

The Weight of Her Decisions

Part 2



Extreme breast expansion
Ass expansion
Extreme lips expansion
Enhanced sensitivity
Bimbofication
Sex addiction

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Writer: Szyla
Illustrator: Zych

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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



ARCHIVE: PHASE 06

“Where are your gorgeous babes?” one of the guests asked Franklin.

Franklin sighed and spread his hands helplessly.

“You know how it is” he chuckled. “They’ve been dressing up since morning and they’re not ready yet. They want to look their best.”

Several months had passed since Camilla’s last surgery, and yet her new body still amazed him. Sometimes he wondered how she managed to adapt. He knew it had to be a nuisance for her - sometimes she leaned against a desk or a cupboard to relieve her back. She complained frequently about the weight of her round implants or their capacious size, which heavily limited the range of movements. Janet would comfort Camilla every time and assure her that she would always be there to help her adjust to her new body. Camilla would frequently complain about something else, too. Franklin smiled subconsciously, remembering every time she’d blush whenever she mentioned the situation to him.

I can’t control it, she’d say in a fragile voice. I need sex. All the time...

Janet was ready to satisfy her princess at any time of the day or night.

Franklin was proud of Camilla's metamorphosis. It excited him when people followed her with their eyes – their shocked and outraged expressions barely masking an unspoken desire. No one had a girlfriend that looked like her. Such a treasure was not allowed to be kept secret. It would not be right. That is why he decided to give a party.

Franklin did not want to invite too many people. He wanted an intimate and exclusive atmosphere for the elite. The news about Camilla's new enhancements would immediately spread around anyway, no doubt about that.

He did not remember why he had decided that the main attraction should be a small tennis tournament. Maybe he wanted to see Camilla in her top and skirt, her breasts bouncing rhythmically as she hit the ball over the net.

“Excuse me, I'll check if they're ready” he said. “It's rude to keep us waiting so long.”

With that he headed towards the women's dressing room.

Janet has prepared several sets of outfits for me. I spent the entire morning squeezing into super tight tops with plunging necklines, short, pleated skirts or dresses clinging to my body like a second skin. All the clothes were, of course, designed and custom made for me - no regular size would fit my extraordinary figure. Janet does not lose enthusiasm when I try on new outfits and reminds me that I have to look special for Franklin to make him happy. Deep inside I agree with her. When we finally manage to choose an outfit, Janet takes care of my make-up. She puts lipstick on my plump lips. The color emphasizes their size even more. I feel a make-up brush caress my sensitive lips and my breathing momentarily accelerates. Janet's eyes brighten with pure lust.





ARCHIVE: PHASE 02

"Funny. You're so horny. The guests will love you. I'm sure you'll make Franklin extremely proud and happy."

"I'm not horny" I lie.

The girl kisses me slowly and passionately. A sudden surge of desire takes over before I manage to react and my body submits to her tender touch.

Janet was inspired my looks and decided to perfect her own body, too. She underwent a lip-enhancement procedure and her lips are almost as plump and prominent as mine. She has also changed her wardrobe and hairstyle. She is still no match for my enhanced beauty, but I have to admit she looks so much sexier now.

She keeps on telling me she'll do everything for me, caress me in an even more intense fashion. Now that her lips have become full and oh so soft, she delivers pleasure so extreme it's beyond my wildest dreams.

Janet pays special attention to my most sensitive spots, touches me gently like no one else. I don't even like her and I have to admit I get irritated with her presence most of the time. However, the pleasure she gives is absolutely unparalleled.

Sometimes I wonder if she has true power over me or whether it is the other way around. I can see how excited she gets by my new looks. She constantly repeats that she loves fake plastic bimbos, enormous breasts filled with silicone implants and hot round buttocks. It was for me that she decided to enlarge her lips, although her previous features were completely natural. Perhaps she understood that someone like me requires special service. I wonder what lengths she would go to in order to bring me to ecstasy.

Janet places herself between my thighs and licks my pussy. Her tongue traces slow circles around my swollen clitoris and pleasures it exactly as I like it. I massage my huge breasts and ignore everything else as my groans grow louder. Janet's lips suck my clit rhythmically, her mouth driving me crazy.

She does not give me time to rest. My skin is damp with sweat and I barely catch my breath. I can almost see my muscles tremble. I feel my fingers slipping into my tight wet hole and open my eyes even more widely. I moan and do not recognize my own voice and try to control myself, but Janet knows my body too well. She expertly coaxes me to orgasm.

The movements of her skilled tongue become more and more intense and jerky, and I am pierced by violent, shock-like impulses of orgasmic ecstasy. Janet's slender fingers move rapidly inside my rosebud, the muscles again tighten rhythmically, giving me an unmatched delight. I lick my glossy lips and feel the taste of my own sweat. The sensation makes me roll my eyes as I moan, "Enough... I... can't... anymore... please... Janet..."



Skillfully her tongue slides between my labia, slithering across my sensitive, moist pink skin. I open my mouth and roll my eyes. My muscles tense, as if overtaken by the most fantastic fever. I know that in mere seconds I will reach a wonderful climax. I love how Janet knows my body...and I hate it at the same time.

The orgasm is overwhelming, so intense that I scream at the top of my voice and arch my enhanced sexy body.

Before & After



I barely notice when the door open and I see Franklin in the doorframe.

"Girls, what's going on in here?" he asks, quite angry, but also amused by what he sees. "Everybody's waiting for you downstairs."

As if on a cue, Janet moves away from me and gives him a bright smile. Her lips are shiny and wet from my sex juices.

"We're coming" her eyes turn to me. "Put your tiny thong on, babe."

"Give me a sec" I sigh. "Can't you see my legs are shaking?"

"You do realize, they're all waiting for us" she replies. "Didn't you say you were horny?"

Moments later I am on a tennis court and feel everyone's eyes glued to my shapely silhouette. I lean down and have to tighten my back muscles to remain balanced. The dress rides up to my upper thighs and I am almost positive the crowd can see my shapely ass cheeks.

I open my plump lips and lick their luscious curves. The touch of my tongue immediately brings another wave of desire. Janet has left me unsatisfied and all I can think of right now is her loving tongue between my legs. I can barely focus on the game. My opponent also seems distracted - he is staring at my breasts, unable to concentrate on anything else. I hear people chatting and I'm sure they are commenting on my appearance.



Camilla looked extremely sexy in her super tight tennis outfit. It was hugging her enhanced body like a glove. All the women were unable to take their eyes off this sexy beauty. None of them could believe what they were seeing.

"... and here I thought my cleavage was too deep for the party!" One of them sighed loudly. "I wonder how it feels..."

"You were saying?" another one asked her friend.

"... to be her" the first one managed to utter, her cheeks flushing red. "See how everybody looks at her? All they can think of when she's around is sex. Can you imagine how it feels? Isn't it arousing?" she chuckled. "Personally I couldn't find the courage to enhance myself so much, to undergo such extreme transformation. See how her tits move when she hits the ball."

"She bounces up and down, up and down." the second woman acknowledged, as she pointed to Camilla. "It's got to be pretty tedious. I have no idea how she can keep doing it. Her movements show that she was probably a very good player quite a while ago... but now... she is struggling to move around the court and her tits are bumping against the racket all the time."

"I see."

"I'm more curious about something else..." the woman lowered her voice. "What would it be like to fuck this doll?"

"You'd love to have sex with her?" her companion's lips parted as her frown grew.

"Why not? Just to grasp her large ass cheeks, fondle her nipples, squeeze those big fake tits... I could definitely get used to that."



I am leaving off the tennis court sweaty and even more excited. The thong kept rubbing my hot wet pussy all the time, and I could barely restrain the urge to touch it. Janet looks at me, as if she was expecting that. I hope they have not seen how wet my thighs and thong have become, and although it is very hard for me, I am afraid to sit down, because otherwise my sex juices will leave a visible stain on the dress.

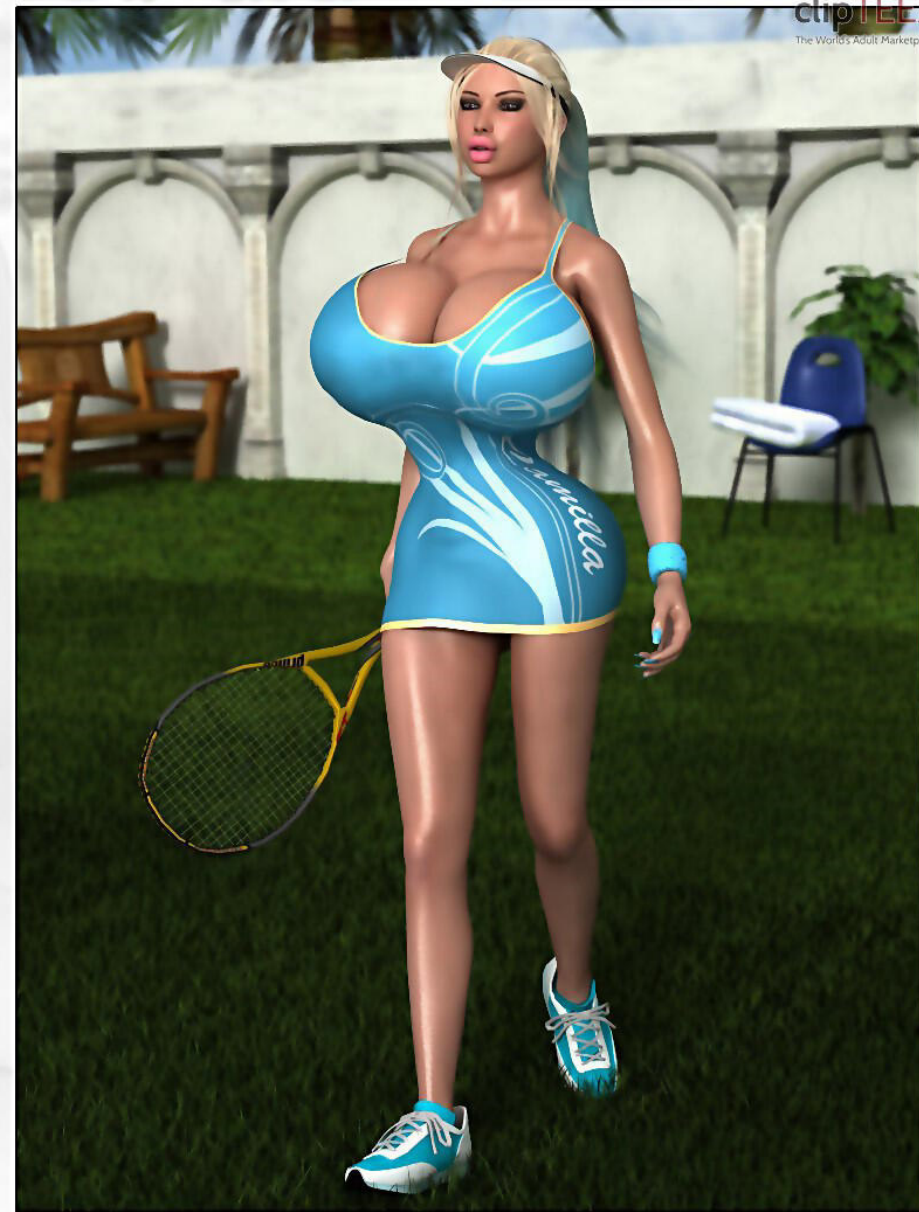
I approach a group of men - they are probably convinced that I have not heard what they were saying about me. Actually, I heard EVERYTHING. Each of them would like to sleep with me, grasp my narrow waist, embrace my huge fake breasts and see for himself how horny I am. They do not know for sure, but there is a rumor that my plump lips and pussy have been transformed so that even the slightest touch brings me extreme pleasure. All of them would like to discover if it's true.

I smile and bite my lip, which makes sends another jolt of pleasure through my body. I know that they have never seen such a sexy woman. Everyone is extremely excited now as a vision of my naked body plays in their minds like the sexiest porn video.

I greet the men and ask for a drink. As if on cue a few of them run to the bar hoping that the first one to give me the drink will receive a lusty reward. I have to hold back my laughter. It's so predictable, so cliché. All I have to do is to raise my finger and they'll do anything for me. I approach the one who seems the least excited by my presence, and when I casually put my hand on his shoulder, I see his cheeks flush. His glance slides down my neckline and comes to rest on my nipples throbbing under the top. The man swallows, and in a hoarse voice, asks if I want to go inside and relax a bit. He says I can lean on his arm as we walk. My body is so unique that it's probably hard to even walk.

I notice that his penis is hardening as evidenced by the bulge in his pants. I imagine him entering me violently, his cock filling me, hands squeezing my huge breasts, him screaming with sheer pleasure. I fantasize about how several men take me at the same time, sperm flowing down my thighs and face, my body glazed with sweat. The men fuck me all at once, while I...

It takes extreme effort to control my own desire. I approached the men, flirt a little, play with their lust. I do it for my own personal pleasure, but also to arouse Franklin and meet his expectations. Now I feel that I would gladly lead these throbbing cocks to the bedroom, satisfy them and feed my orgasmic passion. My rosebud pulsates rhythmically, blood rushing to my head, my skin sizzling... and it's not from the tennis game.



My lips open as I am about to agree to a quick sex when I see Janet and Franklin entering the house together. I frown, take my leave of the company of aroused men and follow the couple. In the house I hear Janet's voice echoing down the hall - it comes from the dining room. I glance through the door and see that she is talking to several women. To my surprise Franklin is not in the room with them.

"So ..." one of them chuckles. "Tell us your secret."

"There is no secret" Janet answers.

"Oh, please! I don't want to offend you, but ... how is it possible that Franklin... you know ... did not get more interested in Camilla, since her body is so extraordinary? You even encourage him to enhance and beautify this girl even more! I would probably go mad with jealousy if I were him!"

"We both love our princess" Janet replies with all honesty. "You have no idea how aroused I am because of that! Maybe it's Franklin who should be jealous?"

There is a ripple of laughter. Women do not give in and ask a woman about her secret. They are all already a bit tipsy.

"Okay, okay, if you really must know" Janet sighs. "It's about anal sex" she announces in a theatrical whisper. "No, don't laugh, really! He loves it! Me too. But Camilla ... she does not give him what he really wants. I know, it sounds..."

I'm running upstairs to the bedroom. I can't stand it any longer. Along the way, I meet Franklin, returning to his guests and without warning I throw myself at his neck. I kiss him passionately, and the pleasure is so great that I am on the verge of orgasm. My fingers wander between my thighs and slide along my soaked thong. I inhale the scent of perfume and sweat mixed with the smell of my pussy in heat.

"Please..." I moan. "It will only take a moment ... I can't hold it any longer!"

Franklin leads me to the bedroom, we strip in a hurry, and seconds later I feel his hardened member pushing against my tight, wet and extremely hot pussy.

"No!" I'm breathing hard and gathering all my willpower to resist temptation. "I want to feel you in my other sexhole."

"Really? You said you did not like it."

"I have never tried it before, but I want to do it with you. You love it, don't you?"



Franklin does not answer. Instead his penis moves higher, gradually sliding deep between my ass cheeks to invade my small sexhole. I clench my teeth when instead of pleasure I feel pain. I try to relax as I moan and clench the sheets.

"Are you okay?" Franklin asks.

"I love it. It feels so good."

As if on cue, Franklin pushes harder. I try to make my sighs and moans sound like ones of sheer excitement. Compared to caressing a sensitized pussy or lips, this experience and sensation is simply disappointing. Franklin strokes my buttocks and sighs, and his movements are getting faster and faster. He is so deep inside me that his testicles rub against my pussy. In addition to pain, I also feel pleasure, but it seems muffled somehow. My lover buries his nails into my round butt, and I scream and feel hot creamy juice pumping into me.

Before I turn to Franklin, I form my lips into a blissful smile. I see that his satisfaction is sincere. I realize with horror that the enhancement of my body have rendered natural sexual pleasure obsolete. They will never be able to give me orgasm.

Lately Janet has been spending less time with us in the bedroom, which I have to admit I'm quite happy. It's only now that I realize she was usually with us when Franklin and I had sex. She clearly loves watching us fuck each other. It excites her incredibly. Now there's only just the two of us.

I cannot stop thinking that it will end at some point. I really need to have some sort of advantage over Janet. How long will I be able to pretend that anal sex is my favorite way of reaching orgasm?

There's only one way to change it, though even thinking about it unnerves me.

Franklin slides his finger over my lips.

"It's so wonderful that a gentle touch can excite you so much" he whispers.

"You like that I'm so sensitive. My body has become a temple of pleasure."

He kisses me and I can barely catch my breath.

"You know... If this excites you..." I start.

"Yeah?"

"I've been thinking about perfecting my shapely ass."

Franklin opens his eyes wider and his hands start to tremble.

"Are you serious? You've said many times that the latest treatments were too radical - and now you're suggesting more?"

"I am excited by the fantasy... That I could become even sexier" I say as a wave of pleasure spreads across my body.

"Camilla, are you really considering this? Something so extreme? I cannot believe that..."

"If it's a matter of costs related to the procedure..."

"No! It's not about that. You know that." He seems a bit irritated.

I smile and give him a long and passionate kiss.

"I don't know what the doctors are going to say to that. It surely will be something very, very special" Franklin sighs.

His eyes brighten up and he licks his lips with visible excitement.

"I will do everything to make you happy" I whisper as my heart beats crazily.

Franklin strokes my bottom and gives it a few small slaps.

"I fantasized about your ass cheeks becoming even bigger, but after you struggled with the last treatments I did not have the courage to suggest another surgery. I can see it in my mind... you will look so sexy with such a tremendous ass!"

I remain breathless for a brief moment, unable to utter a single word. Suddenly, there is dryness in my mouth and black spots dancing in front of my eyes. It dawns on me what has just happened - Franklin thinks that I suggested enlarging the buttocks, while I meant sensitizing my other sexhole! How could I get out of this now? He is so excited that I'm afraid to clarify what I meant.

"How big do you want them to be?" he asks in a trembling voice.

"Oh ... I'm not sure. I don't know, maybe we'll think about it later..." I answer, trying to buy myself some time. "The most important thing is to make you happy."

I run my hand over his chest and reach deep down in his nether regions to distract him.

"They can become really gigantic. The miracles they do at Butterfly..." Franklin ignores my efforts. "You have slim legs and a narrow waist, so the butt will be even more emphasized."

I feel a sudden surge of panic and decide to stop his monologue.

"You know, I really wanted to ask you... What do you think about sensitizing my second hole?" Franklin looks at me shocked, his mouth agape.

"Camilla, I don't know what's happened to you today! Don't you think that's too much?"

I bite my plump lip and look away. To me it's far too much, but I see no other way out of this predicament.

"Do you think that's an exaggeration?" I ask him.

"Well ... You really surprised me..." He hesitated before continuing, "Do you remember how hard it was for you to get used to your sensitized lips and pussy? You wanted sex all the time and you complained that it dominated your whole life."

"So you think that it makes no sense to undergo this procedure?" I say and feel relieved.

Franklin slowly shakes his head.



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"This is an extremely radical decision" he answers. "But now... you like anal sex so much, you don't want to be fucked in any other way! The treatment will make the pleasure even greater! I don't know how you're going to handle it."

"I'm sure I'll get used to it with time" I smile. "You know, at first it can be really hard, but it's so exciting, right?" I reason with him, although I'm not sure if it's a good idea.

"Camilla, I don't know what the doctors will say" before falling silent again. "They may not want to carry out such a radical treatment. They warned us that sensitizing more areas could lead to sexual addiction. You don't want your whole life to be penetration of your sexy ass hole. We both know there is a risk that this will happen. You will not be able to control yourself. Everything else will become insignificant for you. You surely understand that you should think carefully before you make any decision."

I squeeze my eyes shut and take a deep breath.

"Just think how exciting it is!" I reply. "Taking the risk of constant craving for sex just to be even more attractive. Aren't you aroused?"

"Very much so," Franklin moans and squeezes my bottom, then slides his fingers between my buttocks. "Your butt will become tremendous and incredibly sexy, and your asshole will be so sensitive that sex will drive you crazy."

I blush and feel tears coming to my eyes. I hoped he understood! I do not want my ass to be even bigger! Apparently my attempts to make him forget the idea had a completely opposite effect.

Franklin caresses my body and tells me how the upcoming changes excite him. He slips his fingers into my hole and I moan and pretend I love it so much.

It is only when I am alone I become fully aware of what I have just done - not only have I persuaded Franklin to sensitize my butt, but I also agreed to have larger buttock implants. When I think about it now, I have no idea why I did not deny him. I hadn't even tried. Not at all! All that excitement and arousal in his eyes made me unable to utter a word.

I prefer not to think about the treatments I have to go through. Even bigger buttocks! It's so hard to imagine! How huge my clothes will be, how big and comfortable I'll need chairs to be... I'll probably become even clumsier and constantly forget that I have an even more capacious body than before. Should I say no? This is the last moment to fix it...



ARCHIVE: PHASE 06

Janet enters the room, beaming and full of energy.

"Your buttocks will become really gigantic" she says without any admission and claps her hands. "I cannot wait to play with your sensitized hole! We will spend all our free time in the bedroom, caressing you until you pass out. You will also need new clothes, because surely the ones you have now won't fit anymore. I will take care of everything. I have also arranged a visit to the clinic to discuss the details."

Her enthusiasm is overwhelming. She speaks quickly and breathes rapidly, her words melting into one another before turning into moans of pleasure.

"I can't stop thinking about it" she sighs.

She reaches up to her small breast, I see her aroused nipples. They stick up visibly beneath her clothes.

"Just imagine how sexy you'll look" Janet moans and begins to undress. "It makes me so horny..."

She begins to massage her pussy without taking his eyes off me.

"Please, tell me how big your buttocks will be, how sensitive your ass will become" she begs. "I want to hear it from you."

This very moment I decide to finally get rid of her from my life. If Franklin gets hard because of my subsequent treatments, I will undergo them so that I wouldn't have to face annoying, irritating and eternally horny Janet.

I tell her about the planned operations, fascinated by the effect my words have on her.

The thought that very soon she will regret what she has lost makes me smile.

Dr. Kent looks at me warily.

"Yes, it is possible... but are you sure about it?"

"I already have sensitized lips and vagina, why not do my anus too?"

"Well, after the last treatment you complained a lot about the difficulty controlling your libido especially at the beginning. Your enhanced areas gave you a hard time. What has happened to make you want to surrender to that again?"

The doctor looks at me carefully and rhythmically taps his fingers on the table.

"I find it extremely arousing" I confess after a while. "The pleasure is addictive. Makes me wanna have more" I blush and lean forward in the chair to put my elbows on the table, but my enhanced breasts take up too much space, so I finally give up.



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"After the last treatment you kept saying you didn't want to undergo any radical metamorphosis because your body had already been enhanced too much and you're unable to function normally."

"I did, but that was because the changes shocked me."

"Are you saying you've become accustomed to your shapes, to all the sensitized areas of your new body?"

"No, nothing like that. I doubt it's possible" I explain. "I moved beyond what's ordinary. Every day, every day, my new shapes make me aware of that. My lips and vagina do not allow me to forget about that for even a second. At the same time, my enhancements have grown on me. I adore them."

"Camilla" Dr. Kent shakes his head as he wrings his hands. "You must be absolutely convinced that you won't regret it. As I mentioned earlier, sensitizing your anus will result in much more intense sensations than those flowing from your lips and vagina. Increased blood flow in this area means that the enzymes will react somewhat differently to your tissue than in the previous treatments, and this will cause a much more intense, magnified effect. Do you understand that?"

I nod my head, even though his explanation is not clear to me at all.



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"We may expect another huge increase of your libido, incomparable to the previous ones. The tissue will become extremely sensitive to stimulation and you will not be able to ignore the signals flowing from your enhanced body. This is a very extreme change, especially considering how much we have already enhanced you. Are you ready to spend all day long thinking about satisfying your sexual desire? It will only grow even more. Are you sure you're ready for that?"

I sigh and nod.

"I will probably need the help of a sexologist, just like with the previous enhancement" I say. "But that's what I want. I'm ready."

"OK. If you're convinced that this is a good idea" the doctor sighs. "Just remember you were warned about the consequences. I think that you should sign the documents before the surgery to confirm that you understand what you're agreeing to."

Dr. Kent takes a small stack of papers from the desk's drawer. I read them briefly.

I understand and agree to undergo a procedure aimed at sensitizing my anal area. The clinic is not responsible for any excessive physical damage or mental addiction resulting from stimulation of enhanced areas.

I was informed about the consequences of the procedure, among other things, increased sensations associated with stimulation of private parts and anal sex. I acknowledge that the procedure will result in the risk of physical addiction to anal sex, and consequently the continuous repetition of this activity, loss of control over one's behavior, persistent thoughts about this type of stimulation, loss of interests other than this particular form of erotic gratification. Withdrawal symptoms may include: anxiety, aggression, feelings of emptiness and emotional numbness, difficulty concentrating, increased heart rate...



I scroll down the text and continue reading a bit further.

I understand that the procedure may trigger compulsive behavior, such as anal masturbation in public places...

"Really?" I ask surprised.

"As I mentioned, it is a very extreme transformation. These symptoms may or may not occur.

I understand that too frequent anal sexual activity may cause excessive stretching or straining of the muscles. There is a risk of a persistent feeling of confusion and distraction, difficulties with concentration, insomnia, as well as other psychological and physical ailments.

And so on.

I am surprised they want me to sign all of the statements, but I follow their requests without complaining. After all, I'm not going to sue them for the work I personally require. I know what I'm getting myself into. I sign the document.

"Excellent" Dr. Kent says, and takes the papers from my hands quickly as if afraid I would back out. "In that case, let's move on to the second issue - the implants."

The doctor turns around and takes something out of the cabinet.

For a few seconds I am oblivious to what I see. Only then I understand that these are my new implants, but I still do not fully realize that the transformation is really happening.



"... agreed with Mr. Finch," Dr. Kent continues." They were custom made, because this size is not available in production, which I pointed out to Mr. Finch. Both treatments should be performed at the same time, so as not to put the body under too much general anesthesia. Are you OK, Camilla?"

Without a word, I stare at the gigantic implants lying in front of me. Franklin did not discuss anything with me, only with the clinic. Anger and fear grow in me. Do I really want my buttocks to be so huge?

"I'm fine" I answer and try to smile. "Just a little surprised by their size."

The doctor frowns and looks at me closely.

"You've discussed it with Mr. Finch, haven't you?"

"Of course" I lie. "We've discussed everything, only the way they look in reality seems quite... shocking."

"Change at this stage would require additional time and costs. Manufacturing another pair in a different size, moving the date of the procedure... but of course the most important thing is to make you happy. There's no need to..."

Franklin would be furious if I backed out now. He was probably super excited when choosing these implants for me. I'm more than sure he wants my bottom more voluminous, since he decided to give me such unusual implants. What would it look like if I refused the procedure now?

"No!" I interrupt the doctor. "This size is perfect."

I am terrified, I want to run out and never return to the clinic. I can't believe that I agreed to such a thing.

I recall how petite my buttocks were before all the treatments. I wore tight jeans, I could run without feeling an additional, heavy weight on my bottom, and when I sat down I could feel bones rather than soft implants. Back then I dreamed of a more prominent, round bottom that would attract the gaze of men, I watched pictures of women endowed with fabulous buttocks, but never in my wildest dreams did I think that they would become as huge as they are now. They cause a lot of trouble and sometimes I would like them to be smaller. I prefer not to imagine how I will feel and look with a butt the size of the implants that are lying before me now. I've never seen anyone with buttocks of that size, especially on someone with slender long legs like mine. The contrast between how I looked a few years ago and my current - and future - shape is amazing.

Dr. Kent talks about how the treatment and recovery will look like, and I really try to focus on his words. I will have to stay longer in the clinic and it will obviously take longer to recover.

When I leave the office, my head hurts from the excess of thoughts, and my heart beats like crazy.



Dr. Kent dropped into his chair and stared at the door that closed behind Camilla. He had never carried out such radical treatments. He tried to suppress his doubts and remorse, reasoning that his client wanted the surgery and understood what it meant. After all, he had explained the consequences, risks and possible outcomes.

He thought about the sum Franklin Finch had transferred into the clinic's account and admitted to himself that it might have influenced his assessment of the situation. In addition, he needed a patient to finally perform a sensitization procedure on the anus. He would be a pioneer, as no one had ever done that before.

Did he really explain to Camilla that the chance of addiction to anal sex were extremely high? Did she understand it? Could anyone in their right mind fully agree to such a thing?

He knew that Camilla had almost zero chance of avoiding addiction. It would just happen with the girl likely to completely lose her temper. She will not think about anything other than anal sex, she will beg everyone around her to satisfy her.

The doctor imagined these scenes with an unpleasant twitch in his stomach: his patient dreaming lustfully about a hard butt fucking, ready to do anything to have someone fuck her hypersensitive sex hole, transformed into a nymphomaniac, in constant demand of deep penetration, losing any remnants of dignity and self-control. Over time, she will need more and more intense sensations, just like any other addict. Franklin's member will no longer be enough for her, she will try to slide bigger and bigger toys into the hole. It will hug and stretch around them incessantly in order to reach climax. What's worse, Janet will probably enjoy it and instead of stopping Camilla, she will encourage her to undergo experiment procedures once again.



The doctor sighed.

Even if she finally manages to regain some control over her own behavior, life will never be the way it was before. Once an addict you become an addict forever. There is a constant desire to fight. In times of intense tension, Camilla will feel the temptation to relieve herself in the simplest way, and this will probably end up with a few days of constant penetration of her hypersensitive fuckhole.

The doctor rubbed his eyelids as if to get rid of any doubts. After all, Camilla agreed to the procedure, signed the documents, and he had no right to judge her.

A few weeks later I know that all confidence, reasoning and everything I imagined did not make any sense. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. How could I have predicted that the change would be so radical?

After the surgery my buttocks resemble two round, bulging balls, very much in contrast with slender long legs and a tiny waist. The skin has not yet stretched and is very taut, but doctors have ensured me that it will adapt over time.

All the time I feel how gigantic my bum is now. I have to carry the extra weight of my new implants. I knew they would be big, but I did not think they would be so enormous!

Janet constantly ogles my butt with dreamy eyes and strokes them when I pass her. She repeats how I have become so unique and sexy and gets aroused when I try to put on my old outfits since they no longer cover my new enhanced figure.

"You are a masterpiece" she sighs and moves her hands over my curves, fascinated with my new body.





I don't think I will ever be able to get used to my new shapes. I still forget that my butt is so huge and sometimes when I turn around I topple various objects or bump into furniture.

I am glad that I do not have to go out alone. I cannot imagine coming back to my previous life with such an exceptional body. Everyone would pay attention solely to my physique. They'd all be enamoured with how amazing it is. I prefer not to think about how it would be take the subway or a bus, squeeze in among other passengers, buy food in the supermarket or clean my apartment. All those activities belong to the life that I left behind.

I'm afraid to touch my newly sensitized ass hole, because even the slightest contact makes my head spin and the idea that Franklin could penetrate it is terrifying, but extremely tempting. I don't know if I would be able to resist it.

Before & After



I avoid Franklin, which makes him lose interest in me. I enjoyed that so much before. Janet insists that I finally showed her what pleasure the newest transformation gives me.

"I want to see how my princess experiences even greater arousal" she encouraged. "Oh, Camilla, won't it be so erotic? After all, that's what you've had this enhancement for, right? Franklin and I cannot wait to see what it leads to. Don't tell me you're ashamed, you don't have to."

"I'm not ashamed" I replied. "It's just... I'm afraid that the pleasure will be too intense that I won't be able to stop it."



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

Janet suddenly blushed at these words, her eyes sparkling with desire.

"You've no idea how sexy it sounds" she said. "Afraid of the pleasure your body would give..." she shuddered and moaned softly.

Today Janet tries to persuade me to have sex again.

"Please, Camilla... I can't wait any longer. I know you want it too. Your body is a real treasure... it's exceptional... do not deprive us of the pleasure it gives. Every day Franklin tells me how much he wants to fuck you..."

"I... I don't know..." I hesitate.

"I promise that we'll be very, very careful. No need to hurry, you'll decide when you want to stop."

I nod, although I know that I won't be able to ask them to stop. If I'm overwhelmed with the intensity of my arousal, it will be too late.

Janet prepares me for the evening - she dresses me like a doll in a sexy, lustful outfit. She does my make-up and hair. I see that it brings her pleasure.

"You're my princess, Camilla" she whispers. "No need to worry about anything. I will remove all the obstacles in your path, because your only task is to look beautiful and experience wonderful pleasure. You're the queen of orgasms. My perfect bimbo."

Franklin smiles broadly when Janet tells him that I have finally agreed to sex. I kneel on the bed and spread my round buttocks. My waist seems even more narrow, since my breasts pull me down and I flex my arms and back muscles to support them. My skin gets warmer and sweaty. My favourite perfume permeates the air around me and I swear the only sounds I hear are our rapid breaths.

"Janet told me that you're afraid that the pleasure may be too much" Franklin breaks the silence. "You shouldn't be nervous, it won't hurt - quite the contrary."

"It'll be addictive like a drug..." I confess. "I'm afraid that when I try it once I'll never... I will never be able to stop."



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

Janet lets out a muffled moan, then puts on her long latex gloves. She touches my pussy... it's already wet. I close my eyes and feel her finger move up, her hands circling slowly, approaching my sexified anus.

"Relax" Franklin suggests. "Embrace the pleasure."

Janet gently slips the tip of her finger in my recently sensitized sexhole and I moan loudly with excitement as I arch my back. I feel a blush on my face. Everything is fuzzy and I barely register Franklin's satisfied face. The girl pushes deeper into my anus, her fingers travelling further and further into my horny core.

"Mmmhhh, pleeease, not... so... fast..." I moan.

I am very tender, Camilla" Janet stops, her hand still inside me. "You've no idea how sexy it is, touching you the way I do..."

Janet slid her finger between Camilla's buttocks very, very slowly, inch by inch. Her every move made the enhanced beauty wince with pleasure. She kept asking for a break every now and again, breathing heavily and trying to control her own intense lust. Her contracted muscles glistened with sweat, her eyes foggy. She writhed and screamed with every intense movement.

Janet had never seen anything so exciting before. She could not resist Camilla - with her other hand she reached for the doll's clitoris and started massaging her rhythmically.

Franklin watched the women with growing fascination. He had managed to create a perfect, touch-sensitive plastic doll that existed for pleasure only. What's more, she reveled in it. It excited him that such an amazing being belonged to him and everyone envied him. Camilla was like an exotic flower, frivolous, tender, delicate yet very beautiful and expensive. She needed constant attention, her body required nurturing and assistance, which made their whole relationship even more interesting.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

Camilla moaned loudly, rolled her eyes and tensed all of her muscles.

"Should I stop?" Janet asked quickly.

"Mmm, yeah..."

The girl obediently suspended caressing with her gloved hand.

"No, don't" Camilla sighed. "Why did you stop?"

"You told me to."

"Noo...I don't know... please... you can't stop... it's too wonderful."

Camilla was breathing hard and fast, she was hot and almost exhausted from the pleasure. Her body was shivering as if she had a fever and her wet sex-juices kept dripping down her vibrating thighs.

Janet smiled broadly, then slipped a second finger between her lover's huge buttocks. Camilla let out an inarticulate moan that broke off suddenly. She arched her body, thrust it forward and kept moving her hips, which made Janet's hand sink deeper into her enhanced lover's interior.





Janet had never seen anyone experience such an intense, uncontrolled and long orgasm before. Her bimbo princess screamed and writhed. Camilla had no power over her sweltering and rampant body. Her moans grew louder and more juices poured from her heated pussy, her doll skin glistening with sweat. Janet felt Camilla's muscles tighten on her gloved fingers - rhythmically and firmly. She intensified the movements of the other hand, massaged her own aroused clitoris and reached climax watching the doll writhing under her loving touch.

When Camilla finally eased off, it seemed she had lost consciousness. She was unable to move, her breathing very slow and steady. After a moment she opened her eyes and let out a small moan. However, she could not move, her whole body seemed very heavy, filled with emotion. She felt ecstatic bliss and weariness. She could not concentrate on anything. The world before her eyes blurred as if everything was covered with thick milky fog. She felt that she could stay like this for hours, resting in the bed, not caring about anything, barely registering reality.

Janet let her rest. She looked into Franklin's eyes. The man was watching Camilla with a slightly open mouth. Janet slowly stood up, approached him, knelt down and took his pulsating cock in his mouth.



Janet spends less and less time with us, and it looks like her relationship with Franklin has gone cold. I am convinced that I finally managed to reach my goal - I finally won. I'm just surprised that it lasted that long. When Janet and I stand next to each other, the contrast between our silhouettes is shocking and there is no doubt which one is sexier. Although she had her lips enhanced to become very plump and soft, that was no match to my metamorphosis.

I am pleased with the fact Janet's not here. Every evening, Franklin fucks me for hours. I have no competition - not anymore.

I feel relief and pride as I will no longer have to transform my body. My metamorphosis is so radical that no other woman will ever threaten me. I give Franklin everything he needs.

Funny how with time, I also discover the disadvantages of Janet's absence in the house. I miss the comfort and luxury I took for granted. Now I have to do everything myself, which obviously takes me much more time. I barely manage to dress and bathe. I even eat very carefully and slowly. No one will order tailor-made outfits, nor will they remind me about regular visits to the clinic. Ugh, I even have to do my hair and make-up myself.

What is more, there are other, more important issues at play... Franklin could easily hire someone to do all those things for me. I am more bothered by the lack of something else, and for a long time I do not want to admit it myself. Nobody touches me like Janet. I miss her plump lips fastened to my pussy giving me perfect pleasure, her latex gloved hands sliding between my buttocks in perfect sync with my enhanced body - exactly as I desire. Although sex with Franklin is very pleasant, I must admit it is simply not the same.

When I'm alone I masturbate fantasizing about Janet's lips and fingers, and after a while I hate myself for this weakness. After all I wanted to get rid of her! How can I miss her now?

And yet that's what I do... Sometimes I put on Janet's latex gloves and try to imitate her delightful movements. I imagine her aroused scent, the texture of her hot skin, the softness of her enlarged lips... My body craves more and more!





Janet returns a few weeks later. To my complete and utter surprise she is no longer the girl I remembered. I hold my breath. I'm thrilled to see her lips so huge and plump, bigger than mine. She decorated them with piercing and fantastic lip gloss. I feel a shiver of lust pass through me as I imagine those lips kissing my sensitized pussy.

"Did you miss me?" Janet asks and raises an eyebrow.

I follow her gaze and blush. There are latex gloves on the table - I caressed my sexholes looking at the gloves and forgot to hide them.

"How about you?" I reply. "Your lips will now be perfect for going down on me."

Janet smiles, then slowly puts out her tongue, now adorned with a stud. I sigh and my nipples press against my tight top.

"It's permanent makeup" Janet winks and then licks her new lips. "No smudges when I suck on your throbbing cunt."

My pussy instantly gets hot and wet. I do not think about how it happened that Janet suddenly appeared at home again, I just want her to fuck me, give me orgasm like no one else could.

Janet slowly puts on rubber gloves without taking her eyes off me. One nod of her head and I undress quickly, setting myself in a position that will allow her access to both of my hypersensitive sexholes.

"My princess is very horny" Janet licks her lips.

A moment later, I scream with pleasure, caressed by the woman I wanted to get rid of.

Before & After



Janet spent a lot of time learning Camilla's body. She was able to give her enhanced doll more and more pleasure. However, her princess's body was also slowly adjusting to the higher volumes of ecstatic pleasure. She was exhausted after orgasms and sometimes did not have enough strength for anything else.

In fact, Camilla did not think about anything but sex. Orgasmic bliss dominated her whole life, there was no room for anything else. Her mind felt foggy, her thoughts tangled, but the body was still excited and ready to experience more and more pleasure. She vaguely remembered that such a state, total dependence on sexual lust was what she had been afraid of the most. She could not even remember why it seemed so terrible back then.



Janet noticed that Camilla had learned to associate her favourite latex gloves with pleasure and the very sight of them, or the sound of putting them on, made the doll shiver and anticipate pleasure. That's why Janet put a pair of gloves for dinner - they were not latex, but their elegance was a perfect match for the woman's dress. Camilla had had to be persuaded for quite a long time to dress properly and join them for a meal as the woman had lost interest in everything that did not give her sexual gratification. She ate slowly and carefully, as if she had somehow forgotten how to do it, but Janet knew that the princess was trying to control the overwhelming pleasure of her plump, sensitive lips.

Franklin could not take his eyes off Camilla. The woman's breasts were positioned atop the table, the only way she could sit properly. What is more, her huge buttocks reached beyond the edges of the chair. Her tight waist seemed so delicate, small and fragile that it was almost unreal. Camilla's eyes remained unfocused; she was taking in her surroundings with sheer difficulty. Franklin noticed that Janet's gloves were the only thing Camilla's eyes concentrated on for long. The girl looked at them lustfully and carefully at the same time, before she would blush profusely or make a muffled moan.



Camilla's cheeks were turning pinker, her hands trembled slightly, she would close her eyes every now and then, trying to hide another sigh of visible arousal. She was squirming in her chair, biting her full sensitive lips and clenching her slender thighs.

"What's going on?" Franklin said noticing her behaviour. "Are you okay?"

"Uhh, nothing... I'm fine," she moaned, then rolled her eyes and moaned once again.

Franklin heard a soft buzz coming from Camilla's seat.

"What is this sound?" - He asked, furrowing his brows.

"Wha...? What... sound?" the girl closed her eyes and gripped the table top.

A cry of pleasure filled the dining room. Camilla parted her thighs and started rubbing her throbbing clit, while the other hand moved upwards and she swiftly slipped her slender fingers into her mouth. She shivered and her full breasts waved up and down, making her puffy nipples even more visible under her tight sexy outfit. After a while the room filled with the scent of excitement.

"Do you have a sex toy in your ass?" Janet asked.

Camilla, breathing heavily, leaned against the table, a blissful smile on her face.

"Yesss," she admitted. "You've no idea how wonderful it feelssss."



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

Janet has been massaging my gigantic tits for the last hour. She rubs and grips them, stroking them intensely, circling her fingers and pinching my swollen, pink nipples. I moan all the time and try to control my growing excitement. I want to be ready when Franklin arrives and I don't want to end up exhausted by orgasms before I see him.

Janet's face shines with excitement, her lips are slightly parted and wet.

"My perfect plastic princess," Janet whispers in my ear. "You know how I love to take care of you, right? How I am excited about all the treatments that you have subjected your body to become even more beautiful, to fully submit to sexual arousal."

I nod and moan, for the pleasure grows too fast. Janet senses this and for a moment her caresses cease as she moves away from me. Her eyes, however, remain fixed on my enhanced round tits.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

Janet felt that she was becoming more and more horny. She loved to touch Camilla, admire her perfect curves, tease her sensitive, tender areas and watch her bimbo princess writhe in complete pleasure.

There were new fantasies in her mind about how she could still improve the body of her infatuating plastic doll. She knew that the doctors were able to fill plastic doll's body with even more saline. The buttocks could be so huge that they would not fit into any chairs, and the breasts so heavy that Camilla wouldn't be able to move on her own. Janet would spend all the time satisfying her doll's ever-growing appetite for sex, and the princess would not have to worry about anything else.

She also fantasized about the next changes in her own appearance. Now that she had tried it herself, it dawned on her how addictive these metamorphoses can be. She wanted Camilla to experience even more pleasure with her and let everyone around know what her huge, pierced lips and frisky tongue were for. She imagined men who look at her and her princess, and obsessively fantasized about passionate sex.

"What's going on in here?" Franklin asks.

"I am preparing Camilla for you."

I am on the verge of orgasm, still unsatisfied, almost going mad with lust. I look at Franklin with lust and fire in my eyes and reach out my hand to him.

"Janet is massaging my tits" I explain.

The man is lost in thought, his hands on his chest.

"Please, don't make me wait any longer," I say and spread my legs wider. "I can't wait now. I need it."

"You know, I recently visited Butterfly Clinic," he finally replies.

"Ummmmhh, really?" I moan. "Do you want them to teach me to better control my libido? My sexologist said..."

Franklin shakes his head.

"No... See, they told me about some new experimental technology."

I stop breathing for a few seconds, try to focus and look at Franklin expectantly.

"They have these new, very advanced breast implants," he starts. "Since they've just been introduced to the market, and are very expensive, so far only few women in the world have decided to have them. All these lucky ladies are extremely satisfied with the effects of the surgery. Their implants exceeded their wildest expectations, so much they are in love with their enhanced breasts."

Janet stares at Franklin as if hypnotized, her hands sliding over her slim body.

"Extreme G series implants." Franklin informs both women.

"Oh!" Janet raises her hand to her thick lips.

The girl's hand moves faster and faster between her thighs, her swollen nipples are pink and hard and the blush on her cheeks becomes darker and darker with every second.

"Our princess will have Extreme G implants?" Janet gasps. "I can't believe it, I didn't know they've already left the testing phase! Oh, it's wonderful news Franklin...I can't do it anymore, I can't..." Janet's voice breaks down and the words turn into passionate moans.

Her body is trembling, shaken by orgasm, I hear her mumble something that sounds like Extreme G again and again.

Franklin comes closer, grabs my voluptuous tits and starts massaging them. His hands move rhythmically over my heated, sticky skin. I close my eyes and give in to the all-encompassing pleasure. He kisses my rosy lips; I sense his familiar, exciting smell. Franklin whispers in my ear, his hand going lower and lower, travelling down my flat sexy belly, to my lustful pulsating clit. He talks about what he heard in the clinic. Nimble fingers rub my wet pussy walls. I scream and tremble when pleasure pierces my enhanced doll body. I barely understand his words, they sound so fantastic, so intoxicating. His fingers explore deeper, they caress me inside.

"Does the procedure really exist?" I ask, my voice shaking with the most wonderful excitement. This is the most radical, amazing thing I've ever heard of.

My lover assures me that the procedure is true.

"You would be one of few women in the world perfected like that. You've no idea how excited I am when I think you could be transformed this way."



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07



ARCHIVE: PHASE 07

His fingers slip even deeper inside my heated sexy flower. The shock caused by his words seems to slightly delay my orgasm. My head is spinning. I have no idea what to think about that. Does he really think I could undergo such an extreme surgery? I know they can do miracles at Butterfly Clinic and change women into plastic dolls in hundreds of ways, but are they really going to try them all on my body?!

"I wouldn't be able to stop thinking about you," Franklin murmurs excited. "Imagine your life after such an extreme metamorphosis. Nobody, I mean absolutely nobody, could match your sexiness."

The orgasm grows in me and shakes my whole body. In my mind I see myself after the procedure, my body changed and enhanced once again and I feel the waves of pleasure spreading from my pulsating surgically modified pussy. A wave of excitement takes over me... I could become a goddess, infatuating, perfect woman, superior and sexually divine. A living fantasy, addictive and beautiful. Orgasmic.

I let out a loud moan and look at Franklin's excited face. I can see how much he wants it.

I need extra time to compose myself after the orgasm slowly yet reluctantly leaves my sexified body. Its power makes me feel light and a bit sluggish at the same time. I am unable to move, I breathe heavily, struggling not to faint - my fantastic orgasm was very exhausting and stupefying and I know that I'll have to rest long before I fully recover. My muscles are sore and tired and my mind is running away, exertion and emotions wrapping around me like some sort of warm blanket.

I am obsessively thinking about Extreme G implants. The vision seems completely crazy and unreal, as if it could not really happen. So crazy that at times I completely reject this idea. How could I do something like that to my body? It is absolutely unreasonable, especially considering my previous experience - difficulties in moving, problems with outfits or everyday activities - not to mention excessive fatigue caused by additional weight. All this changed my life forever, how could I consider the next transformation?

And yet, that's what I'm doing. I remember the look on Franklin's face when he told me about the implants. I can hear his excited whisper, the lust in his voice... his eyes glittering with arousal. After all, I've gone this far, why would I stop now? Haven't I achieved the status I've always dreamed of?

"I need to make sure once again that you fully understand what the procedure is all about" Anastasia says carefully.

"You've already explained it a few times..." I sigh.

"Yes, but still, you seem..., hmmm, uncertain. You see, Camilla, this is the most radical product from our offer. I want you to know what you've signed up for."

"It's about new breast implants." I say. "They will not be saline. Instead, they will be filled with a special liquid, a neuro-active gel that replicates and enriches nerve connections and transmits impulses to the actual nervous system, so that massaging them will be an extreme pleasure.

I hesitate for a moment - I understood what the doctor had told me, but some part of me still cannot believe that this is really happening.

"In six months, the gel and your new implants will fully integrate with the body, since they adapt to and connect with female physique," Janet provides me with even more detail. She insisted on accompanying me while visiting the clinic. "During that period the gel absorbs water and... as a result the new implants grow gradually. Massaging speeds up the process and makes the breasts grow rapidly.

She seems extremely excited about her own words. I notice she keeps squirming impatiently in the chair and plays with a strand of hair all the time while we're discussing my changes.

"So I will want to drink a lot and maybe I'll have to supplement the diet with vitamins and minerals," I say.

"Exactly!" The doctor smiles. "Five minute treatments each day should provide a gradual increase, which will give the skin proper time to stretch and adjust."

"How big will my breasts grow?"

"It's difficult to assess right now," Anastasia narrows her eyes. "We have not been able to fully determine the size of exclusive Extreme G implants."

"Implants of this type have been designed for much smaller breast sizes than yours," Dr. Kent once again joins in the conversation. "They are designed to enlarge after implantation, which is why smaller volumes are usually used. They gradually increase with time. Intensity and duration of massages during the implantation phase are the deciding factor. In your case, the base size itself is very large, so the final result can be very extreme. That is why it is so important that you stick to the appointed schedule of your implants' massages. Do not exceed it."





1000 cc



~ 1600 cc

"I would like to see pictures of women who have undergone this exclusive treatment," I reply.

The doctor gives me some photographs, and I stare at them fascinated, unable to utter a single word.

"The size before the implantation of Extreme G is 1000cc," Dr. Kent explains. "This patient strictly adhered to the time and frequency of breast massage, that's why they grew to the size we established before the procedure. The expected measurement was approximately 1600cc."

I nod and point to the next photos.

"Ahhh, yes... here the patient would often exceed the massage duration we have agreed together beforehand. She wanted her implants to grow as fast as possible. It started with 700cc and her breasts had almost tripled in size, to approximately 2000cc. The growth was so fast that her skin barely adapted to the new growing bust. In result, as you can see in the photos, her implants took on a very artificial, spherical appearance.

I feel dizzy when we leave the clinic. I imagine the future me and keep repeating everything is in my hands.



The day of the surgery arrives faster than I could have expected. When I enter the operating room, I close my eyes and think about the change that is waiting for me. My fears are mixed with extreme excitement. I feel a familiar rush of adrenaline and arousal that accompanies each treatment. I know that I'm crossing the next hurdle. I'm taking another, radical step towards orgasmic perfection.

I look in the mirror and although I just got out of bed, I look perfect, because there is permanent make-up on my doll face now. The make-up is very clearly accentuated and the lines will never wash away. I also changed my hairstyle, long waves of shiny hair perfectly flow down my shoulders to land with allure on my new tits and nipples, teasing them.





It is only a month after the procedure that I can check how these new implants react. They are the same size as the previous ones, and yet I am still aware they are a part of me now. I am afraid to try them out, but I know that curiosity will win pretty soon.

I touch them very gently and carefully, and then I squeeze a little harder. The feeling is blissful and pleasant, I feel relaxed, as if all my worries suddenly drifted away. Getting more and more relaxed, I begin to massage the breasts and after a while I realize that I could do it all the time. I close my eyes and when I open them I notice that more than five minutes has already passed beyond the time appointed by the doctor. I was sure that the massage lasted only a short moment!

Two days later, I experience for the first time what Extreme G implants really are. Initially, I do not know what is happening to my body. Since morning I have been terribly thirsty, drinking more glasses of water than usual, and yet my mouth still feels dry, I am tired and numbed, the way you feel during early days of a cold. Janet is the one who makes me aware of what's happening.

"You've already drunk so much today?! It's your tits," she says and puts her hand to her big lips. "Your sexy implants integrate fluids and expand."

I pour more water and my hand shakes slightly. The doctors have informed me about increased thirst, but there are also feelings that nobody has told me about. The tits seem to throb from the inside, they are swollen and have become extremely sensitive. The nipples swell and harden, while my new breasts warm up and the skin turns a beautiful shade of pink.

Once in the kitchen, Janet gives me a glass of water with a knowing smile and fondles my newly enhanced breasts tenderly.

"They've already begun to grow," she whispers. "Mmm, soon they will be gigantic."

I sit on the couch, tired, as if my whole body was working on breast augmentation. I start waving my hands in front of my face to cool down. Has it really become so hot in here?

"They can grow to incredible size," Janet sighs. "Make it impossible to move around, hinder the whole view, become so heavy that you won't be able to lift them, so huge that you will never fully wrap your arms around them."

The woman squeezes my breast and I move away sharply.

"Ouch, it hurts! Don't touch them!"

"Oh, they've become so sensitive!" she's excited. "Heavy, tender and hot... Please, let me fondle them, I promise that I'll be very careful. Pleeaseee..."

I drink more water, trying not to listen to Janet's irritating chatter or about the fact that most of what I'm drinking goes straight to my extreme tits."



Before & After



The jar of peanut butter falls to the ground with a crash, and I curse. The top covering my tits now has a large stain as I bend down to clean the kitchen.

"What are you doing?!" Janet appears out of nowhere. "You should've asked me to make you something. My princess shouldn't worry about such things! See..." she sighs, pointing to my breasts. "... there's jam on your top.... Really, I don't understand why you insist so much on doing everything yourself. You should accept that it's simply not possible with such a voluptuous body."

"People want to do things on their every once in a while!"

"Camilla, you are a real goddess, there is no need for you to perform such mundane activities. I will help you in everything. You know that since your enormous breasts have become even bigger, you must really be careful. Your body is perfect for giving and receiving pleasure, but not so much for simple activities, right? But that's okay. After all, you know how it incredibly arouses Franklin and me."

Everything Janet says is true, but I do not want to admit that even to myself. The breasts have become so gigantic that I carry out the simplest daily activities with great difficulty. I would love to spend the whole day being pleased by Janet, I could easily give up and sometimes I think it would be very exciting and do nothing but satisfy myself and others, it's what I'm best at now.

The orgasms are so intense that sometimes I lay down a few hours after sex. My body and mind drown in a pleasant numbness and I do not even want to move.



"I know what would cheer you up," Janet murmurs and encourages me. "I'll take your top off and make you smile.

"No way! My breasts shouldn't grow more than they already have!"

"Come on, only for a bit...It won't hurt and you'll forget about all about the world around you... You know how relaxed it makes you feel."

I take a few seconds to consider Janet's offer, my eyes focused on her expectant face.

"OK, but only for a minute... Not a second longer, OK!?"

Janet helps me take off the top and quickly reaches for my naked breasts. She begins to massage them energetically and I instantly react to her trained, skilled movements - her sensual touch makes me loosen up immediately and I can feel my body ease off. I am overcome with peace and bliss, I know this is what I want, I could give in to Janet's tender touch for the rest of my life. I know that my breasts will start to grow after some time, but for some reason it does not frighten me anymore; on the contrary, it seems needed now. Wouldn't it be sexy to spend the rest of my life enjoying devoted caresses... being touched by Janet's nimble hands and agile tongue... making love to Franklin and not having to think absolutely about anything?

Janet suddenly pulls her hands away from me, and I look at her reproachfully.

"The minute has already passed," she explains.

"Really? So fast?"

"Yeah, sorry. Tomorrow or the day after your tits will start to grow again."

I bite my lip and a feeling of deep sadness and loss overtakes me.

"Please, one more minute... just one... it won't hurt."

"Camilla, you don't want your breasts to grow even more," Janet says, her face lit up with excitement. "You know that they can reach gigantic sizes if we don't follow the doctors' instructions. They will become so huge that you won't be able to shower or get out of bed... Can you imagine that? Did you forget about your decision? Pleasure has clouded your mind so much you're willing to sacrifice everything just to get more of it?"

I wave my hand impatiently and frown.

"Janet, please, stop talking so much and do what I say. I think I can make my own decision," I am very impatient now. "You're the one who told me to go for it!"

Janet smiles, her eyes sparkling with excitement. She finally stops talking and starts to fondle my breasts. My body and mind are immediately transported to an intoxicating and blissful domain, everything suddenly in its right place.

I have no idea how many minutes have passed, I must have completely lost track of time. Then, somewhere in the back of the head comes the thought that I should not do it, that I decided to be adamant and had no intention of succumbing to my body's orgasmic pleasure.

"Janet... - My voice is weak and interrupted by lustful moans. "Stop...please ... enough."

She does not listen and simply increases the intensity of her caresses on my voluminous plastic tits. She kisses me on the lips, her large, moist lips brushing my hypersensitive skin. I moan out loud, hit by jolt after jolt of this extreme pleasure.

" I'm begging you..." I moan into her and try to push Janet away from my sweaty and very responsive skin.

In response, she casually puts her rubber gloves next to me. When I see them, I immediately get wet. I want to feel her fingers in my hot ass. She reaches out to my sizzling and pulsating pussy. I am so close to orgasm...

"Are you sure it's enough? I can see how much you like it..." she says.

"Stop it, mmmppph stop it, please. I can't be bigger than I am now! Mmm-phhh. How much time has passed?"

I barely catch my breath and anxiously try to move Janet's hands away from me.

"Oh, don't worry about time, I haven't been massaging your tits for so long."

"Janet!" I scream with the last of my strength. "Ooooh, mmmppphh, that's enough..."



Her hands pause atop my huge breasts and it dawns on me that soon these voluptuous globes will become even larger.

I breathe heavily and try to control my emotions. The moment Janet moved away from me, I instantly felt an unbearable emptiness. Tears quickly welled up in my eyes, and a moan of sorrow escapes my throat.

"No, you can't stop now," I say, looking Janet straight in the eye. "I just need to control myself.

"But..." she hesitates and licks her lips. "Are you sure? We have been massaging your fake tits for longer than the five minutes recommended by the doc. Do you know how much you'll grow after our session?"

"I want to chill out again. What else should I do?" I'm surprised.

"You do understand that if I touch you again, your breasts won't stop growing, don't you?"

"I don't care!"

"Oh, I see that you're so determined that you no longer care about the consequences!" Janet is excited. "Do you know how sexy it is to look at you losing control over your kinky mind and doll body?"

The girl puts her hands on my breasts and fondles them in the most arousing way. She licks and pinches my hardened, swollen nipples. I have no idea how long it lasts and I let myself sink into a delightful state of bliss, where nothing else matters.

Janet moves down, her huge lips caressing my pussy, and her finger slides into my other sexhole. A divine orgasm immediately shakes my body - I close my eyelids and immerse myself in this encompassing pleasure, not paying any attention to the world around me. I scream and writhe, but Janet does not stop her loving caresses.

"You like how I touch you with my plump clit-sucking lips?" Janet moans into me. "Only I can take care of my goddess the way she needs. Such extraordinary woman like you deserves the best treatment."



I moan and roll my eyes in response, deeply enjoying the touch of her plump lips that are sucking my cunt in the most heavenly passion.

"That's why I'm going to enlarge them even more, perfect them for you and drive you crazy with my new hot lips. Mmmm. You will be excited just looking at me, I won't even have to touch you to make your pussy soaking wet."

"Are you serious?" I manage to utter a few broken words in between my moans.

"I really am. They will become so plump and soft that will never be able to resist them."

The thought that Janet's lips could bring me even more pleasure fills my whole body with extreme excitement and fear. The feelings melt into one powerful jolt of arousing energy and my body tenses in the expectation of another climax.

I have no idea how long it took me to recover this time. It seems as if I awake from the most delightful trance and very slowly return to reality. I look at the clock - two hours! We spent two hours on caresses!

Then I realize what has just happened and cover my face with my hands.

Janet sits next to me and masturbates admiring my enhanced body, salivating over my tits, vagina and ass.



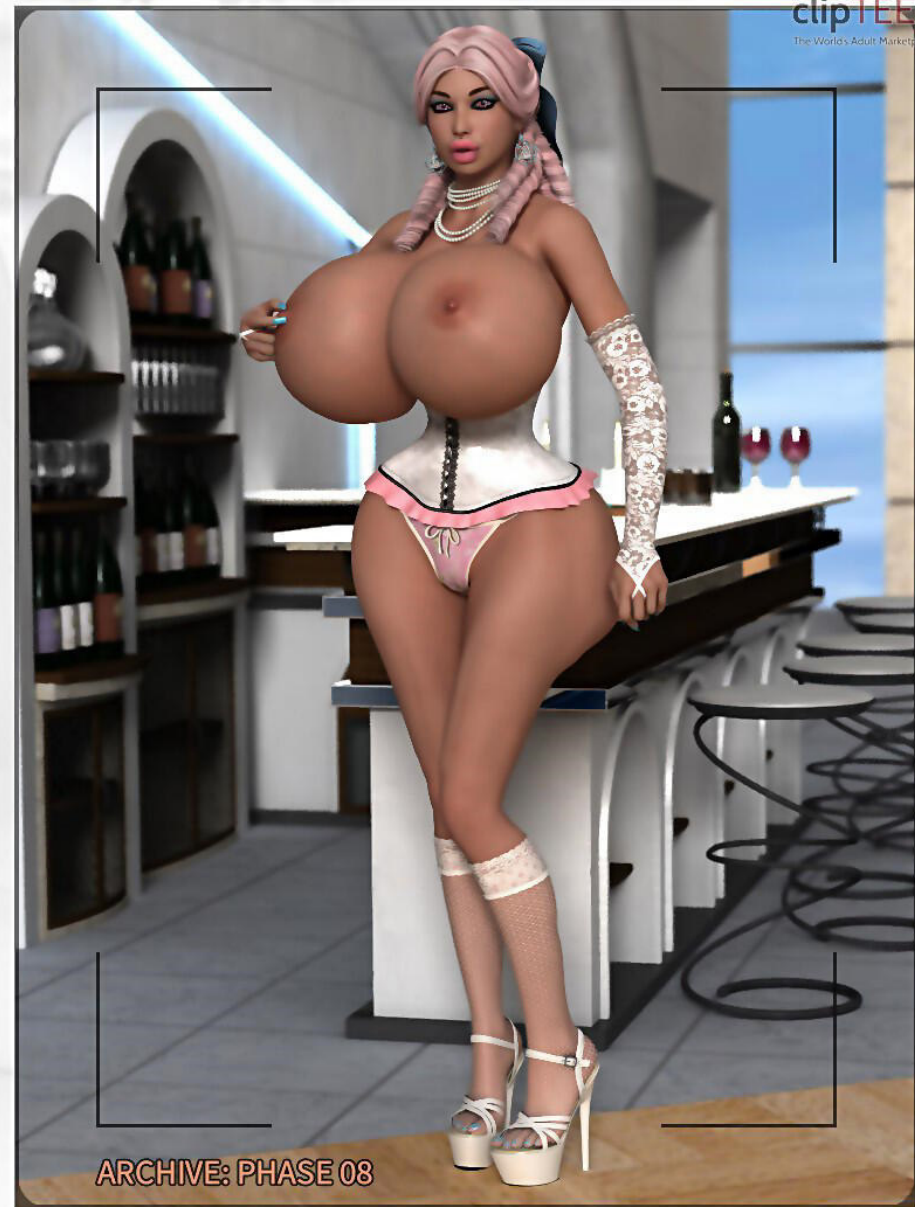
Franklin felt another wave of excitement - he watched Camilla as she was sitting on the couch trying to watch TV. Her enhanced sexy jugs were very heavy and she was constantly changing her position to relieve her back. Camilla's buttocks were made of two round cushions, which lay softly on the couch. Her lips were moist and parted, and her cheeks remained pink. She did not focus on the program she was watching and Franklin suspected she had no idea what was playing. Empty bottles of mineral water with vitamins and supplements were scattered about. Janet had probably once again persuaded Camilla to massage her sexy doll breasts, and now Camilla had to face the consequences. After long sessions with Janet, Camilla's breasts kept growing to fantastic size, and the woman was constantly thirsty because of her water-absorbing implants. Franklin could see her bras become too small, and her tops barely fit over a gigantic, ever-expanding fake doll bust.

Camilla sighed, tired and resigned, then slowly drank some more water.

Recently she was often tired, anxious and restless. She needed Janet to caress her, so she could calm down and ease the tension. The implants grew so much that Camilla moved with increasing difficulty and needed someone to help her when she was eating, dressing or even showering. She could not drive anywhere because her body made it impossible. Wherever she appeared, she caused a commotion; people on the streets could not take their eyes off her, giving her shocked, lustful looks. Franklin loved showing up with her at various parties, explaining how she managed to achieve such a super sexy look, and casually mentioning how much it cost, as well as which clinic was behind this wonder doll that Camilla has become.

A few days earlier, Camilla decided she would not allow her breasts to be touched anymore. The resolution had been repeatedly broken since she really could not resist the temptation of her perfected body. This time, however, she insisted vehemently and tried to do everything to keep her promise.

Janet was absolutely pleased to see Camilla's efforts. The constant enlargement of her doll's breasts made her extremely excited, the princess turned into a work of art created only for the most extreme sex. Janet had learned to touch Camilla in such a way that the beauty was never able to refuse her. She finally had the perfect woman, her fake doll princess, the goddess of sex she had wanted so much.



Another sip of water from an almost empty bottle reached my belly and I realized how much my life has changed. I was spending whole days at Franklin's home, caressed and pampered by an ever-excited Janet and I truly believed that my everyday life wasn't shocking. It was quite the contrary. I was surprised by the changes gradually taking place, and although I felt that my body has radically changed, I got used to the fact that I cannot perform certain activities and that I experience sexual pleasure much more intensely than before. I have become dependent on others and my improved doll body in so many ways.

I remembered how a few years earlier I could run in a cotton sports bra and feel at ease in the park among other runners. Now my breasts had to be specially supported even when I did not do any workout. Any kind of sport activity is a thing of the past now, I only work out at home under the supervision of specialists, and the scope of my movements is now severely limited. At university and at work, I was just an ordinary girl - now wherever I go people follow me with their eyes, point at me, and comment on my looks or try to flirt. Before my enhancements I had sex with unskilled lovers, while now all you have to do is simply touch one of my sensitized places and I immediately get wet and horny. I used to buy nice, lacy lingerie and present my plain looks in it to my partners. No lace can support my breasts now; everything must be strengthened and padded.

I once dreamed of a sporty, expensive car that I could drive to elegant clubs or restaurants in the evenings. Although there are several luxury and sports cars in Franklin's garage, I cannot sit behind the wheel of any of them. I carefully choose the places where I will appear, so that I don't have to endure people pointing their fingers at me. I'm flattered that I make such an impression on them, but sometimes I just miss being an ordinary, anonymous girl who can simply flirt with a newly met man, dance, and quietly escape from his apartment in the morning. Now, I cannot even prepare a simple meal myself.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 08

What I once considered obvious is a distant memory of some hazy past. When I look at my photos from that period I simply cannot believe that I have changed so much that I have become a completely different person.

"Janet, What have you done!?" I ask, shocked by the way she looks.

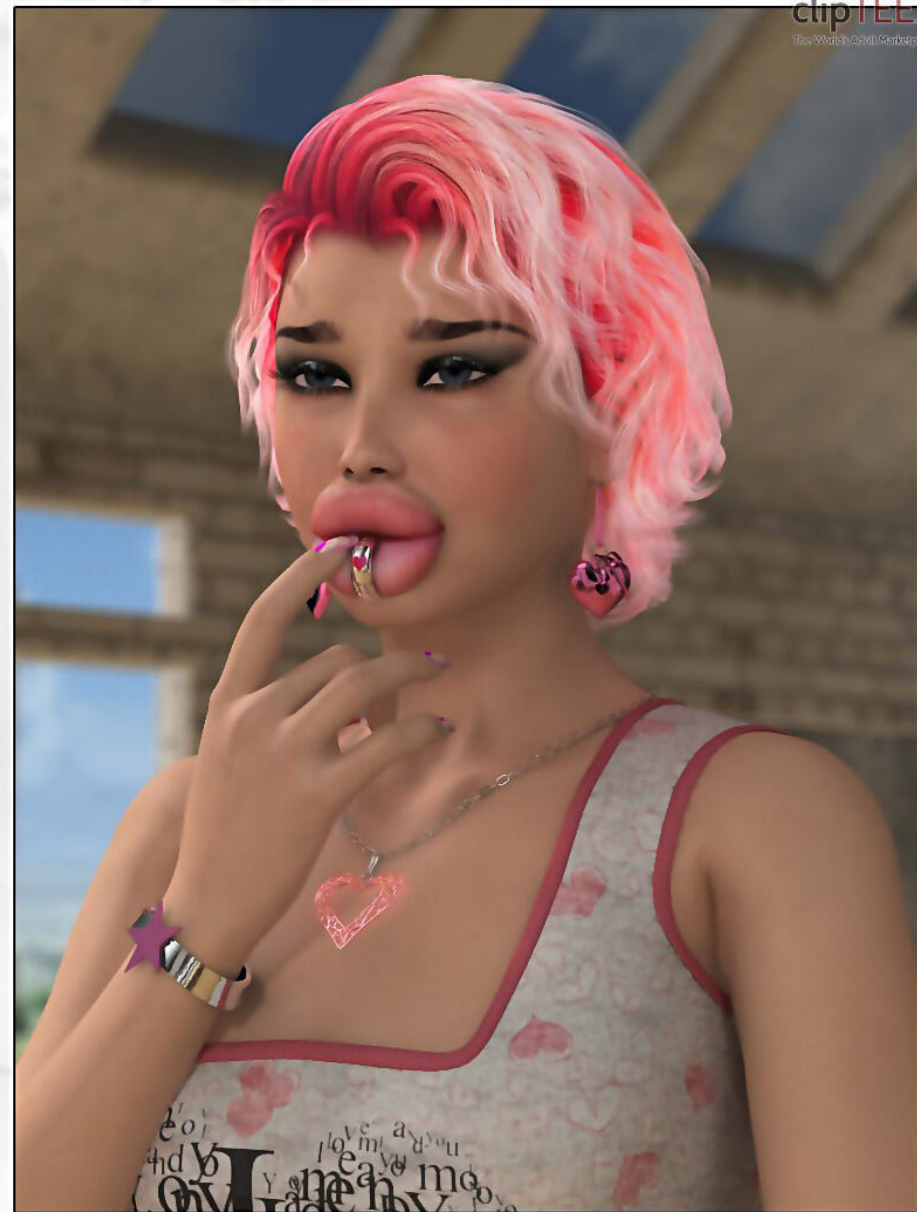
The girl stretches her lips in a smile. They have become gigantic now and they almost touch her nose and chin.

"Oh, I twowd you ... I twold you that I wud ike to enlarge them again."

Janet lisps and speaks very slowly, as if uttering every single word caused her incredible problems. Her lips are no longer for speaking, but for satisfying my sexdoll body. I did not think that it would go this far, that she will be determined to make her sexy enhancement fantasies true. Her new extreme looks will make her the center of attention, people will instantly turn their thoughts to sex. Everyone will want to know what these lips can do.

"Tis pielcing is a tlu beauty" she coos. "A chemical tliggel prlodu... made to vibrate when it's close to youl pussee. Set specially fol you, custom made. Can you imagine how beautiful and exciting it will be when I suck youl pussee wif my new lipsss?"

I cover my mouth with my hand and my eyes widen in surprise. Janet licks her incredible lips and slides her finger over them, looking at me teasingly. I start breathing faster and faster, goosebumps spreading all over my body.



"I would love to feel your lips on my body" I moan.

Janet raises her hand.

"Doftor said that I need time to heal evelything. But don't be aflaid, I'll soon suck you fol houls."

I nod and then go to the bedroom. I cannot stop fantasizing about Janet's lips. My hand finds its way between my heated thighs and soon I begin to massage my swollen clitoris with a sigh of relief.

Before & After



My breasts are still growing, I cannot control it. I know the process will take about three months. Some days it scares me, some days it excites me like nothing else.

Janet helps me every day with all the activities - she helps me get out of bed, makes breakfast, combs my hair and dresses me like a doll. I have really become her fake princess, the queen of pleasure, the goddess, as she has always wanted.

Now I see her bustling around the wardrobe, unable to decide what I should wear for the party tonight.



"This is a unique opportunity," she repeats. "All Franklin's friends will be there, they have not seen you for so long, they will certainly be impressed by how you changed. We have prepared for you a special place where you will be comfortable. I will be with you all the time, you do not have to worry about anything."

Preparations take several hours. Janet touches my body, dressing me and doing my make-up and I feel that I am getting more and more excited. It is enough to brush lip gloss on my lips to feel the pleasure flashing throughout my sexy body.

Janet takes me by the arm to help me get to the room where the party takes place. We have to stop every few steps since I need to catch my breath. My panties rub against my sensitive places, teasing in a formidable way, and sweat drops appear on my forehead. Janet looks at me with fascination and every now and then she asks if she can make my walk easier. My enlarged breasts make it hard for me to keep my balance, and high heels surely do not make things easier.

We go in and the people around us part to the sides as if I were a real queen. Their faces shine with excitement and visible arousal. I hear more and more whispers with every single step. "Do you think she's unable to walk on her own? With such huge breasts..."; "Look at her lips, they almost touch her nose, wonder what it'd be like..."; "Apparently her private parts are..."

I hear some bits of hushed conversations and this sound is like a caress to my mind and body. I smile and look around - I am in the center of attention, everyone is fully focused on me. The impression I make on them is breathtaking and overwhelming. Every single one of the guests would like to touch me, experience the pleasure and caress of such a perfect, supersexy woman like me.

After a while, the attention is also focused on Janet, whose lips are now incredibly plump, accentuated with intense, permanent make-up and piercing. They are in contrast with her natural, slim body, but first and foremost they are an accessory to my extraordinary enhanced looks.

Janet leads me to an ornate chair on a platform in the middle of the room. It reminds me of a throne. Pretty suitable for a sexy queen.

"Everyone will be able to see you," she whispers in my ear.

I lift my head with pride. I sit carefully in the designated place and sigh with relief. Janet immediately gives me something to drink and quickly applies a bit of make-up with a sponge.

"My plincess should look pelfect," she explains. "I know youl holny, you'd plobably want to go to bed with anyone in this room, but you have to wait," she whispers in my ear once again and gently strokes my head.

I want to say that I'm not that horny and that I can withstand a few hours without sex, but Janet kisses me on the lips, stopping the words from escaping my own sexy lips. Her pierced tongue immensely teases my hypersensitive lips. I feel the woman's warm breath. To me it means heavenly pleasure now. Her soft, large lips move exactly the way I adore, and the pleasure spreads down my spine, reaching my thighs and filling my supersexy holes. The piercing begins to vibrate on contact with my skin, and the sensitized area reacts so intensely that my body flexes and shudders as if electrically shocked. I involuntarily clench my thighs and feel my pussy getting wet and hot. My swollen clitoris pushes against my panties, needing to show its beauty. When Janet pulls away her enormous lips glisten with my wetness, and I remember all the moments when she caressed me until I lost my consciousness, her tongue drove me mad, slipping oh so deeply between my swollen labia, her vibrant piercing making me scream and jerk in orgasm.

The guests are still too shy to approach us, but I see that they are looking at me with lust and curiosity. Franklin smiles at me with pride and every once in a while asks if I need anything. Now he is the one to serve me. Janet remains glued to my body.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 09

In the end, after a few rounds of alcohol, everyone relaxes and they become less shy. One of the women I had previously seen at one of the parties comes up to me. She has blond hair and flushed cheeks. I can see she is nervous. She introduces herself, and then we chat for a few minutes, during which the girl tries not to look at my gigantic breasts. She fails big time. I see that she wants to ask me something.

"You look stunning," she is finally going somewhere. "Your whole silhouette... I can't believe it's real! You're very daring, really, I wouldn't be able..."

"Camilla had to sacrifice a lot to look so sexy," Janet interrupted our conversation. She was clearly more and more excited. "She's undergone many surgeries and every day she feels the consequences of her incredible transformation."

"Oh, it must be difficult," the girl sighed deeply. "But also very... exciting," she added shyly. "I mean, you know, you sacrificed so much to achieve this incredibly sexy look. I'm sure every man in this room would like to fuck you."

"Women love me too" I answer and smile radiantly at her.





Janet talks about all the times when my body is does not allow me to perform the simplest activities and how much she has to help me with everything. I can see how aroused she is, how she gets more and more horny and lustful. She is unaware of what she does as she slides her hands all over her horny body, her eyes never leaving mine.

One couple approaches us - a woman with dark hair and a tall man at her side listen to the whole conversation for a while.

"It would be so wonderful to be able to touch you," the shy blonde finally asks me. "You are like a goddess, a perfect queen of sex..." she covers her mouth with her hand and blushes, embarrassed and excited by her own words. She is cute.

"I am sure that Camilla hears such things all the time," the man says. "Everyone would love to fuck such a sexy doll like her."

His partner frowns in mock anger.

"I'm jealous!" she laughs. "You're right, though, a princess like her can easily have every man she wants."

My cheeks burn with blushes, my breasts rise and fall along with my increased breaths. The excitement is getting more intense; I put more and more effort into keeping it in check."

People around me comment on my shapes. They talk about how huge my breasts are, how much effort it must be to move around with such beauties, how seductively curved my big sexy ass is and how my plump glossy lips make them sigh in awe. With each word I become more and more excited.

Janet licks her lips and bites on the lower one slightly. She is so aroused she jumps from one foot to the next. How she would like to pleasure herself in front of all those people!

"How about you Janet?" One of the women asked my companion. "Your lips - you've changed them so much. It's quite a shocking metamorphosis, very... radical. What happened that you decided to be so extreme? Was Camilla the source of inspiration?"

"Oh, I don't even dream about competing with her. My lips and tongue are just an addition to her sensitized places, thanks to them I can pleasure her even better. This piercing vibrates when I touch my princess's pussy, she loves it so much."

The blonde giggles and covers her mouth with her hand.

"Janet has become a real champion," I say. "The pleasure these lips give me is indescribable, my orgasms last forever. It's extremely exhausting. I reckon each one of you feels relaxed and a little dazed after a good intense sex, right?"

All the women nod in unison.

"Try to imagine that your orgasm lasts hours longer, you want to finish it, you want it to stop, but you can't, because the body submits to it and reacts to pleasure only."

The women look at me in awe.

"I have to regain control over my body and rest for many hours afterwards, since I'm exhausted, move with extreme difficulty and can't concentrate on anything else. It's like I'm high, drugged with something blissful that detaches me from all my concerns, but at the same time exhausts my vitality."

Janet smiles proudly and licks her lips. Then she presses a button on my chair. I scream, surprised, because the chair changes its position, it leans back and spreads my legs apart. I try to get up, but my breasts are very heavy, they overwhelm me with their magnitude. I look at Janet's lips, so huge, plump and wet, decorated with permanent make-up and a special stud, which heightens my pleasure.





My body instantly remembers all the times when Janet pleased me and gave me orgasmic ecstasy. I almost feel the touch of her supreme lips on my hypersensitive and willing pussy and sigh loudly. I can't take my eyes off her lips, the armchair tilts inch by inch, until her face is finally buried in my gigantic breasts. I hear her putting on rubber gloves and my excitement becomes unbearable. The armchair stops and I sit with my legs spread wide and my swollen, wet pussy and throbbing clit present their beauty to everyone around. I feel the scent of my arousal and try to reach out between my sizzling thighs. All the guests have their eyes on me now, no one dares to speak. The air is almost electric and I am surrounded by silence. I have become the desire of my horny court. I moan with pleasure, arousing spasms overcoming my sexy body, even though Janet has not even touched me.



"Janet...please..."

I don't have to finish - she knows exactly what I expect from her. She leans down and when her tongue touches my heated labia, I scream, because a shot of sudden pleasure pierces my whole body. I writhe in my magnificent chair, which immediately becomes slippery from my horny body's sweat. The audience in front of me does not unnerve me at all. What's more, it even adds excitement to my fantastic arousal. Janet's lips wrap around my clitoris and fondle it exactly the way I like it. I can hear her girl moaning softly from between my thighs, and I figure she couldn't resist the urge and started masturbating. A long, long sigh of awe echoes through the room, I hear kinky comments and a few laughs.

The blonde shyly touches my breasts, teases my hardened nipples, and then kisses on my sensual doll lips. The dark-haired woman hesitates slightly, but finally walks closer and puts her hands on my voluptuous enhanced tits. I feel how slender fingers of three horny women fondle and pleasure me. I moan out loud, not caring about all the people around me and focus on my own orgasmic pleasure.

"You know these are not ordinary implants, right?" I hear Franklin's voice.

"They're so huge they had to be custom made," one of the women answers excitedly.

"No, that's not what I mean," Franklin explains. "These implants are Extreme G series, they are filled with a special liquid. It increases their volume when you fondle them."

"Really? Can I try?"

Moments later, I feel unknown hands massage my giant tits. I want to protest, but the only sound that escapes my lips is a long moan of pleasure.

"Your breasts will become even bigger?" the blonde is astounded.

I see that she slips her hand under her dress to fondle herself. I turn my eyes away and notice that people around me look at me completely hypnotized; a few couples start petting more and more intensively. One woman takes off her partner's pants, all the time looking at my amazing dollified figure.

Janet's tongue slips in even deeper and moves passionately inside me. I can smell the scent of my powerful excitement and the perfumes of people around me. The room is filled with moans and sighs of mind blowing pleasure. I am surrounded by more and more people - they stare at me, admire my sexified perfection, try to touch me.

Janet slips a finger between my buttocks, the pleasure is so violent and intense that my body stiffens and I almost immediately reach a long, divine and overpowering orgasm. I hear someone in the room whistle and clap. Someone else's laughter echoes from the walls, reaching my ears from the distance. Janet does not stop, she doesn't let me rest, she just slips her finger deeper into my sexy hole, another slender finger swiftly follows the first one.





"She's wonderful," the brunette sighs, all the time massaging my breasts uncontrollably.

She strokes my plump lips with her own sensual ones and then bites on my lower lip slowly. I tremble with the pleasure that radiates from my whole enhanced body - from between my thighs, my tits, my lips. Every bit, every nerve of my body is filled with heavenly pleasure. I became a real sex queen, an improved, refined, stunning supreme woman that everyone wants to fuck.

The women touch my breasts more intensely, one of them brushes my pink lips with her tender fingers, and Janet licks my wet pussy vigorously while her hand pleasures my second sexhole... Deeper and faster... Faster and deeper... Another orgasm explodes inside my transformed body and it's even remarkably more powerful than the previous one. I moan louder and louder, strain my muscles, my eyes become hazy, my mouth feels dry and salty and my body trembles shaken by robust spasms. Ecstatic pleasure does not lose its strength and I do not know if I can handle it, I want to beg for a break, for a sip of water, but I can't utter a single word. The orgasm lasts for a very, very long time, until I am completely and entirely exhausted, and my mind goes blank.

Before & After



"You did a great job," Franklin praises me the day after the party.

I lift my head slightly and wince. I need a moment to register what he refers to. I look at the clock and notice it is already afternoon. I feel exhausted and cold as if I was sick. My pussy is sore, my breasts swollen and they feel heavier than usual. Franklin gives me a glass of water, which I take from him with a trembling hand.

"Yesterday we massaged your breast for a long time," he says. "They're probably already growing now."

I look down at my tits and touch them gently. I know he is right, I feel the implants grow again, my breasts warm up and swell from the inside. I really want to drink a lot of water today. I feel absolutely exhausted, and it's a clear sign that soon the implants will become even bigger.

Once again, I realize what I've become. I turned into a woman whose most important purpose is sex. My appearance is to arouse, my sensitized body parts designed to intensify my pleasure. My tits became gigantic, and they will be even bigger, I know it.



ARCHIVE: PHASE 09



I have become a slave of my own pleasure and I will do everything to intensify my orgasms even more. Janet has learned my body and can give me the most powerful and exciting sexual bliss. I've become addicted to her and she seems determined to make her fantasy reality, turn me into a princess, an exciting, refined masterpiece. I am afraid to think about what she has planned for me. The fact that she designed a special throne for me makes me very anxious, but at the same time extremely horny. My custom made throne turns into something similar to a gynecological chair and makes my sexholes easily accessible and I am addicted to it. I could spend all day on my throne, experiencing encompassing pleasure of Janet's pussy licking tongue... Nothing to think about, nothing to worry about...

I shiver and despite all my exhaustion, I feel the excitement growing in my body, my nipples swell and my breathing accelerates. Janet stands in the doorway, smiles brightly and licks her lips. I cannot take my eyes off her, her plump lips, pierced tongue and sharp cheeks, her hands now remind me of only one thing - unequalled pleasure.

"Is my princess ready for the morning session of pleasure?" Janet purrs.

I nod and close my eyes, preparing for the upcoming ecstasy.

ARCHIVE: PHASE 09

THE END

Thank you for reading!