

Blowjob Barbie

ROOM



- Blow job focused
- Lip expansion
- Domination
- Breast expansion
- Bondage
- Ass expansion
- Gang bangs
- Tattoos and piercing
- Facial enhancements
- Waist reduction

Blowjob Barbie

Blow job
Lip expansion
Domination
Breast expansion
Bondage
Ass expansion
Gang bangs
Tattoos and piercing
Facial enhancements
Waist reduction

Writer: PensRule
Illustrator: Zych

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.

VIP
ROOM

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



Alyssa was always a late bloomer; always last in line it seemed. She was the last person in school to get curves (she didn't even need a bra until her senior year) and had a hard time getting anyone to look in her direction. She was mostly fine with being alone until she went off to college and was suddenly surrounded by a group of people who saw her as something more than a child.

Alyssa was flattered by the attention but the more she played into the flirting the more it seemed to affect her. There were times when she couldn't keep thoughts of sex out of her mind; the thought of someone caressing her at the bus stop, the idea of being bent over a chair and taken in front of her biology class.





It grew to the point where she had to rush to the bathroom and relieve herself after fantasizing about her professor for the entire second half of a lecture. She hoped that there was some medical reason for the way she was acting but the only thing that the doctors could tell her was that she had slightly elevated hormone levels. She was forced to deal with her issues herself.

For a few years she tried but failed miserably to control herself. She had wanted to save herself for someone important but one night at a party she abandoned that notion and hooked up with a drunken linebacker. The relief she felt at finally scratching her itch send her spiraling downward, always searching for any respite, however brief, from her constant arousal. In less than a semester she went from a flirt to a complete whore, sleeping with anyone who even glanced in her direction. She became particularly famous for the night she 'rewarded' the track team for winning their meet by sucking off each and every member while masturbating through the whole event.

Her insatiable desire left her reputation in shambles and her grades in ruins. She was forced to leave the university with nothing to show for it but her ability to act like a cheap whore.

She was heading for a very bad end when fortune finally smiled upon her and she hooked up with a very wealthy older man at a party. Rather than fall prey to her lust she used her body to convince him to take her home. After feigning enough affection to become his girlfriend he proposed to her and they were married. Alyssa was able to reign in enough of her sexual need with so much money at stake and remain mostly faithful to her husband, even if it took all of her willpower not to jump at a particularly attractive barista.

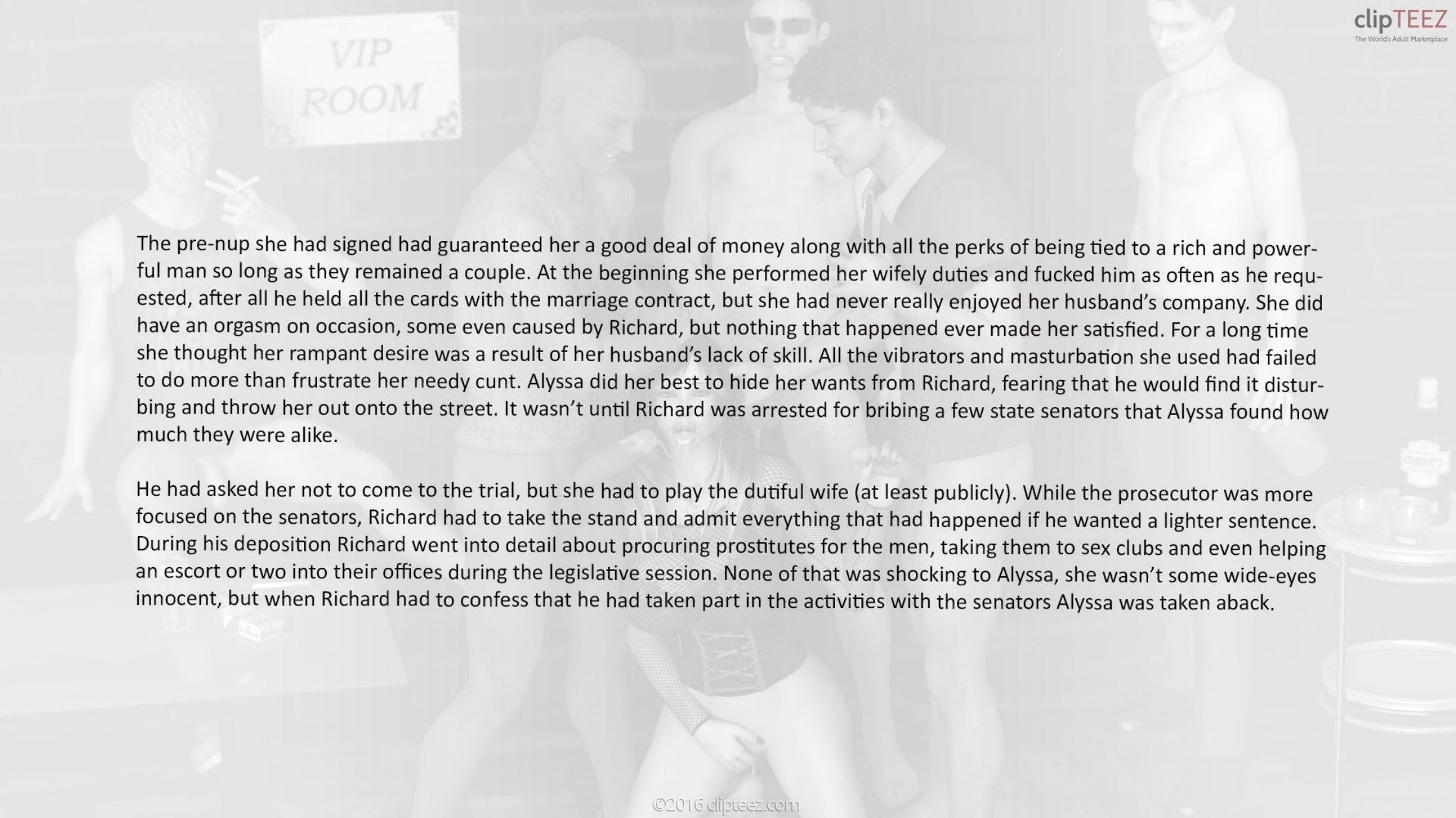
Alyssa Mitchell hailed a cab to take her to the club she was to meet her friends. She stood on the sidewalk in a black, knee-length dress that left her arms exposed and had a scoop neck that allowed her to show off both her small breasts and the pearl necklace she had earned from her ex-husband. She walked in the expensive black, leather pumps to the door of the taxi and got inside. She ran her manicured hands across her forehead to pull the chestnut hair away from her face and gave the driver a charming smile as she told him her destination. She crossed her legs and placed the Gucci purse on her lap. She looked out of the window at the city as it rolled past in the early night.

It only took a few minutes for her to arrive at the club and she was helped out by an attendant. She smiled sweetly at the handsome young man and after looking him over told herself that she would have given him a chance if he was inside rather than working like a schlub.





Alyssa could be considered a gold digger but she saw what she did as her profession. She gave rich men the company of a beautiful woman and was paid handsomely for it. Her ex, Richard Mitchell, had helped her come to see how she could use her talents. She had married him when she was only twenty and, while many friends and family told her she was making a mistake tying the knot with someone old enough to be her father, she was far more attracted to his bank account than anything else.

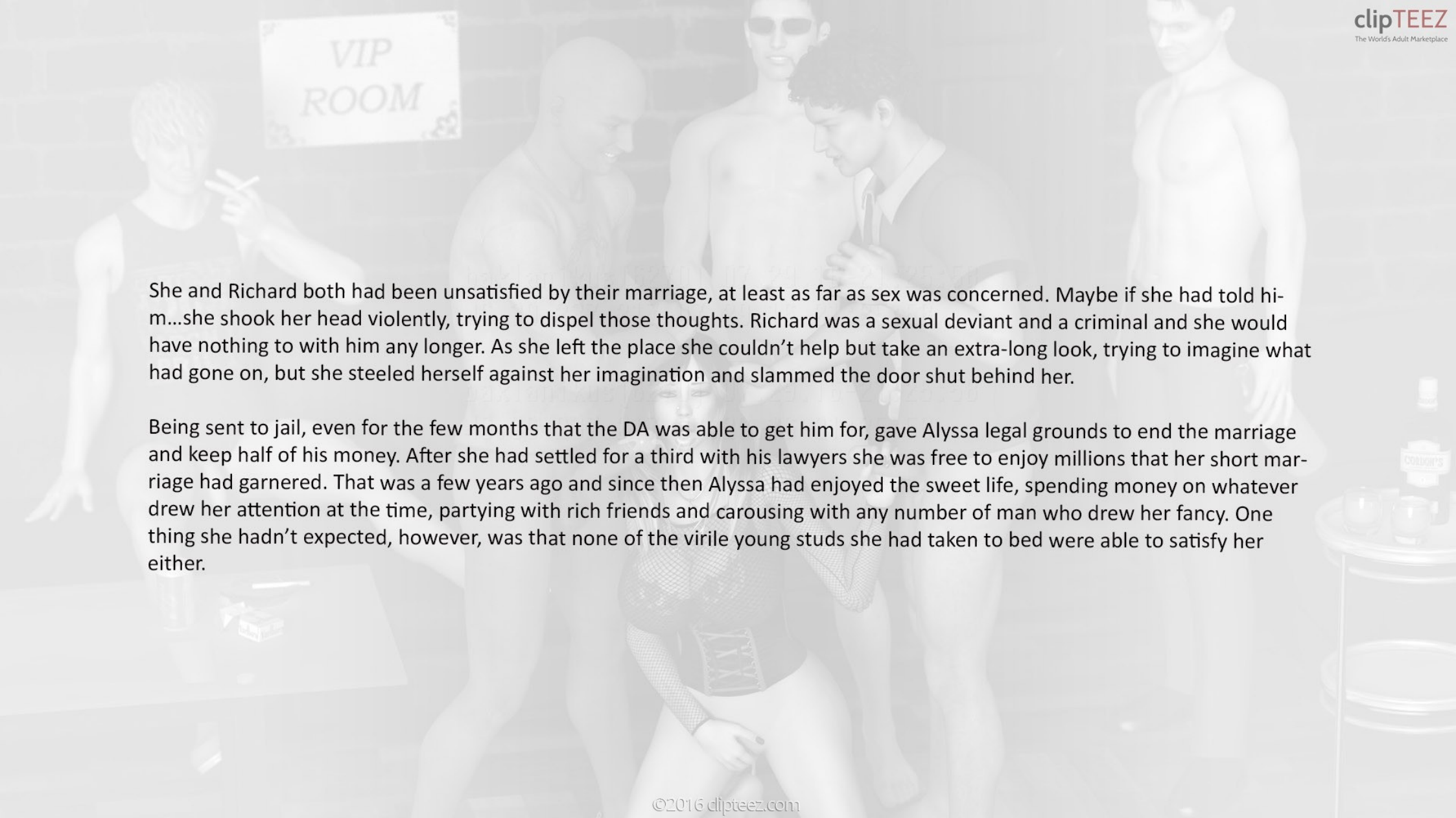


The pre-nup she had signed had guaranteed her a good deal of money along with all the perks of being tied to a rich and powerful man so long as they remained a couple. At the beginning she performed her wifely duties and fucked him as often as he requested, after all he held all the cards with the marriage contract, but she had never really enjoyed her husband's company. She did have an orgasm on occasion, some even caused by Richard, but nothing that happened ever made her satisfied. For a long time she thought her rampant desire was a result of her husband's lack of skill. All the vibrators and masturbation she used had failed to do more than frustrate her needy cunt. Alyssa did her best to hide her wants from Richard, fearing that he would find it disturbing and throw her out onto the street. It wasn't until Richard was arrested for bribing a few state senators that Alyssa found how much they were alike.

He had asked her not to come to the trial, but she had to play the dutiful wife (at least publicly). While the prosecutor was more focused on the senators, Richard had to take the stand and admit everything that had happened if he wanted a lighter sentence. During his deposition Richard went into detail about procuring prostitutes for the men, taking them to sex clubs and even helping an escort or two into their offices during the legislative session. None of that was shocking to Alyssa, she wasn't some wide-eyes innocent, but when Richard had to confess that he had taken part in the activities with the senators Alyssa was taken aback.

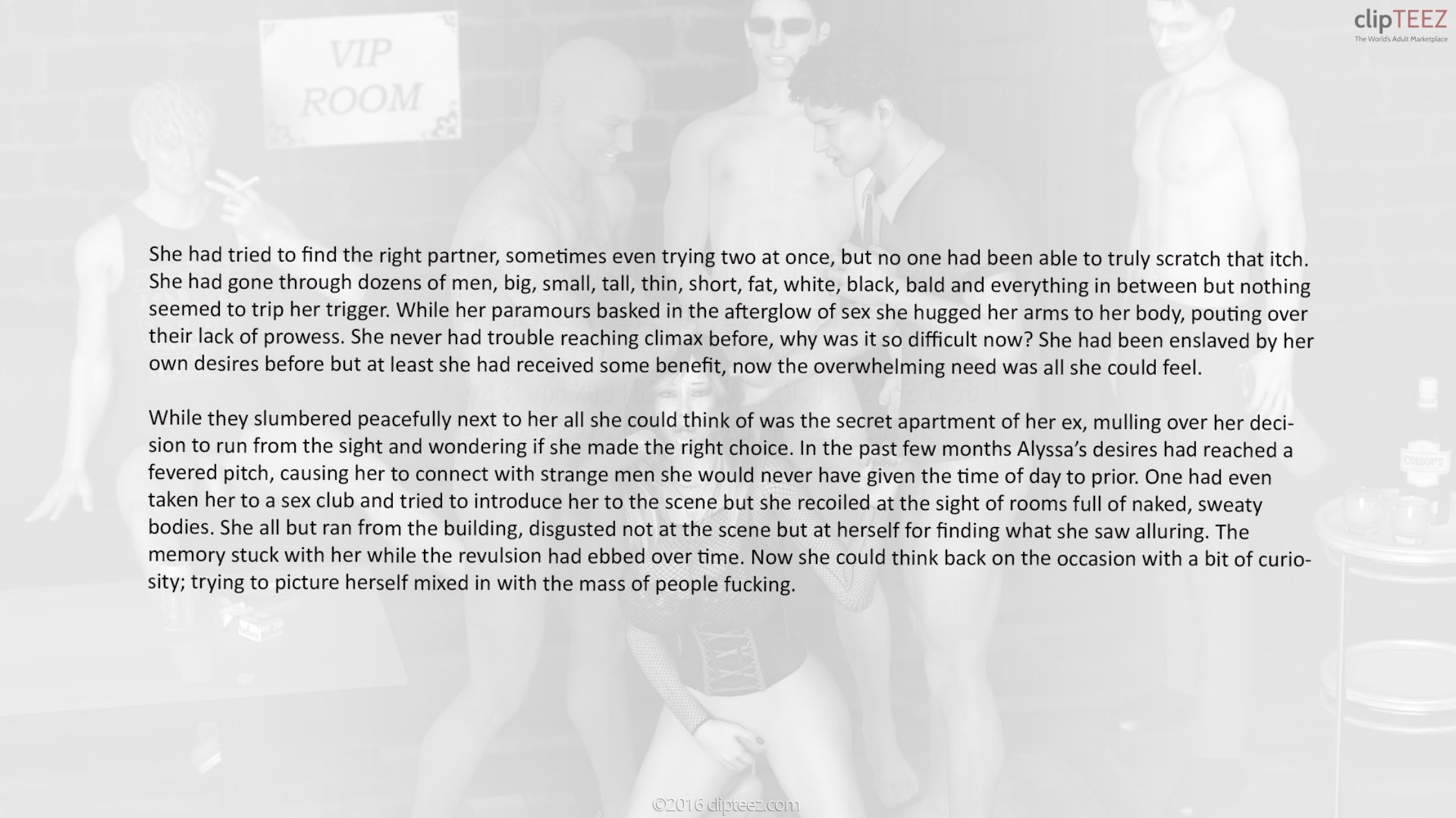
A few days later when she forced his lawyer into taking her to his 'fuck pad' Alyssa saw the extent of Richard's perversions. The small apartment was strewn with toys, dildos, blow-up dolls, padded cuffs, riding crops, leather hoods, even a sex swing. She found a mountain of unopened condoms sitting next to a bowl full of lube packets. Part of her was aghast at the sight and, more importantly, the smell of stale sex permeating the air. However, the portion of her mind that had never stopped focusing on sex was thrilled that her needy pussy wasn't alone.





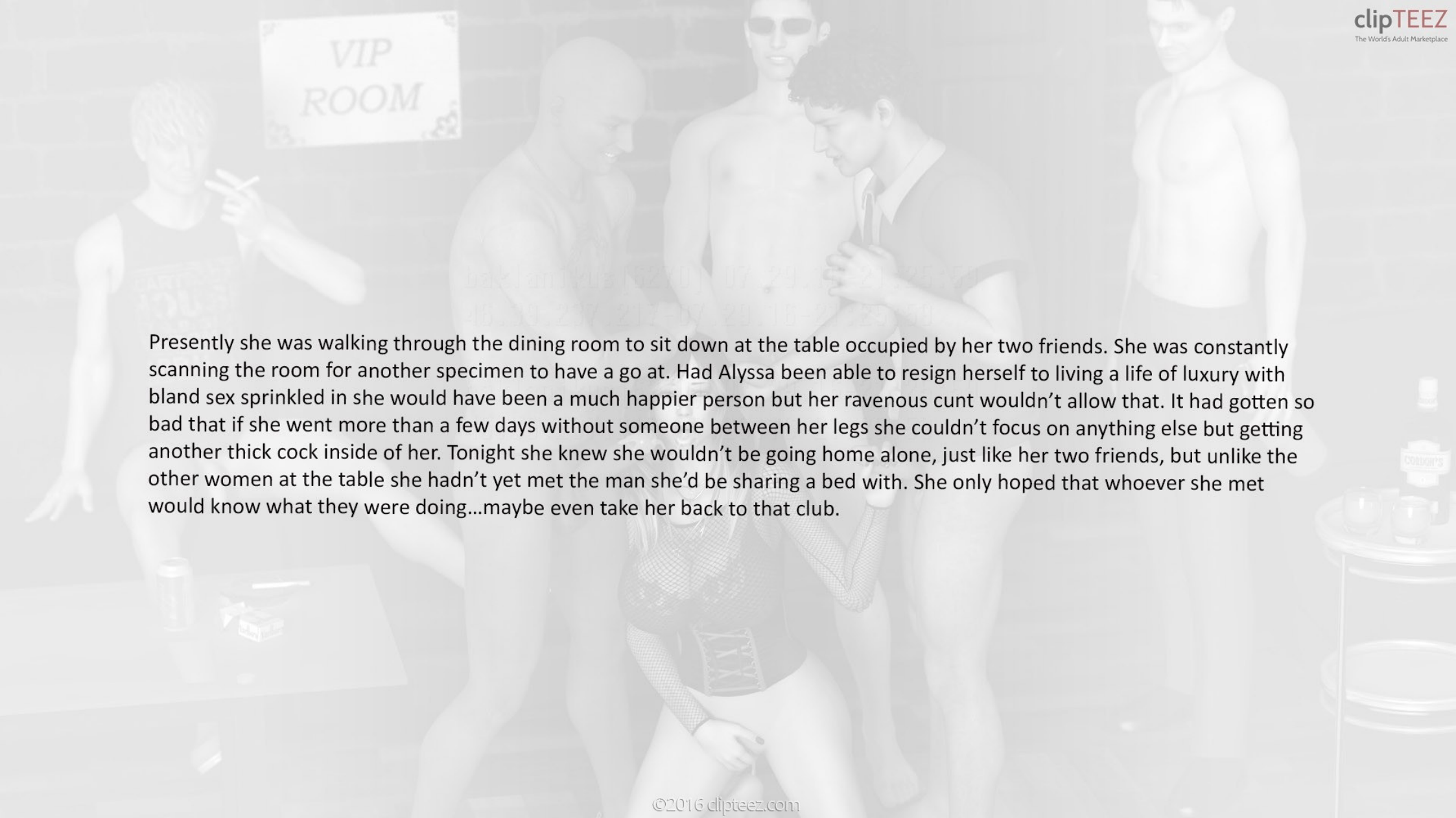
She and Richard both had been unsatisfied by their marriage, at least as far as sex was concerned. Maybe if she had told him...she shook her head violently, trying to dispel those thoughts. Richard was a sexual deviant and a criminal and she would have nothing to do with him any longer. As she left the place she couldn't help but take an extra-long look, trying to imagine what had gone on, but she steeled herself against her imagination and slammed the door shut behind her.

Being sent to jail, even for the few months that the DA was able to get him for, gave Alyssa legal grounds to end the marriage and keep half of his money. After she had settled for a third with his lawyers she was free to enjoy millions that her short marriage had garnered. That was a few years ago and since then Alyssa had enjoyed the sweet life, spending money on whatever drew her attention at the time, partying with rich friends and carousing with any number of men who drew her fancy. One thing she hadn't expected, however, was that none of the virile young studs she had taken to bed were able to satisfy her either.



She had tried to find the right partner, sometimes even trying two at once, but no one had been able to truly scratch that itch. She had gone through dozens of men, big, small, tall, thin, short, fat, white, black, bald and everything in between but nothing seemed to trip her trigger. While her paramours basked in the afterglow of sex she hugged her arms to her body, pouting over their lack of prowess. She never had trouble reaching climax before, why was it so difficult now? She had been enslaved by her own desires before but at least she had received some benefit, now the overwhelming need was all she could feel.

While they slumbered peacefully next to her all she could think of was the secret apartment of her ex, mulling over her decision to run from the sight and wondering if she made the right choice. In the past few months Alyssa's desires had reached a fevered pitch, causing her to connect with strange men she would never have given the time of day to prior. One had even taken her to a sex club and tried to introduce her to the scene but she recoiled at the sight of rooms full of naked, sweaty bodies. She all but ran from the building, disgusted not at the scene but at herself for finding what she saw alluring. The memory stuck with her while the revulsion had ebbed over time. Now she could think back on the occasion with a bit of curiosity; trying to picture herself mixed in with the mass of people fucking.



Presently she was walking through the dining room to sit down at the table occupied by her two friends. She was constantly scanning the room for another specimen to have a go at. Had Alyssa been able to resign herself to living a life of luxury with bland sex sprinkled in she would have been a much happier person but her ravenous cunt wouldn't allow that. It had gotten so bad that if she went more than a few days without someone between her legs she couldn't focus on anything else but getting another thick cock inside of her. Tonight she knew she wouldn't be going home alone, just like her two friends, but unlike the other women at the table she hadn't yet met the man she'd be sharing a bed with. She only hoped that whoever she met would know what they were doing...maybe even take her back to that club.



Over the course of the evening and after a few drinks Alyssa laid eyes on a man she hadn't seen before. He didn't look much different from the rest of the men in the room with the dark dress shirt and matching slacks, but his eyes were focused on her and he smiled in her direction when their eyes met. Rather than smile she stared back at him and watched to see what he would do. Drink in hand, the man casually stride over to her and offered her a drink.

She accepted and allowed the man to work his charms on her. He needn't have bothered since she had already made up her mind to take him home but she appreciated the effort nonetheless. After she finished her second drink he offered to take her to his place and though she would have preferred her own bed she agreed and was quickly swept out of the club and into a cab.

She watched his eyes undress her during the ride and was bemused by the man's self-control. Most of the boys his age were unable to keep their hands to themselves even with a driver watching from the front seat, but this one was different. All he did was hold her hand to help her out of the cab and open the door to the apartment for her. She stood in a sparse living room that screamed bachelor and gave him a wry smile when he proposed to show her his bedroom. She sat on the man's bed with her legs crossed and watched him walk over to his nightstand and return with something that he held behind his back. He asked her if she wanted to try something 'different' that night and when she asked what he had in mind his response was to reveal the cuffs he had in his grasp. Had she met him earlier, maybe only a few months ago, she would have said no and left. However, after so many men had failed to slake her lust she was willing to give it a try.

The man, James, told her to get on her knees before him. She complied and knelt there as he walked behind her and cuffed her hands behind her back. He told her not to move and walked away only to come back with a blindfold and something else in his hands. She tried to see what it was but he barked at her to keep her eyes on the floor. She was about to say something back but the firm tone of his command made her comply. She soon found her vision black and was only able to guess at what he was up to. She heard the sound of a zipper and what she believed was him taking his clothes off, but afterward was unable to discern what he was doing.

She felt the floorboards bow beneath her when he stopped in front of her. She felt his hand grab her by the hair and tilt her face upwards. She could feel his breath on her face and felt her heart begin to beat faster before he spoke. "You are mine tonight. I'm going to use you like the whore you are. If you talk or resist at all I will punish you, but you're not going to do that are you?" She was about to answer but she closed her mouth and shook her head instead. "Good."

VIP ROOM

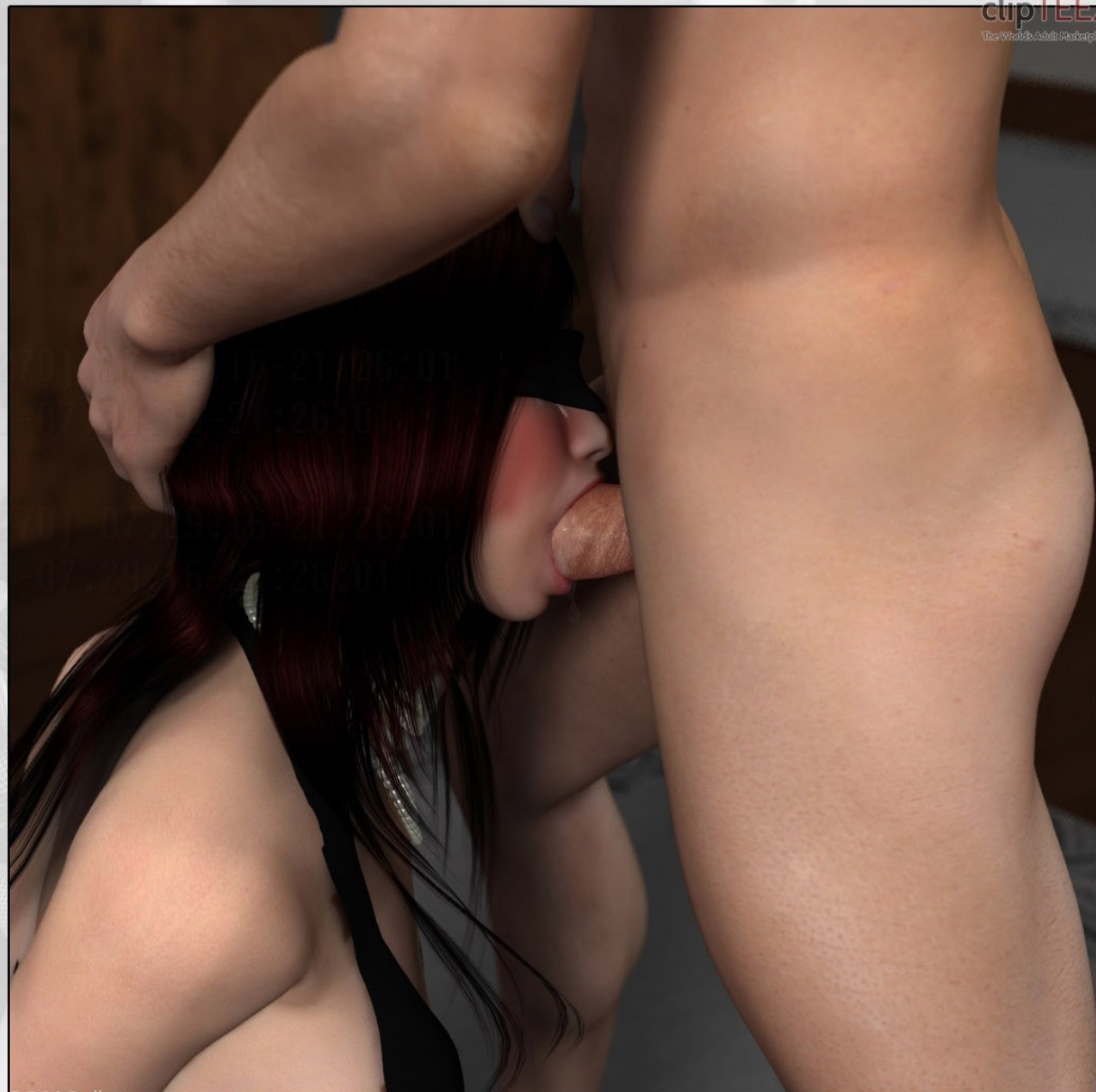
Alyssa felt a sense of panic welling up in her chest, urging her to spring up and run from the strange man but a greater part of her screamed at her to stay in place. Kneeling on the floor like some kind of slave was raising the heat in her loins, knowing that she was just some object for someone else's pleasure was a thrill she had never felt before. The blindfold increased her sense of helplessness, not knowing what was going to happen to her or when. She could feel her heart beating in her chest and a flush wash over her skin. Before she knew it she was shifting her legs, trying to increase the amount of contact with her swollen pussy. Every slight movement caused the smooth fabric of her dress to brush over her hard nipples, making her thankful that she had decided not to wear a bra. As she waited her breathing began to quicken and she breathed out hotly. The man hadn't even touched her and she was already steaming towards an orgasm, what the hell was wrong with her?



VIP
The World's Adult Marketplace

She felt something pressed against her face and immediately knew it was his swelling prick. She could feel the heat of his blood pumping through the sensitive flesh and let it slide across her cheek as she pulled back. She placed her lips on the blunt tip and gave a gentle kiss before opening her mouth slightly and sticking her tongue out to lick his head. She allowed the first few inches into her mouth and bobbed her head slightly, like she had done many times before, but James wasn't satisfied with her efforts. She felt his hands grab the sides of her head and pull her down onto his throbbing cock. She gasped in surprise and began to choke on the invading member. "That's better, you're my whore remember. Your purpose is to serve me, now stop gagging and swallow my cock." He began hammering his dick against the back of her throat, causing her a good deal of pain and discomfort. She tried to bring her hands in front to push him off of her but the cuffs did their job. Tears and spit dribbled down her face as her body rebelled against the assault but the man was too strong for her to resist.

In the end she tried to slide him into her throat but her muscles just wouldn't listen and after almost being suffocated he finally relented and threw her off of his prick onto the floor.



She coughed a thick wad of spittle out of her airway and looked up at the naked man around the displaced blindfold. The physical pain was nothing in comparison to the disappointment she felt at being unable to take all of his cock. She had never been treated so roughly but also had never desired someone as much as she did at that moment. She stared at him with one eye, desperately pleading with him to give her another try. She tried to sit up but her bound arms made that difficult. He knelt next to her and pulled her hair hard enough for a few strands to be ripped out and held her face close to his. He wiped the tears from her eyes and shushed her oncoming sobs. "It's okay, I know you tried. But your body didn't follow my orders, so I'll have to punish your body." Her eyes went wide at her statement but were shut immediately when his hand made contact with her face. The slap wasn't really that forceful but it stung her cheek all the same. He dropped her to the ground and her chin hit the wooden floor hard. She got her knees under her to try and stand but James wrapped an arm around her waist and threw her onto his bed.

Alyssa's body bounced a few times on the mattress before she felt his arms grab onto her shoulders to hold her down on her back. From her position she could see his balls hanging right in front of her face. She could feel the heat coming off of the pink skin and as they drew closer her nose filled with the musky smell. She felt a hand on her throat but rather than squeeze it felt like he was holding her steady. With her head hanging off of the end of the bed she felt him place his dick against her lips and after a moment's thought of resisting she opened up and allowed him in. She felt James thrust with such force and passion, his thick cock running along her tongue and her sack slapping her in the face with every lunge. She choked a bit on his length and her vision swam when he hilted himself in her mouth, but couldn't deny the heat that was burning in her pussy. She rubbed her legs against each other to increase the sensation and moaned in both desire and pain when he slapped her, either on the chest, the stomach, or thigh. She was shocked by the reaction when his palm slapped down on her clit; she was so close to cumming, just one more touch would send her over the edge. Her breath came in gasps, filling her lungs while she looked up at James who had a knowing smile on his face "Oh, so you do like it then. Well hurry up and finish me off, I don't have all night."

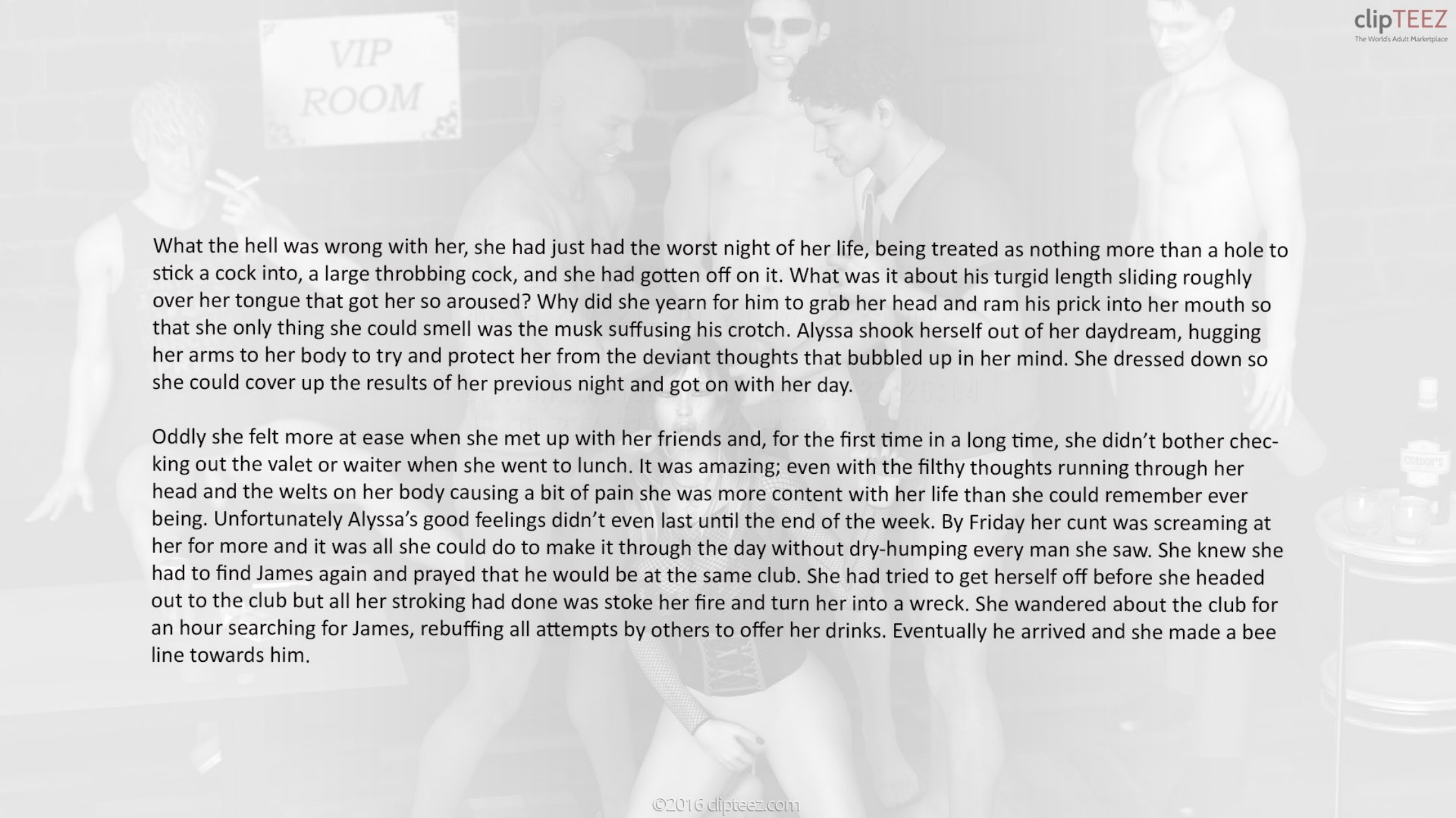
VIP ROOM

He jammed his cock back into her mouth and started driving deep once more. With James in control all she could do was wrap her lips around him while he fucked her face. He thrust into her mouth with a singular desire to cum, not caring whether she received any pleasure from their tryst or not. Somehow that made the whole event even more erotic to her and she ran her tongue along and over the top of his prick, urging him to cum. When she felt both of his hands grab onto her tits she knew he was ready. With one final shove he drove himself fully into her mouth, cutting off her air as he came. Alyssa's eyes shot wide open in surprise and she could feel the ropes of his cum shooting directly into her throat. She swallowed as fast as she could and just as her vision was growing dark she felt him slap her pussy hard then jammed a few fingers into her, triggering a massive climax and sending her into oblivion.



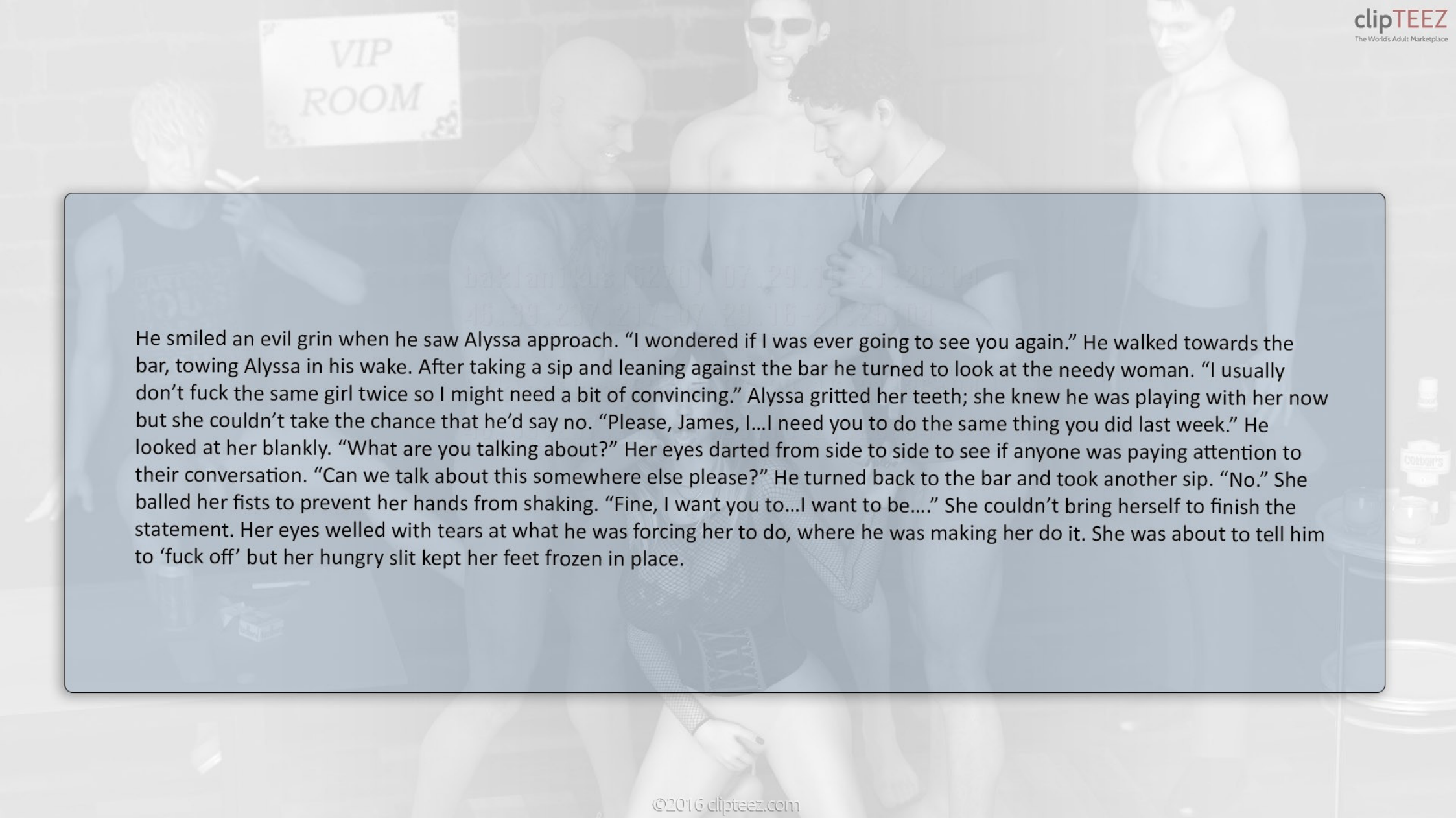
Alyssa woke with a bit of a start, finding herself un-cuffed and naked in a strange bed. She looked over at the man sleeping soundly next to her and her eyes immediately fell to his cock. Disturbed by her reaction she hurried out of the bed and left as quietly as she could. Once she was back inside her apartment she locked and bolted her door before stripping off her clothes and jumping into the shower to wash herself off. As she tried to scrub the experience from her body her mind refused to stop going over every detail from the night before. She was unable to focus on anything other than the ripped body of the man who had dominated her, the smell of his hair, the taste of his cock. She hated everything about what he had done to her last night but somewhere, in the back of her mind, she knew that he had done something no one else ever had; he had quenched the unending lust that had never before left her alone.

She wiped her hand over the fogged mirror and stared at herself. There were obvious bruises on her body from where James had hit her and she was sore in other places that weren't as visible. Something about the ache felt right but it was what had happened at the end of the night that concerned her the most. She had cum while he abused her and made the marks on her skin. While she knew it had been the closest she had come to being sated it wasn't until after he had shot a load of cum down her throat that she was able to find complete release. She could still taste a bit of salty residue on the back of her tongue, swallowing a bit to make sure that everything got into her stomach. She brought a hand to her mouth in shock when she realized what she had just done.



What the hell was wrong with her, she had just had the worst night of her life, being treated as nothing more than a hole to stick a cock into, a large throbbing cock, and she had gotten off on it. What was it about his turgid length sliding roughly over her tongue that got her so aroused? Why did she yearn for him to grab her head and ram his prick into her mouth so that she only thing she could smell was the musk suffusing his crotch. Alyssa shook herself out of her daydream, hugging her arms to her body to try and protect her from the deviant thoughts that bubbled up in her mind. She dressed down so she could cover up the results of her previous night and got on with her day.

Oddly she felt more at ease when she met up with her friends and, for the first time in a long time, she didn't bother checking out the valet or waiter when she went to lunch. It was amazing; even with the filthy thoughts running through her head and the welts on her body causing a bit of pain she was more content with her life than she could remember ever being. Unfortunately Alyssa's good feelings didn't even last until the end of the week. By Friday her cunt was screaming at her for more and it was all she could do to make it through the day without dry-humping every man she saw. She knew she had to find James again and prayed that he would be at the same club. She had tried to get herself off before she headed out to the club but all her stroking had done was stoke her fire and turn her into a wreck. She wandered about the club for an hour searching for James, rebuffing all attempts by others to offer her drinks. Eventually he arrived and she made a bee line towards him.



He smiled an evil grin when he saw Alyssa approach. "I wondered if I was ever going to see you again." He walked towards the bar, towing Alyssa in his wake. After taking a sip and leaning against the bar he turned to look at the needy woman. "I usually don't fuck the same girl twice so I might need a bit of convincing." Alyssa gritted her teeth; she knew he was playing with her now but she couldn't take the chance that he'd say no. "Please, James, I...I need you to do the same thing you did last week." He looked at her blankly. "What are you talking about?" Her eyes darted from side to side to see if anyone was paying attention to their conversation. "Can we talk about this somewhere else please?" He turned back to the bar and took another sip. "No." She balled her fists to prevent her hands from shaking. "Fine, I want you to...I want to be..." She couldn't bring herself to finish the statement. Her eyes welled with tears at what he was forcing her to do, where he was making her do it. She was about to tell him to 'fuck off' but her hungry slit kept her feet frozen in place.

VIP
ROOM

“I need you tie me up.” She tried to say it as quietly as she could. James turned back to her and stared right in her eyes. “What was that?” She glared at him and spoke louder. “I need you to tie me up!” She could see a few heads turn towards her and immediately felt the heat rise in her cheeks. James nodded. “Alright, but not now.”



Her eyes opened wide. “What! Why not?” He looked her up and down, dressed in a slinky red dress. “Well, you’re nice all, but I’m going to need something more if this is to continue.” He pulled a card from his breast pocket and handed it to her. She read the name on it and immediately regretted her choice; Gothic Noir Tattoos & Piercings.

She tried to spit him with a stare but he didn’t even flinch. “Go there tomorrow and tell them I sent you. If you do I’ll pick you up tomorrow night.” He walked away, leaving her holding the card in her shaking grasp. The audacity of the man, demanding that she change her body to please him as if begging to be abused wasn’t enough. She took the card in both hands and ripped it in two, grunting at the willpower she needed to exert to perform even that simple task. She ordered a drink and grabbed the next guy who propositioned her, shoving her tongue down his throat and dragging him into the bathroom.

She knelt in the stall, sucking on his cock until it got hard then bending over the toilet so he could plow into her. With her face mashed against the wall she let him abuse her body but it wasn't the same. The man didn't treat her like an object and he didn't last very long either. He even kissed her before he left her along in the stall, sperm leaking out of her sopping cunt. She sat on the toilet, letting the cum leak out of her, and soon heard someone walk into the bathroom. She watched through the gap in the door as a man stood by the urinal and relieved himself. She bit her lip and started petting her sopping pussy while imagining about him walking into the stall and using her. She wanted him to force her down on his massive prick and choke her until she saw stars. She didn't even realize she had moaned out loud until she heard his voice ask if there was anyone there.

Alyssa stopped moving, two fingers deep in her slit, and watched the man zip himself up and look around the room. It didn't take him long to see her heeled feet beneath the edge of the door and soon he was knocking to be let in. She started at the latch worried about what would happen if she opened the door. She wasn't sure whether or not she wanted her fantasy to come true but could only watch as her shaking arm reached out and flipped the lock. She looked up at the man and her heart began to flutter when he closed the door behind him and locked it. Without a word he opened his fly and let her do the rest. Her hands wrapped around his dick, disappointing her at its size, and stroked it until her was hard. She leaned forward, taking the entire length in her mouth, and ran her tongue over the smooth skin.

The man placed his hands on her head but he didn't drive his prick home, he only held her. When her nose was buried in his pubes the manly smell filled her mind with desire but there was something missing. The stranger was still being nice to her, using a gentle hand to guide her as she sucked his cock rather than using her. Wanting more she pinched her nipple, hard, and got a small rise out of her body. Even when he exploded in her mouth she wasn't fulfilled. She had given him what he wanted but for the second time that evening she was left hanging. As she walked out of the bathroom she pulled the torn halves of the card out of her purse and stared at it with resignation.

A week after having visited the seedy parlor she stared in the mirror at the changes James had requested. She now had a piercing in her nostril, navel and a much darker shade of makeup to match her gothic hairstyle. The bolt through her tongue had healed fast but the due to injections she had received her lips were still a bit sensitive. She had slipped into tight black top with matching short skirt to go with the fishnet stockings, skull and crossbones collar and spiked cuffs that now adorned her body.



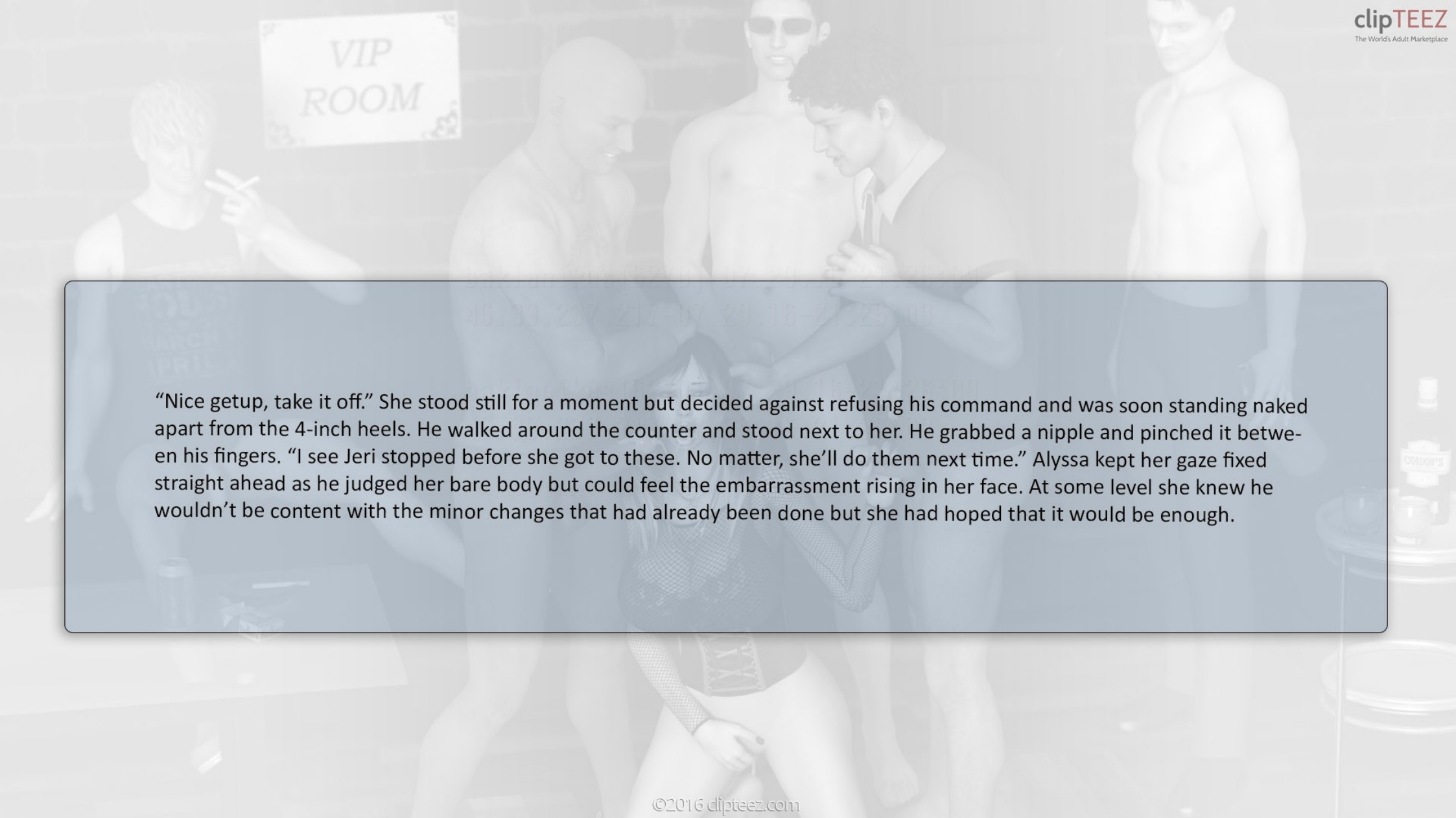
James had recognized exactly what Alyssa was the moment he had seen her: the way she stood, the way she stared at men near her, how she tried to hide the libidinous creature she was from others. This was a good test for how far he could push her; how much her lust really was in control of her. Nothing that he had her do so far was major but getting her to chance the way she looked (more importantly the way she looked at herself) was the first step in turning her into the plaything she truly was.

VIP
ROOM

The doorman took him up to her room and she smiled when he was let into her flat. James was clothed in the same kind of getup she had seen him in previously but she was more focused on the intent in his eyes as he walked into her foyer and looked her over like a piece of meat.

Before & After





“Nice getup, take it off.” She stood still for a moment but decided against refusing his command and was soon standing naked apart from the 4-inch heels. He walked around the counter and stood next to her. He grabbed a nipple and pinched it between his fingers. “I see Jeri stopped before she got to these. No matter, she’ll do them next time.” Alyssa kept her gaze fixed straight ahead as he judged her bare body but could feel the embarrassment rising in her face. At some level she knew he wouldn’t be content with the minor changes that had already been done but she had hoped that it would be enough.



He grabbed her chin and turned her face towards his, locking their eyes for a moment. "Open." She spread her mouth as wide as she could and stuck out her tongue.

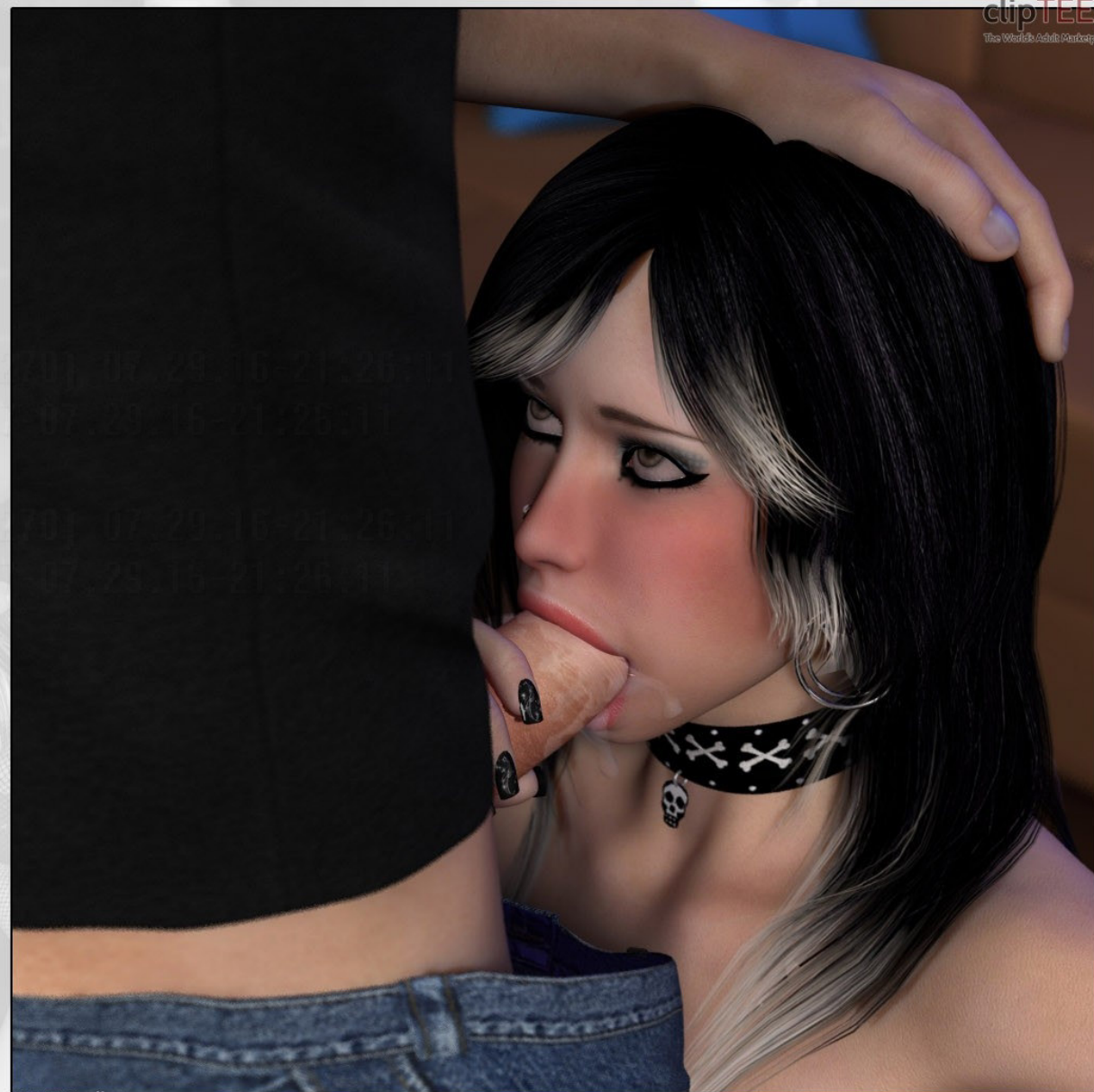
She fidgeted a bit as he judged her like a piece of meat. She loved it. He didn't see her as anything more than something to stick his cock in and it made her wet. Alyssa rubbed her fingers along her palm and bit her lip in an effort to keep herself from groping her exposed body. She didn't know James wanted her to touch herself or not but she hadn't been told to do so and she couldn't get the thought out of her head that it would be wrong somehow without his permission. She almost lost it when James ran a hand along the base of her stomach, brushing over the navel piercing and caressing her until his hand cupped her breast. She closed her eyes at the contact, taking in a sharp breath at the sensation of him feeling her sensitive skin.

When she opened her eyes she could see James smiling at her. “On your knees.” Alyssa sank to the floor, trying to get as much of her dress under her as possible to remain comfortable and looked up at James. “Take my cock out and get me hard.” Alyssa placed her hands on his legs and sensually ran her fingers up his legs until she got to his belt. Before she could go further he grabbed her hands roughly and she winced in pain. “Hey, this isn’t foreplay. If I give you an order you follow it immediately.” He let go of her and she quickly undid his belt, pulling his fly open until a flaccid penis stared her in the face. She grabbed onto it and began stroking, feeling his member swell in her hands. After working on him for a minute or so he grabbed onto her head and drove his prick into her mouth.

This time she was a bit more prepared for how roughly he treated her but her throat still tried to refuse him. She sat there and let him pump his cock into her mouth, scraping his dick over her lips and tongue. She couldn't get enough of it, the taste of the hard flesh, the feel of his hands curled in her hair, even the sound of his breathing as it quickened sent her body alight and had her pussy soaked. She slipped a hand between her legs and sunk two fingers into her dripping snatch. The bliss coursing from her cunny was secondary only to the pleasure she knew she was causing him as she bobbed her head up and down his cock. She held onto the dick with her other hand, spreading her saliva up and down the length as she worshipped his prick. She closed her eyes and tried to drown herself in the moment but abruptly he pulled out of her mouth and slapped her. She brought a hand to her cheek and looked up at him in confusion. "Keep your eyes open. I don't care if you get off or not but you damn well better make sure I do."

VIP
ROOM

Regardless of his reasons Alyssa wasn't about to disobey him, not if it meant losing his cock. Now Alyssa was less focused on him seeing his prick past her lips than she was on his face.



He had a fixed expression of exertion while fucking her face, frowning in concentration as he tried to not to cum while using his living sex toy. She licked her tongue against him on each thrust, wrapping her lips against his prick and trying to hold him inside her mouth as long as she could. She felt a pang of sorrow every time he pulled back from her and she had less of his dick to enjoy. Each time he returned to bottom out her eyes welled up until tears were falling down her cheeks but the discomfort did nothing to lessen her joy at being full of cock. She fought against her body's attempts to shut her eyes to the pain, knowing that he would do worse if she looked away from him. The entire time her fingers continued to work over her slit, keeping her just on the edge of an orgasm but she wanted to wait until after James had cum. After a while she felt his thrusts become more urgent and she knew he was getting close.



He rammed his cock into her throat, driving all of his manhood into her mouth and exploded into her stomach. She had quickened the movement at her cunt when she knew he was close and mirrored his final shove by sinking her fingers into her dripping snatch, causing her own massive climax. She shook in absolute bliss as he held her on to the end of his prick until his entire load was swallowed.

Even after he had finished and had dropped her to the ground she lay on the cold tile shivering in the aftermath of an addictive orgasm. He didn't even bother to check her before he sat down on her couch and turned on the TV. Alyssa could hear the sounds of some sports program going on as she recovered from the orgasm. She cleaned herself up but left the dress on the floor before rejoining James on her couch. "Uh, James, aren't we going back to your place?" He didn't even bother looking at her. "No, you need to be better at depththroating." He pulled open his fly and exposed his cock to her again. "Get to work." She was a bit hurt that he didn't bother looking away from the screen as he was talking to her, but the part of her that wanted to be abused and treated like an object urged her forward. She lay down on her couch, propping herself up with her elbows and took his soft dick into her mouth. She slowly sucked and licked his prick but got very little response out of him. When she lifted her head to ask if he wanted her to continue all James did was push her head back down in his lap.

It was probably close to an hour before he got hard again and when he did James pulled Alyssa's hair so she could look up at him. "If I cum before you get all of me down your throat I won't be happy." He shoved her head back down, causing a bit of pain as he bottomed out in her still-resisting throat. Alyssa had no idea how she was supposed to get rid of her gag reflex; she knew it was possible but had never tried to do it before. She sank her head until her mouth was full of cock, leaving about an inch still exposed. She shifted from side to side a bit, trying to get the head to gently press its way into her throat but the muscles refused to comply. She then began to lean more forcefully down onto his dick. She started to feel a bit of movement but her lungs screamed for air and she was forced to back off. After pausing for a moment she wiped the tears from her eyes and sucked his penis back into her mouth. She repeated the process several times, feeling like she was getting closer and closer to swallowing him whole, but when she felt him grab her by the back of the head and seize up she knew she had failed.

VIP
ROOM

Her mouth filled with his creamy load and, though she drank as fast as she could, some of his cum escaped her lips. When he finished he pulled her off of his cock and looked down at himself. He smashed her face back against his groin and growled at her. "Clean me up." She ran her tongue over his crotch, licking up every bit of stray jizz and then some. He held her down longer than she needed but when he decided she was done he threw her onto the floor by her hair.



She looked up at him hurt but he didn't seem to notice. All he did was stand, zip his pants up and walk towards the door. In a panic Alyssa started to crawl towards him begging him to stay. He turned to look at her nude form coldly. She sat there like a pet waiting for a command, wanting him to tell her what to do.

It took a moment for him to respond. "I'll give you one more chance." He let go of the doorknob and pulled out his phone. After a short conversation that Alyssa made sure she didn't eavesdrop on he gave her a thin smile. "I've got a friend who'll be expecting you tomorrow. Go to his clinic at noon and he'll have you in surgery right away. You're not to talk but if he asks you do something you do it, understand?"

Alyssa nodded her head quickly. She'd do whatever it took to keep James in her life, at least as long as he continued to fuck her like a rag doll. "If he tells me you were good I might see you next month." With that he turned and left, leaving her kneeling on the floor covered in a mix of sweat and cum.

While she was under the doctor drew some blood and had it sent off to a lab, as James had instructed. The tests came back with the same results Alyssa had received years earlier but this time the doctor was looking for something specific. While her hormone levels were slightly elevated, the compounds that were being overproduced all were interrelated and could be combined to cause a persistent level of arousal, something James was made aware of immediately. He couldn't pass up a golden opportunity to mold someone into the perfect sex toy his perverse imagination had only dreamt about.

When Alyssa crawled out of bed a little over a month later she padded into her bathroom while rubbing the sleep from her eyes. Her pussy ached from the constant attention it was receiving and she could barely keep her fingers out of her snatch anymore. She was wet even before entering the shower and once the water was cascading down her body she grabbed the dildo from her soap rack and slid it into her cunt. The small orgasm she gave herself was enough to keep her sane enough to wash her body but after toweling off her kitty was already crying for more.



She ran a hand over the scars on the underside of her tits, finding that the skin was healing well. The bruises from the implants had faded and she could see her new breasts in all their augmented glory. She turned to the side to see her profile, deciding that they weren't too big for her frame, but it really didn't matter if they were or not; James wanted her to have them so she did. The longer nails didn't stand out too much either, but they were a bit cumbersome for her. The three extra studs above her left eyebrow fit in with her overall new look so she wasn't too surprised by them. It was her lips, however, that commanded greater attention. They must have been as thick as her finger and the stretched skin was far more sensitive than ever. Brushing her fingers over her permanent pout sent a tingle through her body. Even with their size Alyssa knew she could easily get rid of them since it was only filler, all she had to do was wait, but they were starting to grow on her.

VIP ROOM

She had gone several weeks without sticking a dick in her mouth and even the thought of a thick cock passing her lips was enough to get her cunny soaked. She walked around her apartment without a shred of clothing on, heading from her bathroom to her living room with a finger teasing her sex the entire way. She sat on her sofa and picked up a gigantic orange dildo that sat open on the table before her. The fourteen-inch-long tool was transparent orange and covered in veins. Alyssa held it in her hands, looking at it with lust in her half-lidded eyes, and brought it to her mouth.





She ran a tongue along the length, getting the rubbery plastic lubricated. Before she even realized it she had started to fantasize that it was James she was lathering her spit on, getting him ready to sink his entire prick down her throat. In one smooth motion she placed the end of the dildo against her inflated lips and slid it down her throat. Ten inches were buried in her mouth before she even felt the slightest bit of discomfort, and another two were able to make it in before she had to stop. Alyssa pulled the fake cock out of her mouth and started fucking her throat in long, slow strokes. She tilted her head up to help ease it into her, running her tongue over the ridges that crisscrossed its surface she was happy to finally be in control of her body.

VIP
ROOM

She ran a hand over her neck and could feel the bulge of the plastic. She smiled to herself as thick drool poured from her mouth and down her body, making her look like a mess but giving her a sense of accomplishment. She was a little sad that it wasn't the real thing but knew that her efforts in opening her throat would be worth it when James finally showed up again. Feeling like she was due a reward she slid three fingers into her cunt while continuing to thrust the fake cock in her mouth. She tried to let her climax build and bring herself off slowly but the combined stretching both pairs of lips sent her over the edge in mere seconds. Alyssa choked out a scream around the plastic, keeping it as deep as she could through her spasms. The feel of something hard blocking her air while she came was as close as she could get to complete bliss without someone else around to do it for her.



Alyssa heard a noise and for a moment didn't recognize what it meant until her mind cleared and she realized her phone was ringing. She saw that James was finally calling her and she answered immediately, bringing it to her ear. She gargled out a greeting before remembering that she had yet to take the dildo out of her mouth. After an embarrassing pause she was finally able to greet James. "Hello." There was a slight laugh on the other end. "What was that just now, do we have a bad connection?" Alyssa blushed. "Um...no. I...I forgot something." She hoped he would press her for an answer. "Forgot what?" She felt a tingle run up her spine and traced a finger around the outside of her pussy. "I was practicing and I answered the phone before I finished." She was ready to beg him to force the answer out of her. "Oh really, and what, pray tell, were you practicing?"

She slid two fingers into her slit as she answered. “Mmmm, I’ve been practicing how to deep throat. You called me right when I came.” She was sure he could hear her panting over the phone. “Well, I think I’ll have to see this for myself.” She heard him hang up the phone but she was already lost in her own world. Soon the dildo was seated back in her mouth and a couple more fingers were digging in her cunt. She didn’t realize how long she was masturbating until she heard the doorbell ring. She jumped to her feet and rushed to open it, giving James a full view of her naked body. She was already on the floor by the time he closed the door, waiting for him to tell her what to do. He didn’t have to say a word, just standing in front of her gave her the cue she needed to pull open his fly and suck his cock into her mouth.

VIP ROOM

She felt him grow hard between her lips and had some sense of pride that she could get him erect so quickly. Once he was at full staff she licked all around his shaft, making sure it was wet enough to slide into her easily before sliding his dick into her mouth. She bobbed her head a few times, running the tongue stud over his manhood, and took a deep breath before seating the head of his cock at the entrance to her throat. She grabbed onto his legs for leverage and pulled herself forward, feeling him push all the way into her. Her eyes opened wide with elation, knowing that she had finally obeyed his order to swallow him to the root. She felt a hand on the back of her head and he began to pump into her mouth. The stretching her throat received was different than when she used the dildo. The position she got into to allow it entry was a little awkward but when she felt his balls mash against her chin she shivered in excitement.

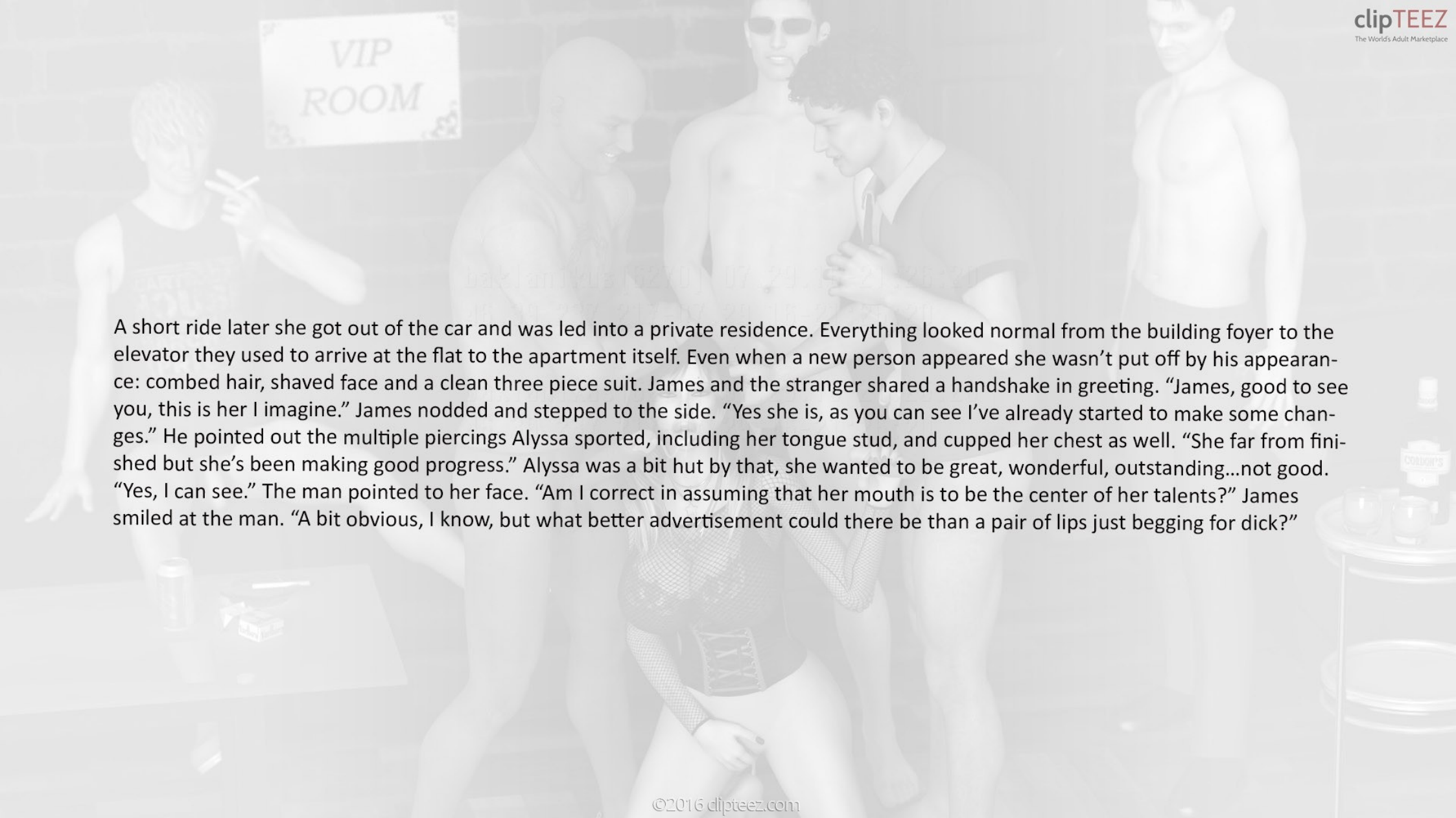


He held her down onto his length when he came and Alyssa smiled around the large prick at her achievement. She continued to smile even after he pulled her off of him to look at her. "Good, I think you're ready." She was expecting him to throw her on the bed and ravish her like the fuck toy she wanted to be but instead he told her to get dressed and meet him in his car. She followed his order and got into a black sedan that was waiting in front of her apartment. She tried to ask him where they were going but all she got was a very curt response: "Slaves don't need to worry about that." She was shocked by the word but as she thought about it what else could describe her properly. She had lived the past few weeks by his every whim and wanted nothing more than to please him.

Before & After

VIP
ROOM





A short ride later she got out of the car and was led into a private residence. Everything looked normal from the building foyer to the elevator they used to arrive at the flat to the apartment itself. Even when a new person appeared she wasn't put off by his appearance: combed hair, shaved face and a clean three piece suit. James and the stranger shared a handshake in greeting. "James, good to see you, this is her I imagine." James nodded and stepped to the side. "Yes she is, as you can see I've already started to make some changes." He pointed out the multiple piercings Alyssa sported, including her tongue stud, and cupped her chest as well. "She far from finished but she's been making good progress." Alyssa was a bit hut by that, she wanted to be great, wonderful, outstanding...not good. "Yes, I can see." The man pointed to her face. "Am I correct in assuming that her mouth is to be the center of her talents?" James smiled at the man. "A bit obvious, I know, but what better advertisement could there be than a pair of lips just begging for dick?"

Alyssa brought a hand to her face. The feeling of her fingers brushing against her lips was still enough to get her wet even after healing from the injections. She knew he was telling the truth about her but she wanted to know why he had brought her to this place. An answer was soon in following when she heard the man say: "Alright, she'll do." In short order James turned to Alyssa and told her that she was to do what the man said for the rest of the evening and refer to him as 'master'. She brought her arms to her chest in a defensive posture and wanted more than anything for him to tell her that it was all a sick joke but as she watched James leave her there with 'master' she knew that it was very real.



Master told her to strip naked, including her heels, and get on his bed. She complied, crawling on the silk sheets in a less-than appealing fashion but that didn't seem to dampen master's desire. He followed suit and soon Alyssa was joined by naked body. She turned away so she wouldn't have to look at him but he wrapped an arm around her body and started mauling one of her tits. While master played with her body there was a war going on inside Alyssa's head. She knew what James was turning her into; she knew he wanted her to be some kind of living sex toy. The pleasure she had received from him pushed her reticence into background but now James was letting his friends borrow his toy.

Alyssa remained as still as she could on the bed, allowing master to molest her body while her two selves fought for dominance. Her cunt cried out for her to let James do whatever he wanted to her, let herself become a fuck-doll. The voice in the back of her mind that recalled her previous life, her life before she met James, before she had debased herself and allowed some quack to mutilate her body, urged her to end all of this. The strong hand pulling her nipple, and stretching the skin on her chest, added fuel to the fire in her pussy, making her libido become louder and louder in her mind.



She closed her eyes, breathing heavy as she tried to ignore how good it felt for master to grope her. She quaked silently as he made her cum, pushing all thought from her mind.

VIP
ROOM

Master rolled her onto her back and crawled on top so he straddled her prone body. He looked down at her with a predatory grin. "I didn't tell you you could cum." She frowned at him, distressed that she had displeased him. "I'm sorry; please...I wasn't trying to..." Her voice trailed off when she felt his hand return to her pussy, rubbing over her lips forcefully. Her hands stretched out to her side as she arched her back brushing her tits against his chest. He smiled at her reaction. "Oh? And you think a few words are going to get you out of a punishment do you?" He got off the bed and walked to the side of the room. Alyssa dropped back to the bed, chest heaving. She stared with half-lidded eyes at master as he walked over to a dresser and returned holding several objects.

Alyssa didn't even realize what he had grabbed until her left arm was shackled to the bedpost by a padded cuff. She lifted her head to look over her luscious breasts and watch him attach her legs as well. Master looked her in the eye as he fixed her last limb to the wooden frame.

VIP ROOM

“Now, what should I do with you? What would be a fitting punishment for cumming before me?” She remained silent, breath quickening in both fear and anticipation. Her cunt was soaked in desire, wanting him to fuck her with as much force as he could muster. He tapped her across the cheek, getting her attention. “Well? What should I do? What kind of punishment do you think you deserve?” Alyssa bit her lip as she looked at master. She didn’t know what he wanted her to say; did he actually want to discipline her or was he just trying to role-play a harsh owner.



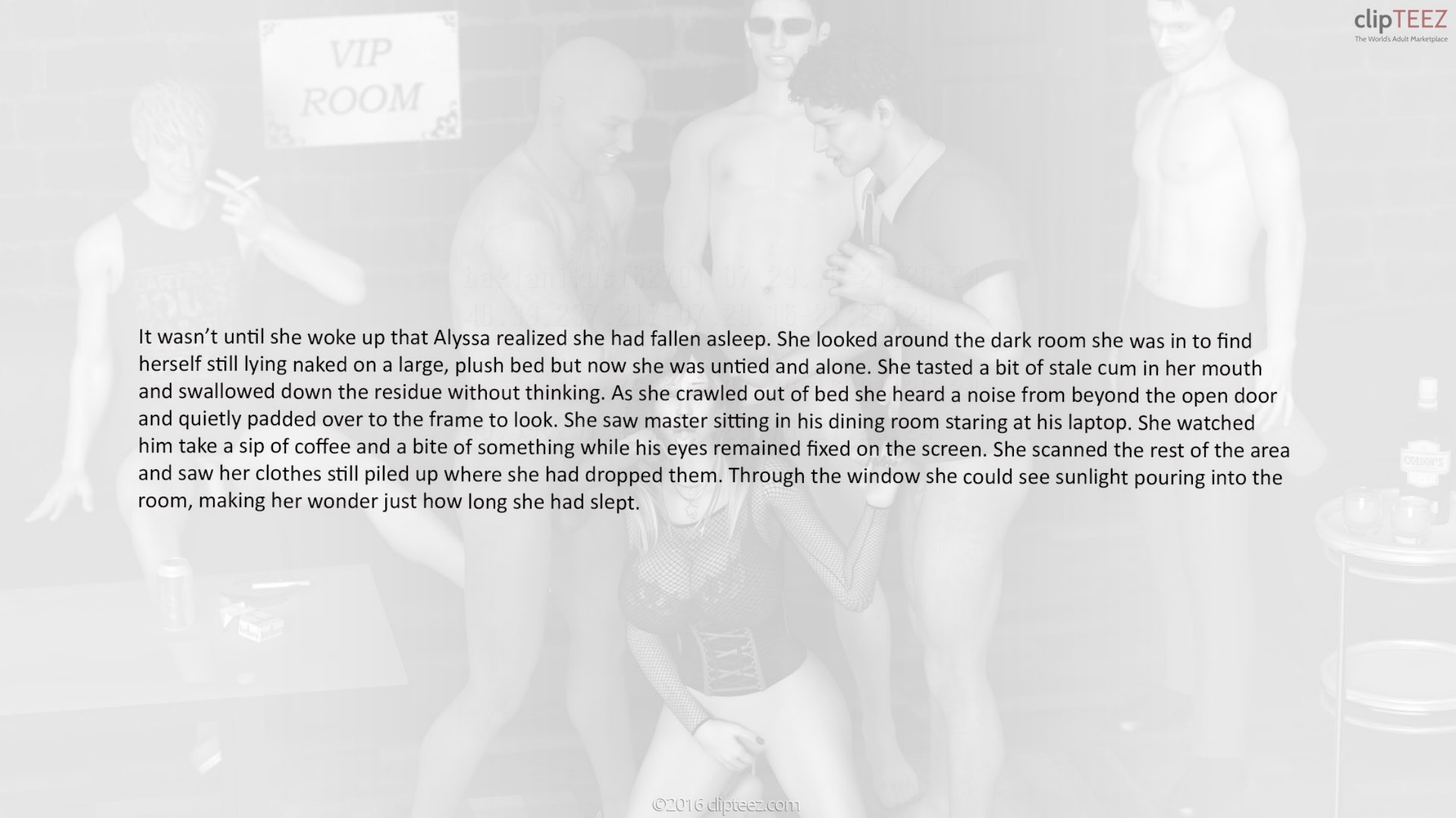
She pulled at her bonds for show, keeping to the theme in case that was what he wanted. "If...if I came too fast then..." her voice trailed off in a quiver. Master looked down at her with a Cheshire grin. "Yes...." She tried to pull back in on herself, knowing that an ever increasing part of her wanted this. "...then I should be forced to not cum." His eyes brightened, at her suggestion. "Excellent idea." He clambered onto the bed, straddling her so that his stiff dick was nestled between her tits. "Now if this is going to work you'll have to tell me if you're getting close." She nodded eagerly as he grabbed the sides of her breasts and pressed them together, sandwiching his cock between the soft mounds.

He started off slowly, pumping his hips forward so that just the head of his prick poked out from the top of her globes. She looked down at her chest and watched his cock appear and reappear with each thrust. Her mouth began to water just from being this close to the source of her desire. When he started moving faster she stuck her tongue out and managed to taste the tip of his penis. He grinned at her, grabbing a pillow and shoving it behind her head so she could reach his prick more easily. After a few minutes he grew tired of having only the head of his dick pass through her plump lips and shuffled forward, sitting on her chest and grabbing her head so he could jam his prick inside.



Alyssa was overwhelmed by the lust coursing through her body. She could only hold on for dear life as master used her face as a cock-sleeve. She choked every so often because of the awkward position her throat was in, not allowing her to swallow his entire length. The ferocity at which he shoved his prick into her mouth sent a chill up her spine. It was so gratifying to know how much desire she could cause and how easily she could satisfy that want. She clamped her fat lips down on the masculine length in her mouth, sucking and running her tongue all over master's cock.

It wasn't long before she felt him tense up and lodge his prick against the back of her throat. He held her down over his dick as he came and while she tried to swallow his cum all she could do was hold his load in her mouth. She tasted the creamy mixture as it flooded into her until streams began to flow out of her lips and down her chin. Eventually he pulled away from her and let her gulp down what was left in her mouth. With his sperm cooling on her skin she felt a sense of lethargy settle over her still-aroused body and she closed her eyes for a moment to recover.



It wasn't until she woke up that Alyssa realized she had fallen asleep. She looked around the dark room she was in to find herself still lying naked on a large, plush bed but now she was untied and alone. She tasted a bit of stale cum in her mouth and swallowed down the residue without thinking. As she crawled out of bed she heard a noise from beyond the open door and quietly padded over to the frame to look. She saw master sitting in his dining room staring at his laptop. She watched him take a sip of coffee and a bite of something while his eyes remained fixed on the screen. She scanned the rest of the area and saw her clothes still piled up where she had dropped them. Through the window she could see sunlight pouring into the room, making her wonder just how long she had slept.

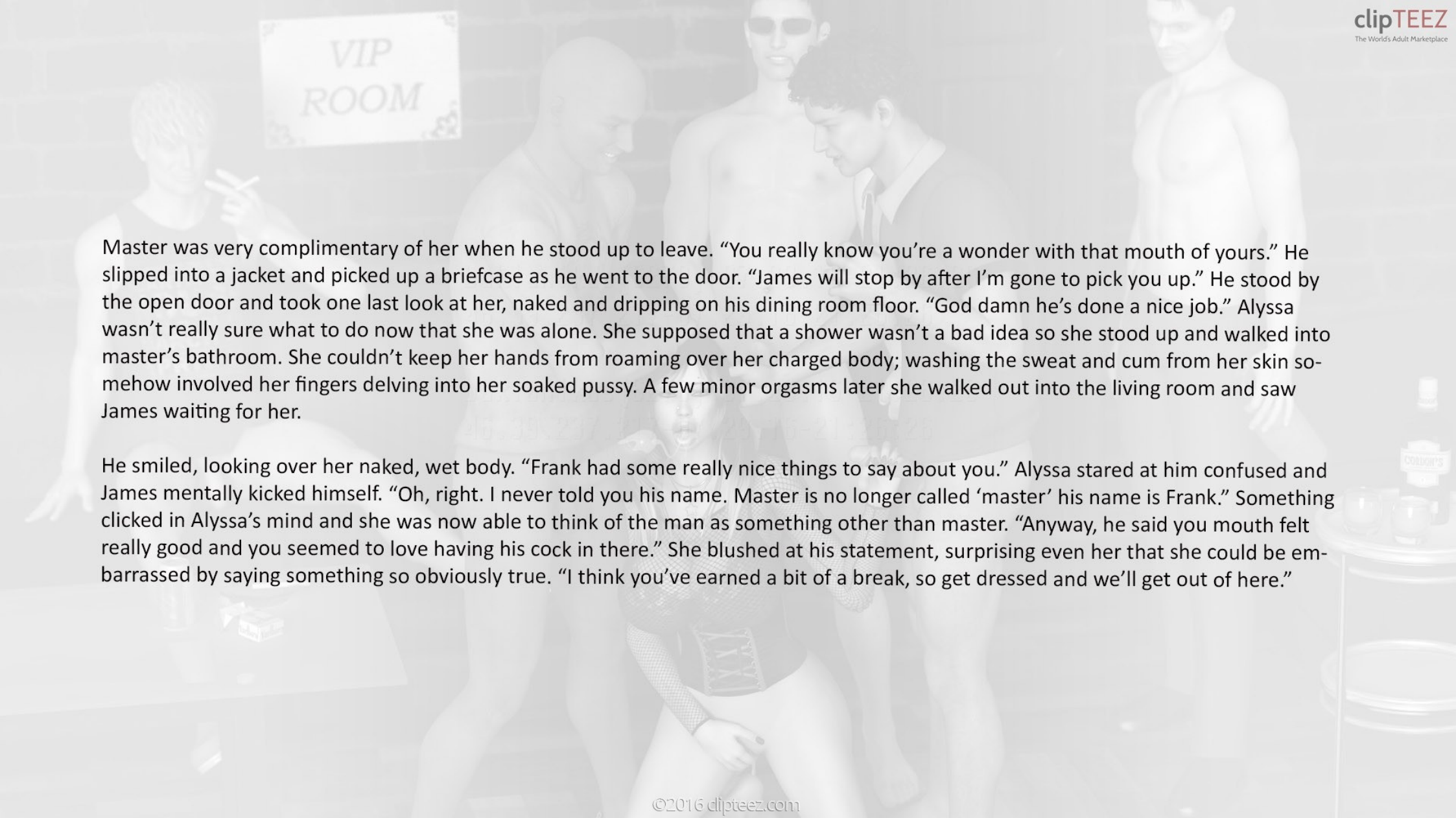
He looked up at her with a smile, probably the most genuine show of affection she had received in weeks, and pushed back from the table. "I see you're awake. I must say you're the best fuck I've had in a long time." Alyssa sat down and couldn't help but feel a bit of pride at that statement even if it was a bit crass. "I've got to head in to work in a few hours, so why don't you just give me a blowjob while I look over a few things." Alyssa walked over to him and knelt at his feet. Master prodded her under the table and she found herself bordered on all sides by metal posts that held up the glass top. Master went back to his simple breakfast but shifted forward on his seat so she had easy access to his crotch.

She unzipped him and pulled his prick out through the opening. He was already growing erect before she touched him and was at full staff by the time her lips touched his cock. Alyssa felt more like taking her time so she moved her head up and down slowly, taking time to savor the taste of his hard dick. She was glad master allowed her to set her own pace, giving her time to properly fawn over his member and feel every ridge and crease as she slipped it into her mouth.



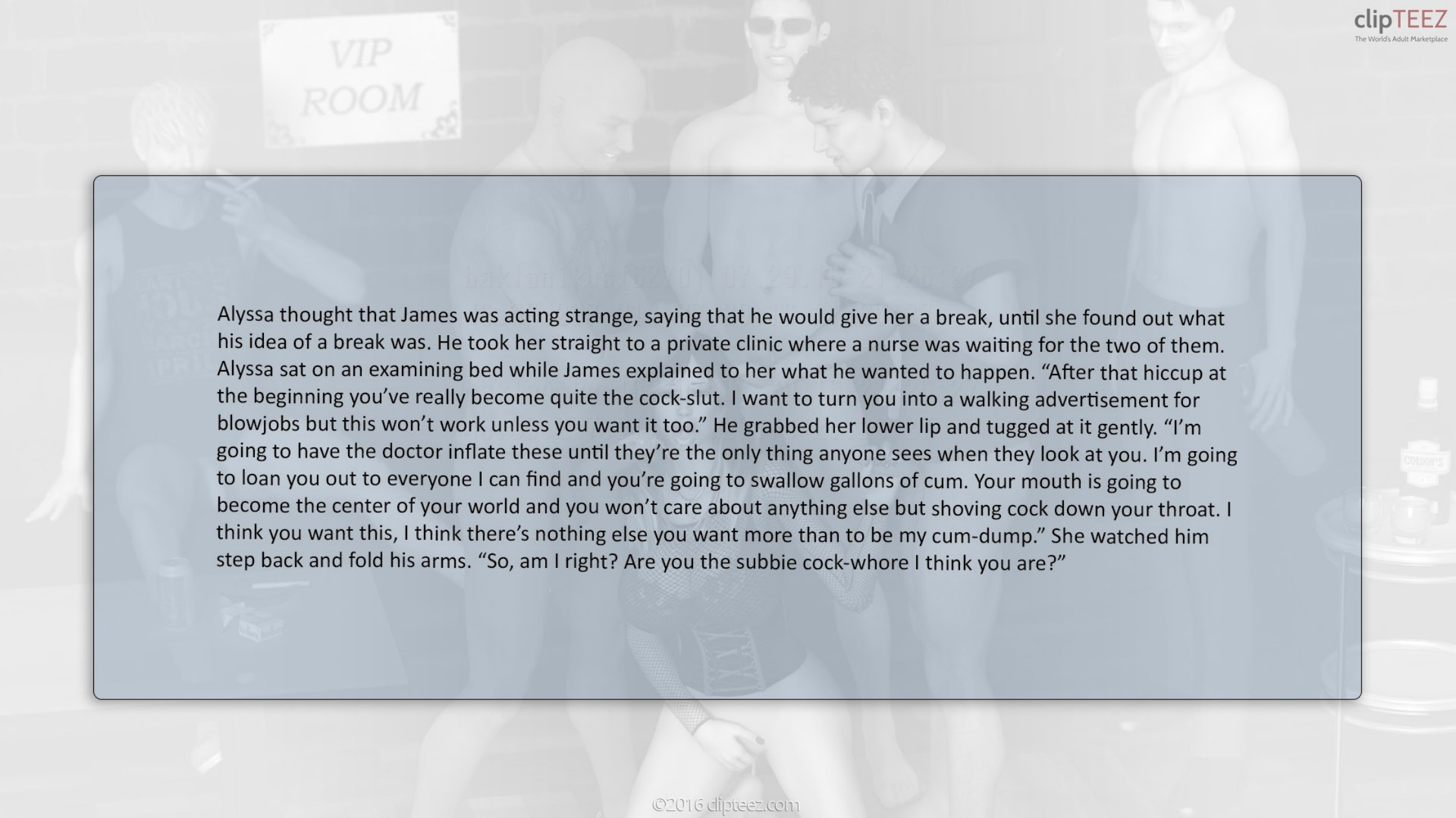
She was really growing to love the feel of a penis in her mouth, the hard flesh pressing against her tongue and the way it stretched out her throat. She could feel a bit of moisture leaking down her thigh but she decided to let it be, placing one hand on his sack so she could massage master's balls. She used her other hand to hold herself as close as she could to his groin.

Several times in the next half-hour she could feel him get close to an orgasm but she backed off. She wanted to give master the best climax she could manage...and if she got a massive load out if so much the better. Eventually she decided that master had been teased enough and picked up the pace. When she felt his cock pulse she pulled back until only his head remained behind her fat lips and felt him shoot wad after wad into her mouth. She had to swallow several times so his cum didn't leak onto his clothes but Alyssa managed to keep it all inside of her. The last little bit she held on her tongue, savoring the taste as long as she could. She slathered her tongue up and down master's prick, squeezing every ounce of sperm into her mouth and then cleaning off his softening length thoroughly before letting him slip from her grasp.



Master was very complimentary of her when he stood up to leave. “You really know you’re a wonder with that mouth of yours.” He slipped into a jacket and picked up a briefcase as he went to the door. “James will stop by after I’m gone to pick you up.” He stood by the open door and took one last look at her, naked and dripping on his dining room floor. “God damn he’s done a nice job.” Alyssa wasn’t really sure what to do now that she was alone. She supposed that a shower wasn’t a bad idea so she stood up and walked into master’s bathroom. She couldn’t keep her hands from roaming over her charged body; washing the sweat and cum from her skin somehow involved her fingers delving into her soaked pussy. A few minor orgasms later she walked out into the living room and saw James waiting for her.

He smiled, looking over her naked, wet body. “Frank had some really nice things to say about you.” Alyssa stared at him confused and James mentally kicked himself. “Oh, right. I never told you his name. Master is no longer called ‘master’ his name is Frank.” Something clicked in Alyssa’s mind and she was now able to think of the man as something other than master. “Anyway, he said you mouth felt really good and you seemed to love having his cock in there.” She blushed at his statement, surprising even her that she could be embarrassed by saying something so obviously true. “I think you’ve earned a bit of a break, so get dressed and we’ll get out of here.”



Alyssa thought that James was acting strange, saying that he would give her a break, until she found out what his idea of a break was. He took her straight to a private clinic where a nurse was waiting for the two of them. Alyssa sat on an examining bed while James explained to her what he wanted to happen. “After that hiccup at the beginning you’ve really become quite the cock-slut. I want to turn you into a walking advertisement for blowjobs but this won’t work unless you want it too.” He grabbed her lower lip and tugged at it gently. “I’m going to have the doctor inflate these until they’re the only thing anyone sees when they look at you. I’m going to loan you out to everyone I can find and you’re going to swallow gallons of cum. Your mouth is going to become the center of your world and you won’t care about anything else but shoving cock down your throat. I think you want this, I think there’s nothing else you want more than to be my cum-dump.” She watched him step back and fold his arms. “So, am I right? Are you the subbie cock-whore I think you are?”

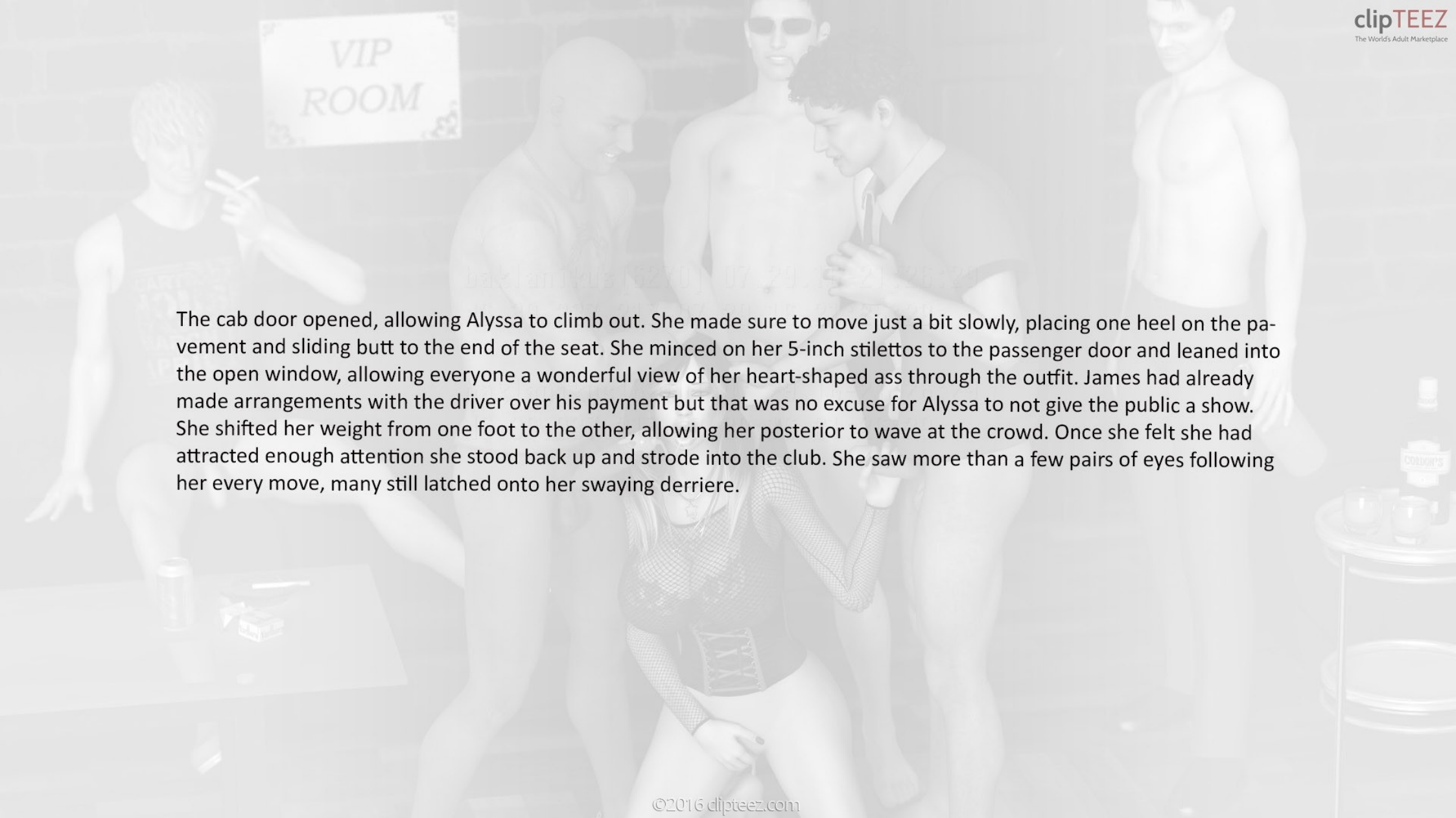
Sunlight draped her sleeping form as Alyssa stirred from her restful sleep. She brushed the dark hair from her face and sat up. She still thought of brown as her natural color but it was starting to fade from her memory; black with platinum highlights was much better for a slut like her. She looked down at her pierced nipples; the swelling had finally gone down so she could see how the large, gold hoops hung from her enhanced tits. She pulled gently at one of them, feeling a little pinch of pain before releasing and letting the HH-cup breast bounce slightly on her chest. At least the new implants were no longer causing her any discomfort.

She swayed her hips as she walked into the bathroom. James had told her that if he made her tits any bigger her ass would have to follow suit so she wouldn't be so top-heavy. She almost hoped he would have the doctor inflate her tits again. She stopped in front of the large mirror, reveling in the sight of her nude body. Aside from her new piercings Jeri had also tattooed makeup on Alyssa's face; some people likes to see mascara streaming down their slut's faces but James wanted something different. Her eyelids were now permanently shaded dark blue while her cheeks possessed a perpetual blush to them. Though her lips now had a blood-red cast to them that was hardly their most outstanding feature. The unnatural size was what now dominated her face.





Alyssa's lips protruded from her face in spectacular fashion. They now looked like they were begging for something to slide between them and when Alyssa ran her twice-pierced tongue over their shiny surface any observer would know what she desired. No matter what she did: smile, frown, laugh, or anything in between, Alyssa's gargantuan lips demanded cock. She wouldn't have it any other way. James had shown her a brand new world, a world centered around pleasing as many men as she could. A world where she had finally found what made her tick, where she could finally scratch the itch that had plagued her for her entire life. She blew a kiss at her reflection and knelt on the floor, waiting for James to walk into the bathroom and receive his morning blowjob while he brushed his teeth. When he finally strode in, yawning and eyes closed from sleep, he stepped right up to the sink and allowed Alyssa to get to work. She smiled as she licked her tongue over his morning-wood before sinking his entire prick into her mouth and felt so happy that she was finally able to find her place in life.



The cab door opened, allowing Alyssa to climb out. She made sure to move just a bit slowly, placing one heel on the pavement and sliding butt to the end of the seat. She minced on her 5-inch stilettos to the passenger door and leaned into the open window, allowing everyone a wonderful view of her heart-shaped ass through the outfit. James had already made arrangements with the driver over his payment but that was no excuse for Alyssa to not give the public a show. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, allowing her posterior to wave at the crowd. Once she felt she had attracted enough attention she stood back up and strode into the club. She saw more than a few pairs of eyes following her every move, many still latched onto her swaying derriere.

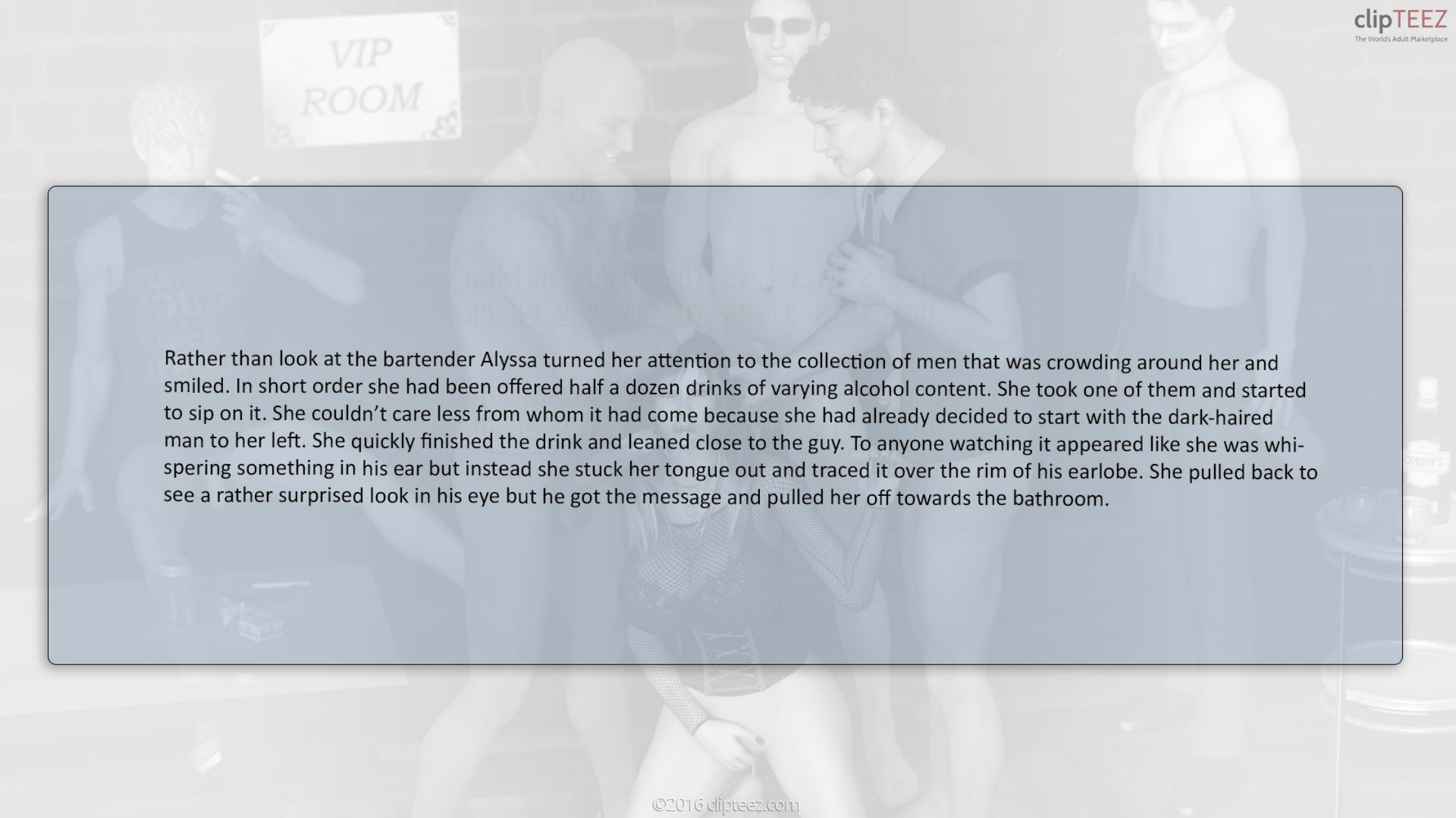


The music was playing loudly with a heavy base beat. While the noise made it difficult to carry on a conversation Alyssa hardly needed words to tell anyone what she was interested in. She smiled coyly with immensely inflated lips at anyone who looked in her direction. As she made her way to the bar she felt several hands brush against her, most were passing attempts at caressing her form but a few were more bold; grabbing at her enhanced tits or toned ass. She leaned against the bar, sticking her rear out and pressing her chest against the cold surface through her top. The temperature caused her nipples to harden immediately, making her breasts stand out even more prominently.

Before & After

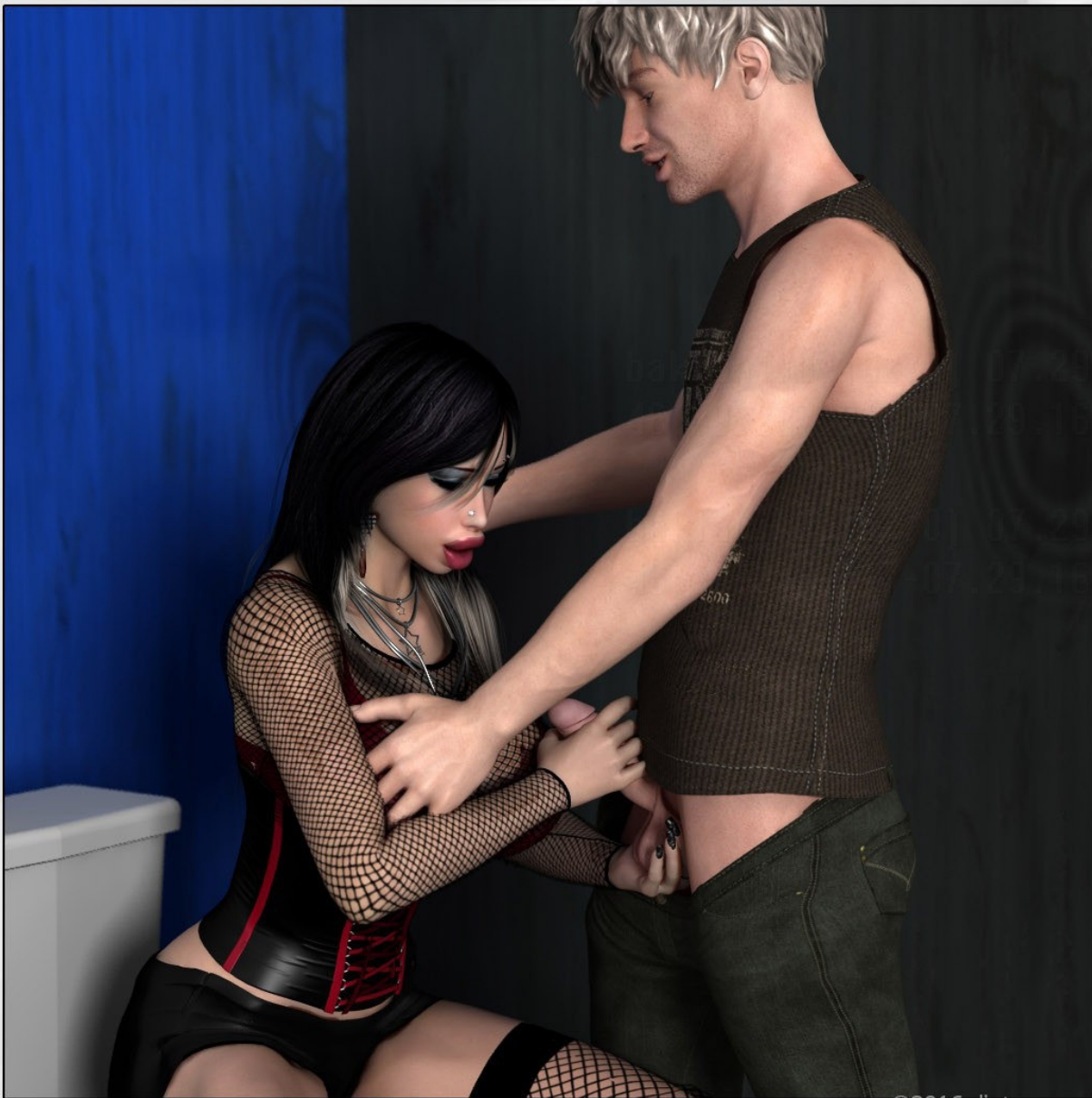
VIP
ROOM





Rather than look at the bartender Alyssa turned her attention to the collection of men that was crowding around her and smiled. In short order she had been offered half a dozen drinks of varying alcohol content. She took one of them and started to sip on it. She couldn't care less from whom it had come because she had already decided to start with the dark-haired man to her left. She quickly finished the drink and leaned close to the guy. To anyone watching it appeared like she was whispering something in his ear but instead she stuck her tongue out and traced it over the rim of his earlobe. She pulled back to see a rather surprised look in his eye but he got the message and pulled her off towards the bathroom.

Alyssa had her tongue down the man's throat before they even opened the door, sliding one hand over his back while slipping the other into his jeans to grab his ass. As soon as they were alone he grabbed her ass with both hands and she jumped up, wrapping her legs around his waist. For a brief moment he lost his balance and stumbled forward, but their fall was stopped when Alyssa's back slammed into the toilet stall. She had the wind partially knocked out of her but that didn't stop her, she had been through far worse recently after all. The man let go of her with one hand and used it to push one of the booths open and then pulled her inside with him.



The man set Alyssa on the toilet, which was thankfully down, and started mauling her plastic tits through the fabric. Her own hands were busy pulling open his fly and once she succeeded she pulled back from their impassioned kiss. "I want to taste your cock so much." The man smiled and stood up straight, allowing Alyssa to yank his boxers down and reveal his stiff prick. She smiled luridly while one of her hands held it firmly. She lifted it up and then started running her tongue over the bottom of his dick. When her tongue got dry she looked up at him and grinned at him while her hands slid over his hard length. She spit on his member and let her hands massage it into his skin before she opened her mouth and slipped her inflated lips over his head.

She couldn't help but smile inwardly when she heard him moan at the contact with her tongue. She traced the dexterous limb over the bell-end, making sure to leave no area untouched from cumslit to crown. She grabbed onto his belt-loops and started pulling herself deeper onto his cock but made sure to remain in control, she didn't want him going off too soon. Alyssa slid forward until she could feel his balls on her chin. She held the whole of his length in her throat and tilted her head back so she could look up at his face. The man's mouth was open in wonder and lust and the look in his eyes sent a tingle straight to her pussy.

Keeping her eyes locked on his she slowly pulled back until just the head was past her lips before swallowing his cock again. With a deliberate motion she repeated the process several times before he couldn't hold back any longer and grabbed onto her head with both hands. She felt his prick stab deep into her mouth a few times before her face was mashed into his crotch and he fired his cum into her stomach. She was a bit disappointed that he didn't last longer than a minute or two but that was partly her fault; too hungry for sperm. While the man recovered from the blowjob she grabbed a bit of toilet paper from the dispenser and wiped the spittle from the corner of her mouth.

VIP
ROOM



The next thing Alyssa knew she was waking up the following morning with a hangover. Blinking through the pain she padded into her bathroom naked. She had become more accustomed to being nude the past few months since she had met James. Now it was almost second nature for her to walk about her apartment without a stitch of clothing on. The select group of people James had brought for her to entertain never seemed to mind and even when she was alone it gave her an opportunity to admire the changes to her body. She placed both hands on her sink and leaned heavily against the porcelain surface while she recovered from the previous night's binge.

She brushed the dark hair from her face and stared at her reflection. She was still immaculately made up thanks to the permanent tattooing that had been done to her; otherwise she may have looked like an absolute wreck. The same could not be said for the tangled mess that her locks had become. The tousled mane stuck out at odd angles from where she had slept on it and was encrusted in several spots by what she could only assume was cum that escaped her mouth. With shut eyes she stepped into her shower to try and recover.

One hot shower later she was feeling much better. Alyssa toweled off and checked herself in the mirror, blowing a kiss at her reflection. She strode into her closet. While her lips advertised what she was good for it wouldn't do to be dressed like a fucktoy when she went to the salon. She picked a tight skirt that went halfway down her thigh and a dark blouse that would just hide the fact that her pierced nipples were constantly erect (unless, of course, you looked). Over the past month she had been becoming increasingly estranged from her underwear and while she had more or less forsaken bras she did put on panties once in a while. The pair she had on beneath her skirt was bright-red thong.

Alyssa drove to her first appointment of the day, stopping in at a salon. It had been quite an effort to find a straight man who worked at a parlor but once she did she got her hooks into him quick. The skinny kid (he couldn't have been much over 20 if that) had been unable to keep his eyes from wandering over her clothed but exposed form the first time she walked in.



He was so distracted by her flirtations that he botched her request . She made a show of being incredibly angry so that he was forced to take her into the backroom and find something to fix the bleach he had used instead. As soon as they were alone she locked the door behind her and pulled him into a deep kiss. Before he knew it his cock was out and she was slurping over his length.

In their first meeting he lasted less than a minute in her mouth but had improved his stamina since then. He was even able to keep up the pretense that the two of them had come to an arrangement so that she wouldn't tell his boss about the screw-up. Paul, however, couldn't quite keep the smile from his face each time he saw Alyssa walk into the shop. After ushering her into the private suite he had just enough time to lock the door before her hand was rubbing his prick through his pants. Alyssa smiled at him as she groped, feeling her mouth water a bit while she thought about his dick.



She grabbed onto the rim of his pants with both hands and, in one motion, dropped to her knees and pulled his slacks down.



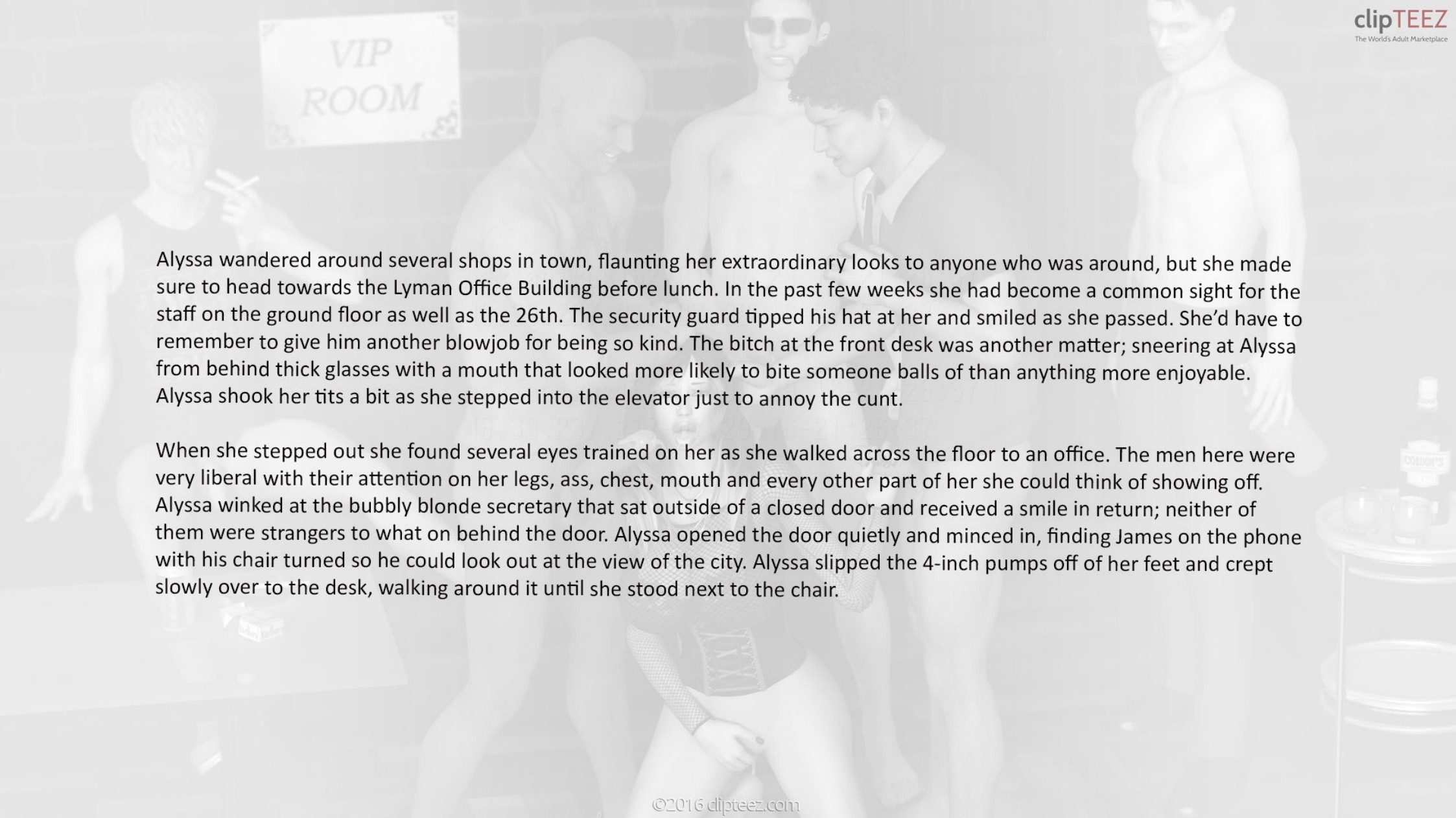
Paul winced when his erection was caught in the fabric but wasn't about to tell Alyssa to stop. She was completely unconcerned about her hairdresser's feelings at the moment with all her attention focused on the penis bobbing in front of her. She used one hand to hold it steady and sunk as much of it into her mouth as possible. Paul was hardly the largest of men but she didn't mind, it was enough that he was willing to accept her mouth as payment. The fact that he was learning how to last longer each time she stopped by was also a bonus because she had grown to love the taste of cock. Alyssa ran her tongue along the underside of his prick while slowly moving her head back and forth. She closed her eyes and hummed softly, feeling the warm blood pump through the stiff member.

Alyssa reached up and cupped her breasts through her shirt with one hand while the other massaged Paul's nuts roughly. She let her nails drag lightly over the sensitive skin while swallowing him to the root. She held his whole penis in her mouth for almost a minute, slathering it with her tongue, before pulling back until just the head remained. She brought a hand up and began to vigorously jerk him while worshiping the bell-end with her mouth. She felt him seize up and pump his hips forward slightly before exploding into her, draining his balls right onto her tongue. Alyssa drank down his spunk as fast as it came, squeezing everything out from his dick even after he had finished firing into her. Once he had been drained dry she sat down in the chair and rolled the remaining jizz over her tongue. She savored the taste in her mouth for a time but eventually swallowed it down.

She smiled proudly when she looked at Paul's face and saw his dazed expression. Alyssa gave a show of wiping a finger over her fat lower lip and then luridly sucking on the end of her digit. She could hear him grunt softly in response before giving her a playful glower. "Get in the chair before someone comes back her and I get fired." She gently grabbed onto his still-hard prick. "Now wouldn't that be a shame." Before he could think of continuing she let go and sat down in the chair. She watched Paul zip himself back up before getting to the task at hand and give her hair a wash.



An hour later she strode out of the salon and headed to the subway to take her to the commercial district.



Alyssa wandered around several shops in town, flaunting her extraordinary looks to anyone who was around, but she made sure to head towards the Lyman Office Building before lunch. In the past few weeks she had become a common sight for the staff on the ground floor as well as the 26th. The security guard tipped his hat at her and smiled as she passed. She'd have to remember to give him another blowjob for being so kind. The bitch at the front desk was another matter; sneering at Alyssa from behind thick glasses with a mouth that looked more likely to bite someone balls of than anything more enjoyable. Alyssa shook her tits a bit as she stepped into the elevator just to annoy the cunt.

When she stepped out she found several eyes trained on her as she walked across the floor to an office. The men here were very liberal with their attention on her legs, ass, chest, mouth and every other part of her she could think of showing off. Alyssa winked at the bubbly blonde secretary that sat outside of a closed door and received a smile in return; neither of them were strangers to what on behind the door. Alyssa opened the door quietly and minced in, finding James on the phone with his chair turned so he could look out at the view of the city. Alyssa slipped the 4-inch pumps off of her feet and crept slowly over to the desk, walking around it until she stood next to the chair.

James glanced up at Alyssa but continued talking on the phone. He turned back to the scenery but grabbed onto her arm with his free hand. Alyssa obediently got onto her knees and crawled between his legs. She slowly ran her hands over his pants, feeling his dick lying against his leg beneath the fabric. She stroked him through the dark cloth and pulled the material taut so that she could watch him swell under her touch. His hand on her head brought her out of her daydream and she obliged by unbuckling his belt and pulling his fly open. Once she fished his cock out of its confinement he relented on his grasp of her hair enough for her to continue on her own. She gently ran her tongue around the surface of his length, tracing the ridges and valleys of the veins on his prick.

She leaned against his leg while James relaxed back in his chair and continued talking to the person on the other side of the line. Alyssa couldn't care less about what he was saying; her whole world was the stiff dick standing right in front of her face. She teased the sensitive skin with the tip of her tongue, relishing in the feel of it as she watched it bob slightly. She planted a few kisses along its length but James wasn't interested in her affection; she felt his hand grab onto her coifed hair and mash her face against his erection. The shaft was pressed against the side of her face and filled the vision in her right eye. He allowed her to pull back a few seconds later but kept his fingers interlaced in her platinum tresses.



Alyssa rose up onto her knees and arched her back so her mouth was positioned directly above James' prick and started running her tongue over its head. Her fat lips slipped over the crown a few times to make sure it was properly lubricated before sliding more and more of it into her. With her throat so well trained over the past while she had little trouble in getting his cock into her throat and soon found her lips pressed against his groin. She reached up with one hand to fondle his balls, palming them and running her fingers over the wrinkled skin. Rather than bobbing her head she ran her tongue along the bottom of James' dick and hummed softly. She felt his hand grip her hair tighter and his legs tense slightly as he tried to keep control while still on his phone.

Despite the position she was in and the amount of debasement she was going through Alyssa felt like she was in control of the situation. James could use and humiliate her as much as he wanted, command her to suck as many of his friends as he had, but he was just like everyone else when she got her lips wrapped around him; completely at her mercy. Her authority was only an illusion, a lie she told herself so she wouldn't have to admit that her knees were where she belonged. A good portion of Alyssa had accepted that she needed cock; she needed it in her mouth, her pussy her ass, anywhere inside her so she could worship it and make it cum in one of her slutty holes. Just feeling the warm prick in her mouth was enough to get her sopping wet and as it grew closer and closer to exploding down her throat the closer she came to her own climax without even having to touch herself. She didn't know if James had hung up or just set the phone down but it didn't matter because his hand grabbed the back of her head and he started to violently pump his cock in her mouth. Alyssa grabbed onto his thighs to steady herself and prepared for his load to shoot down her throat.

VIP
ROOM

Time passed and she had grown accustomed to showing off her body around town, especially the changes that had James ordered for her. The last trip to the salon had left her with long sable hair that pooled on her even larger breasts. Now up to a JJ-cup she needed more than a bra to help her get around without slouching and had taken to wearing an underbust corset to keep her mammoth mounds in check. James had liked the dark, Victorian look it gave her and told her to start tightening the laces. It did make it a bit harder to breathe and was a bit awkward to tie properly with her nails grown out even further than before but the way it made her enlarged butt stand out even more, let alone the way it made everyone fix their gaze at her figure, it was a small price to pay.

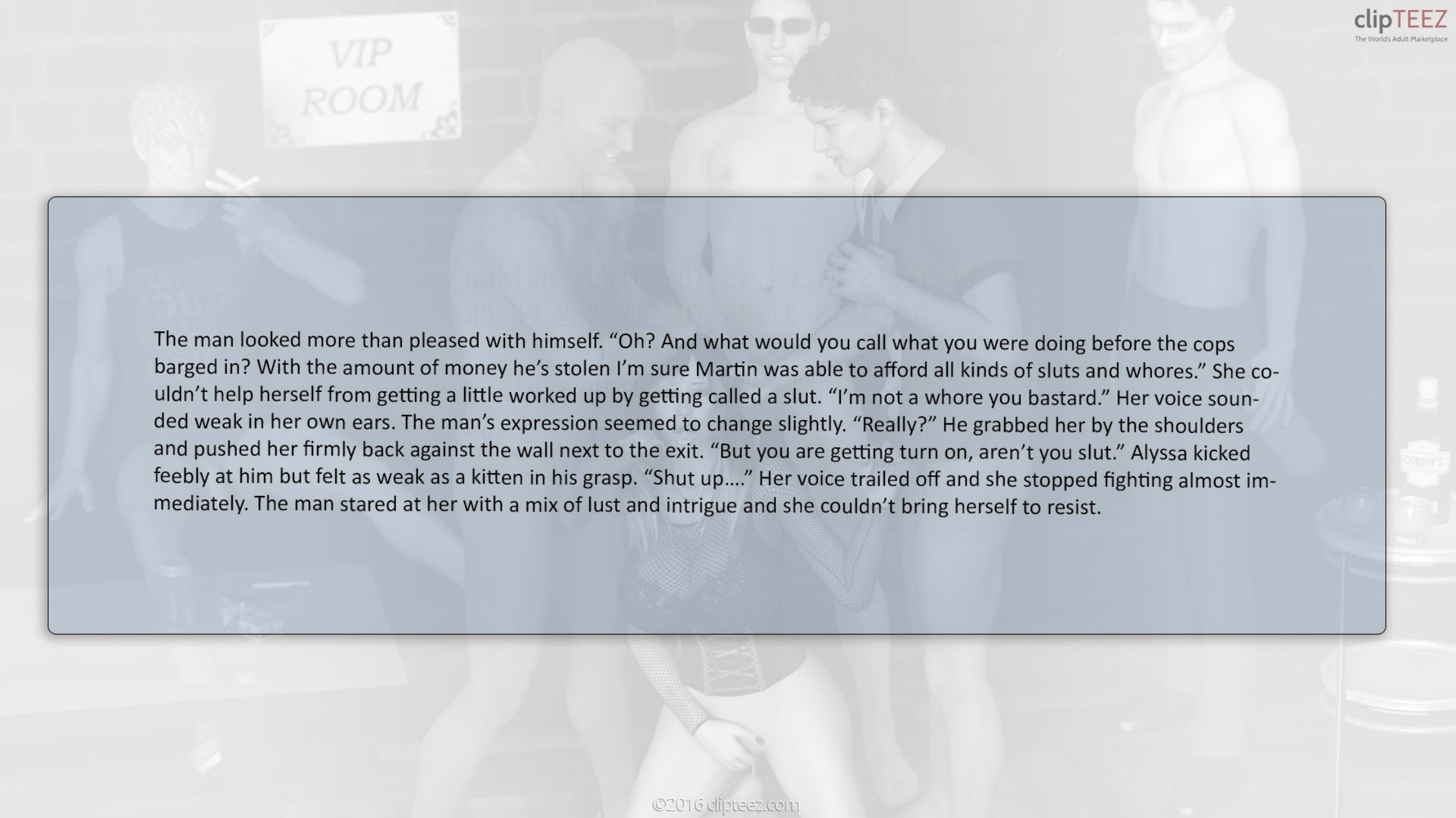


Just before lunch she visited James in his office. Her daily blowjobs became a ritual and nobody in the Lyman Office Building was surprised to see her there.

However, when James was on the edge of orgasm, something unexpected happened. The door to his office was suddenly thrown open with a loud bang and he turned towards the sound. The motion pulled his spit-covered cock from her mouth and she immediately frowned at the loss of contact. "What the hell!? Who the hell are you?!" She could hear James yell while he tried to surreptitiously do up his pants. Alyssa heard a very calm but firm voice from the now-open door: "James Martin, you're under arrest for insider trading and embezzlement." "What!" James shouted as he stood up and was lucky that he had managed to zip his fly or he'd be flashing his dick around the room. He rushed around to the other side of his desk and started yelling at the person who told him he was under arrest. Alyssa guessed that the man was a cop but she hadn't tried to look over the top of the table and reveal her presence. When she heard a brief struggle occur and it became apparent that James had a pair of handcuffs slapped on him she crawled into the hollow of his desk and tried to hide.

Alyssa heard James yelling threats and profanities as they pulled him from his office. She heard the door close and soon found herself in a much quieter place but waited until the muffled yells dwindled down to nothing before she crawled out from the desk. She rose to her feet and brushed herself off but when she turned to the door she saw a man staring at her with his arms crossed. She froze for a moment, scared what would happen to her now that she had been caught. She looked the man up and down, from his dark pressed suit pants to his fit waist hidden beneath a light grey shirt and silk tie. He had strong shoulders that didn't appear too broad and a face that showed experience rather than age. He must have been in his late forties, if not fifties, and the slight greying around the edges of his short hair fit him.

The man bent to the side and picked up Alyssa's heels that she had set by the door, holding them up for her to see. "I believe these are yours." He had a smirk on her face that rubbed her the wrong way. She walked over to him and ripped the pumps from his grasp. "Go to hell." She took a step towards the door but he got in her way. Alyssa looked up at him and looked into the steely gaze that pierced her very soul. "We're not finished yet, not unless you want me to tell the police that you're Martin's accomplice." Her eyes went wide in shock and anger. "Huh? That's not true!" The smirk returned. "I know, but it won't take much to fake the evidence that he was using you to launder the money; the courts are notorious for looking down on hookers." Alyssa shook her head. "I'm not a hooker."



The man looked more than pleased with himself. “Oh? And what would you call what you were doing before the cops barged in? With the amount of money he’s stolen I’m sure Martin was able to afford all kinds of sluts and whores.” She couldn’t help herself from getting a little worked up by getting called a slut. “I’m not a whore you bastard.” Her voice sounded weak in her own ears. The man’s expression seemed to change slightly. “Really?” He grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her firmly back against the wall next to the exit. “But you are getting turn on, aren’t you slut.” Alyssa kicked feebly at him but felt as weak as a kitten in his grasp. “Shut up...” Her voice trailed off and she stopped fighting almost immediately. The man stared at her with a mix of lust and intrigue and she couldn’t bring herself to resist.

Before & After

VIP
ROOM



“What are you?” Alyssa looked up at him, confused at the question for a moment. “Huh?” The man’s gaze didn’t waver. “What are you?” A frown creased her brow when she realized what he wanted her to say. Before, with James, she had some measure of control over the situation. He hadn’t even told her to come to his office today; that was her own choice. Now she was stuck in the office with this strange man who wanted her to debase herself. Why did that turn her on? She already knew the answer but she was still hesitant to admit it to herself. “I...” The man leaned in closer to her, placing his face right in front of hers. “What are you?” She bit her lip, trying to find a reason not to answer. “I’m...a slut.” A smile that held no warmth spread across his face. “Good girl.” He let go of her and pulled back. She was surprised to find herself suddenly free but couldn’t bring herself to make for the door.

The man took a long look at her form, burning her image into his mind. “Tell you what, I’ll make sure the cops don’t look in your direction but you’re gonna have to do something for me.” His gaze narrowed at her, giving Alyssa the impression that he knew he had her backed into a corner. Without a word she slowly sunk to her knees and looked up at him with a pleading stare.

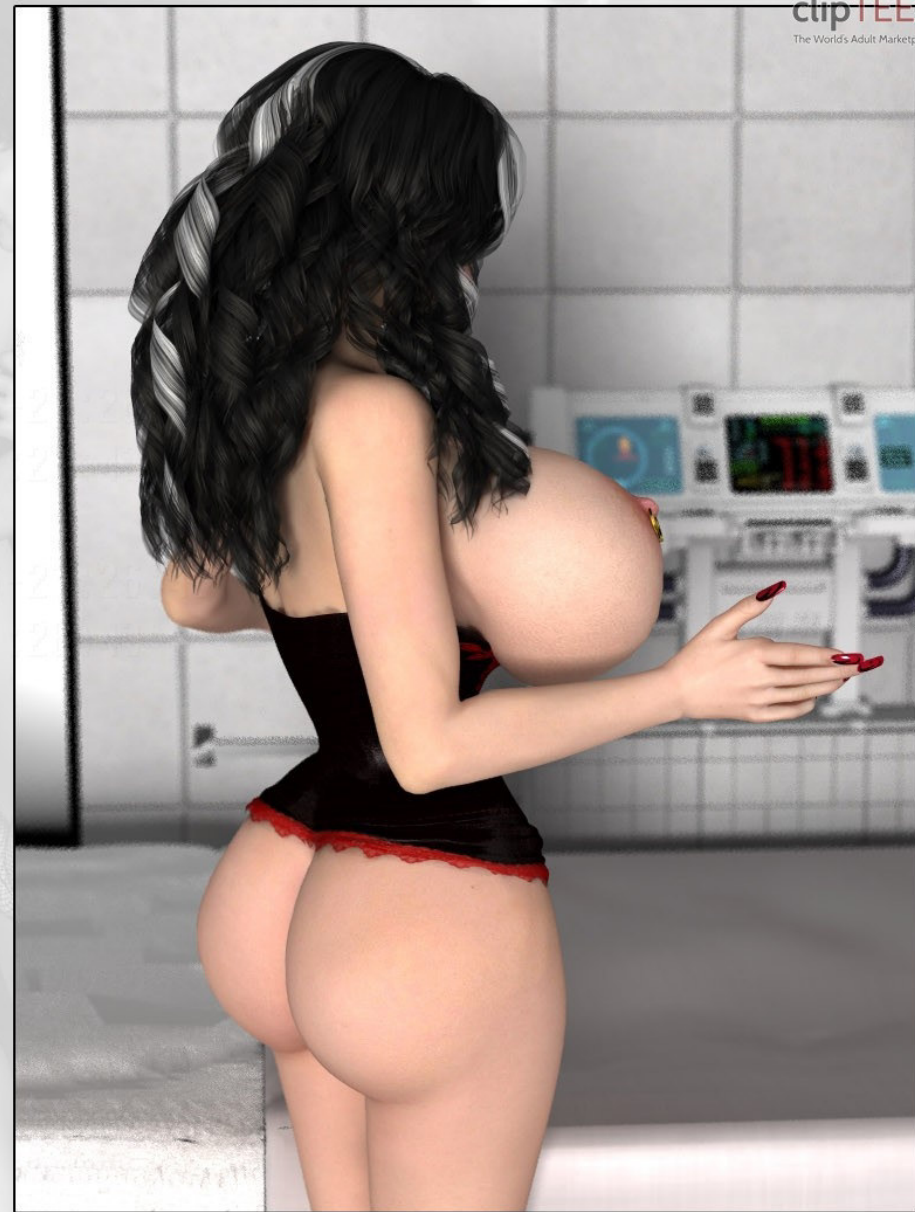


The man shook his head in a mixture of disbelief and disgust. "Not that you skank. I'm going to give you a job doing what you do best." He took a step forward so he could bend forward slightly and make her look straight up into her face. The position made her feel even smaller than she had before with the middle-aged man towering over her vulnerable form. "But you're going to need a bit of work first."

A few days after James was arrested Alyssa awoke from what felt like a coma. She wasn't far off with the anesthesia finally fading although the painkillers still remained. She tried to shift her position in bed but she lacked the strength to lift her arm and soon was unconscious once more. It took her a few more attempts at waking to finally keep her eyes open. At the start her vision was blurry, allowing her to only see a blob of white and grey in front of her, but it slowly resolved over a few minutes into a recovery room. She turned her head to the side and could see a monitor beeping away with a few wires and hoses reaching down her body.

Her eyes followed one of the wires to her prone form and watched it disappear beneath the collar of her hospital gown; a gown that was doing its best to cover the weighty globes that sat on her chest.

The two orbs stuck straight up, and obstructed the rest of her body like a double eclipse. If she ever tried to find a bra to fit them she would have been told she needed a 28L-cup but from now on she would be forced to wear custom-made clothing. Even without a mirror she could tell they had inflated her lips again; the lush pillows stuck out from her face far more than she would have thought possible. The plush cock-suckers that were a permanent part of her would remain just the slightest bit open as an invitation to anyone to use her unless she forced them tight together.





What Alyssa could not see, however, was that the doctors had also reworked her face; altering her cheekbones and applying botox injections to give her a more doll-like appearance. Her gothic makeup was now tattooed on as an indelible sign of what she had become including the dark dye that had been carefully placed in her irises to change her eye color; at least she wouldn't have to worry about the contacts any longer. A far more invasive procedure has seen to it that her waist had been shrunk down to an extreme degree. The removal of several ribs made it so that she could achieve an improbable hourglass figure, through it would require her to wear a corset at all times. The hair transplant was quite tame in comparison.

Before she could dwell any further on her situation a nurse walked into the room. The woman's outfit was hardly anything that Alyssa would expect to find on an actual nurse; a skin-tight white and pink number with a short skirt. Though there was a small hat with a red Plus perched atop her blonde curls Alyssa's eyes were drawn to the latex stretched over her bust and the obviously erect nipples. Was this what they wanted her to become? Was she going to end up as some vapid walking toy? She wanted to be mad about the thought but her body's desire prevented her from actually being upset.

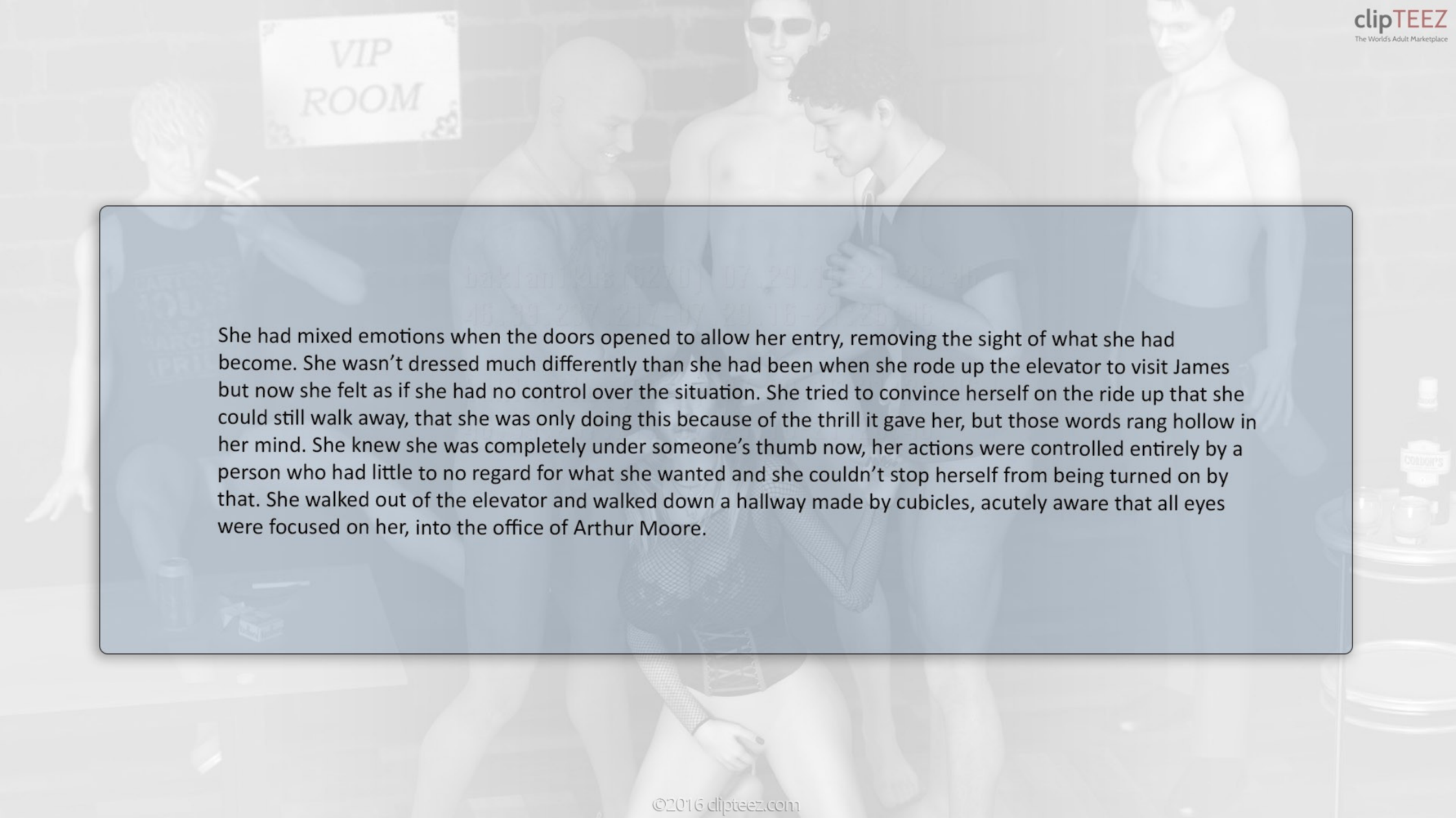
"Awake I see." The nurse stepped up to the device to read Alyssa's vitals. "And how are we feeling today?" The woman with a badge that read 'Bunny' stepped over to the monitor and studied it for a moment before looking back at the prone Alyssa. "Your vitals look fine; let's just hope there aren't any complications." In a smooth motion the nurse's hand reached out and took hold of Alyssa's tit. Her chest was still a bit sore from the stretching it had undergone but even through the pain Alyssa couldn't deny that it felt good to have someone caress her. The nurse smiled, "Still sensitive huh, well at least that means you'll have no problem feeling all those big, strong men grab and stroke your chest."

The entire time she was talking the nurse continued to palm Alyssa's boob. She rubbed her hand over the sore skin until the patient's own nubs started to show through the hospital gown. Alyssa did the only thing she could to distract the bubbly nurse. "Wa...water." She rasped through parched lips. The nurse paused as surprise spread over her face. "Oh, you're thirsty! Well of course you are. You haven't had anything to drink since yesterday." Alyssa wasn't sure if the nurse was trying to have a conversation with her or if she was talking to herself but in either case she was just satisfied that the bimbo had stopped mauling her chest. She closed her eyes for a second but was disturbed mere seconds later when something warm was placed against the side of her mouth. Alyssa opened her eyes once more and found her vision filled with the exposed breast of the nurse. She wanted to scream at the dunce but as soon as her lips parted the nurse pushed her nipple into the patient's mouth and squeezed her tit. Alyssa found her mouth filling with milk that was slightly sweeter than she was used to and, while she wanted to spit it out immediately, she was too thirsty to resist.

While she nursed Alyssa tried to stare daggers at the blonde but the beatific grin from the woman smiling down at her melted away any harsh feelings that she tried to conjure. A while later the nurse decided she had had enough and left to continue her rounds, not even bothering to fix her outfit before leaving. It was a few hours more before the meds had worn off enough for Alyssa to be discharged. When she was finally allowed to leave there was a car waiting for her to take her home. The same black sedan was outside of her house a few days later when she was to start her new job at investment firm. This time when she walked through the front door the receptionist had a superior smirk on her face, knowing just how far Alyssa had fallen in just the last month.



Alyssa could see her reflection in the polished elevator doors and was still shocked at what she saw.

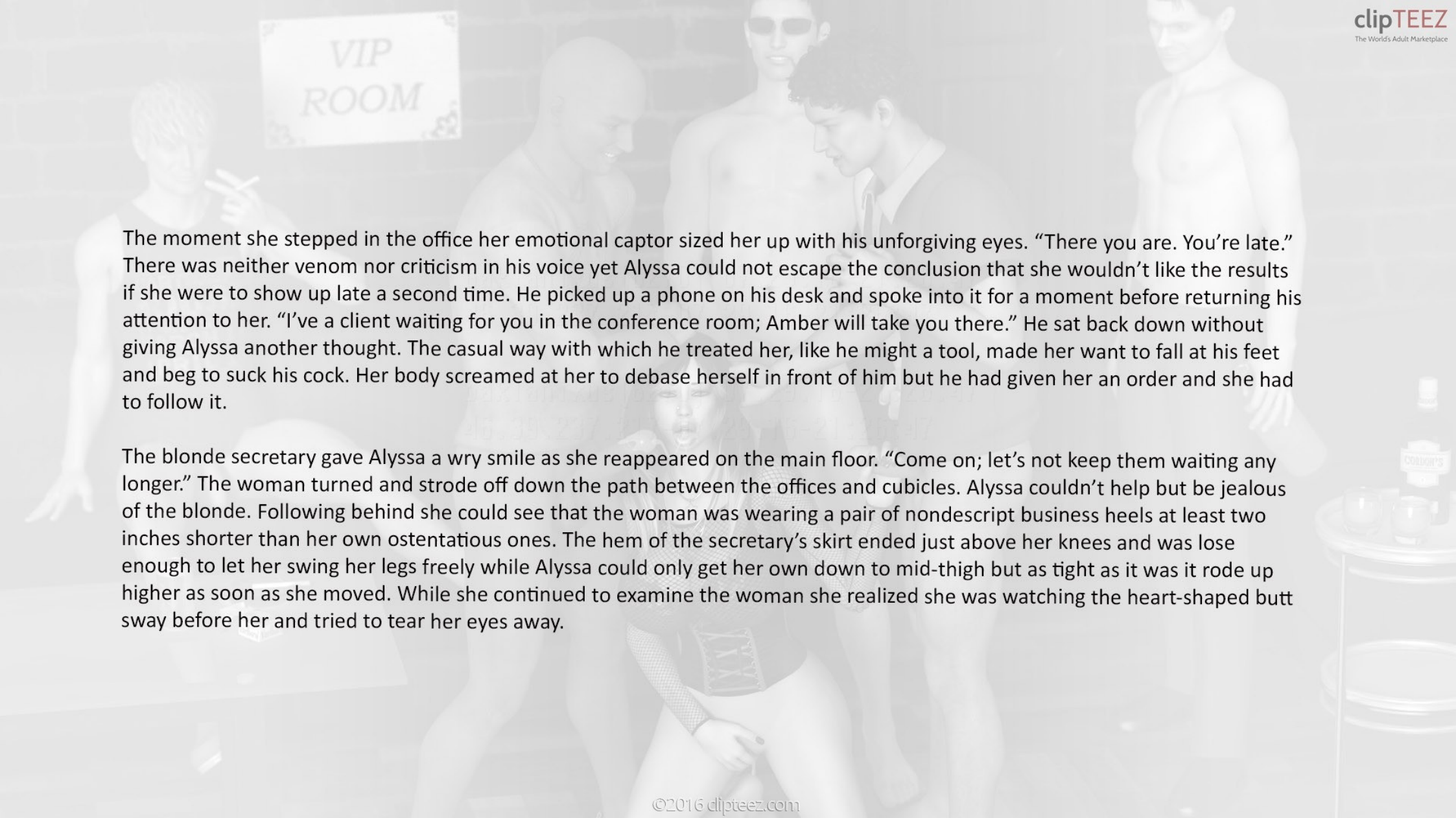


She had mixed emotions when the doors opened to allow her entry, removing the sight of what she had become. She wasn't dressed much differently than she had been when she rode up the elevator to visit James but now she felt as if she had no control over the situation. She tried to convince herself on the ride up that she could still walk away, that she was only doing this because of the thrill it gave her, but those words rang hollow in her mind. She knew she was completely under someone's thumb now, her actions were controlled entirely by a person who had little to no regard for what she wanted and she couldn't stop herself from being turned on by that. She walked out of the elevator and walked down a hallway made by cubicles, acutely aware that all eyes were focused on her, into the office of Arthur Moore.

Before & After

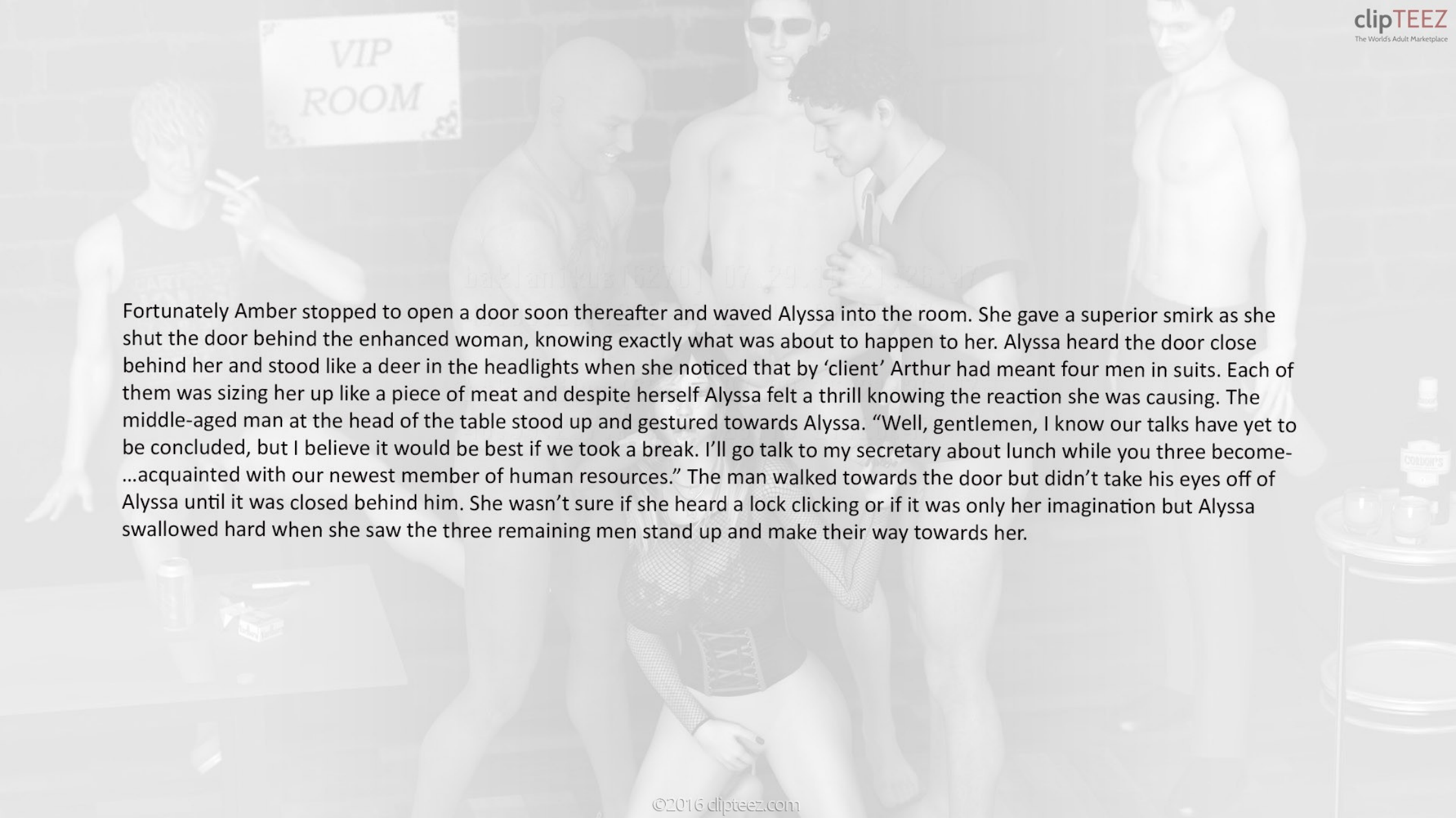
VIP
ROOM





The moment she stepped in the office her emotional captor sized her up with his unforgiving eyes. “There you are. You’re late.” There was neither venom nor criticism in his voice yet Alyssa could not escape the conclusion that she wouldn’t like the results if she were to show up late a second time. He picked up a phone on his desk and spoke into it for a moment before returning his attention to her. “I’ve a client waiting for you in the conference room; Amber will take you there.” He sat back down without giving Alyssa another thought. The casual way with which he treated her, like he might a tool, made her want to fall at his feet and beg to suck his cock. Her body screamed at her to debase herself in front of him but he had given her an order and she had to follow it.

The blonde secretary gave Alyssa a wry smile as she reappeared on the main floor. “Come on; let’s not keep them waiting any longer.” The woman turned and strode off down the path between the offices and cubicles. Alyssa couldn’t help but be jealous of the blonde. Following behind she could see that the woman was wearing a pair of nondescript business heels at least two inches shorter than her own ostentatious ones. The hem of the secretary’s skirt ended just above her knees and was loose enough to let her swing her legs freely while Alyssa could only get her own down to mid-thigh but as tight as it was it rode up higher as soon as she moved. While she continued to examine the woman she realized she was watching the heart-shaped butt sway before her and tried to tear her eyes away.



Fortunately Amber stopped to open a door soon thereafter and waved Alyssa into the room. She gave a superior smirk as she shut the door behind the enhanced woman, knowing exactly what was about to happen to her. Alyssa heard the door close behind her and stood like a deer in the headlights when she noticed that by ‘client’ Arthur had meant four men in suits. Each of them was sizing her up like a piece of meat and despite herself Alyssa felt a thrill knowing the reaction she was causing. The middle-aged man at the head of the table stood up and gestured towards Alyssa. “Well, gentlemen, I know our talks have yet to be concluded, but I believe it would be best if we took a break. I’ll go talk to my secretary about lunch while you three become...acquainted with our newest member of human resources.” The man walked towards the door but didn’t take his eyes off of Alyssa until it was closed behind him. She wasn’t sure if she heard a lock clicking or if it was only her imagination but Alyssa swallowed hard when she saw the three remaining men stand up and make their way towards her.

She pulled her arms towards her body when the first one reached her, running his hand along her arm. A second man grabbed her wrist and gently pulled it away from her chest. While he was getting a good look the third man didn't even bother with a pretense and grabbed her tit. Alyssa bit her lip to stifle a moan, the pain had faded from the procedure but her breasts were still very sensitive. She didn't even bother resisting when the first man took her free hand and brought it down between his legs so she could feel the erection through his pants. Without being prompted to she started running her fingers over the bulge at his crotch.

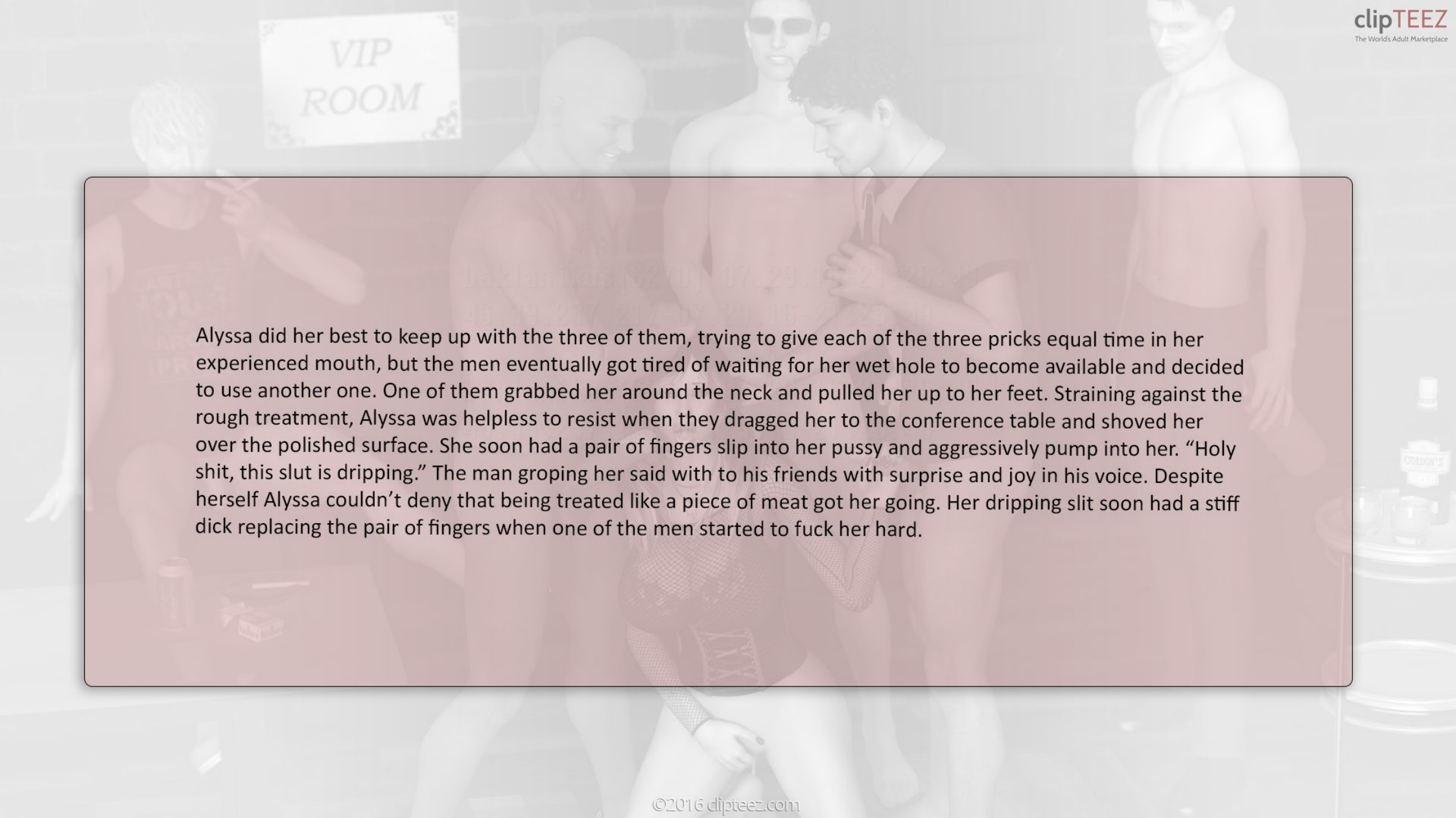


Keeping a hand on her bust the third man slipped his other hand around her jaw and used it to point her face directly at his. She stared into his eyes and could see the lust there, but also something else: authority. Alyssa had little doubt that he enjoyed the shape of her body as much as he liked having free reign over her actions, even if it were only for a short time. “Well, slut? Got anything to say for yourself?” Alyssa’s swollen lips quivered as she searched for the right thing to say. “Ca...can I, can this slut suck your cock?” She caught herself mid-sentence, feeling that somehow it was wrong to refer to herself as a person at the moment. The man’s domineering gaze brightened slightly with a mischievous smile. “Why yes, yes you can.”

The other two men loosed their grip on Alyssa so she could sink to her knees on the floor. She idly thought that she should ask Mr. Moore to replace it with something a bit more plush, something that would be a bit easier on her knees, but she pushed that to the side and got to the task at hand. She brought her hands up to his belt and unfastened it quickly before unzipping his slacks and letting the fabric fall away to reveal his tented underwear. Biting her fat lip, Alyssa ran a hand over the bulge for a moment before slipping her fingers under the band and pulling it down so she could fish his prick out into the open. Her eyes crossed when she locked eyes with the stiff member that bobbed before her face and her breath came in heavy pants from her parted cock-suckers. Her gaze drifted up to the man’s face while she idly stroked him and saw the approval plastered over his visage. Taking one final breath she closed her eyes and parted her massive pillows before descending on his turgid dick.



As soon as the head slipped into her mouth she was lost in a sea of wanton desire. She imagined herself dripping on the floor each time her giant lips slid over his length, wanting to keep the thick member in her mouth as long as she could.



Alyssa did her best to keep up with the three of them, trying to give each of the three pricks equal time in her experienced mouth, but the men eventually got tired of waiting for her wet hole to become available and decided to use another one. One of them grabbed her around the neck and pulled her up to her feet. Straining against the rough treatment, Alyssa was helpless to resist when they dragged her to the conference table and shoved her over the polished surface. She soon had a pair of fingers slip into her pussy and aggressively pump into her. “Holy shit, this slut is dripping.” The man groping her said with to his friends with surprise and joy in his voice. Despite herself Alyssa couldn’t deny that being treated like a piece of meat got her going. Her dripping slit soon had a stiff dick replacing the pair of fingers when one of the men started to fuck her hard.



Alyssa's body rocked back and forth with the violent thrusts. She clutched at the table for a better purchase while her legs trembled under the weight of the man and the pleasure that was coursing through her body. Just as she was starting to enjoy the rough sex one of the others grabbed her long hair and pulled her face towards the head of the table so they could continue to use her mouth. She tried to protest about the pulling of her black locks but as soon as her mouth was open it was stuffed with cock and her complaint was drowned out in a sea of muffled moans. She didn't have to do much work herself to suck on the penis between her lips due to the aggressive shoves she was getting pushing her forward.

Alyssa stayed in that position for a short time before the odd man out complained to his friends and the three of them reached a quick compromise. The third man got on the table and Alyssa was picked up and set down on top of him, her legs on either side of his waist. She wasn't even given the chance to move herself into position before she found her snatch being filled with yet another throbbing member. The man who had been fucking her over the table climbed on the wooden surface and crouched behind her before prodding his slick prick into her ass. Alyssa seized up in response, still unused to having her buttock stretched (though James had been working on her). Between the two men they were able to hold her steady while the one on top slid as deep into her as he could. With both her lower holes filled the strength in Alyssa's arms failed her and she lay sprawled atop the man with her face buried in his shoulder.

VIP ROOM

She only had a brief moment of rest before the man in her anus started to slowly pump his hips. She moaned as she was rocked on the cock in her pussy but was once more silenced when the third man grabbed her hair and held her head up so he could jam his dick in her mouth again. Alyssa didn't even care about the pain from having her hair pulled; she was too full of cock to let a little thing like that get in the way of her abject bliss.



VIP ROOM

By the time they were done with her Alyssa was splayed out across the conference table, looking blankly at the ceiling and half consciously caressing her pussy. She heard the men congratulating themselves as they left the room.

From that point on Alyssa couldn't deny what she had become; she was a living sex-toy, a party favor to be passed around the office for prospective clients, the week's top sale rep, or just for the hell of it. She saw less and less of her old self every time she looked in the mirror; her placid visage, dark makeup and permanently pouted lips coming to be how she remembered herself even before being changed into her current doll persona.



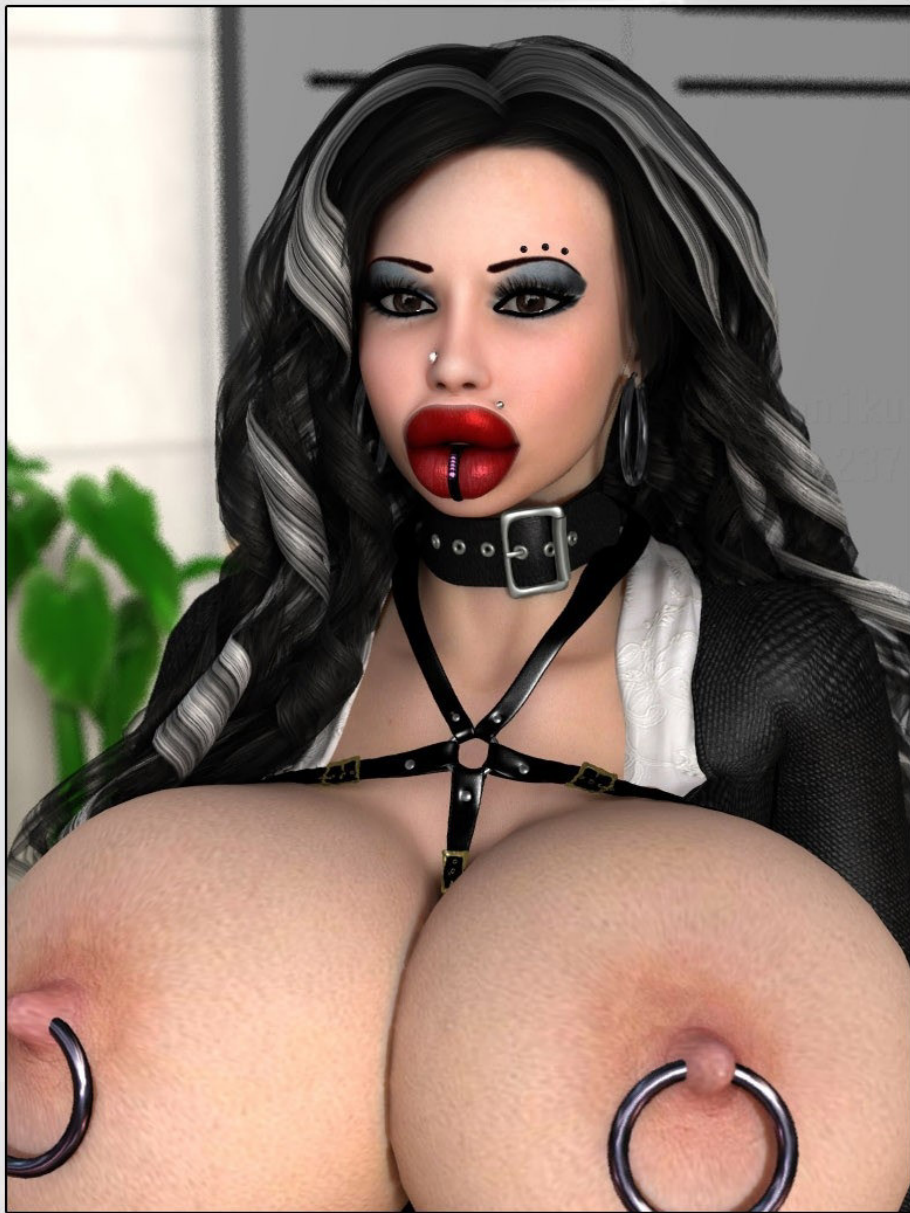
Over the next few months she hardly had an hour pass at work without some's cock inside of her. More often than not she was only required to use her mouth, her lips having been sculpted to near-perfection for just that purpose. She wanted it to be a lie but the more she found herself on her knees servicing a throbbing prick the more she liked it. Feeling the hard flesh sliding into her mouth ready to explode, the taste of the cum as it washed over her tongue, the feel of the creamy load as she swallowed it down. She did her best to pretend to the outside world that she was an unwilling participant but deep inside she knew better.

Soon enough the tales of her oral prowess had run their way through the company's grapevine. The backlog of employees who requested time with the 'blowjob dispenser' grew to the point where her boss tried creative ways to solve the problem. First they tried to set up a gloryhole for her in one of the men's bathrooms, but complaints by those who actually had to use the facilities as well as a few women who wanted to test Alyssa's skill made them move her into an empty office. That worked until her exploits reached the other floors and some of the 'higher-ups' wanted time with her as well. They tried placing her in the elevator but all that served to do was clog the list with those waiting for their turn in line.

In the end the decision was made that Alyssa's mouth was just too valuable a resource to give out as a minor reward and they started reserving as a more exclusive benefit. It was at this time that management began to ask the staff if there were any changes that they would like to see made to Alyssa. The standard appeals for larger and more feminine features were apparent, but there were a few interesting idea that were proposed as well. After running them by a surgeon or two Alyssa's next series of modifications were scheduled.

It took Alyssa a few months to fully recover from the work that was done on her. Despite the radical nature she had to admit there were some benefits to the surgeries. They had expanded her breasts again, making her tits hang from her body in a completely unnatural way, but they did attract attention. Her lip implants had been replaced by ones that were softer and more comfortable for the men she fellated with the added benefit of making her just a hair more sensitive. As she slowly drew her expansive lips up and down the shaft of the most recent cock set in front of her Alyssa had no trouble getting the entire length in her mouth even with the extra piercings that adorned her tongue.





Her new ability to deepthroat a dick of any size (at least each one she had come across) was the result of a combined botox treatment and pharyngeal training to completely remove her gag reflex. With the head of prick seated as far back as she could get it Alyssa was able to lather her tongue all over the pulsing member. The lingual frenectomy that had performed in the hopes of lengthening her tongue didn't achieve the desired results but it gave her a greater range of motion within her mouth, including nearly being able to wrap the sensitive organ almost all the way around the penis it was worshiping.

Before & After



The man she was servicing grabbed her by the hair and held her down against his groin. Alyssa reached up to grab onto his thighs but only to steady herself as he thrust forcefully against her face. The most invasive procedure they had performed on her was to implant an arterial stent leading from the top of her larynx around her throat to the back of her nasal cavity. The end result being that she could still breathe through her nose even when her throat was stuffed full of cock. It took her a while to get used to the stent but once she did she was appreciative of the doctors' skill; now she could enjoy having a hard prick crammed inside her as long as she wanted.

Despite her desires, however, the man could last no longer and soon exploded in her gullet. She swallowed instantly and felt the creamy load slide into her stomach. Once he let go of her hair Alyssa pulled back and used her dexterous tongue to clean his softening member before looking up at him and licking her inflated lips. "Mmmm, thanks." As soon as the man started fixing his cloths she stopped caring about him, waiting impatiently on her knees for him to step to the side so the next hard cock could be sent her way.

VIP ROOM

She was doing what she was meant to do and Alyssa had stopped pretending that she was reluctant. The surgeries, the men she allowed to control her, the actions she never really fought against; all of it pointed to one unmistakable fact. Alyssa smiled when the next dick was unveiled in front of her and planted a kiss with the perfectly shaped pillows that adorned her face on its stiff length. She was a born cocksucker, a living doll, a sex toy.



Before & After



Before & After



VIP
ROOM

THE END

Thank you for reading!