



Writer: ?

Illustrator: ?

Name: Michelle

Age: 24

IQ: 106

Height: 169

Weight: 57

Body Type: Normal

Race: Caucasian

Description:

Story written by H Dean and illustrated by Zych

Story info:

Story written by H Dean and illustrated by Zych

Pills per voting: 20000

Pictures per voting: 6



Michelle smiled as she entered the Chimera offices for her first day of work. Almost the moment the doors closed behind her she was greeted by a short man wearing black rimmed glasses and a dark suit.

"My name is Stanley," he said, offering a hand. "You must be the new girl?"

Returning the offered hand shake, Michelle smiled at the man. "That's me," she said, smiling a bright smile, "and I'm really looking forward to getting to work. I understand there have been some interesting choices in the department and I'm really hoping I can help shore things up."

Stanley nodded. "I'm sure you will," he told her. "But before we get started we have a bit of an orientation process. Unfortunately, we had a minor mishap and can't do it here. Fortunately, however, we have arranged to have your orientation off-site. So, if you'll follow me to the company car we can get rolling, so to speak."

Without a thought, the tall, red haired girl from Nebraska smiled and nodded. "Lead the way," she told him. Moments later the two were in the back of a black limousine.

As the pair sat in the limousine, Stanley eyed the girl. Pale of skin and with pert, smallish breasts and overly large hips the girl was the ideal candidate for his client's plans.

"Would you care for a drink?" asked Stanley. "The limo is fully stocked and the ride will take a while."

Surprised by his offer, she shook her head. Upon his insistence, however, she agreed to a Bloody Mary. Minutes later she was unconscious.



Waking, some hours later, Michelle found that she was strapped to a metal table within a white room. Directly above her bright lights shone down upon her. Shaken and quite frightened the girl let out a scream.

Only moments later she saw Stanley, now wearing a lab coat, enter the room.

"I see you are awake," said an amused Stanley. "I didn't figure you for a screamer."

Frightened by her circumstance Michelle struggled for words. "Unstrap me from this table and let me go!" she demanded, fighting to control her fear.

"Yes, well, no." Stanley smiled. "I have other plans for you. So...sorry." He smiled again.

"I don't know who you think you are but you better fucking let me go!" she screamed.

Her body, suddenly charged with electricity, tensed and she jerked in pain.

"I really don't like all the noise, Mikki," Stanley told her. "Oh, that's your name now. So, if you don't want to feel this pain anymore I suggest you hold your tongue."

Immediately the pain abated the girl screamed again, firing a stream of unpleasant epithets at the man. For her efforts she received another dose of pain inducing electricity.

"I will tell you again, Mikki, I do not like noise. So do try to remain quiet," Stanley told her.

This time, when the electricity ceased his flow she remained quiet.

"Good to know you can learn," he said. "Now, on to the reason you are here. Some months ago a client came to us seeking something specific. That something was you."

Afraid to speak, the girl looked at the man with a questioning gaze.

"Oh...you may speak. Just be quiet when you are told and refrain from screaming," Stanley told her.

"What do you mean that a client wanted me?" she asked.

Stanley offered a smile, and then reached out to caress her naked thigh. She shivered unpleasantly.

"Not you specifically," clarified Stanley. "He wanted a girl with red hair and pale skin. He was specific that her skin not be...er...freckled. He was also specific with body type. She was to have small breasts, wide hips, a large bottom and a tiny waist."

Shaking with fear, Michelle formed a question on her lips that she could not voice.

“Yes, well, you want to know why he wanted a girl like you and what he wants to do with you.” Stanley ran his hand over her belly and then inspected each breast. “He wants to make you into his ideal woman.” He shook his head. “Before you ask, I am waiting on his instructions. The first task was to find a woman that fit his wants. You are the third such woman we have brought to this facility for him to inspect.”

“What do you mean the third?” Michelle asked.

“I would think that was obvious,” Stanley laughed. “There were two others before you. But he didn’t like them. Those we had to relocate.”

Horribly fearful at what might have happened to the other girls and what might happen to her Michelle shuddered. Suddenly crying, she found herself begging for her freedom, promising anything and everything to the short, bespectacled man.

“Don’t worry. Nothing truly horrible will happen to you, nor is your life in danger. You will simply be re-made,” Stanley nearly cooed. “Besides, none of the other girls had your cute little nose and pretty, green eyes. I am sure he will love you.”

Just then there sounded a buzzer. Immediately Stanley turned on his heels and departed the room to return moments later with a tall, handsome man with short-cropped, black hair. “Is she acceptable, Mr. Weiss?” Stanley asked of the man?

The man addressed as Mr. Weiss approached the table and began a lengthy visual inspection of the girl. He ran his hands over her shivering body, squeezed her breasts, and then smiled. “I like this one. She has the body type I like and, very importantly, I like her little up-turned nose. That won’t require any adjustment,” said Weiss. “I think I can work with this. Did you tell her her new name?”

“I did,” said Stanley.



The two men turned on their heels and departed the room, leaving the naked girl to her thoughts.

Stanley took a seat at his desk, offering the other man the chair directly across from him. "I'm glad you like her," he said. "The question is what you want to make of her. So, if you would, please enlighten me as to what you would have us do."

Jonathan Weiss sat silently for a moment. "My first thoughts were quite different than they are now since I have seen the girl," he said. "As you know, I have quite the collection of women as art. This one I am thinking I might want as something more useful – something not simply relegated to a glass case or a frame on the wall."

"Useful in what way?" inquired Stanley.

"Perhaps sexually, perhaps as a furnishing," he mused. "Though I wonder...?"

Stanley frowned, surprised by his client's uncertainty. "While you are wondering at her ultimate outcome, we still need the initial changes you wish to apply. After that we can get to forming her into something more specific."

"Ah, you are referring to her plumbing, so to speak?" asked Weiss.

"Well, that can be discussed later," Stanley told him. "I am speaking phenotypically. What do you want done with her breasts, waist, hips and other attributes?"

Weiss smiled and nodded his head. "Yes, I suppose that is as good a place as any to start. We can get to the rest later."

"This is quite unlike you, Jon. You are usually quite decisive," mused Stanley.

"Forgive me, Stan. I think...I think I am just..." Weiss was clearly out of sorts. "She just reminds me of my first love. I wanted someone who looked like her and you provided it. Now I am unsure what to do."

"Well, let's get to some things you know you want, Jon," Stanley told the man. "How about that?"

"Sounds good."

"Just keep in mind that some of what you may want might require time dependent on how dramatic a change you want to make," reminded Stanley.

"Yes. I remember. That girl that was all boobs required nearly two years," Weiss remembered aloud.

"Exactly. So let's get to planning, shall we?"

Jon Weiss smiled. "Okay. So, first thing's first, I guess."



First changes

See voting results below.

Breast

Enlarged DD breasts Silicone filled

Lips

Enlarged naturalistic lips – filler: fat - filler

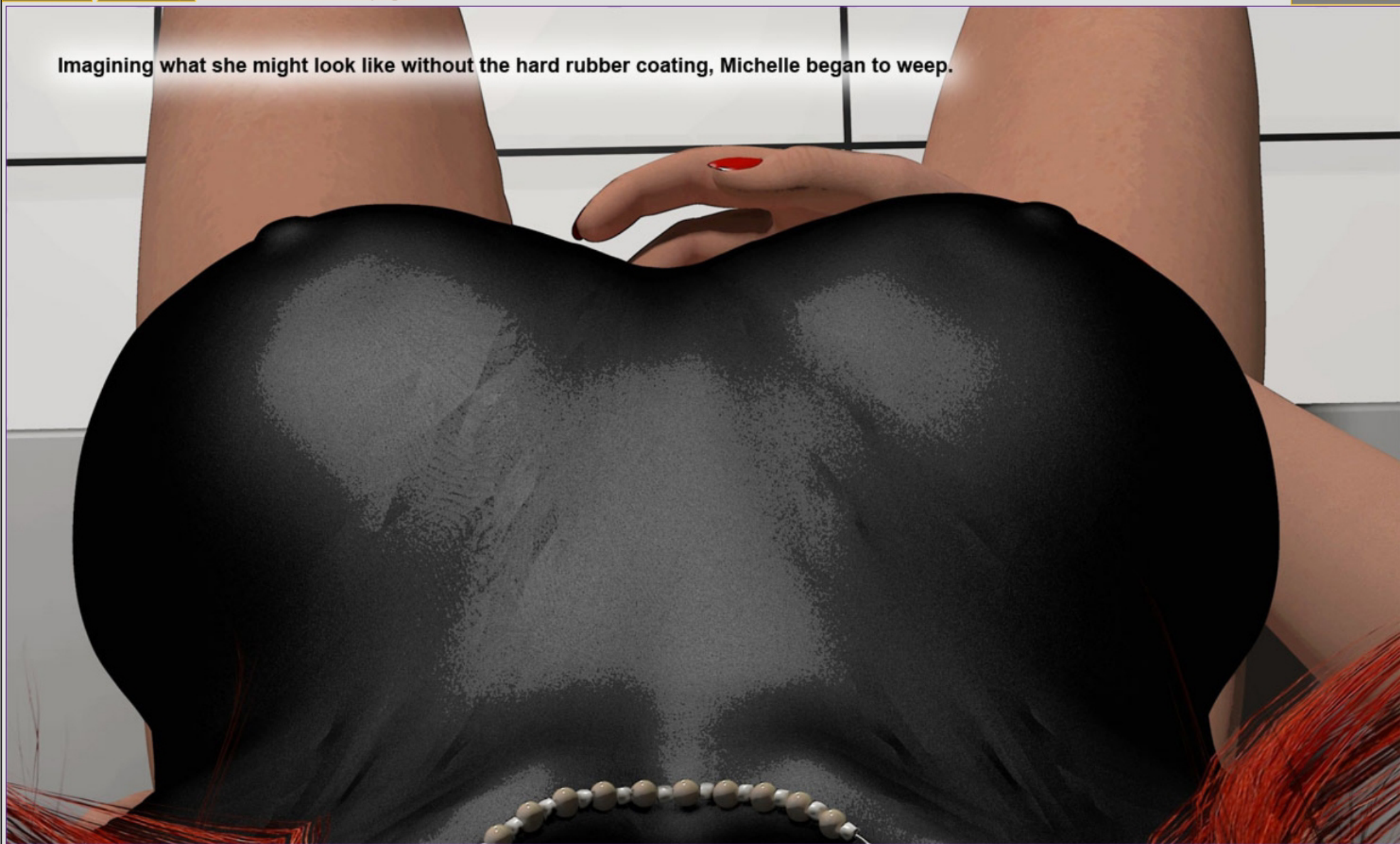
Teeth

Removed and replaced with a permanent rubber-like mouthpiece with a hole in the center for sucking cock - much like a ring gag but permanently attached.

Dull light filtered through drawn window shades as Michelle's eyes fluttered open. Somewhat groggy, she attempted to make sense of the faint memory of what had so recently transpired. Initially, she put it off as a bad dream. Her surrounding being utterly unfamiliar, however, she began to wonder.

Slowly, Michelle sat up and pushed the bed coverings from atop her body and sat up. Placing a hand to her head as she was overcome by dizziness, she fought against the urge to vomit. It was only when she had shaken the brief moment of sickness that she realized her upper torso and breasts had been encased in a black, rubber-like coating that was hard to the touch. More striking to her was the size and shape of the coating, for it appeared as if her breasts had been significantly enlarged into perfectly round spheres, smaller at their base than at their widest circumference.

Imagining what she might look like without the hard rubber coating, Michelle began to weep.



Some minutes later, and after her tears had subsided, she looked about the room. It was plain and white, without furnishing but for the bed on which she now sat. The door, too, was white and had no knob. Just then the door opened and she saw her captor.

- I see you have finally awakened. - He said. His tone was almost affectionate. Still somewhat in shock Michelle had failed to notice a most dramatic change. It was only when she asked an unintelligible question that it was revealed. Immediately her hands flew to her mouth, inspecting but not understanding what had been done. Seeing her shock, the man came to sit on the bed beside her.

- Quite a shock, isn't it? - He asked. Eyes wide, and with her hands still exploring her gaping mouth and the strange fleshy feel within, she stared at the man.

- Alright, girl, it's time you understood your significance in my household. - The man said as he came to sit beside her.

- First, you have only the identity I have assigned you.



- Your name is 'Mikki' and you will answer to it. You are no longer a woman but a plaything. I have yet to determine just what sort of plaything; and that is my dilemma and yours. - Pausing for a moment, he waited for the words to sink in.

- Understand that you are not my first plaything, nor will you be my last. Just the same, you have a role in determining just what sort of plaything you are to become. Do you understand?"

The girl, hands still exploring her mouth in disbelief, shook her head. "Gno," she uttered, briefly pulling her fingers from her open maw.

- You will. - He told her.

- My name is Jon Weiss, and I am a collector of women. - He said softly, his tone still one of seeming affection. Jon stood and held his hand out to the girl whose hands were feeling of the unnaturally full flesh that was her lips.

- Take my hand, Mikki.

Mikki stared blankly at the hand, barely comprehending his words. Again he ordered she take his hand. This time she understood; and with fear in her eyes and tears pouring down her cheeks she reached out a shaky hand.

- That's a good girl. - He said, smiling warmly. Leading her without the room, Jon began speaking again.

- First, I will explain and then I will show. - He told her as he led her through his large home.

- Your breasts have been modified tremendously. In fact, your natural breast tissues have been removed and replaced with large silicone implants around which is a thick polypropylene mesh that has been attached to your upper rib cage. The resulting effect is that your breasts will always sit high on your chest and never sag. They will also remain nearly perfect spheres.

Walking slowly, they traversed down a lengthy corridor and into the master bedroom. There he switched on a tall floor lamp and led her to his bed, where she was instructed to sit.

- The casing on your torso. - He continued. - Is to allow your breasts to hold shape. I am told to leave it in place for a week longer, after which I will remove it.

When he had ordered her to sit on the bed, Jon had been careful to position himself between the girl and closet mirror directly across from her.

- Your mouth has been altered, as you know. - Jon said. - It has been modified purely for my sexual gratification. Your teeth have been replaced with a synthetic material that feels quite natural, and your lips have undergone fatty injections. Assuming all goes well your lips will retain their current fullness, making you quite the perfect fellatrix.

Staring up at the man, mouth gaping, she felt of her mouth and lips with curiosity and fear.

- Would you like to see the results? - Asked Jon. Tears began flowing down Mikki's cheeks as she contemplated her answer. Several moments later, and fearing what she might see, but unable to remain ignorant of her appearance, she nodded.

- Very well. He said. - Stepping aside. Then, as she stared at the gaping hole that was her mouth, and the overly full lips she cried out in horror and fell to the floor in a heap.

- You will never close your mouth again, Mikki. Without the ability to chew you will be forced to consume a liquid diet fed to you through a tube. Your place, from here on out, will be at my feet. - He informed his weeping charge.

- Should you perform well, and without resistance, your further changes will be relatively minor compared to my other acquisitions. I do hope you cooperate.



For the next week she would remain largely secluded in the non-descript room. Frequently as not she would find herself weeping frequently at what she had become. Just as frequently she would weep at what she feared she might become, for on display throughout his home were several other women who had, Jon had informed her, offered opposition to their place in his life. Then, almost too soon, came the day that she finally saw the results of her breast augmentation.

- They look quite lovely. - Jon told her, as he stared at her strangely spherical breasts. - They are exactly as I imagined.



But Mikki was far from pleased. For, though he informed her they were merely double 'D' cups, their shape made them appear considerably larger and entirely unreal; and as she stared at them she sank to the floor, weeping as she had so many times before.

Several weeks later, Jon announced she was heeled enough for use.

- Tonight, you will join me in my bed. I promise to be gentle with you. - He told her.

- But it is time I made use of my toy.

That night, after the two showered, he took her to bed.

- You have been quite cooperative, Mikki. I am quite happy with that, and I do hope you remain so. - He told her. - Should you continue such behavior and should you learn to properly please me you can be certain that further augmentations will be but minor enhancements.

Quite suddenly, and without warning, the girl found a sudden burst of courage and bolted out the bedroom's open door. Down the corridor she went in a blaze of speed, hoping to secure her freedom.

But soon as she found the house's exit she was felled by a tremendous pain. Moments later her captor arrived, chiding her as if she were little more than a disobedient child. Then, taking her by the hair, he dragged her back from the door.



- You've an implant that makes escape impossible. If you are within ten feet of the door it will warn you with minor pain; and within five feet, as you have discovered, the pain will be intolerable. - He told her. - Now, let me show you something.

With his hand still grasping her hair, he lifted her to her feet, and walked her across the room. There she was shown a wooden hat rack in the shape of a woman standing with her arms folded behind her. From each of the woman's overly ample breasts their jutted two hooks. He tapped lightly on the hat rack's face. Suddenly her eyes opened.

- Is this what you would become? - He asked.
- Would you be an inanimate object, permanently encased and immobile?

Mikki shrank back, horrified by what she saw.
Then she looked at him with wide, questioning eyes.

- Yes, Mikki, she was once like you. - He informed the horrified girl. - But she, too, resisted far too strenuously. Now she is an object on which I hang my coat.

- Gno! Gno...ohs. - She begged.

- Yes, Mikki. - He said. - And for your resistance your next augmentation will be far more dramatic than previously planned.





For the next several weeks Mikki was careful to obey his every command. She sucked his cock and fucked him in whatever way he demanded.

Unfortunately, though she hoped he might relent on his plans, he did not; and quite to her surprise she was to wake one morning strapped to a very familiar metal table.



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Voting finished! See results below.

Vagina modification

Vaginal and reproductive organ removal leaving clitoris in tact

Hair Removal

Permanent hair removal except scalp

In order to continue the story, we have to collect necessary amount of pills. Current pills status: 9432 / 20000

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