



Writer: ?

Illustrator: ?

Name: Diana Glass

Age: 23

IQ: 108

Height: 174

Weight: 54

Body Type: Normal

Race: Caucasoid

Description:

Diana is a sex model. She is a trendsetter in the branch. She plays in presentations of the newest toys and clothes. When you are watching commercials of brothels or clips from sex-parties of large pornographic firms, you're asking yourself who are these perfect, horny chicks, testing the toys or being fucked by groups of men. Read Diana's story and perhaps you'll find out. In reality an erotic model has it really tough. A lot of sacrifices and a very difficult job. You have to be always in top shape, always look perfect, always fit the current trends and always smile.

Story info:

Standard illustrated story.

Pills per voting: 15000

Pictures per voting: 4





My agent told me this morning, that I am flat and fat. He says that with my looks it gets harder and harder to find me a decent offer. Supposedly he is negotiating a contract with a company producing pleasure bands, but they require me to lose some weight and take care of my breasts. Recently the most fashionable are "Super Fake" boobs. I don't know what to think about it. I am on diet all the time, but it's not enough. I'm afraid that I might lose my job.



Being a Porn Model is a hard Job. You always have to stay on top. In order to keep her position Diana will have to work very hard. Weight loss is a one thing, the other is the visit in the clinic. How far will she go to keep up with other models?

See voting results below.

Weight lose methods

Strict diet

Breast surgery

Super fake 500 cc Spherical

Other surgeries

Waist reduction

Which offer she will choose

Pleasure bands commercial



The operation was a full success. No wonder though, we live in the second half of the 21st century, and in the age of modern medicine this was more of a cosmetic change than a serious operation.

Even though it was nothing extreme I still feel slightly different. I know I've lost some of my natural look. My waist and ribcage have been reduced, while my breasts are now much bigger and shamelessly round. Such fashion. I tried all my clothes on. Some I had to get rid of, but most of them look pretty good on me. Still, I have to buy some new ones, tailored to my slimmer waist and larger bust.

I can't get used to them. They still draw my attention, I often look at them in the mirror, and carefully touch them. They are completely different. I don't know how to say it. They are soft, and flexible at the same time and larger, of course. Also, due to all this reducing, my stamina drastically deteriorated and I quickly run out of breath. My doctor tells me that it will improve in time. On the other hand, it is nothing compared to what some of my colleagues do with their bodies to achieve success.

Recently I met with Tori. She is my old college friend. We talked on this and that, and of course we reached the topic of my new look. It was very interesting. I told her how I feel now, and how it feels to touch my new breasts. It ended in thorough showing and touching. Tori was awestruck. "They are so fake" she repeated over and over... "can you feel anything when they're touched?". I could tell that she liked my new look, and that she was jealous, but of course she had to complain "I am really worried about you, don't overdo these changes like your colleagues do".

Can I feel anything?! What sort of question is that! Of course I can! They are even more sensitive than they had been before! It is typical for this operation. I specifically asked the doctor to increase their sensitivity because in my job it's very important. I have to be responsive even after many hours of work!

I've gone for a strict diet. Unfortunately I don't have good results yet. In order to lose even more weight I'd have to go below the minimum of what I need to eat to live, in other words, to begin starving myself. I'd like to avoid such sacrifices, but my agent complains that I don't meet the standards. I don't know what to do, I think I'll have to turn to some more advanced technology.



Two days ago I went to a club for a job interview. They didn't take me, but I met Karen there – my business colleague. She has changed a lot, I wouldn't have recognised her at all if she hadn't called me! Damn, the girl really went for it. She looks like a doll! No normal girl could have such proportions. Slim, thin waist, round butt and really huge boobs! Add to that a face of a doll, super thick hair, permanent makeup and lips so full, that I wondered how she can even speak clearly!

We chatted a while, I asked her why she went this far. She says she earns a lot of money and doesn't even need an agent anymore. I asked, if she doesn't mind her extreme look, it means there are some limitations after all. For instance it's difficult to do any sports with such huge boobs and only very high heels fit her modified feet

Her answer really surprised me! She said that a doll such as her is not for doing sports!

I found her generally weird. Throughout our conversation she kept touching her breasts, butt, or licking her full lips. She was constantly checking if the clothes look good on her. Later I thought that she got a little crazy about all these modifications and that's why she acted so weird. Well, everyone is crazy about something, Karen is simply more crazy than others. But if she's ok with it, so be it.





For the last two day I was taking part in this damned "pleasure bands" commercial. Not that it wasn't pleasurable, I hadn't had so many orgasms in the last month as I had in those two days! But it is so bloody tiresome!

But let's start at the beginning. The last two days were simply terrible! The staff was so impolite, the stylist clumsy, and the art director so brusque. At the very start he greeted us with: "Who have you brought me here? She's fat and flat! She was to be a slim and busty doll!". It turned out that the commercial was aimed at rich businessmen, who keep expensive mistresses and pay for all their inventions. In those circles artificiality is a sacred fashion. Finally my agent explained that he reached terms with the director and they'll "give me a chance" anyway. The main PR guy decided that they'll make an experiment and film one commercial for slightly less rich market, and for that they needed a natural girl like me.

I played a girl in a house from the future, who is playing with a pleasure band I was wearing some fancy futuristic costume, designed by that clumsy stylist. It was pretty but very uncomfortable and it unzipped constantly.

First, they decided to film some takes of me having an orgasm. It was to be very natural so they gave me an EXTA pill. Damn, I didn't know this device is so powerful! The band resembles a pantyliner towel, you put it in your underwear. It stimulates both vagina and the other hole, and it emits some kind of impulse straight to the spinal cord. When they turned it on for the first time, I was so surprised, that I came nearly immediately! It would have probably worked even without the EXTA. Then I started to get used to it, but the experience was still extreme. They stimulated me for half a day! Takes, some more takes, a moment of break, and even more takes. By the end I was so exhausted, I couldn't cum anymore and I just moaned. At that moment the director called a cut and moved the rest of the takes for the next day.

The next day wasn't easier. We were filming a funny scene. The girl (that is me) watches a porn film when her boyfriend calls her. She pick up the phone and at that moment her cat sits on the pleasure band's remote control. The girl doesn't want to admit what she's doing, but finds it problematic, because the damn animal is sitting on the remote and turns the device up to the maximum. They gave me a phone and I had this dialogue with some guy on the other end. At the same time they turned the device up and recorded how I was trying to explain myself. To be honest the guy would have to be a complete idiot not to notice what I was doing, because when the dial showed 80% I totally lost my thread and at 100% I moaned like crazy. On the other hand it was just a commercial. It was to be funny, not realistic.

I was told they had been impressed ad the ad agency! I am super natural and played very well. I didn't notice it while we were filming, but later everyone said I was really great. Come to think of it, I think that people really were somewhat nicer on the second day. My agent said that they will have more jobs for me, but this time I really have to do something about my look. He said that fashion in this business changes very fast and you have to keep up. He made me a little angry, particularly when he kept repeating that I am too fat. I asked if he would be satisfied if I started to look like Karen, but he didn't reply.



Such successful commercial is a huge chance for me. It opened me the door to a higher class sex modelling. Unfortunately, there are no universal solutions here. I have to choose a new style now, and I don't know what to decide on.

See voting results below.

New set of enhancements depends on what specialisation will Diana choose

Pussy pet – Pussies are surgically adapted to experience very long and powerful orgasms. They find job in pornographic movies and toys commercials. Most of them become strongly addicted to sex

Additional enhancement

Bigger breasts



I have decided on the "Climax Booster". Yes, I know it's quite a risky move, but it's a nearly certain success. The implant is infamous – it is said that sex becomes too pleasurable, which is why few girls decide to take it. For me this just means the absence of competition. I do not believe that sex can be too pleasurable, in my opinion this is bullshit, everything is the matter of self-discipline. If a doll becomes addicted to being fucked, then that means she wasn't suited for the job in the first place.

Meanwhile "Pussy Pets", as the "Climax Booster" girls are called, are the hottest thing on the market.



When I was waiting in the hospital for the surgery I met a guy named David. He is so cute! Handsome and funny, he drives a speedbike and is a delivery guy. He'd had an accident and had broken his arm, and was waiting for recovery surgery.



I really like his outlook on life. He is totally chilled out, nothing can make him lose his cool. When I told him that I am an erotic model from the "Pleasure Bands" commercial, he didn't mind at all, he accepted it.

The tree hours we spent together in the waiting room were fantastic. When the doctor came to tell me it was my turn, I frankly regretted that I had to go.

The surgery had ended. My bust is even larger than before. Perhaps for an average woman it would be too extreme, but for me it's perfect; I love it's shape beneath the T-shirt and I love it even more when I'm naked. It's full and provocative, and now certainly no commercial "artist" can whine about me being flat.



"Climax Booster" has a chemical blockade. This means that the implant will not be functional for the next several days. The doctors asked me to stay home during that time, they said it's good to be prepared, when it "kicks in"

I'm so stupid! Due to all the excitement I forgot to exchange phone numbers with David! Now I've got no way to contact him. That's so unfortunate, because I really liked him. I'd really love to see him again.

I'm wearing 32 G or H now, depending on the bra. I have to get used to this size, it gets in the way during some activities.

I have also noticed that people often stare at me, especially men. Oh, how I'd love David to see how I look now.



The blockade stopped working last night, when I was going to bed. The change was accompanied by strong tingling of buttocks and labia. I started touching those places to check what was wrong, and I immediately understood that it was the "Climax Booster". The pleasure I felt from touching myself there was overwhelming. My own hand, sliding along my buttocks I felt as though it were a touch of an expert erotic masseur. The pleasure derived from such a simple move frightened me, I was afraid to touch the really sensitive places. I stood like that, in the middle of the room for a while, with my hand stopped half-way, wondering whether to go further or not. Finally I decided that it made no sense to wonder I wanted to become a Pussy Pet myself, and the faster I got used to it, the better. I slowly slid my finger in my tight butt. The feeling was great. My finger was sliding inside me, filling my with untold pleasure.

I didn't even notice how I got down on the floor, spread on the fluffy carpet I was drilling my hot butt craving for more touch. The pleasure was overtaking me and radiated through my entire body. It was fascinating.





I pulled out some toys from the drawer and tried them out. Small elastic dildo from "Massagenix" was very stimulating, particularly when its soft bumps slid past my tight sphincter. Similarly the silicone butt plug, which I rode for several minutes on the chair moaning loudly. But it was the vibrator that turned out to be the real dynamite. When the toy energetically shook my butt the orgasm came nearly immediately.

Unexpectedly, when I closed my eyes I saw David. My chilled out prince charming who I met at the hospital. I imagined him coming over, and us having sex. His strong arms around my waist, his decisive movements bringing me to ecstasy. He was smiling to me with his easy-going smile, which encompassed all tranquillity of the universe.

I remember playing with myself for a long time. Subsequent orgasms were ever stronger and longer, as if my body was still adjusting to the amazing power of the "Climax Booster".

My hole was red and sore but I couldn't stop !



It was late at night when I finally came over to my senses. My butt was aching so much I couldn't stick any toy inside it. I was frightened to find out that not only I'd spent half the night playing with my ass, but in my ecstatic frenzy I had started to fuck myself so long and hard that I could do it no more.



– So that's really how it works! – I thought. So this damn thing is really that powerful!
Tears of anger filled my eyes. – So it happened, I am a "Pussy Pet".

An then an idea came to my mind, so dumb I am still amazed why I decided to do it.
For the first time that night my hand went shyly towards my pussy.



The following day found me in bed. Flexing with another of the countless orgasms. I had been fondling myself all night. The sheets were creased and soaked with sweat and I was so exhausted I couldn't move a finger. Only then I fell asleep. I dreamed of David.

I can't stop thinking of sex. It became so pleasurable, that I can't resist the urge. For some unexplainable reason, I also think about David all the time. I am fixated on him like some kind of psycho! I can't get him out of my fantasies. Whenever I close my eyes and slide my fingers in my pussy, I see him in front of my eyes. I see how he gets of his speedbike and approaches me with a roguish smile. He then embraces me and pushes against the wall or on the bed. Sometimes I just ride him, while he puts one hand on my waist and holds my buttocks with the other. We are having sex. Long and very passionately. We are making love like that, on and on, and I'm screaming his name.

When I finally open my eyes, and my lover disappears like a ghost, It turns out that I lost another evening, afternoon or night. I have to find out who he is and how to meet him. How could I have been so stupid and not get his number!

I have to limit myself, It cannot go on like that! Everything I do revolves around sex. I chat up strange men and take them to bed, it's stronger than me, in the last week I'd already had the mailman, a pizza delivery guy, cameraman and plumber. The last one was completely over the top! Not only was he dirty and reeked of sweat, he came after five minutes, pulled on his pants and stopped without giving me any satisfaction! A complete disaster!

I have sleepless nights, masturbating until morning, when I am overcome with frenzy, I can keep fucking myself so long and hard, that both my holes hurt for the entire following day! Several times when I was taking care of things downtown, I got so horny that I had to lock myself in a public toilet to get some release.

When my pussy remains devoid of attention for too long, it demands immediate, uncompromising fucking.

I've decided I have to control it, which is why I had not masturbated at all for several days. It's hellishly difficult, but if I don't learn to control it, I'll become exactly what I don't want to be – a horny "Pussy Pet" whose pussy is always wet. That is why I've decided that my next commercial can't have anything to do with sex

I did some photos for the car comercial. It went smoothly. Fortunately I didn't rape anyone and it's a good sign.





My agent fixed me a commission for lingerie commercial and I think it should be fine. I only hope they won't touch me too much during the shoots, because due to all this sexual abstinence I might explode!

When I came there, my agent introduced me to my new assistant. The girl's name is Helen and she seems quite nice. I'd never had an assistant! It's clear that the contract with Silky Dream (the "Pleasure Band" manufacturer) paid off well. I was afraid if everything would go well. My libido remained really high. One strong impulse could break the balance, for which I had worked so hard.

I felt Helen's hands on me, adjusting the lingerie, and all I could think of was the rising pleasure. Her gentle hand slid over my buttock when she was adjusting my panties. I let out a quiet sigh. Helen immediately stopped and looked at me amazed. I pretended not to notice.



The girl went back to work and fetched a bra. Large ornate cups touched my breasts, assistant's hands brushed my breasts I closed my eyes biting my lip. I felt her smell and touch, I felt the urge to jump on her like a cat in heat. I got a grip on myself, I decided I wouldn't give in this time!

...and then the unexpected happened. The door to the changing room opened and David came in!

– Hi sweetie, how's it going? – He asked my assistant. A moment later he realised that I was standing there half-naked in front of him, and added – Oh jeez! I'm sorry I'm leav... – He stopped half way through, undoubtedly realising that I was the same girl he had met at the hospital.

A sudden wave of emotions washed over me like a waterfall! I didn't know what to say, I felt Helen's hands on my large boobs, I felt pleasure and I felt lost.

– Please stay! – I moaned in despair, watching him leave out the door.

How could I have said something so stupid!? So many times I had wondered what to say. I had been preparing for the moment when I finally found him. And now, when it finally happened I could only manage this pitiful moan!

– Darling – my assistant said, meet Diana, a rising star of erotic modelling, my new employer.

Saying that she grabbed my breasts to adjust them inside the cups. When she was doing it, her gentle hands discreetly grabbed hold of my nipples. That was too much for me.

A blue mist covered my eyes. Looking at the surprised face of the man of my dreams I howled in ecstasy, as the powerful orgasm flexed my body.



What will happen next?

Voting finished! See results below.

Diana and David

Diana tries to make threesome with David and Helen

New look

Bigger butt

Pussy Pet

Diana slowly becomes addicted to vaginal penetration

New style

Shiny latex

We have to collect necessary amount of pills. Current pills status: 3135 / 15000