

The office bimbo

Part 2



Forced orgasm
Waist reduction
Bimbofication
Sex addiction
Breast expansion



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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

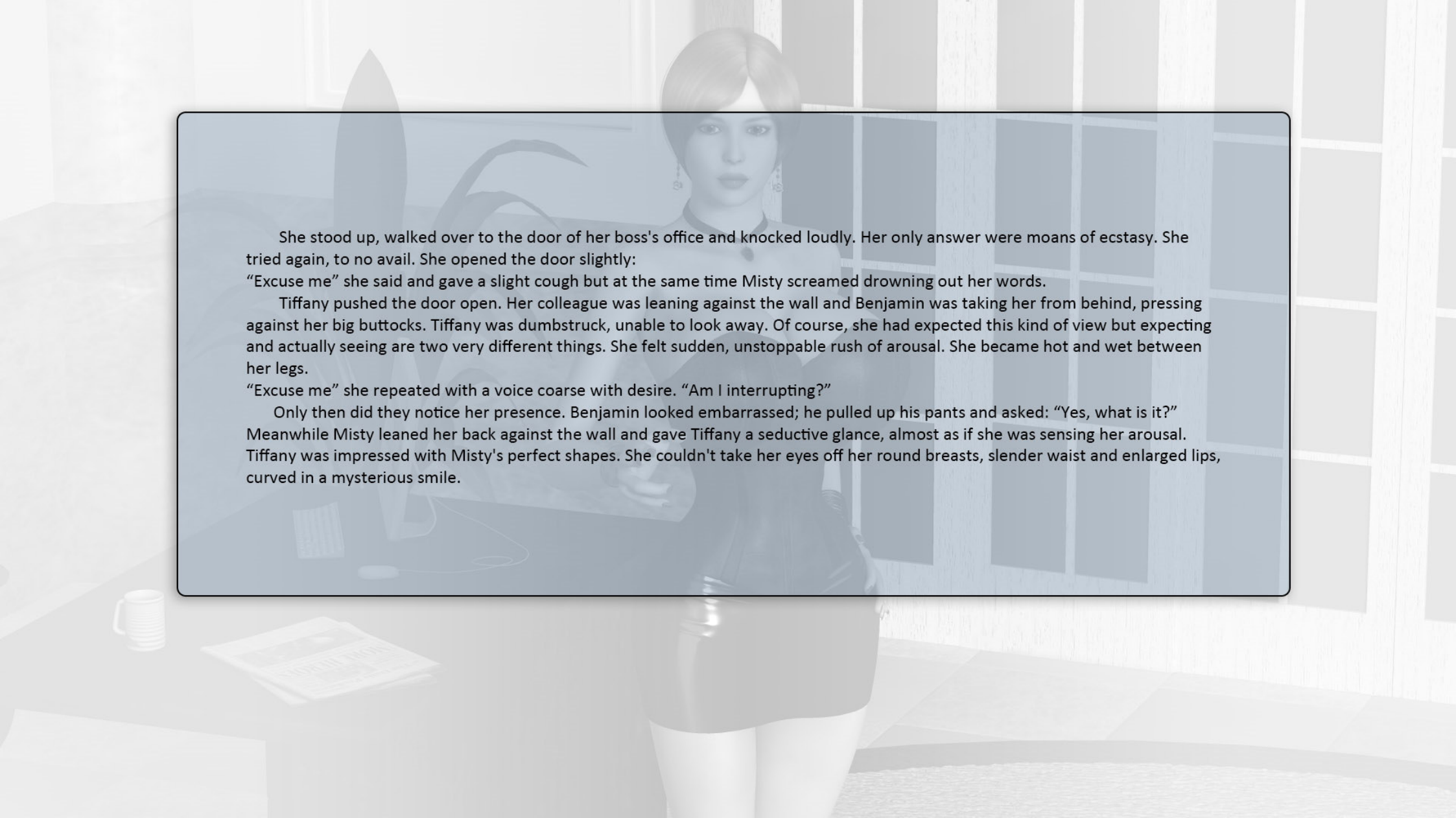
Tiffany couldn't focus. She was reading a documentation on one of the cases. She had been hoping that if she got involved and showed what she was capable of, she would get promoted. She wanted to do more than just answering e-mails, welcoming clients and offering coffee. All in all she had proper education and didn't lack intelligence.

Meanwhile, sounds of passionate sex were coming from her superior office. Again. She couldn't think clearly in such conditions.

She squinted and her imagination unwittingly started painting vivid arousing scenes. She was imagining how Misty looked naked. How her big breasts bounced every time Benjamin entered her. She was fantasizing about her curves thighs, shapely legs and slim waist. Tiffany had always been fascinated by beautiful women. She had never met one as sexy as Misty. Her presence made Tiffany's body tingle with desire and crave passionate caress.

She sighed deeply. They need to stop with this habit of having sex in the office. It's impossible to work here!



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a black dress and a black choker, stands in an office. She is looking directly at the camera. In the background, there is a desk with a computer monitor, a keyboard, and a mouse. A window with vertical blinds is visible on the right side of the frame.

She stood up, walked over to the door of her boss's office and knocked loudly. Her only answer were moans of ecstasy. She tried again, to no avail. She opened the door slightly:

“Excuse me” she said and gave a slight cough but at the same time Misty screamed drowning out her words.

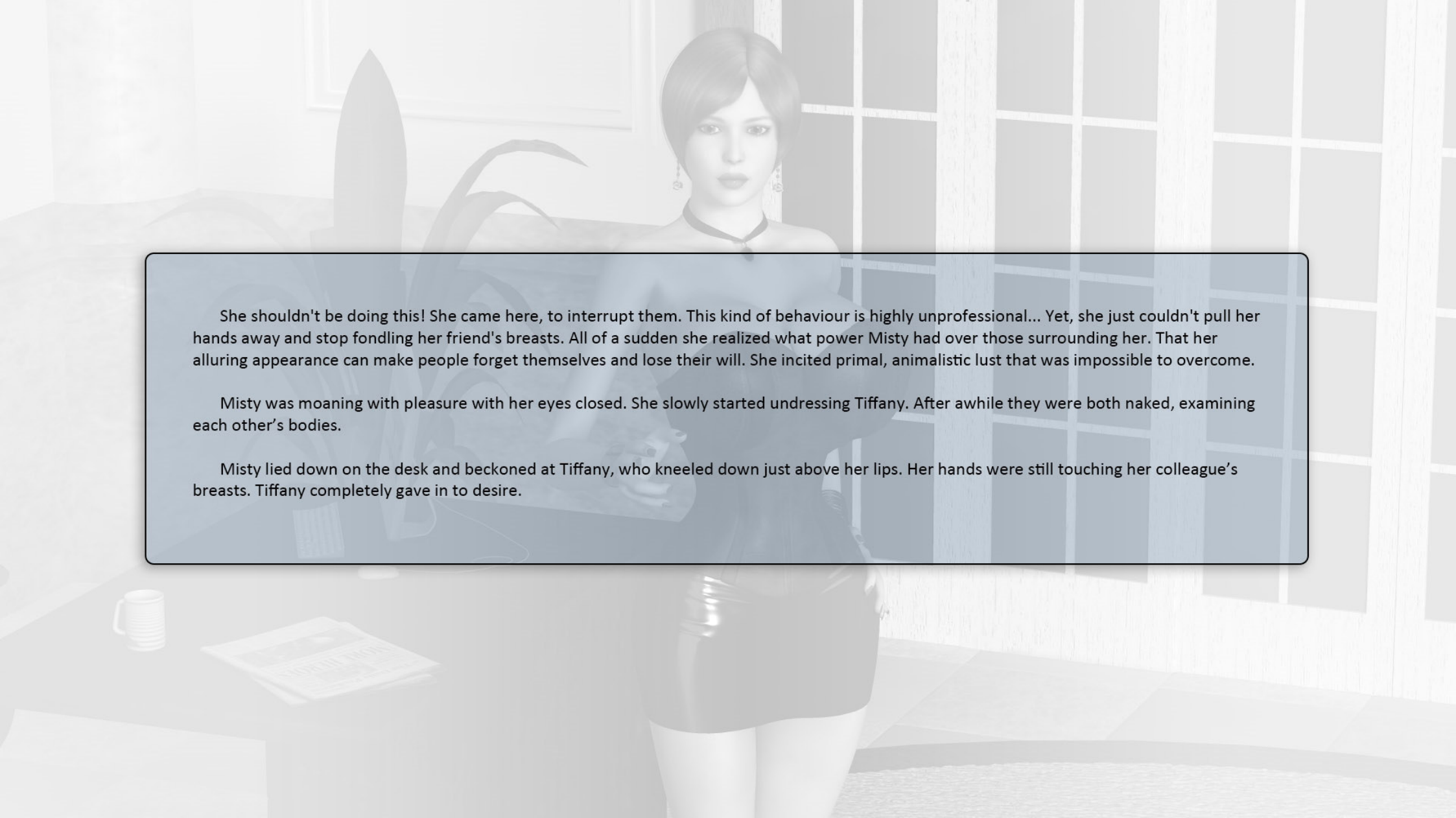
Tiffany pushed the door open. Her colleague was leaning against the wall and Benjamin was taking her from behind, pressing against her big buttocks. Tiffany was dumbstruck, unable to look away. Of course, she had expected this kind of view but expecting and actually seeing are two very different things. She felt sudden, unstoppable rush of arousal. She became hot and wet between her legs.

“Excuse me” she repeated with a voice coarse with desire. “Am I interrupting?”

Only then did they notice her presence. Benjamin looked embarrassed; he pulled up his pants and asked: “Yes, what is it?” Meanwhile Misty leaned her back against the wall and gave Tiffany a seductive glance, almost as if she was sensing her arousal. Tiffany was impressed with Misty's perfect shapes. She couldn't take her eyes off her round breasts, slender waist and enlarged lips, curved in a mysterious smile.

Unintentionally, almost as if she were losing control over her body, she took a few steps towards Misty. Her hands reached to grab Misty's breasts. It was so wonderful to touch them! They were soft and heavy, yet firm, with nipples swollen rock hard from pleasure.






She shouldn't be doing this! She came here, to interrupt them. This kind of behaviour is highly unprofessional... Yet, she just couldn't pull her hands away and stop fondling her friend's breasts. All of a sudden she realized what power Misty had over those surrounding her. That her alluring appearance can make people forget themselves and lose their will. She incited primal, animalistic lust that was impossible to overcome.

Misty was moaning with pleasure with her eyes closed. She slowly started undressing Tiffany. After awhile they were both naked, examining each other's bodies.

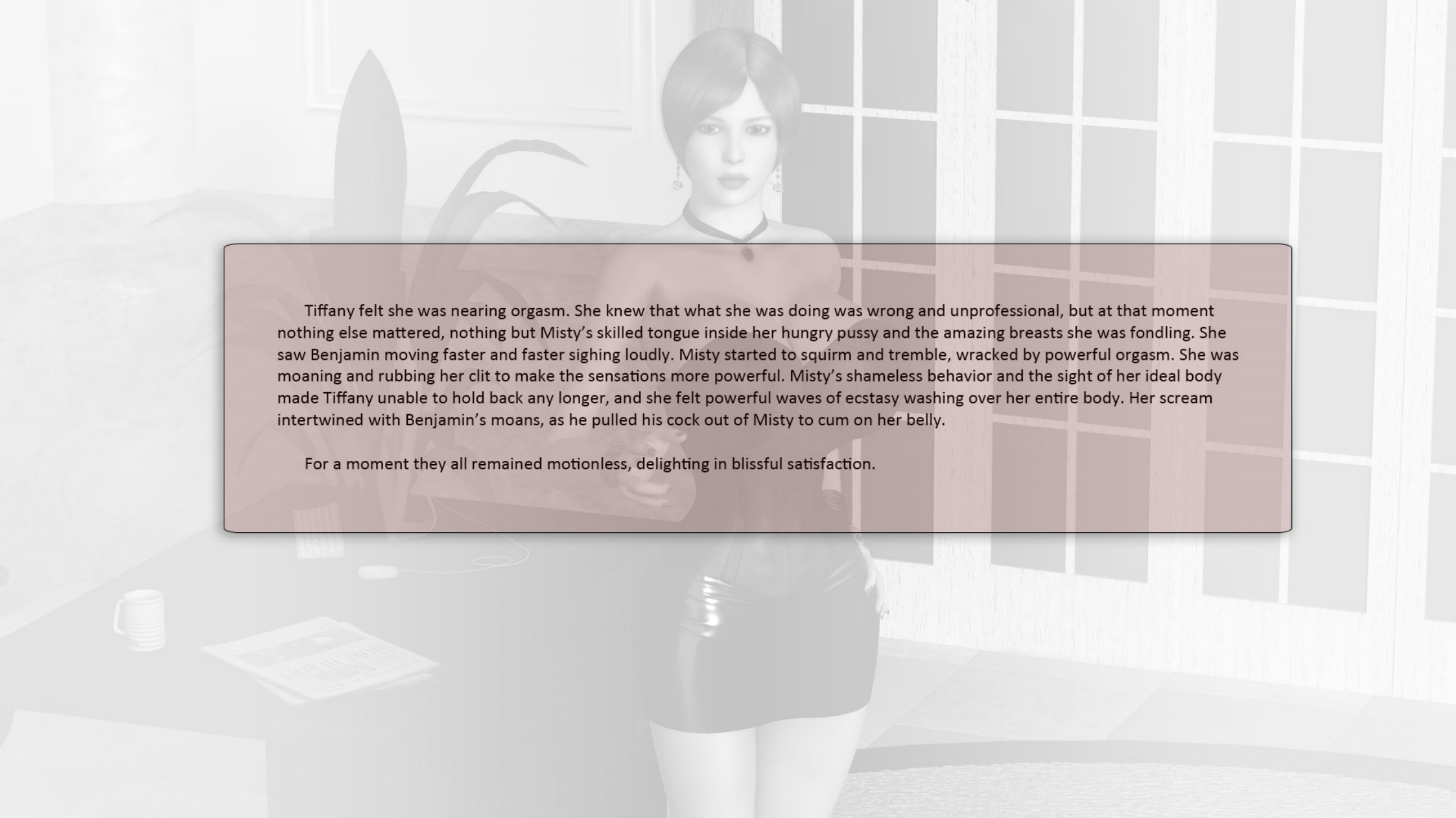
Misty lied down on the desk and beckoned at Tiffany, who kneeled down just above her lips. Her hands were still touching her colleague's breasts. Tiffany completely gave in to desire.

Misty was perfect, everything in her evoked thoughts of sex, every inch of her body incited arousal. When Tiffany felt Misty's soft and warm lips between her thighs she screamed with ecstasy, arched her back and clenched her hands hard on the edges of the desk. The sensation was ecstatic, wonderful.





Benjamin snapped out of amazement. He hadn't expected such a turn of events. It wasn't until then that he realized Tiffany was fascinated with her colleague. How could have he missed it? He walked over to Misty, unzipped his fly, spread her legs apart and thrust his cock deep into her body. She quivered with ecstasy and started grinding her hips begging for more.

A 3D rendered woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black top, standing in a room. The room features a window with a grid pattern, a desk with a mug and a newspaper, and a large potted plant. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

Tiffany felt she was nearing orgasm. She knew that what she was doing was wrong and unprofessional, but at that moment nothing else mattered, nothing but Misty's skilled tongue inside her hungry pussy and the amazing breasts she was fondling. She saw Benjamin moving faster and faster sighing loudly. Misty started to squirm and tremble, wracked by powerful orgasm. She was moaning and rubbing her clit to make the sensations more powerful. Misty's shameless behavior and the sight of her ideal body made Tiffany unable to hold back any longer, and she felt powerful waves of ecstasy washing over her entire body. Her scream intertwined with Benjamin's moans, as he pulled his cock out of Misty to cum on her belly.

For a moment they all remained motionless, delighting in blissful satisfaction.



“Get dressed” Benjamin gasped while zipping his fly. “I have something important to say.”

Tiffany was terrified. How could she have been so reckless? So irresponsible! Her cheeks blushed with shame, and heart was still racing after her orgasm, and burning shame.

“I’m sorry” she whined miserably “I didn’t want to... I mean, I wanted to, but it was so very stupid. I don’t know what came over me”

Benjamin just smiled in reply, and fixed Tiffany with a glare. He already suspected what she wanted, what was her ambition.

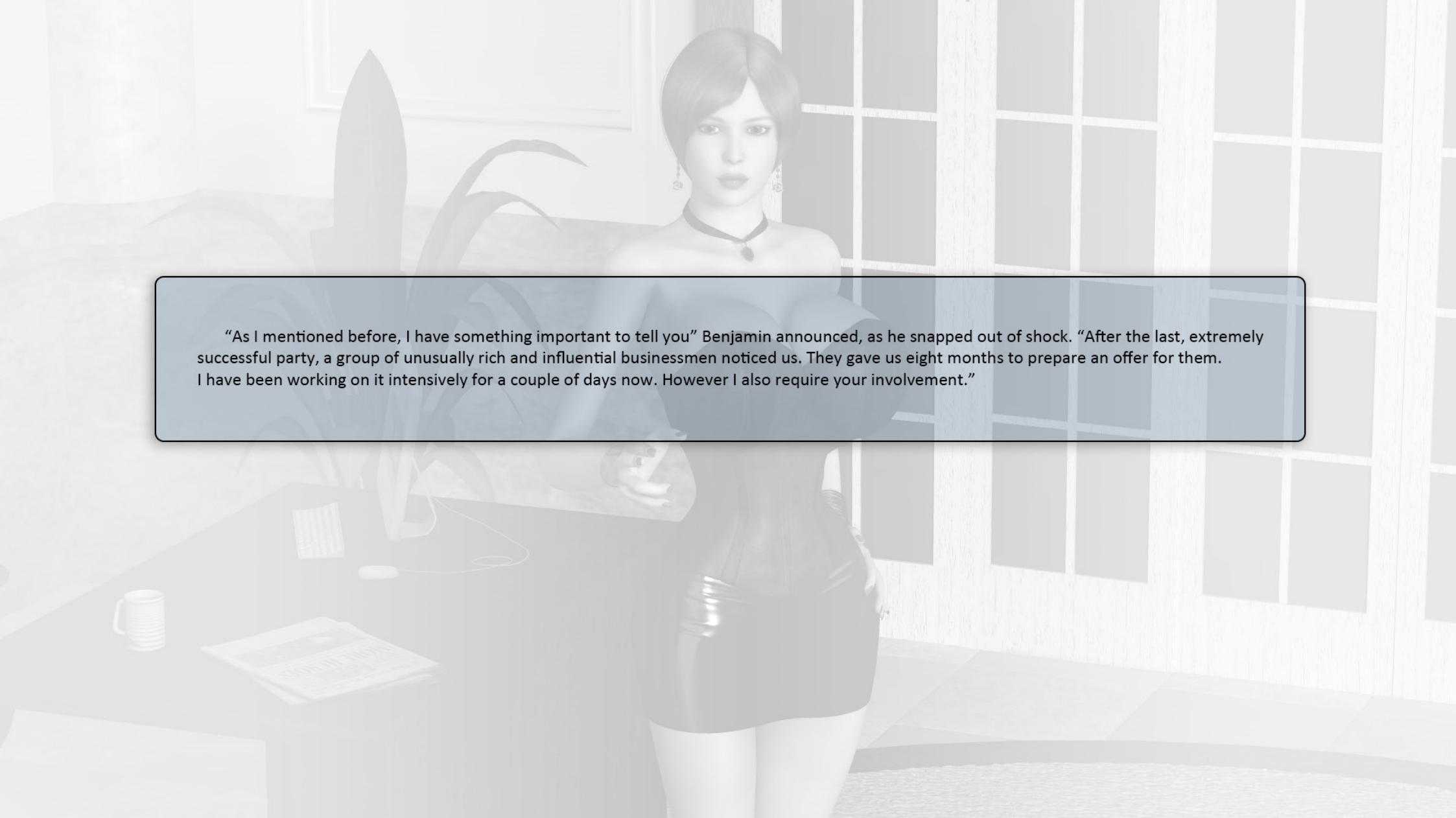
“And you wouldn’t like to have such power? Are you absolutely sure?” he asked.

He struck home. Ever since she started working for Benjamin she felt like mouseburger. Every client ignored her as soon as he looked at Misty. She was never in the spotlight despite her higher qualifications and her everyday efforts. Her boss wanted her to change as her friend had. He demanded larger breasts, slim waist, an ideal make-up and sexy outfits... However she kept refusing. She was fascinated by the girls, who took great care about their appearance and strove toward the perfect look, but she never wanted to become one of them. It wasn’t until then that she realized it first-hand what kind of power it could give her. She already had ideas how to take advantage of it.


“I’ve changed my mind” she replied with determination, “I will do, whatever you wish Sir.”

Benjamin was speechless. He didn’t expect such an answer. Tiffany kept surprising him and he couldn’t foresee what she would do. It fascinated and disturbed him at the same time.

“Great!” Misty exclaimed cheerfully. “I am so happy that I managed to convince you” she said smiling brightly.

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black, form-fitting, long-sleeved dress, stands in a room. She is holding a small white object in her right hand. The room features a desk with a computer monitor, a mouse, a keyboard, a mug, and a newspaper. A large window with multiple panes is visible in the background. A large potted plant is on the left side of the desk.

“As I mentioned before, I have something important to tell you” Benjamin announced, as he snapped out of shock. “After the last, extremely successful party, a group of unusually rich and influential businessmen noticed us. They gave us eight months to prepare an offer for them. I have been working on it intensively for a couple of days now. However I also require your involvement.”



Tiffany nodded enthusiastically. Finally some ambitious task!
“Misty, these people have exceptionally demanding taste and specific preferences. According to their standards your breasts are still small.”

Misty didn't know what to say. Since she started working for Benjamin her life has changed completely. She has made her dream about becoming a real bimbo come true. She thought almost only about sex, and an awareness of becoming easy and slutty only aroused her. She was spending a lot of time on fixing her look – she had a few surgeries, she put on heavy make up every day, she fixed her hair and bought provocative clothes. She went to gym regularly, kept her diet, dyed her hair, lengthened eyelashes and nails. She liked all of that. She wanted to please Benjamin and meet his expectations. Since she changed her look so radically, people started to perceive her differently. Men stared at her and kept finding pretext to chat with her and flirt. As soon as she walked into a club, she got surrounded by a group of admirers. Many things had become childishly easy. It was enough to smile and bend over presenting her neckline to make a policeman let her off with a warning, flap her eyelashes to get past the bouncer to a party she wasn't invited to.

Women often looked at her with envy, and sometimes even hate. Her family and friends were shocked that she decided to change her look so dramatically. Sometimes people criticized her, they called her a whore or a plastic doll. Misty tried not to mind. Being yourself has its price.

Now Benjamin was asking her to enlarge her breasts once more. What size would they reach? She was worried about the additional weight and a limitation of movement that would cause. Wouldn't they be too big? Too prominent?



Misty

2 days ago

Another wonderful day in my wonderful job. I love you all! YOLO ^_^! @Misty



Funny Danny, Dangerous Peter, Princess Susan, Zych and 328 others like this.



Perfect Danny

Sweet perfection.



Horny Michael

So hot....I....think....I.....love....you!!!



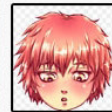
Clever Sally

OMG! Disgusting. Can you even walk with these?



Vox Populi

Fake plastic whore. I feel sorry for you.



Shy Annie

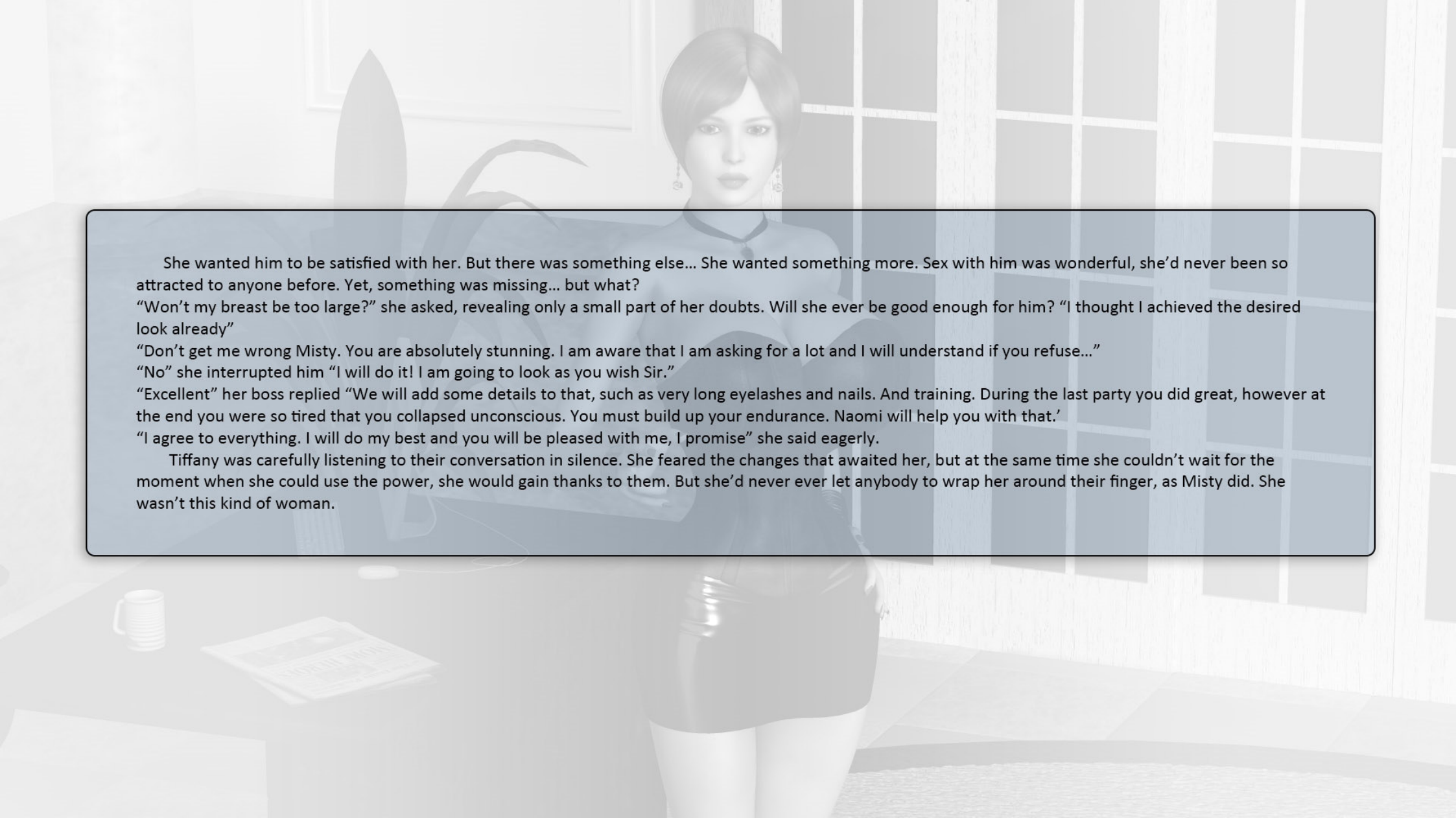
I love you girl! I wish I had your boobs



Thomas Cool

OMG! Really look at her tits



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a black skirt, stands in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a white mug and a newspaper. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

She wanted him to be satisfied with her. But there was something else... She wanted something more. Sex with him was wonderful, she'd never been so attracted to anyone before. Yet, something was missing... but what?

"Won't my breast be too large?" she asked, revealing only a small part of her doubts. Will she ever be good enough for him? "I thought I achieved the desired look already"

"Don't get me wrong Misty. You are absolutely stunning. I am aware that I am asking for a lot and I will understand if you refuse..."

"No" she interrupted him "I will do it! I am going to look as you wish Sir."

"Excellent" her boss replied "We will add some details to that, such as very long eyelashes and nails. And training. During the last party you did great, however at the end you were so tired that you collapsed unconscious. You must build up your endurance. Naomi will help you with that.'

"I agree to everything. I will do my best and you will be pleased with me, I promise" she said eagerly.

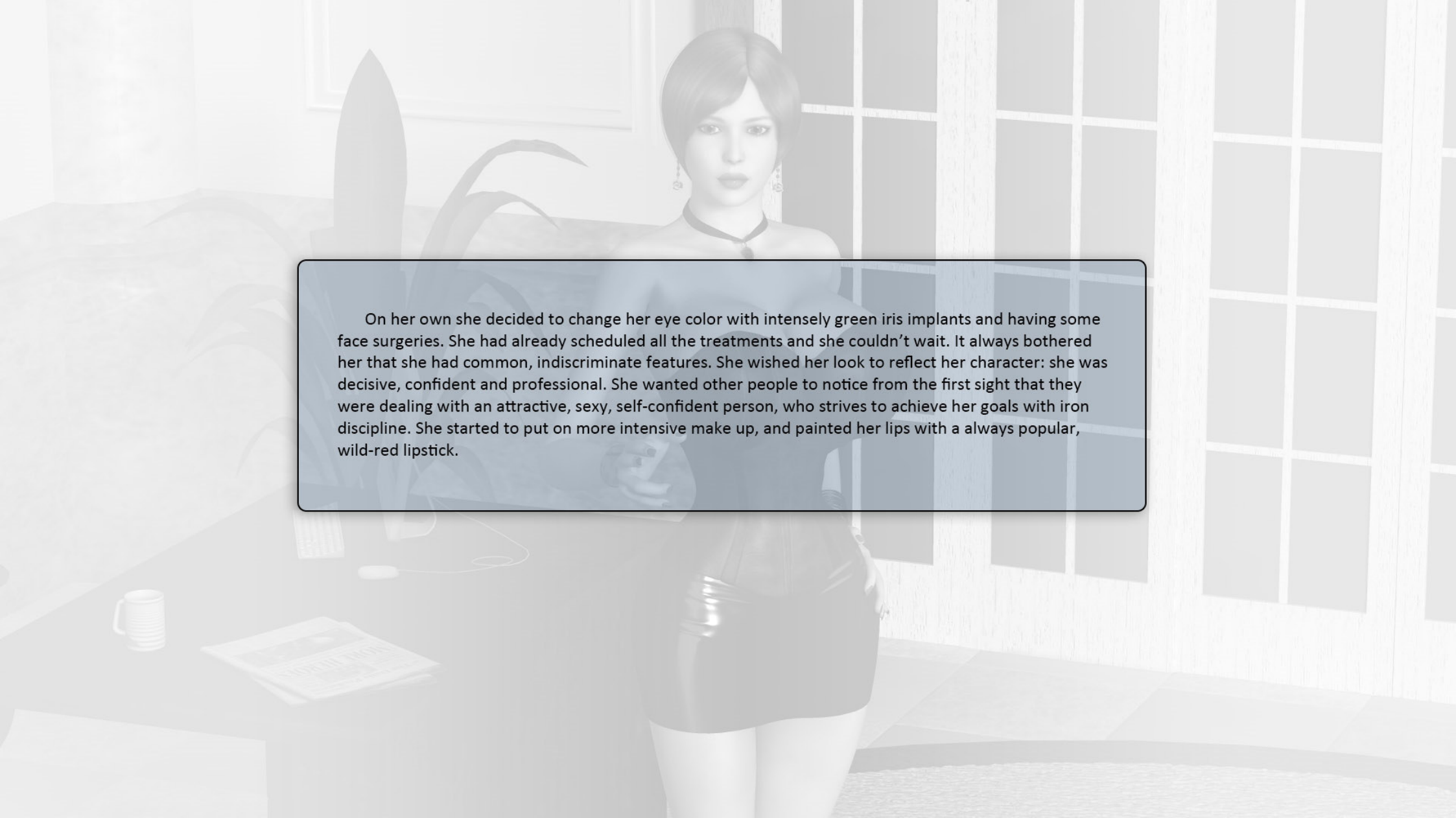
Tiffany was carefully listening to their conversation in silence. She feared the changes that awaited her, but at the same time she couldn't wait for the moment when she could use the power, she would gain thanks to them. But she'd never ever let anybody to wrap her around their finger, as Misty did. She wasn't this kind of woman.

Two weeks later

Two weeks later both employees were after consultations with a surgeon. Tiffany was wearing the silicon inserts, in a new, bigger bra.

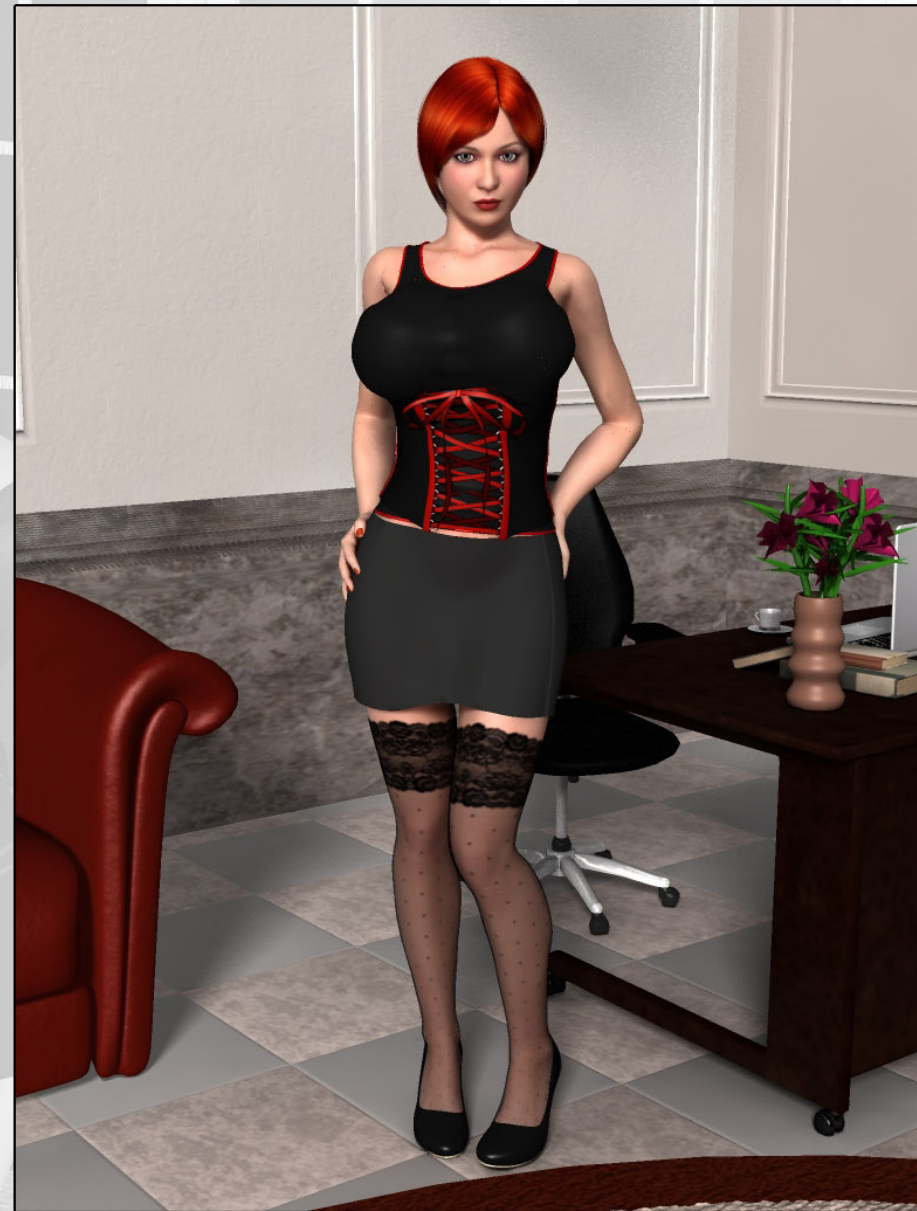
She decided that she wanted her breasts to be 'as big as possible', which was quite unexpected considering her previous reluctance to any changes. She also insisted in the surgery to take place as soon as possible. The doctor suggested implants in size 800cc, which in time could be filled to reach size 1600cc. She also inquired about the ways of narrowing waist and decided to wear a slimming corset.

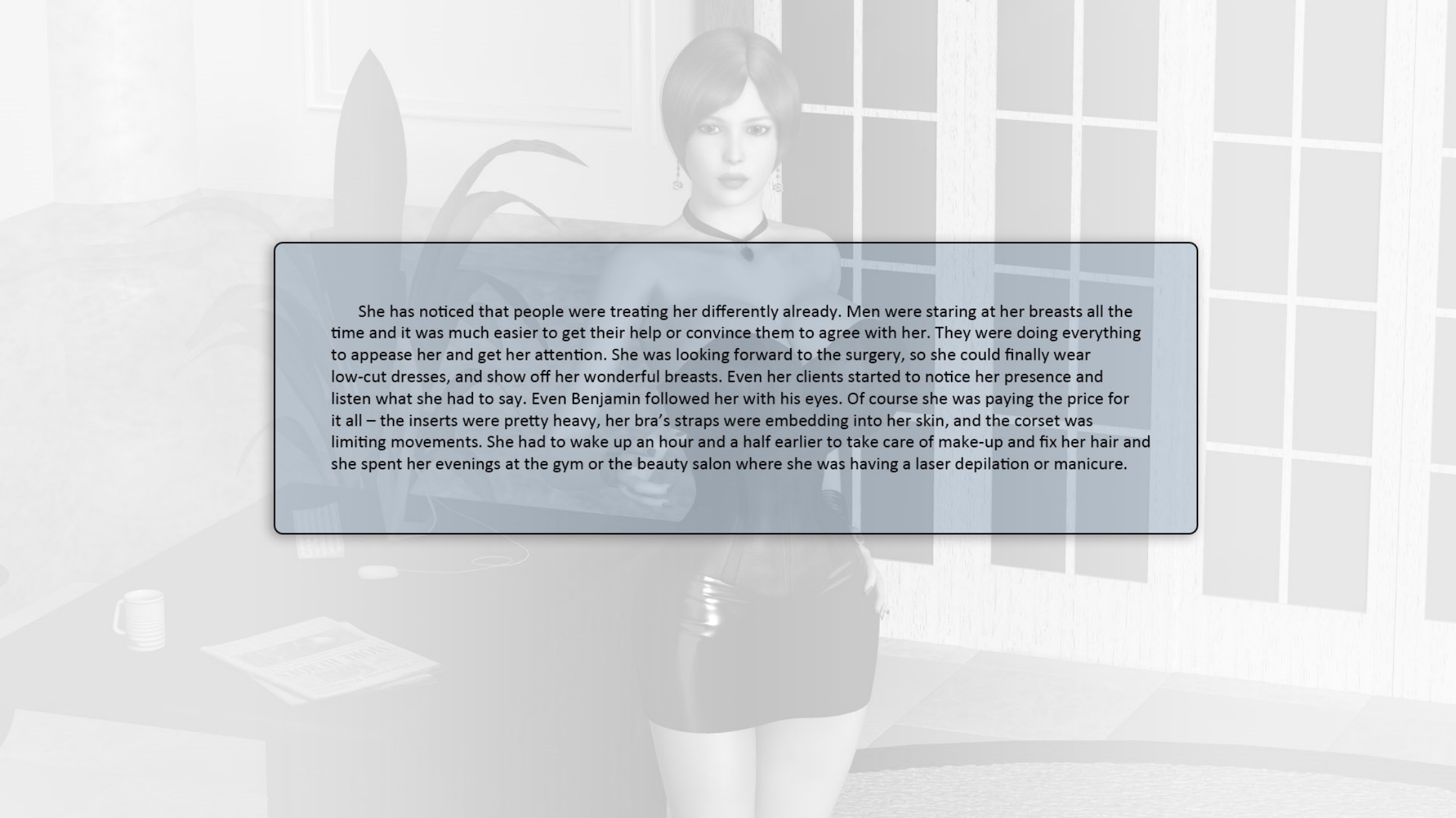


A 3D rendered woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black top, standing in a room with a window and a desk. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from a window on the right. A desk with a keyboard, mouse, and a cup is visible in the foreground. A large potted plant is on the left. The woman is looking directly at the camera.

On her own she decided to change her eye color with intensely green iris implants and having some face surgeries. She had already scheduled all the treatments and she couldn't wait. It always bothered her that she had common, indiscriminate features. She wished her look to reflect her character: she was decisive, confident and professional. She wanted other people to notice from the first sight that they were dealing with an attractive, sexy, self-confident person, who strives to achieve her goals with iron discipline. She started to put on more intensive make up, and painted her lips with a always popular, wild-red lipstick.

She cut her hair and dyed them flaming red. She completely replaced her old clothes with black high heels, tight elegant dresses, low-cut white shirts and perfectly fitting dress suits, with skirts much shorter than what is usual. She also bought a few sets of seductive, lacy underwear and stockings. A cotton pyjama landed in the rubbish bin, replaced with short silk night-dress. Under her trainer's supervision she started exercising regularly and strictly kept to the menu prepared by dietician. Her body was to become strong, firm and slim.



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black corset and a black skirt, stands in a room. She is looking directly at the camera. The room has a window with a grid pattern on the right, a desk with a mug and papers on the left, and a large plant in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.


She has noticed that people were treating her differently already. Men were staring at her breasts all the time and it was much easier to get their help or convince them to agree with her. They were doing everything to appease her and get her attention. She was looking forward to the surgery, so she could finally wear low-cut dresses, and show off her wonderful breasts. Even her clients started to notice her presence and listen what she had to say. Even Benjamin followed her with his eyes. Of course she was paying the price for it all – the inserts were pretty heavy, her bra’s straps were embedding into her skin, and the corset was limiting movements. She had to wake up an hour and a half earlier to take care of make-up and fix her hair and she spent her evenings at the gym or the beauty salon where she was having a laser depilation or manicure.

With the surgeon's assistance Misty decided on size 2300cc implants, which would be progressively filled to achieve bigger volume. The doctor showed her a computer simulation, which showed what her breasts would look like in the future. She was awestruck when she saw it and she was staring at the screen with her mouth gaping open from shock. Her reaction made the doctor ascertain several times if she really wanted to go through with the treatment. Her new breasts were supposed to be enormous! After the surgery everyone, even complete strangers would know that she is only a sex toy. They would treat her this way. When she showed the simulation to Benjamin his eyes burned with fascination and desire. She wanted to be useful and be the best at her role but she feared of this change.

Implant model: "Adult Star"
Implant type: Saline Expander
Profile: Ultra High Profile
Expandable: Yes
Starting Volume: 2300cc
Maximum Volume: 3500cc



Before - After Simulation (2300cc)

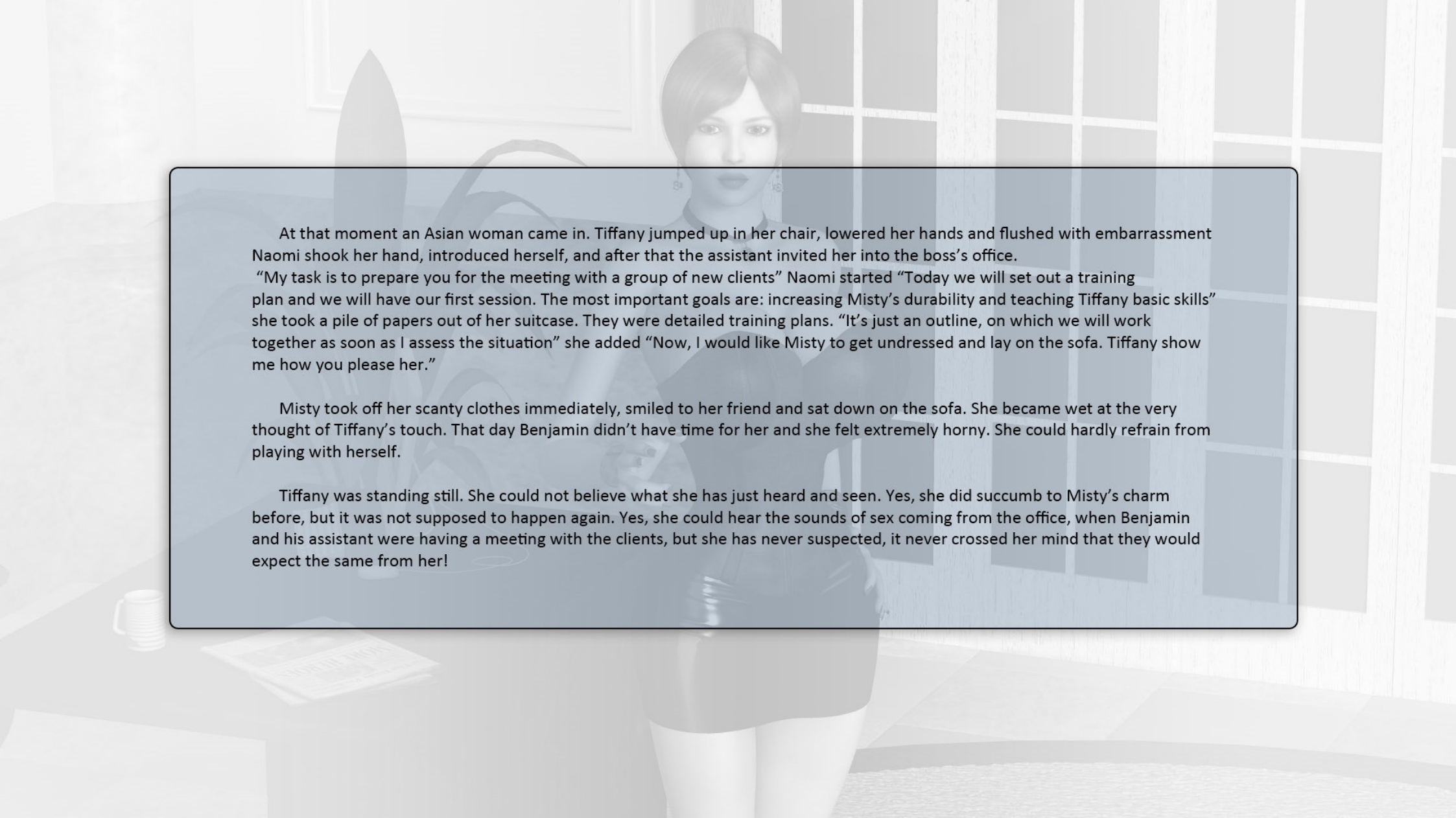
A grayscale 3D-rendered scene featuring a woman with short dark hair, wearing a black choker necklace and a black, shiny, form-fitting skirt. She is standing in the center of the frame, looking directly at the viewer. The background includes a desk on the left with a laptop, a mouse, and a mug. A large potted plant is behind the desk. To the right, there is a large window with a grid pattern. The floor is tiled, and a rug is visible in the foreground.

Benjamin was proudly observing the transformations of his both employees. Misty was turning him on even more than before. He was impressed with her courage and determination. After the surgery he won't be able to keep his hands off her. However he needed to work, and it wasn't easy. In a few months it will turn out if the new clients sign the contract with his company. If that works, it will mean a breakthrough, a colossal success! Yet... fantasizing about Misty was distracting him, and making it difficult to stay focused. Instead of preparing an offer he was imagining himself sticking his cock between her new disproportionately large breast... And there was something else... Besides the desire he felt for her, some other feeling was growing. One that he was struggling against with all his might.

Six weeks later

Tiffany was writing a daily report. She couldn't focus on the screen, again and again her eyes fled from the monitor, slipping through the manicured nails to stop at the cleavage. The two perfectly round, firm globes of her new, big breasts were emphasized with low-cut top and squeezed tightly with a lacy bra. Although it's been a few weeks from the surgery she still didn't have enough of looking at them. She felt a sudden need to touch them and weigh them in her hands. There was no one else in the room. She grabbed her tits from below, admiring their size and shape. She was still amazed at their weight. A smiles with bliss and triumph.



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black dress and a black choker, stands in the center of the frame. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred office interior with a window and a desk. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the image, containing three paragraphs of text.

At that moment an Asian woman came in. Tiffany jumped up in her chair, lowered her hands and flushed with embarrassment Naomi shook her hand, introduced herself, and after that the assistant invited her into the boss's office.

"My task is to prepare you for the meeting with a group of new clients" Naomi started "Today we will set out a training plan and we will have our first session. The most important goals are: increasing Misty's durability and teaching Tiffany basic skills" she took a pile of papers out of her suitcase. They were detailed training plans. "It's just an outline, on which we will work together as soon as I assess the situation" she added "Now, I would like Misty to get undressed and lay on the sofa. Tiffany show me how you please her."

Misty took off her scanty clothes immediately, smiled to her friend and sat down on the sofa. She became wet at the very thought of Tiffany's touch. That day Benjamin didn't have time for her and she felt extremely horny. She could hardly refrain from playing with herself.

Tiffany was standing still. She could not believe what she has just heard and seen. Yes, she did succumb to Misty's charm before, but it was not supposed to happen again. Yes, she could hear the sounds of sex coming from the office, when Benjamin and his assistant were having a meeting with the clients, but she has never suspected, it never crossed her mind that they would expect the same from her!

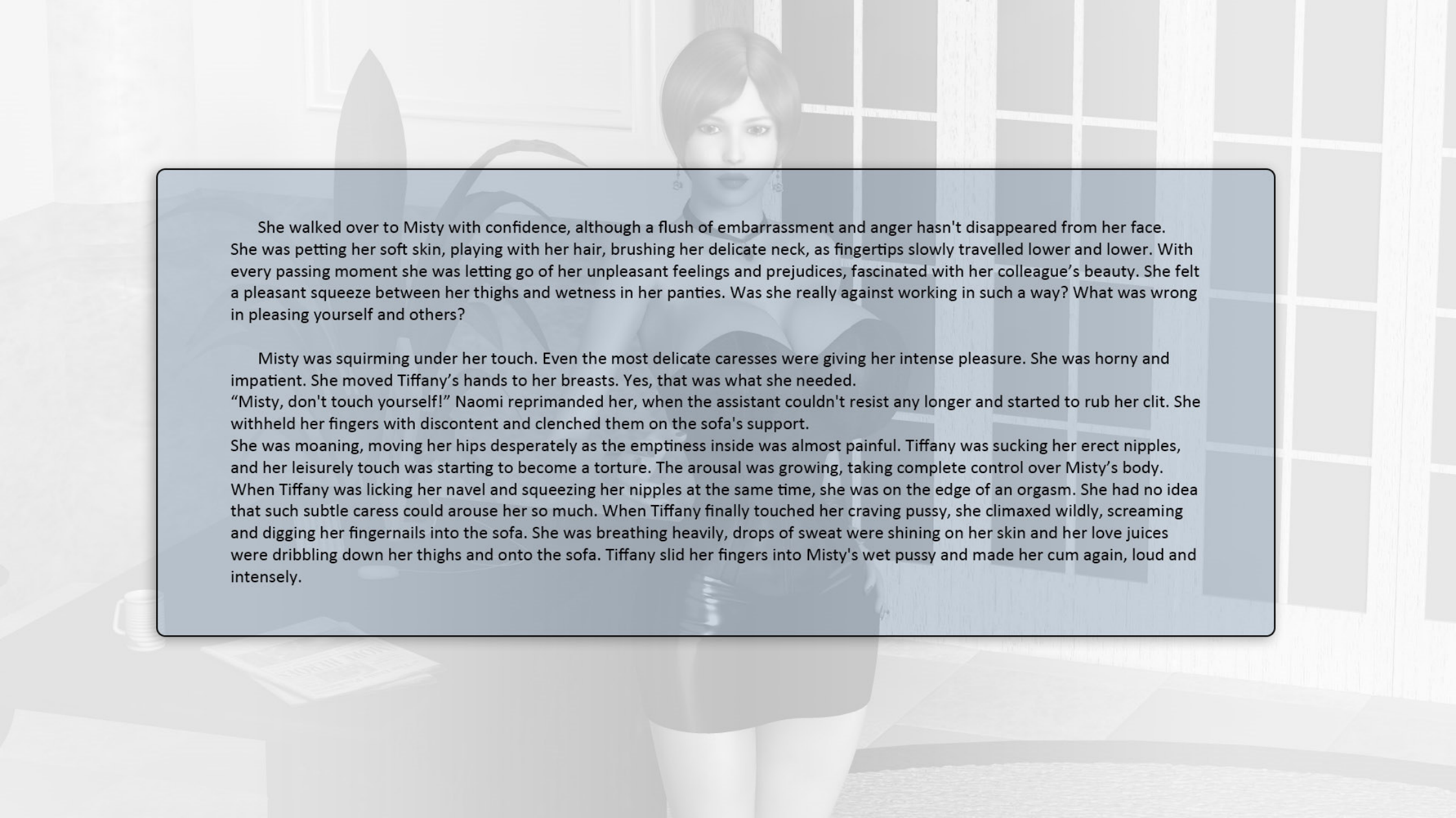
“Who do you think I am!?” she shouted” You cannot seriously think I will agree to that. I haven't graduated prestigious law school to professionally lick pussy.”

“And give blow-jobs” Naomi added impassively “We will get to that in a moment.”

“Tiffany, you don't have to agree to that” Benjamin said “However, in this case you won't be able to participate fully in our work. You will miss important meetings with clients and of course you won't the meet businessman, with whom we are planning to sign the contract. If you are sure, you don't want that...”

“I will do it” Tiffany interrupted him. She might not have this kind of opportunity again. She was already imagining the possibilities that contacts with such influential people would give her, what she could gain.



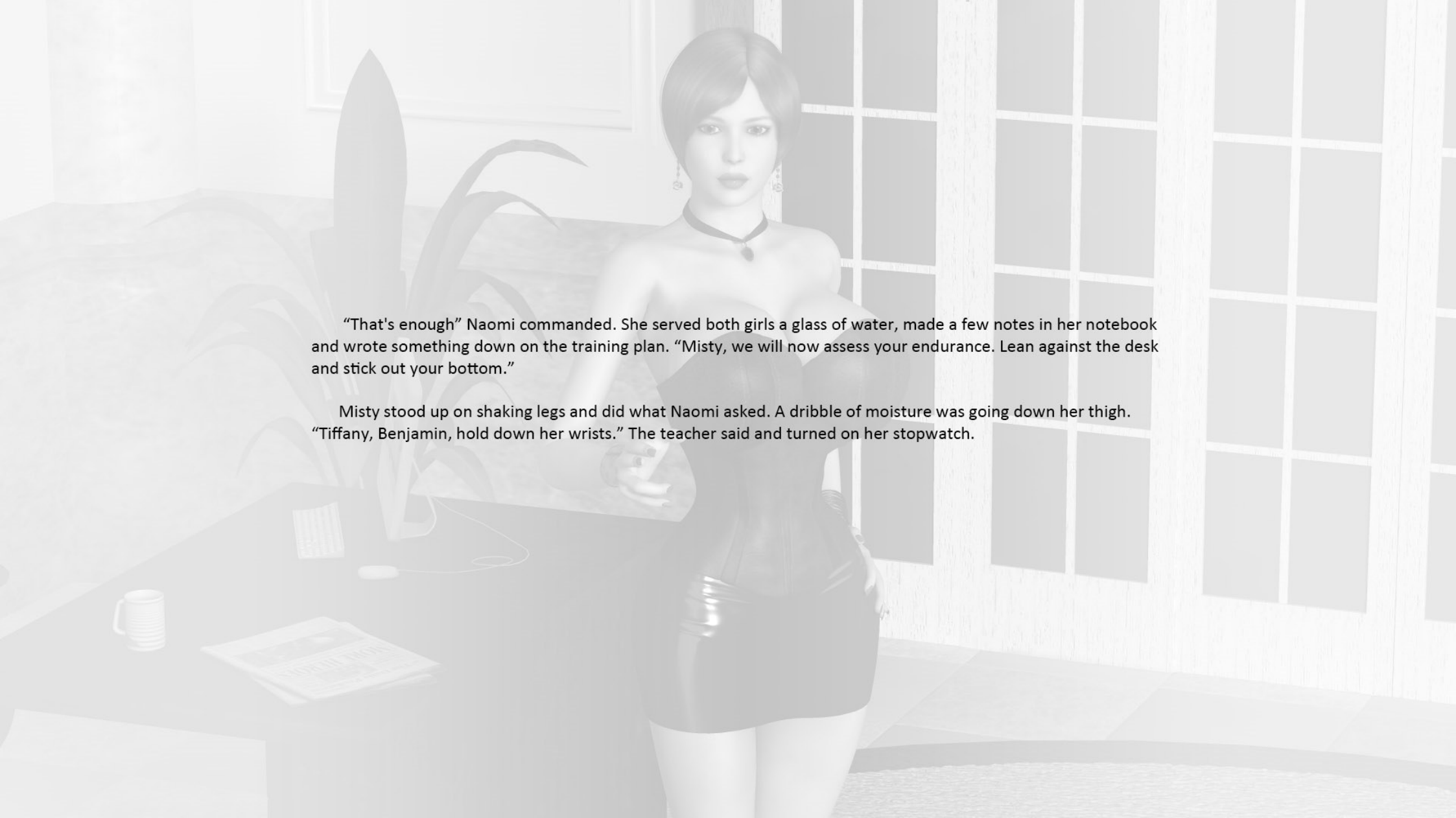
A 3D rendered woman with short brown hair, wearing a black dress, stands in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a white mug and some papers. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

She walked over to Misty with confidence, although a flush of embarrassment and anger hasn't disappeared from her face. She was petting her soft skin, playing with her hair, brushing her delicate neck, as fingertips slowly travelled lower and lower. With every passing moment she was letting go of her unpleasant feelings and prejudices, fascinated with her colleague's beauty. She felt a pleasant squeeze between her thighs and wetness in her panties. Was she really against working in such a way? What was wrong in pleasing yourself and others?

Misty was squirming under her touch. Even the most delicate caresses were giving her intense pleasure. She was horny and impatient. She moved Tiffany's hands to her breasts. Yes, that was what she needed. "Misty, don't touch yourself!" Naomi reprimanded her, when the assistant couldn't resist any longer and started to rub her clit. She withheld her fingers with discontent and clenched them on the sofa's support. She was moaning, moving her hips desperately as the emptiness inside was almost painful. Tiffany was sucking her erect nipples, and her leisurely touch was starting to become a torture. The arousal was growing, taking complete control over Misty's body. When Tiffany was licking her navel and squeezing her nipples at the same time, she was on the edge of an orgasm. She had no idea that such subtle caress could arouse her so much. When Tiffany finally touched her craving pussy, she climaxed wildly, screaming and digging her fingernails into the sofa. She was breathing heavily, drops of sweat were shining on her skin and her love juices were dribbling down her thighs and onto the sofa. Tiffany slid her fingers into Misty's wet pussy and made her cum again, loud and intensely.

Her whole body was trembling in spasms of pleasure. She was getting tired, but wanted more at the same time. She knew she could still have many more orgasms. Tiffany touched her enlarged G spot. Misty arched her back. She was howling like an animal, begging for more, and after a while begging to stop. He body was wracked with subsequent waves of ecstasy.



A 3D rendered scene featuring a woman with short brown hair, wearing a black corset and a black choker. She is standing in a room with a desk on the left, a large window on the right, and a potted plant in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window. The woman is looking directly at the camera.

“That’s enough” Naomi commanded. She served both girls a glass of water, made a few notes in her notebook and wrote something down on the training plan. “Misty, we will now assess your endurance. Lean against the desk and stick out your bottom.”

Misty stood up on shaking legs and did what Naomi asked. A dribble of moisture was going down her thigh. “Tiffany, Benjamin, hold down her wrists.” The teacher said and turned on her stopwatch.

A 3D rendered woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black strapless top, standing in a room. The room features a window with a grid pattern, a desk with a keyboard, mouse, and mug, and a large potted plant. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the image.

They did as she commanded. Naomi approached Misty, petted her prominent buttocks and tenderly scratched them. The girl moaned and stuck out more, demanding more caresses. Naomi softly rubbed her clit. The teacher's face expressed concentration, and her every movements showed professionalism and confidence. Years of experience made her an expert in finding the most sensitive spots on the body and fondling them so that even the slightest touch gave untold pleasure.

She was rubbing the girl's clit with such skill that just after few seconds Misty was screaming again, shaking from another orgasm. The teacher didn't let her rest yet and skillfully slid a finger inside her, pleasuring the G spot. The assistant arched her back again, and Benjamin and Tiffany had to hold her hands with more force. She was moaning louder than ever, and her face became a mask of ecstasy and bliss. Without stopping fondling her hot pussy, Naomi inserted a finger into Misty's other hole. The sensation was heavenly. She had never expected that she was able to experience something so wonderful and intense. She didn't know if she could manage to cum again. Her body was responding to the teacher's every move with unusual intensity, totally submitting to her will. After a while she felt another finger slide inside her asshole, and than one more, stretching it delightfully. She felt too exhausted to cum again, but she couldn't overcome her body's reaction and submitted to another powerful, overwhelming orgasm.



“Please stop...! That’s enough...! I can’t take it anymore...!” she was gasping between moans of pleasure.

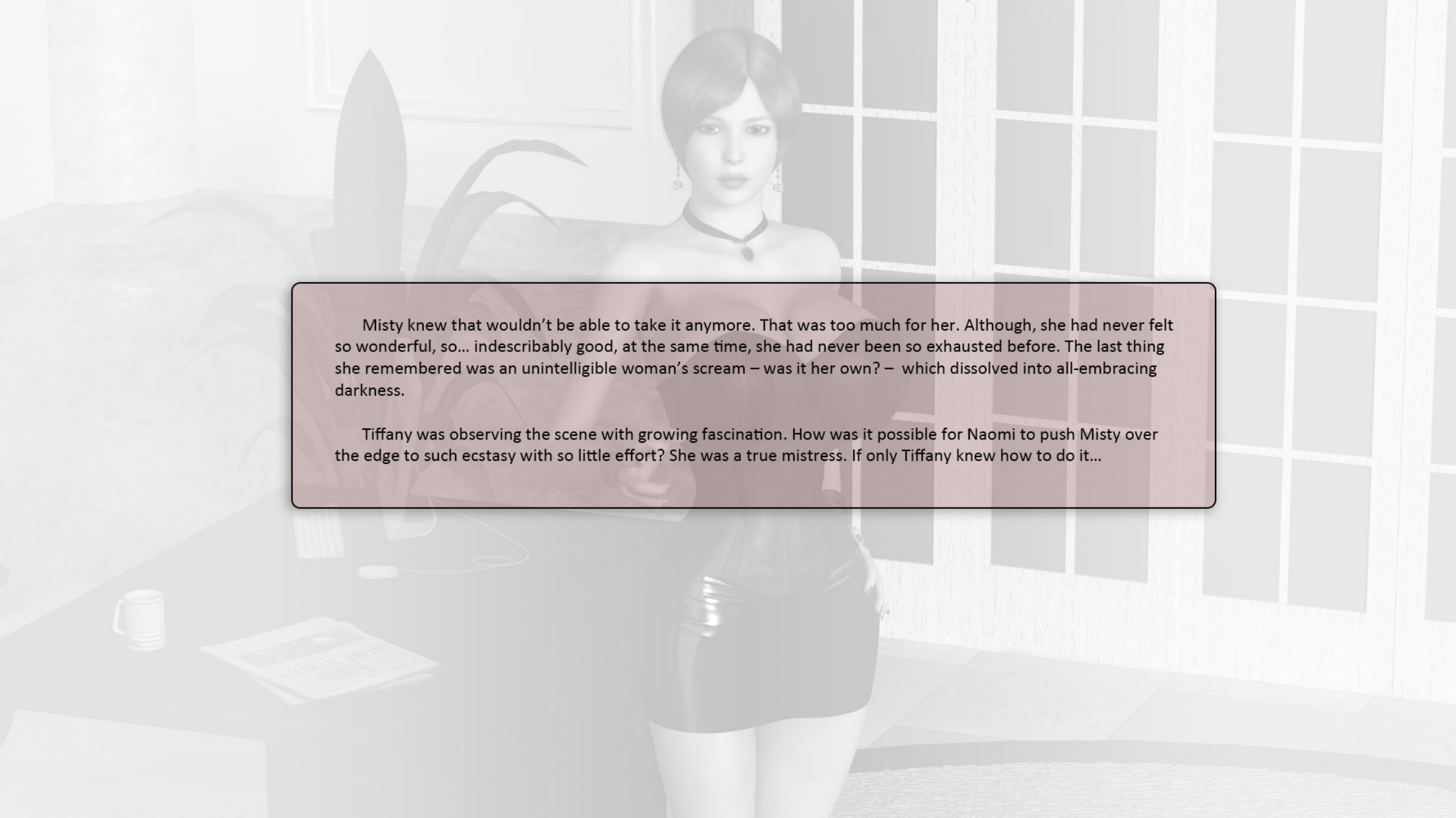
“Just a little longer” Naomi replied, looking at the stopwatch.

“Let me go!” – Misty was screaming.

She was trying to free herself from Benjamin’s and Tiffany’s grip. She was kicking with her tired legs and struggling, using the little strength she has left. Her boss was shocked how strong she was! He really needed to put a lot of effort to hold her down. He glanced at Naomi with concern: “Maybe we should take a little break... She won’t get hurt, will she?” However she hushed him with a steely glare and replied that Misty will be fine. She knelt down between Misty’s legs and without stopping her caresses, she started licking Misty’s clit. The girl let out an inhuman howl as spasms were shaking her body convulsively.

Benjamin was holding her sweaty hands with all his strength. She couldn’t tell the subsequent orgasms apart, they all mixed into one, overwhelming experience, over which she had no control.



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a red long-sleeved top and a black skirt, stands in a room. She is looking directly at the camera. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a computer monitor, keyboard, mouse, and a cup. A large potted plant is visible to the left.

Misty knew that wouldn't be able to take it anymore. That was too much for her. Although, she had never felt so wonderful, so... indescribably good, at the same time, she had never been so exhausted before. The last thing she remembered was an unintelligible woman's scream – was it her own? – which dissolved into all-embracing darkness.

Tiffany was observing the scene with growing fascination. How was it possible for Naomi to push Misty over the edge to such ecstasy with so little effort? She was a true mistress. If only Tiffany knew how to do it...

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black off-the-shoulder dress, stands in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a computer monitor, keyboard, mouse, and a cup. A large potted plant is also visible.

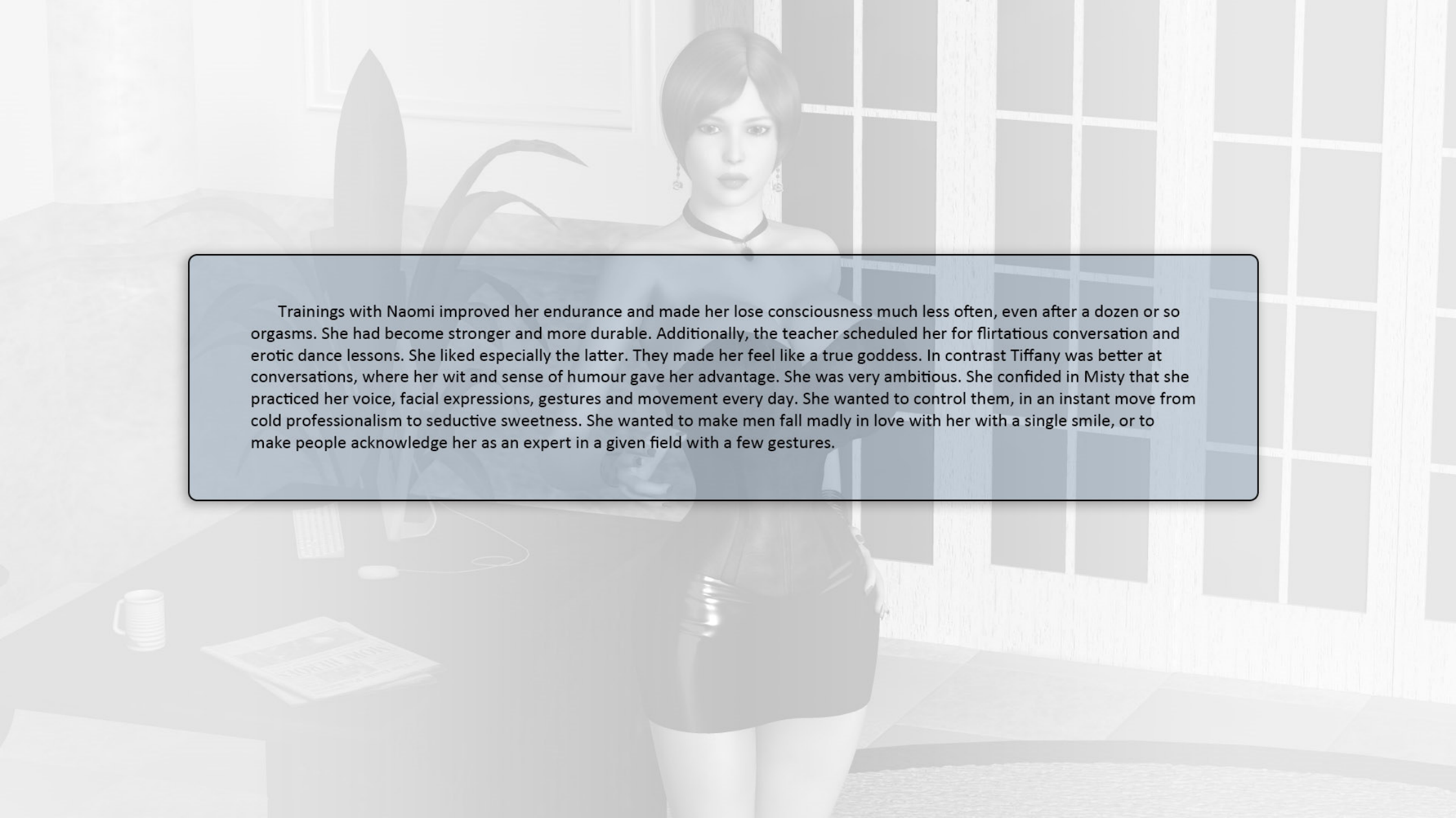
Two months later

Intensive preparations were in progress. Benjamin worked overtime every day. Misty was exhausted. In accordance with the training plan she experienced at least ten orgasms per day. Naomi was pleasing her in the evenings, bringing her body to the edge of exhaustion, constantly increasing Misty's endurance. The teacher's touch made her absolutely helpless, a slave to her body's reactions. Naomi fondled Misty in front of a large mirror and told her to observe her own reflection while having an orgasm. She was to work on it in order to look as presentable as possible.

It has been ten weeks since the breast surgery but Misty still couldn't get used to their new size. Every time she looked in the mirror, she was surprised how huge they were. And they were suppose to get even bigger! Only then she was becoming a true bimbo. Her purpose was to please others. Her looks reflected that.

In spite of many exhausting daily orgasms, she was still horny. Her enlarged boobs were turning her on along with all the stares she got, wherever she appeared. She loved touching her new breasts, massaging them and rubbing her nipples. They had become so large, she was unable to forget about them even for a little while. They were obstructing her view when she was looking down. She could feel their weight when was lying on her back. She needed to buy especially made bras and tops.

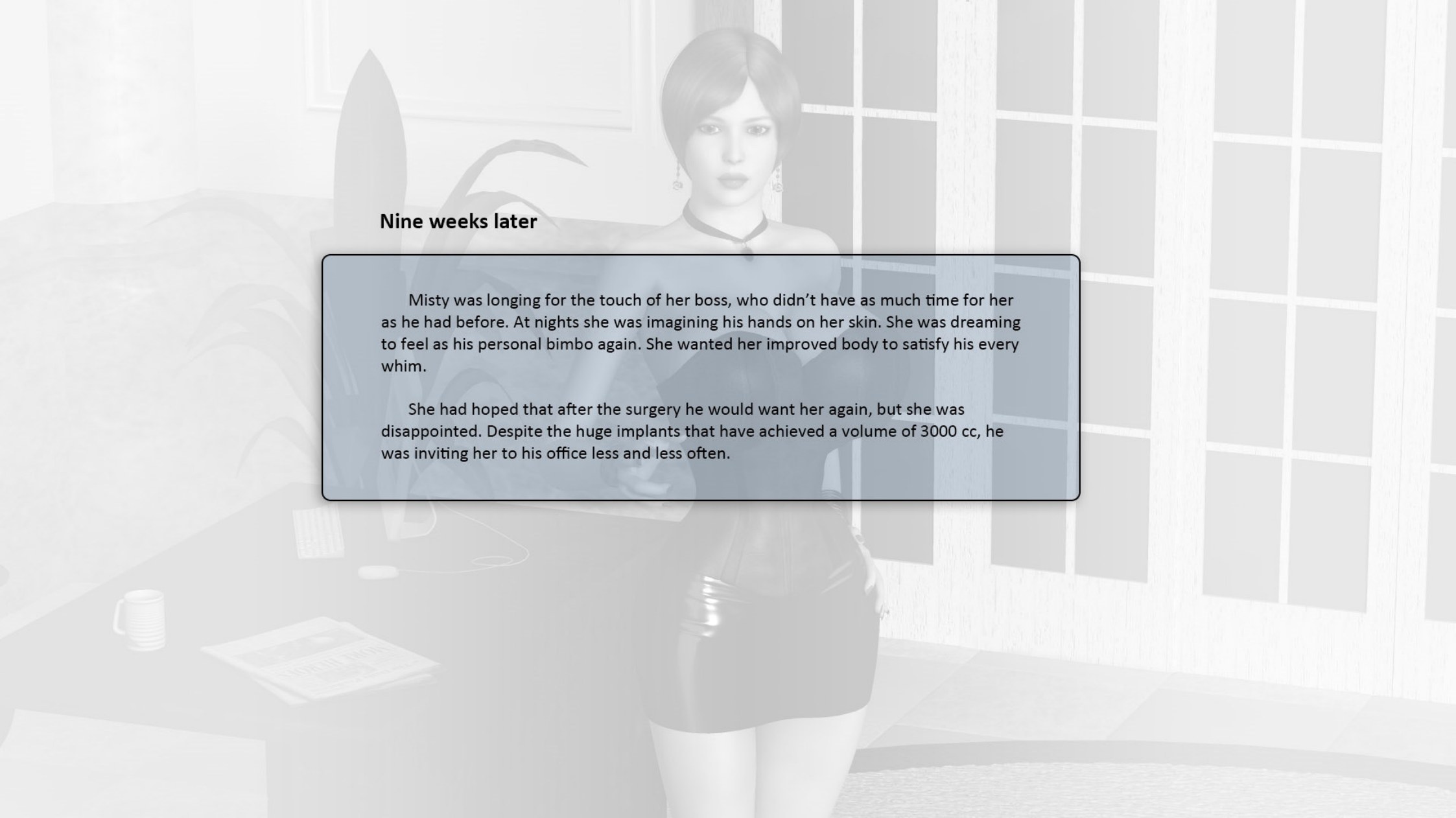


A 3D rendered woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black top, standing in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a computer monitor, keyboard, mouse, and a cup. A large potted plant is also visible.

Trainings with Naomi improved her endurance and made her lose consciousness much less often, even after a dozen or so orgasms. She had become stronger and more durable. Additionally, the teacher scheduled her for flirtatious conversation and erotic dance lessons. She liked especially the latter. They made her feel like a true goddess. In contrast Tiffany was better at conversations, where her wit and sense of humour gave her advantage. She was very ambitious. She confided in Misty that she practiced her voice, facial expressions, gestures and movement every day. She wanted to control them, in an instant move from cold professionalism to seductive sweetness. She wanted to make men fall madly in love with her with a single smile, or to make people acknowledge her as an expert in a given field with a few gestures.

Tiffany also looked stunning now. She was proudly presenting her new, filled up to size 1600cc breasts, bringing them out with low-cut clothes. Thanks to the treatments and skilfully put make-up her face was beautiful and expressed confidence. The look of her intensively green eyes could see right through a person. Regular exercises, diet and wearing the corset made her waist as slim as a wasp's, and her body strong and fit. Besides working with Benjamin on the offer, she was helping Misty please their clients.



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a black choker and a black top, stands in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a desk with a computer keyboard, mouse, and a cup. A large potted plant is visible to the left.

Nine weeks later

Misty was longing for the touch of her boss, who didn't have as much time for her as he had before. At nights she was imagining his hands on her skin. She was dreaming to feel as his personal bimbo again. She wanted her improved body to satisfy his every whim.

She had hoped that after the surgery he would want her again, but she was disappointed. Despite the huge implants that have achieved a volume of 3000 cc, he was inviting her to his office less and less often.

Her nails were now unusually long and fancifully adorned. She needed to re-learn over dealing with every day stuff such as typing or putting on make-up.

Has he got tired of her already? She also had the feeling that some kind of a barrier has risen between them, an unknown before distance. After weeks of insecurity, despite the enormous amount of work she decided to confront him.

When she was nervously knocking at the office door, her hand was shaking.



“Please, come in” The boss invited her in “What is it?”
“Here’s the thing...” she started and without looking in his eyes she told him about her feelings.
Benjamin was listening carefully. So she had noticed it too.
“Of course, I desire you” he started staring at her intensely. “If I could, I wouldn’t let you out of here and I would fuck you all day long” he said, with fascination looking at her huge breasts which threatened to burst out of her short, tight top at any moment.

Misty felt the arousal spreading around her body. He could make her ready with a single look. She nervously bit on her lip, waiting for him to add something.
“As you do, I want something more. But you have to be aware that this means submitting to me completely. I just can’t do it any other way. But I really don’t want to hurt you...”
“Oh...” Misty gave out a stifled sigh. “But this is exactly what I want!”
“Are you sure?”
“Of course!”
“You agree too fast and too enthusiastically. You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into” After consideration he added:



“I would demand more changes in your look. Very radical. They would dominate your entire life... This is a huge sacrifice...”

Just talking about it made him aroused. He really wanted her to agree. He had been imagining the things he would do to her for months.... Yet, it was too much. He shouldn't have demanded such things.

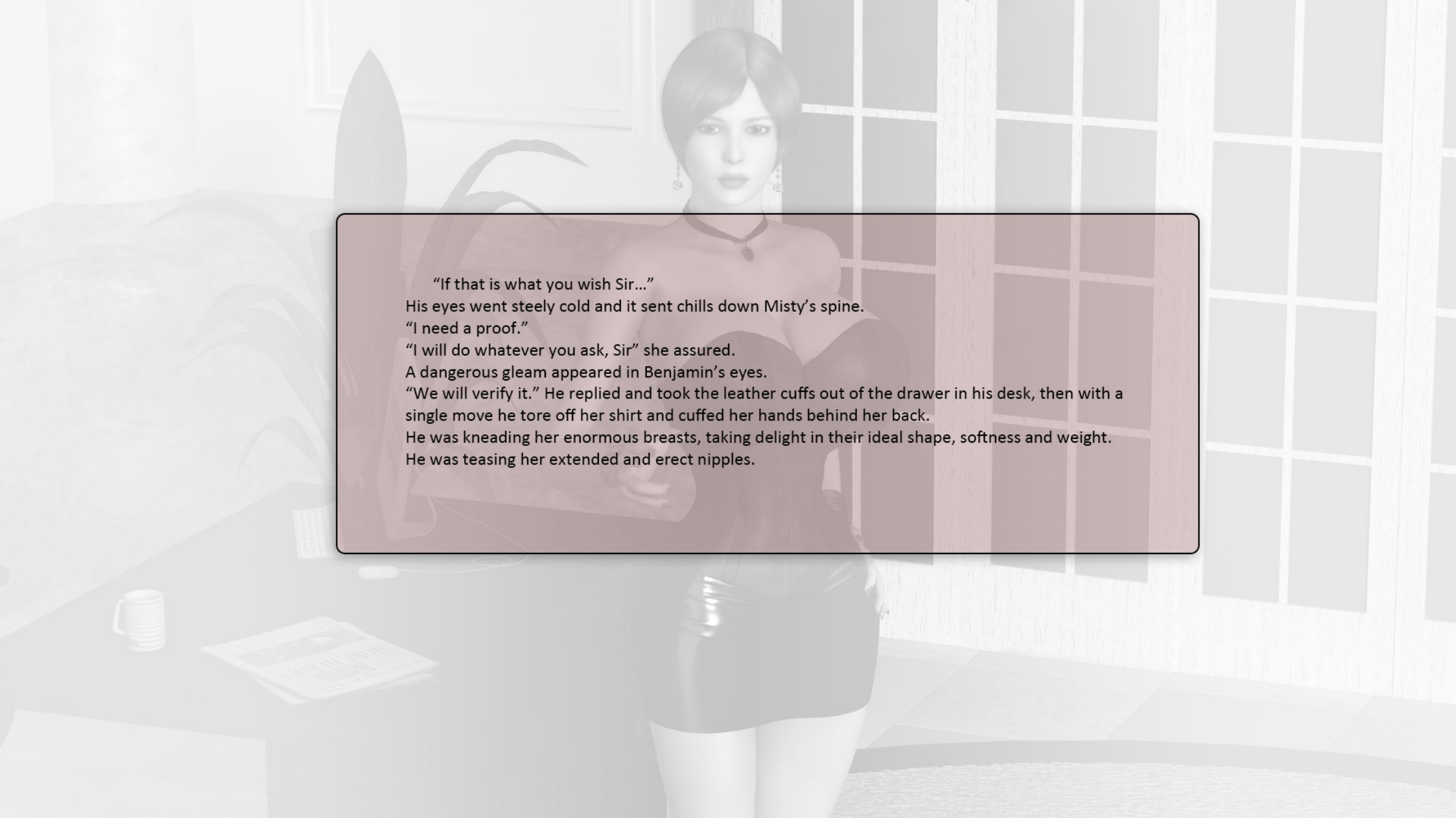
Misty gulped loudly. What more changes could he expect? It didn't matter. Whatever he wanted, she would want as well...

“I agree” she said with trembling voice.

“Your breasts... they will become even bigger” He added without taking his eyes off of her face, observing her reactions.

The assistant inhaled sharply. Her breasts went up and down. Even bigger? But they have already achieved almost unimaginable sizes! What size would satisfy him? She was shocked, but on the other hand... she was excited by the perspective of becoming completely submissive to his will. Of giving her body into his control and fulfilling his fantasies. She wanted to be his perfect woman.





"If that is what you wish Sir..."

His eyes went steely cold and it sent chills down Misty's spine.

"I need a proof."

"I will do whatever you ask, Sir" she assured.

A dangerous gleam appeared in Benjamin's eyes.

"We will verify it." He replied and took the leather cuffs out of the drawer in his desk, then with a single move he tore off her shirt and cuffed her hands behind her back.

He was kneading her enormous breasts, taking delight in their ideal shape, softness and weight.

He was teasing her extended and erect nipples.

Misty was moaning, completely giving in to pleasure. Her body was trembling from growing arousal. She couldn't wait for him to enter her, for his manhood to fill her hungry, swollen inside. She felt her clit pulsing, getting bigger and more sensitive. In the air she could smell the scent of her arousal, her g-string was completely wet.

"Kneel" he ordered, and she obeyed without any hesitation. He took off his trousers and Misty enthusiastically took his cock into her mouth.



She was moving her head vigorously, moaning with pleasure. She loved to please him this way. She looked up and saw that he was pleased. Very pleased. It was the biggest and the best reward for her. With every second her excitement kept growing. She knew, that Benjamin was close to climax. He moved away at the very last moment he moved away slightly so that the stream of his hot sperm splattered on her breasts. Misty screamed and shivered, shocked by the sudden pleasure. She craved for him to touch her.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black dress and a necklace, stands in a room. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern and a table with a magazine and a small container. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window.

But he turned away from her and pulled up his trousers. She unwittingly let out a loud moan of disappointment. Was he going to leave his in such state, when she was aroused to the limits?

He helped her up and without a word he led her to the sofa, on which she had already experienced so much pleasure. Once more she dared to hope. He ordered her to kneel down again so that her breasts were resting against the sofa's cool leather cover, and her buttocks were sticking out.


“You will remain in this position for the rest of the day. Maybe one of the clients would like to use your wet pussy” he said.

Misty was terrified. How was she supposed to last without touch, denied an orgasm, when he had turned her on so badly? The position itself made her body burn with desire.

That evening no client visited their law firm. Every passing minute of waiting was like a subtly cruel torture. At last she heard Benjamin’s voice:

“If you really want this, if you want something more, for the next ten days you shell refrain yourself form sex and masturbation. You are not allowed to cum. I will work this out with Naomi and we will take a little break from training. I can imagine how difficult it will be for you. If you manage, that will be proof enough for me that you really want it and are strong enough for something more.”

Misty gulped and licked her dry lips. Ten days! She already felt like her body was about to explode from desire! Training with Naomi was exhausting and difficult, but also extremely pleasant. She got used to regular doses of ecstatic pleasure. Sometimes, when the teacher couldn't visit her, she played with herself in front of the mirror until she was too tired to move her hands and hips. Orgasms became her primary entertainment, occupying her body as well as her mind. Sometimes she asked herself if she wasn’t physically addicted to them. And Benjamin demanded ten days from her... She wasn't sure if she could make it.



She has to! Because if she manages.... it will be wonderful. Better than anything before, she was sure of that.
"I'm going to try" she whispered with determination clenching her fists.

TO BE CONTINUED