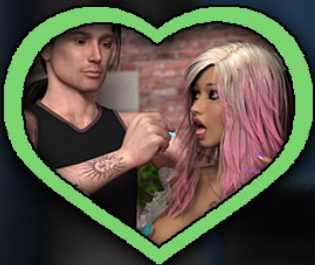
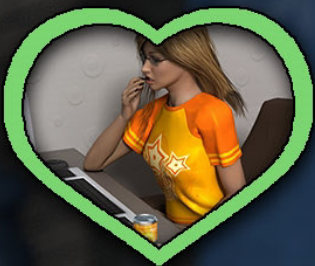


Undercover Doll

Part 1



Breast expansion
Bimbofication
Booty expansion
Gang bangs
Holes stretching
Domination
Orgasm addiction
Piercing and tattoos



Undercover Doll Part 1

Breast expansion
Bimbofication
Booty expansion
Gang bangs
Holes stretching
Domination
Orgasm addiction
Piercing and tattoos

Writer: Mister Wolfe

Illustrator: Zych

Thank you very much for buying this illustrated novel.
Buying it you support the DollProject community and help us grow.
Thanks to people like you, in the future there will be more such publications.

You can find more stories like this at
<http://Dollproject.net>



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

Samantha Kane barely held back the scream of frustration that wanted to escape her. She looked up from her desk at the magazine where she worked and scowled at the other writers. Several of them noticed and smirked back at her. She held their gazes for several seconds and then dropped her eyes to the latest article she was writing.

She had been employed by the celebrity gossip magazine, Tinsel Talk, for over two years but was still being treated like a novice. She had yet to receive an assignment for what she considered a real story. The other writers were out there making names for themselves while she was still being assigned society parties, charity fundraisers and press conferences given by vapid celebrities. She wanted to get out and uncover the darker world of corrupt studio executives, scandalous behavior and covered-up crimes. These were the stories she wanted to write. That was the only way she was ever going to advance in her career.

She turned her attention back to her computer monitor and began typing yet another article that no one would remember five minutes after reading it.

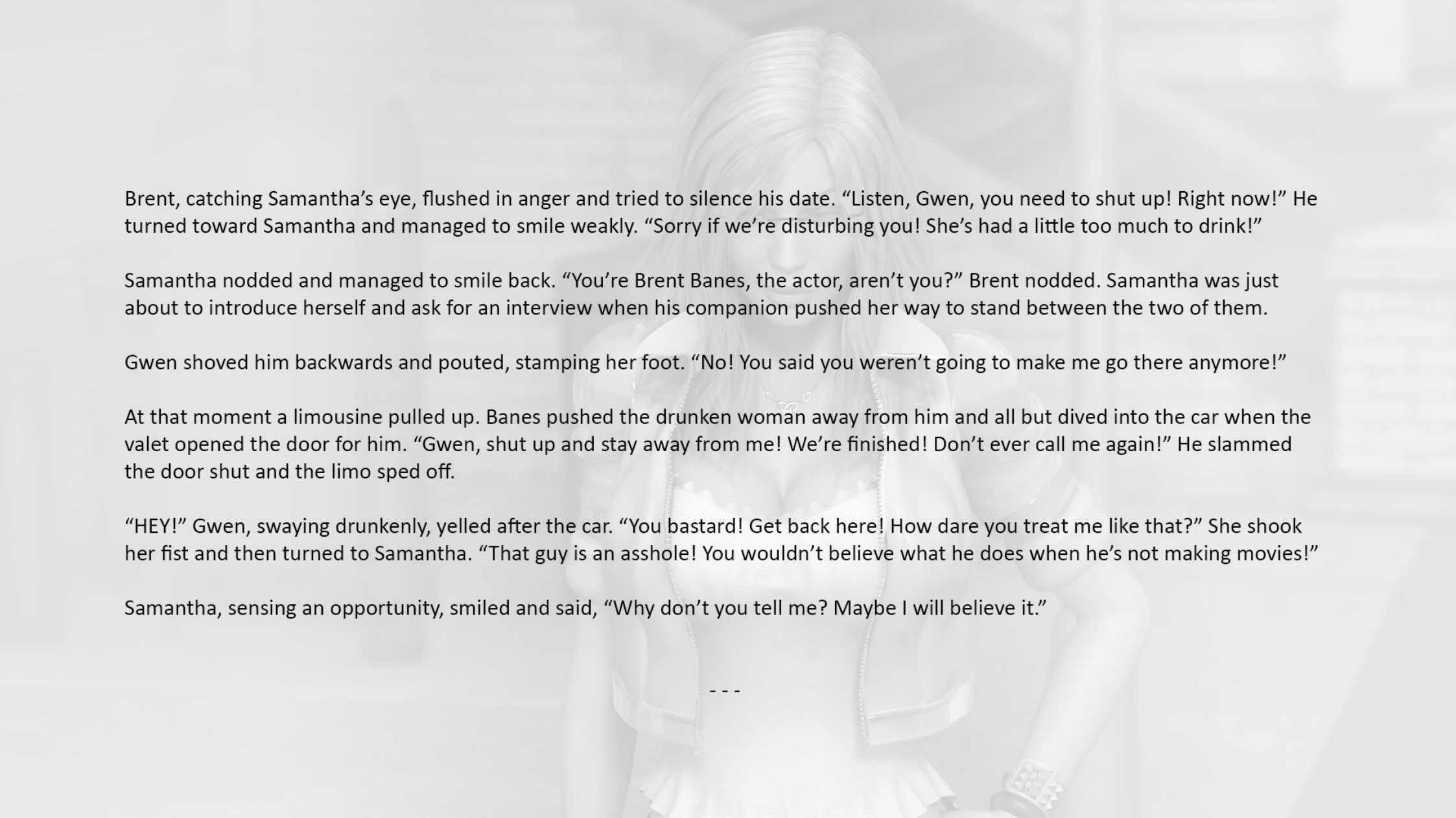




Samantha glanced at her watch and sighed. She'd been covering a party thrown by a film studio executive to promote his company's latest comedy. She'd endured a seemingly endless stream of small talk and canned responses to her questions. She had just barely gathered enough material for an article and decided to leave. She swallowed the last of the weak champagne in her glass and headed for the exit.

She handed the parking valet her ticket and waited for him to bring her car around. As she fumed, tapping her foot impatiently, a couple stumbled out of the door and came to a stop beside her. She turned and recognized the man. He was Brent Banes, the actor. Samantha opened her mouth to introduce herself but was interrupted when the woman slurred drunkenly.

"Brent, please don't take me to the club tonight! I'm scared to go there! Let's go somewhere else! Please?"



Brent, catching Samantha's eye, flushed in anger and tried to silence his date. "Listen, Gwen, you need to shut up! Right now!" He turned toward Samantha and managed to smile weakly. "Sorry if we're disturbing you! She's had a little too much to drink!"

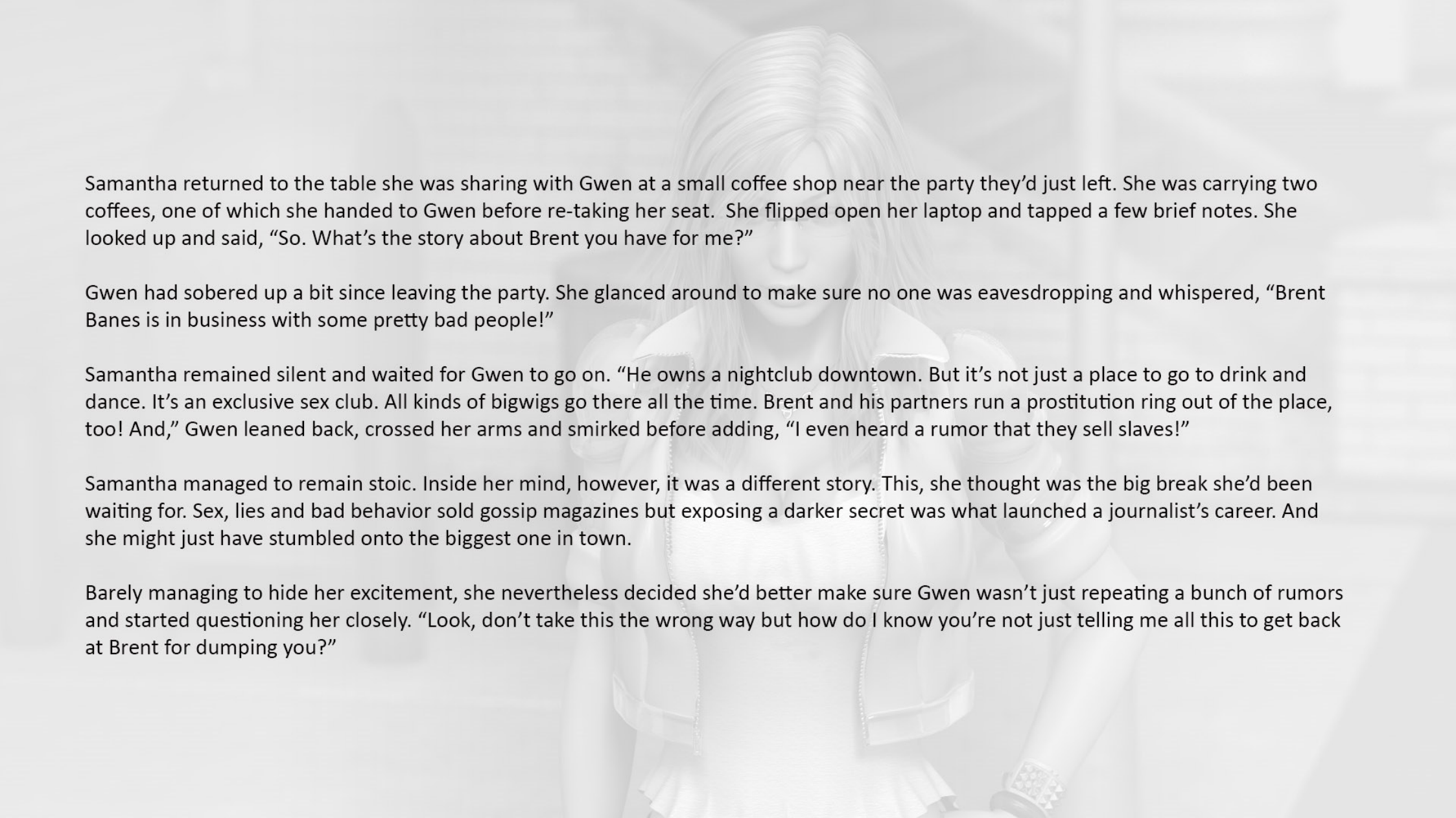
Samantha nodded and managed to smile back. "You're Brent Banes, the actor, aren't you?" Brent nodded. Samantha was just about to introduce herself and ask for an interview when his companion pushed her way to stand between the two of them.

Gwen shoved him backwards and pouted, stamping her foot. "No! You said you weren't going to make me go there anymore!"

At that moment a limousine pulled up. Banes pushed the drunken woman away from him and all but dived into the car when the valet opened the door for him. "Gwen, shut up and stay away from me! We're finished! Don't ever call me again!" He slammed the door shut and the limo sped off.

"HEY!" Gwen, swaying drunkenly, yelled after the car. "You bastard! Get back here! How dare you treat me like that?" She shook her fist and then turned to Samantha. "That guy is an asshole! You wouldn't believe what he does when he's not making movies!"

Samantha, sensing an opportunity, smiled and said, "Why don't you tell me? Maybe I will believe it."



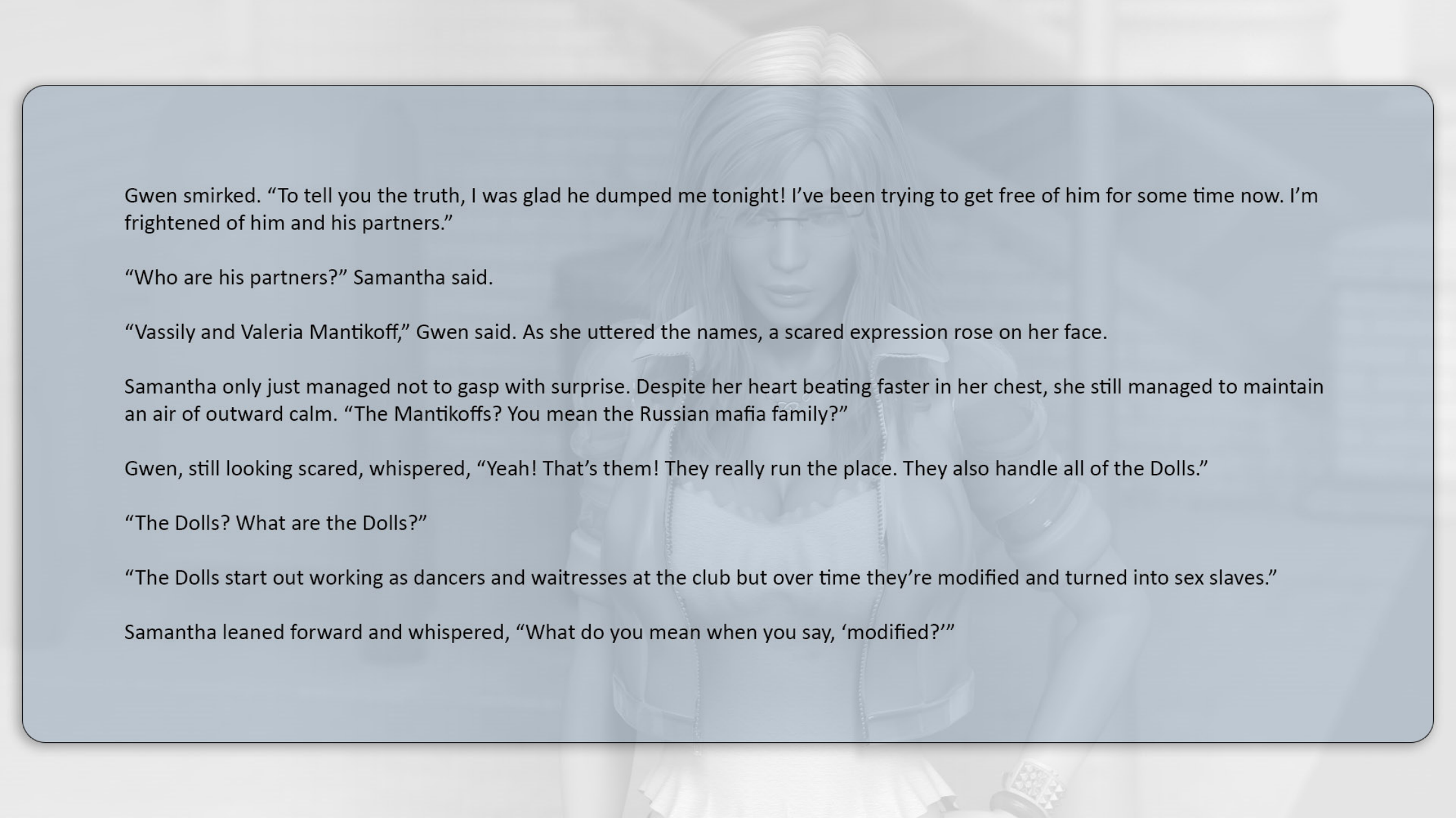
Samantha returned to the table she was sharing with Gwen at a small coffee shop near the party they'd just left. She was carrying two coffees, one of which she handed to Gwen before re-taking her seat. She flipped open her laptop and tapped a few brief notes. She looked up and said, "So. What's the story about Brent you have for me?"

Gwen had sobered up a bit since leaving the party. She glanced around to make sure no one was eavesdropping and whispered, "Brent Banes is in business with some pretty bad people!"

Samantha remained silent and waited for Gwen to go on. "He owns a nightclub downtown. But it's not just a place to go to drink and dance. It's an exclusive sex club. All kinds of bigwigs go there all the time. Brent and his partners run a prostitution ring out of the place, too! And," Gwen leaned back, crossed her arms and smirked before adding, "I even heard a rumor that they sell slaves!"

Samantha managed to remain stoic. Inside her mind, however, it was a different story. This, she thought was the big break she'd been waiting for. Sex, lies and bad behavior sold gossip magazines but exposing a darker secret was what launched a journalist's career. And she might just have stumbled onto the biggest one in town.

Barely managing to hide her excitement, she nevertheless decided she'd better make sure Gwen wasn't just repeating a bunch of rumors and started questioning her closely. "Look, don't take this the wrong way but how do I know you're not just telling me all this to get back at Brent for dumping you?"



Gwen smirked. “To tell you the truth, I was glad he dumped me tonight! I’ve been trying to get free of him for some time now. I’m frightened of him and his partners.”

“Who are his partners?” Samantha said.

“Vassily and Valeria Mantikoff,” Gwen said. As she uttered the names, a scared expression rose on her face.

Samantha only just managed not to gasp with surprise. Despite her heart beating faster in her chest, she still managed to maintain an air of outward calm. “The Mantikoffs? You mean the Russian mafia family?”

Gwen, still looking scared, whispered, “Yeah! That’s them! They really run the place. They also handle all of the Dolls.”

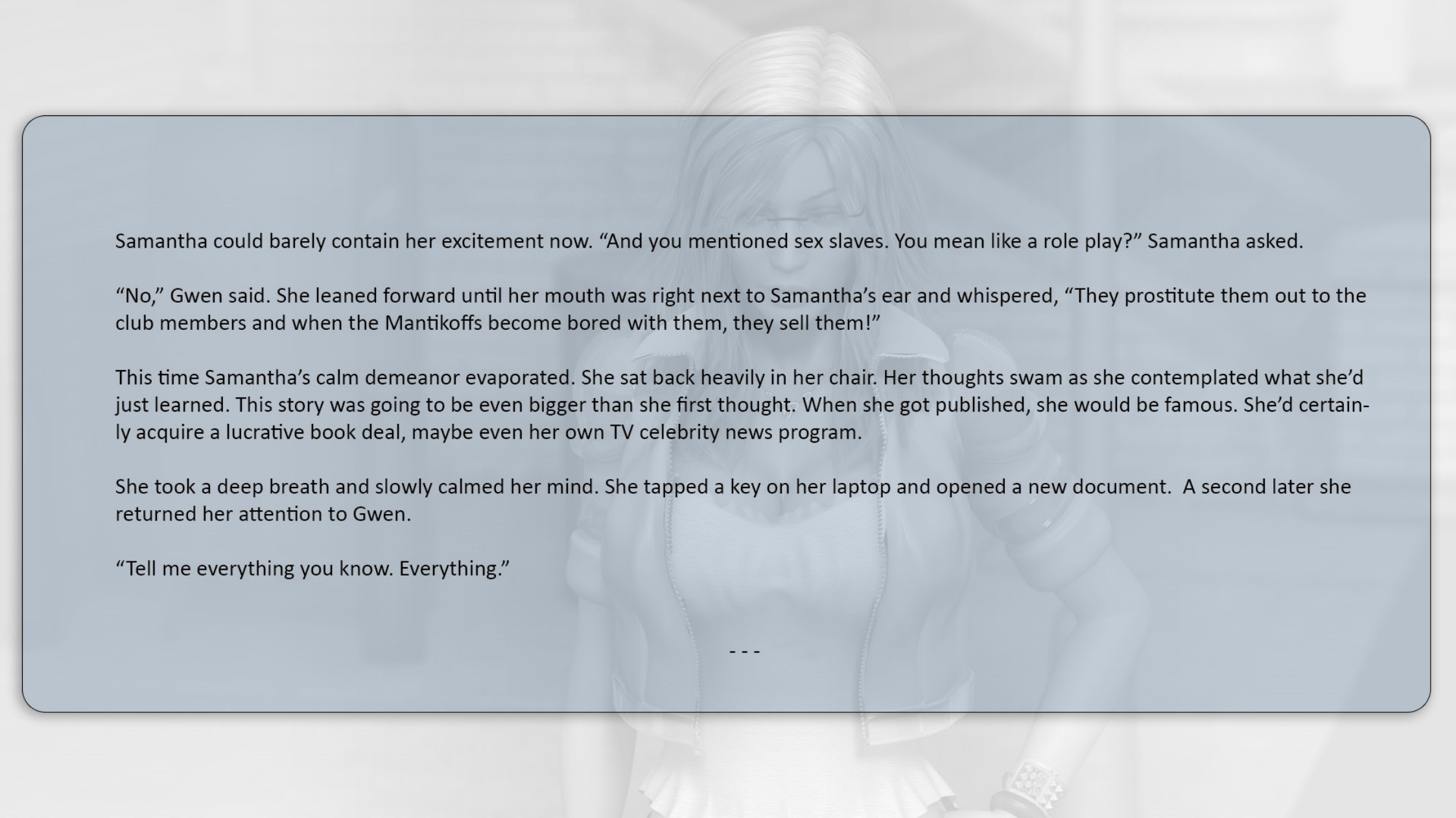
“The Dolls? What are the Dolls?”

“The Dolls start out working as dancers and waitresses at the club but over time they’re modified and turned into sex slaves.”

Samantha leaned forward and whispered, “What do you mean when you say, ‘modified?’”

“The Mantikoffs modify the girls with plastic surgery: boob jobs, butt implants, waist reductions, facial procedures, permanent cosmetics, piercings and tattoos... you name it! They’re hardly recognizable after becoming Dolls!” She pointed to her own chest and lips and added, “See what that asshole Brent has had done to me? I’m lucky I got out while I still look like myself!”





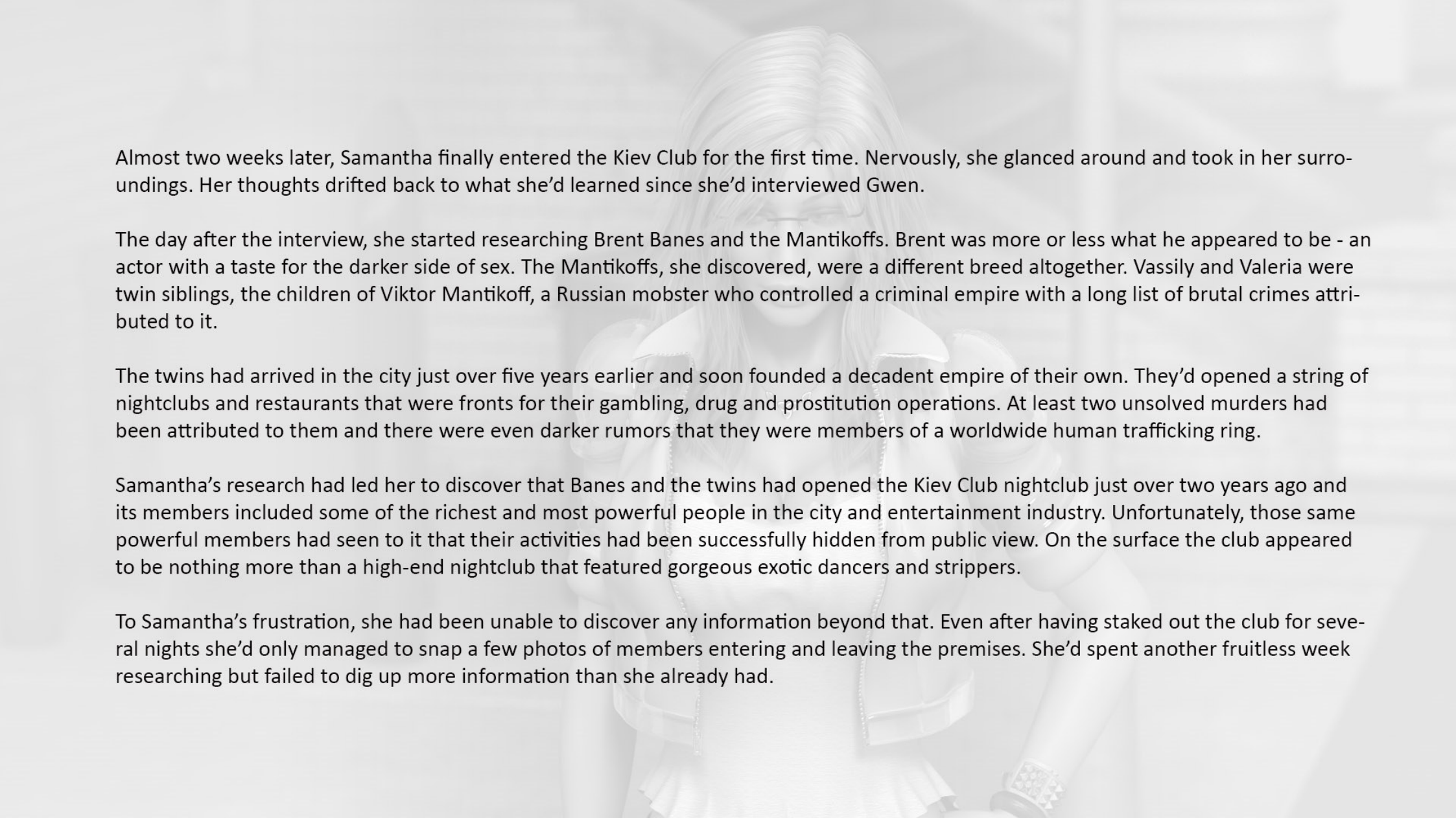
Samantha could barely contain her excitement now. “And you mentioned sex slaves. You mean like a role play?” Samantha asked.

“No,” Gwen said. She leaned forward until her mouth was right next to Samantha’s ear and whispered, “They prostitute them out to the club members and when the Mantikoffs become bored with them, they sell them!”

This time Samantha’s calm demeanor evaporated. She sat back heavily in her chair. Her thoughts swam as she contemplated what she’d just learned. This story was going to be even bigger than she first thought. When she got published, she would be famous. She’d certainly acquire a lucrative book deal, maybe even her own TV celebrity news program.

She took a deep breath and slowly calmed her mind. She tapped a key on her laptop and opened a new document. A second later she returned her attention to Gwen.

“Tell me everything you know. Everything.”



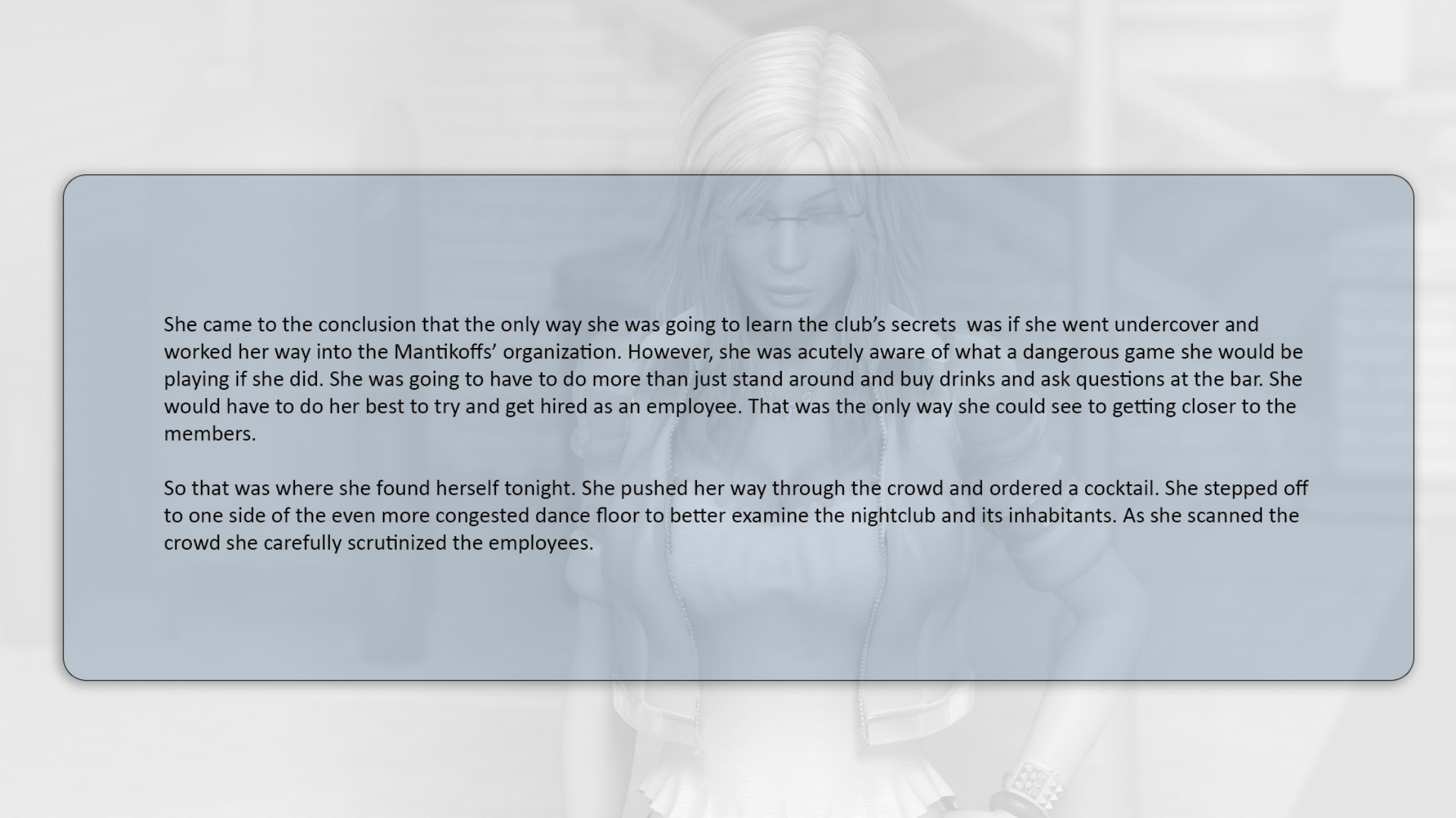
Almost two weeks later, Samantha finally entered the Kiev Club for the first time. Nervously, she glanced around and took in her surroundings. Her thoughts drifted back to what she'd learned since she'd interviewed Gwen.

The day after the interview, she started researching Brent Banes and the Mantikoffs. Brent was more or less what he appeared to be - an actor with a taste for the darker side of sex. The Mantikoffs, she discovered, were a different breed altogether. Vassily and Valeria were twin siblings, the children of Viktor Mantikoff, a Russian mobster who controlled a criminal empire with a long list of brutal crimes attributed to it.

The twins had arrived in the city just over five years earlier and soon founded a decadent empire of their own. They'd opened a string of nightclubs and restaurants that were fronts for their gambling, drug and prostitution operations. At least two unsolved murders had been attributed to them and there were even darker rumors that they were members of a worldwide human trafficking ring.

Samantha's research had led her to discover that Banes and the twins had opened the Kiev Club nightclub just over two years ago and its members included some of the richest and most powerful people in the city and entertainment industry. Unfortunately, those same powerful members had seen to it that their activities had been successfully hidden from public view. On the surface the club appeared to be nothing more than a high-end nightclub that featured gorgeous exotic dancers and strippers.

To Samantha's frustration, she had been unable to discover any information beyond that. Even after having staked out the club for several nights she'd only managed to snap a few photos of members entering and leaving the premises. She'd spent another fruitless week researching but failed to dig up more information than she already had.

A woman with long blonde hair and glasses, wearing a white dress with a ruffled collar and a watch, looking down. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a nightclub.

She came to the conclusion that the only way she was going to learn the club's secrets was if she went undercover and worked her way into the Mantikoffs' organization. However, she was acutely aware of what a dangerous game she would be playing if she did. She was going to have to do more than just stand around and buy drinks and ask questions at the bar. She would have to do her best to try and get hired as an employee. That was the only way she could see to getting closer to the members.

So that was where she found herself tonight. She pushed her way through the crowd and ordered a cocktail. She stepped off to one side of the even more congested dance floor to better examine the nightclub and its inhabitants. As she scanned the crowd she carefully scrutinized the employees.

Waitresses moved through the crowd, balancing trays of drinks in their hands. All of them were dressed in identical uniforms of shiny black latex catsuits, high stiletto heels and black wigs styled in a short bob. Samantha was amazed that they could keep their balance - let alone walk - in the heels.





Her gaze began to wander over the various glass booths that were scattered throughout the nightclub. Some were on the dance floor itself, surrounded by the gyrating crowd of dancers, some along the walls and two at either end of the bar. Each one held a solitary dancer. Unlike the waitresses, these girls were all different. Some wore bikinis, some tight cut-off shorts and t-shirts while others were in costumes such as schoolgirl outfits or nurse's uniforms. One was even dressed up as a business woman in a tight jacket and high cut skirt.

She took notice of how extremely attractive the women were. Their hair and makeup looked as if it had been styled just minutes before, their bodies were tightly muscled and slick with oil. Many of them looked as if they had had cosmetic enhancements. They twined sinuously as they danced, their movements sexy and hypnotic. They radiated a raw sexuality that was impossible to ignore.

She glanced at her own reflection in a nearby mirror and frowned. She was attractive in her own way but not even close to the level of the waitresses and dancers. She ran her eyes over her conservative outfit: jeans, boots, sweater and leather jacket. She met her eyes, obscured behind the lenses of her eyeglasses. She knew she would never get hired looking like this. She bit her lip and frowned even more. She was going to have to make some changes to her appearance if she wanted to work her way into the Manti-koffs' organization.

She finished her drink and pushed her way through the crowd to the exit.

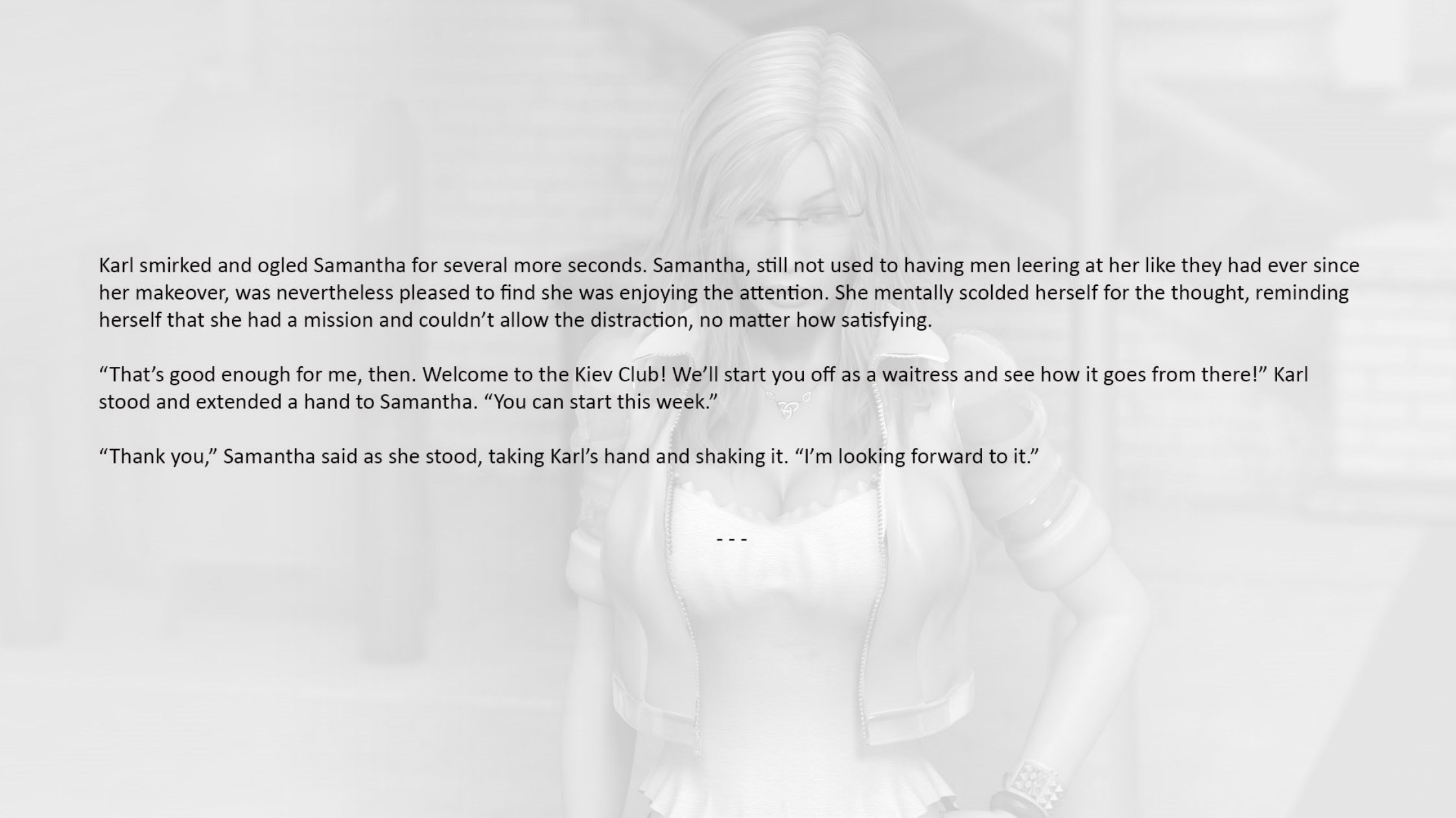




A week later Samantha returned to the Kiev Club and managed to talk her way into an interview with the manager, Karl. As she took a seat before his desk she made sure to cross her legs so that her tight skirt rode up, revealing a generous portion of her thigh. Her breasts, bound up in a tight push-up bra, shifted under her shirt as she pushed her chest out. She was pleased to observe that Karl was enjoying the spectacle and she marveled how just a simple change in her style had made such a difference in how men looked at her now.

Karl opened the interview. "So tell me, um..." he ran his eyes over her body before continuing, "... Samantha. Why do you want to work here?"

Samantha smiled wide and batted her eyelashes. "Your club is the most exclusive one in the city! Why work anywhere else if you can work at the best?" She remembered to giggle like she'd rehearsed, hating the sound of it but knowing that she would probably be less likely to be scrutinized if she acted the part of a bimbo.



Karl smirked and ogled Samantha for several more seconds. Samantha, still not used to having men leering at her like they had ever since her makeover, was nevertheless pleased to find she was enjoying the attention. She mentally scolded herself for the thought, reminding herself that she had a mission and couldn't allow the distraction, no matter how satisfying.

“That’s good enough for me, then. Welcome to the Kiev Club! We’ll start you off as a waitress and see how it goes from there!” Karl stood and extended a hand to Samantha. “You can start this week.”

“Thank you,” Samantha said as she stood, taking Karl’s hand and shaking it. “I’m looking forward to it.”

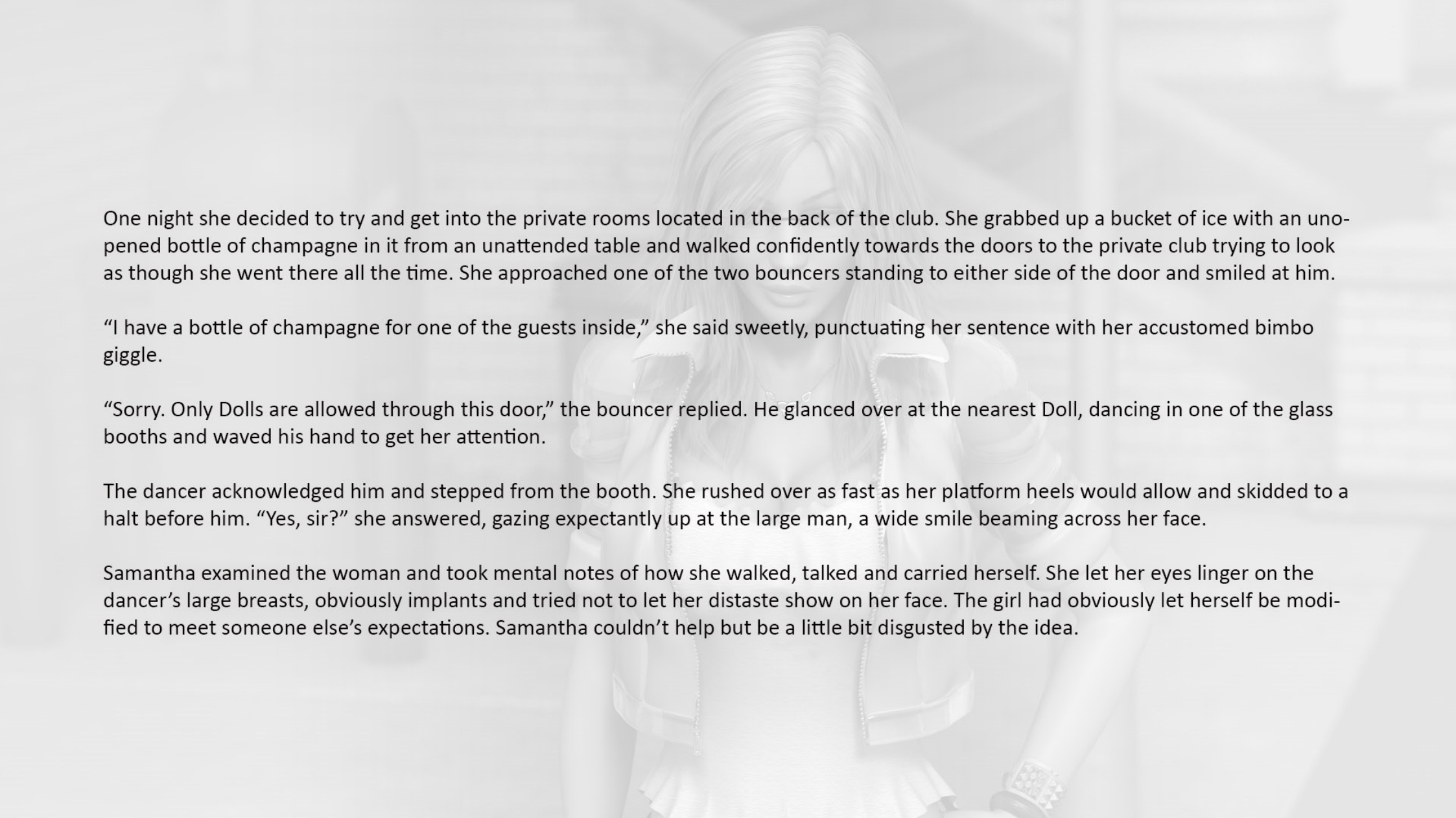
Samantha's first week working at the club passed without incident. Although she hadn't gathered more than a few snippets of rumors and information from the other employees, she had managed to learn her way around the dance club and was even making a decent amount of money from tips.

She'd found that it was now easier to talk to people, especially men, thanks to the improvements to her appearance. Although she was dressed like all the other waitresses in the standard club uniform and a wig, she found to her pleasant surprise that the changes to her appearance were providing her confidence she'd never had before. She had refined the same giggly and wide-eyed bimbo personality she'd used during her interview and found, to her surprise, that it seemed to put the men she interacted with at ease. She briefly thought about dropping it but then reminded herself that if she acted too clever she might raise unwanted suspicion.



Before & After





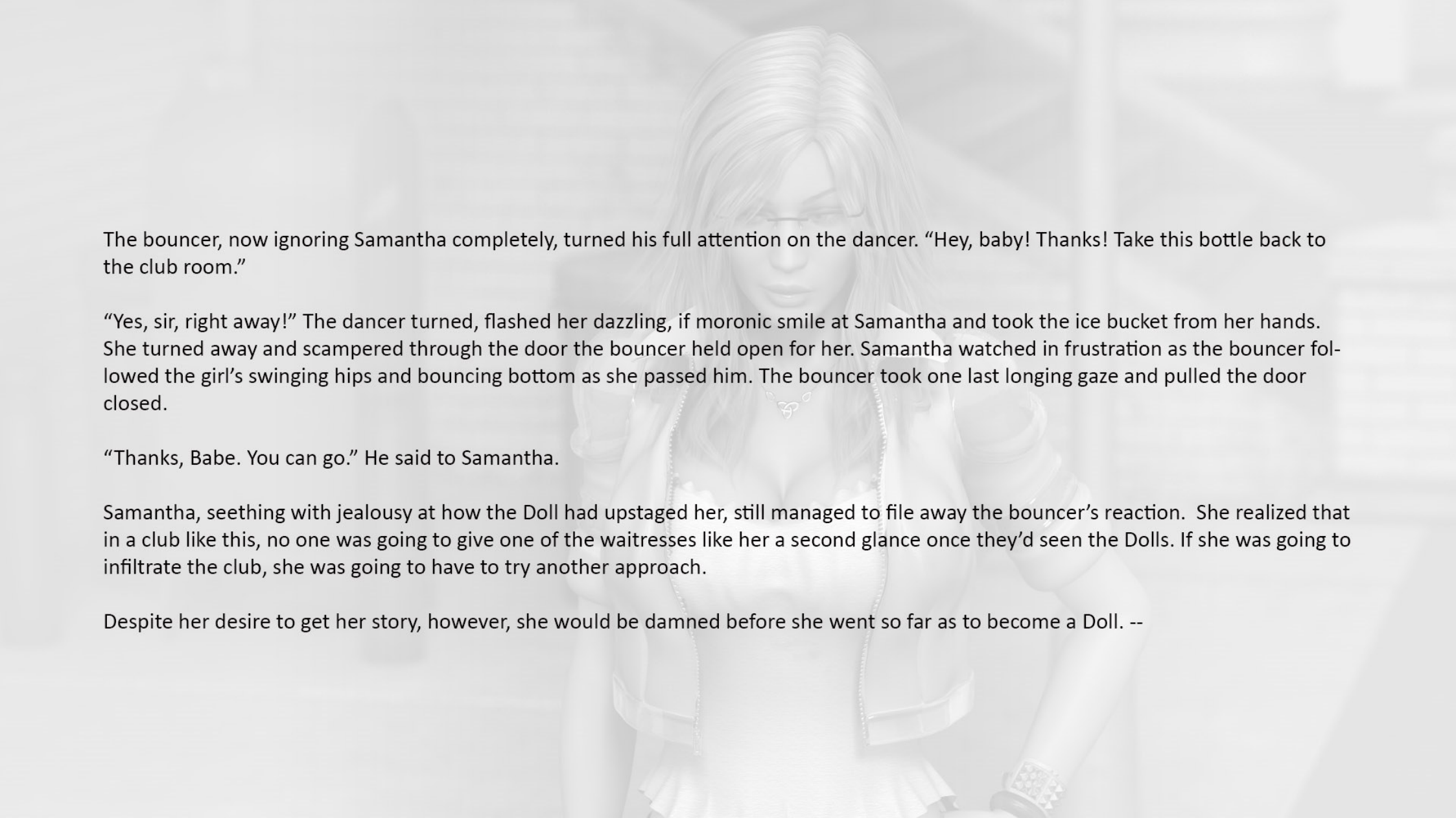
One night she decided to try and get into the private rooms located in the back of the club. She grabbed up a bucket of ice with an unopened bottle of champagne in it from an unattended table and walked confidently towards the doors to the private club trying to look as though she went there all the time. She approached one of the two bouncers standing to either side of the door and smiled at him.

“I have a bottle of champagne for one of the guests inside,” she said sweetly, punctuating her sentence with her accustomed bimbo giggle.

“Sorry. Only Dolls are allowed through this door,” the bouncer replied. He glanced over at the nearest Doll, dancing in one of the glass booths and waved his hand to get her attention.

The dancer acknowledged him and stepped from the booth. She rushed over as fast as her platform heels would allow and skidded to a halt before him. “Yes, sir?” she answered, gazing expectantly up at the large man, a wide smile beaming across her face.

Samantha examined the woman and took mental notes of how she walked, talked and carried herself. She let her eyes linger on the dancer’s large breasts, obviously implants and tried not to let her distaste show on her face. The girl had obviously let herself be modified to meet someone else’s expectations. Samantha couldn’t help but be a little bit disgusted by the idea.



The bouncer, now ignoring Samantha completely, turned his full attention on the dancer. “Hey, baby! Thanks! Take this bottle back to the club room.”

“Yes, sir, right away!” The dancer turned, flashed her dazzling, if moronic smile at Samantha and took the ice bucket from her hands. She turned away and scampered through the door the bouncer held open for her. Samantha watched in frustration as the bouncer followed the girl’s swinging hips and bouncing bottom as she passed him. The bouncer took one last longing gaze and pulled the door closed.

“Thanks, Babe. You can go.” He said to Samantha.

Samantha, seething with jealousy at how the Doll had upstaged her, still managed to file away the bouncer’s reaction. She realized that in a club like this, no one was going to give one of the waitresses like her a second glance once they’d seen the Dolls. If she was going to infiltrate the club, she was going to have to try another approach.

Despite her desire to get her story, however, she would be damned before she went so far as to become a Doll. --



Two weeks later, Samantha still hadn't learned any new information. In fact all that she had to show for her efforts were sore feet from walking around all night in the stiletto heels that came with her uniform. She was frustrated and angry.

She wasn't getting anywhere with her story. Despite subtly questioning all the employees and customers she could, all of the information she'd gathered moved no further than the door to the private club. She had to gain entrance to the club - but how could she do it, short of sneaking in? And if she did that, the first time she was noticed, she'd be thrown out and probably fired. How would she ever get her story then? She had to get beyond those doors. It was the only way.

She glanced up as she passed one of the dance booths. The Doll inside was gyrating wildly, lifting her skirt to reveal her G-string and flashing the jeering cluster of men surrounding the booth. Samantha envied the attention the Doll commanded even as she snorted with distaste at the woman's behavior. She turned away, lost in her thoughts.

A half hour later, she passed the same dancer again. More men were there, hypnotized by the spectacle before them. Samantha bit her lip and frowned. She had to become a Doll. But was that a price she was willing to pay? Would she be willing, let alone able, to throw away her dignity, expose her body and act like a bimbo in front of a crowd of drunken louts? How would she mask her feelings? And there was the question of altering her appearance. What would that require? How far would she be willing to go?

She reminded herself there was no guarantee that even if she followed through on her course of Dollification that she would learn any more than she already had about the Mantikoffs and their organization. She might become a bimbo all for nothing. It was a sobering thought.

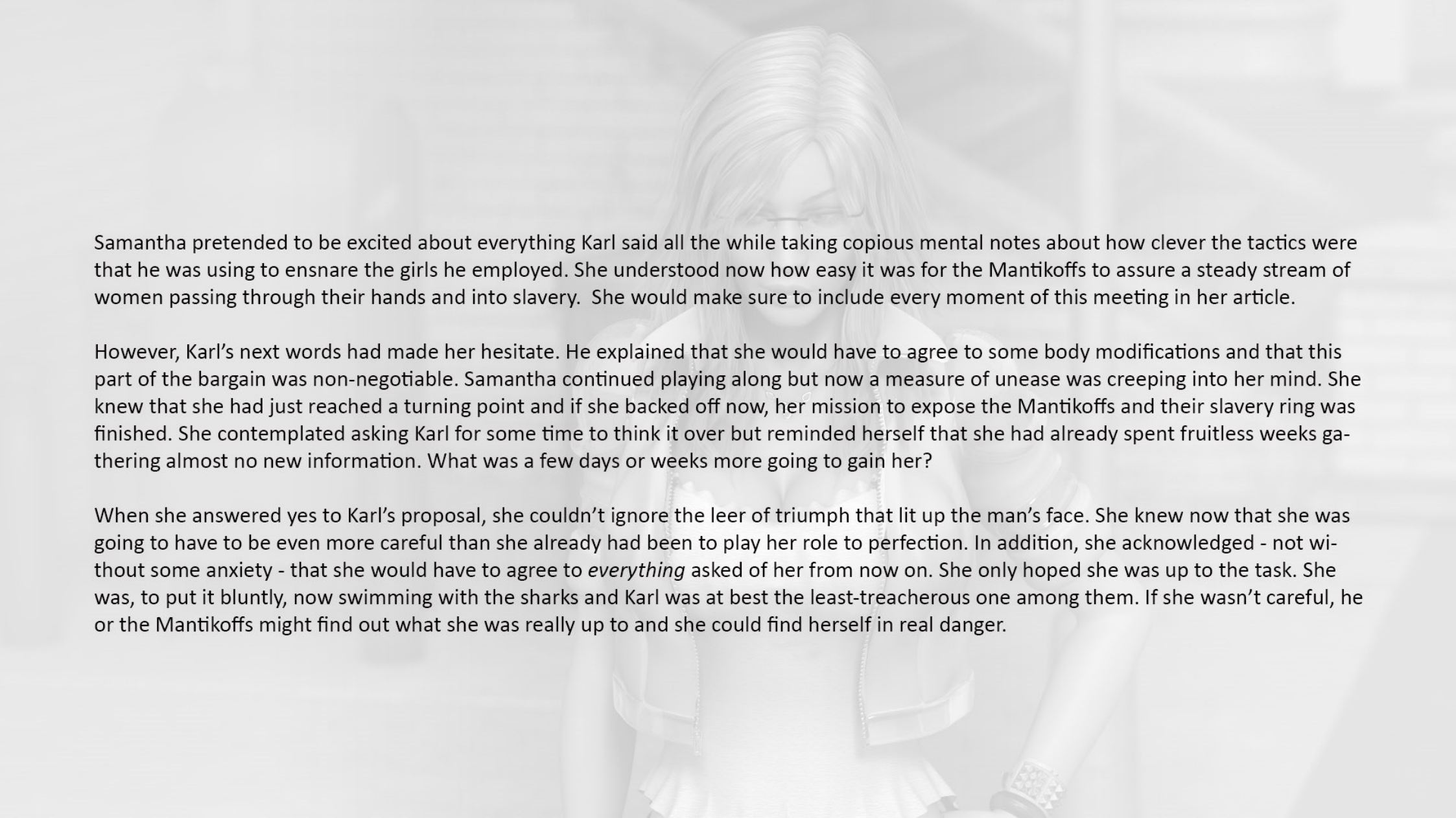
She glanced back at the dance booth. She ruefully acknowledged the attention the Dolls gained. They might be empty-headed twits but they knew enough to know that all they had to do was show a little skin, shake a little ass and laugh at all the dumb jokes the customers told them. Samantha had to admit that it worked in spite of all the lessons she'd ever learned in life.

She turned away and set her jaw. She'd see Karl before the night was over. It was time she became a Doll.

Samantha stood naked in front of her bedroom mirror and turned her body in a slow circle to examine it. Now that her surgeries had healed, she marveled at the changes to her appearance.

It had been several weeks since she had talked to Karl about becoming a Doll, fully expecting to be refused and, as a result, abandon her mission. To her surprise, Karl not only agreed but was enthusiastic, explaining to her that he thought it was a fine idea and, in his opinion, she really had the personality to be successful in this new career. He went on about how much more money she could make and how there were many new opportunities open to her, including being introduced to influential figures in the entertainment industry.

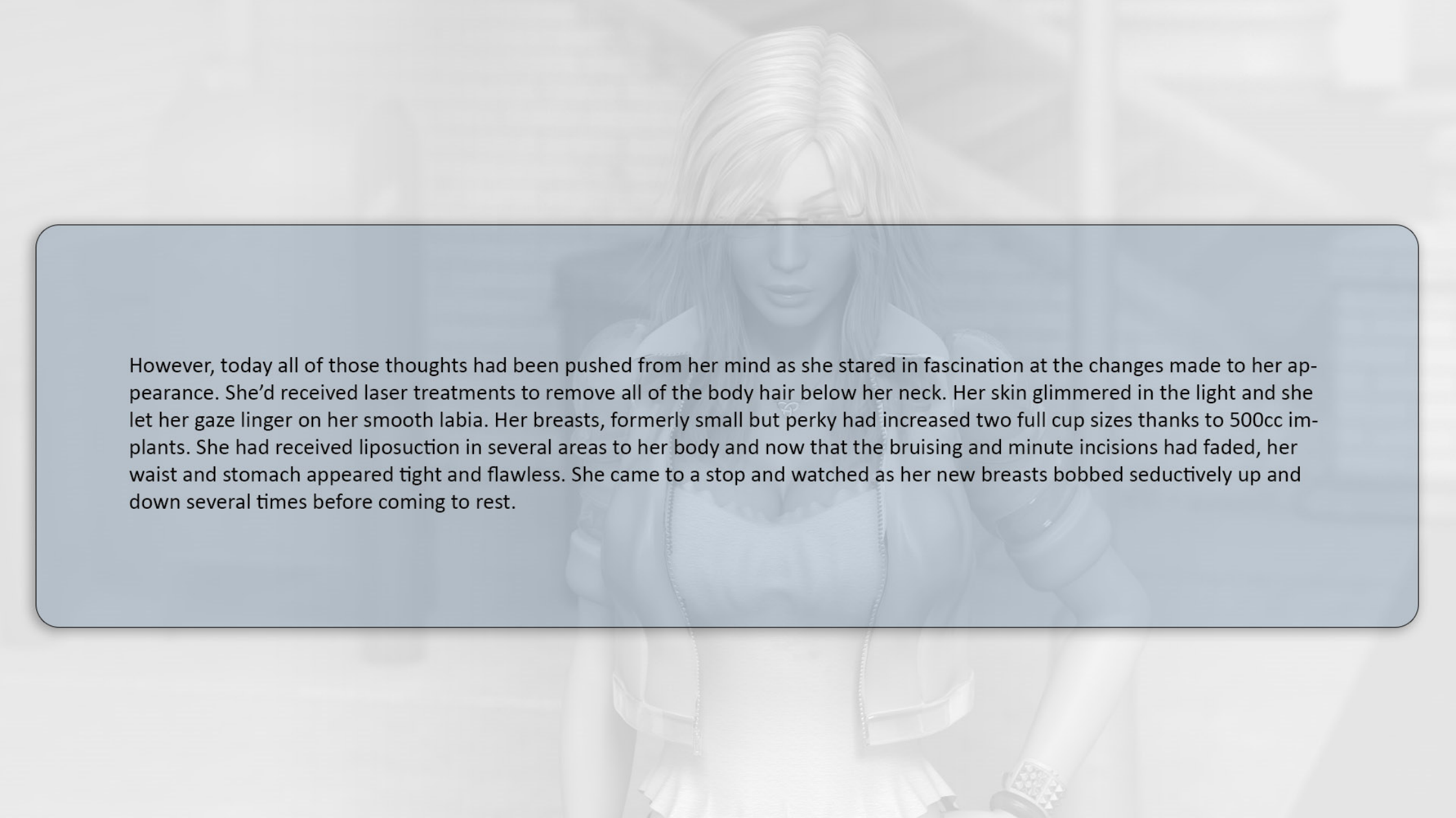




Samantha pretended to be excited about everything Karl said all the while taking copious mental notes about how clever the tactics were that he was using to ensnare the girls he employed. She understood now how easy it was for the Mantikoffs to assure a steady stream of women passing through their hands and into slavery. She would make sure to include every moment of this meeting in her article.

However, Karl's next words had made her hesitate. He explained that she would have to agree to some body modifications and that this part of the bargain was non-negotiable. Samantha continued playing along but now a measure of unease was creeping into her mind. She knew that she had just reached a turning point and if she backed off now, her mission to expose the Mantikoffs and their slavery ring was finished. She contemplated asking Karl for some time to think it over but reminded herself that she had already spent fruitless weeks gathering almost no new information. What was a few days or weeks more going to gain her?

When she answered yes to Karl's proposal, she couldn't ignore the leer of triumph that lit up the man's face. She knew now that she was going to have to be even more careful than she already had been to play her role to perfection. In addition, she acknowledged - not without some anxiety - that she would have to agree to *everything* asked of her from now on. She only hoped she was up to the task. She was, to put it bluntly, now swimming with the sharks and Karl was at best the least-treacherous one among them. If she wasn't careful, he or the Mantikoffs might find out what she was really up to and she could find herself in real danger.



However, today all of those thoughts had been pushed from her mind as she stared in fascination at the changes made to her appearance. She'd received laser treatments to remove all of the body hair below her neck. Her skin glimmered in the light and she let her gaze linger on her smooth labia. Her breasts, formerly small but perky had increased two full cup sizes thanks to 500cc implants. She had received liposuction in several areas to her body and now that the bruising and minute incisions had faded, her waist and stomach appeared tight and flawless. She came to a stop and watched as her new breasts bobbed seductively up and down several times before coming to rest.

Before & After



At first she'd had misgivings about her rash decision. Initially, her body ached where it had been worked on. Every movement, no matter how small, brought agony to her new breasts. She had trouble getting used to the extra weight on her chest and her new boobs were constantly getting in the way of some everyday tasks. The modifications to her chest and other areas had necessitated a new wardrobe as well.

All of her shirts now stretched awkwardly, drawing attention to her new breasts. She had purchased new shirts but found them to be ill-fitting: too tight in some areas and loose in others, drawing even more attention. She had finally discovered a fetish wear shop online that sold proper fitting shirts but even they emphasized her cleavage, being low-cut and revealing. In the end, she had surrendered to the inevitable but still dreaded going out to work or shopping.

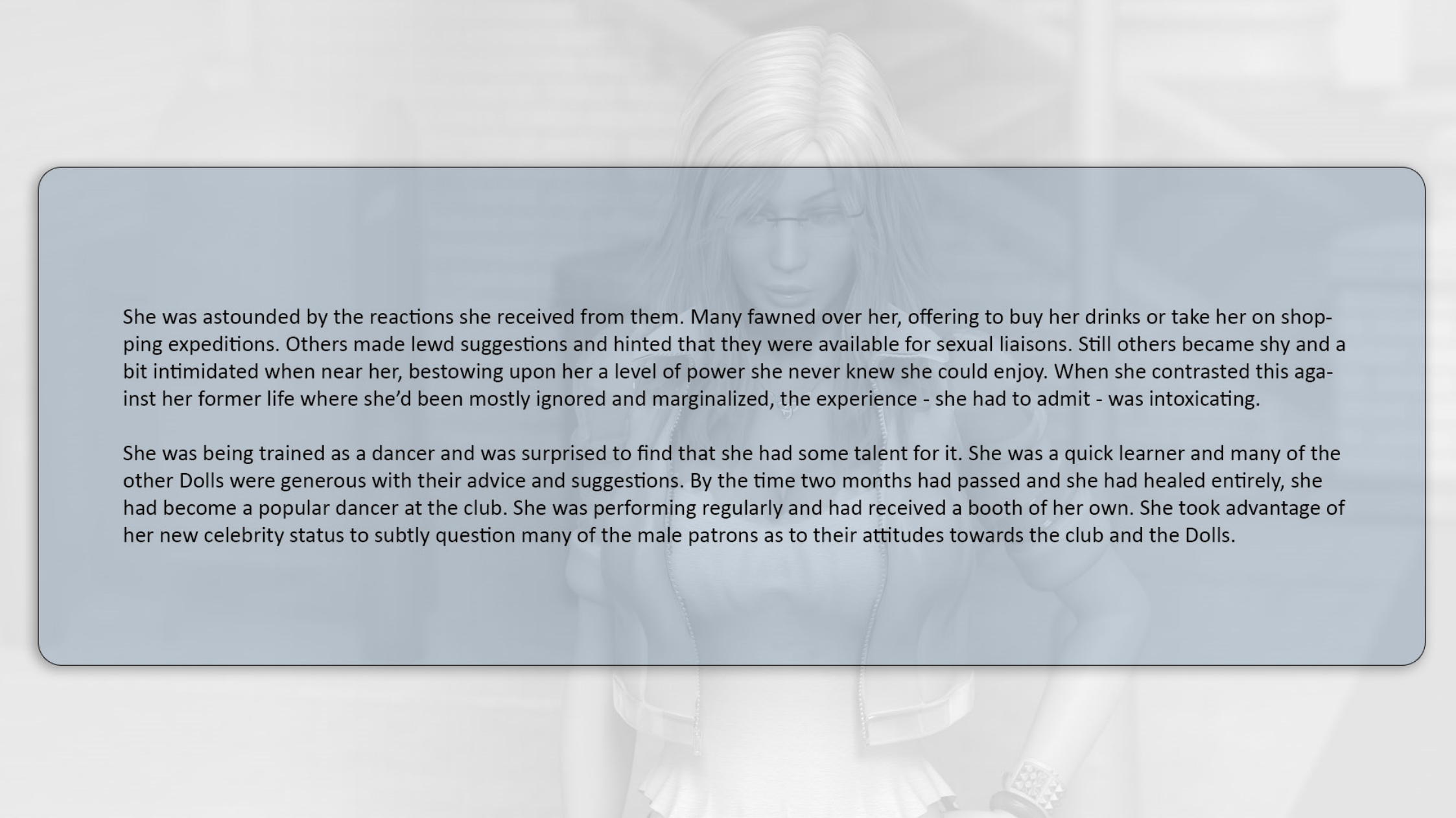




Over time, she observed the change in attitude of those around her. She was receiving more attention from everyone she met. She noted that almost everyone she passed on the street or in the shops dropped their eyes to her breasts. Most of the men stared greedily and some women sneered with disgust while others looked at her with envy, especially if they noticed their men staring at Samantha's cleavage. Samantha could only surmise that they appeared even larger contrasted against her short stature.

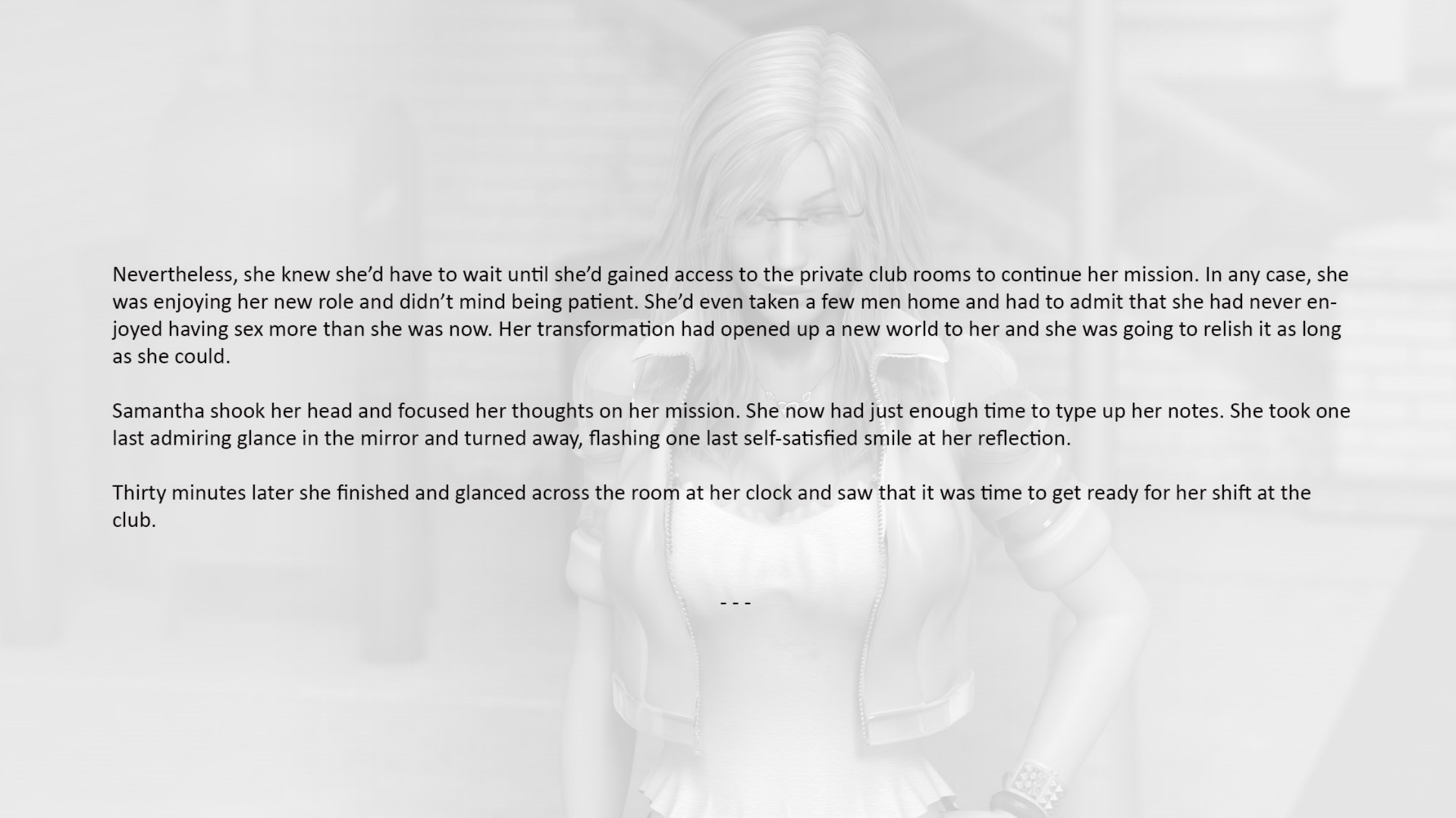
However, not all of them. When she had returned to work at the club after the worst of the pain had subsided, she noted with relief and not a little smugness the effect her new body had on the customers. Where she had formerly been all but ignored as a waitress by the patrons, she found her new status as a Doll had its perks. Men would push through the crowd just to say hello and there were even one or two heated verbal exchanges between rivals for her attention. Her earlier Bimbo act had now become almost second-nature to her and she further entranced the patrons by playing up to the behavior they'd come to expect from the other Dolls.





She was astounded by the reactions she received from them. Many fawned over her, offering to buy her drinks or take her on shopping expeditions. Others made lewd suggestions and hinted that they were available for sexual liaisons. Still others became shy and a bit intimidated when near her, bestowing upon her a level of power she never knew she could enjoy. When she contrasted this against her former life where she'd been mostly ignored and marginalized, the experience - she had to admit - was intoxicating.

She was being trained as a dancer and was surprised to find that she had some talent for it. She was a quick learner and many of the other Dolls were generous with their advice and suggestions. By the time two months had passed and she had healed entirely, she had become a popular dancer at the club. She was performing regularly and had received a booth of her own. She took advantage of her new celebrity status to subtly question many of the male patrons as to their attitudes towards the club and the Dolls.



Nevertheless, she knew she'd have to wait until she'd gained access to the private club rooms to continue her mission. In any case, she was enjoying her new role and didn't mind being patient. She'd even taken a few men home and had to admit that she had never enjoyed having sex more than she was now. Her transformation had opened up a new world to her and she was going to relish it as long as she could.

Samantha shook her head and focused her thoughts on her mission. She now had just enough time to type up her notes. She took one last admiring glance in the mirror and turned away, flashing one last self-satisfied smile at her reflection.

Thirty minutes later she finished and glanced across the room at her clock and saw that it was time to get ready for her shift at the club.

Samantha had just stepped out of her booth to take her break when Karl approached her. “You’ve been requested for by the private members! Go, fix your makeup and hair and meet me by the door to the private club! You have five minutes! Go!”

He turned and stalked off. Samantha, flustered by the unexpected turn of fortune, hesitated. Her heart was pounding and her vision blurred. This was the moment she’d been waiting for but now that it had become a reality, she wondered if she shouldn’t back out after all. She rushed off to the dressing room, all the while fighting a back and forth battle in her head. She only just managed to stop her hands from shaking long enough to redo her lipstick and eyeshadow and by the time she patted her hair back into place, had already decided it was foolish not to follow through with her mission after all that had passed.

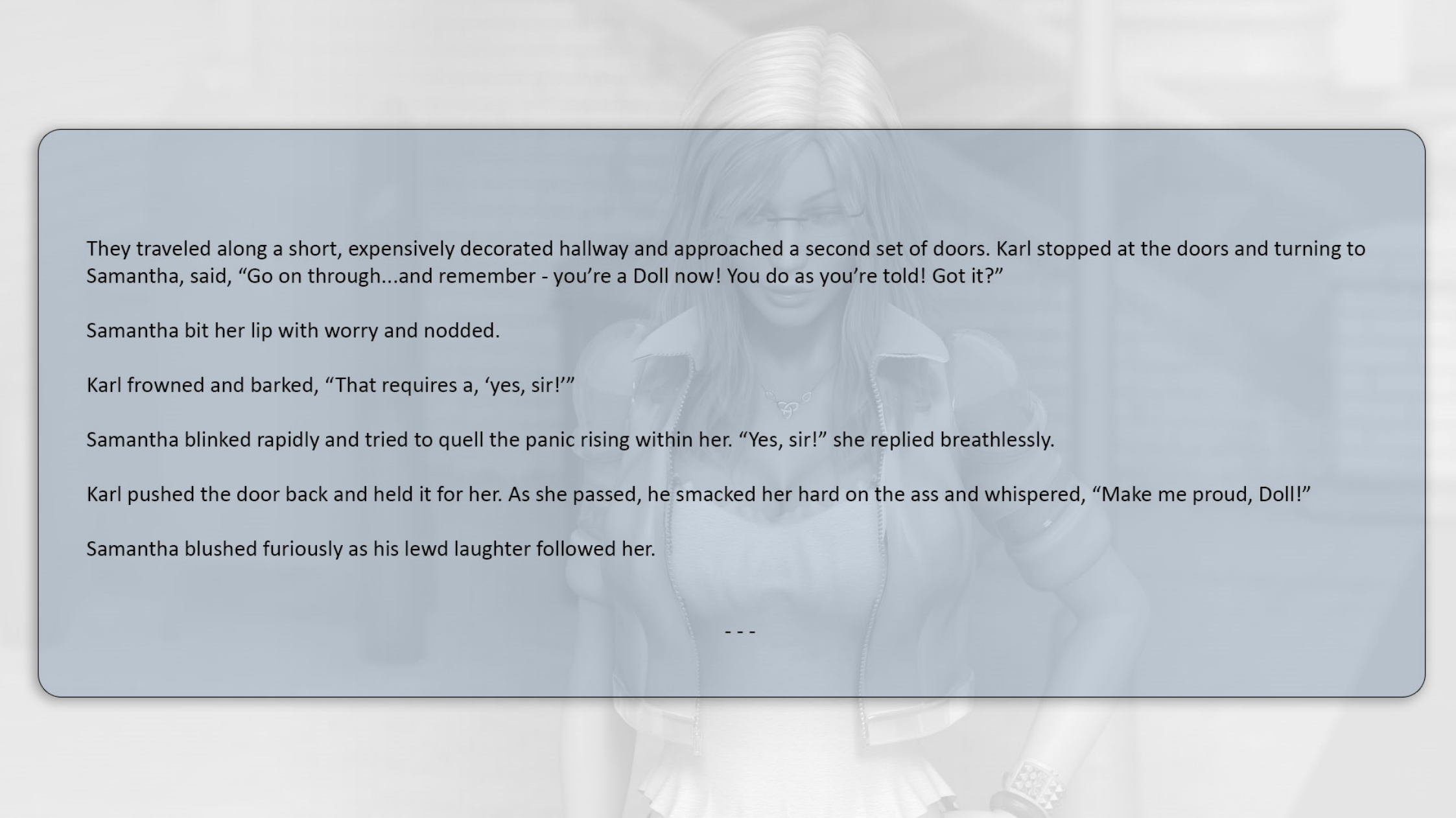
And besides, she said to herself. It was so easy to manipulate the men here in the nightclub thanks to my new Doll status! Why should it be any different within the private club? I bet I get all the information I need for my article within a week! She smirked confidently as she took one last look at her face in the dressing room mirror and winked.

She hurried along as best as she could in the clumsy heels she was wearing and skidded to a stop before Karl. “What do I need to do?” she gasped, almost out of breath with exertion and anticipation.

“First, start using ‘sir’ when you address me and the club members from now on!” Karl snapped.

“Okay, Karl...I mean...yes, sir!” Samantha blushed as she stuttered.

“Better. Follow me,” Karl said, turning his back to her and pushing his way through the door to the private area. Samantha took a deep breath, collected her thoughts and then, not without some misgivings, followed.



They traveled along a short, expensively decorated hallway and approached a second set of doors. Karl stopped at the doors and turning to Samantha, said, “Go on through...and remember - you’re a Doll now! You do as you’re told! Got it?”

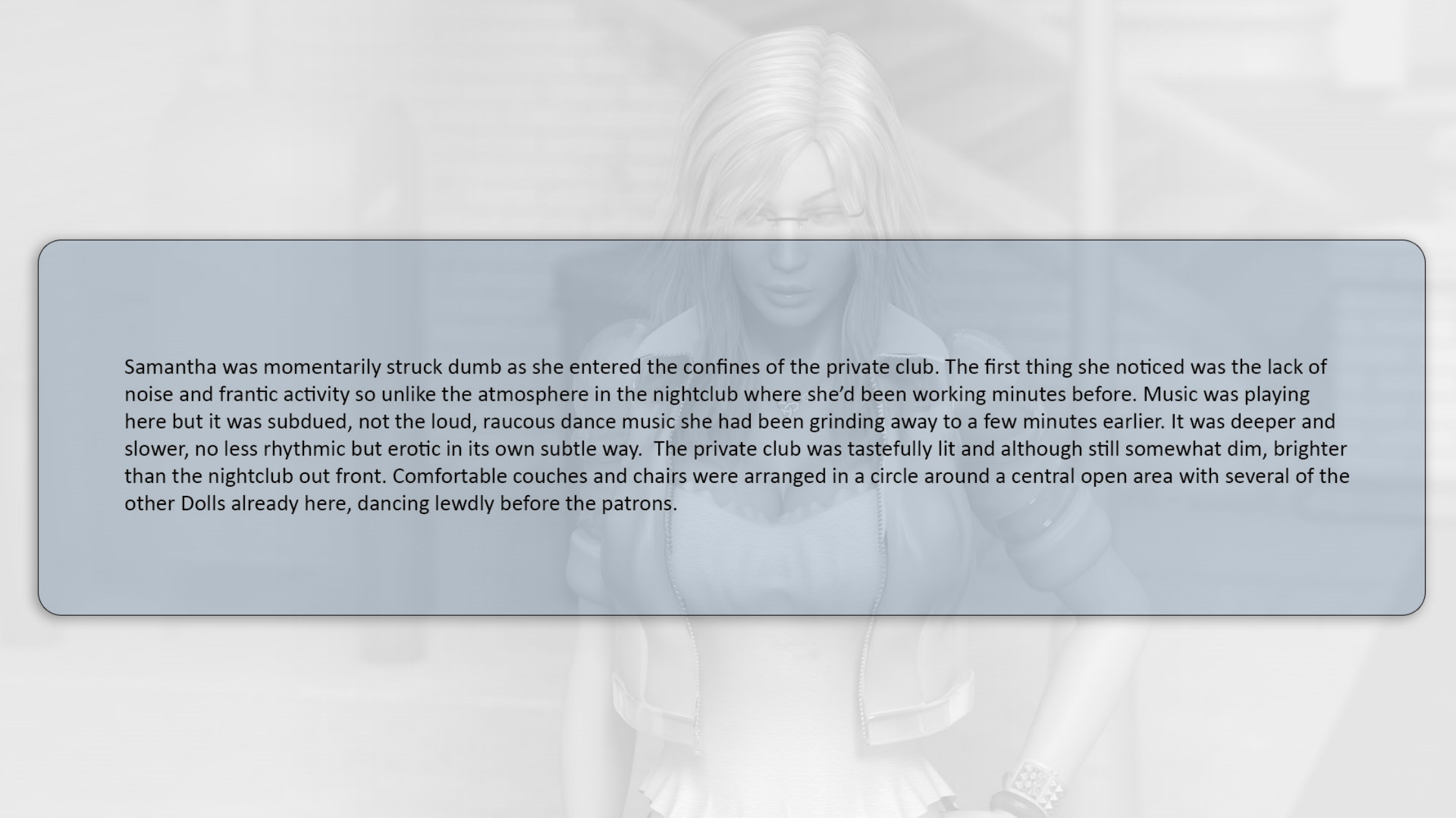
Samantha bit her lip with worry and nodded.

Karl frowned and barked, “That requires a, ‘yes, sir!’”

Samantha blinked rapidly and tried to quell the panic rising within her. “Yes, sir!” she replied breathlessly.

Karl pushed the door back and held it for her. As she passed, he smacked her hard on the ass and whispered, “Make me proud, Doll!”

Samantha blushed furiously as his lewd laughter followed her.

A woman with long blonde hair and glasses, wearing a white dress with a ruffled collar and a bracelet, looking down. The image is faded and serves as a background for the text.

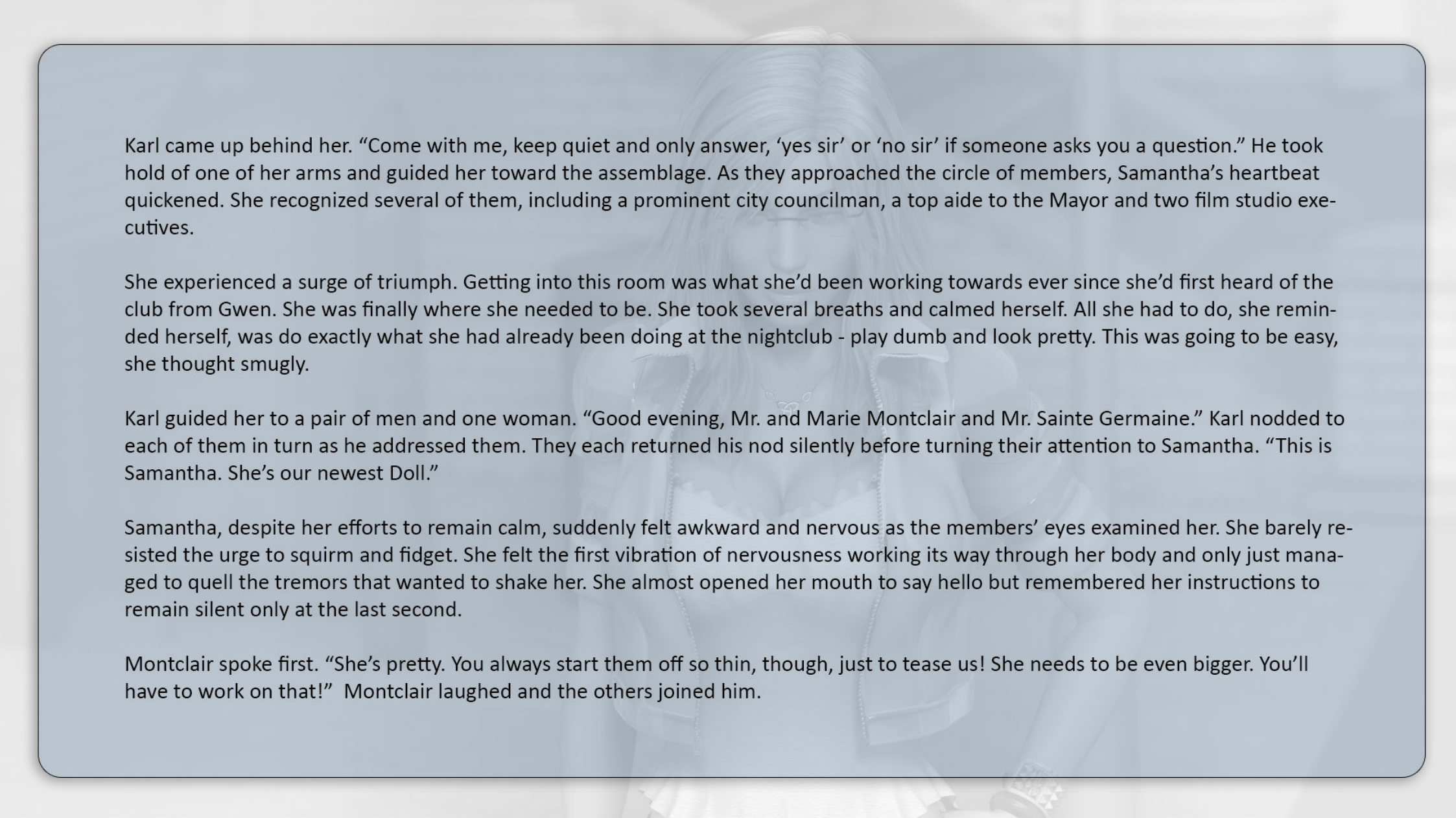
Samantha was momentarily struck dumb as she entered the confines of the private club. The first thing she noticed was the lack of noise and frantic activity so unlike the atmosphere in the nightclub where she'd been working minutes before. Music was playing here but it was subdued, not the loud, raucous dance music she had been grinding away to a few minutes earlier. It was deeper and slower, no less rhythmic but erotic in its own subtle way. The private club was tastefully lit and although still somewhat dim, brighter than the nightclub out front. Comfortable couches and chairs were arranged in a circle around a central open area with several of the other Dolls already here, dancing lewdly before the patrons.

She was disturbed to note that many of the Dolls were topless or fully naked. When she and the other Dolls danced in the front nightclub, they never undressed any further than down to their lingerie. She herself had found that stipulation a relief, not at all sure that she could be comfortably naked before strangers.





What drew her attention most, however, were the patrons. They were mostly men but there were a few women present as well. All of them were well-groomed and dressed in extravagant clothing. Most notable was how much more quiet and well-behaved they were. The patrons of the nightclub were loud, pushing and shoving their way through the crowd, laughing and talking and in general trying to call as much attention to themselves. Samantha already sensed the quiet power and charisma that the people here radiated, if only on a subconscious level.



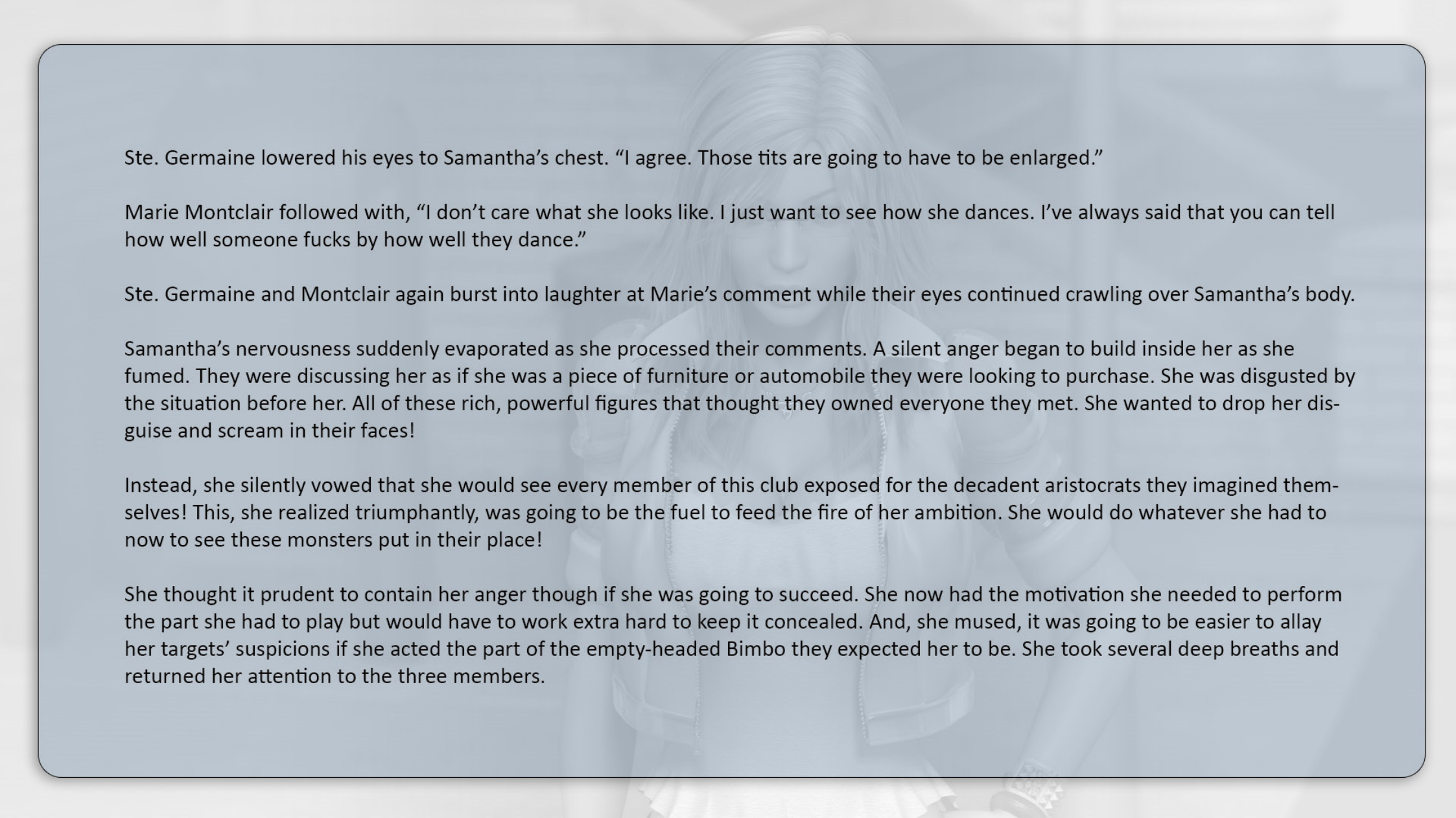
Karl came up behind her. “Come with me, keep quiet and only answer, ‘yes sir’ or ‘no sir’ if someone asks you a question.” He took hold of one of her arms and guided her toward the assemblage. As they approached the circle of members, Samantha’s heartbeat quickened. She recognized several of them, including a prominent city councilman, a top aide to the Mayor and two film studio executives.

She experienced a surge of triumph. Getting into this room was what she’d been working towards ever since she’d first heard of the club from Gwen. She was finally where she needed to be. She took several breaths and calmed herself. All she had to do, she reminded herself, was do exactly what she had already been doing at the nightclub - play dumb and look pretty. This was going to be easy, she thought smugly.

Karl guided her to a pair of men and one woman. “Good evening, Mr. and Marie Montclair and Mr. Sainte Germaine.” Karl nodded to each of them in turn as he addressed them. They each returned his nod silently before turning their attention to Samantha. “This is Samantha. She’s our newest Doll.”

Samantha, despite her efforts to remain calm, suddenly felt awkward and nervous as the members’ eyes examined her. She barely resisted the urge to squirm and fidget. She felt the first vibration of nervousness working its way through her body and only just managed to quell the tremors that wanted to shake her. She almost opened her mouth to say hello but remembered her instructions to remain silent only at the last second.

Montclair spoke first. “She’s pretty. You always start them off so thin, though, just to tease us! She needs to be even bigger. You’ll have to work on that!” Montclair laughed and the others joined him.



Ste. Germaine lowered his eyes to Samantha's chest. "I agree. Those tits are going to have to be enlarged."

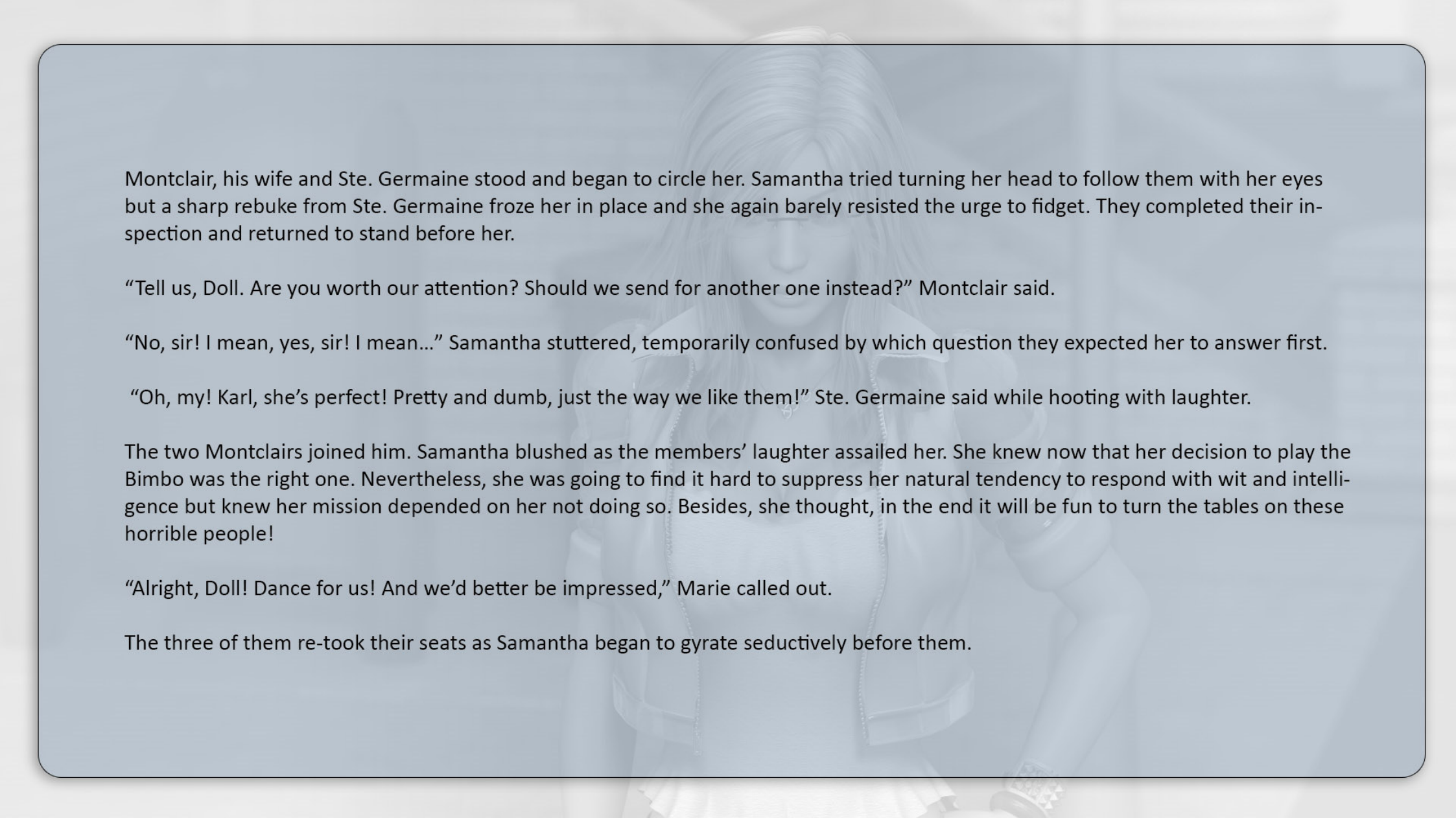
Marie Montclair followed with, "I don't care what she looks like. I just want to see how she dances. I've always said that you can tell how well someone fucks by how well they dance."

Ste. Germaine and Montclair again burst into laughter at Marie's comment while their eyes continued crawling over Samantha's body.

Samantha's nervousness suddenly evaporated as she processed their comments. A silent anger began to build inside her as she fumed. They were discussing her as if she was a piece of furniture or automobile they were looking to purchase. She was disgusted by the situation before her. All of these rich, powerful figures that thought they owned everyone they met. She wanted to drop her disguise and scream in their faces!

Instead, she silently vowed that she would see every member of this club exposed for the decadent aristocrats they imagined themselves! This, she realized triumphantly, was going to be the fuel to feed the fire of her ambition. She would do whatever she had to now to see these monsters put in their place!

She thought it prudent to contain her anger though if she was going to succeed. She now had the motivation she needed to perform the part she had to play but would have to work extra hard to keep it concealed. And, she mused, it was going to be easier to allay her targets' suspicions if she acted the part of the empty-headed Bimbo they expected her to be. She took several deep breaths and returned her attention to the three members.



Montclair, his wife and Ste. Germaine stood and began to circle her. Samantha tried turning her head to follow them with her eyes but a sharp rebuke from Ste. Germaine froze her in place and she again barely resisted the urge to fidget. They completed their inspection and returned to stand before her.

“Tell us, Doll. Are you worth our attention? Should we send for another one instead?” Montclair said.

“No, sir! I mean, yes, sir! I mean...” Samantha stuttered, temporarily confused by which question they expected her to answer first.

“Oh, my! Karl, she’s perfect! Pretty and dumb, just the way we like them!” Ste. Germaine said while hooting with laughter.

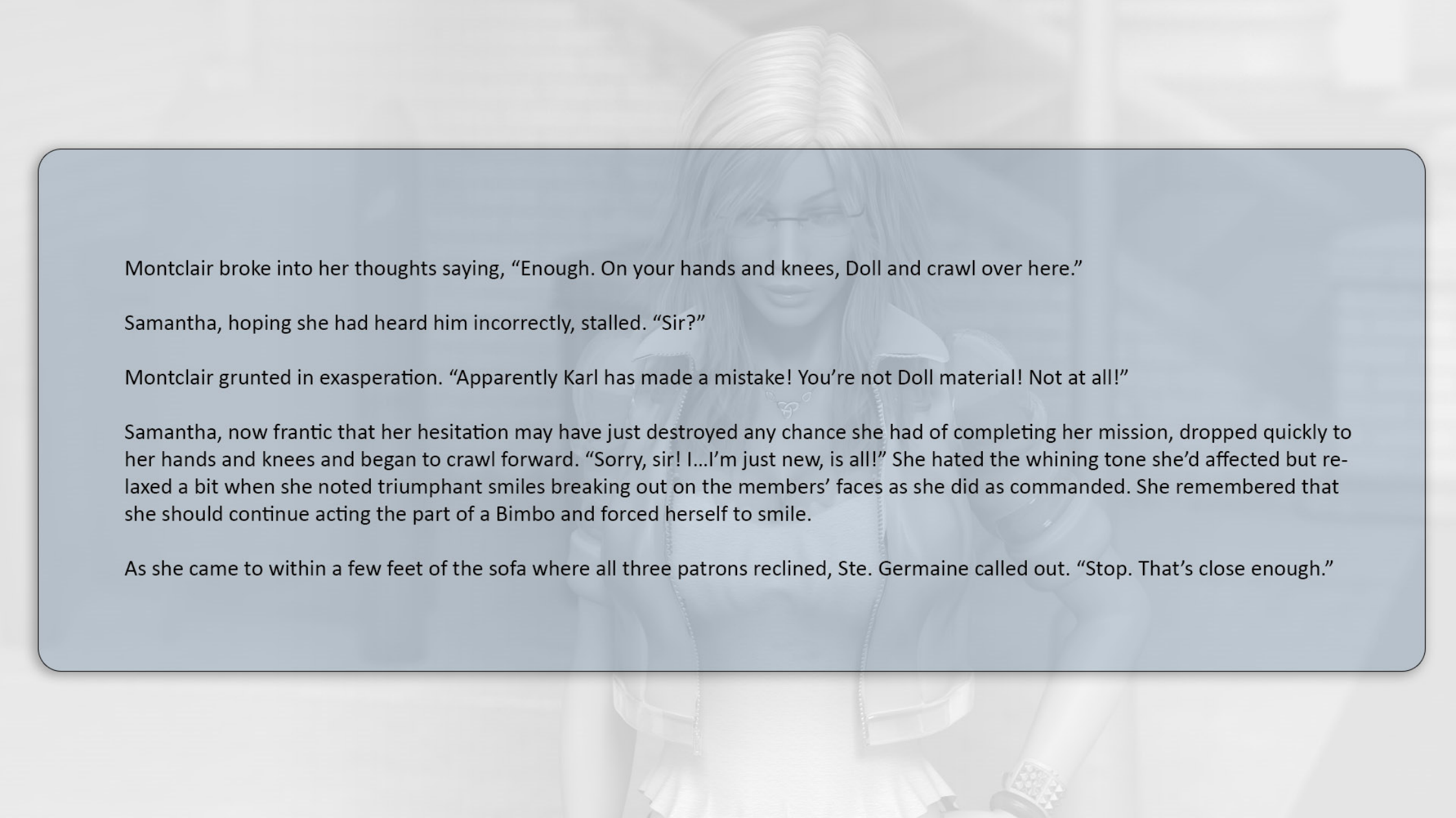
The two Montclairs joined him. Samantha blushed as the members’ laughter assailed her. She knew now that her decision to play the Bimbo was the right one. Nevertheless, she was going to find it hard to suppress her natural tendency to respond with wit and intelligence but knew her mission depended on her not doing so. Besides, she thought, in the end it will be fun to turn the tables on these horrible people!

“Alright, Doll! Dance for us! And we’d better be impressed,” Marie called out.

The three of them re-took their seats as Samantha began to gyrate seductively before them.



As Samantha danced, the Montclairs and Ste. Germaine continued to voice their assessment of her. Despite her outward calm, her emotions all but raged out of control in her head as she swung from red-hot anger one minute to almost breaking out in tears the next. When she had first learned of the situation here she couldn't understand how any woman would let herself be used in this way. Now, she was beginning to understand how the club broke down the Dolls' resistances. Samantha was almost desperate to do anything to stop the three members from insulting her. She could see how another woman, perhaps one who was insecure or more willing to please others could soon find herself in the clutches of these people.



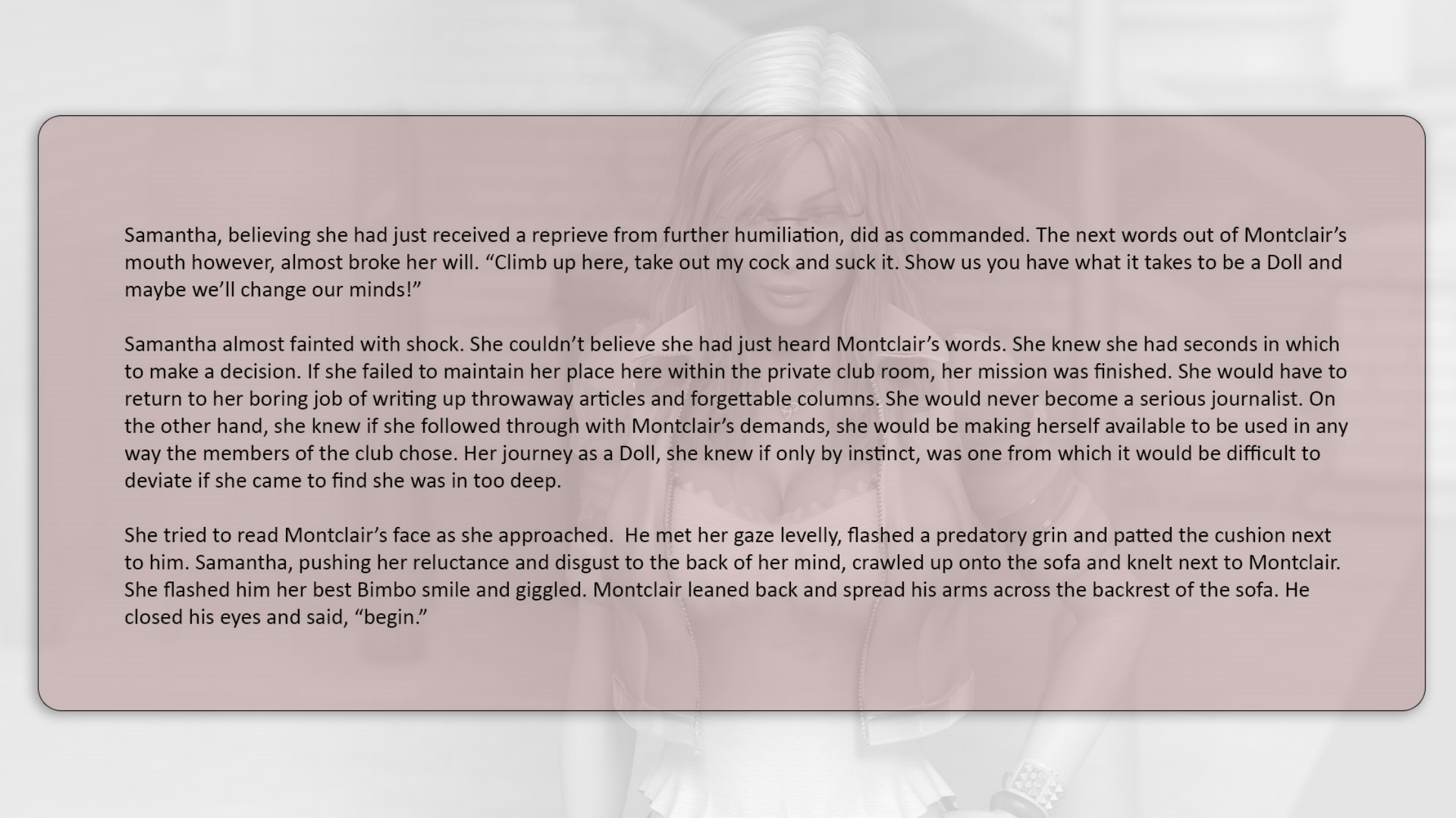
Montclair broke into her thoughts saying, “Enough. On your hands and knees, Doll and crawl over here.”

Samantha, hoping she had heard him incorrectly, stalled. “Sir?”

Montclair grunted in exasperation. “Apparently Karl has made a mistake! You’re not Doll material! Not at all!”

Samantha, now frantic that her hesitation may have just destroyed any chance she had of completing her mission, dropped quickly to her hands and knees and began to crawl forward. “Sorry, sir! I...I’m just new, is all!” She hated the whining tone she’d affected but relaxed a bit when she noted triumphant smiles breaking out on the members’ faces as she did as commanded. She remembered that she should continue acting the part of a Bimbo and forced herself to smile.

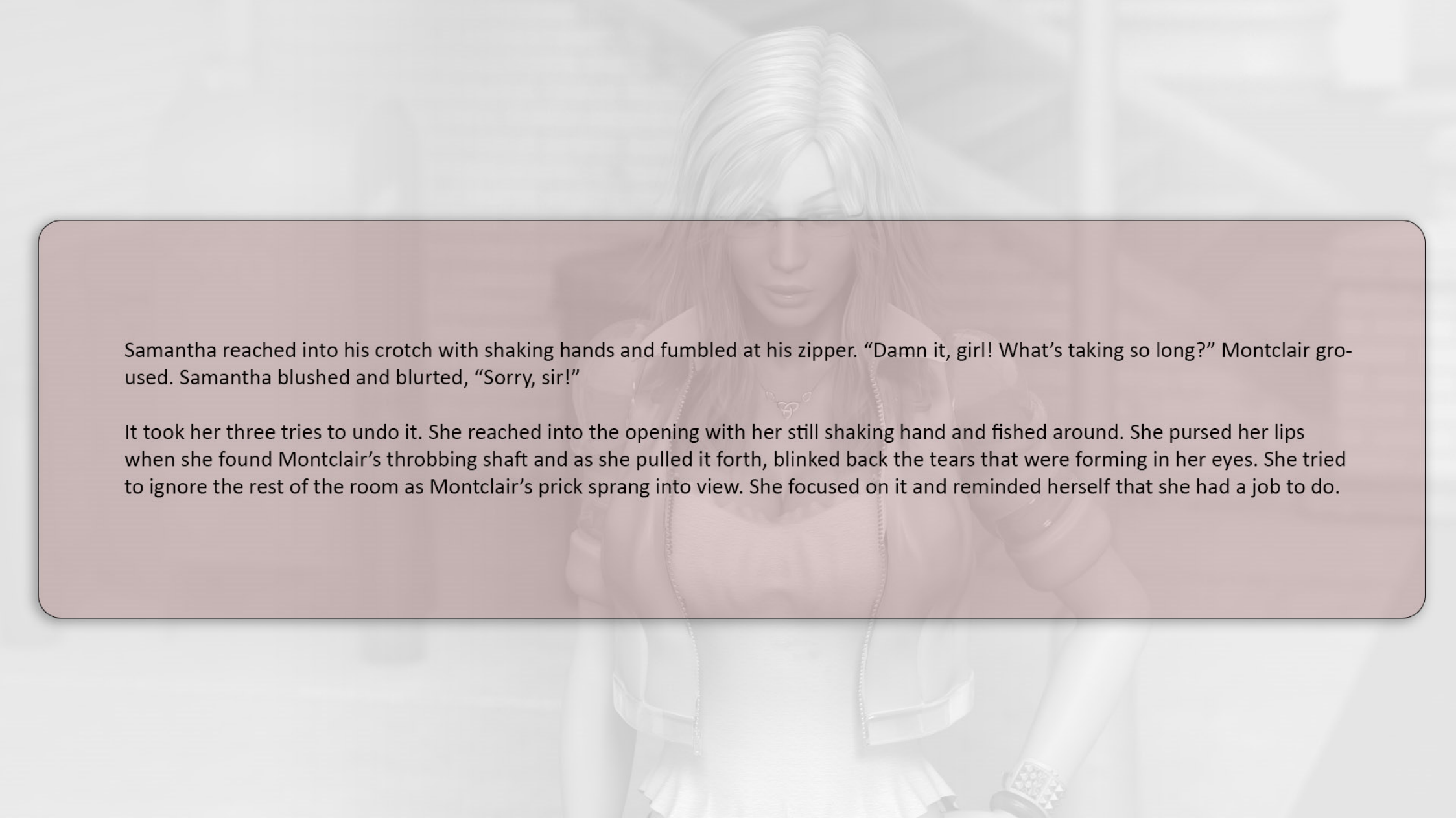
As she came to within a few feet of the sofa where all three patrons reclined, Ste. Germaine called out. “Stop. That’s close enough.”

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white ruffled dress and a large diamond watch, is shown from the chest up. She is looking down and slightly to the right. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting.

Samantha, believing she had just received a reprieve from further humiliation, did as commanded. The next words out of Montclair's mouth however, almost broke her will. "Climb up here, take out my cock and suck it. Show us you have what it takes to be a Doll and maybe we'll change our minds!"

Samantha almost fainted with shock. She couldn't believe she had just heard Montclair's words. She knew she had seconds in which to make a decision. If she failed to maintain her place here within the private club room, her mission was finished. She would have to return to her boring job of writing up throwaway articles and forgettable columns. She would never become a serious journalist. On the other hand, she knew if she followed through with Montclair's demands, she would be making herself available to be used in any way the members of the club chose. Her journey as a Doll, she knew if only by instinct, was one from which it would be difficult to deviate if she came to find she was in too deep.

She tried to read Montclair's face as she approached. He met her gaze levelly, flashed a predatory grin and patted the cushion next to him. Samantha, pushing her reluctance and disgust to the back of her mind, crawled up onto the sofa and knelt next to Montclair. She flashed him her best Bimbo smile and giggled. Montclair leaned back and spread his arms across the backrest of the sofa. He closed his eyes and said, "begin."

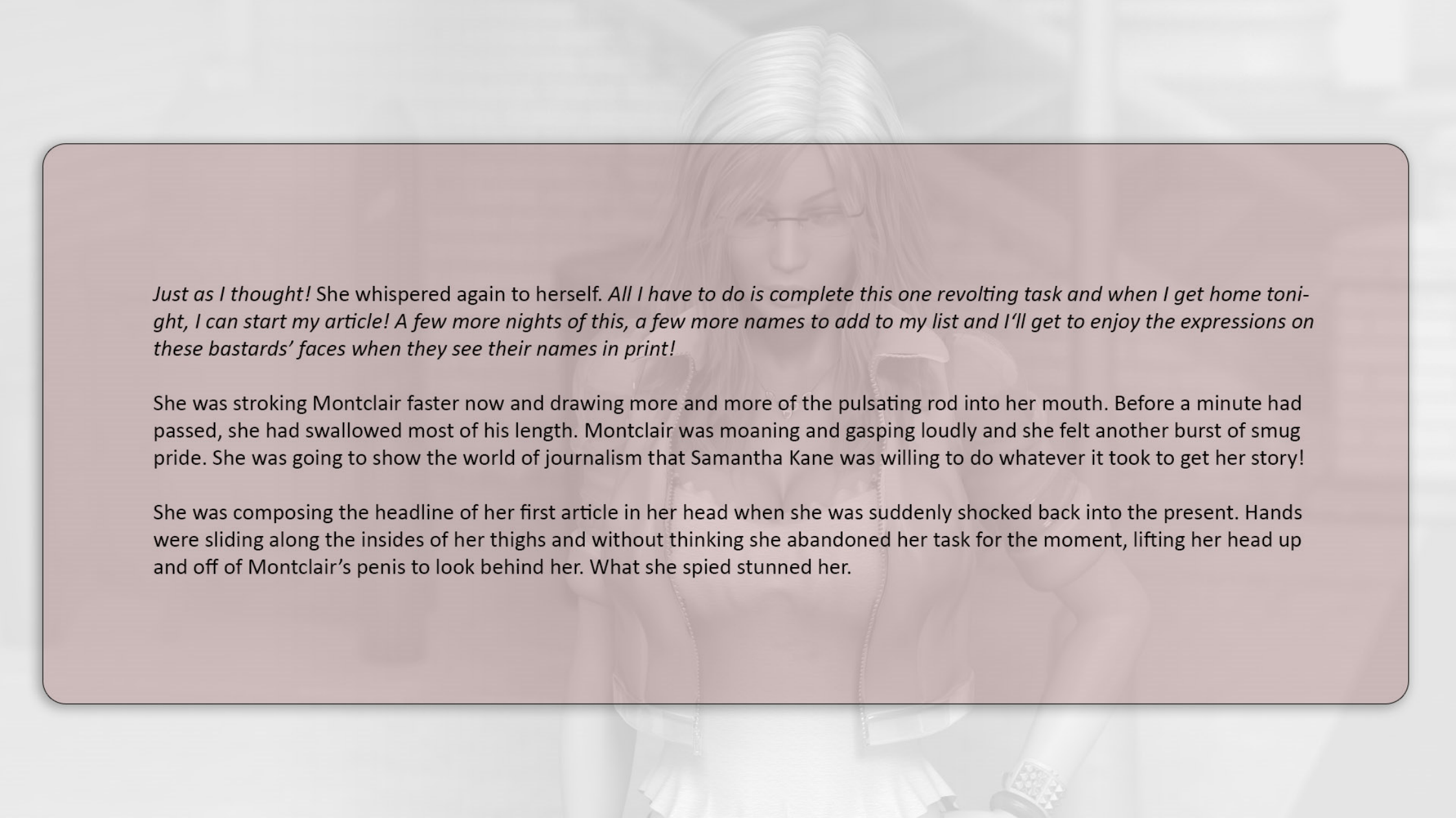
A woman with long, straight blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a light pink, ruffled top and a white jacket with ruffled cuffs. She is looking down with a slightly concerned or nervous expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Samantha reached into his crotch with shaking hands and fumbled at his zipper. “Damn it, girl! What’s taking so long?” Montclair groaned. Samantha blushed and blurted, “Sorry, sir!”

It took her three tries to undo it. She reached into the opening with her still shaking hand and fished around. She pursed her lips when she found Montclair’s throbbing shaft and as she pulled it forth, blinked back the tears that were forming in her eyes. She tried to ignore the rest of the room as Montclair’s prick sprang into view. She focused on it and reminded herself that she had a job to do.

I can't let a simple blow-job stop me! She whispered in her mind. Besides, it's not like I've never given one before! A few minutes more and it'll all be over! Screwing up her resolve, she bent forward and placed her lips around the head of Montclair's penis. With her hand, she began squeezing the shaft lightly, while her tongue began to describe small circles around the base of its helmet. Montclair gasped with surprise and Samantha experienced a moment of smug triumph.



A woman with long blonde hair and glasses, wearing a white ruffled top, looking down. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting.

Just as I thought! She whispered again to herself. All I have to do is complete this one revolting task and when I get home tonight, I can start my article! A few more nights of this, a few more names to add to my list and I'll get to enjoy the expressions on these bastards' faces when they see their names in print!

She was stroking Montclair faster now and drawing more and more of the pulsating rod into her mouth. Before a minute had passed, she had swallowed most of his length. Montclair was moaning and gasping loudly and she felt another burst of smug pride. She was going to show the world of journalism that Samantha Kane was willing to do whatever it took to get her story!

She was composing the headline of her first article in her head when she was suddenly shocked back into the present. Hands were sliding along the insides of her thighs and without thinking she abandoned her task for the moment, lifting her head up and off of Montclair's penis to look behind her. What she spied stunned her.

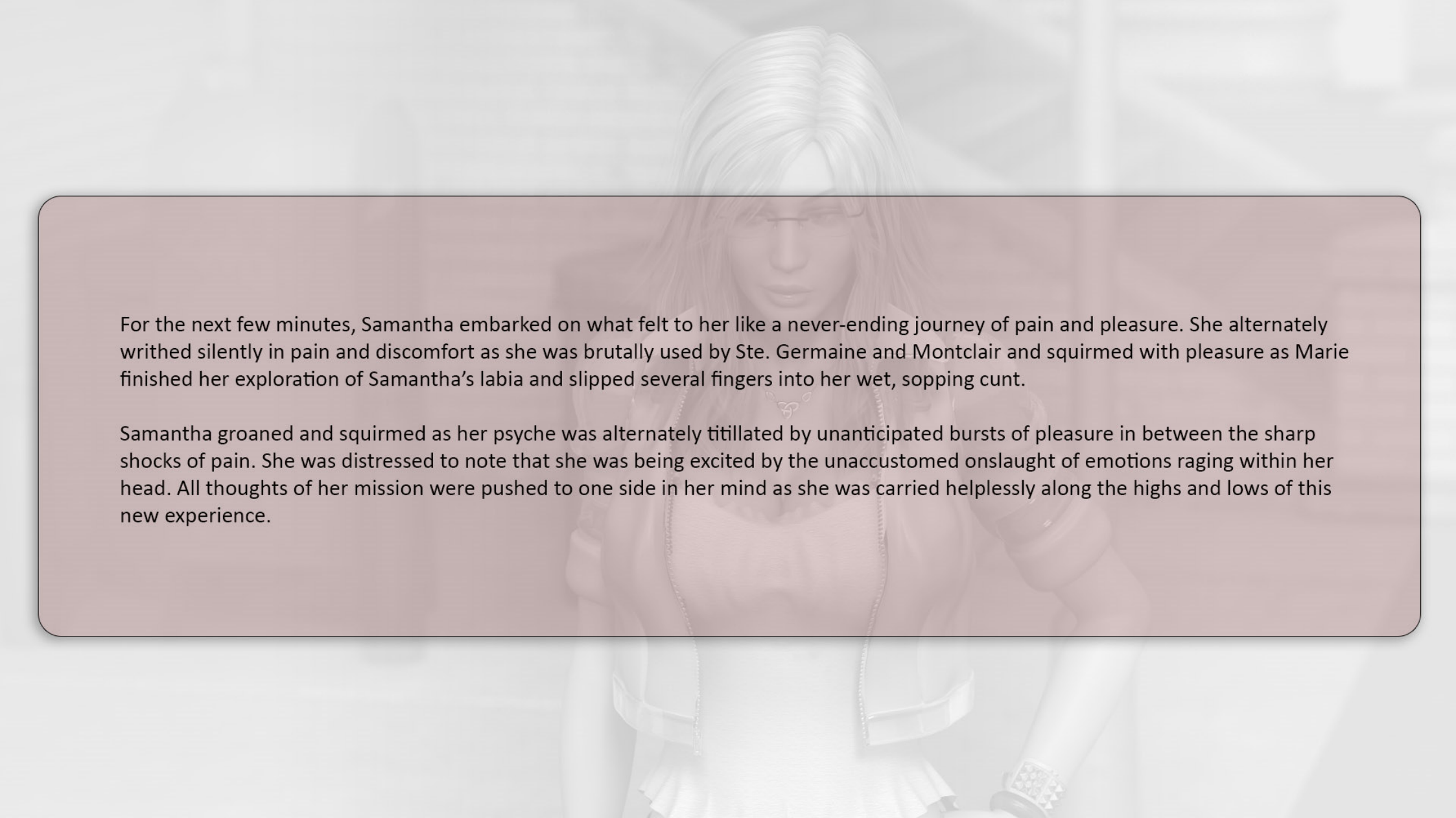


Marie Montclair has moved behind her and begin stroking the sensitive flesh between her legs. As she watched in disbelief, Marie's hand rode up, over and across one of her ass cheeks and slipped the slim fingers of her hand underneath the tiny strap of her panties and began to pull stubbornly at it. Samantha was just about to cry out for her to stop when she felt Montclair's fingers twine painfully into her hair. Her yelp of pain was stifled when her head was yanked back down, Montclair using her momentary distraction to stuff his cock back into her mouth. Samantha tried to protest but her words were rendered inaudible by the throbbing shaft seated in her throat, choking her.

Another stifled plea followed the first, this time as Samantha felt fingers begin exploring her labia. She groaned as a fingertip slid stealthily into the moist channel between and began to navigate it, the fingertip sliding up and down, tickling her clit on the upstrokes. Samantha, trying her best to ignore the sudden sensations of pleasure emanating from her crotch, instead tried to determine if it was Ste. Germaine or Marie fingering her.

Seconds later her question was answered when she heard Ste. Germaine grunt and call out, "Hold her up a bit, Montclair! I want to get a better look at those tits!" Samantha took the opportunity to take in a fresh lungful of air as the stiff rod gagging her was withdrawn somewhat. Her relief was short lived, however, when Ste. Germaine's chubby digits pinched and pulled at her breasts, wrenching them from the gauzy harness of her bra. As the soft mounds fell free, he gripped one of them in his hand, lifted and squeezed it hard enough to cause pain as his fingertips dug into the soft flesh. Samantha yowled again as Ste. Germaine gripped her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and began to pinch and twist it.





For the next few minutes, Samantha embarked on what felt to her like a never-ending journey of pain and pleasure. She alternately writhed silently in pain and discomfort as she was brutally used by Ste. Germaine and Montclair and squirmed with pleasure as Marie finished her exploration of Samantha's labia and slipped several fingers into her wet, sopping cunt.

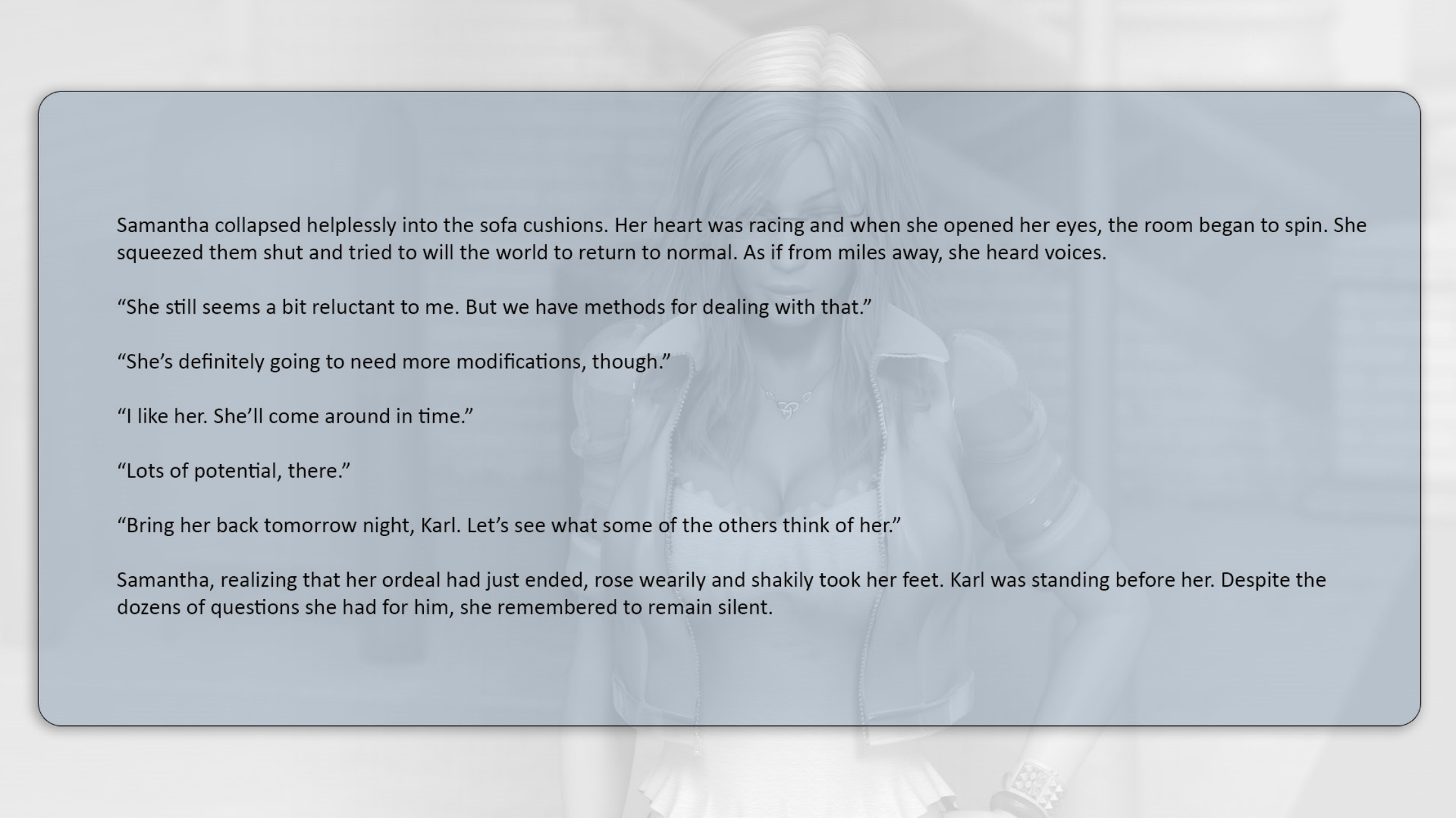
Samantha groaned and squirmed as her psyche was alternately titillated by unanticipated bursts of pleasure in between the sharp shocks of pain. She was distressed to note that she was being excited by the unaccustomed onslaught of emotions raging within her head. All thoughts of her mission were pushed to one side in her mind as she was carried helplessly along the highs and lows of this new experience.



She began to panic as she felt Montclair's cock begin swelling. Her eyes opened wide as he rammed it as far as it would go inside her mouth, gagging her. He came a moment later, spewing a hot, thick load of gooey cum down her throat. Samantha herself orgasmed a second later - together with Marie, now using the fingertips of her free hand to massage her clit. To Samantha's shock, she orgasmed without warning.

Samantha whipped her head up and off of Montclair's prick, remnants of cum and saliva escaping her mouth to dribble down her chin, ignoring the sudden burst of pain as she fought Montclair's grip in her hair. She screamed as Ste. Germaine chose that moment to painfully twist both of her nipples roughly and she came again as the contrasting sensations of pain and pleasure collided and exploded within her.





Samantha collapsed helplessly into the sofa cushions. Her heart was racing and when she opened her eyes, the room began to spin. She squeezed them shut and tried to will the world to return to normal. As if from miles away, she heard voices.

“She still seems a bit reluctant to me. But we have methods for dealing with that.”

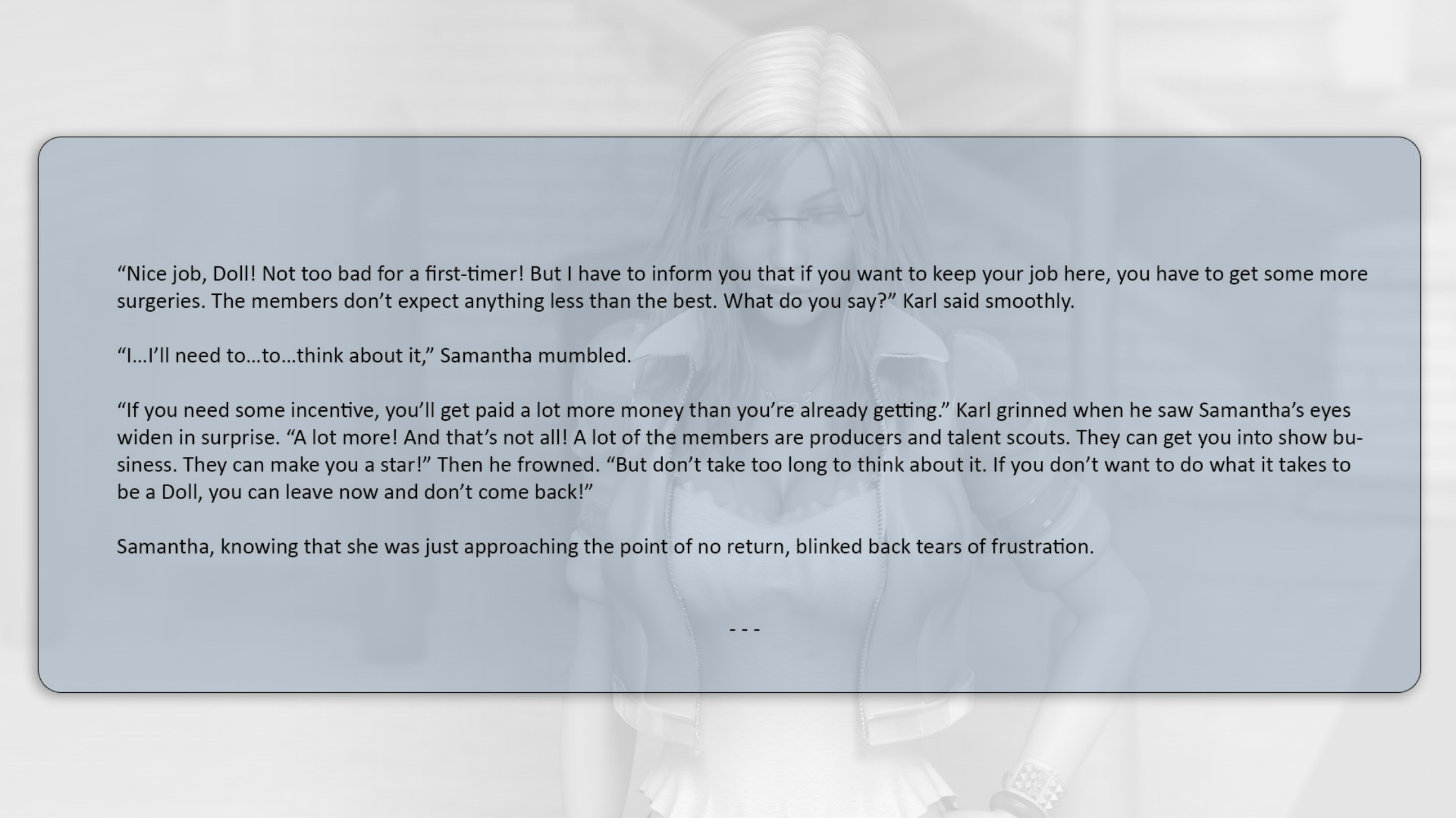
“She’s definitely going to need more modifications, though.”

“I like her. She’ll come around in time.”

“Lots of potential, there.”

“Bring her back tomorrow night, Karl. Let’s see what some of the others think of her.”

Samantha, realizing that her ordeal had just ended, rose wearily and shakily took her feet. Karl was standing before her. Despite the dozens of questions she had for him, she remembered to remain silent.




“Nice job, Doll! Not too bad for a first-timer! But I have to inform you that if you want to keep your job here, you have to get some more surgeries. The members don’t expect anything less than the best. What do you say?” Karl said smoothly.

“I...I’ll need to...to...think about it,” Samantha mumbled.

“If you need some incentive, you’ll get paid a lot more money than you’re already getting.” Karl grinned when he saw Samantha’s eyes widen in surprise. “A lot more! And that’s not all! A lot of the members are producers and talent scouts. They can get you into show business. They can make you a star!” Then he frowned. “But don’t take too long to think about it. If you don’t want to do what it takes to be a Doll, you can leave now and don’t come back!”

Samantha, knowing that she was just approaching the point of no return, blinked back tears of frustration.

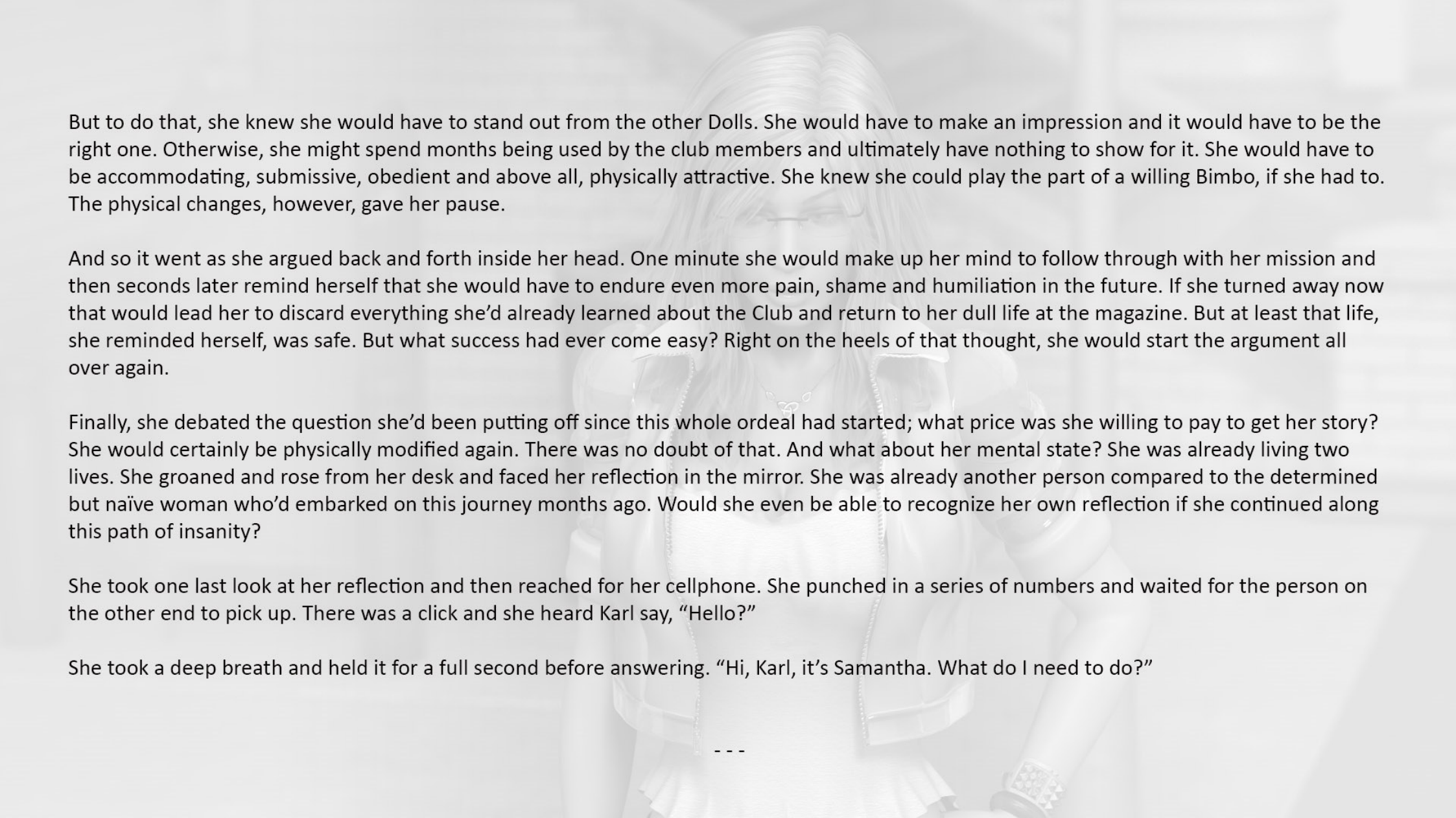


Later that evening, Samantha was home and trying desperately to record her first encounter with the club's members in spite of the chaotic whirlwind of thoughts spinning out of control in her head. Her thoughts kept returning to the sexual encounter. She moaned miserably and gave up working on her article for the night. She pushed her laptop away and stood up from her desk.

While on one hand she was ashamed and disgusted at what had been done to her, she couldn't deny that her orgasm was like nothing she'd ever experienced before. She didn't want to even contemplate what else the members were going to do to her as her mission continued but she had to admit - the pleasure she'd experienced earlier was going to make it easier for her to hold to her course.

She knew without a doubt that she still had much further to go before she would gather enough material to expose the entire criminal enterprise. Although she had finally gained access to the club and some of its members, she would still need to learn how the slaves were recruited, where they were being modified, where they were shipped after being sold and most importantly, who was purchasing them.

To get that sort of information, she'd have to get closer to the Mantikoffs. Otherwise, the best she could hope to do was expose most of its members. And even if that happened, the best she could accomplish was sending some of them to prison. The Mantikoffs held the secrets of the entire enterprise. The secrets she needed.



But to do that, she knew she would have to stand out from the other Dolls. She would have to make an impression and it would have to be the right one. Otherwise, she might spend months being used by the club members and ultimately have nothing to show for it. She would have to be accommodating, submissive, obedient and above all, physically attractive. She knew she could play the part of a willing Bimbo, if she had to. The physical changes, however, gave her pause.

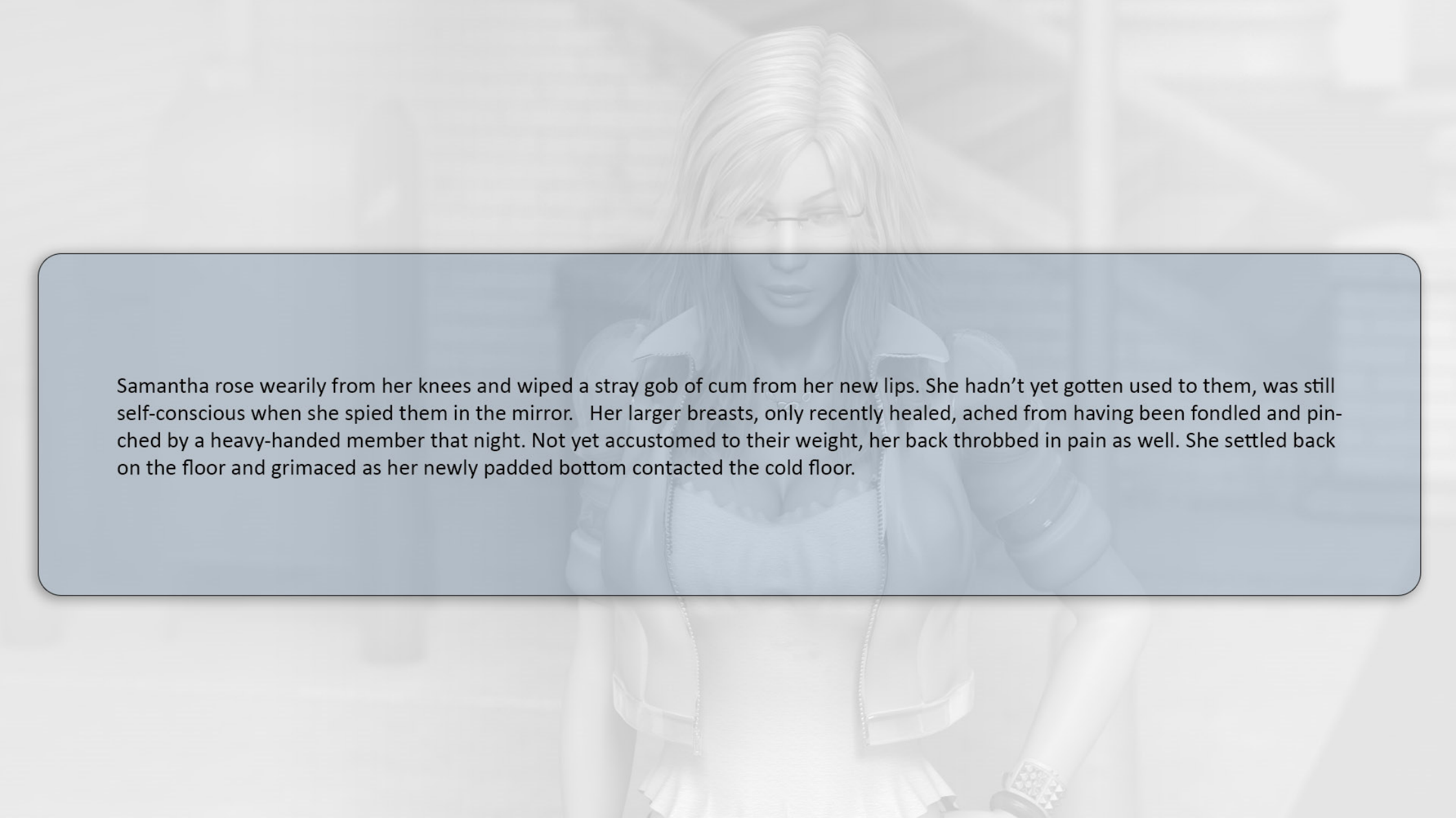
And so it went as she argued back and forth inside her head. One minute she would make up her mind to follow through with her mission and then seconds later remind herself that she would have to endure even more pain, shame and humiliation in the future. If she turned away now that would lead her to discard everything she'd already learned about the Club and return to her dull life at the magazine. But at least that life, she reminded herself, was safe. But what success had ever come easy? Right on the heels of that thought, she would start the argument all over again.

Finally, she debated the question she'd been putting off since this whole ordeal had started; what price was she willing to pay to get her story? She would certainly be physically modified again. There was no doubt of that. And what about her mental state? She was already living two lives. She groaned and rose from her desk and faced her reflection in the mirror. She was already another person compared to the determined but naïve woman who'd embarked on this journey months ago. Would she even be able to recognize her own reflection if she continued along this path of insanity?

She took one last look at her reflection and then reached for her cellphone. She punched in a series of numbers and waited for the person on the other end to pick up. There was a click and she heard Karl say, "Hello?"

She took a deep breath and held it for a full second before answering. "Hi, Karl, it's Samantha. What do I need to do?"

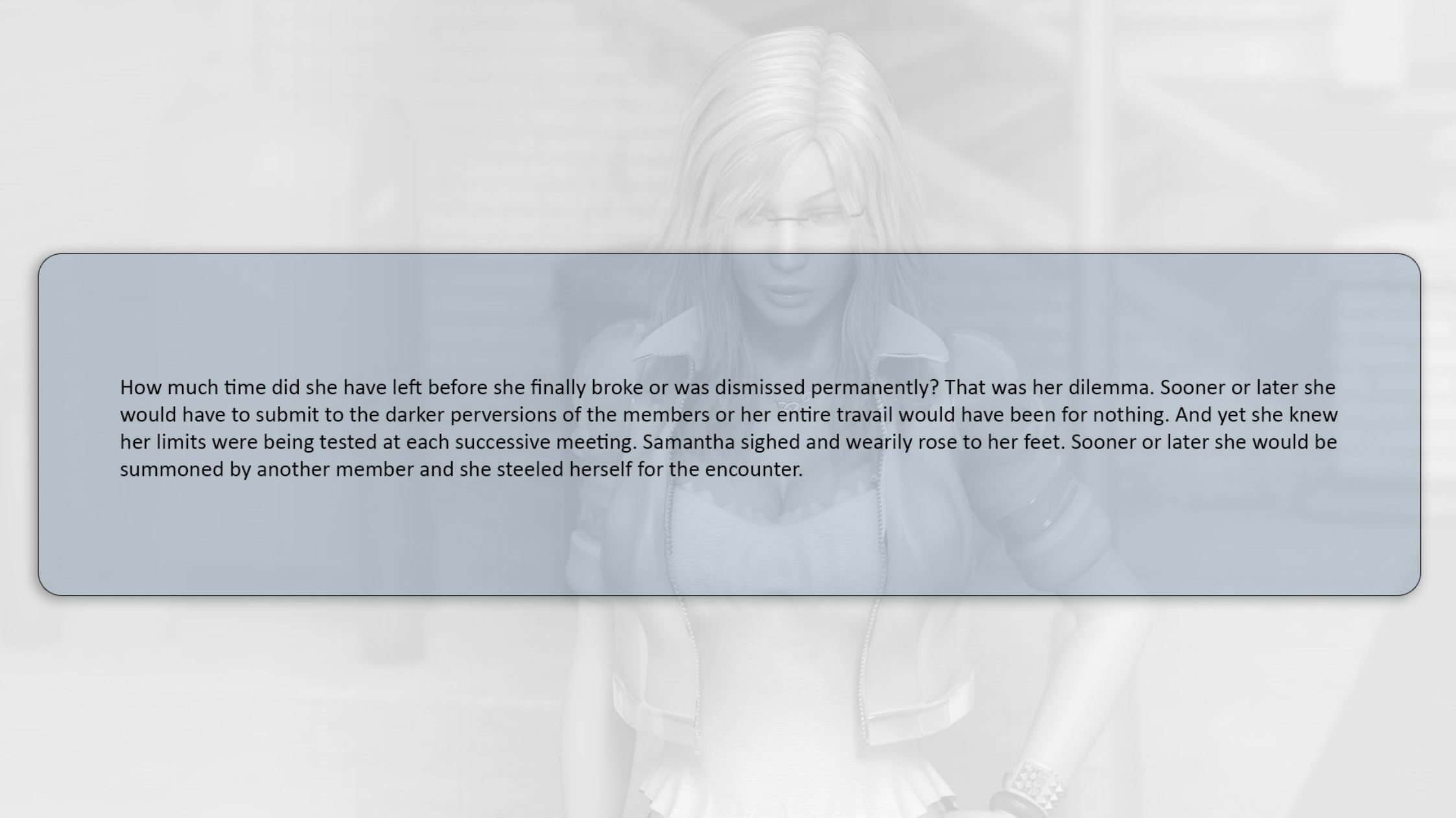
- - -



Samantha rose wearily from her knees and wiped a stray gob of cum from her new lips. She hadn't yet gotten used to them, was still self-conscious when she spied them in the mirror. Her larger breasts, only recently healed, ached from having been fondled and pinched by a heavy-handed member that night. Not yet accustomed to their weight, her back throbbed in pain as well. She settled back on the floor and grimaced as her newly padded bottom contacted the cold floor.

Only a few weeks had passed after her second round of surgeries before Karl had ordered her back to the club's private rooms. During that time, she'd been introduced to and ordered to serve many other members. While she was pleased to have compiled a list of many more public figures to include in her article her role as a Doll was beginning to weary her. She was being pushed further and further beyond the limits she was willing to go. Only last night, she had refused a member's suggestion of anal sex. He became angry and created a scene. To her relief, Karl had intervened and dismissed her for the night but warned her not to refuse the next time.



A woman with long blonde hair and glasses, wearing a white dress and a white jacket, looking down. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

How much time did she have left before she finally broke or was dismissed permanently? That was her dilemma. Sooner or later she would have to submit to the darker perversions of the members or her entire travail would have been for nothing. And yet she knew her limits were being tested at each successive meeting. Samantha sighed and wearily rose to her feet. Sooner or later she would be summoned by another member and she steeled herself for the encounter.

Before & After



“You there! The Doll named Samantha! Come here!” A man’s voice called out in heavily accented English.

Samantha froze. The accent was Russian. She turned and beheld the twin siblings Vassily and Valeria. Her heart beat against her ribs so hard that she thought she was having an attack. She had overheard the twins had been out of town for some time. Now, without any warning, they were standing before her!

“Yes, sir!” she said, jumping to her feet. She knew she had to play her role perfectly in the next few minutes. Otherwise she could forget about ever completing her mission. She walked purposefully but not too quickly over to the Mantikoffs. She remembered to swing her hips and arms like she’d practiced over and over, keeping her head held high and her facial expression neutral. She came to a stop before the brother and sister. “Sir, you called?”

The Mantikoffs examined her. Samantha, despite the nervousness she was experiencing being this close to her quarry, remained calm. She reminded herself that this was the moment she’d waited for since embarking on her mission. She would do whatever she had to in order to show the Mantikoffs that she was a willing participant to their endeavor.

Vassily spoke, his eyes lingering on her breasts. “So this is the Doll that everyone is talking about, da?”

Valeria turned to him and smiled. “I hear she is popular despite her reluctance to perform certain acts.”

Vassily snorted. “Hmpf! All she needs is something to put her at ease!”

He reached into his pocket and extracted a small plastic bag. Samantha could see that it contained several small blue pills. Her heart began beating faster again. Sweat broke out across her skin and she only just managed not to squirm as she anticipated what was about to happen. Vassily fished out one of the pills and held it up in front of her face. “Put out your tongue, Doll! This is something that will help you relax!”

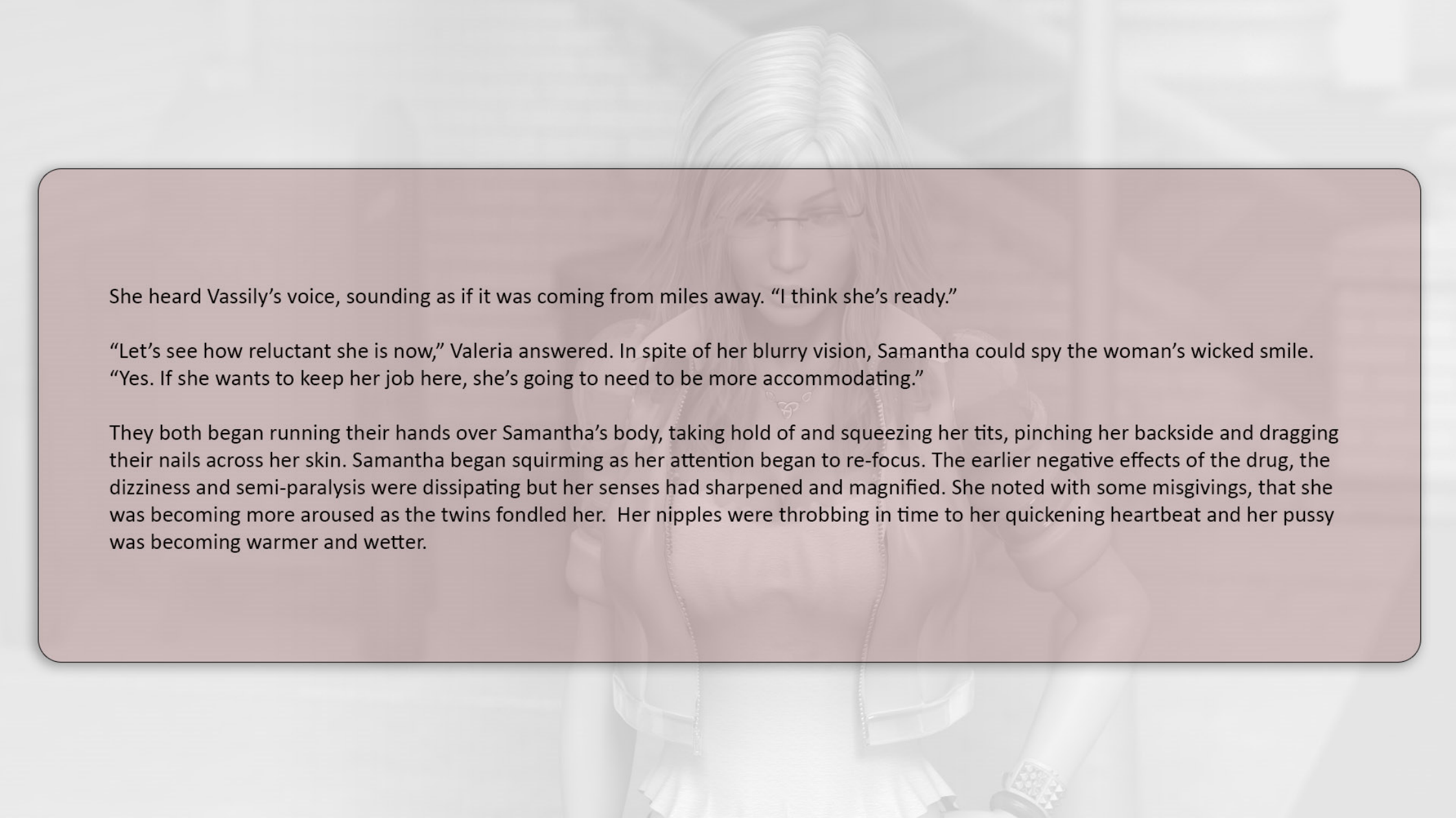
Samantha hesitated but only for a second. She knew she couldn't back down now that she was face-to-face with the Mantikoffs. She extended her tongue and held it steadily between her tightly pursed lips. Vassily placed the pill on her tongue and lifted a hand to her chin, signaling to close her mouth. He released her and stepped back, crossing his arms. "Now, swallow!" Samantha, before she could think better of it, did as commanded, hoping that she hadn't suddenly taken something dangerous or overly addictive.





Valeria came up behind her, placed both hands on her shoulders and turned her back to face the assembled membership who had stopped what they were doing to watch the encounter between them. Samantha noted the anticipatory expressions they wore and dreaded what must follow. She knew that she had better be ready and willing for anything now that they as well as Mantikoffs were watching. She only hoped that she was up to the task.

At first, the Mantikoffs merely led her around as they greeted other members of the club. She stood by, meek and silent and tried to remain as attentive as possible. However as the minutes ticked by she took note of her body temperature rising. She began to sweat and squirm uncontrollably. As more time passed she began to feel dizzy. Her pussy was now twitching uncontrollably and she noted that the more sensitive areas of her body, her pussy, nipples, lips and the insides of her thighs, were growing warmer and tingled slightly. She stumbled but the two Mantikoffs gripped her and raised her back to her feet. She turned to look at them and blinked to try and clear her blurry vision. Their faces swam before her in turn and she barely made out the hungry expressions on their faces. She tried to smile and thank them but her lips and tongue refused to work. She finally managed to mumble something and tried to quell the sudden wash of fear that wanted to overtake her.



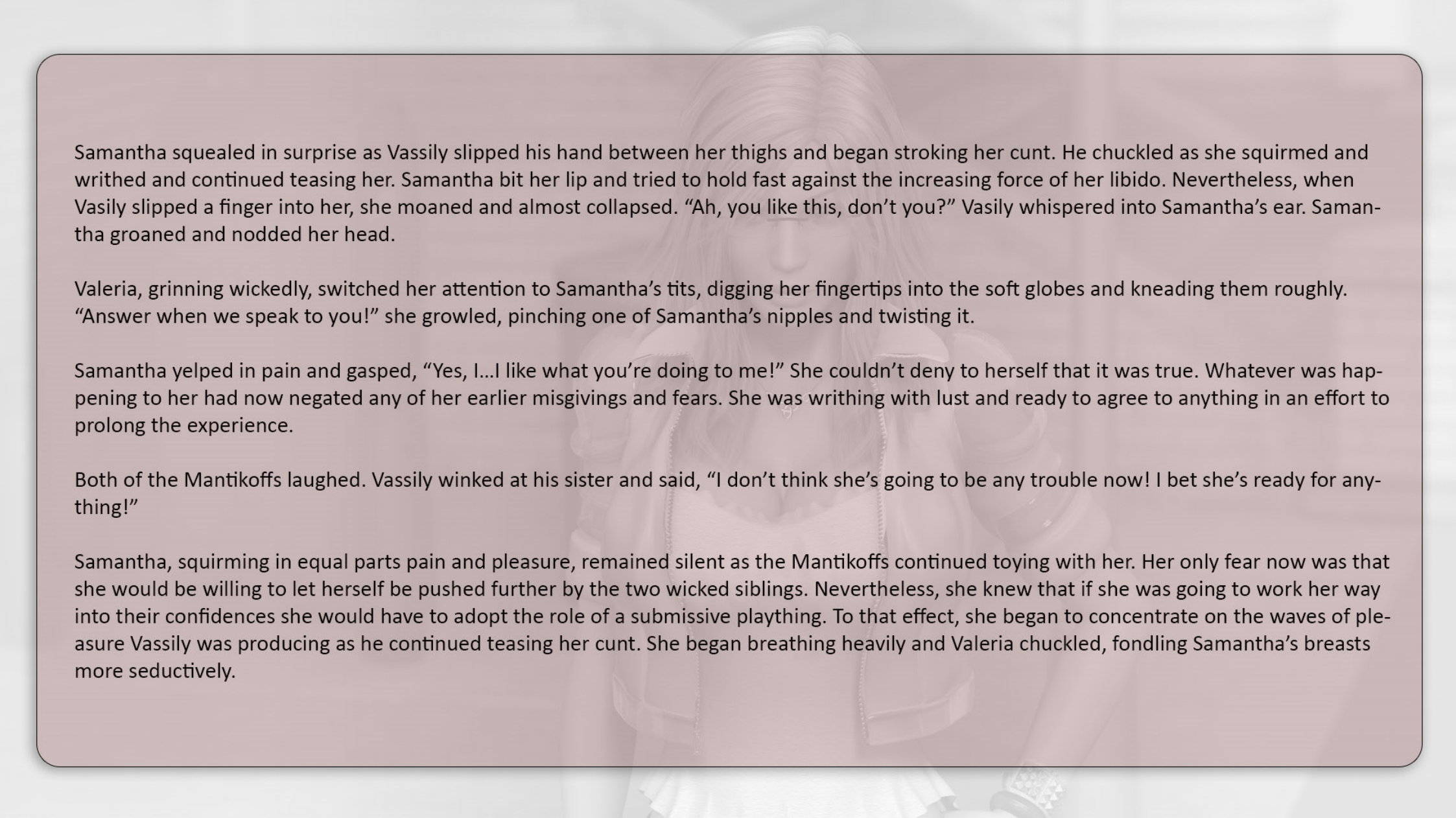
She heard Vassily's voice, sounding as if it was coming from miles away. "I think she's ready."

"Let's see how reluctant she is now," Valeria answered. In spite of her blurry vision, Samantha could spy the woman's wicked smile. "Yes. If she wants to keep her job here, she's going to need to be more accommodating."

They both began running their hands over Samantha's body, taking hold of and squeezing her tits, pinching her backside and dragging their nails across her skin. Samantha began squirming as her attention began to re-focus. The earlier negative effects of the drug, the dizziness and semi-paralysis were dissipating but her senses had sharpened and magnified. She noted with some misgivings, that she was becoming more aroused as the twins fondled her. Her nipples were throbbing in time to her quickening heartbeat and her pussy was becoming warmer and wetter.

Soon, it felt as though the twins were leaving trails of fire to follow the paths of their hands across her body. Samantha moaned and squirmed with pleasure as she became ever more aroused. She noted that when her nipples were pinched or her bottom slapped, intense jolts of pain shocked her only to be melted away by waves of almost indescribable pleasure as she was alternately manhandled and stroked. Soon, pain and pleasure had melted into one another and she was mentally battered by wave after wave of pure stimuli.



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, lace-trimmed corset with a large, ornate diamond bracelet on her left wrist. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

Samantha squealed in surprise as Vassily slipped his hand between her thighs and began stroking her cunt. He chuckled as she squirmed and writhed and continued teasing her. Samantha bit her lip and tried to hold fast against the increasing force of her libido. Nevertheless, when Vasily slipped a finger into her, she moaned and almost collapsed. “Ah, you like this, don’t you?” Vasily whispered into Samantha’s ear. Samantha groaned and nodded her head.

Valeria, grinning wickedly, switched her attention to Samantha’s tits, digging her fingertips into the soft globes and kneading them roughly. “Answer when we speak to you!” she growled, pinching one of Samantha’s nipples and twisting it.

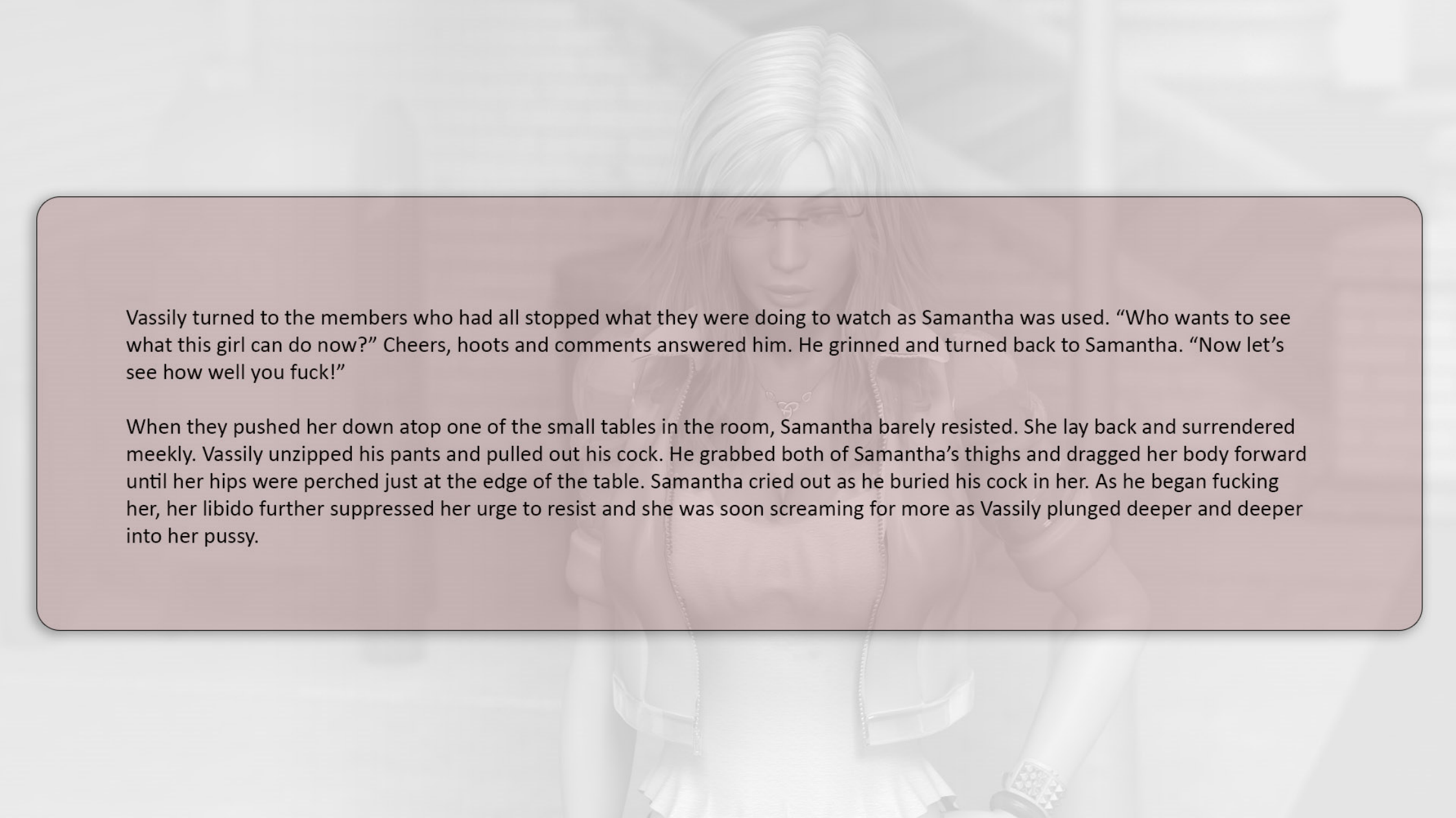
Samantha yelped in pain and gasped, “Yes, I...I like what you’re doing to me!” She couldn’t deny to herself that it was true. Whatever was happening to her had now negated any of her earlier misgivings and fears. She was writhing with lust and ready to agree to anything in an effort to prolong the experience.

Both of the Mantikoffs laughed. Vassily winked at his sister and said, “I don’t think she’s going to be any trouble now! I bet she’s ready for anything!”

Samantha, squirming in equal parts pain and pleasure, remained silent as the Mantikoffs continued toying with her. Her only fear now was that she would be willing to let herself be pushed further by the two wicked siblings. Nevertheless, she knew that if she was going to work her way into their confidences she would have to adopt the role of a submissive plaything. To that effect, she began to concentrate on the waves of pleasure Vasily was producing as he continued teasing her cunt. She began breathing heavily and Valeria chuckled, fondling Samantha’s breasts more seductively.



Within a half-minute, Samantha's mind, with the assistance of the aphrodisiac, allowed her to surrender to the twins. Her strong-willed personality was soon subverted and she began gasping with excitement as she was fondled and pinched. Even when the twins became rougher with her, she found that she was able to further indulge in her role, moaning and writhing in pleasure for their benefit.



Vassily turned to the members who had all stopped what they were doing to watch as Samantha was used. “Who wants to see what this girl can do now?” Cheers, hoots and comments answered him. He grinned and turned back to Samantha. “Now let’s see how well you fuck!”

When they pushed her down atop one of the small tables in the room, Samantha barely resisted. She lay back and surrendered meekly. Vassily unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. He grabbed both of Samantha’s thighs and dragged her body forward until her hips were perched just at the edge of the table. Samantha cried out as he buried his cock in her. As he began fucking her, her libido further suppressed her urge to resist and she was soon screaming for more as Vassily plunged deeper and deeper into her pussy.



Samantha swung her eyes around the room. She saw the other members and Dolls had fixed their attention on the tableaux before them, their eyes were wide with lust and anticipation. Samantha blushed as she imagined their thoughts and tried to dismiss the mental images of how she must appear to them. Seconds later, Vassily increased the speed and depth of his thrusts and she screamed as she was shocked back into the present.

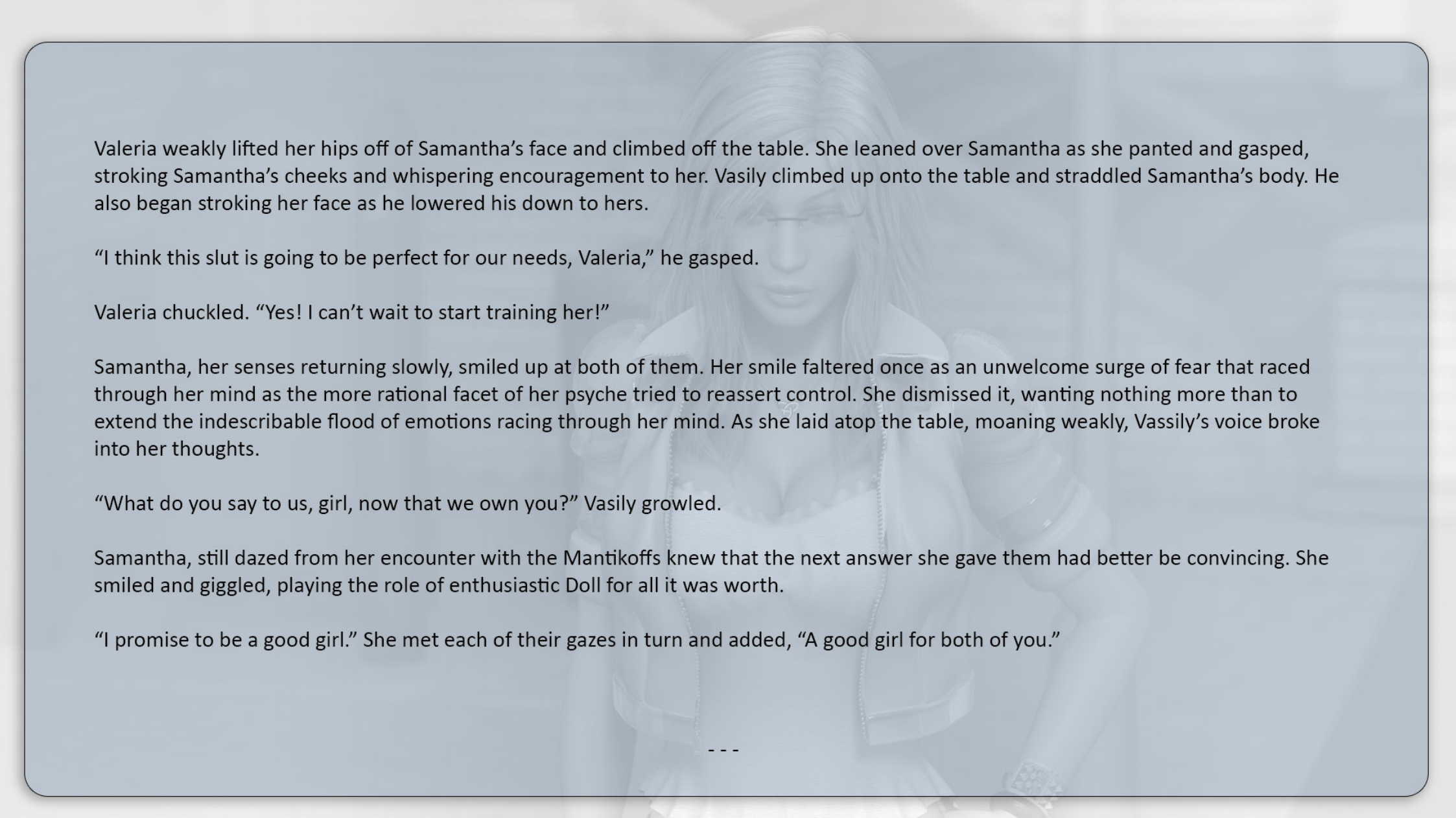
Samantha's screams were cut off as Valeria stripped off her pants and climbed up onto the table to settle her hips atop Samantha's face. Samantha panicked briefly, never having performed oral sex on a woman before. However, her reluctance to satisfy Valeria was quickly suppressed as her feverish appetite for pleasure took over. Within seconds, her tongue was buried in Valeria's pussy and licking hungrily at her clit.

The twins' moans and gasps of lust soon joined with those of Samantha's and for several minutes, all three of them gave in to their own desires. Samantha was the first to orgasm but the twins' were relentless, continuing to use her even while she was coming. Vassily was fucking her even faster and rougher while Valeria had returned her attention to Samantha's tits, pinching and pulling at them while she grinded her hips ever more lustily into Samantha's face.





Samantha was now completely consumed by her lust and all thoughts of her mission were pushed from her mind. Her only desire now was to satisfy the Mantikoffs so that they would continue pleasuring her. She writhed and squirmed as yet another orgasm rose within her. She came loudly, her screams audible in spite of being practically smothered by Valeria. Valeria came seconds later, joining her howls to Samantha's and not much more time passed before Vassily pulled his cock from Samantha and ejaculated messily onto her hips, thighs and belly.



Valeria weakly lifted her hips off of Samantha's face and climbed off the table. She leaned over Samantha as she panted and gasped, stroking Samantha's cheeks and whispering encouragement to her. Vasily climbed up onto the table and straddled Samantha's body. He also began stroking her face as he lowered his down to hers.

"I think this slut is going to be perfect for our needs, Valeria," he gasped.

Valeria chuckled. "Yes! I can't wait to start training her!"

Samantha, her senses returning slowly, smiled up at both of them. Her smile faltered once as an unwelcome surge of fear that raced through her mind as the more rational facet of her psyche tried to reassert control. She dismissed it, wanting nothing more than to extend the indescribable flood of emotions racing through her mind. As she laid atop the table, moaning weakly, Vasily's voice broke into her thoughts.

"What do you say to us, girl, now that we own you?" Vasily growled.

Samantha, still dazed from her encounter with the Mantikoffs knew that the next answer she gave them had better be convincing. She smiled and giggled, playing the role of enthusiastic Doll for all it was worth.

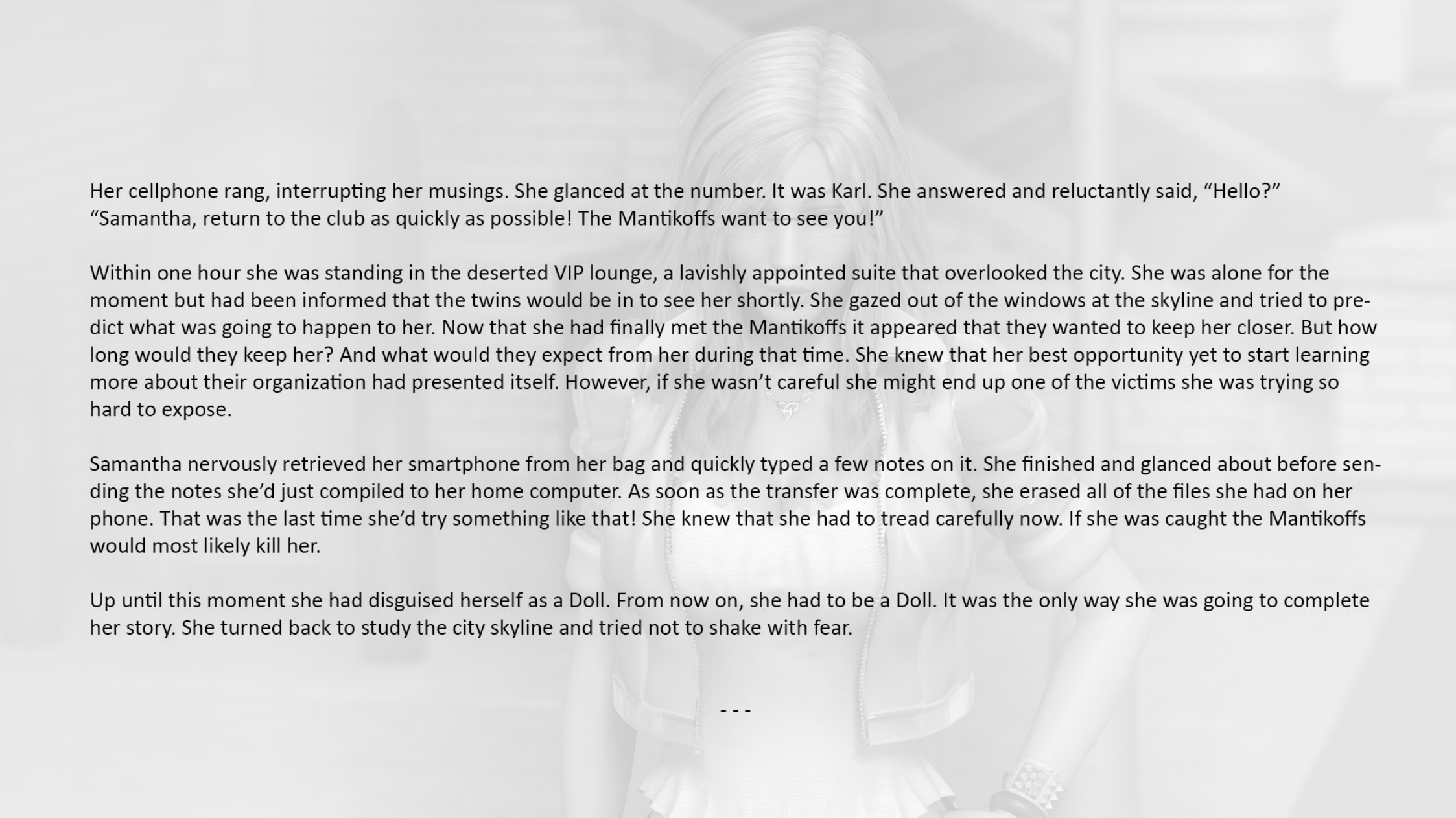
"I promise to be a good girl." She met each of their gazes in turn and added, "A good girl for both of you."



Samantha's hands shook as she typed out her latest notes. Now that she was alone in her own apartment and had come down from the high that the drugs and sex had conjured, she shuddered as her thoughts drifted back to what had happened the evening before.

She couldn't believe that she had actually enjoyed what had been done to her. She had been taken and used and all of it in front of a crowd of strangers! She'd even been forced to pleasure a woman, a desire she had never before contemplated in her life!

She glanced at her notes and tried to ignore the stirrings that rose in her mind and body as she remembered the waves of pleasure, unlike any she'd ever experienced. She shook her head in disgust. Surely it was due to the drugs! But she had to admit, the drugs had allowed her to surrender to her role as a plaything and the Mantikoffs appeared pleased with her. As much as she hated the thought of repeating her experience with the Mantikoffs again and again, it was definitely going to be easier with the assistance of the pills. And she was going to have to continue to masquerade as a willing participant if she was to have any hope of gathering more information for her story.

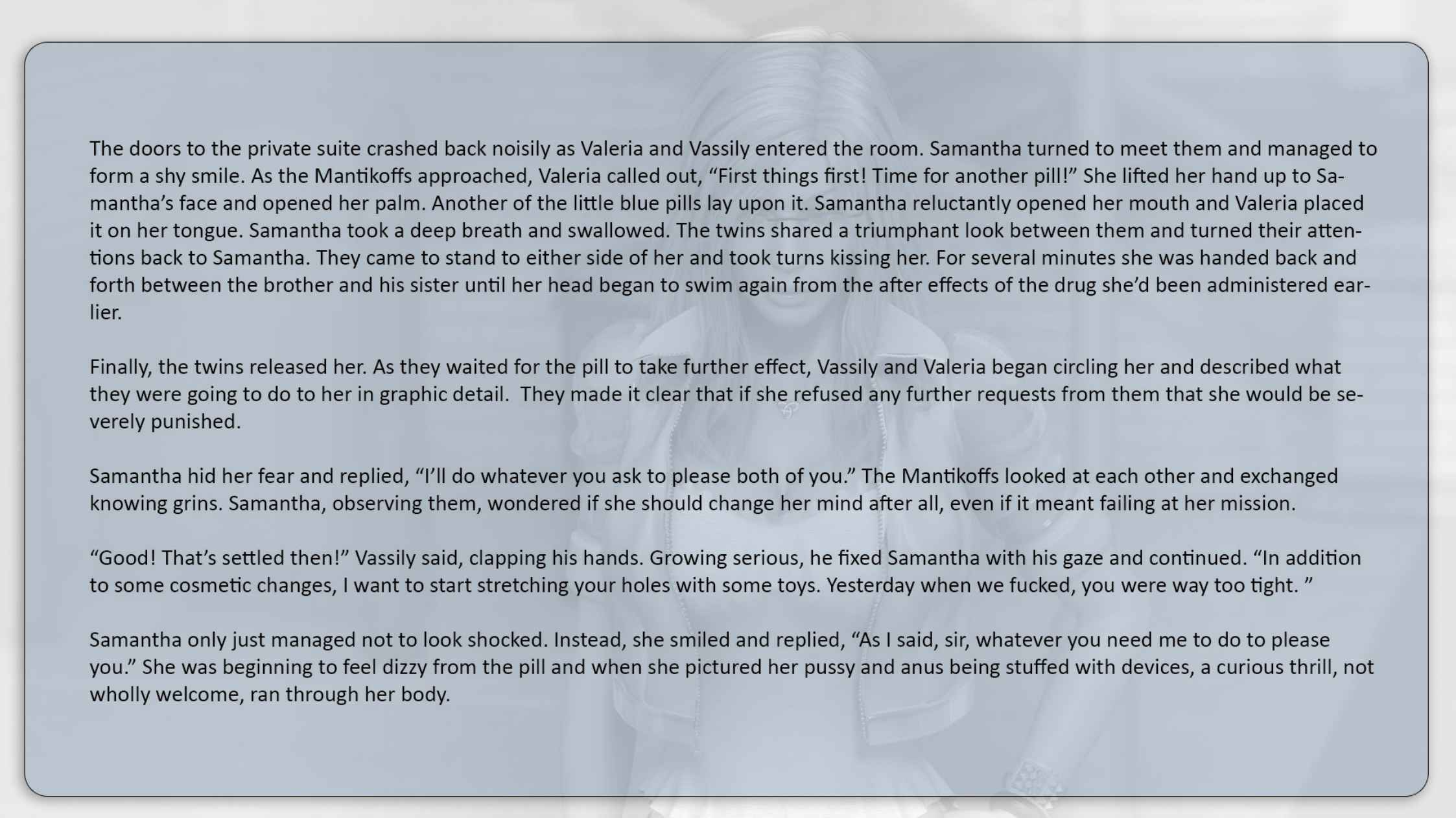


Her cellphone rang, interrupting her musings. She glanced at the number. It was Karl. She answered and reluctantly said, “Hello?” “Samantha, return to the club as quickly as possible! The Mantikoffs want to see you!”

Within one hour she was standing in the deserted VIP lounge, a lavishly appointed suite that overlooked the city. She was alone for the moment but had been informed that the twins would be in to see her shortly. She gazed out of the windows at the skyline and tried to predict what was going to happen to her. Now that she had finally met the Mantikoffs it appeared that they wanted to keep her closer. But how long would they keep her? And what would they expect from her during that time. She knew that her best opportunity yet to start learning more about their organization had presented itself. However, if she wasn’t careful she might end up one of the victims she was trying so hard to expose.

Samantha nervously retrieved her smartphone from her bag and quickly typed a few notes on it. She finished and glanced about before sending the notes she’d just compiled to her home computer. As soon as the transfer was complete, she erased all of the files she had on her phone. That was the last time she’d try something like that! She knew that she had to tread carefully now. If she was caught the Mantikoffs would most likely kill her.

Up until this moment she had disguised herself as a Doll. From now on, she had to be a Doll. It was the only way she was going to complete her story. She turned back to study the city skyline and tried not to shake with fear.



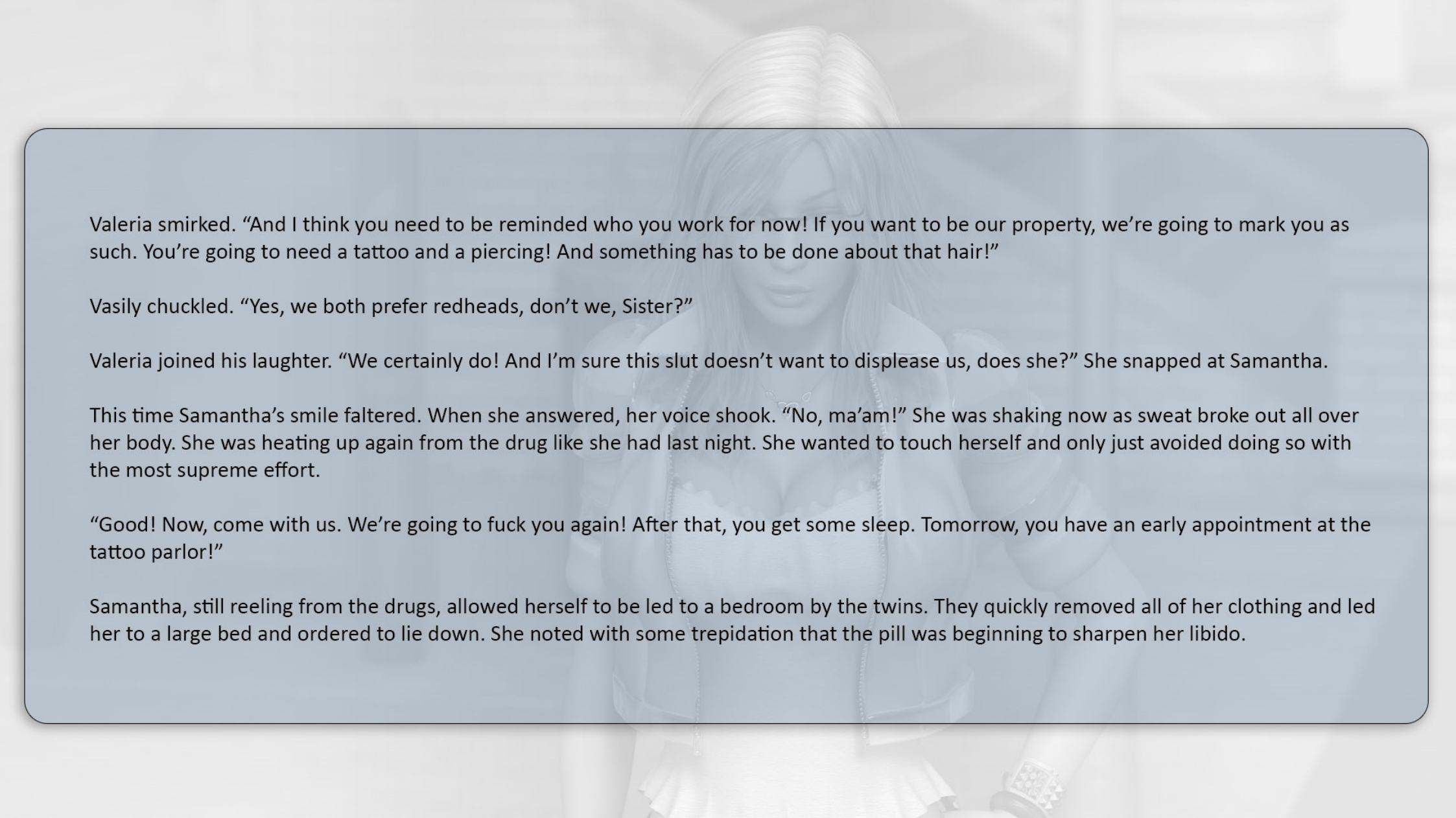
The doors to the private suite crashed back noisily as Valeria and Vassily entered the room. Samantha turned to meet them and managed to form a shy smile. As the Mantikoffs approached, Valeria called out, “First things first! Time for another pill!” She lifted her hand up to Samantha’s face and opened her palm. Another of the little blue pills lay upon it. Samantha reluctantly opened her mouth and Valeria placed it on her tongue. Samantha took a deep breath and swallowed. The twins shared a triumphant look between them and turned their attentions back to Samantha. They came to stand to either side of her and took turns kissing her. For several minutes she was handed back and forth between the brother and his sister until her head began to swim again from the after effects of the drug she’d been administered earlier.

Finally, the twins released her. As they waited for the pill to take further effect, Vassily and Valeria began circling her and described what they were going to do to her in graphic detail. They made it clear that if she refused any further requests from them that she would be severely punished.

Samantha hid her fear and replied, “I’ll do whatever you ask to please both of you.” The Mantikoffs looked at each other and exchanged knowing grins. Samantha, observing them, wondered if she should change her mind after all, even if it meant failing at her mission.

“Good! That’s settled then!” Vassily said, clapping his hands. Growing serious, he fixed Samantha with his gaze and continued. “In addition to some cosmetic changes, I want to start stretching your holes with some toys. Yesterday when we fucked, you were way too tight. ”

Samantha only just managed not to look shocked. Instead, she smiled and replied, “As I said, sir, whatever you need me to do to please you.” She was beginning to feel dizzy from the pill and when she pictured her pussy and anus being stuffed with devices, a curious thrill, not wholly welcome, ran through her body.



Valeria smirked. “And I think you need to be reminded who you work for now! If you want to be our property, we’re going to mark you as such. You’re going to need a tattoo and a piercing! And something has to be done about that hair!”

Vasily chuckled. “Yes, we both prefer redheads, don’t we, Sister?”

Valeria joined his laughter. “We certainly do! And I’m sure this slut doesn’t want to displease us, does she?” She snapped at Samantha.

This time Samantha’s smile faltered. When she answered, her voice shook. “No, ma’am!” She was shaking now as sweat broke out all over her body. She was heating up again from the drug like she had last night. She wanted to touch herself and only just avoided doing so with the most supreme effort.

“Good! Now, come with us. We’re going to fuck you again! After that, you get some sleep. Tomorrow, you have an early appointment at the tattoo parlor!”

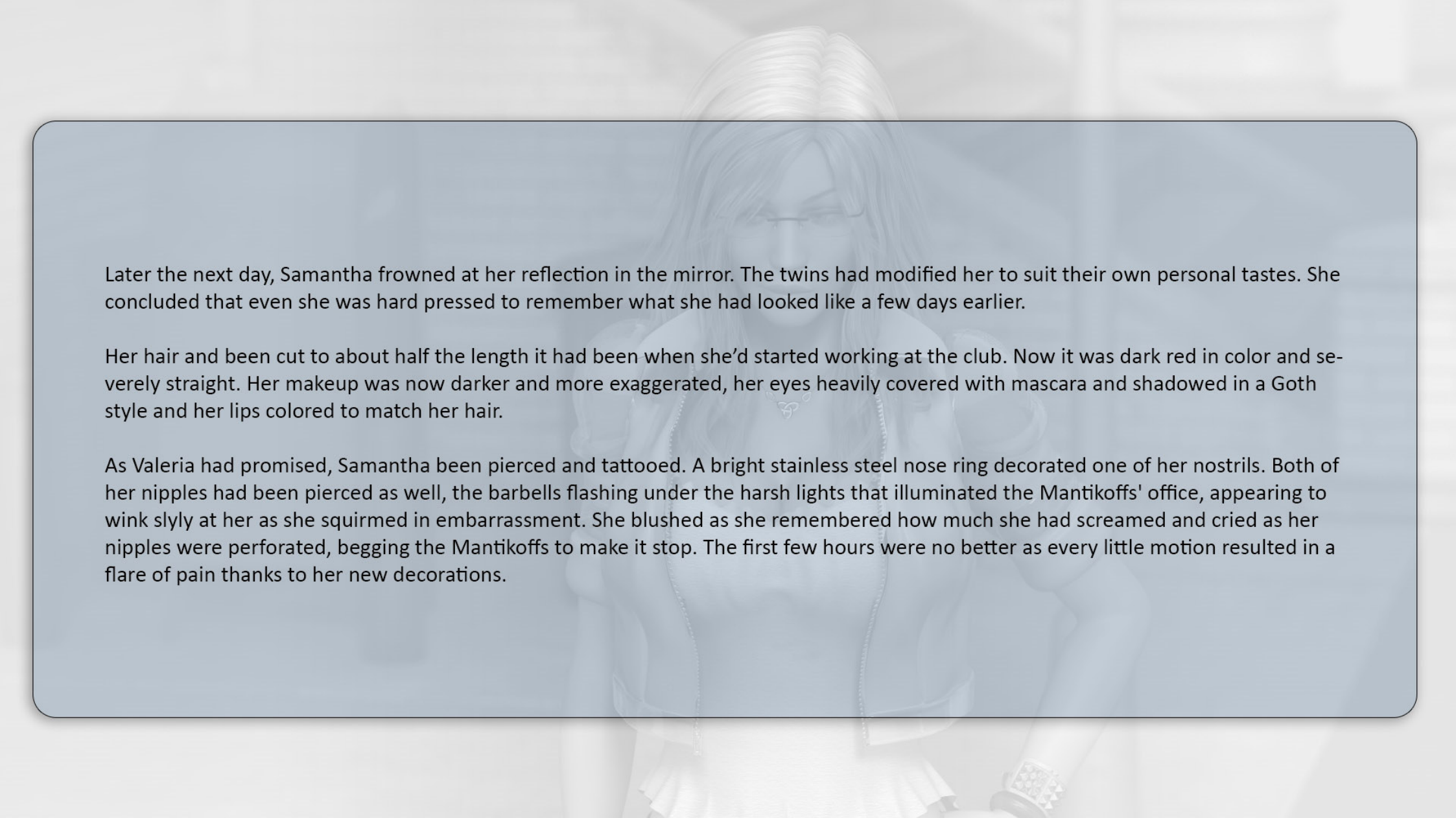
Samantha, still reeling from the drugs, allowed herself to be led to a bedroom by the twins. They quickly removed all of her clothing and led her to a large bed and ordered to lie down. She noted with some trepidation that the pill was beginning to sharpen her libido.



As she watched the twins strip off their clothing, she began to grow excited. She did her best to fight back against her emotions but soon surrendered and before she knew what she was doing had slipped a finger into her wet cunt. She began moaning as she masturbated.

She began breathing heavier and faster and barely registered the twins when they joined her in the bed. Their hands began roaming across her body and she began to groan with lust. A few minutes later, she was moaning and screaming in ecstasy as the twins used her again.





Later the next day, Samantha frowned at her reflection in the mirror. The twins had modified her to suit their own personal tastes. She concluded that even she was hard pressed to remember what she had looked like a few days earlier.

Her hair had been cut to about half the length it had been when she'd started working at the club. Now it was dark red in color and severely straight. Her makeup was now darker and more exaggerated, her eyes heavily covered with mascara and shadowed in a Goth style and her lips colored to match her hair.

As Valeria had promised, Samantha had been pierced and tattooed. A bright stainless steel nose ring decorated one of her nostrils. Both of her nipples had been pierced as well, the barbells flashing under the harsh lights that illuminated the Mantikoffs' office, appearing to wink slyly at her as she squirmed in embarrassment. She blushed as she remembered how much she had screamed and cried as her nipples were perforated, begging the Mantikoffs to make it stop. The first few hours were no better as every little motion resulted in a flare of pain thanks to her new decorations.



She lifted a hand to one of the barbells and fiddled with it and winced as she did so, the motion aggravating the still tender bud. Valeria informed her that every few weeks she would have thicker barbells installed until her nipples were rendered permanently erect. Samantha wondered how long it would take and shuddered to imagine what her breasts would look like when the alteration was complete.

She turned her back to the mirror and looked over her shoulder at the tattoo adorning the small of her back, just above the cleft of her buttocks. It consisted of strands of barbed wire surrounding a black rose, the wire trailing off to either side in a 'tramp stamp' style design. Like the piercings, she had hated the pain that she'd endured for the few hours it had taken the artist to finish the design. It was still a bit puffy and sore but she had to admit that at least the work was very well done. She consoled herself that since she was stuck with it now that she at least was satisfied with its quality.

She sighed and turned to face the door. The Mantikoffs would return any minute and she wanted to be ready for them. She practiced smiling as she crossed her hands behind her back and drew her body up to a position of attention.



“Now she looks like a proper Fuck Doll!” Vassily crowed triumphantly.

“And the sooner we begin her training the sooner she will start acting like one as well!” Valeria added.

After swallowing another of the blue pills, Samantha remained silent, doing her best to remain in a position of attention and not squirm as the twins inspected her. Occasionally, one of them would fondle her or run a hand slyly over her body. They held up her tits to better view her piercings and traced her tattoo with their fingertips. Samantha endured the inspection, fighting back the urge to flee and never return. She tried to ignore the now familiar rush of emotion the pills brought, concentrating instead on the twins to try and better read them.

Finally the Mantikoffs returned to stand before her. Vassily spoke first. “The members say you have an aversion to anal sex, that every time they try it with you, you refuse. Is this true?” Samantha nodded, trying not to look nervous.

Vassily growled. “When I ask you a question, you don’t nod! You answer!” He smacked her hard on the ass and Samantha writhed as the flare of pain melded with the rush of pleasure rising within her.

Samantha blurted out, “Yes sir!”

Before & After

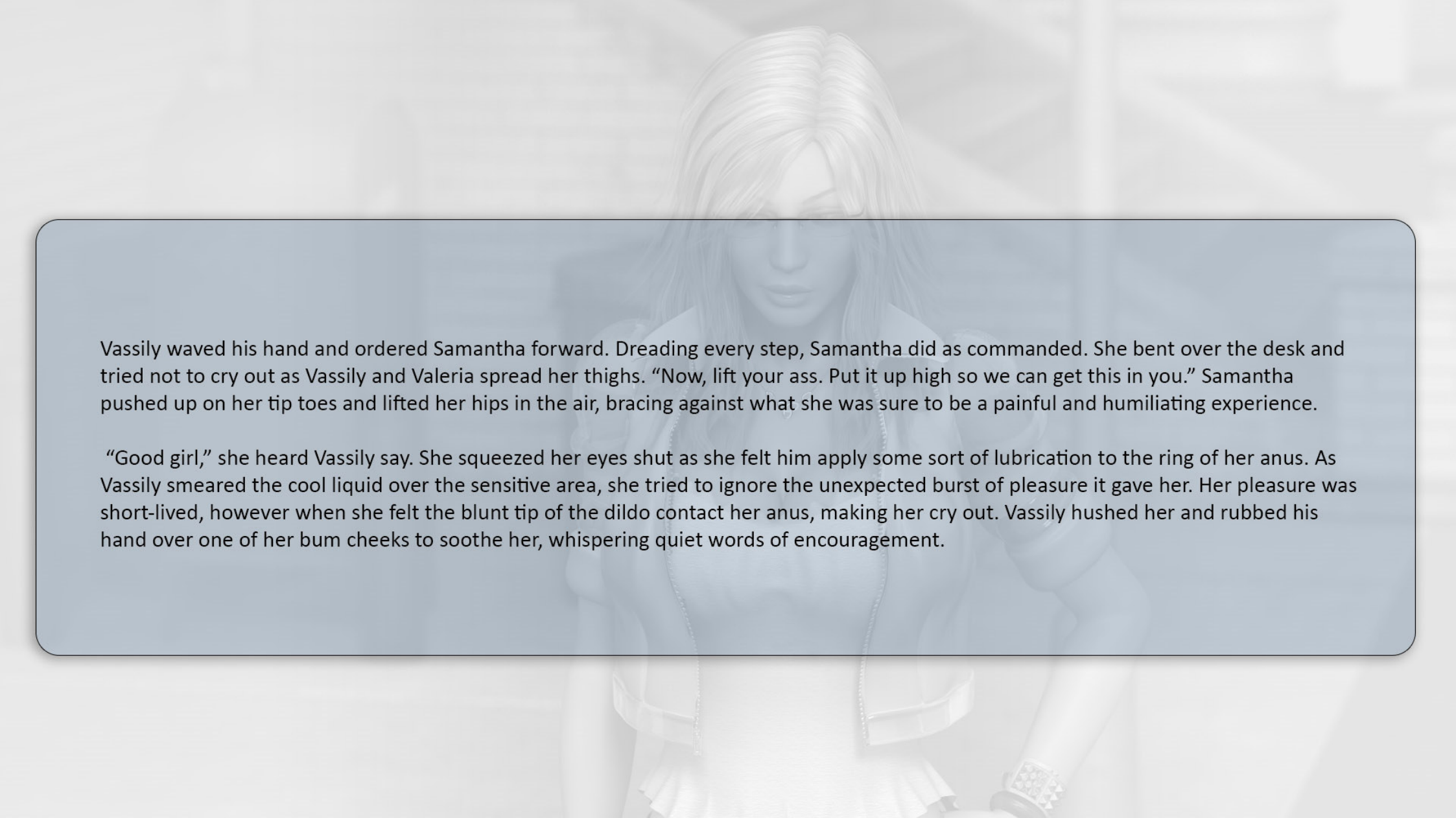




Vassily grinned. "That's better! Now let's start your holes stretching." He retrieved two items from his desk. Turning back to her, he held up two large, studded, vinyl dildos. "You will start wearing these, all day, every day. You only remove them if you need to go to the toilet or if someone wants to fuck you! Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" Samantha said, trying not to show fear and barely blinking back tears.

"Every couple of days I'll replace these with the bigger ones. Within a month, your ass will be so stretched you will no longer experience any more discomfort. In the meantime, the dildo in your pussy will make you enjoy your training. Now, come over here and bend over my desk. Let's get these in you."

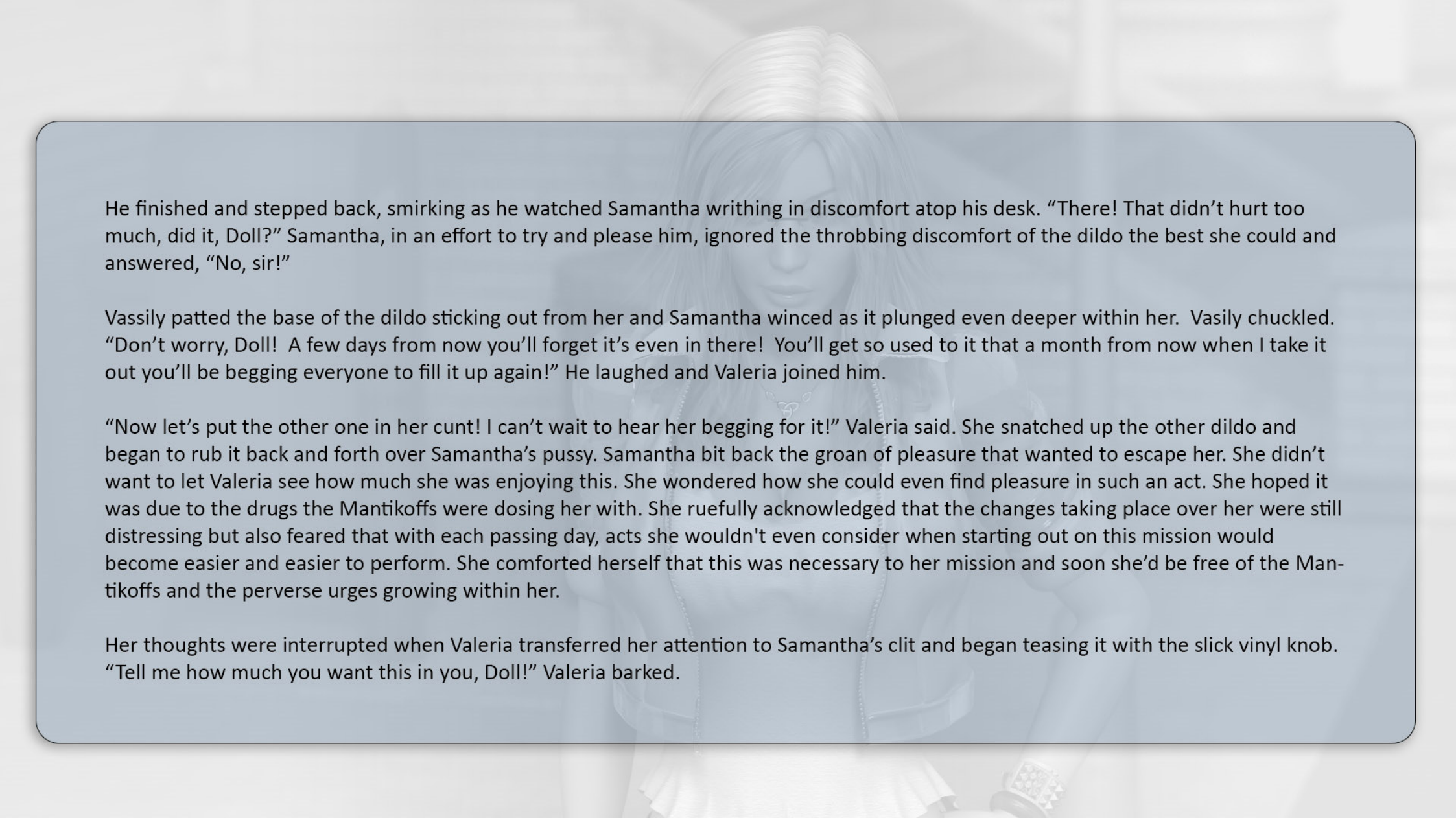


Vassily waved his hand and ordered Samantha forward. Dreading every step, Samantha did as commanded. She bent over the desk and tried not to cry out as Vassily and Valeria spread her thighs. “Now, lift your ass. Put it up high so we can get this in you.” Samantha pushed up on her tip toes and lifted her hips in the air, bracing against what she was sure to be a painful and humiliating experience.

“Good girl,” she heard Vassily say. She squeezed her eyes shut as she felt him apply some sort of lubrication to the ring of her anus. As Vassily smeared the cool liquid over the sensitive area, she tried to ignore the unexpected burst of pleasure it gave her. Her pleasure was short-lived, however when she felt the blunt tip of the dildo contact her anus, making her cry out. Vassily hushed her and rubbed his hand over one of her bum cheeks to soothe her, whispering quiet words of encouragement.

Then without warning, he inserted the plug about two inches into her. He ignored her as she screamed and begged for mercy, slowly inserting the entire length of it into her one agonizing inch after another.





He finished and stepped back, smirking as he watched Samantha writhing in discomfort atop his desk. “There! That didn’t hurt too much, did it, Doll?” Samantha, in an effort to try and please him, ignored the throbbing discomfort of the dildo the best she could and answered, “No, sir!”

Vasily patted the base of the dildo sticking out from her and Samantha winced as it plunged even deeper within her. Vasily chuckled. “Don’t worry, Doll! A few days from now you’ll forget it’s even in there! You’ll get so used to it that a month from now when I take it out you’ll be begging everyone to fill it up again!” He laughed and Valeria joined him.

“Now let’s put the other one in her cunt! I can’t wait to hear her begging for it!” Valeria said. She snatched up the other dildo and began to rub it back and forth over Samantha’s pussy. Samantha bit back the groan of pleasure that wanted to escape her. She didn’t want to let Valeria see how much she was enjoying this. She wondered how she could even find pleasure in such an act. She hoped it was due to the drugs the Mantikoffs were dosing her with. She ruefully acknowledged that the changes taking place over her were still distressing but also feared that with each passing day, acts she wouldn’t even consider when starting out on this mission would become easier and easier to perform. She comforted herself that this was necessary to her mission and soon she’d be free of the Mantikoffs and the perverse urges growing within her.

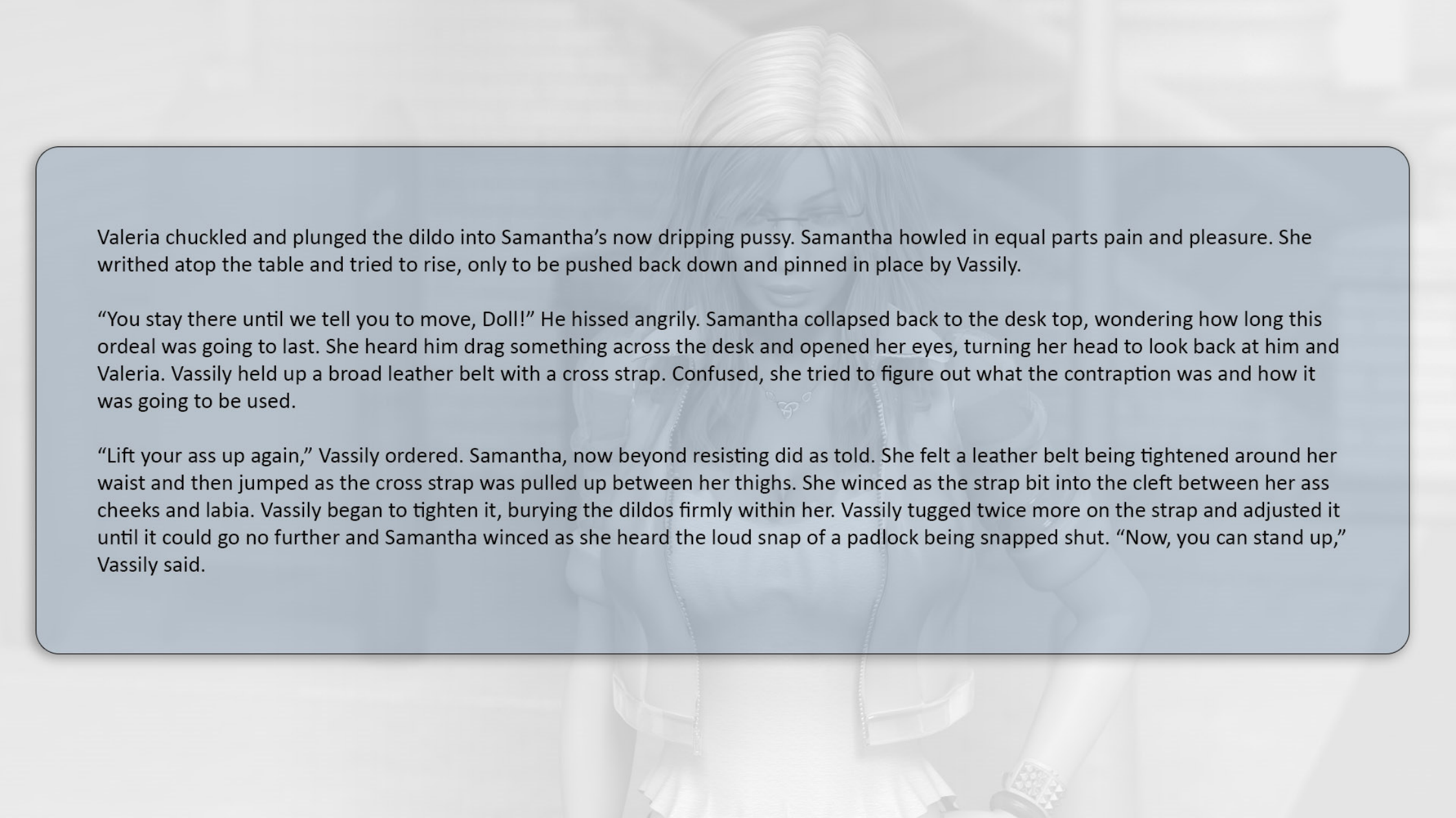
Her thoughts were interrupted when Valeria transferred her attention to Samantha’s clit and began teasing it with the slick vinyl knob. “Tell me how much you want this in you, Doll!” Valeria barked.



"I...I want it in me! Please! Put it...put it deep in me!" Samantha cried out, knowing that only half of her response was acting. She did want the dildo in her and that revelation embarrassed and frightened her.

"Say it nicely," Valeria teased.

"Please, Miss! Please fill my cunt! Please, Miss! Please?" Samantha gasped. She blushed at the words spilling from her mouth even as she seductively wiggled her hips, desperate for Valeria to satisfy her.



Valeria chuckled and plunged the dildo into Samantha's now dripping pussy. Samantha howled in equal parts pain and pleasure. She writhed atop the table and tried to rise, only to be pushed back down and pinned in place by Vassily.

"You stay there until we tell you to move, Doll!" He hissed angrily. Samantha collapsed back to the desk top, wondering how long this ordeal was going to last. She heard him drag something across the desk and opened her eyes, turning her head to look back at him and Valeria. Vassily held up a broad leather belt with a cross strap. Confused, she tried to figure out what the contraption was and how it was going to be used.

"Lift your ass up again," Vassily ordered. Samantha, now beyond resisting did as told. She felt a leather belt being tightened around her waist and then jumped as the cross strap was pulled up between her thighs. She winced as the strap bit into the cleft between her ass cheeks and labia. Vassily began to tighten it, burying the dildos firmly within her. Vassily tugged twice more on the strap and adjusted it until it could go no further and Samantha winced as she heard the loud snap of a padlock being snapped shut. "Now, you can stand up," Vassily said.

Samantha stood and immediately the dildos shifted inside her. She gasped and nearly lost her balance as a wave of awkward pleasure wormed its way through her body. The twins giggled and Vassily took hold of the crotch strap and yanked it sharply. Samantha gasped and wobbled atop her high heels again, moaning out loud. "It feels good, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yes, sir!" she answered.

"This chastity belt will make sure you don't remove those toys when we're not looking!" Vassily said, laughing.

Valeria joined him, adding, "But I bet she won't want them removed after she receives her little gift!"

Samantha, now thoroughly confused, stared uncomprehendingly at the pair. "Vassily and I wanted to surprise you with a little gift to reward you for being such a good girl!" Valeria said, slyly looking to Vassily from the corner of her eye as she did so.



Vassily smiled. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small remote control. He held it up and pressed a button with his thumb. Samantha gasped as the dildos hummed to life inside her. She squealed as she squirmed and writhed, trying desperately to stay on her feet. Vassily pressed the button again and the toys started vibrating even faster. Samantha collapsed to her knees, screaming as wave after wave of pleasure jolted her. She looked up at the twins to see them both grinning triumphantly.





“You like your surprise?” Vassily said.

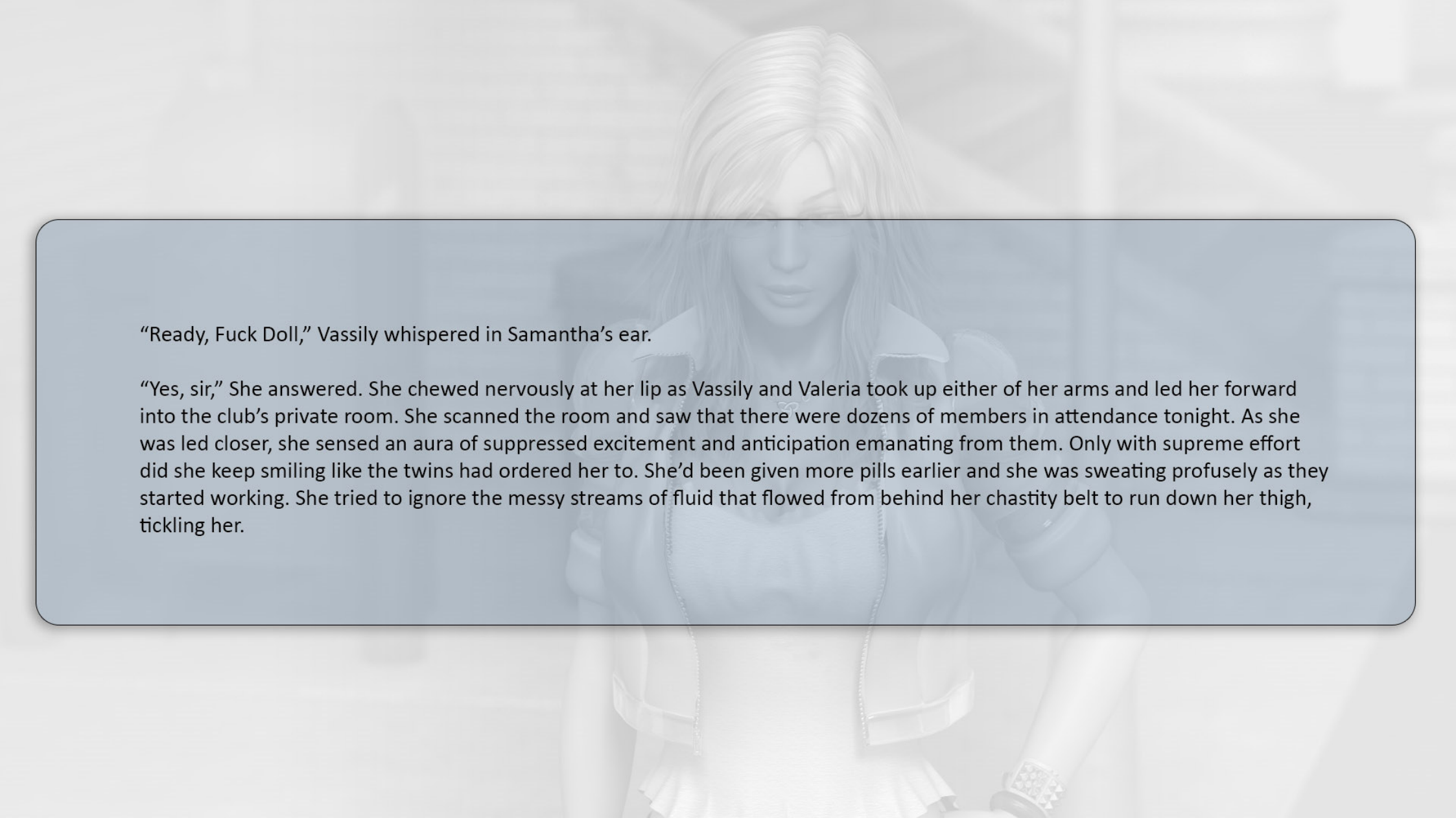
“Yes, sir! Very much!” Samantha answered truthfully. She shuddered as another wave rocked her.

“You behave and do as you’re told and we’ll let you enjoy yourself. But in the meantime, you have lots and lots of work ahead of you!” Valeria said.

“Soon, we’ll get you some more improvements”, Vassily said, adding, “but in the meantime, we teach you how to be the perfect Fuck Doll!”

Samantha, almost helpless from the sensations she was experiencing, nodded and tried to make out the Twins’ faces through her blurred vision. Valeria was leaning down and saying something to her. Samantha groaned weakly and tried to concentrate. As her attention sharpened, she heard Valeria repeat her words.

“Now, little Fuck Doll, in a few hours, we take you back downstairs!”



“Ready, Fuck Doll,” Vassily whispered in Samantha’s ear.

“Yes, sir,” She answered. She chewed nervously at her lip as Vassily and Valeria took up either of her arms and led her forward into the club’s private room. She scanned the room and saw that there were dozens of members in attendance tonight. As she was led closer, she sensed an aura of suppressed excitement and anticipation emanating from them. Only with supreme effort did she keep smiling like the twins had ordered her to. She’d been given more pills earlier and she was sweating profusely as they started working. She tried to ignore the messy streams of fluid that flowed from behind her chastity belt to run down her thigh, tickling her.



She was clad in a shiny black latex outfit for this evening's event. Valeria and Vassily had explained that she was going to get very messy tonight and that it would be easier to clean up the latex than risk ruining her other outfits. A tight corset circled her waist. Valeria had fitted her into it earlier during the day and had adjusted it, lacing it up tighter and tighter throughout the day until Samantha's waist appeared wasp-like in contrast to her enlarged tits and ass. Elbow-length gloves covered her hands and lower arms. Thigh high boots with 6-inch heels completed the outfit. The gloves and boots hugged her as tightly as the corset did and displayed every curve and dimple of her body. Excited whispered comments rippled throughout the crowd as they spied her chastity belt.

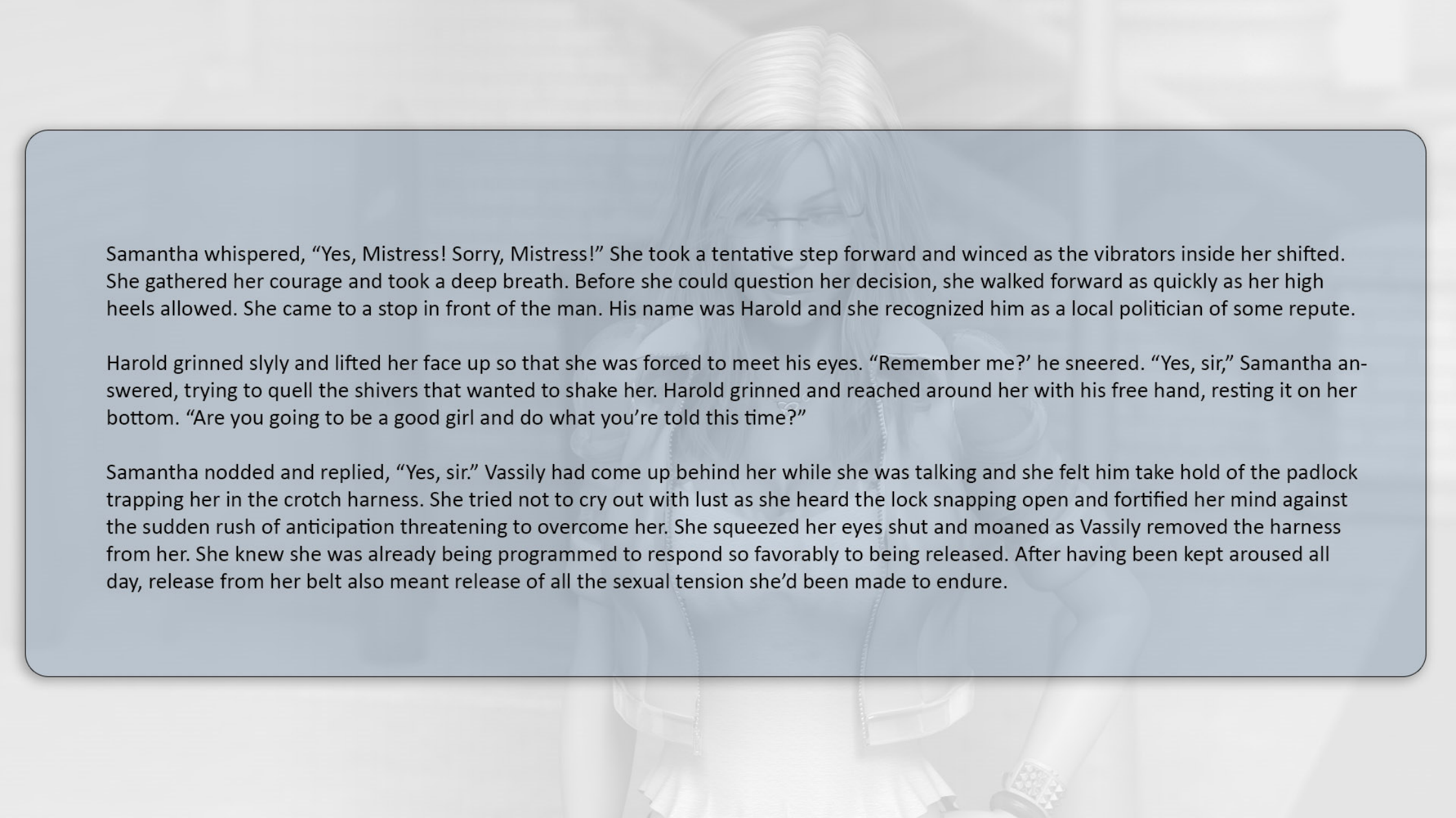
The twins led Samantha to the center of the room and greeted the members. As they spoke, they turned her slowly in place so that everyone present could enjoy a view of her. The members, having been teased by rumors of her return, were practically licking their lips with lust. Even the other Dolls were running their eyes up and down her body, some of them gazing at her with longing. Samantha only just managed to keep her balance in the high heels as she was turned. She was dizzy, and not all of it was from drugs and nervousness. Vassily and Valeria had kept the vibrators humming away inside her all day, keeping her constantly aroused but not allowing her to enjoy relief. She knew that she would be willing to do anything, perform any act, no matter how perverse or distasteful, to achieve orgasm.

“Well, what do you think? Who wants to play with her first?” Vassily called out.

A man stood and called out, “I will!” Samantha blushed when she noted that he was the man she had argued with when he suggested she have anal sex with him a few days back. She tried to ignore the pleasure the dildo vibrating away in her anus was providing her as she met his gaze.

Valeria placed a hand in the small of Samantha’s back and pushed her forward. “Don’t just stand there, cow! Go over and say hello!”



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white dress with a ruffled collar and a watch on her left wrist, is looking down. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

Samantha whispered, “Yes, Mistress! Sorry, Mistress!” She took a tentative step forward and winced as the vibrators inside her shifted. She gathered her courage and took a deep breath. Before she could question her decision, she walked forward as quickly as her high heels allowed. She came to a stop in front of the man. His name was Harold and she recognized him as a local politician of some repute.

Harold grinned slyly and lifted her face up so that she was forced to meet his eyes. “Remember me?” he sneered. “Yes, sir,” Samantha answered, trying to quell the shivers that wanted to shake her. Harold grinned and reached around her with his free hand, resting it on her bottom. “Are you going to be a good girl and do what you’re told this time?”

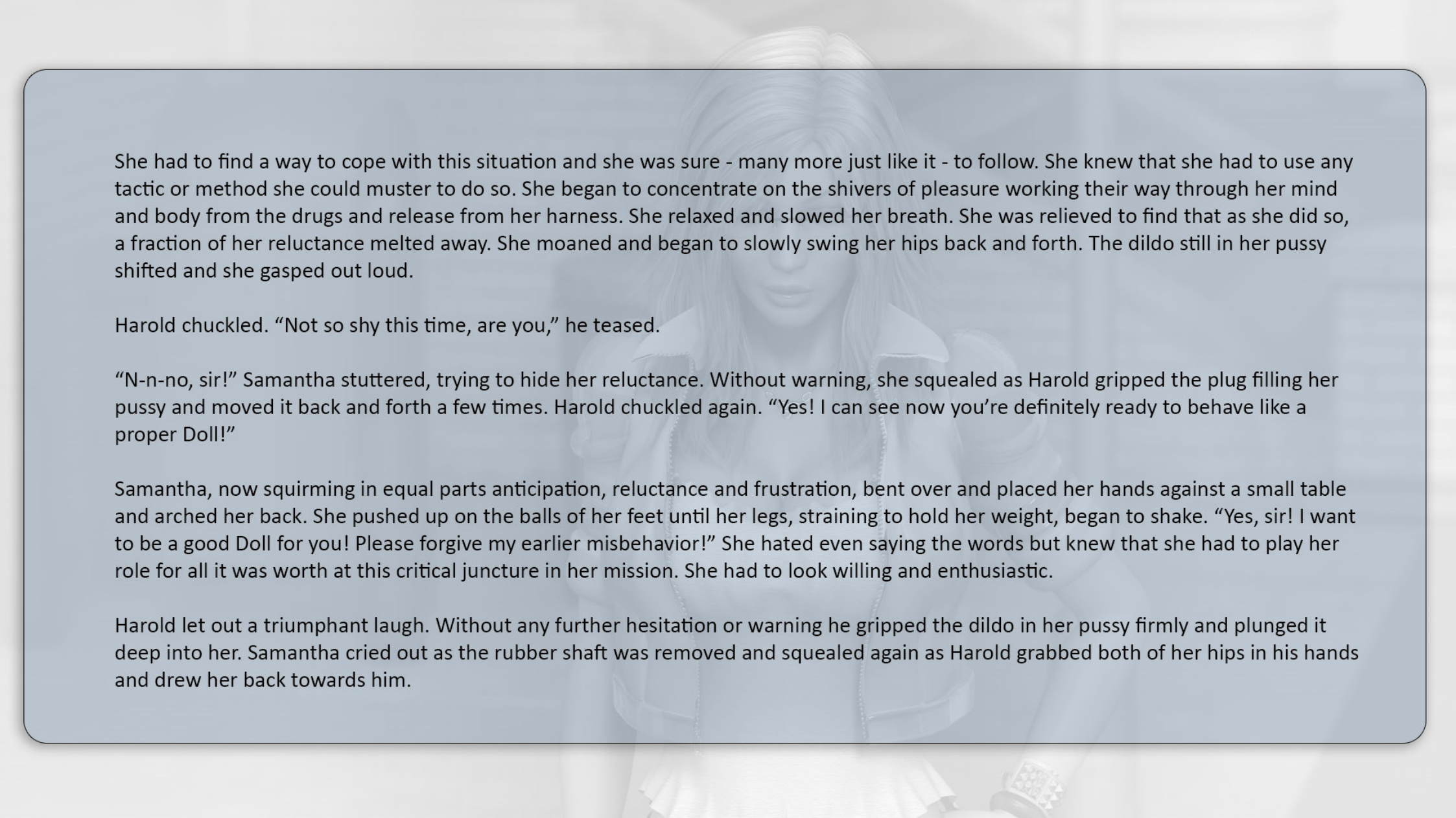
Samantha nodded and replied, “Yes, sir.” Vassily had come up behind her while she was talking and she felt him take hold of the padlock trapping her in the crotch harness. She tried not to cry out with lust as she heard the lock snapping open and fortified her mind against the sudden rush of anticipation threatening to overcome her. She squeezed her eyes shut and moaned as Vassily removed the harness from her. She knew she was already being programmed to respond so favorably to being released. After having been kept aroused all day, release from her belt also meant release of all the sexual tension she’d been made to endure.



“Now bend over and show everyone your new toys, Doll,” Vassily growled. Samantha steeled herself and with her eyes still clamped shut, turned her back to the crowd. As she bent over and displayed her behind she flushed with excitement as her drug-induced senses sharpened. She gripped her cheeks and pulled them back, displaying the two dildos stuffing her to the crowd. Excited whispers and murmurs raced through the audience.

Harold stepped forward and took hold of the dildo plugging her ass. She gasped and shuddered as he teased the vinyl shaft back and forth playfully a few times before pulling it free. He chuckled and moved to a position just behind her. He reached out with one hand and began to rub it across her bottom salaciously. Samantha gritted her teeth and braced against the humiliation she knew was about to follow. She didn't want to let this man, a complete stranger, take her in this manner, especially not in front of a crowd of more strangers. Yet she knew that if she refused, at the very least, she would be ejected from the Mantikoffs' service. If that happened her mission would certainly fail. She was so close to success now that to quit would be some kind of madness.





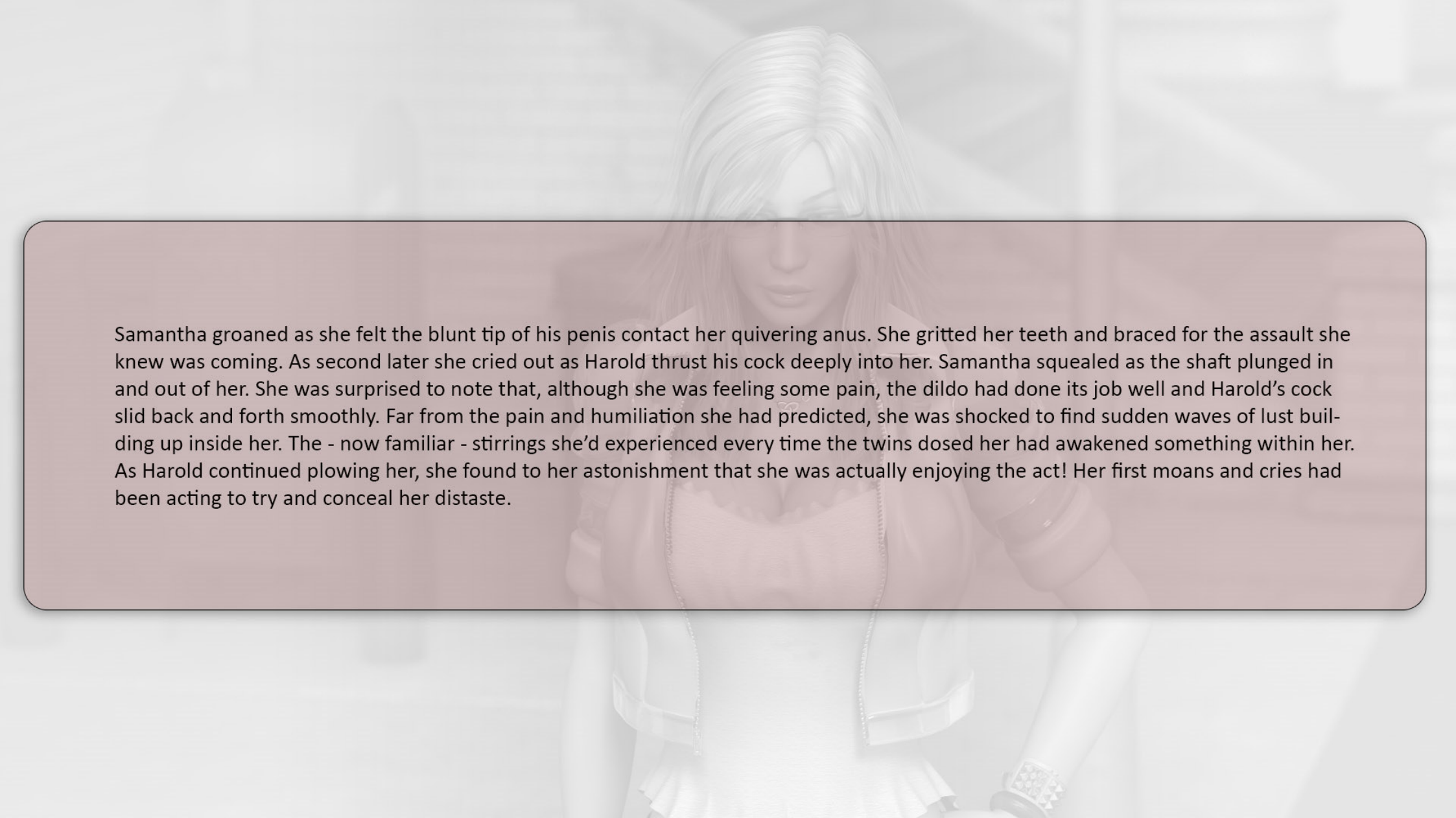
She had to find a way to cope with this situation and she was sure - many more just like it - to follow. She knew that she had to use any tactic or method she could muster to do so. She began to concentrate on the shivers of pleasure working their way through her mind and body from the drugs and release from her harness. She relaxed and slowed her breath. She was relieved to find that as she did so, a fraction of her reluctance melted away. She moaned and began to slowly swing her hips back and forth. The dildo still in her pussy shifted and she gasped out loud.

Harold chuckled. "Not so shy this time, are you," he teased.

"N-n-no, sir!" Samantha stuttered, trying to hide her reluctance. Without warning, she squealed as Harold gripped the plug filling her pussy and moved it back and forth a few times. Harold chuckled again. "Yes! I can see now you're definitely ready to behave like a proper Doll!"

Samantha, now squirming in equal parts anticipation, reluctance and frustration, bent over and placed her hands against a small table and arched her back. She pushed up on the balls of her feet until her legs, straining to hold her weight, began to shake. "Yes, sir! I want to be a good Doll for you! Please forgive my earlier misbehavior!" She hated even saying the words but knew that she had to play her role for all it was worth at this critical juncture in her mission. She had to look willing and enthusiastic.

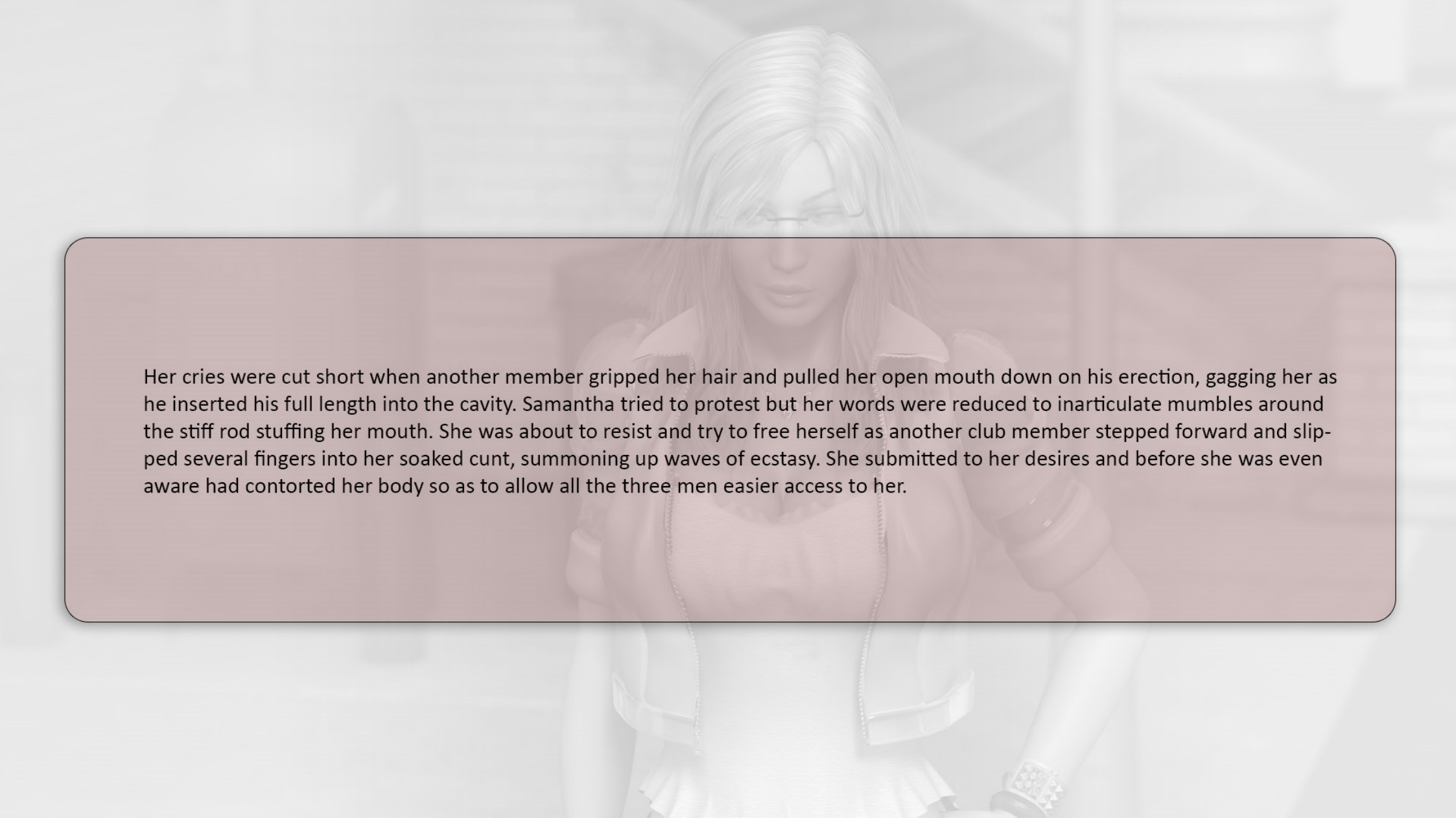
Harold let out a triumphant laugh. Without any further hesitation or warning he gripped the dildo in her pussy firmly and plunged it deep into her. Samantha cried out as the rubber shaft was removed and squealed again as Harold grabbed both of her hips in his hands and drew her back towards him.

A woman with long, straight blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, ruffled dress with a pink, strapless bodice. She has a large, ornate diamond bracelet on her left wrist. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or intense expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting.

Samantha groaned as she felt the blunt tip of his penis contact her quivering anus. She gritted her teeth and braced for the assault she knew was coming. As second later she cried out as Harold thrust his cock deeply into her. Samantha squealed as the shaft plunged in and out of her. She was surprised to note that, although she was feeling some pain, the dildo had done its job well and Harold's cock slid back and forth smoothly. Far from the pain and humiliation she had predicted, she was shocked to find sudden waves of lust building up inside her. The - now familiar - stirrings she'd experienced every time the twins dosed her had awakened something within her. As Harold continued plowing her, she found to her astonishment that she was actually enjoying the act! Her first moans and cries had been acting to try and conceal her distaste.

Now, she was groaning loudly as she surrendered to the unmistakable pleasure she was experiencing.

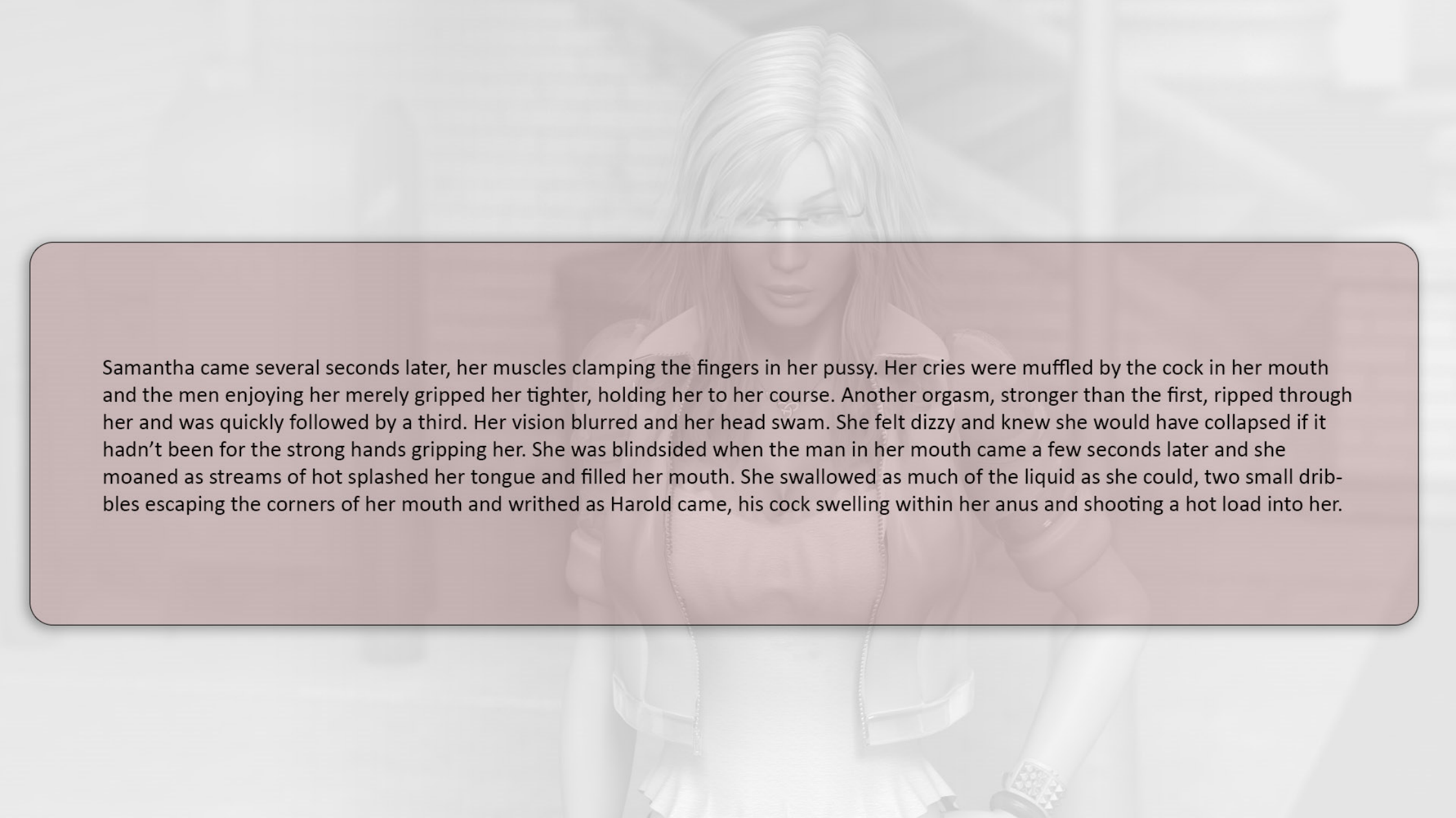




Her cries were cut short when another member gripped her hair and pulled her open mouth down on his erection, gagging her as he inserted his full length into the cavity. Samantha tried to protest but her words were reduced to inarticulate mumbles around the stiff rod stuffing her mouth. She was about to resist and try to free herself as another club member stepped forward and slipped several fingers into her soaked cunt, summoning up waves of ecstasy. She submitted to her desires and before she was even aware had contorted her body so as to allow all the three men easier access to her.



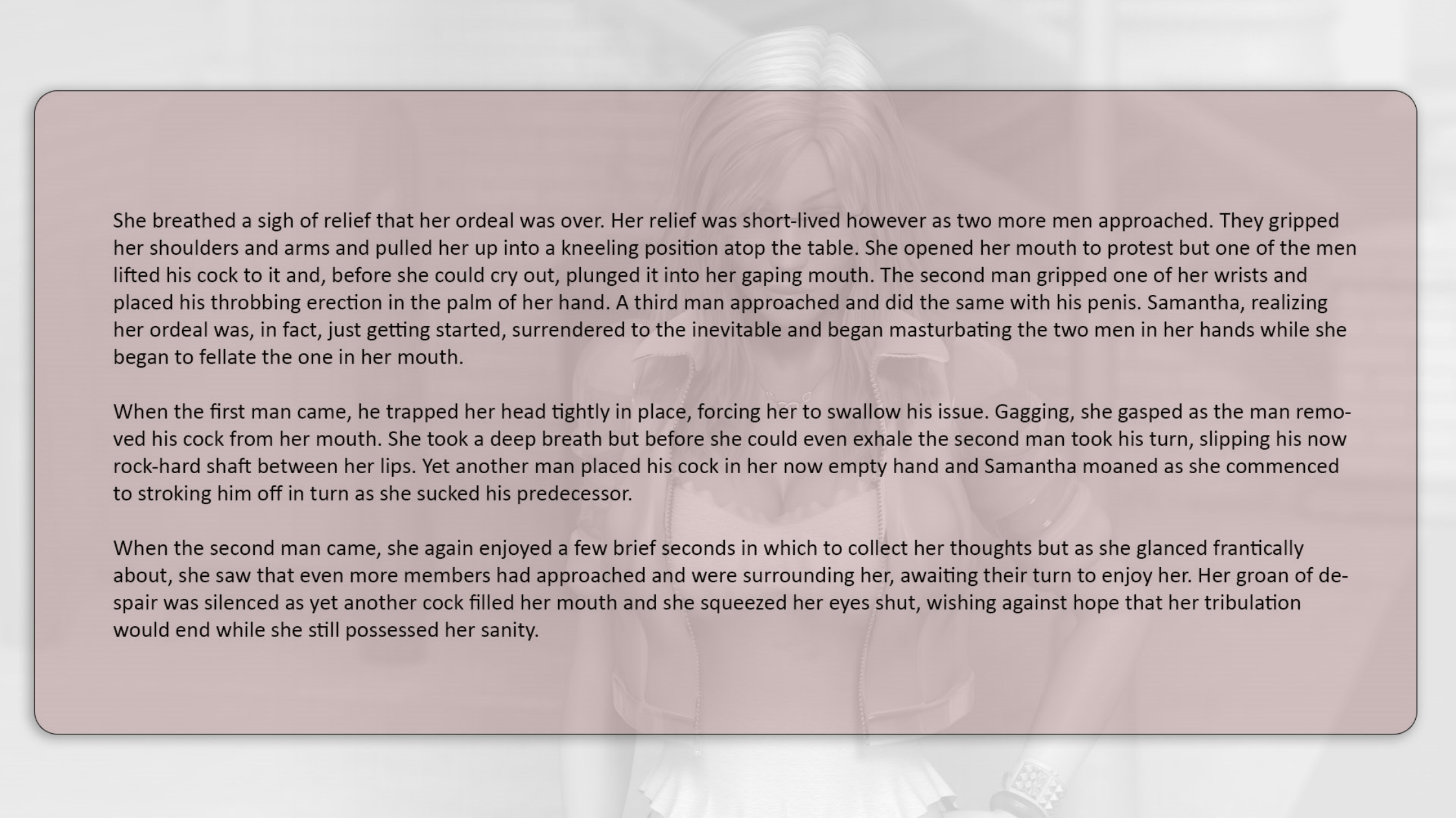
As the three men used her, she squirmed and thrashed, the rational part of her mind trying to block out the undeniable truth that she was enjoying what was happening. All her attempts to regain control of her libido, however, were obscured by the effects of the drug and her own perseverance to keep to her mission. The voice inside her head screaming for her to stop was soon silenced.



Samantha came several seconds later, her muscles clamping the fingers in her pussy. Her cries were muffled by the cock in her mouth and the men enjoying her merely gripped her tighter, holding her to her course. Another orgasm, stronger than the first, ripped through her and was quickly followed by a third. Her vision blurred and her head swam. She felt dizzy and knew she would have collapsed if it hadn't been for the strong hands gripping her. She was blindsided when the man in her mouth came a few seconds later and she moaned as streams of hot splashed her tongue and filled her mouth. She swallowed as much of the liquid as she could, two small dribbles escaping the corners of her mouth and writhed as Harold came, his cock swelling within her anus and shooting a hot load into her.

As both men withdrew their cocks from her Samantha collapsed gratefully atop the table. The man fingering her, not to be outdone by his two rivals, brought her to yet another shuddering orgasm and she screamed in ecstasy as she squirmed atop the table.



A woman with long, light-colored hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, ruffled, sleeveless dress and a large, ornate diamond watch on her left wrist. Her eyes are closed, and she has a pained or distressed expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

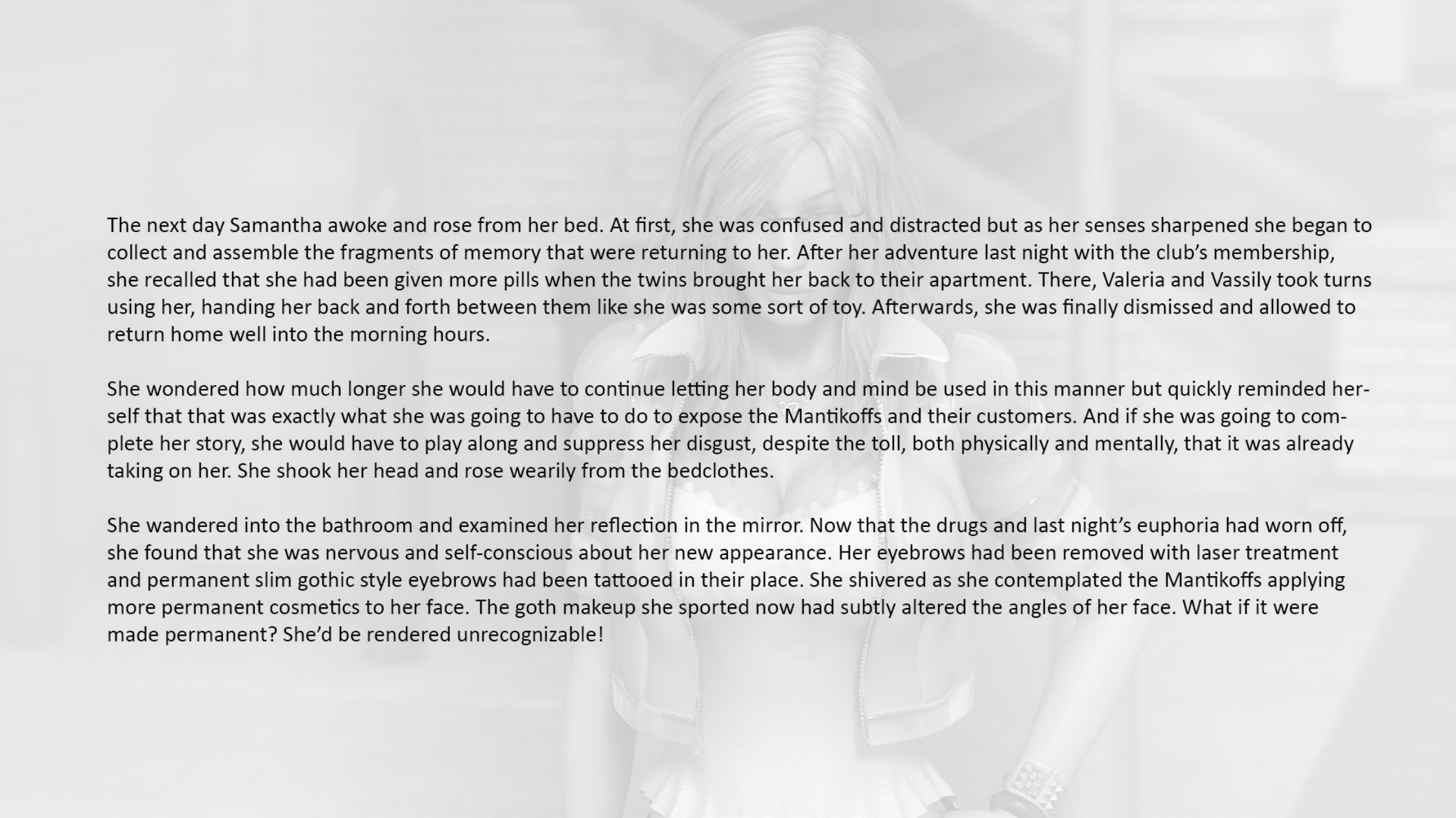
She breathed a sigh of relief that her ordeal was over. Her relief was short-lived however as two more men approached. They gripped her shoulders and arms and pulled her up into a kneeling position atop the table. She opened her mouth to protest but one of the men lifted his cock to it and, before she could cry out, plunged it into her gaping mouth. The second man gripped one of her wrists and placed his throbbing erection in the palm of her hand. A third man approached and did the same with his penis. Samantha, realizing her ordeal was, in fact, just getting started, surrendered to the inevitable and began masturbating the two men in her hands while she began to fellate the one in her mouth.

When the first man came, he trapped her head tightly in place, forcing her to swallow his issue. Gagging, she gasped as the man removed his cock from her mouth. She took a deep breath but before she could even exhale the second man took his turn, slipping his now rock-hard shaft between her lips. Yet another man placed his cock in her now empty hand and Samantha moaned as she commenced to stroking him off in turn as she sucked his predecessor.

When the second man came, she again enjoyed a few brief seconds in which to collect her thoughts but as she glanced frantically about, she saw that even more members had approached and were surrounding her, awaiting their turn to enjoy her. Her groan of despair was silenced as yet another cock filled her mouth and she squeezed her eyes shut, wishing against hope that her tribulation would end while she still possessed her sanity.



As if to mock her, the laughter and crude comments from the crowd surrounding her reached her ears. She heard Vassily and Valeria add their laughter to the one of the audience. She knew that the twins were going to make sure she enjoyed this humiliating experience and a single tear escaped her eye to run down her cheek as she felt her libido rising once again.



The next day Samantha awoke and rose from her bed. At first, she was confused and distracted but as her senses sharpened she began to collect and assemble the fragments of memory that were returning to her. After her adventure last night with the club's membership, she recalled that she had been given more pills when the twins brought her back to their apartment. There, Valeria and Vassily took turns using her, handing her back and forth between them like she was some sort of toy. Afterwards, she was finally dismissed and allowed to return home well into the morning hours.

She wondered how much longer she would have to continue letting her body and mind be used in this manner but quickly reminded herself that that was exactly what she was going to have to do to expose the Mantikoffs and their customers. And if she was going to complete her story, she would have to play along and suppress her disgust, despite the toll, both physically and mentally, that it was already taking on her. She shook her head and rose wearily from the bedclothes.

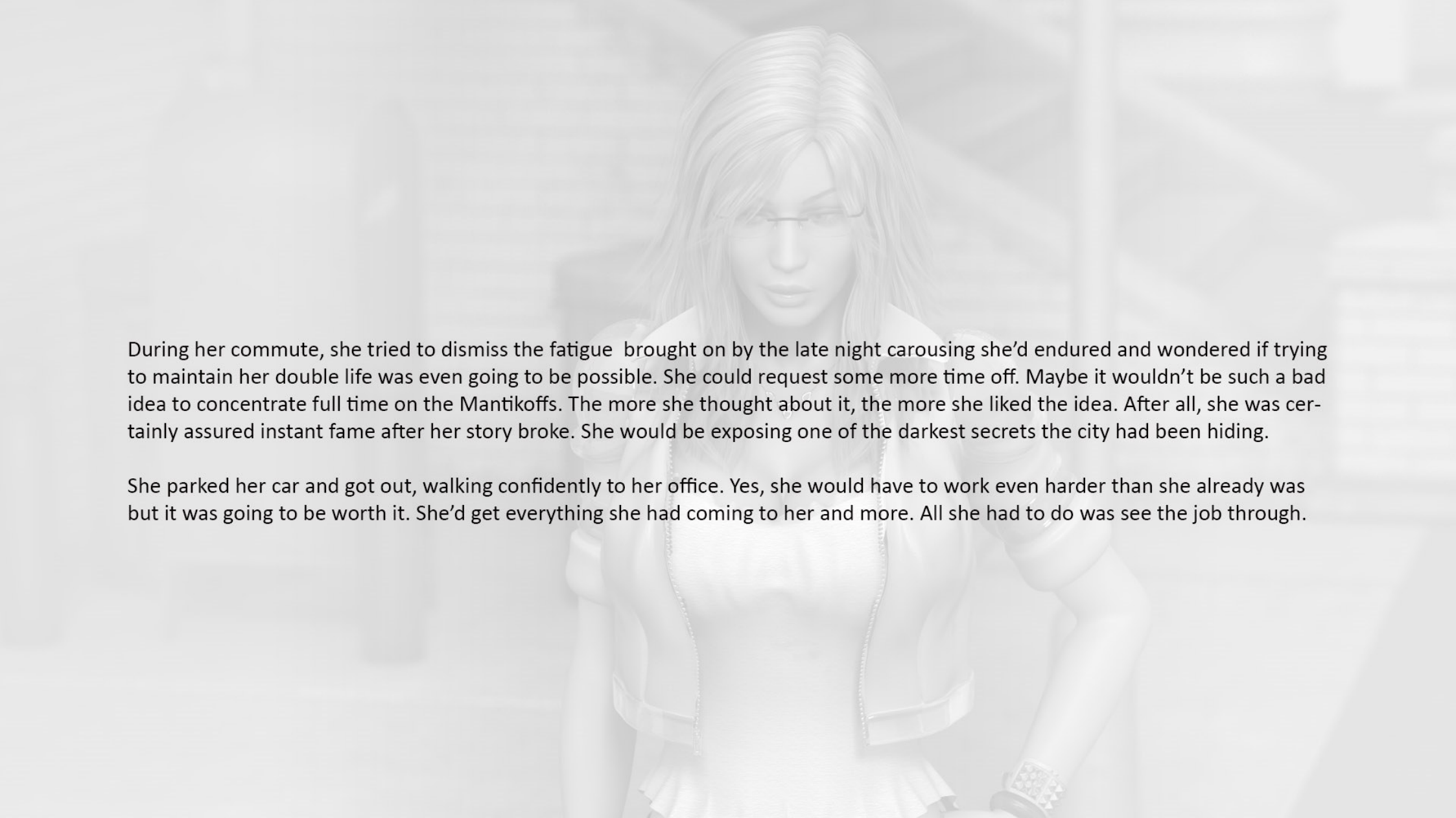
She wandered into the bathroom and examined her reflection in the mirror. Now that the drugs and last night's euphoria had worn off, she found that she was nervous and self-conscious about her new appearance. Her eyebrows had been removed with laser treatment and permanent slim gothic style eyebrows had been tattooed in their place. She shivered as she contemplated the Mantikoffs applying more permanent cosmetics to her face. The goth makeup she sported now had subtly altered the angles of her face. What if it were made permanent? She'd be rendered unrecognizable!

She let her gaze linger on her enlarged breasts. Her eyes were drawn to the shiny barbells piercing her nipples and wondered how she could have let the Mantikoffs mark her in such a manner. She turned her back to the mirror and scowled as she caught sight on the tattoo decorating her lower back. Now that she was free of the harness, she was curious to see what changes, if any, the dildos stretching her had done. She grimaced as she noted that her vagina and anus were puffy and gaped slightly. Vassily had promised he was going to keep enlarging her. If this was what she looked like after only a day, what would she look like a week from now? A month? She shivered as she contemplated having to endure further modification before she would be free of this ordeal.





She finished her shower and got dressed. She took her pen and began writing out her memories from the night before. She was still typing away furiously when she glanced at the clock. She yawned and with reluctance, saved her notes and closed her laptop. She was going to have to hurry if she was going to make it to her office on time. She sighed as she acknowledged that her double life was yet another challenge she was going to have to overcome if she was going to get her story.



During her commute, she tried to dismiss the fatigue brought on by the late night carousing she'd endured and wondered if trying to maintain her double life was even going to be possible. She could request some more time off. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to concentrate full time on the Mantikoffs. The more she thought about it, the more she liked the idea. After all, she was certainly assured instant fame after her story broke. She would be exposing one of the darkest secrets the city had been hiding.

She parked her car and got out, walking confidently to her office. Yes, she would have to work even harder than she already was but it was going to be worth it. She'd get everything she had coming to her and more. All she had to do was see the job through.

Before & After





END OF PART 1

Thank you for reading!