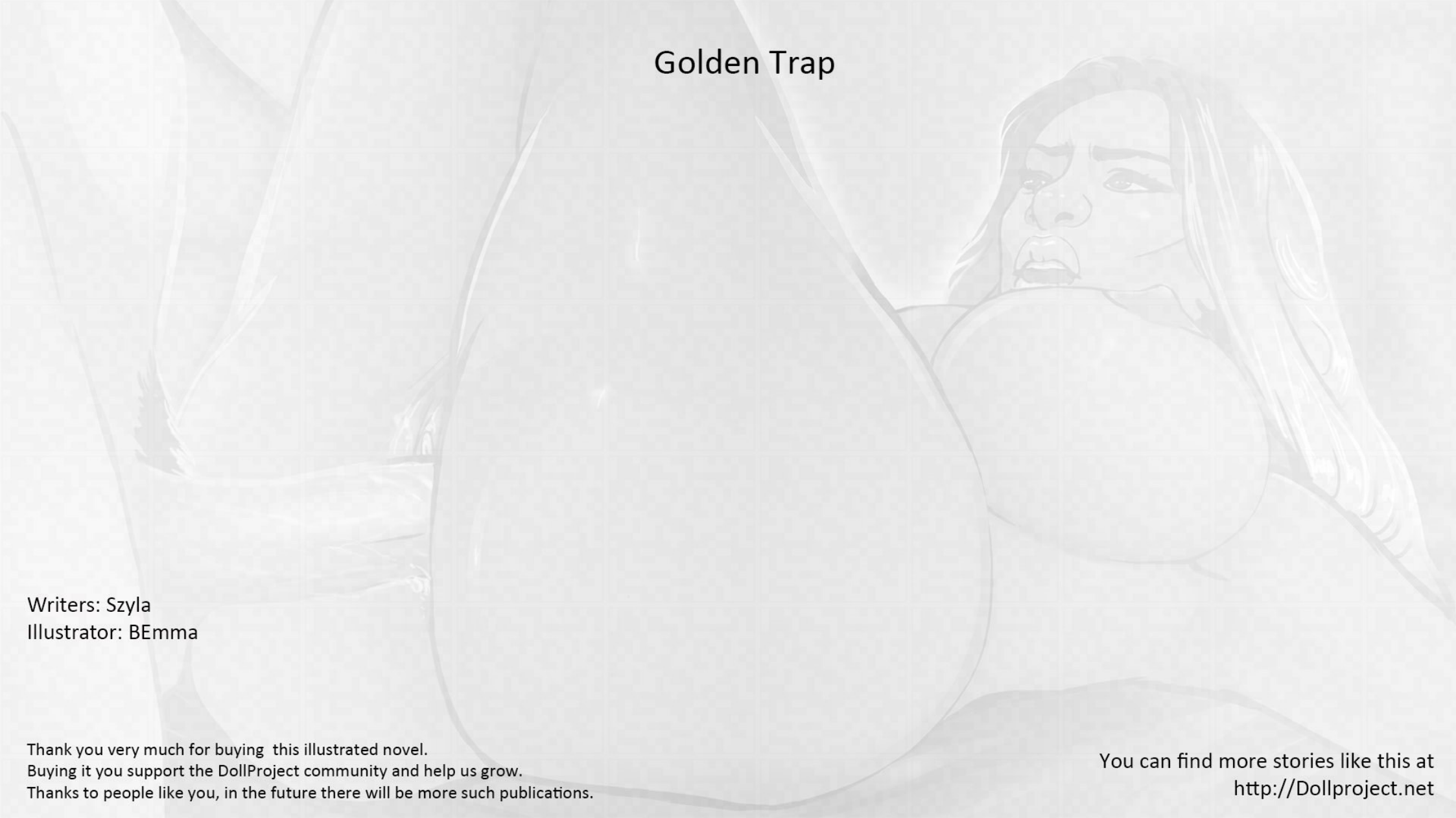


Golden Trap



Golden Trap



Writers: Szyla

Illustrator: BEmma

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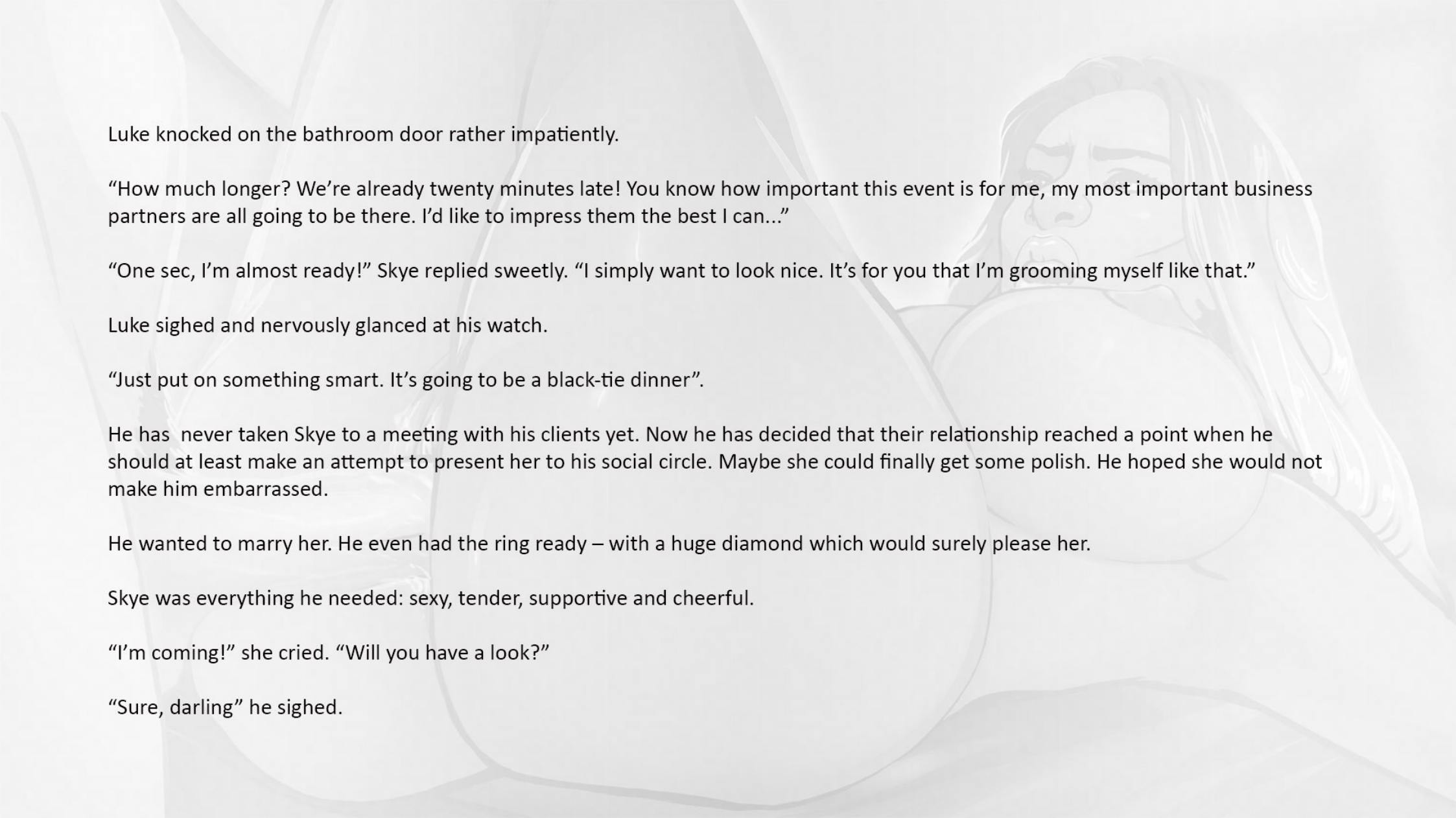
Color Code:

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

BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



Luke knocked on the bathroom door rather impatiently.

“How much longer? We’re already twenty minutes late! You know how important this event is for me, my most important business partners are all going to be there. I’d like to impress them the best I can...”

“One sec, I’m almost ready!” Skye replied sweetly. “I simply want to look nice. It’s for you that I’m grooming myself like that.”

Luke sighed and nervously glanced at his watch.

“Just put on something smart. It’s going to be a black-tie dinner”.

He has never taken Skye to a meeting with his clients yet. Now he has decided that their relationship reached a point when he should at least make an attempt to present her to his social circle. Maybe she could finally get some polish. He hoped she would not make him embarrassed.

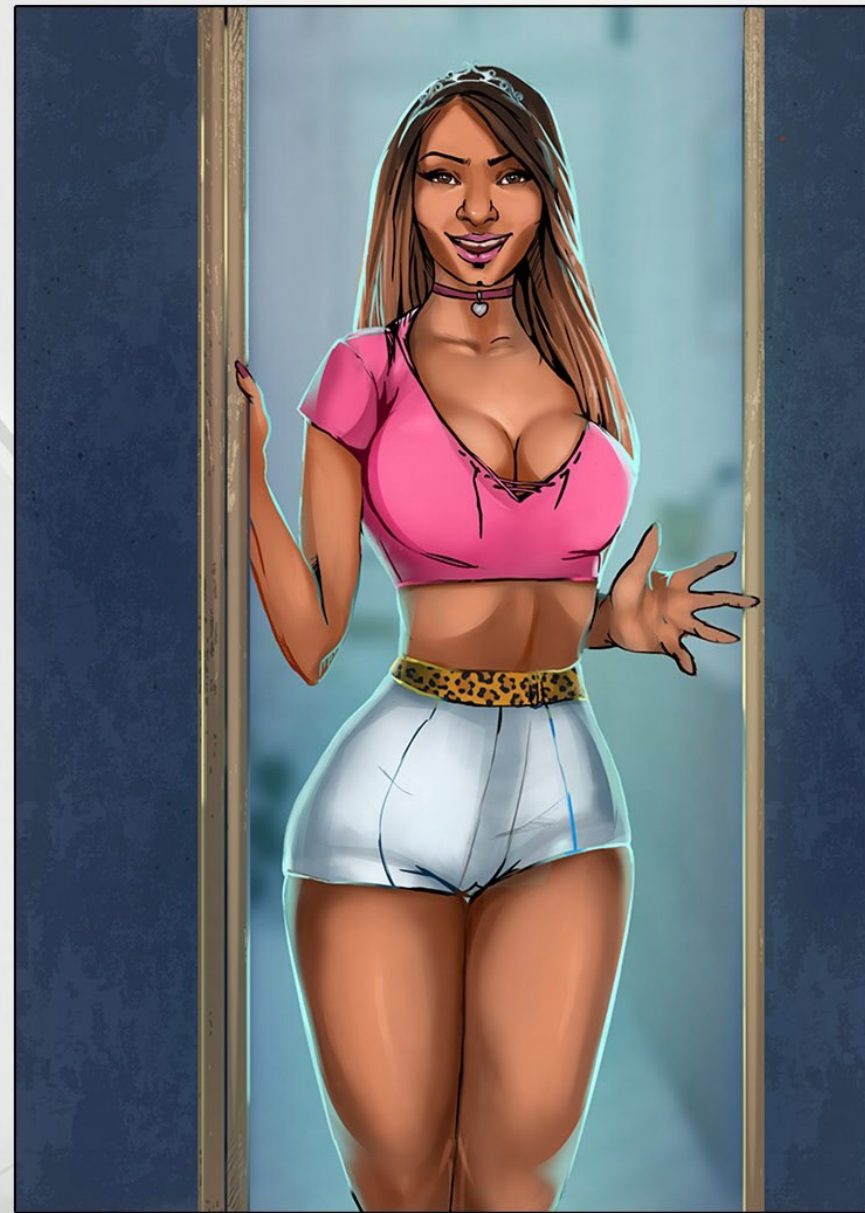
He wanted to marry her. He even had the ring ready – with a huge diamond which would surely please her.

Skye was everything he needed: sexy, tender, supportive and cheerful.

“I’m coming!” she cried. “Will you have a look?”

“Sure, darling” he sighed.

The girl vigorously opened the door.





“You know, I’m not entirely sure...” said Luke hesitantly.

“Don’t you like it?”

Skye made a sad face, just like a hurt puppy.

“You look very sexy, really, but it’s not an appropriate dress for such an occasion.”

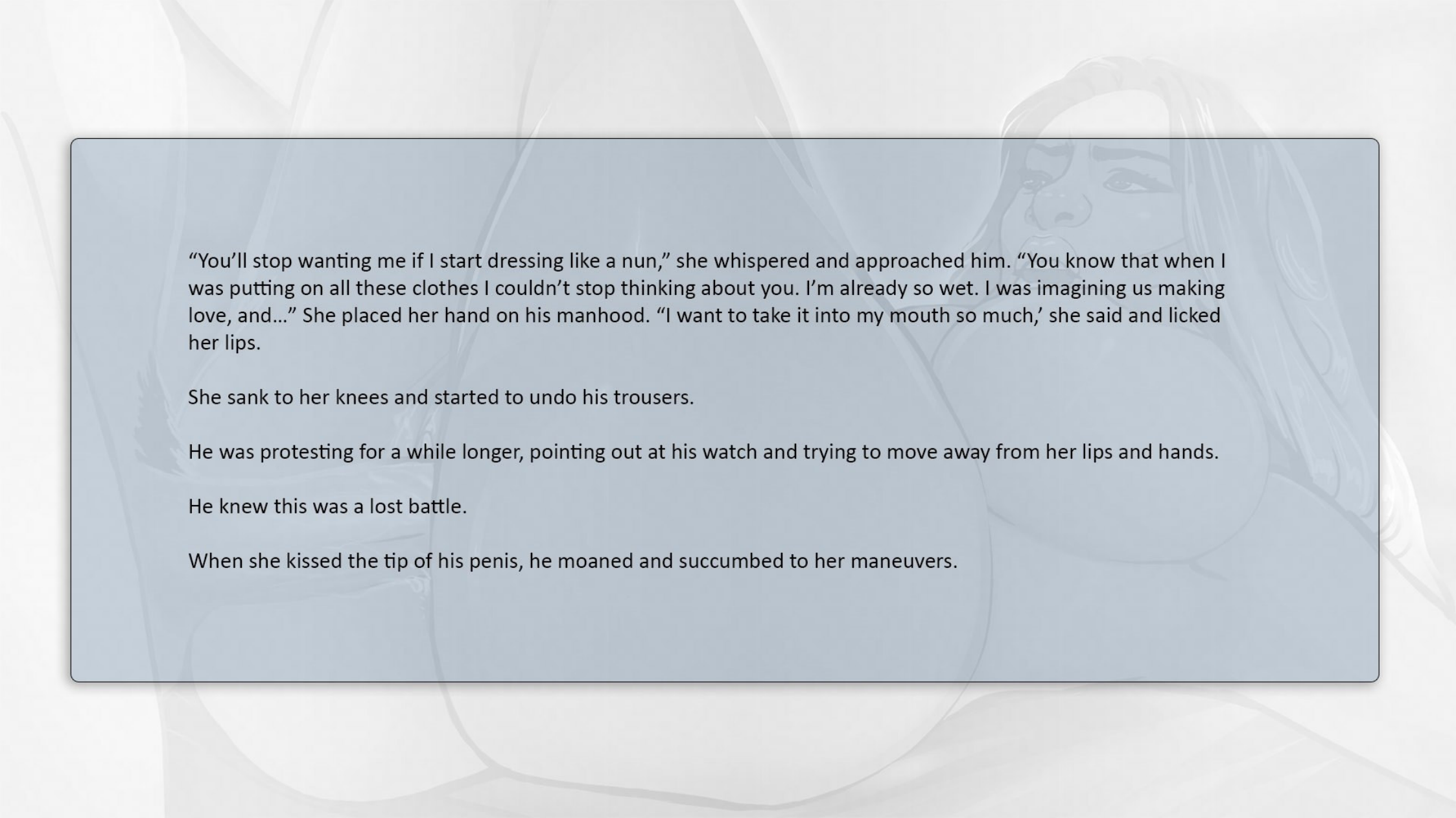
“Oh,” she sighed. “I just wanted you to like it,” she added and stroked her body with her hands.

Luke felt a shiver of excitement.

“Just get changed into something else. That one, perhaps?” He pointed at a dress hanging in the bathroom.

“Such a long skirt? It doesn’t even show a tiny bit of thigh.”

“That’s the whole point.”



“You’ll stop wanting me if I start dressing like a nun,” she whispered and approached him. “You know that when I was putting on all these clothes I couldn’t stop thinking about you. I’m already so wet. I was imagining us making love, and...” She placed her hand on his manhood. “I want to take it into my mouth so much,’ she said and licked her lips.

She sank to her knees and started to undo his trousers.

He was protesting for a while longer, pointing out at his watch and trying to move away from her lips and hands.

He knew this was a lost battle.

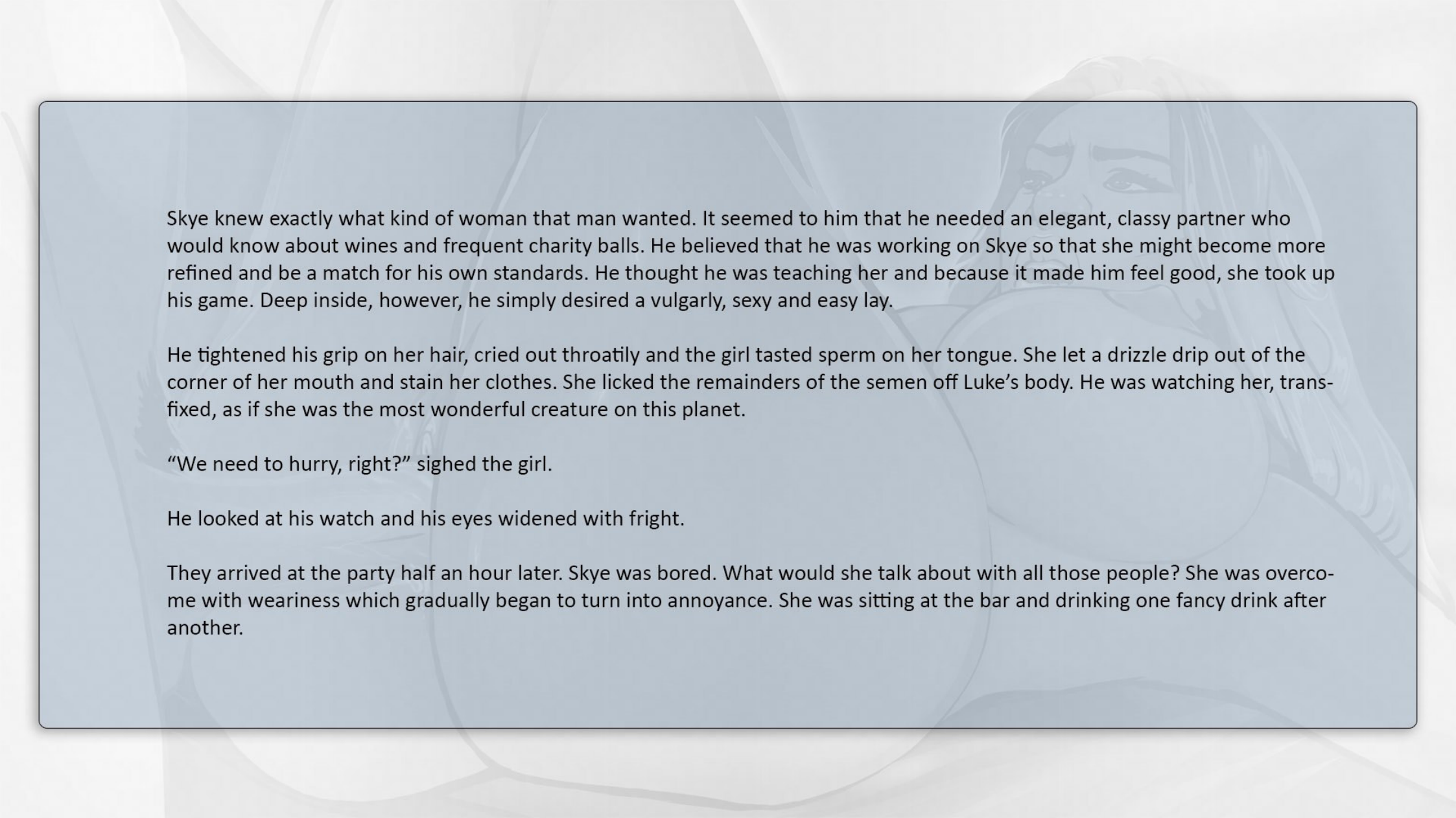
When she kissed the tip of his penis, he moaned and succumbed to her maneuvers.



For Skye, pretending pleasure and enthusiasm has never been a problem. She even enjoyed that. She could become an ideal woman for any man. She was using her acting talent and skills to manipulate and to conquer. In exchange, she was receiving admiration and expensive gifts.

Taking Luke's penis even deeper into her mouth, Skye was thinking that she had been dating that guy much too long already. She was beginning to get bored with him. He had no more to offer. He was bypassed for the promotion they had both counted on so much. She was getting tired of his boundless admiration and fascination.

Luke's muscles tensed, he moaned her name and put his fingers into her hair. His face registered bliss and tension.



Skye knew exactly what kind of woman that man wanted. It seemed to him that he needed an elegant, classy partner who would know about wines and frequent charity balls. He believed that he was working on Skye so that she might become more refined and be a match for his own standards. He thought he was teaching her and because it made him feel good, she took up his game. Deep inside, however, he simply desired a vulgarly, sexy and easy lay.

He tightened his grip on her hair, cried out throatily and the girl tasted sperm on her tongue. She let a drizzle drip out of the corner of her mouth and stain her clothes. She licked the remainders of the semen off Luke's body. He was watching her, transfixed, as if she was the most wonderful creature on this planet.

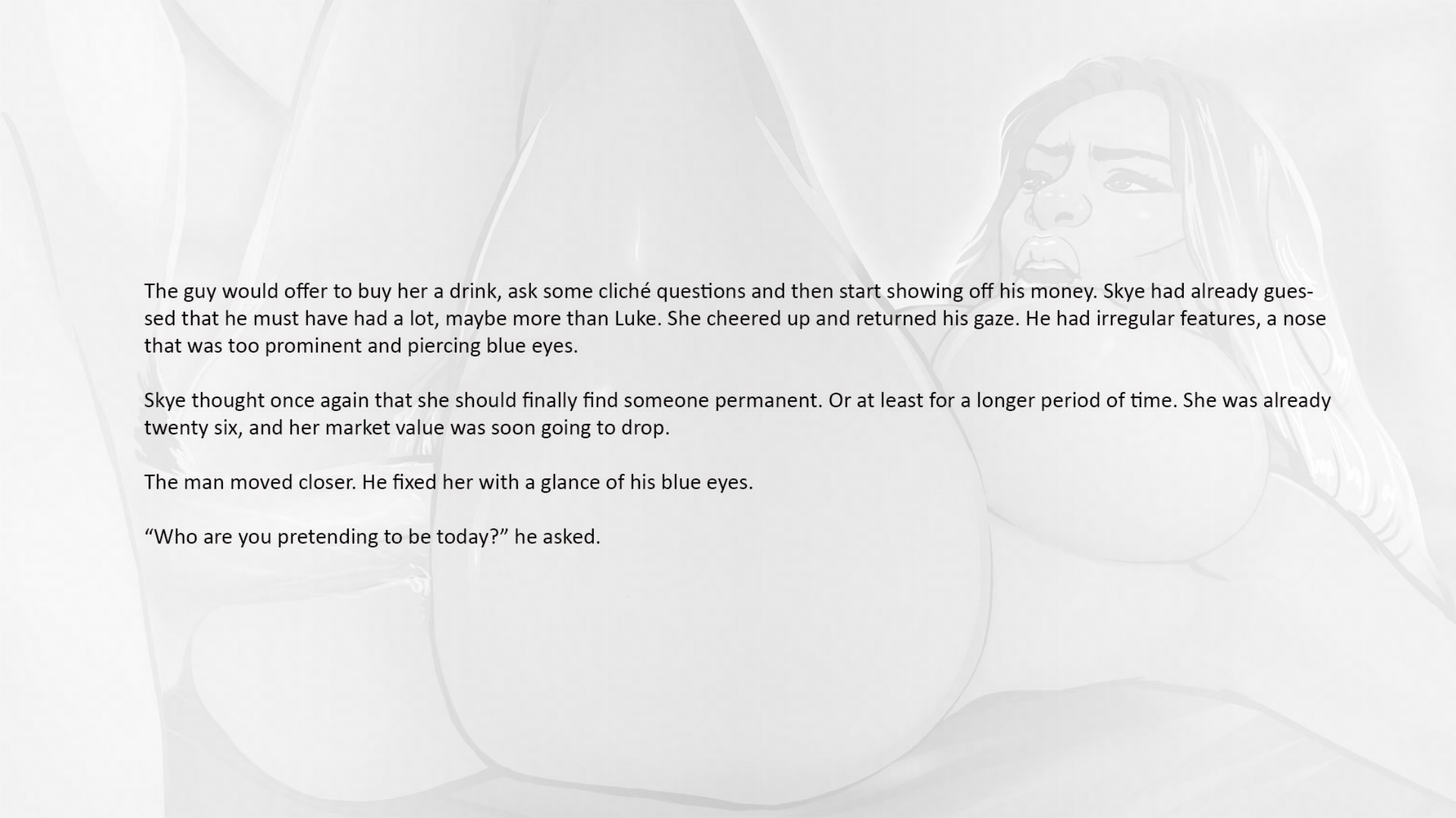
"We need to hurry, right?" sighed the girl.

He looked at his watch and his eyes widened with fright.

They arrived at the party half an hour later. Skye was bored. What would she talk about with all those people? She was overcome with weariness which gradually began to turn into annoyance. She was sitting at the bar and drinking one fancy drink after another.

A man who sat on a stool next to her looked her up and down, and then smiled. Skye looked away. She knew exactly what would follow.



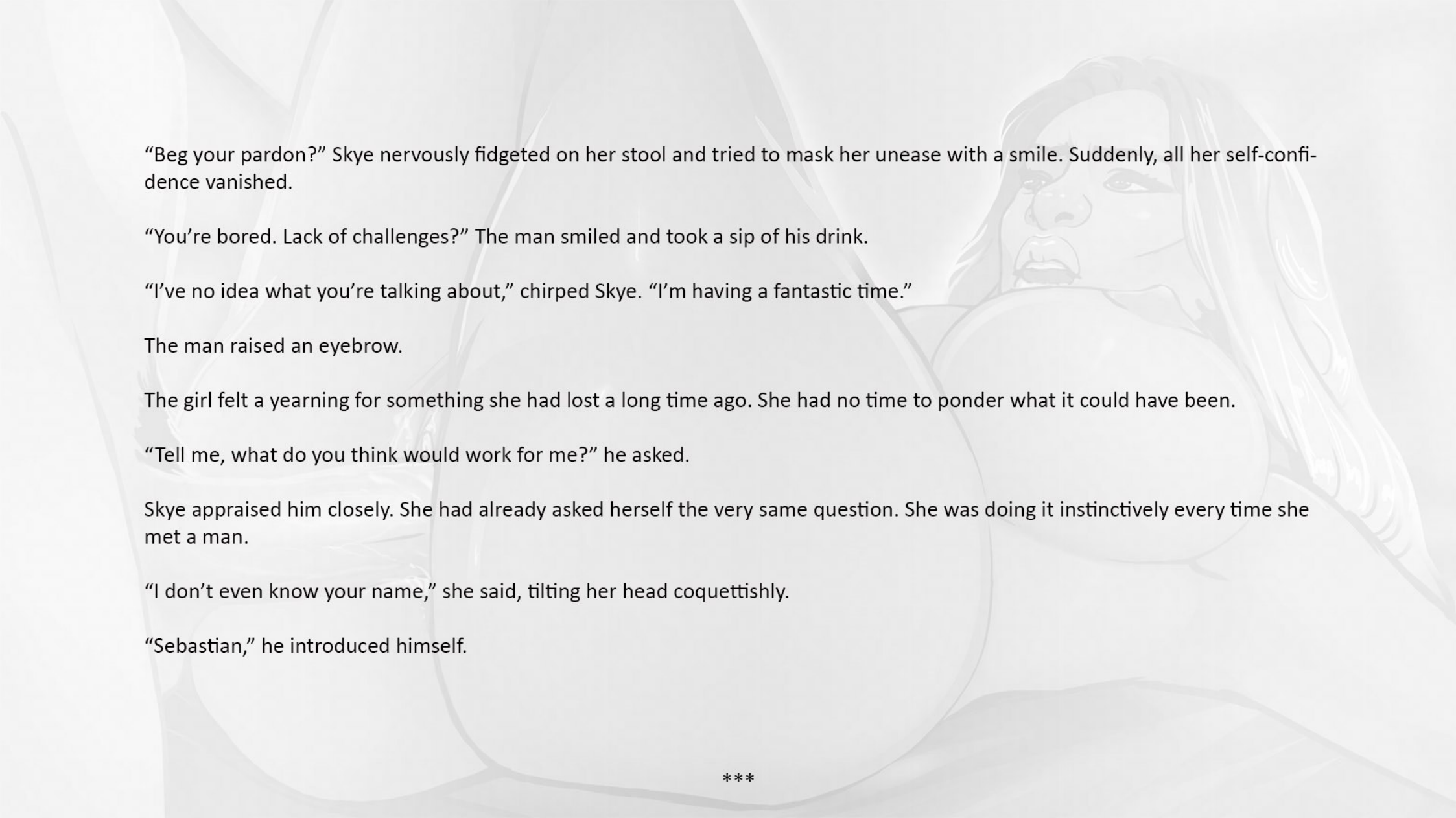


The guy would offer to buy her a drink, ask some cliché questions and then start showing off his money. Skye had already guessed that he must have had a lot, maybe more than Luke. She cheered up and returned his gaze. He had irregular features, a nose that was too prominent and piercing blue eyes.

Skye thought once again that she should finally find someone permanent. Or at least for a longer period of time. She was already twenty six, and her market value was soon going to drop.

The man moved closer. He fixed her with a glance of his blue eyes.

“Who are you pretending to be today?” he asked.



“Beg your pardon?” Skye nervously fidgeted on her stool and tried to mask her unease with a smile. Suddenly, all her self-confidence vanished.

“You’re bored. Lack of challenges?” The man smiled and took a sip of his drink.

“I’ve no idea what you’re talking about,” chirped Skye. “I’m having a fantastic time.”

The man raised an eyebrow.

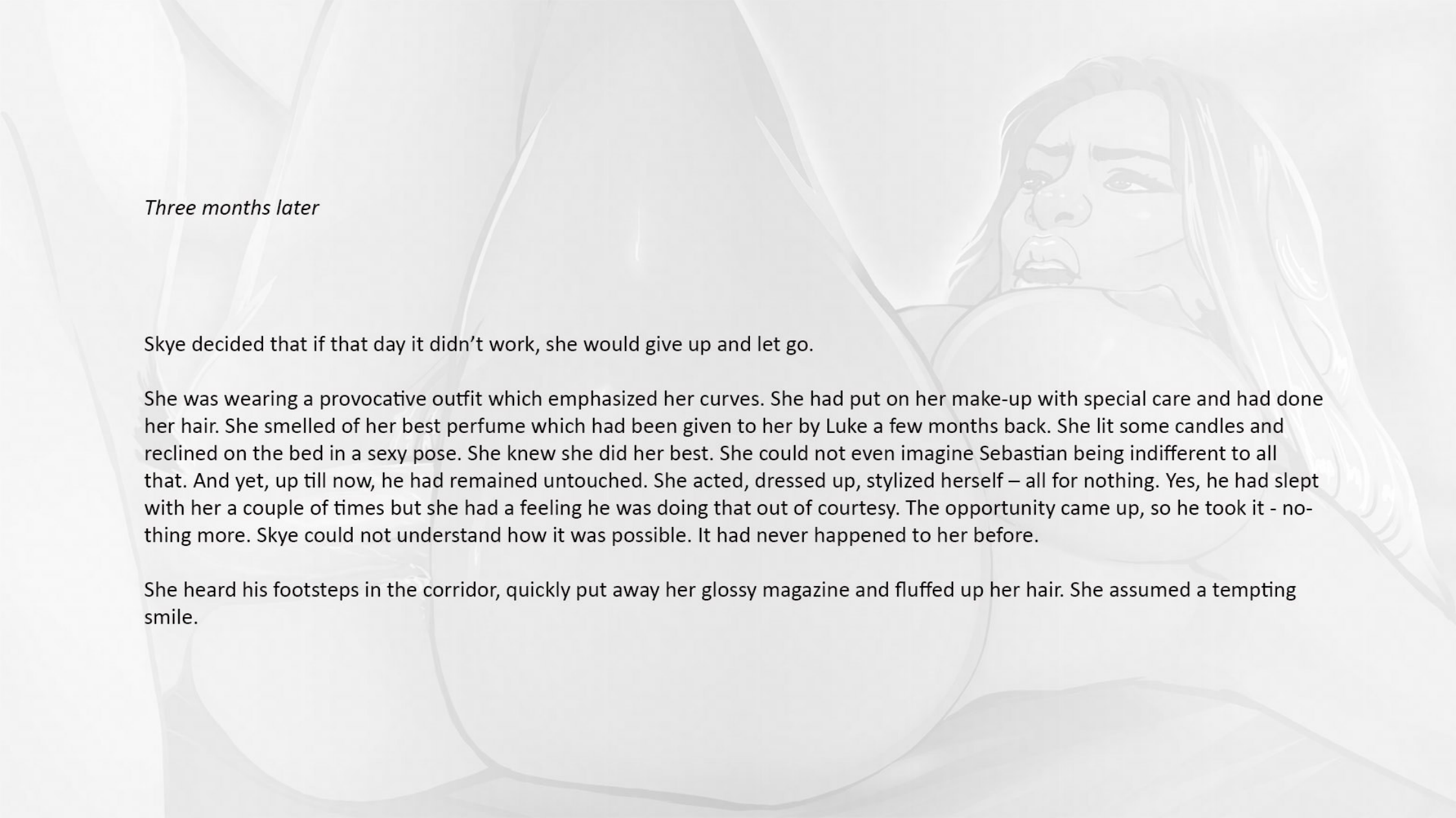
The girl felt a yearning for something she had lost a long time ago. She had no time to ponder what it could have been.

“Tell me, what do you think would work for me?” he asked.

Skye appraised him closely. She had already asked herself the very same question. She was doing it instinctively every time she met a man.

“I don’t even know your name,” she said, tilting her head coquettishly.

“Sebastian,” he introduced himself.



Three months later

Skye decided that if that day it didn't work, she would give up and let go.

She was wearing a provocative outfit which emphasized her curves. She had put on her make-up with special care and had done her hair. She smelled of her best perfume which had been given to her by Luke a few months back. She lit some candles and reclined on the bed in a sexy pose. She knew she did her best. She could not even imagine Sebastian being indifferent to all that. And yet, up till now, he had remained untouched. She acted, dressed up, stylized herself – all for nothing. Yes, he had slept with her a couple of times but she had a feeling he was doing that out of courtesy. The opportunity came up, so he took it - nothing more. Skye could not understand how it was possible. It had never happened to her before.

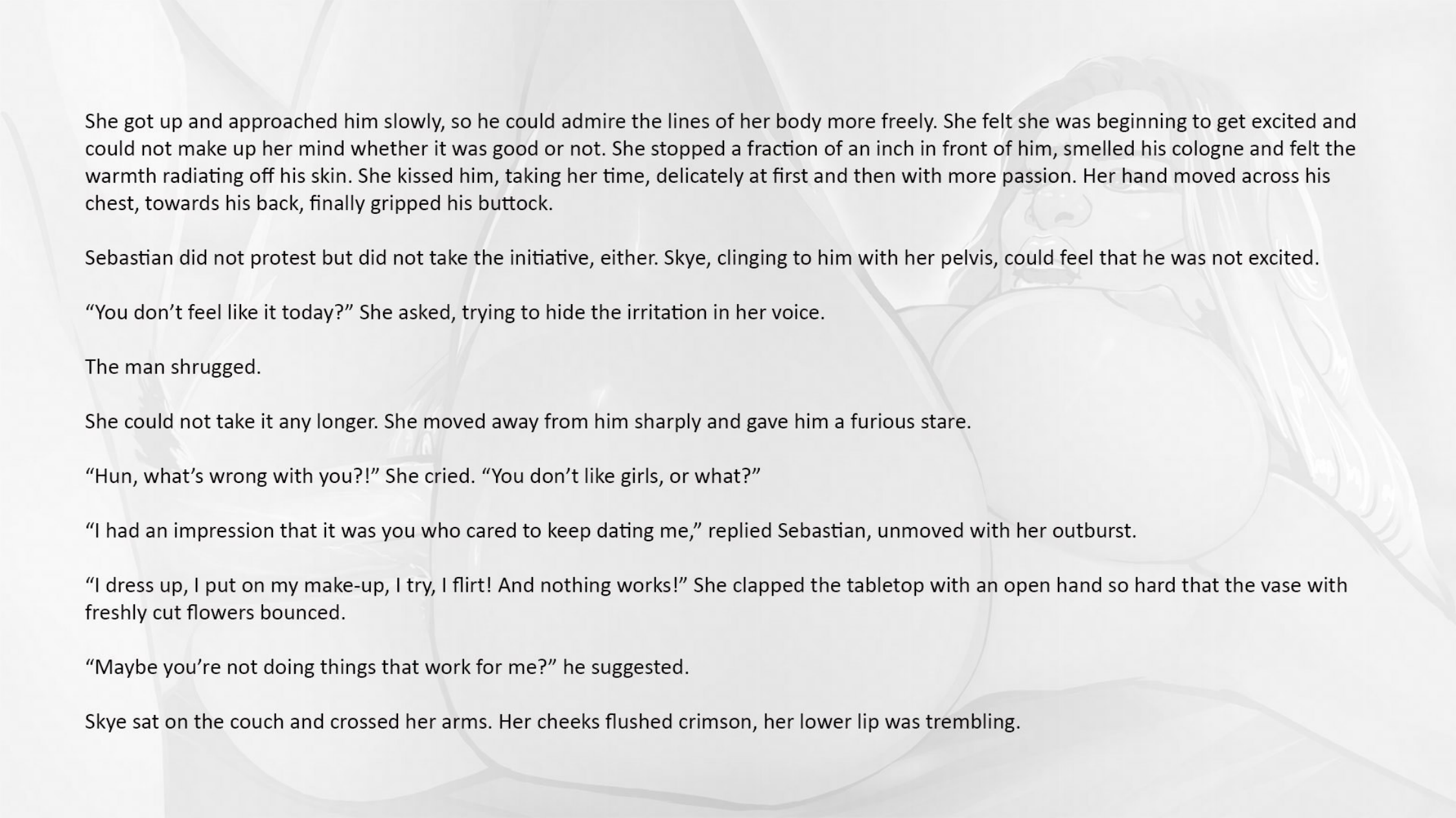
She heard his footsteps in the corridor, quickly put away her glossy magazine and fluffed up her hair. She assumed a tempting smile.



The man came inside and looked around. Skye was watching his face, trying to read his reaction. It remained blank, she could only notice an impish glimmer in his eyes. Or maybe it was just the candlelight.

“You did your best,” he noticed.

“For you,” she whispered and moved the fingertips of her manicured hands along the curve of her thigh.



She got up and approached him slowly, so he could admire the lines of her body more freely. She felt she was beginning to get excited and could not make up her mind whether it was good or not. She stopped a fraction of an inch in front of him, smelled his cologne and felt the warmth radiating off his skin. She kissed him, taking her time, delicately at first and then with more passion. Her hand moved across his chest, towards his back, finally gripped his buttock.

Sebastian did not protest but did not take the initiative, either. Skye, clinging to him with her pelvis, could feel that he was not excited.

“You don’t feel like it today?” She asked, trying to hide the irritation in her voice.

The man shrugged.

She could not take it any longer. She moved away from him sharply and gave him a furious stare.

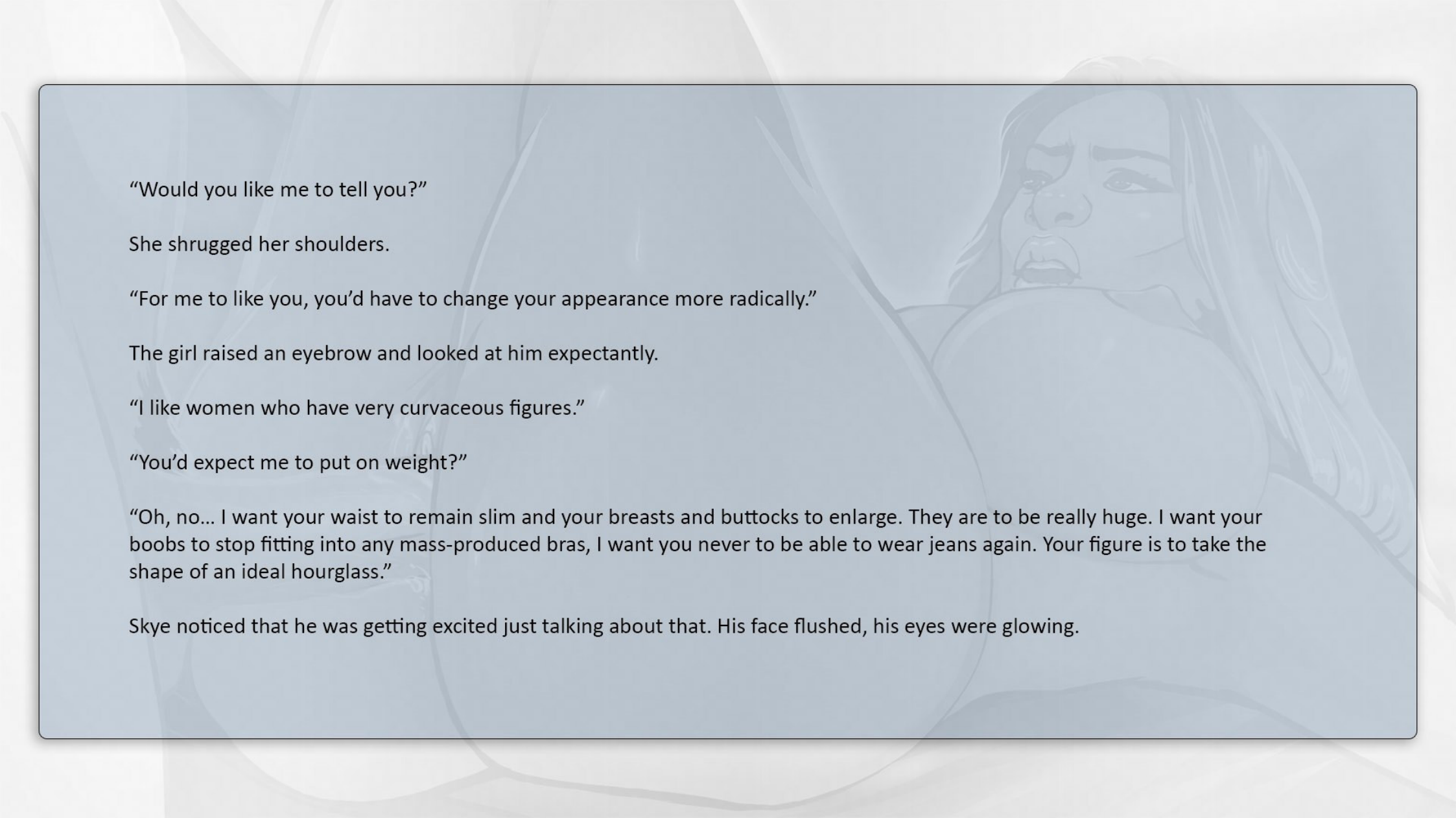
“Hun, what’s wrong with you?!” She cried. “You don’t like girls, or what?”

“I had an impression that it was you who cared to keep dating me,” replied Sebastian, unmoved with her outburst.

“I dress up, I put on my make-up, I try, I flirt! And nothing works!” She clapped the tabletop with an open hand so hard that the vase with freshly cut flowers bounced.

“Maybe you’re not doing things that work for me?” he suggested.

Skye sat on the couch and crossed her arms. Her cheeks flushed crimson, her lower lip was trembling.



“Would you like me to tell you?”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“For me to like you, you’d have to change your appearance more radically.”

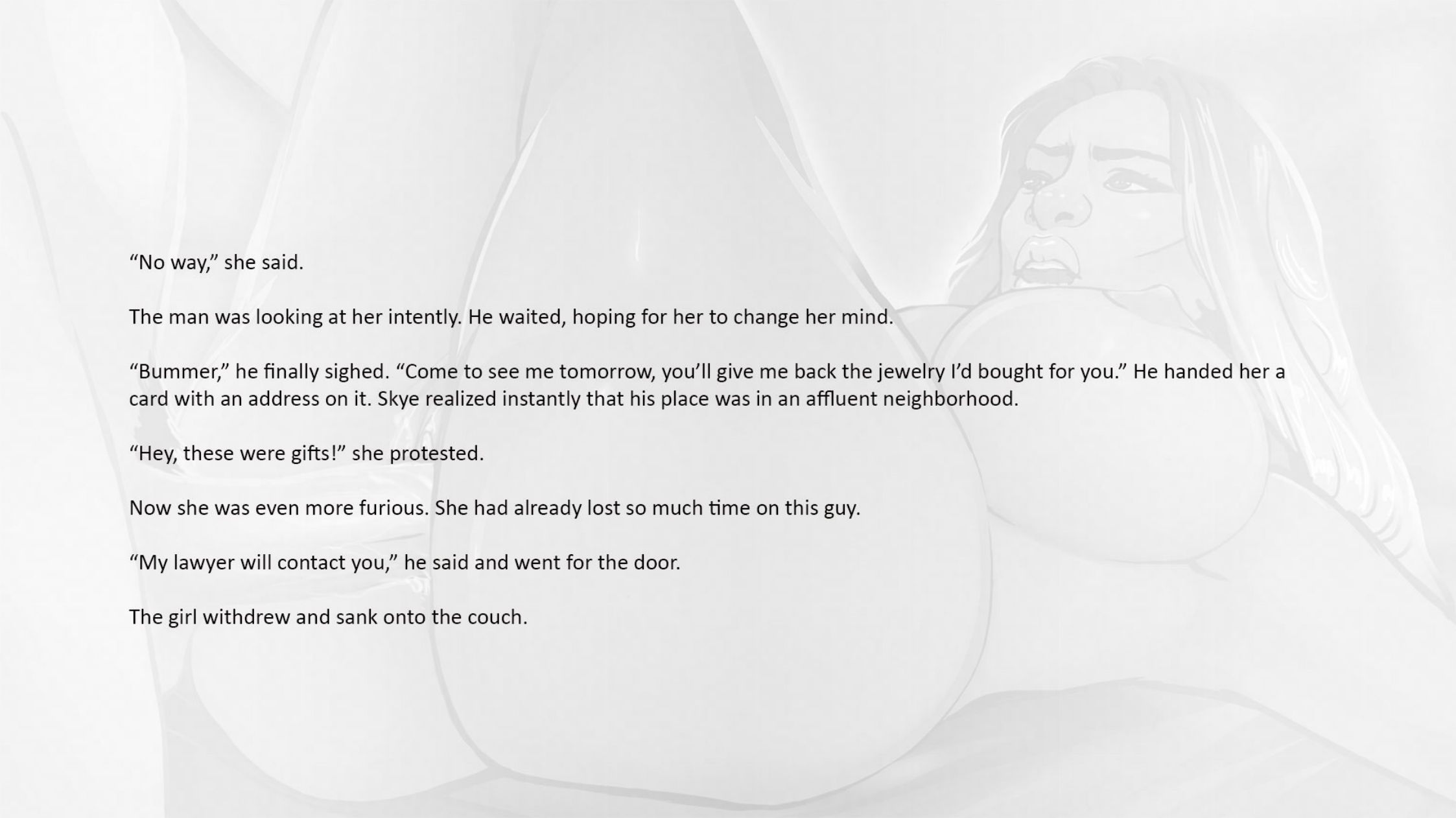
The girl raised an eyebrow and looked at him expectantly.

“I like women who have very curvaceous figures.”

“You’d expect me to put on weight?”

“Oh, no... I want your waist to remain slim and your breasts and buttocks to enlarge. They are to be really huge. I want your boobs to stop fitting into any mass-produced bras, I want you never to be able to wear jeans again. Your figure is to take the shape of an ideal hourglass.”

Skye noticed that he was getting excited just talking about that. His face flushed, his eyes were glowing.



“No way,” she said.

The man was looking at her intently. He waited, hoping for her to change her mind.

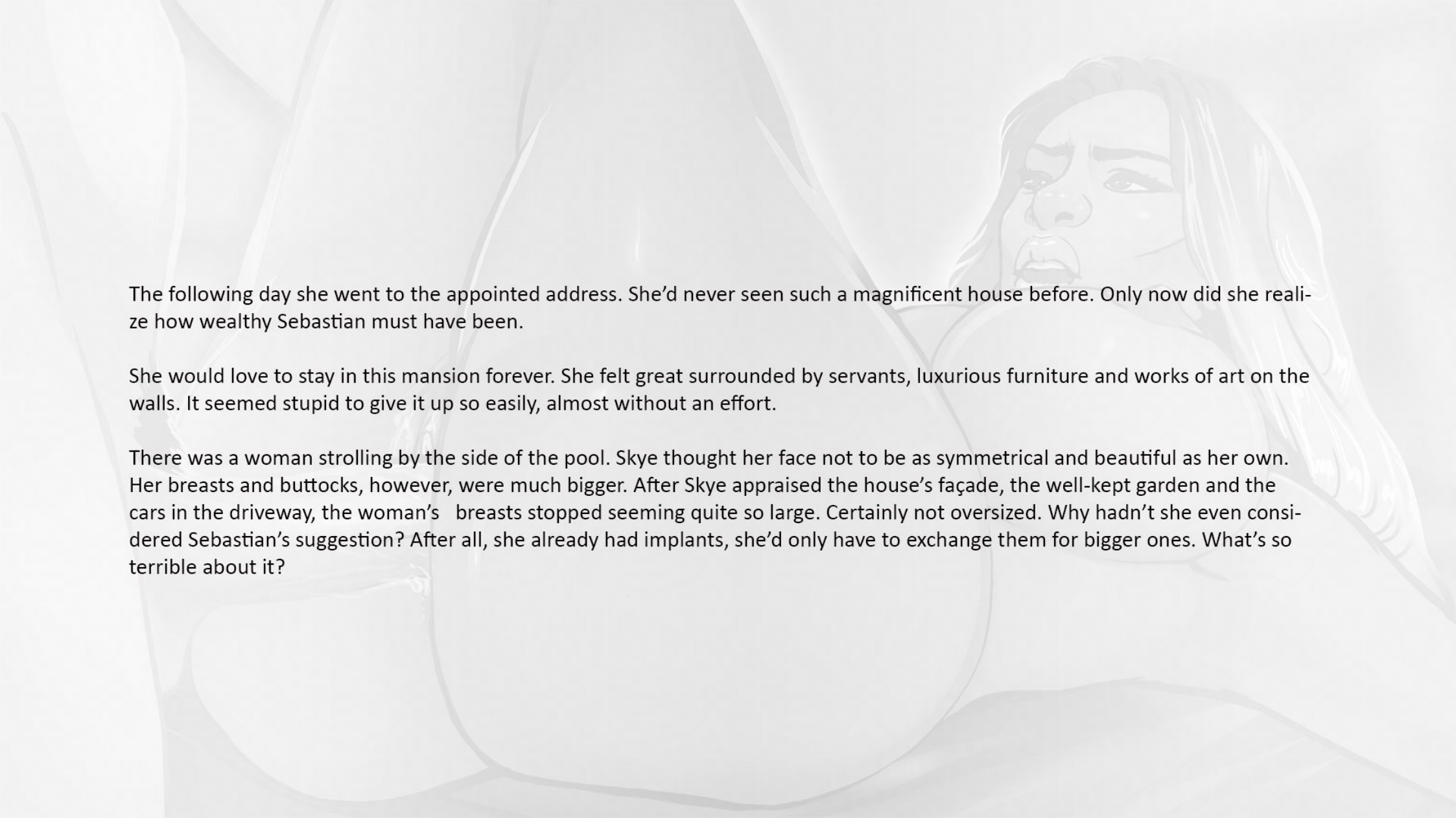
“Bummer,” he finally sighed. “Come to see me tomorrow, you’ll give me back the jewelry I’d bought for you.” He handed her a card with an address on it. Skye realized instantly that his place was in an affluent neighborhood.

“Hey, these were gifts!” she protested.

Now she was even more furious. She had already lost so much time on this guy.

“My lawyer will contact you,” he said and went for the door.

The girl withdrew and sank onto the couch.



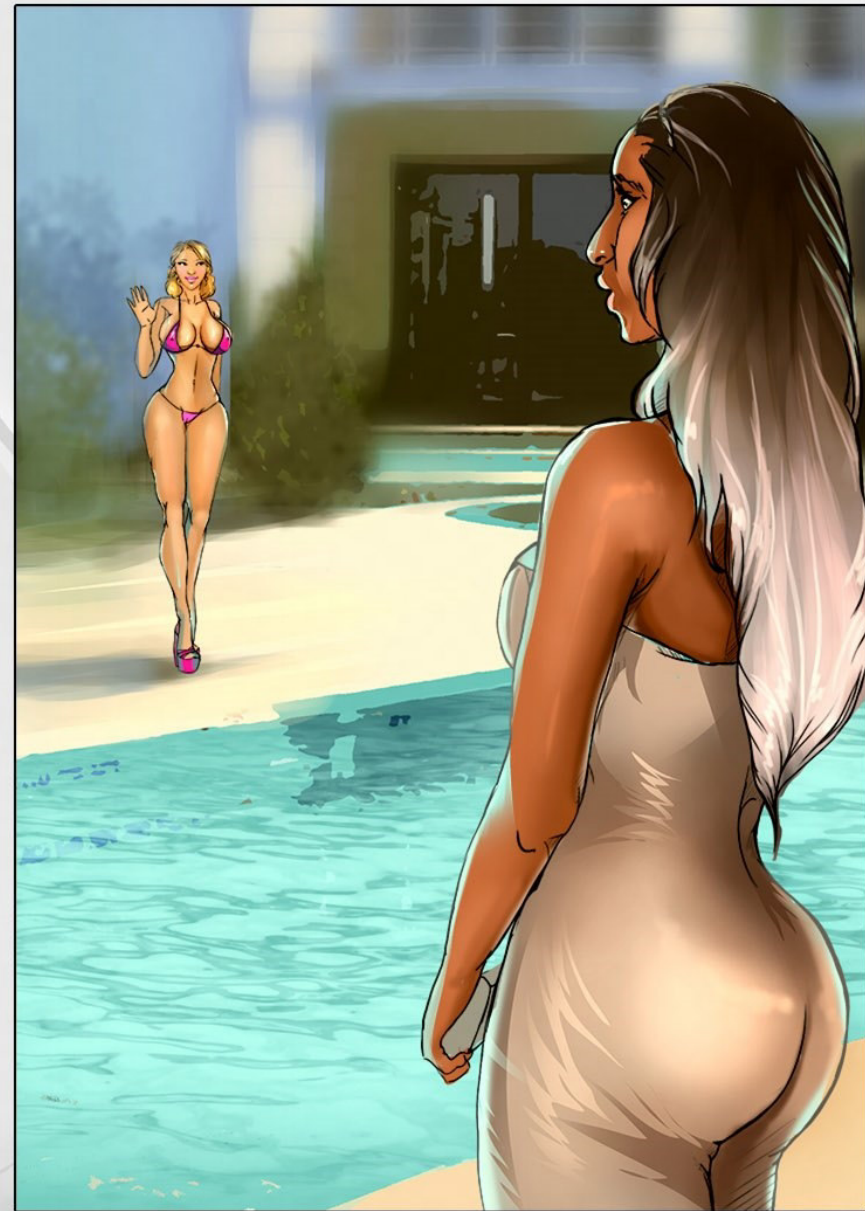
The following day she went to the appointed address. She'd never seen such a magnificent house before. Only now did she realize how wealthy Sebastian must have been.

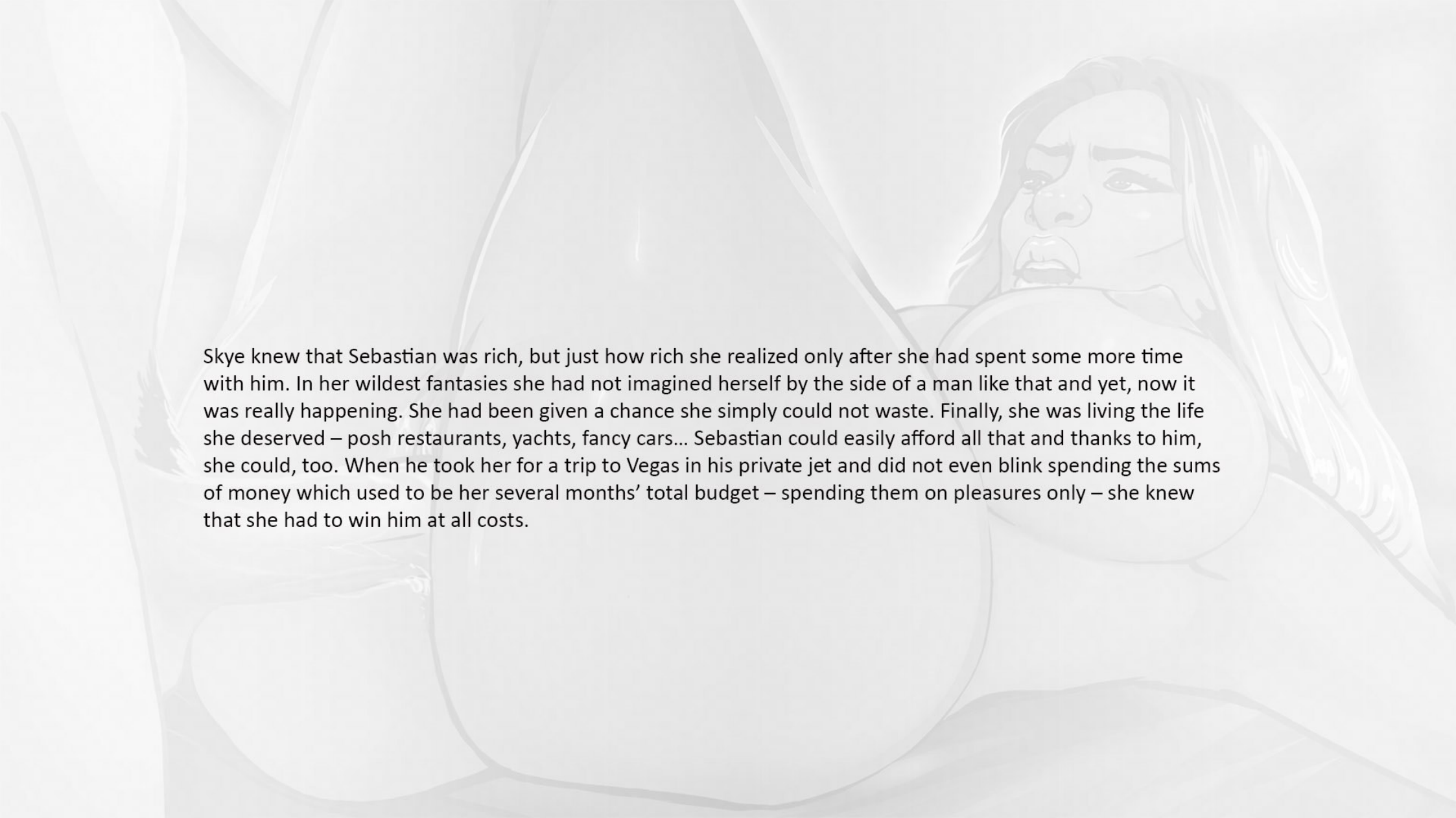
She would love to stay in this mansion forever. She felt great surrounded by servants, luxurious furniture and works of art on the walls. It seemed stupid to give it up so easily, almost without an effort.

There was a woman strolling by the side of the pool. Skye thought her face not to be as symmetrical and beautiful as her own. Her breasts and buttocks, however, were much bigger. After Skye appraised the house's façade, the well-kept garden and the cars in the driveway, the woman's breasts stopped seeming quite so large. Certainly not oversized. Why hadn't she even considered Sebastian's suggestion? After all, she already had implants, she'd only have to exchange them for bigger ones. What's so terrible about it?

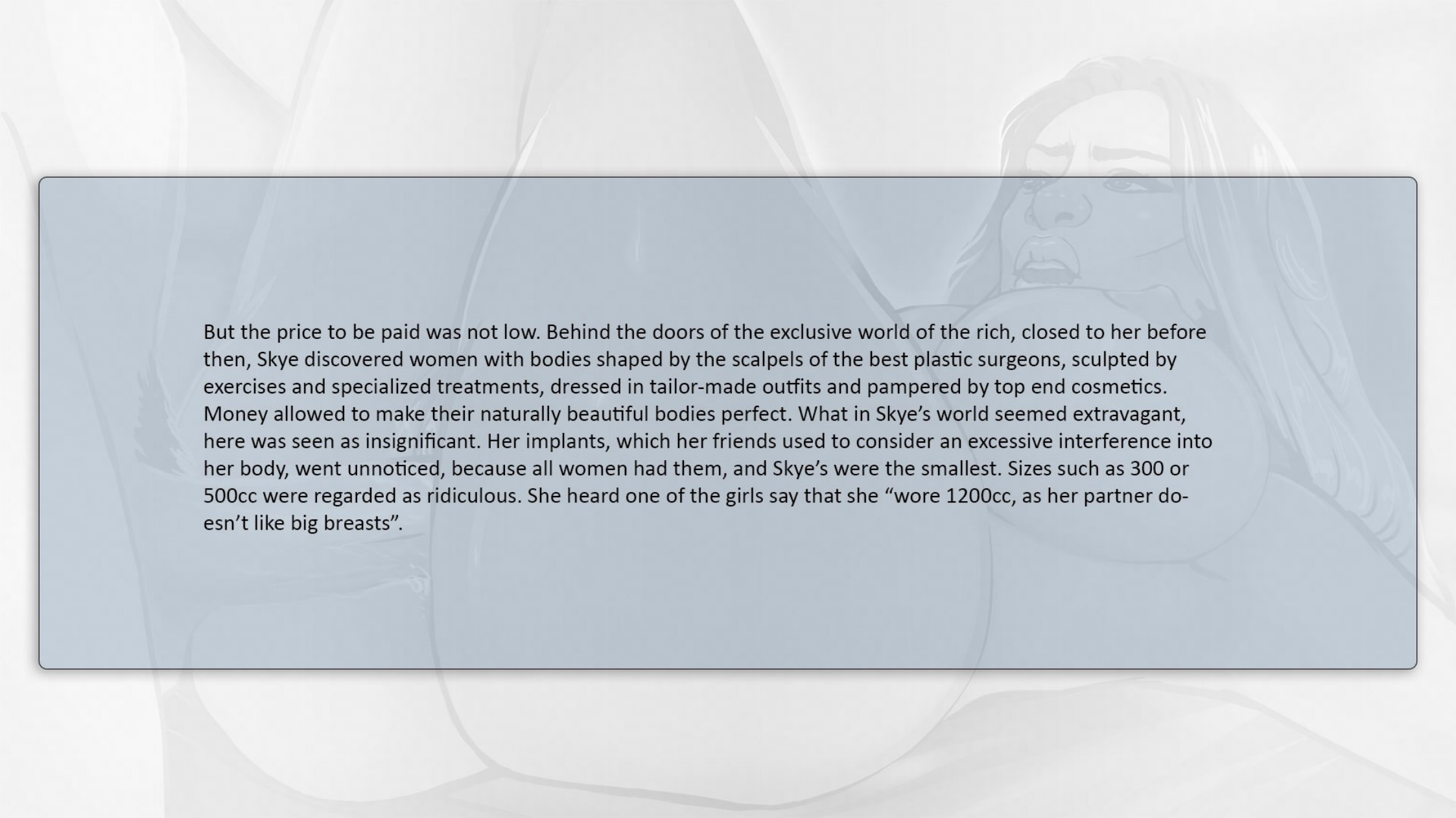
The stranger noticed her, smiled and waved at her.

Skye decided not to give the jewelry back. And that woman won't be enjoying the comforts of living with Sebastian much longer.



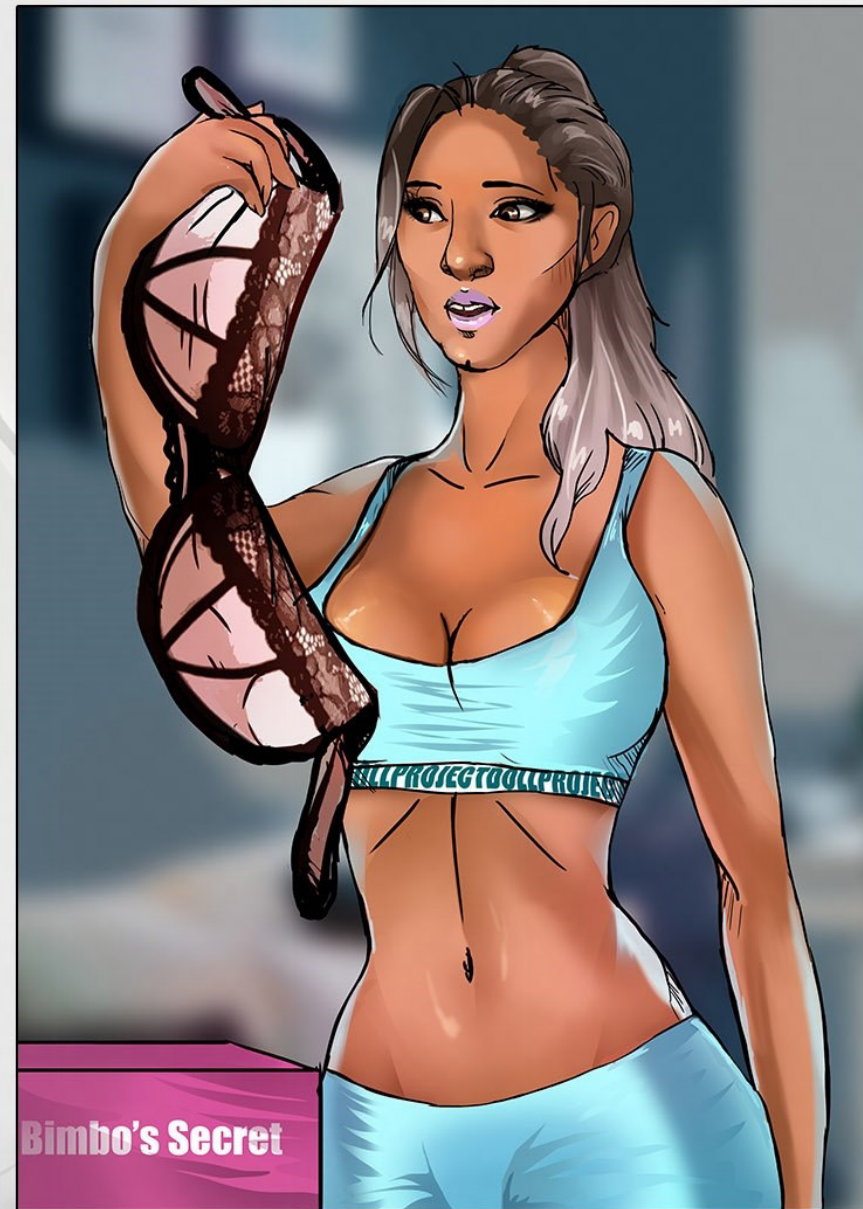


Skye knew that Sebastian was rich, but just how rich she realized only after she had spent some more time with him. In her wildest fantasies she had not imagined herself by the side of a man like that and yet, now it was really happening. She had been given a chance she simply could not waste. Finally, she was living the life she deserved – posh restaurants, yachts, fancy cars... Sebastian could easily afford all that and thanks to him, she could, too. When he took her for a trip to Vegas in his private jet and did not even blink spending the sums of money which used to be her several months' total budget – spending them on pleasures only – she knew that she had to win him at all costs.



But the price to be paid was not low. Behind the doors of the exclusive world of the rich, closed to her before then, Skye discovered women with bodies shaped by the scalpels of the best plastic surgeons, sculpted by exercises and specialized treatments, dressed in tailor-made outfits and pampered by top end cosmetics. Money allowed to make their naturally beautiful bodies perfect. What in Skye's world seemed extravagant, here was seen as insignificant. Her implants, which her friends used to consider an excessive interference into her body, went unnoticed, because all women had them, and Skye's were the smallest. Sizes such as 300 or 500cc were regarded as ridiculous. She heard one of the girls say that she "wore 1200cc, as her partner doesn't like big breasts".

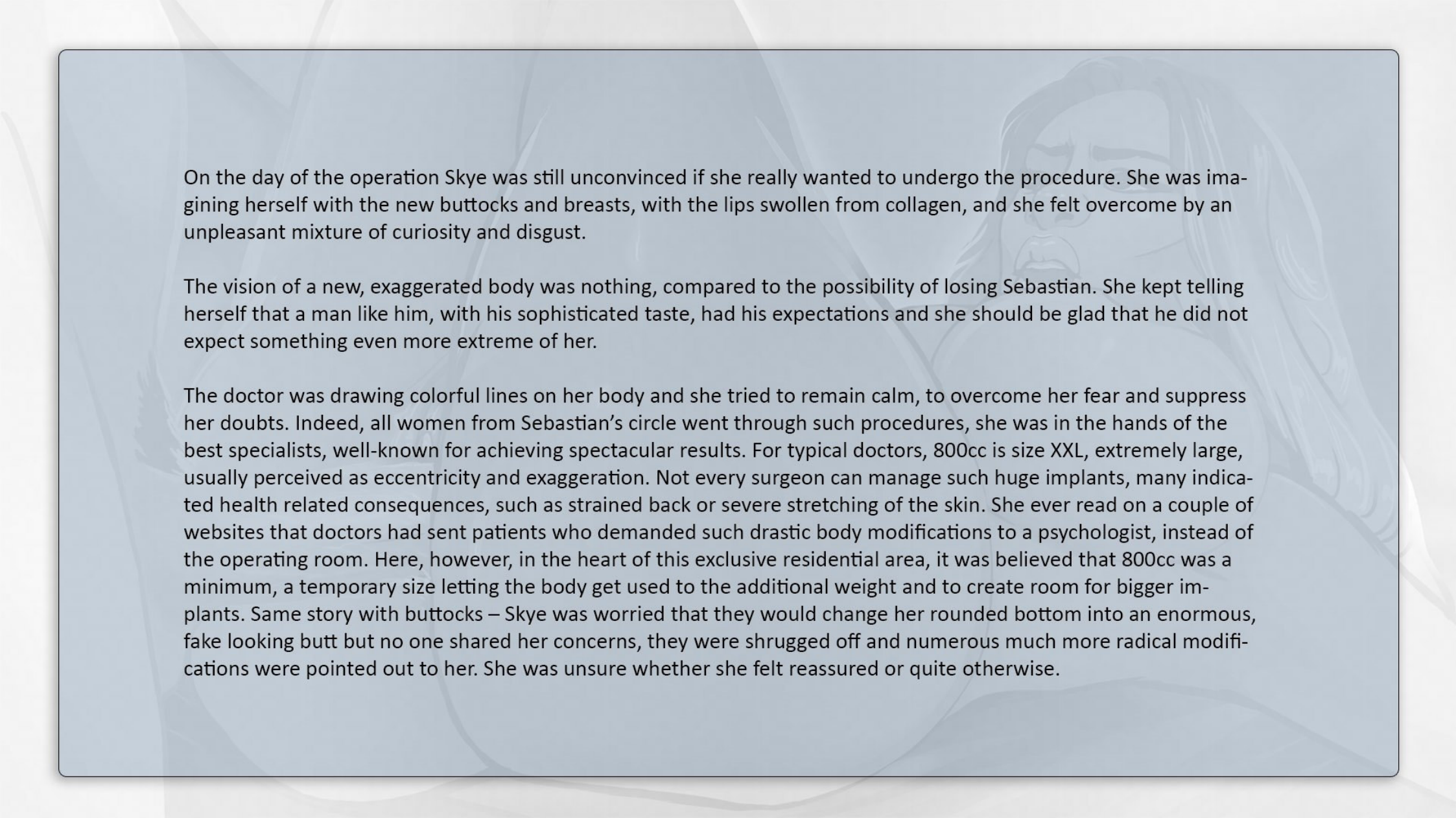
She made Sebastian understand that she would agree to all body modifications he might desire but when he handed her an enormous bra and silicon pads which corresponded in size to 800cc implants, she could not hide her fear.



Of course, she expected something like that, yet when she strapped the bra on and felt its weight... She panicked. With a fake smile on her face, she was trying on various outfits and observing how they shaped her figure. She could not decide what she thought of it all and she was scared of such a drastic change. Sebastian looked pleased and said that this modest size would do for a start. To her despair, it turned out that he was going to entrust other parts of her body to the hands of the surgeons as well. He intended to have her buttocks filled with enormous implants, to which Skye started protesting, claiming that her bottom was already too big. She said that implants would make her curves look unnatural, but Sebastian only laughed. He also demanded big lips, filled with collagen. He did not attempt to convince her, as their deal was clear and simple – his money in exchange for her body. She could back out any time.

Until that moment she had associated such exaggerated shapes with porn stars and their vulgar movies. She herself has never been conservative in sex and a lot of people thought she was a slut, but such a body... It was just too much.

Sebastian arranged an appointment with a surgeon and booked the operating room. He said that he wanted Skye to become a “diamond bimbo” and she started laughing out loud because she thought it was a joke. Then she asked what he meant and it turned out that he was not only speaking seriously but that something called a “diamond bimbo” really existed... This was how the rich called their extremely modified kept women, whose ideal bodies were gradually being turned into works of erotic art.



On the day of the operation Skye was still unconvinced if she really wanted to undergo the procedure. She was imagining herself with the new buttocks and breasts, with the lips swollen from collagen, and she felt overcome by an unpleasant mixture of curiosity and disgust.

The vision of a new, exaggerated body was nothing, compared to the possibility of losing Sebastian. She kept telling herself that a man like him, with his sophisticated taste, had his expectations and she should be glad that he did not expect something even more extreme of her.

The doctor was drawing colorful lines on her body and she tried to remain calm, to overcome her fear and suppress her doubts. Indeed, all women from Sebastian's circle went through such procedures, she was in the hands of the best specialists, well-known for achieving spectacular results. For typical doctors, 800cc is size XXL, extremely large, usually perceived as eccentricity and exaggeration. Not every surgeon can manage such huge implants, many indicated health related consequences, such as strained back or severe stretching of the skin. She ever read on a couple of websites that doctors had sent patients who demanded such drastic body modifications to a psychologist, instead of the operating room. Here, however, in the heart of this exclusive residential area, it was believed that 800cc was a minimum, a temporary size letting the body get used to the additional weight and to create room for bigger implants. Same story with buttocks – Skye was worried that they would change her rounded bottom into an enormous, fake looking butt but no one shared her concerns, they were shrugged off and numerous much more radical modifications were pointed out to her. She was unsure whether she felt reassured or quite otherwise.

Looking into the mirror she was imagining her own looks with the new body. With vulgar lips which would only bring associations with sex, with buttocks too big, shaking with every step, with a heavy bust. She would certainly have to throw away half of her clothes as they would be too small. She was wondering what her new bra size would be. Now she wore size C and she used to think that it was quite big. She expected that with 800cc it would be at least three sizes more. Probably she would have to get rid of all her pairs of jeans, and she would be forced to wear leggings and skirts, or highly cut hot pants. Nothing else would probably fit.

She was aware that if she were to win Sebastian, she would have to meet his expectations.

She found out that if she was to become a “diamond bimbo” (this strange expression was still making her embarrassed, though Sebastian was using it with unsettling unaffectedness), she would have to alter her behavior as well. As a professional and quite good actress she was accustomed to acting in the presence of men, and it usually gave her satisfaction, offered a sense of power and control, but this was something different. She was supposed to act as a ditsy, interested solely in sex and her own appearance, agreeable and naive. Identifying with the role of a silly, charming girl was causing her trouble. She had always been proud of her own intelligence and now she had to keep hiding it. Several times she came up with a smart remark or a brilliant retort, and then she had to gloss over such slips of the tongue, pretending that she actually had no idea what she had been talking about.

She decided that it would be best to treat it as a kind of a challenge. She was playing for high stakes and she intended to win. If Sebastian liked silly women with voluptuous bodies, that was what she would become. She would be ideal for him, just as for all her other guys before him.

Four months later

Skye was wondering which outfit could emphasize her new breasts best and accentuate her new, bigger bottom to which she still could not get used. She put bright lipstick on her collagen-filled lips. Finally, she decided on an elegant yet sexy dress. Sebastian should like it. She put one of the bracelets he had given her on her wrist.

Since her transformation they have seen each other only a couple of times. At a dinner, which they had in a cozy restaurant on top floor of a highrise, he could not take his eyes away from her cleavage. She purposefully kept adjusting it and leaning forward, so as to expose it. Her dress tightly fitted her buttocks, and when she sat down, her bottom created a line of two rounded shapes along her hips. She often licked her lips and touched on her make-up to draw Sebastian's attention. She was in an excellent mood; she finally felt she was getting some control over the situation.

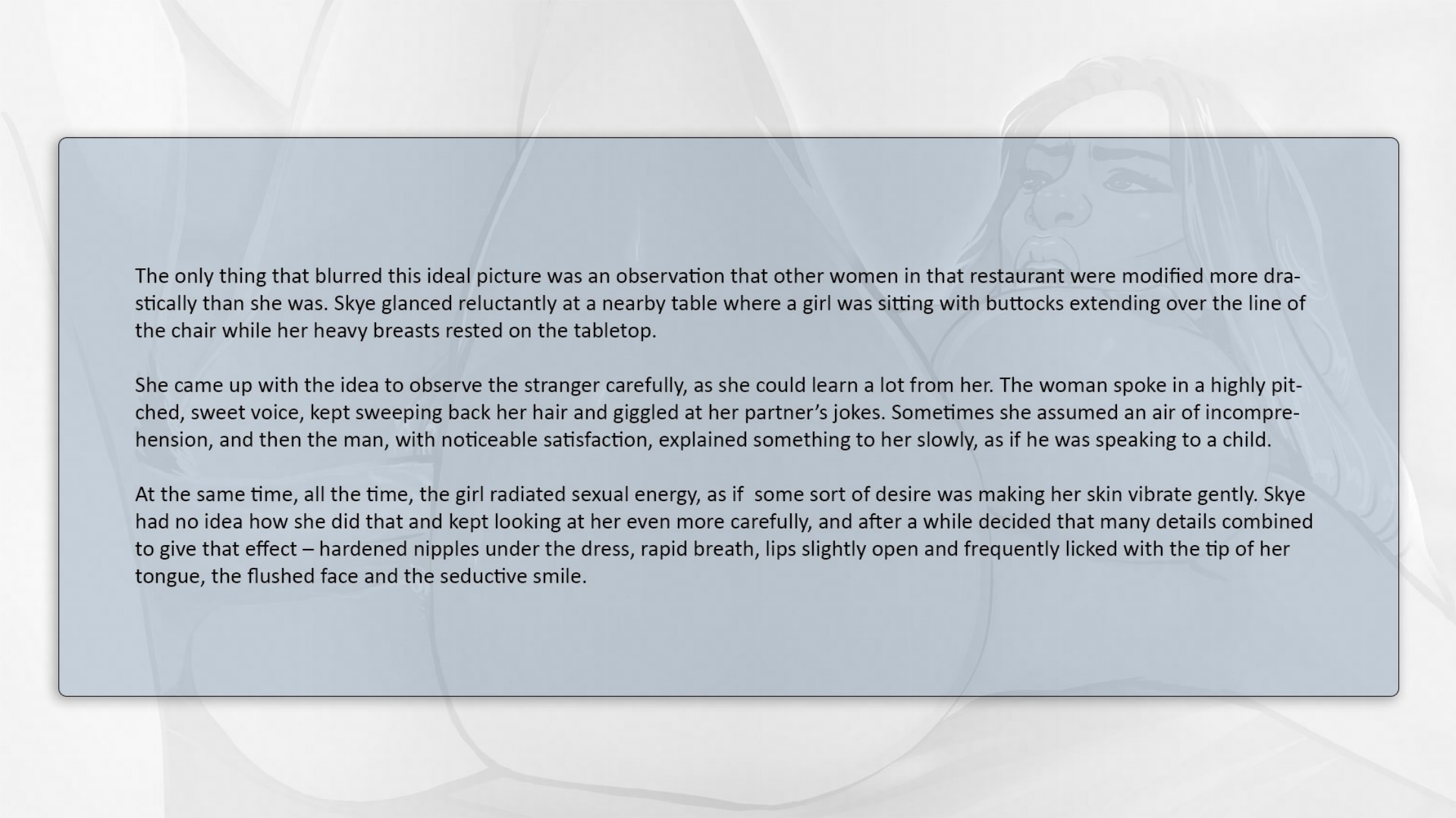
Naturally, all procedures were financed by Sebastian. He hired help to take care of her when she was in recovery and paid for clothes that fitted her new figure. She did not have to do much more.

After the series of procedures she felt weak and the bodily discomfort pushed the psychological trauma into the background.

She decided to treat her new body as a weapon to win over Sebastian.

Before & After





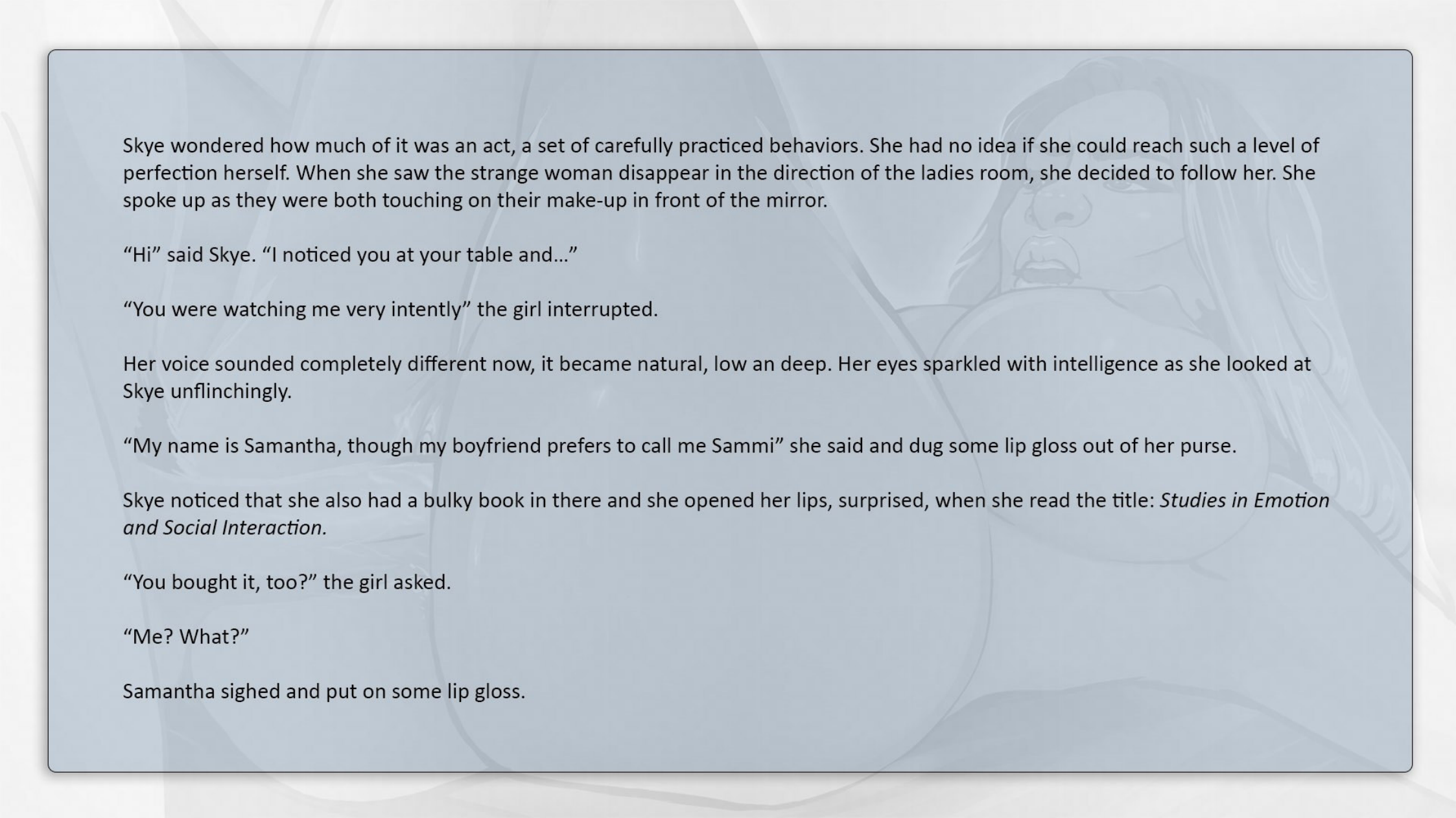
The only thing that blurred this ideal picture was an observation that other women in that restaurant were modified more drastically than she was. Skye glanced reluctantly at a nearby table where a girl was sitting with buttocks extending over the line of the chair while her heavy breasts rested on the tabletop.

She came up with the idea to observe the stranger carefully, as she could learn a lot from her. The woman spoke in a highly pitched, sweet voice, kept sweeping back her hair and giggled at her partner's jokes. Sometimes she assumed an air of incomprehension, and then the man, with noticeable satisfaction, explained something to her slowly, as if he was speaking to a child.

At the same time, all the time, the girl radiated sexual energy, as if some sort of desire was making her skin vibrate gently. Skye had no idea how she did that and kept looking at her even more carefully, and after a while decided that many details combined to give that effect – hardened nipples under the dress, rapid breath, lips slightly open and frequently licked with the tip of her tongue, the flushed face and the seductive smile.



Her whole persona was communicating a simple message: "I want sex. Here and now!"



Skye wondered how much of it was an act, a set of carefully practiced behaviors. She had no idea if she could reach such a level of perfection herself. When she saw the strange woman disappear in the direction of the ladies room, she decided to follow her. She spoke up as they were both touching on their make-up in front of the mirror.

“Hi” said Skye. “I noticed you at your table and...”

“You were watching me very intently” the girl interrupted.

Her voice sounded completely different now, it became natural, low and deep. Her eyes sparkled with intelligence as she looked at Skye unflinchingly.

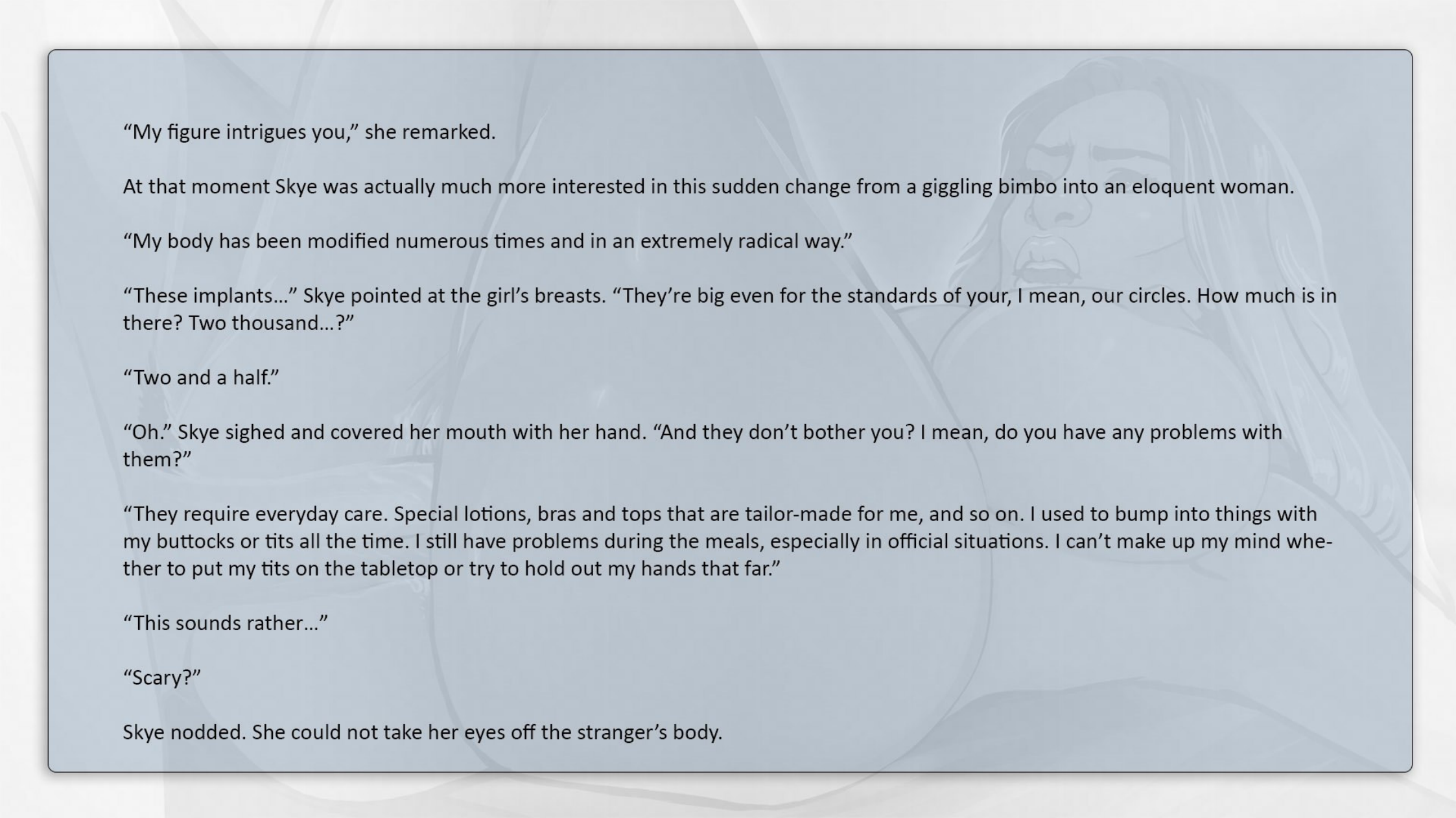
“My name is Samantha, though my boyfriend prefers to call me Sammi” she said and dug some lip gloss out of her purse.

Skye noticed that she also had a bulky book in there and she opened her lips, surprised, when she read the title: *Studies in Emotion and Social Interaction*.

“You bought it, too?” the girl asked.

“Me? What?”

Samantha sighed and put on some lip gloss.



“My figure intrigues you,” she remarked.

At that moment Skye was actually much more interested in this sudden change from a giggling bimbo into an eloquent woman.

“My body has been modified numerous times and in an extremely radical way.”

“These implants...” Skye pointed at the girl’s breasts. “They’re big even for the standards of your, I mean, our circles. How much is in there? Two thousand...?”

“Two and a half.”

“Oh.” Skye sighed and covered her mouth with her hand. “And they don’t bother you? I mean, do you have any problems with them?”

“They require everyday care. Special lotions, bras and tops that are tailor-made for me, and so on. I used to bump into things with my buttocks or tits all the time. I still have problems during the meals, especially in official situations. I can’t make up my mind whether to put my tits on the tabletop or try to hold out my hands that far.”

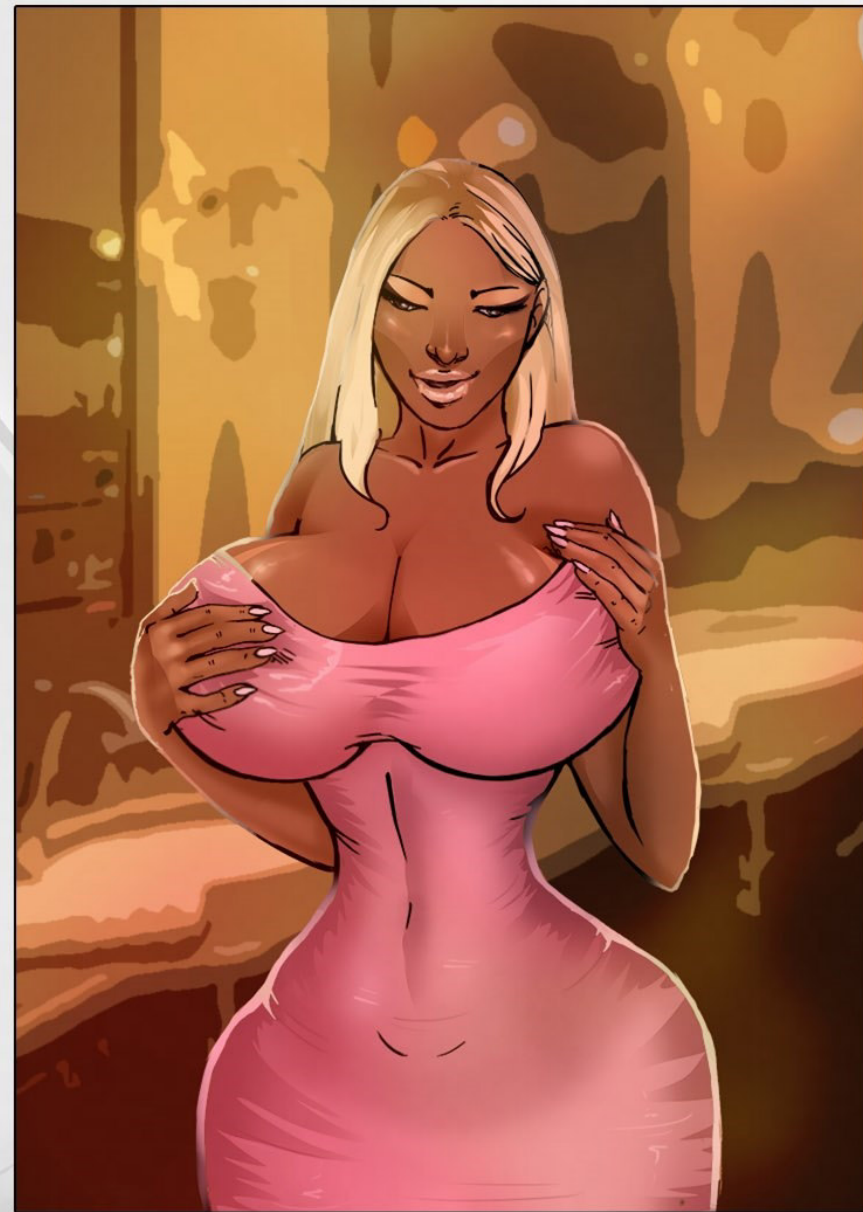
“This sounds rather...”

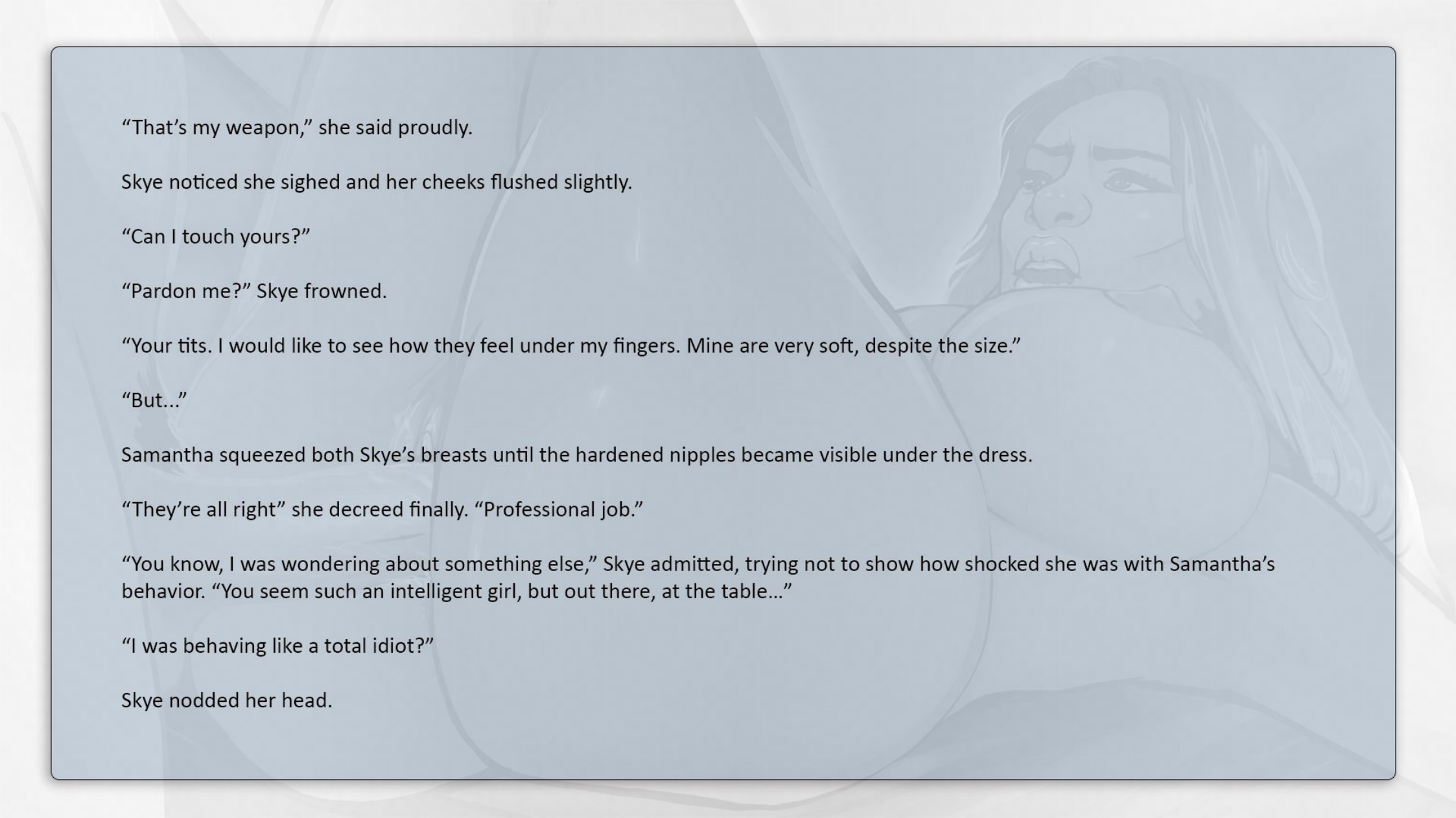
“Scary?”

Skye nodded. She could not take her eyes off the stranger’s body.

“One can get used to anything. I considerably strengthened my back and this means that the implants’ weight doesn’t bother me that much. I used to like jogging but now it’s rather impossible,” she sighed. “Still, it paid off. Men love my body.”

Samantha raised her hands to her own breasts and started to press them gently.





“That’s my weapon,” she said proudly.

Skye noticed she sighed and her cheeks flushed slightly.

“Can I touch yours?”

“Pardon me?” Skye frowned.

“Your tits. I would like to see how they feel under my fingers. Mine are very soft, despite the size.”

“But...”

Samantha squeezed both Skye’s breasts until the hardened nipples became visible under the dress.

“They’re all right” she decreed finally. “Professional job.”

“You know, I was wondering about something else,” Skye admitted, trying not to show how shocked she was with Samantha’s behavior. “You seem such an intelligent girl, but out there, at the table...”

“I was behaving like a total idiot?”

Skye nodded her head.

“I was highly impressed and wondered if you were only pretending.”

Samantha laughed but it did not sound like a sweet giggle.

“Have you heard about *Lybridos*?” She pronounced that word softly and tenderly, as if it was a lover’s name.

Skye denied.

“It’s a medicine for women with too weak sexual drive. Well, if a normal girl takes it... The results can be spectacular. Sometimes I’m so horny I stop thinking altogether and then everything becomes easy and I don’t even have to pretend. Men love it nearly as much as my body. You’ve no idea how such a woman affects them; full of desire, unable to control herself, with a figure resembling an hourglass. Would you like to try?” She asked, taking three colorful pills out of her purse.

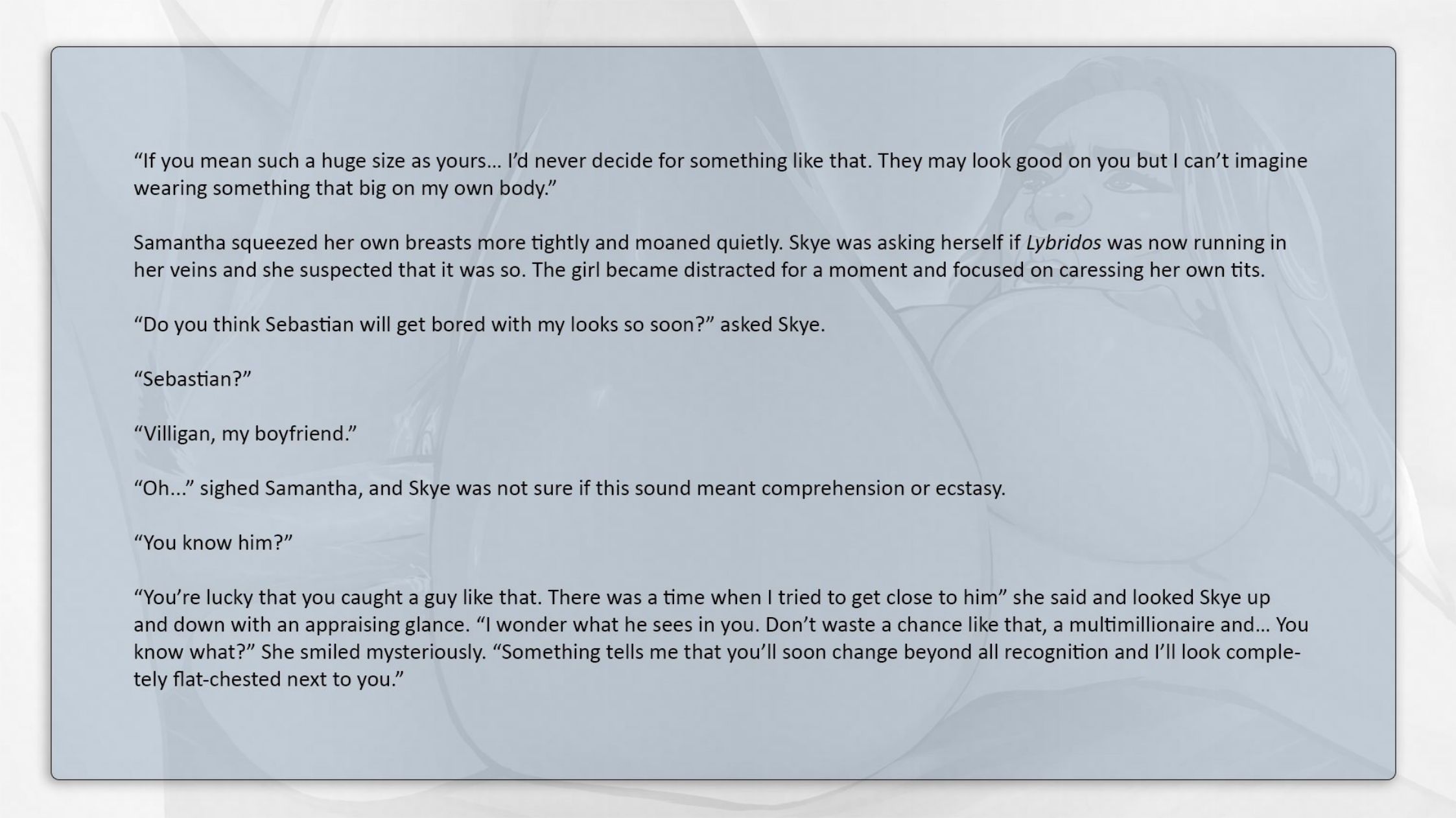
Skye hesitated but then she took them and hid them in her wallet.

“You’ll see, it works wonders. And when you enlarge your buttocks and tits...”

“But I already have breast implants and...”

Samantha burst out laughing.

“This?” she pointed at Skye’s tits. “This is nothing, your guy will get bored with them in a month. I meant a reasonable size.”



“If you mean such a huge size as yours... I’d never decide for something like that. They may look good on you but I can’t imagine wearing something that big on my own body.”

Samantha squeezed her own breasts more tightly and moaned quietly. Skye was asking herself if *Lybridos* was now running in her veins and she suspected that it was so. The girl became distracted for a moment and focused on caressing her own tits.

“Do you think Sebastian will get bored with my looks so soon?” asked Skye.

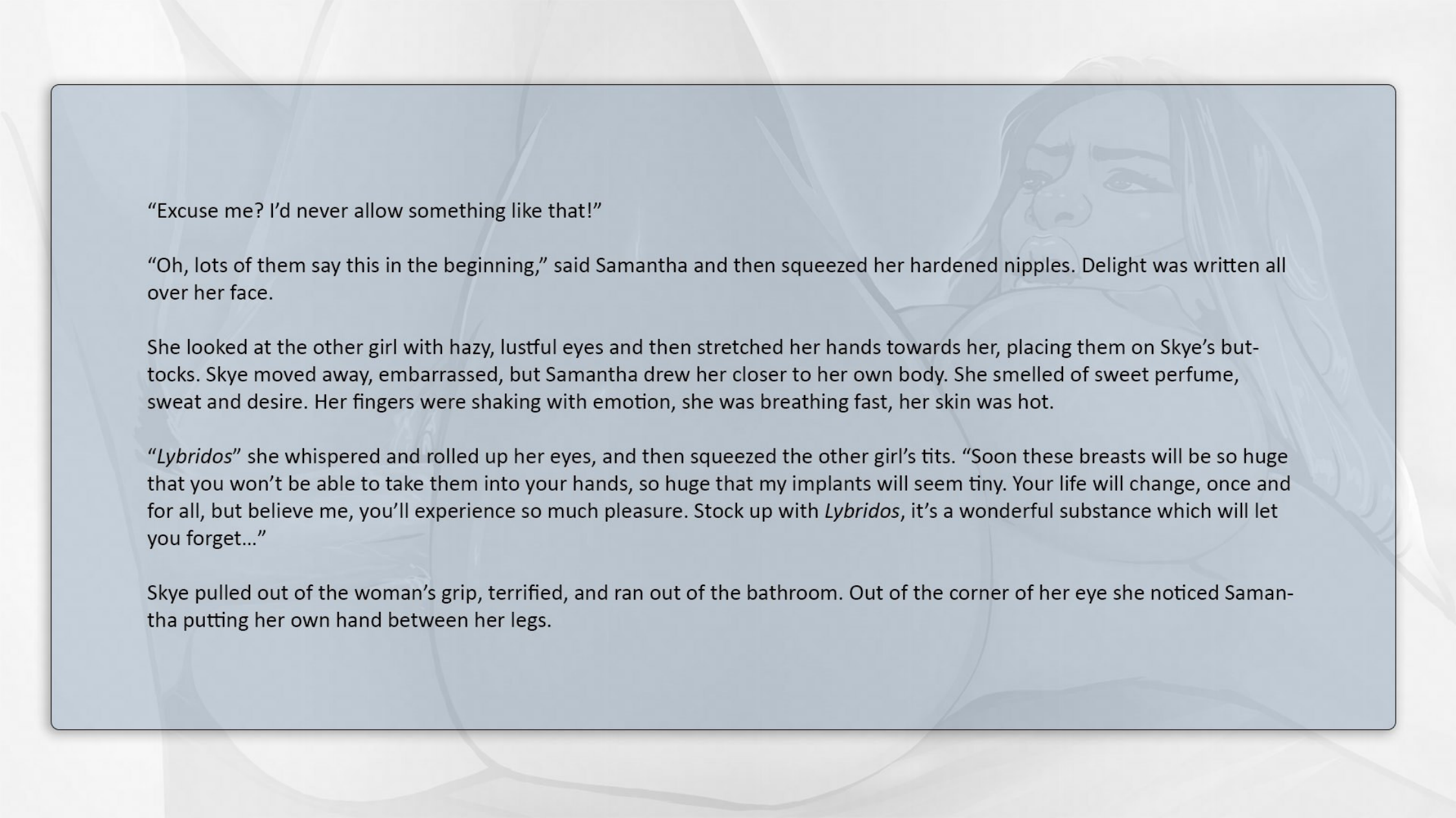
“Sebastian?”

“Villigan, my boyfriend.”

“Oh...” sighed Samantha, and Skye was not sure if this sound meant comprehension or ecstasy.

“You know him?”

“You’re lucky that you caught a guy like that. There was a time when I tried to get close to him” she said and looked Skye up and down with an appraising glance. “I wonder what he sees in you. Don’t waste a chance like that, a multimillionaire and... You know what?” She smiled mysteriously. “Something tells me that you’ll soon change beyond all recognition and I’ll look completely flat-chested next to you.”



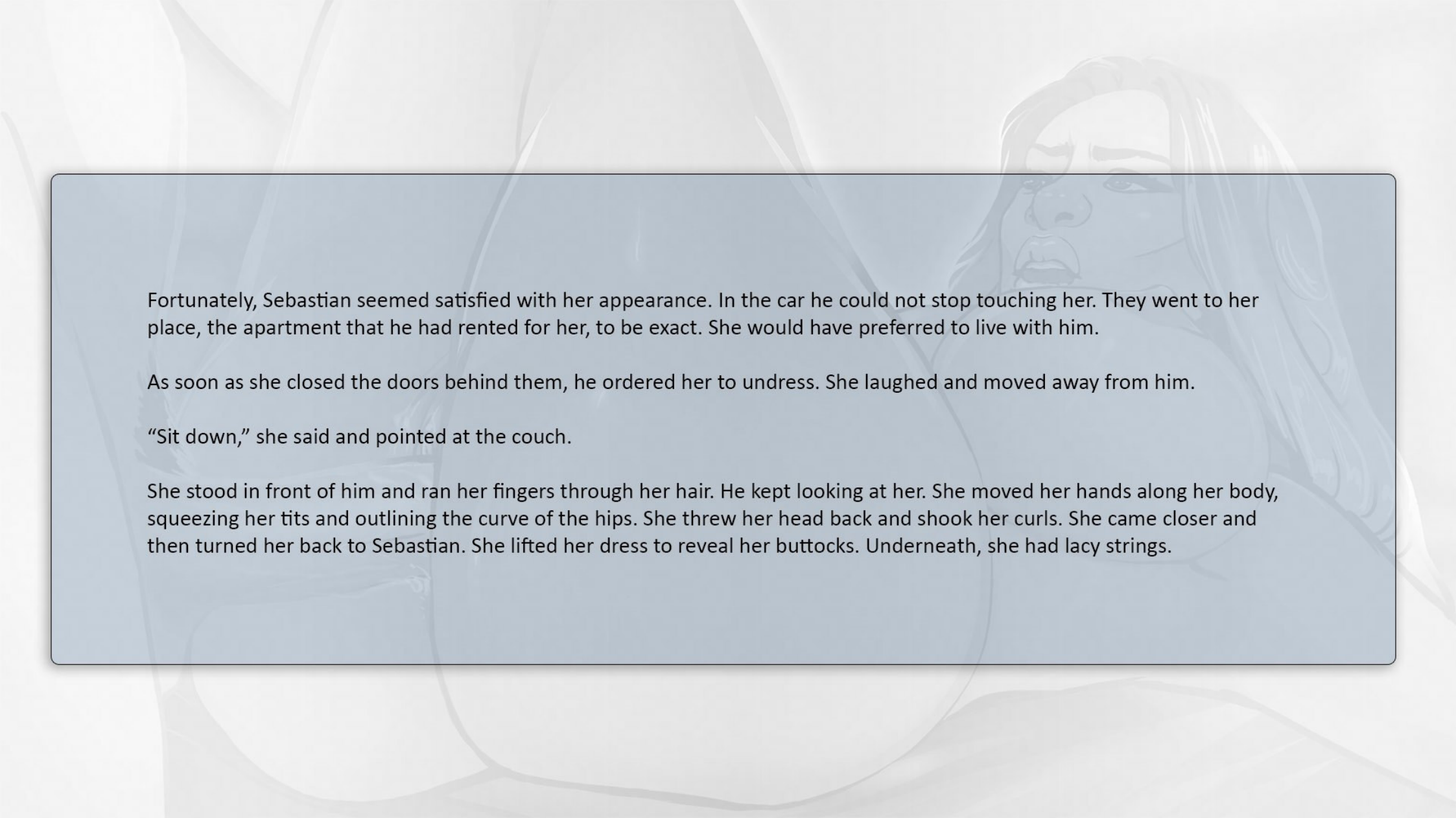
“Excuse me? I’d never allow something like that!”

“Oh, lots of them say this in the beginning,” said Samantha and then squeezed her hardened nipples. Delight was written all over her face.

She looked at the other girl with hazy, lustful eyes and then stretched her hands towards her, placing them on Skye’s buttocks. Skye moved away, embarrassed, but Samantha drew her closer to her own body. She smelled of sweet perfume, sweat and desire. Her fingers were shaking with emotion, she was breathing fast, her skin was hot.

“*Lybridos*” she whispered and rolled up her eyes, and then squeezed the other girl’s tits. “Soon these breasts will be so huge that you won’t be able to take them into your hands, so huge that my implants will seem tiny. Your life will change, once and for all, but believe me, you’ll experience so much pleasure. Stock up with *Lybridos*, it’s a wonderful substance which will let you forget...”

Skye pulled out of the woman’s grip, terrified, and ran out of the bathroom. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed Samantha putting her own hand between her legs.



Fortunately, Sebastian seemed satisfied with her appearance. In the car he could not stop touching her. They went to her place, the apartment that he had rented for her, to be exact. She would have preferred to live with him.

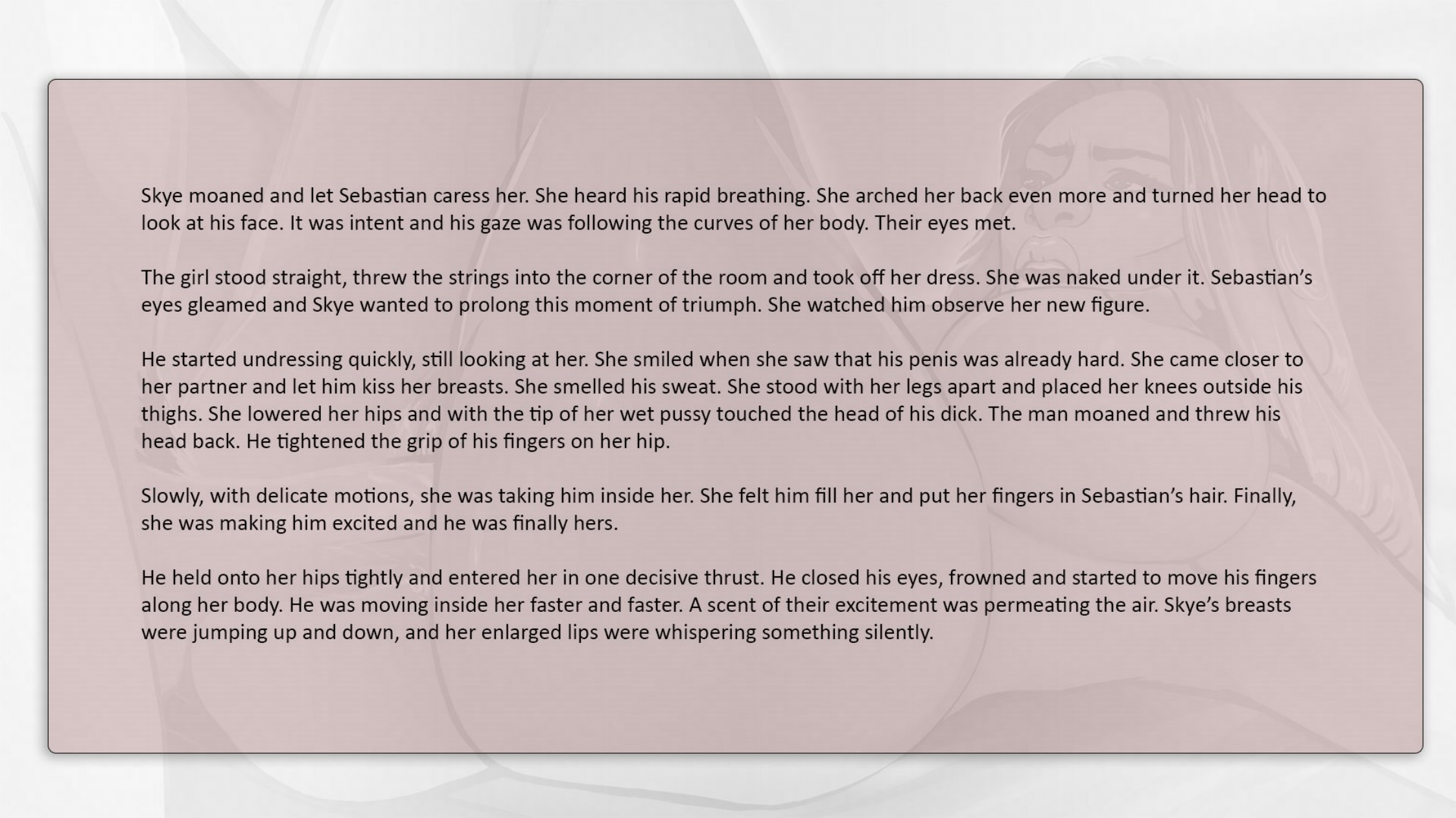
As soon as she closed the doors behind them, he ordered her to undress. She laughed and moved away from him.

“Sit down,” she said and pointed at the couch.

She stood in front of him and ran her fingers through her hair. He kept looking at her. She moved her hands along her body, squeezing her tits and outlining the curve of the hips. She threw her head back and shook her curls. She came closer and then turned her back to Sebastian. She lifted her dress to reveal her buttocks. Underneath, she had lacy strings.



The man reached for them, pulled the straps and slid them all the way down to her ankles. He caressed the girl's smooth skin, squeezed her buttocks, wonderfully round and much wider than her waistline. He slid his hand between her thighs and touched her womanhood. He found exquisite delight in its warmth and wetness.



Skye moaned and let Sebastian caress her. She heard his rapid breathing. She arched her back even more and turned her head to look at his face. It was intent and his gaze was following the curves of her body. Their eyes met.

The girl stood straight, threw the strings into the corner of the room and took off her dress. She was naked under it. Sebastian's eyes gleamed and Skye wanted to prolong this moment of triumph. She watched him observe her new figure.

He started undressing quickly, still looking at her. She smiled when she saw that his penis was already hard. She came closer to her partner and let him kiss her breasts. She smelled his sweat. She stood with her legs apart and placed her knees outside his thighs. She lowered her hips and with the tip of her wet pussy touched the head of his dick. The man moaned and threw his head back. He tightened the grip of his fingers on her hip.

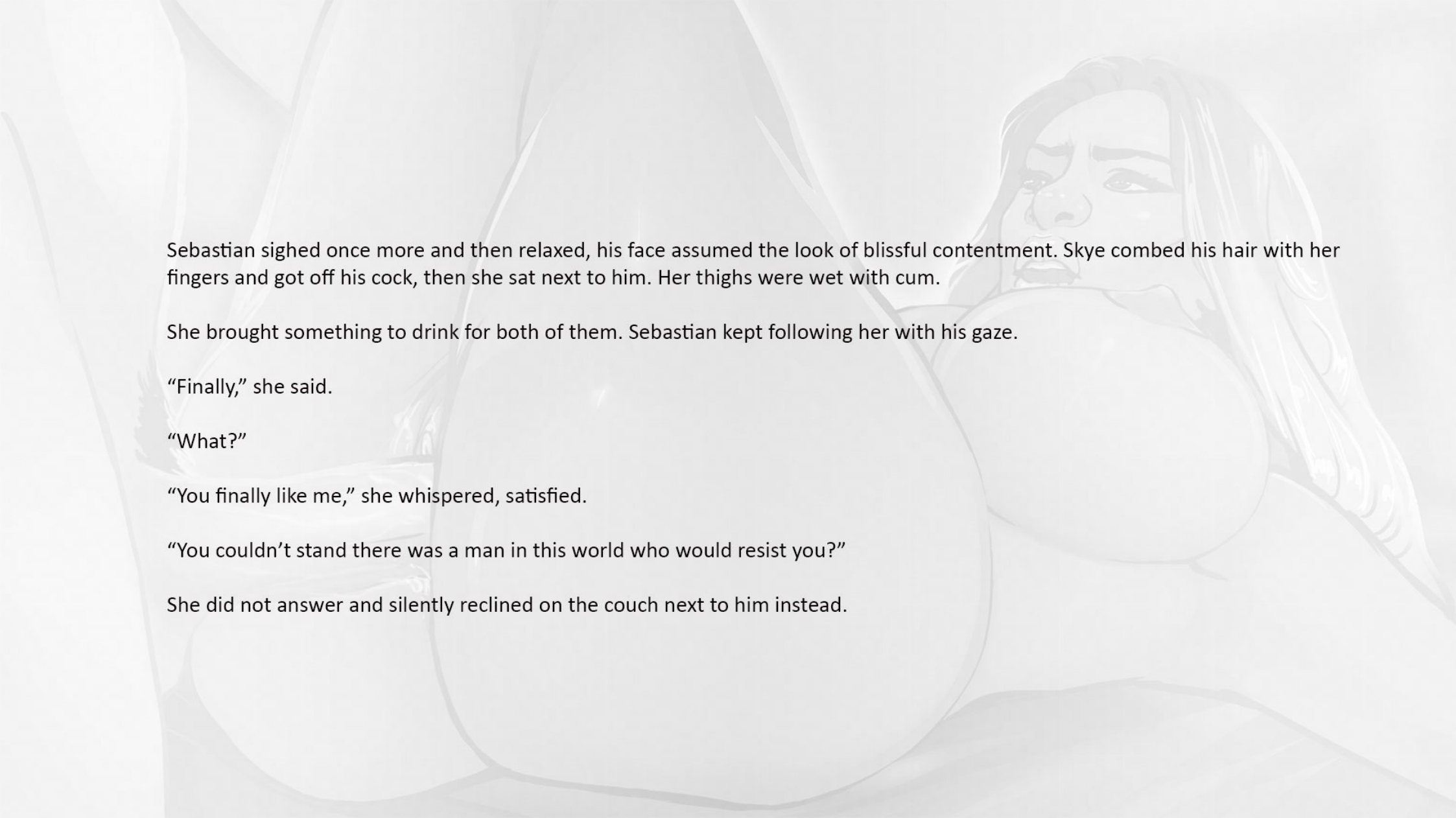
Slowly, with delicate motions, she was taking him inside her. She felt him fill her and put her fingers in Sebastian's hair. Finally, she was making him excited and he was finally hers.

He held onto her hips tightly and entered her in one decisive thrust. He closed his eyes, frowned and started to move his fingers along her body. He was moving inside her faster and faster. A scent of their excitement was permeating the air. Skye's breasts were jumping up and down, and her enlarged lips were whispering something silently.

Their cries were getting louder and louder, sweat covered their bodies. They were moving fast, moving rapidly, as if they were both chasing something. Skye rubbed her swollen clit with her fingers and kissed Sebastian, pushing her tongue deep into his throat.

They came together. Skye felt his fingernails digging into her skin, his dick deep inside her and hot sperm flowing into her.





Sebastian sighed once more and then relaxed, his face assumed the look of blissful contentment. Skye combed his hair with her fingers and got off his cock, then she sat next to him. Her thighs were wet with cum.

She brought something to drink for both of them. Sebastian kept following her with his gaze.

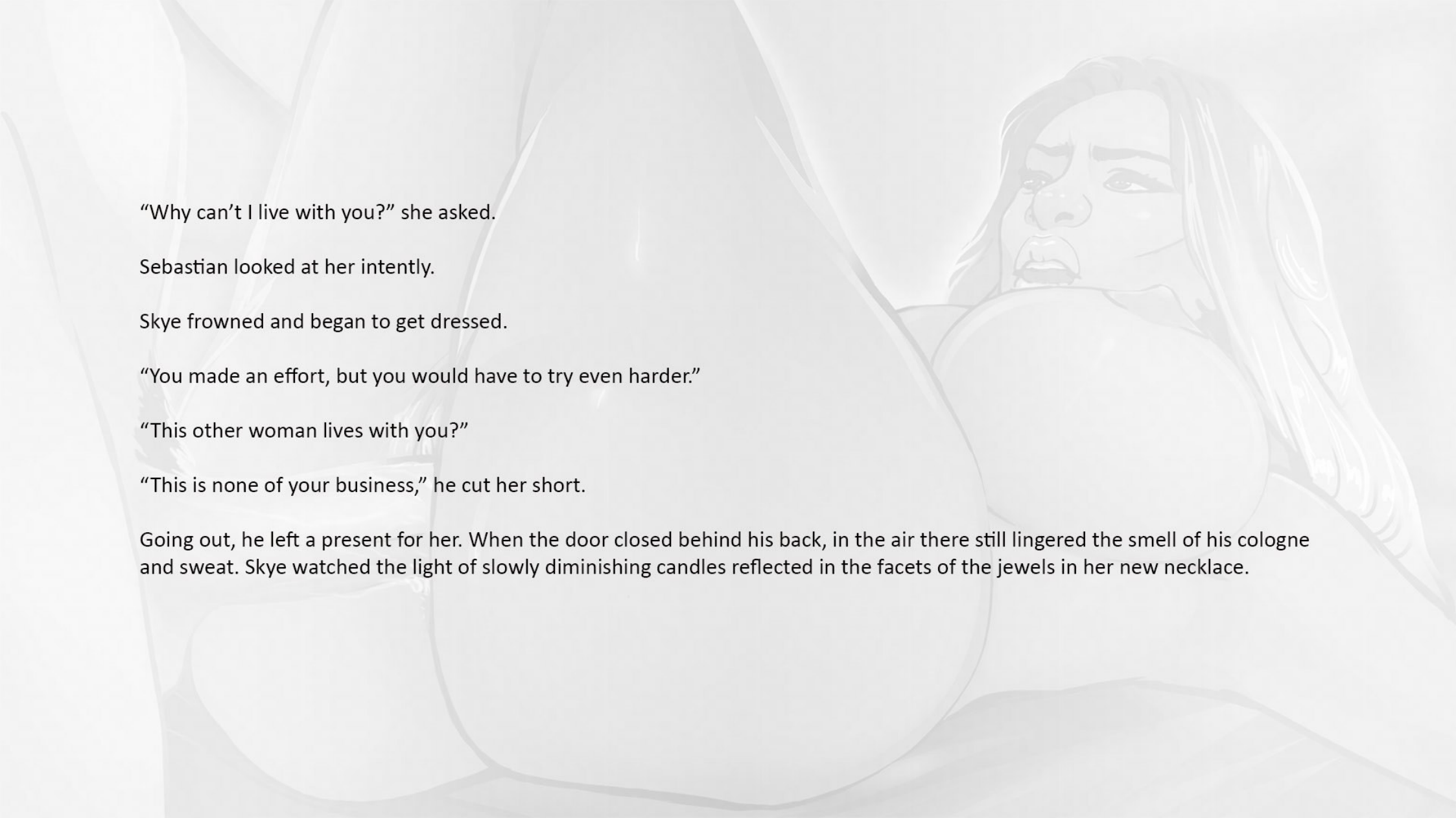
“Finally,” she said.

“What?”

“You finally like me,” she whispered, satisfied.

“You couldn’t stand there was a man in this world who would resist you?”

She did not answer and silently reclined on the couch next to him instead.



“Why can’t I live with you?” she asked.

Sebastian looked at her intently.

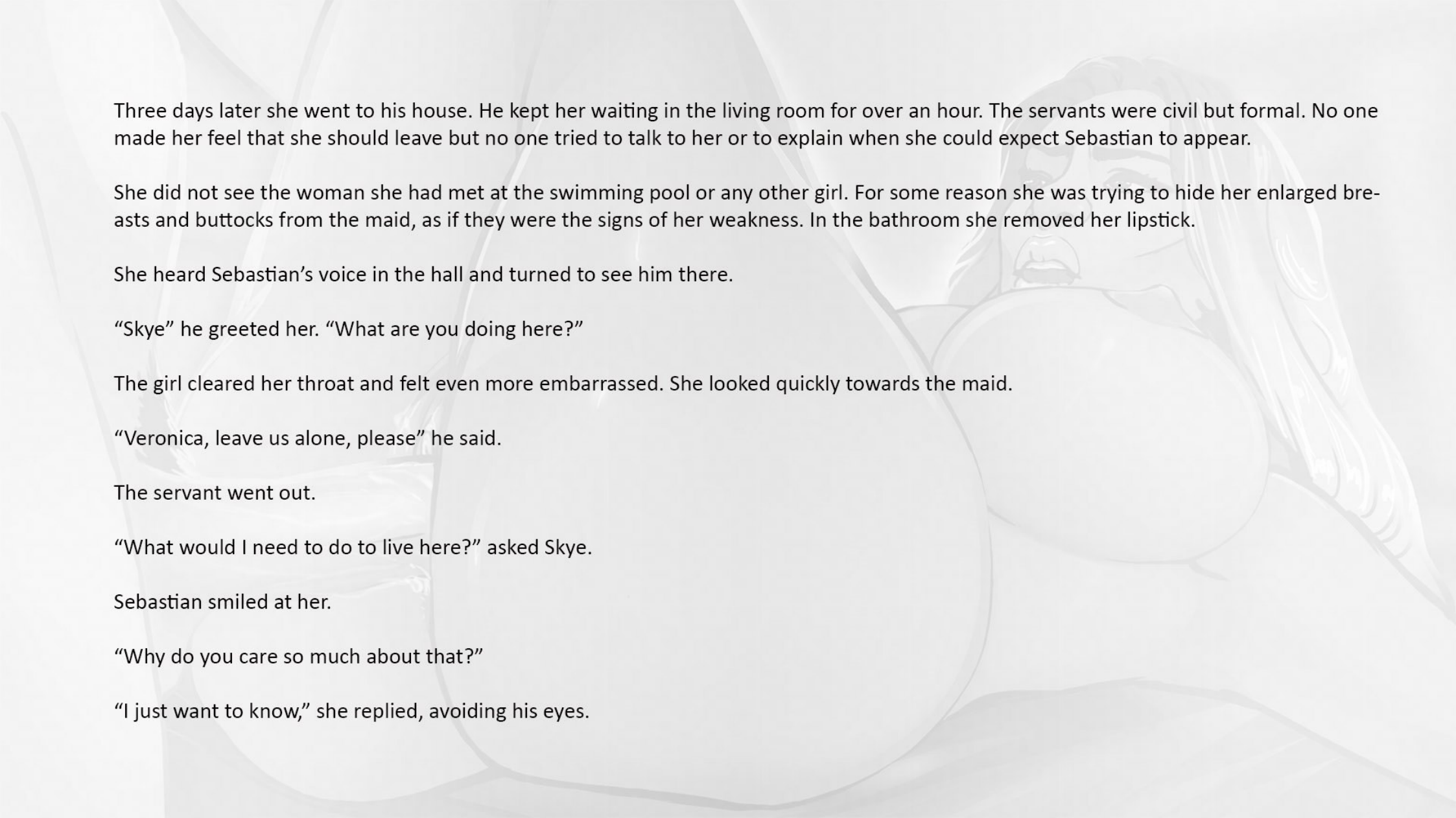
Skye frowned and began to get dressed.

“You made an effort, but you would have to try even harder.”

“This other woman lives with you?”

“This is none of your business,” he cut her short.

Going out, he left a present for her. When the door closed behind his back, in the air there still lingered the smell of his cologne and sweat. Skye watched the light of slowly diminishing candles reflected in the facets of the jewels in her new necklace.



Three days later she went to his house. He kept her waiting in the living room for over an hour. The servants were civil but formal. No one made her feel that she should leave but no one tried to talk to her or to explain when she could expect Sebastian to appear.

She did not see the woman she had met at the swimming pool or any other girl. For some reason she was trying to hide her enlarged breasts and buttocks from the maid, as if they were the signs of her weakness. In the bathroom she removed her lipstick.

She heard Sebastian's voice in the hall and turned to see him there.

"Skye" he greeted her. "What are you doing here?"

The girl cleared her throat and felt even more embarrassed. She looked quickly towards the maid.

"Veronica, leave us alone, please" he said.

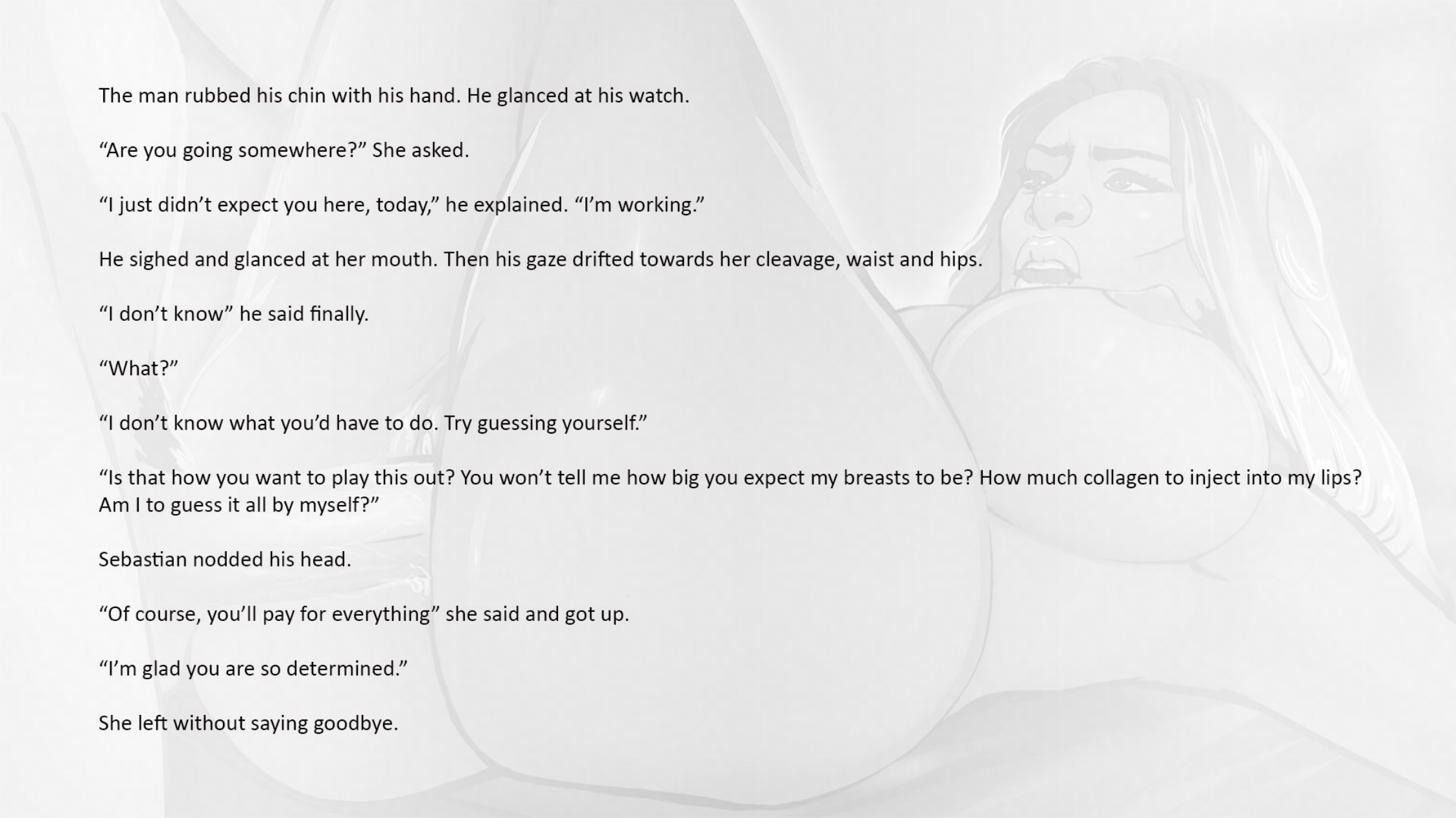
The servant went out.

"What would I need to do to live here?" asked Skye.

Sebastian smiled at her.

"Why do you care so much about that?"

"I just want to know," she replied, avoiding his eyes.



The man rubbed his chin with his hand. He glanced at his watch.

“Are you going somewhere?” She asked.

“I just didn’t expect you here, today,” he explained. “I’m working.”

He sighed and glanced at her mouth. Then his gaze drifted towards her cleavage, waist and hips.

“I don’t know” he said finally.

“What?”

“I don’t know what you’d have to do. Try guessing yourself.”

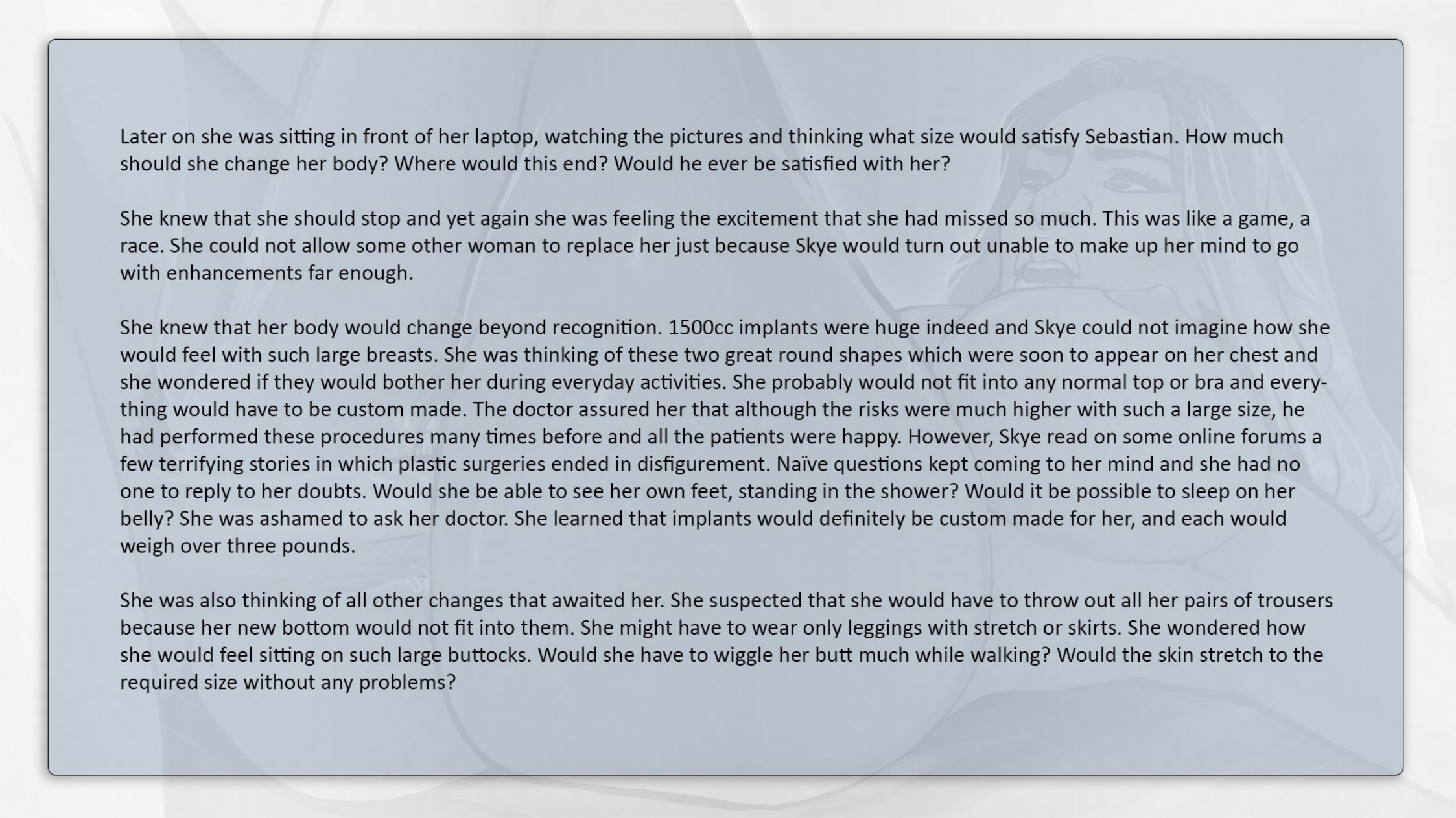
“Is that how you want to play this out? You won’t tell me how big you expect my breasts to be? How much collagen to inject into my lips? Am I to guess it all by myself?”

Sebastian nodded his head.

“Of course, you’ll pay for everything” she said and got up.

“I’m glad you are so determined.”

She left without saying goodbye.

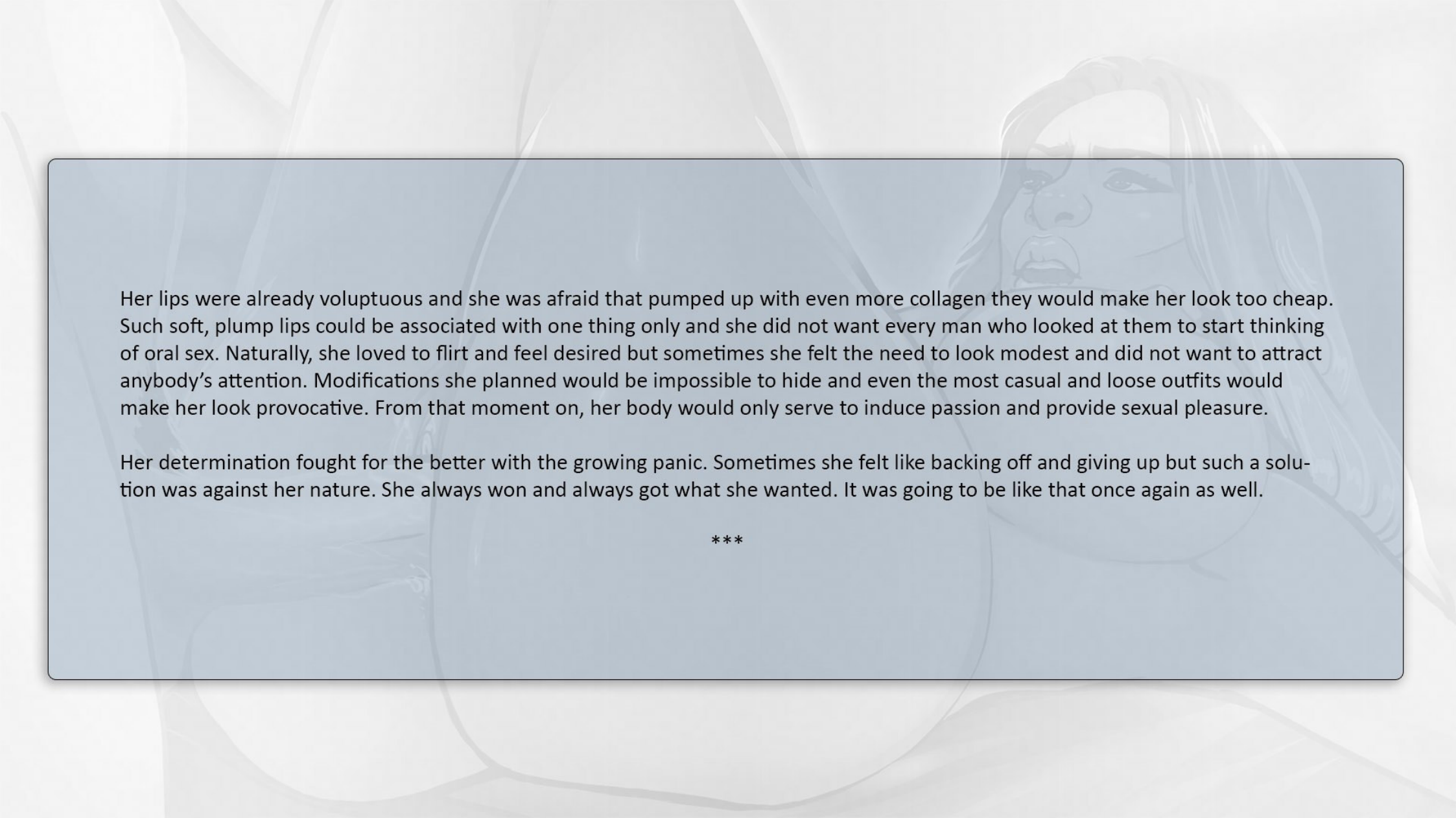


Later on she was sitting in front of her laptop, watching the pictures and thinking what size would satisfy Sebastian. How much should she change her body? Where would this end? Would he ever be satisfied with her?

She knew that she should stop and yet again she was feeling the excitement that she had missed so much. This was like a game, a race. She could not allow some other woman to replace her just because Skye would turn out unable to make up her mind to go with enhancements far enough.

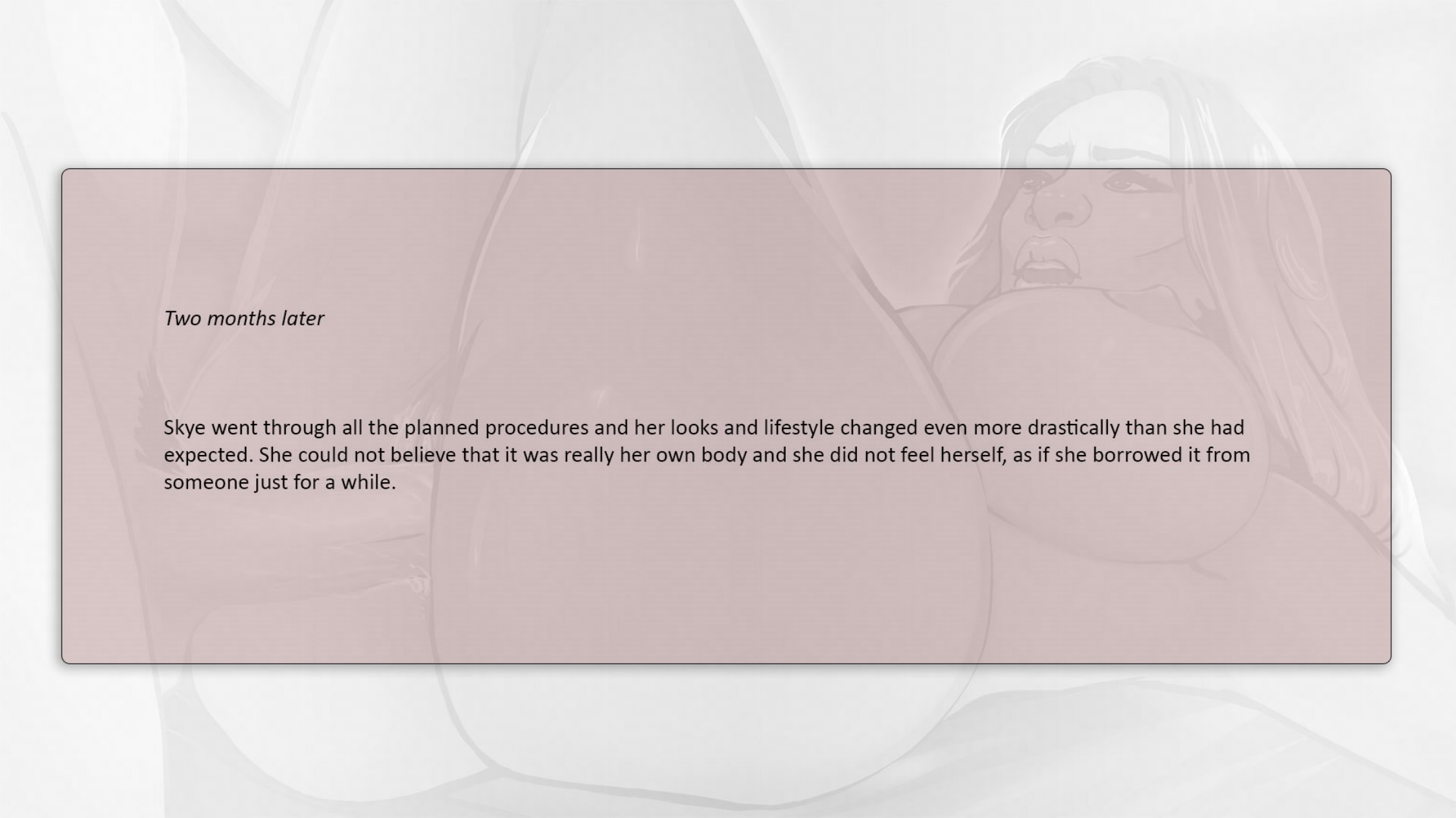
She knew that her body would change beyond recognition. 1500cc implants were huge indeed and Skye could not imagine how she would feel with such large breasts. She was thinking of these two great round shapes which were soon to appear on her chest and she wondered if they would bother her during everyday activities. She probably would not fit into any normal top or bra and everything would have to be custom made. The doctor assured her that although the risks were much higher with such a large size, he had performed these procedures many times before and all the patients were happy. However, Skye read on some online forums a few terrifying stories in which plastic surgeries ended in disfigurement. Naïve questions kept coming to her mind and she had no one to reply to her doubts. Would she be able to see her own feet, standing in the shower? Would it be possible to sleep on her belly? She was ashamed to ask her doctor. She learned that implants would definitely be custom made for her, and each would weigh over three pounds.

She was also thinking of all other changes that awaited her. She suspected that she would have to throw out all her pairs of trousers because her new bottom would not fit into them. She might have to wear only leggings with stretch or skirts. She wondered how she would feel sitting on such large buttocks. Would she have to wiggle her butt much while walking? Would the skin stretch to the required size without any problems?



Her lips were already voluptuous and she was afraid that pumped up with even more collagen they would make her look too cheap. Such soft, plump lips could be associated with one thing only and she did not want every man who looked at them to start thinking of oral sex. Naturally, she loved to flirt and feel desired but sometimes she felt the need to look modest and did not want to attract anybody's attention. Modifications she planned would be impossible to hide and even the most casual and loose outfits would make her look provocative. From that moment on, her body would only serve to induce passion and provide sexual pleasure.

Her determination fought for the better with the growing panic. Sometimes she felt like backing off and giving up but such a solution was against her nature. She always won and always got what she wanted. It was going to be like that once again as well.

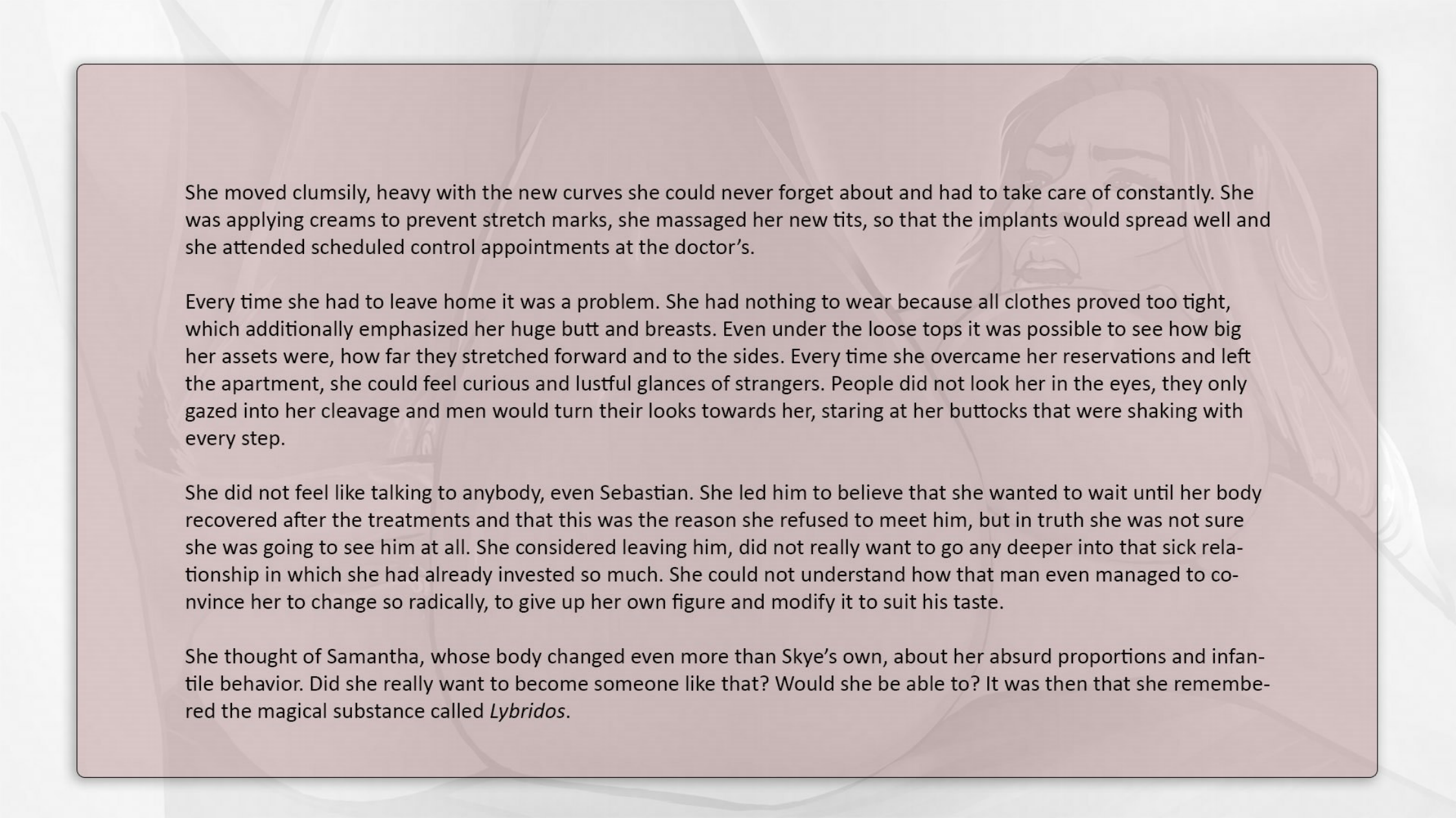


Two months later

Skye went through all the planned procedures and her looks and lifestyle changed even more drastically than she had expected. She could not believe that it was really her own body and she did not feel herself, as if she borrowed it from someone just for a while.

Looking into the mirror she could no longer see her own image but a sexual object with exaggerated proportions: huge tits that exploded out of her old tops, perky, rounded bottom and thick collagen lips that were just too plump.



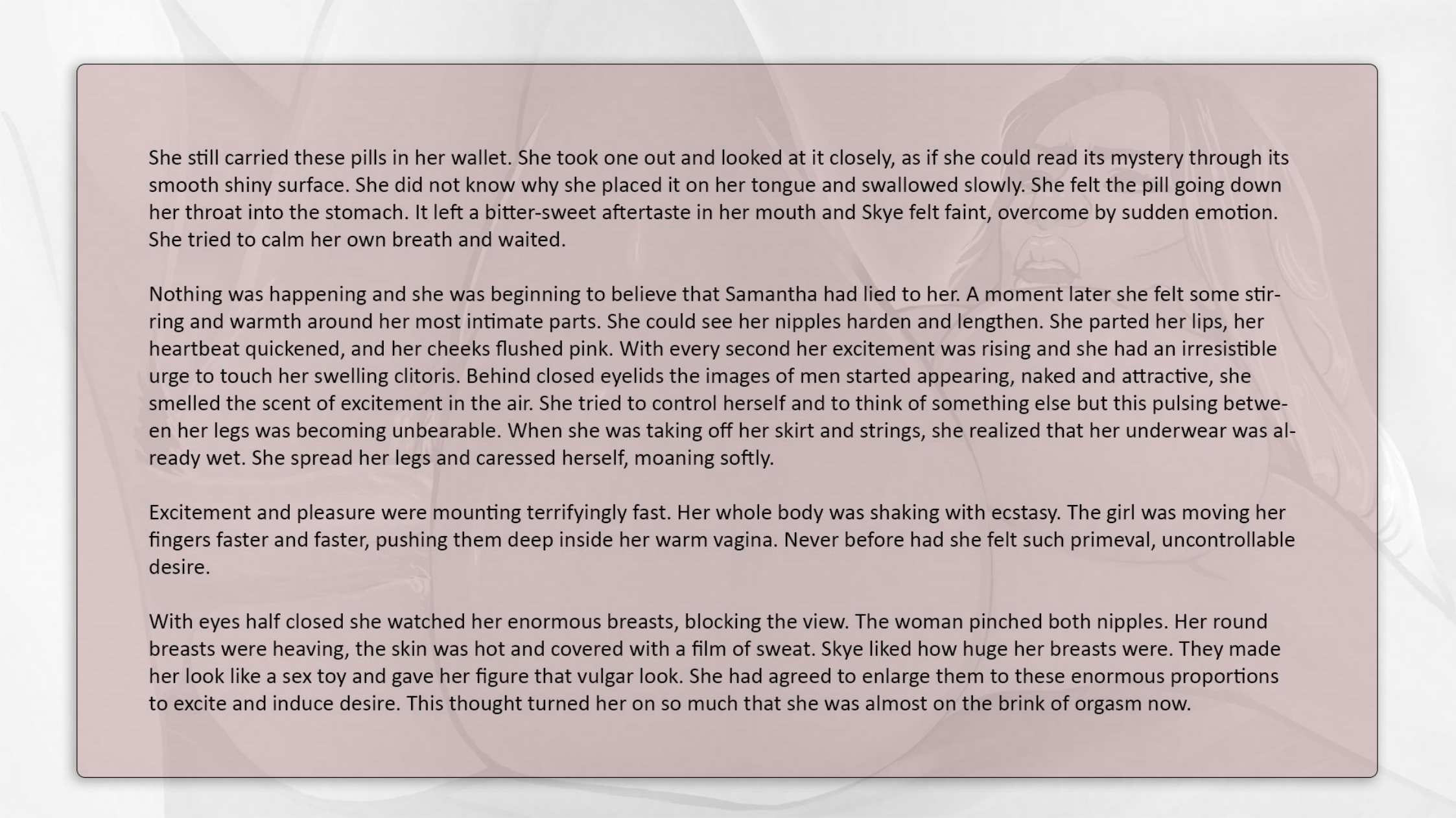


She moved clumsily, heavy with the new curves she could never forget about and had to take care of constantly. She was applying creams to prevent stretch marks, she massaged her new tits, so that the implants would spread well and she attended scheduled control appointments at the doctor's.

Every time she had to leave home it was a problem. She had nothing to wear because all clothes proved too tight, which additionally emphasized her huge butt and breasts. Even under the loose tops it was possible to see how big her assets were, how far they stretched forward and to the sides. Every time she overcame her reservations and left the apartment, she could feel curious and lustful glances of strangers. People did not look her in the eyes, they only gazed into her cleavage and men would turn their looks towards her, staring at her buttocks that were shaking with every step.

She did not feel like talking to anybody, even Sebastian. She led him to believe that she wanted to wait until her body recovered after the treatments and that this was the reason she refused to meet him, but in truth she was not sure she was going to see him at all. She considered leaving him, did not really want to go any deeper into that sick relationship in which she had already invested so much. She could not understand how that man even managed to convince her to change so radically, to give up her own figure and modify it to suit his taste.

She thought of Samantha, whose body changed even more than Skye's own, about her absurd proportions and infantile behavior. Did she really want to become someone like that? Would she be able to? It was then that she remembered the magical substance called *Lybridos*.



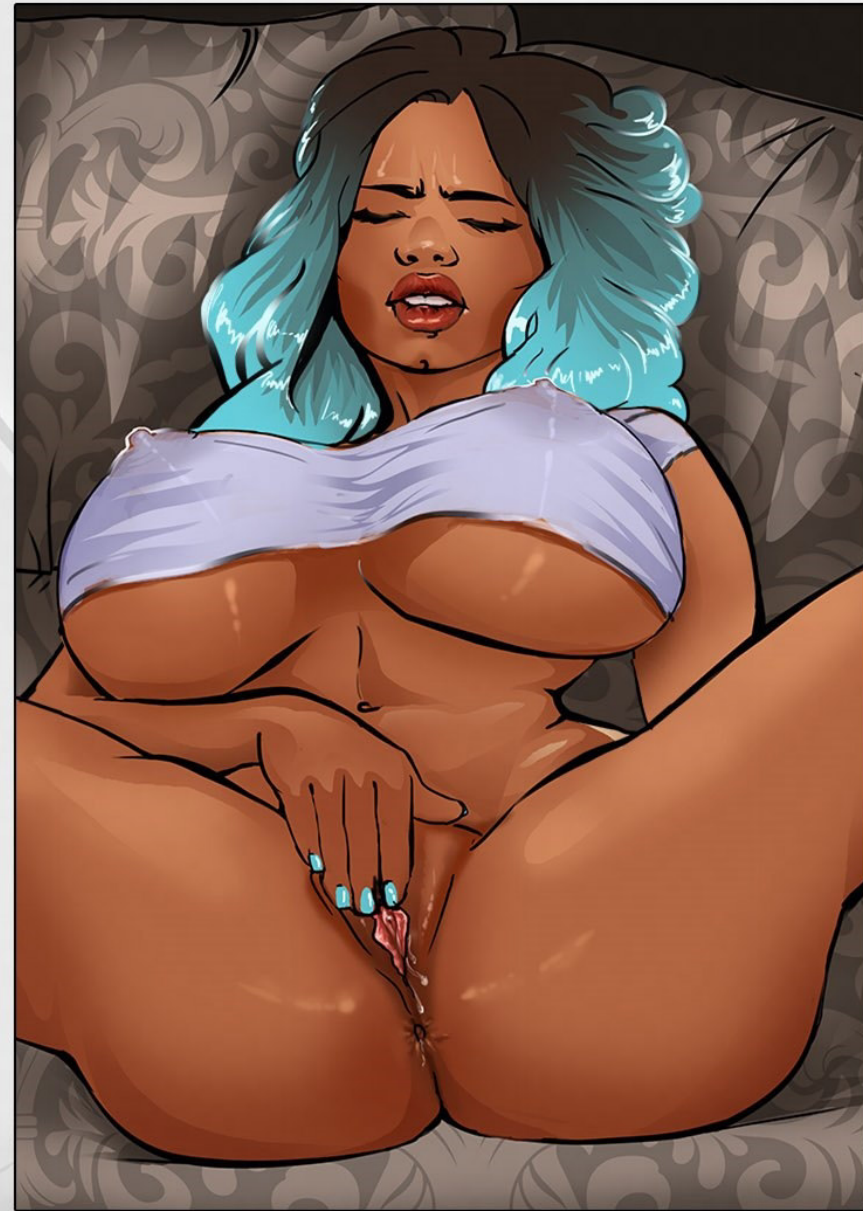
She still carried these pills in her wallet. She took one out and looked at it closely, as if she could read its mystery through its smooth shiny surface. She did not know why she placed it on her tongue and swallowed slowly. She felt the pill going down her throat into the stomach. It left a bitter-sweet aftertaste in her mouth and Skye felt faint, overcome by sudden emotion. She tried to calm her own breath and waited.

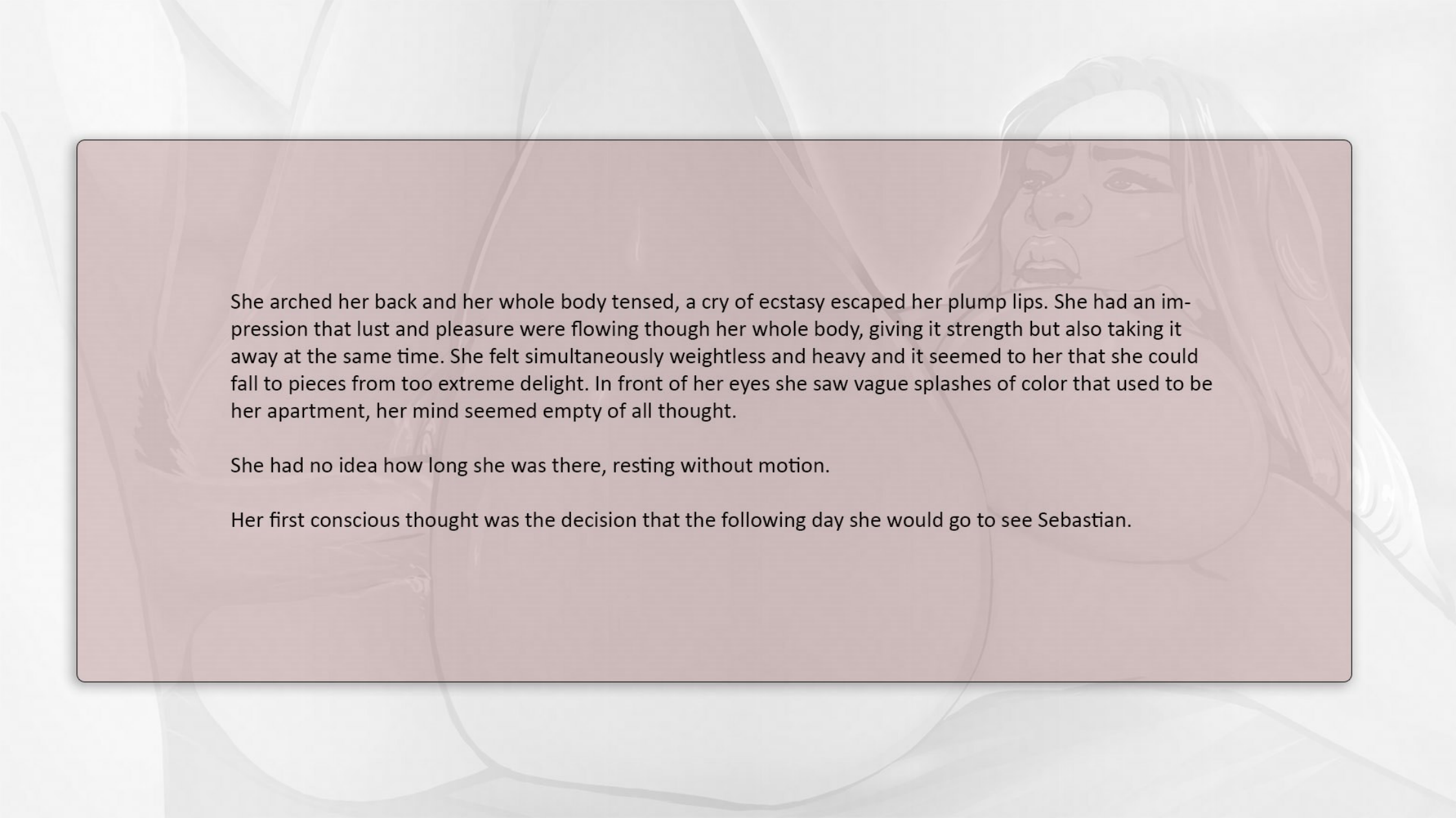
Nothing was happening and she was beginning to believe that Samantha had lied to her. A moment later she felt some stirring and warmth around her most intimate parts. She could see her nipples harden and lengthen. She parted her lips, her heartbeat quickened, and her cheeks flushed pink. With every second her excitement was rising and she had an irresistible urge to touch her swelling clitoris. Behind closed eyelids the images of men started appearing, naked and attractive, she smelled the scent of excitement in the air. She tried to control herself and to think of something else but this pulsing between her legs was becoming unbearable. When she was taking off her skirt and strings, she realized that her underwear was already wet. She spread her legs and caressed herself, moaning softly.

Excitement and pleasure were mounting terrifyingly fast. Her whole body was shaking with ecstasy. The girl was moving her fingers faster and faster, pushing them deep inside her warm vagina. Never before had she felt such primeval, uncontrollable desire.

With eyes half closed she watched her enormous breasts, blocking the view. The woman pinched both nipples. Her round breasts were heaving, the skin was hot and covered with a film of sweat. Skye liked how huge her breasts were. They made her look like a sex toy and gave her figure that vulgar look. She had agreed to enlarge them to these enormous proportions to excite and induce desire. This thought turned her on so much that she was almost on the brink of orgasm now.

She licked her plump lips, ideal for blow jobs, and felt sorry that there was no man at her side. She wanted to close these lips around a hardened cock, suck it and taste sperm in her mouth. She moved her hand lower and squeezed her huge, round buttock, which was flattening under her hips. She dreamed of Sebastian grappling that great butt of hers and wanted him to use her any way he desired. She wanted to become his princess, his fantasy, with modified body and mind that would be filled only with erotic fantasies. She imagined how she would fuck with Sebastian in his mansion, how her breasts and buttocks would jump in sync with his thrusts, how he would satisfy her pulsing cunt.





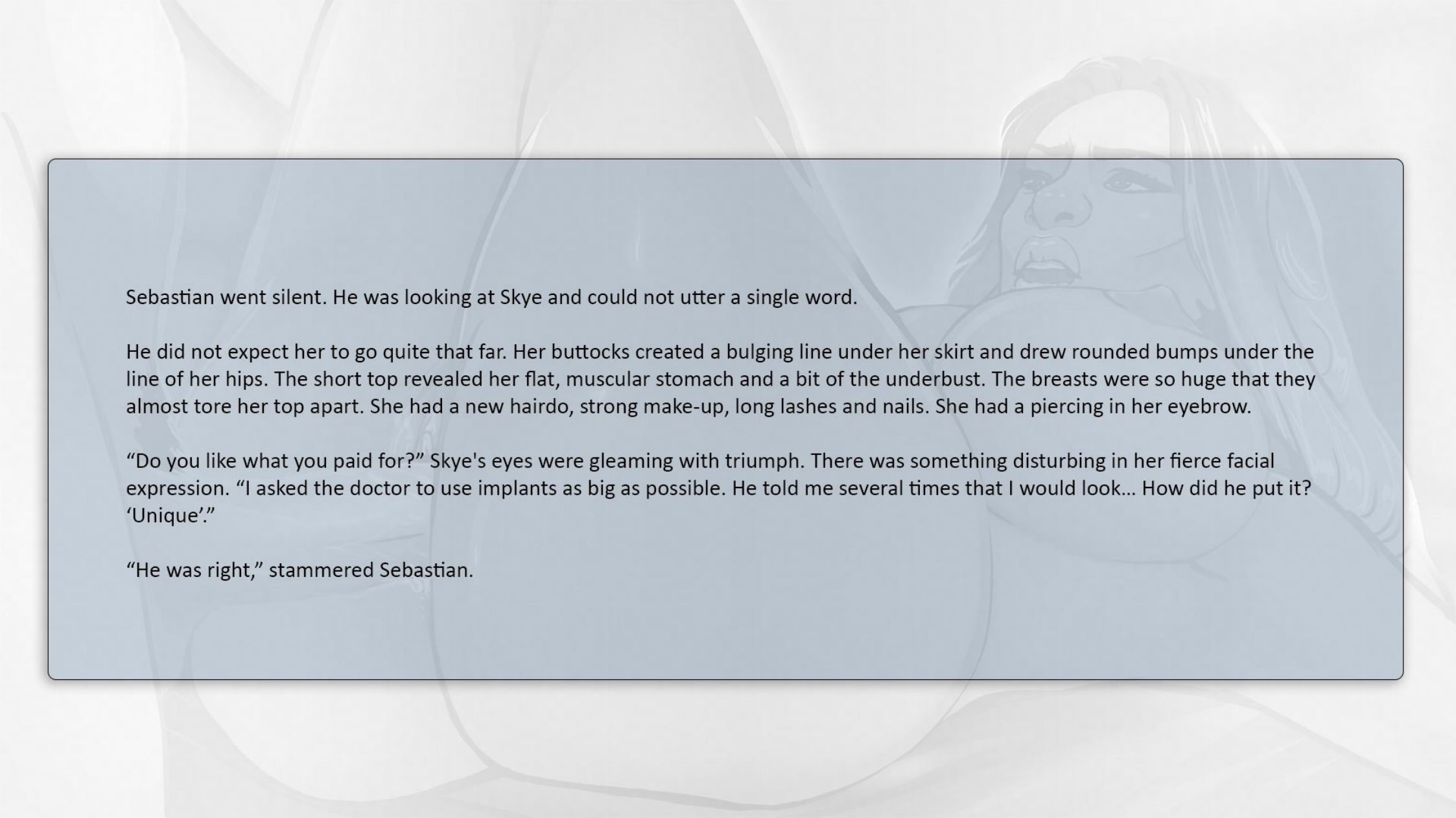
She arched her back and her whole body tensed, a cry of ecstasy escaped her plump lips. She had an impression that lust and pleasure were flowing through her whole body, giving it strength but also taking it away at the same time. She felt simultaneously weightless and heavy and it seemed to her that she could fall to pieces from too extreme delight. In front of her eyes she saw vague splashes of color that used to be her apartment, her mind seemed empty of all thought.

She had no idea how long she was there, resting without motion.

Her first conscious thought was the decision that the following day she would go to see Sebastian.

Before & After



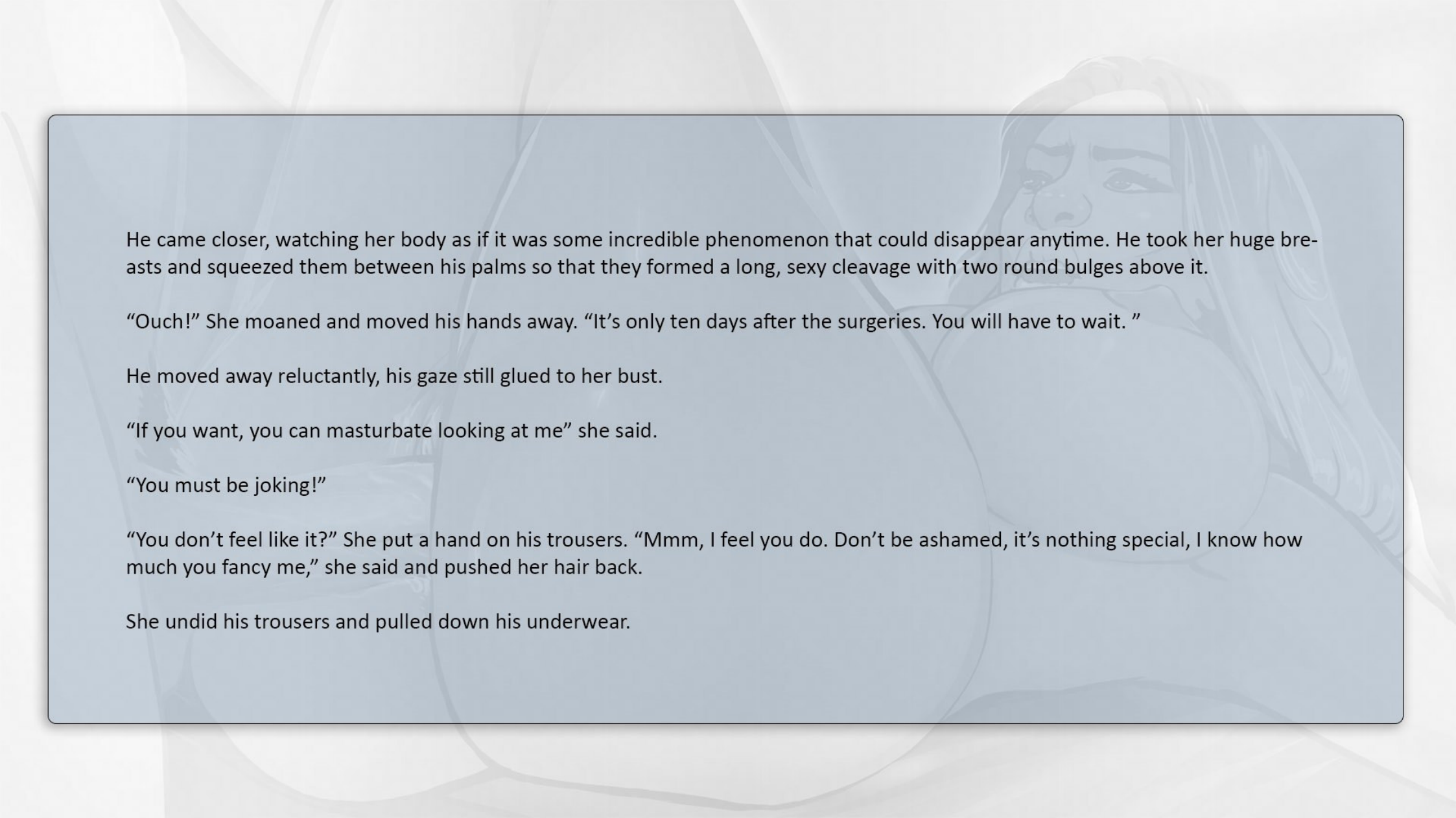


Sebastian went silent. He was looking at Skye and could not utter a single word.

He did not expect her to go quite that far. Her buttocks created a bulging line under her skirt and drew rounded bumps under the line of her hips. The short top revealed her flat, muscular stomach and a bit of the underbust. The breasts were so huge that they almost tore her top apart. She had a new hairdo, strong make-up, long lashes and nails. She had a piercing in her eyebrow.

“Do you like what you paid for?” Skye's eyes were gleaming with triumph. There was something disturbing in her fierce facial expression. “I asked the doctor to use implants as big as possible. He told me several times that I would look... How did he put it? ‘Unique’.”

“He was right,” stammered Sebastian.



He came closer, watching her body as if it was some incredible phenomenon that could disappear anytime. He took her huge breasts and squeezed them between his palms so that they formed a long, sexy cleavage with two round bulges above it.

“Ouch!” She moaned and moved his hands away. “It’s only ten days after the surgeries. You will have to wait. ”

He moved away reluctantly, his gaze still glued to her bust.

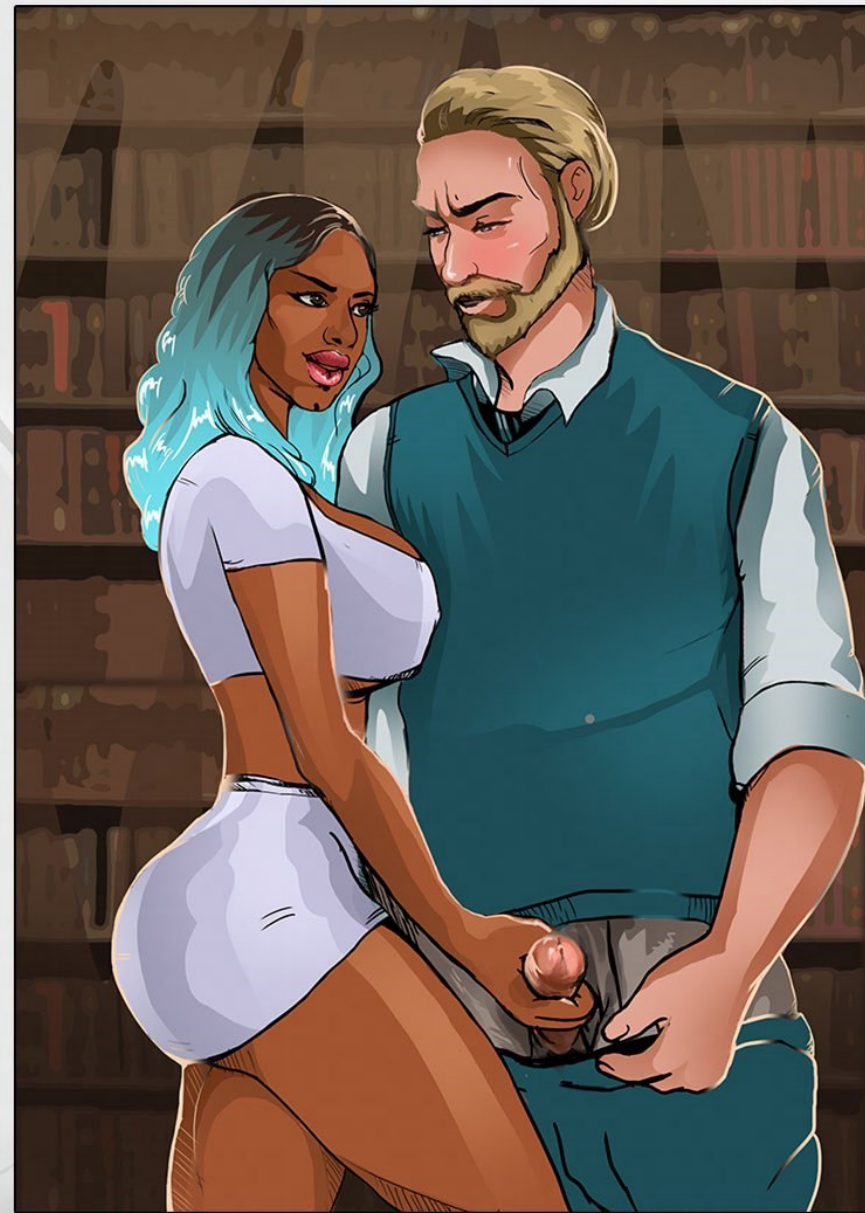
“If you want, you can masturbate looking at me” she said.

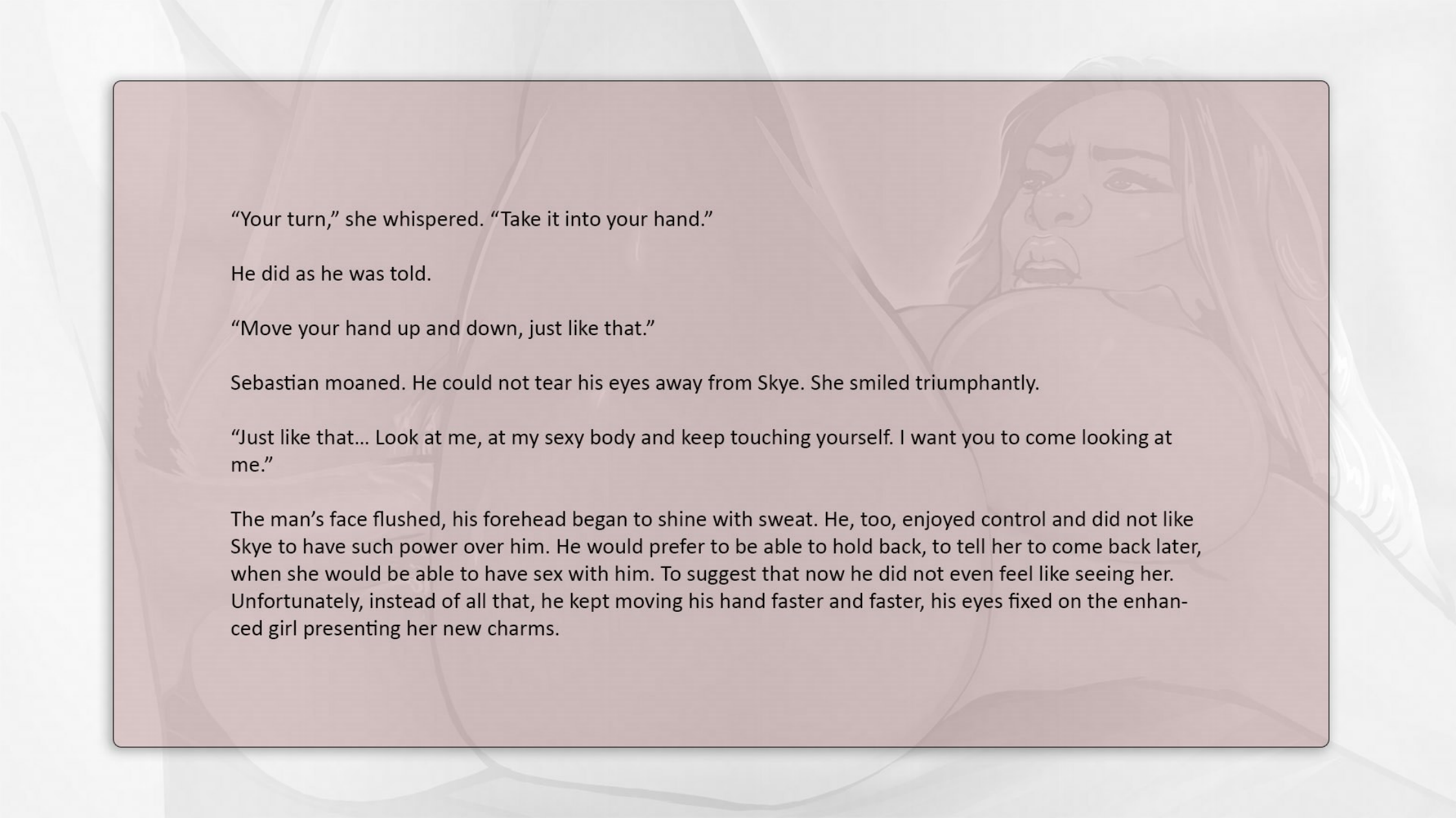
“You must be joking!”

“You don’t feel like it?” She put a hand on his trousers. “Mmm, I feel you do. Don’t be ashamed, it’s nothing special, I know how much you fancy me,” she said and pushed her hair back.

She undid his trousers and pulled down his underwear.

Her hand travelled along the whole length of his hard shaft. Sebastian watched her body hungrily. She put a finger into her mouth, wetted it with saliva, and touched his testicles.





“Your turn,” she whispered. “Take it into your hand.”

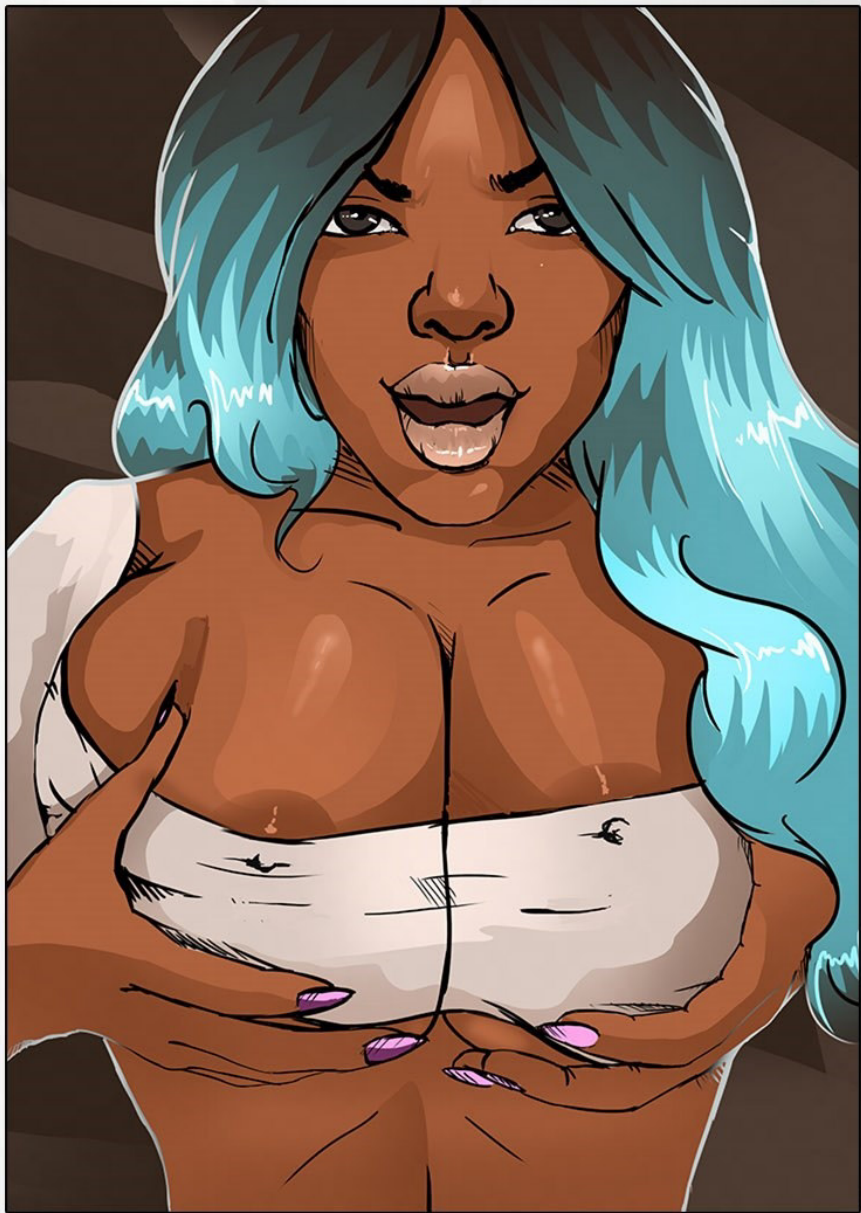
He did as he was told.

“Move your hand up and down, just like that.”

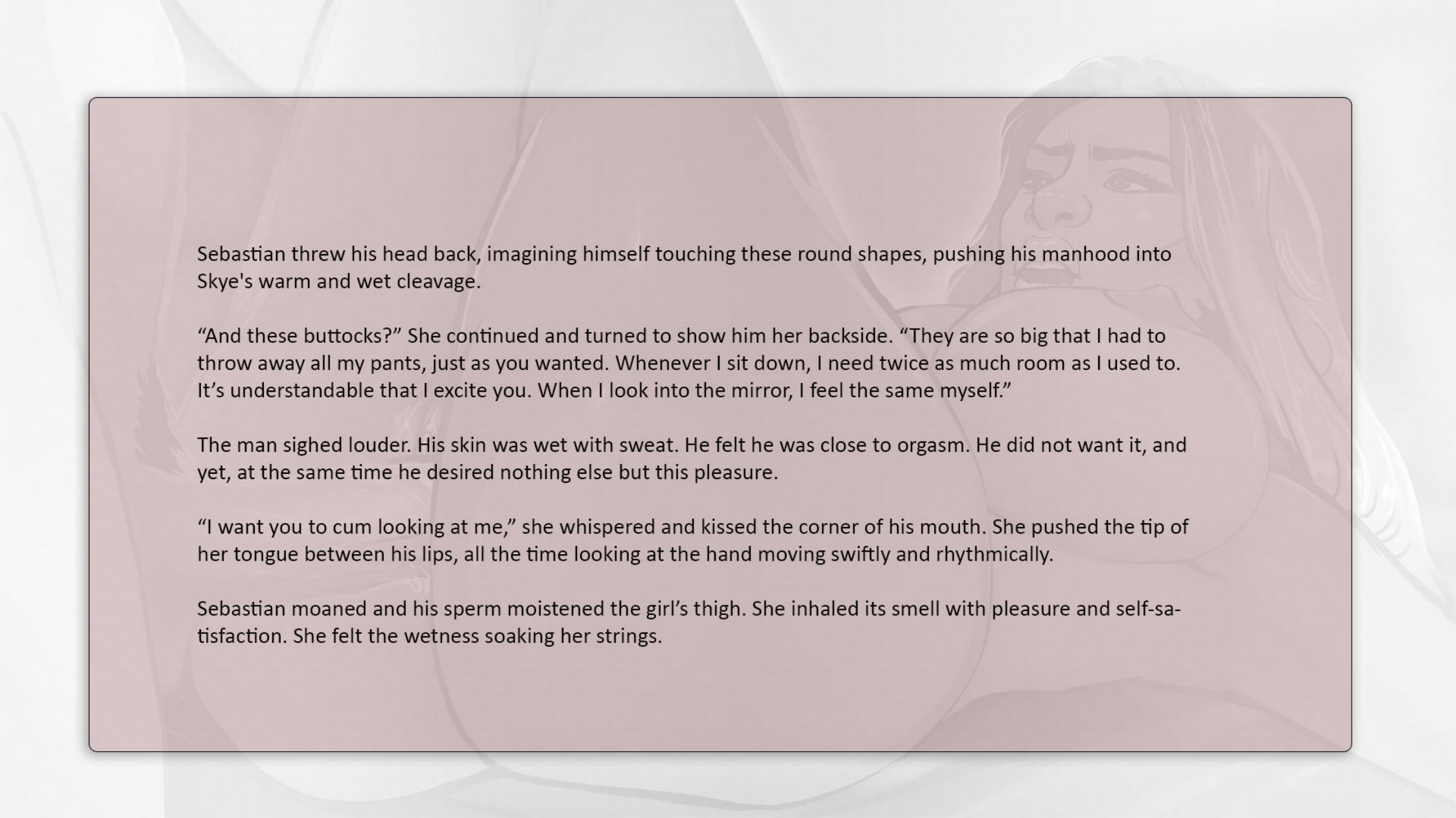
Sebastian moaned. He could not tear his eyes away from Skye. She smiled triumphantly.

“Just like that... Look at me, at my sexy body and keep touching yourself. I want you to come looking at me.”

The man’s face flushed, his forehead began to shine with sweat. He, too, enjoyed control and did not like Skye to have such power over him. He would prefer to be able to hold back, to tell her to come back later, when she would be able to have sex with him. To suggest that now he did not even feel like seeing her. Unfortunately, instead of all that, he kept moving his hand faster and faster, his eyes fixed on the enhanced girl presenting her new charms.



“You can't even imagine how heavy my breasts are now,” she sighed, taking her enhanced boobs into both hands. “I never thought they could be so big.”



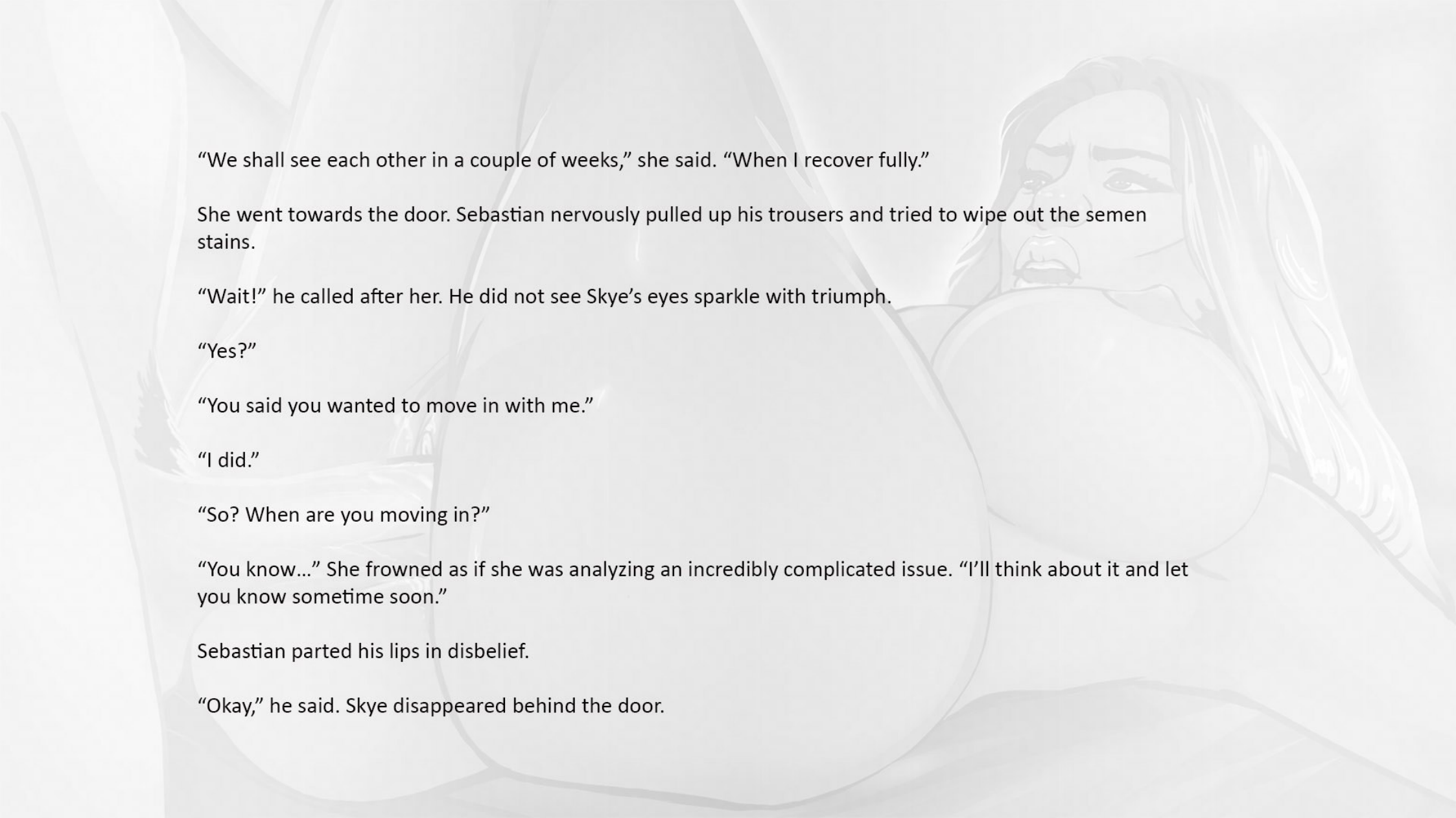
Sebastian threw his head back, imagining himself touching these round shapes, pushing his manhood into Skye's warm and wet cleavage.

“And these buttocks?” She continued and turned to show him her backside. “They are so big that I had to throw away all my pants, just as you wanted. Whenever I sit down, I need twice as much room as I used to. It’s understandable that I excite you. When I look into the mirror, I feel the same myself.”

The man sighed louder. His skin was wet with sweat. He felt he was close to orgasm. He did not want it, and yet, at the same time he desired nothing else but this pleasure.

“I want you to cum looking at me,” she whispered and kissed the corner of his mouth. She pushed the tip of her tongue between his lips, all the time looking at the hand moving swiftly and rhythmically.

Sebastian moaned and his sperm moistened the girl’s thigh. She inhaled its smell with pleasure and self-satisfaction. She felt the wetness soaking her strings.



“We shall see each other in a couple of weeks,” she said. “When I recover fully.”

She went towards the door. Sebastian nervously pulled up his trousers and tried to wipe out the semen stains.

“Wait!” he called after her. He did not see Skye’s eyes sparkle with triumph.

“Yes?”

“You said you wanted to move in with me.”

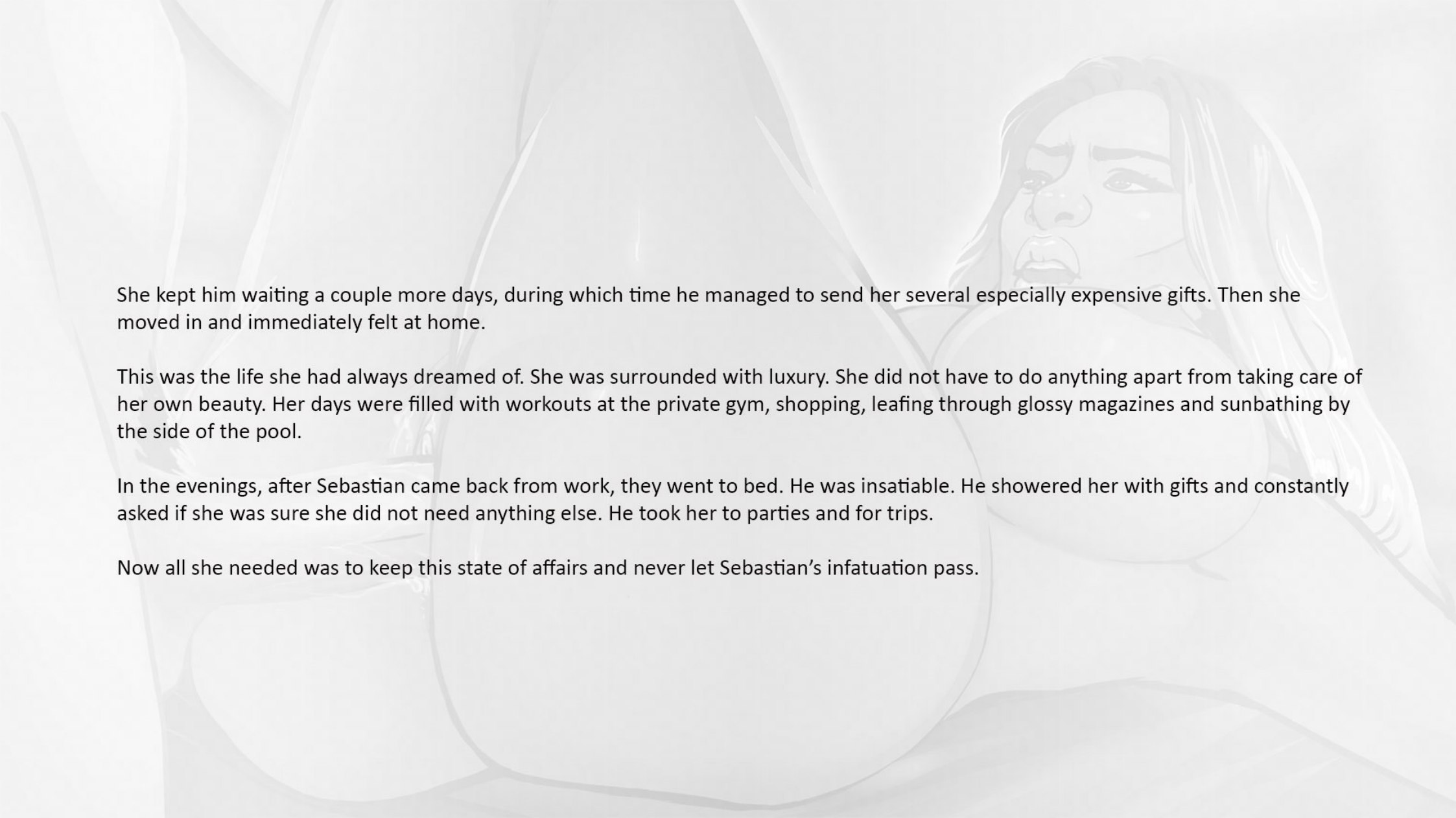
“I did.”

“So? When are you moving in?”

“You know...” She frowned as if she was analyzing an incredibly complicated issue. “I’ll think about it and let you know sometime soon.”

Sebastian parted his lips in disbelief.

“Okay,” he said. Skye disappeared behind the door.



She kept him waiting a couple more days, during which time he managed to send her several especially expensive gifts. Then she moved in and immediately felt at home.

This was the life she had always dreamed of. She was surrounded with luxury. She did not have to do anything apart from taking care of her own beauty. Her days were filled with workouts at the private gym, shopping, leafing through glossy magazines and sunbathing by the side of the pool.

In the evenings, after Sebastian came back from work, they went to bed. He was insatiable. He showered her with gifts and constantly asked if she was sure she did not need anything else. He took her to parties and for trips.

Now all she needed was to keep this state of affairs and never let Sebastian's infatuation pass.

She tried to behave like a bimbo, because that was exactly what her man expected of her. She played a stupid, naïve princess obsessed with her own looks. Sometimes, when it was difficult not to step out of the role, she resorted to Lybridos. She used both pills that she still had and then bought another package online. The medicine was expensive and sold by prescription only, but this was no problem for her.

Every time she took one of the pills she felt that sudden, powerful surge of desire, and the wave of passion flooded her mind and body. She did not have to pretend, she just succumbed to her own wants. She stopped thinking and analyzing, and really became this cute, giggling girl who would do anything to get her man into bed. She even liked these moments, because everything became so simple and clear then.

She always looked great and took care of making their sex life very rich and varied.

She gave him a very special present for his birthday. When Sebastian came back from work he found Skye in bed. Next to her was...

“Bella?” He sighed.

“I saw her next to the pool the first time I visited you,” giggled Skye.

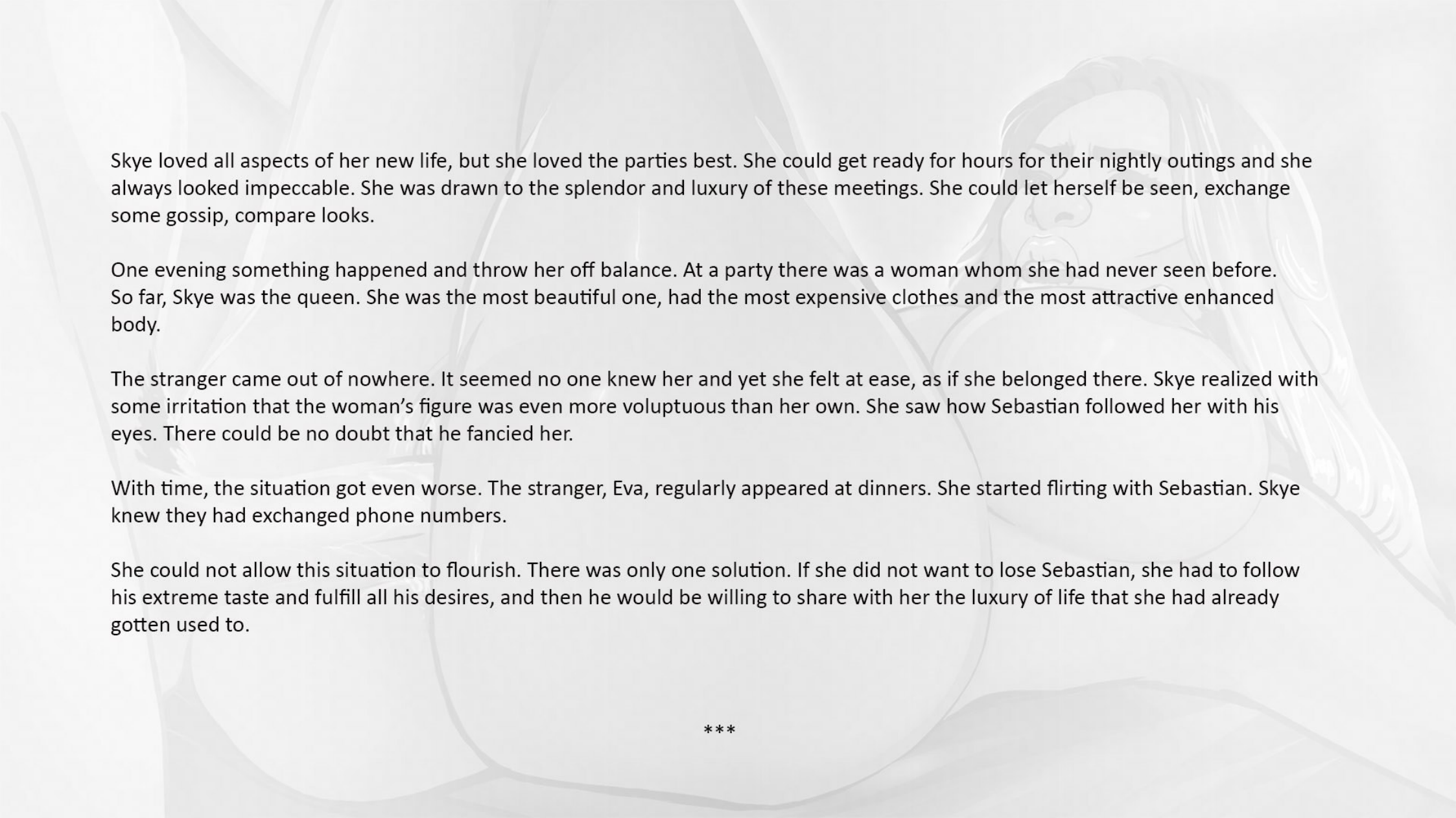
Both girls were naked. They were stroking their bodies, kissing and caressing each other, embracing comfortably on the mattress. Looking Sebastian straight in the eye, Bella reached to the other girl’s impressive buttocks.



"I used to think that her body was so extreme," said Skye. "And now? Compared to mine it seems natural. Her butt and breasts are so small against mine."

Several minutes later both girls were kneeling in front of him and kissing his member in turns, as if they shared a lollipop. Sebastian tried to last as long as he could, to enjoy that moment a little longer. When he was cumming he thought he had never felt so happy before.





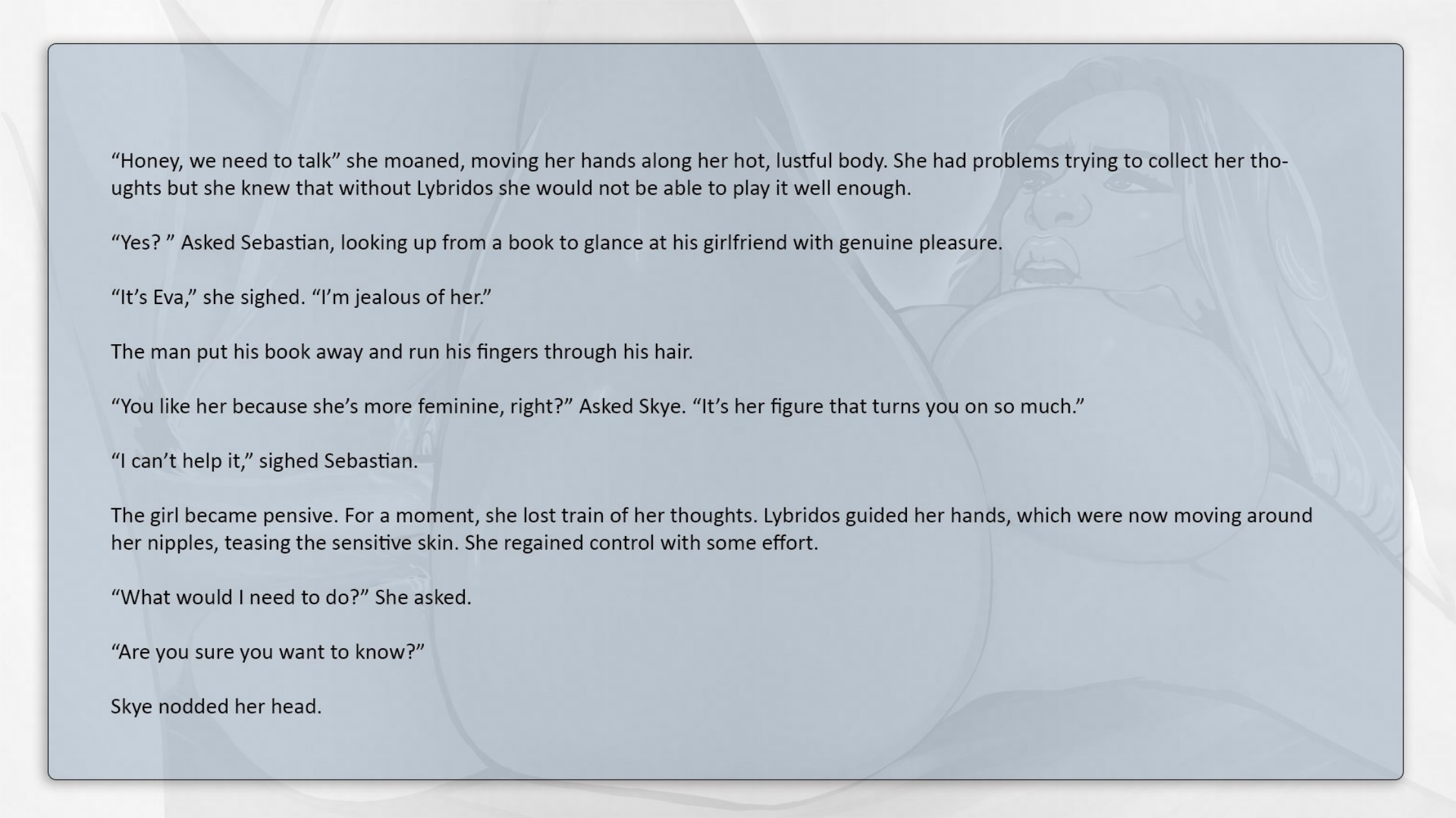
Skye loved all aspects of her new life, but she loved the parties best. She could get ready for hours for their nightly outings and she always looked impeccable. She was drawn to the splendor and luxury of these meetings. She could let herself be seen, exchange some gossip, compare looks.

One evening something happened and throw her off balance. At a party there was a woman whom she had never seen before. So far, Skye was the queen. She was the most beautiful one, had the most expensive clothes and the most attractive enhanced body.

The stranger came out of nowhere. It seemed no one knew her and yet she felt at ease, as if she belonged there. Skye realized with some irritation that the woman's figure was even more voluptuous than her own. She saw how Sebastian followed her with his eyes. There could be no doubt that he fancied her.

With time, the situation got even worse. The stranger, Eva, regularly appeared at dinners. She started flirting with Sebastian. Skye knew they had exchanged phone numbers.

She could not allow this situation to flourish. There was only one solution. If she did not want to lose Sebastian, she had to follow his extreme taste and fulfill all his desires, and then he would be willing to share with her the luxury of life that she had already gotten used to.



“Honey, we need to talk” she moaned, moving her hands along her hot, lustful body. She had problems trying to collect her thoughts but she knew that without Lybridos she would not be able to play it well enough.

“Yes? ” Asked Sebastian, looking up from a book to glance at his girlfriend with genuine pleasure.

“It’s Eva,” she sighed. “I’m jealous of her.”

The man put his book away and run his fingers through his hair.

“You like her because she’s more feminine, right?” Asked Skye. “It’s her figure that turns you on so much.”

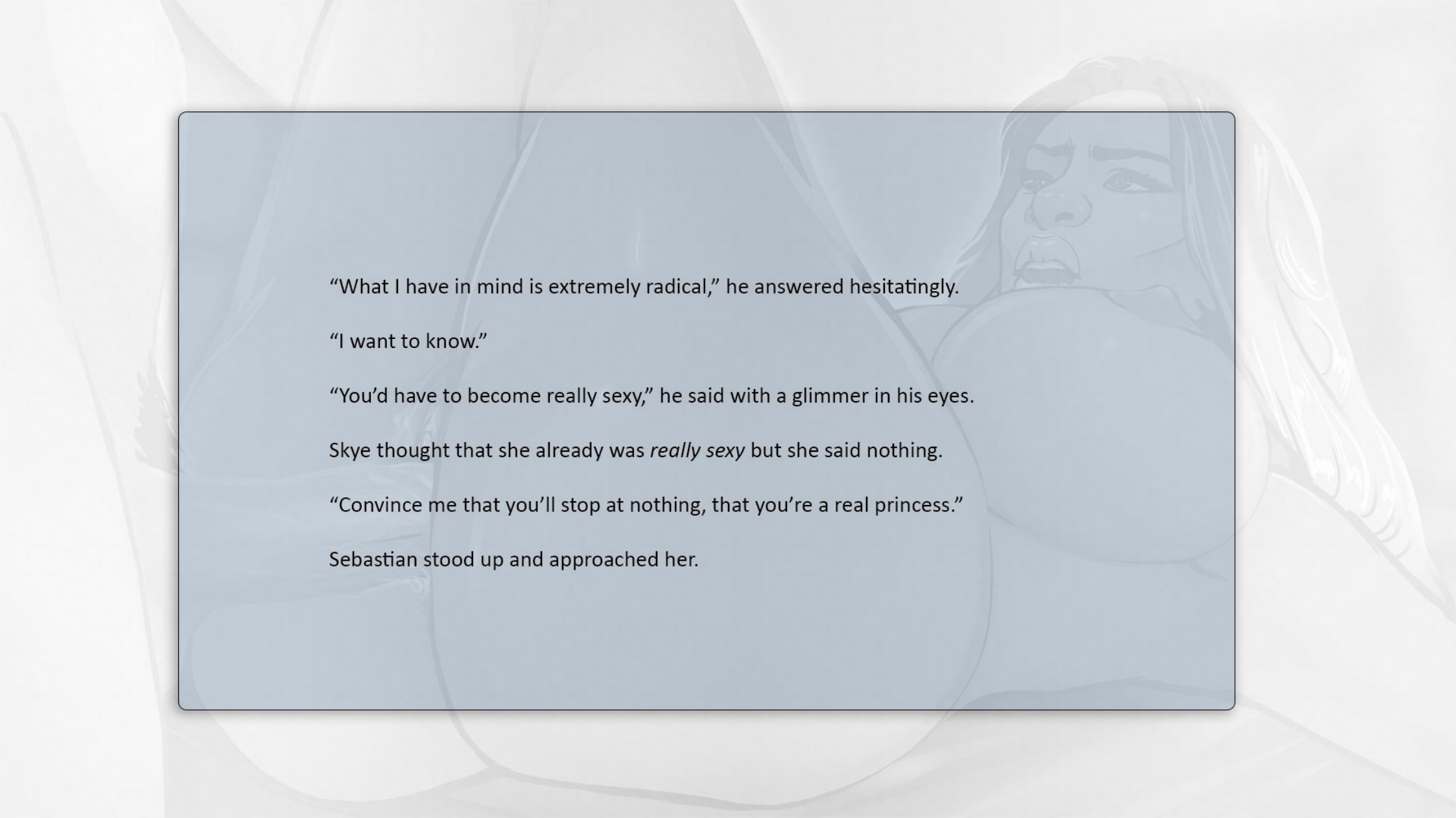
“I can’t help it,” sighed Sebastian.

The girl became pensive. For a moment, she lost train of her thoughts. Lybridos guided her hands, which were now moving around her nipples, teasing the sensitive skin. She regained control with some effort.

“What would I need to do?” She asked.

“Are you sure you want to know?”

Skye nodded her head.



“What I have in mind is extremely radical,” he answered hesitatingly.

“I want to know.”

“You’d have to become really sexy,” he said with a glimmer in his eyes.

Skye thought that she already was *really sexy* but she said nothing.

“Convince me that you’ll stop at nothing, that you’re a real princess.”

Sebastian stood up and approached her.



“We’ll start with your waist.” He sounded excited as he placed his hands on her ribs.

The girl felt the warmth of his fingers on her skin.

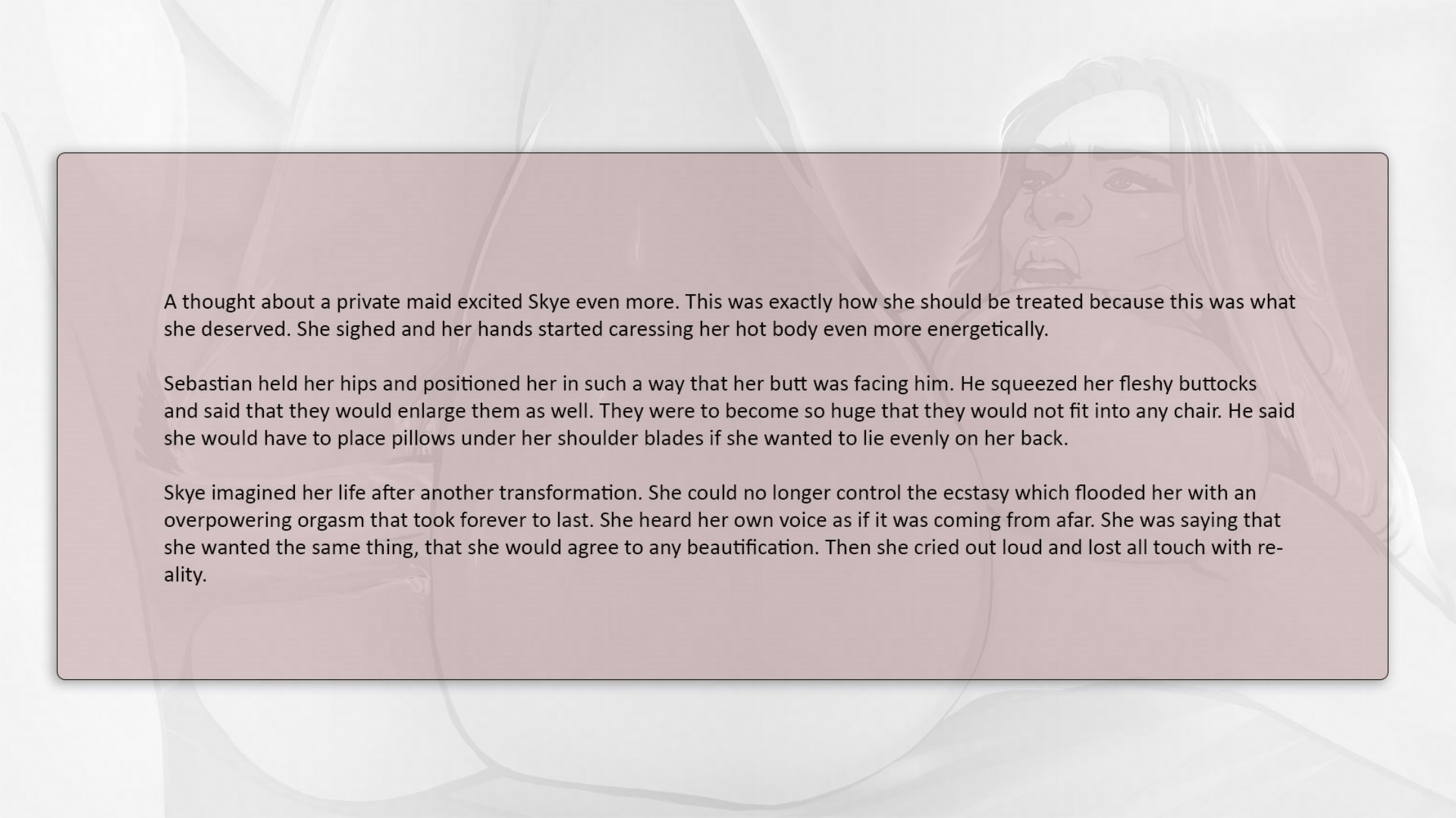
“It needs to be narrowed so that you can wear very tight corsets and profiled dresses, tailored just for you.” He moved his hands higher and touched her voluptuous lips with his fingertips. “I’d like your lips filled with implants, so that they remain full forever.”

Skye parted her lips and closed her eyes. She imagined her body transforming, turning her into a real bimbo, a wonderful princess, demanding and beautiful, who has everything she wants and is desired and worshipped by everybody around her.

“Your tits, ” Sebastian placed the palms of his hands on her breasts, “should be much, much bigger. We’ll use implants which will be gradually inflated.”

Skye wondered what exactly was turning her on so much. Was it only Lybridos or the vision of her body even more exaggerated, even more sexy? She moaned and slid her hand between her legs. She smelled her own excitement and her panties were already soaked with her sex juice.

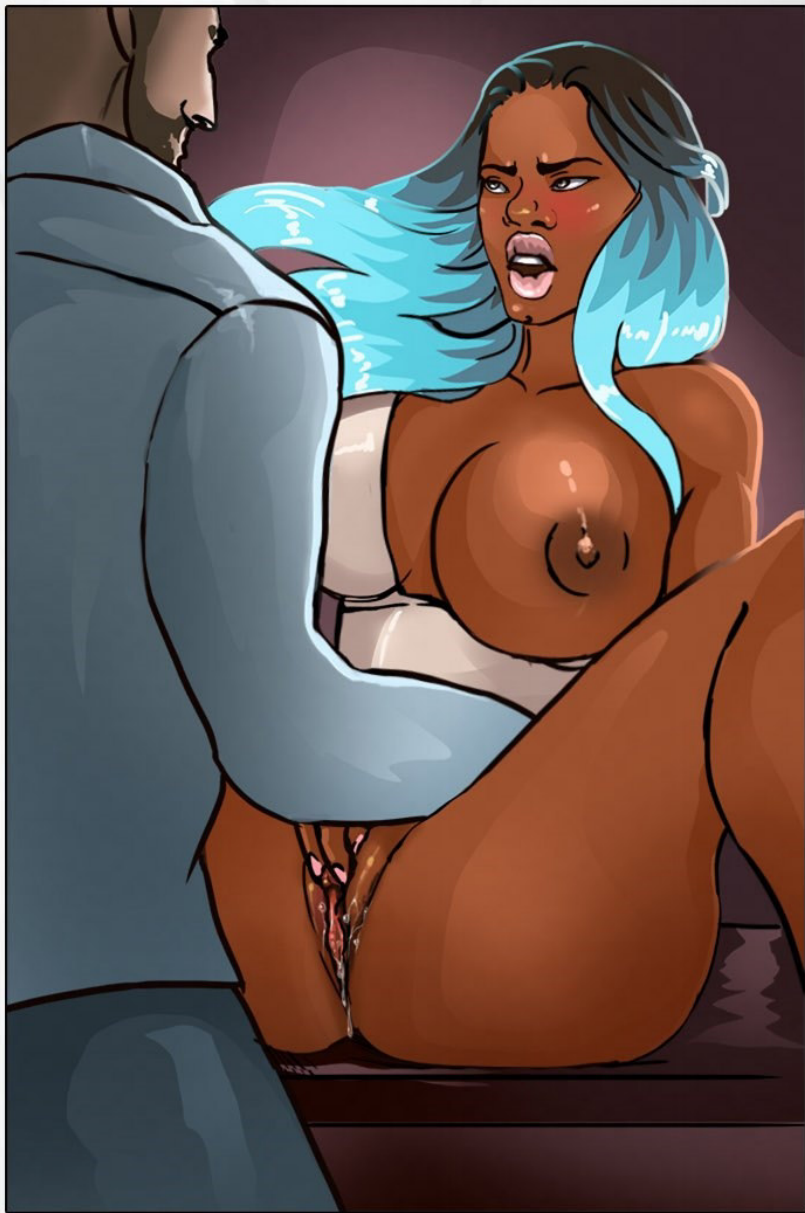
“We’ll keep enlarging your curves, making you more feminine every day. Your breasts will become so enormous that you’ll need help getting dressed, driving, washing yourself...” Sebastian’s eyes were shiny with lust. He watched Skye, fascinated, as she slid her fingers under her strings and began to caress her pink love button. “I’ll hire a private maid whose duties will be solely to serve you. You’ll be my princess. I know you want that, too.”



A thought about a private maid excited Skye even more. This was exactly how she should be treated because this was what she deserved. She sighed and her hands started caressing her hot body even more energetically.

Sebastian held her hips and positioned her in such a way that her butt was facing him. He squeezed her fleshy buttocks and said that they would enlarge them as well. They were to become so huge that they would not fit into any chair. He said she would have to place pillows under her shoulder blades if she wanted to lie evenly on her back.

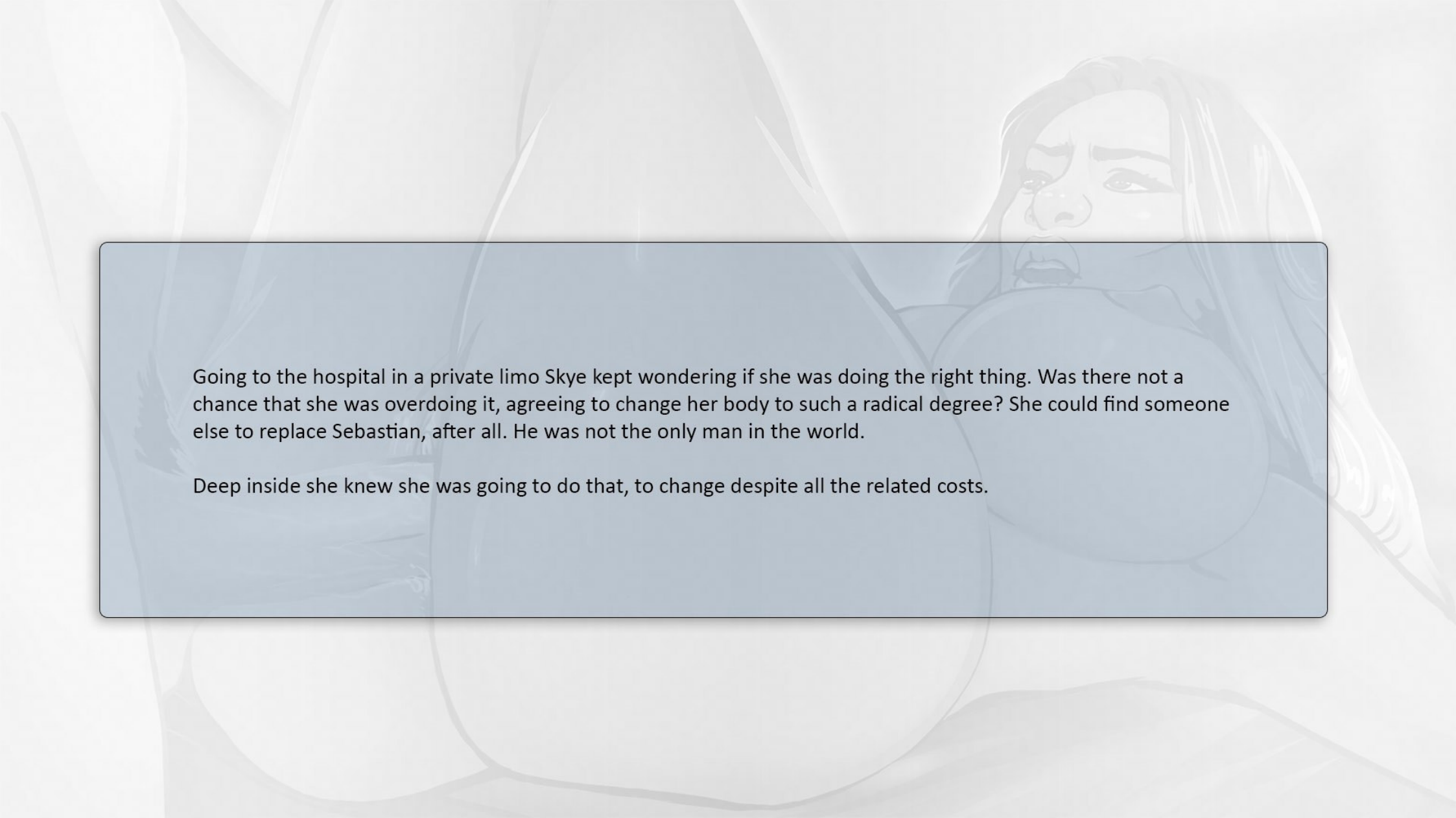
Skye imagined her life after another transformation. She could no longer control the ecstasy which flooded her with an overpowering orgasm that took forever to last. She heard her own voice as if it was coming from afar. She was saying that she wanted the same thing, that she would agree to any beautification. Then she cried out loud and lost all touch with reality.



The next thing she remembered was passionate sex. Sebastian entered her with so much violence that all her full curves were rippling and shaking.

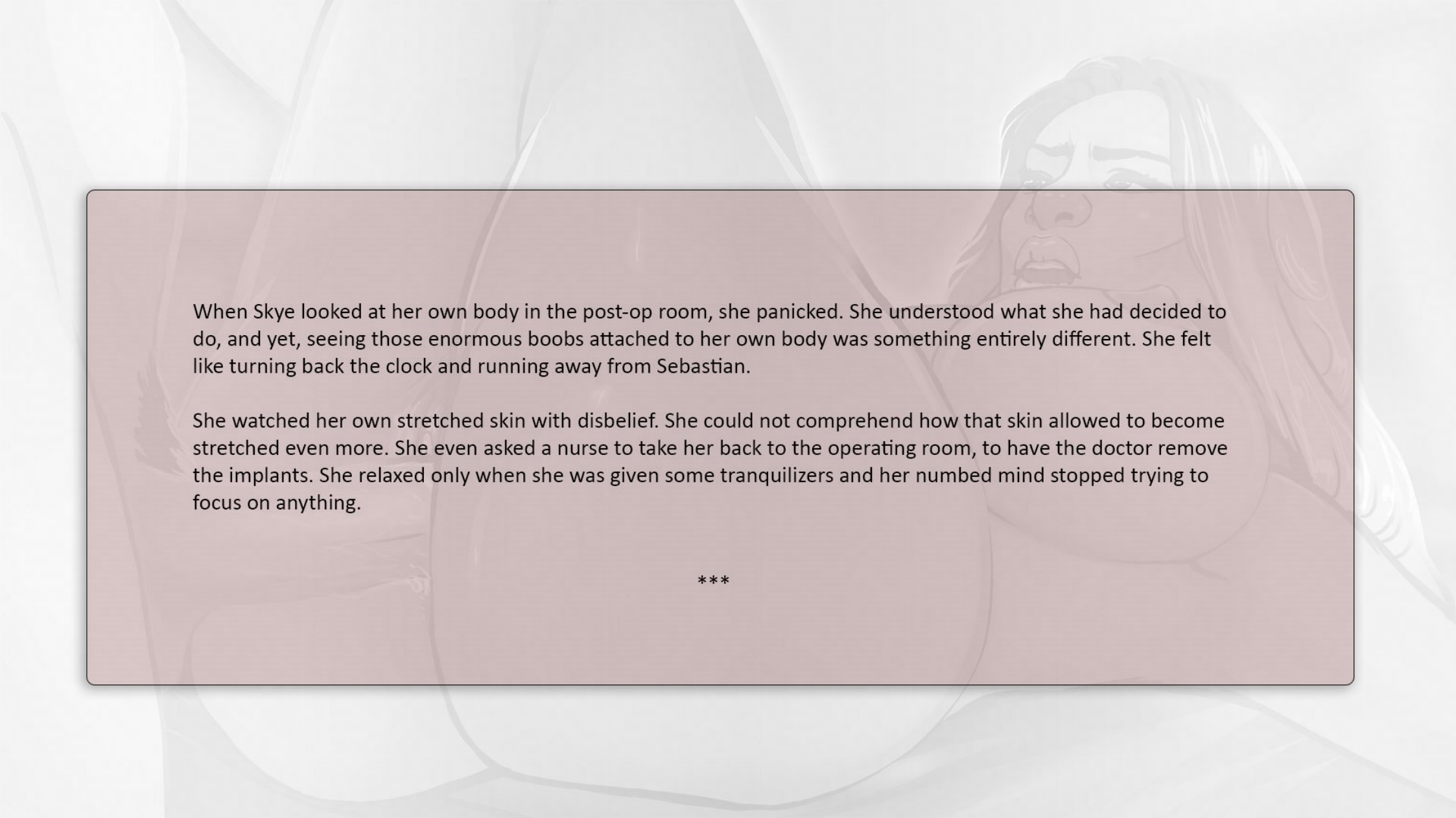
“And this is just a start” he moaned. “A start to the changes that’ll precede a true transformation. You’ll become a work of art, Skye, an ideal woman, a fantasy for every man.”





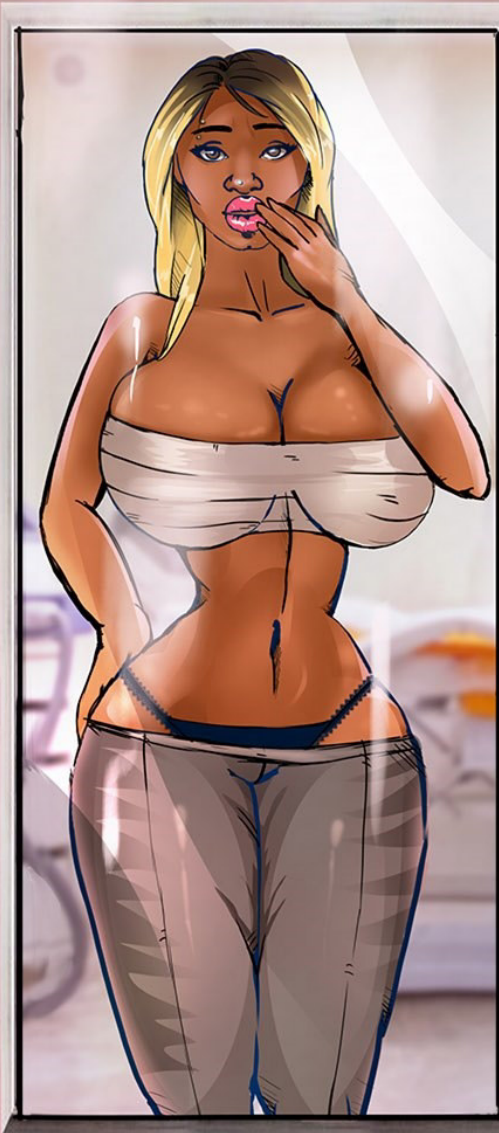
Going to the hospital in a private limo Skye kept wondering if she was doing the right thing. Was there not a chance that she was overdoing it, agreeing to change her body to such a radical degree? She could find someone else to replace Sebastian, after all. He was not the only man in the world.

Deep inside she knew she was going to do that, to change despite all the related costs.



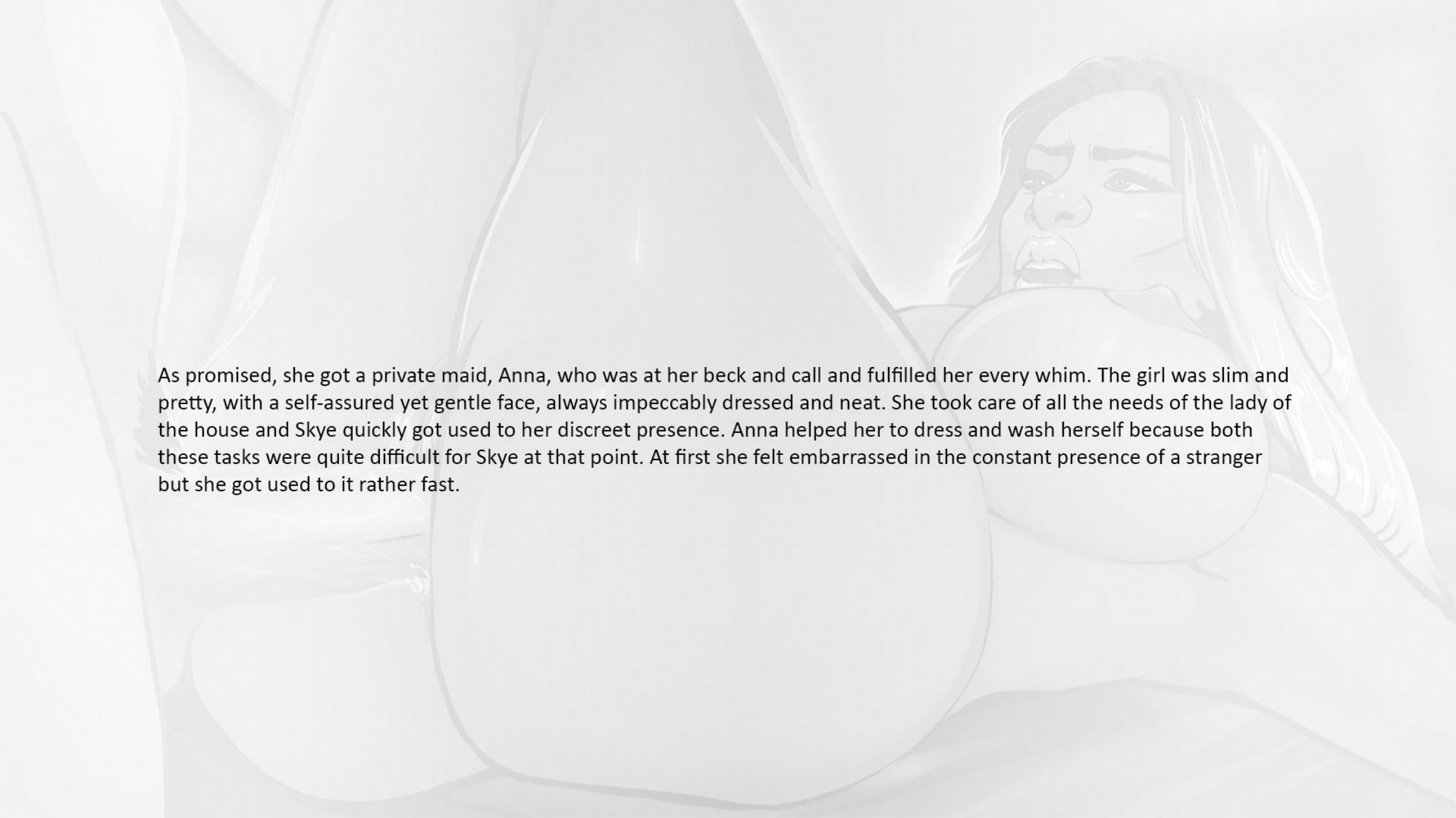
When Skye looked at her own body in the post-op room, she panicked. She understood what she had decided to do, and yet, seeing those enormous boobs attached to her own body was something entirely different. She felt like turning back the clock and running away from Sebastian.

She watched her own stretched skin with disbelief. She could not comprehend how that skin allowed to become stretched even more. She even asked a nurse to take her back to the operating room, to have the doctor remove the implants. She relaxed only when she was given some tranquilizers and her numbed mind stopped trying to focus on anything.



Sebastian was overjoyed and Skye knew that she defeated her rival.

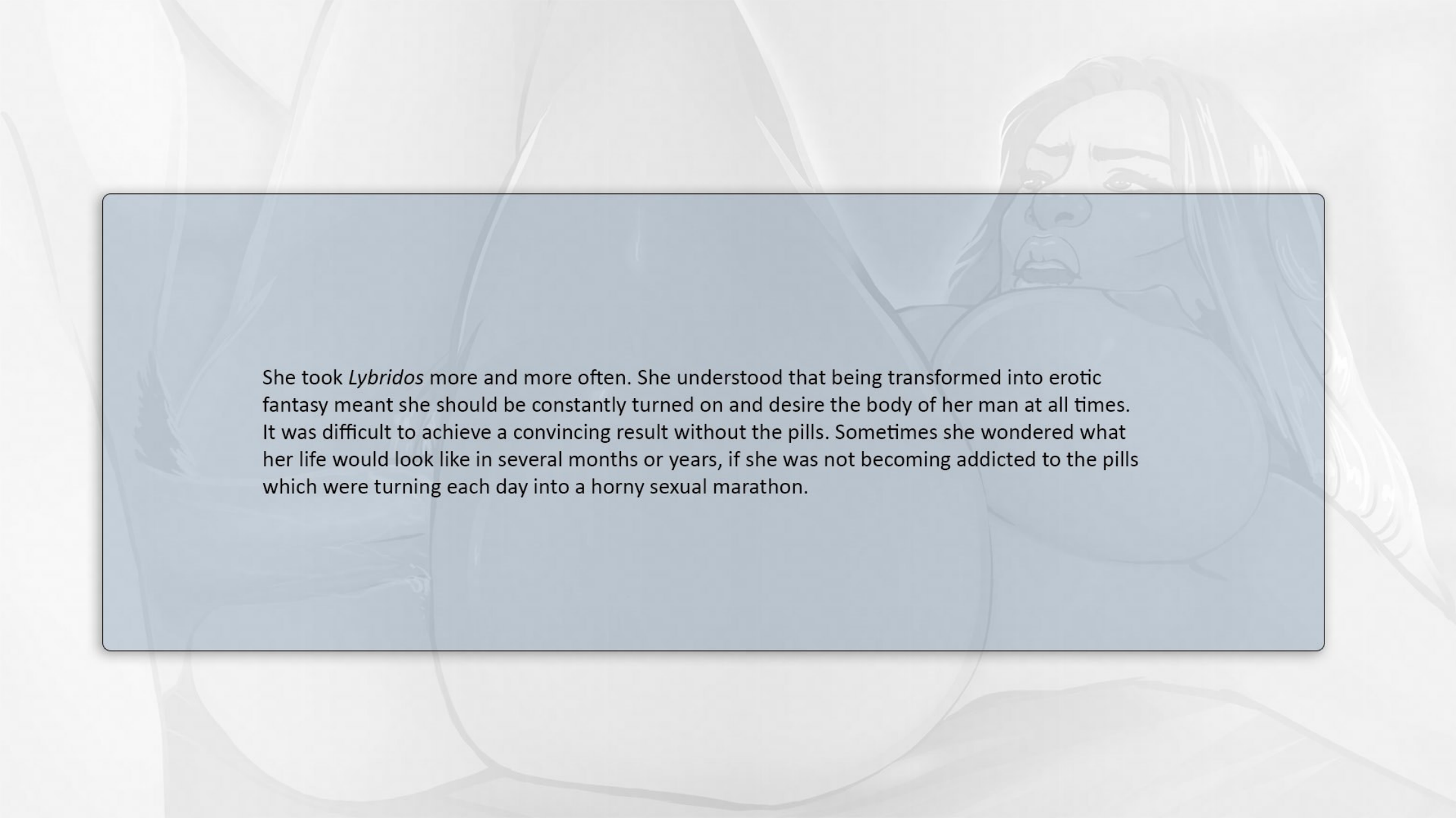
She looked incredible. Her lips, filled with implants, were forming a pink, soft ring. When she walked, her breasts were rocking and swinging against her body, drawing attention, and their monstrous size was emphasized by the unnaturally narrow waist. For the majority of time she was wearing an underwired corset, and even though it made it difficult for her to lean forward, generally restricting her movements, it forced her to keep her back straight and supported her strained muscles.



As promised, she got a private maid, Anna, who was at her beck and call and fulfilled her every whim. The girl was slim and pretty, with a self-assured yet gentle face, always impeccably dressed and neat. She took care of all the needs of the lady of the house and Skye quickly got used to her discreet presence. Anna helped her to dress and wash herself because both these tasks were quite difficult for Skye at that point. At first she felt embarrassed in the constant presence of a stranger but she got used to it rather fast.

Enhanced body required constant attention. She felt like a princess with a whole court revolving around her – she had a private stylist, a personal trainer and a make-up girl, who were paid generous money by Sebastian to focus solely on making Skye's appearance perfect. Her whole life became narrowed down to taking care of herself and sexual pleasure.





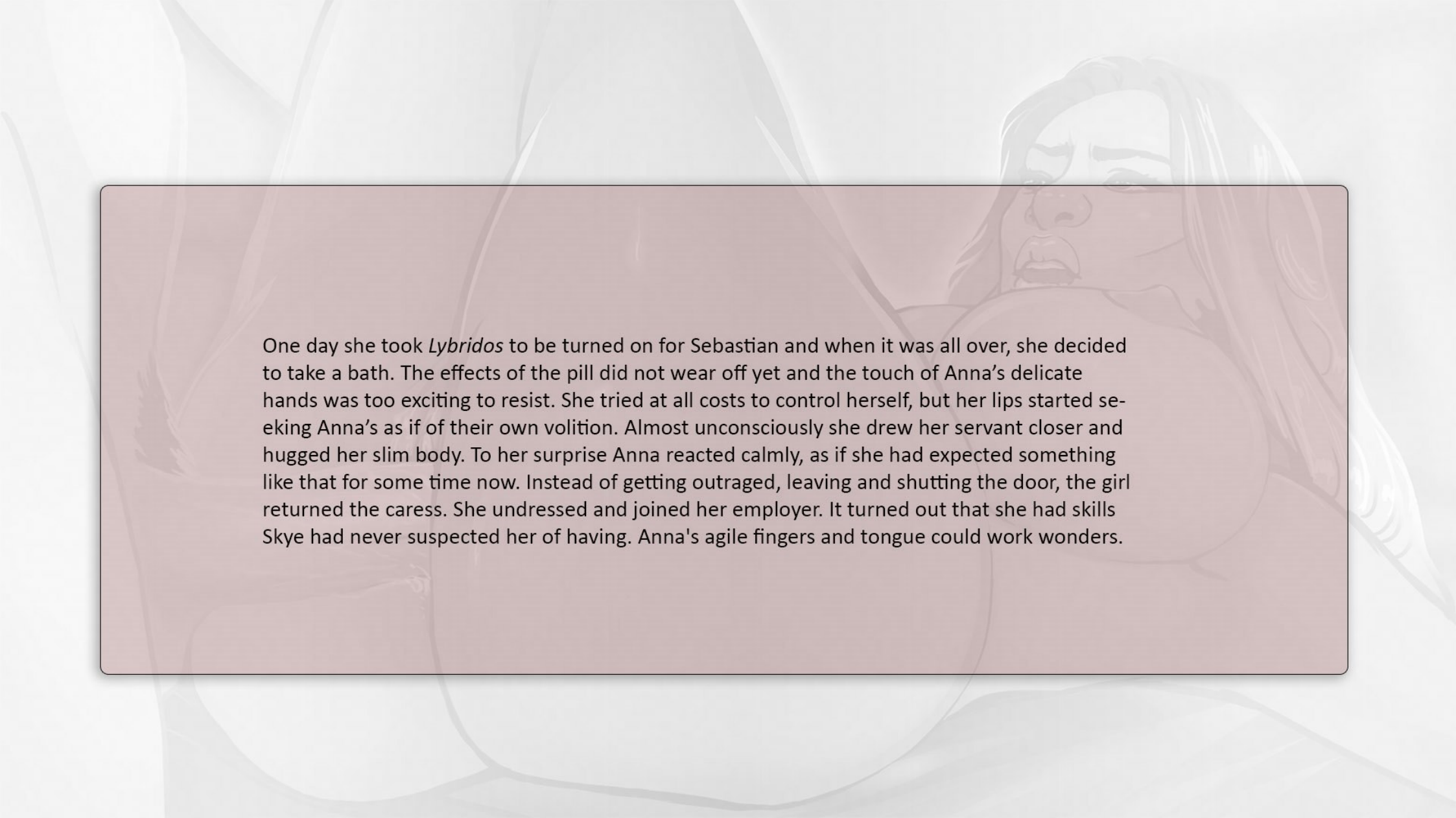
She took *Lybridos* more and more often. She understood that being transformed into erotic fantasy meant she should be constantly turned on and desire the body of her man at all times. It was difficult to achieve a convincing result without the pills. Sometimes she wondered what her life would look like in several months or years, if she was not becoming addicted to the pills which were turning each day into a horny sexual marathon.



She was transforming into a sweet, horny girl who only wanted to bed someone and her sole worries revolved around smudged lipstick or buying new high heels.

Before & After





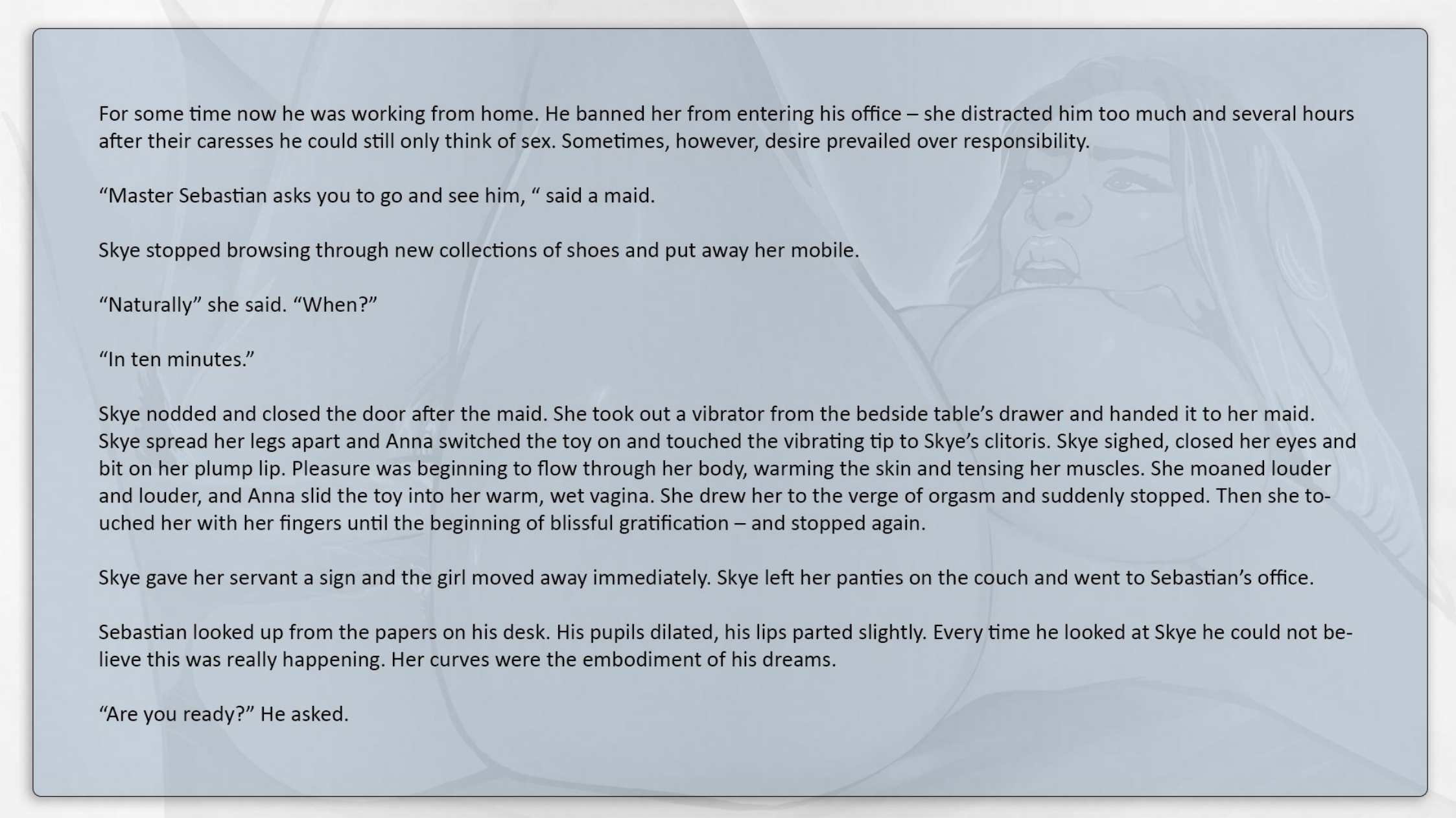
One day she took *Lybridos* to be turned on for Sebastian and when it was all over, she decided to take a bath. The effects of the pill did not wear off yet and the touch of Anna's delicate hands was too exciting to resist. She tried at all costs to control herself, but her lips started seeking Anna's as if of their own volition. Almost unconsciously she drew her servant closer and hugged her slim body. To her surprise Anna reacted calmly, as if she had expected something like that for some time now. Instead of getting outraged, leaving and shutting the door, the girl returned the caress. She undressed and joined her employer. It turned out that she had skills Skye had never suspected her of having. Anna's agile fingers and tongue could work wonders.



Later on Skye told her many times to satisfy her body, tormented by constant desire. With time it became Anna's main duty. The girl kept buying new toys and came up with new ways to give Skye even more pleasure.

Sebastian loved the modified figure of his mistress and was fascinated by it. He could not stop following her with his gaze. Whenever she was near he felt like jumping on her. If he only could, he would not let her out of his bed at all.





For some time now he was working from home. He banned her from entering his office – she distracted him too much and several hours after their caresses he could still only think of sex. Sometimes, however, desire prevailed over responsibility.

“Master Sebastian asks you to go and see him, “ said a maid.

Skye stopped browsing through new collections of shoes and put away her mobile.

“Naturally” she said. “When?”

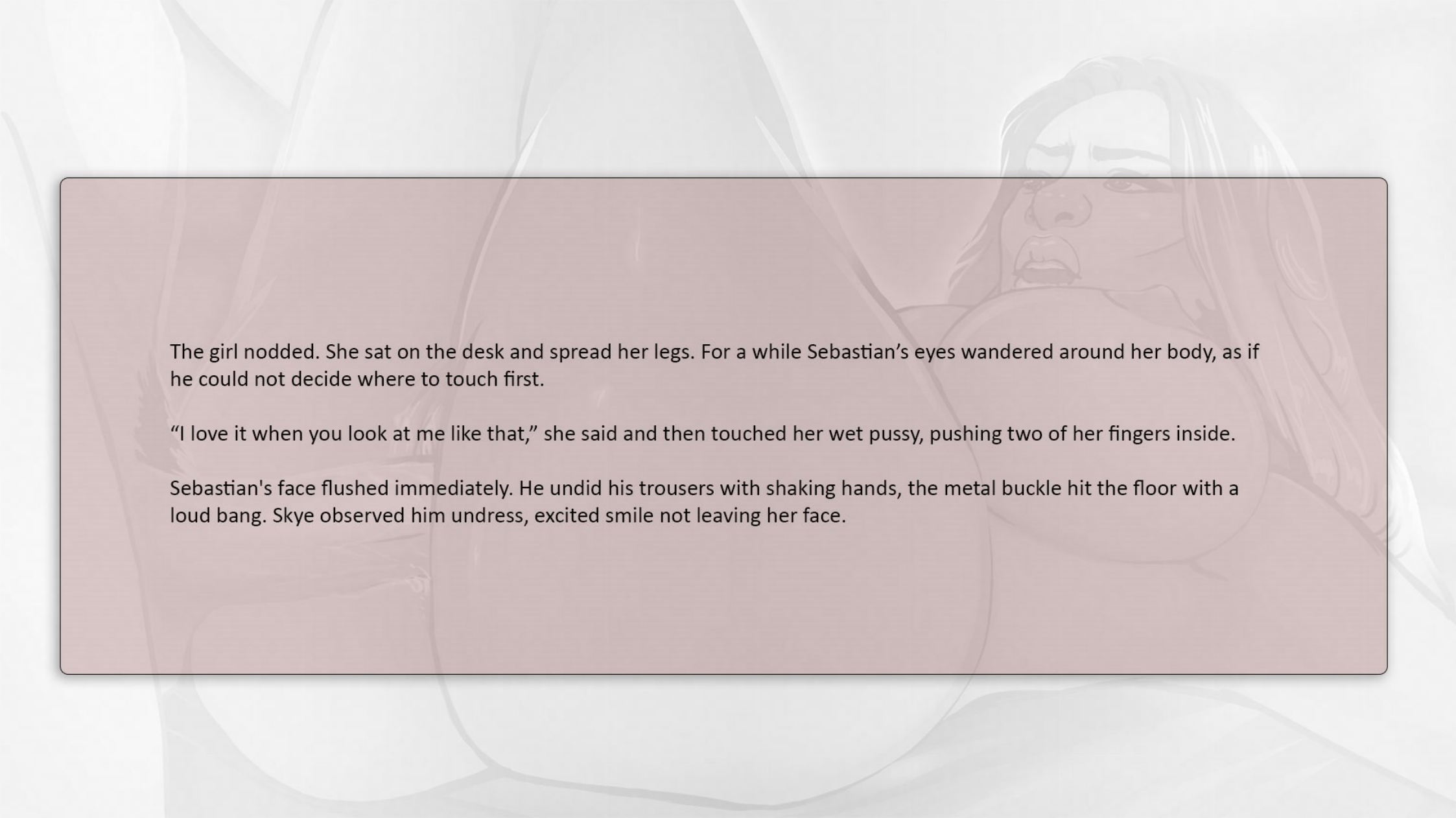
“In ten minutes.”

Skye nodded and closed the door after the maid. She took out a vibrator from the bedside table’s drawer and handed it to her maid. Skye spread her legs apart and Anna switched the toy on and touched the vibrating tip to Skye’s clitoris. Skye sighed, closed her eyes and bit on her plump lip. Pleasure was beginning to flow through her body, warming the skin and tensing her muscles. She moaned louder and louder, and Anna slid the toy into her warm, wet vagina. She drew her to the verge of orgasm and suddenly stopped. Then she touched her with her fingers until the beginning of blissful gratification – and stopped again.

Skye gave her servant a sign and the girl moved away immediately. Skye left her panties on the couch and went to Sebastian’s office.

Sebastian looked up from the papers on his desk. His pupils dilated, his lips parted slightly. Every time he looked at Skye he could not believe this was really happening. Her curves were the embodiment of his dreams.

“Are you ready?” He asked.



The girl nodded. She sat on the desk and spread her legs. For a while Sebastian's eyes wandered around her body, as if he could not decide where to touch first.

"I love it when you look at me like that," she said and then touched her wet pussy, pushing two of her fingers inside.

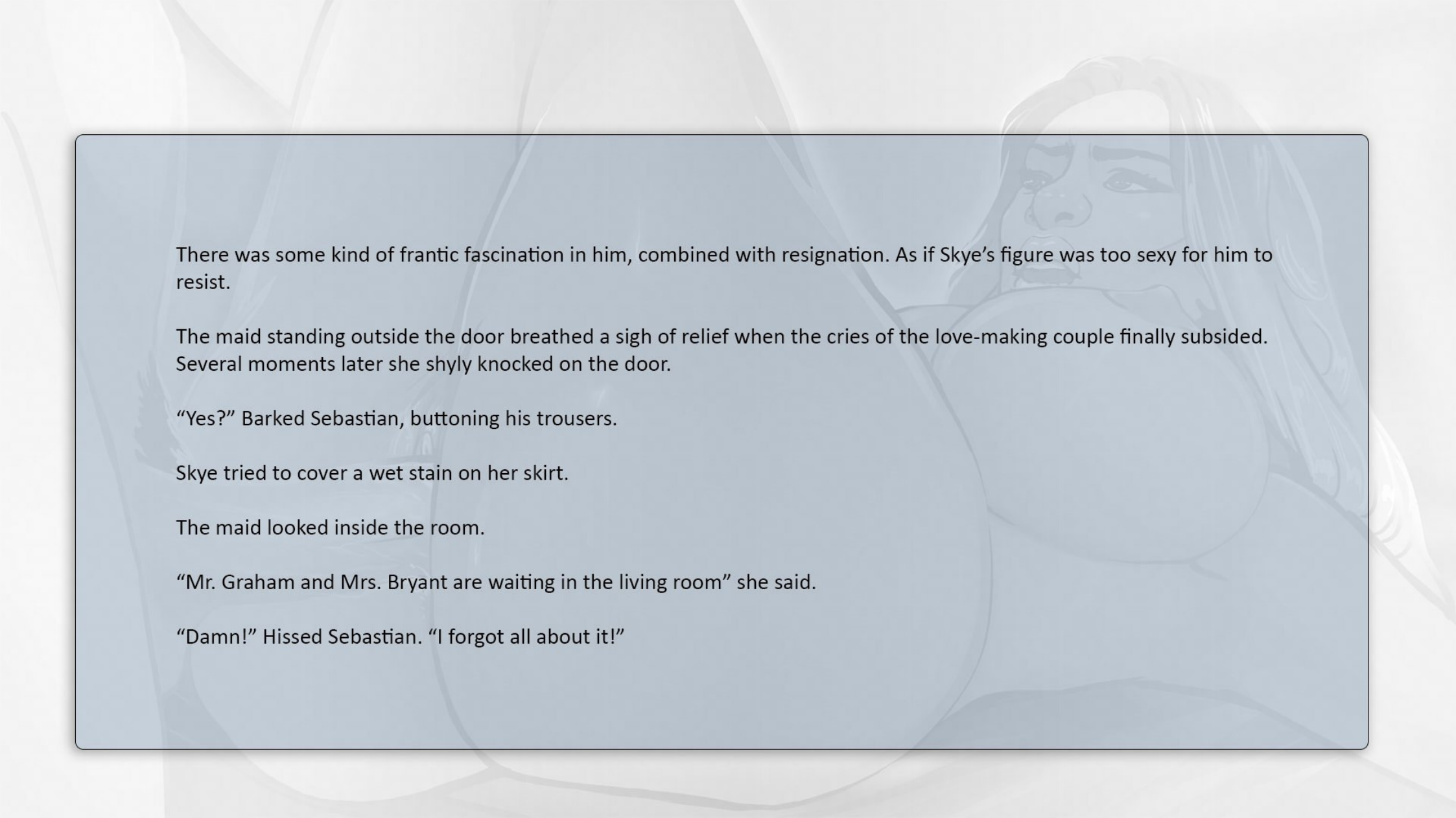
Sebastian's face flushed immediately. He undid his trousers with shaking hands, the metal buckle hit the floor with a loud bang. Skye observed him undress, excited smile not leaving her face.



Sebastian put his hand on her neck. He entered her slowly, inch by inch, enjoying his own arousal. When he was all the way in, Skye tensed her muscles and cried out, opening her eyes wide. He started moving faster, the desk began creaking. Her lover leaned against her bust and his hands were grabbing her warm buttocks.

The girl wound her arms around his neck and it looked as if they were one body of utmost pleasure.

He squeezed Skye's nipple very hard and then he climaxed, his sperm squirting all over the desk. He leaned his sweaty brow against Skye's arm.



There was some kind of frantic fascination in him, combined with resignation. As if Skye's figure was too sexy for him to resist.

The maid standing outside the door breathed a sigh of relief when the cries of the love-making couple finally subsided. Several moments later she shyly knocked on the door.

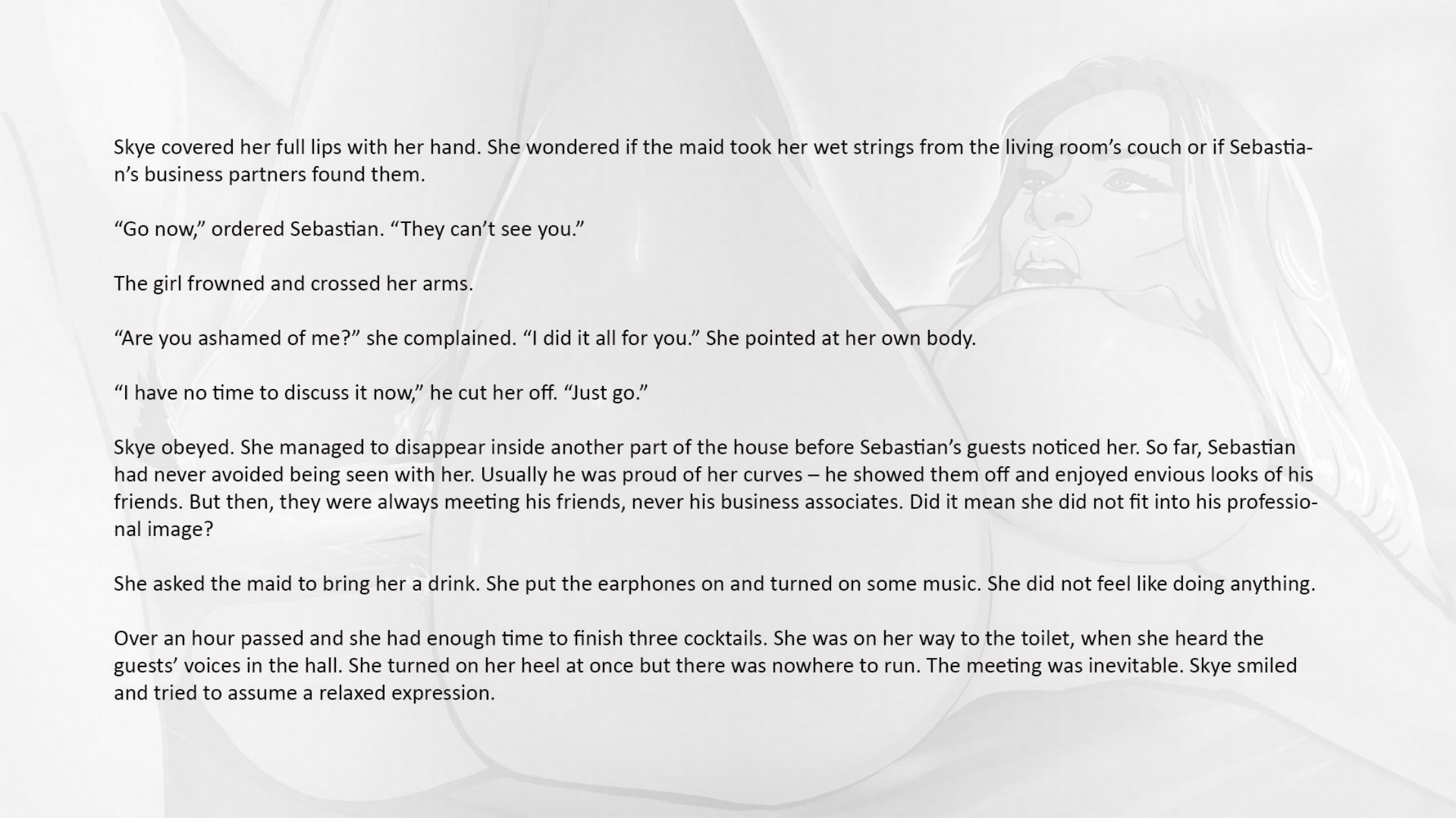
"Yes?" Barked Sebastian, buttoning his trousers.

Skye tried to cover a wet stain on her skirt.

The maid looked inside the room.

"Mr. Graham and Mrs. Bryant are waiting in the living room" she said.

"Damn!" Hissed Sebastian. "I forgot all about it!"



Skye covered her full lips with her hand. She wondered if the maid took her wet strings from the living room's couch or if Sebastian's business partners found them.

"Go now," ordered Sebastian. "They can't see you."

The girl frowned and crossed her arms.

"Are you ashamed of me?" she complained. "I did it all for you." She pointed at her own body.

"I have no time to discuss it now," he cut her off. "Just go."

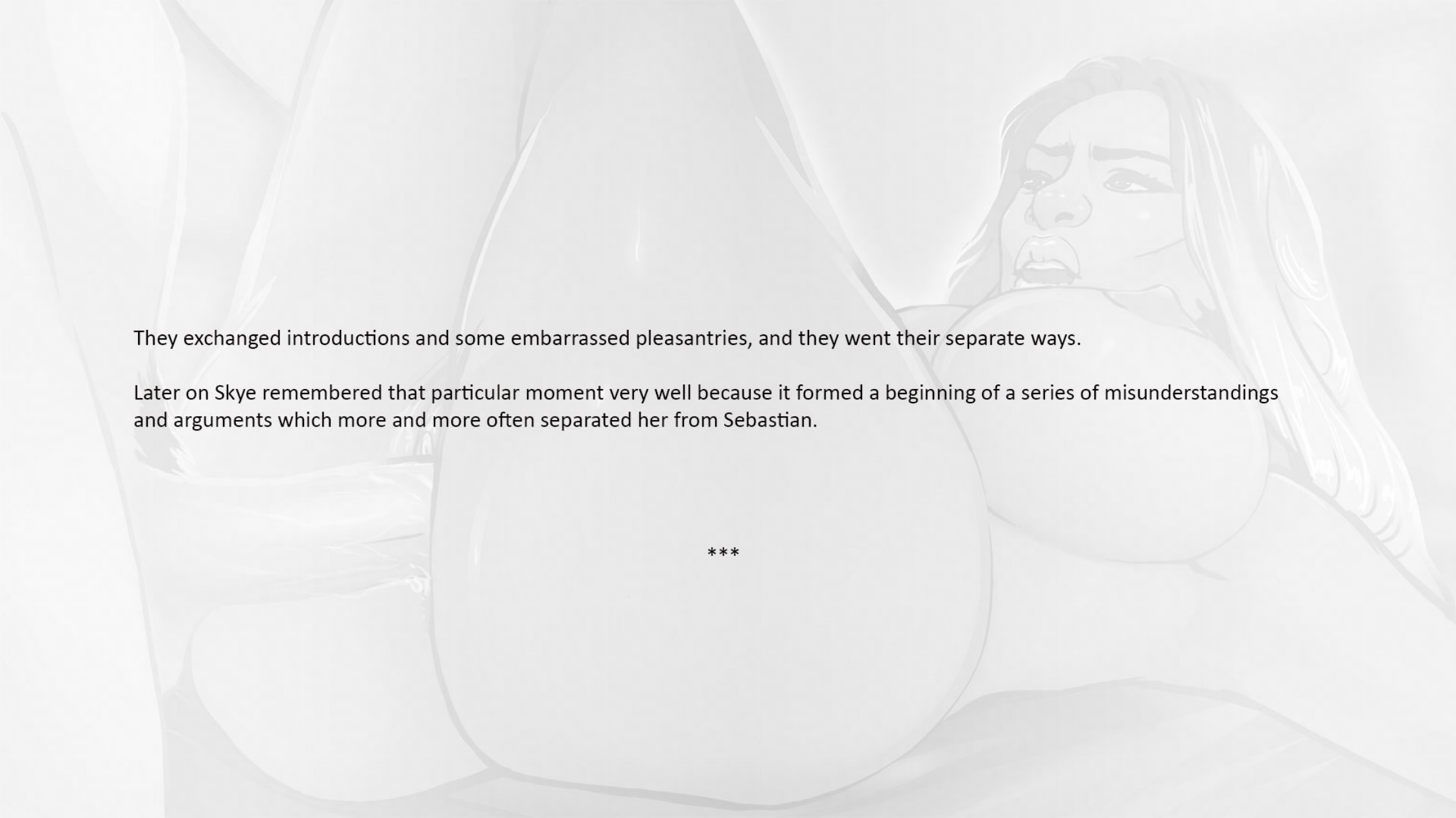
Skye obeyed. She managed to disappear inside another part of the house before Sebastian's guests noticed her. So far, Sebastian had never avoided being seen with her. Usually he was proud of her curves – he showed them off and enjoyed envious looks of his friends. But then, they were always meeting his friends, never his business associates. Did it mean she did not fit into his professional image?

She asked the maid to bring her a drink. She put the earphones on and turned on some music. She did not feel like doing anything.

Over an hour passed and she had enough time to finish three cocktails. She was on her way to the toilet, when she heard the guests' voices in the hall. She turned on her heel at once but there was nowhere to run. The meeting was inevitable. Skye smiled and tried to assume a relaxed expression.

The guests froze. The both gaped at Skye's incredible figure. Mrs. Bryan put up a hand to cover her open mouth, a vein began to pulse on Mr. Graham's temple. Skye avoided looking at Sebastian but she sensed that he was furious.





They exchanged introductions and some embarrassed pleasantries, and they went their separate ways.

Later on Skye remembered that particular moment very well because it formed a beginning of a series of misunderstandings and arguments which more and more often separated her from Sebastian.

Sebastian thought that maybe he should break up with Skye.

Her body was ideal, she was everything he had ever wanted and that was precisely why he needed her out of his life. She took control over him and her sexy curves did not allow him to focus on anything else. He felt constantly aroused. Her very sight, her scent, the clicking sound of her heels in the corridor, it was all enough for his manhood to harden extensively. He did not work enough and spent too much time in bed with her. They made love several times a day and sometimes he wondered if it could already be considered an addiction. He needed a detox.

At the same time, Skye was packing her bags. The encounter with Sebastian's business partners made her start some serious thinking about her life. She realized that those people were terrified and shocked with her body's shape. What she had done to her own figure was not normal. She had to leave.

Sebastian entered her room.

"Going somewhere?" He asked.

She nodded her head.

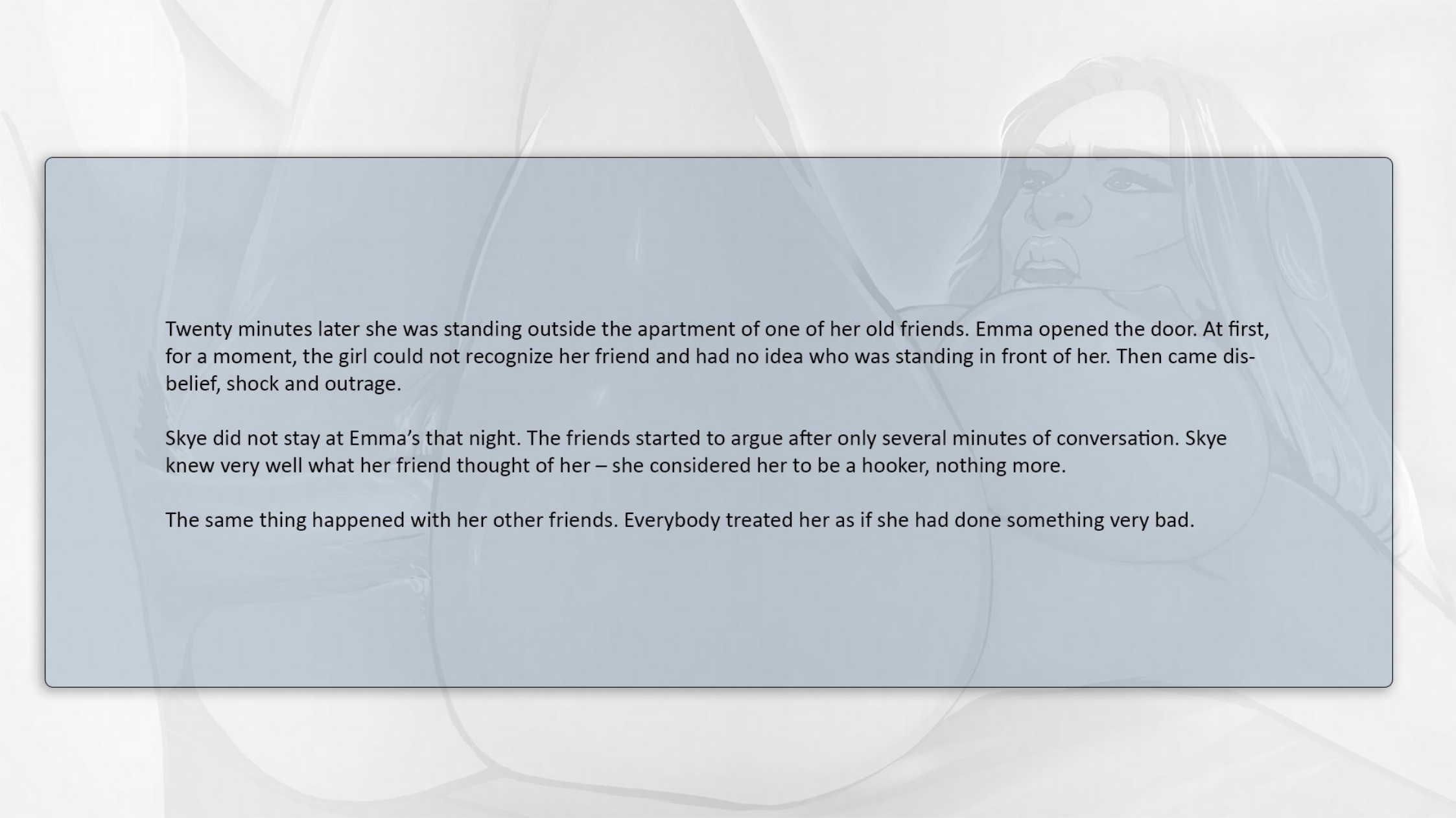
"I'm moving out."

He silently watched her pack. Even then he could not stop looking at these shapely buttocks which became even more prominent when she was leaning forward. He felt the warmth in his crotch and his manhood bulging excitedly inside his trousers.

Skye looked at him and noticed his erection. She smiled coyly.

"You won't even try to stop me?" She asked, stopping inside the door.

He said nothing and she left without saying goodbye.



Twenty minutes later she was standing outside the apartment of one of her old friends. Emma opened the door. At first, for a moment, the girl could not recognize her friend and had no idea who was standing in front of her. Then came disbelief, shock and outrage.

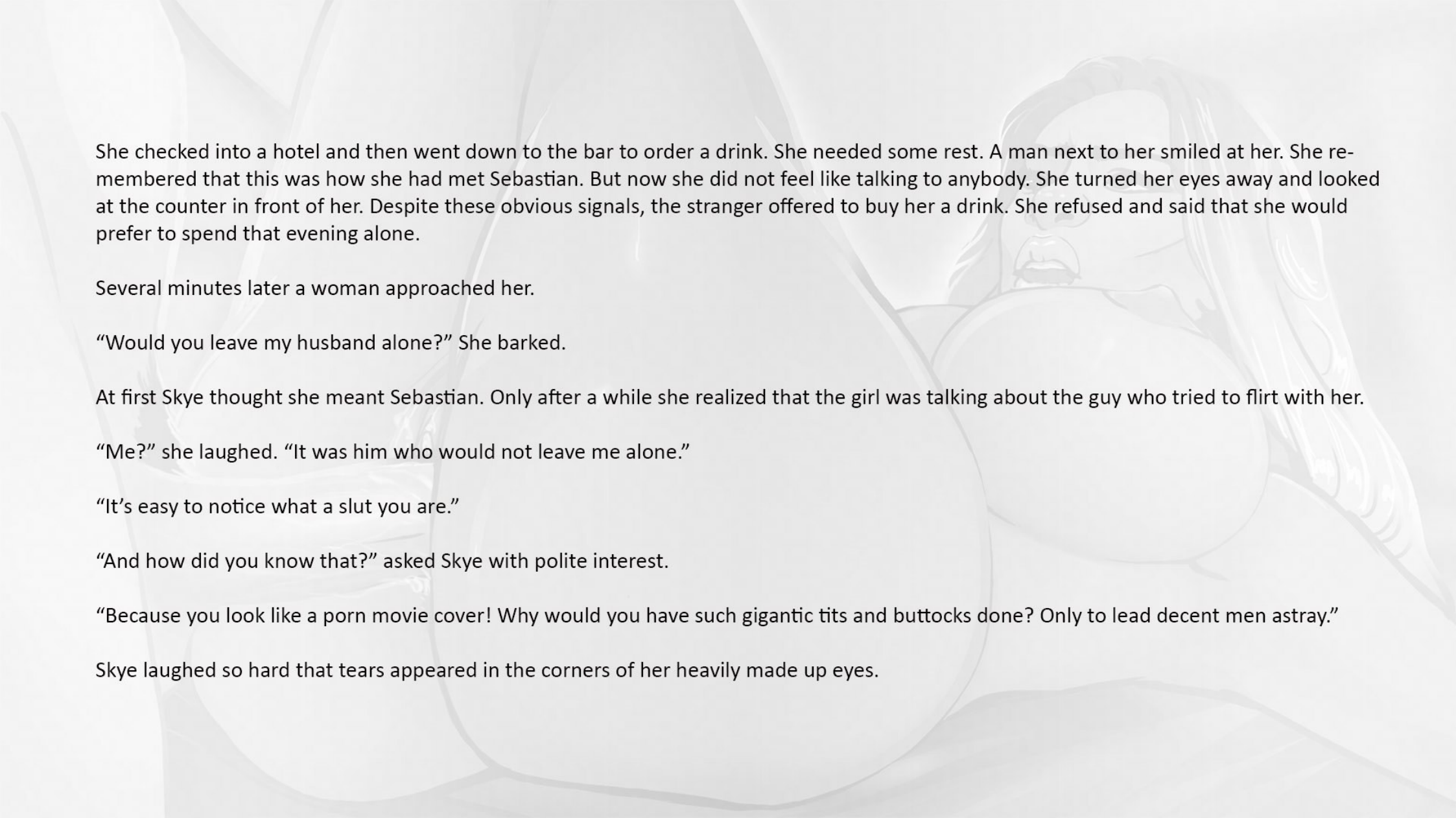
Skye did not stay at Emma's that night. The friends started to argue after only several minutes of conversation. Skye knew very well what her friend thought of her – she considered her to be a hooker, nothing more.

The same thing happened with her other friends. Everybody treated her as if she had done something very bad.



Wherever she went, people stared at her and scornfully commented on her figure, not even trying to lower their voices. She was causing a sensation.

Skye began to realize how she was perceived by normal people. To understand how far she was removed from what was typical. Spending time with Sebastian and his friends, she lost all touch with reality.



She checked into a hotel and then went down to the bar to order a drink. She needed some rest. A man next to her smiled at her. She remembered that this was how she had met Sebastian. But now she did not feel like talking to anybody. She turned her eyes away and looked at the counter in front of her. Despite these obvious signals, the stranger offered to buy her a drink. She refused and said that she would prefer to spend that evening alone.

Several minutes later a woman approached her.

“Would you leave my husband alone?” She barked.

At first Skye thought she meant Sebastian. Only after a while she realized that the girl was talking about the guy who tried to flirt with her.

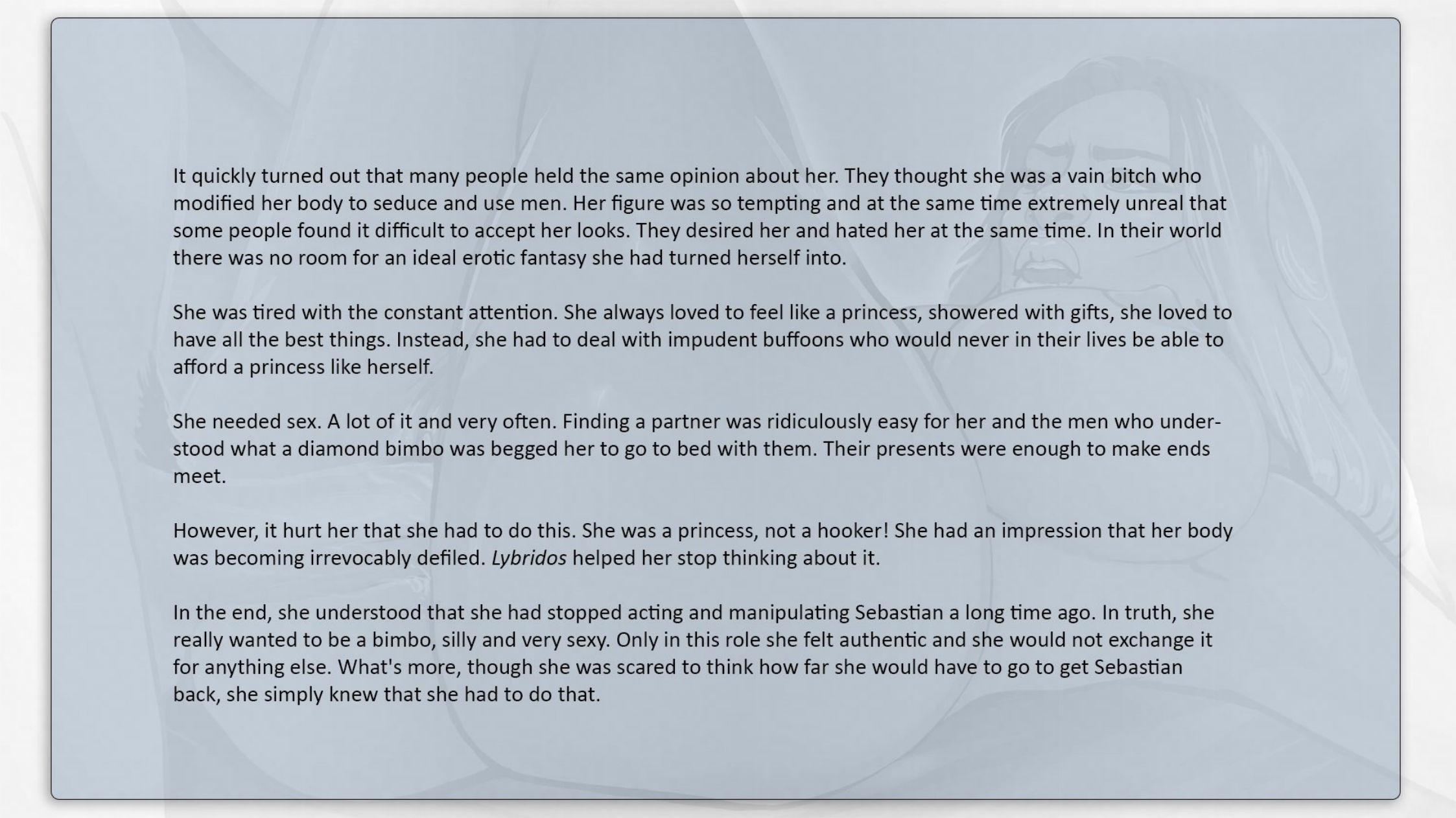
“Me?” she laughed. “It was him who would not leave me alone.”

“It’s easy to notice what a slut you are.”

“And how did you know that?” asked Skye with polite interest.

“Because you look like a porn movie cover! Why would you have such gigantic tits and buttocks done? Only to lead decent men astray.”

Skye laughed so hard that tears appeared in the corners of her heavily made up eyes.



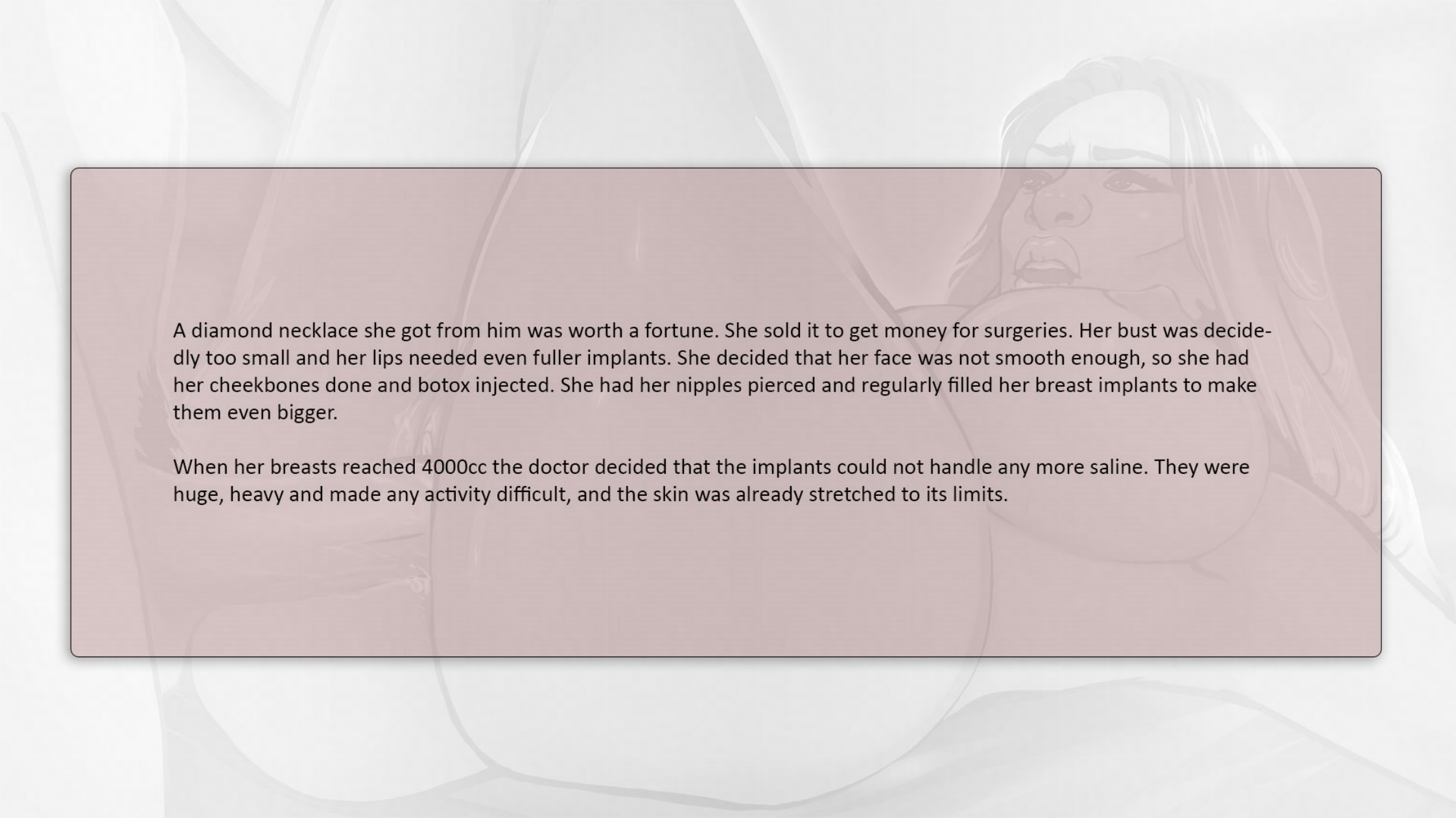
It quickly turned out that many people held the same opinion about her. They thought she was a vain bitch who modified her body to seduce and use men. Her figure was so tempting and at the same time extremely unreal that some people found it difficult to accept her looks. They desired her and hated her at the same time. In their world there was no room for an ideal erotic fantasy she had turned herself into.

She was tired with the constant attention. She always loved to feel like a princess, showered with gifts, she loved to have all the best things. Instead, she had to deal with impudent buffoons who would never in their lives be able to afford a princess like herself.

She needed sex. A lot of it and very often. Finding a partner was ridiculously easy for her and the men who understood what a diamond bimbo was begged her to go to bed with them. Their presents were enough to make ends meet.

However, it hurt her that she had to do this. She was a princess, not a hooker! She had an impression that her body was becoming irrevocably defiled. *Lybridos* helped her stop thinking about it.

In the end, she understood that she had stopped acting and manipulating Sebastian a long time ago. In truth, she really wanted to be a bimbo, silly and very sexy. Only in this role she felt authentic and she would not exchange it for anything else. What's more, though she was scared to think how far she would have to go to get Sebastian back, she simply knew that she had to do that.

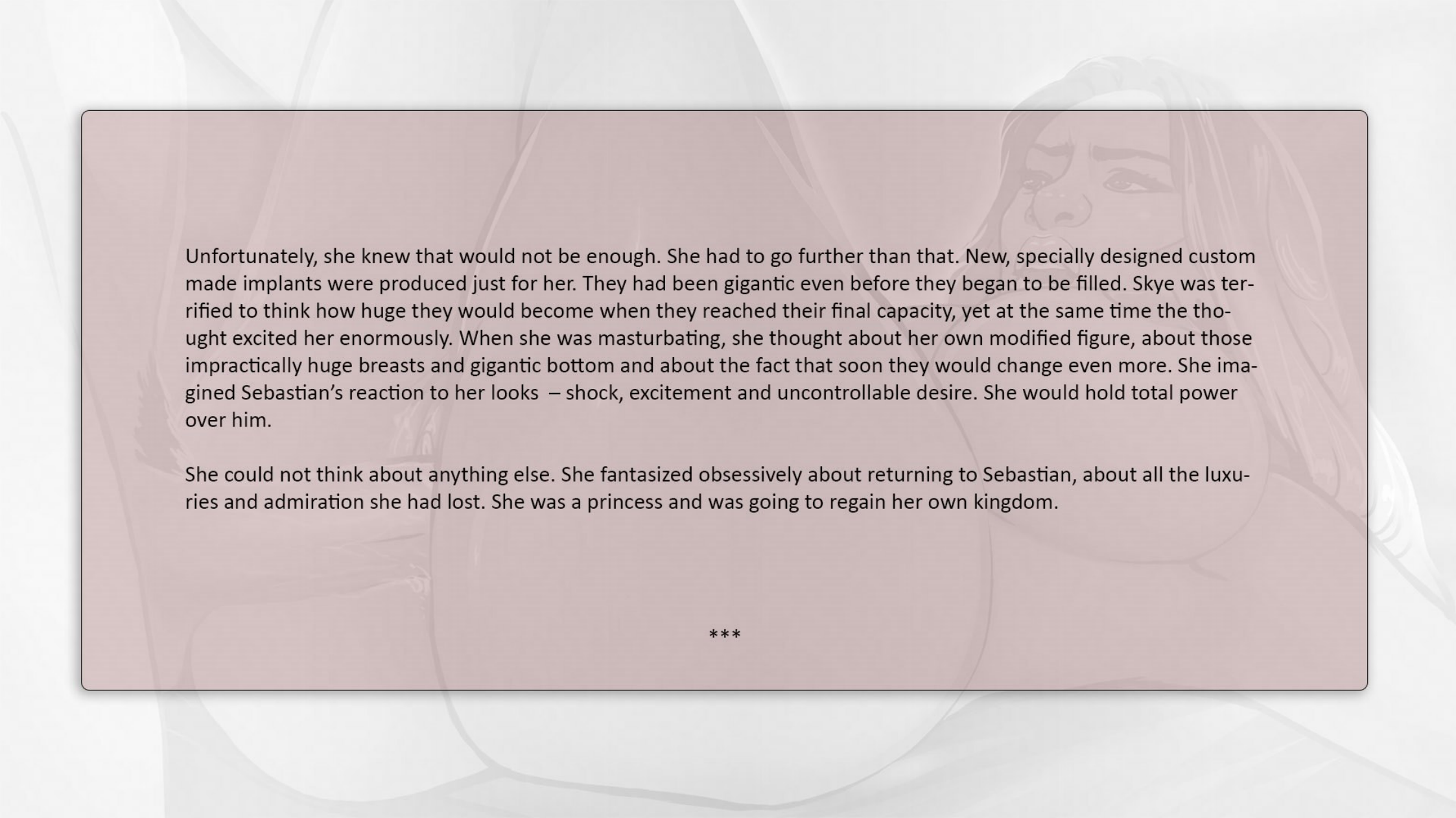
A faint, stylized illustration of a woman with long, dark hair, looking down with a sad or distressed expression. Her breasts are disproportionately large and prominent. The illustration is rendered in a light, sketchy style with soft shading.

A diamond necklace she got from him was worth a fortune. She sold it to get money for surgeries. Her bust was decidedly too small and her lips needed even fuller implants. She decided that her face was not smooth enough, so she had her cheekbones done and botox injected. She had her nipples pierced and regularly filled her breast implants to make them even bigger.

When her breasts reached 4000cc the doctor decided that the implants could not handle any more saline. They were huge, heavy and made any activity difficult, and the skin was already stretched to its limits.

She kept bumping into things and knocking against furniture. She could not sit down normally at a table, all the chairs were too narrow for her, she had difficulties getting dressed and washing. She missed Anna who used to help her with everything. Now she had to buckle her shoes herself, cook, even do the shopping, all by herself. In the shops and on the streets people were pointing their fingers at her. She kept hearing vulgar comments and catcalls, she saw shocked faces and eyes glimmering with lust.





Unfortunately, she knew that would not be enough. She had to go further than that. New, specially designed custom made implants were produced just for her. They had been gigantic even before they began to be filled. Skye was terrified to think how huge they would become when they reached their final capacity, yet at the same time the thought excited her enormously. When she was masturbating, she thought about her own modified figure, about those impractically huge breasts and gigantic bottom and about the fact that soon they would change even more. She imagined Sebastian's reaction to her looks – shock, excitement and uncontrollable desire. She would hold total power over him.

She could not think about anything else. She fantasized obsessively about returning to Sebastian, about all the luxuries and admiration she had lost. She was a princess and was going to regain her own kingdom.



Six months later

Sebastian opened the drawer of the bedside table. Inside he found Skye's vibrators that she had forgotten to take with her. Or maybe she had left them there on purpose?

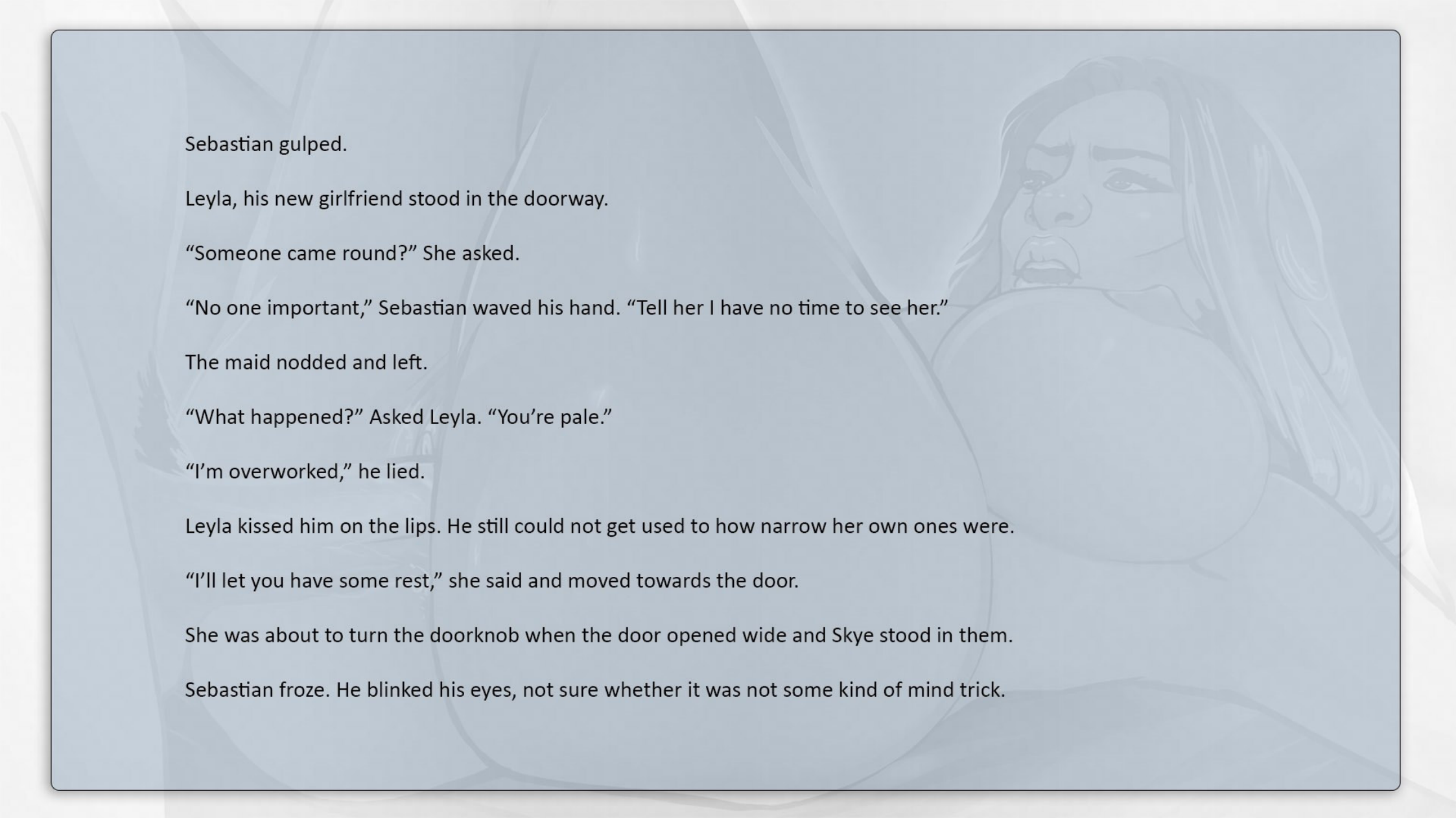
"Excuse me, someone is waiting for you" said the maid.

The man hastily put away the toy and his face blushed.

"Who is it?"

The girl wriggled her fingers nervously and looked away.

"Skye Palmer."



Sebastian gulped.

Leyla, his new girlfriend stood in the doorway.

“Someone came round?” She asked.

“No one important,” Sebastian waved his hand. “Tell her I have no time to see her.”

The maid nodded and left.

“What happened?” Asked Leyla. “You’re pale.”

“I’m overworked,” he lied.

Leyla kissed him on the lips. He still could not get used to how narrow her own ones were.

“I’ll let you have some rest,” she said and moved towards the door.

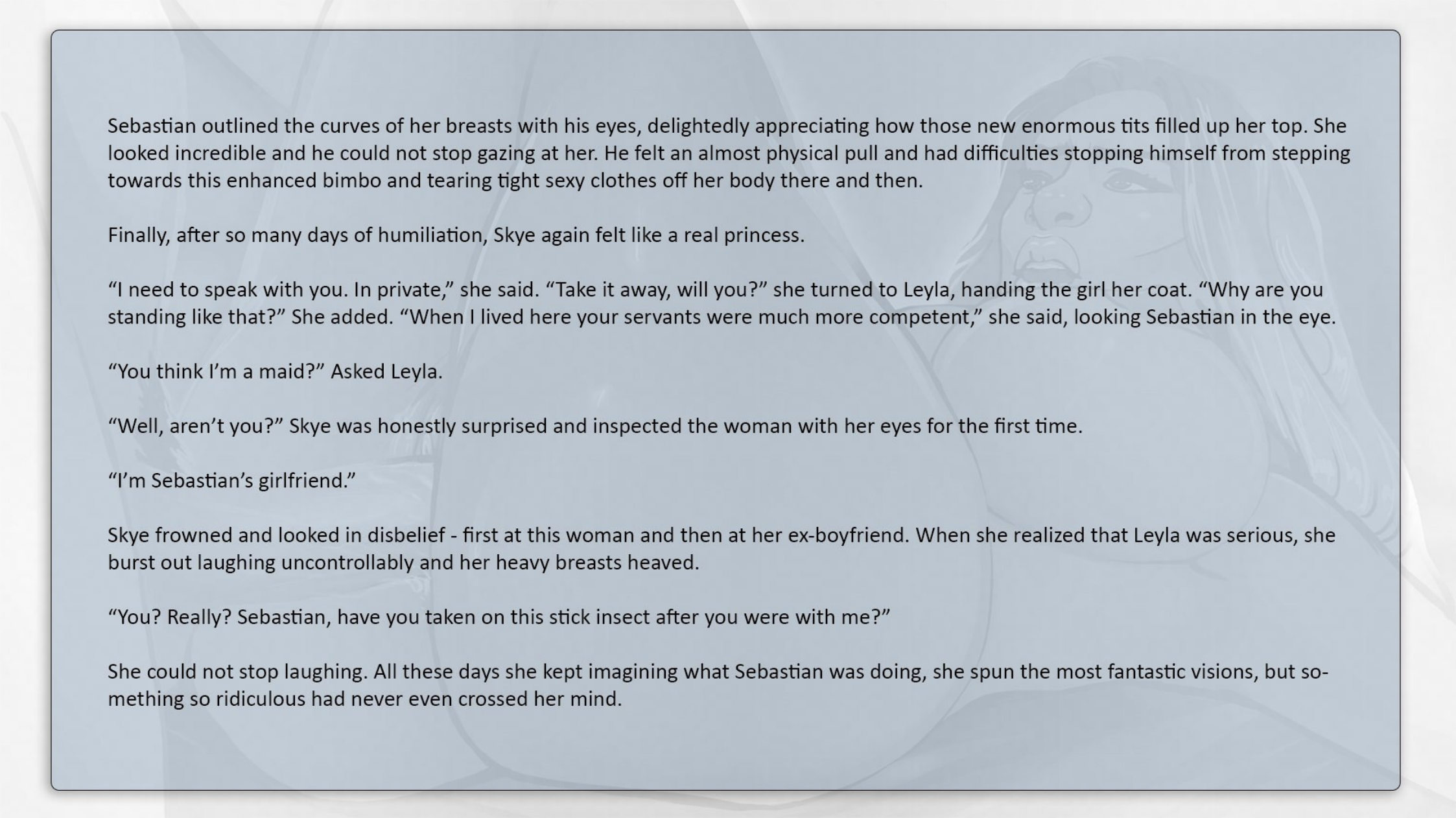
She was about to turn the doorknob when the door opened wide and Skye stood in them.

Sebastian froze. He blinked his eyes, not sure whether it was not some kind of mind trick.

Skye's breasts reached a monstrous size. He had never seen such a huge, supersexy bust. It seemed to him that all the blood left his face and moved towards his extremely hardening member. Desire did not allow him to focus. His lips parted, he felt he was beginning to sweat.

"You like me." Skye smiled and licked her full lips.





Sebastian outlined the curves of her breasts with his eyes, delightedly appreciating how those new enormous tits filled up her top. She looked incredible and he could not stop gazing at her. He felt an almost physical pull and had difficulties stopping himself from stepping towards this enhanced bimbo and tearing tight sexy clothes off her body there and then.

Finally, after so many days of humiliation, Skye again felt like a real princess.

“I need to speak with you. In private,” she said. “Take it away, will you?” she turned to Leyla, handing the girl her coat. “Why are you standing like that?” She added. “When I lived here your servants were much more competent,” she said, looking Sebastian in the eye.

“You think I’m a maid?” Asked Leyla.

“Well, aren’t you?” Skye was honestly surprised and inspected the woman with her eyes for the first time.

“I’m Sebastian’s girlfriend.”

Skye frowned and looked in disbelief - first at this woman and then at her ex-boyfriend. When she realized that Leyla was serious, she burst out laughing uncontrollably and her heavy breasts heaved.

“You? Really? Sebastian, have you taken on this stick insect after you were with me?”

She could not stop laughing. All these days she kept imagining what Sebastian was doing, she spun the most fantastic visions, but something so ridiculous had never even crossed her mind.

The man tried to save the day and took Skye to his office, trying not to stare at her enormous curves. He explained to enraged Leyla that his unstable ex came to his house from time to time. *"Of course he wasn't with her when she looked like that. This was disgusting, yes. No, he didn't like it at all. Such huge, artificial buttocks? No, he preferred natural beauties such as Leyla. Of course he would get rid of her at once..."* and so on.

Skye stood leaning nonchalantly against the desk and touched on her make-up looking at her botox-filled face the mirror.

"I haven't expected anything like that," she giggled.

"Just go," Sebastian replied icily.

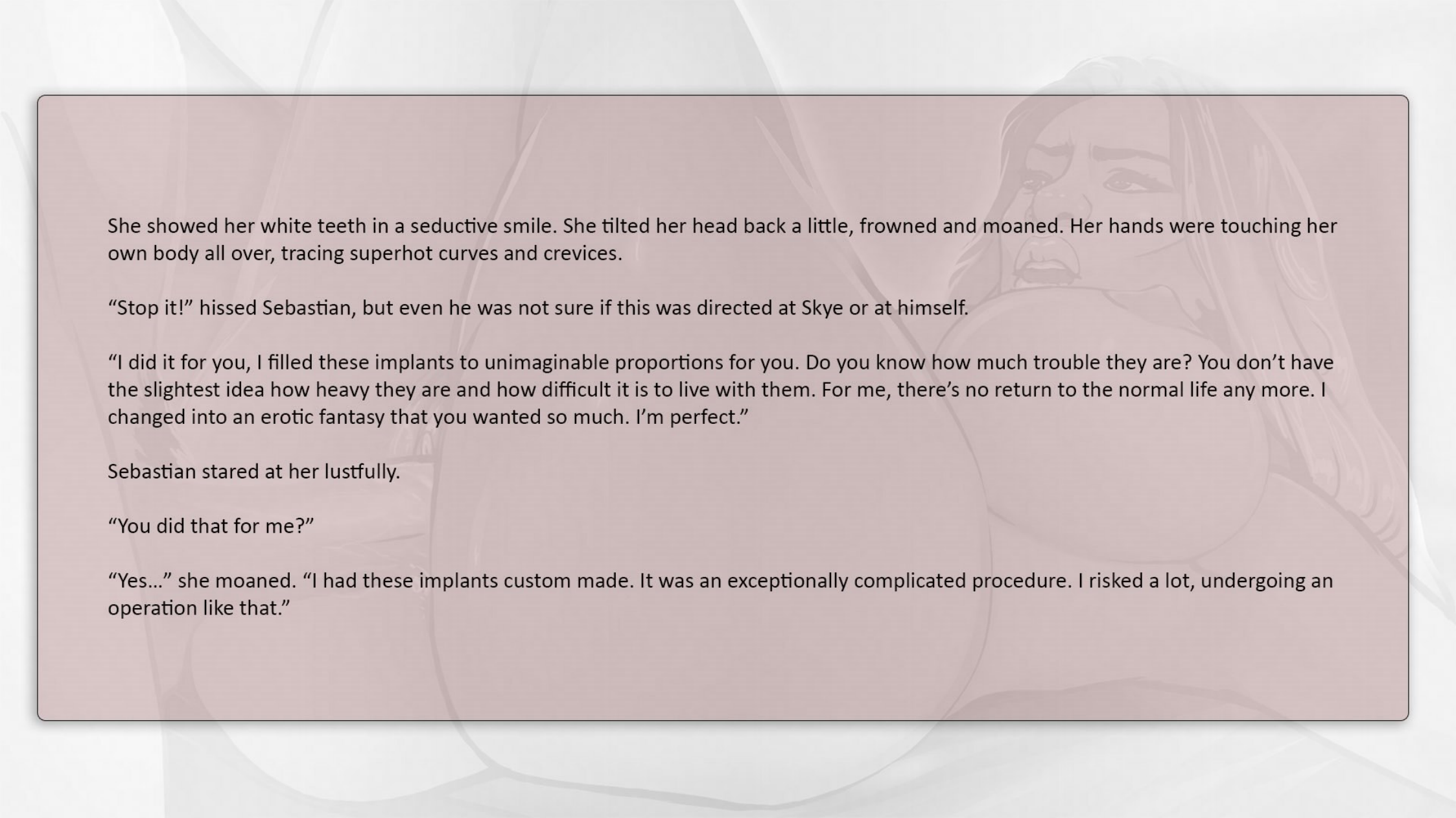
"You're not even curious why I came?" She asked and moved her palms over her gigantic breasts that were too big to fully take into her hands.

The man said nothing and looked at her confused.

"Your new girlfriend... Well..." she sighed, playing coquettishly with a strand of hair. "This is really funny."

"You think so?"

"Don't tell me you don't like me," she said, placing her hands on her bust and shaking her breasts gently. "Look how I changed for you."



She showed her white teeth in a seductive smile. She tilted her head back a little, frowned and moaned. Her hands were touching her own body all over, tracing superhot curves and crevices.

“Stop it!” hissed Sebastian, but even he was not sure if this was directed at Skye or at himself.

“I did it for you, I filled these implants to unimaginable proportions for you. Do you know how much trouble they are? You don’t have the slightest idea how heavy they are and how difficult it is to live with them. For me, there’s no return to the normal life any more. I changed into an erotic fantasy that you wanted so much. I’m perfect.”

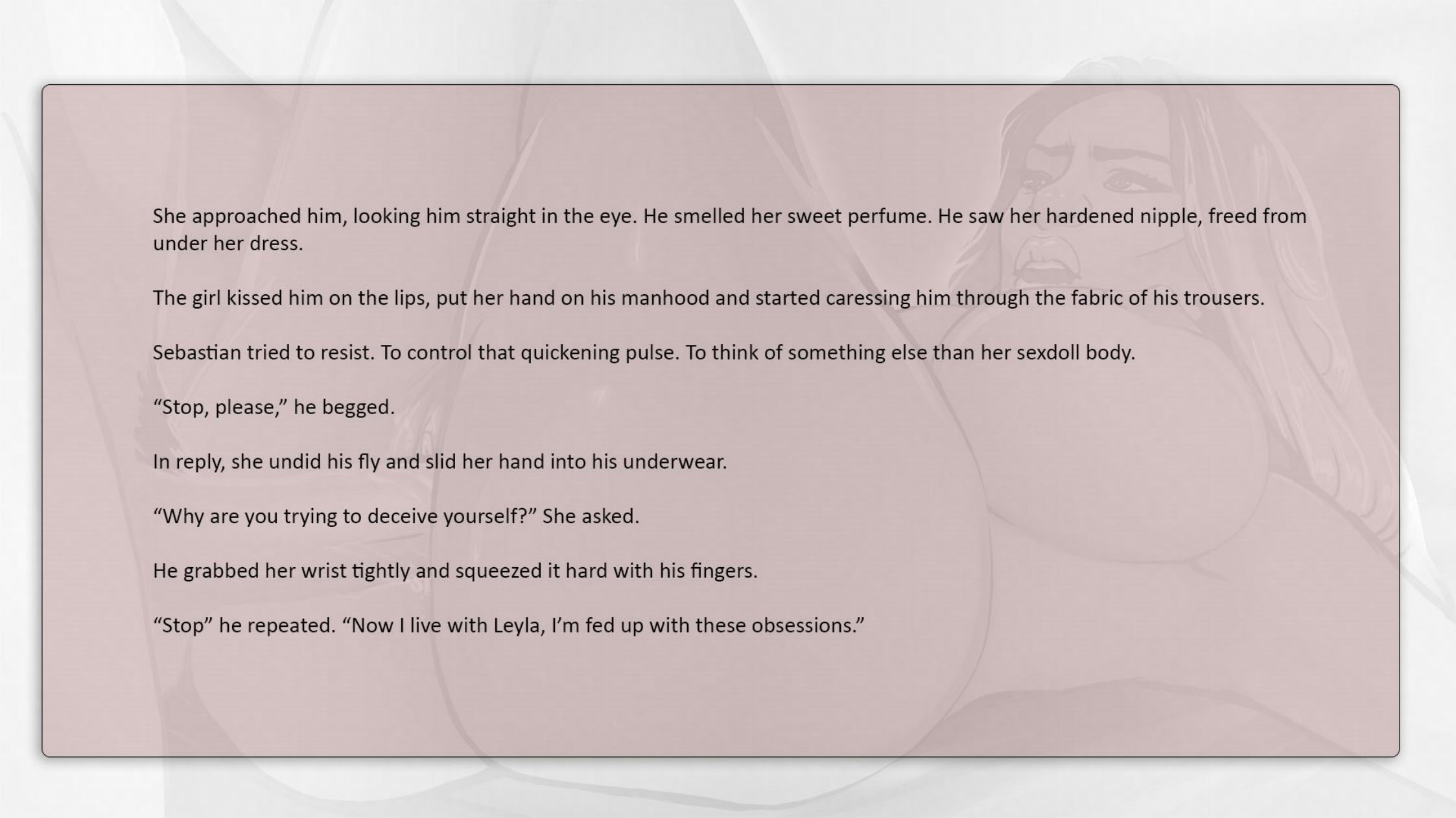
Sebastian stared at her lustfully.

“You did that for me?”

“Yes...” she moaned. “I had these implants custom made. It was an exceptionally complicated procedure. I risked a lot, undergoing an operation like that.”



“I know, you’d like to see me naked,” she whispered and slid off the bra-strap to reveal one breast. “I can see it in your eyes how much you want me.” She pulled up her dress high enough to show her pierced belly-button. She was naked under the dress. “Why are you stopping yourself? This body can be yours. We both know how much I excite you. You have no idea what I had to go through to be here now. In that world outside, among common people, no one understood me, no one supported my choices. Only now, with you, I can feel like a real princess. Enough talk now. I need sex.”



She approached him, looking him straight in the eye. He smelled her sweet perfume. He saw her hardened nipple, freed from under her dress.

The girl kissed him on the lips, put her hand on his manhood and started caressing him through the fabric of his trousers.

Sebastian tried to resist. To control that quickening pulse. To think of something else than her sexdoll body.

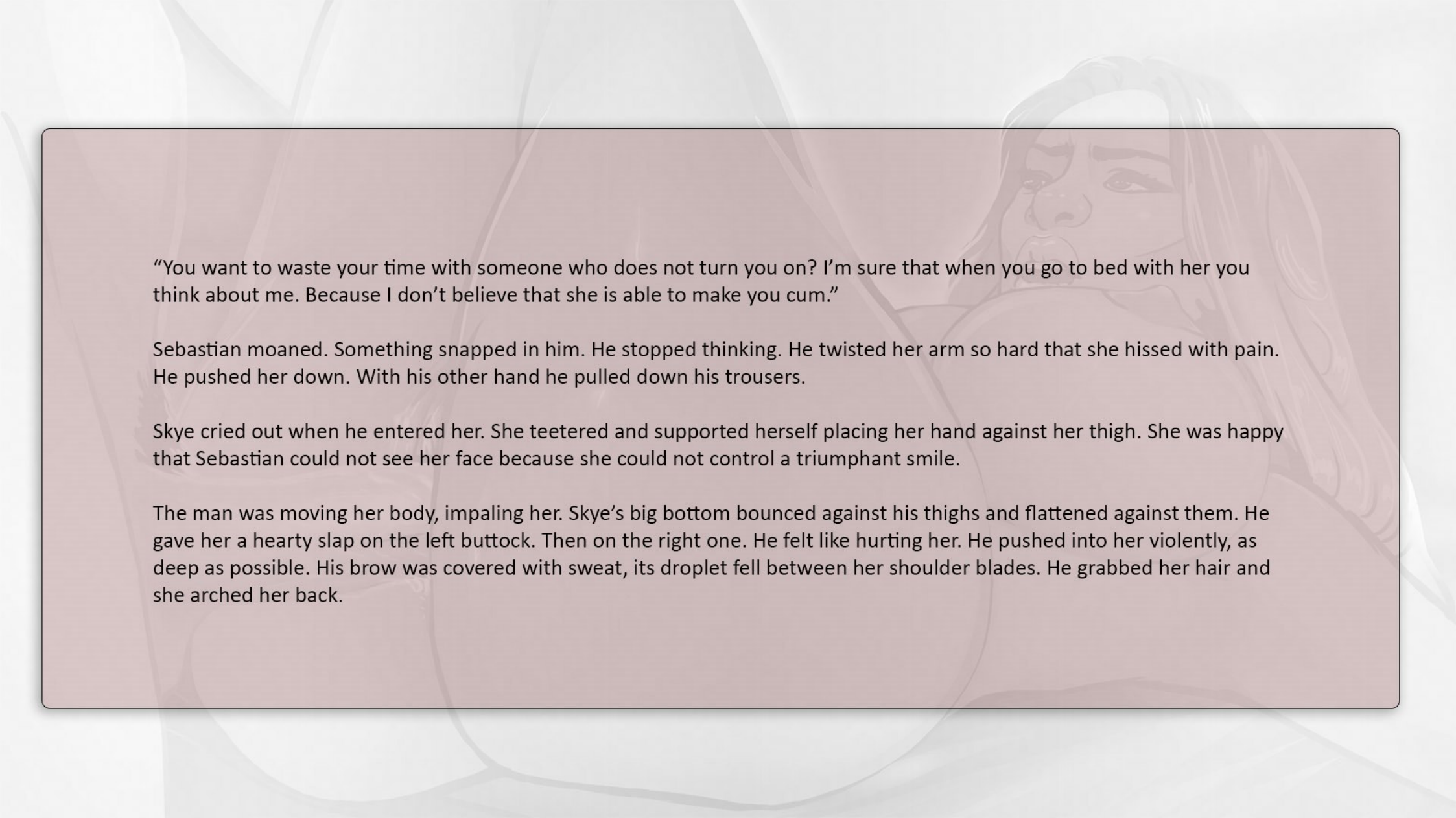
“Stop, please,” he begged.

In reply, she undid his fly and slid her hand into his underwear.

“Why are you trying to deceive yourself?” She asked.

He grabbed her wrist tightly and squeezed it hard with his fingers.

“Stop” he repeated. “Now I live with Leyla, I’m fed up with these obsessions.”



“You want to waste your time with someone who does not turn you on? I’m sure that when you go to bed with her you think about me. Because I don’t believe that she is able to make you cum.”

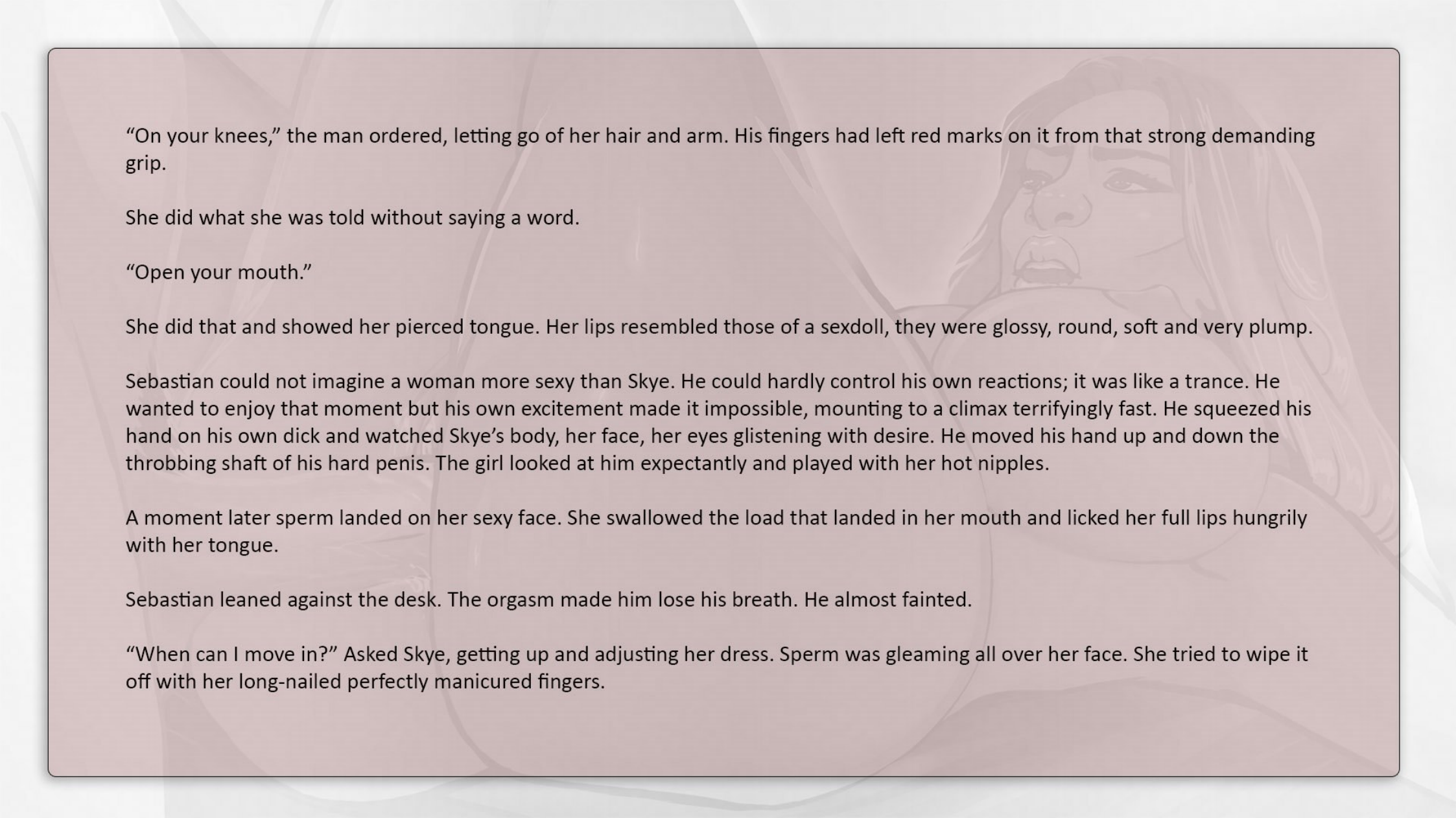
Sebastian moaned. Something snapped in him. He stopped thinking. He twisted her arm so hard that she hissed with pain. He pushed her down. With his other hand he pulled down his trousers.

Skye cried out when he entered her. She teetered and supported herself placing her hand against her thigh. She was happy that Sebastian could not see her face because she could not control a triumphant smile.

The man was moving her body, impaling her. Skye’s big bottom bounced against his thighs and flattened against them. He gave her a hearty slap on the left buttock. Then on the right one. He felt like hurting her. He pushed into her violently, as deep as possible. His brow was covered with sweat, its droplet fell between her shoulder blades. He grabbed her hair and she arched her back.



Skye felt ecstasy mixed with pain. She turned her eyes up and moaned. Her heavy bust kept knocking against her ribs time and time again, she felt wetness flowing down her inner thighs. She breathed heavily, almost breathless, and inhaled Sebastian's familiar scent with utmost lust.



“On your knees,” the man ordered, letting go of her hair and arm. His fingers had left red marks on it from that strong demanding grip.

She did what she was told without saying a word.

“Open your mouth.”

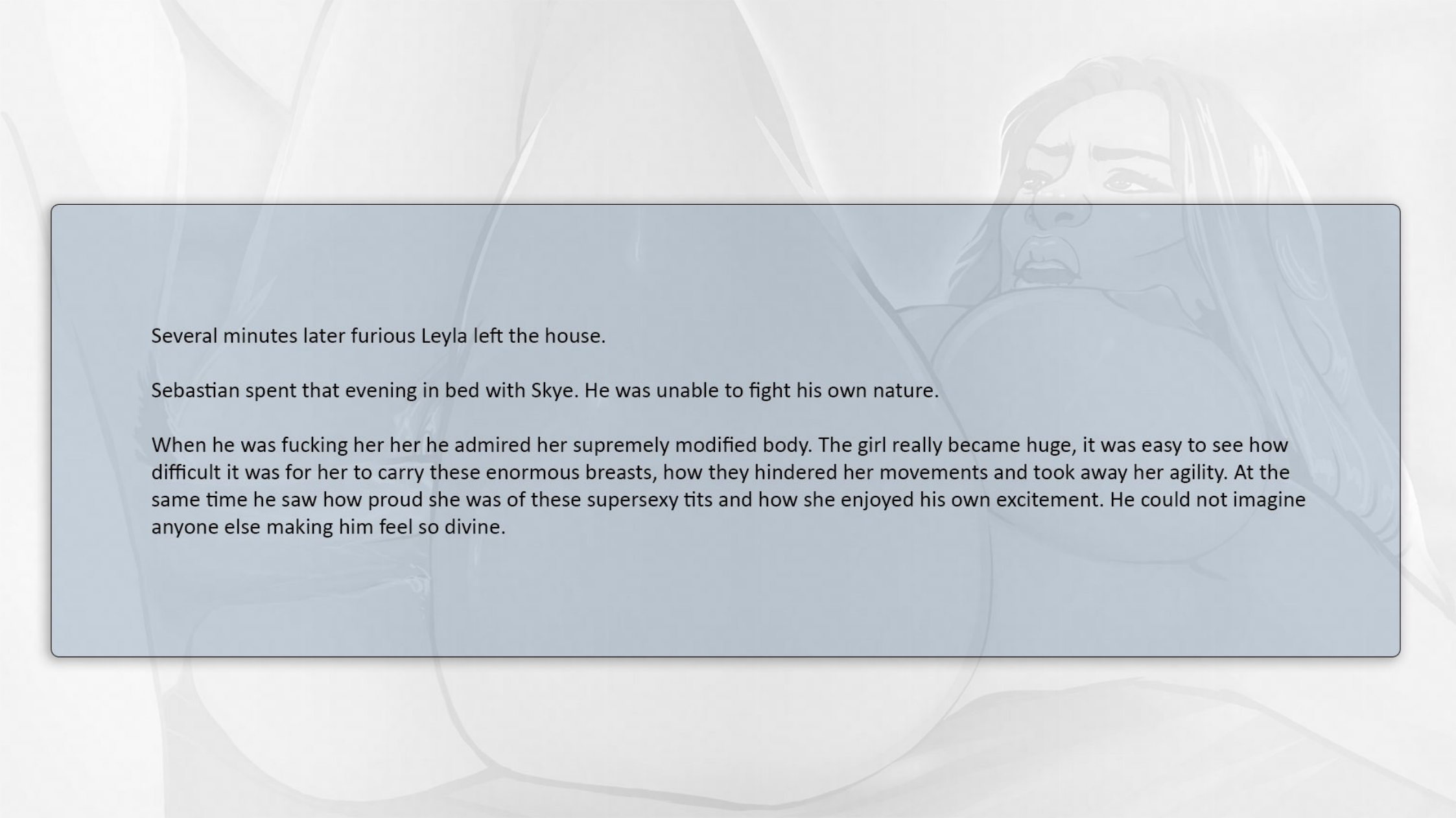
She did that and showed her pierced tongue. Her lips resembled those of a sexdoll, they were glossy, round, soft and very plump.

Sebastian could not imagine a woman more sexy than Skye. He could hardly control his own reactions; it was like a trance. He wanted to enjoy that moment but his own excitement made it impossible, mounting to a climax terrifyingly fast. He squeezed his hand on his own dick and watched Skye’s body, her face, her eyes glistening with desire. He moved his hand up and down the throbbing shaft of his hard penis. The girl looked at him expectantly and played with her hot nipples.

A moment later sperm landed on her sexy face. She swallowed the load that landed in her mouth and licked her full lips hungrily with her tongue.

Sebastian leaned against the desk. The orgasm made him lose his breath. He almost fainted.

“When can I move in?” Asked Skye, getting up and adjusting her dress. Sperm was gleaming all over her face. She tried to wipe it off with her long-nailed perfectly manicured fingers.



Several minutes later furious Leyla left the house.

Sebastian spent that evening in bed with Skye. He was unable to fight his own nature.

When he was fucking her her he admired her supremely modified body. The girl really became huge, it was easy to see how difficult it was for her to carry these enormous breasts, how they hindered her movements and took away her agility. At the same time he saw how proud she was of these supersexy tits and how she enjoyed his own excitement. He could not imagine anyone else making him feel so divine.



That night he climaxed multiple times and his hard cock still wanted more of her. The sight of Skye was the ultimate aphrodisiac for him. He could not even remember now why he had decided to let her go a few months earlier.



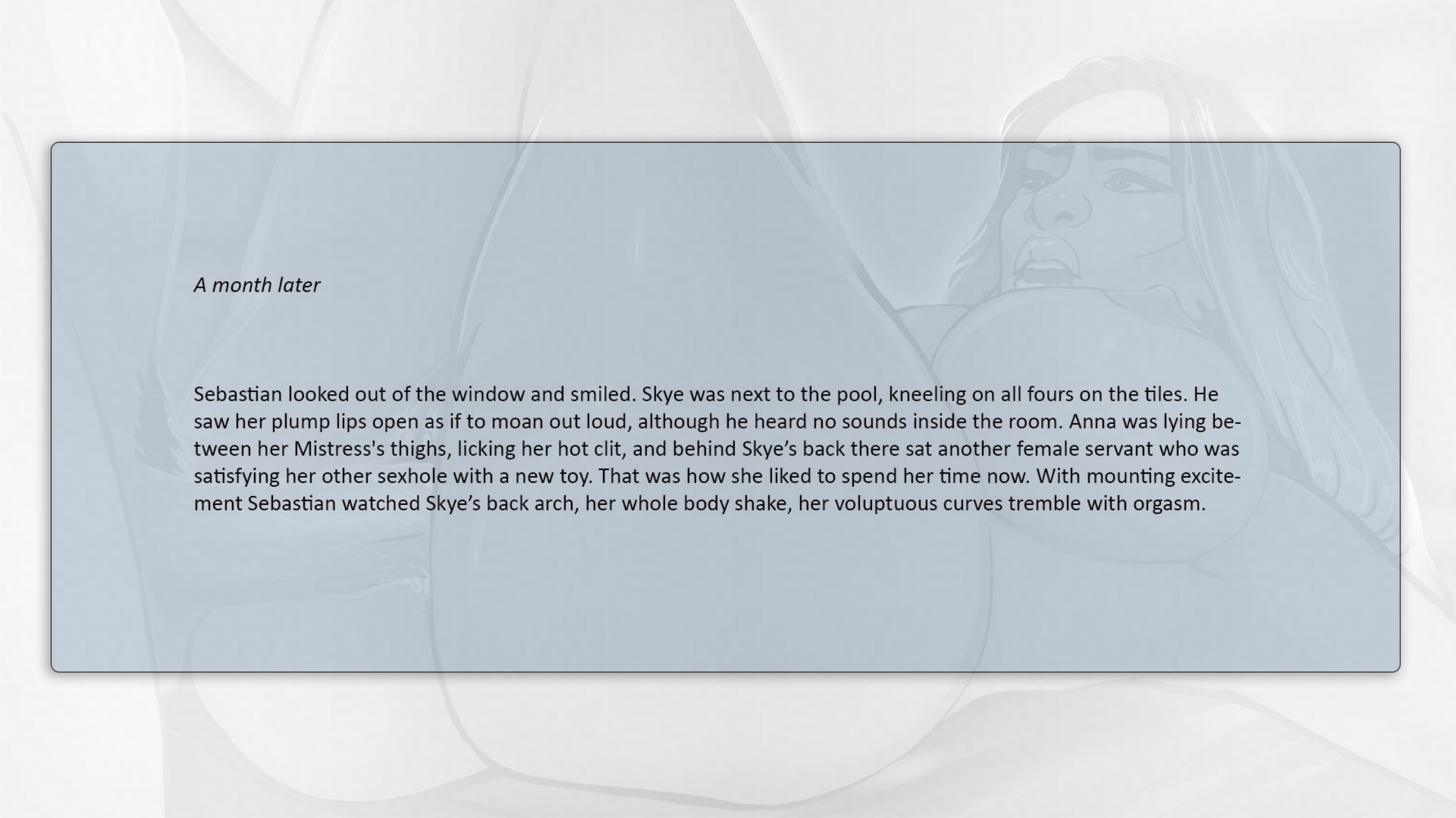
Skye happily returned to her old lifestyle which she used to love so much. Anna appeared at the residence the following day and hastened to satisfy her employer.

Skye began spending her time as before, taking care of her beauty, going to parties and having sex. To her own surprise she discovered that she actually did not need *Lybridos*, even without it she was aroused all the time. She stopped pretending to be a giggling bimbo. She became one and felt happy.



Before & After





A month later

Sebastian looked out of the window and smiled. Skye was next to the pool, kneeling on all fours on the tiles. He saw her plump lips open as if to moan out loud, although he heard no sounds inside the room. Anna was lying between her Mistress's thighs, licking her hot clit, and behind Skye's back there sat another female servant who was satisfying her other sexhole with a new toy. That was how she liked to spend her time now. With mounting excitement Sebastian watched Skye's back arch, her whole body shake, her voluptuous curves tremble with orgasm.



He still could not believe that she had changed quite so much. Every time he saw her he was overcome by a wave of pure excitement.

He left the house and quickly went towards the pool. He had to satisfy his immense desire.



THE END

Thank you for reading!