

Fuckdoll Mafia

Part 3



- Breast expansion
- Lips expansion
- Butt expansion
- Enhanced genitals
- Enhanced libido and sensitivity
- Dollification
- Bimbofication
- Bimbo outfits
- Domination

Fuckdoll Mafia Part 3

Breast expansion
Lips expansion
Butt expansion
Enhanced genitals
Enhanced libido and sensitivity
Bimbofication
Dollification
Bimbo outfits
Domination

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



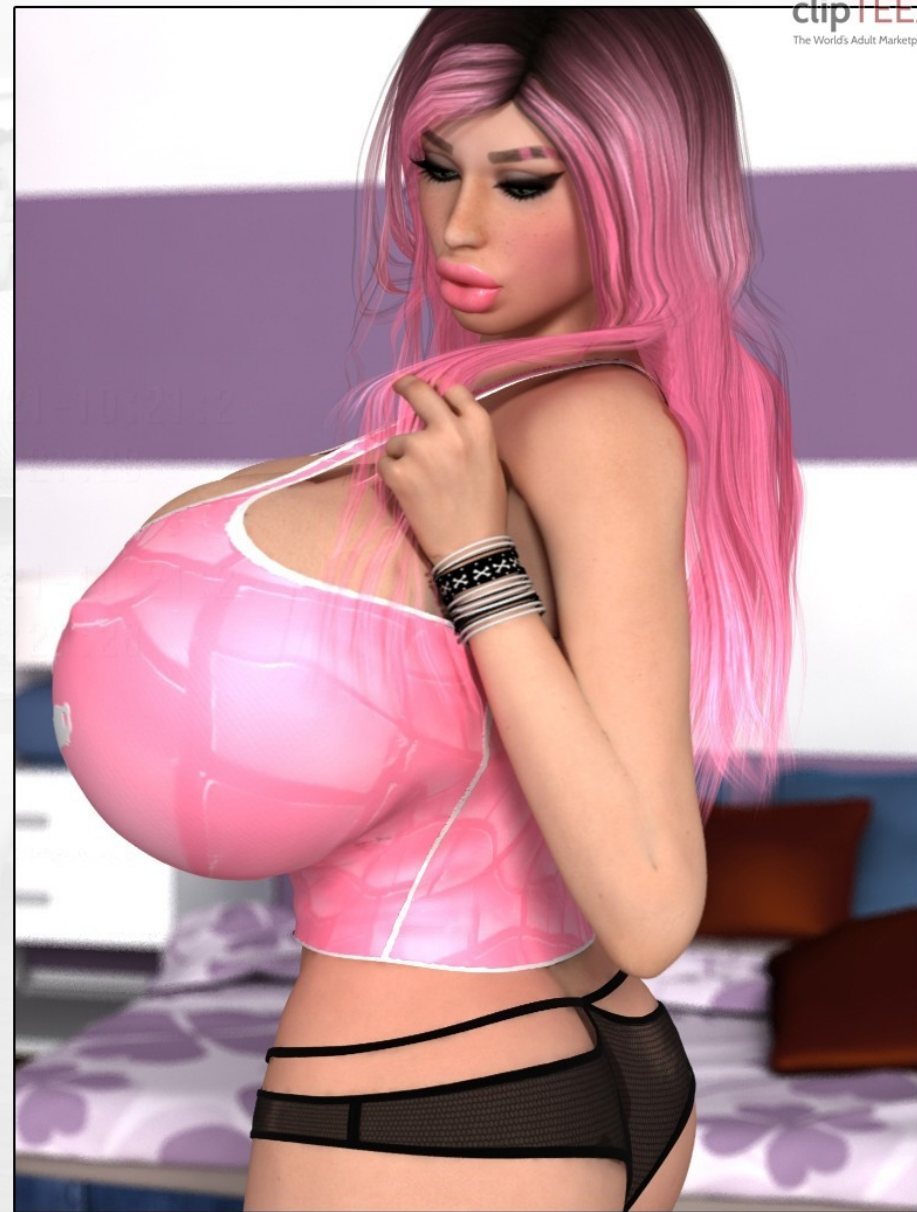
Naomi was playing with a strand of her hair and tapping the high heel of her stiletto nervously. She was waiting for a client. "As usual," she thought and stiffened with terror, because she realized how often she worked as a prostitute. Being a hooker had become her everyday life.

Tony said that the client was someone important and she should try to do her best. Remembering his words now, she blushed with shame and clenched her hands so tightly on her little pink purse that under her fingers she felt the shapes of the vibrator, the lip gloss and the perfume bottle inside it. The head of the gang was proud of how much progress she had made recently and relayed the opinions of satisfied customers to her.

Against her will, she was becoming more and more accustomed to her role. She learned to recognize the types and needs of her clients, which allowed her to find out in a matter of seconds what they expected from her and what would give them the greatest pleasure. Physically, she could sense their excitement growing, and the more horny they became, the more pleasure she felt. She would like to be able to control it, but she was unable to; every time after her work was finished, she got fed up with sex and orgasms, and she felt disgusted with herself.

Even wearing vulgar outfits that barely covered her body sometimes seemed natural to her, because she already forgot how ordinary people dressed. She had less and less in common with them, spending most of her time with other prostitutes. It was only in those short moments when she walked from the limousine to the club or to an apartment, that she was fully aware of how different she was from ordinary women. Their bodies seemed to be completely devoid of curves, their breasts and buttocks flat, and their delicately made-up faces not very expressive at all. It amazed her how simple and modest their clothes were. Naomi envied them a lot, because looking at them, people were wondering what job they were doing, what character they had, but looking at her, they only wondered what great blowjobs she could probably give and what a horny bitch she must be. She understood it, as she would think about herself that way, too. She could not expect passers-by who saw her gigantic breasts, almost tearing her tight tops, to focus on anything else.

But the thing that horrified her most was that with each subsequent job it was getting easier for her. Sometimes she even wondered if Tony was right and if by any chance she had become a better whore than she had ever been a policewoman. She had to constantly tell herself who she really was, so as not to let her life from before her meeting with the gang leader fade into a distant memory.



At precisely the same time, Terrence was looking around Tony's office and didn't know what to focus his eyes on. He had never seen such exciting women before. He didn't even try to hide how horny he was getting. He looked at their sexy clothes, full buttocks and breasts filled with implants, and wondered what it would be like to have sex with them. He was about to find out soon enough, and his member hardened even more at the thought.

Terrence paid almost no attention to the conversation that Tony was having right now with his father, Frank. Usually, he felt uneasy when his father complained about his shortcomings, feeling a lot of contempt for his own son deep inside, but now he didn't care. He just wanted to spend a few hours alone with one of these girls. Or maybe with a couple of them... He didn't know if he could handle such a huge dose of excitement.



“The boy is shy,” Frank said, trying to make the tone of his voice indulgent rather than reluctant. “I need one of your girls to show him what a good fuck is like. Terrence should finally become a real man, and your whores are true professionals.”

Tony smiled at his old friend, put a hand on his shoulder and pointed at the women at display.

“Of course, he can have his pick,” he said.

Terrence wiped beads of sweat off his forehead and gulped loudly. Under his eyelids, erotic, outrageous scenes with Tony’s hookers were already appearing. He felt that just looking at them caressing their amazing bodies would be enough for him to have the best orgasm of his life.

“However, if I were you, I’d go for the most slutty girl of ours,” said Tony. “She isn’t the most experienced one, but she has a great talent and lots of enthusiasm.”

Frank looked at his excited son and nodded.

“If you can recommend her, then I’m sure she’ll be appropriate,” he told the gang boss.

Soon after, Terrence entered the VIP room where Naomi was waiting for him. Knowing that in a moment he would be able to do anything with this girl, anything at all, he got so excited that he could barely stand upright. She was a vulgar, perverse ideal. Each fragment of her body was begging him to fuck her: from her lush hair, to her beautiful, heavily made-up face, her invitingly full lips, those disproportionately large breasts under the skimpy top, her full buttocks, long legs and feet in stilettos. She was his property for a few hours. He simply bought her, like a product in a store. He wasn’t interested in her feelings, her preferences or her satisfaction. It was him who was supposed to have fun, she was irrelevant.

He felt confidence that he rarely experienced. He only hoped he wouldn’t come too fast, because it would deprive him of a large portion of his pleasure and might would be, after all, humiliating.

He took out the gun that was holstered in his belt and a small plastic bag of drugs from his jacket pocket.

Naomi looked at these objects and frowned, because she couldn't remember the penalty due for their possession. Illegal weapon, it's probably from two to... how many years in prison? How could she have forgotten all this so easily? After all, cases like these used to land on her desk every day. She thought that it was certainly her client's evident excitement that distracted her so much.

Terrence wasn't interested in that whore's opinions, but he liked the fact that she was getting excited at the sight of him. Her lips parted, her cheeks grew pink, and her eyes focused on the bulge between his legs. She stared at his dick as if it was the only thing she had ever wanted. This horny, vulgar bitch certainly served many guys every day, but she still couldn't get enough of it. Terrence had a sudden, unpleasant thought, doubting whether he would be able to satisfy her, but he quickly dismissed it, telling himself that he was to be pleased here, not this girl.

"What a bitch you are," he said to increase his own courage and was pleased to hear that his voice sounded calm. "I can see you looking at my dick. You obviously can't wait to get fucked."

The girl angrily inhaled, as if she wanted to verbally retaliate, but finally she relented by licking her full lips and kept silent. He saw her nipples harden under her blouse, and her eyes, highlighted with intense make-up, became glassy. He was sure her panties were already wet. If this whore even wore any underwear. At that last thought, his member got even harder and began to throb painfully under his trousers, which were definitely too tight now.

"I'll fuck you so long and hard that you'll forget your own name," Terrence added. "It'll be the best fuck of your life."

His own words gave Terrence even more confidence. He liked that the girl listened to him as if spell-bound.

"You're an awful slut, you know? A bitch like you needs someone to show her where her place is," he was getting up steam. "You know, I wonder what it feels like to fall as low as you have... How do you feel when anyone can pay to own you, to fuck you any way he likes? It must be very humiliating. And the way you look! How can you even go out like that, eh? With those inflated tits, this trout-pout, in those pink, perverse outfits, you're sure to cause a sensation, but you probably like it. Maybe you're even proud of the impression you make on other people? Will you tell me more about what it's like?"

Terrence fell silent. He wondered if he had overdone it, because the girl was staring at him with a blank expression, but his doubts were quickly replaced by increasingly intense erotic fantasies in which she played the main part.

Naomi was quite stunned. The contemptuous words of the man touched her most sensitive points, and the situation in which she found herself was extremely humiliating. She couldn't object and she had to play according to the rules imposed by him, because he was the client. However, the reason for her shock was something completely different: the man's excitement. She couldn't remember anyone get quite so horny at the very sight of her. His whole body seemed electrified with lust. Just looking at her, he became hard, hot and more than ready. He was extremely horny. Naomi sensed it with every cell of her body. His visible excitement made the little hairs on her skin stand on end, she got slightly breathless and her head was spinning. Quite automatically, the muscles in her nether regions tensed, and she felt her clitoris begin to swell.

Typically, her clients were much older and more experienced. Their arousal tasted different. This young guy was filled with excitement and hormones to the brink, and Naomi was unable to resist their appeal.

"Give me a blowjob, slut," said Terrence. "Show me what you're good for."

If Naomi wasn't so stupefied, she would probably find it hard to decide between anger and desire to laugh. Her client played a tough guy, although he probably would have preferred her to guide him and use her experience to show him how to get as much pleasure from sex as possible.





Terrence was struggling to control himself. When the girl moved towards him, swaying her full hips and encouragingly sliding her fingers over her gigantic breasts, he let out a muffled moan. He couldn't even move when she unbuttoned his trousers. His member was so large that it protruded above the elastic waistband of his boxer shorts, and the girl gently moved her fingertips over it. Terrence got so excited that he could hardly bear it. He stopped breathing for a few seconds. He had never been so close to such a sexy woman. He stared at her breasts and wanted to touch them, but he was only able to succumb to her attentions.

His hot penis pulsed, demanding to be touched. Terrence couldn't remember ever being so hard.

Naomi was taking off one piece of clothing after another. When she moved, her enormous breasts were swinging from side to side and bouncing, stimulating her client's imagination even more strongly. Her hardened nipples protruded exactly in the center of her round bust. She turned her back to him so he could see how long and sexy her legs were in her high heels, how firm and full her buttocks were. She lifted her hands upward, combing her luxuriant hair, and it was possible to see the perfect roundness of her oversized bust, even though she was standing with her slim back towards him. Terrence used his remaining willpower not to start masturbating. He was certain that just a few quick hand movements would bring him relief and fulfillment.

Naomi grasped the thin fabric of her thong with her manicured fingers and leaned forward to slip it down.

Terrence glimpsed her moist, pinkish pussy. Her labia spread out slightly, as if inviting him in. He was dizzy and his lungs lacked air. He wanted to get up and fuck her in that position, with this damp thong around her ankles, making it impossible for her to take a single step, with that shamelessly exposed ass sticking out towards him. But he did nothing because his body was paralyzed with lust and he had the impression that he had completely lost control over it.

Naomi was swaying on her legs, drunk with his excitement. She smelled it all around her. It was like an intoxicating perfume or a fog covering her mind. It vibrated in the whole room and filled her. She knelt in front of the man.





Terrence sighed and looked at her bust.

“I hope you’ll serve me well, bitch,” he panted, making another attempt to take control of the situation.

Naomi licked his member looking straight into his eyes. She did it very slowly, because she knew he could come at any moment. Terrence tilted his head back and clenched his hands into fists. His chest rose and fell rapidly, as if he could barely catch his breath.

Naomi closed her eyes. The smell of his manhood was like an aphrodisiac. She moved closer to him to slide his member between her breasts. She never touched such a hard, hot penis before. As she gently moved up and down, she could feel the network of veins on it.

Terrence shivered and moaned under the influence of her caresses. A red blush appeared on his face.

Naomi stopped moving.

“You can’t come that fast,” she finally said, These were her first words to him.

She thought that if he had an orgasm so soon, he wouldn’t even be able to fuck her.

She held her breath and froze, motionless. Why would this even be something for her to consider? Her stomach twisted painfully with shame and rage.

"I can't hold back anymore," Terrence groaned.

"I should give you as much pleasure as I can," Naomi objected, her voice velvety smooth. "That's what's expected of me."

Yes, that's what it's about, she tried to convince herself. Tony wouldn't be happy if the customer came too soon. He definitely wanted Terrence to leave the place only after some decent sex.

The boy's member was right next to her face. It smelled of his excitement and Naomi couldn't resist it. Knowing that she shouldn't do that and hating herself for what she was doing, she slipped it deep into her mouth.

Terrence cried out, clenched his fists and his whole body tensed. He pushed his hips forward until his penis got deep into the girl's mouth. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world. He was absolutely sure about that and he had the impression that he was discovering some amazing, universal truth. The girl's breasts rubbed against his thighs, and wrapping her full mouth around his penis, she gently teased it with her warm, skillful tongue.



Naomi inhaled his pleasure and moaned softly. She moved her head up and down, enjoying the man's excitement.

She was about to give him a moment to cool down when he cried out his pleasure. The sperm poured into her mouth. Naomi pulled away, as if she could still stop his orgasm. The semen flooded her face and cleavage, and the girl couldn't believe that there was so much of it. She grabbed the man's dick with her hand, prolonging his pleasure and squeezing even more sperm out of him.

A few weeks ago, in such a situation she would have been boiling with rage and humiliation. She, Naomi, in the role of a slut, drenched in cum, in a VIP room with some unknown guy, who saw in her only an exciting body that could be fucked.

Now she was simply horny. She could taste his sperm in her mouth, she smelled it in her nose, and the aroma of his hot skin dazed her with every breath. She was looking at her client, relaxing now with a blissful expression on his face and she was envying him.

She should get a grip on herself. She should be glad that it only ended with giving him a blow job.

She stood up uncertainly. Her knees felt weak and she wobbled on her high heels. A drop of moisture ran down the inside of her thigh.

She was not a whore. She was not a girl who takes pleasure in being fucked by customers. She reached for her lace thong and began to put it on. She had wondered for a moment whether it would be better to leave without her underwear which would certainly irritate her pussy, already pulsing with excitement.

Then she felt the man's hand on her buttock. She didn't have time to react before his fingers were already slipping between her thighs.

"No... Not so fast," she moaned.

She could hear her client gasping loudly behind her back. His other hand landed on her bust and began to stroke it. Naomi staggered, stunned by delight.

"We're not done yet," said Terrence.

His fingers moved over her damp, swollen labia.

Naomi shouted, threw her head back and lost her balance. She dropped to her knees, her round breasts heaving so much that they first hit her shoulders, as she was propping herself on her arms, and then against her stomach.

"More slowly..." she begged.



But the man was already kneeling behind her. He wore an expression of fascination and pride on his face.

Naomi's body vibrated with accumulated desire. She was sure that if Terrence started to fuck her now, she wouldn't be able to stand it much longer, because her pussy was too sensitive.

Terrence couldn't stop himself. After the first orgasm, he regained strength in his body and now he was going to have some real fun with this vulgar, horny whore. She was shaking all over with excitement and he was proud that simply giving him a blowjob led her to this state. He liked how her body glistened with sweat, which even more strongly emphasized her curves. Her big breasts were hanging down, almost touching the floor and rubbing against her shoulders. Her full buttocks stuck out invitingly towards him, and the labia visible between her thighs were shiny and pink.

Naomi held her breath when she felt the man's two fingers slide into her pussy. She had to somehow control herself. She tried to take in a few deep breaths, but a moan of pleasure escaped her throat immediately. Her muscles tightened strongly around the Terrence's fingers, making her feel them even more intensely. When he began to move his hand, she knew that nothing would stop the coming orgasm. Pleasure poured through every cell of her body.

Naomi rolled her eyes, put one hand on her huge breast and gave in to pleasure. Droplets of sweat ran down her body, her muscles trembled convulsively and her breathing quickened, causing her to inhale even more of Terrence's arousal, which only prolonged her orgasm.

She fell onto her forearms, pushed the hair out of her eyes and tried to calm her pulse.

"I need... some rest," she panted.

"I can see you're still horny," said Terrence. "You want to come again. See how wet you are?"

And then, before she knew what he was going to do, he slid a finger covered with her juices between her open lips. The aroma and taste of her own excitement dazzled her.

She felt furious with her own body. Once again it betrayed her and made her do things completely against her will.

Humiliation broke through the waves of desire. This young man had no idea what he was doing. He was touching her without any skill, and yet her body was already so adapted to experiencing pleasure that she was shaking with ecstasy.

"Now I'll show you what you're good for, bitch," Terrence said and grabbed her buttocks harshly.

He entered her with one violent thrust. His member was again hard and hot, and it gave Naomi a great pleasure. He moved quickly and greedily inside her, teasing her most sensitive places. She moaned involuntarily with every thrust. It was so nice...

She came for a second time, longer and harder than before.

Later on, she completely lost her self-control. The orgasms were so powerful and exhausting that they left her with no strength to control her impulses.



She turned to her client, who was still stunned with her quick orgasms and violent reactions, pushed him gently onto the floor and straddled him.

Nothing could have been more pleasant than being filled by his hard member. Now her pussy was so sensitive that she felt every push with doubled force.

Terrence looked at her with fascination. Her huge breasts swayed right over his face. Her long hair tickled his chest. Even though she was a whore, she was extremely tight and she repeatedly clenched her kegel muscles around his penis. She was a perfect bitch. She wanted him and he was sure that her pleasure was genuine. Nobody could fake so well.

With her finger she brushed the remains of his sperm from her cleavage and face and licked her hand in contentment. The gesture was so exciting that Terrence found it extremely difficult not to explode inside her right away.

When she started screaming again and wriggling with another orgasm, he couldn't stand it any longer. He came at the same time as she did, staring at her face that was contorted with ecstasy, caressing her heaving bust.

Afterwards, Naomi was too tired to get dressed and leave immediately. He threw a few banknotes at her and gave her some casual praise. He left the room, his back proudly erect, finally feeling like a real man.



Naomi couldn't look Tony in the eye.

The gang leader was beside himself with contentment. He praised her, gesticulating enthusiastically, and with every word he uttered the girl flushed a deeper red.

"You're ready to start working alone," Tony said finally. "You will select your own clients, I know from experience that such an arrangement works best."

"What if I don't choose any?" Naomi asked rebelliously.

The gang leader didn't comment on that. There was silence for a few seconds.

"We'll give you some new improvements," he said after a while.

"What... What do you have in mind?" Naomi asked.

"I think you'll need more sensitive breasts," Tony said. "Yeah... I want you to experience great pleasure when customers touch your tits. They like it when you're so involved. Each of them is quite impressed when you turn from a reluctant, cold bitch into a horny nymphomaniac."

"But those previous... transformations have already made me more sensitive..." Naomi objected.

"And they work great. We'll continue with them," said the gang leader, unmoved. "As to your holes..."

“Please, don’t change anything in my pussy,” the girl pleaded.

“...they will be specially profiled so that the customers can enjoy fucking you more,” Tony finished. “You know, they like it that you’re so horny, but they should get some pleasure from fucking you, too. Especially that this change is connected with the sensitization of your holes. You’ll keep coming over and over again, while your customers will only be warming up.”

Naomi saw dark spots and everything went black around her. The gang leader was going to change her most intimate places so that it would be more pleasant for strangers to use them. She couldn’t understand how it had happened that her life went that way. After all, not so long ago she used to work as a policewoman, she had an ordinary life, she had friends.

“I didn’t think you had so much talent in you,” Tony said. “You’ve exceeded my wildest expectations. After these treatments you will be simply spectacular.”

“Maybe so, but none of the customers will find out because I have no intention of meeting any of them,” Naomi replied, crossing her arms under her breasts.

“Remember that if you decide to accept clients after all, we’ll improve you further,” Tony answered, unruffled. “They shouldn’t get bored.”

She left his office without turning back.

The party barely started, but Naomi already regretted that she agreed to take part in it. Not as a prostitute, because she stopped working in that line of business when the gang leader allowed her to leave, but as a hostess.

Tony's girls and their clients were flirting and drinking. They sat on the couches, groping one another more and more boldly. Hands wandered from the small of the girls' backs to their buttocks, laughter grew louder, jokes were getting more vulgar.

The air was electrified with excitement and Naomi felt it more than anyone else. It was a physical sensation that made the nipples of her sensitized breasts harden, and her improved holes were warming up and pleasantly pulsing.

The treatments Tony chose for her took place a few weeks earlier. Naomi tried to pretend that it hadn't happened at all, because the knowledge that her most intimate places had been changed to make others happy was unbearable for her. Nevertheless, she felt that every item of clothing irritated her breasts more intensely than ever before, and strings rubbing against her holes made her labia moisten instantly.

Before long the party got completely wild. Naomi felt as if she was moving through a dense, twinkling and colorful mist of excitement. The smell of wet pussies overcame the fragrance of perfume, making her body tremble. She had to put a lot of effort into balancing on her stilettos, because her knees felt weak. The drinks on the tray she held were swaying dangerously as she approached Tasha.





“More... more... It’s feels wonderful,” the girl moaned when her partner played with her gigantic breasts.

Naomi knew that Tasha’s bust was extremely sensitive.

“A drink?” she asked, presenting the tray towards the couple.

The man took a glass from her, but Tasha was interested in nothing but pleasure. She firmly pressed her partner’s hand to her bosom and looked into his eyes pleadingly.

“Fuck me, please,” she whispered, pushing her slim thighs apart. “My pussy is already wet... It’s unbearable...”

Naomi felt how strong and electrifying the girl’s excitement was. She could see her rosy cheeks, her chest rising to the rhythm of the accelerated breathing, her disproportionately large bust covered with goose bumps. Every time the man pinched her hardened nipples, Tasha moaned and rolled her eyes. She looked as if she was on the verge of orgasm, although the client only casually played with her breasts.

Naomi moved on, the smell of the girl's pussy stunning her like a drug.

Candice's face was delighted. She was kneeling with her buttocks stuck out towards her client and she moaned every once in a while. The man stroked her oversized butt with one hand and slipped the fingers of the other hand into her narrow hole.

"I'll fuck you soon," he whispered.

"It's so nice..." Candice moaned.

She moved her hips back and forth so that the client's fingers would sink deeper into her hole.

"A drink?" Naomi asked in an unnaturally hoarse voice.

She needed a moment of rest, and yet the party was just starting. She preferred not to imagine what would happen to her body when everyone around her started fucking like crazy.

Summer was kneeling in front of her client and unbuttoning his fly. After a moment, a swollen, veined member rose in front of her face. Summer looked at it spell-bound for a few seconds, then stuck out her tongue and licked it, groaning with pleasure.

Naomi stared at the scene as if she was hypnotized. She knew that she should at least look away from it to defend herself against the waves of excitement she was experiencing, but she couldn't. She had the feeling that she was falling down, helplessly, towards pools of arousal over which she could no longer have any control.

The man took a drink from her and downed half of it in a single gulp. Summer caressed his testicles with her hand, and the tip of his penis with her tongue and mouth.

Naomi thought she could be in her place now, on her knees, serving a horny customer and inhaling his scent. Fortunately, Tony no longer required it from her. He said from time to time that if she finally decided to serve customers again, she would have to undergo even more modifications. But there was no way she was going to allow that.





She wanted to get out of this electrifyingly exciting room for a little while and regain some self-control. As it happened, there were no more drinks on her tray, so she had an excuse to retreat to the back room. With every movement, she felt her clothes rubbing against her sensitized places-- her hardened nipples, moist pussy and anus.

The men who didn't have partners followed her with lusty gazes and appraised her like a commodity on a shop display.

Naomi raised her head proudly. Maybe she looked like a whore, but she wasn't one of them anymore. They could look at her, but they had no right to even touch her. Other girls, such as Summer or Tasha, would have to service them.

She wondered if those men knew that her holes were changed so that they might be nicer to use by them. Did Tony tell them about it? She was curious how much each of them would be willing to pay to be able to fuck her in her improved pussy and experience the greatest delight in their life. If they were aware of what was hidden under her damp panties, they probably wouldn't be able to stop themselves and would start to caress her, even though she was just a waitress now.

A sudden, unexpected touch interrupted her reverie. Someone put a hand on her breast and squeezed its hardened nipple between his fingers.

Naomi felt strangely dizzy. The wave of sudden delight was so intense that she staggered, and the tray fell out of her hands and landed on the floor with a crash. They all watched her face twitch with pleasure as those strange hands traveled to her underbelly, where the unbearable erotic tension was already accumulating.



Out of nowhere, Tony appeared.

“Lola is just a waitress, she’s not available as a whore tonight,” he explained.

The strange man smiled and raised his hands in an apologetic gesture.

“It’s a pity,” he said. “I have a great urge to fuck her. Especially since she’s so horny. I can smell her wet pussy from here.”

“You don’t even know what you’re missing,” Tony replied. “She has specially modified holes so that it would be an amazing experience to fuck her. And not only for the client, but for her as well. We also improved her breasts so that they are extremely sensitive to touch, which is why she reacted so violently.”

Naomi imagined how wonderful it would be to be able to succumb to lust and let that man fuck her. Only one gesture, one word separated her from it. She pursed her full lips so as not to make a single sound, but she couldn’t resist fantasizing.

It would be so great if his hard penis filled her pussy. The very thought of it made her labia lips dampen even more in anticipation of pleasure. She imagined him moving roughly inside her, and herself shouting with pleasure, shaken by one orgasm after another.

Certainly he wouldn’t be able to experience such perfect sex with anyone but her. He wouldn’t be able to believe that it could be so pleasant, that her pussy might be so well matched to his needs. Later on, sex with other women would only be a pale reflection of the ecstasy he would have had with her.

He would want only her, because no one would be able to match her.

"In that case, why don't you invite me to fuck you?" the man asked Naomi. "I can see at a glance how horny you are. You look at all these girls with such hungry, jealous eyes," he added, pointing at the women around him.

Naomi followed his hand with her gaze. The orgy had began for good. Moans of pleasure mixed with the sounds of damp bodies colliding with each other. The air was getting filled with the scent of damp pussy, sweat and perfume.

"I'm not a whore," Naomi said angrily. "I'm not like them. I'll never stoop to this level."

"But you can't deny that you would like to join them, right?" The man did not give up. "Your body wants it, why do you resist?"

"I'm not a slut!" Naomi shouted.

She spent several minutes in the back room trying to calm her thoughts. She had to keep her cool and survive until the end of the party, which might last for hours. She tried to ignore the signals coming from her whole body, encouraging her to just give in and let herself be fucked by all the horny guys who fancied her.



When she returned to the main room, a group of men surrounded Summer. They looked as if they were standing in line to use her sexy body. Naomi watched, unable to take a step. She could feel her panties get totally wet, and the dampness flew down her thighs.

A few men stood with impatient expressions on their faces and enviously watched the one who was having sex with Summer right now.

Naomi thought that Tony's party wouldn't be a success if so many customers were made to wait too long for their turn. After all, it was unacceptable that nobody would take care of them.

When she later recalled what happened then, she couldn't understand how it came to be. A part of her mind was calling her to stop, but it was muffled by the erotic vibrations filling every fiber of her horny body.

She was here to help Tony. It was her duty to ensure that the event turned out to be a success.



As in a trance, she approached a group of men and knelt in front of them. With trembling hands, she unbuttoned the trousers of one of them and sighed with delight when she finally found herself right next to a hard penis. Its scent made her dizzy, and her pussy squeezed in anticipation of pleasure.

She looked the man directly in the eye.

“I’m not a whore,” she said. “Don’t think I’m a horny slut. I’m not going to let you fuck me. Those other girls might be cheap whores, but not me.”

She didn’t wait for an answer. She began to lick his member greedily. He tasted so wonderful... Naomi wiggled her tongue along the swollen veins and lapped at the individual droplets of sperm already flowing out of it.

Two other men knelt behind her. She felt their hands caress her sensitive bust and closed her eyes. Pleasure spilled over her body with violent, hot waves and concentrated around her pulsating pussy. Naomi staggered and could barely catch her breath, stunned by the touch of those hands on her breasts and the smell of the penis in her mouth.

Several men standing nearby began to undress. After a while, she was working to satisfy two of them with her hands, while she continued to give head to the third one. She felt that he was already on the verge of orgasm. She wanted to taste his sperm in her mouth.

Someone exposed her breasts completely and began to play with them. Naomi shouted with pleasure.

“They are so soft and nice,” sighed the man.

Sperm flooded her throat and Naomi swallowed it greedily. She felt stoned with excitement. She was breathing hard, drops of wetness was running down her thighs, her pussy was clenching rhythmically, demanding an orgasm.



One of the men slid his member between her breasts and began to move it, simultaneously teasing her pink nipples. Naomi rolled her eyes and tilted her head back. The swollen penis caressed her breasts wonderfully. The men who surrounded her radiated erotic energy.

After a while, sperm gushed all over her cleavage, and Naomi fell onto her hands and knees, dazed by its scent. She licked her lips and tried to calm down.

“I didn’t realize you decided to serve our customers, after all” Tony said. “You remember that this means further modifications, right?”



“I didn’t decide on anything!” Naomi shouted in panic.

Suddenly she blushed with embarrassment and tried to hide her wet breasts under her clothes.

“I just wanted to help Summer, because...” she began.

“What admirable sense of solidarity,” Tony chuckled. “It certainly had nothing to do with being more horny than ever before.”

“I’m not horny,” Naomi denied automatically. “Now I’m going back to serving drinks.”

Tony smiled a little contemptuously.

“You don’t want to leave now, do you?” one of the men said. “I intend to check if your pussy is really all that great.”

Naomi could see his hand approaching her buttocks, but she just couldn't move.

"I'm not a whore," she whispered.

The man pulled back her thong and dipped his finger in her pussy.

Naomi cried out in pleasure. All erotic energy in her body in that single moment accumulated between her thighs.

"Amazing," sighed the man.

He took off her clothes with a few quick moves.

Naomi saw her own figure from outside, just as if she had left her body and stood next to herself. She knew she could prevent what was about to happen, but she felt unable to. She closed her eyes, expecting the coming pleasure, and a look of blissful anticipation appeared on her face.





The first thrust shook her body like an earthquake. The world swirled in front of her eyes, the colors blurred, and dark spots danced under her eyelids.

The man moaned, and an expression of supreme pleasure mixed with shock appeared on his face. He had never experienced such a thing in his life. Naomi's pussy was perfect – warm, moist and profiled so as to give as much pleasure as possible. Within seconds, the man was on the verge of fulfillment. He felt a drop of sweat trickling down his temple, and the muscles of his legs trembled uncontrollably. His member hardened and expanded even more. He didn't remember ever being so stiff.

"It's amazing... Fascinating..." he moaned. "Your pussy... It is perfect for fucking. I've never fucked a girl who had such a great hole!"

Naomi couldn't catch her breath. She was so stunned that no sound came out of her throat. This feeling was more than just delight. It transferred her to a world she had never known before.

At the second thrust her interior exploded in a wonderful, all-embracing orgasm which almost made her lose consciousness. The member in her pussy was moving faster and faster, and she was sure that this pleasure would annihilate her, that she would fall apart from it because it was too intense.

The man wouldn't let her rest even for a moment. He was stunned and fascinated by her body. He had never experienced anything so intense before. He slid his finger into her second hole.

Naomi let out an animal scream. Drops of sweat ran down her body, her muscles trembled, and her mind was completely empty. Every cell of her body was filled with pleasure.

"You are very pleasant here as well," the man murmured. "I need to fuck you in the ass, too."

Naomi came once again, shocked by the strength of her own reactions. She couldn't control herself in any way, because the impulses of pleasure left no room in her for anything else.

"I've never seen anyone come this way!" cried one of the men standing next to him.

Naomi felt a dick fragrant with desire burst into her mouth. Without thinking, she began to suck it with her full lips.

The man behind her was now pushing the tip of his penis against her narrow hole. She could hear him groan with pleasure.

"You're so wonderful inside," he sighed. "Your ass is ideal for fucking, you know? I never thought it was possible to have holes that were so perfectly designed for fucking."

Someone raised her hand and put it on his hardened penis. Naomi began to milk it with skilled, trained movements.

The men's fingers greedily touched her heavy, firm breasts. Each caress on that tense, sensitized skin brought Naomi closer to orgasm.

After a moment the men were using her in all ways possible. She was trapped in their excitement as if in a cage from which she could not free herself in any way. Heaving, heavy breasts pulled her downwards and it occurred to her that if her bust was to be even bigger, it might really crush her to the ground. The men didn't take their hands off it, not even to let her rest for a moment. They petted it and studied it as if it was a toy created for their entertainment. Naomi kept coming again and again, more and more tired, bewildered, but at the same time excited and satisfied as never before.



She didn't think that such intense pleasure was possible. It was ecstasy in its purest form: unmarred, bright and blinding. Nothing could compare with it.

Next, spurts of sperm landing on her body made her even more horny. Her huge breasts became sensitive like never before and each touch was like a sophisticated caress. After each orgasm, her body demanded even more.

She writhed and screamed, totally out of control, possessed by lust.

The men around her commented on her sexy body, raved about her warm, full breasts and praised her holes. Naomi didn't even hear it. She didn't realize that she became the main attraction of the event. Almost all the guests gathered around her, leaving their partners.

Tony's girls watched everything with their eyes widened with surprise and fascination. They couldn't say a word.



The gang boss was smiling, imagining what changes he would make to the body of the former policewoman. She would be the best of his whores, the most desirable and spectacular one. He would turn her into a luxury product for the richest, most influential customers. Her body would become completely impractical in everyday life, but perfect for sex. After all, nothing more was expected of a prostitute. Men would show her off like a trophy, just as happy with themselves as when they bought a new, expensive car or an impressive residence. Tony had never been so proud of himself yet.

Summer was looking at the whole scene with her mouth slightly agape. Naomi acted like an animal in heat, possessed by lust. There was something primitive and terrifying in the way she lost her self-control. Even she, such an experienced whore, who seemed to have seen everything and was humiliated in all possible ways, was a little embarrassed by the behavior of her friend.

Naomi didn't really know what was going on around her. What counted for her was only pleasure. One after another, the men filled her holes, they came into her mouth and onto her cleavage, they caressed her large, sensitive breasts and full buttocks. She didn't feel tired. Both her holes pulsed not only with pleasure, but with pain from intense, relentless penetration and many strong, exhausting orgasms. Her muscles trembled, her head was spinning, and her throat felt unbearably dry. However, despite the numerous portions of fragrant sperm she swallowed, she still wanted more. She never wanted this bliss to end.

She felt one of the men fill her narrow, refined hole more firmly and deeper than ever before. She hovered on the edge of another orgasm. Someone began to caress her bust, moist with sperm and sweat, and Naomi felt that she was falling down, into ecstasy so intense that she couldn't bear it. She had no idea when was it that she stopped screaming and everything went dark around her. Those dark spots in front of her eyes turned into a black veil and her muscles refused to obey her any longer.

Before & After



Naomi had never seen Tony so sincerely excited and content. For the first time, she saw something like a small boy in him, which was simultaneously frightening and endearing.

“I’ve never had a better whore than you,” he said, rubbing his hands together. “You’ve become a real star. Since that event, everyone, literally all the customers who have been there, are flooding me with questions about Lola Sins. Everyone wants to have you! Once we subject your body to further improvements, you will become unrivaled. Men are already queuing up to meet you, and soon you’ll become an exclusive work of art, available only for my most distinguished, and wealthiest customers. Being seen in public with you will be a privilege. Of course, you should rest for a while now.” he finished in the tone of a gracious ruler. “After that party you were quite exhausted, you had to stay in bed for two days. And not surprisingly. It must have been a huge effort. But you’ll get back to normal soon, and then you’ll change your style a bit and become a perfect whore, a girl that no one else can even compare to.”

Naomi felt her hands begin to tremble, her throat squeezed painfully, and her eyes burned with tears that gathered at the corners of her eyes. She wondered how it happened that a respectable young policewoman turned into the most promiscuous bitch of a gang leader. The worst thing was that she was starting to forget those earlier times. She couldn’t remember what her face used to look like then. What did she do every day? How did she feel, sitting behind a desk waiting for another case? She remembered the face of Bradley Nox, the head of the police station, whose lusty gaze and frequent peeks into her cleavage seemed extremely vulgar to her then. Now that memory only made her laugh.

“Even me, with all my experience, I’ve never seen anything so perverse,” Tony admitted. “It was really spectacular.”

Naomi almost didn’t hear a word of it. She was forming a plan in her head. She was going to escape the gang headquarters, which shouldn’t be too difficult now that Tony thought she was a horny bitch who only wanted to serve customers. She would meet an old police colleague, tell him about everything and destroy Tony. This would be her revenge for everything he did to her.

“We must give you further improvements as soon as possible” announced the gang leader. “I know an artist who will turn you into you a real masterpiece. She’ll change your body so that it is perfect for my customers. She’ll take care of all the smallest details and create a luxury, top-shelf product, available only for select clients. You’ll be breathtaking, believe me.” Tony walked around the office, vigorously gesticulating. His eyes shone with excitement. “In a few days you’ll go to the clinic and change into the most desirable woman anyone can imagine. From now on, your only duty will be sex. A decent portion of fucking, day in, day out, can you imagine that?”

Naomi’s hands clenched into fists, but Tony got so lost in his own vision that he didn’t even notice. She wanted to object, but that would ruin her plans.

“I’d like to visit a customer today, please,” she said.

“What, you’re already missing a rough fuck?” The gang leader laughed. “Sure, a girl like you needs just that.”

Naomi nodded, trying to play her role convincingly.

Immediately after leaving the headquarters of the gang leader, she dialed the number and connected to the police station where her colleague worked.

“I’d like to talk to officer Samuel Freeman,” she said.

“To commissioner Freeman?” the duty officer corrected her.

Naomi suddenly felt tears in her eyes. While she was working as a whore, Sam climbed the career ladder. They started at the same time, and now he became the commissioner. She wondered where she could be if it wasn’t for Tony.

It took her a few minutes to persuade the dispatcher to convey her message to Sam, who, as the officer assured her, was extremely busy with very important duties and couldn’t be bothered with trifles.

“What’s your name?” the policeman asked at last.

“Lola Sins,” she answered automatically.

She froze for a few seconds, shocked by her own words. She blurted out that name without thinking and couldn’t believe that it came out so easily.

“But this...” she added. “I got confused, in fact my name is...”

There was a heavy sigh on the other side of the line.

“You got confused?” the officer on duty prompted her.



Naomi knew that if she used her name, the real one, Samuel would definitely want to talk to her. She looked down at her body – she wore the clothes of a whore, barely covering her perversely improved body.

“Naomi Olson,” she said finally in a shaky voice.

She immediately set off to the arranged meeting place. She was more aware than ever of how different she became from the people around her. She usually stayed at Tony’s headquarters, clubs or clients’ apartments, where her outfit and body weren’t so dramatically noticeable. Now, surrounded by normal people, she looked like a being from another planet. Everyone, literally everyone who passed her, stared at her body. She felt the excitement of the men who went past her, which made the little hairs on her body stand on end. Women looked at her with fascination or contempt. Naomi enviously glanced at their ordinary silhouettes and their modest outfits. They would give a lot to be able to look like this.



Waiting for Samuel, she was becoming more and more nervous. Shame and embarrassment made her unable to look anyone in the eye. She was sweating with emotion at the thought of how her former colleague would react when he saw her. He remembered her as a modest, slim-bodied girl, and he would be shocked when he saw her present appearance. She imagined his eyes widening in surprise, a cry of disbelief escaping his mouth. "How could you do that?" In her imagination Sam asked in a trembling voice. "Why are you wearing the costume of a hooker? You were such a good policewoman, a professional, and now what? Look at yourself! How did this happen? That you-- you changed your body so dramatically? Your breasts... I'm sorry for being so brusque, but they're monstrous! Don't you see it? And your face... You look like a doll now! At first I thought you must be working as a prostitute, sorry, but that's the plain truth."

Or maybe he would try to hide what was going on in his head, and she would have to guess it from his slightly mocking tone, his casual comments or a look full of puzzlement and pity? Perhaps he would even be excited by her looks? Very few men were able to maintain their self-control in the face of such a vulgar and open demonstration of sexuality... And then she would certainly sense his excitement and pretend that she didn't notice it at all...

Samuel was late and she already thought he wouldn't show up at all when she saw his silhouette emerge from behind a corner. She envied him. He was a commissioner now. He wore a uniform and his face expressed self-confidence. He was walking fast and people were making way for him with respect, or maybe even a little fear. He was somebody, while she was just a whore.

His eyes focused on her almost immediately. Naomi shuddered under his gaze and blushed with shame. She forced herself not to look away and escape.

Samuel watched her with an amazed, shocked look and for a few seconds he lost his professional appearance. His face registered surprise, his step slowed, and his hand combed his hair nervously.

He stopped a few steps away from her, forced himself to take his eyes off her body, and then sighed and glanced at his watch.

Naomi didn't understand what was happening. He came here to meet her, and he looked as if he was still waiting for her.

"Sam?" she said with a wave of her hand.

The man frowned. He looked genuinely confused.



“How do you know my name?” he asked, coming up to her.

Naomi felt that she couldn't breathe. She had problems keeping balance on her feet, which suddenly felt soft and weak. She looked again at Samuel's face, full of obvious confusion and lust, because even Sam, couldn't resist her erotic appeal.

He didn't recognize her. She couldn't believe it. After all, they worked together for several months, they saw each other almost every day...

She opened her mouth in an attempt to explain everything to him, but she couldn't say anything. Her shame was too strong.

When he approached her she started trembling, because she was struck by sexual energy radiating from him. Every now and then he cast glances at her exposed cleavage and tiny miniskirt. The air between them seemed to vibrate with tension.

Naomi began to breathe faster and felt her nipples harden and swell.

“I'm a police officer,” he said. “You're not propositioning me in a public place, are you? You must know that promoting your services like this is illegal.”

“My services?” Naomi asked in a tremulous voice.

Samuel rolled his eyes.



“Yes, you’re a prostitute. And judging from your appearance...” Sam stared at her body for a moment and then cleared his throat, visibly embarrassed. “Judging from your appearance, an exclusive one. I have to listen to the idiotic stories spun by our lowlifes every day, so don’t even try to explain it.”

“But...”

“An outfit like that deserves a ticket” said Samuel, looking around, apparently trying to locate the person he was supposed to meet. “You should keep to a minimum of decency in a public place. Maybe it’s not good for business, but it’s required by public order. Besides, you’re not one of those girls who look for customers on the street, right?”

“I...”

“Now, how do you know my name?” Sam repeated his question.

It was high time she told him everything.

Naomi looked deep into her ex-colleague’s eyes. She was sure that under her heavy make-up, her perverse outfit and all those changes her body had been subjected to, he would still notice the woman he used to work with. He had to see her there.

Unfortunately, in his eyes she saw only lust.

“The point is... I... My real name is...” Naomi mumbled.

“Yes? What is your name?” Sam asked coldly.

She couldn't bear to tell him.

“Show me some identification. I'm just going to book you for public indecency,” he said.

Naomi's cheeks burned with shame as she searched for the card in her purse. Her throat was so dry that she couldn't get a word out of her mouth.

When she gave him her license, their hands touched for a fraction of a second and she shuddered. With every cell she felt how much he desired her body, although he was trying not to show it and to appear professional.

It occurred to her that Samuel was a really handsome man and for the first time she saw something more in him than just a colleague-policeman. She felt her wet pussy pulsing, demanding a caress, and a pleasant thrill passed along her spine. Her rosy cheeks started to burn with a strong blush, and her chest rose and fell rapidly, straining the material of her blouse and even more strongly emphasizing the size of her bust and her protruding nipples.





Every now and then Samuel threw her a furtive, lustful look and she was sure she could notice her excitement.

He probably never even stood in the presence of such a sexy girl as herself, and now he must have been fantasizing about how great it would be to be able to fuck that improved body, created to give pleasure.

Naomi almost physically felt his inner struggle. He very much wanted to sleep with such a luxurious hooker, who only served to be fucked, but at the same time he tried to act like a professional.

And yet he had no idea whatsoever how much pleasure her body might give him. How gloriously it had been perfected. She could fuck him in such a way that even a memory of sex with her would overshadow all his previous experiences. No other girl would be able to give him something like that.

She imagined Sam's hard member entering her wet pussy and felt a pleasant, sharp contraction between her legs.

The policeman's voice snapped her out of her reverie.

"Lola Sins?" he asked, raising his eyebrow. "That's definitely a pseudonym, right?"

Naomi looked at him imploringly, trying to pass on the truth to him without words. She was still trembling with excitement that confused her thoughts and made it difficult for her to focus.

The policeman sighed and began to write down the details of her driving license.

“Try to do something else,” Samuel said in a soft voice. “Really, you deserve a respectful life, you can earn your living differently.”

Naomi could barely bear the pitying look in his eyes.

He put his hand on her shoulder and squeezed it lightly, as if to offer her encouragement. His touch made her moan softly.

“I can’t go back to my ordinary life,” she whispered.

“Of course you can.”

Naomi only shook her head and walked away, leaving Samuel waiting for the old version of herself.



A few days later, Naomi was at the clinic. She returned to Tony's headquarters because she couldn't face the reactions of her old friends to her new look and understood that she was unable to return to her old life.

"You'll be spectacular. You will now find yourself on a completely different level," said Tony. "The best doctors and my trusted artist have prepared something amazing for you. You're going to be comprehensively refined by first-rate specialists. Every detail will be thought out and carefully designed. I can't wait for the results! I'll raise the stakes so much that only the wealthiest will be able to afford you, thanks to which you'll become even more desirable. All those influential guys will want to be seen with you, to show you off in public."

Naomi clenched her hands into fists and held her breath.

"I don't understand why you want to change my body again," she said. "Men are already queuing to fuck me! If I'm subjected to another treatment, it will be too much even for these guys!"

"Yeah... That'll be too much for them," Tony nodded. "You'll be the only one of your kind, a designer product for the richest, most sophisticated customers and everyone will covet you. Everything in you will be exaggerated, your body will be oozing sex, you will become a perverted work of art. Just imagine what message you will send with your very appearance! Every part of your body will be begging to be fucked, and all these guys will know that in order to have you, they must pay dearly."

Naomi had no chance to answer him, because at that moment a stranger entered the office. She nodded to Tony and without a word began to examine Naomi's body.

"That's Sarah," the gang boss explained. "The best body artist in the whole country."

Naomi shuddered under Sarah's gaze. Suddenly she felt like an object.



“Yeah...” the artist said thoughtfully. “A lot has already been done, but we can’t rest on our laurels yet. Tony, you’ll give me a free rein here, right?”

“As we have agreed,” said the gang leader.

“What do you mean by... free rein?” Naomi asked in a high-pitched voice. “What are you planning to do to me?”

Nobody paid any attention to her.

Sarah nodded.

“I’m extremely excited about this project,” she confessed. “When I’m done with her, she will be a walking work of erotic art!”

“When can we start?” the gang boss asked.

“Today would be best.”

Naomi listened to this exchange with her lips parted slightly. She hadn’t thought things would proceed so fast.

“Do you know what the future of my profession is?” Sarah said. “Nanotissue. It’s the perfect material that can completely transform the body. Naomi will be filled and shaped exactly as I design it. You’ll be impressed,” she assured.

“Where do we begin?” Tony asked.

“We will take care of the face today,” the artist replied.

“Today?!” Naomi blurted out. “I didn’t think it would go that fast! I’m not ready for it... What are you planning for me? After all, you see how much I’ve already been changed, so any further modifications shouldn’t be too extensive, you just need to refine a few details, like makeup, clothes or hair...”

Sarah laughed.

“Oh, it’s fortunate that her sole task will now be to look perfect and fuck the customers, which apparently she does very well, because keeping up with the conversation is not her forte. Didn’t you hear me talking about nanotissue, girl?”

Naomi blushed with shame and anger.

“And yes, I know exactly what you looked like before,” Sarah continued.

She put on the desk a photo of Naomi before all the treatments.

“We have to properly document your changes. For science, of course.” Tony chuckled at Sarah’s explanation.

Naomi took a deep breath of air, looking at the photograph. She herself forgot how innocent she looked before she got into Tony’s hands. She was a completely different girl then. How was it possible that she allowed herself to be changed so much? And now Tony and Sarah wanted to transform her into a luxury item for erotic games, a sex doll that one could rent by the hour.

She thought it was all Tony’s fault. Nobody, not even such a modest and self-respecting girl like her, would be able to maintain their dignity after what happened to her.

“Let’s begin with her face,” Sarah repeated.

“But you already can’t see the old Naomi in me!” objected the ex-policewoman. “Nobody will recognize me.”

“The aim of these treatments is completely different,” Sarah said. “You are to turn into a perfect sex toy, and you need a doll face for that.”

“But...”

“I’m not going to argue with you on this subject. Anyway,” Sarah said coldly. “You have no say in it.”

The artist took a deep breath and turned to Tony.

“In the first phase, we’ll improve her face with the help of nanotissue. Thanks to these changes, she’ll retain her youthful look much longer and will be able to work for many years to come.”

“Perfect,” Tony rubbed his hands together. “I’ve already contacted the stylist, and...”

“No stylists!” Sarah raised her hand angrily. “Nobody will interfere with my vision. I have my trusted co-workers and we’ll design and sew her outfits ourselves. In the first phase, we’ll shave her head and then augment her scalp with a lush, sexy, new hairdo.”

Naomi shook her head. She felt panic flooding her. She couldn’t believe it was really happening.

“I’m sure the customers will like it very much,” Tony commented. “Every element of her body will be adjusted so that it would be nicer to fuck her.”

Naomi was unable to move or make any sound. She imagined what her life would look like after all these treatments. And yet, as Sarah said, it was supposed to be only the first phase.

A few days later, Naomi watched her face in the mirror. Dazed, she couldn't get rid of the impression that a stranger was looking back at her. With a trembling hand she combed her new, lush hair. She touched her small, narrow nose, and then her cheekbones filled with nanotissue. She felt it under the skin, especially when speaking.

"I look like a doll," she moaned. "I'm... artificial, completely artificial..."

She put her fingers to her cheek just below the heart-shaped tattoo.

"Your body is a work tool and a showcase," Sarah said. "It's supposed to demonstrate who or what you are."

"These lips are too big," Naomi sighed. "It's hard for me to speak with them."

"But you'll definitely provide a better blowjob," Tony commented. "In my opinion they're perfect."

"You think so?" Sarah was surprised. "I feel they're definitely too small."

"Too small?!" Naomi shouted, her face twisted in anger.

Since the surgery, her muscles and tissues worked differently than before, and each time she moved her face, she felt the nanotissue filling it and the changes in her facial expressions. Sometimes she found herself preferring to keep a neutral face, which made her look even more like a doll.



“Now, when I look at her, I see that they should be much fuller,” Sarah added.

She narrowed her eyes and watched Naomi critically.

Under her gaze, the policewoman felt vulnerable. That woman had absolute power over her, and she could do with her body whatever she liked, to an extent that was not even available to clients. The latter were able to fuck her in all ways imaginable, but they couldn't permanently change her body.

“Can we call in an expert to take care of it?” Sarah asked impatiently. “I'm angry that I didn't do it right away. I wanted to achieve a much more spectacular, exaggerated effect, and now her lips look so... unremarkable. They should almost touch her tiny nose, it would show what job they are meant to serve. Yeah... This result doesn't satisfy me at all.”

“What?!” Naomi shouted. “No, no way. They're too big, can't you see that?!”

She felt cold sweat pouring down her back, and her breathing quickened.

“It's crazy! Shouldn't I get a little used to my appearance first? What if I can't clearly articulate my speech? Right now my lips are inflated to the limit!”

Neither Sarah nor Tony paid any attention to her protests.

“Of course, it can be done right away.”

Naomi was terrified. She knew that she was to expect further treatments, but she wasn't prepared for everything going so fast, and how the changes would be so radical. They really intended to do anything in order to turn her into a sophisticated erotic toy.

A nurse came into the room.

Naomi looked with disgust at the syringe the woman was holding.

"Really, this makes no sense, I'm sure that customers will be satisfied with the size that we've already achieved, and--" Naomi began.

The nurse smeared her lips with some anesthetic gel, ignoring her words.

"Didn't you listen to what Sarah said?" Tony asked irritably. "You will become someone completely unique. A designer product that everyone will want to own, but only a few will be able to afford. Some customers are happy with your current appearance, and most of the ordinary guys already recognize you as an ultra-sexy goddess, but you're going to be much more sophisticated."



Naomi moaned and closed her eyes. She felt a slight sting of the needle, suppressed by the anesthetic.

Terrified, she watched her lips grow larger and larger. The substance from the syringe went straight to her swollen lips, making them even more plump and more prominent.

“Your lips will now be the perfect tool for giving head,” Tony said. “When you put some lip gloss on, they’ll look like shiny, pink labia. Speaking won’t be important in your case, all you need is to moan in pleasure.”

“More?” the nurse asked. “They’re so huge already...”

Sarah rubbed her chin thoughtfully.

“Yes, inject some more,” she said. “The effect is to be really breathtaking. I want customers to fantasize about her, so that they can’t get rid of the image of her face. No other woman will ever be able to compete with her.”

“It will be a drastic change,” the nurse hesitated.

“Exactly!” Naomi agreed. “That’s the point!”

Sarah frowned furiously.

“More,” she said in a bossy tone.

Naomi's body was flooded with terror and shame. They were going to turn her into a fuck doll, and she couldn't help it.

Finally, Sarah decided that her lips were big enough. Satisfied, she watched Naomi's face.

"That's enough for now," she commented. "Soon we'll be dealing with her real transformation."

"But... what do you mean?" Naomi asked.

She had to put a lot of effort into shaping her lips in the right way. They seemed too full to be used for speaking.

"You mean the radical remodeling of her figure using nanotissue?" Tony wanted to make sure.

"Exactly," Sarah answered. "We'll take care of it some time soon. I assure you that the effects will be amazing."

Tony nodded in satisfaction.

A moment later, Naomi was left alone. She was uncertain about her new face and huge lips. She couldn't believe that she had become so artificial. She preferred not to think about what else Sarah had prepared for her.



Before & After



Before & After



After a few weeks, Sarah, Naomi and Tony met again at the clinic.

Naomi tried to stay calm, but the excitement of both the artist and the gang leader made her anxious. They kept repeating that this time they had prepared something amazing for her, exceeding the boldest expectations and fantasies of the customers.

She couldn't understand why she agreed to undergo these procedures. If only she could gather her courage and talk to Samuel honestly... After all, her face was less artificial then than it was now. She had no tattooed hearts on her cheek, or such oversized, inflated lips.

Now it was really too late. When she thought that one of her old acquaintances might have seen her in this state, she was pierced by a cold thrill of terror and her stomach squeezed with shame.

"This phase of the transformation is crucial!" Sarah exclaimed. "My project assumes a radical remodeling of the figure using nanotissue."

"What exactly does that mean?" Naomi asked.

"It means that you'll have a giant ass that everyone will want to fuck, and full, sexy thighs," Tony said happily.

"That's impossible..." Naomi groaned.

"Your waist will become narrow, so that your ass and breasts might look even bigger. We'll mould your belly with nanotissue to make it look muscular," Tony continued. "We'll also enlarge your pussy so that it will become even more perverse. Sarah also suggests laser hair removal and a tattoo on your pubis."

Naomi shook her head in silence. Her eyes widened and her lower lip began to quiver slightly.

"You'll be a promiscuous, luxurious whore," the gang leader summed up.

Sarah cleared her throat to get their attention. She seemed offended by Tony's words.



“Rather, she’ll be a designer work of art,” she commented. “The proportions of her body will be changed, and the curves radically exaggerated to highlight the role of an exclusive prostitute. Some would think, of course, that such obviousness is vulgar and banal, but in my opinion, for this particular case the overabundance and extreme look of the body are of paramount importance.”

“Customers will be willing to pay exorbitant prices for it,” Tony added.

“That... that’ll change everything,” Naomi groaned. “I’ll be an artificial toy...”

“We know how you like to fuck,” the gang leader interrupted impatiently. “In the end, you’ll be grateful to us for all the changes we’ll make.”

At that moment a doctor came into the room.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Of course,” said Sarah, still unnerved by Tony’s words.

Naomi took a deep breath. She knew that when she woke up after the procedure her body would look completely different.

Naomi didn't imagine that anything would have been able to prepare her for the changes that took place in her body. A few days had passed since the surgery and she was still in shock. She knew that the metamorphosis would be radical, Sarah and Tony kept repeating it, but she never thought she would go through such a dramatic change. She felt stunned by how much she resembled an erotic toy.

As if that wasn't enough, her improved body demanded sex. While she rested in the hospital bed, promiscuous fantasies kept appearing under her eyelids, making her enlarged pussy moisten, and her labia open up. She trembled with pleasure as she examined her changed body and couldn't wait to finally work again, though at the same time she hated herself for it.





When she recovered from the procedure, Sarah brought her to Tony. Naomi felt like an object, like a sophisticated toy which the creator presents to the client. She tried to think about what she once was like when she was still employed as a policewoman, but those memories, instead of reassuring her, further emphasized the dramatic transformation she had undergone.

As she approached Tony's desk, she felt her curves, pumped with nanotissue, move under her clothes. She felt that she was filled with a huge amount of artificial matter that had been implanted there just to make her body even more promiscuous.

"Amazing," Tony sighed. "I'm thoroughly impressed."

Naomi blushed with embarrassment and licked her full lips nervously.

"We've completely remodeled the lower part of her body," Sarah explained. "Now she can show off her prominent buttocks and full thighs."

Naomi unconsciously stroked her enlarged butt and sighed in resignation.

"Perfect," Tony commented. "It'll definitely appeal to our customers, especially those who like to fuck doggie-style."

Sarah looked at him reprovingly.

"In contrast to those full thighs and buttocks, her waist was narrowed," she said. "As a result, she is even more reminiscent of a sex doll. Such proportions can't be obtained without radical interference."

Naomi thought about how people would treat her now. For ordinary folk she would be a completely unreal being, like from another world, but she probably wouldn't have many opportunities to meet ordinary men and women. Her world would narrow down to meetings with clients and prostitutes.

Despite the stressful situation, she almost laughed when she imagined the sensation she would cause getting on the subway or entering an ordinary supermarket. People would probably gawk, take pictures of her, whisper and point their fingers at her. Certainly, she would encounter some technical difficulties-- she didn't think that with her full buttocks she could occupy just one seat on a bus, and the thought that she might try to buy a t-shirt in an ordinary boutique was absurd. Just like how a sports car with low suspension is not suitable for a ride on a bumpy country road, she no longer fit into ordinary life.

"Her pussy was enhanced," Sarah continued. "The clitoris now protrudes from the labia which emphasizes her readiness for sex. A similar function is present with the heart tattooed on her pubis. After laser depilation, her intimate places also show that we took care of everything, down to the smallest detail."

"And her tits are also bigger, right?" Tony asked thoughtfully, combing his hair.

"Yes, although we only increased them a bit, because they were already very large," Sarah confirmed. "I think that she's already a finished, complete work of art."

"That means there will be no more treatments, right?" Naomi asked. "Really, I shouldn't change anymore!"



The gang leader carefully studied her body with a look of concentration.

"It's good," he finally commented. "The effect is spectacular, but I'm missing something here..."

"Really?" Sarah was surprised. "I think she's perfect."

"No, really, Tony..." Naomi pleaded.

The gang leader took a deep breath and stared at the policewoman's bust.

"We need even bigger boobs," he said.

"I won't agree to it!" Naomi shouted.

Sarah and Tony acted as if they didn't hear her.

"You can't do this!" the ex-policewoman rebelled. "I can't imagine becoming even bigger, that's unthinkable!"

"It doesn't suit my project," Sarah said. "Bigger breasts would unbalance the proportions in an undesirable way."

"Maybe it's not compatible with your artistic vision, but I know my customers better than you," Tony said. "I know exactly what they'll like. Naomi needs even bigger tits."

"You gave me total creative freedom," Sarah reminded him. "Something like this will change the whole result, and..."



Tony raised his hand to silence her.

"I'm happy with your work," he said. "But I *will* have the last word on this matter."

"What about me?!" Naomi was nervous. "It's my body, don't I have a say?!"

"All right," Sarah said sourly. "I just want you to know that in my opinion such breasts will be definitely too big."

"In my opinion, too!" Naomi shouted, trying to get their attention.

"In that case, I'll ask the doctors when the surgery will be possible," Tony said and dismissed both women with a disdainful gesture.

Before & After



Naomi struggled to get out of bed and then took a few steps towards the mirror. When she moved, she much more intensely felt the nanotissue filling her. Her giant, new breasts swayed heavily to the sides, touching her abdomen and arms, her full thighs brushed against each other while walking, and her buttocks were heaving up and down sexily. This new body was very susceptible to erotic stimuli-- her hair tickled the upper part of her bust, stimulating taught sensitive skin, her hardened nipples protruded forward, and that large, moist pussy betrayed constant excitement.

Naomi gasped loudly, staring at her reflection in the mirror. She had come so far... She would never have thought that her body would change so radically!

Uncertainly, she ran her hands over her lush hair and bit her full lip. She had the face of a sex doll. She realized that she would never be able to have a typical social conversation again, because any contact with other people would be marked with an erotic subtext. Everyone would look at her body rather than listen to what she had to say. Tony was right, such a mouth was more suitable for giving blowjobs or moaning with pleasure, than for talking.

She stroked her enormous breasts that she could barely embrace now, and a pleasant shudder passed through her body. Her fingers drew circles on her sensitive skin and she watched her nipples swell and take on a more intense color.

She touched her waist, which was so narrow now that male hands could comfortably embrace it whole. She stroked her protruding buttocks and imagined the joy of her clients. She gently moved her fingers over her clitoris and pink labia.

She needed sex, she couldn't fool herself anymore. She fantasized about long, breathtaking orgasms that were previously unattainable for her. She imagined men's hands greedily travelling across her perfected body. She thought about the feeling of a hard member pushing into her pussy and she trembled with excitement. She wanted to feel again how excited her clients could become, to enjoy their desire and experience that all-encompassing ecstasy.

She turned into a luxurious, top shelf prostitute. Her old life was just a memory that kept getting paler.



Bradley watched the two men next to him with envy. At first glance, it was obvious that both of them were much more prosperous than him. He would never be able to afford such shoes or watches.

Now that Naomi became a top-class hooker, he couldn't afford her, either. Nevertheless, the gang leader invited him to see the effects of the last treatments. In the end, it was thanks to that policeman that the girl actually went to Tony.

"I have something special for you today," Tony said to his guests, smiling happily.

"You mean something more extravagant than usual?" Frank asked.

"Definitely. The girl recently recovered after a few spectacular treatments, and now she's ready for her unveiling. For a long time I wondered who should I show her off to first. I was afraid that for some of my clients she might turn out to be too... refined. A trusted artist turned her into a work of art."

Frank laughed and shook his head in disbelief.

"What else can you surprise us with?" he asked.

"This girl is a perfect whore. Some less experienced customers could lose their heads. Understand me, her body is too sexy for many. A young, inexperienced boy would have no idea what to do with her and would probably lose his self-control. Ordinary men have no opportunity to even see such a woman live. I have already seen how customers, if they're thrown onto deep water too quickly, get so excited that they masturbate looking at the body of one of my girls."

"And one must show the whore where her place is, right?" said Nick.

"She expects you to fuck her hard and she is disappointed when you do the job yourself just looking at her figure," said Tony. "She can't control her libido and the only thing she wants is as many strong orgasms as possible."

“So what makes this girl so amazing?” Frank asked.

“The first thing that catches the eye is her figure,” said the gang boss, sitting back in his chair. “Every detail has been thought out and refined, you’ll see. A big butt that you can comfortably grab when fucking from behind. Some might say that it’s too big, or that it’s excessive, but in my opinion it adds to her charm.”

“Sounds good,” Nick agreed.

“Giant tits. She still can’t get used to them. It’s cute when she knocks various objects off tables and bumps into the door frame, because she forgets how huge they are. We have sensitized them and modified them so that her skin became even softer and pleasant to the touch. You can imagine how well you can do a titjob with them.”

Nick grunted with contentment.

“She also has a full, vulgar mouth, with which she gives great blowjobs,” the gang leader enthused. “But the best thing is how horny she gets.”
“Every slut likes to suck cock,” Bradley commented.

“It’s more than that,” said Tony. “She senses the excitement of people around her physically. She gets so horny that she can’t stop herself.”

“Lola,” Frank said.

“Exactly,” Tony said proudly.

“I can’t believe she became the most licentious of all your whores,” Bradley shook his head. “That modest, cold woman turned into a perverse bitch.”

“We also changed her holes so that she would be even more pleasant to fuck,” said the gang boss. “When she gets so horny that she can barely stand on her feet, her holes become so sensitive that she comes from the initial thrust.”

“Amazing,” said Nick.

“I’m sure that only sophisticated customers like yourselves will be able to appreciate her body and skills. See? That’s how she looked when she came to me,” he said, showing his clients some photos of the policewoman.

“A gray mouse,” commented Rey. “You really were able to turn her into a good whore?”

“Good? That’s an understatement,” said the gang leader.

Four of them went to the room where Naomi was waiting for them.



If Bradley hadn't seen her since she worked as a policewoman, he wouldn't recognize her. He couldn't believe that the girl who was sitting at the desk then, was now turned into an incredibly sexy hooker, ready to spread her legs enthusiastically for anyone who would pay for it.

Tony didn't lie-- her tits and buttocks were gigantic now. Bradley felt that when he was watching them his whole body was warming up, and his member was hardening. They might have seemed overly excessive, disproportionately large, unnecessarily massive, but he liked that they were so impractical, that they only served to excite them. She wore an outfit that perfectly emphasized her vulgar figure. Those full, moist lips that resembled the labia were slightly, invitingly open, as if she couldn't wait to kneel in front of him and give him a blowjob.

She looked like a fuck doll, a luxurious toy that only served to give pleasure.

He wanted to take her short skirt off and immediately fuck her. He understood what Tony meant when he said that you had to be ready for such a view, because you could lose control too easily.

Frank and Nick also looked at the girl as if they were hypnotized.

"It's impressive, right?" Tony said happily. "She tried to return to ordinary life, but it wasn't possible for her. A body like this is only suitable for a whore."

Tony gave Naomi a sign with his hand, and she wordlessly knelt in front of Nick and began unbuttoning him. When she took his member into her hands, she began to breathe quickly and shallowly, and her cheeks covered with a blush so intense that it was visible even under heavy make-up.

Nick smiled and leaned his head back as the girl licked his member with her big lips. After a moment she took him all into her mouth and began to bob her head up and down. It seemed that every move gave her great pleasure. Her eyes blurred, she looked up at her client's face that was twisted with pleasure. With trembling hands she caressed the base of his penis and his testicles, as if she wanted to make sure that she was giving him as much pleasure as possible. She moaned and sighed with every movement, sweat shone on her skin, and her hard nipples became visible under her clothes. She moved her manicured hands over her cleavage, her gigantic, swinging breasts and her flat stomach, but as she neared the clitoris, Tony stopped her.

"Not yet," he warned. "I'm forbidding you to caress yourself. We all see how horny you are, but we are the only ones who can touch your holes today."

Naomi's perfect, sexy face registered a profound disappointment.



Soon after, when Nick's member was already huge and covered with a net of veins, the man pushed her away from him.

"I don't want to come too fast, I'm going to fuck you properly today," he said.

Naomi moved on her knees towards Frank, who was looking at her expectantly. She lustily looked at his member, then slipped it between her huge breasts.

Frank's eyes widened as he watched his penis sink between her round breasts. He exhaled loudly, as if he could barely control his own desire.

Naomi moaned and rolled her eyes. That beautiful doll face was contorted with pleasure. Her movements grew more violent, and her sighs louder.

Bradley swallowed hard and ran a hand through his hair. He had never seen anything equally exciting. This girl acted as if someone was fucking her. He noticed the droplets of moisture coming out of her pussy. She really was an extremely horny bitch.



“Her skin is wonderful,” Frank moaned. “I could spend the rest of my life this way...”

“Her lips are amazing too,” said Nick.

“I like her enthusiasm the most,” Bradley commented.

“That’s because none of you have tried her holes yet,” Tony said.

Naomi looked like she was about to come. With the back of her hand she wiped a drop of sweat from her forehead and licked her full lips.

“She wants to be fucked so badly,” Bradley enthused. “I have to try her pussy.”

Naomi turned her head abruptly and looked at him hopefully. Her eyes begged him to fuck her. After a while, embarrassed and furious with herself, she looked away.

Soon afterwards she lay in front of him with her thighs spread wide. Her whole body was begging for sex-- her pussy was swollen, dripping with intense juices, her skin glistened with sweat, and her thighs trembled in anticipation of pleasure.

Bradley absolutely loved her hourglass figure. The slim waist contrasted against those huge, rounded breasts moving with every sudden breath. In the middle of those firm tits pink nipples protruded, enlarged with excitement. Her buttocks were even fuller than when she stood.



Bradley ran his fingers over the smooth interior of her warmed thighs and brushed her labia.

In response to his caress, Naomi sharply arched her back and shouted.

Bradley didn't expect such a violent reaction. In the girl's eyes he could see the excitement, the plea to be fucked, but also the fear that the pleasure would be too intense.

He put his hand on her sensitive chest and began to tease one nipple. Naomi rolled her eyes and moved her hips back and forth, as if she was having sex.

"I said that she is a horny bitch," Tony commented.

"I've never seen anything like that before," Frank said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Bradley lay down on the girl and entered her with one smooth motion.

Naomi shouted loudly and uncontrollably, her body was trembling and writhing spasmodically.



Bradley felt her muscles tighten around his dick, her slender legs entwine him and push his hips lower, to make his member enter even deeper. He closed his eyes because her pussy was so perfect that he wanted to come at that very moment. It was warm, perfectly narrow and contoured exactly so as to give him the greatest pleasure. He couldn't imagine a nicer place.

He began to move inside her, and she was writhing and screaming like an animal in heat, shaken by one orgasm after another. Her lush hair, scattered on the bed, was damp with sweat. Her makeup smudged slightly, making her look even more perverse. Bradley leaned his chest against her gigantic, warming bust and watched her face twitch with pleasure that she could barely endure.

With great effort, he refrained from coming inside her. He rested on her perfect body for a moment and regained control of himself.

When he pulled back, he saw disappointment in her eyes. She already had several powerful orgasms, but she was still unsatisfied. She looked around at the three men, staring at their hardened penises with hungry eyes.

After a while Bradley, sipping his drink, watched Frank getting enthusiastically busy with Naomi's second hole. The girl screamed, experiencing one orgasm after another. At intervals, she breathed heavily and closed her eyes, as if in anticipation, until the pleasure would accumulate in her again.

Soon after, Nick knelt down in front of her and slid his member between her lips. They were taking her from two sides, and the smell of that penis in her mouth made Naomi writhe ecstatically and let out long, muffled groans of pleasure.

None of the men were able to take their eyes off her.



Nick came first, pouring portions of hot sperm into the girl's throat. She swallowed it with such delight, as if she had never tasted anything better in her life. A few seconds later Frank flooded her narrow hole with semen.

This time, Naomi had an orgasm so strong that Bradley was sure she would faint. Her whole body went as tense as a guitar string. She writhed to the rhythm of waves of ecstasy overflowing her, and screamed until her lungs ran out of air. When she finally fell to the floor with her eyes closed, her muscles were still twitching slightly.

Bradley gave her a moment of rest. He had to once again be inside this amazing woman.

Naomi staggered to her feet and looked around with groggy eyes. She licked her full lips and combed her tangled hair with her hand.

Bradley pushed her against the wall, pulled her legs apart, and sank into her.

"You gotta be such a kinky whore," he whispered into her ear. "Do you remember what you once were like? How much this situation would be degrading to you?"

Naomi only moaned and pressed her hips on him.

"Now you've lost the last bit of your dignity," he continued, vehemently. "You just want to be fucked hard, huh? It doesn't bother you how much it humiliates you. You are a fuck toy and you like it very much."

He put his hands on her sweat-soaked hips and entered her quickly and deeply, listening to her animal screams. She was standing with her back to him, but those perfect globes of her breasts were visible on the sides, swinging from his movements. Her pussy was so delicious that after a while he began to breathe heavily, inevitably approaching an orgasm.

He liked how lewd and perverse she was. She smelled of sweat, perfume and sperm. Droplets of cum spurted from her narrow hole. Her gigantic breasts swung back and forth, and her buttocks made a characteristic sound as he bounced against them with his hips.

She came a few seconds before him. Her orgasm made him unable to control himself. He leaned against her back, entered her once more as deeply as he could, and surrendered.



When he pulled out of her, the girl dropped to her knees, shaking uncontrollably. She closed her eyes and tried to control her breathing.

“Bring us something to drink,” Tony demanded.

Naomi rose with great difficulty. She staggered on her exorbitantly high heels and took one careful step after another. Droplets of moisture dripped onto the floor from her pussy and anus.

After a few minutes she returned with a tray full of drinks. She set them on the table and looked at the men expectantly, as if she expected a continuation.

“Lola is used to fucking until she’s unconscious now,” Tony commented. “We’re pretty tired, but if the gentlemen agree, you can give them blowjobs. If you do it well, they may want to fuck you again.”

Hope flashed across Naomi’s face. She knelt in front of the men and smiled encouragingly.

Bradley felt his member harden again.

He summoned the girl with a gesture. She came to him without hesitation. When her lips touched his dick, he couldn’t stop a groan of pleasure.



“Just think about how much you’ve changed,” he said, stroking her head. “You were outraged not too long ago when I looked at your cleavage. Now, with one nod of mine, you suck me gladly and enthusiastically. Do you remember how you were dressing back then? How disgusted you were when you saw a woman in a miniskirt? Now everyone is looking at you. They know who you are right away. With such a body like that others can immediately see what a horny slut you are.”

He took a sip of his drink and smiled blissfully.

“You have a talent for it. You know, you’ve become a much better whore than you could have ever been a policewoman.”

Naomi looked into his eyes, non-stop moving her head.

Before & After



THE END

Thank you for reading!