

PETIFIED DOLLS

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Part 1 - Lord

I had taken some time finding her. I wasn't looking for a sweet innocent little virgin or even someone who was English. No, my criteria were, good health, strong constitution and good basic physique but of course with no family or close friends to worry about her.

I'd found what I wanted in a small select brothel catering for people with, by and large, the same kinks and fetishes as me but without the drive or intelligence to take it as far as I could and would. The Romanian who ran the brothel was a meticulous record keeper but someone should have told him he was only building up the evidence to convict himself. I think he thought the encryption algorithm would keep the police out if and when he, as they say, "got his collar felt." Of course he didn't believe that day would actually come but then he vastly underrated the British police, not that this arrogance mattered in the long run.

She was all I wanted, a Polish girl with no family and terrified of her pimp. I could have bought her from him but I felt that would have left a trail that could ultimately lead to me so I kidnapped her instead.

I'd previously got details about the house from an ex-policeman turned private investigator, he did good work most of the time but was a hopeless alcoholic and more eager to get my money than questioning my flimsy story as to why I wanted the sort of information I did. It was quite easy really; I'd used the brothel a couple of times to establish my credentials, as it were, and to select one or more likely girls but even so I let a month or so pass before acting.

When I took her I'd arrived at the brothel and asked to see the pimp, a dark saturnine man, once probably well-muscled but now running to fat. I suspected he thought I wanted something special, which of course I did but not what he expected. Alone with him I took him unawares and put him out with a blow to the side of the head. I didn't even have to use my computer skills to get into his system, his lap top was open and up and running.

I checked her out and found she was perfect, she met all my criteria. Satisfied, I downloaded her information to a data stick and then just altered the information enough so that it would make it impossible for anyone to trace her with the information I'd left. Next I went to the room allocated to her and went in. She was seated watching the TV wearing only high heels, stockings and suspenders. Seeing me, she assumed naturally enough that I had been directed to her room by her pimp and immediately dropped to her knees on the floor so as to look the perfect submissive. She wasn't, she was just scared of what might happen if she didn't behave as her pimp had told her to but all that would change.

As she knelt at my feet waiting my instructions I leant over her, sunk the hypodermic needle into her deltoid muscle and she collapsed at my feet in shock.

I helped her to her feet and took a coat I'd brought with me in my briefcase and wrapped her in it. The drug I used meant that she was operating purely on auto pilot and I led the dazed and numb girl out of the room and round the corner to my car. To anyone watching it might look as though she were a little unsteady on her feet but it certainly didn't look as though she were being coerced.

As I drove away sedately, with the drugged girl at my side, I wondered how long it would take them to find the dead body of the pimp. I'd checked that there were no security cameras recording visitors to the brothel before administering the hormone that had caused him to have a massive heart attack, I'd already confirmed there were none local to the brothel or where I'd parked my car. For every minute he remained unbound the less likely it was that anyone would be able to find out it was anything other than entirely natural.

I helped the girl from my car on arrival at my home. The drug was still strong in her system for her to remain biddable so she went meekly enough down into my dungeon. At last my work could begin in earnest.

Part 2 - Lord

I set her up on an X framework created from scaffolding pole and clamps, her legs folded and strapped but not so tight as to limit circulation and similarly her arms back were pulled between the upper portion of the X before her wrists were cuffed to the ends of the X's arms. There was support for her head and her lower back but the X was on a pivot joint arrangement that allowed the whole, body and frame to twisted and positioned as required.

I had taken samples from her for later modifications and she was slowly coming round when I gave her the next injection. This drug targeted the brain in her memory centres, not the area of language but memory and slowly whoever she had been was gone and the only thing left of the old girl was the passport I had recovered from her now dead pimp. Of course it wasn't precise, the layout and functions of the brain are complex and overlap in many ways but suffice it to say I was left with a mind that was like a fresh blackboard on which to write.

Of course this was a long job that took several days so I had given her an enema, catheterised her and put her on a drip to feel her. When her wipe was complete I started her on another drug that made her open to any and every suggestion that would remake the neural connections in the way I wanted. Of course this took longer still and some eighty per cent was done with recordings that I had spent months making for just this time in her programing. It was well that I had because I had to keep up my public personae and of course there had to be some physical interaction with me personally at key moments such as when I fed her my sperm to create a love and a desire for it or when I added the drug to the concoction she was already receiving to confuse her reaction between the pain I caused her, carefully whipping cunt and tits until she came with unbelievable violence and pleasure. I had to do this more than once until I had re-written her neural network and responses and they began hardening into a new personality and it became self-perpetuating.

There were more moments in her making like this and it all took time. I had to change the form of her bondage at regular intervals, working her limbs and massaging her so that her muscles didn't atrophy and she didn't develop pressure sores. But even this was part of her programming and encouraging her to strain and writhe against them created a sexual tension and arousal in her from bondage. As I say, it all took time but what artist regrets the time taken creating a masterpiece?

Some half way through her mental re-make I began the physical. I injected modified fat cells into her breasts until they had the mass and size I desired. They had the consistency of normal healthy cells but helped maintain the breast's shape and added to its sensitivity. More adapted cells were injected into her lips until they were full and pouting. Then I moved on. Her vagina, labia, clit and G spot were likewise plumped and gained increased sensitivity. I was careful to keep her enhancements the right side of excessive but I will allow that what is gross to one man is perfection to another and concede that the liberal use of rings, pins and even eyelets to adorn and enable her sex to be locked tight shut could be considered excessive. There was more I wanted done but she was a work in progress and it would all be done better when she was awake and colluding with her own enslavement.

My last modifications involved total removal of body hair, other than eyelashes and eyebrow, though these I re-shaped. I even depilated her head until she was left with only a single thick plait of hair that flowed from the top of her head. I clamped a ring at its tip. I bleached the areas of skin I wanted lighter, darkening those I wanted a richer hue and tattooed her face with permanent make up. At last the day came when I could do no more and I freed her from her current bondage, catheter and drip and, lifting her up, took her to the bed in the room I had prepared for her.

I had been decreasing the drugs I fed her as my work went along and now I stopped them completely and let nature flush them from her body naturally.

I was in my study twenty-four hours later working on a scientific paper that was getting too close to deadline when she came into the room. She was still nude save for the ultra-high heels I had left in her room to wear and the stainless steel collar I had locked around her neck. After days being

drip fed whilst her system was as detoxified plus the exertion of finding me had brought colour to her cheeks. How lush were those new breasts and big fat teats! I had mounted her upright whilst she was unconscious so they had fallen to their natural position and I could judge size and shape but the muscle tension when fully awake subtly changed and improved on what I had considered perfection and my cock jerked to a satisfying rigidity in reaction to the sight of her.

Unconsciously she was playing with her metaled sex and I could see the glint of juices on the rings that confirmed her arousal. "Master, I feel shaky and unsteady and so hungry!"

"Kelly Cunt, the fever you had was very bad and it's only natural that you feel shaky and disoriented. The depth of fever was such that it will probably take a little time for the disorientation to fade."

She moved to the side of my chair and dropped to her knees, her big breasts bouncing delightfully as she did so and was already reaching for my zip and pulling free my erection when I said, "You didn't ask permission, Cunt."

"No, master, but Kelly Cunt is so hungry! You'll have to punish me later, master for being naughty." With this her hot mouth engulfed my mouth with all the skill of her new programming and muscle memory of her time in the brothel.

"I will, Kelly Cunt, I will." I took hold of the plait close to her head to ensure she knew who was ultimately in control. She was so involved in sucking the essence from my cock that all she could do was roll her eyes up at me but her eyes glowed with satisfaction and happiness.

Part 3 - Annie Anal

If you saw me now you would never think I was once five-five, athletic to the extreme, had breasts like two fried eggs and a flat almost boyish butt.

This afternoon I spent several hours with Kelly Cunt and as much as her company and what we do together is wildly pleasurable and addictive, I wanted to scream at her not to be so happy and content. I wanted to tell her just what he had done to us both. Had I been able to get round the block that stops me telling her and everyone else just what the bastards have done to us, I would have. Kelly is so happy and content with being her master's pet though that I'm not sure it would have made any difference to her.

I was a post grad student doing work for Lawrence Lord, Lord by name, Lord by nature, everyone said. There was no doubt the man's a genius but from my point of view I prefer to think of him as "that warped bastard!"

From the day I went for the interview I knew he was an arrogant bastard but I didn't realise quite how bad he was. I thought I could tolerate it for the sake of having my name on one of his papers as a contributor; it would have been quite a boost up the academic ladder.

Perhaps when it would have been but when, in spite of having Kelly as his besotted girlfriend, he came on to me and found out that not only wouldn't I put out for him but worse, in his eyes, I was both a lesbian and a feminist, things got even worse.

I had probably slapped down Lord harder than was sensible, after all when you consider our respective positions and what after all seemed was an apparently open relationship between two consenting adults, he was no worse than a lot of other male creeps. No, it wasn't my cleverest move and, if I'm honest, when you think about my looks compared with Kelly and what I've been made over into, I'm pretty certain that it was a vanity thing that made him try it on with me. Then when of course I dared stand up to him about some ethical issues, I suppose I sealed my own fate.

As I inferred, I had met Kelly on several occasions. She fascinated me with that figure of hers that so contrasted with my ironing board flatness and that cute accent. I would have dismissed her as a bimbo but it was clear that under this personae she was very smart. Not up to mine or Lord's standards but as I say, very bright. She read a lot but it was inevitably the books he suggested she read. Everything she did was to please Lord and she hated being away from Lord. At the time I thought she was just an infatuated idiot and I put the steel collar she wore as part of the slightly Goth style that she had.

It was about a month after I'd slapped him down that he made his move. Things between us had settled into a sort of prickly truce but we were getting some good work done and I was feeling quite smug about it, there was no way he was going to keep my name off his next paper and, better still, for the previous fortnight I had been getting it on with Kelly.

Now that was really stupid, even if it was the real deal and I have my doubts now. Kelly won't or can't tell me, even if she knows.

I was between Kelly's legs suckling and nuzzling at that ringed cunt of hers. He was supposedly away for a couple of days so I'd had no reservations about going to his house to meet with the delicious Kelly. With her encouragement I'd tied her spread eagled on the bed and soon she was so wet and wild that had her legs been free she would have strangled me with her thighs when an orgasm took her, as they did regularly and often as a result of my actions. So far as I was concerned I wouldn't be stopping soon, Jesus, is she addictive! Or is that another of his little mods he's made to my reactions? I just can't tell what is and isn't me now even though I know exactly what he's done to me. Anyway, you can understand why I was oblivious to him coming into the bedroom and sticking that little needle into my butt until it was too late.

Suddenly I was as weak as a kitten and my head was muzzy. I watched through unfocused eyes as he untied Kelly and the two of them half walked and half carried me to the dungeon room he uses for his conversions.

He mounted me on an X frame that could be moved and adjusted so that I was held in any position he wanted. The injection he'd given me initially was a low dose so I was already regaining

my strength as he explained, after giving me a second injection that turned my brain into a malleable mush.

I've read his notes regarding his method of programming Kelly, another one of those things my brain won't let me share with anyone. Where she and I differed was that he didn't wipe me first, he wanted me to know what he'd done to me. In part he was exploring the bounds of what was and wasn't possible with his drug, hormone regime. I'm sure if it hadn't worked out the way he wanted he would have gone back to the method he's used on Kelly and wiped me and the me that I still remember as me would have disappeared forever. So at least I have the hope to sustain me that one day I will find a way back to freedom, even if I can never go back to being that slim girl with the fried egg tits.

Part 4 - Annie Anal

No one calls me Naomi Pietersen now; few even remember what the South African girl looked like and those that do don't realise that she's me. Most people don't even know that's my real name, to most I'm Annie or Bubbles. To those in the know I'm Anal Annie or Bubble Butt.

I'm his PA cum research assistant on a day to day basis and his facilitator in every other area. If Kelly Cunt is his personal pet, reserved for him alone except on very rare occasions, I'm his mare to be ridden by anyone and everyone he wants me to and I have no way of refusing his orders. My own body drives me; it has needs so overwhelming I have to find others to fuck me in addition to those he tells me to. The torment of being a passenger and a prisoner inside my head and my new body is at least mitigated by the fact that he had to program me without destroying the core awareness of being me. The continual torment is the price I have to pay for my awareness and the limited free will it allows. It means that I have to act the slut if I want to have any chance of ease and satiation and take lovers, male or female, as and when I can. Of course at times he specifically denies me this freedom and my programming means I can't disobey him and so need builds until I become like a bomb ready to blow at the slightest excuse. The screw of torment is given a further turn in that deep in my mind I'm still a natural lesbian but now, thanks to his re-programming, I'm forced to be enthusiastically bi. I can only thank God he didn't make me a hetero because if he had I think I would have gone mad. Prisoner in my own head, I still scream silently at the outrage of having to take men to fuck in my attempts to reach satiation.

When he freed me from one of his racks and stands, his major work was done but I was still very much a work in progress that he would tinker with in the way an inventor does when building a machine but the basic new me was there for all to see.

I couldn't even weep when I first saw myself in a full length mirror; such obvious emotions had been concreted over by his programming. Physically he could do nothing about my height even if he'd wanted to but his cell technology had altered me in such a way that I would have been unrecognisable to even my nearest and dearest, if that is I'd had any in this country. I certainly don't match any pre-change photograph, passport or otherwise.

If my mind is imprisoned in my skull, the me that was slim and athletic is now also imprisoned but in a layer of flesh as a result of his cell injections. Lush voluptuously shaped flesh covers my body, making me completely OTT and Ruebenesque, though no Rueben pictures show girls with tits the size of mine! Nor do I remember them having a bubble butt as big as mine either. Gone are the days I would run every day, now running for a bus would likely cause me to knock myself out or at the least give myself a black eye.

The real reality of my situation hit me when, after my release from his work frame and after weeks of intermittent awareness, I was led to a bed to sleep the clock round. I awoke drug free and alert to the new me but weak after so many weeks restrained. It hit me hard when I rolled out of bed, clumsy due the weakness, it made my big boobies swing from chest and then slap together in a manner I had never experienced before.

Any numbing of reality was gone from my head and when I looked in the mirror, for just a brief moment I thought it was showing me someone else in the room. Hour glass is a poor description, only the firmness his cell therapy imparts to the flesh stops me being gross, my flesh has all the resilience and elasticity of a teenager. My big thighs are muscular without being masculine and you could bounce a coin off the firm balloons of my arse, And if my tits are so big and full so that their lower curve only just clears my navel, their heavy globes have a pleasing firmness that I would have found pleasing in a lover. It was my face that threatened to break through the conditioning that stopped me crying.

The face that had stared back at me in the past seemed gone and I had to look hard to find it buried under the plumpness he had imposed on me. The big dark eyes were mine but they had been enhanced by the re-shaping of my eyebrows and the permanent make-up tattooed around them. My lips too were redder and fuller than they had been and their sultry pout made it difficult to see the me that had been. My new face had the ephemeral plump beauty of youth, it was the sort of face

that, unless a young girl dieted and lost considerable weight would, as the skin began to tire and stretch, have sagged into double chins and perhaps jowls. But now I had neither, nor yet is there any sign I will.

I had just discovered that like Kelly, my vagina was plump lipped and ringed and tears were now breaking through the controls that he had imposed on me. They were trickling from my eyes as I stood straddle legged in front of that mirror, trying to see just what had been done to me, when he came in the room with Kelly behind him. "Bend over the bed end!" he had ordered and I found myself complying without thought or hesitation.

Kelly sat on the bed looking into my face with that slightly vacuous look she gets when she's in the zone of total control. In her mind it's all right for him to fuck any woman he wants to and takes pleasure in his happiness. I've tried to tell her what he's done to us both but she had a sort of selective deafness that won't allow her to hear and from as near normal conversations as we can get, she's convinced that what he has done to me and would later do to other girls was done to make us completely happy and content.

His lubricated cock slid inexorably deep into my arse and had me gasping but I couldn't straighten, I could only obey. I couldn't fight him. I'm only allowed to attempt that physically when I'm bound and helpless. Soon I was grunting and co-operating with him as he slapped my juddering butt and bugged me to one orgasm after another. When he came it pushed me, un-wanting and unwilling, screaming to the ultimate climax and he said, "That's the way to do it! That's it, Anal Annie, milk my cock!" And when I did the realisation that I was totally lost hit me.

Part 5 - Rose

Uncle Ted introduced me to Professor Lawrence Lord as a supposed favour. He said impressing him and having him as an acquaintance would do no harm in getting me the place at Oxford I wanted.

Uncle Ted isn't really my uncle, he's my stepfather, at one time I wasn't even sure I liked him. He's a stocky well-built man, Mummy was infatuated with him and they were married four years ago, some three years after the death of my father. Being young, though, I wouldn't call him Daddy but Mummy being so besotted had got me angry. She knew how stubborn I could be though so came up with a compromise and said that I should call him Uncle. It seemed easier than fighting her, she did seem so happy and I didn't really want to spoil it for her. As it was she only had two years of happiness, Mummy had a car accident and was killed. At times I still think of that and cry.

Though Uncle, because of my attitude to him, never officially adopted me, when Mummy's will was read I found out that he was named in Mummy's will as my guardian until I was twenty-one. Life with him wasn't too bad apart from the occasional look he gave me, which at times freaked me out. It all sounds so silly now and I've come to understand those feelings were coming from me.

Uncle's behaviour in fact was exemplary and I had nothing to complain about, he even ensured I had a good allowance and paid for the extra tuition I needed to get the right grades for Oxford. And it was him that took me down to Oxford to meet Lawrence Lord.

Lawrence Lord was a tall slim man with high cheek bones who wore his hair sleeked back almost Dracula fashion. At the time I didn't find him at all attractive, I thought him patronising and arrogant. I met his girlfriend Kelly, my first impression being of a slightly Goth looking girl with a stainless steel collar and really big tits. The second girl I was introduced to was Annie, she had even bigger breasts, humongous boobies in fact and she had the butt to go with them. But she looked pneumatic rather than fat, for her waist was tiny and though overblown and overwhelmingly voluptuous, she had a sleek firmness that made all the flesh she was carrying somehow right. Annie was Lord's PA, secretary and later I discovered his post graduate assistant. She was actually a brain though her looks belied it, especially when you saw her facial piercings, a pin through each cheek above the line of her mouth, a ring that encircled her plump lower lips and a stud through her philtrum. Considering his alpha male arrogance that bordered on misogyny, I was surprised that his girlfriend got away dressing as she did, let alone allowing Annie, as his PA, such extreme facial piercings especially as even then I realised that her tongue had been pierced, making her lisp quite badly. It seemed so out of character for her role and what I thought of then as his 'poker up the bottom' arrogance and conceit.

I bit my tongue though and was nice to the Professor and he became almost avuncular but I was glad when he left me alone with the girls to have a coffee whilst he and Uncle Ted had a chat. On the drive home Uncle Ted told me that Professor Lawrence was taken with me and if I wanted to visit his lab I could and if it suited us both, he would be happy to offer me an internship at the lab for work experience. I can remember being unsure about living in his house though but then I thought, Kelly would act as a buffer, she was OK if a little weird with that collar and the Goth thing. But I knew turning down his offer might upset him so when it became clear that Annie, who was more on my wavelength in spite of those piercings, also had rooms there too I didn't make a fuss. I thought I could afford to wait and see how the visit to his lab went.

All and all that turned out a good day, the Professor went out of his way to be nice and I spent a lot of time with Annie who was even nicer than I remembered. I asked her about the studs and ring thing and she said it was a hangover from her student days when she was even more of a Goth than Kelly. I was surprised she was a post grad student, she didn't look old enough.

Before I left the lab the Professor told me he'd love to have me working as an intern. He seemed to sense that I was uncertain about living with him as well so he said, "You can make your mind up about that once you've tasted Kelly's cooking." Then he said, "by the way would you mind giving us a cell sample?"

I couldn't help it, I was surprised so my "Why?" came out sounding rather sharp and suspicious.

He looked me straight in the eye and said, "It's so we can modify your body and turn you into a mind controlled android." He seemed deadly serious and then he suddenly burst out laughing and said, "No, not really, Rose. Our work on cell modification demands that we continually check back to the norm so it helps if we have a number of samples to do comparisons against those of young healthy people from good gene stock such as you."

The fact that he had an unexpected sense of humour and the implied compliment of being a "good stock" meant that I allowed Annie to take a sample from the back of my neck. After a wipe with a swab I felt very little at the time. It was very sore next morning but it soon went.

Kelly's cooking was fantastic and seemed to major on things I really liked so by the time they'd run me to the station to get a train I had confirmed I would be staying with them on my return as an intern. I thought it a bonus too that my stepfather was at the station to meet me so I got an easy journey home. He seemed very pleased with himself and it made the journey a pleasant one. I wonder if it was seeing him so pleased for me and his first real sign of happiness since Mummy was killed that made me realise just how long I'd been holding my true feelings back for him because it seemed disloyal to Mummy and smacked of incest.

Part 6 - Anal Annie

Rose wasn't the first girl I helped Petify, but she seemed so young and innocent that under the aura of friendliness and interest I projected, I was crying for her. Kelly of course had no such reservations, as far as she was concerned Lawrence was just making them as happy as she was.

I knew of course that what Lord intended for her was at the request of her stepfather for a considerable fee. Her mother had been extremely rich and Rose would be even richer on the death of her paternal grandfather. But by the time she took up her post as intern at the lab she was good as lost and there was nothing I could do save collude in her enslavement and degradation.

Lord let her have a couple of days in the labs to establish a memory framework for her then told Rose he wanted her to help me with some PA work at his house. It sticks to call that place home even though it's where I live in abuse and humiliation. We did that until about eleven then I made some drinks and within a few minutes she was out; it was only then I injected the cocktail of drugs that would make her mind malleable and suggestible.

I'd been present when Edward Kendrick had discussed what his requirements for Rose were. I could do nothing of course. I was kneeling up, my butt impaled on a fat phallus, my ankles crossed and tied so there was no way I could raise myself off the impalement, even had a rope not joined my wrist to my ankles. The rope that pinned my elbows together was entirely superfluous save for the fact that it made my huge breasts thrust out for attention and abuse.

"Anal here is the second girl I Petified; she was my trial horse as it were. I started by doing to her exactly what I did to Kelly except for the fact that somewhere in that lovely head she retains all her memories and awareness of what I've done to her. How do you like my latest addition?"

Lord's strong fingers located on the two ball ends of my cheek piercings and squeezed them together. I didn't try to resist, it would have been too painful and I just let my mouth open. I heard the click that signified that the frame built into my jaws had locked open, now unless he squeezed the ball ends again and released the lock, there was just no way I could close my mouth.

"Fascinating!" He had been told he could explore and play with me as much as he like, after all I was the demonstration model, not Lord's personal pet. The angle of the phallus filling my bowels was such that my upper body leant back and caused my ringed cunt to pout open but his hands first slid down inside my tight dress and began to play with my all too sensitive breasts. My programming was such that I could not help but be aroused at his action and soon I heard Kendrick exclaim that, "her cunt is literally dripping off her cunt rings!" To my shame, I was trying to hump that butt fucker. "But of course," he continued, "I don't want the modifications to go as far as this one, well not immediately, and I certainly don't want Rose to know that she's been worked on either mentally or physically."

Kendrick stood before me, feeding his cock into my wide jacked mouth and I could do nothing to stop him. Anticipation and pheromones was making my mouth water too and automatically my studded and ringed lounge went forward and I greedily took him down my throat.

"I must admit that is what has made me look so favourably on your request, the subtlety of it. I have achieved the extremes with Cunt and Anal and this to a degree, a step into the dark."

"I thought your system was infallible."

"Kendrick, don't be stupid!" I could feel from the way Kendrick's cock jerked in my throat he was taking umbrage at Lord's words. "We are dealing with the human mind; the physical changes I have made to both my pets are child's play compared with re-wiring their brains and its autonomous systems! My system will change Rose and make her over but the subtlety of what you require cannot be guaranteed. If I were to take an educated guess based upon my current knowledge and experience, I would put the odds of perfection at about ten to one in your favour."

I felt sperm scorch my throat and I humped that little more enthusiastically and, as I suckled and licked every remnant from his cock, I came massively.

He made sure that Kelly only looked after Rose when she was safely unconscious and bound. Most of her programming was left to me. In the month she was with us whilst I was with Rose I had to ensure I never let her become fully conscious and would use a variety of dildos and plugs on her,

keeping the programming data going even as I played with her. Lord had moved up from just the spoken word drip-fed into his subject's ears to having videos played before eyes that couldn't close because of the devices that were normally used in eye surgery. The whole thing intensified her programming and shortened the time it took with less physical input on his part.

Her physical make over proceeded too but at a much reduced level to that I had experienced, clit, G-spot, tits and arse all received the same treatment but the more obvious areas such as tit and butt weren't to grow to my extreme and then at a slower rate than mine had. Even in this he had become more sophisticated.

When at last Rose was allowed to come to full awareness she was in a hog tie with her face pressed into my cunt. The scene crafted in her brain had been one where she had confided in me after a weepy evening of white wine of her fantasies of being dominated by a Heathcliff type man and eventually that her Heathcliff was Edward Kendrick, her near father. Of course I was able to reassure her that many fantasised about being dominated and in the scene I had shown her my own well ringed snatch and the talk had apparently moved on naturally to of bondage and punishment etcetera and the pleasures of masochism. The script had her admitting that fear as well as fascination held her, fear of being fucked for that first time. The games her mind would remember as reality moved on to me taking the role of the man with ropes and a strap-on and her in spite of and because of the pain, achieving marvellous orgasms even as she thought of her "Uncle". The success of all this was confirmed when she moved to continue the licking and lapping that she "remembered".

Part 7 - Rose

Dear Bubbles came to stay with me whilst Uncle Ted was away on business. It was lovely to have her with me, I blush to think of our talks and what we did together but the fact that I have someone to share and reassure me means I am so much more relaxed about my orientation. So much so that I'm conscious I have put on weight and Uncle compliments me on how good I'm looking.

Bubbles and I were cuddled up together in bed, my hands finding delight in stroking her massive firm breasts when I broached the subject. "Annie, since that night..." I blushed even though I was doing what I was doing and she was caressing my pussy. My mind went off on a tangent briefly as I wondered what it would be like to have as many rings in my sex as she had.

"Yes?"

"Since that night I've been exploring the Internet, finding out more about this bondage submission thing."

"You mean I was no help getting it out of your system?"

"You were of immense help, I'm so much happier with myself. I don't fret and see how I've put on weight?"

"Yes and I can see how delightful these are," she said and suckled from my bullet-like nipples, making me squirm with delight.

"Stop it, you're distracting me! Well, I found this site that does bondage sessions. I want to try it properly."

Bubbles tried to put me off, but I had an answer for every objection and when she couldn't sway me, insisted she come along to look after me.

On arrival at the 'scene' Annie and I signed the contracts and were taken down to the big cellar that was their studio dungeon.

"We want you to wear a costume," he said and Annie went off with him whilst a masked man playing the dominant role said, "Now let's get you warmed up."

From that point on it became a series of humiliations, abuses, arousal and orgasm. Intense, intense orgasms so that even as I cried with the pain and he shame I came.

Legs spread wide by bar and suspended clear of the floor, the clothes I had worn with the knowledge that they would be cut off had just that done. I was whipped, breasts and bottom, until I wailed. Annie was brought back in a rubber maid's outfit, she was hooded and briefly I wondered where the hood that I had ticked the box for was but I was swept along, helpless in my masochistic submission. Hooded or not I could see from the way huge breasts pushed through reinforced cut outs in the black latex of her skin tight costume that it could only be her.

Annie was ordered to kneel and lap my vagina with her tongue. I could see her arms were pinned behind her at the elbows, making those humongous breasts and teats appear more swollen than ever. She gave me such comfort and pleasure amongst the building pain. Around the room, out of sight of the camera, large screens showed just what the camera was seeing. Even as I watched one focused on the full round globes of her latex covered buttocks and the plump engorged labia that protruded lush and ringed from between them. I watched the man whose contract we had signed open her with her rings and he slid into her wet welcoming sex.

Abuses too numerous to tell here went on and on. The final one was me hogtied and suspended by breasts, hair, ankles and butt hook. Recently, to my pleasure, my breasts had gone from D to double DD so there was plenty to be wrapped tight and secure and made to swell just as Annie's had. The butt hook was terrible at first but my craving for degradation soon converted pain to pleasure. By the time the masked dominant pushed my bent back legs even further apart and for the first time I felt a real penis inside me, I was going wild in a stew of pain, pleasure and shame. Even in the depths of my humiliation as I was made to bring off the contract man and the camera man with my tits and mouth as I was fucked, I still came and came.

It was all done after that, unbound and naked I was sat, my body showing the marks of my shame and abuse I was made to smile at the camera and tell them those things that had excited and

made me come the most. At just the re-telling I could feel the pulse of pleasure in my vagina getting stronger. I had complained madly that they hadn't hooded me but when I was showed the contracts I found that in my excitement I had ticked the wrong boxes. I could do nothing save fulfil the last of my contract.

They gave Bubbles and I DVDs of our session. In it Annie could have been any big-breasted voluptuous woman, albeit a woman with a vagina liberally pierced and ringed. I would have known her from that alone but the point was it was deniable. There was no such comfort for me; my face was readily identifiable even in the midst of the most intense of the multitude of orgasms I experienced.

"Don't worry, Rose, how many people you know would watch such a site? How many would note you amongst all the videos available? Make-up and hair style changes will make people think it was a look-a-like and Rose, as you mature you will look even less like the girl in the video." It was a reassurance that comforted me - but not for long.

Part 8 - Uncle Ted

I married Jillian Clare for her money. I paid my dues, though; I was faithful, most of the time anyway. She was some ten years older than me but a fine looking woman nonetheless and it wasn't too hard to screw her on a regular basis.

It was almost with relief that she gave up the day to day running of her first husband's company and, even if I do say so, I increased the company profits and efficiency quite considerably, even if a lot of the old staff grumbled. Those who weren't with me were soon eased out.

Rose, when I married her mother, was a gangly teenager with attitude. Thinking things through I suggested to Jillian that I should formally adopt her daughter but when the little bitch refused to even call me daddy Jillian went anti on the idea and instead was satisfied with her daughter calling me uncle. Knowing better than to push it I let it slide it and ultimately was more than satisfied with being made her guardian until she reached twenty one. My intention was to push this to twenty-five or even thirty and then possibly arrange an accident for Jillian. As it was, she had one all on her own and I was left with daughter as my ward.

By the time I met Professor Lawrence Lord, we frequented the same sort of clubs in our leisure time but whereas he brought his own supplies, (supplies being in the form of two big titted and collared subs, one being particularly OTT) I had already begun to hear rumours of just what he could do and finally I was given an introduction by a man I had done one or two favours for. I do a lot of favours that cost me nothing, it's surprising the benefits you accrue.

I made myself known and let it be heard that I was after doing some business with him. Of course I had kept the whole thing so nebulous that if you hadn't been in the know, anyone listening in would have been none the wiser. I gave him my card and as instructed by him, did simply nothing whilst he checked me out.

It was at my next foray to that particular club we sat down and chatted about just what I wanted. He seemed interested in the project and I was to bring Rose down to meet him in Oxford. He loaned me the use of Anal Annie so I could see just what I would be buying.

I put her in a milking frame and attached the suction cups to her teats. Even as the pulsing began, I watched as she jerked against the constraints that held her in the frame, her cunt welling with cream. I whipped her tit, arse and cunt and fucked her wide jacked mouth, cunt and arse in that order. Unable to close her jism dripping mouth, she was mooing like a cow and coming and coming as she did so in spite of the whip swollen condition of her cunt and tits. Never had I fucked a girl so talented in every orifice.

Later, when I was exhausted, Lord came to the side of the still bound Annie Bubbles and stood with a hand on one generous round buttock, stoking the welts I'd left and listed in detail just what had be done to turn a normal flat chested girl into this voluptuous, wildly over the top creature. Even now his caressing of her abused and tormented flesh was keeping her aroused, though her mooing had dropped to a low moan. For a moment I dreamed of making Rose over into just such a beast but controlled myself, perhaps in time but slowly, slowly.

I almost hugged myself as I saw the changes in Rose develop, the jump in size to a double D, the changes in her attitude to me, the lingering eyes and flushes that said she wanted me. Her increased fleshiness was subtle; she just looked like a girl maturing from fawn to doe and, other than the general girly comments, some of it envy, it was unremarked. Certainly no one thought it unusual.

Of course I discovered the DVD of her session in the dungeon, she couldn't stop herself from watching her own degradation and I came in on her with her hand under her skirt and the DVD playing. I was supposed to be elsewhere for some time. My anger was impressive and when I pulled her over my knee and flipped up her skirt to spank an arse with no more protection than the tiniest of thongs I kept on until her arse was bright red and my hand was sore. In spite of her incoherent protests as I spanked and watched the video, I kept her pinned and helpless though it was her conditioning really that held her prisoner. When at last I pushed her off my lap she rolled over on to her back, almost as though it were by accident but then she pulled aside the tiny sopping triangle of

cloth to reveal a cunt that was swollen and engorged. She demanded I fuck her and I who was I to deny her.

God, that newly modified cunt of hers was so hungry and eager! It was the second time I'd fucked her, the first being at the dungeon whilst I wore the mask. I held her cuddled against me. "This changes everything, Rose, there's no going back, is there?" She shook her head mournfully. "It will be our secret. That hot cunt of yours can't be trusted, you need protecting from yourself."

"But you'll look after me, won't you?" The programmed words and the shame they would engender would make her control all the easier.

"I'm a man, not a saint, Rose, how could what's happened not happen again, I'm almost your father!"

"But you're not; you're no blood relation to me at all!"

"But I was your mother's husband."

"What does one more little secret between us matter and I know you want me." I made myself look sheepish. "You'll still be my 'uncle' to the world but in private you'll be my 'master'."

All the fantasies that had been built into her programming were coming to fruition now and I wanted to hug myself. "OK, Rose, I'll be your master and keep the secrets of your shame hidden. But remember, you belong to me now and I'm a stern and jealous master and if you can't control yourself, I will!"

"Yes, Master!" she said for the first time, her face wreathed with happiness as she slid down my body and engulfed half hard erection in the heat and wetness of her mouth causing my cock to jerk back to another erection as she sealed our pact.

Part 9 - Kelly

Master Lawrence took me to the races today. It was a place where he could show me off to all his friends and I didn't have to worry about being a good girl. Bubbles was there too but she was off somewhere so without her as competition, I was free to show off and make all the other girls jealous.

Bubbles is always competition, today she was wearing one of her snakeskin tight dresses that covered everything and concealed nothing. I heard someone say it looked as though the snake had swallowed her. He was right but beautifully so; she looked very smart anyway with her big brimmed dark blue hat that framed her lovely face and matching lace gloves and parasol. She needed the parasol as much to keep her balance in her six inch heels as to shade herself.

I had a parasol too and needed it for the same reason as she but whereas she wore open toed shoes I wore little tiptoe button boots. My outfit was all white, white translucent dress over which there was a wickedly tight white satin corset, through which everyone could admire my big titties and the bright shiny chastity belt and the knee hobbles that kept me safe and secure and was a visible sign of how much he cherished me. I thought the hobble was a bit unnecessary as the plugs under the belt made long strides uncomfortable and likewise my towering heels also kept my stride tiny but master said they completed the ensemble and that was enough for me. My hat was a fascinator with a white net veil attached and matched my gloves. I knew I looked hot, in the occasional bright surface or car window it showed my breasts gently bouncing and the attention I was attracting and I could not help preening. I had even stained my nipples and aureole a dark red, making them as visible, if not more visible, than everything else that showed through the dress.

It must be nearly five years since I was rescued by my master. I try not to think of the time when I didn't belong to him. Sometimes it's like it like when you have something wrong with a tooth and no matter how hard you try, you can't stop your tongue worrying at it. I have the vaguest of memories of men abusing me, not in the way I enjoy with Master but nasty and I remember fear and I refuse to think of it and sort of mentally stick my fingers in my ears, close the eyes of my mind and go "La-la-la-la," until I can put the fading memories out of mind. And get on with pleasing Master and making him happy which makes me happy too.

Sometimes I catch a look on Annie's face that shows she has her memories too from the time before I helped Master make her happy and it's clear her memories are even worse than mine. We all have our devils but thankfully we have the knowledge that we've been saved and that at least we're in a cherishing place now.

With the aid of a group of philanthropists, Rose's uncle is one of them, Master has been able to set up a sort of production line that's largely computer controlled now. It converts sad and lonely girls to vibrant happy girls that are loved and valued. I don't get quite so involved in the process now but Annie still does and though it's worthwhile, I can tell the strain and responsibility of the work tires her at time but Master makes sure she gets plenty of loving to make up for it.

As I'd walked past a large converted people carrier earlier that held a collapsed pony cart and its equipment I saw Ronni stretched out across the front seat. She smiled at me and gave a little wave. I didn't talk to her though; she was clearly resting before her first race. Once upon a time, in the early days of racing ponies, she had been a reporter investigating the new sport. She got so fascinated that she asked master to make her into a pony.

Even lying down, Veronica Tight Twat was very impressive, tall and muscular but shapely under the tight leather-like material of her jeans and bustier. I suspected that, like me, she had a plug, a dildo or both under those tight jeans. It's only her glasses she wears when not competing now that remains of the up and coming journalist she once was.

It's fifteen minutes until the next race so I decide to go to the hospitality tent where I suspect Master Lawrence and Annie will be. I suppose it's being in love but I hate being away from him too long.

The hospitality tent is split into two, the inner members' only section and the outer area which is for drinks and refreshments. Master was in the latter standing at the bar with a tall shapely

strawberry blond girl in a flowered summery frock with a belt around the waist pulled in tight to emphasise her hour glass shape, large breasts protruding out of her small black jacket that seemed to demand attention and the short skirt displaying her strong looking legs, shapely and curvaceous in their solid black tights and tall heeled shoes with a charming black bow on the front.

I stood looking at my master but didn't go up to him. I waited for him to notice me and beckon me to him. It was at this point Bubbles came from the inner tent, wiping the corners of her mouth and smoothing down her tight dress. There were times when I had flashes of envy. She could satisfy her needs almost whenever she wanted, I had to beg or use all my wiles to get fucked or buggered and then I chided myself, my orgasms with my master were so special that I got wet and trembled on the brink of orgasm just thinking about it.

When Annie came to my side she said, "She's Patsy, a big strong horsy country girl from the smart set and I think she wants to become a pony girl."

"That's lovely!" I liked people becoming true to themselves. "Does she want Master to find her a sponsor as well?"

For some reason Annie had a wry smile on her face as she said, "Perhaps, but if this is all her idea, that might change before she's finished."

Master gestured to us and we went over to him and the girl. She went round eyed as she looked at me and then Annie. "This is Kelly, my girlfriend and this is Annie, my PA. If you want to go ahead with this, it's Annie you need to ring to set it all up."

The girl couldn't take her eyes off me, my teats or my belt. I would have liked to strip there, wig, corset, dress, everything, until I was naked down to my rings to show her and the world just how perfect he had made me. In the years I've belonged to master, so many people have come out of the closet wanting to be true to themselves that what would have been considered bizarre and outré is now thought of as normal. Perhaps not as far as my outfit today but then today's racing was semi private. I'd heard there was talk of pony racing being sponsored and aired by a late night TV channel. Perhaps this was another reason that the girl wanted to become a pony-girl, did she want to get in on the ground floor?

Part 10 - Annie Anal

Since I became his “assistant stroke PA,” for which read nymphomaniac slut, I’ve contributed to the humiliation and downfall of hundreds of girls, not only as bait and physically, as demonstration cunt for all their abusers, but in aiding and abetting too. Many of the developments of his system of physical and mental modification are mine and without doubt it’s been me who has been instrumental in developing an almost production line operation of the whole thing.

We, the altered, seem to fall into three main groups: those of us like Kelly Cunt who can only ever remember being a pet and is accordingly supremely happy, physicality and memory in perfect balance; people like Rose who remember who they were but don’t even realise that the changes aren’t natural. There is a sub division of this group: the deluded ones who have voluntarily undergone the change and think that the “extras” incorporated into their fantasy realisation were their ideas too. None of these first two groups are even aware of the restraints that shackle their minds and stop them telling anyone anything significant as to what’s been done to them. The third group and possibly the smallest group are people like me and Ronni who I saw earlier being prepared to be raced, who know exactly what’s been done to them and can do nothing about it.

It was about eighteen months ago, in those relatively early days of pony-girl race meets. As the numbers of the converted had increased, it appeared almost exponentially once I’d set up the computer controlled system for Lord. It had become impossible to keep the media’s awareness of these apparent swingers from the world that Ronni Tight Twat as is and Veronica Drake freelance journalist as was, inhabited. Veronica had managed to sneak herself into a race meet.

Kelly was at home preparing for a small private party that evening, one that would include Rose and a few of the other converted so it was only me with Lord.

I think he or one of the other men had spotted her when she was interviewing a few of the girls, even a pony or two. Of course she had got nowhere with the gaggle of exotic creatures that were the converted. No doubt they had gone on about the liberating effect of being true to your nature and why be ashamed of your body or the desire to be a sub rather than a dom, that it was actually the sub that controlled the relationship, that the man couldn’t be a dom unless the girl agreed to be a sub. Yadda, yadda, ya! I even had version of the same rubbish in my head that I would be forced to trot out if she’d asked me the same questions. Eventually this tall aggressive feminist had got into Lord’s face, literally and figuratively, even in the flat boots she was wearing she was almost six foot tall.

“According to your peers, Professor Lord, you’ve almost retired and that your best work is actually behind you, nonetheless, don’t you think these stupid demeaning events should be beneath you?” She told me she had got angrier and angrier as she interviewed girl after girl and they had seemed so vapid and eager to please their man. “All the sufferings of the suffragettes and later feminists seemed to have been for naught. I just wanted to make him angry in the hope that he’d let slip something I could use!”

Veronica certainly got him angry all right but anger just made him cold and dangerous. “Ms Drake, you’ve gate crashed a private function of consenting adults. I’m having you thrown out now, I have the tolerance of the Duke of Wellington but not all my fellow club members share my view.” He shook my leash and said, “Annie here is my PA. Ring her and she will set up an interview in a more appropriate place.” I was in one of my slinky dresses and my big white tits threatened to overflow. It was only my big teats seemingly digging into the fabric like pitons that stopped just that happening. “Please don’t think I care what members of the gutter press print about me but I do care about the truth. I can only hope you’re enough of a journalist that you can find the right phone number. I’ll give you a clue, try directory enquiries but remember to phrase the question carefully! Rubbish in rubbish out, you know!”

Battle lines were set and challenges issued. You have to admire the bastard; he knows how to set a lure. In any event Veronica bit and the hook went deep in ensuring reeling her in was a forgone conclusion.

It was the very next day my phone rang. It was Veronica. We set an appointment for that very afternoon and he was pleased when I told him. It had become all so easy. Stage one, feed her the drug that dazed, confused and made her weak as a day old kitten. Stage two, mount her on a frame naked spread and helpless. Stage three, a drug management regime that was so much more sophisticated than when Kelly and I were converted. In less than an hour she was regaining strength and awareness when we injected the cocktail that made her malleable and suggestible. Stage four, electrodes clamped against her skull so her brain patterns could be monitored ensuring there were no errors and a computer package was set running that fed words concepts and instructions into her ears, one that would carve obedience, complicity and obedience deep into the paths of her brain. As an addendum, signals to other electrodes stuck and clipped to the erogenous zones of her body trained her physical responses, preparing her for the modifications to her body that would ultimately follow. Stage five, adaptive stem cell-like cells injected into clit, G spot and teats. Tissue compatibility was so much easier to do now and they could be set to grow at any rate and any pattern and volume required.

Four hours from beginning to end turned Veronica into Ronni, she had yet to acquire her Tight Twat sobriquet or her pony-girl muscles but it was inevitable that she would.

The piece Ronni wrote was a seed piece and marked a change that moved us to a more overt position in our society. Sold to The Independent, it ended up getting syndicated and sold worldwide to other papers. The photo of a pony-girl in her traces pulling a pony trap didn't make it hard to sell, either.

Many will find the idea of a girl apparently degrading herself to the point where she is willing to act a motive power to pull and race pony carts or racing traps as they are called disquieting at the very least. It is certainly the emotion I felt when I interviewed a number of girls at a private race meet I had been invited to, willing to do just that.

During the interviews it became clear that these were girls who had a natural preference to be the submissive in their relationships with men. They felt uncomfortable with the rampant feminism as espoused by their Alpha female sisters. As one girl put it, "For every positive there has to be a negative, for every aggressive there has to be a recessive. Why should a girl who finds she is a natural submissive in a sexual relationship not enjoy displaying the fact and feel no shame for what nature had made her any more than gays feel shame at being gay?" The meek, with the aid of their dominant partners, it appears are fighting back.

Talking to one 'master' he said that his sub, "had become incensed when continually slighted and patronised by a particularly aggressive feminist so-called friend, I'm only her master because she wants me to be, so seeing other sub girls coming out she had done the same and thrown her submission in the other girl's face. It can be embarrassing for the man to have his sexual orientation and proudly displayed but inherent in the code that has grown up, it's incumbent upon the master to show he can cherish and protect his sub from the world and his and her extremes."

Like so many things that start from a simple statement of pride, things develop. Jedi nerds turning a film theme into a true religion, Gays coming out literally, Gay pride parades and festivals and so on. Pony-Girl racing is just an extension of this and I cannot deny that the sight of supremely fit and athletic girls, if bizarrely harnessed pulling appropriately gleaming racing traps, is beautiful to behold and in my heart I cannot deny them the right to be true to themselves.

Of course the article was much longer and got even longer as they asked for expansions on the original. Questions were asked as to the legality of the whole thing but the owners were powerful men in their own right and after a girl had been converted there was simply no way that it could be proved they weren't consenting adults just playing out their fantasies. It set things up for big changes in what was considered normal behaviour in the UK.

Part 11 - Ronni Tight-Twat

I went as instructed to visit Annie Anal at her flat where she lived when she wasn't dancing attention on Lord and discovered Naomi Pietersen. I was to learn that it was her sanctuary, her place to be the girl entombed in the prison of the person and personae Annie Anal that Lord had converted her into. I went there full of fire and hatred but soon I realised that we weren't abuser and abused but sisters in adversity.

"Was it as hard for you coming to terms with being a passenger in your own body, a body that speaks and responds as you look on and even collude with its own degradation?"

"What do you think? You have me as a companion in misery and you've yet to experience the full effect of the physical changes he'll visit on you."

"How do you not just go mad? I feel as though I'm tumbling towards it even as we speak of it."

"Those cells I injected into you will have matured by now and you're capable of experiencing sensations that put anything you've experienced to date completely in the shade. In their way, they're as addictive as the most powerful of drugs, being enslaved to degradation shames you but it grips you too!"

"Is there no way out?"

"You should say is there no way back. No, not to date anyway but for my sanity's sake I keep trying. I'm determined I will. I've proved that I'm as clever if not cleverer than Lord. I think he knows this in his heart of hearts, I believe it's why he's been so wicked to me. This was me nearly five years ago, I was his second convert." She gave me a photo of a slim near skinny intense looking girl with no breasts to speak of. "I used to run a lot in those days," she said as an aside then continued. "Kelly Cunt was his first, I think she was probably a Polish migrant worker and even now she's as happy as a pig in shit. She can't, doesn't want to remember who or what she was before Lord came into her life, behind that wall there may be nothing but whatever it is she doesn't want to even think of life before him. He's her heaven now."

"What else does he have planned for me?"

"He hasn't told me as yet, I really don't know but he's certainly not done with you."

"Just how bad can it get?"

"If I'm honest, pretty bad," Bubbles answered.

Bubbles, it's what she feels is the least demeaning of her enslaved names and she's afraid to let anyone call her Naomi Pietersen. In most cases it would be a sign that she's been talking and get punished. It would also tell Lord that she has friends and confidants, even though inevitably they would all be like me and incapable of passing on anything she told us. But it would just give him another lever to turn the screw of the rack she's already on, punishment by proxy as it were and she already feels bad enough by being instrumental in refining his techniques and helping him physically converting so many girls, no matter that she has no alternative.

"How bad?" I wouldn't give up.

She was wearing one of her trademark outfits, a slinky dress that was skin tight. I was to realise it was her day to day style and it only changed by the degree of tightness that depended on what she was doing or involved in at the time. Visiting nuns, it would have merely been slim fitting; on duty as it were it would have made a snake's skin look baggy. She began to shimmy out of the dress that hid nothing of the body that was voluptuous in the extreme, now it was revealed in all its pneumatic firmness and perfection, white, rounded and without a hint of droop or cellulite. Her big dark brown teats pointed up rather than level or down in spite of their and her breast size.

"I look cartoonish, don't I?" She was right, she was lushly beautiful but it was the lush fleshy beauty of an almost cartoonlike perfection. I was later to see its like in one of those Japanese comics. "You can see why I don't run anymore," she said ruefully, she lifted one massive breast in her hand and I found myself swallowing, my pussy was getting wet and no woman had ever caused that before.

In the short time I had known Bubbles I had got used to her facial piercings; you see far more extreme sights among the young today. But now Bubbles stood astride and I could see the multiplicity of rings that pierced and hung heavy on the flesh lips of her pudenda and for a second I stopped breathing. As I watched her she seemed unaware that she was playing with her rings but when she suggested the perhaps I should undress too, I found myself complying.

“In most cases, anything he’s done to any of his converted, he had a dry run on me.”

It was selfish but I couldn’t stop myself from asking, “Just what has he done to you?”

“This,” she said, indicating her overblown pneumatic body. “Teat, clit, cunt and hormones, the piercing, rings and the programming. You can’t believe the nuances he can apply. He even did some muscle augmentation in my back so I can carry these big puppies without getting backache.” I watched, finding the way she was caressing and milking her own big teats on their huge white mounts mesmerising and I seemed aware of a pulse in that private place the like I’d not felt before. “That was only incidentally for my benefit, incidental pain isn’t productive. Even a masochist, which is what we girls are inevitably made into, doesn’t get off on a backache and what master wants a sub going into muscle spasm mid-session! No, the reason was mainly to test muscle enhancement for the pony-girls.”

I had stripped by now and, naked as a baby, I found I had been mirroring her pussy play and that I was wet. She became aware for the first time what she was doing and noticed my actions too.

“Don’t be embarrassed, the conversion and the programming make such behaviour normal so you might as well get used to it. Wearing clothes makes it easier to control but the skimpier and more sexual the situation, the harder it is.” She had moved close to me now and at the time it was as though she could see inside my soul and, lifting a breast, offered it up to me. I bent, unable to resist my body’s demands, took that fat erect teat into my mouth and suckled, first tentatively then vigorously. She sighed but was soon moaning; neither of us thought of making for the comfort of the bedroom but sunk onto to the soft rug amongst our discarded clothes.

Now there was no need to caress and pet our pussies, we did it for each other. “Fist me! Fist me!” I was a heterosexual journalist of twenty-five and to date had no experience of lesbian sex but, like most women of my age, had explored in books the other side. Bubbles’ cunt was tight but it was also well lubricated and elastic, three fingers, four, a thumb until I gained a bracelet of stretched labia and rings. Easing my hand into a ball I began to express my frustration and anger at the wickedness of my conversion.

Bubbles came, her juices spurting and welling around my wrist but before she did her small fist had found it way inside my own cunt and was pinching my G spot and seconds after she gushed I came with a violence and depth I could never have imagined. Had there been any reservations on my part they could not have withstood that assault and my body screamed for more, what specifically I can’t say. I just wanted more and I got it with mouth, tongue and fingers, tit, twat and arse, these names rather than the politer medical ones came naturally into my mind.

Eventually I could take no more, I was new to these games but I could see that Lord’s voluptuous succubus could have gone on and on. At the time her needs seemed limitless and I guessed she lived daily, hourly even with frustration when she wasn’t fucking or being fucked.

“You’re special, Ronni, you’re like me, you know you’re in hell. I would like us to be friends as well as lovers. I get so lonely with no one to talk and share with.”

How could I deny her, this woman who was colluding with Lord in my abuse and conversion? She had shown me she was as much a puppet as I and already I could see that I too would need a friend who I could be open with in the days to come. Perhaps too she would be my escape route, I could see no other. “I would like us to be friends too,” I said and sealed it by taking her fat banded and ringed clit in my mouth and working it with lips and tongue. I heard her sigh a long sigh and felt her mouth clamp on my tender bud one more time and realised that perhaps I wasn’t as exhausted as I thought.

Part 12 - Lord

Five years after I first took and converted Kelly Cunt I realised that never once did I regret my decision to do so. Even now she remains a delight. Always submissive but driven by eagerness to please and to feed her own needs, it makes her endlessly inventive and delightful. How could a man ever get tired of such a creature? Anyway, it was at this time I began to notice the social changes I had unwittingly set in motion.

I knew when I converted my little Polish whore that in addition to creating the perfect pet I was also using her as a test bed for my cellular discoveries. But I could no more have imagined the social developments I have set in motion than I could have gone to sea in a sieve.

Creating Anal Annie was I suppose as much as a catalyst as Cunt's, as a post grad student she was an annoying and arrogant little creature that didn't know her place. Once converted, though, I was able to use her as a test bed for my procedures. She was a test bed that was able to assess her own conversion and make valid and worthwhile recommendations as to the development of my procedures.

I repaid my debts to a couple of colleagues in different scientific disciplines that had helped me create my pets by creating pets to their specification from raw material I collected from sources similar to Cunt's, though in their case I only had to dispose of their pimps.

It was these colleagues who were satisfied and tied in inextricably with me guaranteeing their silence and future co-operation. Through them Edward Kendrick came to me to talk of Rose. Who and how responsible no one will admit but a whisper went round the rich and influential that perhaps it was feasible that their wildest sexual fantasies could be given flesh. Like Edward they came calling, asking in such circuitous ways, confirming what was possible. It was their fantasies I would be fulfilling so money was never a concern. I agreed to fulfil their needs. The benefit to me wasn't just money but that it stopped me having to go cap in hand to the big pharmaceutical companies whilst the bio-technology went through official trials. Not that I would have had any difficulty, but I didn't see why I should share any of my work with them.

Anyway, with Annie Anal helping and the inclusion of computer technology in the mundane process, the weeks it had taken to get Cunt and Anal converted shrunk to a couple of days. The seeds of any gross physical conversion required, Annie Anal being the extreme, were now planted during that couple of days but completed at a slower rate whilst the pet was in society so the overt changes would be accepted as either consensual surgery or natural as a result of lifestyle. Soon converted numbers rose to the point where the converted were being written about in magazines as a new life style choice. Then of course there were those that wanted pets of the pony-girl persuasion. I created a score of pony-girls before I converted Veronica to Ronni Tight Twat. Her conversion and her famous article before people saw her embrace the life style herself, moved the sport of pony-girl racing from covert to overt. The sport grew apace, helped no doubt by even more girls volunteering for conversion, not realising what mods that went with their conversion that neither the first volunteer nor even Ronni were capable of warning them about.

Domination and submission slowly came out of its own particular closet just as homosexuality had in the past from its dark place. In this case it didn't even require a change in the law, just of public attitudes and they were surprisingly not as great as you would think.

It was about this time that I was able to present my work on cell technology fully formed and complete, with patents in place and legal protection that would have required changes equivalent to an atomic explosion to breach the legislation.

My patent lawyer in particular was well rewarded for his work, in advance. I selected my lawyer with great care. Darren Ball was the best but I wanted not just the best, I wanted someone who would focus on my interests to the exclusion of anyone else. I also wanted him obligated to me in a way that would help me control him, make my interests his.

Marilyn Donahue, or Milk Jugs as she was commonly referred to after her conversion, was my first milker. I had contemplated trying the process on Annie first but it was relatively

straightforward so I went ahead with Jugs, a well-developed graduate in her first post grad position as an intern in Darren Ball's office

Five – three, big brown eyes, thick light brown hair, a full but not overly so bust. The sort of girl who was just a little too pretty and too cute to be taken seriously so she wore her hair up in a bun and favoured thick horn rimmed glasses, which she didn't really need to give her gravitas. It back-fired in reality, her look just made her look cuter, sexier and more vulnerable. Darren Ball certainly thought so. I think he had already tried to get somewhere with her but hadn't got far: ginger, slightly overweight, the only thing he really had going for him was his legal brain and a penis that was thick and good nine inches or so long but as he never got past first base that latter held no significance for her.

Ball was snared easily enough, wealthy, successful but a complete failure in the female stakes unless he was paying for their services. Quite frankly, paying for cunt put him off and they never got the full benefit of his massive cock. Annie Anal was a revelation to him as was the cock which stretched and filled her to an unparalleled degree. Its existence when she told me about it certainly made programming Jugs easier.

His fantasies at first didn't extend beyond having Marilyn as his infatuated legal secretary to fuck and screw wherever and whenever he wanted. It was only as I was gathering background information on his 'sub to be' so that we didn't fall over our feet that he came to me and sheepishly admitted he wanted her in permanent milk.

Taken and converted when she brought papers to my home, Annie Anal soon had her prepped and mounted. When our programming was done, in Jugs' mind she had become completely infatuated with this rather ugly ginger lawyer, his brains but especially with his massive prick and the need to worship it. I'd ensured her sex drive and desires went off the scale and that fast acting injections of cells in the appropriate areas that are included in all the basic conversions of all the girls made sex both fantastic and addictive. Now converted, she would do anything to keep him happy, including screwing any clients he said she should. The cells I injected to increase their sensitivity and start the lactation were of a much slower development pattern, its occurrence sometime after her family and the world had accepted that for some unknown reason this girl was infatuated with Ball and that they had become an item, would trigger a belief in her that she had been to a specialist who had assured her it was a rare but completely natural occurrence. She would remember too that he had prescribed pills that would dry her up but she found being suckled as part of any sexual transaction, again especially with him, so wonderful it ensured she never took the pills except on the rare occasion Ball might direct her to.

As the top and particularly favoured client, I personally got to try the cow a month or two after she came into milk. At Ball's suggestion she had come into the high security conference room where I sat, ostensibly for a business meeting away from the rest of the office staff, with coffee. It was clear to me that prior to coming in she had removed the bra that supported her now massive and milk laden udders and helped mask her purple man-sized teats on their ragged shields. These could clearly be seen through her white blouse and as her laden breasts swayed away from her body as she bent forward to put the tray down, it caused her teats to attempt to burst through the material.

"Oh silly me! I've forgotten your milk."

Not being under any misapprehension as to what was being offered I responded, "Oh I'm sure you haven't," and reached out and caressed a massive orb through her blouse. She shuddered and switched, as was now her nature, from infatuated girl wanting to please her man by screwing the client for him to the bovine nymphomaniac that was now her default setting.

With the bottom half of her blouse open I was able to nuzzle her teats even as she was wriggling up her skirt to expose her black stocking tops and her panty-less and now permanently hairless cunt, in her mind a side effect of the same syndrome that caused her to lactate. I could see her inner thighs above her stockings tops begin to slicken with the juices of her arousal from her swollen engorged cunt even as I latched on to a big teat. As I begun to suckle I caressed a fat swollen clit and any control she might have retained was lost completely and she moaned with a sound that was almost a moo.

"Perhaps we should have Darren join us?"

Darren and I took her between us, I deep in her tight snatch as I suckled and he in her arse for the first time. It was a whole new experience for her and her moans and screams in that sound-proofed room showed it was one she would have no objection to repeating.

It was as I left Ball's offices, sated, relaxed and pleased with the product I'd created, that I saw two pretty girls walking along arm in arm, dressed in a style that said converted. They weren't, of course; they didn't have that gloss and aura that said they were the real thing but it was a sign of the times and acceptance of the overtly submissive woman in mainstream society. Briefly I wondered if I could do something about making their condition real but shook my head and thought, get real; doing such a thing on impulse would risk the edifice I'd built in five short years.

Part 13 - Fleetfoot Fuck

I'm actually a star! It's surprising how many people recognise me as Fleetfoot, top pony girl.

I'd always been into everything to do with horses and when I heard rumours about pony-girls it really caught my interest. Rose Clare-Kendrick was an old school chum I had confided in about my fascination with the idea.

I had thought Rose would have gone off to university, she was certainly clever enough, but instead she went into the family business with her uncle. Well, he's not really her uncle, he was her mother's husband and is actually no relation to her but she thinks he's wonderful which is why she uses his name as well as her own.

Anyway, Rose always seems to hear about things and when I admitted my fantasy it had been her that took me to a couple of pony girl meets with her dishy uncle. It was all I imagined it to be, athletic, sexy and incredibly beautiful. It was through Uncle Ted that I heard about Professor Lord the magician and his special regime that would turn any athletic girl like me into a trained pony girl in a quarter of the time of normal training regimes.

With Uncle Ted's recommendation Professor Lord agreed to examine me to confirm I was suitable and when he said that I was a good candidate I was excited and really made-up. Even so, the Prof wanted me to be sure I was really serious about committing to the training regime so he set me up to meet Ronni Drake, the one-time journalist and now full time pony-girl he sponsored, or as aficionados say, owned. If there was anyone who could give me a balanced view of what I was contemplating it was her.

We agreed to meet at a Starbucks at a quiet time of day and I was seated at a table that gave us the greatest privacy when she came in. She waved me down as I offered to buy her a coffee and watched, mesmerised by her look, as she got her own drink. Tall, in her high heels, over six feet and with thigh muscles that showed to the initiated exactly what sort of athlete she was, through the thin tight faux leather jeans she wore, what she was. Not that her body was out of balance, she was generally well muscled but apart possibly from her thigh muscles, it stopped just short of being butch.

I remember it all so clearly and have never regretted the fact that I too now share that look.

"So you want to be a pony-girl?" she said as we both sipped our coffees. When I nodded like a silly girl, she continued, "Well, you certainly appear to have the build for it but have you the desire and dedication you need?" She paused and took another sip of her coffee, before asking, as if as an afterthought, though the question was a crucial one, "And more especially, able to give up any freewill and submit totally to your trainer and driver?"

It brought me up short but she didn't wait for any sort of answer and instead continued. "The regime, the Professor's special regime, has a drug element to shorten prep time and get you in A1 condition, nothing addictive or even illegal and certainly non-steroidal. It helps mentally as well, allowing you to channel all your natural drives into performance and development. There are some risks, of course, amongst the most common is that they can make a girl randy as hell and when you link that with the bondage inherent in being harnessed to a racing trap it can get kinky as hell. Some girls even get addicted to the whip!" and she laughed.

Of course none of this put me off; in fact I remember it fired me up.

As it was I didn't think it was as bad as Ronni said so much of it might have been said to test my resolve as much as anything else. I certainly went to Prof's clinic eagerly enough and had the injections that would speed the muscle development that would help me to become a top class pony. Easier by far than the long-winded way of achieving pony-girl fitness, no doubt, but I nonetheless remember the exhausting sessions on the treadmill to get to the right fitness level so I could start training proper. But think how much worse they would have been if I'd had to take the months building up the stamina and muscle in the normal way. I shudder...

In spite of what Ronni had said, there was only a minor increase in my sex drive, if anything at all. So far as I can judge; I'm pretty it's much as it was before I became a pony-girl.

I was very lucky, of course, pony-girl racing is an expensive sport and when half way through my fitness training Professor Lord said he was so impressed with my commitment, he had decided would take me on as his second pony-girl, in effect starting the formation of a pony-girl racing team. I was very lucky having him as my 'owner' and more than happy to have him drive me as often as he liked, it seems a fair exchange for his sponsorship.

Some sponsors or rather owners double up as trainer drivers too but of course the Prof didn't have that sort of time to spare and instead found three trainers who would be willing to take me on for me to choose from. It was a surprise to find that of the trainers the Prof offered me, the one I found most compatible was George.

Georgina Gordon, to give her real name, was a slightly built but full breasted woman. I have to laugh at the idea of being trained by a GG. Of course part of a trainer's responsibility is to ensure she's kept fulfilled and content, her needs met so she can relax and focus on the racing. I clicked lucky there too for George, a liberal sexy lady in her own right, is married to a little round man called Charlie or rather, Sir Charles Gordon. It meant when the supply of lovers ran thin, I didn't even have to go through the frustrations of finding a man to fuck, he helped out. Thank God she's not the jealous type, she lets me fool around with him whenever I get a little needy without getting at all jealous.

Once upon a time I might have found Charlie a bit boring, but as soon as I got to know him properly it was all so different. He could get me off better than almost any man I know and I make sure I know a lot. Both she and Charlie are so easy to obey and with George's help and approval as well, it makes it so easy to pander to the submissive side of my nature. It doesn't hurt either that he's a rich man with a company of his own which he runs whilst George is running me, as it were, and so can afford to spoil us both.

OK, all this perfect lifestyle did have one sort of downside; I can't race in the open class against ponies like Ronni because the one side effect I experienced was that I began to lactate. It was a bit of a surprise and it meant that I had to move into the exotic class. Thankfully I'd been big breasted since I was twelve and only came into milk slowly so I was able to keep that fact from my family. I know my brothers follow the races but they've yet to realise that Fleetfoot Fuck is me. Still, I get my share of glory; I've managed to become a champion in my class. My times aren't much slower than the likes of Ronni either. Class champion and star I can't complain and once I had the sensation of being milked or suckled it became impossible to consider taking the pills that would dry me up anyway so every cloud has a silver lining. And more to the point, George and Charlie love my big milky udders even if she has to spend a lot of time ensuring they don't get too full as well as having the extra chore of ensuring I'm well laced and secure in my special corset harness for training and actual racing. Exotic class or not, the racing is fast and you can't have a pair of wayward udders swinging all over the place, risking black eyes.

Part 14 - Milky Jugs

I had been working for Darren for just over a year and was on my way out of my flat when the postman arrived. He was early for once and I had to sign for a small parcel. I knew what was in it and my heart beat a little faster at the thought of what was in it. I kidded myself that I had time for the first stage, the reversible stage if Darren didn't approve. I went back into the flat, closed the door and then, with hands that trembled with excitement, I tore open the parcel.

There were two rings, one solid like a miniature wedding band, even to the point of having Darren inscribed in tiny letters on its outer surface. The other ring was a split one that could be threaded through a piercing then closed. I had been told that it would take some force to make it click shut and once shut would have to be cut if it were to be removed again. This one I put in my purse for later. There was also a folded sheet of instructions and what looked like a hypodermic syringe, it was probably what it started life as, but it had no needle, just a slightly flared open end. I had been told how it worked when ordering all this but I scanned the instructions anyway.

It was getting close to the time when I had to leave if I wasn't going to be late but I couldn't leave it now. Quickly I got some oily skin cream, pulled up my skirt to expose my stocking tops and thong; tugged my thong half way down my thighs and sat down on the sofa. My clit was already erect and my smearing on of the cream made it harder still. I fitted the band into the end of the syringe body and pushed its flared end over my clit so as much of it was inside the flare as possible, then slowly and deliberately eased out the syringe plunger. It wasn't easy, my clit was erect and my big achy milk filled breasts were getting in my way but as I watched, slowly and inexorably my clit was sucked through the ring and into the translucent syringe tube.

It wasn't easy or comfortable getting the tube off my clit and I was probably a little rougher than my poor fat bud deserved but I was now certain to be late. Quickly I stood and pulled up my thong, often he wouldn't allow me even this but it could get embarrassing if I got too excited and thinking of Darren and his wonderful prick made that happen at the most inappropriate times.

By the time I arrived at the office I was actually twenty-five minutes late rather than five minutes early. Darren gave me a dressing down in front of the other staff and I think they rather enjoyed it, if they didn't know I was such a slut and cock addict they knew I was his favourite.

"Miss Donahue, your time keeping record to date has exemplary, so is there a valid reason for this lateness? We are expecting Mr Kendrick and his niece are expected here this morning and we have a lot to do." My clit was gently throbbing in its band and I knew I was wet, that and the fact that my tits were late being eased didn't help either.

I couldn't tell Darren of course in front of the rest of the staff the reason for my lateness and somehow I just didn't want to make up a stupid excuse so all I said was, "No sir, I was late leaving the flat and missed all my connections."

"We'll say no more but I'll expect you to make up the time and can only hope it won't happen again."

"Yes sir, no sir," I said and moved to pass him to hang up my coat.

"Jugs," he whispered so the rest of the staff couldn't hear, "you'll be getting your bottom warmed for your lateness." Then in a more normal voice he said, "Bring coffee to my office and Mr Kendrick's papers at the same time, we need to confirm all is as it should be."

"Yes sir, right away."

He was engrossed in some other papers when I went into his inner sanctum. I think it was his way of punishing me, he couldn't know about my throbbing ringed clit or how swollen my milky udders were though he probably suspected the later. I put his coffee down in front of him and the papers he'd asked for at the side then I dropped to my knees and went in on him via the open front of his desk.

He continued to ignore me as I got his prick from his trousers and in no time at all it was a rigid pole that four hands could have fitted on let alone my two neat hands. I licked its big bell end, feeling it jerk and savoured my mastery of this monster. "You're being extremely naughty this

morning, Jugs, and are only adding to the total when I spank you.” I had my tongue well forward and the head of his penis was completely filling my mouth. I wanted to smile at this but its size made it impossible. I was sure he wasn’t concentrating on his papers, my hands were working his shaft and slowly I was pumping my head, taking more and more of his shaft into my throat with each stroke, timing my breaths at each rise. It made me feel so powerful and wonderful. Suddenly I felt the familiar throb that warned of an imminent ejaculation and so I was already easing it out as he came and was able to savour his oh so delicious sperm in my mouth before I swallowed it all and began to suckle him clean.

He spanked me until my arse was a rosy red and only then did I sit on the desk in front of him, legs wide apart and showed him what I wore around my clit. I thought he might be angry at my doing this without asking his permission but instead, as I offered him the second ring that, with his permission, I would get fitted through my clit just like Rose and some of the other girls, he looked at me long and hard with his light grey eyes and said, “Well it’s a better engagement ring than I had lined up for you.”

I think I wanted to swoon and as I sat offering each tit in turn for him to ease my laden and swollen udders, I was almost incoherent with joy.

Part 15 - Rose

I'd just spent half-an hour looking at myself in the mirror and brushing my long blond hair then artfully ruined it in two minutes to give it the precise degree of dishevelment. I scrutinised my face for the last time and felt very smug.

It had been a few years since I did that internet bondage session with Annie. At times when I think of it, I still get embarrassed, especially when I remember how I felt when Uncle Ted found the DVD. But then, if hadn't, he would never have found out how I felt about him and he wouldn't be loving and cherishing me now.

That session is still on the bondage site and when I see that it still gets a lot of hits I do get all wet and squiggly but no one would ever realise the girl who starred in that video was me now. I teased out a lock of hair. My eyes had the permanent tattoo make-up that most of my close friends had, Kelly, Annie, Marilyn and even the newer ones like Ronni and Patsy. I'm sure too that my lips are fuller or perhaps it's their permanent lipstick make-up too. One thing is certain, the blotchy girl being tied tormented and whipped on the seb site didn't have the smooth complexion I have now. I lifted my big boobies up so they were visible in the mirror and thought, nor were her tits as big as mine are now. No, no one would recognise her as me now.

I stood up in the shoes with their wide ankle straps and towering heels. Towering heels are all that I feel comfortable in these days. I'd already got my black seamed hold ups on and now I stepped into the little black latex number and wriggled it up until it was high enough and then slipped the shoulders straps on and did a lot more wriggling to get my big puppies seated properly. Only after I used a duster to remove any fingermarks did I pull on the latex opera gloves, then wiped them until they too were bright and shiny. I gave myself a final check before sashaying down to where Uncle Ted would be waiting.

"Uncle Ted," I had my best wheedling voice on.

"Yes pet." My latex dress left my stocking tops exposed and only just covered my pussy; it certainly presented no obstacle to Uncle Ted checking me out. Not that I ever wanted him to, I liked him stroking and exploring my pussy.

"You know Marilyn has that engagement ring?"

"Yes pet." He knew I was after something, I could tell by his voice.

"Well, could I have a ring like hers?"

"But we can't get engaged, pet, you know that."

"Yes but a ring like hers would show just who I belong to."

"What, like this?" He asked and he held out his hand to me and when I put out my palm he dropped a little gold band into it. I had to put it close to my eye to read it but when I did it was the apostrophe that thrilled me; Teddy Bear's.

He put it on my clit there and then with the little syringe that Marilyn had told me about. "I'm not sure the second ring is necessary. That certainly won't come off by accident but if ever you want to take it off no doubt you'll manage it.

"Oh I'll never take it off!" I said and could feel a pulse where I would not normally have.

"I hope not, sweet Rose but I have to give you the option, I owe it to your mother. Now, shall we get going?"

I had been so happy for Jugs, even now she was going round in a daze of happiness even though sex at the moment had its problems. We were told about her engagement (and shown the ring that I just had to kiss) on the day Uncle and I went to Darren Ball's offices to sign the deal, a licence we were buying for a treatment process to use at our factory. It was at Uncle's suggestion whilst he and Darren did the business, that she and I played and petted when she asked me to be one of her bridesmaids and of course I was over the moon about the idea. Then we all celebrated the engagement. It's always best with Uncle but God, is Darren a big man, I told Jugs after that I was surprised she didn't walk round permanently bowlegged. She giggled and said, "Well, not permanently!" Of course on the way home I had my head buried in his lap, eager to show him that though I'd enjoyed Darren, there was really only one man in my life.

So far as the happy couple were concerned tonight was going to be a pre-wedding celebration but it had seemed silly to have separate parties because that wasn't the way our set worked. So we just put a different spin on the proceeding by going to what Uncle Ted referred to as the Lollipop Club. We were one of the first to arrive but it wasn't long before the club filled up.

Whatever the bar that had been hired was called, its actual name certainly wasn't the Lollipop Club. There were about thirty couples and another dozen or so singletons, including pony-girls like Patsy and Ronni, invited to Darren and Jug's party and it soon became clear that they were the only members of this so-called club. Had it not been for a considerable amount of the space being taken up with equipment set between the tables so we could play the games of sub and dom, it would have been too big for the number of guests and staff. The room was a long one with the bar running almost its full length. Along the bar were bar stools. I would have guaranteed the stools set there now weren't the original ones. I looked at Uncle and he grinned at me.

"Choose a number," he said.

I looked again at the row of stools, four were already occupied by latex clad girls and, after a quick compute, I said, "Sixteen," which I considered my lucky number. Sixteen also got me sitting next to the girl with straight blond hair and clad in tight blue latex and who, by my estimate, occupied stool fifteen.

Girl fifteen's perfect arse was flattened into a pear shape by the seat and her big latex contained breasts could clearly be seen round and shiny in latex either side of her slim back. The girl in blue latex looked on as Uncle steadied me, both my feet were on the foot ring around the seat column set some eighteen inches from the floor, as I sunk my cunt onto the phallus at the centre of the seat.

Of course I never had any thought of refusing though the potential for embarrassment was immense but it was a long time since I was first outed as a connoisseur of BDSM from the sub side.

When at last I was seated, there was a good five inches of knobby phallus inside me but Uncle Ted was only satisfied with that after he lifted my feet off the foot ring and clamped my ankles to it, just as I saw the other girls were. It was then that he adjusted the seat height and I guessed I now had a good eight inches buried in my quim and no way of dismounting. No wonder, I thought, the blue girl's back was so straight.

Uncle left me alone with blue girl, to talk to the band setting up at the far end of the room leaving me well impaled on the phallus, saying, just as I knew the other girls were saying, "There we are, lollipop!" and making me realise just why the venue was referred to as the Lollipop Club.

There was only to be a few minutes before Annie and Kelly arrived, it was that sort of party, no one wanted to be late. I watched Uncle wander towards the band as it was doing its final checks I swivelled my seat towards the girl in blue. It was a mistake to move the seat as fast as I did and the other girl saw it. "Sorry, I should have warned you to go slow but you were too quick for me." The knobs on the phallus had seemed to pummel my insides as the seat turned, it wasn't painful as such but it wasn't a comfortable sensation either. But in spite of this I knew I was creaming.

"I must admit would have appreciated it if you'd been able."

"I'm Gay Goodhead and that's my husband," she said, pointing at the lead singer in the band. I realised it was Billy Hulk of the Hoggs, a group that had three platinum discs at least and were mega. The other girls she indicated spread along the bar were just too far away to join in the conversation and instead just gave me a little wave. All three were gently twisting their sets back and forth and unwittingly Gay and I joined in.

"I'm Rose and that's my Uncle Ted." I saw her eyes go up and I added hastily, he's not really my uncle, he's no blood relation, it's just what I call him."

"And what else does he call you?"

"Oh lots of things but unlike most of the girls we know, I don't have a special name, we have to work together and we wouldn't want a sub name to slip out."

"Darren and Jugs work together."

"Yeah but you'll have to agree that her name is more descriptive than sexual."

It was at this point that Patsy came around the curve of the bar and asked me if I wanted a drink and I saw her in all her barmaid glory.

Part 16 - Ronny Tight-Twat

Patsy came to my place to dress so we could go to the Lollipop Club together. We both wore latex outfits incorporating corsets that whittled our waists to sub twenty. Patsy was displayed in a bare breasted maid's outfit; she was to act as barmaid at the club. With her puppies seated in a nest of white ruffles, their pure witness marred only by a dusting of faint blue veins that showed just how full she was, her big plum coloured teats looked as aggressive as cannons. I guessed what way the action would go in her case and I knew she would love it. She had no inner core that screamed "no!" In contrast, with the overlaps closed in the rubber, my costume at least gave me an appearance of modesty. In fact I looked more dom than sub. I had little doubt I would take part in the action, though what that would be I was yet to find out. The overt task I had been given was to act as security to ensure no one unwanted got in. I was rather hoping someone would, it would be a marvellous release to the stress and anger I had little opportunity to vent.

We made our way unaccompanied to the address we'd been given. Thankfully I'd long got used to driving in six inch heels. I was thankful too that no pony-girl fans that watched the adult channel at night recognised us. It had become a chore. Patsy's family had found out what she was doing for a living, not all about the fucking and fooling around she got involved in and welcomed but just what they saw. They thought her lactation was due to the imbalance caused by excessive training, but then in a way so did she and they were up in arms and begging her to stop but of course there was no way she couldn't nor wanted to. I can't either, but how I would love to be able to. Her refusal to change her lifestyle has led to her being estranged from her family but there are still enough young girls, because they didn't know the whole deal, who would love to be in her place, with the celebrity status, glamour and the mingling with the beautiful people! The abused, misused and wickedly modified beautiful people.

Half my unasked questions were answered when I saw the bar and all the equipment. I recognised Billy Hulk and saw him and his band seating their latex clad partners on their impalement even as the two guys who were obviously roadies finished setting up not only the band's equipment but the more specialised equipment that took up the space between tables.

I hung mine and Patsy's coats up in the cloakroom and as she headed for the bar I did the rounds like any good security person. As I went I wondered if any of the girls unknown to me were aware their conversion to slut and whore was forced upon them as mine had been. How I wanted to cry when I saw their degradation but all I could do was smile, my body responding to my program by stroking itself through the thin latex and I could feel the unwanted arousal and pleasure seep through it. I could almost feel the walls that surrounded the remnant that was still me crumbling even as my face smiled through tears that wouldn't come.

I watched as Patsy placed glasses of wine before Blue Latex, Rose and Sir Charles Gordon who stood between them, saw her lift her right breast in response to something the little round man had said and they all laughed. It was all so easy for Patsy and for a brief moment I wished that I too was unaware that someone had changed me. Then Patsy went further down the bar to serve Clam Cunt, as Lady Georgina was known when she wasn't training and driving ponies. (Whatever Lord had done to her it was clearly a sophisticated and convoluted scenario she lived to now.) Instead of being the dominant trainer, she sat impaled and locked on her stool just as all the other girls were, as she talked to big black man who played professional rugby and made her look positively tiny. But my eyes were inevitably drawn back to Lord as he was seating Annie Anal on her phallus. How she hated his name for her! But he was true to it for the phallus went deep into her butt as she moaned and bit her lip.

When all the guests were present and the girls lollipopped, I secured the doors so no stranger could crash the party. Patsy and another girl costumed as she was and I suspect in milk too, made sure everyone had drinks, myself included. Toasts were made to the bride and groom to be, glasses refreshed, the band played and Marilyn and Darren danced. Darren would never be handsome but he had lost considerable weight and he at least looked fit and trim.

Three or four of Hogg's big hits were played before there was a break and a draw took place. From a blue bag a ball with a number was taken and its owner identified, it was the rugby player Jonah Lyle. I had finally been reminded of his name. Next a ball was taken from a pink bag and if I had any misapprehension about being included in the draw it was resolved there and then because it was the number I had been told by Annie was mine. Later I learnt that as a result of being involved in the setting up of the party, she at least had known in advance how she was to be mounted. It wasn't necessarily an advantage, I suspect it was the reverse. The final ball came out of the black bag, on the item against its number it simply said, "Spread and delight her."

I wasn't the only girl selected in that first round, there were five others but I scarcely noted them or the torment set them.

It sounds easy, especially if you're a girl as sexually hyped up as the converted are. I suppose it is in that way but we always pay for our delights and pleasures with abuse and pain and I, like Bubbles and a few others, know the cost as well as the price of what we endure and enjoy. The worst as well as the best of ways both erode those crumbling walls around our sense of self again and threaten to diminish us.

I'm a tall muscular girl with pony-girl thighs that could have kicked in doors but the best I could do was put up a girly 'get nowhere' struggle. OK, I was corseted so tight that it felt as though my breasts were thrust up under my chin and the slightest sustained exertion left me breathless. But it was really none of this that took my strength, it was my conversion and conditioning, I just could not fight.

I was cuffed at ankle and wrist and soon the slack was taken out of the ropes and I was spread taut to the corners of the upright frame until I felt my joints creak. Now my strength came back and I was free to struggle but of course, secured as I was, it got me nowhere save to put on a show for my tormentor.

The latex material that overlapped my arse was pulled apart to expose my pony-girl butt, another adjustment to the latex overlap and my cunt was squeezed out into sight too and then my big breasts were pulled through similar overlaps. The stricture of the rubber was such that my breasts immediately began swell, first turning pink, then changing again to a deep red and my teats were like the stalks on big melons.

Jonah Lyle knelt at my feet and as I looked down at his black shaven head a pink tongue came out and found my clit. Soon I was threatening to do a Sampson, the strength of the orgasms he forced from me one after the other. At last he let me hang limp and I thought spent, but the cane across my butt was like smelling salts and I was fighting my bondage again. Tits, twat and butt received their own specifically weighted attention, my butt the cane and my tits and twat with a silken quirt that, as it became soaked with my juices, got heavier and heavier. My moans weren't all of pain for my masochistic conditioning meant that again I was taken by enforced orgasms and soon the floor beneath me was wet with the juices of my arousal. I was only concerned with my pain and pleasure but if the sound from the five other girls enduring their torment and pleasure were anything like what I heard later when the next six girls endured their own random abuse, it must have been overwhelming.

Part 17 - Annie Anal

The party had reached the half-way point, I was still seated at the bar with long thick phallus buried in my arse. The men not involved in the scene drank and chatted with us girls still impaled. Sometimes as they talked they would swing us back and forth on the spindle and the knobby phallus would do interesting things to our insides. None of the girls objected, me included, our programs found the sights of torment going on around us too exciting. But though I looked out from my core of Naomi, I could do nothing halt the feelings that overcame me except to giggle and express my pleasure in the same way they did and indeed they were real enough. Tears of frustration and hate welled up but, unlike the wetness the sights engendered in my quim, they were denied me and instead my giggles and moans joined the moans of the other girls as the girls waited for their lottery numbers to be called

Briefly alone and free of the role I play if not the arousal, I looked at myself in the strip of mirror showing between the bottles behind the bar. I wanted to walk away from the sight but with eight inches of fat phallus filling my arse and my ankles cuffed to the stool's foot rest, I was going nowhere. I was as voluptuous as the day my conversion had been completed, perhaps more so because Kelly and I were made to keep each other tightly corseted most of the time.

Tonight's dress code was latex but no one told Lord what to do and he wanted me in tight stretchy leather look material. My corset pulled me in to sub twenty, perhaps sub nineteen and though its cups covered my breasts no one would have difficulty with slipping their hand inside them and easing my big bobbies out. My skirt was made of the same material as the corset and clamped me from waist to mid-thigh, it had been a hard wriggle to get it high enough to sink my butt on the phallus and a wide belt both emphasised the narrowness of my waist and covered the overlap of skirt and corset.

I considered my face. It was beautiful as ever and the pins and mechanism that ensured I looked like one of those blow up dolls that gaped for oral sex were still in place. I'd gained more rings elsewhere too and I could no longer talk without lisping but I could see little if any signs of ageing. But though I could show none of the emotions that raged in my inner core, they could not help but show in my face. It was thinner and had more maturity if not age; it was as though Naomi was trying to fight her way out of Annie Anal. It was one of the few things I drew comfort from.

I had seen Ronni "enjoying" her torment and known just what a schizoid world she inhabited. Her role as security being redundant for the time being, she had gone behind the bar to replace Patsy when her number came up. I saw the looks of the men as they studied her abused, exposed parts, she had not been allowed to cover when Jonah had finished with her and knew that she would get more attention before the evening was done.

Pats, after being collected by Billy Hogg, had her elbows pinned behind her, a spreader bar fitted between her knees and a long phallus pushed into her arse before its end was connected to the centre of the spreader. She was currently on a treadmill, waddling along as best she could, her big milk laden tits swinging violently as she strove to keep up with the treadmill's pace. Her hands were just able to support her tits so their aching mass didn't swing totally out of control when she was encouraged with a paddle to keep going every time tiredness or an orgasm made her falter. Even so she could not help flecks of milk. She was used to being photographed in ultra-erotic pony-girl outfits when she raced but the late night public would no doubt have paid triple at least to see this race.

There had been no limit set on how much I was allowed to drink; it was a sort of freedom that the unaware converted didn't share though it increased my potential to attract punishment. Ronni, who also shared this minor freedom, brought me another drink and we shared a knowing look. I could see that Jonah had done a real number on her and knew from experience that she would hate herself for not being able to refuse arousal. When she left me to serve another I let my eyes roam the room. There were few, if any, girls included that I hadn't shared my body with and I knew all their names, the girls' converted names too.

I had been ordered to help with the organisation of the evening, though I only knew its general outline, so I wasn't surprised when now, at the half way point, Patsy and the rest of the second wave were freed from their torment, as snacks were brought out by some of the girls from the first wave of lottery winners. There were not enough tables for all the un-impaled girls to sit at and eat and drink and I saw many return to their lollipop state, willingly re-impaling themselves on their stools but, having been tormented, none made any attempt to re-cuff their ankles. It separated the used from the, to be abused.

I had little appetite for food even though one of the used offered me a selection of snacks and concentrated on my wine. "Ladies and Gentlemen," It was Billy Hulk, fresh from his use and abuse of Patsy, who I had last seen standing bent back as far as her butt filler would allow with Billy sucking her milk laden tits as he fucked her. She was screaming with delight as he did so.

"You may not be aware that Kenny Fogarty, songwriter and drummer, has to date been a free spirit." He looked at the wiry guy with his dirty blond hair in a singlet that showed his knotted drummer's muscles. "Being a group that shares, our old ladies have done what they could to see there is no harmful build-up of unreleased sperm. It's not the ideal situation. though, so as tonight coincides with his birthday, Darren and Jugs have kindly allowed us to hijack their evening for half an hour to give Kenny his present."

A curtain that two of the roadies, guys that had been allowed to purchase a converted girl cheaply, Lord's logic being that you need good muscle help that wouldn't get jealous of owners, had set up a curtain across part of the stage. It was this, that at a signal from Billy, that one of them pulled back.

Of course I recognised the girl even with the gag stretching her mouth wide and being mounted on a vertical board, just like an oversized vacuum packed Barbie doll or, as the board on which she had been mounted was titled, Bondage Barbie. Loops at ankles, wrists and neck held her to the board but it was the clear latex-like sheet, mimicking clear plastic, which had been spread over her before having the air evacuated, that actually held her welded to the back board, unable to move an inch, together with the sex aids and bondage equipment that was part of the whole package. If you looked carefully you could see there was a small tube through the latex sheet through which she was able to breathe; had it not been for this she would have suffocated.

The girl, whose name I remembered was Connie Vernon, had been considerably changed since I had helped convert her. Dark haired with a peaches and cream complexion that said she should have been Irish instead of English. The how and where the Hogg got the girl to convert I don't know but a high profile pop group like the Hogg with all the groupies that flocked around them wouldn't have had problems there. It was clear that the physical modifications that had been requested were complete or nearly so for her breasts were generous if not as large as mine or even Jelly's. It hadn't been the physical changes that explained the length of time since her conversion; it was clearly the tattoos applied to her body, turning her into a walking artwork. As ever I wondered what story that had planted in her brain to make her accept this as her choice and decision.

As all watched, Kenny was handed a Stanley knife by a smiling Billie who made the cut that started the split in the latex, causing the hoops to fall off. They only appeared to hold her to the board, so that she and the other items pinned to the board fell forward. Kenny quickly dropped the knife so he didn't stab the girl as he caught her.

The couple disappeared from the stage, the detritus was cleared away and the lottery resumed. In this round Queen Quim, (Lady Georgina Gordon) was selected. She got to spend most of her time strapped to a frame that revolved so she could suck Uncle Ted's cock even as in turn her cunt was worked hard and long with all manner of torments, any perceived lack of enthusiasm attracting the normal penalty. Sir Charles won me and he removed my skirt before suspending me horizontally face down so that my big tits spilt from their cups ready for both suckling and slapping. My only relief was when I was lowered to be fucked or buggered.

Part 18 - Kelly Cunt

Everyone had such fun at the Lollipop Club. For once I didn't have to go with my wig on but I was able to show my bald head with its single thick plait. I was in a two tone green latex cat suit, the corset that whittled my waist was darker green and supported my bare breasts, the wide high collar that surrounded my neck was the same colour as the corset and my aureole had been stained the same green too. My friend Patsy's friends said I looked like Ming the Merciless's daughter. I didn't know who that was but Bubble told me. I thought I looked like a sexy pixie.

The crotch of my suit was open so anyone could see my rings and I had to sit and squirm on my lollipop stick until virtually the last. I didn't mind too much, I drank more than normal and became deliciously squirmy though I didn't get drunk. Master doesn't like me drunk and anyway I had lots of attention and distraction because men would come and talk to me and twist the stool so that the big prick filling me would excite and delight me, especially if he sucked on my nipple at the same time. I had more than a few cherry bomb moments.

Master Lord got his partner in the lottery in the set before me. I was so envious of her. For me, good as it was with other men and as nice as it was at the time, it was always the best with him, not that I was allowed to play with other men in the way Annie was. He said he liked keeping me special and close. It always makes me feel so proud and cherished!

Marge Melons, Master's lottery partner, was the wife of a prominent Tory MP. She was about ten years younger than him, looked younger still and even before she was made happy she was a big girl. But back then in spite of her little girl face she was also a bitch, always wanting to lose weight when he clearly liked her as she was, making his life hell by being disobedient and self-willed. She even denied him fucks when he wanted and hated oral and anal sex. Can you imagine?

Anyway after the conversion she was much, much, happier. She's bigger now, not just OTT like Annie, but big. Like Annie, though, she's smooth and sleek with the ripe firmness of a teenager, definitely no cellulite or drooping flesh and she's learnt to love all the things she once hated. As I said, he's so much happier.

Marge Melon was fleshy voluptuous red lollipop in a red outfit that consisted of tip toe shoes, latex stockings and a corset that whittled her waist and presented her breasts in cups that threatened to overflow. I watched, swinging my stool, enjoying the internal massage and drinking white wine as he cuffed her hands behind her in a back prayer that connected to her collar. Did I mention she was wearing a collar? Most of us girls do fifty per cent of the time or better. Then he attached her ankles to either end of a spreader bar and connected a chain from the ceiling also to her steel collar.

It was all very simple really; her bondage gave her master total access to her body and he used it to torment her with quirt, feathers, chilli oil, ice and hot coffee. You have to experience a tenderising with a quirt, then an application of chilli oil followed by ice and finally a mouth heated with hot coffee before you can even begin to empathise with her torment. I did, I'd been there as had Annie. Melon clearly appreciated it too for she spurted three times before she really let go when her master buggered her.

When at last my lottery ball was picked I was matched with a Scotsman called Adam Fell who ran a security company that Master was consulting with. The instruction against the forfeit number was "See who cries uncle first". I saw Master standing in between Ronni and Annie cuddling them both. Master laughed when he heard the instructions read out and I heard him say, "Knock yourself out, Kelly Cunt!" so I did.

I was led to an inverted U shaped frame and had to kneel so that my arms could be pulled back over the cross piece of the U frame and my elbows strapped in place before my wrists were strapped off to the uprights. In that position there was no getting away even if I'd wanted to but they added to the fun by strapping my knees to the bottom of the uprights just above where it was bolted to the stand. Then they strapped my tits so that they began to redden and swell but the final act was to push the tip of my plait through a ring, fold it round it and clamp it, then that too was pulled back to the cross bar so I couldn't drop my head forward and refuse a cock. As if I would want to...

I know, according to Annie Anal, that we're masochistic sluts and that we should be ashamed of ourselves for being perverts and nymphos but I'm Master's masochistic nympho slut and he loves and cherishes me. Oh I know the mixture of pain and pleasure is like a drug and I can never get enough of either, they're interchangeable in my head. But he loves me and makes sure he never whips or allows me to be whipped so that I'm permanently scarred, only ever enough to make to make me come. It's how he protects me from myself and really, no matter what Annie says, I can't see what's bad about such pleasure.

I took him round the world more than once and it was actually Adam who called "Uncle" first, he had to call in one of the Hogg's roadies to help him out and when at last, on the point of fainting, I called "Uncle," it was really him that lost.

Part 19 - Adam Fell

Lord contacted me about his personal security. At first I put him off because I didn't do personal security; I left that to the small boys. I concentrate on the high powered end. I tried to put him off but eventually his determination and the rumours that he was very much in to the pony-girl racing that showed on late night adult TV, allowed me to let my curiosity get the better of me and I went down to see him.

After confirming that I operated under strict client guidelines, so long as it wasn't concerning anything illegal, he opened up, but not before giving me a smile and saying, "I suppose a bit of the work you did for the ex-president was strictly legal and moral." He didn't flap his lip more than that nor made any attempt to blackmail me which was good for him. Then he explained he needed better security than he currently enjoyed at home or in the lab. I'd heard about his supposedly ground breaking work on cell technology but I'd not thought about the ramifications. When he explained them I have to admit I was dumbstruck.

"I'd have thought the government itself would have only been too eager to protect you and your intellectual property."

"Oh they are and they do, but it's the little side-line I have that I want to ensure stays secret." I gave him a look but he said no more at that point and called in his girlfriend Kelly and his PA, Annie. Both were the stuff of a man's wet dreams and in spite of Annie plumpness, that in a year or two would run quickly to seed, she looked fantastic in spite of all her facial piercings. "Imagine you could have a girl who looks and lives your wildest fantasy, who's both submissive and loyal to her very core, whose only concern is to please you because it makes her happy. Imagine that I could make such a girl fit your ideal physical profile, with the added benefit that with or without her cooperation, I could make her remember or forget anything I wanted her to, ranging from a total make over so that she only remembers her life with you, to knowing exactly what I've done and doing to her but can't do anything to refuse or fight me. That's right, isn't it, Annie?"

"Yes Professor." She was smiling as she said this.

"I have little doubt that in her heart of heart Annie hates me but can do nothing to show it, in public at least, or do anything about it at any time or any place. Kelly Cunt is different in that, like most of the girls I've converted, she can't even assimilate what we've been saying." I looked at the girl and saw eyes that showed wherever her mind was, it wasn't with us.

Both girls looked like sex on wheels and neither could seem to keep from petting and playing with their bodies and my cock was like a pole in my pants. "It seems to me that if you have such security built in to your girls, why do you need me?"

Lord smiled at me like an indulgent parent and for a moment I wanted to punch him in the face.

"The security risk isn't with the girls, it's with their owners. Sometimes even the cleverest of men need pulling up sharp and made to face reality; rich self-centred of men most of all. Worse, they create situations that require loose ends to be cleaned up. Which was why I want you, you have a reputation for cleaning up loose ends." I looked at the girls and found them fascinating, what man wouldn't? Annie had pulled up her skirt to show a cunt that was liberally pierced and ringed and was playing with it. It was already wet and as I watched, a droplet formed on one of the rings showing just how wet she was.

"I'm expensive."

"Oh, that's not a problem, now my research on cell modification and production is moving into the public scene; it has ceased to be any real concern. I understand I'm being considered for a Nobel Prize and I don't want that affected but more to the point I have clients, important clients that share my concern and are willing to share the cost. I suspect you could get a lot more business on the back of this."

As an incentive he left me with Annie Anal, which I found was the name he'd given her. As the door closed she pushed her hips towards me. With her short skirt held up so her be-ringed pouting cunt, showing all the signs of extreme arousal, was presented for my inspection. She began

to list and talk about all the things she found pleasurable and that would make he come. As I watched, she eased her massive tits from her top to display teats that were of a size to complement her dugs as well as delight a man. She was still talking and it was clear that the litany of perversion was arousing her too and the drips from her cunt were increasing. Her neck and face were flushed now, how much was arousal and how much was embarrassment I don't know but once I shed my clothes she was as eager as me to work through some of the items from the list. I didn't remove any of her skimpy outfit, it presented no barrier and the peek a boo aspect tour play added to the experience, God she was wet, tight and uber-enthusiastic!

It was a little later, I was just coming to terms with the needs of the loose confederation of men that were the professor's customers, that I was invited to his lawyer's pre-wedding bash. I had double checked those he had brought in as muscle and basic security such as the Hogg's roadies and found he'd chosen well. I wasn't so sure about some of the spoilt and pampered rich that were at the party but then they were really why I had been brought in.

I had been included in the sex lottery that was the evening main entertainment; the only couple not included in the fun were the prospective bride and groom but then they were to close the evening.

The girl called Jugs had worn a skin tight black latex wedding dress with a white trim that displayed exactly why she was called Milky Jugs. I suppose in a way this was more the wedding than her vanilla one for the law and her family. When at the end presents were given and speeches were made she stripped to her latex corset and stockings, also black, but retained the white veil of a bride. She was probably not as big as Annie or some of the other girls around but her tits hung heavy and gravid and swollen to bursting with milk and dripping.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for your gifts and good wishes. I thought it in appropriate for my wife and I as hosts and soon to be wed, to take part in the more liberal acts of tonight's entertainment, as much as we enjoyed watching." The bastard was a hypocrite, I'd seen what he'd been doing with those not actually being mounted, displayed and used. But then he was a lawyer. "However, in thanks, I would invite you to avail yourself of my wife-to-be's bounty. I'm sure there is enough for all you to sup and enjoy if you're not too greedy. I'm sure she'll enjoy the experience, I've made sure that under her corset she's well comforted back and front but feel free to play. I'm sure she'll enjoy it."

In the end two queues formed; men in front of her and women in front of him to keep him hot and ready for his wedding night.

It was Lord who closed the evening by injecting bridesmaids Kelly Cunt and Rose and maid of honour Annie Anal so that all three would come into milk by the time of the actual wedding. Not permanently, as Lord explained, but so the maids could ensure there was more than enough to toast the bride and groom's health.

Part 20 - Sally Suckit

I had all the smarts and attitude to be a successful detective constable but I was frustrated as hell because I was more often than not left in the office as admin and back up. I kicked against it but my height and lack of bulk made me one of the last to be selected for anything more than the least aggressive undercover work. So when at last I was called into Gov's office and told he wanted me to go undercover to investigate this pony-girl phenomenon just because of my physical profile, I was made up. I could prove I was as tough and up for it as any of my male colleagues.

"Complaints have been received from a Lord Carstairs, a friend of the chief constable that his niece, a Miss Patsy Carstairs, a leading light in this new craze of pony-racing and I might say the more extreme end of pony-racing, has in some way been coerced in to this scene. I am aware, Sally, that you've been champing at the bit. Shit, no pun intended!" We both laughed. "In this instance your weight and build, strong and well versed in the martial arts though you may be," he said before I could protest, "makes you less likely to attract their attention, if there is anything in this. His niece, I believe, is a big horsy girl."

It was a week later that I went to my first pony-girl meet as an assistant to one of the numerous assistants who were part of the team that videoed the meets. "You'd better come with me," said a plump red haired girl who had, until a second earlier, been dashing around with a clip board, "if you want to see properly what goes on at these meets." The red head had been thoroughly vetted as had the camera team and was in the know as much that she knew I wanted to see and possibly meet with Patsy Carstairs.

I got to watch the heavily corseted Patsy being harnessed to the racing trap. I'd seen photos of a big fresh faced young girl but somehow she still managed to be not what I expected. Her face had a sophistication about it that was no longer well-scrubbed country girl, well, until the bit was fitted between her teeth and then she was neither. Her well-muscled body had a sleekness that was unexpected in such a big well-built girl. But I suppose it was just the kinkiness of the whole scene that got to me. The boots with their little horseshoe soles that kept her tip toe, the harness, the butt plug with its tail and of course the fact that she was running with her arms snug in a sort of bag behind her back. Then of course there was her driver, a dainty but top heavy woman in racing silks and skin tight riding pants who I heard referred to as GG and who I found out later was Lady Georgina Gordon. It was she who provided both load and motivation with her whip.

When the tape was raised and they were off I saw a liberal use of the whip that would have had the animal rights people screaming but when the race was over and Patsy Fleetfoot had won, though her butt and flanks were well marked, her overall demeanour was that of excited pleasure at her victory.

It was later still when I got to talk to the girl who was still up and bubbling about her victory. "That was very impressive; especially as you were corseted and had your arms were behind you in that bag thing." She was naked from the waist up, wearing just thin, skin tight pseudo leather leggings that showed the musculature of her buttocks and thighs as she wiped herself down with a towel in preparation for putting on a loose white sweat shirt. "Jesus, you're lactating!"

"Yeah, it's something to do with the extreme training; one or two of the other girls did too. It's taken note of when they handicap us." I couldn't keep my eyes off her big tits and wondered again just how she could run as fast as she had especially with that tail plug in her bottom.

You learn to be charmingly sycophantic if you want to make friends when you're undercover. When I said, "I would love it if I were big and strong enough to do what you do though I must admit I'm not sure about the milk thing."

"It was a bit of a shock to me at first I must admit but it has a lot of surprising benefits, not least the media attention I get that increases my starting fee and if I win, as I did today, I get considerably more." She gave me a look as she slipped into her sweatshirt. "Why don't you come for a drink and I'll tell you all about it and perhaps introduce you to a few people? They're always looking for drivers as well as ponies." Her sweat shirt may have been loose fitting but as she hadn't

bothered to put on a bra, the movement under it attracted the attention of the eye to say the least, if the men who nearly walked into each other was anything to go by. Patsy seemed to revel in the attention.

I have to say, business or not, I enjoyed Patsy's company, she was a bubbly extrovert who had me in stitches. It was about a half hour into a minor drinking session that she admitted that she and the other girls did take some drugs, it was an open secret in the pony-girl scene that they all did. OK, it had brought her into milk, she said, which meant she competed in a division against girls with similar handicaps but it also turned her into a celebrity. It seemed she was more than willing to be lactating in exchange for celebrity status. Anyway when she stopped racing and taking the drugs, she would dry up. It was all under strict medical control and its aim was to protect the girls as much as enhance their performance. I took all of this with a pinch of salt but whatever the truth about her drug taking, the intelligence said that though we clearly didn't know the exact effect of these drugs, they clearly weren't illegal and too many important people were involved in the scene to make waves without proof. It was at this point I was introduced to Adam Fell.

He had come over to our table to say hallo to Patsy and congratulate her on her win and she asked him to join us. I was bit miffed at his arrival, I was getting a lot of info from her and thought it would cramp her style, especially when I was told he was the new head of security for the pony-girl club. Head of security or not it didn't seem to limit her flow and soon I found that all three of us were laughing openly at her outrageous stories though she didn't let out any names we weren't already aware of.

"Enough, I have to go, my ride is waiting for me and I've promised I'll let him help me with these," casually and with no embarrassment she lifted a big tit through her sweat shirt so that the small patch of leaked milk showed, she let go so that it dropped to its natural position and then, with a sway of big tits under her shirt, she was gone.

For a moment there was a silence due the emptiness she left and then I said, being a good little undercover cop, "So, what does security for the pony-girl scene mean?" and fluttered my eyelashes, giving him the big come on.

Part 21 - Sally Suckit

“You’ve spent best part of three months worming your way into their scene and so far you’ve come up with zilch apart from confirmation of what we already know and a lot of funny stories to tell your colleagues.”

“I’m sorry, Gov, but they’re just what they seem, a bunch of mostly rich playboys and their partners who are kinky as hell and basically don’t give a shit what the rest of the world think about their activities and proclivities. Patsy Carstairs is a wild child that’s having fun being as kinky as hell but I can’t see any signs of coercion or abuse, well none that she’s not a willing participant to.” At another time and place I would have been pleased with the sound of that last word, proclivities, but it had been fed to me by Fell and Lord. They, with Bubble, had taken me and injected and programmed me and now I was Sally Suckit, Fell’s bitch and sister to Ronni Tight Twat and Annie Anal, once Bubble had convinced me she could no more have refused to help Lord and Fell than I can now.

Nothing of this showed on my face when I spoke to the Gov, I was my normal bright eager self and the meeting continued with no suspicion that I was under a control that was so tight it wouldn’t even allow me to show I was being controlled.

It was an end to my undercover stint; we couldn’t keep it up for zero return, the Gov had budgets to keep. We sat and talked through all the intelligence I’d gathered, checking for gaps or flaws. I hadn’t mentioned the preponderance of big busted women in the scene; it was so normal in the media of porn no man had made any comment suggesting it had any significance. There were no others signs or flaws in my reports I was aware of and had he seen any I would have papered over them.

From the start my attempt to infiltrate the Clan, as my master calls the masters and their converted, was blown but by the time I learnt by whom I was already lost.

It was immediately after I was converted that I was taken to be shown off to Henry Lawford, Tory MP and member of a number of commons select committees. He wanted reassurance that the threat, me, was nullified. It had been he, via his police and intelligence contacts, that betrayed me. We were let in by his wife Margery or as she is known in the Clan, Marge Melons. She had the face of a young girl but a body that made Annie look underdeveloped. The black dress she wore with its white collar was a modest item compared with mine but it couldn’t diminish the size or curves of her body. Without even blinking she took in the dress I wore as part of my undercover personae. It was a light summery one and so short that it showed the cheeks of my arse if I leant even slightly off the vertical. The white high heels that I wore made my legs appear even longer than reality and made the occasional teeter and display inevitable. At Fell’s command I had removed my thong and now when I teetered it was a lot more than just a cheeky display I put on. I have nice neat C cups, high, firm and not needing a bra and knew I looked good.

Marge led us through in to the conservatory to where Henry Lawford MP sat drinking tea, tea tray set out at his side on a trolley, all very English and even Edwardian.

“Ah, this is the girl!” He was only slightly overweight but his appearance had a pig like quality about it but, though it was mixing metaphors, he was the epitome of the fat cat capitalist. “Neutralised?”

“Neutralised and converted for our use.”

“Excellent!” He directed his attention to his wife who was standing with her hands clasped together, patiently awaiting his pleasure. “Marge, dear, why don’t you and Sally here play nicely together, whilst Mr Fell and I have a nice little chat?”

“I think that’s a good idea, Sally.” I had yet to accept the feeling of being a passenger in my own body and part of me watched as my body got excited and skimmed out of its dress as fast as it could. Marge was slower than me but soon enough she was stripped to black corset and stockings and was leading me to a white couch cum day bed. Soon enough my now bi body was enjoying playing with her abundant ripe one with its overabundant tits, full firm thighs and moon sized arse, even as she played with me. Orgasms came thick and fast, and it was this unrestrained cooperation

with the Marge-led activity on my part that was what Lawford was looking for. It was proof that I was converted and thus safe.

They swapped subs and both of us got our arses spanked with paddles and both of us came when they did and again after when they fucked us, I in my butt and Marge in her cunt, both of them commenting favourably on our respective tightness and enthusiasm. Inside I was howling and crying, outside I was giggling and enjoying myself and both emotions were real. I was yet to confirm that I could do as Annie had said I should and not have the real me be overwhelmed.

As Gov and I continued to dissect my undercover activities, I occasionally squirmed in the seat, a natural enough reaction to its hardness but in reality it was so my body could milk the sensation and pleasure of the butt plug that filled my arse. By now I knew just what my future held. In a couple of months, after a farewell party where no doubt were I would weep, get a little drunk and, if Fell said I should, screw one or two of my colleagues, perhaps encouraging one or both of them to screw my arse, to establish myself as a closet slag. Only then would I ostensibly disappear to New Zealand to be with my sister, who was indeed there but would never see me. In fact she didn't know I was supposed to be going to her. She would still get birthday and Christmas cards but I would never leave these shores.

Having disappeared from view, my physical make-over would ramp up. I'm already totally hairless from the waist down and have an enhanced clit and G spot, which is so common with all the converted as to be almost mandatory. Fell has also fitted me with the clit band and ring that is so popular with many of the masters. Potentially worse is that Lord had been doing some research on Annie and injecting her tonsils with clitoral cells. If it works, it will be my fate too.

The more overt modifications definitely planned for me will turn me into a cheap bimbo. It's the punishment for refusing Fell after leading him on and the refusing him, which culminated in me kicking him in the balls. He wasn't used to the word 'no'. There'll be the studded tongue and cock sucking lips, as Fell refers to them, so that even if the Linda Lovelace mod doesn't work, I'll still live up to my new name. Huge false looking tits, though in my case they won't be false and I'll have to have my back muscles enhanced to ensure I don't get back ache. A bubble booty, but not one big enough to detract from my obscenely top heavy appearance. Eye made to look Cupie doll and the permanent make-up of a willing slut. And I will be willing, I have no choice. The list continues. My tendons adjusted so that shoes with towering heels become the only things I'm comfortable wearing and I'll have no option but to mince and jiggle as I walk. All this I know is to come and I can do nothing to avoid it, I will giggle and laugh like some cheap wind up doll and try to entice men and women to use me in any and every way that they fancy.

I know my fate, it's what he torments me with but I am also one of the sisterhood, one of the knowing now and my sisters tell me I must never give up the fight or the real me will slowly crumble under the onslaught of unwanted sexual pleasure and pain.

I never realised just how much you can hate but at least I have company in my hatred.

Part 22 - Adam Fell

I watched Sally in Lord's garden, pushing boobs against Sir Charles and giggling. On her small frame her false looking tits appear the size of basketballs. As it was a social gathering of the clan, a garden part, she was off her leash mentally and physically but I had cuffed her wrists behind her before sending her out to play, just as I knew Lord had sent Annie and Ronni too, it adds a delightful piquancy to her actions,.

The Clan, that's how I think of the converted and their masters now, but I never told anyone else that. Lord was to me the clan chief and I was his loyal champion and number one. He held us all in his thrall in some way or other, the converted by their programming; I learnt that all the converted save Sally had an ultimate loyalty to Lord that he could trigger in emergency, she, he had assured me, was mine alone. The masters too were in his grip but in their case, some he held by force of personality and self-interest, some also by the information that he held on and over them.

I wondered sometimes if the intense loyalty I had developed was entirely natural, I would never know if it hadn't been. But if I'm honest, I don't think it's the case. In the army I had always had a strong loyalty to the regiment and in the case of my commanding officer, to him too. It had come as a shock when both had abandoned me after the affair in Afghanistan and it had taken me some time to get my shit together but ultimately I became determined not to ever put my trust in anyone to such a degree again. Then along came Lord and his ability to see and understand my needs and fulfil them to a degree that the army never could. He had made Sally for me, my slag and my slut with her ever voracious appetites who was as loyal to me as I was to Lord. I am his enforcer and his strong right arm and I enjoy the fear I engender. They loan me their women, not just because they fear me but because they know I protect them too. Sally Suckit is my tool who reports back on their foibles and at the same time she is the coin which counter balances the bribes they try to give me. My submissive cunt is a tool well forged.

Part 23 - Annie Anal

It was my job to set up the cocktail evenings (the – in the invite was his little joke, work it out for yourself as one of the tail he referred to, I wanted to scream every time he made it) that were regularly held at what Fell referred to as the “manse”. In a six month period all would be invited at some time or other and none, unless the reason was overwhelming, would refuse and if they did they were always eager to re-schedule at the earliest opportunity. With Fell on board as Lord’s security expert and enforcer, the re-scheduling dropped even more.

It was months since their wedding but Lord had kept me in milk as had Uncle Ted kept Rose. Of the regulars at these functions in addition to Lord, Kelly and me were Adam, Sally, Ronni and more often than not the newly wed Darren and Jugs. Jugs was the only other girl in milk, Kelly had been allowed to dry up but at times she would beg Lord to bring her into milk again. I cannot deny the pleasure my mind warped body took in being suckled and used but how I wanted to be dry or even better, back as I once was. I could only be thankful that her breasts appeared none the worse for her time as a milk maid and suspected or rather only hoped mine would recover in a similar manner when I’m eventually allowed to dry up.

This night’s guests included Sir Charles and Georgina and Lord made a fuss over them as though he were a particularly avuncular uncle. There was a champagne toast for Lord for being awarded the Nobel Prize, which in his acceptance speech he had donated to charity. He was fabulously wealthy now and the prize money itself was just an embarrassment. The whole scene was making my skin crawl. It was much later though, after cocktails and champagne, that things took a more sinister turn.

I hadn’t been warned that as well as the opportunity to keep an eye on the converted and their masters, he and Fell had a separate agenda of their own. It was as the evening degenerated into the regular orgy of fucking and fondling, for which all the girls were either stripped or had sufficient clothing removed, if needed, so that there was no barrier to any activity, that this particular evening’s particular agenda was revealed.

Lord had set me up naked on a low table, kneeling, and tied on all fours. The position was such that my big tits, heavy and swollen with milk, hung from my chest like the udders they were so often referred to as being. The slightest bending of my arms brought my teats into contact with the smooth wood and from the comments I heard I knew my leaking milk was dappling the surface of the wood beneath them.

My hair had been tied off to a hook that filled my butt and my head had been pulled back enough so that even the biggest prick would have a straight line down my throat. For once though he hadn’t clicked the mechanism that held my mouth agape but even so I had known better than to refuse when Sir Charles was encouraged to try my latest modification.

All the converted girls find oral sex exciting and most have climaxed from it at some time or other, it’s programmed into them. But Lord had taken me to another level entirely, now I couldn’t deny the sensation in the back of my throat that was so similar to that of having my clit stroked and manipulated and make a climax inevitable.

“Hold him tight, Anal, bite that cock off if he tries to take it out of your mouth!” His words went straight into the autonomous portion of my brain and when instinctively at these words Sir Charles tried to withdraw from my mouth he felt my teeth and desisted.

“What the fuck’s going on here!”

“Charlie, Charlie, it’s about the deal you’ve tried to set up with the Chinese to sell off some of my secrets. I know all about the little post grad student you blackmailed into helping you under the guise of undoing the work that’s been done on the converted. In more mundane technology I believe they refer to it as reverse engineering. It won’t work, of course, but you’ve put all of us at risk.”

“No, no, listen...” He didn’t have any more to say, he made the briefest of attempts to escape me, which my teeth controlled and then the effect of the fast acting drug squirted in his face took

effect. Thankfully Lord ordered me to release him as he began to drop or I suspect I would have tried to support a semi-conscious body with my teeth.

Tied with my head pulled back so, it was hard to look around the room but the converted in my sight had the look that said they weren't taking this in and guessed it was something programmed into them, perhaps triggered by a word or phrase, that Lord had spoken. Fell was behind me now and it was his hand stroking and petting me as though I were some nervous beast that needed calming. My body, even in such a situation, could not help but respond.

The drug that made the brain malleable and programmable was being administered orally to Sir Charles as he was coming to and being helped to his feet. It was only slightly less effective administered that way, certainly enough for what Lord and Fell intended. Having helped Sir Charles he returned to my side and resumed his fondling which soon turned into a fisting that soon had me grunting like a pig and was making my breasts swing wildly, spreading the area over which my tits leaked.

"Now Charles, you'll be leaving us because you've received an urgent phone call, Georgina will stay here for one of us to run home whilst you head up to town to sort out some problem." I heard a mobile ring and knew it was someone ringing Sir Charles to establish a time line and reason to leave the party." Already I had a sickening foreboding as to what was to take place. "A bridge support, the rear of a stationary lorry, anything that you can be sure will end your hopeless life, it will be good too if you can have witnesses around. Everything's just become too hard to bear, hasn't it? Now off you go, there's a good chap." I watched the round little figure head out of the room and disappear from all our lives.

I suppose you would think the party would have broken up there and then but Lord wanted them all to stay together until the widow was notified by the police of the fatal accident. There was a lot of talk but once the selfish bastards were convinced of Sir Charles' cupidity, none remained upset. I suppose it was the reminder of their own mortality that ensured that all us girls got a particularly good work out. Mounted and available, I got more than my fair share for sure, though the memory of my trapping Sir Charles with my teeth ensured that the sick bastards who used me, ensured my mouth was locked open so I was unable to bite.

It was Georgina, the grieving widow to be, that also got more than her fair share of the attention from other sick bastards too. Her petite, sophisticated form, clad only in the skirt and her hold up stockings and heels with its full but only slightly overlarge boobs, was taken several times, once simultaneously back and front. It was strange to see that porcelain perfection of her face break into a look of abandoned sluttish rapture but at least she didn't remember or know what was happening to her husband or that when she did it would just be a fatal road accident. Not that any emotion she had these days was truly genuine or even hers.

It was much later when things settled down, that the sisters, those of us aware of our condition, were able to get together and talk. Sally had left the police and was physically growing into the bimbo personae created for her and was already outstanding though not yet as large as she was to get. Gone were her crisp vowels, she had developed a lisp similar to mine, for more or less the same reasons and was in training to become Ronni's driver. Fell knew such public TV exposure would be horrific for her but since when did our feelings count? Her only consolation was that soon they would only see the surgically enhanced bimbo who lisped because of the metal that studded her tongue to complement the recently acquired Lovelace mod, no one would connect her with the small bright and intense policewoman with the neat figure. Fell was still her master but soon he was to gain a second sub as he was to marry a re-adjusted Georgina, who still drove Patsy, and take Sir Charles' place at the head of his business.

There was now a whole group of us that Lord and Fell retained ownership and control of, Kelly, Patsy, Georgina. It was clear as I looked at her that of the three of us, Ronni was the only one who could pass for anything like normal, if that is you ignored the muscular development that a top pony-girl requires. I – I was as ever the extreme, more so than Sally, she at least looked like a girl addicted to surgery and who believed bimbo was the way to go. You see enough of the type in porn magazines. Long gone were the days I could have passed as normal. Likewise no normal person would have employed such an obvious overblown and wanton whore in the position of PA but then

Lord had such prestige now that he just didn't give a shit about what people would say about his supposed choice of assistant. I knew, though, that getting rid of me, by re-programming to another or even disposing of me in the way he did Sir Charles, would never be on the cards. How sometimes I wish he would, driving a car over a cliff would for once have the covert and overt me in complete agreement. No, I was his physical and mental record of all his procedures as well as the only one mentally capable of fully understanding and reporting on what was done to her. If he were to get tired of me he would just change my form and programming but the real me would still be trapped inside the new body and artificial personae. The thought of even more change made me want to weep.

We three sat around a low table, coffee and cups filling it. It could have been any coffee morning gathering of friends but few gatherings would have had three girls as exotic in both fact and appearance such as us three.

I watched as Sally and Ronni petted and played with themselves, their relatively vanilla style of dress ruined by the fact that to do so, like me, they had pulled up their skirts to expose plump hairless pussies. All three of us had pussy rings though Ronni's were limited to her banded clit whereas mine was the other extreme, we were teasing them until lips and rings had become bedewed with our arousal but neither they or I tried to modify this lewd and lascivious behaviour. It would have been impossible anyway, we just let our bodies continue on auto pilot and tried to ignore the building arousal that would punctuate our attempts to plot and scheme with orgasms.

"So little things first," I lisped. "Let's explore our limits and find out just how much we can upset the bastard's plans. If we can do in just a minor way perhaps we can eventually tunnel, as it were, through our programming and find our way to freedom. We are three now, none of us need be alone."

THE END