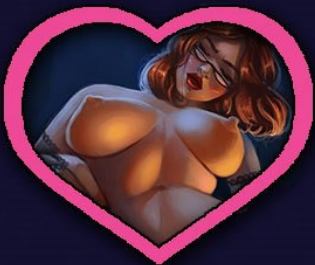


Plastic vs Natural



Breast expansion
Ass expansion
Lip expansion
Bimbofication
Enhanced libido
Orgasm addiction



Plastic vs Natural

Breast expansion

Ass expansion

Lip expansion

Bimbofication

Enhanced libido

Orgasm addiction

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Color Code:

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

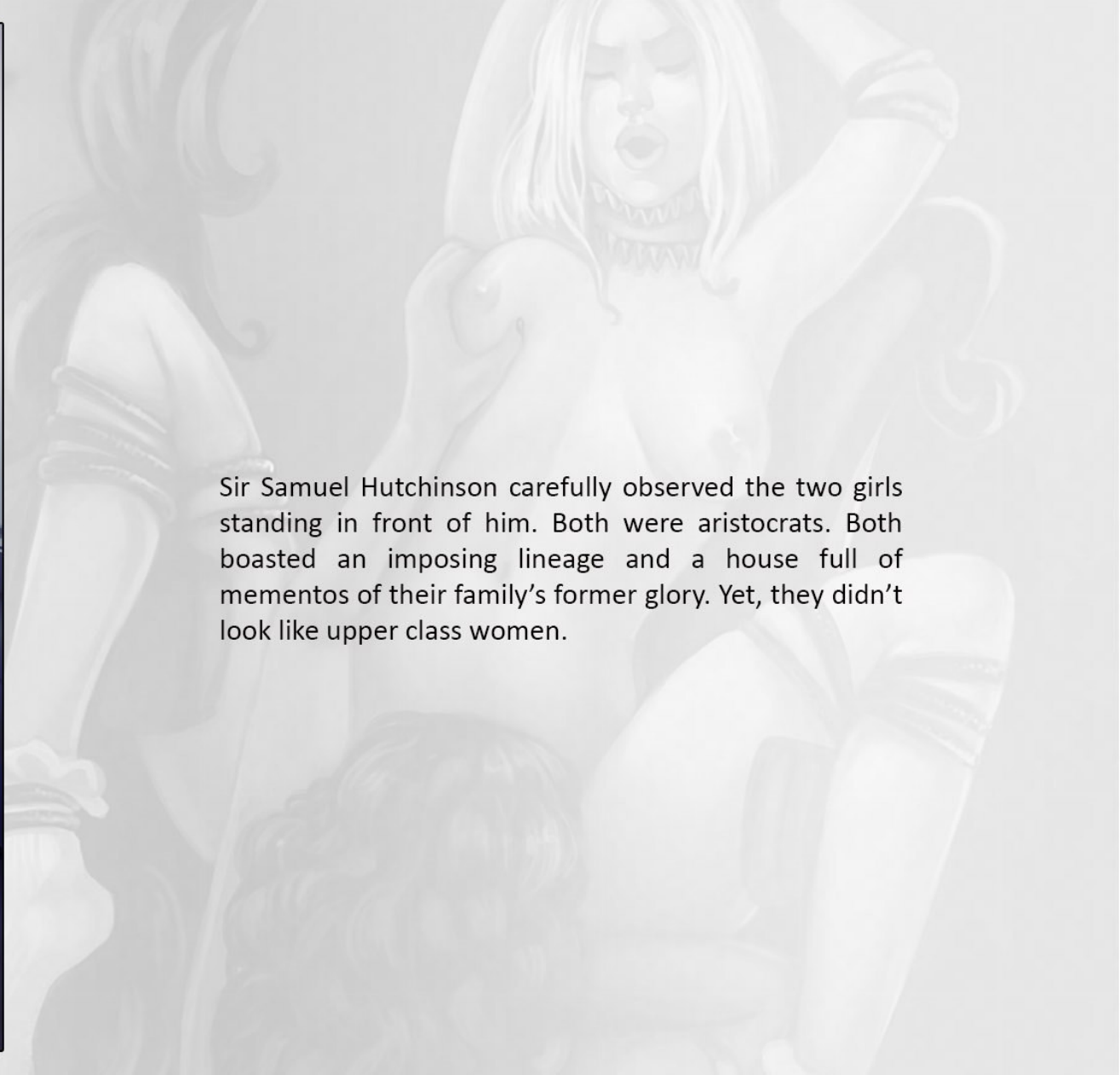
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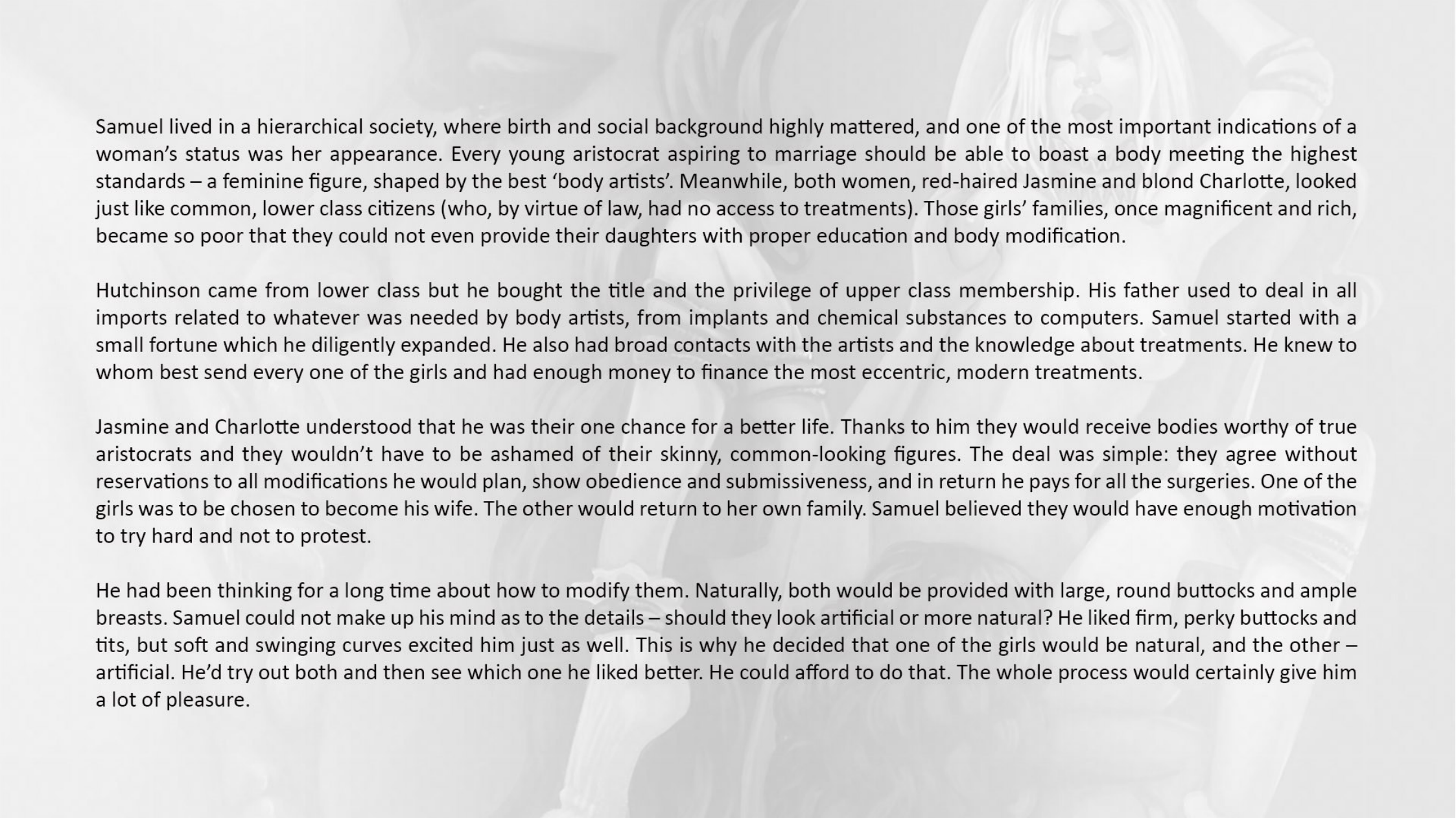
BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



Sir Samuel Hutchinson carefully observed the two girls standing in front of him. Both were aristocrats. Both boasted an imposing lineage and a house full of mementos of their family's former glory. Yet, they didn't look like upper class women.



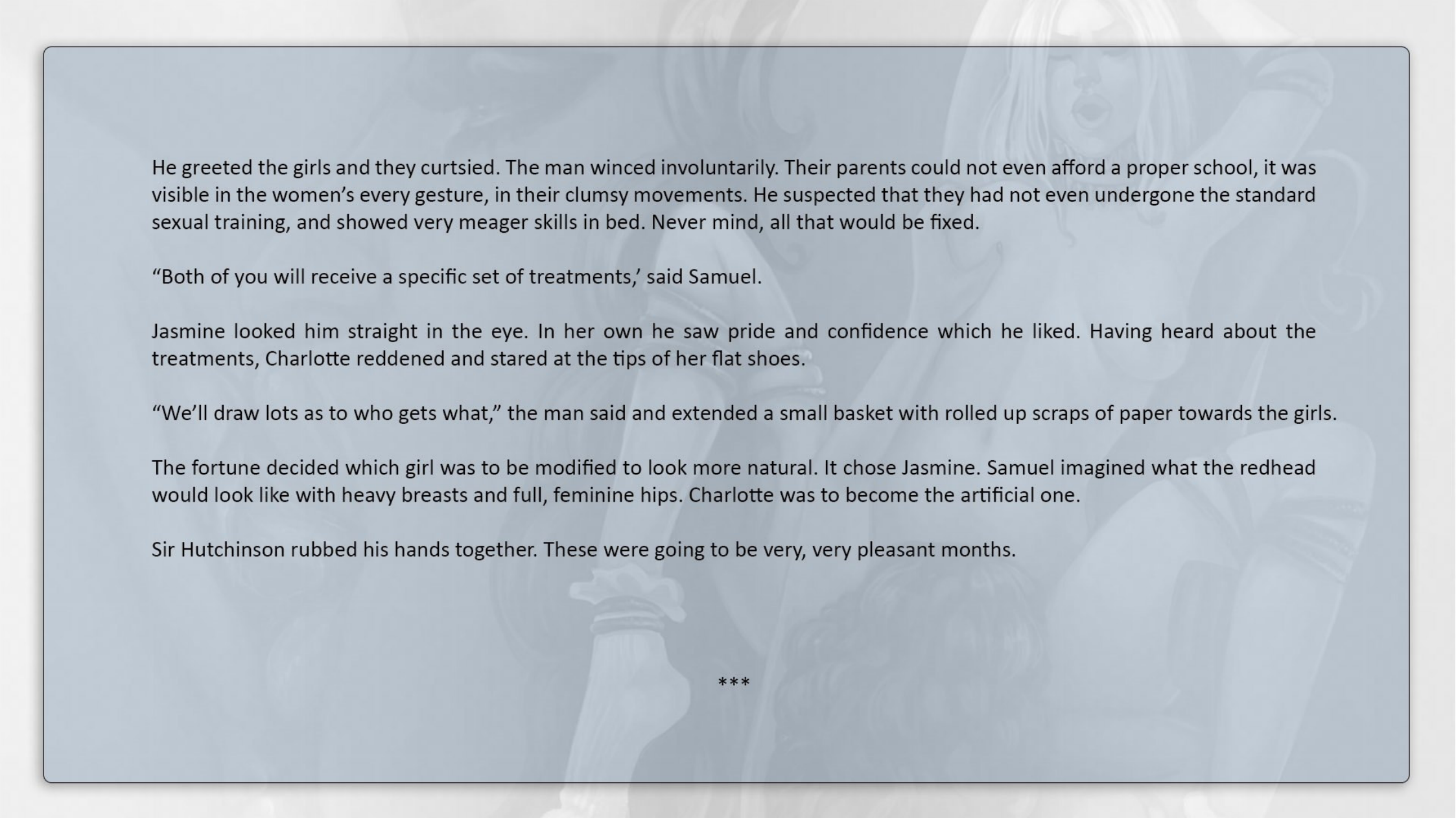


Samuel lived in a hierarchical society, where birth and social background highly mattered, and one of the most important indications of a woman's status was her appearance. Every young aristocrat aspiring to marriage should be able to boast a body meeting the highest standards – a feminine figure, shaped by the best 'body artists'. Meanwhile, both women, red-haired Jasmine and blond Charlotte, looked just like common, lower class citizens (who, by virtue of law, had no access to treatments). Those girls' families, once magnificent and rich, became so poor that they could not even provide their daughters with proper education and body modification.

Hutchinson came from lower class but he bought the title and the privilege of upper class membership. His father used to deal in all imports related to whatever was needed by body artists, from implants and chemical substances to computers. Samuel started with a small fortune which he diligently expanded. He also had broad contacts with the artists and the knowledge about treatments. He knew to whom best send every one of the girls and had enough money to finance the most eccentric, modern treatments.

Jasmine and Charlotte understood that he was their one chance for a better life. Thanks to him they would receive bodies worthy of true aristocrats and they wouldn't have to be ashamed of their skinny, common-looking figures. The deal was simple: they agree without reservations to all modifications he would plan, show obedience and submissiveness, and in return he pays for all the surgeries. One of the girls was to be chosen to become his wife. The other would return to her own family. Samuel believed they would have enough motivation to try hard and not to protest.

He had been thinking for a long time about how to modify them. Naturally, both would be provided with large, round buttocks and ample breasts. Samuel could not make up his mind as to the details – should they look artificial or more natural? He liked firm, perky buttocks and tits, but soft and swinging curves excited him just as well. This is why he decided that one of the girls would be natural, and the other – artificial. He'd try out both and then see which one he liked better. He could afford to do that. The whole process would certainly give him a lot of pleasure.



He greeted the girls and they curtsied. The man winced involuntarily. Their parents could not even afford a proper school, it was visible in the women's every gesture, in their clumsy movements. He suspected that they had not even undergone the standard sexual training, and showed very meager skills in bed. Never mind, all that would be fixed.

"Both of you will receive a specific set of treatments,' said Samuel.

Jasmine looked him straight in the eye. In her own he saw pride and confidence which he liked. Having heard about the treatments, Charlotte reddened and stared at the tips of her flat shoes.

"We'll draw lots as to who gets what," the man said and extended a small basket with rolled up scraps of paper towards the girls.

The fortune decided which girl was to be modified to look more natural. It chose Jasmine. Samuel imagined what the redhead would look like with heavy breasts and full, feminine hips. Charlotte was to become the artificial one.

Sir Hutchinson rubbed his hands together. These were going to be very, very pleasant months.

Jasmine was determined. She knew her family would never provide her with trainings and treatments which Samuel could afford. She'd allow him to pay for everything, she'd do all he wished and would become his wife. She knew she was a capable girl and was going to use all her capabilities as best she could.

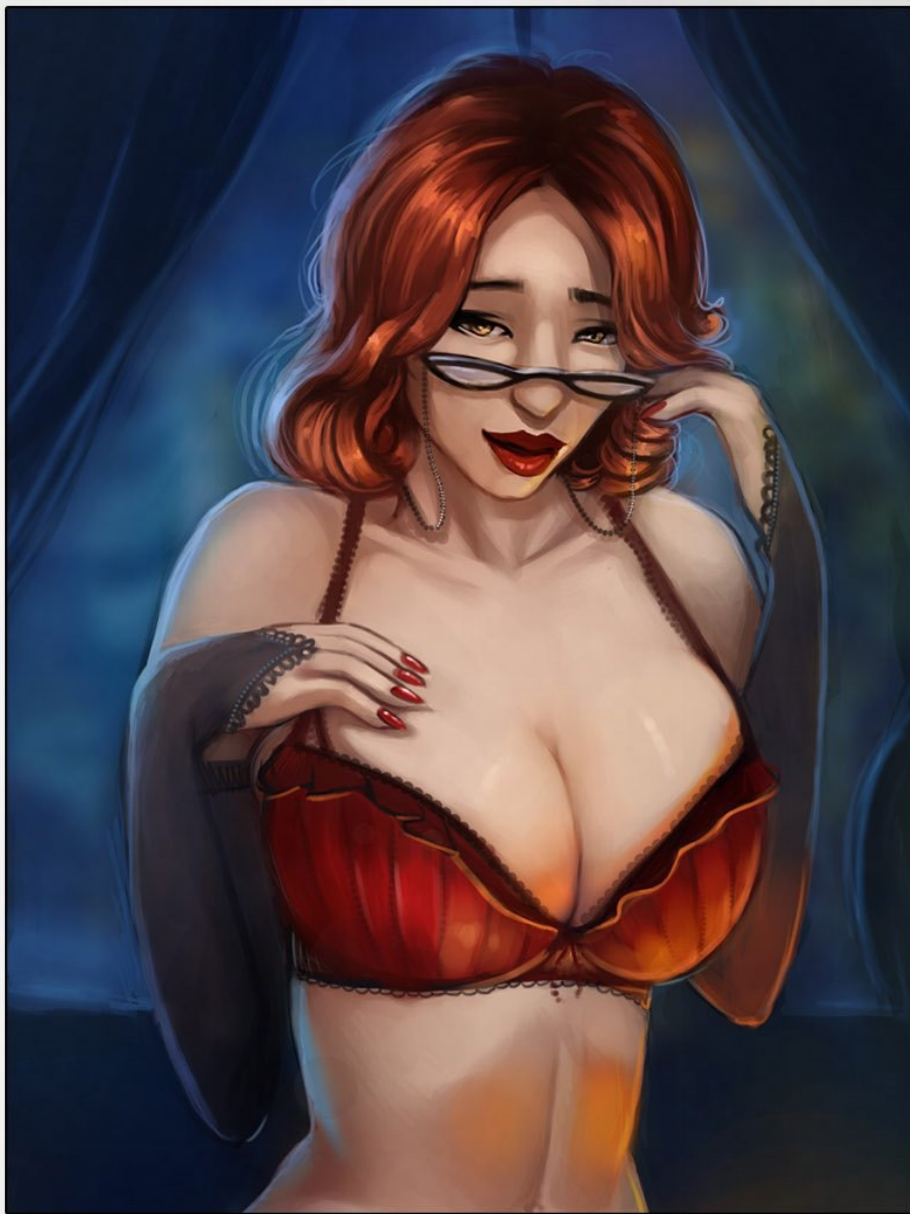
She wondered how she'd feel afterwards. Would she like her own body? Would she feel more self-assured? And what if she didn't like the changes?

She was taken to one of Samuel's houses. The man did not visit her as he preferred to wait for the effects of the modifications. Jasmine's days were now filled to the brim with activities. In the mornings she was given an injection which was to alter her hormone levels and stimulate bodily transformations. Owing to advanced technology and knowledge, the artists upset her hormonal balance enough for her breasts to start growing.

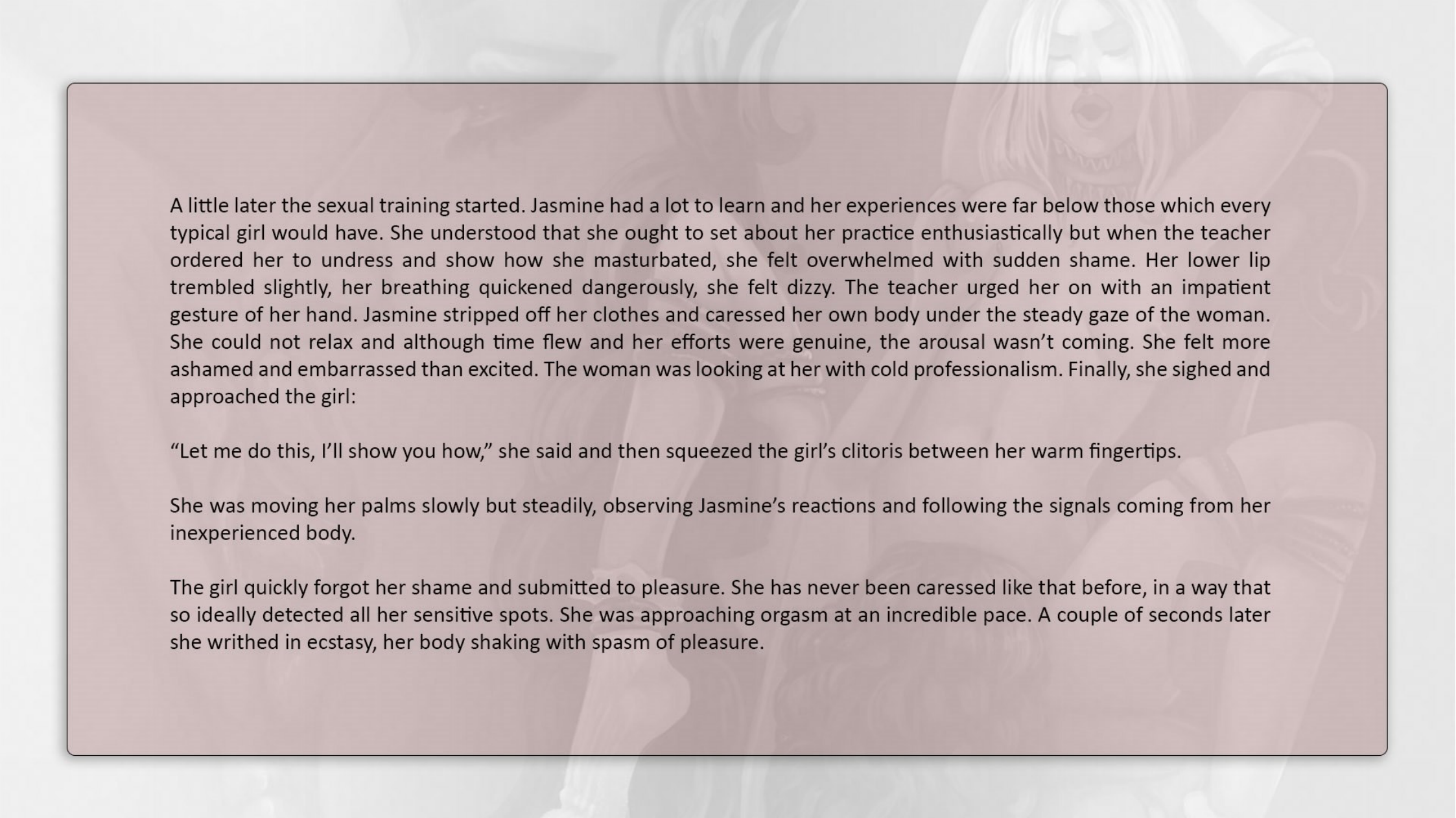
"It's as if you're going through puberty all over again. But this time only your breasts will grow, nothing else. We can do such things nowadays," one of the scientists explained proudly.

She examined her breasts carefully every day but she couldn't notice any changes. The artists had warned her that it would take some time.

After breakfast she had her workout – she was strengthening her muscles so that the body could handle extra weight and she did stretching in order to perform the most complicated acrobatics in bed. She was learning to walk gracefully, to behave in public properly, to express herself elegantly. She flirted, she danced, she served tea. Sometimes it bored her but she tried to accomplish all tasks with utmost dedication.



After several days she noticed that her breasts were slightly larger. The bras were already becoming too tight and her bust was pouring out of the cups which were chafing her skin. She felt a nice surge of adrenaline – it worked, sure enough, her body was really reacting to hormones. The curves were growing incredibly fast and she had to undergo daily treatments which firmed the skin, daub on creams and apply masques. Nobody wanted her skin to develop stretch marks. She felt strange with this newly acquired weight on her chest, with this softly hanging, swinging bosom. She knew that was just a start, that Samuel had much more serious plans for her. After all, she was supposed to look like a real aristocrat.



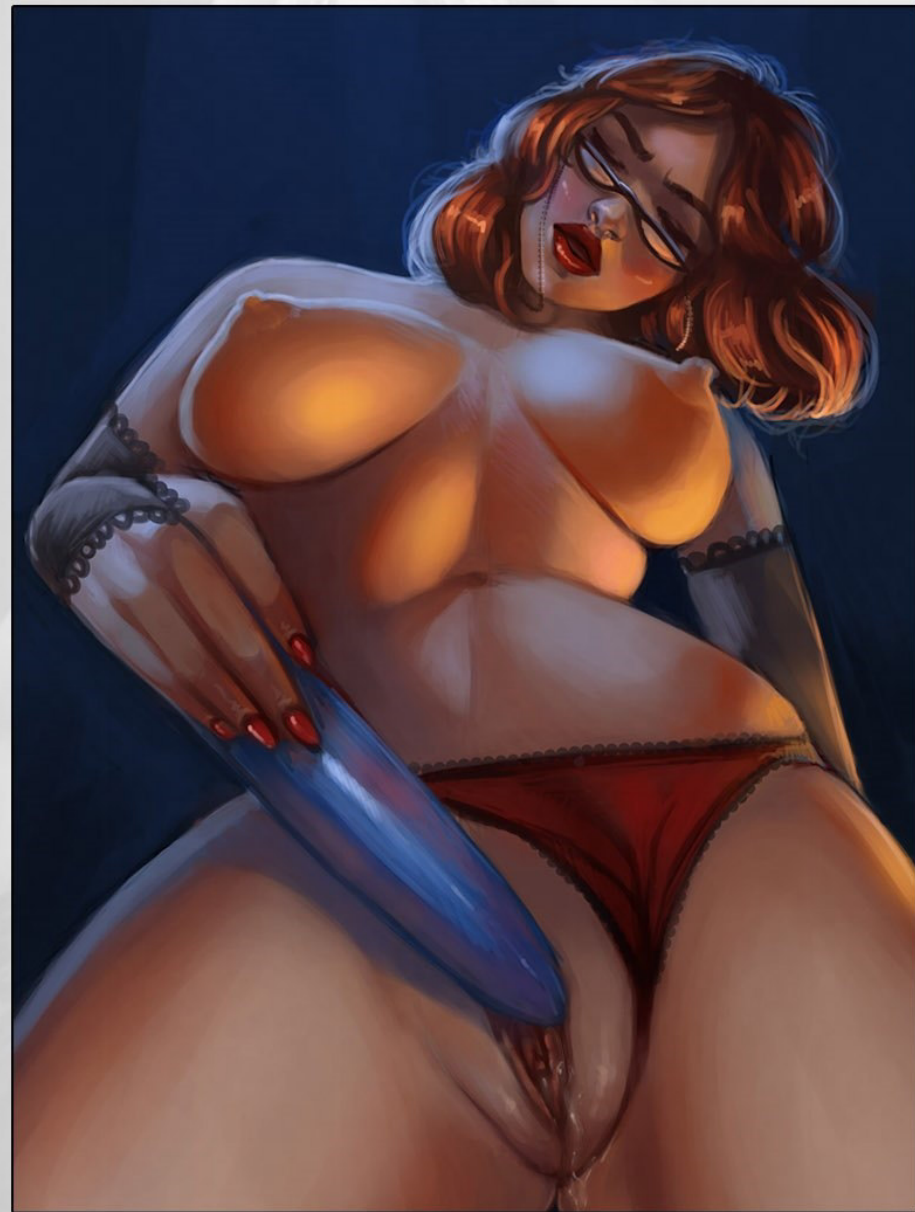
A little later the sexual training started. Jasmine had a lot to learn and her experiences were far below those which every typical girl would have. She understood that she ought to set about her practice enthusiastically but when the teacher ordered her to undress and show how she masturbated, she felt overwhelmed with sudden shame. Her lower lip trembled slightly, her breathing quickened dangerously, she felt dizzy. The teacher urged her on with an impatient gesture of her hand. Jasmine stripped off her clothes and caressed her own body under the steady gaze of the woman. She could not relax and although time flew and her efforts were genuine, the arousal wasn't coming. She felt more ashamed and embarrassed than excited. The woman was looking at her with cold professionalism. Finally, she sighed and approached the girl:

“Let me do this, I'll show you how,” she said and then squeezed the girl's clitoris between her warm fingertips.

She was moving her palms slowly but steadily, observing Jasmine's reactions and following the signals coming from her inexperienced body.

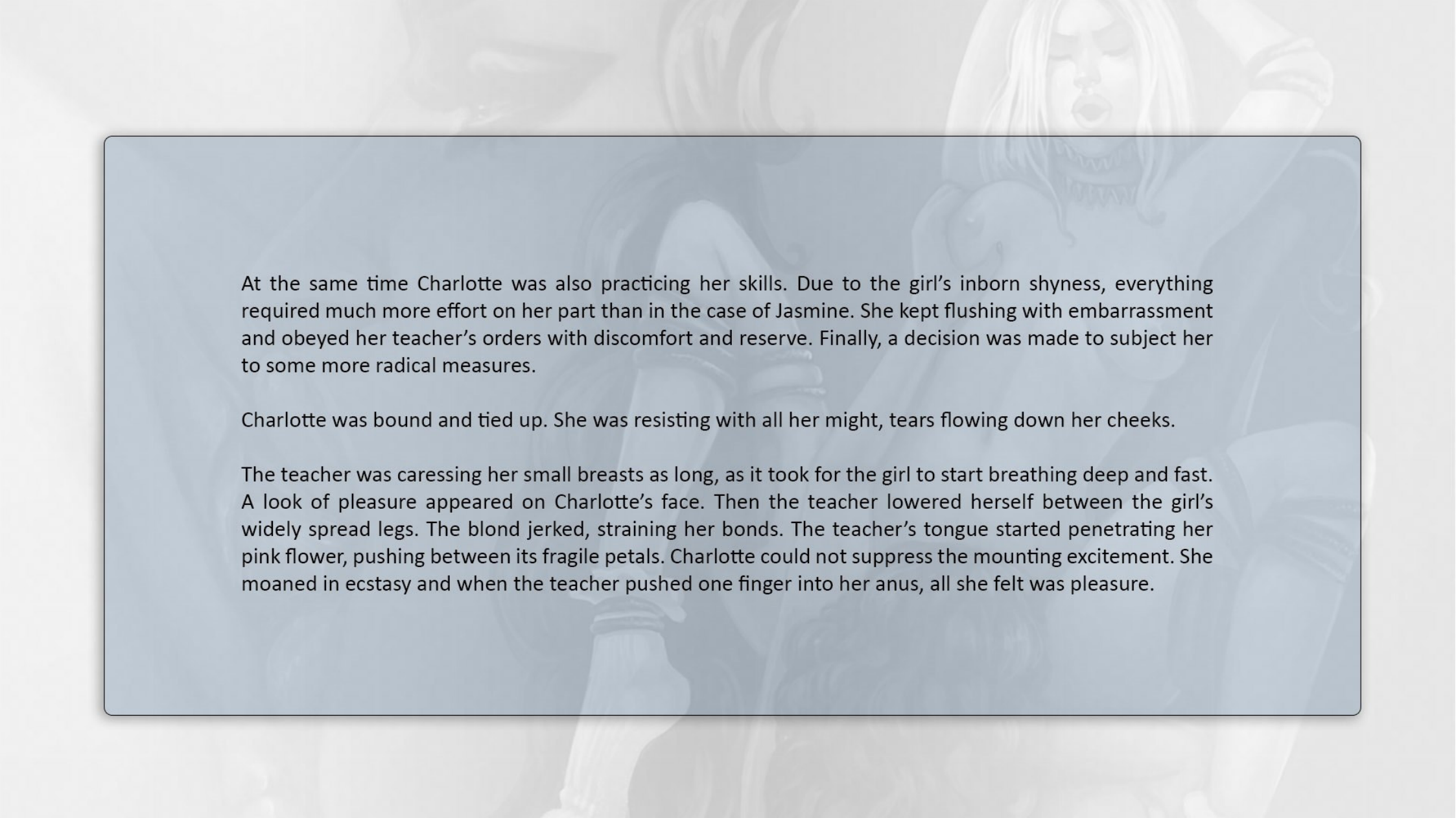
The girl quickly forgot her shame and submitted to pleasure. She has never been caressed like that before, in a way that so ideally detected all her sensitive spots. She was approaching orgasm at an incredible pace. A couple of seconds later she writhed in ecstasy, her body shaking with spasm of pleasure.

Jasmine kept working on her skills. She practiced oral sex using toys, she learned how to properly squeeze her muscles so as to give men the most pleasure, she pushed toys into her anus to make it flexible and to get used to penetration – all of this under the eye of the experienced teacher who corrected her mistakes and pointed out proper techniques.



Before & After





At the same time Charlotte was also practicing her skills. Due to the girl's inborn shyness, everything required much more effort on her part than in the case of Jasmine. She kept flushing with embarrassment and obeyed her teacher's orders with discomfort and reserve. Finally, a decision was made to subject her to some more radical measures.

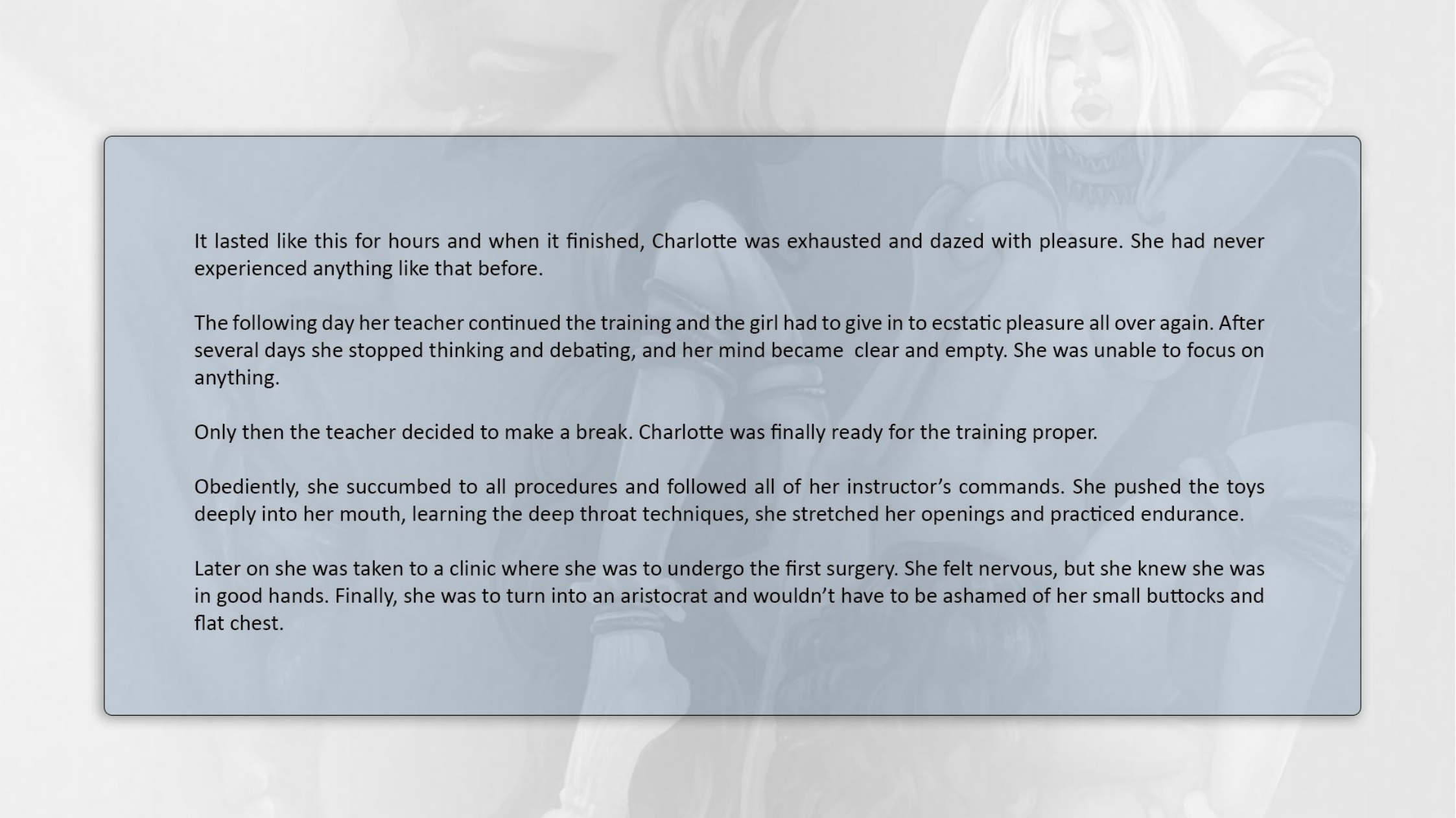
Charlotte was bound and tied up. She was resisting with all her might, tears flowing down her cheeks.

The teacher was caressing her small breasts as long, as it took for the girl to start breathing deep and fast. A look of pleasure appeared on Charlotte's face. Then the teacher lowered herself between the girl's widely spread legs. The blond jerked, straining her bonds. The teacher's tongue started penetrating her pink flower, pushing between its fragile petals. Charlotte could not suppress the mounting excitement. She moaned in ecstasy and when the teacher pushed one finger into her anus, all she felt was pleasure.



“Well? Here you go, girl. Climax, fast and hard,” ordered the teacher, caressing Charlotte’s delicate vagina with her other hand.

Charlotte screamed and arched her back. She rolled her eyes up, her temples were covered with sweat. As soon as the orgasm ended, she felt mad at herself for succumbing so easily. But a moment later she was lost in ecstasy again.



It lasted like this for hours and when it finished, Charlotte was exhausted and dazed with pleasure. She had never experienced anything like that before.

The following day her teacher continued the training and the girl had to give in to ecstatic pleasure all over again. After several days she stopped thinking and debating, and her mind became clear and empty. She was unable to focus on anything.

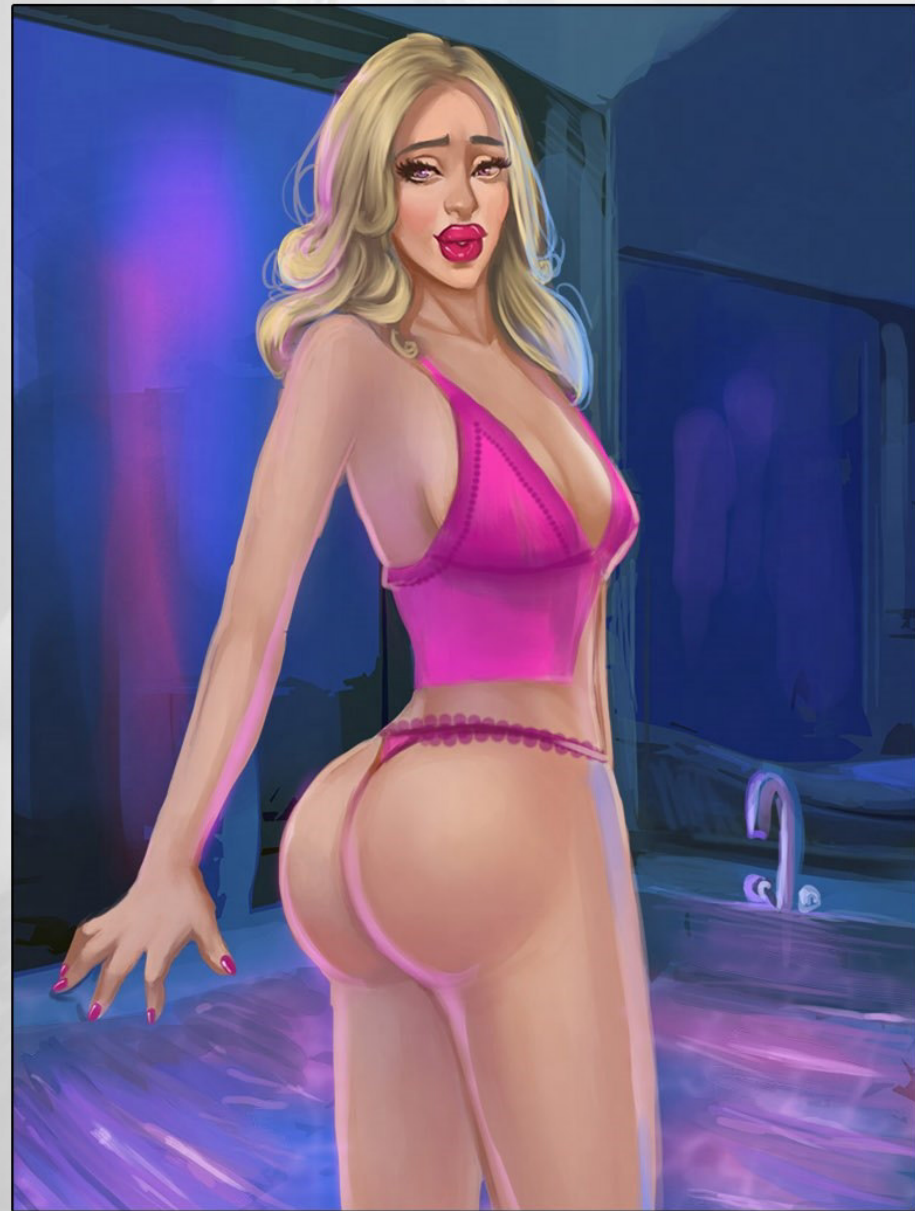
Only then the teacher decided to make a break. Charlotte was finally ready for the training proper.

Obediently, she succumbed to all procedures and followed all of her instructor's commands. She pushed the toys deeply into her mouth, learning the deep throat techniques, she stretched her openings and practiced endurance.

Later on she was taken to a clinic where she was to undergo the first surgery. She felt nervous, but she knew she was in good hands. Finally, she was to turn into an aristocrat and wouldn't have to be ashamed of her small buttocks and flat chest.

The treatment went well and Charlotte was happy with her new, larger bottom. It seemed a little surreal that her body changed so drastically, but she realized that compared to aristocrats, she still appeared skinny and unfeminine. Many, many more changes awaited her.

Body artists also took care of her lips, changing their thin line into a full, plump and tempting one. The girl looked at herself in the mirror with satisfaction, examining her new body.



Before & After



Samuel was looking forward to the moment he would see the two girls. The artists informed him that all went well and the instructors were satisfied with the progress. Of course, all of that formed just an introduction to further, more serious changes, but Samuel felt a pleasant sense of anticipation all the same.

The girls entered the room – Jasmine with her head proudly up, with breasts pushing against her top and swinging gently with her every step, Charlotte, slightly flushed, was biting her plump lower lip and moved her palm across her big buttocks, as if unsure whether to display them or hide them.

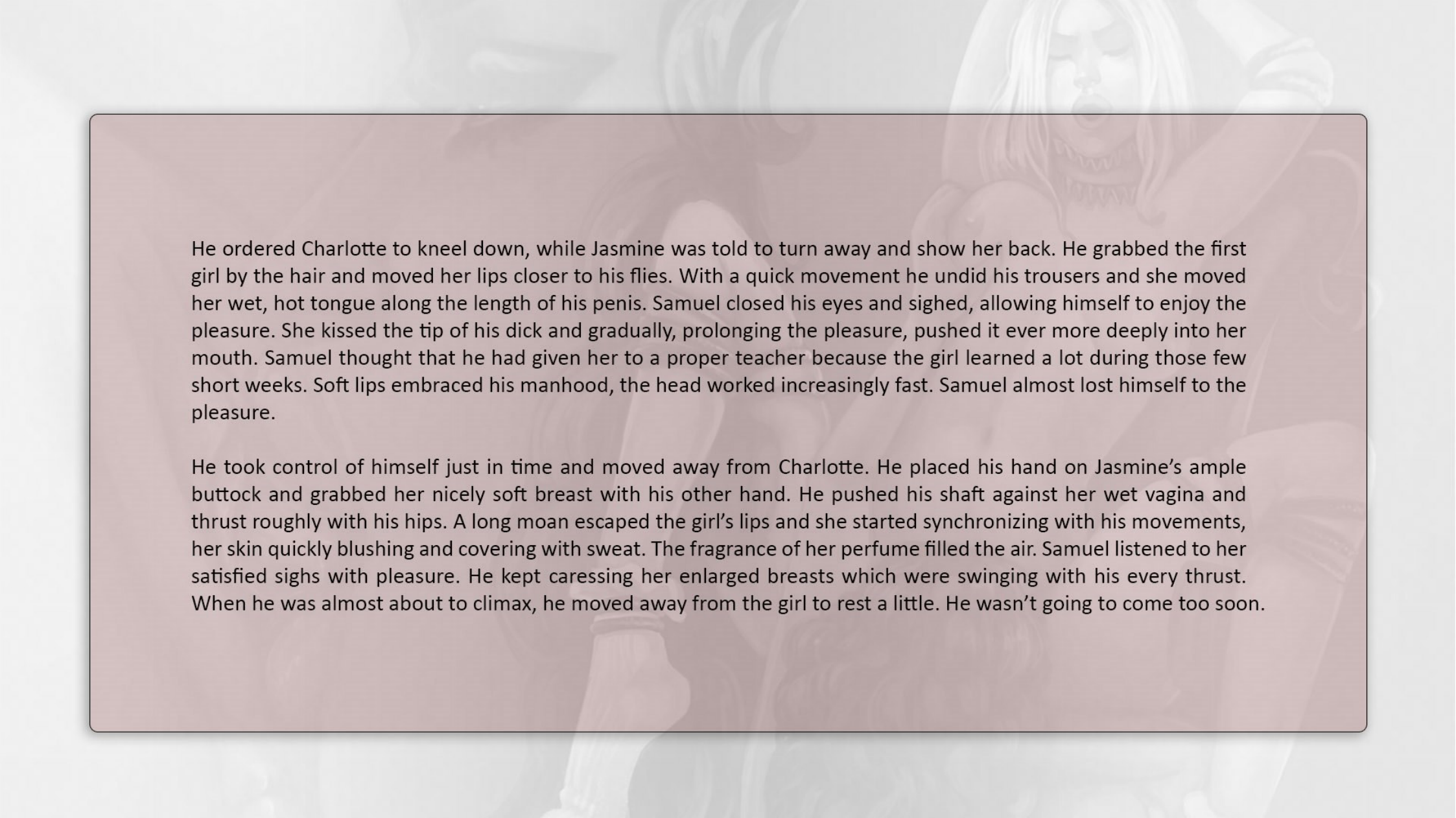
One could see that the teachers did a splendid job because both girls moved fluidly and gracefully. They wore sexy outfits and sported elaborate make-up. The artists surpassed themselves and Samuel felt increasing pleasure when he shifted his gaze from Jasmine's enlarged breasts to Charlotte's round ass. He liked her big, slightly open lips and he thought that they should be enlarged some more as soon as possible.

“Take off your clothes,” he ordered, waving his hand.

He felt pleasant warmth gathering near his manhood and blood started flowing faster in his veins.

Jasmine did not hesitate to get rid of her clothing and she kept looking Samuel in the eye. She exposed her breasts which were moving with her every gesture. Charlotte did not react as promptly but she removed her outfit as well.

Samuel looked carefully at their naked bodies, glancing at their new curves. He signaled to the girls to come closer and when they did, he started examining delicately their warm bodies. He had to check which one was better – the one with natural, warm breasts or the one with artificially protruding buttocks and collagen filled lips. Which one he would like better.



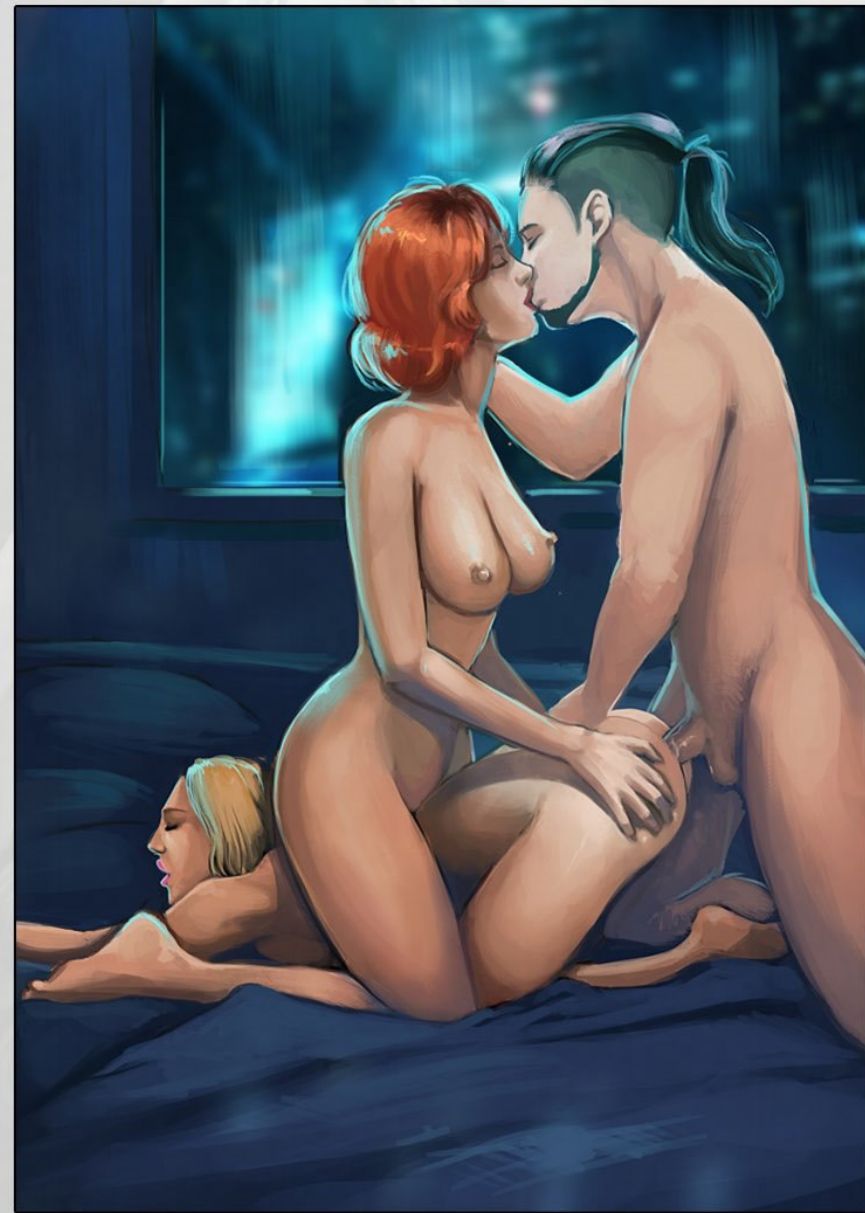
He ordered Charlotte to kneel down, while Jasmine was told to turn away and show her back. He grabbed the first girl by the hair and moved her lips closer to his flies. With a quick movement he undid his trousers and she moved her wet, hot tongue along the length of his penis. Samuel closed his eyes and sighed, allowing himself to enjoy the pleasure. She kissed the tip of his dick and gradually, prolonging the pleasure, pushed it ever more deeply into her mouth. Samuel thought that he had given her to a proper teacher because the girl learned a lot during those few short weeks. Soft lips embraced his manhood, the head worked increasingly fast. Samuel almost lost himself to the pleasure.

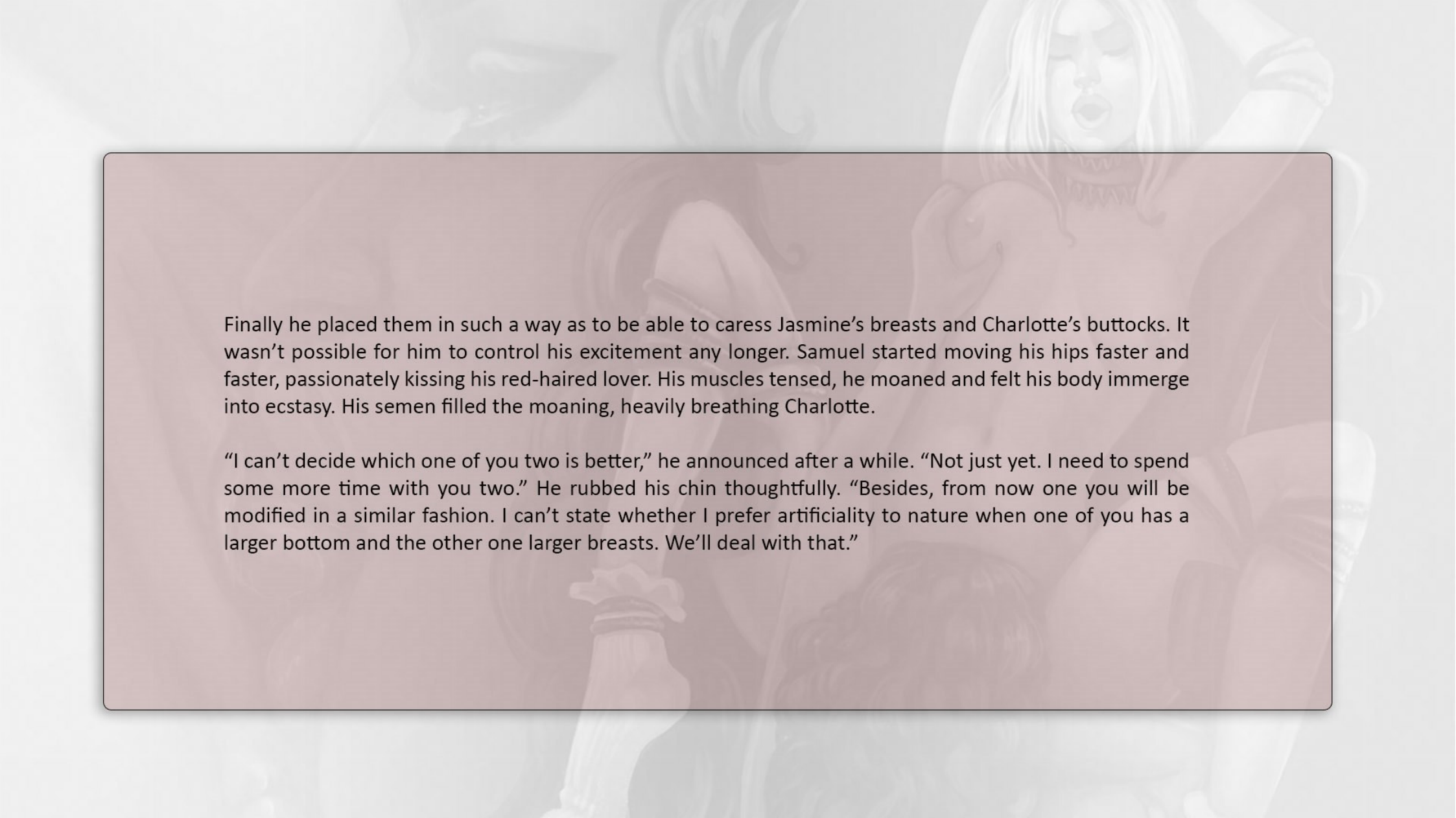
He took control of himself just in time and moved away from Charlotte. He placed his hand on Jasmine's ample buttock and grabbed her nicely soft breast with his other hand. He pushed his shaft against her wet vagina and thrust roughly with his hips. A long moan escaped the girl's lips and she started synchronizing with his movements, her skin quickly blushing and covering with sweat. The fragrance of her perfume filled the air. Samuel listened to her satisfied sighs with pleasure. He kept caressing her enlarged breasts which were swinging with his every thrust. When he was almost about to climax, he moved away from the girl to rest a little. He wasn't going to come too soon.



He took turns to use them both, Charlotte's lips or Jasmine's protruding bottom. And he could not make up his mind as to which one was better. Both girls gave him pleasure, both had beautiful, although still too thin bodies. They learned a lot and the agile tongue of one girl and wet pussy of the other were giving him incredible ecstasy.

He decided to try out different positions and configurations. He placed the girls in complicated postures and checked if he liked them like that. Charlotte and Jasmine were increasingly more excited and enthusiastic. Their cheeks were pink, their eyes hazy with pleasure. Samuel noticed that there was some rivalry between the two as far as his favors were concerned because both girls wanted to make the best impression possible and give him as much bliss as they could.





Finally he placed them in such a way as to be able to caress Jasmine's breasts and Charlotte's buttocks. It wasn't possible for him to control his excitement any longer. Samuel started moving his hips faster and faster, passionately kissing his red-haired lover. His muscles tensed, he moaned and felt his body immerge into ecstasy. His semen filled the moaning, heavily breathing Charlotte.

"I can't decide which one of you two is better," he announced after a while. "Not just yet. I need to spend some more time with you two." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Besides, from now one you will be modified in a similar fashion. I can't state whether I prefer artificiality to nature when one of you has a larger bottom and the other one larger breasts. We'll deal with that."

Later he checked numerous times and in various configurations which girl suited him better. He liked that they both did their best, trying to outdo the rival.

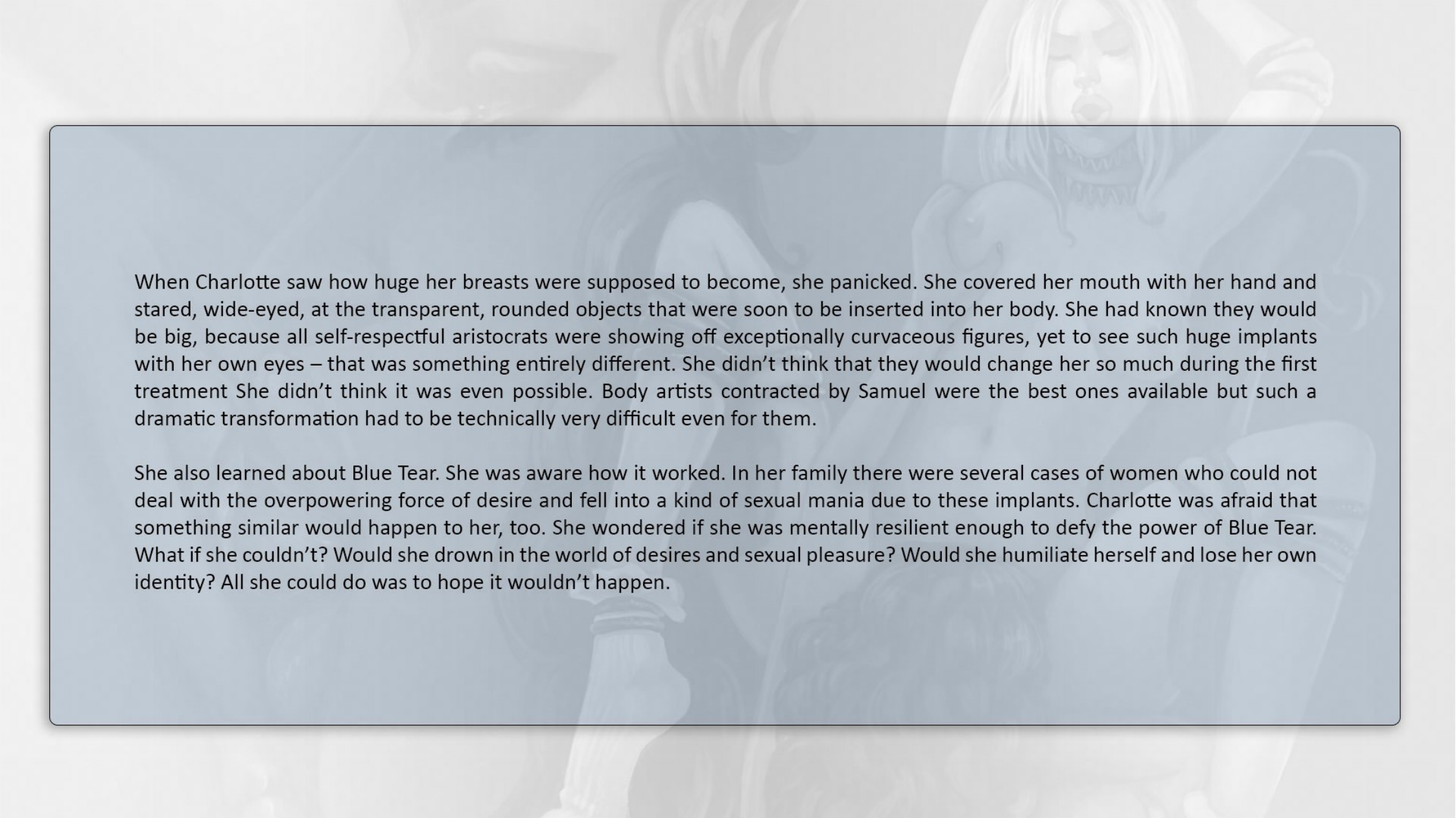
It was necessary to think of further modifications as soon as possible. This time Samuel wanted not just their bodies, but also their minds to be changed. This required an investment into Blue Tear, an implant for the aristocrats, increasing their sexual appetite. Samuel saw many times how upper class women behaved and this was exactly the kind of lover he desired: always insatiable, passionate, obsessed with sex. Aristocrats masturbated all day long and this was the only thing that interested them. It was a sign of status and success because Blue Tear was unavailable to anybody belonging to lower classes. This was how a proper lady of the house should act.

This was what he wanted for Charlotte and Jasmine. He hoped that they would take it well. Sometimes it happened that a woman lost control over herself completely and could think of nothing else apart from sex. Many times he heard shocking stories about aristocrats who had sex with randomly met people or who masturbated in absolutely inappropriate moments. They were losing their self-control and Blue Tear started to rule their lives.

Each girl would get new, larger breasts. In Charlotte's case these were to be huge implants, unnaturally rounded and artificial-looking. Samuel intended to reach an exceptionally large size even with that first treatment. He hoped that the artists would achieve desired results.

Jasmine would undergo another hormonal treatment. Her buttocks and hips should grow much larger. Her breasts would also become fuller. He enjoyed their softness, but the size still left a lot to be desired. The lips were to be enlarged in a natural manner with the use of a special device.

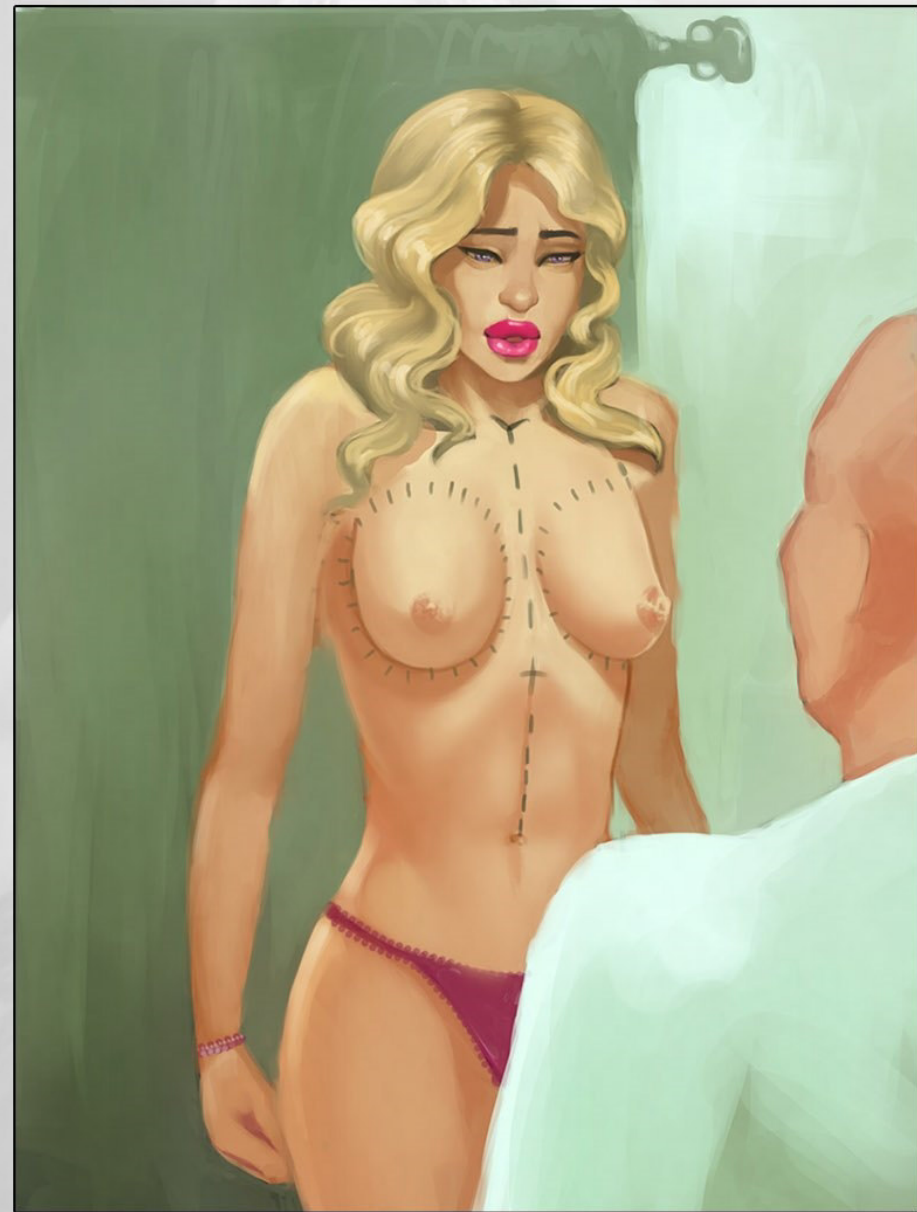
It was high time to send both girls to the clinic.

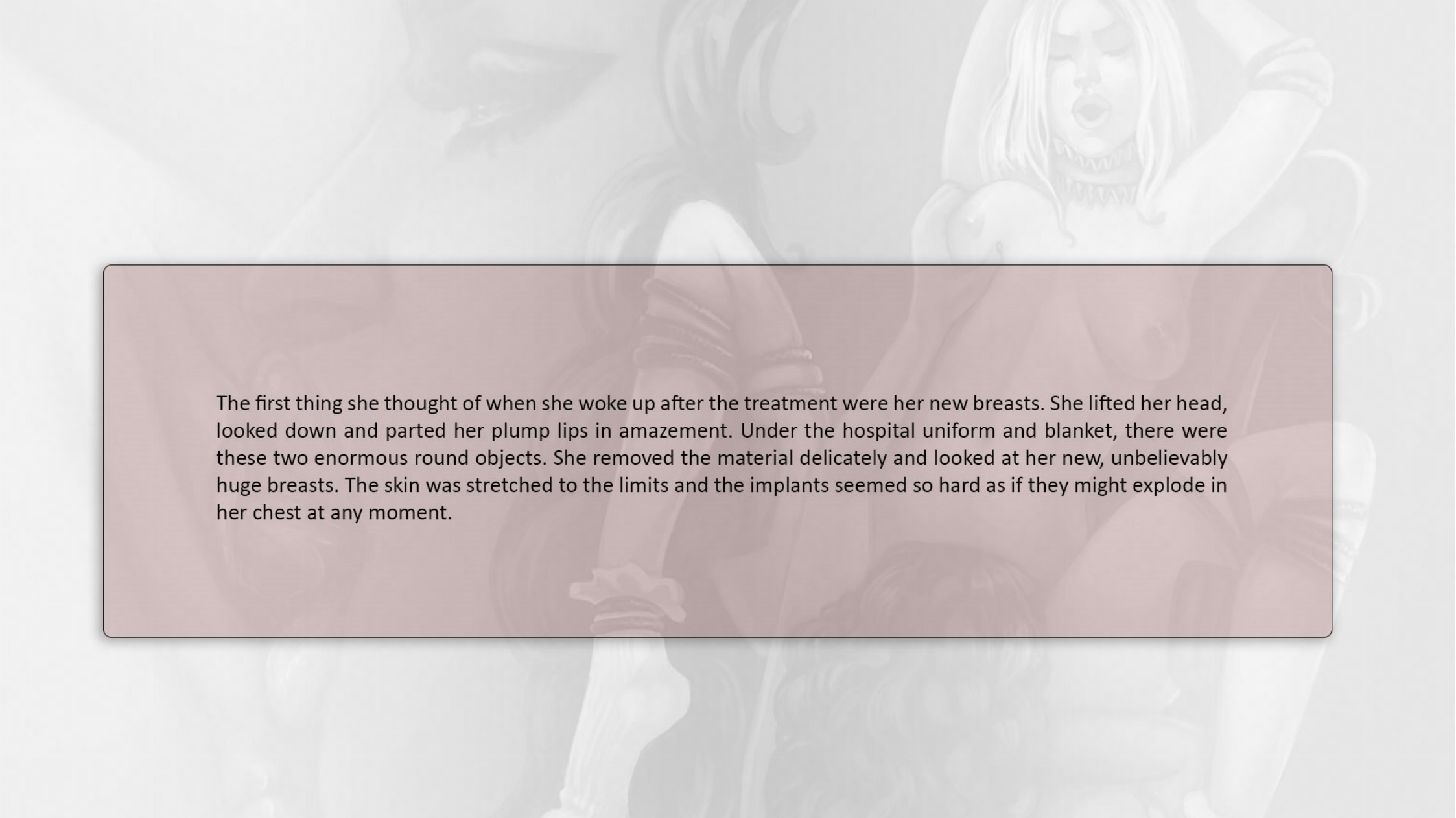


When Charlotte saw how huge her breasts were supposed to become, she panicked. She covered her mouth with her hand and stared, wide-eyed, at the transparent, rounded objects that were soon to be inserted into her body. She had known they would be big, because all self-respectful aristocrats were showing off exceptionally curvaceous figures, yet to see such huge implants with her own eyes – that was something entirely different. She didn't think that they would change her so much during the first treatment. She didn't think it was even possible. Body artists contracted by Samuel were the best ones available but such a dramatic transformation had to be technically very difficult even for them.

She also learned about Blue Tear. She was aware how it worked. In her family there were several cases of women who could not deal with the overpowering force of desire and fell into a kind of sexual mania due to these implants. Charlotte was afraid that something similar would happen to her, too. She wondered if she was mentally resilient enough to defy the power of Blue Tear. What if she couldn't? Would she drown in the world of desires and sexual pleasure? Would she humiliate herself and lose her own identity? All she could do was to hope it wouldn't happen.

She was thinking about all of that when the doctor was readying her for the surgery. She stood in front of the surgeon who was painting colorful lines on her body. Then she was taken to the operating theatre and anesthetized.



The background features a faded, artistic illustration. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white top and a choker necklace. She has an open-mouthed expression. On the left, a man's face is partially visible, looking towards the woman. The overall style is soft and painterly.

The first thing she thought of when she woke up after the treatment were her new breasts. She lifted her head, looked down and parted her plump lips in amazement. Under the hospital uniform and blanket, there were these two enormous round objects. She removed the material delicately and looked at her new, unbelievably huge breasts. The skin was stretched to the limits and the implants seemed so hard as if they might explode in her chest at any moment.

Body artists very rarely decided to use such huge implants during the first procedure – it was risky for the whole body. Her skin had been readied for stretching for many weeks and the muscles were trained to be able to carry all that extra weight.



After the initial shock Charlotte began to appreciate her new figure. It caused her many problems and she still had to get used to it but she already noticed many advantages. Samuel will like her new breasts and he will surely choose her. People were finally beginning to treat her like a true aristocrat – they addressed her with proper respect and exceptional courtesy. Men's lustful gaze followed her everywhere but none of the commoners had courage to approach her. She was turning into an upper class lady.

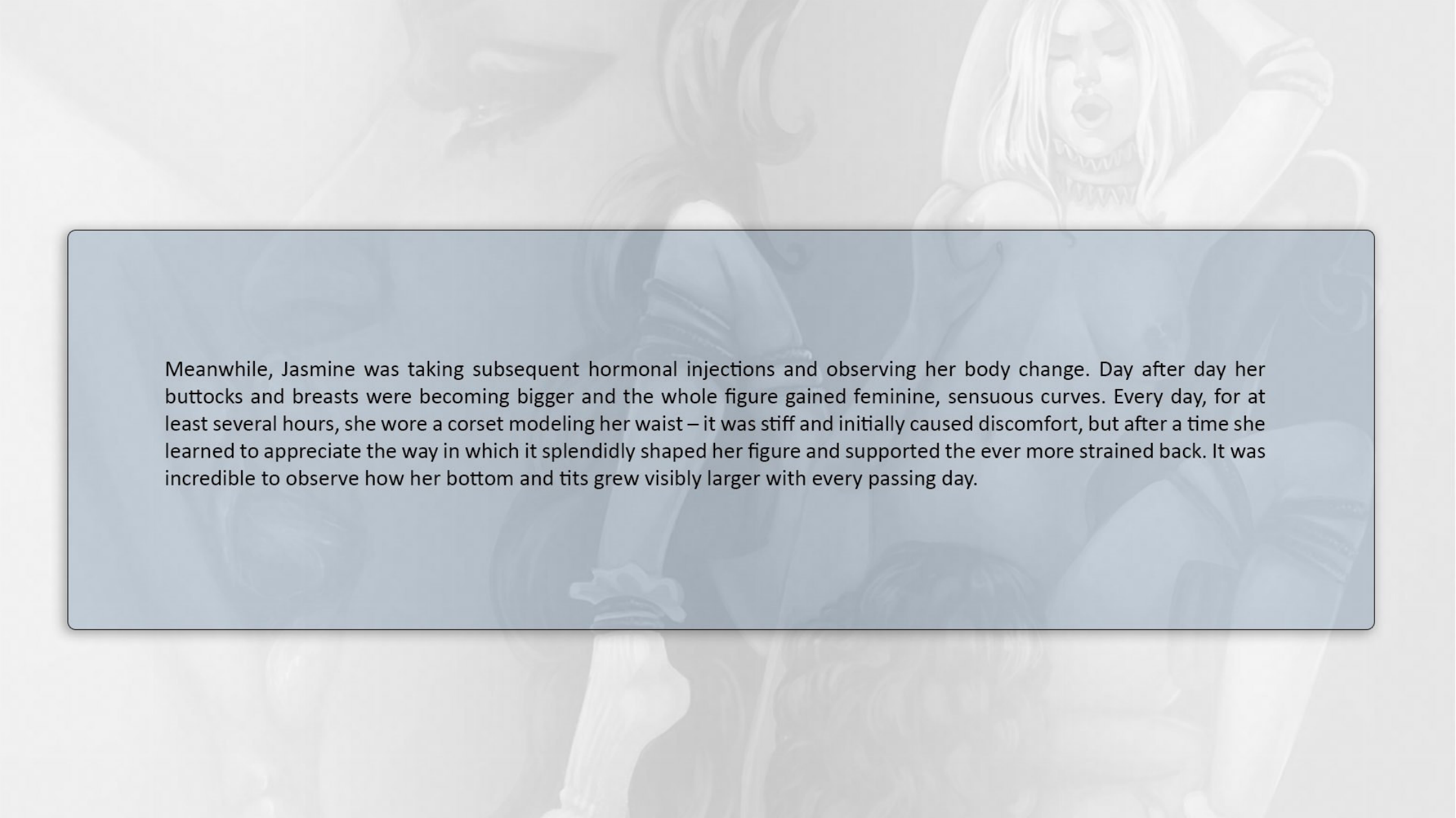
She was waiting impatiently and anxiously for the day Blue Tear would be finally implanted. The procedure itself was relatively simple, but its effects could turn out to be very dramatic.

Several days later the artists decided it was high time to subject her to that treatment.

When she woke up from her anesthetic she could think of nothing, her head seemed nicely empty and lightweight. She experienced a pleasant tingle between her legs and her skin became warm and sensitive. Her hand moved between her legs, towards her womanhood, thirsty for caress, as if by its own volition. Before she could even realize what was happening she was masturbating intensely, moaning and writhing on the hospital bed. Blue Tear worked. Charlotte dove deep into the world of delight.

Before & After

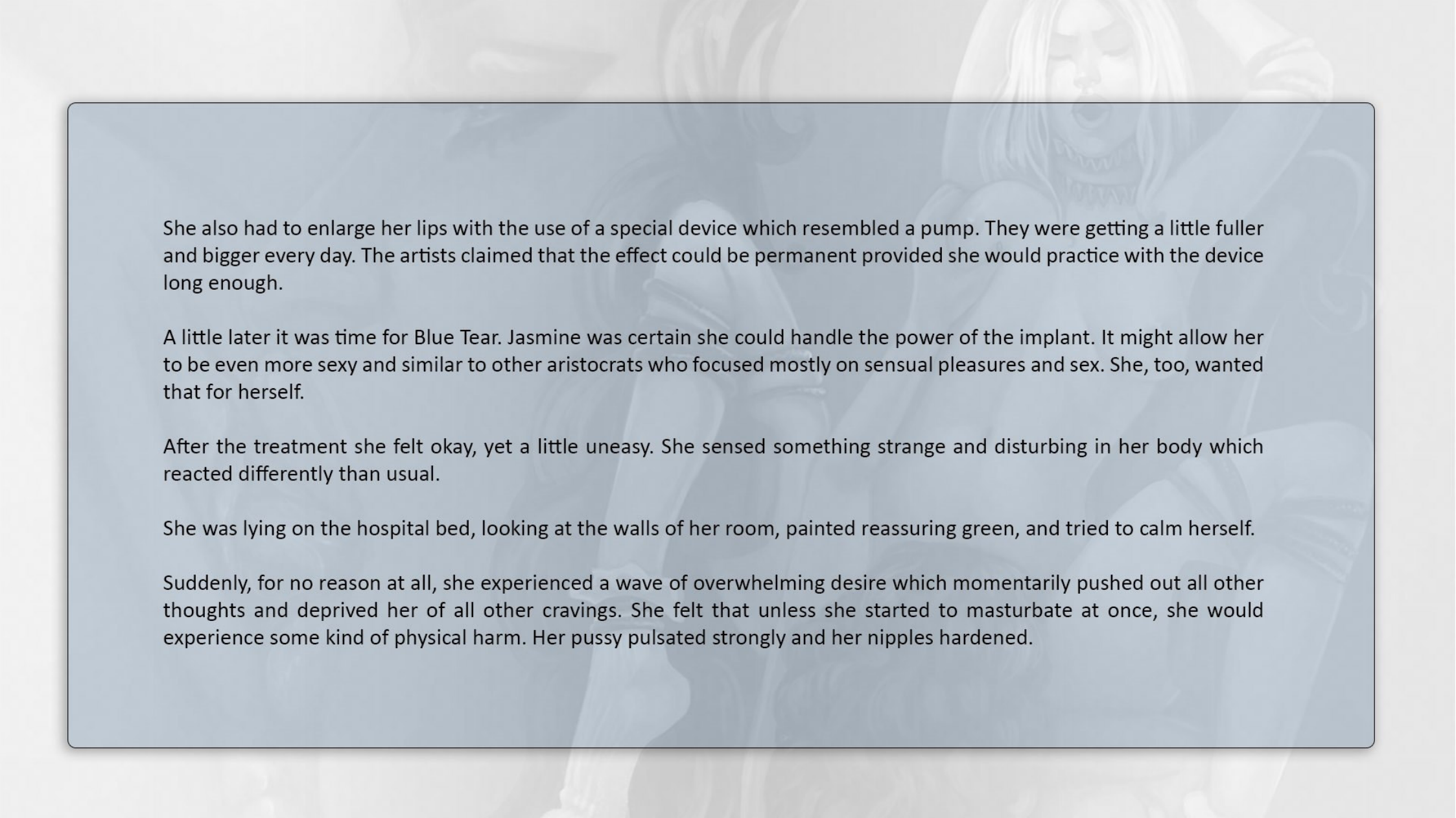




Meanwhile, Jasmine was taking subsequent hormonal injections and observing her body change. Day after day her buttocks and breasts were becoming bigger and the whole figure gained feminine, sensuous curves. Every day, for at least several hours, she wore a corset modeling her waist – it was stiff and initially caused discomfort, but after a time she learned to appreciate the way in which it splendidly shaped her figure and supported the ever more strained back. It was incredible to observe how her bottom and tits grew visibly larger with every passing day.



Sometimes she caressed herself looking at her own figure in the mirror, squeezing her growing breasts and enlarged buttocks. She imagined how huge they would soon be and how it would affect Samuel when he finally got to see them. In her mind's eye she often saw Charlotte's image, too – in them, the girl was humiliated, bonded, a servant to herself and Samuel. An insignificant sexual toy.



She also had to enlarge her lips with the use of a special device which resembled a pump. They were getting a little fuller and bigger every day. The artists claimed that the effect could be permanent provided she would practice with the device long enough.

A little later it was time for Blue Tear. Jasmine was certain she could handle the power of the implant. It might allow her to be even more sexy and similar to other aristocrats who focused mostly on sensual pleasures and sex. She, too, wanted that for herself.

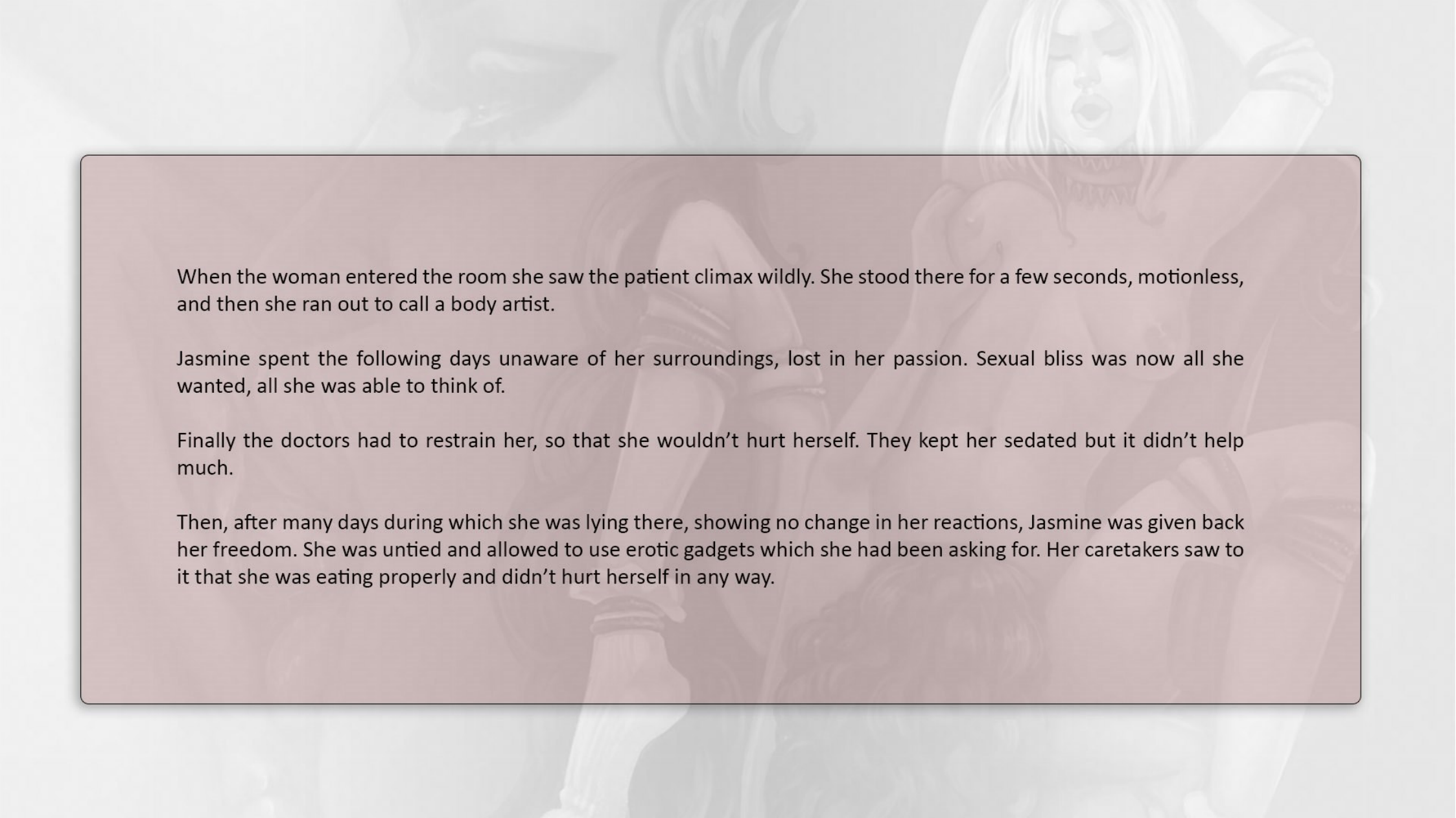
After the treatment she felt okay, yet a little uneasy. She sensed something strange and disturbing in her body which reacted differently than usual.

She was lying on the hospital bed, looking at the walls of her room, painted reassuring green, and tried to calm herself.

Suddenly, for no reason at all, she experienced a wave of overwhelming desire which momentarily pushed out all other thoughts and deprived her of all other cravings. She felt that unless she started to masturbate at once, she would experience some kind of physical harm. Her pussy pulsed strongly and her nipples hardened.



Jasmine squeezed one of them, reached between her legs with the other hand and pushed two fingers inside her wet vagina. She felt a temporary relief. She pushed inside one more finger and started to move her hand and her hips rhythmically. After a while the hospital bed was drenched in sweat. Jasmine squirmed and moaned, and her loud sighs alerted a nurse.



When the woman entered the room she saw the patient climax wildly. She stood there for a few seconds, motionless, and then she ran out to call a body artist.

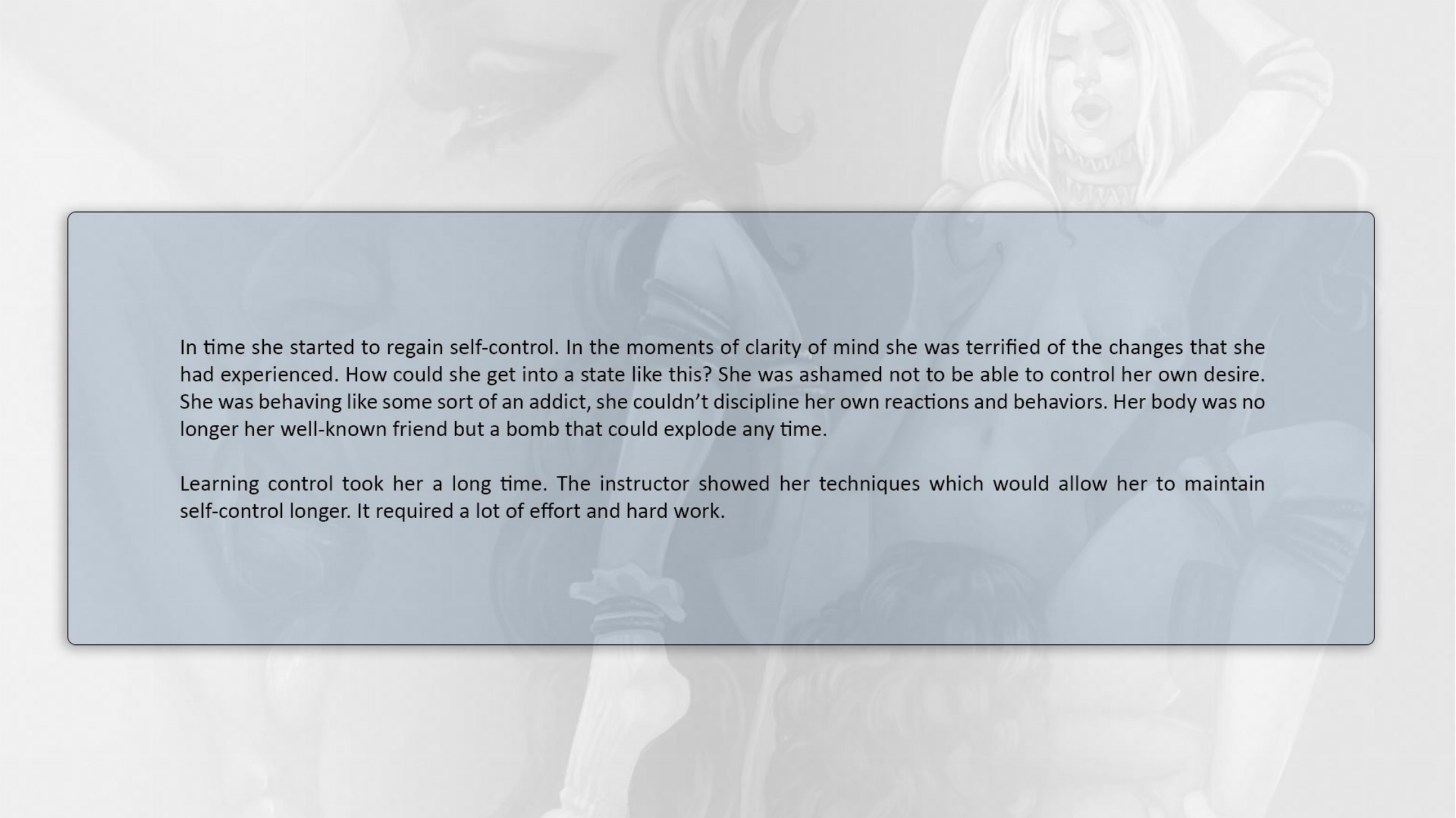
Jasmine spent the following days unaware of her surroundings, lost in her passion. Sexual bliss was now all she wanted, all she was able to think of.

Finally the doctors had to restrain her, so that she wouldn't hurt herself. They kept her sedated but it didn't help much.

Then, after many days during which she was lying there, showing no change in her reactions, Jasmine was given back her freedom. She was untied and allowed to use erotic gadgets which she had been asking for. Her caretakers saw to it that she was eating properly and didn't hurt herself in any way.



The toys Jasmine picked were bigger and bigger, as it seemed to her that the smaller ones ceased to satisfy her. The doctors started to get worried about her vagina and anus, so intensely used, hoping she wouldn't damage them.

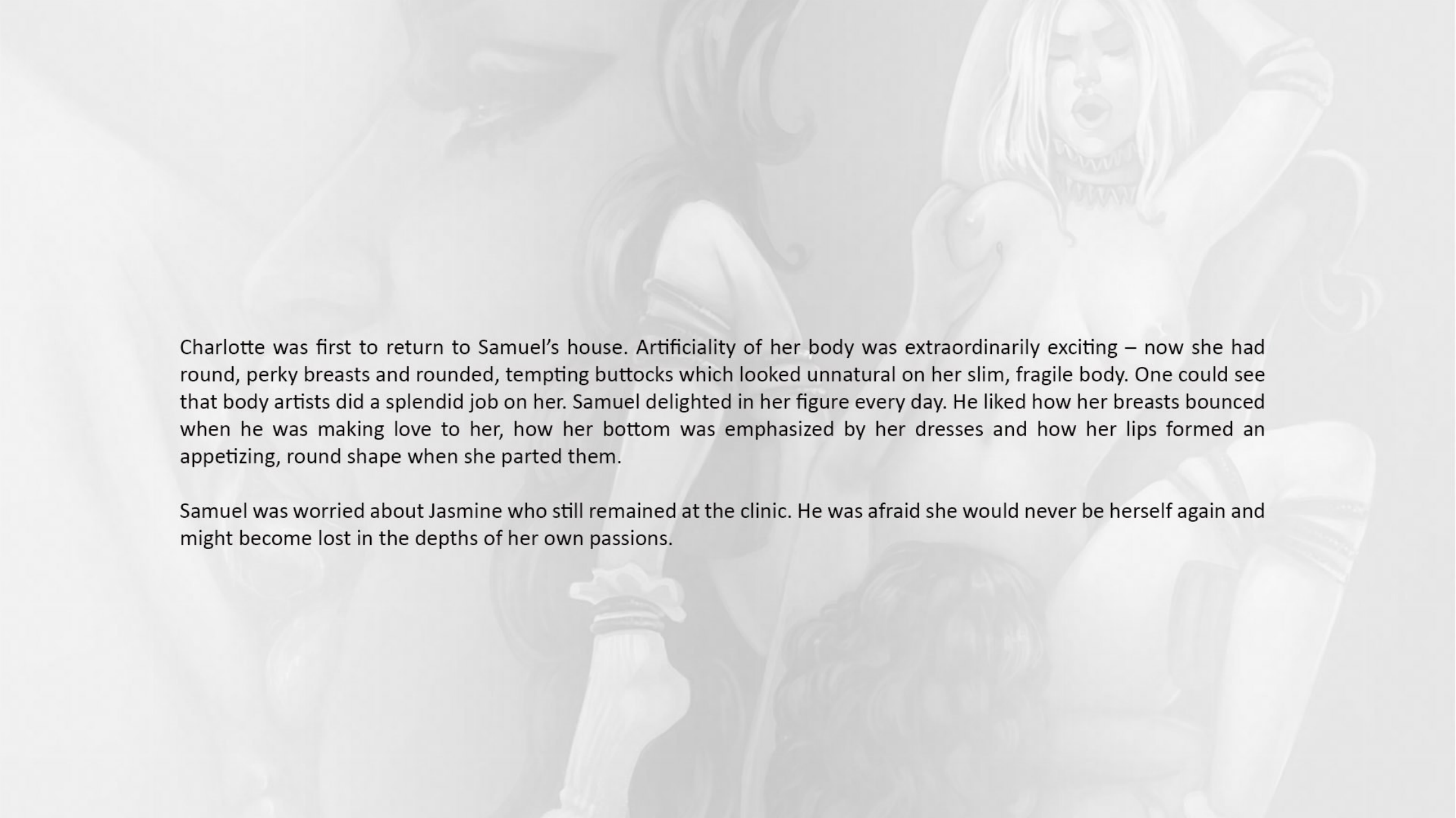


In time she started to regain self-control. In the moments of clarity of mind she was terrified of the changes that she had experienced. How could she get into a state like this? She was ashamed not to be able to control her own desire. She was behaving like some sort of an addict, she couldn't discipline her own reactions and behaviors. Her body was no longer her well-known friend but a bomb that could explode any time.

Learning control took her a long time. The instructor showed her techniques which would allow her to maintain self-control longer. It required a lot of effort and hard work.

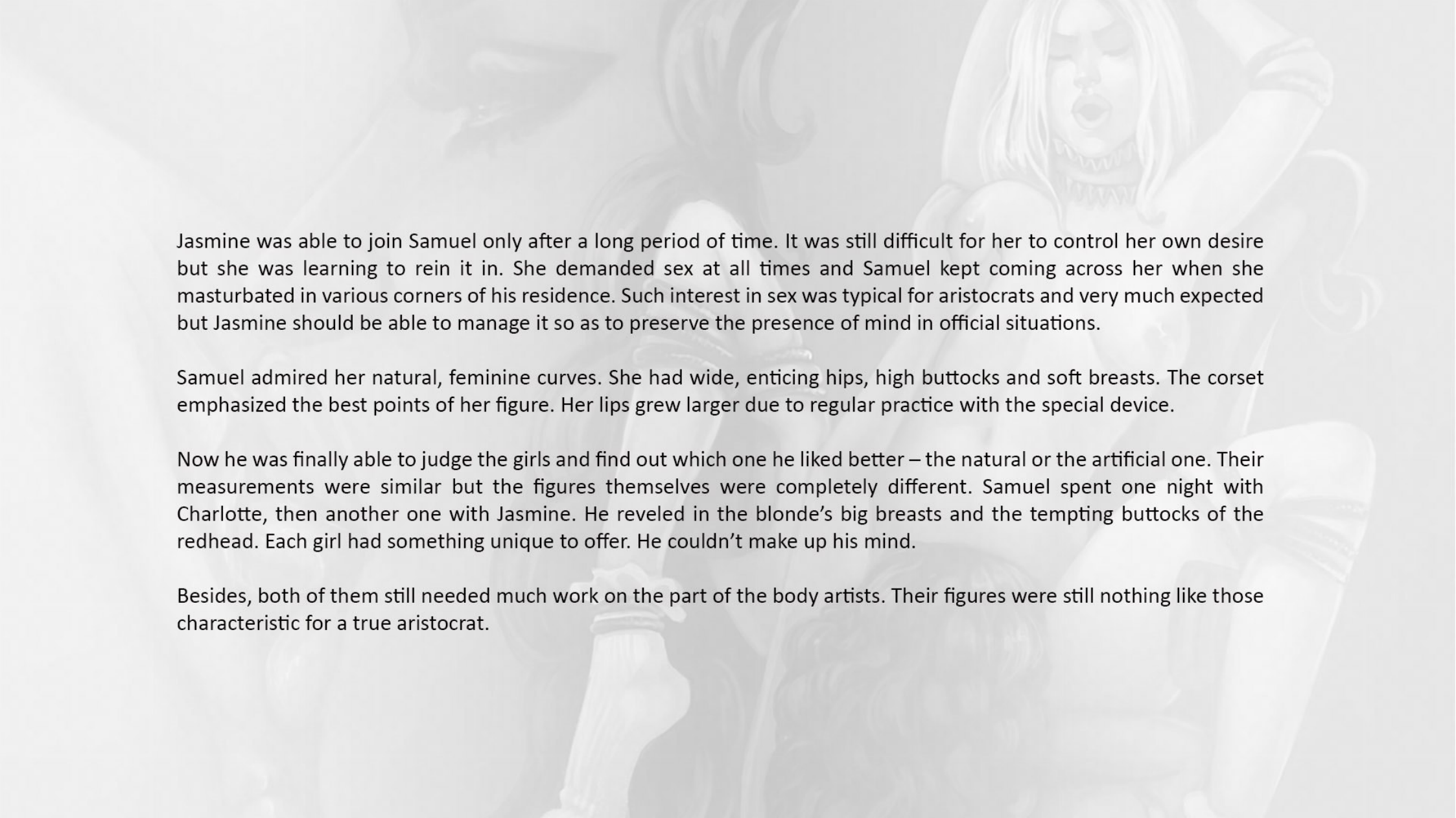
Before & After





Charlotte was first to return to Samuel's house. Artificiality of her body was extraordinarily exciting – now she had round, perky breasts and rounded, tempting buttocks which looked unnatural on her slim, fragile body. One could see that body artists did a splendid job on her. Samuel delighted in her figure every day. He liked how her breasts bounced when he was making love to her, how her bottom was emphasized by her dresses and how her lips formed an appetizing, round shape when she parted them.

Samuel was worried about Jasmine who still remained at the clinic. He was afraid she would never be herself again and might become lost in the depths of her own passions.

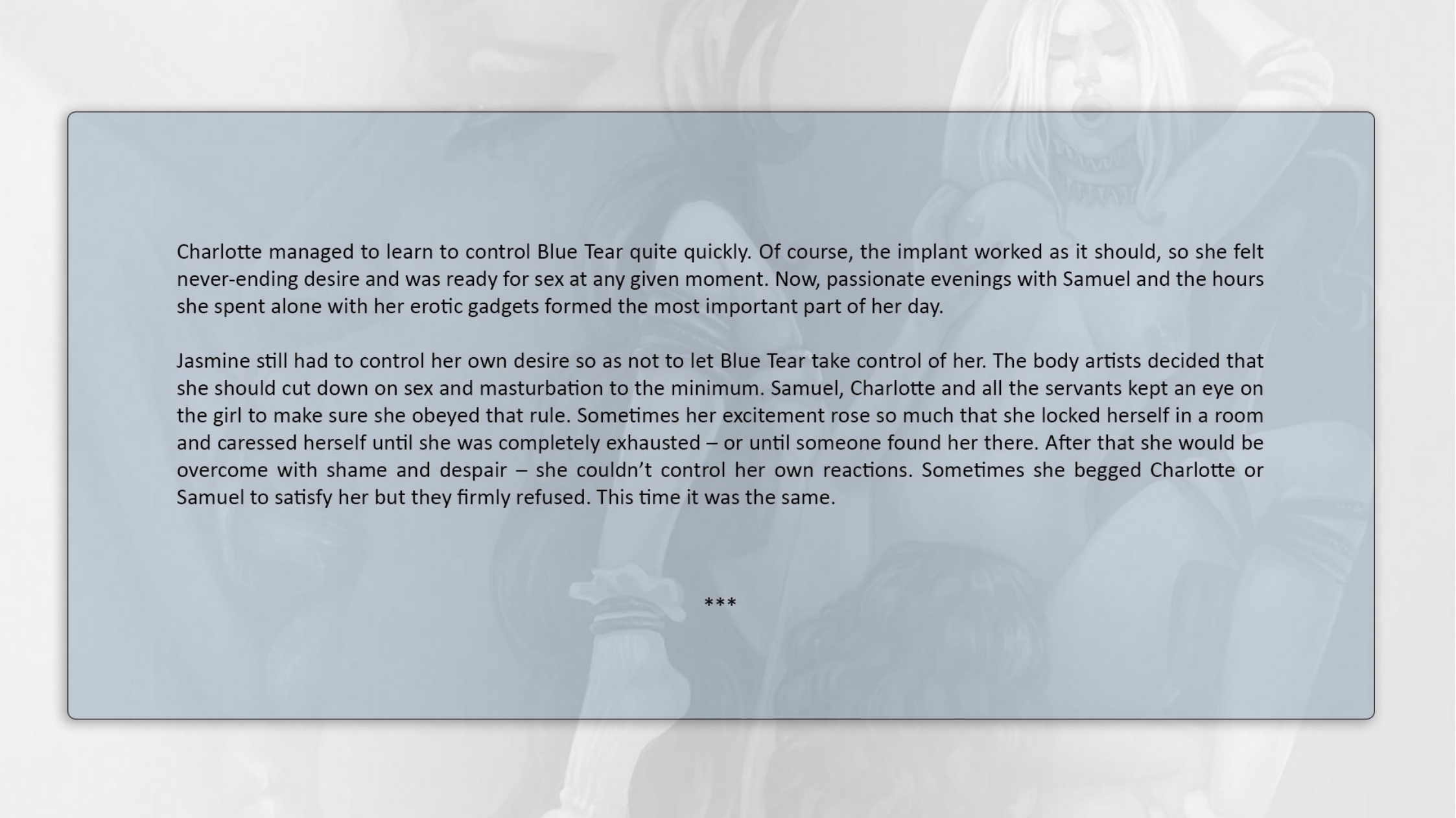


Jasmine was able to join Samuel only after a long period of time. It was still difficult for her to control her own desire but she was learning to rein it in. She demanded sex at all times and Samuel kept coming across her when she masturbated in various corners of his residence. Such interest in sex was typical for aristocrats and very much expected but Jasmine should be able to manage it so as to preserve the presence of mind in official situations.

Samuel admired her natural, feminine curves. She had wide, enticing hips, high buttocks and soft breasts. The corset emphasized the best points of her figure. Her lips grew larger due to regular practice with the special device.

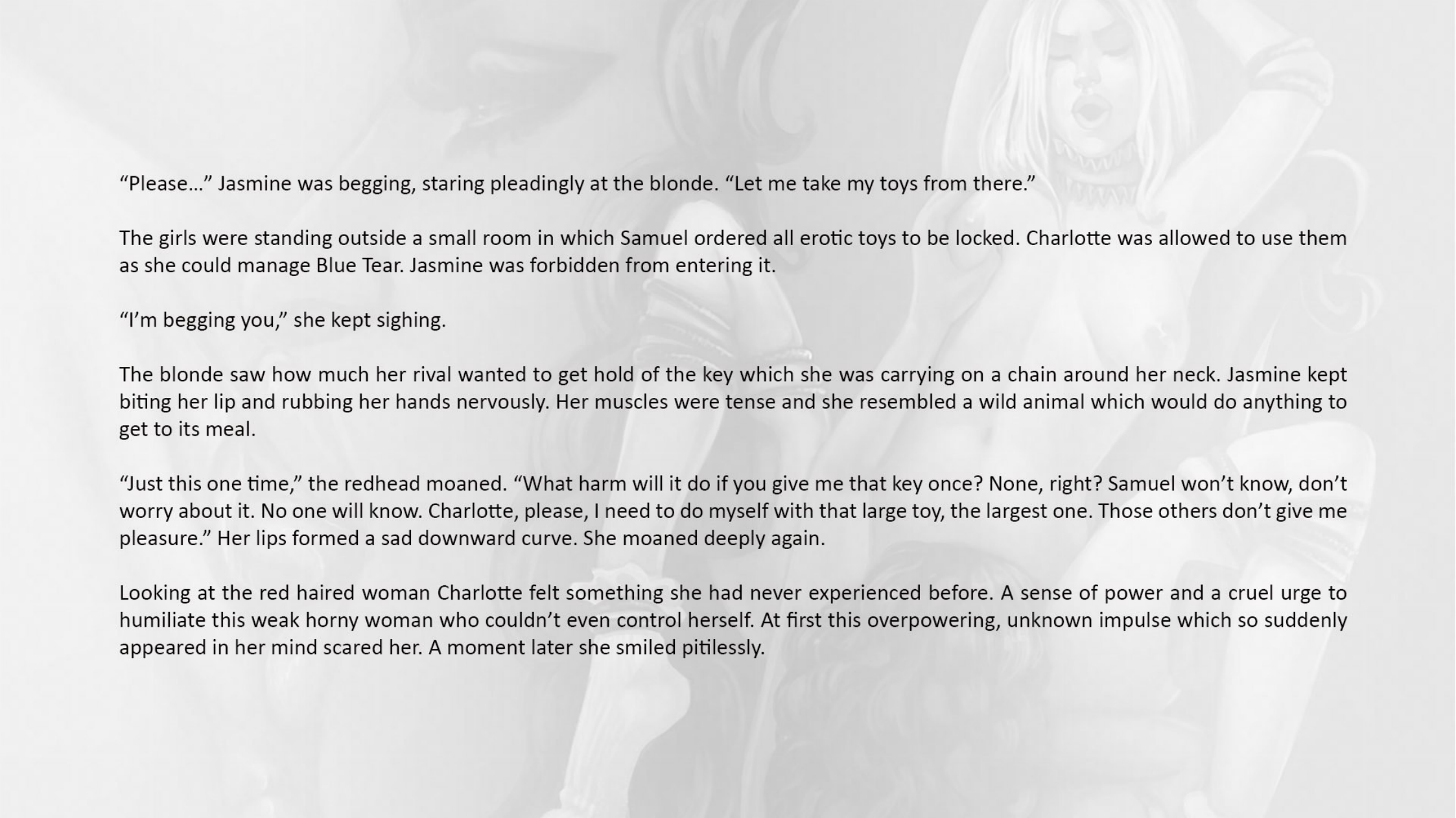
Now he was finally able to judge the girls and find out which one he liked better – the natural or the artificial one. Their measurements were similar but the figures themselves were completely different. Samuel spent one night with Charlotte, then another one with Jasmine. He reveled in the blonde's big breasts and the tempting buttocks of the redhead. Each girl had something unique to offer. He couldn't make up his mind.

Besides, both of them still needed much work on the part of the body artists. Their figures were still nothing like those characteristic for a true aristocrat.



Charlotte managed to learn to control Blue Tear quite quickly. Of course, the implant worked as it should, so she felt never-ending desire and was ready for sex at any given moment. Now, passionate evenings with Samuel and the hours she spent alone with her erotic gadgets formed the most important part of her day.

Jasmine still had to control her own desire so as not to let Blue Tear take control of her. The body artists decided that she should cut down on sex and masturbation to the minimum. Samuel, Charlotte and all the servants kept an eye on the girl to make sure she obeyed that rule. Sometimes her excitement rose so much that she locked herself in a room and caressed herself until she was completely exhausted – or until someone found her there. After that she would be overcome with shame and despair – she couldn't control her own reactions. Sometimes she begged Charlotte or Samuel to satisfy her but they firmly refused. This time it was the same.



“Please...” Jasmine was begging, staring pleadingly at the blonde. “Let me take my toys from there.”

The girls were standing outside a small room in which Samuel ordered all erotic toys to be locked. Charlotte was allowed to use them as she could manage Blue Tear. Jasmine was forbidden from entering it.

“I’m begging you,” she kept sighing.

The blonde saw how much her rival wanted to get hold of the key which she was carrying on a chain around her neck. Jasmine kept biting her lip and rubbing her hands nervously. Her muscles were tense and she resembled a wild animal which would do anything to get to its meal.

“Just this one time,” the redhead moaned. “What harm will it do if you give me that key once? None, right? Samuel won’t know, don’t worry about it. No one will know. Charlotte, please, I need to do myself with that large toy, the largest one. Those others don’t give me pleasure.” Her lips formed a sad downward curve. She moaned deeply again.

Looking at the red haired woman Charlotte felt something she had never experienced before. A sense of power and a cruel urge to humiliate this weak horny woman who couldn’t even control herself. At first this overpowering, unknown impulse which so suddenly appeared in her mind scared her. A moment later she smiled pitilessly.

“You’re a horny bitch, aren’t you?” she asked.

Jasmine opened her lips slightly and then froze. The blonde had never acted like that before. She had always been kind, helpful and friendly.

“Your panties are surely completely wet now, am I right?” continued the girl. She crossed her arms against her chest and her huge breasts bounced and heaved. “Answer me!” she ordered.

“Yes,” the redhead admitted quietly and hunched her shoulders a little.

“I had no idea you were so weak. So randy. You only think about sex, right? All you care about is to get something huge inserted into that hungry, wet pussy of yours. It’s disgusting.” Charlotte winced disdainfully.

Jasmine kept silent and only looked at the blonde with wide-open eyes.

“If you want it that much...” started Charlotte, toying with the key. She lifted her chin, which made her look even more bossy, and then pointed her hand down, at the floor.

The redhead understood the command correctly. She gritted her teeth and hesitated. Was she going to bear such a n indignity?

Her skin was tingling, her cheeks were flushed red, her pussy pulsed.

After a moment’s hesitation she knelt.



“Very good.” Charlotte patted her head in a patronizing gesture. “Now ask me one more time. Nicely. And tell me exactly what a weak bitch you are.”

Jasmine moaned resignedly. If there was a chance that she might get her toys due to that, she was ready for every humiliation.

“I’m a bitch that thinks only about sex,” she said, looking at Charlotte’s feet. “This is the only thing that interests me. I don’t care about anything else.”

The blonde motioned for the girl to continue.

“My pussy is wet all the time. I can only be satisfied with the largest toys that no normal woman would be able to insert into her own body.”

Charlotte tormented her rival a little while longer, forcing her to describe her own excitement. Then she told her to lick her boots. The redhead brought her lips closer to their shiny leather, hesitated and then stuck out her tongue and moved it along the boot.

“Well done,” Charlotte praised her. She felt mounting excitement. She liked to see the redhead humiliate herself in front of her. She wanted to order the girl to satisfy her with those soft, plump lips but she knew that Samuel wouldn’t like that. “Don’t stop.”

Charlotte played with her rival for a while longer, ruthlessly exploiting her hunger and weakness.

“Enough,” she finally said.

The redhead looked up at her expectantly.

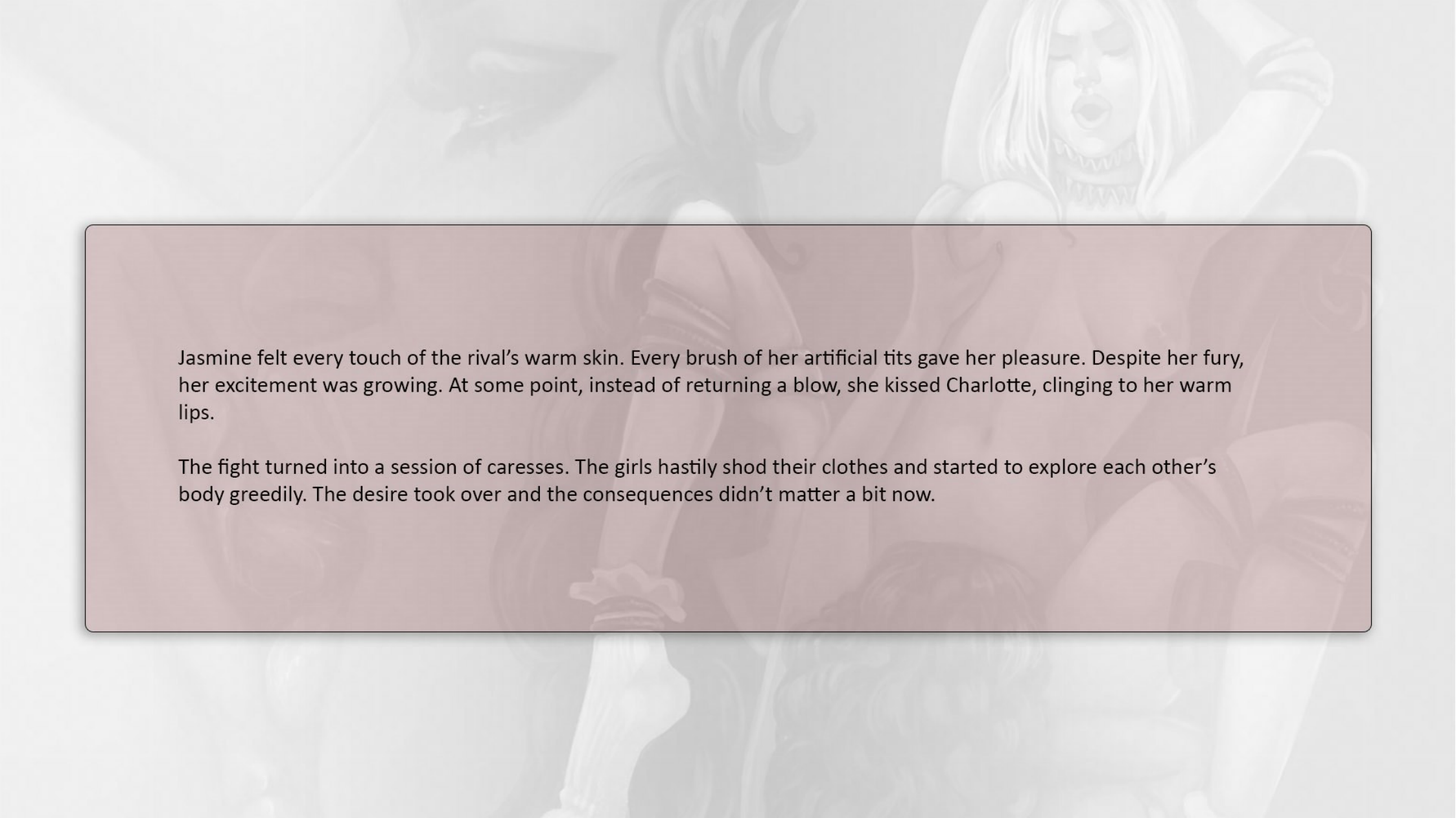
“You know what? I won’t let you into that room after all,” said Charlotte.

“You will,” hissed Jasmine angrily.

“No way.”



The redhead pounced upon the blonde, trying to steal her key. The girls started screaming and pulling each other's hair. Their bodies collided in a furious fight. Large, full breasts were bouncing, buttocks heaved under their skirts. Plump lips were twisted with anger.

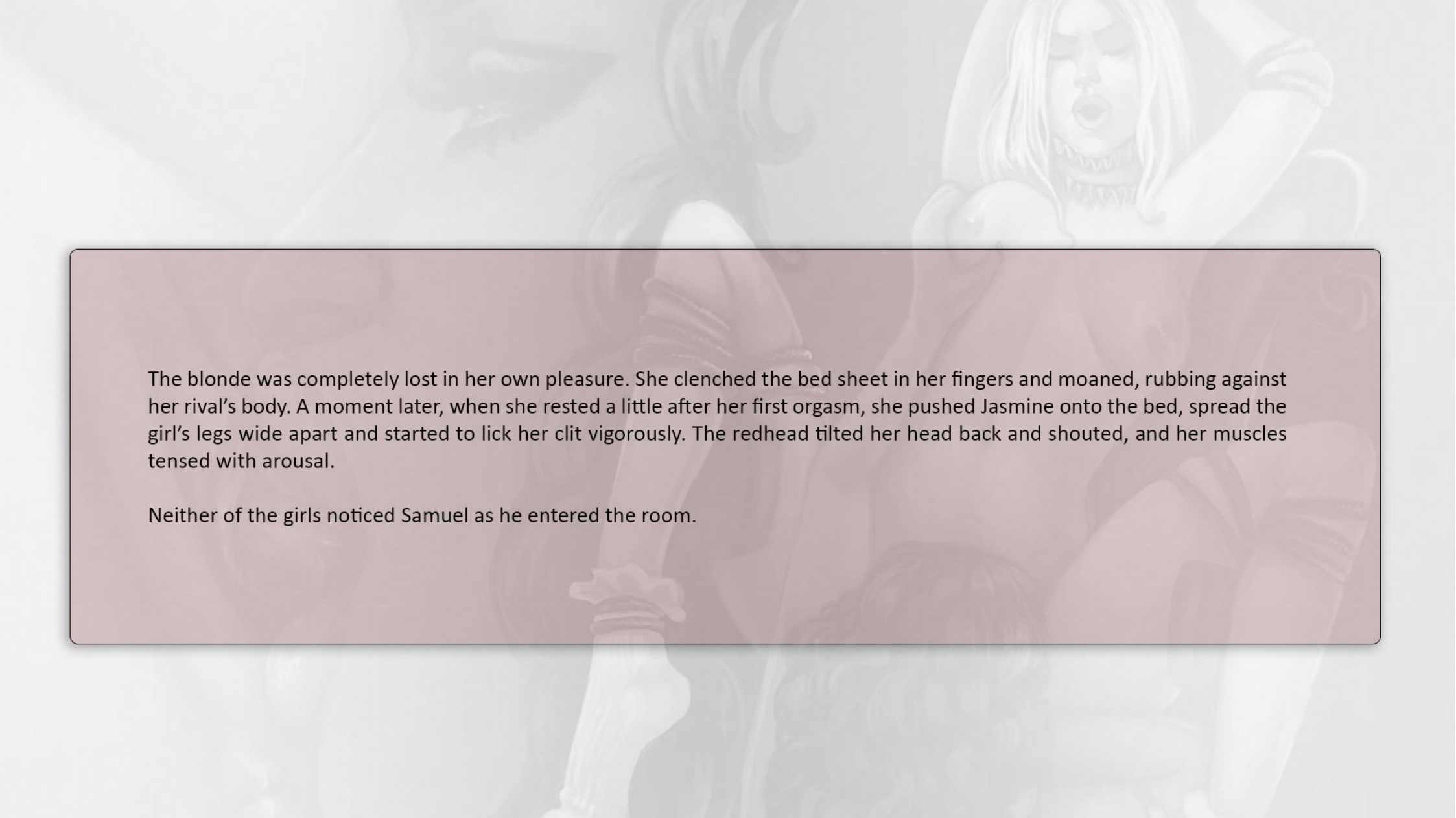


Jasmine felt every touch of the rival's warm skin. Every brush of her artificial tits gave her pleasure. Despite her fury, her excitement was growing. At some point, instead of returning a blow, she kissed Charlotte, clinging to her warm lips.

The fight turned into a session of caresses. The girls hastily shed their clothes and started to explore each other's body greedily. The desire took over and the consequences didn't matter a bit now.



Charlotte was rubbing her slit against Jasmine's wet pussy. They were both moving rhythmically, trying to satisfy their desire.



The blonde was completely lost in her own pleasure. She clenched the bed sheet in her fingers and moaned, rubbing against her rival's body. A moment later, when she rested a little after her first orgasm, she pushed Jasmine onto the bed, spread the girl's legs wide apart and started to lick her clit vigorously. The redhead tilted her head back and shouted, and her muscles tensed with arousal.

Neither of the girls noticed Samuel as he entered the room.

At the sight of the two girls the man felt a wave of excitement and an immediate wish to join them. Yet, he only shook his head. He would have to punish them for this somehow.



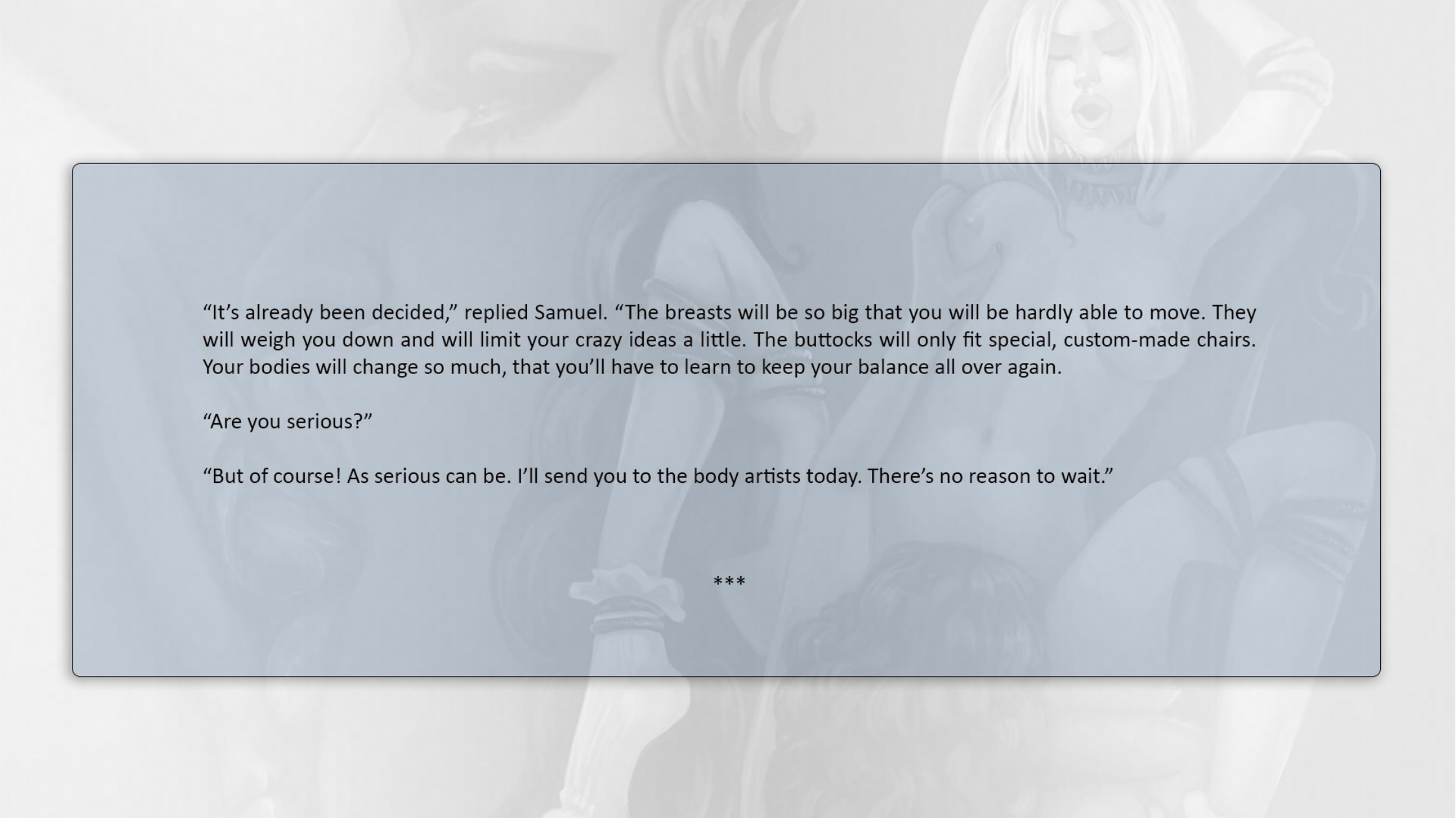
In the evening on the same day Samuel was sitting in an armchair and both girls stood in front of him, their heads bowed.

“Both of you behaved inappropriately,” he was saying. “But maybe it’s no fault of yours, maybe Blue Tear was simply too strong for you and you didn’t manage to resist. There is only one solution in this situation: your bodies will be modified even further to fit your insatiable sexual appetites. One can see that in your case bodily desire dominates over common sense. Let it be seen! Let everyone know that all you are is excitement and desire, that all other thoughts and wishes were pushed into the background. You will finally become true aristocrats.

“How...” Charlotte stammered. “How big are we supposed to become?”

“Maybe in time we’ll become better at controlling this,” said Jasmine in a voice that trembled with emotion.



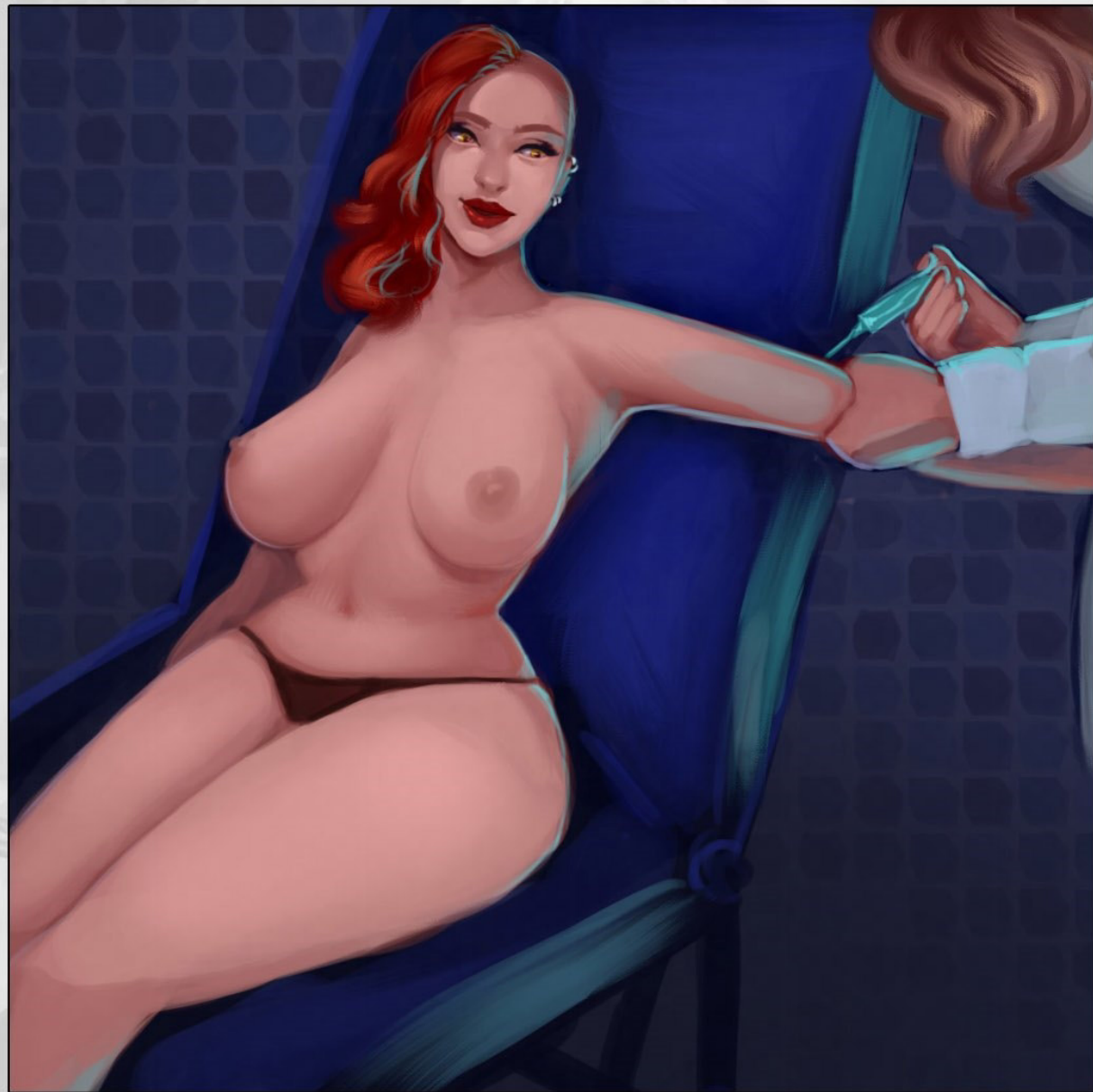


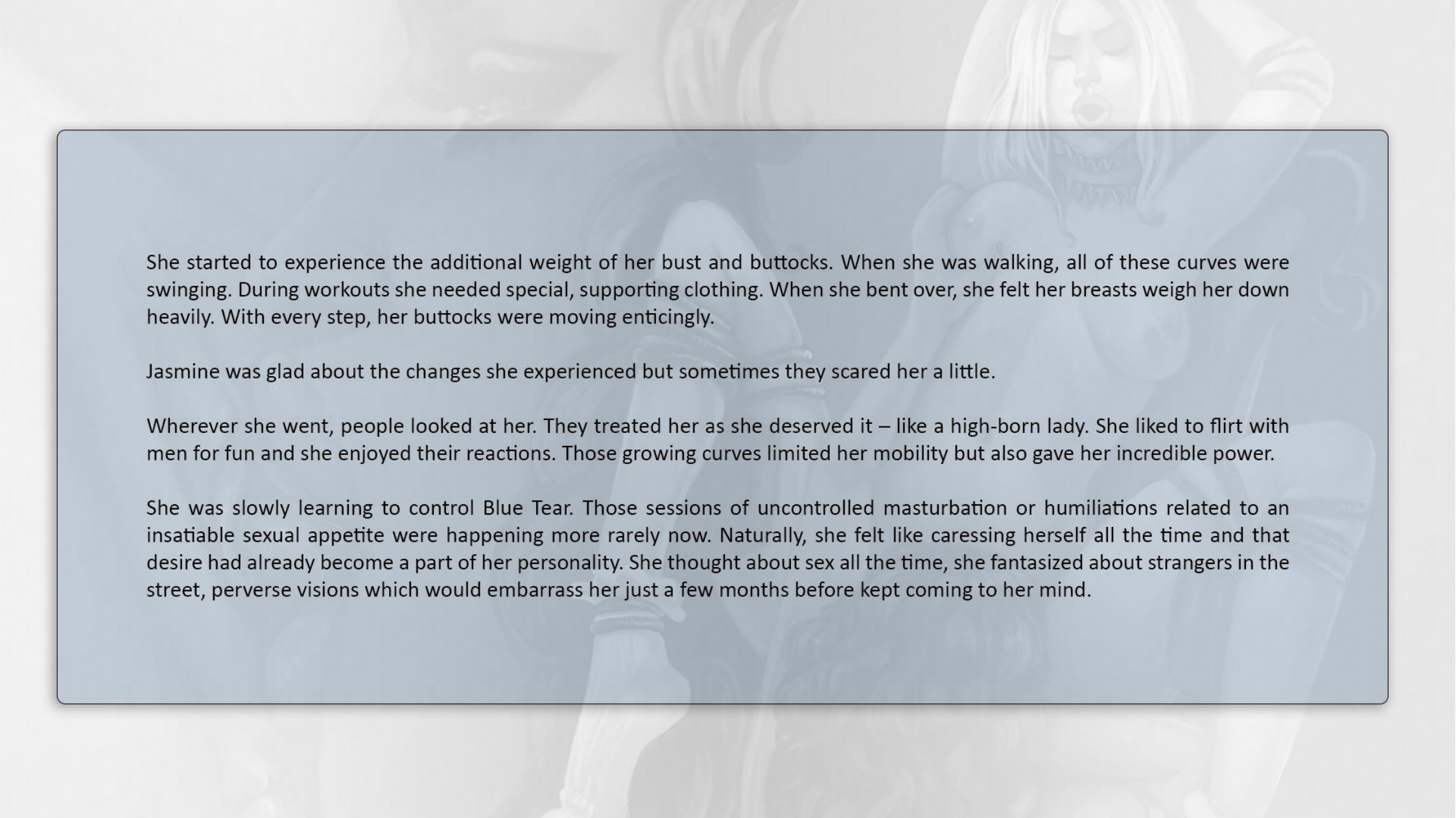
“It’s already been decided,” replied Samuel. “The breasts will be so big that you will be hardly able to move. They will weigh you down and will limit your crazy ideas a little. The buttocks will only fit special, custom-made chairs. Your bodies will change so much, that you’ll have to learn to keep your balance all over again.

“Are you serious?”

“But of course! As serious can be. I’ll send you to the body artists today. There’s no reason to wait.”

Jasmine exposed her forearm and the nurse gave her a hormonal injection. This time the dosage was increased and the girl's figure was supposed to change even faster than before. After just a few days the first effects became visible. Standing in front of a mirror, Jasmine was examining her changing body, her growing tits and buttocks. Her figure was becoming increasingly fuller, more feminine and sexy.



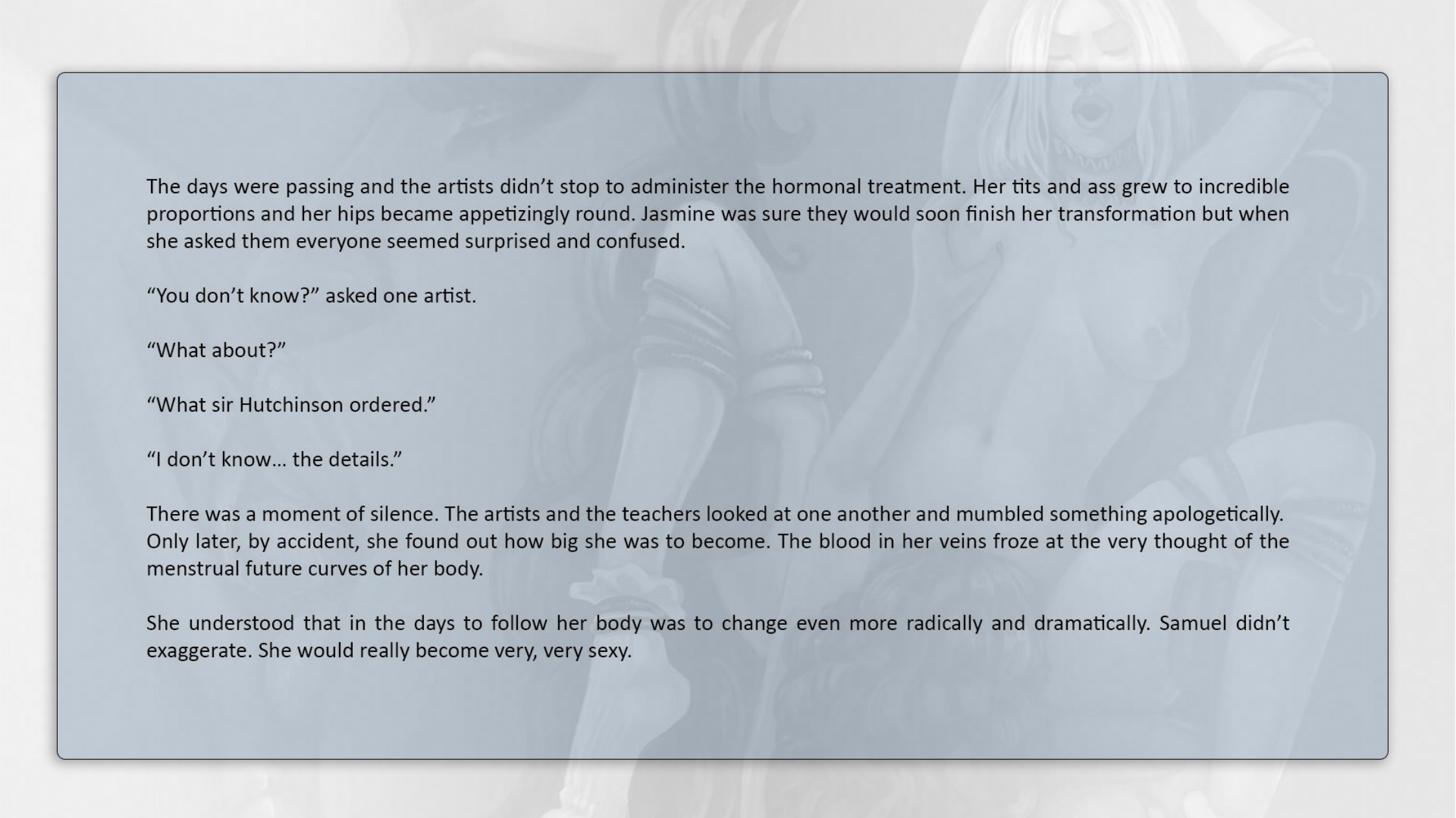


She started to experience the additional weight of her bust and buttocks. When she was walking, all of these curves were swinging. During workouts she needed special, supporting clothing. When she bent over, she felt her breasts weigh her down heavily. With every step, her buttocks were moving enticingly.

Jasmine was glad about the changes she experienced but sometimes they scared her a little.

Wherever she went, people looked at her. They treated her as she deserved it – like a high-born lady. She liked to flirt with men for fun and she enjoyed their reactions. Those growing curves limited her mobility but also gave her incredible power.

She was slowly learning to control Blue Tear. Those sessions of uncontrolled masturbation or humiliations related to an insatiable sexual appetite were happening more rarely now. Naturally, she felt like caressing herself all the time and that desire had already become a part of her personality. She thought about sex all the time, she fantasized about strangers in the street, perverse visions which would embarrass her just a few months before kept coming to her mind.



The days were passing and the artists didn't stop to administer the hormonal treatment. Her tits and ass grew to incredible proportions and her hips became appetizingly round. Jasmine was sure they would soon finish her transformation but when she asked them everyone seemed surprised and confused.

"You don't know?" asked one artist.

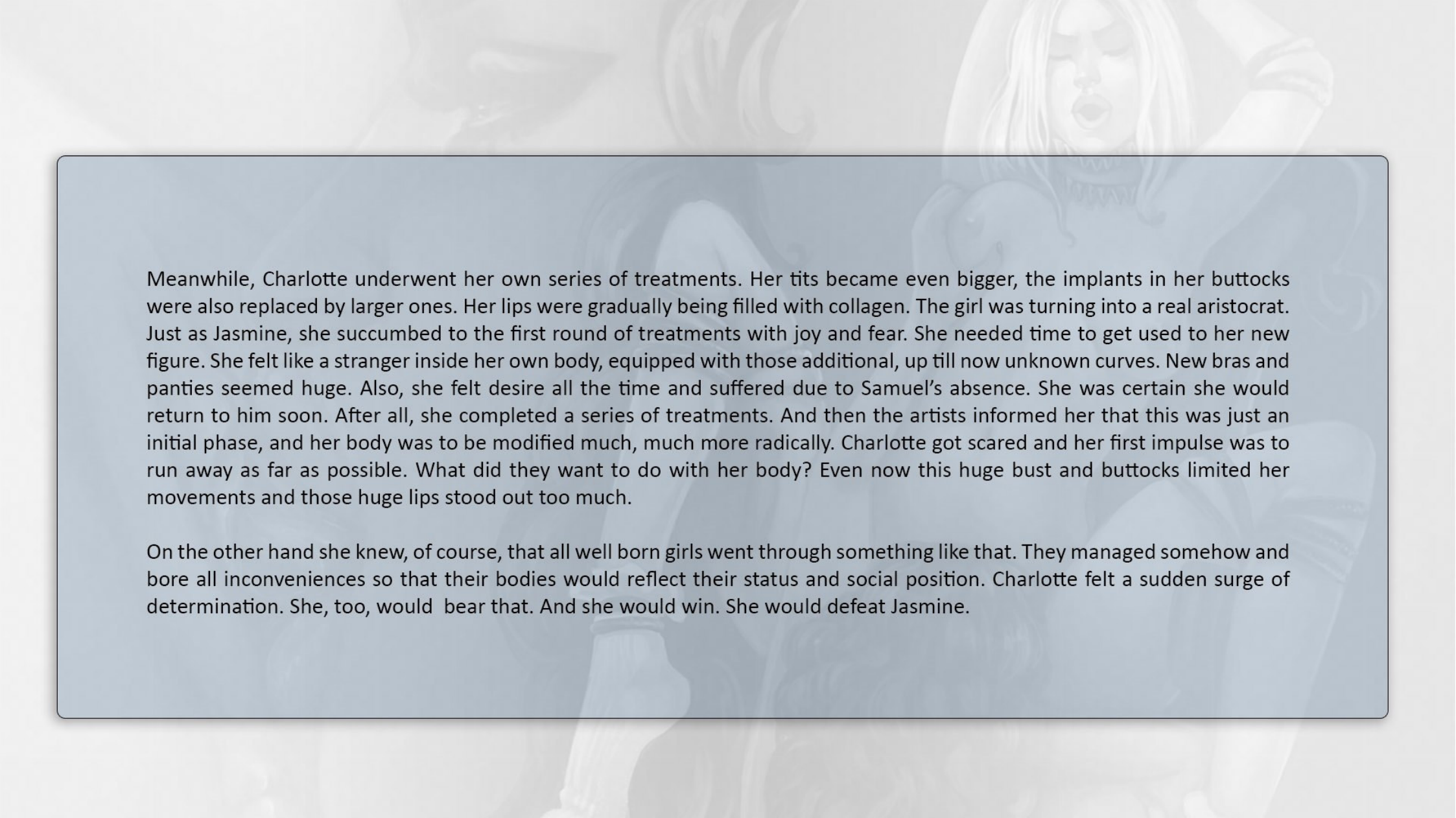
"What about?"

"What sir Hutchinson ordered."

"I don't know... the details."

There was a moment of silence. The artists and the teachers looked at one another and mumbled something apologetically. Only later, by accident, she found out how big she was to become. The blood in her veins froze at the very thought of the menstrual future curves of her body.

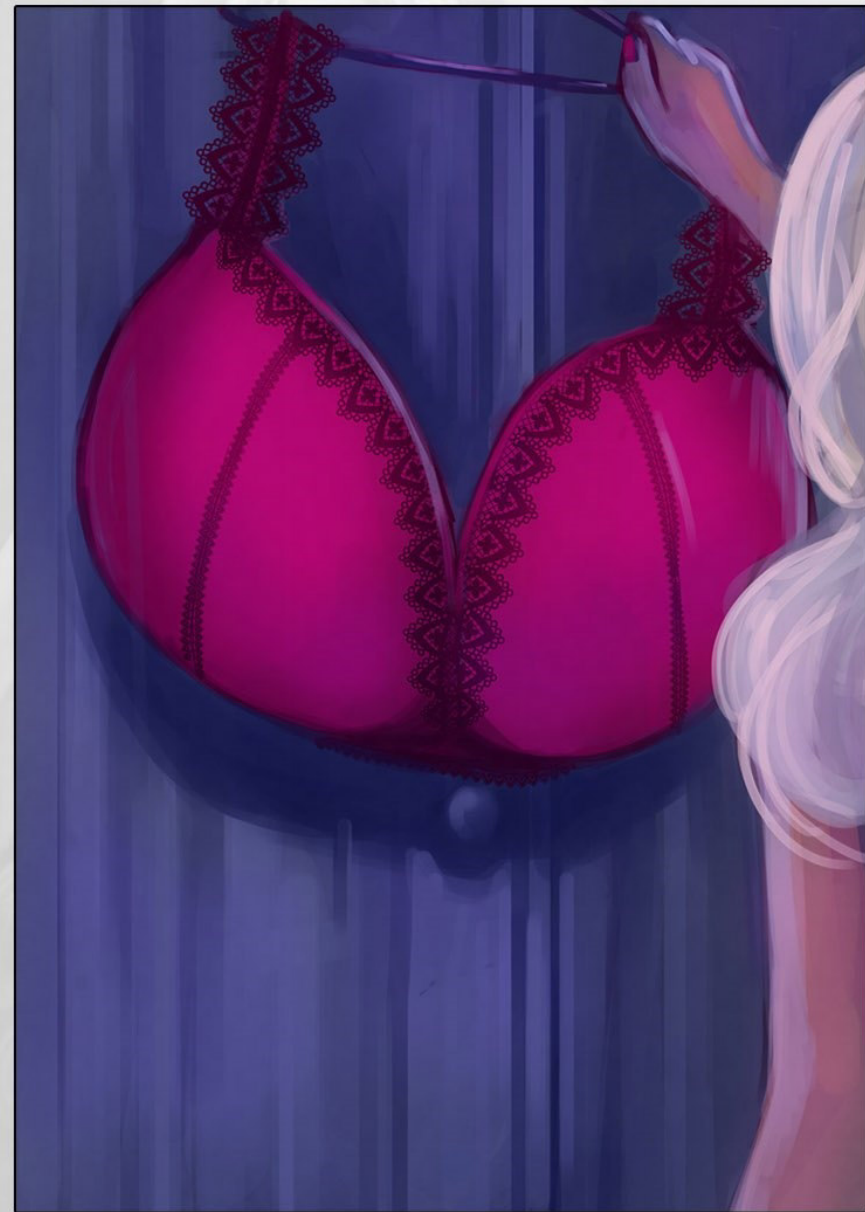
She understood that in the days to follow her body was to change even more radically and dramatically. Samuel didn't exaggerate. She would really become very, very sexy.

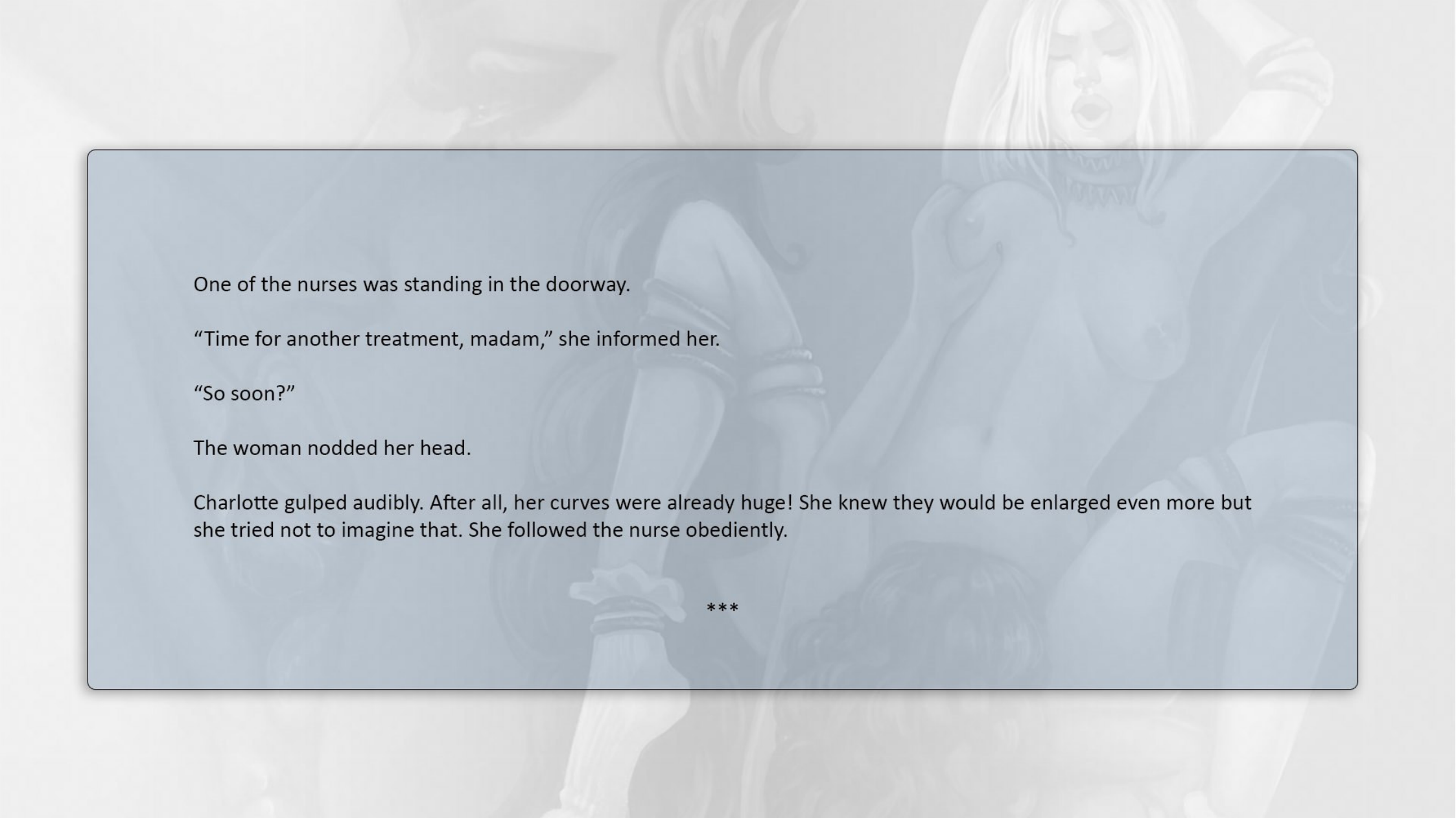


Meanwhile, Charlotte underwent her own series of treatments. Her tits became even bigger, the implants in her buttocks were also replaced by larger ones. Her lips were gradually being filled with collagen. The girl was turning into a real aristocrat. Just as Jasmine, she succumbed to the first round of treatments with joy and fear. She needed time to get used to her new figure. She felt like a stranger inside her own body, equipped with those additional, up till now unknown curves. New bras and panties seemed huge. Also, she felt desire all the time and suffered due to Samuel's absence. She was certain she would return to him soon. After all, she completed a series of treatments. And then the artists informed her that this was just an initial phase, and her body was to be modified much, much more radically. Charlotte got scared and her first impulse was to run away as far as possible. What did they want to do with her body? Even now this huge bust and buttocks limited her movements and those huge lips stood out too much.

On the other hand she knew, of course, that all well born girls went through something like that. They managed somehow and bore all inconveniences so that their bodies would reflect their status and social position. Charlotte felt a sudden surge of determination. She, too, would bear that. And she would win. She would defeat Jasmine.

Ever since that moment she gladly submitted to all treatments and followed all commands of the artists and her teachers. She suppressed her own panic. Sometimes she would not recognize herself in the mirror. She couldn't believe that those clothes, those huge tents of fabric were really her own. When she tried to put on one of her old bras, its fabric got ripped and fell apart. The girl moaned with displeasure.





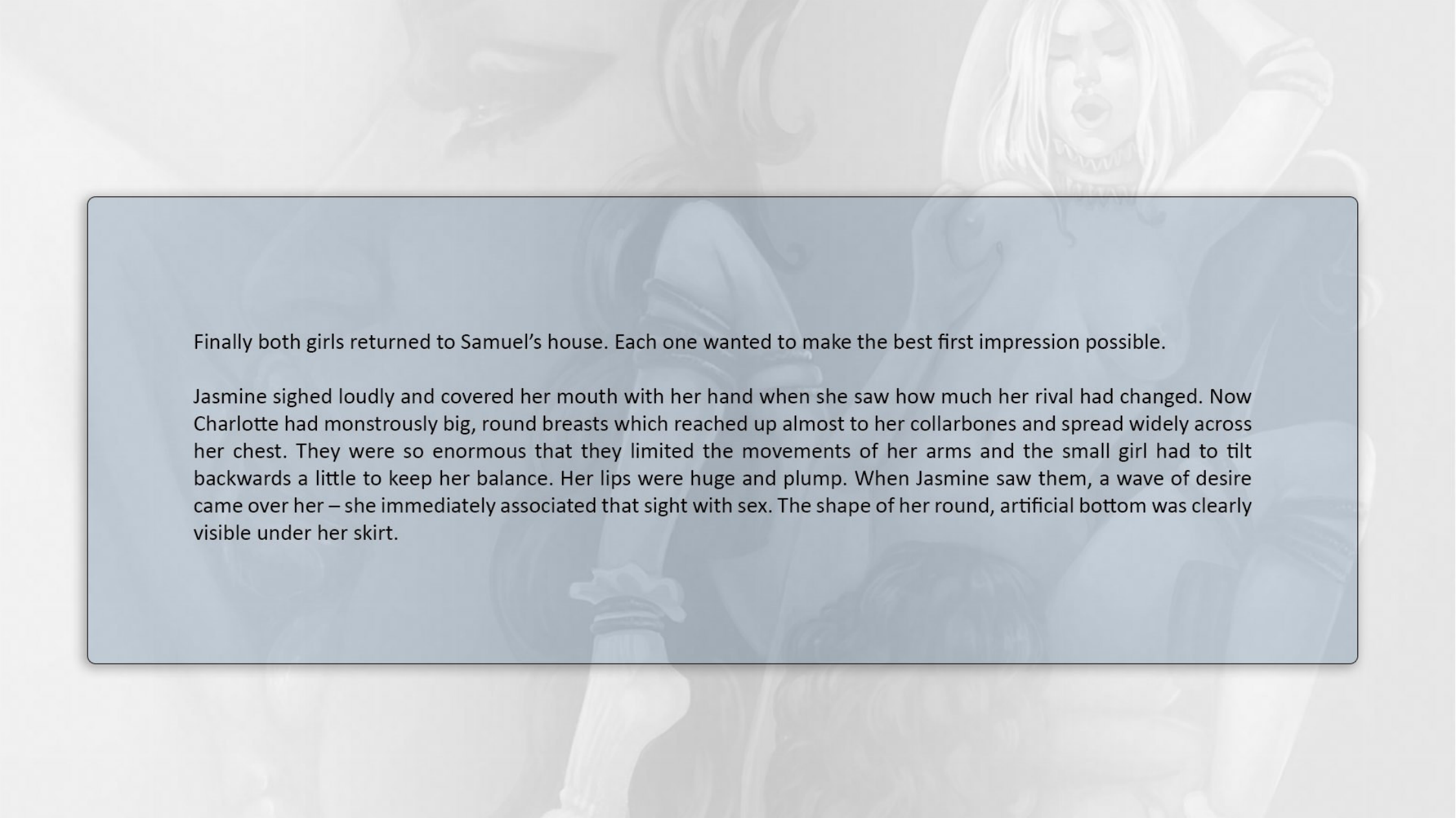
One of the nurses was standing in the doorway.

“Time for another treatment, madam,” she informed her.

“So soon?”

The woman nodded her head.

Charlotte gulped audibly. After all, her curves were already huge! She knew they would be enlarged even more but she tried not to imagine that. She followed the nurse obediently.

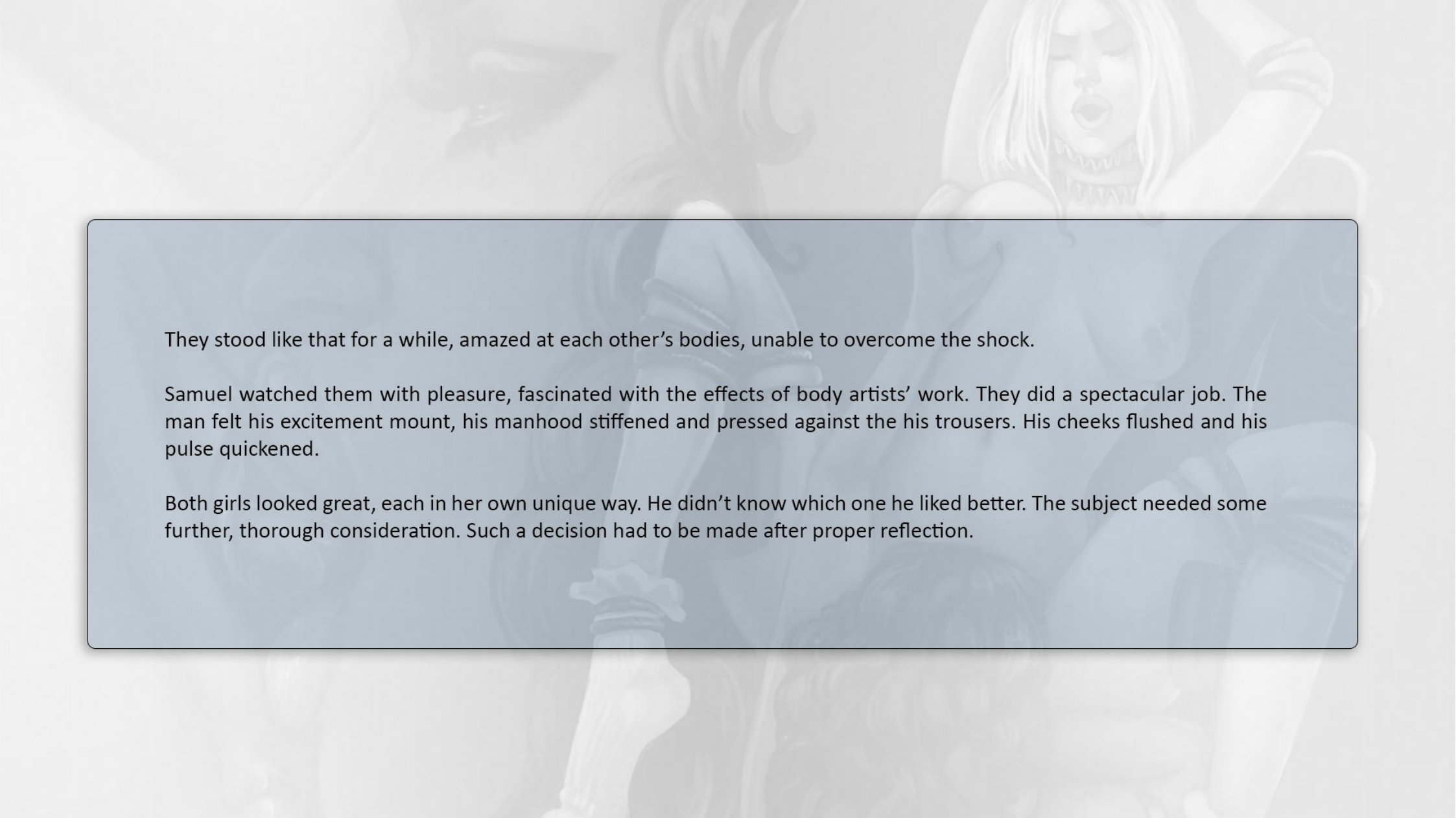


Finally both girls returned to Samuel's house. Each one wanted to make the best first impression possible.

Jasmine sighed loudly and covered her mouth with her hand when she saw how much her rival had changed. Now Charlotte had monstrously big, round breasts which reached up almost to her collarbones and spread widely across her chest. They were so enormous that they limited the movements of her arms and the small girl had to tilt backwards a little to keep her balance. Her lips were huge and plump. When Jasmine saw them, a wave of desire came over her – she immediately associated that sight with sex. The shape of her round, artificial bottom was clearly visible under her skirt.

Charlotte was equally shocked at the sight of her rival. Now, Jasmine had incredibly big, softly hanging tits which stretched the fabric of her top and sagged heavily towards her stomach. Her hips were more rounded and her buttocks and legs seemed appetizingly feminine. The shape of her figure was emphasized by her stiff corset.





They stood like that for a while, amazed at each other's bodies, unable to overcome the shock.

Samuel watched them with pleasure, fascinated with the effects of body artists' work. They did a spectacular job. The man felt his excitement mount, his manhood stiffened and pressed against the his trousers. His cheeks flushed and his pulse quickened.

Both girls looked great, each in her own unique way. He didn't know which one he liked better. The subject needed some further, thorough consideration. Such a decision had to be made after proper reflection.

Before & After

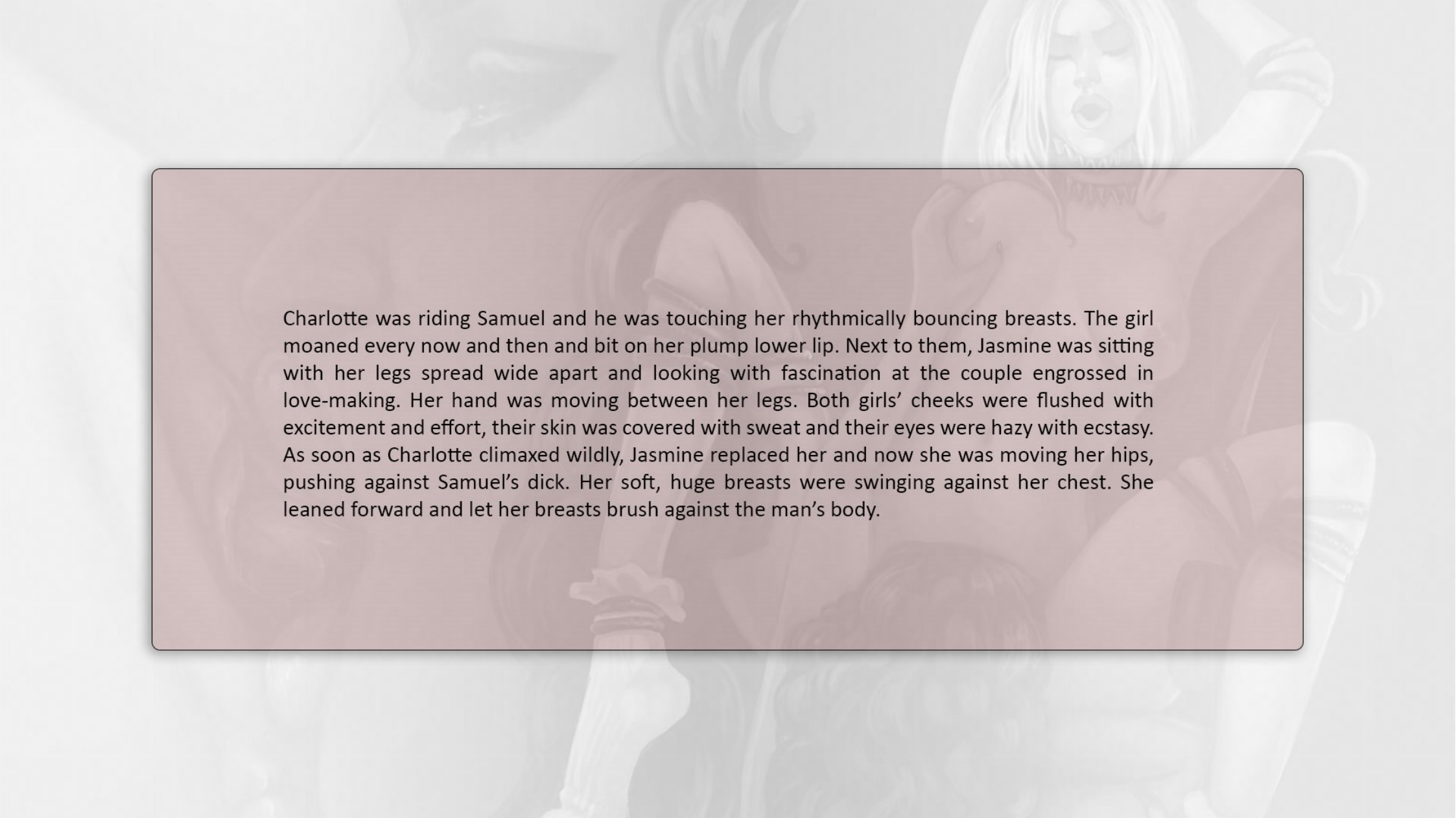


Before & After



Samuel spent the following days and weeks testing the skills of the girls. Both rivals competed for his favor and tried to do their best to fulfill all his wishes. He had to admit that he enjoyed that situation very much. He hardly started thinking that he would like some tea and Jasmine was already bringing it to him, taking small, careful steps in her high-heeled shoes. It was enough that he mentioned a hard day he had had and Charlotte was immediately suggesting a foot massage, a bath or a snack. The girls felt like sex all the time and he made love to them daily, in various configurations. He kept coming up with new ways to check which one he liked better. He took them to bed in turns or both at once. Sometimes he simply submitted to their ministrations and allowed them to take care of his needs.

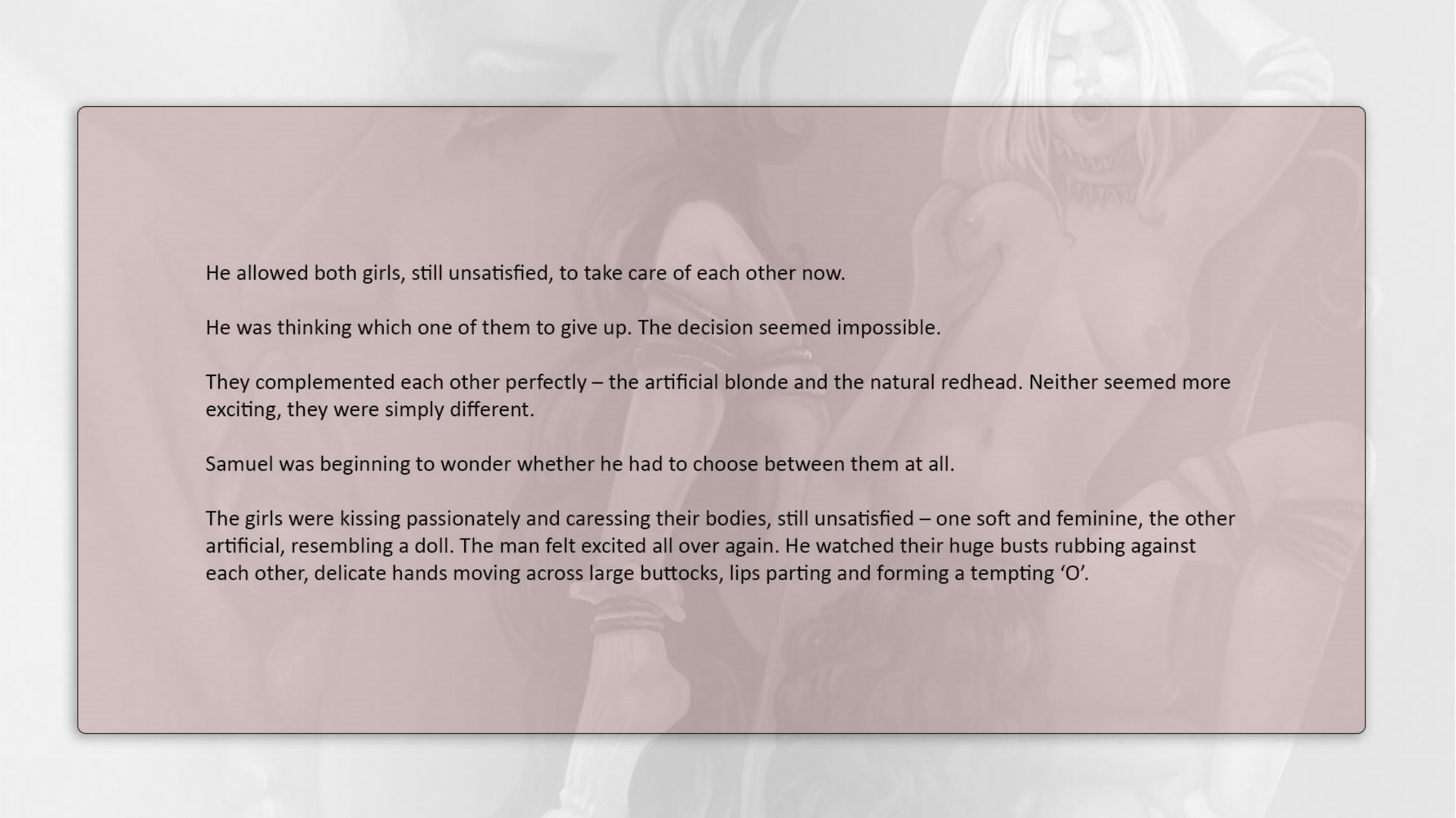




Charlotte was riding Samuel and he was touching her rhythmically bouncing breasts. The girl moaned every now and then and bit on her plump lower lip. Next to them, Jasmine was sitting with her legs spread wide apart and looking with fascination at the couple engrossed in love-making. Her hand was moving between her legs. Both girls' cheeks were flushed with excitement and effort, their skin was covered with sweat and their eyes were hazy with ecstasy. As soon as Charlotte climaxed wildly, Jasmine replaced her and now she was moving her hips, pushing against Samuel's dick. Her soft, huge breasts were swinging against her chest. She leaned forward and let her breasts brush against the man's body.



Samuel closed his eyes and moaned throatily, and he reached the orgasm he had been waiting for.



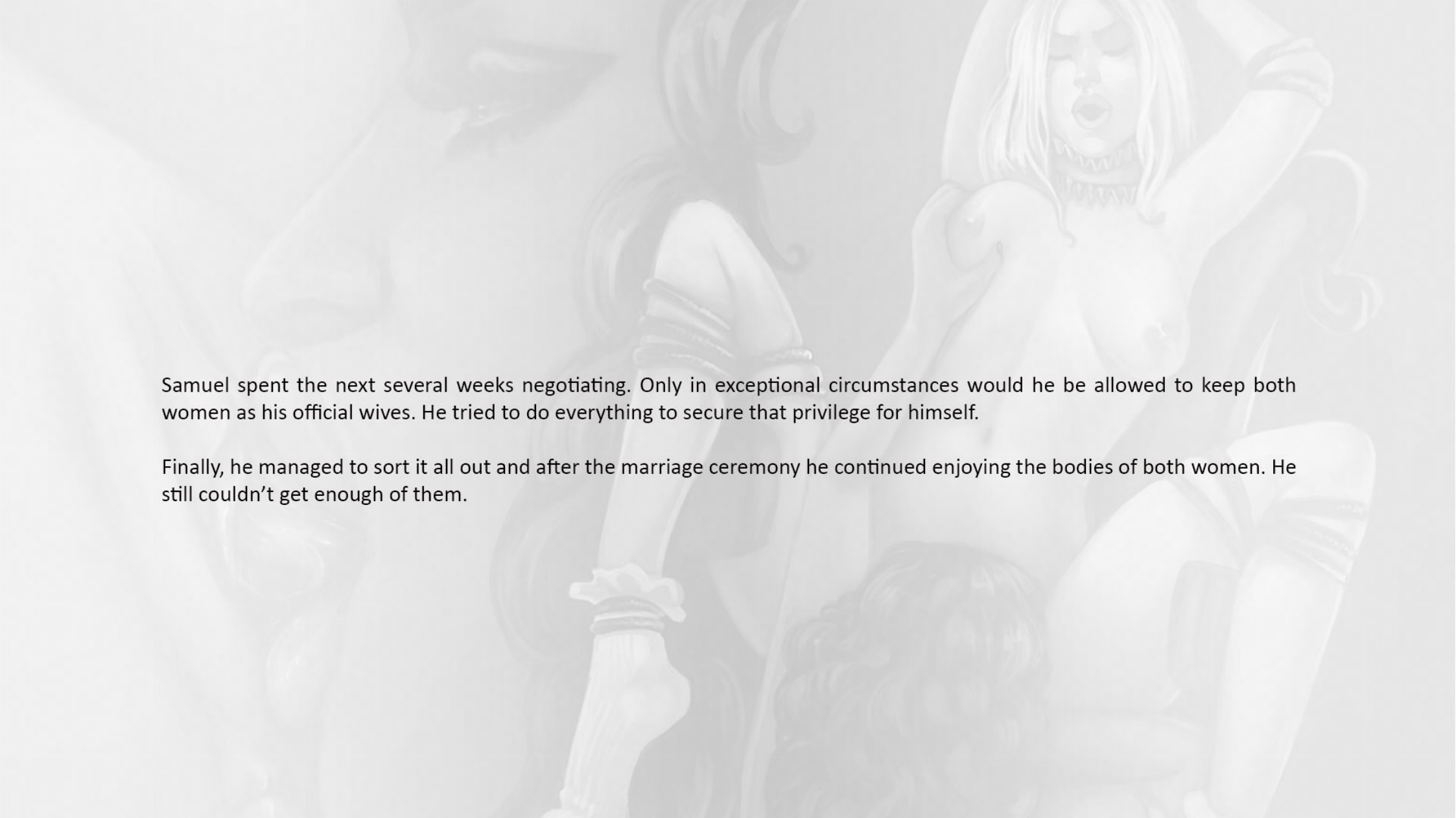
He allowed both girls, still unsatisfied, to take care of each other now.

He was thinking which one of them to give up. The decision seemed impossible.

They complemented each other perfectly – the artificial blonde and the natural redhead. Neither seemed more exciting, they were simply different.

Samuel was beginning to wonder whether he had to choose between them at all.

The girls were kissing passionately and caressing their bodies, still unsatisfied – one soft and feminine, the other artificial, resembling a doll. The man felt excited all over again. He watched their huge busts rubbing against each other, delicate hands moving across large buttocks, lips parting and forming a tempting 'O'.

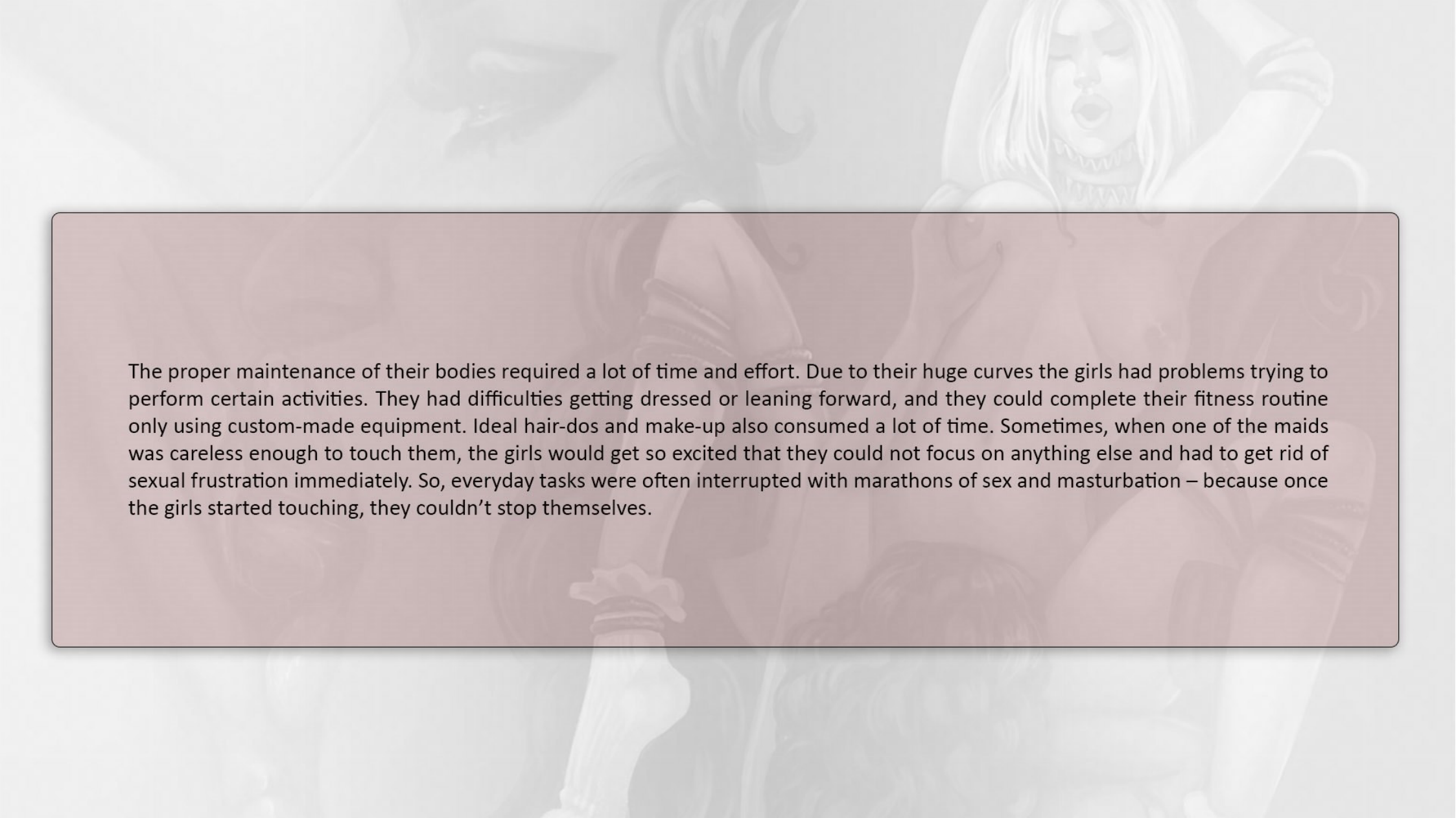


Samuel spent the next several weeks negotiating. Only in exceptional circumstances would he be allowed to keep both women as his official wives. He tried to do everything to secure that privilege for himself.

Finally, he managed to sort it all out and after the marriage ceremony he continued enjoying the bodies of both women. He still couldn't get enough of them.

Charlotte and Jasmine spent their days pampering their bodies, having sex and attending official gatherings. Those events made them feel proud (everyone treated them with respect and attention), but they gave them the least pleasure. The girls looked forward to the end of the ceremonies, when they would be able to return to the bedroom. They demanded sex every day and when Samuel had no wish – or no more strength – to satisfy them, they took care of each other's pleasure.

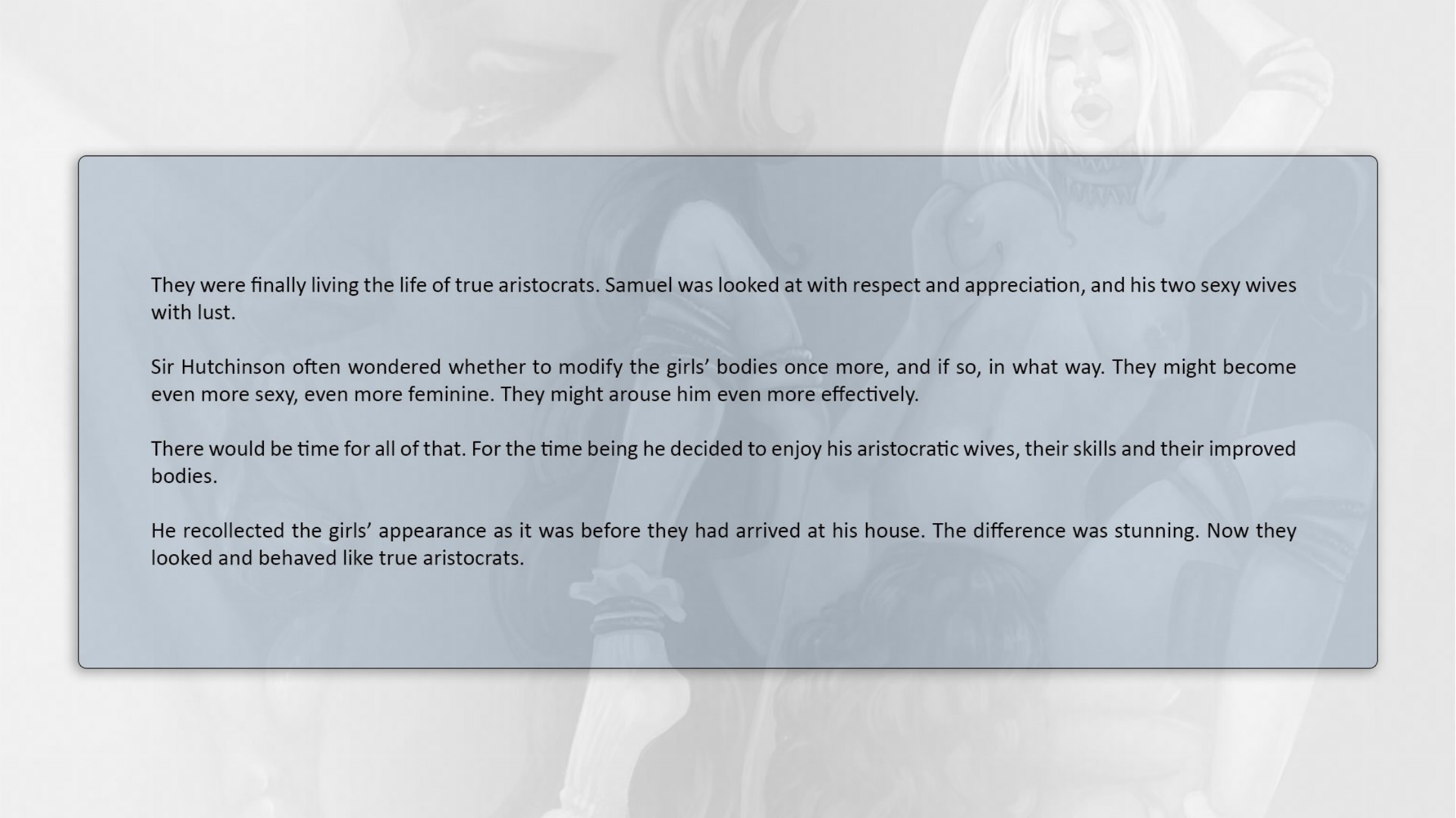




The proper maintenance of their bodies required a lot of time and effort. Due to their huge curves the girls had problems trying to perform certain activities. They had difficulties getting dressed or leaning forward, and they could complete their fitness routine only using custom-made equipment. Ideal hair-dos and make-up also consumed a lot of time. Sometimes, when one of the maids was careless enough to touch them, the girls would get so excited that they could not focus on anything else and had to get rid of sexual frustration immediately. So, everyday tasks were often interrupted with marathons of sex and masturbation – because once the girls started touching, they couldn't stop themselves.

Charlotte and Jasmine were still competing for their husband's favors and attention. They tried to look their best and behave properly, so as to get advantage over the rival. The blonde was even alluding to some further modifications and the redhead chimed in with enthusiasm.





They were finally living the life of true aristocrats. Samuel was looked at with respect and appreciation, and his two sexy wives with lust.

Sir Hutchinson often wondered whether to modify the girls' bodies once more, and if so, in what way. They might become even more sexy, even more feminine. They might arouse him even more effectively.

There would be time for all of that. For the time being he decided to enjoy his aristocratic wives, their skills and their improved bodies.

He recollected the girls' appearance as it was before they had arrived at his house. The difference was stunning. Now they looked and behaved like true aristocrats.



THE END

Thank you for reading!