



Writer: ?

Illustrator: ?

Name: Kelly Bordell

Age: 26

IQ: 120

Height: 168

Weight: 60

Body Type: Normal

Race: Caucasian

#### Description:

Kelly is an extremely wealthy and successful pop star who shot to fame from nowhere at the age of 17 and has stayed in the charts ever since - think Katy Perry with a bit of Britney Spears mixed in.

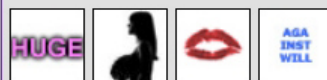
Unfortunately for everyone around her, fame and power from a young age has well and truly gone to her head and she now treats them as worse than dirt. She is beautiful and moderately talented, but is about to learn a serious lesson about respecting other people and remembering where you came from, because, you see, Kelly has a secret

#### Story info:

This story is written by David and illustrated by Zych.

Pills per voting: 20000

Pictures per voting: 4





Desperate to achieve success at an early age she was approached by a mysterious benefactor, a man with fingers in every pie who promised he could get her whatever she desired as long as she signed a contract. 17 year old Kelly, obsessed with fame and nothing else, signed the contract that stated that her benefactor, after 9 years of her success, would judge her behaviour and punish or reward her however he saw fit.

He is a fair man, if she had conducted herself with humility and dignity, he would have given her some more money and left her alone, but now that he sees she is a vain, cruel, shallow harpy, he is going to punish her by taking away the thing she cares about more than anything: her image.

"What the fuck have you done to my hair?" screamed Kelly, hurling her hand mirror at the hapless stylist. "You've ruined it!"

"Uh... uh..." stammered the mild-tempered man, "I'm sorry... I thought..."  
"You never fucking think!" she shouted, and sprang to her feet, ignoring the stylist and stalking out of the door. Her hair was, of course, perfect, but it didn't hurt to keep the servants in their place.

Jeff, her agent, was waiting for her when she left the room. He had a piece of paper in his hand and looked nervous. She barely noticed, everyone looked nervous around Kelly Bordell these days. "What do you want?"

"Well Kelly, you've just had this through the mail and it's... kind of important. Lovely hair by the way." He added, hoping to defuse the tension.

She ignored his compliment, "Well?"

"It's your contract - the one with... well we don't know his name, do we? It's time."

"Time for? I can hardly be expected to remember the details of every little thing. I've got songs to write and perform, an image to maintain. That's why I keep useless little shits like you around."

"Your... judging." and he visibly cringed.





Kelly's blood ran cold. Now she remembered. She remembered all too well, and, as much as her self-awareness had crumbled over the years, enough remained that she quickly realised she was probably going to fall far short of whatever ideal her benefactor was going to hold her to. "Fuck him," she managed to say, without much confidence. "I'm too rich and powerful for him to touch me now."

She left the agent struggling to think of something to say and ran to her bedroom, high heeled feet clicking down the corridor. She needed time to think.

When she pushed open the door she barely had time to register that there were several people in her room. "Hello Miss Bordell," one of the men said, "We didn't really think you'd come willingly. The judgement has already been made and your punishment is about to begin."

"What the f..." she began, before she felt a prick on her arm and her vision started to blur. Just before she passed out she noticed, with shock, that her bedroom was now covered in white sterile sheets and the man who had stabbed her wore a surgical mask over his face...



WHAT WILL HAVE HAPPENED TO HER WHEN SHE WAKES UP?

**See voting results below.**

**BREAST ENLARGEMENT - PICK ONE:**

Large

**OTHER PHYSICAL CHANGES - PICK ONE:**

Collagen lips

**STORY PROGRESS - PICK ONE:**

Kelly has to do her next concert with her newly changed body

**She remembers a strange place ....  
Laboratory ... or something like that ...**



**Kelly woke up in her room. She was lying on her bed. Her lips were swollen and her chest was pressed heavily by an unfamiliar burden. The frightened manager was sitting on a chair next to her bed.**

**- I notified the police – he said uneasily – but to no avail.**

**- What do you mean to no avail? – She asked surprised. She was dizzy, but slowly her anger was beginning to wake. Frightened and incompetent servant did not improve her mood.**

**- The police claim that you applied for the operation yourself.**

**- What op.... ? – She paused abruptly when she understood what had happened. – This thing is my bust??! – she screamed pointing to heavy globes stretching the material of her blouse.**

**- I'm afraid so madam...**



**- My God! - Thought Kelly - And lips probably too!**  
She focused on her mouth to realise that her lips has become much fuller.

**- Listen to me you imbecile! I can't understand how you could accept such an idiotic explanation, but you've just lost your job! – she shouted. – How can you be so stupid!? It's obvious I had been kidnapped! Moreover, some surgeries were performed on me against my will! It's absurd! You fired you idiot! You have ten seconds to leave this room before I order to throw you out through the window.**

**Sitting at the police station, she was furious. Especially when it turned out that she really couldn't do anything. Police officers refused to accept here explanations and they were repeating that evidence clearly shows that she had gone to the clinic of her own will, and ordered the surgery of her lips and breasts. They promised to look into the matter more thoroughly, but she got the impression they were just trying to get rid of her. What was worse it seemed that they didn't believe her at all. They probably got into their heads that as a star she was only trying to get some publicity. Most of the time they just kept staring at her big new breasts and pumped up lips. They were just pretending to be listening.**

**Finally, after quarrels and threats of taking legal action, she managed to arrange a meeting with the commissioner himself, but she'd have to wait five days.**

The next concert was to take place in three days, and cancelling out was out of the question. The contractual penalty would cost her millions. Even though she expected the sensation her new look would cause, she had to perform.

When she got on stage, her fans quickly noticed the difference. She was trying to dance, but she quickly regretted that decision. Her breasts started bouncing up and down, completely breaking her out of her rhythm. Heavy breasts were swinging with her every skip and step. Cameras transmitting close-ups to huge concert screens, caught her clumsy attempts. The audience reacted with laughter. Kelly immediately stopped trying to dance like she was used to. Instead, she had to limit her movements to slight waving of hips and skipping in place. Cameras filming her face were focusing on her new, full lips.



**Halfway through the concert she'd had enough.  
She hadn't realised that breasts could be so cumbersome.  
Her back hurt from exertion, and breasts from constant skipping.**

**At some point she realised that the audience was shouting something. Initially it was only the left wing of the audience, but soon everyone joined in. "Busty Kelly!" – the exhilarated audience was shouting.**

**As usually after a concert she received a whole lot of gifts from the fans , yet she was not in the mood to go through them. She angrily ordered everything to be packed into the van and brought to her manor. Glancing at them briefly she noticed a blue puma brand box. She took it out, ignoring the rest. The information on the box stated it was a sports bra. "Big deal", she thought "were my dancing boobs really so striking, that someone left the concert, went to a shop and bought me a bra?" She looked at her breasts. After the operation they grew from size 32B to a large 32EE cup. She knew there were much larger busts, but she had never understood why anyone would want such large tits of their own will. Even 32EE were too large and cumbersome. She looked inside the box to check if her fans were right about her size. She pulled it out of the box and she immediately felt overwhelming anger. She swore angrily and threw everything on the ground."**



34 J! Do they really consider it funny?"  
The bra was so huge she could fit her head in. Suddenly she noticed an ornate letter card lying on the ground. It probably fell out of the box. She picked it up and read:

"Do you still think your new breasts are big ?"

– Kelly went pale.

Right after the concert media went buzzing with speculation. The Pop star's new look shook the gossip portals. "Drastic change in Kelly Bordell's style" was the headline on the front pages of all tabloids. "For a long time the singer had been announcing that her art shall become ambitious. That she would reach out for new rhythms and her songs would touch mature subjects. Yet it seemed that she took the exactly opposite direction... unless by 'mature', she means 'explicit'.

At the meeting with the police commissioner things took a really weird course. There was an accusation of fraud and giving false statements, and the commissioner suggested she might try to cover up her tax frauds. Before the girl even understood what she was being accused of, she was sitting in a soundproof interrogation room, where the commissioner was asking her complex questions about finances she had no understanding of. The only thing she realized was that someone framed her in serious tax frauds. Somehow, she knew that it must have been her mysterious benefactor from the past.

She wasn't surprised when after an initial interrogation her powerful sponsor entered the room.  
– I was hoping your music would become ambitious and you would respect other people. However, it seems that you only care about fame. Your songs resemble downmarket wedding tunes, and you think yourself a huge star and treat your co-workers like trash.

**– My art is none of your business – she replied, though without confidence – My lawyers will destroy you. The man ignored her words and continued as if she hadn't said anything.**

**– When you announced that you were going to change your style, and create mature art, I was hoping that maybe something had changed in you, but unfortunately it was just empty talk.**

**– What you did to me, doesn't help, you bastard!**

**– What I did is just the beginning my sweetie. If you don't intend to sing decent songs, why stop halfway? Let's get really downmarket!**

**– How dare you?! . . . – She did not finish, he interrupted her before she managed to spit another insult.**

**– We will change your style, princess. We will go in a new direction. It's time to face the truth, what drives your fans towards you is not what you have in your head. They want to see you wiggle your ass and shake your boobs. There are four options in the file. Now, you will choose one of them.**

**Kelly's eyes and mouth went wide in a mixture of shock, disbelief and fear when she was reading the clauses therein.**

## Highschool Princess



**Princess sings mainly about her looks. She sings about going to clubs where boys watch her and try to chat her up. She is one hundred percent fake, and her looks should reflect it – A Barbie doll, with very full and voluptuous curves.**

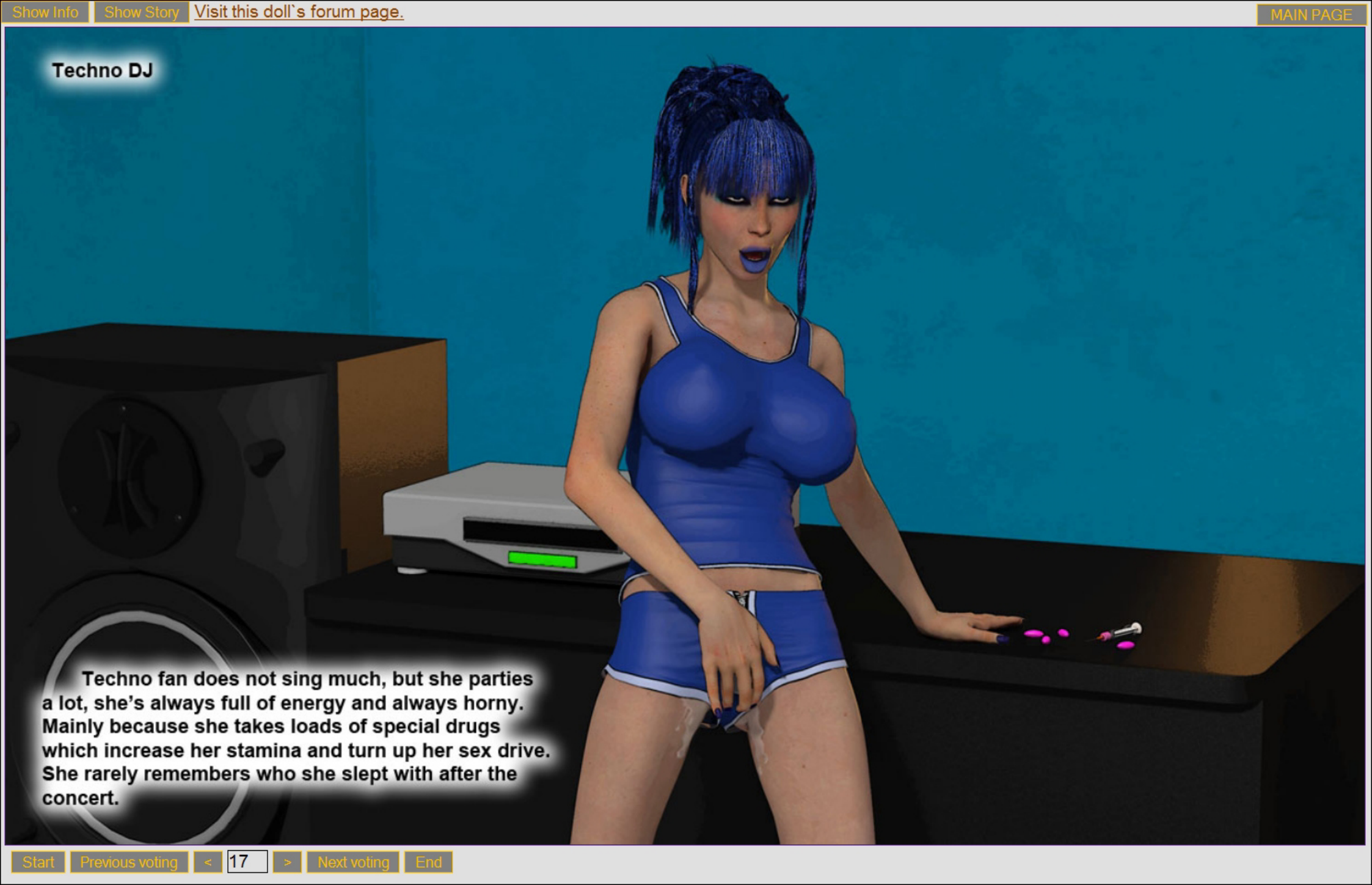
**Princess is obsessed with her own 'fab' look. She is also silly, thinking is not her thing.**

## Rap Star



Rap star has large boobs and a huge ass which she twerks in front of the camera. She sings about how tough and unpredictable she is. She just loves big black cocks. When she's not filming, she participates in gang-bangs and is an expert in sucking many cocks at the same time.

## Techno DJ

A 3D rendered character with blue hair styled in a high ponytail with bangs, wearing a blue two-piece outfit. She is standing behind a black DJ booth with a turntable and mixer. The background is a solid blue wall. The character has a surprised or excited expression with her mouth open.

**Techno fan does not sing much, but she parties a lot, she's always full of energy and always horny. Mainly because she takes loads of special drugs which increase her stamina and turn up her sex drive. She rarely remembers who she slept with after the concert.**

## Demonette

**Demonette sings crappy dark heavy metal. But it doesn't matter, as fans don't come to her concerts to listen to music.**

**She's the biggest girl of all, with shapes worthy of a Japanese anime succubus, large breasts and ass, and absurdly thin waist. She dresses in outfits so intricate, she sometimes can hardly move in them.**



Now let's choose new style for our star. This is the first part of voting procedure. Second part will contain more details about the changes.

**See voting results below.**

**Kellys new style**

Demonette



Here is another set of options to choose. Please note that when this second part of voting will finish the pill collection process will resumed. Kelly was ment to be a true artist instead she became a Spoiled Princess abusing her subordinates. For that She is being punished. Now we have to decide what her second lesson will be.

**See voting results below.**

#### **Punishment**

Kelly will have to perform nearest concert with very effective pleasuring toys hidden in her panties. Will she orgasm in front of the whole audience?

#### **Body**

Her breasts implants will be pumped and become even bigger

#### **Mind Conditioning**

Kelly will start to believe that she is a Daemonette of sex hidden in human body

**Kelly got into the BMW, and the chauffeur closed the door behind her. She sunk heavily into the leather seat. She was exhausted, furious and... terrified. However, she didn't admit it to anyone. For many days she had been preparing for the concert, where she would present her new style. Dark gothic outfits, dark scenery and heavy metal. What will her fans think?!**

The image she had worked many years for shall go to nothing!  
She hated her mysterious sponsor! Or "fucking dickhead" as she referred to him in her thoughts, imagining what tortures she would subject him to if only she could.




**Oh, no! And now this chauffeur was shamelessly staring at her huge breasts!**

- **Better keep your eyes on the road! – She spat with a hateful gaze.**
- **It's hard to keep them off such great plastic surgeon's job. You can't hide them under any kind of clothes, can you? They seem like a heavy burden, but the sexy look is probably worth it, isn't it? Every man gets a hard-on upon seeing them... Kelly was stunned. How dare he! How...**
- **Pull over you jerk! I'm getting off and you're fired, as is your superior! – She shouted punching the back of his seat's headrest.**
- **And soon they will become even larger – he continued as if he hadn't heard her at all. – I wonder what size your bra will be then. 34J?**

**Kelly went dead pale. Who was this man? She reached for her mobile but she couldn't find it. She jerked the door handle but the door was locked.**

- **Let me out you sick fuck! – She screamed, with hint of panic in her voice.**
- **Yeah, 34J will be a real turn-on. I can't wait your next concert miss! I gotta see these huge breasts in sexy gothic outfit. That'll be something! Tabloids will love it!**

**Kelly was considering crawling into front seat and grabbing the steering wheel. It was her only chance.**

A woman with long, wavy red hair and bangs is sitting in the back of a car. She is wearing a black, strapless corset. Her eyes are wide open, and her mouth is agape in a shocked expression. The car's interior is dark, and through the windows, a city street with yellow taxis and pedestrians is visible.

- Enough of this chat – said the chauffeur.  
He pushed some button and reinforced glass  
barrier separated him from his passenger.  
Kelly started banging it with her fists, screaming.  
She felt a strange scent in the air. She became  
dizzy, her body went limp and heavy. She  
remembered nothing more.

Sponsor looked at the implants which had been prepared for Kelly. For a moment he wondered if they weren't too large. No, they would be perfect. And on top of that, there would be a special intensive hypnosis session. Everything would be just right.



Her mind wandered on the edge of dream and reality, her senses were dulled. She had come from a different dimension. She was not of this world. She had supernatural powers and unbound sexual prowess, no one could resist. She was here to seduce, to be desired, to...

She moved her head and opened her eyes. She knew this room, this strange laboratory. Without thinking she looked down. Her view was obstructed by her unnaturally large breasts. Two massive mounds protruding from her slender body. Rush of adrenaline made her forget her narcotic dreams in an instant. She sat up on the bed, and immediately felt the huge weight her breasts pulling her down. She touched them with trembling hands. They were soft to the touch and at the same time firm. And they were enormous! They did not fit her silhouette at all!

It can't be happening! It can't be real! No! What will her fans say?! And the press?! She has an important concert in a week. It will be a nightmare! How could he do this to her? How could he? "This will make me even more desirable to every human being" a thought crossed her mind. She rubbed her forehead. Was she going mad?

She noticed a mirror had been left in her room. She approached it on shaky legs, almost falling over due to the unfamiliar weight on her chest.

The new breasts dominated her whole silhouette. They protruded filling out the huge bra. Size 34J? Probably so. She didn't even know they could be so huge. Would they be able to enlarge them even more by means of another operation?

No, surely not, she convinced herself. She looked like a silicone-pumped porn star, not the famous Kelly Bordell, one of the most famous singers in the world!

How could she give a concert with such boobs? No one would listen to her, they would all just stare at them. And think about sex. What else would they think watching such huge breasts?



**“Precisely. That’s the point.” She heard a voice in her mind.**

**- No! – She said loudly. – That’s not the point!**

**How could it have happened? Who allowed it? She would fire someone. The chief of security! Or maybe Jeff, her agent? He should take care of such things! These breasts would completely ruin her image.**

**She punched the mirror causing a web of cracks to appear. She hit it again and again, not minding the pain. She screamed and howled and her curses echoed in the naked walls of the room.**

**There was complete silence in the car. Jeff was nervously sending texts to his co-workers, making sure that everything was set.**

**During the past week Kelly was even more troublesome than usual. Jeff had never seen her in such a state before. She asked for water to her breakfast, only to make a fuss about it to hotels director claiming that she had ordered coffee. She fired the chief of security and employed a new one. She hit her personal stylist, who said that Kelly’s bras would have to be custom made, because such sizes are unavailable at shops. She threw out the window almost all her clothes, that don’t fit her anymore. She went to police, she hired unimaginably expensive lawyers, she even considered paying gangsters to ‘take care of it’. And she avoided journalists like fire.**

**However Jeff could understand her. Her new breasts were really enormous. No wonder, she was angry.**

**He was a little worried about her too. One night she called him , totally drunk and went on and on about her being a creature from another world, and that her goal was to seduce men and women. She offered him sex too.**

**And now she was sitting uptight and absent, biting her nails into the armchair.**

Today she was supposed to perform as a dark heavy metal star, with her new boobs and in a completely different stylization.

Everything seemed to be going according to the plan, until her stage outfit was brought.

What the fuck is that? - she screamed at her assistant.

The outfit was tight, and a deep cleavage was made to emphasize her bust. But that wasn't the worst. Skimpy panties had two big vibrators attached to it. It looked like a perverse erotic toy.

Bring me normal underwear. Immediately!

The assistant ran out from the dressing room. After a while two men and a woman came in. Kelly didn't know them.

- We heard that there was a problem – said one of them.
- Who are you anyway? - the singer asked through clenched teeth.
- Surely, you have an idea – he responded smiling – You will put on the outfit prepared for you, or you won't go onto the stage.

Kelly felt fear paralysing her. How did they get here? They were everywhere.

- Don't be ridiculous! You want me to sing with a dildo in my ass? This it... This is.... – she choked on her own rage and helplessness. She looked on a clock. In ten minutes she needed to be on the stage. She made for the door but they stopped her by force. Time was passing by. Kelly was cursing and screaming, which didn't impress them at all. They kept saying: “Put it on or the concert is cancelled”.

At last, holding back tears of anger, she got into this absurd costume.



She had problems with inserting both toys inside her – they were big and she needed to lubricate them. Men and woman observed her impassively.

She thought, that it was the most humiliating moment in her life. If only she had known what was about to happen to her soon....

**She took a few steps. The toys teased her inside, especially the one in her ass was giving her intense sensations. She had never tried anal sex before so her hole was exceptionally tight. She quenched the sigh of pleasure. She didn't want them to see that she felt pleasure, that every move gave her intensive arousal.**

**“It is kind of exciting” - it flashed through her mind. No! Not exciting! That's horrible, nasty, and disgusting! She promised herself to simply ignore all the sensations and get on with the show. When she showed on the stage, for few seconds the crowd went silent. The fans were staring at her impressive breasts, and their faces expressed shock and surprise. After a while an incredible uproar broke out. Everyone was screaming, whistling and laughing while pointing at her breasts.**

**“They are aroused. That's the point. Let them desire me, let them climb the stage to touch me... That's the reason I came from another dimension...”**

**What the hell was happening to her?**

**Loud music drowned out the uproar and Kelly started singing. Shitty dark heavy metal. What a shame! Music that he had been creating before wasn't sophisticated but people liked it. It made her popular. And now, she was made to sing some crappy songs.**

**She tried not to mind the toys that were teasing her. She limited her moves not to feel them so much and so she wouldn't lose her balance shaken by the weight of her big breasts.**

**With each song she performed, she became more and more relaxed. It wasn't so bad after all. An then she felt something vibrating inside of her. She jumped up and moaned, which was played by all the huge speakers. So the toys were remotely controlled. Oh no... Now their presence couldn't be ignored, the sensations were too intense. She needed to focus so nobody would notice anything.**

**Suddenly the pulsing became stronger. She heard her voice was strangely changed, filed with growing and unwanted desire. She was furious at her sponsor. Furious at herself, because she wasn't able to control her body. She didn't want to, because it was pleasurable! Meanwhile the vibrators were pleasuring her delightfully, teasing the sensitive insides of her holes.**



Her moisture dribbled down her thigh. She prayed no one would notice. She was breathing heavily, and her skin covered with sweat. Every motion increased the pleasure the toys were giving her.

**Suddenly something started vibrating in her bra as well. Something was pressing against her nipples and she felt them become erect. The pulsating of her bra was becoming stronger with every second. They had hidden something there as well?!**

**Oh, how pleasurable it was! That was the point, the ecstasy. Watching her arousal must have made them want her. Yes, all of them must have wanted her, men and women. Her seduction must have made them almost crazy about her. Weeks afterwards, months even, they would recall this moment as one of the most arousing in their life.**

**Kelly fell to her knees, she couldn't stand on her feet any longer because of the overpowering pleasure. She was moving her hips unwittingly, while massaging her sensitive breasts. Let them watch, let them see what kind of sexual ecstasy a creature from a different world is capable of.**

**The audience shouted so loudly that she could hear them even over the music. What is she doing ? Oh no!**

She realized that she was not singing any more, instead, with her eyes closed and with a blissful smile she was moaning like a whore.



**She stood up immediately and felt titillating vibrations on her clit. All of her erogenous zones were being teased and pleased. She was on the edge of orgasm. Despite all her efforts, she was still rather moaning than singing.**

**She just couldn't climax on the stage! She just couldn't! It would be a final disgrace. She was trying to think about the least erotic subjects she could imagine, but still her ecstasy was growing, and her body was on the edge of orgasm.**

**She knew that was the last song this evening. She needed to hold it for only one more minute. Her thighs were all moist and sticky. A wet stain was visible under her clothes. Her enormous breasts were rising and falling as her breath was becoming faster and faster.**

**Finally! The last accord of the song was played, and Kelly ran away from the stage. However such violent moves only made her arousal more powerful. She couldn't control herself any longer.**

**As soon as she found herself backstage, she collapsed on the floor and started squirming in ecstasy. Her whole body was trembling, wracked by wave after wave of crippling orgasms. Her entire crew, all of her subordinates and co-workers were staring at the scene with open mouths and shocked expressions on their faces.**

Kelly was howling like an animal, fondling her voluptuous breasts. The wait made her orgasm overwhelming and incredibly long.



Someone approached her and held her head up.

- What is wrong with her? - he asked – Someone call a doctor!

Somebody ran to bring a medic. When he came, Kelly was laying calmly and breathing heavily. The orgasm exhausted her so much, that she couldn't move. She didn't know that the bliss could be so intensive.

In her car she was drinking one shot after another. She couldn't stand thinking about it. Such a failure! Journalists would be ecstatic. This is the end of her career. She won't show herself in public ever again. She will move to Peru or Azerbaijan or to the South Pole. "No, you won't be able to carry out your mission. The whole point is to instil lust in others, arouse and tempt."

Or maybe she would just hide away in a mental asylum.

She drained another glass.

She only wanted to find herself in her apartment and fall asleep. However, when she opened the door of her hotel room, somebody was already there. She squinted. Due to alcohol she couldn't see clearly. It wasn't just anybody. It was him. Her sponsor.



Let's vote on another part of the story. Before voting please read the description below. What is demonic secret: Daemonic secret is something that eyes can't see, as it is hidden beneath raiment. One very private part of daemonette body will be strongly modified. Changes includes implants, fat transplantation or collagen injections as well as stretching and piercing. Fans won't notice those changes easily, but they will be there insistently reminding about themselves during every activities

**Voting finished! See results below.**

**Daemonic secret**

Nipples

**Waist reduction**

Surgery

**Daemonette hypnosis**

Daemonette develops an anal sex fixation. She loves her butthole and want it to be full and happy. She fantasizes a lot about anal sex. She feels empty and insecure without buttplug in her ass.

In order to continue the story, we have to collect necessary amount of pills. Current pills status: 730 / 20000

**You have to log in order to donate pills to this story.**

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