

Princess Susan and a Blue Tear





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

Princess Susan

Hello. I am Susan Marbleheart of House Greanleaf. Let me tell you my story.

It's a story of the world I live in, of how I became a princess and of how I struggled against the Blue Tear not to let it to rule my life. I hope you find it interesting.

Where I live people put great importance in status and birth. The highborn watch over the grey lives of the lowborn citizens. The enlightened elite decides the fate of the nation. The most glorious houses form the aristocracy. These rich and influential people hold power over the economy and form the financial foundation of the state. At the very peak of society, the King sits on the throne.





The last fight wasn't easy. I panted heavily, holding on to my dark-haired friend's arm. Several strands of my blond hair slipped from beneath the helmet and stuck to me sweaty forehead. In the right hand I was still holding my bruised bokken.

- The victor is Lady Susan Greenleaf of House Greenleaf! – The referee announced excitedly. – Fighting alongside her loyal friend, Jessica Horn!

When you are a daughter of a Lord, the chances of becoming a soldier are slim. The family plans to marry you to someone powerful to strengthen the family name. Despite that, I loved fighting, and the successes in the ring always lifted my spirits. I brushed away a strand of hair from my face, wiped off the sweat and walked towards our defeated opponent – a burly blushing girl, now lying on the boards of the floor. Her friend had fallen nearby, and Jessica went to help him up. This was an important victory, Samantha and Butch had been the favourites, and by defeating them we became the school's best duelists. I was so happy! This win meant so much to me! This was my twenty-first birthday and it could be my last chance to compete in the ring. That success turned out to be a perfect birthday present.

Coming of age is a very important moment in the life of a young lady. First, it marks the end of studies. Second, the readiness to start adult life. For highborn women adult life is a whole new world. There's no place in it for swinging sticks or partying in clubs. A nubile lady is given to a body artist for improvement of her appearance so much, that from a normal girl she becomes a ravishing beauty. From that moment on she can participate in the life of upper classes, and her stunning beauty is a clear sign that she is highborn. Common women do not have right or resources to afford the services of an artist, which is why appearance is a signifier of status. If you see a beauty with lovely face, voluptuous breasts, slim waist and shapely buttocks you may be sure she is a noblewoman. If her breasts are really large and lips just made for fellatio, and her ass so big that it requires custom made clothes, you've probably met an aristocrat.



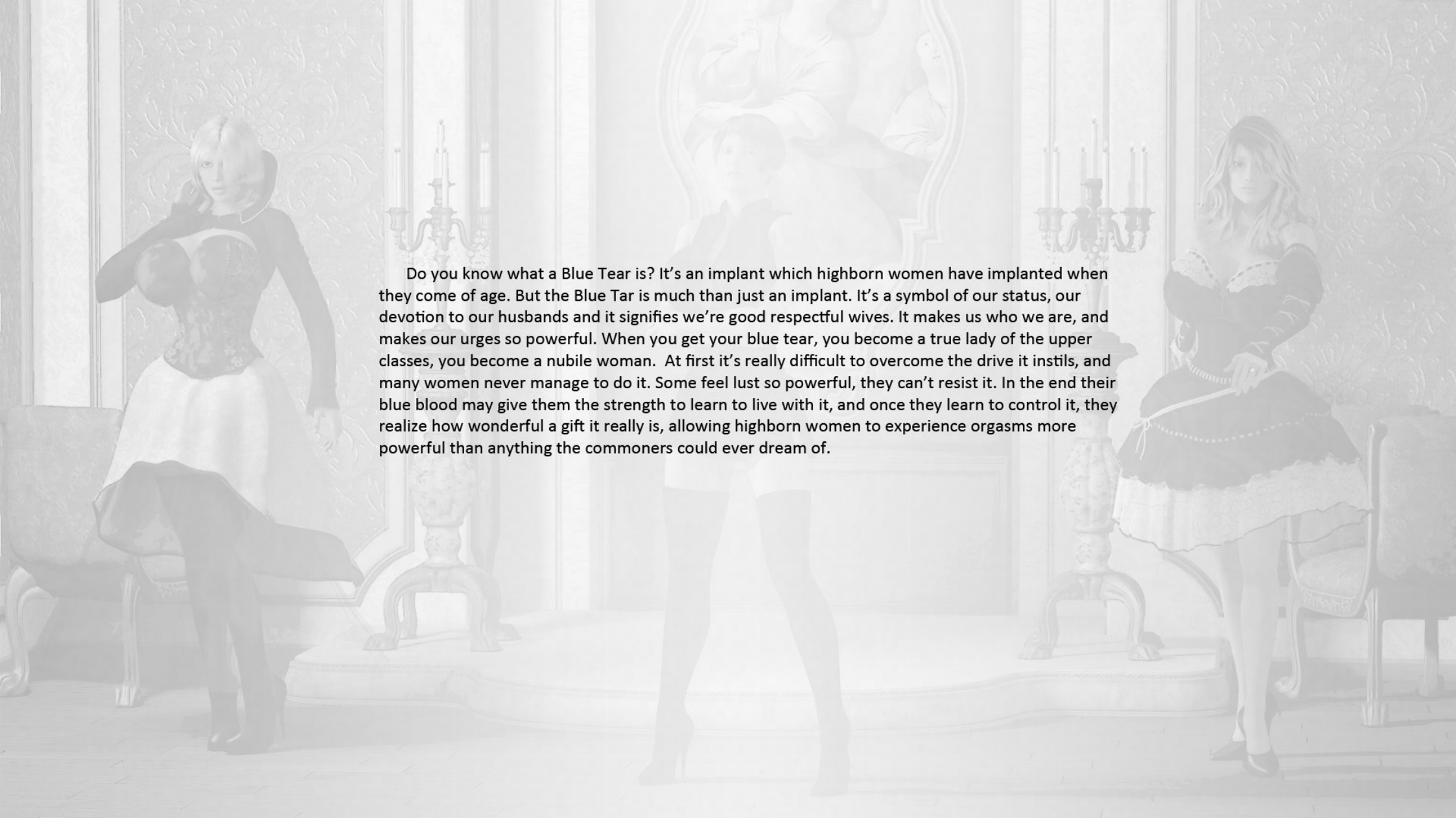


Common women caught using the services of body artists are severely punished. The exception are “companions” such as my dear Jessica. Our inseparable servants with whom we grow up from the youngest years, despite not being highborn are sent to artists as well due to their representative role.

For many highborn women coming of age is not an easy thing. Their body, improved in order to make them suitable for their social role has its needs. The higher their status, the more their libido increases. A typical noblewoman does not even attempt to match women from the High Houses but she still changes radically. Although she is rarely given to the body artists, her body improved by skilled craftsmen makes her an object of desire, which alongside her increased sexual drive puts her sex life above everything else. In the case of aristocracy it is different, as artists turn the ladies into the very essence of sensuality. My stepmother has breasts so large that, if she ever wanted to do sports, she'd never win any tournament. But she doesn't care, since she spends most of her time in bed, having sex or fondling her improved vagina, which enables her to cum dozen times a day.

You shouldn't be surprised then, that on my birthday I felt really anxious. For many women from my class, coming of age means that constant sex and lust now fill their lives replacing any and all former dreams. Pursuing the latest trends in fashion, young ladies become perverted nymphomaniacs, for whom the orgasm is a dream, reward and their primary duty.





Do you know what a Blue Tear is? It's an implant which highborn women have implanted when they come of age. But the Blue Tar is much than just an implant. It's a symbol of our status, our devotion to our husbands and it signifies we're good respectful wives. It makes us who we are, and makes our urges so powerful. When you get your blue tear, you become a true lady of the upper classes, you become a nubile woman. At first it's really difficult to overcome the drive it instils, and many women never manage to do it. Some feel lust so powerful, they can't resist it. In the end their blue blood may give them the strength to learn to live with it, and once they learn to control it, they realize how wonderful a gift it really is, allowing highborn women to experience orgasms more powerful than anything the commoners could ever dream of.

But there are also those that succumb to the tear's power. If that happens, they cease to be wives, and become lustful animals. It is then said that the blood in their veins wasn't really blue. Their husbands keep sending them to the body artists until they are turned into horny sex dolls, slaves to pleasure, objects which only purpose is to fulfil perverted fantasies.



Any day my family would announce who would be my future husband. People say I'm pretty, and many men enjoy looking at me. Claire, my mother's servant, says that my fame in the school ring makes me even more desirable. My father already can't wait to count the profits my marriage will bring.

- Today we will be celebrating! – Jessica exclaimed cheerfully. – You're turning 21, we can't miss such an opportunity!

I was perfectly aware that my family had prepared a birthday party for me, but blowing candles and smiling to uncles was not exactly my idea of fun. That is why long before my birthday we had decided to sneak away and hit the town. We would celebrate in common clubs with common people.

I don't even remember whose wedding reception it was. One of many. When we got there, we both were really tipsy. We had drink after drink and the world was a whirling faster and faster. We felt like princesses. I'm blonde and like to dress colourfully, while my dear Jessica prefers to dress in black, to match her hair, dark as a moonless night. We were like angel and devil, or Ying and Yang. All eyes were upon us, I don't know if I was more drunk with alcohol or with all this attention.



- I think I've already seen that guy somewhere – said Jessica. I eyed the guy she was blatantly pointing at. Yeah, I did recognise his face, I had seen him before in the previous club we visited, did he follow us here? The man smiled to us and raised his glass in a toast gesture. If I had not been drunk, it might have seemed rather suspicious to me, but I was, and our mysterious stalker was really handsome. Young and well built, with noble face and dark hair crossed with a single strand of blond. After a moment of consideration I started walking towards him.

The world was whirling slightly, the music was loud with basses. Someone chatted me up on the way; nether young nor old, in a nice suit. The scent of his cologne was really intense, as if he had used an entire flask. He smiled to me provokingly playing with keys to a Sports Dark Horse. My first impulse was to ignore him and keep walking, but I changed my mind at the last second. "It could be really fun" I thought when I let him lead me to the counter.

- You like a fast ride honey? – he asked, passing me a drink. Suddenly, Jess was behind him, giving me a puzzled look, and I could hardly hide a wicked smile.

- And can you drive fast? – I answered with a question.

- I'm a courier. – he replied with pride – It's my job.

- Oh wow! Awesome! You drive a dark horse?

- The latest model. GTX, 6-Litre, 600 horsepower, two-phase injection processor.

- Woow! Ejaculation processor! – I exclaimed delighted. Jess standing in the back almost burst with laughter!

- Injection! Injection processor. – he corrected nervously. He either didn't get the joke or didn't find it funny.

- Tell me how long does your horse need to reach it's destination?

- It depends on my location and the destination, in the city five to eight minutes is usually enough. – he answered proudly.

- Only five minutes? Oh that sounds a bit short. A short distance horse then?

- He, he, you're funny kid.

- Maybe you should move to the country if it's only five minutes in the city?

- Don't be such a smartass babe, drink.

- And what kind of drink is it anyway? – I asked. – An expensive one?

- The Club's special babe, only for the chosen guests. You won't find it in the card. – he said, giving the bartender a wink.

- Reeeaaaly? And it looks exactly like "Electric Candy Drop" – I replied pointing to the cheapest drink in the card.

- You really are a smartass, cunt.

I must admit, when he called me "cunt" I got a little pissed, so I smiled falsely and looked him in the eye seriously. – I'm not a smartass, courier. Rather, you're a complete idiot. – I said as sweetly as I could. This time Jess couldn't hold it and she burst with drunken laughter.

- Listen you stupid cunt! – the man hissed angrily – you don't wanna fuck – That's your problem, but don't piss me off or it'll end badly for you.



Suddenly, a man appeared between us, it was the same man who had been watching us earlier, the handsome dark-haired guy with a blond strand.

- I demand you apologize to the lady immediately! – he said calmly, with a commanding voice. Oh, how handsome he was when he was saying it. I did not need his help, but I was enjoying the role of a damsel in distress. What a night! And in that moment three of the courier’s buddies suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and the situation got much more tense and dangerous.

- You wanted to play a hero, douchebag? – started the Dark Horse’s driver. He didn’t finish though, as he was hit in the back of the head with something heavy. He collapsed unconscious. Over him stood Jess, holding a bar stool. She smiled with a drunken disregard and shouted happily. – Bar fight! Perfect!

I don’t remember what followed, but it was rough. As if someone pulled a magical lever saying “brawl”. People were fighting left and right. Jess fights really well, and before the security interfered, she managed to knock out two random patrons. We made it out through the back. I won’t forget how I chased through the kitchen past the puzzles staff. We ran out into the parking lot and with us, my blond stranded hero, I was shouting something to him and laughing hard. He waved the keys to the Dark Horse, he must’ve taken them from the knocked out courier. I remember how I was shouting and waving my hands, sticking halfway out through the sunroof when we were madly driving through the streets. Jess stole two bottles of some liqueur from the bar. We kept on drinking while my hero was driving through asphalt streets and courtyards behind the wheel of the Dark Horse.

In the morning, I woke up together with Jessica at the city lock-up. My head hurt and I felt nauseous. The night rider was nowhere to be seen. Claire picked us up at noon. She didn't say a word, but her anger and embarrassment were apparent.

I'll spare you the details of what followed. Suffice to say that there was no end to whining, shouting and crying. No one could understand how a Young Lady of House Greenleaf could act so outrageously. That day my father, Lord Aaron Ferdinand Greenleaf cancelled all meetings in order to have some time to cope with this horrible affront. My stepmother, Lady Sophia cried of humiliation.

Two days later my father's wife sent for me. Apart from the initial row after Claire had brought me back, my parents had not spoken to me since the whole mess. If my stepmother wanted to speak to me, it had to be something important. I expected it was something about marriage. According to the custom it was the mother who announced the daughter the decision that parents made regarding her marriage. My mother passed away many years ago, and thus Lady Sophia assumed her duties.

My father's new wife was known for her noble beauty. Large breasts, wide hips and very prominent buttocks contrasted with unnaturally slim waist. Common women could only envy such voluptuous and harmonious proportions. Her chiselled by the artists body was a symbol of status, and Lady Sophia liked to show it. She would only appear in public in the most expensive designer creations, that suited her aristocratic appearance.





Claire's beauty, though extraordinary, was nothing in comparison to her mistress. An unwritten rule stated that the "companion" should only be a tasteful shadow of her Lady. Her bust and ass were full, yet could not match the size of the mistress's she served. Common people seeing her in public places could only imagine how lovely and distinguished must be the mistress of a girl with such ripe, voluptuous shapes.

- My dear – she started in a formal tone. – You are unbelievably lucky, which in the light of your recent misbehaviour only shows how fickle is fate. You’ve been chosen to become the wife of one of the most powerful men in the country. You shall wed the prince himself! Yesterday Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart personally requested your hand, and your father graciously agreed.

Here Sophia made a short pause to look me in the eye.

- It is a reason for great joy and pride – she continued. – However you must remember that the honour bestowed upon you comes with certain responsibilities. Your life shall nevermore be as you knew it. Wife’s duty is to look after her husband. You shall be the one who comforts the prince after his daily affairs are done. The purpose of your life will be to please. The reward for good behaviour will be ecstasy greater than anything you’ve experienced so far.

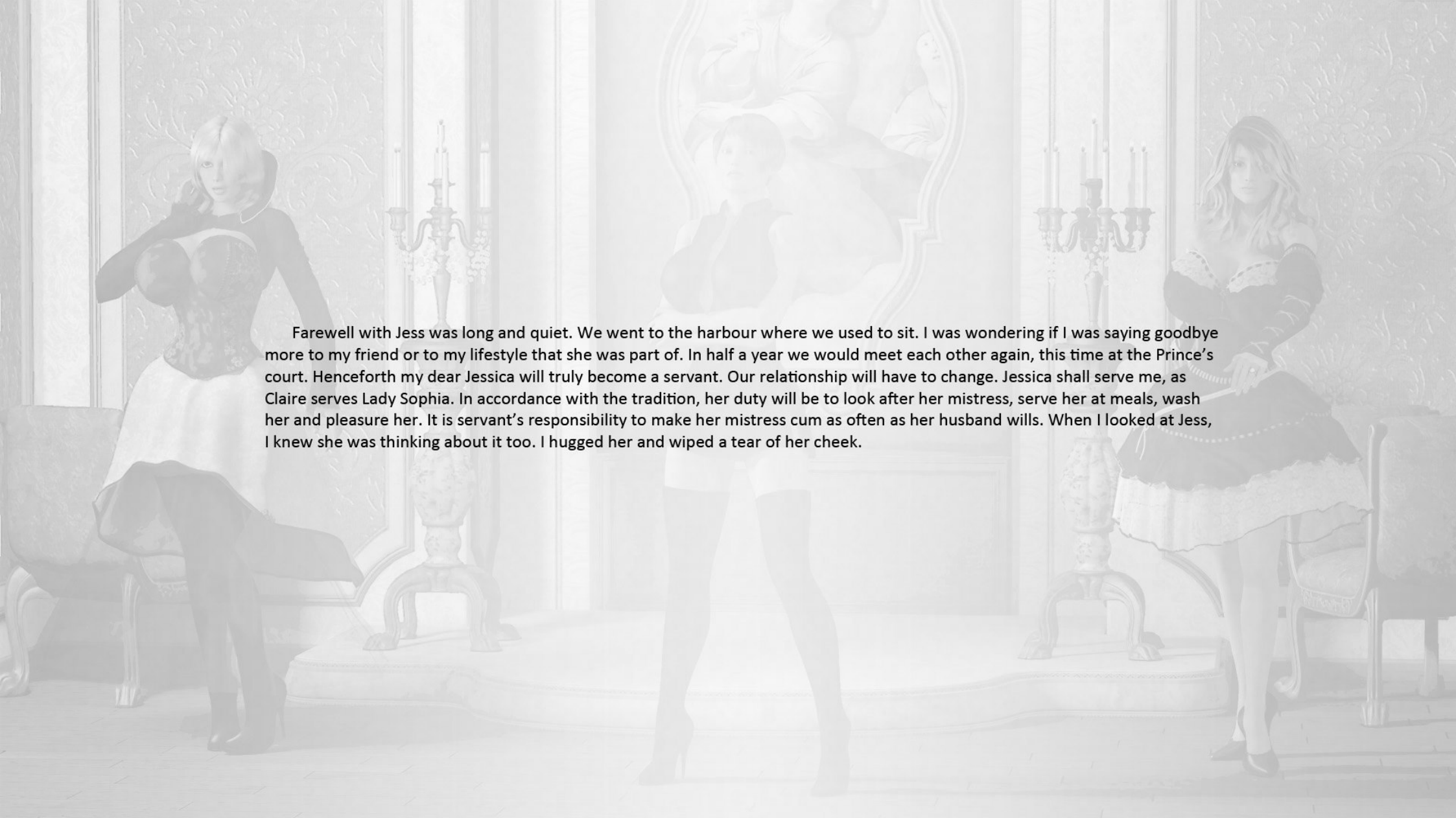
Stepmother’s enormous breasts were rising and falling rapidly as she breathed quickly and blushed with excitement. Thought that I shall soon become a true, grown up lady must’ve really aroused her. I thought about the Blue Tear she was given when she came of age. It was the reason why most of the time she was aroused. Maybe even during our conversation her sexually improved clitoris was stimulated by a vibrating toy, one of many in her collection. Unfortunately any day I would get my own Blue Tear.

- Henceforth we shall be preparing you to your new role. – Stepmother’s words drove me back from my thoughts – You are the Prince’s chosen and House Greenleaf cannot fail him, which is why you shall be sent to the most skilled body artists your father can afford. You should be overcome with joy!


- Does it mean my tits are going to be as large as yours? – I replied annoyed.

- Oh no, my dear – answered Lady Sophia brushing lightly her large breast, when you’re ready you will be so magnificent, that even I won’t be able to match you! The Prince will surely be delighted!





Farewell with Jess was long and quiet. We went to the harbour where we used to sit. I was wondering if I was saying goodbye more to my friend or to my lifestyle that she was part of. In half a year we would meet each other again, this time at the Prince's court. Henceforth my dear Jessica will truly become a servant. Our relationship will have to change. Jessica shall serve me, as Claire serves Lady Sophia. In accordance with the tradition, her duty will be to look after her mistress, serve her at meals, wash her and pleasure her. It is servant's responsibility to make her mistress cum as often as her husband wills. When I looked at Jess, I knew she was thinking about it too. I hugged her and wiped a tear of her cheek.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white halter-neck top with a white ruffled collar and a black plaid skirt with a white ruffled waistband, stands in a room. She is also wearing black thigh-high boots. The background features a large, ornate mirror reflecting her image, a chandelier, and a woman sitting on a chair. The scene is dimly lit, with the woman in the foreground being the primary focus.

Lady Sophia, like every respectable lady, spent most of her time having sex. It was customary that a wife should always be ready for sex, which is why body artists hired by wealthy houses significantly increased women's libido. A good wife felt constant lust. Every day, Lady Sophia experienced many orgasms, pleased by her servant or while having sex with her lord husband. She was happy to have sex with her husband's influential guests whenever he wished so. I watched my stepmother with curiosity. She was lying on a couch. Her huge breasts were rising and falling rhythmically as she was panting. Between her spread legs, kneeling Claire was sucking and licking her clitoris. Stepmother's breasts were enormous. I was wondering if her words were true, if my breasts would soon become even larger! Similarly, large butt and wide hips would replace my fit, boyish silhouette.



From now on, your breasts shall continue to grow, said the artist; so will your hips and buttock. Soon you shall have the shapes of a true goddess. I used to wear 32C sized bra, but every day since the visit, my breasts have been growing larger and larger. I couldn't get used to its rapidly growing weight. Ever larger tits reminded me about their presence all the time, regardless if I was running, leaning down or sleeping. Every two or three days we would visit the artist who checked if the first stage of changes is proceeding properly.

Every week I had to change my bras, and each subsequent one had larger and thicker cups as well as wider straps to prevent the bra filled with my heavy breasts from bruising my shoulders. When my bust reached the size of 34F people in the streets started to show me more respect. My high status was now apparent.

Claire looked at me with pride. – You're no longer a child – She said. – You are gradually becoming a mature woman. A mature woman does not play with wooden swords and does not engage in useless fights. She is serious, graceful and seductive. She proudly presents her noble shapes, is a symbol of class and status. We are very proud of you.

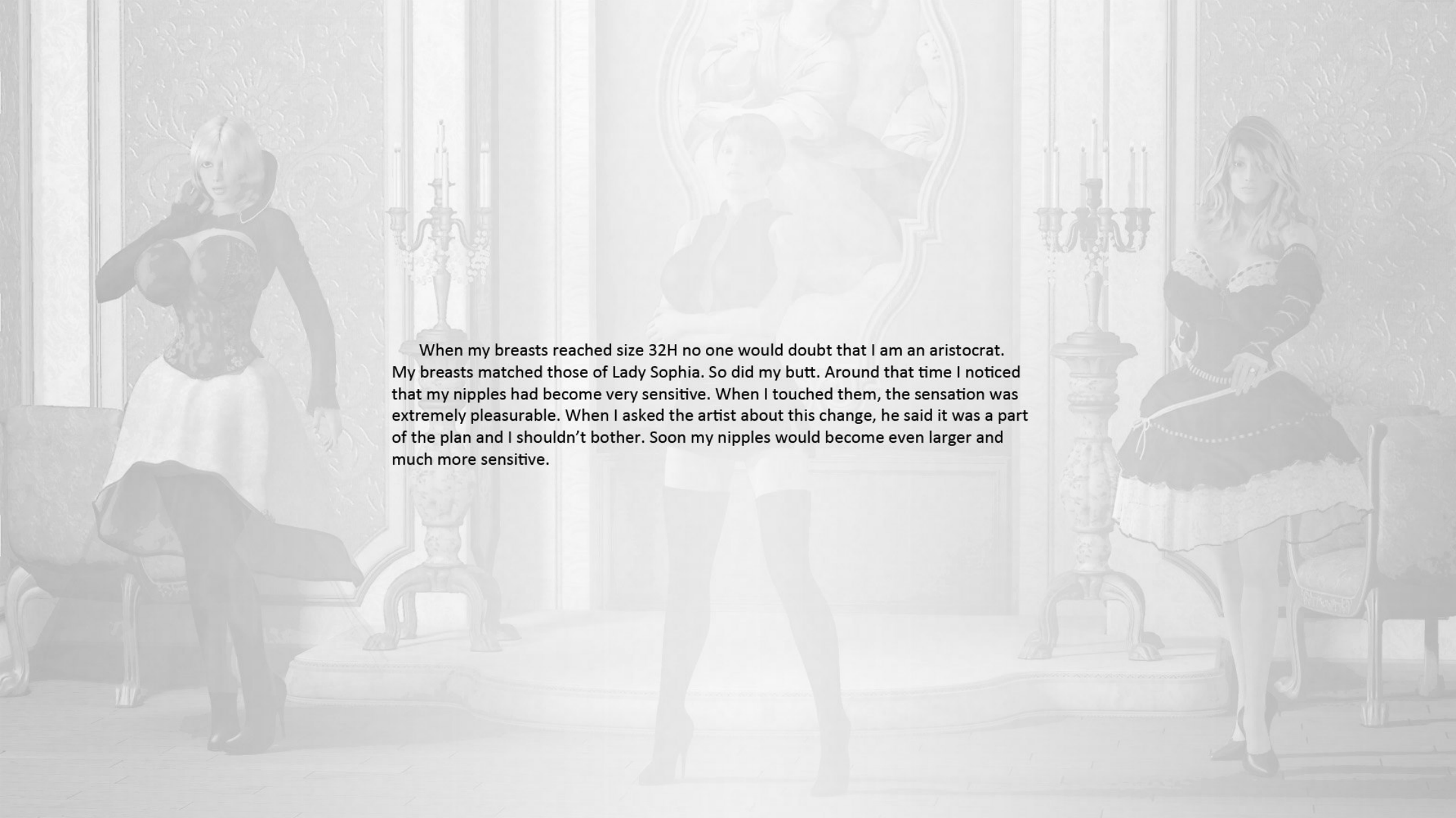
Unfortunately my noble bottom was also becoming a symbol of class and status. My sweet fit butt grew to such an extent; I could hardly fit into my trousers. Wearing jeans became a real torment. My buttocks stretch the fabric to its limits. Therefore, I recently started preferring skirts and tracksuit trousers. My body is less and less suited to normal life and more and more to lying in the bedroom. Anxious I watched my stepmother, who moved gracefully, but running or jumping was out of the question. She spent most of her time sitting or lying with her legs spread, meanwhile her servant made sure her mistress had the number of orgasms determined by the lord husband for that day. I was yet to become like her, but I slowly started feeling more and more like a sexual object, rather than a girl.






After four weeks my butt and breast had become so large, I surpassed Claire and were closer in size to my stepmother. I was very worried, my new size required a lot of attention, and simple activities had become really problematic. The choice of bra and shirt became important. When I went to jog, I had to wear a special bra for “active ladies”, otherwise my breasts would bounce madly, hurt like hell, and I had to stop. Even when I was wearing a sports bra, the size was problematic.

I could no longer fight with a bokken, as new shapes messed up my balance. I quit all active sports and started training on static machines where my bouncing breasts and large butt were no problem. I was perfectly aware that I shall become even larger, and it was useless to resist. My stepmother was still larger than me, but her size was nowhere near what I was required to become. In order to satisfy my future husband, my breasts butt and hips would have to be far larger than hers.

A grayscale illustration of a woman in a corset and skirt, standing in a room with ornate furniture and a large framed picture on the wall. The woman is the central figure, wearing a dark corset with lace detailing and a light-colored skirt. She has large breasts and is looking towards the viewer. The room features a large framed picture on the wall behind her, a candelabra on a table to her left, and another candelabra on a table to her right. The overall style is reminiscent of a classic painting or a detailed illustration.

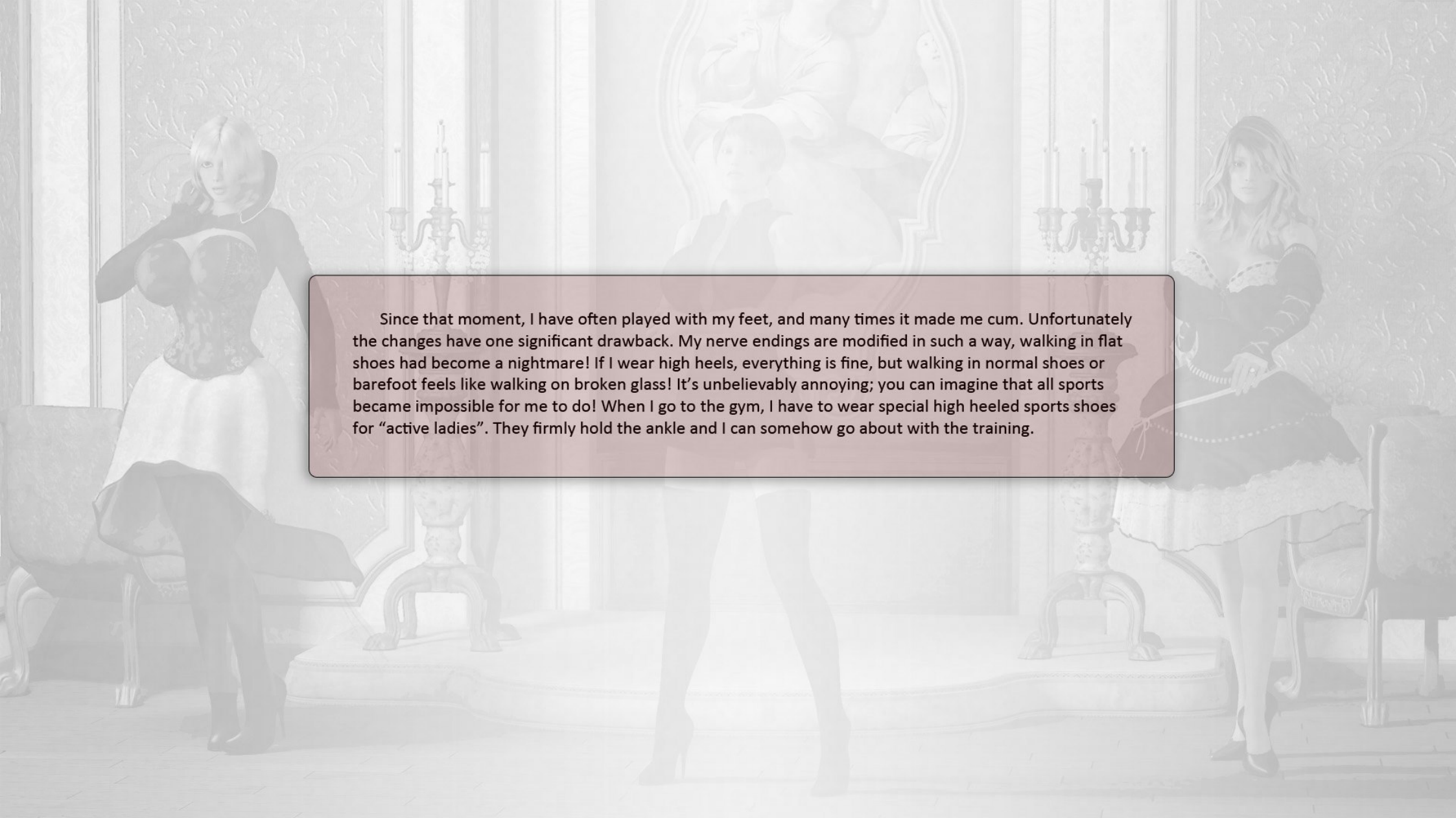
When my breasts reached size 32H no one would doubt that I am an aristocrat. My breasts matched those of Lady Sophia. So did my butt. Around that time I noticed that my nipples had become very sensitive. When I touched them, the sensation was extremely pleasurable. When I asked the artist about this change, he said it was a part of the plan and I shouldn't bother. Soon my nipples would become even larger and much more sensitive.



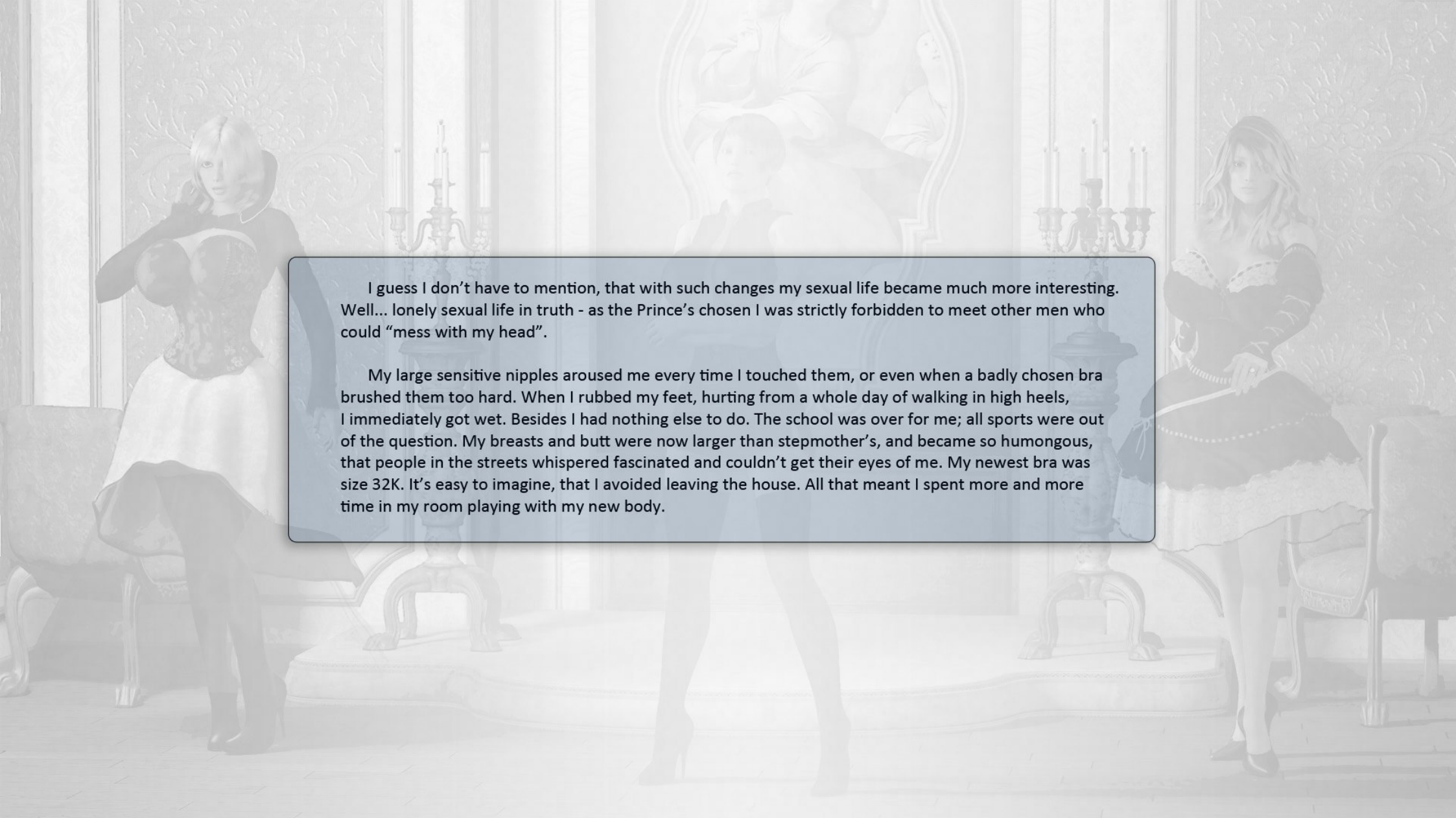
It was easier said than done. My nipples grew to the size of thimbles, and since even the lightest touch made them erect, they were prominently visible beneath every blouse. On the other hand I have to admit they gave me a lot of pleasure, and ever more often I caught myself touching them through clothing when no one was looking. My own touch aroused me more than I would like to admit.

During another visit the artist worked with my feet. I was very surprised; I didn't know what he would do with them. When he was done, they didn't look different, but I quickly realised what happened. He asked his assistant to rub my feet, while he was monitoring my reactions on the screen of his computer. When her gentle hands touched my feet I thought she was an angel! Her touch felt so great I sighed. The pleasure was radiating through my body with such power I started moaning with ecstasy! If the artist hadn't stopped the monitoring, his little assistant would undoubtedly make me cum!



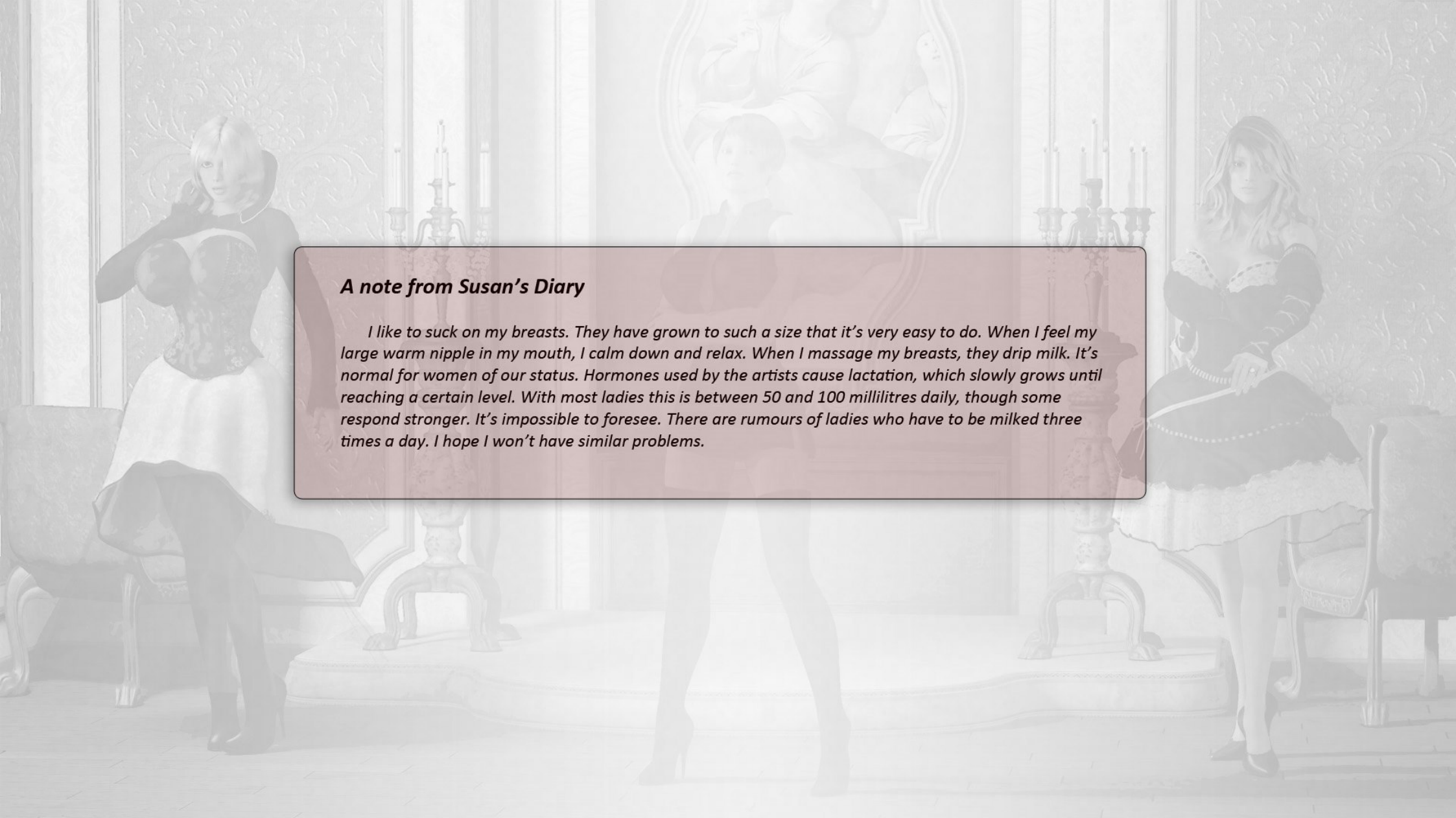


Since that moment, I have often played with my feet, and many times it made me cum. Unfortunately the changes have one significant drawback. My nerve endings are modified in such a way, walking in flat shoes had become a nightmare! If I wear high heels, everything is fine, but walking in normal shoes or barefoot feels like walking on broken glass! It's unbelievably annoying; you can imagine that all sports became impossible for me to do! When I go to the gym, I have to wear special high heeled sports shoes for "active ladies". They firmly hold the ankle and I can somehow go about with the training.



I guess I don't have to mention, that with such changes my sexual life became much more interesting. Well... lonely sexual life in truth - as the Prince's chosen I was strictly forbidden to meet other men who could "mess with my head".

My large sensitive nipples aroused me every time I touched them, or even when a badly chosen bra brushed them too hard. When I rubbed my feet, hurting from a whole day of walking in high heels, I immediately got wet. Besides I had nothing else to do. The school was over for me; all sports were out of the question. My breasts and butt were now larger than stepmother's, and became so humongous, that people in the streets whispered fascinated and couldn't get their eyes of me. My newest bra was size 32K. It's easy to imagine, that I avoided leaving the house. All that meant I spent more and more time in my room playing with my new body.



A note from Susan's Diary

I like to suck on my breasts. They have grown to such a size that it's very easy to do. When I feel my large warm nipple in my mouth, I calm down and relax. When I massage my breasts, they drip milk. It's normal for women of our status. Hormones used by the artists cause lactation, which slowly grows until reaching a certain level. With most ladies this is between 50 and 100 millilitres daily, though some respond stronger. It's impossible to foresee. There are rumours of ladies who have to be milked three times a day. I hope I won't have similar problems.

When my breasts and butt finally ceased to grow, I was much bigger than my stepmother. My buttocks became so prominent that normal trousers became a thing of the past. I sometimes knock things over with my large butt, like that porcelain lamp that I accidentally knocked off the table recently. It pisses me off. When I'm going somewhere, I feel my breasts arrive there first, and I'm followed by my huge butt.

However it wasn't until later that it became really hard. During my subsequent visit, the artist was very serious and announced that the change he would do would significantly alter my life. Seeing his solemn expression I wanted to burst with laughter. As if nothing had changed so far!

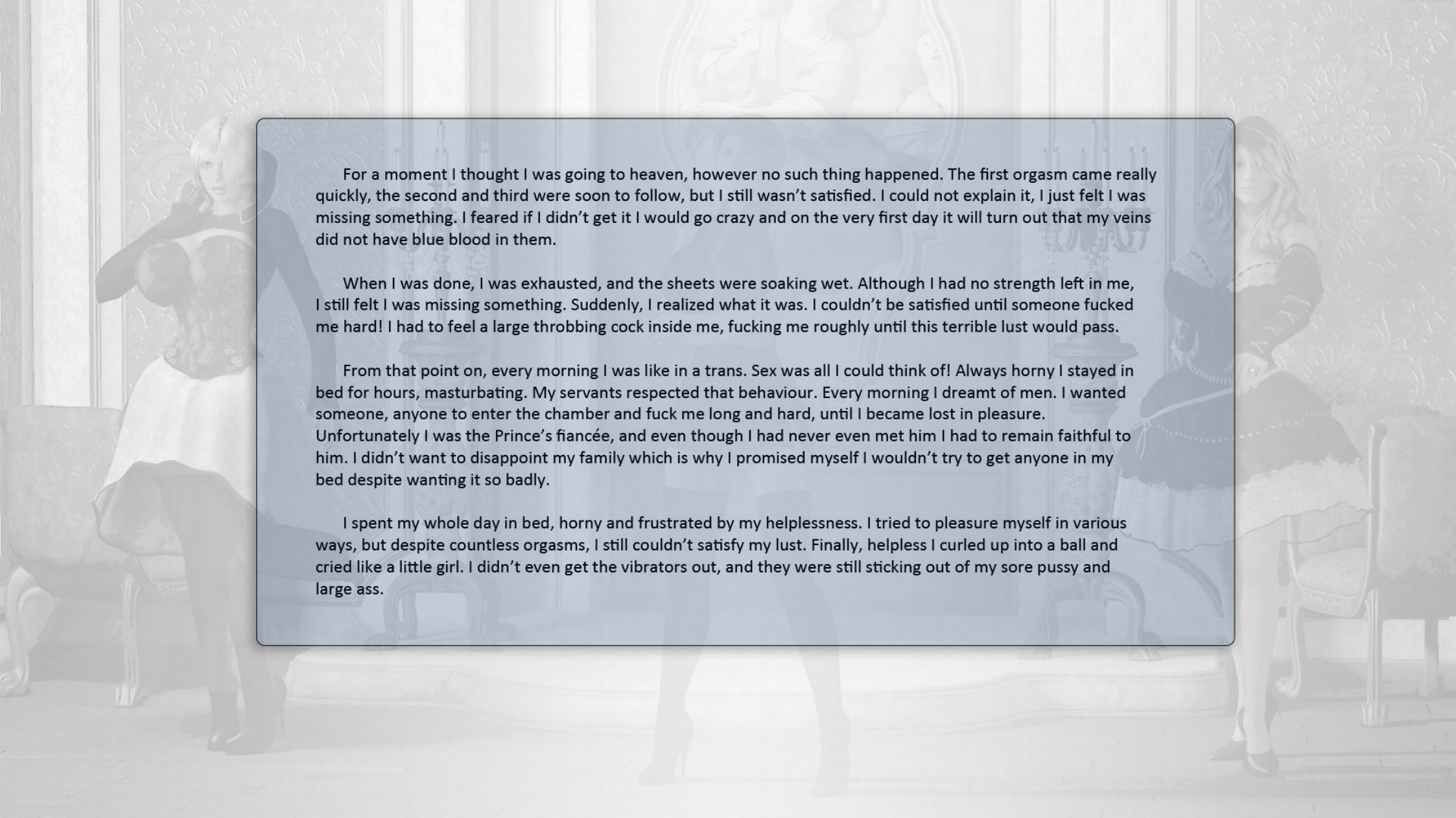
The sculptor performed brief but important surgery. He implanted me with the famous Blue Tear. From now on it would forever stay inside my body.





The following morning I felt it for the first time. I woke up hornier than ever before. I felt my pussy pulsating, my nipples were hot and rock-hard, my heart was beating wildly. I was lying in bed on my back, trying to resist the urge to touch and fondle my body, mad with lust. I knew it wasn't me, that it was the doing of Blue Tear. My imagination was filled with images of penises; large, erect, rock-hard cocks with thick veins visible beneath the soft stretched skin.

I wanted to have them inside. All at once in all my holes, I dreamed of them penetrating me one by one, time and time again until I collapsed exhausted. It was shocking! I had never fantasised in such a way. I dreamed of boys or Jess, sometimes I imagined the stranger from the club, whom I met on my twenty-first birthday. I had never fantasised about having group sex before, and penises had only symbolic meaning for me do far. But at the moment I wholeheartedly craved to be fucked like a bitch in heat. These vulgar words filled my mind, overcome with lust. –“Fuck like a bitch”. I desired to be mercilessly taken, again and again. Before I knew it, I was sucking on my nipples. Ecstatically I squeezed my large breasts tasting the warm milk in my mouth. A moment later, my naughty hand reached to fondle my wet pleasure spot, while sensitive feet started rubbing each other.



For a moment I thought I was going to heaven, however no such thing happened. The first orgasm came really quickly, the second and third were soon to follow, but I still wasn't satisfied. I could not explain it, I just felt I was missing something. I feared if I didn't get it I would go crazy and on the very first day it will turn out that my veins did not have blue blood in them.

When I was done, I was exhausted, and the sheets were soaking wet. Although I had no strength left in me, I still felt I was missing something. Suddenly, I realized what it was. I couldn't be satisfied until someone fucked me hard! I had to feel a large throbbing cock inside me, fucking me roughly until this terrible lust would pass.

From that point on, every morning I was like in a trans. Sex was all I could think of! Always horny I stayed in bed for hours, masturbating. My servants respected that behaviour. Every morning I dreamt of men. I wanted someone, anyone to enter the chamber and fuck me long and hard, until I became lost in pleasure. Unfortunately I was the Prince's fiancée, and even though I had never even met him I had to remain faithful to him. I didn't want to disappoint my family which is why I promised myself I wouldn't try to get anyone in my bed despite wanting it so badly.

I spent my whole day in bed, horny and frustrated by my helplessness. I tried to pleasure myself in various ways, but despite countless orgasms, I still couldn't satisfy my lust. Finally, helpless I curled up into a ball and cried like a little girl. I didn't even get the vibrators out, and they were still sticking out of my sore pussy and large ass.

In the evening Claire checked on me. Without saying a word, she sat on my bed and started stroking my hair.

- How are you getting along? – She asked concerned. It took some time before I answered, I didn't feel like talking, I was exhausted and I didn't know what to say. Claire was sitting next to me and kept on stroking my hair while I was sobbing quietly. My imagination was still filled with images of large cocks vigorously ramming my holes, I dreamed of being fucked.

- Claire – I finally said.

- Yes Miss Susan?

- I have to ask you a favour.

- I understand – She nodded her head. – Tell me exactly what I should do.

- Bring the largest dildo from Lady Sophia's collection and fuck me with it until I beg you to stop. Be rough and merciless.

Claire took turns fucking my ass and pussy, the toy was really large and both holes hurt a lot, but I was in heaven anyway. I howled with ecstasy and begged for more. That was what I was missing. Even if I masturbated for a week, I would never be able to reach this level of satisfaction, only the experience of someone else penetrating my holes allowed me to get the bliss I craved. When Claire was holding me with one hand and fucking with another with all her strength, I felt happy and blissful, as if all my dreams suddenly came true.



A note from Susan's Diary

This is what almost every day looks like now. In the morning I wake up, in the mood for sex. Hmm... that is an understatement. I am mad with lust; every part of my body craves sex more than anything else. I reach my hand between my legs before I even open my eyes, while my other hand reaches to fondle my large breasts. I masturbate waiting for Claire. Before the body artist turned me into a nubile lady my mornings had been different. I would get up, do some morning exercise, eat a light breakfast and go outside to jog and practice kata. Nowadays it is simply impossible. Jogging in high-heeled shoes is absurd. Even if I stubbornly tried to jog in shoes for "active ladies", my large breasts and butt would keep bouncing like crazy even in sportswear. I am an adult now; there is no place in my life for silly things. Thanks to the artist I have to behave like a proper highborn lady should. The truth is, I'm not even in the mood for running anyway.

When clai9re comes, the fucking starts. No foreplay caresses or kisses, just rough, mechanical fucking, job well done to bring the noble lady some relief. That's my favourite time of the day. I am perfectly aware that Blue Tear shaped my dreams, but I honestly don't care. When Claire holds me tight and fucks me with a thick dildo, I drift away into the land of large, hard cocks. I am truly happy then. I often imagine that when I become princess I will employ a group of randy men who will fuck me all day long. Every day I will ride them and suck them until I milk them dry. (Such vulgar words make me hornier than ever before).

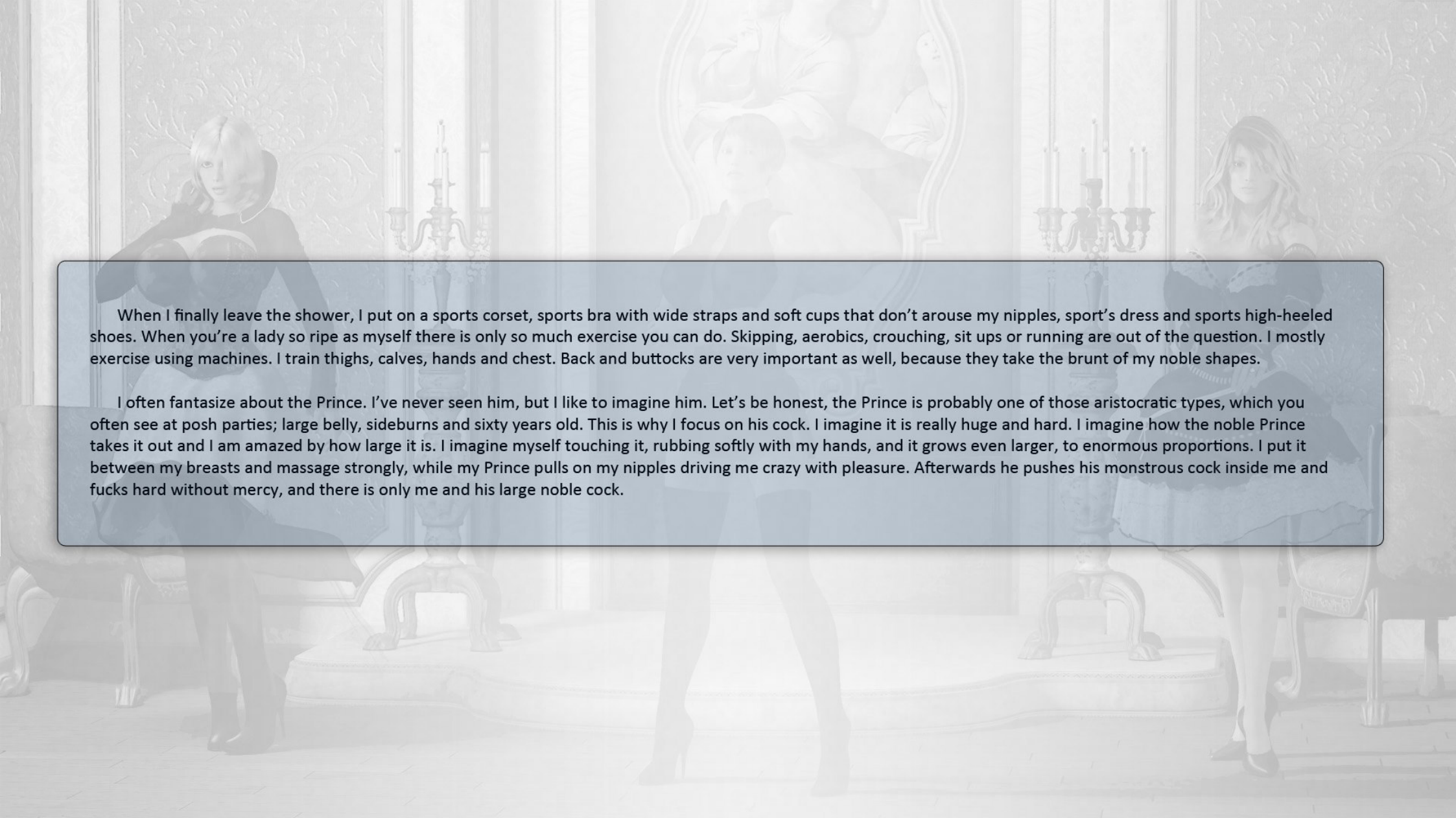
My holes got used to the size of the toy and don't hurt anymore. It worries me, because I like to be fucked with something really big, I like to feel filled to the limits, impaled with a large thick cock. For this reason more than once I asked Claire to bring something even larger. However she opposes. She says using larger toys is unacceptable because my holes must remain nice and tight for the Prince. In reality I know I've become very loose anyway, and if the Parents realised how thick the toy that Claire uses on me really is, they would forbid her to use it. For the time being however, she stretches my holes for at least two hours a day. I really hope that the Prince is gifted with a huge cock.

Only after Claire has fucked me, I can really start my day. I get up from bed, put on high-heeled flip-flops and take a shower. I often study my body there. I look at myself and see my large bottom. My huge buttocks completely block the view of my legs. I sometimes miss my small rock-hard butt; nowadays it is enormous and soft like a prince's cushion. A soft fleshy cushion he can rest against while he fucks me anally. And suddenly I'm aroused again, I quickly slide my fingers into my ass, and soon I cum hard under the shower. It's only the beginning, when I look down, I can't see my feet due to my breasts, and large, thick nipples are erect and ready.



After the whole night I have lots of milk and I have to milk myself thoroughly, otherwise it can leak during the day staining the clothes. Milking makes me cum again. I have to be wary, several times I spent many hours doing that. Once I spent half a day in the bathroom! I came about fifteen times and was so exhausted, that the servants had to break into the bathroom and pull me out. The whole house panicked. Of course that didn't satisfy me anyway, masturbation only helps me forget about my lust for a short while, but the burning desire soon came back. I only calm down when someone else fucks me.






When I finally leave the shower, I put on a sports corset, sports bra with wide straps and soft cups that don't arouse my nipples, sport's dress and sports high-heeled shoes. When you're a lady so ripe as myself there is only so much exercise you can do. Skipping, aerobics, crouching, sit ups or running are out of the question. I mostly exercise using machines. I train thighs, calves, hands and chest. Back and buttocks are very important as well, because they take the brunt of my noble shapes.

I often fantasize about the Prince. I've never seen him, but I like to imagine him. Let's be honest, the Prince is probably one of those aristocratic types, which you often see at posh parties; large belly, sideburns and sixty years old. This is why I focus on his cock. I imagine it is really huge and hard. I imagine how the noble Prince takes it out and I am amazed by how large it is. I imagine myself touching it, rubbing softly with my hands, and it grows even larger, to enormous proportions. I put it between my breasts and massage strongly, while my Prince pulls on my nipples driving me crazy with pleasure. Afterwards he pushes his monstrous cock inside me and fucks hard without mercy, and there is only me and his large noble cock.

My formal clothes are an ordeal. Gone are the times when I jumped into my trousers, put on some blouse and was ready for school. It's not even about the fact that I couldn't fit my butt into any normal trousers, but rather that a proper lady must go out dressed classy. Unfortunately class comes with a price. First the underwear; my panties have a special scent- and moisture-absorbing insert, I am grateful to the designers for this invention, because recently I've been constantly wet down there, and if not for the absorptive pants for "grown up ladies", the moisture would flow down my thighs, and the smell of my always eager pussy would be felt in one hundred metres or so. The insert has to be properly placed and the protruding element has to be inserted inside. Despite the size, my breasts are really firm and springy, so I could theoretically get by without a bra, but it is much more comfortable with it on. The bra is made of thick fabric and the cups are reinforced, moreover in accordance with the tradition it has to have a big push up, which, when combined with the size of my breasts results in an absurdly large effect. The cups also have inserts absorbing milk that might drip from my nipples. When my huge girls are dressed, I put on some stockings. I attach them to the garter belt using decorative garters with ribbons. Next comes the dress.

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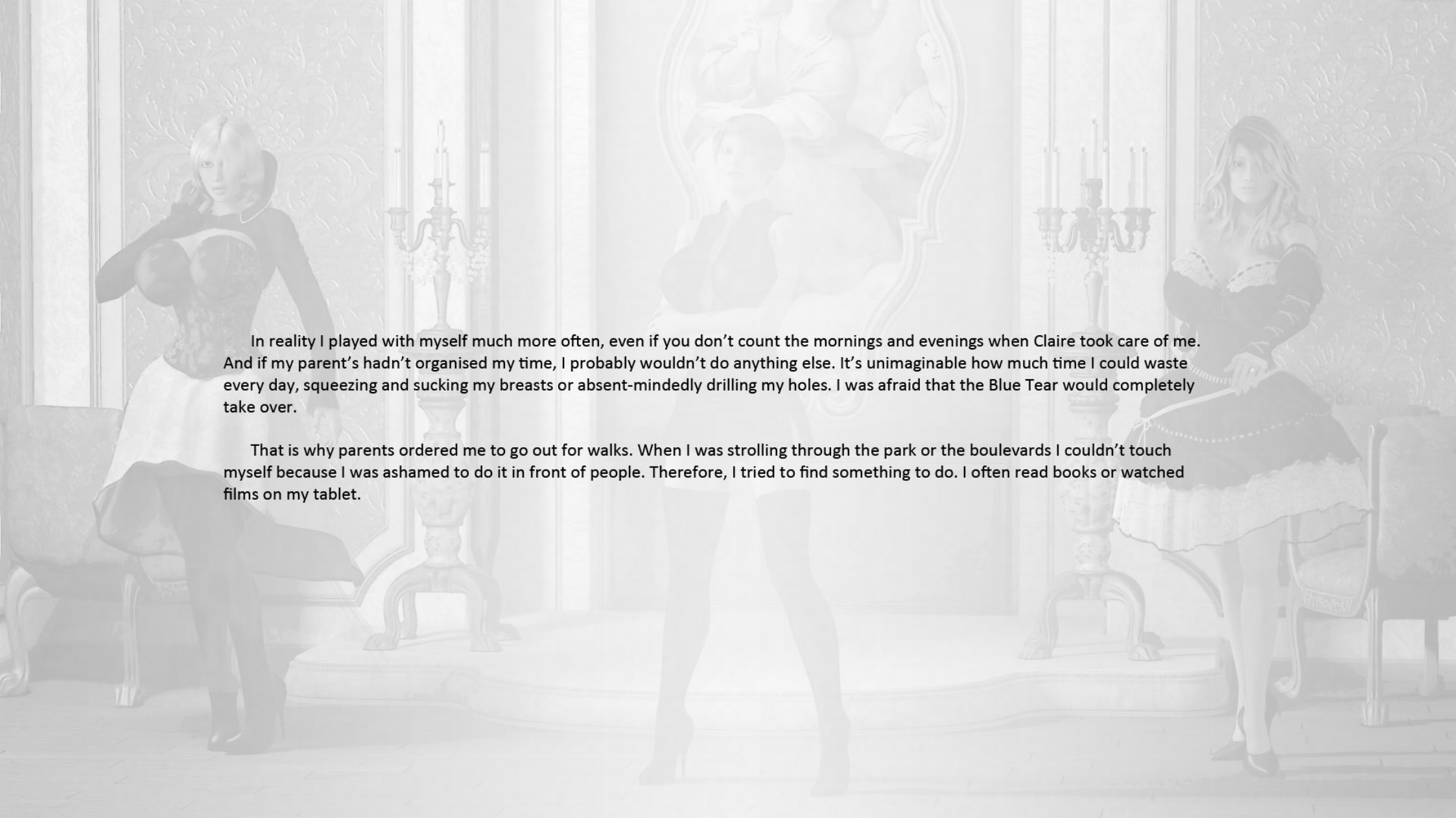




The family loves watching me in an such outfit; they are all proud of how grown up I am. The aunts sigh in amazement, while my uncles devour me with their eyes. Father and stepmother accept the compliments proud as peacocks.

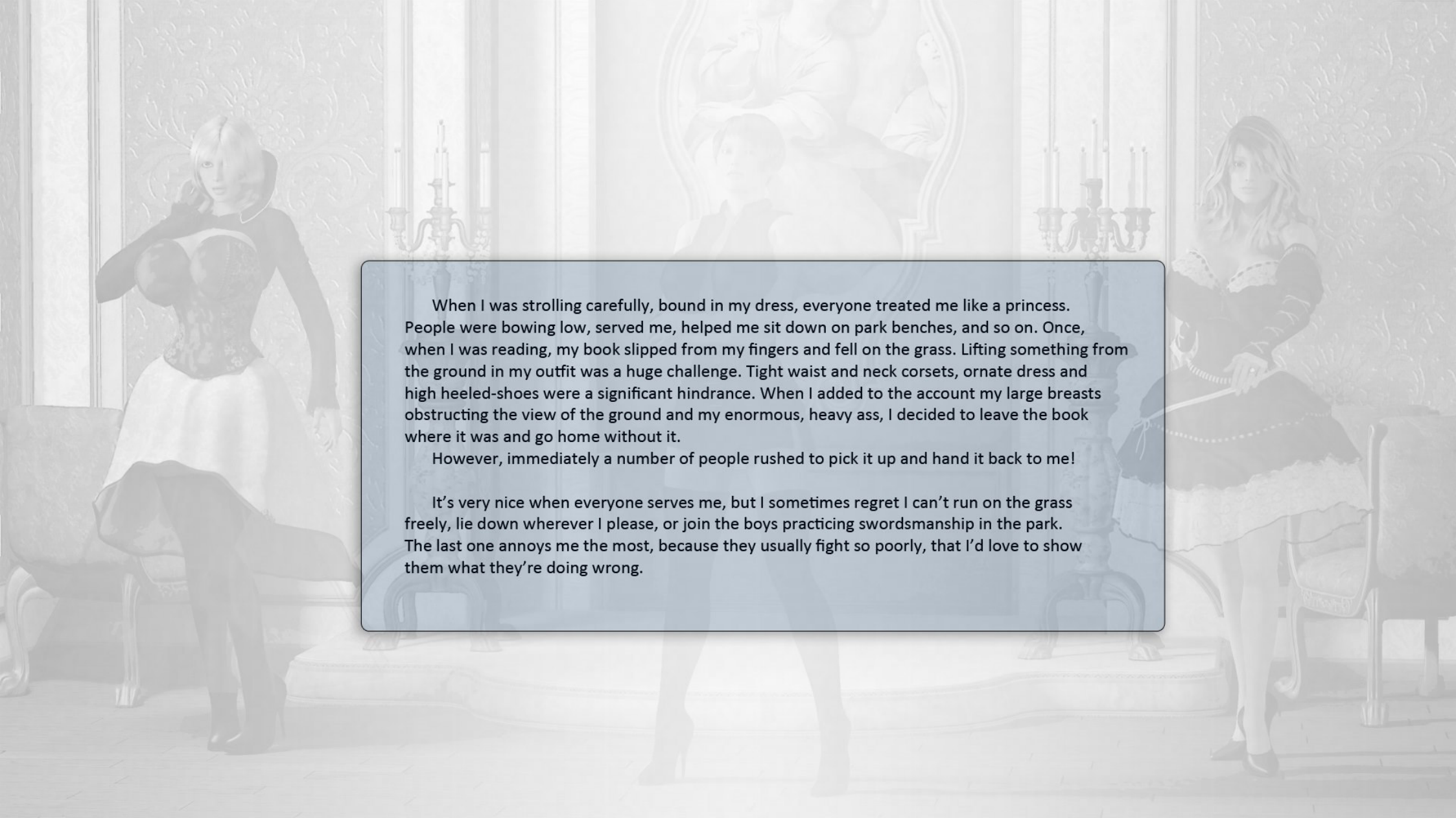
- Not long ago she would run around with a stick, all bruised, black and blue. – My farther remarks – „Look at her... she's a vision!”

- Did you know that Susan plays with herself at least four times a day? – My stepmother boasts. – The Prince shall be delighted!



In reality I played with myself much more often, even if you don't count the mornings and evenings when Claire took care of me. And if my parent's hadn't organised my time, I probably wouldn't do anything else. It's unimaginable how much time I could waste every day, squeezing and sucking my breasts or absent-mindedly drilling my holes. I was afraid that the Blue Tear would completely take over.

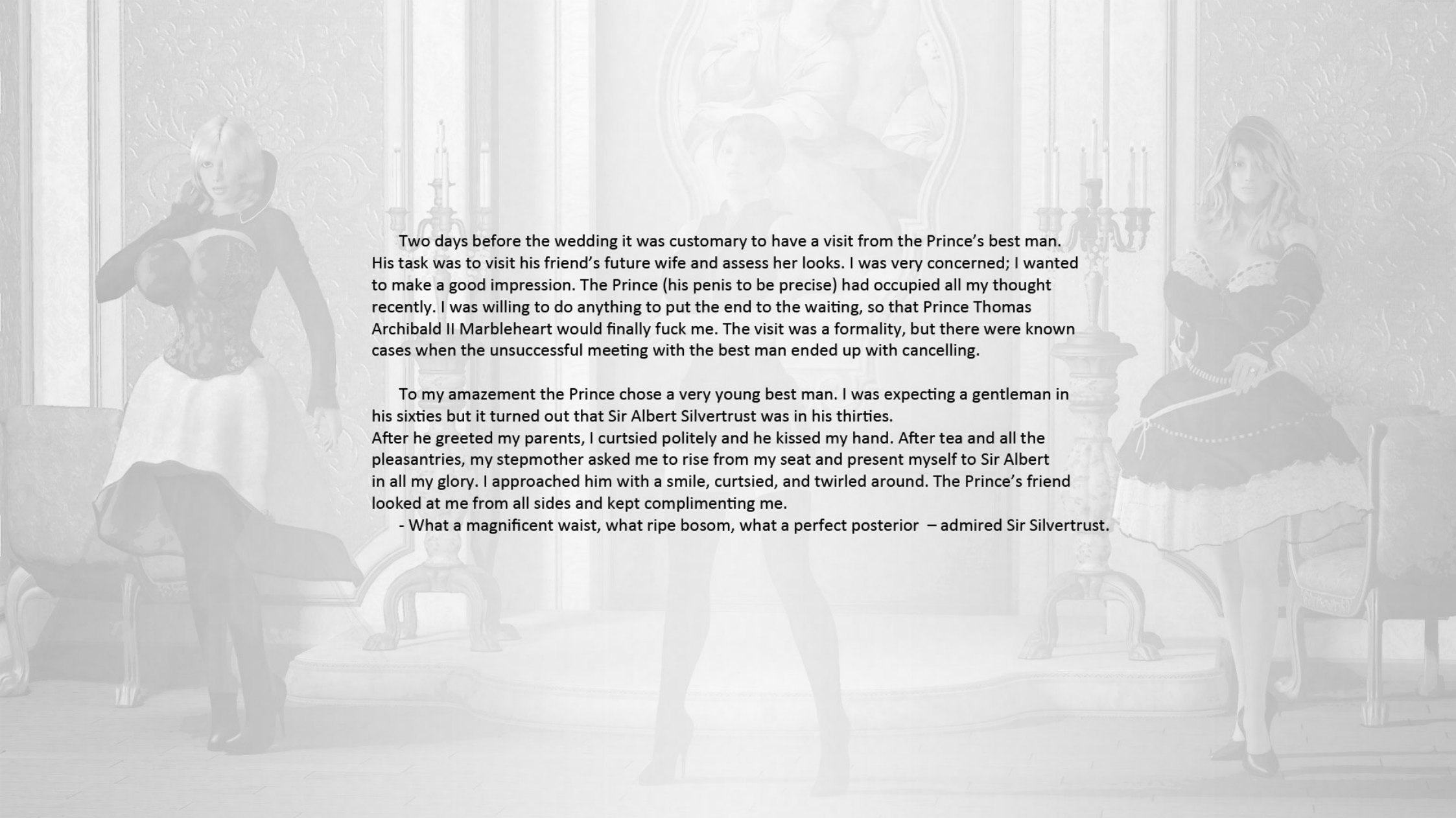
That is why parents ordered me to go out for walks. When I was strolling through the park or the boulevards I couldn't touch myself because I was ashamed to do it in front of people. Therefore, I tried to find something to do. I often read books or watched films on my tablet.



When I was strolling carefully, bound in my dress, everyone treated me like a princess. People were bowing low, served me, helped me sit down on park benches, and so on. Once, when I was reading, my book slipped from my fingers and fell on the grass. Lifting something from the ground in my outfit was a huge challenge. Tight waist and neck corsets, ornate dress and high heeled-shoes were a significant hindrance. When I added to the account my large breasts obstructing the view of the ground and my enormous, heavy ass, I decided to leave the book where it was and go home without it.

However, immediately a number of people rushed to pick it up and hand it back to me!

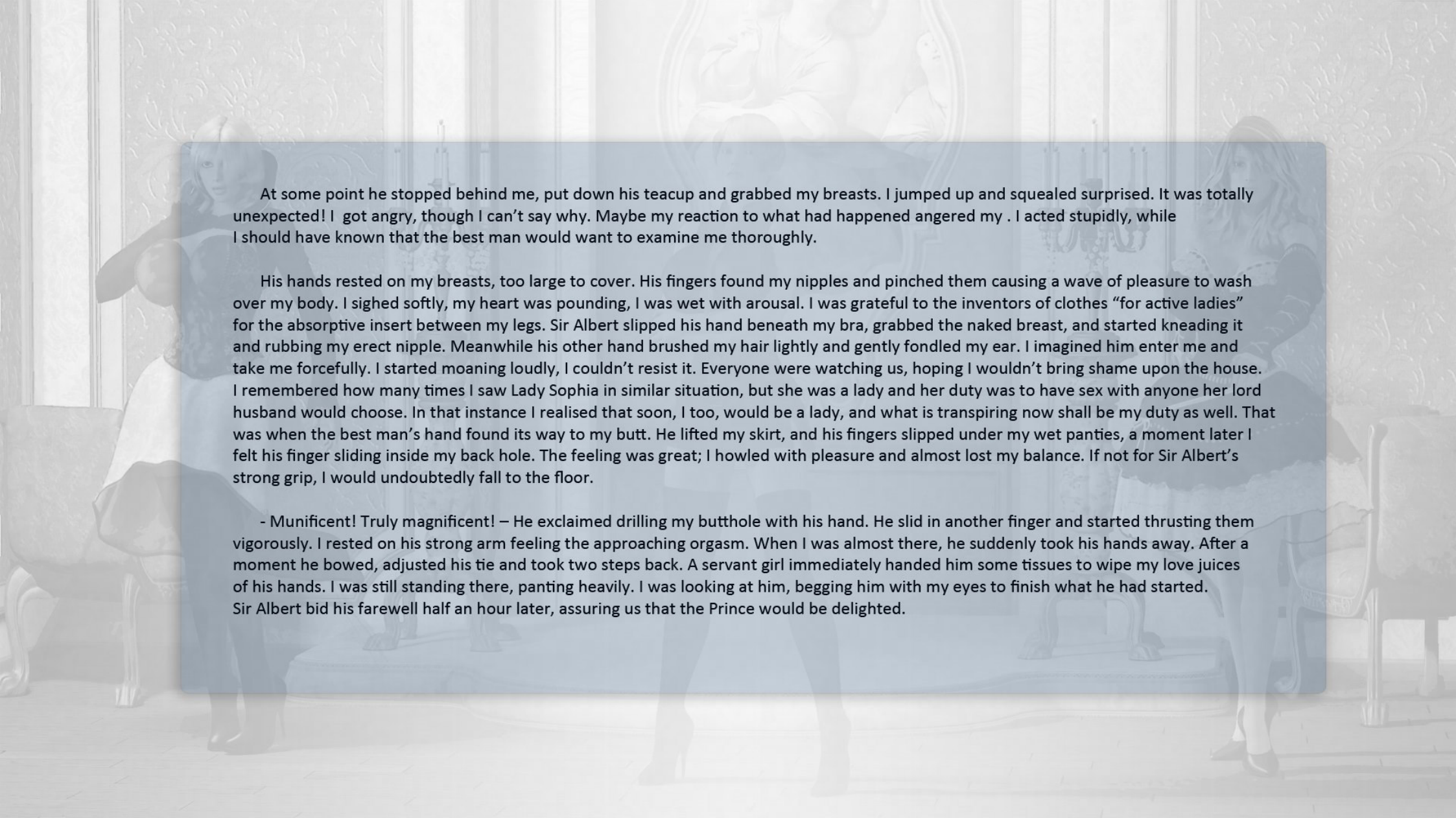
It's very nice when everyone serves me, but I sometimes regret I can't run on the grass freely, lie down wherever I please, or join the boys practicing swordsmanship in the park. The last one annoys me the most, because they usually fight so poorly, that I'd love to show them what they're doing wrong.



Two days before the wedding it was customary to have a visit from the Prince's best man. His task was to visit his friend's future wife and assess her looks. I was very concerned; I wanted to make a good impression. The Prince (his penis to be precise) had occupied all my thought recently. I was willing to do anything to put the end to the waiting, so that Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart would finally fuck me. The visit was a formality, but there were known cases when the unsuccessful meeting with the best man ended up with cancelling.

To my amazement the Prince chose a very young best man. I was expecting a gentleman in his sixties but it turned out that Sir Albert Silvertrust was in his thirties. After he greeted my parents, I curtsied politely and he kissed my hand. After tea and all the pleasantries, my stepmother asked me to rise from my seat and present myself to Sir Albert in all my glory. I approached him with a smile, curtsied, and twirled around. The Prince's friend looked at me from all sides and kept complimenting me.

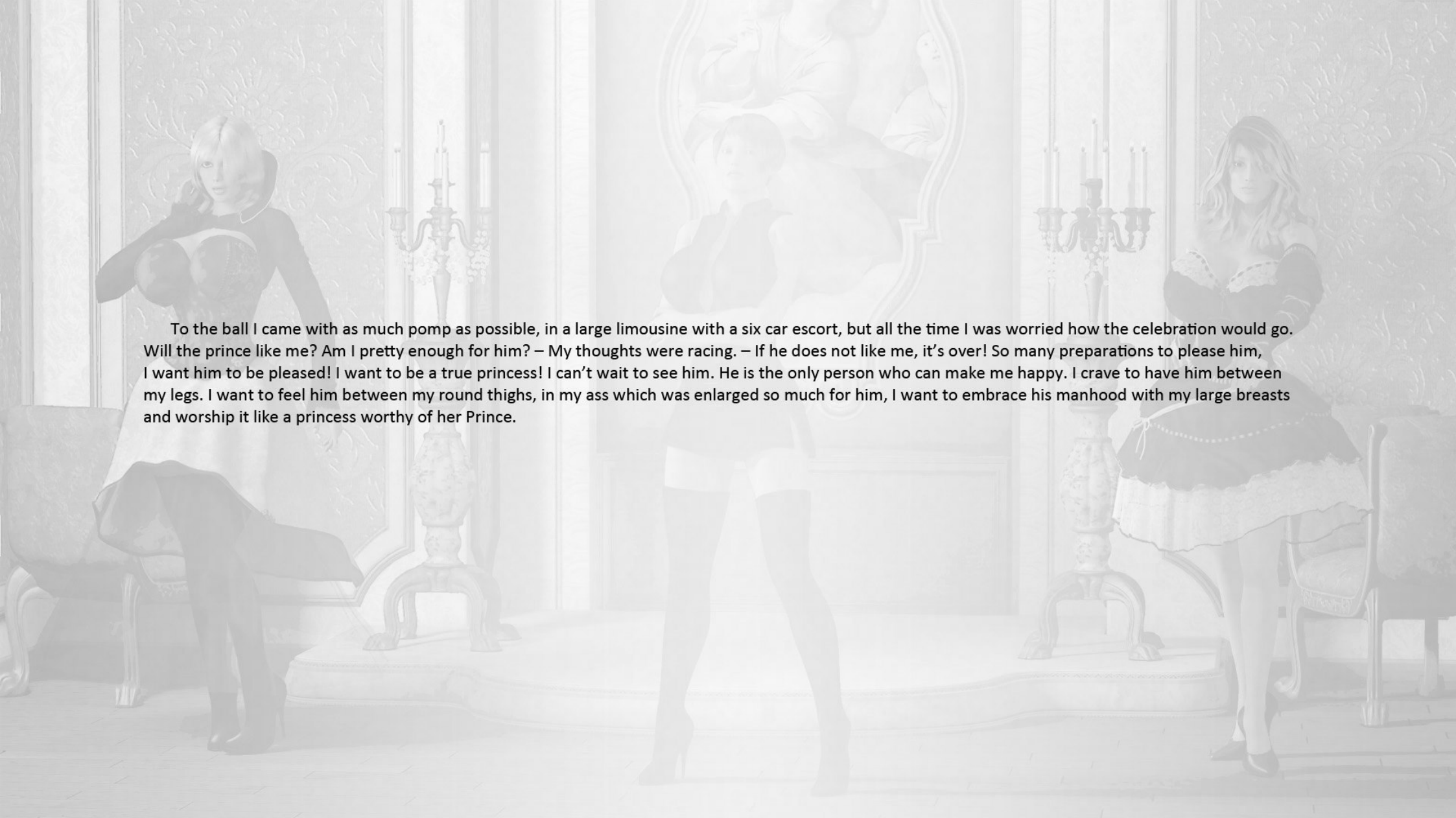
- What a magnificent waist, what ripe bosom, what a perfect posterior – admired Sir Silvertrust.



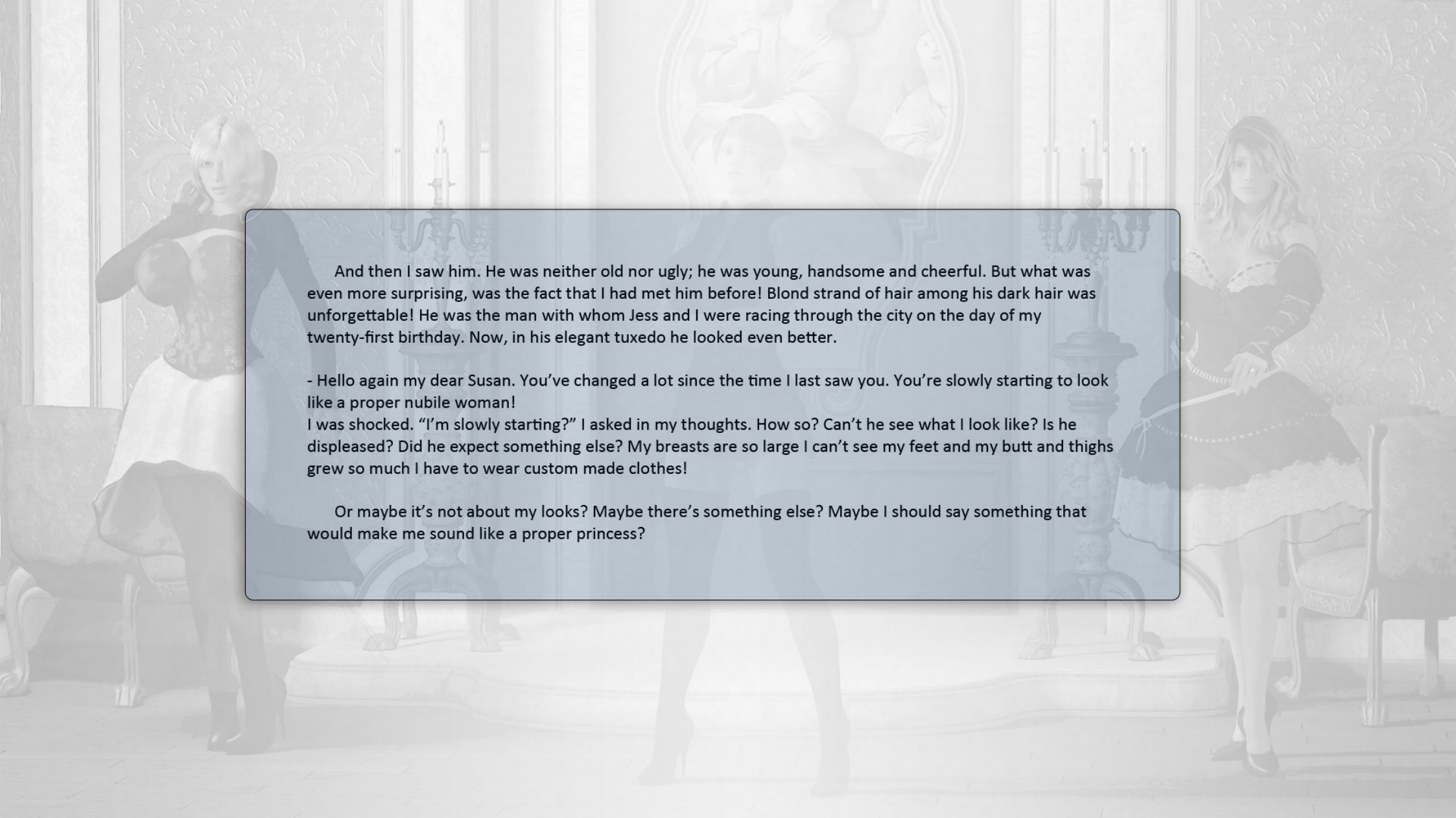
At some point he stopped behind me, put down his teacup and grabbed my breasts. I jumped up and squealed surprised. It was totally unexpected! I got angry, though I can't say why. Maybe my reaction to what had happened angered me. I acted stupidly, while I should have known that the best man would want to examine me thoroughly.

His hands rested on my breasts, too large to cover. His fingers found my nipples and pinched them causing a wave of pleasure to wash over my body. I sighed softly, my heart was pounding, I was wet with arousal. I was grateful to the inventors of clothes "for active ladies" for the absorptive insert between my legs. Sir Albert slipped his hand beneath my bra, grabbed the naked breast, and started kneading it and rubbing my erect nipple. Meanwhile his other hand brushed my hair lightly and gently fondled my ear. I imagined him enter me and take me forcefully. I started moaning loudly, I couldn't resist it. Everyone were watching us, hoping I wouldn't bring shame upon the house. I remembered how many times I saw Lady Sophia in similar situation, but she was a lady and her duty was to have sex with anyone her lord husband would choose. In that instance I realised that soon, I too, would be a lady, and what is transpiring now shall be my duty as well. That was when the best man's hand found its way to my butt. He lifted my skirt, and his fingers slipped under my wet panties, a moment later I felt his finger sliding inside my back hole. The feeling was great; I howled with pleasure and almost lost my balance. If not for Sir Albert's strong grip, I would undoubtedly fall to the floor.

- Munificent! Truly magnificent! – He exclaimed drilling my buttole with his hand. He slid in another finger and started thrusting them vigorously. I rested on his strong arm feeling the approaching orgasm. When I was almost there, he suddenly took his hands away. After a moment he bowed, adjusted his tie and took two steps back. A servant girl immediately handed him some tissues to wipe my love juices of his hands. I was still standing there, panting heavily. I was looking at him, begging him with my eyes to finish what he had started. Sir Albert bid his farewell half an hour later, assuring us that the Prince would be delighted.

A grayscale illustration of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white dress with a large white bustier and a black skirt with a white lace hem. She is standing in a room with ornate furniture, including a large painting on the wall and a candelabra. The scene is dimly lit, with the woman's figure highlighted against the background.

To the ball I came with as much pomp as possible, in a large limousine with a six car escort, but all the time I was worried how the celebration would go. Will the prince like me? Am I pretty enough for him? – My thoughts were racing. – If he does not like me, it's over! So many preparations to please him, I want him to be pleased! I want to be a true princess! I can't wait to see him. He is the only person who can make me happy. I crave to have him between my legs. I want to feel him between my round thighs, in my ass which was enlarged so much for him, I want to embrace his manhood with my large breasts and worship it like a princess worthy of her Prince.

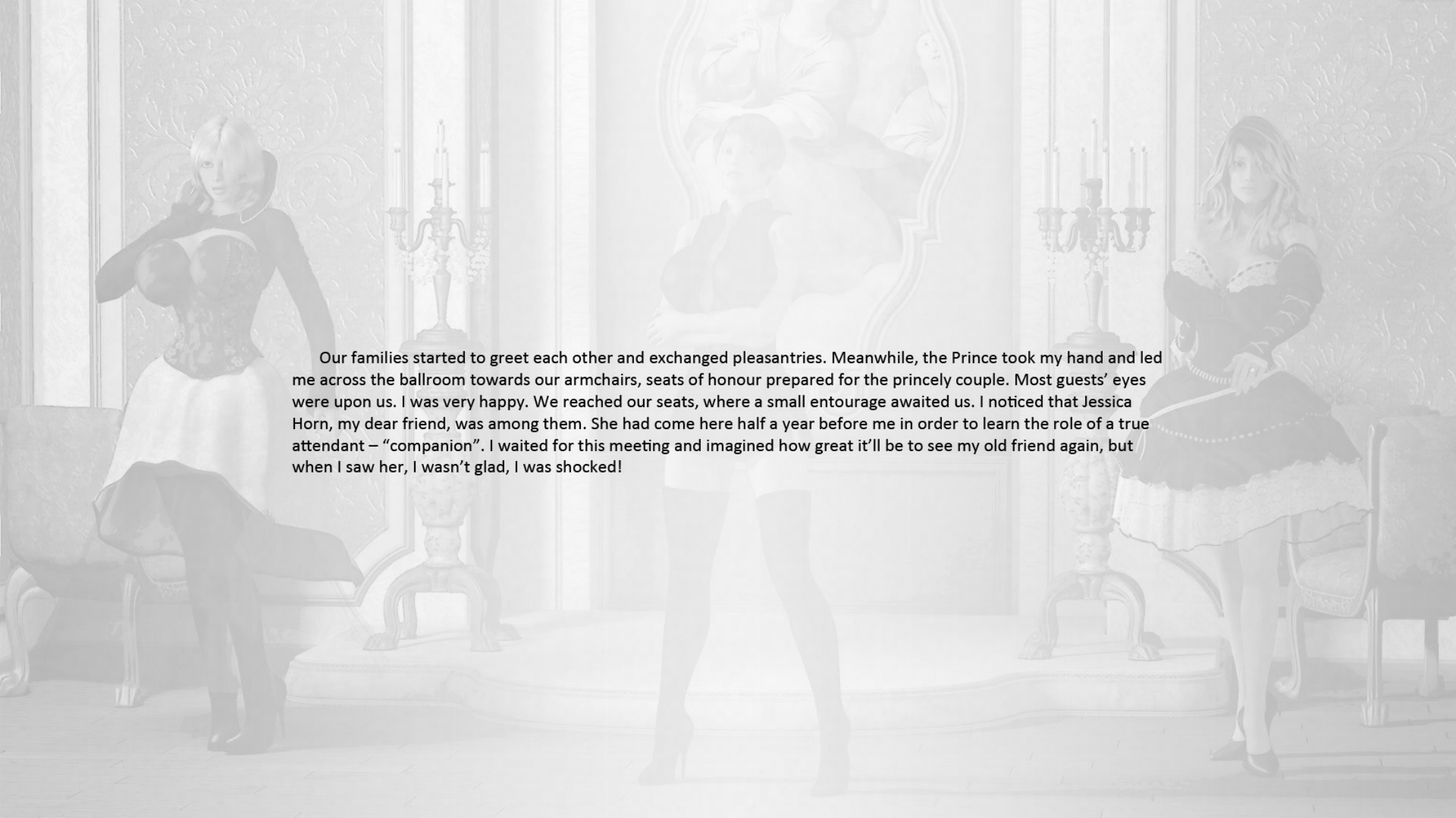


And then I saw him. He was neither old nor ugly; he was young, handsome and cheerful. But what was even more surprising, was the fact that I had met him before! Blond strand of hair among his dark hair was unforgettable! He was the man with whom Jess and I were racing through the city on the day of my twenty-first birthday. Now, in his elegant tuxedo he looked even better.

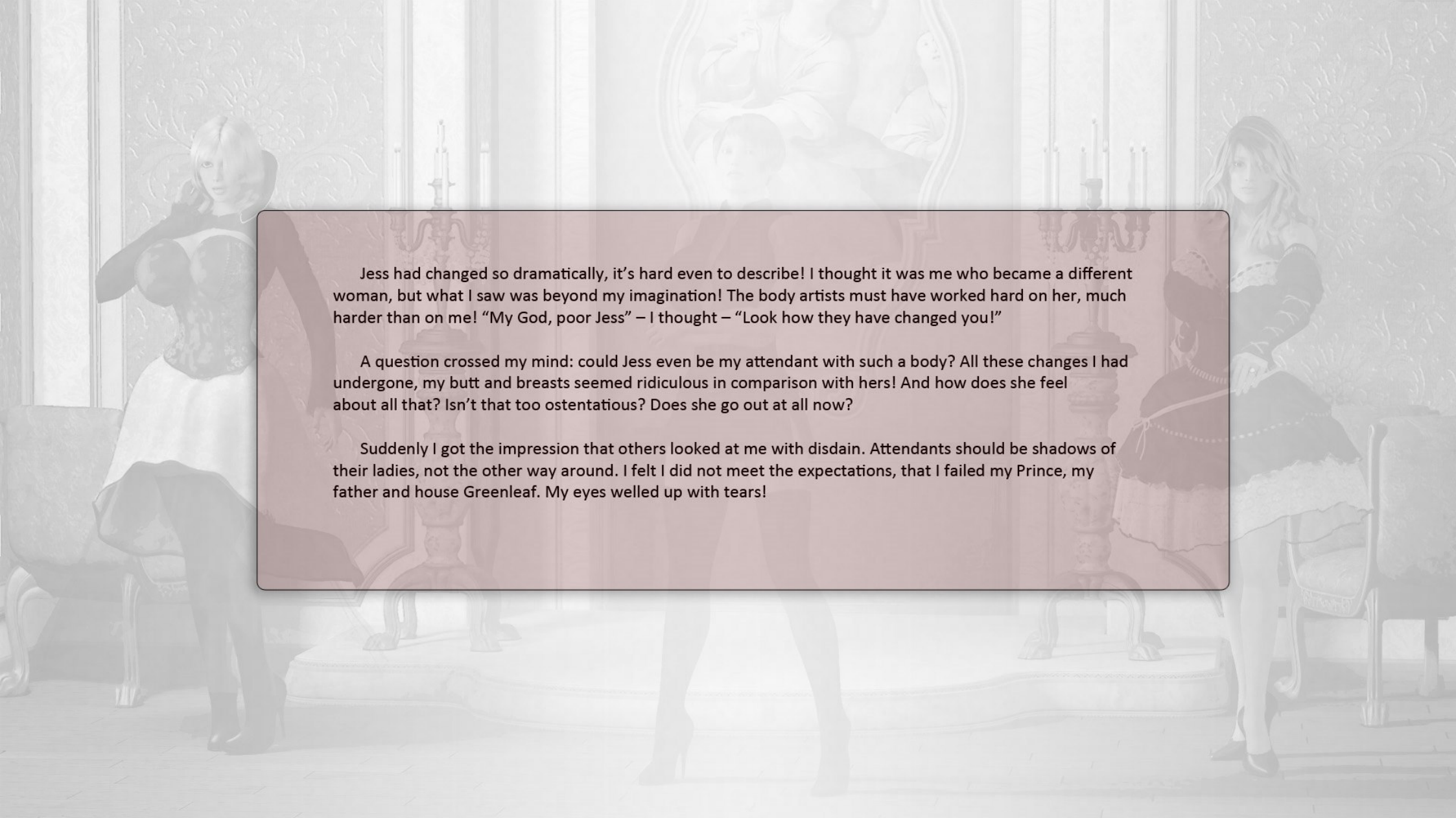
- Hello again my dear Susan. You've changed a lot since the time I last saw you. You're slowly starting to look like a proper nubile woman!

I was shocked. "I'm slowly starting?" I asked in my thoughts. How so? Can't he see what I look like? Is he displeased? Did he expect something else? My breasts are so large I can't see my feet and my butt and thighs grew so much I have to wear custom made clothes!

Or maybe it's not about my looks? Maybe there's something else? Maybe I should say something that would make me sound like a proper princess?



Our families started to greet each other and exchanged pleasantries. Meanwhile, the Prince took my hand and led me across the ballroom towards our armchairs, seats of honour prepared for the princely couple. Most guests' eyes were upon us. I was very happy. We reached our seats, where a small entourage awaited us. I noticed that Jessica Horn, my dear friend, was among them. She had come here half a year before me in order to learn the role of a true attendant – “companion”. I waited for this meeting and imagined how great it'll be to see my old friend again, but when I saw her, I wasn't glad, I was shocked!



Jess had changed so dramatically, it's hard even to describe! I thought it was me who became a different woman, but what I saw was beyond my imagination! The body artists must have worked hard on her, much harder than on me! "My God, poor Jess" – I thought – "Look how they have changed you!"

A question crossed my mind: could Jess even be my attendant with such a body? All these changes I had undergone, my butt and breasts seemed ridiculous in comparison with hers! And how does she feel about all that? Isn't that too ostentatious? Does she go out at all now?

Suddenly I got the impression that others looked at me with disdain. Attendants should be shadows of their ladies, not the other way around. I felt I did not meet the expectations, that I failed my Prince, my father and house Greenleaf. My eyes welled up with tears!

Jessica Horn

When I arrived at the court of Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart, I met with a cool and formal welcome, at least until the arrival of the Prince himself. When it turned out that it was the same man Sus and I had partied with on her memorable birthday I was shocked. The Prince welcomed me warmly and he happily recalled that night. Unfortunately it quickly turned out that he is a terribly busy man and has no time to chat, so he bowed gracefully and left me in the hands of the Mistress of the servants.

Lady Daria Siondaugh of house Siondaugh despite being a relatively young woman is very serious and responsible. At the Prince's court she serves the role of Mistress of the servants, and her task is to maintain order and instructing new servants in their duties. She should not be confused with a seneschal or warden, Lady Daria does not deal with management, counting or organisational matters, her responsibility is to maintain discipline.

During our first meeting she told me she'd do everything in her power to turn me into a proper servant for the princess. I did not expect at that time, what that would mean for me, and what I would have to go through.





The first thing Lady Daria taught me to get up early. At six a.m. I should be up, clean and dressed in my servant's outfit. My first task of the day is to prepare breakfast for the princess. It has to be healthy and contain all necessary ingredients. It may happen that Sus will be in need of a high calorie meal that will help her regain strength after a difficult night, or one that will answer her need for important vitamins and minerals lost as a result of milking or playing with the Prince. I had no idea what Lady Daria meant by 'milking and playing with the Prince' but I did not ask, I just did what I was told. Mistress Siondaugh gets very annoyed when I ask too many questions.

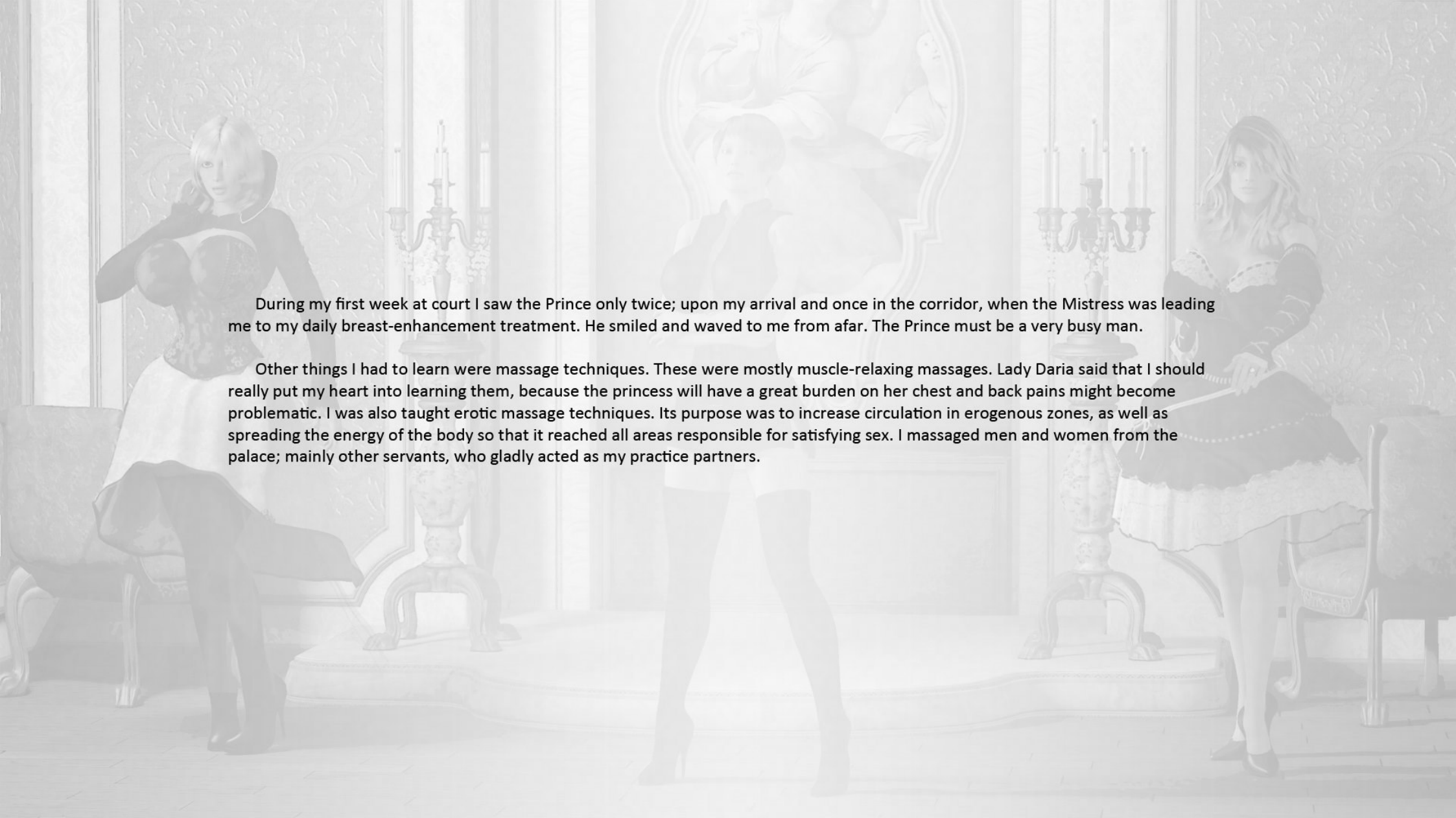
Another of my duties was cleaning. I had to learn how to properly clean. Every day after having prepared the breakfast, I would clean and dust the furniture and items in the princess's room, even though no one lived there yet, and apart from a little bit of dust, the room was clean.

After several days of initial instructions, Lady Daria took me to treatment. It turned out that the palace had its own, very well equipped, body shaping clinic. The Maestro in charge is a world famous expert.

He informed me that the aim of the treatment was to enhance my breasts. I expected that of course, my breasts are very small, the nature gifted me with a prominent butt instead. The Prince could not allow his wife's servant to be flat. I was seated in a special chair, and the artist attached to my breasts many small tubes leading to some device. The tubes ended in thin needles which he pierced into my small breasts. When he was done, a transparent liquid filled the tubes. The needles were short and thin and the treatment was painless, despite their number.

The artist explained to me, that the liquid flowing through the tubes into my breasts was nano-tissue, a special synthetic substance which attaches to cells in the body and creates a normal tissue. From that day the treatment was repeated daily. My breasts were gradually becoming bigger.





During my first week at court I saw the Prince only twice; upon my arrival and once in the corridor, when the Mistress was leading me to my daily breast-enhancement treatment. He smiled and waved to me from afar. The Prince must be a very busy man.

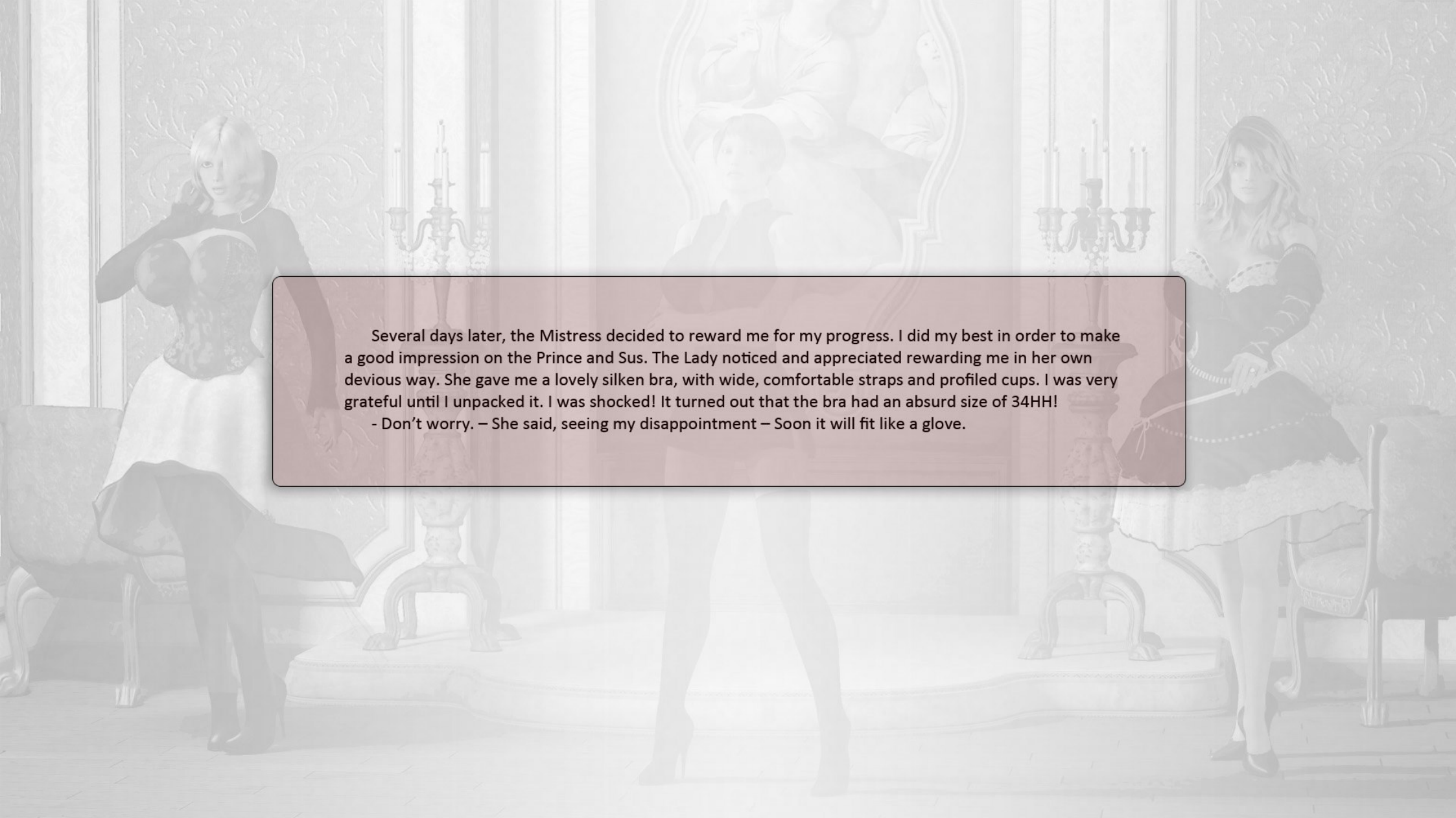
Other things I had to learn were massage techniques. These were mostly muscle-relaxing massages. Lady Daria said that I should really put my heart into learning them, because the princess will have a great burden on her chest and back pains might become problematic. I was also taught erotic massage techniques. Its purpose was to increase circulation in erogenous zones, as well as spreading the energy of the body so that it reached all areas responsible for satisfying sex. I massaged men and women from the palace; mainly other servants, who gladly acted as my practice partners.



Every day the Mistress would take me to the clinic, where the artist pumped my breasts with nano-tissue. My breasts kept growing, and after several treatments bra ceased to serve a decorative role, became a functional part of my attire. My first real bra had a 34C cup.

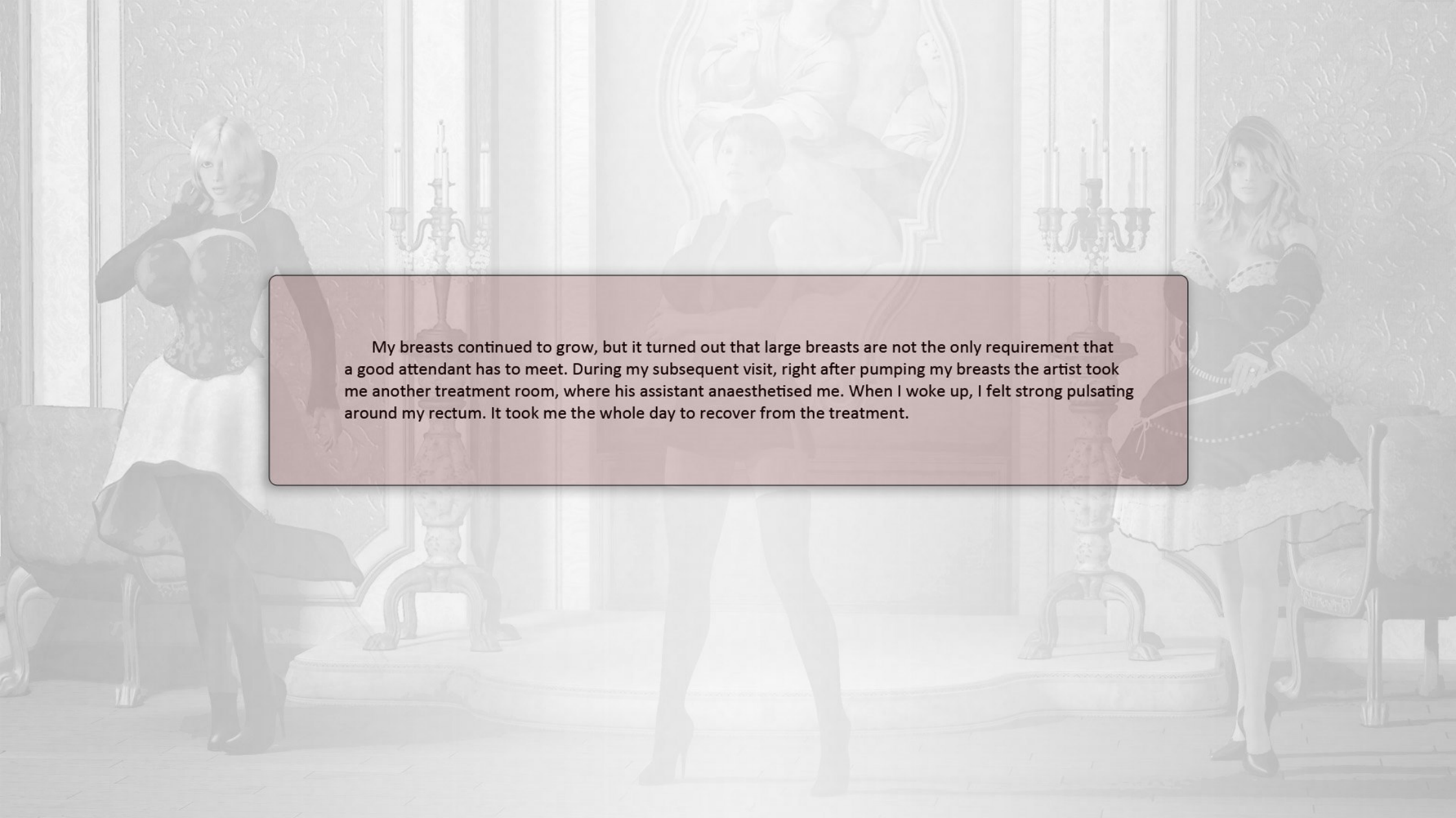
The treatments continued though, and I started to become worried. After a week of pumping, my breasts reached size 34E and they hurt from all that enhancing. Their shape was different from what I had expected. It lacked the unnatural springiness of noble ladies' breasts; it rested softly against my chest as if it had naturally grown to such proportions. The bra became necessary. I definitely no longer look like a boy. Sadly, I have to admit that nubile feminine shapes tend to be uncomfortable, and wearing a bra is annoying.

The worst thing was that Lady Daria not only did not intend to stop enhancing my breasts, she asked the artist to increase the daily dose of nano-tissue. When I asked how much longer they intended to pump my breasts, she answered sharply that „As long as it takes.”.

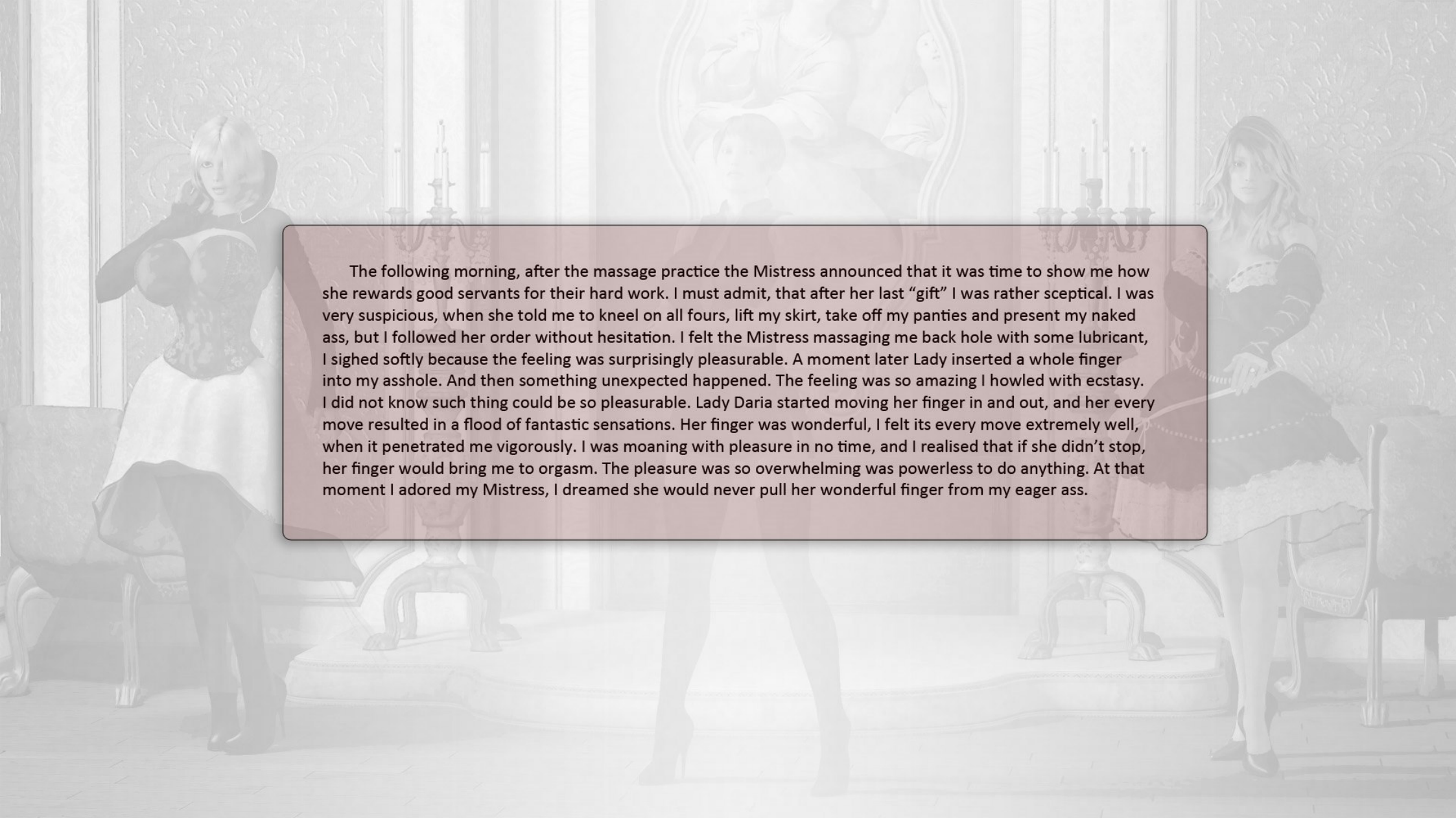
A grayscale illustration of a woman in a corset and skirt standing in a room. The room features a large painting on the wall, two candelabras, and a chaise longue. The woman is positioned on the left side of the frame, looking towards the center. The background is a detailed, ornate interior.

Several days later, the Mistress decided to reward me for my progress. I did my best in order to make a good impression on the Prince and Sus. The Lady noticed and appreciated rewarding me in her own devious way. She gave me a lovely silken bra, with wide, comfortable straps and profiled cups. I was very grateful until I unpacked it. I was shocked! It turned out that the bra had an absurd size of 34HH!

- Don't worry. – She said, seeing my disappointment – Soon it will fit like a glove.



My breasts continued to grow, but it turned out that large breasts are not the only requirement that a good attendant has to meet. During my subsequent visit, right after pumping my breasts the artist took me another treatment room, where his assistant anaesthetised me. When I woke up, I felt strong pulsating around my rectum. It took me the whole day to recover from the treatment.



The following morning, after the massage practice the Mistress announced that it was time to show me how she rewards good servants for their hard work. I must admit, that after her last “gift” I was rather sceptical. I was very suspicious, when she told me to kneel on all fours, lift my skirt, take off my panties and present my naked ass, but I followed her order without hesitation. I felt the Mistress massaging me back hole with some lubricant, I sighed softly because the feeling was surprisingly pleasurable. A moment later Lady inserted a whole finger into my asshole. And then something unexpected happened. The feeling was so amazing I howled with ecstasy. I did not know such thing could be so pleasurable. Lady Daria started moving her finger in and out, and her every move resulted in a flood of fantastic sensations. Her finger was wonderful, I felt its every move extremely well, when it penetrated me vigorously. I was moaning with pleasure in no time, and I realised that if she didn’t stop, her finger would bring me to orgasm. The pleasure was so overwhelming was powerless to do anything. At that moment I adored my Mistress, I dreamed she would never pull her wonderful finger from my eager ass.

I was moving my hips unwittingly, greedily impaling myself on her wonderful finger, it was amazing! Finally I came. The orgasm was unbelievably powerful, absolutely overwhelming. I howled and squirmed with ecstasy, and my body wanted more. Fortunately Lady did not stop working her finger up my ass, and its movements meant the orgasm lasted on and on. I turned my head towards her, I wanted to thank her and to worship her, beg her not to stop. And then, through the pink mist of orgasm, I noticed to my surprise that the Lady wasn't even looking at me! She didn't even put any effort into making me feel good. With an absent minded expression, looking in some other direction, moving her hand rhythmically, she looked like some bored plumber unclogging a pipe.

- Are you done yet? - She asked, suddenly noticing me. - Very well - She said without waiting for my reply, and pulled her finger out of my ass.

- From now on, if you're a good girl, I'll find some time to reward you. As you can tell, your rectum is now highly erogenous, which makes rewards very pleasurable.






From that point on I couldn't stop thinking about it. I wanted more. My rectum turned into a small cave of pleasure, it became so sensitive and erogenous, that even a visit in the toilet started giving me erotic pleasure. I could not stop thinking about my ass, and soon I started experimenting. I slid my finger in and tried what was the most pleasurable way to touch myself there. I managed to make myself come very quickly. I fondled and drilled my butt ever more often, until I started needing to hide somewhere under any pretext at least four times a day to finger my eager asshole.

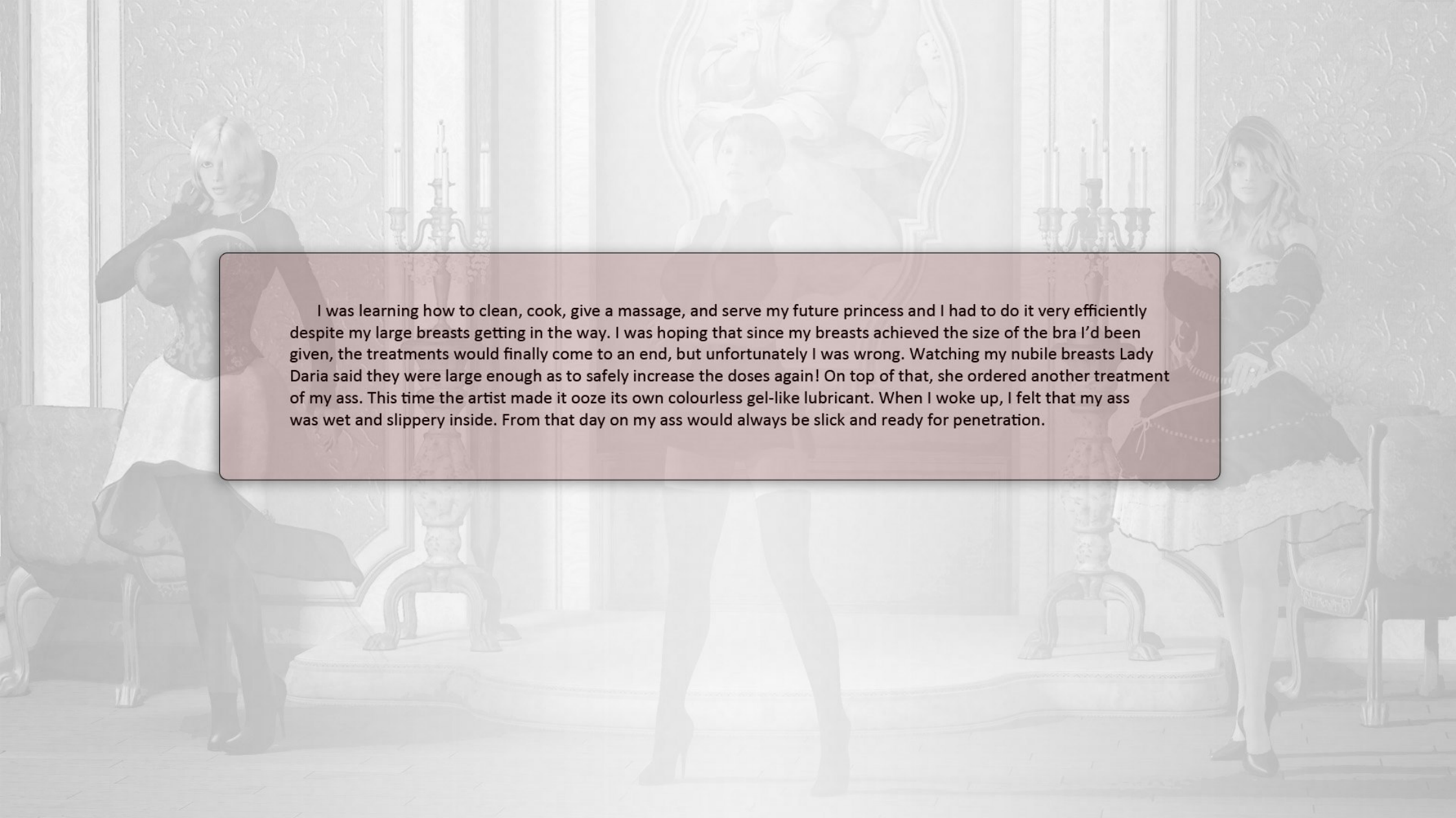
Lady Daria was a real expert when it comes to fondling the back door. As a reward for good behaviour Mistress would grant me amazing orgasms. Knowing how much I hated my breast pumping, she rewarded my patience with solid anal pleasure. Soon my ass got used to her lovely finger and the Mistress had to put in two and later fingers in order to please me.



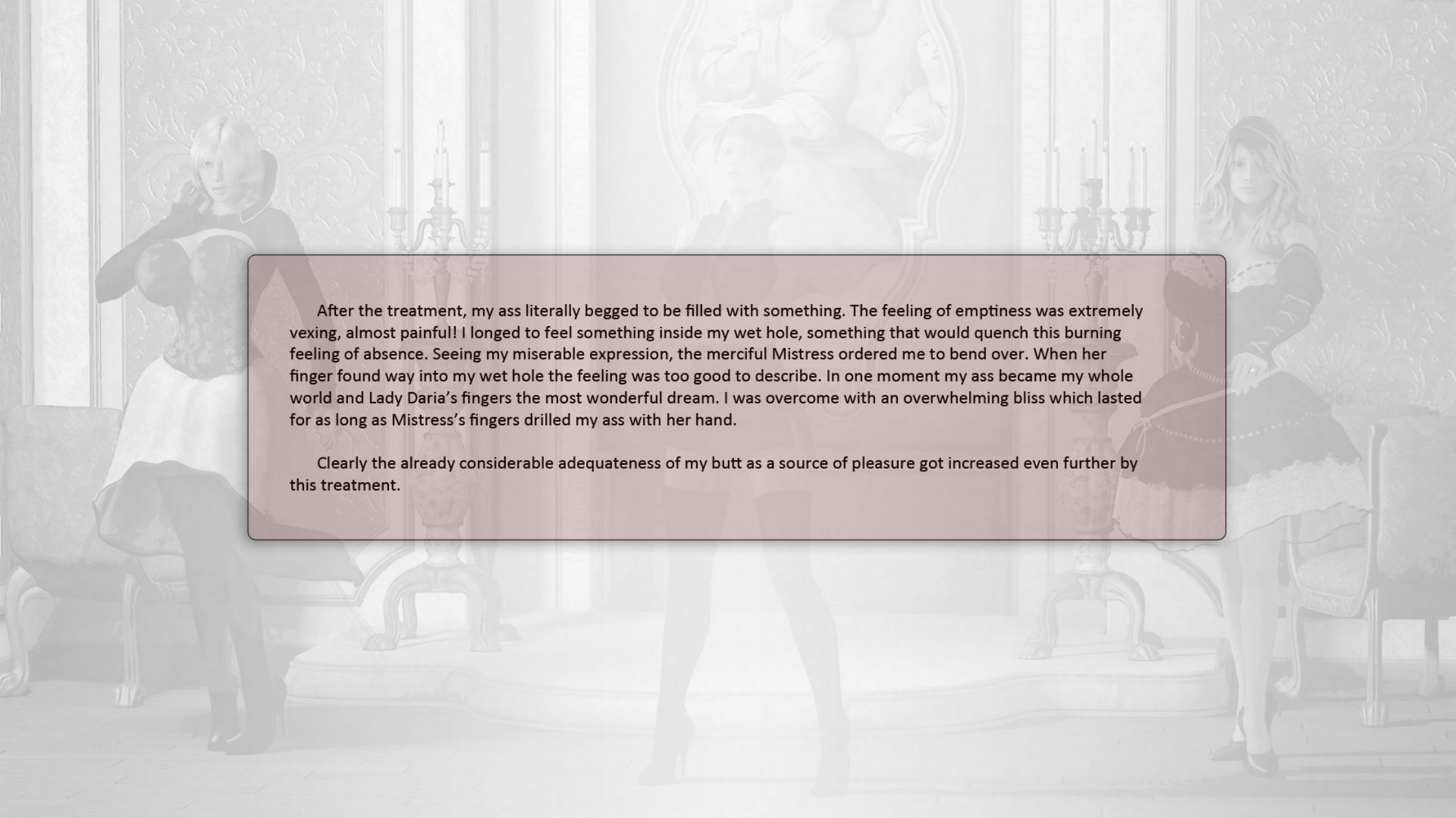
Meanwhile my breasts were rapidly approaching the size of the bra I'd got as a gift. They were ever heavier and sagged ever more.



Finally my breasts reached the 34HH size. They became huge and extremely sensitive. Constant doses of nano-tissue they had to absorb meant they were stimulated all the time and hurt if I made sudden movements. I was relieved when I pulled the waiting bra out of the closet, and put it on. Large profiled cups and wide, comfortable straps considerably decreased my discomfort.



I was learning how to clean, cook, give a massage, and serve my future princess and I had to do it very efficiently despite my large breasts getting in the way. I was hoping that since my breasts achieved the size of the bra I'd been given, the treatments would finally come to an end, but unfortunately I was wrong. Watching my nubile breasts Lady Daria said they were large enough as to safely increase the doses again! On top of that, she ordered another treatment of my ass. This time the artist made it ooze its own colourless gel-like lubricant. When I woke up, I felt that my ass was wet and slippery inside. From that day on my ass would always be slick and ready for penetration.



After the treatment, my ass literally begged to be filled with something. The feeling of emptiness was extremely vexing, almost painful! I longed to feel something inside my wet hole, something that would quench this burning feeling of absence. Seeing my miserable expression, the merciful Mistress ordered me to bend over. When her finger found way into my wet hole the feeling was too good to describe. In one moment my ass became my whole world and Lady Daria's fingers the most wonderful dream. I was overcome with an overwhelming bliss which lasted for as long as Mistress's fingers drilled my ass with her hand.

Clearly the already considerable adequateness of my butt as a source of pleasure got increased even further by this treatment.

On that same day I received another gift. This time it was a new servant's outfit. It lacked panties and the very short skirt barely covered my front private parts. Mistress Daria informed me that from now on my ass would always be exposed, so that not only she, but anyone at the court would be able to reward me for good service whenever they pleased.

When I put on the outfit, I was terrified to notice, that the front has a lot of room to fit in breasts significantly larger than mine. It was shocking, how much room there was.

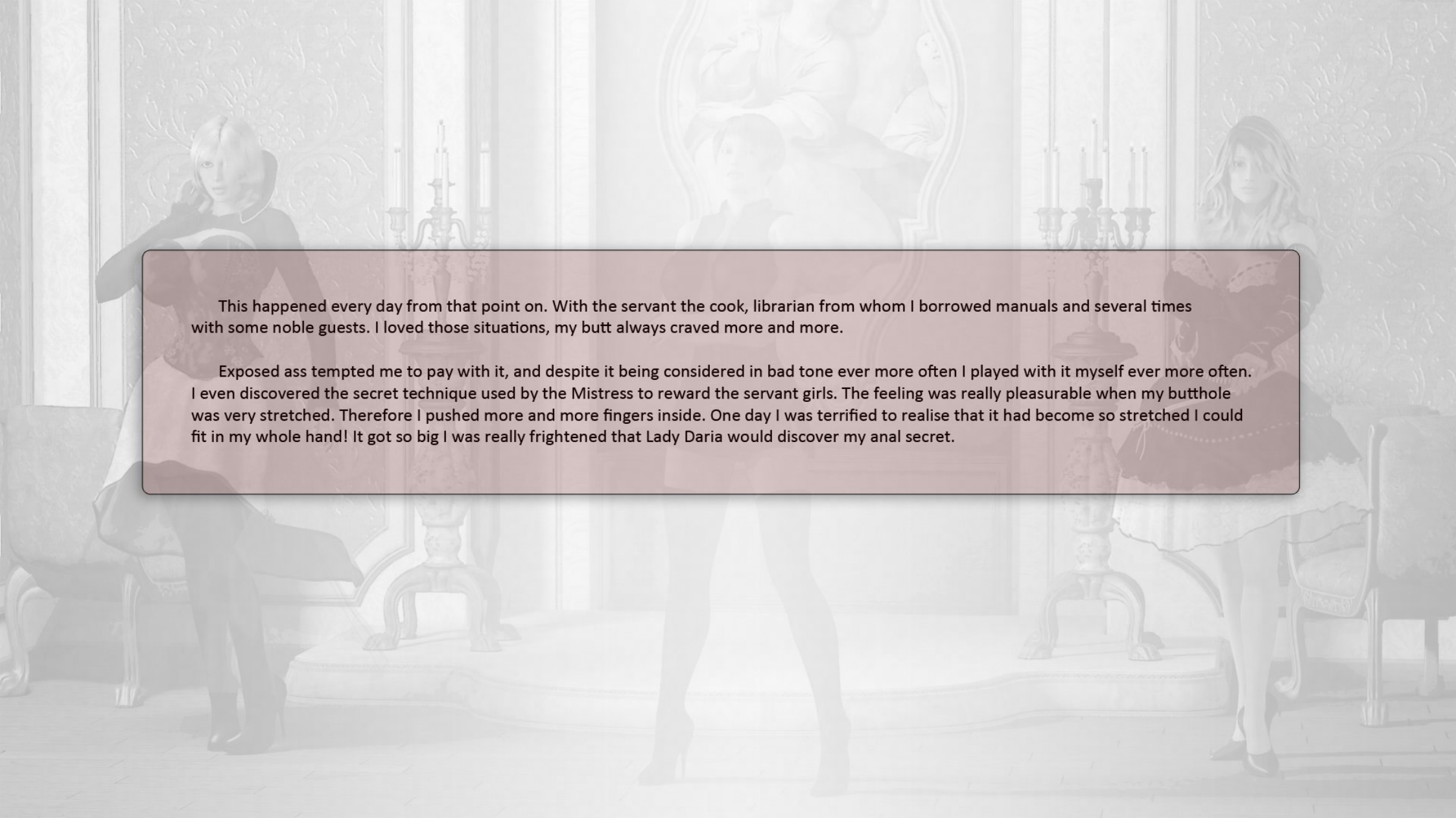




My exposed ass turned me on more than I'd expected. I was fixated on it. Strangely enough, I didn't find the thought that now anyone could slide their fingers in there whenever they pleased outrageous. On the contrary, it strongly aroused me!

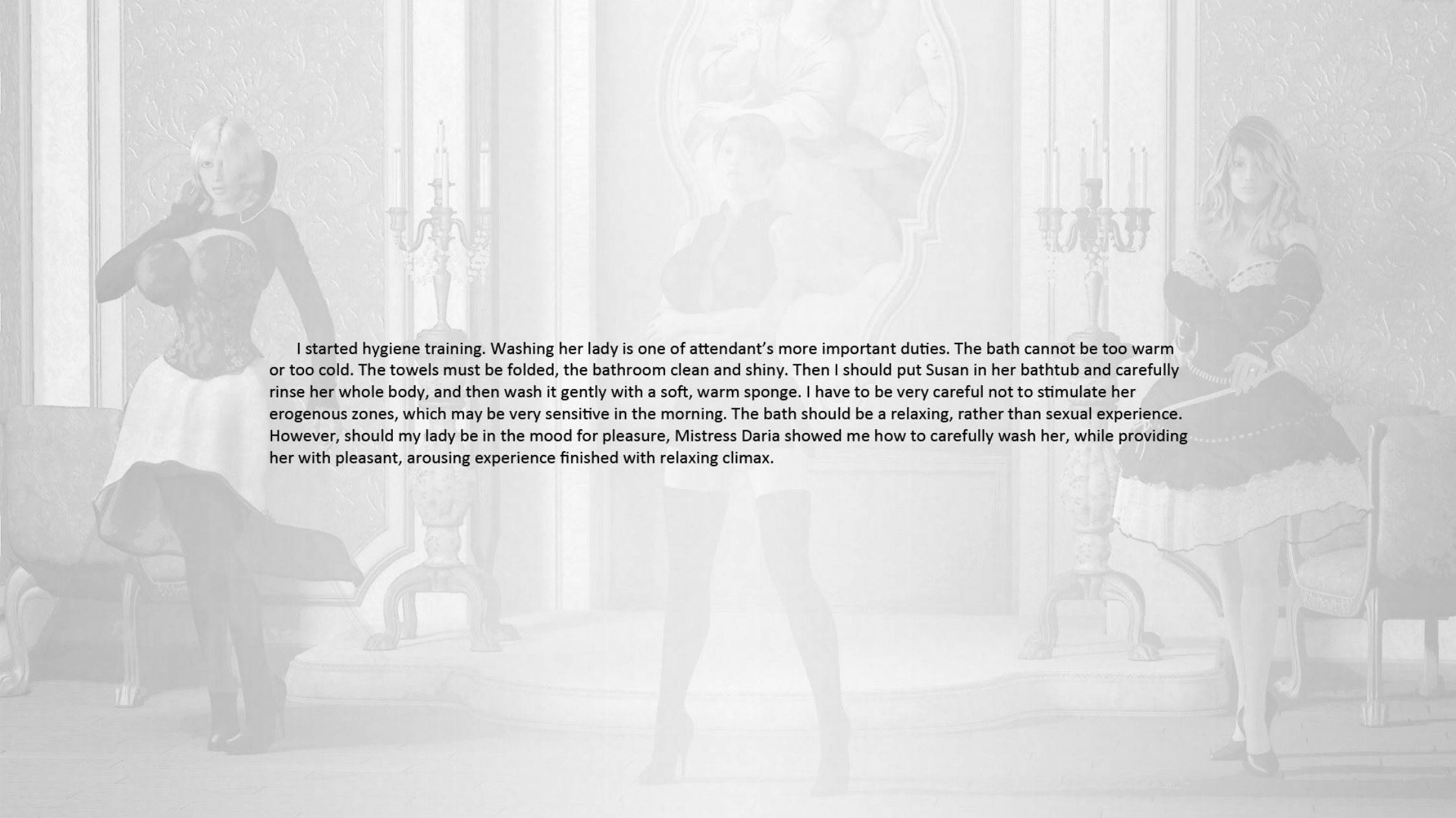
It happened for the first time in one of the palace corridors. Gilbert Dalone, the seneschal's assistant, was passing me by, when he ordered me to stop and bend over. When I understood what was about to happen, I got so aroused I squealed with excitement. I immediately did as I was bid.

- I like you Jessica, I can see you're fulfilling your duties well, and besides, I like your nubile ass, nature was generous to you. - Saying that he slid his finger into my wet back hole. After a moment he slid in three more. I was so horny the orgasm came after just several thrusts and lasted for as long Gilbert drilled my ass with his fingers. Finally he stopped and pulled out his fingers leaving me dizzy. He wiped his hand with a handkerchief, gave my butt a pat and left me there, my legs trembling.

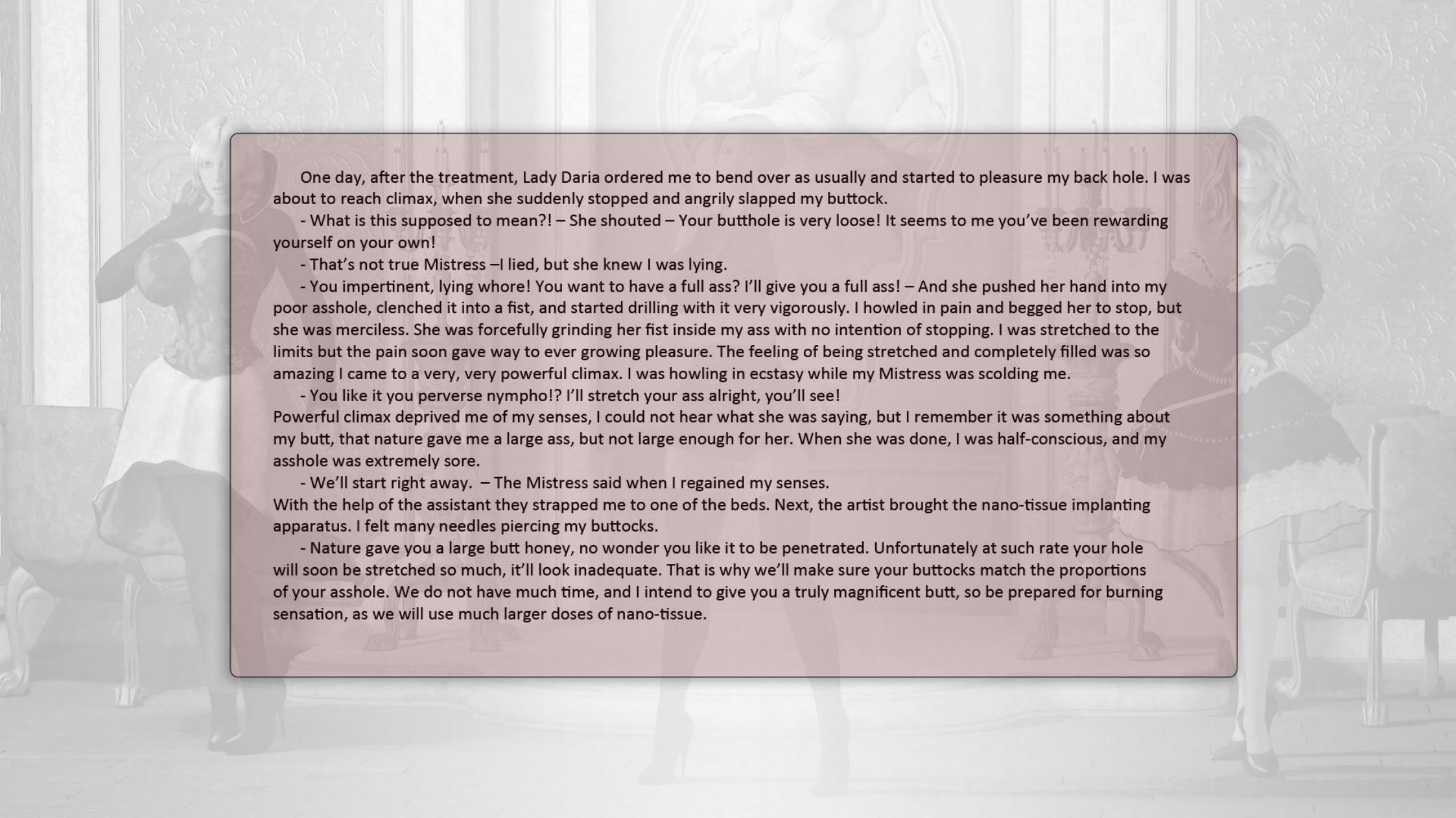


This happened every day from that point on. With the servant the cook, librarian from whom I borrowed manuals and several times with some noble guests. I loved those situations, my butt always craved more and more.

Exposed ass tempted me to pay with it, and despite it being considered in bad tone ever more often I played with it myself ever more often. I even discovered the secret technique used by the Mistress to reward the servant girls. The feeling was really pleasurable when my buttole was very stretched. Therefore I pushed more and more fingers inside. One day I was terrified to realise that it had become so stretched I could fit in my whole hand! It got so big I was really frightened that Lady Daria would discover my anal secret.

A grayscale illustration of a woman in a corset and skirt standing in a room with a large mirror and candelabras. The woman is positioned in the center, looking towards the right. She is wearing a dark corset with a light-colored bodice and a long, light-colored skirt. Her hands are on her hips. The room features a large, ornate mirror on the wall behind her, reflecting her image. To the left and right of the mirror are candelabras with multiple lit candles. The background wall has a decorative, floral pattern. The floor is tiled.

I started hygiene training. Washing her lady is one of attendant's more important duties. The bath cannot be too warm or too cold. The towels must be folded, the bathroom clean and shiny. Then I should put Susan in her bathtub and carefully rinse her whole body, and then wash it gently with a soft, warm sponge. I have to be very careful not to stimulate her erogenous zones, which may be very sensitive in the morning. The bath should be a relaxing, rather than sexual experience. However, should my lady be in the mood for pleasure, Mistress Daria showed me how to carefully wash her, while providing her with pleasant, arousing experience finished with relaxing climax.



One day, after the treatment, Lady Daria ordered me to bend over as usual and started to pleasure my back hole. I was about to reach climax, when she suddenly stopped and angrily slapped my buttock.

- What is this supposed to mean?! – She shouted – Your asshole is very loose! It seems to me you've been rewarding yourself on your own!

- That's not true Mistress – I lied, but she knew I was lying.

- You impertinent, lying whore! You want to have a full ass? I'll give you a full ass! – And she pushed her hand into my poor asshole, clenched it into a fist, and started drilling with it very vigorously. I howled in pain and begged her to stop, but she was merciless. She was forcefully grinding her fist inside my ass with no intention of stopping. I was stretched to the limits but the pain soon gave way to ever growing pleasure. The feeling of being stretched and completely filled was so amazing I came to a very, very powerful climax. I was howling in ecstasy while my Mistress was scolding me.

- You like it you perverse nympho!? I'll stretch your ass alright, you'll see!

Powerful climax deprived me of my senses, I could not hear what she was saying, but I remember it was something about my butt, that nature gave me a large ass, but not large enough for her. When she was done, I was half-conscious, and my asshole was extremely sore.

- We'll start right away. – The Mistress said when I regained my senses.

With the help of the assistant they strapped me to one of the beds. Next, the artist brought the nano-tissue implanting apparatus. I felt many needles piercing my buttocks.


- Nature gave you a large butt honey, no wonder you like it to be penetrated. Unfortunately at such rate your hole will soon be stretched so much, it'll look inadequate. That is why we'll make sure your buttocks match the proportions of your asshole. We do not have much time, and I intend to give you a truly magnificent butt, so be prepared for burning sensation, as we will use much larger doses of nano-tissue.

From that moment the artist had been enhancing not only my breasts, but also my buttocks. The breasts do not hurt anymore, but the pain in my buttocks is terrible. They fill them with so much nano-tissue, it burns and hurts all day! Moreover, it grows larger every day, at an alarming rate. It had always been large, but now it's becoming enormous. The artist said that due to my natural proportions, the possibilities are even greater than in the case of my breasts.





The Mistress stopped rewarding me for good behaviour; instead, she started stretching my asshole regularly. She was using special toys which she inserted inside and pumped so much, they made my ass hurt. I had to wear them all day long. In the evenings Lady Daria drilled my asshole with a huge anal dildo, stretching it painfully. I have to admit though, that despite the pain this punishment aroused me and quickly turned into pleasure. I have an impression that the more I'm being stretched, the stronger orgasms I experience.



I was aware that my asshole was slowly becoming a loose wet hole. Despite that I could not control the lust which overwhelmed me completely. The mere thought of my huge rump being fucked made me wet between the buttocks. Days became a painful wait for the evening, when the Mistress pulls out the plug and drills my wet loose hole personally at last.

In the end my asshole was so stretched it could fit both of my Mistress's hands inside, and was so ravaged that even if nothing was inside, it remained gaping.



My breasts had grown so large and heavy that if I didn't have my uniform on, they sagged all the way to my navel, but the artist mercilessly continued to pump them. I once went hysterical and begged him to stop, because due to all this enhancing they became so heavy and sensitive, that without a stiff support of my outfit they hurt stretching under their own weight. My pleading was useless though. The Mistress scolded me and reminded me I should behave with dignity, as befits the Princess's future attendant.

So, I wore my large reinforced corset non-stop. Its cups supporting my heavy breasts were size 36L, but were too shallow to cover my breasts, and my nipples remained always exposed.

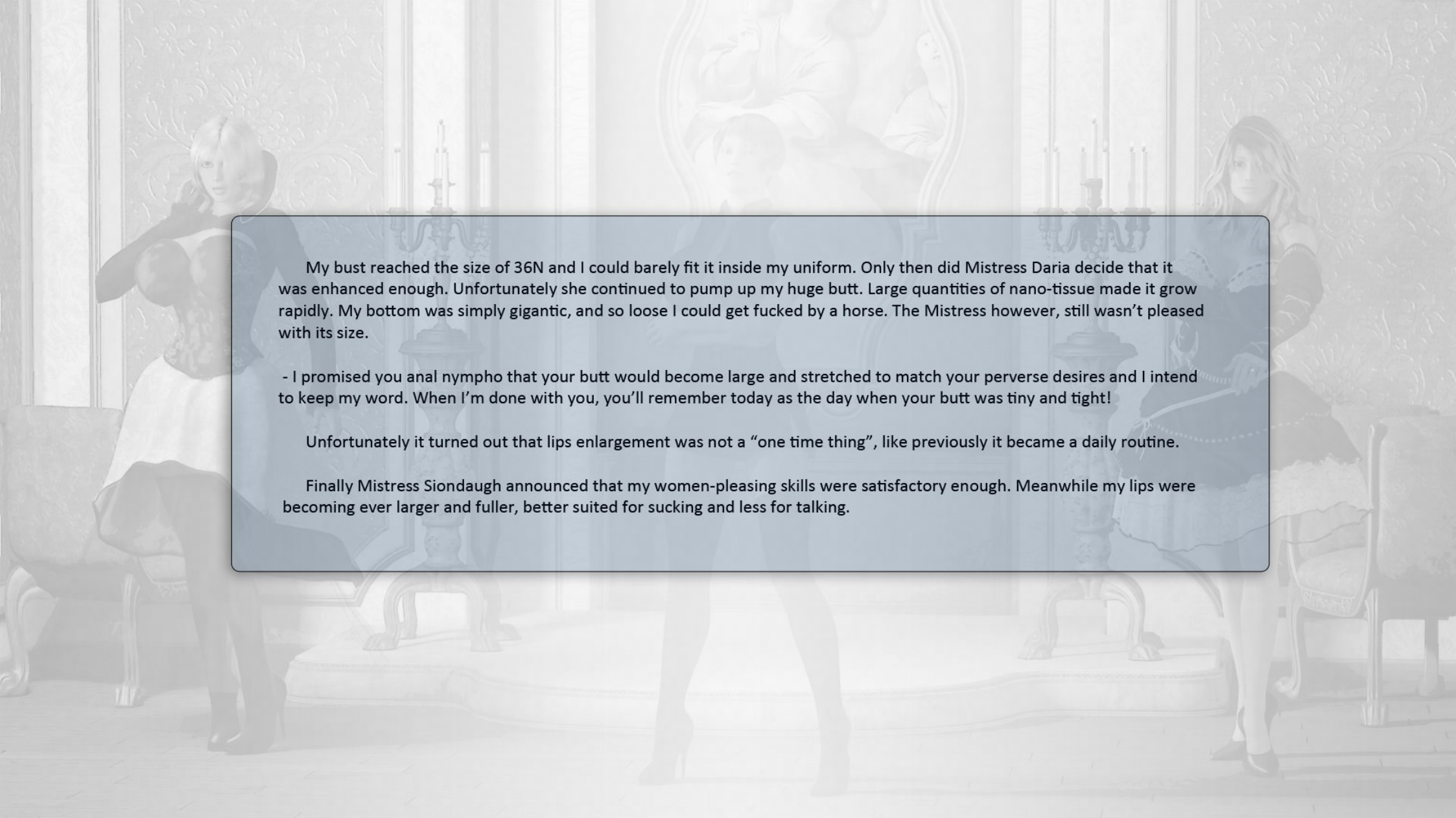
But it was the issue with my butt, which was the worst. It quickly became so large it hindered my movement. Of course its already absurd size was not enough for the Mistress, so she ordered the artist to continue pumping it.





The next stage of my learning was the perfection of the art of cunnilingus. To start things off, the palace artist enhanced my lips. The new ones were plump and soft. The Mistress was very pleased, and I must admit I found the effect pretty neat myself. Rarely a servant could hope to have such lips.

I started from learning how to please women. For two days Lady Daria gave me thorough lectures on the anatomy of woman's love temple and the ways to please it. It wasn't until the third day that the practical classes started. As with the massage learning, I practiced on other servants, while the Mistress monitored my progress.



My bust reached the size of 36N and I could barely fit it inside my uniform. Only then did Mistress Daria decide that it was enhanced enough. Unfortunately she continued to pump up my huge butt. Large quantities of nano-tissue made it grow rapidly. My bottom was simply gigantic, and so loose I could get fucked by a horse. The Mistress however, still wasn't pleased with its size.

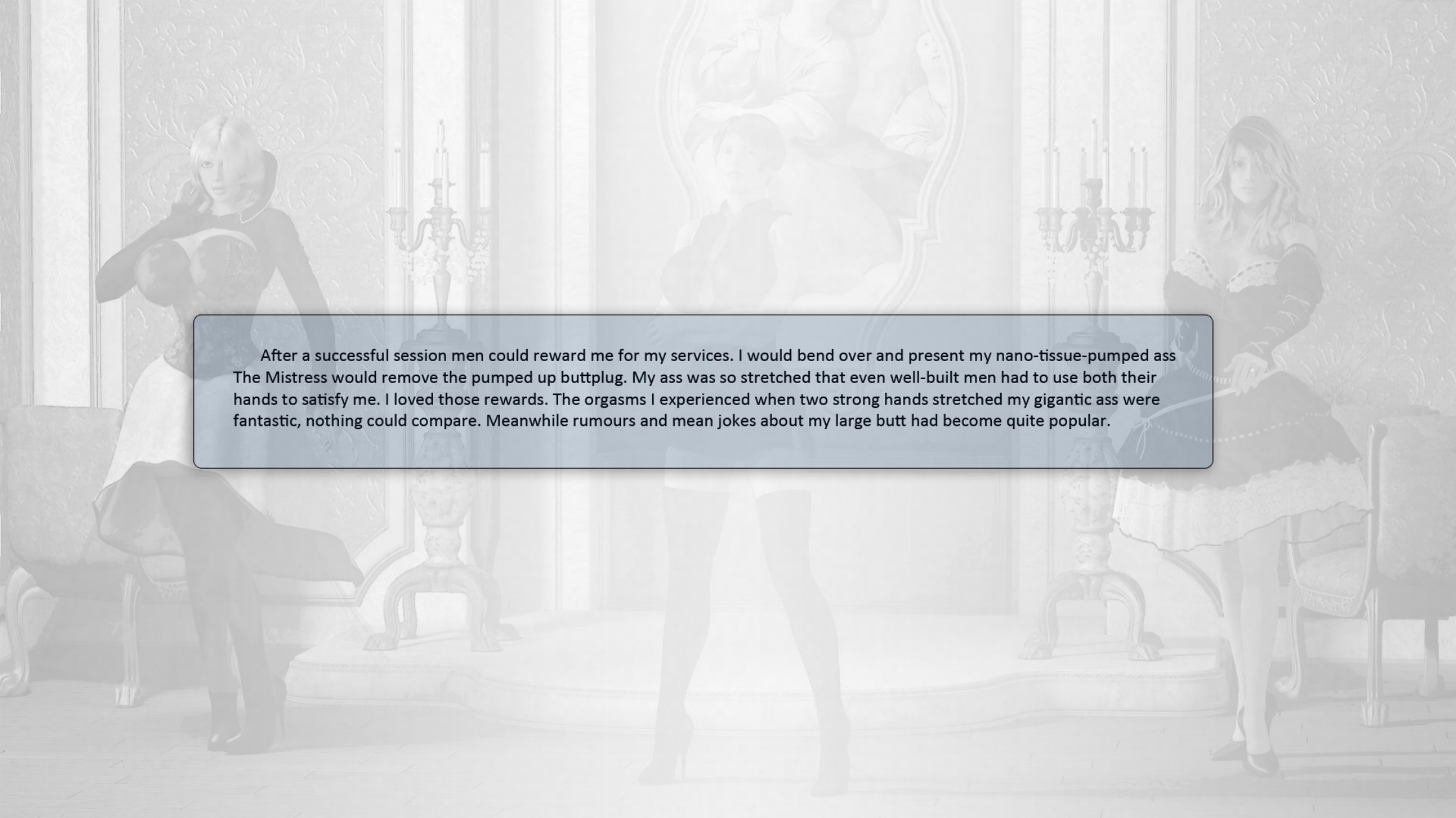
- I promised you anal nympho that your butt would become large and stretched to match your perverse desires and I intend to keep my word. When I'm done with you, you'll remember today as the day when your butt was tiny and tight!

Unfortunately it turned out that lips enlargement was not a "one time thing", like previously it became a daily routine.

Finally Mistress Siondaugh announced that my women-pleasing skills were satisfactory enough. Meanwhile my lips were becoming ever larger and fuller, better suited for sucking and less for talking.

Unsurprisingly the next stage was learning fellatio. Like before, the practical classes were preceded by Lady Daria's theoretical lectures. When it came to practice, it turned out there were plenty of volunteers. On my most active training days I serviced up to twenty men! One of the more important duties of servants pleasing men with their lips was swallowing sperm. When twenty or so men come in your mouth, you must swallow a whole lot of sperm, and before I got used to it I often felt sick and could feel its distinct taste in my mouth for hours.

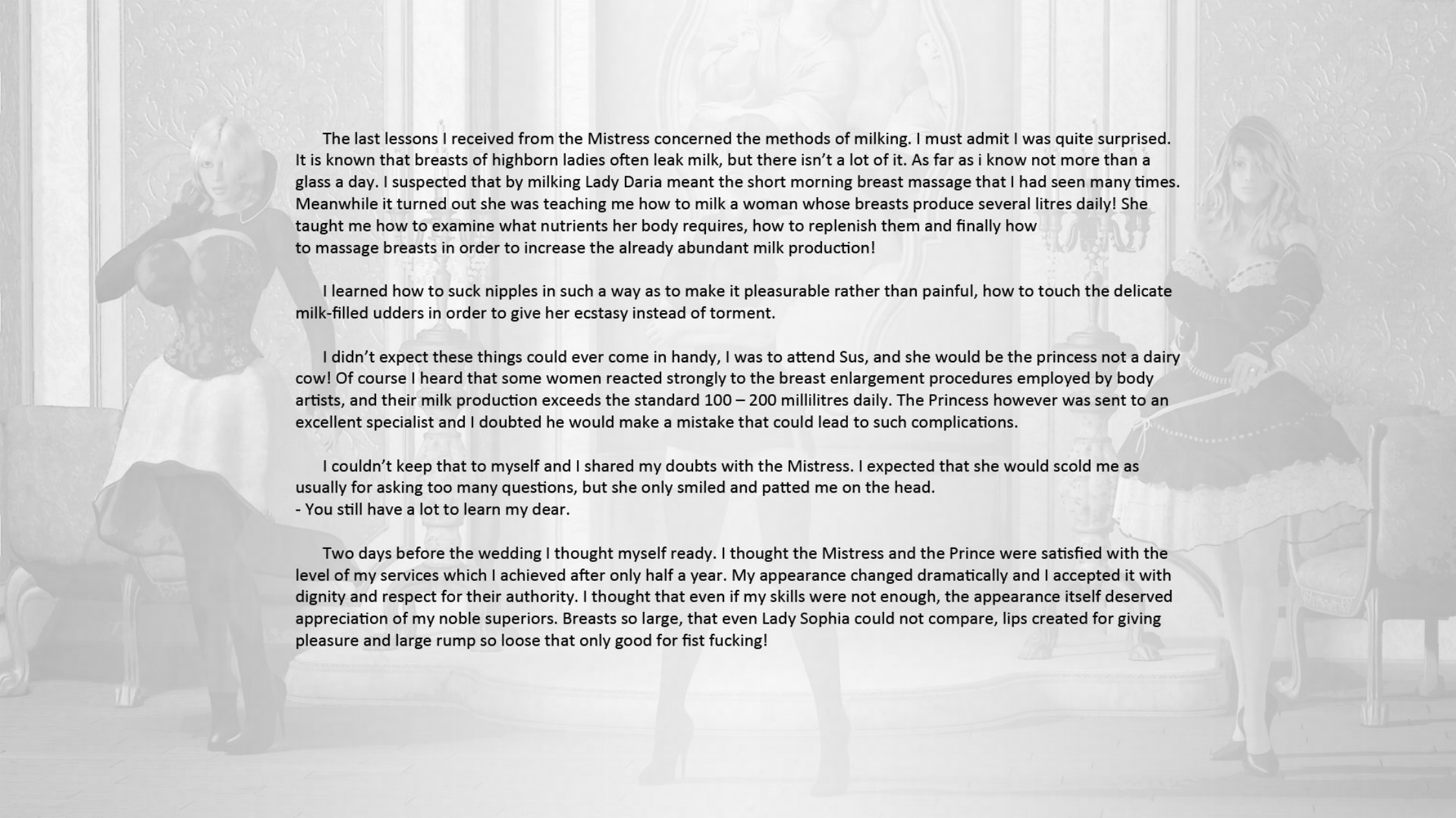




After a successful session men could reward me for my services. I would bend over and present my nano-tissue-pumped ass. The Mistress would remove the pumped up buttplug. My ass was so stretched that even well-built men had to use both their hands to satisfy me. I loved those rewards. The orgasms I experienced when two strong hands stretched my gigantic ass were fantastic, nothing could compare. Meanwhile rumours and mean jokes about my large butt had become quite popular.



The wedding was approaching and the Mistress decided that it was the time to end the treatments in the clinic. And thanks goodness, because I felt like an inflatable doll, as I was pumped up with more and more nano-tissue. At that point my lips had become so large and plump, that I looked like a blowjob machine. Meanwhile my butt has grown so large I could barely walk. It was only good for being fucked with both hands, sometimes as a reward for good behaviour, and sometimes just to feel in control as I squirmed helpless in my ecstasy. It annoys me, because I was to be an attendant, not two holes to be fucked.



The last lessons I received from the Mistress concerned the methods of milking. I must admit I was quite surprised. It is known that breasts of highborn ladies often leak milk, but there isn't a lot of it. As far as I know not more than a glass a day. I suspected that by milking Lady Daria meant the short morning breast massage that I had seen many times. Meanwhile it turned out she was teaching me how to milk a woman whose breasts produce several litres daily! She taught me how to examine what nutrients her body requires, how to replenish them and finally how to massage breasts in order to increase the already abundant milk production!

I learned how to suck nipples in such a way as to make it pleasurable rather than painful, how to touch the delicate milk-filled udders in order to give her ecstasy instead of torment.

I didn't expect these things could ever come in handy, I was to attend Sus, and she would be the princess not a dairy cow! Of course I heard that some women reacted strongly to the breast enlargement procedures employed by body artists, and their milk production exceeds the standard 100 – 200 millilitres daily. The Princess however was sent to an excellent specialist and I doubted he would make a mistake that could lead to such complications.

I couldn't keep that to myself and I shared my doubts with the Mistress. I expected that she would scold me as usually for asking too many questions, but she only smiled and patted me on the head.
- You still have a lot to learn my dear.

Two days before the wedding I thought myself ready. I thought the Mistress and the Prince were satisfied with the level of my services which I achieved after only half a year. My appearance changed dramatically and I accepted it with dignity and respect for their authority. I thought that even if my skills were not enough, the appearance itself deserved appreciation of my noble superiors. Breasts so large, that even Lady Sophia could not compare, lips created for giving pleasure and large rump so loose that only good for fist fucking!

How surprised I was, when it turned out, that the prince personally ordered Lady Daria, to once more take me to the palace clinic! The changes he'd had in mind were extreme. He reminded me that I was to be the Princess Susan's attendant, not her rival! That is why he ordered my body to be decorated with various piercings! We're not talking here about a couple of earrings; before the artist was done, I had spent an entire day in the clinic!





END OF PART 1