

ONE MONTH AGO, JANE ROSEBOTTOM WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO GRADUATE FROM THE ROYAL ART ACADEMY. TODAY SHE WALKS THE CITY FULL OF PROMISE UNAWARE THAT HER FUTURE IS GOING TO CHANGE FOREVER.

I SIMPLY CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

MY FIRST COMMISSIONED PORTRAIT AFTER ALL THAT RIDICULE AND MOCKERY.

I'LL BE THE FIRST WOMAN IN LONDON TO MAKE A LIVING AS A PAINTER!

AND TO HAVE DORIAN GREY AS MY FIRST CLIENT!



SURE HE HAS A REPUTATION AS A PLAYBOY AND A WOMANIZER, BUT SOMEONE IN HIS SOCIAL CIRCLE IS SURE TO GET ME A LOT OF EXPOSURE.

GOOD EVENING, MISS?

I'M JANE ROSEBOTTOM. I HAVE A MEETING WITH MR. GREY?



YES, OF COURSE.

MR. GREY!

THE LADY PAINTER HAS ARRIVED.

EXCELLENT! SHOW HER TO THE GUEST ROOM, FIFI.

GOODNESS! THE MAID'S UNIFORM IS CERTAINLY... REVEALING.



HERE'S OUR GUEST OF HONOUR EVERYONE!

JANE ROSEBOTTOM, THE SO-CALLED LADY PAINTER.

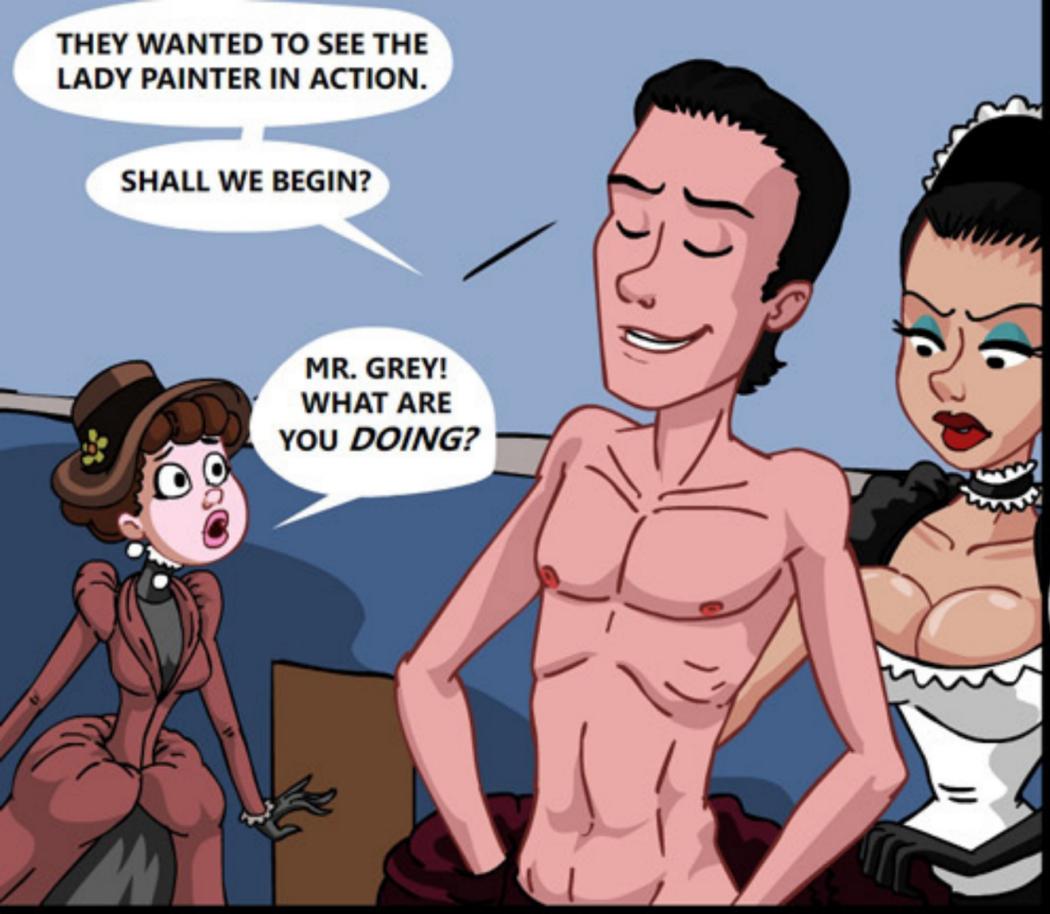


GOOD GOD HE'S GORGEOUS.

A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MR. GREY.

UM... WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?

JUST A FEW OF MY GUESTS.



THEY WANTED TO SEE THE LADY PAINTER IN ACTION.

SHALL WE BEGIN?

MR. GREY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



OH MY!

YOU'RE NAKED!

LOOK AT HER! BLUSHING OVER COCK AND BALLS.



MY DEAR MISS ROSEBOTTOM... BLUSHING OVER A SIMPLE NUDE PAINTING?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SERIOUS ARTIST

I JUST WANTED A PAINTING OF MY WHOLE YOUTH TO ENJOY IN MY TWILIGHT YEARS.

I'D HATE FOR YOU TO LOSE YOUR COMMISSION JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO DELICATE.



TEE HEE. DORIAN, YOU'RE SO FUNNY.



NO NEED TO WORRY SIR. I... I'LL GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY.

LOOK, SHE'S ACTUALLY DOING IT!

DON'T FORGET THE DETAIL ON HIS COCK.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET A CLOSER LOOK.

GOOD GOD! THEY'RE ALL LAUGHING AT ME! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE AN ARTIST, NOT SOME SPECTACLE IN A DEPRAVED SEX PARTY WITH DRUNKS AND WHORES.

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I ALREADY SPENT MY LAST CENT ON RENT.

LOOK AT HER CONCENTRATE; SHE MUST LIKE WHAT SHE SEES.



AFTER THIS WE CAN SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL 'WORKING WOMAN' ACTUALLY DOES.

THIS IS HUMILIATING! DORIAN GREY YOU ARROGANT BASTARD. I SHOULD SLAP YOUR FACE LIKE...

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HUH?! I WAS JUST PAINTING... HIS FACE... DID I DO THAT?

IT'S NOTHING.

JUST A SCRATCH. TELL MISS ROSEBOTTOM TO START PAINTING AGAIN.



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT IT HAPPENED. I PAINTED THAT CUT ON HIS FACE AND IT ACTUALLY APPEARED.

I HAVE TO GET HOME TO THINK.

IT WAS THEN THAT YOUNG JANE BEGAN TO REALIZE THE EXTENT OF HER NEW POWER.



DORIAN!

WHAT'S WRONG?

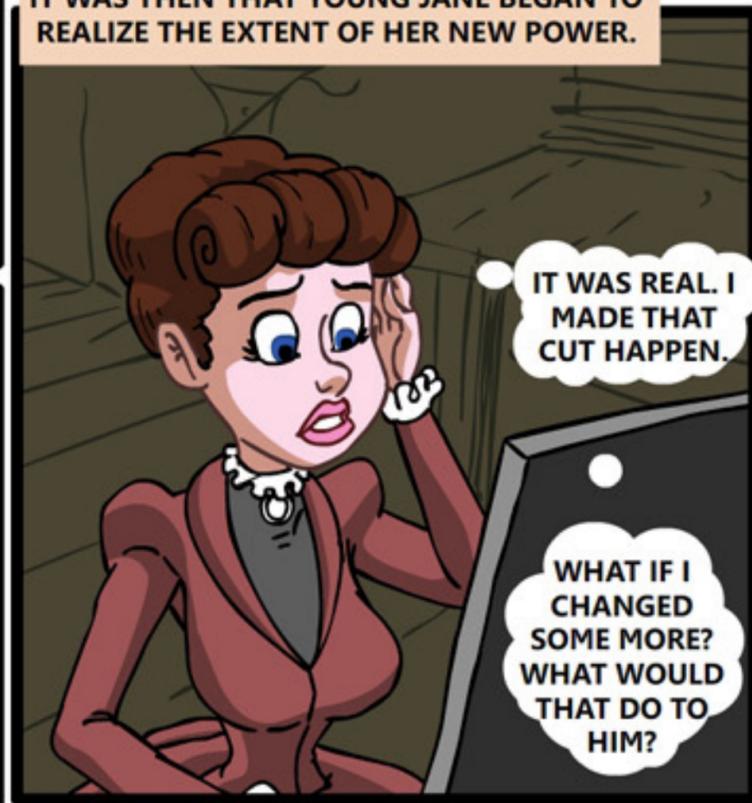
HE'S BLEEDING! BUT HOW?

MY GOODNESS!



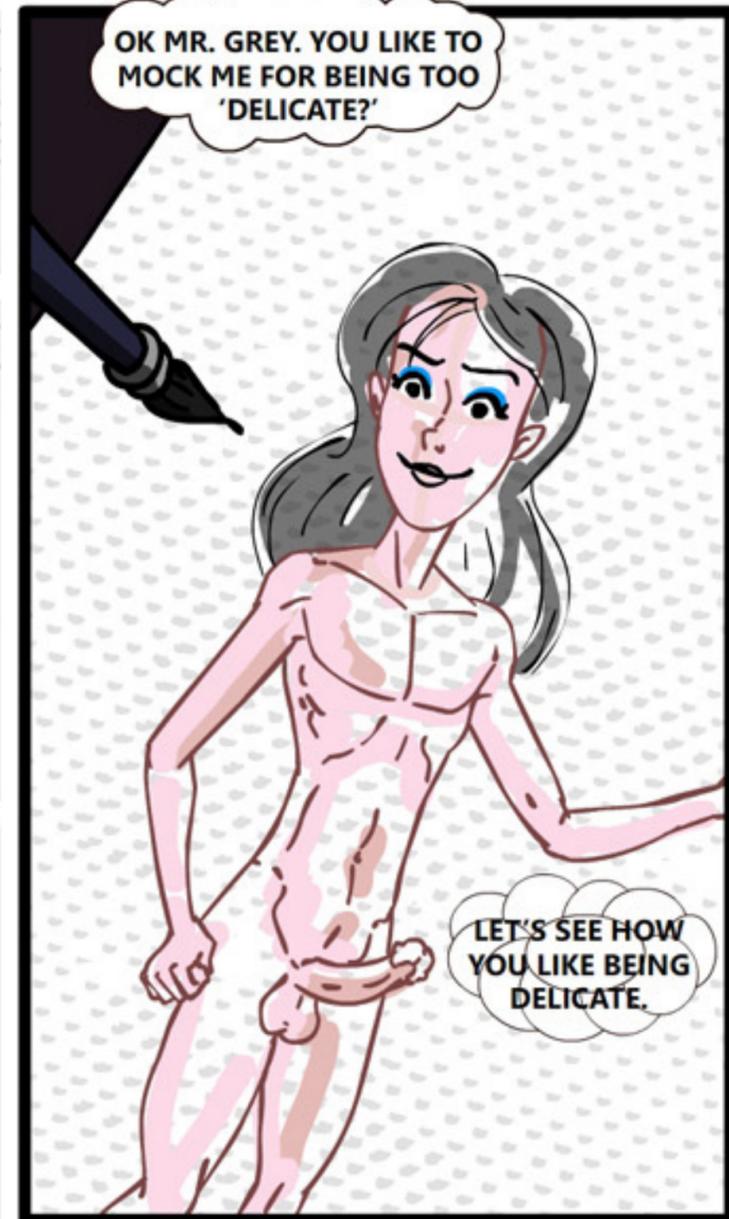
I'M AFRAID SHE'S DECIDED TO LEAVE US, MASTER GREY.

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IT WAS REAL. I MADE THAT CUT HAPPEN.

WHAT IF I CHANGED SOME MORE? WHAT WOULD THAT DO TO HIM?



OK MR. GREY. YOU LIKE TO MOCK ME FOR BEING TOO 'DELICATE?'

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING DELICATE.



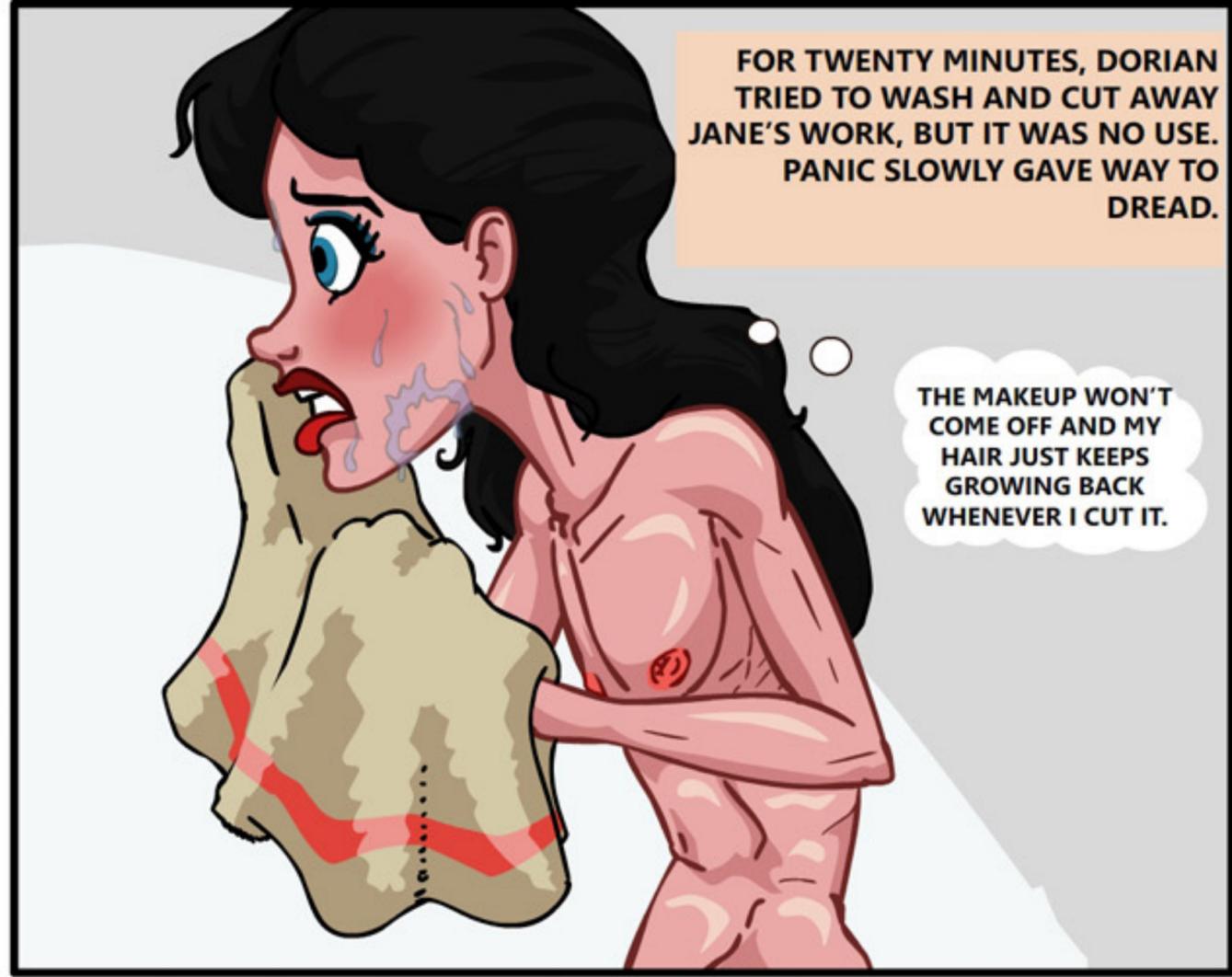
THE NEXT MORNING, DORIAN GREY AWOKE UNAWARE THAT LIFE AS HE KNEW WAS OVER.

OOOH, MY HEAD. MY FACE FEELS ALL TIGHT.



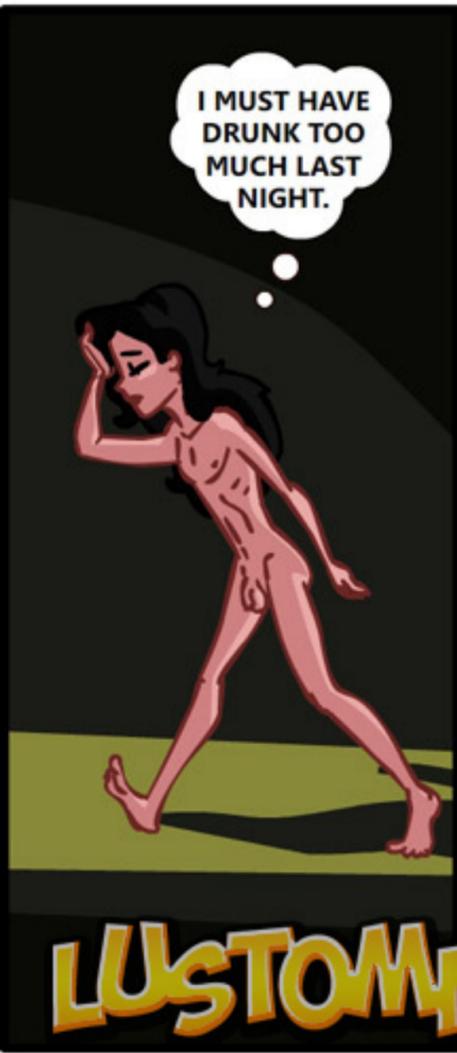
GOOD GOD! AAAUGH!

MR. GREY? WHAT'S WRONG!?



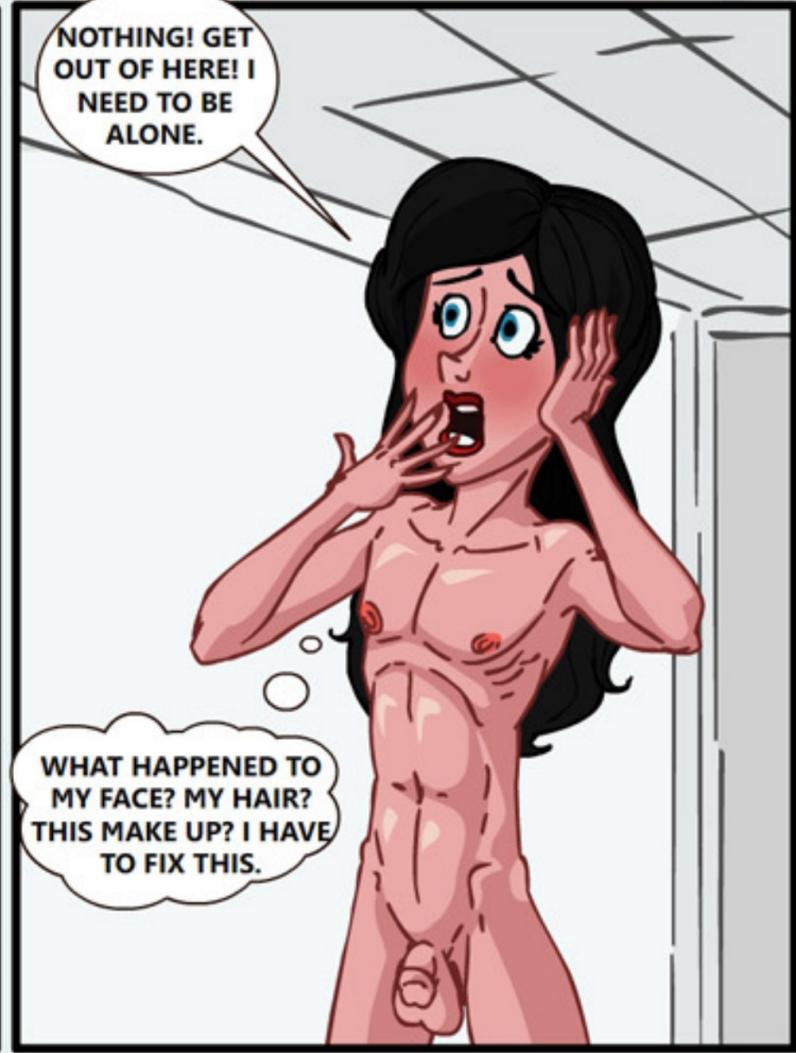
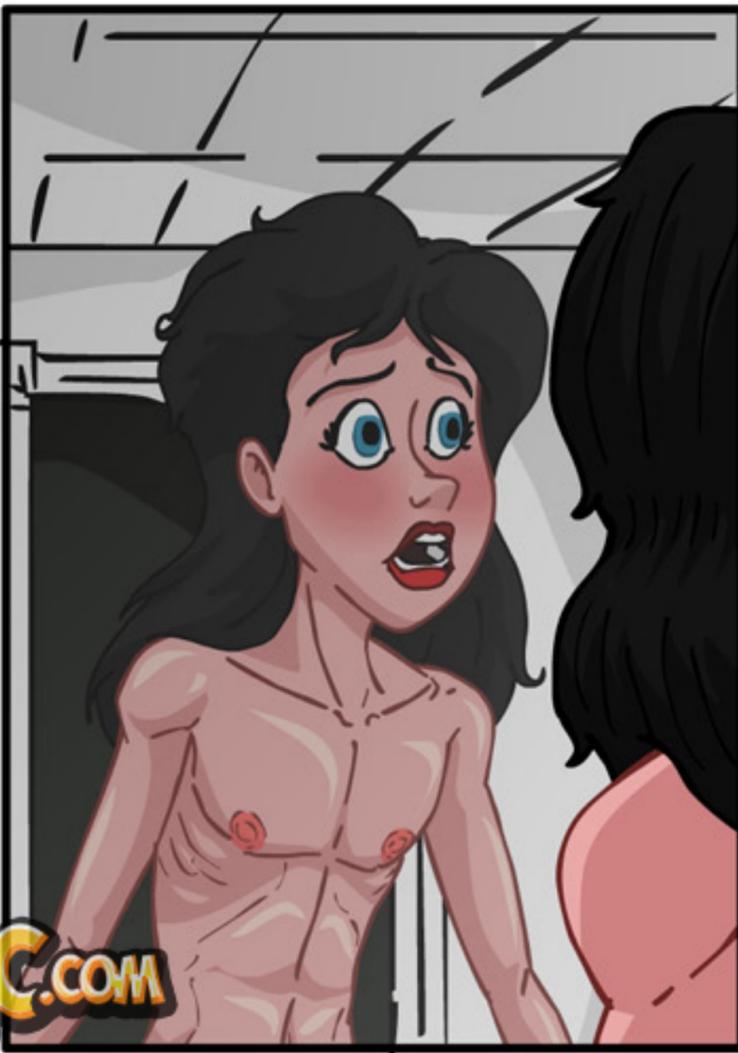
FOR TWENTY MINUTES, DORIAN TRIED TO WASH AND CUT AWAY JANE'S WORK, BUT IT WAS NO USE. PANIC SLOWLY GAVE WAY TO DREAD.

THE MAKEUP WON'T COME OFF AND MY HAIR JUST KEEPS GROWING BACK WHENEVER I CUT IT.



I MUST HAVE DRUNK TOO MUCH LAST NIGHT.

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NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE! I NEED TO BE ALONE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FACE? MY HAIR? THIS MAKE UP? I HAVE TO FIX THIS.



WHAT KIND OF CURSE IS THIS? I CAN'T LET ANYONE SEE ME THIS WAY. I'M TRAPPED... TRAPPED!

FOR THREE DAYS, JANE SPIED ON MR. GREY'S HOUSE FROM AFAR UNTIL SHE WAS SURE HER SPELL HAD WORKED.

HE HASN'T LEFT HIS ROOM ONCE. HE MUST BE AFRAID TO SHOW THE WORLD HIS PRETTY NEW FACE.

MAYBE HE'D FEEL BETTER WITH A BODY TO MATCH.

AS JANE WORKED INTO THE NIGHT, POOR DORIAN FELT EVERY BRUSH STROKE CHANGING HIM FROM ACROSS THE CITY.

AUGH... OH GOD NO! WHAT NOW? MY CHEST! MY NIPPLES ACHE.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

LEAVE IT OUTSIDE AND GO!

DOES HIS VOICE SOUND HIGHER?

YES MR. GREY. YOU ALSO RECEIVED A LETTER THIS MORNING. I'LL LEAVE IT HERE.

FIRST I'LL GET RID OF ALL THOSE UGLY MUSCLES!

AND SUCH A BIG DICK DOESN'T LOOK GOOD ON SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE THING. IT MUST BE SMALLER AND CUTER.

I... I'M WASTING AWAY! I'M THIN AS A RAIL

AND... OH NO, MY PENIS! IT'S SO... SOB... TINY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MR. GREY? BREAKFAST IS SERVED.

A NOTE? WHAT IS THIS?

"DEAR MR. GREY, I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR DELICATE CONDITION. TO LEARN MORE AND FIND A POSSIBLE REMEDY GO TO THE ADDRESS BELOW. AND COME ALONE."

GO OUT? LIKE THIS? BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE.

DORIAN MARCHED THRU THE STREETS HIDING HIS PRETTY NEW FACE TERRIFIED HE WOULD BE RECOGNIZED. HIS OLD CLOTHES WERE IN DANGER OF FALLING OFF HIS SKINNY FRAME.



FINALLY HE MADE IT TO THE ADDRESS.



YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

TELL ME!



LET'S JUST SAY THAT PORTRAIT YOU COMMISSIONED IS GOING TO COST YOU MORE THAN YOU EVER DREAMED OF.



SUCH LANGUAGE FOR A YOUNG LADY!

EEEK

STOP STRUGGLING GIRLIE! I'M TWICE AS STRONG AS YOU ARE NOW.

IF YOU KEEP GIVING ME TROUBLE I'LL PAINT THAT PATHETIC COCK OF YOURS EVEN SMALLER.



WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M RICH... I CAN PAY YOU ANYTHING! JUST CHANGE ME BACK... PLEASE!



JANE ROSEBOTTOM! THIS IS YOUR DOING?

HELLO MR. GREY. OR IS IT MISS GREY NOW?



YOU BITCH! YOU DID THIS TO ME!

OH MY



MAYBE LATER. FIRST I WANT TO PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!

YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY WORM. AND AFTER YOU CRAWL AND SLAVE FOR ME, I MIGHT CHANGE YOU BACK IN A YEAR OR SO.



BUT ONLY WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

OF COURSE I CAN... AND I DID!

LOOK AT YOU! NO ONE'S GOING TO BELIEVE YOU'RE DORIAN GREY. YOU'RE A GIRL NOW.



AND IF ANYONE FINDS OUT YOU HAVE A PATHETIC LITTLE COCK BETWEEN YOUR LEGS YOU'LL END UP SOLD TO A FREAK SHOW AS AN EXHIBIT MEN CAN FUCK FOR FIVE PENCE.

OR MAYBE YOU'LL BE LOCKED IN AN ASYLUM AS A DEGENERATE! AND THOSE DOCTORS AND ORDERLIES WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST YOUR PRETTY FACE. YOU HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO. YOU'RE NOT DORIAN GREY ANYMORE

YOU'RE... DOREEN. DOREEN GREY... DO YOU UNDERSTAND? SAY IT!



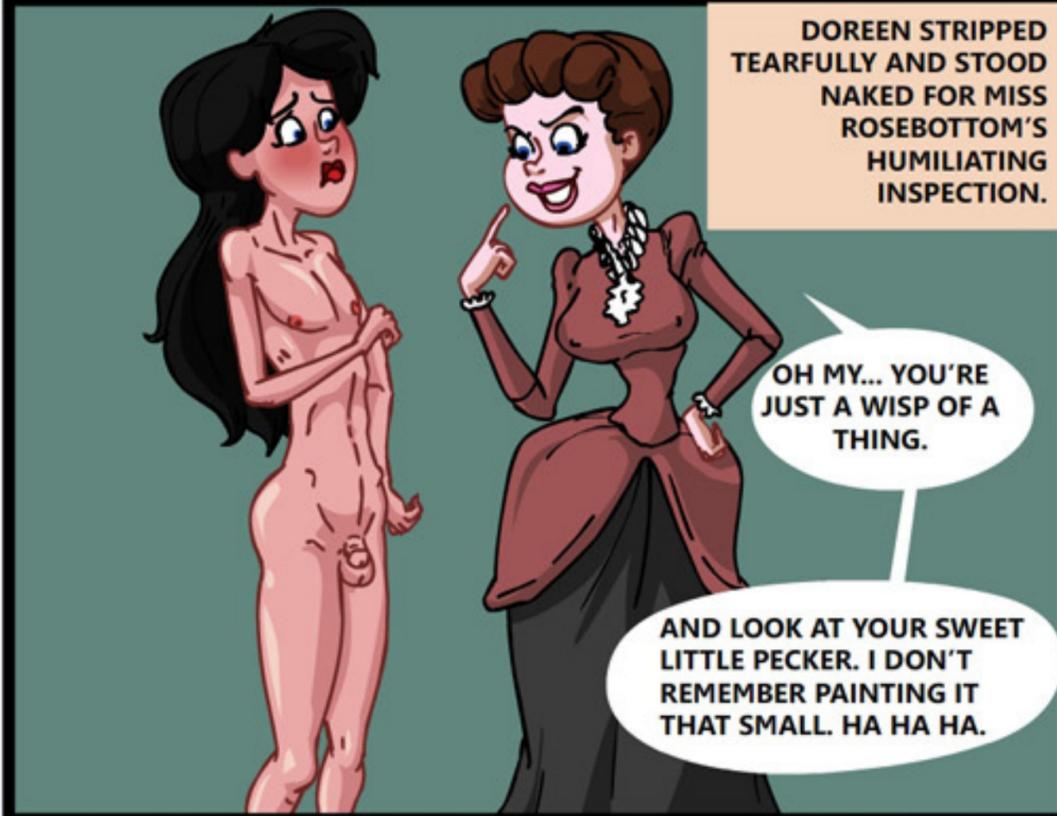
YES

YES WHAT?

YES, MY NAME IS... DOREEN GREY.



GOOD GIRL. NOW GET OUT OF THOSE SILLY BOY CLOTHES. YOU LOOK RIDICULOUS.



DOREEN STRIPPED TEARFULLY AND STOOD NAKED FOR MISS ROSEBOTTOM'S HUMILIATING INSPECTION.

OH MY... YOU'RE JUST A WISP OF A THING.

AND LOOK AT YOUR SWEET LITTLE PECKER. I DON'T REMEMBER PAINTING IT THAT SMALL. HA HA HA.



LIAR! LOOK AT IT PRESSING ON YOUR PINK PANTIES. YOU'RE ALREADY STAINING THEM WITH PRE CUM.

I THINK THESE STOCKINGS ARE MAKING IT WORSE! AND YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS MISTRESS FROM NOW ON, SLUT!



AND SO DOREEN BEGAN HER LIFE AS JANE'S PERSONAL MAID HAVING TO PARADE AROUND DRESSED UP LIKE A DOLL.

THE FORMER PLAYBOY WAS A CLUMSY DOLT AT FIRST.

YOU DUMB SLUT! THAT WAS MY GOOD CRYSTAL.

JANE DRESSED DOREEN IN PROPER CLOTHES FOR A YOUNG LADY.



YOUR BLUSHING, MY DEAR... OH AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STIRRING TO LIFE 'DOWN THERE'.

YOU LIKE THE FEEL OF LACE, HUH?

NN.. NO, MISS ROSE...

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DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH YOURSELF, OR YOU'LL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

THAT COCK IS MY PROPERTY, NOW. IF I CATCH YOU TOUCHING IT I MAY JUST ERASE YOUR HANDS... GOT IT?

PLEASE NOT MY HANDS!

I'LL NEVER TOUCH IT... I PROMISE, MISTRESS!



I... I'M SO SORRY, MISTRESS! IT'S THESE HEELS... UM... THEY'RE JUST SO HIGH. I CAN BARELY WALK. PLEASE FORGIVE ME?

JANE REALIZED DOREEN WOULD NEED A LOT OF WORK AND STERN GUIDANCE.

SHE QUICKLY WENT TO WORK CREATING A TRAINING PROGRAM.

HOLD STILL, BITCH! I'M TRYING TO WRITE! HONESTLY YOU CAN'T EVEN SERVE AS A GOOD FOOTSTOOL. YOU'RE REALLY WORTHLESS AREN'T YOU?

YES MISTRESS... SORRY MISTRESS... I'LL DO BETTER.

NOW IT'S TIME TO TURN YOU INTO A PROPER LADY -- GRACEFUL, POISED AND DEMURE.

TRAINING IS GOING TO BE HELL, BUT IT'S ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DOREEN. AND EVERY TIME YOU SCREW UP I'LL ADD ANOTHER MONTH TO YOUR SENTENCE, UNDERSTAND?

YES, MISTRESS. THANK YOU FOR TAKING THE TIME TO TRAIN ME.

JANE STARTED BY WORKING ON DOREEN'S BALANCE. SHE WOULD SPEND HOURS EACH DAY ON HER TIPTOES. THE SLIGHTEST WOBBLE WOULD BE PUNISHED. JANE AMUSED HER HERSELF BY DRAWING AS SHE WATCHED.

CAREFUL, DOREEN. YOUR RIGHT LEG LOOKS LIKE IT'S DIPPING A BIT. AND KEEP THAT BACK ARCHED.

YES, MISTRESS.

OH MY GOD MY LEGS ARE LIKE JELLY! AND MY TOES ARE ON FIRE!

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN SHE EXPECT ME TO HOLD THIS? I'M GOING TO COLLAPSE ANY SECOND.

DOREEN WAS GIVEN ENDLESS DANCE LESSONS AFTER HER POSING SESSIONS.

ONE - TWO - THREE - ONE - TWO - THREE! COME ON PICK UP THE PACE.

PRETTY GIRLS NEED TO KNOW HOW TO DANCE.

I'M TRYING MY BEST, MISTRESS!

EKK!

YOU DON'T TRY, SLUT... YOU SIMPLY DO! IT HAS TO BE PERFECT!

SOB. YES MISTRESS!

YOU HEARTLESS BITCH

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YOU'VE MADE SOME IMPROVEMENT THIS WEEK. ARE YOU FINALLY ACCEPTING YOUR FATE OF BEING MY SISSY GIRL?

NO, MISTRESS. I JUST WANT TO GET THIS OVER WITH.

OH MY GOD, MISTRESS! I'M SORRY.

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT. I'M JUST SO TIRED. IT SLIPPED OUT AND...

WHAT?



YOU UNGRATEFUL WHORE! YOU DON'T APPRECIATE MY MAKEOVER?

WELL, LET'S TRY SOMETHING ELSE! COME WITH ME, SLUT!

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DOREEN WAS QUICKLY TUSSELED UP AND PLACED ON HER KNEES. JANE LEFT THE ROOM AND CAME BACK IN A CRUEL LOOKING LEATHER OUTFIT THAT MADE DOREEN SHAKE WITH FEAR. JANE'S HEART POUNDED IN ANTICIPATION AS SHE FELT A NEW POWER OVER HER CAPTIVE TOY.



SO, YOU DON'T LIKE BEING A GIRL YET, HUH? I KNOW WHY... YOU JUST DON'T HAVE ALL THOSE SEXY CURVES THAT GIRLS CRAVE. BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT.

I'M SORRY... PLEASE DON'T CHANGE ME ANYMORE.



AS JANE PAINTED DOREEN FELT HER BOTTOM GROW WARM, THEN SHE FELT HER CHEEKS AND THIGHS START TO SWELL

WHAT?

IT'S GETTING BIGGER!

OW OW PLEASE STOP... IT HURTS! NOT SO BIG PLEASE! IT'S BURNING!



QUIT YOUR SOBBING, BITCH.

THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.



YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE HAVING A DELICIOUS SOFT PLUMP RUMP TO SHOW OFF.



OH MY GOD! LOOK AT THAT BUTT. THAT CAN'T BE MINE, CAN IT?

LOOK AT YOU, YOU NAUGHTY GIRL. SUCH A FAT PLUMP ASS. AND IT'S JUST BEGGING FOR A HARD SPANKING!



TAKE THIS AND THAT! YOUR ASS IS MADE FOR SPANKING NOW! ISN'T IT, SLUT?

LOOK AT YOU, YOU SLUT... GETTING HARD AND LEAKING PRE-CUM ALL OVER THE PLACE. YOU LOVE A HARD SPANKING DON'T YOU?

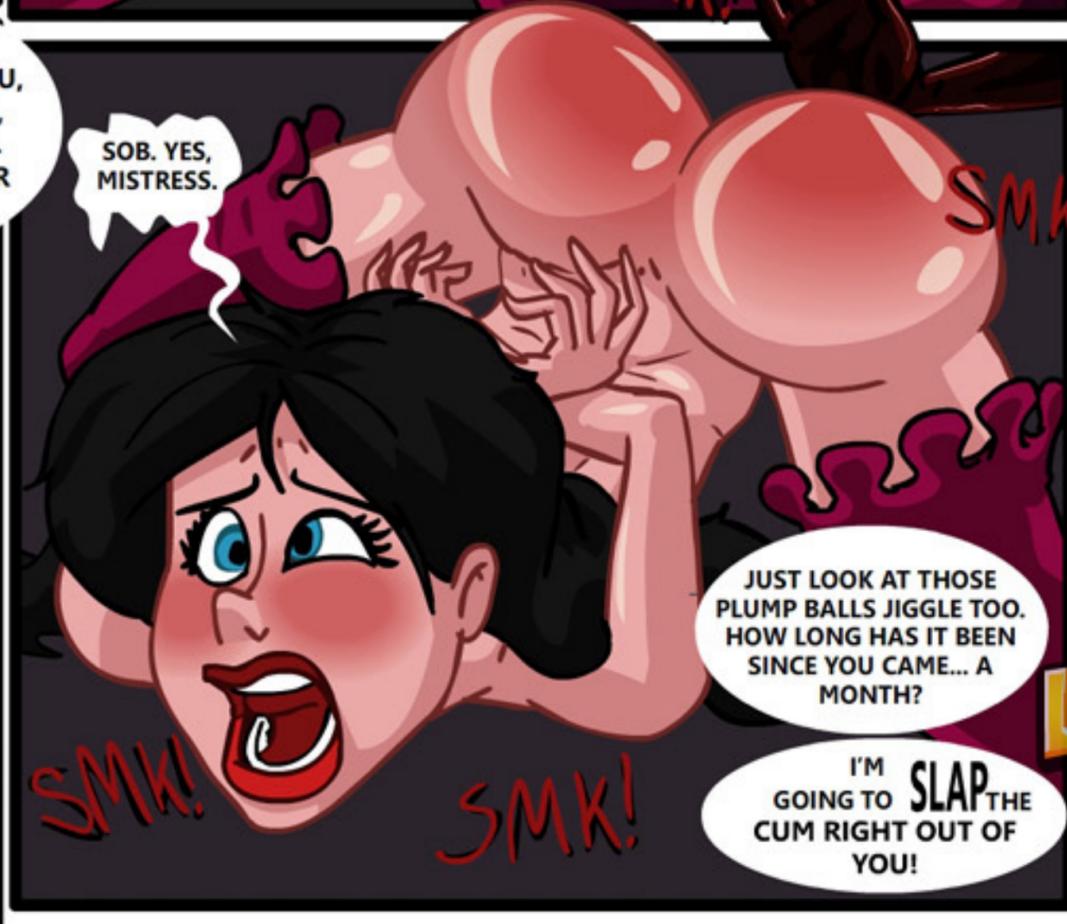
YES, MISTRESS... MY ASS IS MADE FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT.



AAUGH! PLEASE, MISTRESS! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON. MY SKIN IS BURNING! I CAN'T TAKE A SPANKING!

YOU'LL TAKE WHATEVER I GIVE YOU, YOU LITTLE WHORE, AND YOU'LL LIKE IT. NOW PRESENT YOUR ASS TO ME!

SOB. YES, MISTRESS.



JUST LOOK AT THOSE PLUMP BALLS JIGGLE TOO. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU CAME... A MONTH?

I'M GOING TO SLAP THE CUM RIGHT OUT OF YOU!



JANE WORKED OVER DOREEN'S TORTURED ASS SLAPPING ONE CHEEK AND THEN THE OTHER FOR OVER AN HOUR. THEN SHE WOULD SPANK HER RIGHT ON HER HOLE. FINALLY THE PAIN AND PLEASURE WAS TOO MUCH AND A MONTH'S WORTH OF CUM ERUPTED FROM DOREEN'S COCK.

YOU CAME JUST FROM GETTING PUNISHED! WHAT A LITTLE SISSY SLUT YOU TRULY ARE!

OOH!

GOD..

OH GOD!

JEEZUS!

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JANE CONTINUED TO SPANK HER SLAVE FOR A WHILE. EACH SLAP CAUSED ANOTHER SPURT OF SEMEN TO FLY FROM DOREEN. JANE STOPPED ONLY AFTER HER LITTLE SLUT WAS COMPLETELY DRAINED.



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE LICK THAT MESS UP OFF THE FLOOR. BUT FIRST YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME FEEL GOOD.

BUT MISTRESS, I CAN'T. I CAME SO MUCH... I CAN'T GET HARD AGAIN.



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, WHORE? GET TO WORK... AND YOU BETTER DO A GOOD JOB, OR ELSE!



JANE HELD DOREEN'S HEAD IN PLACE FOR HOURS. DOREEN HAD TO STRUGGLE FOR EACH BREATH AS SHE WORKED TO PLEASE HER MISTRESS AND IGNORE THE STINGING IN HER RUMP.

YEAH... OH... YES... GOD YESSSS! I'M GOING TO SQUIRT! SLURP IT ALL UP LIKE A GOOD SLUT! DON'T YOU DARE STOP LICKING! OH GAWD!



YOU THINK I WANT YOUR PATHETIC DICK? IDIOT! USE YOUR MOUTH.



OH YEAH... THAT'S IT. THOSE PRETTY GIRLY LIPS OF YOURS FEEL SO GOOD... SUCK ON MY LIPS. WORSHIP MY CUNT, YOU WORM.

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YEAH, YOU'RE READY... I THINK IT'S TIME I SHARED MY LITTLE WORK OF ART WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD...

TO BE CONTINUED.



Isn't this exciting, Doreen? You finally get to go outside and show the world what a pretty girl you are!

Outside?

Where everyone can see me like this?

Yes, honey... you just need one more thing

A nice pair of great big jiggly breasts to go with that plump bottom.



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What!?!

No! Not that, please!



Stop it! Don't do it.

Stop struggling, Doreen!

You have no say in this. This is going to happen.



Mmm I may have to make these bigger so there perfectly proportioned.



EEEEK! My nipples are burning!

Please stop!

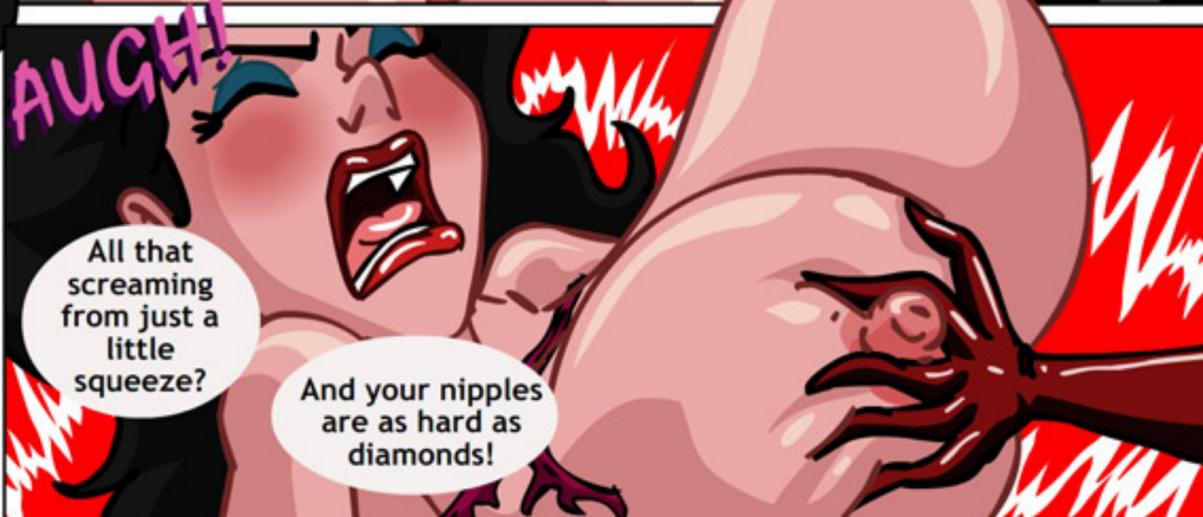
I'm tearing right through my top!



Look at that! I really outdid myself.

So plump and round... and very sensitive I bet.

Let's test them.



AUGH!

All that screaming from just a little squeeze?

And your nipples are as hard as diamonds!

Still getting used to her heavy new breasts, Doreen was led to the bedroom where she was ordered to dress in a frilly outfit Jane had laid out for her



Hurry up and get dressed. We need to do your hair.

Sorry, Mistress. My clothes are... well, kind of tight now

After being dressed, Dorreen was marched outside and led through the city streets. She blushed brightly as she felt the eyes of lustful men and jealous women all over her.



Mistress, please!

People are staring.



Good. I want you to make an impact.

Here we are.

Here? This is a Burlesque house! I used to come here all the time.

Please, Mistress... someone might recognize me.

Nonsense. Just remember everything I taught you. They'll just think your another saucy tart for their amusement.



Hurry now... you're going on stage in an hour!

WHAAT!?!

Silly girl. What do you think all those dance lessons were for?

You're going to be performing here.



Let`s go meet the other girls. Backstage is this way.



Hello girls. This is the young lady I`ve been telling you about.

She`s a little shy. Would you all be dears and help her get ready?



Wow, she`s so pretty! Just like a painting.

Look at those tits. The men will love her.

What shall we dress her in?

And that silky hair! I`m SO jealous.

As little as possible.



Let`s have her do the fan dance!

Perfect.

Here`s the silk thong.

I have the fans.



Aw... she is shy! Hiding behind her friend.

Just a minute, girls.

Mistress, please! Everyone will be able to see my thingy in these panties

Just tuck it in and hide it with the fans. The show must go on!



All done.

Fantastic! She`s perfect.

God this is so humiliating.

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Doreen froze in the spotlight. She was completely bare except for two feathered fans and a scrap of silk hiding her intimate secret.



Her cheeks burned with shame and tears filled her eyes. She was about to burst out crying.



Jane's harsh command shocked Doreen into life. She swayed and arched on stage perfectly. The eyes of every man and woman ran up the curves of her body. Everyone was eager to see flashes of what was hidden behind the fans.

It was both the best and worse feeling she ever had.



Doreen felt new levels of degradation on stage. The humiliation she felt being reduced to a feminine party favor made her little cock swell and strain between her legs to poke through the tight silk thong. It now flopped around freely hidden only by her fans.

She teased the audience by revealing her naked back. They cheered.

The music ended as quickly as it began. Doreen covered herself with the fans and took a bow to thunderous applause. None of them knew that the perfect mysterious woman they saw was really just a sissy bitch.

If she moved the fan everyone would have seen her tiny rock hard cock now fully poking out of her skimpy little panties.

After the show, she was approached by hordes of men making crude propositions. Funny that not long ago, Dorian was doing the same thing!



That's enough for now, boys.

She needs her beauty sleep, but she will be back soon... I promise.

She shrunk back in horror knowing what could come next, but Jane stepped in.



So have you learned your lesson?

Or should I schedule you for another performance?

Sniff... Yes.... I'll be good, Mistress.

Once again Doreen was marched through the streets, but this time she was led to another familiar area.



Good. Then I think it's time to go home.

My Manor?

Yours? Oh Doreen, how could a little slut like you own such a grand home?



They went inside and were met by Dorian Grey's Maid, Fifi.

Welcome home, Mistress Jane.

Fifi?!? It's me! Dorian! Please believe me!



Of course I believe you, sweetie! Jane told me everything.

You know?

Then help me please.

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Help you? Ha! You treated me like a slave for years.

Now I can return the favor.

You can start by scrubbing this whole house from top to bottom!

I want you to make it sparkle just like I did!



As Doreen scrubbed and dusted, Fifi and Jane never let her out of their sight. Doreen felt more and more humiliated as they silently watched her work.

The ladies were burning with desire as they watched their personal plaything slave away.

Doreen's heart sank. The home where she had once been the master was now her prison. Silently she gathered a mop and bucket and obeyed her former servant.



Several hours later, Doreen finished her chores. Then it was time for their reward.



Is our little Dolly all done? You'll have to learn to work faster next time.

Then she pulled off her little panties and got on all fours so Fifi could examine Jane`s handiwork.

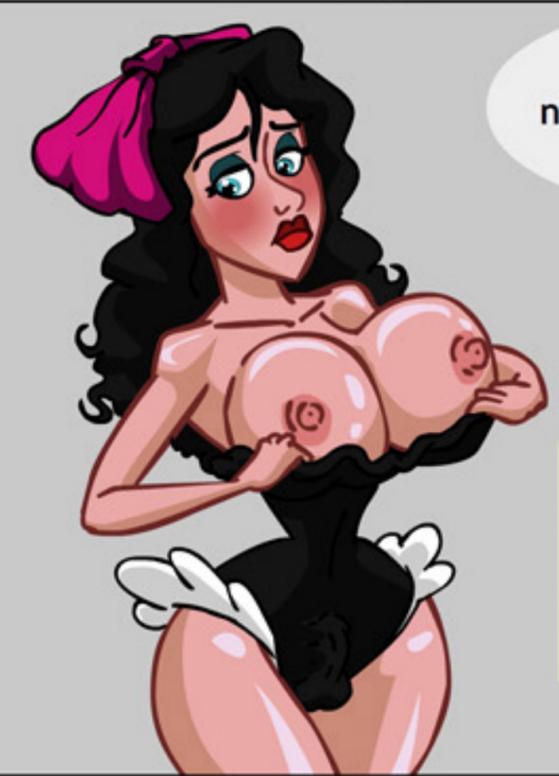
Oh my! What a sexy body. You truly are a skilled painter.

I might ask you to do a portrait of me next, Miss Rosebottom.

Thank you, Fifi



Oh my... she got stiff! But what a pathetic little prick.



Now for your nighttime duties. Strip, bitch!

Doreen obeyed and her huge new breasts spilled out of her top.



Her hands feel so good on my ass. I'm getting a hard-on!



I don't think I would even feel that inside me.

Leave that to me, Fifi dear

Doreen was tied to a bed and had little tiny belts put around her cock so she couldn't cum. Her heart thumped with fear of what would happen next.



Hurry up, Jane... these little belts are too loose. .

They keep falling off

They're about to get a lot tighter. Just keep them on.

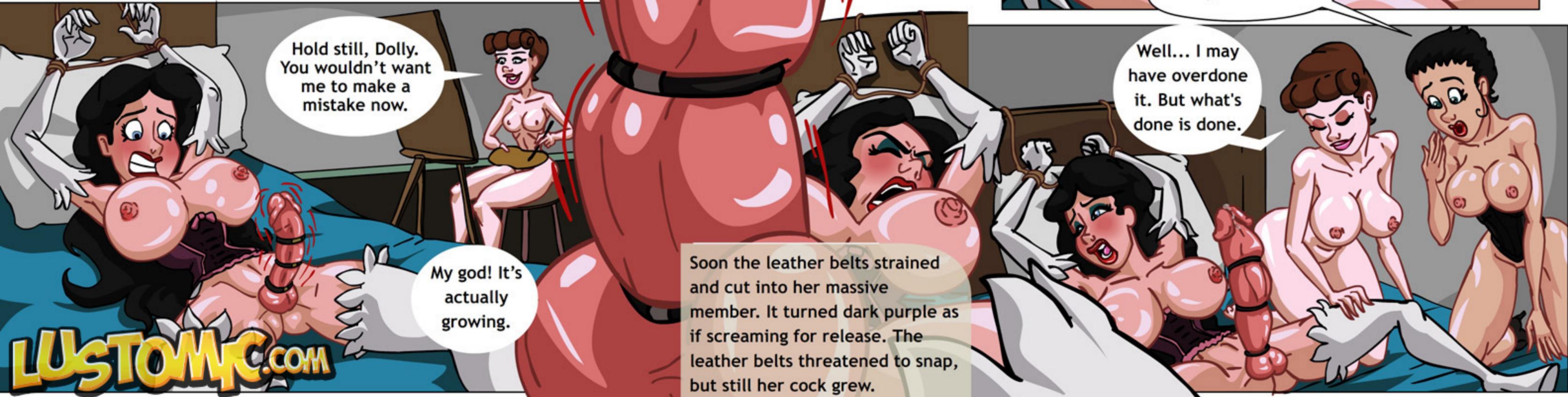


Doreen's tiny cock grew as Jane repainted it.



AUGH! It's too much! It's going to burst. Please!

Oh my, it's enormous



Hold still, Dolly. You wouldn't want me to make a mistake now.

My god! It's actually growing.

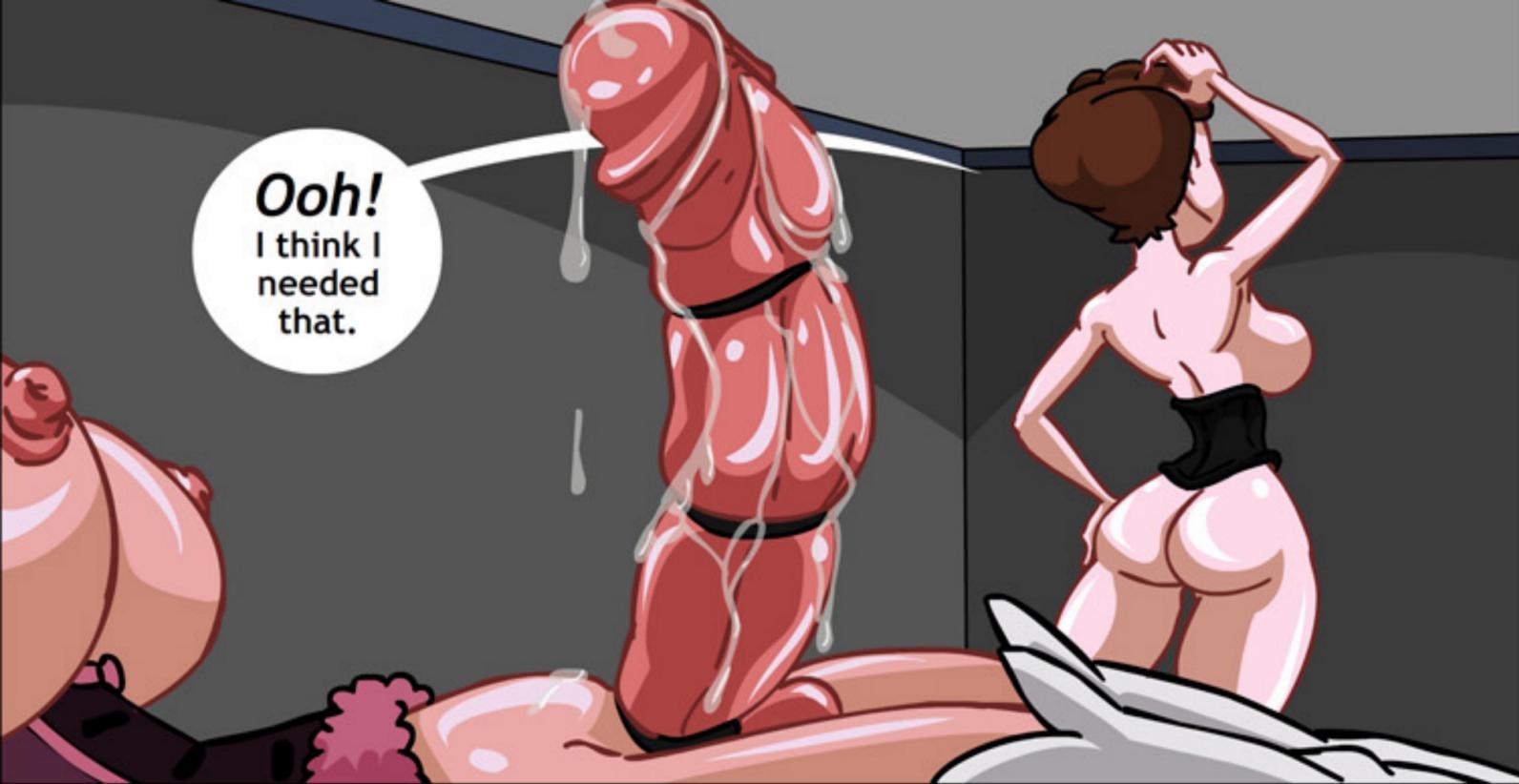
Soon the leather belts strained and cut into her massive member. It turned dark purple as if screaming for release. The leather belts threatened to snap, but still her cock grew.

Well... I may have overdone it. But what's done is done.









Ooh!
I think I
needed
that.

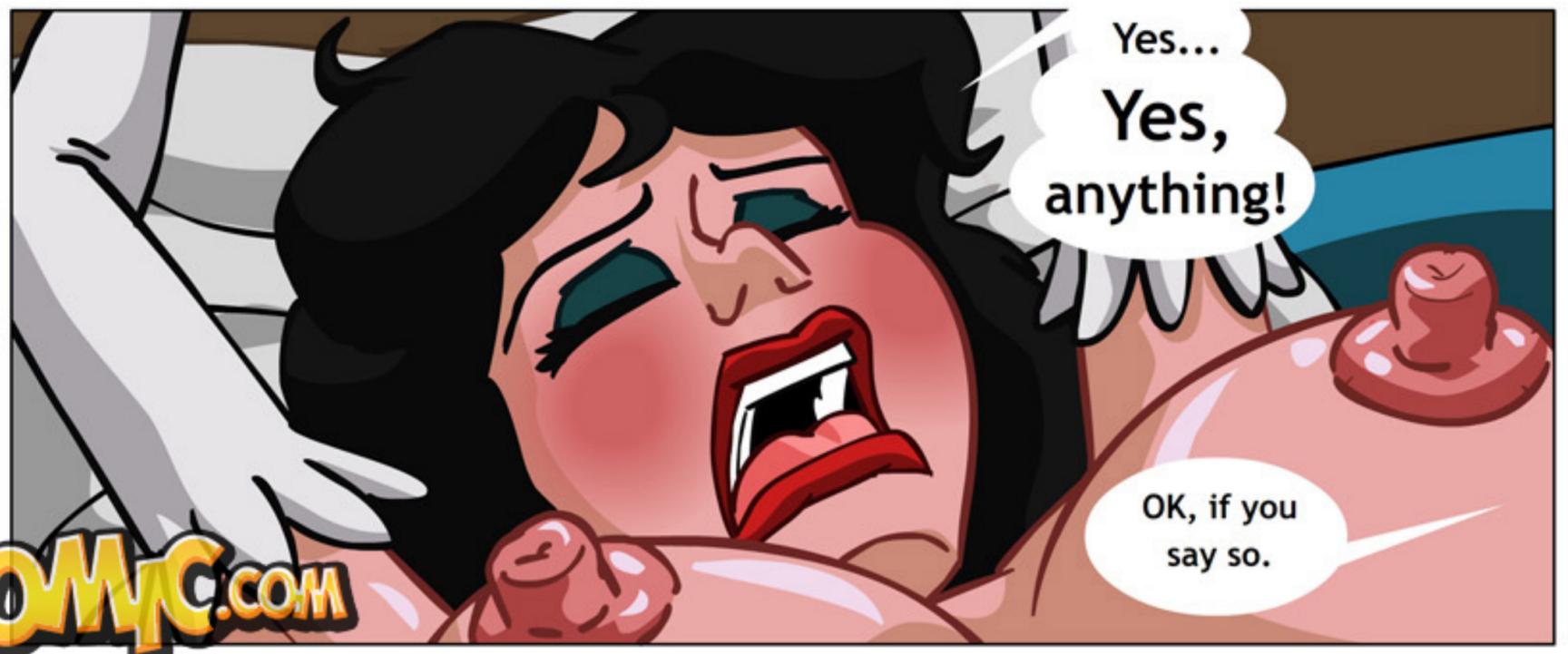


Aww... is your
swollen cunt
hurting you,
honey?

Will you do
anything we
say?



Mistress Jane!
Please let me
cum! You can't
leave me like
this... My clitty
is so sore!



Yes...
Yes,
anything!

OK, if you
say so.

Doreen was untied and led to the study. Her huge cock swung back and forth while she walked. Jane and Fifi laughed when they saw that their sissy slut was leaking pre-cum all over the floor.



In order for Doreen to cum, Dorian had to sign over all of his assets to Jane. With the stroke of the pen, Doreen was homeless, penniless and totally at Jane's mercy.



Why are you tying me up? I did everything you said... Please let me cum!

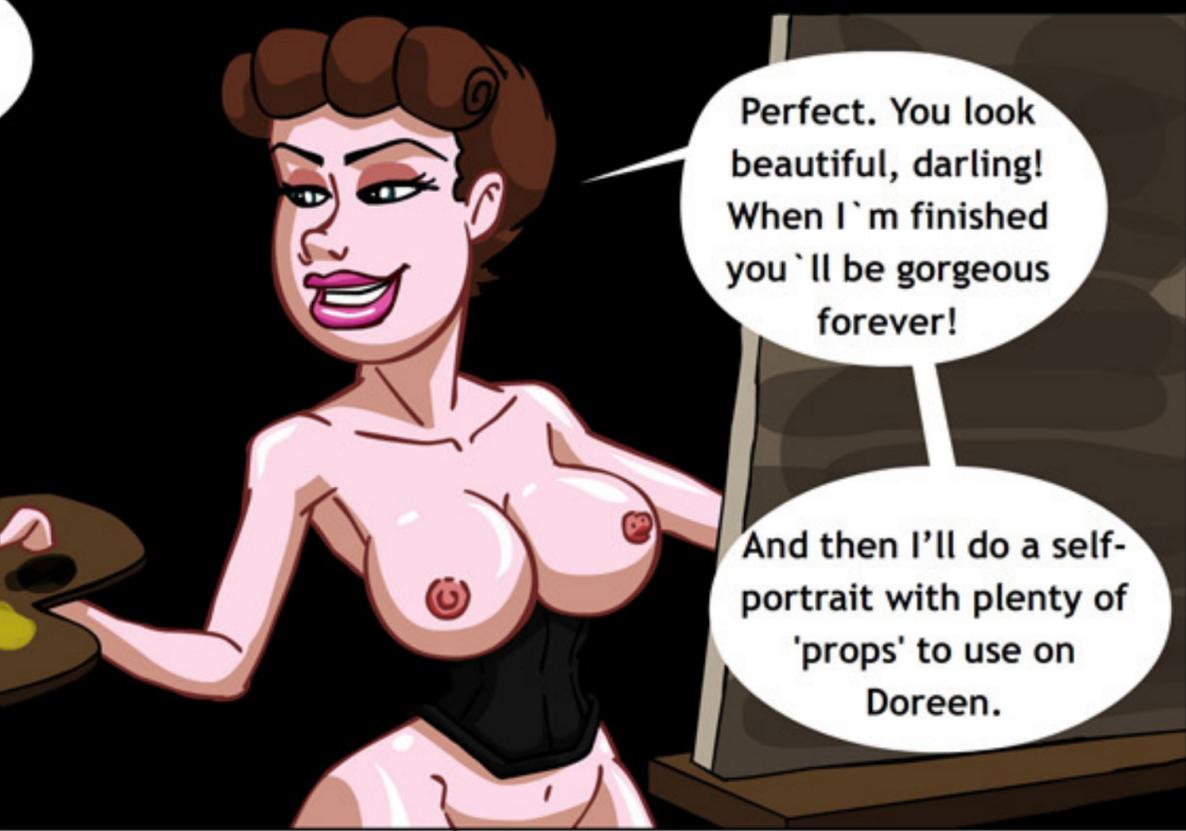
All in good time. You're going to cum like never before, slut.

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After Doreen was tied and blindfolded, Jane and Fifi retired to the drawing room.

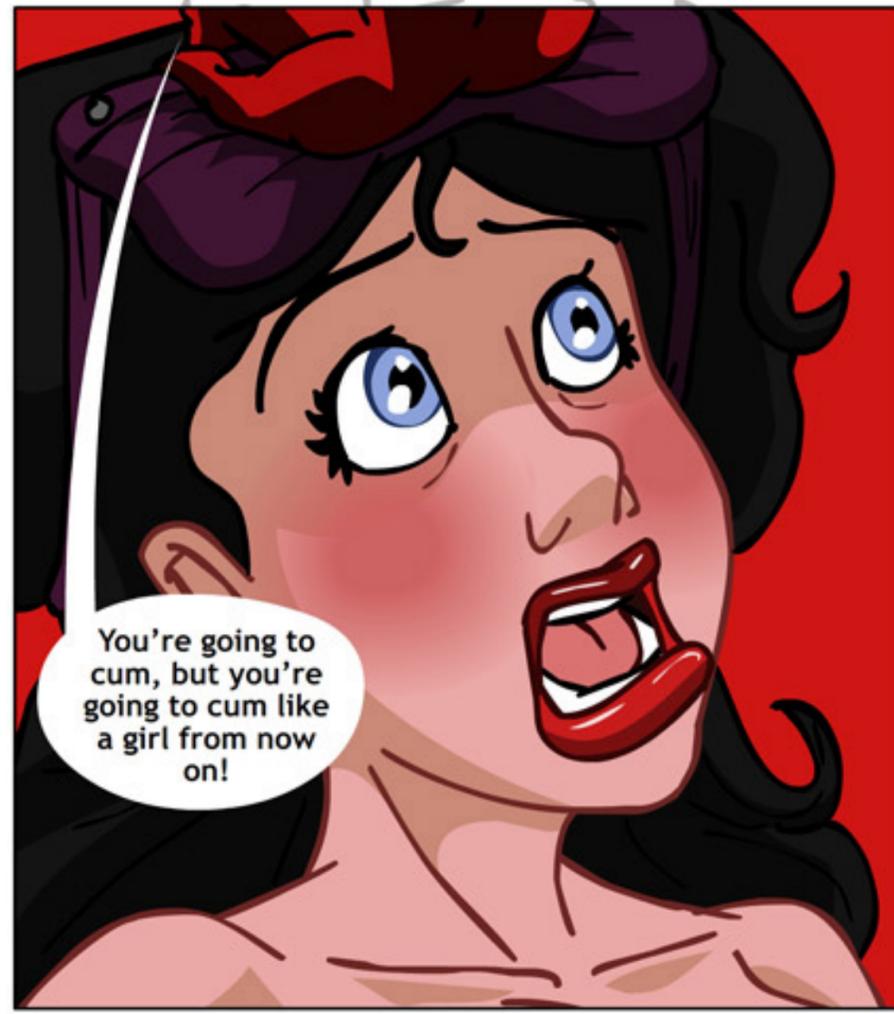


Is this ok?



Perfect. You look beautiful, darling! When I'm finished you'll be gorgeous forever!

And then I'll do a self-portrait with plenty of 'props' to use on Doreen.



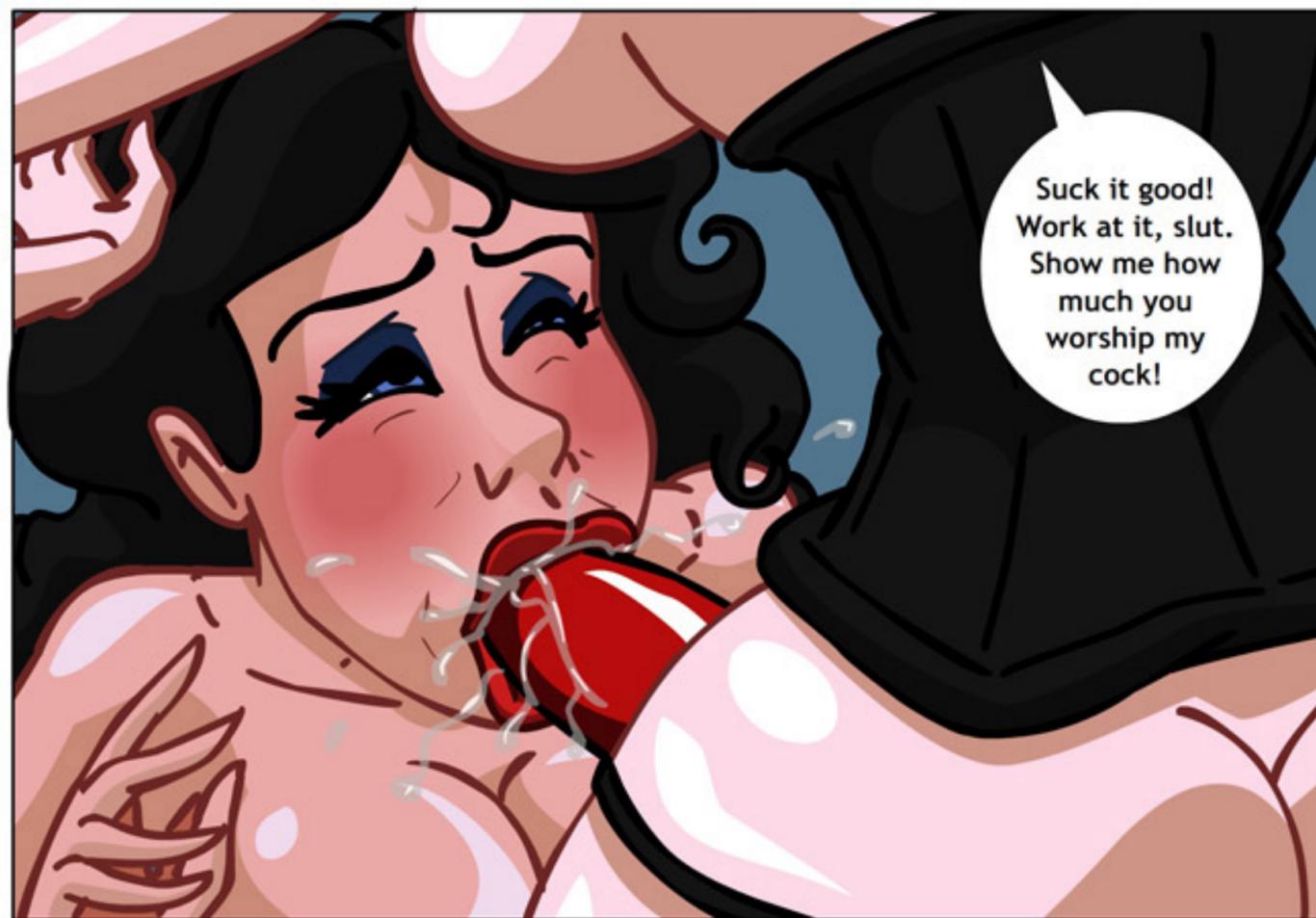
Get my dick wet, slut!



That's it... I can feel your throat right through the strap on.

Yeah... look how hard she's getting sucking you off! This bitch was born to be a sissy slut.

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Suck it good! Work at it, slut. Show me how much you worship my cock!



Fuck YEAH! I already came but my clit needs more! I could let this slut suck on me all night long!

They brought Doreen to the bedroom after she finished sucking both of them off. Jane and Fifi taunted their sex toy about what was going to come next. This made their clits throb even more thinking about the ultimate domination of Doreen.



You got a good mouth slut, but what about your other hole?

Get in position, slut!

Yeah, spread that pussy for your lady owners!



Oh my... so pretty.

Doreen was pinned to the bed with her ass high in the air and totally exposed to the cool night air and Fifi`s hungry dick.

Ha ha... She could suck her own cock if we let her.



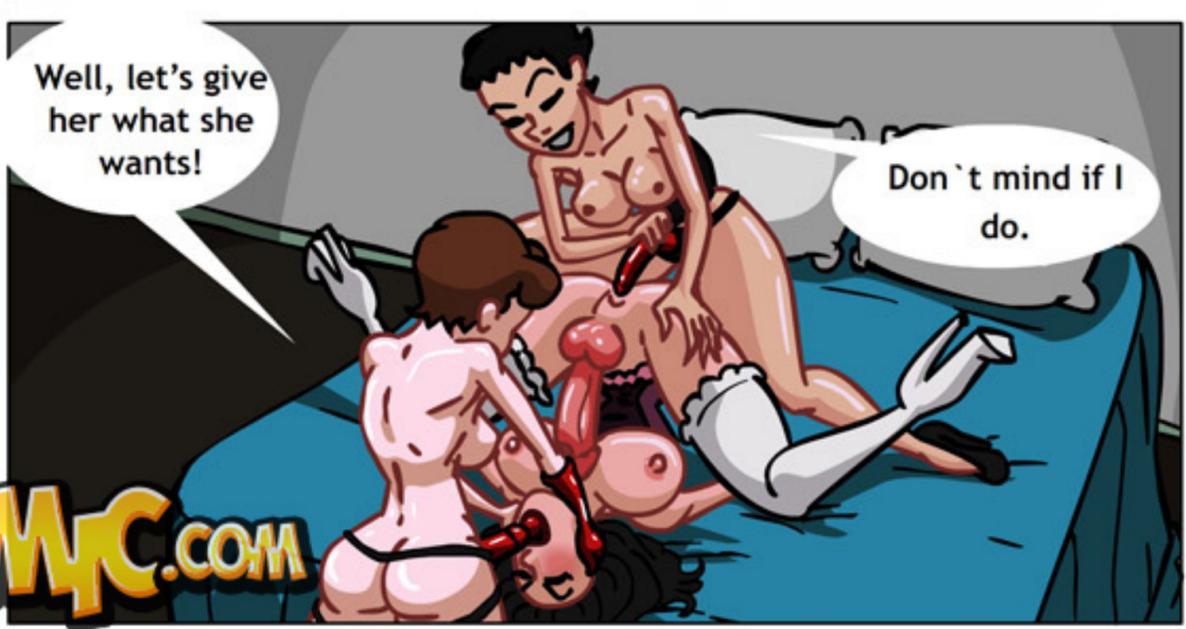
Maybe later... right now she needs to suck my cock so we can fill up both holes.



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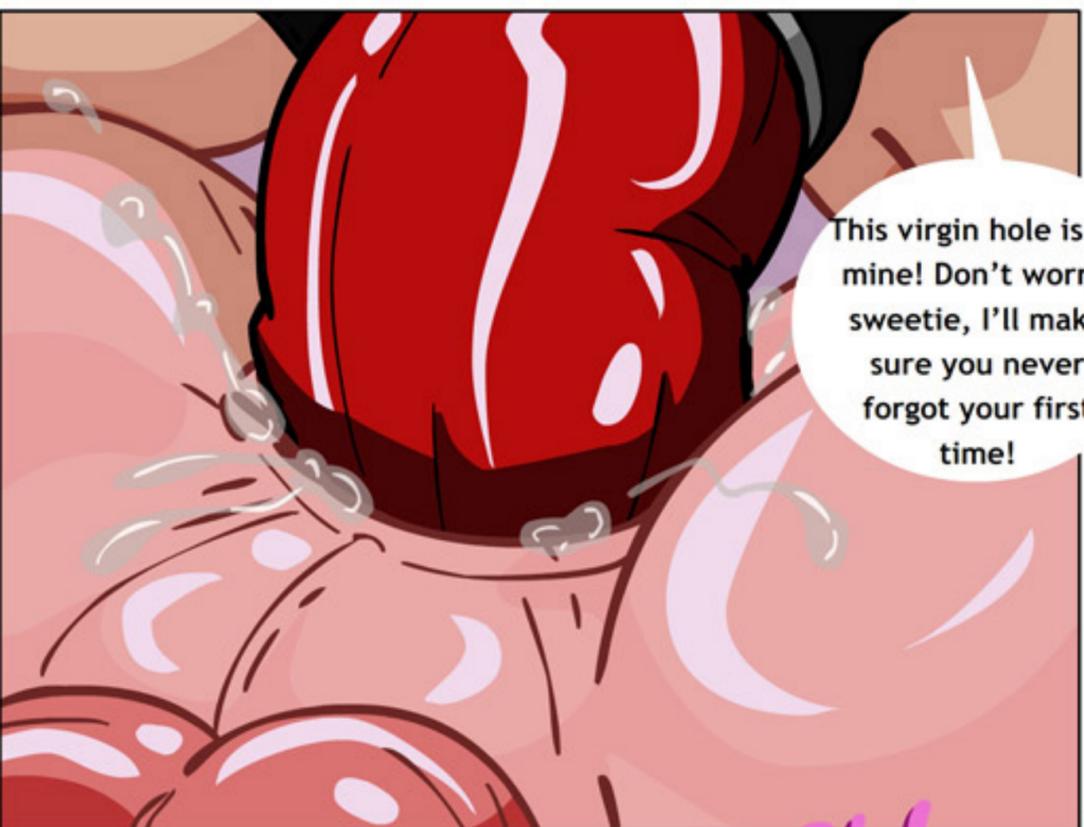


I'll say... look at that pussy twitch. This greedy little slut is begging for it!

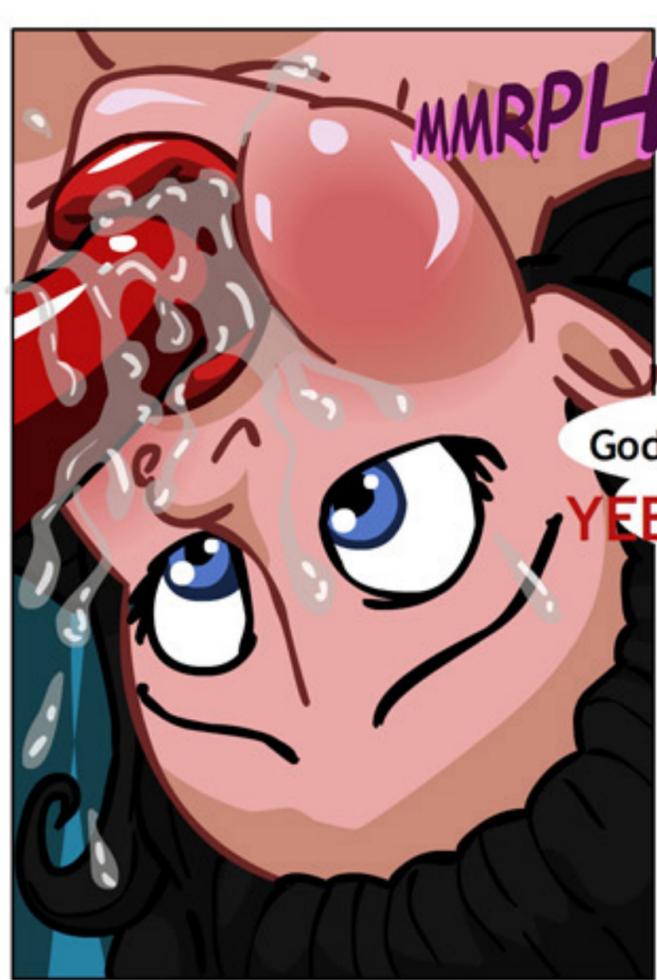


Well, let's give her what she wants!

Don't mind if I do.



Fifi was overwhelmed with new sensations of sex and power. Her big dildo filling her former boss was almost too much! She worked it in and out without mercy giving it everything she had. Sweat poured down Doreen's ass crack only serving to lubricate the giant member being plunged deep inside her. Then all three began to feel the surge of pleasure building to its peak.





Dorian Grey was never heard from again. His estate was left to Jane Rosebottom, who turned it into a massive art studio.

Jane's portraits became the talk of the town. Their life-like quality made some people believe they were haunted. The fact that several men disappeared a few days after sitting for their portrait only fueled the rumors.



Jane, Fifi and Doreen lived in the house for the next ten years. Many people said they never seemed to age. Then they all vanished as suddenly as Dorian had disappeared, but that's a story for another time.