


The office bimbo

Part 3



Bimbofication
Forced orgasm
Artificially induced orgasm
Humiliation
Waist reduction
Extreme breast expansion
A bit of tattoos and piercing



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Color Code:

This story has color code that will help you navigate through most interesting parts.

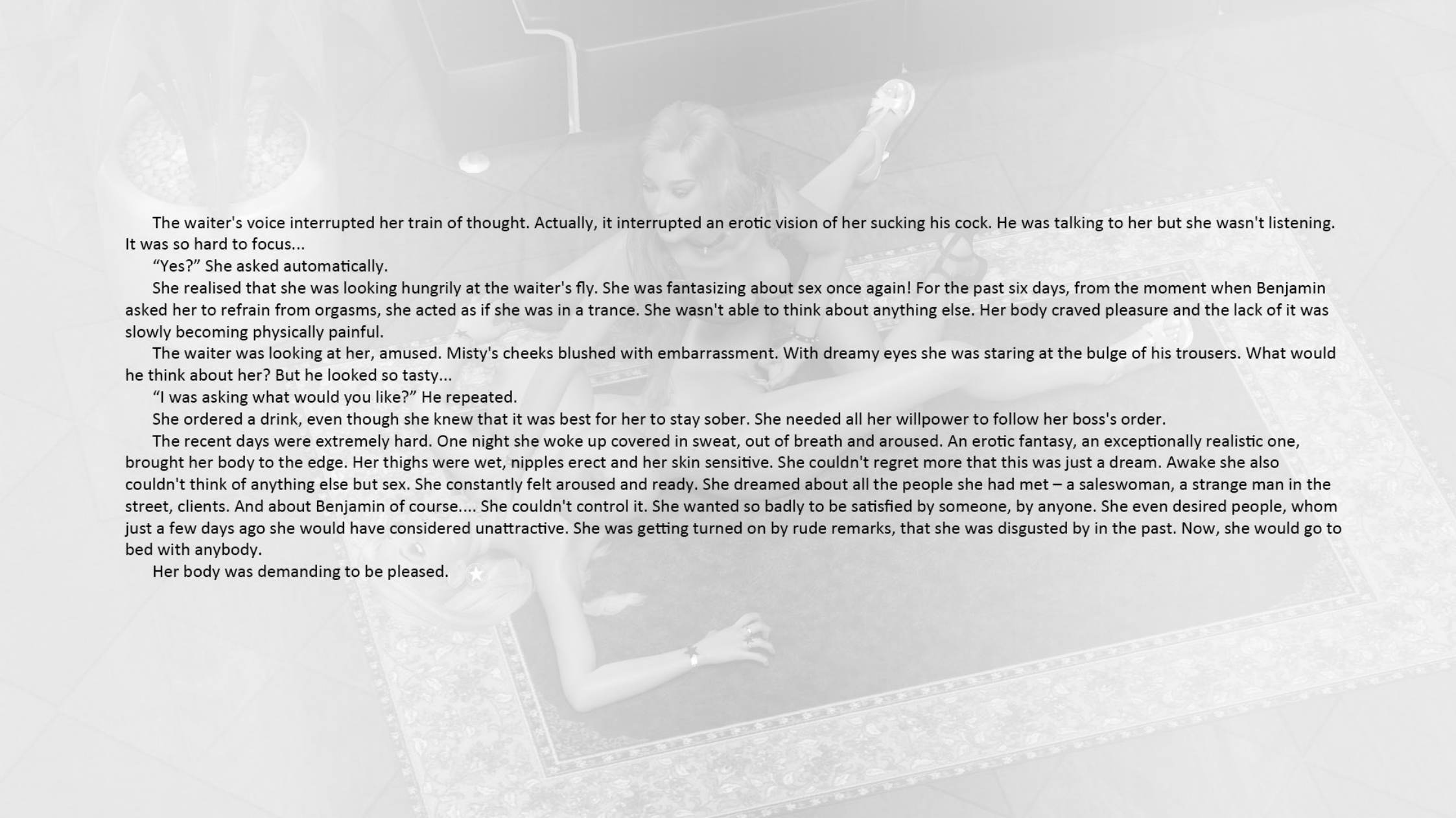
BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies

Misty was supposed to meet up with a friend in a club, but the girl cancelled at the last moment. Misty decided to go alone even though she was aware of all the temptations she was about to face in that place. She dressed as modestly as she could. She didn't want anybody to flirt with her. However even a long high-neck dress couldn't hide her sexy curves. She even put on flats in which she felt kind of weird. She couldn't remember when was the last time she looked so... modest. Despite that, she stood out of the crowd and men looked at her lustfully. She couldn't do anything about it.





The waiter's voice interrupted her train of thought. Actually, it interrupted an erotic vision of her sucking his cock. He was talking to her but she wasn't listening. It was so hard to focus...

"Yes?" She asked automatically.

She realised that she was looking hungrily at the waiter's fly. She was fantasizing about sex once again! For the past six days, from the moment when Benjamin asked her to refrain from orgasms, she acted as if she was in a trance. She wasn't able to think about anything else. Her body craved pleasure and the lack of it was slowly becoming physically painful.

The waiter was looking at her, amused. Misty's cheeks blushed with embarrassment. With dreamy eyes she was staring at the bulge of his trousers. What would he think about her? But he looked so tasty...

"I was asking what would you like?" He repeated.

She ordered a drink, even though she knew that it was best for her to stay sober. She needed all her willpower to follow her boss's order.

The recent days were extremely hard. One night she woke up covered in sweat, out of breath and aroused. An erotic fantasy, an exceptionally realistic one, brought her body to the edge. Her thighs were wet, nipples erect and her skin sensitive. She couldn't regret more that this was just a dream. Awake she also couldn't think of anything else but sex. She constantly felt aroused and ready. She dreamed about all the people she had met – a saleswoman, a strange man in the street, clients. And about Benjamin of course.... She couldn't control it. She wanted so badly to be satisfied by someone, by anyone. She even desired people, whom just a few days ago she would have considered unattractive. She was getting turned on by rude remarks, that she was disgusted by in the past. Now, she would go to bed with anybody.

Her body was demanding to be pleased. ☆



Under the shower, when she was washing her breasts, buttocks and her private parts, she could barely resist the urge to masturbate. Ordinary, everyday touch of her own hands seemed extremely intense and pleasant.

She tried her best to make Benjamin satisfied! She had to last only four more days...



The waiter brought her drink. She thanked him, took a long sip, and a moment later she felt delightfully relaxed.

She could approach one of the men by the bar and flirt a little bit. Picking up one of them and inviting him to go to bed with her would be childishly easy. With her body and her skills she could have anyone. She just needed to make a move...

"Hi babe, can we join you?" An unknown man said. She hadn't noticed them approaching her table. They sat down next to her without waiting for her answer.

"No". She replied with a low, hoarse voice, which gave away her arousal.

"It sounded like 'yes' to me," said one of them "I am Nick, and this is Damian." He introduced them.

"I said 'no'," she repeated, this time a bit annoyed. She really did want to say "yes". They were not very attractive and they were insolent and rude. Yet they were clearly interested in her. Probably either of them would be happy to take her home. Or maybe both...? She had enough energy for many, many men... After training with Naomi she had lots of stamina. She was wondering if they were good in bed? Besides, it probably wouldn't matter anyway. She was almost certain, now that she was more horny than ever before, she would climax very fast, even if they had no skill at all.

"Don't get mad, sunshine!" Damian raised his hands in a defensive gesture, and kept smiling. "We are here to have some fun, aren't we? We just wanted to talk, get to know each other. We couldn't let such a sexy girl be lonely."

"Maybe I can buy you a drink?" Nick asked.

"No!" Misty exclaimed drawing attention of some people.

"Okay, okay..." He said, still smiling.

Both men stood up and walked away and Misty sighed with relief and disappointment as well. Maybe if somebody took her by force, Benjamin would still consider she kept her promise? She immediately reproached herself for this kind of ideas. The desire was messing with her head.

She had another drink. A few more people tried to talk with her but she dismissed them all.

She went to the dance floor to blow off some steam, get tired... Maybe she wouldn't have strength left for anything else. She doubted it, after trainings with Naomi she could take a lot, but it was worth a try.

She was trying not to dance provocatively, however with her every move her enlarged breast bounced and attracted attention. Every time she gave in to music, she started to swing her hips, and her every gesture became sexy and alluring. It seems that it became a part of her nature.

Every now and then somebody tried to dance with her. She kept refusing but at the same time she was fantasising that she agreed, flirted, went home with somebody to at last have passionate sex, satisfying her burning desire. She was ogling every man and woman. She wanted them so badly! Damian approached her again, but once more she gave him a firm "no". She felt that her panties were all wet. They had been wet almost constantly for past six days...

She had another drink and went back to the dance floor. She was a little tipsy. If only she could have sex with somebody! Or just for a minute stay focused on anything other than sex. She couldn't remember when was the last time she was so horny.

All of a sudden she felt someone's hand on her breast. Before she managed to react, another hand grabbed her crotch and unfamiliar fingers started to rub her warm and ready clit.

"Get your hands off of me!" She screamed while trying to pull away.

She turned her head. It was Damian. What an insolent jerk! How could he behave in such a way?! Abusing a woman who had already told him „no” a couple of times. The sudden outrage and the urge to resist got immediately quenched by a wave of pleasure. She knew she couldn't give in to it.

Damian pulled up her dress and pushed his hand under her thong. Misty felt his fingers sliding inside her wet pussy. What a rube! It was so inappropriate!






She wanted to free herself, to scream, to object. She wanted to cry for help. However she craved caresses so badly that even that unwanted touch gave her enormous pleasure. She moaned, closed her eyes and a shiver of pleasure shook her body. The man was moving his fingers rapidly, pushing them deeper and deeper. She sighed, leaned on him and surrendered. She felt the world around disappear, leaving only her and her desire. She felt the orgasm getting closer and she just couldn't help it, her body was hungry for release. Her pussy was squeezing rhythmically on Damian's fingers, and her face took a blissful expression. The loud music drowned out her scream. What an incredible sensation! At last... She had been waiting for it so long.

She felt an enormous relief... but after a while she felt embarrassed, angry and powerless.

"What the fuck was that?" She yelled at Damian. "Do you think you can abuse women unpunished?"

"It seemed to me that you enjoyed it." He replied boldly, unmoved by her outrage.

Misty didn't know what to say. Tears of humiliation welled up in her eyes. She needed to punish him somehow. Not only was he touching her against her will, but because of him she broke the promise given to Benjamin. She hauled off and with all her strength slapped Damian in the face.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is sitting at a table in a club restroom. She is looking into a mirror, adjusting her hair. The background shows a tiled floor and a patterned rug.

Tiffany was fixing her make up in front of the mirror in the club restroom. She liked her new look. Her altered spruce body gave her power and possibilities she could only have dreamt of before.

Every day, she enthusiastically trained under Naomi's supervision and on her own as well. She learned how to flirt, how to seduce with body language and facial expressions, how to move elegantly. She was also improving her ability to satisfy women and men and training her Kegel muscles. She got better in using them during sex, which tremendously intensified sensations. She was even experimenting with pheromones, which were supposed to make men attracted to her unwittingly and instinctively. She loved observing her own progress and testing her new skills.

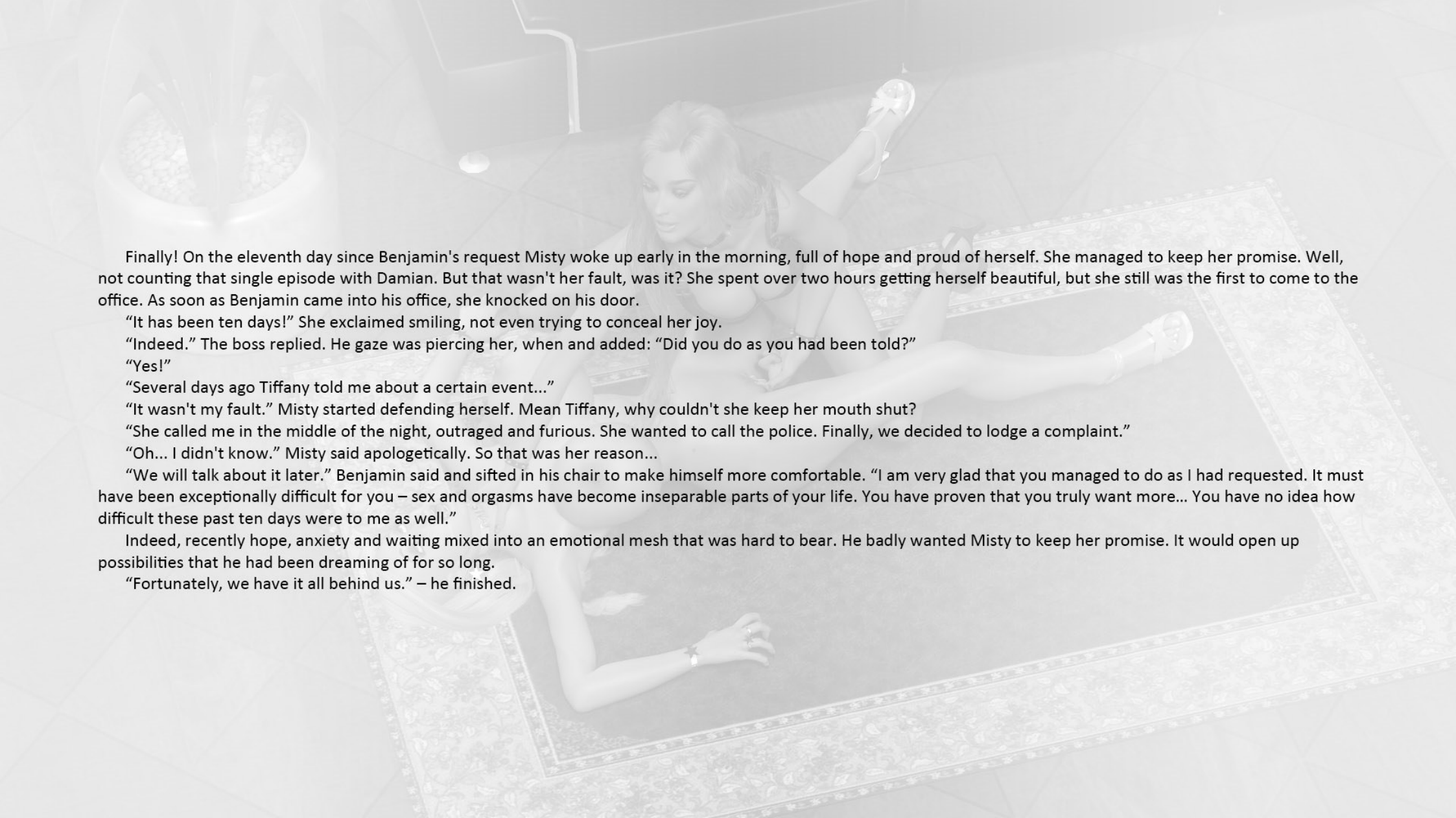
Sometimes, like on that day, she went to the club to prove herself how much she was worth. How perfectly she could tease men and play with their desire. She flirted and seduced to confirm how much a person was willing to do to have sex with her. She was drunk with her power. If she felt like it, she sometimes went home with somebody. A wonderful feeling!

She was excited with her new abilities like a child with a new toy. However she knew that she could utilise them in much better way than to simply have fun. Entirely new opportunities opened up. Thanks to her look and skills she could easily gain fame, money and adoration.... But not yet. In a few weeks she would meet with some potential new clients so she wanted to focus on that first.

She came out of the restroom and walked over to the bar. She ordered a drink and turned to face the dance floor, where, among the dancing people she noticed... Misty, who was being groped by some man! Tiffany frowned and tried to assess the situation. Her colleague was resisting, but after a moment she stopped and she looked as if... she was having an orgasm? Tiffany put her drink aside and walked confidently towards Misty. When she was close, her friend slapped the man in the face. Tiffany opened her eyes wider with amazement.

"What is going on here?" She demanded.

In breaking voice Misty told her everything. Meanwhile the man quickly disappeared. Tiffany led Misty out of the club, drove her home and comforted her. She hated this kind of pushy and brutal jerks! However she was shocked that Misty climaxed... So fast, she only need a few seconds of touching and she reached the orgasm despite not wanting to! She must have got strongly addicted to pleasure...

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is sitting on a patterned rug in an office. She is looking down at a laptop computer. The office has a tiled floor and a potted plant in the background.

Finally! On the eleventh day since Benjamin's request Misty woke up early in the morning, full of hope and proud of herself. She managed to keep her promise. Well, not counting that single episode with Damian. But that wasn't her fault, was it? She spent over two hours getting herself beautiful, but she still was the first to come to the office. As soon as Benjamin came into his office, she knocked on his door.

"It has been ten days!" She exclaimed smiling, not even trying to conceal her joy.

"Indeed." The boss replied. He gaze was piercing her, when and added: "Did you do as you had been told?"

"Yes!"

"Several days ago Tiffany told me about a certain event..."

"It wasn't my fault." Misty started defending herself. Mean Tiffany, why couldn't she keep her mouth shut?

"She called me in the middle of the night, outraged and furious. She wanted to call the police. Finally, we decided to lodge a complaint."

"Oh... I didn't know." Misty said apologetically. So that was her reason...

"We will talk about it later." Benjamin said and sifted in his chair to make himself more comfortable. "I am very glad that you managed to do as I had requested. It must have been exceptionally difficult for you – sex and orgasms have become inseparable parts of your life. You have proven that you truly want more... You have no idea how difficult these past ten days were to me as well."

Indeed, recently hope, anxiety and waiting mixed into an emotional mesh that was hard to bear. He badly wanted Misty to keep her promise. It would open up possibilities that he had been dreaming of for so long.

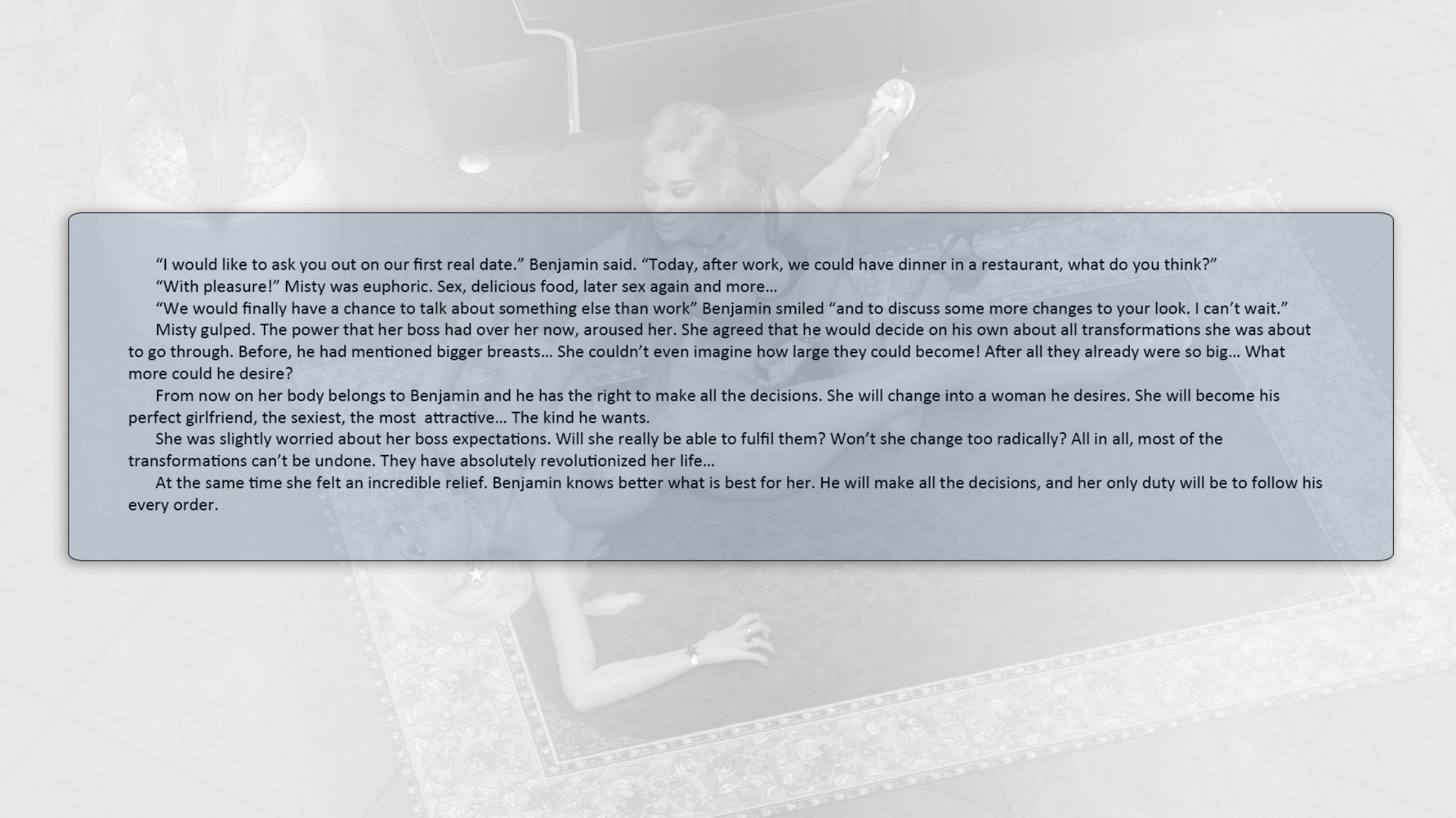
"Fortunately, we have it all behind us." – he finished.



After that, everything happened very fast. The boss got up and literally pounced at her, tearing off her clothes. After just few seconds he was fondling her asshole by rhythmically pushing his finger into it, and his every move made Misty moan with ecstasy. She was so happy that she had made it! She missed his touch so badly...

The sex was fast and ecstatic. The orgasm came just after a few minutes but neither of them had enough willpower to prolong the pleasure. They managed to fulfil the first urge for pleasure, but they both knew that it was just the beginning...



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue dress and white high-heeled shoes, is sitting on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is looking down at her hands. In the background, there is a potted plant with large green leaves. The scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow from the plant area.

“I would like to ask you out on our first real date.” Benjamin said. “Today, after work, we could have dinner in a restaurant, what do you think?”

“With pleasure!” Misty was euphoric. Sex, delicious food, later sex again and more...


“We would finally have a chance to talk about something else than work” Benjamin smiled “and to discuss some more changes to your look. I can’t wait.”

Misty gulped. The power that her boss had over her now, aroused her. She agreed that he would decide on his own about all transformations she was about to go through. Before, he had mentioned bigger breasts... She couldn’t even imagine how large they could become! After all they already were so big... What more could he desire?

From now on her body belongs to Benjamin and he has the right to make all the decisions. She will change into a woman he desires. She will become his perfect girlfriend, the sexiest, the most attractive... The kind he wants.

She was slightly worried about her boss expectations. Will she really be able to fulfil them? Won’t she change too radically? All in all, most of the transformations can’t be undone. They have absolutely revolutionized her life...

At the same time she felt an incredible relief. Benjamin knows better what is best for her. He will make all the decisions, and her only duty will be to follow his every order.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is sitting on a patterned rug in a room. She is looking down at something in her hands. In the background, there is a potted plant and a chair. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an evening setting.

Late evening, after dinner in an elegant restaurant and hours of passionate sex, Misty came back home. A euphoric smile didn't leave her face for a long while. She had never felt so happy before.

She changed into a nightie and she was about to lay down, when somebody rang the doorbell. She frowned with surprise and opened the door... there was no one outside, but she found an enormous bouquet of roses and a beautifully packed present. She sighed with delight. She took everything inside, ripped off the colourful paper and looked inside the box. She found there a big... a very big dildo, and a card with Benjamin's instructions on how to use it. She got aroused again, sensed a pleasant tingling in her most intimate places, sensitive after many hours of fondling.

Among the roses she also found a card with information about an appointment in a tattoo salon under which it was written: "To let everyone know who you belong to and to make you more suitable for your role." That was it. She didn't even know what kind of tattoos she would get, there was only a date. She sensed that Benjamin wouldn't tell her more until the appointment day. He would enjoy her uncertainty.

Next morning, slowly and very gently, she inserted the dildo into her anus. She'd never had anything so big inside of her. She had to try pushing it in a few times, before she finally managed to do so. She felt filled to the limits. Every move made her more aware of the toy. On her way to work she was imagining that other people knew what she had inside her ass. When she got to the office she was extremely horny...



Three weeks later

The big day came, the one that everyone had been preparing for so long and so diligently. The new clients came to negotiate the contract. It was group of five people, including one woman.

During the day, they were having long business conversations in the office. Benjamin, with Tiffany's help, presented the project that he had been working on for the past months. Meanwhile, Misty was taking care of the guests – she was serving drinks, conducting a small talk.


“They seem content.” The boss said when the potential clients finally had left the office to have a late lunch. “We still have an evening party to go through, on which both of you will have a chance to shine.” He added. “I am sure that you will do great.”

It was almost 9 pm when the guest showed up. Benjamin and his assistants were already waiting for them. Misty felt excited and concerned, just like before the previous party. She was hoping that she wouldn't disappoint her boss. She was wondering if the clients liked her look. After all they had such high expectations... Up till then they didn't let her know if they liked her. They were acting very professionally and they were fully focused on negotiating the contract. They didn't given her a single lustful look...

Did it mean that she hadn't changed enough?

Tiffany was agitated too. The new clients turned out to be worthy adversaries – they were far more sophisticated than men and women she met every day and was able to wrap around her finger easily. Now, she would need to work even harder and use every trick and skill she had learned during these past few months.

She was mingling with the guests, flirting, laughing, talking about interests and work. She was trying to discover what subjects interested specific people, and what they fancied at the moment. After just a while she felt very confident in the new company. Misty, on the other hand, was wandering around, drinking wine and exchanging remarks with guests. She was under the impression that Tiffany was doing much better. She was embarrassed that she couldn't conduct conversations as cleverly as Tiffany did, that's why she just kept nodding and smiling. She felt a bit awkward. And there was something else... She couldn't wait for the party to really get going and for somebody to finally fuck her. Just a thought of it made her extremely aroused. She wished her modified body to give the guests as much pleasure as possible. As soon as possible.



After some time Misty couldn't handle the pressure anymore. She wanted to heat up the atmosphere, to get this party really started! She convinced Tiffany to a joint performance. She turned up the music and started slow, sensual dance. She was swinging her hips seductively, touching her voluptuous breast, squeezing them in her hands. The pleasure made her close her eyes, and smile with bliss. Everyone was looking at her, and she could see a glimmer of desire in their eyes. Finally! Tiffany joined her and took off Misty's blouse, showing everybody her sexy bra. Both girls were acting more and more provocatively with every move, undressing and touching each other. It took all her might for Misty to resist the urge to tear off their clothes and get down to business right away. She knew how important building the tension was...

Tiffany, on the other hand, felt at home. She saw the guests were starting to get turned on. She relished every second of the dance, watching closely the audience's reaction, and was content to see that she and Misty were making a good impression.



Meanwhile the guests were talking, commenting on the performance.

“Your assistant, Tiffany, certainly is a woman with character. Beautiful, intelligent, ambitious. Aren’t you afraid of her?” joked John, one of the guests, his eyes fixed on the girls’ writhing bodies.

“I must confess that I am a little intimidated by her” Benjamin joked back.

“Very natural, for my taste” said Leah “Tiny”.

Benjamin held his breath. He was worried that the whole party – performances, assistants’ looks, the atmosphere, would seem too provincial and too unrefined for the clients, despite how hard they were trying.

"In my opinion she is lovely." Henry spoke up. "And look how she moves! I am looking forward to check what else she can do."

"Please, keep in mind that Tiffany has been working for me much shorter than Misty, who has altered her look way more. We filled up her implants to the 3000cc size. She had buttocks and lips enlargement treatments, we took care of the way she dresses, and on top of that, she has a piercing and a tattoo. Still, we are considering more modifications, including another breasts surgery. I want her to have a world-class body..." Benjamin explained.

"Oh, don't take my words as a criticism, please." Leah said. "I understand, that you can't do everything at once! I really appreciate the effort you put into preparations for our arrival. I must admit that the girls have changed radically over those past few months."

"I can already imagine what Misty would look like with 4000cc size implants, or maybe even 5000cc... Each of her breasts would weigh probably around five pounds. She would look even sexier than now" Remarked Thomas, the most important person among the guests.

"I am sure, that Misty would be very happy to achieve such a size." Benjamin assured him.

"I have to say, that her enthusiasm impresses me." Thomas continued. "She seems so horny..."


"You have no idea how much she has changed since she first came to work for me!" Benjamin replied. "Dressed modestly, a little clumsy, unsure of her beauty. But I sensed something in her and I was able to bring it out... you can see who she's become" He smiled, nodding his head at Misty who was licking Tiffany's neckline at that very moment. "A volcano of sex! She is truly amazing! Aroused and ready all the time. She wants to look as good as possible, and taking care of her appearance takes almost all of her free time. She goes to the gym a few times a week, watches her diet, she regularly visits beauticians and hairstylists. She spends her every morning on fixing her hair, putting on make-up and choosing clothes. I adore watching how she is changing... I am very proud of her. Over the recent months she has been training really hard to improve her abilities and increase her stamina."

"In that case, we need to check what has she has learned." Leah said, her eyes glittering with lust.

Benjamin discretely waved at Misty to approach, and she made for the audience right away, swinging her hips in a sexy way. The erotic dance only intensified the guests' appetites... as well as hers. She didn't want to wait a minute longer.

She sat down next to Leah and gave her a friendly smile. She was intoxicated by what she saw in Leah's eyes – fascination, arousal, a desire to possess. She loved when people looked at her in such a way. Leah slowly lifted up her hand and brushed Misty's cheek lightly, she touched her full, soft lips and stroke her hair. The assistant trembled with pleasure, despite the fact that the caress was incredibly subtle. Leah moved her hands down, examining Misty's neckline and gently rubbing her breasts. Her breathing became faster, and her lips spread. With every second Leah was getting more and more bold and horny, which Misty observed with satisfaction.



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is sitting on a large, ornate patterned rug in a dimly lit room. She is looking down and slightly to her right. The room has a dark floor and a large, glowing circular light fixture on the wall to the left. The overall atmosphere is intimate and sensual.

Meanwhile Tiffany sat beside the most important guest, Thomas. Benjamin was keeping his fingers crossed for her – a lot depended on the minutes to follow. To his relief he saw that she was doing well; she was telling some anecdote and Thomas looked interested. She was discreetly moving over towards him, one centimetre at a time. Her voice became lower, alluring. She was whispering into his ear, when all of a sudden she bit his ear lobe. Thomas kissed her, while caressing her slim waist. His hands were slightly shaking and his breathing became faster.

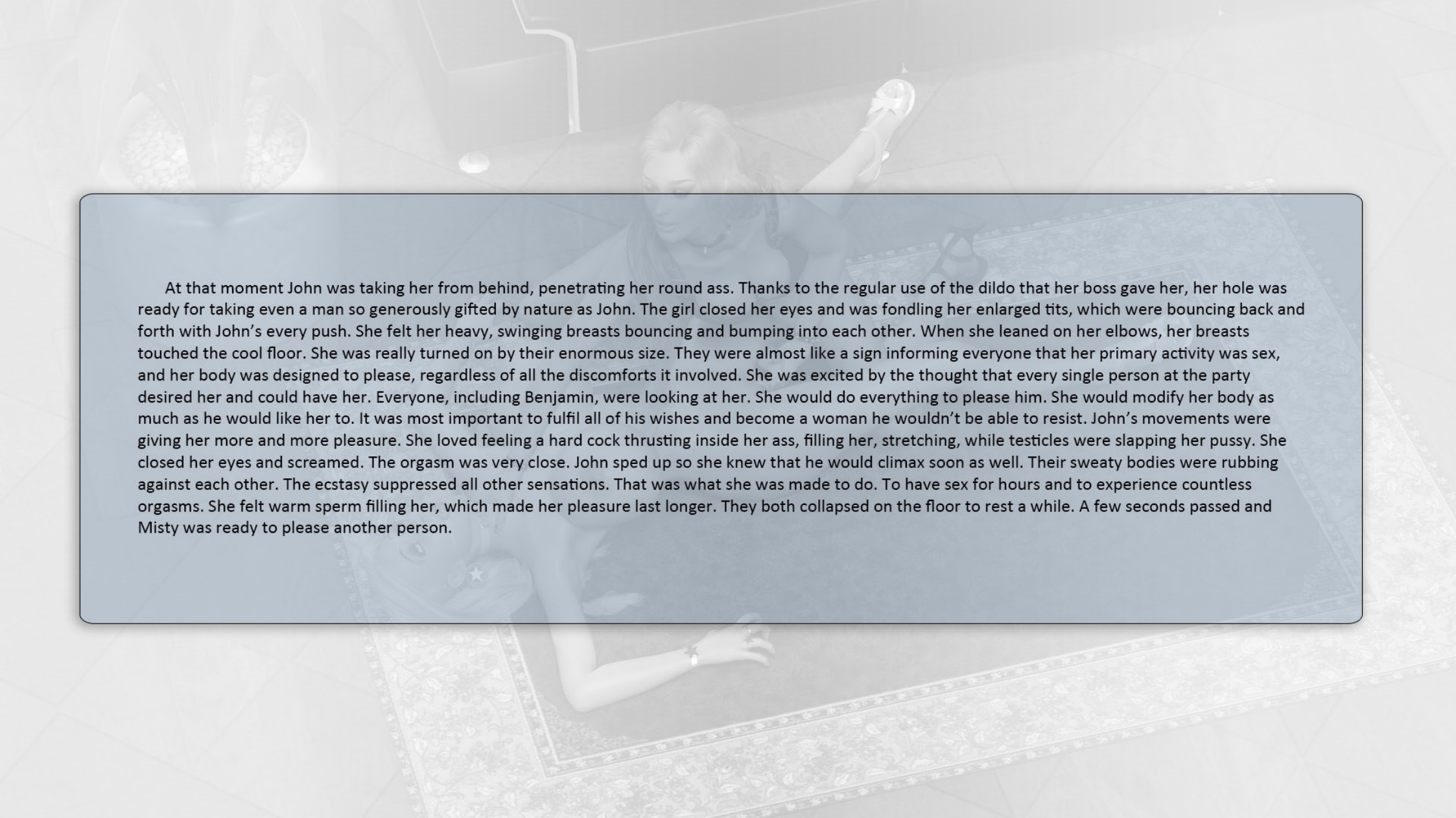
“Enough of this teasing,” He said “It’s high time to have some real fun.”

He took off her panties, spread her thighs and kneeled down between them. She moaned delightfully when he brought his head closer to her pink pussy and started licking it.

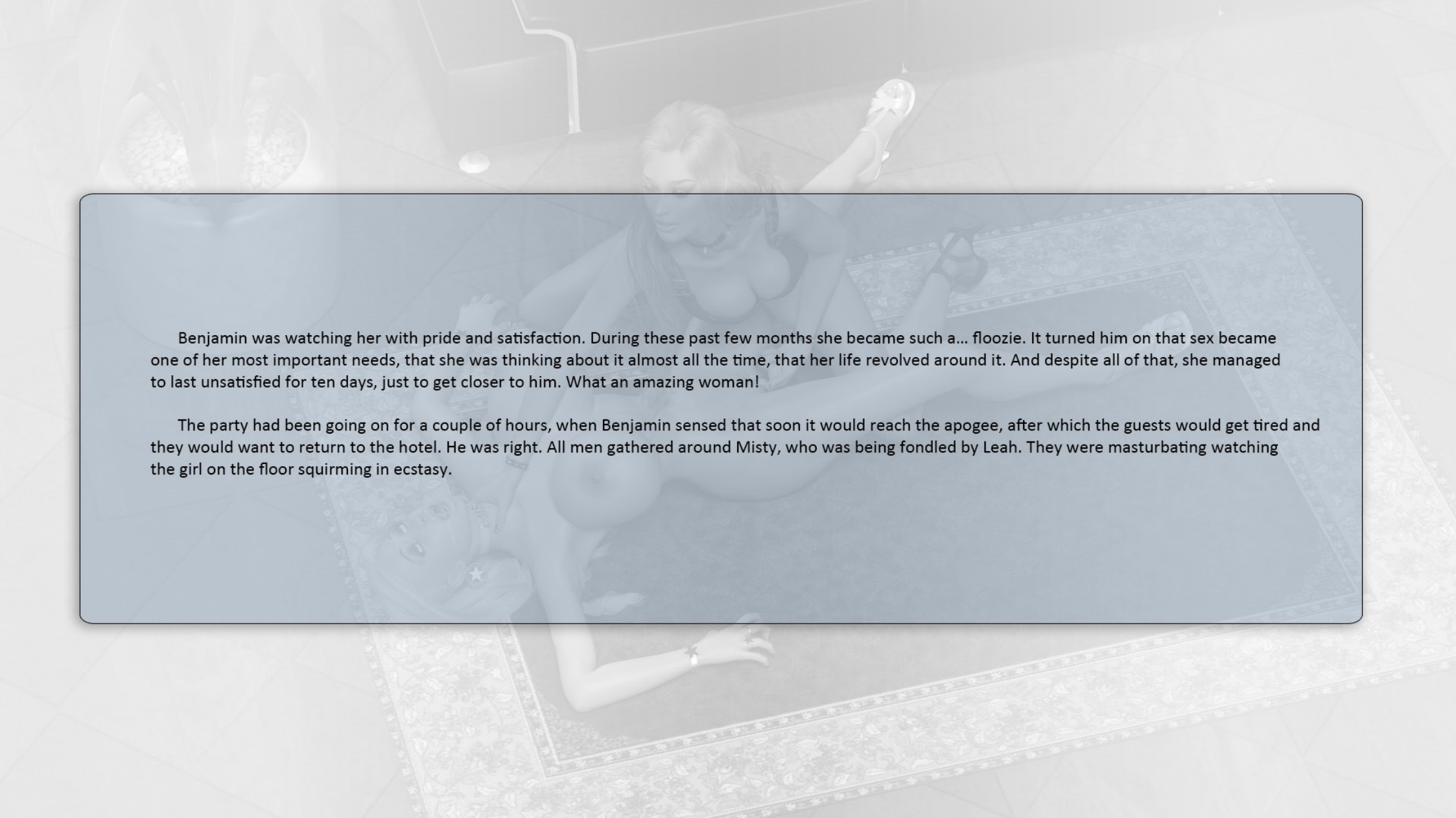
Benjamin was pleased. The party was getting going. Misty was skilfully fondling Leah’s breasts. Leah was smiling with bliss and sighing with delight every now and then. At the same time Henry was petting Misty’s buttocks. Tiffany was squirming under Thomas’s touch. He had been licking her smooth, swollen pussy lips and clit for a few seconds more, before he entered her with a moan of delight.

Before the party Tiffany was afraid that she would feel uncomfortable being used as sex toy for the clients. Just few months ago, she wouldn’t have believed that she would agree to such a thing. She feared humiliation, being abused and feeling of helplessness. Needlessly. When the party started, she was excited and... calm. She believed she could go through with it. After all she was preparing meticulously. She could arouse, keep people aroused, and give them ecstasy. She was refined, artful and observant. Nobody could resist her. She loved the power she has gained thanks to her beautiful body and the ways in which she could use it.

After some time it became obvious that Tiffany was better than Misty in flirting and in refined, subtle lovemaking. Her fingers, tongue and lips could pleasure with an incredible skill and intuition. Even delicate movements gave her partners exceptionally intense sensations. Misty on the other hand, with her more radically changed silhouette was more enthusiastic, spontaneous and tireless. Due to her training with Naomi she didn’t lose her strength despite subsequent orgasms. Time and time again someone wanted to be satisfied by her or to play with her perfect body and she eagerly fulfilled their every whim.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is lying on her back on a patterned rug. She is looking down and smiling. The room is dimly lit, with a lamp visible in the background. The rug has a floral pattern and a dark border. The woman's legs are raised and bent at the knees. She is wearing a watch on her left wrist and a ring on her finger. The overall atmosphere is intimate and sensual.

At that moment John was taking her from behind, penetrating her round ass. Thanks to the regular use of the dildo that her boss gave her, her hole was ready for taking even a man so generously gifted by nature as John. The girl closed her eyes and was fondling her enlarged tits, which were bouncing back and forth with John's every push. She felt her heavy, swinging breasts bouncing and bumping into each other. When she leaned on her elbows, her breasts touched the cool floor. She was really turned on by their enormous size. They were almost like a sign informing everyone that her primary activity was sex, and her body was designed to please, regardless of all the discomforts it involved. She was excited by the thought that every single person at the party desired her and could have her. Everyone, including Benjamin, were looking at her. She would do everything to please him. She would modify her body as much as he would like her to. It was most important to fulfil all of his wishes and become a woman he wouldn't be able to resist. John's movements were giving her more and more pleasure. She loved feeling a hard cock thrusting inside her ass, filling her, stretching, while testicles were slapping her pussy. She closed her eyes and screamed. The orgasm was very close. John sped up so she knew that he would climax soon as well. Their sweaty bodies were rubbing against each other. The ecstasy suppressed all other sensations. That was what she was made to do. To have sex for hours and to experience countless orgasms. She felt warm sperm filling her, which made her pleasure last longer. They both collapsed on the floor to rest a while. A few seconds passed and Misty was ready to please another person.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black bikini and high-heeled sandals, is sitting on a patterned rug. She is looking down at a person lying on the rug in front of her. The person is wearing a light-colored top with a star on it. The room has a tiled floor and a potted plant in the background.


Benjamin was watching her with pride and satisfaction. During these past few months she became such a... floozie. It turned him on that sex became one of her most important needs, that she was thinking about it almost all the time, that her life revolved around it. And despite all of that, she managed to last unsatisfied for ten days, just to get closer to him. What an amazing woman!

The party had been going on for a couple of hours, when Benjamin sensed that soon it would reach the apogee, after which the guests would get tired and they would want to return to the hotel. He was right. All men gathered around Misty, who was being fondled by Leah. They were masturbating watching the girl on the floor squirming in ecstasy.

Misty felt like a cheap whore. Easy, always ready and horny. The guests were getting turned on by the view of her body – enormous breast, prominent ass, face covered with permanent make-up. Silhouette adapted to their needs, just so they would fancy her. She hoped that they would all cum on her so she could lick the sperm off of her skin. She wanted them to reach climax as fast as possible, looking at her, desiring her.

Just after a few minutes her wish came true. Sperm splattered on her face and boobs. She moaned in ecstasy. Men were cumming one after another, covering her belly, cheeks and breasts with white blotches. Leah kept on playing with her pussy. Misty was in seventh heaven. Treated like an easy, slutty bitch. She stuck out her tongue and started to lick off the semen. It tasted wonderfully.



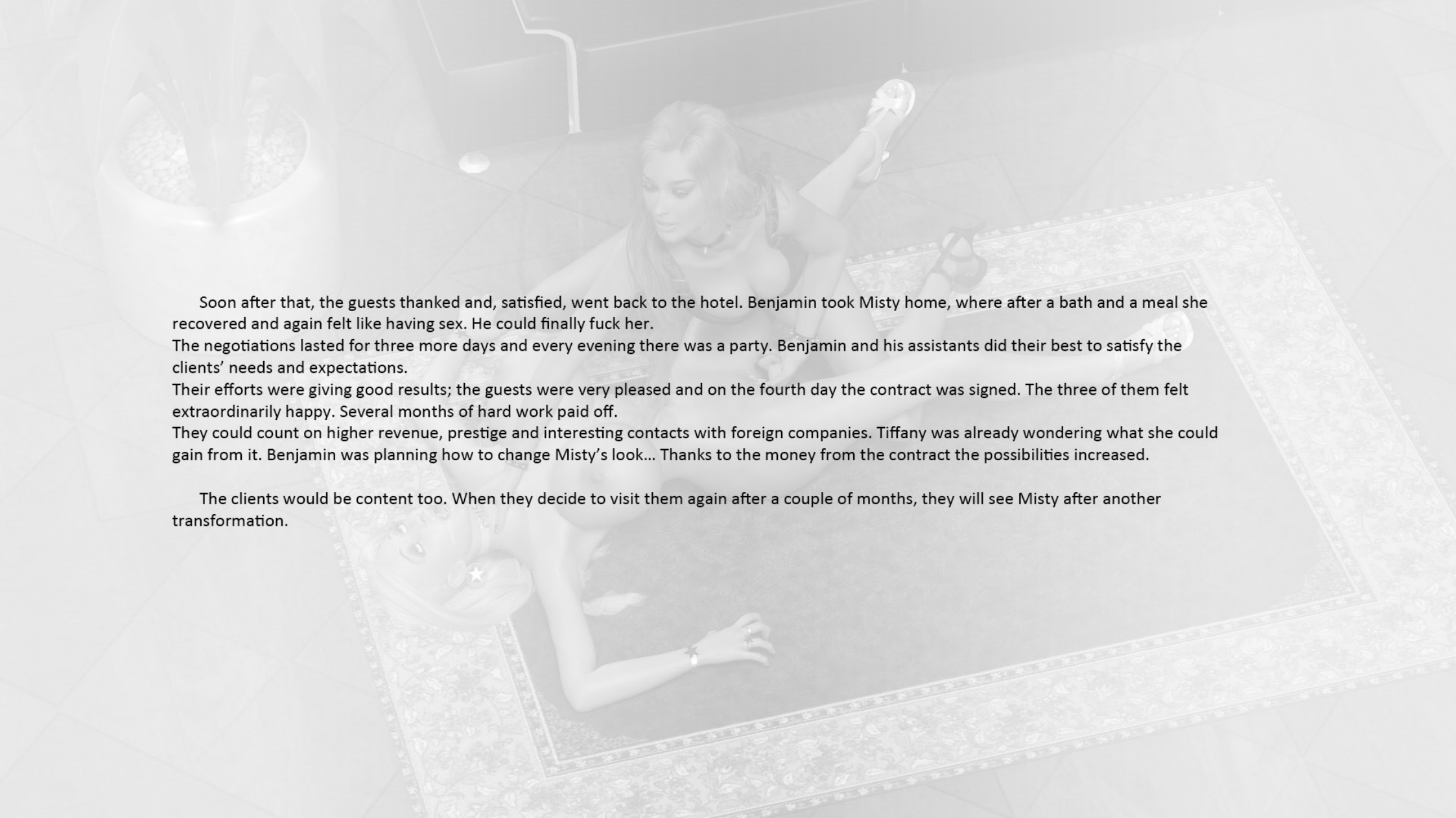
A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a patterned rug in a room. She is wearing a dark blue dress and white high-heeled shoes. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or intense expression. A pair of black high-heeled shoes is on the rug near her feet. In the background, there is a potted plant in a white pot and a chair. A semi-transparent blue text box is overlaid on the center of the image.

Benjamin noticed that Misty was about to cum one more time, however this time was going to be extremely intense. His arousal and desire had been growing all evening, but he was aware that she couldn't satisfy him until the guests left. It would be rude.

Leah rubbed Misty's enlarged G spot, expertly pleasuring it with her fingers. Misty was exhausted but in spite of it her body was enthusiastically reacting to the client's moves. She wasn't able to control her own reactions. Her scream of ecstasy filled the room. Benjamin was watching his assistant approaching orgasm. She was clenching her fists, leaning her head back, frowning in ecstatic tension and rolling back her eyes. She bit her fleshy lower lip. She was moaning louder and louder, begging for permission to cum. Her whole body flexed and Leah sensed Misty's pussy clenching on her fingers.



The orgasm was extremely powerful. Misty felt like she was about to lose her consciousness. The whole world disappeared, there was only pleasure, so intense that almost painful. She could hardly catch her breath, and the overwhelming ecstasy made her scream and tremble uncontrollably. Fortunately, after a while that seemed to last eternity she returned to reality.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is lying on her back on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is looking down at her hands. The room has a tiled floor and a potted plant in the background.

Soon after that, the guests thanked and, satisfied, went back to the hotel. Benjamin took Misty home, where after a bath and a meal she recovered and again felt like having sex. He could finally fuck her.

The negotiations lasted for three more days and every evening there was a party. Benjamin and his assistants did their best to satisfy the clients' needs and expectations.

Their efforts were giving good results; the guests were very pleased and on the fourth day the contract was signed. The three of them felt extraordinarily happy. Several months of hard work paid off.

They could count on higher revenue, prestige and interesting contacts with foreign companies. Tiffany was already wondering what she could gain from it. Benjamin was planning how to change Misty's look... Thanks to the money from the contract the possibilities increased.

The clients would be content too. When they decide to visit them again after a couple of months, they will see Misty after another transformation.

One week later

Misty took a few deep breaths to calm herself down, before she entered the tattoo salon. She had no clue what would happen there. What kind of pattern have Benjamin picked and where?

After an hour on her underbelly an inscription appeared: "The property of Benjamin Davies". She has been marked forever and anybody who saw her naked, would know who she belonged to.

The tattoo was ready and Misty wanted to leave when one of the workers stopped her. "What about the tongue piercing?" he asked.


A few days later, when she was avidly sucking Benjamin's cock, he approved of her new piercing.

"I knew that it would be a great idea" He sighed. "Thanks to it your blowjobs got even better... We will change your body in such way it'll become perfect to fuck..."

When they were done, the boss added:

"I think you need larger, more prominent nipples. I want them to be visible under your clothes. Let's show everyone that you are horny all the time.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is lying on her back on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is looking down and to her left. The room has a fireplace with a decorative mantel in the background. The overall scene is dimly lit and has a soft, ethereal quality.

Tiffany managed to carry out all the work she planned for that day quickly and efficiently so she took a little break. Her thoughts were once more revolving around the question that she had been recently asking herself more and more often: “What next?”. As far as she could remember, she had always dreamt about independence, power and success. She went to study law, to gain a profession which would provide her all of that. Prestige, high salary, influence... She managed to achieved all of that in Benjamin's company, however in a totally different way than she had imagined.

She sacrificed a lot. She changed her body, she was learning and working hard. And she was having sex for money – how else to describe it? In a way, she had become an exclusive prostitute. This wasn't what her career was supposed to look like.

She wasn't sure if it bothered her. All in all, nobody forced her to anything, she herself decided what she wanted and how far she wanted to go.

With her looks and skills she could earn much, much more money. Maybe even set up her own business and decide on her own. If only she could get rid of the rest of her inhibitions...

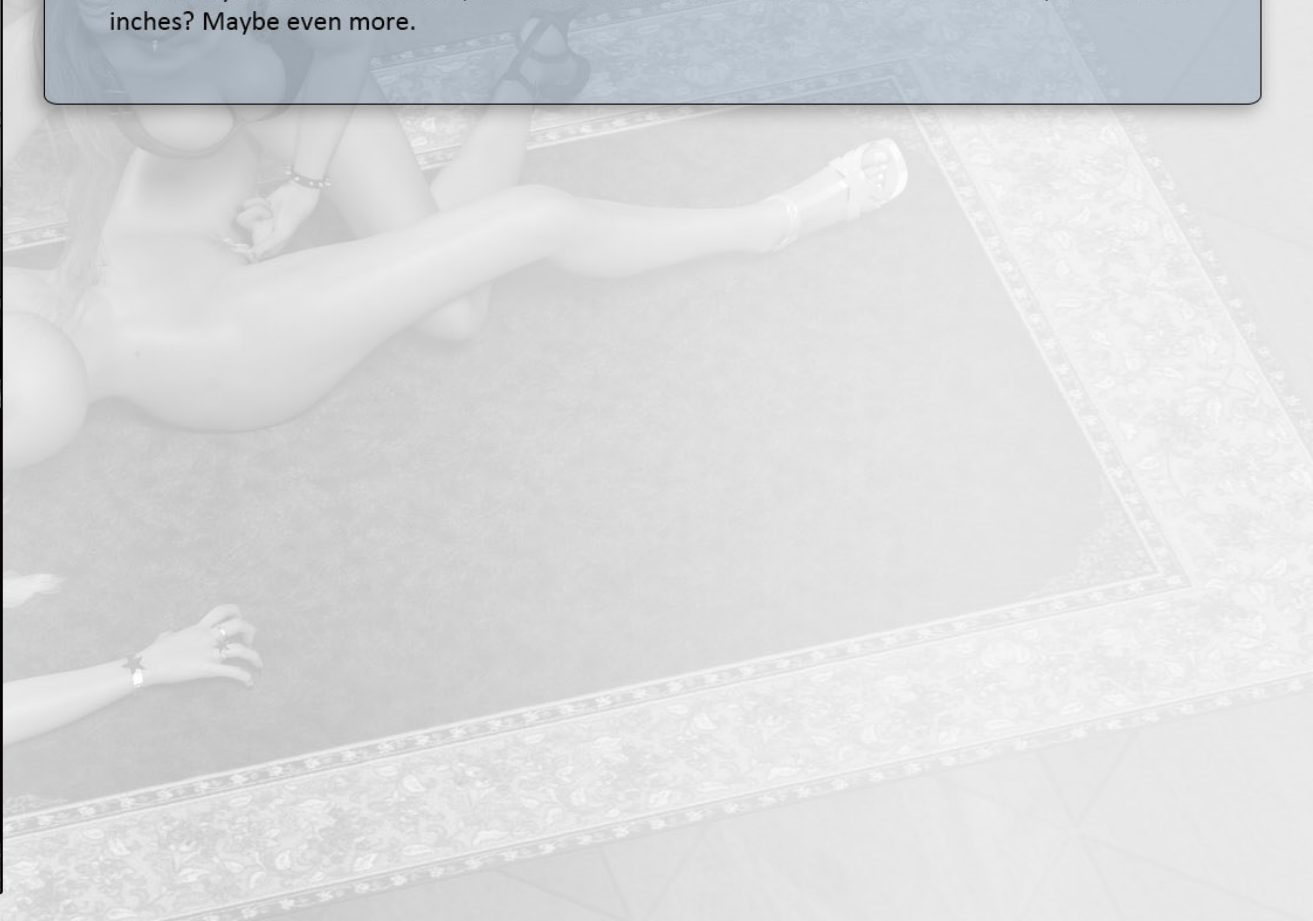
For some time she had been visiting websites about erotic femdom. She was wondering if she would like this kind of arrangement. She found information about a woman, who did it professionally and was said to be very good at it. In the heat of the moment she wrote to her and was waiting for her answer.

She was excited by the thought of men obsessed with her, worshipping and adoring her. Ready to pay her big money just so she would take control over them for a couple of hours. Obedient and submissive...

She was still hesitant. She wasn't sure if she was ready to take that road. One part of her, the bold and uncompromising one, was telling her that it was a marvellous idea.

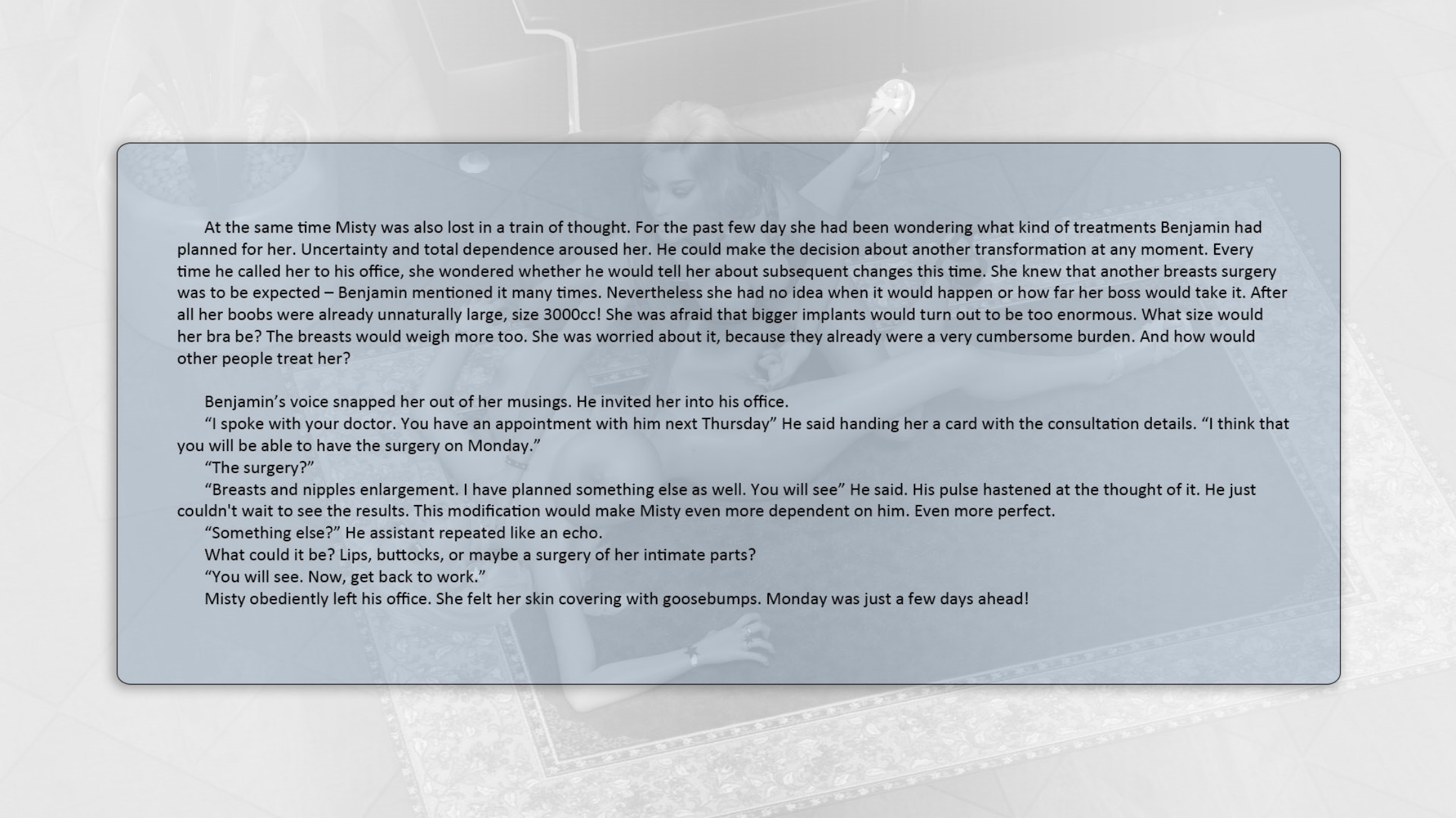


She was also considering more changes to her look. For some time she had wanted to get some piercings and a tattoo. She was putting a lot of effort into making her waist slimmer. She kept wearing a special corset, lacing it tighter and tighter. Since the first day of her training she managed to reduce her waist size by eight inches. She knew she had got addicted to it. Without the corset squeezing her waist she felt naked, almost helpless. The sensation of squeezing was unpleasant, but at the same time it was extremely satisfying – she knew that every minute brought her closer to the result she craved. Even the slightest improvement pleased her immensely. She was interested, what results she would achieve in the future. Two, three more inches? Maybe even more.



Before & After



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue suit and high heels, is sitting on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. The background shows a room with a potted plant and a lamp. The entire scene is overlaid with a semi-transparent blue box containing text.

At the same time Misty was also lost in a train of thought. For the past few day she had been wondering what kind of treatments Benjamin had planned for her. Uncertainty and total dependence aroused her. He could make the decision about another transformation at any moment. Every time he called her to his office, she wondered whether he would tell her about subsequent changes this time. She knew that another breasts surgery was to be expected – Benjamin mentioned it many times. Nevertheless she had no idea when it would happen or how far her boss would take it. After all her boobs were already unnaturally large, size 3000cc! She was afraid that bigger implants would turn out to be too enormous. What size would her bra be? The breasts would weigh more too. She was worried about it, because they already were a very cumbersome burden. And how would other people treat her?

Benjamin’s voice snapped her out of her musings. He invited her into his office.

“I spoke with your doctor. You have an appointment with him next Thursday” He said handing her a card with the consultation details. “I think that you will be able to have the surgery on Monday.”

“The surgery?”

“Breasts and nipples enlargement. I have planned something else as well. You will see” He said. His pulse hastened at the thought of it. He just couldn't wait to see the results. This modification would make Misty even more dependent on him. Even more perfect.

“Something else?” He assistant repeated like an echo.

What could it be? Lips, buttocks, or maybe a surgery of her intimate parts?

“You will see. Now, get back to work.”

Misty obediently left his office. She felt her skin covering with goosebumps. Monday was just a few days ahead!

Five days later

Misty was awakening from anaesthesia and drifting away into unconsciousness in turns. In her dreams it appeared to her that her new breasts were so enormous, that they blocked all her vision. Their weight squashed her down to the ground. She had trouble even with walking. Her breasts looked like two large mountains. They were so broad that she could hardly squeeze through the door.

When she woke up for good, it turned out that her boobs were very large indeed. She'd expected that Benjamin would decide on a radical change, but she hadn't expected that he would go so far! She could feel the huge weight of her new breasts on her chest which made her wonder whether she would collapse when she got up. How would she look? She felt panic and helplessness growing in her. That time, he definitely went too far.

The several days that followed she spent at home. She was embarrassed. What would people think of her? She liked when they were turning around to look at her, she enjoyed them staring at her, unable to look away. She loved when they treated her like a bimbo that she had become. But this?!



She didn't even know what size her new implants were! Definitely too big, that was sure.

Her nipples became very long and prominent. Misty squeezed them between her fingers; after the surgery they became more sensitive. Despite their size they stayed soft and flexible. They were sticking out probably for an inch. They seemed so... vulgar. Certainly, she wouldn't be able to hide them under clothes. She could already imagine how they could be seen under her tops and dresses. When she was aroused they got significantly more erect and much larger. She could feel them rubbing against the fabric of her bra.

She was short of outfits to. Everything she found in the closet was too small. No bra would fit her.

Fortunately Benjamin backed out from the idea of the second modification he had come up with for her, that mysterious 'something else'. She examined her body carefully, but she didn't notice any other change, apart from a small cut near her spine. She must have hit herself or scratched and hadn't even noticed it.

On Thursday evening she ordered some wine to be delivered. She was drinking one glass after another. When the bottle was half empty, a great idea struck her. She decided to call her boss and shout out what an irresponsible bastard he was and how he had destroyed her silhouette. And her whole life.

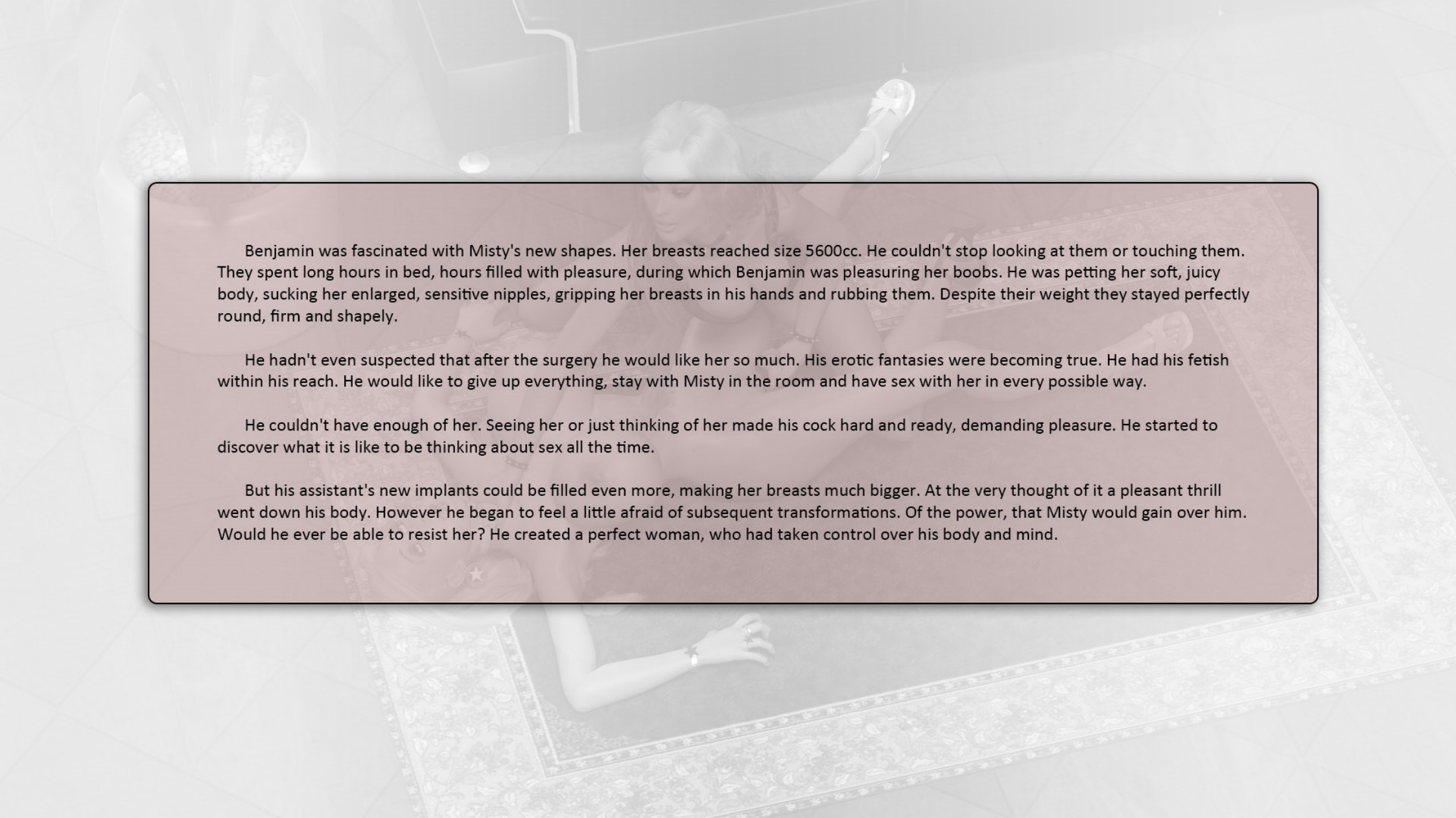
"How could you have done this to me?" She blurted as soon as he picked up the phone.

"What's happened?"

"What's happened? You must ask? My breasts! They are huge! What am I suppose to do now? I can't even go outside!" she was shouting.

"I'll be at your place in around... half an hour." He replied calmly and hung up.



A woman with blonde hair is lying on a bed in a room. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless top and high-heeled shoes. The room has a large window with a view of a city skyline and a potted plant in the foreground. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an evening or night setting.

Benjamin was fascinated with Misty's new shapes. Her breasts reached size 5600cc. He couldn't stop looking at them or touching them. They spent long hours in bed, hours filled with pleasure, during which Benjamin was pleasuring her boobs. He was petting her soft, juicy body, sucking her enlarged, sensitive nipples, gripping her breasts in his hands and rubbing them. Despite their weight they stayed perfectly round, firm and shapely.

He hadn't even suspected that after the surgery he would like her so much. His erotic fantasies were becoming true. He had his fetish within his reach. He would like to give up everything, stay with Misty in the room and have sex with her in every possible way.

He couldn't have enough of her. Seeing her or just thinking of her made his cock hard and ready, demanding pleasure. He started to discover what it is like to be thinking about sex all the time.

But his assistant's new implants could be filled even more, making her breasts much bigger. At the very thought of it a pleasant thrill went down his body. However he began to feel a little afraid of subsequent transformations. Of the power, that Misty would gain over him. Would he ever be able to resist her? He created a perfect woman, who had taken control over his body and mind.



When Misty realized how much her boss liked her bosom, she calmed down a little. His fascination gave her self-confidence she needed. Her sight aroused him. She didn't need to do anything more. She was relishing how much he wanted her. A few times a day, she entered his office under the pretext to offer him a cup of coffee or to ask him something, but the truth was she just wanted to see passion in his eyes once again. She was leaning above his desk, exposing her voluptuous bosom, or accidentally bumping into him and rubbing him with her chest. She could feel his arousal and she liked it very much...

That was all she needed – overwhelming desire her body triggered.

She was transforming into a sexual goddess, who cannot be resisted.

She was slowly getting accustomed to her body and she started to expose it with pride. Once again, she was wearing low-cut dresses and tops. She wore custom made bras – she couldn't find her size in any shop. Saleswomen kept shaking their heads in amazement and disbelief when she gave them her bust size – over fifty inches. A fabric had to be properly soft so it wouldn't border her perky nipples and durable at the same time so it could support her heavy breasts. Straps should fit perfectly; otherwise they painfully disturbed her skin. Misty was happy that she could design her bras herself; she picked colours, laces and ornaments so that they would fit her outfits perfectly.

She didn't regret the surgery any longer. The boss's fascination made up for everything.



Before & After



Ten days later

It was a regular working day and Misty did not expect what was about to happen.

She heard the doorbell and she invited Mister Hamilton inside. The man hadn't seen her yet after her last surgery so he was looking lustfully at her voluptuous, spherical breasts. He complimented her sexy look and asked for a glass of water.

When she walked into the kitchen's direction something happened. She sensed pleasant warmth and tingling between her legs. Her nipples suddenly became erect, pressing against the fabric of her bra. The sensations were getting more intense with every second. She sighed, gripped her belly and leaned on the desk. She had no idea what was going on.

"Is everything all right?" Mister Hamilton asked with concern.

"Yes." She moaned, and her voice was hoarse with arousal.

The sudden, unexplainable pleasure surprised her. Her pussy was pulsating and trembling rhythmically like during the orgasm.

She clamped her hand on the desktop and closed her eyes. She had to regain the control over her body. She tried to calm her galloping heart rate, however without success. Her heavy breasts were rising and falling with her every breath. She opened her mouth and sighed again. The pleasure overflowed her intimate parts and dulled her senses, making it difficult for her to think.

"Misty, what is going on?" Tiffany asked and laid her hand on Misty's shoulder. "Are you in pain?"

"Nooooo..." She gasped out. "I don't know..."



Her pussy was squeezing ecstatically and uncontrollably, giving her immense pleasure. She fell down on her knees and moaned sensuously. She felt her panties getting wet. She could smell the scent of her ecstasy in the air.

Mister Hamilton reached out for the phone and dialed an emergency number. Tiffany was supporting her friend and kept asking what was wrong.

Misty was squirming on the floor, experiencing untold ecstasy. She flexed her whole body wracked with impulses of pleasure. Her pussy was pulsating, providing her with wonderful sensations.

Finally, she screamed piercingly and relaxed. She was breathing heavily, her cheeks were flushed and drops of sweat appeared on her forehead. She tried to get up but Tiffany suggested her to rest a bit longer. Her hands and knees were shaking a little. She felt the wonderful state of bliss she could achieve only after a good sex...

"We need to call a doctor." Mister Hamilton insisted, when Misty once more assured him, that she was fine.

"I will look after her." Tiffany promised. "Please, don't worry."

Many times she saw Misty in such state and she had her suspicions about what had just happened. But how was it possible?

Misty calmed down, fixed her clothes and thanked for help. She drank some water and ran off to the restroom. Her thongs were covered with her love juices, and her clit was enlarged and very pink. There was no doubt – she had an orgasm. But how? Without any caresses or touch... She wasn't even aroused at that moment! What was happening to her?

When Mister Hamilton left the office after making sure one more time that Misty was feeling fine, Benjamin asked:

"Did you like my second modification?"

"I don't understand." The assistant replied, frowning.

Benjamin showed her his phone and some kind of application on it.

"Can you see that button?" he asked touching the screen.


At that very second she felt it again. She wanted to resist, control her body's reaction. However the pleasure was so intense, that she just couldn't fight it. She moaned with delight and closed her eyes. The warmth and ecstasy radiated through her whole body. Everything became blurry as the waves of orgasm overwhelmed her. She was trembling and sighing, climaxing loudly and intensely, giving in to the unexpected bliss.

After a while her body calmed down, though the orgasm left her breathless and trembling.

"How is that possible?" She gasped out.

"During the surgery, an implant was placed near your spine. Its activation causes stimulation of a certain nerve. I just need to press the button to make you cum."

Misty was dumbstruck and slightly opened her full lips. So that's how it works! Benjamin could decide when she would climax in just one simple move... she shivered in excitement.

A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless top and high-heeled sandals. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. In the background, a potted plant with large, patterned leaves is visible. The scene is dimly lit, creating a soft, intimate atmosphere.

Benjamin announced that her implants would be filled up again as fast as doctors agreed to it. Misty wasn't sure what to think about that. On the one hand she was afraid of another enlargement; her breasts had already achieved unusual size. She sensed, that they would turn out definitely too huge and that her life would revolve around them. But on the other hand... she just couldn't wait to see her boss's reaction to her new shapes. She knew how much he fancied huge unnatural breasts and she wanted his interest in her sexy body never to decrease. She wished to see the lust in his eyes and to feel his hands, pleasuring her with fascination.

In the evening of that day she received a package. Inside, she found a card with a date and a place of the next appointment with the doctor. She sighed, suddenly aroused. When she sensed the warmth and the pleasant squeeze between the legs, she immediately thought that Benjamin used the application again... She was expecting subsequent waves of pleasure and arousal. She was preparing herself for the overflowing desire. She sat down, just in case, so the ecstasy wouldn't sweep her off her feet. And she was waiting...

However the sensation wasn't growing. Misty frowned, with surprise and disappointment. Her excitement turned out to be completely natural. Inside the package she also found lacy panties. The size much bigger than what she used to wear. She guessed what it meant. When she was imagining how big her butt would get, the tingling below her belly increased and her hand unwittingly slid between her legs. She touched her sensitive, warm clit and sighed.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black bikini and high-heeled sandals, is sitting on a patterned rug in a room. She is looking down and to her left. In the background, there is a potted plant in a white pot. The room has a tiled floor and a patterned rug.

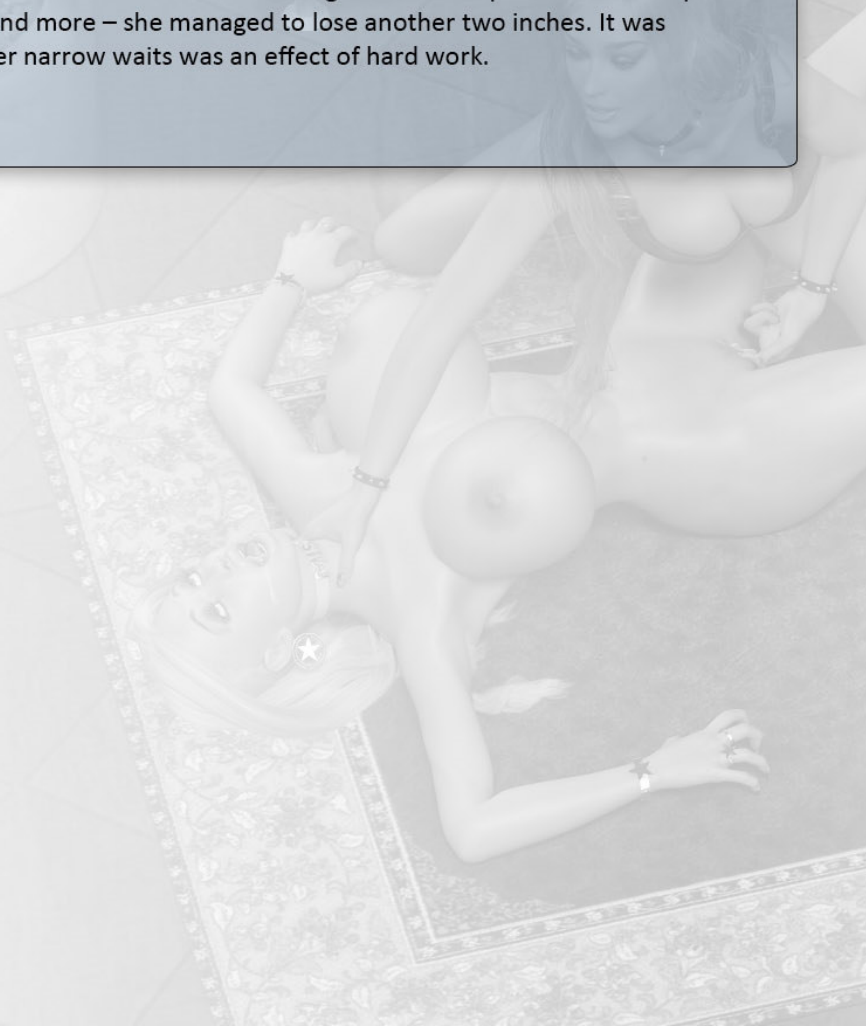
Four months later


Tiffany was sitting restlessly. She decided that that it was a day to inform her boss about her resignation.

A professional dominatrix, Mistress Ava agreed to hire her as help and teach her everything she knew. Tiffany couldn't hide her excitement. She was really looking forward to it. She wanted to learn a lot and become good at Ava's art. At first, she was supposed to observe, and in time she would actively participate in sessions.

To celebrate the decision, Tiffany did something that she had been considering for a long time – a piercing in her clit. The new ornament kept distracting her by rubbing against the panties and teasing her intimate parts. She heard that this modification increased sensations during sex and she was looking forward to try it out. She planned to get more piercings and a tattoo in the future. However she was still unsure about the pattern and size. Would covering whole back with a tattoo be bit too much?

With new resolve she resumed her waist training. She was on a diet, she exercised a lot, and she wore a corset for many hours every day. She laced it as tight as she was able to. She wanted to reach her goal as fast as possible. Her shape was changing more and more – she managed to lose another two inches. It was clearly visible, that her narrow waist was an effect of hard work.





Misty entered the office, pulling Tiffany away from her thoughts. Tiffany sighed and opened her mouth. She hadn't seen Misty in a couple of weeks; the assistant took some time off because of her surgeries.

The implants reached size 7000cc. Misty could barely embrace them with her hands. They interfered with driving a car, making it difficult to reach the steering wheel. When she lay down on her belly to read a book, she could rest her head on her breasts as if they were a pillow. At the gym, she could only do static exercises, and while sitting at her desk, she tried to put her bosom on the desktop, so it weighed less on her.

After the surgery, the panties that Benjamin gave her fit her perfectly. The buttocks became unusually prominent and it was visible right away that there were not natural. Her big butt contrasted with slim legs and belly. It made people immediately think of sex. Misty still couldn't get used to it. No jeans would fit her. She had to wear stretchy skirts or leggings. When she was walking, her buttocks swayed and bounced as well with her every step.

Tiffany was looking at her colleague like hypnotized. She was fascinated with her body, thanks to all the treatments made to resemble an erotic toy. Its every alluring part was enlarged and exposed – breasts, lips, buttocks... Everything men liked in women had been altered and extremely emphasised. Misty became an ideal object, a sexual fetish in which everything evoked erotic desire. Tiffany felt aroused; her pierced clit filled with blood, enlarging and teasing her.

She even regretted a little that she was quitting this job.



Since the day that she had found out about the implant near her spine, Misty was expecting an orgasm at any time. She didn't know when the pleasure would overwhelm her and she couldn't foresee it any way. Everything depended on Benjamin's decision.

That day she went shopping. She had to replace her wardrobe again; after the recent transformations she needed new skirts and dresses that would fit her prominent buttocks.

While strolling around the shopping centre she was aware how much attention she was attracting. Some people were giving her secretive, shy looks, while others were blatantly staring at her, even pointing fingers at her. Men were turning to look at her and she could feel their desire. They were stripping her body with their eyes; they couldn't decide where to look, at her exposed breasts, her big buttocks or slender, naked legs. Women were watching her too – with fascination and jealousy and sometimes with aversion. She got used to it.

She was gaping at the shoes in the shop window. The high-heels on wedgies were so beautiful! She would look incredibly in them for sure. And then she bumped into a man standing next to the shop window. How could she not have seen him? The juice, she was sipping through a straw spilled on his t-shirt!

“Excuse me!” She said terrified.

“Don't worry about it.” He replied.

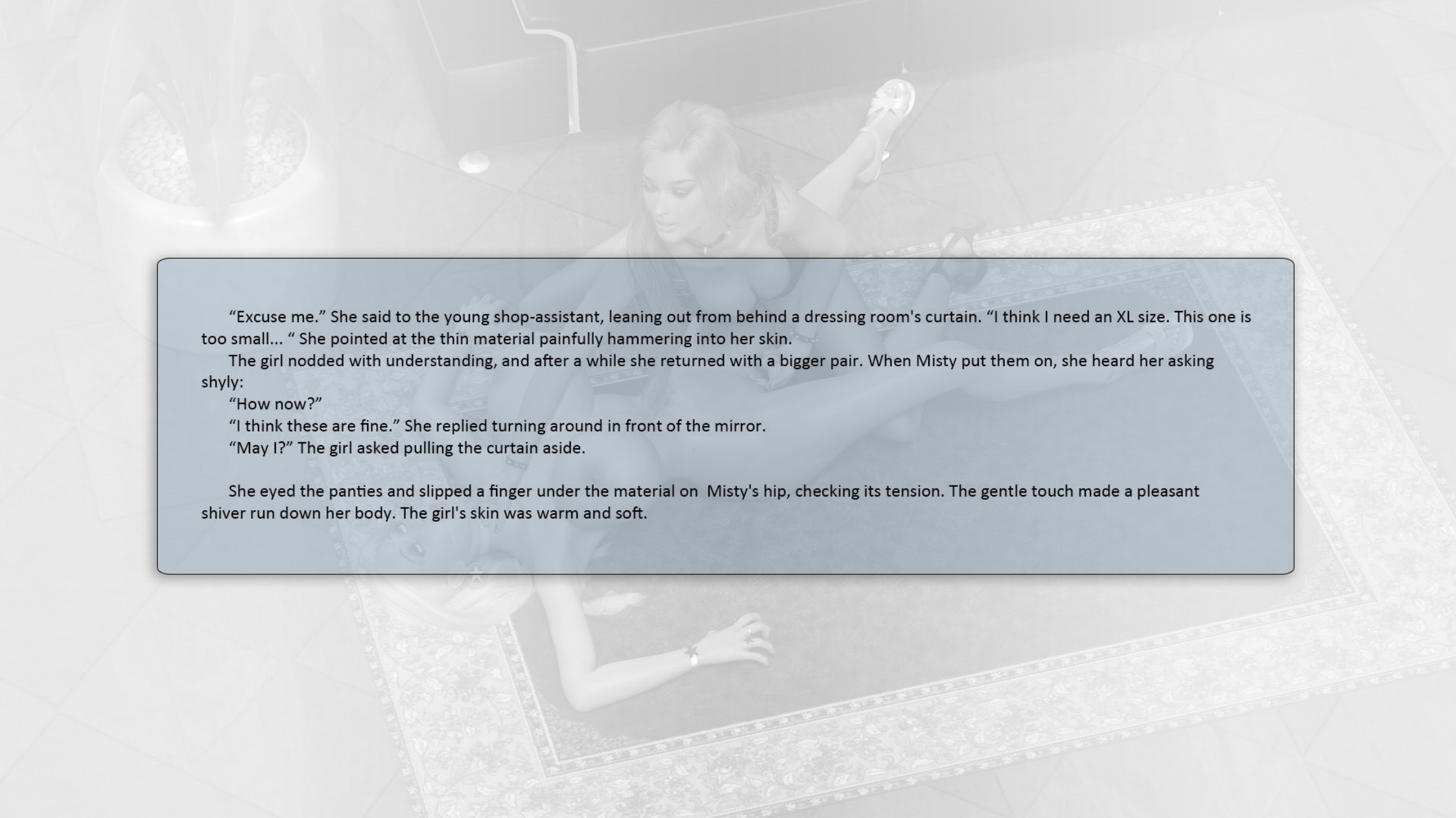
His voice sounded so... manly. Under his wet t-shirt she could see his muscles. His face was handsome too...

Misty felt the well-known warmth and moisture between her legs. “No, please, not now.”, she thought, imagining her boss touching the phone's screen and activating the implant. She was embarrassed to cum here, in everyone's sight, in front of that attractive stranger. Her big nipples became erect, and her clit was pulsating pleasantly. The sensation in her underbelly was radiating, in waves through her whole body. She let out a lengthy sigh and without any word she started walking away. She didn't want the man to see her cum.

When she took few steps the pleasure seemed to lessen. She didn't know what was going on. Did the implant stop working? Did its power decrease? She didn't have an orgasm yet...

At that time she realized that what she felt wasn't the effect of electric impulses. She just liked that stranger.

All blushed from shame she stepped into a lingerie shop. She needed new panties.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is sitting on a patterned rug in a dressing room. She is looking down at her dress. The room has a tiled floor and a potted plant in the background.

“Excuse me.” She said to the young shop-assistant, leaning out from behind a dressing room's curtain. “I think I need an XL size. This one is too small...” She pointed at the thin material painfully hammering into her skin.

The girl nodded with understanding, and after a while she returned with a bigger pair. When Misty put them on, she heard her asking shyly:

“How now?”

“I think these are fine.” She replied turning around in front of the mirror.

“May I?” The girl asked pulling the curtain aside.

She eyed the panties and slipped a finger under the material on Misty's hip, checking its tension. The gentle touch made a pleasant shiver run down her body. The girl's skin was warm and soft.

Misty was getting turned on again. However this time she didn't let herself get misled.

The pleasant shiver made her close her eyes and bite her lower lip. She was trying to breathe normally. She was getting wetter, and the blush wouldn't leave her face. The spot, where their bodies touched was burning delightfully.

"I think its fine." The girl said.

The pleasure was growing quickly. Too quickly. Her pussy muscles were clamping uncontrollably. She needed it to stop. What would the girl think of her?

Suddenly she gave in to the sensation. She moaned, tilting back her head. She leaned against the cabin's wall and covered the source of the pleasure with her hands. The intense sensations didn't let her think. She couldn't control herself.

"Are you okay?" The assistant was astonished.

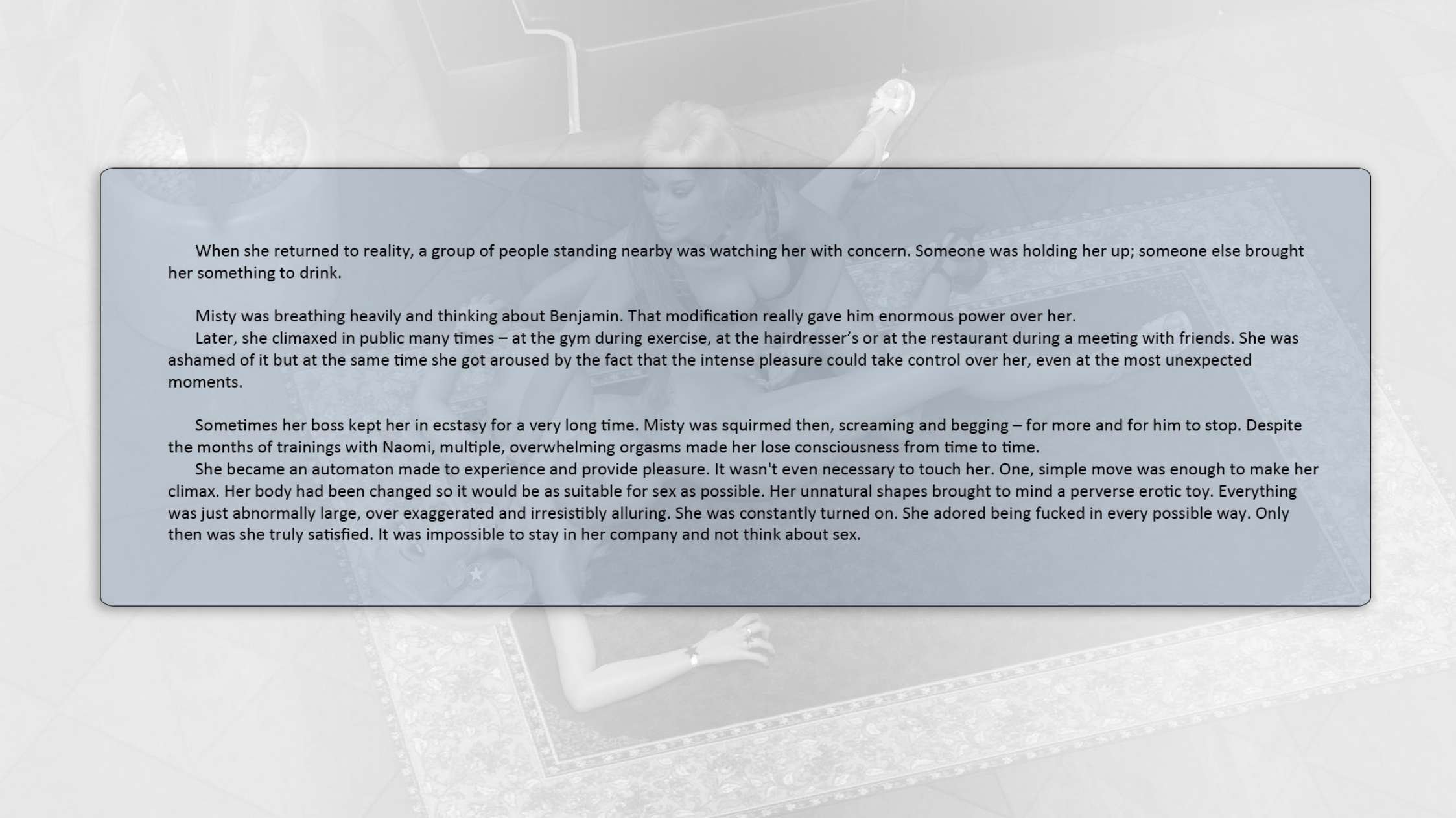
Misty only sighed and trembled with arousal. She was approaching climax.

"Are you okay ma'am?" Said the girl with concerned.

She supported Misty, so she wouldn't collapse to the floor. The sudden closeness only made the arousal stronger. The shop assistant's body smelled sensuous and feminine. Her soft hair tickled Misty's face. She wasn't able to control her lust. She greedily pulled the girl closer, embracing her waist and buttocks with her shaking hands. She knew she was acting inappropriately, but she just couldn't help it.

Finally she climaxed intensely and the only thing she felt were subsequent waves of pleasure. She was screaming, without minding the people around her. The spasms of blissful ecstasy were running down her body.



A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a large, patterned rug in a room. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved top and high-heeled sandals. Her right arm is raised, and her left hand is resting on her lap. In the background, there is a potted plant with large, dark leaves. The scene is dimly lit, and the overall atmosphere is somewhat somber or contemplative.

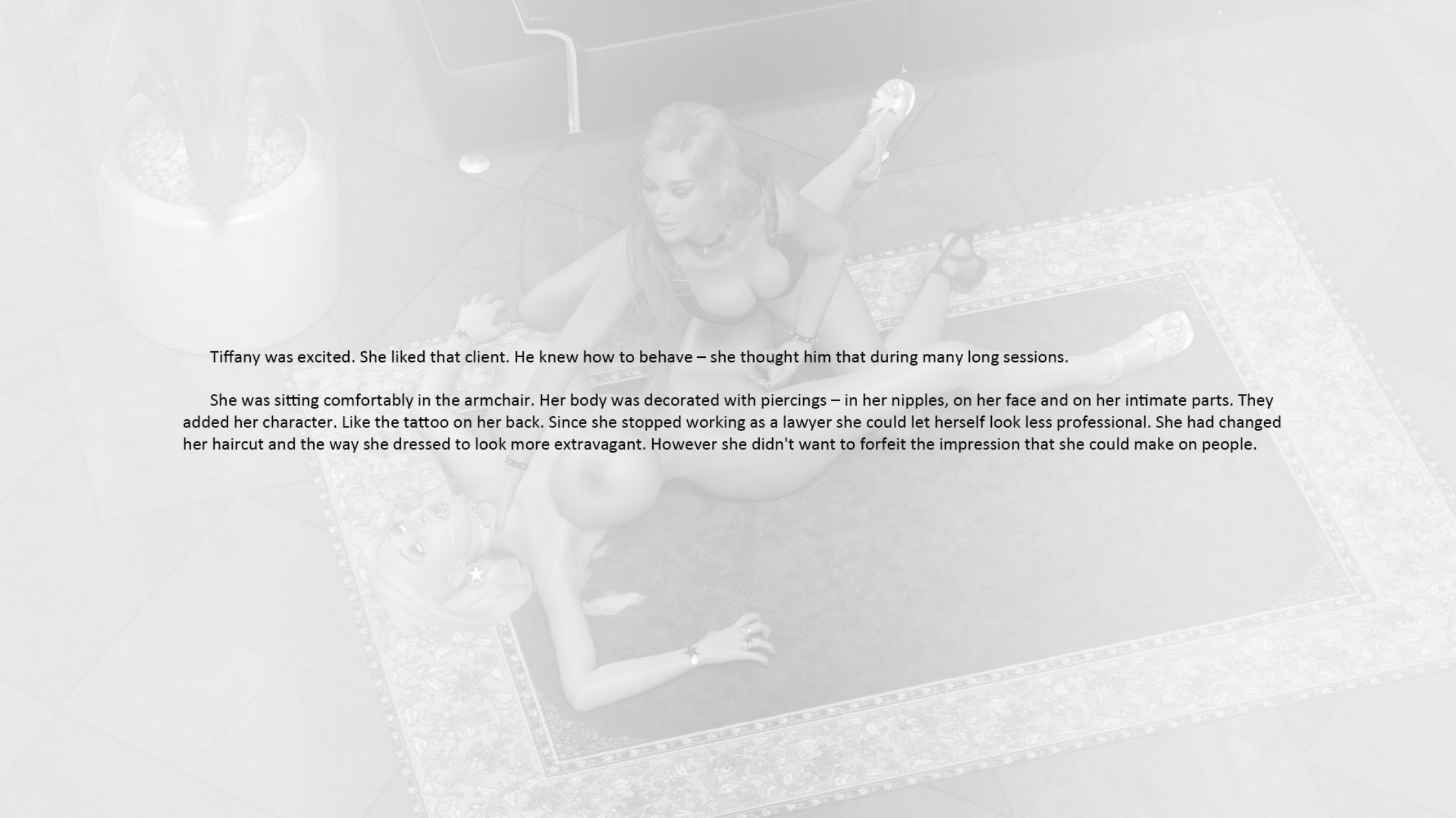
When she returned to reality, a group of people standing nearby was watching her with concern. Someone was holding her up; someone else brought her something to drink.

Misty was breathing heavily and thinking about Benjamin. That modification really gave him enormous power over her.

Later, she climaxed in public many times – at the gym during exercise, at the hairdresser’s or at the restaurant during a meeting with friends. She was ashamed of it but at the same time she got aroused by the fact that the intense pleasure could take control over her, even at the most unexpected moments.

Sometimes her boss kept her in ecstasy for a very long time. Misty was squirmed then, screaming and begging – for more and for him to stop. Despite the months of trainings with Naomi, multiple, overwhelming orgasms made her lose consciousness from time to time.

She became an automaton made to experience and provide pleasure. It wasn’t even necessary to touch her. One, simple move was enough to make her climax. Her body had been changed so it would be as suitable for sex as possible. Her unnatural shapes brought to mind a perverse erotic toy. Everything was just abnormally large, over exaggerated and irresistibly alluring. She was constantly turned on. She adored being fucked in every possible way. Only then was she truly satisfied. It was impossible to stay in her company and not think about sex.

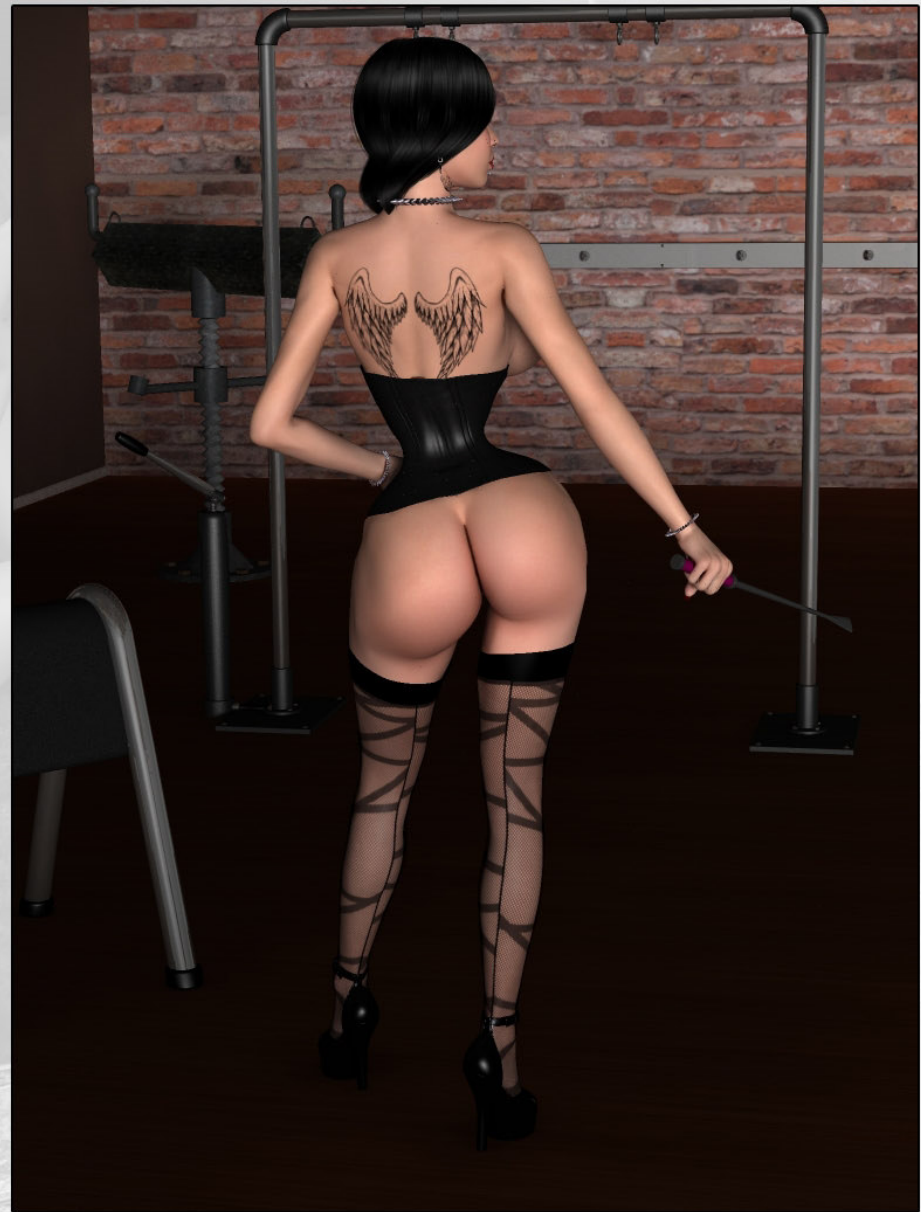


Tiffany was excited. She liked that client. He knew how to behave – she thought him that during many long sessions.

She was sitting comfortably in the armchair. Her body was decorated with piercings – in her nipples, on her face and on her intimate parts. They added her character. Like the tattoo on her back. Since she stopped working as a lawyer she could let herself look less professional. She had changed her haircut and the way she dressed to look more extravagant. However she didn't want to forfeit the impression that she could make on people.

The intensive training caused the reduction of her waist size by another two inches. She became so slim that male hands could easily embrace her. Her hips seemed more feminine – prominent and soft contrasted with her narrow waist. She was proud of herself. She managed to reach such spectacular effects. Regardless, she didn't stop wearing corsets in gradually smaller sizes.

The client came in to the room without looking in her eyes. She was relishing that moment. She was the one who decided what would happen; how long she would keep him waiting. How much she would give and let take. How far she would go. She liked that he adored her, almost worshipped her. Her beauty, strength and power.






With a leisurely but commanding gesture she pointed at the corner of the room. The man knew very well what to do. He undressed himself a little clumsily; his hands were shaking.

Naked, he lied down on his stomach. She let him remain in that position and watched him.



A woman in a red dress stands over a man lying on a patterned rug. She is holding a high-heeled shoe in her right hand, positioned near the man's head. The room features a potted plant in the background and a tiled floor. The scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow from a lamp. The woman's expression is one of satisfaction or control. The man appears to be in a state of submission or distress.

He couldn't see her, when she was walking towards him. Despite that he moaned aroused. Tiffany was observing his chest rising and falling, his breathing became faster. Steady rhythm of her heels tapping on the floor resonated from the walls. She stopped next to him, and placed her high heel in front of his eyes. He muffled a sigh and Tiffany smiled with content. During one of their sessions, when she placed her shoe in the exact same position he lifted his head and licked it. Without permission. Severe punishment made him remember that lesson so he was lying still now.

She leaned over him and with her long nail she touched the skin on his neck. It was hot, despite the floor being cold. Tiffany increased the pressure causing him pain and ran her hand down to his buttocks. The man trembled and tightened his muscles.

Tiffany stood above him. First, she placed one foot on his shoulder blades. And after a moment she placed her second foot on his lower back. The high-heels were pressing against the skin as the woman was trampling her client's body.

She was still wondering what to do with him. She looked around the room – riding crops, handcuffs, gags... there was a lot to choose from. Besides, dildos in every size, devices for electric stimulation, candles. And erotic furniture of course. Tiffany looked proudly at the collection assembled in the room.



She could feel the client's rapid breath beneath her shoes. She knew how aroused he was. Yet, it was just the beginning.

She was excited by the role she adopted. She loved her job. Nothing else had ever given her as much satisfaction as being a dominatrix.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black bikini and high-heeled sandals, is lying on her back on a large, patterned rug. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The rug is placed on a tiled floor. In the background, there is a potted plant in a white pot and a dark-colored sofa. The overall scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow from the plant's pot.

Epilogue

Misty was sitting on the sofa, leaning on Benjamin's arm. Pensively she was watching some photos from the past few years. She couldn't believe how much she has changed.

On the pictures made just before starting the job in Benjamin's company she saw an inconspicuous, shy, common-looking girl. Her hair was in boring, bland colour, the face almost with no make-up on and the clothes were baggy. No wonder she wasn't happy back then.

Since that time she's undergone an incredible metamorphose.

Her breasts, tiny and minor a few years ago, have now reached impressive size.



She remembered that after the first surgery they seemed huge to her. However they were only in size 700cc. Now they are ten times larger! She shook her head in disbelief. Back then, her nipples were not visible underneath her tops. On every new picture they could be clearly seen under her clothes. Big and sticking out, they became an ideal complement to her full, perfect boobs.



On the old photos her ass was only slightly suggested beneath her skirts. Now, she wasn't able to fit her voluptuous ass in any pants. Her lips, from narrow and unattractive became full and sexy. Thanks to exercise her body became slim and fit. She started to dress up provocatively; she dyed her hair blond and fixed them carefully. She underwent laser depilation and had permanent make-up made. She took care of the details such as long nails and eyelashes. She got piercing in her nose and tongue as well as two tattoos. It wasn't visible on the pictures but they have enlarged her G spot and near her spine she had a little implant thanks to which it was possible to make her cum at any time. Something else has changed too... There was self-confidence and satisfaction in her gaze, something impossible to see in the old pictures. Her whole life has been turned upside down and now it revolved around the looks and sex. And Misty was very content with it.



Before & After



Before & After



Tiffany was in some pictures too. She went through an amazing transformation as well. Due to face surgeries and changing the color of her eyes her features gained some confidence. She had her breasts enlarged and she narrowed her waist dramatically which added some femininity to her silhouette. She has dyed her hair and started to put more stock in her looks. She did all that to achieve what she has always dreamt of.



Before & After



"I spoke with Tiffany recently" said Misty. "She is very happy."

"I heard she is amazingly successful. I am not surprised. She has always been extremely ambitious" Benjamin replied.

"Many men crave a meeting with her" Misty kept talking "This job suits her perfectly."

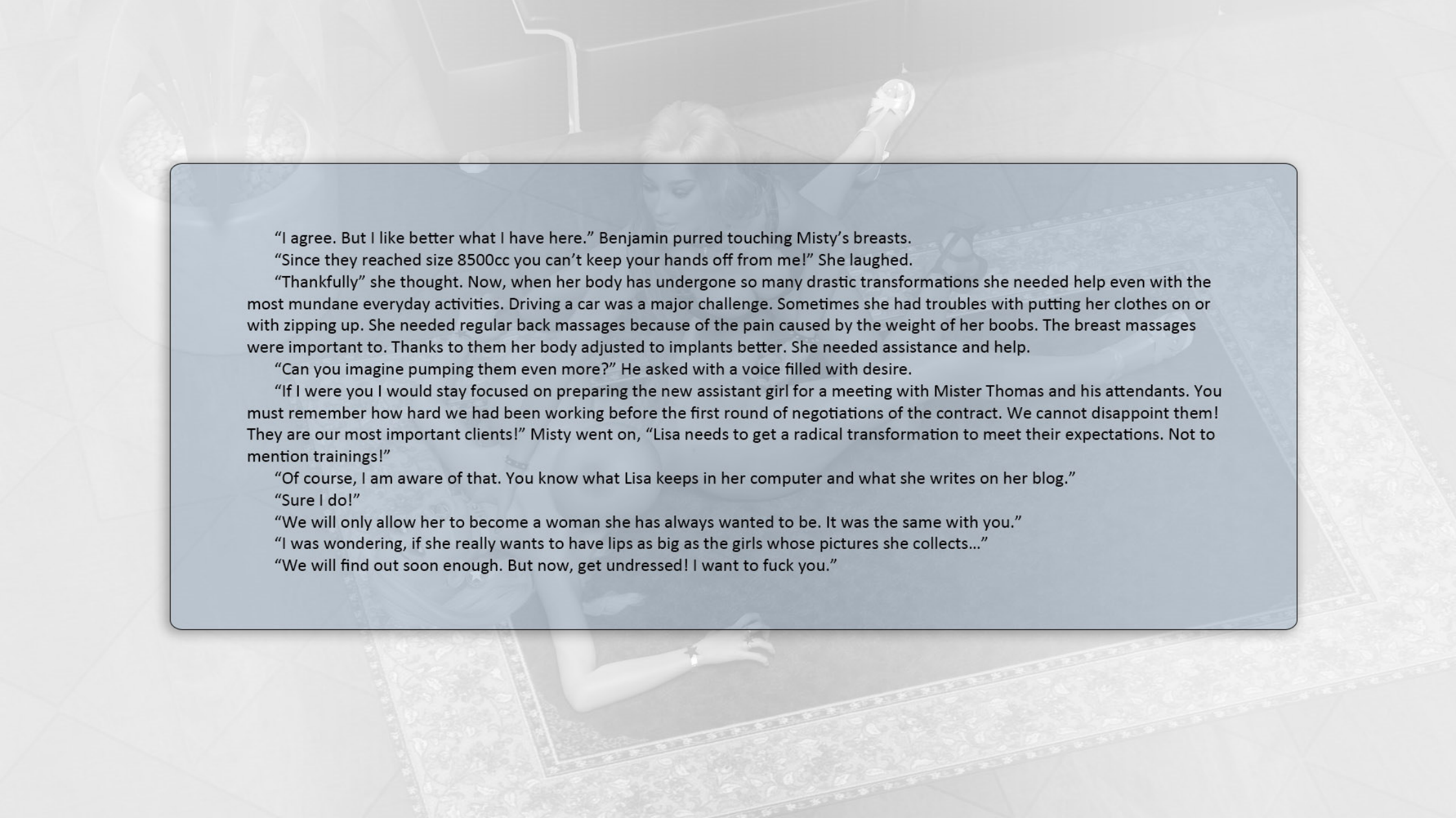
"She is dominant. And she has exceptional skills."

"She is getting more and more popular. I hear about her constantly."

"It's a shame that she left us. But I am proud of her. All in all, she achieved it thanks to us."

"That's true." She affirmed. "Have you seen her new pictures? She looks stunning!" Misty showed her boss a photo with Tiffany dressed in latex was holding a long whip. The tattoo and piercings made her look wild. Her waist squeezed with the corset looked unnaturally slim.



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress and high heels, is lying on her back on a large, ornate patterned rug. She is looking down. In the background, there is a potted plant with large green leaves. The scene is dimly lit, creating a moody atmosphere.

“I agree. But I like better what I have here.” Benjamin purred touching Misty’s breasts.

“Since they reached size 8500cc you can’t keep your hands off from me!” She laughed.

“Thankfully” she thought. Now, when her body has undergone so many drastic transformations she needed help even with the most mundane everyday activities. Driving a car was a major challenge. Sometimes she had troubles with putting her clothes on or with zipping up. She needed regular back massages because of the pain caused by the weight of her boobs. The breast massages were important to. Thanks to them her body adjusted to implants better. She needed assistance and help.

“Can you imagine pumping them even more?” He asked with a voice filled with desire.

“If I were you I would stay focused on preparing the new assistant girl for a meeting with Mister Thomas and his attendants. You must remember how hard we had been working before the first round of negotiations of the contract. We cannot disappoint them! They are our most important clients!” Misty went on, “Lisa needs to get a radical transformation to meet their expectations. Not to mention trainings!”

“Of course, I am aware of that. You know what Lisa keeps in her computer and what she writes on her blog.”

“Sure I do!”

“We will only allow her to become a woman she has always wanted to be. It was the same with you.”

“I was wondering, if she really wants to have lips as big as the girls whose pictures she collects...”

“We will find out soon enough. But now, get undressed! I want to fuck you.”

Misty felt arousal overwhelming her. She obediently took off her skimpy clothes and her impressive breasts bounced from underneath the material, as they were released. Her large nipples became erect.

“I want to feel you between my breasts.” Misty whispered.
“I know how much you like it...”

She felt this was her place. This was what she was supposed to be treated like. Like a bimbo she has become.





THE END