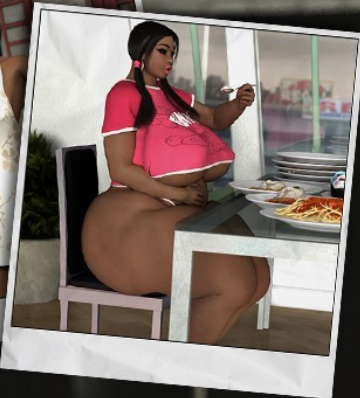


Fuckdoll Mafia

Part 1



- Breast expansion
- Lips expansion
- Domination
- Bimbofication
- Teasing
- Bimbo outfits
- Ass expansion
- Weight gain
- Straight and lesbian sex

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Weight gain

Straight and lesbian sex

Writer: Szyla

Illustrator: Zych

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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



Naomi was very excited that she was finally facing a real, serious case. She had started working for the police a few years before and she had been spending most of her time at the desk so far, under the attentive and usually unpleasantly lusty gaze of the head of the police station. Sometimes she suspected that the man was keeping her there just to be able to look at her.

Fortunately, this time she was to deal with something much more important. She was ordered to smash a gang headed by a man called Tony. At last she felt like a real police investigator.

Duane came into the small conference room to brief her on the details of the ongoing investigation. The man threw a thick, slightly battered folder on the table, motioned Naomi to open it, and then sank into a chair next to her with a heavy sigh.



Naomi's attention was immediately drawn to the photos inside the folder.

"Who is this?" she asked, looking at the first one.

"A girl introducing herself nowadays as Summer. That's probably an alias she uses at work," said Duane.

"At work?"

"She's a prostitute."

"She doesn't look like a hooker," Naomi remarked.

Duane turned the page and tapped his finger on the next photo.

Naomi stiffened and covered her mouth with her hand.

“This is Summer a few weeks later,” Duane explained.

“Implants...” Naomi commented, trying to speak in a controlled tone.

“She probably wanted to please her customers more.”

“Do you think she did it of her own free will?” Naomi asked.





“We don’t know that,” Duane said, showing her another photograph.

“She’s even bigger! This ass is gigantic!” the policewoman blurted out. “And those huge breasts! She looks like... Like...”

She immediately regretted that she had reacted so unprofessionally and blushed, ashamed with herself.

“We were stunned by how much she had changed in such a short time,” said Duane. “I’m sure she works as an upscale prostitute, we’ve seen her enter clubs and apartment complexes, we’ve also managed to catch her a few times while shopping at the stores for women with large bodies.”

“I’m certain she wouldn’t be able to pick up anything for herself in an ordinary boutique,” Naomi said.

“Perhaps she was somehow forced to undergo those treatments, but she could have just as well done it of her own free will.”

“Who does something like that of their own will?!” Naomi was indignant.

“Maybe she wanted to make more money. Maybe that’s what she wanted to look like.”



Under Summer's photo there was another one, showing a tiny girl with full breasts. She wore a short skirt and a tight top.

Naomi looked at her as if hypnotized, afraid to turn to the next page of the file. She feverishly wondered what she might see in the next photograph. Has this girl's body been transformed so radically, too?

When Naomi looked at the next photo, she gasped loudly and her heartbeat rapidly accelerated.

“Girls are being improved in a number of different ways,” Duane commented. “That way the customers never get bored. Perhaps one of the richest guys has demanded for Candice to change like this.”

“Improved?” Naomi asked. “You call this an improvement?”

Duane blushed slightly and shrugged his shoulders.

Naomi couldn't take her eyes off the picture. Her gaze followed the contours of the girl's naked body. She felt she was starting to sweat. She imagined how customers must look at the silhouettes of those girls. Maybe they even discussed out loud the “improvements” they might still need. She shivered and, to her own surprise, discovered that her nipples hardened and became visible under her top.





She turned the page with a decisive gesture of her hand.

“That’s Tony,” Duane explained, pointing to the man on the left. “And the other one is probably a client.”

“They are surely praising her assets,” Naomi said, her voice changed with emotion. “She’s even bigger here... Do you like it?” she asked him provocatively.

“Me?” Duane seemed surprised.

He studied Candice’s figure and Naomi saw a spark of desire in his gaze.

She also felt how her own body reacted to those erotic images. She had goose bumps all over her skin.

“I imagine that many men might like it,” Duane admitted evasively.

He hurriedly showed her another picture, as if to distract her.

“Allie,” he said, tapping on the photo. “She’s still slim in this one. She looks like an ordinary girl. In her case, Tony decided on something completely different.”

Naomi was afraid to ask how Allie had been changed. She shut her eyes and rubbed the bridge of her nose.

She didn’t know what was happening to her. Her skin felt hot and slightly sweaty, and she was unable to calm her pulse. She told herself it was just outrage and shock related to how Tony treated those girls, but she knew it was a lie. She could feel her pussy swell and dampen.

“Allie’s job was to eat all the time,” added Duane.





“After just a few months she looked like this,” he commented, showing Naomi another picture.

“What a lot of weight she must have put on!” Naomi was surprised. “She used to be so slim!”

“Our informant suggested that Allie was given a substance that increased appetite and caused food to bring erotic pleasure,” said Duane. “Apparently, she went on a series of eating and masturbating binges.”

Naomi felt herself flush. She imagined Allie lying on a couch, eating high-calorie dishes, heavy and increasingly horny.

“She’s going to eat it all?” Naomi asked, looking at the plates set in front of Allie. “But there’s enough for several people.”

“We guess that her job was to constantly gain weight to satisfy her customers,” Duane said.

“She’s huge!” Naomi sighed.

“Yes, I suppose all she does now is to eat and serve customers,” Duane commented.





“I’d rather not think what they did to that girl,” Naomi groaned, looking at the next photograph.

“In the case of Tasha, Tony bet on one distinctive feature,” said Duane. “Her breasts were to become disproportionately huge in comparison to the rest of her body.”

Naomi clenched her hands tightly on the tabletop, as if she wanted to hold on to something, preparing herself for the sight of Tasha’s transformation.



“Here she is with one of her clients,” Duane said.

Naomi stared at the enormous breasts filled with implants. Surely, the zipper of the blouse couldn't take their pressure and slid down, exposing the round bust. It was immediately obvious that it was artificial – it was indicated not only by its size, but also by the perfectly spherical shape.

Naomi tried to calm herself down, breathing deeply. She was dizzy and her mouth went quite dry.

Tasha had a startled, uncertain expression on her face, as if she wondered how she had gotten into that situation. Did she really agree to such a change? Did she want to work as a prostitute? How did she feel when her body was perfected in accordance with someone's erotic fantasies and then used for other people's pleasure?

“If you like, we can take a break,” Duane suggested, worried to see how pale his colleague was.

“No...” Naomi objected. “No... I just can’t believe... I didn’t even think that you could change your body so dramatically. Look at her breasts! Look how huge they are! How is she dealing with them? They must be so heavy, and she is such a petite girl... Her skin must have stretched so much... I... I just can’t comprehend it!”

Duane patted her on the shoulder, trying to cheer her up.

Naomi was indignant to notice that the man was staring at Tasha’s picture with lust and fascination. It obviously excited him, too. The girl served to please others, and the whole purpose of her existence was to arouse lust.

The worst part was that Naomi couldn’t make her body react the way she would have expected. Her panties were already pretty wet, her swollen nipples rubbed against her bra, and uninvited erotic images appeared in her mind.



"I'll have something to drink," she said and went up to the kettle. "Since I've already seen what it looks like, then..."

"You don't think that's all, do you?" Duane asked, surprised.

"Are there pictures of still more women?"

"No... We have photos of the same girls from a later period," Duane explained.

"You don't want to tell me that they have changed even more?!" Naomi exclaimed.

"Just look," Duane said and showed her another photo.



Naomi went completely speechless. She stared at the photo with wide eyes.

“We think that some technology has been used to sensitize her breasts,” said Duane. “Probably, touching her bust gives her a great pleasure. One of our men saw her on her way to a client. She looked as if she was very excited and constantly adjusted her blouse. We suspect that even the touch of the fabric rubbing against her breasts could put her in such a state.”

Naomi heard him say it, but she couldn’t take it all in.

She didn’t have a chance to recover, because Duane was already showing her the next photo.

Naomi blushed with shame. She clenched her thighs together, because her warm, moist pussy started pulsating unbearably. Naomi was afraid that the policeman might smell her scent in the air.

“How does she function with a bust that is so huge and sensitive?” she asked. “She can’t even walk normally without getting horny...I imagine that even a short walk must be very tiring for her.”

“A girl like her doesn’t go for walks,” Duane commented. “She serves for sex. She’s busy with her clients all day.”



“But what you’re describing, sensitizing her breast in this way, this must be some extremely advanced technology! I’ve never heard about anything like that.”

“Tony is a very powerful man. He has contacts among doctors and a huge load of money. You should understand who you are facing.”

A cold shiver run down Naomi’s spine. What other possibilities did Tony have at his disposal? How far could he go?

“How does he force these women to do something like that?” she asked, staring at the next photo.

“We think most of them willingly agreed to change at the beginning,” said Duane. “And then they fell into Tony’s trap and were unable to get out. Tasha is probably addicted to extremely strong erotic stimuli that she wouldn’t be able to experience, weren’t it for her sensitized breasts. She needs sex. She needs to meet her clients every day. Perhaps she herself wants her breasts to be even bigger and give her even more pleasure.”

“So she can’t stop...” Naomi whispered.

“Exactly. See what happened, for example, to Allie.”





“How huge she became!” Naomi exclaimed.

She didn’t even try to pretend to be professional anymore, because these photos evoked too much emotion in her.

“And yet she still kept eating...” she was amazed. “She put these huge portions of high-calorie food in her mouth and became bigger and bigger... Why, she can’t even fit into a chair anymore!”

She flipped through several pages and compared the picture of a slender girl from before to that big, voluptuous woman that Allie had turned into. The difference was shocking.

“Yes, she was still eating,” Duane continued. “She probably couldn’t control herself. Perhaps they gave her some hormones that stimulated weight gain. She put on weight at a really stunning pace. We have managed to track her down several times. Our man didn’t recognize her at first, she had changed so much. She walked slowly, as if every step caused her great difficulty and wiped sweat off her forehead. She looked tired and she was gasping for breath, though she only had to walk from the limousine to the club. In such a state she probably only dreamed about being able to sit comfortably at a table and eat.





Naomi turned the page over just to be able to take her eyes off Allie's big body. She regretted it immediately, because the picture of Candice was equally stunning.

She could hear blood pumping in her ears. The feeling of excitement with which she proceeded to watch the files was now just a pale memory.

"Is it really her?" she sighed, pointing at Candice's picture. "She really has such huge buttocks?"

"Why would you ask?" Duane replied embarrassed. "You can see for yourself what she looks like."

"Yes, but how can you be sure that this picture is authentic?" Naomi asked, trying to hold on to the last bits of hope. "It may be some graphic enhancement, it might've been photoshopped."

Duane sighed.

"We've examined them. They are authentic," he replied and flipped the page.

"I understand your intentions, Naomi," he said. "You'd like to believe that this isn't really happening, but if you want to deal with this case, you have to face the truth."

Naomi didn't answer, she just shook her head in disbelief.

"Candice specialized in anal sex," said Duane. "We suspect that she served multiple customers every day. She also took part in fetish parties during which she presented her body and then shared it with guests. Apparently she became a star. Like Tasha, her attractiveness was based primarily on the contrast of a slim figure with one dramatically enlarged part of the body. Note that her lips have also become very prominent. You can imagine that when several customers wanted to use her at the same time..."



Naomi waved her hand violently, not wanting to hear any more details.

“Just show me the rest of the photos,” she asked.

She wanted to deal with it as soon as possible. Also because despite her shock, with every passing minute she was getting more and more excited. She fantasized about sneaking into the bathroom and masturbating fiercely.

She kept telling herself that she shouldn't react in this way. She didn't even like such women! She always valued naturalness and class. It was all far too perverse for her.



Duane pointed to the next photo.

“So, Summer has changed even more,” Naomi said in a weak voice.

“You need to understand what possibilities Tony has at his disposal,” Duane replied. “This girl not only has gigantic breasts and buttocks, every other element of her appearance was refined. Her hair is always done and her nails are groomed. She sports a heavy, professionally applied makeup.”

“And she’s quite muscular, so she has to work out a lot,” Naomi commented.

“Probably those many hours of sex with clients provide her with the right amount of exercise,” Duane said, flipping through the pages.

“Tony can turn ordinary, unremarkable girls into exclusive hookers,” Duane said. “He has clients among influential and wealthy businessmen and politicians.”

Naomi bit her lower lip. She could hardly focus on the policeman’s words.

“So this is the way Summer works,” she whispered. “She uses her radically changed body to satisfy rich customers...”

“Maybe they’re giving her drugs to increase her libido,” said Duane. “It looks like she’s the most popular one among Tony’s girls. And she is our informer.”

“Really?”

“Perhaps she saw this as the only opportunity to get out of this job.”





Naomi rubbed her eyelids with her hands and blinked rapidly.

“Amazing... Has she really become so huge?” she asked. “I’ve never seen such a giant bust before! I never even thought it could get so big!”

The expression on Summer’s face shocked her the most. She looked proud of herself. Was she just acting or did she actually enjoy what she was doing? And if so, why did she decide to cooperate with the police?

“Here she was almost certainly under the influence of Exta, a substance that increases libido,” said Duane. “This picture was taken just before a VIP party.”

“We know she spent long hours with some high-ranking clients,” Duane continued. “This is the only photo that can give us an idea of what was happening there. Do you see those erotic toys on the shelf? When Summer left the party in the morning, she could hardly walk.”

“What did they do to her?” Naomi asked, shocked.

“We don’t know, they probably fucked her so hard and for such a long time that she got completely exhausted. She was stained with semen, flushed and sweaty, and the makeup on her face was completely smudged.”



“And I will have to meet her...” Naomi sighed.

“Yes, she promised us some more information.”

She was still staring at the picture. She was unable to acknowledge what she was seeing. She didn't want to believe it. She felt one shiver after another. She was excited, confused and shocked by everything she had seen.

“All right,” she finally said. “I'll meet her. I'll show Tony that he is not so powerful as he seems to think.”

During the following months of working on Tony's case, Naomi got somewhat used to the amazing appearance of the girls. Still, every time she looked at them, she felt a mixture of compassion, contempt and unhealthy curiosity.

Now she was walking across the hotel lobby, carefully looking around. She was supposed to meet an informant in one of the rooms.

She remembered perfectly well the photos of this woman, who introduced herself as Summer. She looked like a slut and everything about her literally dripped with sexiness. Walking down the hotel corridor, Naomi tried not to imagine what Summer had to do every day using her transformed body. She was probably sucking dozens of men with those inflated lips, spreading her slim thighs apart in front of the customers, and sticking out her full buttocks towards them as soon as they beckoned her with a finger. No dignity or self-respect. Naomi felt pity for her, though Summer must have put herself in such a situation by her own choice.

"Come in!" she heard from the inside.

The woman stood with her back towards the door, staring at the window. Naomi froze in mid-step and took a deep breath.

Summer put on high heels that visually lengthened her slim legs. The rim of her short skirt ended just above her buttocks which were even larger than Naomi remembered from the photos. The fabric of her clothes was so tight and stretched that they didn't leave much room for imagination.

“They did it to you again,” Naomi said.

She immediately regretted her words because she had promised to herself that she would behave professionally.

Summer ran her hand through her lush pink hair and turned away from the window. Her breasts became even fuller – they were so huge that even when she stood with her back to you, it was impossible not to notice them. Two perfectly round, disproportionately large breasts hugged each other on her breastbone and protruded far beyond the outline of her slim figure.

Looking at her, Naomi felt little hairs on her body stand on end, and her breathing became shallow and uneven. While in the company of Summer, one couldn't help but think about sex. Everything about her was so direct and vulgar that the air around was vibrating with erotic tension.



“I did it myself,” Summer said. “To better serve my customers. You can’t even imagine how my new tits and ass work on them. They are hard and ready after one look at me.”

Naomi blushed violently and her lips involuntarily twisted in a grimace of dislike and compassion.

“Men are really simple,” Summer continued. “They can try to convince themselves that they despise whores like me, that they prefer classy women... Women like you.” Summer allowed herself an ironic smile. “But that’s a lie. They get a hard-on at the first look at me. They love my saline inflated tits and my round ass. They love it when I dress this way,” she said, moving her manicured hands over her skimpy clothes. “You should try it yourself.”

Naomi held her breath at the thought of ever bearing even the slightest similarity to this woman.

Summer pointed at the table where some pictures were scattered.

Naomi came up to them, her legs trembling with emotion, and sat down in a chair, relieved.



“Impossible!” she blurted out when she looked at the first photograph.

She expected to see new faces, because it didn’t even occur to her that the women she had seen in the pictures before could have changed even more!

Candice’s buttocks were even bigger. Naomi thought that when that woman walked, they had to heave softly up and down. She couldn’t imagine how huge her skirts and pants had to be to fit her.

“Candice increased her butt once more,” Summer said. “Customers liked it very much. She also has much larger lips. Even someone as prudish as you can easily imagine what they are for.”

"I heard that customers are delighted with blowjobs she now gives," said Summer. "Her lips are supposedly much better than her pussy. Always warm, moist and soft... Imagine what it would be like if someone like her would eat your pussy. I assure you that it is difficult to find anything more pleasant than that. I know about it, because at one of the parties we worked together and guests wanted Candice to present her skills to me."





“But, of course, everyone likes to fuck her in the ass most,” Summer said, glancing at another photo. “She became a real expert in this. I’ve heard so many stories about how great it is to grab these huge buttocks and enter her narrow hole. Men literally line up in a queue.”

“How can you talk about it so calmly?!” Naomi was indignant.

“Oh, don’t pretend it doesn’t turn you on. I can see how you look at all these women. You look at me the same way.” Naomi angrily pursed her lips and looked at the next photo.

A long moan escaped her lips.

“Allie has been really insatiable lately,” Summer commented. “I don’t know what she likes more, food or sex. Although in her case one is eternally linked with the other. She fills her stomach with donuts and becomes more horny with every bite. Several times I heard her begging someone to finally fuck her. She has become so heavy... If nothing changes, soon she won’t be able to get out of bed. Maybe she won’t even be able to reach her own pussy. Her appearance emphasizes her own greediness. She can’t control her desires and whims. She totally gave in to her own body.”

Naomi found no way to comment on this. She brushed a drop of sweat off her forehead and looked at the next photo.



“You probably also sometimes dream about giving up control, don’t you?” Summer asked in a seductive tone of voice. “You fantasize about just letting yourself get fucked.”

Naomi glared at her, but the informant just laughed.



“Tasha...” Summer said with a hint of jealousy in her voice. “Her tits are the embodiment of the fantasy of so many guys... She pays a high price for it. Imagine what it means to live with such a giant bust. Because it’s so sensitive, she experiences orgasms you have never even dreamed of. Many times I saw her faint from excess pleasure. Her body just can’t stand it! Tasha is quite addicted to this. She just wants her tits to be even bigger and even more sensitive.”

“Even bigger?!” Naomi exclaimed.

“Oh, yes... She’s always talking about it,” Summer said, nodding her head seriously. “She could stay in bed all day, crushed against the mattress by her giant breasts and fucked by clients. Probably she would be the happiest then.”

Naomi thought about the power Tony must have if he could convince or somehow force these women to change their bodies to such an extreme degree. Surely he was a very, very powerful man, but Naomi was sure that she would never agree to such radical modifications, regardless of the circumstances.

She thanked the informant and was about to get up from the chair when the door of the room opened and a man stood in it. Naomi had seen his photos so many times already...

It was Tony. He leaned against the doorframe and smiled at her dangerously.

Naomi stiffened. She couldn't move or make a sound.

"You wanted to know what happens to girls who work for me," Tony said, piercing her with his eyes. "I can guarantee that you will get to know exactly how it is, to the last detail."

Naomi felt as if her whole body was paralyzed. Suddenly she remembered what had happened to her predecessor, the policeman who was investigating Tony's case. When it seemed that he had managed to collect strong, incriminating evidence, he died in a car accident whose causes could never be determined. With his death, most of the materials regarding the case disappeared. She didn't want to end just like that detective.

Several well-built, armed bodyguards entered the room, arms folded across wide torsos. They started watching the whole scene dispassionately.

Naomi's head was empty of all thoughts, and her muscles refused to obey her. From a trained policewoman in a single moment she turned into a vulnerable girl.





"I want you to look closely at Summer's body," Tony said. "You spent so much time watching my girls' photos, you are obviously curious about what it is like to be able to touch them. Well, take off her blouse and play with her tits."

"I... I don't do such things! I'm not that kind of girl!"

It took Naomi a while to realize that she had spoken these words out loud. Her throat was so squeezed with emotion that they came out sounding unnaturally shrill.

Tony laughed and put his hands on the table, leaning over Naomi.

"It doesn't matter in the least, because now what matters is what girl you will become. And I will be the one to decide about it."

Naomi looked around the room. Summer was smiling at her encouragingly, probably the same way she smiled at tens or perhaps hundreds of her clients, then she moved toward her, swaying her full hips and parting her slightly moist lips.

"Undress me," she whispered.

Naomi pursed her lips and instinctively took a step back. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed that the bodyguards reacted to her movement – their muscles tensed, expressions of professional concentration appeared on their faces and their hands clenched on the weapons. They waited for a sign from Tony.

“Don’t make us wait,” Tony urged.

Naomi took a deep breath to calm herself down. Then she slipped her fingers under Summer’s top and pulled it up. The fabric got stuck on the huge bust and the policewoman’s hands touched the taut skin of her breasts. When she finally managed to raise the blouse higher, the breasts slipped outside and collided with each other.

Naomi groaned, staring at the gigantic breasts. She felt her pussy dampen. Her body, at some primal, animal level, responded to Summer’s curves and expansive eroticism.

“They’re very bouncy and firm,” Summer said. “And so huge. I had to undergo several treatments to become so big! Touch them.”

Naomi automatically obeyed the command. Summer’s skin was warm and soft, her nipples were pink and hard.

“They look very vulgar, right?” Tony said. “Not so long ago Summer was just an ordinary girl... Just the way you are now. Now, look how much we managed to achieve!”

Naomi felt a cold drop of sweat running down her spine.

She crouched in front of Summer and took off her skirt and then her panties. Without clothes, the girls' curves seemed even more prominent.

"How could you do this to yourself?" Naomi asked, staring at the woman with widened eyes.

Summer smiled coquettishly and winked at her.

"It grows on you, you know? At first you think that a small change will be enough, and then you want more and more. You can't stop. You want to be desired even more and you know very well that there is an easy way to achieve this. It's so hard to stop once you get to know what it is like," Summer confessed.

Naomi shook her head in disbelief.

Summer took a step towards her. She was so close now that her hardened nipples rubbed against Naomi's clothing.



When Summer started to undress her, the policewoman was planning an escape. She cast furtive glances at the security guards and assessed how best to get out of the room. At the same time, she felt her labia spread and swell. Her body, against her will, reacted with excitement.

Summer's hands examined her slim body, gently stroked the cool skin, cupped her small breasts, and moved over her ribs. Naomi closed her eyes and involuntarily began to relax. This gentle touch of skillful hands was the only thing that brought her relief now and she wanted to focus only on that. She took a deep breath for the first time that day. She parted her lips and moaned, because Summer caressed her exactly as she liked.

The security guards continued to look at her. Naomi knew that they were watching every move she made.

Summer's hot fingers grew bolder, touching her stomach and buttocks, slipping between her thighs.

The policewoman swayed on her feet as Summer's hand touched her labia. She couldn't believe she was getting so wet. There came an unexpected, strong pleasure that shook her whole body. This stunning excitement made her feel as if she was unexpectedly slapped on a cheek and in a split second she sobered up. She had to run away. Right now.

She ran towards the door.

Naomi woke up in a room she didn't know. The last thing she remembered were the predatory smiles on the faces of Tony's bodyguards.

It took her a moment to realize that the gang boss was standing next to the bed and staring at her with a look that made her shiver.

"You will soon learn what it's like to have a figure so perverse and sexy that in your presence, men will be able to think only about a decent fuck," he said quietly. "Your body will turn into a pleasure toy. You will blush with shame watching your own reflection in the mirror. Think about it, Naomi. Think about how you will look in a few months, with a new, saline inflated body, dressed in flashy, vulgar clothes."

He watched her for a moment longer, then left the room, leaving Naomi alone, shocked by everything that had happened.

That same day, Tony took Naomi to the clinic. He left her in the waiting room with two bodyguards and went into the doctor's office by himself.

Naomi didn't even think about trying to run away or opposing Tony. The gang leader gave her a pill to calm her down, which made her body and mind turn limp and submissive. She knew that she would do everything he might demand from her. She'd change her body the way he planned it.

She wondered what he was talking to the doctor about. Probably determining what treatments she had to go through. She trembled and clenched her hands into fists, reminding herself of Summer's silhouette and photographs of other women working for Tony.

A girl with prominent buttocks which could barely fit into tight leggings came out of one of the offices. After a while, another woman passed by, with full lips painted with lipstick, huge breasts and a very slim waist. Naomi kept looking at her until she disappeared behind the door.

When the doctor invited her into the office, she felt dizzy.

"An extremely thorough metamorphosis awaits you," said the doctor. "Your body will change completely and it will definitely be a shocking experience for you."

Naomi let out a strangled moan.

“It will take a few months before you get used to your new shapes. With less radical changes, patients usually accept their appearance more quickly, but Tony wants you to be refined in a significant way, so after the operation you should rest a lot, try to think positively and relax.”

It seemed to Naomi that the doctor’s words were coming to her from a great distance.

“Just in case, I’ll prescribe some sedatives for you,” the doctor said, peering intently at her pale face. “In addition, you will be much heavier than now, as the implants will weigh a lot, so as soon as you get to back to normal you should start to strengthen your muscles.”

Naomi turned her eyes away from the doctor and her gaze fell on a pile of colorful clothes arranged on a chair.

“Ah, yes, these are the clothes we have prepared for you. Your blouses and pants will no longer fit you.”



The policewoman picked up the first of the outfits and grimaced. A short dress with a very low cut neckline was made of shiny fabric in a flashy shade of pink.

"I won't put it on, that's for sure," Naomi said.

"Tony wants you to change your style," said the doctor.

Underneath the dress, there was a huge bra. Seeing it, Naomi held her breath.

"It must be a mistake," she said. "It's not for me!"

"Why do you think so?"

"It's too big, look!" she exclaimed, lifting the bra up.

"Oh, no, there's no mistake, your new breasts will fit in perfectly. We also got matching panties."

Naomi looked at the pile of clothes and noticed the panties, which were a few sizes larger than those she wore. She shook her head in disbelief.

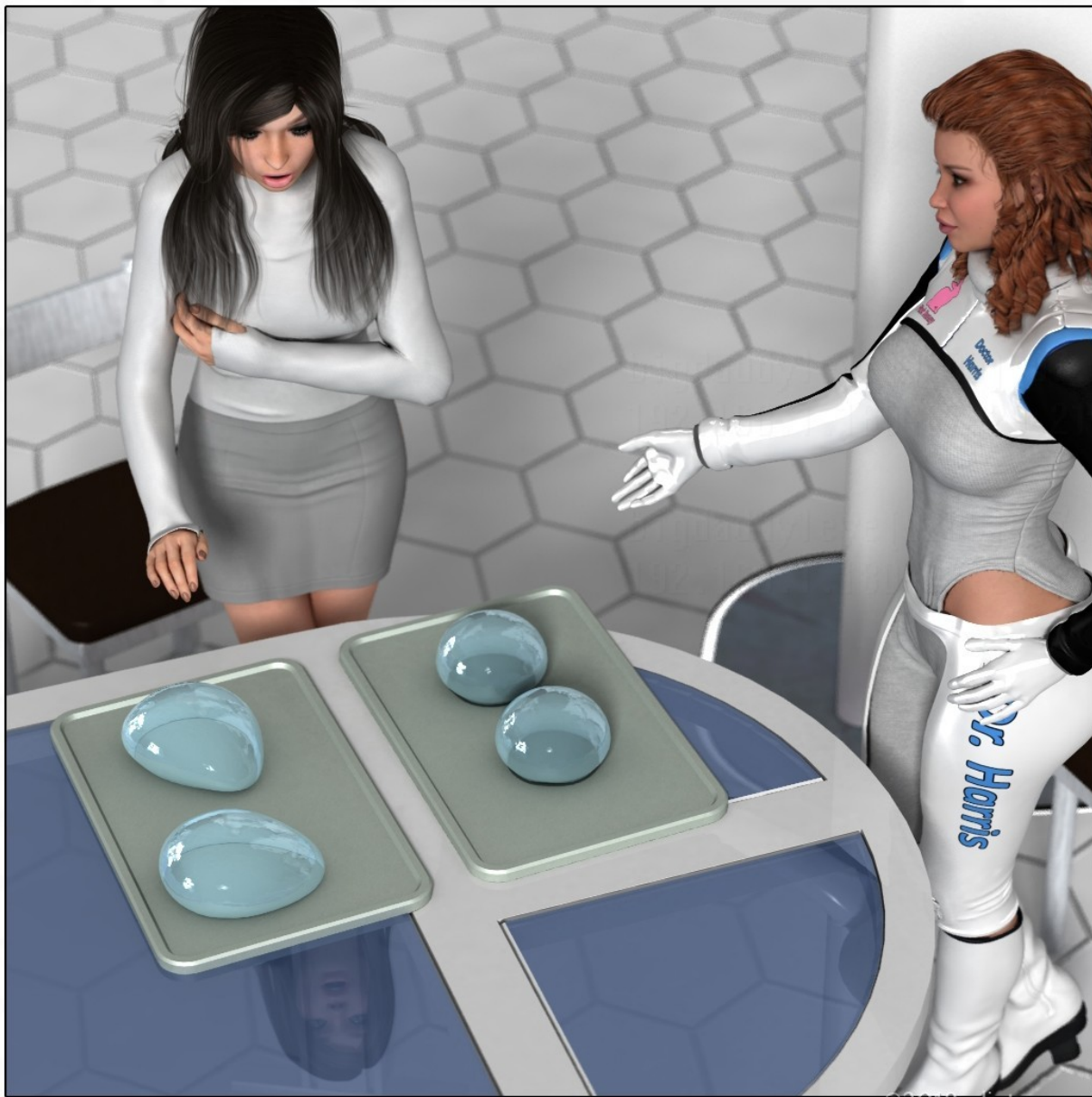
"This is impossible..."

“No smaller outfits will fit you. Look,” said the doctor, taking a couple of implants out of a drawer.

Naomi covered her mouth with her hand to stifle a moan.

“They’re so huge!” she shouted. “My buttocks can’t get so big! I won’t even get into these panties you’re showing me!”





“Oh, but these are not buttock implants, these are for your breasts,” said the doctor. “We will use something much larger to improve your buttocks,” he added and showed her another pair of pouches filled with some transparent substance.

Naomi stared at them as if hypnotized. In her mind there was suddenly total chaos and her heart was beating like crazy.

“Tony wants you to get as big as you possibly can,” he said. “That is why, to start with, we have decided on such a large size.”

“To start with?” Naomi groaned.

“Yes... You didn’t expect Tony to be satisfied with one treatment, did you? You must have seen the girls who work for him!”

Naomi opened her mouth to say something, but no sound came out of her throat. Unconsciously, she ran her hands over her slim body, as if she was trying to memorize them as accurately as possible.

“We planned the operation for tomorrow,” the doctor added. “Here you will find all the recommendations.”

He handed her a printed piece of paper, which Naomi automatically took from him. She left the office on wobbly feet.



Naomi was sitting naked on the bed. Those new, full breasts stuck out on her slim chest, and her buttocks softly spread on the mattress. Scattered all around her were the clothes which Tony had ordered for her. They were all very skimpy, flashy and vulgar. Naomi would never put on such things of her own free will. Now that her body was so dramatically changed, she would prefer to hide it under huge sweaters and baggy pants.

Once again, she put her old bra against her bust. The cups covered only a small part of each breast. When she tried to put on her familiar, old panties, they got stuck half way up her buttocks, painfully stretched against the skin and creaking at the seams.

Naomi groaned, completely resigned.

“Aren’t you ready yet?!” exclaimed the girl who peeked inside her room. “Half an hour ago I told you that Tony wants to see you. Hurry up!”

The policewoman took those huge panties in her hands and winced with reluctance. When she put them on it turned out that they fit her perfectly. Then she put on the bra that seemed so gigantic to her.

She reached for the blue top and looked at it with contempt. The fabric was very stretchy, thanks to which it fit her new curves, and at the same time it clung tightly to them. Naomi looked into the mirror – in those clothes she looked even more vulgar than when she was naked. She had never worn anything so kinky before. She looked like a whore or a porn star. She quickly looked away from her reflection, and when she left the room, her cheeks burned with shame. She hoped that the corridors of Tony’s house would be empty.

“Much better,” said the gang leader as soon as she crossed the threshold of his office.

He appraised her figure with an experienced look, focusing on the neckline of the top and the girl’s prominent buttocks.

The security guards in the corners of the room looked at her lustfully.

“Now some of my less demanding customers might even be interested in you. Turn around, only slowly, so that I can see you from all sides.”

Naomi held her breath, trying to control her humiliation and did as he had told her.

“What treatments do you think you should undergo next?” Tony asked.

Naomi was flooded with a familiar wave of paralyzing helplessness.



“Next?” she repeated dully.

“I know that only a few days have passed since the first surgery and we have to wait some time before we can continue, but I would like to plan things out. You will have something to think about over the next weeks.”

Naomi blushed and felt her hands begin to tremble and her heart accelerate rapidly.

“There are so many possibilities,” Tony said, lazily stretching in his chair. “I don’t know what to choose! We still have plenty to do!”

“Please, just don’t,” Naomi gasped. “I’ve already learned my lesson, really! I know what it’s like to be a slut. I promise I will never work on a gang case again,” she added hastily and looked at Tony pleadingly. “I’ll leave the police. I will give them false information, I will do anything...”

“Oh, no” he interrupted her. “You haven’t got the slightest idea how my girls feel. But relax, you’ll see for yourself very soon. Now, kneel next to me and...”

“Kneel?” Naomi was surprised.

“Yes. I want you to feel like my private bitch. Which you really are,” he said, and with his finger pointed to the place on the floor next to him. The humiliation was so deep that Naomi stumbled on her high heels.

“I’m doing a little review of my girls today,” Tony said, after she moved to obey his instructions. “You will be able to take a closer look at them and see for yourself what possibilities are available. Then we will decide which improvements best suit you.”

With cheeks flushed red from embarrassment, Naomi knelt beside Tony. The humiliation made her stomach lurch and didn’t allow her to breathe freely.

A moment later the girl who Naomi already knew from the pictures came into the office. She had disproportionately large, protruding buttocks and gigantic, pouted lips. She politely greeted Tony and took a curious look at the kneeling policewoman.

“Candice, you’re going to Mr. Torres again tonight,” Tony announced.

“Again?” The girl seemed surprised. “But I was with him yesterday, and...”

“Yes, he was very pleased. As were his friends.”

Candice touched her buttocks and shifted from foot to foot.

“I need some rest,” she confessed. “Mr. Torres and his friends used my hole all night, I’m all sore now... I had to give them blowjobs for hours because they liked my lips so much, and...”

“How do you like Candice’s figure?” Tony addressed Naomi as if he hadn’t heard the girl’s complaints.

“It’s... It’s... Exceptional,” the policewoman mumbled.

“Maybe you should have such big buttocks and inflated lips, what do you think? Candice has so many customers that she can’t handle them all, you could help her out.”





Naomi felt all the blood drain from her face.

"No," she moaned. "I can't look like this."

Tone smiled unpleasantly.

"Candice, tell me how much your customers liked you, maybe this would convince Naomi," he said.

"They fucked me for hours," the girl said in a trembling voice. "They couldn't stop... They came again and again, but then they were hard again and they wanted me... I can't go there today, I don't have any strength left."

"I don't think I need to remind you what happened when you last disobeyed me, do I?" Tony asked.

The girl's lower lip trembled.

"No," she whispered.

Tony nodded and then dismissed her with a gesture of his hand. Candice turned on her heels and walked towards the exit, her big buttocks swaying sideways at every step.

Naomi didn't take her eyes off her until the girl disappeared behind the door. She wanted to speak to Tony, to beg him not to make her figure look like Candice's, but then another girl came into the room.

“You’re even bigger!” Naomi exclaimed.

It was Tasha. In the photos the policewoman had seen her breasts were gigantic, but now she was even fuller. Naomi was staring at her with her mouth wide open, unable to believe what she was seeing.

Tasha impatiently stepped from foot to foot. She looked embarrassed despite her visible fatigue. Naomi guessed that wearing such huge implants must cost her a lot of effort.

Tasha kept throwing her dark hair back, adjusting her blouse under which the shape of a round bust and hardened nipples were visible, and licking her lips. Her anxious eyes finally rested on one of the well-built bodyguards. The girl smiled at him seductively, moved her manicured hands over her bust, then slipped her finger between her lips and began to suck on it.

“Fuck me,” she asked the bodyguard. “My pussy is already wet, do you want to see?”

The man tensed his muscles as if he could barely refrain from accepting the offer.

“Please...” Tasha groaned. “I can enlarge my tits even more, I want to be even sexier.”





Naomi was trembling all over her body. What was happening to that girl?

"It has only been a few weeks since the last operation, you have to wait," said the gang leader.

"I need someone to fuck me," Tasha whined.

"In the evening you have a meeting with the client," Tony said.

"I can't last that long! Let me inflate my tits even more, then I'll be able to fuck all the time..."

"How do you think, Naomi, maybe you should go the same way as Tasha?" Tony asked. "Always horny, with tits so big that it's hard to carry them around?"

Naomi shook her head violently.

"No... Please..."

"Yeah..." Tony answered. "You should definitely have bigger tits. That's what we will do."

Naomi felt her body cover with cold sweat.

Sometime later, Tasha was led out of the room by bodyguards. She was still begging someone to fuck her. She leaned on the men's shoulders to catch her balance, touched them and encouraged them by describing the advantages of their body.

"So many possibilities," Tony repeated. "I really don't know what to choose..."

Then another woman came into the office. She was huge. She walked with obvious difficulty, gasping with every step. Her clothes stretched on her huge breasts, prominent buttocks and fat rolls on her stomach.

"Or maybe you should change the same way as Allie?" said Tony, staring at Naomi, still kneeling beside him.

The policewoman covered her mouth with her hand trying to suppress a groan.

"Allie spends her days eating, right? She's always insatiable," Tony said. "She stays in bed, surrounded by sweet snacks and devours them in quantities that are hard to imagine. Waiting for customers and getting bigger and bigger. She gains more weight every week."

Allie blushed with shame.

"I can't resist it," she confessed. "I love eating. I do it all the time... And the more I eat the more horny I become. Then I start to masturbate. With one hand I satisfy my pussy, and with the other I reach for another snack... Sometimes customers come to me and they fuck me. Then I'm really happy..."

"You've had breast enlargement recently," Tony interrupted her. "Your tits had become far too small compared to the rest of the body, so we filled them with implants. But you're growing all the time and if you don't stop, we will have to do it one more time. You only need five more pounds before you reach the weight at which your implants will be filled even heavier."

Allie licked her lips nervously.

"I know... I just like eating so much," she sighed. "I can't help myself! But I'll try and this time I'll control myself."

"Really?" Tony was surprised.

"I'll muster all my willpower, and..."





At that moment, Tony took a chocolate cookie from the drawer and handed it to her.

Allie fell silent. At the sight of food, her eyes lit up lustily. She ate greedily, as if this act gave her great pleasure. She moaned and sighed at each bite. When she finished, she looked around, disappointed that she couldn't get any more food.

“Get back to your place,” Tony said. “Some sweets are already waiting for you. After all, Mr. Reyes wanted you to grow even bigger. Maybe he will visit you today.”

Allie smiled blissfully.

“Yes...” she moaned.

Her breathing accelerated, setting the fat folds on her body in motion. As she walked towards the exit, she stopped every several steps and wiped the sweat off her forehead.

“I don’t want to watch anyone anymore,” Naomi said. “Why are you tormenting me so much?”

“I’m trying to decide in which direction you should go,” Tony said. “Certainly bigger breasts, and apart from that...”

Summer crossed the threshold of the room. First, her huge breasts emerged from behind the doorframe, and only then the rest of the sexy figure appeared. Her top so firmly stretched against her breasts that the fabric became thin and transparent.

“Yeah,” Tony said. “You should definitely have bigger breasts,” he told Naomi. “You like Summer’s tits, right? And fuller lips, too. It will be the perfect combination.”

“I’ll do anything,” Naomi pleaded. “I will give the police fabricated evidence, I will lie, I will...”

Tony waved his hand to silence her and then turned to Summer:

“I’ve decided to give you more clients.”

“Even more?! I’m not able to do it! I spend all my days with them! I have one meeting after another, my pussy is quite sore, and...”

Only now Naomi noticed that her clothes were stained with white substance. She probably didn't get a chance to change after work...

"Customers like you very much," Tony said. "You have to deal with it. Soon Naomi will be ready to give you a hand. I'm going to greatly enlarge her tits and lips, and then she will relieve you a little. However, for now I expect you to serve them all."

"Today I've been to two clients, and another is still waiting..."

"Summer, you should be proud of yourself. You are a good whore. Naomi will soon become similar to you, maybe even more spectacular. Be happy that your body is sexy enough for your customers, because in a few months Naomi may eclipse you."

Both women looked at each other. Neither of them imagined such a thing to happen, but they knew the possibilities of the gang leader.



Before & After



Over the following weeks and months, Naomi continued to think about the changes Tony had planned for her. Every time she looked in the mirror, she imagined what it would be like when her breasts were even bigger and her lips fuller. Every day she saw women improved to a much larger extent than herself and compared their voluptuous shapes with hers. She had no doubt that if Tony wanted her to change her appearance, this was what was going to happen.

One day Summer knocked on the door of her room.

“What does Tony want from me?” Naomi asked.

“No... It’s me. I wanted to talk to you,” Summer said.

When she came in, Naomi felt the whole room fill with vibrating sexual energy.

“I feel guilty for having put you into this situation,” Summer said, placing her hand on her shoulder.

Naomi raised her eyebrows in surprise and laughed ironically.

“Really!” Summer continued. “Tony started to suspect me and I had no alternative...”

The policewoman eyed her suspiciously.

“At first I liked it all very much,” Summer was saying, playing with a strand of her pink hair. “It excited me that men wanted me so much. But later on... Tony wanted me to change my body more and more. That was too much for me! He assigned me more and more customers and now I have to serve several men every day. I got too involved in it, everything got out of control...”

Naomi sighed.

“I believe you,” she whispered finally.



“Mostly, I take care of my body every day,” Summer said. “I didn’t use to have to pay so much attention to it. When I wanted to go to the gym, the shops or a party... I just did it. Now it’s impossible. I can’t imagine visiting a public place with such a body. I would make a sensation. Sure if I tried to use the subway, my bust would press against the passengers sitting next to me,” she laughed nervously. “Everyone can see that I’m a whore. I can’t hide it in any way. Once, when I wanted nobody to pay attention to me, I put on a loose T-shirt, I used little makeup and became one of thousands of similar girls. Now... Well, just imagine how people react to me in the street!”

Naomi listened to her with bated breath. The proximity of such a sexy woman made her nipples harden and her heartbeat accelerated.

“Every day is dominated by taking care of this body,” said Summer. “And by sex. Only sex gives me some relief.”

She came up to Naomi and kissed her on the lips. At first the policewoman stiffened and put her hands on Summer's shoulders as if to push her away, but feeling those full lips on her own was so pleasant that she gave in to the sensation against her own will.

"Tony wants me to be huge," Naomi confessed. "To fill my tits with gigantic implants and make me look like... Like..."

"Like me?" Summer asked.

"Like a slut," the policewomen finished.

"I know what will give you some relief," Summer whispered.





With slow, skillful moves, she started to remove the policewoman's clothing one item after another.

"You're getting more and more horny," she said. "You resist it because you don't want to be excited by a bitch like me. You think you're better than me. And yet you want me. I know that."

Naomi closed her eyes as she felt Summer's fingers teasing her hardened nipples.

"Your breathing accelerates, your skin becomes hot and sensitive. You want me to fuck you. I'm curious if you've already become damp..."

Naomi shivered. She was quite confused, because her body reacted against her own expectations. It was defying her. How could she subject so easily to the touch of a prostitute?

Summer gently spread the girl's thighs apart.

"Rosy and quite wet," she was happy to see Naomi's pussy.

The policewoman felt Summer's hot breath irritate her clit and labia.

Summer kissed Naomi's femininity with her full lips. The experience was so intense that the policewoman cried out and clenched her hands on the sheets. She spread her legs wider and pushed her hips forward to feel the woman's tongue even more strongly.

She felt Summer's fingers slid into her pussy. It was so nice... No one ever caressed her with such skill. She had the impression that her shocked mind had separated itself from her body, reliving such pleasure. She reacted to all Summer's attentions, with every second she was getting more and more excited and warmed up, but at the same time she thought that she was watching herself from a long way away.

The bed creaked softly as she moved her hips rhythmically. Drops of moisture sank into the sheets – juices from her pussy mixed up with Summer's saliva.

Under her half-closed eyelids Naomi could see Summer's full, protruding buttocks and the mane of her pink hair between her own thighs.



She heard a cry of pleasure, but it took her a few seconds to realize that it escaped from her own throat. She didn't know when she crossed the thin line of no return. She felt as if she was falling, helpless and vulnerable, towards an orgasm. A part of her mind was still trying to resist, but it was too late, and after a while Naomi felt herself succumb to ecstasy.

"Better?" Summer asked, wiping moisture off her plump lips.

Naomi looked away, still stunned by the reactions of her own body.

"You will soon get used to the fact that strange men fuck you every day," Summer said with mock nonchalance. "It's not as bad as it seems to you now."

She left the room, her full hips swaying.

Finally, the day came when the gang leader informed Naomi that he had set the date for her treatments.

"I will look so vulgar," the policewoman was saying time after time. "Please, I've already learned my lesson..."

Tony raised his eyebrows and shook his head.

"Do you want me to give you over to customers right away?" he asked. "You want someone to fuck you hard, right?"

"No!" Naomi said, terrified. "It's not what I..."

"I'm afraid you have to wait for it yet. I can't lower the standard of my services by offering someone like you to my clients. We still need to work hard on you."

Soon after that Naomi went to the clinic. She was totally confused and just focused on calming her breath, so as not to think about how her body would change.



"I look like a whore," she repeated in a trembling voice, watching her naked body in the mirror. "These implants barely fit under my skin!"

Tony watched her with his arms crossed over his chest.

"My lips are so vulgar now," Naomi complained. "I'm too big! I look like an inflated doll!"

"You start to look like a whore," Tony corrected her. "And you'll act like one. As soon as you get better, I will send you to one of the clients."

"I can't do anything like that! I am not a prostitute, I can't have sex with strange guys for money!"

"Don't worry, I'll help you turn into a hooker," Tony assured her, patting her on the shoulder.

Naomi groaned and hid her face in her hands.

Before & After



Before & After





Riding along in the limousine, Naomi kept looking down at her new breasts, filled to the limits. With them, she reminded a porn starlet. Tony told her to put on a top that barely covered them. The clothing was very provocative and tight, which emphasized even more how disproportionate her breasts had become. Everyone must have noticed that they were artificial and wondered why Naomi would decide to inflate them to such a size. She had thought exactly the same thing herself, when she had been looking at photos of Tony's girls many months earlier. She had felt compassion and contempt for the women who used their scalpel-enhanced bodies to seduce men and play on their most primitive instincts. Now she joined the club, too.

Right now she was on her way to a customer. Just saying these words in her mind made her stiffen with shame. She knew she couldn't do it. She wouldn't be able to undress in front of a strange man and allow him to fuck her. She was not that kind of woman.

The car windows were dimmed, so when she looked outside to distract herself from unpleasant thoughts, she could see her own reflection in them, which she barely recognized. She would have never applied such intense, vulgar makeup. Tony insisted that her large, curled lips be painted with lip gloss, which made them look like swollen, moist labia.

Walking through the hall of the building, she looked at her feet and avoided eye contact with anyone. She knew that everybody was watching her and commenting on her shocking curves. It was only in the elevator that she breathed a sigh of relief, but a few seconds later she winced at her own reflection in the mirror. Tony had really done a good job turning her into a perverse erotic toy.



END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!