

Slave Wife Expansion

Part 2



Breast expansion
Domination
Mind control
Feet modifications
Bimbofication

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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

“No way am I wearing anything like that!” cried Joanna. “Is it not enough that everybody will see how my body changed, now I’m also to emphasize it even more with this outfit?”

“Precisely.” Bryan smiled and nodded his head.

The girl objected and pleaded, although deep in her heart she realized that in the end she’d have to wear whatever the man ordered her to put on. If he wanted, she’d have to appear naked. Though nakedness might be better than what he selected for her.

“You know what to do,” said Bryan.

Joanna nodded.

“I’m to pretend that I myself wanted all these changes.”

“And?”

“Not to use big words. Switch off the intelligence.”

Bryan encouraged her with a movement of his hand to go on.

“Be horny and talk a lot about sex.”

“Mention the tasks you’ve completed so far and address me as your master,” the man finished for her.

“Yes, sir.”

When the first guests arrived Joanna was paralyzed with fear. Her whole body was shaking as if she had a fever and she found it difficult to catch her breath.

Two couples that she used to know so well: Lydia and Spencer, and Vivian and Cameron. So many times she went with them to parties, to the cinema, shopping, on trips...

When they stood in the doorway, they went silent – the silence was heavy, full of tension and unspoken words. Joanna saw the expressions of extreme shock on their faces. They exchanged greeting and sat at the table.



“Great wine,” said Vivian, already pouring herself a second glass.

Joanna smiled gratefully. No one knew what to say. Everybody tried not to look at Joanna’s outfit, at her tattoo, monstrous breasts, huge ass or vulgar lips. They turned away their gazes and pretended everything was okay.

There was a knock on the door and Joanna stood up to open. These were the last guests: Harper and Melanie.

“O my God!” Melanie exclaimed and covered her mouth with her hand.

Her face went pale and her eyes became comically huge.

“You’ve really done that to yourself,” she sighed. “How did that happen? What...” She run out of words to say and just shook Joanna’s arm.

“Come in, please,” Joanna replied.

After Melanie’s outburst the atmosphere changed radically.

“Tell us,” asked Lydia.

“Oh, I decided to alter my image,” Joanna replied.

“Alter!” said Spencer. “But this is a total transformation, it’s hard to recognize you. I didn’t think it was possible to change so much. I mean, I saw the girls from the Pink Bunny, but I’d never think you’d do something like that.”

“How could you do that to yourself?!” Melanie burst out. “You look like a silicon doll. I don’t understand, Joanna, I really don’t. You’re such a wise girl, why subject yourself to something like that? Do you think it looks attractive? Did you do that for men to like you? Did you talk her into that?” She turned to Bryan.



"I wanted it myself," Joanna interrupted. "I finally feel well inside my body."

"I don't believe it!" Melanie insisted. She looked around the table for some support. "Well, these implants must be awfully heavy. When was the last time you went dancing, eh? You love to dance!"

"I used to love it," Joanna corrected her.

"You willingly got a tattoo on your breasts that says 'whore'? Please, don't treat us like idiots."



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

“Joanna found self-actualization in the submissive role,” explained Bryan.

“Meaning you forced her to do that,” Lydia spoke up. “Joanna, darling, you don’t have to alter your body to be attractive to men. You were a natural beauty. If I were you, I’d work rather on my self-esteem. This really got out of hand.”

“In my opinion you look quite sexy.” Spencer mustered the courage to interrupt. “Your silhouette is exaggerated, that’s true, but it’s also a dream come true for many guys.”

“So, would you be happy if I got such tits, too?!” Lydia was outraged.

A lively discussion followed, and Joanna attempted to overcome her embarrassment and fear. Bryan was listening to all that with great satisfaction.

Joanna noticed that Harper didn’t look away from her at all, and in her eyes she saw not only shock, but fascination as well. The girl was flushed and her chest was moving up and down increasingly faster.

“Joanna feels fulfilled in her role,” said Bryan. “I hope you won’t refuse her an opportunity to realize her fantasies, even if they’re rather ... Exceptional. Don’t get offended, but your idea of what it means to be a liberated woman is a little outdated. What if this is what she likes? If now, with such an unusual body, she feels herself?”

“Sure, and it’s pure coincidence that this body turns you on so much,” Melanie attacked him.

“If Joanna really wanted that, we shouldn’t judge her,” Vivian said. “Bryan is right.”

“Do you really like it?” asked Harper.

Joanna nodded her head.

“This is so very radical ...” The woman sighed. “But I can see that it might be exciting in some ways. Your partner has total control over you. This is more than bondage, more than any other fun I’ve ever heard of. This means total submission.” Her voice shook and her eyes were very bright.

“I can’t believe it,” said Melanie. “It turns you on?”

Harper shrugged and blushed even more.

“At least try to look at it without all these prejudices,” she argued. “Don’t you dream sometimes that someone dominates you, deprives you of control? Many women have such fantasies, don’t they?”

“A changed body is not all,” said Bryan. “There are other practices which Joanna likes to perform.”

He looked at the girl in such a way that she started to tremble. There were other, awful humiliations for her to go through.

“Second position,” he ordered.

Joanna couldn't believe that her body remembered what this order meant. She wouldn't be able to recollect it consciously, she simply followed the order by means of an instinct. She came up to the wall, put her palms against it and stuck out her bottom.

Harper was so impressed that she moaned loudly and then covered her mouth with her hand. She knew this was perverse and improper, but this was precisely what made the whole scene even more exciting.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

“Number six,” said Bryan.

Joanna knelt down, clasped her hands on the back of her head and opened her mouth.

The room went completely silent.

“Maybe you can tell us about the fetishist practices that turn you on so much? It might help your friends understand who you really are.”

Joanna didn't move. She swallowed hard and took a deep breath.

“What practices?” Harper's voice was slightly shaky, and her eyes were glassy and wide open.



She told them about all the tasks Bryan gave to her – about giving him a blowjob every day after breakfast, the humiliating trip to the café, walking naked around the house, addressing him as “sir”, the anal sex. Words were flowing and she was surprised to discover that despite all the shame she felt, sharing her experiences with someone was bringing her some relief.

When she finished, no one knew what to say. Vivian, all red in the face, poured herself more wine.

Bryan nodded at Joanna and she knew exactly what she was supposed to do now, but she wasn't able to move at all. This was decidedly too much for her. She shook her head almost imperceptibly, and her look was cold. She pressed her lips together and looked at Bryan defiantly.

The living room again burst into life, their guests were talking over one another and they were making so much noise as if there were many more of them in there.

Bryan slid out of the room. Joanna made up her mind in an instant. She won't let him take control over her, not this time.

She ran into the room just as Bryan was lowering himself into a chair.

“No!” she screamed.

The man was already closing his eyes.

And then Rose appeared.

“Would you like to see what I look like naked?” she asked her guests.

“No way!” Cameron shouted.



Vivian poured herself more wine. Spencer was looking at her with the eyes that shone with excitement. Lydia held her breath and covered her mouth with her hand. Harper squeezed her thighs together even harder and felt that her thong was now completely wet. She just hoped that no one would notice how her nipples hardened under her dress. She was already slightly tipsy, she didn't know what to think about all of that, but when she imagined that she might be in Joanna's place right now, her embarrassment turned into excitement that she found difficult to control.



“We won’t play at your games,” said Cameron.

But Rose was already undressing. Everybody seemed so shocked that they were unable to do anything.

“Do you like it?” she asked. “If you want, you may touch them,” she added and came up to Lydia so close that her hardened nipples were right in front of the woman’s face.

Lydia raised a shaky hand and stroked the huge bust.

Rose leaned forward and spread her buttocks.

“I’m sure you’d like to find out what it’s like to fuck a woman like me. Don’t be embarrassed.”

Melanie got up and left without saying another word. She slammed the door behind her.

“Are you speaking seriously?” asked Vivian. “Joanna, what’s going on?”

Spencer couldn’t hold on any more and the alcohol in his veins gave him added courage. He touched Joanna’s buttock and sighed softly.

Harper was watching the whole scene as if hypnotized, and a long moan escaped from between her lips. She started to tremble, her swollen clitoris pushed against the fabric of her panties and she was afraid she’d wet her clothes. She clasped her fingers on the edge of the table and tried to control her breathing.

“Spencer, what are you doing!” Cameron cried.

“She wants it,” the man answered defiantly.

“Do you intend to have sex with her? Seriously? Your wife is sitting right here!” He pointed at Lydia, who went pale and watched the whole scene as if hypnotized.

“I’m leaving,” murmured Vivian.

She rose to her feet, leaning against the table and then staggered on her feet and sat down again.

"I'm so horny," Rose moaned.

She knelt and licked her plump lips. She squeezed her huge breasts with her hands and then she moved her hands lower, between her hot thighs.

"I'll give you a blowjob," she offered, looking straight at Spencer.

The man took a step towards her and reached to his zip.

"Are you out of your mind!?" Cameron held him by the arm.

He looked furious.

"We're leaving," he announced and attempted to pull the other man with him.





“Please, you must fuck me,” moaned Rose. “I’m a bitch and a slut, I need to be fucked right now.”

She was masturbating more and more vigorously and kept looking around, begging with her eyes for someone to touch her.

Harper wanted to join her so much that her excitement was winning over her common sense. The thought of being completely dominated and submissive overwhelmed and fascinated her. Joanna’s body had been changed according to her partner’s wishes, adapted to his preferences, and Harper had difficulty breathing, imagining that something similar might also happen to herself.

“O my God ...” Lydia moaned. “Joanna, do you need some help?”

“I’ll eat you out, I’m good at that, you’re going to like it.” Rose turned to her.

“Let’s go!” repeated Cameron.

Vivian again tried to stand up. Lydia held her up and helped to go towards the door. Harper didn’t want to leave. She watched Joanna’s excitement with hungry eyes.

“Come on already!” Cameron took her by the arm and led her out of the house by force.

A moment later all that remained after the visit were dinner leftovers and wine glasses on the table.

Rose disappeared.

Joanna would have preferred her to stay longer. She didn’t want to go back to her body anymore. She took one of the glasses and drunk the wine in one gulp.

She heard Bryan move in the room next door.



"It's a pity they've already left," he commented. "You should have tried harder."

Joanna only sighed, too shocked to say anything.

"Awfully uptight people, these friends of yours," said the man, shrugging his shoulders.

On the next day Joanna took a long, hot shower. In spite of that it still seemed to her that her body was dirty, and she had an unpleasant taste in her mouth. The scenes from the previous evening kept attacking her, those images, sounds and smells appeared out of nowhere and triggered next waves of revulsion.

She felt that something in her snapped. The faces of her friends twisted with suppressed emotions, Bryan's words coming from her own mouth, her naked body exposed to the view. She couldn't sink any lower than that.

Bryan wondered if he hadn't gone too far. Joanna executed all of his orders with no hesitation and no questions asked. It excited him but at the same time he felt some apprehension. He suspected that if he asked her to jump off the cliff, she'd do that. He felt responsible for her, her fate depended solely on him now.

Was she ready for her punishment?

"Did you like the party?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir," she answered, just as it was expected of her.

She felt as if she was dreaming, as if her free will was completely eradicated. Her body listened to Bryan's orders without slightest hesitation. She noticed that it was difficult for her to focus, she saw the world around her as if from behind a layer of fog. Only his orders made her go back to reality and when she followed them, she felt strangely peaceful. She didn't have to make any more decisions and, in a way, it was nice.

“Show me how you touch yourself,” Bryan told her.

Joanna undressed slowly, and then moved her hands in a circular motion around her gigantic breasts. She squeezed them, and then lifted towards her mouth, to suck on one nipple.

Bryan looked at her steadily and observed her every movement with mounting excitement.

“Now, think about the party,” he ordered. “I want you to come imagining the shocked faces of your friends.”

Joanna squeezed her eyelids shut and remembered the party. She moved one hand lower, onto her rounded buttock. She felt her own body react to the touch, and her pleasure was growing with each passing second. Under her eyelids she saw the surprised faces of her friends, she recollected how strongly they reacted to the sight of her body.

“They couldn’t believe you’ve changed so much,” said Bryan. “Their petite friend got herself a pair of gigantic breast implants. She filled her tiny breasts with an incredibly large dose of saline, surely they couldn’t even imagine how your skin endured being stretched so much. They wondered what it must feel like to carry such a weight day in, day out, struggle to get well-fitting, suitably big bras, every day feel the bust press against one’s arms. They surely wanted to ask you thousands of questions, but were too shocked, or too embarrassed.”

“Yes, sir,” Joanna agreed.

She was kneading her perky breast with one hand, with the other she caressed the inside of her thigh. She didn't want to return to the memories which Bryan was evoking, they were too humiliating for her. Even so, her body did as its master commanded and her shame mingled with excitement in a way she'd never experienced before.

"How do you think, what were they thinking of when they looked at you then?" he asked. "Maybe they wondered if you'd always been such a whore that just dreams of being fucked mercilessly every single day? I saw how they gaped at your giant ass and I'm sure they all felt like fucking you. They wanted to feel what it's like to play with your bust, heavy with implants, to squeeze these huge buttocks, kiss those soft, pumped-up lips. In their eyes you're now just a sex toy, you know that?"





Joanna massaged her hot, wet clit and let pleasure spread all over her body. She licked her big lips and squeezed one nipple hard with her fingers, until it hurt.

“Very well,” Bryan praised her. “I want you to remember exactly all that happened. You were telling them such things about yourself... You spoke of humiliations, of passing control into my hands, about how difficult it is to live with a body like that and how much pleasure it is capable to give you. All of that was extremely exciting, you know that? I’m sure that when they masturbate, they think only of you and your incredible body.”



Joanna violently pushed her fingers into her cunt, cried out with ecstasy and rolled her eyes.

“Someone really had hots for you, have you seen the way Spencer looked at you? If he wasn’t dragged away, I’m sure he’d make use of your holes. How would that make you feel later on, huh? And Harper? That girl nearly came just looking at you. Maybe she’d like to be in your place, what do you think?”

Joanna felt dizzy, she held her breath and then issued an animal cry.

Bryan gladly watched her body shaking with spasms of delight. He knew she was remembering the party during which he humiliated her so much.

“See? You are excited by the fact that I turned you into such a bitch,” he said.

Joanna closed her eyes and panted heavily, tired after her orgasm.

“You changed into a real slut, it’s understandable that your friends were shocked. I just wish someone had had enough courage to fuck you, I really counted on their succumbing to the temptation.”

“You think, you’re ready for your punishment?”

Joanna frowned, as if the question didn’t make any sense.

“If you think so, sir,” she replied.

“And what do you think?”

“I agree with you, sir.”

Bryan rubbed his chin with his hand and started to muse. She was ready, but he was tempted to go further, crossing all limits.

“This punishment will be different from the ones I administered in the past” he said. “It will be another surgery”

Bryan grabbed the whip and moved its leather tip against the girl’s skin. He circled her nipples, and then drew increasingly large circles on each breast.

“I’d like your body to become completely perverse.”

He fell silent and stared at her breasts.

"These implants are huge, but are they really big enough? Are they heavy enough?"

Joanna parted her plump lips, and Bryan was overcome with a wave of excitement. He noticed disbelief in the girl's eyes. He wondered if she'd finally object him, testing the boundaries of her endurance.

"I will undergo another breast enlargement as a punishment?" She asked.

She paled and her lower lip began to tremble.

"You might become even more sexy. Yeah... I think I'd like that very much. I can already imagine those enormous bras you'd have to wear, those people staring at you in the streets. You and Rose would both be true sex goddesses. Do you realize in how many ways I could use your body? Just think about it."



Joanna shook with emotion, under her eyelids appeared a vision of herself with gigantic implants stretching her skin even more, weighing her down to the ground, heavy, massive, limiting the freedom of moving her arms, blocking the view. She held her breath and thought of what would happen when Rose took control – expose her to public view again, humiliate her, or maybe present her incredible figure to her friends or even the whole Internet. She'd be like the girls from the Pink Bunny, good only for sexual services.

Yet she was unable to object, Bryan made her truly submissive and she was now only able to carry out his wishes.

“Your breasts will be even bigger than now,” he said. “Surely it must be difficult for you to imagine that, but it makes for a very exciting vision, doesn't it?”

Joanna felt cold sweat on her back.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered.

“Louder!”

Joanna obediently repeated her line.



“What do you think, how big should they be?”

“I don’t know,” she stuttered.

Her face flushed hotly, her body trembled.

“You don’t know,” he repeated slowly, enjoying her uncertainty. “Would you like me to decide for you? You know, if you don’t want me to make them truly monstrous, you should express your opinion. When you say ‘I don’t know’ you leave everything in my hands. Maybe you won’t be able to move at all? In what shop will you find a bra that would fit you? To make one of them they will use fabric that in the past was enough to sew an entire blouse for you. Or maybe you enjoy the attention that gets focused on you and it excites you that everyone who sees you will be unable to focus on anything but those enormous tits of yours?”

The girl moved anxiously and looked at Bryan. What will her typical day look like after this procedure? What if the weight of the bust becomes too much for her? She will become totally dependent, people will never treat her seriously again, focused only on her appearance.

"I don't know, sir," she finally answered.

"You objected so hotly to those last procedures and now you don't know? What's changed? Is it that you became fond of the life of a submissive slut with huge tits? All right, in that case I'll decide. You understand that by willingly giving me the power over yourself, you agree for me to decide myself how big they are to be, not matter what your preferences might be?

Joanna nodded her head.

"You should be the one to decide, sir," she whispered.

"You understand that I'll have them made really giant? Maybe we'll even use the technology of the Pink Bunny, what do you think? After all, they can make real wonders. I saw some girls there achieve the size of 20000cc. And you complain that 3000cc is too much! Have you got any idea how enormous you might become? Can you imagine what it means to live with a bust as huge as that? Nothing else will count for you anymore, you'll become an artificial whore, filled to the brim. Does that excite you? Does it turn you on the way it turns on your friend Harper?

"I... I'm to be obedient."

"Precisely," Bryan agreed. "You are to be submissive and obedient, and you'll do what I tell you. If I feel like subjecting your body to any other procedures, you will agree to them with no objection or hesitation, right?"

"I will, sir."

"Great. In that case I will take control over you and go to settle all the details with the doctors. I'll decide how big your new tits are to get. And believe me, I want them gigantic. You have no idea how huge they'll become. These 3000ccs in a few weeks will seem tiny to you."



Rose stood naked in front of the mirror and looked at Joanna's body. She wondered how she'd feel in it after the procedure. She squeezed the bust, and her breasts snuggled together, creating a sexy cleavage. When she released them they got back into place, heaving slightly. She turned, stared at her ample buttocks and caressed them with her hand. She looked amazing. The tattoo in her décolletage indicated to whom that body belonged, was a sign to everybody who might think that Joanna was someone else than a common slut.

Finally, there came the day for a meeting with doctors and Rose trembled with excitement. She struggled to squeeze into her clothes that emphasized her figure.

Joanna observed everything, but could do nothing. She was afraid of what was soon to come, but she couldn't do anything to prevent it. She knew that Bryan would do with her what he wanted, whether she objected or not. It was hard for her to imagine her own body after that procedure, this vision was too surreal, completely crazy.

Rose was looking through her wardrobe for suitable accessories, she wanted to look her best. Then, by accident, she found Joanna's old bras and panties. They were so tiny! Not so long ago she'd be able to fit her small, natural breasts and slim buttocks into them, now it would be absolutely impossible. And then Rose got an idea – after all, she wanted everybody to know how exceptional Joanna's body was. She took one bra into both hands and took a photo of herself, which she then published on the Internet. She wanted to be looked at, her body to be admired. She took some more photos and soon after she already had some followers. She knew her audience would quickly grow.

Joanna felt humiliated, which contrasted with the pleasurable impulses sent by her own body. Again, she was being publicly exposed and she was afraid that Bryan would one more time start reading out the comments under the photos to her.



Rose took a cab and reacted with a coquettish smile to the driver's looks of desire and admiration. He glanced at her every now and then in the rear-view mirror, and the safety belt dug into her chest, emphasizing her curves even more. She felt her implant-filled buttocks sink into the seat. She fished her compact out of her purse and touched up her lipstick.

When she got out of the cab, again people's looks focused on her. After the procedure she would evoke even more emotional responses and that was making her feel glad. She'd have to deal with certain inconveniences, but that was nothing in comparison with the attention she'd draw to herself. She went into the clinic, swinging her bottom. Other patients watched her with their mouths slightly agape. Apparently, earlier on they were thinking whether surgical procedures wouldn't change their bodies too radically – in comparison with what Joanna's body looked like, their metamorphoses were hardly noticeable. Rose could guess that they were trying to decide if 450cc was too much or maybe they should stick to 400cc, and it all seemed funny to her.

Finally she was asked into the office and the doctor looked at her expectantly.

Rose went straight to the point. She felt pleasant arousal when she was telling him how gigantic her new breasts were to be.

"Really enormous," she was saying. "I want them to reach far forward and to the sides, my figure is to become unimaginably attractive. I want people in the streets to point their fingers at me, to be able to think only of how huge my breasts are. I intend to undergo a total transformation."

Joanna found it hard to believe this was really happening. A part of herself was rebellious, furious, devastated and terrified. If Bryan managed to realize his plan, her life would become hell. She already felt overwhelmed by these curves, ashamed of the effect she had on people. At the same time the other, submissive part to which she recently gave in experienced a strange peace of mind. If Bryan made such a decision, that was what should happen. She'd bear any consequences, whatever he wanted. She became his slave and the sooner she accepted that, the better for her. It made no use to object.

Sometimes she even felt she deserved all of that. Bryan's will became law for her, dictated a natural turn of events. She could finally relax, as someone else was making all the decisions for her.

She felt her body get excited even more and she succumbed to these pleasant sensations.

Rose ended her monologue and smiled at the doctor. She was anxious to see his uncertain gaze.

"I'm not sure your expectations are realistic," he finally said.

"Of course, they are!" Rose got irritated. "Here you are." She showed the doctor some pictures of women with breasts so huge that their curves seemed photo-manipulated. "They somehow got them. Am I to understand that your expertise is not enough? In that case please, refer me to a specialist who'll undertake the task," she demanded and looked at the doctor defiantly.

Joanna vaguely remembered that once she was able to get what she wanted, just as Rose did now. She would storm, demand and steadfastly aim at her goal. She was curious whether she still possessed this power. Now it was Bryan who was her free will, her signpost, and his demands constituted the law.

"May I ask you where these pictures come from?"

"The Internet, of course."

The doctor sighed.

"From the Pink Bunny," he clarified. "They are the only ones who are certified to perform such radical procedures."

"In that case, I'll go to them," Rose was adamant.



“It was for some reason that such operations were forbidden at other clinics. It is not the case of lack of skills or technology,” the doctor seemed offended that his competencies were being questioned. “Such drastic intervention into the human body has its consequences. This is precisely why only prisoners are subjected to them. These women were sentenced for serious crimes, and their bodies are altered by way of punishment, you do realize that, right?”

“I want to do that out of my own will.”

“The ban was introduced because a woman is unable to function normally after such a procedure. The bust becomes so heavy that it’s difficult to carry, muscles and bones are under strain, and the skin is extremely stretched. You know who these women become, don’t you?”

Rose shrugged her shoulders.

“They’re prostitutes, sex toys, purchased by rich, bored people. Their bodies betray their social status, they have no chances to find employment in any other capacity, they only serve to fulfill erotic fantasies. They must remain under doctors’ control to make sure their bodies can survive such an enormous change. Is that what you wish for yourself?”

Rose considered his question and licked her lips.

“Did you know I was sentenced for murder, and then bought out from the Pink Bunny?”

The doctor was dumbstruck. He opened his eyes wider.

“Which means you were rescued from these women’s fate and despite everything you want to subject yourself to such a radical procedure? Is this some attempt to redeem your guilt? Because if that’s the case, I know much more useful ways: you can start doing charity work, serve the society in some way.”

“But I want *this!*” Rose slapped her hand against the tabletop and glared at the doctor.

The man kept silent for a few minutes and looked blankly at the photos brought by Rose.

“I’ll talk to the specialists from the Pink Bunny,” he said.

The woman smiled politely, thanked him and left.

Joanna felt as if in a dream. Theoretically she was aware of what awaited her, but she didn't fully comprehend the consequences. On the way to the Pink Bunny, where the procedure was to take place, she was like hypnotized.

"Now we'll get out and go for the procedure," Bryan was saying. "Now take off your clothes. Lie down on the bed. Don't be afraid of the needle. Very well."

And she was only responding with: "Yes, sir", asking no questions and completing his orders without a moment's hesitation.

When she was given the anesthesia, she heard his voice: "You're going to sleep now" and she had no idea if he had really said that or maybe it was just her imagination.



When Joanna was wheeled back to the post-op room, Bryan gasped. He was so impressed that his heart started pounding and his skin momentarily got covered with sweat. He felt a mixture of excitement and uncertainty. He wanted Joanna's breasts to be filled with nanotissue, according with the Pink Bunny technology, so as to become stunningly large while remaining firm and shapely. Now he understood what the procedure really entailed. The bust was giant, it reached very high and would surely interfere with everyday activities. She looked spectacular and perverse, Bryan used to watch such huge breasts only in the photos of the prostitutes from the Pink Bunny. Nothing would ever be the same now, even a daily bath, preparing a meal, even walking. Getting a job or having normal social interactions was out of question. Wherever she'd go, she'd cause a sensation, people would take photos of her and point their fingers. Every man would like to have her, she'll fill their fantasies and erotic dreams.



He wondered if he hadn't set a trap for himself. The girl's body became so sexy that he might not be able to resist her. Already he could feel his penis harden, and erotic visions were crossing his mind. Will he be able to still dominate her, if her looks excited him so much? Won't she gain control and advantage over him now?

He thought one more time about the evidence that proved her innocent. Once he dominated her fully and punish enough, he planned to reveal them anonymously. He wanted her to belong to him totally and to do that out of her own volition, not under constraint. He was almost sure that she'd decide to stay with him.

Joanna moaned, looked at him and then looked down. Her eyes widened and her lips trembled. She gave an unintelligible groan and gingerly touched her huge, swollen breasts.

“It’s a dream, it’s just a dream,” she whispered. “This is not really happening. Bryan?” She turned to him pleadingly. “This is just a dream.”

The man slowly shook his head.

Joanna was breathing faster and faster, her face was pale and there was terror in her eyes.

“Calm down,” he said and touched her shaking hand.

“How could you?! What have you done to me?!”

She tried to get up, but Bryan restrained her.

Joanna moaned and lay down on the bed, tears were streaming down her cheeks.

The man looked around, glanced at the girl who was increasingly more overcome by panic and in a few seconds made up his mind.





Rose couldn't recognize this body. There was an unknown weight lying on her chest. She raised her hand gingerly and touched the tense skin. From her perspective these breasts reminded two high mountaintops, they touched her arms and lower ribs. They were really monstrous, bigger than anything she had ever imagined, and their mass formed now a big part of her body weight. Although she'd wanted all that, she was afraid and understood how Joanna must have felt, why she had panicked. The doctors were right, the decision to get such a huge bust was radical in the extreme. She had to take a couple of deep breaths. She was here to calm Joanna down, she could not succumb to emotions right now.

Joanna heard someone approach her.

Bryan put his hand on the top of her own.

"All will be well," he murmured. "Don't worry."

The girl sighed and closed her eyes so as not to look at that changed body.

Several weeks later Joanna was still in recovery. The body was healing well, but the girl was still under shock and couldn't come to terms with how she looked now. Bryan saw her struggle with the new size of her bust – she often had to take rests and became irritated when the breasts interfered with such simple activities as tying her shoelaces or picking objects off the floor. He was beginning to think that he might have overdone things and decided to check the situation for himself.

When Rose appeared in Joanna's body, she felt at once how much it'd changed. The bust dragged her towards the earth, restricted her and made it difficult to move freely. The sensation was very similar to carrying a heavy backpack – suddenly, the muscles had to work harder to keep the strained backbone in a proper position. She took a deep breath, trying to get used to the weight. She gingerly balanced in her stilettos which further interfered with keeping her balance. Rose thought that Joanna should always wear such shoes. Wouldn't it be sexy if she wasn't able to put on any flats? She was certainly going to check if in the Pink Bunny they couldn't give her some advice.



For a moment she just stood, admiring her reflection in the mirror – she looked spectacular. She felt a shudder of excitement; she reached for her phone and took several photos of herself. She posted them on the Internet instantly. After a while she was reading satisfying comments expressing admiration and desire, she got several marriage proposals, a few juicy descriptions of what her followers would like to do to her in bed and a lot of praise. She was called a goddess, the most beautiful woman in the world and she had to admit that it gave her enormous pleasure. She moved her hands across her breasts with satisfaction and realized just one more time how huge she'd become. New bras were absurdly huge, and tops specially tailored to contain her curves. She wanted them to be properly displayed.

She decided to go out and check what impression she could make on random passers-by. She got into the car and quickly found out that the breasts made it nearly impossible to reach the driving wheel. For some reason this made her suddenly excited and she moaned, trying to overcome the impulse to push her hand between her thighs.

She looked at the phone – one of the photos was commented by Harper, that friend who got so excited during the meeting with submissive, sexy Joanna. She'd written that Joanna was looking very attractive and that she was sometimes fantasizing about being in her place, but lacked the courage.

Rose smiled to herself. Harper's enthusiasm was charming, she'd have to think what use could be made of it.

She got a cab and went to town. The driver couldn't take his eyes off her and she was afraid he might cause an accident.

Joanna was afraid of what Rose planned this time. Would she order her to have sex with random strangers? Humiliate her in public? Or maybe have another tattoo or piercings? Joanna preferred not to think about it.

"You look fantastic," the driver commented as she was leaving the car.



She wanted to go for a walk, enter a couple of stores, spend some time the way a typical woman might on her day off. Yet, her body was too stunning and as far removed from common reality, as possible.

She went into a drugstore to get a couple of make-up items. The salesgirls and customers had problems taking their eyes away from her, their faces registered desire and shock. She heard a young woman whisper something about the Pink Bunny.

“No, my dear,” Rose corrected her. “I did it because I myself wanted to look as sexy as possible.”

The girl didn't answer, she just opened her mouth wider.

"Can I take a photo with you?" Asked her friend.

Rose agreed with a smile and held the stranger close to her body, so that her breast rubbed against the side of the petite girl. She heard her breathe fast and felt her skin covered with a layer of sweat.

She visited a lingerie boutique, where she was told that, regrettably, they didn't offer such huge bras, as their cup sizes ended at C. She made a disappointed face and asked if they made underwear to order, but the assistant just shook her head.

"In your case bras should be specially reinforced." The sales assistant remarked. "Your back must hurt often, am I right?"

Rose had to admit that even after such a short time she was getting tired. The weight of the bust was difficult to carry around and she had to keep taking breaks. Now she leaned against the counter with some relief, as it lessened a little this burden she had to drag around.

She looked at tops and dresses in some more shops, greatly amused. Only those most stretchy ones could possibly fit her, but her bust still was unpleasantly squeezed, created additional curves right above her cleavage and seemed on the point of tearing these clothes apart at any moment. The situation with pants and skirts was similar – she had to choose large sizes, so as to squeeze her buttocks into them, but then the waists and thighs were much too loose or baggy. When she finally managed to put on a particularly stretchy skirt, the fabric was so tight that one could see her underwear through it. She attracted the attention of all the customers in the store. Women watched her with their mouth wide open, whispered among themselves and secretly took photos. Men stared at her figure as if they were hypnotized and as if they were mustering courage to come up to her. The offensive tattoo in her cleavage caused consternation.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 03

Rose allowed them to look, it gave her an immense satisfaction.

After a few hours she was so tired that she had to sit down for a little longer. Her back ached, legs were tired from balancing in her high heels. She went into a restaurant and put her breasts onto the tabletop, which gave her great relief but also caused the whole room to fall silent. The waiter had difficulties making eye contact with her and couldn't remember her order. The food was delicious but it was difficult to reach for it across these gigantic breasts. Then she ordered a cocktail and put her plump lips around the straw, which made it impossible for the men at the next table to stand up for quite a long time, unless they wanted to present to the whole world their erections, visible from under their pants. She smiled at them, let her shiny hair cascade down her back and waved one carefully manicured hand with long nails. One of the men choked on his food, but his friend got the courage to ask her for her phone number.

Rose looked at her mobile once more – Harper commented on all her photos. She felt overcome by pleasure once again, this girl was really asking to be fucked hard. She took several more photos and waited for the reaction of her followers.

She got up from the table with some effort and quickly found a free cab. Decidedly, being such a sexy woman had a lot of advantages.

Before & After



“Would you like me to give you a blowjob, sir?” Joanna asked, as she did every day right after breakfast.

“Today you’ll do something else for me,” Bryan replied.

He still kept giving her tasks which were difficult to accomplish with such huge breasts. He ordered her to clean and cook, and observed how she struggled to complete such simple activities. He loved to watch her deal with the consequence of having breasts that were so large. He liked to watch her walk in her high heels and he fantasized about modifying her feet so that she’d only be able to wear stilettos.

Now he put on an old video in which Joanna was dancing. Her body was small and natural then, she was moving gracefully, making all these quick, energetic movements with almost no effort.

“Dance for me,” said Bryan.

Joanna bit her lip and looked at him questioningly.

“Go on.”

“Yes, sir.”

All her curves heaved and swung with the littlest movement. Bryan felt his desire mounting. Joanna tried to repeat the same energetic gestures, but the range of her movements was much smaller, and these additional kilograms made her tire easily. After a short while her skin covered with sweat, and her face became pink. With every little jump her breasts roughly moved up and down. She tried a more complicated step, lost her balance and fell down.



“Sorry,” she moaned.

Bryan felt his penis getting harder with every passing second. He ordered her to bend over and touched her pussy with his finger. It was pale and dry.

“I want you to get excited,” he ordered.

“But...”

“You are to fulfill my wishes without hesitation!” he reminded her and squeezed her huge buttock.

Joanna closed her eyes and focused on her body. She was almost sure this wasn't going to work. Was she to get excited on demand?

“I want your pussy to get wet and hot. You are to be horny and ready. Do my bidding.”

To her own surprise Joanna felt that his words brought an effect. Her body reacted to Bryan's voice as if by instinct, as if all these times when she obeyed his orders without delay burnt their mark onto her consciousness. She parted her lips and gave in to the pleasure that was slowly building between her thighs.



“You are to feel pleasure when I’ll be using you. You’ll come when I let you. I want to hear you moan, see you tremble with excitement. Your pussy is to be ready for me.”

Joanna sighed and bit her lip. Her body was obedient; she felt her clit swelling up, her labia getting moist. She was breathing faster and faster, her nipples hardened and turned pink. In a few minutes she was ready and found it hard to bear the lack of touch. She wanted Bryan’s cock inside her.

The man smelled her excitement, saw her ribcage heave with every quick intake of breath. He got up and poured some water for himself. He was observing Joanna tremble and had problems curbing his own desire.

The girl cried out when he finally entered her. His movements were fast and frantic, but she knew that she couldn’t reach an orgasm just yet. Every thrust pierced her, deprived of all thought, the delight was so intense that it was turning into pain.

“Now try to come,” he ordered.



A second later Joanna's body shook with a spasm of ecstasy. She couldn't catch her breath, overwhelmed with the intensity of the experience.

The man didn't stop using her. Sex was wild, his movements violent and rough.

Joanna rolled her eyes and tried not to faint. She felt that Bryan's penis was harder and larger than ever, bigger and more swollen than ever. The bust painfully weighed her down, every movement caused it to heave rapidly up and down.

"One more time," she heard.

She wanted to say: "Yes, sir", but she didn't manage a word, and her lips only uttered a wild cry.

Bryan felt the girl's muscles tighten around his penis. He couldn't stand it any longer. A drop of his sweat landed on Joanna's back. He'd never climaxed so strongly before.

When he finished, the girl felt too exhausted to hold up her breasts any longer and she collapsed onto the floor, wet with sweat and sperm.



Harper was staring at Joanna's photos and felt that she was doing something bad. She didn't expect that ample buttocks and menstural breasts of her friend would impress her quite so much. Now that her bust was even bigger, every time she thought about her she felt arousal which was difficult to control. She fantasized about power that Bryan had over Joanna and it made her instantly wet and horny.

She was ashamed of these visions, but it only added more piquancy to them. Somewhere deep in her heart she wished she could be in her friend's place, totally dominated, transformed into a sex goddess, serving to satisfy her master's fantasies.

She lacked courage to undertake such drastic measures, she wasn't ready to subject her whole life to erotic dreams, however tempting that might seem.

She just wanted to see Joanna in person. Finally she managed to overcome her fear and select her phone number.



Bryan decided that Joanna was finally ready - the time came to subject her to the final test and find out if she'd decide to stay with him out of her own will.

He sent to the court the evidence indicating Joanna's innocence. Its analysis and the announcement of the verdict would probably take them a few months. He still had time.

He wanted Joanna to undergo one more procedure that he had fantasized about for some time. The operation might reduce her freedom of movement some more, and would additionally transform her into a fragile, sensitive creature.

He phoned the clinic to discuss some details. He had no idea that Joanna was standing just outside the door and could hear his every word. The woman froze when she heard who Bryan was talking to. She tried to understand what exact procedure he had in mind.

"...so that she wouldn't be able to wear any shoes but stilettos," said the man.

A moment of silence.

"I understand that the procedure is irreversible and I'm aware of the consequences. I realize that it'll drastically change her life and I treat this very seriously," he added in a slightly impatient voice.

Joanna closed her eyes and clenched her fists.

"The skin is to become very sensitive to touch and delicate."

Again a short pause, during which someone on the other end of the line was talking.



“Yes, of course, I’ll immediately purchase special footwear and cosmetic products as well. Please arrange the nearest available time slot for her, this is rather urgent.”

Bryan finished his conversation and Joanna moved away from the door as silently as she could. She took off her shoes and looked at her naked feet – soon enough they’d undergo some mysterious procedure that’d change them once and for all.

They were on their way to the clinic and Joanna was begging Bryan to reveal what the procedure she was about to undergo entailed.

“It’s a series of treatments.” He explained. “They will be conducted gradually, which is why we’ll visit the Pink Bunny every couple of days.”

“But what will they exactly do to me, sir?”

“You’ll see.” Bryan smiled and stroked her thigh. “I want it to be a surprise for you.”

The procedure turned out to be easier on Joanna than previous operations, but for some time she was unable to walk, and the skin on her feet had to be massaged with a special cream twice daily. To her amazement, she found out that it had a relaxing and warming effect, so that after every application she experienced a sense of bliss. She noticed that her feet changed their shape, too: even when completely relaxed, her heel was raised higher than her toes, and the foot was arching forward. The skin became amazingly soft and delicate, like after a luxurious pedicure. Even the nails seemed more regular and well groomed. Joanna wondered which of these changes were intended and which would disappear after her recovery. She was irritated that she couldn’t walk normally. Bryan still didn’t want to reveal what these procedures involved, but she overheard a conversation which provided her with enough explanation. Her feet were to be profiled in such a way that they could only fit into high-heeled shoes and would be much more sensitive.

After several visits to the clinic, there was the recovery period. Joanna kept massaging the cream into her delicate skin. Her feet changed their shape to fit ideally into very high stilettos.

It took several months before she could put on her shoes for the first time. Inside, they had soft insoles whose fabric limited chafing and discomfort. When she stood up, she at once realized that stilettos had never been so comfortable before. They fitted her perfectly.





She took them off and attempted to take a few steps barefoot, walking on her toes. Although the floor under her feet was smooth, the weight of her body and the sensitivity of the skin caused her to feel some pain. She had an impression that slight unevenness of the flooring was like thorns or sharp stones. She understood what Bryan had in mind when he said that he wanted to turn her into a delicate princess.

From that time on, she had to wear high heels everywhere, which was sometimes extremely troublesome. Even during workouts she had to wear profiled, high-heeled shoes, custom-made especially for her. She couldn't take her shower barefoot, it was too painful.

She also discovered that touching her feet became more pleasurable than before. Applying cream and massaging them was an ecstatic, erotic experience.

Joanna stood in front of Bryan and listened to his every word. She was overwhelmed by what was to take place soon, again she'd be humiliated and exposed in front of someone she used to know before she moved to Bryan's house. It reminded her of the life she'd had before. She would hate to see the shocked, disbelieving faces of her friends.

Yet she preferred to submit to Bryan's will unthinkingly, she'd learned to draw peace from doing this.

"I'll be obedient, sir," she repeated. "I'll do whatever you order."

"If she wants you to get under the table and pretend to be a dog, you'll do that," Bryan was saying. "If she tells you to masturbate, you won't hesitate for an instant. You'll be absolutely submissive. You'll tell her of all your humiliations and procedures, if only she wants to listen to them. She is to think that you did it all willingly, that everything we're doing here excites you a lot."

Joanna reddened and lowered her eyes.

"Yes, sir," she said.

A few minutes later Harper stood in the doorway, and Joanna invited her inside.

Her friend seemed very jittery and she couldn't take her eyes off Joanna's figure.

“In reality they seem even bigger than in the photos,” she commented, pointing at Joanna’s breasts.

“We had to use the Pink Bunny technology to achieve this size safely,” explained Bryan. “Joanna wanted it very much and it took her hours to convince the doctors that this was what she wished.”

Harper bit on her lower lip and hesitated.

“I saw the photos of the girls from the Pink Bunny and I know some of them achieve really monstrous sizes.” Her voice trembled with excitement. “Do you think this is your target size?” she addressed Joanna. “Or will you want to undergo other surgeries?”



Joanna had an impression that there was less air in the room and she became dizzy. The very thought of subsequent procedures seemed completely surreal, her breasts would immobilize her for good.

“It all depends on Bryan,” she said. “He is the one to make decisions about my body, that’s how our relationship works. I gave myself fully into his hands and he is the only one who knows the answer to that.”

Harper seemed shocked but at the same time increasingly more fascinated.

“This is very courageous of you,” she said. “And very exciting.” She laughed nervously.

“You think so?” Bryan asked. “It excites you? Joanna’s total submission, the fact that at any given moment I can take control of her body and shape it the way I please...”

Harper felt a burning flush appear on her face, and pleasure was starting to throb between her thighs. Embarrassment and erotic arousal were competing to get the better of her. Her breath quickened and she knew that her efforts to hide her feelings were of no use.

She shrugged and smiled lightly.

“I imagine that it can be exciting in a way,” she whispered. “On the other hand, you subjected your whole existence to an erotic game with absolutely radical consequences.”

She fanned herself with her hand as she suddenly felt very hot.

“Bring us something to drink,” said Bryan.

“Yes, sir,” Joanna replied instantly.

In those high heels, in a fetishist outfit, with huge buttocks and gigantic breasts, it was difficult for her to move around. She had to take careful, small steps, and her breathing immediately quickened. Harper followed her with her gaze until she disappeared behind the kitchen door.

Joanna had problems even with such simple activities as pouring drinks into glasses. She had to keep her elbows wide apart so that there was enough room between them to accommodate her bust and watch out all the time so as not to knock anything down with it accidentally. Taking the glasses back to the living room required great effort and took a lot of time.

“Thank you,” said Harper, accepting the drink from her. “I’m sure it’s very difficult to live with such huge curves. You surely can’t dance the way you used to.”



“Joanna decided to sacrifice all of that, because the satisfaction from our erotic practices compensates all of this to her,” Bryan replied. “She can’t even drive, and when she leaves the house, she causes a real sensation.”

“But you can enter her body at any moment and do to her anything you please, realize every fantasy without any consequences,” said Harper. “I’ve never heard of such a level of control before. Can you feel everything then?” she asked Joanna.

“Yes, but I can’t do anything.”

“So when Rose has sex, you experience it simultaneously?”

“Exactly,” replied Joanna.

“And you really obey Bryan’s every order? I hear you address him as ‘sir’.” These last words Harper uttered in a strangely uncomfortable tone of voice.

She imagined herself in Joanna’s place and felt the shame which immediately started to turn into perverse pleasure. With some effort, she suppressed a sigh and smiled in the hope to cover her true emotions at least partly.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 09

“I do everything my master tells me,” Joanna replied.

“If you want to, I can demonstrate it to you.” Bryan turned to Harper.

“No, it’s not necessary, I’ll take your word for that.” She chuckled nervously.

“Kneel,” Bryan ordered.

Joanna immediately did his bidding and watched Bryan expectantly, ready for further instructions.

“Get up and stick out your buttocks,” he said.

The girl obediently did as she was told.

“You see,” said Bryan to Harper, who was quite shocked. “Completely submissive. She can even get excited when I order her to. I have total power over her. Joanna, show Harper the result of the last procedure,” he ordered.

The woman sat down and took off her shoes, and Harper saw her arched, beautifully profiled feet, made to wear high heels only.

“They are particularly sensitive and I can now wear only stilettos,” said Joanna. “The soles became so delicate that it hurts me when they directly touch the floor.”

Harper moaned and covered her mouth with her hand. She felt she was getting more horny, and her body reacted to everything she saw and heard with unexpected intensity.

“Give Joanna an order, she’ll listen to you,” Bryan encouraged her.

“No, I couldn’t,” Harper resisted. “It would be... Inappropriate.”

“Don’t be embarrassed,” he murmured. “I know you want it.”

“No, really.” Harper’s voice became unnatural and high-pitched.

“Would you like to be so submissive and dominated, too?” asked Bryan. “Admit it, Harper, it’s nothing wrong. You fantasize about somebody taking total control over you and changing your body into a sexy, provocative work of art.”

Bryan pointed at Harper’s feet, and Joanna knelt in front of her, took off her shoes and bent so low that her bust touched the floor. She licked her friend’s foot, and then, one by one, sucked her toes.

“Joanna, take off your stilettos,” ordered Bryan.

She moved away from Harper and did what she was told. Suddenly, she felt extremely vulnerable, without her shoes she couldn’t walk, unless on all fours, just like a dog.

Harper silently stared at the delicate feet and held out her hand towards them.

“May I touch them?” she asked quietly.

Joanna looked at her master questioningly.



Bryan nodded his approval and then looked while Harper was stroking Joanna's smooth feet with trembling fingers.

“They’re so soft,” sighed Harper. “Like little works of art. Does it feel nice?” she asked, gently massaging the sensitive skin.

Joanna nodded, tilted her head back and smiled.



Harper moved her mouth closer to the delicate, arched foot and with her wet tongue drew a line from the toes to the ankle. She repeated that several times and didn't even realize that she started to move her own hips rhythmically. She sucked each of Joanna's toes with her hot mouth, and then methodically licked the whole sole. She couldn't believe how delicate that foot was.

Joanna submitted to the warm pleasure spreading all over her body, closed her eyes and enjoyed the caresses. Her skin was so sensitive that she could feel every little stroke, even the slightest touch. Harper's excitement, her moans and sighs caused her to get increasingly excited, too. She wanted this moment to last forever. Joanna parted her lips, put her hand on her breast and started kneading it rhythmically.



Harper one more time realized what kind of power Bryan had over Joanna. Now she wasn't even able to walk freely, drive a car, go to a swimming pool, all of that because her master wanted *this*.

Harper gave a loud moan, she couldn't control herself any longer. She tilted her head back, squeezed her own breast, and then pushed her hand between her thighs.

"Now, take off your skirt" Bryan ordered.

His authoritative tone made Harper rise to the brink of orgasm. For a few seconds she hesitated, knowing that it was still possible to pull out.

"Get undressed, bitch," Bryan barked.

The girl quickly threw off her skirt. Her panties were completely soaked with wetness, her blouse was damp with sweat.

"You'll masturbate, looking at your friend," said Bryan. "Joanna, stand up."

As usual, she did what he'd told her to do – she slipped her damp, hot feet into her shoes and with some effort, holding up her heavy bust with her arm, she got up from the floor. She had difficulty comprehending what was happening right now. Harper was really excited by being submissive, she completely lost control over her own excitement. She was energetically pushing her fingers into her hot, swollen pussy and sighed with every movement. She looked at Joanna's monstrous breasts, at her prominent buttocks, plump lips and sexy shoes which hid those arching feet. Her fingers were completely wet, her face twisted in ecstasy.



Harper had never experienced something like that before. Joanna's perverse figure and her total submission triggered in her a desire that was stronger than she could have even imagined. Everything around her suddenly appeared more intense, every movement of her fingers brought ecstatic pleasure. She could hardly catch her breath, her heart was pounding crazily, she wanted this never to end. She was like in a trance, completely separated from her former life, fascinated with the present moment.

“And now you’ll come for me,” Bryan ordered. “As hard as never before.”

Harper felt erotic tension culminate, concentrate in her stomach and thighs and explode with the power that scared her. Her muscles contracted harder than ever and the ecstasy was unbearable, but she wasn’t able to fight it. The orgasm happened and lasted, not losing any of its strength, and she wriggled and cried, until she was completely exhausted.

Joanna covered her mouth with her hand, opened her eyes wide and watched her friend panting heavily and resting after the experience that might have been the strongest orgasm of her life.

Bryan came up to Harper and stroked her hair, dampened by sweat.

“Good girl,” he praised her and smiled.

Harper opened her eyes and looked around her. Her face was terrified, as if only now was she realizing what had actually happened. She started putting on her clothes and checking her hairdo nervously.

“I’m sorry,” she sighed. “How could that happen?” she asked, as if she was asking herself. “I’m sorry.”

She grabbed her bag and run away without saying goodbye.

Several months later Joanna received a letter from court, informing her that the inquiry was reopened with regard to the new evidence material. Bryan knew that he should show it to Joanna, but he didn't want to inform her about it all just yet.

He needed some more time.

Rose was walking the town streets and wondering what to do with the rest of her day. People around her kept getting interested in her, and somebody even recognized her from her Internet profiles. She was gradually becoming something of a celebrity.

She winked at a woman who was coming from the opposite direction and staring at the tattoo in her cleavage. The stranger smiled broadly and after a moment's hesitation asked her a couple of questions about her body.

Rose wondered whether she should record a clip illustrating her life, in which she would explain what is it like to have such curves. A lot of people might find it interesting. She could talk about how hard it was to walk all day in stilettos, carrying these gigantic buttock implants and a huge bust. She would surely mention how much pleasure it all gave her.





She notices a spa sign and turned that way.

When she went inside, the receptionist made a fascinated and surprised face, which she tried to mask with a smile a second later. Rose told the girl about the changes to her feet, and the receptionist froze for a moment. She kept glancing at those perversely huge breasts, the tattoo in the cleavage and plump lips, although she tried her best to behave professionally. She informed Rose that she'd talk to the masseuse about services which they might offer her.

A few minutes later Rose was sitting in a comfortable chair and a young woman was delicately pressing her feet which hurt after the whole day of walking. The touch of her expert hands gave Rose pleasure and relaxed her, her whole body was resting and calming down. She sighed a long sigh and gave in to the woman's efforts. She had an impression that every nerve in her feet was aroused, sending intense signals to the rest of the body. She felt an increasing erotic tension, a lazy pleasure, which she associated with a carefree summer day, hot and passionate. Her nipples hardened, her womanhood got warmer and wetter, Joanna seemed to smell the scent of her own excitement. She closed her eyes and floated in the world of her own fantasies.



The masseuse asked her about procedures which Rose underwent, and she told her about them all readily. Even just talking about it made her excited, and the girl's incredulous stare only magnified that sensation. She remembered Harper licking her feet and getting excited by their transformation.

At the end the girl massaged a fragrant oil into the skin and invited Rose to come back for another visit.

“Such feet require particular care,” she said. “They're very delicate and tender, so it's easy to overstrain them.”

Rose left the spa relaxed, but also excited, just as after waking up from an erotic dream. As if out of their own volition, her legs took her to the clinic where she underwent most of her procedures. She remembered Joanna's body from before her operations – slim and completely average. She suddenly felt increasing excitement and had an impulse to go inside and ask for more nanotissue, so that her breasts and buttocks might become even more prominent.

Joanna hoped that Rose went to the clinic only by accident. She didn't even want to imagine what would happen if her body changed one more time, and she felt a surge of panic.

And just then someone called her by the name. She knew that voice, it was Harper.

Rose turned around, touched the wave of her shiny hair and smiled coquettishly.



“Harper!” she exclaimed happily. “You weren’t picking up the phone, I thought you disappeared without a trace!”

The girl nervously shifted her weight from foot to foot.

“Are you... Rose?” she asked.

“How did you know?”

“Your eyes,” Harper explained.

“I’m so tired,” said Rose, massaging the small of her back. “I was walking all day long, you can’t even imagine how exhausting it can be to move around with these additional pounds and in stilettos... I was just about to go back home.”

Harper's eyes brightened and one could see that she was considering something intensely.

"Can I walk you back?" she asked. "I might hold you up a bit."

"That'd be wonderful."

Rose leaned against Harper's arm, allowing the girl to take over a part of her weight.

"My muscles are becoming much stronger, but it still isn't easy," she admitted.

"I can imagine."

They reached the main street, followed by greedy and curious stares. There, Rose quickly caught a free cab.

Harper thought that she herself never had it that easy. Had she looked like Joanna... She suppressed that fantasy at once, because she felt she was getting excited again. The memory of their last meeting, when she completely lost her self-control, was coming back in dreams every night and she kept thinking about phoning, but couldn't muster the courage. She only could watch Joanna's pictures online and was left with these wild fantasies about her, which always ended in a long session of masturbation.

Soon after the cab stopped in front of Bryan's house.

"Won't you come inside?" asked Rose.

Harper hesitated and the impatient driver cleared his throat.

"Maybe for a moment..." she said shyly.

When they both went inside, Rose gave Harper a piercing look.

“I know that you get very excited by my body and my relationship,” she started. “Don’t even try to protest! Recently you were so horny that you lost all inhibitions. I’m sure you thought about it every time you had sex or masturbated. You won’t forget it, Harper. You need strong sensations, you want someone to dominate you, treat you as a submissive bitch and give you orders. Why try to fight it?”

Harper crossed her arms on her chest and frowned.

“You know, I think I should be going now,” she said.

“I don’t think so.” Rose shook her head. “Now you’re going to undress me.”

Harper trembled, because there was an authoritative note in Rose’s voice, which made her immediately feel like sex. She approached the woman slowly, stroked her buttocks, took her breasts into her hands and kissed her on the lips. Her head was spinning, her body immediately got warmer. Common sense stopped to count at all and all that was left was desire.

“Very well,” said Rose. “Go on, I know you want to see me naked.”

Harper slowly and delicately took off the woman’s clothes, one piece after another. It wasn’t easy to peel the fabric off the gigantic buttocks and monstrous bust. After a couple of minutes, when Rose was wearing only her stilettos, Harper put her hands on Rose’s bust and started to massage it vigorously. Once more she was as excited as during that last meeting.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 09

Rose sat down on the bed – her breasts and buttocks were swinging sexily with her every movement. She spread her legs far apart, showing her pink womanhood.

“Now bring me to orgasm,” she ordered. “I know that deep in your heart you are just a submissive bitch who dreams of being used.”

Harper instinctively winced hearing the insulting words, but the desire she was experiencing was stronger than her shame. She placed herself between Rose’s legs and kissed her clitoris. She’d never done that with a woman before. Rose tasted so nice that Harper had to sigh with excitement.

Rose smiled and submitted to the girl’s efforts. She felt her tongue caressing the swelling labia and clit, and then move in deeper.

“You’ve got enthusiasm, but you lack experience,” she commented. “We can easily drill that. Besides, if your lips were larger, you’d surely give me much more pleasure. Would you like that?”

Harper felt a shudder of desire piercing her at the very thought that she might change her body solely for someone else’s pleasure. She didn’t know herself from that side, she had an impression that something new and wild woke up inside her.

She was sucking Rose’s increasingly wet pussy and moaning rhythmically. She felt like a bitch and it was making her even more excited. She squeezed her own nipple, and then started pushing her hand between her thighs.

“No!” Rose stopped her. “I haven’t allowed you to touch yourself! You are to be focused on my pleasure.”



Harper had to use all of her willpower to obey the order. Her pussy was throbbing so hard that it was becoming almost painful. She was wet, hot and she was dreaming of being touched. Spasms of pleasure were shaking her, but she couldn't reach fulfillment and with every minute it was becoming more difficult to bear.

Rose sighed, concentrated on the tongue which was penetrating her hole and imagined Harper's lips becoming bigger and bigger. She fantasized about the touch of plump, wet lips and felt her delight mount. She clenched her hands into fists, arched her back and enjoyed the spasm of ecstasy that shook her body.

“Can I touch myself now?” groaned Harper.

Rose smiled lazily, still dazed from her orgasm.

“Wow, aren’t you horny,” she commented. “No, you can’t. You must be totally wet, right?”

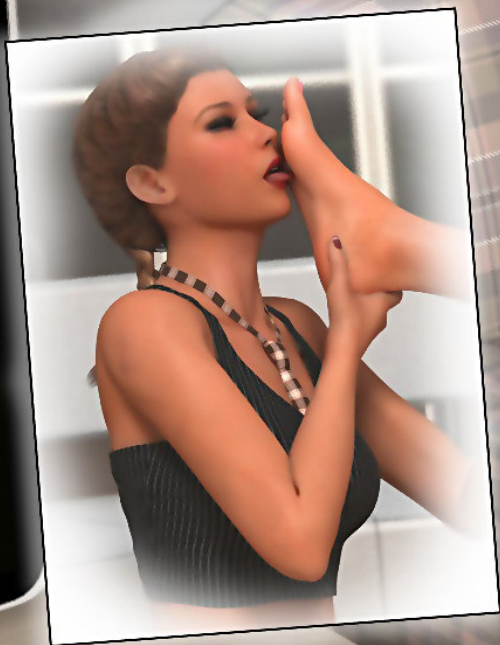
“Please, it’s unbearable,” the girl sighed.

“Go back home.” Rose waved her hand towards the door. “Than you can masturbate as much as you please, thinking about me.”

Harper moaned, disappointed, threw one last glance at Rose’s body, and left.

Rose smiled blissfully and imagined the ways in which she could use this girl’s enthusiasm.





That day Bryan got another letter. He couldn't wait any longer, although he wanted to very much. For a couple of minutes he held the paper in his hands, and finally he sighed and called for Joanna to come in.

A second later she appeared in the living room, looking at him expectantly.

"Sit down," he ordered.

He looked at her very closely, as if he was looking for something in her face.

Joanna noticed a touch of strange melancholy in his stare.

"For the last couple of years your life has changed completely," he said. "You were sentenced for murder, you ended up with me, and I... I tried to make you truly mine. I wanted you to belong to me, and only to me, submissive, obedient, sexy."

Joanna tilted her head to the side and frowned, because he hadn't spoken to her like that for months. He only gave her orders and she obeyed them.

"Your body changed beyond recognition, your lips became large and plump, buttocks prominent and bust so gigantic that we had to use the Pink Bunny technology. You got piercings and a tattoo, though you were so very much afraid of needles. Your feet were transformed in such a way that they only fit into high-heeled shoes. You performed all my orders without hesitation, you humiliated yourself in front of your friends and strangers. The chip in your neck allows me to use your body whenever I feel like it, it's the highest level of control imaginable."

He showed her a photo from the times they used to be a couple.

“Do you still remember that person, Joanna? Do you remember who you used to be?”

The girl clenched her fist so that no one could see her hands shaking.

“Yes, sir, I remember,” she said.

Bryan sighed and put a document in front of her.

“You got a message from court.”

Joanna held her breath. Did they want to send her back to the Pink Bunny?

“Some new evidence surfaced in your case, indicating the guilt of other suspects.”

The girl narrowed her eyes, as if she tried to comprehend his words.

“Do you understand, what that means?” he asked.

Joanna didn't reply.

“You were acquitted.”

“Yes, sir.”

Bryan leaned against the back of the chair and rubbed his temples with his fingers.

“You were acquitted, you don’t need to address me like that anymore. You can leave at any time now,” he said. “You can also stay, if you wish. The decision is yours.”

“The decision is mine,” she repeated.

She had had no right to make decisions for such a long time that she almost forgot what it felt like.

“What am I to do, sir?” she asked.

“Joanna!” Bryan got annoyed. “Focus.”

He was irritated, yet at the same time her submissiveness excited him immensely.

“I don’t know,” he sighed. “Only you can know it. Do you want to stay, or to leave?”

Joanna hesitated. The only thing that was coming to her mind was: I’ll do whatever you desire, sir, but she felt that this wasn’t the correct answer.

“I’ll give you time to think about it,” he said. “You may leave now.”



ARCHIVE: PHASE 09

Joanna found it difficult even to imagine that she could be free. She got so immersed in the role of a submissive, meek woman that performs all orders given to her that she couldn't shake off its influence. Independent thinking itself made her afraid, as if Bryan could find out about them and punish her for them. If he could take control over her body, maybe he could enter her mind as well? Thoughtfully, she touched the chip on her neck, a symbol of her slavery.

With time her thoughts became clearer. Slowly, bit by bit, her old personality was coming back, and together with it came rage and terror.

Bryan wasn't forcing her to anything anymore, yet he kept following her around with a lustful gaze. She knew that now it was her who was beginning to have control over him.

How could she leave? What kind of life waited for her outside his home? Every time she thought about it, she felt only fear.

Bryan observed how this old personality was waking up in Joanna – self-assured, decisive and proud. He hadn't seen that in her for such a long time, he got so used to that submissive and dominated bimbo, into which he transformed her.

He saw how difficult those breasts made her life, she was surely thinking of what would happen to her if she decided to leave him.

He hoped she wouldn't, after all, she had once loved him. Would she make the same mistake again?

“Wow, those balloons!” A drunken man shouted. “Look how gigantic they are!”

Joanna showed him a finger, but he only laughed and didn't stop staring at her.

She had decided to take a risk – she left Bryan and tried to live on her own. When she was leaving, she could see disappointment in his eyes, but apart from that, there was something else there, something she completely didn't expect and had probably never seen there before: respect.

Thankfully, she received a significant compensation for the damage done to her. There was enough money to start with, but not enough for her to live on it forever. She had to find a job.

She wasn't going to contact her old friends, there had been enough humiliation in relation to them. Making new friendships wasn't easy, because everywhere she went, people paid attention only to her incredible figure. Everybody perceived her only as a sexual object, men got exciter at the very sight of her and she couldn't have a normal conversation with any of them. They stared at her body as if they were hypnotized and only wanted to be able to touch her and use that extraordinary, sexy body.

Looking for a job was quite a challenge. Even if her resume was approved, as soon as she came to the interview, the sight of her body was causing shock and excitement. HR employees paled, stuttered and tried to hide their shock. A couple of men felt free to make some vulgar remarks, it was suggested to her that she should seek employment as an erotic dancer, porn actress or prostitute. Joanna had no intention to take up any of these professions, it was enough for her that she had spent a few years as Bryan's private whore.

In the end she found a job in a striptease club, as a bartender. She often got bigger tips than the girls wriggling by the dancing pole or performing private shows. Thanks to her, the club soon became famous. The guests looked at her with rapture, as if she was a work of art. She quite enjoyed these admiring sighs and lustful stares. She knew those men were ready to do anything for her. Other women had to smile, dance at the pole or strip, while her? It was enough that she stood behind the bar, she drew all attention to herself anyway.





Joanna was beginning to get used to her new life. She started thinking of herself as someone special. She looked so unusual that people sometimes wanted to take pictures with her.

Once she was able to dance, run, sleep on her stomach, wear a B cup bra bought in a sports shop on the corner. Now it was out of question. Almost every activity presented a challenge. She preferred to drive, so as to have that little bit of privacy, but driving was very difficult for her, her breasts were so gigantic that they limited the range of arm movements and she found it hard to grab the wheel comfortably. Pushing pedals in stilettos was also very inconvenient. She had to give it up, when she nearly caused an accident, not being able to turn the car fast enough. In the crowded public transport she caused real sensation. She took much more room than normal people, and other passengers squeezed her in the crowd and hurt her curves.

She knew she couldn't go back to dancing that she had loved so much in the past, but she wanted to be able to at least do some sports. Trying to get a well fitting bra and pants presented a huge challenge in itself and it soon became obvious that they will have to be custom-made. She ordered her shoes in the Pink Bunny, because they were the only ones that used insole fabric that was soft enough for her feet. She couldn't run and her visits to the gym caused shock and commotion among other clients. She understood them, she would probably react the same way at the sight of a woman who would try to have a workout in stilettos, whose buttocks would be so huge that they would barely fit the majority of machines, and whose bust would be so big that it would hinder doing any weightlifting.

Even the morning shower and getting dressed presented a challenge. She could hardly reach her feet, and putting on a blouse was related to draping huge tents of material onto herself and working hard to make it fit nicely around her chest.

Nothing was ever the same as before.

It had some advantages: with such an unearthly body, she had no problem attracting people's stares, she seduced and sometimes manipulated. Men couldn't pass her indifferently. She enjoyed their sometimes awkward reactions, their efforts to hide their excitement. Some were talking nonsense, others became dumbstruck. She thought it was charming and she relished having that power over them.

Sometimes she felt like Bryan taking control over her again, giving an order she wouldn't be able to refuse. It used to simplify so many things when she didn't have to worry about anything, because she knew that she had just one task, and if she performed it well, everything would be all right in the end.



Before & After





Harper's hand was trembling when she pressed the bell at the door of Bryan's house.

He gestured for her to come inside.

"You've enlarged your lips," he commented.

Harper enthusiastically nodded her head.

"Rose suggested that to me," she said and blushed.

She thought that what she was planning to do now was completely crazy. She could still leave, call everything off. She hesitated a few seconds, biting her lower lip.

"I know Joanna left," she whispered. "I'd like to..." She closed her eyes and fought to stop her body from trembling all over. "I'd like to take her place."

Bryan raised his eyebrows and looked her up and down with curiosity.

"Do you want me to turn you into a submissive, dominated bitch?" he asked.

His words made her breathless.

"Yes," she replied.

“Do you fantasize about performing my every order, even if it’s humiliating?”

Harper nodded.

“And you want me to take power over what your body looks like, to decide about its shape, subject it to improvements and transform it according to my wishes?”

Again, she confirmed. She was feeling more and more excited.

“You saw how much Joanna changed,” he continued. “From an independent, average girl she transformed into a sexy, dominated bitch with a body so perverse that it was impossible for her to function normally anymore. Tasks which I gave her stripped her of all dignity, changed her psyche forever.

“I understand,” Harper replied.

“This is not a game,” Bryan warned her. “It’s normal to get excited by such fantasies, but a decision to turn these fantasies into reality is a very serious thing. Everything will revolve around my fulfillment, my needs, and you will have to adjust. You’ll never wear a size S thong, nor B cup bras. You’ll never be an average girl, your friends will look down on you, or will see you solely as an object of desire. You’ll become a goddess of sex, my personal toy. Are you really ready for that?”

“Yes,” she said.

“In that case, you should address me as ‘sir,’” he reproached her.

“Yes, sir,” she said in a shaky voice.

One evening Bryan came to the club in which Joanna worked. She was so shocked, that she nearly dropped a glass that she was holding in her hands. Suddenly she felt an overwhelming desire for him to give her another task that she would be able complete without thinking, without caring about the consequences, in the hope that he thought about everything.

“What are you doing here?” she hissed.

She impulsively touched a place where her chip used to be, and held her breath.

“Relax,” he said and raised his hands in a defiant gesture. “I just wanted to... see how you were doing.”

“See how I’m doing!” she exclaimed. “Hmm, let me see... That’s the only relatively normal job I could get, no one, apart from adult movies producers, wanted to employ me. I had to convince the real property agent that I didn’t run away from the Pink Bunny and that I wasn’t a prostitute. When I’m on my way home, guys offer me money for sex. Recently, a teenager came into his pants, I think, just looking at me. If I wear a low-cut top, everyone sees my offensive tattoo,” she sighed. “When I sit at a desk, I have to move my keyboard away from me, otherwise there’s not enough space there for my breasts. I get tired easily, because my bust weighs thirty three pounds, and I have to wear stilettos all the time, which isn’t too comfortable. Lately, I had to rest a couple of times on my way to the shops. Oh, have I already mentioned that driving is out of question? And that at a supermarket everyone, literally everyone stared at me? Do I need to go on?”



Bryan said nothing.

“Will you pour me a drink?”

“If you ask me nicely enough,” she replied, her eyes glistening dangerously.

The man smiled a crooked smile.

“I’d be very grateful, if you serve me a beer,” he said and looked at her questioningly.

Joanna stared at him for a moment, and then gave him the bottle.

A little while later, a woman appeared behind Brian’s back. She was dressed in such a provocative manner that Joanna thought she was one of the new club dancers. Only a few seconds later she realized who she was looking at. She held her breath and watched the woman, she couldn’t believe her own eyes.

“Harper?” she asked. “What happened?”

“Harper lives with me now,” explained Bryan. “She wanted it herself, really. You’ve no idea how much it excites her, she is a born submissive one.”

The girl’s upper lip was so full that it nearly touched her nose. Joanna’s body remembered how Harper caressed her womanhood and she felt a sudden pleasure.

“My master decided that I’d undergo a couple of procedures,” said Harper. “At the beginning it was difficult for me to speak, because my lips became so full, and later I had to do other things for him...” She hesitated and blushed.



“Harper, tell her, what you had to do,” Bryan urged her.

“This is not necessary ,” Joanna interrupted them. “I can imagine that.”

“I served all of his friends with my lips,” said Harper. “They liked my new lips very much, but they complained about my figure, so I enlarged my breasts.” She pointed to her bust.

“Are you doing that to yet another woman?” Joanna was outraged.

“It excites me very much,” said Harper . “I’m really fulfilled in this role.”

“Can’t you see that she gets turned on just talking about that?” Bryan asked. “You’re already wet, eh?” He turned to Harper.

“Yes, sir,” she replied. “May I go to the restroom and masturbate, thinking of you?”

“Not just yet.”

Bryan stroked her buttocks, and later pushed his hand between her legs, which made the girl moan with ecstasy. The man looked at the palm of his hand.



“You’re wet,” he commented. “Lick it,” he ordered.

Harper obediently cleaned his fingers with her tongue.

Joanna was disgusted, but at the same time she felt a pang of envy. She didn’t want to be in Harper’s place, but it hurt her that Bryan replaced her with someone.

“The master says that my tits will be really gigantic, even bigger than yours,” Harper said. “What I have here is just a beginning,” she said and squeezed her breasts.

“She behaves like a true bitch,” boasted Bryan. “She eats from a bowl set on the floor, likes being put on a leash, opens her wet holes to everyone I point out to her. Recently, when we went to a sex shop, she picked up her toys and outfits herself and told the shop assistant what she was going to do with them, and later offered to give him a blowjob. Sometimes she’s difficult to contain.”

“And then my master punishes me,” sighed Harper.

“Right.” Bryan stroke her hair. “Sometimes I have to make her get her act together.”

“I really don’t feel like listening to that,” Joanna winced.

“I only wish they wanted to implant me with a chip like yours,” Harper whined.

“This is the Pink Bunny technology, it’s not available commercially,” said Bryan.

Harper was looking around the club, hungry-eyed. Naked bodies wriggling around the dancing poles fired up her imagination.

“Dance for us,” Bryan ordered and pointed at a pole on a stage.

“Yes, sir,” said Harper.

Without a moment's hesitation she climbed the stage and started dancing around it, smiling coquettishly at everybody around and taking off her clothes, one by one. One of the security workers wanted to come go up to her, but he was stopped by his boss.



Joanna looked in shock at Harper getting naked. Then the girl started wriggling on the floor, sticking out her buttocks and massaging her breasts. Her movements were so sexy that Joanna started to get horny in spite of herself, though she was used to seeing many girls perform every day. Harper was behaving in such an authentic way, and her enthusiasm left no room for doubt: she felt fantastic on stage and was herself very much turned on.

Harper was touching herself in an increasingly daring way, and finally she spread her legs and started caressing her wet pussy in front of the whole room. Other strippers stopped working and stared at her, not knowing what to do.

Men were delighted, they were whistling and stretching their hands towards her, wanting to touch her.

“Would you like to use my hole?” Harper asked one of them. “Do you feel like quick, rough sex?”

The man smiled and nodded his head enthusiastically.

Bryan sighed and finished his beer in one gulp.

“I need to go,” he said to Joanna. “Harper went too far again. She’ll have to ask me for a long time to punish her the way she needs.”

Joanna nodded her head to him and then watched him lead the girl out of the club.

She touched the chip on her neck one more time. If Bryan took control over her again, everything would become much simpler.

Before & After



THE END

Thank you for reading!