

The Plastic Surgeon's Revenge Collection

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**The Full
Trilogy**
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*By
Tabitha Kahls*



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Adult Reading Material

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The Plastic Surgeon's Revenge 1

by Tabitha Kohls

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"You unbelievable asshole!"

Teresa Hertz threw a pile of pictures on the table before her husband, her face red with rage.

Michael Hertz gulped down his cold cereal, and stared in sudden dread at the pictures. As he feared, the photos showed him with a young woman, each image more lewd than the last.

He'd met the attractive blond only the previous week, and had a quick one night fling, reveling in the woman's large, firm breasts. Mike had always been a boob man at heart, and he just couldn't say no to a nice pair of tits when they happened across his path. The woman had been a reporter for some gossip rag, hoping for some tidbit of info on some celebrity staying in Teresa's clinic. She wasn't the first reporter who had slept with him for some inside information about the clinic's often famous clients, and she wouldn't be the last, or so he hoped.

But staring at the clear photos, a sudden realization hit Mike. The photos were good quality, professional really, not the images from a mere camera phone. Teresa must have hired someone to follow him, probably a private investigator, with a big camera and good zoom lens. Which also meant she already suspected him. A shiver ran down his spine. What if she had more pictures like this, but of his other conquests?!

He suddenly imagined a seedy private-eye, snapping pictures of him as he spent his nights out partying on his

wife's dime, while she spend a late-night stuck in her clinic, rebuilding someone's face or giving a privacy-obsessed movie star a quick face lift. Teresa might know all about his secret trysts, of the many, many women he had spent his nights with in the past five years since their marriage.

His face grew pale as all his blood seemingly drained away. Teresa, his lovely, tall wife, was not only absurdly wealthy thanks to her family, but also one of the top plastic surgeons in the entire country.

Thanks to her pocket book, he was living the life of a high-class playboy, able to rub elbows with the rich and famous elite, while bedding any hot woman he desired. Since their marriage, his life had become a nonstop party, but now the end was looming before his very eyes!

"Honey," Mike began softly, his voice dripping with feigned sweetness, "I know what this looks like, but--"

"But nothing, asshole!" Teresa screamed. She glowered down at him, making him squirm in place under her burning gaze. "I can't believe you! After everything I've done for you, you cheated on me!?!"

Her face was growing red with fury, even as angry tears appeared in her eyes. She screamed again, "You fucking cheat on me, even after I let you talk me into these...these monstrosities!"

She thrust her large, obviously fake breasts out at him. Mike winced, feeling suddenly guilty. He'd spent months talking his plastic surgeon wife into getting her own breasts enlarged, despite her fear they would make her appear less professional. Hoping to eventually convince her to have them further enlarged, he'd even managed to talk her into getting expandable implants instead of the safer solid-gel implants she had preferred.

"Honey," He started again, "please, let's talk about this. I can explain."

Teresa pulled her buxom breasts back, and crossed her arms protectively across her chest. "Okay, explain, Michael; why should I forgive"

Mike gulped, thinking desperately. He needed to calm her down, and fast. Normally he was quick witted, easily finding the perfect words to talk a cute coed into spreading her legs, or the perfect excuse to cover for a strange scent on his clothes. But just now his mind was a total blank, only bringing up pitiful excuses and empty lies, nothing that would forestall Teresa's rage.

Finally fed up with his continuing silence, Teresa threw her hands up in disgust and began to stomp from the room.

As she neared the door, Mike's heart jumped. If he didn't think of something quick, Teresa would surely divorce him. With her photos as evidence of his cheating, and the prenup she had forced him to sign before their wedding day five years before, he'd be left penniless and without a home! His entire lifestyle would be ruined!

His former career as an underwear model had never really taken off, and he had no desire to try to relaunch himself now, in his late twenties. It would be nearly impossible to get back on his feet, assuming Teresa *didn't* call in every favor she had to lock him out of the industry entirely, which she surely would.

He broke out in a cold sweat, as a horrible thought occurred to him; he might actually have to get a real job!!

Out of options, Mike fell to his knees just behind his wife and pleaded, "Please Teresa, I'll do anything! I swear! Anything!"

His attractive, tall blond wife was already at the doorway, but stopped on the threshold. For long second, she paused. Mike felt his hopes rising, but was almost shaking in expectation.

Finally Teresa turned around, and smiled a smile so feral, he suddenly thought she'd turned into an alligator. "Anything? Really?"

Mike gulped at the sight of her predatory smile, but nodded. "Yes, Teresa, baby, I'll do anything to save our marriage. Anything. Just please don't leave."

Teresa seemed to consider his words. Taking a chance, Mike decided to go for broke and hope she didn't know about his earlier flings. "I-I'm so, so sorry for cheating on you, Teresa. I swear I'll never do it again, I was weak, that's all! I swear, it'll never happen again! Please, let me make it up to you, somehow."

His wife crossed her arms across her chest again, her large, overly firm breasts pushed up higher, forming a long line of cleavage. Trying to look contrite, Mike forced himself to continue staring straight into her eyes, rather than slip down toward that glorious valley above her arms.

Finally, Teresa said, "Well, Michael, I *was* just about to call father's law firm, to end this sham of a marriage, but now...I'll have to consider your offer."

She let her words hang in the air, then turned around and left. Mike waited on his knees, relieved but confused. As the sound of her high heels fell away down the hall, he let out his breath in a long sigh. His silver tongue had come through again, in the end. He'd dodged a real bullet, this time.

Two weeks later, Mike sat lounging on a deck chair next to the estate's massive swimming pool, watching the pool cleaners work. Teresa had hired a few young men to keep the grounds of their palatial mansion in good condition, but Mike had quickly found excuses to fire them all, replacing the young men with gorgeous women, mostly from the local university. He enjoyed sitting around, watching them as they toiled away under the glaring summer sun.

The two blonds were watching him too, as he sipped his wine glass and flashed them looks over his dark sunglasses. They were still new, and he'd yet to try either of them out. But Teresa had been watching him like a hawk lately, and he'd didn't dare try anything until he was certain she'd put the whole divorce-thing well out of her mind.

Though, he was surprised how little she had mentioned the incident in the past two weeks. Like usual, she had buried herself in her work, spending hours every day at her private clinic. Not needing the money that came from her surgical work, she often worked pro bono, using her skills to reconstruct damaged faces or remove scar tissue from accident victims.

Her interest in helping accident victims had led her to pursue a surgical career in the first place, and as far as he was concerned, the more time she wasted grafting skin to burn victim's faces or removing hairlips, the more time he had for partying.

One of the blonds pretended to drop a net and bent over, flashing her tiny pink thong in his direction, totally derailing his train of thought. Grinning broadly, he felt his swim trunks tent up as his cock grew hard as a rock. Licking his lips, he started to get out of his chair. *What the hell, what Teresa doesn't know, won't hurt her...*

Just as his sandaled foot touched the concrete walkway that surrounded the pool, a voice spoke from just above him.

"Hello honey."

Mike gulped, dropping back into his seat as Teresa stepped around him. He nonchalantly crossed his legs, trying to disguise his erection.

"Hello baby, what brings you home so early?" He said, forcing himself to smile.

Teresa smiled back, only hers seemed genuine. She shook an envelope in her hand, then drew out a stack of documents and laid them on the small table next to his chair. "Oh, just these papers. I need to you to sign them and then get dressed. I've made an appointment for you at the clinic in one hour."

"An appointment?" Mike asked, sipping more wine. He casually scanned through the papers, growing bored almost instantly. They were all written in strange medical jargon, and even glancing through them was giving him a mild headache.

He took another sip, and ask, "An appointment for what, dear? I feel fine."

Teresa sighed and rolled her eyes melodramatically. "For your boobjob, of course! It's right there on the first page, honey."

Mike choked, spitting red wine across his legs and into the pool. Teresa frowned at the red spray, while Mike sputtered, "B-boobjob?! W-what the hell are you talking about, Teresa?!"

Teresa lifted the first sheet of paper from the stack, and waved it before him. "This page explains the entire procedure, in detail. Now please sign here, along the bottom,

then sign all the other waivers. We're due at the clinic, and I don't want to be late. My whole surgical team is on standby."

"But... a boobjob?" Mike asked, scanning the document hurriedly.

"Well, technically the term is a breast enlargement, but I know your love for crude terminology, Michael." Teresa said, pouring a small glass of wine for herself.

Mike shook his head, in disbelief. Surely she was kidding, pulling his leg. She couldn't really expect him to get a boobjob, could she?

But as he read the paper, he saw she was indeed quite serious. He turned back to her. "Honey, please, what is all this about?"

"You told me you were willing to do anything to avoid a divorce, Michael." Teresa explained, pulling a large pen from her purse. "So I've decided on a way you can prove it. I think the best way for you to prove you really will do anything to save our marriage is by going under my scalpel. I've already picked the perfect set of breast implants for your new chest. Oh, don't worry, they're extra-large; I know how much you like big... tits."

She pronounced the word "tits" with undisguised disgust.

Gulping down her wine in one go, she sigh and looked out across the pool. On the other side, the two busty pool cleaners were still bending over, flashing him their thongs and cleavage as they pretended to work.

Teresa smirked down at him, knowingly, and drew her eye to his still tented shorts. Mike winced, even as his erection deflated.

Ignoring his discomfort, she went on. "Who knows, maybe carrying around your very own pair of breasts for a year will teach you a lesson about viewing women as things, Michael."

Mike was almost lost in despair, when her last words registered in him. "Wait! A year? I only have to keep them for a year?"

Teresa pretended to clean her nails, saying only, "Maybe, if you're good, then I'll take your implants out again."

Mike gulped, considering his options. From his wife's stern expression, he was certain she was fully prepared to divorce him if he dared refuse Teresa's ridiculous ultimatum. But could he really stand living with breast implants?

The very idea of having his own breasts revolted him, but then again, what choice did he have? Either a year of humiliation at his wife's hand, or countless years of destitution, of total irrelevance. No more parties with the rich and famous, no more late night frolics with hot chicks, no more playboy lifestyle at all. Truly, no choice at all.

He took the pen and began to sign the papers, one after another. Teresa grinned, darkly.

Mike awoke slowly, as if rising from a thick fog. He gently opened his eyes, seeing Teresa looking down at him. The surgery must have gone well, for she was smiling. But something about her wasn't quite right. In his hazy half-drugged state, he slid his gaze up and down her, trying to understand his feeling of disquiet.

He suddenly stiffened as he saw his wife's chest, or rather, lack of chest. She was as flat as the day they married, no more than a mere B-cup at best.

His own chest was wrapped in bandages, and two large bumps seemed to rise out from them. He blinked as he realized that, besides the drugged feeling, he felt little pain. Nothing like Teresa had warned him about.

Mike started to open his mouth to speak, but stopped as he felt more bandages tighten across his face. For an instant he thought he'd imagined them, but as turned his head on his pillow, he felt the thick gauze again, now pulling at his cheeks. His eyes widened in alarm.

"Shhh...calm down Michael." Teresa said, her voice gentle. "You've been out for quite a while, nearly three full weeks in fact. You've nearly totally healed, but you'll be pretty weak until you rebuild the muscle you've lost lying in bed all this time."

"M-m-myy f-f-faace?" Mike asked. His tongue felt stiff and dry, making even simple speech a chore. Teresa pushed a small bit of crushed ice against his lips and thankfully let it melt in his mouth.

As he softly chewed the ice, Teresa explained, "I decided to work on your face a bit, while you were out. No point in wasting the opportunity."

"H-honey..." He croaked, nearly coughing. Another piece of ice silenced him, and he chewed quickly.

Teresa's smile never wavered, and actually seemed to broaden, returning to the predatory look he'd seen when she first showed him the photos of his infidelity. She lifted some papers from a bedside table, and said, "Now by signing these documents, our marriage was officially annulled and you were left with nothing. I've agreed to let you keep that stupid car you bought with my credit cards, but you'll be making the payments from now on. Otherwise, you are on your own."

She put the sheets down and slid another, larger ice cube into Mike's dry mouth. She continued, "Naturally, since our divorce, I've reverted to my maiden name. I'm now Teresa Llewellyn again."

Mike swallowed hard, as the ice melted. The cool water finally rehydrated his throat and mouth, and despite his fear, he sighed with relief. Finally free of the ice, he asked, "Teresa, what did you do too me? I only agreed to the implants."

His voice was still a bit hoarse, but was no longer a raspy croak, and easily understandable. Teresa shook her head, and lifted several more papers from the table.

"No, Michael, when you signed these papers, you agreed to authorize me to make any surgical alterations I felt necessary." Teresa said. "And after I finished installing your new implants, I felt you needed a little facial work to even things out."

Before he could respond, she grabbed the edge of his bed sheet, and pulled it back, fully revealing his bandaged chest. "I think these puppies are ready to see the light of day, don't you?"

Using a special scissors, Teresa quickly cut the bandages over Mike's new rack, and slowly peeled them off. Mike stared down in shock as his new breasts were revealed.

Each breast jutted up from his once muscular chest, rough spheres of flesh the size of cantaloupes. Teresa was one of the best surgeons in the world, and her talent showed through. Though his new breasts looked positively fake in every way, both were perfectly matched in shape and size, without the slightest hint of scarring to mar them.

Teresa closed her hands gently around each globe and lifted them up. Though still a bit sore, Mike felt no real pain.

As his (ex)wife lifted his breasts up, he saw his new and improved nipples. Teresa said, "I'm especially proud of these."

Mike stared in surprise at his new nipples, now more teats than anything else. Whereas before his masculine nipples had been flat, virtually insignificant circles atop his firm pecs, now his nipples were plump, sticking straight out atop his slightly pointed breasts. Each nipple was as long and thick as a man's thumb, and a deep purple. Tiny bumps ringed each areola, which themselves were wider than before.

"Do you like them?" Teresa asked in a teasing tone. "I was just going to tattoo them and plump them up with some collagen, but I found a better way. When I was inserting your implants, I had to cauterize a few small blood vessels, which gave me an idea. If I closed off some of the veins running from your areola, you would always have more blood coming in than leaving, making your nipples stay hard all the time! I wasn't sure it would actually work, but clearly it has! Just look at these wonderful plums!"

Teresa pinched both his nipples between her thumbs and index fingers, rolling the swollen nubs around as she plucked at them. Mike gasped at the unexpected sensation from his nipples; they'd never felt like that before!

Teresa grinned as she saw his reaction. "I gave each nipple a chemical peel a few days ago, to make them more sensitive. I doubt the effect will last, but who knows? Now tell me, do you like your new...tits?"

Once again, she pronounced the word with disgust and let go of Mike's new breasts. They plopped back down and bounced vigorously for several seconds before finally stopping.

The one-time underwear model stared at his now feminine chest and gulped.

"Th-they're very big." He said, simply.

"Of course they are, silly. I told you I knew how much you liked big...tits, didn't I? Besides, you liked them when they were on my chest." Teresa said, patting her small breasts significantly.

Mike's eyes widened and his whole body stiffened at once. Teresa saw his reaction and nodded. "I told you I'd found the perfect set of implants for you, Michael. I figure you'll get more from them than I ever did. Plus, they're expendables, which means I can even make them bigger if I want to. Isn't that wonderful news, Michael?"

Mike was lost for words, staring in horror at his ex-wife's shrunken chest. The realization that the very implants he had pressured her into getting were now hanging from his own chest sent a spasm of utter humiliation through him.

Worse still, as Teresa was several inches taller than him, what had been mere D-cups on her chest, looked huge on his!

"Well that's enough of your chest, let's look at your new face!" She said excitedly, holding up her scissors again. A few quick snips up the side of his head, and she was rapidly pulling loose gauze bandages away. Mike waited in silence, too shocked by his new breasts to pay attention to his ex's work.

As the last of the bandages fell away, Teresa pulled a large mirror down from where it hung above the bed, revealing Mike's new face. He hesitated looking into it, suddenly terrified to know what else she had done to him while he was out cold.

He gasped at the sight reflected back at him! Teresa's work as a plastic surgeon included any number of procedures in a typical day, but her real passion was facial reconstruction and it showed.

His chestnut hair was thankfully still there, having not been either permanently shaved off or dyed blond as he had feared, but the cut and style was now decidedly feminine. He cursed himself for keeping so long.

His face was what really drew his attention, however. Above his lips, it hadn't actually been changed too much in any one place; his cheek bones were more prominent thanks to new silicone cheek implants, while a simple rhinoplasty had turned his prominent nose into a button, the tip turned up girlishly. His eyebrows were thinned out, and his lashes replaced with long, fluttering false-lashes that would make a stripper proud.

As a model, Mike had never been particularly masculine in both body shape and his face, having more of a smooth metrosexual look that had been popular in those days half a decade ago. Because of this, the minor changes Teresa had performed on him had effortlessly turned his face into that of a girl's, and simultaneously taken several years off. He had the look of an innocent eighteen year old girl from his nose up.

But his lips were a different story altogether. Each lip was thick and swollen, and painted a bright pink, with bits of glitter shimmering wetly. The really eye-catching change, however, was how incredibly wide his mouth had become. He frowned up at his ex-wife.

Teresa explained, "I used a dental device called a palate expander to widen your mouth the past few weeks. I only took it off just yesterday, and I must say, the effect is perfect. It really alters the whole shape of your face."

Mike cautiously opened his mouth, surprised at how much his wider mouth dominated his girly face, at how his slutty pink lips drew the eye. As his mouth spread open, his lips were stretched into a wide 'O'. His lips were so plump he could barely see his teeth at all behind them.

Yet, what he could see of his teeth bothered him. He'd always had a model's perfect set of teeth, but now his glistening ivories were beyond belief; each tooth was flawless, and too bright white to be real. He frowned. Something was wrong.

Teresa saw his expression of confusion, and said, "Oh yes, I almost forgot about your new teeth."

Before he could protest or even think of shutting his jaws, Teresa reached in and plucked his new dentures right out of his gaping mouth!

Mike shrieked in surprise, even as Teresa began idly rinsing his dentures in a wall sink. He stared at his reflection, his tongue wriggling like a worm across his suddenly empty gums. There was no pain, or even a hint of blood, for his teeth had been gone for weeks already.

"Whaap dibb oou doo to meeh?!" He asked in terror, his voice nearly incoherent. His fat lips were so swollen they perfectly concealed his lack of teeth. Teresa ignored him, and continued cleaning his dentures.

A line of drool began to run down the corner of his gaping mouth. Mike shut his mouth, only to find it pop back open instantly. Startled, he clamped his jaw down again, only to find his gums never quite touched. A strange force seemed to push them away from each other; the harder he bit down, the less they seemed to move. The instant he relaxed his jaws, his mouth popped back open. It didn't gape wide open, but just enough that his enlarged pink lips

formed another perfect 'O'-shaped pout! He looked like a trout or some obscene sex doll!!

"Huhhmp!?! " He cried, staring in horror at his wife as she finished rinsing off his dentures.

Teresa shrugged nonchalantly, dropping his clean dentures onto the bedside table. "Oh that, I installed some rare-earth magnets into your upper and lower jaw bone. They're real powerful. They help to lock your dentures in place, but the way I've arranged them means they repeal each other when you try to shut your maw. Just relax and you'll be fine. I don't want you overworking your jaw muscles just yet."

Mike tried to argue with his ex-wife, but she ignored his incoherent sputtering. Instead, she reached into a bag next to the bed and pulled out a large plastic box. Even as he tried again to get her to respond, she opened the box and revealed a new set of dentures.

He gasped at the sight of them; the new set of false teeth were all a single unit, with a large rubber nub jutting out of the inside. Not wasting another second, Teresa grabbed Mike's head firmly and pushed the dentures against his plump lips!

Mike shrieked, trying helplessly to shut his mouth to fend off the new teeth. For the first time, he became aware that his arms and feet were locked uselessly in cuffs, bound to the bed frame! He was too weak to do more than struggle impotently, as Teresa pushed the dentures forward.

With a loud, wet pop, the false teeth slipped into place along his gums. He felt the metal undersides of the dentures snap onto the strong magnets buried under his gums, holding the teeth firmly in place. He desperately pushed his tongue against the solid wall of teeth in his mouth, but the wall didn't budge.

Worse, he couldn't avoid feeling the strange rubber nub. As his tongue slid over the nub, his eyes widened in horror; it was shaped like a cockhead! The nub suddenly felt huge in his mouth, the taste of rubber becoming instantly overpowering.

Teresa saw his alarm and chuckled. She slid her finger across Mike's plump lips, which were still formed into a sex doll pout. "Oh Michael, you look positively precious! And just think, now you won't be able to lie to me anymore!"

Mike grunted through his new bizarre gag, trying to somehow apologize, to somehow talk his way out of another mess. But Teresa ignored him again, angling the mirror to better show him his new smile. She indicated a tiny gap between his bottom front teeth, too small to notice.

"That's a little extra breathing hole, just in case your nose gets stopped up." So saying, she pinched his newly upturned nose shut. Frantic, Mike drew in a shallow breath through the gap in his fake teeth and the hollow cockhead beyond.

"Of course, the real purpose is to allow me to attach a little feeding tube, if I ever need to."

She released his nose, and he began to pant deep breaths through his augmented nasal cavities, making a shrill keening noise as he did so.

Teresa backed away from him, pulling the hanging mirror with her. She pulled the rest of his covers off, and said, "Now for the pièce de résistance!"

Mike bent forward, staring in terror as she reached for his groin. He shrieked as he suddenly realized she had done something to his manhood! "Ngghh!!"

Despite his urgent glance, he could see nothing; his new boobs were too large, they were totally blocking his view!

Teresa noticed, and still smiling, pulled the mirror back down, angled so that he could finally see his groin.

The former underwear model sighed with relief as he saw that his cock was not, as he feared, missing. But what *had* become of it hit him nearly as hard!

Rising from its usual place at his crotch, was his cock, but rather than hanging free, the appendage was trapped inside a large plastic tube! He was surprised to see that his cock, always large, was now huge!

"I know you've always had a certain... connection to your dick, Michael," Teresa said, her smile growing playful, "but I've always thought you could use a bit more thickness. Honestly, honey, you've always been a bit of a pencil dick, to me."

She laughed despite herself, and shook her head, one hand coming to her forehead. Sighing to regain her composure, she continued, "Anyway, I decided to give you a penile enlargement, while you were out. I was already planning on giving you some liposuction on those love handles of yours, and I figured where better to pump the leftover fat than your cock?"

Mike glanced up the mirror, towards his waist. Years of hard partying every night and lounging lazily around the pool all day had winnowed his once rock hard abs, and put several extra pounds of flab on his gut. He'd never been truly heavysset, but now even those few bits of fat were gone. His waist was flat as ever, and even seemed to have been pinched in slightly at the sides.

He stared back at the reflection of his cock, utterly mesmerized. His nine inch organ hadn't lengthened at all, but its new girth was incredible! Though trapped inside a plastic tube, he could still easily see that his cock was as fat around as a soda can, maybe more.

Teresa said, "Of course, injecting fat directly into the penis isn't my preferred form of enlargement, but it's the only way to directly increase girth. Unfortunately, this procedure usually leads to fatty lumps forming along the shaft, and most clients regret the surgery. In your case, however, I thought we might try a different approach."

She tapped the outside of the clear acrylic tube engulfing his manhood, drawing his attention back to it. Mike gulped, aware that his cock's unexpected increase in thickness was only its mildest transformation.

While the tube was smooth along the outside, the inside was encircled by sharp edged ridges all down its length, making him wince, though he felt no pain. Further up the tube, the area around his cockhead was dimpled like the surface of a golf ball, with an odd pattern of sharp lines sunk into the lining. His inflated cock was squeezed so tightly into the plastic tube, that his flesh filled every little crevice and depression of the inner surface.

Happy as he was to be thicker, the bizarre new shape his organ had taken on sent a shiver down his spine.

Teresa clicked her nails against the tube again, sending faint tremors running through her ex's manhood. "You see, when we inject fat deposits directly into penile tissue like this, the fat needs time to settle into place. After a while, the body grows collagen throughout the new fatty tissue, incorporating it into the penis and permanently locking it in place. The same sort of problem can happen with breast implants, and so normally patients were special bras, designed to hold the breast into the correct shape until the tissue firms up around the new implant. I decided to incorporate the same idea into your cock."

She tugged lightly on the thin black hose running from the tip of the plastic cylinder, pulling his cock slightly in the

process.

"This hose is hooked to a low-power vacuum pump, which continually sucks all the air from the tube, forcing your cock to mold itself against the inner surface. We only remove the tube once every eight hours, to catheterize you and wash the area down, then the tube goes back on for another eight hour session. So your cock has been trapped inside this mold for almost three weeks straight."

Mike shook his head, slowly understanding his ex-wife's explanation. He gulped, and cringed as he inadvertently sucked on the rubber cockhead behind his false teeth.

Teresa twisted the black hose, until suddenly it popped free. Air hissed back into the acrylic tube, as his flesh separated from the inner lining. She grasped the tube firmly and began to twist it around. "Ready to see your new cock, Michael?"

Not waiting for a response, Teresa pulled the tube off in one quick yank. Mike's swollen cock bobbed between his thighs, the shaft and head now a perfect negative of the tube's inner lining. He nearly choked at the sight, trying uselessly to open his mouth and scream.

His manhood was ruined! The shaft now appeared to be formed of a series of stacked balls of flesh, gradually growing larger toward the base. The head was even more bizarre, now a perfect sphere covered in tiny hemispherical bumps. Where the odd lines had appeared on the tube, the same design now rose up from the surface of his cockhead, formed of two dots and a curved line; a smiley face!

The sight overwhelmed Mike, and he finally screamed, even through the denture-gag. Teresa had transformed his pride and joy, the very symbol of his virility and manliness, into an absurd parody of a sex toy!!!

Teresa watched Mike's expression and seemed to shudder as he finally broke down, consumed with humiliation and terror for his new body. As his cries died down, his half-drugged body still too weak to put up a fight for more than a few seconds, she put her hand gently upon his thigh.

"Oh Michael, did you really think I didn't know about those other women?" She asked, her voice soft as she rubbed his leg.

Mike had collapsed into tears, which mercifully blurred his vision of the mirror and his strange, grotesque new appearance. He couldn't see his new face, or his transformed cock. Only his breasts were still clear to him, too large to be blurred entirely away.

After a moment of silence, Teresa squeezed his leg gently. "Now Michael, we need to discuss your future."

Through his tears, Mike glared in rage and fear at his ex-wife. Teresa sighed. "I know what you are thinking, Michael. But you are wrong. I will get away with this, in fact, I already have gotten away with it. Father assures me that several of his firm's top lawyers are prepared to swear in court that they witnessed you sign the documents granting me permission to make these alterations to you. And they will sign affidavits stating that you were fully briefed on the nature of those documents and were not pressured to sign them. Given all that, and your total lack of funds to hire a half-way decent lawyer, do you still think you can fight me in court over this, and win?"

Mike's tears had stopped, but he couldn't meet her gaze. Teresa shook her head, a look of disgust passing across her face. "For far too long, I've ignored your behavior. For some stupid reason, I actually let myself believe that you didn't mean to hurt me, that your behavior was somehow my fault.

That I wasn't woman enough to satisfy you. Hell, I even let you pressure me into getting those ridiculous implants you're now wearing! And you still cheated on me!! My god, Michael, how did I never realize what a worthless little shit you really were?"

Teresa shut her eyes, her face growing red with righteous rage. Mike felt his own anger suddenly sink under a rising tide of fear. After what she had already done to him, what horrible things might she still have in store for him?

"Father said you were just a gold digging bastard, but I didn't listen. I should have seen it, but I guess I just didn't want to believe you were that sort of person. I...I've known you were cheating on me for some time, but it wasn't until you slept with that reporter that I finally had enough."

She opened her eyes finally, and glared straight into his own. Her face took on the predatory expression he'd seen before, only now she wasn't smiling. Her voice was calm, but icy cold and full of menace. "It is one thing to degrade our marriage, that I could forgive. I'd still have divorced you, but that would have been the end of it. But then you jeopardized my clinic, destroyed the privacy of my clientele, and all for what? Just to get that busty slut to sleep with you! Well, I hope it was worth it, because I am never going to turn you back into a real man, Michael! Of course, you never were one to begin with."

She smacked his still bobbing cock with the back of her hand, sending it bouncing hard against his thighs. The sudden pain was intense, nearly making Mike's tears return. Yet, despite the pain, his cock remained hard as a rock!

Teresa sighed, and then gave his hard cock a painfully firm squeeze, running her hand up and down the deformed shaft. Her menacing voice returned to its earlier clinically detached tone, as she said, "I rearranged a few blood vessels

in your groin, just like with your new nipples. You'll always have a partial erection, from now on."

Though she said the words absently, their effect on Mike was considerable. He felt his cock throbbing at her touch, painful as it was. He was growing harder and harder as her hand bumped down from one ball of flesh to another, until she was tightly gripping the base of his shaft. She lightly flicked the tip of his swollen member.

"Mister Happy likes that, doesn't he?" She said, her voice growing almost playful again.

She released his cock, but then grasped his new breasts instead! "Though with these, that big cock doesn't really fit in with the new you, does it? Maybe I should lop it off after all; I could give you a big, gushing pussy instead. Would you like that, Michael?"

Mike shook his head frantically, groaning through his false teeth. He swallowed and accidentally sucked on the rubber cockhead again.

Teresa chewed her lip, as if in thought, then shrugged. "I suppose I can let you keep your dick for a while still, then. You don't deserve to be real woman either, do you?"

Desperate to keep his manhood, even if it was deformed, Mike nodded vigorously in agreement.

"Yes, I thought you might agree. Well, Michael, what *should* I do with you? We're divorced now, so maybe I should just drop you off at the local strip club and let you find your own way in the world."

Mike gulped, dreading being left penniless in his new body. Hoping he wasn't making the wrong decision, he slowly shook his head.

Teresa raised an eyebrow. "Oh, you would prefer not to be left on your own, is that it? Well, maybe I do have another idea for you, but I doubt you'll like it anymore than that one."

She slipped another paper from the table and held it before him. Unlike the others, this one was not already signed. "This is an employment contract, Michael. It's for a minimum wage, full-time, live in position at my mansion. You see, I've found over these past few weeks that I don't really need a sit-at-home, do-nothing husband, but I can always use a good maid..."

Mike blinked, staring at the sheet in surprise. Of all the possible fates she had planned for him, working for her, as a maid no less, was not one he had expected. Still, it was better than being left to rot in a gutter somewhere, plus he'd still be able to cling to part of his old life, despite the changes to his body. He nodded, sending his tits wobbling across his chest.

Teresa grinned down at him, pushing a pen into his right hand and sliding the paper underneath. As he signed the contract, she said, "Of course, I haven't gotten around to firing all those busty sluts you hired behind my back. Since you'll be working with them from now on, I really hope you didn't have...relations with any of them. That might be a bit awkward."

A shiver ran down Mike's spine at her words, as he suddenly imagined working in his new body in front of all those young, attractive women he'd hired. He could already hear the laughter. But it was too late for second thoughts, he'd already signed the contract.

As his ex-wife - and now employer - put the paper back on the tabletop, she said, "Oh yes, I almost forgot. One of the forms you signed before your surgery was actually a

petition to legally change your name. Michael Hertz just doesn't belong to a body like yours, does it dear?"

She grabbed Mike's huge tits and gave them a big squeeze, before showing him a new document from the county courthouse, already signed by a judge. On a line near the bottom, was Mike's new, legal name.

"Do you remember Brandy and Bambi? Those slutty blonds you hired to clean my pool? Well, I told them all about the new you, and they insisted that they get to pick your new name. I just couldn't say no." Teresa said, grinning. Mike stared at her in surprise, but she only laughed. As she held the paper before him with one hand, she cupped his heavy boobs with the other. "I was a bit disappointed they didn't pick something more bimbo-y, but now I'm really growing attached to it."

Mike shut his eyes and sighed through his nose. He was suddenly becoming utterly exhausted, his body still weak from its long recovery. But when he opened his eyes, the paper was still there, his new name mocking his former manliness: Maya Backhertz.

He glared up at his new employer, but knew he could do nothing but accept this final humiliation.

Teresa folded the paper and returned it to her pocket, before looking up at the clock. "Well, *Maya* I've got a rhinoplasty in twenty minutes, then we can see about getting you out of bed and back home. I've got a wonderful new uniform already picked out for you, and you're just going to die when you see your new servant quarters."

Mike watched his ex walk from the room, and sat silently on his bed, contemplating his unexpected fate. He considered his options, but he had none. No matter how he thought about his new situation, he was thoroughly trapped. Whether he was destitute, living on the street like some

common vagrant, or working as a maid for his ex-wife's amusement, he was still stuck as a bizarre half-man, half-woman freak.

He sat in room, staring up at his reflection in the hanging ceiling mirror, and cursed himself for ever pissing off his plastic surgeon wife. She had obviously planned for him to choose the easiest path, to agree to be her new maid. He wondered what fresh humiliations she had planned for him next.

As the minutes slid by, Mike found himself sliding back into sleep, his body thoroughly exhausted. Just as sleep overtook him, he thought *Who knows, maybe it won't be that bad? Teresa might even decide to turn me back after a while. I've always been able to bend her around my finger before, if I tried hard enough. I'm sure this time won't be any different....*

"Maya is sorry Mistress! She'll never do it again, I-er-she swears!!" Mike screamed, as his former wife smacked her hand across his bare ass yet again. His spanking had continued for five full minutes, until his ass was bright red. His huge fake breasts sloshed heavily under him, having long since popped free of his absurdly inadequate top.

"And after I was nice enough to let you wear your talking dentures and everything," Teresa said, bringing her hand down again. She clicked her tongue. "You've really disappointed me, Maya."

Mike gritted his teeth as his ex-wife continued to spank his sore bottom. He'd always known Teresa was taller than him, but not till now, with him bent over her knee like a naughty schoolgirl, did he realize just how small in stature he really was compared to her. His pathetic struggles didn't faze her in the least.

A sudden blow across his upper thighs sent him screeching in agony. Teresa watched his thin limbs flail uselessly and said, "You must have lost more muscle mass than I expected, sitting in that bed all month like a lazy cow. We'll have to see about getting you back in shape, Maya." "

She turned to the watching pool cleaners, and said, "Girls, starting tomorrow, I'm putting Maya on an intensive exercise program. I expect the two of you to put her through her paces. She'll need her strength once I start pumping more saline into those expandable implants of hers."

The two tall blonds nodded happily, and Teresa resumed spanking her altered ex-husband, who was staring morosely at his huge fake breasts.

When she finally relented and ended his punishment, Mike's face was nearly as red as his ass, as much from sheer embarrassment as exertion. He couldn't bear to look into the faces of the pool cleaning bimbos, who watched him eagerly, not bothering to hide their contempt of the former Master-of-the-house.

"Well? Don't you have something to say to your handlers, Maya?" Teresa prodded.

Mike gulped heavily, and wiped tears from his eyes. Swallowing his embarrassment, he finally looked at Brandy and Bambi. Not daring to put his breasts back in his top, he lifted the frilly short skirt of the ridiculous French maid's uniform, and executed a flawless curtsy before the giggling girls.

"I-er-Maya apologizes for breaking her rules and trying to talk Mistresses Brandy and Bambi into helping her escape." He spoke quickly, trying to end the humiliation as fast as possible. But Teresa was not about to let him get off so easily.

"Escape? Why Maya, you know you're free to leave the estate grounds anytime you want." Teresa said, mockingly.

Brandy finally controlled her giggling long enough to say, "Miss Hertz, he didn't--"

"My last name is Llewellyn now, dear." Teresa reminded her, her face turning ever so slightly cold.

Brandy hastily corrected herself, "Miss Llewellyn, I mean. Sorry ma'am, I forgot."

"That's fine dear, now what were you trying to say?"

Brandy looked confused for a second, then remembered. "Oh yeah! I was going to say, Maya wasn't asking us to help her escape from the estate."

"Oh really? Well, whatever did he want help escaping from, then?" Teresa feigned surprise, while Mike groaned. Those stupid bimbos had been a thorn in his side all week!

Brandy nodded, "He wanted us to help him get the key to his...well, you know. His tube."

Teresa grinned coldly, as she turned to face her ex-husband-turned-busty-maid. "Oh, he did, did he? Well, I think for a rule violation like that, he'll need more than a mere spanking."

Mike winced and swallowed deeply. Since his return to the mansion, and his new career, he'd earned many punishments, but he didn't doubt that Teresa had something far worse than he'd yet experienced in store for him now.

"Lift up your skirt, Maya."

Mike didn't dare hesitate, quickly hiking his short, black-and-white skirt up until his stocking tops were fully revealed.

His giant cock jutted out, trapped painfully inside a long plastic tube, nearly identical to the one he'd worn in the clinic. But unlike that tube, this one was smooth on the inside as well as the outside, though it was still held in place by suction. A tiny key was needed to unlock the valve at the tip, allowing air in to break the vacuum seal and release the tube.

Not having access to his perpetually erect cock was bad, but the real problem was the tube itself. Though the inner lining was mostly smooth, several dozen sharp plastic points still jutted from the lining toward his defenseless cock. Even the slightest movement sent his cock bobbing painfully against the spiky points, never quite hard enough to break skin, but still painful enough to drive him crazy.

And without the key, he could not take the tube off!

Since his return, Teresa had given the two buxom pool cleaners many new responsibilities around the mansion, all of them specifically dealing with her newest employee. They were no longer mere pool cleaners, but were now Mike's handlers, much to his embarrassment.

Besides making sure he actually did his daily cleaning assignments, and ensuring he kept to his strictly controlled diet of salads and steamed vegetables, the girls also had access to the spare key to his cock tube.

He was only allowed to ask them to take the tube off three times a day, to use the bathroom, but then only under strict supervision. He'd broken that rule earlier today, by trying to bribe Brandy to make him a spare key, in return for some money he'd managed to squirrel away for a rainy day. It wasn't much, but he'd expected the bimbo would do anything for a few hundred bucks.

He'd been wrong, however.

Mike stood in place, his throbbing cock bobbing helplessly inside the vacuum tube, as the two blonds watched in amusement.

Teresa walked around him, clicking her tongue. Finally she stopped just before him. She held out her hand. "Teeth."

Mike sighed, and dropped one side of his skirt as he reached into his mouth and pried his dentures free. Teresa took the false teeth and backed away.

She dropped the dentures into a small box on her desk and retrieved a new box from her desk drawer. "Well Maya, I'm going to give you a choice; I can either replace your tube with a more permanent chastity device, one a whole lot smaller and tighter; or, you can choose to wear these for the next month."

She opened the new box, revealing a new brand new pair of dentures. Mike's eyes widened, and his toothless mouth fell open in shock.

The new dentures were all one piece, but instead of being a closed together, they were locked wide open. Teresa ran her finger over the false teeth, which bent under her touch. The teeth weren't porcelain, but rather soft rubber. He couldn't imagine actually wearing them; his jaw would be stuck insanely wide apart, his thick lips stretched to the limit! And for an entire month, too!!

"Before you decide," Teresa said, reaching back into her desk drawer and pulling out two bags. She handed the bags to the girls, who stared inside them and broke into fresh giggling. "You should really see these first. Girls, please put your gifts on now."

Brandy and Bambi shrugged, and slipped quickly out of their tight pants. Both girls pulled large sex toys from their bags, to Mike's shock, and quickly began strapping them

around their waists. In seconds, both girls were sporting huge rubber strapon cocks, complete with fake testicles hanging beneath! A rubber hose and bulb hung from the base of each sex toy.

Teresa explained to her bewildered ex-husband. "These are extra-large strapons from the adult bookstore downtown. They come with a refillable reservoir inside each testicle. All the girls have to do is pump those bulbs, and their fake cocks will shoot a thick load."

The girls giggled with glee and frantically reached for their bulbs. Each squeezed her own bulb and sent a thick spray of green slime shooting from the hollow tip of their new false-cocks, and across the carpet.

"Instead of the usual fake cum the manufacturer recommends on the box, I've filled each toy with pureed cabbage and Brussels sprouts, your favorites." Teresa said, grinning evilly. Mike groaned through his gaping maw. He *hated* Brussels sprouts!

"And if you *do* choose to wear your new dentures, every meal you eat for the next month will come from those fake cocks. That should do wonders for you figure, dear." Teresa said, her grin growing as Mike gulped in dread and revulsion.

He stared in disgust at the huge rubber phalluses bobbing between the busty women's thighs, and then stared down at his own cock, bobbing inside its tube. He considered his options, such as they were.

As disgusting as sucking cock seemed to him - even fake rubber cock - he just knew he couldn't choose the other option. The plastic tube was horrible enough, he couldn't even imagine being squeezed inside a tight, probably metal, male chastity belt.

Besides, he told himself, he'd worn the other one-piece dentures for several days, sucking his meals through a straw, the nasty paste gushing out of the rubber cockhead behind his false chompers. Sucking dildo's directly couldn't really be that different, could it?

With trepidation, he finally nodded at the dentures in Teresa's hands. She grinned and wasted no time shoving the false-teeth into his mouth. As always, they clicked into place along his gums.

Unlike his other sets of dentures, these spread his jaws far apart, almost too far apart. In mere seconds, he felt his cheeks begin to burn from straining. It was like wearing a giant ring gag, but without the straps.

"Well, I do believe it's just about time for lunch, isn't it girls?" Teresa said, pretending to look at her wrist watch. Bambi and Brandy giggled with excitement and nodded, thrusting their hips in Mike's direction. He shuddered.

Smiling now, Teresa turned back to her gaping ex-husband and gestured to the huge dildos between the blonds' legs.

"Bon appétit, Maya."

* * * * *

The End

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The Plastic Surgeon's Revenge 2

by Tabitha Kohls

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Michael Hertz jogged in place, staring dead ahead at the treadmill's video screen.

The high-end treadmill displayed a real-time video of a mountain path running off into the distance before him. It constantly updated, moving farther down the pathway, always perfectly in time with the belt.

The combination created a convincing illusion that he was really in the mountains, running along the path.

In reality, Mike was in his personal gym. The exercise room was only one small part of his new quarter's; his ex-wife Teresa had renovated the old guest house that occupied one corner of her palatial mansion estate, and now he called it home.

He hated it, utterly.

The century-old guest house had been totally updated to reflect his new role on the estate; he was no longer Michael Hertz, man of the house; now he was Maya Backhertz, hyper-busty live-in maid, and virtually slave to his ex-wife, Teresa.

The gym room was a perfect example of the transformation. The walls were painted bright bubble-gum pink, where they weren't just covered with mirrors or large posters of greased up male bodybuilders in Speedos, or less.

Even the ceiling was a light shade of pink. The rubber-coated floor *was* black, thankfully, but even this had pinkish polka dots and stars painted over much of its surface.

It was enough to make Mike's stomach churn.

In fact, the entire house was like the gym; every room was dominated by pastels, and shades of pink, while numerous humiliating posters graced many of the walls, always depicting nearly nude men or totally inappropriate posters of boy bands, alongside endless unicorn and rainbow stickers.

Teresa had had one of the outer walls torn down and entirely replaced with windows, which, coupled with the internal pastel color scheme, created the illusion that Mike was living inside of a giant doll house.

That glass wall was perhaps the most troubling part of his new abode. Every room in the house touched that wall, even the bathroom. There was literally nowhere in the entire house that offered him the slightest privacy; he was forever exposed to the outside world.

And since the guest cottage was located at a corner of the estate, the all-glass wall was naturally on the side facing the neighboring lots.

Running in place, Mike kept his eyes locked on the screen ahead, but couldn't help but notice the floor-to-ceiling glass wall to his immediate right. Just across the street outside was a private high school, a boys-only institution.

Without even turning his head, he knew that dozens of male faces were eagerly peering out at him from classrooms. He could practically feel their eyes crawling down his body.

"Horny little bastards," he hissed between his false teeth, as the treadmill began to incline, perfectly following the terrain on the display screen.

Despite his discomfort, he couldn't really blame the horny teens for watching him as he exercised. His ex-wife

had done an incredible job transforming his male body into a lusciously hyper-feminine form.

Teresa Llewellyn, formerly Teresa *Hertz*, was not only rich and beautiful, but also one of the most gifted plastic surgeons in the country. With her skills and resources, it was small wonder she had managed to transform him so successfully in just a few short months.

A former male model, Mike had lived a life of idle luxury throughout their marriage. Never the most masculine of men, he had nonetheless always considered himself a real ladies man, and throughout his five-year marriage to Teresa, he'd had many affairs.

But his last affair, with a young, hot journalist looking for insider information on Teresa's top secret client list, had proven the straw that broke the camel's back.

Teresa caught him red-handed, and gave him an unexpected ultimatum; he could either allow her to give him a large set of breast implants, or else she'd divorce him. With no work history beyond his long-dead modeling career, and with no savings to speak of, Mike had quickly accepted.

But when he awoke from the surgery, he'd found that Teresa had done much more than just shove some random implants into his flabby chest; he was wearing the very same implants he'd pressured her into getting years before! They were huge, heavy, and looked even larger on his shorter body than they had on hers!!

But that was only the beginning. Teresa had also transformed his face into a stunningly feminine visage, while expanding his mouth and removing his teeth. Now he had to wear specialty dentures in order to eat and speak; of course, only when she allowed him. Otherwise, he wore his punishment dentures, a single piece set of false teeth

backed by a large cock-shaped plug. He hated them most of all.

The real change wasn't his face or chest, however. Teresa had also massively altered his manhood, enlarging it with fat injections and using a plastic mold to permanently change its shape from a proper cock into some sort of absurd parody of a sex toy!

Even now, running in place, Mike, or Maya as his new driver's license proclaimed, could feel his thick, bizarre cock pulsating painfully against his too-tight spandex pants. For not the first time, he wondered how the watching teenage boys next door would react if he pulled his mutilated cock out for all to see.

"Probably just think I was wearing a strap-on," he mumbled to himself, glumly. He risked a glance down at his absurdly over-inflated breasts, and added, "Assuming they'd even notice; I doubt they ever look south of these puppies anyway."

Sighing, he quickly returned to watching the screen before him.

After all his surgeries and a lengthy recuperation via a drug-induced coma, Mike had been left horribly weak. So, for the past six months, he'd been forced to undergo a strict regimen of daily exercises. The exercises had all been designed to not only keep him in shape, but also to further feminize his body.

Just before his downfall from trophy husband to meek maid, Mike had hired two busty blond college girls named Brandy and Bambi to serve on the mansion staff as his personal eye candy.

But after his transformation, Teresa had decided to put the beauties in charge of him, as his personal handlers. They

ensured he followed his exercise routine to the letter, and had even designed many of his workouts themselves, drawing from their own backgrounds as cheerleaders. Stretching exercises, hundreds of squats to tighten his ass, jumping jacks and high kicks to tone his thighs, hundreds more crunches and sit-ups to flatten his belly to feminine proportions.

After months of training, however, it wasn't actually necessary for his busty blond handlers to make sure he finished his exercises. He had long ago learned to follow his routine; the punishment for failure was far too great to dare skipping out even a single ab crunch or thigh-burning high kick.

This morning they weren't with him, either. The treadmill was programmed not to turn off until he finished his ten mile morning run, so they wouldn't bother showing up till then. But he knew they were almost certainly watching him even now, as he ran on the treadmill.

Almost as if reading his mind, a tiny camera mounted on top of the display screen suddenly tilted, aiming directly down at him. No doubt someone, probably the buxom duo, was remotely watching him through the high-definition camera. Similar cameras were placed throughout the house, nestled in corners and above his tiny four-poster bed. And those were just the ones he could see; he secretly suspected there were many, many others hidden away in the walls and furniture that filled his plush, pink doll house.

Forcing himself to ignore the new set of watching eyes, Mike ran ever onward. He was closing in on the eight mile mark and needed to stay aware. If he was caught off guard, even for an instant, the consequences could be terrible.

Unfortunately, Mike had many distractions to contend with, besides the gawking students across the street and the

ever-present cameras surrounding him.

For one thing, he was wearing seven-inch acrylic heels, with an inch-high platform, all decked out in a trashy zebra print. The horrid shoes forced his legs into an awkward gait as he jogged, and kept his feet painfully arched.

Despite the pain, repeated months of wearing high heels had taught him how to walk, jog, and even run in them, and now even he had to admit that he looked pretty damn good in them.

Besides his eternal footwear, Mike was also wearing his mandatory exercise outfit. It was composed of a super tight pair of leggings, and even tighter leotard that covered his chest and ran down between his legs. Both the legging and leotard were spandex, the legging an eye-catching neon pink shade, and the leotard a brilliant blue.

The ensemble was almost obscenely tight on his short form, and was covered in strategically placed openings, exposing much of smooth skin.

Half a year of daily jogs had toned up his thighs and calves, and now his legs were positively mouth-watering.

A pair of large, oval openings in the leggings exposed his tight calves, while another set of holes appeared at mid-thigh, and another along the bottom of his butt cheeks. The effect was incredible, if deeply humiliating.

Every morning, just before his jogging routine, he executed at least two hundred squats. His ass had expanded from the constant workouts, and now bulged obscenely out through the openings. In fact, his enlarged ass stretched the material so snugly around his hips, the suit actually smashed his cock painfully flat against his crotch, leaving an even more embarrassing bulge.

Making matters worse still, Brandy and Bambi had taken the leggings to a tailor to have an inelastic band sewn right down the middle. The narrow band ran straight between his asscheeks, forming a tight crease that gave him a never-ending wedgie. A wedgie that only got worse the more he worked out, slowly creeping farther and farther between his sweaty cheeks.

As distracting as his leggings were, they couldn't begin to compare to his leotard. Whereas the leggings left large portions of his legs and bottom exposed, the leotard was nearly totally open in the back and across his flat stomach. The leotard was really just there to hold his huge breasts in place.

The spandex was tighter around his breasts than anywhere. Like the crease bisecting his ass, similar bands of inelastic fabric had been sewn into the leotard; only these bands encircled the base of his new breasts.

When he first put the suit on each morning, he had to painfully squeeze each of his saline-filled melons through the appropriate tight band. The spandex beyond was far too small for so much flesh, and his breasts stretched the material nearly to the breaking point.

The effect was to both trap his breasts, as well as squeeze them, and hold them jutting out before him. The material gave surprisingly little support to them, and they constantly swung and bobbed about as he moved.

He sighed at the sight; truth was, despite carrying the monstrosities around for half a year, he was still far from used to them. They were horrendously heavy and cumbersome. Every little movement seemed to send them flopping and jiggling about wildly, and his morning jog on the treadmill was particularly bothersome. It was hard

enough keeping his balance on high heels, without having to constantly fight his inflated chest.

Most of the time his only option was to manhandle his huge boobs to keep them from sloshing and knocking him clear off his feet.

But sometimes when his handlers were watching his exercises, they would lock his elbows together behind his back; two D-links were sewn into the suit at each elbow and could be easily locked together with the simplest of clasps.

He hated when they did that. With his arms locked together he was forced to arch his back, jutting his huge tits out before him. They seemed to take on a life of their own during those times, and he'd fallen flat on his chest more than once before his balance improved.

It didn't help matters that Brandy and Bambi liked to pick the nastier courses for his jogs, all hills and valleys. The inclining treadmill would suddenly tilt upward or downward with almost no warning, as it tried to follow the terrain displayed on the video screen before him.

Even as the thought occurred to him, Mike found the course on the screen suddenly veer off the main course, and run uphill along a steeper side path. He quickly grabbed his breasts firmly in hand, as the treadmill elevated under his heels.

The steeper elevation forced him to raise his knees higher with each step, rapidly winding him, and reminding him of the newest addition to his humiliating life. As distracting as his massive breasts were, they were nothing compared to the long, greasy metal butt plug nestled snugly inside his still-technically-virgin asshole!

Only two weeks earlier, Brandy and Bambi had suddenly come up with idea of training his ass along with his normal

exercise routines, and as usual Teresa had fully supported their fiendish plan.

The plug was slick, and thankfully quite narrow. "I don't want you stretching that thing out," his ex-wife had explained, when she first showed him the plug. "So I picked something small."

Though the plug *was* narrow, it was hardly small, at least in Mike's opinion. It was fully seven-inches long, with a very slight bend at the tip, that grinded against his prostate every time he moved. The effect was deeply unsettling; despite his discomfort and humiliation at being sodomized, even by a toy, he couldn't help but find the pressure on his prostate stimulating. His cock was kept almost painfully hard whenever he wore the plug, and trapped under the tight spandex suit, the effect was even worse than usual.

But the prostate prodding was the least of his worries; the plug was designed for a much more devious purpose than merely giving him a constant erection.

The metal plug was actually fairly advanced; it was hollow, and filled with long-life batteries, powering a pressure sensor and a wireless transmitter. A second device, a thick metal ring, had been squeezed over his enhanced cock.

It was painfully tight; both Brandy and Bambi had had to struggle to slide the far-too-small ring down his cock, until it was flush with his pelvic bone. And once the ring was finally in place, Teresa had injected even more fat into the very base of his cock, all but permanently locking the ring in place.

Like the plug in his ass, the cock ring was hollow and filled with batteries. But unlike the plug, dozens of copper prods stuck out of the ring, digging painfully into his shaft. The ring contained the guts of an old stun gun, modified to

fire off when certain conditions were met. Namely, if Mike didn't constantly clench and unclench his anus around the greasy plug, the cock ring would send a horrible shock coursing through his cock.

He'd quickly learned the rules of the new toys; bear down for five seconds, then relax for a second or two, and repeat. Endlessly.

Brandy and Bambi liked to make him wear the plug for a few hours each day, and were so happy with how quickly his sphincter was toning up that they were already promising to update the plug's settings. In just a few days, he'd have to start holding his squeezes for ten seconds before each release, with further updates to come in the near future.

He shuddered at the thought; his ass was sore enough as it was without doubling the time span of his constant contractions.

Mike was broke from his reverie as the screen suddenly blinked. *Finally!*

He stared intently at the sprawling hillsides were replaced with a bright image, showing at least a half-dozen men, wearing only thongs. His eyes flashed from one crotch to another, counting rapidly and trying to memorize any important details he noticed. After only a few seconds, the screen returned to the hillsides, and he quickly lost himself in the jogging program again, racing toward the mile marker.

Only a minute later, he had reached the eight mile mark. He watched the screen with anticipation. *Any second now....*

Just as before, the screen flickered and the view was replaced with a black screen. White letters appeared, spelling out a simple question. "How many erections did you see?"

Mike sighed with relief. It was an easy question, for once. He squeezed and released his plug, counting out each erection he recalled. Of the half dozen men, only one hadn't been pitching a tent. *One, two, three...four...five!*

He relaxed his anus for several seconds to signify he was done answering the question. The screen flickered again, now showing the phrase, "Correct! You're quite the cock watcher!!"

Mike blushed at the backhanded compliment. The bizarre program had been added two weeks earlier, when he'd first received the anal plug. Between each mile mark, the program would randomly show him a picture for a few short seconds, asking a follow-up question at the end of each mile. Sometimes the picture came early in the mile, other times it didn't show up until nearly the very end. If he was distracted, or took his eyes from the screen for even a few seconds, he could miss the picture and not even know it until he reached the end of the mile.

Ostensibly, the new program was meant to ensure he kept his mind focused on the screen. After all, if he happened to look away when one of the pictures came up, he'd be unable to answer the question afterward. And a wrong answer, or no answer at all, had terrible consequences.

But aside from setting up his punishment for failing to pay attention, he believed the real purpose of the program was to train him. The pictures always featured men, often nude, and the follow up questions always pertained to cocks in one way or another. As soon as a picture appeared, he glanced at every crotch he could see, memorizing as many details as possible. The questions might be about the number of erections, or the size of the cocks, or some other detail.

He was growing so used to glancing at the men's crotches, he feared it would soon become a reflex.

In fact, just the other day his fears had been virtually confirmed. He'd been busily cleaning the windows in the mansion, overlooking the pool, when a pool boy had walked by. Before he'd even realized it, he'd found his eyes drawn to the young man's tight shorts and mentally analyzing his prominent bulge. The man had noticed, and shot him a knowing grin.

Mike shuddered with revulsion at the memory. *That damn grin!!*

He gasped as the cock ring suddenly popped loudly, sending a painful shock through his groin. Instantly he bore down on the plug, and the shock died. Shaking, he somehow managed to keep his balance. The shock had been surprising, but fairly mild.

"J-just a warning," he mumbled with relief, forcing himself to return to the clench-unclench routine.

He continued to jog ahead, as the panoramic view of the mountain path returned. Just two more miles, and his morning ordeal would be over. If he didn't fail the next two questions, he might even manage to avoid the horrible punishment.

Across town, in her private plastic surgery clinic, Teresa Llewellyn sat behind her desk. A live video window filled her computer screen, showing her ex-husband Michael completing his morning exercises.

She liked to watch him some mornings, just to see how well he was progressing. She was surprised at just how quickly he had toned up. After their marriage, Michael had become slovenly, gaining some weight and losing a lot of

the muscle mass he'd had as a male model. And given that he'd always been more of the "metrosexual" type anyway, he hadn't had all that much muscle to begin with.

But now... now he was more fit than she'd ever seen him. A quick tap on her keyboard switched the window to another live camera feed, this one hidden in the end of the treadmill, looking up at his butt.

Teresa smiled at the sight; her ex's ass was tight as a drum, thanks to thousands and thousands of squat exercises, and miles of running each morning had toned his thighs and calves nicely. She watched his ass bounce for a few moments, noting with some satisfaction the womanly shape of his hips. His handlers, Brandy and Bambi, had done a great job ensuring his exercises worked only the right parts of his body, slowly molding his form into a more feminine shape than mere surgery alone could have done.

She switched the camera feed again, now using the camera he knew about, sitting above and before him. The view was magnificent! She was looking straight down at his heaving chest.

Just below his massive breasts, she could see his bared midriff, stomach muscles flexing with each footfall. Gone were the days of his growing beer belly. Now his stomach was flat as a board, with just the slightest hint of a six-pack beginning to form.

Teresa made a mental note to tell his handlers to lay off the sit-ups for a few days; the last thing she wanted was for him to look like a body builder.

Thankfully, besides the hint of underlying abdominal muscles, the rest of his torso was perfect. His arms looked thin and weak, his shoulders seemed to have narrowed, his neck appeared to have grown longer and sleeker. Everything was going just as she'd hoped.

"Let's see you cheat on me now, honey," Teresa cooed delightedly, as her modified ex ran ever onward.

Teresa stared at the image for long while, watching as his chest bounced and sloshed within the tight confines of his workout uniform. The undulating, back and forth motion was incredibly hard to look away from.

Finally, with some effort, Teresa managed to pulled her eyes from the screen; she knew from past experience that she could lose a whole day watching her ex's tits bounce. They were mesmerizing!

Shaking her head, she brought up another window, this one filled with rapidly changing stats and status reports, and grinned as she began to read.

Michael, or rather Maya now, had only the faintest idea of what his cock ring was really capable of. Sure, it could shock him something awful if he failed to keep squeezing his new butt plug like a proper little maid, but the ring did so much more.

She tapped her keyboard, digging deeper into the wealth of data being endlessly acquired by the cock ring. Body temperature, pulse, blood pressure, even the degree of erection were all just a few data points collected by the device locked permanently around his manhood.

The device measured the frequency and pressure of his anus around his new plug, too. Another tap of the keys, and a large, wavy graph appeared, showing the changes in pressure on the plug just over the past few days. Teresa was happy to see a steady increase overtime; that should indicate that her ex-husband's asshole was getting stronger as his daily plug exercises continued. He didn't know it yet, but she'd had his handlers replacing the original narrow plug with a slightly thicker one every day, while the pressure needed to keep it from issuing a shock from his cock ring

was also increased bit by bit every day. It was clear from the data that he was rising to meet his increasingly difficult tasks.

"You'll be ready for a real ass-fucking soon, Maya," Teresa whispered at the screen, as her ex continued to jog ahead, totally oblivious to his fate.

Truth was, she'd expected him to put up more of a fight when she first introduced the plug to his routine, but besides a half-hearted attempt at begging, he'd accepted the new addition with relatively little trouble. She hoped she hadn't broken his spirit already; that wouldn't be fun at all.

"Of course, when he sees what else I've got planned for him, his spine might suddenly show up again." She smiled, and taped the keyboard once more.

Reading through the rest of the data sets, she saw with some satisfaction that he hadn't orgasmed since the ring had been installed, but he was remaining erect nearly constantly. Grinning triumphantly, Teresa opened a second graph, this one showing his state of arousal, as measured by the firmness of his cock.

During his surgery six months earlier, Teresa had spent a lot of time working solely on Maya's cock. Besides inflating the thing with fat cells siphoned straight from his ass cheeks, she'd also cauterized a few veins leading from his member. The effect was that there was always slightly more blood going in to his cock than was leaving it, causing a partial erection. Even the slightest additional stimulation, such as from his new prostrate-prodding plug, and he'd be fully erect within seconds. Or so she had hoped, anyway.

The time graph certainly seemed to confirm her little experiment had worked. According to the cock ring's data, Maya had been highly erect almost continuously since the ring had been installed. However, looking deeper into the

data, Teresa saw that while he was technically erect, the erect wasn't fully firm. Only when the plug was in place, tapping away evilly at his tender prostrate, was he ever at full firmness.

She shut down the data windows, and was once again confronted with the mesmerizing sight of her ex-husband's huge tits flopping wildly before him.

Even as she watched, another window automatically opened to the side of the video window, and she saw a look of concentration cross his features. He had reached the ninth mile mark in his morning run, and another question-answer screen had popped up.

She watched as a dozen large, fat cocks flashed before his eyes, his brow furrowing as he struggled to memorize details of each huge dick before the images disappeared.

A second later, a question replaced the cock pictures. "Which of these cocks belongs to the same man?"

Teresa smirked as her ex began straining to answer the question, bearing down on his plug with all his might. She saw that several options had appeared on the screen before him, each with a time listed beside it. He held his tight grip on the plug for twelve seconds, selecting the second-to-last option.

A few long seconds passed, before the screen congratulated him on his superb knowledge of dick, and the rolling, grass-covered hills of his faux run across the mountains returned.

Teresa saw quickly that Maya had successfully answered all nine sets of questions so far, with only one left. She smirked, and whispered at the screen, "You're becoming a real expert in cocks, aren't you, dear?"

She faintly recalled that during their short courtship, back in college, Michael had once bragged that he could name just about any actress or pornstar just by glancing at her tits. Smiling to herself, Teresa made a mental note to inform his handlers to set up some new types of questions. Maybe see how well he could recognize male pornstars just from their cocks.

I might even let him start watching that vile porn of his again, just so he can bone up for his morning jog.

Chuckling at the image of her ex-husband memorizing the cock's of random pornstars, her mind slid back to Brandy and Bambi. The pictures and follow-up question gimmick had actually been their idea originally.

She smirked at the thought. They were the very image of bubbly blond bimbos on the outside, but inside, they had proven remarkably clever at coming up with novel ways to further emasculate her ex-husband. They were both far more devious than she'd ever have imagined.

She shook her head, smiling wryly. Not that she'd ever admit it openly, but she was almost jealous of the two young college girls. They effortlessly exuded a natural confidence that she would have killed for.

Truth was, until recently she had been a very meek woman. She'd allowed her husband Michael to pressure her into getting the most ridiculous set of breast implants, all from fear that she might lose him if she stood up for herself.

Teresa ran a hand over her chest, feeling her peach-like B-cup breasts. They were all natural... now, thank god.

She idly wondered if her husband had had the slightest clue how humiliating she had found it, showing up for work each day with those horrible implants. How hard it had been to sit behind her desk, trying to convince some poor teen

girl to get a breast reduction she desperately needed, all while those monstrosities were jutting out over her desk.

She glowered at the screen, where Michael still ran, those very same implants now sloshing around on his own chest. "All that pain and humiliation, and for what?! All because you wanted bigger tits to play with!?! Well, now you have them in spades, *Maya!!*"

Flushing with anger, Teresa glared at the live video feed, then sighed. "How could I have ever been so weak...?"

Though, looking back on it, she suddenly realized that Michael might well have pressured her into getting those absurd implants not just because he liked huge breasts, but also as a way of taking her down a peg or two. She was after all several inches taller than her metrosexual husband, and far more successful financially.

He must have felt emasculated by me even back then. That thought brought a smile to her lips.

It made a lot of sense too, in retrospect. Before her surgery, she'd been one of the most revered, recommended plastic surgeons in the country.

But once she got her new gigantic breasts, that had all changed. She had looked like some ridiculous bimbo, not a professional doctor, and her fellow surgeons had quickly started treating her like a leper.

Overnight, male colleagues who had once been supporting of her practice, stopped sending patients to her. The whole plastic surgery community had started shunning her, to some extent. Her client list had slowly changed as a result. Within a few months, she was doing fewer rhinoplasties and facial reconstructions, and more and more extreme procedures. She'd quickly developed a whole new reputation, specializing in the most extreme surgeries.

Ironically enough, that was partly why Michael was now Maya; her changing reputation had led her private clinic down a new path, and as her clients become more bizarre and secretive, the media had quickly grown more interested.

One intrepid reporter had even gone so far as to seduce her stupid ex-husband into revealing confidential information about her client list in exchange for a quick fuck.

Teresa had always known Michael was cheating on her; it had been humiliating, but at the time she'd still been too weak to confront him. But after he gave that blond bitch her client list, it was the final straw. She'd never felt so violated before, nor so angry.

From that one incident had flowed all the changes of the last many months; her divorce from Mike, Maya's transformation from former male model to hyper-busty maid, everything.

And she was just getting started, too!

And speaking of reporters, Teresa thought, as one of the clinic's many clerks suddenly spoke over her personal intercom.

"Miss Llewellyn? Your nine o'clock appointment is here."

Teresa held down the intercom button, and coolly replied, "Just send her in, Miriam."

A moment later, the clerk opened Teresa's office door, and ushered a young woman inside. Teresa gestured the woman to sit, and began asking her questions. Surreptitiously, she tapped the keyboard one last time, both killing the video window and entering her new question into Maya's treadmill program. Another key click brought up the woman's file.

As the woman responded to her line of questions, regurgitating the same lie she'd told her over the phone, about being bullied in high school for her flat chest, and so on, Teresa just nodded. Mentally, she considered the woman's appearance. She was young, mid-twenties, fairly attractive.

Ooh, and she'd even dyed her hair red, how cute! Teresa thought, maintaining her professionally stoic outer expression. *She's really quite pretty though; I can see why Michael was so taken with her.*

Though the young woman couldn't see it, on Teresa's computer screen was an old picture of the reporter, back when she was still a blond. She was wrapped around Michael, back when he was still a man. The picture was just one of hundreds taken by her private investigator, when she finally admitted to herself that her husband was a cheating bastard.

Teresa smiled, holding up a hand. "Okay Miss... Reddy, I believe I get the picture. Now, have you decided how large you want to go?"

She hefted several large implants from a desk drawer, plopping them down before the woman. She couldn't help but enjoy the startled look on the bimbo's face.

"Um...well, oh my, those *are* big, aren't they?" The reporter asked, gulping. Teresa only grinned, shoving the jiggling masses of silicone and saline toward her.

"Why don't you try a few of these out, and we'll see what looks best?" She offered.

Maggie Reddy, aka Margaret Redbach, tabloid journalist, nodded absently, and lifted a pair of the huge implants to her chest. A mirror on the wall showed her new profile.

Teresa saw that the woman was more than a bit surprised by sheer size of the available implants. *Time to set the hook*, she thought.

The reporter had lied about her real name, and had even gone to the trouble of making some decent fake identification papers and medical records under her false name, all to get access to Teresa's private clinic. She was sure the woman would do anything to look at the rest of the facility.

"Um, these look pretty nice, I guess," Maggie said, hefting the smallest pair of saline bags on the desk. Teresa smirked; they were only about three-hundred CC's a piece. Far too small for what she had planned.

"Oh, I see. Well, Miss Reddy, I'm afraid this clinic doesn't really offer that size. If you prefer such small implants, I can recommend you to a more general clinic downtown; they do quite good work." Teresa said, starting to put the implants back up. "This facility specializes in, well, somewhat *larger* procedures."

She had to fight back a laugh at the undercover reporter's expression. "Oh no," the former blond began. "Actually, on second thought, maybe these would work better?"

Maggie quickly lifted up the larger pair of implants, each easily tipping the scales at over a thousand CC's.

Teresa smiled, and nodded. "Well, Miss Reddy, in that case, I think we can do business after all." She pulled a thick wad of legal documents from her upper desk drawer and slid them across to the reporter. "Just sign these, and I'll get you scheduled for your enlargement...."

Maya nearly stumbled on his heels. He was utterly exhausted.

Just a bit more, he thought, urging his screaming calves onward. He was just beginning the tenth, and final, mile of his morning run.

He nearly stumbled again, as a loud voice erupted behind him. "Good morning, Titsy!!"

Brandy and Bambi appeared beside the treadmill, each wearing sweatshirts. The loud machine must have masked the sound of their entry, he decided.

Brandy stepped up next to the video screen, as Bambi began slinking out of her shirt and jogging pants. Mike stole a quick glance at the buxom blond, as she revealed her underclothes, a neon-green, super-tight spandex affair only slightly more conservative than his own skimpy outfit.

Brandy noticed his stare, and grinned at him. "So, Titsy," she began, slinking out of her own bulky sweat clothes. "It looks like you haven't missed any questions yet, have you?"

"No, ma'am," Mike answered between breathes. His pulse was starting to rise, and it had little to do with the treadmill beneath his heels.

He truly didn't want to miss any questions either. With effort, Mike forced his eyes from the two busty women and back to the view screen. He couldn't afford to be distracted even for a moment.

His fear was well founded. The consequences of failing to correctly answer a question would, literally, be a weight on his shoulders thereafter.

A small plastic port was sewn into his suit, just in front of his armpits. A long plastic tube hung from each port, running to the front panel of the treadmill. He carefully

clipped the tubes in place when he began his run every morning. The ports were permanently attached to subdermal tubes, running straight into each of his massive implants.

He risked another glance down at his huge rack, and mentally cursed himself for talking Teresa into getting them. He especially regretted insisting that her implants be expandables.

The tubes were free hanging, long enough to give him plenty of slack should he stumble or even fall. The other end of each tube attached to a small device sitting on the front of the treadmill, just under the view screen. He couldn't avoid seeing it, no matter how much he wished he could.

Jutting up from the small box-like device, were several syringes, each holding 50ccs of pure saline. Twenty syringes in total, ten for each boob. So far all remained full, their plungers standing tall, just waiting for him to fail.

Bambi finished undressing, and stepped up to examine the syringes. She forced a frown, and pouted at him. "Dang, and here I was hoping you'd be up at least another cup size."

To his horror, she lightly pushed her hand down on several of the plungers, but not hard enough to make it sink down. Her pout turned to a grin, as she started pushing harder.

Brandy suddenly grasped Mike's prodigious chest from behind. He gasped in surprise and nearly lost his footing. She gave him a tight squeeze, helping him keep his balance, then clicked her tongue disapprovingly at her fellow handler. "Now, now, Bambi, you know the rules; he has to earn those syringes, or else he'll never learn his lessons. You don't want to mess up our whole routine, do you?"

She hefted Mike's tits in each hand, making them bounce, as she continued, "Besides, Maya is already up two hundred cc's in just the past week. Look how tight her jugs are! If you try pumping that much saline into them now, she'll be too sore to work. And if Miss Llewellyn learns you are the cause, she'll probably expect *us* to clean up her mansion!!"

Bambi feigned horror at the thought, and quickly snatched her hand away from the syringes. She and Brandy began giggling, as the latter girl finally released Mike's bulging boobs. He winced as they sloshed about before him; truth was, they *were* quite sore, and he really didn't want them getting any larger if he could help it. He'd already gained at least three full cup sizes from when he first woke up with his new rack, and he didn't like the idea that he was so much larger than Teresa had been.

In fact, he was quite a bit larger than either of his buxom blond handlers, which was made even more humiliating when he remembered he'd hired them originally mostly so he could stare at their tits all day while they cleaned the pool.

He forced his attention back to the view screen, and jogged on. He was nearing the end of his final mile, and still hadn't seen his last image. He was beginning to fear he had somehow missed it.

Brandy and Bambi thankfully left him alone, and began stretching their lithe bodies out on mats near the massive glass wall. As they started their warm-up exercises, Mike jogged along for the final half-mile, growing increasingly worried that he'd somehow missed the final image.

At long last, he reached the tenth mile marker and the end of his jog and his morning exercise regimen.

Beneath his feet, the treadmill slowly died down, until finally coming to a full stop. His legs were burning ferociously, but at least he was done.

Suddenly, the screen before him flickered, and to his great relief, his final image appeared. Mike sighed; he hadn't missed it after all.

But as he focused his attention on the picture, his stomach churned.

The image showed an erect cock, aimed right at him! Almost without thinking, he began taking note of any interesting features, memorizing the appendage's size and general characteristics. It was impossible to guess what detail might be most important.

To his disgust, the image was replaced with another high resolution shot of a hard cock, this a different dick entirely. It noticeably larger than the first, and surrounded by thick, dark hair.

As Mike watched, yet more cocks appeared, one after the other. Finally, as the ninth dick disappeared, the screen suddenly split into nine blocks, each showing one of the cocks. A bright number appeared superimposed over each cock, as the entire image shrank to fill just a portion of the large screen.

Another image suddenly appeared beside the cock blocks, and Mike gasped in surprise. It was a picture of the new pool boy, the very same one he'd accidentally stared at earlier that week!

The tenth, and final, question appeared over the images. It read simply, "Which of these nine fat cocks belongs to the pool boy?"

Brandy and Bambi quickly hopped back to their feet, and stepped up beside him. One glance at their faces told

him everything.

"Oh goody, I was wondering when you'd come to this one!" Brandy said, giggling. She leaned toward his ear. "I saw you checking out Phil's package the other day, and just had to come up with something special. I hope you were taking notes, Tits."

Mike felt his face flush with shame; they'd seen him staring!?!

Bambi added, "Oh, and by the way, all those other cocks belong to other male staff too, just in case you were wondering." Both handlers winked knowingly at him, as Mike's blush grew deeper.

He stared in horror at the screen. His time was running out. Despite himself, he thought back to the episode with the pool boy, and tried to remember just what his bulge had looked like. He had been wearing very tight shorts, and left little enough to the imagination.

Staring intently at the nine cocks, Mike finally made his choice. He began squeezing his plug, counting out until he reached seven.

All three of them stood silently, waiting to see if he'd picked correctly ten times in a roll.

"Oopsy, looks like someone wasn't paying attention after all," Brandy squealed delightfully, as two of the plungers began depressing.

Shit!! Not again!!!

Mike grasped his breasts, as the tubes began filling with fresh saline, heading straight for his huge implants! He squeezed hard, hoping he might somehow keep the fluid from entering.

After a few anxious seconds, a cold sensation spread across his chest, as the cool fluid flowed unheeded into his implants. Mike winced as his breasts expanded once again, stretching out the already too-tight spandex. His chest looked like two spandex balloons about to pop!

It took nearly a full minute for the syringes to empty, inflating his expandable implants with another 50ccs each. It wasn't much in the great scheme of things; his implants already held at least 1,800ccs of saline apiece. And probably much more; he'd long since lost track.

But the added syringe loads were enough to cause a noticeable swelling sensation, and left his tits even more sore than they'd been when he'd first woke up that morning.

Sighing, he gingerly detached the tubes from his ports, and stepped off the horrid exercise machine.

"Ooh, look! Your admiring fans are watching, Maya!" Bambi exclaimed, staring excitedly out the huge window-wall.

Mike spun around, instantly regretting the move. His now-even-larger tits swung out, yanking him nearly off his feet. Across the street, he saw lines of young men, pointing and waving at him from the schoolhouse windows. He winced at the sight.

Shit! I must have taken too long; they've finished with their morning classes!

Bambi and Brandy giggled, and waved back at the students. "Go on, Titsy! You know the drill; wave back!" Brandy urged, pushing Mike toward the wall.

"Yeah, don't leave your fans waiting! Make those puppies fly!!" Bambi added, still giggling.

Groaning with humiliation, Mike lifted his sore tits in his hands, and began bouncing them up and down, waving back at the waiting men.

Even with the thick glass between him and the street, he could hear their wild cheers.

Teresa stared across the table, as her ex-husband appeared, loaded down with a heavy tray of lunch meat and cucumber sandwiches.. She smirked to herself as he bent over the table, putting the tray down. His maid's uniform had a very deep v-neck collar, and his huge tits were practically spilling out.

Her smirk deepened as he nonchalantly brushed his long, brunette hair over his shoulder, too caught up in setting up the table to notice how feminine the gesture was.

He's coming along better than I'd expected, Teresa thought, as he righted himself, clearly struggling under the weight of his impressive chest.

"Will that be all, Mistress-who's-feet-this-bimbo-is-unworthy-of-kissing?" He asked, biting his thick lower lip anxiously.

Teresa fought back a chuckle at his words; she couldn't remember who had first thought up making him speak in the third person, but she loved it.

Glancing down, she considered the plate - and his cleavage - for several long seconds, secretly enjoying his nervousness. She lifted one of the tiny sandwiches, and pretended to examine it critically, dragging the moment out even further until the busty bimbo looked ready to burst with nervousness.

"Yes, Maya, I believe this will suffice."

Maya, or rather Michael, her ex-husband and now live-in maid, sighed heavily with relief. "Mistress, will you be needing this...walking-pair-of-tits again?"

Teresa smiled wryly, then dismissively shook her wrist. "No, I think we're good for now. I'll ring if I need you."

Michael grasped the edge of his black, satin skirt and quickly curtseyed, before turning and leaving the patio. Teresa listened smugly as his heels click-clacked away, as he returned to the kitchen to drop off the tray lids.

"So," she began, turning to face the Brandy and Bambi, who were seated along the side of the long table. "I can't help but notice that her tits are only slightly larger today. She only missed one question, then? I was rather hoping I might drag Maya out to the mall, buy her a new set of bras. I love how embarrassed she gets being seen in public, trying out new outfits."

Bambi nodded, swallowed hard, and replied, "Uh, yes, Miss Llewellyn. Maya's getting better at answering our questions. B-but, we could make the questions harder, if you want."

There was a slight hesitancy to her words, Teresa noticed. Clearly her ex wasn't the only person learning to fear her wrath. She smiled calmly at the buxom blond. "Don't worry, Bambi, I'm not mad. Actually, I'm happy. This proves that the loathsome bastard is learning to keep his-er-*her* eyes where they belong."

Teresa sipped a drink of her red wine, and shrugged to herself. "Besides, I have plans for Maya this afternoon. She'll shortly need a new set of bras." She dabbed at her mouth with a folded napkin, and turned to Brandy. "By the way, how is our little bimbo maid handling her new plug?"

Brandy put her fork down, and shrugged. "Not bad, actually. He barely gets warning shocks anymore, and if you watch closely, you can see his ass tighten every few seconds, like he sort of forgets when he'd not even wearing the thing!"

The three women chuckled at the thought. Teresa nodded; she'd indeed noticed how Maya's squat-inflated ass constantly clenched and relaxed as he went about his afternoon chores sans plug.

"And while we're on the subject, do either of you believe Maya suspects her cock ring's real purpose yet? I'd hate for the surprise to be ruined early." Teresa asked, plucking a cucumber sandwich off the tray.

"I don't see how h-*she* could," Brandy replied, grinning.

Teresa nodded and nibbled her sandwich. As they ate in silence, she couldn't help but watch as the former cheerleaders loaded their own plates with lunch meats, and devoured them with relish.

With effort, Teresa fought back a sudden pang of jealousy. The two blond girls could seemingly eat anything they wanted, and never gain an ounce of fat, while she was stuck nibbling on cucumber sandwiches and salads.

Not that Teresa had any reason to feel jealous, she knew. She was actually in the best shape of her life; having her breast implants removed had instantly solved all of her chronic back problems, and had made exercising regularly much more enjoyable. Her legs were getting toned up and she had lost nearly ten pounds in just the past month.

Which is nearly the same amount of weight Mike has gained on his chest in the same time span, she thought, smirking, plucking a second sandwich from its tray.

The three of them ate in peace for a few more minutes, until finally Teresa said, "Okay ladies, why don't you two go and get your special toys filled up. I think I'll break the news to Maya while she enjoys her own lunch."

Brandy and Bambi smirked at the words, and quickly headed off to retrieve their toys. By the time they had returned, Teresa had finished her glass of wine. Smiling at the two busty blondes, she lifted a small bell from beside her plate and rang it softly.

Mike paced back in forth in the kitchen, worried. His heels click-clacked on the tile floor, earning an annoyed glare from the chef as he dropped the tray lids on the counter.

Teresa's home for lunch? This can't be good, Mike thought nervously, stepping out of the busy kitchen, leaving the busy chef in peace.

After his morning exercise routine was finally over, Mike had slid out of his skintight spandex suit, and donned one of his skimpy French maid outfits. Brandy had taken his horrible plug out, leaving him with an odd empty feeling he was becoming increasingly worried about.

Then he had moved on to his normal daily activity, completing an endless list of chores. He vacuumed all the carpeted rooms on the lower floor of the mansion, then made all the beds. He packed the washer full of dirty linens, and spent a good half-hour folding the clean clothes from the dryer.

He'd been on his knees, scrubbing away at the first of fifteen toilets, when he heard the estate's loud metal gate clang open. Just as he worked his way to the window, Teresa's Benz slid through the open gate and up the long

driveway. A total workaholic, she never showed up before five in the evening, at the earliest.

As humiliating as cleaning the mansion decked out in his ridiculous maid's outfit was, at least he was usually left to himself. Even Brandy and Bambi were usually content to leave him be, as he went about completing his chores.

But if Teresa was here for lunch, that could only mean she had some new - and no doubt nasty - humiliation planned for him.

Nervous, he ducked into a nearby washroom, and carefully touched up his makeup. It wouldn't do at all for Teresa to catch him with a smudge.

Hefting his tits together, he pulled his snug bra up, and smoothed out his black top, centering his exceptional cleavage.

He was just started to recheck his makeup, when he heard a soft tinkling of bells.

"Oh god, here it comes," Mike moaned, as he shoved his makeup kit back between his globular breasts.

Hurrying, he headed back down the hallway, toward the patio where his ex-wife and handlers were taking their lunch. Stepping out the doorway, he stopped just at the end of the short table. Brandy and Bambi were standing just behind where his ex-wife still sat, grinning menacingly at him.

"M-Mistress? You rang for me-er, this *bimbo*?" He sputtered, gulping.

"Yes, I did, Maya." Teresa said coolly. "Dear, have you had lunch yet today?"

"Um, no Mistress."

Teresa nodded expectantly. "Well, I have some rather important news for you. I thought we might discuss it over lunch."

Mike looked out over the table, still laden down with lunch meats and small sandwiches. He felt his empty stomach growl at the sight.

For weeks now, he'd been subjected to a strict diet of leafy greens and similar rabbit food. The very thought of actually eating real meat was almost enough to make him tear up.

"I'd--er, this busty bimbo would love to, Mistress." He said, starting to pull out a chair.

He stopped short, as the two blondes stepped out from behind Teresa. Both were wearing huge strap-on dildos, jutting out from their groins like plastic missiles. His heart sank.

"I know it's been a few months since you last had to suck your meals from your handler's cocks," Teresa acknowledged with a wry grin. "But I thought it might be fun to see how well you've maintained your oral skills. Besides, I wanted to show you some of the other functions of that cock ring you're wearing."

Confused and shaking with dread, Mike could only stare forward as Brandy and Bambi approached him.

"Kneel down, slut." Brandy commanded, and he did. Her strap-on bobbed just inches from his feminized face, a purple monster. Bambi took her place alongside, her own bright-pink plastic cock pointed at his cheek.

Gulping miserably, Mike waited on his knees.

Teresa pushed her chair back, and stood up, walking to his side. She grasped his chin firmly, and lifted his face

upward. "Open."

Mike obeyed the command, wincing as he felt his ex-wife's fingers slide over his false teeth. With a wet pop, they broke free of the powerful magnets surgically implanted in his bare gums and came out in her hand.

Teresa idly dropped the set of dentures aside on the table, and pulled out another pair from her pocket. Mike groaned, but held his mouth open wider, as the new set was slid in place.

Mike hadn't worn the new dentures in nearly eight weeks, and had nearly forgotten how uncomfortable they were. The one-piece set of false, rubbery teeth locked his jaws wide open, forcing his plump lips into an embarrassingly lewd 'O.' It served the same purpose as a ring gag, but gave the false appearance that he was willingly holding his mouth open.

"How inviting!" Teresa gushed, patting his head like she might an obedient pet.

She reached into her pocket again and removed another two more objects, a pair of thick steel rings. Mike stared warily at them. "Now Maya, I'm sure you've worked up a mighty appetite, what with all the scrubbing and washing and dusting you've been doing all morning, not to mention your exercises. But I'm afraid you'll just have to wait another minute or two before you can start gobbling down these big cocks."

Brandy and Bambi giggled, as Mike's face grew red at his ex's words. Teresa merely handed the two rings to the bubbly blondes. "Brandy, why don't you go first."

Brandy nodded, and began forcing her ring down the rubbery strap-on, until it were firmly lodged around the base of the thick dildo.

"Now, these aren't just mere cock rings, Maya; they're actually very advanced sex toys," Teresa continued, catching his full attention again. "They're activated by body heat, however, and since your handlers' cocks aren't real, it'll take a moment or so before they heat up enough to turn on. But just as soon as they do...well, I don't want to ruin the surprise."

Mike gulped, sending a line of drool spilling out over his tight lips, and down his impressive cleavage. He stared at the two rings, and the massive dildos they were wrapped around, as Teresa's words rang in his mind.

What horrible thing does she have planned now!?!

Just as promised, about a minute after Teresa spoke, tiny lights lit up on each ring. Instantly, Mike felt a sharp, painful zap from his own cock ring, shooting up his member!

"Ooomphh!! Nngghhh!?! " He gasped, sending more spit flying.

The shock came again, even stronger this time. A second later, it returned, more powerful still. Desperate, Mike shook, uncertain what to do. With a laugh, Teresa finally cupped the back of his head, and pushed him forward, toward Brandy's waiting cock.

Instantly, the painful buzzing shock lessened, only to shoot up in power again the second he pulled his head backward. Realization dawned, and Mike leaned in closer, feeling the tip of the hollow dildo touch his lips.

The jolts lessened again, but even as he hesitated, he felt the power slowly increasing with every second. Already fighting the urge to gag, he slowly worked more of the horrid faux cock into his mouth. The tip of the rubbery sex toy was just starting to reach the back of his throat.

His lips were strained taut by the dentures, the skin sliding snugly over the dildo. He couldn't help but feel each and every vein and little bump. Despite himself, a mental image of the cock was forming in his mind.

Brandy gushed with glee as he passed the halfway point. "Damn! Look at that!! She never went that deep before!!!"

"Oh, Maya always did love a good blowjob, didn't you dear?" Teresa asked, eliciting a laugh from the two blondes.

Mike glared up at her, his face blushing beet red at her humiliating words. He desperately wanted to pull his mouth off the strap-on and curse her, but the painful shocks shooting through his cock urged him forward.

"Urrck!!" Mike choked, as Brandy suddenly rocked her hips forward, driving the dildo into the back of his throat. Surprised, he nearly choked, and swallowed hard. The fat head of the dildo slid down his throat, drawn deeper with every contraction of his throat.

Just a little further, he promised, focusing on the shiny ring inches from his lips. *Just a little further!*

Teresa looked on, as her ex-husband deepthroated Brandy's fake cock.

I should have done this ages ago! She chuckled to herself, as the feminized man gagged on the thick dildo. Glancing around surreptitiously, she was relieved to see a hidden camera nestled in the patio rafters. *Oh good, I'd hate not to have this recorded for posterity.*

"Your almost there, slut!" Brandy cooed, gasping at the sensations her strap-on was giving her, as Michael slowly worked more and more the huge toy into his throat. "Just a few more inches!! You were made for sucking cock!!!"

Brandy moaned louder, as, with a sudden surge, Michael shoved his face down the remaining length. His dentures finally made contact with the ring, his rubber teeth bending over the steel easily. Almost immediately his straining body relaxed, as the painful jolts from his own cock ring subsided.

Teresa grinned with satisfaction. He was doing far better than she had dared hope. *Hmm...perhaps I set the voltage a touch high, for his first time anyway. But it sure did help motivate him.*

She watched as her ex-husband tried to breath with a foot of silicone dildo buried down his gullet, and finally lose out. He pulled backward, visibly starting as the shocks returned, and took a deep breath through his nostrils. Then he plunged forward again, deepthroating the strap-on once more.

And if he thinks this is bad, just wait until he finds the real purpose of those rings, she thought eagerly.

"Okay Brandy, I think Maya has earned herself a treat." Teresa said. The blond gasped, clearly still enjoying the sensations coming from the dildo as it rubbed against her cleft, with every little movement of Michael's face.

"S-ssuurre, r-rrright," she replied shakily, lifting her hand. She held a large bulb in her palm, attached to a short plastic tube running to her strap-on. She clenched her fist hard, sending the bulb's contents shooting down the tube and through the hollow dildo.

And right into Michael's throat.

"Gurkgh!! Ucck!! Urkk!!! URRGHGHHH!!!!!"

Thick strings of green slime shot out around his lips, and down his chin, as he violently yanked his head back. More slime bubbled out his nose, as he pulled free of the strap-on.

Reaching into her pocket, Teresa clicked a small remote, turning his cock ring off momentarily.

"Ah, pureed lima beans, your favorite," she laughed, as her feminized ex-husband coughed. Nearly a pint of the vile sludge had shot into his throat, though about half was now pooling on the patio floor. "Well Maya, what do you say?"

Michael glared up at her, as he choked, spitting out more the thick slime. But his defiance was short lived. Looking up at Brandy, he sputtered, "Ffank wooo!"

Brandy sighed, grinning. "No problem, babe. You want second helpings, let me know."

She sat down in a chair, before her shaky legs gave out. A red blush was spreading up her chest and neck.

"My turn?" Bambi asked hopefully. Teresa grinned, and nodded, turning Michael's ring back on as soon as the blond student forced her own ring into place.

Face dripping with sticky vegetable remnants and saliva, Michael began his ordeal again, quickly face-fucking the next huge dildo.

As his cheeks puffed out, Teresa poured herself a fresh glass of wine, and withdrew some papers from her other pocket.

The documents were a series of release forms for a whole new series of surgeries for one Miss Maya Backhertz. She'd let him keep her old breast implants, for nostalgia's sake if nothing else. But it was high time she finish his transformation. Time that she move on with her life, and he start his own, as a feminized, hyper-buxom sex doll.

Grinning, Teresa laid the forms out on the patio table, and waited for her ex-husband to finish his last meal as her live-in maid.

* * * * *

The End

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The Plastic Surgeon's Revenge 3

by Tabitha Kohls

* * * * *

"Mmpphh!!!"

Maya Backhertz moaned as he stretched his neck out, desperately trying to wrap his plump lips around the thick, silicone shaft bobbing before him. But the dildo continued to slide away, forcing him to wobble after it at a brisk pace.

His arms were trapped behind his back in a leather armbinder, forcing him to thrust his huge, fake breasts out before him. Sloshing around violently, they nearly unbalanced him with every step, even as his tight spandex outfit struggled to control them.

"Nnngh!!!" Maya shrieked, as his fat lips popped free from the faux cock, and sharp, painful shock erupted from his buttplug.

Lurching forward, he quickly caught up to the dildo and wrapped his face around it again. His wide-open mouth slid over the long faux cock. He'd long ago lost his gag reflex, but it was still horribly humiliating to deepthroat the realistic dildo.

As his dentures reached the sensor-filled cock ring at the base of the long silicone shaft, he felt a click from inside his buttplug, and sighed in relief. He'd just barely avoided earning another - *much* stronger - shock up his backside.

Maya squeezed his thick lips around the shaft, gripping it firmly, and continued wobbling along after the dildo.

His task was made more difficult by a short chain connecting his ankles together, effectively hobbling him. His

feet were locked into a record-high pair of heels; nine inch heels, with a two-inch platform, both solid clear acrylic. Tiny red and blue LED lights lit up in the heels with each step, drawing the eye.

Besides the insanely high heels and hobble chain, a second short chain ran from his ankles to his armbinder, keeping him from standing fully erect. Instead, he was restricted to a pathetic duckwalk as he chased after the dildo.

"I must say, she certainly puts on a good show, doesn't she ladies?" Teresa Llewellyn said, sipping at her drink, as her former husband continued running around her Olympic-size pool. Brandy and Bambi, her husband's handlers, nodded in agreement from their own lounge chairs beside her.

Maya winced as he stumbled and the dildo popped free again, rapidly sliding away as a fresh cycle of punishment shocks began shooting through his bottom.

The bobbing dildo was attached to a small electric cart, following a track that winded between the Greco-Roman columns that lined the massive pool. It reminded him of the rabbit the greyhounds chased down at the tracks. He'd blown a small fortune of his wife's money betting on the races back...back when he'd been a man, and not a hyper-buxom shemale maid.

"Oh, looks like she's lost her grip again," Teresa cooed meanly, as Maya fought through the pain and wobbled after the cart.

The two buxom blond college girls beside her giggled at the sight. "Come on Maya, I've trained you better than that!" Brandy called, eliciting a cackle of laughter from the three women.

"Don't blame yourself, dear," Teresa said, patting the tan girl's leg jokingly. "Maya was always a disappointment, after all. But once I've finished pumping up her lips, she'll have no trouble keeping those lips in place."

Maya felt his face burn with embarrassment at the laughing women's words, but concentrated on catching up to the dildo before his buttplug fried his ass.

"Speaking of those lips," Bambi said, applying another layer of lotion to her smooth skin. "When *are* you going to finish his-er-*her* surgeries, by the way?"

Teresa waited patiently until Maya's path took him well out of earshot, before whispering conspiratorially, "Actually, I was planning on taking her to the clinic later today. The moving trucks will be arriving tomorrow, and I'd like to have the buxom little bimbo out of the way by then. Besides, best to keep some surprises for her when she wakes up, right?"

She sipped her drink, watching as her former husband wobbled from foot-to-foot after the dildo. She had to admit, the two blonds had done an excellent job training him for his new life. His legs were muscular, but still very feminine, thanks to thousands of hours of carefully planned exercise routines.

Watching his huge, fake tits bounce around, straining against his spandex top, it was hard to believe just eight months before he'd been her cheating bastard of a husband.

Glancing down at her own thankfully small, pert chest, she couldn't help but smirk as Maya's titanic jugs pulled him off balance again, starting another round of painful shocks from his punishment plug. She'd let him talk her into getting a huge set of implants shortly after their marriage, the very same implants that now graced his chest.

Serves him right, she thought, as he struggled to catch up with the dildo again, jumping at each new electric shock.

He swung around the end of the pool, and her gaze raised up to stare at his new home just over the trees. The building had once been a servants' quarters at the edge of the palatial mansion estate, but Teresa had remodeled it into the perfect home for her feminized ex. Now plastered over with pinks and pastels, and with one entire outer wall replaced with floor-to-ceiling windows, the building more resembled a life-size doll house than a real home. And Maya absolutely hated it, too!

"A real pity the boys' school closed for summer break," she mused, sipping her drink again. "Maya really deserves a bigger audience than just the three of us."

Brandy and Bambi nodded in agreement, sipping their own drinks. Across the street from Maya's new house, was a boys' only private school. Ever since they moved Maya into the Doll House, the boys next door had watched his buxom figure with great interest, as his handlers put him through the paces of his intense exercise routines.

As Maya swung past them again, now once more firmly lip-locked onto the fat dildo, Brandy asked, "So Miss Llewellyn, are you really going to let Maya keep her implants? I mean, she's big and all, but...."

Teresa smiled as she saw Maya's eyes lock on the three of them as he passed. A few weeks earlier, when she'd arrived home early from her clinic, she'd made the buxom maid sign a slew of paperwork setting up a new, and final, course of surgical operations that would finally finish his transformation. She'd promised him that he'd be keeping his implants as a souvenir of their marriage.

Patting her all-natural chest, she answered firmly, "Yes Brandy, I'm going to let her keep those ridiculous implants."

She saw a look of relief cross her ex's face, as he continued on for another circuit around the pool.

"Oh," Brandy said, looking disappointed. "I just thought...well, you know, that you were pulling his leg. I mean, what more can you do to him but inflate those tits some more? I mean, I know her implants are expandables, but we've already pumped them well past their limit. Surely he needs a brand new set, right?"

Teresa smiled darkly; her husband had insisted that her breast implants be expandables, so she could get them pumped up larger and larger. Now that they were in his own chest, his handlers had quickly set about finding excuses to add more and more saline to them. At last count, he was carrying around just over 2,000CCs in each melon.

He always did like sports, she thought wryly, the alcohol in her drink beginning to get to her. And now he's got a pair of basketballs of his very own!

"Oh, trust me Brandy, Maya's going to be a whole new woman when I'm through with her." Teresa assured the blond girl, patting her leg as well. "And don't worry about her chest either; I've got a trick or two up my sleeve."

She hiccupped slightly, and broke into a pall of giggles along with the two younger women, as Maya stumbled once again.

Maya looked around at the sterile, bright white walls of the surgery room, and sighed.

At least it's not pink, he thought morosely, tugging futilely at his straps.

He was laying upon a surgical table, with only a thin, stiff foam mattress between his body and the cold steel of the

table. His only clothing was a baby-blue paper gown, that did nothing to cover his bulging cock or titanic tits.

His thoughts were genuine. The clean, white tiled walls were the first he'd seen in ages that weren't covered in pastel shades of pink and purple. His home, his *Doll House* as Teresa called it, was filled with pink wallpaper, and pink shag carpets.

And pink ceiling tiles, and posters of sparkly unicorns and rainbows and boy bands on every wall too, he silently added. He was so fucking sick of it all!

Shaking his head, he worked his jaws open and close a few times, running his tongue around his bare gums. It was the first time in weeks that he'd been left without any of his dentures, and it felt strange, but good, to be free of them for once.

His hours of running around the pool, chasing after that damned dildo, all the while wearing his exercise dentures had left his jaw painfully sore. The exercise dentures were a one-piece set that kept his mouth locked wide-open in a humiliating 'O' shape. Good for sucking on dildos, but little else.

Maya relaxed his jaws, feeling the implanted magnets push them open slightly, and sighed.

The room was as devoid of distraction as it was sterile, and soon he was growing restless. He'd been waiting at least an hour already, as Teresa and her clinic staff prepared their equipment for his surgeries.

He pulled at his restraints again, if only to break up the boredom. Padded cuffs were locked around each wrist, keeping his arms pinned at his sides, while another set trapped his ankles in a pair of stirrups at the end of the table. He strained his well-toned legs, but the straps held

easily. His exercises weren't aimed at making him strong, after all. Just toned and shapely.

Sighing again, he relaxed his calves and tried not to think about what bizarre new fate Teresa had in store for him. She still hadn't told him what his surgeries would actually entail, but he was quite certain he wouldn't like it.

If only he'd been able to talk to her, make her see reason. In the past, she'd always come around to his way of thinking, eventually. When they had first met, he'd found her easy to manipulate. It had taken surprisingly little effort to convince her to get her breast enlarged, despite how much she clearly didn't want to.

Maya's face grew red as a pang of anger swept over him. Teresa *should* have forgiven him by now, should have been working to turn him back into a full-blown man again! All he did was cheat on her with some blond bimbo reporter, after all. It wasn't like he'd tried to damage her career on purpose; how was he to know the reporter was just using him to get access to Teresa's secret client list, or that she'd write a story exposing the list and nearly destroying his wife's private practice?

Overcome with frustration at his situation, Maya strained at the straps again. It just wasn't fair!

It's those damn sadistic bitches' fault, he decided, seeing Brandy and Bambi's coy smiling faces in his mind's eye. *They were the real trouble!*

For the millionth time, he cursed himself for ever hiring the buxom duo. Teresa had never been this confident and self-assured before she met them. The two college girls had proven to be the bane of Maya's existence from practically the moment he awoke from his first set of surgeries.

He'd hired the blond beauties as pool cleaners shortly before Teresa found out about his last affair. They'd been mere eyecandy to him then; a pair of buxom girls to augment the mostly male staff and give him something nice to look at while his famous plastic surgeon wife spent her days at her private clinic.

If only he had known what evil, controlling bitches the two girls would turn out to be! After his transformation from Michael Hertz to mincing live-in maid Maya Backhertz, the duo had served as his handlers about the estate. They conceived of his training regimen, humiliating outfits, and he was certain they were the true source of his ex-wife's new found confidence.

Groaning loudly, he shook himself, sending his hugely over-filled melons sloshing about violently. After a long moment of struggling, he finally calmed down again.

His inflated tits slowly settled down again, each rolling over onto his armpits. His view no longer obstructed by the huge mounds, he could once more see his cock rising up, straining against the thin blue paper gown. That, he knew, was the real cause of his frustration. It had been over two months now since his sadistic handlers had let him cum, and it was driving him up a wall!

Rock-hard with need, it was obvious even through the gown that his manhood had seen better days.

Of all the things his ex-wife had done to him, her transformation of his dick was easily the most bizarre. Maya had been horrified the first time Teresa revealed his mutilated organ, and explained the strange operations she'd performed on it.

After carefully liposuctioning his waist, she'd pumped the leftover fat cells into his cock, massively inflating his

shaft. He'd always been well-endowed, but after the injections, his cock had become ridiculous!

Of course, Teresa hadn't stopped there. After the injections were complete, she'd forced his cock into a plastic tube, and left it there throughout his lengthy recovery. Over a period of weeks, his body had slowly incorporated the fat cells, permanently locking them in place. As a result, his cock was now perfectly molded into the shape of the tube's interior. It was no longer a manly organ, but more closely resembled a flesh-colored sextoy!

And a very bizarre one at that. The base of his shaft was a fat sphere of flesh the size of a baseball, with progressively smaller spheres stacked on top, rising out from his hairless crotch. The head had been likewise enlarged, now the size of an apple. There was even a deep imprint of a smiley face across the top to complete "Mr. Happy!!"

As a final experiment, Teresa had carefully closed off some veins running from his groin, such that there was always more blood running into his cock than could leave. Now he was perpetually semi-erect, even after an all-too-rare orgasm.

Since then, things had only gotten worse. His handlers had manhandled a thick, solid metal ring down his shaft, somehow squeezing it past each fat lump. As painful an experience as that had been, he seriously doubted he could have removed the cock ring even if they had let him.

Ever since his ringing, his cock had been engorged with blood, the skin painfully taut. He'd feared it might have been so tight as to cut off circulation, but now having worn the ring for several months, he no longer worried about his cock falling off.

Shaking his head, Maya quickly pushed that thought from his mind. His manhood might not be in any danger of

falling off, but he didn't want to think about what plans Teresa had in store for it now!

Pulling his attention quickly away from his cock, he focused instead on his other most prominent feature; his huge tits.

Thank god I don't have to worry about her messing with these anymore, Maya thought with relief, gently shaking his chest side to side. His massive mammaries bounced heavily together, momentarily cutting off sight of the tent between his legs.

When she arrived for lunch the month before, and first made him sign all the various legal papers needed to set up this next course of surgeries, she'd repeatedly promised that he'd be keeping his current implants as a reminder of their failed marriage.

He knew she found it absolutely hilarious to sidle him with the very same implants he'd coerced her into getting, but he'd still been worried she was leading him on. But just this very morning, as he completed his humiliating oral exercise routine, he'd overheard Teresa repeating the promise to his handlers. She might lie to him, but he couldn't see her lying to those bitches.

He was oddly happy about it too. Brandy and Bambi had filled his expandable implants to the very brink, and now he wouldn't have to worry about carrying around an even heavier set of melons in the future.

These monsters are heavy enough! he thought, as they settled back into his armpits again, once more revealing his cock through the huge canyon of cleavage.

He was just starting to get restless again, when suddenly the surgery room door opened, and Teresa entered. She was

followed by a row of nurses, pushing small carts with covered trays of various tools and bottles of ominous fluids.

Maya knew absolutely nothing about his ex-wife's chosen profession, so even the few unveiled items revealed no clues about his upcoming operations.

Teresa was decked out in her full surgical smocks, as were the nurse assembling around him.

"Nervous, dear?" She asked, surprising him with her bedside manner. Before he could mumble a reply through his toothless mouth, she continued, "Of course you are; today is the beginning of a whole new you."

He was startled as a young woman, her face hidden behind a surgical mask, suddenly jabbed a long needle into his arm!

"Just setting up an IV line," Teresa explained, in an almost reassuring tone. The woman hung a bottle of fluid from a rack beside the bed, and connected it via a tube to the needle in his arm. "She's the anesthesiologist. In a few seconds, you'll start feeling very, *very* sleepy..."

Even as she spoke, Maya felt a coldness spreading up his arm, and across his prodigious chest. He vaguely remembered something similar happening during his first surgery, before his chest became so prodigious.

"Waaiigghht--" Maya uttered, his words slurring. A faint darkness was creeping in around the edge of his vision.

"Shh, dear. Just a few more seconds, then you'll be out. I have a lot planned for you; you'll be kept in a coma again until you are fully healed. With all the extra exercise that Brandy and Bambi have been putting you through these past several weeks, I doubt you'll suffer too much muscle atrophy. Though it'll be a few months before you awaken again, of course." Teresa said, her tone casual now.

She slid a mask of her own over her face, and took a proffered tool from one of the nurses. The tool seemed to be some strange sort of scalpel, only it was plugged into a small machine. Maya had no idea what it was, but as the tip suddenly began to glow red with heat, panic swept over him.

One of the nurses reached down, and easily ripped a hole in his gown, just over his cock. The massive, engorged organ stuck upwards through the small hole, ram-rod straight. Another nurse began to wipe a large sponge all over the dark purple head, and down the red-pink shaft. The stink of iodine reached Maya's nose, as the fluid stained his manhood an ugly shade of yellow-brown.

Again he tried to plead with them to wait, to give him a final chance to convince Teresa not to do this. But his words never came. His mouth and tongue lay limp, as the drugs coursing through his bloodstream took hold.

Teresa leaned over his inert form, and gripped his cock firmly in her hand. It was the first time she'd touched him there since his transformation. Oddly, the sensation was muted, as if his cock were suddenly a million miles away.

To his horror, she lowered the strange glowing tool in her hand toward the base of his cock. Just before it made contact, she turned to face him, her eyes staring straight into his. "Say goodbye to Mr. Happy, Maya; you'll never see him again once I'm through with you!"

With those final words, Teresa brought the cauterizing scalpel downward, and Maya slipped blissfully off into a deep, dreamless sleep.

"Miss Reddy? Come on back, please."

Margaret Redbach looked up at the sound of her fake name being called. *Finally!*

A young nurse stood across the private clinic's large waiting room, holding a clipboard. Sighing, she dropped the ancient magazine she'd been perusing for the past hour, and walked over to the nurse. "It's about time; I've been waiting all morning."

The young nurse flashed an apologetic smile. "Yes, sorry about that. Doctor Llewellyn has been finishing up an important surgery. I'm sure you understand."

Not waiting for a response, the nurse spun around and headed out of the waiting room. Margaret sighed, and followed.

The nurse led her down a long hallway, past a dozen closed doors. Margaret glanced at the doors as nonchalantly as she could. *Hmm, now where... oh!*

At the very end of the hallway a bright yellow 'Surgical Recovery Ward' sign caught her attention. She instantly glanced away, before the nurse noticed her interest. Luckily the woman was too distracted, busily unlocking a sturdy-looking metal door.

"Here we are." She said, pushing the heavy door open. Margaret stepped inside, and cocked an eyebrow. *A locker room?* Realization hit her an instant later, and she groaned inwardly.

The nurse opened a random locker revealing a thin hospital gown on a rack. She pulled out a small, empty plastic bag and handed it to Margaret. "Please undress, *entirely*, and place all your personal items in this bag. Knock on the door when you're ready, and I'll finish preparing you for your surgery."

Margaret scowled at the tiny gown. She was hoping to avoid this part. As the nurse stepped back into the hallway,

she momentarily considered protesting, but thought better of it. *The last thing I want is to raise suspicion.*

The undercover reporter quickly slipped out of her expensive blouse and hip-hugging skirt, then tip-toed out of her panties. The light blue, paper-thin hospital gown proved as inadequate she expected. The back was open, and held close by a single small strand tied around her waist.

Margaret shut her locker with a clang, locking away her clothes. "This had better be worth the effort," she muttered, glancing at her reflection in a mirror on the wall.

Her disguise had entailed changing her natural blond locks to a dark amber shade, a look that didn't exactly look bad on her tall figure, but still....

Shaking her head, she opened the door to find the nurse patiently waiting. "Finished? Good, follow me please."

Again the nurse spun off down the hallway before Margaret could respond. Rolling her eyes, the undercover reporter marched after her, carefully eyeing the Recovery Ward sign once more as they passed.

The nurse led her into another room, a small exam room. "Okay Miss Reddy," the nurse began, gesturing at the room's paper-clad table. "Take a seat please."

Margaret hopped up onto the table, wincing at the loud crumpling from the thick paper covering. "Look, how much longer is all this going to take? Doctor Llewellyn said we'd begin the procedure as soon as I arrived."

"Sorry," the nurse said, opening a drawer. "It'll be a while yet. The doctor was just finishing up her operation when I called you back."

Margaret eyed the door, imagining the sign at the end of the hall. *If I can just get some time alone....*

"Well...do you think you could find her for me? I, uh--" Margaret racked her mind quickly, trying to think up some excuse to get the nurse to leave. "I have... some questions for her about the procedure."

The nurse paused, considering. "What sort of questions?" She asked after a moment, a concerned furrow crossing her brow.

Margaret nearly grinned at the woman's expression. "Very... *personal* questions," she added, in as ominous a tone as she could manage.

The nurse chewed her lip. "Um, well... we're not really supposed to interrupt the doctor immediately after a surgery. She has to prep her equipment for the sterilization procedures...."

Margaret waited, letting the awkward silence grow and grow. Finally, the nurse broke. "Okay, I guess if it's important, I can get her for you. But you do need to take these before I go. She'll have a fit if I don't have you ready."

The nurse reached into the drawer she had opened, and pulled out a small bottle of pills. "These are just standard anti-nausea medication," she explained quickly, pouring two pills out onto Margaret's palm. The undercover reporter looked at the small red pills suspiciously. The nurse added, quickly, "They're just to prevent you from getting an upset stomach from the anesthesia when you wake up from your procedure, Miss Reddy. We give them to all our patients before surgery."

Margaret waited for a moment, then shrugged. *Oh hell, what can it hurt?* She popped the pills in her mouth, as the nurse handed her a small paper cup of water to wash them down.

"Now, it'll take about half-an-hour for them to kick in. Otherwise you're pretty much ready for your breast enlargement operation, Miss Reddy." The nurse smiled lightly as Margaret blushed. "Just wait here, and I'll go and get the doctor. You can discuss your issues with her in private; I'm sure everything will be fine, though."

The nurse reassuringly patted Margaret on the knee, then left the room. The red-headed reporter waited until the nurse's footsteps died away, then hopped off the exam table.

"Finally!" She hissed, grinning. Cautiously, she cracked the door open and stole a quick glance up and down the hall. Seeing no one, she headed toward the yellow sign, one hand behind her holding the gown closed.

It had taken her many weeks to set up her undercover identity. Maggie Reddy, her alias, was supposedly here to get a heaping big pair of breast implants. But in reality, Margaret Redbach was here for a very different reason. She was on the hunt for a story.

She reached the sign. Under it was a door leading, she assumed, to the clinic's recovery ward.

Here goes nothing, she thought, turning the door's handle. To her delight, the door was unlocked. Grinning at her good fortune, she slipped inside.

Margaret and Doctor Llewellyn had a long history. Eight months earlier, Margaret had seduced the famous plastic surgeon's idiot of a husband, in order to get the scoop on the woman's clinic.

The tryst had paid off better than she had ever dreamed. Michael, the doctor's husband, hadn't even objected when she asked him to steal her a copy of his wife's secret client list. When her paper published the list a week later, the

story had practically made her career. Overnight she went from the random freelance piece, to a weekly column on the third page. The clinic had many famous celebrity clients, all getting boob jobs and liposuction, and a dozen other vain procedures. Tabloid gold, all of it.

Sadly, the story had also killed the proverbial golden goose. As soon as her newspaper article had published, the clinic had seen a dramatic drop in patients, especially the famous sort terrified of having their secret procedures turned into front-page tabloid fare. Naturally, she dumped her now useless boy-toy, and moved on.

Until a few weeks ago, that is, when a very interesting rumor crossed her desk. If her source was right, a major story was hiding in the clinic at this very moment.

Margaret found herself at the bottom of a stairwell. Shrugging, she headed up. *The ward must be on the second floor, I guess.*

The initial rumor had claimed that a young starlet with a new hit show was getting her boobs done at the clinic. By itself, that would have made a nice addition to her previous article.

But Margaret's journalistic instincts had led her to investigate further. The star's publicity agent turned out to be as easy to seduce as the surgeon's husband had, and a few disgusting blowjobs later, the sleazy man had spilled the real story. According to him, his famous client wasn't just getting her boobs done; she wasn't even really a woman at all!

I just hope I'm not too late, Margaret thought, as she reached the top of the stairs. *If that Llewellyn bitch has finished turning that star into a starlet, I might never be able to confirm my story!*

A door led off from the stairwell, straight into another long hallway. Margaret slowly worked her way down the hall, checking in every door she found. Lots of empty rooms, with empty beds. *Where is she, er, he?*

As she reached the end of the hall, and the last unchecked door, she heard the telltale beeping of medical equipment. Cracking the door open, a smile crossed her face.

The recovery room was small, and filled with electronic equipment assembled around a large hospital bed. And on the bed was a figure. Judging from the size of the mounds rising from the figure's chest, she'd finally found her 'man.'

And that lump between his legs looks very promising too!

The lights were turned off, and the room's curtains closed. Margaret started to reach for the switch, but stopped. Was it worth the risk?

My flash will work just fine in the dark anyway, she decided. A sly smirk crossed her lips, as she slid a hand between her natural, firm breasts and extracted a small digital camera from her cleavage. The tape holding the device in place tore free with a startlingly loud *-RIP!-* that seemed to echo in the still room.

Margaret froze, watching the patient, wary of any sign the loud noise had been heard. But the patient was still lost in a drugged sleep, it seemed.

Grinning at her continuing string of good luck, the intrepid reporter set to work examining the unconscious woman, noting the patient's name on the chart at the foot of the bed. She didn't recognize it, but then again she hadn't expected the celebrity to use her real name anyway.

Continuing on, she gently lifted away the sheet covering the figure, and frowned. The woman's body was covered in bandages, practically from head to toe.

Dammit! I can't see anything!! Margaret frowned, and clicked her tongue in nervous thought. After a long moment, she shrugged, and reached for the bandages over the sleeper's bulging crotch.

"Well, sorry dear, I really didn't want to do this. But at least you won't feel it, I guess," she muttered, tugging gingerly on a loose piece of gauze.

The thick fabric was thankfully clean of blood, and came free easily with the slightest pull. As the reporter unraveled the bandages, the surprising huge lump underneath stirred, rising higher over the figure's groin.

"Damn, you are a big 'girl' aren't you?" She said, impressed.

The last of the gauze fell away suddenly, and Margaret gasped in shock. "What the hell!?!"

Rising up from the woman's groin was a cock, as she had hoped. But it was unlike any cock the seductress had ever seen before. Shaking her head in disbelief, Margaret stepped back.

Something was wrong, very, very wrong.

Margaret turned her attention away from the ridiculous-looking penis, and frantically tugged on the bandages covering the sleeping woman's face. They pulled free as easily as the others, revealing an unfamiliar face beneath.

"Who the hell is this?!" She spat in disgust, dropping the gauze.

The face was definitely not the starlet she had been expecting. The woman, er, *man's* face was as ridiculous as

his mangled manhood. His lips were fat worms, pink and puffy. A dozen small puncture marks were still visible running along each lip, where god-only-knew how much collagen had been injected. Bruises covered his nose and cheeks, with sutures running along each cheek where an implant had been recently inserted. There was even a strange set of sutures at his throat, though for what procedure she couldn't begin to guess.

"Don't you recognize him, Miss Redbach?"

Margaret dropped her camera in shock, and spun around. Doctor Teresa Llewellyn stood in the room's single doorway, smirking knowingly at her. "Wha--who--" She stammered out, overcome with surprise. "H-how do you know my name?" She finally managed.

Teresa grinned back at her. "Oh, I think that should be obvious to a smart little reporter like you."

The tall surgeon stepped toward her, and Margaret jumped back, suddenly scared. Her knees felt weak.

"St-stay away from me!" She shouted, stumbling around the bed, putting it between her and the doctor. She glanced back at the sleeping woman's face, and suddenly felt something click in her mind. She grasped the chart again from the end of the bed, and blinked as the pieces fell together. "Maya Backhertz?! Wait, it can't be! *Michael!?!?*"

"Formerly Michael Hertz, my ex-husband," Teresa confirmed. She looked over the transformed man. "And your former lover, if that's the right word. Though he's changed quite a bit since you two last fucked, so I'm not that surprised you didn't recognize him."

Margaret stumbled backward, hitting some odd machine sending out strange electronic bleeps every few seconds.

"Careful dear," Teresa warned, stepping around the bed. The reporter fell to the floor, and struggled to scoot away, as the tall woman pushed the machine back in place.

"Wha--" Margaret started, shaking her head.

Teresa halfheartedly checked that the machine was still in working order, then turned her attention back to the disoriented reporter. She glanced at her wrist, taking note of the time. "Thirty minutes, right on time."

Margaret shook her head again, and blinked. Her eyes felt oddly heavy, her every thought suddenly sluggish. "Wha--what's going on?"

"The pills, dear," Teresa said, almost sympathetic.

"Pills?" The reporter asked, confused. She blinked suddenly. "The pills! Th-those weren't anti-nausea meds?!"

"Nope," Teresa confirmed, her smirk returning. "Just a simple time-released sedative. Quite a large dose, actually. With a bit of muscle relaxer, just to be sure."

Margaret fought to make her muscles obey, but the best she could manage was to rise up on her hands and knees.

"Y-you d-d-drugged me?" She hissed, shaking her head. Her mind was screaming at her limbs, but her body utterly refused to move. She turned her attention back to the sleeping figure on the bed. "Y-you tricked me. There, there never w-was a, a...."

"Yes," Teresa confirmed smugly. "Your 'source' owed me a favor for giving his wife a free ass lift. I do hope you didn't have to do anything unsavory for his information, dear."

Margaret glared up at the tall woman. "Y-yoouu b-b--"

"Bitch? Yes, I suppose I am." Teresa said, reaching into a pocket in her smock. Margaret's eyes widened in shock, as

the doctor withdrew a syringe.

Desperately, the young reporter managed to back away, crawling along the tile floor. But the surgeon only stepped calmly after her, easily keeping up with her barely functional quarry.

Margaret felt her back finally hit the wall, stopping her. Teresa tapped the syringe with her nail, and squeezed out a few droplets of thick fluid.

"Now, this won't hurt a bit, dear," Teresa cooed, bending over. Margaret gasped helplessly as the woman drove the needle into her arm, and pressed the plunger.

Cold fluid rushed into her vein, and up her arm. "Noooghhh!" Margaret wailed.

"Shhh, it's just an anesthetic. You'll be out cold in a few seconds." Teresa pulled the empty syringe away, and stood back up. "And then we get to work on those new implants you wanted, dearie."

Margaret slouched over, sliding onto her side. She stared helplessly up at the surgeon as the door opened, a team of nurses entering. As darkness began to grow around her vision, the team lifted her up from the floor and onto an empty bed.

As the women pushed her from the room, her eyes fell upon the still unconscious former man, his mutilated cock still rising stiffly over his nude groin.

"Y-y-you turned h-him into a f-f-freeeeak!" She accused dazedly, the drugs kicking in fully.

"Oh no, dear," Teresa answered. "He's just a stupid man who let his cock do the thinking one time too many. You, on the other hand, *will* be a freak... once I'm through with you."

"Wake up, dear."

Maya blinked, the sudden light blindingly bright. He squeezed his eyes shut again, sinking back into blissful unconsciousness.

"Wakey, wakey!" The voice called again, as he felt something wet and cold against his lips. Blinking his eyes again, he struggled against the fog in his mind.

Wha-where? His vision slowly congealed into a recognizable shape, and finally came into focus as the fog in his mind began to recede. Still, he couldn't help blinking. For some reason, his eye lids felt oddly heavy.

Teresa? He nearly smiled at the comforting sight of his wife, but his confusion returned an instant later. *Wait, why is her chest so flat? What happened to her tits?*

"Whab habbemed too uurr tittz, babby?" He slurred incoherently. His tongue felt odd, and his lips were stiff and unresponsive. Even his voice seemed somehow off. He tried to shake his head, to clear the cobwebs, but a strong hand stopped him.

"Shhh, dear," Teresa cooed in reply, holding his head still. She ran a piece of ice over his lips again. The cool, sweet taste made him aware of how parched his throat was, and he swallowed the melting liquid eagerly.

"You've had a tube down your throat for quite a while now." She reached out for another piece of ice, surreptitiously adding, "Among other things...."

"Whab? A tuube?!" He tried to move again. *A tube? Surgery? Why am I--*

His dazed thoughts suddenly congealed as his mind finally cleared. Memories of the past many months of his life returned, all at once. His wife confronting him on his

cheating, him taking her up on her ultimatum, waking up from surgery with breasts. And then months and months of living under her thumb, cleaning her mansion and enduring endless humiliations at the hands of his blond handlers.

And then he remembered where he was, and how he had ended up there.

He struggled to sit up, but his body was still weak with drugs, and Teresa easily held him in place with a single hand. She clicked her tongue warningly. "Calm down, Maya. I see you've fully awoken, at last. But you need to stay calm, you've just had major surgery after all."

"Whab did y--" He began, then stopped. His lips felt thick and unresponsive, seemingly fighting back as he tried to speak. He licked them, thinking - hoping - that they were simply dry. But they felt fat and puffy as his tongue ran over them.

Teresa smirked down at him, then ran the piece of crushed ice over his lips again. Despite his growing dread, Maya couldn't help but swallow the cool, soothing liquid as it ran into his mouth. Fear was rapidly replacing his earlier confusion, however, and he began to frantically gaze around the room.

He was laid out on a hospital bed, no doubt in Teresa's private clinic. Aside from some random medical-looking devices strewn around him, the room appeared empty. *But why are the walls pink, I thought the whole clinic was white before?*

He quickly turned his attention back to his body, recalling his wife's final words to him before the drugs took him off into lala-land. But his view was blocked by a thick paper curtain that rose up from around his neck, hiding his body beyond. *Well, that's ominous*, he thought, gulping.

"Now you're still not quite finished healing, but I just had to wake you up early to tell you the big news!" Teresa exclaimed, interrupting his examination of the room.

She set her cup of crushed ice aside, then stepped just out of his view. An instant later she returned with a thick ream of papers in her hand, and thrust them out over him.

Idly, he wondered why the official-looking documents had been printed on pink paper.

"I sent a petition off to the state capital a few weeks ago, and my lawyers faxed these back just a few hours ago. Under current state law, a person has to live a full year as another gender to petition for an official change of gender status. Thanks to your lengthy recovery here, you've finally passed the twelve-month mark." She shook one sheet in particular, and gushed, "Now it's official; you're a real girl! Congratulations!!"

Maya felt her words hit him like a punch to the gut. *A real girl?!*

Teresa continued, shuffling the papers to pick out a select few as she spoke. "That's right! As far as the state is concerned, you, Maya Backhertz, are now a genuine woman. I've got a whole new set of identification listing your proper gender; birth certificates, social security card, even a photo ID. No driver's license, of course. With your tits, driving is a thing of the past. But just think of all the other fun things you can do now, like using the women's restroom at the mall, or maybe getting a female gynecologist. All sorts of fun things!"

She grinned down at him, almost giddy as she heaped each new humiliation on him. Her smile darkened as she added, "Why, you can even marry a *real* man now! Like, maybe my brother Jeff, for instance."

Maya's nausea quadrupled instantly! *Oh god, surely she can't mean--*

Teresa continued on, ignoring her ex's suddenly pale expression. "You remember Jeffrey, don't you? No? Well, you did only meet him the once, just after our wedding. You were so drunk, I'm not surprised you don't remember him. I remember though. All those nasty little comments you made when you found out he was gay." She clicked her tongue disapprovingly, shaking her head. "But I bet you and he would get along much better now, don't you? I bet you'd make Jeff a great little wife, wouldn't you?"

Maya stared in utter horror at his ex-wife. He remembered Jeff alright; all six-and-a-half feet of him. If Teresa was tall for a woman, her half-brother was a walking mountain of a man! And gay to boot!

Back in his male modeling days, Maya had always been a bit on the feminine side. Metrosexual, as he liked to call it. Unfortunately, practically every other male he met in the industry was full-blown homosexual and proud of it! He had spent far too many photoshoots trying to remain calm and composed, as a fag hair stylist or photographer *accidentally* rubbed his ass or groped his bulge as they passed by!

A shiver ran down his spine, as he suddenly imagined his ex's huge half-brother wrapping his arms around him, one hand reaching down....

Teresa broke out laughing, cutting his waking nightmare off short. "Oh god, Maya, you should see the look on your face! As if I'd ever foist your worthless ass onto a real man! Let alone my darling brother!!"

Maya's terror suddenly turn to burning rage at her insult, but this too quickly gave way to relief. She wasn't going to force him to marry her huge, gay brother after all! He sighed heavily, feeling his strangely stiff lips quiver.

"Anyway," Teresa began, putting the papers aside. "Now that you're awake, I guess I might as well show you your new and improved self."

Maya felt another shiver run through him, as his ex-wife stepped away again. He tried to follow her, but the curtain rising before his chest hid her from view. With no other option available, he waited patiently for his wife to return, and tried not to think of his new, female identity and what it might imply. Teresa's final words to him before the surgery echoed in his mind.

As he waited, he blinked frantically. His lids still felt heavy, but worse, something was catching on his lashes, snagging them together. Besides being annoying as all hell, it made even keeping his eyes fully open a constant struggle.

"This should help clear things up," Teresa said, suddenly reappearing before him. She was pushing a large mirror on a stand. She angled the mirror and raised it over him, until suddenly his face came into view. "Now be patient, Maya -- oops, I mean *Miss* Backertz. I know you're more worried about the rest of you, but I think we should start at the top, and work our way down."

Maya stared up into the mirror, and nearly choked.

During his first surgery, Teresa had merely added to his naturally effeminate features, widening his mouth and pumping up his lips. The most dramatic change had been his new dentures, which still lay locked in his mouth.

But now she had totally transformed his face; he hardly recognized himself.

His lips were covered in a thick, glossy coat of pink lipstick, that seemed to glisten wetly before him, while his eyes were surrounded by a deep purple eyeliner, blending

into silver as it reached his artificially thin eyebrows. His painted face wouldn't look out of place in a crowd of streetwalkers, or wrapped around a pole in a dank strip joint.

He wasn't shocked by the makeup however, for it had been in place for weeks now. Teresa had permanently tattooed it on after growing tired of his failed attempts to do his own makeup, despite the endless coaching by Brandy and Bambi. He'd almost grown used to it.

What *did* shock him were the physical changes Teresa had wrought since last he'd seen himself.

His newly altered mouth was locked into a pout, a slight 'O' shaped gap forming between his lips. Before his lips had been simply plump, but now they were truly massive, like fat pink pillows just waiting to wrap around a stiff cock!

"My moughff!!" He sputtered, feeling his fat lips tremble, that small gap puckering open wider with each syllable. The image of a goldfish in its bowl came to him suddenly, as he stared at his mouth.

Glancing down the bridge of his nose, Maya was shocked that he could actually see his newly inflated lips jutting out, wriggling like pink worms as he gasped in alarm. No wonder he was having trouble speaking!

Strangely, his upper lip was now much larger than the lower, as if Teresa had purposely wanted to reverse the usual relationship. To his surprise, the effect didn't make him look hideous as he would have expected. Rather, his fatter upper lip made him look especially cheap and trashy, far more than a simple collagen injection ever would have.

Unfortunately, his perpetually pouting lips weren't the only change. His nose had been worked on too, now turned slightly upturned and seemingly smaller than he

remembered. A proper button nose, giving him a scrunched-in look, that only add to his pouty expression.

His cheeks were larger now as well; some sort of cheek implants, he guessed. They gave him deeper dimples, and gave his face a triangular, more feminine, shape to match his new lips and nose.

"How do you like the eyes? I'm especially proud of them," Teresa asked, as he took in more of his new reflection.

Maya gasped again in surprise; she had totally transformed his eyes. At first he almost thought she had somehow made them larger, but then he realized what the real change was. His pupils were wide, fully dilated despite the bright lights in the room. They made his eyes appear wider than they were, almost doll-like or something out of a cartoon.

But it was his eyelashes that really sent his stomach churning. Each pure black lash was at least an inch and half long, curving sharply along its length. No wonder he was having trouble keeping his eyes fully open; his lids were being weighed down by those ridiculous lashes!!

"Do you like them, dear?" Teresa asked, grinning gleefully as his face paled. "I had to remove your natural lashes, permanently. But these new ones are hard plastic, heat-cured to keep that lovely curve forever. And they're well anchored into place, so don't even try plucking them out."

Maya swallowed heavily, and blinked, feeling his heavy lashes sway and fight back. He had to blink repeatedly, as the upper and lower lashes caught at each other. Finally he managed to blink enough to untangle them, and fully open his eyes again. He noticed that his pupils didn't retract from the light, just remaining the same deep, black pools as before.

"Your pupils are very special too," Teresa added, lifting one of the light-pink documents in her hand again. She flipped it over and held it before him. "Just look at this paper, and tell me what you see?"

Despite thinking he really didn't want to know, Maya complied, staring at the blank back of the sheet. "Noffing?" He asked cautiously, still struggling to speak with his new fish-lips.

Teresa grinned down at him, the expression enough to make his skin crawl with dread. "Nothing? Are you sure about that? Look again; this is a *white* sheet of paper."

He blinked in confusion at her words, and spent a moment fluttering his lids until his lashes released again. *White? No, it's pink....Oh, shit!*

Teresa's grin grew broader, as realization finally hit Maya full force. He glanced away from the paper and back at the walls, the ceiling, even his reflection. Was it his imagination, or did even the whites of his eyes seem faintly pink?

"PINK!?!!" He choked out in horror.

"Oh goody, it works! I really wasn't sure if it would," Teresa was saying, as Maya nearly flew into a panic. "I inserted two artificial lens into your eyes. Their called intraocular lens implants, actually. Now normally they're used to improve eyesight, but yours are more for purely cosmetic purposes, of course."

She crumpled up the blank sheet of paper and tossed it away, before leaning closer and continuing.

"I used a much larger pair than you needed, to get that lovely doll-eye look. But I also used tinted lens, to give you a sort of pink filter to see the world through. Everything will have a slightly-pink hue, from now on." Her words sent a spasm of terror through Maya. He hated pink!

As if reading his mind, she went on, "But I can't take all the credit. In fact, it was your handlers, Brandy and Bambi, who gave me the idea. They found some fancy colored contact lens for a Halloween party while you were still recovering from your other surgeries, and inspired me to see if I couldn't duplicate the effect, but permanently. Now the whole world will look just like your pretty pink Doll House!"

She laughed gleefully at his horror, even as Maya felt a wave of nausea hit him. Pink, everywhere he looked, pink and more pink! In desperation, he clenched his huge, bright eyes tightly shut, ignoring the irritating sensations from his faux-lashes tangling together.

"Of course," His ex-wife said, as he heard the mirror creak into a new position over him. "Your pretty new face isn't what you really want to see, is it? No, you're more interested in that nasty little thing between your legs, aren't you?"

Maya snapped his eyes back open at her words, blinking madly until his lashes separated. His memory from just before his surgery returned to him. That evil looking, red-hot electric scalpel....

He looked down his nose, past his fat, jutting lips, at that paper curtain hiding the rest of his body and gulped. He didn't dare look up at the mirror hanging over him.

Teresa waited a long moment, as the air grew thick with tension, before breaking out in a loud laugh.

"Oh, Maya, you silly girl! I didn't cut it off. Remember what I said, dear; you'll never see Mr. Happy again." Teresa said, ripping the paper curtain away.

Maya stared down his revealed body, and gasped. Rising up from his chest, were his tits, big as ever. That wasn't

surprising, in and of itself. He'd more or less grown used to carrying around his wife's former implants as his own.

But the bloated balls of flesh jutting up into the air before him were nothing like he remembered. For one, they were unnaturally firm, utterly untouched by the effects of gravity. A shelf of pure flesh.

For another, they were perfectly round spheres now, more fake looking than ever before. They didn't actually feel any heavier than he remembered, but they looked larger now, seemed to project out from his body more. *Basketballs*, he thought. *They're fucking basketballs now!!*

He breathed in, watching his tits quiver as a ripple ran through them by the slight motion.

"H-how--" He began, at a loss for words.

"How did I teach your ridiculous funbags to defy gravity like that?" Teresa offered, smirking. She smacked one tit, and it instantly sent the other bouncing away. She withdrew her hand, as his boobs continued to bounce side-to-side.

The sight reminded him of one of those Newton's cradle toys people put on their office desks, a line of metal spheres endlessly pinging off one-another. He shook his chest, trying to fight against his tits. But his efforts only seemed to make them bounce even more.

"It wasn't that hard, actually," Teresa continued, answering her own question. She cupped his tits gently, stopping their endless motion at last. She ran a well-manicured finger under his tits, tracing a line as she went on. "I merely inserted a new invention of mine under your implants, to give them more support. It's a sort of plastic mesh that cups the implants, and is locked directly into your ribcage and shoulders. Think of it as a built-in wonder bra, if you want."

She grinned, and tugged slightly at his nipples. He realized with a shudder that he couldn't actually see his nipples anymore, they were so far up and out from his chest. "Besides giving your tits this completely unnatural degree of gravity-defying firmness, they all shape your breasts into these wonderfully-fake spheres. I could have easily made you much more natural looking, or even given you a set of genuine torpedo-tits if I'd wanted. But I thought this look suited you best."

Teresa released his nipples, and once again his boobs began bouncing, now more in and out from his chest, than side-to-side. "They are a lot more springy than I'd expected, though." She added, smirking.

She tilted the mirror over him further, momentarily giving him a glimpse of his waist. It was a shock all on its own. "I used a similar device to wrap your waist, though this one is more of a built-in corset than a bra. Thanks to all the exercise your handlers have been putting you through this past year, you've really toned up and lost that pouch you were developing when you were still the man of the house. But I thought you could still use a little work, to achieve that perfect hourglass figure every bimbo wants."

She traced to small points on his waist. "I had to remove your floating ribs here, to get you under 24 inches. Now your waist is a waspish 19 inches, and still shrinking as your body reacts to your new corset. Isn't that wonderful!?"

Teresa laughed, again taking delight in Maya's misery. He stared up in the mirror, at his impossibly small waist. It had a pinched-in look, like some giant had picked him up and squeezed....

The image of being a real-life doll caught in a child's grip came to him, and sent a shudder down his spine. His still

wobbling boobs began to swing from the added motion, as he shook his head to chase the nightmare image away.

He returned his gaze to the mirror, just as Teresa shifted it again, finally revealing his mutilated groin. He sighed in relief to see that she hadn't been lying earlier; his cock *was* still there!

But it wasn't untouched by his ex's manic alterations either. Maya stared into his reflection, and felt his relief fade away, replaced with revulsion.

His already heavily modified cock now looked even more alien on his ultra-feminized body. It jutted up from his crotch, erect as ever, and utterly green!

Teresa ran one long fingernail down the organ, sending another shock shooting up his spine. "Do you like the color? I spent three whole days tattooing it in, trying to get the shading just right."

Maya stared at his garishly-colored cock. Even with his pink-tinted view of the world, his manhood looked like a bright, neon-green pole rising up into the cool air of the recovery room. The basic shape of his cock hadn't changed from the last time he'd seen it, but the new permanent color only further re-enforced the fake, sex-toy look of his former pride and joy.

"It looks like a sex-toy," he muttered miserably, as his ex's fingernail slid further down his organ.

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" Teresa agreed, mockingly. Her finger reached the base of his cock, where his pubes had once been, and stopped just before the green tattoo ended.

He narrowed his eyes, risking another eyelash-tangling blinkfest. Something was strange about that place; the transition from green tattoo to natural skin was too abrupt.

Teresa answered his question even before he could ask it. "This transition line here?" She ran her nail along the point, her nail seeming to catch on his skin in an unnatural manner. "This is where I ran my electric scalpel. Scarification, it's called. It's all the rage these days with the teens; tattoos just aren't enough to impress the girls, I guess."

She traced around his green organ, her fingernail running along the deep, dark scar line. With a start, Maya realized what looked so odd about it; the scar made his cock look like it really didn't belong, like it really was a rubber dildo hanging off his body.

The illusion was furthered by the metal cock ring still wrapped around his shaft. Four leather straps were now attached to it, the top two disappearing from view around his hips. Now that he saw them, he was suddenly aware of them, running around his hips like a belt. He could feel, but not see, the two other straps running down between his legs and meeting back up with his new belt. The leather straps were dark, and thick, and he couldn't see a lock or buckle anywhere.

Teresa tugged gently at the straps, revealing just how stiff and tight they really were. "Like them? They really pull off the whole strap-on look, don't they? No one looking at this *thing* between your legs would ever mistake it for a real cock, would they?"

Her words had taken on an icy tone that made Maya's anus pucker. Her smile had grown dark and cruel, like he hadn't seen since she first revealed her knowledge of his cheating.

"N-noo," he agreed, nodding his head miserably.

"Right." Teresa's cold smile turned back to a light grin. Her hand continued to slide under his cock, and closed over

his scrotum. She raised an eyebrow playfully, then suddenly squeezed her hand shut, hard.

Maya winced and nearly screamed, before he realized there was no real pain. He could feel her hand, tight as a vice, but the shooting pain of his crushed balls never came. He looked up at his ex, utterly confused.

Teresa laughed again, and tilted the mirror down, as she pulled his scrotum out into view. Like the rest of his genitals, his coin purse was tattooed bright green. But the real surprise came a second later, when she relaxed her iron grip.

Maya gasped; his balls were huge! Each testicle was larger than a goose egg, his scrotum stretched taut trying to contain them.

"Their pretty amazing, aren't they? They're testicular implants, made of solid silicone. Normally they're used to replace testicles lost to cancer, or some random accident." Teresa explained, gently squeezing each massive nut between her talented fingers. She sighed. "I swear, I could squeeze these all day long; they're better than those stress-relief balls I keep on my desk."

Maya felt a wave of nausea wash over him. If those monsters filling his sack to the bursting point were silicone implants, then where were his *real* balls?!

Teresa continued squeezing his new balls, grinning widely. "Of course, these are no normal pair of testicular implants. I actually had to order them special from a veterinarian supply company. They're *horse* testicle replacements!"

Maya blanched at this new information, as his nausea increased. *Horse testicles?!*

Teresa grinned slyly down at him, and finally released his new, humiliatingly over-sized nuts with a final playful

smack. "Oh don't worry, I didn't castrate you. Though I was tempted.

"Actually, I just pushed them up inside you. A few quick sutures to hold them in place, and it was all done. Probably the easiest operation you've had since arriving here. Now, they will continue to produce semen just like normal, but being trapped inside you like they are, your own body heat will effectively kill your sperm. So for all intents and purposes, you are now effectively impotent. But then, I figure you weren't going to be fathering any kids anyway. After all, what sane woman would ever let you touch her with that *thing* between your legs now?"

Teresa laughed cruelly at her miserable ex-husband. Maya could only stare up at the mirror, feeling more sick with each second; his huge, grotesquely modified, bright green cock bobbed back at him, as if agreeing with her humiliating words.

Her finger slid under his scrotum, out of sight, and hit a new, sensitive spot that made him jump. "And here's the last, and my personal favorite, change. I closed off that little piss hole of yours; it was ruining the look. I made a new little exit in your urethra right here, under your new balls."

She laughed, finally withdrawing her hand entirely, before adding, "I'm afraid you'll have to sit down to pee from now on. Rather fitting, don't you agree, *Miss Backhertz*?"

At least I still have my balls, he thought, trying to reassure himself as she continued to chuckle. *Not that that's much of a silver lining.*

Finally, he tore his eyes from his reflection and stared down at his huge heaving hooters. Indeed, just as Teresa had promised, he couldn't see *Mr. Happy* anymore. And to his surprise, he found he was actually grateful for that.

Nearly a week later, Maya Backhertz stepped out of a car and onto a crowded parking lot. He stumbled slightly as his six-inch heels clacked on the blacktop, his legs still a bit weak after months spent healing in a medically-induced coma.

His ultra-firm breasts jutted out before him like a shelf, packed to bursting into a far too small tube top made of some stretchy, semitransparent plastic material. The narrow band was stretched so thin over his huge jugs, his puffy nipples were clearly visible underneath.

Every step he took nearly popped the jiggling mounds free, and their endless wobbling was threatening to tug him off his high-heels at any moment. His massive new balls didn't help matters, swinging like a heavy pendulum between his legs, making his eternally-erect cock bob under his microskirt.

Maya looked up, wincing slightly as the bright sky filled his eyes. He was too accustomed to the relative dimness of the clinic recovery room, his too-large faux pupils unable to shrink and block out the light. He blinked, and mentally cursed as his lashes snagged together. He was growing to really hate that, endlessly batting his eyelashes to untangle them.

Overhead, a pink-hued cloud drifted lazily across the sky.

"Ah what a nice day," Teresa sighed wistfully, exiting the driver's side of the large sedan. Bambi and Brandy slid out of the backseats and quickly flanked Maya, ready to steady him if his legs gave out. "A pity you have to start work and miss it."

He stared back at her, confused, though between his tattooed makeup and modified face he doubted the

expression was even visible.

"Work? I thought we were going home, finally." He asked, carefully forming each word. He was still getting used to his ridiculously fat lips. "Where are we?"

"At your new workplace!" Brandy and Bambi squealed together, spinning him around. His tits sloshed madly from the sudden movement, and nearly popped free of his pink tube top.

His eyes widened as he saw where they had stopped. A long one-story building, just off the interstate beside the airport. A large flashing neon light hung over the parking lot, shaped like a naked lady, each flash making her tits appear to bounce up and down.

"A strip club?" Maya asked, even more confused. He squeezed his bosom between his hands, until the sloshing stopped.

When they'd finally agreed that he was fully healed and ready to leave, he'd assumed they would take him back to his horrible Doll House at the edge of his ex-wife's estate.

Teresa sighed, and shook her head impatiently, as if he should somehow just know what was going on. "Honestly Maya, sometimes you are such a bimbo. You didn't really think I was doing all this--" she gestured at his impossibly fake chest and hourglass figure, "--because I wanted my *maid* to look better around the mansion, did you?"

She clicked her tongue, as his handlers rolled their eyes in exasperation. Teresa continued, "I did all this, because I finally found you a job befitting your few real talents. Brandy and Bambi have been getting your prepared for this for months now."

He looked at her, then at the building, finally noticing its sign above the doorway. *Stiffies?! What kind of a stupid*

name is Stiffies!?!

"You did all diss to me, because you wanb me to be a stwipper?!" He gasped in disbelief, his lisp returning as he lost his concentration.

Teresa rolled her eyes this time, and gestured at the two blond handlers. Both girls happily grasped him by the arm and force-marched him toward the club.

As they neared, he caught sight of old posters along the outer wall, advertising various attractions. The newest proclaimed someone called Maggie Melons as the newest headliner, assuring him that she was the 'Queen of Silicone.'

Yeah, I bet, he thought sardonically, looking down into his own twin wonders.

"Stiffies is a very prestigious place of employment, Maya," Teresa informed him matter-of-factly. "They are one of the only strip clubs in the region to cater to the full-range of gay, lesbian, bi and transgender crowds. You should be honored to work here."

The blondes pushed him through the club doors, and the sight inside took him by surprise. Everywhere he looked, attractive women were walking between tables, taking orders, while topless women slid up and down poles along a large stage area.

But what really caught his eye was what they all had in common: every girl had a huge rubber strap-on dildo bobbing from her crotch, each one a different garish shade. He instantly thought of his own neon-green 'stiffie' bobbing under his microskirt, and blanched.

He looked across the large main room, seeing the dozens of packed tables. Even though it was still only early evening, the place was crowded with an odd assortment of men and

women, all hooting and jeering at the topless women on stage.

For a long moment, he imagined himself up on the stage, shaking his newly improved jugs as strange men tossed dollar bills at him. Or worse, winding his way between the crowded tables, taking orders and delivering drinks, all while huge, drunk men pawed his tits and ass, or pulled him onto their laps, their hands reaching under his skirt....

"Teresa!" His waking nightmare imaginings were interrupted suddenly as a huge woman appeared from an open hallway off the main room and headed for them. "It's about time you left that stuffy clinic and came visit!"

The huge, dark-complected woman was easily a head about Teresa, and nearly two full heads taller than Maya, even with his ever-present fuck-me heels.

"Oh Jess, you know me, always buried in my work," Teresa said, grinning. They gave a casual peck on each other's cheeks, then turned to Maya.

"And this is our new employee?" The huge woman, Jess, said. A smirk crossed her lips as she took him in. "Wow, *this* walking-pair-of-tits used to be your husband!?! And I thought you did a good job on me!"

Before Maya could absorb the shocking revelation that this complete stranger knew who he really was, Jess began to paw his breasts, patting them back and forth like a cat playing with a ball of yarn. The vigorous sloshing suddenly proved too much for his flimsy tube top, and his tits popped free, bobbing wildly in the air. He shrieked, despite himself.

"Ah, he's starting to blush," Jess cooed, as he frantically tried to mash his too-large boobs into his too-small top.

As he continued to struggle with his chest, the women talked over him.

"I'm Jess," the Amazon said, holding out a hand to Brandy and Bambi. "Owner and founder of this fine establishment."

"Jess was one of my clients," Teresa explained to the two blondes. She glared down at Maya. "Before my stupid husband and that trollop reporter nearly ruined her career!"

Maya paled under her angry gaze, and quickly turned to face Jess, who was only grinning knowingly back at him. Something about her grin made him feel uneasy. He fumbled again with his tube top, the material refusing to stretch enough to cover both huge melons at the same time.

"Well, I don't know if I'd call it a career, exactly. I used to be a paralegal, until the firm I worked for found out that these--" Jess pawed her own breasts through her shirt, each large but perfectly firm and natural looking. "--weren't real thanks to that reporter bitch's article. After that, my implants were all the secretaries and clients would talk about. It probably would have just blown over eventually, but the rumors got people talking, and then someone dug a bit deeper, and..."

She paused for moment, looking a bit flustered. She swallowed, and finished, "...And I guess they found out these weren't the only work I got done. After that, everything went downhill quickly, until the firm decided they didn't want to renew my contract early last summer."

The huge woman looked a bit embarrassed by the whole account, and Teresa patted her on the back. Maya looked away, for once feeling a bit of genuine shame for his part in the huge woman's misfortune. He quickly regretted it.

All around them, other women were turning to stare, some leaving their stations around the tables or bar, and heading toward the little group by the door. And all of them were glaring straight at him. *Oh shit!*

Maya backed away, his own naked tits forgotten as he stopped fighting with his top. He bumped into Brandy who stopped his progress cold. More and more women were appearing around them, while the unaware crowd of horny men continued to cheer the girls on stage. Within moments, he found himself staring into a sea of skimpily clad breasts and bobbing dildos.

Teresa turned back to the two blond girls. "Jess founded this place after the firm dropped her, and began hiring other women who were ostracized or forced from their careers thanks to that article. All of them my own former patients, now reduced to stripping or waiting on tables for cash. Half of these women just got minor cosmetic work, a nose job or some basic lipo. But now the whole world knows they got work done and treats them as if they were overcome with vanity."

Maya saw the horde of scowling women surrounding them nod in agreement, and gulped heavily. Suddenly he wanted desperately to hide, to run back to his Doll House and spend the day scrubbing his wife's floors or let his handlers force him through hours of humiliating exercise. To be anywhere but right there, in that sea of bitter, angry faces.

And still Jess just grinned down at him, seemingly more amused by his discomfort than truly angry at him. Somehow that was worse.

His berate ex-wife finally turned her attention back to him. "You see Maya, I've grown tired of having that article hanging over my own head. I used to do real work, once. The implants and collagen injections, all of that just paid the bills for the real work I did. The rebuilding breasts lost to cancer, fixing cleft palates, removing scar tissue from burn victims. All of it.

"But ever since that article was published, I've been stuck dealing with it. My client base dried up, and suddenly I was the infamous surgeon everyone read about in the paper. I'm a pariah in the local medical community. Now it feels like all I do all day is boob-jobs and buttlifts for the local strip clubs, like this. Frankly, I'm just plain tired of spending all day making women look, well, like *you!*"

She sighed tiredly, and stepped between him and the angry crowd of strippers. Her voice grew calm and resigned. "I'm leaving, Maya. I'm through. I've spent months planning everything out, and I'm finally ready to move on. I'm done with the clinic, my ruined reputation, and especially I am done with you. I've already closed down the clinic, sold it off to a rival group just last month, while you were still sleeping. You are officially the last 'woman' to leave my care."

She smirked as she said this last, then went on. "I'm setting up shop across the state, restarting my clinic where maybe I can do good work again. A fresh start.

"I'm leaving the estate to Brandy and Bambi, as payment for all the hard work they've done training you, turning into the bimbo surgery alone never could. I've even had your Doll House moved, at no small expense, to a new site just down the highway from here. Right in the middle of Rainbow Hill, actually."

Maya's eyes widened at this. Rainbow Hill was *the* major gay community in the Tri-County Area, sandwiched just between the local art college and the airport. He'd done a modeling shoot there for the college brochure, back during his male-model heyday, and immediately cancelled the rest of his contract after spending the afternoon being manhandled by the local students and photographer alike. Just the memory sent a shudder through him.

Teresa's smirk widened to a knowing smile. "But the big change is your new job. I knew I didn't want to take you with me when I left, that would defeat the purpose of leaving, and your handlers, much as they still enjoy tormenting you, are soon going to graduate. They're going to be too busy starting their own careers to keep you properly chastised.

"Really, I wasn't sure what to do with you. But then Jess got in touch with me, and told me all about this wonderful new strip club she was opening, and I just knew it would be perfect for you. Practically every woman here has a personal reason to make your life a living hell, and will never rest in making sure you know just what a worthless little excuse for a man, and woman, you really are."

As Teresa spoke, heaping revelation after revelation upon him, the crowd of women around them nodded vigorously, their vindictive glares making Maya's blood run cold.

Thankfully, Jess broke in before Teresa could continue yet again. "Well, perhaps we should show Miss Backhertz where she'll be spending her shifts from now on."

Maya nodded happily as Teresa agreed with the taller woman. The four women led him back through the open hallway off the main room, as the strippers and waitresses all returned to their own jobs, still scowling after him.

"Now, much as I enjoy seeing those whoppers of yours bounce, you won't be dancing on the poles," Jess said, grinning at her non-too-subtle pun. She led the small group down another hallway and stopped at a large door marked 'Private'. As she unlocked the door, as Maya sighed in relief. He wouldn't be stripping on stage, at least.

The door opened, and Jess added, "Mostly you'll just be working back here, where we can put those fat lips of yours to good use."

Maya stared in horror at the tiny room beckoning within the doorway. The floor was thickly padded, while the mirrored walls reflected the single dim bulb in the ceiling. But it was the half-dozen holes cut in the walls that sent his stomach turning with fear.

Before he could even think of running, the huge Amazon effortlessly shoved him through the door. His massive tits pulled him to the padded floor, and by the time he'd managed to pull himself onto his knees, the door slammed shut. The strange looking lock clicked an instant later, trapping him inside.

He struggled to his feet, nearly turning an ankle as his six-inch heels sank into the heavy padding. Desperately, he banged on the heavy door, overcome with an equal mixture of rage and terror.

A tiny monitor above the door suddenly flickered to life, and he saw the smiling faces of his ex-wife, his blond personal handlers, and his new boss staring back at him through some fisheye camera lens.

"Sorry to cut the tour short," Jess's voice crackled through the television's speakers. "But I've got a big event to get ready for tonight. Our new headliner, Maggie Melons, is going to be premiering her new nightly show. But don't worry, you won't miss the show. In fact, you're invited."

The women all shared a laugh at this, and Jess disappeared with a wave, leaving the other three behind. Teresa grinned down at him from the screen as Maya screamed in rage back at her, pounding on the door.

His anger was cut off by a sudden explosion of pain in his ass! He jumped, squealing as the monitor crackled with more laughter. He turned his head, noticing movement along the wall, and blinked in shock.

Like a purple-headed worm, a massive cock was sliding through one of the holes in the wall. Too late, he noticed the holes were overlapped by thick metal rings. *Those look just like the rings on Brandy and Bambi's feeding dildos*, he realized with a start, then paled as the implication hit him at the same time as another electric shock coursed through his ass.

"Fuck!!" He cried through his gaping lips, as he clasped his butt cheeks in each hand, his long, feminine nails cutting into his smooth skin. He was confused; he wasn't even wearing his punishment plug, so how could he be still getting shocked?!

Teresa's voice crackled from the monitor, full of wry amusement. "Oops, I'm afraid I forgot to tell you about a few changes I made while you were on the operating table, Maya." He gasped in pain as a third, stronger, shock coursed through him. He eyed the cock, and groaned.

As he fought his utter revulsion, he sank back to his knees. The throbbing, hard cock beckoned just before him. It was darker purple now, the shaft dark-complected. As he inched closer to the cock, he tried unsuccessfully to not think of it as his first real blowjob.

"After your handlers finished stretching out your little rosebud, I didn't see any need to keep you wearing your old plug. So I replaced the little TENS unit from the plug with a long-term, subdermal model, injected just at the opening to your sphincter." Teresa continued somewhere above him, but he hardly heard her, his full attention falling on the fat member bobbing inches from his face.

A fourth shock hit him, worse than any he'd ever felt from that old plug, and he finally couldn't holdback anymore. He leaned forward, mouth wide open, swollen pink lips gaping like the maw of some ridiculous sex doll. The

mirrored surface of the wall reflected his horrible visage back at him, his huge doll eyes staring back at him, wide and faintly pink where he knew they were really white.

He shut his eyes, as the hot, firm cock passed over his lips, and past his dentures, sliding smoothly over the soft rubberized teeth. Despite the huge size of the cock, easily on par with his own original, unmodified member, he took it all in with practiced ease. Just as he felt the next shock building up, his anus tingling as the subdermal unit built up its charge again, his lips hit the smooth steel ring, and the tingling stopped.

Maya opened his eyes, seeing his face reflected back at him, the cock hidden from view. His tattooed lips were stretched taut, grinding against the metal ring, as the thick dick bobbed against his tongue.

He swallowed despite himself, and nearly choked as the cock throbbed against the back of his throat. It wasn't nearly as huge as the many, *many* dildos his handlers had made him suck on, but still, this was a *real* cock!

A tiny light blinked above him, and he craned his eyes upward, trying not to move his head, or risk the horribly stiff penis sliding around his mouth and throat.

The light turned out to be a small dial, counting numbers. It took him a moment to realize it was a timer. Nearly a full two minutes had elapsed, presumably from the moment the cock slid through the hole.

Oh fuck, that can't be good!

"I see you've found the timer," Teresa's voice crackled from above the door. He mentally swore at her, but didn't dare try to speak. Any movement of his tongue would only make the horrible situation worse. *As long as I can't taste it, it isn't real*, he assured himself, shutting his eyes tightly.

"The timer is very important," Teresa continued, confirming his fears. "The door lock is set to only unlock after a certain number of blowjobs are completed. And a blowjob only counts if it's done in a reasonable amount of time. We can't have you wasting paying customer's time, no matter how much you enjoy sucking their big, fat cocks!"

Maya heard the blondes cackle with laughter, and nearly yelled at them. Luckily, he managed to catch himself just in time. The dick in his mouth suddenly throbbed, driving itself against his tongue. As the taste and smell assaulted his senses, he forced himself not to retch.

"Now, knowing how skilled those fat little suction-cup lips of yours are already," Teresa went on, every word a blow. "I figured you'll need a challenge to keep your shift interesting, so we set the timer to three minutes."

Maya's eyes shot open in alarm. Three minutes!?! The timer clicked on overhead, rapidly approaching the three minute mark.

Oh god! If I don't get this guy off in a few more seconds, it won't even count!! Fighting every urge screaming at him not to, Maya began to move his tongue. The smell and taste multiplied, tinny and metallic and horrible.

He pulled his head back, expecting another shock, but only getting the warning tingling. He pushed back forward, feeling his huge tits compress against the glass, still bare. The motion was repeated, until Maya had worked up a steady bobbing, his own breasts helping push him back away from the wall.

As he slid his face over the dick, his own cock throbbed below him, desperate for attention. The tugging of his oversized balls was making his cock swing from all the commotion, and pulling hard at the cock ring snugly locked around his member.

Momentarily he considered reaching down, and finally touching himself. But months of harsh punishment by his handlers stopped him before his fingers had even reached his skirt. The last time they'd caught him jerking off, he'd spent a month topless in full view of the horny boys in the school across from his Doll House quarters, when the blond bitches weren't spreading his asshole open around their newest plugs! Teresa had made it very clear that his cock was off-limits, for good.

He shuddered at the memories, and quickly withdrew his hand. But his fear did nothing to relieve nearly half-a-year of abstinence; he needed to cum, and soon, or he'd surely explode!

While he warred with himself, the stiff cock continued to slide in and out through the tight, wet tunnel created by his inflated lips. The man on the other side of the thin wall began to thrust in time with Maya's own bobbing. He could hear the man's balls smacking against the wall, inches from his lips, as his own heavy balls swung under him.

Oh gawd, any second n-- With no warning, the massive black cock erupted into Maya's throat, stiffening into a sharp curve that drove it into the roof of his mouth. A loud gasp came through the wall, as the man on the other side came, and hard.

Maya nearly gagged as the cum filled his mouth; the smell and taste was overwhelming! Before he could stop himself, he instinctively swallowed, and immediately choked with revulsion. More cum shot into the roof of his mouth, and dribbled out the tight seal of his lips, and down his chin.

The sensation of cum erupting into his throat was eerily similar to when his handlers would unleash their feeding dildos on him, squeezing bulbs that shot thick wads of pureed cabbage and refried beans straight down his maw. To

his undying shame, he couldn't help but think the fresh jizz at least tasted better.

Sputtering, Maya pulled his lips off the thick man-meat with a wet sucking pop, and gasped for air, all while the huge dick continued to spurt strings of seed onto him. The sticky, slimy mess splattered across his face in line, catching in his excessive eyelashes and dripping down into his cleavage.

The cock finally stopped shooting, and withdrew through the rubber-lined hole, just as the timer above hit the all-important three-minute mark. It flashed briefly, and then turned off again.

Still choking on the thick mouthful, Maya struggled with his tube top. It was too tight to lift over his massive melons, but it was easy enough to slide it down his tiny waist and over his feminine hips and frilly microskirt. His cock sprung like a spring-board as the top slid over and past.

He pulled the top free of his high heels, and immediately began wiping his face clean with it. Unfortunately, the shiny plastic material did nothing but spread the mess around. Angrily, Maya tossed the top aside and tore off his skirt, repeating his effort. This time it worked.

Finally able to see clearly again, he fluttered his lashes until they untangled, and wiped the last of the horrible jizz from his chest. There was nothing he could do about the taste in his mouth, however.

"Wow, what a show!!" Teresa's voice cackled gleefully from the monitor. He turned to face her flickering, sniveling face, and wondered if she could see him in return. Clearly, she must have, he realized. Looking around, he saw no cameras, but they must have been there. "How was your first real blowjob, Maya? Everything you hoped it would be?!"

Teresa and the blondes broke out laughing again, as he struggled not to scream. That had been the single most humiliating experience of his life!

"Really great effort there at the end, I'd thought for sure you were going to run out of time." Teresa continued, once she managed to stop laughing at her ex. "Of course, it was a bit of a wasted effort I'm afraid. I forgot to actually set the door lock counter. So I guess that one didn't really count after all. But hey, you did great on your first cock. I'm sure the next forty will go by in a flash!!"

The women broke out laughing again, this time at the look of utter horror on Maya's face. He stared in horror as the lock on the door clicked again, and another small screen lit up over it, this one saying only "000".

"Mmphh!! Ughhnnnghhh!!!" Maya squealed around the fat, pink organ as it sputtered sticky wads into his mouth. Another horrible shock hit his asshole. Just out of the corner of his eye, he saw another pink worm wriggling through its hole in the wall. *Hurry up, dammit!!!*

Thankfully the cock in his mouth finished, and he was finally able to service his newest customer. He saw that the timer was already halfway to three minutes, and again cursed the last cock for being so damn picky!

He was just starting to bob his head on the new dick, when a voice made him nearly jump. "Um, Maya? You can keep sucking him off if you want, but... you passed your shift quota three cocks ago!"

Maya turned his head, the dick in his mouth suddenly poking into his cheek. Sure enough, the door was open, the lock counter blinking "40" over and over. Jess stood in the open doorway, grinning down at him.

"Blegh!! It-it's really over?!" He spit the dick out, and struggled to his feet, his cock bobbing somewhere below his huge, slickly coated jugs.

"Yep!" Jess said, almost peppy. "I'd have told you sooner, but you were just so cute, all focused on those big, fat cocks. I couldn't bear interrupting you."

Maya felt a blush cross his cheeks at her words, and quickly lowered his eyes, unable to stare her in the face. He was surprised to see a bulge in her own, much longer skirt. He hadn't noticed that earlier. *But I should have guessed she'd be wearing a strap-on too, just like the rest of the sluts here!*

As the Stiffies' owner began leading him out of the horrible room, he idly wondered how long he'd been inside. It felt like hours had passed. The forty blowjobs had really been more like a hundred, as he struggled to finish each within the tiny window of time. Most had taken far longer than three minutes, despite his tight facehole. He rubbed his belly, feeling sick and full.

"You aren't full, are you?" Jess asked, shaking her head. "You've still got one blowjob left!"

Maya turned to face her, as he stepped gingerly from the room, his heels finally settling on the firmer floor outside. Teresa and his handlers were waiting, smiling evilly back at him. A wave of desperation passed through him. "A-another!?! But, but, I-I--"

"--Just sucked off a couple dozen strangers, yes, we were watching," Teresa cut in. "Don't worry, she was talking about you. You've finally earned a blowjob of your very own, Maya, dearie."

"Congrats!!" Brandy and Bambi said in unison, sparking more chuckling between them. Jess and Teresa shared an

amused smile of their own.

Maya hardly noticed. He felt elated, more than he'd felt since...well, since his wife had first confronted him by the pool, issuing her ultimatum that he get a pair of breast implants or their marriage was over.

"A real blowjob? Really?!" He gasped, almost shaking on his heels, almost forgetting that he was virtually naked, standing in the hall of a strip club. He was finally going to get his rocks off!!

"Yes, a real blowjob, and from the most talented cocksucker we have too," Jess said, licking her own lips suggestively. Maya's knees nearly buckled.

Jess winked at him, then spun around, marching back down the hall. The three women and sissified man hurried after her, as she went on, "Really it's the least we can do. Until you got here, all of the girls had to give up an hour a night to man the 'hole. It was a huge waste of time for the girls; you can get a lot of tips and extra-cash from lap dances in an hour. But now that we've got our own professional cocksucker to 'man' the glory holes, everyone's making out like bandits."

They turned through a large doorway, and were suddenly in another large room. A large curtain made up one wall, and through it Maya could hear the loud cheering of the main room audience. They were backstage, he realized.

"Here's where all the magic happens," Jess confirmed, gesturing to a line of booths on the opposite wall. Each held a mirror and makeup station, and had racks of gaudy costumes on display. "Let's get the pretty Miss Backhertz ready for her big unveiling, shall we?"

As the other three women nodded, Maya blinked in confusion. "Wait, what? Unveiling!?"

But before he could ask any more questions, the women shoved him into a booth, and began taking down outfits from the racks.

Outside, somewhere on the other side of the curtain, he could hear the audience hooting and cheering.

"Maggie Melons is just getting the crowd warmed up for the main show," Jess told them all, as they forced another microskirt around his hips. This one was even shorter than the first, and fluted down the sides like a cheerleader uniform. The outer flutes were bright pink, the inner white, though to his eyes it all looked pink as bubble gum. "Once she's finished with her opening act, it'll be time to introduce *you* to the audience, Maya. The other girls are dying to see you strut your stuff on the stage. Plus, you and Miss Melons will make a great duo."

Maya blinked at this. "B-but, I thought you said I wouldn't be stripping!?"

Jess laughed. "I said you wouldn't be dancing around the poles, I never said anything about stripping. But don't worry-" She held up two tiny plastic dots and firmly pressed them over his erect nipples. "--to strip you have to have an outfit to strip out of. And this is *all* you're getting!"

Maya turned to see his reflection in the booth's mirror, and blanched. His entire outfit consisted of a pair of heels, his four-inch long microskirt, that didn't even cover his mutilated green cock, and two tiny pasties that barely covered his nipples. Each pasty was a set of cut-out letters, "STIF" on the right, "FIES" on the left.

"All done!" Jess proclaimed, just as the crowd erupted in applause. "And right on time too. That's our cue."

Maya was shoved, still nearly naked, back toward the curtain. The huge cloth fluttered slightly, and then a figure

passed through.

The first thing he saw, was a pair of tits. For the briefest of instants, he actually thought he really was seeing a walking pair of breasts, for they entered the backstage long before the rest of the woman carrying them did.

It was only after the gargantuan mounds cleared the curtain, that he finally saw the woman's face, and nearly collapsed.

"Let's give it up for Maggie Melons!!" The emcee cried out over the cheap club speakers. The crowd cheered and clapped, tossing yet more tips onto the wooden stage.

Maggie felt sick to her stomach as she gratefully spun around, and headed through the curtain. It was murder trying to actually dance with these...*things* on her chest.

She'd awoken from her unnecessary surgery just a few days before, only to be whisked off to a new career.

Teresa had shown her a copy of her own newspaper, the front-page headline proclaiming, "Famous Reporter Becomes Stripper Sensation!" The whole article was filled with faked quotes from the *former* Margaret Redbach, now legally named Maggie Melons, each quote another humiliating blow to her reputation.

"Well, as my long-time readers now, I'm just an attention whore at heart," one quote had stated, in answer to why she was leaving her job at the newspaper to become a stripper. *"I just love being the center of attention, and nothing grabs a man's attention like a couple gallons of silicone!"* another quote said, this time in answer to why she'd gotten such ridiculously over-sized implants.

Maggie looked down at her new tits, and felt a shudder of pure revulsion hit her. They weren't just big, and fake. They were utterly insane!

"The biggest that money can buy," Teresa had excitedly informed her when she'd awoken. "Quite literally too. Those puppies aren't even legal in this country, I had to import them special, just for you! They're a new variety of what used to be called 'silly-string' implants, fit for only the most breast-obsessed of big bust strippers and pornstar sluts! And the very best part is, they're just going to keep getting bigger and bigger and bigger!! They absorb fluid over time, and just keep growing, nearly a full cup-size every year, forever!!!"

Maggie forced herself to calm down, the surgeon's words still echoing in her ears, and stepped into the curtain. The thick, heavy red fabric parted as the tips of her impossibly huge hooters passed through, the gap widening as the curtain followed the curving flesh that bulged out wider than her own back. Her breasts were so big, they were clearly visible even to the crowd behind her, jutting nearly as far to the sides as they did before her.

"15,000 CCs! Each!!" The insane plastic surgeon had gushed. Truly, a pair of watermelons had been permanently ensconced upon her chest. There weren't enough letters in any alphabet to properly classify her new cup-size.

The former reporter stepped forward, her heaving tits forcing her to lean backwards sharply to keep from falling head-over-heels, and also thrusting the forty pounds of flesh and implants out before her.

Of course, much as she despised her new implants and her new career as strip joint headliner, that was nothing compared to the real change hanging between her legs.

Maya stared in shock at the newly arrived woman. Her tits looked utterly impossible, each could easily hold both of his own ridiculous breasts, with room to spare.

How the hell can she even stand under those monsters!?! He thought, all too aware of the unending pull of his own weighty burdens.

The rest of the woman had finally wriggled her way out the curtain, and his eyes slid up her endlessly line of cleavage, to her face. That sent a fresh shock through him.

Margaret!?! He recognized his former lover, despite a full year having passed since they'd last parted.

And despite the changes that had been done to her face. Her once voluminous blond locks were now bright red, cascading down her bare back nearly to her ass. Her eyebrows were gone, not merely plucked, but fully gone, replaced by the thinnest of dark lines.

Probably tattooed, like my own makeup, Maya thought distantly, still focused on his lover's modified visage.

Her lips were the biggest change, plump and clearly every bit as fake as Maya's own. If anything, they were even bigger, and bright red to match her hair. Like his, they were trapped in a perpetual pout, a small gap open forever.

"Mich-ay-ale!?! The tits-with-legs gasped, her voice as changed as the rest of her.

Maya blinked in surprise; her voice was no longer the throaty, sultry tone he'd found so seductive. Now it was a cartoon, a nasally high-pitch whine that nearly made him wince.

"M-Margaret!?! He gasped in return. He'd never expected to see her again, and certainly not like this.
Teresa?! She must have done this!!

"Mike!! Oh. My. GAWD!!!" She blurted, struggling to move her lips to form the words, each syllable a battle. Despite her red curls, her nasal tones were fit for only the most bleached of valley girls. "Yoo've got-ta hallp meee!!"

Maya's gaze slid down the reporter's body, hovering momentarily over her impossible jugs, before reaching her crotch. Months of training had taught his brain to instinctively seek out men's groins, and the thing hanging between his former lover's legs was like a beacon.

For a brief instant, he thought she was wearing the trademark strap-on all the girls of Stiffies wore. Then he saw the truth.

"Y-you h-h-have a, a, a--" He sputtered, nearly floored at the sight.

A cock bobbed between her legs. A man's member, as pink as the rest of her girly bits, which still lay just below it, where a ball sack should have been.

The dick was huge, longer even than his own ten-inch monstrosity, and as thick around as a soda can. It was slightly thicker toward the end, like a pink baseball bat. Unlike his own green monster, her cock was pierced. Ever inch another thick barbell stud stuck through the pink shaft, twelve in all. The metal balls at each end of the studs were smooth and shiny, but large as grapes.

It took several long seconds before he realized it lacked a hole at the tip. *Just like mine*, he thought, almost in hysterics.

"It's actually just her clit," Teresa said. She smirked at him. "*Neither* of you have a real cock, Maya."

He barely heard her, his eyes frozen on Margaret, no, *Maggie's* cock-sized clitoris. It shimmered wetly in the light, as if coated in some sort of slimy, clear gel.

"Amazing what you can do with a few hormone injections and a good suction pump!" Brandy agreed. She and Bambi leaned down, ducking under Maggie's huge melons to get a closer look. The reporter's face grew bright crimson at the sudden attention.

Teresa rolled her eyes. "Well, there was a bit more to it than that. Like, about two dozen separate surgeries, over a full month. It's actually mostly a solid-silicone implant; the hormones and pump were just to make it big enough to stretch over the implant. And I pumped in a bit of body fat too, just like Maya's little green monster."

She shot a mean smirk at her ex-husband. "I thought she needed a bit of extra girth; you can think me later, dear."

"Well, this reunion is lovely and all, but I've got a show to run, so..." Jess began, stepping behind the hyper-buxom reporter and shoving her toward one of the dressing booths. "The headliner needs to get ready for the main act."

Maya watched the two head into the booth, still stunned. *Margart?!*

"You two will be going out on stage together; this show will be your official introduction as a Stiffies' Girl, Maya." Teresa informed him. "Now I know you're worried that Miss Melons' rack is going to upstage you, but don't worry. Once that crowd sees you in action, I'm sure you'll have all the adoring fans you could ever want!"

"Yeah, I bet you'll get tons of *tips*," Bambi said, winking knowingly at him.

Maya felt another pang of revulsion hit him, his cum-filled stomach churning at the idea of going out on stage before a crowd. All those eyes gawking at him and his newly improved feminized body.

"But the best tip will be that blowjob," Brandy said, grinning. "I bet you can't wait to have a plump pair of lips wrapped around *your* stiffie!"

"Of course," Teresa began, wrinkling her brow. "You're going to need a proper stripper name. Maya Backhertz is fine for the bank and grocery store, but the crowd will never remember it. Not with Maggie Melons next to you."

Brandy and Bambi both giggled, throwing out slutty new names. Maya groaned.

"Hmm, how about *Bobbin' Robin*?"

"Nah, Tiffani Teats!"

"Krissy Kocktease!"

"Ooh, Jizzi Juggz!?!"

"No, those are all way too subtle!" Jess interrupted, returned with Maggie in tow. "She's Suzi Sucksall, and that's final! I've already ordered posters for out front!!"

The women broke into laughter, as Maya paled. His stomach was twisting knots as the humiliation of his situation grew and grew. He turned to face the reporter, and was shocked to see she was dressed almost decent.

A crimson, strapless gown draped over her form, the red-sequined garment flowing snugly around her curves. A large oval hole in the gown revealed her midriff and the bottom sides of her mountainous melons, each a half-moon of pale, taut flesh. The sweetheart top was cut very deep in the middle, more a V-neck, and showed off her cleavage in all its glory. The gown reached to mid-calf, her right leg momentarily exposed when she moved by a thigh-high slit.

She looked incredible! Only the prominent bulge at her groin ruined the look. The slit up her gown curved around her upper thigh, coming dangerously close to her crotch.

Any sudden movement would reveal her hugely swollen clit to the whole world.

Lucky bitch, Maya thought, looking down in dismay at what passed for his outfit. He'd have killed for something so concealing.

"Okay girls," Jess said, speaking to Maya and Maggie both. "You're audience awaits! Now, get out there!!"

Maggie stepped toward the gap in the curtains, resigned already to her fate as the emcee announced her through the club's speaker system. Maya started to back away, while the crowd roared as the reporter's huge breasts arrived on stage.

"Oh no you don't!" Jess said, grasping the feminized man by the shoulders and pushing him toward the curtain, and destiny. She whispered in his ear as the fabric parted around his own jugs. "Don't forget that blowjob you've earned, baby. In a few short moments, the best lips in town are going to be all over that incredible cock of yours!"

It was, he realized faintly, the first genuinely nice thing anyone had said about his dick in ages. He glanced down as the Amazon manhandled him onto the stage, and saw her own bulge again. *That's odd, I'd almost swear it's gotten larger--*

His thoughts were cut-off as he exploded into a sea of bright stage lights, and cheering crowd. The emcee's voice greeted him, "...and for the first time, the Princess of Ducklips herself, the one, the only, *Suuuzzzii Sucksall!!!*"

I can't believe I'm a fucking stripper!!

Maya, or rather Suzi now, stared out in horror at the gawking faces. The main room was crowded before, but now it was packed, every seat filled. A double-deep line of men

were piled up at the front of the stage, already tossing bills at his former mistress and new co-star.

Maggie strutted around the stage, arching her back to keep from toppling over. "Go on!" She hissed at him, gesturing with her hand behind her. Not sure of himself, he followed her lead, walking around the front of the stage, his own breasts bouncing like mad before him.

If the screams and hoots were any indication, the crowd seemed to really enjoy his ridiculously skimpy costume. He watched Maggie like a hawk, and following her example, spun around at the end of the stage, and repeated the long walk, now with his hands pressed on his tiny waist and thrusting his hooters out.

That, thankfully, seemed to be the extent of the dancing portion of their act. Maya had seen plenty of strippers in his day, and bedded more than a few as well. But with his gargantuan chest, there was no way he could have twirled around the brass poles.

After a few more rounds around the stage, the emcee changed the music, and Maggie retreated back from the edge.

"Before she became a silicone junkie, Maggie Melons dreamed of being a world-famous magician, and tonight, with the help of her new assistant Suzi, she's going to show you all a few of her best tricks!" The emcee announced, as Maggie suddenly groaned.

She tugged at her gown frantically, then found the slit up her leg and parted the garment. Maya watched her, wondering what was wrong. But before he could speak a word, she tugged the slit over her sex, and her huge, pink nub poked free. It seemed to pulse in the bright lights, even as he stared, transfixed.

Maggie gritted her teeth in pain, and hissed in her cartoon voice, "Ooh f-fuck!! G-get ower hewe, dammit!!"

Maya started to comply, stepping toward her, when he felt a sharp, painful shock shoot through his backside. In alarm, he spun around, nearly falling over as his boobs swung like pendulums. He clasped onto them tightly, as another, slightly stronger shock hit him.

Holding his rack in place, he spun around again, looking for a cock or dildo to suck.

I thought I was supposed to be getting blown this time!?! He felt oddly more outraged at having been lied to, than humiliated at the thought of going down on yet another manhood, even on stage.

His balls, his *real* balls, wherever they were, ached with need. He desperately wanted to cum, after all this time. To be denied, again, was torture. Out over the sea of strange faces, he saw Teresa and his handlers, smiling from a table in the back of the room. Maya glared at them, as another shock hit.

Behind him, Maggie suddenly gasped in pain again, clearly having the same problem he did. *Well, at least I know I don't have to suck that ridiculous clitasaurus of hers, he thought. She doesn't have a cock ring around that thing, thank god!*

Even as the thought came to him, he felt two surprisingly strong arms clasp him at the waist. Maggie's hands closed nearly entirely around him, her grip tight as a vise.

"So-wwwy!" She gasped, her huge chest pushing like firm pillows into his back. "Dey told me, I haff to do diss!!"

He could hardly understand her between the monosyllabic lisp and high-pitched voice, but as he felt a

sudden pressure against his plug-free asshole, understanding dawned!

The emcee's voice erupted overhead, "And for her first trick, the *Amazing Meloni* will make her stiffie... totally disappear!!"

Maya shrieked as his former lover, the woman he had cheated on his wife with, the woman who had ended his marriage and ultimately led him to this horrible new fate, shoved her foot-long, soda-can thick clit up his virgin rosebud!!

He clamped down instinctively, but his months of wearing a punishment plug had left his once tight hole weak and easily conquered. "Nnnoooo!!!" He wailed, as the thick, smooth shaft slipped past his clenched ring.

Maggie's clit was thickest just past the tip, tapering down by nearly an inch in diameter toward the base. Almost as soon as she was in an inch, she was the whole foot. Maya felt every bit of it slide past his loosened defenses, each grape-sized metal stud stretching his hole that much further.

Tiny, but painful jolts of electricity hit him with each new piercing, until the last finally passed inside his sphincter. Only then did they stop discharging volts up his backside.

Maggie gasped as her giant faux-cock hit bottom, and leaned backward, still holding Maya's waist. Like so many women, the former reporter had always been taller than the ex-male model, and so even this small movement was enough to easily lift him off his high-heeled feet, dangling on her bat-shaped member.

She moaned in relief, as he shrieked in pain-fuelled humiliation, and the crowd roared in approval.

At least that's the worst of it, Maya told himself, his eyes casting wildly out over the tables until he locked eyes with

his ex-wife again. She was cheering, as the blondes filmed his public deflowering on their cell phones.

Suddenly he felt another shock course through him, this one again stronger than the last. Maggie yowled in pain, as her fat clit took its share of the electric zapper implanted in his stretched balloon knot.

The shock made the redhead jump, and between her own tits and Maya's, the two strippers keeled over backward. The wooden slat stage was surprisingly springy, and the reporter's toned ass took most of the initial blow.

Maya gasped as the impact drove his former mistress's clit even deeper into his abused hole. His back rested against her twin peaks, as he struggled to pull free of her clit. Another shocking blast, the worst yet, nearly took his breath away. Maggie screeched, her ridiculous voice making the cry sound almost comical.

WHY THE HELL AM I STILL GETTING SHOCKED!?! He raged, looking around desperately. He saw no dildos on the stage, nor had any of the various men or other strippers climb up. *There isn't anything to suck!! Not one damn thin--*

His mind froze.

No, surely... surely not that. Not--

Gingerly, almost against his will, Maya grasped his impossibly firm funbags and pulled them apart. The canyon of cleavage before him deepened, until light showed through, and then both huge globes parted entirely.

And for the first time since his visit to the clinic, he set eyes on his cock. And the thick, shiny cock-ring lodged at the base.

"But what's this!?! Oh my, it seems the Amazing Meloni's assistant has a trick of her own, folks!!"

Maya ignored the announcer's prattle; the telltale tingling sensation of a building charge was tickling his anus. At any moment, yet another electric blast would explode up his ass.

He leaned forward, pulling his tits out to his sides to make room. His cock, his monstrous, mutilated, bright-green cock, grew larger as he bent closer and closer, slowly filling his vision as the room grew hushed.

Oh gawd, I can't believe I'm doing this, Maya wailed in his mind, his mouth already opening wide.

His waist folded as he bent over, his removed floating ribs offering no resistance as his back arched outward. In his ass, Maggie's clit throbbed.

Oh GAWD!!! His fat, pink lips touched the tip of his cock, the permanent smiley-face imprint silently mocking him.

The head of his cock slipped past his well-practiced lips, nearly filling his mouth. The now familiar taste and smell of cock filled him, nearly gagged him. But he persevered, struggling to get more and more of his manhood in his mouth, before the next shock arrived.

Each inch of man-meat was a fight, but he managed, the feeling of his cock filling his mouth sending a shudder through him. Like it or not, this was the most action his member had seen in months.

Trapped deep inside his body, and now mere inches from his face, his balls ached with the worst case of blue balls in his life! The clit-cock in his ass pulsed, pressing hard against his full prostate, as Maggie moaned shrilly.

"Oommphh!" He gasped around his mouthful, thrusting his hips upward as the reporter did the same, driving more of his thick cock over his swollen lips. He was sooo close....

Just as the tingling in his ass reached a new level of urgency, his fat ducklips reached his cock-ring. His huge, fake balls bounced against his cheeks, effectively tea bagging himself. The powerful shock died before it began, but another, even more powerful energy was gathering steam. Maya gasped around his cock, as his blood began to roar in his ears.

"Amazing folks!" the emcee gushed through the speakers. "They don't call her Suzi Sucksall for nothing!!"

OhgawdohgawdoooOOOHHH--

"Ooomnnnghhhhgurrkkk!!!!" Maya choked around his neon colored manhood, as every muscle in his body clenched as one.

Maggie shrieked under him as his anus clamped down, hard as steel, her clit pulsing as her own orgasm began to erupt. She thrust her hips, as her climax crashed over her, grinding her sex against his toned ass, as the packed room exploded in cheers.

A shower of bills began to fall over the two trapped, modified lovers, as each came despite themselves.

As the reporter humped his ass, cum exploded down Maya's throat, instantly filling his mouth. His cheeks puffed out while a stream of hot, sticky white cum gushed past his sealed lips, and over his cheeks and bouncing balls. He coughed as the pungent mess overwhelmed him, blasting more cum out around his thick shaft.

"NnghghhGURKK-Gurgghhlll!!!" His cock spurted again and again, as his prostrate emptied itself of half-a-year of pent-up cum in one huge rush. Eyes watering, Maya fought back his revulsion, struggling to handle the seemingly endless flow of thick jism.

But his cock just kept spurting, more and more, shooting pulses of sticky streams of seed. Finally, despite his utter disgust, he began to swallow.

"He's a natural," Jess said, looking out over the booth table at the stage. Dollars were raining down on the exhausted strippers, sticking to pair and soaking up a vile mixture of sweat and cum.

"I like to think I brought out his inner slut," Teresa said, sipping her drink. As the emcee worked the crowd up to another round of applause, several other strippers appeared through the curtain, and began to drag the soiled pair of sluts offstage.

She put her drink down, and reached into her purse, extracting a small remote. She handed it to the tall, dark-skinned club owner. "Be sure not to use it more than a few times a night; otherwise they might build up a resistance to the shocks."

"As long as they can do a show twice each night, I'll be happy," Jess said, examining the simple remote before wedging it between her tits for safekeeping. "Though, I can't see that ex of yours having much left tonight; I've never seen a guy cum that much or that hard. He must have lost a pint down his throat, never mind what made it past those plump cocksuckers of his."

The two women sipped their drinks for a while longer, as the hugely buxom strippers disappeared back through the curtain at last.

Brandy and Bambi sifted back through crowd, and gushed, holding up their phones. "I got the whole thing!" Brandy grinned.

"God, did you see the look in Maya's eyes when he realized what he had to do?" Bambi gasped, her face red with arousal and excitement. "I thought he was going to scream!"

The two older women shared a glance, and grinned. Teresa put her drink down, and slipped out of the booth, straightening her blouse. "Well ladies, it has been a real pleasure. But I have to get going if I'm to open the new clinic on time tomorrow."

She turned to Jess. "You'll make sure M--er, *Suzi* gets to her new address, right? Maggie too?"

Jess chuckled. "No problem. I'll have the *dolls* safely tucked in before dawn." She shook the surgeon's hand and gestured to the empty stage. "And don't worry, I'll make sure both of them wish they'd never been born."

Teresa thanked the three women. "And I'll be back to visit when I can. I can't wait to see what nasty things you do them both, Jess."

She said her goodbyes, and then left the strip joint, finally leaving her old life behind as she left her ex and his lover to their new, never-ending nightmare fates.

Once she was gone, Brandy and Bambi sipped their own drink, as a new stripper appeared on the stage and began her set.

"So..." Brandy began, a few moments later, as the new stripper spun her pasties in circles to 'oohs' and 'ahhs' from the club's leering patrons.

Jess cocked an eyebrow. "Yes?"

"So...how was he?"

Jeff grinned at the two blondes, and rubbed her bulge meaningfully. "Oh, you girls taught him well. Very well. I

can't *wait* to try out his ass!"

* * * * *

The End

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