

Slave Doll Traders Collector's Pack



- Breast expansion
- Enhanced sensitivity
- Lip expansion
- Enhanced libido
- Domination
- Piercing and tattoos
- Bondage
- Pussy growth



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Valeria and Vassily Mantikoff both took to their feet as an immaculately-dressed couple approached them. “Hello! It’s nice to finally meet you!” Valeria yelled over the music blaring out over the Kiev Club’s loudspeakers.

Her twin brother, Vassily, smiled widely and extended a hand, shaking first the man’s hand and then taking hold of the woman’s and holding it gently. “You have no idea how pleased my sister and I are to meet two new clients!”

Michael Wyngate flashed a tight smile and nodded his head, his aristocratic features barely registering his greeting. His wife, Ursula, on the other hand, laughed and shouted over the music, “We were so excited when you sent us an invitation!”

Vassily grinned wider and held her hand for an extra second before releasing it. “Why don’t we go somewhere a bit quieter?” He stepped to one side and gestured at a door half-hidden behind the curtains lining the VIP box. He gently took up Ursula’s hand again while Valeria sidled up to Michael and linked her arm in his.

The four of them exited the noisy nightclub.

Ten minutes later, all four were comfortably seated in a lavishly appointed sitting room. The couple occupied a plush couch while Vassily and Valeria lounged in separate chairs.

“Before we get started, would anyone like their drink refreshed?” Valeria asked the couple. Both shook their heads. Valeria noted the air of barely restrained excitement threatening to burst from them and suppressed a satisfied smirk.

Vassily motioned to the well-endowed girl standing next to him and waved a hand at her. “Samantha, go stand by the bar! We’ll call if we need you!”

Samantha nodded and rushed off, her high heels clicking loudly on the floor tiles. The Wyngates turned their heads to follow her progress. Ursula admired the girl’s backside as it pumped up and down while Michael focused his attention on her large breasts, wobbling as she rushed off. Breaking their fascinated gazes from the girl, both of them turned to each other and smiled. Vassily and Valeria also smiled and exchanged knowing looks as they observed the couple.

Michael asked, "That girl might be just what we we're interested in. Is she for sale?"

Vassily mimed a disappointed frown. "Sadly, no! She's still in training at this time. However, if you're willing to wait, I'm sure we can come to an arrangement. But in the meantime, we have plenty of merchandise for you to peruse. Meanwhile let us explain exactly what the services are that we offer."



Valeria lifted a remote from a nearby table and aimed it at the huge flat screen television mounted on the wall. “Please turn your attention to the screen and we can show you our current stock of Dolls that are available.” The Wyngates looked at each other with undisguised anticipation in their eyes, both of them grinning wickedly.

Valeria met her brother’s eye and winked. Both of them then turned their attention to the couple, subtly observing them as the presentation commenced.



Valeria gestured at an image on the screen. "This Doll is Bella. We first encountered her when she was a street junkie. Bella and her stupid boyfriend made the mistake of robbing their drug dealer. Unbeknownst to them, the dealer was one of our colleagues. The two were hunted down and brought before us. We made a deal with them that if Bella agreed to work for us we would see that there was no retaliation for their crime. Needless to say, both of them readily agreed."

“We began Bella’s conditioning by removing her from all things familiar and making her dependent on us. Our first order of business was to get rid of the boyfriend. We merely handed him a sizeable amount of money and a bus ticket to another city, warning him that if he ever returned, he could expect considerable trouble.”

The Wyngates turned to each other and exchanged concerned looks. Michael frowned. “But what about the drugs in her system? I mean, you can’t very well expect customers to purchase some sort of drug addict!”

Valeria spoke up. “We began a rigorous detoxing treatment on Bella. It took several weeks but she was soon clean and in the meantime we nourished her and treated several minor ailments resulting from her life on the streets.”

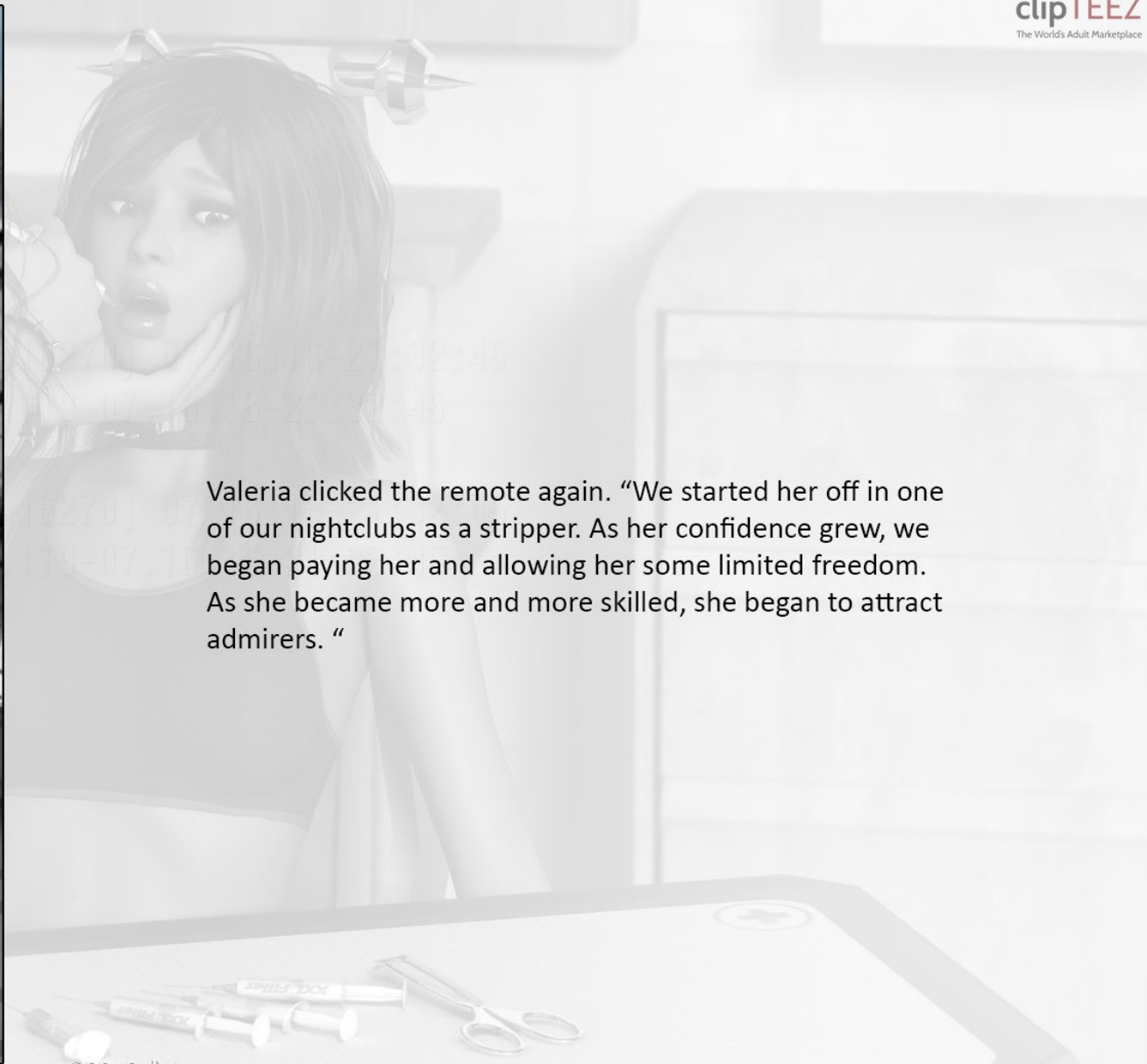
Michael nodded and motioned for her to continue. “Once Bella was off the drugs and healthy, we reminded her that she would be working for us. It was then explained to her that unless she agree to a round of surgeries to modify her appearance she would be sent back to the streets and all offers of protection would be cancelled. Of course, she was penniless and without even her boyfriend for support. Wisely, she agreed to our conditions. “

Valeria pressed a button on the remote. "This is what Bella looked like after her first round of surgeries. We merely increased her breasts by a few cup sizes with natural-looking implants and slightly enlarged her lips. We left the rest of her body the same. We wanted her to look as natural as possible to make it easier for her to become accustomed to augmentation."



The man and woman bent forward and their jaws gaped in amazement. They shared another look between them but now their earlier suspicious expressions had been replaced with looks of undisguised hunger and lust. Valeria and Vassily did their best to conceal their grins as they observed the couple's renewed interest.

Ursula turned to Vassily. "She...she looks like a different woman already! It's amazing!" Her husband nodded in agreement and added, "You mentioned that she was to begin working for you. In what capacity did you employ her?"



Valeria clicked the remote again. “We started her off in one of our nightclubs as a stripper. As her confidence grew, we began paying her and allowing her some limited freedom. As she became more and more skilled, she began to attract admirers. “

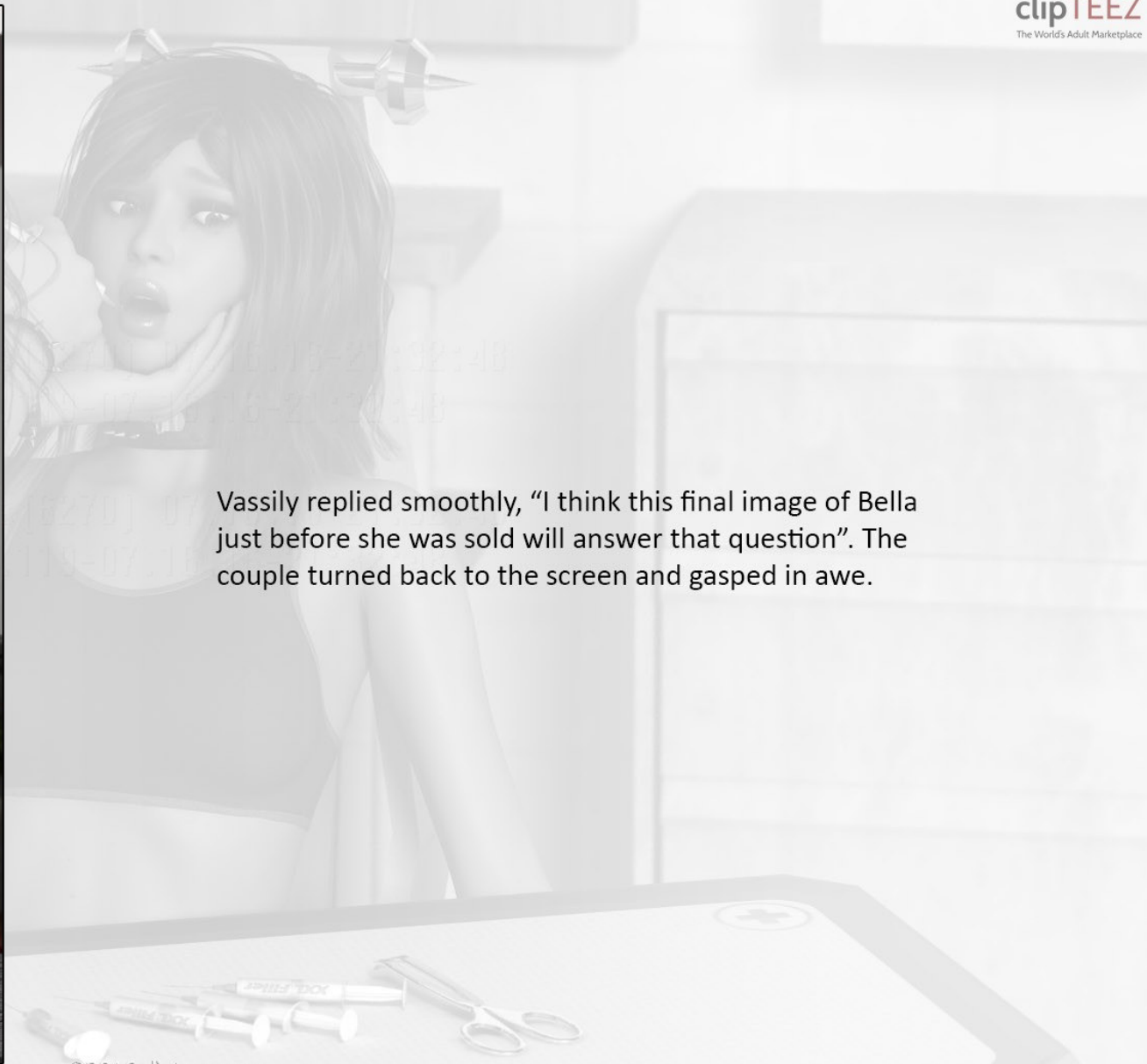
“In the meantime, of course, she was drawing attention from clients such as you. To this end, we began grooming her as a Doll. She was informed that if she wished to extend the deal she’d been offered, she would have to agree to another enlargement.”

“She rebelled at first. However, we pointed out that the freedom she currently enjoyed would be suspended. Also, hints were made as to what she could expect to happen if we sent her back out on the streets and rescinded our ‘protection’!” Valeria flashed a cruel smile.

“Bella finally came around and this”, Valeria gestured at the screen, “was the result! As you can see, she’s now quite different from the junkie that we rescued from the streets.”

At this point Michael interjected. “Interesting. She’s quite attractive. However, if you don’t mind my being skeptical, I’m not sure that one of your...er...Dolls...will allow herself to be modified to the level that we desire. Our tastes are quite...” his voice trailed off as he searched for the word he wanted.





Vassily replied smoothly, "I think this final image of Bella just before she was sold will answer that question". The couple turned back to the screen and gasped in awe.

Valeria spoke up. "And do keep in mind that Bella's level of modification at this time is still somewhat conservative. Her owner likes his Dolls to start on the small side!" Both Valeria and Vassily laughed as the couple continued to gape at the image before them.

Ursula asked, "How big can they get? I only inquire because we're interested in something...spectacular."

Valeria smirked. "We've never disappointed a customer yet. This next Doll is Dierdre. Her buyer was our first customer to order a Doll of such massive proportions."

“As you can plainly see, unlike Bella, Dierdre’s modifications weren’t limited to her breasts alone. Her vagina has been enlarged and modified to her buyer’s exact specifications in order to offer extra pleasure not only to him but to her as well. In addition, several sets of piercings were installed, some mere decoration and others to provide stimulation. The last we heard, her owner was very pleased with her.”



If the couple was in awe before, now they were shocked. They gaped at the screen and an almost palpable wave of lust emanated from them.

Finally, Michael broke the heavy silence. "That...is incredible!" He and his wife fell silent. A dozen seconds passed before he spoke again. "But surely, she's an anomaly?"

"Oh, no," Vassily answered smoothly. "We create Dolls to the customer's specifications. In a sense, we make the unattainable possible."

Michael, still skeptical, frowned. "But surely these girls only allow themselves to be modified to a certain point before they refuse, don't they?"

"That's where Valeria's talents come into play." Vassily motioned to Valeria. "My sister is in charge of behavioral training so if you'll permit, I'll turn you over to her." The couple nodded their assent.

Valeria smiled wickedly and stood. She pointed the remote at the TV. "Let me show you a girl acquired recently for another client," she said as the couple returned their attention to the screen.



“This is Trudy. Trudy was a very devious and headstrong woman who married a rich businessman in an attempt to defraud him. Not only was she greedy but she never had any intention of remaining faithful to her new husband and began carrying on a series of affairs with other men. Eventually her husband tired of her infidelity and served her with a divorce. Trudy, despite the offer of a generous settlement, fought for more and more money. One day, while jogging, she was abducted and brought to us. Instead of walking away with her ex-husband’s money, she was now going to be transformed into a sex Doll and sold off at a profit.”



“Trudy was as stubborn with us as she had been with her ex-husband. She had always kept her body slim and her weight controlled. When we informed her that her only chance of gaining her release was to agree to modification, she became even more determined to resist.”

Of course, we eventually subdued her and changed her appearance to something more suitable. In addition, she received her first breast enlargement. Even then, she remained defiant and fought, screamed and rebelled at every opportunity. We knew getting her to accept her new role was going to be a challenge!”

“As you can imagine, she was not a willing participant to her situation and would need to be motivated to accept her new role. Applying physical and mental punishment was, of course, a possible tactic but with a woman as individualistic and headstrong as her, there was the danger of it backfiring and actually strengthening her resolve. “

Valeria flashed a grin at the couple. “And then I remembered how her promiscuity had ruined her marriage despite the obvious advantages she’d gained from it. I wondered if I could use her sexual appetite as a weapon. I decided to subject her to a series of experiments designed to reward her for good behavior instead of punishing her for bad. My solution was the Pleasure Chair.”

A new image came up on the screen. Valeria paused as the couple looked on in rapt fascination. "The Doll is trapped in place and administered a dose of aphrodisiacs. In Trudy's case, I administered them anally. This allowed the drugs to take affect almost immediately and stimulate her vagina to a level far beyond anything she'd ever experienced.



While awaiting the drugs to take effect, I attached several different types of dildos and vibrators to a series of prehensile cables that I can control manually or by computer. These devices can be inserted one at a time or in groups into the Doll's orifices in order to tease and excite her. In addition a pair of panels is positioned over her breasts. They contain vibrators and clamps that go to work stimulating, pinching and pulling her nipples.





Of course, Trudy being Trudy, she fought back at first. All of the attachments are capable of delivering adjustable levels of electric shocks and after a day or two spent being alternately aroused and punished, Trudy began to submit. As the sessions continued, I took note of which types and shapes of dildos she preferred, the speed of vibration that excited her the most and the amount of aphrodisiacs required to keep her balanced on the knife's edge of pleasure and denial.

When she argued or rebelled, I changed her routine or turned control over to the computer, setting it to a random pattern that would keep her confused and frustrated. Of course, misbehavior resulted in little to no orgasm for her. When she became more agreeable, I would return some small measure of choice back over to her.



By the end of the month, Trudy had become all but addicted to being in the chair. She was now more behaved and began to submit to our commands. After three months, she surrendered completely and that's when we began to initiate the next phase of her conditioning.

Vassily took over the presentation at this point. "In addition to the devices that stimulate her physically, we conditioned her mentally as well."

"Trudy is now completely submerged in a Virtual Reality simulation where she engages in sexual activity during her every waking hour."

The Wyngates exchanged grins and squirmed with anticipation as he continued. “The virtual reality helmet provides visual and aural stimulation to further enhance her level of pleasure. Right now she’s being introduced gradually to the future role we have in mind for her.”

Michael spoke up. “And what role is that?”

Vassily’s lips formed a twisted grin. ““We’re grooming Trudy for her new career as an extremely talented prostitute. She’s going to be transformed into a dedicated Sex Doll. By this time next month, she’ll be servicing members of our very exclusive private sex club.”

Vassily waited for the couple to absorb the information before adding. “And after a few years, we’ve arranged for her former husband to purchase her! Just think: he’ll be gaining a gifted and obedient plaything for less money than what it would have cost him to settle with Trudy in the first place!”

All four of them laughed as a video began playing on the screen.

This time the Wyngates didn't even bother trying to remain composed. They turned their attentions back to the screen and leered, transfixed by the sight of Trudy squirming and writhing in her chair. They licked their lips as they noted the smear of fluids coating the insides of the Doll's thighs. Every time she groaned with ecstasy, they chuckled and voiced rude comments.



Vassily and Valeria remained silent, not wishing to distract them. They both knew, instinctively, that they were well and truly ensnared now. It was only a matter of time before they broached the subject that had led the Twins to invite them in the first place.

Almost five minutes had passed before Michael reluctantly tore his attention away from the video monitor. He cleared his throat as if to speak and then hesitated. The Twins remained silent, knowing he would ask the question they'd been waiting to hear ever since the beginning of their presentation.

The man nervously cleared his throat again. "Do you...um...do you have any...er...Dolls available for sale at this time?"

Vassily smiled. "Of course! And you're inquiring at the right time! Our latest Dolls have been the recipients of a series of new cutting edge techniques." Valeria clicked the remote. The couple frowned as Trudy's video winked out. A second later their frowns turned to lascivious grins as a new girl's face appeared on the screen.

“This” Valeria said, gesturing to the screen “is Layla. Layla, like so many naïve young girls, came to the big city hoping to be discovered and become a big movie star or fashion model. Instead, what she found is that the cost of success never comes easy. After attending audition after audition and being turned down, she was so desperate that she began performing in porno films just to survive. Over time, even this became difficult for her. If she wanted better roles and more money, she was told she would have to alter her appearance.”





“Her agent sent her to us. We agreed to finance her surgeries but made it clear that they were expensive and she would be required to pay us back. She reluctantly agreed.

“We began modifying her basic appearance. In addition to her hair and wardrobe, we applied permanent cosmetics around her eyes. In keeping with her darker look, we changed her eye color as well using a brand new technique that dyes the iris.”

“We then introduced Layla to several of our colleagues who work in the modeling industry. Within a few months, she was receiving no small amount of attention, mostly due to her unique appearance. She soon expressed a desire to set out on her own and begin building her own career.”

“At this point, we reminded her that she still had not paid off her cosmetic surgeries. We informed her that if she starred in a series of pornographic films we were producing, she could work off her debt.”

“Layla was not at all enthused about returning to pornography but was desperate to regain her freedom. Grudgingly she agreed but insisted that she would only perform oral sex. We countered with a condition of our own: she would have to agree to a lip modification, otherwise, the deal was off.” Valeria paused and clicked the remote.



"I knew at this point that if I didn't begin asserting my authority over Layla that she would soon become even more troublesome. However, just as with Trudy, I had to be subtle. I decided to deceive Layla into thinking I was bargaining with her. I said, 'if you refuse to be augmented in other ways then you have to at least get your lips enlarged! After all, if you're only going to agree to blowjobs then we have to offer the audience something more! Your lips will have to make up for your lack of other advantages!'"

Valeria grinned as she advanced to the next photo. “Layla, thinking she had successfully negotiated her way out of further augmentation was stunned when she saw what had been done to her lips! She ranted and raved! I informed her that if she wasn’t going to agree to any further augmentation then this was the price she had to pay for that privilege! We engaged in several more arguments before she finally surrendered to the inevitable!”



Vassily took over. “We produced two short pornographic videos featuring her. As expected, she began to attract an audience and her fans began to request she perform more explicit acts. Layla grew angry and insisted that she would only engage in oral. We told her if she wasn’t going to do as she was told, then she could return to modeling.” Vassily flashed an evil grin. “However, Layla soon discovered that with her oversized lips and darker appearance, fashion modeling was now out of the question. Within a few weeks she came slinking back to us looking for work.”

“Of course, we again reminded her that she already owed us a considerable debt. In addition to the production costs of the films, her latest cosmetic procedures were being charged to her as well. We argued back and forth.”

“Finally, Valeria and I offered her a one-time deal: if she agreed to star in another series of films we would consider her debt paid in full. But we also informed her that there would be several non-negotiable conditions she would have to agree to. We listed them.”

“Layla, desperate to take any deal that would allow her out of her contract, conceded to our demands.”

The Twins fell silent and let the tension build. Finally, Ursula burst out, “What were the conditions?” Vassily grinned and brought up another image.

“This time Layla had to agree to breast augmentation. And unlike with our earlier Dolls, we decided to test out a new technique. Layla would not enjoy the benefit of gradual enlargement. Instead we initiated a series of injections using cutting edge equipment to inject growth hormones and tissue directly into her breasts. However, the new machine had not yet been properly calibrated. Layla’s breasts were much larger than we had planned. And in addition, an unforeseen but fortunate, as it turned out, side-effect rendered them incredibly sensitive as well.”



Valeria took over from her brother. “I also began experimenting with more innovative technology. I had been developing new techniques to modify our Dolls’ behaviors. Layla was fitted with a control collar. You can view it in this next image.” Valeria clicked another button on the remote.

“We’ve named the device The Doll Tamer. The collar performs several functions. Firstly, it has small injectors that dose the Doll with any number of drugs and aphrodisiacs, small doses of each stored within reservoirs built into the collar itself. These drugs enhance the pleasure the Doll is experiencing.”



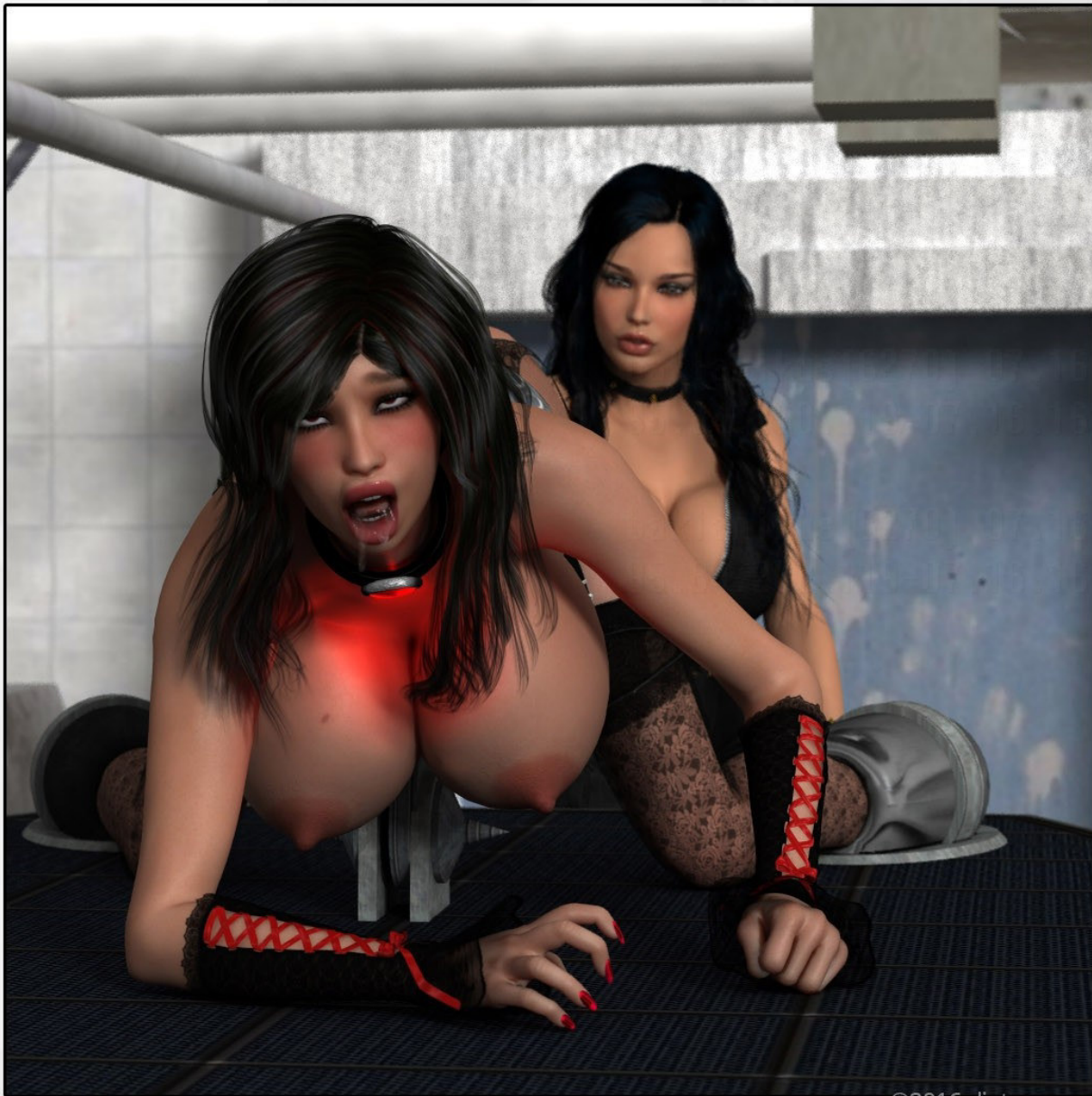
“However, if the Doll misbehaves, she can be punished with an electrical shock delivered via a remote control. And, of course, should the Doll attempt an escape, the collar not only contains a tracking chip but is tied into sensors located all over the building. If the Doll tries to enter a restricted area, she is immediately injected with a strong narcotic that will render her helpless within seconds. “

“Layla was our test subject to try out all these features and we’re pleased to report that they function exactly as designed. I worked with her extensively during the testing phase and noted that she became easier to control when wearing the collar. I decided to experiment further.”

“We informed Layla that she would now be performing regularly in our hardcore films. Of course, she pleaded with us to release her, arguing that multiple films wasn’t part of the deal. Therefore, it was up to me to...persuade her!”



Valeria's grin grew wider and wicked. "I started training Layla without the benefit of the collar. As you probably guessed, she remained rebellious and troublesome. Nevertheless, I continued her training regimen, concentrating on determining which acts she most enjoyed and detested. Once I compiled a list of her likes and dislikes, I gradually re-introduced the use of the collar into the experiment."



“Over time, I used the collar to reinforce Layla’s enjoyment. She became more agreeable and pliant. Over time I began manipulating her to perform and enjoy more explicit and perverse acts. Soon, Layla was appearing regularly in our films and acquiring a rabid and loyal fanbase.”



“A month before her next film was to begin shooting I informed her that she would have to engage in anal sex. She threw a tantrum and argued that she had agreed to everything asked of her and her price was to refuse to engage in any acts more perverse than to those she’d already agreed! I gave her one chance to change her mind. She still refused.”

“I activated the collar and rendered her unconscious. While she remained insensible I had her strapped into the Pleasure Chair.”



“Layla spent most of the following weeks trapped in the Pleasure Chair with her collar activated. Unlike my earlier experiments with Trudy, Layla was tamed within just two weeks. She was slowly but steadily introduced to many gratifying experiences via the chair’s attachments. This, combined with the collar, made her begin to enjoy sexual acts she wouldn’t have agreed to when she first came to us. Just like Trudy, she became addicted to sex and the drugs injected into her system via the collar made her time spent in the chair even more intense.



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When she was finally released, she actually begged to be allowed to remain in the chair! I reminded her that she was needed for filming but if she behaved she would be rewarded with regular sessions.”

“The next few days were spent preparing her for her role in the upcoming film. Needless to say, Layla was a willing participant and agreeable to any and all demands. Even her earlier aversion to anal had been forgotten. She became more excited as she anticipated what real sex with human partners would be like with the benefit of the collar.”

“Finally the day for filming arrived. It took all of my strength to hold Layla back! Once she was introduced to her costar, she was like a woman possessed! She immediately leapt into her role and even I was amazed at how enthusiastic she had become! By the end of the day she had all but worn herself out! But the film was a success and Layla has proven to be quite a popular...and valuable...commodity.”



Valeria smiled wickedly. “And in fact, she’s become so willing that she’s been performing in our films ever since! We produce at least one of them a week.” Valeria turned to her brother. “How many films has she starred in so far?”

Vassily took the remote from his sister’s hand and replied smoothly, “Just over sixty-five as of this past week.”

The Wyngates looked at each other, struck dumb by the revelation. The Twins fell silent and waited for their guests to speak. It wasn’t long. Michael turned away from his wife and asked, “But surely this situation can’t last forever! What happens when a Doll...er...has served out her usefulness?”

“Often a Doll that satisfies her owner, eventually earns her freedom. Just as with Layla, sooner or later the Doll’s debt will be repaid and she’ll be free to live her life as she chooses.” Vassily clicked the remote and brought up a new image.



“But many Dolls find it difficult, if not impossible, to adjust to an ordinary life. At first they try and fit in but of course their appearance, not to mention the years spent as sexual playthings, render them unsuitable for ‘normal’ careers. Others find that they require almost continuous sexual stimulation and if they can’t find an outlet for their appetites, turn to drugs or prostitution as a way of dealing with it.”

“While surgery to reduce their assets is, of course, a realistic solution, most of them realize that their enhanced bodies are the only thing that makes them remarkable. They discover that after having lived with such unique body parts that it would be unthinkable to live without them! And thus, many of them return to the sex industry where, of course, their modified bodies are considered an asset.”

“This is Brianna. Brianna served her owner faithfully for almost fifteen years. But eventually she was released her after he became bored with her. At first, Brianna was happy to be on her own at last and looked forward to living her own life.”





“But she soon found that her murky past was holding her back in many ways. She had no work history and this all but ensured she would have to settle at working only menial jobs. Of course, she hadn’t altered her appearance and she stood out wherever she went. She tired easily from carrying around the weight of her enhancements and found that they would get in the way of performing many simple tasks.”



“Desperate, she returned to us seeking employment. Of course we immediately found a place for her.”

In Brianna’s case, she had spent many years training the new Dolls that her previous owner had purchased, introducing them to their new lives as sexual playthings. We immediately put her to work in the same capacity. It turned out that she was quite a talented Dominatrix and she was immediately engaged training our latest batch of new Dolls.

Brianna is now in charge of training the new Dolls that we modify for sale. Sometimes a Doll needs to be reminded of what happens when she disobeys or rebels. Brianna is extra talented at finding the cracks in a Doll's defense. She remembers her own time spent as a Doll and remembers how she motivated herself to fulfill her role as a sex toy. She passes that knowledge on to the Dolls she works with. She also serves as a comfort to her charges, reminding them that sooner or later they will regain their freedom and that it will take place sooner if they behave and do as they're told.





Brianna spends as much time with the other Dolls as she likes when they're not engaged in other pursuits. She trains them in any number of tasks and helps them to refine their own special skills and talents. Of course, Brianna never passes up a chance to see to her own needs as well and makes sure to see that the Dolls get as much practice as possible! This keeps Brianna happy at her new job and assures that our Dolls are fully trained when they're put up for auction."

Vassily touched a button and the screen blanked. He turned to his guests. "And that concludes our presentation. Did you have any questions?"

The man and woman looked at each other and tried unsuccessfully to mask their emotions. They turned back to the Twins, their faces betraying the lust they couldn't help but display. Michael spoke up.

"Well, of course we're very interested. But, as we understand it, these Dolls cost a great amount of money. Is there any way we could...er...actually meet some of them?"

Valeria, anticipating the couple's request, smiled and took out her smartphone. She tapped in a number and spoke to the person at the other end. "Send Trudy and Layla up to the VIP room." She just as quickly ended the call and told the couple, "They're on the way!"

The Wyngates turned to each other again and laughed lustily, dropping all pretense of remaining calm and polite. Vassily and Valeria exchanged knowing grins and winked at each other while the couple's attention turned from them.



Minutes later there was a discreet knock at the door and Vassily answered it. As he reentered the room, flanked by Layla and Trudy the Wyngates didn't even try to hide their lust as they inspected the two Dolls.

Vassily chuckled and said, “Why don’t the two of you take some time to get to know these two Dolls. I’m sure they’d both be happy to show you what they can do and feel free to order them around as much as you like. After all, you should get to inspect the quality of the merchandise before you buy!”

Both of the Mantikoffs laughed. Valeria stepped away and joined her brother as the Wyngates stood and approached the Dolls. They discreetly watched as the couple began to run their hands over the Dolls.

At first the Wyngates were hesitant and timid but as their ardor was aroused by the raw sexuality that oozed from the Dolls they became more confident and were soon exploring them with enthusiasm. The Dolls were ordered to spin in place and display their bodies so that the couple could get a better look at them. They took hold of the Dolls’ breasts, astonished at their weight and pliability. They pinched and slapped their backsides, laughing wickedly when the Dolls winced. The couple began teasing them, giggling like children whenever the Doll squirmed or writhed when a fingertip slipped into an orifice.

Soon, the Wyngates each selected a Doll and paired off, Michael leading Layla over to the sofa while Ursula directed Trudy to bend over a nearby chair. At this point, the Mantikoffs quietly excused themselves, informing the Wyngates that they could do as they liked with the Dolls and to enjoy them as long as they wished.

Minutes later Michael was moaning with pleasure as Layla fellated him. He marveled at how soft and luscious her oversized lips felt as she folded them tightly around his cock. As she worked him with her mouth, she gripped his throbbing shaft and stroked him while she stealthily slipped her other hand between her thighs and began to pleasure herself, desperate to feed her own insatiable appetite.

Meanwhile, Ursula had Trudy trapped in place and was spanking her. Trudy, much to Ursula's surprise, was gasping with pleasure at each impact. Ursula leered and slipped several fingers into the writhing Doll's pussy and began to alternate pleasuring and punishing her. Soon, Trudy was screaming with lust. Ursula laughed as she ordered the Doll to hold back her orgasm until she was commanded to release it.

Minutes later, Michael groaned as he came, pulling his prick from Layla's mouth and spewing his load over her face and breasts. Trudy added her own screams to the cacophony as Ursula finally relented, giving her permission to come. Layla followed a second later, bringing herself to orgasm with one hand as she greedily wiped up cum decorating her face and greedily sucked it from the fingers of the other. Ursula, not to be denied her turn ordered Trudy to kneel before her and trapped the Doll's face between her thighs and not releasing her until she had been brought to a shuddering orgasm.

As the night wore on the Wyngates took turns enjoying both Dolls and only relented when weariness overtook them. To their surprise and amazement, the Dolls, far from being exhausted, continued the show, taking turns pleasuring one another as the couple watched in rapt fascination. They marveled at the number of orgasms the Dolls experienced, awestruck by their endurance and enthusiasm.

Finally, even the Dolls reached their limits and both collapsed to the floor, quivering as aftershocks of pleasure shook them. As they sighed in contentment, the Wyngates turned to each other and grinned wickedly.

Ursula said, "Well, Dear, what do you think? Shall we buy just one or purchase the pair?"

Michael let his eyes linger on the Dolls' glazed flesh for a few seconds before answering. When he did, he turned to his wife and his mouth twisted into an evil smirk. "No. I have a better idea: let's get one custom designed!"

One year later...

Vassily and Valeria lounged back into the plush sofa of their office suite. They faced a heavysset, frowning man seated across from them. Vassily smiled and said, "So, Mister Banks, what do you think after seeing our presentation? Are you interested in purchasing a Doll?"

Mister Banks's frown deepened. "It's not that I'm not interested. It's just that I'm not sure I can believe that a Doll, no matter how motivated, would serve faithfully in that capacity."

Valeria reached for the television remote. "Well, there is a new technique we're using that we've just had some success with. Why don't I show you?" She aimed the remote at the screen.

“You might recognize this next girl. Her name is...” Valeria’s voice trailed off and she giggled. “Sorry, her name used to be Naomi and just over a year ago she was enjoying an almost unimaginable career as a top fashion model.”

Banks leaned forward and his frown changed to an expression of surprise. “My word, I do recognize her! That IS her! Do you mean that you took an actual celebrity and...and...”

Vassily chuckled. “Yes! As we stated earlier, we make the unattainable possible!” He glanced over at his sister. “Valeria, sorry for the interruption. Continue.”





Valeria clicked the remote again. “As I was saying, Naomi’s career had been a remarkable one. Her face and body was so much in demand that she had actually reached a level of success that allowed her to turn down work she considered beneath her status, even when offered huge sums of money. She was regularly appearing on magazine covers, television commercials, and even minor roles in movies. All of this was due to the influence and guidance of her managers, Michael and Ursula Wyngate.”

Banks spoke up. “Wyngate? You mean, the Wyngates? The owners of the famous modeling agency?”

“Yes! Foolishly, Naomi decided to cut a deal with a rival agency. She ignored all the money, effort and guidance the Wyngates had invested in her and repaid their support with treachery. Not only did she abandon them without so much as a notice but she also tattled about several big deals they had lined up with her and other models that allowed the Wyngates’s rivals to outbid them on several lucrative contracts. As you can guess, the Wyngates were furious!”

“They decided that Naomi had to be punished for her betrayal and that’s when they approached us.”

“Firstly, we arranged to kidnap Naomi. But, of course, we had to cover her tracks first! We began circulating rumors that she had gotten into drugs and she owed huge sums of money to several dealers, all of whom, of course, are under our control and were doing their parts to disseminate the story. Lots of evidence of drug use was planted by other allies of ours in hotel rooms where she had stayed, dressing rooms on modeling shoots and even in such places as taxicabs and nightclubs. We began leaking false information and rumors to newspaper and magazine writers and online bloggers began picking up on the story as well.”



“Soon, Naomi was making public denials of the rumors. And just as these sorts of situations tend to do, the more she denied the rumors, the more the rumors grew until it became a nationwide scandal. Naomi, desperate to escape the media, made a run for it without informing anyone, even her agency, of where she was going. We had been keeping tabs on her movements so it was no difficult task to follow her and wait for the right moment to strike.”

“Thus, when Naomi “disappeared” it was made to appear as if she was on the run from the dealers, the media or both. In the meantime, we returned with her to our lab.”

At this point, Vassily took over. “The Wyngates had delivered very specific instructions to us regarding Naomi. Their goals were twofold: to ensure that Naomi was never able to model again and instill in her a sense of loyalty that she obviously lacked. To that end, we suggested several techniques and treatments, all of which the Wyngates approved.

“It was made clear to her that from this moment on she was the property of the Wyngates and that they were going to do whatever they liked with her. She was marked with a facial tattoo and piercing. Of course, she rebelled and like so many of our other Dolls, was strapped into the Pleasure Chair.”

„But this chair was different. We call it a Drug Throne.”

“As the days passed and Naomi began to surrender to her lusts, the Wyngates, amused by her antics, ordered another tattoo, this time on the inside of one of her thighs that you can view on the screen. In the meantime special chemicals that were introduced to her body initiated her physical changes they wanted to make Naomi even more special than she was before.”



“We were experimenting on Naomi with a new technique. She would be regularly injected with a blend of chemicals that would alter her hormonal balance. This would result not only in the gradual and natural enlargement of her breasts and genitalia but increase her libido as well. Thus, it was to be expected that this new technique would meet both goals by not only distorting her physical body but leaving her horny and emotional and thus easier to manipulate mentally.”



As the days passed, Naomi's breasts and genitalia began to expand. We had her fitted with a special arm harness that steadily injected her with both growth hormones and aphrodisiacs. It took several weeks to find the right balance. In the meantime, her moods fluctuated wildly between obedience and rebellion. During this time she introduced to her new role as a sexual plaything in the making."

“When she behaved she was rewarded with sexual stimulation and allowed many pleasurable orgasms. At other times, she would misbehave, ranting and raving and threatening her new owners. Each time this happened, she was reminded of her new status through the installation of more facial piercings. After one extremely unpleasant outburst from her she was inked with a new tattoo on one shoulder that made it clear what she was being transformed into. After that incident, she began to grudgingly surrender to her fate but there was still more work to be done.”

“As her measurements increased, her nipples were pierced and enlarged to keep them in proportion with her new breasts. Similarly, her labia were pierced and weighted to aid their enlargement and her clit gradually enlarged in both size and level of sensitivity. Naomi was kept fastened into a very tight corset to keep her waist slim to better contrast with and draw attention to her new assets. She was also decorated with permanent cosmetics; facial tattooing to line and shade her eyes and color for her lips.”

“During this time she was being regularly dosed with an aphrodisiacs cocktail that we kept refining until we found the mix that made her most pliant. As time passed, Naomi began to come to terms with her predicament.”

“We began to initiate her loyalty program. While she was being further enlarged, we invited her new owners, the Wyngates, to participate. As Naomi became more and more agreeable to her transformation, the Wyngates regularly rewarded her through the use of sexual stimulation. These rewards were made even more intense thanks to the drugs heightening her senses. Soon, Naomi was enjoying intense orgasms at the hands of her new owners. She received more and more facial piercings and a new set of nipple rings but these were now designated as rewards rather than punishments and Naomi was begging for more and more of them in an effort to ingratiate herself with her new owners. Of course, this only made her more dependent on them if she wanted to achieve release and thus her earlier acts of unfaithfulness gradually changed over to those of submissive obedience.”



“Finally, as her treatments came to an end, she was given one final test: she had to agree to change her name. At first she begged to be allowed to keep her old name. As a result, she was refused any sexual stimulation or rewards of any sort. Days passed and the drugs in her system kept her balanced on the knife’s edge of pleasure but she was never allowed to fully orgasm. In the meantime she was reminded that all she had to do was agree to this one last condition and she would be released to enjoy her new life as a Fuck Pet.”

Vassily’s voice trailed off. Mister Banks, having stared in rapt fascination at the screen for the majority of the presentation, shook his head as if to clear it. “Well, what happened? Did she agree?”

Valeria took over from her brother. “Of course”, she purred, clicking the remote to bring up one final image.

“She held out for several more days but finally succumbed to the inevitable. Scarlett is now completely in love with and dependent on her Masters. She enjoys a life of luxury and emotional stability. As you can see, she still wears the arm harness and this will continue injecting her with chemicals for some time. Scarlett’s breasts and genitalia will continue to expand and she will be kept in a 24-hour state of constant arousal.”



Mister Banks' face again displayed his usual skeptical frown. "But surely once she re-surfaced there were questions and an investigation! I mean, no one that famous could go unnoticed! Didn't the police or her colleagues discover what really happened to her?"

Vassily smirked. "No one ever suspected that the rumors of her drug use were anything other than the truth once they observed Scarlett's radical physical and mental changes. The Wyngates have come forward as well, stating that they have not only forgiven her but wish to be her caretakers until she stabilizes. So, you see, we have taken care of everything."

Valeria blanked out the screen and turned her full attention on Mister Banks. "Now you know we can insure that all of our Dolls not only be custom designed to your unique specifications but programmed to accept and thrive in their new role. And we can make sure that any Doll you purchase is yours for as long as you want her."

Mister Banks stood and patted his suit coat. A wide grin replaced his frown. "Now let me see, where did I put my checkbook?"

THE END

Thank you for reading!