

Dolly Fox

& the Blooming Lotus - Part 1



- Breast expansion
- Booty expansion
- Lip expansion
- Waist reduction
- Enhanced sensitivity



Exclusive photo session inside!
(No nudes in part one)



Dolly Fox & The Blooming Lotus Part 1

Created with Dolly Fox!

Breast expansion

Booty expansion

Lip expansion

Waist reduction

Enhanced sensitivity

3D Model: Dolly Fox

Writer: Szyla

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.

Color Code:

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

BLACK
History

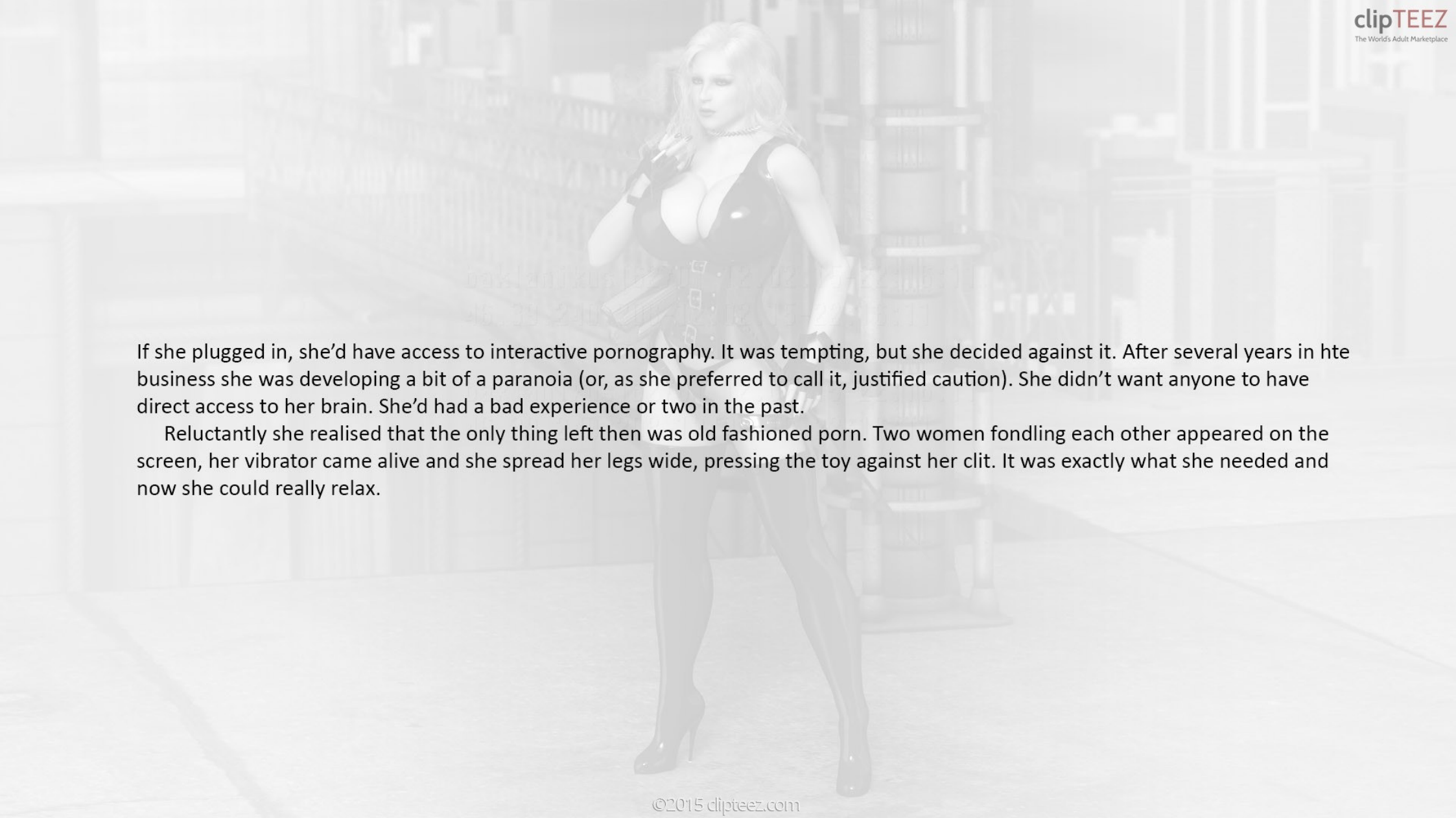
BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



She wiped the last droplets of water from her hot skin, threw the towel on the floor and left the shower. The hot water had wonderfully relaxed her tired muscles. It had been a long and exhausting day, and all she wanted now was to have a drink and get laid.

She could easily call somebody. This wasn't a problem for her. Men who looked at her thought only of two things — how to hide their erection and how to get her to bed before she noticed it. But Dolly was in no mood for any of them. She ran her fingers through her still slightly wet hair and felt the interface port.

A 3D rendered character of a blonde woman with long hair, wearing a black corset with buckles, black gloves, and black high-heeled shoes. She is holding a vibrator in her right hand. The background is a blurred library or bookstore with bookshelves.

If she plugged in, she'd have access to interactive pornography. It was tempting, but she decided against it. After several years in the business she was developing a bit of a paranoia (or, as she preferred to call it, justified caution). She didn't want anyone to have direct access to her brain. She'd had a bad experience or two in the past.

Reluctantly she realised that the only thing left then was old fashioned porn. Two women fondling each other appeared on the screen, her vibrator came alive and she spread her legs wide, pressing the toy against her clit. It was exactly what she needed and now she could really relax.

The pleasure was slowly taking control of her body. She caressed her large breasts with the other hand and moaned. She watched the sexy porn babes, imagining herself as one of those hotties. She slid the vibrator deeper inside her pussy and pinched a hardened nipple. She was becoming wetter and wetter and felt her cheeks blush. She was pushing the toy ever deeper, and every move was accompanied by a soft sigh. She was about to reach climax -

...suddenly, the doorbell rang. She cursed and reached over to grab her pistol that was by her side. The weapon confidently in her hand, she approached the door. The screen by the entrance revealed a man's face - it was Brian.

"Just a minute!" she shouted, putting on her dressing gown.



Brian... We met a lifetime ago. He was obsessed with computers, the real world was too repulsive for him, with all its filth and brutality. The code seemed pure and clear, like a language of the universe.

I haven't seen him for... How many years was it? Five? More? We were always drawn towards each other. I knew he fancied me... and I fancied him too. These couple of nights in a cheap motel somewhere in the West... Why did we end it? I guess there were too many things dividing us, as if my dirty work and his clear code were pushing us away from each other.

He appeared just in time. I wanted to finish what I had started.

“Brian! Come in.” Dolly said.

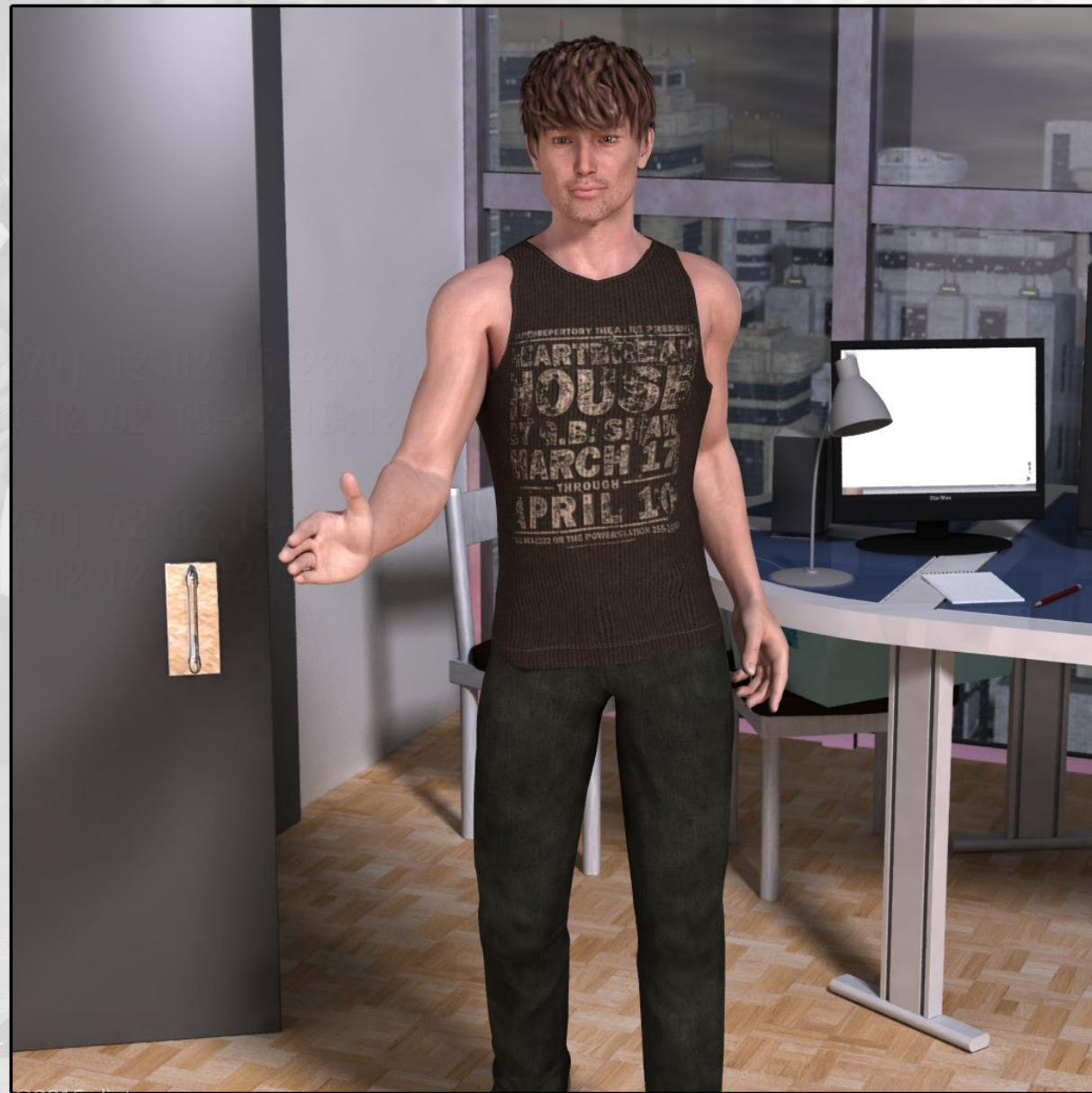
She locked the door behind him, put down the gun while he took a quick glance of her nearly empty flat. She moved often and there was no use making the place cosy. He noticed the vibrator.

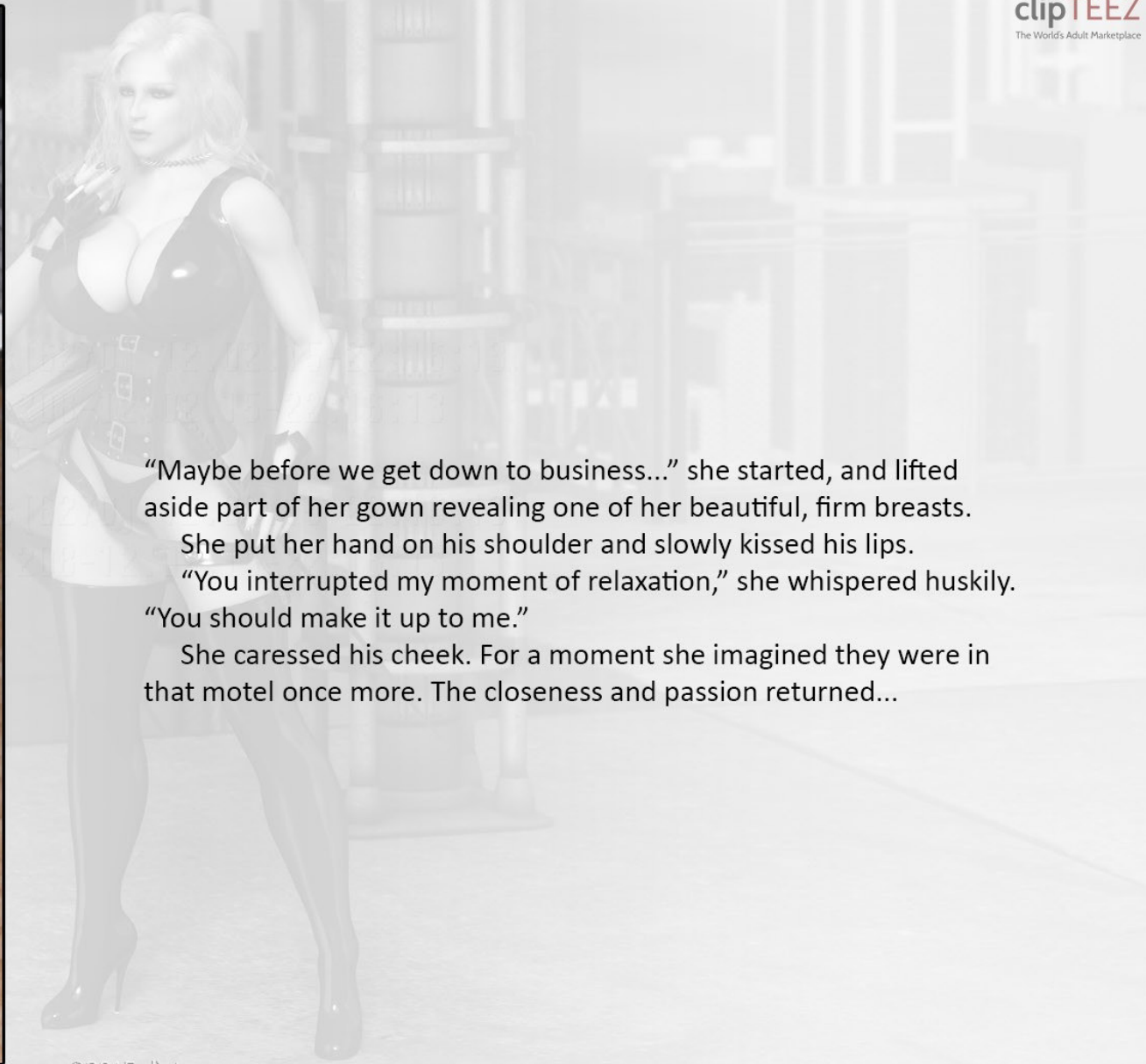
“Evening relaxation,” she smiled. “How did you find out where I live?”

“I have my ways,” he replied.

“I’m guessing you didn’t pop in to ask how it’s going.” Dolly teased.

“There’s a job to do. Important one,” he said bluntly.





“Maybe before we get down to business...” she started, and lifted aside part of her gown revealing one of her beautiful, firm breasts.

She put her hand on his shoulder and slowly kissed his lips.

“You interrupted my moment of relaxation,” she whispered huskily.

“You should make it up to me.”

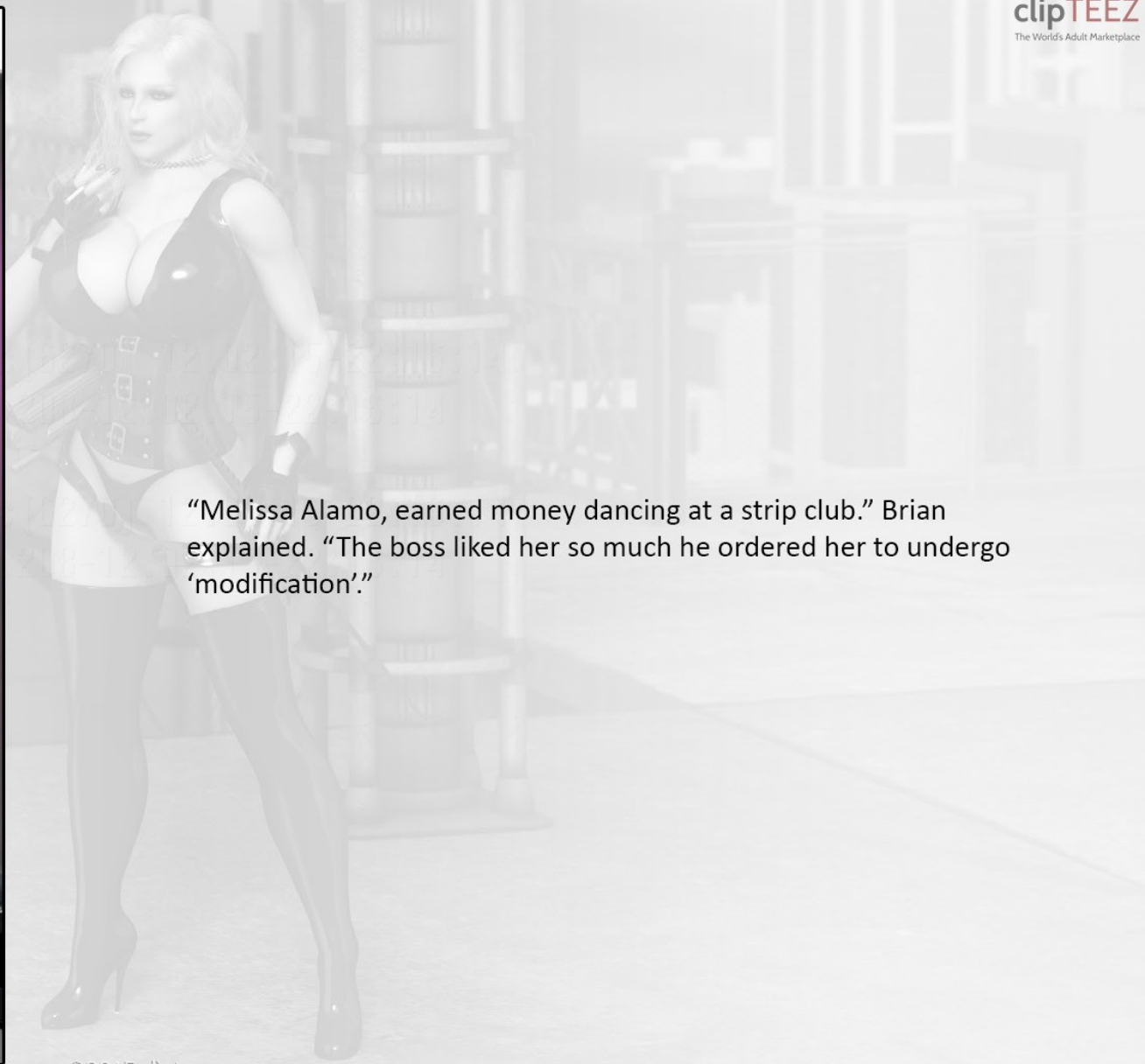
She caressed his cheek. For a moment she imagined they were in that motel once more. The closeness and passion returned...

“Dolly, not now,” said Brian moving away from her. “It’s a really serious business.” The moment quickly disappeared as if it had never existed.

“Is it personal?” she asked.

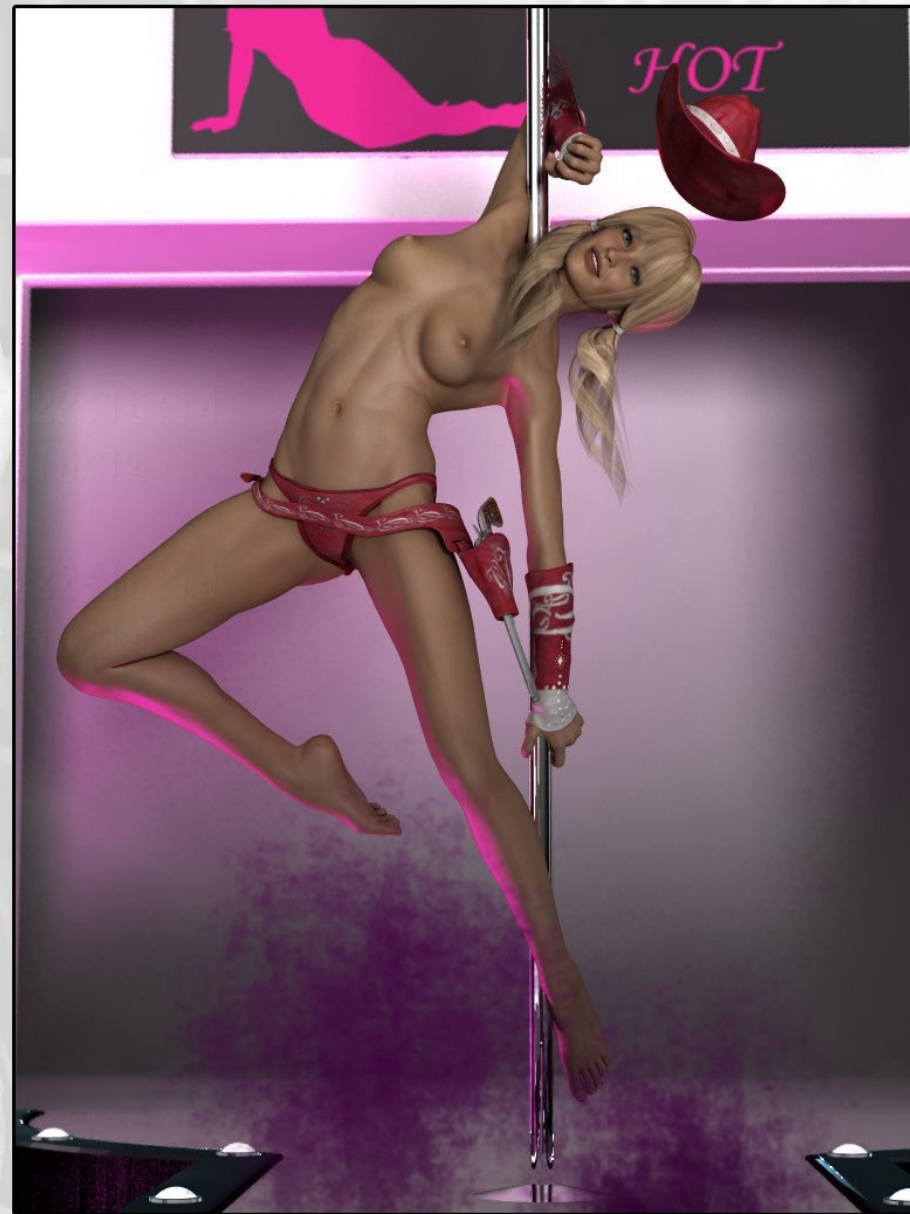
“Let me show you.”

He sat in front of her computer, and she noticed that as he turned off the porn clip, the corners of his lips trembled slightly. After a brief moment, a picture of a young girl appeared on the screen.



“Melissa Alamo, earned money dancing at a strip club.” Brian explained. “The boss liked her so much he ordered her to undergo ‘modification’.”

„It wasn't cheap. They gave her pills with personalised hormones, which made her breasts and buttocks grow. All was cleverly planned. Her libido skyrocketed and she could no longer think of anything else but sex. Her erogenous zones became much more sensitive to touch, and so did her breasts and buttocks. She became a 'gangbang girl', and regularly took part in orgies. Constantly having sex and using large toys loosened up and stretched her pussy and anus. Eight months ago she already looked like this.”



Brian showed her another photo in which Melissa looked totally different. Her hormone-stuffed body had grown. Her breasts and buttocks had become large and prominent.





“All her life started revolving around sex,” Brian continued. “She lost interest in everything else and that was just the beginning. She started receiving concentrated hormone injections directly to her bloodstream and the doses were being steadily increased. The gang leader was pleased with the proceedings but wanted even more. He wanted to turn her into a perfect toy. In the end she was collared with a special choker which was controlling her hormone levels at all times. Melissa's body was growing day by day and became even more sensitive. After several hours of ‘fun’ with the gangsters she was completely numb from having too many orgasms. She started lactating and the amount of milk produced by her tits was rapidly increasing.”



“She could no longer control her own body. Melissa felt only inhuman lust, thinking only about sex - nothing else mattered. She was turned from a woman into an erotic toy and was always horny. Now she provides entertainment for the mobsters, and in her free time she masturbates in front of the camera. She has become a real...star.” Brian's voice trailed off with revulsion.

Dolly looked at another image that appeared on the screen. The transformation was shocking. She imagined the girl's life with the constant lust; group sex; performances in front of the camera; the milking; and then finally being overwhelmed by her own body...



She quickly shrugged off these thoughts. In this city, hell, in this whole this country much worse things were taking place right now. There was no use wondering about them and she couldn't allow herself such weakness.

"And?" she asked shrugging her shoulders.

"Sally Berg," Brian continued.

He knew what Dolly was thinking and how she felt about it. She was trying to conceal her emotions beneath a mask of indifference but her breathing had become heavier and he could see the hint of rising anger in her eyes.

A picture of an elegant woman in a coutured two-piece dress. Sally was slim and petite and gave the impression of being highly intelligent, determined and proud.

"A lawyer, and a very good one at that. Perhaps too good," Brian conceded, "she was hell-bent to bring about some change. She wanted to do what was right and stood up to her corrupt superiors. She got what was coming, when she put Jimmy Swats behind bars."

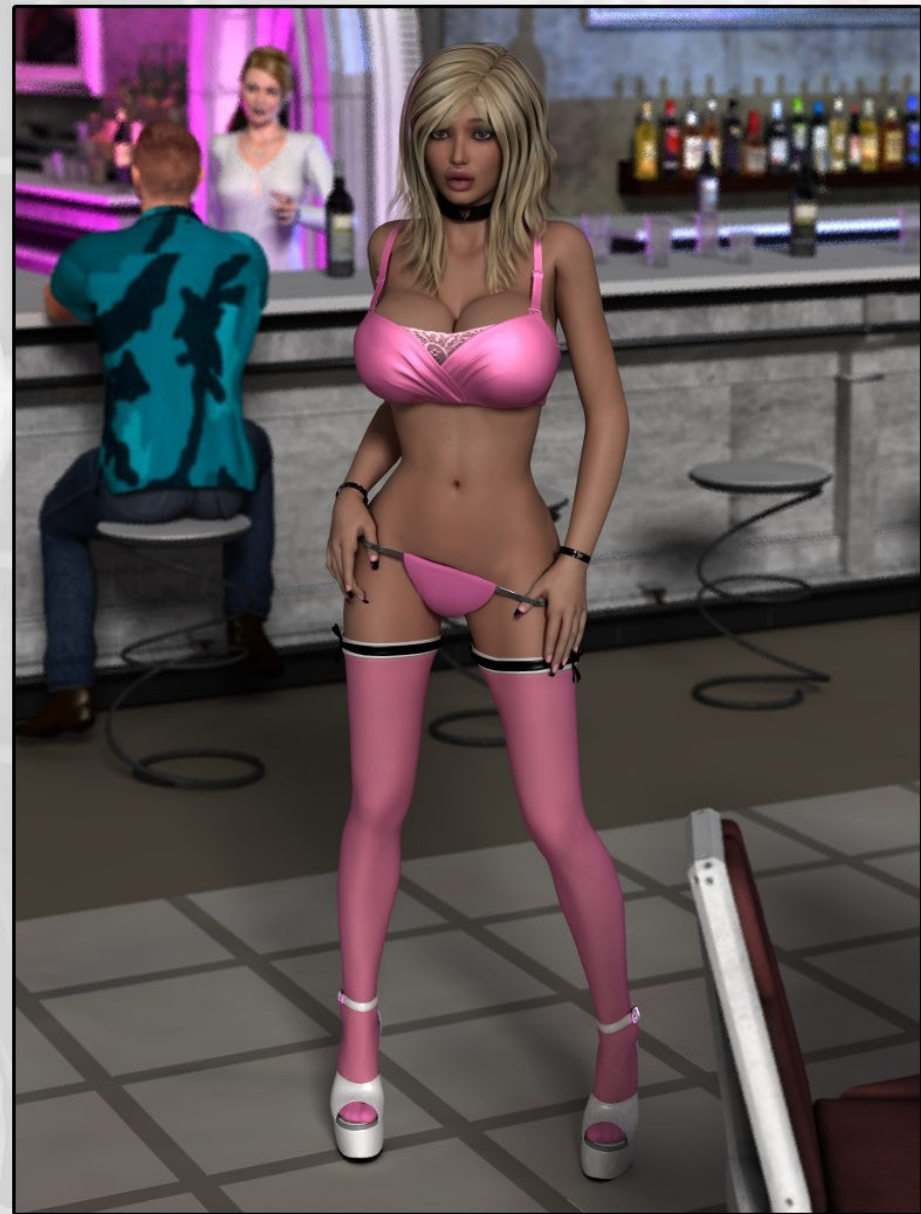
"That was her?" Dolly said, impressed.

"Yeah," sighed Brian. "They got their revenge. The decided to transform this brilliant, dedicated and proud woman into a plastic doll."

"Which means...?"

Rather than reply Brian instead showed her another picture.

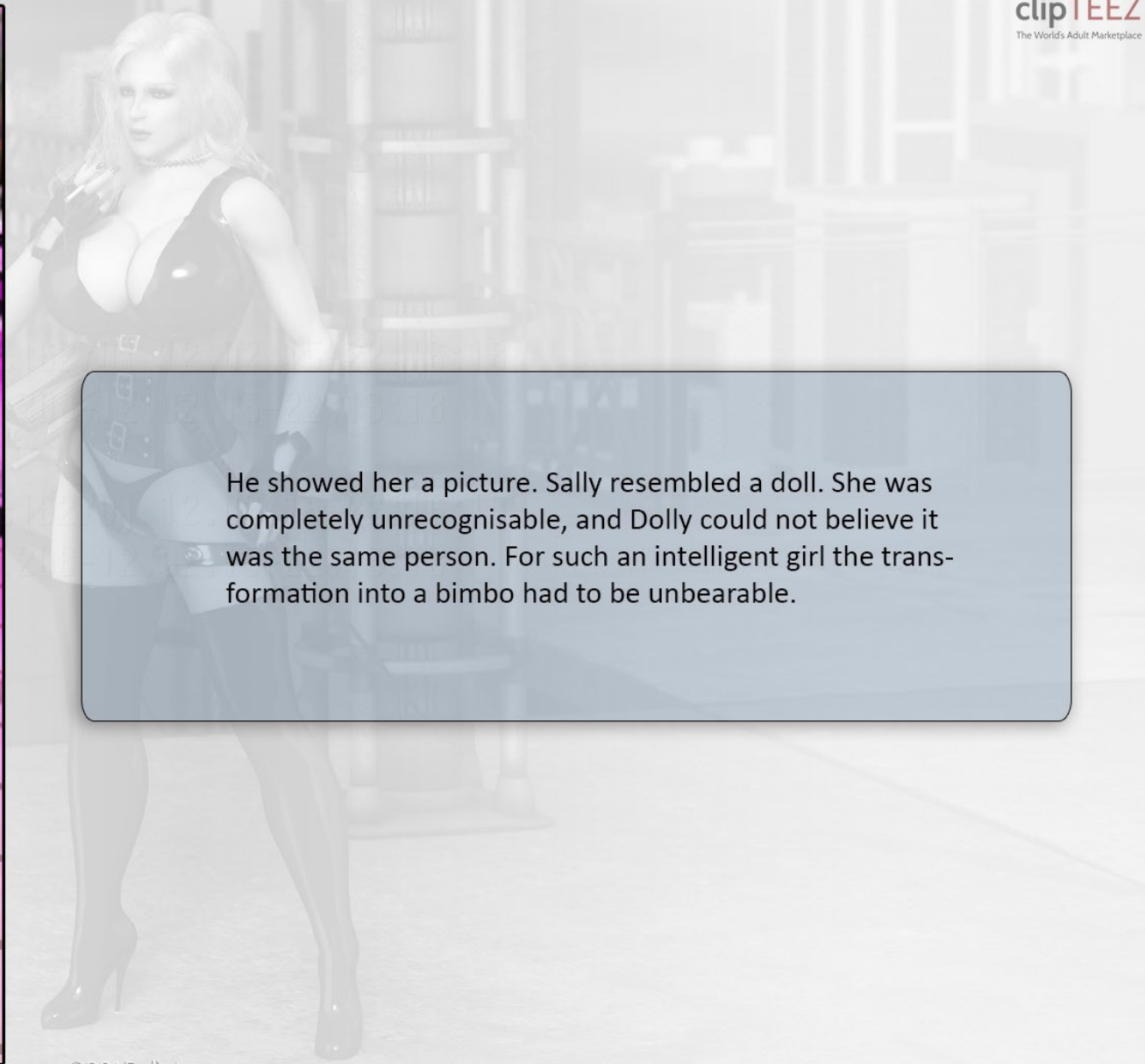
Sally was wearing a seductive pink outfit and extremely high stilettos. She had sharp make-up and her face was surrounded by a storm of platinum curls. Her lips were plump and prominent. They'd taken care of every detail: long eyelashes, nail tips... but the most shocking of all were the changes made to her silhouette. Beneath the blouse bulged enormous, yet perfectly round, breasts. Despite the shapeliness of her legs, the buttocks were very prominent and C-shaped.



“She was forced to act like a stupid bimbo. Smile, giggle and flirt all the time, hiding her intelligence. When she refused she was subjected to further surgeries. They enlarged her breasts and buttocks with round implants, giving her an artificial look. They strived to degrade her in every conceivable way. They ordered her to masturbate in public, suck off everyone around her... Everywhere she went, her ‘master’ accompanied her. Sally didn’t want to submit. After some time her boobs and buttocks reached an enormous volume. Her huge breasts retained their perfectly round shape, and so did her butt. Her lips were enlarged so much she could barely speak. Her tongue...” Brian hesitated. “I’m not sure how they did it but they turned it into an erogenous zone. When she gives a blowjob, it arouses her and she reaches orgasm herself. They tell her to masturbate all the time; sometimes normally, and sometimes by licking her own finger with her altered tongue. She isn’t allowed to utter complex sentences or express her own opinion. She can only repeat that she is horny and wants them to fuck her...” Brian waved his hand. “You can imagine that yourself.”

“I’d rather not,” Dolly replied tartly.





He showed her a picture. Sally resembled a doll. She was completely unrecognisable, and Dolly could not believe it was the same person. For such an intelligent girl the transformation into a bimbo had to be unbearable.

“Finally we have Penny Addison.”

“Do I really have to watch it?” asked Dolly.

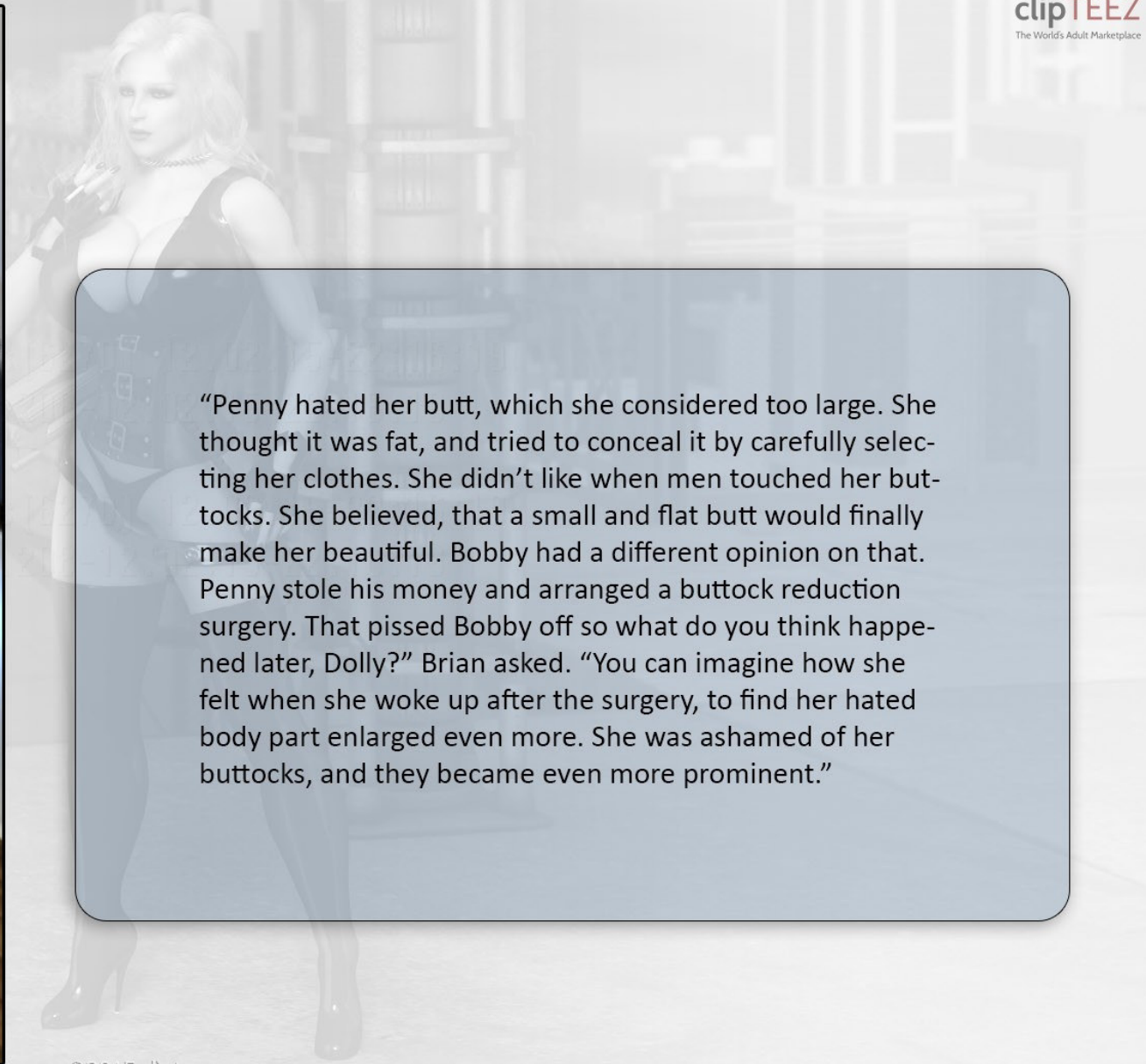
“Yes, I’m afraid you do.” Brian said neutrally.

On the footage, Penny was a pretty, if a little bit ostentatiously dressed girl.

Brian explained what they were seeing.

“She liked nearly every man with enough money. She could skilfully manipulate them, until she met Bobby.”



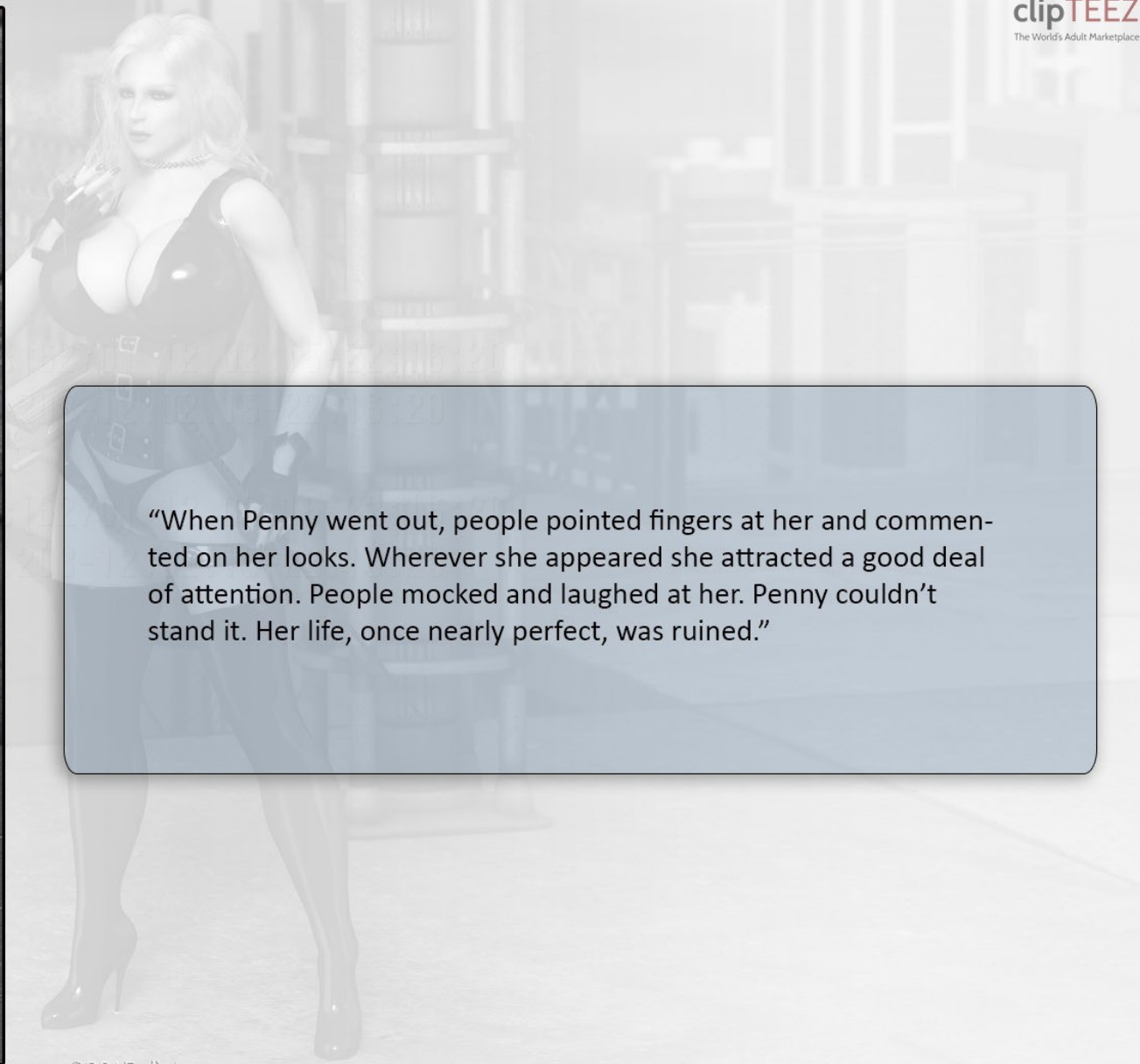


“Penny hated her butt, which she considered too large. She thought it was fat, and tried to conceal it by carefully selecting her clothes. She didn’t like when men touched her buttocks. She believed, that a small and flat butt would finally make her beautiful. Bobby had a different opinion on that. Penny stole his money and arranged a buttock reduction surgery. That pissed Bobby off so what do you think happened later, Dolly?” Brian asked. “You can imagine how she felt when she woke up after the surgery, to find her hated body part enlarged even more. She was ashamed of her buttocks, and they became even more prominent.”

In the next picture Penny's buttocks were much larger. They were massive when compared to the rest of her silhouette making it difficult to take eyes of them.

"Bobby had a certain fantasy. He ordered her to dress in such a manner as to expose her butt as much as possible."





“When Penny went out, people pointed fingers at her and commented on her looks. Wherever she appeared she attracted a good deal of attention. People mocked and laughed at her. Penny couldn’t stand it. Her life, once nearly perfect, was ruined.”

“Bobby ordered his girlfriend’s, or should I say his slave’s asshole be made more sensitive so that anal sex would give her extreme pleasure. He forbid her to touch her pussy, she could only use her other hole. He and his friends had fun with her. The poor girl couldn’t control her pleasure. Sometimes they had to queue up to use and abuse her.”

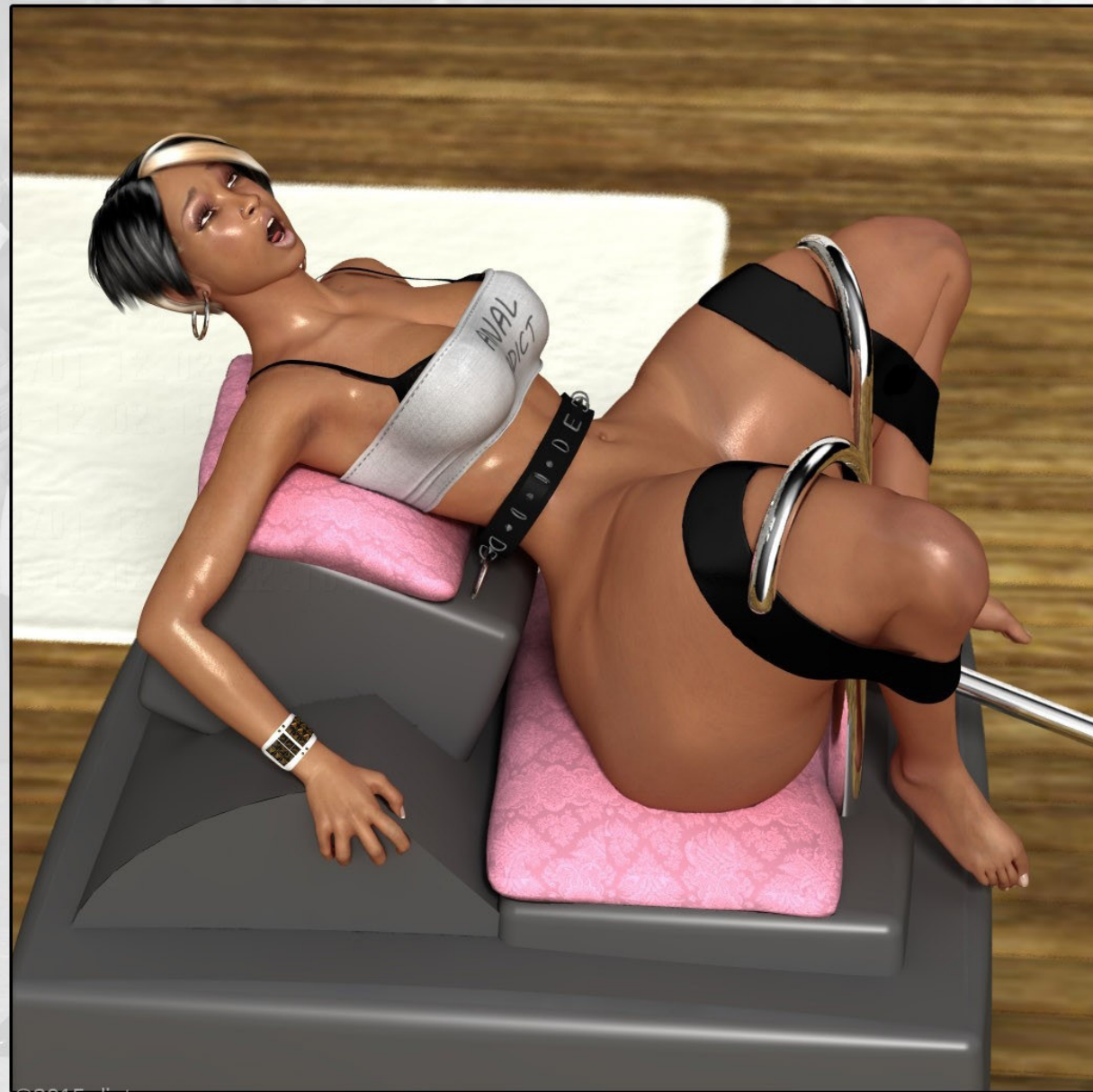




When Dolly saw the next picture, she gasped in horror. She wondered if the girl was still able to walk.

“She can hardly move” Brian answered the silent question. “Her buttocks, legs and hips are so heavy, she has difficulties getting up. She has become a local celebrity. Bobby can be proud of himself, he has created a masterpiece. Penny’s asshole is filled most of the time with cocks or toys. Anal sex takes most of her time. She hates it, but at the same time the pleasure is so great that the orgasms almost knock her out.”

“When no one fucks her, special machines do. As you can see, the pattern is the same. They turn normal girls into sex toys. They modify their bodies in order to enslave them and make a normal life impossible. If anyone can really have it in our world.”



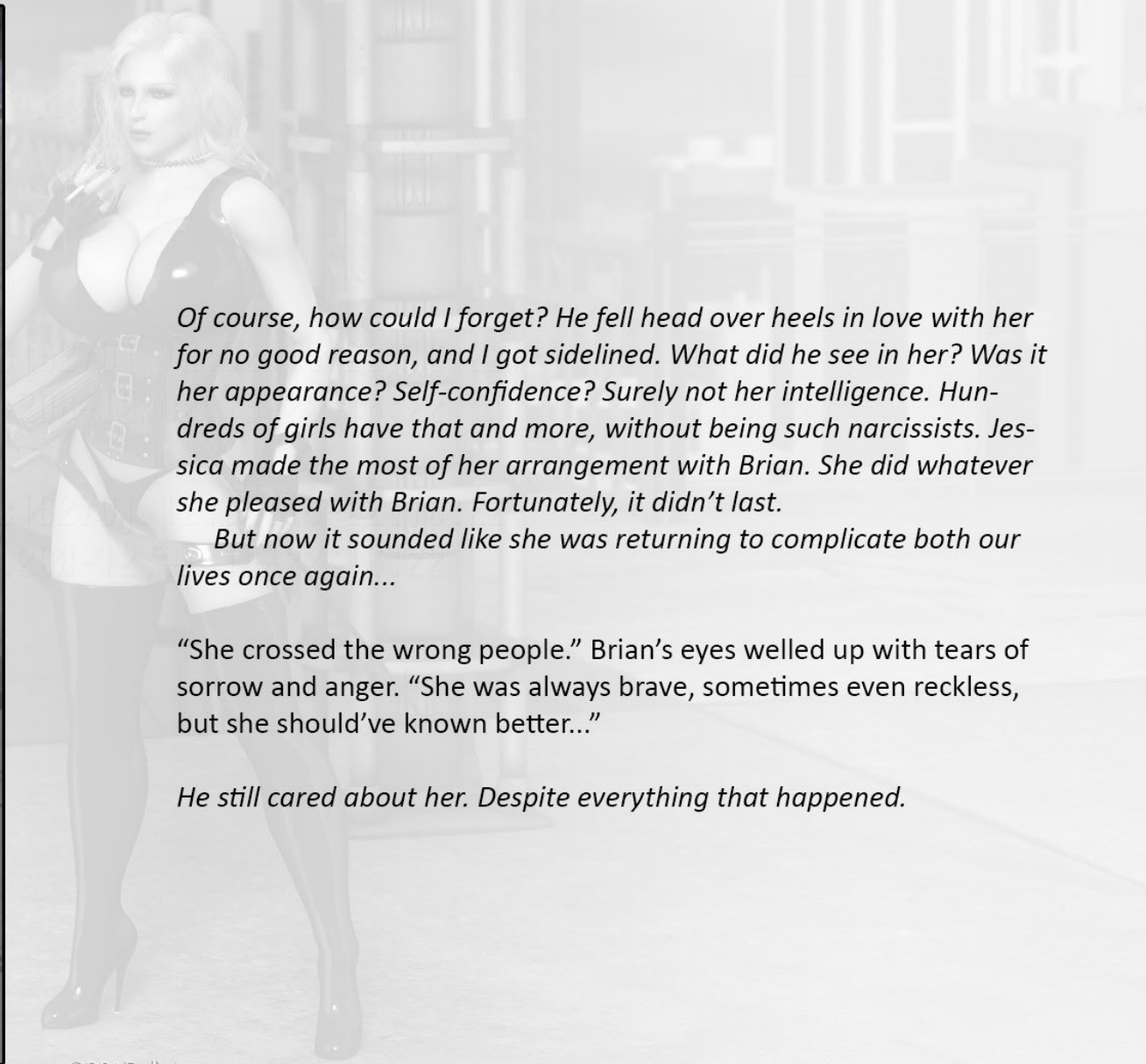
“And? It's very sad but why would that interest you?” asked Dolly, still pretending to be unmoved. “In the end it is nothing special, right?”

You might probably be wondering how such thing could be possible?

The country was ruled by gangs and corporations. For them there was no morality. There was only money. Corrupt government attempted to maintain the illusion it still had power. When something bad happened, like those girls' misfortunes, you could only count on yourself. Take justice into your own hands.

“More than all that though, I take it that it's personal,” Dolly knew there had to be more to this.

Brian nodded. “Do you remember my old girlfriend Jessica?”



Of course, how could I forget? He fell head over heels in love with her for no good reason, and I got sidelined. What did he see in her? Was it her appearance? Self-confidence? Surely not her intelligence. Hundreds of girls have that and more, without being such narcissists. Jessica made the most of her arrangement with Brian. She did whatever she pleased with Brian. Fortunately, it didn't last.

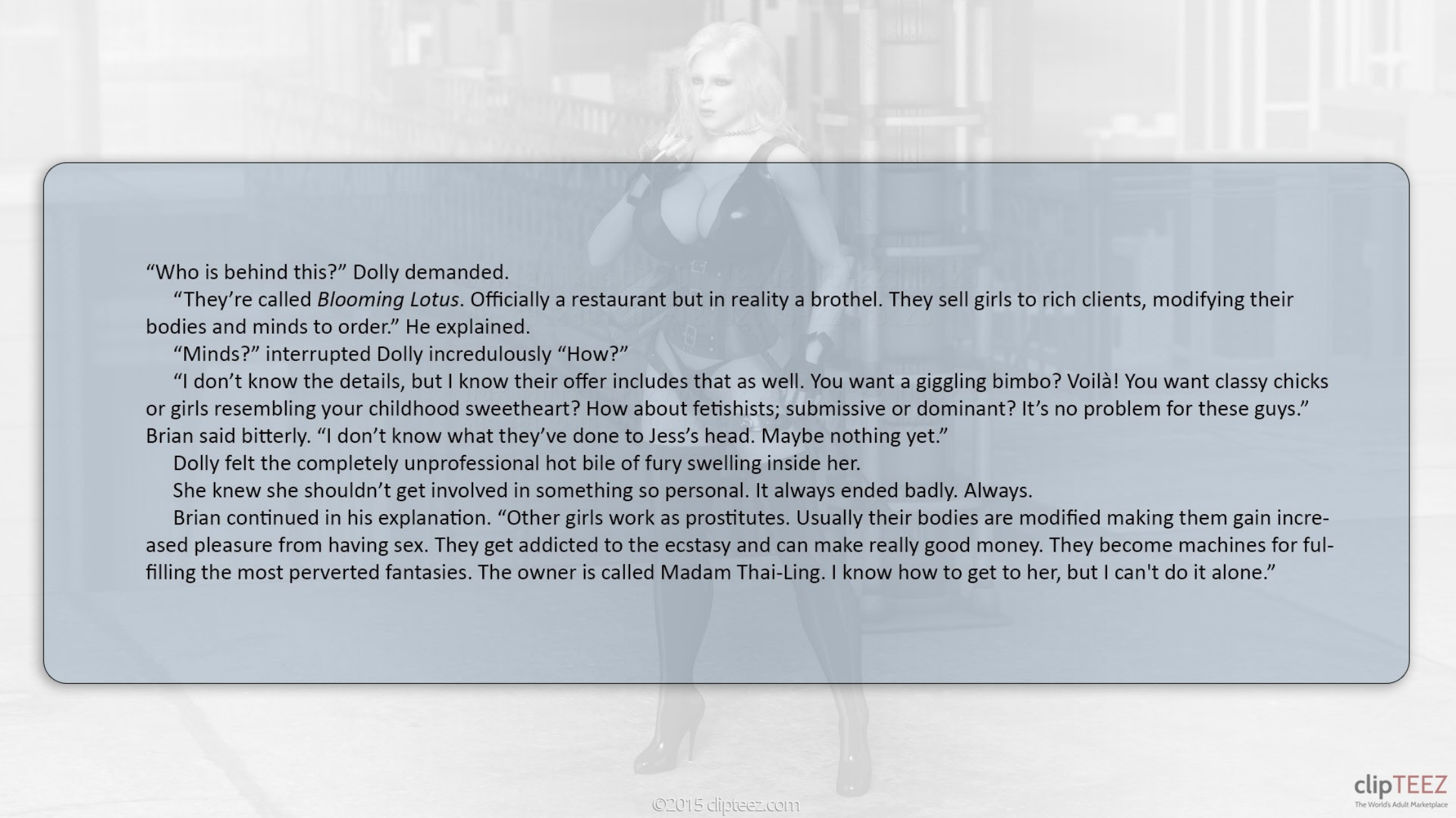
But now it sounded like she was returning to complicate both our lives once again...

"She crossed the wrong people." Brian's eyes welled up with tears of sorrow and anger. "She was always brave, sometimes even reckless, but she should've known better..."

He still cared about her. Despite everything that happened.

Brian showed Dolly a picture of Jessica. Dolly immediately stifled a gasp. Jessica was always fond of showing off her natural beauty. Dolly had to admit she had always had a certain girlish charm and style. But now all that was gone from Jessica. Her hair was dyed pink and sharp make-up completely altered her delicate features. Her lips seemed much larger than before and it couldn't be just thanks to the flashy lipstick she wore. She had clearly been subjected to many surgeries. Her buttocks, once tiny, had become large and round. Her engorged breasts were firm and bulging, the swollen globes stretching the fabric of her clothing. As the initial shock subsided, Dolly noticed the smaller details. Jessica's nail tips, long eyelashes, thin lines of eyebrows. She'd never seen her in such a seductive outfit. Her natural beauty was subsumed by this layer of artificiality. She looked sexy... But her eyes lacked their characteristic brightness. Dolly suspected that if Jessica had decided on her own to change her body and style in such extreme manner she would simply look stunning. That is not what was going on here.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset and high heels, stands in a dimly lit room. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a restaurant or brothel setting. The text is overlaid on a semi-transparent blue box.

“Who is behind this?” Dolly demanded.

“They’re called *Blooming Lotus*. Officially a restaurant but in reality a brothel. They sell girls to rich clients, modifying their bodies and minds to order.” He explained.

“Minds?” interrupted Dolly incredulously “How?”

“I don’t know the details, but I know their offer includes that as well. You want a giggling bimbo? Voilà! You want classy chicks or girls resembling your childhood sweetheart? How about fetishists; submissive or dominant? It’s no problem for these guys.” Brian said bitterly. “I don’t know what they’ve done to Jess’s head. Maybe nothing yet.”

Dolly felt the completely unprofessional hot bile of fury swelling inside her.

She knew she shouldn’t get involved in something so personal. It always ended badly. Always.

Brian continued in his explanation. “Other girls work as prostitutes. Usually their bodies are modified making them gain increased pleasure from having sex. They get addicted to the ecstasy and can make really good money. They become machines for fulfilling the most perverted fantasies. The owner is called Madam Thai-Ling. I know how to get to her, but I can’t do it alone.”

And there it was, Dolly realised, the crux of this reunion. She became lost in thought, though her face betrayed no emotion.

To think the evening had started so promisingly...

I hated when the job was personal, it always meant trouble.

Why do I always get stuck in such shit? Of course I knew damned well why – because I was too soft. Seeing someone alter and abuse these girls was driving me into an indignant fury. After so many years I still couldn't let go of this tragically naive notion that justice had to be served.

How was it possible that no one has ever managed to bump me off to what some call a 'better world'?

There could only be one answer – I was too damned good.

"You've come to the right place," said Dolly. "I'm in."



“Miranda Foster” Dolly introduced herself.

As the heavy door opened in front of her, Dolly quickly glanced at the two bodyguards and at the handgun one of them was pointing at her. She gave him a crooked smile.

“Welcome Miss Foster” said the gunman’s colleague. “Madam Thai-Ling is already waiting. But first we need to go through the security procedure.”

This second man then pointed to the table. “Please put your weapons here, slowly.”

Dolly obediently gave up her gun.

“Such a warm welcome,” she mocked staring into the black barrel of the gun pointed between her eyes.

“Madam Thai-Ling doesn’t like to take risks,” replied the gunman. “Spread your arms, please.”

“You want to frisk me?” Dolly asked levelly.

The bodyguard nodded.

“I was looking forward to a little groping,” she sighed, “but I was hoping to get it from someone of a higher calibre.”

The guard frowned irritably as he carefully frisked her. He was particularly thorough and dutiful while checking her breasts and buttocks.

They went downstairs. Another door and another scanner. Dolly held her breath; they had tested the hacking chip with Brian dozens of times, but there was no way to be a hundred percent sure.

“Interface port detected,” a metallic voice announced. “Dyslexia correcting chip detected.”

She sighed with relief.

Brian did a great job, as usually. We knew there would be computer-controlled guns in the room. Even I’d have no chance against those kind of toys. With the chip inserted into the interface port Brian could remotely hack the weapon systems. Afterwards it would be all up to me.

“That’s it?” the bodyguard was surprised. “Dyslexia?”

“I’ve come clean,” answered Dolly. “I know how paranoid you can get, I didn’t want it to interfere with our business.”

He opened another door for her. She instinctively glanced around the room, identifying weapons, cameras and security systems.

Madam Thai-Ling got up to greet her. Standing next to her was... Jessica? Dolly looked at her like a customer evaluating goods.

As they had expected... Jessica had been altered once again. Her breasts had become even fuller. Their size was emphasized by her waist which had been made even lither with a corset. Jessica looked less and less like herself.

Dolly and Thai-Ling sat down, and the latter casually put her hand on the girl's buttocks, and petted them as she appeared to ponder something.

"I'm looking for something that would suit my needs," Dolly started the conversation.

"So, we're getting down to business immediately," responded Thai-Ling with a smile.

Dolly nodded her head. "I hate wasting time."



The chip should start working within minutes. Dolly still felt the sights of the guns on her, as if each of them was piercing her skin with invisible needles.

“What product do you have in mind?” asked Thai-Ling.

“I’ve heard, that you’ve recently created something... unique. Perfect body, cunnilingus expert, and constantly horny on top of that.”

Thai-Ling considered this. “Hmm... each of my girls is unique. I can satisfy even the most capricious of whims. The only limitations are price and time.”

Dolly waved her hand with disregard, as if neither of these posed the slightest problem.

“I don’t know which particular girl you have in mind,” continued Thai-Ling.

Before Dolly could reply Thai-Ling turned to the door and shouted “Emma!”

A short woman with voluptuous curves entered the room. She was wearing a mini-skirt and a bikini top. It was obvious that walking in stiletto heels was difficult for her. The most striking aspect of her, however, were her lips. They were disproportionately prominent, almost grotesquely large and puffed up. Emma looked at Dolly shyly, with a mix of fear and anger that might have been suppressed for days, or maybe even months.

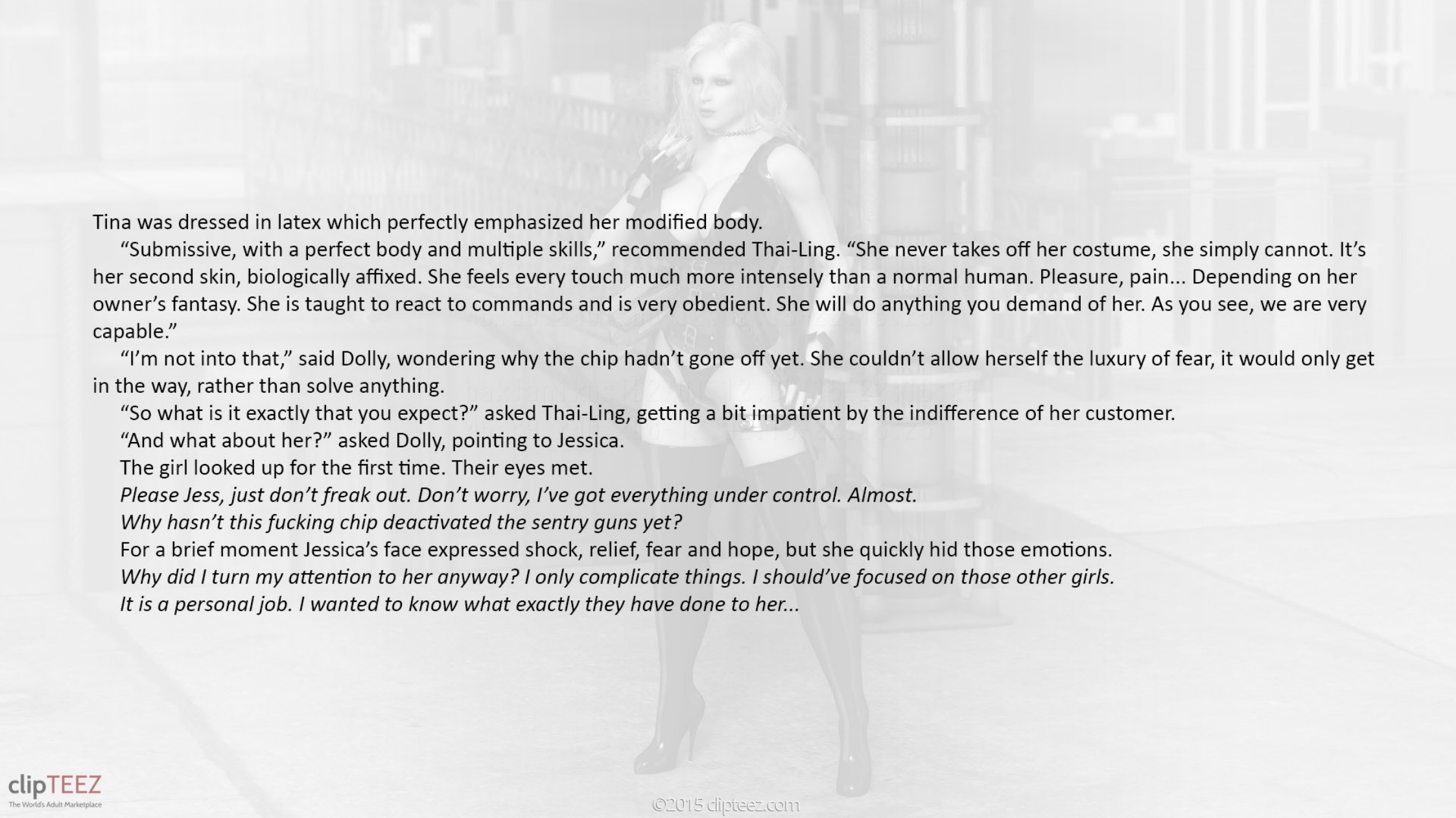
“We modified her with special implants, which make caressing her mouth incredibly pleasurable for her,” said Thai-Ling.

She lightly touched the girl’s lips, causing her to let out a loud moan. Emma bent her knees, leant her head back and closed her eyes.

“She has been specially trained in the arts of fellatio and cunnilingus. Her lips are always warm and soft, and her tongue is long and skilled. Would you like to try her out, Miranda?” asked Thai-Ling pushing the girl towards Dolly.

“No, she isn’t what I had in mind,” Dolly answered pretending to be bored.

Thai-Ling frowned and gestured at Emma to leave the room. She called another girl.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black latex outfit consisting of a corset, gloves, and high-heeled boots, stands in a room with bookshelves. The scene is dimly lit, with the woman being the central focus.

Tina was dressed in latex which perfectly emphasized her modified body.

“Submissive, with a perfect body and multiple skills,” recommended Thai-Ling. “She never takes off her costume, she simply cannot. It’s her second skin, biologically affixed. She feels every touch much more intensely than a normal human. Pleasure, pain... Depending on her owner’s fantasy. She is taught to react to commands and is very obedient. She will do anything you demand of her. As you see, we are very capable.”

“I’m not into that,” said Dolly, wondering why the chip hadn’t gone off yet. She couldn’t allow herself the luxury of fear, it would only get in the way, rather than solve anything.

“So what is it exactly that you expect?” asked Thai-Ling, getting a bit impatient by the indifference of her customer.

“And what about her?” asked Dolly, pointing to Jessica.

The girl looked up for the first time. Their eyes met.

Please Jess, just don’t freak out. Don’t worry, I’ve got everything under control. Almost.

Why hasn’t this fucking chip deactivated the sentry guns yet?

For a brief moment Jessica’s face expressed shock, relief, fear and hope, but she quickly hid those emotions.

Why did I turn my attention to her anyway? I only complicate things. I should’ve focused on those other girls.

It is a personal job. I wanted to know what exactly they have done to her...



Madam Thai-Ling smiled triumphantly.

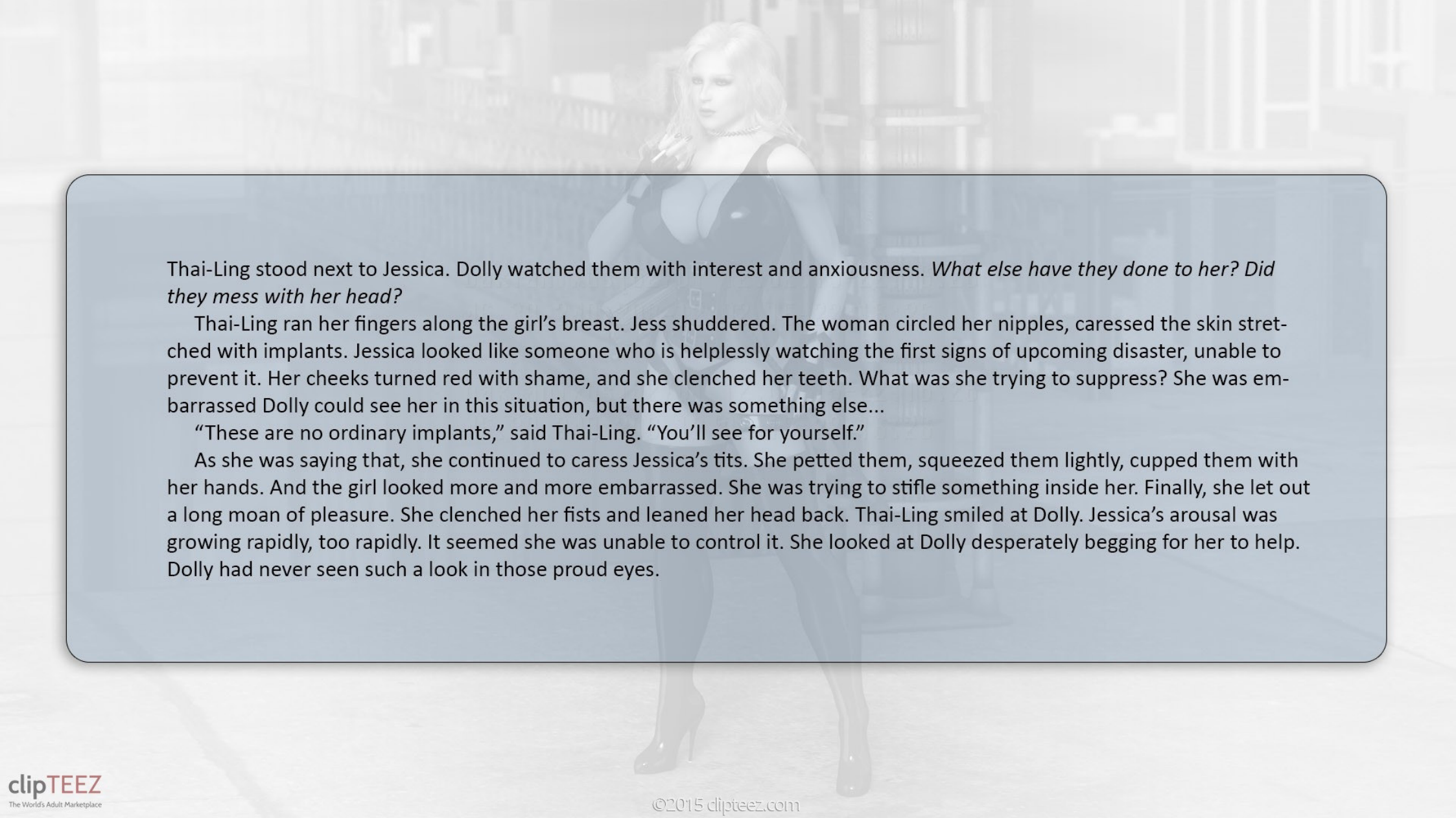
“I see our Jessica caught your eye,” she said. “She really is exceptional. I like her a good deal, you might say that she is my personal discovery.”

“You’ve enlarged her breasts and made her waist more slender, right?”

Dolly looked at the new, prominent breasts of her former rival. They were much larger than hers. Although she liked her full breasts, they were sometimes problematic. They bounced and burdened her during running, and they limited her freedom of movements. She wondered how such tiny, slim girl like Jess felt with such enormous boobs. Surely she still hadn’t got used to them.

“Yes, 3000cc implants and a corset which she only takes off to sleep. We lace it ever tighter. These are recent changes. Of course she isn’t ready yet, there’s another series of modifications awaiting her. But this is only the tip of the iceberg. It’s the unseen that’s the most important.”

“Namely?”



Thai-Ling stood next to Jessica. Dolly watched them with interest and anxiousness. *What else have they done to her? Did they mess with her head?*

Thai-Ling ran her fingers along the girl's breast. Jess shuddered. The woman circled her nipples, caressed the skin stretched with implants. Jessica looked like someone who is helplessly watching the first signs of upcoming disaster, unable to prevent it. Her cheeks turned red with shame, and she clenched her teeth. What was she trying to suppress? She was embarrassed Dolly could see her in this situation, but there was something else...

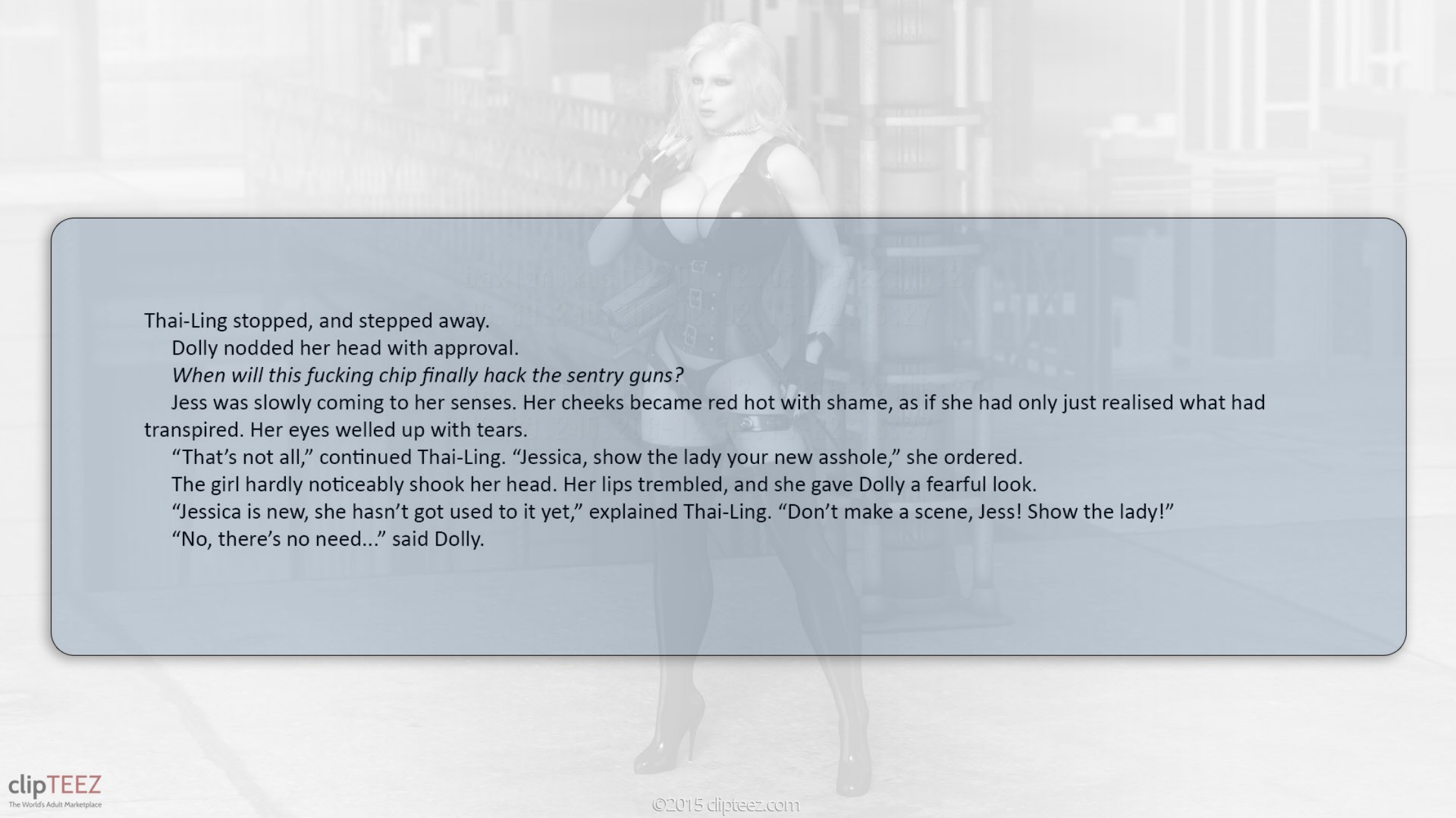
"These are no ordinary implants," said Thai-Ling. "You'll see for yourself."

As she was saying that, she continued to caress Jessica's tits. She petted them, squeezed them lightly, cupped them with her hands. And the girl looked more and more embarrassed. She was trying to stifle something inside her. Finally, she let out a long moan of pleasure. She clenched her fists and leaned her head back. Thai-Ling smiled at Dolly. Jessica's arousal was growing rapidly, too rapidly. It seemed she was unable to control it. She looked at Dolly desperately begging for her to help. Dolly had never seen such a look in those proud eyes.

“The implants are sensitive to touch and pressure,” explained Thai-Ling. “They send signals to the neural receiver, resulting in very intense erotic sensations,” she boasted.

Jessica really looked like she was quickly approaching the edge of climax. She was sighing and squirming under Thai-Ling’s touch. She became oblivious to her surroundings, lost in her own pleasure. Dolly was watching this spectacle with horror and fascination. Jess’s skin covered with droplets of sweat, while her knees started trembling. She spread her lips, and was breathing heavily.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset, black gloves, and black high-heeled shoes, stands in a city street. She is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The background shows a blurred city street with buildings and a fence.

Thai-Ling stopped, and stepped away.

Dolly nodded her head with approval.

When will this fucking chip finally hack the sentry guns?

Jess was slowly coming to her senses. Her cheeks became red hot with shame, as if she had only just realised what had transpired. Her eyes welled up with tears.

“That’s not all,” continued Thai-Ling. “Jessica, show the lady your new asshole,” she ordered.

The girl hardly noticeably shook her head. Her lips trembled, and she gave Dolly a fearful look.

“Jessica is new, she hasn’t got used to it yet,” explained Thai-Ling. “Don’t make a scene, Jess! Show the lady!”

“No, there’s no need...” said Dolly.



Thai-Ling poked the girl and told her to kneel down. Brian's ex-girlfriend was trembling with shame, but she obediently stuck out her ass towards Dolly and spread her buttocks with her hands.

I couldn't believe it was happening for real. Jessica, who was always self-confident and feisty, who gracefully and nonchalantly won Brian, was now... Presenting her private parts to me. Some part of me, one that I'd rather not admit I had, was celebrating victory.

“Good girl,” Thai-Ling praised her and patted her head. “We have made her asshole area much more sensitive. Even the lightest touch...” she started circling Jess’s hole with her finger.

Jess was once again overwhelmed with ecstasy. She was moaning loudly, she arched her back and she was grinding her hips. She couldn’t control it, the pleasure prevented any thought, rendered any resistance impossible. As if Thai-Ling pressed a switch, turning the embarrassed girl into a volcano of passion.

“... will result in very intense sensations,” finished Thai-Ling. “Take a moment to think of the possibilities it gives!”

Dolly nodded her head. Jess was slowly coming back from the erotic frenzy that Thai-Ling had bestowed on her.

“She is also perfect at cunnilingus,” continued Thai-Ling.

She pulled Jessica’s arm forcing her up.

“We’ve enlarged her lips, and her tongue is adorned with gel rings, which intensify her user’s pleasure. We’ve modified her receptors so that she loves the taste of pussy, especially aroused ones,” giggled Thai-Ling. “Go on, lick the lady’s pussy!”

Standing there, watching the surgically altered Jessica approach me and pull off my string panties, I could understand why Brian decided to live in the virtual world filled with zeroes and ones. Everything seemed so simple there: zero or one, black or white. But why the fuck didn’t he learn his craft well enough to make his hacking device work properly?!

I had to play my role in the world of shades of grey. I felt embarrassed and angry, but I had to keep my cool not to make things worse.

The scariest thing was that I found something else inside me, a growing desire. Jess looked so sexy, and all the modifications that Thai-Ling spoke about... Well, it was no wonder the customers liked her so much.

I’d rather not feel, that I was enjoying it more and more. Submissive Jessica, ready to pleasure me with her lips... Revenge and triumph. I wasn’t a saint.

Welcome to a world full of grey.



Jess approached Dolly, without looking in her eyes. She kneeled and moved her lips towards Dolly's clit. She wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. She didn't understand what Dolly's plan was. Or if there was a plan at all. Maybe she didn't come here to rescue her?

Dolly felt warm, full lips embrace her pussy. Soft, wet and skilled... She opened her mouth and sighed. A wave of burning arousal washed over her. She had to remind herself she had a job to do here. She couldn't allow herself to become lost in pleasure. Jess was vigorously lapping at Dolly's love juices as if they were the best drink imaginable.

"You see how she loves it" stated a pleased sounding Thai-Ling. "She loves licking pussy. I bet no one else can satisfy you so well."

Dolly was unable to answer, because Jess greedily slid her pierced tongue inside her. The pleasure was growing, making clear thinking difficult and weakening her vigilance. She knew she couldn't allow herself to be lost in pleasure, but round rings on Jess's agile tongue were rubbing her with increasing intensity, providing absolutely irresistible ecstasy.

“We implanted her with a gland which produces an aphrodisiac and releases it into her bloodstream when she gets aroused. This means her pleasure can grow very rapidly and can last very long, sometimes she hasn’t got enough even after several orgasms!” said Thai-Ling.

Oh... The wet, wriggling tongue, soft lips and this fervor. If I had a lot of money I’d buy myself such whore. The feeling what it’s like to rule, dominate and get lost in egoistic pleasure. Only a moment longer, a couple more seconds, and...

“I see you’re enjoying it,” continued Thai-Ling. “You may reward her by touching her ass. ”

I’d love to, but...

Professionalism, job, responsibility... Remember about it, Dolly. You can do it...

“No, really, this is enough,” gasped out Dolly.

“I insist” said Thai-Ling in a commanding voice.

Jessica stopped for a moment and looked at Dolly. She was pleading, begging her wordlessly. If Dolly did that, her humiliation would become unbearable, she would never forget it.



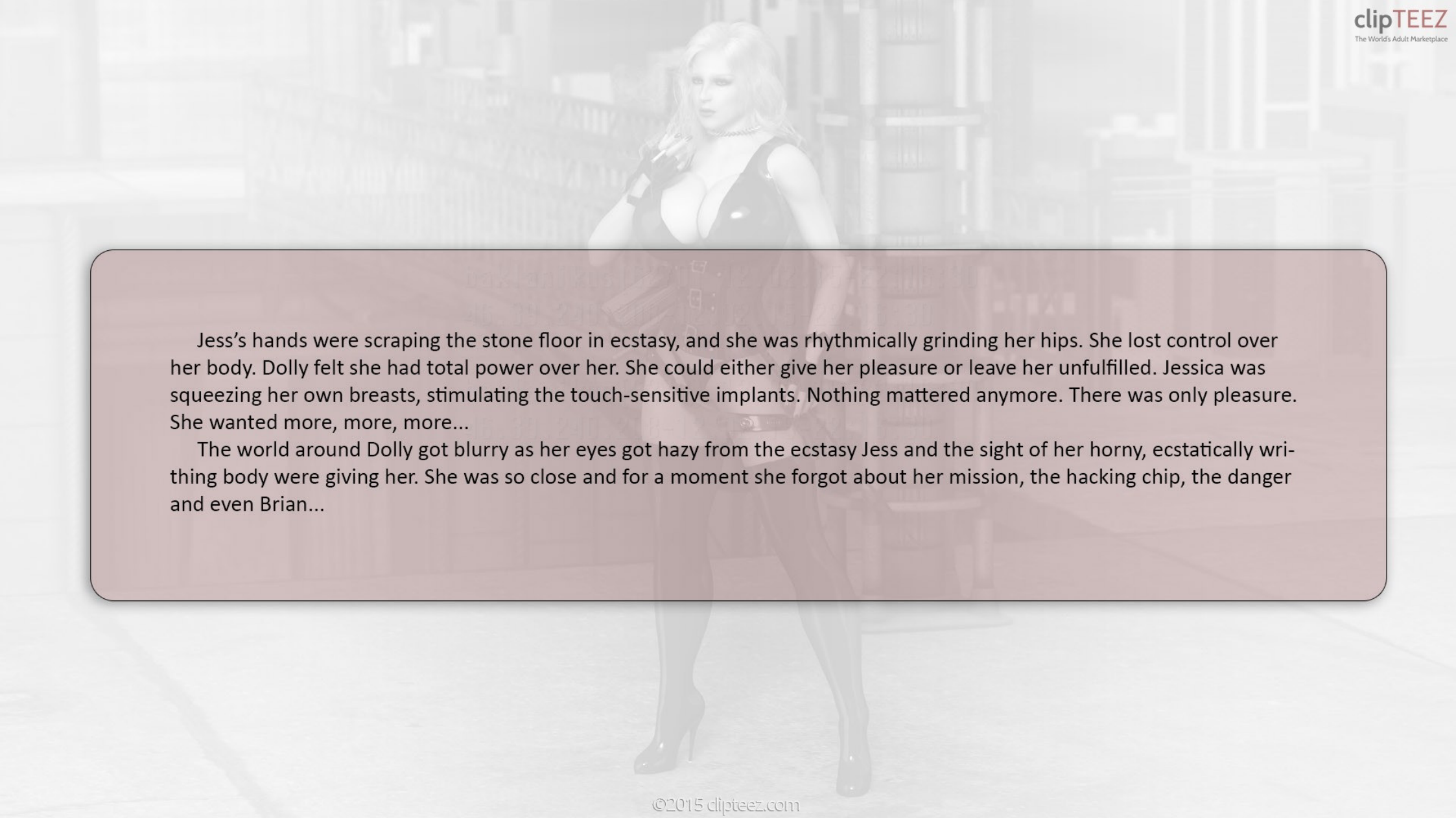


“Get back to work Jess!” urged her Thai-Ling, and the girl obeyed.

Dolly ran down her fingers along Jessica's spine, lower and lower, towards the buttocks. When she reached the sensitive areas the girl moaned loudly and trembled.

Jessica knew what was about to happen. In her thoughts she begged Dolly to stop, she didn't want to suffer another humiliation. She knew well she'd soon lose control, with Dolly watching her.

Dolly fondled her, circling her back hole, and Jess was squirming and sighing from pleasure. The tongue inside Dolly's pussy was moving faster and faster, and Jess was swallowing her juices. Dolly slid her finger inside Jess's asshole making her scream.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset with a low-cut front and high heels, stands in a room with a stone floor and a wooden railing. The image is semi-transparent, serving as a background for the text.

Jess's hands were scraping the stone floor in ecstasy, and she was rhythmically grinding her hips. She lost control over her body. Dolly felt she had total power over her. She could either give her pleasure or leave her unfulfilled. Jessica was squeezing her own breasts, stimulating the touch-sensitive implants. Nothing mattered anymore. There was only pleasure. She wanted more, more, more...

The world around Dolly got blurry as her eyes got hazy from the ecstasy Jess and the sight of her horny, ecstatically writhing body were giving her. She was so close and for a moment she forgot about her mission, the hacking chip, the danger and even Brian...

A second later the device sent a signal directly to her brain. The sentry guns were deactivated. Jess screamed, her body wracked with orgasm. Dolly had never seen anyone climax so violently, but she had no time to think about it. She forced her mind and body to act.

The door opened and a bodyguard rushed into the room. Dolly quickly assessed the situation: the guy had a hand on his gun, but he wasn't aiming at her. They probably realised that the guns were neutralized, only they weren't sure who was behind this cyber-attack. She only had a couple of seconds. The bodyguard was walking towards Thai-Ling and so Dolly did the same. Not too suddenly to cause alarm, but with confidence. The man was vigilant and saw her immediately, raising his firearm... At that moment, with all her might, she pushed Thai-Ling straight at him. The woman screamed and instinctively grabbed the man's shoulders. His gun fired with deafening noise, the bullet hit the wall. Dolly kicked the man in his groin. He bent down whining, his eyes bulging. With one swift move she wrenched the weapon from his hand.

Finally. I felt naked without a gun. Now, without my g-string panties but already armed, I regained control over the situation.

Someone hit her side, she lost her breath for a moment. She turned in that direction just in time to see Thai-Ling rushing at her. Dolly hit her with her elbow. That should be enough to stun her of her will to fight.

Another bodyguard ran into the room. Dolly rolled to the other side of the room, dodging a bullet. She fired at him, supporting herself on her elbow and knee. She hit him right between the eyes.

“Let's go, Jess!” she shouted raising the girl from her knees.

Jessica was still dizzy after the orgasm, and the aphrodisiac was still in her veins. Her muscles were shaking, she could barely stand up and she was swaying on her high heels. Dolly pulled her towards the door. She would easily get out of the basement on her own, but Jess was slowing her down. They were near the exit, when Thai-Ling got up after the blow she had received.

A second later Dolly was blinded by a bright light. Her head was swimming, she closed her eyes, and Jessica's arm slipped from her hand. White lines were dancing beneath her eyelids.

“Jessica!” she shouted. “Where are you?”

A muffled moan was her only answer.

She hesitated. She had to evaluate the situation.

She heard heavy footsteps.

She cursed. There was no time.

Tripping, she blindly ran out of the room. She opened her eyes, the white lines on her pupils obscured her vision. Fortunately she was still armed. She climbed up the stairs, looking out for danger. She shot a man, who ran out of a room, before he had the chance to notice her. Someone was running down, attempting to block her escape route. A bullet ricocheted from the staircase railing, another one hit the wall close to her head. She shot the thug in the knee, ran to him and kicked him in the face.

She rushed outside and got on her motorbike. The cool leather unpleasantly teased her still wet and hot pussy. She pulled away with screeching tires.

There was a grave silence, so total that they could hear the cars outside, raindrops hitting the window and some quarrel behind the wall. They held their breaths for a couple of seconds. Dolly felt a trickle of cold sweat running down along her spine.

“Play it once again, from the beginning,” she said.

“You really want to see it again?!” asked Brian reproachfully.

“Yes. And again and again. Maybe we’ll notice something important.”

I hated failures. The memory of a failed mission was lingering like an unpleasant smell. Now it was also a matter of ambition.

I woke up before dawn. Brian was already up. Did he sleep at all that night? His face was tired, twisted in the neon lights seeping into the room through the blinds.

It was then that I received the recording form Madam Thai-Ling.

We had to act quickly. Every hour counted.

Thai-Ling's face appeared on the screen. Her eyes were glittering unpleasantly, and the corners of her mouth were twisted in a mean smile.

"Hello again, Dolly," she started. "You made a mistake. You're a big girl and surely know that when you fuck something up, you have to suffer the consequences. I am a nice and calm person. I properly do my job, that's all. I pay taxes. But you, Dolly.." she sighed theatrically, "you have underestimated me. You thought you could defeat '*Blooming Lotus*' on your own! That you could burst in, like some damn superhero, and rescue the lady in distress. Well — you failed. We would leave it like that, no hard feelings, no revenge. However, you see, I have my weaknesses as well. It so happens I hate being underestimated. It drives me furious!" she screamed.

The camera moved to show another person. Brian closed his eyes — he knew who was about to appear on the screen and he didn't want to watch it again. Jessica was restrained, gagged and attached to some machinery. She tried to break free, her muscles flexing. She was letting out muffled moans, and her eyes were wide open with horror.

"Now I know you care about this girl," continued Thai-Ling. "I don't know why. Honestly, I don't care. She is just a tool I'll use to have my revenge against you."

"I usually modify girls on commission, I intended to do the same to your Jessica. Larger breasts, slimmer waist, perfecting the aphrodisiac-secreting gland, maybe more sensitive pussy or lips," she waved her hand with disregard. "The standard stuff. But now.." she smiled menacingly, "I have a different, more unique plan for her. You know, I've never done it before, so I'm very excited. I'll turn her into my own fuck-pet. I'll modify her as much as modern science allows it. Believe me, I am capable of anything. But you will soon see that for yourself."

“Jessica will become a live advertisement of the *‘Blooming Lotus’*. A demonstration of our most extreme body modifications. There are so many possibilities...” Thai-Ling pondered. “Hmm, I don’t know where to start! Of course, we will undoubtedly enlarge her tits. They will become so large she won’t fit through the door! She’ll hardly be able to lift them up, and she won’t be able to hold them with her arms. Oh yes, I can already imagine these monstrous boobs! A work of art... We will reduce her waist by a dozen inches or more. We will enlarge her lips to an incredible size, so that they look as if she is impatiently waiting to blow someone. I can already see these large, prominent lips ready to satisfy hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of clients!”

“I’ll make her body more sensitive. Which part? Maybe pussy and ass? Jessica will be cumming at the slightest touch. Even walking or sitting will become an erotic experience for her. Orgasm lips, perhaps? What do you think, Dolly?”

“Jessica will look like a perfect whore. She’ll become the embodiment of erotic fantasies. She will surely become popular and will service many men day after day. I will turn her into a bitch in heat, totally addicted to sex. The Jessica you know, will be gone, replaced with a mindless bitch thinking only of being fucked hard. Her whole life will be focused around her modified body and lust. Yesss, I like this plan a lot.”

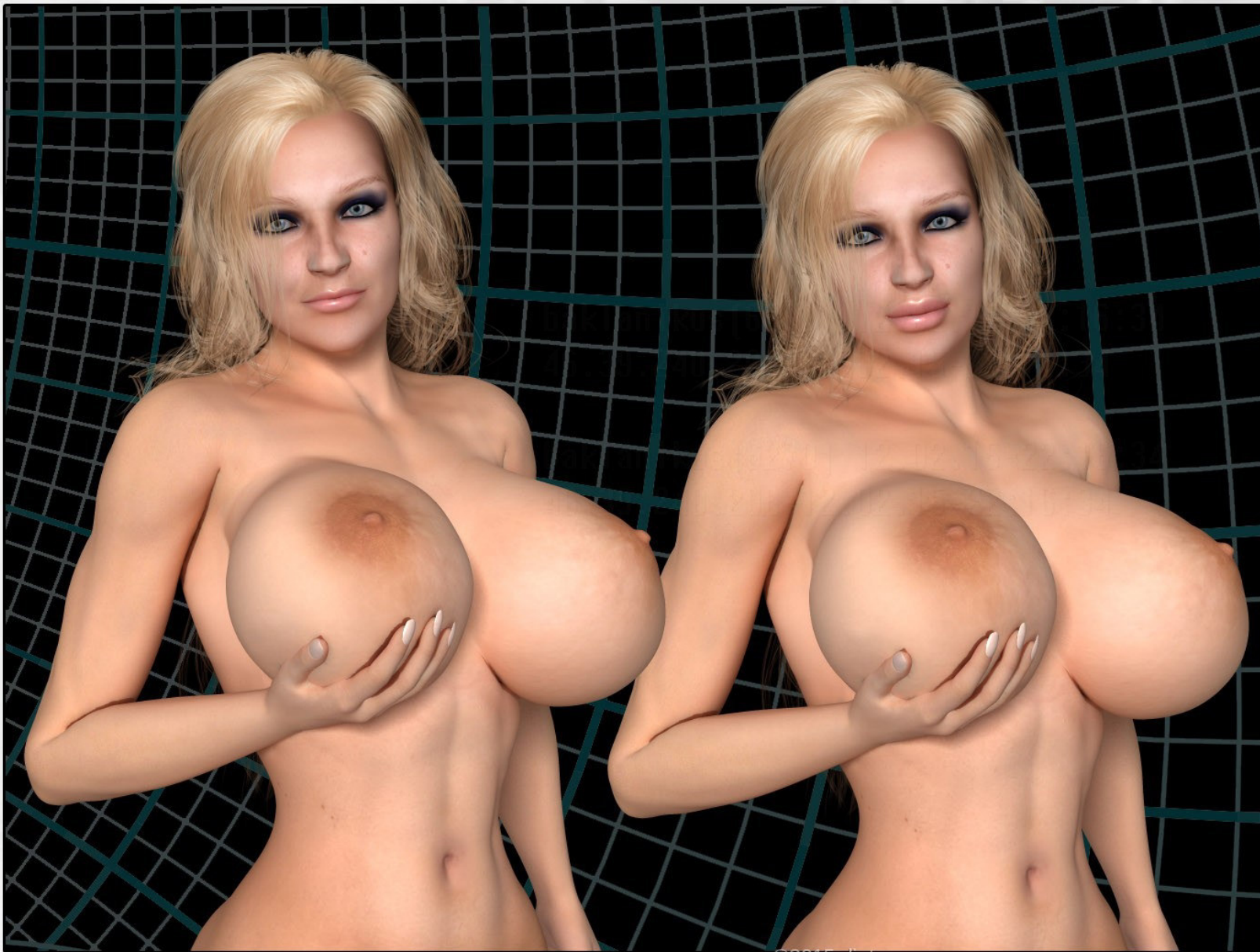
“And what do you think about it?” she turned to Jessica. She took out her gag and the girl started begging for mercy. She was screaming and trying to break free.

Thai-Ling laughed like a madwoman.



“You know Dolly, I was thinking of you as well... You are a self-confident, dominant girl, you like having power and being in control, which is why you run around with your dangerous toys and play a hero. You could achieve the same, and even more, in a completely different way. People are simple — men especially. If you changed your looks, you’d gain power you’ve never dreamt of. I know you can already have any man you want. They queue up for you. Still, think about total control...”

A computer simulation presenting Dolly appeared on the screen. After a moment simulated Dolly started to change... Her lips started growing, becoming fluffier.



“Imagine these are your lips. Everyone would stare at them instead of listening carefully to what you were saying. You could lie easily, convince everyone to your opinion, manipulate facts...”



Thai-Ling smiled at the camera. She took a deep breath, as if she were preparing to say something incredibly important.

“I know you like big breasts. Why limit yourself? You could have much, much larger ones...”

As if in response to her words the breasts of sim Dolly started growing. They reached further and further — forward and to the sides.

“What do you think? Do you like them? Just imagine — no one, absolutely no one could resist you. Men and women would fulfil your every desire, they would do everything to make you notice them. Control and power, without unnecessary shootouts, fights and other inelegant antics.”

“If I were you, I’d also consider the change of style. Your current one seems... too aggressive. You need something to make you look more innocent and feminine. What would you say to this?”

Dolly in a sexy, skimpy outfit appeared on the computer screen.

“You wear corsets, yet they are definitely too wide. You do not attempt to reduce your waist. It could be made much more leaner, emphasising big sexy breasts even more! Of course all this would require sacrifice on your part. Surgeries and related problems... Less comfortable clothes, tight corset, limiting movement... Imagine running or using weapons with such boobs! They would surely get in the way! Still, your look would give you unlimited power... I’m sure that once you realised that, you’d want more. You’d impatiently wait for subsequent surgeries.”





The simulation went alive again, and Dolly's breasts and lips grew at a rapid pace.

"You would transform into a sexual fantasy and you'd use your dominating position however you'd like. No one would be able to resist you, I'm sure. They would be crazy about you, they would adore you. And you would start slowly getting addicted to subsequent surgeries, to the control that you gained with them. You'd consider even larger breasts and lips, buttock implants and a narrower waist... You'd do everything to remain desired."

"You'd use your power and you wouldn't have to risk your life and health. Your looks would be enough...they would give you strength!"

Now the screen displayed Dolly in a perverse, erotic scene.

"You dream about it don't you? I know you do. Get rid of your limitations and do what you've always wanted to! Is there really a need for the 'dangerous girl'? Think about it... because when we meet again, I might want to have some fun with you as well."

The recording ended.

Dolly watched the black screen with distaste. Thai-Ling was insane and could really go through with her plan regarding Jessica. As to the simulation of her own silhouette... Dolly didn't know what to think of it, neither was she going to think about it for too long.

They had to act quickly.

Jessica wanted to return to her blissful dream. She was afraid to open her eyes or even move. She heard what Thai-Ling intended to do with her, in what way she would modify her body. If she really went through with the plan... Jess would rather not think about it.

She heard footsteps.

“Get up,” said Liv. “I know you can hear me.”

She reluctantly opened her eyes and slowly sat up. She looked down and screamed with terror. What have they done to her body?! She closed her eyes, but it didn't help much. She still felt this new heavy burden on her chest, rising and falling with her every breath.

“Don't you like them?” mockingly asked Tara. “In my opinion, they're very sexy. So big and round... You should be proud of them. You know it's only the beginning, you have to get used to them.”

She approached Jess and touched her enlarged boobs. Jessica shuddered.

“Leave me alone, bitch!” she growled.

“There, there,” whispered Tara. “I know you like it. The aphrodisiac gland will make you feel good in an instant. You'll get aroused, maybe you'll even ask me for more.”

Unfortunately, Tara was absolutely right. Jessica felt that, despite her anger and shame that her body was reacting in its own artificially programmed manner. Pleasant warmth between her legs, slight tingling, a thrill of pleasure...

“You see?” rejoiced Liv. “It’s working.”



Jess was looking at her huge tits with revulsion. Two heavy globes did not fit her slim silhouette. Her nipples got hard from the pleasure. Her body was betraying her and she felt she couldn't control it.

She stood up pushing Tara, who was playing with her nipples, away.

"Your ass is pretty nice as well," said the girl slapping her buttock.

Jessica moaned. She realised something was wrong. Her butt seemed different, larger. Holding her breath she put her hands on it. She looked back and saw just how huge her buttocks had become.

She didn't even pay any attention to Tara, unceremoniously petting and squeezing her butt. She was shocked by her new curves. Until... Another thrill of pleasure pierced her body. She felt she was becoming wet and hot. Did they...?

"You noticed your butt is also more sensitive now?" asked Liv.

She approached her too.

"Personally, I am the most curious about your lips," she said and led Jessica towards the mirror.

"Give me a break," shouted Jess.

"Aren't you interested in what you look like now?" asked Tara.



The mirror was cruel and merciless. It showed all the changes that had been done against her will. Large, round and perky breasts, prominent buttocks and the waist even slimmer than before, emphasising her new silhouette. Her lips have been enlarged as well, which gave her face a completely different look.



Liv touched her lips.

“Can you feel it?”

At that moment Jessica realised how sensitive they were. They had become another erogenous zone of her altered body.

Thai-Ling entered the room.

“Girls, let our pet relax,” she said. “Soon enough you’ll be able to use her to your hearts’ content.”

Tara and Liv reluctantly left the room.

“It’s only the beginning,” said Thai-Ling before she left, closing the door behind her.

Stunned, Jessica still couldn’t get her eyes off her reflection in the mirror. If they keep modifying her she will turn into an exaggerated fantasy doll good for sex only. The lightest stimulation will turn her on... How far will they go? She thought of Dolly, who was now her only hope. She hoped Dolly would get her out of here before it was too late.

Thai-Ling wasn't joking when she said, that everyone would be able to use her as much as they wanted. As soon as she recovered after the surgery, the girls from the '*Blooming Lotus*' and its owner many times a day fulfilled their fantasies using Jessica's altered body. They all knew what the owner had in mind for her, and did not hesitate to humiliate and abuse poor Jess.

On that day Thai-Ling decided to check in how many ways Jessica could reach orgasm. First she caressed her sensitive lips, than large breasts, next buttocks, last she inserted fingers and toys into both her holes, to the amusement of the other girls. At first Jess was angry, embarrassed and frightened. Later she only felt ever increasing pleasure, made even more intense by the aphrodisiac mercilessly released into her bloodstream by the implanted gland. In the evening she only wished to rest, she was exhausted after the multiple orgasms she'd had. She was wet from sweat and her muscles hurt from exertion.

"I have some free time," said Thai-Ling. "Let's see if.."

"No, please," interrupted Jessica. "I'm exhausted..."

The woman only laughed.

"I know you've had a hard day," she said firmly. "But I'm not done yet. I want to watch you touch yourself."

Jessica knew there was no use resisting. She'd tried that before, and it only made things worse, as other girls and bodyguards got involved.

“Caress your lips, pet,” commanded Thai-Ling.



Jess obediently touched her large, sensitive lips. Her hands were trembling. She felt her pleasure started growing again. She knew what was about to happen. The gland would start producing aphrodisiac, and she would lose control.

She fondled her lips with growing fervour. She licked them and petted with her fingertips. She felt her warm pussy pulsate, her skin quickly covered with goosebumps. Thai-Ling watched her with utmost content.

“Now your ass,” she said.

Jessica ran her hands along her modified body, prominent breasts and slim waist until she reached the buttocks. She squeezed and caressed them, and Thai-Ling watched her every move, admiring her own masterpiece. Jessica felt even dizzy from the pleasure. Her burning pussy was pulsating, demanding more. Her ecstasy seemed pure, so very addictive. The girl was moaning, and the aphrodisiac was beginning to flow in her veins. She felt her body was no longer hers, and its reactions were beyond her control. She was still fighting, even though she knew she had already lost. Exhaustion made the world around her look swirling and hazy.

Thai-Ling approached and touched her puffed up lips. Jessica shuddered, the ecstasy was flowing in two streams now from her sensitive buttocks and from her lips. The woman slid one of her hands lower, to the enlarged breast. She pinched the nipple, and Jessica let out a long moan. She was squirming under Thai-Ling’s touch, with lowered eyelids and head thrown back. Her body was reacting despite the fatigue.

She felt she was close, on the very edge of climax. She lost count which one it was that day.

Thai-Ling skilfully kept her on the edge.

“You see how easy it is to turn you on,” said Thai-Ling. “I don’t even have to touch your pussy, and you’re on the edge. Imagine, what it’ll be in a few weeks when I modify your body even further.”

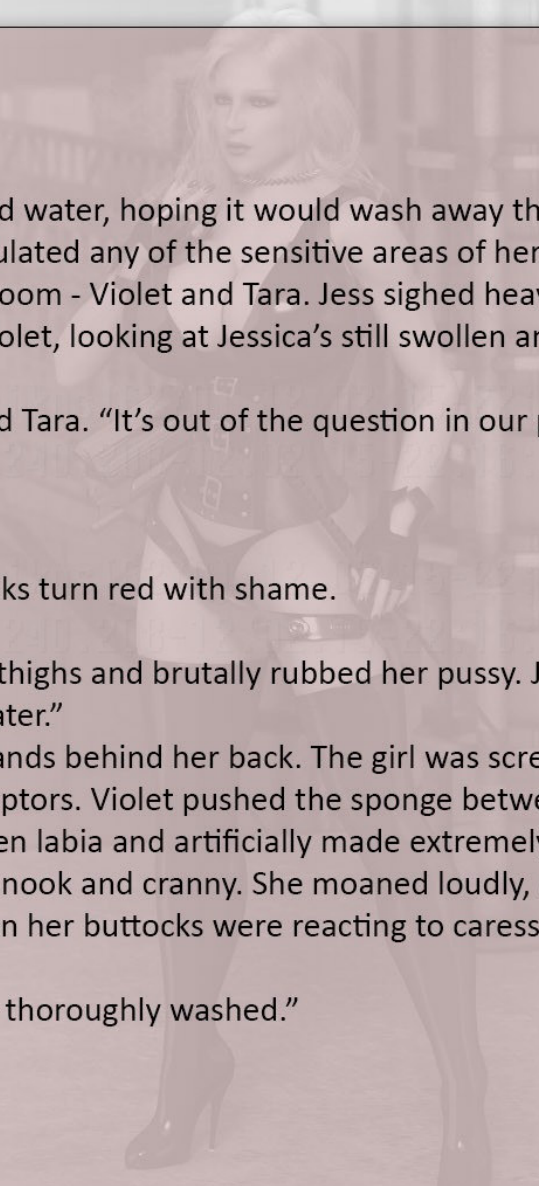


The words barely reached Jessica. She wanted it all to end. She craved orgasm, releasing her from this unbearable tension. She was trembling, and her skin was covered with sweat.

“Enough,” said Thai-Ling, moving away.

Jessica opened her eyes wide with surprise. She wouldn't make her come? She would leave her like that?

Her first impulse was to bring herself to orgasm on her own. Her body wanted it. But she didn't want to let Thai-Ling triumph. She was breathing heavily, like an athlete after a long run. She was trying to calm down and think... To overcome the aphrodisiac circulating in her veins. She stood up with much effort and swayed. She was dizzy, and she felt she could faint at any moment. She left the room on trembling legs. She felt Thai-Ling's eyes on her. Moisture was running down her thighs, her body seemed swollen from ecstasy.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset with white lace and high-heeled shoes, stands in a room with a bookshelf in the background. She is looking slightly to her left.

Once under the shower she turned on the cold water, hoping it would wash away the lust. She was trying to touch her skin as gently as possible. She felt, that if she accidentally stimulated any of the sensitive areas of her body, she could reach orgasm. She was just about to leave, when two girls entered the bathroom - Violet and Tara. Jess sighed heavily, she knew they wouldn't leave her alone.

"Did you wash yourself thoroughly?" asked Violet, looking at Jessica's still swollen and glistening pink clit.

Jess did not answer.

"We cannot let you neglect your hygiene," said Tara. "It's out of the question in our profession."

The girls approached her, smiling maliciously.

"Leave me alone," whined Jessica.

"Let's check if you are clean..."

They were closer and closer. Jess felt her cheeks turn red with shame.

"Let me go!" she shouted.

In response Violet slid her hand between her thighs and brutally rubbed her pussy. Jessica screamed, wracked with sudden pleasure.

"You are still wet," said Violet, "and it's not water."

Tara passed her a sponge and held Jessica's hands behind her back. The girl was screaming and struggling to break free, but she was so exhausted... She was powerless against her captors. Violet pushed the sponge between her legs and was rubbing it hard against her tired pussy. Jessica felt it tease her clit, her swollen labia and artificially made extremely sensitive skin around her other hole. The pleasure resonated within her body, reaching every nook and cranny. She moaned loudly, as her body filled with the pleasure she had been trying to suppress. Modified places between her buttocks were reacting to caress and the pleasure was electrifying every cell of her body.

"How slick!" rejoiced Violet. "She needs to be thoroughly washed."

And she started moving the sponge even harder. Jessica's body arched in a spasm of ecstasy with the approaching of a very intense orgasm. She couldn't stop it. She was writhing and moaning, her mind was overwhelmed by uncontrollable pleasure. She heard the laughter of two girls through the veil of her ecstasy which radiated throughout her commoditised body. All her muscles were shaking, and she couldn't stop moaning.

"This will do," decided Violet, and Tara finally let go of Jess' hands.



Jessica collapsed onto the wet floor tiles held by a very powerful orgasm. Bliss after the orgasm mixed with her rage and shame. Still, she felt exhausted first and foremost. She didn't even have enough strength to stand up, she'd fall asleep on the bathroom floor if she could.

"Watching this spectacle makes me horny," said Violet. "Come here my little fuck-doll and pleasure me."

She approached Jessica, grabbed her hair and forced her head towards her own clit. The girl resisted, despite her exertion and pain.

"You know you have no chance against us," reminded her Tara.

Violet's pussy smelled so invitingly... Jessica's altered taste buds loved the taste of pussy, especially aroused one.

"We'll force you anyway," said Violet, "it's pointless to resist."

Jessica gave up. She started licking her tormentor's clit. The aphrodisiac was still flowing in her veins, and her arousal wasn't getting weaker. She enjoyed the taste of Violet's pussy and hated herself for it. For getting lost in this artificially induced ecstasy.

The girl was moaning louder and louder, pushing Jess's head against her hot pussy. She was rhythmically grinding her hips, loving it when the doll's pierced tongue slid in deeper and deeper. The waves of ecstasy radiated through her whole body.



Finally, she let out a guttural scream and started shaking with orgasm, which brought her blissful fulfilment. It was Tara's turn now, and she hungrily sat on Jessica's face. Jess no longer resisted. She allowed Violet to play with her sensitive breasts, she inserted her fingers inside her own wet pussy, licking Tara's love juices.

She thought she reached the peak of her humiliation. She was writhing from pleasure, approaching another orgasm, while tears of shame were running down her face. Her body had become a cage she couldn't escape.

You know what will happen to you now;” said Thai-Ling. “I was wondering if you’d like to hear the details, or if I should surprise you.”

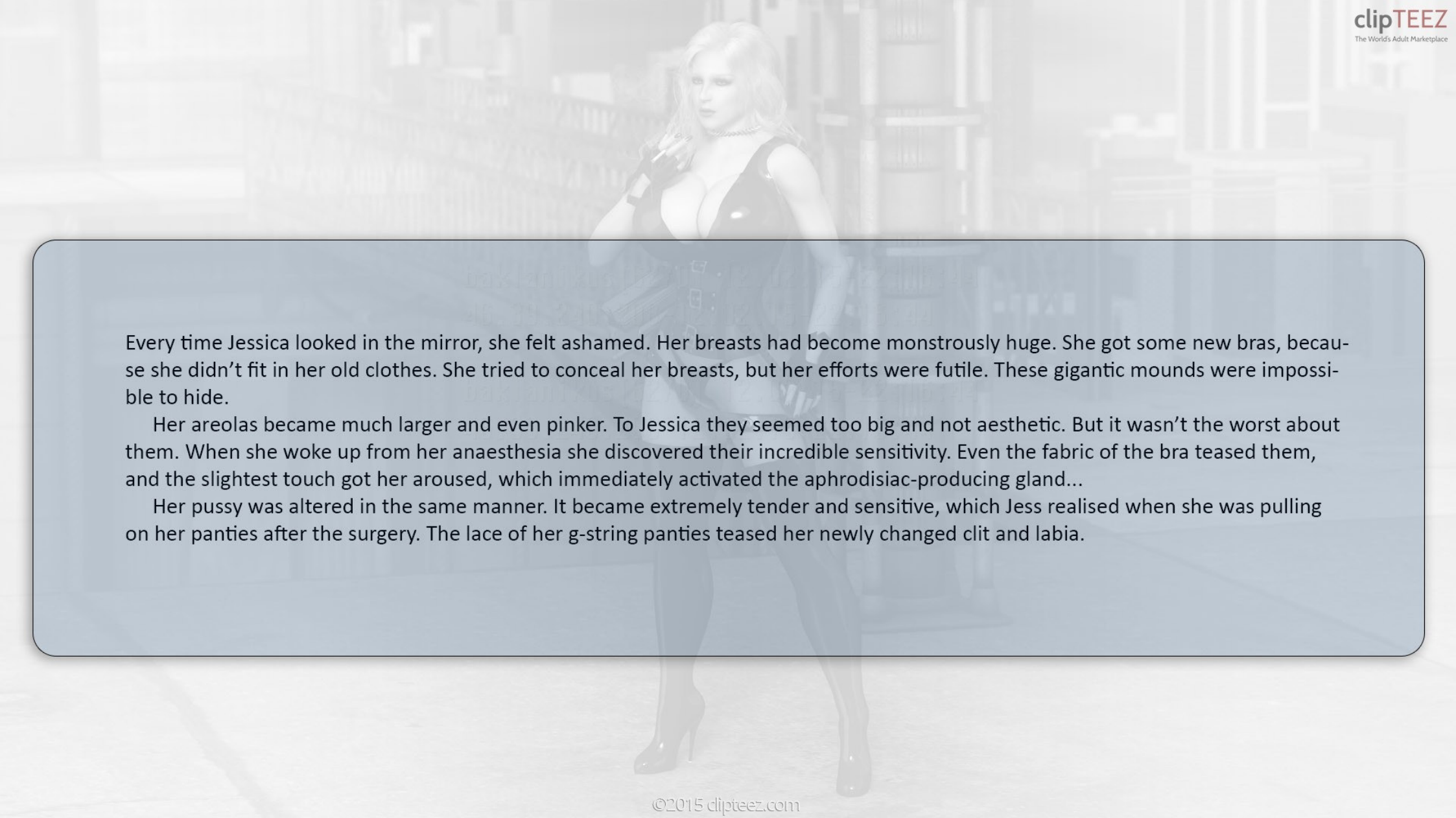
Jessica was restrained, attached to machines that would soon once more alter her body.

“The girls love your sensitive lips,” Thai-Ling went on, “they praised their size and softness. The doctors did a really great job. Personally I’m a fan of female curves. Your tits and butt look pretty ok, but they’re far from ideal. That is why this time we will focus on your boobs, we’ll make them even larger and more sensitive. They’ll be enormous!” Thai-Ling rubbed her hands.

Jessica looked down at her tits. They were already enormous. A trickle of sweat ran down her brow. They can’t do it to her!

“We’ll make your pussy more sensitive as well, I’m under the impression we’ve been neglecting it for far too long. I can already imagine the possibilities it will open up...”

Jessica would rather not imagine that. Her body already overreacted even to the slightest caresses. She would get turned on very quickly, and against her will. After the change she would completely lose control. Why hasn’t Dolly rescued her yet?

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black corset and high heels, stands in a city street. The background is a blurred cityscape with buildings and a street railing.

Every time Jessica looked in the mirror, she felt ashamed. Her breasts had become monstrously huge. She got some new bras, because she didn't fit in her old clothes. She tried to conceal her breasts, but her efforts were futile. These gigantic mounds were impossible to hide.

Her areolas became much larger and even pinker. To Jessica they seemed too big and not aesthetic. But it wasn't the worst about them. When she woke up from her anaesthesia she discovered their incredible sensitivity. Even the fabric of the bra teased them, and the slightest touch got her aroused, which immediately activated the aphrodisiac-producing gland...

Her pussy was altered in the same manner. It became extremely tender and sensitive, which Jess realised when she was pulling on her panties after the surgery. The lace of her g-string panties teased her newly changed clit and labia.

Her entire body was turned into a map of sensitive areas. Even the slightest stimulation made her horny. Her breasts and buttocks with implants reacting to touch, both of her holes, her thick lips... She had to be constantly aware of them in order not to accidentally stimulate them. And on top of that there was the aphrodisiac-producing gland, which rendered all attempts at suppressing her now enormous arousal futile.

She only wished for someone to save her. At the same time she wondered what her life in the 'normal' world would look like. The very thought that Brian, her family or friends, would see her like this, made her blush with extreme shame. What would they think of her? How was she supposed to work, to function normally?



She tried to stay in her room as much as possible. Every time she left it, someone would provoke her, laugh at her, cup her breasts or slide their hands beneath her skirt. She had been sitting in her room for several hours. She was very thirsty... Behind the door she heard some laughter and voices of Thai-Ling and the other girls.

In a hurry, which made her breasts and buttocks bounce, she went to the kitchen. She was looking down, but most of her vision was obscured by her enormous boobs. She was trying not to make too much noise with her high heels, which Thai-Ling had ordered her to wear. She felt her tender nipples scrape against the bra, and her g-string panties tease her pussy and the area around her other hole. She was starting to get aroused. She knew, that if she didn't have an orgasm in a long time, the gland would release cumulated dollop of aphrodisiac spontaneously. It had once happened to her. She was about to go to sleep, exhausted after a day spent on avoiding attention of the *'Blooming Lotus'* staff, when she felt a growing desire. She tried to suppress it, but it continued to grow with every second. Her body started trembling with arousal. She tried to ignore it, she was lying motionless, frightened and ashamed. Her nipples got swollen and her panties got wet. Finally, the need for pleasure became unbearable and she had to satisfy it. She hoped no one heard her ecstatic moans.

She was near the kitchen door, when she heard Thai-Ling's voice:

"Do not sneak like that! With such body you have no chance of being unnoticed," she said.

She was lazily relaxing in the hot tub with the other girls. They were all naked.

"Come, join us. We will think of a game for you," said Liv.

"I only want to get something to drink," replied Jess.

"Here you go," said Tara raising a glass of champagne. "You won't refuse me, will you?"

Jessica hesitated, and Thai-Ling gave the bodyguard a meaningful look. If Jess tries to resist...

She reluctantly approached them and took the drink. She felt the bubbles pleasantly tease her dry tongue and palate. Already after the first sip the world around her started spinning.

Thai-Ling gestured to her to join the other girls in the hot tub. Jessica slowly undressed and tried the water with her foot.

"Take off your bra and panties too," said Violet, "you see we're all naked here."



Jess sighed and took off her g-string panties and bra. Every time she looked at it she was surprised how large the cups were. She had to wear items with wider shoulder-straps, capable of supporting her large breasts. She noticed her strings were wet and warm. Recently she had been constantly aroused and her body was always ready.

She submerged her body in the water, and the bubbles were pleasantly caressing her skin.

“The rules are very simple,” said Violet, moving closer to Jessica. “We want to test the capabilities of your new body so we can better plan the subsequent changes.”

Jess felt the girls’ hands on her skin. They were initially caressing her subtly, slowly increasing the intensity. They were touching her swollen nipples. They were sliding their hands between her legs in search of her tender pussy and sensitive asshole.

“Every orgasm,” started Liv, “will mean another 100cc added to your tits.”

“What?!” exclaimed Jess and started struggling to break free.

Tara and Violet held her tight, immobilising her. Thai-Ling was watching the entire scene with a smile.

“No! You cannot do this to me!” protested Jess. “They are already enormous! You don’t want...”

“We do,” interrupted Thai-Ling. “You’ve no idea, how monstrous they will become, when I’m done with you. As I said before, I’ll turn you into a walking advertisement of the *‘Blooming Lotus’*. I planned something exceptional for you, and now come to think of it... Maybe your tits will become so large, you won’t be a walking advertisement, because you will be unable to walk!” she laughed malevolently, and the girls joined her. “Jess, your body as it is now, is only the beginning. There is plenty of fun ahead of us!”

When Thai-Ling was speaking, Liv was fondling Jess’s sensitive areolas and nipples. She was using her wet fingers, she licked and sucked. Jess felt her every move like an electric pulse bringing pure pleasure, invigorating her whole sexified body. She clenched her teeth, trying to overcome her body’s reactions. She felt the aphrodisiac flowing in her veins, intensifying her sensations. She was burning with desire, but she couldn’t let them win. She had to resist Liv.

The girl pinched her erect nipples harder, and Jessica moaned quietly. She felt Liv’s finger running down, along her belly towards her sensitive pussy. She tried to wriggle away, though on the other hand she craved sexual release. Her eyes became hazy, her breathing was shallow and rapid.

Liv kissed her plump and shiny lips. Jess's body was immediately electrified with pleasure. She was sighing louder and louder and she was afraid she'd lose control any moment now. She saw and felt Liv squeeze her large breasts, stimulating the receptors under her skin and the sensitive implants.

"Leave... Me... Alone," she whined, but her words sounded like a plea for more.



Liv slid her finger inside Jess burning pussy. This was too much. The pleasure exploded, before Jess even had a chance to react. Despite the thought of another 100cc that Thai-Ling would pump into her breasts she couldn't resist the ecstatic pleasure. She rolled back her eyes, clenched her fists and howled like a beast. Her pussy was clamping around Liv's fingers in spasms of climax.

"So, we have our first hundred!" rejoiced Tara.

The orgasm was so powerful, Jess could barely understand her words. She was too focused on her own pleasure.

Liv didn't stop fondling her, despite her reaching climax. She wouldn't give her even a tiniest moment of rest. Instead, she slid one more finger in her pussy, and continued to caress Jess's breasts with her other hand. Jess felt her body quickly react to her attentions. She could hardly recover from her first climax, and the second was already approaching. Her altered body didn't cease to surprise her. The ecstasy was radiating from her boobs and pussy, teased by Liv's skilled hands.

Jess was ashamed of how much she enjoyed it. She was angry and helpless, she was afraid that Thai-Ling would really go through with her plan and pump another 100cc for each of her orgasms. She had to regain her composure, but...

She let out another scream of ecstasy, when Liv pushed another finger inside her pussy. She felt wonderfully filled, her sensitive flower was pulsating from pleasure, demanding more and more. She didn't expect the next orgasm to come so soon... All her muscles were trembling, and the new release only enhanced the pleasure from her previous orgasm. She lost control over her body, she didn't even hear her own moans and the girls' laughter.

“Two hundred, two hundred!” exclaimed Liv.

“Allow me now!” asked Tara.

Jessica felt them twist her around. Her belly was pressed against the rim of the hot tub, and her buttocks were sticking out. Her most sensitive areas were now vulnerable and visible to everyone. She slowly started to realise what was about to happen. She struggled but to no avail.

When Tara’s and Thai-Ling’s fingers started to fondle her ass, tears of shame and helplessness ran down her cheeks. She couldn’t control herself and she felt another wave of desire washing over her. Tara was squeezing her buttock, and Thai-Ling was caressing her sensitive areas around her butthole. Jessica was sighing and moaning, and the rising pleasure made her unable to think clearly, it took away her strength and will to resist. She loved and hated this pleasure. Thai-Ling turned her into a helpless sex toy, unable to control her own reactions. She also knew that this wasn’t the end, that more modifications awaited her. How will she exist then?

She had never felt such intense pleasure in her normal life. Her previous erotic experiences seemed bleak compared to what she was experiencing every day at *‘Blooming Lotus’*. Even though she didn’t want to admit it, it wasn’t until she got here that she learned what real, pure ecstasy was. No man had given her such satisfaction before...



Unwittingly she was clenching her fingers and writhing under the women's touch. Thai-Ling's finger slid inside her, swiftly and deep. The pleasure paralysed Jessica, it was frighteningly powerful. There was no use fighting it. She got lost in another wonderful, humiliating, intense orgasm.

The girls were taking turns, caressing her in the most creative ways, testing her limits. At some point Jessica stopped resisting, hardly aware of what was going on around her. The world became blurry and distant, as if hidden behind a veil of mist, and the only thing left was pure pleasure.

She remembered licking Violet's love juices, her laughter and moans, kisses, toys and fingers in her holes, hands and tongues on her tits, buttocks, thighs... Everything entwined, combined into a single overwhelming experience, and subsequent orgasms becoming one endless supreme climax.

She heard girls shout growing numbers, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand... She lost count, and reality seemed distant. She could only feel. It seemed to her someone said fifteen hundred, and then twenty-one hundred... She didn't know and she didn't care.

END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!