

# Princess Susan and a Blue Tear

## Part II



BDSM  
Dollification  
Orgasm denial  
Forced orgasm  
Non consensual  
Breast expansion  
Body modification  
Fisting & Extreme penetration  
In wonderful heart-spirited setting ;)

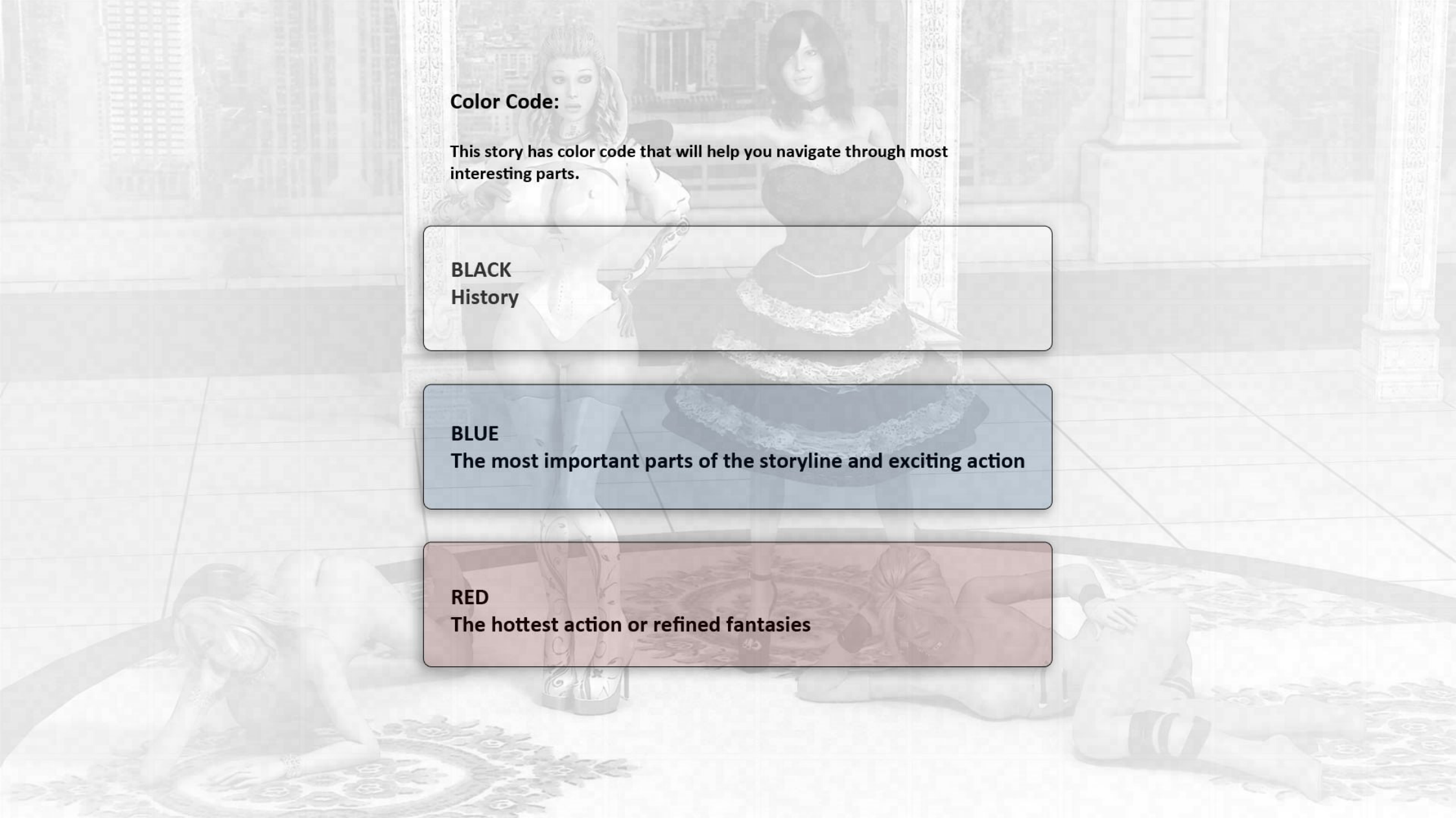
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**Color Code:**

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

**BLACK**  
History

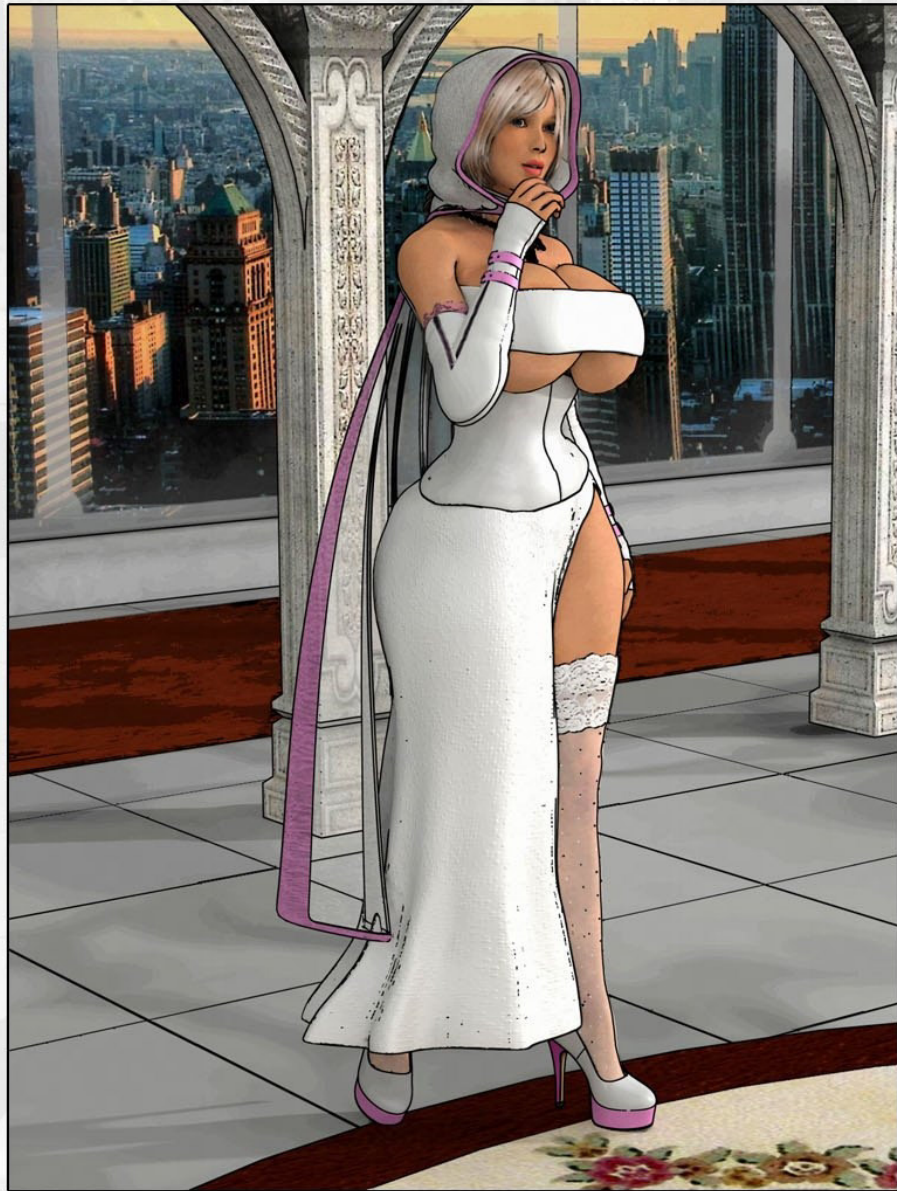
**BLUE**  
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

**RED**  
The hottest action or refined fantasies

## Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart

Susan looked lovely. As my friend Albert had said, her breasts and butt had been only moderately enlarged, but it did not take away from her charm. Even her face with tiny, thin lips was lovely in a way. My Princess has some primal wildness of a simple girl, rebellious girl untouched by an artist's hand. It was this wildness and energy that I found so alluring. I understood it immediately, when I saw her for the first time at a common nightclub.





Our family is very conservative, and according to the custom, if the princess's bra cups fit within the letters of alphabet, her breasts are considered too small. However, when prior to the wedding Albert told me that Susan still had small breasts and tight butt, I only rejoiced. It meant I would enjoy giving her proper shapes and size myself.

When she saw me at the ball, she was moved and her eyes swelled with tears. She leapt towards me and snuggled into me tightly. Seeing this, even my conservative father smiled kindly. This tiny blonde was so emotional and full of energy it was impossible not to love her.



When the wedding night came, my newly wedded wife turned into a sex-crazed daemon. She lunged at me like a hellish Succubus. She was so overcome with lust she forcefully took my clothes off, nearly tearing them. All the while she was shouting very kinky requests. Even her attendant, Jessie seemed astonished.

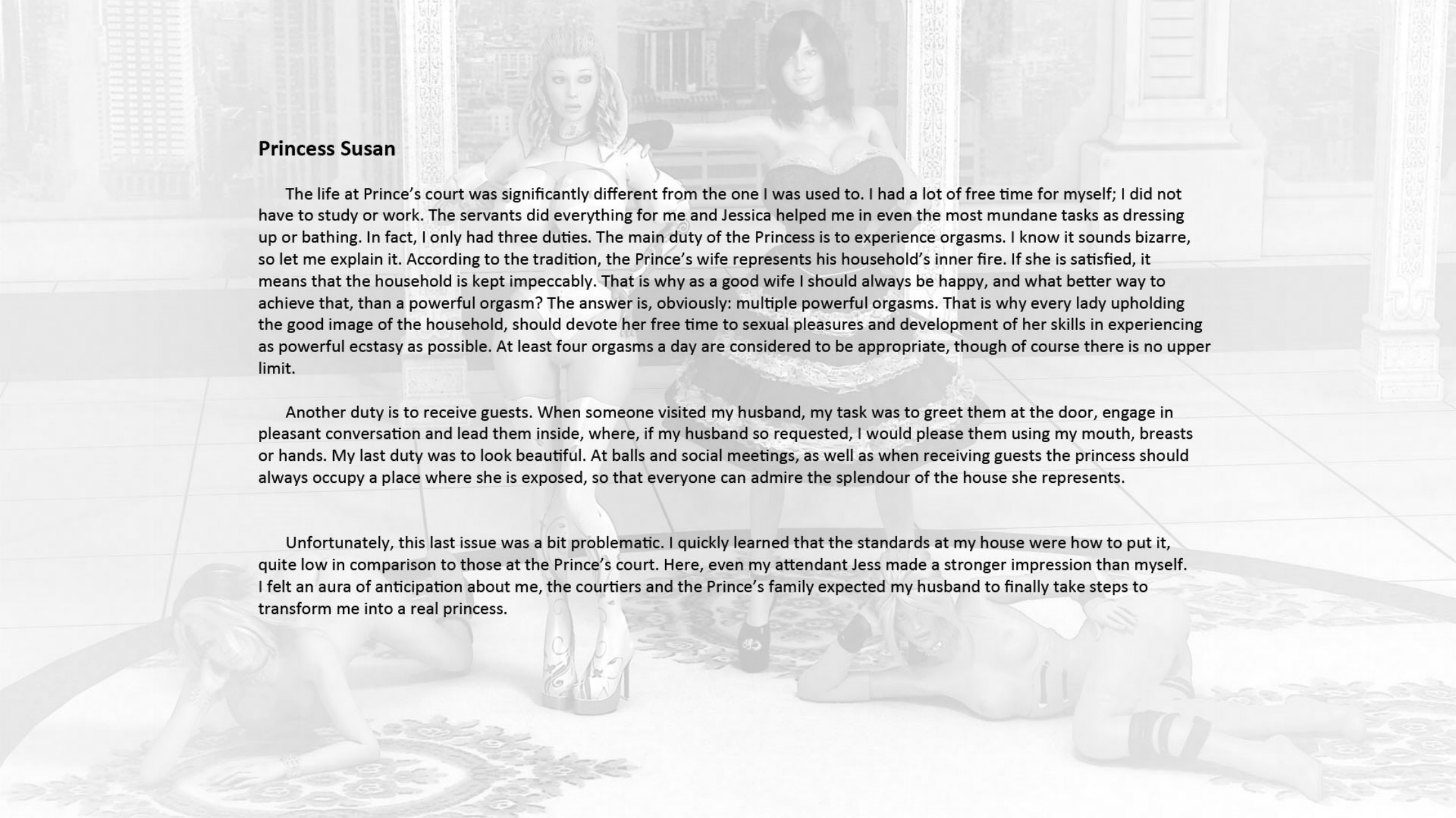
She pushed me onto the bed and hungrily lunged at my manhood; I felt as if I had been caught by a vicious carnivorous animal! It was Susan's wildness and straightforwardness that allured me so much. When she finally unbuckled my trousers and got to my cock, she quickly mounted it, not even bothering to undress or take off her shoes. She had her first orgasm in no time, impaling herself wantonly on my cock. I've got no idea how many times she came before I was done, but I'm sure it was a lot. She was riding me relentlessly, changing positions every now and then and howling in ecstasy and arousal.



When we were done, she literally worshipped my manhood. She, put her cheek against it, kissed it and sucked. She fondled and touched, put it between her small breasts and squeezed vigorously.

That night with my wild lioness was exhausting. When she finally collapsed I fell fast asleep, smiling and satisfied.





## Princess Susan

The life at Prince's court was significantly different from the one I was used to. I had a lot of free time for myself; I did not have to study or work. The servants did everything for me and Jessica helped me in even the most mundane tasks as dressing up or bathing. In fact, I only had three duties. The main duty of the Princess is to experience orgasms. I know it sounds bizarre, so let me explain it. According to the tradition, the Prince's wife represents his household's inner fire. If she is satisfied, it means that the household is kept impeccably. That is why as a good wife I should always be happy, and what better way to achieve that, than a powerful orgasm? The answer is, obviously: multiple powerful orgasms. That is why every lady upholding the good image of the household, should devote her free time to sexual pleasures and development of her skills in experiencing as powerful ecstasy as possible. At least four orgasms a day are considered to be appropriate, though of course there is no upper limit.

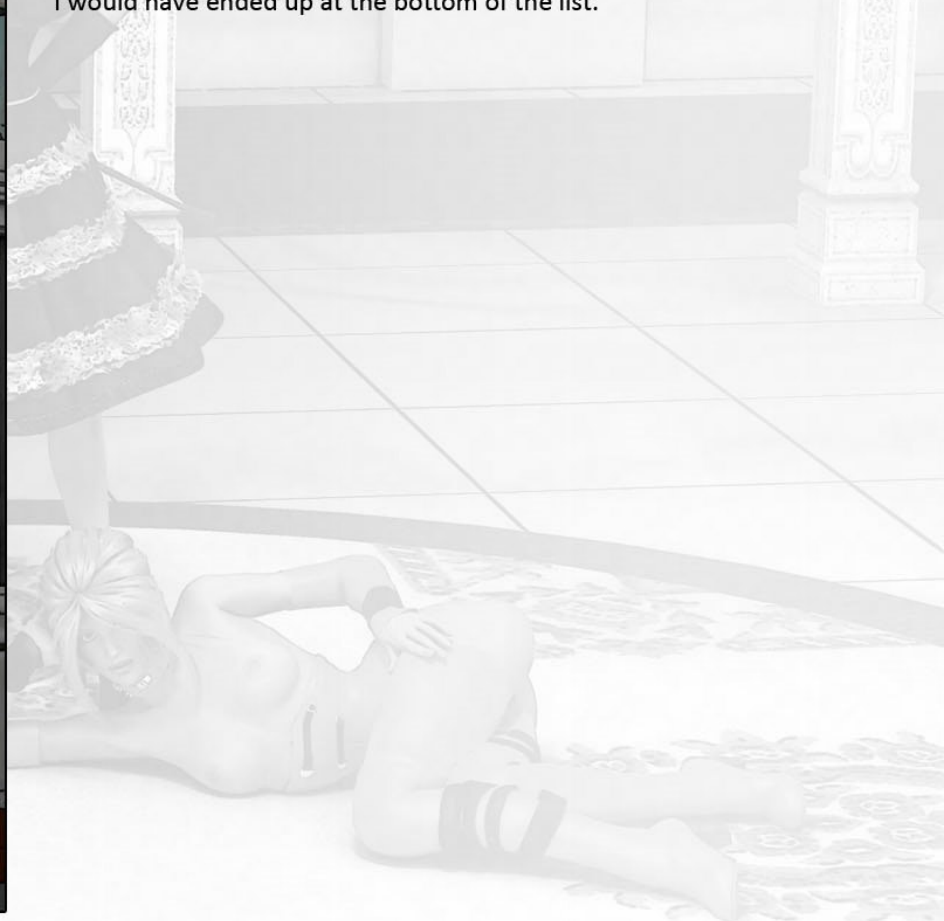
Another duty is to receive guests. When someone visited my husband, my task was to greet them at the door, engage in pleasant conversation and lead them inside, where, if my husband so requested, I would please them using my mouth, breasts or hands. My last duty was to look beautiful. At balls and social meetings, as well as when receiving guests the princess should always occupy a place where she is exposed, so that everyone can admire the splendour of the house she represents.

Unfortunately, this last issue was a bit problematic. I quickly learned that the standards at my house were how to put it, quite low in comparison to those at the Prince's court. Here, even my attendant Jess made a stronger impression than myself. I felt an aura of anticipation about me, the courtiers and the Prince's family expected my husband to finally take steps to transform me into a real princess.



Ever more often I saw hidden glances and silent sighs of disapproval, when my appearance turned out to be found wanting in comparison with that of other ladies of the court.

Even the Prince, who initially seemed to enjoy my “natural” look, more often than not made remarks about my small breasts, common lips and overly vigorous movements. Of course the guests pretended to find me exceedingly attractive, but I knew that if a “hottest lady of the court” competition had been organised, I would have ended up at the bottom of the list.



I was a Princess, but not a true lady. A true lady has a waist so thin it can be clasped with just hands; she always walks slowly and always wears a corset. True ladies wear corsets not only with a dress but also with everyday clothes. True ladies have hair only on their heads and wear them in most intricate hairstyles. True ladies have ideal face with large eyes and full round lips perfectly suited for fellatio. The holes of a true lady are made for sex, so sensitive that anyone can effortlessly bring her to orgasm. Experienced upper-class men like to enslave true ladies' sexuality, and bring them to orgasms so powerful they lose consciousness. Vagina and anus of a true lady are formed by the body artists in such a way, that sex with her is pure ecstasy. Lastly, a true lady has butt and breasts so large and sensitive, they dominate her life. I also learned that many ladies allow the artists to increase their breasts' milk production on purpose, in order to stress how much they care about their breasts and how much attention they devote to them.

I am not a true lady!





The requirements I face gave me a lot of stress, which is why I needed something to help me vent my frustration. I employed two new servants: Arianne and Bell. They were on a penitentiary contract, meaning that I got them out of prison, and if they wanted to leave, they'd be back there for many years. The girls theoretically had a choice, but in reality they were nothing more than slaves.

I wanted to be a good mistress, I tried to be nice, I only wanted them to be close to me and tell me how a great princess I was. I wanted to know I was important to them. I often had sex with them. I mean they pleased me first and later I allowed them to play with each other. I know it was not entirely real, but I felt appreciated when they did that. I wanted their pleasure to be real, which is why they had to swallow an Exta pill beforehand. It's an aphrodisiac with effects somewhat similar to Blue Tear.

## Princess Susan - Diary

Ever more often I crave Arianne's and Bell's services, therefore we are inseparable. The girls are to fondle me and each other whenever I tell them to. I like to take them to parties or social meetings, as two horny sweeties fondling each other on the carpet at the feet of the Princess bring a little excitement to the otherwise boring event. Their lowborn breasts and butts are so small that they do not distract attention from the main event. Besides, when I fancy an orgasm, I give them a sign and the girls immediately attend to my pleasure. It's a bit extravagant, but I'm a Princess and no one can deny me a little retreat from an otherwise boring party.

The girls are very different from each other. Arianne comes from a violent background. She grew up in a pathological family in the worst part of the city. When I pulled her out of jail on penitentiary contract she was serving a sentence for rape and battery of her colleague. It wasn't her first time in prison too. She was cruel to other inmates, and was known for her obsession over female private parts. Presumably, she got on with men quite well, but when it came to women... Who would've thought that such a sweet flower could have such nasty thorns. I chose her on purpose, as I thought it might be interesting.





Belle is another story entirely. A spoiled girl from rich middle-class family. At first glance quiet and shy, she was hiding great unfulfilled ambitions. She used to work as an accountant and was really good at it. Unfortunately her greed got the better of her and she tried to cheat her employers out of large money. She had been caught and imprisoned, and then I got my hands on her.

Arianne quickly dominated shy Belle. Girls had many toys at their disposal, I made sure there was a collection of strap-ons among them. When Arianne thought that no one saw her she terrorised her colleague and took her by force. When Arianne was under the grip of Exta, her defenceless friend's pussy excited her like blood excites a shark, she used large toys and could fuck her really, really hard. When tormented Belle confided in me about her ordeal, I pretended to be angry at and disappointed with Arianne, but in reality I allowed her to do it. It was the whole point.

## Princess Susan - Calista

There is a custom, introduced in the last decade and recognised by the king. It is called a “Noble Avatar”. A highborn lady who doesn’t want to or cannot participate in the social life of her house, can employ a double. Such woman is known as avatar and represents her lady at important meetings. The King himself deemed that such a woman is to be treated as if she really were the lady she represents. Due to difficulties with finding a proper candidate, these women are very rare. The double should be highborn and provide a written consent to becoming an avatar. Her role, though noble (as she helps a lady who for some reason cannot participate in social life) is extremely demanding and difficult. Being an avatar is also a matter of honour which means that it is legally forbidden to pay for such services. Despite the difficulties, I decided to find myself a double. I’d had enough of embarrassing situations in public and I knew my Prince felt the same way. I suspected that sooner or later he would fold under his family’s pressure and would attend to my appearance. I like myself the way I was and I wasn’t looking forward to visits in palace clinic where I would be turned into an inflatable doll. I had to act.

I saw her for the first time at my husband’s party. She came with Lord Henry Grunt. She was that kind of woman that is more pleasant to look at rather than talk to. Her delicate, noble face and slender silhouette were pleasing to the eye, her sensuous movements and mysterious smile made her allure even stronger. Unfortunately, as soon as she opened her mouth to speak you realised she was nothing more than an empty pampered brat. She was said to come from poor nobility without the means to provide her appropriate lifestyle, which is why Calista had to find a partner that would take care of her. She caught the eye of Lord Henry and he decided to make her his concubine.





Unfortunately after some time it turned out that Calista was the most indecisive, boring and indolent woman he had ever met. She never knew what she wanted; she rarely showed any signs of enthusiasm whatsoever. A plate of pasta made a better interlocutor.



Finally Henry got bored with her.  
When he left her, she was broken and did not know what to do, she  
needed someone to take care of her. I couldn't watch her suffer, so  
I decided to help her.





Calista was sitting in an armchair with an expression of an angry child. Her new breasts were stretching the fabric of her tight t-shirt. Her breasts were smaller than mine, yet their perfectly round shape drew attention.

- They are slightly too big – She remarked, touching them through the fabric.

- What cup is it?

- These are not real breasts – I replied – You have implants, their size is measured differently.

She looked at me without signs of understanding. She continued to anaemically examine them. Finally she reconsidered it and asked again.

- I know, I mean how large are they?

- The size of fake tits is measured in millilitres. Each of yours has 800cc.

- Why didn't you enlarge my breasts in normal way? Why do I have implants?

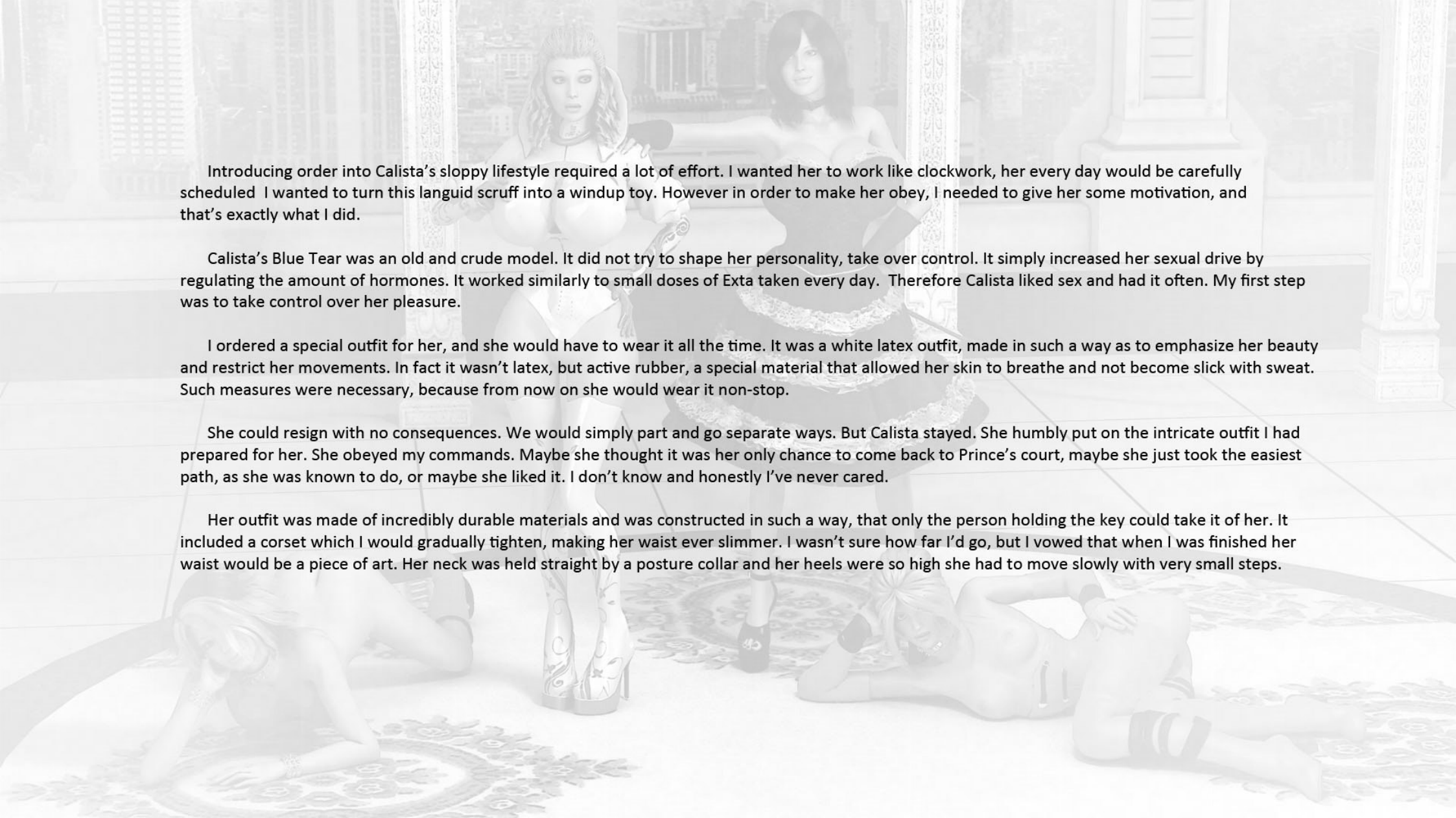
- The implants I used have half the density of natural tissue and is much more flexible. This will make your breasts perfectly spherical. They will resemble two round balls!

- I do not understand – She said after a while. - They already look like that! Her naivety made me laugh. Meanwhile Calista kept looking at me with antipathy; her angry expression started showing signs of anxiety.

- The size of your breasts is a disgrace to implants! – I remarked playfully. – Why do people still use them if there are at least four other, much more modern methods? – Because only they allow to reach really large dimensions without ruining the back! The implants are not used to create such micro-tits as yours; they will give you really humongous breasts!

- I don't want really humongous breasts!
- Fortunately my dear, the decision in this matter is not yours to make.





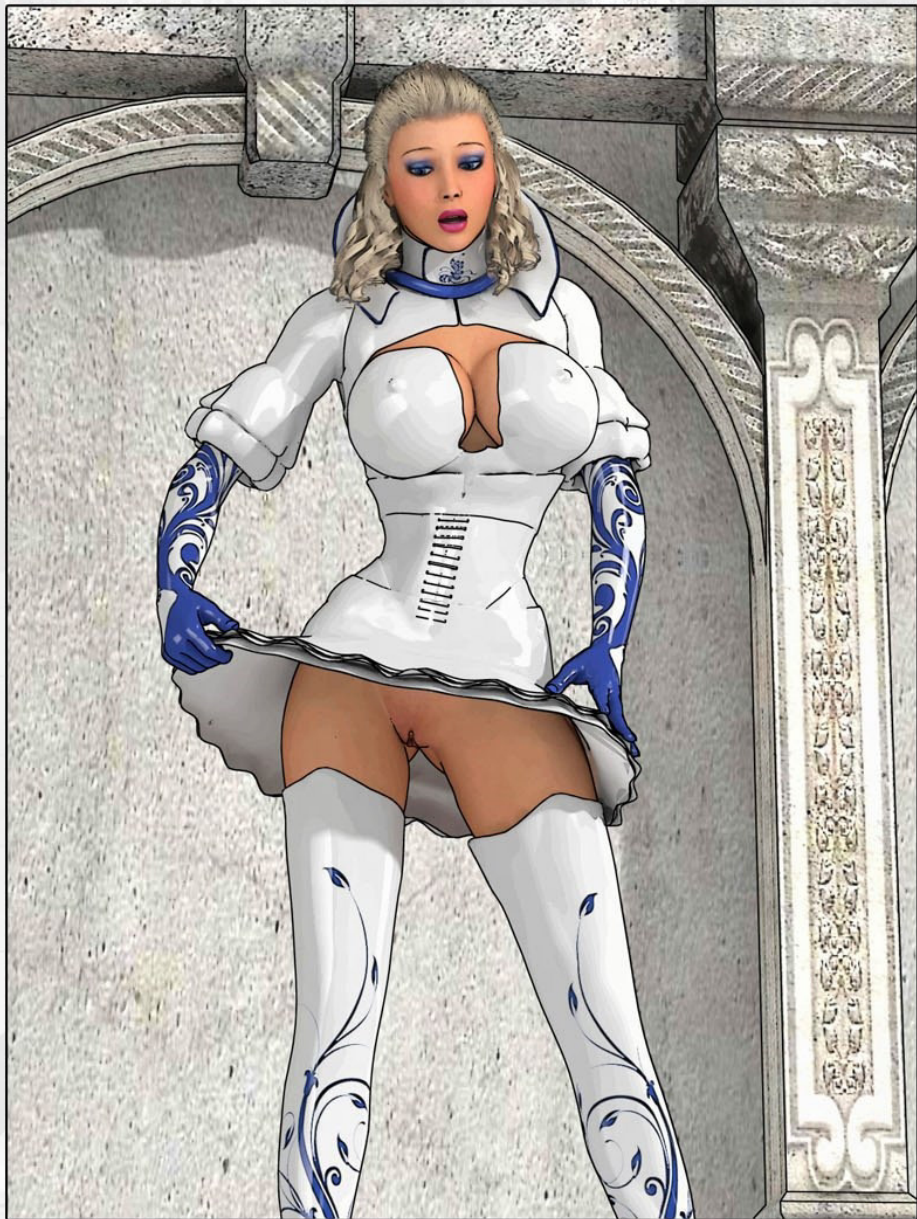
Introducing order into Calista's sloppy lifestyle required a lot of effort. I wanted her to work like clockwork, her every day would be carefully scheduled I wanted to turn this languid scruff into a windup toy. However in order to make her obey, I needed to give her some motivation, and that's exactly what I did.

Calista's Blue Tear was an old and crude model. It did not try to shape her personality, take over control. It simply increased her sexual drive by regulating the amount of hormones. It worked similarly to small doses of Exta taken every day. Therefore Calista liked sex and had it often. My first step was to take control over her pleasure.

I ordered a special outfit for her, and she would have to wear it all the time. It was a white latex outfit, made in such a way as to emphasize her beauty and restrict her movements. In fact it wasn't latex, but active rubber, a special material that allowed her skin to breathe and not become slick with sweat. Such measures were necessary, because from now on she would wear it non-stop.

She could resign with no consequences. We would simply part and go separate ways. But Calista stayed. She humbly put on the intricate outfit I had prepared for her. She obeyed my commands. Maybe she thought it was her only chance to come back to Prince's court, maybe she just took the easiest path, as she was known to do, or maybe she liked it. I don't know and honestly I've never cared.

Her outfit was made of incredibly durable materials and was constructed in such a way, that only the person holding the key could take it of her. It included a corset which I would gradually tighten, making her waist ever slimmer. I wasn't sure how far I'd go, but I vowed that when I was finished her waist would be a piece of art. Her neck was held straight by a posture collar and her heels were so high she had to move slowly with very small steps.

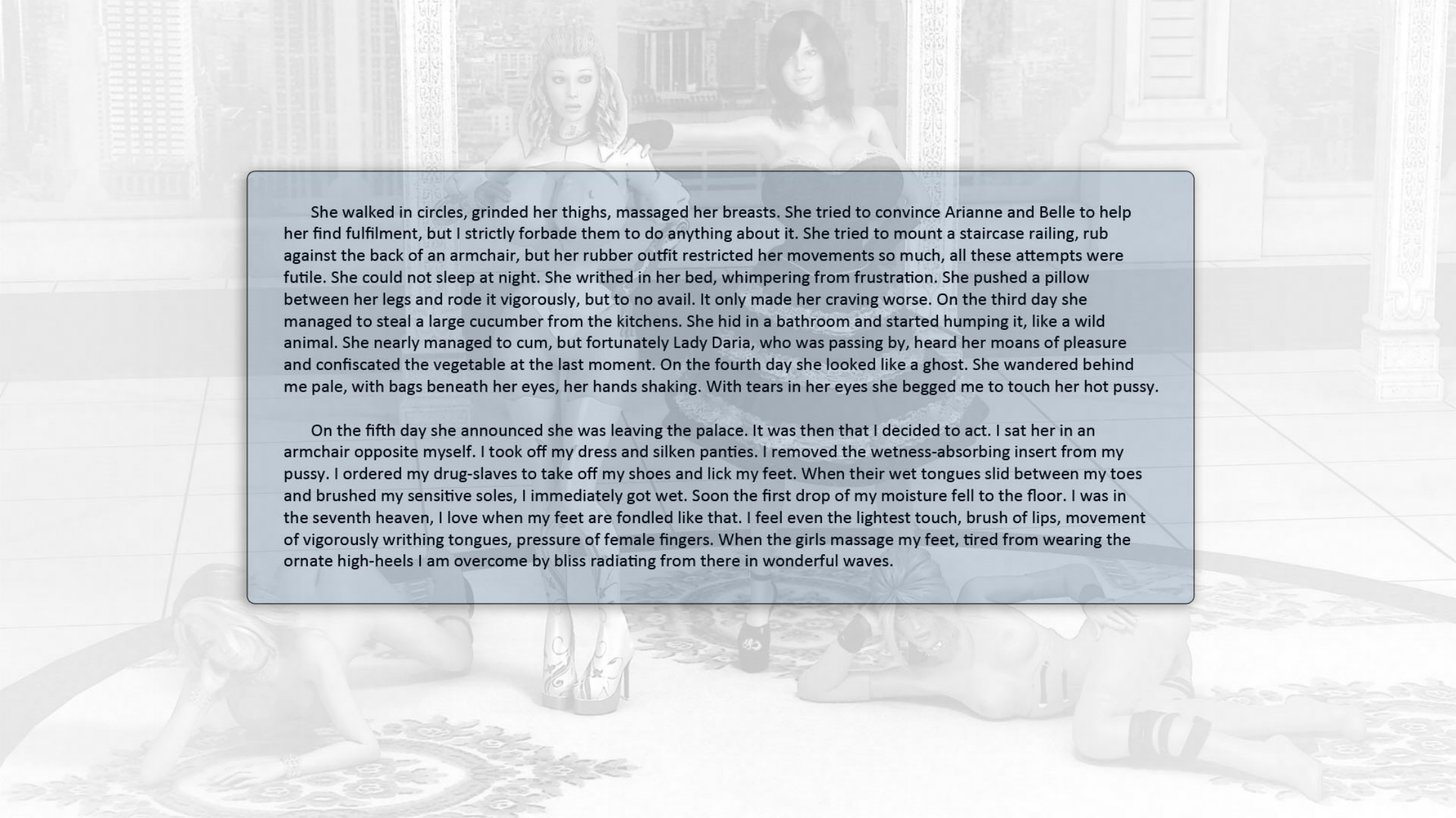


The key element of the outfit was a stiff composite “skirt” that blocked my rubber dolly access to her private parts. It worked like an E-Collar, and because the outfit did not include panties, Calista’s pussy was accessible to everyone but herself.

I strictly forbade everyone from making her cum. They could play with her pussy as much as they wanted, provided they wouldn’t make her reach orgasm.

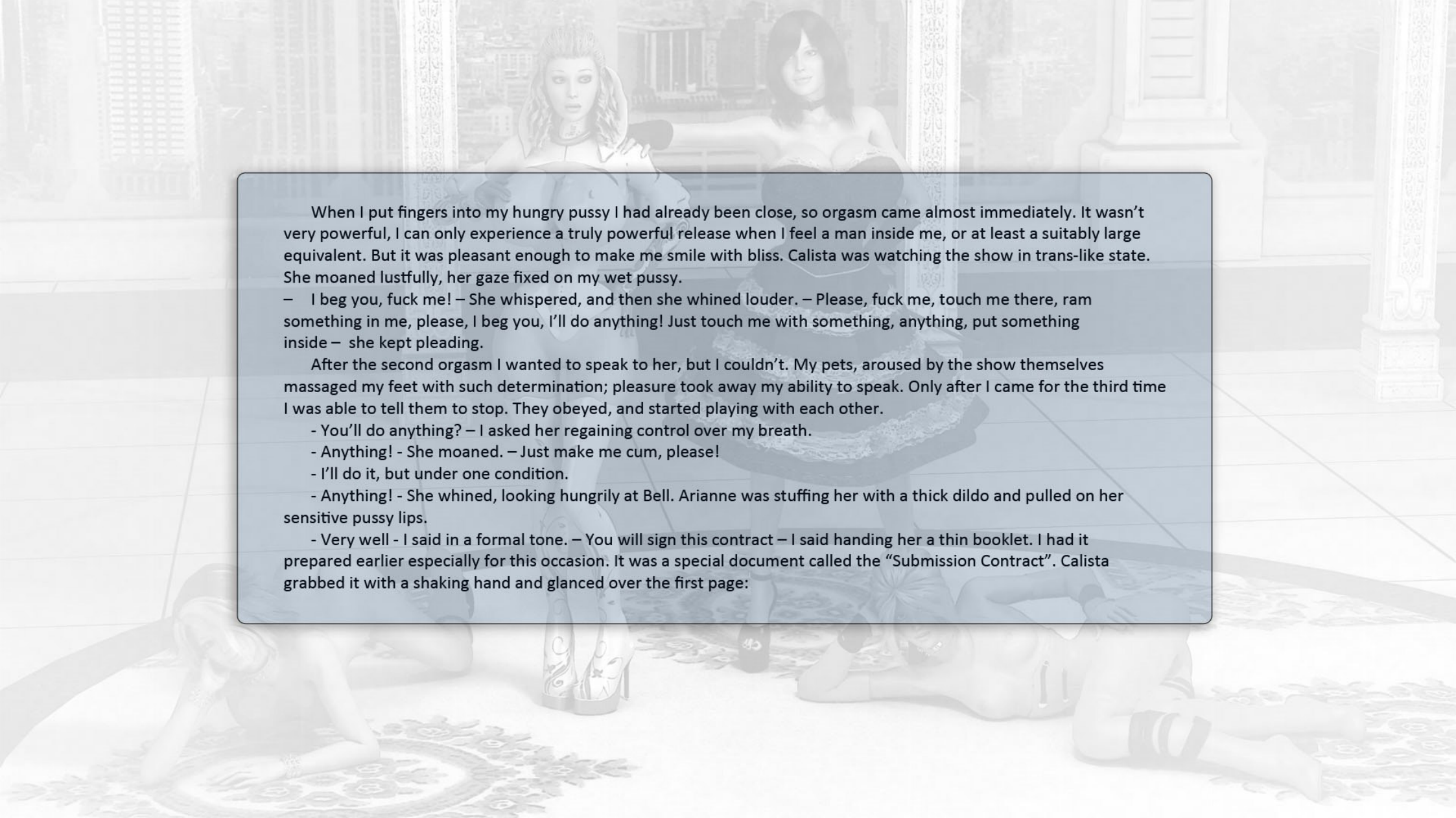
After the first day in her new outfit, she was exhausted. Her body craved release it could not get. She begged me to let her take the stiff skirt off, but I was adamant. I was pleased to watch her suffer from her unquenched lust. After two days Calista stopped minding her large breasts, uncomfortable corset and heels that hindered walking. There was no anger left in her gaze, only anguish and pleading. The only thing she could think of was the orgasm she craved.





She walked in circles, grinded her thighs, massaged her breasts. She tried to convince Arianne and Belle to help her find fulfilment, but I strictly forbade them to do anything about it. She tried to mount a staircase railing, rub against the back of an armchair, but her rubber outfit restricted her movements so much, all these attempts were futile. She could not sleep at night. She writhed in her bed, whimpering from frustration. She pushed a pillow between her legs and rode it vigorously, but to no avail. It only made her craving worse. On the third day she managed to steal a large cucumber from the kitchens. She hid in a bathroom and started humping it, like a wild animal. She nearly managed to cum, but fortunately Lady Daria, who was passing by, heard her moans of pleasure and confiscated the vegetable at the last moment. On the fourth day she looked like a ghost. She wandered behind me pale, with bags beneath her eyes, her hands shaking. With tears in her eyes she begged me to touch her hot pussy.

On the fifth day she announced she was leaving the palace. It was then that I decided to act. I sat her in an armchair opposite myself. I took off my dress and silken panties. I removed the wetness-absorbing insert from my pussy. I ordered my drug-slaves to take off my shoes and lick my feet. When their wet tongues slid between my toes and brushed my sensitive soles, I immediately got wet. Soon the first drop of my moisture fell to the floor. I was in the seventh heaven, I love when my feet are fondled like that. I feel even the lightest touch, brush of lips, movement of vigorously writhing tongues, pressure of female fingers. When the girls massage my feet, tired from wearing the ornate high-heels I am overcome by bliss radiating from there in wonderful waves.



When I put fingers into my hungry pussy I had already been close, so orgasm came almost immediately. It wasn't very powerful, I can only experience a truly powerful release when I feel a man inside me, or at least a suitably large equivalent. But it was pleasant enough to make me smile with bliss. Calista was watching the show in trans-like state. She moaned lustfully, her gaze fixed on my wet pussy.

– I beg you, fuck me! – She whispered, and then she whined louder. – Please, fuck me, touch me there, ram something in me, please, I beg you, I'll do anything! Just touch me with something, anything, put something inside – she kept pleading.

After the second orgasm I wanted to speak to her, but I couldn't. My pets, aroused by the show themselves massaged my feet with such determination; pleasure took away my ability to speak. Only after I came for the third time I was able to tell them to stop. They obeyed, and started playing with each other.

- You'll do anything? – I asked her regaining control over my breath.

- Anything! - She moaned. – Just make me cum, please!

- I'll do it, but under one condition.

- Anything! - She whined, looking hungrily at Bell. Arianne was stuffing her with a thick dildo and pulled on her sensitive pussy lips.

- Very well - I said in a formal tone. – You will sign this contract – I said handing her a thin booklet. I had it prepared earlier especially for this occasion. It was a special document called the "Submission Contract". Calista grabbed it with a shaking hand and glanced over the first page:

## Submission Contract

*I Calista Sullivan of House Sullivan hereby declare my complete submission to Princess Susan Marbleheart of House Greenleaf for a period of one year. Moreover I humbly agree to accept all the stipulations hereinafter.*

### **1) White rubber doll**

*Calista Sullivan of House Sullivan hereby forfeits her name, family name as well as all her titles for the period stipulated herein. She shall henceforth be officially referred to as the "White Rubber Doll". This term better suits her role.*

### **2). Princess's Avatar**

*White Rubber Doll shall become the official avatar of the Princess, representing her at social meetings, parties as well as other formal events. Specifically, her role is purely ornamental in accordance with the official requirements as to the appearance and garments. Moreover, if required she will look after the guests instead of the Princess....*

Calista stopped reading, she couldn't wait any longer. She opened the contract on the last page and signed it hastily.

That pleased me, the last thing I wanted was panic or hysteria attacks. People can react in various ways when they learn their life is about to change so dramatically. Even such characterless creatures like her. Had she continued reading, she would've realised that the term rubber doll was particularly suitable, as that was what she'd become when I was finished with her. She would resemble a sexual toy more than the woman she had been before. Had she read it more carefully, she would've understood that during the period of the contract she would become so dependent on me; she wouldn't be able to get by on her own. She would have learned that the craving for orgasm she felt that day would become a routine, dominating her every day; that I would change her body so much, she would become my personal prisoner; that her life of indolence would soon come to an end, replaced by a perfect order dictated by powerful craving, orgasm denial, pain and constant wait for permission to cum. Had she read the remaining paragraphs, she would've known that when she finally got the permission, she'd be incapable of dreaming of anything else.



## Princess Susan - Diary

Sex with my Prince is glorious. I love him with all my heart. I love his manhood, I love being impaled on it, I love to suck and fondle it. I adore feeling it between my breasts. Every morning, as soon as I wake up, I reach for it hungrily. I start sucking and fondling, kissing and worshipping it. When the Princely cock becomes fully erect I tremble with arousal. I slide it between my breasts and make love to it with them. I want to be a good wife; I want him to be happy. I lick it thoroughly and fondle. Even though I feel like I'm going to burst with arousal I try to be as gentle as possible. I sometimes last long enough for the Prince to splash his warm cum on my face. I feel proud then, and I know he is proud of me as well, because he always pats my head afterwards. Unfortunately I often lose patience and as soon as it becomes erect, I mount it hastily. I love this feeling when it enters me, sometimes I'm so aroused I have my first orgasm there and then! Afterwards I ride it until my body jerks violently with another orgasm. Thomas sometimes complains that I wake him too early, sometimes he whines that he's out of strength or that he would like to rest some, but he takes his duties towards his wife as seriously as a member of the royal family should, and always consents to my morning ritual.

## Princess Susan – White Rubber Doll

### 3). White Rubber Doll's outfit

*White Rubber Doll's outfit is suited for constant wear and made in such a way, that only the key holder may take it off her. The waist of White Rubber Doll shall be systematically reduced via special diet and permanent corset. The corset shall be gradually tightened until the Doll's waist reaches the desired size.*

Calista's outfit was made of active rubber that doesn't cause to sweat and allows the skin to breathe. It is elastic; it is skin-tight and very durable. The girl had to wear it nearly all the time. She even slept in it. Only in the mornings she took it off to take a shower. While the servants washed her, the outfit was cleaned. After leaving the bathroom she put it on again. The tight outfit emphasized her slim silhouette, but I wasn't pleased yet. I wanted her shapes to be extraordinary. I wanted them to symbolise her dependence and submission. I tightened the stiff corset, and special balm applied to her waist quickly burned all the fat she had there. In this way I rapidly reduced it to twenty inches. Of course it was still too wide for my taste. I wanted it to be delicate and frail, her waist had to be much thinner. Similarly her neck was to thick, and her arms too strong. Something had to be done about it.

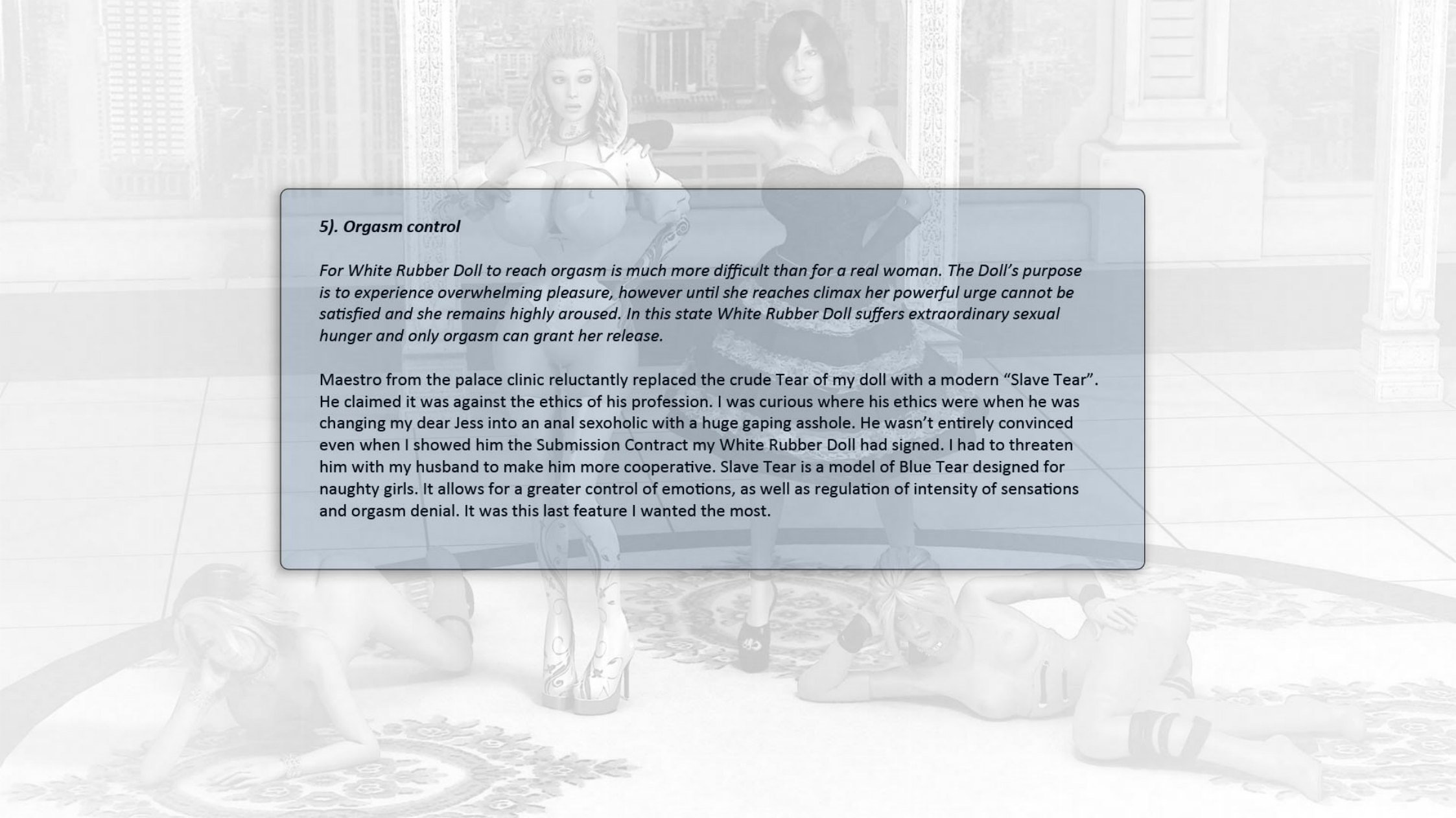


#### 4). *Movement restriction*

*White Rubber Doll is weak like a child. She is helpless and moves very slowly. She can hardly lift her large breasts.*

One of the more interesting treatments I subjected White Rubber Doll to was the alteration of her muscle structure. The point was to make her as dependent on me as possible. I wanted her defenceless, delicate and frail. Maestro injected her with special serum that changed her build. Affected muscles changed their size and structure. They were becoming ever weaker but more resistant to long term fatigue. I wanted my Doll to be frail and weak, but to have stamina to wear her huge tits. The treatment made her ever more petite and delicate. She quickly became much weaker than me. I did not stop the treatment though. I wanted her to have problems with movement, to be slow and completely helpless.





### **5). *Orgasm control***

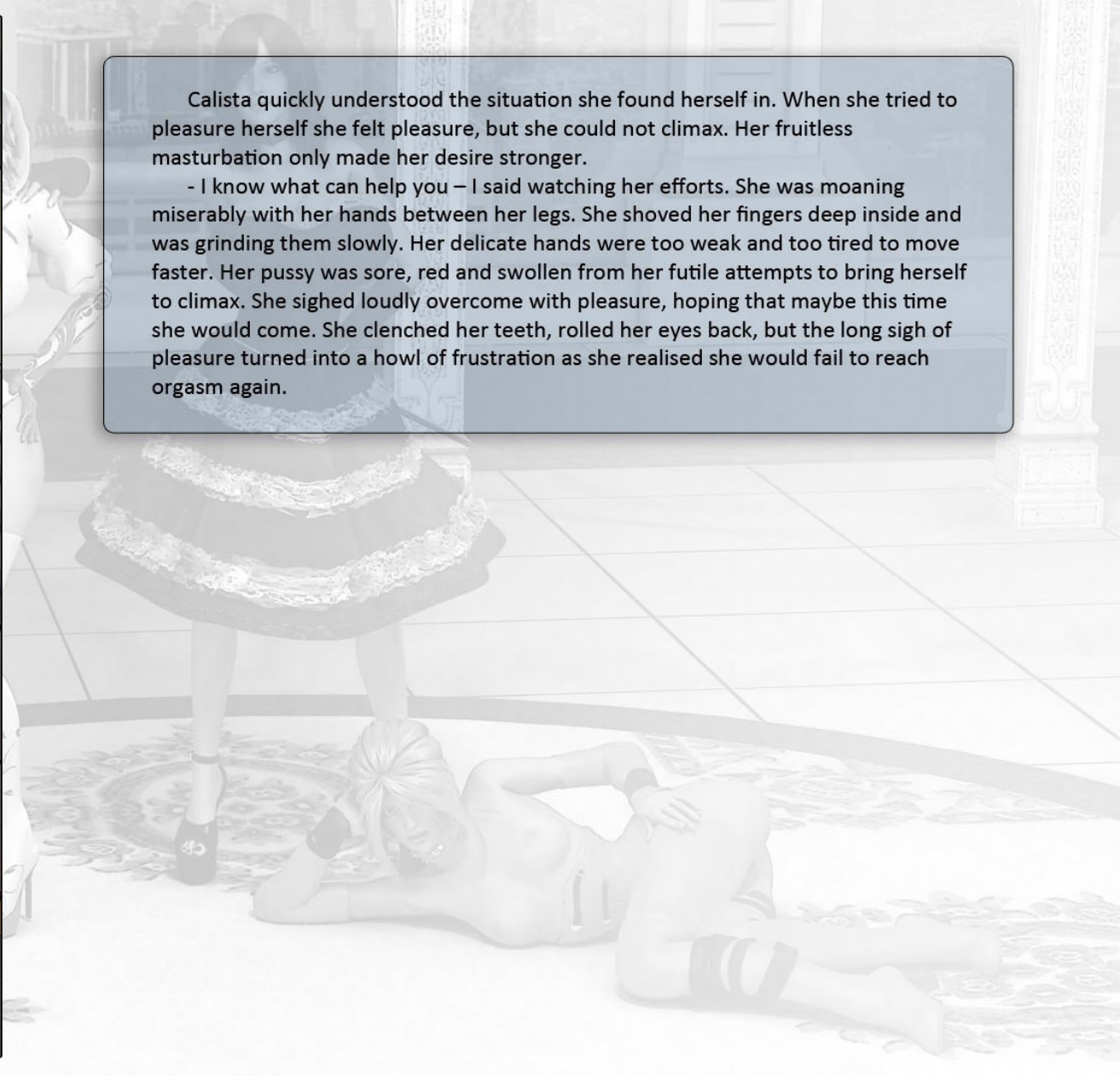
*For White Rubber Doll to reach orgasm is much more difficult than for a real woman. The Doll's purpose is to experience overwhelming pleasure, however until she reaches climax her powerful urge cannot be satisfied and she remains highly aroused. In this state White Rubber Doll suffers extraordinary sexual hunger and only orgasm can grant her release.*

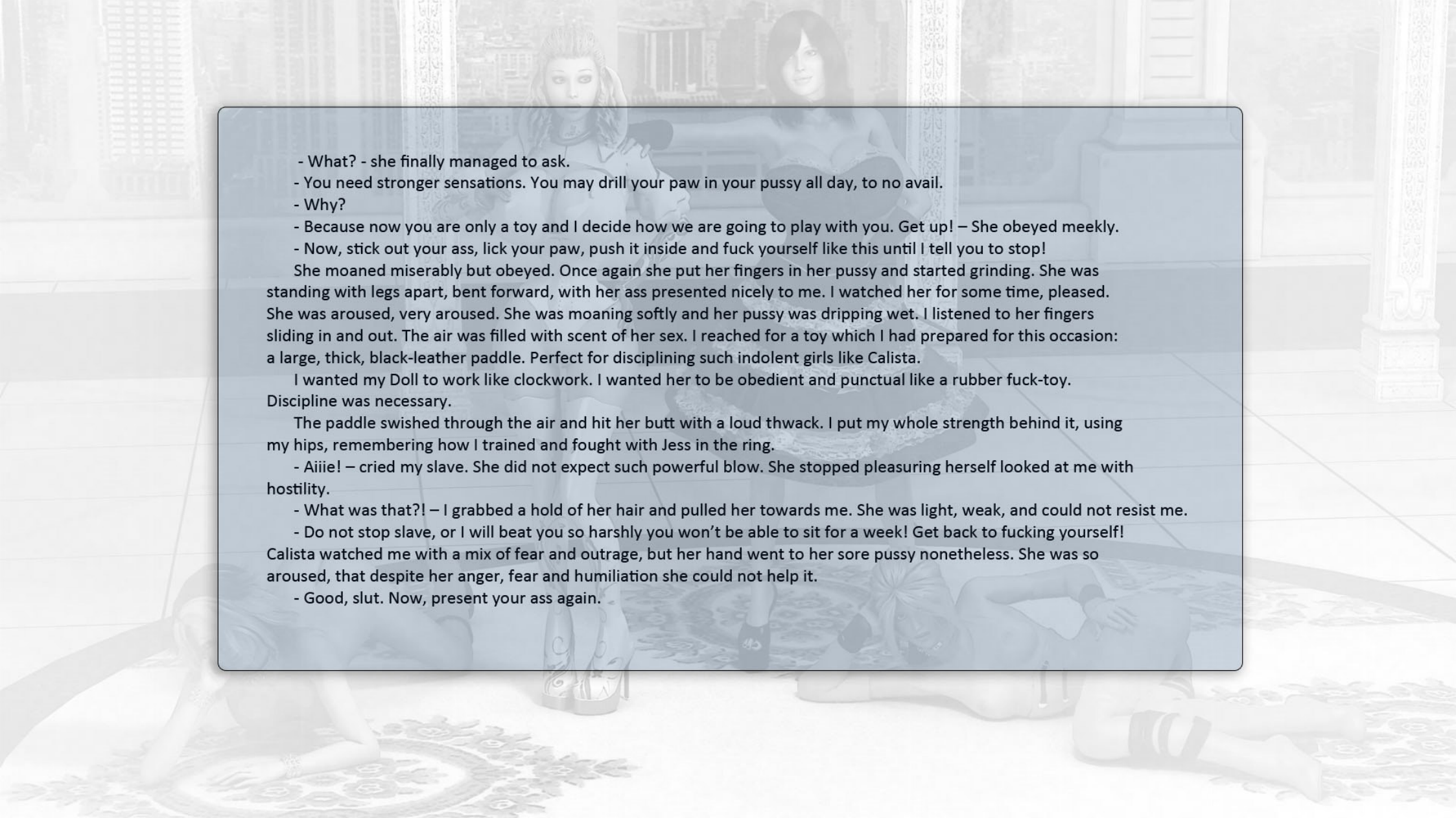
Maestro from the palace clinic reluctantly replaced the crude Tear of my doll with a modern "Slave Tear". He claimed it was against the ethics of his profession. I was curious where his ethics were when he was changing my dear Jess into an anal sexoholic with a huge gaping asshole. He wasn't entirely convinced even when I showed him the Submission Contract my White Rubber Doll had signed. I had to threaten him with my husband to make him more cooperative. Slave Tear is a model of Blue Tear designed for naughty girls. It allows for a greater control of emotions, as well as regulation of intensity of sensations and orgasm denial. It was this last feature I wanted the most.



Calista quickly understood the situation she found herself in. When she tried to pleasure herself she felt pleasure, but she could not climax. Her fruitless masturbation only made her desire stronger.

- I know what can help you – I said watching her efforts. She was moaning miserably with her hands between her legs. She shoved her fingers deep inside and was grinding them slowly. Her delicate hands were too weak and too tired to move faster. Her pussy was sore, red and swollen from her futile attempts to bring herself to climax. She sighed loudly overcome with pleasure, hoping that maybe this time she would come. She clenched her teeth, rolled her eyes back, but the long sigh of pleasure turned into a howl of frustration as she realised she would fail to reach orgasm again.



- 
- What? - she finally managed to ask.
  - You need stronger sensations. You may drill your paw in your pussy all day, to no avail.
  - Why?
  - Because now you are only a toy and I decide how we are going to play with you. Get up! – She obeyed meekly.
  - Now, stick out your ass, lick your paw, push it inside and fuck yourself like this until I tell you to stop!

She moaned miserably but obeyed. Once again she put her fingers in her pussy and started grinding. She was standing with legs apart, bent forward, with her ass presented nicely to me. I watched her for some time, pleased. She was aroused, very aroused. She was moaning softly and her pussy was dripping wet. I listened to her fingers sliding in and out. The air was filled with scent of her sex. I reached for a toy which I had prepared for this occasion: a large, thick, black-leather paddle. Perfect for disciplining such indolent girls like Calista.

I wanted my Doll to work like clockwork. I wanted her to be obedient and punctual like a rubber fuck-toy. Discipline was necessary.

The paddle swished through the air and hit her butt with a loud thwack. I put my whole strength behind it, using my hips, remembering how I trained and fought with Jess in the ring.

- Aiiie! – cried my slave. She did not expect such powerful blow. She stopped pleasuring herself looked at me with hostility.

- What was that?! – I grabbed a hold of her hair and pulled her towards me. She was light, weak, and could not resist me.

- Do not stop slave, or I will beat you so harshly you won't be able to sit for a week! Get back to fucking yourself!

Calista watched me with a mix of fear and outrage, but her hand went to her sore pussy nonetheless. She was so aroused, that despite her anger, fear and humiliation she could not help it.

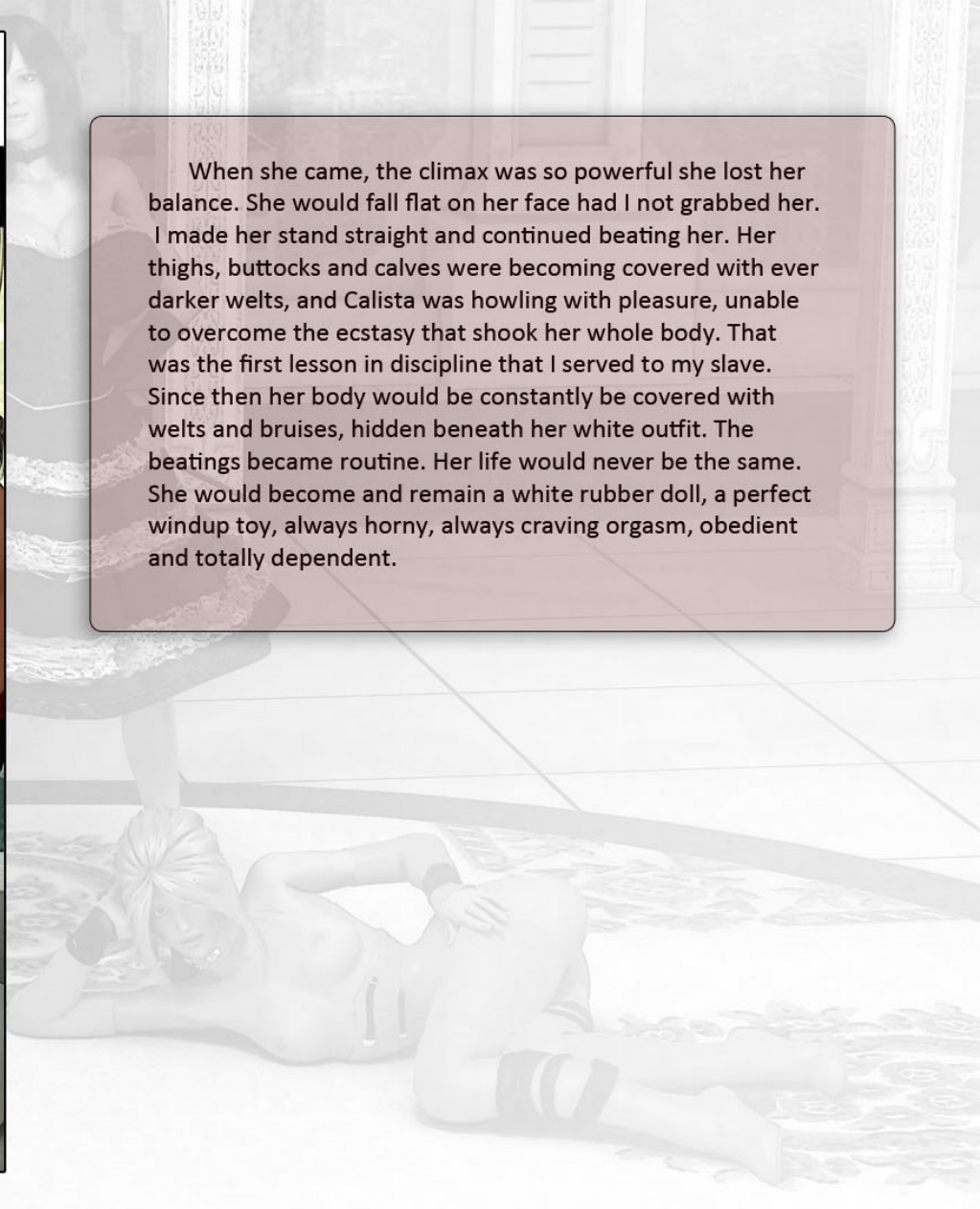
- Good, slut. Now, present your ass again.

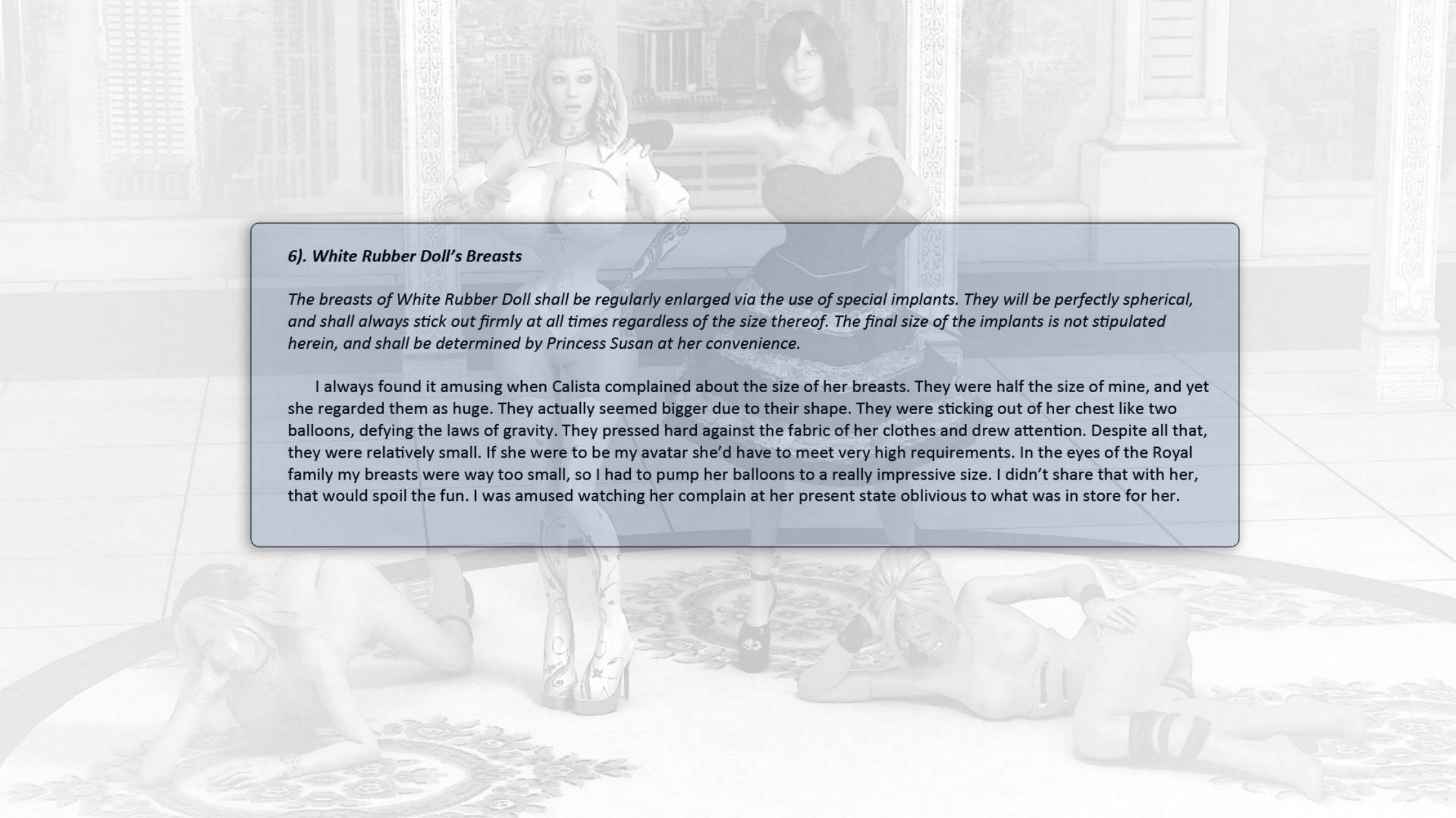
A series of whacks fell on her butt covering it with red welts. Initially she screamed after every whack, and tried to move her ass out of the way. But later she stopped screaming and accepted the remaining whacks in silence. Finally, she started moaning, and with every whack she let out a sigh of pleasure. She understood that the pain I inflicted upon her was exactly what she was missing. She was close, so close, and this time she felt she could reach orgasm.





When she came, the climax was so powerful she lost her balance. She would fall flat on her face had I not grabbed her. I made her stand straight and continued beating her. Her thighs, buttocks and calves were becoming covered with ever darker welts, and Calista was howling with pleasure, unable to overcome the ecstasy that shook her whole body. That was the first lesson in discipline that I served to my slave. Since then her body would be constantly be covered with welts and bruises, hidden beneath her white outfit. The beatings became routine. Her life would never be the same. She would become and remain a white rubber doll, a perfect windup toy, always horny, always craving orgasm, obedient and totally dependent.



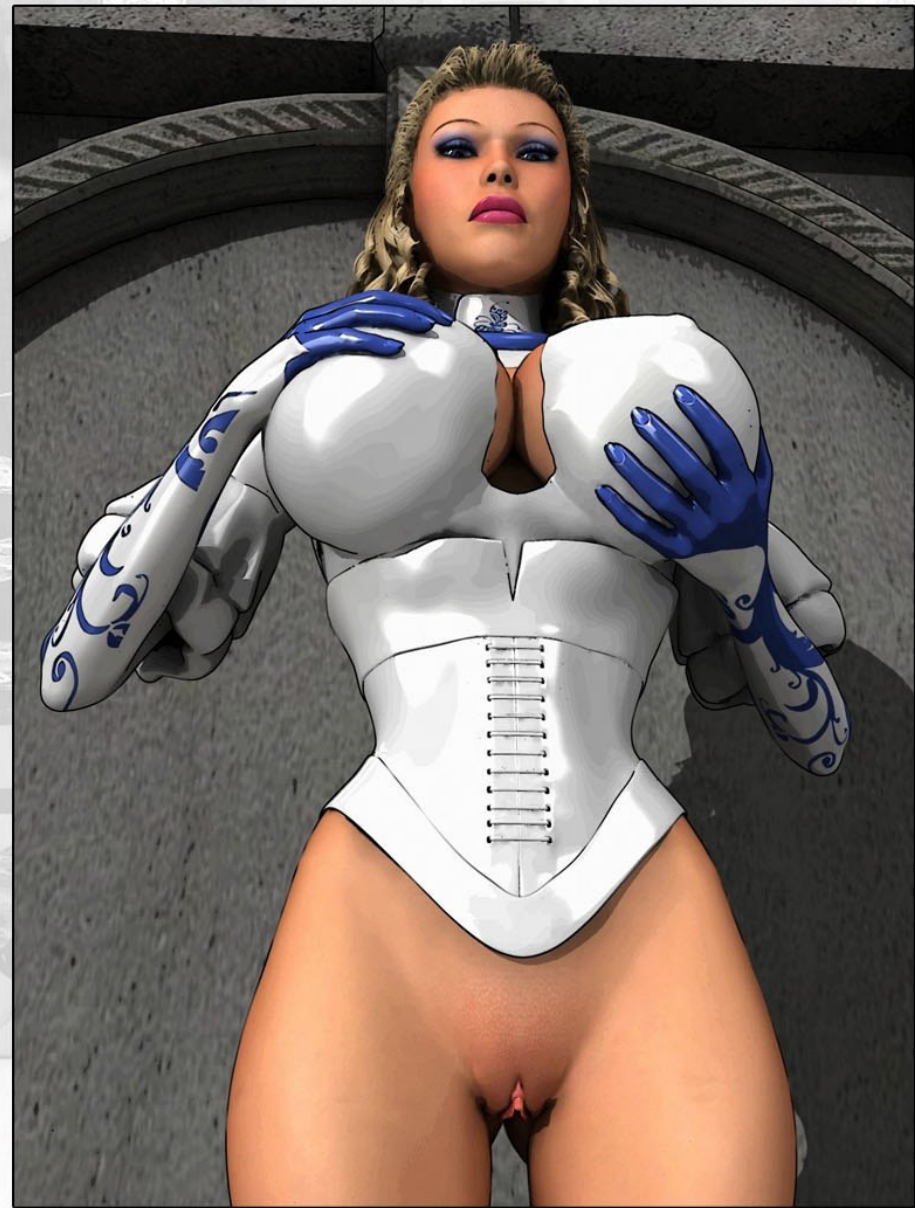



**6). White Rubber Doll's Breasts**

*The breasts of White Rubber Doll shall be regularly enlarged via the use of special implants. They will be perfectly spherical, and shall always stick out firmly at all times regardless of the size thereof. The final size of the implants is not stipulated herein, and shall be determined by Princess Susan at her convenience.*

I always found it amusing when Calista complained about the size of her breasts. They were half the size of mine, and yet she regarded them as huge. They actually seemed bigger due to their shape. They were sticking out of her chest like two balloons, defying the laws of gravity. They pressed hard against the fabric of her clothes and drew attention. Despite all that, they were relatively small. If she were to be my avatar she'd have to meet very high requirements. In the eyes of the Royal family my breasts were way too small, so I had to pump her balloons to a really impressive size. I didn't share that with her, that would spoil the fun. I was amused watching her complain at her present state oblivious to what was in store for her.

When I enlarged her breasts for the first time she was shocked. Her new implants had a capacity of 1400cc and were closer in size to mine. They were still a bit smaller, but were sticking out proudly. They obstructer her view of the floor, were really striking and somewhat cumbersome. I could hardly wait to make them even larger. My White Rubber Doll was getting used to them very slowly. When she started complaining that this time moved too far, I informed her that she had nothing to worry about, as her implants were only temporary!

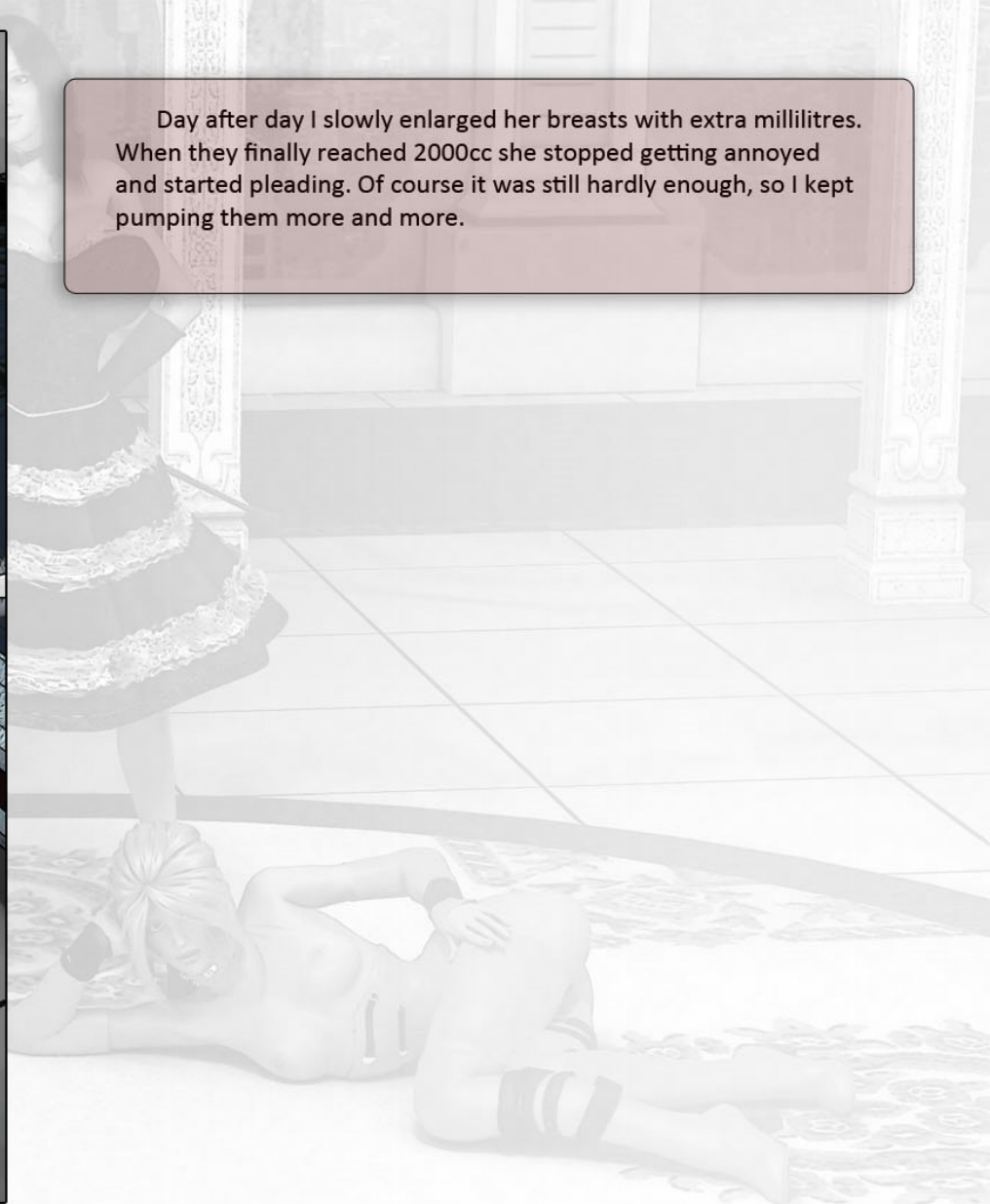


A grayscale illustration of a woman in a black corset and red skirt standing over two women lying on the floor in a room with large windows. The woman in the corset has her hand on the shoulder of the woman on the left. The woman on the right is lying on her back with her hands behind her head. The woman on the left is lying on her side with her head down. The room has large windows with a view of a city skyline.

She was pleased to hear that, until she learned the reason for that! The implants were only temporary because they were just the means to prepare her breasts for their final size. They would be pumped with more and more millilitres until her breasts became large enough. They could be pumped indefinitely, though of course I had no such intention. I wanted her to still be able to walk when I was done with her.



Day after day I slowly enlarged her breasts with extra millilitres. When they finally reached 2000cc she stopped getting annoyed and started pleading. Of course it was still hardly enough, so I kept pumping them more and more.



### 7). *White Rubber Doll's butt*

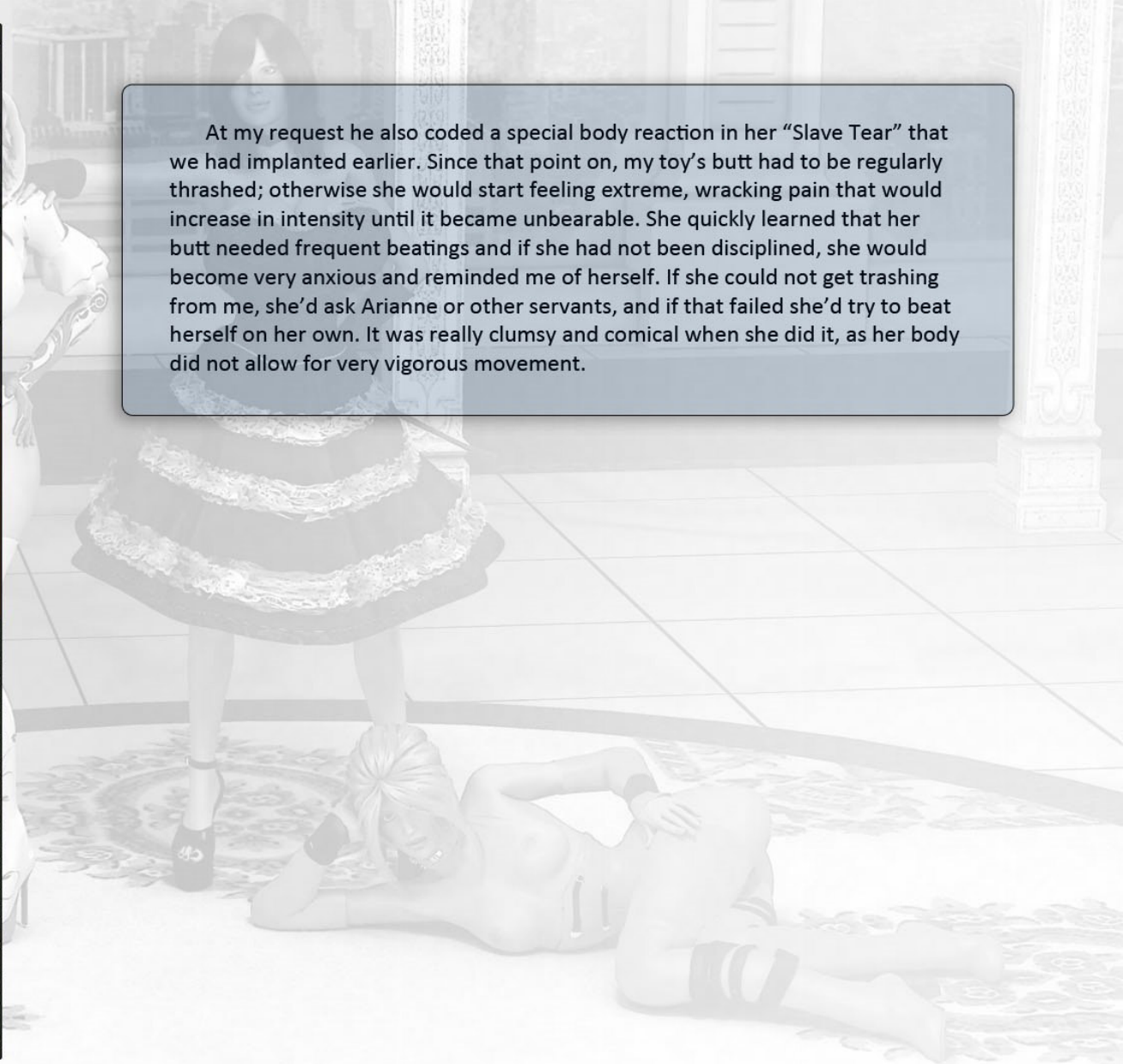
*White Rubber Doll's butt shall be beaten at least once a day. Otherwise he will feel discomfort increasing over time until it becomes unbearable. Moreover, her butt shall be gradually enlarged until reaching satisfactory size, as stipulated herein.*

I did not want Calista's butt to become as huge as Jesse's rump but it required a lot of work anyway. I wanted my White Rubber Doll to look really stunning, so I decided to give her hourglass proportions. Constant tightening of her corset was proving effective and her waist was now only 18 inches in circumference. Combined with her large balloons she was starting to look good. I could not allow her butt to look subpar in comparison, so I told the artist that her butt must be firm, flexible and round.





At my request he also coded a special body reaction in her "Slave Tear" that we had implanted earlier. Since that point on, my toy's butt had to be regularly thrashed; otherwise she would start feeling extreme, wracking pain that would increase in intensity until it became unbearable. She quickly learned that her butt needed frequent beatings and if she had not been disciplined, she would become very anxious and reminded me of herself. If she could not get trashing from me, she'd ask Arianne or other servants, and if that failed she'd try to beat herself on her own. It was really clumsy and comical when she did it, as her body did not allow for very vigorous movement.



## Princess Susan - Diary

I like beating my doll. I feel powerful and independent. It reminds me I am a princess. Besides it always thrills me to do so. Calista stands in front of me defenceless, and we both know that what awaits her is inevitable. I am the centre of her universe. She knows I am about to inflict pain upon her, and prays I am in a good mood. She is contrite and obedient; her eyes beg me not to be overly brutal this time.

There is one more thing that arouses me in our little ritual. In truth, White Rubber Doll wants me to beat her. She is afraid of me, she trembles and cries trying to avoid the blows of the leather paddle but deep inside she knows she needs it. Her butt must be beaten. She knows only pain can give her a real orgasm, and for Calista orgasms are the only things she wants from life. Much has changed since I had first met her. Lord Henry doesn't visit us often, and he hasn't seen her yet, but I suspect that if he knew what I turned his former companion into, he'd turn green with envy.

I do not always give her permission to cum. Sometimes I just tease her, or give her no pleasure at all. Sometimes I beat her very hard; sometimes I only want her to fear me. I like listening how she begs for mercy and looking into her eyes filled with fear. When I deny her orgasm, I want her to burn with desire. Sometimes it lasts a couple of days. She stops thinking about anything else then, she becomes an animal with a single purpose, in such state she'll do anything I tell her, hoping I will finally let her cum. She'll do anything, even the most disgusting, humiliating and depraved thing I can think of.

## Princess Susan – White Rubber Doll

### 8). *White Rubber Doll's sensitivity*

*White Rubber Doll is extremely sensitive. Her sensations are enhanced, so that even the slightest touch gives her pleasure, and beating is much more painful.*

In truth, this is one the most significant changes I had introduced to Calista's life. Increasing her sensitivity was one of the primary aims of her metamorphosis, intended to keep her in check. When the palace artist told me about this solution he was overcome with pride.


- The change is not a simple matter of enhancing impulses in her nervous system receptors – he was explaining excitedly – that would be a crude solution unworthy of the professional of my calibre. – My method does not affect the receptors, but the medulla oblongata itself! It intercepts the patterns of reactions that are generated after information reaches the cerebellum! Next it stimulates the active part of the neuron web. In practice it works as follows: every touch stimulates a reaction and it is that reaction that gets enhanced. If she feels cold, it will be very cold for her, something pleasurable will become exceedingly pleasurable and slightest pain will become very intense.

I must admit that initially I did not realize how many possibilities this innovative Maestro's solution offered. I took his overexcitement as classic case of self-admiration typical for body artists. However it soon turned out just how much paragraph eight altered the lifestyle of White Rubber Doll.

The white latex outfit that Calista wore 23 hours a day was designed to restrain her. Stiff rubber, extremely tight corset and posture collar hindered the speed and scope of movement. Combined with her weakness it meant she moved very slowly and carefully. She was totally helpless and even though she wore neither chains nor rope restraints, she was unable to leave the palace even if she wanted. Anyone could easily chase and catch her. Everyone could also fuck her, force her to give oral pleasure, or play with her large pumped-up breasts driving her crazy.


Now her clumsiness and helplessness were combined with extreme sensitivity. Every sensation was intensified, if it was cool she was cold, if it was warm she was hot. If someone shouted at her the noise was overwhelmingly loud. Even light spanking caused her to cry out in pain, and massaging her breasts made her unbelievably horny, and she begged for orgasm. She was completely dependent, helpless and submissive, and required looking after.

Another phenomenon, going hand in hand with her oversensitivity was her reaction to rough sex. White Rubber Doll could only cum when apart from pleasure she was also experiencing intense pain. It had been so for some time, and even though she was afraid of pain she knew she needed it. In her latex prison orgasm was slowly becoming the sole purpose of her existence. She dreamed about it, worked for it and waited...

A grayscale illustration of a woman in a red dress standing in a room with large windows. She is looking towards the viewer. In the foreground, two women are lying on the floor, one on the left and one on the right, both appearing to be in a state of distress or submission. The woman on the left is on her hands and knees, and the woman on the right is lying on her back. The room has a tiled floor and a patterned rug. The background shows a cityscape through the windows.

When she became oversensitive, the pain caused by rough humping of her holes became so intense, that in concert with her pleasure could bring her to climax. It meant that since that point on I no longer had to beat her to give her orgasms, it was enough to ram a vibrator or a couple of fingers into her pussy and give her a long and brutal fuck. The best thing, however, was that at that time White Rubber Doll was so weak and helpless that she was unable to fuck herself hard enough! Maestro, you are a genius!

This of course did not mean that I stopped the rituals of beating and stimulation. White Rubber Doll required discipline. It was about the mind-set. When I was beating her overly sensitive butt, when she was howling in pain and tears flowed down her cheeks, when she was clumsily fondling her slit with her hand, she was perfectly aware that I could make her cum in a couple of vigorous strokes of my hand. She knew that this was not going to happen, because I had power over her and I liked to abuse it.



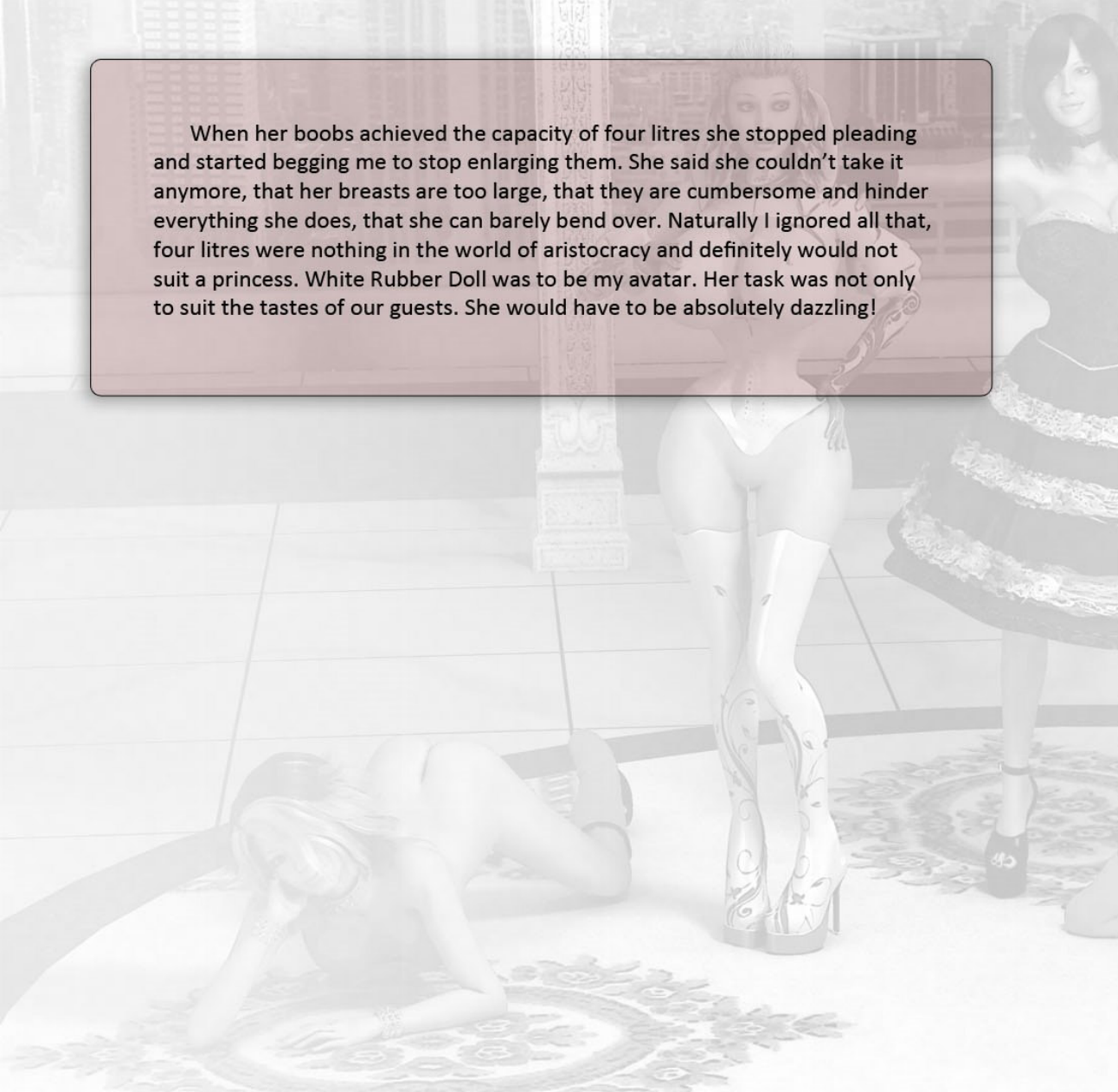
I liked playing with my slave, and tormenting her gave me a lot of pleasure. The most arousing was the thought of how much she needed me. She needed attendants to wash her and dress her, she needed someone to beat her and above all she craved pleasure. That is why even though she feared me, she was always close and fought for my attention. All that time I remembered what her primary role was. White Rubber Doll was my Avatar. She represented me and my prince in front of the royal family and their acquaintances. Therefore I would make sure that her appearance met the rigid royal requirements.



I continued to reduce her waist. My doll's shapes would have to be extreme! Normal training would never achieve the results I desired, which is why I had to use the services of the body artist. Subsequent treatments reduced it to fourteen inches! It was so slim and frail, that corset became a necessity. Her thin waist would not be able to support the weight of her giant breasts.

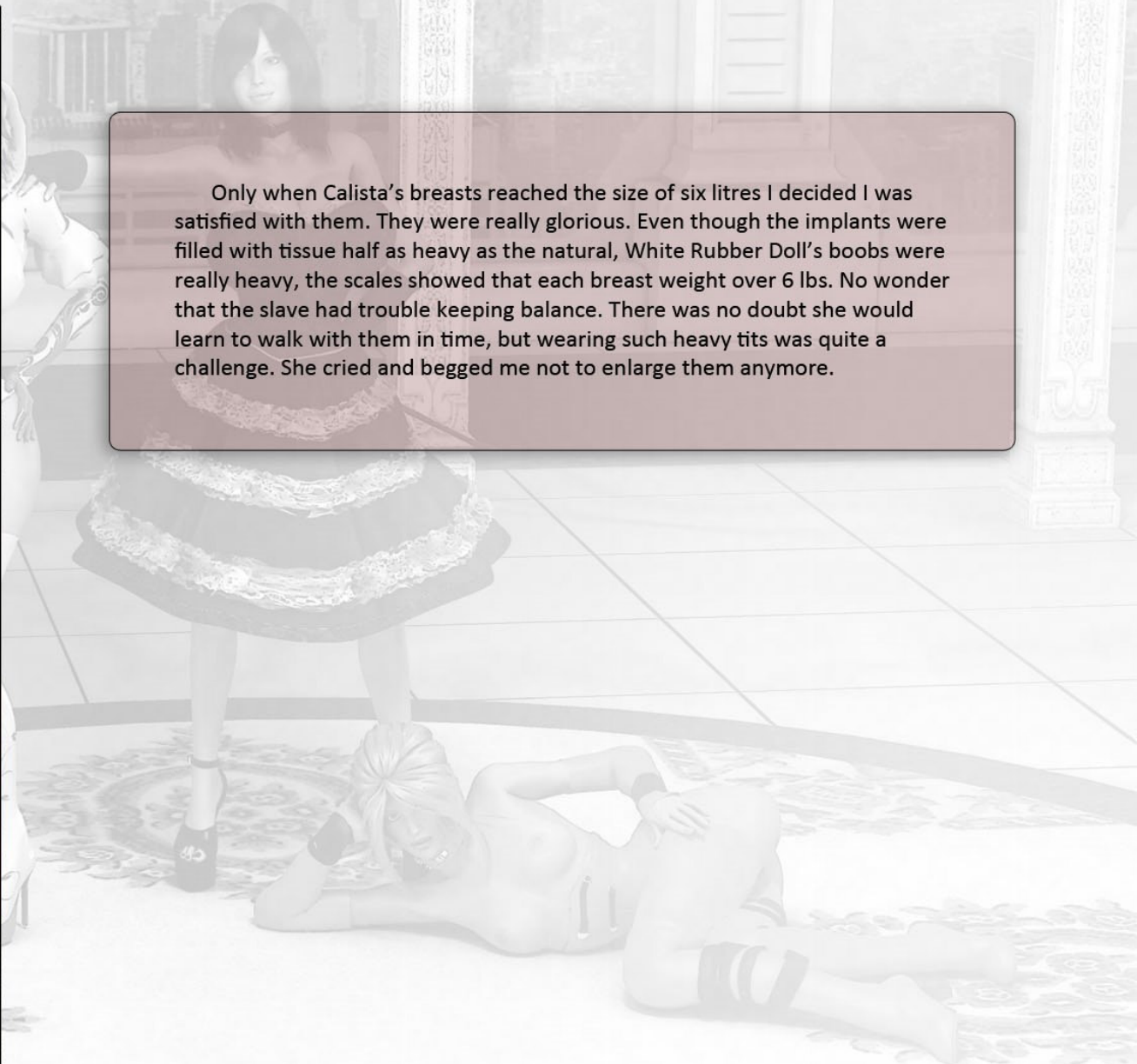


When her boobs achieved the capacity of four litres she stopped pleading and started begging me to stop enlarging them. She said she couldn't take it anymore, that her breasts are too large, that they are cumbersome and hinder everything she does, that she can barely bend over. Naturally I ignored all that, four litres were nothing in the world of aristocracy and definitely would not suit a princess. White Rubber Doll was to be my avatar. Her task was not only to suit the tastes of our guests. She would have to be absolutely dazzling!





Only when Calista's breasts reached the size of six litres I decided I was satisfied with them. They were really glorious. Even though the implants were filled with tissue half as heavy as the natural, White Rubber Doll's boobs were really heavy, the scales showed that each breast weight over 6 lbs. No wonder that the slave had trouble keeping balance. There was no doubt she would learn to walk with them in time, but wearing such heavy tits was quite a challenge. She cried and begged me not to enlarge them anymore.



## Princess Susan – Orgies and Jessica

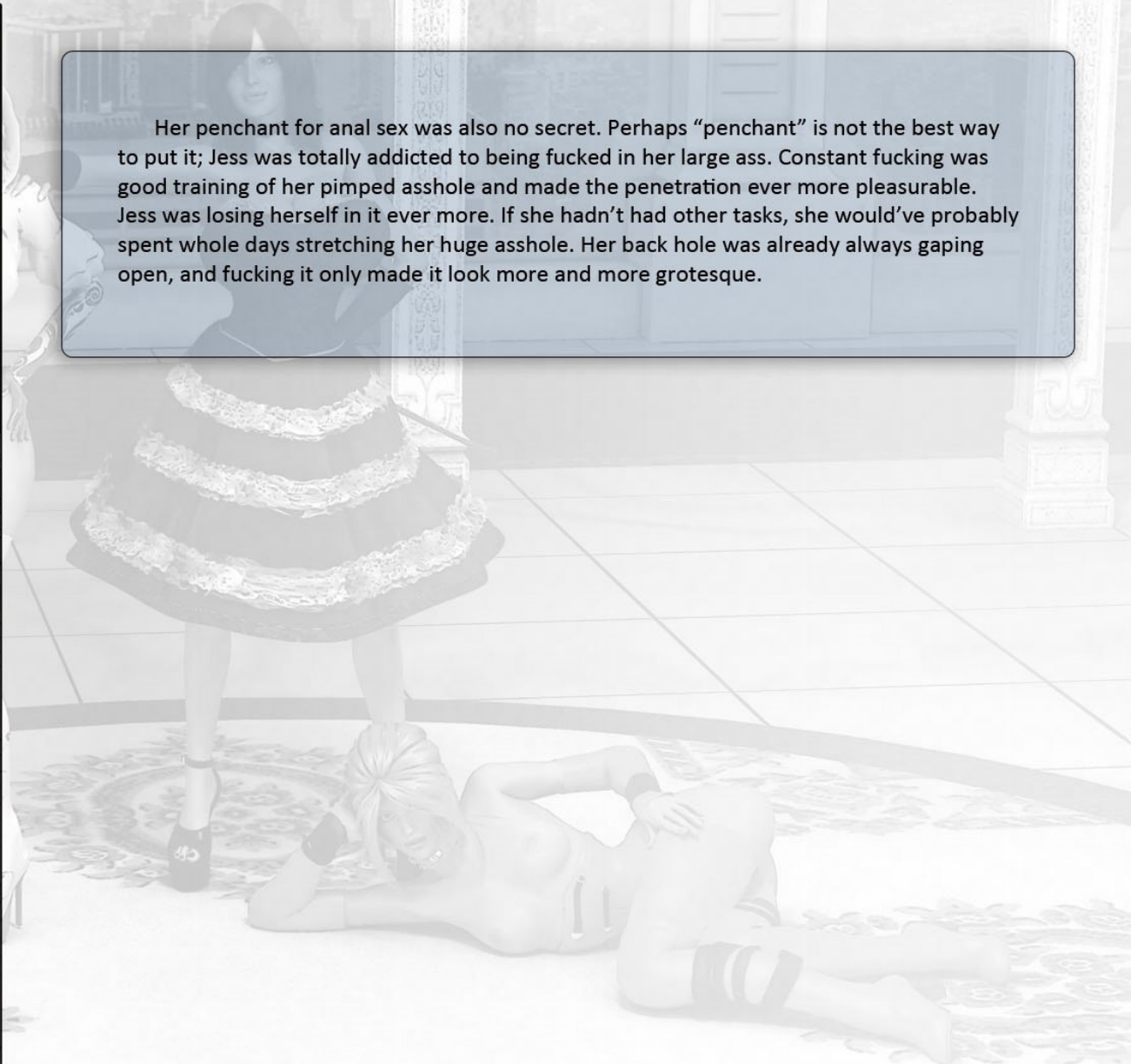
I started organizing orgies. The guests are highborn, the entertainment consists of lowborn girls, volunteers from “entertainment sector”. We pay them good money for participation in our games. They are nothing more than sexual toys to us. The guests can fuck them in any way they want all night long. In the morning they are so exhausted they can hardly walk. Sometimes we like to torment them a bit.

One of the more important features of my parties was Jessica. Her gigantic rump astonished even the most notable guests, and she was widely known for her oral skills.





Her penchant for anal sex was also no secret. Perhaps “penchant” is not the best way to put it; Jess was totally addicted to being fucked in her large ass. Constant fucking was good training of her pimped asshole and made the penetration ever more pleasurable. Jess was losing herself in it ever more. If she hadn’t had other tasks, she would’ve probably spent whole days stretching her huge asshole. Her back hole was already always gaping open, and fucking it only made it look more and more grotesque.

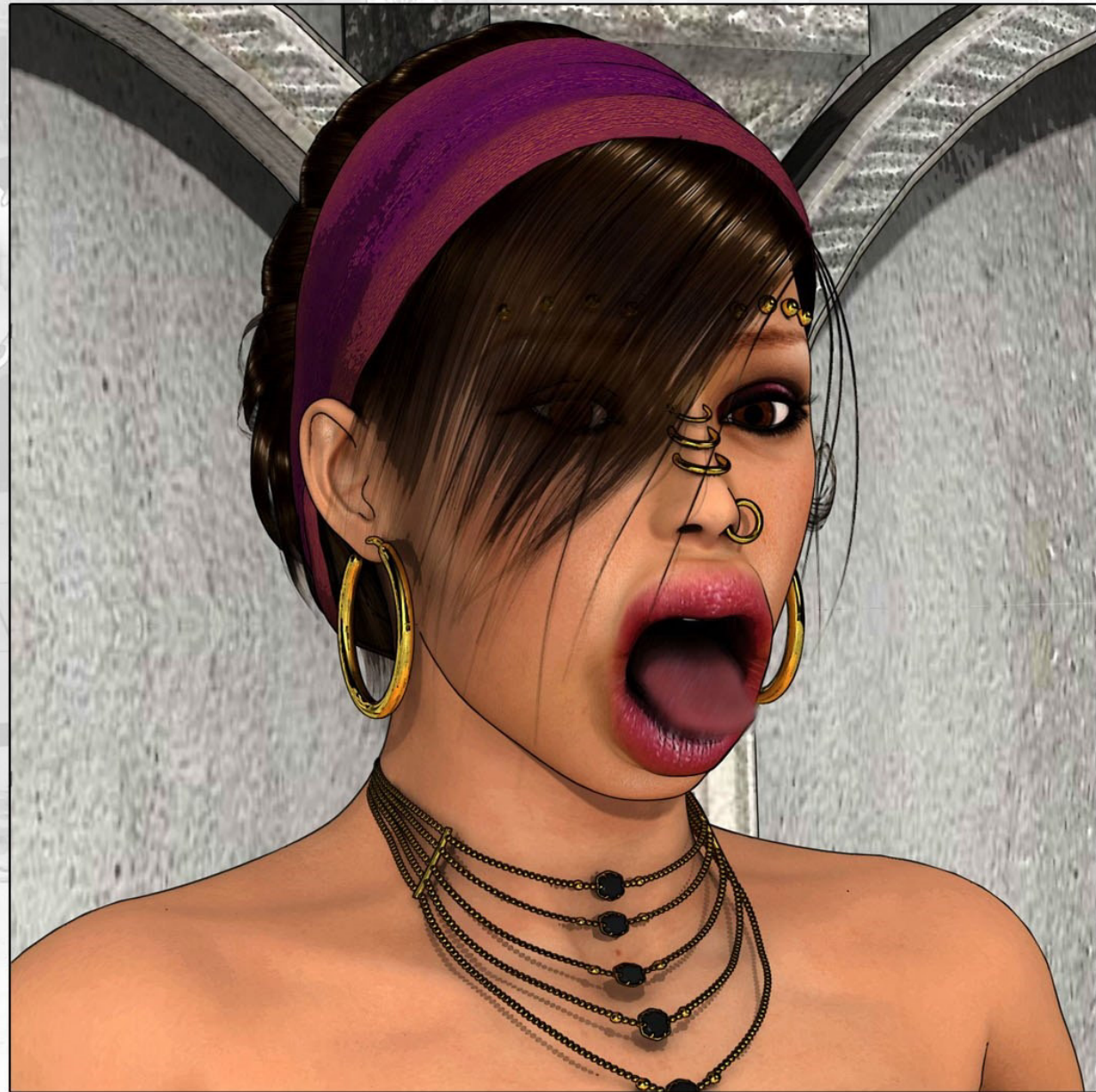


As I've already mentioned Jessica was famous for her oral skills, which already ensured me renown among the more debauched members of aristocracy. But I wanted more, I wanted her to become truly legendary. It required training and, of course, some more modifications. I shortened her hair, so that they wouldn't get in the way of sucking, I adorned her with several additional piercings. I had also sent her to the palace clinic and had her lips remade even more than before. Now they are literally an instrument of pleasure. Thick, round and naturally open, Jessie has to put some effort in order to even close them.



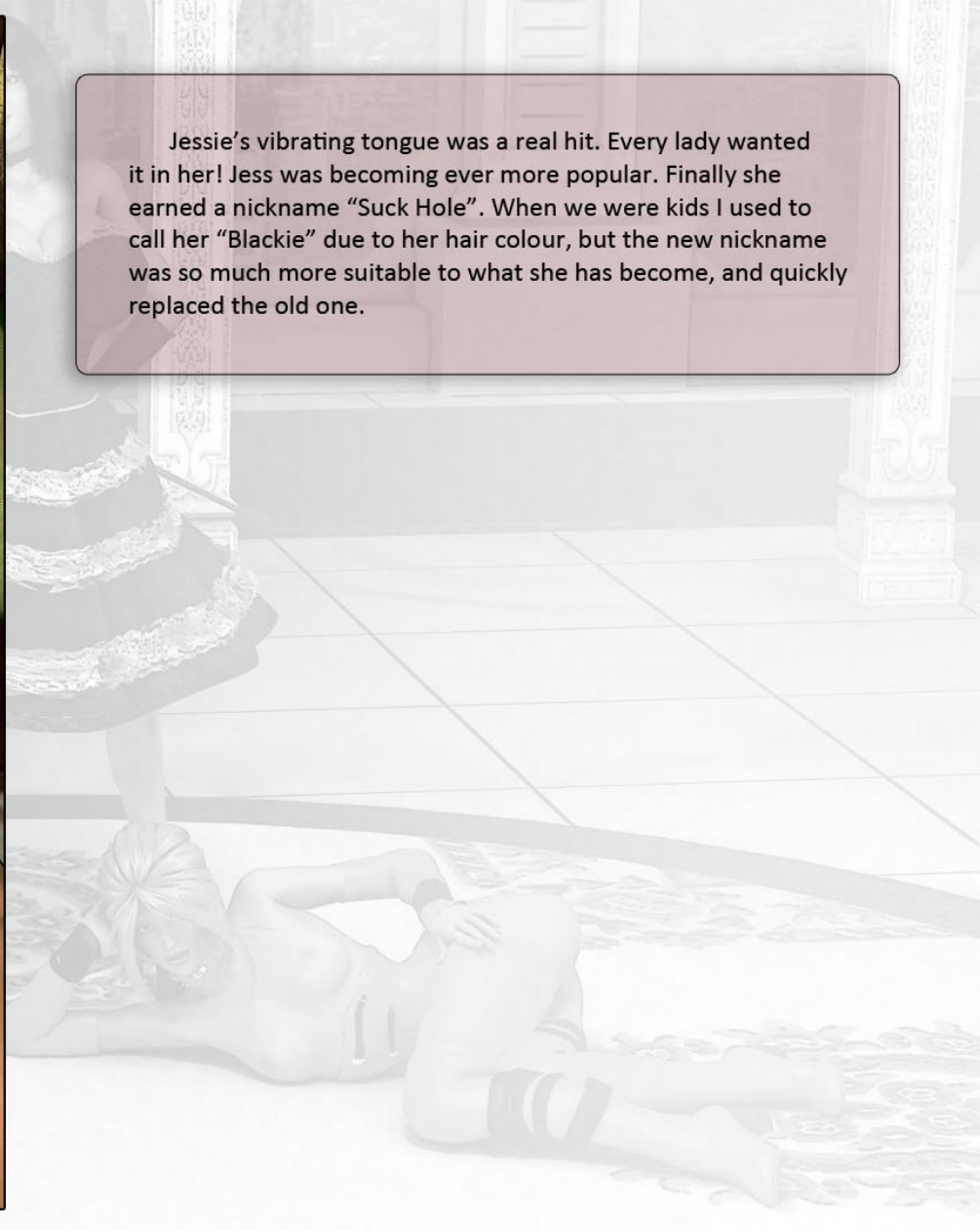
Finally I placed special implant in her tongue that makes it vibrate powerfully, increasing her efficiency even more.

The results are astonishing. When her warm, soft lips embraced my pussy, the pleasure was amazing. She could fondle, kiss and suck like no other. But the most amazing was her tongue, when she slid it deep inside, or when it brushed softly against my clit I trembled with untold pleasure. If it started vibrating while she was doing it, the sensation became indescribably powerful! My dear Jess become great fellatio and cunnilingus machine.





Jessie's vibrating tongue was a real hit. Every lady wanted it in her! Jess was becoming ever more popular. Finally she earned a nickname "Suck Hole". When we were kids I used to call her "Blackie" due to her hair colour, but the new nickname was so much more suitable to what she has become, and quickly replaced the old one.

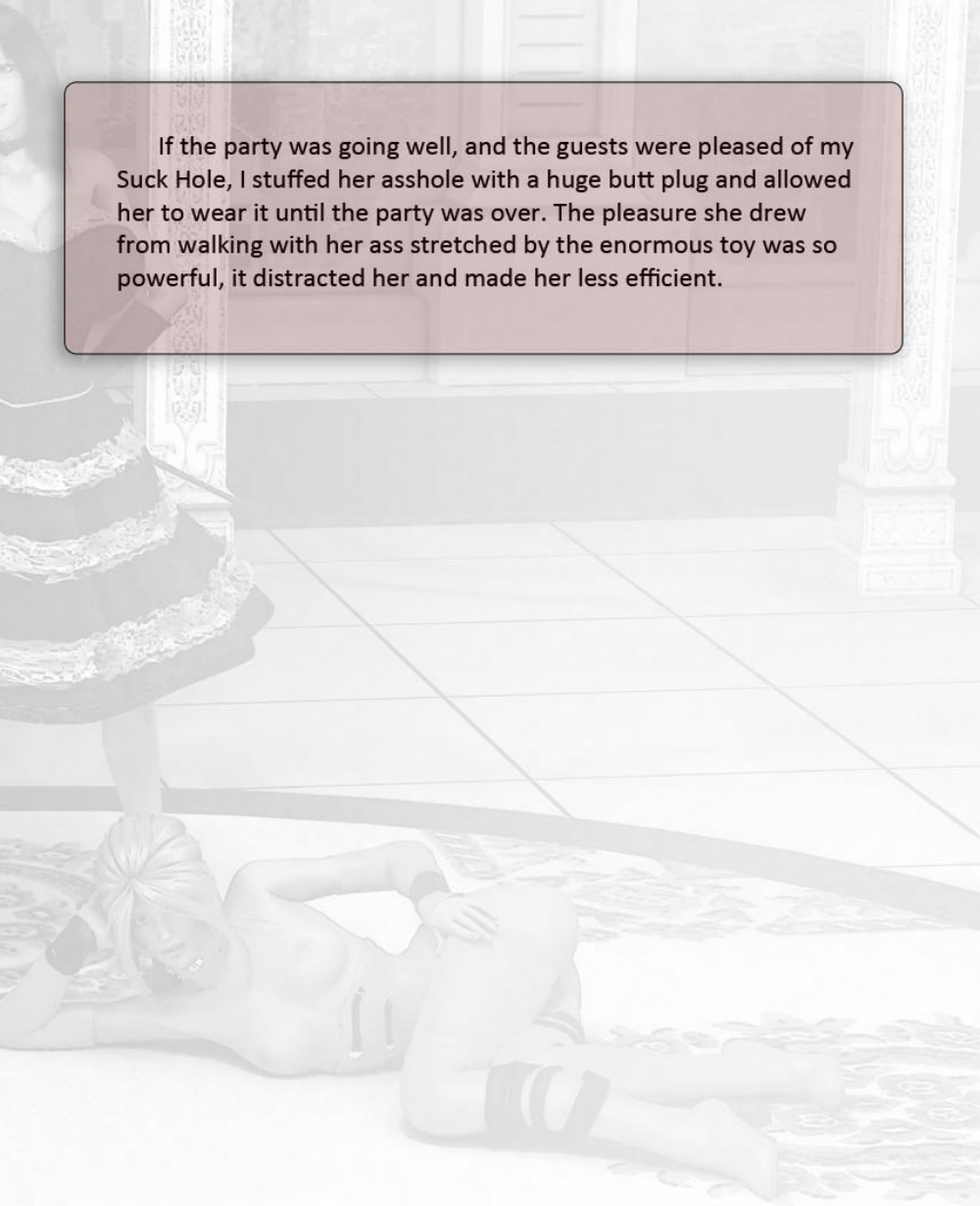


My dear Jess became a perfect sucking machine, which is why her task during orgies is sucking stiff noble cocks and licking dripping highborn pussies. She has to swallow everything that those cocks and pussies graciously provide. Since the orgies are frequented by many guests, and Jessica's services are a sign of my hospitality, I really want her to service everyone, and it is no wonder that by the end of the ball her tummy is usually full.





If the party was going well, and the guests were pleased of my Suck Hole, I stuffed her asshole with a huge butt plug and allowed her to wear it until the party was over. The pleasure she drew from walking with her ass stretched by the enormous toy was so powerful, it distracted her and made her less efficient.

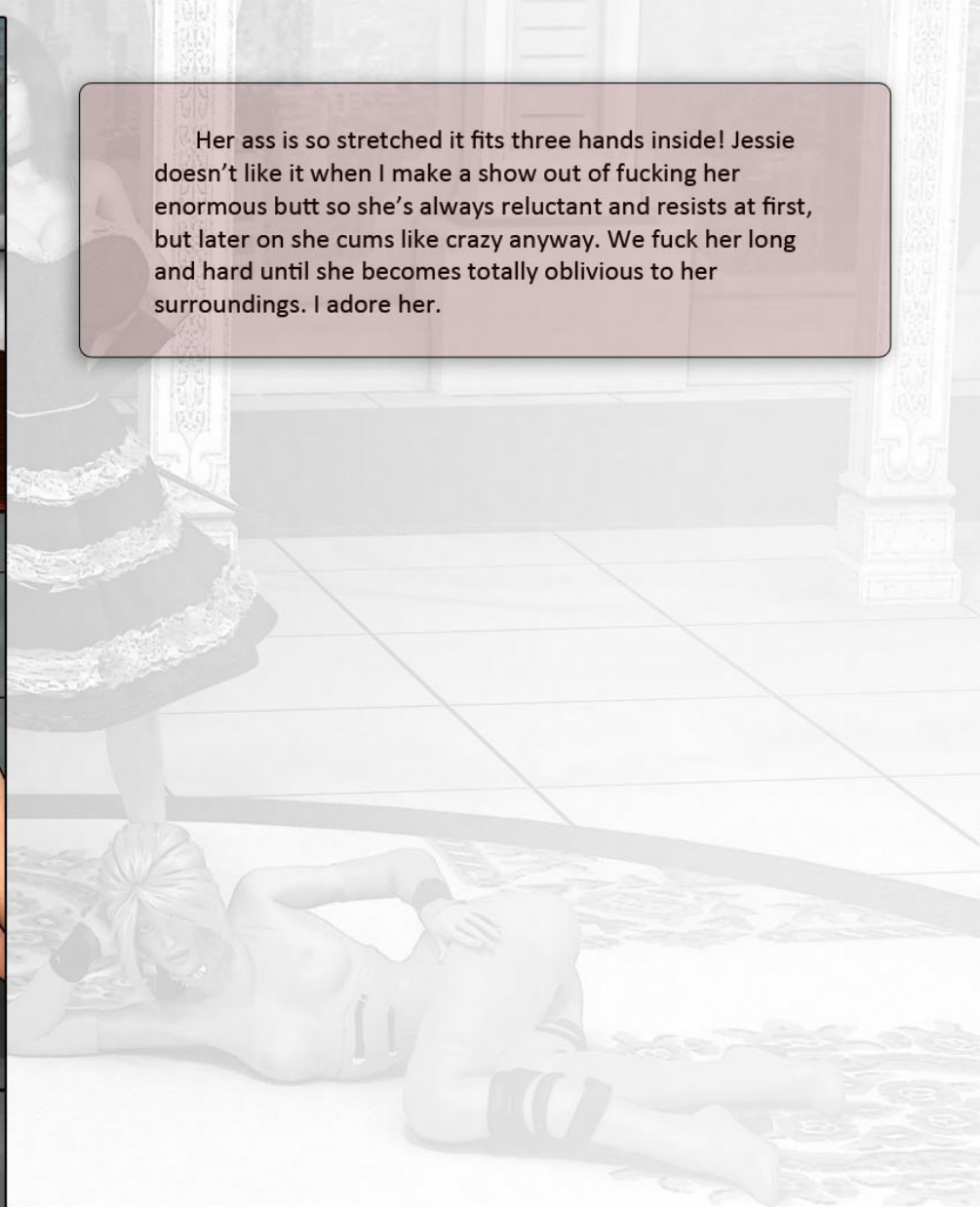


Another point on the agenda is raping Jessica. When she was done with servicing the guests there was time to reward „Suck Hole” for her services. We ordered her to lie down and fucked her with our hands and some huge toys.





Her ass is so stretched it fits three hands inside! Jessie doesn't like it when I make a show out of fucking her enormous butt so she's always reluctant and resists at first, but later on she cums like crazy anyway. We fuck her long and hard until she becomes totally oblivious to her surroundings. I adore her.



## Princess Susan - Diary

My servants caught my girls spitting out Exta. I can't stress enough how disappointed I was. Henceforth they would receive compulsory injections instead of pills.

Injections have much stronger effects, which is why one dose a day is enough.

My lying bitches are always in heat. In order for them to appreciate my generosity I sent them to the palace clinic. As lowborn, they have no right to large breasts or improved faces, but the treatments I ordained, were of different nature entirely. I had their nipples and pussies modified in such a way that they gave them much more pleasure. Massaging their swollen pussies and playing with their large nipples is now a pleasurable pastime, both for them and for me.





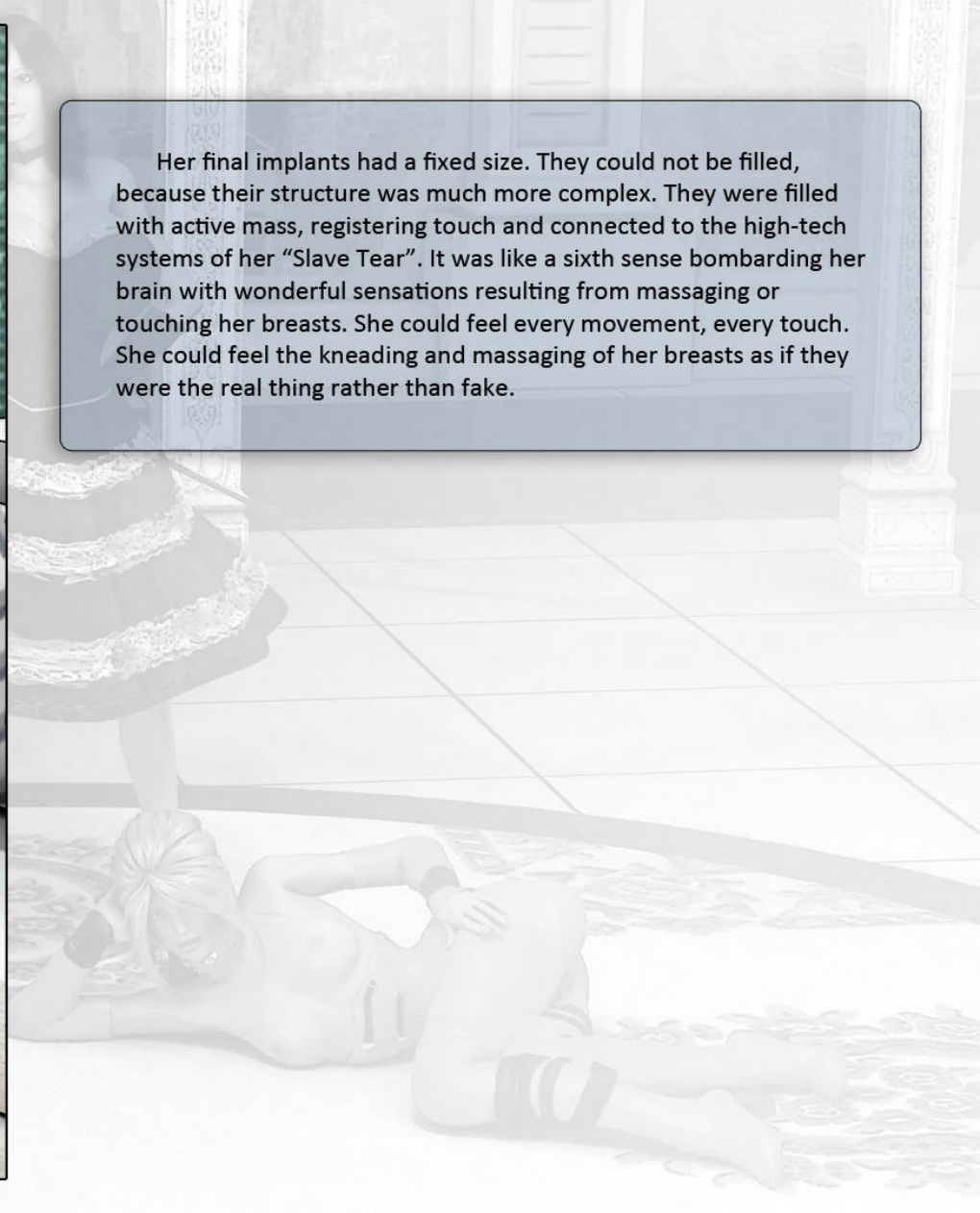
## Princess Susan – White Rubber Doll

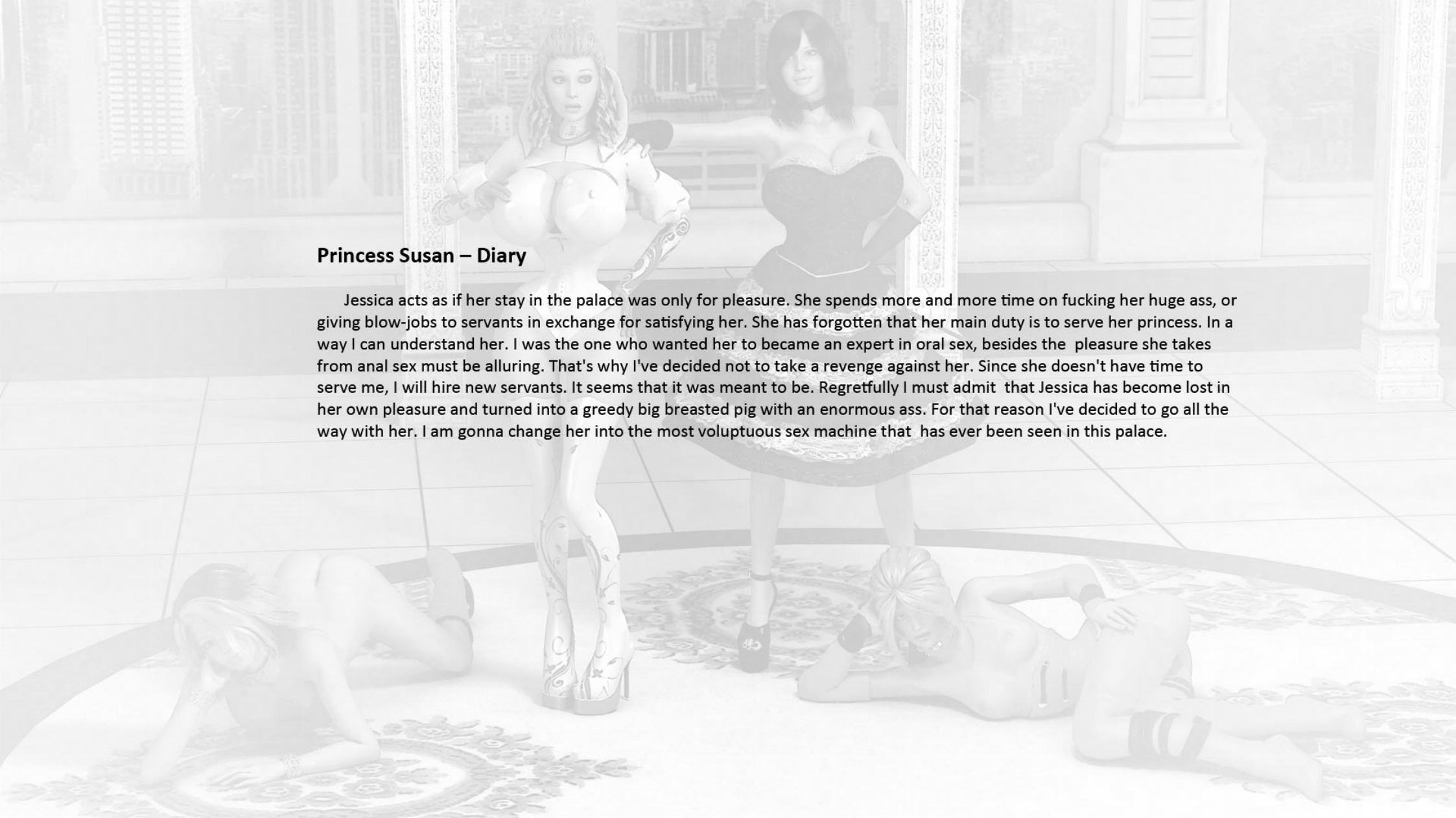
### 9). *Breast Massage*

*The implants react to touch and pressure and enhance pleasure or pain. The fake breasts of White Rubber Doll shall be configured in such a way as to force her to massage it regularly. This will result in great pleasure. It will also increase her desire. In the event of breasts not being massaged for period exceeding twelve hours, the White Rubber Doll shall be experiencing sharp pain, gradually increasing in intensity.*



Her final implants had a fixed size. They could not be filled, because their structure was much more complex. They were filled with active mass, registering touch and connected to the high-tech systems of her "Slave Tear". It was like a sixth sense bombarding her brain with wonderful sensations resulting from massaging or touching her breasts. She could feel every movement, every touch. She could feel the kneading and massaging of her breasts as if they were the real thing rather than fake.





### Princess Susan – Diary

Jessica acts as if her stay in the palace was only for pleasure. She spends more and more time on fucking her huge ass, or giving blow-jobs to servants in exchange for satisfying her. She has forgotten that her main duty is to serve her princess. In a way I can understand her. I was the one who wanted her to become an expert in oral sex, besides the pleasure she takes from anal sex must be alluring. That's why I've decided not to take a revenge against her. Since she doesn't have time to serve me, I will hire new servants. It seems that it was meant to be. Regretfully I must admit that Jessica has become lost in her own pleasure and turned into a greedy big breasted pig with an enormous ass. For that reason I've decided to go all the way with her. I am gonna change her into the most voluptuous sex machine that has ever been seen in this palace.

To start with I commanded to have her breasts enlarged again. In Jess's case, the body artist uses nano-tissue , which makes her bust very heavy and sagging much like natural breasts. Excellent! When her boobs get so humongous as to reach her knees, maybe she will better understand my problems and stop disregarding them.



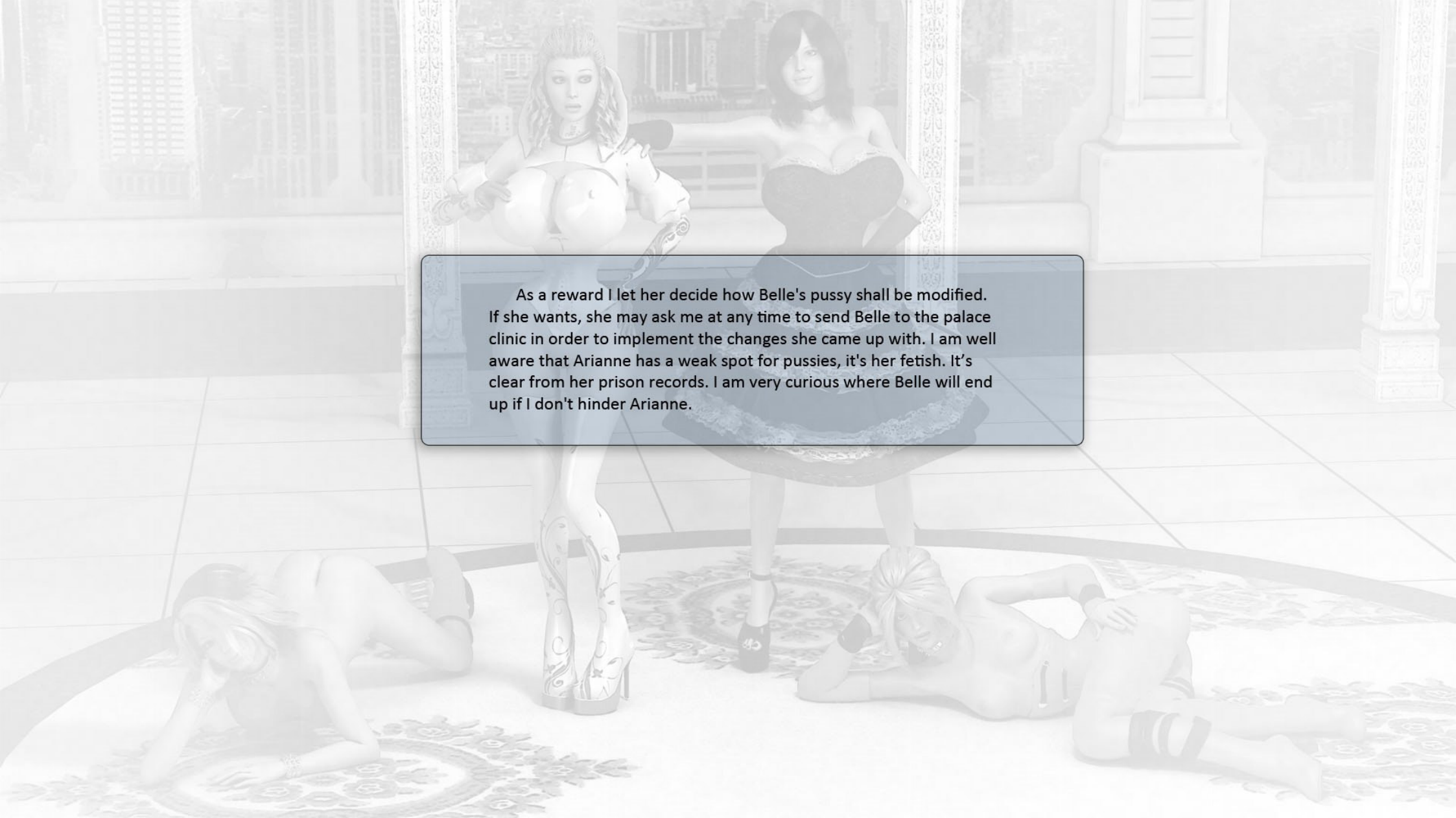
## Princess Sussan - Dairy

My pets differ from each other and they respond differently to the drug. Belle is rather shy and withdrawn. When her arousal grows, she starts playing with herself.





Arianne, in the meantime, requires attention. She provokes my servants and tries to chat up men. I like her flirty attitude, which is why I had given her a lot of freedom. Not only do I let her leave the palace, but also I secretly commanded Gilbert, to leave the back entrance to the kitchen always open for her. This way she can bring the men she seduces to my chambers and if I like them, I let them stay. It's not proper for me to have sex with men without the Prince's knowledge and I don't do it. I respect my beloved and I would never want to betray his trust. However I like to watch Arianne have sex with the guys she brought. It's funny; those common boys are not used to our customs and sometimes they get embarrassed by my presence. Still, they rarely can resist my glamour.



As a reward I let her decide how Belle's pussy shall be modified. If she wants, she may ask me at any time to send Belle to the palace clinic in order to implement the changes she came up with. I am well aware that Arianne has a weak spot for pussies, it's her fetish. It's clear from her prison records. I am very curious where Belle will end up if I don't hinder Arianne.



### Princess Susan – Diary

What an amazing evening it was! The evening that totally compensated one horrible day. I was tired and angry. At noon we had a meeting with the Prince's family during which, as usual, I was very stressed. My Rubber Doll could substitute for me at official appointments but the Prince's parents wanted to see me in person at family gatherings. As always, they were watching me, judging me and studying my every move, unwaveringly seeking the moment I failed to follow the etiquette. Moreover, the dress I was wearing incessantly teased my breasts and nipples, so half of the meeting I was on the edge, struggling on the verge of ecstasy and frustration. When I finally returned to my chambers I was very angry. Calista sensed that immediately.

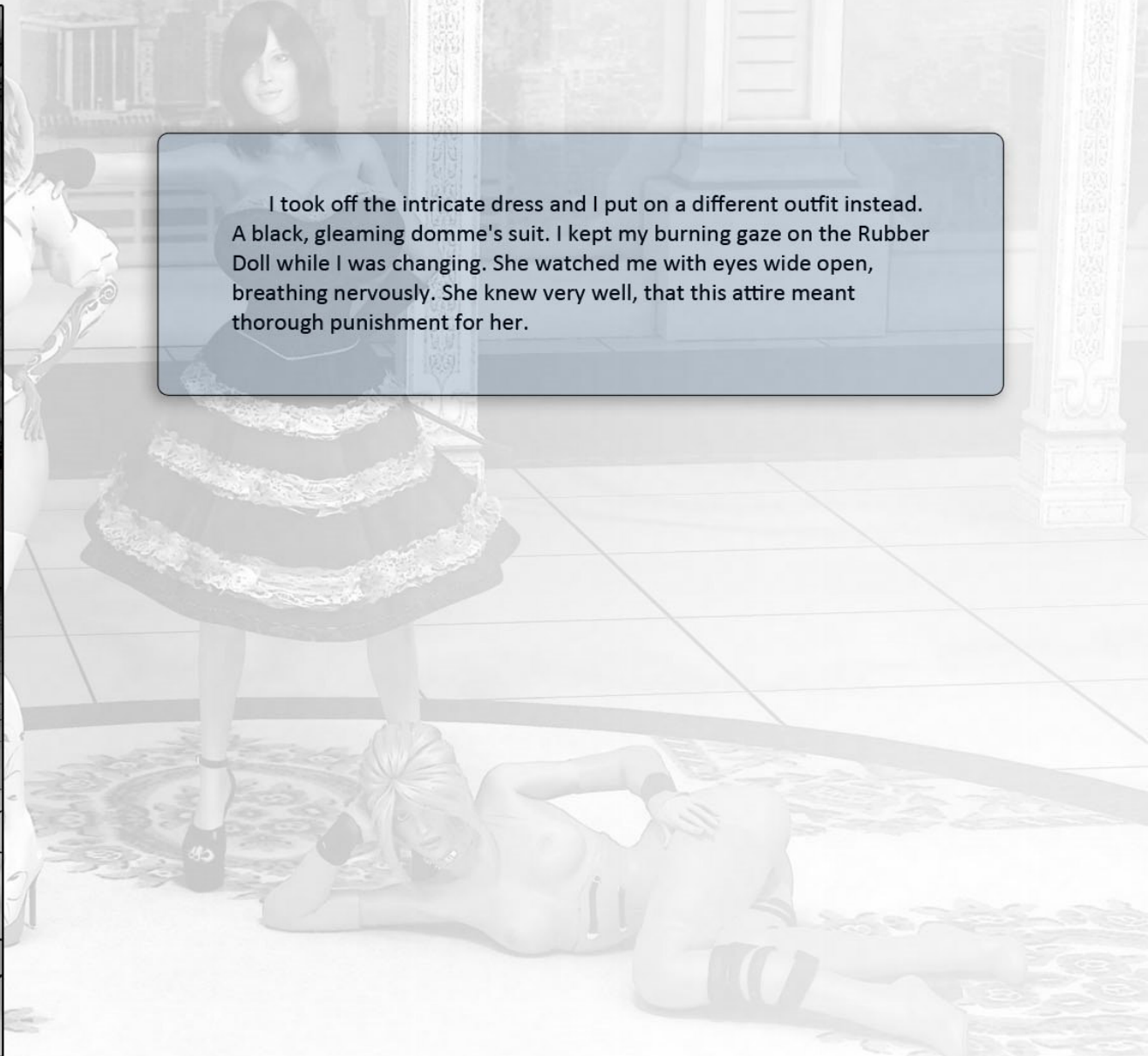
She was sitting on her spot in the corner of the chamber. As soon as I came in, she rose to her feet and stood attention like I taught her. The fear in her eyes made me warm and wet between my legs. Arianne and Belle were already sleeping on their pallets. With a gesture, I bid Jessica to approach. She crawled dragging her gigantic bust on the floor. Continuous pumping enlarged it to such sizes that it was easier for her to walk on all fours. I stroked her head.

- You will be useful for me tonight pussy-sucker – I whispered.

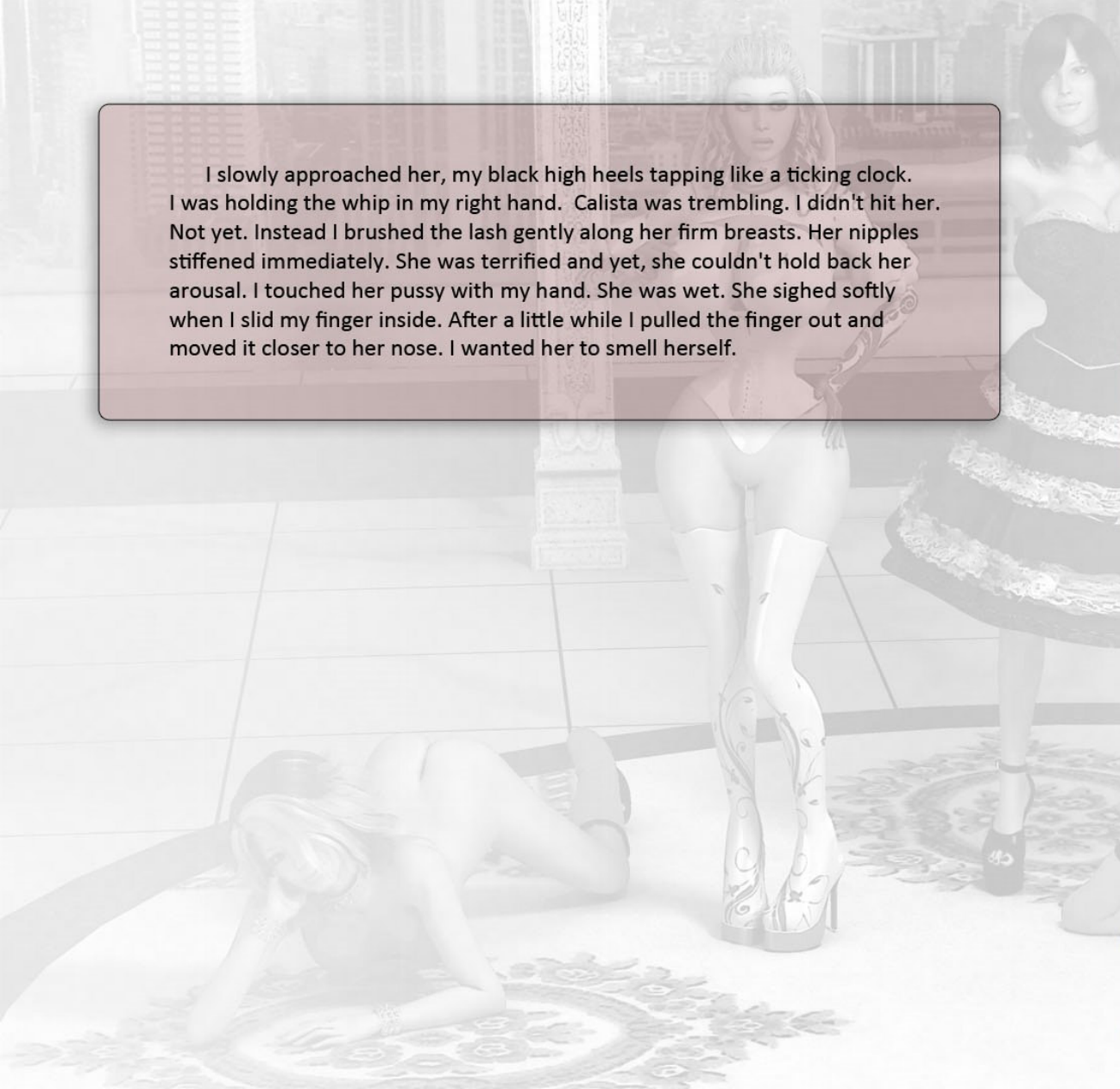





I took off the intricate dress and I put on a different outfit instead. A black, gleaming domme's suit. I kept my burning gaze on the Rubber Doll while I was changing. She watched me with eyes wide open, breathing nervously. She knew very well, that this attire meant thorough punishment for her.



I slowly approached her, my black high heels tapping like a ticking clock. I was holding the whip in my right hand. Calista was trembling. I didn't hit her. Not yet. Instead I brushed the lash gently along her firm breasts. Her nipples stiffened immediately. She was terrified and yet, she couldn't hold back her arousal. I touched her pussy with my hand. She was wet. She sighed softly when I slid my finger inside. After a little while I pulled the finger out and moved it closer to her nose. I wanted her to smell herself.



- 
- I am gonna whip you really hard tonight .- I said - I want you to beg my for mercy.
  - I beg you, be gentle – she responded quickly.
  - Not yet, you stupid doll!

I wanted to lash her enormous tits with all my strength, but I knew it was a bad idea. White Rubber Doll experienced pain much more powerfully than normal people. This kind of sudden lash could knock her out.

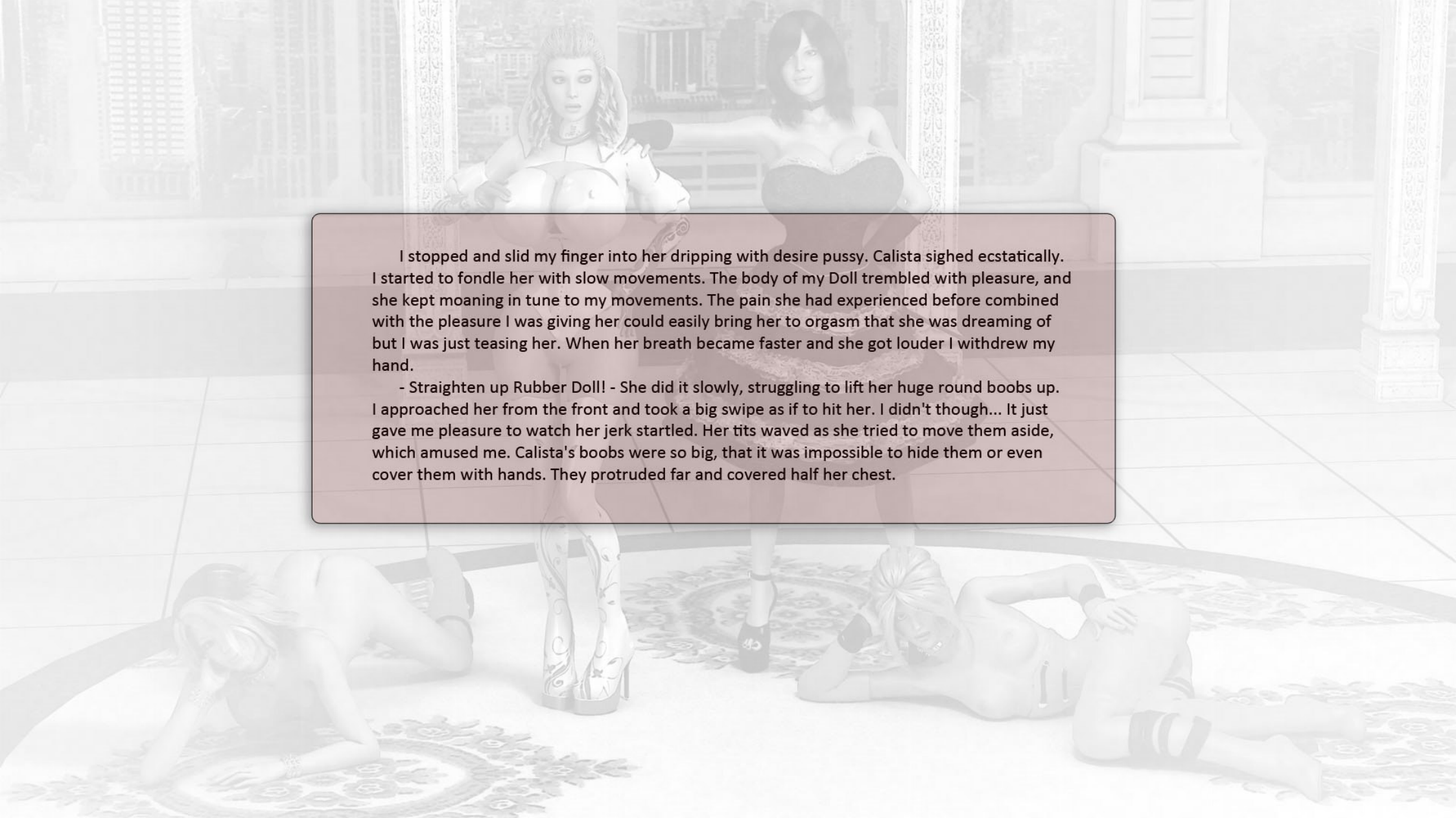
I walked around and stood behind her. I grabbed her springy ass and shook it a little. It was large and very firm. Then for the first time that evening I slapped her firm buttock with my open hand . White Rubber Doll howled and drew back spontaneously, clumsily moving her huge bottom away from the blow.

- Stand still Doll! - I screamed and she straightened up at once. - Legs spread, bend over, present your ass! - I commanded loudly and she quickly obeyed.



I hit her once again, this time with the whip. The blow wasn't very strong but it was enough for my hypersensitive slut to scream once again. I kept lashing her buttocks evenly. The slave was howling in pain. Tears were running down her face, but I knew how aroused she was. Musky smell of her arousal filled the air. I was imagining the red angry welts that were forming beneath the white rubber of her outfit. Nothing to worry about though, in fact I was beating her rather gently. It were her tuned up senses that made her cry out of pain.



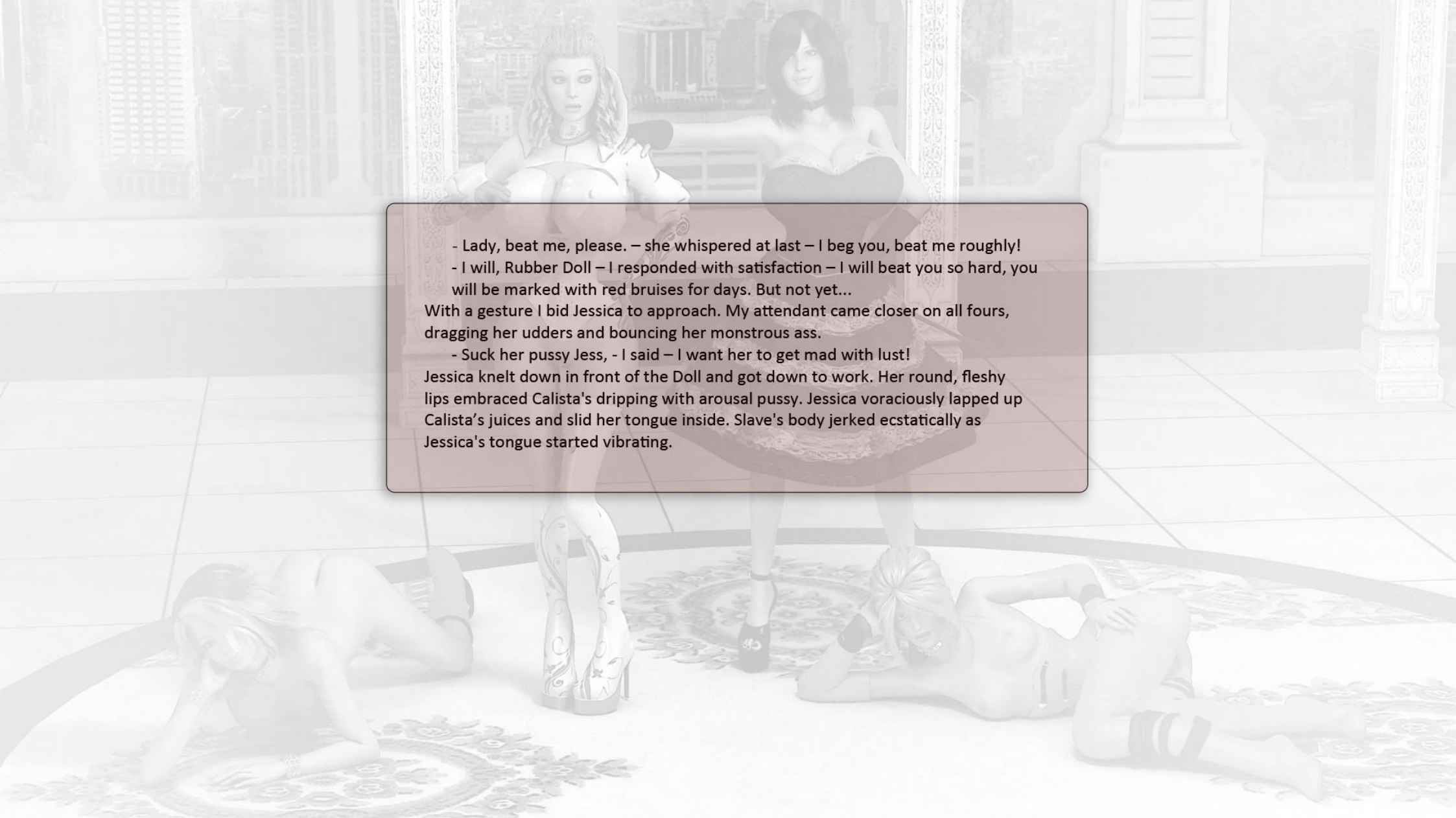


I stopped and slid my finger into her dripping with desire pussy. Calista sighed ecstatically. I started to fondle her with slow movements. The body of my Doll trembled with pleasure, and she kept moaning in tune to my movements. The pain she had experienced before combined with the pleasure I was giving her could easily bring her to orgasm that she was dreaming of but I was just teasing her. When her breath became faster and she got louder I withdrew my hand.

- Straighten up Rubber Doll! - She did it slowly, struggling to lift her huge round boobs up. I approached her from the front and took a big swipe as if to hit her. I didn't though... It just gave me pleasure to watch her jerk startled. Her tits waved as she tried to move them aside, which amused me. Calista's boobs were so big, that it was impossible to hide them or even cover them with hands. They protruded far and covered half her chest.

I put my hands on her oversized breasts and squeezed her erect nipples. I started massaging her slowly. With circular moves I played with her big warm globes. I pressed them against each other or pulled them aside, teasing her sensitive nipples. The Doll began to moan again. The blissful expression on her face gave away how good she felt. Her groans got louder. I didn't hurry, I wanted her pleasure to rise slowly. I fondled her lazily and she stared at me dreamily. Long, loud sigh suggested that her arousal was turning into ecstasy . Meanwhile the massage relaxed her so much, she couldn't reach climax. As she began to realize it , her moans became more frustrated.





- Lady, beat me, please. – she whispered at last – I beg you, beat me roughly!  
- I will, Rubber Doll – I responded with satisfaction – I will beat you so hard, you will be marked with red bruises for days. But not yet...

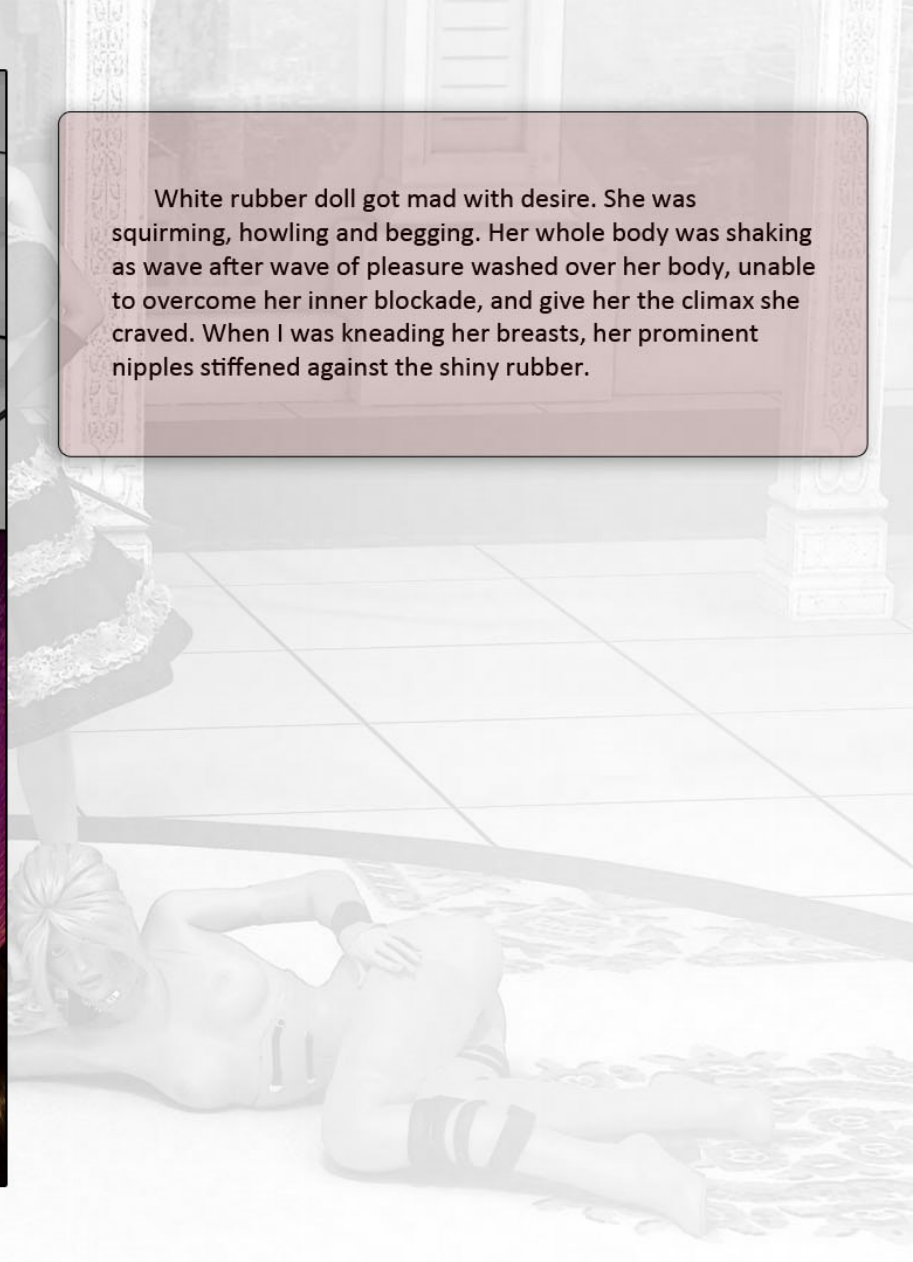
With a gesture I bid Jessica to approach. My attendant came closer on all fours, dragging her udders and bouncing her monstrous ass.

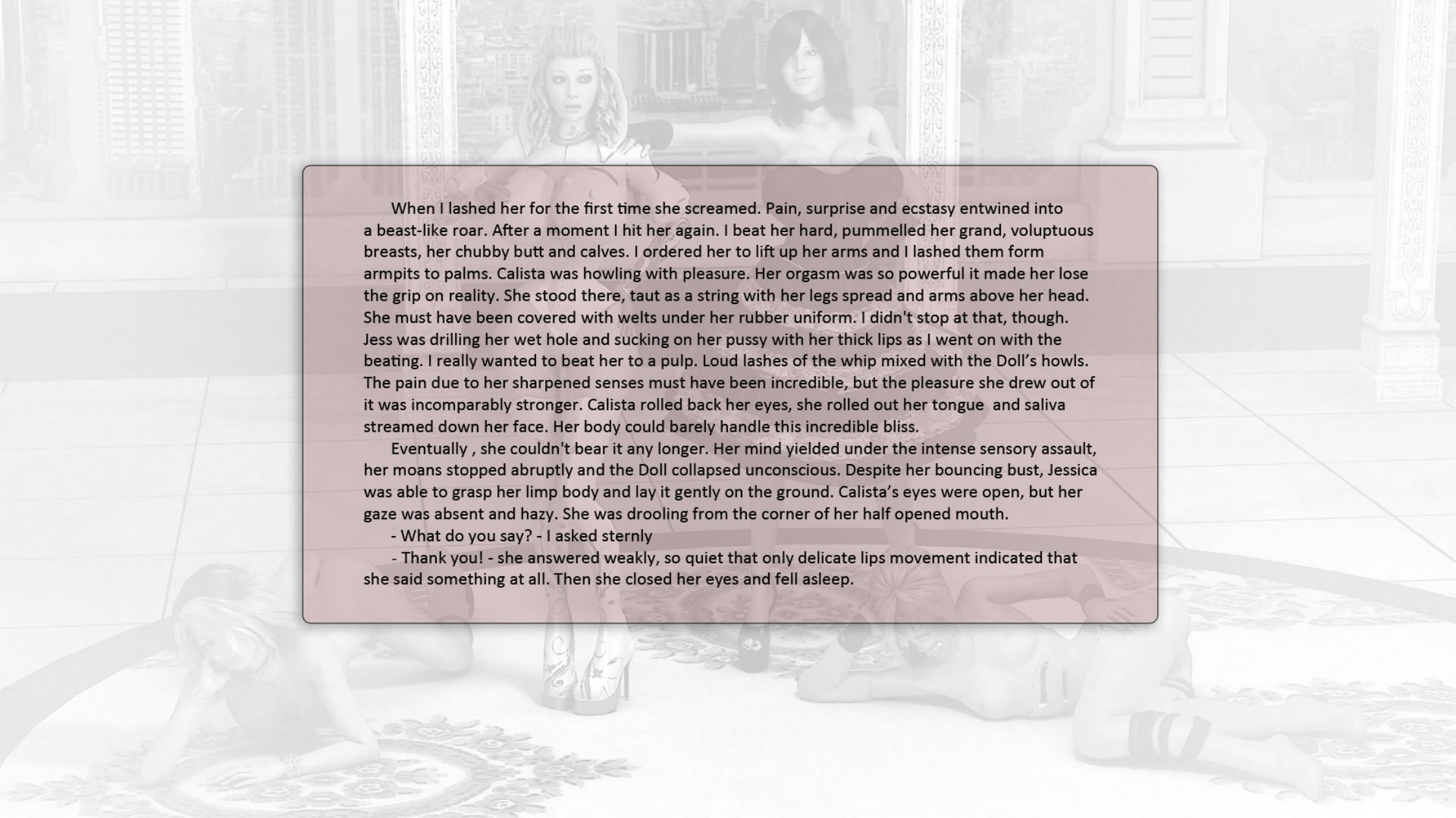
- Suck her pussy Jess, - I said – I want her to get mad with lust!

Jessica knelt down in front of the Doll and got down to work. Her round, fleshy lips embraced Calista's dripping with arousal pussy. Jessica voraciously lapped up Calista's juices and slid her tongue inside. Slave's body jerked ecstatically as Jessica's tongue started vibrating.



White rubber doll got mad with desire. She was squirming, howling and begging. Her whole body was shaking as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her body, unable to overcome her inner blockade, and give her the climax she craved. When I was kneading her breasts, her prominent nipples stiffened against the shiny rubber.






When I lashed her for the first time she screamed. Pain, surprise and ecstasy entwined into a beast-like roar. After a moment I hit her again. I beat her hard, pummelled her grand, voluptuous breasts, her chubby butt and calves. I ordered her to lift up her arms and I lashed them from armpits to palms. Calista was howling with pleasure. Her orgasm was so powerful it made her lose the grip on reality. She stood there, taut as a string with her legs spread and arms above her head. She must have been covered with welts under her rubber uniform. I didn't stop at that, though. Jess was drilling her wet hole and sucking on her pussy with her thick lips as I went on with the beating. I really wanted to beat her to a pulp. Loud lashes of the whip mixed with the Doll's howls. The pain due to her sharpened senses must have been incredible, but the pleasure she drew out of it was incomparably stronger. Calista rolled back her eyes, she rolled out her tongue and saliva streamed down her face. Her body could barely handle this incredible bliss.

Eventually, she couldn't bear it any longer. Her mind yielded under the intense sensory assault, her moans stopped abruptly and the Doll collapsed unconscious. Despite her bouncing bust, Jessica was able to grasp her limp body and lay it gently on the ground. Calista's eyes were open, but her gaze was absent and hazy. She was drooling from the corner of her half opened mouth.

- What do you say? - I asked sternly

- Thank you! - she answered weakly, so quiet that only delicate lips movement indicated that she said something at all. Then she closed her eyes and fell asleep.



## Arianne and Belle

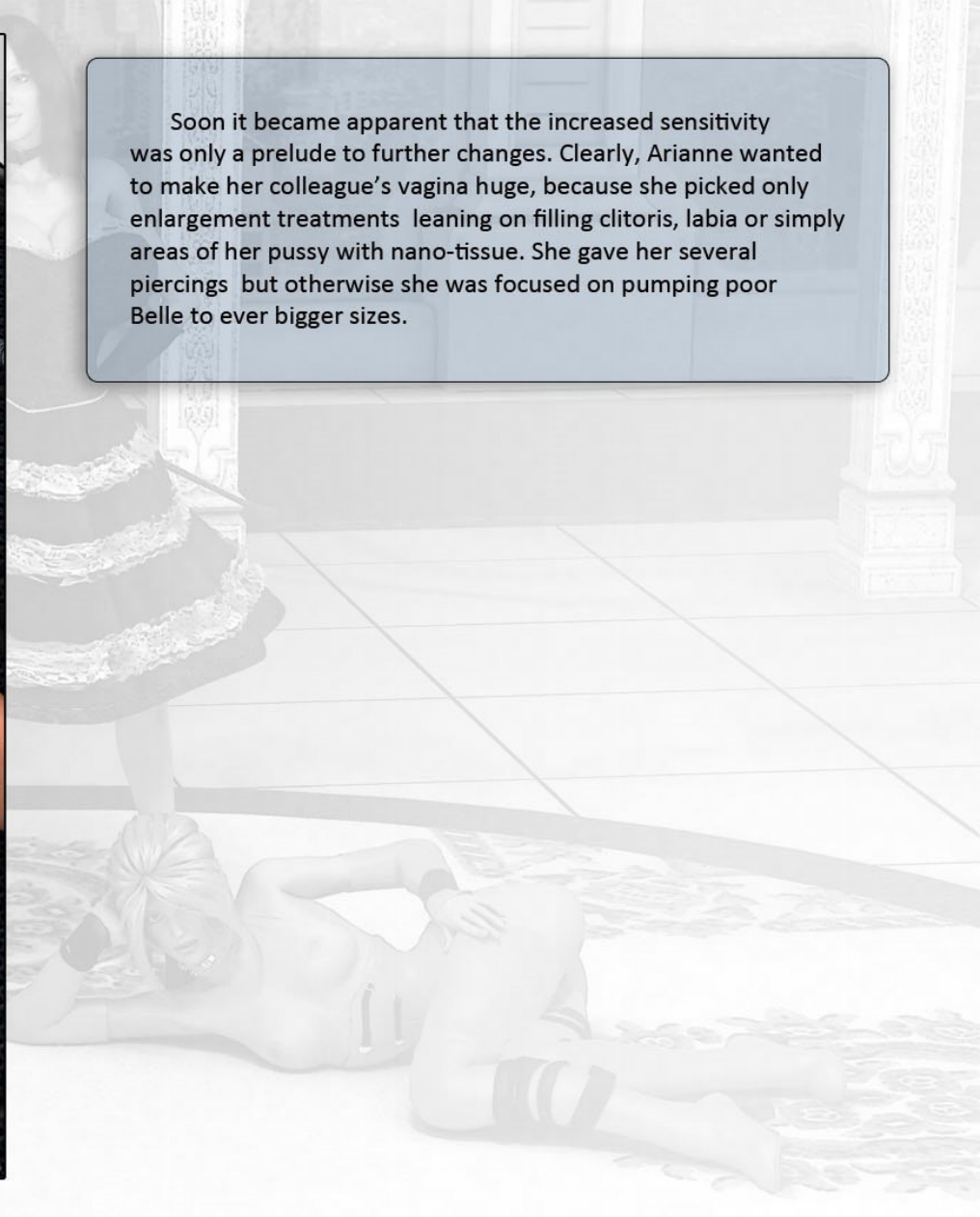
Arianne fervently supervised the development of her friends pussy. Actually she was so eager that visits in the clinic became a daily thing. Every day Belle was brought for subsequent treatments. According to our agreement Arianne decided which procedure was to be implemented. Her mind, ruined by Exta, was filled with perverse fantasies that I observed with a job of an amateur psychologist.

The cruel girl ordered to boost her friend's vagina's pleasure capabilities. When my slave had sex or masturbated under the influence of drugs, her orgasms were very powerful and with each treatment they grew ever stronger. Bell was terrified, but at the same time she was overwhelmed by the power of her own vagina.

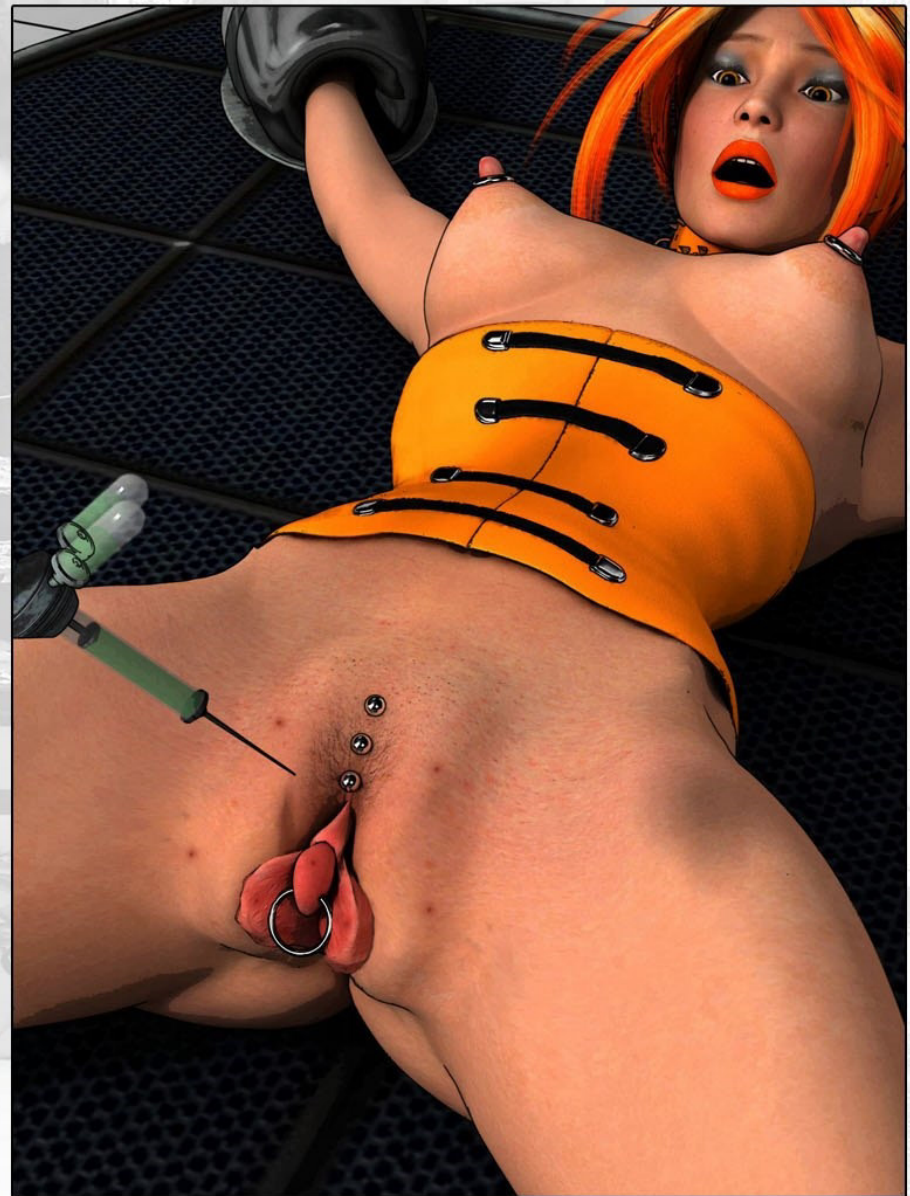




Soon it became apparent that the increased sensitivity was only a prelude to further changes. Clearly, Arianne wanted to make her colleague's vagina huge, because she picked only enlargement treatments leaning on filling clitoris, labia or simply areas of her pussy with nano-tissue. She gave her several piercings but otherwise she was focused on pumping poor Belle to ever bigger sizes.

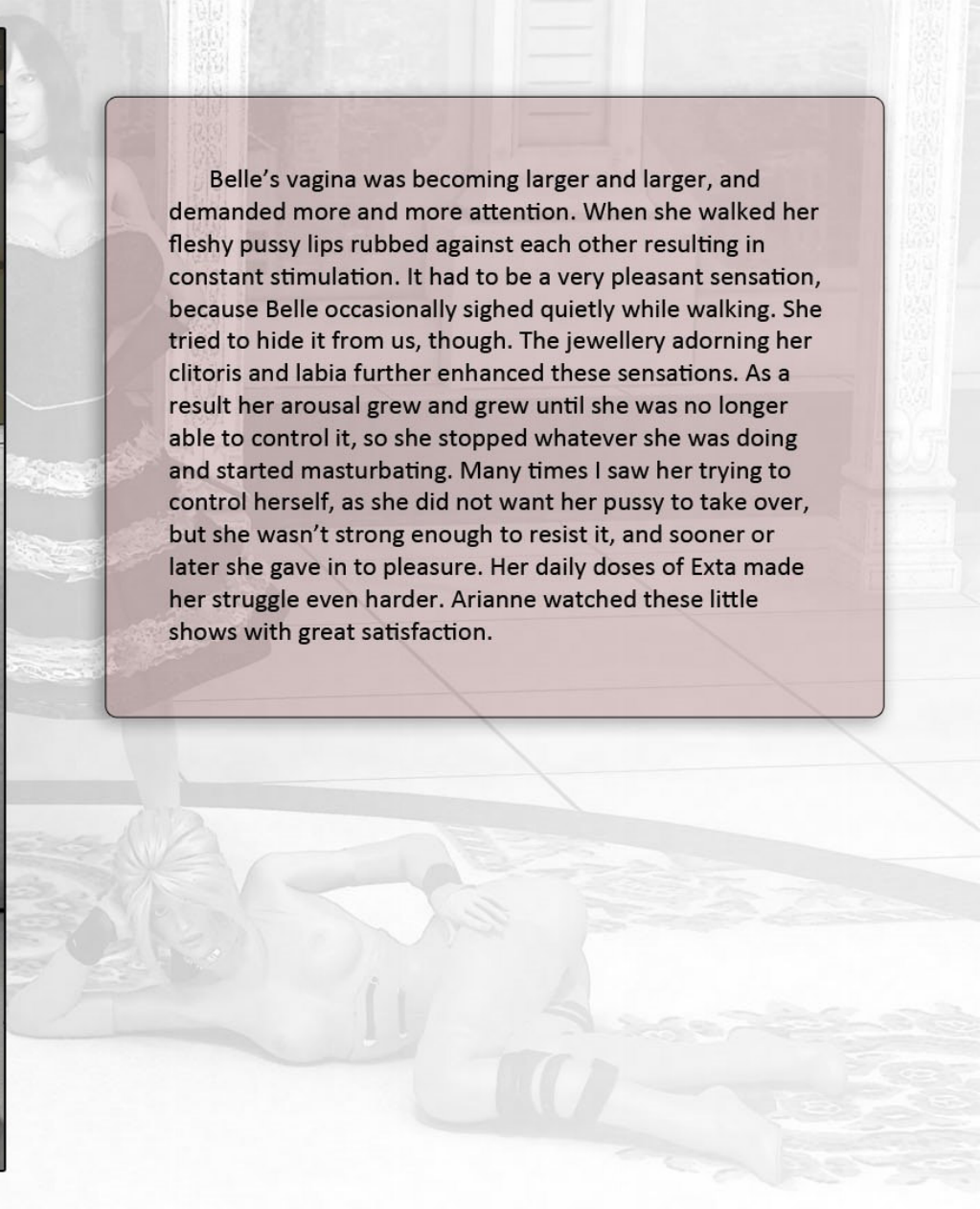



In the evenings when the effects of Exta eased up and when Bella recovered, she begged her colleague to discontinue the injections. Her pussy was growing at such a rate, that it slowly started to impede walking. However Arianne was adamant, what is more, she really got aroused by hurting her friend. She kept saying that Belle's pussy would be modified and swollen until Belle would no longer be able to put her legs together and walk normally.






Belle's vagina was becoming larger and larger, and demanded more and more attention. When she walked her fleshy pussy lips rubbed against each other resulting in constant stimulation. It had to be a very pleasant sensation, because Belle occasionally sighed quietly while walking. She tried to hide it from us, though. The jewellery adorning her clitoris and labia further enhanced these sensations. As a result her arousal grew and grew until she was no longer able to control it, so she stopped whatever she was doing and started masturbating. Many times I saw her trying to control herself, as she did not want her pussy to take over, but she wasn't strong enough to resist it, and sooner or later she gave in to pleasure. Her daily doses of Exta made her struggle even harder. Arianne watched these little shows with great satisfaction.



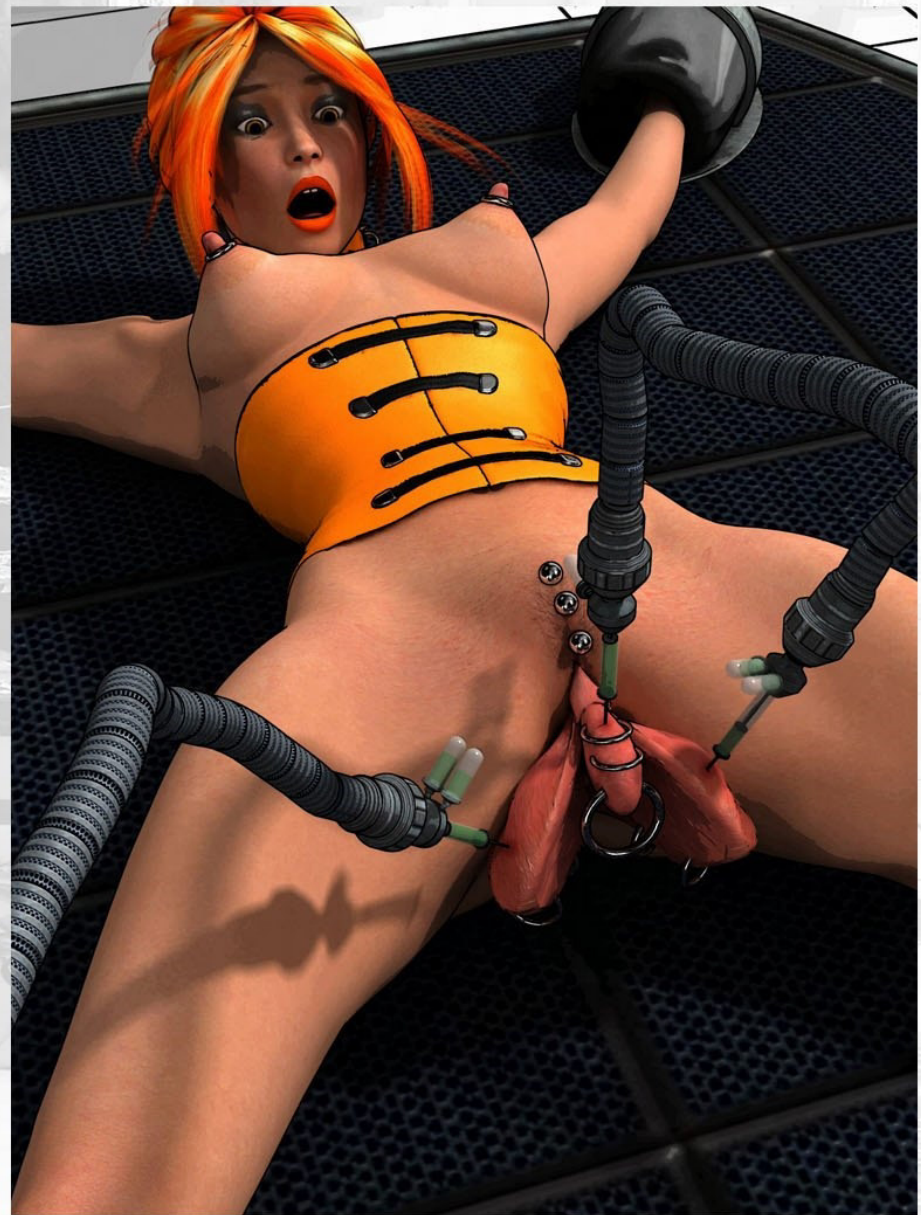


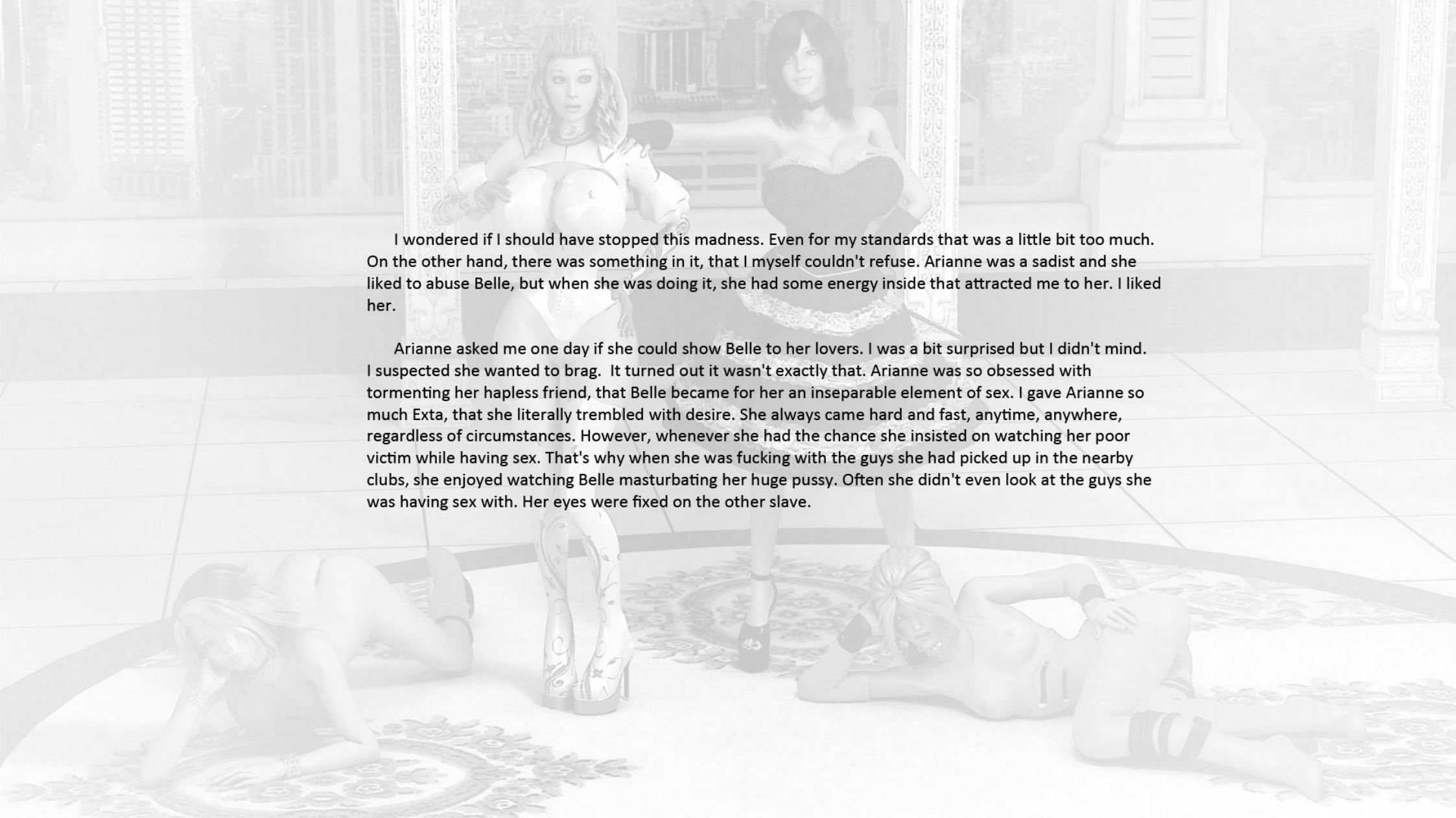
Belle's vagina kept growing and growing. Day by day subsequent nano-tissue injections swelled her more and more. At some point it became so big, that Belle's legs had to be constantly spread apart. When she was on Exta she played with it all the time. She clasped her immense pussy lips with her hands, she slid fingers inside and drilled violently. She used many strange toys, ramming them inside all at once. She pulled on her giant clit and stretched it or gripped it with her hand and stroked it up and down.



When she regained her senses, she couldn't look at herself. She cried and begged Arianne to stop the treatments. But Arianne ignored her requests. She loved watching her companion playing with her enormous pussy. Her fantasies turned her on so much that she was masturbating while watching Belles miserable struggles. Several times when Bella, tears in her eyes, begged Arianne for mercy, Arianne got so aroused that she immediately started masturbating.


- You will be gigantic! - she said to crying Belle. - I will enlarge you even more, I will adorn your labia and clit with jewellery, inside your hungry pussy I will install a remote controlled vibrator, which will wake you up at night and make you cum. Later I will order to increase your pussy's sensitivity, so you won't be able to move at all without masturbating. Sharing her fantasies aroused Arianne, and she played with herself, squealing with pleasure.





I wondered if I should have stopped this madness. Even for my standards that was a little bit too much. On the other hand, there was something in it, that I myself couldn't refuse. Arianne was a sadist and she liked to abuse Belle, but when she was doing it, she had some energy inside that attracted me to her. I liked her.

Arianne asked me one day if she could show Belle to her lovers. I was a bit surprised but I didn't mind. I suspected she wanted to brag. It turned out it wasn't exactly that. Arianne was so obsessed with tormenting her hapless friend, that Belle became for her an inseparable element of sex. I gave Arianne so much Exta, that she literally trembled with desire. She always came hard and fast, anytime, anywhere, regardless of circumstances. However, whenever she had the chance she insisted on watching her poor victim while having sex. That's why when she was fucking with the guys she had picked up in the nearby clubs, she enjoyed watching Belle masturbating her huge pussy. Often she didn't even look at the guys she was having sex with. Her eyes were fixed on the other slave.



## Princess Susan - Diary

Jessica's udders grew to such sizes that combined with her gigantic ass they make her clumsy and slow. Her round lips, made to suck, make her speech unclear. She spends ever more time penetrating her gaping back hole. This means that most of the time she is in a state of ecstasy, absent-minded and languid.

My life is dominated by sex. I have it all the time, with Prince, with Jess, with my girls. Sometimes with some highborn guests of the house, and a few times I even managed to get laid with famous Lady Daria, the mistress of the palace servants. The pleasure that the Blue Tear gives me when I have sex is amazing. I wouldn't exchange it for anything else in the world. Even though I am a victim of conservative attitude towards women. Even if my life has changed completely.

I know it was worth it. What the Tear gives – no words can do it justice. Yet, sometimes I'm worried about myself. I know something is wrong. I used to be different. I didn't seek pleasure at the expense of others. However nowadays, when I struggle against the Blue Tear each day, I subconsciously think that I have the right to do it. Not because I am a Princess, but because I am following tradition and therefore others around me ought to do so too.


Deep inside I feel that I have control over the Tear. I have overcome its power and I am still myself! I haven't changed into an animal or a sexual doll. I am not just a drooling doll of the Prince, whose only purpose is to be fucked. I am a sophisticated, self-conscious woman. I have my subordinates, my point of view and my own strong will.



## Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart

I was worried about my sweet wife. Although I wanted all the best for her, I felt that somewhere deep in her heart lurked anger. In a way it was probably caused by her complexes. She was perfectly aware that she didn't look like a true princess. In comparison with some other high-born ladies she still looked like a little girl with a silhouette of a boy. Nevertheless it couldn't be the only reason for her hidden anger. There must have been something else. I suspected that the Blue Tear was to blame. Not so much the Tear itself but Susan's devouring, almost obsessive need to overcome its power.

The things she did in her chambers started to exceed even my standards and I consider myself rather open-minded. Ever more often the servants resigned, disgusted or simply scared. I knew I had to act, I just didn't know how.



## Princess Susan – Arianne and Belle

Eventually Belle walked only on all fours. Her vagina was too big to allow her to walk normally. Her gigantic labia and clitoris, both overstretched with heavy hung very low in this position. They hindered every move. The result of Arianne's sick fantasy wasn't suitable to normal functioning, but it was perfect for masturbation. Belle's over-sensitive vagina reacted to even the most gentle touch wracking her with pleasure. Sliding hands against the enormous wet petals of her lips brought her to climax.

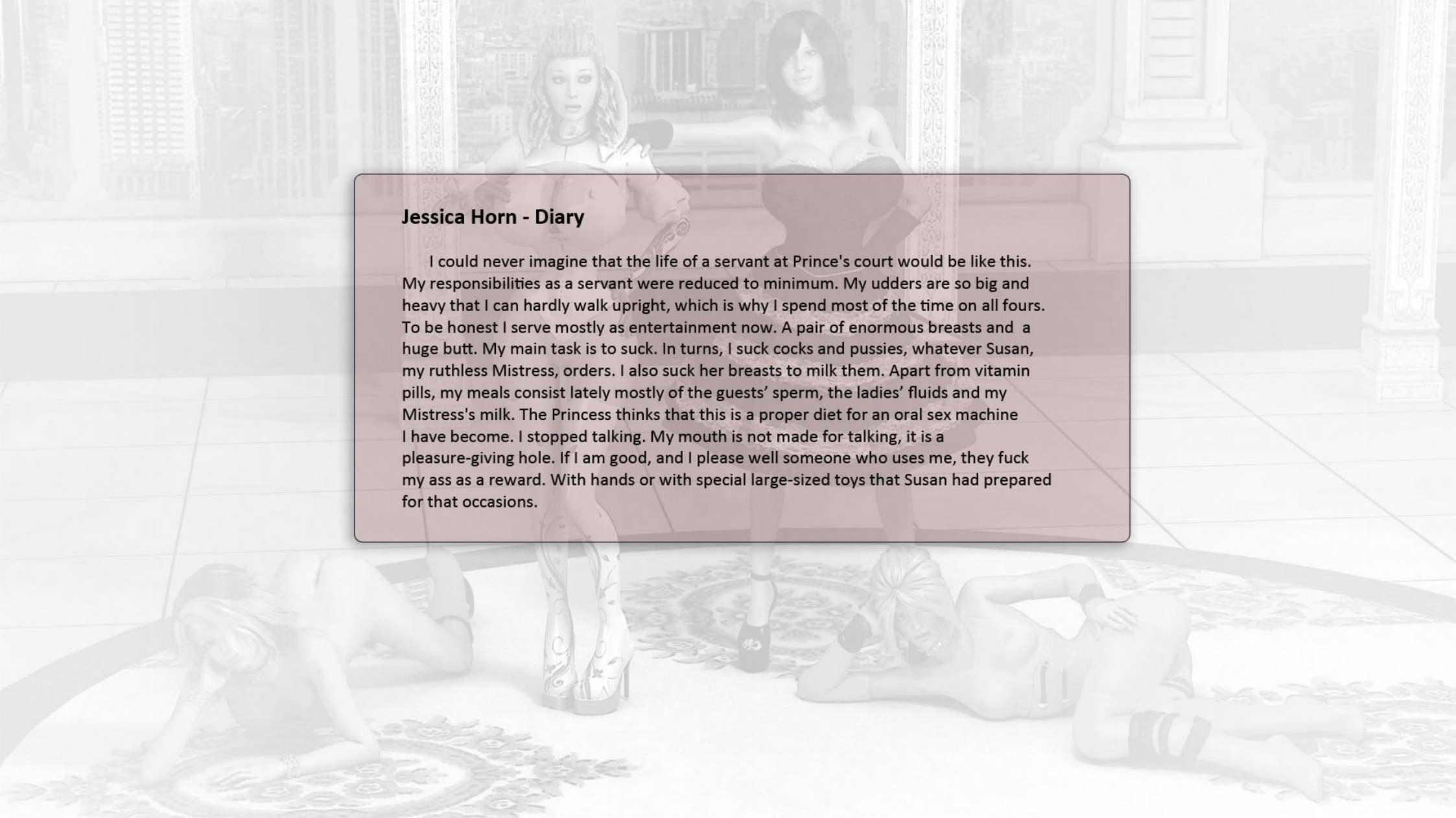
Her pussy was so wide that she could easily fit both hands inside, however fisting caused such a strong orgasm, that Belle drooling and howling collapsed unconscious. The slave rarely moved. Walking on all fours made all the jewellery she was adorned with move. That's why when she had to go somewhere she did so stopping after every couple of paces, gasping, moaning and permanently balancing on the edge of orgasm. I stopped giving her the drug. Her pussy made her constantly aroused anyway.



Most of the time she spent sprawled on the carpet with her legs spread widely apart in order not to disturb her delicate organs. She was a slave of her own monstrous vagina. A drained toy, a pleasure machine.

The worst idea came up to Arianne's mind at the very end. She ordered to install a chip which examined Belle's body. When she didn't play with her pussy enough, a chip detected that and turned on the vibrators permanently implanted in her clit and in her pussy. This way her vagina started to fondle itself. Her neglected vagina served her such an orgasm, that she roared like a wild beast. It was long, powerful and exhausting. Even though the pleasure was immeasurable, she knew that even her new improved body wouldn't stand this amount of pleasure for long, so she preferred to do it herself, not giving her pussy the chance to take over.

During the day the time limit was two hours, and it was four hours at night. It meant that Bella woke up at least once at night to masturbate. If she failed to reach climax in the appointment time, she would wake up moaning and screaming as the implants brought her to the overwhelming orgasm.



### Jessica Horn - Diary

I could never imagine that the life of a servant at Prince's court would be like this. My responsibilities as a servant were reduced to minimum. My udders are so big and heavy that I can hardly walk upright, which is why I spend most of the time on all fours. To be honest I serve mostly as entertainment now. A pair of enormous breasts and a huge butt. My main task is to suck. In turns, I suck cocks and pussies, whatever Susan, my ruthless Mistress, orders. I also suck her breasts to milk them. Apart from vitamin pills, my meals consist lately mostly of the guests' sperm, the ladies' fluids and my Mistress's milk. The Princess thinks that this is a proper diet for an oral sex machine I have become. I stopped talking. My mouth is not made for talking, it is a pleasure-giving hole. If I am good, and I please well someone who uses me, they fuck my ass as a reward. With hands or with special large-sized toys that Susan had prepared for that occasions.



My butt has become a temple of an ecstasy and solace. The bigger and wider its gets, the bigger pleasure it gives me. My whole world is concentrated around dreaming of my large ass being fucked. Now, when I am only a sex machine, My Lady has forbidden me to play with myself, that's why I do my best to earn the reward. My favourite moments are when somebody shoves something into my huge asshole, when they fuck me and stretch me I feel like I am in heaven. Those are the best moments of the day and I long for them.

I mention it with deep regret, but my Lady and former friend has changed horribly. She has become cruel and perverse beyond all reason.

## Prince Thomas Archibald II Marbleheart

Susan was sitting on the sofa watching TV on a big flat, panoramic screen. Her pets were lying on the floor in front of her. Arianne fondled my wife's feet, licking them and rubbing her tiny tits against them. My love adores to be touched there. This caress must have been giving her a lot of pleasure. Meanwhile, Bella spread on her bedding leaned against the wall. She kept both of her hands on her giant vagina, fondling it lazily. Her expression a mixture of exhaustion and bliss, hinting at insanity.

Next to the sofa, her companion Jessica was resting on all fours, leaning on her huge breasts. When I walked in she looked at me inquiringly, unwittingly opening her O-shaped mouth. I declined with a shake of my head and she resumed to watching television.

Calista was sitting in the corner of the room. A beautiful girl, who agreed to be my merciless Princess's avatar.

She was sitting motionless, looking like a white, shiny statue with a gorgeous human face.

- Honey, we need to talk about something very important – I said in a serious voice, that demanded obedience.

- What's that dear? – Susan replied - Is it something.... – She couldn't finish the question because she was interrupted by Belle's exhausted moan of ecstasy.

- Is it something serious? – she repeated

- So serious, that I have to insist that you ask Jessica to leave us and take these poor creatures with her. – I said sharply.

- What's going on? – she asked when we were alone.

- Your behavior is leading you in very bad direction. I want you to think your actions through.

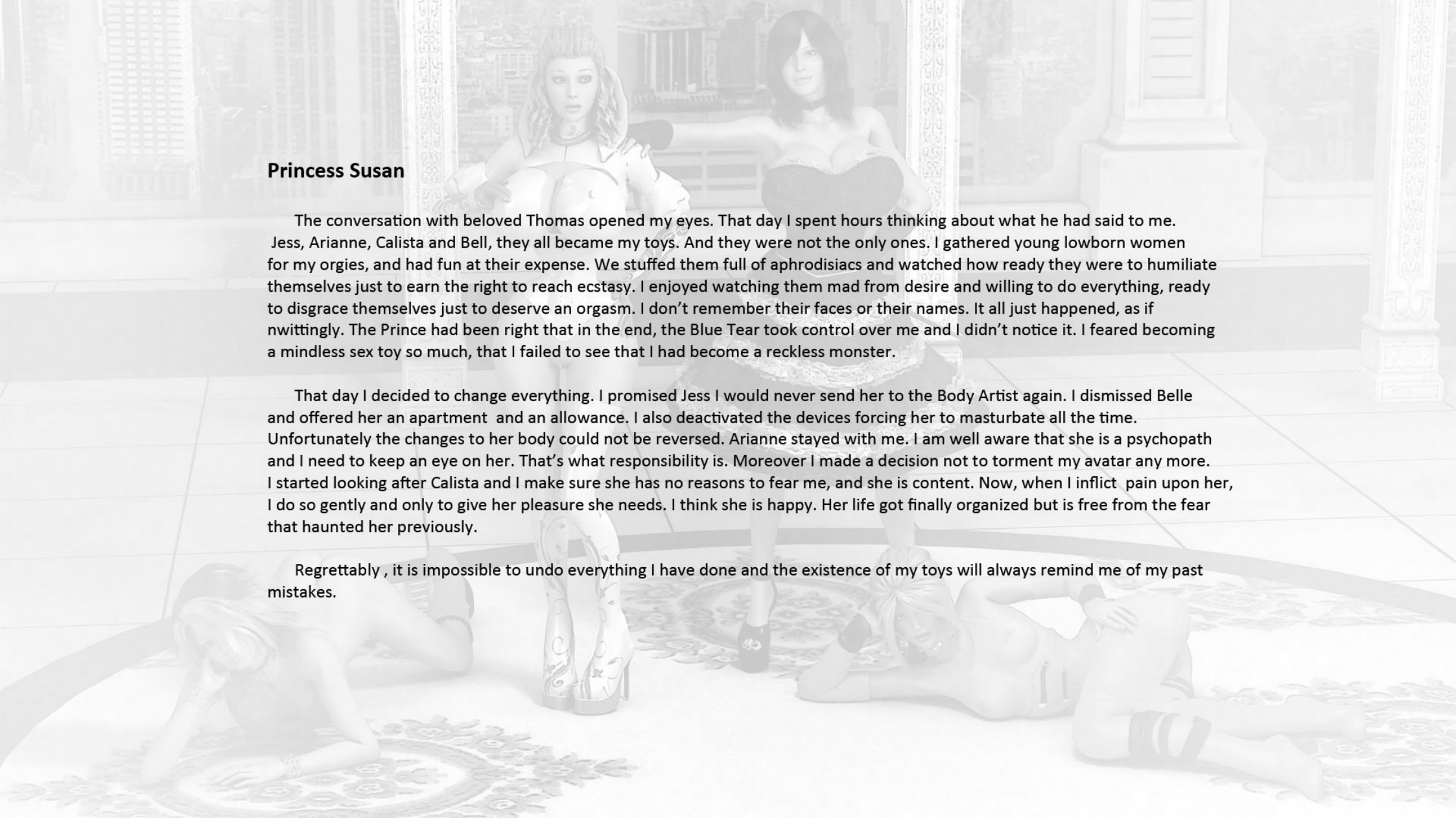
We talked for a long time. At first Susan didn't want to listen, she only pretended to agree with me. Eventually she admitted that I was right. She told me about her everyday struggles against her Blue Tear and how strongly she tried to remain herself.

- It is true that the Blue Tear hasn't changed you into thoughtless, lustful animal, dreaming only about pleasure... – I said petting her. -...but something even worse is happening. The Tear is changing you into a monster!

- You dread becoming a toy so much, that instead you turn others into toys.

- Don't be afraid my love – I continued embracing her with my arms – You are the strongest woman I know. You will never turn into a mere mindless ornament.





## Princess Susan

The conversation with beloved Thomas opened my eyes. That day I spent hours thinking about what he had said to me. Jess, Arianne, Calista and Bell, they all became my toys. And they were not the only ones. I gathered young lowborn women for my orgies, and had fun at their expense. We stuffed them full of aphrodisiacs and watched how ready they were to humiliate themselves just to earn the right to reach ecstasy. I enjoyed watching them mad from desire and willing to do everything, ready to disgrace themselves just to deserve an orgasm. I don't remember their faces or their names. It all just happened, as if unwittingly. The Prince had been right that in the end, the Blue Tear took control over me and I didn't notice it. I feared becoming a mindless sex toy so much, that I failed to see that I had become a reckless monster.

That day I decided to change everything. I promised Jess I would never send her to the Body Artist again. I dismissed Belle and offered her an apartment and an allowance. I also deactivated the devices forcing her to masturbate all the time. Unfortunately the changes to her body could not be reversed. Arianne stayed with me. I am well aware that she is a psychopath and I need to keep an eye on her. That's what responsibility is. Moreover I made a decision not to torment my avatar any more. I started looking after Calista and I make sure she has no reasons to fear me, and she is content. Now, when I inflict pain upon her, I do so gently and only to give her pleasure she needs. I think she is happy. Her life got finally organized but is free from the fear that haunted her previously.

Regrettably, it is impossible to undo everything I have done and the existence of my toys will always remind me of my past mistakes.



That is the end of the story I wanted to share with you. The story of little Susan – energetic lady with a bokken. The story of Princess Susan – full of complexes and lost in a big world of royalties. The story of a woman who was feared by everyone in the palace. A short story of my struggle against the Blue Tear.

**THE END**

