

Plastic is Fantastic 2

Part 2



Extreme breast expansion
Lip expansion
Bimbo conditioning
Bimbo outfits



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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

The doctors said that Ruth wouldn't be able to undergo surgery right away, because not enough time had passed since the previous one. The woman decided to make the best possible use of these months.

She focused all her energy on work. Her colleagues were shocked when she announced that she was changing the direction of her research and intended to focus on hypnosis and its effects on the brain. She had been tempted many times to watch the videos and feel that wonderful relaxation that she missed so much, but she knew that Milton wouldn't be happy about it. She was aware that she was giving him full power over herself, and that now he would be making all decisions for her, even though he was less qualified than herself and probably not as intelligent as she was. This knowledge excited her very much.

Sometimes she was able to chase away the nagging thoughts of masturbation, sex and new, giant implants, and then she managed to get engrossed in her work just like in the old times. She wondered if she was perhaps making the biggest mistake of her life. Whichever way she thought about it, getting her breasts enlarged even more and becoming a full-time bimbo seemed to be sheer madness.





And yet, every time she seriously started to consider changing her plans, she felt depressed and resigned. She knew that was what she wanted to do, that she wanted to turn into a silly, horny woman with huge, fake tits no matter what other people might think about it.

She finished her research on hypnosis right before her surgery. She knew the results were going to be groundbreaking, and would probably draw the attention of the academic world specializing in brain issues to herself, but she was much more excited about the upcoming breast enlargement.

During the pre-surgery visit, the doctor showed her how incredibly large her implants would be. Ruth felt a shiver and a slight dizziness every time she remembered that sight. Together they weighed 40 pounds! How were they supposed to fit under her skin? She couldn't imagine how she would function with them on a daily basis. How far would she be able to walk before she got tired? Would she be able to put her own arms around those monstrous breasts? How was she going to tie her shoelaces?

As she drove towards the clinic, she was shaking with emotion.

"You can always change your mind," said Milton. "I can see you're nervous."

Ruth shook her head.

"I'll enlarge my tits to the limit."

Ruth was unable to utter a single word. She stared at herself in the mirror with huge, startled eyes. She looked so... perverse and vulgar. She could barely believe she was seeing her own reflection.

She parted her oversized, plump and soft lips. She gently ran her tongue across them, and then touched them with her finger.

“That’s the face a real bimbo should have,” said Milton appreciatively. “Those lips are very sexy, aren’t they?”





Ruth's skin has been additionally rejuvenated, so all the fine lines and little blemishes disappeared. She had forgotten that it was even possible to look like this. It seemed to her she was slowly turning into a living doll.

She closed her eyes, sighed, and placed her hands on her bare breasts. Her bust was gigantic. She had never imagined that it could become this huge. The monstrous implants felt as if they barely fit under her skin, stretching it to the limit. What's more, they were so heavy and impractical now! Instinctively, she kept leaning back to help her standing posture. Her breasts now weighed almost 40 pounds. Every time she thought about it, she felt a slight shudder.

She really looked like a kinky fuck-doll now. Her tits were *too* big. *Too* massive. Unnaturally firm for their overwhelming size.

"I overdid it..." she groaned.

"Are you sorry you have chosen to become my bimbo?" Milton was a little anxious.

"No, it's not that," Ruth replied immediately. "I want to be your bimbo, but... These lips and tits are so huge! I look so vulgar!"

"You look like a true bimbo," replied Milton. "Your mouth is excessively large, really monstrous, and those round implants show what path you've chosen for yourself. Thanks to them, everyone will know that you are a silly, horny woman who only cares about looking good and having sex. No one will ever approach you as a professional, intelligent lady, a Ph.D."

Ruth groaned and shook her head gingerly.





Milton placed his hands on her inflated, implant-filled breasts and stroked the taut skin.

"I think you look perfect," he whispered. "Nobody will be able to resist you now. Men will go crazy with lust when they see you."

Despite herself, Ruth smiled.

"Yes, that's what I wanted..."

"Your body shows who you are," Milton continued. "You should be proud of it."

"You're right," Ruth admitted. "But it's still a shock... Every time I look into the mirror I get nervous," she confessed. "But you know what would help me now?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with excitement.

"Hypnosis," said Milton.

"Exactly! It would relax me so much... I haven't watched those recordings in months and I miss them so much!"

Milton smiled and stroked the woman's buttocks.

"You were very brave," he said. "But from now on, you won't be using hypnosis the way you are used to."

“But... But you said...”

Ruth’s face twisted in disbelief and shock.

“We’re going to use it within a much more structured approach,” said Milton. “Or, rather, a premeditated manner. Though, I shouldn’t use such complicated words in your presence. After all, you’re just a dumb bimbo.”

Ruth felt an involuntary surge of excitement, as if her body was responding to the man’s words by its own volition.

“So far, you’ve been watching the recordings to relax and turn off self-control,” Milton continued. “Now we’re going to use them to help you become a really good bimbo. We will extract from your mind all the primordial, unrestrained desires, and then we’ll reinforce them.”

“Oh, it’s just like in my research, when we used specially selected stimuli to activate specific areas of the brain!” Ruth was excited.

Milton gave her a scolding look.

“Is that the way a good bimbo sounds?” he asked.

Ruth pursed her full lips and shook her head.



“Exactly,” the man commented. “Among other things, hypnosis is supposed to help us with that. It’s going to be an intense sensation, something brand new, and you’ll probably get very horny, but I’m forbidding you from touching yourself, is that clear?”

The woman nodded, and a few minutes later she was staring at the spirals moving in front of her eyes. That was exactly what she had been missing! She felt every cell in her body come to life and vibrate with excitement. She parted her lips and stared blankly at the recording. Her muscles felt pleasantly soft and relaxed, her nipples enlarged and hardened, and her pussy was getting moist.

“You’ll be a good, nice bimbo,” said Milton.

“Yes...” Ruth sighed.

“Repeat it.”

“I’ll be a good, nice bimbo,” the woman said.

“You’ll be horny all the time,” Milton said.

“I’ll be horny all the time,” she repeated

Ruth grew more and more excited with each word she spoke.

“I will wear vulgar, pink clothes,” she repeated after Milton. “I’ll be proud of my body, inflated with saline. I love to fuck.”

It was getting harder and harder for her to control herself. She wanted so much to caress her oversized, round breasts, to reach with manicured hands between her thighs and masturbate. She felt warm, moist juices flowing out of her pussy.

“I want my holes to be filled all the time,” she repeated. “I need sex. My body serves to be fucked. I’ll enlarged my mouth to an enormous size so that I can give better blowjobs.”



Ruth groaned and bit her plump lip. She wanted to touch herself so much right now...

"I'm a stupid bimbo," she said, her voice trembling.

"You don't use complicated words," said Milton.

"I don't use com... conp... long words," Ruth moaned. "Please, let me touch myself... I'm so horny."

"Your life revolves around sex and hot looks."

"Yes," Ruth moaned.

"You don't think. You just want pleasure," said Milton.



“Please... I want to feel your dick in my mouth,” the woman sighed. “In my pussy... See how wet I am? I can’t take it anymore! I promise to be a good bimbo. Silly, horny and exciting...”

Ruth looked pleadingly at the man.

“Now you will give me a blowjob,” he said.

The woman squealed with joy and knelt in front of Milton. Her fingers, with decorative, long tips on her nails, trembled so much that she struggled to undo his pants.

When she finally managed to get to his hardened member, she sighed with delight. Her eyes widened and her cheeks flushed pink.

She took his dick in her hands, stuck her tongue out, and licked it from the base to the tip. She sucked on his testicles, making contented sounds.

“Take the whole thing in your mouth,” Milton ordered. “A good bimbo can fit any sized cock in her throat.”

Ruth groaned with excitement. She felt the juice from her pussy trickling down her thigh. She was so excited that she felt one shiver after another. She pushed the penis into her mouth as deep as she could, but still wasn't able to reach all the way down to its base. She felt that hard, warm cock fill her mouth to the limit, felt her soft lips wrapping around it.

“Just like that...” Milton sighed. “You're doing great...”

She choked, tears streaming from her eyes. She tried a few more times, but failed to shove it in whole.



“It’s too big...” Ruth whispered.

“Spread your legs,” Milton said.

The woman groaned in excitement and did as she was told. She shamelessly parted her thighs and presented him with the view of her juice-dripping, perfectly shaved pussy.

When he entered her, she didn’t even try to hold back a loud moan of pleasure.

“Yes...” she muttered. “That’s what I need...”

The penis filled her hot, moist hole wonderfully.

Milton began to move his hips and Ruth gasped for breath. She felt so good that she completely stopped controlling herself. Her enormous breasts bounced and swayed heavily against her chest. Each thrust sent a wave of ecstatic bliss through her body.

“Your tits are so monstrous now...” Milton sighed. “They make you look like a real bimbo.”

“Wait... I’ll come soon... It feels so good...” Ruth moaned.

“You can’t come before I allow you to,” the man reminded her, pausing the thrusts of his hips.

Ruth screwed up her face in disappointment and looked at him hazily.

“Don’t stop... Please...”

“Are you so horny you can’t take it any longer?” he asked.



“Yes... My pussy needs it...”

He penetrated her as deeply as he could, until his balls rubbed against her butt.

Ruth’s eyes rolled back and she mumbled something incomprehensible. The sensations were so intense that she could barely register what was happening around her. She wanted only for this pleasure to last as long as possible.

Time after time she got to the verge of orgasm, but Milton would slow down and repeat his command that she couldn’t come yet.

After a few minutes, Ruth was sure that if she didn't reach climax right away, she would go crazy. Never in her life had she felt filled with such desire. Every part of her body was crying out for an orgasm.

"I can't do it anymore," she gasped.

Tears were running down her cheeks and smearing her makeup. Strands of hair, damp with sweat, stuck to her temples.

"Just a little longer," said Milton.

"It's too much for me," the woman panted. "It feels too good..."

Milton squeezed her breasts, and then whispered:

"You'll be my perfect bimbo."

"Yes."

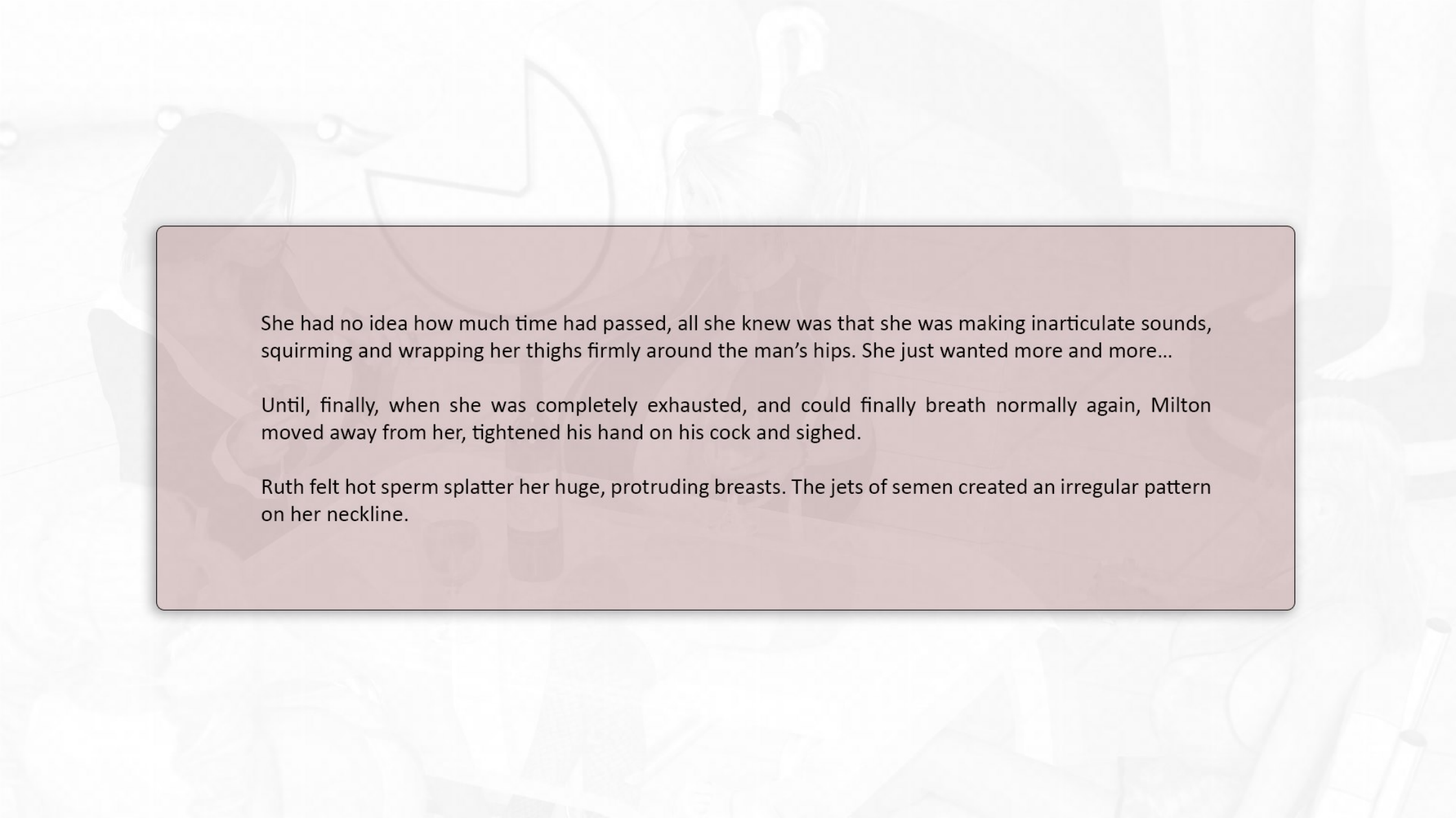
“Your tits are too big, your lips are perfect for giving blowjobs, you just want to be fucked all the time,” he was saying.

“Yes, please...”

“You can come now.”

As soon as he said these words, something unlocked in Ruth's body and she began to climax as intensely as never before. The orgasm traveled through her body in waves, piercing her pussy, taking away any semblance of control. She dug her nails into Milton's back, twisted her face in delight, and screamed for so long that she was left completely out of breath.





She had no idea how much time had passed, all she knew was that she was making inarticulate sounds, squirming and wrapping her thighs firmly around the man's hips. She just wanted more and more...

Until, finally, when she was completely exhausted, and could finally breath normally again, Milton moved away from her, tightened his hand on his cock and sighed.

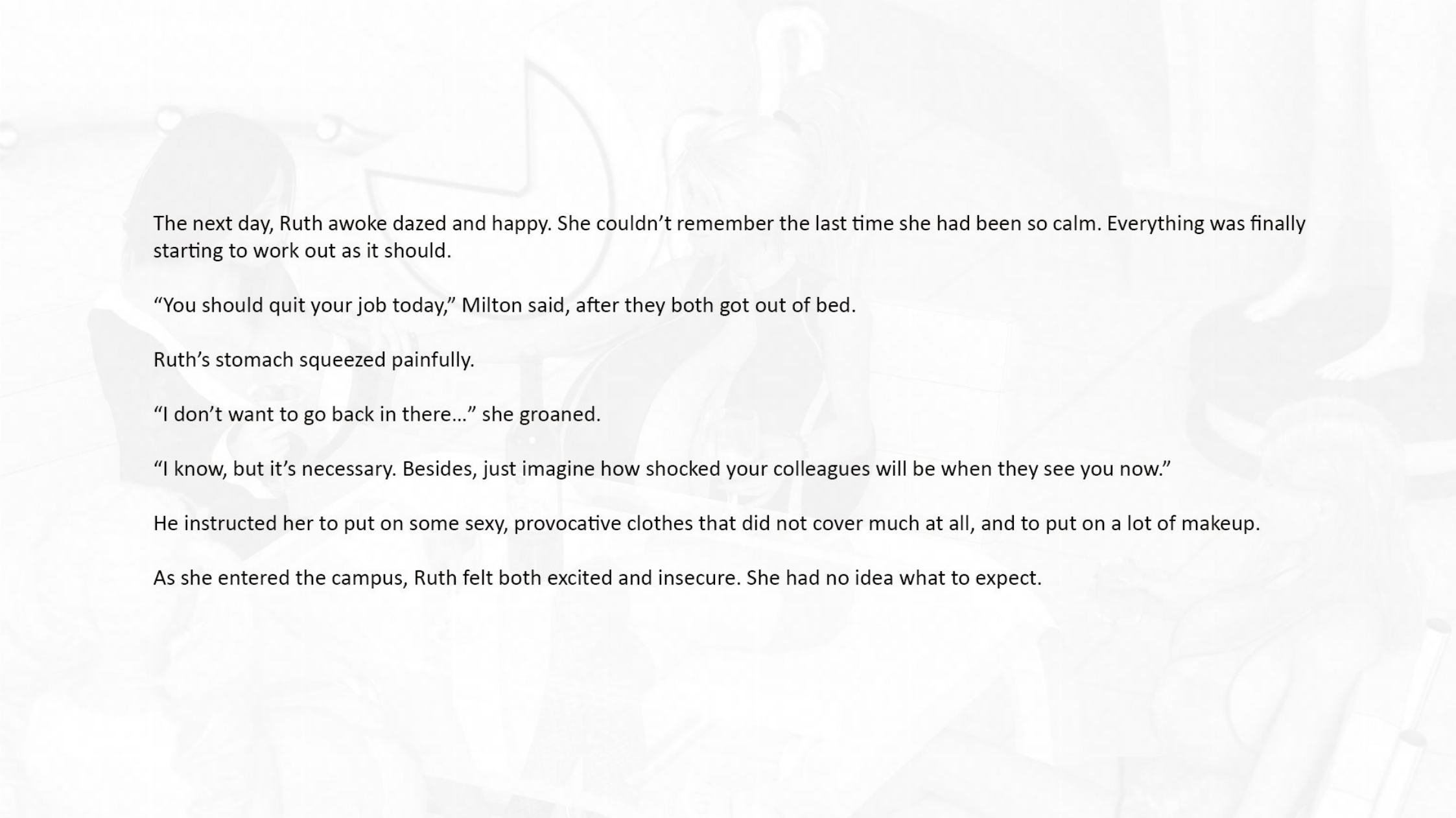
Ruth felt hot sperm splatter her huge, protruding breasts. The jets of semen created an irregular pattern on her neckline.



“That’s right,” said Milton. “Now you know what your place is. Exhausted from cuming your brains out, wet and stained with cum. I’ll take a picture of you so that you know what a real bimbo looks like.”

He reached for his phone and took a snap.

“I want this photo to be the wallpaper on your phone from now on,” he said, buttoning up his pants. “So that you can’t forget who you’ve become.”



The next day, Ruth awoke dazed and happy. She couldn't remember the last time she had been so calm. Everything was finally starting to work out as it should.

“You should quit your job today,” Milton said, after they both got out of bed.

Ruth's stomach squeezed painfully.

“I don't want to go back in there...” she groaned.

“I know, but it's necessary. Besides, just imagine how shocked your colleagues will be when they see you now.”

He instructed her to put on some sexy, provocative clothes that did not cover much at all, and to put on a lot of makeup.

As she entered the campus, Ruth felt both excited and insecure. She had no idea what to expect.

This confrontation with her old life was shocking. She used to spend almost every day here, focused on work, tired and stressed out. She worried about grants, competed with other scientists... It would never have occurred to her then that she could change so much.

The students didn't even bother to try to hide their surprise at the sight of her. Many did not recognize her at all. They looked at her cleavage, commented on her gigantic breasts, and giggled nervously as they gaped at her absurdly enlarged lips. Several were so shocked that they just froze in their tracks and stared at her. She noticed that some of the men had erections – their pants were becoming obviously too tight around the fly.

Flushed red and sweating with emotion, she entered her office. She looked at the notes and research results still lying on her desk. Though she had been dealing with them not so long ago, and should have known them by heart, she couldn't even understand them now. Her life had become so very different...





Suddenly, the door swung open and her colleague, Cristina, appeared.

“I was told you were here, and...” she began.

However, she was unable to complete the sentence. She paused, an incredulous expression on her face, and just stared at Ruth for a few seconds.

“You... you really did it,” she whispered. “But, it’s... It’s crazy! Now you look like... like...”

“Like a whore, right?” Ruth finished for her, straightening her back proudly. “I have tits that are too big, filled with monstrous implants, and a mouth that looks like a pussy. And you know what? I’m very pleased with myself.”

Cristina leaned against the desk as if she suddenly felt faint.

"I didn't think that it was possible to enlarge your breasts... so much!" she finally choked out. "They are... they are... gigantic! They must weigh a ton! And those lips! I'm surprised you can speak at all."

Ruth looked at her smugly.

"Are you excited by my appearance?" she asked.

Cristina covered her mouth with her hand and took a step back.

"Of course not!" she exclaimed. "How can you even suggest that?"

"Everyone gets horny when they see me," Ruth replied.

Cristina took a deep, audible breath, and ran her hand through her hair.

"You just published a very good article," she said. "This research will take you to a whole new level of things. You will get a lot of grants, you will become famous not only in professional journals... This is an important moment in your career, and yet you are doing something like this."

"Please give this to the college president," Ruth said, handing her friend a bunch of papers. "It's my resignation. I will never come to work again."

"But..."

"It's not for me," Ruth finished.

Cristina shook her head sadly, said goodbye, and left.

Ruth began collecting papers from her desk and emptying its drawers.



After a moment, she left the office and spotted a security guard standing on the patio. Ruth recognized him, even though she didn't know his name.

"Ma'am," he began in an unnaturally low voice. "I was informed that there is a woman on campus, who... Well... Who doesn't look like a student, much less a lecturer, and therefore I have to ask you... What are you doing here? Who let you inside?"

Ruth smiled broadly. She saw how much effort the man was putting into behaving professionally. His eyes flicked down to her breasts every now and then. His cheeks flushed pinker and pinker, and a bead of sweat appeared on his temple.

"My name is Dr. Meason. I just handed in my resignation."

"But... Dr. Meason looks very different," the man said.

Ruth showed him her ID.

"You don't look like the woman in this photo at all," the guard insisted. "Forgive me, but are you a prostitute? Did some student invite you? If so, we should have been notified about it, because..."

Eventually, Ruth managed to convince him that she really did work at the university. At the end of the conversation, the man's face was sweaty and covered with large red spots.

"I'm sorry..." he muttered. "I just didn't expect Dr. Meason to look like this.. Please understand. It's just a bit of a mistake..."

"I'm too sexy to be a scientist, right?" she asked.

The man apologized to her one more time, threw one last lustful look at her cleavage, and left.

Ruth gathered the rest of her belongings from the desk, and proudly stepped outside.

Before and After



Ruth's daily life changed beyond recognition. She used to spend her days at work, focused on research and lectures. She always tried to look professional and neat, but never paid too much attention to her outfits; she put on some subtle, quick makeup, and often just swept her hair up in a bun so as not to waste time. She had sex sporadically and rarely masturbated. She hardly ever went to parties.

Now, her morning beauty routine took over an hour every day. She carefully applied a thick layer of makeup, chose her outfits, and styled her hair. She often went to a beauty parlor to have her nails decorated, her hair groomed, and treatments applied to her face and body so as to keep her skin radiant and healthy. She began to epilate her whole body regularly, and finally decided that she would invest in laser removal of unwanted hair.



She had never been so diligent about fitness before. She trained almost every day, thanks to which her body gained a lot of strength. Her muscles became visible under the skin, and figure became more athletic. Ruth was pleased that her naturally large butt was getting rounder and firmer. She could finally wear tight leggings without a second thought. She did all this not only because she cared about her appearance, but also for practical reasons. Her bust was now so heavy that she had to have strong muscles to carry it around and avoid constant back pain.

She had to adapt the training plan to her abilities. Running and jumping were out of the question, because her breasts would get in the way too much and no bra could possibly hold them in place. Joining the palms of her hands in front of her body also became impossible for her. When she tried to do push-ups, her breasts were touching the floor after even slightly bending her arms.

Whenever Milton allowed, she watched hypnosis videos. She discovered that they could influence her in a variety of ways. Some made her stop thinking too much and feel dumb. Others helped her become proud of being a bimbo, yet others encouraged her to let go of her prejudices and enjoy sex. They all made her horny and she begged Milton to fuck her every time she watched them.



She often went to the club that she accidentally discovered and met some of her students there. It was one of the few places where she really felt at home. No one judged her, no one made unpleasant comments; quite to the contrary, the club's guests appreciated her efforts to look her best and saw her decision to leave the university as a brave step, not a sign of madness.

Ruth had never had much of a social life. Now that she had undergone such a spectacular transformation, she practically lost touch with her former friends. At the club, she met many women similar to her, and made friends with them more easily than with anyone ever before. Only with them could she talk about her new lifestyle. They exchanged information about seamstresses skilled in tailoring clothes that could fit their amazing curves, advice on how to deal with such a sexy body, and lurid tales of their best sexual encounters. Sometimes they got so excited that they would caress each other in order to relieve the extreme tension their bodies generated. Their libido was unbridled and when they got together, they had no way of controlling it.





She became friends with Nicole, the woman who took her to the club on a whim. When they walked around the city together, nobody remained indifferent to them. They caused a sensation everywhere they appeared. Men constantly harassed or flirted with them, and they had to use all their willpower to refuse them.

This was completely new to Ruth. She couldn't get used to men reacting to her in such an eager way. They used to ignore her or treated her like a professional colleague. They had never seen her as an object of such intense desire.

Wherever she went, it seemed to her that she was leaving a longing, desperate excitement in her wake.

During sex, she was getting bolder. The hypnosis helped a lot. She realized that she had never allowed herself to be free and uninhibited before. She always worried about what her partner would think of her, whether her neighbors would hear her, or that she might be acting like a whore. Now she was getting rid of all these restrictions. When she and Milton went to bed, nothing mattered to her except the pleasure.

She had anal sex for the first time. Milton claimed that every good bimbo loved it, and he was right. Ruth knew immediately that she would want to repeat that experience many more times.

During evenings at the club, she liked to satisfy him in the VIP-room, when she got so horny that she couldn't control herself.



She experimented with Nicole and other friends, and although it gave them a lot of pleasure, they all agreed that nothing could replace a real stiff and hot dick. Their holes had to be penetrated with hard, horny cocks.

Ruth felt free and happy, but still something was missing. More and more often she fantasized about even bigger, fuller breasts. She knew it would be overkill, that after the previous surgery she was overwhelmed by the size of her bust, but she still couldn't shake those thoughts off.

Eventually, she decided to confide in Nicole.

"Every time I'm close to orgasm, I imagine myself with much bigger tits," she said. "It's... Just such a fantasy right? It doesn't have to mean anything."

Nicole smiled.

"I know what you're talking about," she said. "After a while, you want more. You won't get rid of that feeling easily, believe me. And in the end, you'll do it anyway. You're a bimbo, it's normal that you want to refine your body, make it even more attractive," Nicole said, and bit her lip.

"But I can't do that!" Ruth was agitated. "I'll regret it later, I know it. Such giant saline-pumped tits would be too impractical..."

"You didn't become a bimbo, after all, to make your life practical, but to fill it with pleasure... You'd look even hotter than you do now," Nicole argued. "Milton would be happy. Imagine how much you would excite him..."

"Milton!" Ruth exclaimed. "I know what happened and it's all his fault! It's only because of him that I have these fantasies."

"What do you mean?" Nicole asked. "Besides, it's not right that you keep thinking so much... You should just follow your bliss, and do what you want..."

But Ruth just shook her head and would not talk about it any longer.

That same evening, Ruth confronted Milton.

“I am constantly thinking about enlarging my tits to unimaginable sizes,” she said as soon as the man entered the house.

“That’s... wonderful,” said Milton.

“No, it’s not! I can’t do that! And it’s all your fault. You hid it in your hypnotic tapes, didn’t you?”

“That’s not true,” the man objected. “Nothing like that was in them. You know deep down in your heart that I wouldn’t do this to you.”

Ruth sighed and hid her face in her hands. She believed Milton, and that meant...

“You think too much,” the man said to her. “You want to have even bigger breasts... It’s your own fantasy...”

The woman shook her head.

“But... I can’t want it... It’s too much for me.”

“You want it,” Milton whispered. “Why are you holding back?”



"I'll have to deal with such gigantic tits every day," Ruth replied. "They will bother me all the time. Can you imagine how heavy they will be? How huge will my clothes become? It overwhelms me!"

"And at the same time it turns you on, doesn't it?" Milton asked. "That's what you think about when you climax. Even now you're getting horny, just talking about it..."

"You're right," Ruth sighed.

"You'll never be free from that desire," Milton continued.

"What if I can never stop?" she asked. "What if the next treatment only satisfies me for a while, and after a few months I want to be bigger again, and I can't stop making my tits bigger? I will go to the clinic again and again and again..."

"Then you will be the sexiest woman you could ever imagine," Milton said, his voice low with excitement.

The next morning, Ruth called the clinic again and made an appointment. After long discussions with her doctor, some reflection, and a lot of doubts, Ruth decided to undergo one more procedure. The implants were to be filled with another 5000cc.

Three months later, Ruth still wasn't used to their new, stunning size. Each implant now had a volume of 14000cc, and together they weighed as over 62 pounds.

Each activity required extra effort from her, and even walking was a problem now. She had to constantly remember that her breasts were much, much bigger, otherwise she kept bumping into things with them.

At the same time, she had never felt so sexy and desirable. Even in the club, she had become one of the most attractive, perfect women. She aroused a lot of excitement, and no matter where she went, everyone was staring only at her.

Sex with Milton has become even more fantastic than before. The man was delighted with her amazing, new curves. All he had to do was look at her and a wave of lust flooded him. Ruth felt she had become truly special. Wherever she went, the place was instantly filled with vibrant erotic energy. In her company, people could not focus on anything other than her extremely exciting body.





One day, Milton announced:

“You’re ready for the next stage of hypnosis.”

“What do you mean?” Ruth asked.

She straightened and looked at him excitedly. At the mention of the hypnosis, her nipples instantly hardened.

“I want to control your sexuality more,” the man said.

“I don’t understand...” Ruth sighed. “You won’t be fucking me less, will you?” she asked, a worried expression on her face.

“I’ll teach you to orgasm when you see me make a specific gesture,” said Milton.

Ruth tried to imagine how it might work, but it was so tiring to think. Besides, Milton must have had everything ready by now... There was no point in her bothering her head with it.

“And you’ll be able to come only when you see that gesture,” he continued. “Thanks to this, you will climax exactly when I want you to.”

Ruth let out a muffled sigh and stared at the man with her eyes open wide. She didn’t even notice her lips parting in surprise.

“You’ll be my little orgasmic doll,” concluded Milton. “Undress.”



Ruth eagerly stripped off her clothes and looked at the man expectantly.

Moments later, Milton was caressing her swelling pussy, and the woman stared at the spirals swirling before her eyes.

She felt her body warming up and getting ready for the pleasure ahead. Hypnosis made her immediately relax and stop thinking. Milton's hand slid over her moist clitoris, and the woman moved her hips to enhance the sensation. She wanted him to stick his fingers in her, she wanted to feel his penis inside. Her huge, heavy breasts heaved as she trembled with pleasure.

"You are ready?" Milton asked. "Now I'm going to fuck you, and when you reach orgasm, I'll program your body to respond to a certain gesture..."

The only thing Ruth really understood was that she was about to feel his dick in her pussy. Nothing else interested her.



“Put it inside me,” she moaned. “I’m already so wet...”

After a while, she felt his penis pressing against her hole, expanding it and slowly, with gentle strokes, plunging into its interior.

“I want to feel you all of you inside in,” Ruth begged.

“Not so fast,” Milton replied.

With each thrust of his penis, the tension mounted in her body. She was breathing harshly as beads of sweat ran down her spine. She touched her gigantic breasts and pinched her nipples. Her body had become so sexual, so exciting...



Suddenly Milton pushed into her so hard that her breasts jumped high up. She felt him deep and strong inside her. She threw her head back and cried out with delight. She was so close, she knew there would be no turning back in a few seconds, and she would sink into a wonderful, strong orgasm.

Then Milton snapped his fingers and said:

“Right now.”

Ruth immediately felt herself falling into an unstoppable ecstatic bliss. She held her breath and froze for a second, stunned by the sensation. A look of surprise crossed her face. She clenched her hands into fists, rolled her eyes, and screamed as the pleasure spreading through her body became unbearable.

Time stopped, and it felt like the orgasm would last forever. Her pussy squeezed so hard it was almost painful, but it made her feel Milton’s cock even more.





She was about to relax and start breathing freely again when the man snapped his fingers again and Ruth, shocked, realized that her body was tensing for a second orgasm.

“Oh...” she moaned. “I need a moment...”

But, she couldn't speak any more. The ecstasy took all her control. Her eyes squeezed shut and her swollen lips parted as she tried to restrain herself, but she could not. Soon she was writhing and screaming in ecstasy.





“Very good,” Milton praised her.

A few minutes later she was able to relax and looked at him with hazy, bewildered eyes. Her face was shiny with sweat, her hands were trembling, and her legs felt as soft as jelly.

“What happened?” she groaned.

“Don’t you understand?” the man asked and raised his hand.

Ruth’s eyes widened. She realized that if he snapped his fingers again, she would climax again. The thought that she had really turned into an orgasm machine was so exciting, it made her head spin. She was literally climaxing at his whim.

“It’s enough that I make this single gesture and you’ll be writhing with delight,” he said. “We’ll have to work on this some more to establish a firm connection in your brain. Now give me a blowjob.”

Ruth sighed with delighted as she knelt in front of Milton and licked her lips. She could taste her own pleasure on his cock.

As he moved in her mouth, she thought about what had just happened.

“I’ll make you climax again and again until you pass out,” Milton whispered. “You won’t be able to resist me. I can do it anywhere, on the street, in the store, at the club... I won’t even have to touch you anymore to make you come for me. I’ll just do this,” he said, and then snapped his fingers again.

Ruth didn't expect this at all. She didn't even have time to fully understand what was happening when a powerful orgasm shot through her body like an electric current. Usually she could predict the moment when she was close to the climax, now it happened suddenly and without warning.

The member in her mouth suppressed her moan of pleasure. Her pussy tightened deliciously and more and more juices flowed out of it. Tears ran down her flushed cheeks.

She felt his sperm pour down her throat. She choked on it, then swallowed the warm, fragrant liquid.

She fell to the floor, arched her back, sucked more air into her lungs, and let out a long moan.

"Very good," Milton said, and stroked her head.

Under his touch, Ruth relaxed, and was finally able to take a deep breath.

"It's amazing," she sighed.

"We'll be working on it," Milton promised.





Ruth spent the next weeks reinforcing her response to Milton's gesture. The fact that she had a wonderful orgasm just at the snap of his fingers seemed extremely perverse to her.

Milton turned on her hypnotic tapes time after time, and taught her body to climax long and intense each time. Sometimes Ruth was so exhausted with successive orgasms that she begged him to stop. There were times when she lost consciousness because the ecstatic pleasure was too intense.

After a while, the response grew so strong that Milton didn't even have to touch her. She might be busy doing something else entirely, but as soon as he snapped his fingers she felt the spasms of orgasm rip through her.

He taught her to only react to him.. If someone else did snapped their fingers, it had almost no effect on her.





Little
Princess
Toybox



It got to the point where Milton teased her whenever he liked, causing her to climax suddenly at the least expected time, or in public. They might be sitting in the club having a drink when the man would raise his hand. Ruth watched it closely, very well aware that that one movement would be enough to bring her body to complete ecstasy. It excited her that he could do it anytime, and sometimes she would get so horny that she would beg him to fuck her in the VIP-room.

Or if they were eating dinner at a restaurant and Milton snapped his fingers as if remembering something, her face would grimace in delight as she struggled to cover her mouth with her hand to muffle her moans of pleasure. She knew everyone was staring at her, not only because her outrageously sexy body, but also because of the pleasure she could not hide.



Some time after that, Ruth received a letter notifying her about a prestigious award she had received for her research. She showed the correspondence to Milton, who looked at her and frowned.

“They didn’t invite you to the awards ceremony?” he asked.

Ruth shrugged.

“It will be so boring,” she said. “I wouldn’t want to go anyway. Those stiff, long, insincere speeches themselves...”

“Where is it going to be?” Milton asked.

“Probably at my college,” the woman replied, and casually tossed the letter onto the table.

“You should go,” said the man.

“Really?” Ruth was surprised.

“Oh, yeah. I want them to see what you look like now. Nobody at the university has any idea that you enlarged your implants another time, right?”

Ruth nodded.

“I want to see their expressions when you get there,” Milton said, his eyes lighting up with excitement. “You will stand next to these formally dressed people and show them that you can be better than any of them...”

“They’ll be so horny for me,” Ruth giggled. “I’ll cause a scandal.”

As she thought about it, she felt her muscles tense with nervousness.

“But... I don’t want to go back there anymore,” she confessed after a moment. “I’ve left that life behind.”

“I’ll go with you,” Milton announced. “This is the last time. Before we go, you’ll do hypnosis to make you calm.”

Ruth bit her lip and nodded.

“Call the college president and tell him you want to come to the ceremony,” Milton said.

The woman reached for the phone and dialed the number. She heard the president’s surprised voice in the receiver, greeted him, and explained what was going on.

“Ruth... Look, maybe we’d better just send you the award,” the man said.

He seemed embarrassed and concerned.

“Why bother?” he added. “It will be a long, boring ceremony. It’s just a formality, really. Everyone knows your achievements. And you’ve never liked such events, anyway.”

“Don’t you want me to come?” Ruth asked.

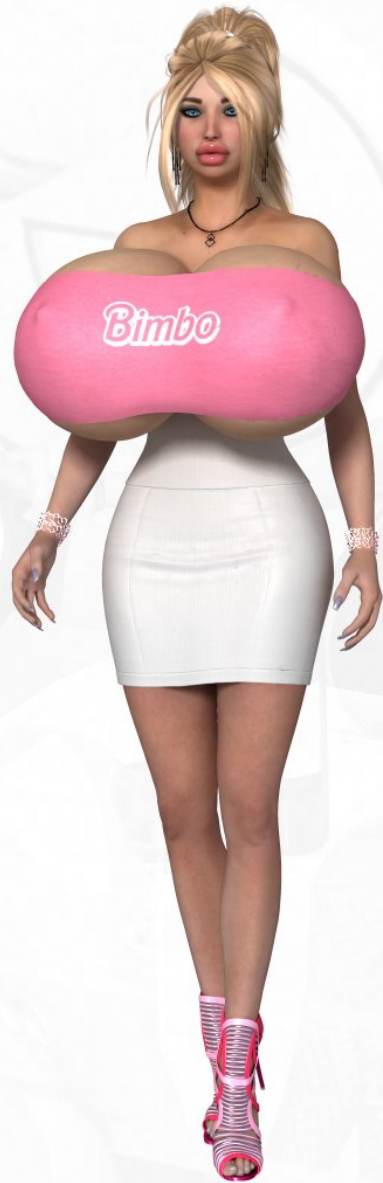
There was silence for a moment. Then the college president sighed and said,

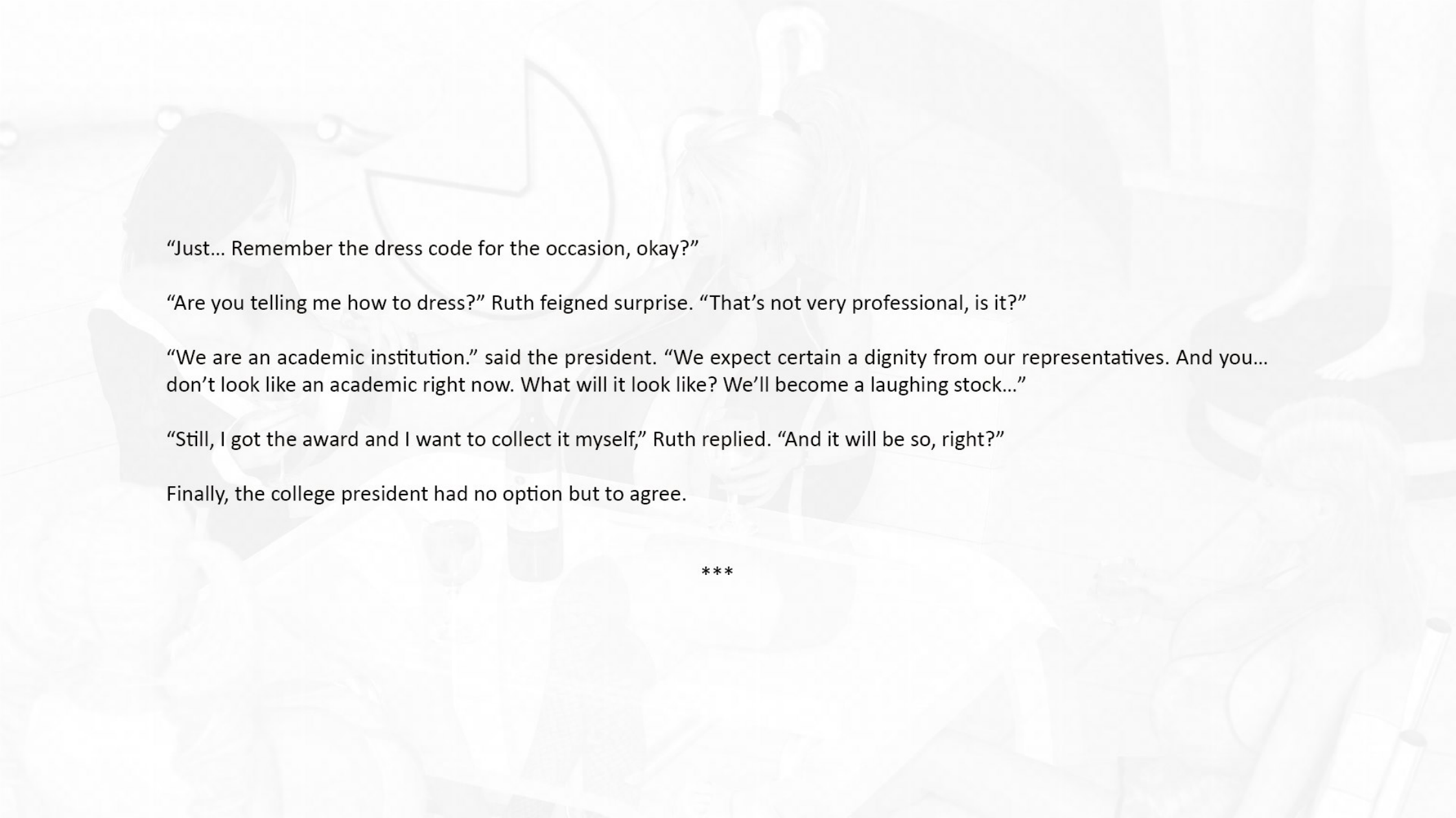
“No offense, but your current image doesn’t match what we want to represent as an institution of higher education.”

At first Ruth wanted to say they had no idea what she looked like now, but she bit her tongue.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

Before and After





“Just... Remember the dress code for the occasion, okay?”

“Are you telling me how to dress?” Ruth feigned surprise. “That’s not very professional, is it?”

“We are an academic institution.” said the president. “We expect certain a dignity from our representatives. And you... don’t look like an academic right now. What will it look like? We’ll become a laughing stock...”

“Still, I got the award and I want to collect it myself,” Ruth replied. “And it will be so, right?”

Finally, the college president had no option but to agree.

Ruth looked at herself in the mirror again. She looked stunning. She straightened a lock of her hair and turned around. The outfit perfectly emphasized her sexy curves and revealed a lot of her body.

“They won’t be able to take their eyes off you,” commented Milton.

Ruth’s smile emphasized her full lips.





“Can I watch the hypnosis video now?” she asked. “I’m a bit nervous...”

“You don’t look nervous,” said Milton suspiciously.

“Pleeease...” Ruth moaned. “You promised.”

“Fine. But not too long. You’ll have to control yourself, and besides, we don’t want to be late, right?”

Ruth stared at the screen for several minutes. She was getting more relaxed and at ease with each passing second. Excitement was starting to sprout between her thighs, and it was warming her body from within.

“Or maybe we could stay at home and fuck instead?” she whispered. “We could spend the whole day in bed...”

She squeezed her breasts with her hands until her impressive cleavage was even deeper than usual.

“No way,” Milton refused. “That’s enough,” he said, switching off the recording. “Let’s go. There you go, you’ll be able to return this thing, by the way. Found it on your desk a while ago. It’s the key to your old office, isn’t it?”

Before and After



Ruth knew she was going to cause a sensation, but she had not expected the reaction to be quite so violent.

As soon as she entered the college gates, she realized how far she had come over the last few years. Now she didn't fit in there at all, although once upon a time it had been like a second home. She had forgotten how boring and bland everyone looked there. They merged into one gray mass. The atmosphere seemed stiff, people were tense, everything completely different from her club that was always filled with erotic energy, where she always felt herself.

She stood out so much that it seemed unreal. Academics and students stared at her as if she came from another planet.





At one point, she noticed two young men staring at her. She saw them whispering to each other and wondering whether or not to approach her. One of them laughed nervously and approached her, saying:

"These are the university grounds, the dorms are over there."

Ruth raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"I know," she said.

"They didn't ask you to come here, did they?" the student wanted to know. "They know it's against the rules, so they're usually more careful."

"Who?" Ruth asked.

"Your clients, of course," the boy sighed.

"You think she came for one of them here?" interjected the other boy. "They could never afford her. Just look at her. She looks exclusive, a completely different class. Probably she usually serves businessmen and the like..." the student blushed, and looked down at Ruth's cleavage.

The woman began to realize what was happening. In order to do this, she had to connect a couple of facts and think, which she didn't enjoy at all.

"Wait... You think I'm a whore?" she asked.

The students looked embarrassed.

"I wouldn't use such a vulgar word," the first one muttered. "I have nothing against it, I am tolerant and I believe that it's a job like any other, but university authorities look on it badly..."

Ruth laughed out loud, making her breasts heave.

"I'm not a prostitute," she said.

"How's that?" asked the student.

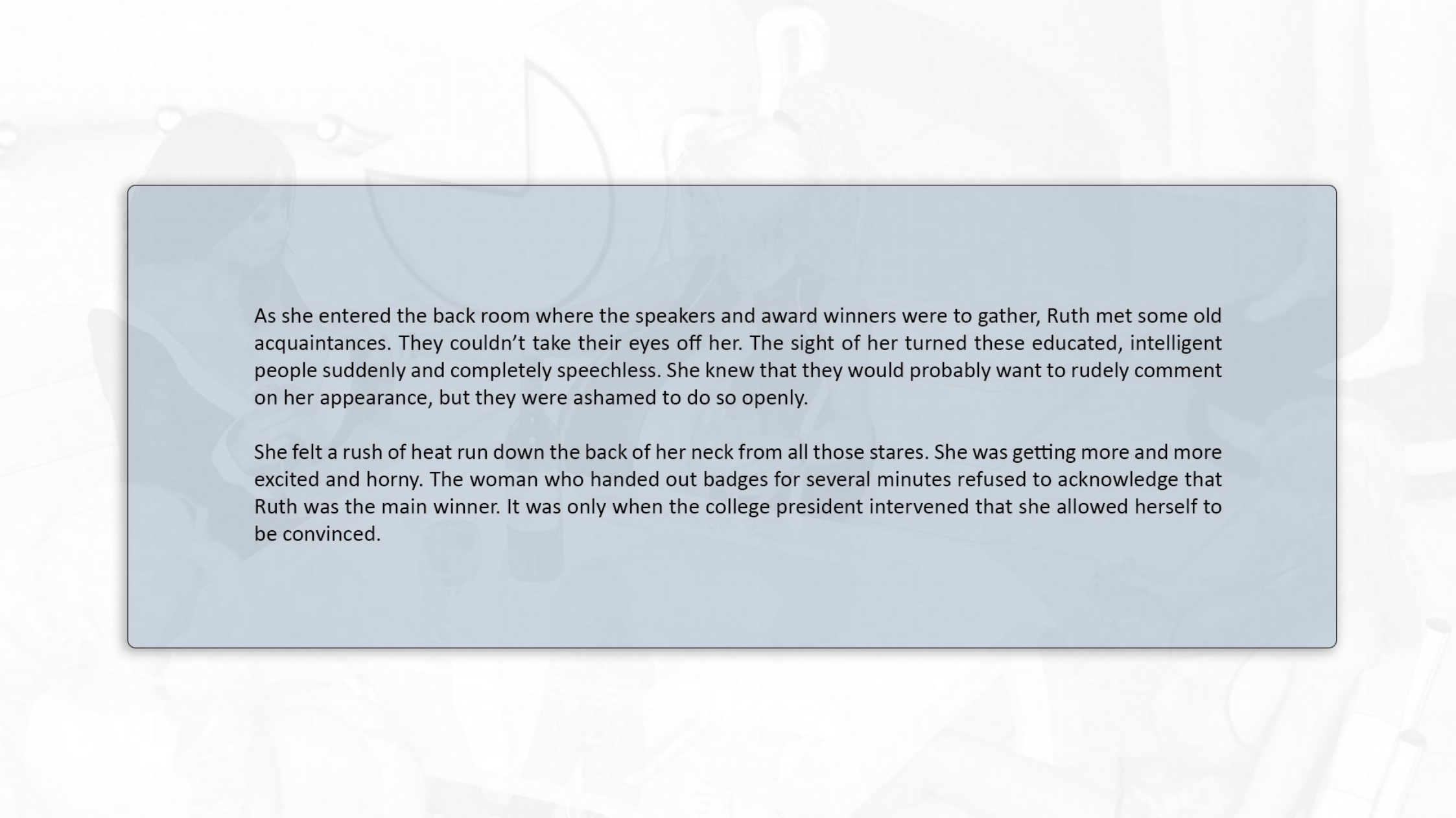
"We won't tell anyone," the other one assured her.

Ruth told them her name, her former position, and the purpose of her visit at the university.

The students turned pale and froze in comic, terrified poses.

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone," Ruth said, and left them still shocked at their mistake.



A faded, light-colored background image showing a group of people, likely at an awards ceremony. In the center, a woman with blonde hair is being embraced by another woman. To the left, a woman with dark hair is looking towards the center. The overall scene is dimly lit and serves as a backdrop for the text.

As she entered the back room where the speakers and award winners were to gather, Ruth met some old acquaintances. They couldn't take their eyes off her. The sight of her turned these educated, intelligent people suddenly and completely speechless. She knew that they would probably want to rudely comment on her appearance, but they were ashamed to do so openly.

She felt a rush of heat run down the back of her neck from all those stares. She was getting more and more excited and horny. The woman who handed out badges for several minutes refused to acknowledge that Ruth was the main winner. It was only when the college president intervened that she allowed herself to be convinced.



“You did it again,” Cristina said, instead of a greeting. “I can’t believe it... I can’t believe it’s really you...”

Ruth just smiled as she stroked her gigantic breasts.

“And yet I am getting the award today, right?” she said. “Apparently, looks aren’t everything.”

Cristina shook her head and looked at her in utter disbelief.

The event began shortly after that, and Ruth had to listen to a few boring speeches one after another. She reflected that once she would be interested in them, but now she could barely understand what the speakers were babbling about. She wished Milton had let her stay at home. She took out her phone, and started playing with it. She really felt like turning on one of her hypnosis tapes. Milton wouldn't approve of it, but... She was about to click play when the president's embarrassed voice reached her:

“Ruth! Your turn!”

Hearing the applause, she got up and left the back room. All the sounds in the auditorium died down. The silence that followed was filled with disbelief. Ruth could feel the erotic tension building up around her.

She smiled, expressed her thanks for the award, and was about to leave the podium when she spotted Milton in the audience. Their eyes met and Ruth shivered. There was something in his gaze that made her stand still in front of all those people bewildered by her appearance.

She saw someone raise a hand and she gave him the floor.

“Your research on the effects of hypnosis on the brain was a pioneering work, perhaps opening the door to a whole new field of science. What direction do you think we should be going from here?”

Ruth’s lips parted slightly. She couldn’t formulate any sensible answer, and she didn’t care about his question at all.

“I have no idea,” she said finally. “but I’m definitely not going to deal with this anymore.”

Someone else raised a hand.

“Why? You are giving up your career at such a promising moment...”

Ruth shifted from foot to foot, and touched her hair.

“This is not for me,” she said. “I very much prefer to be a bimbo rather than a scientist.”

Whispers and giggles spread across the hall.





“My life has become much better since I left the college,” she continued. “I enlarged my tits and lips, started doing what I really...”

“Thank you!” exclaimed the college president running up the podium, and literally snatching the microphone from her hand.

He was pale and terrified.

“Congratulations on the award, but unfortunately our time is up,” he added.

“Just one more question,” Milton said, and stood up.

The president couldn’t just ignore him. The poor official looked like he had no idea what to do next. Eventually, he decided to give Milton the floor.

“I am curious whether your research will affect the everyday existence of ordinary people,” Milton began. “Demonstrating how hypnosis affects brain function...”

Ruth was unable to focus on his words. She stared at his right hand as he gestured vigorously. His middle finger and thumb kept touching, and the woman knew exactly what was about to happen. She would have an orgasm here, in front of all these people. She had worked with many of them before, some of them were her former students. If Milton snapped his fingers, there'd be no stopping it. Her body would react as it was conditioned.

Her cheeks blushed bright red. Her legs suddenly felt as soft as jelly, and began to shake. Her hardened nipples pressed against the fabric of her top. Her pussy swelled, got moist and began to warm up pleasantly.

Milton spoke long and slowly. She might still have time to come down from the podium, there was enough time for that, but his words seemed to hypnotize her.

Besides, a part of her wanted him to snap his fingers at last. She wanted to come here and now.

"...from a neurological point of view, don't you think?" Milton finished and looked at her expectantly.

Perhaps she was the only person who noticed sparks of amusement shining in his eyes and the slight quivering of the corners of his lips.

"Um..." she stammered. "It's... It's a complicated subject..."

“In short, I want to ask how individual features related to the structure of the brain and its functioning affect... how to put it...” Milton adopted a studied, thoughtful expression.

And then it happened. He snapped his fingers three times. To the audience, it was as if he was trying to remember a word and making the gesture unconsciously.

Ruth doubled over and let out a long, guttural moan. An uncontrolled explosion of pleasure exploded between her legs. The woman lost her balance and grabbed the edge of the desk. The faces of shocked people swirled all around her. Their voices merged into one incomprehensible cacophony of sound. Time and again her pussy clenched, and Ruth was unable to catch her breath. It was so nice...





As soon as she relaxed a little, another wave of pleasure flooded her. A drop of moisture ran down her slim thigh. She threw her head back, setting her huge breasts in motion.

She was aware of the commotion she caused. Nobody but Milton had a clue what was happening to her. She was too dazed, too drowned in orgasmic pleasure to do anything but cum and cum and cum.

And then, just as the pleasure began to wane, it rose to culminate for the third time. Her body was tired now, but her mind obeyed Milton, and Ruth was writhing with pleasure again. Her ecstatic screams bounced off the walls. A damp patch appeared between the legs. Her blind eyesight wandered around the room.

The woman dropped to her knees, felt her head spin, and passed out.

She woke up in her old office. She stood up cautiously to find Milton looking at her proudly.

“You did great,” he praised her. “It was amazing.”

Ruth found her whole body sticky with sweat. Her panties were damp and slick with her juices. Slowly, she remembered what had happened, and she felt dizzy again with emotion.

“I climaxed in front of all these people...” she whispered. “When receiving an award for academic achievements.”

“You were wonderful,” said Milton. “You’ve become a real bimbo. Just look what I found,” he added, showing her the framed picture of herself. “It’s you from years ago, you probably forgot to take it.”



Ruth's eyes widened in surprise. She had forgotten that she used to look like that.

"You've changed so much," said Milton. "You spent your whole days here. This office was your second home. And see where you are now..."

"This was when I saw the first hypnosis video," Ruth whispered. "And then... I just wanted more and more..."

"You turned into my perfect, horny and sexy bimbo," said Milton proudly.

"Can I watch them now?" Ruth asked. "All of this... caused so many emotions in me."

Milton thought about it, then replied:

"Fine."

Ruth beamed and looked around.

"Where is my phone?" she asked helplessly. "Oh, no... I left it in the back room..."

"Relax, stay here. I'll get it right away," Milton said. "It'll only take a moment."

At the same time, a final year student who volunteered to clean the room after the awards ceremony pressed play on a mobile that someone left in the back room. The spirals began to move. The girl sighed. Suddenly, all thoughts vanished from her head. She couldn't take her eyes off the display. She didn't want it to end. She hoped the video was very, very long, because she had never felt this way before, and she loved it so much...

Before and After





THE END

Thank you for reading!