









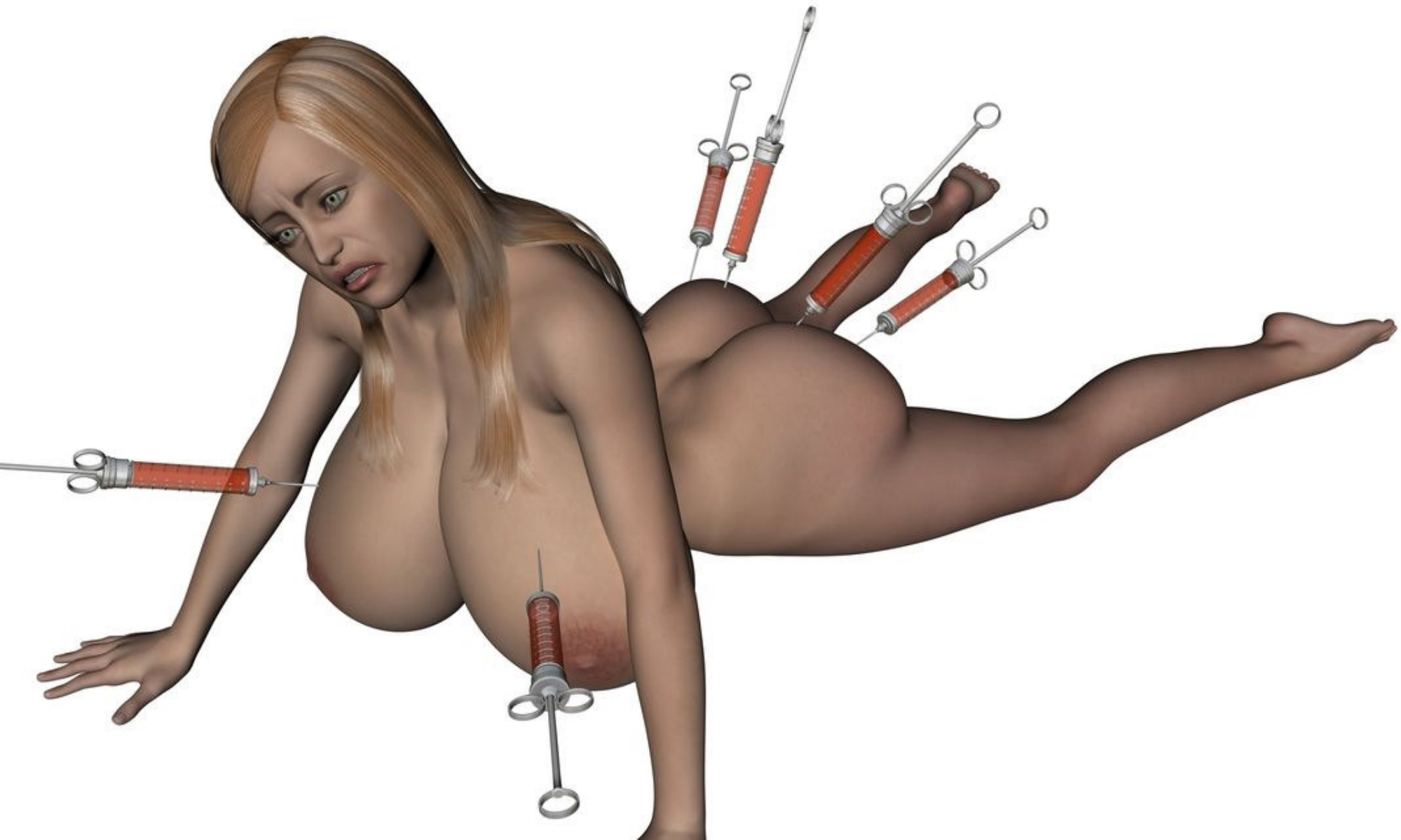




Please turn of the tap! I'm at my limit













# Sarah & Bethany

[www.dollproject7.blogspot.com](http://www.dollproject7.blogspot.com)

Sarah and Bethany were two of the best looking girls anyone had ever laid eyes on, and they were aware of it.

Together they toned their hot bodies with constant rigorous workouts almost every day in order to improve and maintain their physique.

They knew that with their sexy looks they could get whatever they wanted from whomever.



It didn't take the girls long or require too much effort for them to find two young, successful brothers.

The two men were rolling in cash and weren't too hard on the eyes either, so Sarah and Bethany moved in on them right away to milk them for all they could.



The twin brothers were so wealthy that they provided their lovely ladies with whatever they desired.

New luxury vehicles and name brand clothes were showered over the young ladies.

They pleased their benefactors in any way required.



The girls bought all sorts of outfits to please their boyfriends. Not only did they love the money, clothes, cars, and extravagant trips, but they also really enjoyed the company of the two young men.

They went above and beyond to bring them all sorts of ecstasy. They loved pleasing their partners and being appreciated for their natural beauty as well as their talents in the art of pleasure. Their lingerie and the shows they put on made it difficult for the brothers to maintain control and last long enough to make it through.



"Lets put on a show for them shall we?"

"Those beautiful breasts sure are perfect. Let's see if we can improve them further shall we?  
Wait... Did I say improve? I meant ruin! Hahaha."

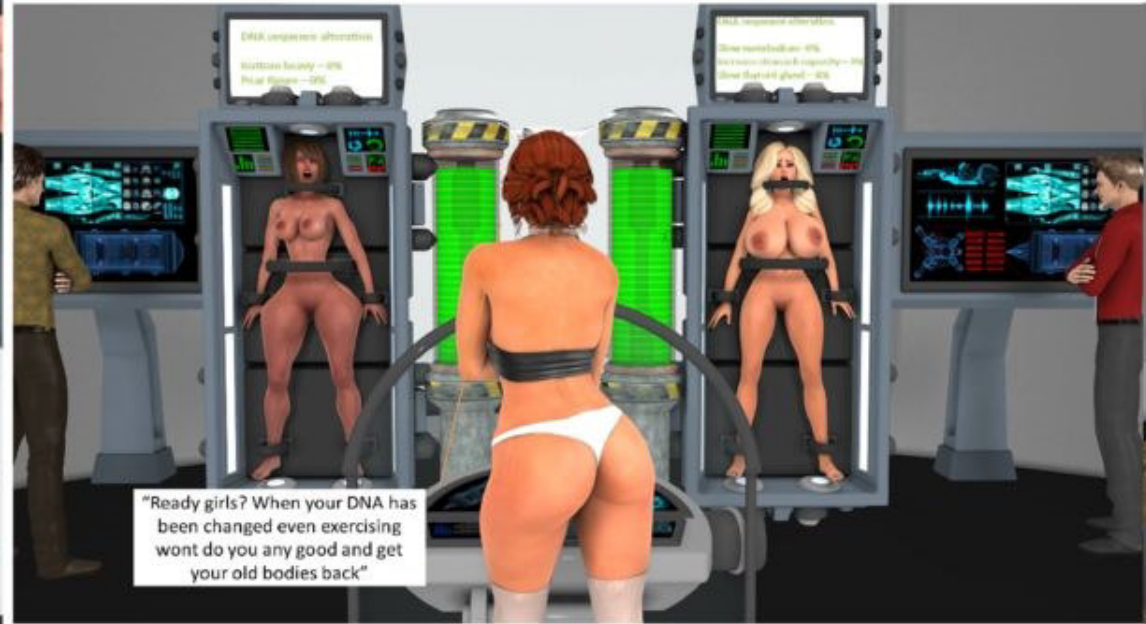


"How about we give you a little more cushion back here? You would like that wouldn't you?"

"Oops too late! Haha!"



"Please! Don't!"



"Ready girls? When your DNA has been changed even exercising wont do you any good and get your old bodies back"



















**Adrianna**  
-  
**The pop idol**





Adrianna had always dreamed of being a famous pop idol. She wanted nothing more than to hear hundreds of fans screaming for her as she took the stage, and she would fantasize about it in her room day and night. She was a real ditz and had no actual understanding of what it took to be a success.

While Adrianna lived an easy life with her wealthy father paying for all her needs, she dreamed of widespread fame and adoration by all. So she practiced her singing day and night while wearing all sorts of cute outfits that she made herself. She would post videos online to get attention, but none of them got many views.



The only feedback was of what little talent she had, and the only comments that were positive were of how cute she looked with her petite figure and childish features, although some complained that she was too flat chested. People liked her long light brown hair and the cute anime styles she wore it in, and they admired her big blue eyes. However, Adrianna was often shocked and disgusted at some of the sexual comments people would make.



Under all of her videos Adrianna always left contact information even though the only messages she usually got were sexual harassment e-mails. She kept at it despite her disappointing results, and finally she received an invitation from a music studio to come and meet with them. Adrianna was ecstatic and immediately began to prepare for her audition.





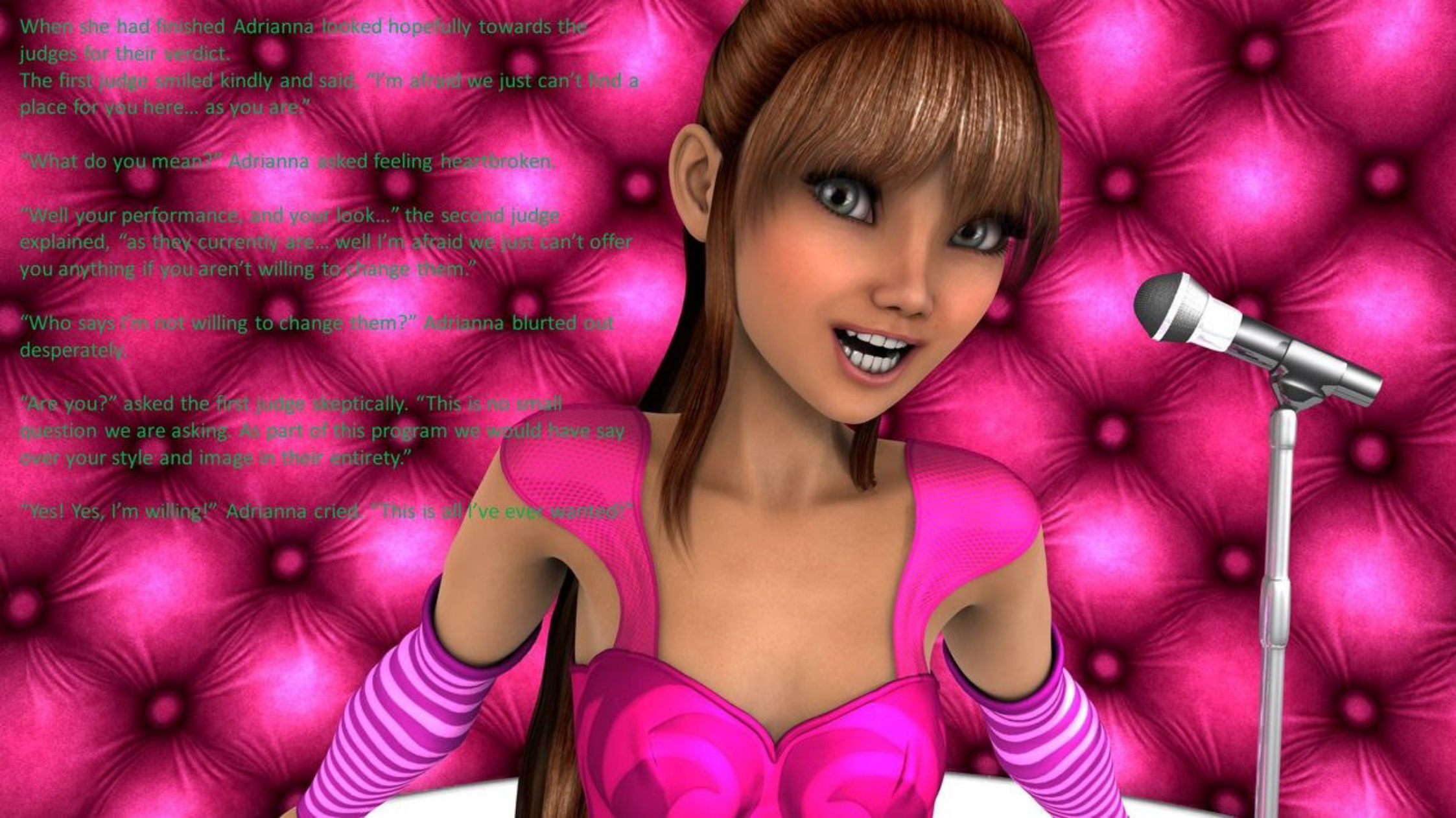
When the day arrived Adrianna wore her hair partially in a high ponytail and let the rest fall down, and she wore a short skirt and a tube top. She hoped she would make a good impression on the judges.

She arrived at the large studio and found herself before three gentlemen seated at what appeared to be a judges' panel.

"Hello Adrianna," one of the judges said gently. "We are happy to have you. Here at Idol Industries we will be assessing your performance."

"You won't be disappointed!" Adrianna responded so loudly with a smile that it seemed more like a yell. She immediately started her performance and began singing.

Immediately she elicited reactions from the judges. The first two exchanged uncomfortable looks and winced as Adrianna's pitch went up and down off key. The third actually banged his head on the table and intentionally knocked himself out so he didn't have to suffer through the rest.



When she had finished Adrianna looked hopefully towards the judges for their verdict. The first judge smiled kindly and said, "I'm afraid we just can't find a place for you here... as you are."

"What do you mean?" Adrianna asked feeling heartbroken.

"Well your performance, and your look..." the second judge explained, "as they currently are... well I'm afraid we just can't offer you anything if you aren't willing to change them."

"Who says I'm not willing to change them?" Adrianna blurted out desperately.

"Are you?" asked the first judge skeptically. "This is no small question we are asking. As part of this program we would have say over your style and image in their entirety."

"Yes! Yes, I'm willing!" Adrianna cried. "This is all I've ever wanted!"



“Well if you’re sure,” continued the second judge, “then you can sign this contract.” He pulled out a thick stack of papers and set it in on the table. “But you should know that each of us will have a say in the progression of your style and that could mean-”

Before he could finish Adrianna had already signed her name on the dotted line. “When do we start?!” she demanded leaning in uncomfortably close.

“Right away of course,” the first judge said with a courteous nod.

“This way if you please.”

Adrianna took his arm and went with him into the back as she shook with excitement.



The first judge took Adrianna to a room with an operating table and a doctor waiting.

“What’s all this?” Adrianna asked nervously.

“We did tell you that you would have to undergo some changes,” the first judge said kindly. “There are certain enhancements that need to be made.” he added with a slight gesture to her chest.

“Oh...” Adrianna said softly as her face turned red. “I guess I would like a slight enhancement,” she said with a gaze down at her chest.

“Yes, and that is the sort of thing an idol needs. Physical perfection.”

Adrianna complied and her first changes were soon under way.

The first judge had arranged for her to become a pop star princess. Her **hair would be dyed blonde**, and she would receive **sizeable breast implants** as well as a **thinner waist** and **lip injections** in order to appeal to her soon to be fans.

Her style would be risqué. She would wear skimpy outfits and very high-heels and have extravagant hairstyles. Glitter and flashiness would define her performances and her fans would be there to see her nice breasts and figure more so than her music.





