


Good help is hard to find

Part 3



- Extreme breast expansion
- Extreme movement restriction
- Bondage & Domintion
- Extreme anal stretching
- Enhanced privates
- Enhanced libido
- Latex
- Lip expansion
- Piercing



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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 shivered as she examined her body. It had been a week since Richard had installed her new piercings and they were already stretching and enlarging her nipples and labia. She pinched one nipple and sighed as a familiar burst of pleasure emanated from it. She ran a finger alongside one of her pussy lips and moaned as the supersensitive flesh reacted.





Nevertheless, she was disturbed by how much she'd changed at Richard's hands. As she ran her hands nervously over her body, she heard Ginger coming into the room. Nina's face twisted in anger and she felt a wave of jealousy worm its way through her mind as she turned to regard Richard's new housemaid. Ginger met Nina's gaze and smirked coolly back at her.

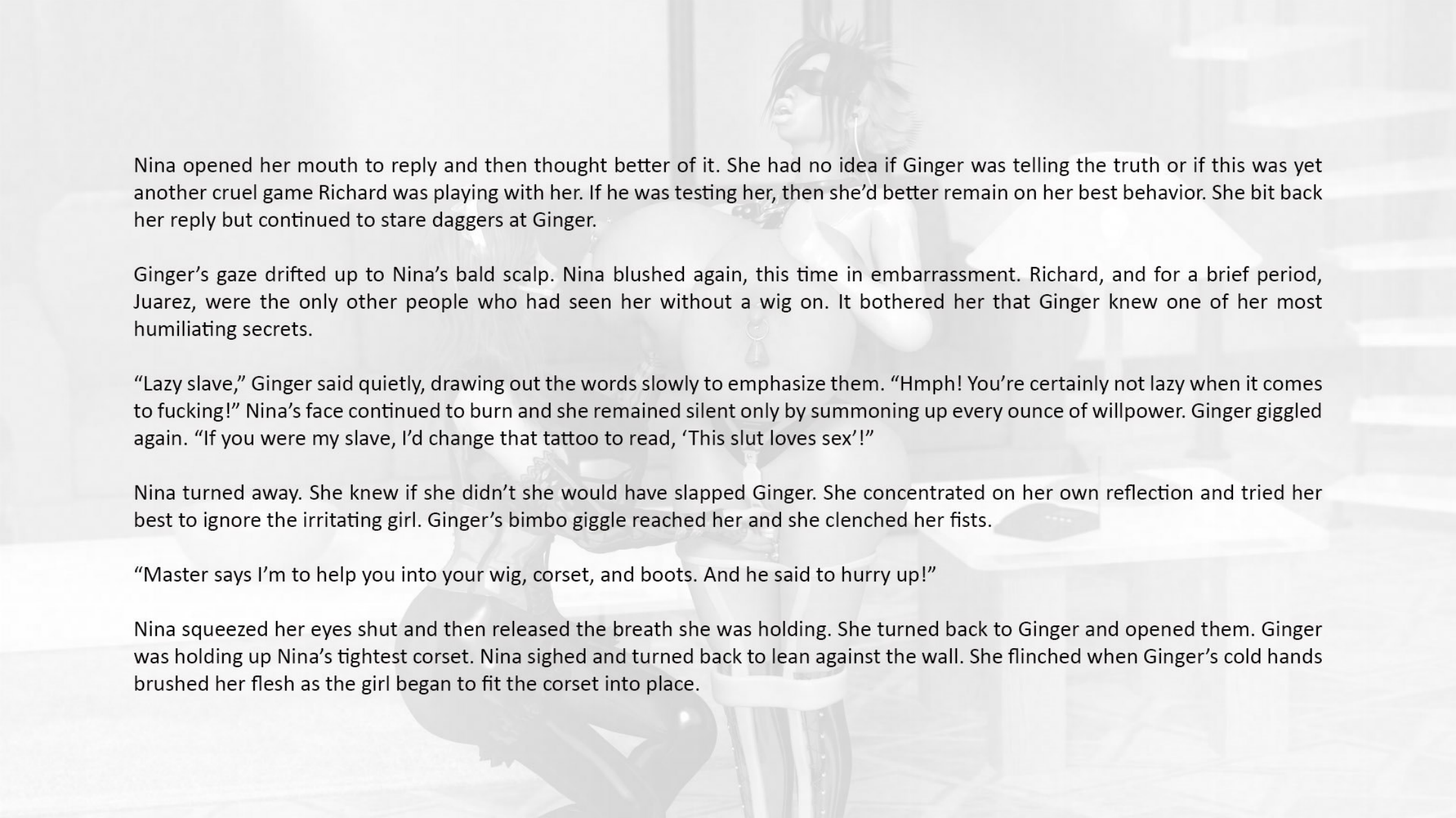
"Good morning...bitch!" Ginger hissed

Nina, her face blushing in anger, turned quickly away, hoping to hide her reaction from Ginger. She flushed hotter as Ginger's grating laugh reached her. "Look at that big, weird body of yours! You look like a sexy cow with those udders!"

Nina clenched her fists and tried to ignore her. Ginger, sensing Nina's discomfort, continued to goad her. "Yes, that's all you are: a big, dumb, sex cow! Nothing but udders and holes for sex!"

Nina swung back to face her tormentor. "Shut up! Who do you think you are?"

Ginger giggled and flashed a lopsided smile at Nina. "Who am I? I'm the girl that's going to replace you, that's who!"



Nina opened her mouth to reply and then thought better of it. She had no idea if Ginger was telling the truth or if this was yet another cruel game Richard was playing with her. If he was testing her, then she'd better remain on her best behavior. She bit back her reply but continued to stare daggers at Ginger.

Ginger's gaze drifted up to Nina's bald scalp. Nina blushed again, this time in embarrassment. Richard, and for a brief period, Juarez, were the only other people who had seen her without a wig on. It bothered her that Ginger knew one of her most humiliating secrets.

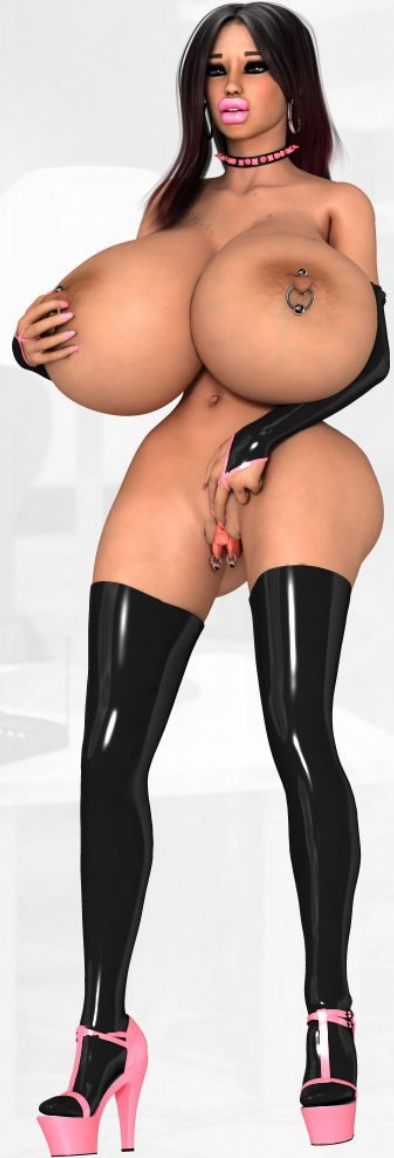
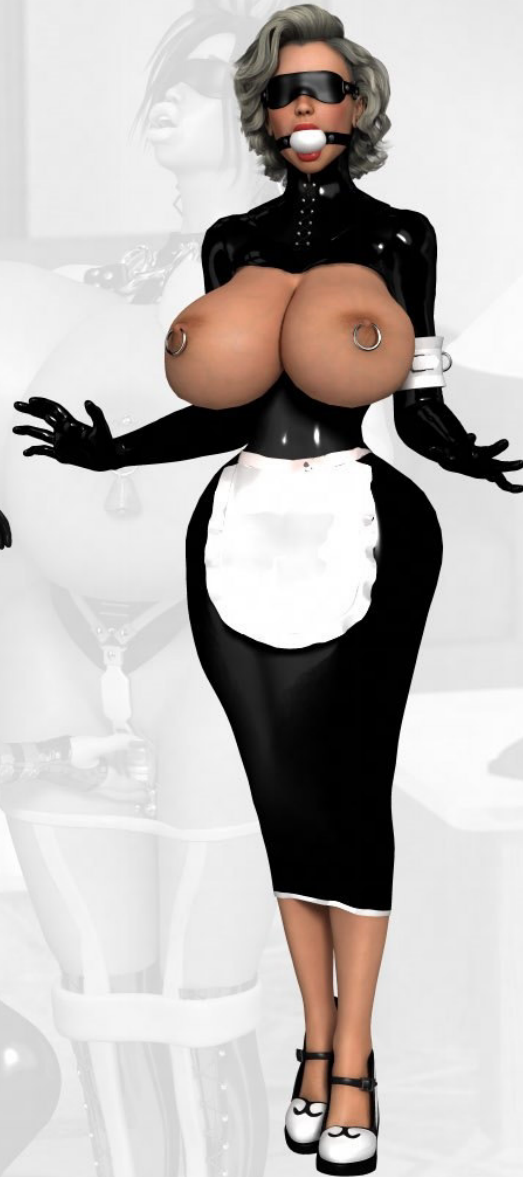
"Lazy slave," Ginger said quietly, drawing out the words slowly to emphasize them. "Hmph! You're certainly not lazy when it comes to fucking!" Nina's face continued to burn and she remained silent only by summoning up every ounce of willpower. Ginger giggled again. "If you were my slave, I'd change that tattoo to read, 'This slut loves sex!'"

Nina turned away. She knew if she didn't she would have slapped Ginger. She concentrated on her own reflection and tried her best to ignore the irritating girl. Ginger's bimbo giggle reached her and she clenched her fists.

"Master says I'm to help you into your wig, corset, and boots. And he said to hurry up!"

Nina squeezed her eyes shut and then released the breath she was holding. She turned back to Ginger and opened them. Ginger was holding up Nina's tightest corset. Nina sighed and turned back to lean against the wall. She flinched when Ginger's cold hands brushed her flesh as the girl began to fit the corset into place.

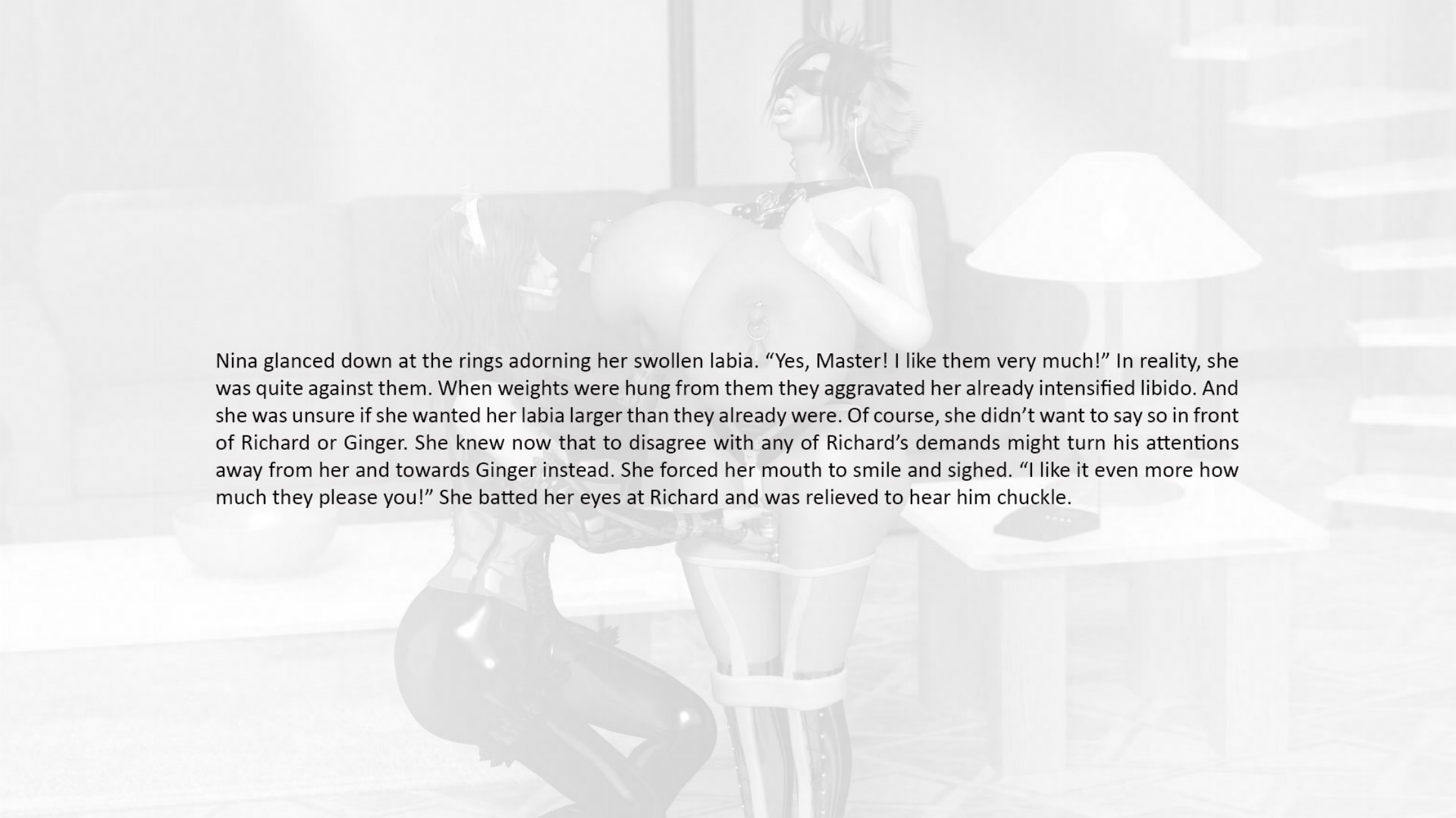
Before & After



“Here come my lovely girls!” Richard crowed as Ginger assisted Nina across the flagstones to where he was lounging by the pool. Nina, unaccustomed to the ballet boots she’d just been squeezed into, was barely able to walk. Nevertheless, she was determined not to stumble in front of Ginger.

Richard rose from his chair and approached them. When he drew close he quickly buried his fingertips in Nina’s big boobs, squeezing them hard enough to make her wince. “I love how big your tits are growing! And that new corset just makes them appear even larger!” Richard released them and Nina sighed with relief as he began to fondle them with more care. She soon found her ardor growing as he began to subtly tweak her nipples and stroke her flesh. “Your new decorations look nice as well. Tell me, how do you like your new pussy lips?”

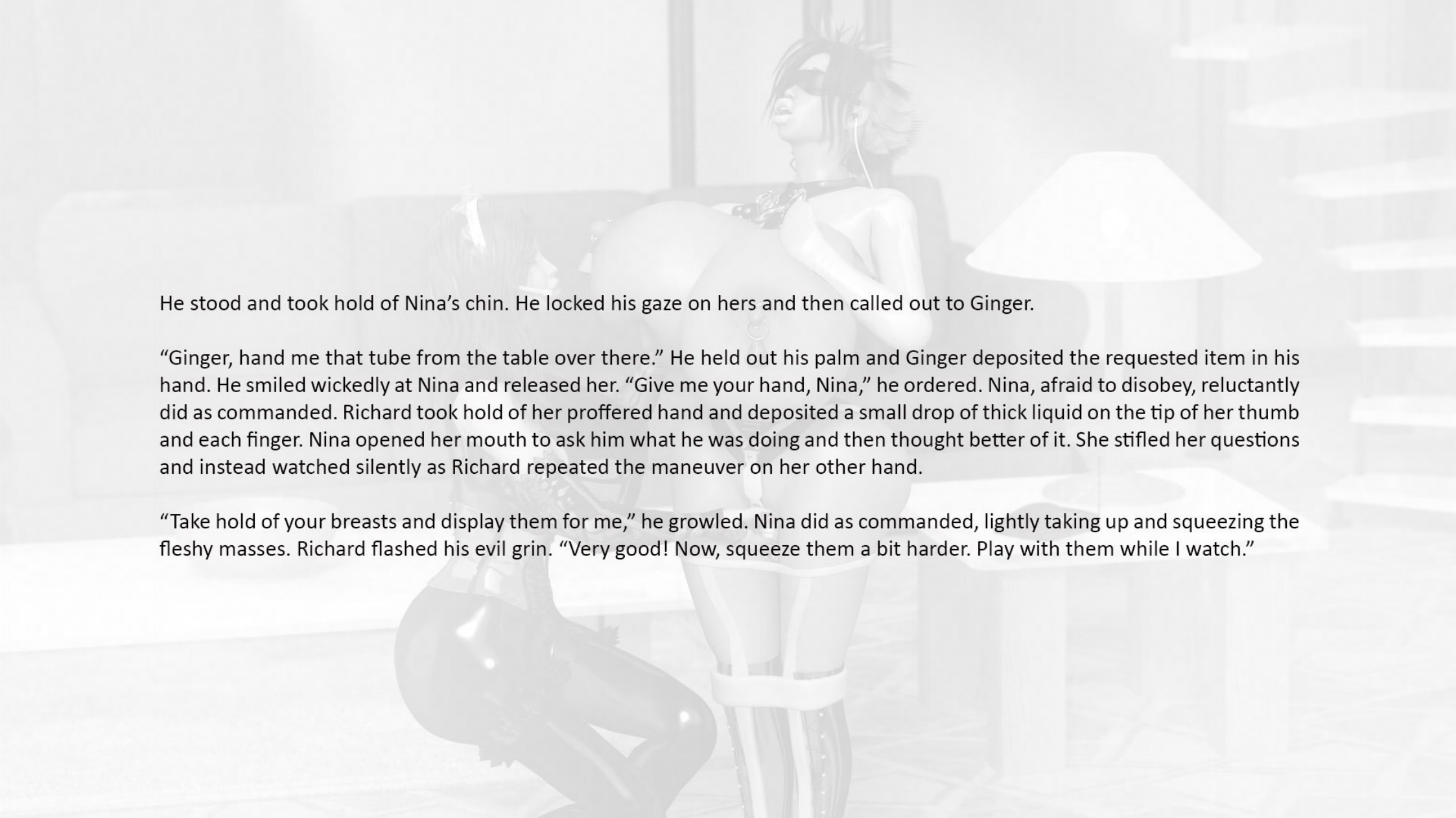




Nina glanced down at the rings adorning her swollen labia. “Yes, Master! I like them very much!” In reality, she was quite against them. When weights were hung from them they aggravated her already intensified libido. And she was unsure if she wanted her labia larger than they already were. Of course, she didn’t want to say so in front of Richard or Ginger. She knew now that to disagree with any of Richard’s demands might turn his attentions away from her and towards Ginger instead. She forced her mouth to smile and sighed. “I like it even more how much they please you!” She batted her eyes at Richard and was relieved to hear him chuckle.



“Good! Let’s get some weight on them and then I can explain what your new duties are going to be.” He fished a pair of lead weights out of his pocket and Nina tried not to flinch when he knelt before her and quickly attached them to her labia rings. As their mass tugged on the fleshy folds, she bit her lip and tried not to cry out in discomfort. Richard took a few seconds to admire them and then added a final flourish when he batted them with his fingers to set them swinging.



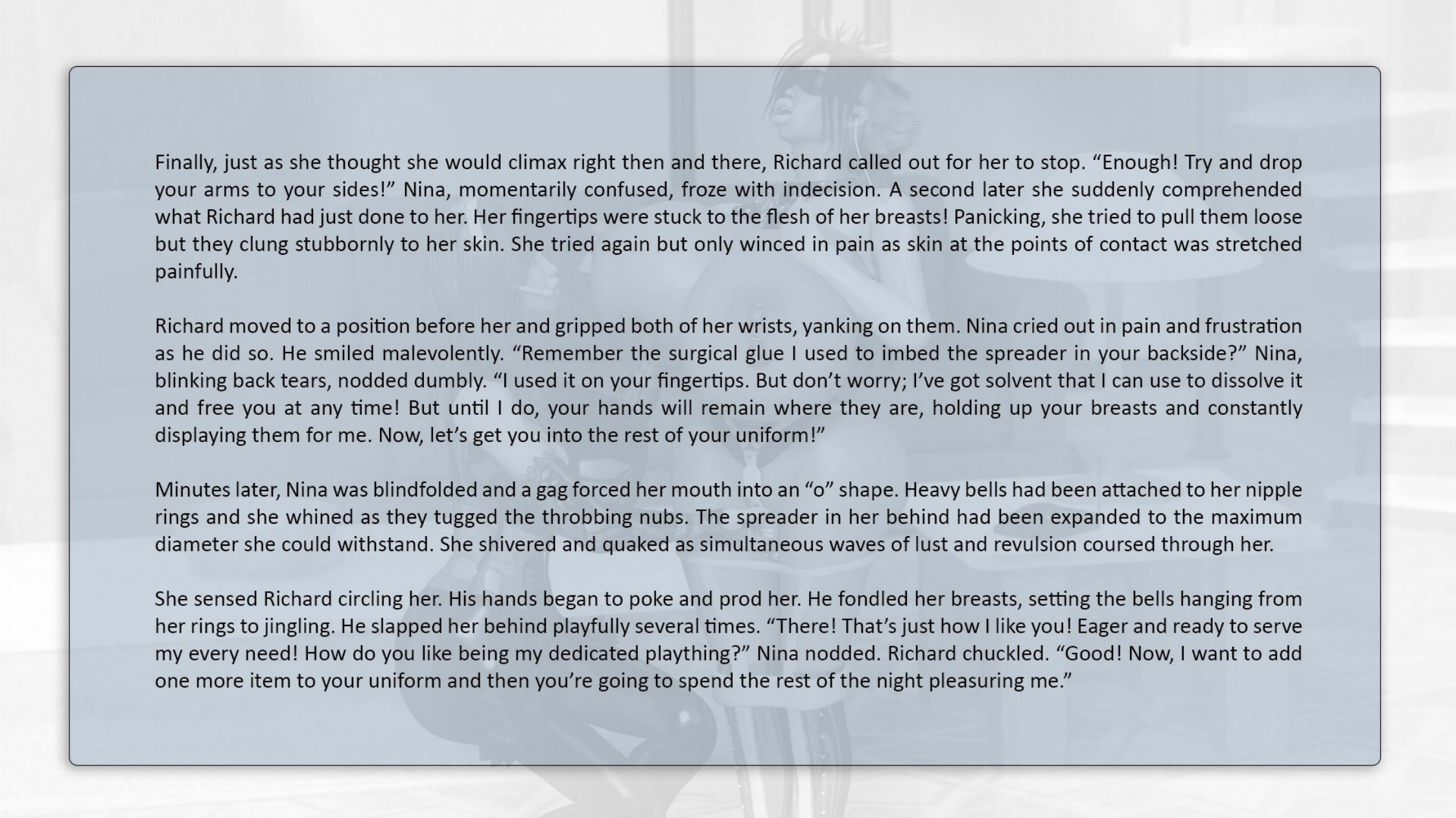
He stood and took hold of Nina's chin. He locked his gaze on hers and then called out to Ginger.

"Ginger, hand me that tube from the table over there." He held out his palm and Ginger deposited the requested item in his hand. He smiled wickedly at Nina and released her. "Give me your hand, Nina," he ordered. Nina, afraid to disobey, reluctantly did as commanded. Richard took hold of her proffered hand and deposited a small drop of thick liquid on the tip of her thumb and each finger. Nina opened her mouth to ask him what he was doing and then thought better of it. She stifled her questions and instead watched silently as Richard repeated the maneuver on her other hand.

"Take hold of your breasts and display them for me," he growled. Nina did as commanded, lightly taking up and squeezing the fleshy masses. Richard flashed his evil grin. "Very good! Now, squeeze them a bit harder. Play with them while I watch."



Nina did as she was told, massaging the heavy orbs for Richard's entertainment. She moaned once or twice as tremors of pleasure worked their way through her as she kneaded her flesh. Several minutes passed and she found herself getting more excited as she continued to fondle her massive jugs. She bit back a moan and then another. The weights dangling from her labia and the spreader in her anus added their presence to her growing fervor and she shivered as a massive wave of desire began to course through her body.

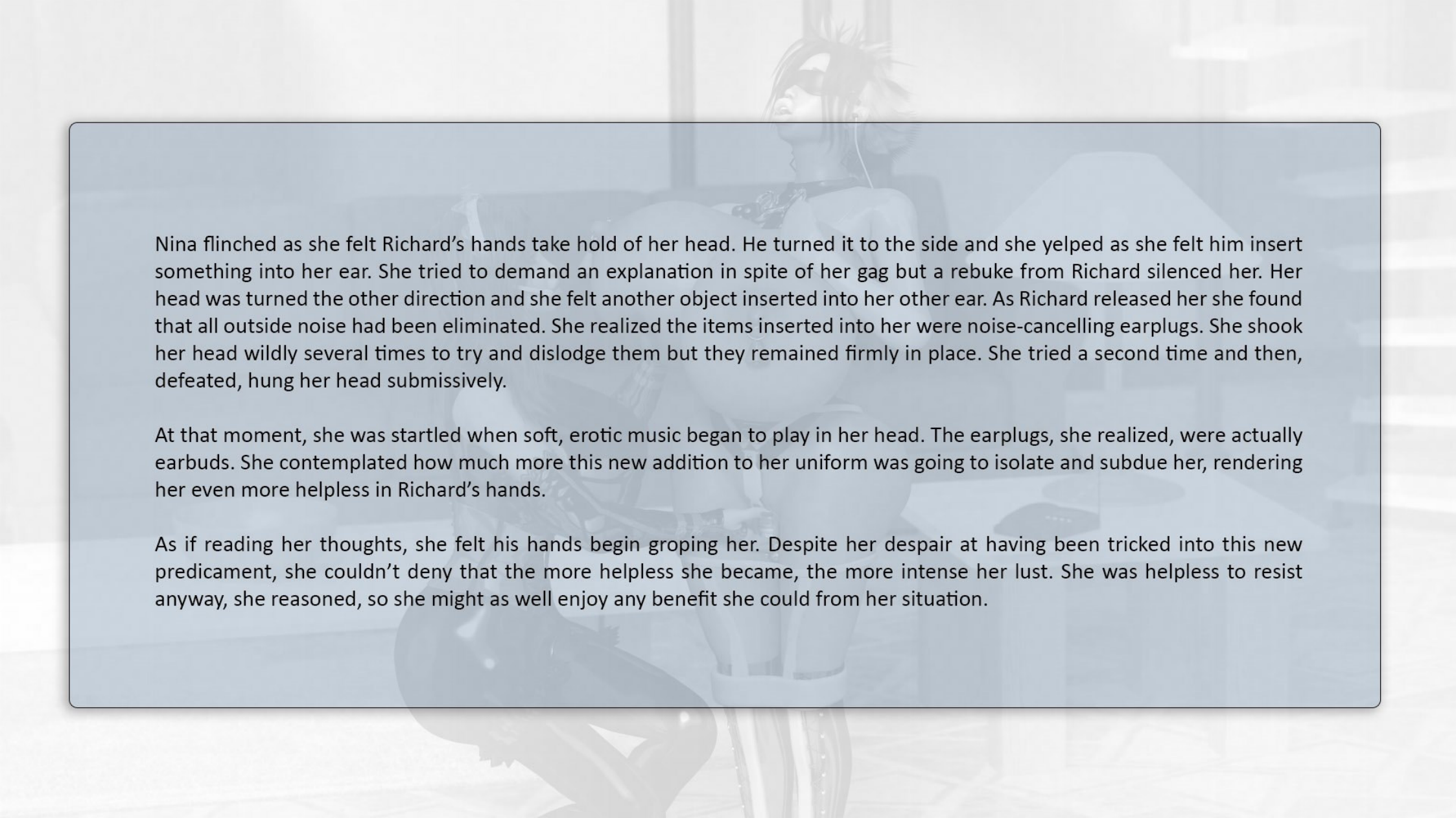
A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark uniform, is shown from the waist up. She has a large, dark, circular spreader in her backside. She is looking upwards and to the right with a pained or frustrated expression. Her hands are raised to her chest, holding up her breasts. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Finally, just as she thought she would climax right then and there, Richard called out for her to stop. “Enough! Try and drop your arms to your sides!” Nina, momentarily confused, froze with indecision. A second later she suddenly comprehended what Richard had just done to her. Her fingertips were stuck to the flesh of her breasts! Panicking, she tried to pull them loose but they clung stubbornly to her skin. She tried again but only winced in pain as skin at the points of contact was stretched painfully.

Richard moved to a position before her and gripped both of her wrists, yanking on them. Nina cried out in pain and frustration as he did so. He smiled malevolently. “Remember the surgical glue I used to imbed the spreader in your backside?” Nina, blinking back tears, nodded dumbly. “I used it on your fingertips. But don’t worry; I’ve got solvent that I can use to dissolve it and free you at any time! But until I do, your hands will remain where they are, holding up your breasts and constantly displaying them for me. Now, let’s get you into the rest of your uniform!”

Minutes later, Nina was blindfolded and a gag forced her mouth into an “o” shape. Heavy bells had been attached to her nipple rings and she whined as they tugged the throbbing nubs. The spreader in her behind had been expanded to the maximum diameter she could withstand. She shivered and quaked as simultaneous waves of lust and revulsion coursed through her.

She sensed Richard circling her. His hands began to poke and prod her. He fondled her breasts, setting the bells hanging from her rings to jingling. He slapped her behind playfully several times. “There! That’s just how I like you! Eager and ready to serve my every need! How do you like being my dedicated plaything?” Nina nodded. Richard chuckled. “Good! Now, I want to add one more item to your uniform and then you’re going to spend the rest of the night pleasuring me.”



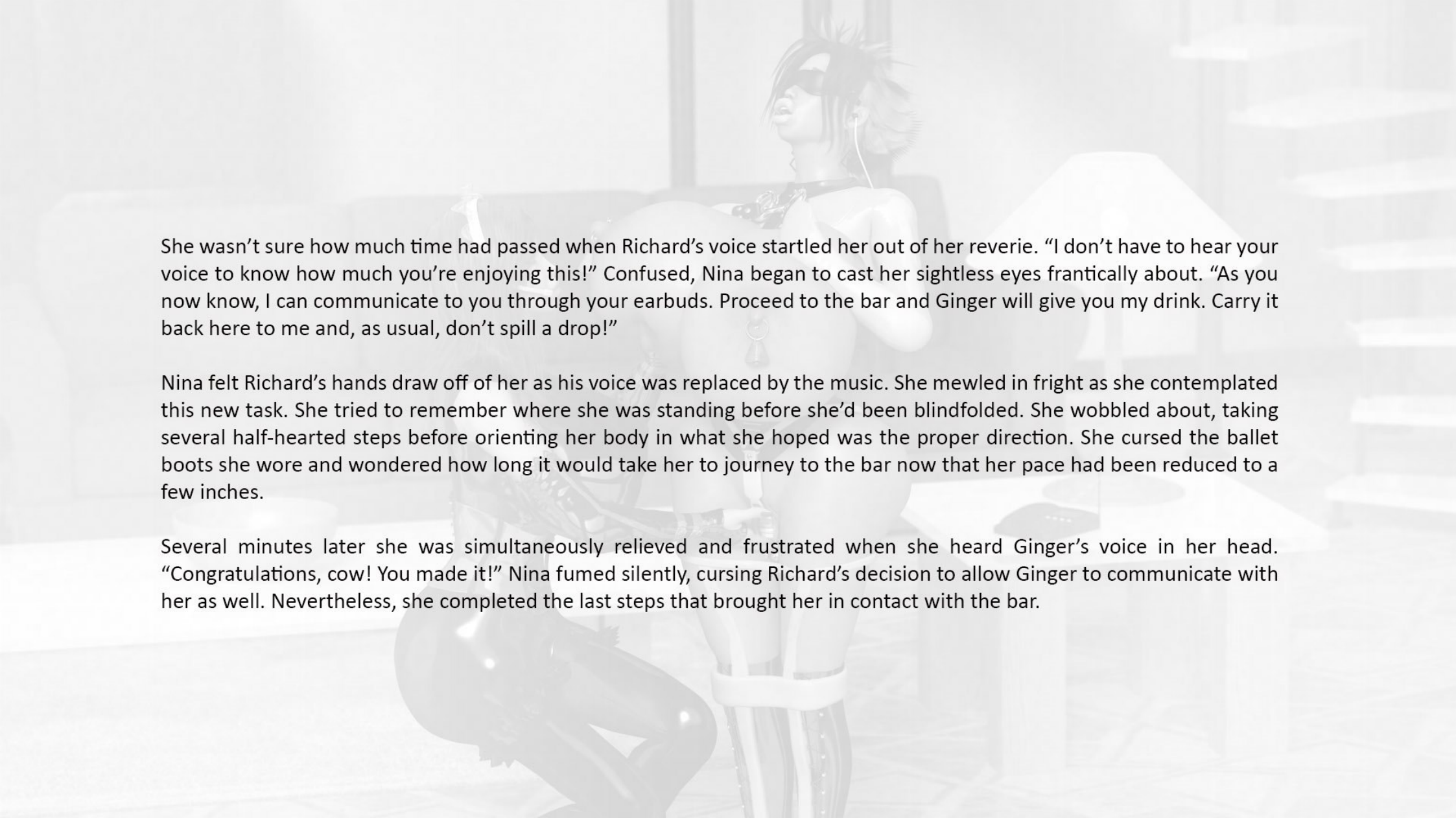
Nina flinched as she felt Richard's hands take hold of her head. He turned it to the side and she yelped as she felt him insert something into her ear. She tried to demand an explanation in spite of her gag but a rebuke from Richard silenced her. Her head was turned the other direction and she felt another object inserted into her other ear. As Richard released her she found that all outside noise had been eliminated. She realized the items inserted into her were noise-cancelling earplugs. She shook her head wildly several times to try and dislodge them but they remained firmly in place. She tried a second time and then, defeated, hung her head submissively.

At that moment, she was startled when soft, erotic music began to play in her head. The earplugs, she realized, were actually earbuds. She contemplated how much more this new addition to her uniform was going to isolate and subdue her, rendering her even more helpless in Richard's hands.

As if reading her thoughts, she felt his hands begin groping her. Despite her despair at having been tricked into this new predicament, she couldn't deny that the more helpless she became, the more intense her lust. She was helpless to resist anyway, she reasoned, so she might as well enjoy any benefit she could from her situation.

Seconds later she flinched as she felt Richard injecting her. As the needle pierced her in several places, she cried out with lust as the drug went to work, writhing hungrily when Richard's hands resumed their exploration of her body. Her earlier unease had disappeared and her only regret was that she was helpless to influence Richard into touching her where she liked it best. She relaxed and submitted to his handling, falling into a semi-trance.





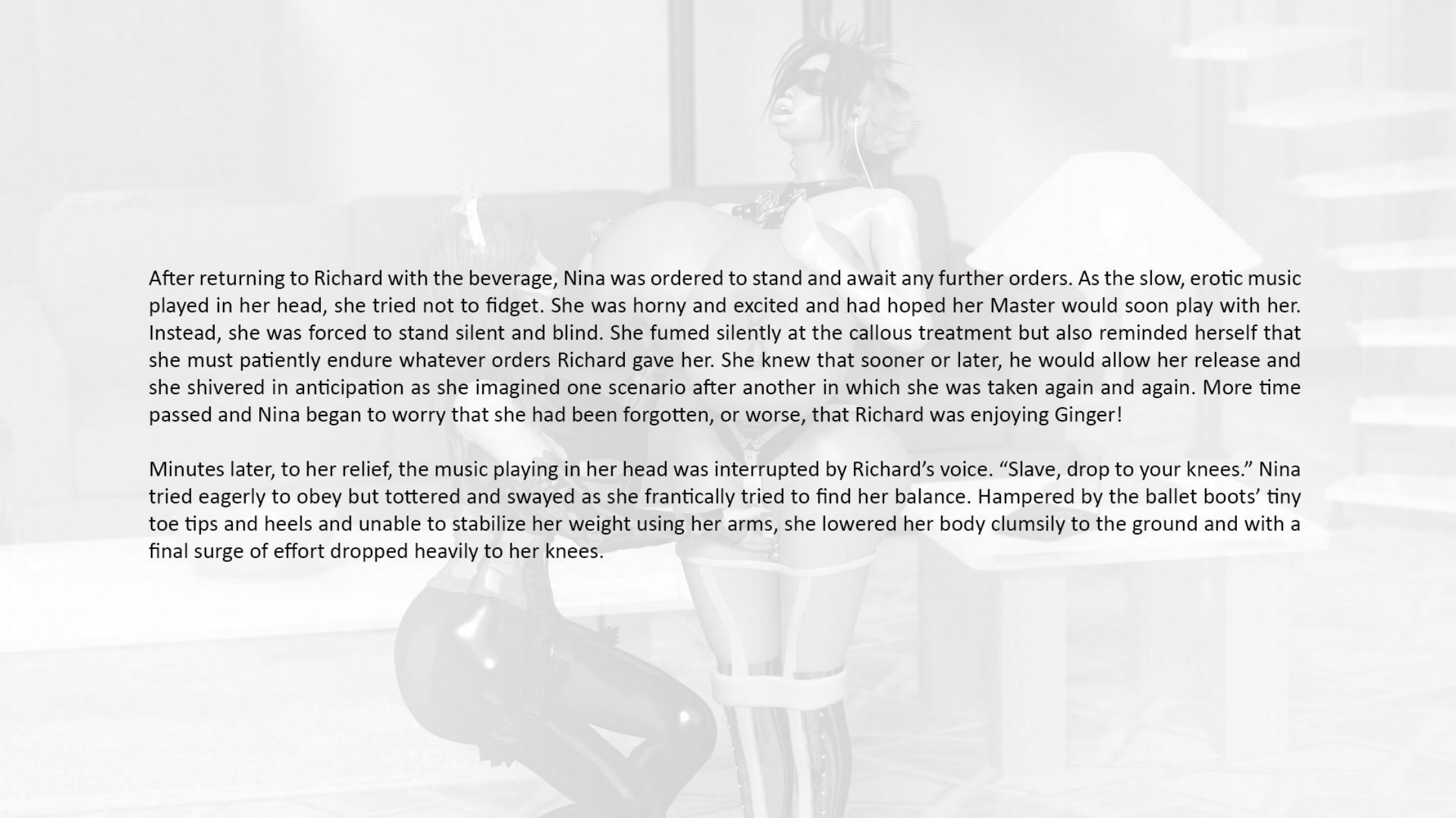
She wasn't sure how much time had passed when Richard's voice startled her out of her reverie. "I don't have to hear your voice to know how much you're enjoying this!" Confused, Nina began to cast her sightless eyes frantically about. "As you now know, I can communicate to you through your earbuds. Proceed to the bar and Ginger will give you my drink. Carry it back here to me and, as usual, don't spill a drop!"

Nina felt Richard's hands draw off of her as his voice was replaced by the music. She mewled in fright as she contemplated this new task. She tried to remember where she was standing before she'd been blindfolded. She wobbled about, taking several half-hearted steps before orienting her body in what she hoped was the proper direction. She cursed the ballet boots she wore and wondered how long it would take her to journey to the bar now that her pace had been reduced to a few inches.

Several minutes later she was simultaneously relieved and frustrated when she heard Ginger's voice in her head. "Congratulations, cow! You made it!" Nina fumed silently, cursing Richard's decision to allow Ginger to communicate with her as well. Nevertheless, she completed the last steps that brought her in contact with the bar.

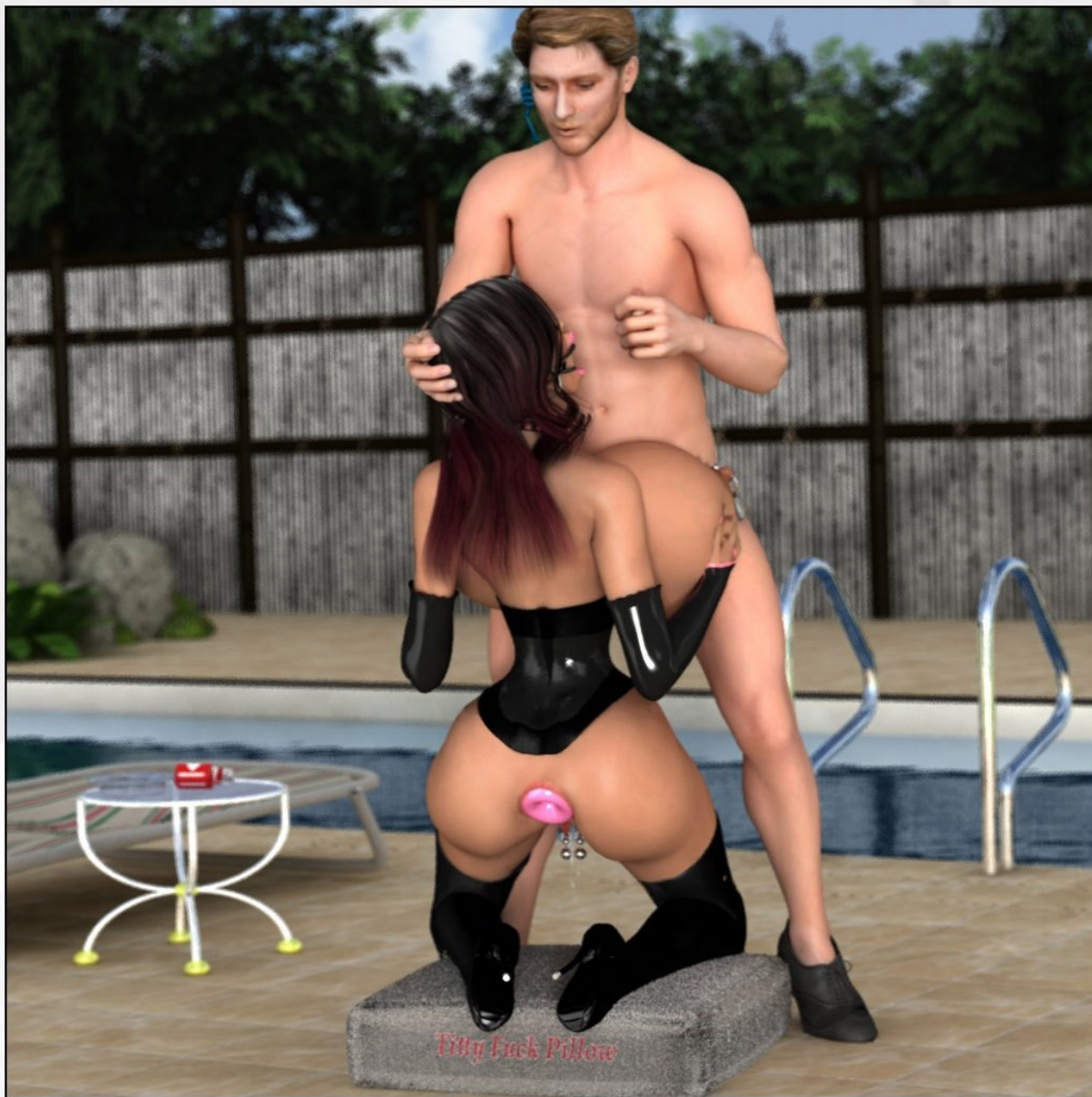
Ginger's voice rang shrilly inside her head. "I'm going to place Master's cocktail between your big cow udders! Squeeze it tight and don't let it spill!" Nina yelped and jumped when she felt the ice-cold glass contact her flesh. Using her arms, she smashed her tits together, nestling the glass snugly between them. She turned carefully and began re-tracing her steps back to the pool where Richard was waiting for his cocktail.



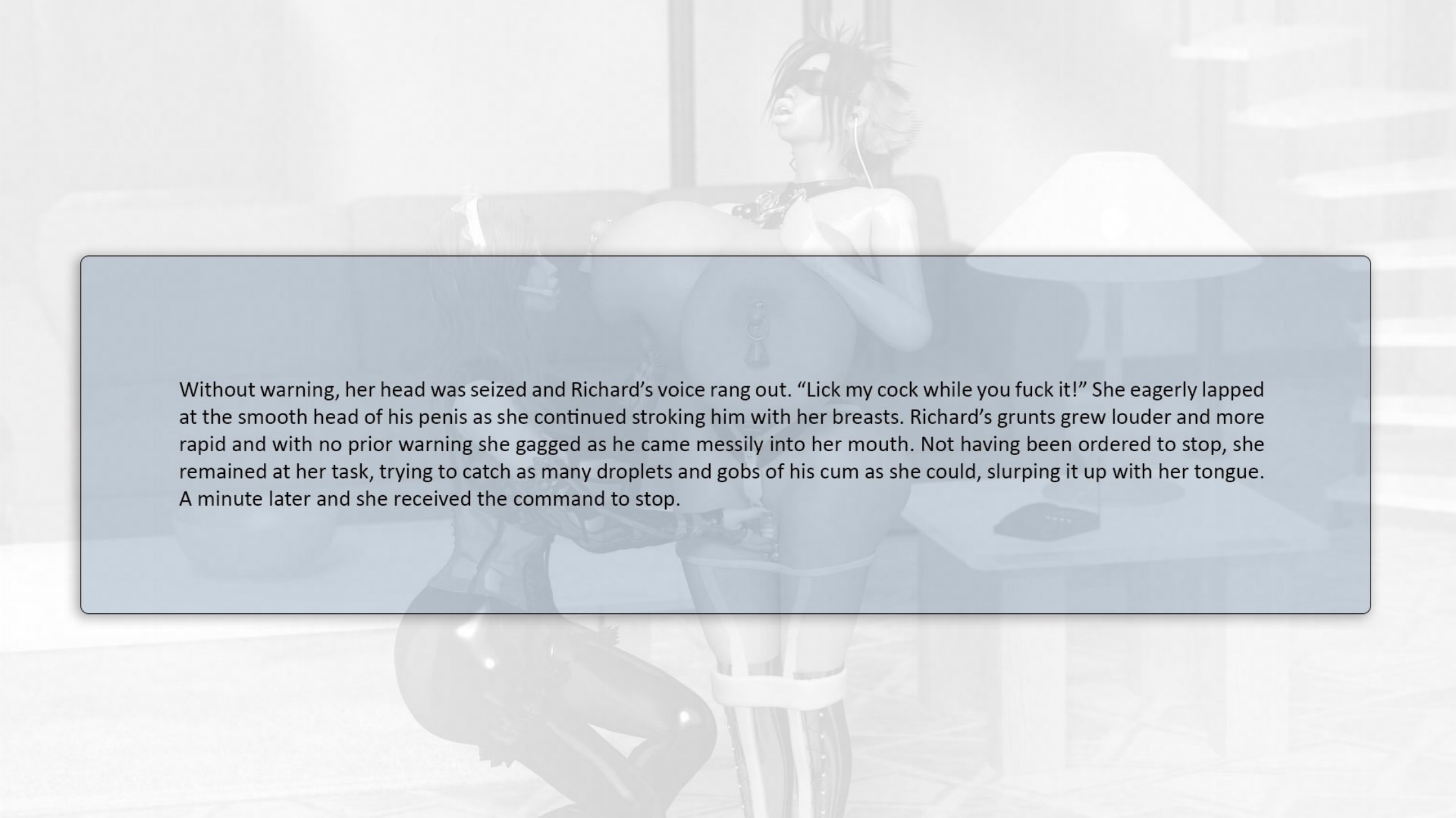


After returning to Richard with the beverage, Nina was ordered to stand and await any further orders. As the slow, erotic music played in her head, she tried not to fidget. She was horny and excited and had hoped her Master would soon play with her. Instead, she was forced to stand silent and blind. She fumed silently at the callous treatment but also reminded herself that she must patiently endure whatever orders Richard gave her. She knew that sooner or later, he would allow her release and she shivered in anticipation as she imagined one scenario after another in which she was taken again and again. More time passed and Nina began to worry that she had been forgotten, or worse, that Richard was enjoying Ginger!

Minutes later, to her relief, the music playing in her head was interrupted by Richard's voice. "Slave, drop to your knees." Nina tried eagerly to obey but tottered and swayed as she frantically tried to find her balance. Hampered by the ballet boots' tiny toe tips and heels and unable to stabilize her weight using her arms, she lowered her body clumsily to the ground and with a final surge of effort dropped heavily to her knees.



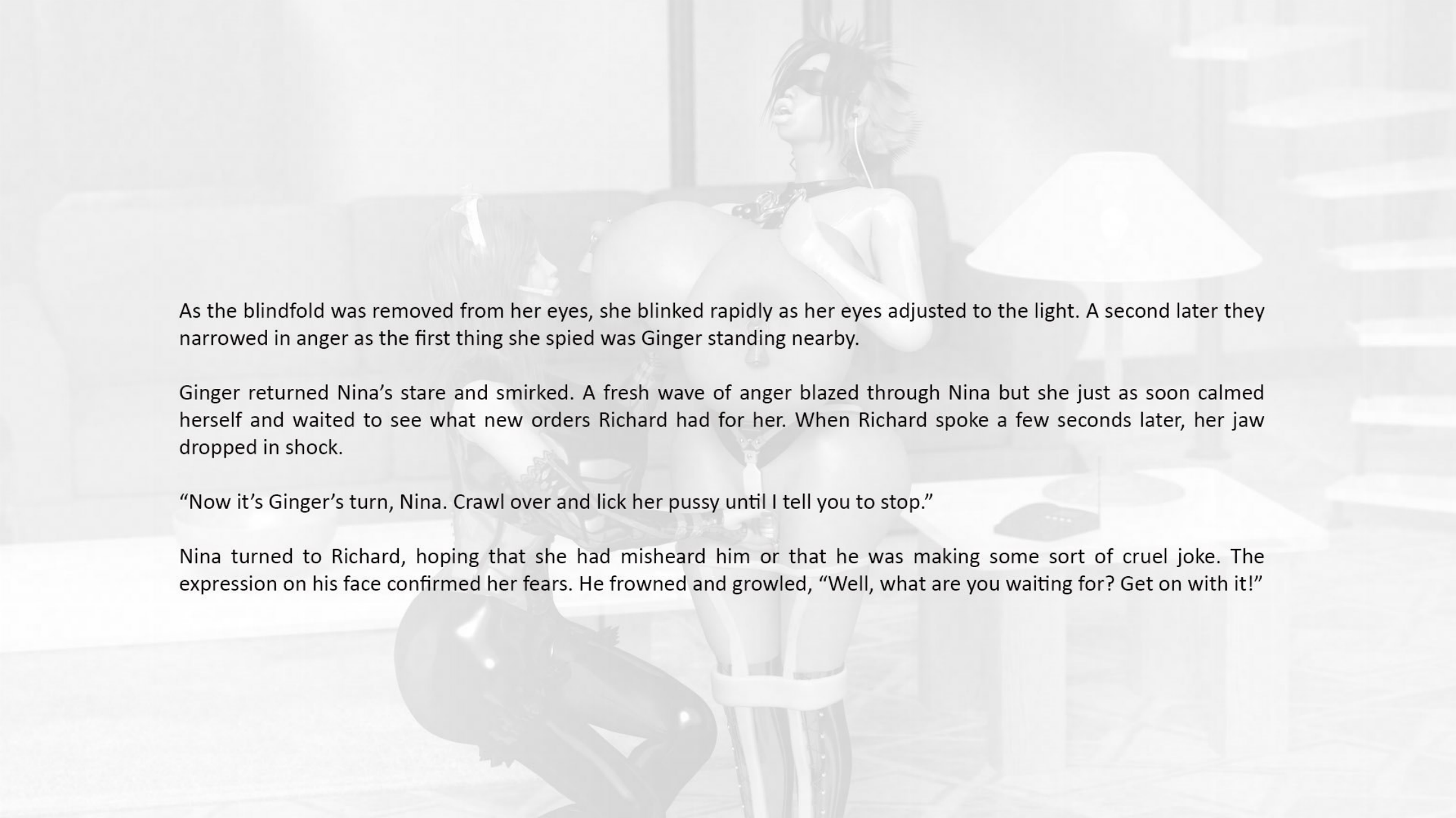
“About time! Now, fuck me with your breasts!” Nina lifted her trapped hands and squeezed her breasts together, sighing contently when she felt Richard’s stiff cock burrow between them. She began to manipulate the large, jiggly mounds, gaining confidence as Richard’s sighs and moans of pleasure sounded in her earbuds. “The hormones have really done their work! Your breasts feel incredible!” As he became more excited, she began to speed up the process, feeling her own passion growing as she brought Richard closer and closer to climax.



Without warning, her head was seized and Richard's voice rang out. "Lick my cock while you fuck it!" She eagerly lapped at the smooth head of his penis as she continued stroking him with her breasts. Richard's grunts grew louder and more rapid and with no prior warning she gagged as he came messily into her mouth. Not having been ordered to stop, she remained at her task, trying to catch as many droplets and gobs of his cum as she could, slurping it up with her tongue. A minute later and she received the command to stop.



She settled back on her heels and sighed as Richard began to remove her restraints. She congratulated herself on a job well done. She suspected she had pleased him and that he would soon reward her with an orgasm of her own. She imagined his hands mauling her and taking her roughly.



As the blindfold was removed from her eyes, she blinked rapidly as her eyes adjusted to the light. A second later they narrowed in anger as the first thing she spied was Ginger standing nearby.

Ginger returned Nina's stare and smirked. A fresh wave of anger blazed through Nina but she just as soon calmed herself and waited to see what new orders Richard had for her. When Richard spoke a few seconds later, her jaw dropped in shock.

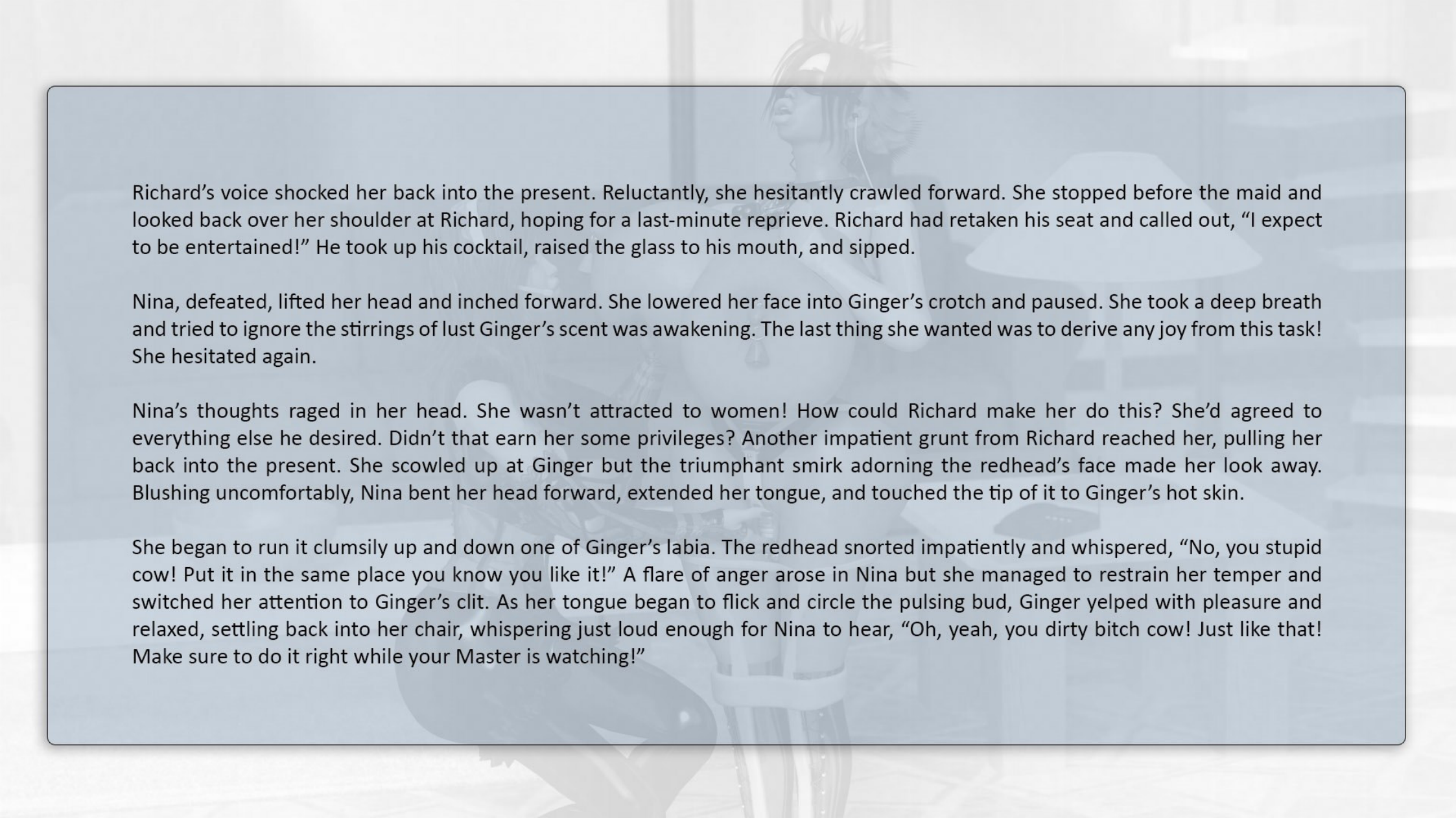
"Now it's Ginger's turn, Nina. Crawl over and lick her pussy until I tell you to stop."

Nina turned to Richard, hoping that she had misheard him or that he was making some sort of cruel joke. The expression on his face confirmed her fears. He frowned and growled, "Well, what are you waiting for? Get on with it!"



Nina turned back to regard Ginger. She watched the new maid lowering her body into a nearby chair. As she coolly met Nina's gaze, she smiled, lifted her skirt and spread her thighs. Nina, spying Ginger's flushed labia, hesitated.

"Dammit, Nina! Do as you're ordered!"



Richard's voice shocked her back into the present. Reluctantly, she hesitantly crawled forward. She stopped before the maid and looked back over her shoulder at Richard, hoping for a last-minute reprieve. Richard had retaken his seat and called out, "I expect to be entertained!" He took up his cocktail, raised the glass to his mouth, and sipped.

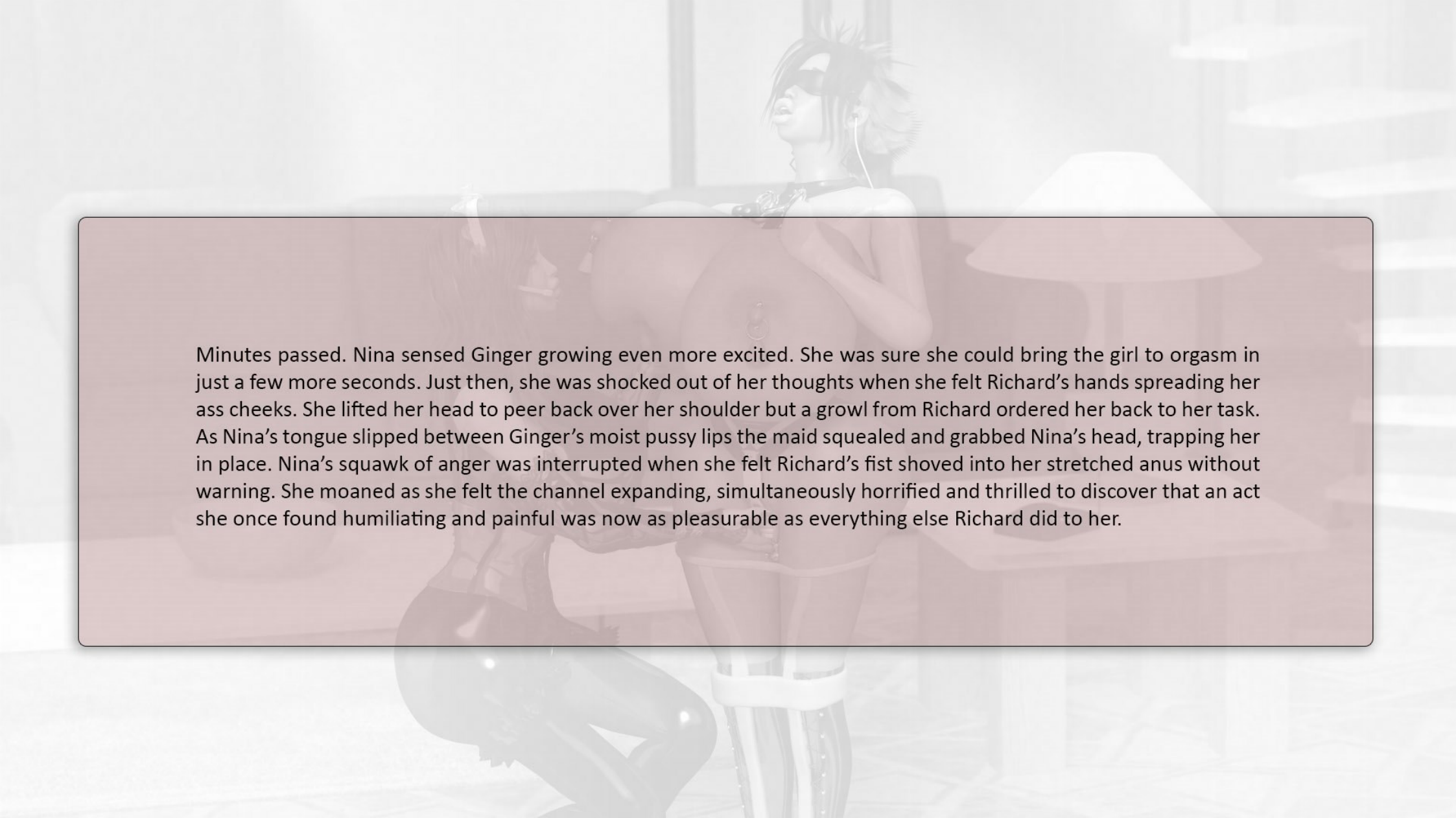
Nina, defeated, lifted her head and inched forward. She lowered her face into Ginger's crotch and paused. She took a deep breath and tried to ignore the stirrings of lust Ginger's scent was awakening. The last thing she wanted was to derive any joy from this task! She hesitated again.

Nina's thoughts raged in her head. She wasn't attracted to women! How could Richard make her do this? She'd agreed to everything else he desired. Didn't that earn her some privileges? Another impatient grunt from Richard reached her, pulling her back into the present. She scowled up at Ginger but the triumphant smirk adorning the redhead's face made her look away. Blushing uncomfortably, Nina bent her head forward, extended her tongue, and touched the tip of it to Ginger's hot skin.

She began to run it clumsily up and down one of Ginger's labia. The redhead snorted impatiently and whispered, "No, you stupid cow! Put it in the same place you know you like it!" A flare of anger arose in Nina but she managed to restrain her temper and switched her attention to Ginger's clit. As her tongue began to flick and circle the pulsing bud, Ginger yelped with pleasure and relaxed, settling back into her chair, whispering just loud enough for Nina to hear, "Oh, yeah, you dirty bitch cow! Just like that! Make sure to do it right while your Master is watching!"



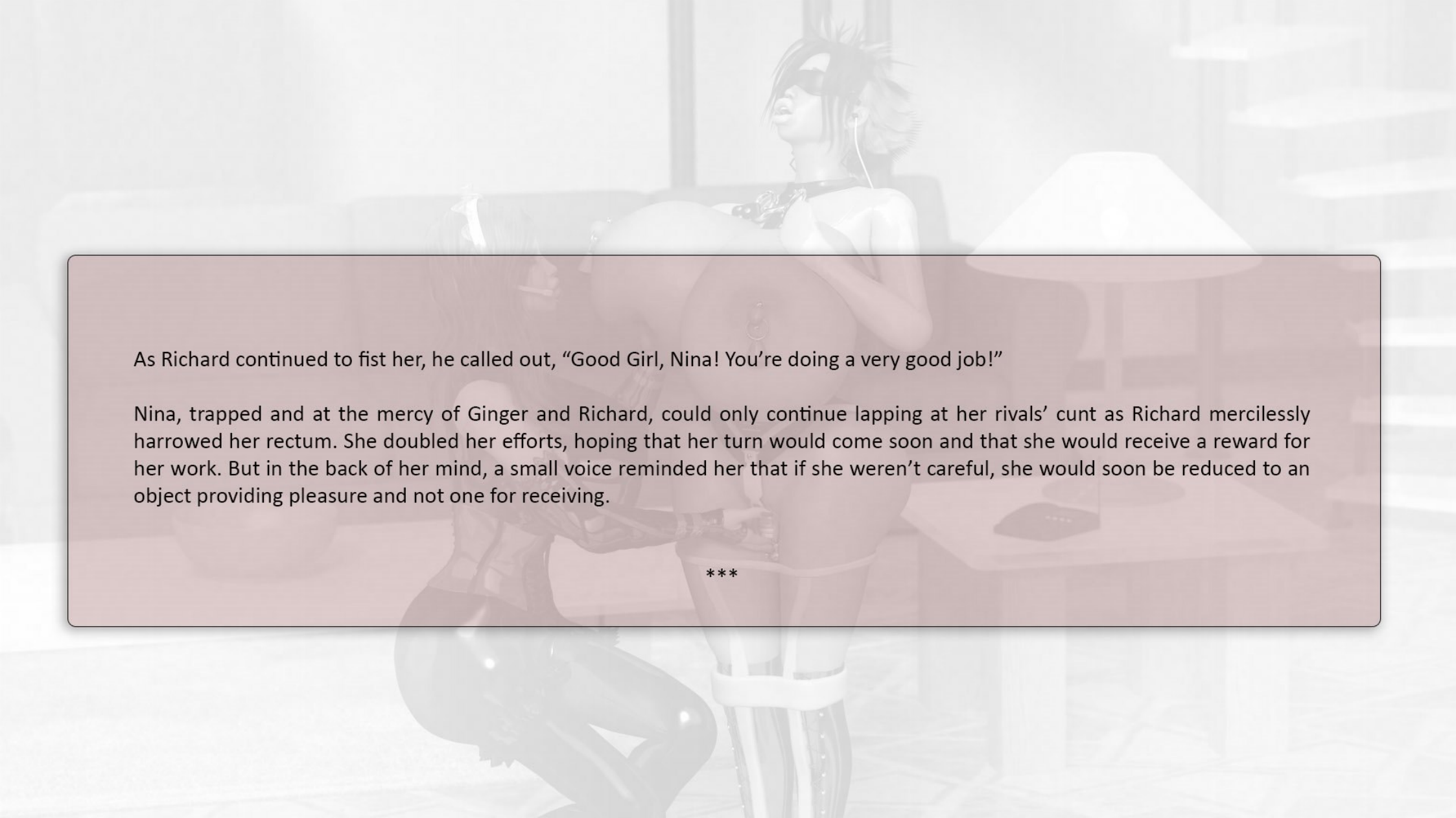
Nina almost rose and slapped Ginger, but doing so, she knew, was just playing into the manipulative girl's game. Instead, she concentrated on what she was doing, hoping to bring her to orgasm that much quicker so that she could end this humiliating chore. She speeded up and was soon lapping diligently at Ginger's clit while the redhead squirmed and writhed in ecstasy. As Ginger's moans and groans of pleasure increased in intensity, Nina felt an unwanted burst of pride. At least, she reasoned, she appeared to be doing the job well. Maybe that would count for something with Richard.



Minutes passed. Nina sensed Ginger growing even more excited. She was sure she could bring the girl to orgasm in just a few more seconds. Just then, she was shocked out of her thoughts when she felt Richard's hands spreading her ass cheeks. She lifted her head to peer back over her shoulder but a growl from Richard ordered her back to her task. As Nina's tongue slipped between Ginger's moist pussy lips the maid squealed and grabbed Nina's head, trapping her in place. Nina's squawk of anger was interrupted when she felt Richard's fist shoved into her stretched anus without warning. She moaned as she felt the channel expanding, simultaneously horrified and thrilled to discover that an act she once found humiliating and painful was now as pleasurable as everything else Richard did to her.

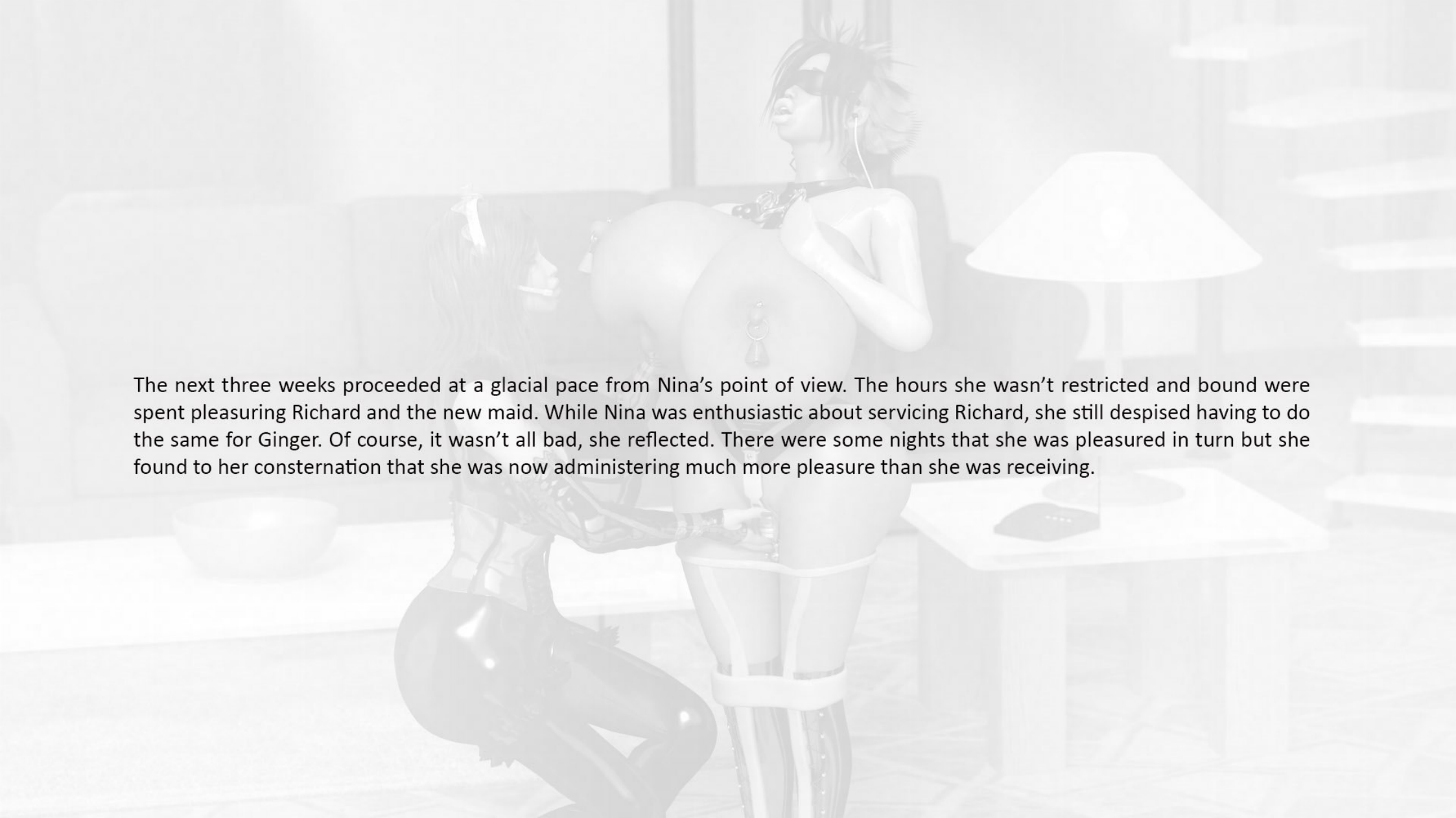
As Richard's forearm steadily worked its way into her, she licked and slurped Ginger's pussy furiously as the girl bucked and twitched uncontrollably. Nina's face was smeared with fluid when Ginger came without warning. As Ginger climaxed, Nina's own pussy began to twitch. She tried to lift her head to plead with Richard to switch his attention to her own unfulfilled needs but her pleas were cut off when Ginger again buried Nina's head within the streaming folds of her cunt.





As Richard continued to fist her, he called out, “Good Girl, Nina! You’re doing a very good job!”

Nina, trapped and at the mercy of Ginger and Richard, could only continue lapping at her rivals’ cunt as Richard mercilessly harrowed her rectum. She doubled her efforts, hoping that her turn would come soon and that she would receive a reward for her work. But in the back of her mind, a small voice reminded her that if she weren’t careful, she would soon be reduced to an object providing pleasure and not one for receiving.



The next three weeks proceeded at a glacial pace from Nina's point of view. The hours she wasn't restricted and bound were spent pleasuring Richard and the new maid. While Nina was enthusiastic about servicing Richard, she still despised having to do the same for Ginger. Of course, it wasn't all bad, she reflected. There were some nights that she was pleased in turn but she found to her consternation that she was now administering much more pleasure than she was receiving.

Richard was still dosing her regularly with hormones and drugs. Not only was this keeping her constantly aroused, but also she grew alarmed at the growth of her breasts, nipples and labia. Her anus was, she was sure, as inflated as far as it could safely go. Richard could fist her with ease now and she was alarmed at how much more comfortable and even pleasurable the experience had become. In addition, Richard had had her lips enlarged yet again and when she viewed them, she couldn't help but compare them to automobile tires.

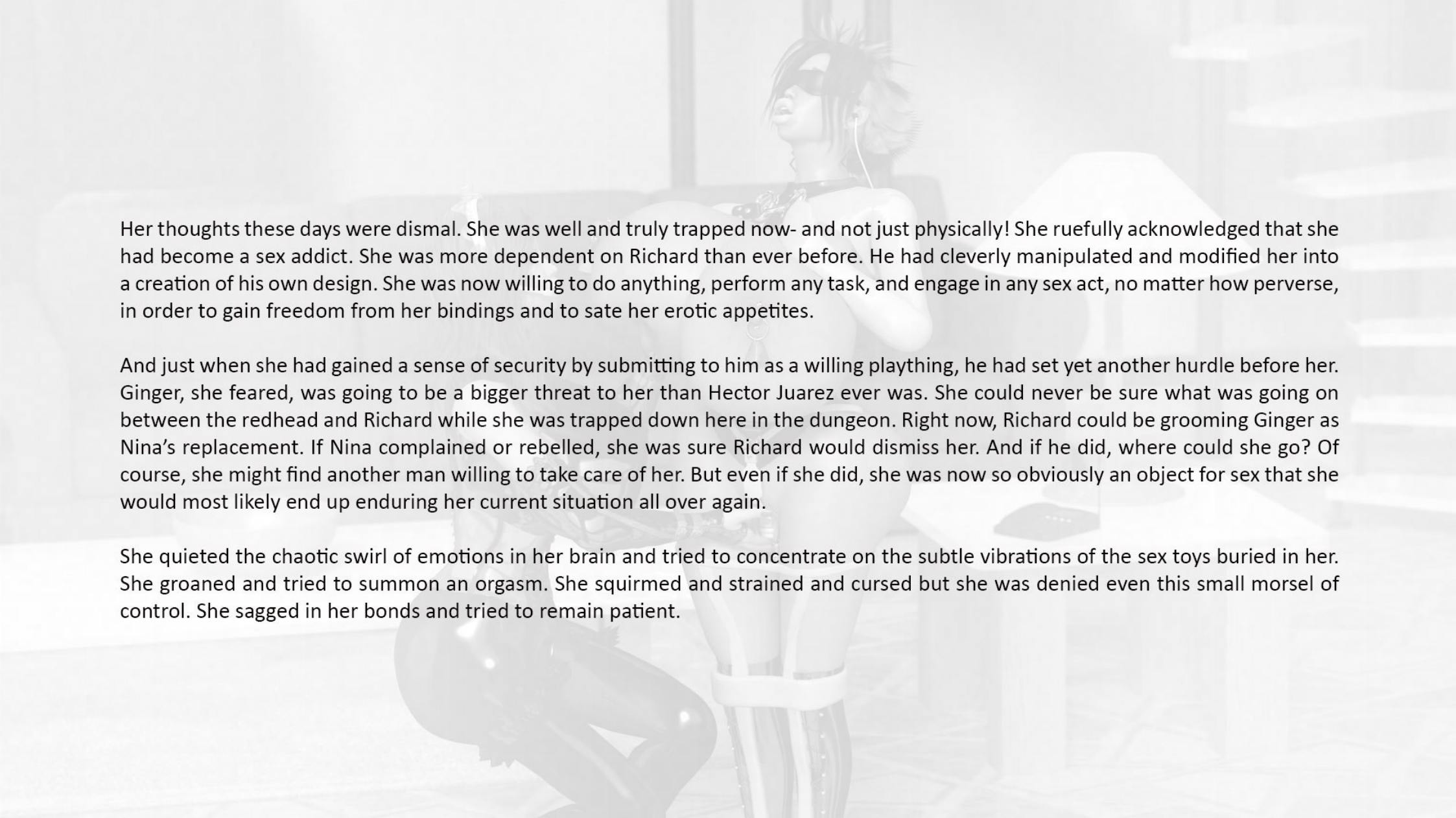
Since being replaced by Ginger, Richard had forbidden her to leave the house for any reason. When she wasn't serving him, she was always left bound and helpless. She was no longer going into town nor had he taken her to the nightclub. She wasn't even performing household chores. She bitterly reflected how much she had previously hated cleaning Richard's house. Now, if offered the opportunity to do so again, she'd leap at the chance.





Instead, she spent her days completely cut off from the outside world. Each morning, large vibrators were stuffed into her. She would then be squeezed into a full, rubber doll suit, including mittens. She was no longer allowed any footwear other than ballet boots. After having her earbuds inserted, she was blindfolded, gagged, and a hood was placed over her head. She was then led to the dungeon and tied up in any number of uncomfortable positions or left to wander blindly through the house.

Today she was secured in the dungeon and she squirmed in her bindings as slow, heavy, Techno music played in her head. The vibrators inside her were running just fast enough to keep her horny and on edge but not enough to allow her to orgasm. Of course, the sex drugs were contributing to her arousal, as usual. She writhed in frustration, her only wish that Richard would soon release her and that she be allowed to act on her erotic fantasies.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black corset and high heels, is blindfolded and restrained with white straps. She is standing in a room with a lamp and a table. Her expression is one of resignation or despair.

Her thoughts these days were dismal. She was well and truly trapped now- and not just physically! She ruefully acknowledged that she had become a sex addict. She was more dependent on Richard than ever before. He had cleverly manipulated and modified her into a creation of his own design. She was now willing to do anything, perform any task, and engage in any sex act, no matter how perverse, in order to gain freedom from her bindings and to sate her erotic appetites.

And just when she had gained a sense of security by submitting to him as a willing plaything, he had set yet another hurdle before her. Ginger, she feared, was going to be a bigger threat to her than Hector Juarez ever was. She could never be sure what was going on between the redhead and Richard while she was trapped down here in the dungeon. Right now, Richard could be grooming Ginger as Nina's replacement. If Nina complained or rebelled, she was sure Richard would dismiss her. And if he did, where could she go? Of course, she might find another man willing to take care of her. But even if she did, she was now so obviously an object for sex that she would most likely end up enduring her current situation all over again.

She quieted the chaotic swirl of emotions in her brain and tried to concentrate on the subtle vibrations of the sex toys buried in her. She groaned and tried to summon an orgasm. She squirmed and strained and cursed but she was denied even this small morsel of control. She sagged in her bonds and tried to remain patient.

Before & After





Several days later, Nina and Ginger stood at attention before Richard. He inspected them and announced to Nina's complete surprise that all three of them would be going to the nightclub. Nina tried as best she could to hide her enthusiasm but failed. She rushed to Richard and threw her arms around him. He allowed her several seconds to kiss and express thanks to him before ordering her and Ginger to the car.

A half hour later, they entered the raucous nightclub. It was even more crowded than usual and before Nina had taken a dozen steps, she found herself swarmed by admirers. She greeted them as politely as possible but soon found that she had been surrounded and separated from Richard and Ginger. She searched frantically for them but couldn't locate either of them beyond the press of the mob. She was all but dragged to the dance floor and before she could collect her wits, she was being urged to put on a show for the crowd.

She blushed and danced hesitantly but soon the drugs in her system and the overwhelming adulation of the crowd consumed her. Before long, she was whirling away while being grabbed, fondled and groped. She surrendered to the experience and eventually allowed a man to lead her to a shadowy corner of the room. There she was forced to her knees and began giving blowjobs to a half dozen strangers. She shakily returned to the dance floor but was soon led away again, this time to the men's bathroom and placed inside one of the stalls where she was fucked again and again and again.

At one point, she tried to protest but almost immediately relented. After all, she reasoned, shouldn't she make the most of her night of freedom? She had spent most of this month trapped and teased by Richard. Here, she was an object of desire. She was worshipped and, despite the sordid surroundings of the club, was enjoying the attention she deserved.





She surrendered to her lust and let the strangers have their way with her. And again, she reasoned smugly, she was enjoying more orgasms here than she had in weeks!

When she finally stumbled, satisfied and shaky, from the bathroom, she headed for the dance floor. As she passed the VIP area, she spied Richard and Ginger seated in one of the plush booths. To her consternation, she noted that Ginger was straddling Richard and they were lustily kissing and groping each other. She turned away, tears burning her eyes; it was just as she feared.

As she threaded her way through the crowd, however, her anger overcame her despair. By the time she regained the shelter of the crowd, she knew what she would have to do. She gyrated wildly, reveling in the looks of undisguised hunger and lust plastered on the faces of the onlookers. She would take every one of them. She would enjoy her time here as much as she liked. She would have to be dragged kicking and screaming, if need be, from the nightclub.

Soon the crowd closed in on her. She howled with desire as hands began once again to grope her.





Over the next few weeks she remained bound and helpless when Richard was away. Despite the disorientation and uncertainty that came with having no idea how much time was passing, Nina was kept from being bored by all of her usual distractions; the vibrators, music, and her own lust conspired to keep her dancing on the edge of pleasure but never allowed to enjoy it. She looked forward to Richard's return each day and eagerly agreed to anything he asked of her.

Without warning, Ginger's voice suddenly shattered her daydreams. "Good afternoon, cow! Bet you didn't expect to hear from me while Master is out of the house, huh? Now, I can tease you all day while he's gone!"

Nina froze. Ginger's voice continued taunting her. "And I've decided that there's no reason we can't play games while Master is away! I mean, think of all the time we'll have to ourselves!" Nina flinched as she felt Ginger's hands begin stroking her. She tried to ignore the sudden rush of desire they coaxed from her. If only the drugs didn't make her so horny! The last thing she wanted was to enjoy anything Ginger did to her!





Her resolve was soon shattered. She was bound in such a way as to make her available any time Richard liked. Now Ginger was using that to her advantage, prodding Nina's exposed pussy and anus. Nina squirmed and tried to dispel the spikes of desire Ginger's exploration were summoning. Despite her efforts, she was soon moaning and writhing in her bindings. Ginger's giggles filled her head as she began to focus more attention on Nina's pussy. "What a horny cow- squirm some more for me, bitch! I like watching you struggle!"

Nina raged silently in her head but couldn't resist the inevitable. She could feel her juices flowing and soon a trickle began to run along one inner thigh, divulging her excitement to Ginger. Ginger, plainly excited by the sight, exclaimed, "Oooo, look at that! The horny cow is already wet!"

Nina wished she could protest but her hood and gag rendered that impossible. She yelped when she felt a vibrator being pressed against her clit. Her ardor aroused, she soon gave in and hung helpless in her bindings as waves of pleasure coursed through her.

“Haha! You like that! You do! I can tell!” Ginger’s voice rang out gleefully. “Cum for me, cow! If you squirt, I’ll give you a reward!”

Nina, not wanting to play Ginger’s game, was nevertheless helpless to resist. She felt an orgasm swelling within her and screamed for release. Ginger, noting her enthusiasm, continued taunting her. Nina howled and braced herself for the orgasm that was just about break. And just as suddenly, Ginger pulled the vibrator away. Nina’s muffled scream of frustration brought a comment from Ginger.



“Oh, I’m sorry! Were you just about to cum?” Nina remained silent and immobile, not wanting to indulge Ginger any further. Ginger’s voice continued to taunt her. “Oh, well, fine, if you’re going to be that way. I’m going to take you to the edge again and again but not allow you to cum! Sooner or later, you’ll give in and then we can continue our little game! Ready for round two?”

Nina summoned up all of the willpower she could as Ginger pressed the vibe but within seconds she was writhing and squirming again. Ginger once again withdrew the vibrator just as Nina was about to climax. “How about now? Ready to play with me yet?” Nina shook her head, hot tears of frustration burning her eyes. Ginger’s grating laugh echoed inside Nina’s head. “Fine. I have all day!”

Nina sobbed as she felt the vibe pressing her clit again and the game continued. She had no idea how much time had passed before Ginger finally relented. “I’ll say this: you are one stubborn bitch! But sooner or later, you’ll crack!”

Nina sagged, defeated, in her bindings. She knew for a fact that Ginger was correct. It had taken every ounce of willpower she possessed to resist today. But how much longer could she hang on? And how much more power would Ginger have over her if she did surrender?

Ginger’s voice interrupted her musings. “Well, that’s it for today! While I would love to spend all day torturing you, Master is due home within the hour and he’ll want to enjoy his big, fat cow! But we’ll have tomorrow- and the next day, and the day after that!”

Nina’s blood boiled as Ginger added. “And I am going to have so much fun playing with you! I can’t wait to break you, you fucking cow!”

Nina groaned and rolled over, freeing her body from the tangled bedclothes. It was dark and quiet and Richard and Ginger had finally fallen asleep. She stroked her still quivering body and reflected back on her evening.



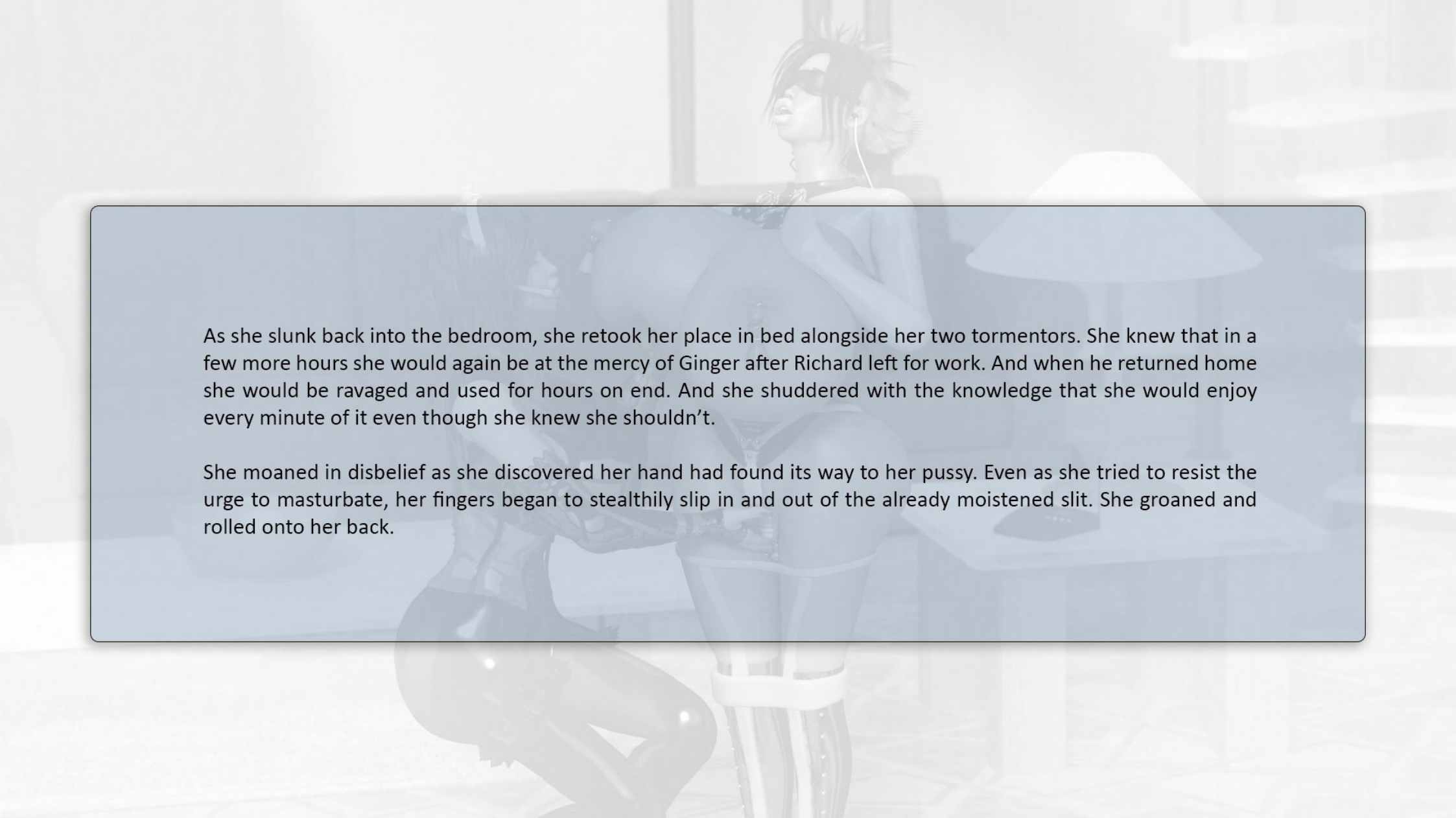


After Richard had released her, he had spent the rest of the night enjoying her. She had been ravaged in every way possible. Richard had taken her orally and anally and, much to her relief, vaginally. She had reached orgasm several times before he ordered her to satisfy Ginger while he watched and regained his energy. She and Ginger had spent the next hour taking turns with each other before he ordered them to join him in the bedroom.

The evening wore on while Richard, seemingly insatiable, alternately fucked her and Ginger again before ordering them to entertain him while he recovered. Ginger was ordered to don a strap-on and spent the next few hours stuffing every one of Nina's holes. Finally, Richard again took over and both women were ordered to satisfy him. Eventually, even he succumbed. Spent and exhausted, he ordered both of them to fellate him while he watched TV. Finally, he drifted off to sleep and Ginger soon joined him.

Nina rose stealthily from the bed and scampered into the bathroom. There, before the mirror, she examined herself. She played idly with her piercings while she tried to imagine if there was any chance of ever regaining any semblance of a normal life. She hated to admit that all of Ginger's taunts were true. She had become a living sex toy for Richard. Her identity was being slowly but surely absorbed. Even now, she shivered as waves of lust coursed through her. Despite the almost non-stop lovemaking she'd performed tonight, she was still aroused and unfulfilled. She briefly contemplated sneaking back into the bedroom and stealing away to pleasure herself with one of the many vibrators strewn about the room.



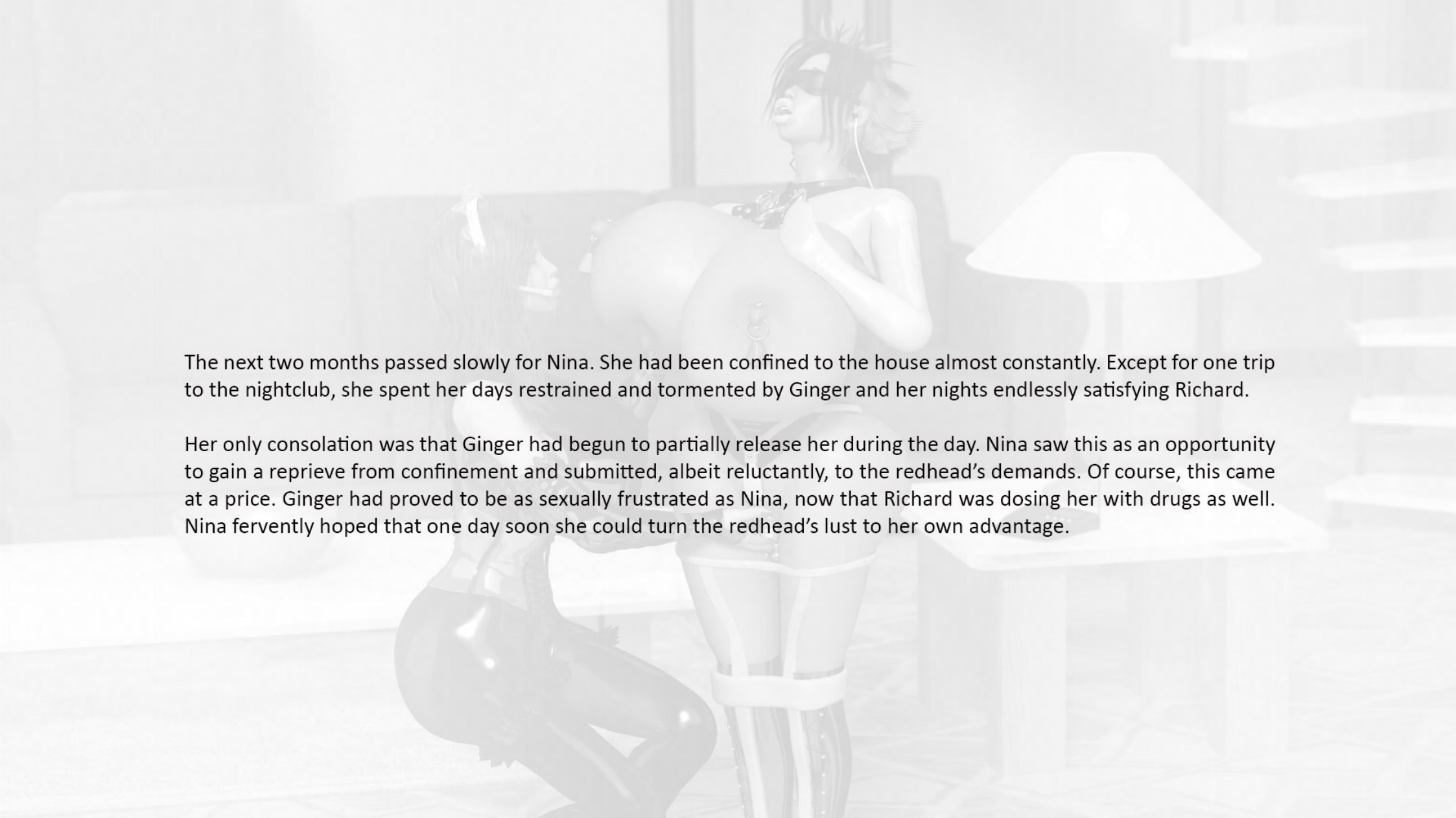
A woman with dark hair, wearing a black corset and stockings, is sitting on a chair in a bedroom. She is looking upwards and to the right. The room has a lamp and a window in the background.

As she slunk back into the bedroom, she retook her place in bed alongside her two tormentors. She knew that in a few more hours she would again be at the mercy of Ginger after Richard left for work. And when he returned home she would be ravaged and used for hours on end. And she shuddered with the knowledge that she would enjoy every minute of it even though she knew she shouldn't.

She moaned in disbelief as she discovered her hand had found its way to her pussy. Even as she tried to resist the urge to masturbate, her fingers began to stealthily slip in and out of the already moistened slit. She groaned and rolled onto her back.



Minutes later, she stuffed her other fist into her mouth to stifle the yelps that announced her orgasm.



The next two months passed slowly for Nina. She had been confined to the house almost constantly. Except for one trip to the nightclub, she spent her days restrained and tormented by Ginger and her nights endlessly satisfying Richard.

Her only consolation was that Ginger had begun to partially release her during the day. Nina saw this as an opportunity to gain a reprieve from confinement and submitted, albeit reluctantly, to the redhead's demands. Of course, this came at a price. Ginger had proved to be as sexually frustrated as Nina, now that Richard was dosing her with drugs as well. Nina fervently hoped that one day soon she could turn the redhead's lust to her own advantage.

Today she was on her hands and knees, groaning while Ginger stuffed her anus with an array of toys, each one larger than the last. Nina groaned as the largest shaft stretched her. Ginger giggled. "Ha! Look at that big, fat ass of yours! I bet I could put anything in there and you'd still like it!"





Nina nodded rapidly. Ginger giggled and began to work the shaft back and forth. Nina squealed and cried out. Ginger speeded up her thrusts. "That's it! Faster is always better with a slutty cow like you! Beg me to let you cum! Come on, cow! Say it! SAY IT!"

Nina gritted her teeth and tried to hold back. Nevertheless, she knew it would only be seconds before she broke. She soon gave in. "Please, Ginger! Please let me cum! Please?"

"Louder!" Ginger barked.

"Please, please please?" wailed Nina.

"Louder!"

"PLEASE LET ME CUM! FUCK ME LIKE THE COW I AM! PLEASE? PLEASE LET ME CUM!"

“That’s better!” Ginger crowed triumphantly. She retrieved a nearby vibrator and shoved it into Nina’s streaming pussy while still harrowing her anal channel. Nina howled and began to tremble. Seconds later a massive orgasm shook her. She screamed and cried out as she came. Ginger shoved the dildo in her ass as far as it would go, summoning up an even stronger orgasm. Nina felt as if the world around her was exploding. She collapsed to the floor, gasping helplessly. It was as if she was floating on a cloud and only with reluctance did she begin listening to what Ginger was saying to her.



“Now it’s my turn! And we have to hurry! I played with you too long today! Master will be home soon and I still have to get you back to the dungeon before he arrives!” She lowered her body to the carpet and spread her thighs. She began stroking her pussy as she called out, “Now get over here and put your tongue to work!”

Nina rose wearily and began to crawl. She struggled against the spreader bars hobbling her. She lowered her face into Ginger’s moist labia and began to lick. Within a few seconds she had brought her rival to a shuddering orgasm. Far from satisfied, Ginger cried out for more. Nina, smirking, realized that Ginger was becoming as much of a slave to sex as she was. She silently thanked Richard’s conditioning tactics. Although she hated providing any amount of satisfaction to Ginger, she was enjoying the power she temporarily held over her by exploiting the redhead’s lust. She doubled her efforts and soon had Ginger screaming for more.

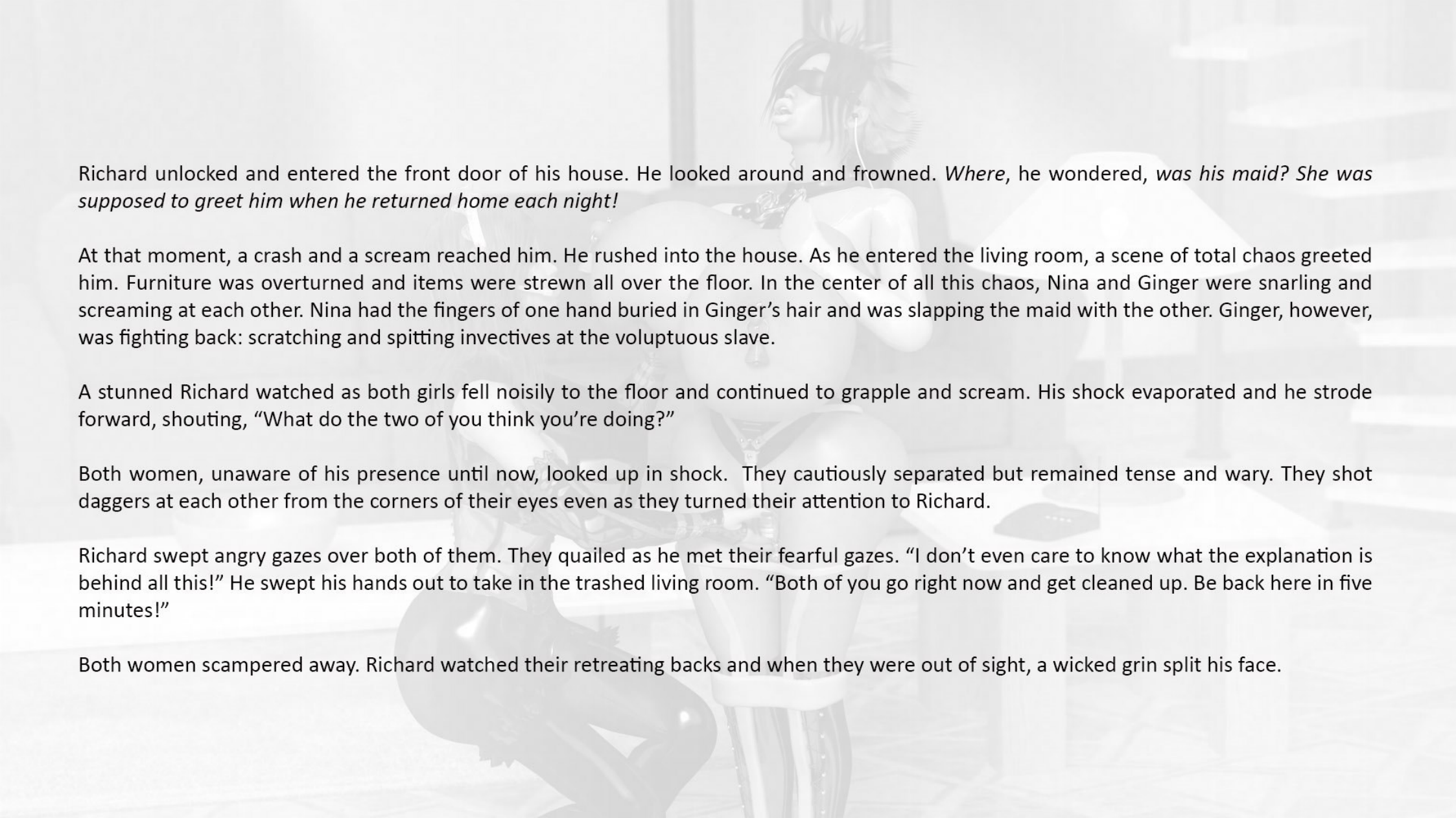
Finally, Ginger called out for her to stop. She glanced across the room at a nearby clock and jumped to her feet gasping in alarm. “Oh, shit! We played too long! Master is going to be home any second now! Quick! We have to get you back to the dungeon or we’re both going to be in so much trouble!” She dropped to her knees and began to fumble at the locks on the spreader bar confining Nina’s ankles. “We need to move quickly! You’ll be faster if I take off these bars!”

Nina, sensing an opportunity, urged Ginger on, playing up to the maid’s fears of being discovered by Richard. Ginger removed the ankle bar and Nina tensed as the redhead switched her attention to the bar trapping her wrists. Nina held her breath and the second her hand was freed, swung her fist as hard as she could, striking Ginger in the mouth. Ginger recoiled, screeching in pain. She lifted one hand to her face and pulled it away, amazed to see a small spot of blood on one fingertip.

“Oh, you cow! You are going to get it now!”

Nina crouched and lifted her hands, twisted into claws before her. “Come and get some, bitch!”

They both lunged forward, shrieking as they collided.



Richard unlocked and entered the front door of his house. He looked around and frowned. *Where, he wondered, was his maid? She was supposed to greet him when he returned home each night!*

At that moment, a crash and a scream reached him. He rushed into the house. As he entered the living room, a scene of total chaos greeted him. Furniture was overturned and items were strewn all over the floor. In the center of all this chaos, Nina and Ginger were snarling and screaming at each other. Nina had the fingers of one hand buried in Ginger's hair and was slapping the maid with the other. Ginger, however, was fighting back: scratching and spitting invectives at the voluptuous slave.

A stunned Richard watched as both girls fell noisily to the floor and continued to grapple and scream. His shock evaporated and he strode forward, shouting, "What do the two of you think you're doing?"

Both women, unaware of his presence until now, looked up in shock. They cautiously separated but remained tense and wary. They shot daggers at each other from the corners of their eyes even as they turned their attention to Richard.

Richard swept angry gazes over both of them. They quailed as he met their fearful gazes. "I don't even care to know what the explanation is behind all this!" He swept his hands out to take in the trashed living room. "Both of you go right now and get cleaned up. Be back here in five minutes!"

Both women scampered away. Richard watched their retreating backs and when they were out of sight, a wicked grin split his face.

Later that evening, both women were standing silent and uneasy before Richard. Richard took his time examining them but otherwise remained silent. Both of them began to fidget. Finally, Ginger opened her mouth to say something but Richard growled a command for her to remain silent.

Finally, after much time had passed, Richard broke the silence. "I'm very disappointed in both of you!" He fixed his gaze on Ginger. "Ginger, tomorrow, you're getting a number of piercings so that every time you look at them they'll remind you of your place. I'm also having your head shaved and giving you a tattoo!" Ginger squeaked in alarm but a sharp gaze from Richard warned her to remain silent.

Richard stood and approached Nina. "And Nina, as for you, I have something that will assure you are kept somewhere inaccessible to Ginger while I'm away." Nina, relieved that he seemed to have laid the blame on Ginger for the fight, was nevertheless wary. Although it didn't appear as if she was going to be punished, she wasn't eager to find out what Richard's plans were for her.

Richard smiled and stroked Nina's bald head. "You're almost at the level I want you. One more round of modifications and you will have achieved perfection," Richard said.

Nina, now more curious than cautious, said, "More modifications?"

Richard nodded. "Tomorrow you're going to receive one more booster shot and then I'm going to make certain that Ginger will not be distracted by you while she's supposed to be finishing her chores!" Richard punctuated his sentence by shooting a hard glance at Ginger. Nina almost failed to suppress the giggle Ginger's uneasy expression summoned. Richard turned back to her. "Now, to make up for your gross misbehavior, the two of you are going to spend the rest of the evening entertaining me."


Nina and Ginger froze to immobility and waited to see exactly what it was Richard had in store for both of them.



“Ow! It’s too big!” Ginger wailed. Nina looked back over her shoulder at the redhead and sneered.

“Nonsense!” Richard called out. “I want that toy buried up to the hilt in both of you! And,” he added with a growl, “you’re both going to be in a lot of trouble if I’m not satisfied!”

Ginger squeezed her eyes shut and tried to ignore the sensation of her pussy being stretched as she crawled backwards, wincing as another inch of the large dildo impaling her and Nina disappeared.



Nina, in contrast, was grunting and moaning with ecstasy as the rod slipped easily into her. She was enjoying not only the sexual pleasure the dildo was providing but was giddy with joy at Ginger's discomfort. She was enjoying the task Richard had set them and not only just to placate him. In addition to having out-done Ginger she was enjoying the physical stimulation the dildo provided. She moaned, bit her lip and thrust her hips backward, drooling with lust as the dildo slid further into her soaking-wet pussy.

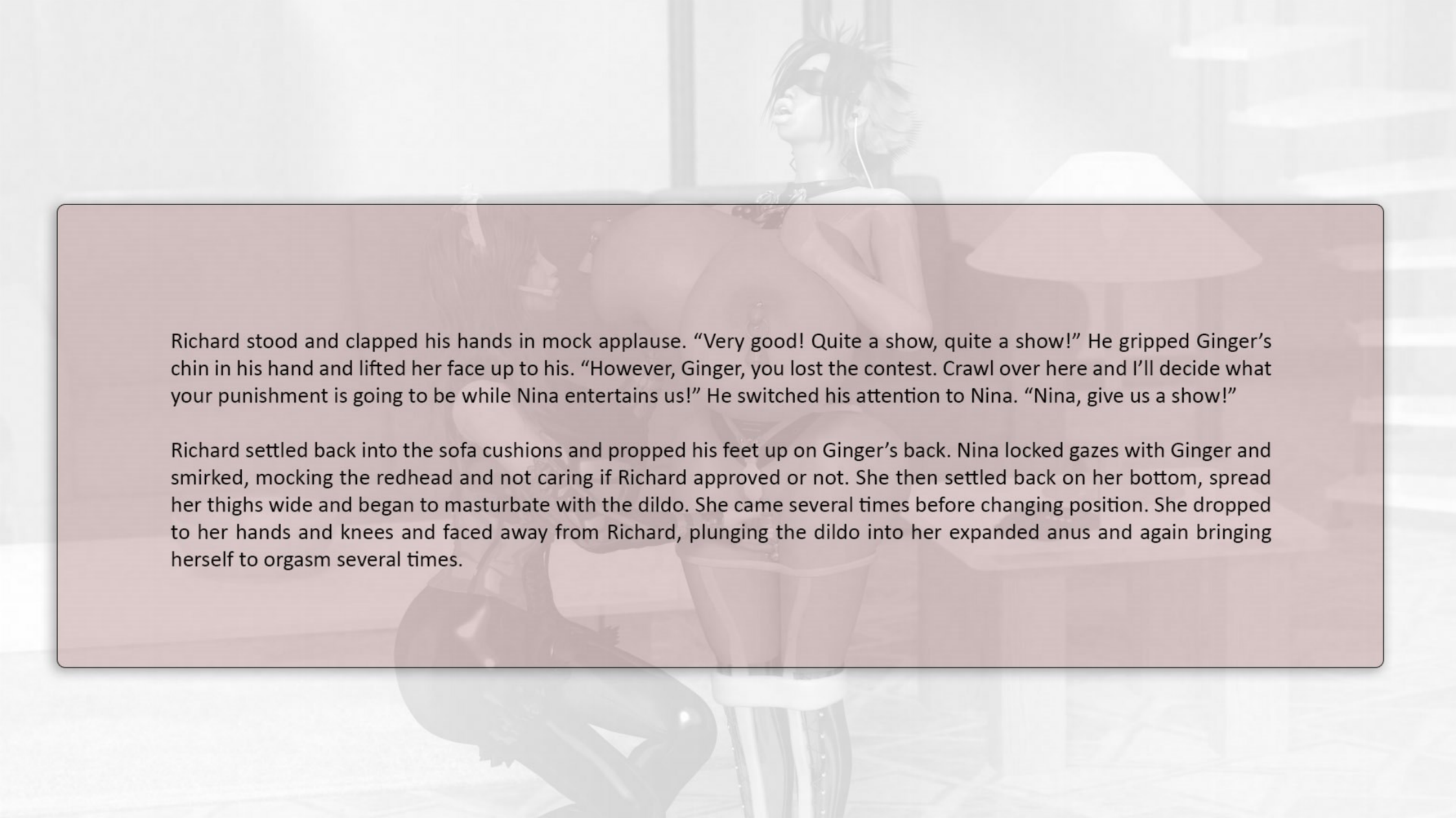
Richard called out, "Now, both of you, start fucking that toy!" He grinned as both girls started wriggling their hips and thrusting back and forth as they rode the dildo. Their yelps and squeals reached him, making him grin wider and giving him an idea. "And the first one to orgasm is going to be tied up in the dungeon!"

Both women looked up at him, startled expressions of unease on their faces. Richard snarled and gestured for them to get on with it. Nina gritted her teeth and began to rock her body back and forth, quickly achieving a steady rhythm she hoped would allow her to control her over-sensitive libido.

Ginger, in contrast, moved clumsily, whimpering and moaning as the Nina's thrusts forced the vinyl rod deeper and deeper into the redhead. Within a minute, both girls were groaning lustily. Sweat broke out across their flesh, making it shine under the house lights. Nina could feel her yearning rise with each thrust. She calmed her mind and fought back against the desire to cum. She knew that all she had to do was outlast Ginger and when she did, Richard would see that she, not the redhead, was the more obedient and talented of the pair.

Ginger's groans and moans began to rise in pitch and Nina suppressed a smirk. She knew now that it wouldn't be long before Ginger came. The redhead began to yelp and then to cry out. Less than a minute later, she screeched and Nina bit back a shout of triumph. She risked a peek over her shoulder and saw Ginger collapse onto the floor, streams of fluid and froth escaping from around the dildo buried in her. Nina, having won the contest, saw no reason to deny further pleasure. She grabbed the dildo and yanked it free of Ginger's quivering pussy and began to ram the shaft furiously into and out of her own dripping hole. Seconds later a mighty orgasm exploded within her and she added her screams to the cacophony.





Richard stood and clapped his hands in mock applause. “Very good! Quite a show, quite a show!” He gripped Ginger’s chin in his hand and lifted her face up to his. “However, Ginger, you lost the contest. Crawl over here and I’ll decide what your punishment is going to be while Nina entertains us!” He switched his attention to Nina. “Nina, give us a show!”

Richard settled back into the sofa cushions and propped his feet up on Ginger’s back. Nina locked gazes with Ginger and smirked, mocking the redhead and not caring if Richard approved or not. She then settled back on her bottom, spread her thighs wide and began to masturbate with the dildo. She came several times before changing position. She dropped to her hands and knees and faced away from Richard, plunging the dildo into her expanded anus and again bringing herself to orgasm several times.



Eventually, she discarded the dildo and alternately fisted her pussy and anus before finally collapsing, near exhaustion.

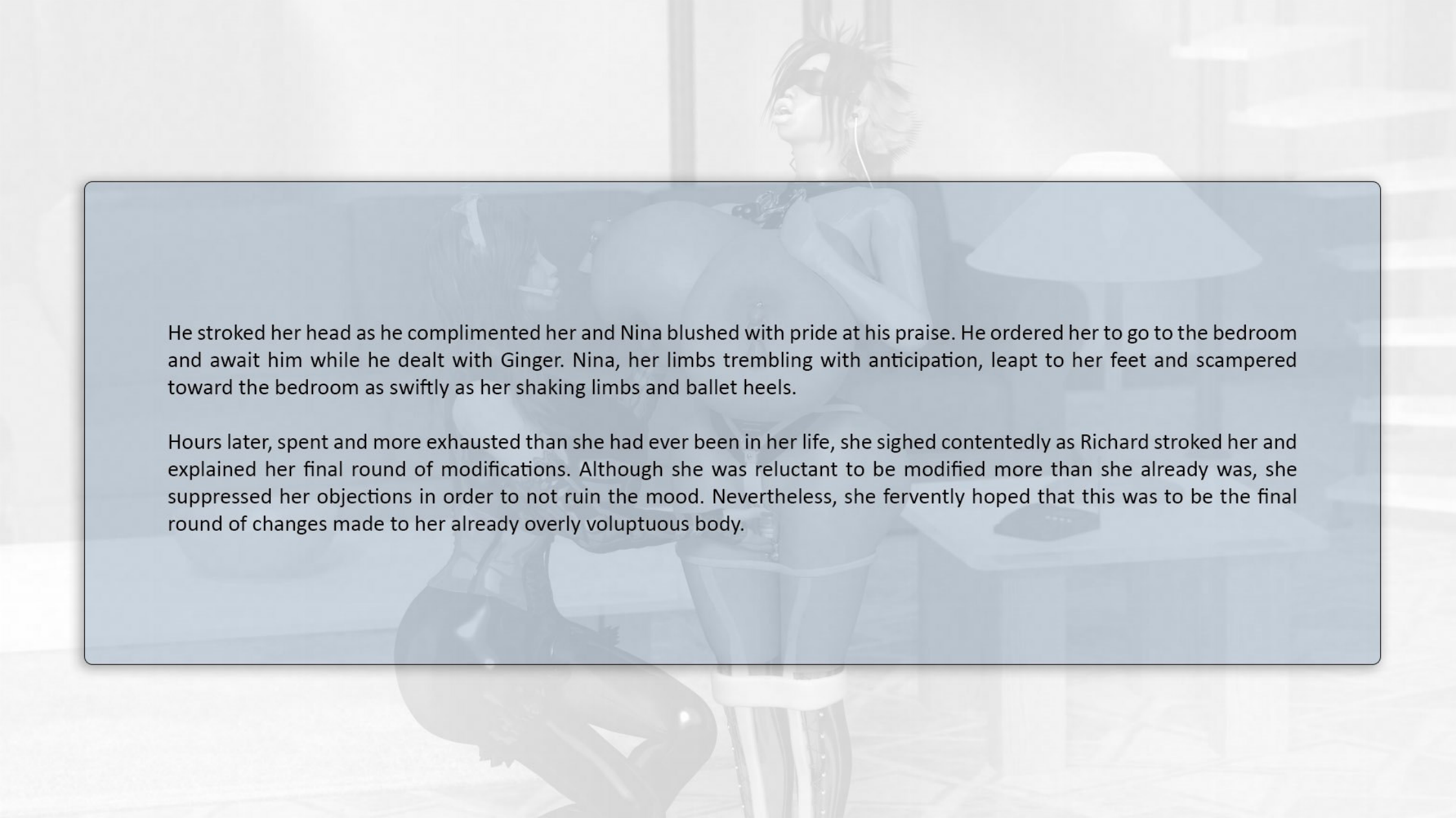
Richard, she discovered to her dismay, was just getting started. He ordered her to fetch him a cocktail and when she returned with it, she saw Ginger had taken her place and was masturbating for Richard's entertainment. She handed the cocktail to Richard and stood silently nearby as he sipped at it. She fidgeted as Richard's attention was completely centered on Ginger.



However, to her relief, he soon ordered her to drop to her knees before him and suck his cock.

Nina, excited to be back in a position of status above Ginger, eagerly bent to her task, working Richard expertly. When he finally came, she enthusiastically swallowed as much as she could to better enjoy the taste of him.





He stroked her head as he complimented her and Nina blushed with pride at his praise. He ordered her to go to the bedroom and await him while he dealt with Ginger. Nina, her limbs trembling with anticipation, leapt to her feet and scampered toward the bedroom as swiftly as her shaking limbs and ballet heels.

Hours later, spent and more exhausted than she had ever been in her life, she sighed contentedly as Richard stroked her and explained her final round of modifications. Although she was reluctant to be modified more than she already was, she suppressed her objections in order to not ruin the mood. Nevertheless, she fervently hoped that this was to be the final round of changes made to her already overly voluptuous body.



Her thoughts were interrupted as Richard lifted one of her breasts and squeezed it. "I can't wait to see these even bigger!" The fingers of his other hand began to trace Nina's collagen enhanced lips. "And the blowjobs you give now are fantastic! I can't wait to find out how much better they'll be when your lips are even softer and fuller!"

Nina winced, mentally picturing the changes to her face if he followed through on his plans. Her attention was wrenched back to the present when he began to pinch and pull on her enlarged labia. “And your pussy lips will be even bigger and better when I’m through with you! I’m adding heavier weights to your rings and I’m going to start enlarging your clit with a suction device! Just think: as sensitive as they are now, how much more will they be a week from now?”





Nina opened her mouth to answer but her words were replaced by a gasp of surprise when Richard, without warning, shoved his hand between the silken folds of her pussy. She gasped first with pain and then with lust as he inserted his entire fist into her and began to fuck her with it. She moaned with pleasure in spite of the sight of his lower arm buried up to his elbow in her. As he skillfully manipulated her, she whined and moaned as he summoned up yet another orgasm.

Richard whispered softly to her just as the orgasm crested. "You're my Masterpiece! By this time next month, you'll be perfect!"

If he said anything else, Nina never remembered it as a massive orgasm lifted her to dizzying heights before leaving her to plunge helplessly into unconsciousness.

A week later, Nina examined her body in a nearby mirror and struggled to remember what she had looked like before she had met Richard.

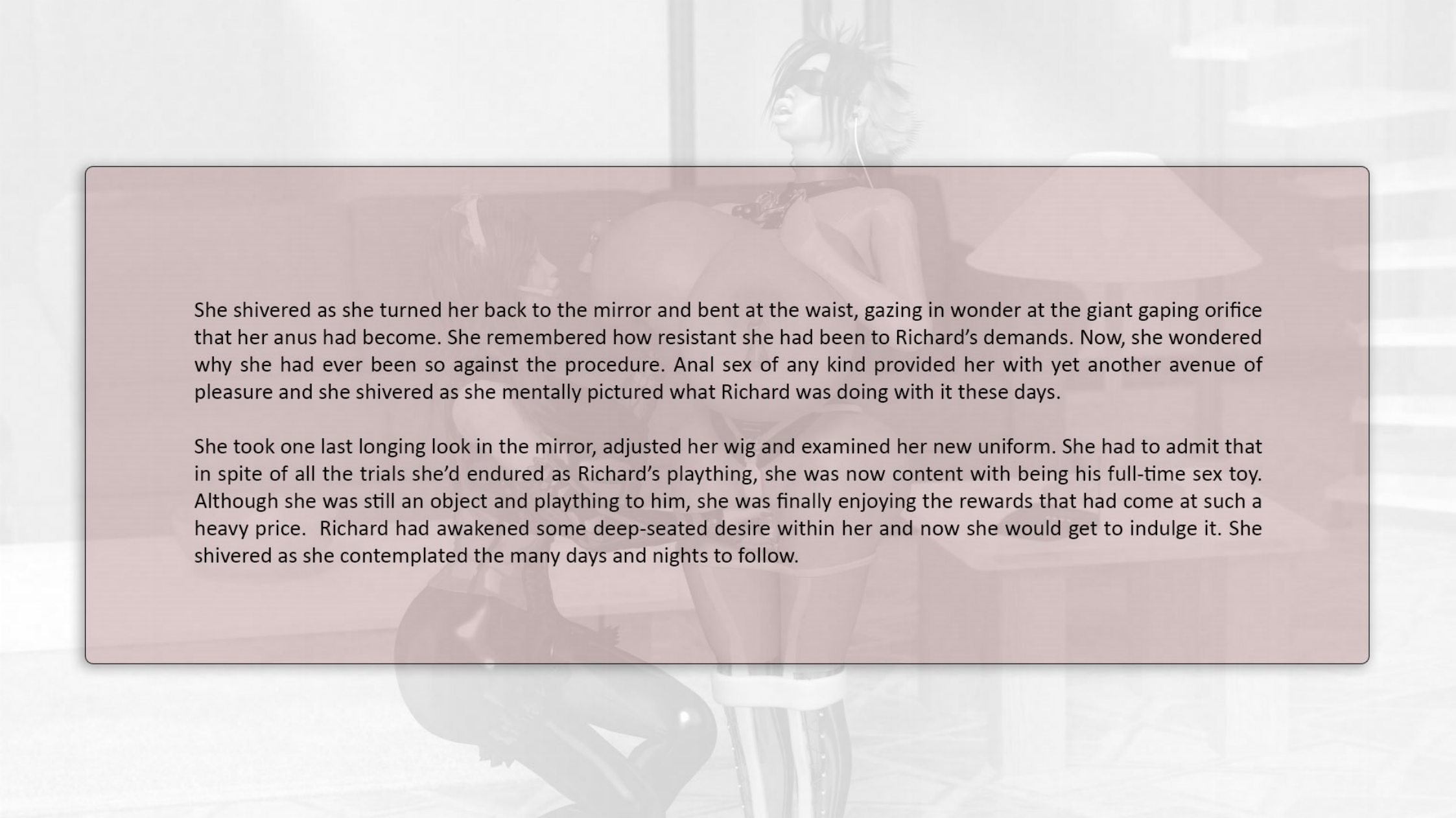
He had had more collagen injected into her lips and in addition, soft plastic frames had been surgically installed inside them, preventing her from ever completely closing them and leaving them permanently parted. At first she'd been horrified but over time had come to find her appearance more provocative and seductive than freakish.





Her breasts were even more massive. The booster shot she'd been administered the week before had provided a growth spurt and they now hung heavily, so immense and clumsy that she had trouble walking at any rate beyond a snail's pace. Heavy bells attached to her nipple rings constantly teased them, ringing with every swing of the weighty orbs and drawing even more attention to them. Even now, as they rose and fell steadily as she breathed, she tried to ignore the pulses of pleasure that radiated from the stiff nubs. She was pleased to find that the bells that she had formerly viewed as a punishment were now yet another reward for her continued good behavior.

As Richard had promised, heavy weights also dangled from her enlarged labia, stretching them and, as with her nipple rings, stimulating her every time they swung when she moved. Her labia had been injected with the same hormonal cocktail and the soft folds were now as plump, flushed, and sensitive as her boobs. Her clit was larger and more prominent due to the suction device Richard attached to it each morning. Right now, the device was in place and she shuddered as she felt a constant and irresistible force tugging at it.

A woman with short black hair, wearing a black mask and a black outfit, is looking into a mirror. She is standing in a room with a lamp and a window in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with the lamp providing the main source of light.

She shivered as she turned her back to the mirror and bent at the waist, gazing in wonder at the giant gaping orifice that her anus had become. She remembered how resistant she had been to Richard's demands. Now, she wondered why she had ever been so against the procedure. Anal sex of any kind provided her with yet another avenue of pleasure and she shivered as she mentally pictured what Richard was doing with it these days.

She took one last longing look in the mirror, adjusted her wig and examined her new uniform. She had to admit that in spite of all the trials she'd endured as Richard's plaything, she was now content with being his full-time sex toy. Although she was still an object and plaything to him, she was finally enjoying the rewards that had come at such a heavy price. Richard had awakened some deep-seated desire within her and now she would get to indulge it. She shivered as she contemplated the many days and nights to follow.

Before & After





She rose and began to move as quickly as she dared towards the pool area. As she entered the living room she smirked as she spied Ginger hard at work. Richard had followed through on his threat and Ginger's head had been shaved. As she turned, Nina spied the tattoo adorning the shiny surface that read "Naughty Bitch". The rings piercing her nipples glittered as they reflected the sunlight entering the room through the windows. In addition, Richard had fitted Ginger with a septum piercing and Nina gleefully noted how much more subservient it made her rival appear. Ginger was now wearing some of the same restraints Nina had in the past. She remembered how humiliating and restrictive the items were and it thrilled her to no end that Ginger must be experiencing some of those same feelings. As their eyes met, Nina flashed the maid a smug grin and swished dismissively past her.



She finally reached the patio and stopped, panting with effort. The weight of her gigantic breasts slowed her and she finished her journey only with effort.

Now that her body had been designed for one purpose, that of providing pleasure, she took comfort in knowing that at least she would never be able to serve as a maid again.

She swept her gaze around the pool area and cast her mind back to the first time she'd seen it. She'd dreamed every day since that she could live in such a place and enjoy the luxurious lifestyle that came with it.

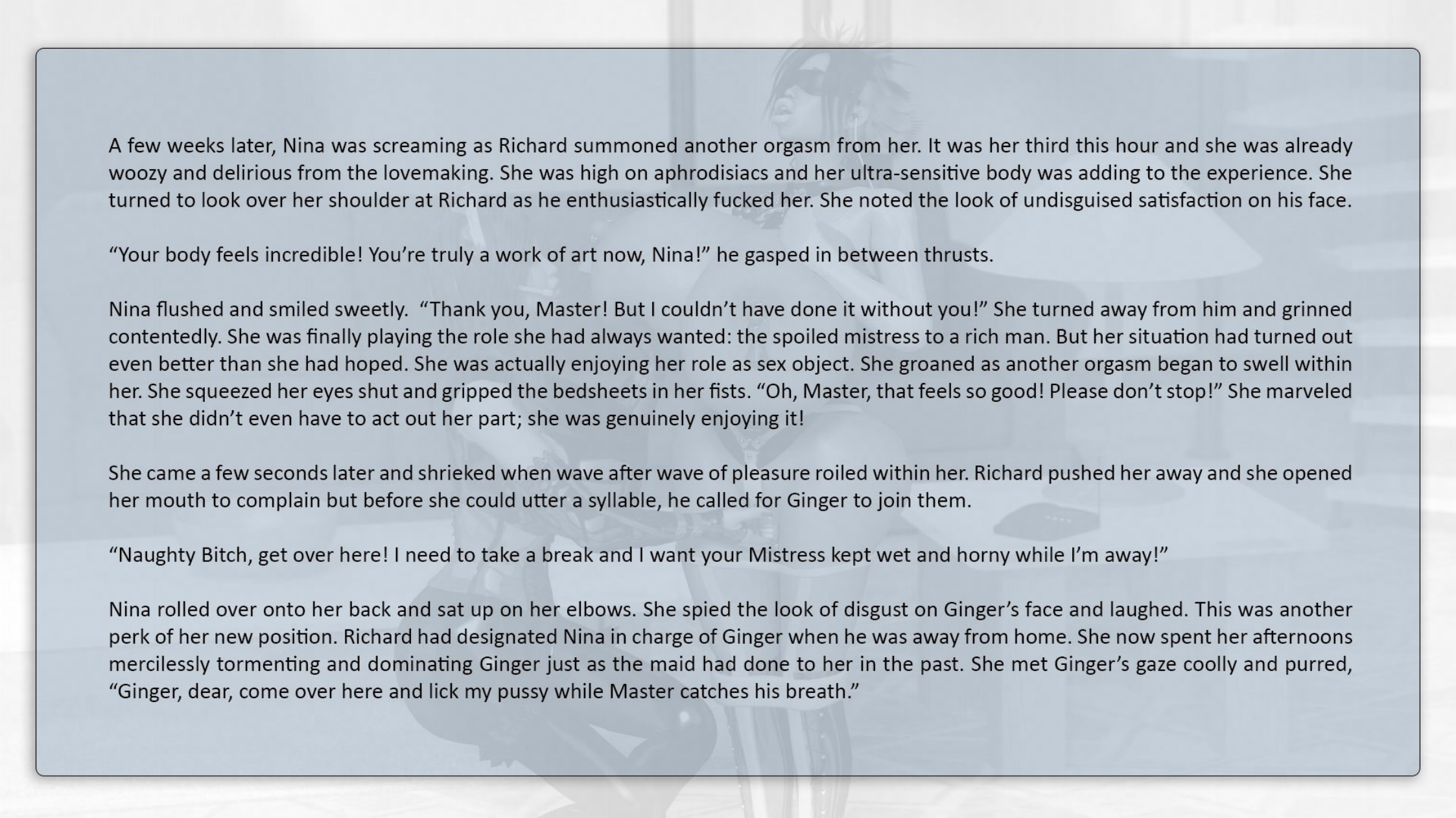
She stepped as quickly as her heels allowed to and collapsed gratefully into a lounge chair. It was too bad Richard no longer allowed her to smoke; she craved a cigarette. But she reflected that spending the day relaxing beside a refreshing swimming pool was a better-than-fair trade. She sighed and closed her eyes, enjoying the sun's heat on her skin.





She rested her breasts on her thighs and adjusted them, balancing out their weight evenly. Now that she was a living fantasy, she was still getting used to living in such a voluptuous body. But at that moment it didn't matter. The sun caressed her skin as her fingertips found their way to her nipples. She sighed as she pinched and rolled the over-sensitive buds. Within seconds, waves of pleasure shook her.

She had nothing to occupy her until Richard returned home. She could enjoy the rest of the afternoon however she liked.



A few weeks later, Nina was screaming as Richard summoned another orgasm from her. It was her third this hour and she was already woozy and delirious from the lovemaking. She was high on aphrodisiacs and her ultra-sensitive body was adding to the experience. She turned to look over her shoulder at Richard as he enthusiastically fucked her. She noted the look of undisguised satisfaction on his face.

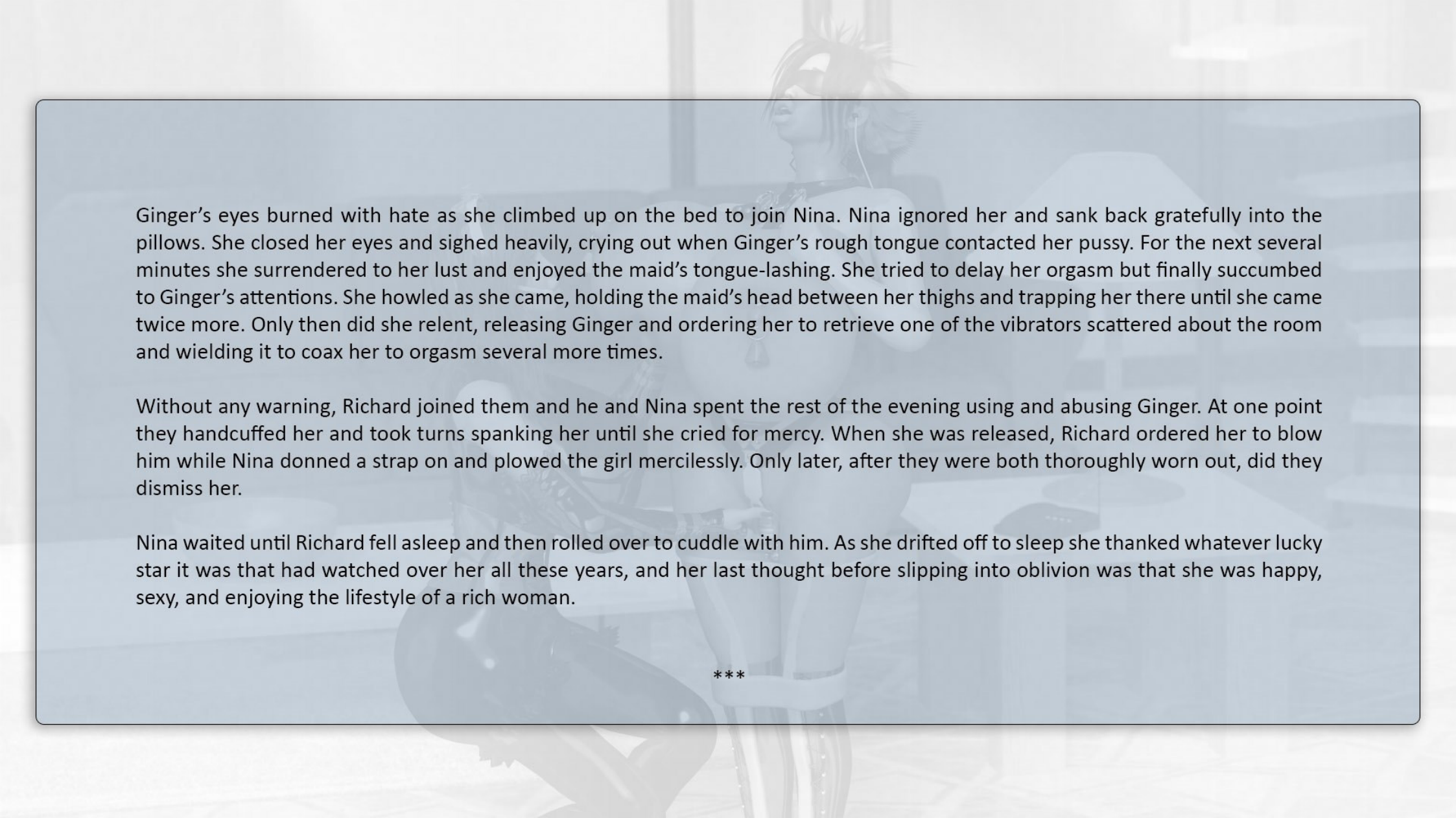
“Your body feels incredible! You’re truly a work of art now, Nina!” he gasped in between thrusts.

Nina flushed and smiled sweetly. “Thank you, Master! But I couldn’t have done it without you!” She turned away from him and grinned contentedly. She was finally playing the role she had always wanted: the spoiled mistress to a rich man. But her situation had turned out even better than she had hoped. She was actually enjoying her role as sex object. She groaned as another orgasm began to swell within her. She squeezed her eyes shut and gripped the bedsheets in her fists. “Oh, Master, that feels so good! Please don’t stop!” She marveled that she didn’t even have to act out her part; she was genuinely enjoying it!

She came a few seconds later and shrieked when wave after wave of pleasure roiled within her. Richard pushed her away and she opened her mouth to complain but before she could utter a syllable, he called for Ginger to join them.

“Naughty Bitch, get over here! I need to take a break and I want your Mistress kept wet and horny while I’m away!”

Nina rolled over onto her back and sat up on her elbows. She spied the look of disgust on Ginger’s face and laughed. This was another perk of her new position. Richard had designated Nina in charge of Ginger when he was away from home. She now spent her afternoons mercilessly tormenting and dominating Ginger just as the maid had done to her in the past. She met Ginger’s gaze coolly and purred, “Ginger, dear, come over here and lick my pussy while Master catches his breath.”

A woman in a maid uniform, including a black mask and white gloves, stands in a room. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a blurred interior space with a lamp and some furniture.

Ginger's eyes burned with hate as she climbed up on the bed to join Nina. Nina ignored her and sank back gratefully into the pillows. She closed her eyes and sighed heavily, crying out when Ginger's rough tongue contacted her pussy. For the next several minutes she surrendered to her lust and enjoyed the maid's tongue-lashing. She tried to delay her orgasm but finally succumbed to Ginger's attentions. She howled as she came, holding the maid's head between her thighs and trapping her there until she came twice more. Only then did she relent, releasing Ginger and ordering her to retrieve one of the vibrators scattered about the room and wielding it to coax her to orgasm several more times.

Without any warning, Richard joined them and he and Nina spent the rest of the evening using and abusing Ginger. At one point they handcuffed her and took turns spanking her until she cried for mercy. When she was released, Richard ordered her to blow him while Nina donned a strap on and plowed the girl mercilessly. Only later, after they were both thoroughly worn out, did they dismiss her.

Nina waited until Richard fell asleep and then rolled over to cuddle with him. As she drifted off to sleep she thanked whatever lucky star it was that had watched over her all these years, and her last thought before slipping into oblivion was that she was happy, sexy, and enjoying the lifestyle of a rich woman.

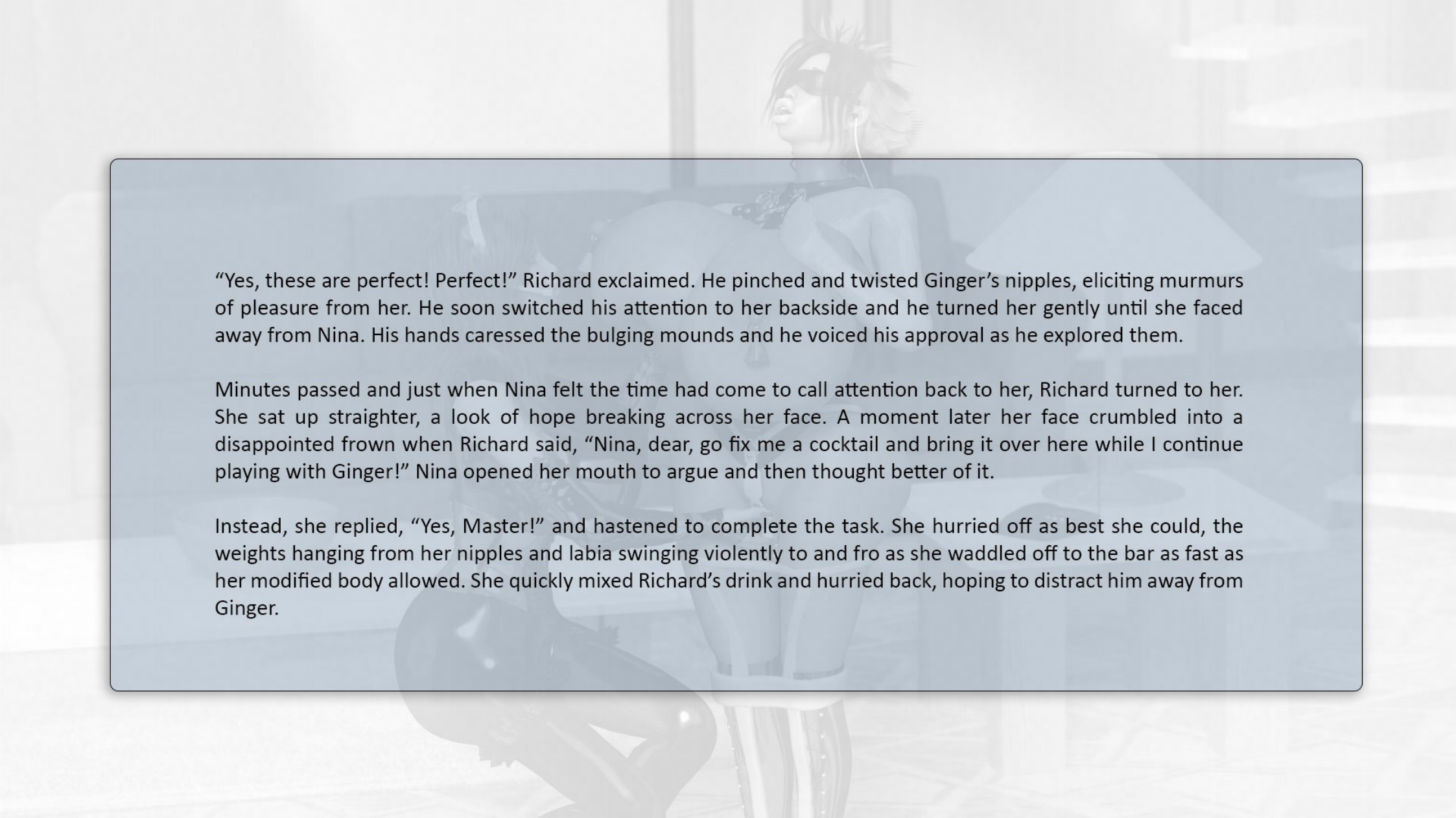
Before & After





Nina's good mood didn't last long. A little less than a month later, she glowered at Ginger as she stood before her and Richard, modeling her new body for them. Nina tore her eyes away from her hated rival only with the greatest difficulty and turned them on Richard.

Richard was all but salivating as he inspected Ginger. The look of undisguised lust and desire in his eyes unnerved Nina. It was obvious that Richard was fascinated by the changes wrought on Ginger and Nina could only hope that he would soon tire of the novelty of the event and look at her that way again. She suppressed a protest when Richard rose and approached Ginger to fondle her. As his hands roamed across the maid's enlarged, perfectly-shaped breasts, Nina felt a twinge of jealousy.

A woman with short, spiky black hair, wearing a black high-collared top and black sunglasses, is sitting on a bar stool. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a lamp and a window.

“Yes, these are perfect! Perfect!” Richard exclaimed. He pinched and twisted Ginger’s nipples, eliciting murmurs of pleasure from her. He soon switched his attention to her backside and he turned her gently until she faced away from Nina. His hands caressed the bulging mounds and he voiced his approval as he explored them.

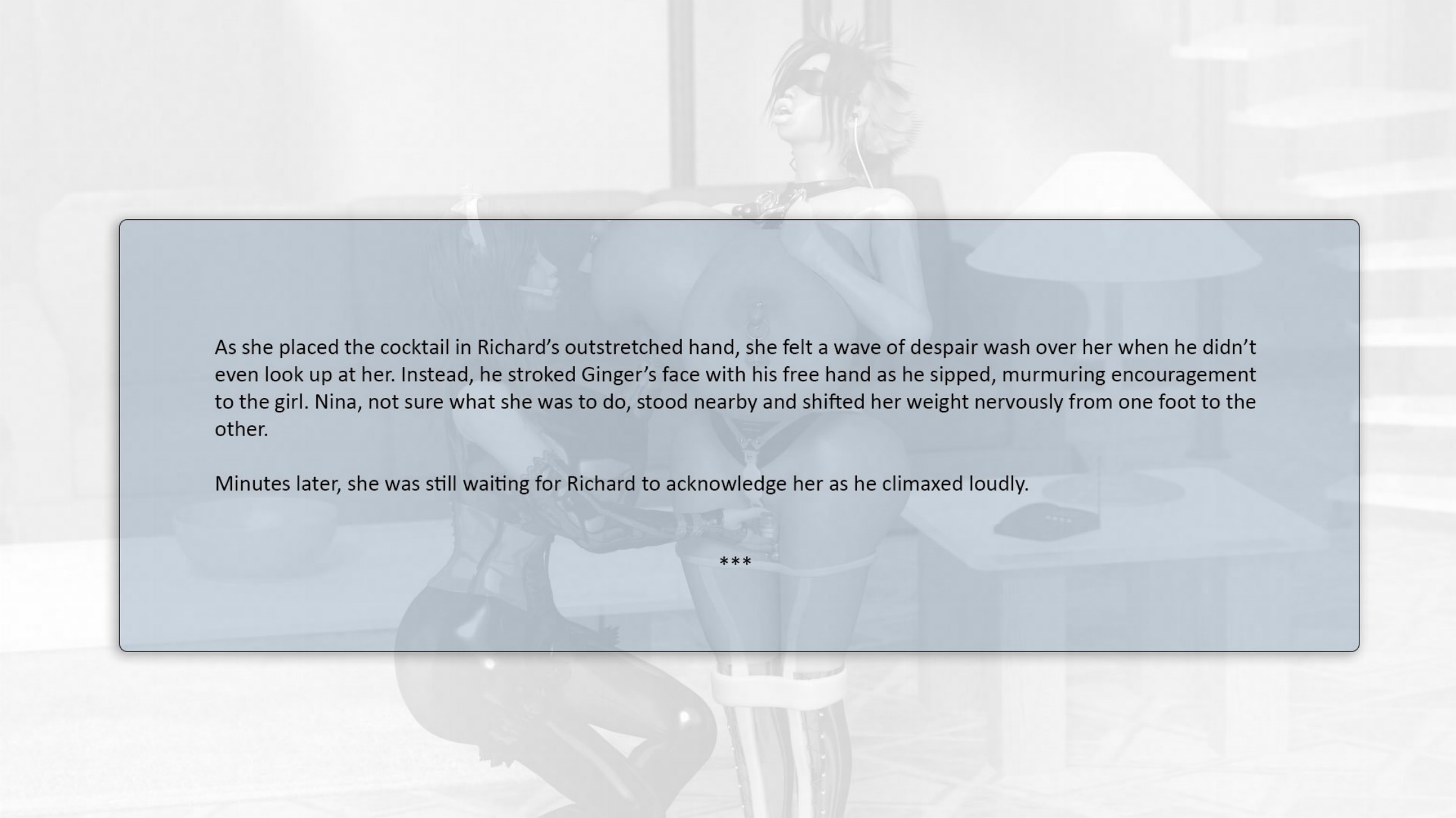
Minutes passed and just when Nina felt the time had come to call attention back to her, Richard turned to her. She sat up straighter, a look of hope breaking across her face. A moment later her face crumbled into a disappointed frown when Richard said, “Nina, dear, go fix me a cocktail and bring it over here while I continue playing with Ginger!” Nina opened her mouth to argue and then thought better of it.

Instead, she replied, “Yes, Master!” and hastened to complete the task. She hurried off as best she could, the weights hanging from her nipples and labia swinging violently to and fro as she waddled off to the bar as fast as her modified body allowed. She quickly mixed Richard’s drink and hurried back, hoping to distract him away from Ginger.



As she returned, Nina saw to her displeasure that she was too late. She glowered at Ginger as the girl smothered Richard's hardened cock between her tits. She briefly fantasized about throwing the drink in Richard's face but just as quickly quenched the anger burning within her.

There's no reason for me to be jealous! He just wants to play with his new toy! He'll soon grow tired of it and come back to me! She thought to herself. But a small voice in the back of her mind asked: but what if he doesn't?

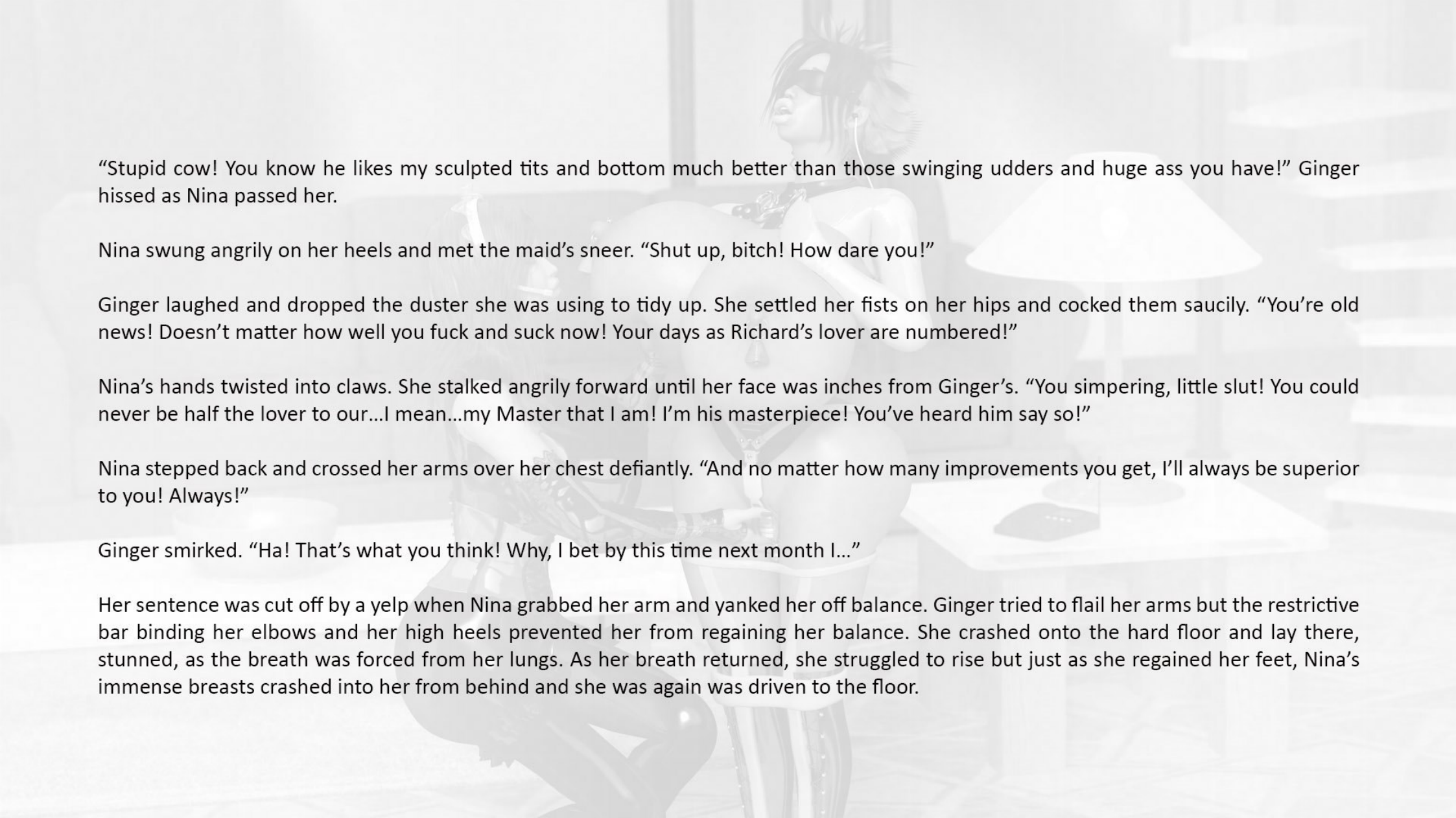


As she placed the cocktail in Richard's outstretched hand, she felt a wave of despair wash over her when he didn't even look up at her. Instead, he stroked Ginger's face with his free hand as he sipped, murmuring encouragement to the girl. Nina, not sure what she was to do, stood nearby and shifted her weight nervously from one foot to the other.

Minutes later, she was still waiting for Richard to acknowledge her as he climaxed loudly.

Before & After





“Stupid cow! You know he likes my sculpted tits and bottom much better than those swinging udders and huge ass you have!” Ginger hissed as Nina passed her.

Nina swung angrily on her heels and met the maid’s sneer. “Shut up, bitch! How dare you!”

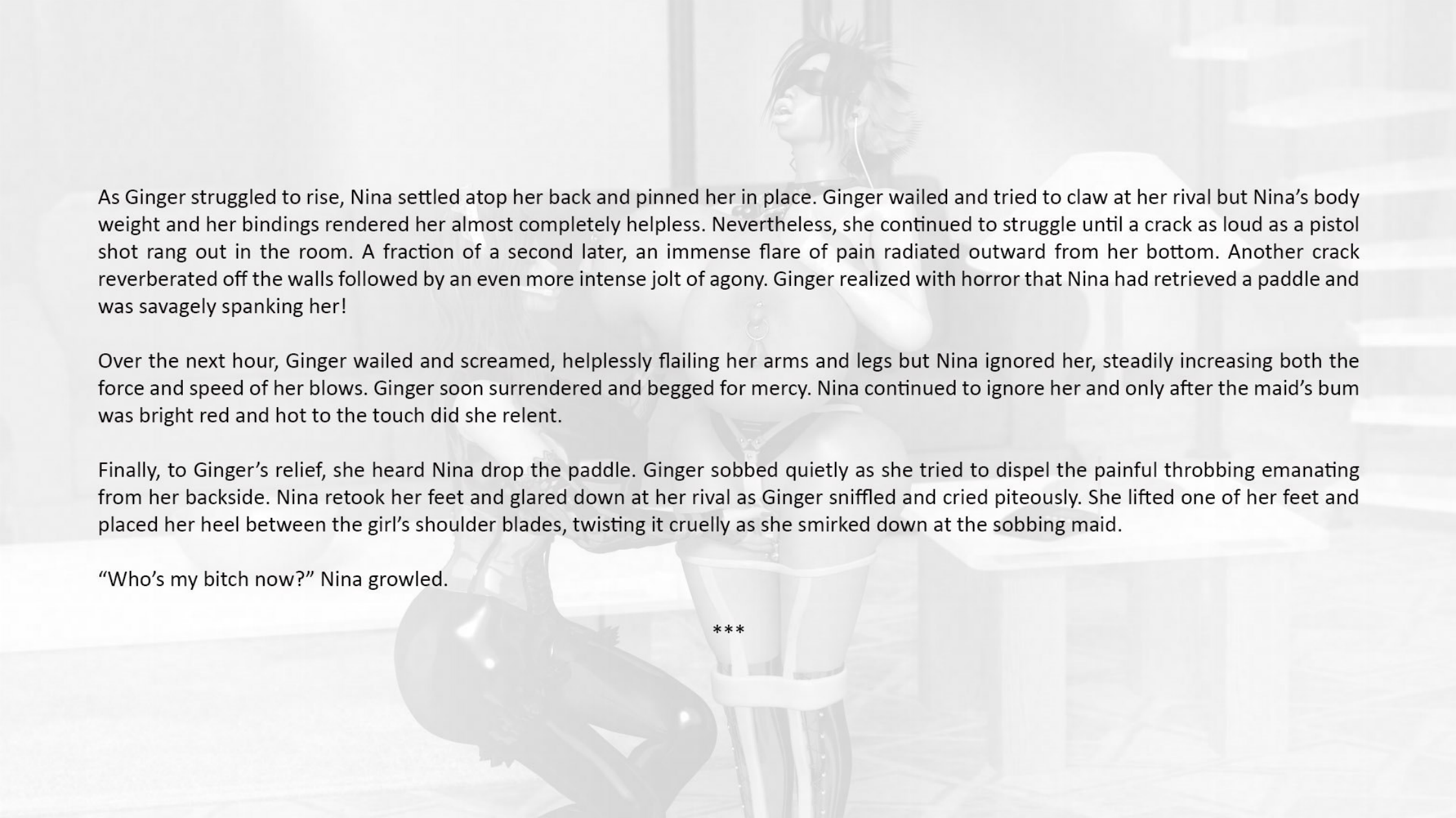
Ginger laughed and dropped the duster she was using to tidy up. She settled her fists on her hips and cocked them saucily. “You’re old news! Doesn’t matter how well you fuck and suck now! Your days as Richard’s lover are numbered!”

Nina’s hands twisted into claws. She stalked angrily forward until her face was inches from Ginger’s. “You simpering, little slut! You could never be half the lover to our...I mean...my Master that I am! I’m his masterpiece! You’ve heard him say so!”

Nina stepped back and crossed her arms over her chest defiantly. “And no matter how many improvements you get, I’ll always be superior to you! Always!”

Ginger smirked. “Ha! That’s what you think! Why, I bet by this time next month I...”

Her sentence was cut off by a yelp when Nina grabbed her arm and yanked her off balance. Ginger tried to flail her arms but the restrictive bar binding her elbows and her high heels prevented her from regaining her balance. She crashed onto the hard floor and lay there, stunned, as the breath was forced from her lungs. As her breath returned, she struggled to rise but just as she regained her feet, Nina’s immense breasts crashed into her from behind and she was again driven to the floor.

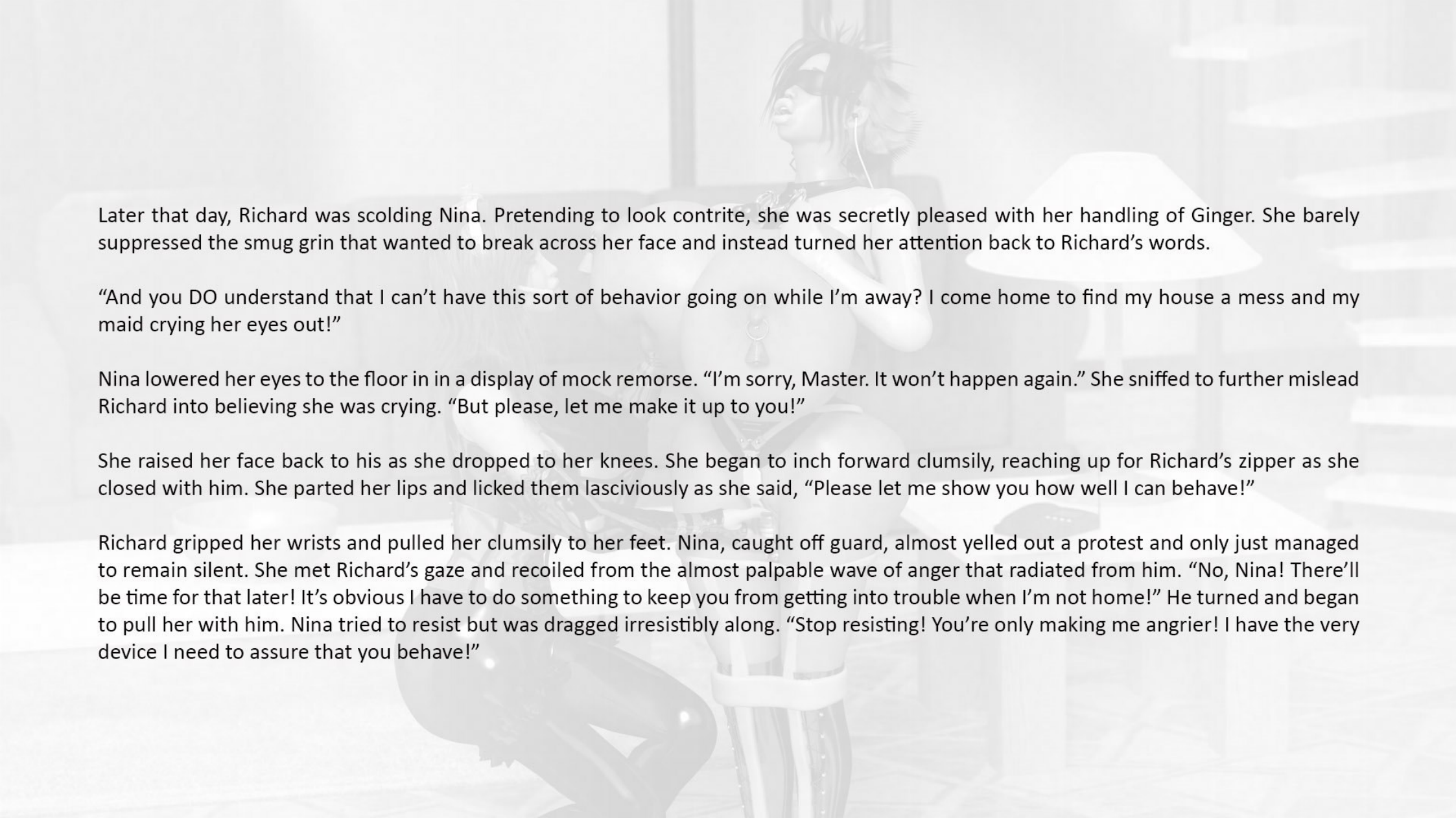


As Ginger struggled to rise, Nina settled atop her back and pinned her in place. Ginger wailed and tried to claw at her rival but Nina's body weight and her bindings rendered her almost completely helpless. Nevertheless, she continued to struggle until a crack as loud as a pistol shot rang out in the room. A fraction of a second later, an immense flare of pain radiated outward from her bottom. Another crack reverberated off the walls followed by an even more intense jolt of agony. Ginger realized with horror that Nina had retrieved a paddle and was savagely spanking her!

Over the next hour, Ginger wailed and screamed, helplessly flailing her arms and legs but Nina ignored her, steadily increasing both the force and speed of her blows. Ginger soon surrendered and begged for mercy. Nina continued to ignore her and only after the maid's bum was bright red and hot to the touch did she relent.

Finally, to Ginger's relief, she heard Nina drop the paddle. Ginger sobbed quietly as she tried to dispel the painful throbbing emanating from her backside. Nina retook her feet and glared down at her rival as Ginger sniffled and cried piteously. She lifted one of her feet and placed her heel between the girl's shoulder blades, twisting it cruelly as she smirked down at the sobbing maid.

"Who's my bitch now?" Nina growled.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black corset and stockings, is sitting on a chair. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a lamp and some furniture.

Later that day, Richard was scolding Nina. Pretending to look contrite, she was secretly pleased with her handling of Ginger. She barely suppressed the smug grin that wanted to break across her face and instead turned her attention back to Richard's words.

"And you DO understand that I can't have this sort of behavior going on while I'm away? I come home to find my house a mess and my maid crying her eyes out!"

Nina lowered her eyes to the floor in a display of mock remorse. "I'm sorry, Master. It won't happen again." She sniffed to further mislead Richard into believing she was crying. "But please, let me make it up to you!"

She raised her face back to his as she dropped to her knees. She began to inch forward clumsily, reaching up for Richard's zipper as she closed with him. She parted her lips and licked them lasciviously as she said, "Please let me show you how well I can behave!"

Richard gripped her wrists and pulled her clumsily to her feet. Nina, caught off guard, almost yelled out a protest and only just managed to remain silent. She met Richard's gaze and recoiled from the almost palpable wave of anger that radiated from him. "No, Nina! There'll be time for that later! It's obvious I have to do something to keep you from getting into trouble when I'm not home!" He turned and began to pull her with him. Nina tried to resist but was dragged irresistibly along. "Stop resisting! You're only making me angrier! I have the very device I need to assure that you behave!"

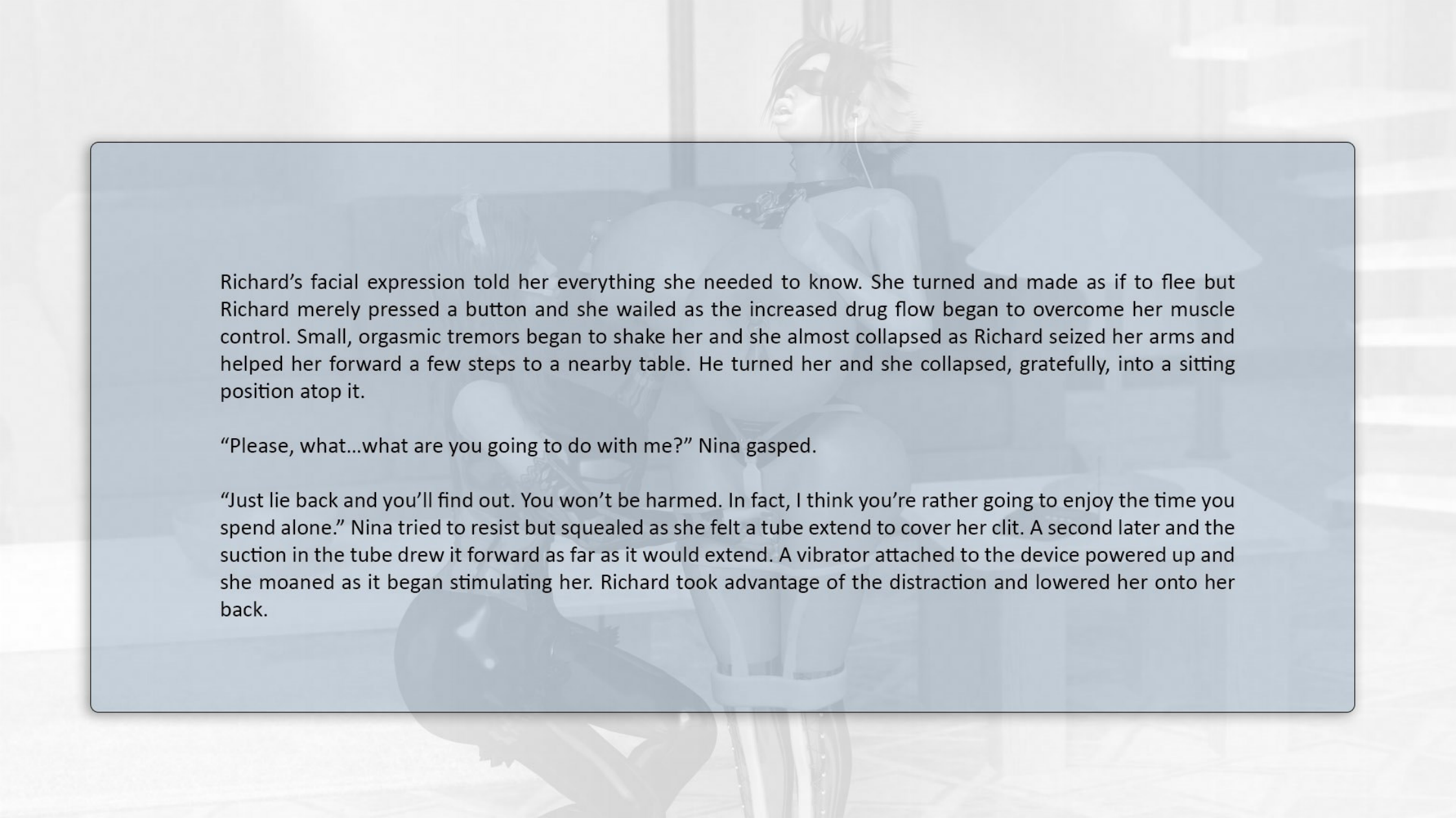


Nina was fighting back tears as Richard strapped some sort of device over her crotch. She wriggled helplessly as he explained the device.

“This item is going to make sure that you’re kept constantly aroused while you’re sequestered away”, Richard explained. Nina flinched when the cold plastic device contacted her bare pussy lips as Richard continued adjusting the straps that fit over her hips, waist, and between her thighs. He tightened up the last strap and fastened its buckle. He grunted in satisfaction. “There. Now, let’s power it up and make sure it works.” He held up a remote control and aimed it at the device.

Nina yelped as she felt needles prick her sensitive labia. “Ouch! What...what’s going on down there?” she shrieked. Richard flashed one of his tight, evil smiles and murmured, “Just wait....you’ll see!”

Nina stood in place and tried to remain stoic. However, in less than two dozen seconds she felt a warm, familiar sensation spreading through her pussy and abdomen. “Oh, no! This...this thing is dosing me with sex drugs! Why would you need a remote to control that?” A heartbeat later and she deduced the answer to her question. “Oh, no! NO! You’re going to keep me constantly drugged, aren’t you?”

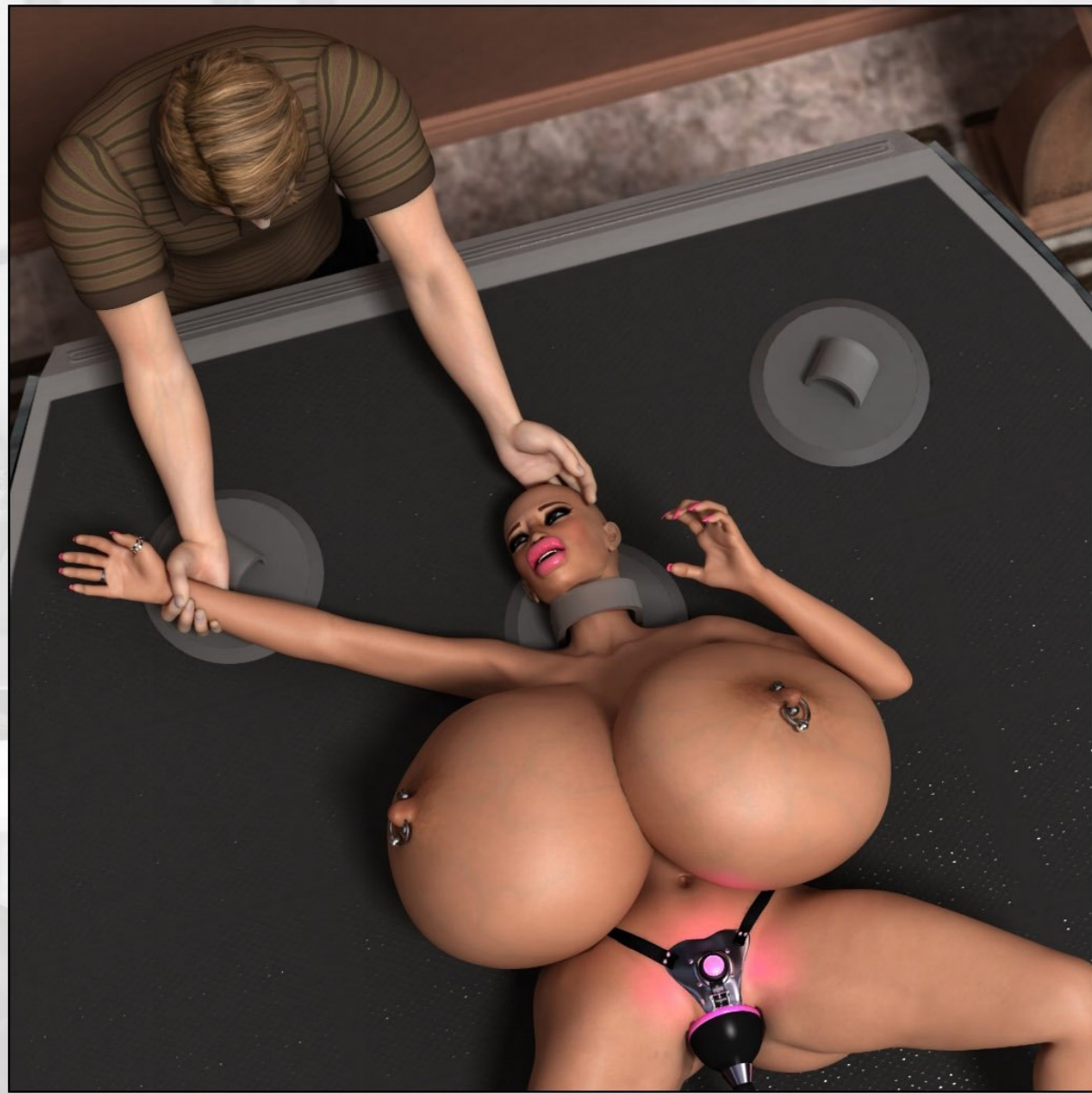
A woman with dark hair and a black mask covering her eyes is sitting on a chair. She is wearing a dark, form-fitting outfit with a device attached to her back. The room is dimly lit with a lamp in the background.

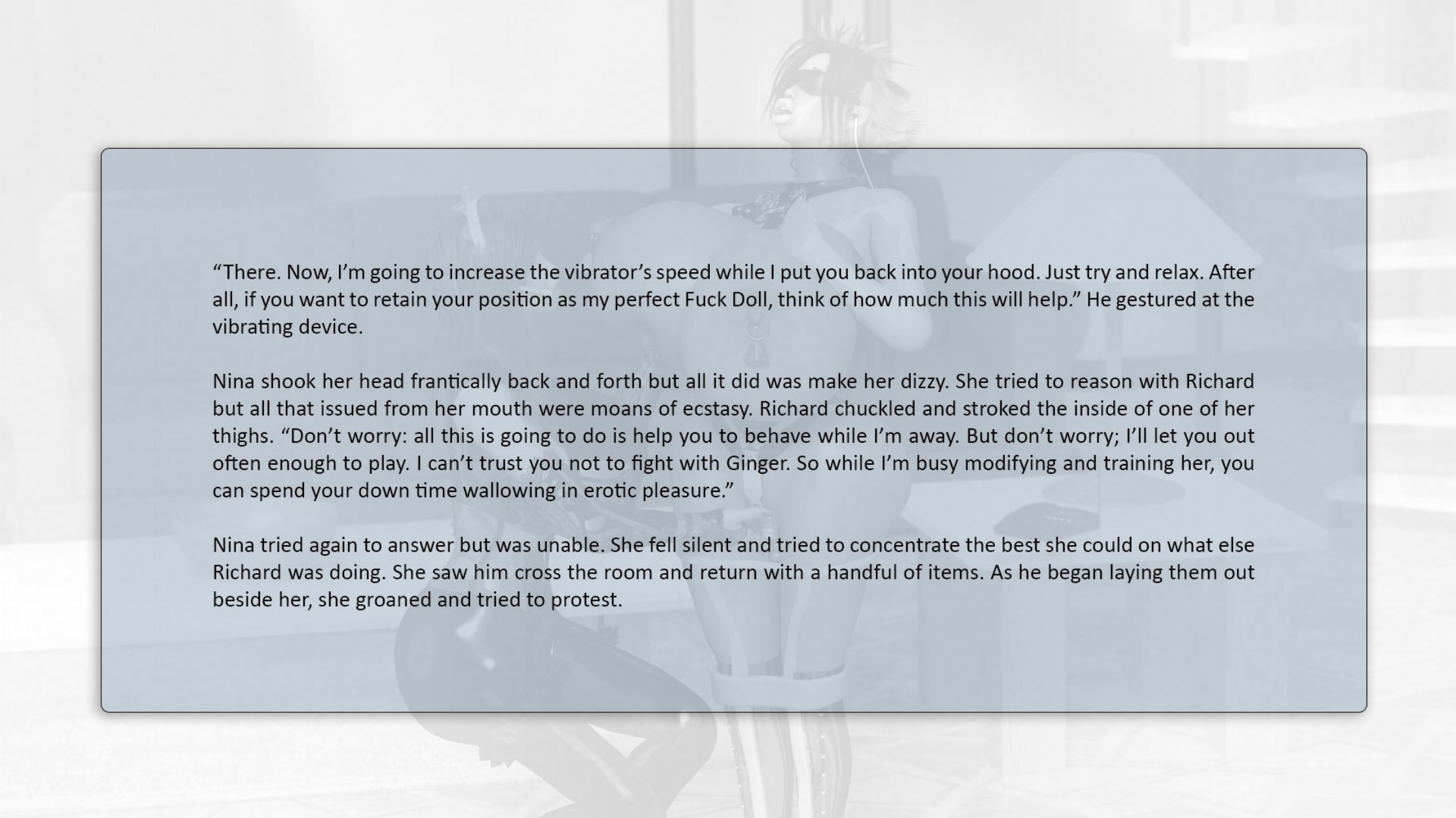
Richard's facial expression told her everything she needed to know. She turned and made as if to flee but Richard merely pressed a button and she wailed as the increased drug flow began to overcome her muscle control. Small, orgasmic tremors began to shake her and she almost collapsed as Richard seized her arms and helped her forward a few steps to a nearby table. He turned her and she collapsed, gratefully, into a sitting position atop it.

"Please, what...what are you going to do with me?" Nina gasped.

"Just lie back and you'll find out. You won't be harmed. In fact, I think you're rather going to enjoy the time you spend alone." Nina tried to resist but squealed as she felt a tube extend to cover her clit. A second later and the suction in the tube drew it forward as far as it would extend. A vibrator attached to the device powered up and she moaned as it began stimulating her. Richard took advantage of the distraction and lowered her onto her back.

Nina squirmed and writhed atop the table's smooth surface and attempted to fight off Richard's manipulations but the combination of drugs and sexual stimulation was too much. She was soon watching helplessly as Richard deftly fit her wrists and ankles into cuffs bolted to the tabletop. Nina tried one last time to summon up the strength to escape but it was too late: Richard had her trapped.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black hood and blindfold, is seated on a chair. She is wearing a black top and a black skirt. A vibrator is visible on her lap. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window and some furniture.

“There. Now, I’m going to increase the vibrator’s speed while I put you back into your hood. Just try and relax. After all, if you want to retain your position as my perfect Fuck Doll, think of how much this will help.” He gestured at the vibrating device.

Nina shook her head frantically back and forth but all it did was make her dizzy. She tried to reason with Richard but all that issued from her mouth were moans of ecstasy. Richard chuckled and stroked the inside of one of her thighs. “Don’t worry: all this is going to do is help you to behave while I’m away. But don’t worry; I’ll let you out often enough to play. I can’t trust you not to fight with Ginger. So while I’m busy modifying and training her, you can spend your down time wallowing in erotic pleasure.”

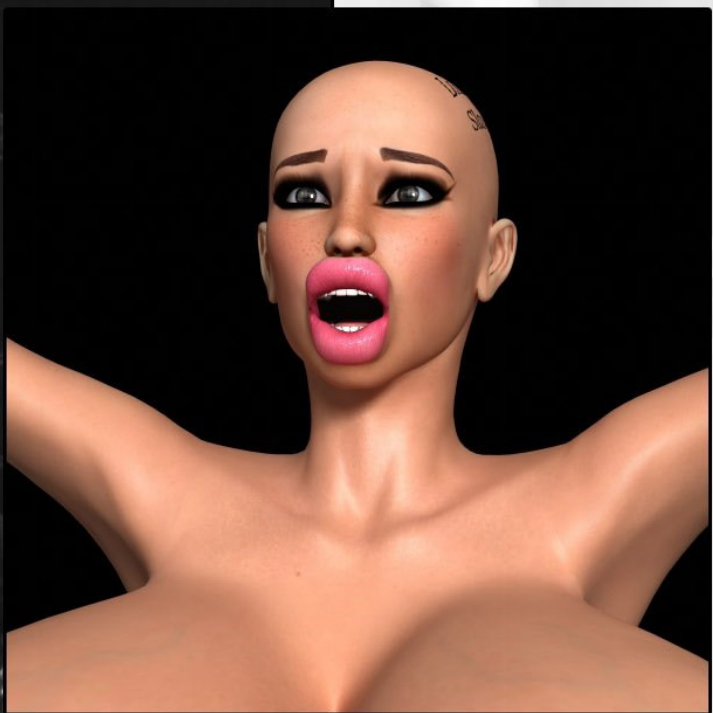
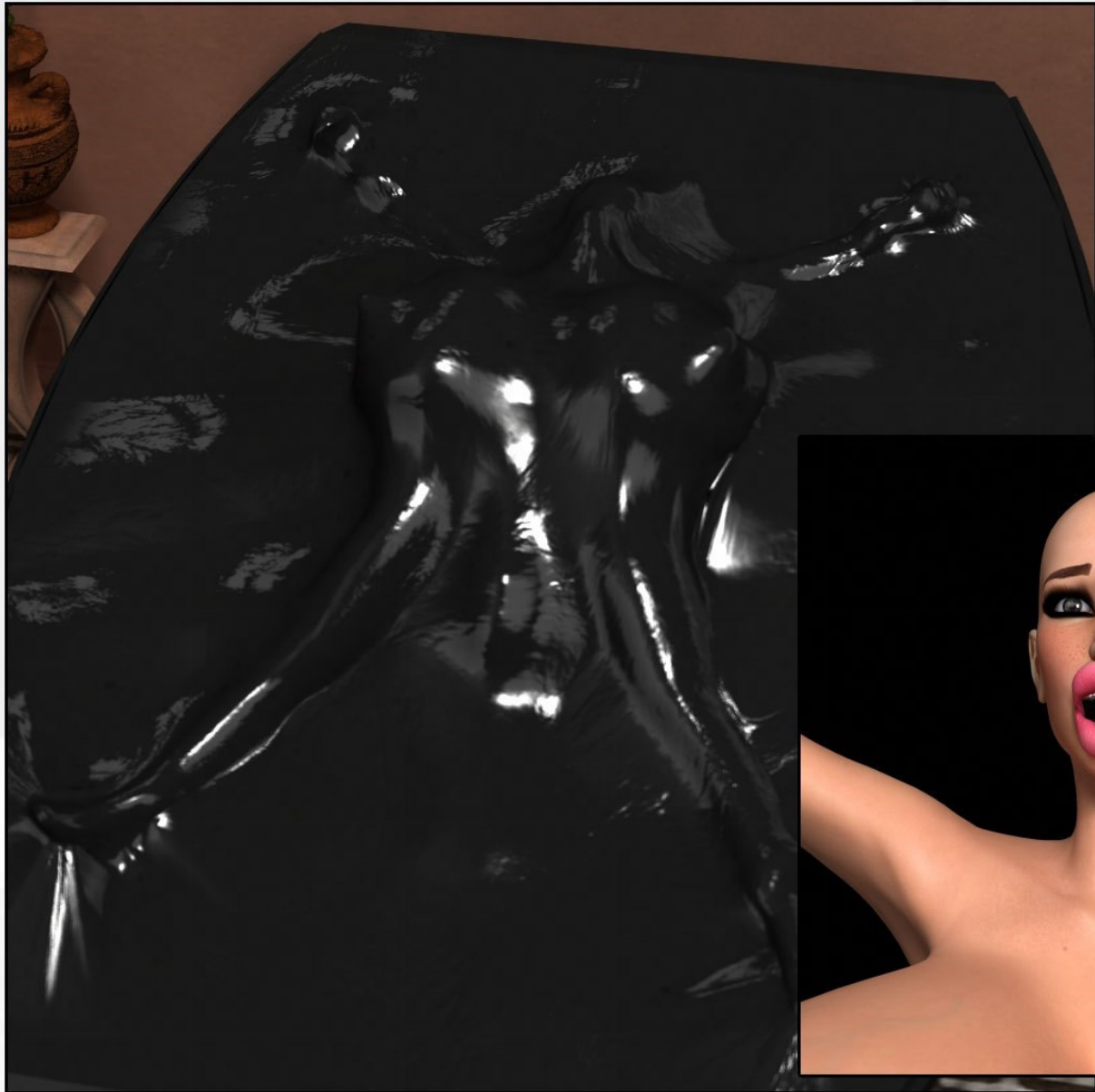
Nina tried again to answer but was unable. She fell silent and tried to concentrate the best she could on what else Richard was doing. She saw him cross the room and return with a handful of items. As he began laying them out beside her, she groaned and tried to protest.



Several minutes later, Nina shook her head helplessly from side to side in an effort to try and regain some control over her senses. Richard had gagged and blindfolded her and replaced her earbuds before covering her entire head with a leather mask. Some sort of tube had been inserted into her mouth, providing her with fresh air. She wriggled once or twice more in her bonds and instantly regretted it. Her limbs were stretched so far apart that even the tiniest movement summoned up flares of pain in her joints. She was well and truly trapped now and began to panic. Soft, erotic music began playing in her earbuds and it soothed her somewhat, allowing her to relax a fraction.

Seconds later, she panicked again when she felt a heavy vinyl sheet being drawn over her body. She could feel the sheet tugged one way and then another as if Richard was positioning it evenly over her. The movement ceased. She took a deep breath and held it, not sure what was going to follow but knowing she wasn't going to be pleased by whatever was about to happen.

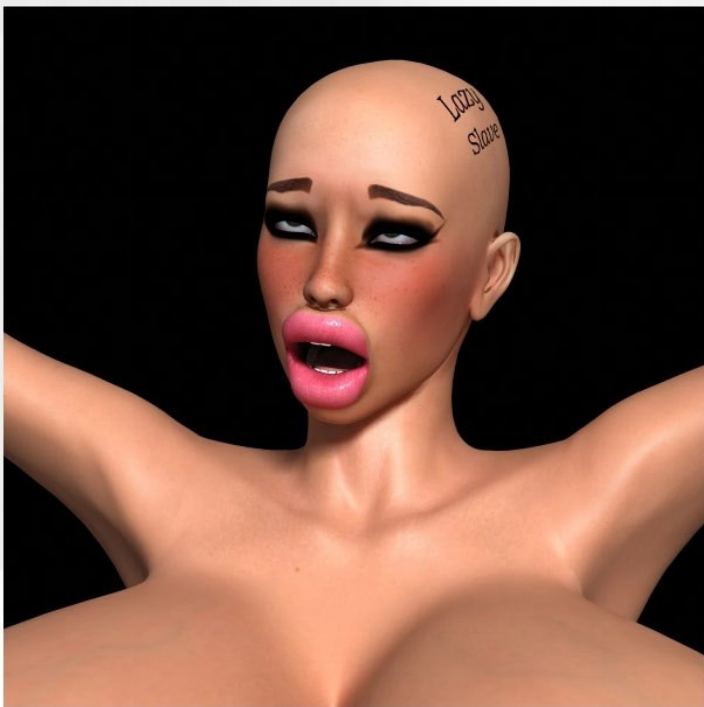




She was startled when she felt a vibration through the tabletop as if a motor had just been started. A muffled scream issued from her as she felt the vinyl sheet begin to constrict and shrink, clinging and conforming tightly to every curve and crevice of her body...

Nina had no idea how much time had passed since Richard had ensconced her inside her latex prison. It might've only been a few weeks but she could never be sure. She had been released several times and was grateful to discover that Richard was keeping his promise to allow her to continue serving as his Fuck Doll. She'd spent many nights since satisfying him and Ginger and, on several occasions, friends Richard had invited over. After her sessions were concluded, she was placed back into the latex bed and the entire construct was raised mechanically into a vertical position against a wall in Richard's living room. Nina deduced that when she wasn't required for sex that she served a secondary function as a unique and interesting work of art on display to Richard and his guests.





Time had no meaning for her anymore. There were only two events in her life that mattered: the time she was suspended and the time she was freed. She spent all of her time trapped in the latex bed daydreaming about the next time she would be released and how many lovers she would get to enjoy while she was free.

When suspended, fresh doses of the drug flowed through her and kept her in a constant state of arousal. Spikes of erotic pleasure teased her as she rode the seemingly random high and low waves of sensation that assailed her. Far from being distressed, she instead gleefully wallowed in ecstasy, orgasming again and again while soft music played in her head, intensifying the experience for her.

She was shaken out of her hypnotic doze when she heard the music in her ear buds cut out and voices began to sound inside her head. She recognized Richard's voice but not the woman he was talking to. She cleared her mind as best she could of the influence of the drugs and erogenous stimulation and tried to focus on the conversation that was taking place just beyond her latex cocoon.

Richard: "And this is the living room. As you can see, it's large and will require a lot of attention when you're cleaning in here."

Woman: "Wow! It's beautiful! And decorated so tastefully! Oh, my gosh! Look at that! What is that, some sort of artwork?"



Richard: "That is one of my finest masterpieces."

Woman: "Wow, it's an amazing piece of sculpture! The woman in it looks so...so...real!"

Richard, chuckling: "Very soon you'll get to meet the woman who inspired it. Now, let's move on to the other rooms so you have an idea how much work is required if you want to be my new maid."

Their voices trailed off and the music soon cut back in. If she could, Nina would have squirmed with anticipation. It was obvious Richard had hired a new maid. Nina wondered what the girl looked like and if she was pretty. She knew that if Richard had his way with her she would soon be modified and Nina mentally licked her lips eagerly as she fantasized about having a new playmate to enjoy.

And what had become of Ginger? Despite her lingering jealousy, Nina had come to appreciate her time spent with Ginger, who was, just like Nina, being gradually modified by Richard into a Fuck Doll. Each time Nina was released, she couldn't believe how incredibly sexy and beautiful the former maid had become. His training was transforming her into a first rate sex slave as well. Nina couldn't wait to play with her again and find out what new skills Ginger had acquired. She began picturing the two them and the new girl entwined together on the floor in front of Richard, all three women fondling, licking, kissing, and fingering each other. If Nina could move at all inside her latex shell, she would be masturbating to the vision playing inside her mind.

The vibrator against her clit chose that moment to speed up and Nina moaned as best she could around the breathing tube and gag in her mouth. She surrendered to the sensation and settled back into a semi-hypnotic state. She couldn't know the exact moment but sooner or later she would be released and when she was, she would enjoy hours of near-limitless sexual fulfillment.

She sighed and slipped into a doze. Her last thought was how badly she wanted to prove to her Master how grateful she was for choosing her as his slave.





THE END

Thank you for reading!