

# Slave Wife Expansion

## Part 1



Breast expansion  
Ass expansion  
Lips expansion  
Domination  
Mind control  
Bimbofication  
Tattoos

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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



Joanna was naked. Her arms and legs were strapped to a machine that immobilized her completely.

“I’m innocent!” she cried out.

The nurse nodded her head, not even looking up from her notes. She has already heard that line hundreds of times.

“Twenty seven years, sentenced for murdering her partner,” she read out. “It’s a pity you won’t be able to enjoy the money that was found in his safe, isn’t it? That was your plan.”

“I was framed,” Joanna moaned. “I hardly knew him, we’d dated three times and...”

“You were selling yourself for money, there’s nothing wrong in that as long as everybody knows the rules of the game and no one ends up dead. Pink Bunny will turn you into an honest hooker. Our plan involves several stages. First, we’ll check how you react to impulses: vaginal and anal penetration. Then your body will be adapted to ensure clients’ pleasure. Men are turned on by voluptuous figures; your breasts will get very significantly enlarged.”

“You have no right!”

“Buttocks, too.” The nurse was moving her finger over the notes. “Clients also like it when hookers show enthusiasm, so we’ll turn up your libido quite a lot. We’ll check how you react to mind control, it might be the best way...” The nurse mused for a moment. “But that’ll come at later stages. The changes will be taking place at a fast pace and you’ll need to adapt to them effectively, because we’re planning to sell you to a suitable client already in a few months time.”

Joanna was dizzy. She started seeing black spots and the room began to spin. Her stomach was churning and she felt sick.

The nurse came up to the screen and touched several buttons.

“No, please, let me explain what really took place, I didn’t do that, I...”

And just then a man entered the room. Although she knew that face so well, it took Joanna a moment before she understood who he was.

“Bryan! Please, don’t let them! Please...”

She could read nothing from the expression on his face. He approached the nurse and talked to her for several minutes. Joanna kept telling herself that Bryan won’t let anything bad happen to her. After all, he had loved her so much.

The nurse nodded and put a mark in her notes. Bryan came up to Joanna and patted her head.

“All will be well,” he whispered. “They’ll implant you with the control chip, and then we’ll go to my place.”

“What chip?” Joanna panicked.

“Everything will be all right,” Bryan reassured her.

“They won’t do any of these horrible things?” She asked.

“I promise they’ll do nothing like that.”

Joanna slowly let her breath out.

“I don’t know how to thank you, Bryan, really, I...”



The man shook his head.

“I’ll come back to pick you up in a couple of days. You don’t have to be afraid of anything, they’ll treat you well.”

“Don’t leave me here!”

“I’ll be back, I promise, you’ll be okay.” He kissed on the forehead, nodded goodbye to the nurse and left the room.

Joanna’s sentence was changed to house arrest and Bryan was given a permission to take care of her, as well as control her. She was still a prisoner and her ex was to make sure she won’t escape. Her whole life was in his hands now.

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“What a beautiful house,” said Joanna, standing in the living room. “I have no idea how to thank you, really.”

Bryan rose his hand.

“Enough. You’ve been thanking me all the way here,” he laughed.

“They wanted to do such terrible things to me! Change my body beyond any recognition, turn me into some exclusive, horny hooker with huge tits and a gigant ass!” Joanna’s voice trembled and a tear flowed down her cheek. “You know how I like my slim body; I can’t imagine how I could live after something like that. I prayed for some help but even in my wildest dreams I didn’t think you’d appear there.”

“I found out by accident,” he lied.

“I was framed! You know it, don’t you?”

He placed his hand on her shoulder.

“Of course. You wouldn’t do anything like that, you’re not a murderess.”

She gave a sigh of relief.

“I realize our relationship ended in a rather... unfortunate way. I’m sorry, really,” she sighed. “We had different expectations.”

Bryan laughed a short, broken laugh.

She got embarrassed, remembering how she'd left him. After a yet another quarrel about her commitment into that relationship and his interest in sexual games that were impossible for her to accept, she just ran away with no explanation, having taken a large sum of money with her. She told herself that as an heir to a huge estate he wouldn't even know the difference. She hadn't seen him any more, not until now.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

“Different expectations,” he repeated. “You mean that I had always been the one who cared more, that I had loved you with all my heart, while for you it was only an adventure? Or maybe you mean our lack of compatibility in bed, my predilection which you used to call perverse deviations when we argued?”

She flushed and sniffed.

“I’m sorry,” she murmured. “I’m really very, very grateful to you. I have no idea how I could repay you for that.”

He arched an eyebrow.

“You know that I’d tried to change for you.”

“I know and I appreciated it! I mean, I do appreciate,” she corrected herself. “You went to rehab, you changed.”

*But you didn’t change your sexual preferences and I didn’t love you enough,* she thought.

He turned his gaze away and combed his fingers through his hair in a gesture that she’d remembered so well.

“I’ll do anything! I’ll cook for you, I’ll clean, I’ll go to work and give you all that money back, Bryan. I really changed!”

The corners of his mouth twitched from a suppressed smile.

“You remember how you used to repay me,” he said.





ARCHIVE: PHASE 01

Joanna blushed.

“You don’t really think...”

He nodded his head.

“You thanked me on your knees and I used to like it a lot.”

Joanna realized she started to clench her fists tight out of irritation.

“I hated that! You’ve no idea how humiliating that was!”

Only now did it come to her mind that this was precisely what might have turned him on; the fact that she’d been immobilized in that goddamn laboratory, naked, helpless and at his mercy.

“You used to say that you’d prefer my lips to be fuller so that I could express my gratitude to you even better,” Joanna was saying now.



She knew it was probably very silly to reproach her savior for that but the anger at the judiciary which sentenced her combined with fear and old wounds inflicted by Bryan to produce an explosive mixture. She couldn't stop herself.

"You'd show me photos of girls with those huge lips pumped up with some artificial substance and you tried to convince me to do something like that to myself. I like my lips, I like to be natural and, besides, you know how much I'm afraid of needles!"

He raised his hands in a defiant gesture.

"I didn't want to upset you. Sorry, let's forget about it, shall we?"

Joanna sighed deeply and rubbed her fingertips together.

"I'll show you the rest of the house," he said.

She didn't answer and followed him, trying to blot her ex-partner's words out of her memory.

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Over the span of several days Joanna got used to living with Bryan. She was finally free and she enjoyed every moment she was spending outside the prison cell, outside that laboratory where they had planned to do such horrible things to her.

She barely managed to regain some peace of mind when Bryan again did something that completely threw her off balance.

“I was thinking about our earlier conversation,” he started in an even, cool tone of voice which he had used once to issue orders to her. His eyes darkened.

She remembered all those moments when she had to do things that aroused him. At that time she had thought that she might be able to get used to it, that it was only an erotic game to which she might adjust, but with time she realized that the longer she was trying to adjust, the more reluctant she felt.

He was speaking in a voice which he used then to tell her to bend, kneel, allow herself to be chained, to reply “Yes, sir” or “No, sir”, as if she were his slave, his whore. She hated that. In the past she had tried to convince herself that it wasn’t like that at all, that she’d loved him.

“You know, when you left I often fantasized about your lips, about how soft and warm they were, how ideally they fitted around my member.

Joanna was struck dumb. She felt dizziness in her head just like when the nurse had read out her sentence.

“I saved you and you owe me something,” Bryan whispered. “I’d like your lips to become even bigger, I’ve always wanted that. The very thought that you caress me with these filled, plump lips makes me excited.”

“But...” whispered Joanna. “Is this some kind of joke? Again? Don’t tease me, it’s not funny!”

“I watched the photos of other girls who underwent the procedure and I imagined that I was seeing you. Surely, you could do this for me, this one thing. After all, in the laboratory I freed you from there would be much worse things waiting for you.”

“Is this how you want to play it?!” Joanna was outraged. “Who do you think you are? I’m not your slave! You have no right!”

Later on he apologized to her and agreed that he was behaving like an immature child. He went to his bedroom and Joanna sat heavily in her chair and hid her face in her hands.

A little while later she felt strange, the world started whirling around her and her body seemed to belong to someone else. Her hands were no longer her own, it wasn’t her eyes that stared at the tabletop. She moved, although she hadn’t even planned to.

Panic overcame her, she felt like crying out but she couldn’t because her lips did not belong to her any more. Someone took control over her own body! She felt everything but she could do nothing.

She went to the bedroom, that is – her body not of her own volition went to the bedroom where Bryan was lying, unconscious, and under his eyelids his eyeballs were moving restlessly.

“I’m in your body,” Joanna’s lips said. “Neither I, nor you are right now fully ourselves, a new person is coming into being. Professor Tanaka from Pink Bunny named her Rose 01, the first one in this project.

Bryan felt uneasy – the professor had warned him it might happen. A part of his mind took over the bodily aspects of Joanna; that is why it was natural for him to think about Rose in feminine, though normally it would have never even crossed his mind. He was Rose, and Joanna was hiding in the background, present but silent, bound and temporarily bodiless. It excited him. No... it excited Rose. He, Bryan, had to move into the shadow, one body was unable to contain quite so many consciousnesses.

“The chip which you were implanted with can turn you into Rose, a woman with your body and Bryan’s will”, said Rose.

If Joanna’s body hadn’t been controlled by someone else, she would have surely fainted. She felt panic, though her own body was not reacting to it.



Rose moved her hands along her body, examining it. Being a woman seemed so exciting. She touched the smooth skin of her face, combed her long hair with her fingers and stroke her small breasts. Joanna's figure was slim but still she could feel its feminine, sexy roundness. These panties were teasing her delicate labia and she wondered what it would be like to make love in this body. To use it and exploit it for her own pleasure.

She could do now anything she wanted. It would be Joanna who would deal with the consequences, not herself and not Bryan. Absolutely free, a mistress and a ruler. She smiled and grabbed the phone.

"I'm ready, doctor," she chirped.

Not much time later there was a sound of the doorbell and Rose invited inside a man whom Joanna had never seen before.

"Doctor Clemens, just in time," she greeted him.

The doctor put on a pair of rubber gloves and opened his case. Inside, there was a syringe and some little bottles.

*No, please, anything but that, Joanna thought.*

"I'd like them to be really prominent," said Rose. "Very sexy."

The doctor picked up the syringe.



Joanna was paralyzed with fear. She felt the needle touch her lips, she saw it but could do nothing. She didn't want to have large lips, she was terrified of needles. Bryan finally found a way to make her absolutely obedient, docile and silent.

She felt a prick and then the substance filling her lips. She wanted to scream, to fight but she simply couldn't, she was only able to observe everything passively.

Rose wasn't moving, she was focused and excited. She was looking forward to Joanna's reaction once the girl came back to her own body.

The doctor handed her a mirror – the lips were slightly swollen, large and plump. She licked them carefully and touched with her finger. She looked much more sexy now. In her mind appeared a vision of Joanna kneeling in front of Bryan, sucking his penis. She felt her excitement mount.



Joanna couldn't believe she was feeling excited but that was the case. Bryan, now he was the excited one! It turned him on that her lips became unnaturally large and he was probably imagining her caressing him with these lips. She was terrified but at the same time she could sense her clitoris get warmer and the small hairs on her body began to rise.

Rose said goodbye to the doctor.

"I'll see you on Friday," he said upon leaving, and she nodded her head.

She picked up the mirror and admired Joanna's new face.

"This time you will be obedient," she said to her own reflection. "You've never fully subjected to my will but things have changed. You cheated me, deceived me... You disappointed me. You pretended to be mine, to belong to me, you kept using big words. Now you'll be mine, fully, to the core, to the very last though. You deserve to be punished for everything you've done. I will humiliate you, I will strip you of your own will and I will train you, and you'll be grateful to me for that. See, how sexy your lips are now? Ideal for expressing gratification your savior deserves. You'll thank him very, very nicely. I can do with you whatever I want, and the sooner you understand it, the better.

Rose bit her plump lower lip and felt just how sensitive it was. The girl's whole face became much more attractive. She would surely give Bryan a great deal of pleasure.

Joanna suddenly felt that she had control of her body again. These plump, enlarged and slightly sore lips were again her own. She heard Bryan move in the room next door. She dropped to her knees, hid her face in the palms of her hands and burst into tears.

Bryan smiled to himself. Joanna finally had to comply with his orders.

He knew very well that she'd been framed into that murder. He had made it happen. Maybe at some point he would decide to present new evidence in that case and then Joanna might be cleared off the charges. But until such time her life will change radically and she might not at all be willing to be freed any more.

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Bryan was eating his breakfast, not paying attention to Joanna who was kneeling in the corner.

The girl's eyes were fixed on the floor, her hands on her thighs just the way Brian told her. She was waiting. Next to her there was a dildo which she was trying not to notice. Her knees and arms were getting increasingly sore, she was paralyzed by shame. The everyday ritual which was to form a part of her punishment was so humiliating that all the time she felt dirty, degraded and furious.

She heard Bryan put away his knife and fork, and move the chair away from the table. She couldn't be late with her line.

"Would you like me to give you a blowjob, sir?" she whispered, feeling her cheeks burn and her mouth go dry. Bryan stood up.

"You said something?"

She repeated her line slightly louder.

The man came nearer.

"Can't hear you."

He was teasing her. She closed her eyes and swallowed.



“Would you like me to give you a blowjob, sir?” she said, loud and clear.

Bryan smiled and pretended to hesitate. If it happened that he didn't feel like using her plump lips at that particular time, he would order her to lick and caress the dildo, and just observed her efforts. She couldn't decide which scenario was more humiliating.

She heard the sound of the belt being unclasped and the flies undone, and a moment later his hardened penis was protruding right in front of her face. She smelled the familiar smell of his flesh and shower gel which she used to associate with the good times when they had been a happy couple and he had made love to her the way she enjoyed.

She licked her lips, whose size she still couldn't get used to and Bryan pushed against them, spread them apart and entered her mouth deeply. He grabbed her head and moved, not paying any attention to the sounds that escaped her when his penis touched the delicate wall of her throat. She sighed and moaned, trying to overcome the natural reflexes, and tears were flowing down her cheeks. She felt his member getting warmer and harder.

Bryan was panting with ecstasy and moved with increasing violence inside her mouth. Those lips were soft, warm and wet, ideal for providing him with pleasure. He squeezed her head harder with his hands, felt an orgasm mount inside his body and then cried out.

His sperm filled Joanna's mouth and she swallowed it immediately, knowing that not a drop of it should flow outside.



“Finally you’re mine,” said Bryan, buttoning his trousers. “You may raise now.”

She stood up and forced herself to look into his eyes. She still tasted his semen inside her mouth.

“May I change into my normal outfit?”

He glanced at her sternly.

“...sir,” she added after a moment’s hesitation.

“No. I like you like that.”

She sighed and left him. She had already tried to argue, beg, rant and make scenes, but this only made her situation worse. Bryan had a weapon she could not beat. She comforted herself with the thought that she had the rest of the day for herself. In the Pink Bunny they would certainly do much worse things to her. Absentmindedly, she touched the base of her neck and felt under her fingertips the chip, this piece of advanced technology which deprived her of control over her own body.

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“It makes me very excited when you look like that,” said Bryan.

Joanna wore an outfit which not only constricted her movements and emphasized her figure – these clothes were a symbol of her submission. With every coming day, she was becoming more and more his own, only his own. His will was becoming law for her. He knew he would yet have to devote a lot more time to train her. He had nothing against it, some things should not be sped up.

“Bryan, please, let’s talk,” she sighed and raised her eyes.

He could see how awkward she felt in that outfit. In the past she even tried to pretend it excited her, too.

“I know it was the wrong thing to do,” she said, encouraged by her silence.

He didn’t reproach her for not adding “sir” when she addressed him. He was curious what she had to say.

“I apologize, I really do and I’m extremely grateful to you,” she sighed. “But how can you treat me like that? We used to have so much in common, we loved each other, there were so many happy moments... I’d thought you wanted to save me and you’re using me!”

He raised his hand.

“You deserve punishment, we both know it.”

“Oh, Bryan, don’t treat me that way! We’re grown-ups and this is not a game! This is no way to deal with such issues.”





Bryan sighed. She always thought that his sexual preferences weren't simply a matter choice, but that it was a deviation resulting from some deficit or trauma.

"I'll treat you the way I deem suitable," he replied coldly. "You remember how I used to punish you in the past."

Joanna paled.

"Position number three," he ordered.

She could hardly believe that she still remembered those "positions" of his; funny, humiliating poses she was ordered to adopt.

She crossed her arms on her chest and looked at him icily.

"How did I punish you then, answer me!"

She kept silent, shutting her plump mouth tightly and shook her head.

"I'd tell you to assume a position and then I'd ship your breasts and buttocks," he said and his voice became hoarse, as he was getting excited at the very memory. "And you know what? I've never told you because I didn't want to upset you, but I've always felt disappointed with both these parts of your body being so slight. This is unsexy and it would be much more pleasant to whip an ample bottom and big, protruding breasts."

"You took me from the Pink Bunny only so that you could carry out the punishment yourself?! I used to think you were a good man, you know? Are you that twisted?"

"I like ample figures, especially when they are artificial, custom-made only for my own pleasure. What shall we deal with first, ass or tits?"

Joanna felt so enraged and frightened that she found no words. She was shaking and gesticulating with her hands but no sound came from between her plump lips.

"Tough decision." Bryan nodded his head. "I think we'll enlarge the buttocks first."

"You can't do that to me, you can't!" Joanna yelled.

The man drew her closer to himself and kissed her, brutally pushing his tongue inside her mouth. He clasped his hand onto her small buttock.

"I can," he whispered. "And I will."

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Bryan decided that Joanna wasn't ready to talk to the doctors, which is why it was Rose and not her that appeared in the clinic.

She was wearing high heels and had to focus so that her ankles would not wobble. He felt stilettos make her back straighten naturally, her breasts push forward and her buttocks become tense. Joanna should wear such shoes more often.

She noticed that when she was present in a woman's body people were treating her differently. She wasn't sure what this difference lied in – their gaze, their gestures, the manner in which they spoke to her? She realized that when Joanna completed the full metamorphosis, she would definitely stand out in the crowd and would certainly attract huge attention. When her small buttocks change into a sexy ass, all heads would turn in the street and it would become very easy for her to attract attention and seduce.

Rose was curious how she would feel inside a body that would be improved with implants. Would she feel them all the time? How heavy would they become and what kind of difficulties would they create? She was to find out soon.

The procedures would turn Joanna into a woman no one would be able to refuse, Bryan would take care of that. He held absolute power over her and intended to use it fully.

"These look spectacular," she indicated a picture showing the woman with the largest buttocks. "They seem very sexy to me."

Joanna wanted to run away, close her eyes, shut the door, scream, protest. Bryan enslaved her more than she would have ever been able to imagine – she could feel everything that was happening to her body but there was absolutely no way she could help it. This was much worse than to be tied up and gagged. Then she could at least fight, she could decide to close her eyes, to struggle, to moan. Now she could only watch Bryan discussing her body with the doctors.

Rose sat straighter in her chair and ran her hand through her hair. She was more and more excited and thrilled.

Joanna felt the pleasant tinkling spread all over her body. Her nipples hardened and her skin got warmer even though she herself would never relax in such a situation to the extent that would allow a single erotic thought cross her mind.

“I need a radical change,” said Rose.

“Your buttocks are much smaller and narrower than this patient had before her procedure,” explained the doctor tapping at the photo with his fingers. “The size of the implants has to be adjusted to a specific figure. Even if we used the same technique and the same means, the result will be different for every woman.”

“I do want them to be exceptionally prominent,” sighed Rose.

*How can he do that to me?! Joanna stormed inside. I'm not going to let my ass change into... something like that.* She realized that she didn't have much to say in this matter and she felt like crying.

Meanwhile, her body was sending quite opposite signals – excitement and arousal. Quickened breath, just like during fast march, and cheeks burning with color.

Rose moved a finger against her soft lips.

“We usually suggest putting implants inside the muscle, which allows for a more natural effect, both from the point of view of appearance and texture. The implant is covered by a large amount of tissue. Unfortunately, the physiology of the patient limits the size of the implants. If we chose too large a size, the muscles might get irrevocably damaged.

“There must be an alternative.” Rose was irritated.

Joanna felt a surge of hope.



“Placing the implants above the muscle.”

Rose clapped her hands and cheered up.

Joanna couldn't believe that hearing this news her own lips spread in a wide smile.

“The procedure, of course, is related to a higher risk, but this is the only way to achieve the desired size,” explained the doctor. “I must warn you that the results will be much less natural.”

“Which means?”

“The implant will be more visible, the buttocks will acquire a round shape, their curve will contrast with the line of the thighs. They will be firmer under touch,” the doctor continued.

“And how will I experience that?”

The doctor moved his hand across his desktop.

“You’ll feel the additional tissue, mainly sitting down and during sports.”

Rose hesitated.

“During sex?”

“Initially, yes, but you’ll get used to it with time.”

“Will I experience pain the same?”

“Pain?” The doctor was surprised.

The girl nodded her head.

“That depends on the kind of stimuli. The skin, of course, will remain equally sensitive. Under an intense pressure the reaction will be slightly different, muffled. Honestly speaking, patients rarely describe that aspect of their life after the procedure. Do you have anything specific in mind?” One could sense the doctor’s discomfort.

Rose smiled and waved her hand.

“I was just curious,” she said. “The date of the procedure remains unchanged?”

“Naturally.”

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Joanna was obsessively thinking about the upcoming operation. She begged Bryan to change his mind, she promised that she would never oppose him again, that she would do anything.

“I don’t want you to do anything,” he said. “I want you to have a huge ass that I’ll be able to punish properly.”

Nothing worked. She had an impression that her efforts produce an opposite result – Bryan was getting even more excited at the thought of the procedure. Her desperation and fear gave him pleasure, her pleas and tears excited him.

“How far will you go?” She snapped a few hours before the trip to the hospital. “You can do everything with me now, can’t you? What else will you want to change in me?”

“Do you really want to know?” He asked.

She fell silent and then moaned loudly.

“Tell me that it will be the last procedure,” she begged. “Promise me.”

“And what about your tits? I told you they are to get bigger.”

“I’d thought you liked me the way I was,” she sighed.

He nodded.

“I will like you even more.”

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She recalled the whole stay at the hospital as if through a fog, as if her mind had blocked out the whole experience. Only after she woke up from the anesthesia, lying on her stomach, attached to an IV, it struck her that that was all really happening. The buttocks did become bigger, her body changed in a way she had never desired, just as Bryan wished.

Gingerly she touched the rounder protrusion below her back with her fingers. Her small, compact ass changed into a vulgar, ostentatious bottom, too large for her frame. She didn't feel pain, not just yet, the doctors warned that the pain would come several hours after the procedure. She was afraid to move so as not to damage anything, and an absurd, crazy thought came to her mind, that is she damages something now, they might to have to take out the implants and she might succeed in sabotaging Bryan's plan.

Will she then go back to the Pink Bunny where her wellbeing is no one's concern at all?

She sighed and fell down onto the bed. She closed her eyes, pretending that she didn't feel how her skin stretched over these implants, that her buttocks are unnaturally firm, that the body she used to like so much changed forever.

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Joanna walked looking steadily at a point right in front of her, she didn't want to have eye contact with anybody. She was able to think only about those enlarged lips and huge buttocks. Doctors assured her that with time she will accept the implants as a part of her body but Joanna doubted that. Had she, herself, decided to do that surgery, had she undergone this procedure out of her own free will, this might be the case. Unfortunately, for her it was a foreign body which stretched her skin and unpleasantly filled her clothes. The buttocks heaved with every step, she constantly felt the move up and down, felt their heaviness. She had an impression that absolutely all the passers-by notice how huge her ass was and know that it was artificial. It seemed to her that they can read it in her eyes that she was forced to change her own appearance and that sore procedures are awaiting her. She was almost sure that Bryan was serious when he spoke about breast surgery.





ARCHIVE: PHASE 03

She used to think he cared for her. After all, once he'd do anything for her. And now? He harassed her, subjecting her to subsequent unwanted surgical operations. He was forming her body according to his will, completely ignoring her opinion. *And I thought he was my savior*, she thought and smiled crookedly.

People's looks were burning her, her cheeks were flushed with shame. It seemed to her that everybody was staring at her ass. She had an impression that someone would any moment come up to her and comment on her figure, ridicule and humiliate her. She shook her head – she was behaving completely irrationally and she knew it.

Bryan told her to change her style of dressing. Now she had to wear outfits suitable for a hooker, totally different from those she'd chosen for herself.

It scared her that now Bryan could do anything to her. Whatever he wanted. That he would change her body just the way he pleased. There were no limits. She should rather be happy that people are not pointing at her with their fingers just yet, that there still were clothes she could fit into.

She sighed and walked towards home.

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“Strip down,” ordered Bryan.

“Why?” Joanna asked and crossed her arms against her chest.

He looked at her darkly and it seemed to her that her resistance only excites him more.

She couldn’t stand his gaze and took off her clothes. She hated these stretch skirts and leggings she had to wear now.

“And now what?”, she asked, looking around the room.

She’d rather know what he had in mind for her.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

“I want to look at your new ass.”





Joanna spent the rest of the day almost naked. Bryan followed her with greedy, slightly amused eyes. The girl tried not to show how embarrassed it made her feel.

At dinner she also sat without a bit of cloth to cover herself with. Her face was burning with color, and eyes were filled with tears.

“How do you like your new, huge ass?” asked Bryan.

“A lot.” Joanna’s voice oozed sarcasm.

“You see!” He was theatrically happy. “You’ll probably like your new tits just as well. They are to be really huge.”

“Bryan...” she sighed. “How can you do that to me?”

The man waved his hand.

“Enough of this talk, I want to enjoy your great big ass!”

He ordered her to bend over and stick out her buttocks. Joanna clenched her fists and imagined that she was somewhere else, somewhere far away from her own body. She felt the man's hands move along her buttocks, stroke and squeeze them.

"A huge bust will go with them ideally," Bryan whispered.

He spread her buttocks and squeezed some lubricant onto the palm of his hand. Joanna moved apprehensively.

The man pushed a finger into her hole and she instinctively squeezed her buttocks together.

"Relax, otherwise it won't be pleasant."

"Pleasant?" Joanna sighed.

She couldn't imagine feeling anything but humiliation, revulsion and pain.

"Your body will like it," said Bryan.

He was pushing his finger inside her deeper and deeper, the girl was breathing fast. She felt the finger spread her inside and closed her eyes. The man added another finger and the pain was becoming increasingly intense. He knew she'd have to relax if he wanted it to lessen a bit.

“Just like that,” Bryan praised her. “Do you know how enticingly your buttocks stick out into the air? Such an ass is an invitation to be fucked. It can be nice, believe me.”

Joanna did not answer, she just clenched her teeth. Sweat appeared on her brow and she moaned quietly. She was determined not to let him see any of that but it was very difficult.

The man stood up and pushed against her hole.

“You’ll do anything to destroy me, won’t you?” she moaned. “Is that how low you’ve fallen?”



By way of an answer Bryan pushed with his hips and Joanna screamed with pain.

“How tight!” he commented and stroked her buttocks.

“I’d have never expected such a thing from you,” she panted out.

The man entered her even deeper and touched her clitoris. He was moving rhythmically inside her, with increasing confidence, making more space for himself inside her.

And that was when Joanna for the first time felt something approaching pleasure, not just the pain. The whole scene was so perverse that some dark side of her mind decided it was exciting. The girl tried to breathe evenly and ignore the impulses of ecstasy. She focused on the discomfort, on her humiliation and rage.

Bryan was moaning and pushing against her with rapid movements of his hips. He touched her cunt and pushed his fingers inside her.

“You like it,” he murmured. “you’re wet why do you pretend to be so innocent, eh?”



Joanna screamed because he entered her deeper than before. He was sighing, his hands were damp, she smelled his sweat. He shouted and squeezed his fingers on her waist, hot sperm exploded into her.

He moved away and she instinctively covered herself with her hands. She had tears in her eyes. She took a couple of steps towards the bathroom, she wanted to take a shower as quickly as possible.

“You’re not going anywhere,” Bryan said and grabbed her by the arm. “You’ll stand in the corner now, with your ass sticking out, as I might feel like using you again.”

“Bryan, don’t do that to me,” she moaned and begged him. “Don’t you remember what we used to have together? All of this doesn’t count? You’ve managed to change into a psycho in the meantime?”



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03

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“A psychopath?” He was surprised. “Don’t forget that it was you who was sentenced for murder.”

He went silent for a moment, looking at her attentively.

“This time you’ll give me all I want. You’ll be mine, this time you won’t escape,” he barked and indicated the corner of the room with his finger.

Joanna moaned and obediently listened to his order.

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Rose put on an outfit which, in Joanna's opinion, was far too provocative. She looked like a hooker in it.

Rose was of the opinion that she looked very sexy and felt great about it. She did not understand why Joanna did not like putting on such clothes. After all, they were so perfectly emphasized by her new curves. So what if others could take her for a whore? So what if they stared at her ass? It flattered her and it was quite exciting.

When she went out into the street, several men whistled at her, many turned their heads to look a little longer. She purposefully wiggled her bottom to get even more attention. She reacted to vulgar remarks and passes a flirtatious smile.

She entered the club and looked around the room. Being a woman had so many advantages – she could easily go to bed with each of these men. When she has even larger breasts, no one will be able to resist her. She felt a pleasant surge of excitement and smiled radiantly. It was the guys who had to try, she didn't. She felt like acting like a hooker today. Joanna would surely hate it but she had nothing to say about it. Having a sexy body with which Rose could do anything, without incurring any consequences, was extremely exciting.

Joanna watched Rose's behavior with horror. One more time she was ruthlessly exploited by Bryan, forced to pursue his fantasies.

Rose willingly responded to men's encouraging smiles, drinking one drink after another. Joanna felt she was getting more and more tipsy. Somebody put a hand on her knee and she didn't protest. A moment later she could feel a tongue deep in her throat. She was acting like a whore and felt disgusted. Meanwhile, Rose was excited, her body was hot and ready.





Joanna watched her approach a lonely woman at the bar. A moment later Rose was flirting with her openly. She ran her hand over the woman's hair, then her neck and cleavage. In spite of herself, Joanna felt a surge of excitement – or maybe only some signals from her body, used by Bryan? She'd never slept with a woman before. She fantasized about it sometimes, but she did not dare to make her plan come true.

"Maybe we'll move to a quieter place?" Rose suggested in a slightly hoarse voice.

The stranger smiled, kissed her on the lips, then nodded.

Joanna had never behaved that way. She wasn't a girl who'd pick up men in a club to take them home for sex. She had her own principles. Now Bryan was breaking them all.

Rose was enjoying the signals flowing from Joanna's body. At last she could feel what it felt like to have pleasure in a woman's body. She was aware of the wet, heated pussy, protruding nipples, goose bumps and quick breathing. Those enlarged buttocks drowned in a taxi seat. She licked her plump lips and then laid a hand on the stranger's knee.

She could not resist anymore. Once inside the house, she threw off her clothes. The woman whose name she hadn't even heard in din of the club and which didn't interest her at all, was now breathing quickly, staring at Joanna's sexy buttocks.

"They're so big," she sighed and squeezed them with her hands.

"I enlarged them to please men more," said Rose.

"And women."

"And women," she agreed.

Joanna was disgusted with Bryan's behavior, but she was also fascinated by everything that was going on. It crossed her mind that she could lose a lot trying to act like a "girl of principles".





Rose tore off her partner's clothes. Moments later, both were lying on the floor, caressing each other's bodies.

Joanna felt the stranger's hands on herself, the touch of her hot skin, the woman's breath on her neck, the smell of her skin.

Rose spread apart the girl's legs and licked her pussy. She circled the clitoris with her tongue and kissed the labia. The woman was wriggling and moaning louder and louder. Rose reached between her own thighs and began to masturbate vigorously. The air smelled of excitement and heavy, exciting perfume. The groans grew louder, interrupted by incomprehensible, ecstatic whispers.

“Yes, yes,” panted the woman. “You do it so well... Don’t interrupt, I’m begging you!”

Joanna was aware of an approaching orgasm. Impressions from her body were becoming overwhelming. She came extremely intensely, completely unable to manage her own reactions, but at the same time the orgasm didn’t seem to belong to her, as if someone else was experiencing it.

Rose was enjoying the pleasure, that new taste, different from what she had experienced as Bryan. She arched her body and continued to lick the stranger’s pussy. It allowed the orgasm to last and last until finally both she and her partner breathed deeply and relaxed. Their hearts were slowly calming down.

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*Before & After*



On the next day, Joanna woke up tired, her head aching and makeup not removed. The strange woman was gone. She quickly took a shower and got dressed. She put on a sexy outfit so as not to irritate Bryan.

“I didn’t know you come like a train,” commented the man. “It was extremely inspiring.”

Joanna looked away.

“Please, punish me already,” she whispered. “I understand that I deserve punishment after what I’ve done. Let’s get it over with.”

Bryan’s eyes lit up and then he laughed briefly.

“How would I punish you?”

Joanna blushed and licked her lips.

“The way... The way you used to. You said yourself..”

“I want to hear you say it.”

The girl winced and took a deep breath.

“In those days you immobilized me and whipped my breasts and buttocks to punish me.”

“And you want me to do that right now?”

Joanna nodded.

“How do you think, how long should the punishment last? How many blows should I deliver?”

"I... I don't know," she sighed. "As many as you deem appropriate."

"Sir," he reminded her.

"How many would you consider appropriate, sir?"

Bryan rubbed his chin with his hand and looked at her.

"No," he finally said.

"No?!" Joanna was irritated. "But you said that..."

"In my opinion, you don't understand at all that you deserve punishment," he interrupted her. "In my opinion, you want to be done with it as soon as possible, so that I won't change your body anymore or take control over it. Just like it used to be." Bryan clenched his fists and looked angry. "You were pretending when we were together in bed, I've no idea why! Do you know how I felt then?"

"What else was I supposed to do?!"

"First, new tits, then... Then we'll see."

"We'll see?" Joanna's voice trembled with emotion.

"Yes. And don't try to manipulate me anymore, because it will end very, very badly for you," Bryan warned her. "In two days you have a visit at the clinic about breast implants."

“Please, let me go there alone,” Joanna begged. “Don’t take control over me this time!”

Bryan laughed uncomfortably, then thought about it.

“You know, it may be a good idea. I won’t take control over you, but we’ll go there together,” he decided. “You’ll talk to the doctors and make sure your new tits are big enough to make me happy with them.”

Joanna sighed, and then nodded.

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“As we are done with the formalities, we can move on to your expectations,” said the doctor. “What size and shape would you like to achieve?”

“I don’t know,” Joanna said quietly.

The doctor frowned.

“Would you like them to be very prominent or maybe only a little fuller than now? Maybe you have with you pictures of women with curves that you like? Have you ever wondered about the shape? Do you care about a natural look or are they supposed to be rather artificial, very firm and round?”

Joanna felt overwhelmed by the doctor’s questions. Only now did she realize that she had not thought about how to conduct this conversation – she was focused on her satisfaction that Bryan had let her come here by herself. She didn’t want it to happen the same way as with her buttock implants.

She had to minimize her losses – breast implants were inevitable and Bryan wanted them to be as large and artificial looking as possible. She wanted something completely opposite. *Get a grip*, she repeated to herself. She took a deep breath and smiled at the doctor.

“I want them to be rather prominent, the difference is to be quite visible,” she replied.

“Maybe you could try on these pads, it always makes the decision easier.”

The doctor handed her something that looked like implants. She slipped these objects into her bra and looked at herself in the mirror.

"I like it," Bryan opened his mouth for the first time.

"It's 300cc," said the doctor. "Patients often choose this volume."

"Sexy," Bryan agreed.

Joanna could not believe her own ears. She breathed a sigh of relief, because this size was not so huge. If it pleases Bryan, maybe it won't be as bad as she'd been afraid.

"Excellent!" She was glad.

"Honey, maybe you can try on some other," Bryan said to her. "After all, when we were talking at home, you said you were interested in much bigger sizes, that you wanted your breasts to match your buttocks."

"I like these," she hissed.

"I don't want you to regret it later that you didn't decide on bigger ones."





Joanna smiled unnaturally.

“In that case, maybe I’ll try these larger ones,” she said.

The doctor gave her pads bigger by 100cc.

“A little closer to your expectations, right?” Bryan said.

Joanna nodded. She watched herself in the mirror from all angles. The smaller size suited her much more.

“400cc is also a fairly standard size,” commented the doctor. “How do you feel about them?”

“Very well, probably better than in 300cc.”

“In that case, maybe you’ll try even bigger ones?” The doctor suggested. “Your husband is right, women are often afraid of a slightly fuller volume, and as soon as a few months after the surgery, when they get used to the new bra cup, they regret that they haven’t decided on a larger size. I keep repeating it all the time, and the clients stick to their own ideas anyway, and then six month later they come back to me for another surgery,” he sighed.

Joanna slipped additional inserts into the bra. She felt she had to tighten her back more to balance their weight. 500Cc seemed far too big. She didn't want her bust to be so prominent. It's half a liter in every breast! Two glasses of water! Too much, 300cc was even quite pretty, but *that*?

She opened her mouth to protest, but Bryan stopped her. He didn't say anything, his face seemed calm, but Joanna was frightened by the expression of his eyes – dark and gloomy, his gaze was warning her, just as if Bryan tried to threaten her.

“Try even bigger ones, just for curiosity's sake,” he said.

Joanna did not protest.

The 600cc seemed gigantic, it changed the shape of her entire silhouette. The weight dragged her down and she ran out of breath for a few seconds.

“What do you think?” She turned to Bryan.

“It's your decision.”

Joanna struggled to stop herself from bursting out into a bitter laugh.

“I'm interested in your opinion,” she said and stroked the bust stuffed with the pads. “Aren't they too big?”

“Too big?” He pretended surprise and frowned. “Those women whose pictures you showed me at home had much bigger breasts, and you were so delighted with them, you said you wanted to have breasts like that.”

“Perhaps you have these photographs with you?” The doctor interjected.

“Unfortunately, no,” Joanna said. “I won’t try on any bigger ones.”

“You don’t have to hurry,” assured the doctor.

Joanna hesitated again. She looked at Bryan and tried to read as much as possible from his face.

“Are you sure you won’t try on bigger ones?” He asked.

“No,” she answered, forming her plump lips into an unnatural smile.

“So, these are okay?” He made sure.

Joanna felt as if she was playing a complicated game of chess, she had to predict the opponent’s moves for a few turns, yet she wasn’t even sure where his figures were. If she choose implants that were too small, Bryan would probably force her to change her mind. If they’re too big ... She’d rather not think about it, she just couldn’t allow them to be too big.



“Yes, this size suits me,” she said.

She felt dizzy. This size didn't suit her, it was too big, she would look like a porn star or a prostitute. It'll completely destroy her figure. She took a deep breath to calm down.

“And the shape?” The doctor asked.

Joanna clasped her hands together under the tabletop. She knew what she should say to please Bryan, but words didn't want to leave her throat.

“They're supposed to be very artificial,” she forced out finally.

Bryan looked pleased.

“600cc is a fairly large size,” the doctor admitted. “But still, we can try to make them look natural.”

The girl shook her head.

“I want them to be round and firm, with nipples protruding forward. So that I don't have to put on a bra. They cannot sag.”

“I understand, we'll adjust the shape to your expectations,” the doctor replied and wrote something in his notebook.

Joanna left his office sweaty and furious. She went to the restroom and washed her cheeks with cool water. When she emerged, Bryan was nowhere to be found. A few seconds later she realized where he'd gone. Her body became alien as she lost control over it. Bryan was in her head.

Rose went back to the office. She felt excited about what she planned to do. She smiled to herself and pushed the door open.

“Doctor,” she addressed the surprised man. “I didn’t want to say this in front of my husband. He thinks I shouldn’t change so radically, but...” She hesitated.

Joanna had no idea what Bryan was aiming at, but she had a very, very bad feeling.

The doctor raised an eyebrow.

“It’s your body and your decision,” he replied. “Nobody can make it for you. It’s very important.”

Joanna would laugh if only she could. Unfortunately, instead her mouth uttered the words which she would otherwise never say of her own free will.

“I would like my breasts to be really large. Significantly bigger than 600cc. I care about it, I thought it over really well. I’m sure Bryan will like them when he finally sees them,” she smiled cajolingly.

“Are you absolutely sure? It’s quite a difficult situation for me, please understand.” The doctor sighed.

“Absolutely sure.”

Rose pulled the phone out of her purse and found some pictures in it. Joanna guessed that Bryan had put them there, she herself had no idea about them. They showed women with breasts so big that it was immediately obvious that they were artificial. Joanna looked at them with a feeling which one gets observing an inevitable catastrophe; with horror and dark fascination. She couldn't do anything. Bryan tricked her, again. He let her believe that she had any influence only to have some fun at her expense, to give her false hope.

“Admittedly, it’s a fairly large size,” said the doctor. “Few patients decide on such volumes. The procedure will be a bit more complicated, the body much more strained, but it’s still absolutely realistic.”

“Perfect! Please delete the 600cc. I want them to be as big as these,” she said and pointed at the phone.

Joanna felt that her body reacted to all of this with excitement, though she herself could only feel rage.

Rose couldn't get over the fact that it was all so easy. She could shape Joanna's body as she pleased, make her a lusty slut with huge tits, big buttocks and prominent lips. And then use her body for her own pleasure.

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Joanna angrily threw her blouse onto the floor. Nothing fitted her. T-shirts that she could still squeeze into wrapped her bust so tightly that the fabric started to show through, and she could barely catch her breath. Everything she put on made her look provocative and vulgar. Such a giant bust simply couldn't be hidden under clothing. No elegant outfit will look good on her now. She could say goodbye to the tasteful, classic style. She even tried to bind her breasts with a bandage, but it didn't help much.

Several weeks have passed since the surgery, the implants have already adopted the desired shape. Which meant, the shape desired by Bryan, as, in Joanna' eyes, they looked terrible. Her breasts protruded far forward, firm despite their huge size. They rubbed against her shoulders as she moved them.

She loved to dance once. She went to classes and parties, and the movement to the rhythm of the dance relaxed her. Now, when she was moving, she could only think about how these terrible tits constricted her gestures, how awkward they made her look and how heavy they were. They really weighed a lot, she felt it all the time. Her back hurt more than usual and she knew she had to take care of it.

She tried to avoid mirrors, not to look at how much she'd changed. She didn't leave the house and thought only about revenge. During the recovery period Bryan gave up his perverse games, but she knew that it would soon change.

“You’ve got nothing to wear or just like to watch how big your tits are?” He asked, entering the room.

“Leave me alone.”

Bryan ran a finger over his lower lip and stared at her bust.

“It was a great decision, 1000cc. Quite a load. Every time I look at you, I want to fuck you, you know?”

Joanna showed him the middle finger.

“Doesn’t it excite you?” He asked, ignoring her rage.

“Excite?!” She shouted. “Does it excite me that every time I move these tits get in the way? That I don’t have anything to wear? I look like a slut, like some kinky porn star! I have here,” she pointed at her bust, “two liters of saline, an artificial substance that is there only to satisfy your sick fantasies. What’s so exciting about that? If anything, I’m angry and humiliated,” she said and felt close to tears.

“It sounded exciting enough for me,” he whispered. “Can I at least masturbate while looking at you?”

“What?! Have you gone mad?”

“Or even better ... I’d like you to masturbate while watching your new body. Wouldn’t that be sexy?”

“You can leave right now, if you please!”

Bryan shrugged and closed the door behind him, and Joanna dropped onto the bed. She felt that the body was becoming foreign to her and after a while she completely lost control over it. Rose returned.

The girl gladly moved her fingers along this stunningly sexy, improved body. She took her heavy breasts into her hands and squeezed them, then she leaned her head back and sighed. She felt attractive and wanted to feel what it'd be like to masturbate and enjoy the ecstasy while being such an attractive woman.

Joanna almost never left the house, but Rose was going to change it. Such curves shouldn't be hidden. They ought to be exposed, emphasized, allowed to be touched and caressed.

Joanna felt her body give in to excitement.

"They're so huge," Rose sighed, staring at her bust.

She sat in front of the mirror and caressed her breasts more and more intensely, never taking her eyes off the body that didn't belong to her.

"Heavy and huge," she moaned. "Joanna, you're so sexy that looking at you one can only think about a rough fucking. I don't know how you can't not masturbate all the time. I want to play with these tits all day.

Rose moaned loudly and her face assumed a fascinated look, her eyes were glistening, her cheeks became pink.

Joanna hated this view, it was more humiliating than anything Bryan had done to her so far. However, she couldn't close her eyes. She was a silent, passive witness to her own shame.





She took a dildo out of the drawer and slid it between her labia, deeply and violently.

Joanna expected pain, but she felt only delight and it was terrifying. She didn't want to like it, but the body decided otherwise.

Rose penetrated the hot pussy faster and faster. She felt that the orgasm would come soon. She rolled her eyes, and then again focused her eyes on her reflection in the mirror. The breasts bounced with each move, huge, heavy and hot. The weight of the implants couldn't be ignored. She looked with those big tits like a whore.

The girl at the last moment took the toy out of her pussy and then slipped it into the other hole. Instead of the pain Joanna had anticipated, she felt a wonderful, perverse fulfillment and delight.

Rose pressed hard onto the dildo, vigorously rubbed her clitoris and felt the orgasm take over control. She didn't take her eyes off her reflection in the mirror. It showed a perverse, promiscuous woman, quite different from Joanna from a few years ago.

As soon as the orgasm ended, Rose squeezed with some effort into her most stretchy clothes and retouched her hair.

“Time to get seen by the world,” she said. “This body is made to boast of.”

Joanna was furious – she was humiliated and deprived of control once again. She hated the pleasure she’d just had and she felt that her body had betrayed her.

Rose went outside and took a deep breath, until she felt the material covering her breasts stretch dangerously.

She decided to show everyone how sexy her curves were, she wanted to enjoy the jealous and lustful looks of strangers. She’d go where these curves will certainly be noticed.

She purposefully chose public transport so that as many people as possible could take a look at her. As she sat squeezed between two women, she felt her bust rub against her shoulders, and the groove between her breasts deepen. She felt a surge of pleasure and again felt like having sex. She smiled pleasantly at the passenger next to her, who was trying not to glance at her cleavage too openly.

Finally, she arrived at her destination and walked towards the beach. She felt that her breasts were much heavier than before, and after a short time her back started to ache, because her muscles hadn’t gotten used to the extra load. The buttocks were swinging at her every step, her plum lips parted slightly, and she tried to make eye contact with every attractive person she met on her way. She was getting horny again.

Joanna didn’t want to look at that, but she didn’t have much choice, her altered body was exposed to public view, her breasts barely fit into a tight-fitting outfit and everyone surely knew they were artificial. She panicked at the thought that someone she knew would see her. What will Rose do then? She imagined the shocked face of some old friend or colleague. What would they think of her?

Rose slipped off her shoes and went onto the beach. She spread her towel, and made sure everyone around noticed her, and then took off her clothes. She only left her panties. Several people gave impressed sighs, a woman began to feverishly attempt to turn her partner’s attention to herself.

Rose thought that being a sexy woman was really pleasant. It’s so simple, it was enough to show your body, and people around couldn’t think of anything else.

She noticed that one of the women was looking at her intensely, with a slightly open mouth and an expression of fascination on her face. She looked like she wanted to come up to Rose, but was too self-conscious. Rose smiled, pleased. She took a sunscreen tube out of the bag and stepped confidently to the woman who was lying next to her.

“Will you help me?” She asked.

The girl held her breath for a moment, then nodded.

Rose relished the touch of these soft hands on her back. Her whole body was covered with goose bumps and trembled with pleasure.

“Ready,” said the girl.

She hesitated and was about to leave, but she changed her mind at the last moment.

“What is it like?” She asked shyly.

Rose raised an eyebrow and nonchalantly swept her hair off her shoulder.

“What do you mean?”

The stranger shifted nervously from one foot to the other and looked around as if checking whether there was anyone of her friends nearby.

“Your figure is so special,” she whispered. “These are very big implants, right?”

Rose nodded.

“They’re big, it’s true. Would you like to look like that, too?” She asked.

“I don’t know if I’d dare.” The girl giggled. “They’re probably very heavy. Don’t they bother you? They look really sexy, but isn’t that a problem for you?”

“Sometimes they make my life difficult, but I love them,” Rose said.



“Are they firmer than natural breasts?” Asked the stranger, and in her eyes one could see growing fascination.

Rose grabbed her hand and put her against her breast.

“See for yourself.”

The stranger sighed, impressed, and Rose felt her fingers tremble. A blush appeared on the faces of both women.

“So nice,” sighed the girl.

“The skin here is very delicate and stretched. Such immense implants have greatly strained it, so I have to take great care of them. Put some cream on them.”

The stranger’s eyes widened and her breathing accelerated. She applied more of the cosmetic onto her hands, and later gently put her fingers on Rose’s bust.

Joanna felt her body relax with pleasure, the cool cream brought relief to the warmed skin, the nipples hardened, and excitement built between her legs.

Rose moaned softly and smiled at the girl who more and more courageously circled her enormous breasts with her fingers. There was fascination and lust on her face.

People around looked at them with growing surprise. Some did not hide their excitement, others seemed embarrassed and disgusted. Rose was of the opinion that such a sexy body should be exposed, showed to everyone around, allowed to be admired and caressed.

She approached the girl and kissed her on the lips. The stranger shuddered, sighed, and clenched her fingers on her nipples.

The men around them couldn't take their eyes off them, it was obvious that they could barely control their lust.

"Can you see those chicks?" One of them whispered.

He thought the women wouldn't hear him, but Rose heard every word.

"A perfect view" his companion agreed. "I could stare at them for hours."

"I like big breasts." The first one commented.

A woman got up and put her hands on her hips.

"This is public space!" She shouted. "Do you have no shame?!"

The stranger seemed to wake up from her trance and looked at her hands, surprised at what she was doing.

Rose licked her plump lips and combed her hair.

"Thank you," she addressed the girl.

The girl left with her head lowered and her face red.

Rose lay down on her towel, her big bust stuck up proudly. She knew that people around her could not take their eyes off her. All she had to do was to beckon with a finger and they would gladly go with her to the hotel, and then they would reminisce on the best sex of their lives.

Having such a body definitely had many advantages. She could easily find herself in the center of attention, and she was enjoying the excitement of people around her.

After some time she changed her position and lay on her stomach, so that now her buttocks were exposed, and her breasts created soft pillows emerging from under the line of her chest. She was excited about how sexy she was. She looked around watching the reactions of other beach goers and enjoyed every moment of their attention. She knew that Joanna would never behave this way – she would be self-conscious and embarrassed. Rose thought she could do a much better use of this body.

When she finally came home, she was so excited that she took off her clothes and began to touch herself again. Excitement built up in her all day, she was hot and wet, and when she slipped her fingers between the labia, the orgasm came almost immediately.

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*Before & After*



Several months passed. Joanna slowly got used to the giant breasts. She learned to strain her back muscles more while bending, she bought new clothes and even left the house, although she avoided places where she could meet her old friends. The thought that her friends might see her in this state was unbearable.

Bryan less and less humiliated Joanna and used her body. The girl should be happy about it, but she felt uneasy. It was like silence before the storm. She still didn't get the punishment the man had frightened her with and she wasn't naïve enough to believe he had forgotten or forgiven her. Something must have happened and in the end the tension became so great that she decided to provoke him herself. Once again, she asked him to punish her.

"You're very impatient," he commented.

"Please, let's get it over with," she moaned.

"I was thinking about it and I came to the conclusion that you must apologize not only to me."

"What do you mean?"

Joanna felt an unpleasant surge of anxiety and immediately regretted that she had touched the subject at all. Why couldn't she just enjoy the fact that Bryan wasn't tormenting her like that anymore?

"You had two partners after me, whom you fooled in a similar fashion. You left them suddenly, you took the money."

"How did you know?"

Bryan waved his hand.



“They also have the right to punish you.”

“Are you kidding me?!” She was irritated.

“Of course, not counting the one who is already dead.”

“I’m innocent!” She protested. “We both know it.”

“You’ll contact Martin and beg him for forgiveness, and then you will do everything he says.”

Joanna objected and began to cry. She shouted that she wouldn’t do it, that this was out of the question.

“You know well that I can force you,” Bryan said, his tone of voice almost bored.

“Bryan, no.” Joanna fell to her knees and put her face in her hands.

“Now. You have to do it now.”

When she refused, the man shrugged and left. The girl knew what would happen next, but she didn’t even have the strength to defend herself.

Rose appeared in a few minutes. She imagined what was going to happen now and she felt a growing excitement. She wanted to see the shock in the eyes of Joanna's former partner, enjoy his surprise and lust. She was sure that the new body would impress him immensely. She turned on the computer and logged on the video chat.

Johanna saw Martin, a man she hadn't seen for so long. He almost did not change. She mistreated him, yes, but she didn't do anything terrible to him either.

"Hi," said Rose, her voice low and sensual.

Martin nodded. He seemed restless.

"I'd like to apologize to you for everything I've done," said Rose.

The man pursed his lips.

"I know that I was very unfair."

Rose told him how Joanna was convicted for murder and later ended up at Bryan's house.

"He's my master now, and I do whatever she wants," she explained. "I'm his slave."

Joanna didn't want to listen to it, she wanted to plug her ears and run away.

"Your lips... They didn't use to be so big," said Martin.

"They were enlarged at Bryan's request. Just like my buttocks and breasts. They are gigantic now, my master decided to turn me into a whore, because owing to that it feels better to punish and fuck me," said Rose.

She stood up so that Martin could see the rest of her figure.

The man's face registered shock and disbelief. He turned pale and then blushed and covered his mouth with his hand.

"You look..." He made an uncertain gesture with his hands, as if he could not find the right words.

"They're huge, aren't they?" Rose said and squeezed her breasts.

"Is that a part of your punishment?" Martin asked.

"Yes, I'd never decide to do something like that myself."

"And could I also ask you to undergo some procedure?"

"I'll do anything you want. I can humble myself, let myself be used, change my body and dress according to your instructions. Whatever you wish."

Martin hesitated and took a deep breath.

In her mind, Joanna begged him not to be too harsh with her. After all, they were once a happy couple, he can't hurt her. Maybe a simple, honest conversation and an apology will be enough.

"Your tits should be even bigger," said Martin.



Joanna wanted to scream and cry. Even bigger?! She felt a sudden surge of rage. What did this guy he imagine?! She would look like girls from the Pink Bunny brothels!

“Oh, it will be very sexy,” Rose moaned.

“They’re to be huge,” Martin said, his eyes glowing with excitement. “I want you to move with difficulty and all the time to know that you are a whore. These tits will remind you of that.”

Joanna couldn’t believe all of this was really happening.

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Bryan decided that during this next conversation with the doctors Joanna couldn't be trusted. The girl's been jittery ever since her conversation with Martin. She begged him, pleaded with him and cried, but Bryan had no intention of giving in. Joanna was getting more and more his own and he was loving it. He was changing her body according to his will, he controlled her behavior, deprived her of dignity. At last she really belonged to him, just as it should have been from the very beginning.

Once he had really loved her and he could not forgive the betrayal she committed. After she had left... He didn't like to remember what it was like. But she won't leave again, not this time.

He went to the clinic as Rose.

Wherever Rose appeared, she attracted attention and aroused interest. Her sexy shapes made it difficult for people to take their eyes off her. She loved those glances.

"Very, very big," said the woman. "As big as possible."

The doctor thoughtfully drummed his fingers on the desk.

"What specific size do you have in mind? 1500cc will be really big."

Rose waved her hand and leaned toward the man.

"Something much bigger. They have to be huge, please understand me."

"You know, it'll be connected with many difficulties. The surgery itself will be much more risky, and then your whole life will revolve around your breasts. Everything's going to change."

Joanna listened to the doctor's words with horror. Everything was to change, the proportions of her body would become absurd, she'll be ashamed to go out onto the street. And what will she wear now that nothing would fit her? How would she move around?

"As you are so determined, I suggest the following solution: I'll decide on the size of the implants during the procedure. Then it will be clear what size is possible to achieve."

"But you've operated on me before!" Rose was irritated. "You know my anatomy, you must know at least the approximate volume!"

"The implants will certainly have to be overfilled. We can also have them made to order, just to be sure. However, it's only during the surgery that it'll become clear how much they can be filled."

Rose nodded her head.

"I need to make sure that we understand each other well. If you can fit gigantic implants into my body, say 6000cc or more, please do so."



The doctor took a deep breath.

“Of course.”

Later, when Rose went back to her own body, Joanna had a huge fight with Bryan. The man listened to her threats with an unchanged expression on his face.

“If I were you, I’d hope that they would be really big,” he commented. “Otherwise they may not satisfy Martin and you will have to undergo another surgery or he might decide to punish you in some other way.”

Joanna couldn’t imagine what might be worse than the procedure that awaited her in a few weeks.

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“Are you sure the breasts are supposed to be as big as that?” The doctor asked. “You look a little pale.”

“I’m simply afraid of the needles,” Joanna replied.

The nurse has just connected her to the drip.

“You’re taking an extremely radical step, if you need some time to think about it one more time...”

“No, I’m sure, I’m just a little nervous.”

The doctor smiled.

“There is nothing to be afraid of. I assure you that we’ll do everything to make you satisfied with the results, your breasts will be as big as possible, bearing in mind all considerations of safety. Of course, with subsequent treatments, we’ll be able to enlarge them even more. I know how much you care about it.”

Joanna nodded her head and then fell back onto the hospital bed.

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Several weeks have passed since the surgery. Joanna tried not to remember the moment she woke up from anesthesia. It was shocking and frightening. Bryan was sitting next to her, staring at her giant bust.

“The doc did a great job,” he commented in a slightly changed voice. “They’re really... Really huge.”

Joanna hesitantly looked down and let out a muffled moan. The breasts were gigantic, bigger than anything she could have imagined.

“The doctor said it was just over 3000cc,” Bryan said. “They’re perfect.”

Joanna didn’t have enough strength to answer.

Over the next few weeks, she was able to think only about her breasts. When her body recovered after the procedure, Bryan started to insist on showing her to Martin. Joanna objected and played for time, but she knew she wouldn’t be able to postpone this moment forever. At last Bryan told her to sit naked in front of the camera.

“You know what you have to do,” Bryan said. “Don’t let me down.”

“Do I really have to?” She moaned.

“You don’t want to make me unhappy.”

Martin’s face appeared on the screen. Joanna took a deep breath and brought a smile to her lips.



The man's mouth gaped open and he gave out a muffled moan.

The girl turned around slowly so that Martin could look more closely at every roundness of her body.

"It's exceeded my wildest expectations," he said. "They're gigantic!"

"Very big, that's true," Joanna admitted. "You see how sexy I am now."

She squeezed her breasts with her hands and then lifted one of them up and licked it.

“They are very, very heavy,” she sighed.

Bryan had instructed her to behave that way. She was supposed to pretend to be excited with her last surgery. She decided not to protest this time.

“Do I turn you on, Martin?” She asked. “I’m horny all the time, it’s because of this amazing bust. Do you know what it’s like to feel it all the time, have it in front of your eyes all the time?”

Joanna tried to play her role well. She wanted to have it done with as soon as possible. Her blush of shame could be taken for a sign of excitement.

“If it turns you on like this, you’ll do something else for me,” Martin said. “Don’t stop touching yourself.”

“What would you like me to do?”



“Make tattoos. I will choose a pattern suitable for such a whore.”

“But..”

“You wanted a punishment yourself,” Martin said.

“Of course.” She smiled unnaturally.

She licked her finger and touched her clitoris, sighed and tensed her muscles. She hoped she was pretending well enough. She put her hand even deeper and moved it energetically. Her body was covered with sweat, yet it wasn't caused by pleasure, but by her nervousness.

“You'll also change your style, from now on you'll dress like the slut you are. Everyone has to know it.”

In response, Joanna sighed and licked her large lips.

“You'll do something else.”

Martin described her last task and Joanna screamed in terror. She didn't stop masturbating, and the men probably thought it was a cry of pleasure.

What Martin described was extremely humiliating and the very thought was making her dizzy. She would have preferred Bryan to take control of her and do the job for her. She didn't think she could muster enough determination.

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“Do it for me, Joanna was pleading. “Take control over me and go there. I’m not able to do that!”

Bryan looked extremely pleased.

“I didn’t think you’d ever ask me. Should I manage your body as if it were my own? Do you trust me as much?”

Joanna felt her anger rise, but she suppressed it. It wasn’t a time to get angry.

“Please...”

“You have to do it yourself, it’s part of the punishment.”

“I’ll be aware of everything anyway!”

“You will do it of your own accord.”

Joanna moaned, resigned.

“I can’t do it.”

“You’re getting more and more submissive. You will manage.”

The girl wanted to say something more, but Bryan left the room.

A few hours later, she was sitting in an armchair in the tattoo salon, trembling with emotion. The man brought the needle closer to her skin and she flinched at the very sight.

“What’s going on? I haven’t even started yet.”

“I’m scared of needles,” Joanna explained.

The man put down the device, sighed, and looked at her carefully.

“A girl who’s afraid of needles has decided to have a big tattoo which will take several hours to complete. Can you explain to me what it is all about?”

“I really want it done.”

“You really want to have the word “whore” emblazed in huge letters across your breasts?” He asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “It’ll stay with you for the rest of your life, do you realize? Do you want every guy of yours to see something like that? For people on the beach to point at you with their fingers? Anyway, you probably know what it’s like.” He gestured at her huge tits. “It’s not so easy to hide, is it?”

He made a face that meant “some people can get really weird” and picked up the device.

“Ready?”

Joanna nodded her head and closed her eyes. She could feel the pain and it grew with every passing minute. An inscription was slowly emerging across her breasts. “Whore.” Is that what she’s just become?



It took several sessions to complete the entire tattoo. She also received a new, sexy hairdo.

At home, Bryan looked closely at her new ornaments, but he made no comments. He was impressed that she did it. He didn't think she would overcome her fear of needles.

In that case, maybe she'll be able to complete her next task, too?

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Joanna was kneeling in the living room and Bryan was penetrating her mouth. His penis would reach deep into her throat, bringing tears to her eyes. At the last moment, the man pulled her away, grabbed his member with his hand and directed the stream of sperm towards her cleavage. The white liquid stained her top. The word “whore” was visible in the neckline.

“Don’t wipe it!”

“But I have to go out soon.”

“That’s the point.” Bryan smiled. “It might help you get into the role of the bitch you are expected to play today.”

The task Joanna was facing now was so humiliating that she felt like crying at the very thought.

Bryan attached a small camera under her clothes.

“It’ll help us check whether you did a good job.”



Joanna swallowed and left the house. She pretended not to see the looks of the passers-by in the street: full of revulsion or disgust, amused and contemptuous. She flushed red with shame, her legs were unsteady. Her huge breasts were stained with semen, she was wearing a provocative outfit and the word “whore” could be seen across her neckline. Plus these this plump lips and an enormous, heaving ass. Just a couple of months ago she would look at herself with contempt herself.

She entered the cafe, looking at the floor so as not to make eye contact with anyone. She came up to the counter, cleared her throat, and suddenly felt dizzy. She couldn't do it, she just couldn't. The girl at the cash register looked at her cleavage with a hypnotic gaze.

“Hi, what can I get you?” She finally stammered out.

“I'm a slut and a whore,” Joanna whispered. She had to lean against the counter, not wanting to faint.

“Excuse me?” The girl asked. “What is your order?”

It seemed to Joanna that the whole café went quiet.

“I'm a slut and a whore, and I deserve to be punished,” she repeated loud and clear and then looked straight into the girl's eyes.

The attendant had a shocked, pale face.

“Oh... Well, I mean... We're serving coffee here,” she said uncertainly. “Can I offer you something?”

“This isn't a brothel!” Shouted an amused man. “Did you run away from the Pink Bunny?”

Joanna heard a peal of laughter.



"I don't even deserve to be seated at a table but I can kneel next to the counter. This is the place for bitches such as myself," she said.

The girl behind the counter simply gaped.

"Outrageous!" A woman hissed and slammed the door behind her.

Joanna escaped from the cafe. She was walking as fast as she could. She didn't want to run, because then her breasts would painfully stretch her skin and heave, attracting even more looks.

She really wanted something to drink, but she was afraid to go into a store. She didn't want to talk to anyone. Her skin was hot and wet with sweat, she could barely suppress the tears that came to her eyes.

At home, she immediately turned on the computer, uploaded the recording and sent it to Martin. He got it just a few minutes later.

"That was a great job," he said, amused. "Really well done."

"Will you accept my apology? My punishment has been stern enough, I hope?"

Mike hesitated and leaned back in his chair.

"I'm not really sure..."

"I disgraced myself beyond belief, I was given such huge breast implants that I can barely carry them, I have an offensive tattoo across my breasts, I have earrings in my pussy and I have to dress like a hooker. And it is still not enough for you?!"

"You had hurt me," he said and touched his chest with his hand. "There was not enough sex in all of that, and a body like yours should not go to waste. Somebody should fuck you hard."

Joanna didn't answer. She looked away and crossed her legs.

"I can't believe it! Does that excite you? This is sick!"

“And even so, what does it matter? I don’t have to restrict myself around you anymore,” Martin hissed, his face unpleasantly contorted. “In the Pink Bunny there would be much worse things waiting for you. You ought to be grateful!”

Joanna shook her head. She couldn’t believe her ears. Once she had adored this man. Were all her ex-partners psychos? Was she the one to lead them to this?”

“What am I do? Let’s get it over with. Just promise me that there won’t be any more “tasks”. She drew a quotation mark in the air with her hands. “You have to let a stranger screw you. I promise that this will be the final task.”

“How am I supposed to do it ?!”

“With such a body... You should have no problems.”

Joanna slammed the laptop lid shut.

“I won’t do it!” She said to Bryan, who was standing in the door listening to the conversation.

“You will do it and you will do it now.”

“No way!”

Bryan approached her and with no warning grabbed her face between his hands. He pushed a pill down her throat so fast that she had to swallow if she wanted to avoid choking.

“This will help you,” he said.

Several minutes later Joanna felt great, she was afraid of nothing and the image of a slut even began to seem appealing. Finally, all that counted was sex. Her pussy momentarily got hot and started to throb, and her nipples hardened under her top. She placed her hand on Bryan's trousers, found his penis and squeezed.

"Let's go to bed, please." She moaned. "Fuck me."

She put her hand under her thong and began to touch herself.

"I'll show you this recording when you sober up." Bryan laughed. "You'll die of shame."

"Are we going to fuck?" She asked.

Colors seemed brighter now, sounds were clearer and smells more intense.

"Martin's task," Bryan reminded her.

"Oh, right." Joanna got up abruptly and went to the door.

"Aren't you even going to change? You have cum on your clothes!"

But the girl had already slammed the door behind her.



Joanna walked impatiently along the street, searching for a suitable man. Any lonely man. It was already dark and only a few passers-by were hurrying home.

“Please, I need sex, now, we can do it in that alley...” She sighed, putting her hand on the chest of the first lonely man she encountered.

He looked shocked and scared, moved away from her and went on his way.

“I’m awfully horny and I need you to fuck me,” she said to the next one, clinging to his shirt. “I’m begging you.”

She didn’t notice that his wife was getting out of the car to the sidewalk. The man smiled apologetically and walked away.

Joanna felt she couldn’t take it anymore. It should have been so easy!

“Fuck me like a whore,” she whispered to the next stranger.

He stopped walking and looked at her closely.

“There’s no one in the street over there.” She moaned and pulled him along with her.



She didn't even manage to take off her skirt when the man's stiff penis entered her. She could hear his increasingly louder sighs, felt his breath on her neck, his hands squeezing her huge breasts. She moved her hips vigorously so as to feel him even deeper. She suppressed a loud cry so that no one would hear them. The man sighed, dug his fingers into her skin, and froze. Joanna felt the sperm flow down her thigh.

He took a few banknotes out of his wallet and handed them to the girl.

"Instead of giving me money no you might have fucked me a little longer!" She shouted after him.

She didn't even reach orgasm yet, she needed more. She returned to the brightly lit street and approached another man.

"You have to fuck me," she said. "My pussy needs to be fucked."

Bryan he found her a few hours later, covered with sperm, exhausted and still begging for more. He drove her home, calmed her down and forced her to go to sleep. He didn't expect the drug to work quite so well.

The next day Joanna could hardly remember what had happened. The scenes of sex merged and blended together. Her pussy was reddened and sore, she still smelled of strange men, and she had a throbbing headache. She didn't even have the strength to feel angry or ashamed.

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Martin was finally satisfied with the punishment. Joanna had a few weeks of peace. Bryan observed her body, but he didn't force her to humiliate herself anymore. He only kept looking at her body with his hungry eyes.

Once he used to do the same – he had looked at her as if she were the sexiest woman in the world. He wanted her in the way that was familiar to him – through erotic games that she couldn't stand. But couldn't she really adapt to his preferences? Maybe everything could still work out in a completely different way.

Joanna quietly entered the room and looked at Bryan reading a book by the light of the lamp. Suddenly she remembered why she had liked him so much in the past. She used to love him, she admired his self-confidence, his stubbornness in pursuing his goal, his imagination. Most of the time things were really good between the two of them.

“Brian...” She said and sat next to him.

She put her hand on his hand and suddenly felt like crying. Why did everything go so badly? Was it solely his fault?

He looked at her the way he used to and for a moment Joanna thought that everything that had happened lately was just a bad dream.

“I'm sorry I left you then,” she whispered. “It wasn't fair.”

He didn't say anything, just squinted his eyes slightly.

“Thank you for taking me from the Pink Bunny, I'm sure there was a terrible fate awaiting me there.” Her voice trembled a little. “Tell me, do we have to do it?”

He leaned back in his chair, never taking his eyes off her face. He considered her words. Did he really have to do this to her? It had been a long time ago, he had already punished her enough, he forced her to humiliate herself, he changed her body, he dominated her. He didn't think she would be able to submit to his will to such a degree.

He thought about the evidence that would acquit her, securely hidden on his hard drive. If he gave it to the court, the verdict would be revoked.

He needed more time. Did Joanna really belong to him yet? Didn't she have too many ideas of her own, didn't she rebel? For instance, now she was trying to manipulate him again.

He looked away and stood up.

"I spoke to Gavin," he said. "This is another man you'd been very unfair to. I decided that he should also get his compensation, do not you think?"

"Must we do it? And once you..."

"Once! What matters is now. Later you will decide for yourself how you want to lead your life, but first you have to deal with your offenses."

"Later? What kind of life do you think I might have after everything that happened to me here? With such a body? You can't expect me to go back to what I was doing before. To show myself to my friends in this state."

“Now I’m going to take control over you and complete the first task Gavin demanded.”

“Is there any chance left of your changing your mind?”

“You should be grateful to me for helping you do this.”

Rose stood in front of the camera and made sure that all the curves of her amazing body were well exposed.

“We’ll send this video to old friends of Gavin and yourself,” she announced. “Apparently, you told a lot of unpleasant lies about him and humiliated him publically a couple of times. I wonder what their reactions will be when they see how you look now?” She laughed. “Shock is an understatement. And when I tell them about new surgeries that you are going to undergo... They will talk about it for years!”

Joanna couldn’t believe her ears. She was to have further treatments? How could Bryan do this to her! She preferred not to think about the humiliation she would experience once Bryan sent the clip to her friends.



Rose switched on the camera. She turned around for a while to show off her silhouette as best she could.

"I've changed," she said. "You're probably shocked to see how much. I enlarged my lips and my buttocks." The girl leaned over and stuck her butt towards the camera. "My tits are huge now, do you realize how much they weigh? Over six kilos! I look like a whore now."

Joanna didn't want to listen to that, her mind was spinning with crazy thoughts. What else do they want to do to her?

"I'm not going to stop at that. My lips and buttocks will become even larger."

Joanna felt empty inside. Her emotions became so intense that she was unable to control them, and it seemed to her that she would go crazy, trapped in her own body.

“The lips will be very plump and large, and the buttocks gigantic.”

Rose smiled at the camera one more time.

“I’m finally doing what I want,” she said. “A few days ago I fucked strange men in a dark alley. I didn’t even know their names, I was just interested in getting their dicks deep into my wet pussy. I became a licentious, submissive bitch. I walked the streets dressed like a slut, with sperm stains on my tits. You see?” Rose pointed at her tattoo. “A whore.”

She finished the recording and later shared it on the web.

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# Before & After



Bryan organized everything in such a way that the procedures were to take place in just a few days.

Below the clip made available to her friends, dozens of comments appeared. Joanna felt breathless when she was reading them.

“How do you like them?” Bryan asked. “Everyone is very, very surprised.”

The girl wiped away a tear that ran down her cheek.

“Now everyone thinks that in your heart you have always been a slut, thinking only about rough fucking. Gavin suggested this idea to me. We’ll change your style a bit, you need more pink, it’ll turn you into a horny bimbo. You’ll still be a submissive bitch, yet extra stupid and horny all the time. It excites me just telling you about it. On your knees!” He ordered.

When Joanna was giving him a blowjob, Bryan kept reading the comments under the clip. Most of them expressed shock and disbelief. Her friends couldn’t understand how she could have changed so much. Someone even posted Joanna’s pictures from a few years ago – modestly dressed, with almost no make-up, tiny breasts, a small ass and narrow lips. The contrast was stunning. Some people begged her not to change any further, not to turn into a silicone-filled doll.

“This is so disgusting, I’ve never expected you to change your shapely breasts into these artificial, huge balloons,” he read out. “It’s from your friend Melanie.”

“We went dancing on so many nights, can you now move at all with these tits? Oh, here’s a charmingly supporting one: Honey, you do not have to change your body to be beautiful. I know you’re not a slut. You can be sexually active without losing your dignity. Please, do not change any more! Let’s talk! Sweet, isn’t it?”

Joanna was moving her head, caressing Bryan’s penis more and more intensely. She hoped that if he reached orgasm quickly, her torture would end.

“I’d like to fuck you, you whore. Now, that is a direct type.”

The man continued reading, and Joanna did her best to try and concentrate on something else. Unfortunately, her thoughts kept revolving around the upcoming procedures. Even bigger lips, even bigger buttocks. Will she be able to move normally at all? How does it feel to sit on an even bigger butt?

Bryan clenched his fingers on her shoulders, and the sperm filled her mouth. She swallowed it at once and instinctively moved away from the man.

“That’s it for today,” he said, fastening his pants. “You need a lot of rest before surgery.”

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Bryan accompanied Joanna on her way to the hospital. The surgery was successful and after a few hours he was looking at her new buttocks with disbelief. Her butt became enormous and he was excited by the idea of what it would be like to have sex with her now.

Joanna was slowly recovering. Sitting caused her pain, she could only lie on her stomach or stand. She licked her lips more often, as if she had to check constantly if they were really that big. Bryan told her to change her hairstyle and the image of her clothes. All of that made him desire her even more than before. Sometimes he felt like changing into Rose and masturbating by touching Joanna's body. Do nothing else but enjoy the pleasure he drew from her newly achieved, sexy shapes.

He noticed how shocked and terrified she was of the changes that had taken place in her body. She touched these gigantic buttocks and huge breasts with an expression of despair and resignation on her face. She was finally beginning to realize that he could do to her anything he wanted.

His plan had just one small downside that he hadn't noticed before. She was also gaining power over him, the power that grew bigger with every procedure and humiliation she had to endure. Her body excited him more than the body of any other woman. How could he go to bed with someone else now? What other girl would meet his requirements now? Probably only the whores from the Pink Bunny. Women who used to make him feel ready and horny, now seemed boring. He was becoming more and more entangled in this relationship and he sometimes had an impression that all his efforts to make Joanna really his, his very own, brought a completely opposite effect: that he belonged to her now.

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Joanna sat in front of the computer and showed her body to Gavin.

The man opened his eyes wider and sighed. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and seemed to want to say something, but couldn't find the words. In the end, he just shook his head.

"You're perfect," he sighed. "You've become a living erotic fantasy."

Deep in his heart, he wondered if he hadn't gone too far. All in all, Joanna did nothing terrible to him – she humiliated him, betrayed him and left him, it was true, she was unfair. At that time he was furious with her, it seemed to him that during the whole relationship with her she pretended so as to make him buy expensive presents for her. He supported her for a few years, he treated her like a princess, she had everything she desired. And in return she revealed the intimate details of their life together, she fucked other men... But what they did to her body now...

Despite his doubts, he couldn't suppress the excitement at watching her.

"Our friends liked your clip," he said.

Joanna blushed at the memory of it all, her plump lower lip trembled a little.

"You'll do something else for me," he said.

The girl didn't even attempt to protest. She was afraid that this would only increase her punishment.

"You'll give a party to which you'll invite our friends. You'll wear a pink, provocative outfit and will tell everybody what a bitch you are. If someone wants to fuck you, you'll agree enthusiastically. If they want to look at your tits, you won't object. You will behave like a submissive slut. Is that clear?"

Joanna nodded and wiped a tear from her cheek.

"I don't know if I can do that," she whispered. "How could I look them in the eye?"

"Show me your ass," Gavin said.

The girl obediently leaned forward and stuck her huge buttocks towards him.

The man took off his pants and started to masturbate.

Joanna tried to breathe calmly. The punishment he invented for her seemed worse than anything she had gone through before.

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# Before & After



*Before & After*



Joanna now had to wear clothes that emphasized her submission even more – mostly, they were pink and extremely perverse. The days formed a humiliating routine: kneeling in the corner of the room, waiting for Bryan to use one of her holes, or tell her to masturbate using toys; preparing meals in costumes that were more suited for a fetish striptease club; repeating out loud that she was a horny whore. Joanna complied without protest, terrified by the vision of the upcoming party that Bryan liked to talk about so much.



“Do you remember how we went to a BDSM party?” He asked. “You were so embarrassed.” He laughed. “You didn’t even want to put a collar around your neck because you thought it would make you a slut. Look at yourself now! You were so innocent and shy at the time, shocked at everything that happened during that evening, those ropes, handcuffs, naked girls, latex... Now you’d put them to shame. You’d make a sensation. Maybe I should take you back to the club, what do you think?”

“I think that I will raise much more controversy at lunch which we’ll arrange for my friends,” she said.

“Controversy? We will arrange? I don’t think I fuck you often enough, since you’re able to use such big words, right? Your brain should only produce words like cocks, sex, anal and sperm. These are short, nice words. Besides, you are forgetting that you have to show respect to me.”

“Yes, sir,” she whispered and lowered her eyes.

“Do you remember when I said that words which have more than two syllables are too complicated for you? They distract you and you forget who you are.”

“Yes sir. I deserve punishment.”

“That’s my girl,” Bryan said with satisfaction. “You know what to do.”

Joanna went out of the room wobbling on her high heels. Her buttocks were moving up and down with every step of the way, and her bust was heaving. She slightly parted her plump lips, because even a few steps in those extremely high stilettos cost her a lot of effort.

She came back with the whip in her hand, handed it to Bryan and bent over. Her gigantic breasts weighed her down and she had to focus very hard in order not to lose her balance.



“Stand straight,” the man ordered her, and then gave the whip back to her. “You’ll do it yourself.”

“What?” She was taken aback. “Sir,” she added quickly, seeing his reproachful stare.

“Kneel down and execute the punishment yourself. I’m getting bored with it.”

Joanna fell to her knees, closed her eyes and breathed deeply.

In an instant she became aware of just how much she’d changed. Once in the past she was a normal, petite girl, ashamed of the perverse preferences of her boyfriend. Now she was their living embodiment – she had menstrual shapes, giant tits and an ass that made it difficult to move around, huge, plump lips and provocative clothes.

She had no chance of returning to the life she’d led before. Not after what she went through, not with such a body. Reluctantly, she thought of all those moments when she appeared in public. She was not at all surprised that strange people couldn’t tear their eyes away from her.

And now the meet-up with her old friends, just as if sending this awful clip to them wasn’t humiliating enough. The thought of their shocked faces, awkward smiles, questions and comments made her want to cry. Once she was the life and soul of any party, she was generally liked and almost proud that it was easy for her to fit in. She’d always thought that individualism was overrated, she much preferred to belong to a group. With whom could she make friends now? Porn stars or girls from some kind of fetishist club?



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

“What are you waiting for?” asked Bryan.

Joanna lowered her hand and lashed herself against the ample buttock. The skin became slightly more pink. She administered another lash.

“Harder. You don’t want me to do it myself.”

“Yes, sir.” She sighed and did as he told her.

Bryan watched her with satisfaction while she was punishing herself. Her face was becoming more and more flushed with effort and pain, and her ass getting red from the subsequent lashes. He wasn’t going to stop the spectacle anytime soon.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

Thank you for reading!