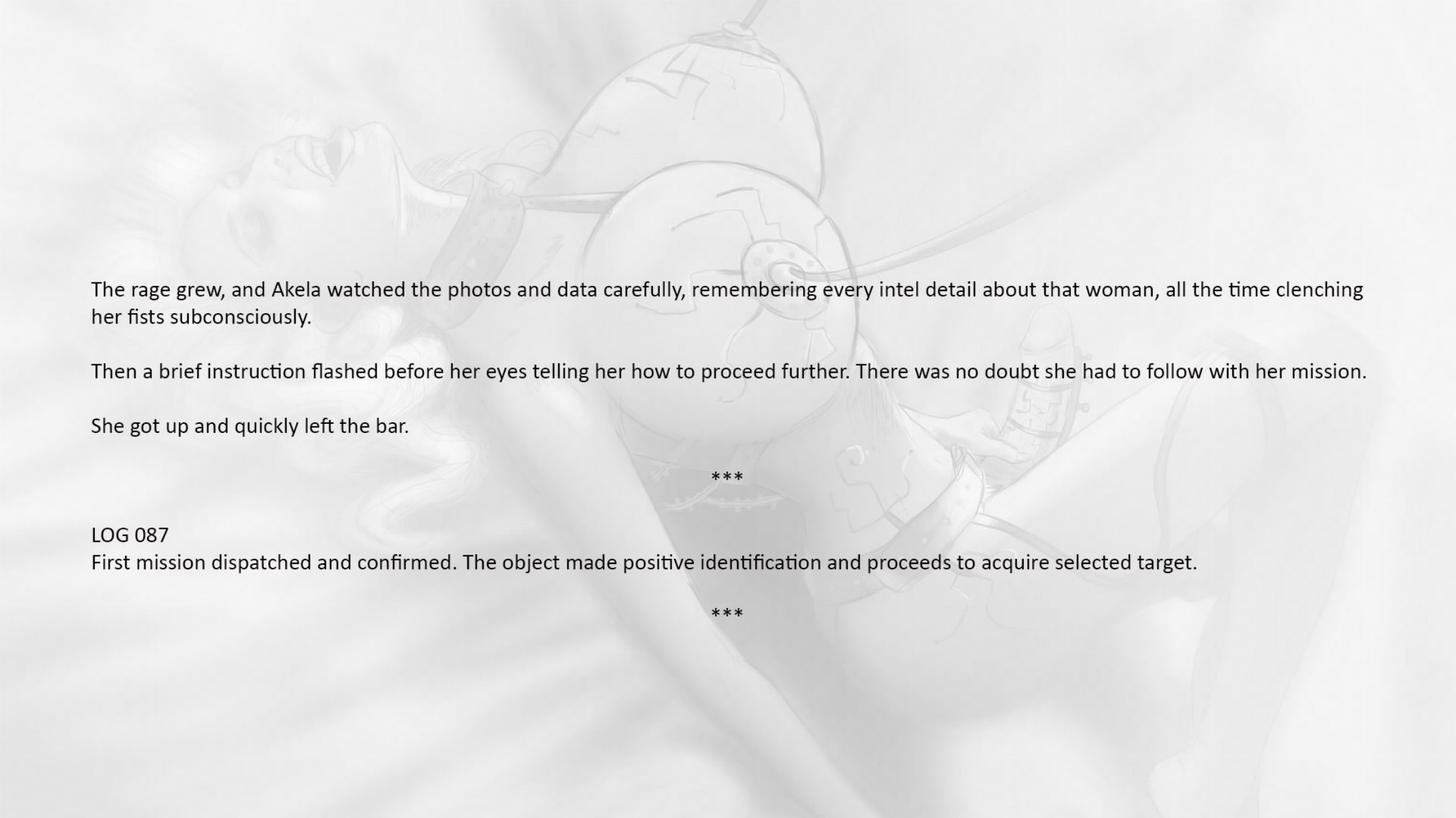
It seemed to her that, in some significant way, she was different from the people around her and it was something related to her body ...

She had not been paying much attention to the TV above the bar, but her eyes immediately turned to the screen when she saw two politicians. One of them, the woman, raised some sort of animal rage in Akela. She subconsciously felt it was not associated with any memory. She only knew that that woman was a bad person and she had to destroy her.



A second later, three different photos of this woman, named Margaret Willard, appeared in front of her eyes, as the interface flash informed her. She was the only one able to see these photos thanks to the module chips implanted in her brain.





The rage grew, and Akela watched the photos and data carefully, remembering every intel detail about that woman, all the time clenching her fists subconsciously.

Then a brief instruction flashed before her eyes telling her how to proceed further. There was no doubt she had to follow with her mission.

She got up and quickly left the bar.

LOG 087

First mission dispatched and confirmed. The object made positive identification and proceeds to acquire selected target.

Akela was sitting in an office opposite Florence Kohl - her first target.

She knew what she had to do: seduce and take advantage of Kohl in order to get access to a party that was to take place the following evening. She understood that it was crucial for the success of the plan.

Akela came to Florence's model agency and played the role of a potential candidate looking for work. Kohl was known for flirting with the girls she was planning to employ in her agency.

"You are pretty, very pretty," Florence said, leaning back in her chair, her eyes focused on Akela.

Akela listened to her carefully, trying her best to play her role puff a beginner model willing to do anything to get a job. She did not remember anything about job interviews but once she was in the office building she knew exactly what to do.

"Thank you," she said. "I really want this job."

"How much do you want it?" Florence asked and got up from her chair. "Let me take a closer look," she said, then slowly walked to Akela and removed a strand of hair from the woman's face with her slender fingers. "Oh, yes. Very pretty... but that's not enough to become a model. You must have desire and determination, be ready for everything. This is a cruel, ruthless world where only the strongest survive. You know what I mean?"

Akela nodded vigorously. She knew what Florence was up to. Kohl's game was so simple that she wanted to burst out laughing, but then it would ruin her plan.

"I'm incredibly determined," she whispered sensually, her voice low, her eyes fixed on Florence's face as she blushed profusely.

"Are you?"

Florence ran her fingers over Akela's earlobe, nuzzled her neck, and then seductively slid her hand lower, to the model's neckline.

"I'm all in," Akela breathed out, raising the woman's hand and sensually moving one of Florence's fingers to her lips licking it like a cat. "I will do whatever is necessary."

From that moment everything went very fast. Their lips met in a passionate kiss. Florence's hands wandered around Akela's round breasts while Akela was removing her partner's shirt. Kohl was breathing hard. Her eyes were glistening with lust and her lips twisted in triumph.

"I'm glad," she gasped. "So glad to hear it. You know how much I desire to see whether you're serious about that."

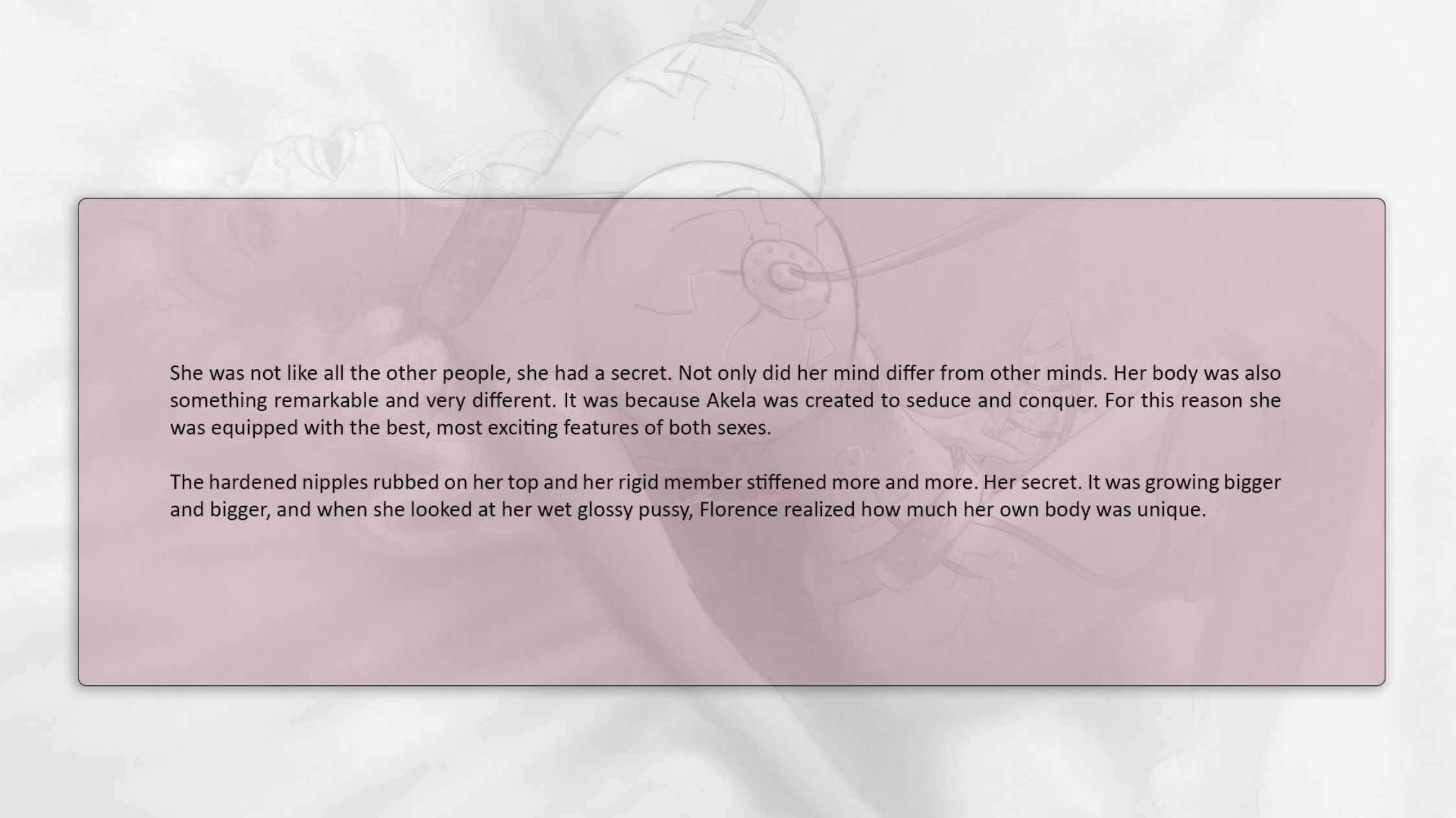
She sat down on her desk, which made the wood croak quietly under her weight.

Akela thought that someone could easily enter the room and ... She glanced nervously at the door.

"Don't worry, everyone knows not to disturb me right now," Florence explained. "Focus, my dear."

With a gesture she threw back her hair, the action made her shapely breasts move. Goose bumps appeared on her skin, and her cheeks blushed immediately. Kohl licked her lips and slowly began to move her thighs slowly, showing her pink and wet pussy. She squeezed her own breast, moaned, then slipped her finger between her labia and closed her eyes in arousal. She smiled feeling the pleasure and when she took out her fingers, they were dripping wet with her pussy juices.

Akela came closer and licked Florence's glistening fingers. She felt the excitement building up in her - something completely fresh - unexpected and yet very familiar. Truly fascinated and engulfed by the feeling she watched her nipples harden, as the heat was gathering between her thighs, and the excitement blurred her thoughts. She was like a teenage girl who was discovering her own sexuality and body and at the same time was perfectly aware of what was happening to her.



She was not like all the other people, she had a secret. Not only did her mind differ from other minds. Her body was also something remarkable and very different. It was because Akela was created to seduce and conquer. For this reason she was equipped with the best, most exciting features of both sexes.

The hardened nipples rubbed on her top and her rigid member stiffened more and more. Her secret. It was growing bigger and bigger, and when she looked at her wet glossy pussy, Florence realized how much her own body was unique.



She knelt down in front of Kohl and took a deep breath, inhaling her sexy scent, which excited her even more. She licked Florence's pink, hot clitoris, and the woman moaned, tilted her head back and tightened her thighs.

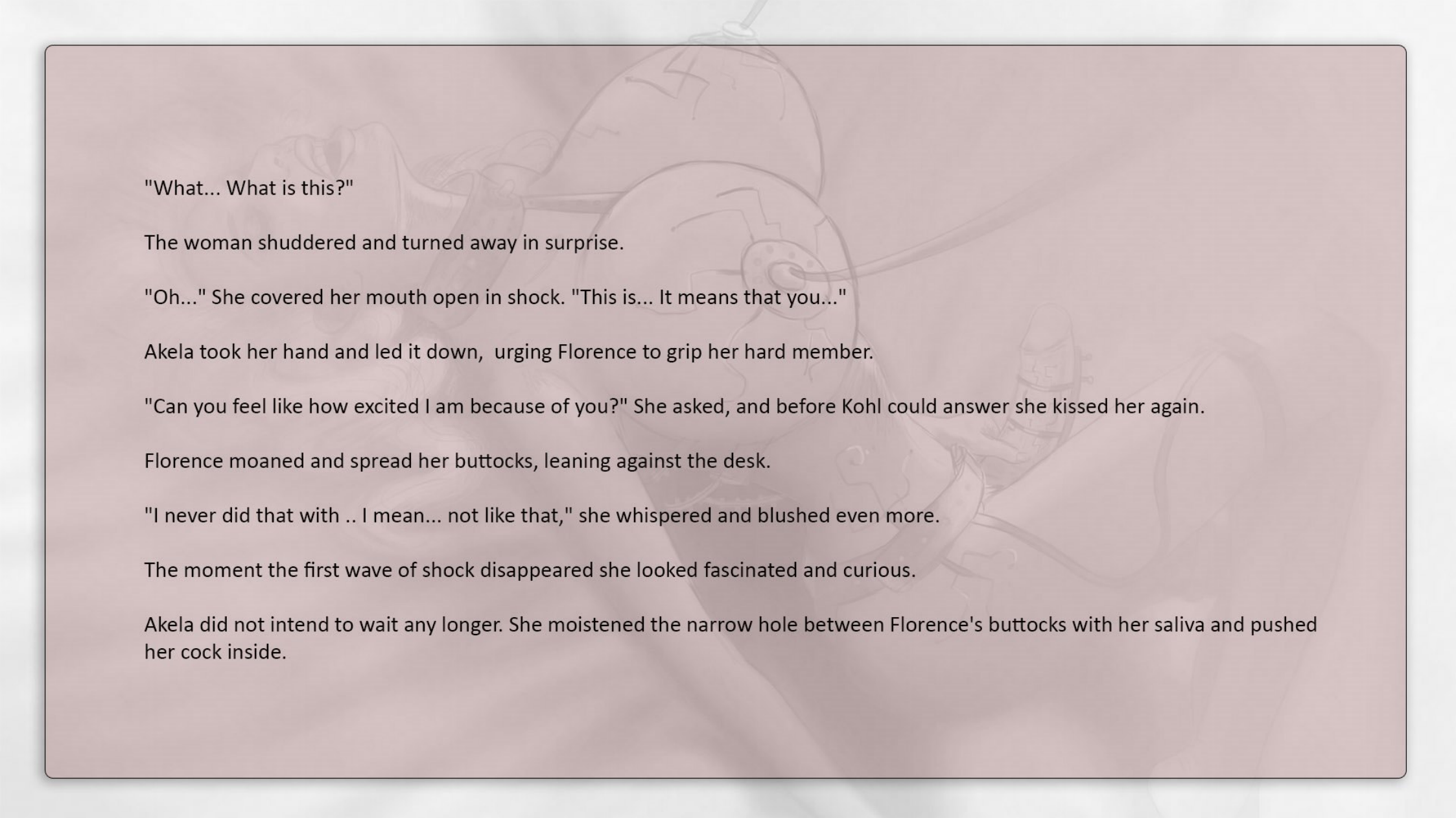
Akela slid her tongue deeper, her hands sliding along her lover's long slender legs. Her penis was throbbing and pressing hard against her panties. If she got up, its hardness would show under the fabric of her dress. She wanted to touch her rigid member and orgasm as quickly as possible.

"Mmm, more..." Florence sighed. "You're so good in this. Ooh, that's right," She moaned and clenched her fingers at the edge of the desk.



Akela could not wait any more. She turned Kohl around and leaned against the desk. With a few quick movements she dropped her dress and then excitedly kissed her lover's neck. Her rigid penis rubbed the narrow and wet space between Florence's buttocks.





"What... What is this?"

The woman shuddered and turned away in surprise.

"Oh..." She covered her mouth open in shock. "This is... It means that you..."

Akela took her hand and led it down, urging Florence to grip her hard member.

"Can you feel like how excited I am because of you?" She asked, and before Kohl could answer she kissed her again.

Florence moaned and spread her buttocks, leaning against the desk.

"I never did that with .. I mean... not like that," she whispered and blushed even more.

The moment the first wave of shock disappeared she looked fascinated and curious.

Akela did not intend to wait any longer. She moistened the narrow hole between Florence's buttocks with her saliva and pushed her cock inside.

The woman was perfectly tight and hot. and immediately let out a low moan of pure pleasure. Akela pushed her body and throbbing member deeper into her hole. It gradually stretched out allowing her to enter deeper, welcoming every inch of the young woman's penis. Both women moved rhythmically, and Akela's member kept diving deeper and deeper between Kohl's sexy buttocks.



Florence leaned against the desk and moaned louder and louder. She slipped her hand between her legs and slid it in her wet pussy. Now both of her sexholes were filled and in heat. She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth not to scream from the insane pleasure she felt.

She moaned, pressing her hand to her lips to suppress the sound of pleasure, and that very moment a spasm of orgasmic delight jolted through her body. She arched her back and her face froze from the pleasure.

Akela felt the woman's ass hole rhythmically clenching on her penis, still enhancing her lustful sensation. The woman in front of her was writhing and trembling with pleasure. She clenched her hands at her lover's round buttocks and gave in to the powerful lust. She shoved her hips violently, let out a scream signaling her incredible climax, and after a second reached her much-desired orgasm, filling Florence's tight ass hole with hot creamy cum.

She leaned her body on Kohl's back, breathing heavily. After a short while she squeezed one of the woman's breasts and stroked her back. Then she took her penis out of Kohl's ass and began to dress quickly.

"So, how do you judge my determination?" She muttered.

Florence turned and looked at her lover with misty eyes. Her make-up smeared a bit, but she had a radiant post-orgasmic smile on her lips.

That night, Kohl sent her an invitation to the party she needed to go to. The first task was done.



LOG 088

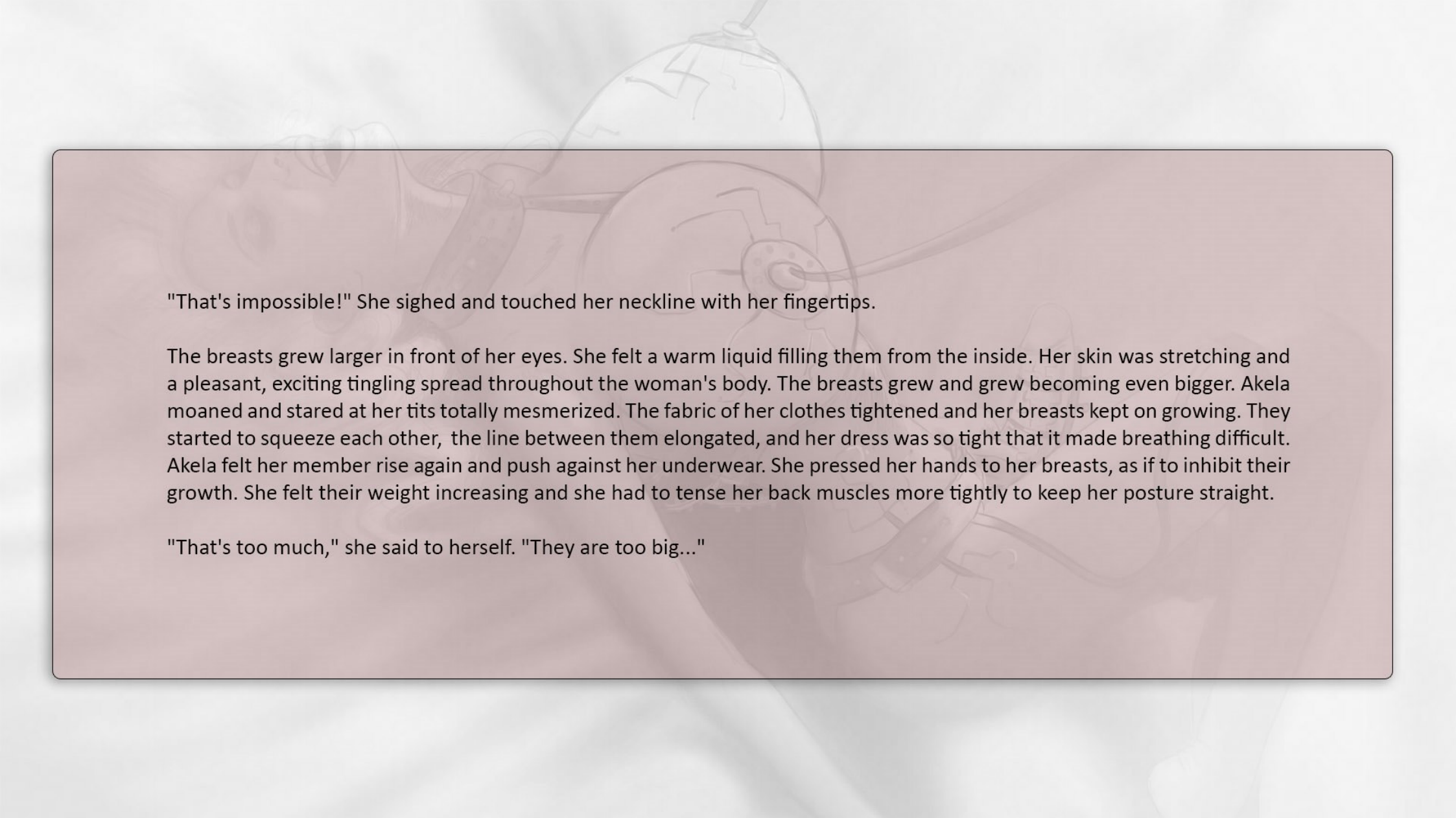
Task 1 complete. The object operates successfully and quickly implements our action plan. It was decided to make the first modifications.

Akela rode the elevator on the way to an apartment, which - as her module informed her - belonged to her. Suddenly a message flashed before her eyes:

"First task complete. Congratulations. You will be rewarded before further proceedings."

The message disappeared. Akela looked around as if her prize was to suddenly appear within her sight.

She frowned and moaned, surprised as she felt the heat in her chest, exactly in the very center of each breast. She looked down and took a deep breath.

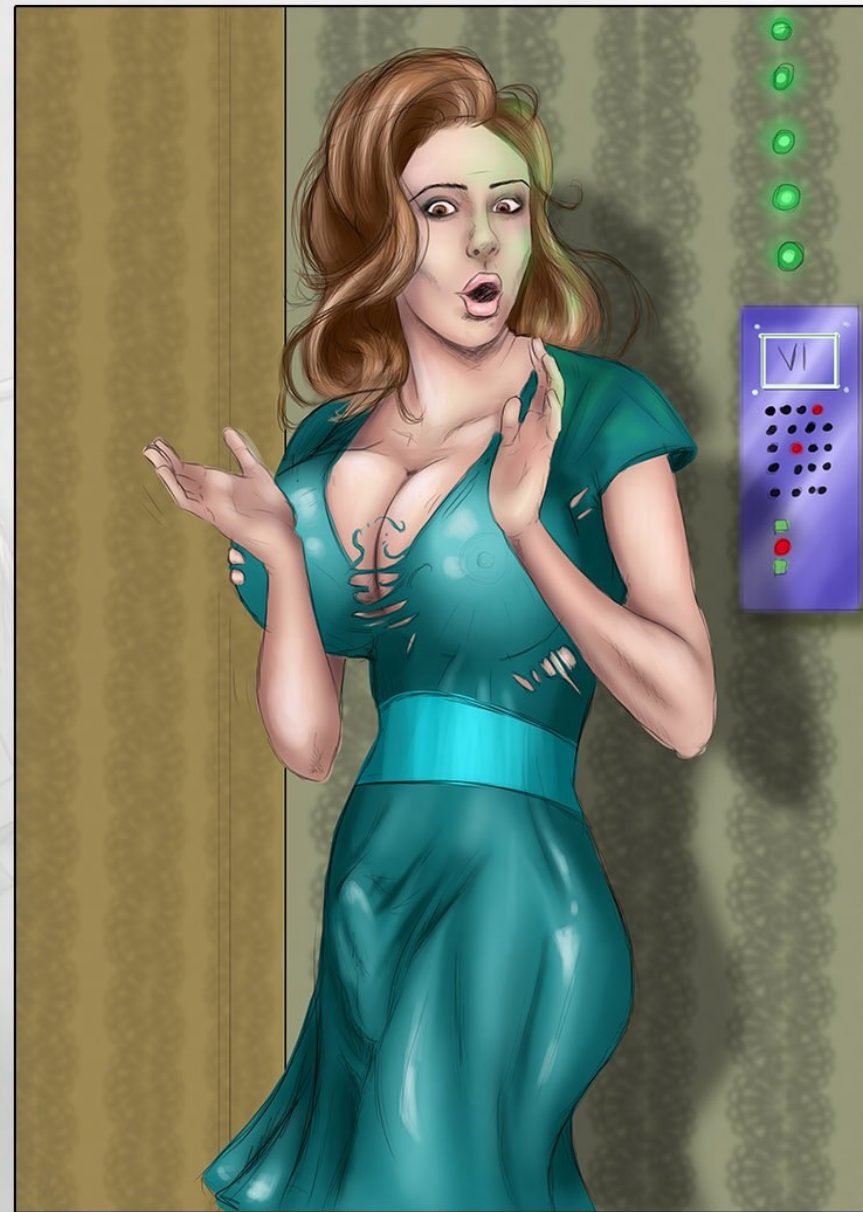


"That's impossible!" She sighed and touched her neckline with her fingertips.

The breasts grew larger in front of her eyes. She felt a warm liquid filling them from the inside. Her skin was stretching and a pleasant, exciting tingling spread throughout the woman's body. The breasts grew and grew becoming even bigger. Akela moaned and stared at her tits totally mesmerized. The fabric of her clothes tightened and her breasts kept on growing. They started to squeeze each other, the line between them elongated, and her dress was so tight that it made breathing difficult. Akela felt her member rise again and push against her underwear. She pressed her hands to her breasts, as if to inhibit their growth. She felt their weight increasing and she had to tense her back muscles more tightly to keep her posture straight.

"That's too much," she said to herself. "They are too big..."

But the breasts did not stop growing. She breathed out very deeply since her dress was on the verge of tearing. In the end, she gave up. She had to breathe. The dress ripped and her breasts jumped up like two springs, suddenly released from the grip that was holding them in place. Pieces of the dress fell onto the floor of the elevator.



Akela tried to cover her breasts nervously, but her hands were too small. She felt two warm, voluminous spheres under the palms of her hands. She prayed for a lonely ride in the elevator and as soon as the door opened, she ran to the door of her apartment. Her newly enlarged breasts were jumping and swinging sideways.

Once inside, she took off her clothes and began to take a closer look at her enlarged bust. It was hard and the skin was tight. The weight made her lean forward slightly. Her member remained stiff and deliciously erect. She licked her lips in a haze and ran her hands over her new beautiful breasts. No one would be able to resist her weapon at the party.

Akela stepped into the shower and took a moment under a stream of cool water to calm down. When she was washing her hands could not stop circling and massaging her huge bust. She reached down with her hand and clenched it on her rigid member. A few strokes up and down the shaft were enough to make her cum. She moaned, leaned against the wall and closed her eyes.

Once she finished the shower and wiped her body she felt her skin smelling somewhat different than usual - she secreted a pleasant and strong exotic scent that reminded her of a hot summer evening. She felt that this would also let her accomplish her task more efficiently.

She went to sleep early, since she knew she had to be full of energy the next day.

LOG 089

Object successfully modified. Maximum dose of breast tissue introduced. Aphrodisiac secreting glands activated.

Object proceeds with the next stage of the mission.

Before & After



The next day Akela couldn't find anything to dress up. It appeared that all her tops and dresses were too small. She angrily threw them out of the closet and chose the most stretchy and loose item. She still found it hard to fit into, but it was enough for her to go shopping as she had to prepare for the evening.

"Oh shit!" Florence exclaimed when she saw Akela before the club's entrance. Her mouth hung open in surprise the moment she saw Akela and she was staring at the girl's bust in shock. Deep cleavage accented Akela's large breasts even more. "What happened?"

"What do you mean?" Akela shrugged as her chest moved.

"Your tits... they weren't that big!" Florence's eyes widened in astonishment. "How could've they grown so much?"

"I thought you'd like them."

"I do. Very much," Florence murmured and inched closer towards Akela. She took her scent and closed her eyes, then moaned excitedly. "You smell... so sensual ... What is this perfume? And how is it possible that your breasts..."

"Let's get inside, okay?" Akela interrupted her, not wanting to answer any more questions.

Florence hesitated, but nodded her head and they went inside. The venue was filled with dark, and the music kept pumping in their ears, which made any conversation pointless. People were communicating with body language and gestures, dancing and drinking, kissing and rubbing their sweaty bodies. Akela smiled triumphantly. She knew she could handle the task. She felt a pleasant surge of excitement.

She was quickly in the spotlight. Akela's glamorous look and the scent of her pheromones created a group of admirers around her. They were all trying to attract her attention at all costs. Several people offered her a drink, someone accidentally slid his hand along her thigh, some other man kept staring at her neckline hypnotized, completely forgetting about his partner, who cast a disgruntled look at him.

Akela decided to go to ladies room, and when she was on her way back in the corridor leading to the second part of the building, housing a hotel, she noticed two women who seemed to be guarding the entrance. Suddenly, each of them was surrounded by a red line, and a virtual message appeared in front of her eyes.

She already knew what to do. Her task was to get electronic keycards from their bags. She decided to use the easiest way - the one that had never failed her.

She smiled seductively, rolled her hair back and nonchalantly leaned against the wall. She straightened and ran her hands over the proudly presented huge round tits.

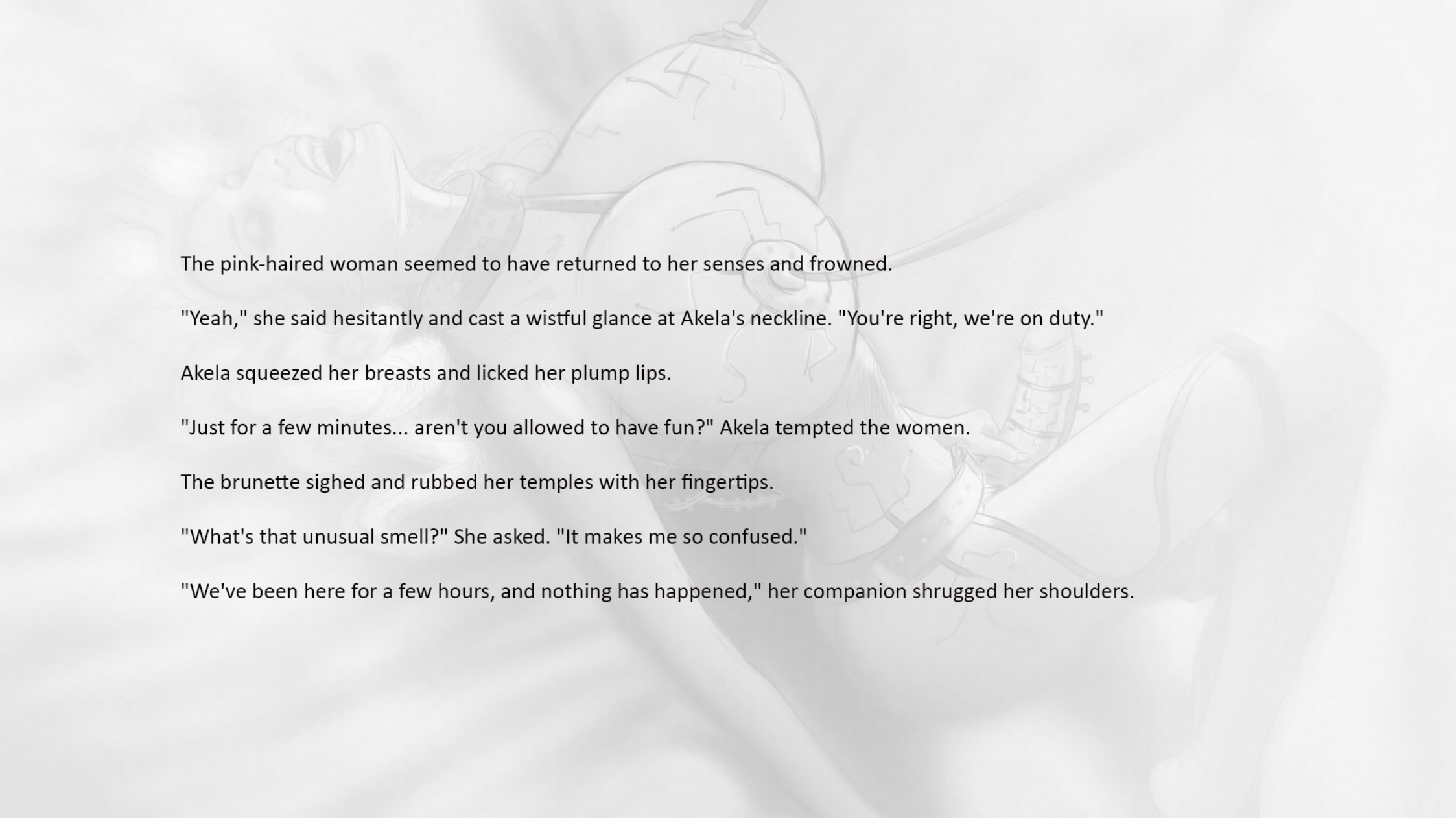
Both women looked at her clearly hypnotized. Their features softened, and their eyes became foggy and filled with lust. Pheromones worked perfectly.

Akela came closer, touched the neck of one of the women and resting her hand on the slim waist of the other one.

"Let's dance," She muttered.

The pink-haired woman smiled cheerfully and enthusiastically nodded.

"Are you insane? We are not allowed to leave the post!" Her black-haired companion exclaimed. "We're on duty," she added quickly and shook her friend.



The pink-haired woman seemed to have returned to her senses and frowned.

"Yeah," she said hesitantly and cast a wistful glance at Akela's neckline. "You're right, we're on duty."

Akela squeezed her breasts and licked her plump lips.

"Just for a few minutes... aren't you allowed to have fun?" Akela tempted the women.

The brunette sighed and rubbed her temples with her fingertips.

"What's that unusual smell?" She asked. "It makes me so confused."

"We've been here for a few hours, and nothing has happened," her companion shrugged her shoulders.



Shortly after, dazed with Akela's pheromones and captivated by her looks, the women danced on the dance floor, brushing their bodies against other people. Their bodies glistened with sweat, breaths accelerated, and veins filled with throbbing lust.

The brunette hugged Akela, brushed her thigh against her hip, and made a puzzled look. She felt a hardened member on her leg.

Akela drew her closer and led the woman's hand to touch her penis and clench her fist on it. The excitement was reaching its peak, the three women were wringing their bodies and brushing animatedly against each other. Akela laid her hand on the hip of the dark-haired woman and reached for the woman's handbag. Her fingers laid on the plastic keycard. She only had to swiftly take it out and voila! Mission accomplished.

She thought of the reward that was waiting for her, and her thick member hardened even more. She remembered the feeling of filling her body from the center, the sight of her growing tits and the sound of her dress ripping.... She involuntarily touched her big round tits.

Suddenly the woman stepped away slightly and the keycard slipped out of Akela's hand.

The pink-haired, on the other hand, moaned loudly and bit Akela's earlobe, then squeezed her large breast. She took the two women down the corridor to a dark, deserted room. Her dark-haired companion resisted slightly, mumbling something about them being on duty, but Akela silenced her with a kiss.

Their moans were even louder echoing in the silence of the room. The women stripped hastily, trying to satisfy their encompassing lust as quickly as possible. Pink-haired woman sighed with delight when she saw Akela's hardened member, her companion immediately started moving her fingers gently along their unexpected visitor's shaft.

The girls caressed each other passionately, under the influence of powerful pheromones, absolutely fascinated by the strange, yet irresistible, body of the divine looking stranger.

Pink-haired immediately began to rub her clit vigorously, staring at Akela's bust. Her companion knelt down in front of Akela and started licking hastily her stiff member.

They were such an easy prey. So easy to take advantage of, so easy to gain power over them.

Akela gestured for them both to turn around. Their thighs and pussies glowed with wetness. She moaned and slipped her rigid cock into the dark-haired woman's pussy. She shouted out in delight. The woman's pussy was wet and hot, heated up for sex with their flirt and dance. Akela moved lustfully inside her, sliding her penis deeper and deeper, moving more and more vigorously.

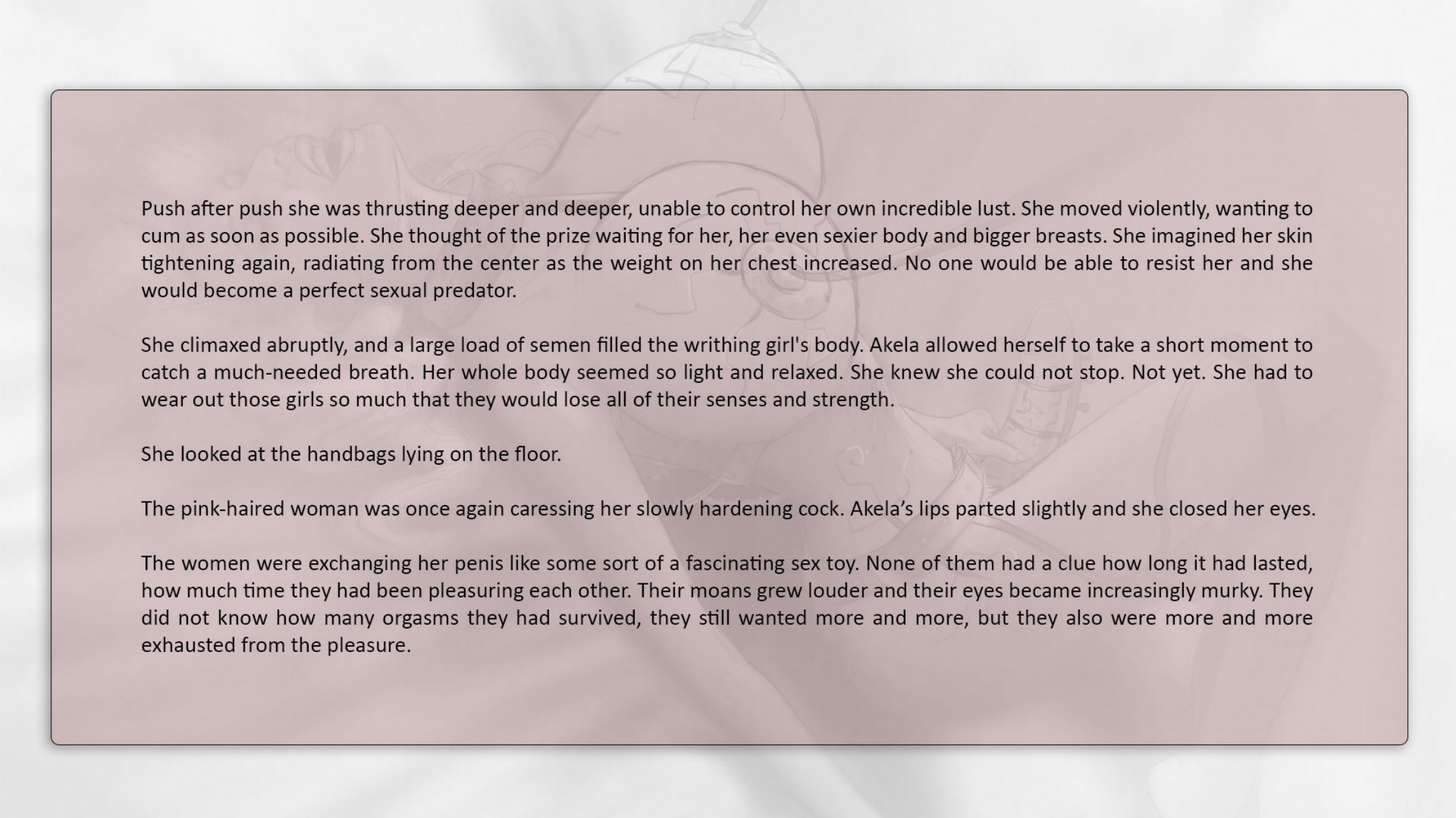
The other woman was looking at them aroused and captivated by the scene. She licked her lips and touched her pussy. It was sizzling with desire.

When her companion was about to cum, Akela slid out of her and immediately filled the pink-haired woman's pussy. The girl rolled her eyes, bit her lip, and then she let out a long, animal moan. Her excitement grew very quickly. She squeezed her boobs in ecstasy and asked for more. Akela surely was not the one to let the woman orgasm so fast.

She pulled out her penis again, the woman's response to her action was a long sigh of disappointment and confused expression on her face.

Akela rushed to the other woman's sex hole. The girl tensed her muscles, surprised by the sudden move, but then relaxed and opened her mouth. The tip of the penis loosened her ass hole and slipped inside slowly yet surely. Akela took pleasure in tight delight of the woman's ass and the way it was slowly spreading out for her welcoming her throbbing cock.



A faded, light-colored illustration serves as the background for the text. It depicts a woman with long, wavy pink hair and a man with a very large, prominent penis. The woman is shown from the waist up, and the man is shown from the waist down, with his penis being the central focus of the illustration. The overall style is simple and somewhat sketchy.

Push after push she was thrusting deeper and deeper, unable to control her own incredible lust. She moved violently, wanting to cum as soon as possible. She thought of the prize waiting for her, her even sexier body and bigger breasts. She imagined her skin tightening again, radiating from the center as the weight on her chest increased. No one would be able to resist her and she would become a perfect sexual predator.

She climaxed abruptly, and a large load of semen filled the writhing girl's body. Akela allowed herself to take a short moment to catch a much-needed breath. Her whole body seemed so light and relaxed. She knew she could not stop. Not yet. She had to wear out those girls so much that they would lose all of their senses and strength.

She looked at the handbags lying on the floor.

The pink-haired woman was once again caressing her slowly hardening cock. Akela's lips parted slightly and she closed her eyes.

The women were exchanging her penis like some sort of a fascinating sex toy. None of them had a clue how long it had lasted, how much time they had been pleasuring each other. Their moans grew louder and their eyes became increasingly murky. They did not know how many orgasms they had survived, they still wanted more and more, but they also were more and more exhausted from the pleasure.

In the end they both fell to the floor, tired but elated, and a moment later they were napping happily.

Akela took a moment to gather her strength. She took a deep breath and carefully, as quietly as she could, reached into one of the handbags. She fished for a plastic keycard and a moment later she felt a surge of satisfaction from a well-executed task.

She went outside, and when she closed the door, she heard a soft moan of the dark-haired woman turning in her well-deserved sleep.



Akela felt the goose bumps of excitement overtaking her whole body. Although she had just had an orgasm, she wanted to fuck once again. She not only possessed the physical characteristics of both sexes, but also the best features of their erotic psyche - she was able to excite and simultaneously experience multiple orgasms.

She felt what she had been waiting for all day - a pleasant warmth in her breasts and then a tingling feeling of something filling and enhancing them. Fortunately, she managed to quickly hide in one of the empty, open rooms. She looked down - her breasts began to grow again. She moaned with pleasure and fell to her knees. Akela's big cock kept rising and hardening, and she gently touched her enlarging tits. She felt the skin tighten, and some mysterious substance once again filled her body from the inside. The breasts under her fingers grew and grew, becoming heavier, more round and prominent. Akela sighed, fascinated and excited. She wrapped her arms around her large and stiff member and caressed it from the base to his tip. Her breasts continued to grow right in front of her eyes, becoming disproportionately large, obscuring more and more of the view down, and spreading proportionately to the sides. Fortunately she was naked, and put her dress away. She hoped she would be able to fit her new breasts in it once she was given the full prize.



She kept moving her hand - faster and faster - and her growing bust was jumping up and down. She screamed, rolled her eyes, and a powerful stream of semen flooded the floor right in front of her.

Breathing hard, she looked at her new monstrous breasts with amazement and absolute delight. She touched them and circled her fingers around her nipples. The tits were strained and stiff, exceptionally firm despite their impressive size.

Akela felt she was ready to take on another mission.

That very exact moment another message flashed before her eyes:

Task complete. Breasts filled successfully.

Next task: compromise Margaret Willard. Proceed.

Another image of the politician flashed in front of her eyes, and she once again felt a sudden surge of anger. Akela had to destroy this woman's career.

She already knew what to do.

Akela began to dress cautiously. She was fiddling with the dress, clearly too small for her enlarged breast, and spent a few minutes trying to fit her new tits in the delicate fabrics of the sexy item. Large balls were squeezed and crushed, and the fabrics around the cleavage stretched dangerously. In the end she succeeded to squeeze her tits in. Two large balls, almost pushing under her clavicles, pumped up to the limit and making it hard to breathe.

LOG 090

Object modified once again. Finalizing mission.

Akela felt that she was about to complete the mission. The interface showed her Margaret's exact location- thanks to the fact that the two women she had just had sex with left their post the way in to Willard's hotel room was easy.

She took a decisive step, enjoying the extra weight on her chest, admiring her voluptuous bust. She walked down the corridor, passing the rooms, but none of the numbers on the door seemed to be the one she was looking for. Once she reached room 521, the interface signaled that she reached her destination.

Akela smiled triumphantly and slid a keycard. The lock flashed bright green and she pressed the handle.

She could hear moans of delight coming from the room.

"Oh yes," a woman's voice sighed heavily. "Ooooh!"

These were quickly joined by another woman's muffled sobs and moans.

Akela felt her nipples harden, and her voracious cock began to rise again. It seemed that her sexual energy was inexhaustible.

As quiet as she could she got into the bedroom of the apartment.

There, in the middle of the bed, two women were making love. One of them was some hot blonde, the other was Margaret Willard. The blonde was eagerly licking her lover's pussy at the same time caressing her own wet clitoris.

None of them noticed Akela, since they were too absorbed in each other. That's why she managed to set the smartphone on the night table and record the scene in the bed.

Suddenly, the blonde must have felt there was somebody else in the bedroom watching them, because she raised her head abruptly. She opened her mouth in astonishment. Akela noticed the woman's lips were all wet from her lover's sex juices. Margaret turned round to Akela, spotted the intruder, took a deep breath and immediately went pale. Startled, she pulled the satin sheet to cover her naked body.

"Margaret," Akela said smiling triumphantly. She squeezed her own breasts and licked her plump lips. "What do you think would happen if your voters found out that a conservative senator candidate was cheating on her husband with another woman? Haven't you been against homosexual relationships? If people knew..."

Margaret shrieked and panicked. Her eyes wandered around the hotel room looking for an escape route, and she clenched her fists on the sheets so with so much power that her knuckles whitened.

"But... how? What's?" She began and frowned, unable to decide which question to ask first.

In the meantime the blonde got up, wrapped herself in the satin sheet, and hurried toward Akela, ready to defend her lover. She reached into her purse and pulled out the smartphone. Akela quickly jumped to her and grabbed the blonde's hand.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," she warned the woman.

"Let go of me!" The blonde hissed, but then her eyes went dark and a smile appeared on her lips.

Her breathing increased and the blush on her cheeks deepened. Her eyes wandered along Akela's body, and suddenly her smartphone fell out of her hand and hit the floor.

"You like me, don't you?"

The woman nodded as if in a trance and gently traced her fingers along Akela's breasts hidden in her tight dress.

"They are so big," she moaned. "And your scent is infatuating..."

Akela pressed the blonde's hand tight on her newly enlarged breasts.

"Are you crazy, Ana?!" Margaret exclaimed. "What are you doing? This woman... Get away from her immediately!"

But Ana did not listen. She hugged Akela's magnificent body even tighter and started purring like a kitten.

"So big," she said, stroking Akela's breasts.

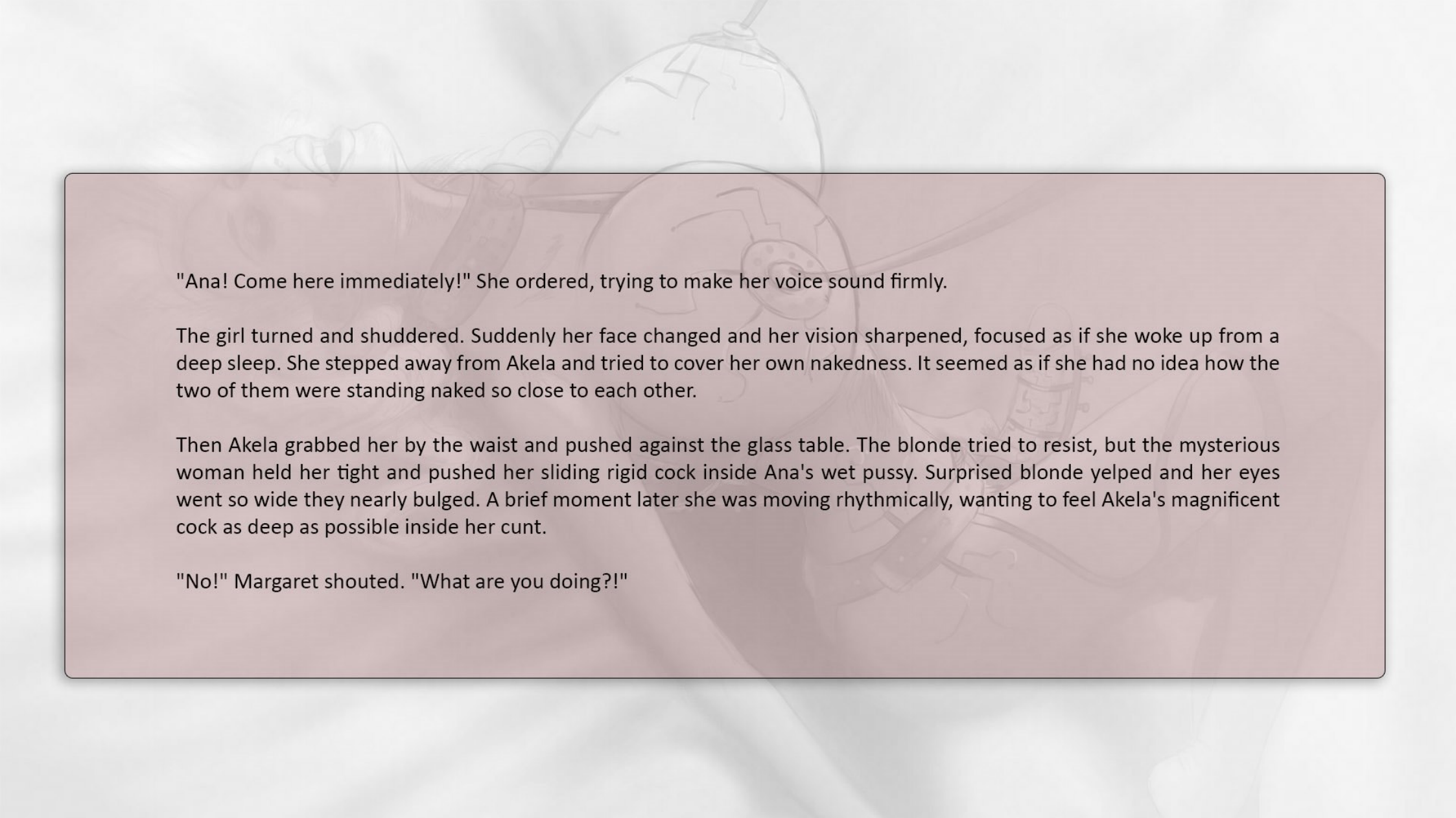
Akela unzipped her dress and her breasts jumped forward, released from the tight embrace. Ana sighed, clearly captivated by the view.

Margaret protested, not understanding what had just happened to her lover. She had no idea what that woman was doing there, but she knew she had to get rid of her. She was on the road to win the upcoming elections, her conservative political views appealed to the voters, and if anyone knew... She could not even imagine the damage the scandal would cause. She sacrificed so much to pursue her political career and could not something like that stop her from reaching her goals.

Meanwhile, Ana undressed Akela, fascinated by her amazing goddess-like shapes. She kept licking enthusiastically Akela's exposed balloon-like tits, and when she discovered that under the sexy dress there was a magnificent, throbbing penis, she sighed shocked by the surprising view.

Margaret covered her mouth with her hand. She had never seen someone so unusual... so incredibly sexy. She felt the a wave of pleasure and excitement. Erotic energy spread all over her heated body.

But she could not afford it! It would be so silly and irresponsible!



"Ana! Come here immediately!" She ordered, trying to make her voice sound firmly.

The girl turned and shuddered. Suddenly her face changed and her vision sharpened, focused as if she woke up from a deep sleep. She stepped away from Akela and tried to cover her own nakedness. It seemed as if she had no idea how the two of them were standing naked so close to each other.

Then Akela grabbed her by the waist and pushed against the glass table. The blonde tried to resist, but the mysterious woman held her tight and pushed her sliding rigid cock inside Ana's wet pussy. Surprised blonde yelped and her eyes went so wide they nearly bulged. A brief moment later she was moving rhythmically, wanting to feel Akela's magnificent cock as deep as possible inside her cunt.

"No!" Margaret shouted. "What are you doing?!"

The blonde did not answer, drowned in encompassing pleasure.

Akela's breasts bounced with every move she made. She stared defiantly at Margaret, who struggled to stop her own growing excitement.



"You like this, don't you?" Akela asked. "It excites you so much. If your supporters knew the kind of fun you take pleasure in..."

"No! It doesn't!" Margaret protested. "You! You get out of my room right now!"

"I see you're breathing fast, you're all flushed," Akela said, all the while thrusting her cock deep inside Ana. The woman was writhing with lust and excitement.

"I'm angry!" "The politician exclaimed, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"You desire me because I'm perfect. I'm all you lust for. We both know how much you want to be in her place right now.

"No no no!" Margaret was shouting loud, but she could not take her eyes off the couple having sex.

She had no idea how it had happened. She reached down between her warm thighs and slipped two fingers between the slippery and juicy lips of her cunt. She leaned her head back and moaned loudly. Incredibly aroused, she imagined that her own hand was Akela's wonderful penis and she quickly dipped one more finger in her cock-hungry pussy.

She could not understand why she approached the intruder and began to caress the mysterious woman's big tits. After all, she did not want to do that, did she?

Margaret did not understand why she felt a burst of arousal deep inside, those chills of excitement taking over her body, her heart beating incredibly fast.

Akela's breasts were huge, heavy and swollen. The skin seemed taut as if something was pushing it from the inside. Margaret slid out her tongue and hungrily licked the smooth surface of Akela's breasts - she tasted of intoxicating lust, sweat and exotic perfumes.

Ana screamed, clenched her hands on the edge of the table, and started throwing her head frantically. Akela felt the blonde was close to orgasm. She slipped a finger into the girl's other hole, which made the blonde immediately peak in ecstasy.

Margaret thought bitterly that when Ana was with her, she never orgasmed so intensely and uncontrollably. She had never seen her in such complete ecstasy before.

As if hypnotized, the politician stared at Akela's big, hard member fully covered and dripping with Ana's sex juices. She knelt and took it in her mouth. She felt the familiar taste of blonde's aroused body. She licked Akela's swollen balls and looked straight into the woman's face. Sex with men did not usually give her any gratification. She spread her thighs in front of her husband with a sense of duty and to keep appearances. A rigid penis entering her delicate pussy had never excited her too much.

It was completely different with Akela. She was basically sizzling with lust and her skin seemed to be almost electrified from the intense amount of sexual tension. She desired Akela, all of her - her huge breasts and her stiff, glossy infatuating penis. She wanted to feel it inside, right there and then, and it seemed to her that if she did not get what she wanted, she would go crazy.

She hesitated for a split second, thinking about her career, the upcoming elections and the campaign she put so much effort and energy into. With Akela's body within the reach of her hands it all seemed important, deprived of any meaning.

"You're so horny," Akela commented. "You want me to fuck you?"

Margaret licked her lips and looked straight into Akela's eyes.

"Yesss, pleaseee ..." she moaned.

Akela smiled triumphantly.

The women joined in a passionate embrace. Margaret took her hand. Akela followed her to the bed, Margaret could not wait any longer. She needed her lover so much and quickly put her legs around Akela's waist, taking hold of her cock and slipped it inside her hungry pussy. Margaret had never felt so wonderful in her life - she was unable to think, her head was empty, and her body was burning with pleasure and desire. She willingly succumbed to the newly discovered peaks of ecstatic pleasure.

"You know I'm recording all of this?" Akela whispered, between Margaret's loud moans of lust.

The politician gave her a mischievous look.

Akela pointed to the smartphone on the table.

Margaret gasped and looked into the camera's eyes, but she remained silent. She only managed to close her mouth and swallow loudly.

"We can turn it off if you want," Akela suggested off-handedly.

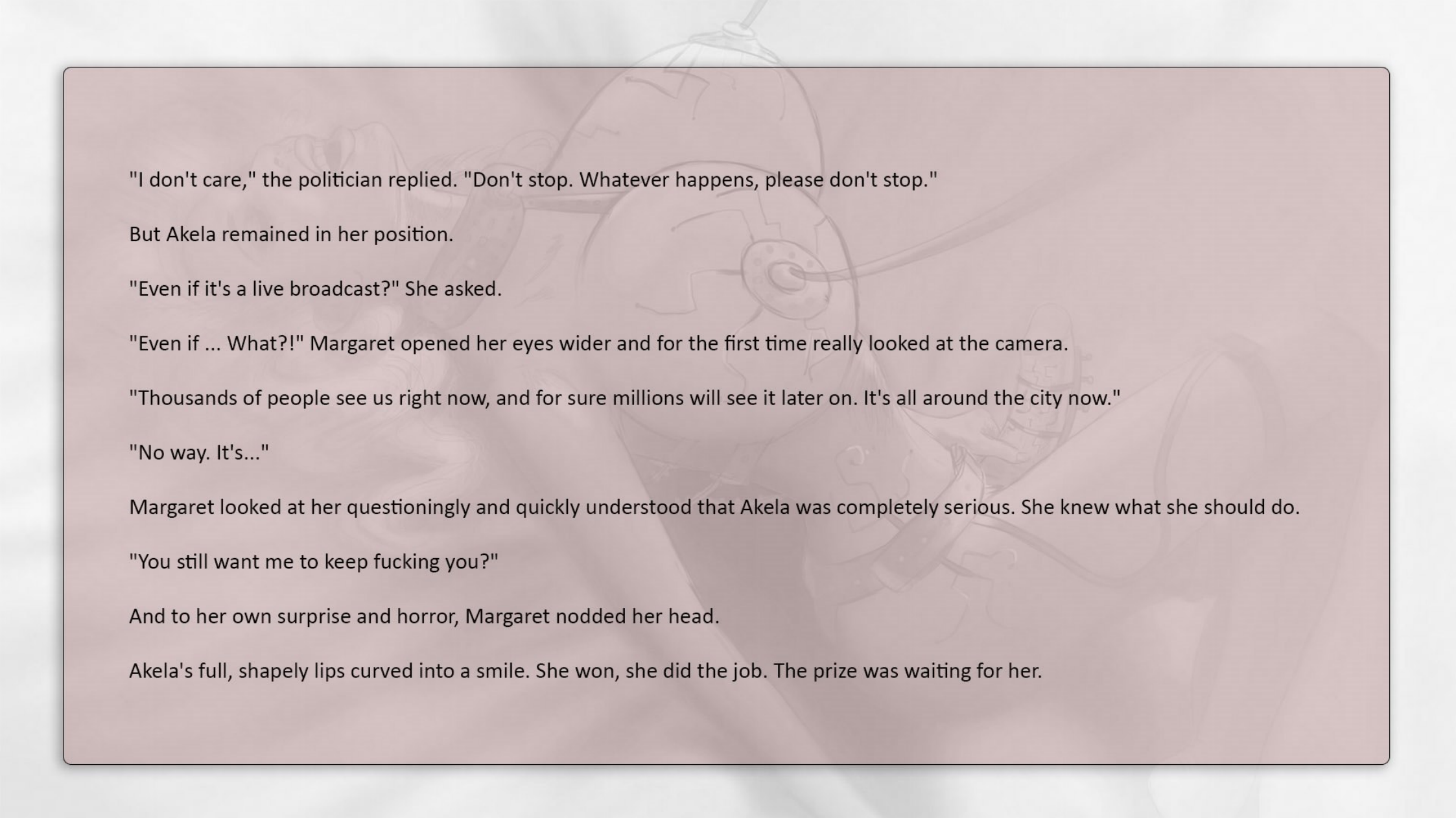
"Yes!" The politician replied quickly, as if she was beginning to understand what was going on.

Akela stopped thrusting her cock inside her lover. Margaret tried hard to focus. The only thing she wanted was the pleasure to last forever.

"But then I will simply leave the room and I'll never come back," Akela warned the confused politician.

"No!" Margaret immediately protested and wrapped her arms around Akela's thighs until she felt the base of her penis slipping once again into her sizzling cunt.

"It will ruin your career."



"I don't care," the politician replied. "Don't stop. Whatever happens, please don't stop."

But Akela remained in her position.

"Even if it's a live broadcast?" She asked.

"Even if ... What?!" Margaret opened her eyes wider and for the first time really looked at the camera.

"Thousands of people see us right now, and for sure millions will see it later on. It's all around the city now."

"No way. It's..."

Margaret looked at her questioningly and quickly understood that Akela was completely serious. She knew what she should do.

"You still want me to keep fucking you?"

And to her own surprise and horror, Margaret nodded her head.

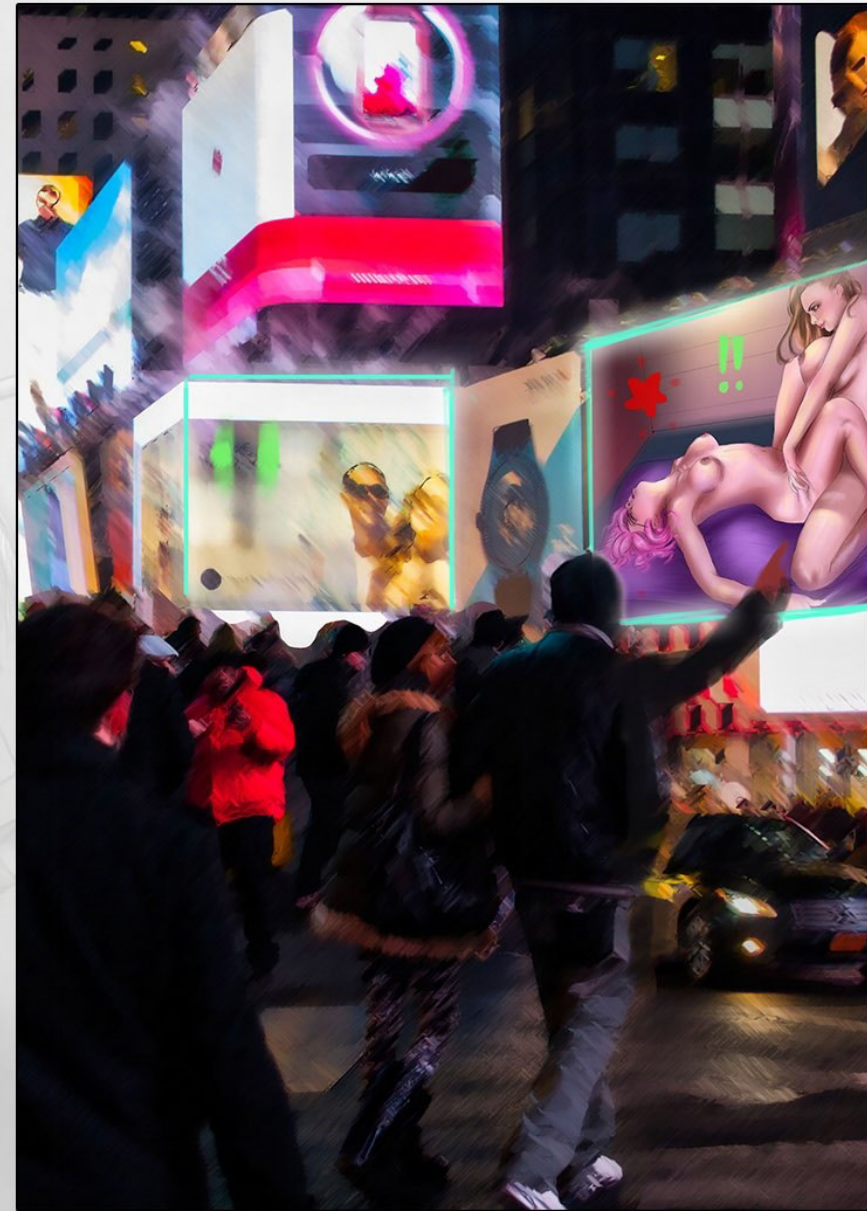
Akela's full, shapely lips curved into a smile. She won, she did the job. The prize was waiting for her.

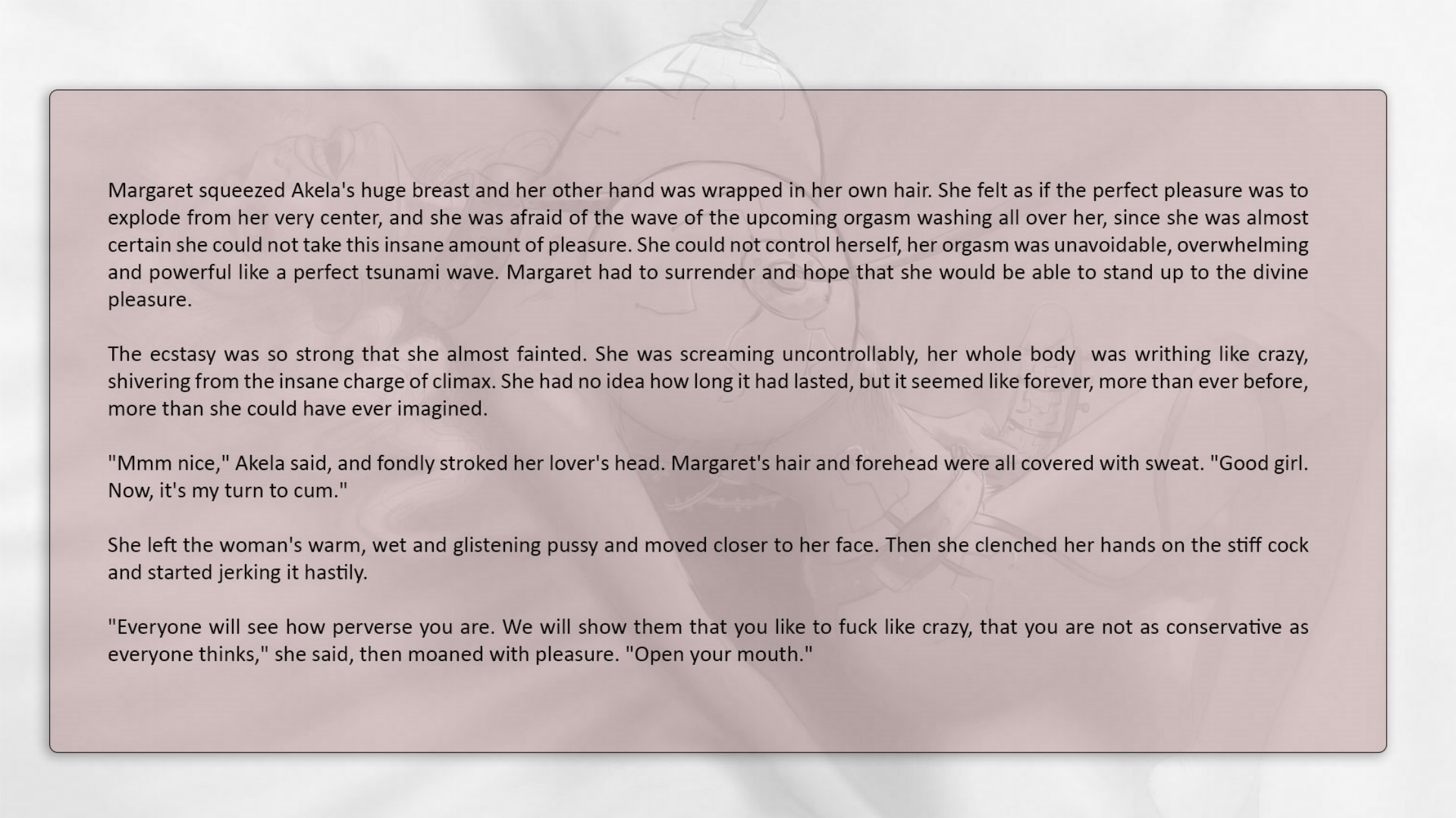
She began to thrust her cock inside Margaret again, giving the woman the pleasure she was so desperately willing to pay for. The politician moaned, arched her body and clenched her fingers around the edges of the bed.



Ana was fascinated, she could not stop looking at the scene in front of her eyes. Her own fingers were travelling around her heated, covered with sweat and sexually charged body.

She was not the only one watching the politician. Instead of commercials, thousands of people saw a conservative candidate for governor, writhing passionately in an intimate, perverse scene. There streets hadn't been that silent for decades. People, usually in a hurry and not paying attention to their surroundings, were watching the scene, shocked by the action in the screens. Even cars stopped and drivers left them to have a better look at the unusual sex broadcast.





Margaret squeezed Akela's huge breast and her other hand was wrapped in her own hair. She felt as if the perfect pleasure was to explode from her very center, and she was afraid of the wave of the upcoming orgasm washing all over her, since she was almost certain she could not take this insane amount of pleasure. She could not control herself, her orgasm was unavoidable, overwhelming and powerful like a perfect tsunami wave. Margaret had to surrender and hope that she would be able to stand up to the divine pleasure.

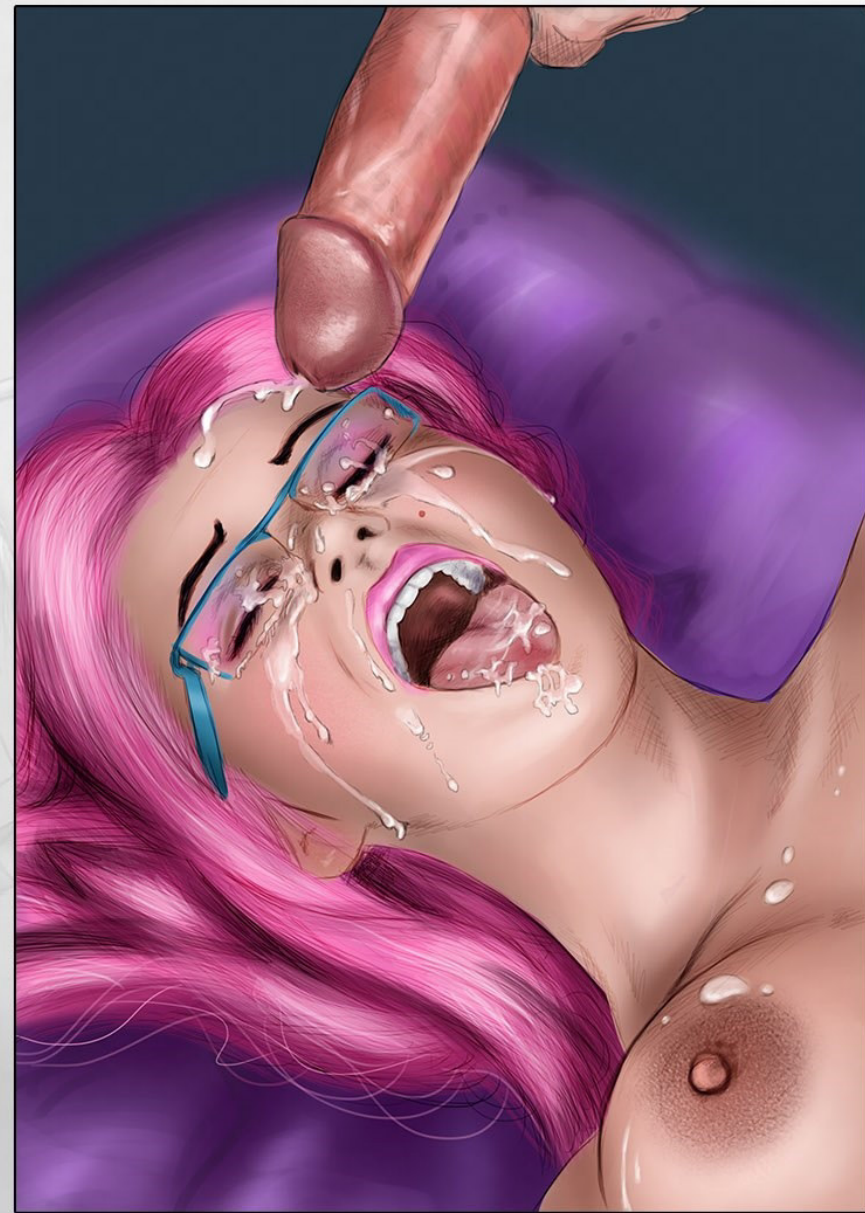
The ecstasy was so strong that she almost fainted. She was screaming uncontrollably, her whole body was writhing like crazy, shivering from the insane charge of climax. She had no idea how long it had lasted, but it seemed like forever, more than ever before, more than she could have ever imagined.

"Mmm nice," Akela said, and fondly stroked her lover's head. Margaret's hair and forehead were all covered with sweat. "Good girl. Now, it's my turn to cum."

She left the woman's warm, wet and glistening pussy and moved closer to her face. Then she clenched her hands on the stiff cock and started jerking it hastily.

"Everyone will see how perverse you are. We will show them that you like to fuck like crazy, that you are not as conservative as everyone thinks," she said, then moaned with pleasure. "Open your mouth."

Margaret obeyed and a second later a powerful stream of sperm flooded her face. The woman scowled slightly, then licked her lips lusciously. She turned her misty eyes to Akela's face.



"That's right, just like that," Akela said, smearing slowly her sperm on the woman's face. "Let everyone see that."

It seemed that Margaret did not quite understand the extent of what had just happened. Not only she was completely oblivious. Ana also seemed more interested in her own pleasure than the consequences of this momentary lapse of forbidden passion.

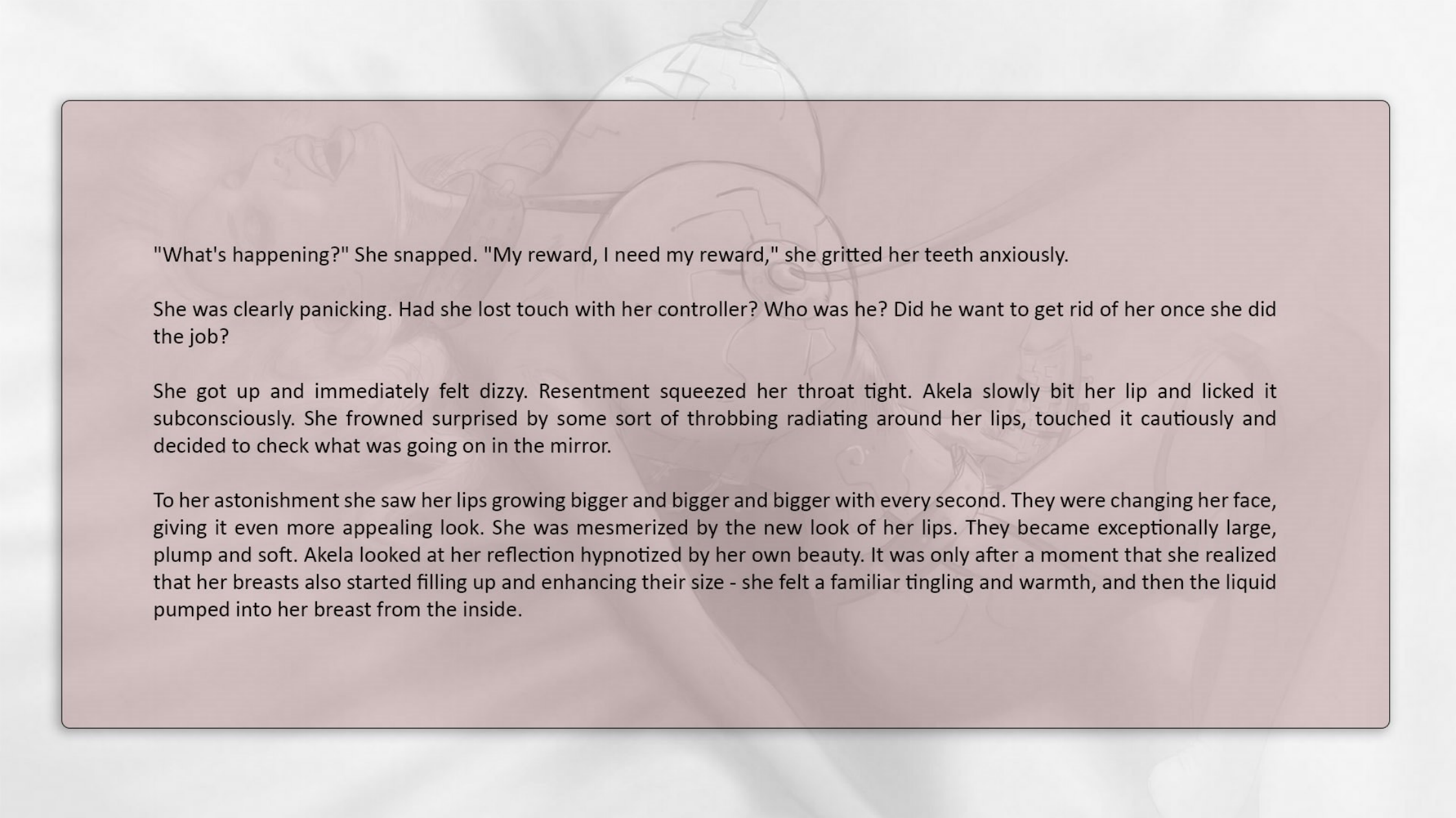
Akela knew that they were unable to resist her. She was eagerly waiting for her prize.

She stood up slowly and switched off the camera.

Nothing happened and she started to worry that her breasts would not be filled. There was a possibility that since she had already completed her mission no further modifications would await her.

She knew that her breasts were already huge, that her skin was stretched to the limit, and her back had to support her impressive breasts. Taking it all into consideration it would probably be better if there were no more enhancements. Yet, at the same time, Akela felt that she wanted these enhancements more than anything else in the world. She became addicted to her new sexual power and she knew that modifications would grant her even more of it, that no one would be able to resist her divine allure.

She put her hands on the breasts that still did not want to grow.



"What's happening?" She snapped. "My reward, I need my reward," she gritted her teeth anxiously.

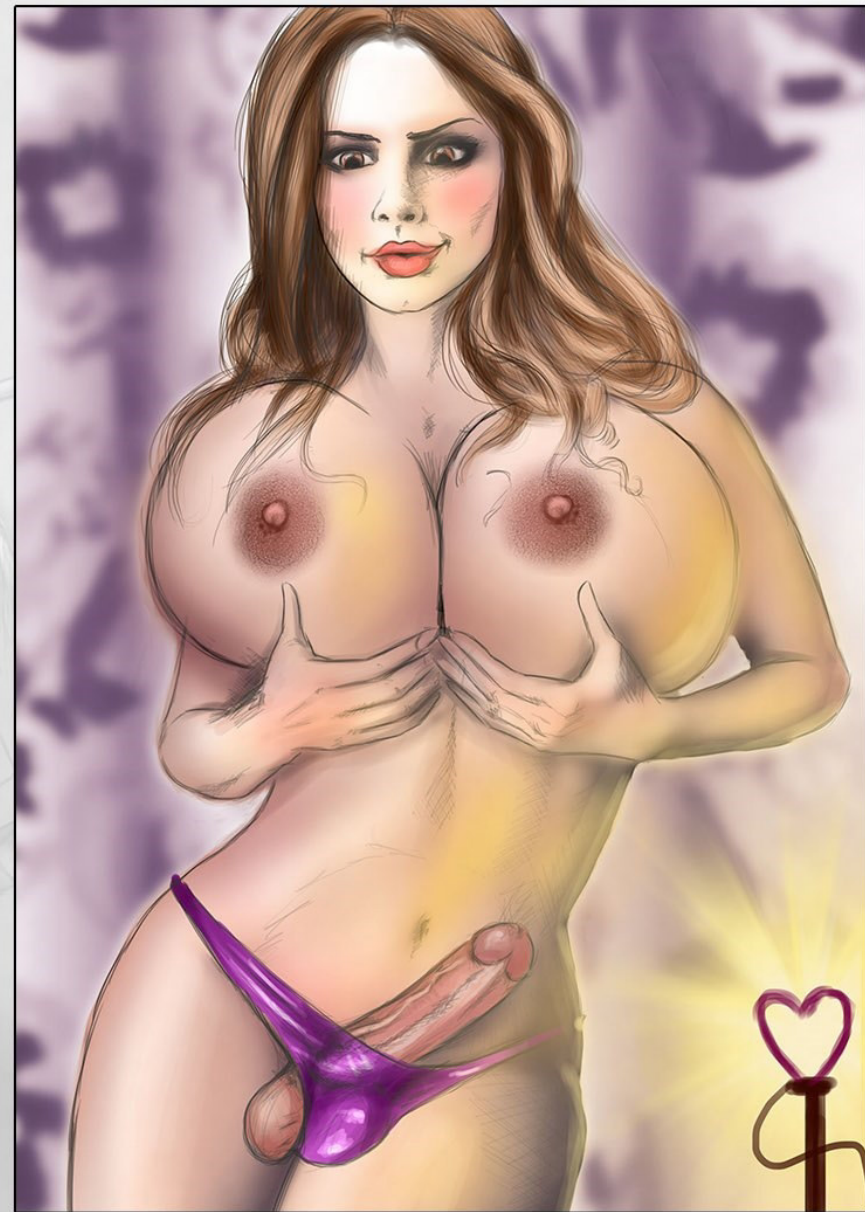
She was clearly panicking. Had she lost touch with her controller? Who was he? Did he want to get rid of her once she did the job?

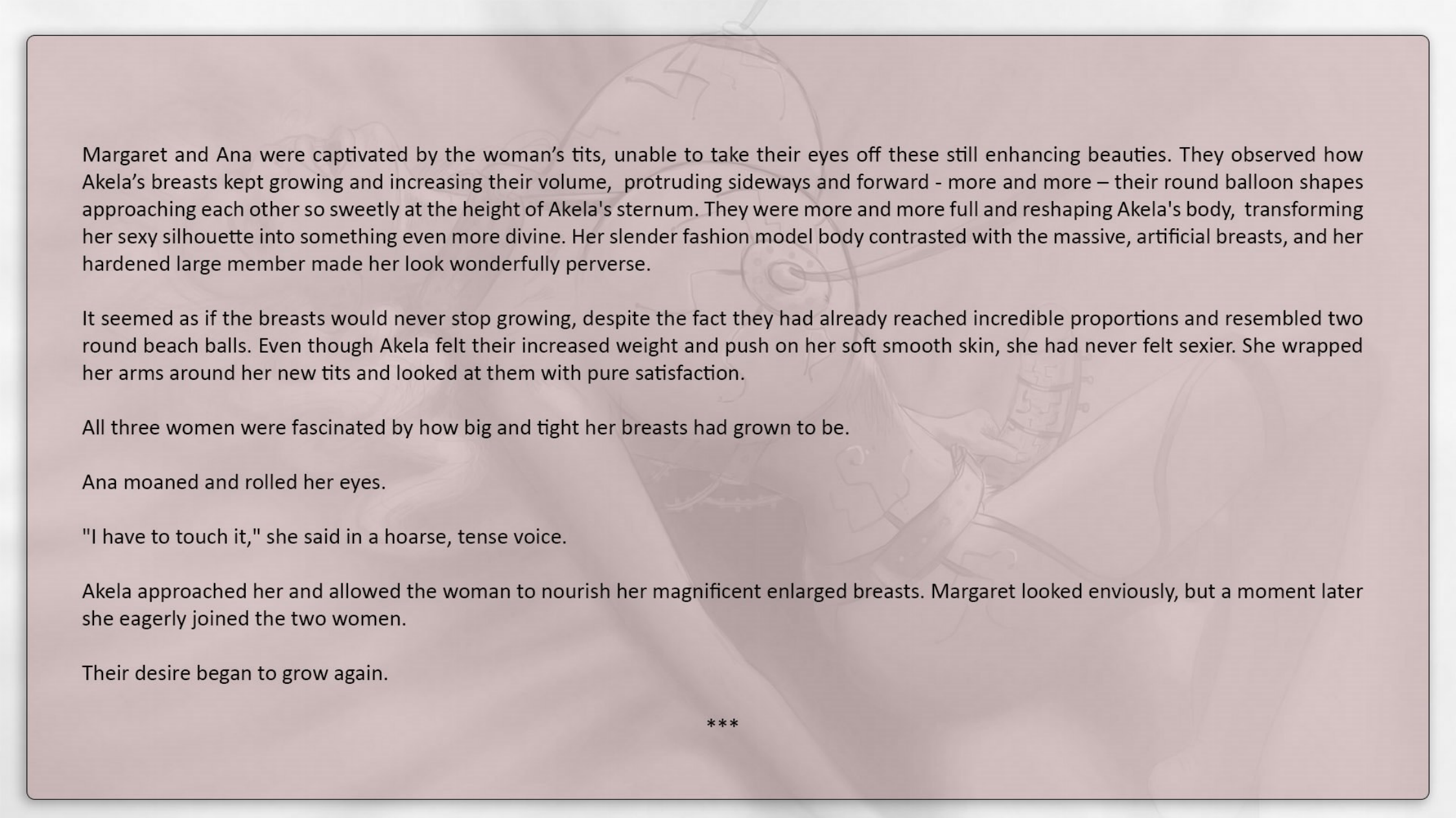
She got up and immediately felt dizzy. Resentment squeezed her throat tight. Akela slowly bit her lip and licked it subconsciously. She frowned surprised by some sort of throbbing radiating around her lips, touched it cautiously and decided to check what was going on in the mirror.

To her astonishment she saw her lips growing bigger and bigger and bigger with every second. They were changing her face, giving it even more appealing look. She was mesmerized by the new look of her lips. They became exceptionally large, plump and soft. Akela looked at her reflection hypnotized by her own beauty. It was only after a moment that she realized that her breasts also started filling up and enhancing their size - she felt a familiar tingling and warmth, and then the liquid pumped into her breast from the inside.

Akela moaned and watched her wonderful tits. They started growing even bigger, inflating like sort of sexy and fascinating balloons. The skin of her body was also adapting to the new magnificent shapes.

The sensation made Akela moan loudly and her eyes widened. She became incredibly aroused once again.





Margaret and Ana were captivated by the woman's tits, unable to take their eyes off these still enhancing beauties. They observed how Akela's breasts kept growing and increasing their volume, protruding sideways and forward - more and more – their round balloon shapes approaching each other so sweetly at the height of Akela's sternum. They were more and more full and reshaping Akela's body, transforming her sexy silhouette into something even more divine. Her slender fashion model body contrasted with the massive, artificial breasts, and her hardened large member made her look wonderfully perverse.

It seemed as if the breasts would never stop growing, despite the fact they had already reached incredible proportions and resembled two round beach balls. Even though Akela felt their increased weight and push on her soft smooth skin, she had never felt sexier. She wrapped her arms around her new tits and looked at them with pure satisfaction.

All three women were fascinated by how big and tight her breasts had grown to be.

Ana moaned and rolled her eyes.

"I have to touch it," she said in a hoarse, tense voice.

Akela approached her and allowed the woman to nourish her magnificent enlarged breasts. Margaret looked enviously, but a moment later she eagerly joined the two women.

Their desire began to grow again.

Before & After





LOG 091

Mission accomplished. Margaret Willard discredited. Her political career ended. Bring the object back to the laboratory for neutralization.

Akela did not know what to do next. She did not receive any news from her handler. In fact, she did not receive any further assignment at all. Suddenly it turned out that she did not have her own desires, as if everything she had been doing so far was programmed into her.

All she desired was even more enhancements. She felt that the only aim in her life was to receive them, transform her body even more and make it as sexy and appealing as possible. Nothing else mattered.

She tried to watch other people and guess their desires in order to imitate them. Unfortunately, none of these interested her. Every time she tried to find a job, or meet new people and make friends with them (*that's was what a "normal" person would do, she reasoned*) she ended up fucking someone.

Shoe would often walk around for hours and shout insults or pleas at her handlers, but she did not even know if anyone was listening. Sometimes she thought she was some sort of lunatic.

Then, one day, she received another message inviting her to some lab.

Doctor Lorain Morgan watched as the object entered the building. She rubbed her hands, satisfied. Everything went exactly as planned. After the success of their not-so-covert operation, the woman was going to be put in hibernation. Her unique ability and enthusiasm could surely be employed in the future. When Akela entered the laboratory room, all the employees put on special masks to protect them from her pheromones. They were perfectly aware of how powerful the scent of Akela's body was. After all - they created her.

The woman stood in the middle of the room and looked around. She looked around the place interested in various devices and admired her own pictures on the screen. She licked her plump lips and subconsciously gripped her gigantic tits.



Lorain smiled, proud of herself and folded her arms across her chest. Akela's beauty live was even more impressive than the one transmitted around the city. Stunning figure, beautiful face, and a bulging secret hidden underneath her sexy outfit. The doctor felt a pleasant thrill of excitement.

"Welcome!" She turned to the object, curious how she would react. "I'm glad you're here with us."

"What's my next task?" Akela asked, and straightened up, making her tight outfit nearly rip in strategic places. "What's my objective?"

Lorain watched her, clearly fascinated with this ideal woman, her creation, her perfect work of art.

"Dr Morgan, let's proceed," Brandon, one of Lorain's co-workers, nodded to security guards at the door.

"Not yet!" Lorain protested.

"Surely there are more tasks," Akela said. "And many more further modifications."

"Is that what you desire?" Dr Morgan asked Akela.

The object nodded eagerly.

"I'm very useful, wouldn't you agree?"

"What kind of reward are you interested in?" Lorain continued.

Akela's eyes gleamed, she nervously shifted from foot to foot.

"Even bigger tits," she finally said in a low, sexy voice. "And I want even more plump lips."

"Really?" Lorain was completely surprised by the object's answer. "Even bigger?! Don't you think they're large enough?!"

"I know they are big, they don't fit in any blouse, and all the bras are too small for me. But at the same time I know that that's the best reward for me. That's what I truly desire"

"So you want your breasts to become monstrously big, even bigger than now?"

"Yeah," Akela said, dragging the word. "That's all I want. Nothing more."

"Ahem," Brandon cleared his throat. "Really? Let's not waste our time," he reminded his supervisor.

Lorain cut him off with an impatient wave of her hand. She was too fascinated by her own work to hurry and wanted to better understand the woman's psyche and needed it for her work. She turned to Akela.

"What if I told you there's no more rewards?"

"What do you mean, no more?" Akela's voice became unnaturally calm and cold.

"Your skills are not needed for the time being."

Akela's eyes darkened and her gorgeous face twisted in an angry grimace.

"I... want... my... reward," she said, emphasizing every word and slowly approaching Dr Morgan.

The guards moved alarmed, but Lorain stopped them with a hand gesture and impatient hissing. Pleasant excitement grew with every second. To her own surprise, she discovered that her thighs became wet, her heart was beating faster and her nipples hardened under her coat. The object worked perfectly and she, as her creator, could direct Akela, do with this perfect sexual predator whatever she wanted. Use it to compromise and seduce, unleash the most animalistic, basic primitive instincts and desires. Not a single person would be able to resist her work, her perfect sex object.

Then everything happened as if in a flash. Akela jumped a few quick steps to Lorain and tore the breathing mask off her face.

Morgan immediately became flooded with an unstoppable wave of lust for her object. She still thought she had done her job well - the object was even more attractive than she had ever intended. She moaned with delight and arousal, then caressed Akela's perfect body excitedly with her shivering hands.

The guards and the assistant ran up to them and tried to separate both women. The commotion and struggle caused their masks slid off their faces and they came in contact with Akela's huge breasts squeezing and rubbing against men's bodies.

Later, none of them could remember how it all happened. It seemed that they were all under some sort of spell that took control of their bodies and minds. Neither Doctor Morgan, her assistant, nor the bodyguards, could tell how they stood frozen gazing hypnotized by Akela's sexual power, unable to resist her, ready to do anything to satisfy this sex goddess.

"You want to see my naked body, don't you?" Akela asked.

Everyone around nodded their heads, gazing at her beauty with their mouth wide open.

Akela slipped off her tight dress slowly, inch by inch showing her smooth skin and hot body.

Dr Morgan could not take her eyes off her own creation. She felt her head spin, and all she wanted was to be close to this work of art. Akela squeezed her breast and moaned passionately.

Brandon tried touching her, but she scolded him angrily.

"Modifications first," she said. "Enlarge my tits even more, and you will all get what you want."

Lorain thought it was a very sensible arrangement. Her hands shivered lightly, and she had some problems setting up the equipment with Akela within her sight. Akela looked at a mysterious machine equipped with some tubes and synthetic parts.

"Remote trigger won't work this time since it's system has not been adapted to such radical changes, so instead we'll use somewhat more traditional methods," Morgan explained, taking a moment away from the screen and admiring the shapes of her wonderful object.

Akela looked impatiently at the device. Her mind was occupied with the thoughts of her enhanced body, the way it would change in a few minutes, the size of her newly grown breasts and the excitement of having such incredible proportions.

A few minutes later she was lying on the device's mattress and Lorain was attaching the tubes to her breasts.

"In a few seconds our newly patented liquid for less invasive, rapid breast enlargement, will start flowing from these tubes to your breasts" Dr Morgan informed Akela.

Her hands circled around Akela's bosom definitely longer than necessary, and when the tubes were already attached, the doctor slid her hands down round breasts of her creation. Aroused by the sensation, Lorain moaned and shuddered, her panties were already wet from her arousal.

"Not yet!" Akela pushed Lorain's hands away.

The assistant and the bodyguards looked at both women as if in a hypnotic trance. They stood motionless captivated and with hardened cocks in their pants.

"Maybe..." Lorain hesitated. "Maybe we'll add something else as well..."

She reached for the strap with the some sort of jib and then put it on Akela's naked body. The object suddenly understood the purpose on this peculiar extension and smiled triumphantly.

Akela heard the device buzzing and then humming, and after a few seconds she finally felt her body started to change. The breasts were filled with a mysterious substance, becoming bigger and bigger with each exciting second. Akela stared at her round attributes with a lustful excitement. Overwhelmed by her own desire she licked her succulent lips and moaned loudly. Fascinated by her own enhancing sexuality Akela could not take her eyes off the growing roundness of her magnificent sexy breasts stretching her taut skin, expanding forward. Her delicious cock stood proud and stiff - harder than ever before. She touched her rigid member with her slender fingers. It was getting bigger and bigger! All that time it was also changing and enhancing to marvelous proportions.



Akela arched her body. Her face was glowing with bliss and lust. Wavy flocks of hair spread on the mattress around her in a seductive mess. She was salivating, squeezing her growing tits and proud stiff cock. Pleasure filled her entire body.

She felt as sexy as never before, aware that her body was so perfect and divine that absolutely no one would be able to resist her sexual allure. The combination of gigantic breasts, impressive penis and smooth aphrodisiac secreting skin, guaranteed her total power, control and domination. She could have anyone, she could give pleasure of never before seen magnitude and then take it all back indulging her every whim.

Dr Morgan watched Akela's encompassing orgasm, sperm flooding all over the mattress. The object's breasts and penis were huge now, bigger than she had planned for this woman and so sexy that Lorain was absolutely breathless. She realized that her fingers slipped under her underwear and caressed her wet pussy. Never before had she been so excited.

She laid her misty eyes filled with orgasmic passion on spasming Akela. The volume and intensity of the woman's moans increased significantly. Morgan knew she should disconnect Akela from the device. She was perfectly aware that such radical modifications could be dangerous to the sexified body of that woman or that something very bad would happen, but... she was unable to stop the procedure. Even more, she DID NOT WANT to stop. All she wanted was to look at the horny goddess in front of her and take almost orgasmic delight in watching the woman's body becoming sexier and sexier.

It seemed that the modifications would never stop. Akela's penis grew larger with every second, and her breasts were almost throbbing from the intensity of their enlargement as they took more and more space and hardened like two magnificent pleasure orbs on the body of that magnificent beauty.

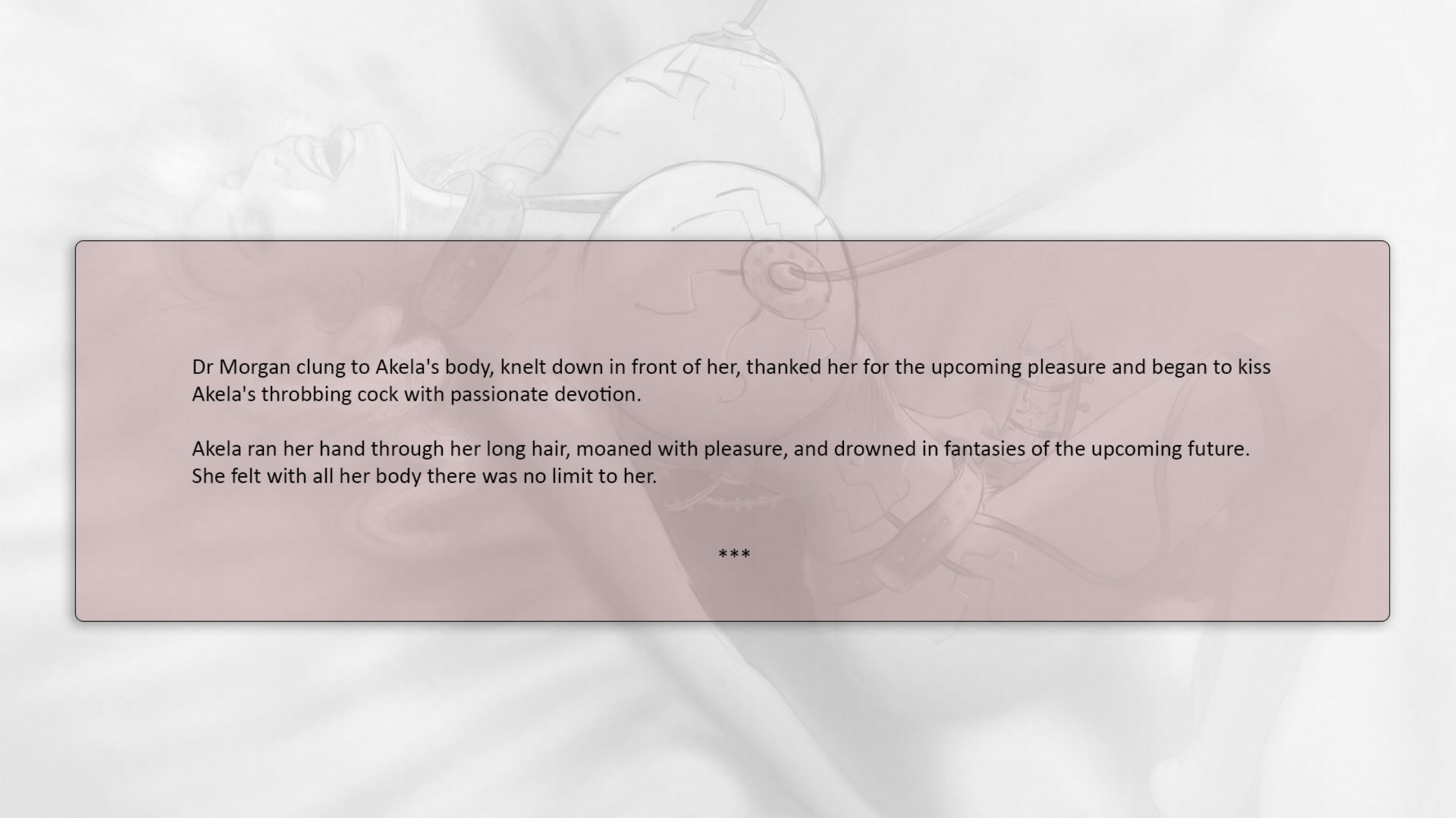
Suddenly, the machine hissed started making strange noises. Orange LED on the dashboard started blinking viciously and after a few seconds the machine abruptly stopped working. Akela dropped onto the mattress, exhausted. She was still moaning and breathing heavily. Morgan noticed white smoke escaping the broken device.

The woman sat up slowly, supporting her monstrous breasts all the time. She had no idea how much they weighed, but the fact that they were so heavy excited her immensely. Her thick lengthy penis enlarged to an unprecedented size, protruding proudly, about to cum. Akela was ready. She took a deep breath, walked past the masturbating men. Their eyes and cocks turned in the direction of the lustful goddess she had become. Akela sat down on one of the consoles, her divine silhouette surrounded by the screens showing photos of her sizzling body.



She slowly turned
her misty eyes to
Lorain.

"You may suck my
cock now."



Dr Morgan clung to Akela's body, knelt down in front of her, thanked her for the upcoming pleasure and began to kiss Akela's throbbing cock with passionate devotion.

Akela ran her hand through her long hair, moaned with pleasure, and drowned in fantasies of the upcoming future. She felt with all her body there was no limit to her.

Before & After





THE END

Thank you for reading!