

# Fuckdoll Mafia

## Part 2



- Breast expansion
- Lips expansion
- Enhanced libido and sensitivity
- Sex drugs
- Domination
- Bimbofication
- Bimbo outfits
- Straight and lesbian sex

# Fuckdoll Mafia Part 2

Breast expansion

Lips expansion

Enhanced libido and sensitivity

Sex drugs

Domination

Bimbofication

Bimbo outfits

Straight and lesbian sex

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**

Naomi kept looking down at her new, overfilled breasts all the time during the limo ride. She looked like a porn star! Tony told her to put on a very skimpy top. The completed outfit was provocative and tight, emphasizing even more how dominating her new breasts were. Surely everyone could see how fake they were and wondered why Naomi had decided to inflate them to such insane proportions. Many months earlier she had similar thoughts about such extremely changed looks while she had been looking at pics of Tony's girls. At that time, she felt compassion and contempt for the women who turned to operations and extensive cosmetic surgery of their bodies to seduce men and satiate their most primitive instincts. Now she became a part of that clique.

She was on the way to visit a client. The very idea made her cringe with shame. She knew she could not do it--she would not be able to undress in front of a total stranger, let alone allow him to fuck her. She was not that kind of woman!

The windows were tinted, so when she looked outside to get rid of unpleasant thoughts, she could see her own reflection and she had to admit she barely recognized herself. She would never apply such heavy, very obscene make-up on her own. Tony had insisted that her large, pouty lips be accentuated with lip gloss so they looked like swollen, moist labia.





Walking through the hall of the building, she kept looking at her feet and tried to avoid eye contact with people passing her by. She knew that everyone was watching her and commenting on her mind-blowing curves. The moment the elevator door shut behind her she let out a sigh of relief only to wince at her own reflection in the mirror a few seconds later. Tony was very consistent at turning her into a perverse erotic toy.

When she entered the apartment, her heart was beating like crazy and she could barely catch her breath.

Inside, she saw the head of the police station, Bradley Nox. The same one who used to watch her with lust when she worked there.

Naomi frowned. For a few seconds she was unable to gather her thoughts. Somehow she had the impression that her two lives, the former life of a policewoman and the current one of a whore, had merged into one in an incomprehensible way.

For a moment it seemed that the policeman was there to save her, but then Bradley sent her a predatory smile and glanced up at her sultry shapes as if he were window shopping. That very moment it dawned on her what really had happened.

"You..." she said in a hoarse voice.



Bradley nodded.

"Did you know that when you were at the desk, leaning so that I could see your cleavage better, I imagined you in a situation like this one?" He smiled viciously. "Dreams come true, don't they?"

An inarticulate moan escaped Naomi's lips.

"As you can see, we still have a lot of work to do on this one," Tony said from behind her.

"You know how much I like to see shy girls being turned into vulgar whores always eager to spread their legs in front of anyone willing to use their permanently wet pussies," Bradley laughed. "Naomi is of special value to me."

"Her body's still..." Tony began apologetically.

"Oh, I'm sure that she will be wonderful in no time," the client said. "I know what you're capable of."

Tony nodded slightly, accepting the compliment.

"Have fun," he replied, as he turned and closed the door on the way out.

Bradley approached Naomi until she felt his scent and heavy breath on her back. It felt like the space between them was filled with his desire.

"I haven't had such a tight slut for a long time." His contentment was barely audible.

"I'm not a slut! How can you say that? You could help me..." she started, but she quickly ran out of words.

He watched her with hungry eyes, as if wondering what to do with her first.

"Take this," Bradley ordered, handing her a small pill. "It will help you experience the best fucking in your life."

Naomi looked at the pill for a moment. She was furious, helpless, and felt she had nothing to lose. What's the worst that could happen? She put the pill in her lips and quickly swallowed it.

"I want to watch you orgasm multiple times tonight... I want to listen how you beg me for more, because you can't stand the lack of my dick in your empty, hungry pussy," Bradley whispered in her ear. "I've fantasized about it so many times..."

Naomi shuddered, shocked by his words. She could not imagine the debauchery... not ever... even when having sex with someone she really wanted to fuck with...



She felt a sudden, strong contraction between her thighs. She bent over and pressed her hands to the lower regions of her belly.

"It's working, isn't it?" Bradley smiled.

He put his hand on her neck and Naomi felt a pleasant thrill run down her spine, reaching her buttocks and pussy. When she had imagined this evening before, she was sure that the man's touch would be difficult for her, but his touch felt like a delightful caress instead. Bradley stood in front of her and put his hands on her narrow waist.

"Your skin is getting warmer," he whispered. "Your nipples are getting stiff, and you already smell of a hot, wet pussy."

They pulled to each other and kissed. Naomi had to admit that it was quite pleasant. The man's hands went to her back and then he squeezed her big ass cheeks. She felt his heated, hard penis through the layers of clothes. He was ready to fuck her, and that idea seemed more and more tempting to her.



She clenched her teeth and gathered all her willpower to push the man away.

"What's happening with me?!" She cried. "The pill, what was it?!"

"Exta," Bradley said curtly. "I rarely see girls who react so intensely. I bet that nobody has fucked you for a long time. Tony mentioned that I'm your first customer, but bitches like you need regular fucking."

A wave of shame and increasing excitement almost knocked Naomi off her legs. Her swollen, sensitive breasts and hardened nipples kept stretching the fabric of the tight top even harder with every rapid breath. Her pussy was throbbing and becoming more and more wet with every second-- so much so that it was basically soaking and warming her panties.

Naomi was shocked and felt completely vulnerable. She always liked to have control over her body-- its appearance and reactions. Now she was stripped of both, and the worst thing was that did not bother her at all. On the contrary, the effects of Exta were extremely pleasant.



"I am tempted to take off your panties and fuck you without unnecessary introductions, but I want to play with you first. Take it off," he ordered, then turned away from her, reaching into the nearby cupboard and taking out a large glistening dildo.

Naomi's eyes involuntarily lit up with uncontrollable lust.

"Yesss!" She moaned and her hand stretched out toward the toy.

Bradley smiled. They both knew that he had just gained the upper hand. Naomi hesitated before taking her clothes off. Some part of her mind still had strength to defend against overwhelming lust. Bradley nodded at her impatiently. The girl looked at the shiny large dildo in the man's hand and imagined it filling her tight pussy. With one swift move she took off her top, which made her lush breasts bounce up and down. She felt their weight as they swung on her chest. She leaned over and slipped off her wet panties.



When Bradley handed her the dildo, Naomi involuntarily smiled gratefully and spread her legs. She was about to slip the tip of the rubbery penis between her succulent labia when the man stopped her grabbing her wrist.

"Slide it in your mouth... and imagine it's my cock."

Naomi swallowed nervously. She was basically shaking with excitement, but what he demanded from her seemed too humiliating..."

She slipped the tip of the silicone sex toy between her lips and began sucking it. She imagined herself kneeling in front of Bradley and sucking his hot member. She dipped the dildo deeper and deeper until she reached the back of her throat and choked. Tears flowed from her eyes.

She kept moving the sex toy with her left hand as she reached down to fondle her throbbing aroused pussy with the right one. As soon as she touched her sizzling pussy, a moan muffled by the fake cock in her lips escaped her throat. She was pierced by an electric jolt of intense pleasure. Her pussy lips opened even more and a drop of glistening sex juice came out of the narrow slit. She touched her pink clitoris gently only to be shaken by a surprisingly strong ecstatic pleasure again.

Bradley watched her move with hungry eyes. He admired her plump, full and glistening lips wrapped hungrily around the rubbery sex toy and glared at her implanted ass cheeks unable to focus on anything else.

Naomi knew that an orgasm was close, even though she only managed to gently touch her horny pussy. She was sure that if Bradley slid his cock into her that very moment, she would not be able to hold any more. She ran her finger over the hot labia, then dipped it in her sizzling cunt. The muscles immediately clenched around her finger, making her pussy even tighter. She rubbed her clit with her thumb and felt that she was about to orgasm with a few more strokes.

"Now, show me how you cum," Bradley demanded from Naomi.

His words were like an order. Naomi's muscles tightened with pleasure while an animal-like cry escaped her throat. Ecstatic pleasure overflowed through her horny body, completely depriving her of the remnants of control. She writhed and trembled, sweat trickled down her skin, and black spots danced in front of her eyes.



"I wonder how to enlarge your tits even more," Bradley said when Naomi managed to catch her breath and relax a bit.

She was so stunned by what had just happened that she barely understood what he had just said. She had never achieved an orgasm so quickly. She usually needed much more time and effort.

"I think that 400cc will be the right number for every orgasm you have," Bradley continued.

"You've just had one, so your new implants should be enhanced with at least 400cc more."

"No way! That's sick! You have no right!"

Bradley made such a threatening face that Naomi immediately fell silent.

"You are my whore, and I'm not interested in whether you agree or not!"



In spite of her rage and humiliation, Naomi was still in a fit of lust. It seemed that the first orgasm only fueled her desire. However, she decided that she would not have the next one with Bradley at her side. After all, her breasts were already too big!

The man undressed without taking his eyes off the girl's hot body and laid down on the bed.

Naomi bit her lower lip at the sight of his large, hardened penis.

"You're horny," Bradley said. "You're just thinking that I should already fuck you."

"I... I'm not!" She replied, her voice hoarse with excitement.

Naomi bit her lower lip at the sight of his large, hardened penis.

"You're horny," Bradley said. "You're just thinking that I should already fuck you."

"I... I'm not!" She replied, her voice hoarse with excitement.

Bradley gestured to her.



Bradley pulled her to close to him and straddled her so that his member almost touched her wet pussy. Naomi closed her eyes, clenched the sheets, and moaned in frustration.

"You will cum for me-- again and again, and your boobs will become even bigger with every orgasm you have," Bradley whispered.

He grabbed the sides of her ample tits and squeezed them against each other. When he let them go, they almost jumped away only to bump into each other once again.

Naomi tilted her head back, enjoying his touch.

"More," she moaned.

She bit her lip and cursed under her breath. She had to control herself.

Bradley grabbed her nipples between his index fingers and thumbs and squeezed tightly.

Pain and pleasure blended into one wonderful feeling. A drop of moisture dripped from Naomi's pussy onto the man's rigid member.

Bradley opened his eyes wider and let out a strangled moan.

Naomi leaned over him, kissed him on the lips and pressed him against her body. Then she began to move violently, grinding the wet labia against his erect penis.

Bradley grabbed her by the hips and lifted her up.

The sense of emptiness, the lack of touch was so painful that Naomi groaned.

"Not so fast," Bradley teased her.

He still held her hips with one hand, and grabbed his member with the other one, pointing his cock so that his tip would open her heated labia.

"You're so wet and hot," he moaned.

"I want to feel your cock in me, please... don't make me wait..."

He let her slide down onto his body a few millimeters further.

Naomi breathed in loudly, because the pleasure that pierced her was too overwhelming.



"Aren't you afraid that you will orgasm again?" Bradley asked her. "Such a horny bitch like you can cum time after time... You know what that means... New, much bigger implants. You should better control your libido."

Naomi was trembling with frustration, excitement and dissatisfaction. She could not think clearly.

"Oh, I don't care! Just fuck me hard, fuck me exactly as you promised!"

He slid deeper into it, stretching her narrow pussy with his erect member. The feeling was so wonderful that Naomi smiled blissfully.

"More... I want to feel all of your hard cock... Please..."

Bradley grabbed her waist and pushed his hips upward, pistoning into her the whole of his rigid shaft. Her pussy was wonderfully tight, warm and wet. Her big breasts bounced hard as she adjusted to his fast rhythm. She screamed louder and louder, catching the air with violent gulps. Big butt cheeks were waving and softly bumping against his thighs. The makeup smudged slightly on her sweaty, contorted face.

"Yes, yes, more!" She shouted.



After just a few thrusts, he felt her muscles tighten around his penis, making her hole even narrower. He put his hands on her breasts and squeezed them tightly.

Naomi held her breath for a few seconds, then threw her head back and reached another orgasm screaming and moaning loudly.

"It's 800cc now," he whispered in her ear as she lay on his chest.

He felt how hot and sweaty she was. Her hair tickled him in the face. The hardened member was still buried deep in her tight, filled with pussy juices.

Bradley gave her a moment to rest, then began to move again.

"No, it's enough," she moaned. "It's too much, I can't do it... Don't want my tits to be so big..."

However, her hips, as if against her will, quickly adapted to the man's thrusts. The feeling when he was pistoning into her, filling her, was so wonderful that she could not resist.

Bradley was entering her deep and hard. He looked with fascination on her tense face and bouncing, firm breasts. He had to hold on tight in order not to orgasm-- with this slut on his cock he was constantly on the verge of climaxing.

"Ohhhh... no," Naomi gasped.

She made a shocked face, as if the third orgasm had quite surprised her. She screamed even louder than before, greedily moved her hips and her whole body started shivering uncontrollably.

When the pleasure finally spread all over her body, the girl looked defeated.

"Enough. Please..." She moaned. "Please, let it be over..."

"1200cc," Bradley said. "And we've just started, haven't we?"

She moved away from him and sat on the bed. The moment his member slipped out of her pussy, she immediately felt an unbearable emptiness inside her slit and cast a longing glance at the hardened, large penis now completely covered with her sex juices.

"I want your tits to be really huge. Unbelievably large. So big you can't even imagine," Bradley said, supporting himself slightly on his elbows.

Naomi's plump lower lip started shivering.

"It's impossible..." she moaned.

"You are my whore, remember? You writhe with pleasure and orgasm because I want you to. I like to see how much you love my cock and what a horny sizzling bitch you are. In fact, it's only MY pleasure that matters."

Naomi felt a cold chill travelling down her spine.

"Now, present your big ass and spread those cheeks, 'cause I want to fuck you in another fuckhole. Surely it's even tighter than your cock hungry pussy."

"But, I've never..."

Dangerous sparks appeared in Bradley's eyes.

"Now!"

Naomi reluctantly turned her back to him and raised her buttocks. This humiliating position made her more aware of what she had become.



"You know, it excites me that I will be the first to pump your hole," Bradley said. "Try to take my cock all in, make this evening a memorable one."

He slipped his finger into her hole, and Naomi blushed in embarrassment. She instinctively tightened her muscles, but the action caused pain. She tried to remain as relaxed as possible, which only made the waves of pleasure flow through her body once again.

"That's right," Bradley muttered. "You are a natural for anal, you know what to do... Maybe Tony should also consider enlarging your ass, eh? It would be very exciting to fuck this tight beauty."

Naomi widened her eyes and took a deep breath because she felt Bradley's penis pressing against her hole.

"Oh, it's too big... won't fit..." she moaned. "It's..."

"Just relax."

Naomi could not believe that the man's member was gradually slipping inside her tight anus, widening it bit by bit. Even more surprising was the pleasure it made her feel. She expected pain, but she was overcome by the sheer ecstasy, the level of which she had never known before. It radiated to her pussy and her buttocks, and kept filling her in a whole new way.

"See, it's already fully inside you," Bradley said as his testicles brushed against her wet pussy.

His voice was charged with excitement. He kept massaging her large buttocks only to grab her hips and thrust violently which make her huge, fake tits bounce.

"Oh, please, not so fast, not-- that... fast," Naomi pleaded.

"You'll cum for me again..." Bradley said. "... and your tits will become even bigger."



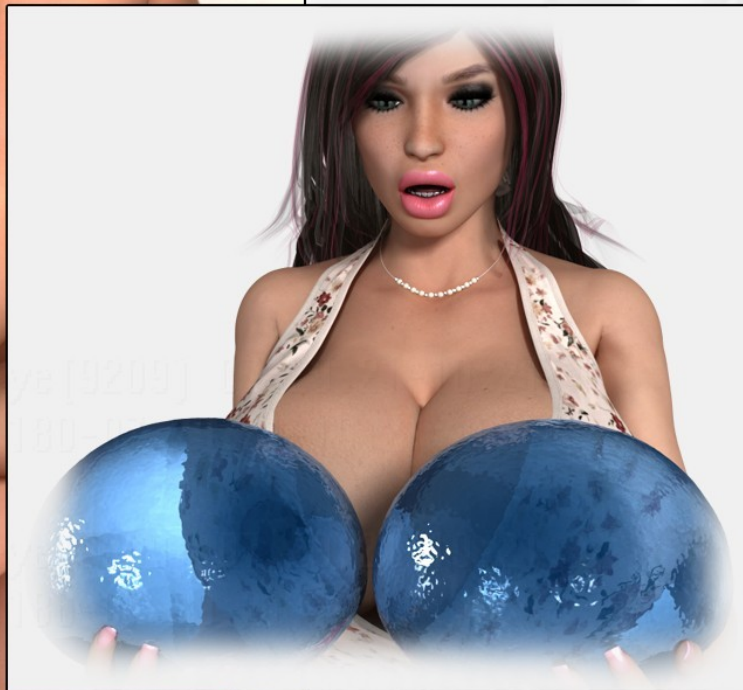
Her hole was so tight, and the view of her narrow waist and big buttocks was so exciting that he barely refrained from cumming in her. He moved his hands higher, onto her swinging, warm breasts.

"Soon we'll inflate them to sizes you've never dreamed of," he moaned while rubbing her big, fake tits. "They will be so huge, too huge... So vulgar, heavy and absurd..."

Bradley let out a short, strangled moan, pushed his hips hard and slid into her even deeper. He pressed against her with the full weight of his body and finally surrendered to orgasm, pumping a huge load of hot thick cum into her.

When Naomi heard his ecstatic moan and felt his sperm fill her hole, she lost it.

"Nooooo..." She sighed. "Not like this, I can't be even bigger... not anymore..."



She had orgasmed once again-- despite her exhaustion it was very powerful and intense. Her attempts to refrain from climaxing somehow made it even more powerful than all the previous ones she had experienced. She tugged at her sheet, put her hips back to feel Bradley's member even more, and the pleasure kept growing and growing not letting her relax for even a tiny bit of time.

For a moment she thought she lost her consciousness. She did not know how it had happened that she was lying on her side on the bed, and Bradley stood beside her with the shiny replica penis in his hands.

"1600cc," he said. "For the time being."

"But..."

"Spread your legs, I'm going to fuck you with this nice toy, my doll."

Naomi ran her hand through her sweat-soaked hair and looked at him in shock. She trembled with exhaustion and emotion. Her lips were completely dry.

"Don't even try to protest," Bradley said. "In less than a minute you'll be begging me not to stop while I fuck you."

"They will be too big, I cannot become so huge, it's crazy! Please, I don't want my breasts to grow..."

However, when he approached her, she obediently spread her legs.

He teased her by sliding the toy slowly into her, inch by inch, and relishing her insatiable lust.

"Surely you don't want to have another orgasm, do you?" He asked as she was writhing with ecstasy. "Your tits would become bigger by 2000cc. Can you imagine this size? How heavy they'd be? Four extra kilos for you to carry around all the time. Everywhere you go."

"Stoppp..." Naomi groaned.  
"Please... I can't stand it..."



She licked her full lips and at Bradley with pleading eyes.

The man did not stop playing with the toy inside Naomi. He moved it frustratingly slowly and stopped when Naomi felt she was on the verge of fulfillment. He would let the tension fall a bit, and then penetrate her sex crazed pussy after a while. He held her hips with his hands so that she would not be able to control the pace herself.

"I can't wait until tomorrow. When you realize what your own horny body has led you to. You know that every orgasm is another 400cc added to your implants, and yet you're unable to control yourself."

"Please, it's too much for me..." Naomi sighed, yet continued to push her hips against the toy, trying to take it all in.

All she dreamed of was another orgasm. She had never been so excited and insatiable before. Every cell of her body was begging for a powerful, heavenly orgasm.

"They will be so huge... so unbelievably big..." Bradley said.

He smiled lustfully, imagining Naomi's body in a few months' time. Although he had just climaxed in her a few minutes ago, his member was hard and swollen again, ready to cum in his doll.

He released Naomi's hips from his grasp and slid the toy into her pussy with one swift move.

The bliss from the pleasure given by the rubber toy immediately took over Naomi. It burst inside the woman with incredible power, deprived her of breath and removed all thoughts from her mind. Her shining body was writhing with ecstatically. She screamed, although her lungs lacked air. The pleasure was so intense that she almost lost consciousness.

"2000cc," Bradley said.





He leaned against her narrow hole, pushing his rigid member against it as he started massaging Naomi's swollen clit with his hand.

Naomi wanted to tell him that it was too much for her to take, that her body would collapse from such intense pleasure, but when she opened her plump shiny lips, only a long moan escaped her mouth. Now, Bradley's cock was sliding in and out of her with quick, greedy movements, not letting the woman rest for a moment. She did not even try to defend herself when she felt her ecstasy dominate her body once again. Her mascara smeared a bit as tears started flowing down her cheeks. She clenched her hands on the sheets, threw her head back and became one with her orgasm once more.

"Great," the man groaned. "You're going to be so sensational. It's already 2400cc going to your tits, come on, do it again... I know you want to."

His member moved in Naomi's anus faster and faster, stretching and teasing her sensitive hole. She no longer had the strength to cum, her muscles were tired, her skin sweaty and red, and her throat ached from moans and screams of pleasure.

Her springy, heavy tits pulled her down, and her huge buttocks bounced with every sudden thrust. She heard them clap against Bradley's hips rhythmically.

She could not risk getting even more enhanced. She had to refrain from another orgasm...

That very moment the man clenched his hands on her huge breasts and pressed his hips even harder and deeper inside Naomi. She couldn't take it anymore. Once again she was betrayed by her own body, filled with primal, uncontrollable lust. She bit her lower lip and came again. Orgasmic euphoria rolled across her body, as if a foamy ocean wave kidnapped her into endless sea of orgasmic bliss.

Bradley's hands dug deeply into her body, and after a while the warm sperm filled her aroused sexhole.

She managed to hear Bradley say: "Oh, yes, that's right, 2800cc..." before she sank into the darkness. She thought it was impossible for her tits to ever become so gigantic.

\*\*\*



Naomi was crushed. Her whole body ached-- her muscles burned with every movement, and her swollen, stained sex holes became so sensitive that even the lingerie irritated them unpleasantly. The whole previous night seemed unreal and if her body didn't feel so tired and caked with sticky semen, she could actually believe that it had never happened.

She had never been so humiliated in her life. She fucked Bradley Nox, her former boss, who paid for using her body to sexually pleasure himself. She reached the bottom. She became a whore, a simple slut that anyone could fuck. Her body was altered so that it would be pleasantly fucked. Whomever looked at her saw a prostitute in her. However, the worst thing was how much she liked it. Exta changed her consciousness completely and transformed her from a shy, cool woman who could control her lusts, into a horny, vulgar bitch. Every time she closed her eyes, kinky images appeared under her eyelids. Her cheeks burned with a blush and her stomach ached painfully whenever she saw them.

She even did not want to even think about how much her breasts would be enlarged. She felt very weak when she imagined it. Almost 3000cc more... The volume seemed so crazy and unreal that Naomi had to calm down repeating to herself that Bradley surely could not speak seriously.

At the same time, even then, overcome with the fear of successive treatments, sore and embarrassed, she felt a delightful tickle between her legs when she remembered how powerful her orgasms were that night. She would never believe that her body was capable of such a thing. She had the most wonderful sex and the total worst humiliation at the same time. There was complete chaos in her thoughts and emotions.

One of the girls who worked for Tony came into her room.

*Now I can call her my co-worker* thought Naomi reluctantly, looking at the woman's body, emanating pure eroticism and obviously heavily modified.

"A shipment from Master Bradley," she said.

She put a beautifully packaged box on the table and left the room swinging her sexy butt.

Inside the box Naomi found a dildo covered with dried, but still intensely fragrant sex juices from her own pussy. She closed her eyes with all her might, trying not to think about the way Bradley had used the rubber sex toy to provoke her orgasms and she could not stop, even though she knew it meant enlarging her breasts to absurd proportions.

In the package she also found a few pills in a plastic bag, with a small note attached to it:

"I enjoyed your body on Exta, so get used to being a horny bitch. I decided that fucking you when you're high will be your new everyday life."

Naomi put a trembling hand on her chest-- her heart was beating like crazy and she could barely catch her breath.

There was also an envelope next to the bag. She opened it and slowly took out a printed sheet of paper. When she understood what it was, she screamed in terror, dropped the note on the floor and instinctively moved away, as if the piece of paper was a dangerous predator.



Simulation...

The printout showed a computer simulation. In the header, the size of the bust was specified. An additional 400cc for each orgasm, as Bradley had threatened. The printout showed how Naomi would look when her breasts were filled to the size her client demanded.

The girl dropped onto the bed and let out a long sigh. She had never seen anything so perverse and shocking in her life!

\*\*\*

A few weeks passed, and although no one mentioned the upcoming surgery, Naomi felt a growing tension. Every day she was getting closer to the procedure. She tried to tell herself that Bradley was not serious, and Tony had forgotten the whole thing, but she knew it was impossible.

The memory of sex with Bradley was still coming back to her. Never in her life had anyone degraded her so much. Every time she thought about that, night she blushed with embarrassment and she felt something tight in her stomach.

Sometimes she dreamed that she was back on Exta, and Bradley was entering her from behind, satisfying his sex urges with her body. She would instantly wake up, breathing heavily, with a pulsing clitoris and moist labia, and she hated her body for how wonderful it felt that memorable night.



Eventually, Tony called her to see him.

"The doctors are ready for you," he said.

Naomi immediately felt dizzy and once again familiar black dots started dancing in front of her eyes.

"No, I'm begging you..." she moaned pleading. "I've seen the computer simulation, I'm going to look obscenely outrageous!"

"You will finally look like one of my whores," said the boss. "You should be presentable when you work for me. You have to have big, enhanced, vulgar tits, because they inform everyone how you earn a living. We've already improved your look with outfits and makeup, but that's not enough. I know how much you liked the role of a prostitute, so you should be grateful that you will be more pleasurable for your clients."



"I liked that?!" Naomi shouted and crossed her arms in a defensive manner. "I will never like something insane like this! You want to turn me into a slut, but it'll never work, because I'm not--"

"Yeah, yeah," Tony interrupted her. "You're not that kind of woman, sure. It's just that you've never orgasmed as many times as you did with Bradley, have you?"

Naomi did not answer. She felt her lower lip quiver and a cool drop of sweat started running down her spine.

"Bradley really liked how horny you got after Exta," Tony said. "We have long considered whether to turn you into a permanently wet and high sex toy to fuck, but in the end we've decided on something else. Something even better."

"Nooo..." Naomi shrieked. "You want to do something else to me besides enlarging my breasts to absurd proportions?!"

"Oh yes, as my slut you should be very enthusiastic and horny," Tony said. "Your body will be transformed in such a way that you'll be able to sense the excitement and arousal of other people."

Naomi snorted and smiled mockingly.

"Impossible!"

"Huge boobs and skimpy clothes will make everyone horny when they see you. They will not see anything in you beyond the perverse fuckdoll body. And you will know it well because you will feel their excitement so damn well."

Naomi frowned and stared in disbelief at Tony.

"You're going to the clinic tomorrow," he announced.

Naomi ran out of his office. Her high heels made her buttocks bounce involuntarily, her full breasts jumping up and down, pushing against her already stretched top.

\*\*\*



Although Naomi already knew from the computer simulation how big her breasts would be, to see them live, mounted on her own chest, was completely different kind of experience.

She looked in the mirror to see a woman staring back at her. A woman she completely did not know. She felt aversion towards that woman because she looked like a total slut. Nothing would be able to cover those huge breasts. That whore in the mirror was simply begging someone to fuck her. She emanated the same erotic energy that Summer spread around her. Her kinky silhouette conveyed a clear message, "I am here for your pleasure and I will do everything to make you fuck me."





Naomi winced with reluctance and looked away from the mirror. But even when she didn't look at her breasts, she could feel them at all times: their weight, the size, and the way they were positioned on her chest.

She comforted herself knowing that at least when she was alone in the room, she could not sense the excitement of other people. Tony was telling the truth-- the doctors had modified her senses so much that she could feel how aroused others were.

Sometimes the sensation hit her so intensely that it almost caused her to collapse. She did not leave Tony's mansion, so the sensation would above all appear in the presence of lustful and permanently insatiable prostitutes. What would happen if she went out onto the street?

Tony was determined to turn her into a perfect whore, but Naomi decided she would never give up. The gang leader could modify her body, but never change her identity.

\*\*\*

# Before & After



Annie started working in the boutique a few months ago. At first, the clothes she sold seemed shocking to her. However, it was not the clothes, but the female clients who made the most impression on her. They entered the store tapping high heels, swinging their large buttocks and proudly presenting their full breasts barely hidden by the low cleavage of their tops. They would put on tight dresses, pick small handbags decorated with crystals and complain that there were no shoes on even higher heels for them.

When Naomi entered the store, Annie felt like it was her first day at work. She blushed profusely, held her breath, and widened her eyes in surprise. She could not stop looking at this woman because she had never seen such large breasts before. Every detail of the client's appearance was refined to extremes-- perfectly arranged hair, heavy makeup, well-groomed nails and a tight dress emphasizing the curves modeled with exercise and plastic surgery.



The client had a blush on her face and kept squeezing her small bag nervously. She sighed and looked up at the saleswoman. You could tell she seemed embarrassed, which strangely contrasted with her super skimpy outfit.

"I need to buy something sexy for a special night out," the client blurted out hurriedly, then looked at the tips of her own high heels.

Annie was speechless for a few seconds. She wondered if the boutique offered something more sexier than what that woman was wearing. If that was her everyday outfit, what would she wear for a party?

After a while, Naomi was already undressing in the dressing room, and Annie gave her the most provocative outfits she could find.

All the other customers, especially the men, were constantly sneaking curious, lustful glances toward Naomi.

"This top is very... attractive, but I'd love something much larger," the client said from her dressing booth. "I can't breathe in this one. As you can see my breasts are... well... quite big and usually nothing suits me."

Annie nodded, trying not to stare at the client's long cleavage. The breasts were not just large, they were gigantic.

One of the men staring at Naomi let out a muffled sigh. His wife looked at him bitterly.

"It's the largest size we have," Annie said apologetically.





After a few minutes Naomi emerged from the dressing room in a skirt barely covering her buttocks, and a top hemmed above the navel.

"Do you have something shorter?" She asked, touching the skirt with her hand.

Annie opened her mouth to notice that if the clothes were even an inch shorter, the woman would have her buttocks on display.

"We can shorten it for you," she said.

"Hmm... other colors?" Naomi asked. "Pink perhaps?"

In disbelief, she watched her reflection in the mirror as if she were looking at someone else.

"Is it also possible to give it even more cleavage?" She asked quietly and blushed even harder.



When she finally left the dressing room and headed for the cash register, the other customers watched her every move. She easily outshined all the women gathered there.

The woman left muttering a quick 'goodbye' and did not make eye contact with anyone in the boutique. It was only after she left that she breathed a sigh of relief.

Tony sent her to the store and ordered her to buy some outfits for upcoming events. Every time she imagined what would probably happen at these 'parties', she felt an icy thrill. She tried to choose the most skimpy and provocative outfits, because that was what the gang leader expected of her. He did not say it straight, but she knew that if she bought something more modest, Tony would decide to punish her.

She preferred not to imagine how she would feel when she showed up to clients wearing such clothes. If they gave her Exta again... she would surely lose her temper and act like a horny bitch in heat.

When she walked accompanied by a bodyguard to the town car waiting for her, she could not catch her breath in shame. She somehow managed to keep it in the store, but on the way to the car she just felt like disappearing. She imagined what all those people staring at her had to think about her. She would surely look at her new self with superiority and contempt as well.

When she was a few steps away from the car, she heard someone say her name.



"Naomi? Is that really you?"

She immediately recognized her friend, Ines.

"I barely recognized you! It seemed to me that it was you, but I couldn't believe my eyes... you've changed a lot!" Ines said.

Naomi's body stiffened, and her throat tightened so much that she couldn't get a sound out. She felt her cheeks basically burn with emotion.

Suddenly, she was even more painfully aware of all the changes that had taken place in her body. She looked at herself with her friend's eyes. Ines had last seen her many months before, when Naomi was still a policewoman. She dressed elegantly and modestly back then... barely used makeup, and her figure was slim and athletic... but now?"

"You look... different," Ines remarked. "I've never seen you with such a... sexy appearance. Heading to a party?"

Naomi briefly considered telling the truth and begging for help, but one look at the bodyguard made her discard this idea immediately. She would not only risk her own life, but also the one of her friend.

"I'm sorry, I'm in a hurry," Naomi said, taking a step toward the car.

Ines chewed on her lower lip and gazed wildly at her friend's new figure.

“Are you?” she asked, catching Naomi by the elbow.

When they were close to each other, the policewoman immediately felt an erotic tension mounting between them. She realized that Ines was excited and that it surprised her so much that she basically froze without moving and parted her lips slightly.

Ines had never hidden that she was bisexual, but she had never even dashed a single flirtatious look at Naomi. Now, she stared at her with lust and an encouraging smile.

“Not even a minute to catch up?” She asked in a low, seductive voice and casually moved her hand over Naomi's shoulder. “Maybe we'll get a quick drink or something? You have to tell me how you went through such an impressive metamorphosis! You've always seemed to me... well, you know... so cold and-- to be honest-- quite uptight...” she giggled. “...but look at you now!”

Naomi did not know what to say. She remembered Ines as a distant and self-contained person, the opposite of the excited woman who was now flirting with her openly.

“I admire your courage,” said Ines. “Surely you had to undergo several procedures, because your breasts are so fuckin' huge! Extremely sexy, you know?”





"Thank you," Naomi blurted out and gave a longing look towards the car. "But really, I'm in a hurry..."

Then Ines saw the bags from the boutique.

"Oh, you've also completely changed your style! No other store has outfits as sexy as this one! I bet you just can't fit into regular tops!"

Ines was getting more and more excited by her own words and the closeness of her friend. Naomi felt waves of excitement radiate from her, which heated up and spread all over her own body.

Ines held her breath and stared at the policewoman's bust. When Naomi looked down, she saw that her own hardened nipples were visible through her tight outfit.

"I'm sorry, I really have to go," Naomi whispered and hurried into the car.

When the driver joined the traffic, she turned back and saw Ines watching her limousine.

After returning to Tony's office, she felt like taking a long shower, hiding between the sheets in the comfort of her bed and not thinking about anything, but the boss immediately called for her.

"Show me what you bought today," he demanded.

Naomi reluctantly handed him bags of newly purchased kinky outfits.

"Well, well... Wonderful." Tony was pleased. "I see that you've taken to your new style. These clothes will greatly emphasize your enormous tits. It excites you knowing that everyone will be horny when they see you in them, doesn't it?"

"We both know that if I chose something more modest, you wouldn't let me wear it," Naomi snorted.

"I think that you just like it a lot," Tony said. "You want to repeat your session with Bradley and can't wait for someone to finally fuck you. You get wet when you remember that night and dream about someone fucking you again."

"I do not!"

The gangster raised his hand to silence Naomi.

"Unfortunately, you were recognized today and I will not let this happen again. So... We'll give you a new facial appearance, much bigger tits and a different identity. You will no longer be Naomi, ex-policewoman, only a horny, living fuckdoll for kinky, perverse sex games. The doctors will give you a new, perfect face and giant tits that no one will be able to resist.

Naomi felt her knees soften.

"Noooo... Please... You can't do this to me!"



"No horny friend will recognize you," Tony said. "You will feel the excitement of other people around you all the time. We will enlarge your lips so that you can suck cocks even better and inflate your tits, so that fucking you will be mind-blowing. I will turn you into a perfect whore, a sexy doll to fuck, and I will finally be proud of you, my property."

"I promise, I will not go out. Not anymore," Naomi said in a tearful tone. "Nobody will recognize me... I will satisfy clients, I'll do everything that you ask me. There is no need for me to undergo more surgeries..."

She felt panic rising in her. Tony kept changing her body more and more and bending her psyche to his liking. She was afraid that soon there would be nothing left of Naomi in her.

"It's already decided," said the man. "I made my decision."

Naomi knew that whatever she would do or say wouldn't stop Tony from changing his decision.

\*\*\*

After the surgery, Naomi spent a lot of time watching her reflection in the mirror. She looked like an unreal, more sexy and vulgar version of herself.

"It's still me. Deep inside I'm still the same. Just remember this," she told herself.



Large amounts of filler in the lips made her slightly lisp. She sighed and dropped to her bed. When the mattress sank under her weight and then lifted her up a bit, her new breasts bounced suddenly. Reluctantly, she touched them with her fingertips. They reminded her of balloons inflated to the limit. She was sure that she would never get used to them and would never feel comfortable with such monstrous breasts.



That day she was to meet Bradley again. She decided that this time, whatever happened, she would not lose her temper. Maybe Tony did his best to turn her into a perfect whore, but she would still be the same person deep down in her heart.

This time they were to meet in the VIP lounge. Naomi chose one of her most sexy outfits and put on heavy makeup. Indeed, she resembled a living version of sex dolls sold in sex shops.

Tony clapped theatrically at her sight.

"Bravo, bravo, you look great! These new tits are gigantic, aren't they? How do you like them? I know Bradley will be delighted. And this new face of yours... No one will recognize you on the street," he said, and then handed her a new ID card.



Naomi read the name on the card and looked at her own picture next to it.

"Lola Sins?"

"Your new identity," Tony replied.

Naomi snorted contemptuously.

"Are you serious? It's impossible! I can't..."

"You'd better learn to respond to Lola. I want it to be convincing."

Naomi paled and squeezed the ID so tightly in her hand that the plastic of the card etched painfully in her skin.

# Before & After



# Before & After



When she left the limousine in front of the club she could barely breathe. The security guard led her past the line of people waiting for the entrance. She had the impression that everyone was staring at her huge breasts.

At the sight of Naomi, the young bouncer immediately became horny. He was staring at her body with hungry eyes, and the bulge in his pants kept growing with every second.

"Name?" He asked.

Naomi sensed his excitement. It was so intense she had goosebumps all over her body.

"What's your name?" He repeated.

"Sins," she said quietly.

"Pardon?"

"Lola Sins."

The bouncer frowned, clearly very surprised.

"That's your real name?"

"Of course it's my real name!" Naomi was furious.

The whispers of people standing in the line became louder and louder. One man whistled. She heard a bit of the conversation between two women-- they giggled like crazy commenting on her name.

Naomi was feeling their excitement with her entire body. The arousal of the crowd hit her with powerful waves and accelerated her breathing. She weaved and realized how the lace of her thongs rubs against both of her sex holes.

"How much do you charge for one hour?!" One already drunk man, shouted at her.

"You won't be able to afford her," his colleague leaned back. "Don't you see how she looks? Just look at her giant balloons! Your monthly salary does not cover even a..."

Naomi closed her eyes and bit her lip. The humiliation paralyzed her body and she immediately felt a knot in her stomach.

"Here's my ID," she said, pushing the ID into the bouncer's hand.

His widened eyes, filled with nothing but lust, hardly broke away from her cleavage and focused on the ID card.

"Lola Sins," he read.

At that moment an older employee appeared behind the bouncer's back. He gave a quick glance at Naomi and then at the ID.

"Come inside, Ms. Sins," he said.  
"Our Playroom was moved to the  
first floor. Follow me, please."

As she was walking through the club,  
she sensed a heightened erotic  
tension around her. Every time a  
horny man approached her, or  
accidentally brushed her body, she  
shivered. The more she was walking  
towards the playroom, the more she  
felt her throbbing pussy irritated by  
the thong. It was as if her nerve  
endings had suddenly become  
profoundly hypersensitive.



A club employee opened her door to the playroom.

Naomi expected Bradley to be waiting for her with a drink, sitting on one of the comfortable sofas. Instead, her client was completely naked. In addition, he was not alone.

Naomi froze, staring at the scene in front of her. She was completely unprepared for the view in front of her eyes. Bradley was moving his hips violently and holding tight onto Tasha, his hands clasped on the girl's slender waist. Tasha's huge breasts were bouncing fiercely from the man's rapid and powerful thrusts. Their faces were sweaty and reddish from all the effort and pleasure.

Naomi froze, unable to breathe. She could hear the animalistic groans of the two lovers. She could smell sweat, perfumes and sex, lots of sex, in the air. However-- there was something else. Something she had never experienced so intensely before. The room was filled with arousal. That very moment Naomi felt how super heightened and responsive to arousal her senses were.



"Moore, fuck, yesss..." Tasha moaned. "Fuck me... harder... don't stop... fuck... I'm right there..."

Shocked, Naomi watched as the girl was hit by an orgasm. It crossed her mind that when she had been fucking with Bradley, she must have looked similar. Without control, overcome with lust, insatiable. The girl's screams filled the whole room. She was rolling her eyes filled with pleasure and squeezing her sensitive nipples to intensify her orgasm, to cum even harder.

Naomi saw a few Exta pills on the table. She felt the pleasant warmth spread on the inside of her thighs. Bradley will probably tell her to take the pills...

Tasha let out a long, uncontrollable moan, froze for a second and then suddenly went quiet. A blissful, satisfied expression appeared on her sweaty face.

Bradley grinned fiercely at the sight of Naomi.

"You look so perverse," he said. "I dreamed to finally see you in your new skin. Transformed, with huge, inflated tits, full lips, a sex doll's face, and a tiny perverse outfit unable to cover your enhanced body even a tiny bit."

His swollen, wet and glossy member was so stiff that it almost touched his lower chest.



"You have no idea how much I would like to fuck you now," he said. "Tony never fails... Turning a frigid, uptight girl into a sex whore dripping with lust. I've always felt that somewhere inside, you're exactly like this. Am I wrong?"

Unbridled rage hit Naomi like a tsunami.

"You have NO idea who I really am!" She shouted. "I will never be like Tony's other girls, NEVER!"

"Spare me. I saw you looking at the Exta," Bradley replied. "You want it... and you're jealous of Tasha, aren't you? You thought I would be politely waiting for you, fantasizing about your body, and meanwhile I was fucking with another woman. You love how all men look at you, how they devour you with their eyes."

"You have no idea what you're talking about!"

Naomi was boiling with anger. She could not breathe because the air was thick with excitement. She had the impression that all her other senses were becoming subdued, that she could only feel Tasha and Bradley's excitement.

"You're cute when you're so nervous," Bradley said. "Now kneel and lick my dick. We'll see what your new lips are exactly made for."

Naomi was shaking with emotion as she followed the man's instructions. However, when his penis was right next to her face, the aroma of his excitement dimmed her rage and humiliation. The powerful smell of sex was so unexpected it hit her with all its might.

"Go on, suck it. Suck it dry. Show me what a total bitch you are."

Naomi parted her lips and slid the tip of the penis between her lips. Bradley's excitement flooded her mind and body with plethora of mighty impulses as the hot, hard member moved in her mouth.

"That's right," Bradley said, stroking her head. "You feel how horny I am for you, don't you?"



Naomi looked at the man's lust-filled face with her glazed, smoldering eyes.

"Now, suck on Tasha's pussy," Bradley ordered. "I want you to really feel how super horny she is."

Tasha immediately livened up. She spread her legs and glared at Naomi expectantly.

"But... I've never..." Naomi stuttered.

"You'll like it," Bradley interrupted her.

Tasha was already caressing her gigantic breasts. She tilted her head back and smiled blissfully.

When Naomi approached her wet pussy she stumbled, overwhelmed by Tasha's excitement. She was breathing in the sexy scent of the girl and at the same time trying to compose herself.



"Mmm, you like its scent? Bradley asked. "A bitch, like you, should love to suck dick and lick pussy."

Naomi shifted her tongue over Tasha's pink, sensitive labia. Tasha shivered and breathed in deeply.

"Mmm, yeah," she moaned. "Make me cum again... Mmm, deeper, I want to feel your tongue deep inside me. Oh yesss... so good... don't stop."

Naomi licked the swelling, intensely fragrant labia of her girl and teased Tasha's clitoris with her tongue. She felt her own pussy getting extremely wet and pulsate with lust.

Tasha was writhing on the sofa and kept moaning-- louder and louder, all the time pleading for more. Her thighs trembled with pleasure and a hot, greasy sex juice came out of her pussy.

Bradley walked over to her and began to caress her giant breasts.

Naomi was quite stunned. All her feelings-- anger, excitement, humiliation-- were suppressed by Tasha's lust.

When she looked up, the whole view was hindered by the girl's huge breasts. Bradley's hands appeared in her field of vision every few seconds, rolling circles on her tense skin.

"Mmmabout to cummm," Tasha moaned. "You're doing it so... damn... well... Yessss!"

Tasha reached her climax, moaning and rhythmically pumping her hips towards Naomi. Wetness from her pussy flowed down Naomi's lips and chin.

"Very nice," Bradley praised the girls. "Return the favour, Tasha."

Tasha smiled encouragingly, brushing sweat-damp hair from her forehead and kissed Naomi on her plump, sex doll lips.

"You smell me, you know? she whispered. "It's so exciting."

She moved her hands around the back of Naomi's neck until she felt a pleasant thrill along her spine.

"You're already hot," Tasha said. "Your skin is so warm and wet. Your nipples so hard... You want me to satisfy you.... and bring you to orgasm."

Tasha gently parted Naomi's thighs. She smiled and lustfully licked her lips at the sight of the dripping pussy. She put a warm hand on the enhanced woman's stomach and slowly moved it lower and lower.



Naomi felt an increasing tension build between her legs. She did not want to feel pleasure. Not in these circumstances. Not while she worked as a prostitute. She clenched her teeth and closed her eyes to control herself. She wanted to focus on rage and shame.

When Tasha gently touched her clit with her slender hand, all these sensations and thoughts immediately evaporated. Naomi unwillingly arched her back and moaned loudly. The experience was as strong as if she were hit by a powerful electric impulse. Her pussy had never been so sensitive to touch before.

"So much pleasure, isn't it?" Bradley asked.

Naomi was breathing heavily, bewildered by how her body reacted.

Tasha slid her finger between Naomi's pink labia.

It was such a wonderful, intense sensation... Naomi was unable to fight against it. Every cell of her body wanted to subdue. Every cell of her body wanted more. The most wonderful pleasure grew at a rate she had never experienced before. Her heart was beating as if she were running, the room became blurry, and her pussy pulsed and swelled.

"What's happening?" She moaned. "I haven't taken Exta... What's happening to me?"



Tasha put her thumb on Naomi's clit and slipped two fingers into her horny pussy.

"That's too much..." Naomi moaned. "Please, not so fast... I can't..."

Tasha did not listen to her pleadings. She began to move her hand, caressing sensitive femininity with swift and tender moves.

"How...? It's-- Impossible," Naomi whispered.

The pleasure of sheer ecstasy flooded her like a blinding, bright light. It was too intense to take. The policewoman repeated in her mind that she should be in control, but she could not fight something so strong and encompassing. All the muscles in her body were stimulated as Tasha was putting her hand deeper into Naomi's horny pussy giving her the pleasure she had never experienced before.

Naomi felt that she had completely lost control. The bulk of orgasm sprouted inside her and nothing could stop it.

"Nooo..." she moaned. "I'm begging you-- I... need... a... break..."

But she did nothing to discard Tasha's skillful hand.

"You're about to cum," Bradley said. "So close now... Come on, show us how much you love it."

The orgasm burst inside her with super colossal strength. She managed to think that it was impossible for her to cum so quickly, but then the ecstatic sensation made her mind go blank. She felt that she was falling apart under the power of pleasure, she was shivering in orgasmic afterglow and giving in to this wonderful power.





Later, when she relaxed a bit, she still was unable to calm her breathing and rapid heartbeat. Sex juice was gushing from her pussy profusely, her pinkish, hardened nipples stuck out, and she had goosebumps all over her body. Naomi was so shocked that she could not move or speak.

"You are so horny," Bradley said. "You just need to be in vicinity of a wet pussy or hard dick... Exta won't be needed at all. Not anymore."

"But I was not aroused at all, I--"

"When someone close to you is horny, you will turn into an insatiable whore," Bradley said. "And everyone gets excited in your company."

Naomi shook her head, as if Bradley's words were not true. However, she knew he was right. That's exactly what she experienced.

"You will like your new super sense over time," Bradley said. "Slutsense."

"Nooo!" Naomi moaned terrified.

"And now you will give my cock a nice titjob," Bradley said. "Do not pretend you don't want it. We both know how you loved this pleasure. You play a decent girl again, but in fact you just want to be fucked. Deep in your heart you are an absolute bitch."

"No!"

"You like how much we have perfected your body. You're excited about parading in all those skimpy perverse outfits. You LOVE your super huge enhanced fake tits... Now, show me what they're good for. On your knees and rub my cock with them."

Naomi shuddered at the sound of his words, but she obeyed Bradley's orders.





As soon as she squeezed Bradley's hard member with her gigantic boobs, Naomi shuddered.

"That's right," the man murmured. "Your tits are so massive now..."

His words turned into moans of pleasure as Naomi felt his member warm up and harden, squeezed tight between her huge tits.

Tasha looked at them with fascination and jealousy. Finally, she gave in to the desire and knelt right behind Naomi.

The policewoman looked up and saw Bradley's eyes glisten with excitement.

Tasha's breasts touched her back. Naomi felt the girl's hardened nipples rub against her skin. Moments later Tasha began to caress her. She fondled Naomi's enlarged breasts, full buttocks, the inner part of her thighs and was slowly, yet surely, getting closer and closer to the pulsating pussy.

Naomi was painfully aware of what was about to happen. Tasha would touch her labia, and at that very moment she would completely get crazy with lust. She let out a silent sigh of protest.

Bradley's face was flushed and lit with lust, while unending moans of pleasure escaping his parted lips.

"I'll make you cum," Tasha whispered into her ear. "Let me... Don't fight it... You'll feel divine... I promise."

She spread Naomi's enhanced buttocks and pressed her finger against the narrow hole.

Naomi did not even have a chance to control the overwhelming pleasure. Its waves spread through her heated body. It was so wonderful and robust she had to hold onto Bradley's thighs to keep balance. Her pussy squeezed tight, demanding more.





"Don't... make her... cum...so fast..." Bradley instructed Tasha.

Naomi felt Tasha's quick breathing on the back of her neck. She felt her excitement fully. The smell of Bradley's member filled her nostrils and made her holes more and more turned on. The tension that was building up inside her enhanced sex doll body became unbearable.

Tasha's other hand slid along her dripping pussy. Naomi was so close, at the very edge of a mounting orgasm, completely bewildered by the upcoming sheer delight... but then the girl moved her hand away.

Naomi moaned, disappointed. The rigid cock brushing violently against her breasts stimulated her sensitive skin. She felt the man's balls rhythmically hit her underbust.

"You look so cute when you try to fight it," Bradley whispered. "Now you're in the right place for you, a slut... on your knees, horny, with a cock sliding between your massive enhanced tits, stoned with nothing but desire. That's how you should spend your every day."

Tasha's finger slipped deeper between Naomi's buttocks. The policewoman felt that her body was on the verge of a climax. She was trembling feverishly, a drop of sweat trickled down her temple, and chaotic thoughts swirled in her head.

"I'm going to cum on your new, pretty sex doll face," Bradley kept rubbing his cock with her tits.

"Your super round, saline inflated tits, too..."

"No..." Naomi still protested when the man slightly pulled away from her.

A stream of hot sperm flooded her cheeks, her half-open lips, enlarged tits and down her deep cleavage. At the same moment, Tasha's delicate, skillful fingers plunged deeper into her narrow hole.

The orgasm was like an earthquake. So powerful, earth shattering, and terrifying. It overtook her whole body, and shook it inexorably and relentlessly. Naomi was certain she could not resist it. Her pussy contracted and Naomi arched her body. The experience was too strong! In the midst of this unbelievable sensation she dug her nails into the floor, and a long primal moan escaped her lips.



"See? You're such a good bitch. You would never be a good policewoman. You're much better at earning with your new body."

Naomi was too exhausted to answer. Her body was still heavily shaking from empowering, fierce pleasure.

Tasha gave her a glass of water and helped her sit up.

"You should be proud of yourself," she whispered in her ear.

"Proud?" Naomi asked quietly.

After the orgasm, she felt like stoned. The world around seemed so unreal and blurry.

"How could I have fallen so low?" She finally managed to utter with teary eyes.

She stood up carefully and with noticeable effort. Her legs were like cotton wool, she could barely keep her balance. Tasha helped her dress.

"You should thank me," Bradley said.

Naomi snorted with contempt.

"You needed someone to fuck you and show you your place," the man continued. "Say 'thank you'."

"No way," Naomi gasped. "I'll never do that..."

Bradley smiled at her and nodded.

"We'll see about that," he said and left the room.

Naomi involuntarily followed him with a longing look. He spent the whole night with her the last time, but now he left her so quickly...

"Where's the bathroom?" Naomi asked angrily. "I have to wash this off my face. Right now."

She tried to wipe the sperm with her hands, but only smeared it on her cheeks. Her makeup was clearly ruined and she surely had the look of a porn star after an orgy where all the men had ejaculated on her body profusely at least a few times.

"You have to go downstairs," Tasha said. "To a ladies' room."

"I have to expose myself to people like this?!" Naomi was sickened by the very idea. "Don't you see how I look?"

She had no choice. With her cheeks rosy with shame, a tight knot in her stomach and still stunned by the orgasms she just had, she walked downstairs and through the club searching for the toilet. Her body was still stimulated by the sperm slowly drying on her beautified face. What's more, she felt how extremely sensitive her pussy was with every step. If only she touched her horny pussy, she could have multiple orgasms in seconds, followed by another, and another after that-- until she lost consciousness.



People went silent when they saw her and did not even try to hide the shock. Naomi saw herself with their eyes. Sweaty, with ruined makeup, stained with sperm, in a perverse dress barely covering her perfected body. It was obvious what she was. The humiliation was so strong that she had to hold onto the wall. For a few seconds, she concentrated in order to prevent herself from hyperventilating.

It was almost impossible as anger rose in her. It was not her fault. She did not want this! Maybe her body was aroused, but it was just a primeval, animal-like reaction. It was so unfair she had to experience all of the contemptuous glances in her direction. She did not deserve that.

When she closed the toilet door behind her and the sounds of the club became muffled, she looked in the mirror and shrieked. She began hurriedly washing herself, trying to get rid of the sperm and its scent.

A woman came out of the stall. She gave Naomi a shocked look, blushed and then adjusted her make-up and hair.

After a while, another girl came inside. The moment she saw Naomi, she froze motionless with half-open lips.



Naomi was getting furious. She knew very well what they thought about her. Slut. Bitch. Tramp. Other offensive words kept buzzing in her head-- more and more. She'd rather be alone, but the women took their time. They probably wanted to observe her, wallow in her humiliation and already imagined telling their friends about this slut. They will fake their sympathetic compassion, taking delight in describing every detail of her appearance.

"You may think that you are better than me," Naomi broke.  
"You can say I'm just a slut!"

Both girls stared at her in shock.

"But you know what?" Naomi hissed. "When they notice me, no man will ever look at you!"

She stormed out of the ladies' room, slamming the door, and with her head held high, started walking down the club.

\*\*\*

# Before & After



END OF PART 2

Thank you for reading!