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I've been working here for two weeks and I hate this place. To be honest this is nothing new, before they locked me up I had work as a hooker. The problem is, that here I have no choice when it comes to clients and there are more of them a day. What was I thinking when I decided to earn more money by selling those damned drugs?

In a couple of days they will take me to a medical ward. I don't know what exactly this "cuddly" is, but probably some stupid code name of theirs. Knowing life, they'll treat me the same as other girls. I'll be back slimmer and smoother. If I'm lucky they'll also give me a pretty face from the catalogue.





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I want to achieve success. And I know I will. I've taken a loan, I've got cash, and I know where I should invest it. I'll invest it in myself! Tomorrow I'm going to a clinic to discuss my new style. I'll become a real goddess, at clubs the guys will be lining up just to be able to talk to me. Then I only have to catch the right one.



I have long pondered what I'd like to change the most. It's not an easy decision, because there are many things I don't like about my look. I am aware, however, that most of them are just in my mind, so I've decided to focus on the real problem. I've decided to enlarge my breasts and reduce my waist. I think I have always secretly dreamt of an ideal hourglass body shape.

I feel ambivalent about this. On one hand, I can't wait to see what I'm going to look like. Wasp's waist and full breasts. I have chosen high profile implants because I want the effect to be striking! On the other hand I am very afraid. I have never had a surgery before. I hope everything goes smoothly and without complications.





Right after the operation it was really tough. Everything hurt. For several days I felt like I had been ran over by a truck! Bust is one thing, but waist and ribs are another. Fortunately it's all behind me and everything has healed well. Now everything is fine.



I look great! I am so happy! I have such a narrow waist! Everything I wear looks great on me. Without exaggeration of course ;-). You can always find some rag that doesn't fit anything. My new bust is great. It's so full and flexible. It nicely fills my t-shirts and all the men are staring at me wherever I go. I know it looks fake, but that was the plan! That's why I have chosen High – profiles. I've been spending a lot of time in clothes shops. I could try on new clothes all the time :-)

I've began visiting clubs. I've chosen two really fantastic places: "Wave" and "Bright Line". At first I was afraid that they won't let me in, but in both places the bouncer only smiled and invited me inside. I have to admit, that I had imagined them a bit differently. The prices are sky-high and there is no lack of beautiful girls there. On the other hand, the atmosphere of those places is unique. You can feel the music filling you entirely as soon as you enter. Both clubs are very posh, and have an aura of good taste.



I haven't mentioned it before, but I am actually very shy. Really. Sometimes it is a big problem. I thought that once I've changed I would gain self confidence, but that didn't happen! There are so many great guys there, and I just sit at the bar and watch them. Sometimes someone walks to me and starts a conversation, but I really don't know what to say. I stammer and talk about silly things. I feel so stupid then. I've never visited clubs so much before, often I don't know how to behave. I'm like a tame doe let out of her zoo cage into a real forest. I know I belong there, I just don't know what to do.

Recently I've noticed one guy who I've really found to my liking. He's name is David. I think he is single. I mean I've seen him a couple of times with some babes, but they looked like paid companions to me. He must be very rich. One time he came to me and started conversation. I was so stunned I couldn't say a word. My face turned red and I just couldn't say anything. I just smiled and said my name was Jessie. It was terrible!

I've been thinking of him since then. Several times I dreamt that we were making love. Those were sooo pleasant dreams. I noticed that I often fantasise about him when I'm taking a shower, or right before I go to sleep. Oh, how I'd love to make love to him!





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She was twenty one, when everything fell apart. Part of her old gang were put in the slammer, others left this world overdosing drugs. Some contacts were left, but everybody minded their own business, and it was hard to talk to them.

When she looked back, she couldn't get rid of the thought that life has no meaning, that all these years were a bad joke written by God after he got high. She started to slowly losing a will to live. It was then that Snoopy turned up. His name was Clain but everyone called him like that white dog from that very old comic book. To be honest, nobody remembered why.

The guy was really cool. He was making really good Rap and had respect. When he and Nicky met, they instantly found each other to their liking. He started taking her everywhere he went. From day to day everything changed, like in a fucking fairy tale! The best clubs, and driving pimped rides.

One day they were sitting in a club and commenting on girls hanging about near the counter. Some were really pretty, and Clain eyed them up and down very carefully. Nicki wasn't a girl who would give the crowd off guard.

- You like them?
- They're ok. – He said evasively.
- Would you like me to look like them? – She asked directly...





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I've been wondering what to do with my pet. She looks and fucks pretty well, but there are so many possibilities. Tattoos, piercings, breast implants, aphrodisiacs, and so on. I gotta think it through, and I'll have a bitch that'll make every other mate n the district jealous.





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Butch:

My bitch needs to be well trained. One way to train a bitch is to fuck 'er hard. All the time. That's why I gave 'r Dixie. Dixie's an energizing and stimulating drug. Chick gets so freakin' crazy after it, she can fuck all day. Fuck's like a bitch in heat, she's always been horny, but now she can fuck for hours. She's lucky there's always somebody around eager to hump her, hell, not easy to tire the bitch. Bros will make an interstate outta 'er ass at this pace. And that's good, a bitch gotta know 'er place. She likes it anyway.



Sandy:

Recently everything has been happening too fast. I think I've been taking Dixie for too long. I hardly get any sleep at all. Till noon it's fine, I have so much energy I can fuck for hours. They fill all my holes and treat like a bitch. But in reality I am the most important. I know they do it because they are afraid of Butch. Good, let them be afraid. Let them fear that if they don't fuck me good, I'll go and tell Butch. No one's gonna screw with me!

Damn, I know I'm hell of a slut, but I haven't had so many great orgasms for a long time! It gets worse around the evenings. During evening fucks my butt starts to hurt. Everything starts to hurt. Jaw, pussy, everything. I know that it's a kind of training. Butch wants to train me. But it is so tiresome.



Butch:

Some time ago I took the bitch to a clinic. They gave 'er new, sweet boobs. She was getting skinny and flat from all the fucking so now she looks good. Fuck man, when you look at 'er you wanna spill yo jizz over 'er large boobs!

They gave 'er new lips too. A bitch gotta have large lips, so you can tell she likes to suck cock.

Fuck yeah!

Sandy:

I sleep to little, I lost weight again. I have dark rings around my eyes, but you can't tell because of the thick makeup. Butch took me to a clinic where they gave me large sexy lips and fake breasts. Damn these boobs are huge! The stick out like two melons! Now I really look like a whore for fucking. Guys get hard just looking at me. I just need to get close and brush them with my boobs and they wanna fuck.

Sometimes I'm afraid this is getting too far. My butt needs a rest as well. They really stretched me, If I don't stop, I'm never going to be back to my normal size. Sometimes I think I should quit Dixie, but then Butch gives me another dose. And when they get so horny, I really want to show them how slutty I am. I'm losing track of my thoughts, I'm so confused.



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Butch:

The bitch is classy. I love to fuck 'er. I stick it between 'er large boobs or hump her skinny ass. She's loose there, but she moves great. When I fill 'er with Dixie she fucks like a dream.



Butch:

In a while I'll let 'er rest some, don't
want 'er to bite the dust from all this fucking
And when she gets over it, I'll try some new
shit. I'll fill 'er up with some new drugs and
see how she dances then.





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It started as a normal Friday evening – Vicky and her best friend Lena were partying at their favourite club, drinking, dancing, teasing boys and men and having a great time. They loved to tease, to be wanted, admired and desired. Like most college girls they carefully chose their clothes before the party. Dark- and short-haired Vicky usually went for a dark seductress look and wore a very short and tight, backless, black dress, fishnet stockings, and high heels. The dress revealed her beautiful curves, her slender neck and shapely shoulders. Her breasts were small and firm, so she rarely used a bra, enjoying the smooth fabric gently brushing against her nipples when she was dancing. Oh, and she knew how to dance... she was graceful as a cat, and could writhe like a snake entrancing men and women alike. Many a poor soul drowned in her dark eyes.



Lena, on the other hand – a slightly freckled natural redhead – preferred schoolgirl-type pleated miniskirts and white shirts unbuttoned in such a way as to show the top of her firm big breasts, which were the envy of most of her classmates. Finishing touches such as a ponytail, white knee-length socks and converse sneakers completed the picture of innocence embodied. She was always full of energy, quick to laugh and her bright green eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief.

They enjoyed nothing more than to flirt and tease, and to make others desire them, but they always left the club the moment the poor guys thought it was their lucky night. While Vicky seduced her peers, who were helpless against her vamp charms, Lena enjoyed teasing middle-aged men – they were such easy targets! Most of them were daddies unhappy in their dull marriages, thinking they can be young again, or pervs who thought they might have a chance to fuck a teenager. The suckers thought she would go to bed with them, they would do anything for her! Needless to say, she never had to pay for a drink herself. Sometimes she even let them touch her a little, just before giggling and telling them that she “had to go home now”.






When they left the club the girls were usually so aroused, that they went straight to Vicky's (whose father visited New York at weekends where he had some business to do) Just as the door slammed behind them, the girls would start kissing and petting and fondling each other until they both reached climax. Afterwards they would lie wrapped in each other's arms, and talk until sleep came...

But in this time it went differently. They were still at the club, when they noticed two men in their thirties, in expensive Gucci suits, drinking and chatting at the counter. Some girls were hanging around, but they were dismissed. 'You think they're gay?' Lena whispered to Vicky's ear. 'Probably, but maybe they're bi?' replied Vicky 'either way, I bet I can seduce one'. 'You're on!' giggled Lena, 'but if I get one first, you can't cum tonight, you'll have to hold it, ok?' she added with a wicked smile. 'Ok, I like a challenge' Vicky smiled back 'but if you lose, it will be you who are denied'. And so they started dancing near the two men, to catch their attention, sending them glances with dreamy eyes, and, when they knew they had succeeded they came to the counter to drink and chat... It turned out the men were not gay, but were very choosy when it comes to women. They were co-owners of some company, rich and single, plus courteous and pretty good looking. Perfect for an evening's entertainment. At some point Vicky felt dizzy from all the alcohol, and went to the restroom. She wanted to put her head under a stream of cold water but when she reached for the tap, her head swam, and the world went dim, and dark, and she fell...



A 3D rendered woman with dark hair and a black blindfold is suspended in a strappado position. Her hands are bound behind her back to a metal ring attached to a wooden frame. Her legs are spread wide and tied to a horizontal bar at the bottom of the frame. She is wearing a black bikini top, black fishnet stockings, and black high-heeled shoes. The background is solid black.

Her head hurt. She opened her eyes and realised she can't see anything. Why is it so dark, she thought? She wanted to brush the remains of sleep from her eyes, when she realised that her hands are bound behind her back... a shiver of fear went up her spine. 'Something's wrong, very wrong, what's happening, where am I?' With a rush of adrenaline, her senses immediately returned, and she quickly assessed her situation. The air was cool and damp. She was standing in a strappado position, hands tied painfully high above her back, so that she forced to lean forward. Her legs were spread wide and tied to something as well. She realised that she can't see anything because she is blindfolded. 'Oh my God, I've been kidnapped', she thought in despair. 'Where have they taken me? And who are "they"? And... Lena, what happened to Lena? Is she ok? Maybe she managed to call the police, they are probably looking for me, maybe they're on their way right now, they will res...'

'Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!' Vicky's thought were interrupted by a terrible muffled scream, somewhere nearby, in some other room.

She gasped with panic, 'Oh my God! No, please no! Pleaseee...!' and she started sobbing uncontrollably. She recognised who was screaming. It was Lena.





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