

Undercover Doll

Part 2



Extreme breast & lip expansion
Bimbofication
Gang bangs
Holes stretching
Domination
Orgasm addiction & orgasm denial
Piercing
Mental changes

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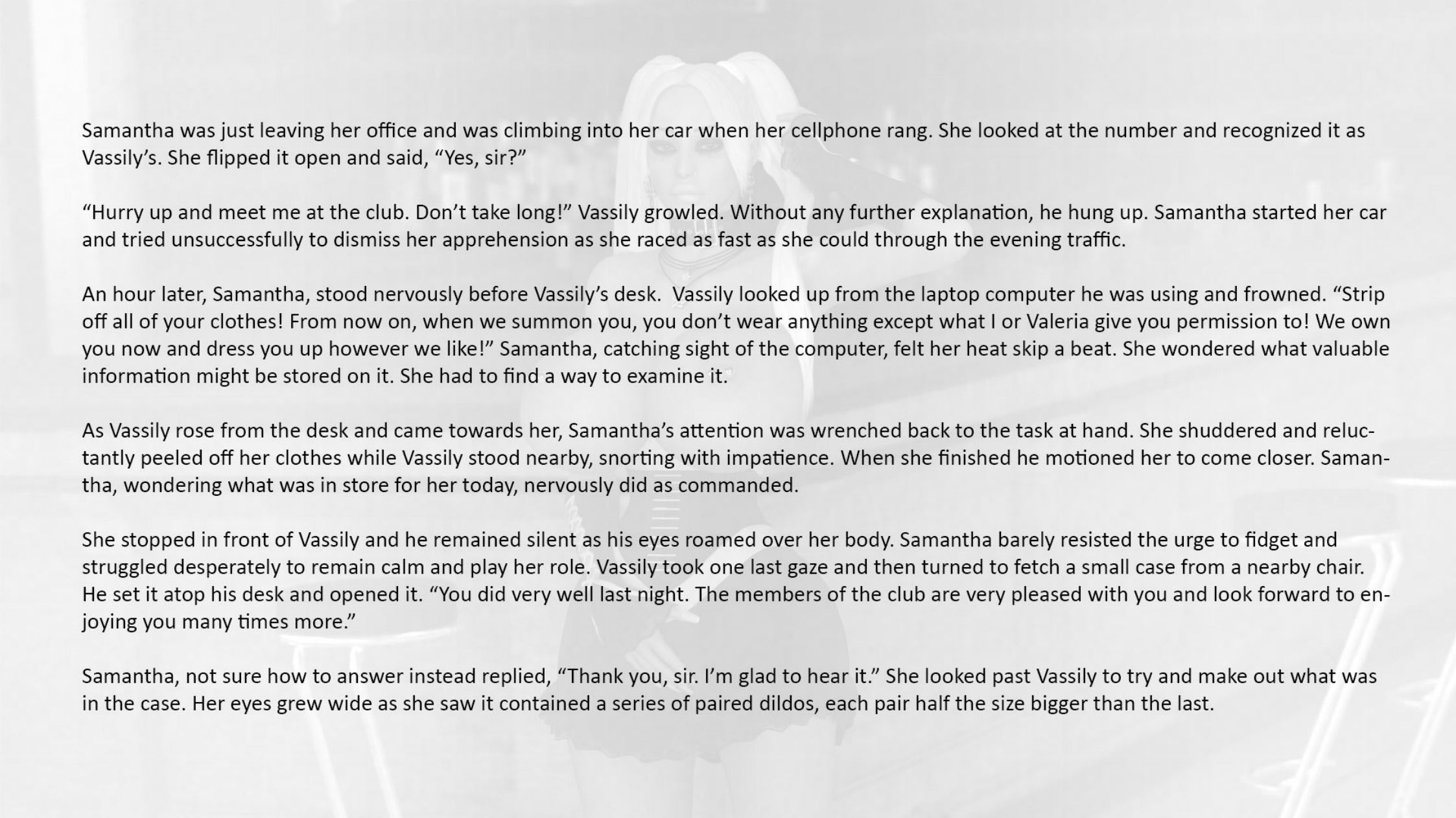
Color Code:

This story has color code that will help you navigate through most interesting parts.

BLACK
History

BLUE
The most important parts of the storyline and exciting action

RED
The hottest action or refined fantasies



Samantha was just leaving her office and was climbing into her car when her cellphone rang. She looked at the number and recognized it as Vassily's. She flipped it open and said, "Yes, sir?"

"Hurry up and meet me at the club. Don't take long!" Vassily growled. Without any further explanation, he hung up. Samantha started her car and tried unsuccessfully to dismiss her apprehension as she raced as fast as she could through the evening traffic.

An hour later, Samantha, stood nervously before Vassily's desk. Vassily looked up from the laptop computer he was using and frowned. "Strip off all of your clothes! From now on, when we summon you, you don't wear anything except what I or Valeria give you permission to! We own you now and dress you up however we like!" Samantha, catching sight of the computer, felt her heart skip a beat. She wondered what valuable information might be stored on it. She had to find a way to examine it.

As Vassily rose from the desk and came towards her, Samantha's attention was wrenched back to the task at hand. She shuddered and reluctantly peeled off her clothes while Vassily stood nearby, snorting with impatience. When she finished he motioned her to come closer. Samantha, wondering what was in store for her today, nervously did as commanded.

She stopped in front of Vassily and he remained silent as his eyes roamed over her body. Samantha barely resisted the urge to fidget and struggled desperately to remain calm and play her role. Vassily took one last gaze and then turned to fetch a small case from a nearby chair. He set it atop his desk and opened it. "You did very well last night. The members of the club are very pleased with you and look forward to enjoying you many times more."

Samantha, not sure how to answer instead replied, "Thank you, sir. I'm glad to hear it." She looked past Vassily to try and make out what was in the case. Her eyes grew wide as she saw it contained a series of paired dildos, each pair half the size bigger than the last.

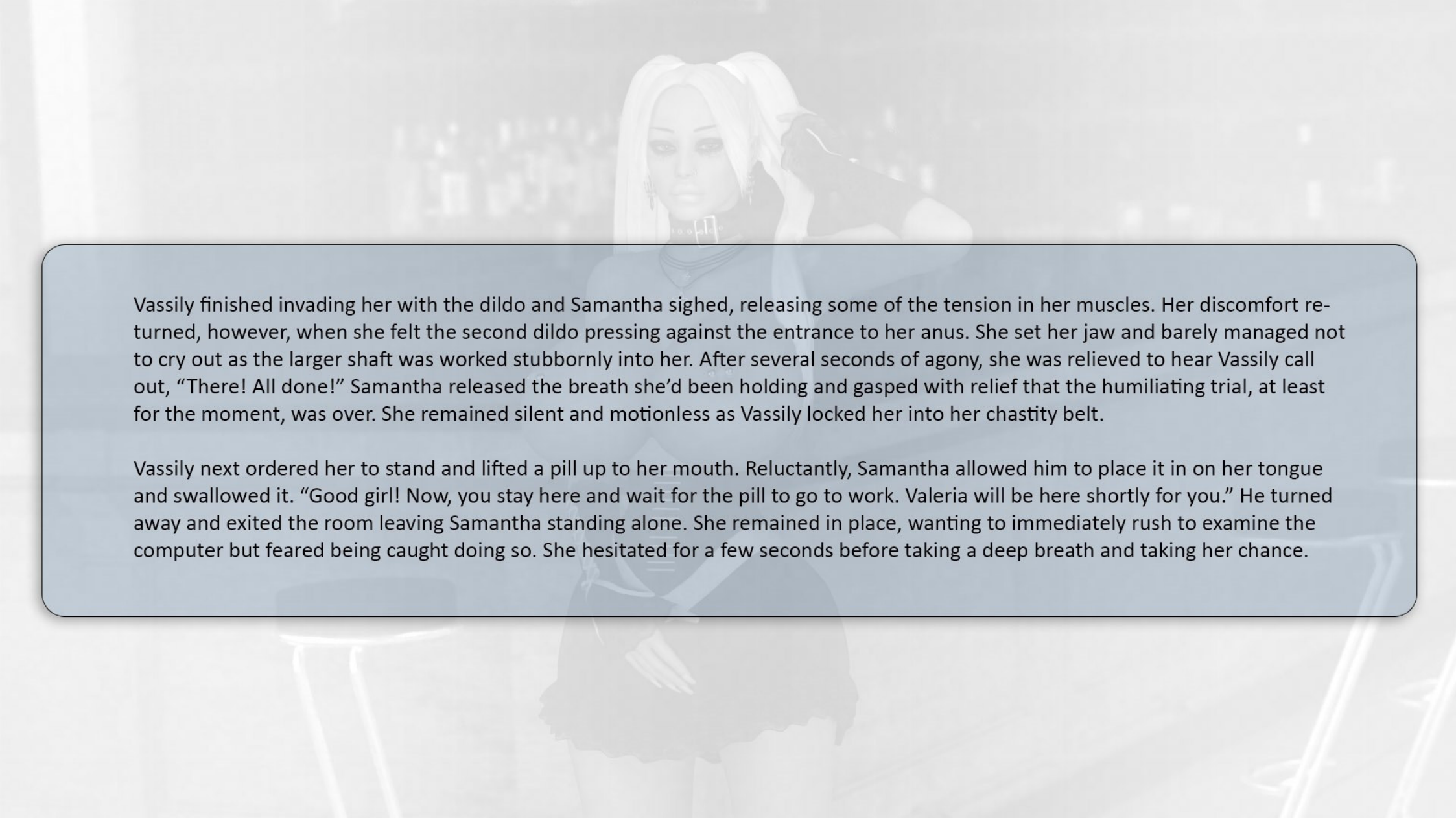


Vassily turned back and she was distressed to see that he held a pair of them in either hand. Samantha noted that these were considerably larger than the ones she'd been fitted with yesterday. Vassily, sensing her apprehension, smirked. "Time we made you even looser. Turn around and bend over. Let's get these new toys in you."

Samantha barely managed not to panic or protest - instead doing as she was told. She bent over and spread her cheeks as she had done last night and fumed as she recalled the events that had followed. When the blunt tip of the first dildo nudged her labia, she bit her lip in an effort not to cry out. Vassily chuckled and slowly inserted the rod into her. Samantha, still trying to remain stoic, mewled in discomfort as the thick column parted her labia and slid into her. She suppressed a groan as she felt her labia stretch uncomfortably as the dildo was inexorably inserted into her. Vassily chuckled again and whispered, "Don't worry, Doll! In a few minutes I'll give you your pill and then I'll turn these on! You'll like it then, won't you?"

Samantha nodded and murmured, "Yes, sir!"



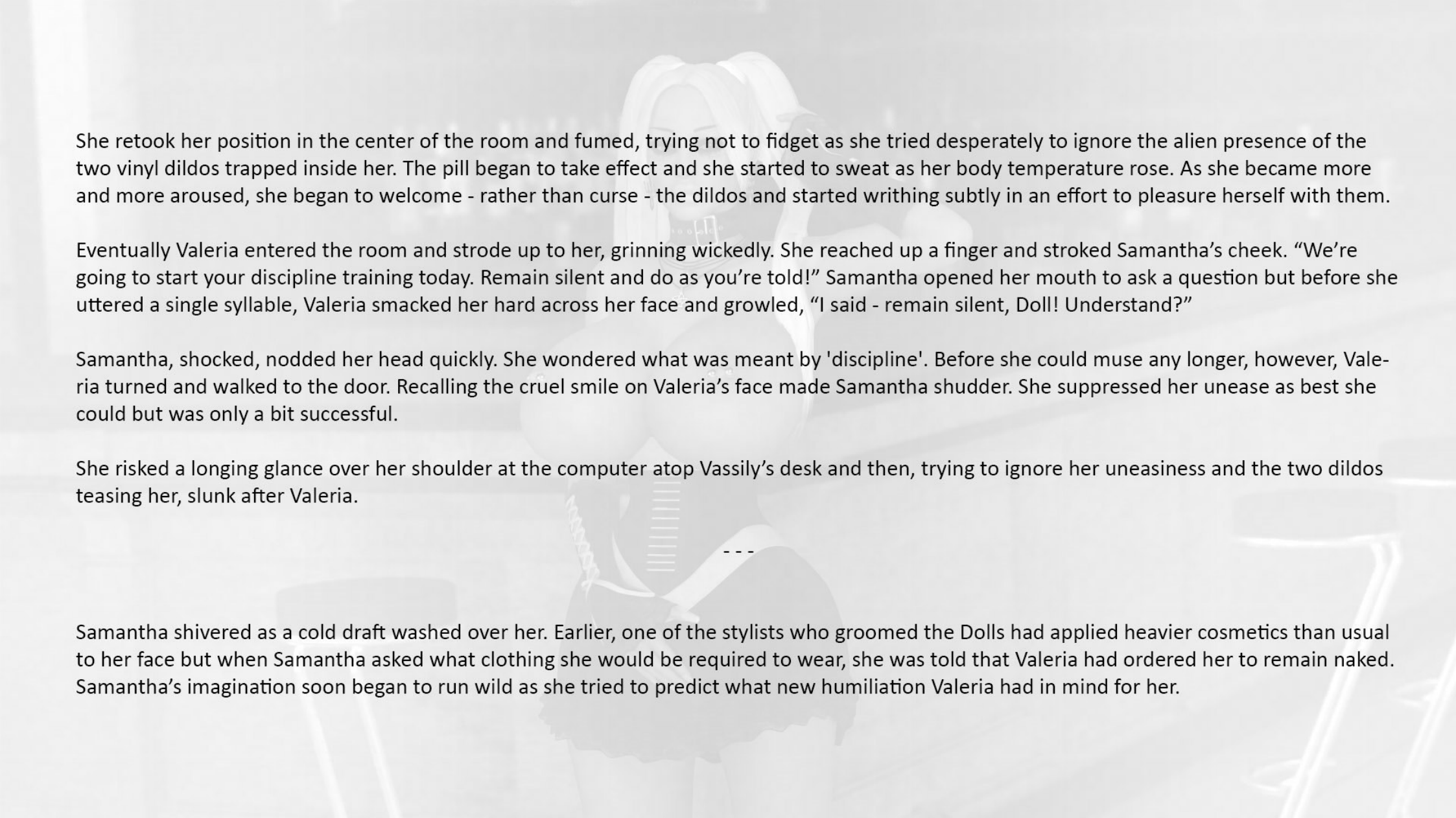


Vassily finished invading her with the dildo and Samantha sighed, releasing some of the tension in her muscles. Her discomfort returned, however, when she felt the second dildo pressing against the entrance to her anus. She set her jaw and barely managed not to cry out as the larger shaft was worked stubbornly into her. After several seconds of agony, she was relieved to hear Vassily call out, "There! All done!" Samantha released the breath she'd been holding and gasped with relief that the humiliating trial, at least for the moment, was over. She remained silent and motionless as Vassily locked her into her chastity belt.

Vassily next ordered her to stand and lifted a pill up to her mouth. Reluctantly, Samantha allowed him to place it in on her tongue and swallowed it. "Good girl! Now, you stay here and wait for the pill to go to work. Valeria will be here shortly for you." He turned away and exited the room leaving Samantha standing alone. She remained in place, wanting to immediately rush to examine the computer but feared being caught doing so. She hesitated for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and taking her chance.



She rushed around the desk, yelping as the dildos shifted inside her. She ignored the unwanted burst of pleasure as they did so, instead fixing all of her attention on Vassily's laptop. To her dismay, however, she saw that he had logged off and she was blocked by a security window. She frowned and wracked her brain, trying to think up words or phrases Vassily might have chosen for his password. She quickly typed several of them but the computer remained locked. She typed his name and then Valeria's and then tried several combinations of the two. Still the system defied her. She banged her fist on the desktop with frustration. She knew she'd never get a chance like this again. She made several more attempts and then, defeated, cursed out loud. It was no use she decided and all she was doing was risking being caught spying when Valeria came to fetch her.



She retook her position in the center of the room and fumed, trying not to fidget as she tried desperately to ignore the alien presence of the two vinyl dildos trapped inside her. The pill began to take effect and she started to sweat as her body temperature rose. As she became more and more aroused, she began to welcome - rather than curse - the dildos and started writhing subtly in an effort to pleasure herself with them.

Eventually Valeria entered the room and strode up to her, grinning wickedly. She reached up a finger and stroked Samantha's cheek. "We're going to start your discipline training today. Remain silent and do as you're told!" Samantha opened her mouth to ask a question but before she uttered a single syllable, Valeria smacked her hard across her face and growled, "I said - remain silent, Doll! Understand?"

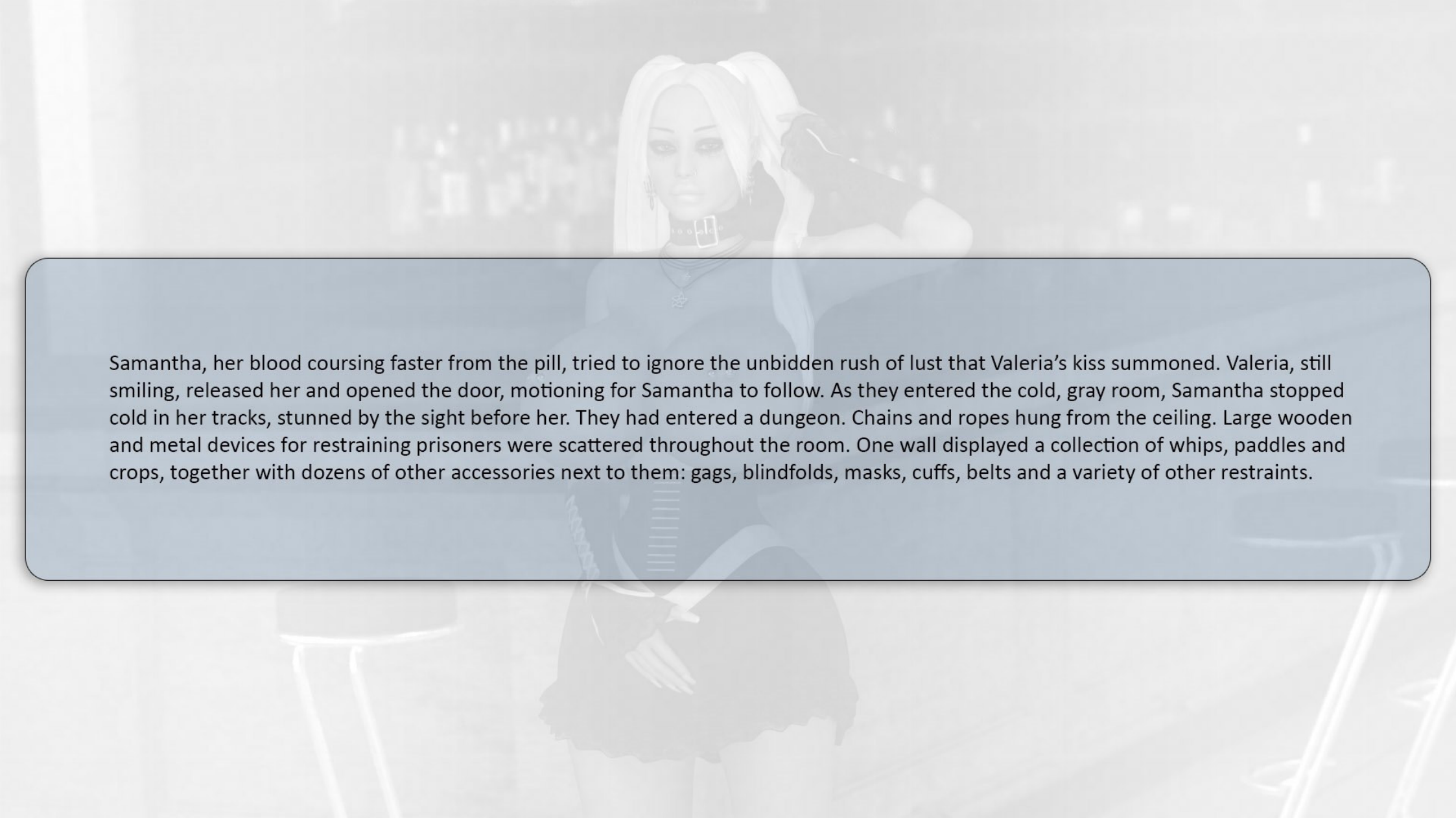
Samantha, shocked, nodded her head quickly. She wondered what was meant by 'discipline'. Before she could muse any longer, however, Valeria turned and walked to the door. Recalling the cruel smile on Valeria's face made Samantha shudder. She suppressed her unease as best she could but was only a bit successful.

She risked a longing glance over her shoulder at the computer atop Vassily's desk and then, trying to ignore her uneasiness and the two dildos teasing her, slunk after Valeria.

Samantha shivered as a cold draft washed over her. Earlier, one of the stylists who groomed the Dolls had applied heavier cosmetics than usual to her face but when Samantha asked what clothing she would be required to wear, she was told that Valeria had ordered her to remain naked. Samantha's imagination soon began to run wild as she tried to predict what new humiliation Valeria had in mind for her.

After Valeria had come to fetch her, she was led to an elevator and they descended to a basement level below the nightclub. Samantha shivered as they stepped from the elevator, the cold air raising goosebumps on her naked flesh. Valeria continued leading her along until they came to a strong metal door. Valeria turned to Samantha and gripped her jaw tightly in her hand, hard enough to make Samantha wince. "We have a special show we put on for our members. Several of them specifically requested you for tonight. When we enter this room, you remain silent! You do not speak unless given permission! You do as you're told, when you're told! Understand?" Samantha nodded. Valeria flashed her wicked grin again. "Good Doll! You learn fast!" Valeria leaned forward and kissed Samantha hard on the mouth, slipping her tongue between Samantha's lips when they parted in surprise.

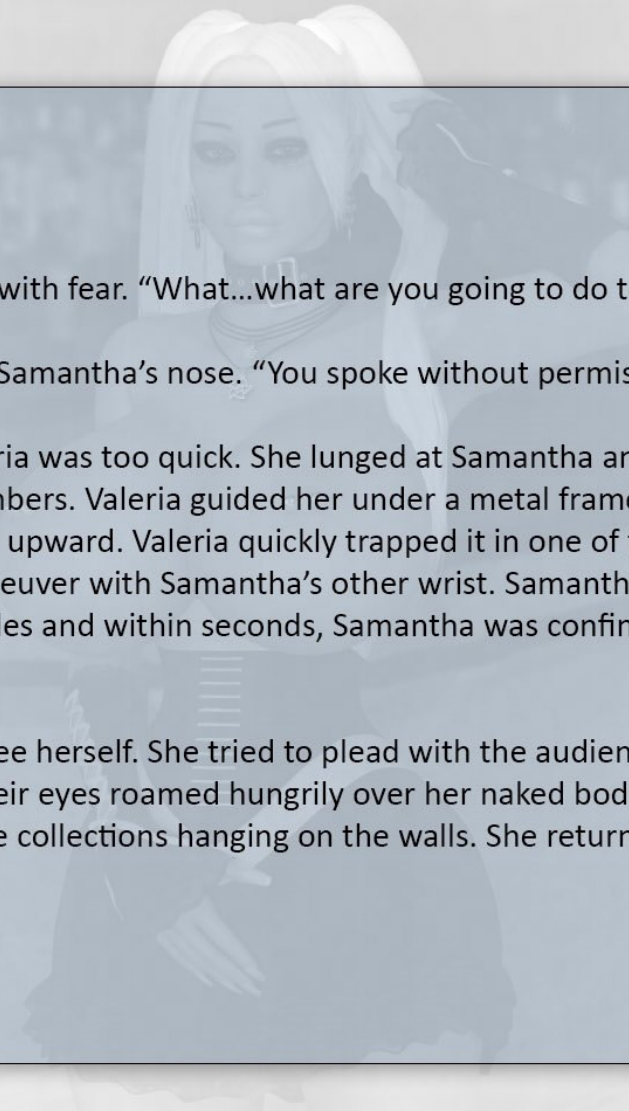




Samantha, her blood coursing faster from the pill, tried to ignore the unbidden rush of lust that Valeria's kiss summoned. Valeria, still smiling, released her and opened the door, motioning for Samantha to follow. As they entered the cold, gray room, Samantha stopped cold in her tracks, stunned by the sight before her. They had entered a dungeon. Chains and ropes hung from the ceiling. Large wooden and metal devices for restraining prisoners were scattered throughout the room. One wall displayed a collection of whips, paddles and crops, together with dozens of other accessories next to them: gags, blindfolds, masks, cuffs, belts and a variety of other restraints.



What drew her attention most was the half-circle of comfortable chairs and couches placed to one side of the room were occupied by a dozen of club members. Samantha realized what this room was for and her role in the performance. Her blood ran cold and her mouth gaped open in shock.



Samantha turned to Valeria, her eyes wide with fear. “What...what are you going to do to me?”

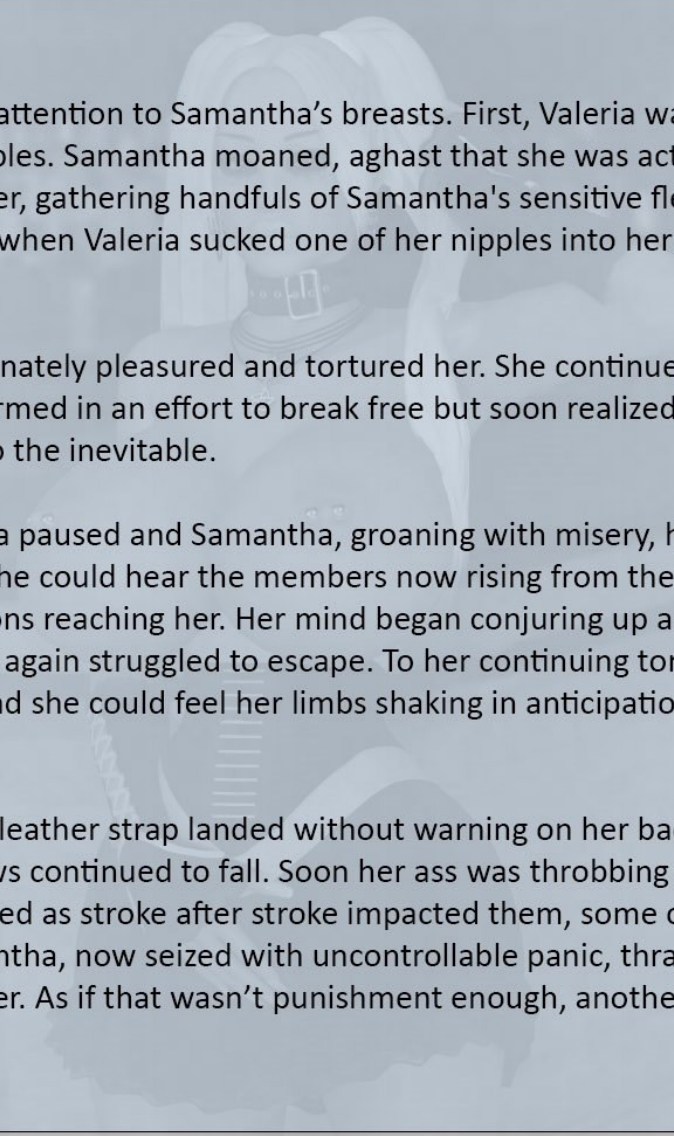
Valeria grinned and wagged a finger under Samantha’s nose. “You spoke without permission! Now you need to be punished!”

Samantha turned and tried to flee but Valeria was too quick. She lunged at Samantha and twisted her arm up behind her back and led her to stand before the assembled members. Valeria guided her under a metal framework. Again Samantha tried to resist but screamed in pain as her arm was wrenched upward. Valeria quickly trapped it in one of the manacles hanging from the frame and locked it in place. Valeria repeated the maneuver with Samantha’s other wrist. Samantha struggled helplessly as Valeria similarly secured her ankles to a second pair of manacles and within seconds, Samantha was confined inescapably in place, her naked and spread-eagled body exposed to the audience.

She struggled mightily but was unable to free herself. She tried to plead with the audience before her but they merely grinned and made rude and suggestive comments as their eyes roamed hungrily over her naked body. Valeria ignored Samantha’s cries for mercy and moved to gather several items from the collections hanging on the walls. She returned and spent several minutes gagging and blindfolding Samantha.

Samantha writhed in her bindings and tried to find any position that would allow her to relieve some of the pain in her shoulders, back and legs. She tried to shake loose the blindfold obscuring her vision. She cried out for mercy but the gag in her mouth reduced her pleas to an inarticulate mumble. She flinched suddenly as she felt Valeria begin dragging her sharp nails along her skin. She writhed as Valeria explored her, the keen tips of her nails running across her breasts, sides, stomach and then around to race up and down her back. She screamed when without warning, Valeria sank her nails deeply into the flesh of her buttocks. Valeria's giggles chilled Samantha and she twisted helplessly as Valeria pinched, scratched and squeezed her flesh.





After several minutes, Valeria switched her attention to Samantha's breasts. First, Valeria was gentle, massaging the large globes, teasing and occasionally playfully twisting their nipples. Samantha moaned, aghast that she was actually getting turned on by the attention. Soon, however, Valeria began to play rougher, gathering handfuls of Samantha's sensitive flesh and pulling and twisting it painfully. Samantha, unable to defend herself, shrieked when Valeria sucked one of her nipples into her mouth and bit down hard on the throbbing nub, trapping it between her teeth.

Samantha howled helplessly as Valeria alternately pleased and tortured her. She continued for some time to struggle mightily but was unable to free herself. She twisted and squirmed in an effort to break free but soon realized that her efforts were for nothing and she calmed, no less terrified but surrendering to the inevitable.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, Valeria paused and Samantha, groaning with misery, hung helpless in her chains. She remained bound but unmolested for some minutes. She could hear the members now rising from their seats and walking about and circling her, brief snatches of their muttered conversations reaching her. Her mind began conjuring up all kinds of scenarios, each one worse than the last. Soon she was a nervous wreck and she again struggled to escape. To her continuing torment, her libido, temporarily overshadowed by Valeria's punishment, reasserted itself and she could feel her limbs shaking in anticipation as the twin dildos continued to deny her their promise of pleasure.

As Samantha mused a painful blow from of leather strap landed without warning on her backside. She screamed as best she could through the gag stuffing her mouth but the blows continued to fall. Soon her ass was throbbing and the skin felt as if it was on fire. Someone else began whipping her breasts. She shrieked as stroke after stroke impacted them, some of them licking at her sensitive nipples. The pain was intense, almost unbearable. Samantha, now seized with uncontrollable panic, thrashed in her bindings, trying desperately to escape the punishment being inflicted on her. As if that wasn't punishment enough, another series of lashings was inflicted on the tender skin of her inner thighs.



She continued screaming but it was no use. She could hear the members moving around her and their comments, laughter and grunts of effort reached her ears. She broke then, collapsing in despair to hang listlessly in her bindings. Her punishment continued for what seemed an eternity in her sense deprived state. Eventually, the whipping was suspended and Samantha sobbed helplessly as she tried to blot out the pain and humiliation she had received at the hands of her unknown tormentors.

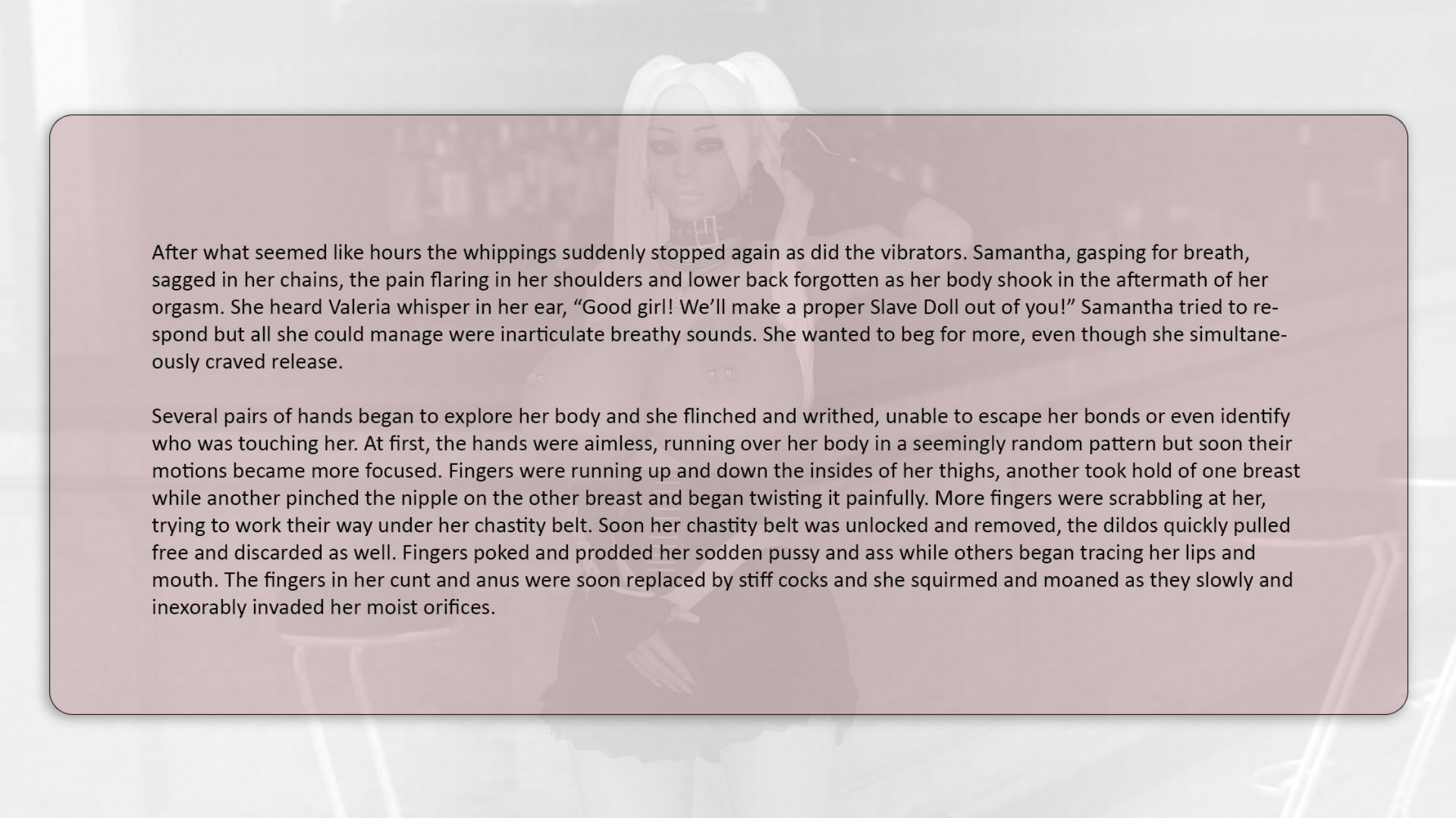
She felt someone loosening the straps that held the gag in place and she cried out with relief as the large rubber ball was pulled from her mouth. She heard Valeria's voice as if from miles away speaking to her. "Time for another pill, Fuck Doll!" Samantha, suddenly shocked into action, tried to resist but someone grabbed her chin and squeezed her jaw painfully until she howled with pain. She felt the pill placed upon her tongue but before she could spit it out, her mouth and nose was clamped shut and she had no choice but to swallow it.





The next few minutes were an agony as the pill went to work, sharpening her emotions and senses. She began struggling again, the pain from her stung flesh magnifying and each pulse of her blood intensifying the throbbing in her breasts, bottom and thighs. Without warning, the vibrators Vassily had inserted earlier now sprang into action, powering up and adding a new level of sensation to her already overburdened senses.

Soon, she was writhing not in agony but with lust, an intense orgasm building within her. To her dismay, the whippings resumed but this time the combination of the drugs and her overwrought senses were making her enjoy it, the sensations becoming too intense to withstand. She could feel the dildos humming away inside her, arousing her as her orgasm built and built and without warning, it exploded within her. She screamed and screamed as she came, a second, more intense orgasm cresting as she did so.



After what seemed like hours the whippings suddenly stopped again as did the vibrators. Samantha, gasping for breath, sagged in her chains, the pain flaring in her shoulders and lower back forgotten as her body shook in the aftermath of her orgasm. She heard Valeria whisper in her ear, “Good girl! We’ll make a proper Slave Doll out of you!” Samantha tried to respond but all she could manage were inarticulate breathy sounds. She wanted to beg for more, even though she simultaneously craved release.

Several pairs of hands began to explore her body and she flinched and writhed, unable to escape her bonds or even identify who was touching her. At first, the hands were aimless, running over her body in a seemingly random pattern but soon their motions became more focused. Fingers were running up and down the insides of her thighs, another took hold of one breast while another pinched the nipple on the other breast and began twisting it painfully. More fingers were scrabbling at her, trying to work their way under her chastity belt. Soon her chastity belt was unlocked and removed, the dildos quickly pulled free and discarded as well. Fingers poked and prodded her sodden pussy and ass while others began tracing her lips and mouth. The fingers in her cunt and anus were soon replaced by stiff cocks and she squirmed and moaned as they slowly and inexorably invaded her moist orifices.

Soon, she was being fucked relentlessly, trapped helpless as she was and unable to resist in any fashion. She noted ruefully that she wasn't trying to ignore the overwhelming waves of lust that shook her anymore either. As the drugs rushed through her system, she began building to a climax again as cocks stuffed her. As the shafts pumped in and out, she came again and again. Soon the men fucking her came as well and were replaced by others. The cycle continued and Samantha was fucked over and over, enjoying a steady chain of orgasms as she serviced the members one by one.

She had no idea how much time had passed when she finally fell unconscious, slipping into oblivion while still hanging in her bindings.



Samantha typed up the last of her notes and rose wearily from her desk. She knew that she should quit, just walk away, story or no story. But she'd already invested too much time, expended too much effort to give in now. Besides, it was only a matter of time before she devised a scheme to gain access to Vassily's computer. She smirked as she mentally reviewed her plan to do so. She couldn't wait to see the look on his face when this was all over finding out that it was her who had out-maneuvered him to expose his family's secrets!

She went into her bathroom, removed her robe and examined her body in the mirror. She was covered in bruises and welt, reminders of the whippings she'd endured the night before at the hands of Valeria and the club members. Despite her revulsion she cast her mind back to the event and how much she had ultimately come to enjoy it. She shivered as she remembered the intensity of her orgasms.





She completely understood now how the Mantikoffs were able to program unwilling victims into willing slaves. Samantha had gone to them already knowing what to expect and yet even she was slowly being drawn into their web. How much more likely was it for unaware victims to find themselves trapped in the clutches of the Mantikoffs? She knew she was playing with fire now. Nevertheless, she had to continue with her mission. While she had finally uncovered the club, some of its members and the tactics employed by the Mantikoffs to recruit and transform the Dolls, she still had no evidence of the slavery ring. Until she found that information, she was going to have to remain a player in the Mantikoffs' game. She just hoped she was up to the task.

There was only one more thing she had to do. She was going to have to commit herself full time to her mission. It was getting more difficult to live a normal life outside of the club. She needed to make sure that no one was going to begin investigating her if she disappeared for days on end. That might result in unwanted attention or the police visiting the club. If she was recognized there, even if only by accident, the best possible outcome was that her cover would be blown and she would have to abandon her mission. If the Mantikoffs found out who she really was, they could just kill her. She had to protect her identity now at all costs.

She picked up her phone and dialed up her manager. When he answered, she explained that she was quitting her job at the magazine. As she expected, he barely had anything to say. He had never taken her seriously in the first place. When Samantha hung up, she breathed a sigh of relief that at least there wouldn't be any chance of her magazine causing trouble. And, she mused, her late manager's indifference to her resignation was just another reason for her to succeed in her mission. Imagine his frustration when he came to realize it could have been his magazine that published her expose'!

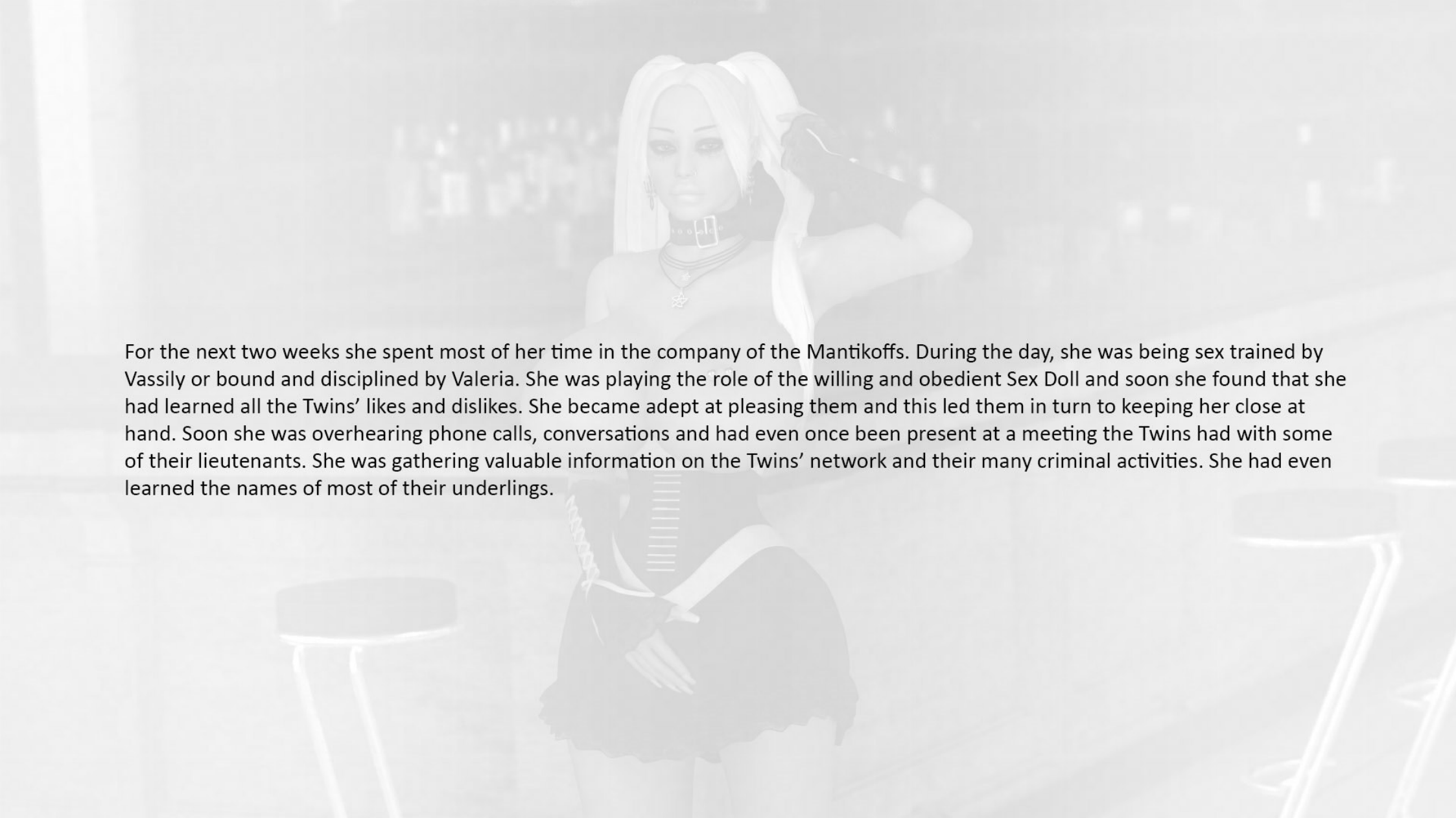
Later that evening she dialed up her few friends and concocted a lie. She said she'd been offered a new job in another city and she would be out of touch until she got settled. When she finished the calls, she sat back heavily and tried to ignore the haze of unease that settled over her thoughts. She was well and truly on her own now and if something went wrong, she could find herself in serious danger. Nevertheless, now she knew she could devote her entire attention to her mission. She reasoned that fewer distractions would come in handy anyway, helping her to better resist the mental and emotional changes taking place in her mind.

Feeling better now that she made her decision, she rose and began to prepare herself for her return to the club later that evening. As she dressed, she tried to ignore her reflection in the mirror and the little voice in the back of her mind begging her to flee while she still had a chance.



Before & After

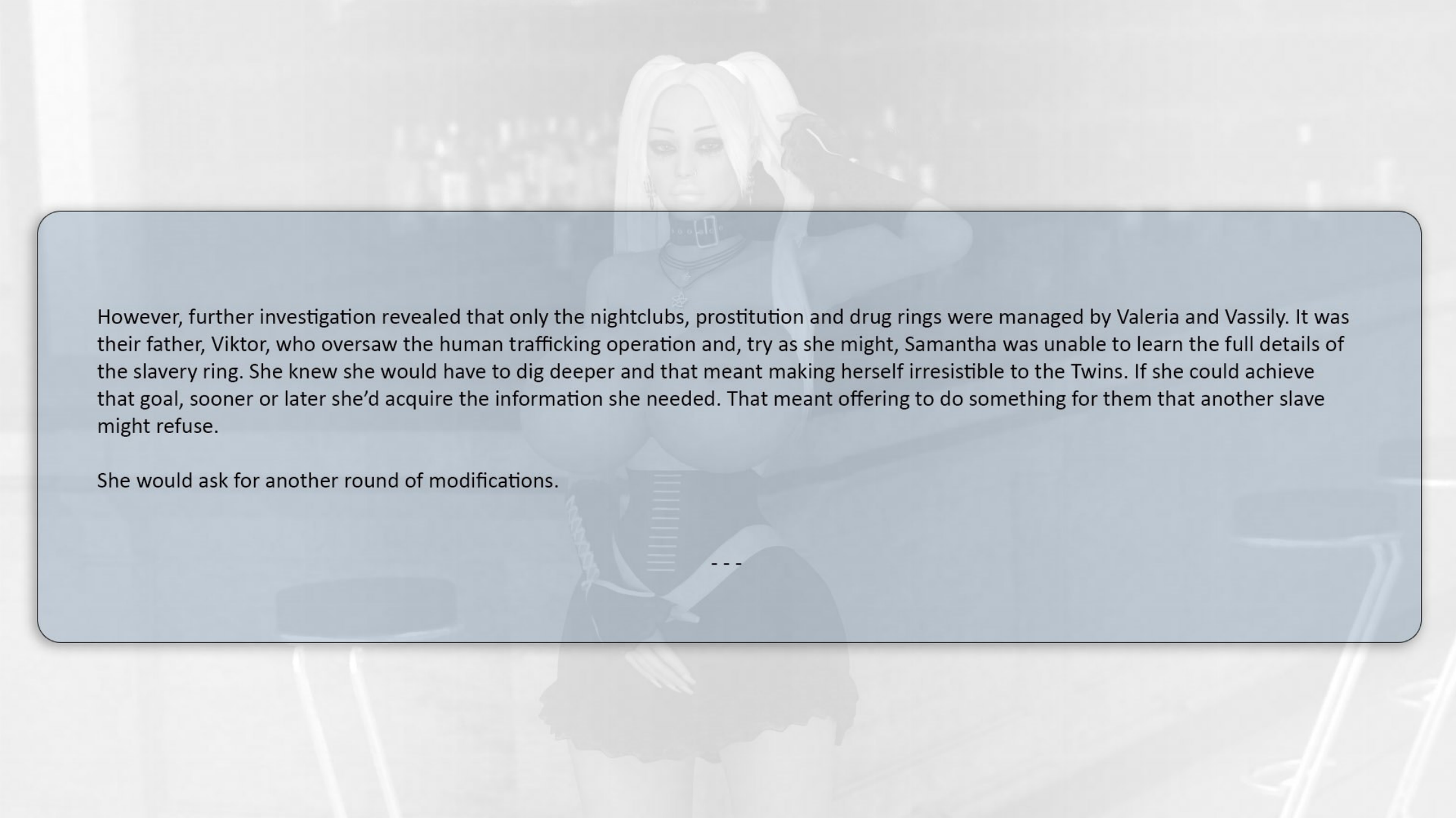


A woman with long, straight white hair styled in two high pigtails. She is wearing a black, form-fitting corset with a white sash and a matching black skirt with a ruffled hem. She has a black choker with a silver buckle and a necklace with a star pendant. Her right hand is raised to her hair. The background is a dimly lit room with several bar stools and a blurred wall with some text.

For the next two weeks she spent most of her time in the company of the Mantikoffs. During the day, she was being sex trained by Vassily or bound and disciplined by Valeria. She was playing the role of the willing and obedient Sex Doll and soon she found that she had learned all the Twins' likes and dislikes. She became adept at pleasing them and this led them in turn to keeping her close at hand. Soon she was overhearing phone calls, conversations and had even once been present at a meeting the Twins had with some of their lieutenants. She was gathering valuable information on the Twins' network and their many criminal activities. She had even learned the names of most of their underlings.

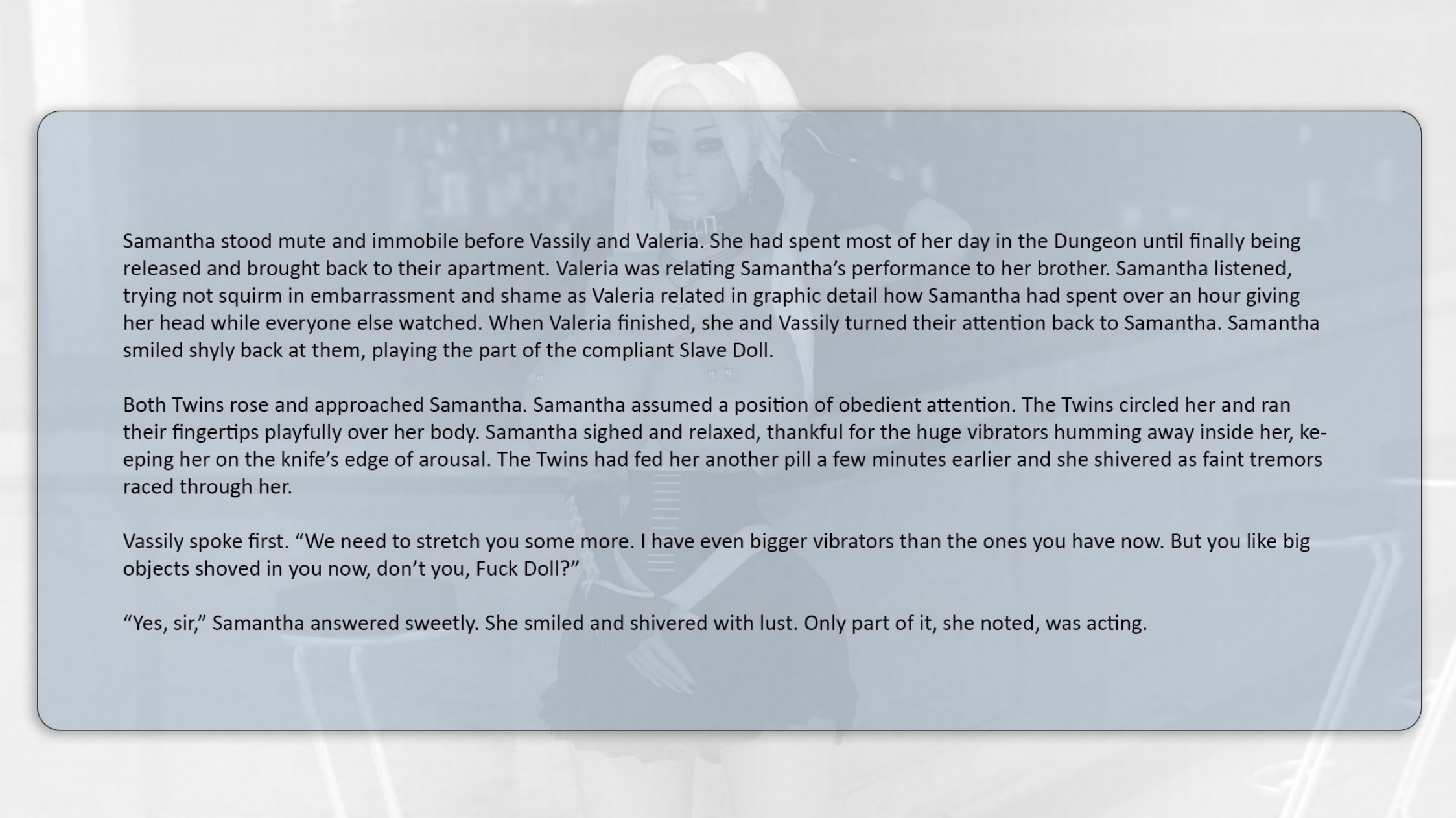
Each night she was handed over to the club's members and used for hours on end. Her limits were being tested further and further but, as she continued to overcome her misgivings, it became easier for her to submit to almost any perversion. To her relief she had discovered that the more willing and submissive she acted, the more indiscreet the members became. By listening closely she had soon compiled a list of members who had purchased sex slaves from the Mantikoffs.





However, further investigation revealed that only the nightclubs, prostitution and drug rings were managed by Valeria and Vassily. It was their father, Viktor, who oversaw the human trafficking operation and, try as she might, Samantha was unable to learn the full details of the slavery ring. She knew she would have to dig deeper and that meant making herself irresistible to the Twins. If she could achieve that goal, sooner or later she'd acquire the information she needed. That meant offering to do something for them that another slave might refuse.

She would ask for another round of modifications.

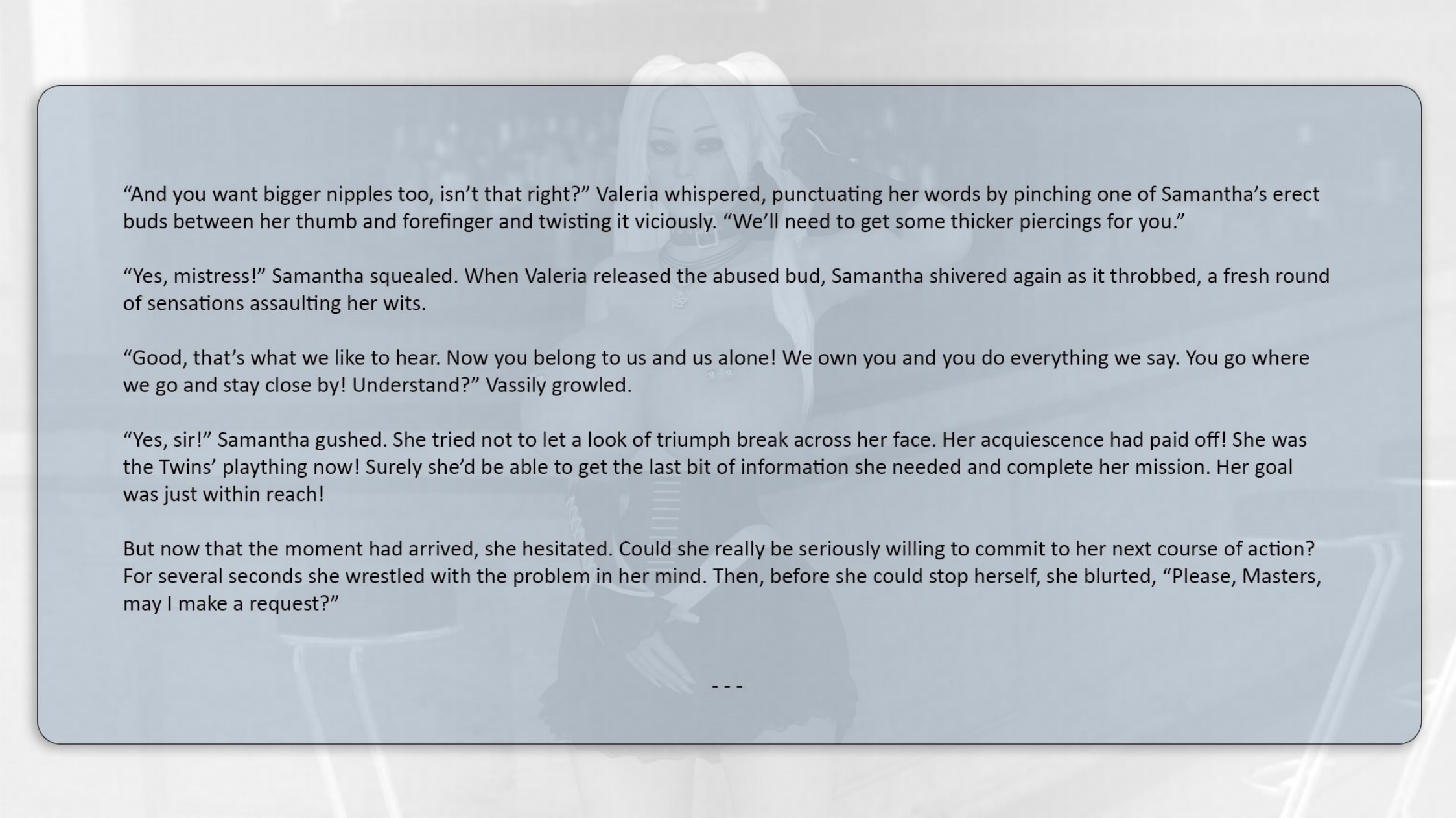


Samantha stood mute and immobile before Vassily and Valeria. She had spent most of her day in the Dungeon until finally being released and brought back to their apartment. Valeria was relating Samantha's performance to her brother. Samantha listened, trying not to squirm in embarrassment and shame as Valeria related in graphic detail how Samantha had spent over an hour giving her head while everyone else watched. When Valeria finished, she and Vassily turned their attention back to Samantha. Samantha smiled shyly back at them, playing the part of the compliant Slave Doll.

Both Twins rose and approached Samantha. Samantha assumed a position of obedient attention. The Twins circled her and ran their fingertips playfully over her body. Samantha sighed and relaxed, thankful for the huge vibrators humming away inside her, keeping her on the knife's edge of arousal. The Twins had fed her another pill a few minutes earlier and she shivered as faint tremors raced through her.

Vassily spoke first. "We need to stretch you some more. I have even bigger vibrators than the ones you have now. But you like big objects shoved in you now, don't you, Fuck Doll?"

"Yes, sir," Samantha answered sweetly. She smiled and shivered with lust. Only part of it, she noted, was acting.



“And you want bigger nipples too, isn’t that right?” Valeria whispered, punctuating her words by pinching one of Samantha’s erect buds between her thumb and forefinger and twisting it viciously. “We’ll need to get some thicker piercings for you.”

“Yes, mistress!” Samantha squealed. When Valeria released the abused bud, Samantha shivered again as it throbbed, a fresh round of sensations assaulting her wits.

“Good, that’s what we like to hear. Now you belong to us and us alone! We own you and you do everything we say. You go where we go and stay close by! Understand?” Vassily growled.

“Yes, sir!” Samantha gushed. She tried not to let a look of triumph break across her face. Her acquiescence had paid off! She was the Twins’ plaything now! Surely she’d be able to get the last bit of information she needed and complete her mission. Her goal was just within reach!

But now that the moment had arrived, she hesitated. Could she really be seriously willing to commit to her next course of action? For several seconds she wrestled with the problem in her mind. Then, before she could stop herself, she blurted, “Please, Masters, may I make a request?”



Samantha grimaced as she caught sight of herself in a large mirror as the Twins inspected her. She scowled at her new enlarged lips, huge boobs and oversized booty and wondered how much more she was going to be able to endure in the pursuit of her story. The Twins had granted her request and modified her to even greater proportions. Valeria and Vassily gleefully pointed out how much larger the 2500cc implants appeared contrasted against her petite frame. They smacked her enlarged behind again and again, laughing at the way Samantha's buttocks jiggled after each impact. They ran their fingertips over her enlarged lips and remarked at how soft they were and how they couldn't wait to find how they felt as Samantha orally satisfied them.

Samantha endured the cruel jibes of the Twins and instead calculated how her new modifications had made her life even more difficult. She had only had her new breast implants installed weeks ago and had yet to get used to them. She was dismayed to note that they were almost always in the corner of her vision, even if she was looking elsewhere. They were constantly getting in the way of her arms even when performing the most mundane of tasks. They bounced uncontrollably with the slightest motion and she had yet to get used to their weight. During sex, she found the discomfort resulting from the weight of her huge globes swaying back and forth to be almost excruciating.

Valeria had steadily increased the size of her nipple piercings and the nipples in turn increased in size and prominence. Thicker barbells had been fitted and now her nipples were at least half an inch longer. They were becoming more sensitive as well but Samantha wasn't sure if it was a result of the drugs, the piercings or a combination of the two. They now stood out brazenly, even when not aroused. She was ordered to wear tight corsets that pushed up and displayed her breasts and their decorations for everyone to see.





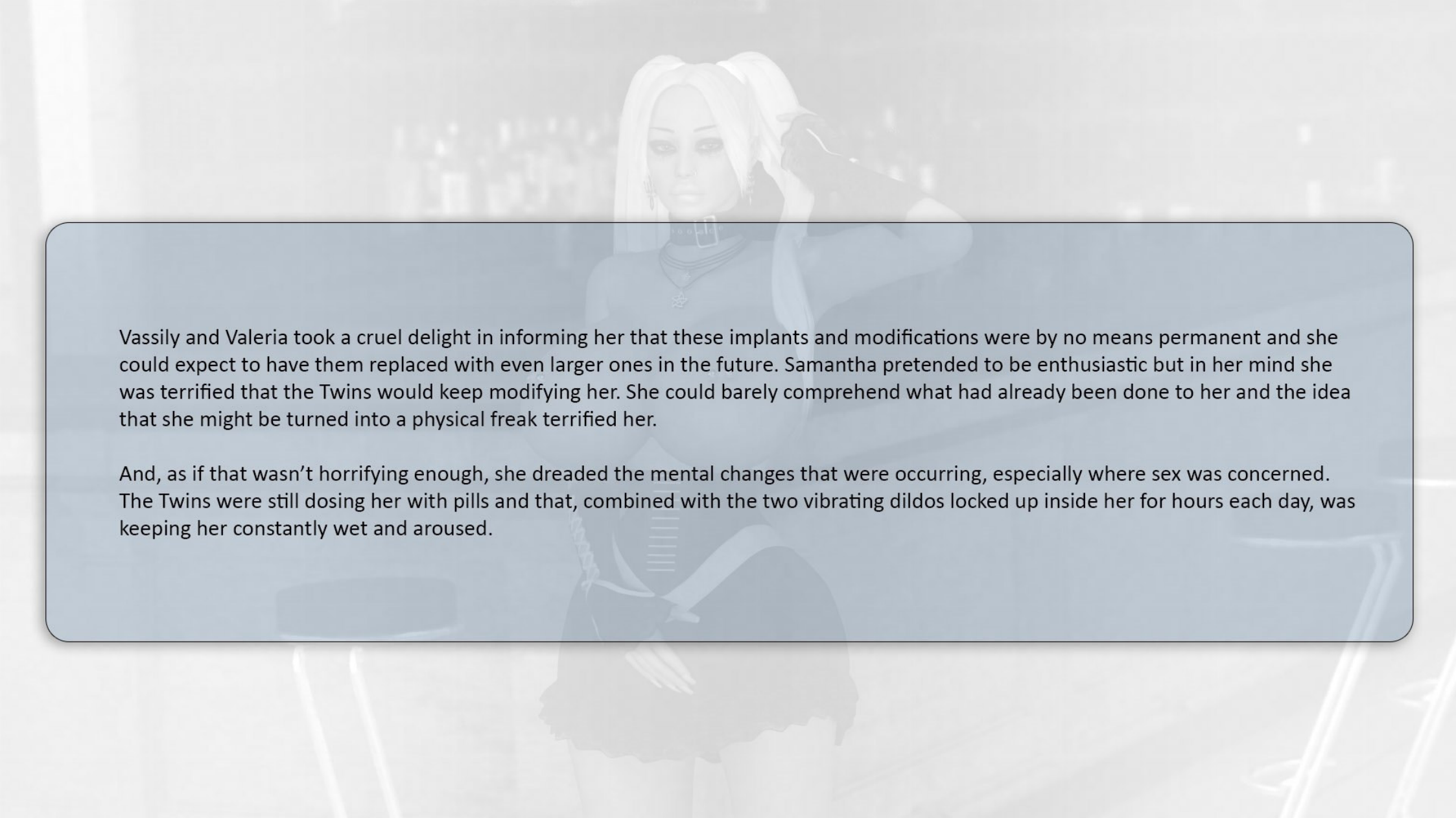
Her oversized booty had forced her to begin walking differently and she noted that even when taking small steps, her butt rode up and down making it harder for her to walk in high heels. The extra weight of her new modifications caused her to tire more easily and even the simplest movement and tasks had been made more difficult.



Vassily had fitted her with even larger vibrators and now two vinyl shafts, each one several inches in diameter and long enough to fill her vagina and anal cavity completely, were stuffed into her each morning and trapped snugly in place by her chastity belt. Even her chastity belt had been replaced as the old one couldn't contain the larger thicker shafts.

However, the Twins had installed a final modification to remind her that she was now their exclusive sexual property. Both of her labia had been pierced and two delicate steel rings had been inserted in the holes. These rings were designed to be drawn together and fastened with a small padlock with only two keys, one carried by each Twin. Right now, her lips were fastened across the front strap of her chastity belt. The belt itself had been snugged up tightly and was rubbing her clit, assisting the vibrators in their mission to keep her constantly aroused. Even when her chastity belt and dildos were removed, however, the Twins kept her pussy lips locked up, freeing her only when they used her.





Vassily and Valeria took a cruel delight in informing her that these implants and modifications were by no means permanent and she could expect to have them replaced with even larger ones in the future. Samantha pretended to be enthusiastic but in her mind she was terrified that the Twins would keep modifying her. She could barely comprehend what had already been done to her and the idea that she might be turned into a physical freak terrified her.

And, as if that wasn't horrifying enough, she dreaded the mental changes that were occurring, especially where sex was concerned. The Twins were still dosing her with pills and that, combined with the two vibrating dildos locked up inside her for hours each day, was keeping her constantly wet and aroused.



Vassily would set the vibrators' speed just high enough to keep her on edge and she spent hours every day wanting to masturbate only to be frustrated by the chastity belt. Right now they were humming away at low power and the insides of her thighs were covered with a fine sheen of vaginal fluids that trickled along her skin, teasing her and reminding her of her new purpose in life. She had tried several times when alone to remove the belt but all of her efforts had been foiled by the strong leather straps and stout padlocks in front and back. Instead, she had to withstand the torment of having two constantly vibrating toys constantly distracting her. It was so bad that she was practically begging Vassily and Valeria to release and fuck her any time she was in their presence.

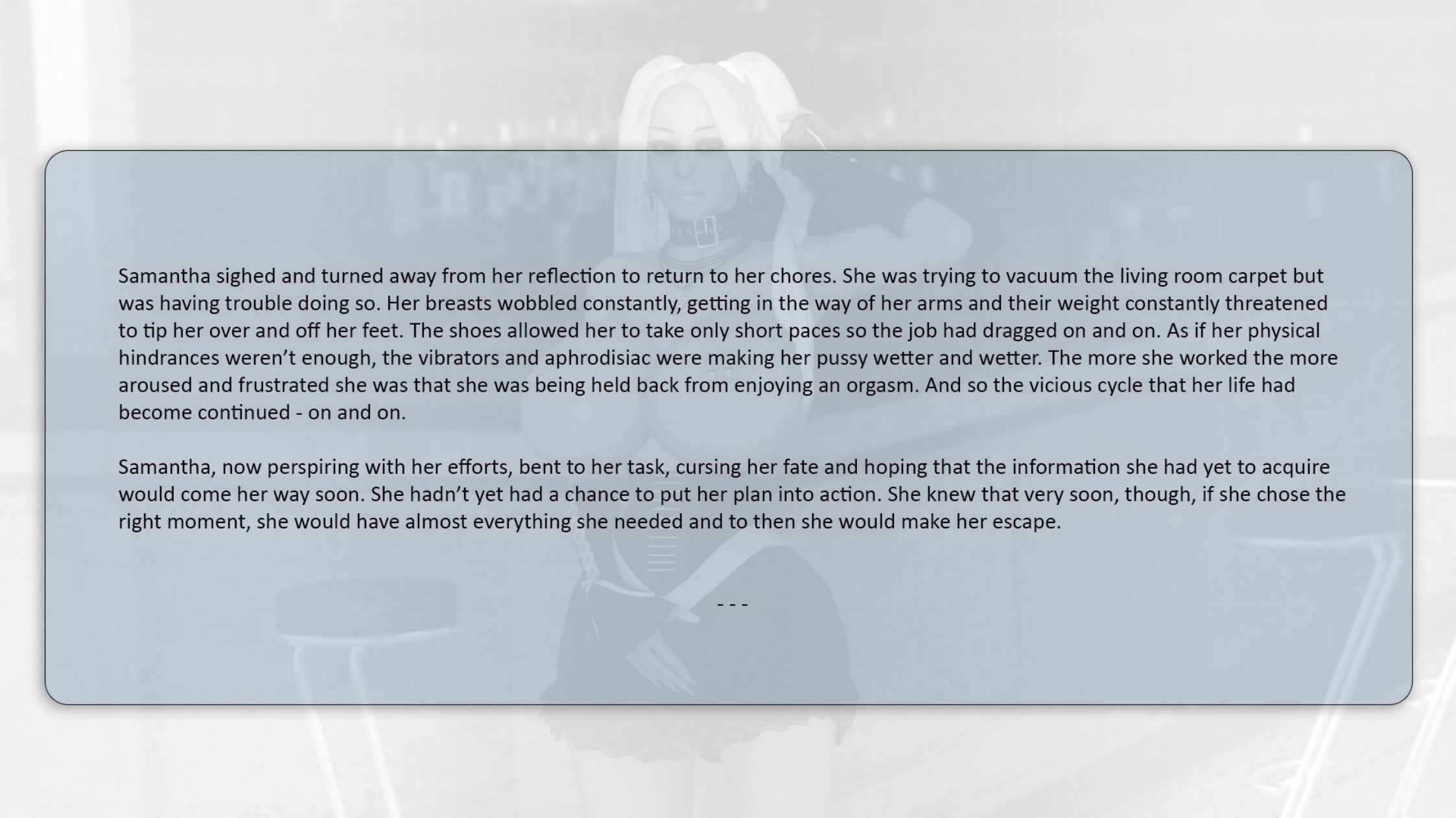
She was being kept busy by the Twins even when they were occupied and had no time for her. They explained to her that while she healed, she was not going to be allowed to just sit around all day. In addition to all of her usual training, she would be required to keep house for them. Now she found she had been trapped, locked up in the Mantikoffs' private apartments to act as their maid.

Vassily had begun calling her Slut Servant and she had been dressed to conform to her new title. She had been fitted with a tight black and pink uniform that accented and emphasized her new physique. A tight corset hugged her waist and was re-tightened several times a day by Valeria until Samantha could barely breathe. The corset reduced her waist by several inches and made her new tits and booty appear even larger than they already were. A short skirt was slit in the back so that anytime she bent at the waist it fell to either side of her hips and exposed her enlarged bottom, dildos and chastity belt. She wore dark gloves and ultra-high heel boots that she had trouble balancing in now that she was so much more top heavy. She could only take very small steps that hobbled her almost as effectively as if her ankles had been chained. A small lace cap and bracelets completed her uniform.



Before & After





Samantha sighed and turned away from her reflection to return to her chores. She was trying to vacuum the living room carpet but was having trouble doing so. Her breasts wobbled constantly, getting in the way of her arms and their weight constantly threatened to tip her over and off her feet. The shoes allowed her to take only short paces so the job had dragged on and on. As if her physical hindrances weren't enough, the vibrators and aphrodisiac were making her pussy wetter and wetter. The more she worked the more aroused and frustrated she was that she was being held back from enjoying an orgasm. And so the vicious cycle that her life had become continued - on and on.

Samantha, now perspiring with her efforts, bent to her task, cursing her fate and hoping that the information she had yet to acquire would come her way soon. She hadn't yet had a chance to put her plan into action. She knew that very soon, though, if she chose the right moment, she would have almost everything she needed and to then she would make her escape.

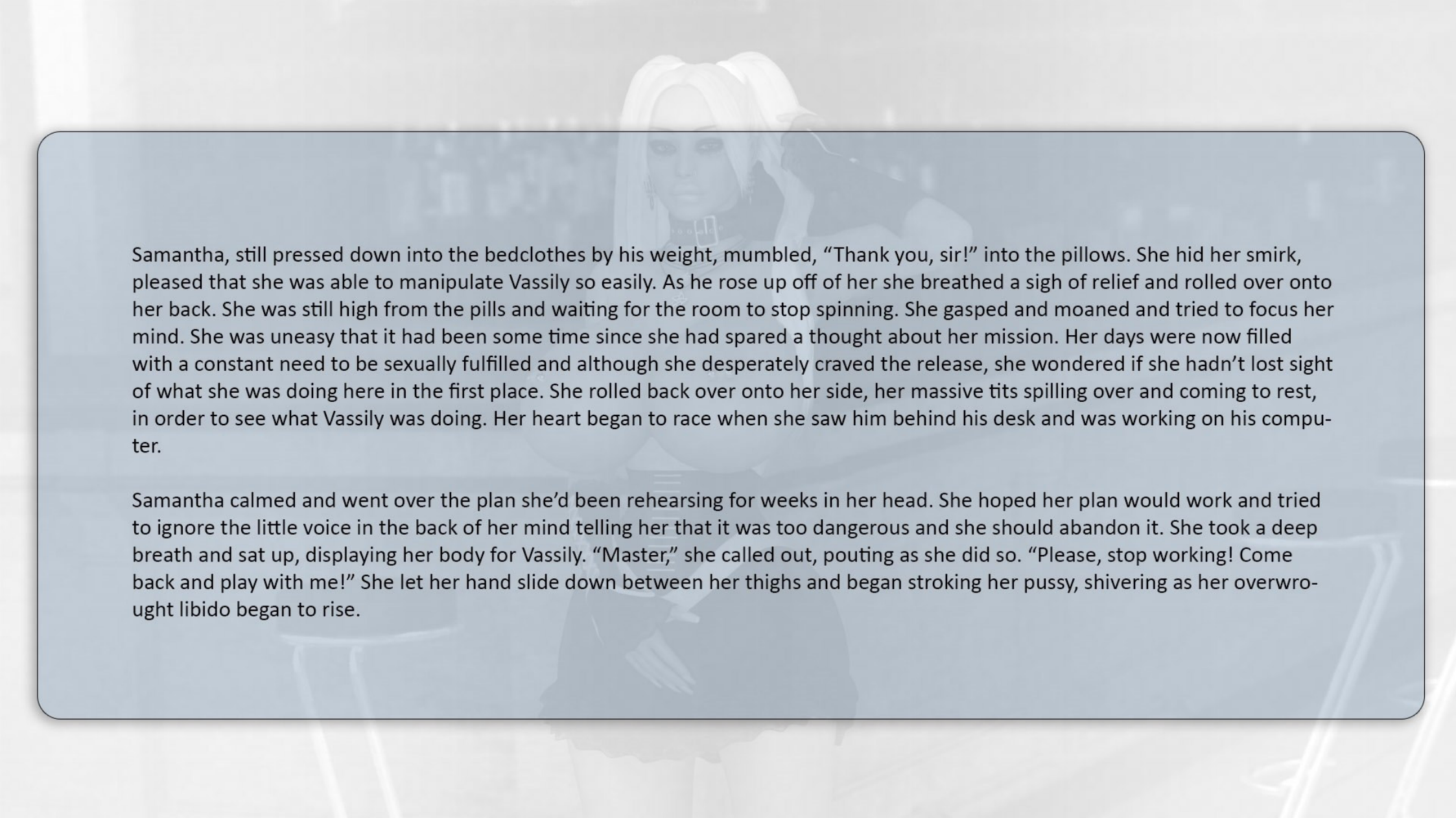


“What do you say, Fuck Doll?” Vassily growled as he rammed his cock into her again and again.

When Vassily had removed her chastity belt earlier that evening Samantha pretended to be so aroused and wet that she immediately begged him to resume her training. Now, she was on all fours atop the bedclothes, screaming, “Fuck me, sir! Fuck me! Please, fuck me and give me permission to come, sir!”

“Permission granted!” Vassily gasped. Samantha came immediately, howling as she did so. Vassily gripped her hips tighter and continued fucking her, making her come for the second time. She screamed long and loud, squeezing her eyes shut and rode the wave of massive pleasure that her orgasm summoned. Although she was genuinely enjoying the event, she was playing it up in an effort to influence and seduce Vassily. He grunted as he came, pulling quickly out of Samantha and spewing his load all over her ass and lower back. “Ugh, you’ve gotten so much better these past few weeks! You’re a proper Fuck Doll now!” he gasped.





Samantha, still pressed down into the bedclothes by his weight, mumbled, “Thank you, sir!” into the pillows. She hid her smirk, pleased that she was able to manipulate Vassily so easily. As he rose up off of her she breathed a sigh of relief and rolled over onto her back. She was still high from the pills and waiting for the room to stop spinning. She gasped and moaned and tried to focus her mind. She was uneasy that it had been some time since she had spared a thought about her mission. Her days were now filled with a constant need to be sexually fulfilled and although she desperately craved the release, she wondered if she hadn’t lost sight of what she was doing here in the first place. She rolled back over onto her side, her massive tits spilling over and coming to rest, in order to see what Vassily was doing. Her heart began to race when she saw him behind his desk and was working on his computer.

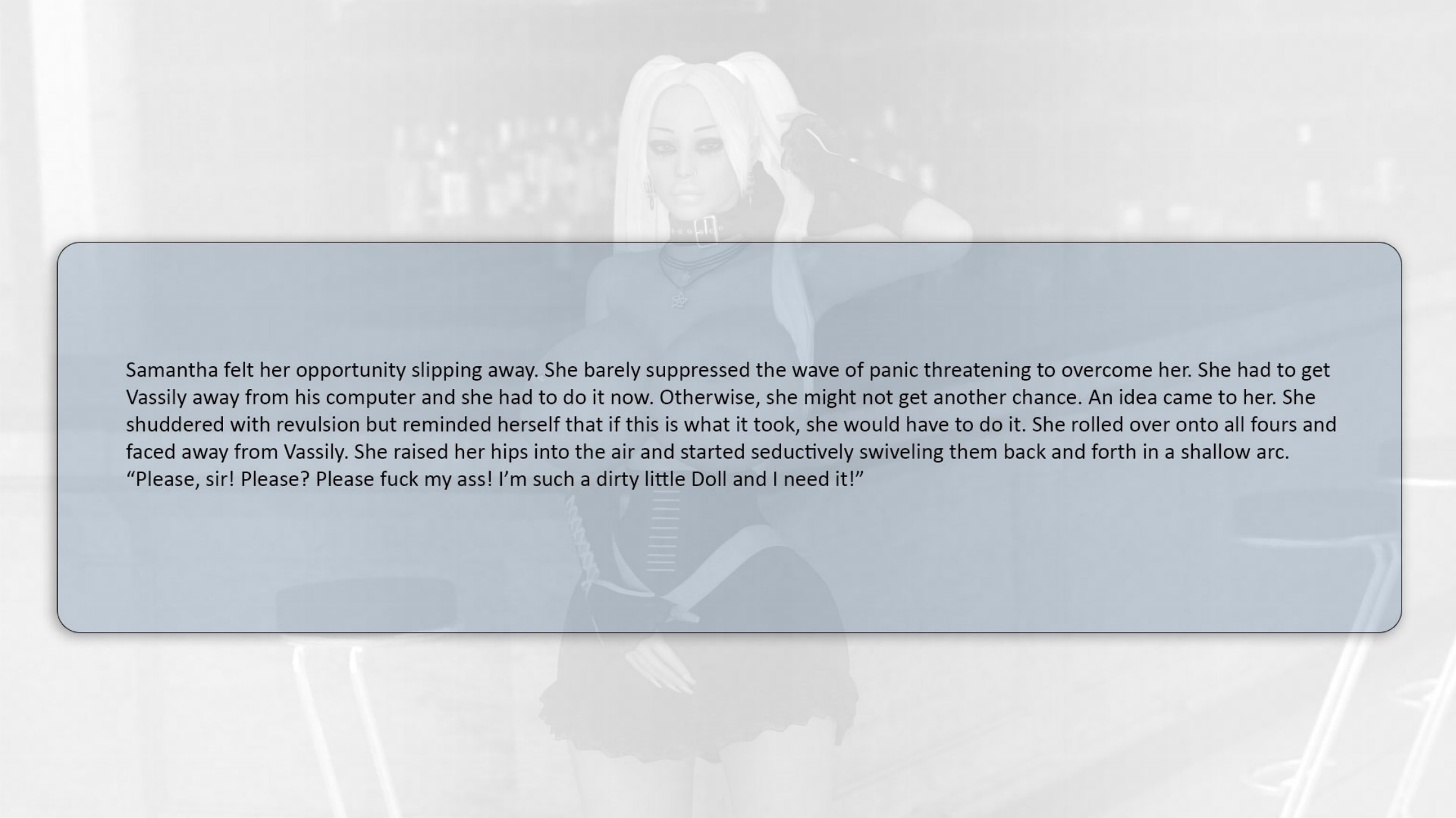
Samantha calmed and went over the plan she’d been rehearsing for weeks in her head. She hoped her plan would work and tried to ignore the little voice in the back of her mind telling her that it was too dangerous and she should abandon it. She took a deep breath and sat up, displaying her body for Vassily. “Master,” she called out, pouting as she did so. “Please, stop working! Come back and play with me!” She let her hand slide down between her thighs and began stroking her pussy, shivering as her overwrought libido began to rise.



Vassily angrily waved a hand at her. Samantha moaned and slid a finger into her cunt. She had to distract him and she had to do it quickly. She had no idea when she'd get another chance this good to execute her plan. She moaned and called out to Vassily again. "Please, sir! I'm so, so horny and I want to please you before I'm locked up again! Please, sir!"

This time Vassily looked up and frowned. "Hush, Doll! This is important!"

"Please?" she whined. "It feels so good when you fuck me!"



Samantha felt her opportunity slipping away. She barely suppressed the wave of panic threatening to overcome her. She had to get Vassily away from his computer and she had to do it now. Otherwise, she might not get another chance. An idea came to her. She shuddered with revulsion but reminded herself that if this is what it took, she would have to do it. She rolled over onto all fours and faced away from Vassily. She raised her hips into the air and started seductively swiveling them back and forth in a shallow arc. “Please, sir! Please? Please fuck my ass! I’m such a dirty little Doll and I need it!”

She risked a peek behind her and was relieved to see that Vassily had turned away from his computer and was watching her, transfixed. She called out again. "Sir, your dirty Doll only wants to please you! She wants to do all the things the other girls won't!" She heard his chair move and his footsteps approach. She buried her face back into the bed and tried not to shout in triumph. Instead, she murmured, "Please, sir, it feels so good when your cock is in my ass! I need it! Treat me like the slut that I am!"

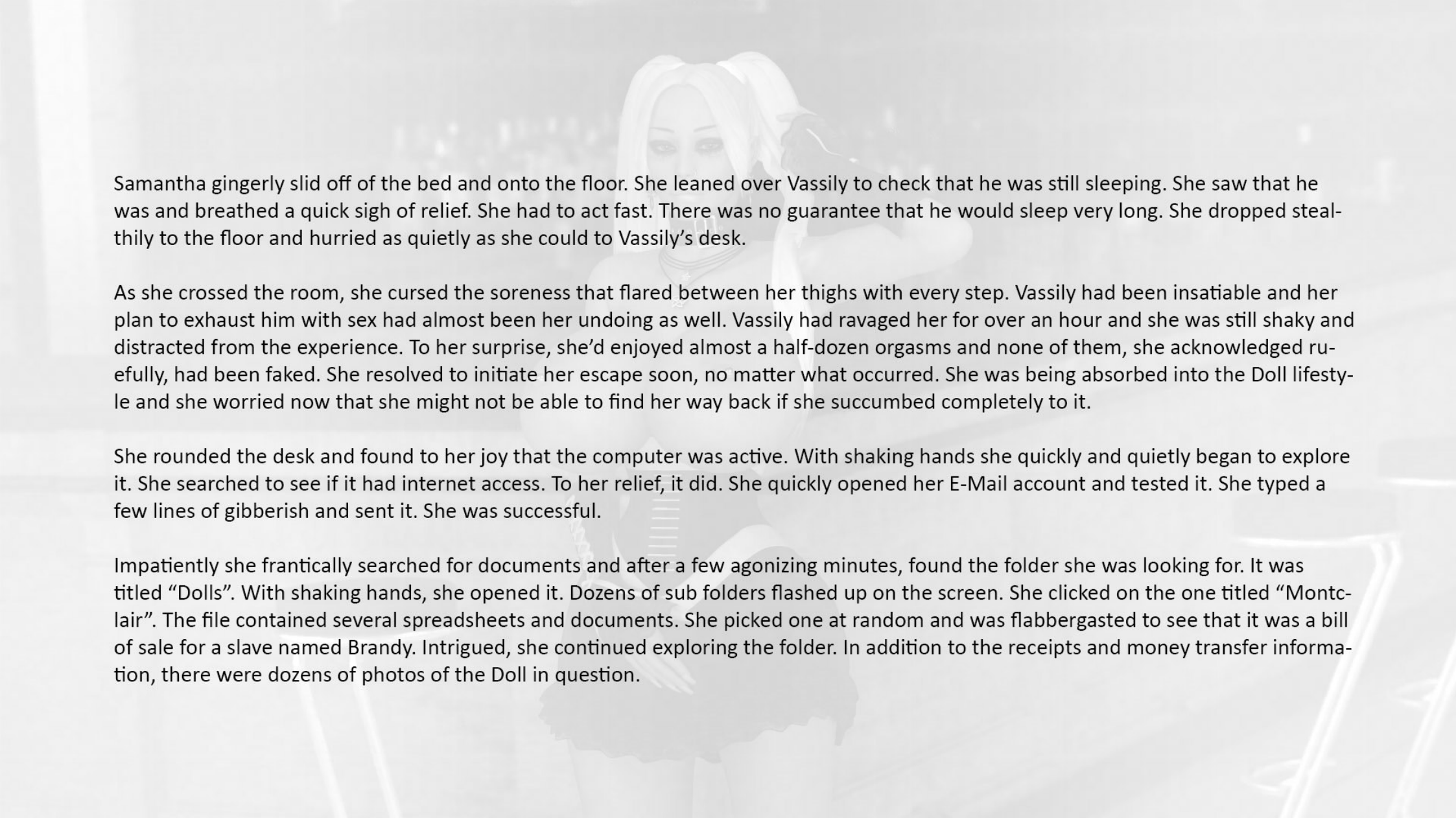




Vassily chuckled and he climbed onto the bed, gripping Samantha by the hips. “I think maybe I’ve trained you too well, eh, Doll?”

Samantha moaned as his cock brushed the inside of one thigh. She squirmed and pressed back against him, playing up her role for all it was worth. “Yes, sir! Please let me thank you for all your hard work! Use me! Do whatever you want with me!” She squealed as Vassily slowly inserted his cock into her rectum.

A minute later and she was screaming in ecstasy as Vassily fucked her roughly. She was distressed to note that only some of her reaction was actually acting.

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a dark, possibly black, dress with a ruffled hem, is shown from the waist up. She is looking down and slightly to her right with a concerned or thoughtful expression. Her hands are near her face, as if she is adjusting her hair or looking at something in her hands. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting with warm lighting.

Samantha gingerly slid off of the bed and onto the floor. She leaned over Vassily to check that he was still sleeping. She saw that he was and breathed a quick sigh of relief. She had to act fast. There was no guarantee that he would sleep very long. She dropped stealthily to the floor and hurried as quietly as she could to Vassily's desk.

As she crossed the room, she cursed the soreness that flared between her thighs with every step. Vassily had been insatiable and her plan to exhaust him with sex had almost been her undoing as well. Vassily had ravaged her for over an hour and she was still shaky and distracted from the experience. To her surprise, she'd enjoyed almost a half-dozen orgasms and none of them, she acknowledged ruefully, had been faked. She resolved to initiate her escape soon, no matter what occurred. She was being absorbed into the Doll lifestyle and she worried now that she might not be able to find her way back if she succumbed completely to it.

She rounded the desk and found to her joy that the computer was active. With shaking hands she quickly and quietly began to explore it. She searched to see if it had internet access. To her relief, it did. She quickly opened her E-Mail account and tested it. She typed a few lines of gibberish and sent it. She was successful.

Impatiently she frantically searched for documents and after a few agonizing minutes, found the folder she was looking for. It was titled "Dolls". With shaking hands, she opened it. Dozens of sub folders flashed up on the screen. She clicked on the one titled "Montclair". The file contained several spreadsheets and documents. She picked one at random and was flabbergasted to see that it was a bill of sale for a slave named Brandy. Intrigued, she continued exploring the folder. In addition to the receipts and money transfer information, there were dozens of photos of the Doll in question.



Samantha clicked through them and watched in shock as Brandy, starting out as a slim young woman, was modified several times until the latest photo revealed a statuesque woman with huge, pierced tits, even larger than the ones Samantha now sported. Her waist had been reduced and her buttocks enlarged to conform to her huge tits.

The woman had further been modified with what looked like some sort of operation to turn her huge, collagen enhanced lips into a permanent ring. The photo captions listed her as a Fellatrix, a heavily modified Oral Sex slave.

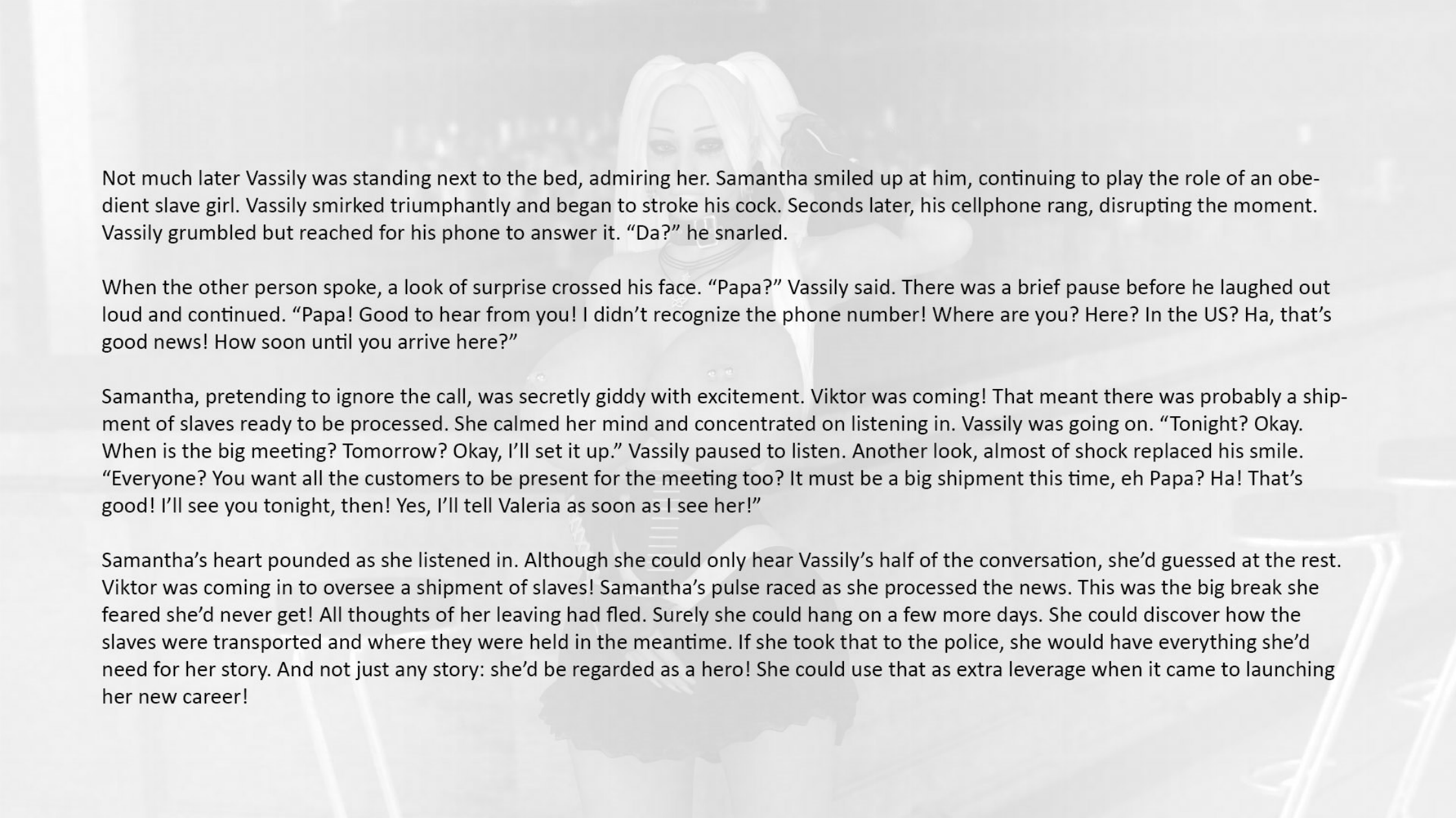


Disgusted, Samantha bit back a curse and closed the photos. She quickly scanned the files and found one titled, “membership”. She opened it and smiled triumphantly. There, before her, were dozens and dozens of names, most of which she recognized. She had just found the motherlode. She scanned the list and was pleased to find that it listed every member of the private club including past members, several of whom she recognized as having moved on to even higher positions of authority and power.

Curious as she was to further explore the files, she knew the longer she stayed on this computer, the more likely she was to get caught. She quickly exited the folder and copied it. Bringing up the open tab with her E-Mail account still active, she attached the file and then watched as it slowly uploaded. A full minute passed and it was still going. Samantha began to curse under her breath as she watched the progress bar slowly fill. Finally, the task completed and she hit the send button. After the transfer was complete, she closed all the active windows. She had no idea how to erase the computer’s history and had to take the chance that no one would notice that she’d been on. She felt secure, however, that there would be no reason for the Mantikoffs to suspect her. Even if they did, she planned to be long gone by the time they did.

Although still somewhat nervous, Samantha was pleased that she’d stuck with her mission. Now she had real information. She hadn’t fully penetrated the slave trading ring but with the information she had now, the authorities would have enough to open an investigation. She’d make sure she had the exclusive rights to the story before she turned over the information. All she had to do now was leave and never return. She’d finish out this night and go home, never to return.

She slipped quietly back into the bed and waited for Vassily to awaken.




Not much later Vassily was standing next to the bed, admiring her. Samantha smiled up at him, continuing to play the role of an obedient slave girl. Vassily smirked triumphantly and began to stroke his cock. Seconds later, his cellphone rang, disrupting the moment. Vassily grumbled but reached for his phone to answer it. “Da?” he snarled.

When the other person spoke, a look of surprise crossed his face. “Papa?” Vassily said. There was a brief pause before he laughed out loud and continued. “Papa! Good to hear from you! I didn’t recognize the phone number! Where are you? Here? In the US? Ha, that’s good news! How soon until you arrive here?”

Samantha, pretending to ignore the call, was secretly giddy with excitement. Viktor was coming! That meant there was probably a shipment of slaves ready to be processed. She calmed her mind and concentrated on listening in. Vassily was going on. “Tonight? Okay. When is the big meeting? Tomorrow? Okay, I’ll set it up.” Vassily paused to listen. Another look, almost of shock replaced his smile. “Everyone? You want all the customers to be present for the meeting too? It must be a big shipment this time, eh Papa? Ha! That’s good! I’ll see you tonight, then! Yes, I’ll tell Valeria as soon as I see her!”


Samantha’s heart pounded as she listened in. Although she could only hear Vassily’s half of the conversation, she’d guessed at the rest. Viktor was coming in to oversee a shipment of slaves! Samantha’s pulse raced as she processed the news. This was the big break she feared she’d never get! All thoughts of her leaving had fled. Surely she could hang on a few more days. She could discover how the slaves were transported and where they were held in the meantime. If she took that to the police, she would have everything she’d need for her story. And not just any story: she’d be regarded as a hero! She could use that as extra leverage when it came to launching her new career!



Her thoughts were interrupted when Vassily climbed back onto the bed. “Roll back over, Fuck Doll and get your ass in the air! We have time for one more fuck before I turn you over to Valeria. And maybe later tonight, we take you to the Club with us! You’re going to meet someone who is very excited to see you! What do say to that?”

Samantha squealed happily, playing to her role with gusto and rolled back over onto her stomach. She pulled her knees up beneath her until her hips and ass were raised. She parted her thighs and gasped as Vassily’s cock slid into her cunt. As he thrust in and out of her, she feigned enthusiasm but all the while was trying to plot out her plan to escape as soon as she learned what she needed to know.

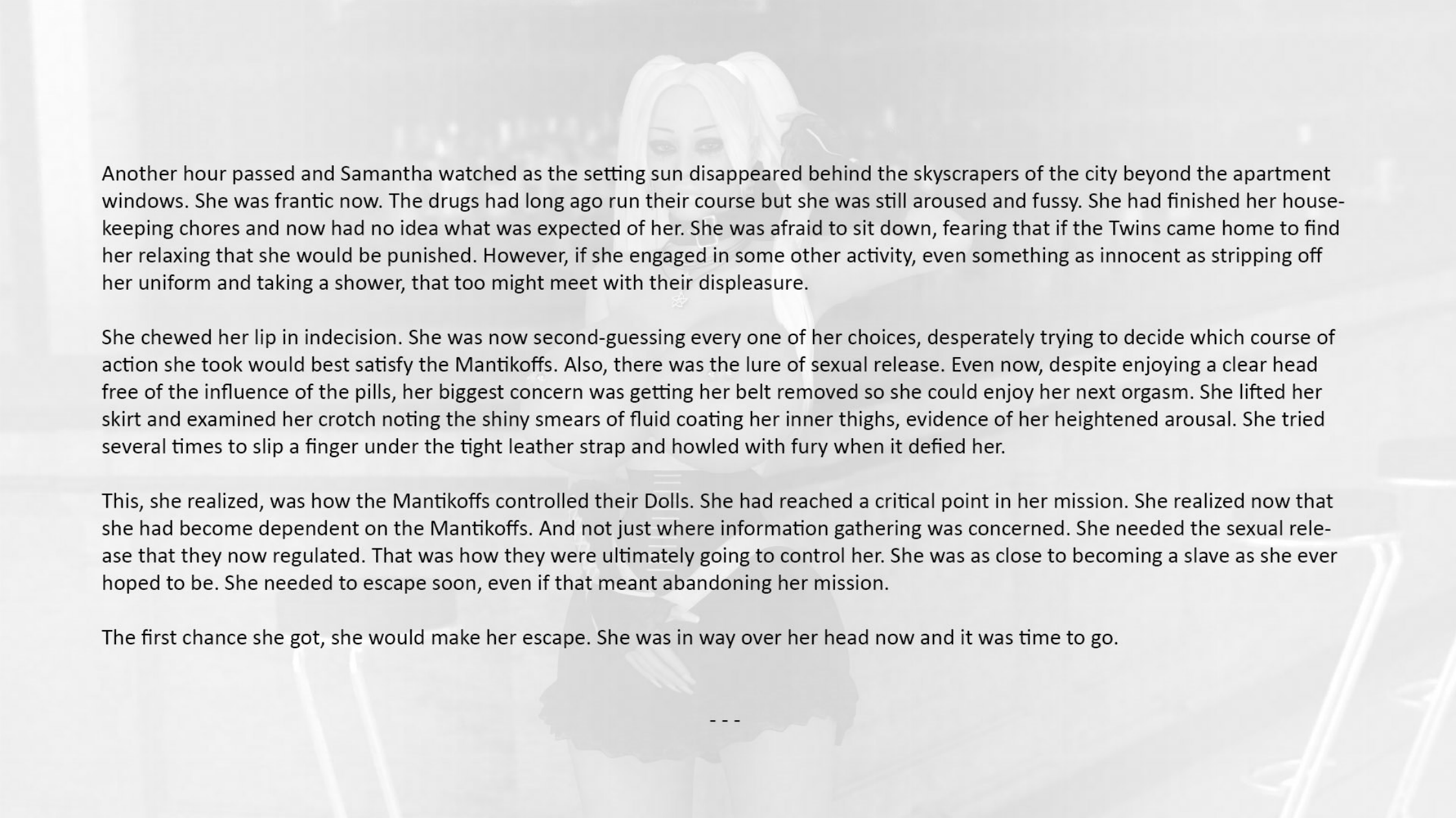
She knew that the next 24 hours were going to be the longest of her life but she was ready and willing to do whatever she had to. It was all going to work out for her after all.



As soon as Vassily finished with her she'd been ordered to quickly shower and put on her makeup. When she exited the bathroom, Vassily and Valeria were waiting for her. They inserted her dildos and locked into her belt before ordering her to put on her maid's uniform. While Valeria was adjusting the ties of her corset, Vassily activated the dildos. By the time she was finished dressing, she found it impossible to control the tremors in her limbs and when Valeria had presented her a pill, she had all but greedily snatched it up with her tongue, swallowing it quickly.

Not soon after, the Twins left, locking her up alone in their apartment. She had a list of housekeeping chores to perform and at first they helped to distract her from the vibrating toys. As the day wore on, however, the vibes continued to buzz incessantly inside her and by afternoon she was squirming and writhing in frustration.

Late afternoon arrived and by now she realized that the Mantikoffs had something different in mind for her. Usually, by his time, she would have already been released from her chastity belt and used several times by either one or both of them. Instead she was so aroused she wondered if she might go crazy if she wasn't allowed to release soon. All she could do was endure the agony of denial and hope that soon one or both of the Twins would come back to play with her.

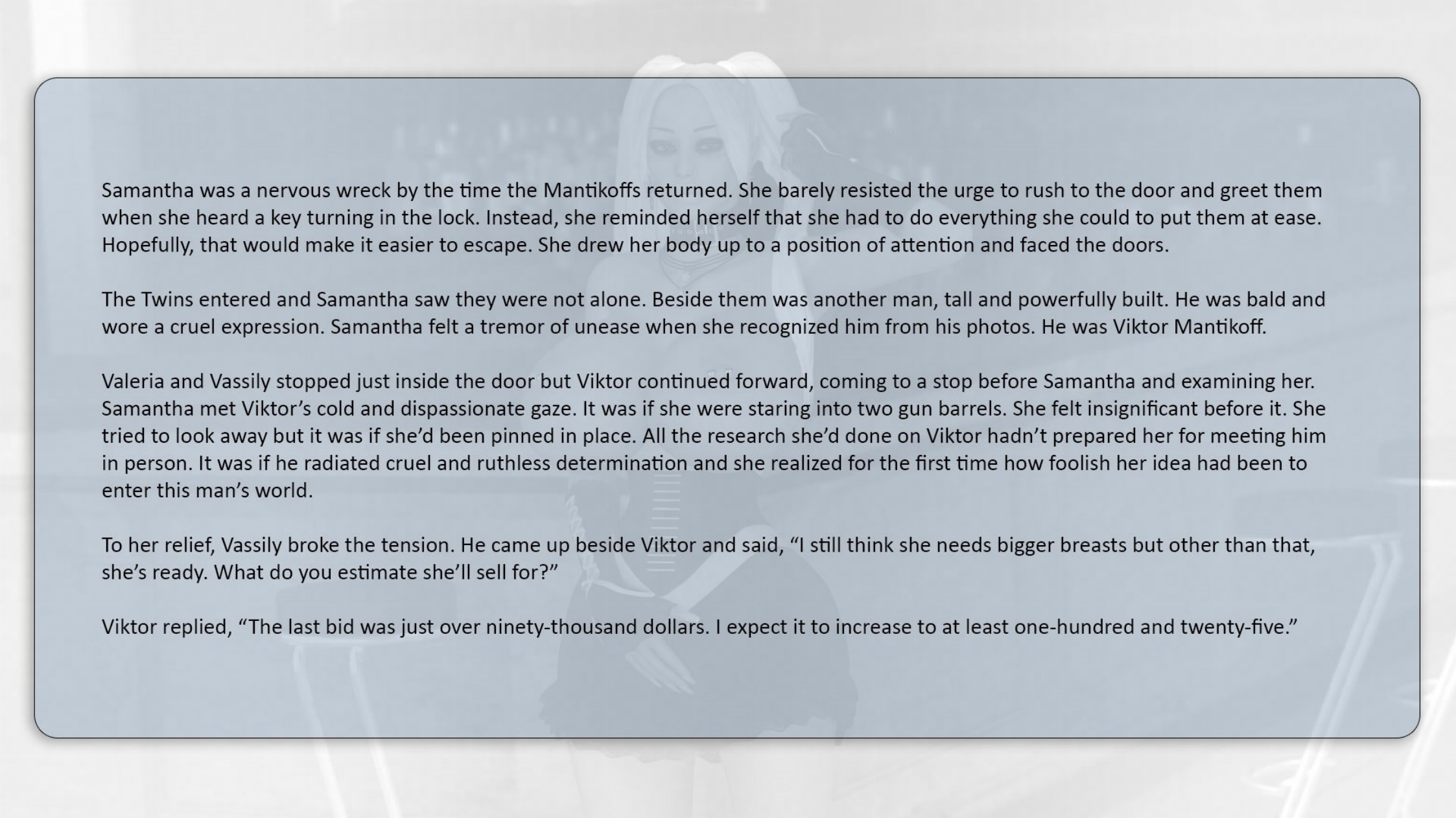


Another hour passed and Samantha watched as the setting sun disappeared behind the skyscrapers of the city beyond the apartment windows. She was frantic now. The drugs had long ago run their course but she was still aroused and fussy. She had finished her house-keeping chores and now had no idea what was expected of her. She was afraid to sit down, fearing that if the Twins came home to find her relaxing that she would be punished. However, if she engaged in some other activity, even something as innocent as stripping off her uniform and taking a shower, that too might meet with their displeasure.

She chewed her lip in indecision. She was now second-guessing every one of her choices, desperately trying to decide which course of action she took would best satisfy the Mantikoffs. Also, there was the lure of sexual release. Even now, despite enjoying a clear head free of the influence of the pills, her biggest concern was getting her belt removed so she could enjoy her next orgasm. She lifted her skirt and examined her crotch noting the shiny smears of fluid coating her inner thighs, evidence of her heightened arousal. She tried several times to slip a finger under the tight leather strap and howled with fury when it defied her.

This, she realized, was how the Mantikoffs controlled their Dolls. She had reached a critical point in her mission. She realized now that she had become dependent on the Mantikoffs. And not just where information gathering was concerned. She needed the sexual release that they now regulated. That was how they were ultimately going to control her. She was as close to becoming a slave as she ever hoped to be. She needed to escape soon, even if that meant abandoning her mission.

The first chance she got, she would make her escape. She was in way over her head now and it was time to go.



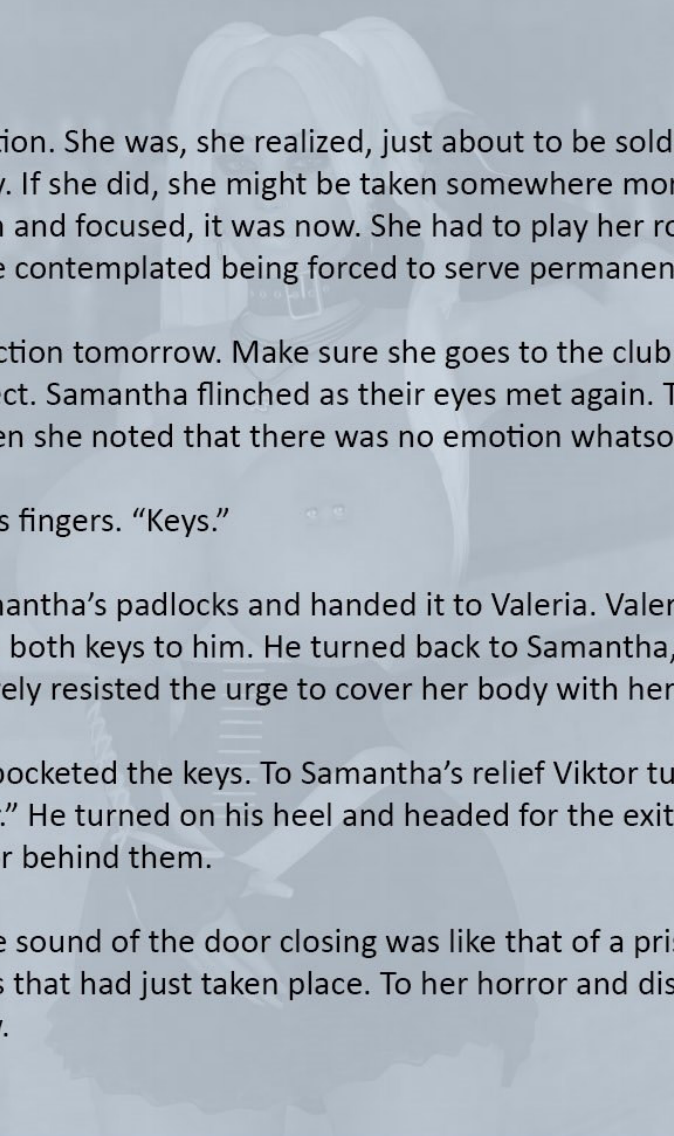
Samantha was a nervous wreck by the time the Mantikoffs returned. She barely resisted the urge to rush to the door and greet them when she heard a key turning in the lock. Instead, she reminded herself that she had to do everything she could to put them at ease. Hopefully, that would make it easier to escape. She drew her body up to a position of attention and faced the doors.

The Twins entered and Samantha saw they were not alone. Beside them was another man, tall and powerfully built. He was bald and wore a cruel expression. Samantha felt a tremor of unease when she recognized him from his photos. He was Viktor Mantikoff.

Valeria and Vassily stopped just inside the door but Viktor continued forward, coming to a stop before Samantha and examining her. Samantha met Viktor's cold and dispassionate gaze. It was as if she were staring into two gun barrels. She felt insignificant before it. She tried to look away but it was as if she'd been pinned in place. All the research she'd done on Viktor hadn't prepared her for meeting him in person. It was as if he radiated cruel and ruthless determination and she realized for the first time how foolish her idea had been to enter this man's world.

To her relief, Vassily broke the tension. He came up beside Viktor and said, "I still think she needs bigger breasts but other than that, she's ready. What do you estimate she'll sell for?"

Viktor replied, "The last bid was just over ninety-thousand dollars. I expect it to increase to at least one-hundred and twenty-five."



Samantha only just managed to stifle a reaction. She was, she realized, just about to be sold into slavery! Some survival instinct warned her, however, not to protest or scream or cry. If she did, she might be taken somewhere more secure than the Mantikoffs' apartment. If there was ever a time for her to remain calm and focused, it was now. She had to play her role as a Doll to the hilt. Nevertheless, she felt a wave of terror work through her as she contemplated being forced to serve permanently as some stranger's plaything.


Viktor turned to Vassily. "She goes up for auction tomorrow. Make sure she goes to the club tonight and everyone gets a good look at her." He examined her as if she were an object. Samantha flinched as their eyes met again. The corners of his lips twisted into what passed for his smile. Samantha shivered when she noted that there was no emotion whatsoever behind it.

Viktor turned to his children and snapped his fingers. "Keys."

Vassily fished in his pocket for his key to Samantha's padlocks and handed it to Valeria. Valeria withdrew hers and placed it alongside its double. She walked up to Viktor and handed both keys to him. He turned back to Samantha, his eyes dropping to her skirt. The gesture made Samantha want to squirm and she barely resisted the urge to cover her body with her arms.

"I'll see her new owner receives these." He pocketed the keys. To Samantha's relief Viktor turned his attention to Valeria. "Get her ready. I want her downstairs within the hour." He turned on his heel and headed for the exit. Vassily joined him and without either of them looking back, they left, closing the door behind them.

To Samantha's overwrought imagination, the sound of the door closing was like that of a prison cell. Her mind whirled. She had been shocked almost to insensibility by the events that had just taken place. To her horror and disbelief, she had just been sold! There was no time to lose. She had to escape right now.




Valeria reached for one of Samantha's nipples, taking hold and squeezing it. She smirked and said, "I'm going to miss playing with you!" Her smile widened and her eyes glittered. She twisted Samantha's nipple harshly, making her wince.

Samantha bit back the insult she wanted to utter and instead slipped into her Bimbo persona. "Please, Mistress, you could keep me! I like you and Vassily! I'll do anything you want me to!" She sniffed and tried to look as miserable as possible.

Valeria sneered and snorted with disgust. "Shut up and follow me! We need to get you dressed up and presentable!"

Samantha pretended to shrink back from Valeria's anger. Valeria laughed and Samantha saw her relax, the tension between them easing. She dropped her head contritely and mumbled, "Yes, Mistress."

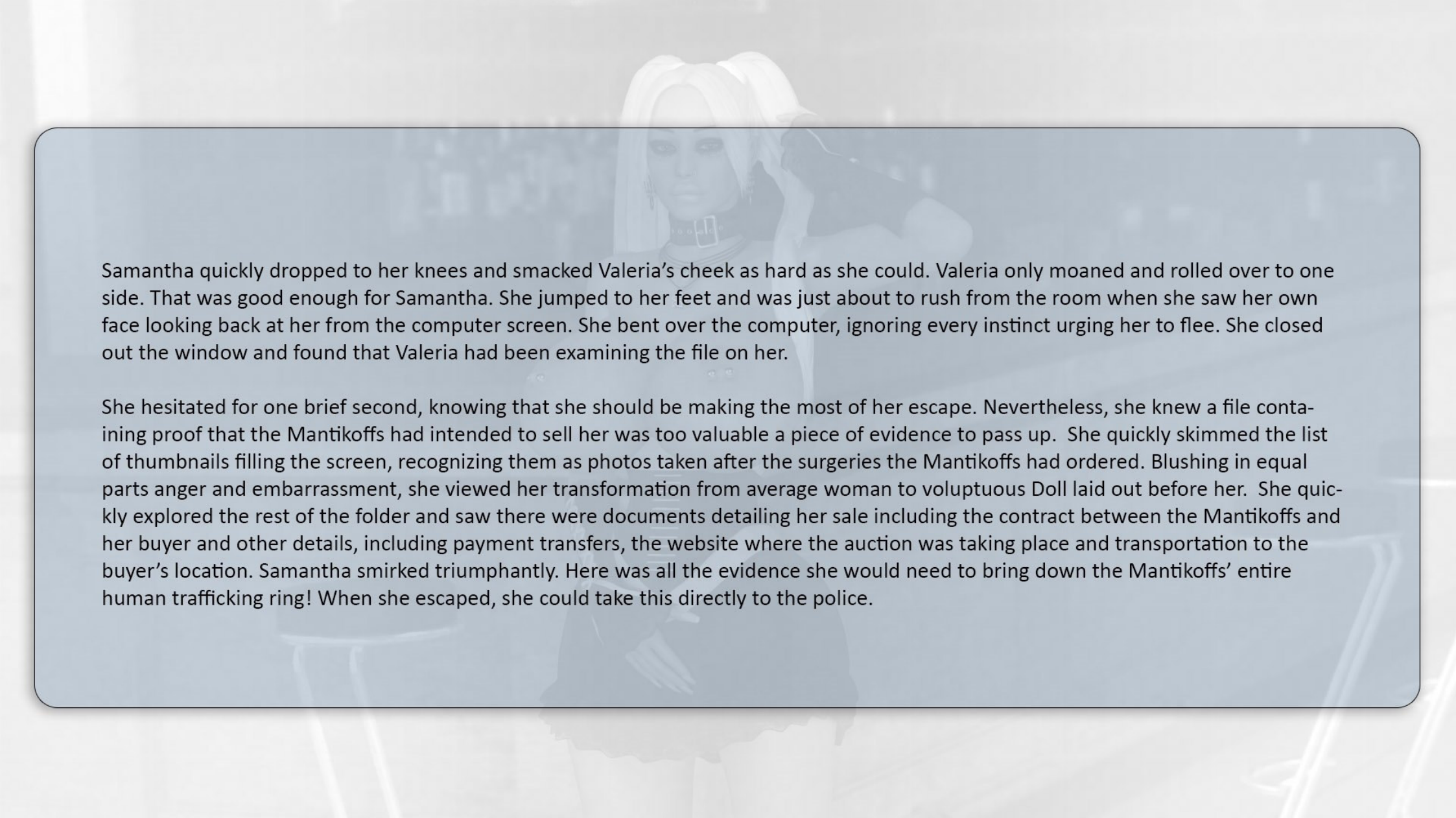
"Good! Now, open your mouth and let's get another pill in you so you'll be all excited when we get downstairs!" Samantha, not wanting to risk angering Valeria, did as commanded, reluctantly taking the pill and swallowing it. Valeria giggled and released Samantha's nipple and stepped back. "That's good. You always knew your place, Doll! That's what I always liked about you! Now follow me." Valeria turned and gestured for Samantha to follow.

A woman with long blonde hair styled in two pigtails. She is wearing a black choker with a silver buckle and a black top. She is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

They entered the bedroom and Valeria pointed to the bathroom door, ordering, “Strip and shower. Quickly!”

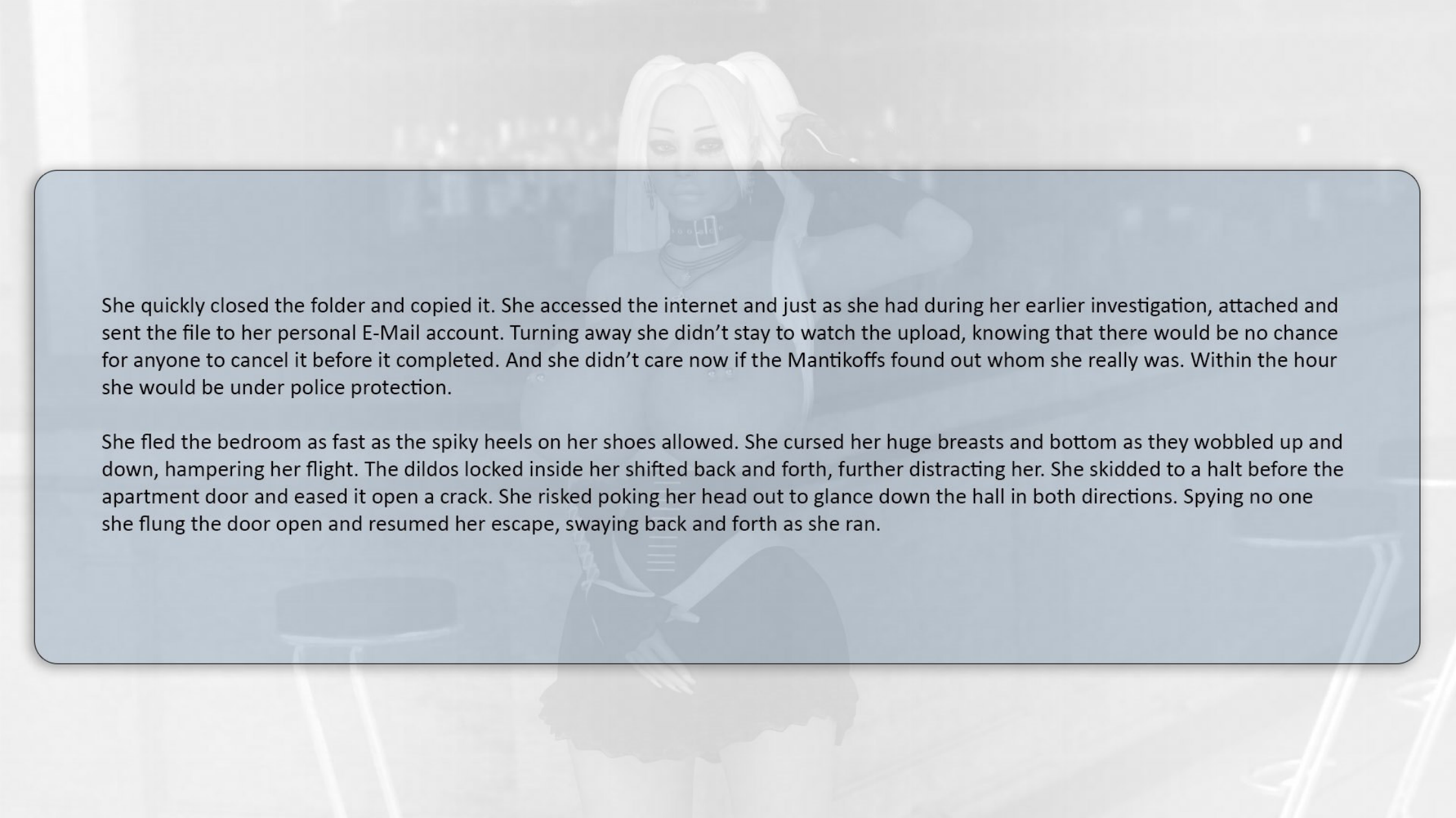
“Yes, Mistress!” Samantha murmured, still playing up her role of obedient slave. She entered the bathroom and stopped. Turning, she noted that Valeria had not followed her in. She waited several seconds to see if Valeria was going to join her. When Valeria didn’t, Samantha’s pulse began to race. This was her one chance. She went to the shower, opened the door and turned on both faucets. She turned and sneaked back to the bathroom door. The running water masked the sound her heels made on the hard tiles. A few steps more and she cautiously peeked around the door jamb and her heart raced as she saw Valeria seated at Vassily’s desk, concentrating on the computer, her back to Samantha.

Samantha glanced frantically ahead for the object she was seeking. Spying it, she tensed. In a crouch, she stole forward into the room, waiting for the perfect second to make her move. Samantha was a few steps behind Valeria when she sprang into action, seizing up a heavy statue that sat atop a nearby table. She grunted with effort as she lifted and swung it. Valeria, sensing the attack, spun around to defend herself but was too slow. Samantha struck a hard blow to her head and Valeria crumpled off the chair to fall heavily to the ground.



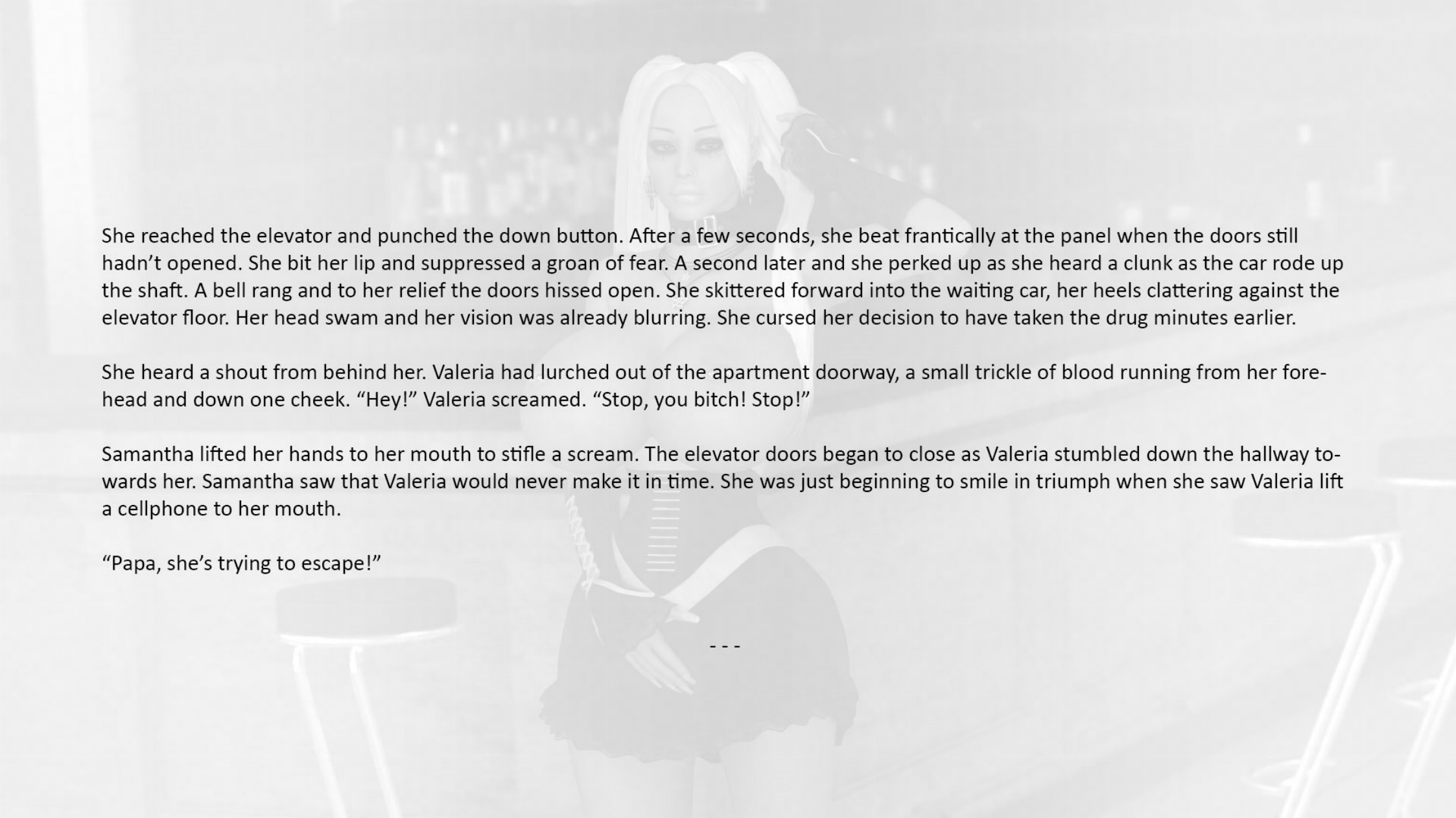
Samantha quickly dropped to her knees and smacked Valeria's cheek as hard as she could. Valeria only moaned and rolled over to one side. That was good enough for Samantha. She jumped to her feet and was just about to rush from the room when she saw her own face looking back at her from the computer screen. She bent over the computer, ignoring every instinct urging her to flee. She closed out the window and found that Valeria had been examining the file on her.

She hesitated for one brief second, knowing that she should be making the most of her escape. Nevertheless, she knew a file containing proof that the Mantikoffs had intended to sell her was too valuable a piece of evidence to pass up. She quickly skimmed the list of thumbnails filling the screen, recognizing them as photos taken after the surgeries the Mantikoffs had ordered. Blushing in equal parts anger and embarrassment, she viewed her transformation from average woman to voluptuous Doll laid out before her. She quickly explored the rest of the folder and saw there were documents detailing her sale including the contract between the Mantikoffs and her buyer and other details, including payment transfers, the website where the auction was taking place and transportation to the buyer's location. Samantha smirked triumphantly. Here was all the evidence she would need to bring down the Mantikoffs' entire human trafficking ring! When she escaped, she could take this directly to the police.



She quickly closed the folder and copied it. She accessed the internet and just as she had during her earlier investigation, attached and sent the file to her personal E-Mail account. Turning away she didn't stay to watch the upload, knowing that there would be no chance for anyone to cancel it before it completed. And she didn't care now if the Mantikoffs found out whom she really was. Within the hour she would be under police protection.

She fled the bedroom as fast as the spiky heels on her shoes allowed. She cursed her huge breasts and bottom as they wobbled up and down, hampering her flight. The dildos locked inside her shifted back and forth, further distracting her. She skidded to a halt before the apartment door and eased it open a crack. She risked poking her head out to glance down the hall in both directions. Spying no one she flung the door open and resumed her escape, swaying back and forth as she ran.




She reached the elevator and punched the down button. After a few seconds, she beat frantically at the panel when the doors still hadn't opened. She bit her lip and suppressed a groan of fear. A second later and she perked up as she heard a clunk as the car rode up the shaft. A bell rang and to her relief the doors hissed open. She skittered forward into the waiting car, her heels clattering against the elevator floor. Her head swam and her vision was already blurring. She cursed her decision to have taken the drug minutes earlier.

She heard a shout from behind her. Valeria had lurched out of the apartment doorway, a small trickle of blood running from her forehead and down one cheek. "Hey!" Valeria screamed. "Stop, you bitch! Stop!"

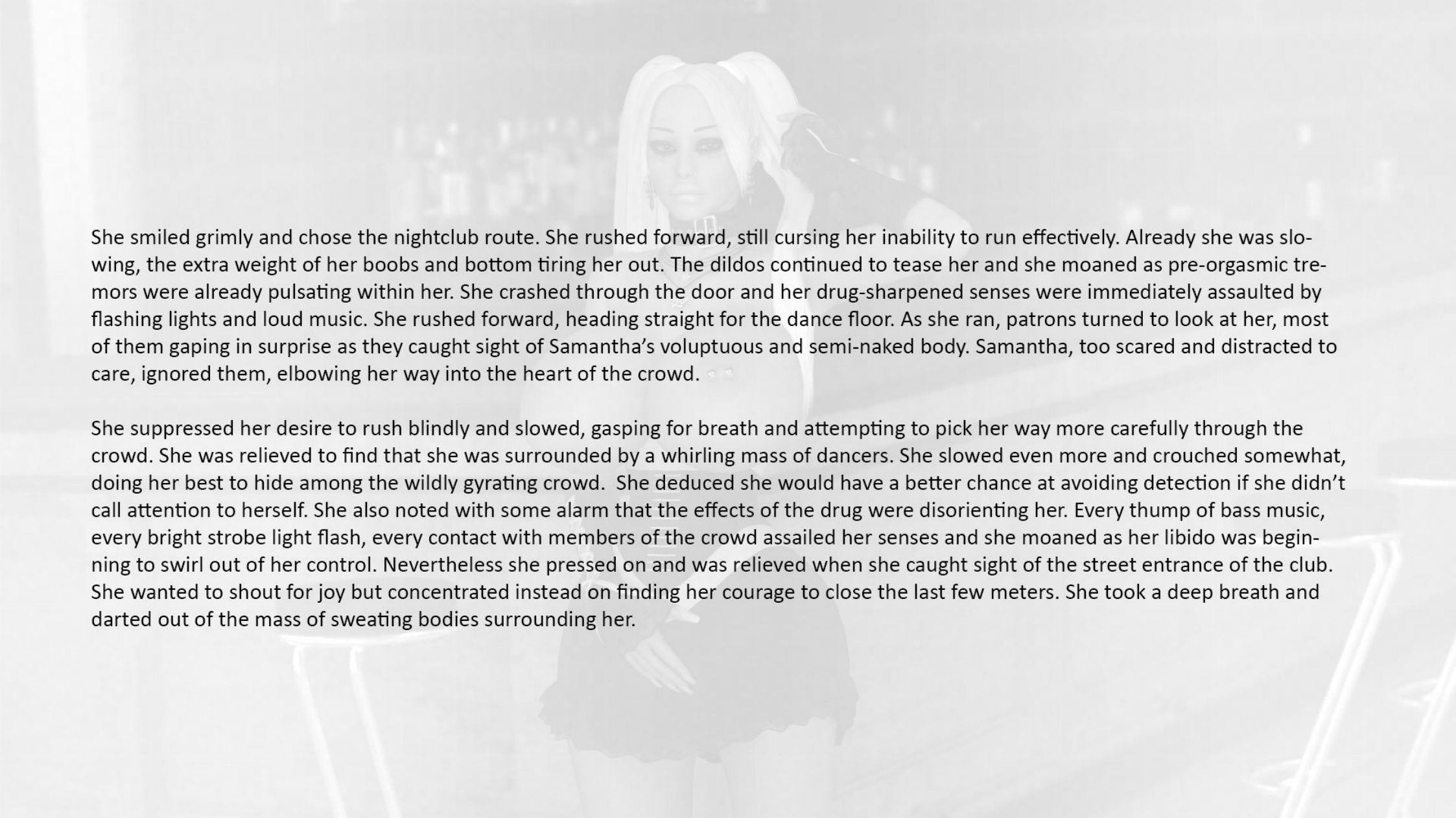
Samantha lifted her hands to her mouth to stifle a scream. The elevator doors began to close as Valeria stumbled down the hallway towards her. Samantha saw that Valeria would never make it in time. She was just beginning to smile in triumph when she saw Valeria lift a cellphone to her mouth.

"Papa, she's trying to escape!"

A woman with long blonde hair styled in two pigtails stands in a dimly lit, possibly nightclub or bar setting. She is wearing a black choker with a large silver buckle, a black top, and a black skirt with a white sash. Her right hand is raised to her hair. The background is blurred, showing other people and lights.

Samantha reached the ground floor and rushed frantically out of the elevator. She looked in both directions and saw no one. She had two options available to her. She could try and escape through the private club and exit the rear of the building or through the public dance club that led to the street. Her route through the private club was shorter and with her heels and physical handicaps slowing her down, that might help to offset her slow speed. But there would already be some club members in the main room that might interfere with her. Even if she made it to the rear of the building before anyone noticed her, she would exit into a mostly deserted alleyway with a long journey beyond that to reach the public street.

If she chose the nightclub, the route was longer. However, there would already be a large crowd present. She might be able to hide among them as she worked her way to the exit. And once she left the building, she would be on a busy public street. Also, the Manti-koffs would be unlikely to risk attacking her in front of witnesses.



She smiled grimly and chose the nightclub route. She rushed forward, still cursing her inability to run effectively. Already she was slowing, the extra weight of her boobs and bottom tiring her out. The dildos continued to tease her and she moaned as pre-orgasmic tremors were already pulsating within her. She crashed through the door and her drug-sharpened senses were immediately assaulted by flashing lights and loud music. She rushed forward, heading straight for the dance floor. As she ran, patrons turned to look at her, most of them gaping in surprise as they caught sight of Samantha's voluptuous and semi-naked body. Samantha, too scared and distracted to care, ignored them, elbowing her way into the heart of the crowd.

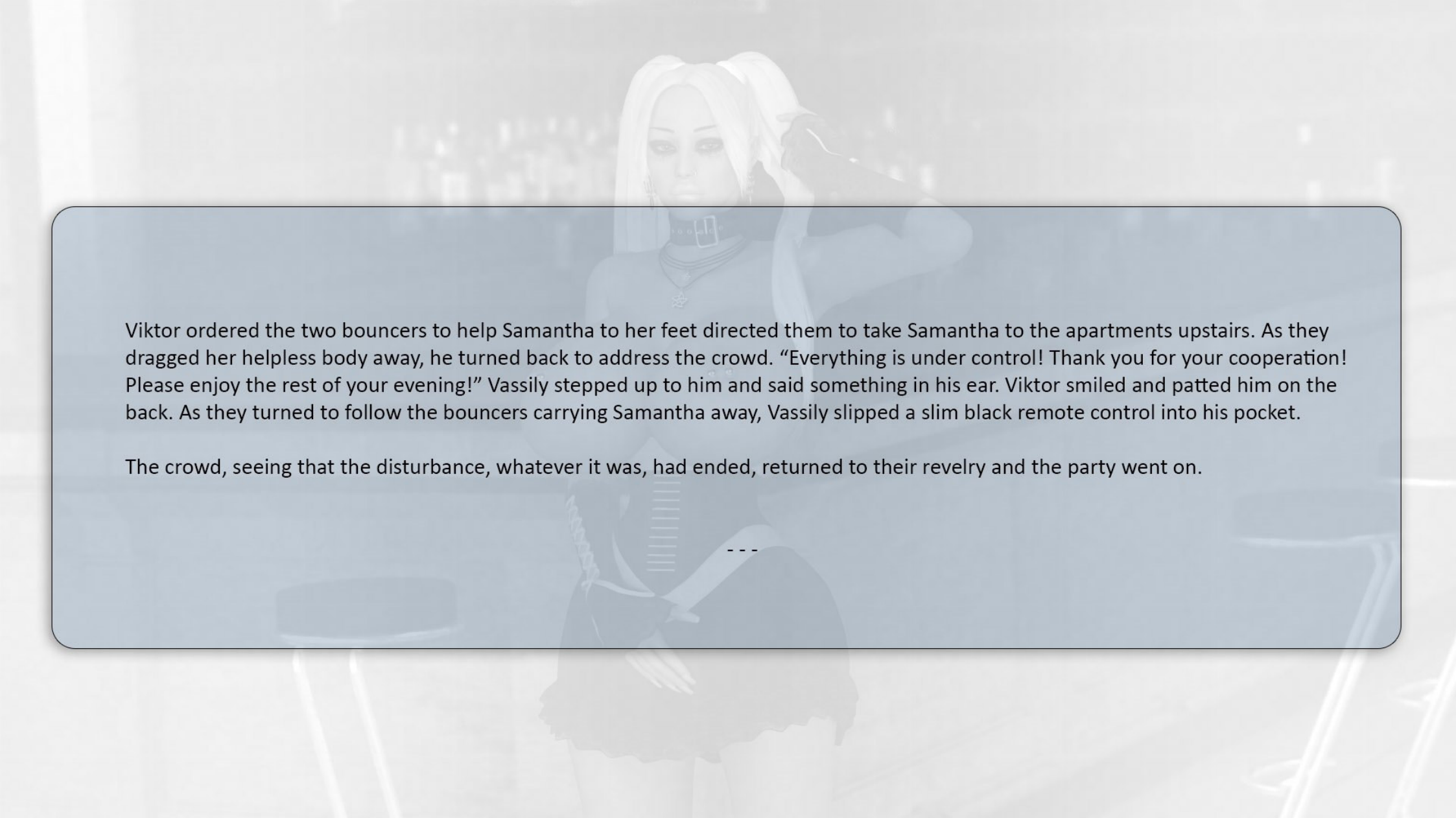
She suppressed her desire to rush blindly and slowed, gasping for breath and attempting to pick her way more carefully through the crowd. She was relieved to find that she was surrounded by a whirling mass of dancers. She slowed even more and crouched somewhat, doing her best to hide among the wildly gyrating crowd. She deduced she would have a better chance at avoiding detection if she didn't call attention to herself. She also noted with some alarm that the effects of the drug were disorienting her. Every thump of bass music, every bright strobe light flash, every contact with members of the crowd assailed her senses and she moaned as her libido was beginning to swirl out of her control. Nevertheless she pressed on and was relieved when she caught sight of the street entrance of the club. She wanted to shout for joy but concentrated instead on finding her courage to close the last few meters. She took a deep breath and darted out of the mass of sweating bodies surrounding her.



Without warning, the vibrators trapped inside her activated and immediately accelerated up to top speed. She squealed and cried out as she began to stumble. Waves of pure stimuli slammed into her mind and she fell to her knees, screaming in ecstasy and frustration as she collapsed. Several nearby patrons looked on in shock and drew back, not sure what was happening. She looked up at them and tried to call for help, striving to clear her vision but a mighty orgasm struck just then and she fell forward to stretch her full length out on the floor.

Some of the patrons began screaming. A pair of bouncers near the door caught sight of the disturbance and sprang into action, rushing over to assist her. Just as they reached her, Viktor and Vassily pushed their way through the crowd. Viktor raised his hands up and began to motion people away from Samantha, shouting, "Please, everyone, step back and give us some room! This woman is having a seizure!"





Viktor ordered the two bouncers to help Samantha to her feet directed them to take Samantha to the apartments upstairs. As they dragged her helpless body away, he turned back to address the crowd. “Everything is under control! Thank you for your cooperation! Please enjoy the rest of your evening!” Vassily stepped up to him and said something in his ear. Viktor smiled and patted him on the back. As they turned to follow the bouncers carrying Samantha away, Vassily slipped a slim black remote control into his pocket.


The crowd, seeing that the disturbance, whatever it was, had ended, returned to their revelry and the party went on.



Samantha woke up slowly. She lifted her head weakly and tried to take stock of her surroundings. As her vision cleared, she discovered she was in the Dungeon. She moaned and tried to rise. Her arms and legs refused to obey her. She groaned and looked to see what was wrong with them.

She was completely naked and had been secured to some sort of chair constructed of steel pipes. She was trapped in a sitting position and fastened in place with metal cuffs, her arms and thighs spread wide. She struggled and tried to pull free of her bindings. They refused to budge. She endeavored to escape, this time trying to wriggle her limbs free of the stubborn cuffs but it was no use. She cried out in despair as she collapsed in surrender.

She was trapped in place and groaned as she tried to reconstruct what had become of her escape attempt. She remembered attacking Valeria and her mad rush through the nightclub. The last thing she remembered seeing was the building's exit. Everything else was a red blur.



A door slammed open somewhere behind her and she squealed in surprise. She struggled, turning her head and body the best she could to see who was coming. As she squirmed and writhed, she heard three sets of footsteps approaching. The Mantikoff Twins, followed by Viktor Mantikoff, walked into her line of vision, passing by and coming to stand in a loose semicircle before her.

Samantha opened her mouth to beg for mercy but instead hissed in pain as Viktor stepped forward and twisted his fingers into her hair, wrenching her face up to meet his. “Well, Samantha Kane, what are we supposed to do with you now?”

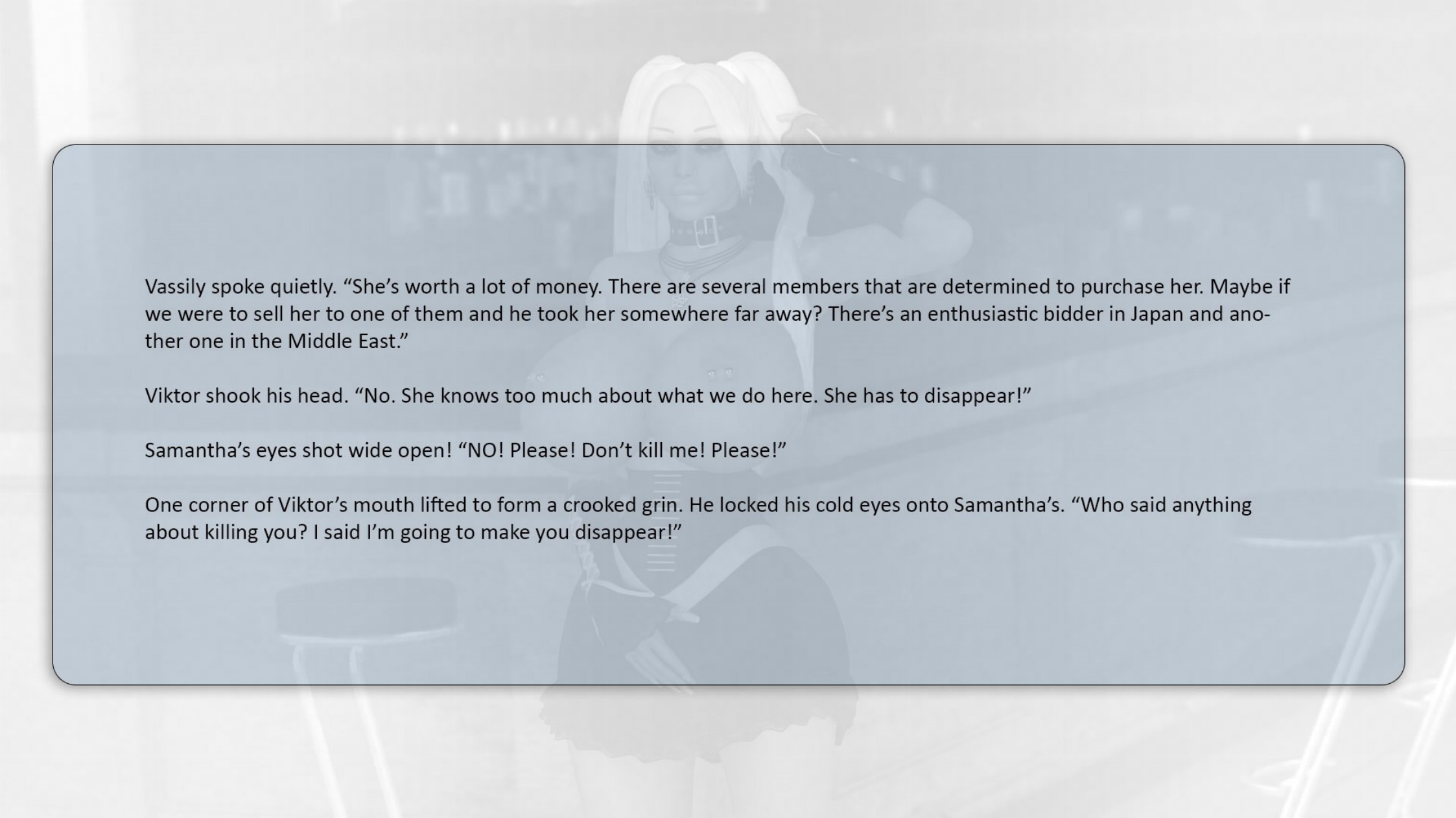
Valeria, holding a bag of ice against her head scowled and spat, “I wouldn’t mind having some time alone with her!” Viktor turned to her and frowned. Valeria fell silent but shot daggers at Samantha with her eyes.

When Viktor turned back to Samantha she began to plead. “Please, I’m sorry! I won’t make any trouble! Please just let me go!”

Viktor shook his head and said quietly. “We can’t do that. You’ll try to run off again the first chance you get. His eyes grew even harder and bored into Samantha’s. “Also, we had your E-Mail traced and we know now who you really are! We can’t very well trust a reporter! You could ruin everything we’ve built here and send us all off to prison!”

“No, I won’t! I promise I’ll be a good Doll and do everything you want me to! Please!” Samantha whined.

Viktor turned back to face the Twins. “Vassily?”



Vassily spoke quietly. “She’s worth a lot of money. There are several members that are determined to purchase her. Maybe if we were to sell her to one of them and he took her somewhere far away? There’s an enthusiastic bidder in Japan and another one in the Middle East.”

Viktor shook his head. “No. She knows too much about what we do here. She has to disappear!”

Samantha’s eyes shot wide open! “NO! Please! Don’t kill me! Please!”

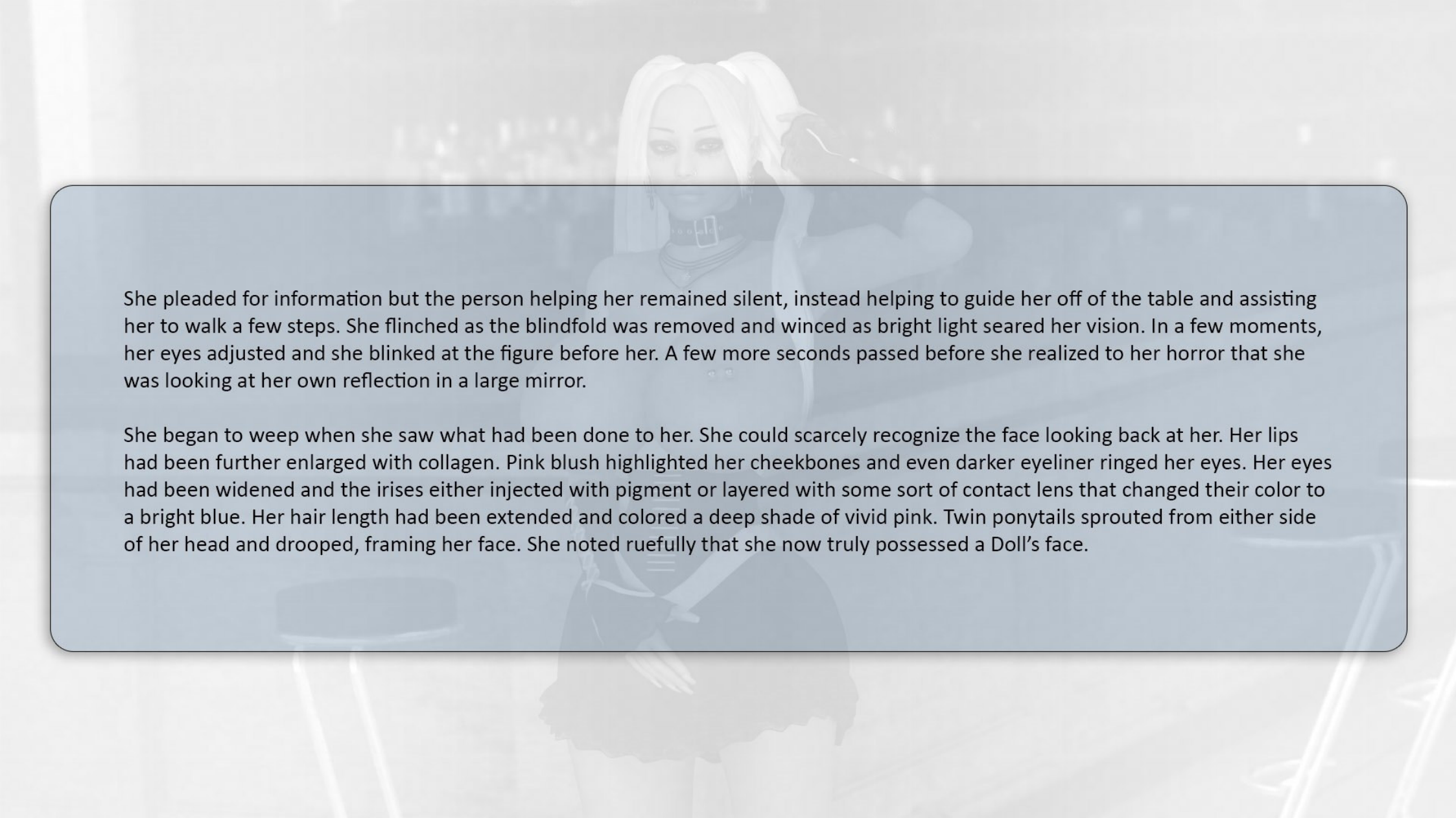
One corner of Viktor’s mouth lifted to form a crooked grin. He locked his cold eyes onto Samantha’s. “Who said anything about killing you? I said I’m going to make you disappear!”

He fished in his pocket and withdrew a capped syringe. He flicked the cap off and tapped the it, squirting a small stream into the air to expel any air bubbles. Samantha screamed as the needle was plunged into her. She continued screaming for several more seconds before darkness overtook her. The last thing she heard was all three of the Mantikoffs laughing.





Samantha had no idea how much time was passing. She would fade into and out of consciousness. During the few minutes of clarity she experienced, she discovered she'd been strapped to a surgical table. Now and again, masked faces bent over and briefly questioned her before she was injected and sent back into oblivion. When she finally regained full consciousness, she was blindfolded and only then released from the straps binding her to the table.



She pleaded for information but the person helping her remained silent, instead helping to guide her off of the table and assisting her to walk a few steps. She flinched as the blindfold was removed and winced as bright light seared her vision. In a few moments, her eyes adjusted and she blinked at the figure before her. A few more seconds passed before she realized to her horror that she was looking at her own reflection in a large mirror.

She began to weep when she saw what had been done to her. She could scarcely recognize the face looking back at her. Her lips had been further enlarged with collagen. Pink blush highlighted her cheekbones and even darker eyeliner ringed her eyes. Her eyes had been widened and the irises either injected with pigment or layered with some sort of contact lens that changed their color to a bright blue. Her hair length had been extended and colored a deep shade of vivid pink. Twin ponytails sprouted from either side of her head and drooped, framing her face. She noted ruefully that she now truly possessed a Doll's face.

She tried to compress her lips together but they remained slightly apart even when she struggled to close them completely. This, combined with her now wide-eyed stare resulted in a dazed, bimbo-like facial expression. As much as the modifications to her face distressed her, she was more ashamed at how vapid and stupid she now appeared.





She raised her hands to touch her face and discovered they had been locked into some sort of mittens. Tight, pink latex completely sheathed her hands, arms and shoulders, the sleeves ending in stiff mittens, tipped with strong steel rings. She tried to make a fist and bit back a scream of frustration when unable to do so. She was helpless. She realized with horror that the use of her fingers was now denied her! She lifted the mittens to her face anyway and tried to scrub off the cosmetics. She glanced in the mirror and noted no change. She tried again and a third time before it dawned on her that the cosmetics were permanent tattoos.




The modifications hadn't ended with her face and hair, either. She stared unbelievably at her body. Her breasts were now immense. They looked and felt heavy. She inhaled and was alarmed by their weight as they rose and then dropped heavily as she exhaled. She didn't want to imagine what they would look and feel like, bouncing up and down when she walked. Her pussy rings had been left and locked in place. She spied the new tattoo decorating her pubis. She squinted as she tried to make out the reversed lettering in the mirror and yelped in shock as she deciphered the two word phrase.

As she continued to stare in horror at her reflection in the mirror, she saw three figures walk up behind her. She tried to make herself smaller as the three Mantikoffs came to a stop behind her and met her gaze in the mirror.

Before & After



A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a black corset and stockings, standing in a dimly lit room. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting with some lights.

Two days later, Samantha had been smuggled out of the US and taken to Russia. She was told she'd been imprisoned in Viktor's mansion, somewhere outside Moscow. She blinked back tears as she surveyed her new surroundings. She had been installed in a furnished jail cell within the building. Strong steel bars separated her from the rest of the house. The cell contained only a bed, a few chairs and toilet facilities. Despite the luxuriousness of the furnishings, all of it was upholstered in latex and she dreaded the reason for such an unusual covering. The air was cold and she shivered, hugging her arms to her body to try and warm her naked flesh.

She was still trapped in the latex sleeves and gloves. Her legs had been squeezed into matching latex stockings and chunky stripper heels covered her feet. In addition, a thick leather collar had been locked around her neck and a tight breast harness had been attached to it, suspending her enlarged breasts.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the door beyond the bars of her cell opened and Viktor entered the room, followed by a heavy-set, sloppily-dressed bearded man. Samantha shrank back in fear as Viktor unlocked the cell door and the two men entered.

In his usual blunt manner, Viktor got straight to the point. "Doll, this is Police Inspector Gubanov. You do everything he tells you. Unless I say otherwise, you belong to him. Open your mouth! It's time for your pill!"

Samantha reluctantly did as commanded. As Viktor popped one of the pills into her mouth, he turned to Gubanov. "What do you think? Do you like her?"

Gubanov nodded eagerly, his eyes never leaving Samantha's breasts. She blushed as she noted the look of undisguised lust in his eyes.

Viktor smirked as he observed both of them. "Inspector, if you hear of any reports to your department of a missing female American newspaper reporter, you ignore them. That way, you get to keep playing with the Fuck Doll here as much as you like, understand?"

Again Gubanov nodded. Viktor clapped him on the back. "Ha! I knew I could count on you! Enjoy your reward!"



Viktor turned to Samantha and frowned. "I gave you those new modifications so that you can perform your new role better! I want to hear nothing but positive reports from the Inspector!" He locked his eyes with Samantha's until she nodded and looked away. Without a further word, he turned, exited the cell, locking the door behind him. He left the room, leaving Samantha alone with the leering man.

Gubanov stepped forward and immediately grabbed Samantha's breasts, squeezing them hard enough to make her yelp. "Ah, these feel great! Even better than the ones on the other girls Viktor gives me!" He continued exploring her, resting his other palm against her locked pussy. "Viktor gave me a key. He says you can't wait to get unlocked. Is that true?"

Samantha bit her lip and nodded. She knew there was going to be no chance at escape for her unless she did as Viktor said. She began playing her part, moaning as he unlocked and removed the padlock confining her and had to fight the desire to push his hand away.

Gubanov, clueless as to her true feelings, chuckled as he slipped a fingertip into her. "Heh! You're already soaking wet! Viktor said you'd be enthusiastic!" To Samantha's disgust, she noted the pills were already making her enjoy Gubanov's mauling.

Samantha, despite her reluctance, began to surrender to the pill's effects. "Yes, sir! Thank you! It feels wonderful!" She began groaning with lust and gasping as Gubanov played with her. To her distaste, only some of it was acting. She cursed the effect the pills were having on her. However, she had to admit that they were going to make it easier for her to perform this next act. Seconds later, she barely resisted when he forced her to her knees and ordered her to fuck him with her tits. Samantha grabbed both of the heavy globes in her hands and smothered Gubanov's cock in them, slowly rubbing it. The Inspector began grunting with pleasure and Samantha, now more excited than before increased the speed until she was bobbing up and down. The weight of her tits bouncing up and down and the slow heat building between them was exciting her.

"Agh, those tits feel amazing! I can't believe what Viktor has had done to you!" Samantha, knowing that her continued safety depended on following all of Viktor's commands, was relieved to hear the Inspector's praise. She knew she would have to make sure he was always satisfied with her. She began stroking him even faster.

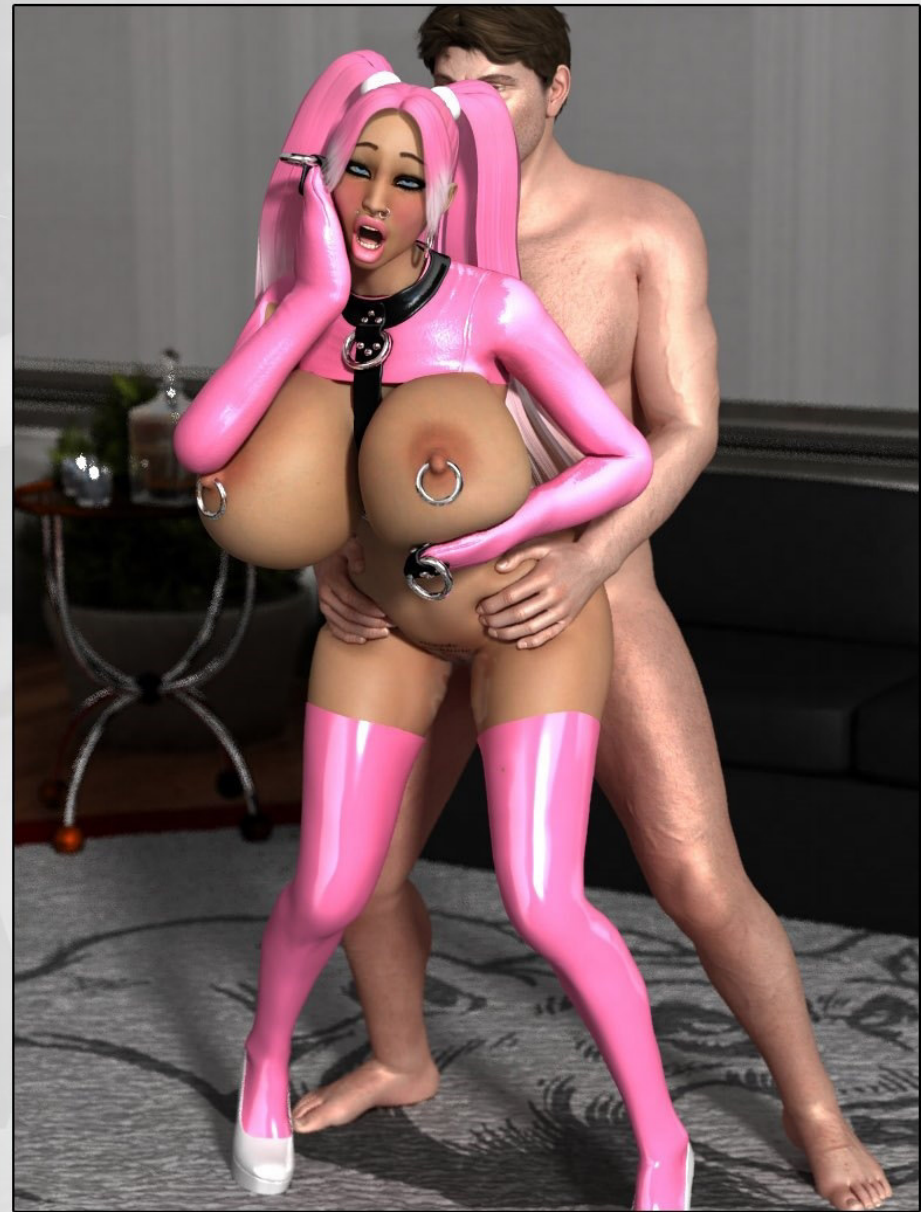


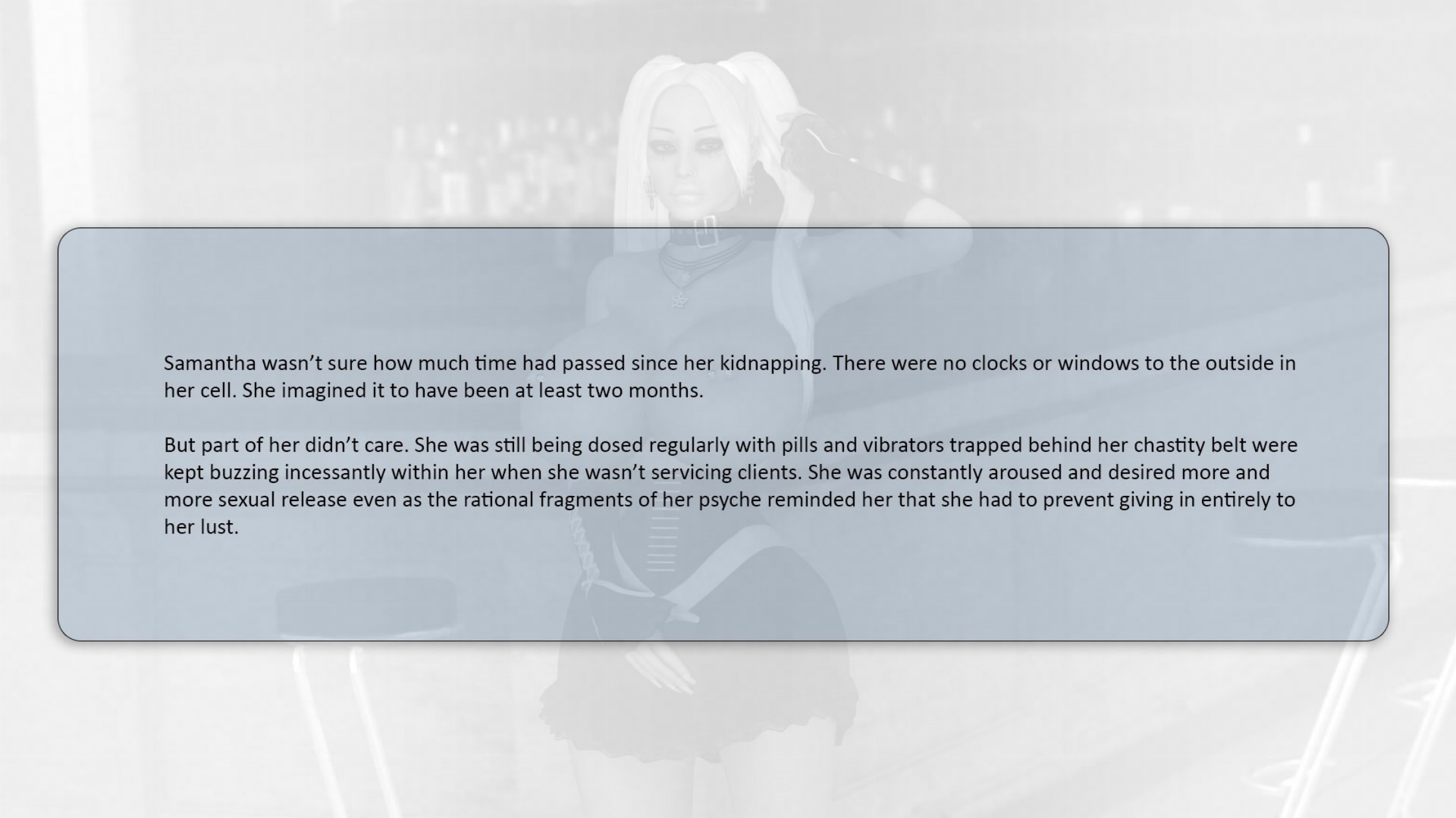
Another minute passed when Gub-nov suddenly exploded, spraying her face and breasts with his come. Sa-mantha, suddenly hypnotized by the sight of his come splattered all over her tits, screamed as her own orgasm followed.

She screamed with lust again as the man dragged her roughly to her feet. He began stripping out of his clothes. Samantha, knowing she had better appear eager, began masturbating and calling out for Gubanov to hurry.

“Please, please, please, sir! Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!” She hated the words even as they escaped her but knew she had to continue playing Viktor’s game.

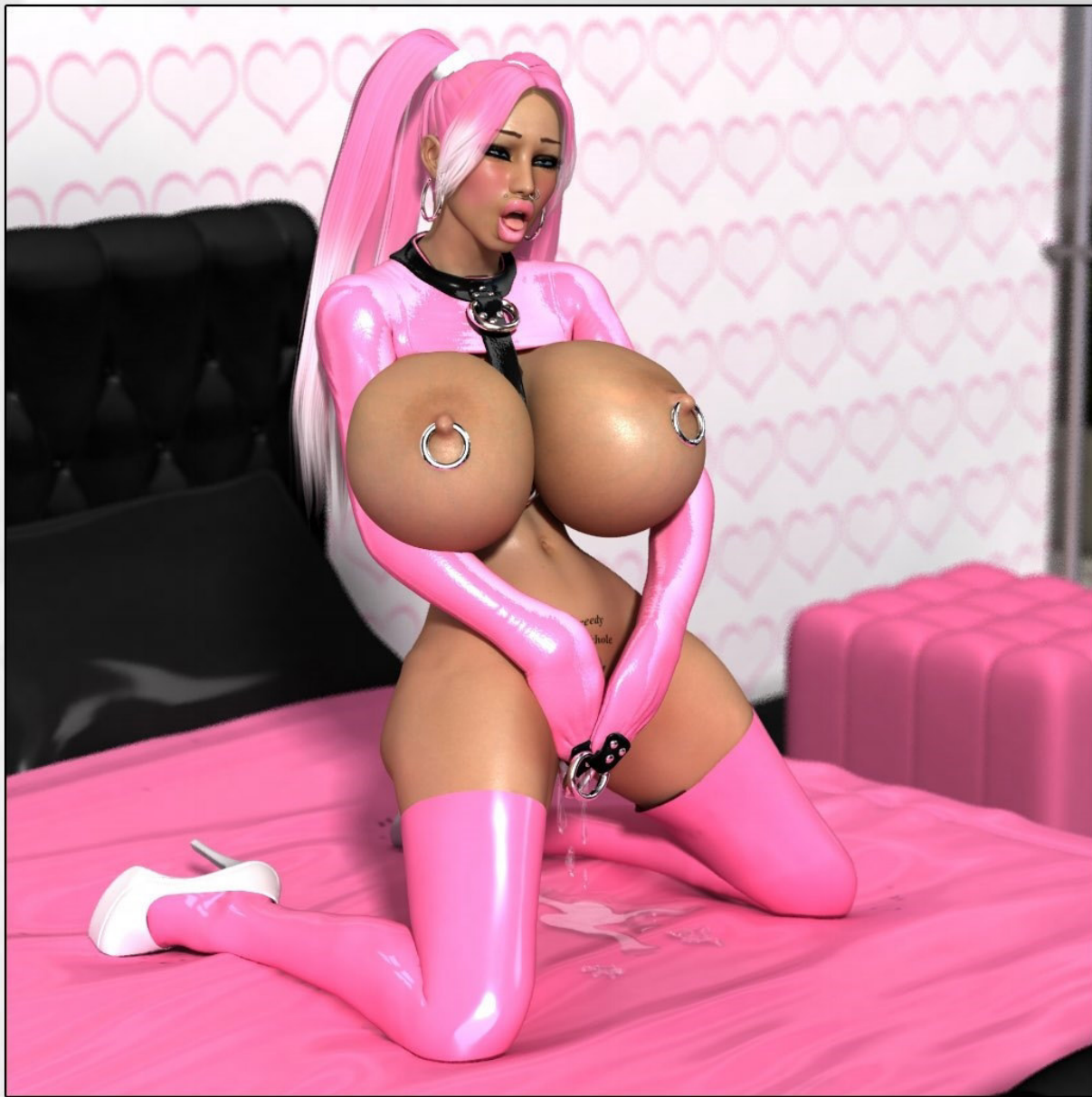
She was still screaming for Gubanov to fuck her when he forced her legs apart and buried his cock in her. Soon, the pills took over and she surrendered to them, yelling at the top of her lungs as she came again and again.





Samantha wasn't sure how much time had passed since her kidnapping. There were no clocks or windows to the outside in her cell. She imagined it to have been at least two months.

But part of her didn't care. She was still being dosed regularly with pills and vibrators trapped behind her chastity belt were kept buzzing incessantly within her when she wasn't servicing clients. She was constantly aroused and desired more and more sexual release even as the rational fragments of her psyche reminded her that she had to prevent giving in entirely to her lust.



She was, she feared, becoming addicted to sexual pleasure as it was the only distraction she enjoyed in her present situation. In fact, it had gotten to be so bad that she was wearing herself out. When she wasn't satisfying the men Viktor sent to her, she masturbated constantly. Sometimes she would collapse with fatigue in the middle of a session. It had gotten to be so bad that Viktor had taken to strapping her down to her bed when she wasn't needed.

Now was one of those times. She was tied down, spread-eagled atop the mattress, her wrists and ankles secured to the metal bedframe. She was struggling, wishing she could break free of her bonds and bring herself to orgasm. She knew that there would be more clients sent down to her today but feared that if she wasn't freed soon, she'd go mad.

To her relief, she heard the door outside her cell open. She struggled to lift her head and saw that it was Viktor. She groaned in disappointment.

She had hoped when she was first imprisoned that she could entice him and gain some measure of control over him, hopefully enough to convince him to free her. To her frustration, Viktor had never fucked her, not once. He was the coldest, most self-controlled man she'd ever met. She had tried to seduce him more than once but had failed every time. She predicted today would be no different.

Viktor came to a stop and stood next to the bed, looking down at her. "You've been a very good girl since you arrived here. I'm quite impressed with you."

Samantha, hoping to gain his approval, blushed and replied softly, "Thank you, sir."

Viktor flashed his emotionless smile. "You're making me a lot of money. When I first brought you here, I thought that you would be nothing but trouble. Instead I can't even begin to compute how much more money I can make with you." He reached out a hand and stroked one of Samantha's breasts. She groaned with pleasure and squirmed in her bonds. "Are you ready to make more money for me, Fuck Doll?"

"Yes!" Samantha gasped. She squealed as Viktor pinched one of her nipples and twisted it.

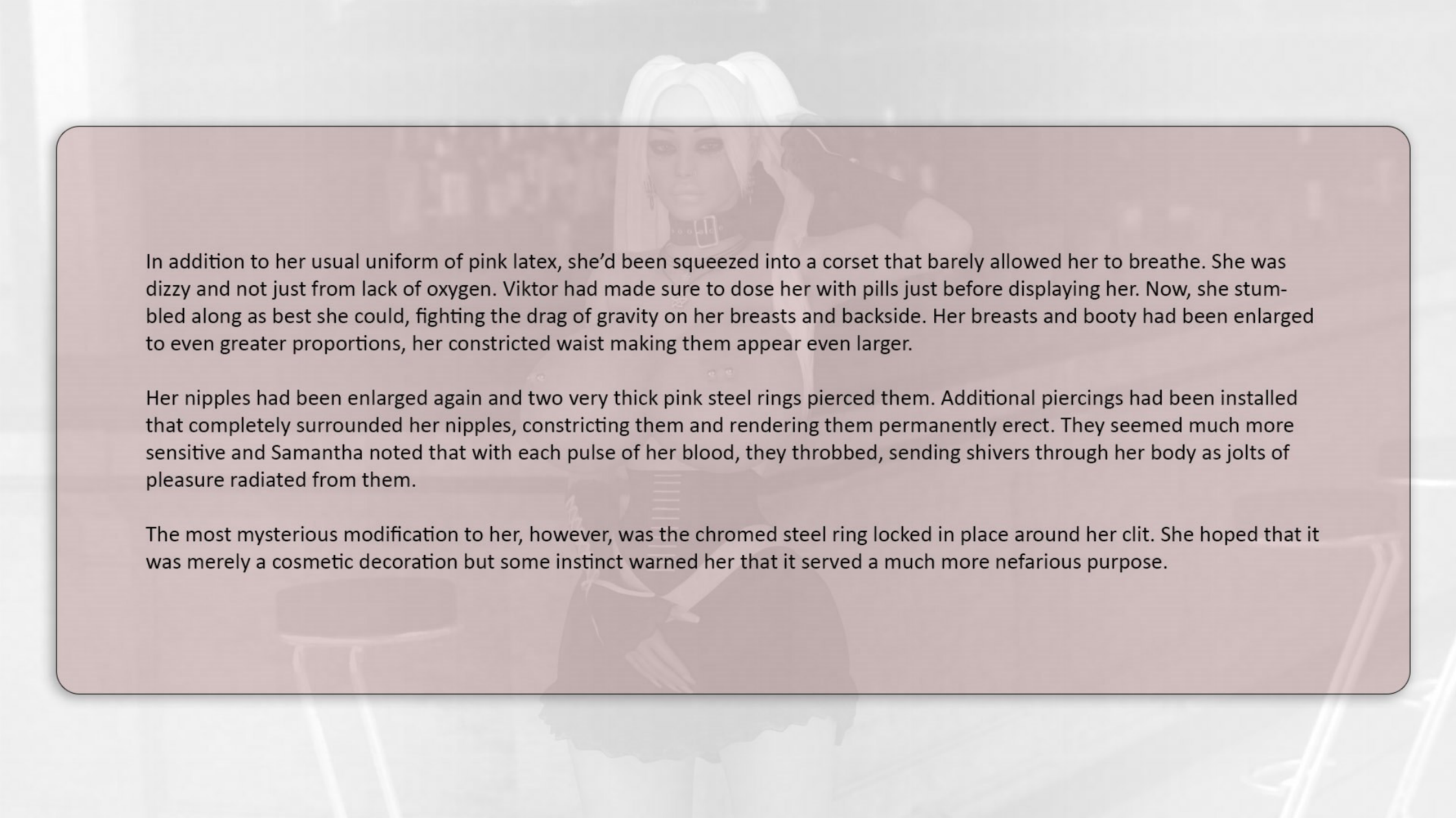
"Good. The customers like you. But they say they want more. So tomorrow, you go back to the doctor. When you return, you'll be even bigger and better than before."

Samantha, despite her misgivings, nodded her head and whispered, "Yes, sir! I only want to please you!"



A hush fell over the party as Samantha was led forward into the room. Her gaze darted back and forth as she scanned the guests. She recognized several of her clients but noted that there were many more strangers in attendance as well. She tried not to show how nervous and ashamed she felt about her new body.

This was the first time anyone other than Viktor had seen her since she had been modified again. She wished she could cover her body and flee. Instead, her mittens had been locked to steel rings on her collar that prevented her from hiding her body behind them, leaving her helpless and exposed.



In addition to her usual uniform of pink latex, she'd been squeezed into a corset that barely allowed her to breathe. She was dizzy and not just from lack of oxygen. Viktor had made sure to dose her with pills just before displaying her. Now, she stumbled along as best she could, fighting the drag of gravity on her breasts and backside. Her breasts and booty had been enlarged to even greater proportions, her constricted waist making them appear even larger.

Her nipples had been enlarged again and two very thick pink steel rings pierced them. Additional piercings had been installed that completely surrounded her nipples, constricting them and rendering them permanently erect. They seemed much more sensitive and Samantha noted that with each pulse of her blood, they throbbed, sending shivers through her body as jolts of pleasure radiated from them.

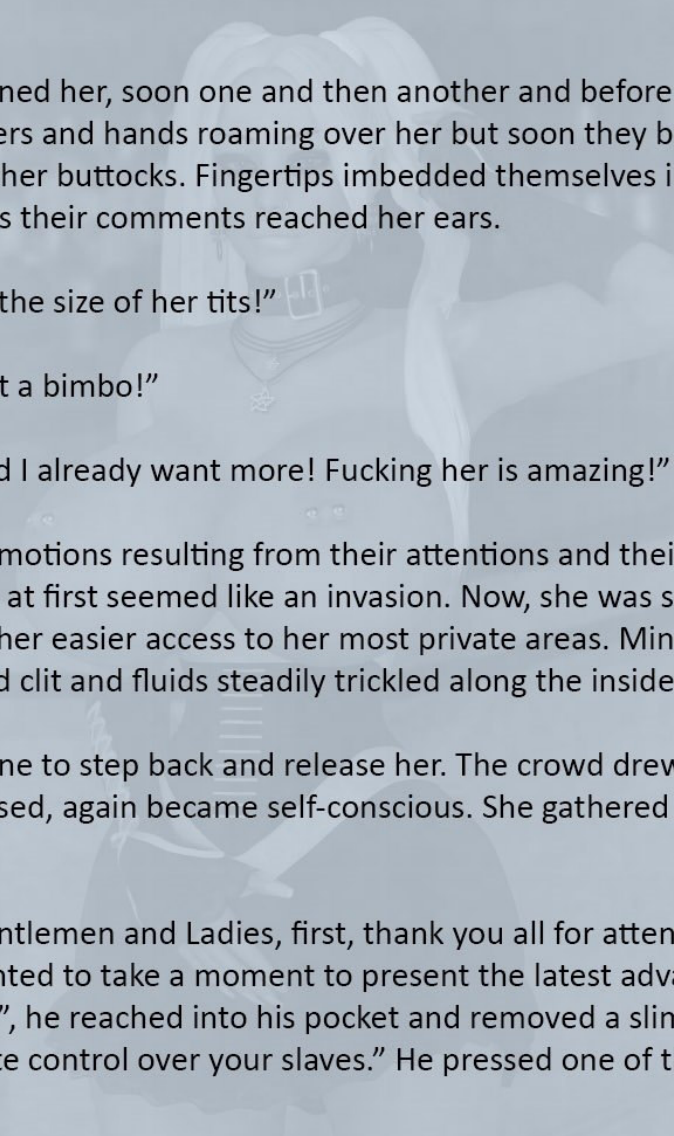
The most mysterious modification to her, however, was the chromed steel ring locked in place around her clit. She hoped that it was merely a cosmetic decoration but some instinct warned her that it served a much more nefarious purpose.

Before & After



Her thoughts returned to the present when Viktor introduced her to the first guest. Samantha recognized him. He was one of her regular clients and she had learned that he was some South American politician that she knew only as Mr. Juarez. Juarez ran his hands greedily over her, squeezing and weighing her breasts and buttocks and playing with her nipple piercings. Samantha tried her best to remain motionless and stoic but soon was fidgeting as her ardor was aroused by the man's groping. Soon, other guests joined them and before she knew it, she was surrounded by a circle of men and women, jostling each other to get a better look at her.





Although at first the guests had merely examined her, soon one and then another and before long dozens of them began to fondle her as well. At first, there was no pattern to the fingers and hands roaming over her but soon they became more focused. Her nipples were pinched and pulled. Hands grabbed and slapped her buttocks. Fingertips imbedded themselves into her flesh and fingers began probing her mouth, vagina and anus. Samantha blushed as their comments reached her ears.

“This is the biggest and best one yet! Look at the size of her tits!”

“I like the stupid expression on her face! What a bimbo!”

“I’ve reserved her for two sessions a week and I already want more! Fucking her is amazing!”

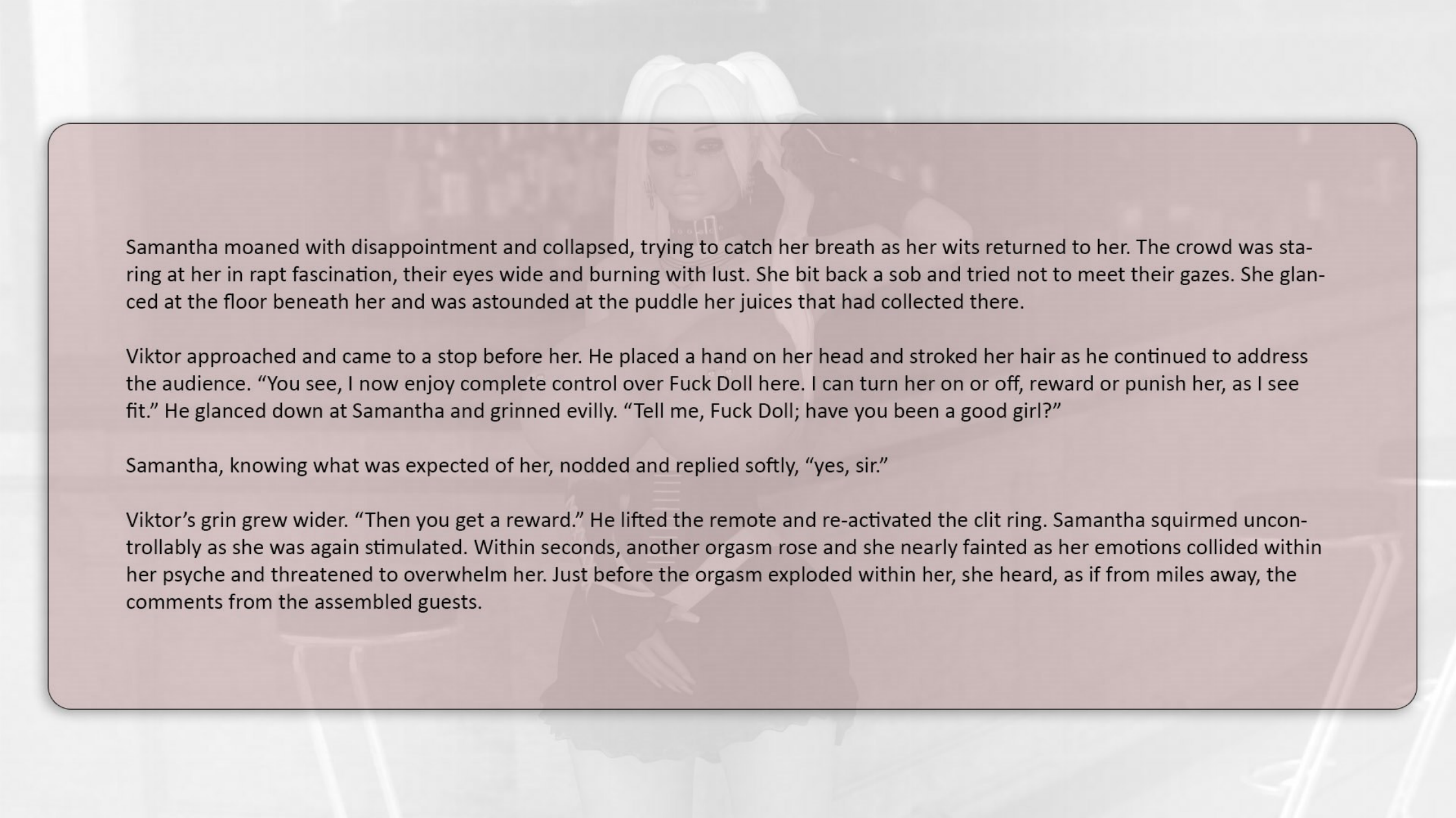
At first, Samantha tried to ignore the rise of emotions resulting from their attentions and their comments. Soon, however, her ardor was aroused. The fingers prodding and poking her at first seemed like an invasion. Now, she was squirming with anticipation. She began modifying her stance, allowing the fingers exploring her easier access to her most private areas. Minutes passed and soon she panted with lust as jolts of pleasure radiated from her nipples and clit and fluids steadily trickled along the insides of her thighs.

Without warning, Viktor called out for everyone to step back and release her. The crowd drew back grudgingly voicing their disappointment. Samantha, suddenly standing alone and exposed, again became self-conscious. She gathered her wits and braced herself for Viktor’s next command.

Viktor turned his attention on the crowd. “Gentlemen and Ladies, first, thank you all for attending tonight! I also want to thank you all for the loyal customers that you have been! I wanted to take a moment to present the latest advancement our company has produced to allow all of you further control over your Dolls. This”, he reached into his pocket and removed a slim, black, remote control and held it up for everyone to see, “will allow you to enjoy complete control over your slaves.” He pressed one of the remote’s buttons.



Samantha jumped and squealed as the ring around her clit activated. Her jaw dropped in shock and she bent at the waist, trying desperately to free her hands from their bindings. The clit ring was a powerful vibrator and as she howled with lust as it sped up, further stimulating her. She screamed again and spun in place, trying to find her voice as violent shocks of pure pleasure radiated from her pussy. She moaned and collapsed to her knees, gasping as an orgasm built slowly but inexorably to a crescendo within her. The wave of pleasure crested and overwhelmed her and she began to beg to be allowed to come. The orgasm continued to build but just as it reached the point of release, the clit ring just as suddenly died.



Samantha moaned with disappointment and collapsed, trying to catch her breath as her wits returned to her. The crowd was staring at her in rapt fascination, their eyes wide and burning with lust. She bit back a sob and tried not to meet their gazes. She glanced at the floor beneath her and was astounded at the puddle her juices that had collected there.

Viktor approached and came to a stop before her. He placed a hand on her head and stroked her hair as he continued to address the audience. “You see, I now enjoy complete control over Fuck Doll here. I can turn her on or off, reward or punish her, as I see fit.” He glanced down at Samantha and grinned evilly. “Tell me, Fuck Doll; have you been a good girl?”

Samantha, knowing what was expected of her, nodded and replied softly, “yes, sir.”

Viktor’s grin grew wider. “Then you get a reward.” He lifted the remote and re-activated the clit ring. Samantha squirmed uncontrollably as she was again stimulated. Within seconds, another orgasm rose and she nearly fainted as her emotions collided within her psyche and threatened to overwhelm her. Just before the orgasm exploded within her, she heard, as if from miles away, the comments from the assembled guests.



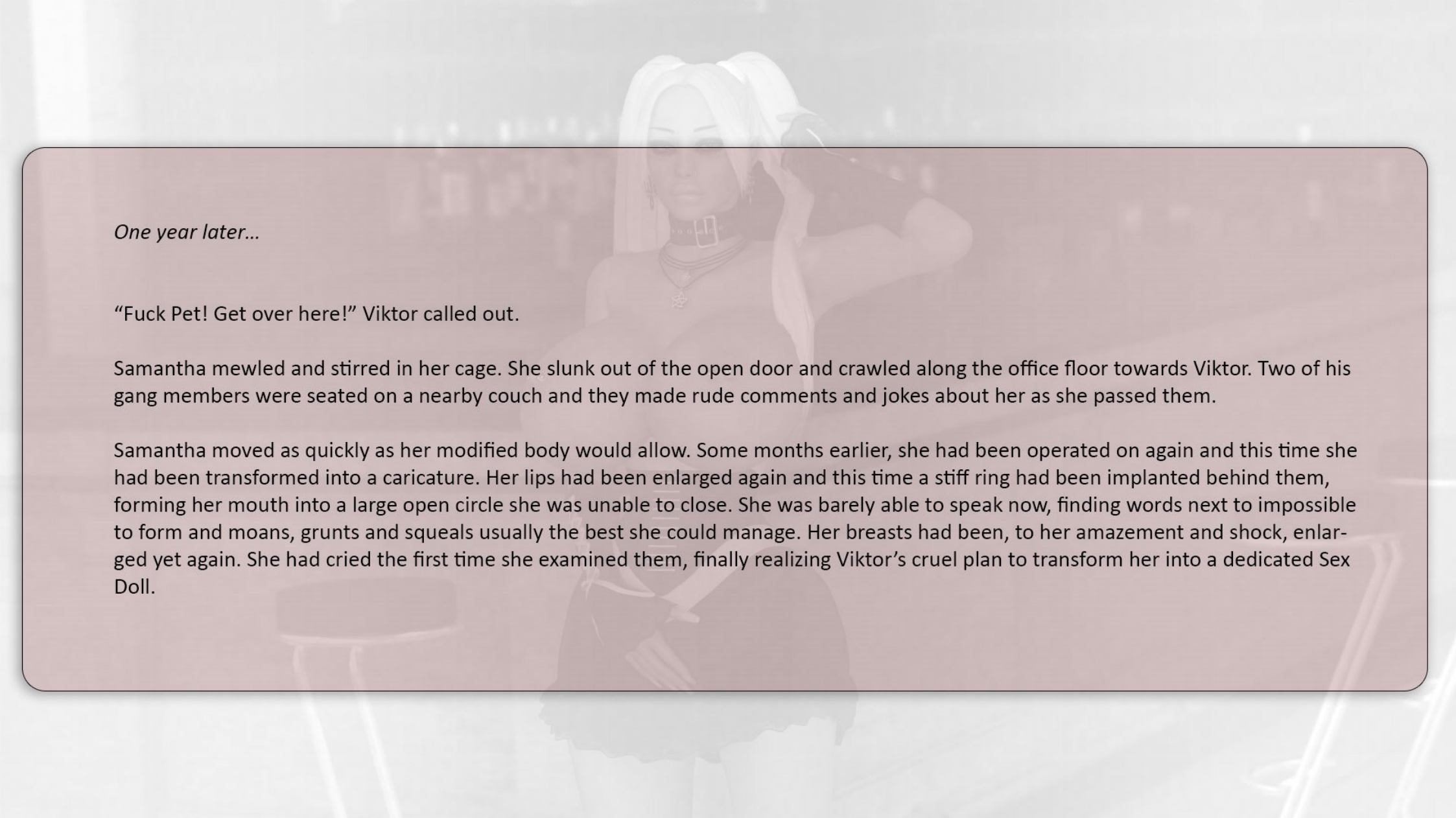
“Ha! Look at how much her big tits bounce up and down!”

“She’s leaking like a broken water pipe! I’ve never seen a Doll come so hard!”

“That tattoo says it all! What a willing slut!”

She opened her mouth to protest but whatever she had planned to say was lost as she came. The orgasm seemed to go on and on and on and to Samantha’s mingled relief and disappointment, she passed out, collapsing senseless to the floor.





One year later...

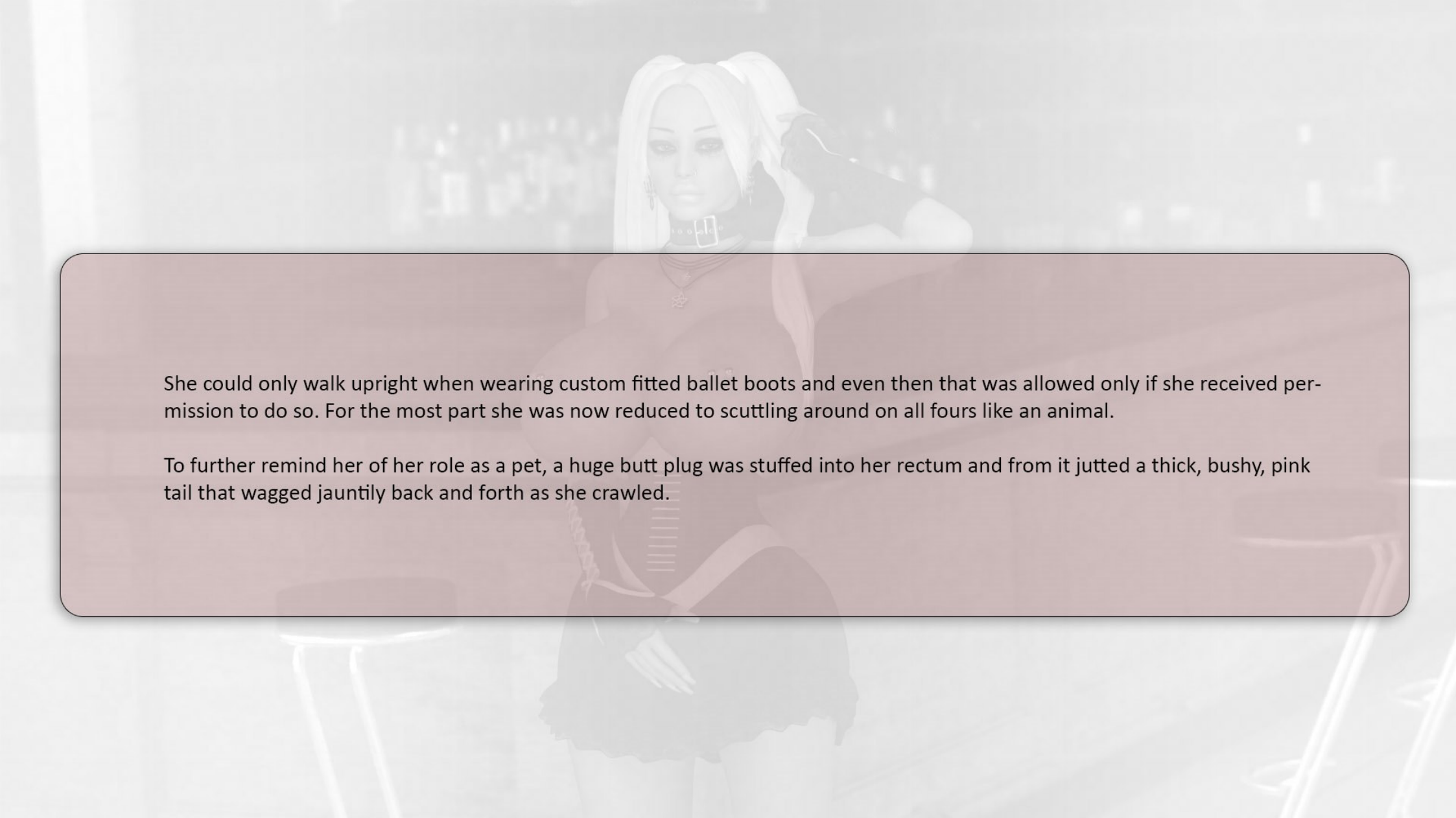
“Fuck Pet! Get over here!” Viktor called out.

Samantha mewled and stirred in her cage. She slunk out of the open door and crawled along the office floor towards Viktor. Two of his gang members were seated on a nearby couch and they made rude comments and jokes about her as she passed them.

Samantha moved as quickly as her modified body would allow. Some months earlier, she had been operated on again and this time she had been transformed into a caricature. Her lips had been enlarged again and this time a stiff ring had been implanted behind them, forming her mouth into a large open circle she was unable to close. She was barely able to speak now, finding words next to impossible to form and moans, grunts and squeals usually the best she could manage. Her breasts had been, to her amazement and shock, enlarged yet again. She had cried the first time she examined them, finally realizing Viktor’s cruel plan to transform her into a dedicated Sex Doll.



But as much as her gargantuan breasts and lips distressed her, the most humiliating of her modifications was that of her feet. They had been surgically altered to form a deep, permanent arch. Although she could stand, after a fashion, she could barely balance atop her tiptoes for more than a dozen seconds. And even that pitiful achievement was a supreme effort, made even more difficult by the weight of her immense breasts and bottom.



She could only walk upright when wearing custom fitted ballet boots and even then that was allowed only if she received permission to do so. For the most part she was now reduced to scuttling around on all fours like an animal.

To further remind her of her role as a pet, a huge butt plug was stuffed into her rectum and from it jutted a thick, bushy, pink tail that wagged jauntily back and forth as she crawled.

Before & After

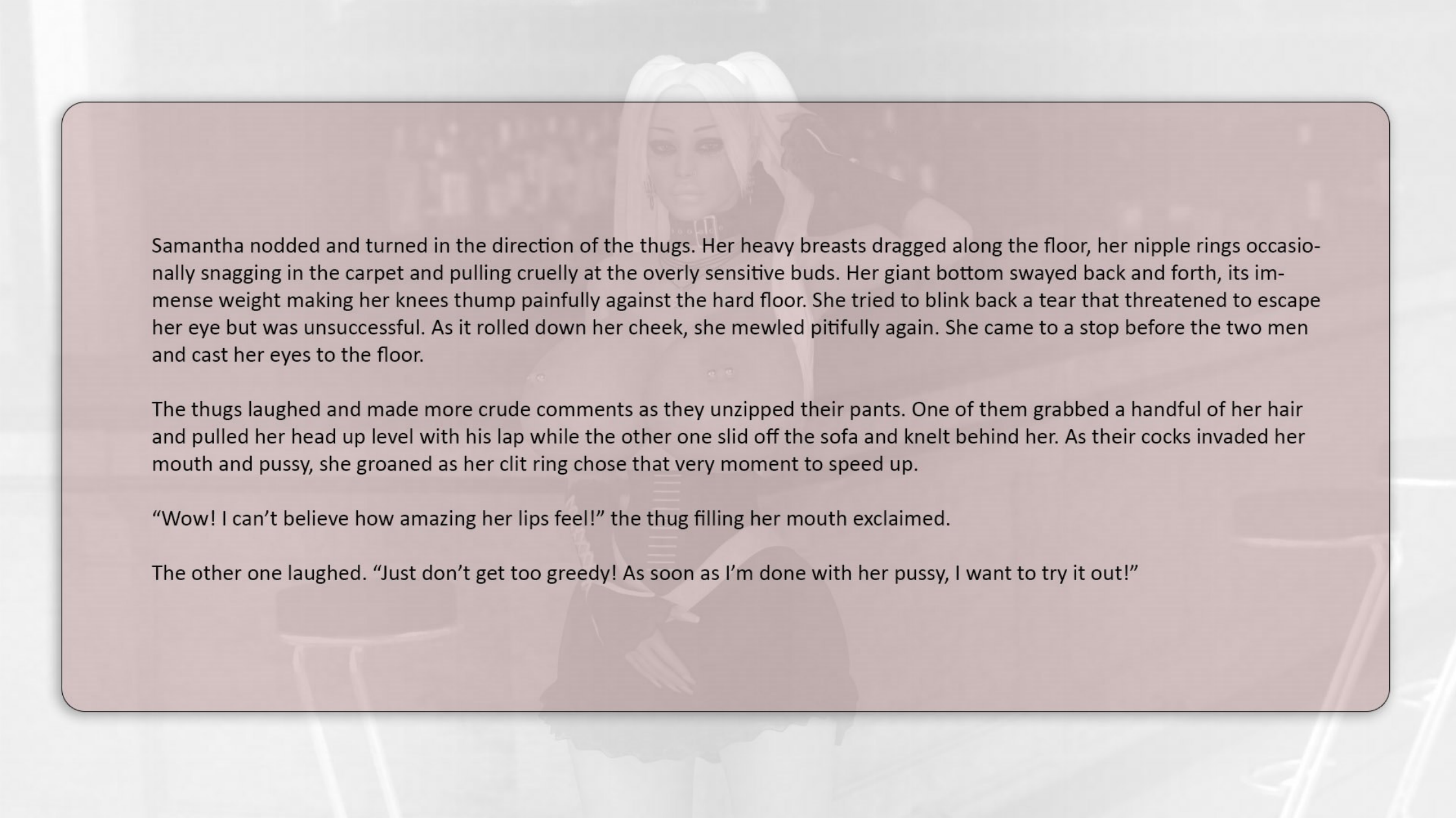




As she approached Viktor, her clit ring began to vibrate, stimulating her. She moaned and squirmed, swinging her hips back and forth as she crept along. The clit ring was remotely controlled by a computer that transmitted over the building's wireless system. Most of the time it was set to a random pattern, just as it was now. Samantha could never be sure when it would activate and deactivate or how powerful it would be while operating. Viktor carried a remote in his pocket that he could use to override the building's system when he desired more control over her but most of the time she was forced to endure a never-ending random assault of sexual highs and lows that kept her aroused and confused.

As Samantha approached Viktor's desk, he held out his palm to her. Samantha spied the blue pill resting there and began to crawl faster. She closed the distance between them and came to a stop before Viktor, gazing up at him with anticipation. Viktor smirked and said, "Put out your tongue, Fuck Pet." Samantha did as ordered and he placed the pill gently atop it. As she greedily sucked her tongue back into her mouth and swallowed, Viktor grinned and reached out a hand to pat her on the head. "Good Fuck Pet! There's a good girl!" He pointed at the two thugs across the room who had watched her all this time with lust. "Fuck Pet, get over there and take care of them! After that, let's get you to the Dungeon! We have plenty of customers down there waiting for you!"





Samantha nodded and turned in the direction of the thugs. Her heavy breasts dragged along the floor, her nipple rings occasionally snagging in the carpet and pulling cruelly at the overly sensitive buds. Her giant bottom swayed back and forth, its immense weight making her knees thump painfully against the hard floor. She tried to blink back a tear that threatened to escape her eye but was unsuccessful. As it rolled down her cheek, she mewled pitifully again. She came to a stop before the two men and cast her eyes to the floor.

The thugs laughed and made more crude comments as they unzipped their pants. One of them grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head up level with his lap while the other one slid off the sofa and knelt behind her. As their cocks invaded her mouth and pussy, she groaned as her clit ring chose that very moment to speed up.

“Wow! I can’t believe how amazing her lips feel!” the thug filling her mouth exclaimed.

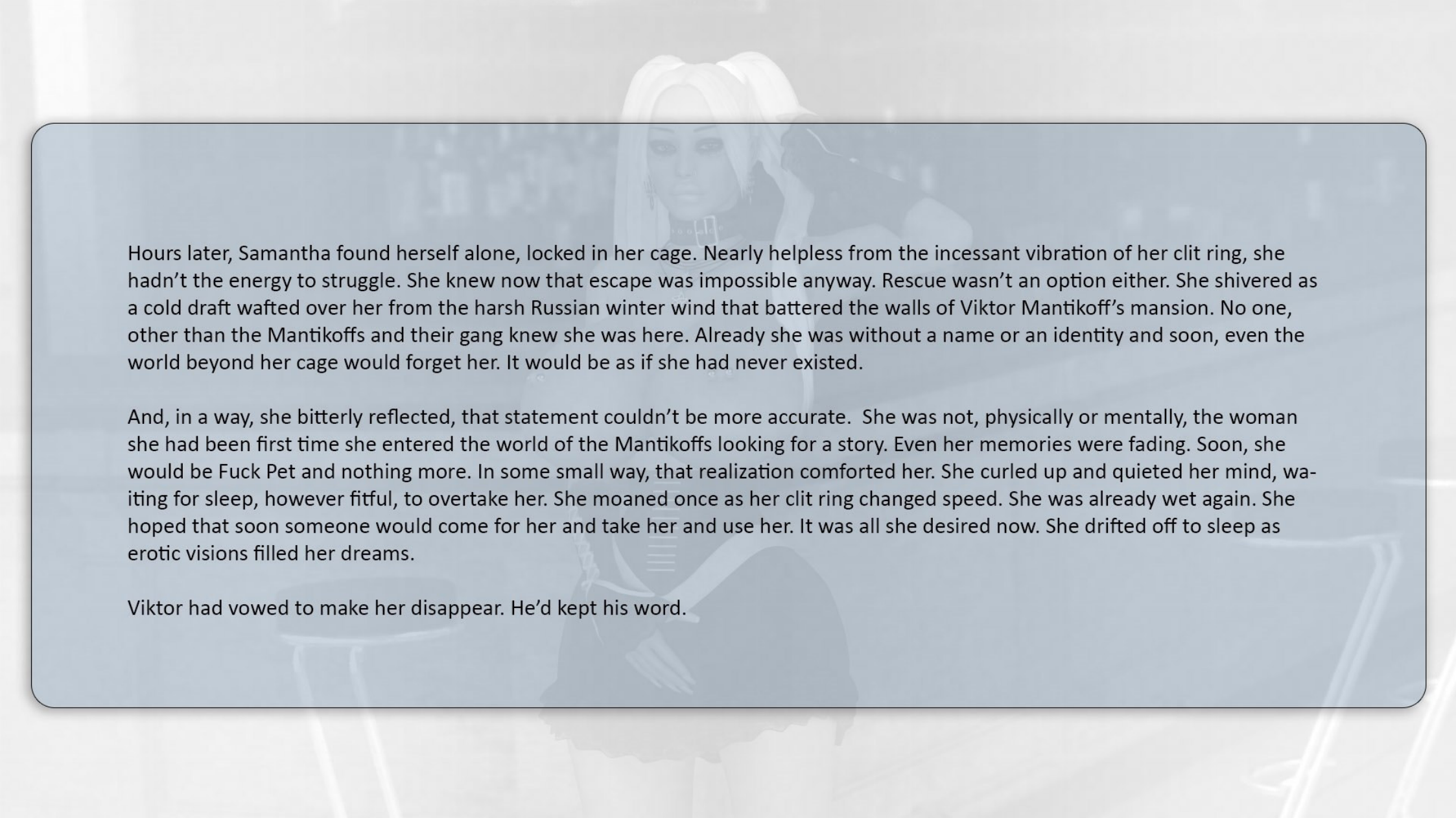
The other one laughed. “Just don’t get too greedy! As soon as I’m done with her pussy, I want to try it out!”



Samantha, ignoring their jibes, moaned around the mouthful of meat stuffing her mouth as the intensity of the vibrator increased. Her mind began to wander and soon she had forgotten who and where she was, her only desire to satisfy the two men fucking her so that she might in turn be allowed to enjoy her own orgasm.

Viktor rose from behind his desk and walked to the office door. "Play with her as long as you two like. It's a reward for your loyalty. Just make sure to put her back in her cage and lock it when you're finished. Enjoy!" He opened the door and exited the office.

The two thugs laughed louder as they began to speed up the tempo of their thrusts and Samantha groaned as her clit ring chose that moment to change speed.



Hours later, Samantha found herself alone, locked in her cage. Nearly helpless from the incessant vibration of her clit ring, she hadn't the energy to struggle. She knew now that escape was impossible anyway. Rescue wasn't an option either. She shivered as a cold draft wafted over her from the harsh Russian winter wind that battered the walls of Viktor Mantikoff's mansion. No one, other than the Mantikoffs and their gang knew she was here. Already she was without a name or an identity and soon, even the world beyond her cage would forget her. It would be as if she had never existed.

And, in a way, she bitterly reflected, that statement couldn't be more accurate. She was not, physically or mentally, the woman she had been first time she entered the world of the Mantikoffs looking for a story. Even her memories were fading. Soon, she would be Fuck Pet and nothing more. In some small way, that realization comforted her. She curled up and quieted her mind, waiting for sleep, however fitful, to overtake her. She moaned once as her clit ring changed speed. She was already wet again. She hoped that soon someone would come for her and take her and use her. It was all she desired now. She drifted off to sleep as erotic visions filled her dreams.

Viktor had vowed to make her disappear. He'd kept his word.



THE END

Thank you for reading!