

# Good help is hard to find



- Breast expansion
- Bondage and movement restriction
- Domintion
- Lip expansion
- Ass expansion
- Piercing & tattoo

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Bondage and movement restriction  
Domintion  
Lip expansion  
Ass expansion  
Piercing & tattoo

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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

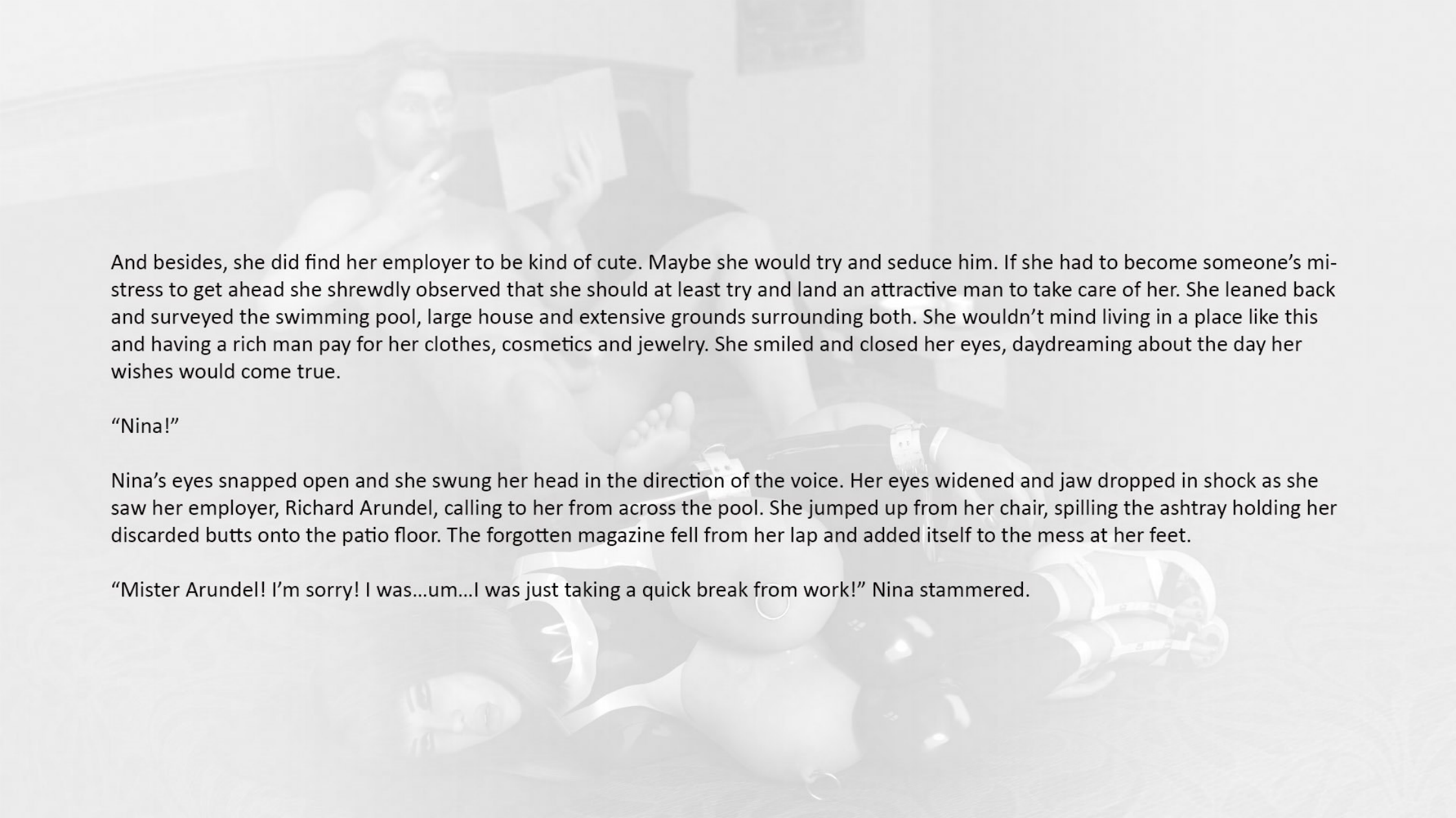
**RED**  
The hottest action or refined fantasies

Nina was taking a work break beside her employer's swimming pool. She lifted a cigarette to her mouth, took a puff and flipped idly through the entertainment magazine she held in her lap. She was behind in her work but couldn't care less. Her employer was almost never home during her shift and she had ruthlessly calculated how much she could get away with when he wasn't there to watch her.





She closed the magazine and glanced at the cover. This issue of Tinsel Talk featured an article on celebrities and the exclusive nightclubs they patronized. She sighed and stubbed out her cigarette. She wished she could afford to go and dance and party alongside them. As it was, she barely made enough to pay rent and upkeep. Nevertheless, she mused, the long hours and low pay was better than what she'd been used to back home in her native, poverty-stricken country.



And besides, she did find her employer to be kind of cute. Maybe she would try and seduce him. If she had to become someone's mistress to get ahead she shrewdly observed that she should at least try and land an attractive man to take care of her. She leaned back and surveyed the swimming pool, large house and extensive grounds surrounding both. She wouldn't mind living in a place like this and having a rich man pay for her clothes, cosmetics and jewelry. She smiled and closed her eyes, daydreaming about the day her wishes would come true.

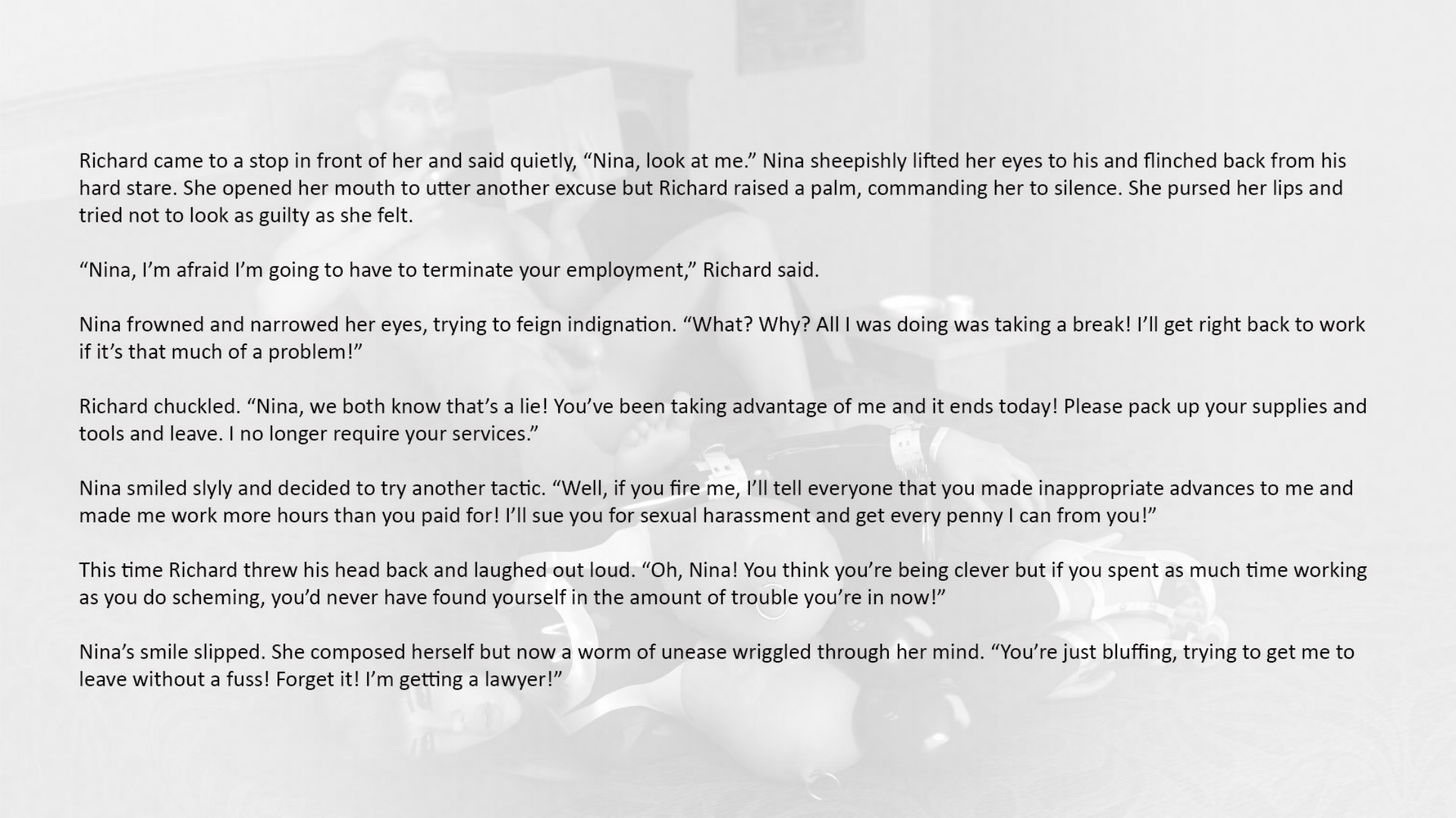
"Nina!"

Nina's eyes snapped open and she swung her head in the direction of the voice. Her eyes widened and jaw dropped in shock as she saw her employer, Richard Arundel, calling to her from across the pool. She jumped up from her chair, spilling the ashtray holding her discarded butts onto the patio floor. The forgotten magazine fell from her lap and added itself to the mess at her feet.

"Mister Arundel! I'm sorry! I was...um...I was just taking a quick break from work!" Nina stammered.

Richard slowly walked around the pool towards her. Nina dropped her eyes to the plain, ill-fitting, house-keeping uniform she wore and nervously smoothed out the wrinkled fabric with her hands. She noted that they were shaking. There had been an edge to Richard's voice giving her cause for concern. She hoped she hadn't just managed to get fired from her job.





Richard came to a stop in front of her and said quietly, “Nina, look at me.” Nina sheepishly lifted her eyes to his and flinched back from his hard stare. She opened her mouth to utter another excuse but Richard raised a palm, commanding her to silence. She pursed her lips and tried not to look as guilty as she felt.

“Nina, I’m afraid I’m going to have to terminate your employment,” Richard said.

Nina frowned and narrowed her eyes, trying to feign indignation. “What? Why? All I was doing was taking a break! I’ll get right back to work if it’s that much of a problem!”

Richard chuckled. “Nina, we both know that’s a lie! You’ve been taking advantage of me and it ends today! Please pack up your supplies and tools and leave. I no longer require your services.”

Nina smiled slyly and decided to try another tactic. “Well, if you fire me, I’ll tell everyone that you made inappropriate advances to me and made me work more hours than you paid for! I’ll sue you for sexual harassment and get every penny I can from you!”

This time Richard threw his head back and laughed out loud. “Oh, Nina! You think you’re being clever but if you spent as much time working as you do scheming, you’d never have found yourself in the amount of trouble you’re in now!”

Nina’s smile slipped. She composed herself but now a worm of unease wriggled through her mind. “You’re just bluffing, trying to get me to leave without a fuss! Forget it! I’m getting a lawyer!”

Richard's laugh died and he reached into his pocket and produced his smartphone. He tapped a few buttons and then handed it to Nina. "Here's all the evidence I need not only to fire you but to get you deported as well."

Nina took the phone and tried unsuccessfully to dismiss the sudden tremor that shook her hand. The screen featured a paused video. Nina pressed the resume button and gasped at what she saw playing. It was a video of her at work in the house. She was vacuuming the living room carpet. She leaned over, shut off the vacuum and took a seat on the couch. She reached for the TV remote and turned it on. She settled back and lit up a cigarette, and watched the screen, occasionally flicking ash dismissively onto the carpet.

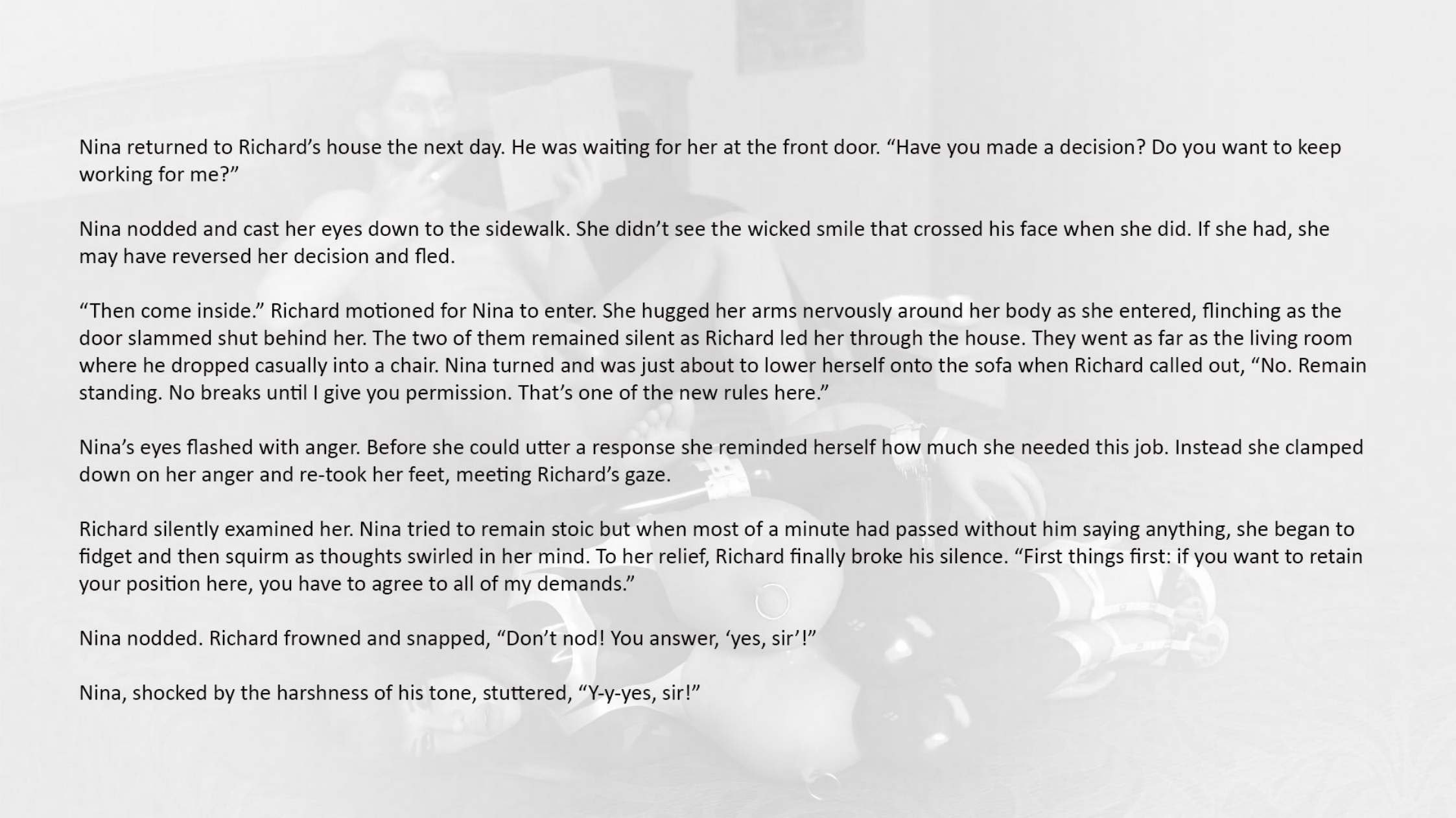
She hit the pause button for the video and looked up guiltily at Richard. He frowned. "I had cameras installed in the house last week," he said, adding, "That video you're watching is over an hour long. Was that just you enjoying a break? Or were you taking advantage of me?"

Nina almost replied with a lie and then thought better of it. Richard motioned for her to turn her attention back to the phone. He smiled evily. He took the phone from her hands and fiddled with it, saying, "This next one is my favorite." He handed it back to her. "Watch this."

Nina forced her eyes to meet the screen. This video showed her in Richard's bedroom, rummaging through his bureau drawers. She found a small stack of twenty dollars bills and lifted it from the drawer and peeled off two of them, replacing the money where she'd found it. When the video ended she tried unsuccessfully to meet Richard's eyes.

Richard grinned. "And that constitutes theft. I think that's all the evidence I'll need to get you sent back to where you came from. Now please leave. If you decide you want to keep your job, come back tomorrow and we'll discuss it."

\*\*\*



Nina returned to Richard's house the next day. He was waiting for her at the front door. "Have you made a decision? Do you want to keep working for me?"

Nina nodded and cast her eyes down to the sidewalk. She didn't see the wicked smile that crossed his face when she did. If she had, she may have reversed her decision and fled.

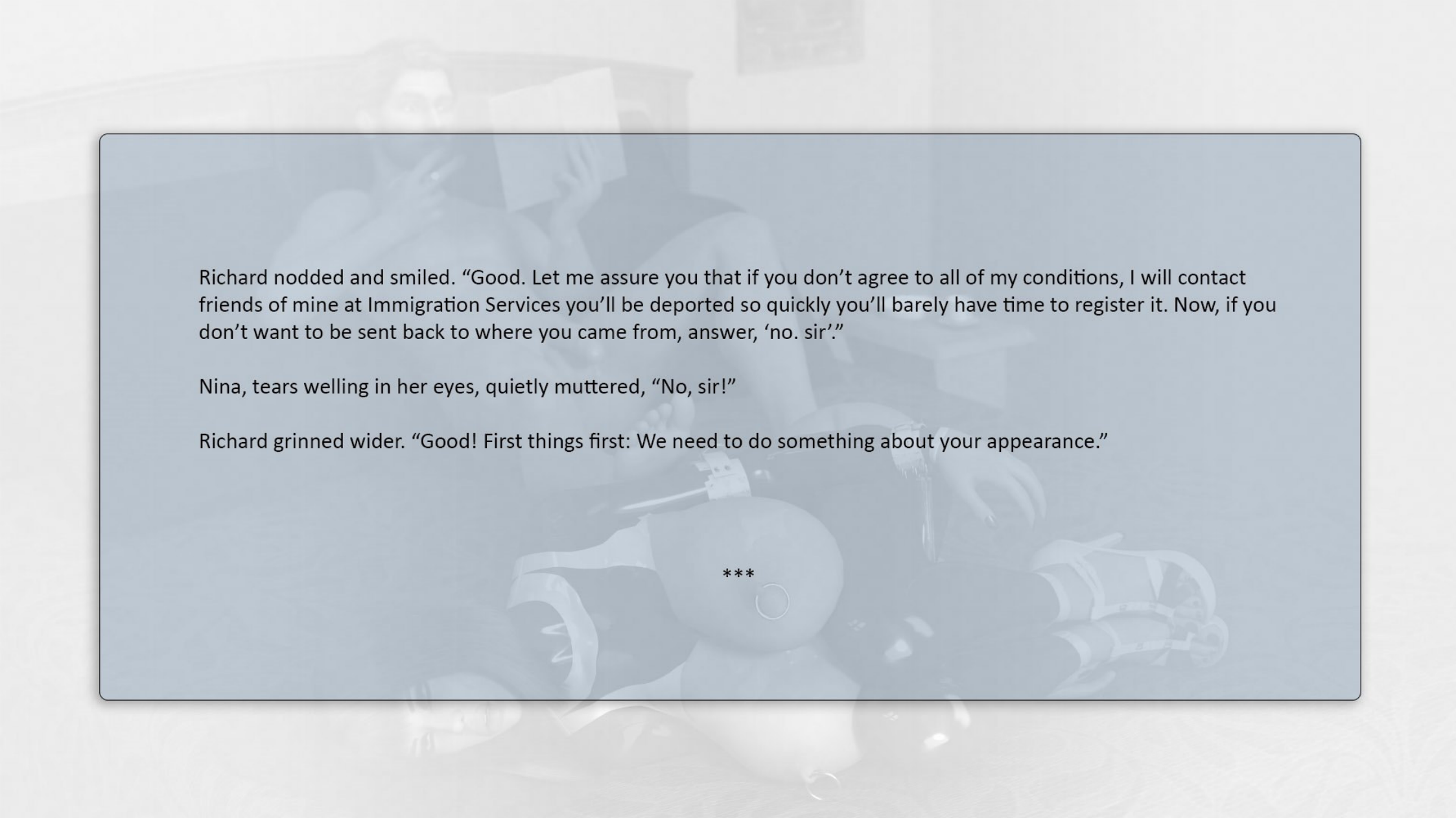
"Then come inside." Richard motioned for Nina to enter. She hugged her arms nervously around her body as she entered, flinching as the door slammed shut behind her. The two of them remained silent as Richard led her through the house. They went as far as the living room where he dropped casually into a chair. Nina turned and was just about to lower herself onto the sofa when Richard called out, "No. Remain standing. No breaks until I give you permission. That's one of the new rules here."

Nina's eyes flashed with anger. Before she could utter a response she reminded herself how much she needed this job. Instead she clamped down on her anger and re-took her feet, meeting Richard's gaze.

Richard silently examined her. Nina tried to remain stoic but when most of a minute had passed without him saying anything, she began to fidget and then squirm as thoughts swirled in her mind. To her relief, Richard finally broke his silence. "First things first: if you want to retain your position here, you have to agree to all of my demands."

Nina nodded. Richard frowned and snapped, "Don't nod! You answer, 'yes, sir'!"

Nina, shocked by the harshness of his tone, stuttered, "Y-y-yes, sir!"



Richard nodded and smiled. “Good. Let me assure you that if you don’t agree to all of my conditions, I will contact friends of mine at Immigration Services you’ll be deported so quickly you’ll barely have time to register it. Now, if you don’t want to be sent back to where you came from, answer, ‘no. sir’.”

Nina, tears welling in her eyes, quietly muttered, “No, sir!”

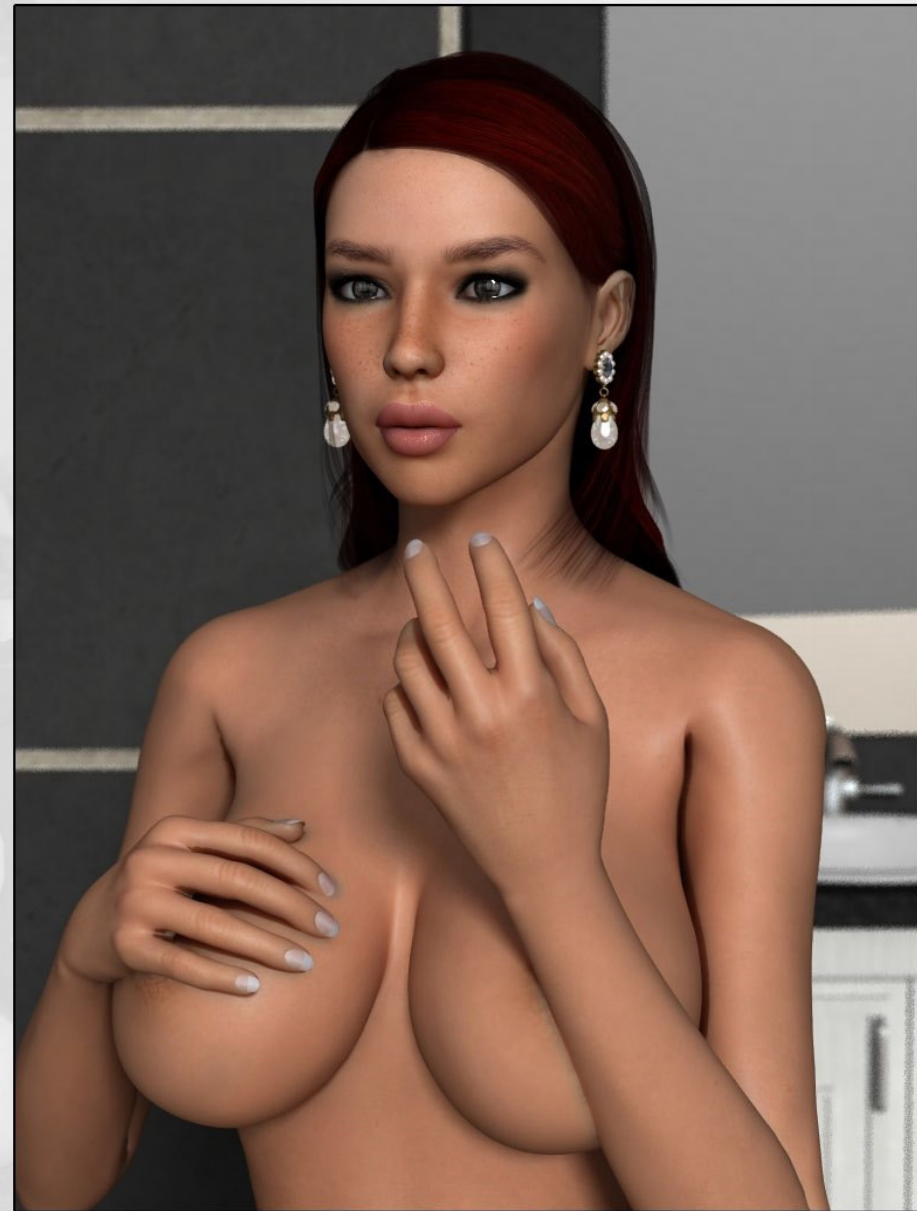
Richard grinned wider. “Good! First things first: We need to do something about your appearance.”

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Nina examined her reflection in the mirror. She cast her mind back to the day by the pool when she was daydreaming about looking like a movie star. Now that she did, she wasn't quite sure how to react to what Richard had had done to her.

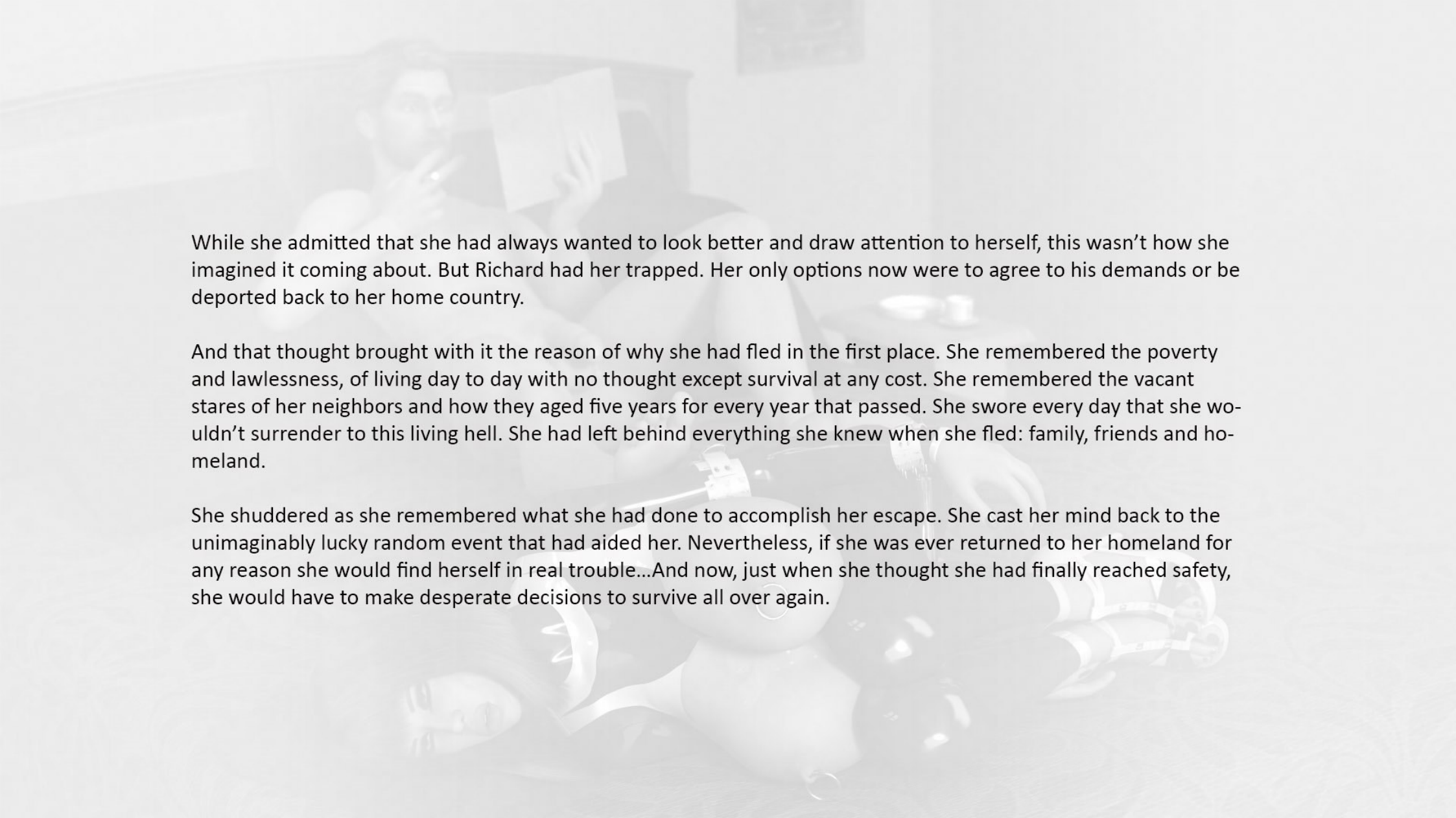
The first thing she noted was her mouth. Richard had ordered a minor lip job. While her lips were not as big as what some porn stars sported, they were still larger than she would have liked. She pursed them and blew a kiss at her reflection. She decided that she would come to accept them in time.

Her gaze dropped to her enlarged breasts. She drew a breath and held it. Her breasts rose and dropped heavily as she exhaled. She wasn't used to their weight yet and despite their rather conservative size, she knew it would take longer for her to get used to them than it would to come to terms with her lips. Nevertheless she was pleased that Richard had chosen to have natural-looking implants installed as opposed to the fake globular type. At least these looked normal.





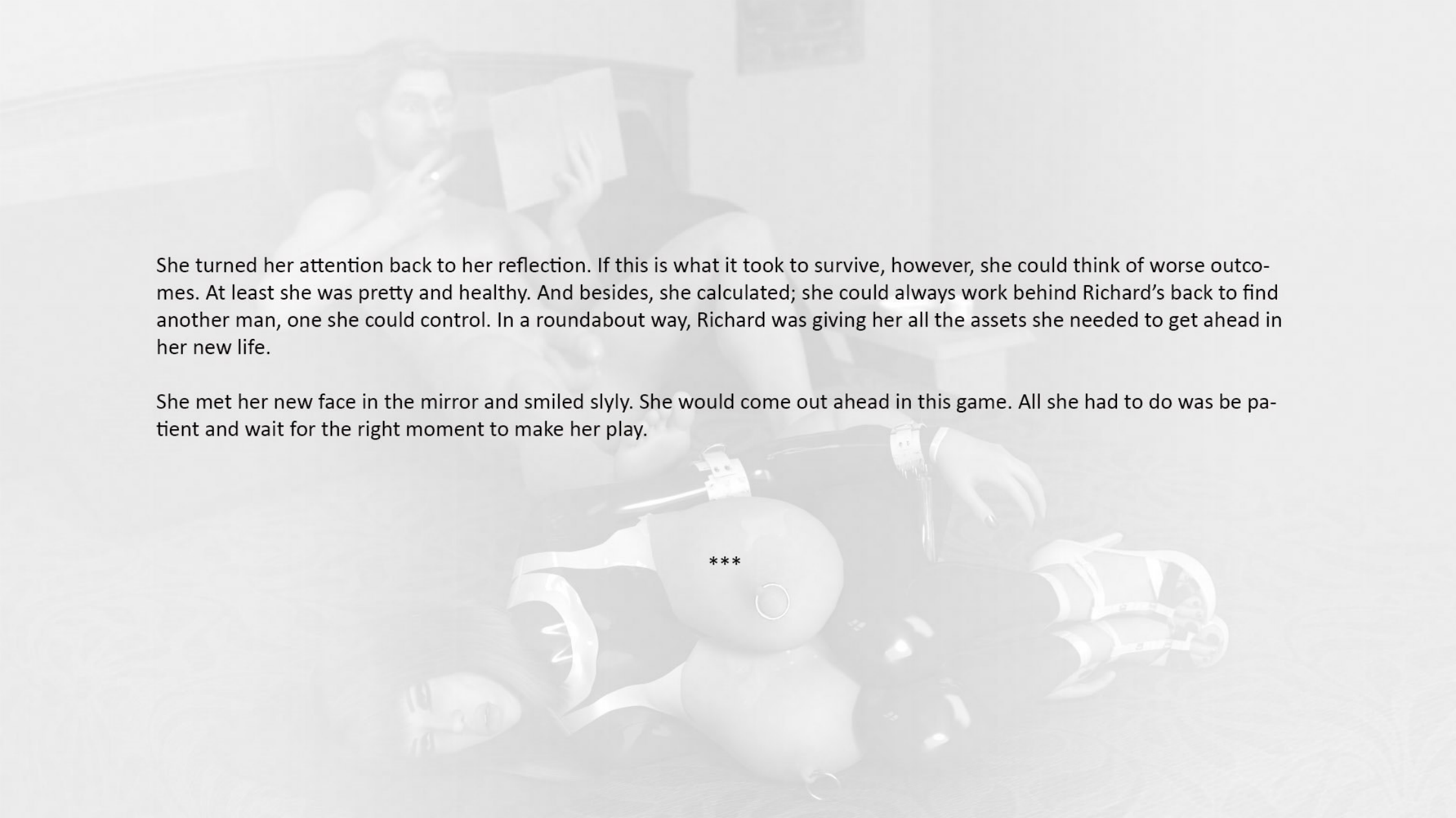
As she dressed she noted her tits stretching the fabric of her work uniform as she struggled to button it closed. She grunted with effort as she managed to fasten the final button, Despite her relief at having been only lightly modified she knew that she would only be able to hide them to an extent. Anyone who knew her previously wouldn't be fooled. Just yesterday, she noted a few of the people she regularly rode with on the bus making comments about her. She was embarrassed by the attention and wished she lived somewhere colder so she could justify wearing a large coat.

A faded background image of a man sitting on a couch, holding a book and a cigarette. The image is semi-transparent, allowing the text to be read over it.

While she admitted that she had always wanted to look better and draw attention to herself, this wasn't how she imagined it coming about. But Richard had her trapped. Her only options now were to agree to his demands or be deported back to her home country.

And that thought brought with it the reason of why she had fled in the first place. She remembered the poverty and lawlessness, of living day to day with no thought except survival at any cost. She remembered the vacant stares of her neighbors and how they aged five years for every year that passed. She swore every day that she wouldn't surrender to this living hell. She had left behind everything she knew when she fled: family, friends and homeland.

She shuddered as she remembered what she had done to accomplish her escape. She cast her mind back to the unimaginably lucky random event that had aided her. Nevertheless, if she was ever returned to her homeland for any reason she would find herself in real trouble...And now, just when she thought she had finally reached safety, she would have to make desperate decisions to survive all over again.



She turned her attention back to her reflection. If this is what it took to survive, however, she could think of worse outcomes. At least she was pretty and healthy. And besides, she calculated; she could always work behind Richard's back to find another man, one she could control. In a roundabout way, Richard was giving her all the assets she needed to get ahead in her new life.

She met her new face in the mirror and smiled slyly. She would come out ahead in this game. All she had to do was be patient and wait for the right moment to make her play.

\*\*\*



A few weeks later Richard unlocked his front door and entered his home. He could hear the vacuum cleaner running from somewhere ahead. Smiling, he quietly closed the door and advanced stealthily into the house, his footsteps masked by the noise. He smirked and slipped quietly up to an open door and peeked around the frame to see Nina struggling at her work.

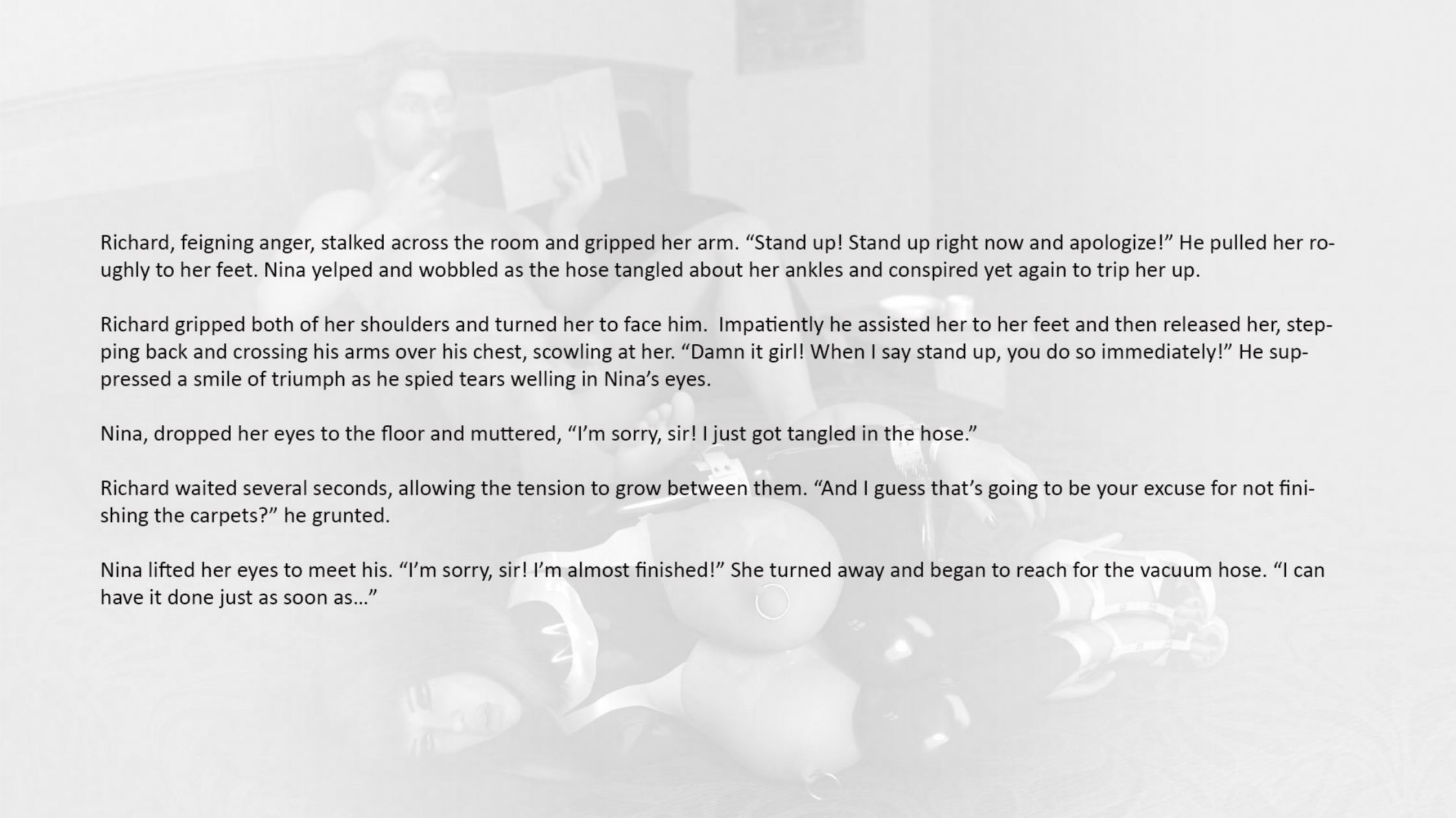


She was grunting with effort as she vacuumed. As she worked to drag the vacuum hose back and forth across the carpet her new breasts jiggled and bounced as she worked. Richard noted her nipples rising beneath her uniform, hardening as she grew angrier and angrier.

Before long the hose wrapped itself around one of her ankles and she cursed as she bent over to untangle it. As she did so, the back of her skirt rode up revealing her panties. The two half-globes of her bottom wobbled up and down as she struggled. Despite her efforts, the hose managed to wrap itself even tighter and she cursed louder, her words clear above the racket of the machine.

Richard decided the time to reveal his presence had arrived. He stepped into the doorway and shouted, "How dare you use language like that in my house?"

Nina's head whipped up and a look of shock replaced her angry frown. "I-I-I'm sorry, sir! I didn't hear you come in!" she stammered.



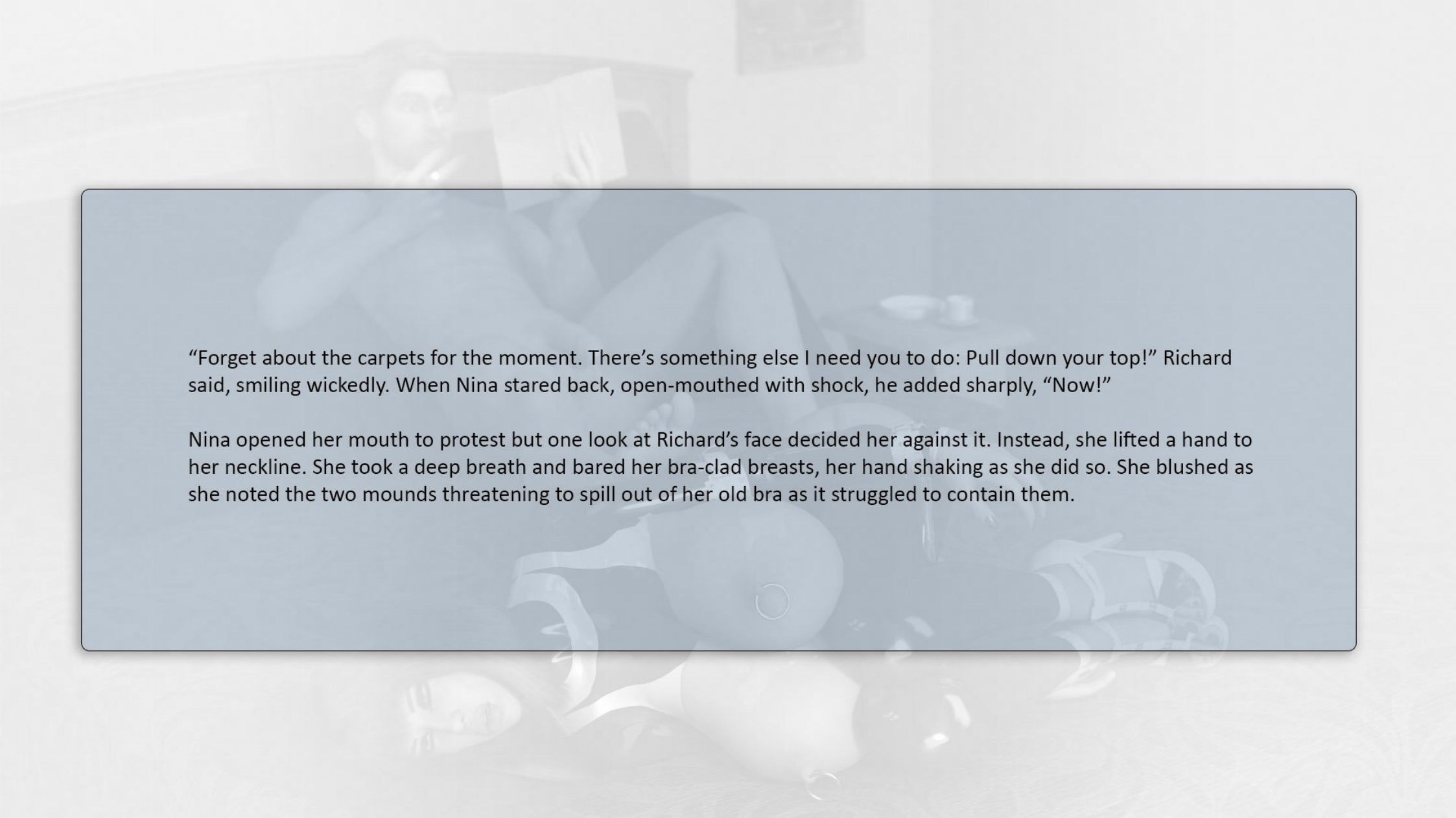
Richard, feigning anger, stalked across the room and gripped her arm. “Stand up! Stand up right now and apologize!” He pulled her roughly to her feet. Nina yelped and wobbled as the hose tangled about her ankles and conspired yet again to trip her up.

Richard gripped both of her shoulders and turned her to face him. Impatiently he assisted her to her feet and then released her, stepping back and crossing his arms over his chest, scowling at her. “Damn it girl! When I say stand up, you do so immediately!” He suppressed a smile of triumph as he spied tears welling in Nina’s eyes.

Nina, dropped her eyes to the floor and muttered, “I’m sorry, sir! I just got tangled in the hose.”

Richard waited several seconds, allowing the tension to grow between them. “And I guess that’s going to be your excuse for not finishing the carpets?” he grunted.

Nina lifted her eyes to meet his. “I’m sorry, sir! I’m almost finished!” She turned away and began to reach for the vacuum hose. “I can have it done just as soon as...”

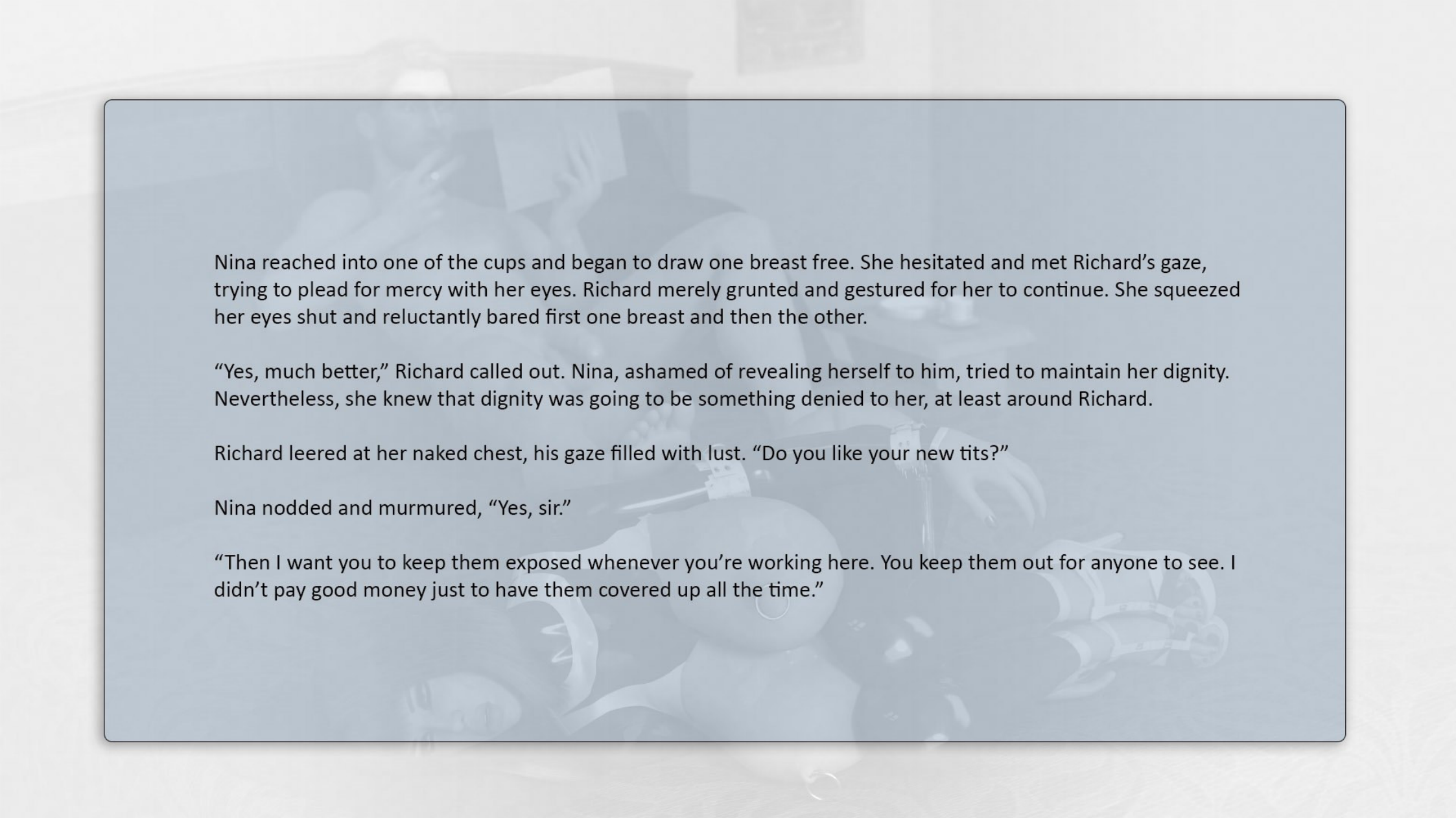
A man with dark hair and a beard is sitting on a bed, reading a book. He is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. In the background, a woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a bed, wearing a white bra and black high-heeled sandals. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an indoor setting at night.

“Forget about the carpets for the moment. There’s something else I need you to do: Pull down your top!” Richard said, smiling wickedly. When Nina stared back, open-mouthed with shock, he added sharply, “Now!”

Nina opened her mouth to protest but one look at Richard’s face decided her against it. Instead, she lifted a hand to her neckline. She took a deep breath and bared her bra-clad breasts, her hand shaking as she did so. She blushed as she noted the two mounds threatening to spill out of her old bra as it struggled to contain them.



Richard smirked. "Get them out of that bra! Show me what I've paid for!"



Nina reached into one of the cups and began to draw one breast free. She hesitated and met Richard's gaze, trying to plead for mercy with her eyes. Richard merely grunted and gestured for her to continue. She squeezed her eyes shut and reluctantly bared first one breast and then the other.

"Yes, much better," Richard called out. Nina, ashamed of revealing herself to him, tried to maintain her dignity. Nevertheless, she knew that dignity was going to be something denied to her, at least around Richard.

Richard leered at her naked chest, his gaze filled with lust. "Do you like your new tits?"

Nina nodded and murmured, "Yes, sir."

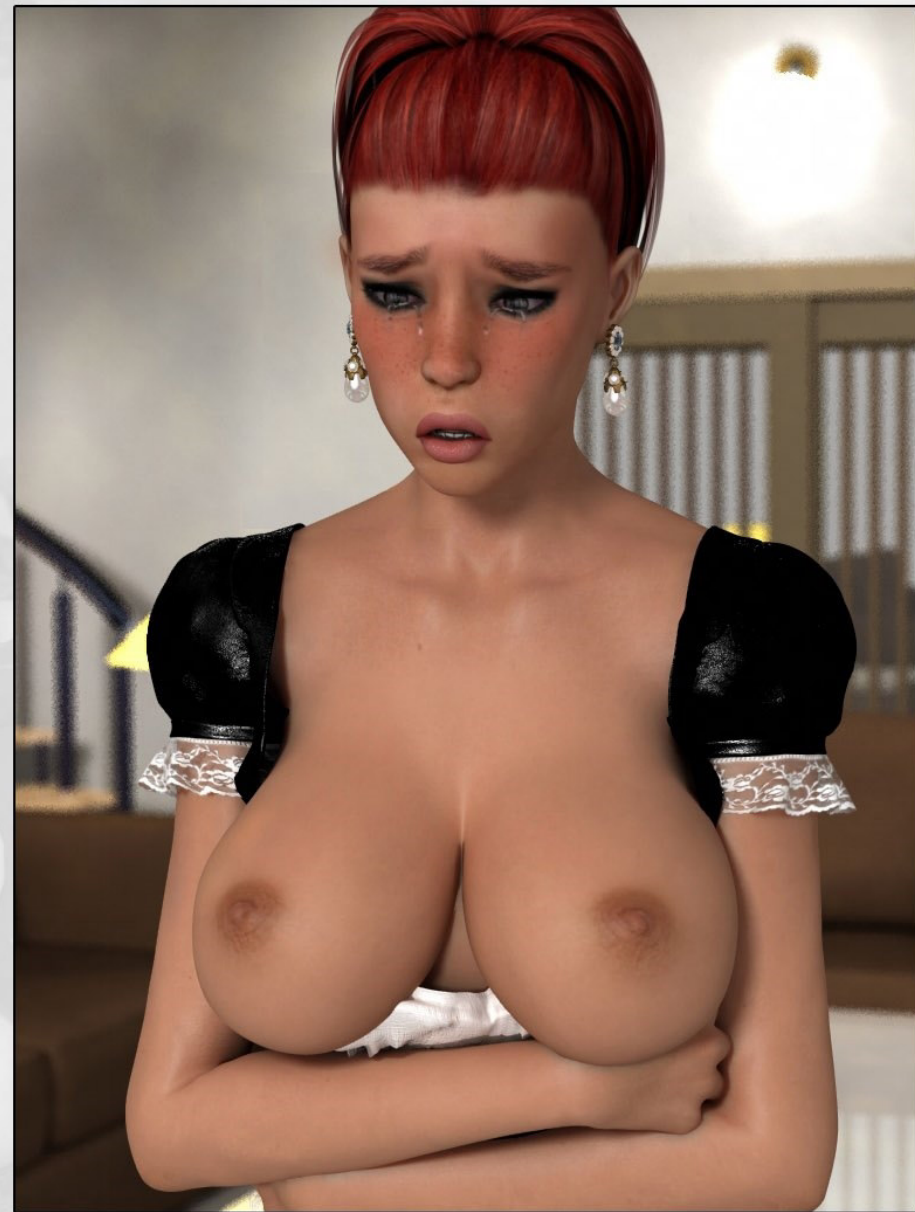
"Then I want you to keep them exposed whenever you're working here. You keep them out for anyone to see. I didn't pay good money just to have them covered up all the time."

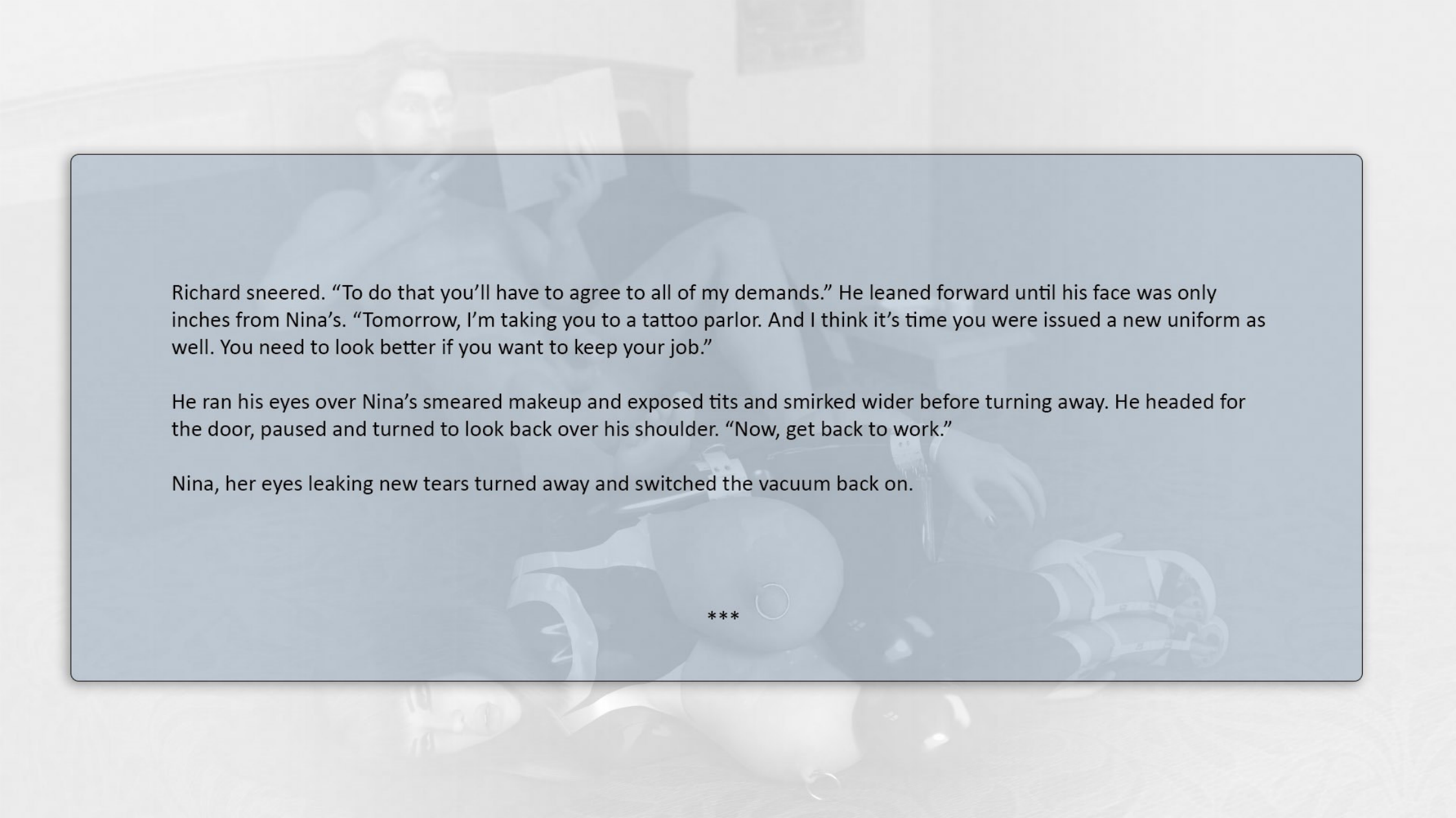
Nina, stunned by his words, began to cry. Richard snorted with disgust and added, "And now look what you're doing! You're smearing your makeup!"

Nina blinked back still more tears and sniffed. "I'm sorry, sir!"

"Sorry changes nothing! I see that you don't appreciate the rewards I've given you!" Richard sneered. "I can see that even after paying good money for cosmetics you're still ungrateful! I made a mistake not firing you!"

Nina flinched. "No, I do appreciate it! Please, don't dismiss me! I'll do whatever it takes to work here."





Richard sneered. “To do that you’ll have to agree to all of my demands.” He leaned forward until his face was only inches from Nina’s. “Tomorrow, I’m taking you to a tattoo parlor. And I think it’s time you were issued a new uniform as well. You need to look better if you want to keep your job.”

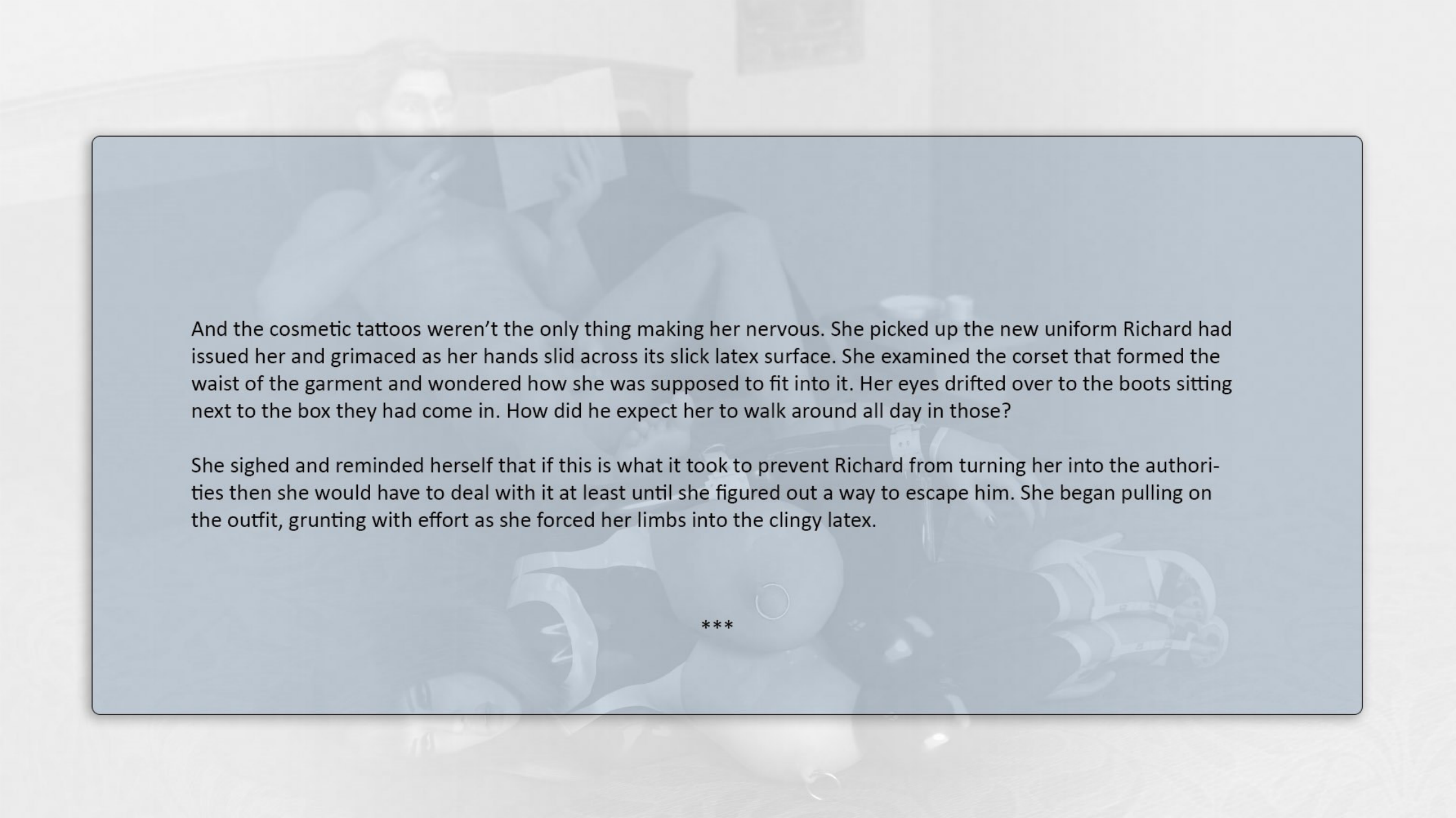
He ran his eyes over Nina’s smeared makeup and exposed tits and smirked wider before turning away. He headed for the door, paused and turned to look back over his shoulder. “Now, get back to work.”

Nina, her eyes leaking new tears turned away and switched the vacuum back on.

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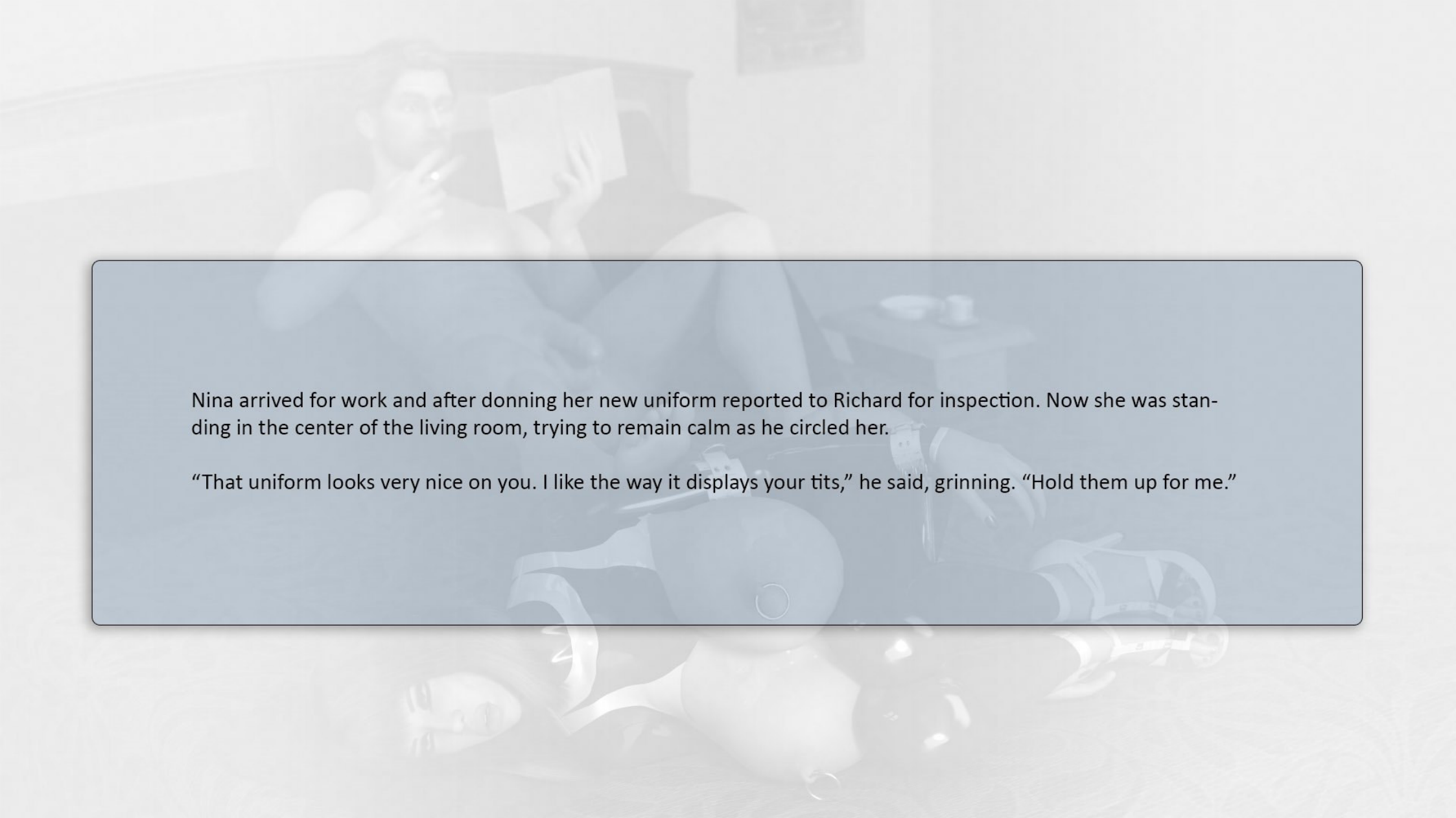
Nina tried not to flinch as she examined her reflection. She ignored the prickly sensation around her eyes and lips, a temporary side effect from the cosmetic tattoos Richard had ordered for her. She grudgingly admitted that the tattoo artist had expertly performed his job and she was relieved that she was still recognizable under the dark heavy lines ringing her eyes and coloring her lips. However, she was still uneasy about having been permanently marked to meet Richard's standards.

A woman with dark hair is sitting on a bed, reading a book. She is wearing a dark top and light-colored pants. The background is a simple room with a white wall and a framed picture. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the image, containing two paragraphs of text.

And the cosmetic tattoos weren't the only thing making her nervous. She picked up the new uniform Richard had issued her and grimaced as her hands slid across its slick latex surface. She examined the corset that formed the waist of the garment and wondered how she was supposed to fit into it. Her eyes drifted over to the boots sitting next to the box they had come in. How did he expect her to walk around all day in those?

She sighed and reminded herself that if this is what it took to prevent Richard from turning her into the authorities then she would have to deal with it at least until she figured out a way to escape him. She began pulling on the outfit, grunting with effort as she forced her limbs into the clingy latex.

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A man with a beard is sitting on a dark-colored sofa, reading a newspaper. He is wearing a dark tank top and shorts. In the background, a woman is lying on her back on a patterned rug. She is wearing a white bikini and has her hands behind her head. The scene is set in a living room with a light-colored wall and a small table with a cup and saucer next to the sofa.


Nina arrived for work and after donning her new uniform reported to Richard for inspection. Now she was standing in the center of the living room, trying to remain calm as he circled her.

“That uniform looks very nice on you. I like the way it displays your tits,” he said, grinning. “Hold them up for me.”

Nina blushed and reluctantly did as commanded. Despite her desire to remain steadfast before Richard, just as before, tears welled in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

Richard lifted his eyes from her naked breasts and grinned wider. "There! Aren't you glad I paid for permanent cosmetics? Now when you cry, it won't smear all over your new, pretty face!" Nina flinched as he extended a finger and swiped it under first one of her eyes and then the other, wiping away her tears. He held up his fingertip and his grin widened. "See? No more mess!"



A man with a beard and long hair is sitting on a dark-colored couch. He is wearing a dark tank top and shorts. He is holding an open book in his left hand and has his right hand near his face, possibly holding a cigarette. The background is a plain wall with a small framed picture or poster. The overall scene is dimly lit.

Nina remained silent, merely nodding in response. Richard returned his gaze to her breasts and issued her orders for the day. Still leaking tears, she promised she would complete all her tasks. Richard took one last longing look at her breasts and then left for his office.

Nina, finally alone, wiped her cheeks with the back of her hand and reluctantly returned to work.

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*Before & After*



Hours later, she groaned as she set down her sponge and inspected the kitchen that she had finally finished scrubbing. The countertops, floor and appliances gleamed under the bright kitchen lights and she felt a burst of pride even as she cursed her situation. She had done a good job.

However, she was exhausted. Her latex uniform was hot, sticky and uncomfortably tight, and she was sweating profusely. Glancing at the clock she noted that Richard would not be returning from work for at least an hour. She decided to take a well-earned break, whether or not he approved. She expected him to review the footage from the cameras but hoped that it would show that she had worked diligently all day. To her way of thinking, she had earned this break.



A man with a beard is sitting on a dark-colored couch. He is holding an open book in his left hand and a lit cigarette in his right hand. He is looking towards the camera. The background is a plain wall with a small framed picture hanging on it.

She exited the house and took a seat in one of the chairs alongside the swimming pool. She sighed contentedly as she sat, resting her aching feet and tired limbs for the first time in hours. She lit up a cigarette and took a long drag. She took out her cellphone and made a quick call to one of her friends while she smoked.

Minutes later, she finished her cigarette and phone call and rose from her chair. Now that she had time to reflect, she worried that Richard just might be angry with her after all. But surely, she mused, he couldn't expect her to slave away all day! She had taken a short break, no more than five minutes. Even Richard couldn't be that cruel, could he?

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She had just changed back into her own clothes and was getting ready to leave for home when Richard returned. She smiled and wished him a “good evening” as she headed for the front door. As she reached for the knob, Richard called to her, “Nina, stay a few minutes. We have something to discuss.”

Nina turned and returned to stand before him. She could tell by Richard’s expression that she was not going to like what she was about to hear. Richard smiled wickedly and turned his smartphone for her to see. It was playing back a video. Nina narrowed her eyes and tried to make it out. To her discomfort, she saw that it was video of her enjoying her earlier break from work.

“Care to explain this?” Richard said.

Nina gulped and murmured, “Sir, please, it was just a few minutes I took for myself! I waited until finishing all my work!”

Richard frowned and put his phone away. “Then perhaps I’m not giving you enough to do. If you have time for smoking and making phone calls, then you have time for extra work!”

Nina was near tears as she pleaded, “Please, sir! I’m sorry! I promise I won’t take rest breaks! Please, don’t fire me!”

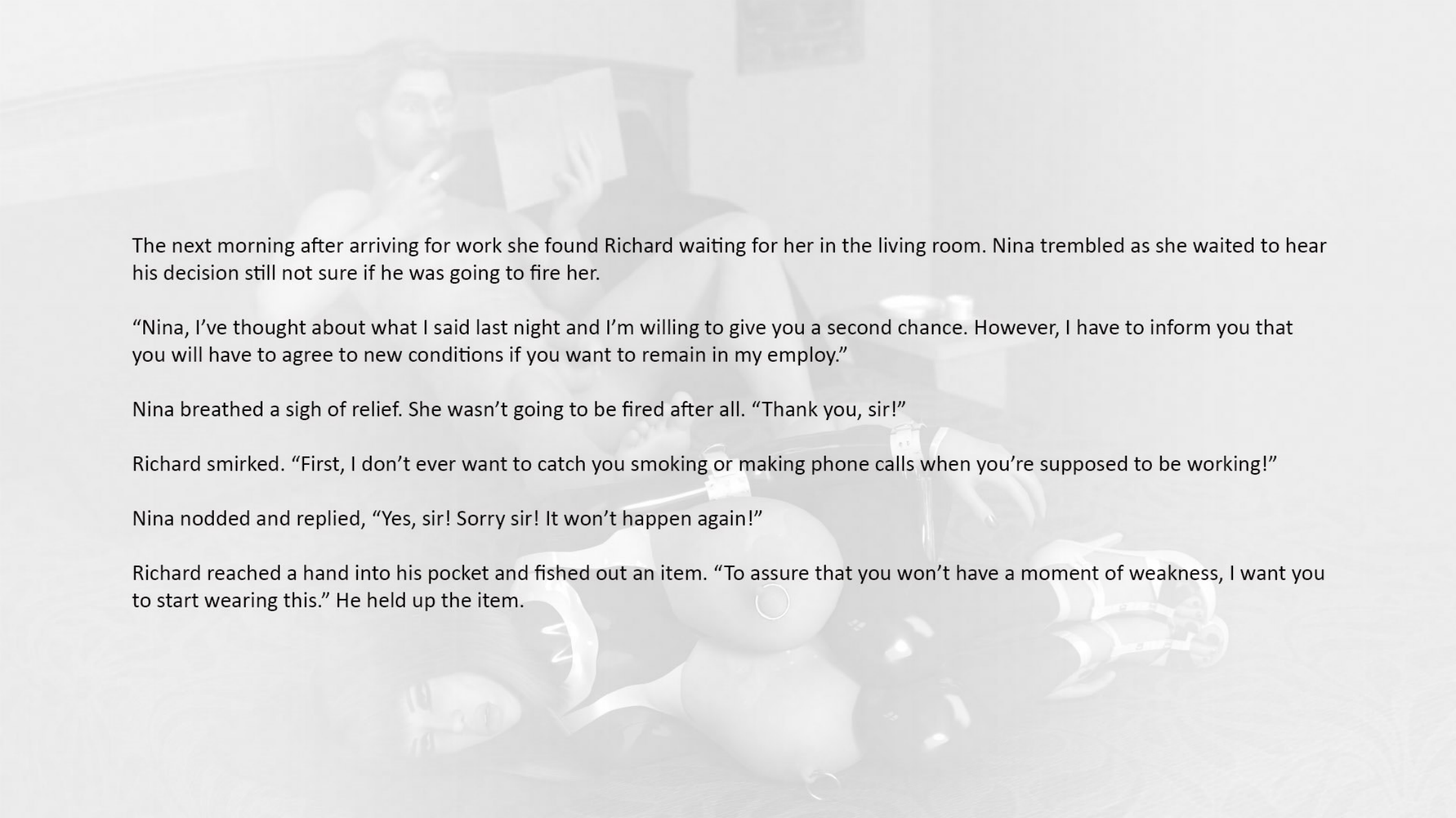
Richard frowned and stroked his chin. “Hmmm, I’ll have to think about it. Come back tomorrow and I’ll inform you of my decision when you arrive. For now, you may go.”

“Thank you!” Nina blurted and all but flew to the front door, hoping to leave before Richard changed his mind. Just as she again grabbed for the knob, Richard called after her, freezing her in her tracks.

“Don’t be late tomorrow.”

Nina suppressed a sob of fear and fled.

\*\*\*



The next morning after arriving for work she found Richard waiting for her in the living room. Nina trembled as she waited to hear his decision still not sure if he was going to fire her.

“Nina, I’ve thought about what I said last night and I’m willing to give you a second chance. However, I have to inform you that you will have to agree to new conditions if you want to remain in my employ.”

Nina breathed a sigh of relief. She wasn’t going to be fired after all. “Thank you, sir!”

Richard smirked. “First, I don’t ever want to catch you smoking or making phone calls when you’re supposed to be working!”

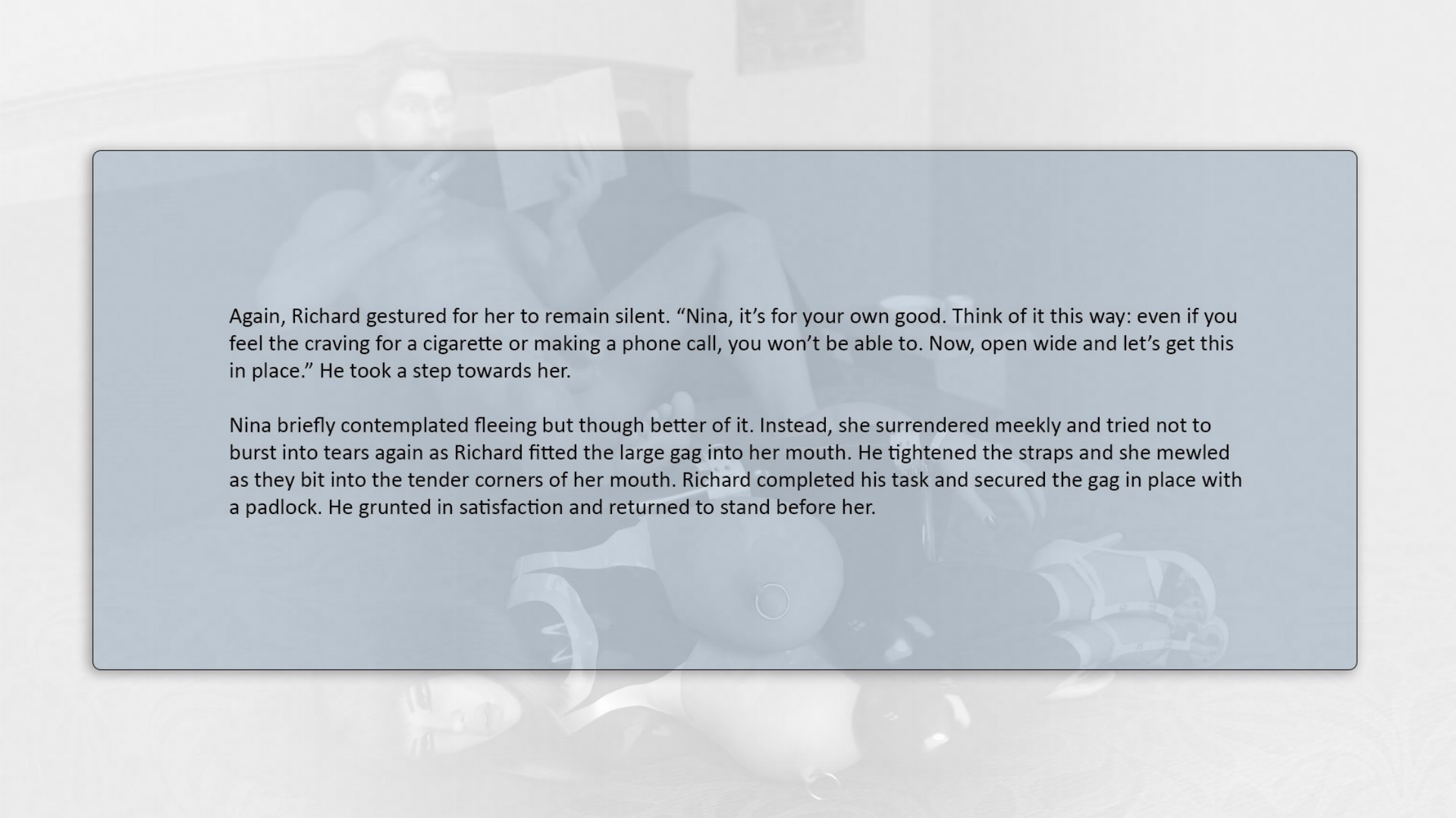
Nina nodded and replied, “Yes, sir! Sorry sir! It won’t happen again!”

Richard reached a hand into his pocket and fished out an item. “To assure that you won’t have a moment of weakness, I want you to start wearing this.” He held up the item.



Nina's eyes widened as she caught sight of a gag in Richard's palm. She started to protest but he held up his other hand, ordering silence. "This will help keep you focused on the job at hand."

Nina opened her mouth to beg for mercy. "Please, sir, I promise I won't smoke or make calls! Please don't make me wear that...that thing!"



Again, Richard gestured for her to remain silent. “Nina, it’s for your own good. Think of it this way: even if you feel the craving for a cigarette or making a phone call, you won’t be able to. Now, open wide and let’s get this in place.” He took a step towards her.

Nina briefly contemplated fleeing but thought better of it. Instead, she surrendered meekly and tried not to burst into tears again as Richard fitted the large gag into her mouth. He tightened the straps and she mewled as they bit into the tender corners of her mouth. Richard completed his task and secured the gag in place with a padlock. He grunted in satisfaction and returned to stand before her.



“Good. That’s settled then. Now go change into your uniform and get to work.”

Nina, unable to form any words, merely mumbled in reply. She blushed as she heard Richard add, “And don’t forget to show off your tits for me!”

\*\*\*

Several days had passed and Nina was at her wits end. Every morning when she arrived for work, Richard ordered her to don her humiliating uniform and then gagged her. He was adding more and more tasks to her workload as well. By the end of each day she was exhausted. Her feet throbbed painfully from having to walk all day in high heels and her arms and back ached from overwork.

Nevertheless, she toiled diligently. She hoped that if she worked hard enough that Richard would restore to her some measure of freedom. As it was right now, she had barely any time to herself. She was so tired at the end of each day that by the time she returned home, she couldn't remain awake for more than a few hours.





But not everything about her new situation was negative. She noted lately that her new appearance was gaining a lot of attention from men. She would be riding the bus, walking along the sidewalk or just waiting for a traffic signal to change before crossing a street and she would spy a stranger ogling her. She would pretend not to notice trying her best to ignore their reactions.

At first, she was embarrassed at how overcome with lust some of them would become, seemingly unable to tear their gaze from her. But she soon came to realize that she had acquired a new power to captivate men and this began to give her ideas. If she had the power to excite total strangers by merely standing nearby how much more could she gain by actively pursuing them?

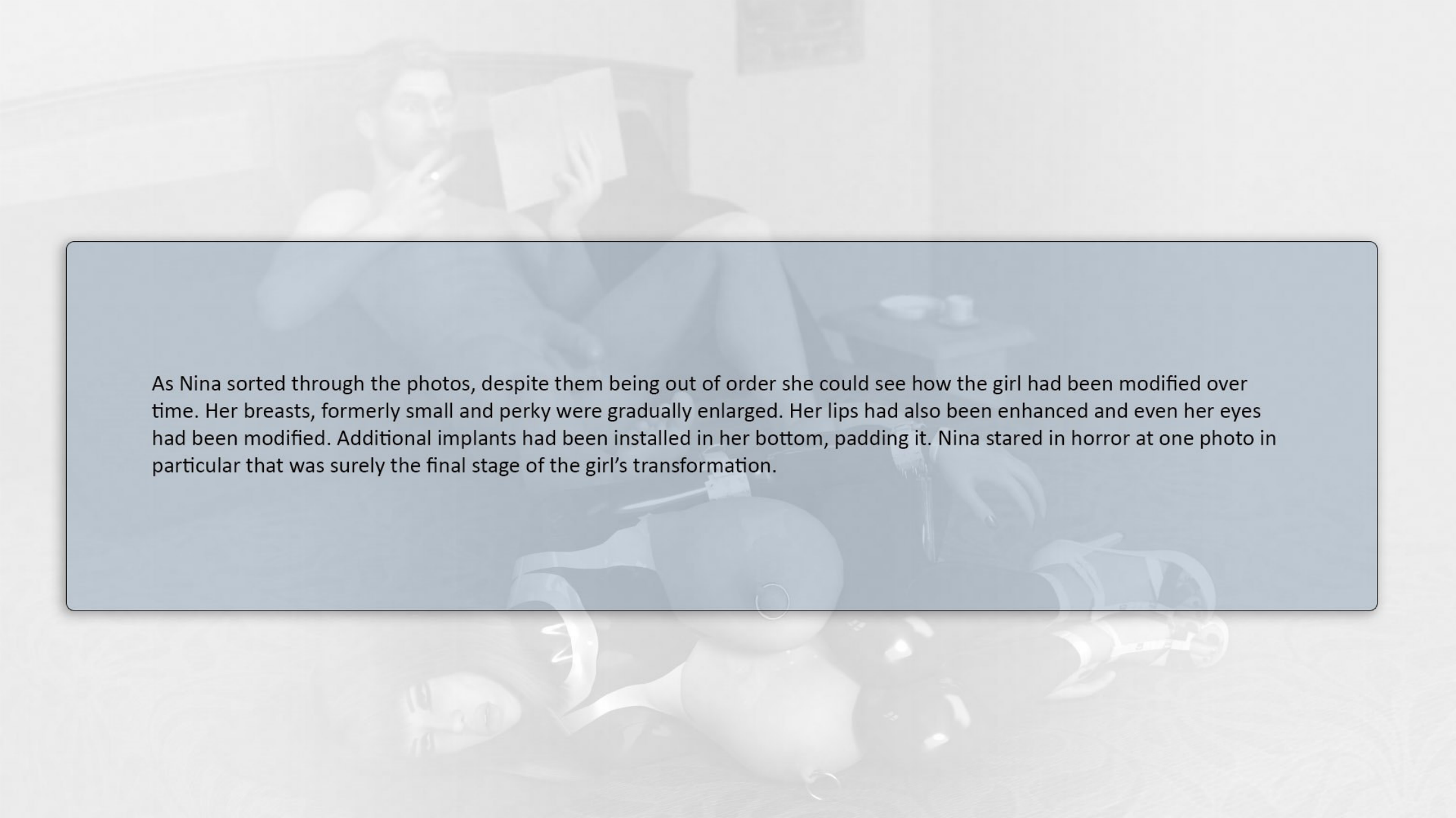
But first, she reflected shrewdly, she had to discover how serious Richard was about carrying out his threats against her. She had to play his game whether or not she liked it...

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A few days later she was cleaning Richard's home office. As she dusted the desktop, she moved a folder to one side and as she did so, papers began to spill from it. She cursed as best she could around her gag and bent to pick them up.

As she gathered up the papers she could see they were photographs. Her blood chilled as she examined them. An attractive blond girl was in all of them.



A man with a beard is sitting on a dark sofa, reading a book. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. In the foreground, a woman with long blonde hair is lying on the floor, wearing a white bikini top and black high-heeled sandals. The background is a simple room with a white wall and a small framed picture.

As Nina sorted through the photos, despite them being out of order she could see how the girl had been modified over time. Her breasts, formerly small and perky were gradually enlarged. Her lips had also been enhanced and even her eyes had been modified. Additional implants had been installed in her bottom, padding it. Nina stared in horror at one photo in particular that was surely the final stage of the girl's transformation.





The blonde was performing at what was obviously a strip club. One hand clutched at the pole as she displayed her body for the audience. The girl's mouth had been rendered into a permanent "o" surrounded by huge, fleshy lips and her eyes were unnaturally wide and colored a brilliant blue. Her breasts were gargantuan and her bottom had been enlarged in proportion as well. In contrast the girl's waist had been squeezed into a tight corset, making her breasts and hips appear even larger in contrast. Her vagina had been stuffed with an enormous dildo. Silver rings pierced her nipples, clit hood and labia and she sported several tattoos. Nina was shocked to note that the girl, far from being distressed by her transformation was smiling lasciviously as she performed for the crowd.

Nina shook her head and shoved the photos back into the folder. Just before she returned it to its place, she spied another sheet of paper she had missed laying half under the desk. She bent and retrieved it and despite not wanting to know any more about the photos, nevertheless was powerless to prevent reading the paper. It was a list of cosmetic procedures and the prices for each. Nina read halfway down the list and then, disgusted, shoved it back into its folder.

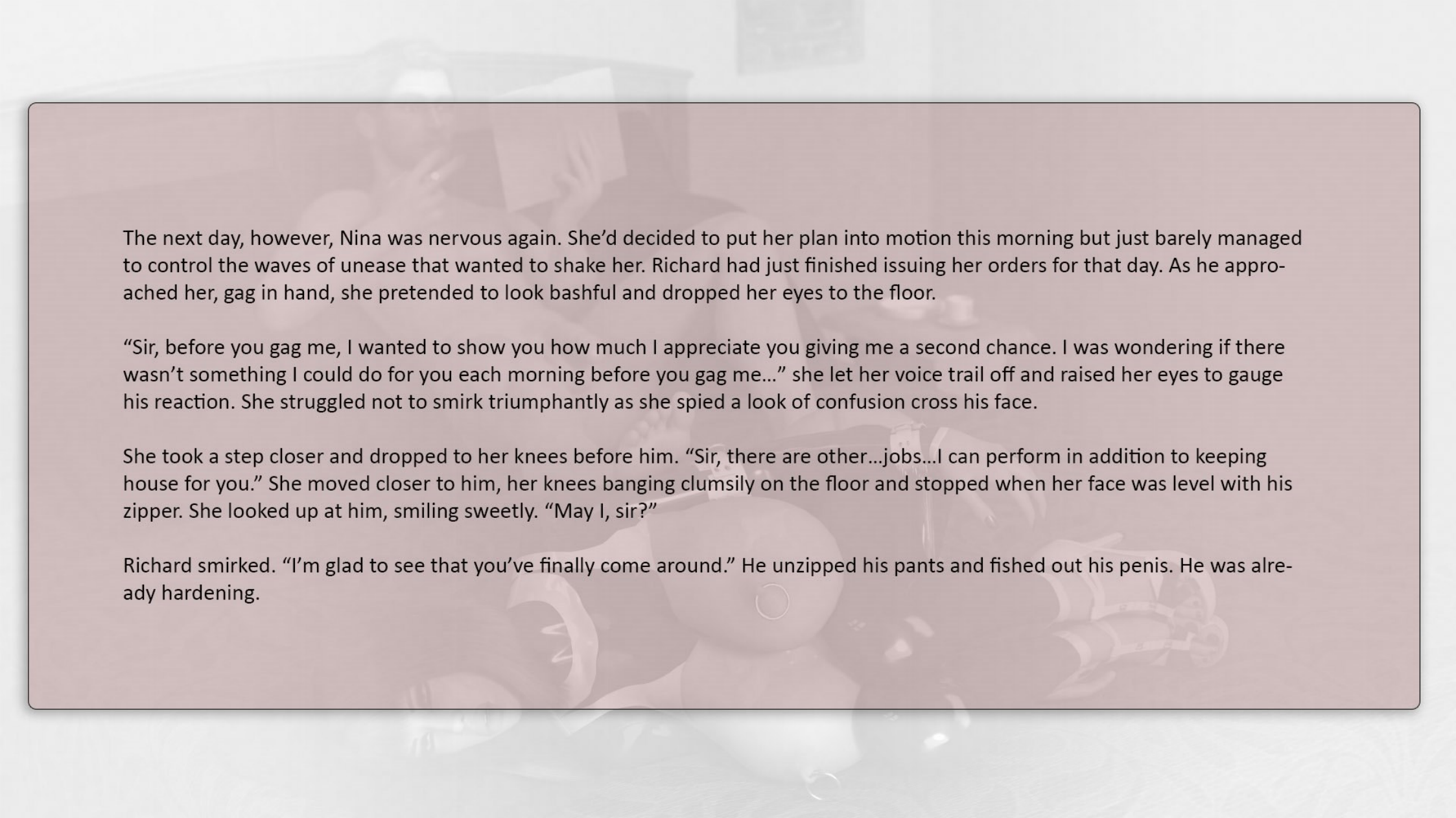
She glanced down at her modified breasts and finally understood what she had agreed to. Her vision blurred and she almost fainted as she comprehended what Richard had in mind for her. If she wasn't careful, she was going to be end up like the girl in the photographs! She only now realized the depths of Richard's depravity and how far he would go to use her!

She knew if she was going to avoid that fate she was going to have to figure out a way to make herself indispensable to Richard. Not only would she have to work even harder than she already was but she was going to have to appear enthusiastic to all of his wishes as well. She would have to pretend as if she had surrendered completely to him.

But that thought gave her pause. She knew now that Richard was going to demand more body modifications. That was inevitable. However, if she was clever, she could manage to influence him and control how far he went. And, after all, she thought smugly, the more beautiful and desirable she became, the sooner she could entice another man and escape Richard's grasp...with the ultimate irony being Richard paying for it!

For the first time since submitting to Richard, she saw an end in sight. She grinned as best she could around the gag in her mouth and wished she could shout with joy.

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The next day, however, Nina was nervous again. She'd decided to put her plan into motion this morning but just barely managed to control the waves of unease that wanted to shake her. Richard had just finished issuing her orders for that day. As he approached her, gag in hand, she pretended to look bashful and dropped her eyes to the floor.

“Sir, before you gag me, I wanted to show you how much I appreciate you giving me a second chance. I was wondering if there wasn't something I could do for you each morning before you gag me...” she let her voice trail off and raised her eyes to gauge his reaction. She struggled not to smirk triumphantly as she spied a look of confusion cross his face.

She took a step closer and dropped to her knees before him. “Sir, there are other...jobs...I can perform in addition to keeping house for you.” She moved closer to him, her knees banging clumsily on the floor and stopped when her face was level with his zipper. She looked up at him, smiling sweetly. “May I, sir?”

Richard smirked. “I'm glad to see that you've finally come around.” He unzipped his pants and fished out his penis. He was already hardening.

As Nina caught sight of his cock, she tried not to look shocked. He was large, much larger than she had imagined. Nevertheless she knew she had to follow through or her whole plan would unravel. She took a deep breath and seized his penis, stroking it as it stiffened. She parted her lips and slid it into her mouth. As she took more of his length, she was cheered to hear a satisfied sigh issue from him. She began to stroke the pulsating shaft faster and went to work with her tongue. Within seconds, Richard began gasping. She doubled her efforts and tried not to let her triumph at seducing him show.



Minutes later, he withdrew and ordered her to open her mouth and put out her tongue. Nina raged inwardly but continued to act obedient. He came several seconds later and sprayed her face with his come. She swallowed as much of his issue as she could in an effort to feign enthusiasm. As she drew back from him, she wiped the mess from her face and Richard chuckled, saying, "It's a good thing I paid for that permanent makeup after all!"

Nina tried not to let her anger at his callous comment show, instead smiling up at him. "Was it good, sir? Did I please you?"

Richard chuckled again. "Yes. Very good, in fact. But I think I know a way to make it better."

As he explained what he had in mind, Nina's earlier confidence fled.

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Later that month, Nina wondered if her plan to seduce Richard hadn't been a mistake after all. While disgusted at how readily she had allowed Richard to turn her into a willing whore, she was at least pleased that she was making herself useful to him in other ways. She was on her knees before him with his cock in her mouth. Richard was moaning with pleasure and the only thing preventing her from suddenly rebelling was the knowledge that she had finally gained some measure of control over her actions when she was alone with him.

Richard spoke, interrupting her thoughts. He pulled his penis from her mouth. “Now hold up your tits! I want to play with them!” Nina nodded and grasped the mounds in her hands. Richard had returned her to the surgeon’s and had them “boosted”. Their weight disturbed her and she hoped that Richard wasn’t planning to make them even bigger. Richard smirked lustily as he spied the enlarged orbs and clutched them harshly. But as she scrutinized his reaction she relaxed. She winced as he manhandled her but was pleased to note how fascinated and distracted he was by them. As he fondled and pinched her, he said, “Yes, very nice! Worth every penny I paid for them. Now squeeze them together. Fuck me with them!”

Nina, playing along, smiled up at him. “Thank you, sir! And thank you for the new additions to my cosmetics!”

“Yes, I really like how much darker and sexier your new face tattoos are!” Richard replied. He gasped as Nina grasped his hard on and slipped it into her cleavage. She closed her eyes and fumed inwardly. Her enthusiasm was just play-acting. In her mind she chided herself for having let Richard modify her yet again. Nevertheless she continued pleasuring him while feigning eagerness.

She rose up on her knees and smothered his cock between the two mounds. She began slowly stroking Richard’s shaft but quickly increased the speed. Within a minute, Richard was gasping in pleasure and Nina pretended to smile and gaze up at him adoringly.

“Do you like this, sir?” she murmured, trying to look sweet.

“Yes!” Richard grunted. “I knew that fucking your boobs was going to feel good but I didn’t imagine it would feel *this* good!”

Nina smiled wider. “I’m glad I can be of use to you! Maybe now I could...could do other things around the house for you?”

Richard, still gasping as she stroked his cock, stumbled over his words. “Why, Nina, are you saying you want to act as something more than my housecleaner?”

Nina, knowing she had to play her part perfectly, blushed and pretended to look embarrassed. “Well, I only meant that are you sure that there’s nothing else I could do for you in addition to my regular chores?”

Richard grinned and looked away in ecstasy. Nina only just managed not to smirk at his reaction, sensing that she had finally maneuvered Richard to just where she wanted him. “I’ll think of something,” he mumbled as if in a daze.

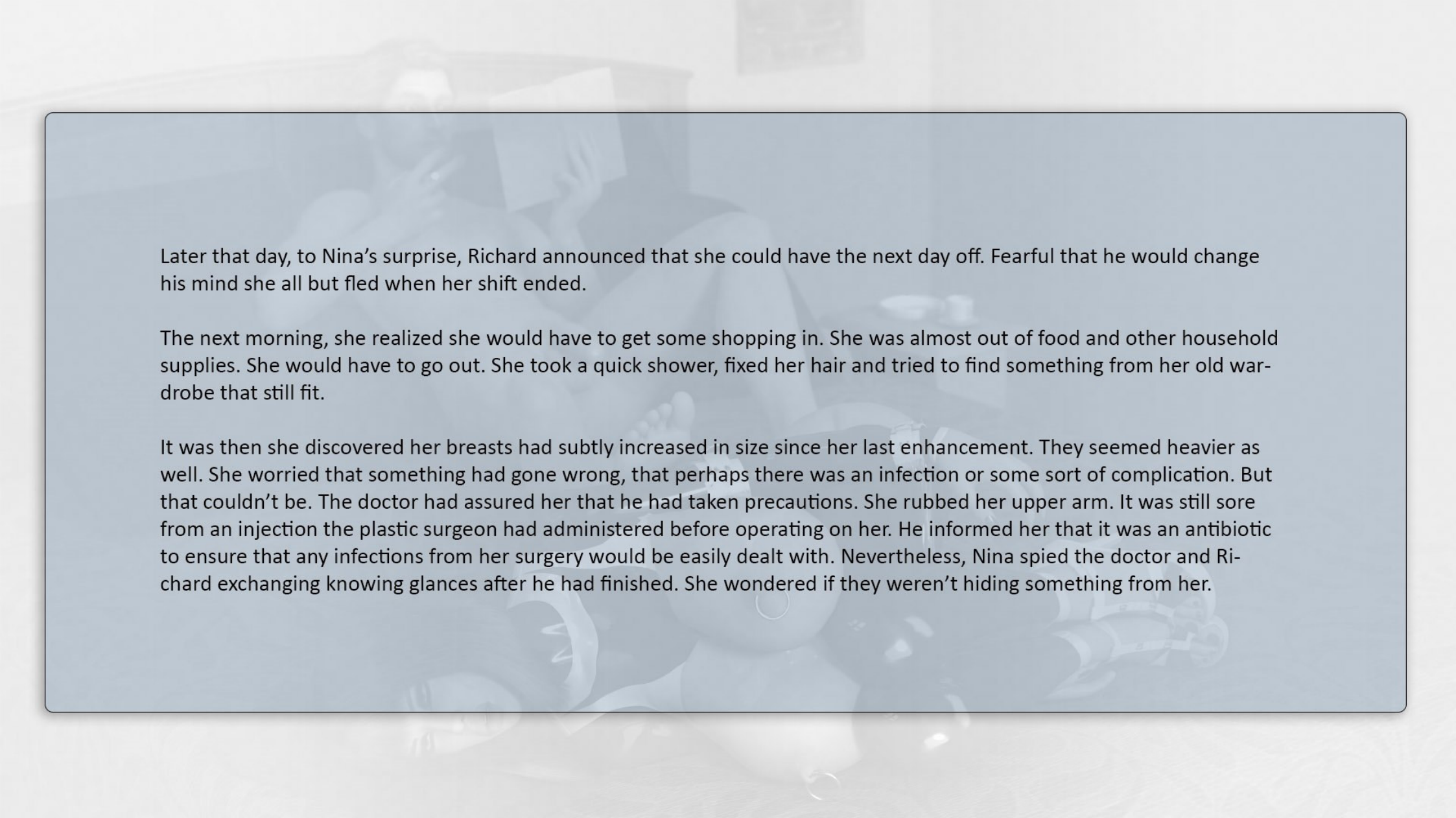
“Yes, sir,” Nina muttered. “In any case, I’d be happy to oblige!” She bent her head forward and took the head of Richard’s cock, peeking out from between the fleshy mounds, into her mouth, all the while enjoying the expression of undisguised lust on his face.

A few minutes later and Richard came violently, showering her tits, face and mouth with his sperm. Nina cried out, still acting out the role of willing plaything.

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*Before & After*

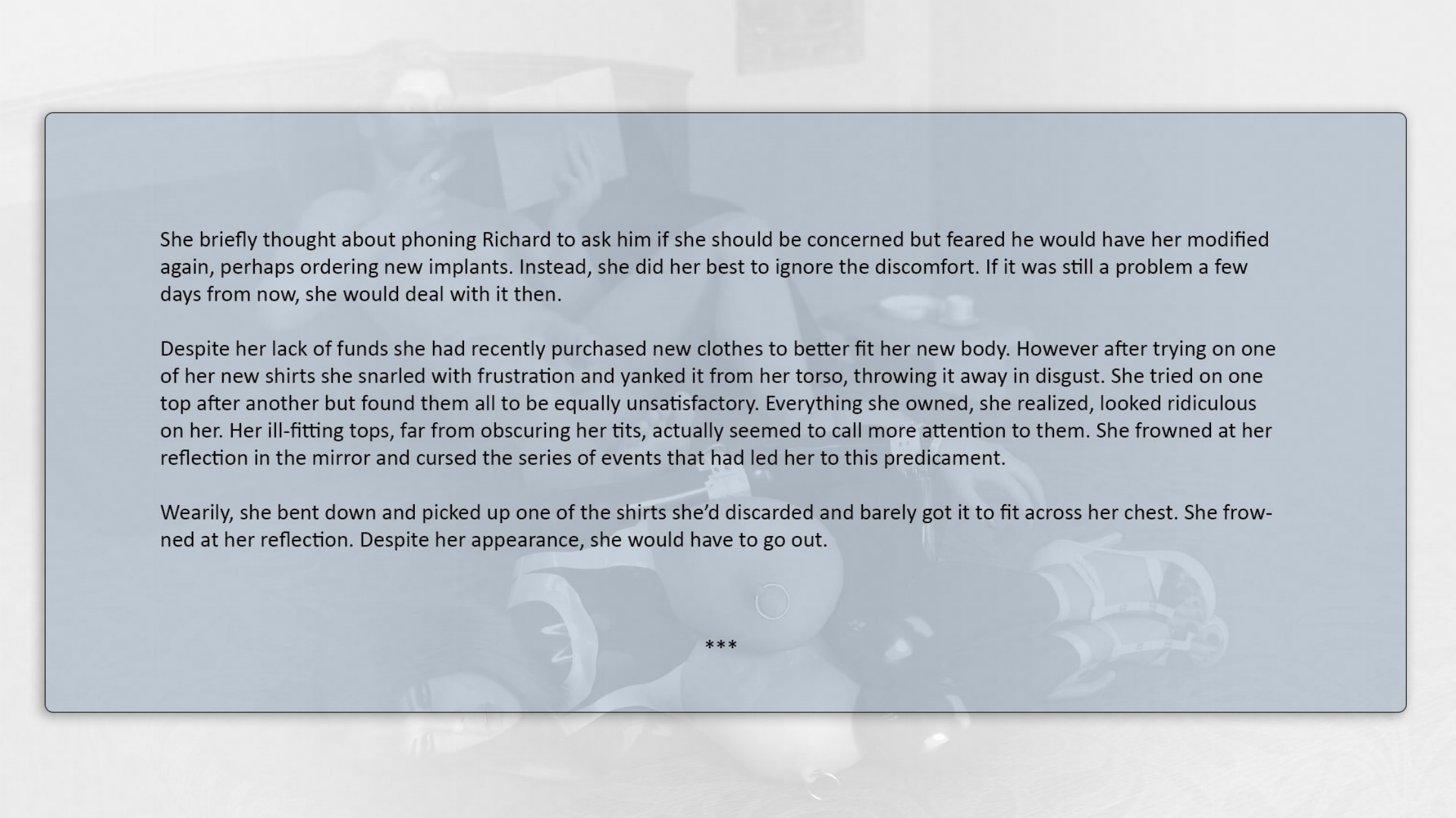




Later that day, to Nina's surprise, Richard announced that she could have the next day off. Fearful that he would change his mind she all but fled when her shift ended.

The next morning, she realized she would have to get some shopping in. She was almost out of food and other household supplies. She would have to go out. She took a quick shower, fixed her hair and tried to find something from her old wardrobe that still fit.

It was then she discovered her breasts had subtly increased in size since her last enhancement. They seemed heavier as well. She worried that something had gone wrong, that perhaps there was an infection or some sort of complication. But that couldn't be. The doctor had assured her that he had taken precautions. She rubbed her upper arm. It was still sore from an injection the plastic surgeon had administered before operating on her. He informed her that it was an antibiotic to ensure that any infections from her surgery would be easily dealt with. Nevertheless, Nina spied the doctor and Richard exchanging knowing glances after he had finished. She wondered if they weren't hiding something from her.

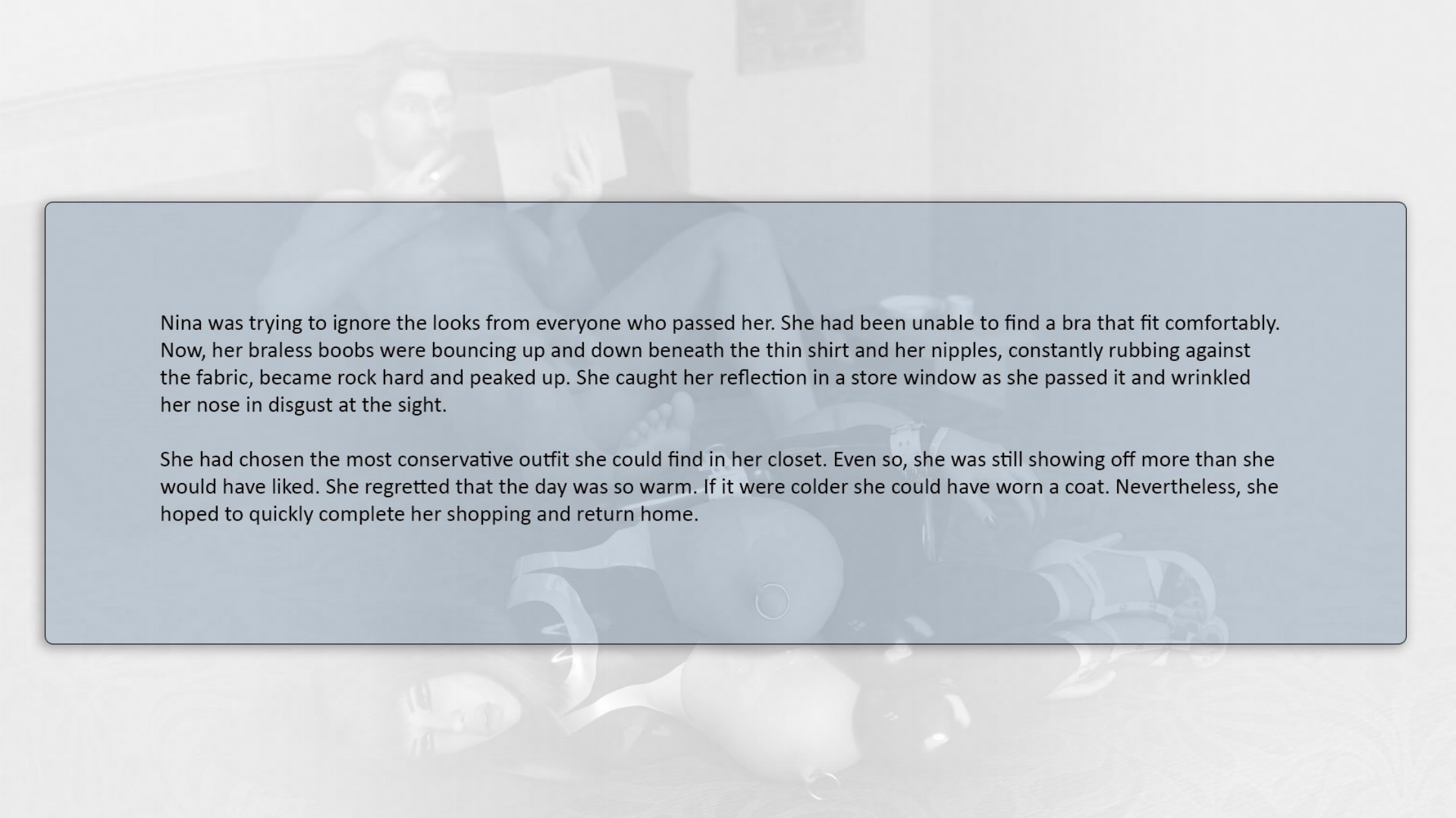


She briefly thought about phoning Richard to ask him if she should be concerned but feared he would have her modified again, perhaps ordering new implants. Instead, she did her best to ignore the discomfort. If it was still a problem a few days from now, she would deal with it then.

Despite her lack of funds she had recently purchased new clothes to better fit her new body. However after trying on one of her new shirts she snarled with frustration and yanked it from her torso, throwing it away in disgust. She tried on one top after another but found them all to be equally unsatisfactory. Everything she owned, she realized, looked ridiculous on her. Her ill-fitting tops, far from obscuring her tits, actually seemed to call more attention to them. She frowned at her reflection in the mirror and cursed the series of events that had led her to this predicament.

Wearily, she bent down and picked up one of the shirts she'd discarded and barely got it to fit across her chest. She frowned at her reflection. Despite her appearance, she would have to go out.

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A man with dark hair and a beard is sitting on a bed, reading a book. He is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and dark pants. In the foreground, a woman with long blonde hair is lying on her back on a patterned rug. She is wearing a white bra and black high-heeled sandals. The background is a simple room with a white wall and a framed picture.

Nina was trying to ignore the looks from everyone who passed her. She had been unable to find a bra that fit comfortably. Now, her braless boobs were bouncing up and down beneath the thin shirt and her nipples, constantly rubbing against the fabric, became rock hard and peaked up. She caught her reflection in a store window as she passed it and wrinkled her nose in disgust at the sight.

She had chosen the most conservative outfit she could find in her closet. Even so, she was still showing off more than she would have liked. She regretted that the day was so warm. If it were colder she could have worn a coat. Nevertheless, she hoped to quickly complete her shopping and return home.

Already several men had leered openly at her. One of them even whistled and made a crude comment as he passed. A woman walking arm in arm with another man had punched him lightly when he stared too long at Nina. By the time Nina reached the grocery store, she was a self-conscious wreck. She completed her shopping quickly and approached the checkout with relief.

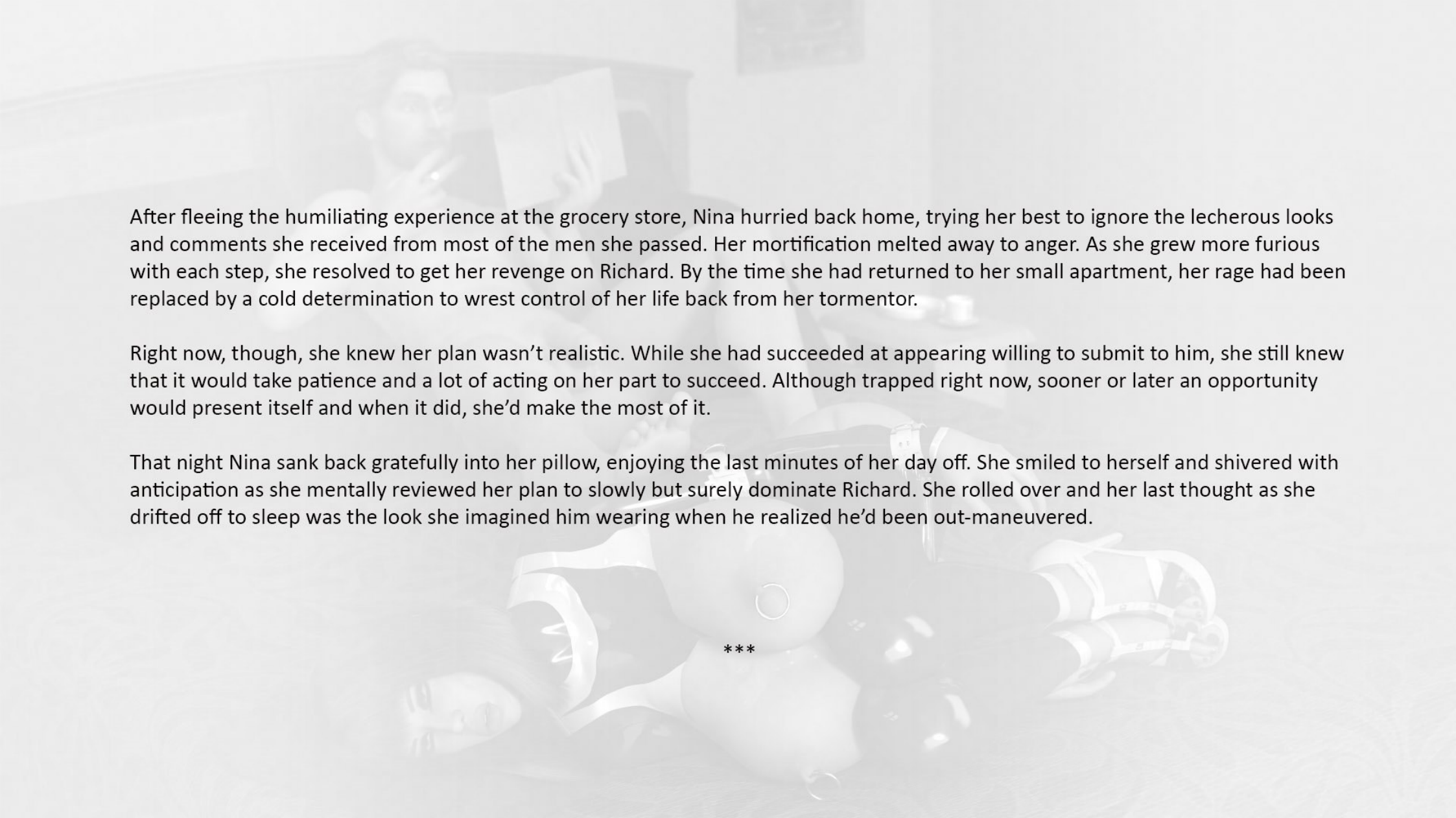


Her relief was short lived. The teenaged boy working the register tried his best to ignore her but kept sneaking furtive looks. He became so distracted that he rang her purchases up incorrectly twice in a row. Soon, a queue of impatient customers began to form behind her, eyeing her and muttering comments under their breath. A manager was called over to sort out the mess and to Nina's mortification he began slyly running his eyes over her chest while he sorted out the mistake.

Finally, the sale was completed and Nina hurried away as fast as she could, ignoring the gazes of more people on the street as she made her way home.

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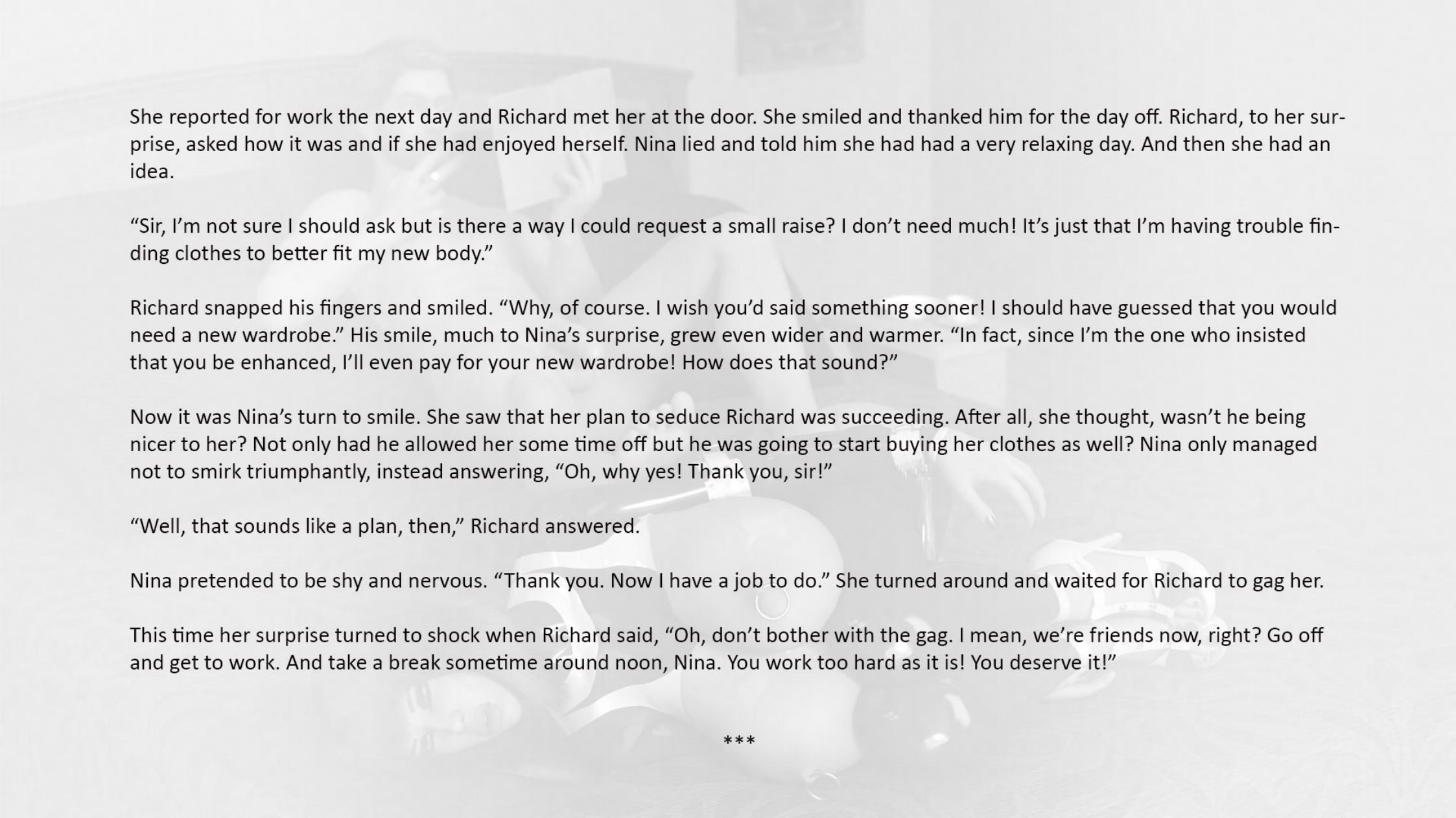


After fleeing the humiliating experience at the grocery store, Nina hurried back home, trying her best to ignore the lecherous looks and comments she received from most of the men she passed. Her mortification melted away to anger. As she grew more furious with each step, she resolved to get her revenge on Richard. By the time she had returned to her small apartment, her rage had been replaced by a cold determination to wrest control of her life back from her tormentor.

Right now, though, she knew her plan wasn't realistic. While she had succeeded at appearing willing to submit to him, she still knew that it would take patience and a lot of acting on her part to succeed. Although trapped right now, sooner or later an opportunity would present itself and when it did, she'd make the most of it.

That night Nina sank back gratefully into her pillow, enjoying the last minutes of her day off. She smiled to herself and shivered with anticipation as she mentally reviewed her plan to slowly but surely dominate Richard. She rolled over and her last thought as she drifted off to sleep was the look she imagined him wearing when he realized he'd been out-manuevered.

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She reported for work the next day and Richard met her at the door. She smiled and thanked him for the day off. Richard, to her surprise, asked how it was and if she had enjoyed herself. Nina lied and told him she had had a very relaxing day. And then she had an idea.

“Sir, I’m not sure I should ask but is there a way I could request a small raise? I don’t need much! It’s just that I’m having trouble finding clothes to better fit my new body.”

Richard snapped his fingers and smiled. “Why, of course. I wish you’d said something sooner! I should have guessed that you would need a new wardrobe.” His smile, much to Nina’s surprise, grew even wider and warmer. “In fact, since I’m the one who insisted that you be enhanced, I’ll even pay for your new wardrobe! How does that sound?”


Now it was Nina’s turn to smile. She saw that her plan to seduce Richard was succeeding. After all, she thought, wasn’t he being nicer to her? Not only had he allowed her some time off but he was going to start buying her clothes as well? Nina only managed not to smirk triumphantly, instead answering, “Oh, why yes! Thank you, sir!”

“Well, that sounds like a plan, then,” Richard answered.

Nina pretended to be shy and nervous. “Thank you. Now I have a job to do.” She turned around and waited for Richard to gag her.

This time her surprise turned to shock when Richard said, “Oh, don’t bother with the gag. I mean, we’re friends now, right? Go off and get to work. And take a break sometime around noon, Nina. You work too hard as it is! You deserve it!”

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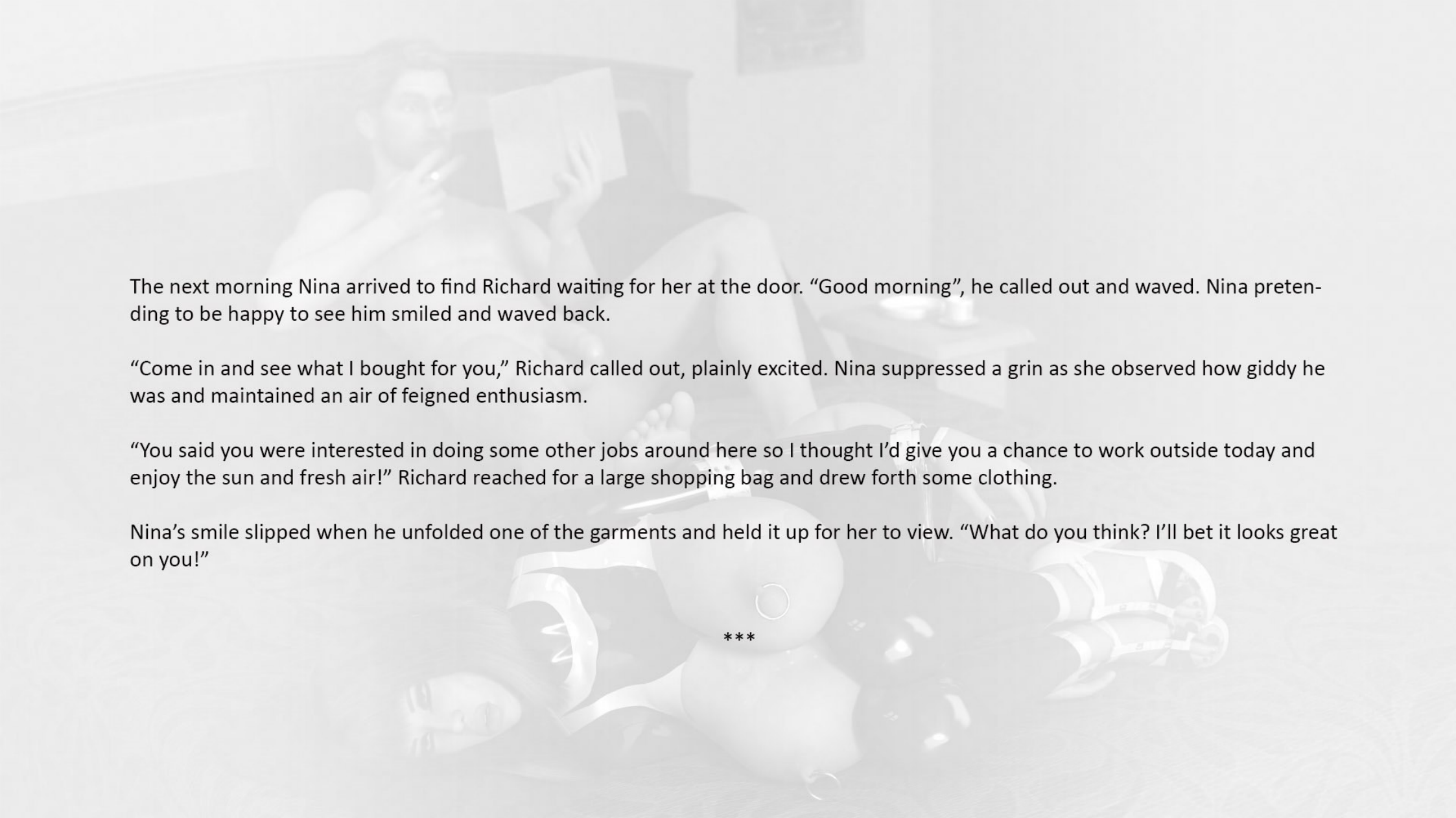


Nina was sitting by the pool later that afternoon. She cast her mind back to the first time Richard had caught her enjoying a break in this very same spot. She smirked and contrasted that day with today. Suddenly, everything she had ever wanted was just within her grasp. All she had to do was keep satisfying Richard and sooner or later she'd have him in the palm of her hand. And after that, their roles would reverse! She would be the one making the decisions and she could enjoy the life of luxury she'd always lusted after with him paying for all of it!

And if life with Richard didn't work out, she could always find another rich man to take care of her. She glanced down at her now voluptuous body and smirked. Richard had given her everything she needed to attract other men.

She lifted her cigarette to her mouth, took a long drag, exhaled slowly and smiled smugly. Her dream was going to become a reality after all.

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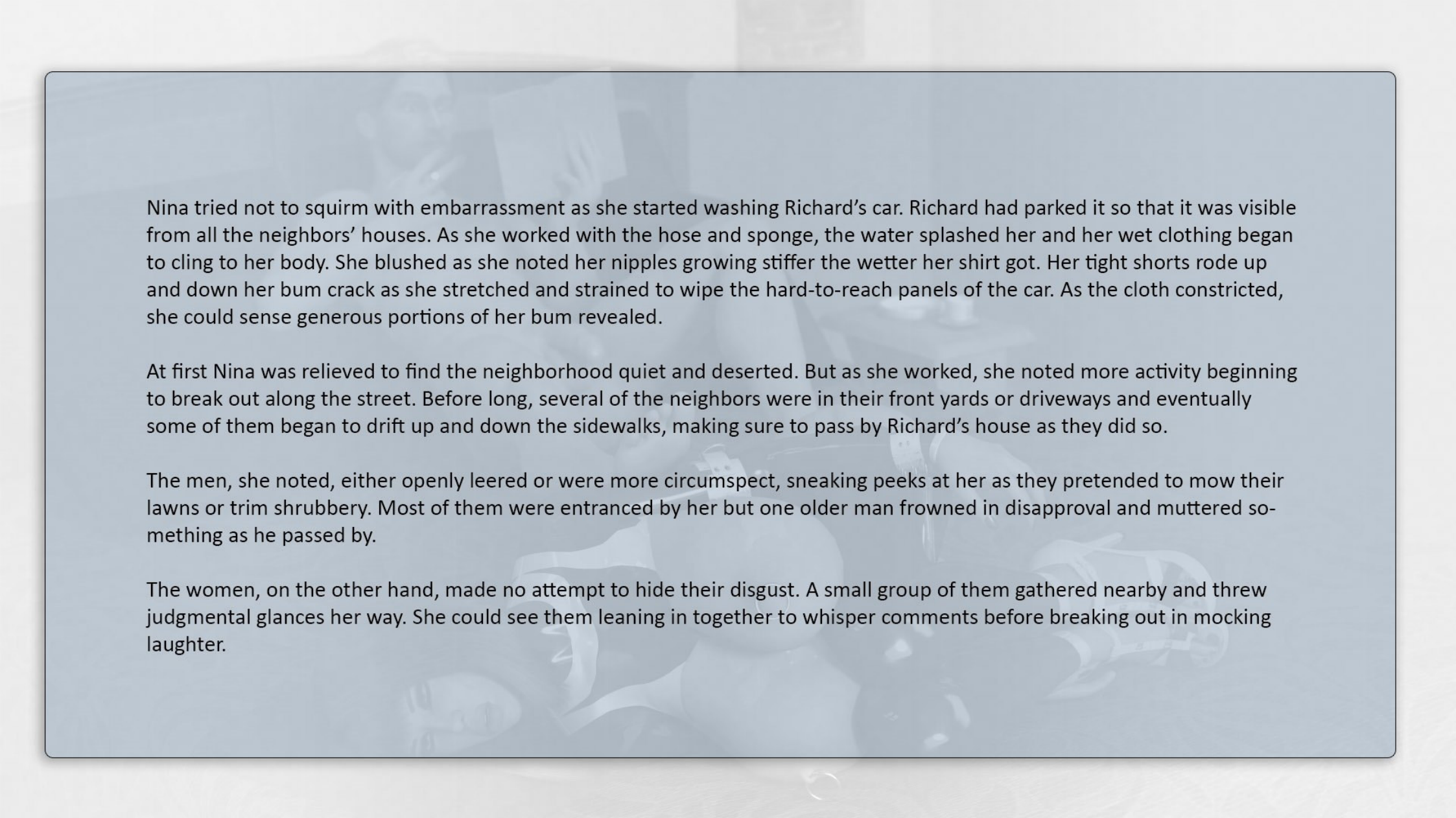
The next morning Nina arrived to find Richard waiting for her at the door. “Good morning”, he called out and waved. Nina pretending to be happy to see him smiled and waved back.

“Come in and see what I bought for you,” Richard called out, plainly excited. Nina suppressed a grin as she observed how giddy he was and maintained an air of feigned enthusiasm.

“You said you were interested in doing some other jobs around here so I thought I’d give you a chance to work outside today and enjoy the sun and fresh air!” Richard reached for a large shopping bag and drew forth some clothing.

Nina’s smile slipped when he unfolded one of the garments and held it up for her to view. “What do you think? I’ll bet it looks great on you!”

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Nina tried not to squirm with embarrassment as she started washing Richard's car. Richard had parked it so that it was visible from all the neighbors' houses. As she worked with the hose and sponge, the water splashed her and her wet clothing began to cling to her body. She blushed as she noted her nipples growing stiffer the wetter her shirt got. Her tight shorts rode up and down her bum crack as she stretched and strained to wipe the hard-to-reach panels of the car. As the cloth constricted, she could sense generous portions of her bum revealed.

At first Nina was relieved to find the neighborhood quiet and deserted. But as she worked, she noted more activity beginning to break out along the street. Before long, several of the neighbors were in their front yards or driveways and eventually some of them began to drift up and down the sidewalks, making sure to pass by Richard's house as they did so.

The men, she noted, either openly leered or were more circumspect, sneaking peeks at her as they pretended to mow their lawns or trim shrubbery. Most of them were entranced by her but one older man frowned in disapproval and muttered something as he passed by.

The women, on the other hand, made no attempt to hide their disgust. A small group of them gathered nearby and threw judgmental glances her way. She could see them leaning in together to whisper comments before breaking out in mocking laughter.

As if this wasn't bad enough, Nina was mortified to note a pair of teenaged boys kept riding past on bicycles, staring open-mouthed as they ogled her.

She worked faster and faster but only succeeded in getting wetter and wetter as the hose spray and splashes of water and suds soaked her. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she finished drying the car with hand towels and, taking one last look at its gleaming surface, fled with relief back to the house to report to Richard.



She found him in his home office. As she rushed in, she saw that he was examining the folder of photos she had accidentally spilled weeks back. She tried to hide her unease, instead plastering a fake smile on her face and saying, “Sir, I’ve finished the car. Is there anything else you’d like from me today?”

Richard chuckled and closed the folder. Standing, he approached Nina and gently took hold of her elbow. “Hold on, not so fast! Let’s go take a look at it first! I want to see how good of a job you’ve done!”

Nina’s heart sank as she was led back to the driveway. Nevertheless, she maintained her smile and even managed to make small talk with Richard as they walked. When they reached the car, she crossed her wrists behind her back to hide their shaking from Richard. She noted that many of the neighbors were still standing nearby and did her best to ignore them.


Richard circled the car, taking his time inspecting it. Nina began to fidget, silently willing him to hurry so she could escape the assembled neighbors’ sight. Richard circled the car again, this time commending her work. Nina, relieved, mumbled something about wanting to do a good job for him.

Richard finished his inspection and came to stand next to her still staring at the car. “You’ve done an excellent job, Nina! I’m very pleased!” Nina beamed, thankful that her ordeal was over.

He turned his gaze away from the car and met Nina’s eyes. “Now, let me show you where the lawnmower is. You can get started cutting the grass next.” His grin twisted into his customary smirk. “And after you’re done with that, the flowerbeds need weeded and trimmed!”

Nina’s heart sank as she understood what Richard’s wicked plan had been for her all along. She risked one more anxious glance at the neighbors as Richard took hold of her elbow and led her across the yard.

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A faded background image showing a woman in a white dress sitting at a table with a man in a suit. The woman is looking towards the man, who is looking down at something on the table. The scene appears to be indoors, possibly a restaurant or a formal meeting.

Later that evening, Nina was finally called into the house. She was drained. She had spent the entire day working in the hot sun. Smudges of dirt from the flowerbeds and bits of cut grass spotted her arms and legs and clung stubbornly to her sweaty clothing. Her hair was a mess and she was hot, tired and thirsty. In fact, the only positive observation she could make was that at least she was finally removed from the silent scrutiny of the neighbors.

“So,” Richard began, “how did you like working outside?”

Nina briefly contemplated lying just to appease him and then, remembering the hard work combined with the cruel jibes and stares, relented. “I didn’t like it, sir. Perhaps I should just return to my housekeeping duties?” She tried to meet his eyes and then dropped them, defeated, to the floor.

Richard approached her and lifted her chin in his hand. “That can be arranged, However, you mentioned there were other tasks for which you were qualified. Go home, get some rest and come back tomorrow. I think I have just the thing in mind to allow you to remain in my employ.”

Nina, detecting the hint of menace in his voice, blinked back tears as she turned away and all but fled from the house.

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The following evening at home, Nina fumed. She was furious at how Richard was treating her. She hated her job as a maid and she knew that the moment had arrived to make her play to become Richard's mistress. He had obviously hinted that he was interested in having a sexual relationship with her. All she had to do was act as she was interested in him as well. If she could turn his mind in that direction, she could work on him gradually until he had become besotted with her. Of course, she knew she would have to perform any act, no matter how perverse, to keep him pleased but she was sure she could play her part.

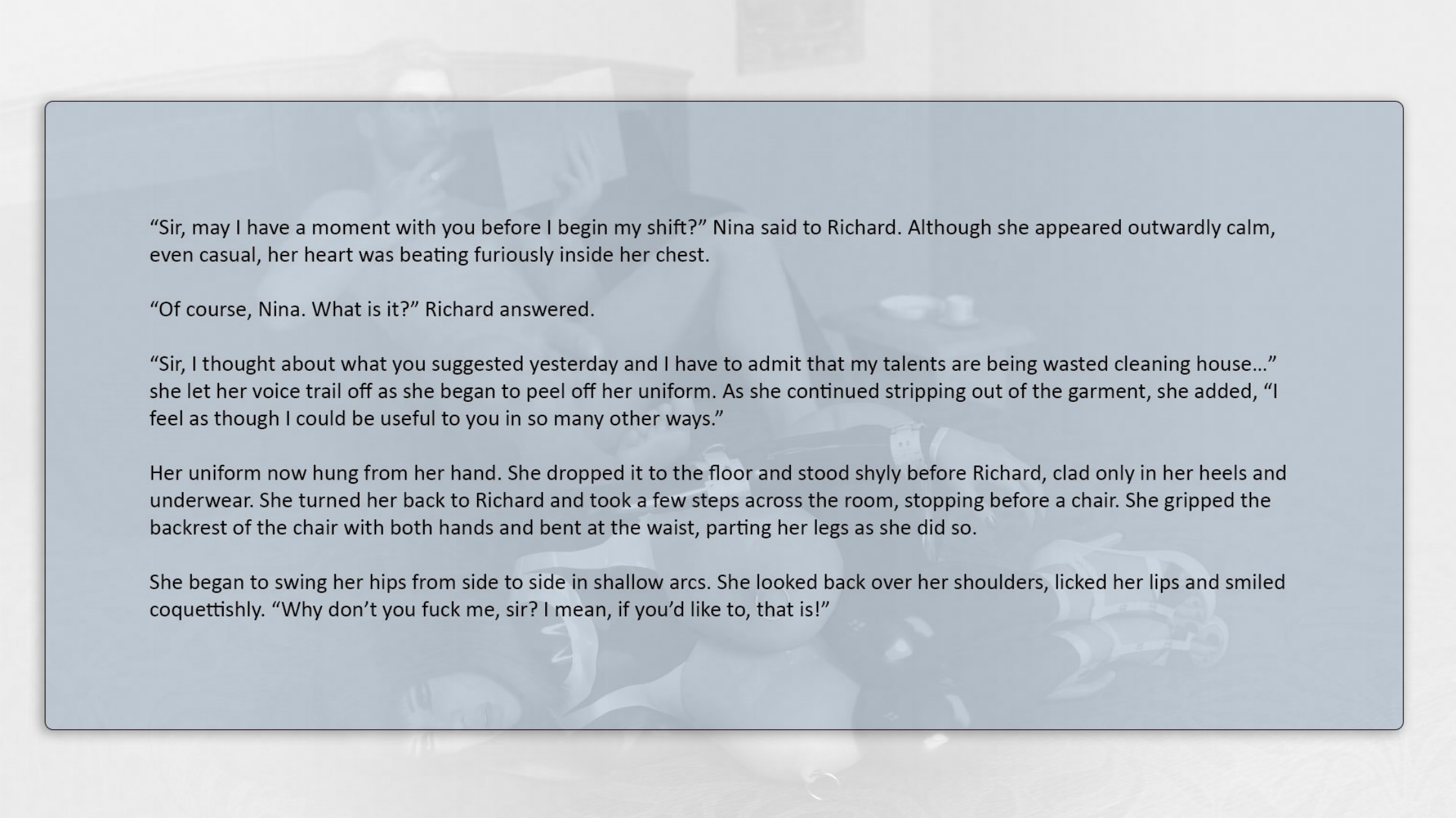
She was still mulling over her plan the next morning as she got dressed. As she struggled to button her uniform she wondered why it seemed so much smaller the last few days. She was sure that it was her imagination but she couldn't entirely convince herself that her breasts hadn't grown larger. She rationalized that they were probably just swollen, most likely due to some side effect of the surgery.

But as she fought mightily to fasten up her uniform, she gasped as her nipples stiffened. She had noticed that they had become acutely sensitive and she shivered as a wave of pleasure, not wholly welcome, wormed its way through her body. She had noticed yesterday when she was cleaning the car how often she moaned and shivered when her shorts tightened as she moved, stimulating her clit and labia and how good the water felt against her skin.

These smaller worries were pushed to the back of her mind however as she calculated her next move. As she waited for the bus to take her to work she smoked and watched a man ogling her from the corner of her eye. She smirked and inhaled a lungful of smoke. As she did she let her jacket fall open, revealing her breasts as they pushed up and threatened to escape her top. She almost giggled out loud when the man's eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

Nina smirked as she dropped her cigarette and ground it under one foot. Men were so easy to control! She chuckled as she imagined Richard's reaction to what she had planned. She couldn't wait to turn the tables on him. Work, she mused, was going to be so much more pleasant today!

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“Sir, may I have a moment with you before I begin my shift?” Nina said to Richard. Although she appeared outwardly calm, even casual, her heart was beating furiously inside her chest.

“Of course, Nina. What is it?” Richard answered.

“Sir, I thought about what you suggested yesterday and I have to admit that my talents are being wasted cleaning house...” she let her voice trail off as she began to peel off her uniform. As she continued stripping out of the garment, she added, “I feel as though I could be useful to you in so many other ways.”

Her uniform now hung from her hand. She dropped it to the floor and stood shyly before Richard, clad only in her heels and underwear. She turned her back to Richard and took a few steps across the room, stopping before a chair. She gripped the backrest of the chair with both hands and bent at the waist, parting her legs as she did so.

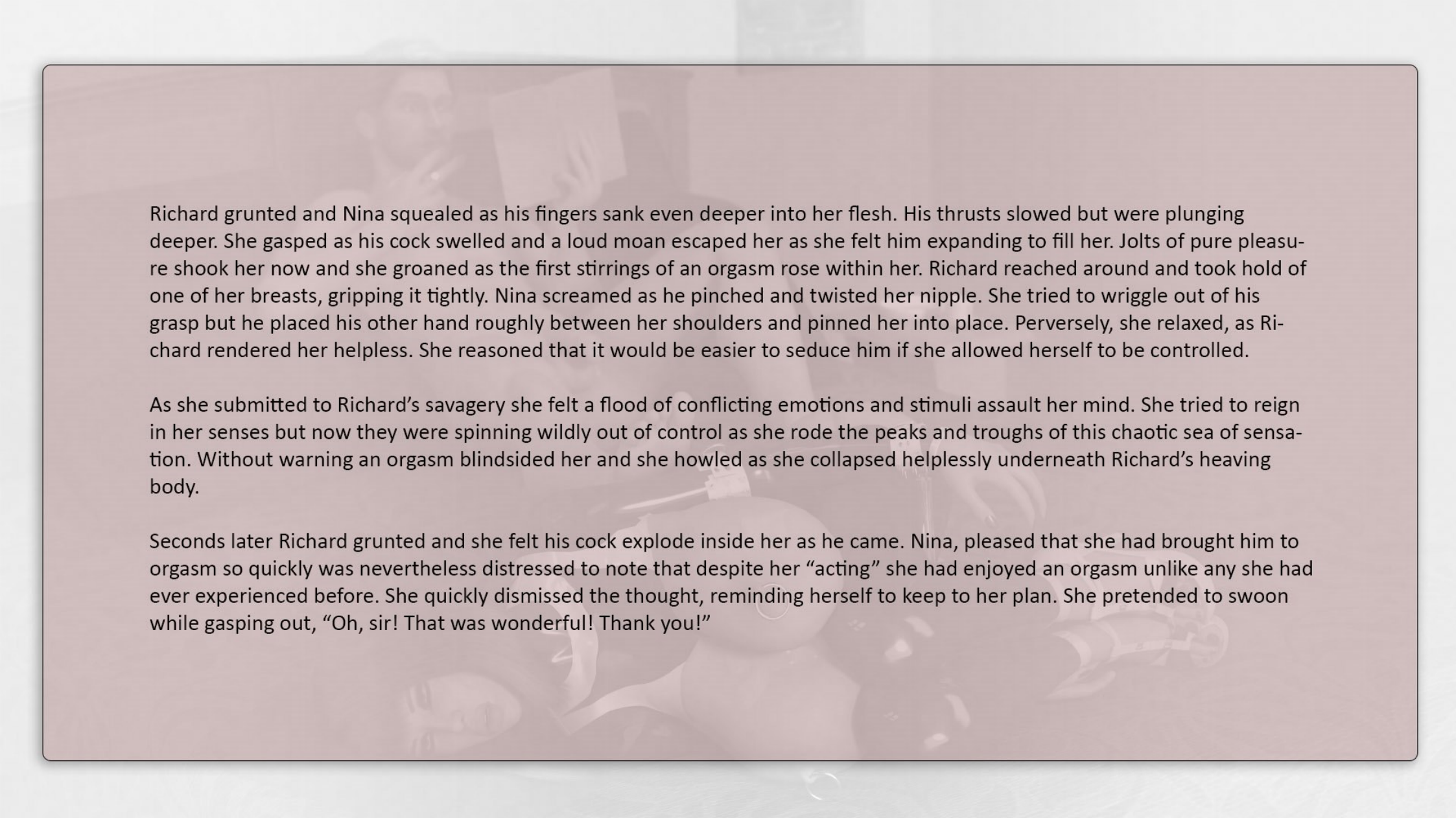
She began to swing her hips from side to side in shallow arcs. She looked back over her shoulders, licked her lips and smiled coquettishly. “Why don’t you fuck me, sir? I mean, if you’d like to, that is!”

Richard approached her, a hungry look burning in his eyes. Spying it, Nina turned her head away and only just managed to prevent a smirk of triumph breaking out across her face. She closed her eyes and moaned as she felt his hands begin to caress her buttocks. Her moans changed to gasps as she felt him slip his fingers underneath the skimpy waistband of her thong, yanking it until the thin fabric ripped and parted.

She froze in place, bracing herself for what she was sure was about to follow. She squealed as she felt Richard's hard erection graze her labia. In spite of her distaste at what she was about to do, she shivered as a wave of anticipation washed over her. She struggled to banish it. She soon regained control of her emotions but nevertheless noted with surprise that a part of her was enjoying this.

The head of Richard's cock seated itself between her labia and parted them slowly as he slid into her. Nina gasped and again experienced a stronger flutter of pleasure as he filled her. As Richard's shaft began to move back and forth, she began moaning with what she realized was only half-acting. "Oh, yes, sir! That feels wonderful!" she blurted.


She felt Richard's fingertips dig into her hips as he growled, "Stop talking and keep fucking!" His thrusts were speeding up now and Nina's tits began swing wildly as her body was rocked back and forth. She began playing up her role. "Oh, sir, yes! YES! It feels so good! Please, sir, please! Don't stop!" She bit her lip and swooned as a burst of pleasure emanated from her nipples when they grazed the rough surface of the chair upholstery.



Richard grunted and Nina squealed as his fingers sank even deeper into her flesh. His thrusts slowed but were plunging deeper. She gasped as his cock swelled and a loud moan escaped her as she felt him expanding to fill her. Jolts of pure pleasure shook her now and she groaned as the first stirrings of an orgasm rose within her. Richard reached around and took hold of one of her breasts, gripping it tightly. Nina screamed as he pinched and twisted her nipple. She tried to wriggle out of his grasp but he placed his other hand roughly between her shoulders and pinned her into place. Perversely, she relaxed, as Richard rendered her helpless. She reasoned that it would be easier to seduce him if she allowed herself to be controlled.

As she submitted to Richard's savagery she felt a flood of conflicting emotions and stimuli assault her mind. She tried to reign in her senses but now they were spinning wildly out of control as she rode the peaks and troughs of this chaotic sea of sensation. Without warning an orgasm blindsided her and she howled as she collapsed helplessly underneath Richard's heaving body.

Seconds later Richard grunted and she felt his cock explode inside her as he came. Nina, pleased that she had brought him to orgasm so quickly was nevertheless distressed to note that despite her "acting" she had enjoyed an orgasm unlike any she had ever experienced before. She quickly dismissed the thought, reminding herself to keep to her plan. She pretended to swoon while gasping out, "Oh, sir! That was wonderful! Thank you!"



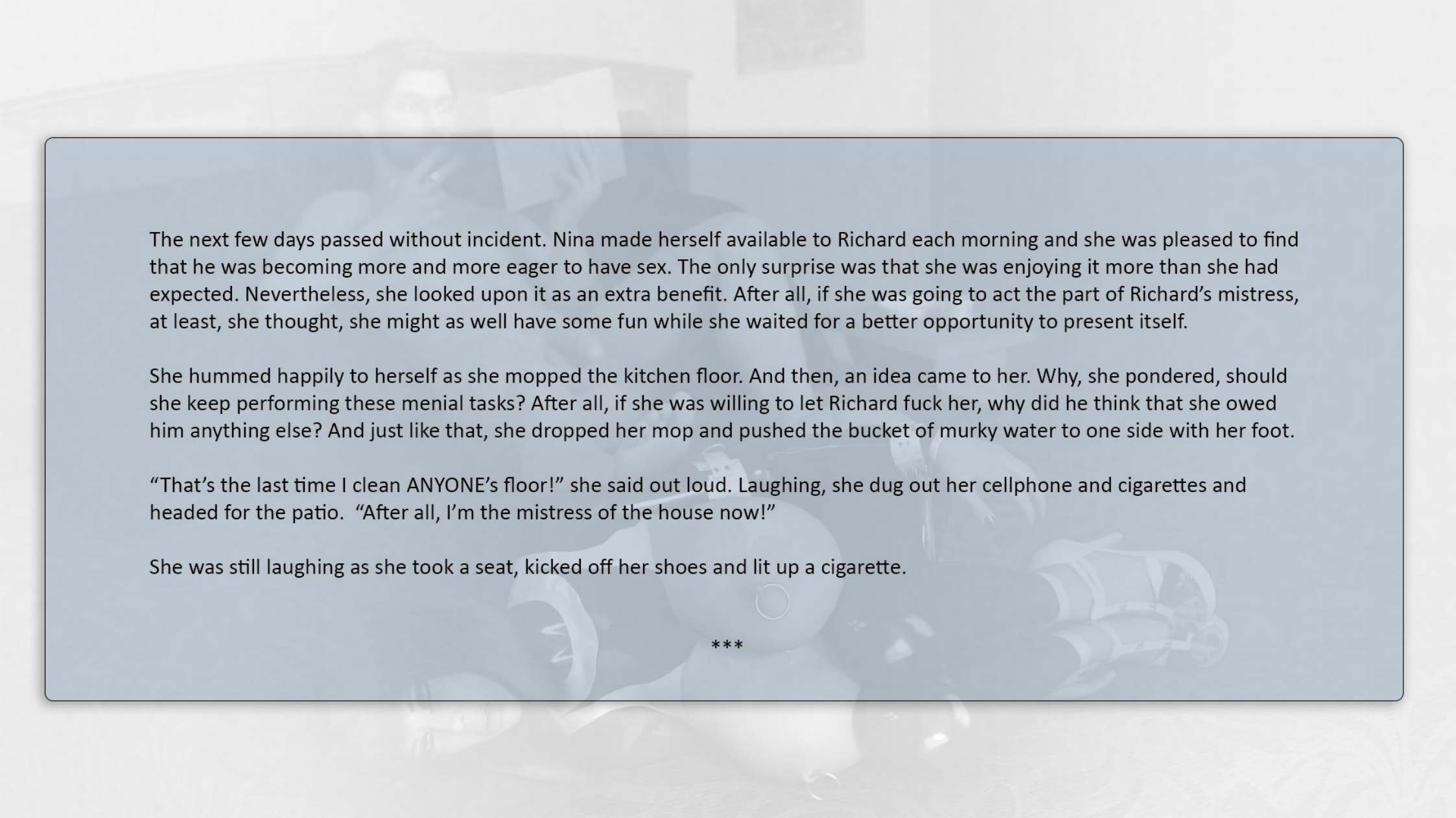
Richard pulled his penis from her and lifted up off of her, quickly putting it back in his pants and zipping up. Nina risked a peek at him from under half-lowered eyelids. She was pleased to note that he looked smug and satisfied. She mimed concern. "Sir, did I please you?"

Richard's eyes roamed hungrily across her backside, still displayed for him. "Very much so." He smoothed the wrinkles in his clothing and met her eyes. "In fact, we'll discuss what your new duties are going to be when I return after work."

Nina rose and retrieved her uniform. This time, she didn't even bother trying to hide her satisfaction and a smirk twisted her lips as Richard turned and left. She chuckled as she picked up the garment and slithered back into it.

Even she was surprised at how effortlessly her plot was unfolding.

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The next few days passed without incident. Nina made herself available to Richard each morning and she was pleased to find that he was becoming more and more eager to have sex. The only surprise was that she was enjoying it more than she had expected. Nevertheless, she looked upon it as an extra benefit. After all, if she was going to act the part of Richard's mistress, at least, she thought, she might as well have some fun while she waited for a better opportunity to present itself.

She hummed happily to herself as she mopped the kitchen floor. And then, an idea came to her. Why, she pondered, should she keep performing these menial tasks? After all, if she was willing to let Richard fuck her, why did he think that she owed him anything else? And just like that, she dropped her mop and pushed the bucket of murky water to one side with her foot.

"That's the last time I clean ANYONE's floor!" she said out loud. Laughing, she dug out her cellphone and cigarettes and headed for the patio. "After all, I'm the mistress of the house now!"

She was still laughing as she took a seat, kicked off her shoes and lit up a cigarette.

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“What are you doing out here?” Richard called out as he stepped onto the patio. “Shouldn’t you be inside, cleaning? The kitchen and living room are still a mess!”

Nina dropped the magazine she was reading, took a final puff on her cigarette and dropped it as well. “Now that my duties have changed to those of pleasuring you, I decided I could stop cleaning house. I mean, after all, I could do so much more for you if I have more time available.” She licked her lips and smiled lasciviously. “And besides, we both know that my talents are being wasted as a cleaning woman!”

Richard stared at her in silence. Then without warning he burst into laughter. “Haha! Oh, Nina! You’re trying so hard to take advantage of me! Nonsense! I didn’t spend all that money modifying you just so you could laze around the house all day while I’m working!” He threw his head back and laughed louder.

Nina flushed with anger, jumped to her feet and shouted, “Then the hell with you! I’m leaving! I’m not going to let you turn me into some sort of...of...doll for you to play with as you see fit!”

Richard’s laughter slowed and died out. Nina was just about to continue her tirade when some sense warned her that a dangerous change had just come over him.

Richard, all traces of mirth gone, reached out with one hand and trapped her chin in it. He wrenched her face up to meet his and Nina shrank back from his cold, expressionless gaze. “On the contrary. You will be whatever I want you to be! You will do exactly as I say! Or do you want me to let Hector Juarez know where to find you?”

The blood drained from Nina's face as Richard's words reached her and she tried to speak but was only able to utter an inarticulate squeak of fear. Richard smiled evilly and said, "I see you DO know that name! Remember when I said I had a friend of mine at Immigration Services check into your background? Well, it seems a colleague of his at another agency informed him that your name was connected with that of the drug warlord Hector Juarez. Is this true?" Nina, shocked almost to the point of insensibility, nodded dumbly.

Richard gripped her chin tighter. Nina winced as he continued. "It seems that there is a contract out on you. If Juarez ever discovers where you are, he'll have you murdered. You must have done something really brave...or stupid...to anger a man like him!"

Nina's thoughts whirled in her mind and she almost fainted. She'd lived in constant fear of being found out and now that she was, she could see no way out of her predicament. If Richard even hinted to Juarez where to find her...

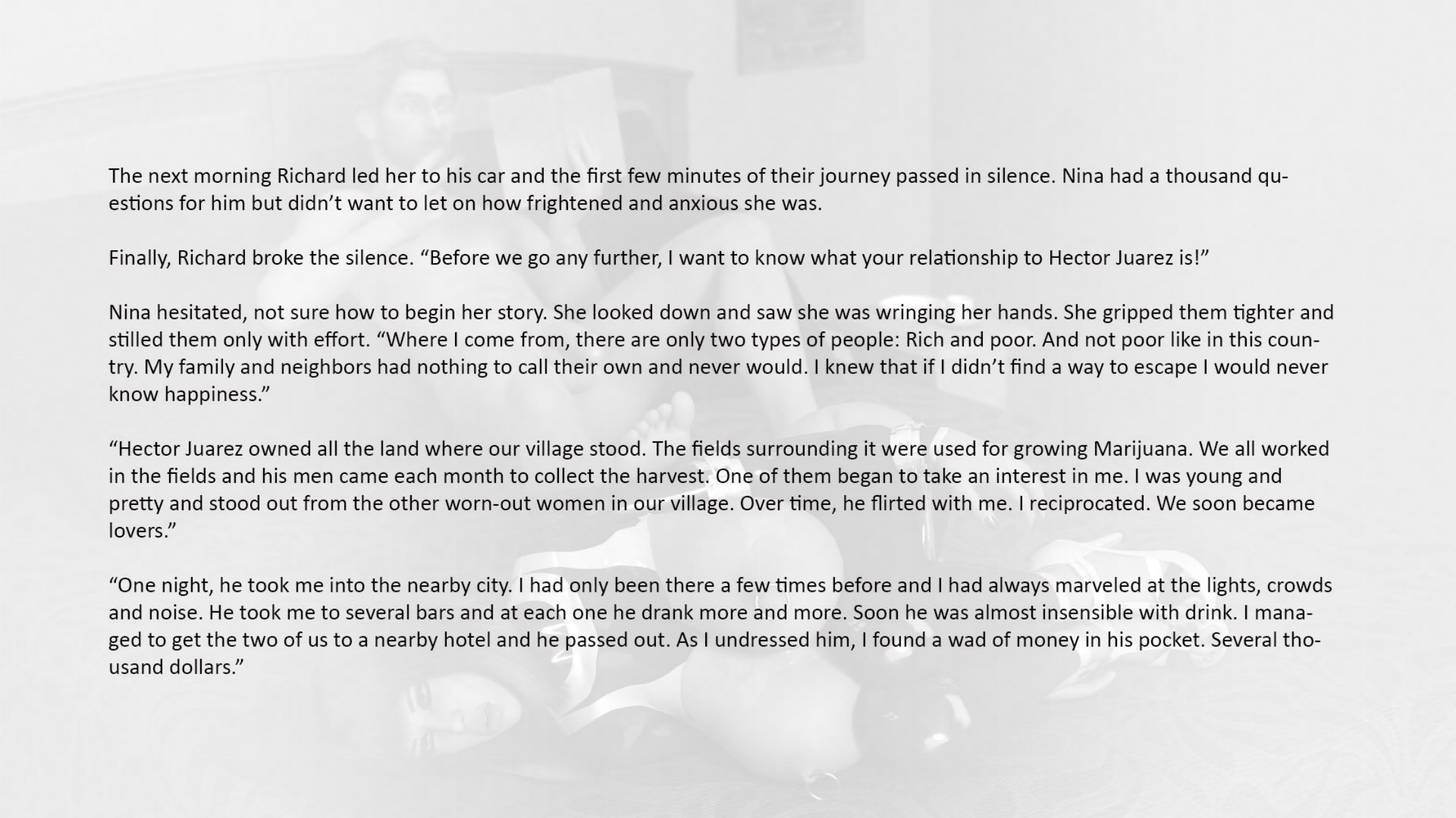
"NO!" she shouted. "Please, I'll do whatever it is you want me to do! Please, just don't tell him where to find me! Please? Don't even let on that I exist!"

Richard's face formed a cold, humorless expression. "Then stop being such a brat and do as you're told!"

"Yes, I will!" Nina pleaded. However, the expression on Richard's face belied her words. She knew she had just made a deal with the devil. She was sure, even before they were uttered, what Richard's next words were going to be.

"I think the first step we need to take is to make sure that no one can recognize you. Now, let's get you back to the surgeon. I'm going to remake you into my own, custom designed Doll!"

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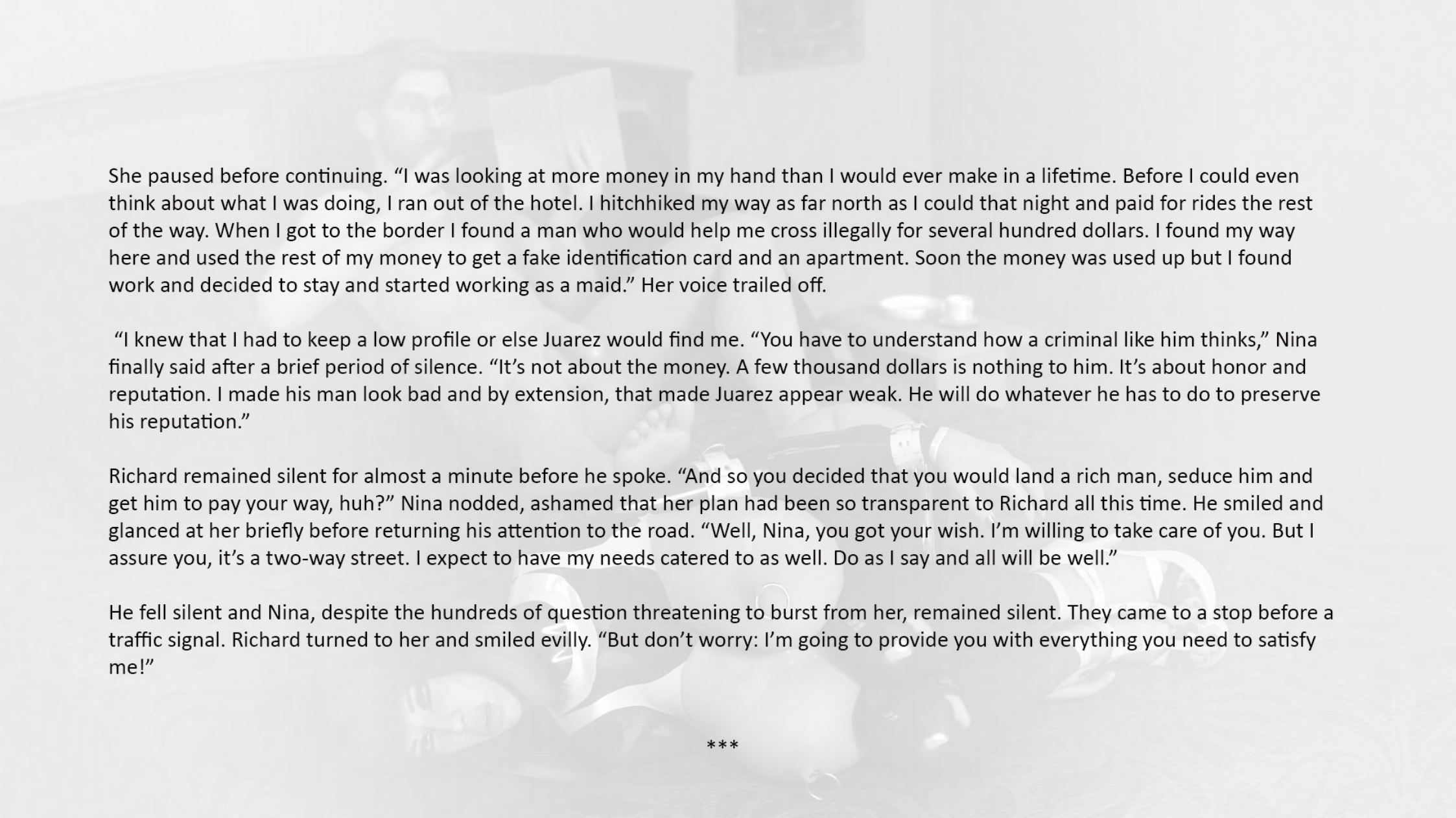
The next morning Richard led her to his car and the first few minutes of their journey passed in silence. Nina had a thousand questions for him but didn't want to let on how frightened and anxious she was.

Finally, Richard broke the silence. "Before we go any further, I want to know what your relationship to Hector Juarez is!"

Nina hesitated, not sure how to begin her story. She looked down and saw she was wringing her hands. She gripped them tighter and stilled them only with effort. "Where I come from, there are only two types of people: Rich and poor. And not poor like in this country. My family and neighbors had nothing to call their own and never would. I knew that if I didn't find a way to escape I would never know happiness."

"Hector Juarez owned all the land where our village stood. The fields surrounding it were used for growing Marijuana. We all worked in the fields and his men came each month to collect the harvest. One of them began to take an interest in me. I was young and pretty and stood out from the other worn-out women in our village. Over time, he flirted with me. I reciprocated. We soon became lovers."

"One night, he took me into the nearby city. I had only been there a few times before and I had always marveled at the lights, crowds and noise. He took me to several bars and at each one he drank more and more. Soon he was almost insensible with drink. I managed to get the two of us to a nearby hotel and he passed out. As I undressed him, I found a wad of money in his pocket. Several thousand dollars."



She paused before continuing. "I was looking at more money in my hand than I would ever make in a lifetime. Before I could even think about what I was doing, I ran out of the hotel. I hitchhiked my way as far north as I could that night and paid for rides the rest of the way. When I got to the border I found a man who would help me cross illegally for several hundred dollars. I found my way here and used the rest of my money to get a fake identification card and an apartment. Soon the money was used up but I found work and decided to stay and started working as a maid." Her voice trailed off.

"I knew that I had to keep a low profile or else Juarez would find me. "You have to understand how a criminal like him thinks," Nina finally said after a brief period of silence. "It's not about the money. A few thousand dollars is nothing to him. It's about honor and reputation. I made his man look bad and by extension, that made Juarez appear weak. He will do whatever he has to do to preserve his reputation."

Richard remained silent for almost a minute before he spoke. "And so you decided that you would land a rich man, seduce him and get him to pay your way, huh?" Nina nodded, ashamed that her plan had been so transparent to Richard all this time. He smiled and glanced at her briefly before returning his attention to the road. "Well, Nina, you got your wish. I'm willing to take care of you. But I assure you, it's a two-way street. I expect to have my needs catered to as well. Do as I say and all will be well."

He fell silent and Nina, despite the hundreds of questions threatening to burst from her, remained silent. They came to a stop before a traffic signal. Richard turned to her and smiled evilly. "But don't worry: I'm going to provide you with everything you need to satisfy me!"

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"I guess it's time I revealed to you the secret of your implants," Richard said to Nina as she was strapped into the surgeon's chair. "They're what are known as Polypropylene implants and they will continue to grow gradually in size. They absorb body moisture overtime and this causes them to expand."

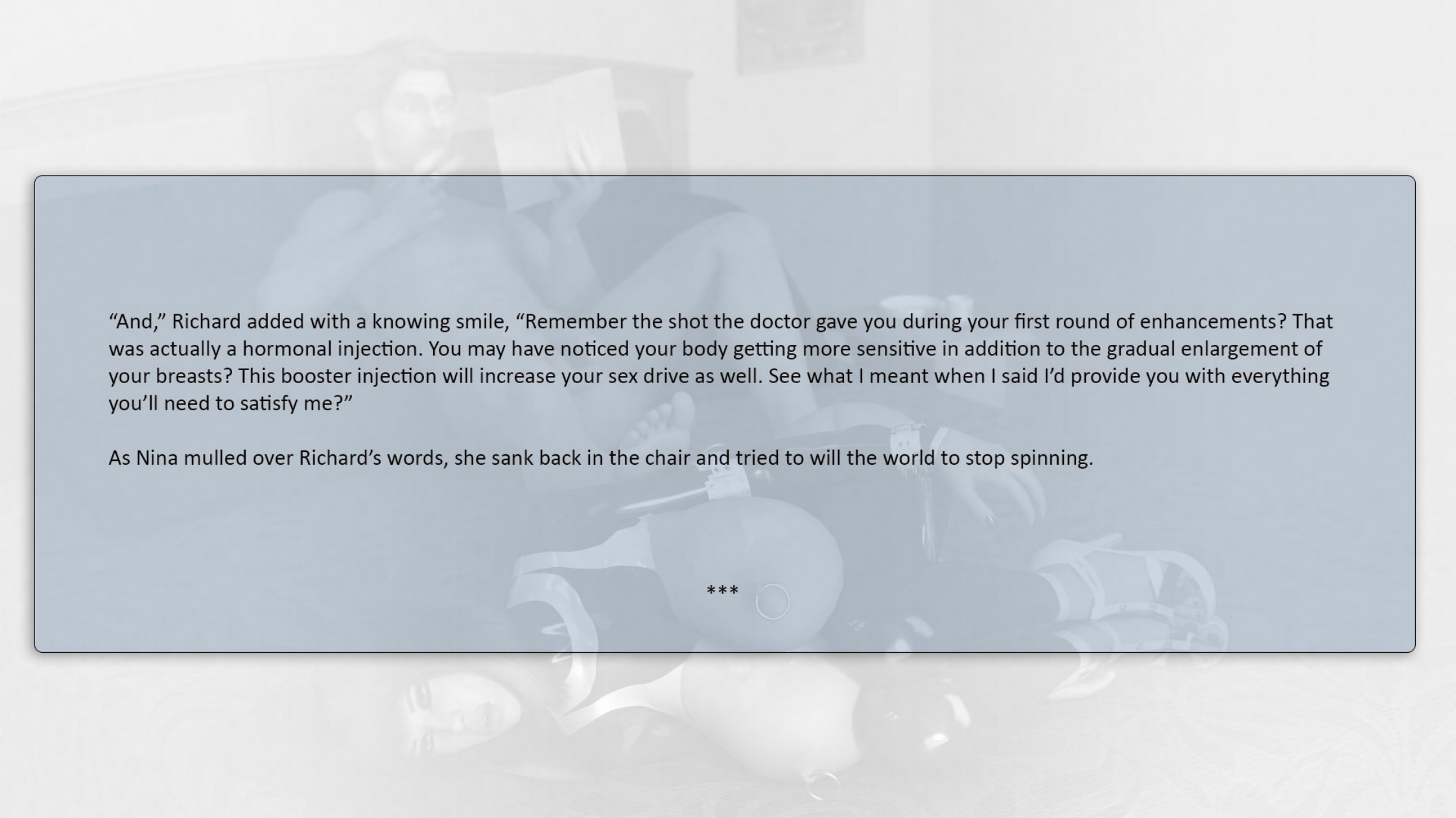
Nina started and tried to leap from the doctor's chair. "Oh, my God! Are you serious? Is this why they've been getting bigger?"

"Yes", Richard replied smoothly. And today the doctor here is going to give them a boost. Of course, they'll get larger without his help but now that you're my personal plaything, I want you bigger and I don't want to wait!"

Nina opened her mouth to protest and then abruptly shut it. What could she say? Richard had knowledge that could get her killed. She had to agree to this latest augmentation. It was her only realistic option.

"And it would be silly to enlarge your breasts and leave the rest of you disproportionate so after the doctor is finished with your breasts, he's going to put the same implants in your bottom. And starting today you're going to receive regular hormonal injections. Not only will that aid the growth of your breasts and bottom but the rest of your body will grow in proportion. After all, I want you looking like a proper Doll, not some sort of freak."

Nina, all too aware of the events being set in motion could only nod dumbly and try not to scream in frustration.

A faded background image showing a man sitting on a couch reading a book, and a woman lying on the floor with a prosthetic breast. The text is overlaid on a semi-transparent blue box.

“And,” Richard added with a knowing smile, “Remember the shot the doctor gave you during your first round of enhancements? That was actually a hormonal injection. You may have noticed your body getting more sensitive in addition to the gradual enlargement of your breasts? This booster injection will increase your sex drive as well. See what I meant when I said I’d provide you with everything you’ll need to satisfy me?”

As Nina mulled over Richard’s words, she sank back in the chair and tried to will the world to stop spinning.

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A few days later Nina was relieved that the worst of the discomfort resulting from her surgeries had subsided. Her relief was short-lived however when Richard announced that she was going to receive a complete makeover as well. She bitterly reflected that just a short time ago she yearned for a makeover with a rich man paying for it. Now that she knew Richard better, she realized that sometimes wishes don't always come to pass as one plans. Nevertheless, she submitted obediently to his demands and kept her reservations to herself as they entered the hair salon.

She was led to a chair while Richard remained behind and exchanged glances with the owner of the studio. Nina watched them as they observed her and whispered conspiratorially to one another. She looked away and bit her lip to keep it from trembling. A minute passed before Richard and the salon owner approached.

"Now, Nina, you behave while you're being worked on. No matter what happens, you do as you're told and before long I'll be back to collect you. Understood?"

Nina, dreading the hours to follow, quietly replied, "Yes, sir."

"Good." Richard turned his attention back to the salon owner. "Call me when you're ready to apply the final touches". He turned and headed for the door. He stopped halfway, spun back to face Nina and called out to Nina.

"And Nina, I'm serious. Behave."

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At first Nina was unsure if she had any reason to be nervous. Although the stylist was clipping away at her hair, she couldn't imagine anything worse happening than having it styled shorter than she would have preferred. And, she reminded herself, Richard would certainly want her to remain attractive, wouldn't he? Surely there was nothing afoot here more than a radically different hairstyle than the one she currently wore. She relaxed and sank back into the chair.

Her tranquility was short-lived. The stylist set down her shears and picked up a large electric shaver. She powered it up and Nina was startled by the loud buzzing its motor produced. "Hey! What's that for?"

The stylist merely shrugged her shoulders and answered, "This is what the man paying for your service requested."

Nina, suddenly suspicious again, answered weakly, "Well, okay but please don't trim my hair too short! Please?"

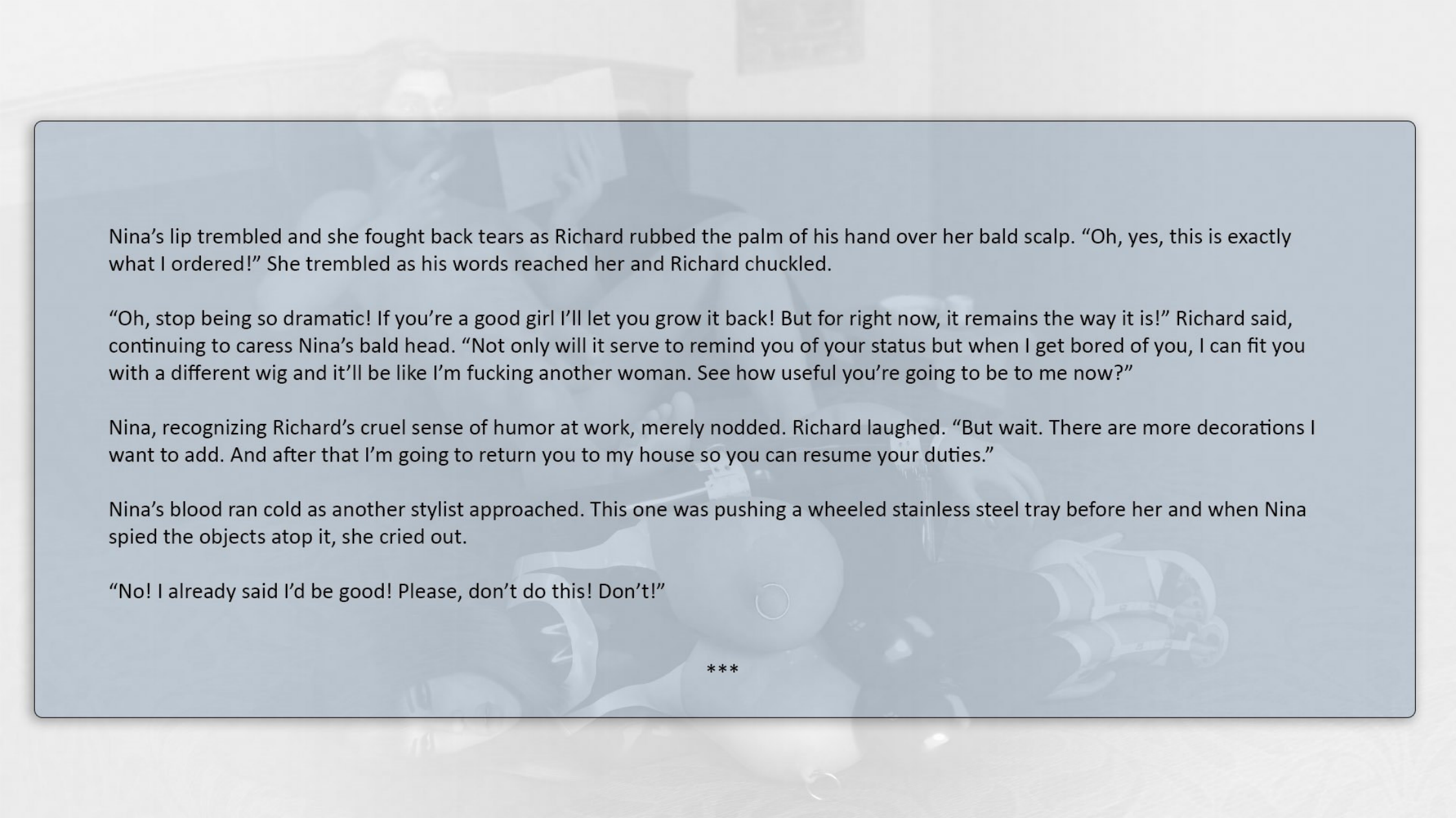
The woman's mouth crooked into a lopsided smile. "Just sit back and I'll be finished with you before you know it."

Nina tried to relax but remained seated upright. She watched out of the corner of her eye as the woman moved to a position behind her. Nina switched her attention to the woman's reflection in the mirror before her. She flinched when the buzzing clippers nudged the back of her head. The stylist tutted and said, "Stop that! You might get nipped if you jump like that again!"

Nina, a sudden wave of anguish overtaking her, wailed, "What? How close are you trimming my hair?"

A second later and Nina received a reply to her question. She gasped in disbelief as she watched in what was occurring in the mirror before her.

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Nina's lip trembled and she fought back tears as Richard rubbed the palm of his hand over her bald scalp. "Oh, yes, this is exactly what I ordered!" She trembled as his words reached her and Richard chuckled.

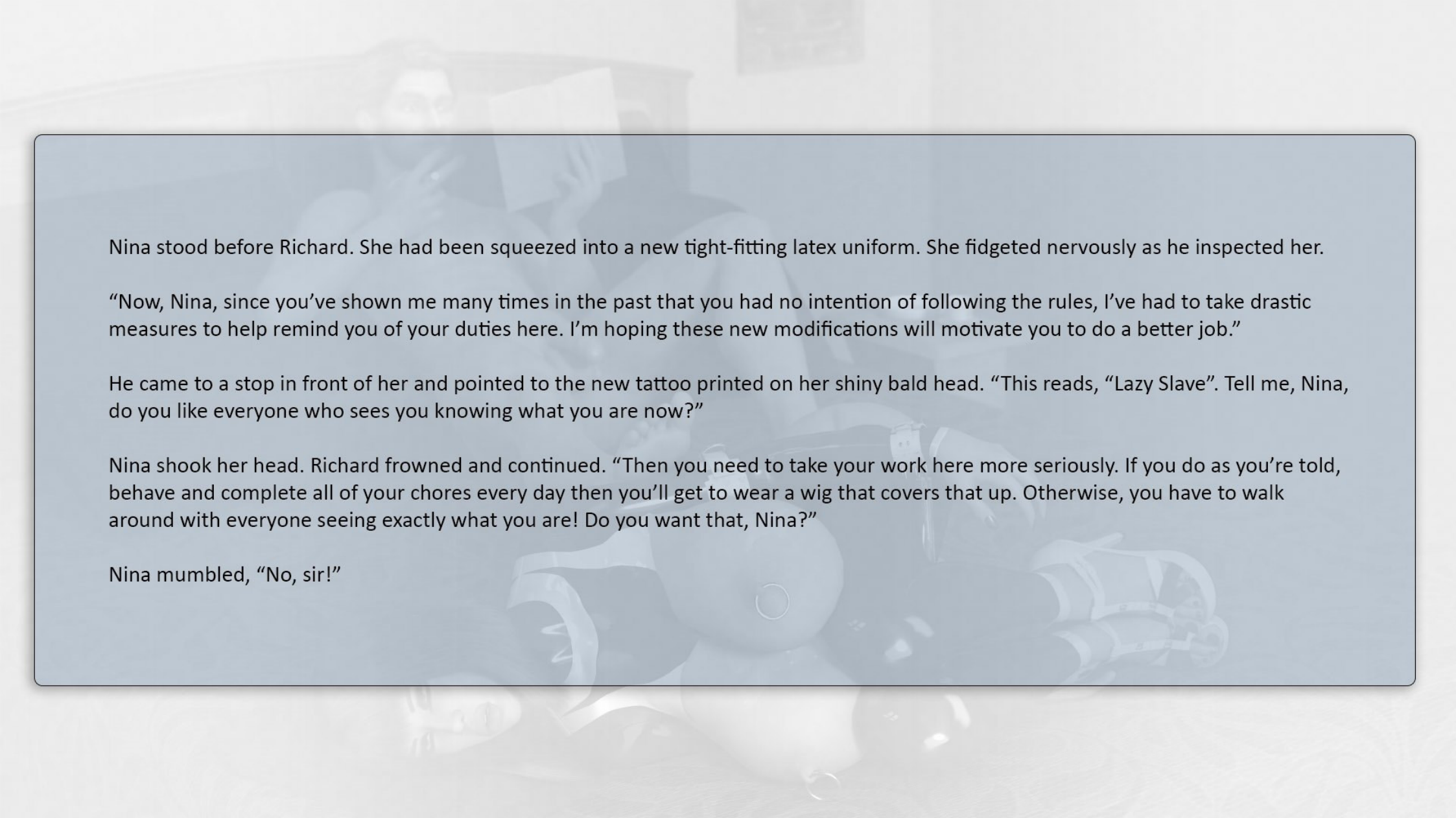
"Oh, stop being so dramatic! If you're a good girl I'll let you grow it back! But for right now, it remains the way it is!" Richard said, continuing to caress Nina's bald head. "Not only will it serve to remind you of your status but when I get bored of you, I can fit you with a different wig and it'll be like I'm fucking another woman. See how useful you're going to be to me now?"

Nina, recognizing Richard's cruel sense of humor at work, merely nodded. Richard laughed. "But wait. There are more decorations I want to add. And after that I'm going to return you to my house so you can resume your duties."

Nina's blood ran cold as another stylist approached. This one was pushing a wheeled stainless steel tray before her and when Nina spied the objects atop it, she cried out.

"No! I already said I'd be good! Please, don't do this! Don't!"

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Nina stood before Richard. She had been squeezed into a new tight-fitting latex uniform. She fidgeted nervously as he inspected her.

“Now, Nina, since you’ve shown me many times in the past that you had no intention of following the rules, I’ve had to take drastic measures to help remind you of your duties here. I’m hoping these new modifications will motivate you to do a better job.”

He came to a stop in front of her and pointed to the new tattoo printed on her shiny bald head. “This reads, “Lazy Slave”. Tell me, Nina, do you like everyone who sees you knowing what you are now?”

Nina shook her head. Richard frowned and continued. “Then you need to take your work here more seriously. If you do as you’re told, behave and complete all of your chores every day then you’ll get to wear a wig that covers that up. Otherwise, you have to walk around with everyone seeing exactly what you are! Do you want that, Nina?”

Nina mumbled, “No, sir!”

“Good. Now, the reason I had these installed,” Richard reached out and gripped both of the large metal rings piercing Nina’s nipples and tugged lightly on them, “Is a reminder that you are my property to do with as I wish. They also have the fortuitous side-effect of keeping your nipples erect and sensitive. Now, every time you look at your tits you’ll remember you agreed to be my slave!”

Nina remained silent. Richard tugged harder on the rings and twisted them slightly, eliciting a wince of pain from her. “Now, do you promise to be a Good Girl and follow all of my orders?”



Nina, tears welling in her eyes,  
mumbled, "Yes, sir!"

Richard smiled triumphantly.  
"Good. Now, get on your knees  
and suck my cock!"

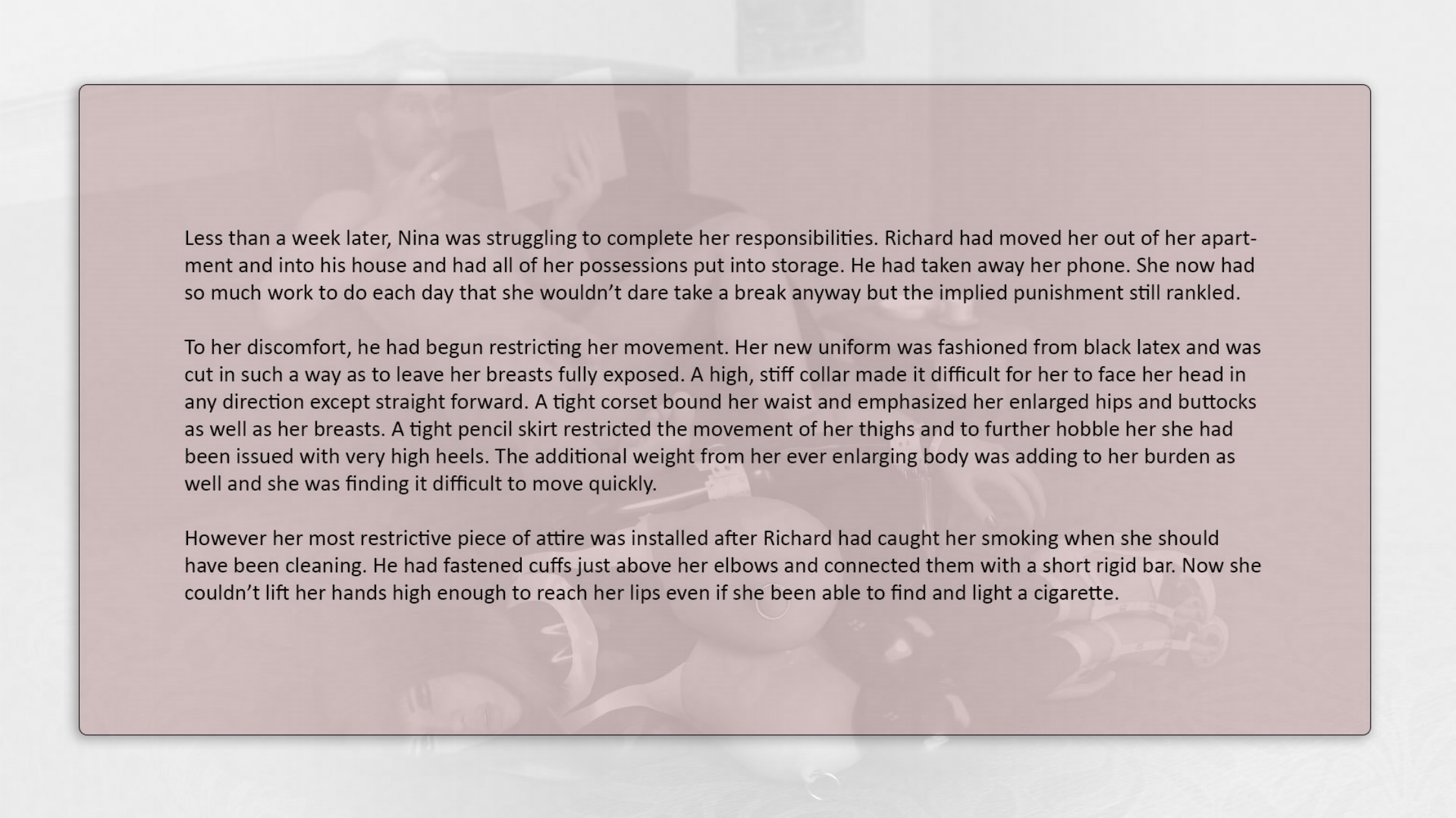
Nina dropped, defeated, to her  
knees. As she took Richard in  
her mouth, he added, "And  
don't take all day to bring me  
to orgasm! You've got plenty of  
chores awaiting you!"

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*Before & After*

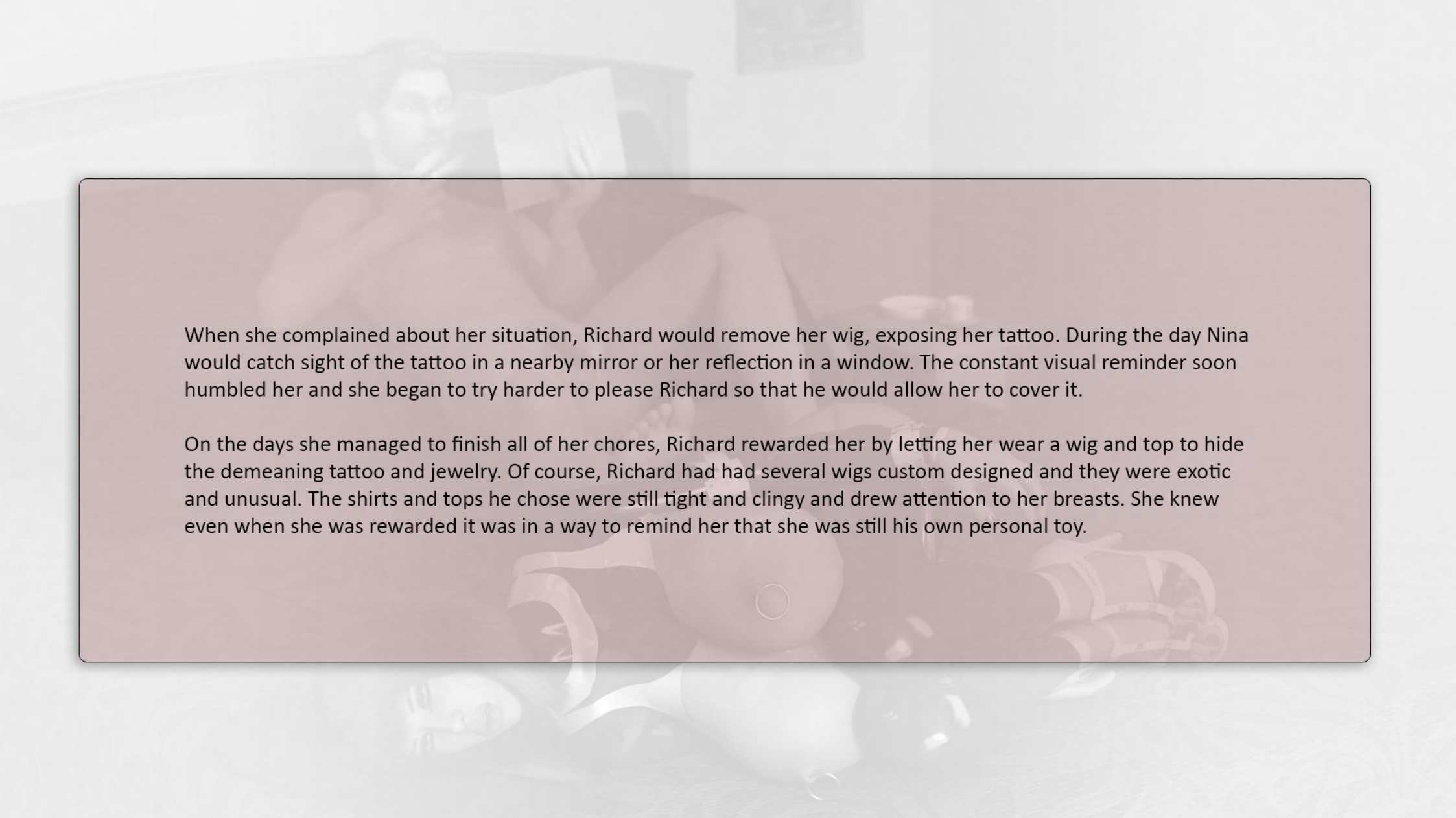




Less than a week later, Nina was struggling to complete her responsibilities. Richard had moved her out of her apartment and into his house and had all of her possessions put into storage. He had taken away her phone. She now had so much work to do each day that she wouldn't dare take a break anyway but the implied punishment still rankled.

To her discomfort, he had begun restricting her movement. Her new uniform was fashioned from black latex and was cut in such a way as to leave her breasts fully exposed. A high, stiff collar made it difficult for her to face her head in any direction except straight forward. A tight corset bound her waist and emphasized her enlarged hips and buttocks as well as her breasts. A tight pencil skirt restricted the movement of her thighs and to further hobble her she had been issued with very high heels. The additional weight from her ever enlarging body was adding to her burden as well and she was finding it difficult to move quickly.

However her most restrictive piece of attire was installed after Richard had caught her smoking when she should have been cleaning. He had fastened cuffs just above her elbows and connected them with a short rigid bar. Now she couldn't lift her hands high enough to reach her lips even if she been able to find and light a cigarette.

The background image is a composite of two scenes. The top scene shows a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt, sitting on a bed and reading a book. The bottom scene shows a woman lying on her back on a bed, wearing a white bra and high-heeled sandals. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent reddish-brown rectangular box containing text.

When she complained about her situation, Richard would remove her wig, exposing her tattoo. During the day Nina would catch sight of the tattoo in a nearby mirror or her reflection in a window. The constant visual reminder soon humbled her and she began to try harder to please Richard so that he would allow her to cover it.

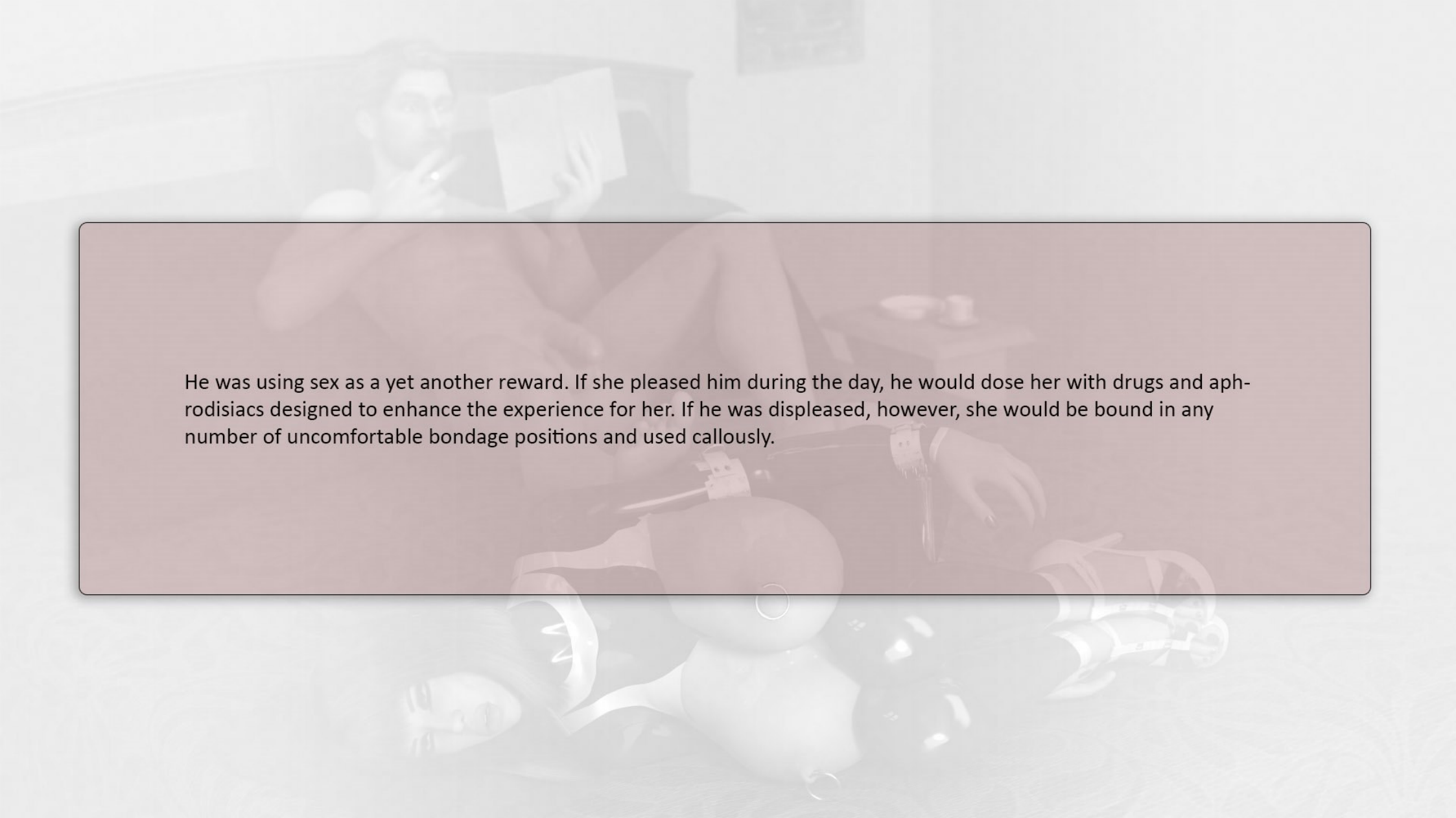
On the days she managed to finish all of her chores, Richard rewarded her by letting her wear a wig and top to hide the demeaning tattoo and jewelry. Of course, Richard had had several wigs custom designed and they were exotic and unusual. The shirts and tops he chose were still tight and clingy and drew attention to her breasts. She knew even when she was rewarded it was in a way to remind her that she was still his own personal toy.





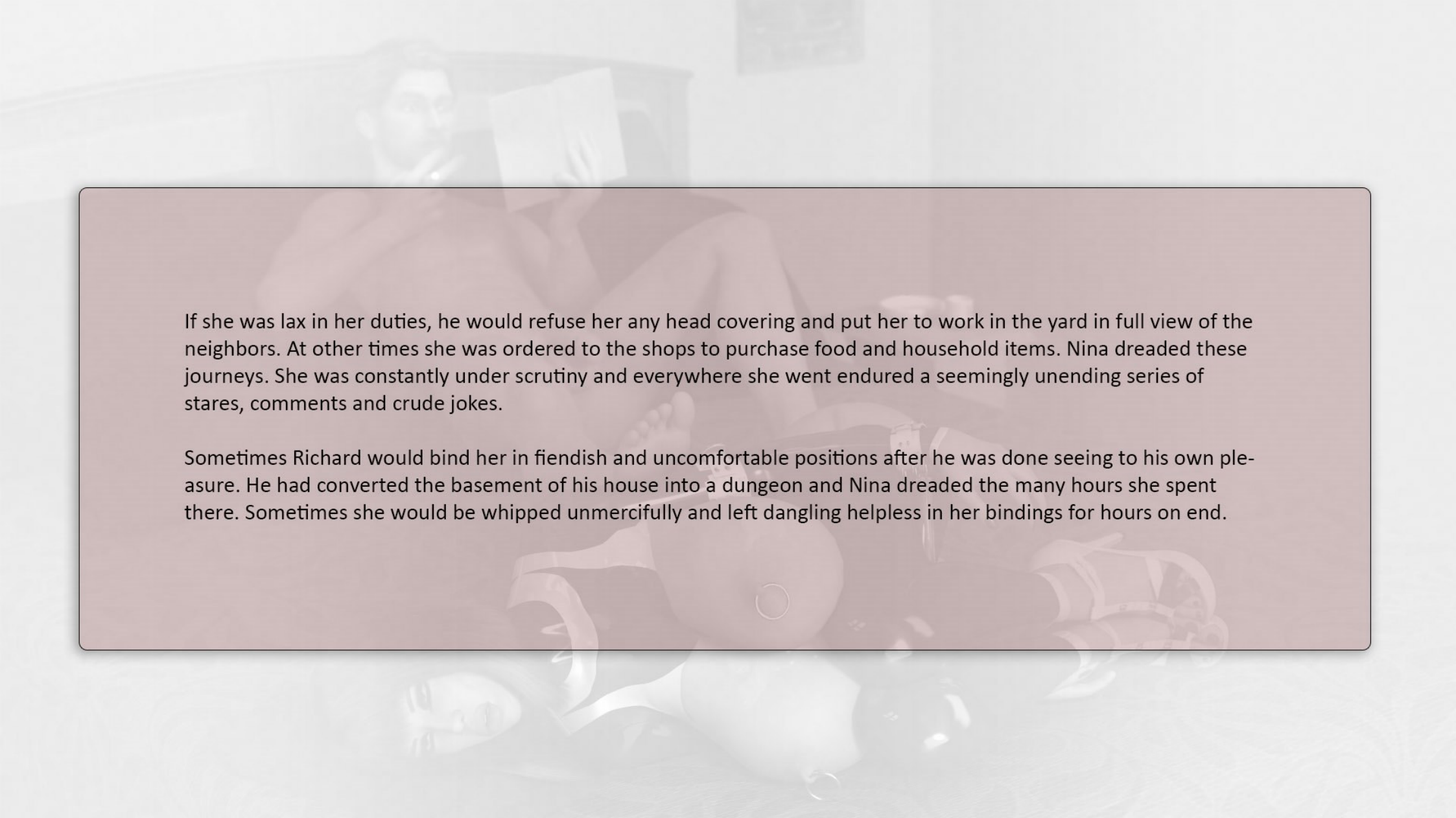
And, Nina reflected bitterly, her day didn't end when she finished her chores. Richard was utilizing her as a sex slave. He had proved to be seemingly insatiable and would fuck her for hours on end, sometimes until well into the next day before allowing her to fall into an exhausted sleep.



A man with a beard is sitting on a dark couch, reading a book and holding a lit cigarette. In the foreground, a woman with long blonde hair is lying on a bed, wearing a black bra and garter belt with white stockings and high-heeled shoes. She is restrained with black leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles, which are attached to a metal bed frame. The scene is dimly lit, with a lamp visible on a table to the right.

He was using sex as a yet another reward. If she pleased him during the day, he would dose her with drugs and aphrodisiacs designed to enhance the experience for her. If he was displeased, however, she would be bound in any number of uncomfortable bondage positions and used callously.



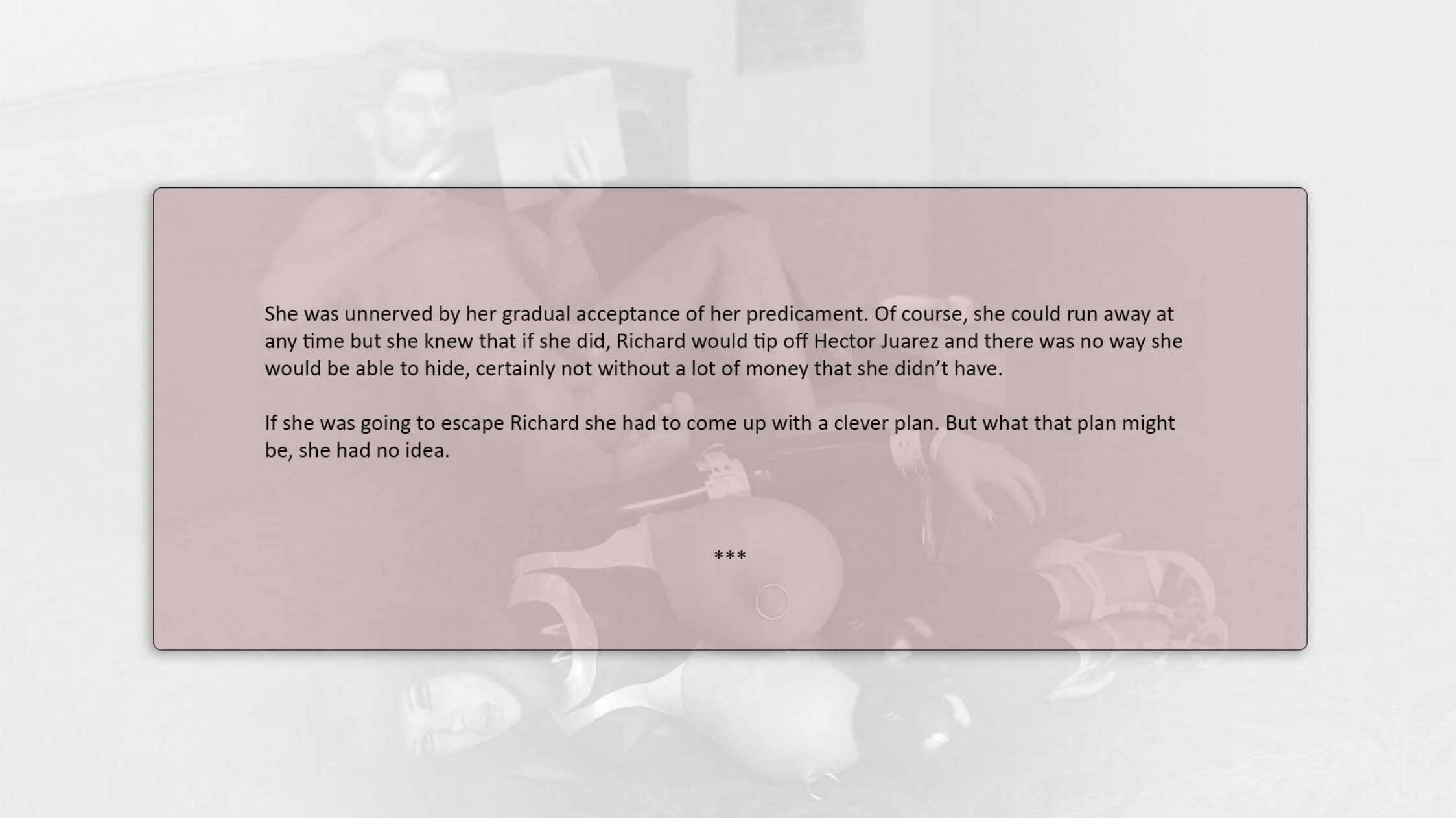
The background image is a composite of two scenes. The top scene shows a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket, sitting on a couch and reading a book. The bottom scene shows a woman with long dark hair lying on her back on a patterned rug. She is wearing a white top and dark shorts, and her hands are bound behind her back with white tape. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent reddish-brown rectangular box containing text.

If she was lax in her duties, he would refuse her any head covering and put her to work in the yard in full view of the neighbors. At other times she was ordered to the shops to purchase food and household items. Nina dreaded these journeys. She was constantly under scrutiny and everywhere she went endured a seemingly unending series of stares, comments and crude jokes.

Sometimes Richard would bind her in fiendish and uncomfortable positions after he was done seeing to his own pleasure. He had converted the basement of his house into a dungeon and Nina dreaded the many hours she spent there. Sometimes she would be whipped unmercifully and left dangling helpless in her bindings for hours on end.



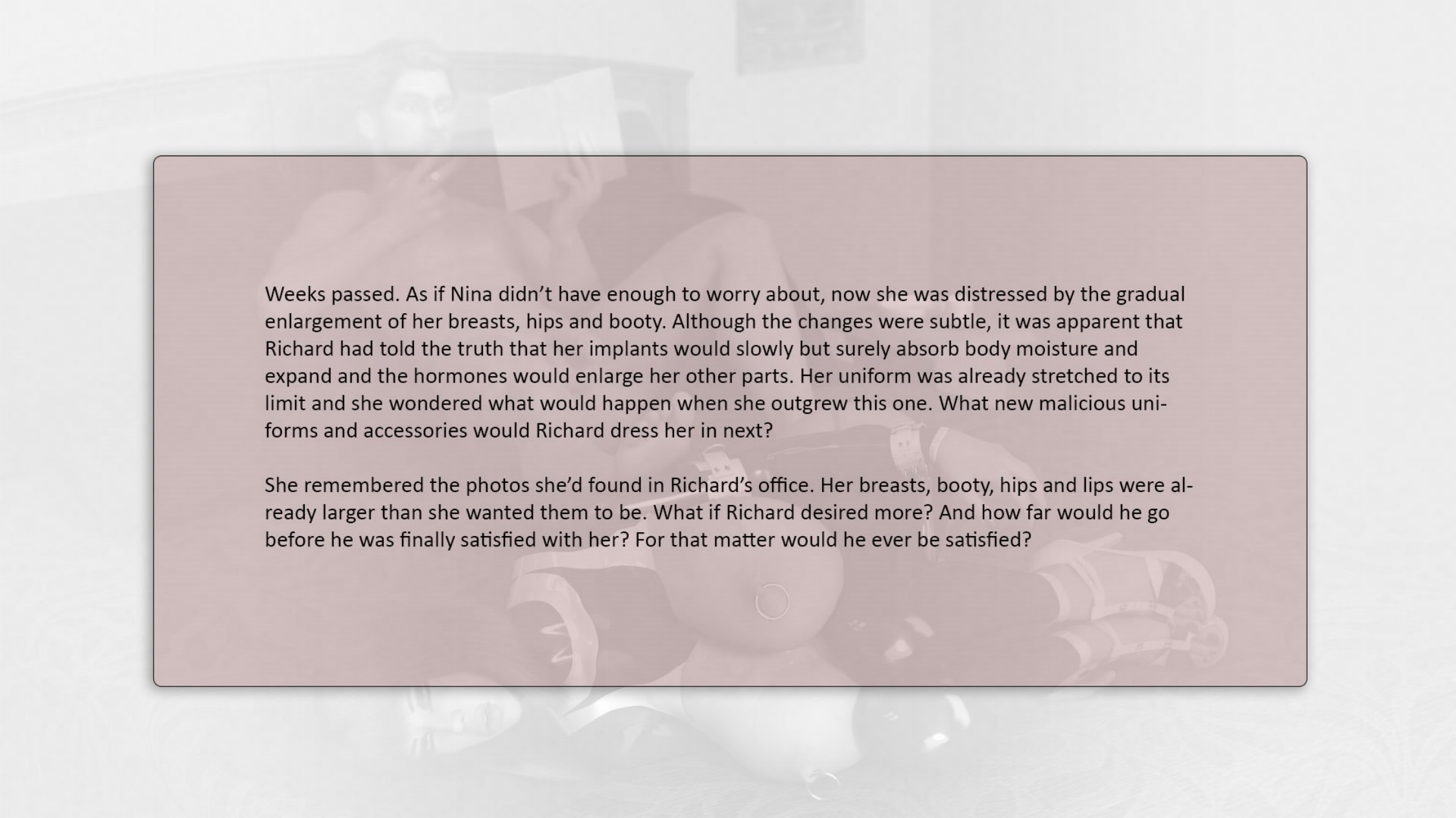
At other times, Richard would punish and pleasure her by turns, using toys and vibrators to bring her to orgasm in between whippings. Nina would writhe in her chains as she alternately begged for mercy and cried out for more. Sometimes she would be locked in a cage and only released after spending an entire day or night inside it.

A faded background image of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark sweater, sitting on a dark sofa and reading a book. He is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a simple room with a white wall and a framed picture.

She was unnerved by her gradual acceptance of her predicament. Of course, she could run away at any time but she knew that if she did, Richard would tip off Hector Juarez and there was no way she would be able to hide, certainly not without a lot of money that she didn't have.

If she was going to escape Richard she had to come up with a clever plan. But what that plan might be, she had no idea.

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Weeks passed. As if Nina didn't have enough to worry about, now she was distressed by the gradual enlargement of her breasts, hips and booty. Although the changes were subtle, it was apparent that Richard had told the truth that her implants would slowly but surely absorb body moisture and expand and the hormones would enlarge her other parts. Her uniform was already stretched to its limit and she wondered what would happen when she outgrew this one. What new malicious uniforms and accessories would Richard dress her in next?

She remembered the photos she'd found in Richard's office. Her breasts, booty, hips and lips were already larger than she wanted them to be. What if Richard desired more? And how far would he go before he was finally satisfied with her? For that matter would he ever be satisfied?

Just at that moment, she stumbled and began to wobble back and forth atop her high platform shoes. Her cry for help was muffled by the gag she was wearing as a punishment for arguing with Richard the night before. Just as she began to topple, she flailed her bound arms frantically. She miraculously regained her balance and retook her feet. Gasping with relief, she waited for her heart to stop pounding.

Grunting with effort she returned to her work. As she did so, she ignored the nagging voice in her head telling her to escape while she still had a chance.

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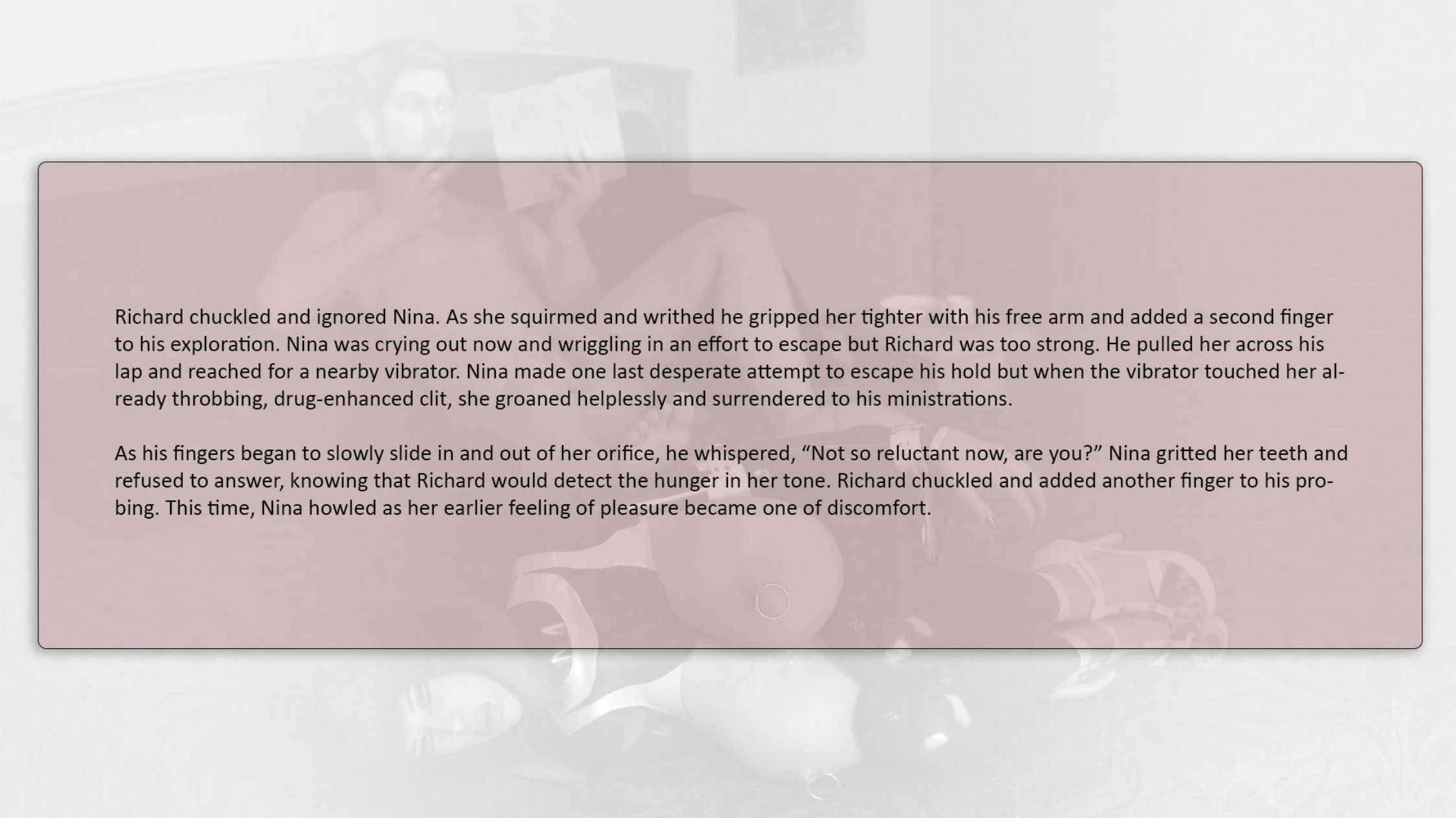
“I want to try something different tonight,” Richard said as he led Nina to his bedroom. “Get up on the bed on all fours and face away from me.”

Nina hesitated, sensing a hint of deviousness in Richard’s tone. A hard slap on her bottom jolted her back into the moment. “Now!” Richard snarled. Nina, rubbing her stinging bottom with one hand reluctantly climbed up onto the bed and took up position. She squeezed her eyes shut and waited to see what it was Richard had in mind.

She sensed what Richard was up to: he had been steadily using sex to reward her good behavior. She was so desperate to escape the drudgery of housework and punishment sessions in his dungeon that she was becoming more and more complacent and agreeable to any sex act he ordered. That, combined with the drugs he was feeding her, was making the sessions more and more enjoyable. Just a half hour earlier she had been dosed and her body had become acutely sensitive.

She felt the mattress shift as Richard climbed on to join her. His hands began roaming over her body and Nina sighed contentedly even as her earlier sense of unease lurked at the back of her mind. As Richard’s touch became more focused she began to moan as his fingers concentrated on her nipples, backside and labia. She started squirming and crying out softly, not wanting to show how much pleasure she was experiencing but helpless to hide it.

Without warning, Richard slipped a finger into her anus. Nina’s eyes jolted open and she yelped. “Hey! What do you think you’re doing? Not in my ass! I don’t like it there!”



Richard chuckled and ignored Nina. As she squirmed and writhed he gripped her tighter with his free arm and added a second finger to his exploration. Nina was crying out now and wriggling in an effort to escape but Richard was too strong. He pulled her across his lap and reached for a nearby vibrator. Nina made one last desperate attempt to escape his hold but when the vibrator touched her already throbbing, drug-enhanced clit, she groaned helplessly and surrendered to his ministrations.

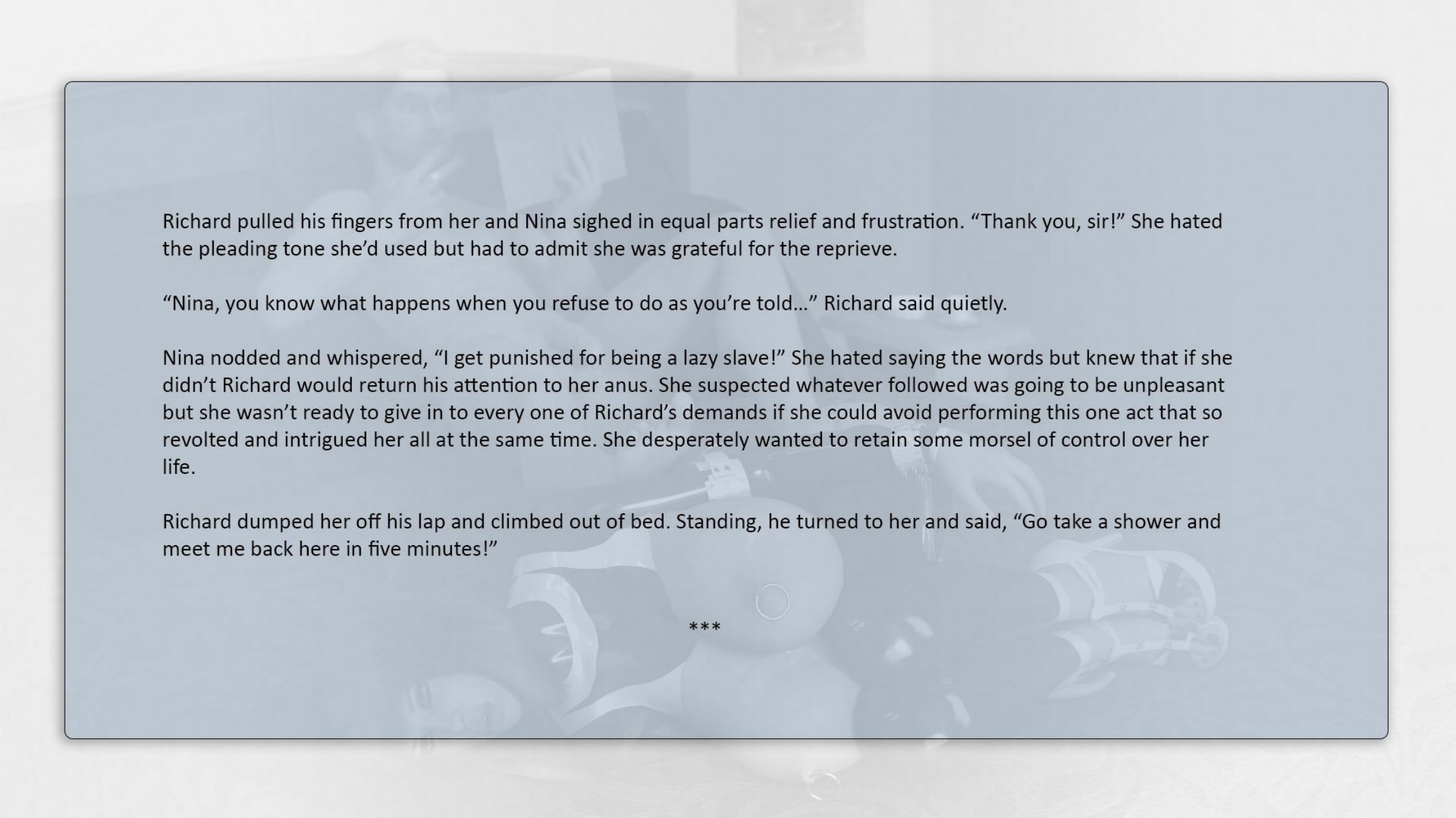
As his fingers began to slowly slide in and out of her orifice, he whispered, “Not so reluctant now, are you?” Nina gritted her teeth and refused to answer, knowing that Richard would detect the hunger in her tone. Richard chuckled and added another finger to his probing. This time, Nina howled as her earlier feeling of pleasure became one of discomfort.



“Please”, she gasped,  
“Please stop!”

“Why? Because it doesn’t feel good or you’re afraid that you might like it?” Richard teased.

Nina squeezed her eyes shut with frustration. Both answers applied and she hated that it was so obvious to him. Instead she lied, “No! I don’t like it! It hurts! Stop it! Stop!”



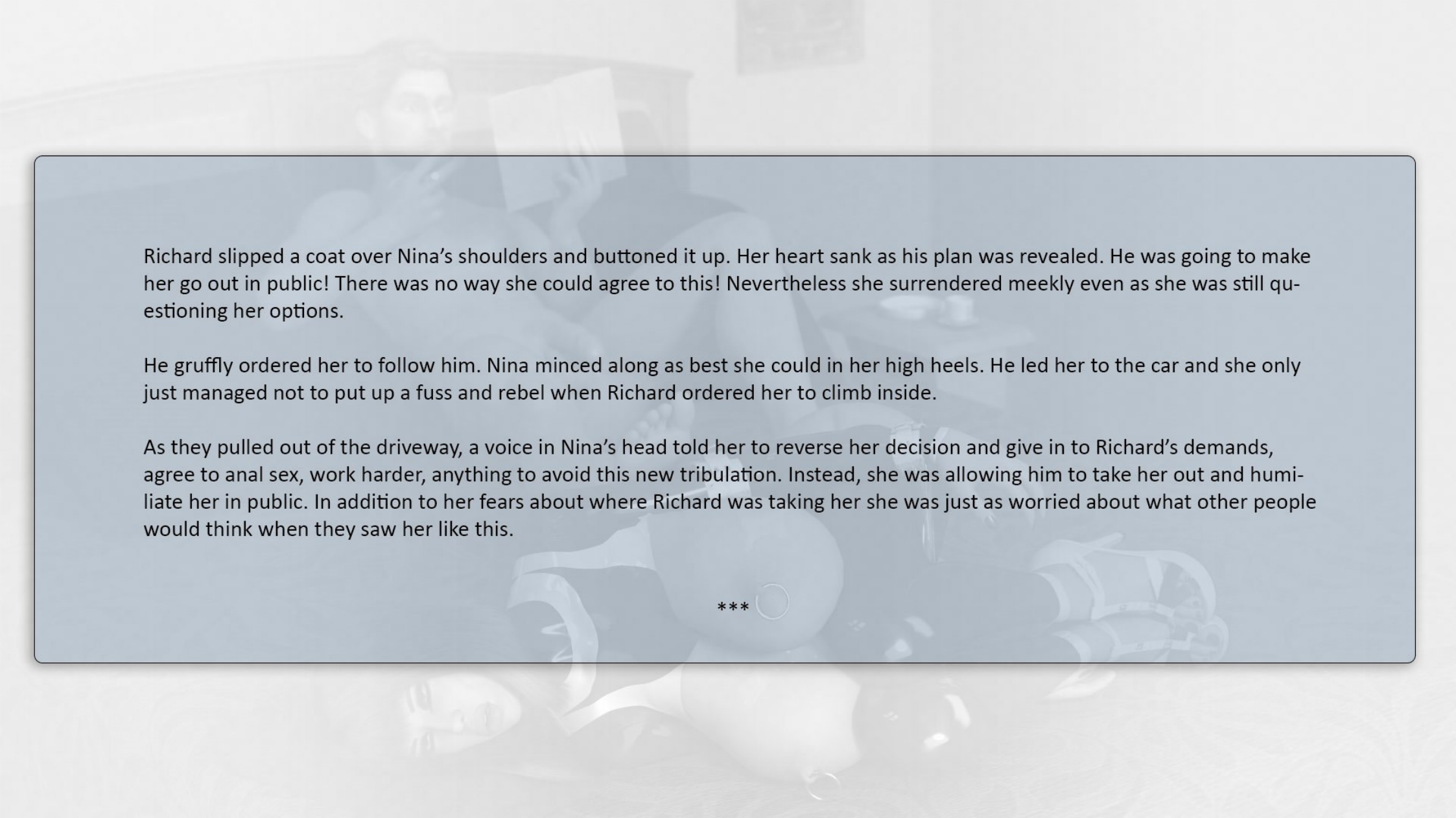
Richard pulled his fingers from her and Nina sighed in equal parts relief and frustration. “Thank you, sir!” She hated the pleading tone she’d used but had to admit she was grateful for the reprieve.

“Nina, you know what happens when you refuse to do as you’re told...” Richard said quietly.

Nina nodded and whispered, “I get punished for being a lazy slave!” She hated saying the words but knew that if she didn’t Richard would return his attention to her anus. She suspected whatever followed was going to be unpleasant but she wasn’t ready to give in to every one of Richard’s demands if she could avoid performing this one act that so revolted and intrigued her all at the same time. She desperately wanted to retain some morsel of control over her life.

Richard dumped her off his lap and climbed out of bed. Standing, he turned to her and said, “Go take a shower and meet me back here in five minutes!”

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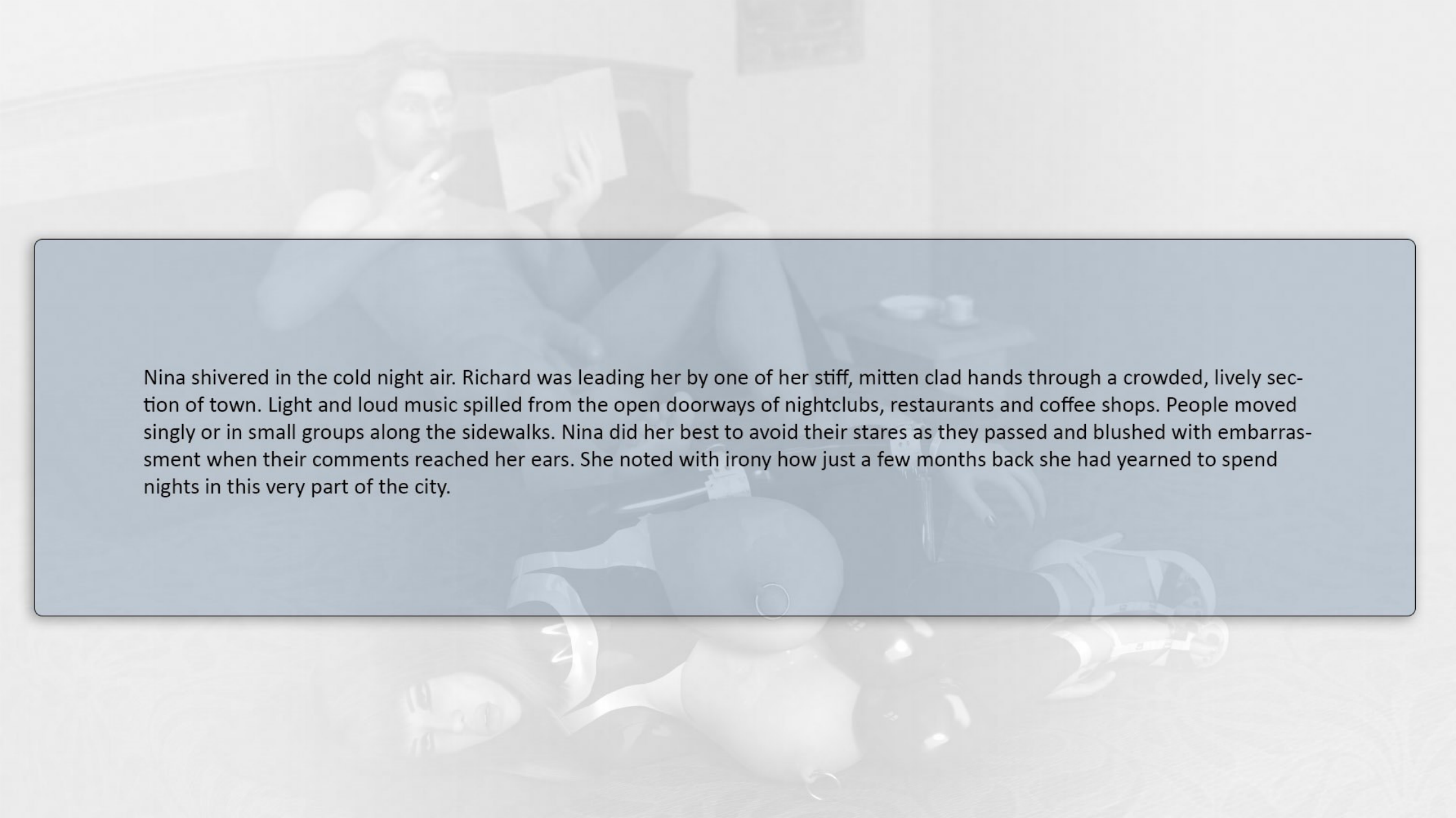


Richard slipped a coat over Nina's shoulders and buttoned it up. Her heart sank as his plan was revealed. He was going to make her go out in public! There was no way she could agree to this! Nevertheless she surrendered meekly even as she was still questioning her options.

He gruffly ordered her to follow him. Nina minced along as best she could in her high heels. He led her to the car and she only just managed not to put up a fuss and rebel when Richard ordered her to climb inside.

As they pulled out of the driveway, a voice in Nina's head told her to reverse her decision and give in to Richard's demands, agree to anal sex, work harder, anything to avoid this new tribulation. Instead, she was allowing him to take her out and humiliate her in public. In addition to her fears about where Richard was taking her she was just as worried about what other people would think when they saw her like this.

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A faded background image showing a man sitting on a couch reading a book and a woman lying on a bed. The man is in the upper left, holding a book and a cigarette. The woman is in the lower right, lying on her back with her head on a pillow. The entire scene is dimly lit and serves as a backdrop for the text.

Nina shivered in the cold night air. Richard was leading her by one of her stiff, mitten clad hands through a crowded, lively section of town. Light and loud music spilled from the open doorways of nightclubs, restaurants and coffee shops. People moved singly or in small groups along the sidewalks. Nina did her best to avoid their stares as they passed and blushed with embarrassment when their comments reached her ears. She noted with irony how just a few months back she had yearned to spend nights in this very part of the city.

Everyone who passed stared openly at her bald head. When they caught sight of the tattoo there inevitably followed gasps of shock, giggles and lewd comments. Nina, her face flushed with embarrassment, wanted to shout back that she had no choice in this matter but of course remained silent and endured the cruel jibes and curious stares as best she could. She had no idea what was in store for her but just being displayed in public like this was punishment enough. Even though she knew none of the passersby could guess what she was wearing beneath her coat, she couldn't convince herself otherwise. She imagined everyone who passed by visualizing her modified body and playing with it.



Despite several attempts to deduce where Richard was taking her, she remained clueless. She'd never been in this part of town before. Finally to her relief, he steered her towards a storefront. Nina was eager to get off the street and avoid any more contact with strangers but when she saw the wares displayed in the shop window and read the sign above the doorway, her courage failed her. "Please, sir, not here! Please don't make me go in there!"

"Nonsense!" Richard snorted with impatience. "You had a task to perform back at the house! You refused! Now, you have another chance to show me that you can be obedient!" He tugged on her arm and Nina briefly considered resisting. Instead she surrendered and allowed him to lead her through the shop door and into a dark entryway. After all, she considered, at least she was out of sight of the people on the street. And anyway, if she decided to run, where would she go? She had no money, no place of her own and was half naked under her coat. She was dependent on Richard for as long as she was useful to him. She had to accept that fact.

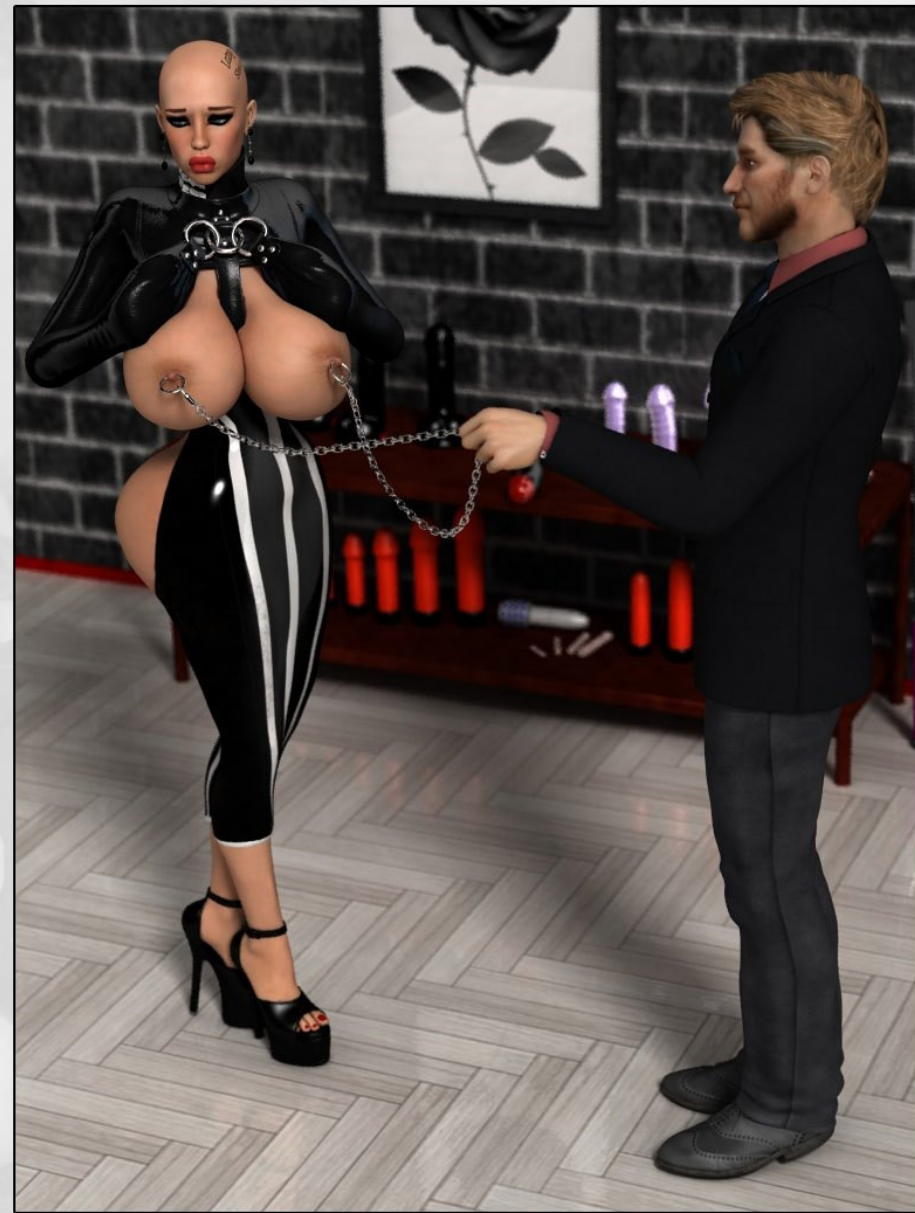
Richard hissed and jerked her to a stop. "Take off your coat," he pointed to a row of hooks along the wall, men's coats dangling from some of them. Nina hesitated but a grunt from Richard changed her mind. She hesitantly shrugged out of the coat and Richard pulled it the rest of the way off, draping it over one of the hooks. She turned to face him and braced herself for whatever was to follow.

Richard fished in his pocket and drew forth several lengths of thin chain. They glittered in the dim light as they swung from his grasp. "Hold up your tits," he barked. Nina did as ordered, surrendering to the inevitable.

"Now everyone will get to see what happens to slaves who don't do their jobs!"

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Nina winced in pain as she was forced to follow Richard into the BDSM shop. He had attached chains to her nipple rings with tiny clasps and was leading her along by them. He had secured her mitten-clad hands to a stout ring beneath her throat and trapped them there, leaving her helpless and exposed. Nina cursed the spiky heels and knee length hobble skirt she was wearing that forced her to take short paces. As she struggled to keep pace with Richard her nipples were yanked and twisted cruelly each time she fell behind. She could feel her behind, naked and exposed by a cut-out in the skirt wobbling up and down as she hurried along as best she could.



The drugs she'd been administered earlier only added to her problems. Her nipples throbbed as pulses of pleasure emanated from them, contrasting against stabs of pain when they were yanked. She gritted her teeth and endured the alternating waves of pleasure and discomfort to better concentrate on keeping her feet.

The entryway led to a wide, brightly lit showroom floor lined with rows of shelves displaying magazines, sex toys and pleasure wares of every kind. From the walls hung outfits made from latex, leather and spandex. Nina glanced at one and saw that it was a complete bodysuit with a full hood. She shivered uneasily as she imagined being encased in it. She turned her gaze away from it and caught several customers staring open mouthed at her. She blushed and only managed not to burst into tears with a supreme effort.

As Richard led her further into the store, he called out, loud enough for the other customers to hear, "I have a package to pick up while we're here. Why don't you go over there," he pointed toward a shelf lined with dildos and vibrators of all shape and sizes, "And pick out a big fat toy to play with when we get home." He unclipped the nipple chains and Nina breathed a sigh of relief.

She stepped away, relieved to be free of the abuse to her nipples but embarrassed by the attention called to her by Richard's outburst. She turned away from the stares of the customers and ran her eyes over the selection of sex toys before her. She planned to merely humor Richard and avoid choosing a dildo, leaving the choice up to him. But as she further scrutinized the selection, her curiosity was piqued and she began to feel her vagina throb as she imagined first one and then another of the toys penetrating her. She tried to rationalize it as merely the influence of the drugs in her system but as the sensations grew stronger, she moaned and bit her lip. Before long, her attention was drawn to a long, thick, knobbed dildo. She licked her lips as she imagined the shaft parting her labia and slipping slowly into her. She cursed the rings that trapped her hands, desperately wanting to snatch up the toy and feel its texture.

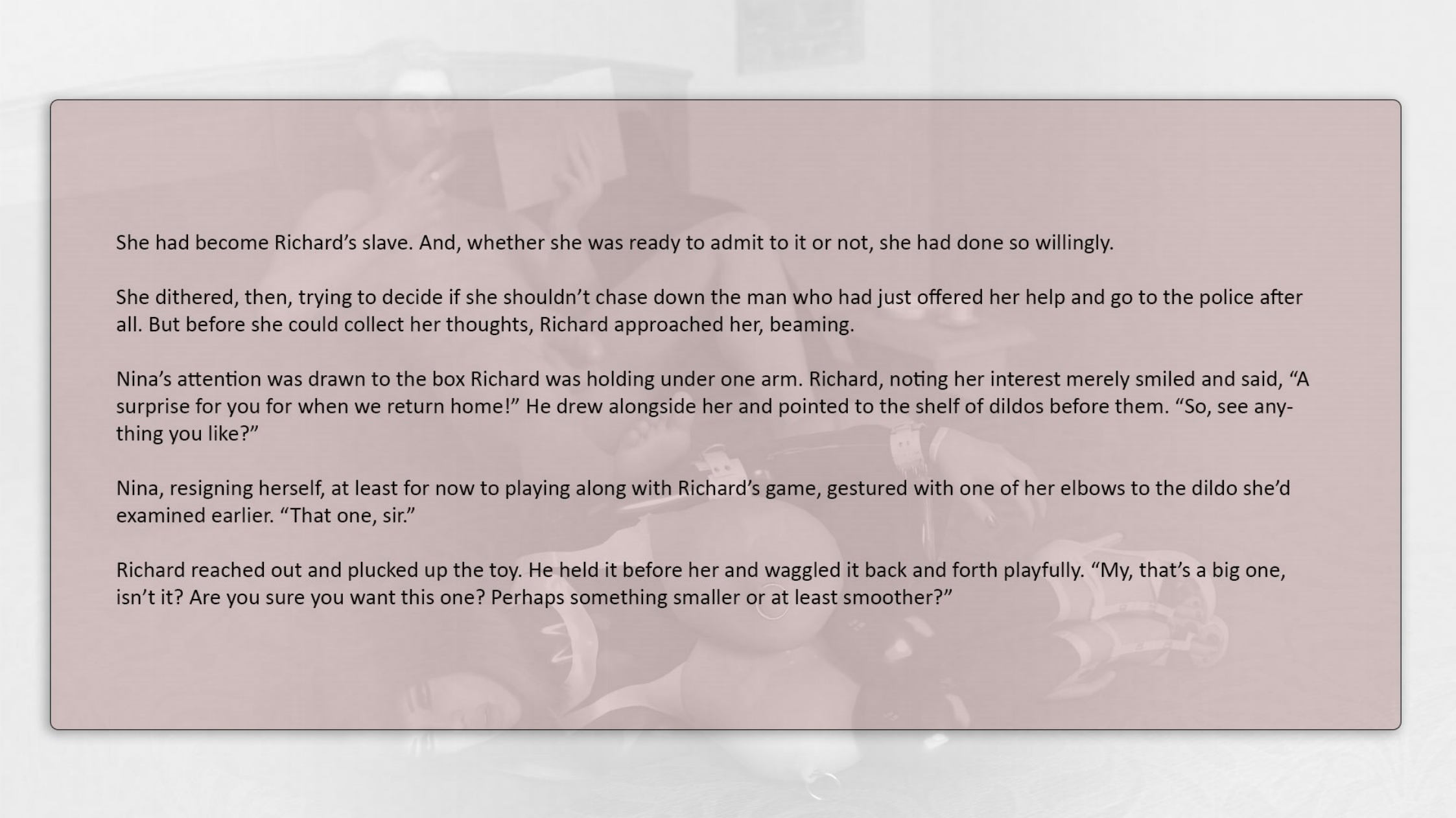
Her thoughts were interrupted by a discreet cough. She turned her head to the side and saw one of the customers had come to stand next to her. His eyes were wide and he blinked nervously as their gazes met. Nina, not sure what he wanted, remained silent. The man, to her discomfort, let his gaze wander down to linger on her nipple rings. "Um, Miss...are you...um...okay? Do you need help? Or maybe someone to ...um...call the police?"

Nina, surprisingly touched by the man's concern, opened her mouth to answer. She almost spoke and then hesitated. As much as she would enjoy the chance to get Richard into trouble and escape him she realized with a sinking feeling that she was more afraid to let on to the man that she had surrendered to Richard. Instead, she answered, "Thank you but no. My Master," she tilted her head towards Richard who was paying for a box the clerk had just handed him, "Is merely punishing me for not pleasing him." She let a wide, insincere smile break across her face.

The man wrenched his eyes from Nina's tits and murmured, "Oh? Then you're all right? I mean, you're not...um...in any danger, then?"

Nina, now playing up her role for all it was worth in order to convince the man that she was a willing participant, replied, "No. But thank you. I was...was..." her voice faltered. She took a deep breath and continued, "I was bad. Very, very bad."

The man's eyes grew even wider and Nina noticed a light sheen of sweat glinting on his skin. "Oh, um, well, then, good night, Miss!" He turned quickly and almost scampered away. Nina, if she hadn't been so mortified at what she had just said, would have laughed out loud at the sight. Instead she reviewed the words she'd just uttered and realized for the first time that every one of them was true.



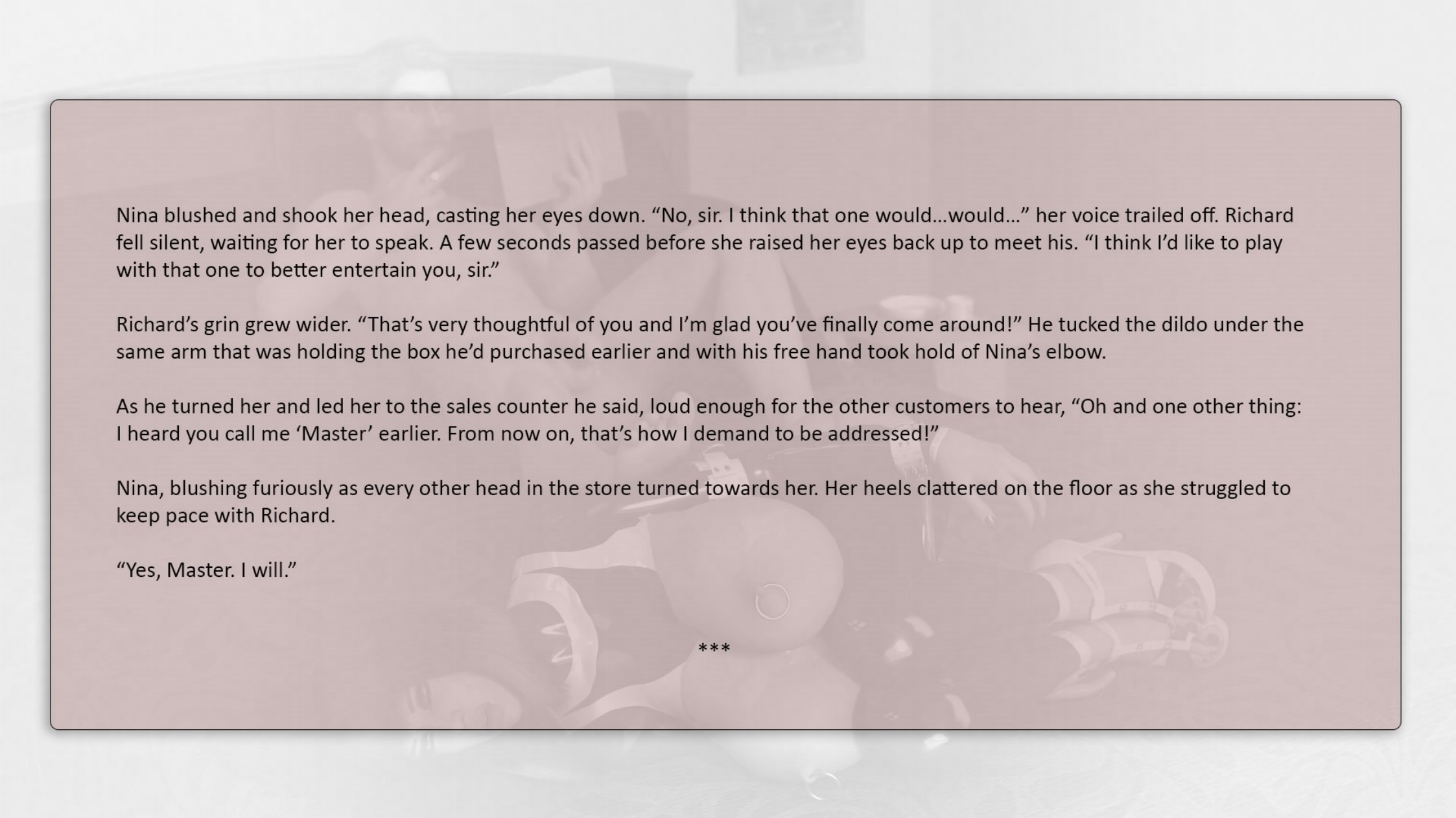
She had become Richard's slave. And, whether she was ready to admit to it or not, she had done so willingly.

She dithered, then, trying to decide if she shouldn't chase down the man who had just offered her help and go to the police after all. But before she could collect her thoughts, Richard approached her, beaming.

Nina's attention was drawn to the box Richard was holding under one arm. Richard, noting her interest merely smiled and said, "A surprise for you for when we return home!" He drew alongside her and pointed to the shelf of dildos before them. "So, see anything you like?"

Nina, resigning herself, at least for now to playing along with Richard's game, gestured with one of her elbows to the dildo she'd examined earlier. "That one, sir."

Richard reached out and plucked up the toy. He held it before her and wagged it back and forth playfully. "My, that's a big one, isn't it? Are you sure you want this one? Perhaps something smaller or at least smoother?"



Nina blushed and shook her head, casting her eyes down. “No, sir. I think that one would...would...” her voice trailed off. Richard fell silent, waiting for her to speak. A few seconds passed before she raised her eyes back up to meet his. “I think I’d like to play with that one to better entertain you, sir.”

Richard’s grin grew wider. “That’s very thoughtful of you and I’m glad you’ve finally come around!” He tucked the dildo under the same arm that was holding the box he’d purchased earlier and with his free hand took hold of Nina’s elbow.

As he turned her and led her to the sales counter he said, loud enough for the other customers to hear, “Oh and one other thing: I heard you call me ‘Master’ earlier. From now on, that’s how I demand to be addressed!”

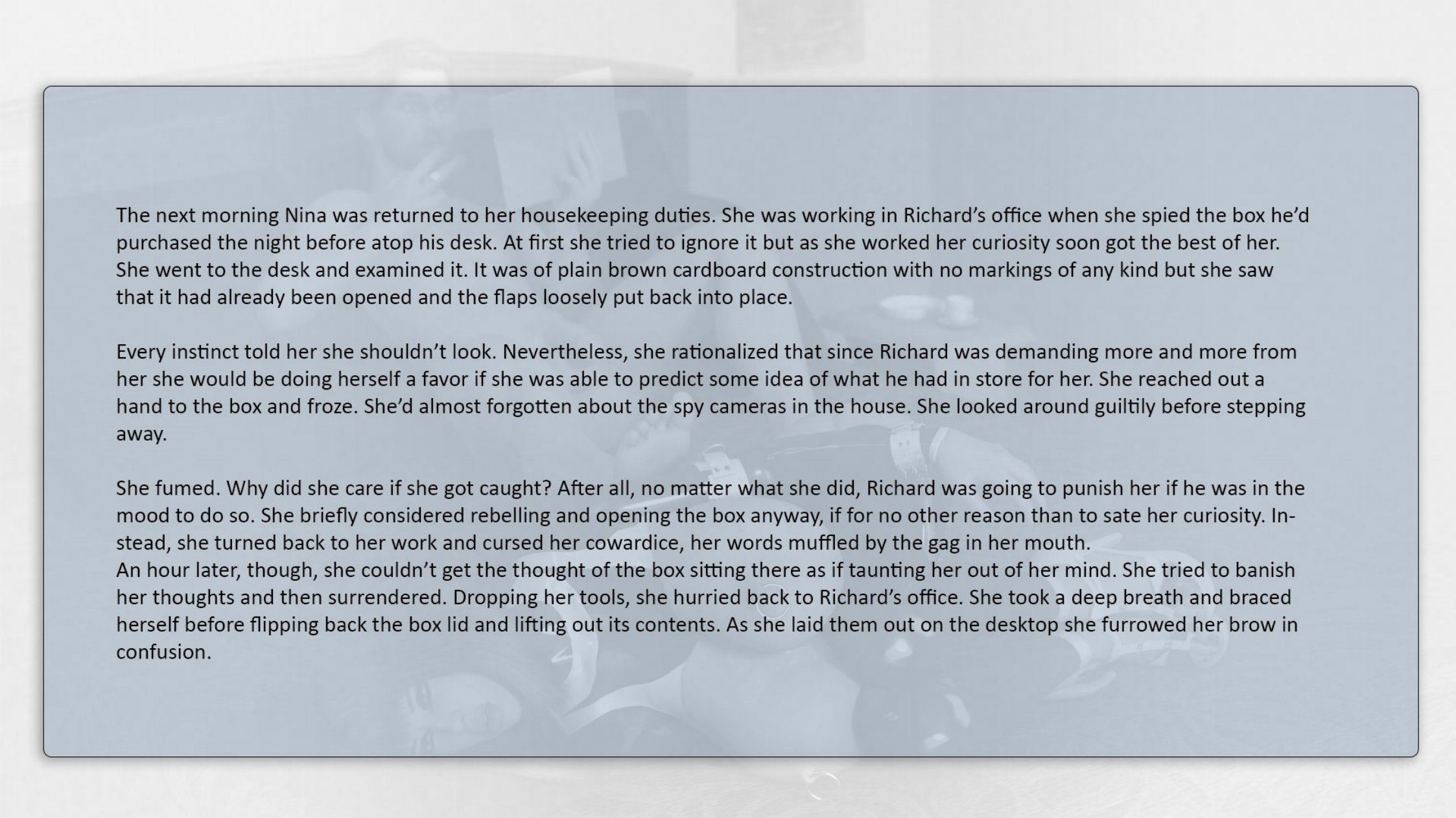
Nina, blushing furiously as every other head in the store turned towards her. Her heels clattered on the floor as she struggled to keep pace with Richard.

“Yes, Master. I will.”

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*Before & After*



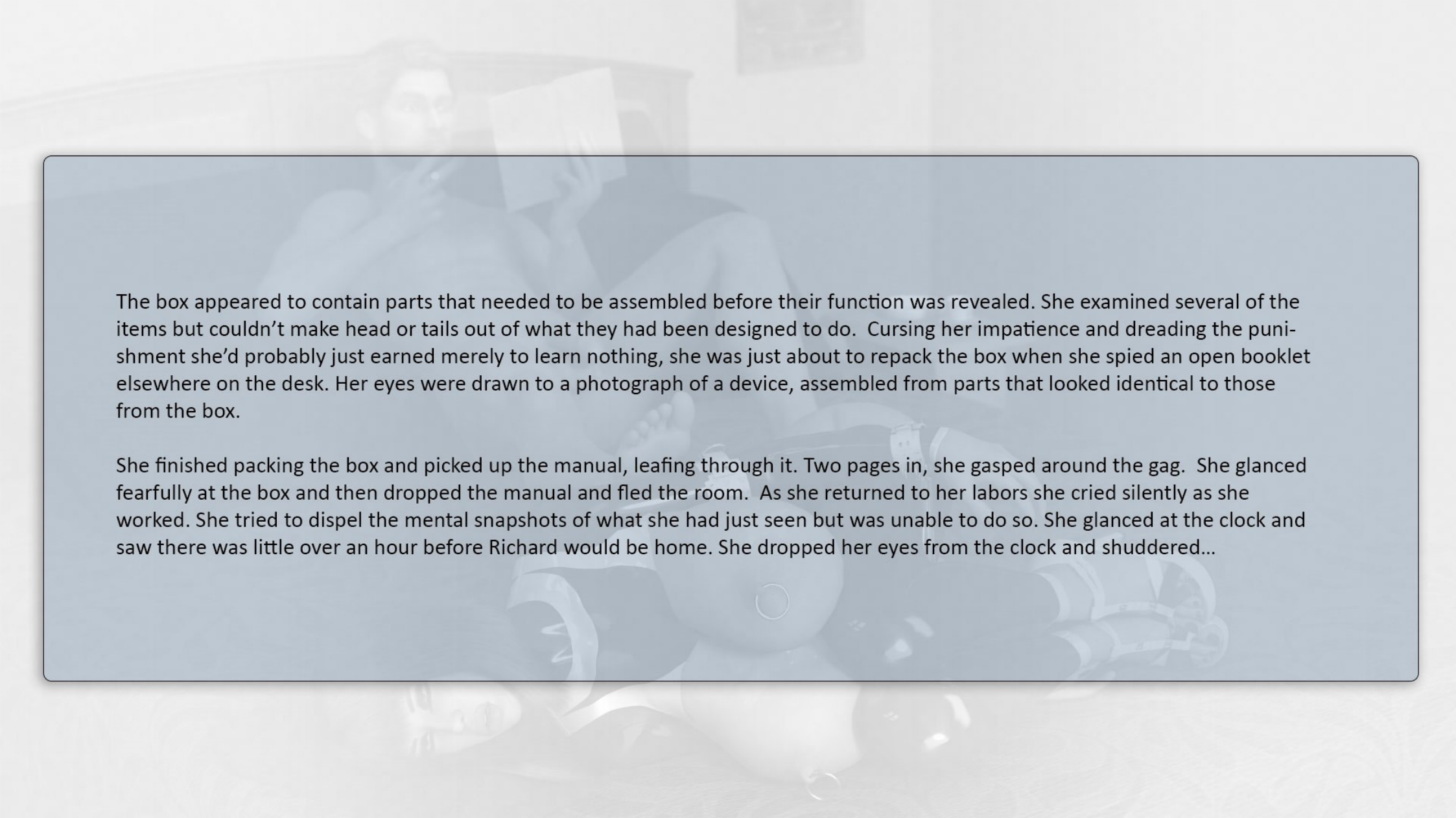


The next morning Nina was returned to her housekeeping duties. She was working in Richard's office when she spied the box he'd purchased the night before atop his desk. At first she tried to ignore it but as she worked her curiosity soon got the best of her. She went to the desk and examined it. It was of plain brown cardboard construction with no markings of any kind but she saw that it had already been opened and the flaps loosely put back into place.

Every instinct told her she shouldn't look. Nevertheless, she rationalized that since Richard was demanding more and more from her she would be doing herself a favor if she was able to predict some idea of what he had in store for her. She reached out a hand to the box and froze. She'd almost forgotten about the spy cameras in the house. She looked around guiltily before stepping away.

She fumed. Why did she care if she got caught? After all, no matter what she did, Richard was going to punish her if he was in the mood to do so. She briefly considered rebelling and opening the box anyway, if for no other reason than to sate her curiosity. Instead, she turned back to her work and cursed her cowardice, her words muffled by the gag in her mouth.

An hour later, though, she couldn't get the thought of the box sitting there as if taunting her out of her mind. She tried to banish her thoughts and then surrendered. Dropping her tools, she hurried back to Richard's office. She took a deep breath and braced herself before flipping back the box lid and lifting out its contents. As she laid them out on the desktop she furrowed her brow in confusion.

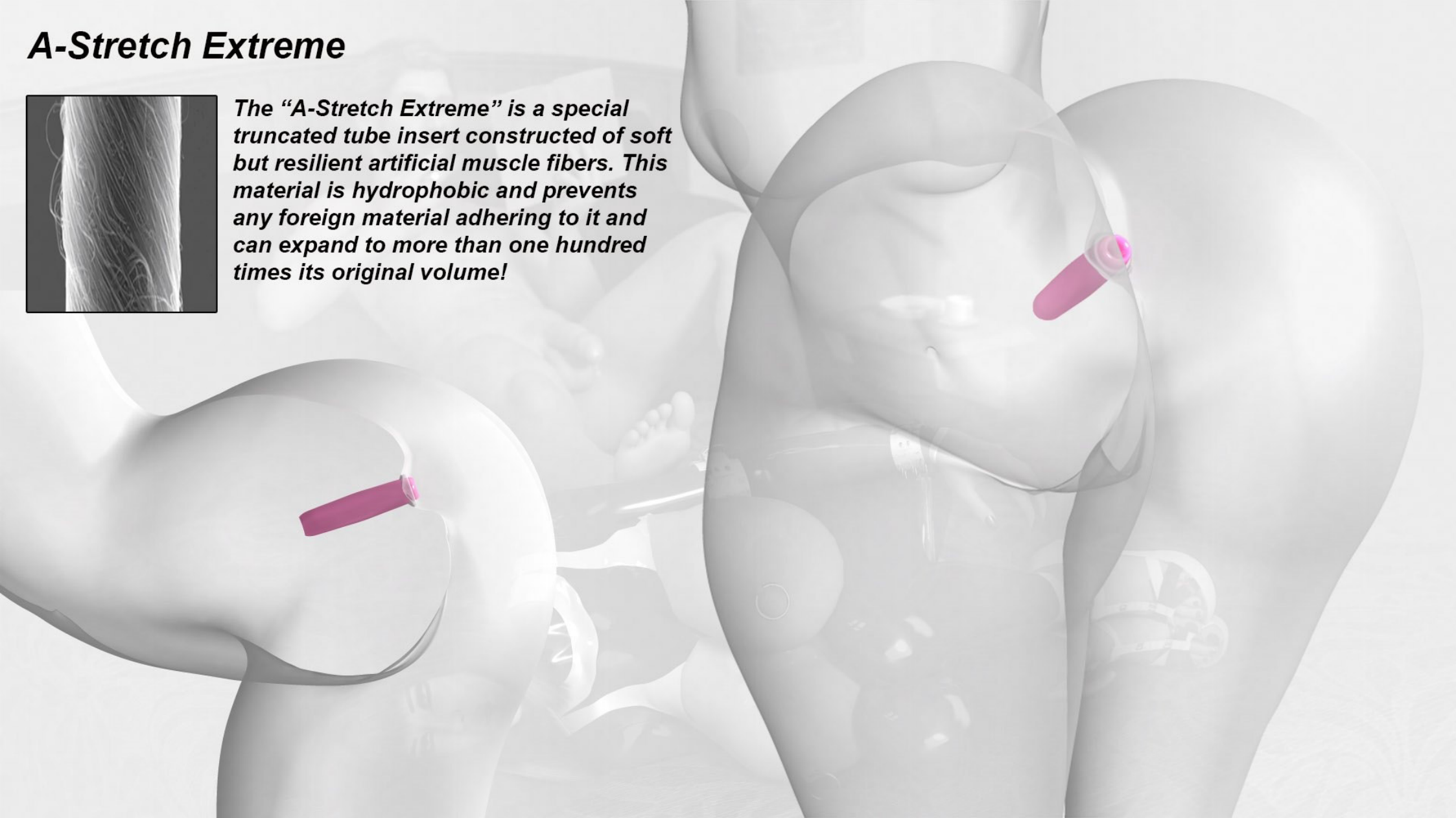
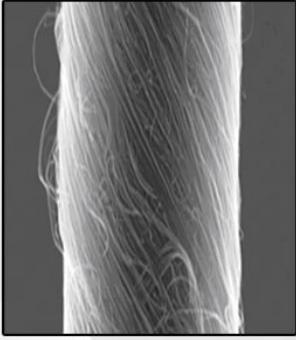


The box appeared to contain parts that needed to be assembled before their function was revealed. She examined several of the items but couldn't make head or tails out of what they had been designed to do. Cursing her impatience and dreading the punishment she'd probably just earned merely to learn nothing, she was just about to repack the box when she spied an open booklet elsewhere on the desk. Her eyes were drawn to a photograph of a device, assembled from parts that looked identical to those from the box.

She finished packing the box and picked up the manual, leafing through it. Two pages in, she gasped around the gag. She glanced fearfully at the box and then dropped the manual and fled the room. As she returned to her labors she cried silently as she worked. She tried to dispel the mental snapshots of what she had just seen but was unable to do so. She glanced at the clock and saw there was little over an hour before Richard would be home. She dropped her eyes from the clock and shuddered...

## **A-Stretch Extreme**

*The “A-Stretch Extreme” is a special truncated tube insert constructed of soft but resilient artificial muscle fibers. This material is hydrophobic and prevents any foreign material adhering to it and can expand to more than one hundred times its original volume!*



# **A-Stretch Extreme**

*The main purpose of this device is to slowly train and spread a slave's anus while still allowing the user to adjust the channel's diameter to achieve a custom-designed sexual experience.*

*It is installed in the slave's anus and locked in place for up to several months using temporary surgical glue that naturally dissolves over time.*

*The device has its own reserve of electric power that is needed to operate the fibers. It can be recharged using the enema attachment, instructions for which are included below.*

*The device stretches the orifice slowly but steadily over time, constantly and safely. The Slave Owner can also regulate power in order to relieve the pressure allowing the subject a break or set it to expand more aggressively as a punishment.*



## **A-Stretch Extreme**

*However, if the opposite effect is desired, the fibers can be powered off to allow the owner to open his slave to full capacity so that larger objects and even fists and limbs can be easily inserted!*



## **A-Stretch Extreme**

*This device is very clean thanks to its revolutionary hydrophobic coating that prevents foreign materials, dirt and fluids adhering to it. Moreover it comes with special enema device to fit the insert making clean up easy and safe. This device also works as a charger for the insert.*

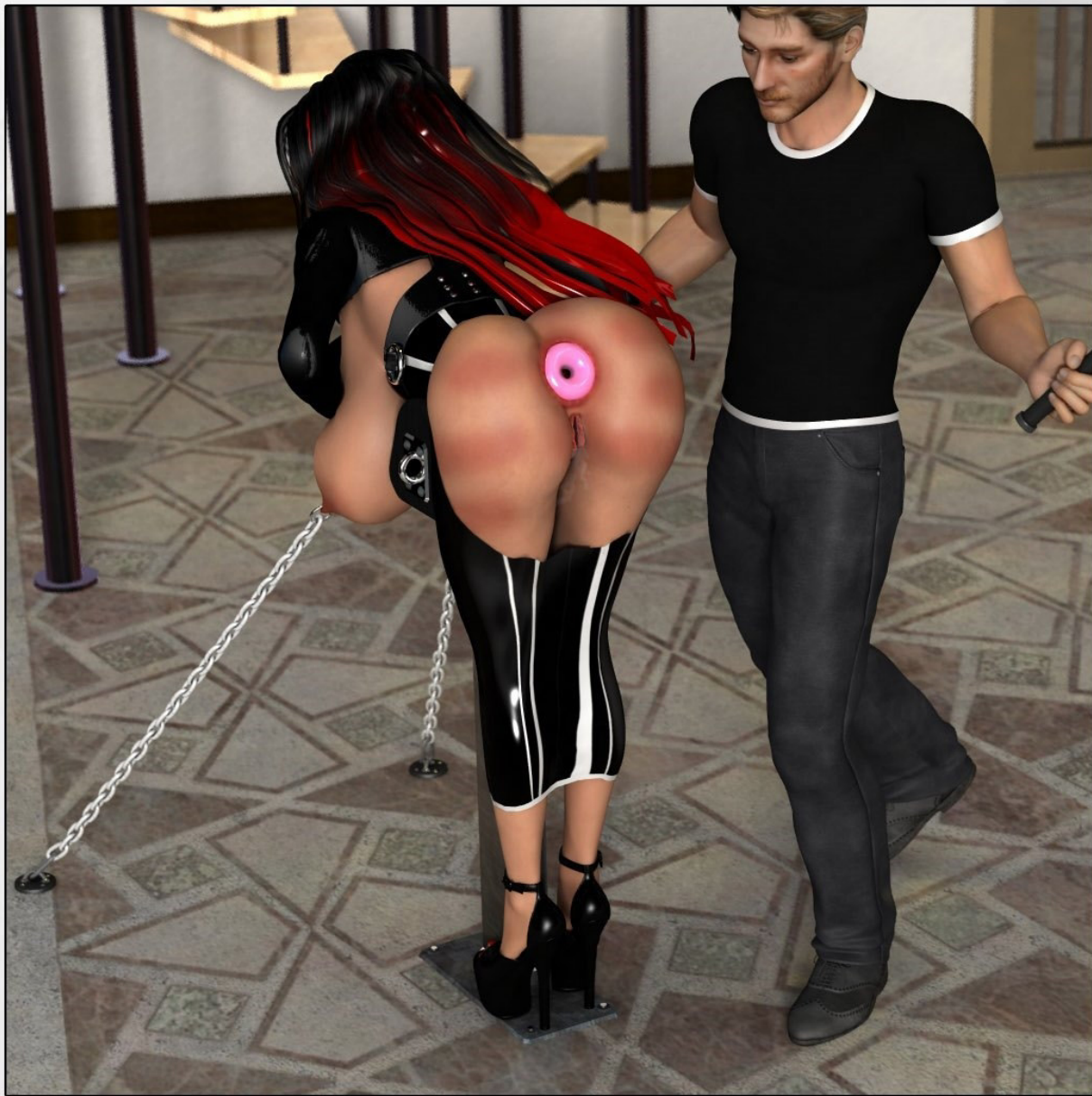


## ***A-Stretch Extreme***

***The insert can safely expand the subject's anus to extreme diameters but some caution should be exercised when doing so. Please refer to the chapter on hygiene and safety below.***



***We at Pink Bunny thank you for purchasing our devices and wish you an enjoyable and pleasurable experience! Please don't hesitate to contact us if you have any suggestions or complaints regarding our products***



TO BE CONTINUED...

Thank you for reading!

