

For Vanity's Sake

t'Sade

For Vanity's Sake

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright t'Sade
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

For Vanity's Sake

1

The office door opened with the soft squeak of rusted hinges. The dingy front office—only slightly larger than a walk-in closet—looked terribly bare with two padded chairs and a desk for a non-existent secretary. Alexis pushed the door completely open before stepping out from the back office. She tugged down on her baggy sweatshirt, her long fingernails scraping on the fraying edges of the decades old fabric. In her attempts to cover her rear, the fabric strained against her massive breasts. She sighed and tugged up on the shirt to mask her curves.

“Alexis, leave that alone.”

Alexis frowned, the sadness pooling in her bright blue eyes. Her hands continued to tug at her shirt, trying to hide her breasts, ass and hips all at the same time. Her therapist reached out and caught her wrists, pulling them down against her body. Alexis cringed at the feeling of her hips, but forced herself to look into the other woman’s eyes.

Kate smiled comfortingly back, then released Alexis. She reached out and tugged on the sweatshirt, pulling it back in place. Her warm brown eyes narrowed as Alexis tried to stop her, but Kate didn’t finish until the fabric draped over Alexis’ breasts and clung to her hips.

“Kate...”

“What have I told you for seven years now?”

Alexis reached up to pull the shirt away from her body, but at Kate’s sudden glare, she dropped her hands.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. What have I been telling you?”

Worrying her lip, Alexis answered after a second.

"That I'm beautiful, but-"

Kate lifted up a finger, "No buts. You are beautiful. You are the most beautiful woman I know."

Alexis' lips pursed together, "No, I'm not. I'm ugly-"

"You are not ugly!"

The sharp voice echoed off the walls, brimming with frustration. Alexis jumped at the venom and snapped her mouth shut. Kate took a deep breath, then reached up with one hand to caress a thumb along Alexis' freckled cheek.

"Look, Al. I've been your therapist for seven years now. I have been with you through two divorces and three job changes."

"Don't forget that fertility problem," grumbled Alexis.

Kate's smile wavered for the briefest of moments. She lowered her hand slowly.

"Yes, even that. But, you still refuse to see that you are a beautiful, beautiful woman."

"I'm trying. I really am."

Kate sighed, "No, Al, you aren't. Every time we work out a plan, you sabotage it. I suggest you get some exercise and you do. Well for a couple hours at least then go back to your ways. I suggested that, if you were really that unhappy, you should get plastic surgery, but-"

"I can't afford that working at Chicken Little's."

"I know, I know. We've been over this for years. I just wish," she sighed again, "I just wish I could lead you to happiness."

"I was happy last year."

Kate glared at her, "You got pneumonia for three months, lost forty pounds, and thought you were only, what was the word...?"

Alexis pouted, "Hippo-like."

"Yes, hippo-like. Damn it, Alexis, we've been over the same thing for years. You are making me look bad."

Alexis let her eyes drift across Kate. The slender woman had everything Alexis didn't: confidence, great legs, breasts that wanted to be seen, and an ass hard enough to bounce quarters. She started to feel a depression growing but Kate cleared her throat.

"Stop it."

Alexis nodded, but couldn't stop her thoughts. She said goodbye to Kate, then gathered up her things. Outside, winter winds snapped

at her legs, cutting through the sweatpants she wore because the jeans were too tight. She felt her thoughts growing dark as she unlocked the door with the remote. Getting in, she turned on the engine to warm up the car and prepared herself to scrape the windows free.

A shadow darkened her window and she jumped. Seeing Kate, she lowered the window quickly.

“Kate?”

Kate brushed her blond hair from her face and tucked it into her wool cap. She looked sad, almost nervous, and Alexis started to worry even more.

“Kate?”

“Look, Al... do you think you’ll ever be happy with, you know, yourself?”

Alexis worried her lip, “I hope so, I mean I keep trying. It is... just taking... a bit, I guess.”

Kate shook her head and sighed unhappily, “You aren’t, are you? We both know it, Al.”

Alexis hated when Kate was honest.

“I know, but I keep hoping.”

“Look, um, I could lose my license, but if I could find you a way to get plastic surgery, would you consider it?”

“P-Plastic surgery? I-I can’t afford that!”

“I know, but say I found someone willing to pay for it, do you think it would help?”

Heart fluttering, Alexis opened her mouth to say something, but only a gasp came out. Kate looked sad as she smiled. She dug into her jacket pocket, then pulled out a card. Alexis grabbed it as her therapist spoke hesitantly.

“Look, this guy, well, he might be a nut case. Okay, he is a nut case, but he is a rich nut case.”

Kate’s breath fogged between them but she continued to speak softly, “A few months ago, he was asking around for someone willing to do something, well risky, for some free plastic surgery.”

“H-How risky?”

“I don’t know, but I saw Lu-” she snapped her mouth sharply, “Sorry, another client who took him up on the offer maybe a month ago. She stopped coming around, but, well, she looked fantastic

when I saw her yesterday. Breasts, hips, the full nine yards. Even got a nose job.”

Alexis stumbled with her words, trying to calm her racing pulse.

“W-Was she happy?”

Kate’s head bobbed.

“I think so, I mean she looked happy. When I asked about it, she just mentioned Feliks’ name and some contest she won. Seemed to be a good deal for her and I thought of you.”

“R-Really?”

Kate nodded, her eyes still sad, “I feel horrible for suggesting this, even though it might help. Actually, I thought of you when he first asked me, but I didn’t trust him. You were going through your divorce with Greg and I thought Feliks would just be taking advantage of you.”

Alexis couldn’t really hear Kate’s words as she stared at the card. Her vision blurred as she felt it shaking in her fingertips. Kate cleared her throat and Alexis looked up. Kate smiled and reached out to brush her fingers on Alexis’ freckles.

“Don’t do anything stupid, please? If he tries anything, call me immediately, okay?”

“Y-Yes. T-Thank you!”

Alexis reached out and kissed Kate on the cheek. Kate stepped back, then zipped up her coat clear to her throat.

“Be careful,” was the only thing she said.

—
Despite her excitement, Alexis didn’t call for three days. As she dialed the phone number, her hand trembled. Licking her lips, she listened to the phone ring three times before a man answered it in a deep, smooth voice.

“This is Feliks, how may I please you?”

She shivered at the sound of his voice. He spoke with a foreign accent, something she couldn’t place, and she felt her mouth dry as she spoke. He sounded exotic.

“Y-Yes, my name is Alexis, Ka... a friend of mine said you were, um, looking for people.”⁷

He almost purred, “Yes?”

“For free plastic surgery?”

“Ah, yes, but there is some risks, Ms...?”

“Sorry, my name is Alexis.”

“Well, Ms. Alexis, it might be better if we talk in person?”

She felt a flutter, “I-I better-”

“Anywhere you want, I’ll pay.”

“How about the Wendy’s on Route 20?”

He chuckled, “I was thinking somewhere a bit more upscale than that. What about Ferdiro’s? It’s a nice five star downtown.”

“I-I don’t have a dress.”

She swore silently to herself for the lame excuse but he just chuckled warmly.

“Then we’ll have to remedy that. I’m willing to pay for a dress, if you’ll just listen to me.”

“I-I-I don’t know what to say.”

“Say yes?”

“Yes? I mean, yes!”

“Good. If you give me an address, I’ll have a courier drop off some money and instructions. Then, tonight at Ferdiro’s? I’ll pay of course. Say, eight?”

Butterflies swarming her stomach, Alexis took a risk and gave him her address at work. He said a few short words, then hung up. She stared at the phone for a long moment, then rushed to work.

Working as a manager at the restaurant, she experienced the longest ten hours of her life. She hovered over the wait staff and cooks, annoying them to no end, but her eyes kept fluttering to the front door. She didn’t know what to expect, a procession or something simple. Every second turned into two, then four, then hours instead of minutes. Every time the bell rang out, her head popped up with hope, only to be disappointed by mere customers. Then, a man came calling for her, wearing black and looking impatient.

Her hands shook as she took the manila envelope. The courier waited a second, probably hoping for a tip, then left quietly. She ignored him as she fumbled with her scissors, slicing the envelope carefully. A few sheets of paper and a credit card slid out, fluttering to the ground. She flipped the card over, a gift card, then paged through the instructions.

“F-Five grand!?”

Her hands shook even more violently as she saw the balance on the card. Trembling, she swallowed hard and set down the paper. Sweat prickled her brow as she snatched her hands away, waiting for the paper to burst into flames. Her ears rang out as she read through the other papers, instructions on how to get to the restaurant and the insistence of her silence. She nodded, not that anyone paid attention, but then lost herself into excitement.

She didn't really remember the rest of the day, nor shopping, but she did come to her senses as she stood at the entrance of the Ferdiro's, her breasts heaving with excitement.

Feliks looked nothing like she expected. Slender with dark hair and a beautiful smile, he looked more like a playboy than a creep with too much money. He held her chair for her before sitting himself.

"I bet you have questions?" he started, after they ordered.

"Yes, um, like why?"

Feliks chuckled, "My brother, actually."

She flushed at her immediate impression.

"No, not that. I-I'm not a prostitute."

Then she flushed even hotter at the sudden silence. Feliks' eyes regarded her, then he shook his head sternly.

"Of course not, if I wanted to get him laid, it would cost me far less than a grand. No, I'm interesting in you doing something a bit more than that. No, my brother is a plastic surgeon. He has been researching a radical re-constructive technique for quite a few years, but recently ran out of money in the process."

"He's a surgeon and he ran out of money?"

"Well, up until a few months ago, he obsessed on research instead of doing something more productive like making women look beautiful and sending money back to our family in Poland."

Feliks gave a dramatic sigh, then focused his smile on Alexis. She blushed and fought the urge to tug the cleavage of her dress shut. She worried her lip for a moment.

"Kate said this was risky?"

"The surgery? No, it is harmless. Well, as harmless as rebuilding a woman's body to her dreams can be. But, I can safely say, in the thirty operations he's done since last year, there hasn't been a single complaint. And none of them were, how you say, minor? I've

seen him rebuild a woman's breast from nothing but... sorry. No, there is no risk there."

"What is the risk? There are no free lunches, you know."

Feliks smiled again and sipped his wine before answering.

"Quite true. Research is expensive. Materials are expensive. Hell, everything is expensive. He managed to perfect his techniques, we are just working on making it economically viable."

Alexis let out a long deep sigh of relief.

"So, I get free plastic surgery just because you are perfecting it?"

He smiled, a warm but somehow predatory look.

"There is a little more than that."

"What?" she asked warily, the fear returning in a rush. He looked around but everyone remained out of earshot of their quiet conversation. She swallowed, watching him even as her hands rested against the edge of the table.

"Well, the offer for free surgery has a few, um, additional requirements to it. Things that, well, polite people don't do."

She forced her hands down on her lap. She looked down to calm her sudden panting.

"Something only desperate women would do?"

"Well, yes."

"How desperate of a woman?" she asked, not really wanting to know. She peeked up through her lashes. Feliks hesitated for a moment, making a point of unfolding his napkin. He set it down on the perfectly creased suit pants. She felt nervous watching him, but the silence stretched between them. Then, in a small girl voice, she answered her own question.

"That desperate?"

Feliks nodded curtly. She felt her lower lip trembling. Her eyes flicked to the door of the restaurant. Her heart pounded in her chest and she felt an uncomfortable tingling along her skin. Her mind spun furiously, trying to imagine what he could have in mind. Images of being raped, slavery, and thousand other terrifying fates ran across her thoughts. She looked up, trembling, but Feliks shook his head.

"It isn't that bad, Alexis. My brother is more than talented enough to make sure you'll live a very happy and beautiful life."

"What...?"

He leaned forward, "What would you to do have the body of your dreams?"

She gulped, "Anything?"

"Would you give up your job?"

Alexis thought about her manager job.

"Y-Yes."

"Would you give up your life?"

Images of her empty home, abandoned since Greg left her on that bitter winter morning.

"In an instant."

"Would you be willing to experience pain?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He leaned forward, "Would you be willing to cut off your breasts?"

"Y.. what?"

She stared at him, wondering if she heard him correctly.

"What?" Alexi repeated, "I don't understand."

"I found my brother some investors. He can rebuild a woman from nothing. If she lost an arm, he can give her a new one. If her skin is burned off, he can do it. Implants, bone alterations, and even changing your eye color. He can do anything," Feliks sounded proud of his brother, "but that doesn't really get the money to prove it."

"Why my...?" she held her breasts. The silk of her dress strained against her large mounds.

"Why a contest?"

She nodded, "Yes."

"Investors. There is a dime a dozen doctors with the next best thing. But, if you put four women in peril, maybe give them a chance to prove themselves, well, then they'll drop millions in a heartbeat."

"So, this is all for money?"

Feliks nodded, "Well, yes. You put on a show and we give you a cut."

"A-And I can be beautiful?"

He nodded. She looked down at the shadow of her cleavage.

"Will it hurt?"

"I won't lie to you."

"Yes," she answered for him, "A lot, I guess."

“It’s worth it.”

“I, um, have to think about this.”

“Of course.”

He pulled out a maroon folder and handed it to her.

“This is all the information you need. Phone numbers from prior winners and some losers. Also I put another five thousand dollars on your card, just for listening to me.”

Food came before she could say anything. Seeing the food in front of her, she focused on eating while she thought. Between the entrée and desert, she looked through the folder. Clean, clinical, and utterly terrifying, but she already knew the answer before she finished her meal.

“I’ll do it.”

“You can think about it, Alexis.”

“No, I want to be beautiful.”

—

Two weeks later, Alexis crawled out of the limo and stood up. The icy winds of January cut through her coat and she shivered violently. Looking up, she stared at the centuries old hotel on the edge of town. Lights burned from many of the windows, but it still felt... empty to her. She clutched herself tightly and shivered again.

“Good evening, Alexis.”

Her eyes dropped down to Feliks. He stood at the entrance of the hotel door. The glass of wine in his hand misted from the bitter cold, but his smile practically glowed with warmth. A doorman, wearing a formal uniform, held open the door. Feliks gestured behind him.

“Last chance to back out.”

She looked back at the hotel and, for the hundredth time that night, wondered why she ever called him back. Her nipples ached in anticipation and her stomach clenched with fear. But, she found the strength to walk up the two steps and into the warmth of the building.

Feliks took her jacket and handed it to a neatly dressed woman behind the counter.

“You just passed the point of no return, Alexis.”

She swallowed and licked her dry lips.

“I-I know.”

“And you know what is going to happen?”

“You are going to cut off my breasts?”

Her breath caught in her throat and fear pooled in her gut.

“No,” he said softly, turning her to look at her. His eyes brimmed with dark emotions. She felt his hands sliding up her side, spreading his fingertips along her breasts and spreading him. She shivered at the touch of his naked skin against her own. She tried to swallow, but her dry throat wouldn’t respond. Feliks whispered softly, his fingers spreading open the cleavage of her shirt and pushing the fabric down her lovely mounds.

“No, Alexis, you are going to take them off for us. You are going to remove your own tits for our own amusement. Then, we’ll give them back, just like you want them. If you do it right, you’ll get so much more.”

A whimper escaped her throat. Feliks lead her to a gilded elevator. She followed numbly, terrified and excited.

“W-When is this, um, going to happen?”

“Two nights from today.”

“Why so long?”

“Time for the investors to get to know you.”

Alexis started to ask a question, but a tall man stepped into the elevator next to them. Feliks nodded to him, but the newcomer’s eyes locked on Alexis.

“Da new girl?”

He spoke with a German accent. Feliks nodded and introduced them.

“Astor, this is Alexis. Alexis, this is Astor. He is one of our investors, a gentleman with a great deal of interest in the automobile world and a fondness for seeing women mutilate themselves.”

They spoke so casually of Alexis’ fate. She shivered, then stepped back at the intense smile on Astor’s face. The German stepped forward. Alexis stepped back, whimpering, into the corner. Astor’s hands reached out and grabbed both sides of her shirt. With a casual yank, he tore it open. Alexis let out a tiny scream but Astor just ran his fingers around her mounds, pulling them free from the bra and mauling them with a grin. She opened her mouth to say something, but Feliks shook his head sharply. Closing her mouth, she leaned

back as Astor fondled her, hefting her weight with growing appreciation.

“Very large, I bet they’ll stretch out nicely. Maybe half a meter?”

She gulped as he caught her nipples in his fingers, twisting them. She winced, which only inspired him to twist harder. Leaning forward, Astor chuckled dryly.

“I’m looking forward to seeing you scream.”

The elevator rang out; Alexis jumped at the sound. Reluctantly, Astor released her breasts and left them hanging out of her blouse. He turned to Feliks.

“Put a thousand on her.”

Feliks smiled, “Thank you very much, sir.”

Astor stepped back to allow Feliks to pull Alexis from the elevator. She stumbled forward, struggling to pull her blouse together but the snapped buttons refuse to close. She glanced over her shoulder at Astor. The German gave her a lustful look back, rubbing his crotch as the elevator closed.

She shivered and tugged on her shirt. Her breasts swelled out from the gash. Feliks chuckled.

“Might get used to that, I’m going to have you take off your top when we get to the room.”

She looked up sharply, “What?”

“Topless. You are part of the competition, all four of you will spend the next few days going topless so they can make their bets.”

“Is that was the thousand is about?”

He nodded, stopping in front of a door.

“The investors put money on you. You keep half of it, regardless if you win or lose. You can use it to pay for more surgery or do something less exciting with it.”

“What if I lose? Do I lose that money too?”

He shook his head then pushed open the door. She looked into a king-sized suite and followed him in. Her luggage, just a small bag with a week’s supply of clothing, sat on the end of the bed. Feliks tapped it before pulling open the curtains.

“You keep it.”

“Everything?”

“Half of what they give us. These next few days are a fund-raiser. You make our investors happy and they give us more money. The happier they are, the more money all of us make.”

“S-So, I have to be a whore?”

Feliks shrugged, “Everyone here knows what ‘no’ means, if that is what you are asking. No, if you don’t want to, then just tell them no.”

“Just like that?”

Feliks smiled warmly, turning around. His hands reached out and began to unbutton the last remaining button of her shirt. She gasped but didn’t stop him as he pushed her shirt open and over her shoulders. Her heart fluttered as he ran his fingers along her nipples, teasing them until they stood out from her skin and little electric arcs coursed through her body.

“Just like that. This is a once in a lifetime chance, Alexis. You can earn hundreds of thousands in the next few days, but the more you say no, the less you’ll get.”

“So, morals or money?”

Feliks chuckled, “Now you get it.”

His hands pushed the shirt down and he deftly twisted her bra clasp open. The fabric fell into his hands and he slid the cups from her breasts. His fingers teased her a bit more before tossing it aside. Alexis gasped, her body warming at the delicate touch. He smiled warmly.

“Let them touch you. If you want to bed one, go ahead. You make them happy and they’ll give you more money. Then, in two nights, we’ll have our little contest and it will all be over... oh, here is Chloe.”

Alexis turned to see a red-haired woman standing in the door. Topless like herself, Chloe beamed happily. Alexis’ eyes followed down her body, to the generous curves and the patch of dark hair right above her slit. She blushed and tore her eyes up.

“You must be number four!”

Chloe’s voice bubbled as she rushed forward, sweeping Alexis in a bear hug. Alexis flushed hotly, feeling her naked breasts against Chloe’s, but the red-haired woman didn’t seem to even notice her nudity. Feliks chuckled and circled around them.

“Chloe will get you situated here. If you have any questions, just dial zero for the front desk.”

“Oh, hush, Licks. I’ll take good care of her.”

Chloe clutched Alexis possessively until Feliks walked away, then she giggled.

“He looks great, but that man is as gay as they come.”

“Seriously?”

“Oh yeah, apparently all the pussy he can get means he just got bored. Now, he just seduces us poor girls and throws us to the wolves.”

Alexis whimpered, but Chloe giggled again. She stepped back and her hands began to work at Alexis’ jeans. The first button popped open before Alexis realized what she was doing.

“Hey!”

Chloe looked up with a smirk, “What? Don’t you want to flaunt it?”

“No!”

“You’ll make more money that way. Trust me, Feliks might be all gay, but these investors? Oh, man, they are horn dogs. Show them a bit of pink and they’ll throw thousands at you. Let them plow you and you’ll bright home a half a million easy.”

Alexis kept her palms planted on her zipper until Chloe pulled back. The red-haired girl shrugged.

“Don’t believe me?”

“No, I-”

“Come on, I’ll show you Angie. She’s shaking her money-maker right now.”

Alexis sputtered but let Chloe pull her from her room. Chloe didn’t seem to care about leaving the door open. Instead, she pulled Alexis down the hall to the elevator. Alexis held a hand over her breasts as the red-haired woman pushed the button for two flights up. The elevator rang out, then opened up.

As the door open, Alexis heard the distinct sounds of sex drifting down the hall. Unwilling, but also curious, she followed Chloe to the open door, where a small crowd gathered. Seeing the two topless women drawing closer, the richly dressed watchers parted. Alexis felt her heart speeding up as she peered into the room, then gasped.

Her first look was of a powerful black ass. The color of the deepest chocolate, it flexed as it drove a massive cock into spasming flesh. Screams of pleasure, muted from the press of bodies, echoed out with every squelch of pleasure. Alexis swallowed with surprise, then realized another black cock was in the mix. Not moving nearly as much, it impaled the tightly stretched ring of the woman's ass. Alexis felt wet heat sparkling inside her pussy as she clutched the door frame.

Then, she saw Angie's face. Black hair whipping, she crawled up through the pile of dark flesh to flip the man above her on his back. The one below slipped out just long enough to crawl to his knees. Then, she jerked forward as he drove his shaft into her ass again, stretching it out. Angie's hair flew back as she screamed loudly.

"Fuck me!"

Chloe giggled and moaned. Alexis let her eyes flash over to the red-haired girl, then gaped in surprise as she saw hands, a dozen of them, roaming her body, stroking and cupping her breasts. Slender fingers delved between her legs, fingering her. Alexis lifted her eyes to Chloe's, but the other woman just stared into the mass of black and white flesh coupling in the room.

Then, she felt a hand on her back. Alexis shivered and started to pull away, but the hand followed. Sliding around her hips, she felt a warm grip pulling her back against a cloth-wrapped cock pressing against her ass. Another hand, a woman's she thought, grabbed her breasts. She felt the soft skin teasing her own. It felt good, almost as good as watching Angie being impaled on two large cocks, repeatedly from the stream of gasps that slipped from her lips.

Alexis whimpered, pushing away. She managed to pull the two hands off when she caught movement in the room. Focusing, she watched as the man fucking Angie's ass pulled away. He wiped his cock off with a wash rag, then brought it back. Alexis frowned, then shivered as a hand wormed between her thighs. She squeezed at it, then an English voice teased her ear.

"Five grand if you come for me."

The idea of half of that, more money than she made in a single month, relaxed her thighs and she felt the fingers sliding up to her distressingly wet pussy. Her body shuddered from not only the growing pleasure of her body but also the excitement of the scene.

She focused on the scene in front of her. The top black man aimed his cock against Angie's pussy, right at the very tip of the tightly stretched lips wrapped around the other man's cock. He pushed it with some effort and Angie writhed and urged him on.

The entire hall held their breath as the second cock stuffed itself into Angie's cunt with a wet slurping noise. Then, as the second man bottomed out, everyone let out a collective gasp of excitement. Then, both men began to fuck Angie, driving into her with slow strokes that strained every muscle in their back.

She watched with parted lips, barely feeling the hands stroking her breasts and the fingers that plunged into her own pussy. She felt her body growing hotter at the very thought of being in Angie's place, wondering what it would feel like to have something so thick inside her. She could almost imagine being pinned against those muscles.

Alexis came hard.

It only took a few minutes, but the plunging and teasing fingers and the erotic scene before her set her over the edge and she let out a long shuddering gasp from the intensity of it. Her knuckles cracked as she held on the door frame for dear life, unable to hold herself up.

Panting, she gulped to clear her head. Hands groped and mauled her body, but as the afterglow of her orgasm faded, so did the hands. She took another deep breath and looked over to Chloe. When she didn't see the red-haired woman, she turned around in surprise. It only took her a moment to find her though.

Pinned against the wall, Chloe mewed with pleasure as an older man pumped his cock into her pussy. Hands from three other men roamed across her skin, teasing and touching as they joined into the orgy. Alexis drew her attention back to herself and realized she felt claustrophobic with the bodies and excitement. She ducked her head and pushed away from the door. The crowd appeared to sense her withdrawal and parted, letting her hurry toward the elevators.

When the doors opened, someone started to exit. Blond and curvy, she hesitated, then stepped back. Alexis paused herself, then stepped into the elevator. Pressing the button for her floor, she let her eyes glance over to the other woman. Unlike Alexis and Chloe, the blond had all her clothes. An investor then.

She thought about Feliks' words. Taking a deep breath, she turned around.

"Hi, I'm Alexis."

The blond woman glared at her.

"Like I give a fuck."

The hard voice slammed into her and she froze, fingers still outstretched.

"W-What?"

"I know who you are. Topless like the other two sluts. Well, I have something to tell you."

As the blond spoke, she stepped forward. Alexis backed away from her until she felt the handrail pressing against the small of her back. The blond towered over her.

"You can do all the fucking you want. I'm going to win that prize, you can earn yours on your back."

"I-I-"

The elevator rang out and the doors opened. On the other side, Feliks and an older man stood there. The blond stormed out and the two entered. As the door closed, Feliks looked at Alexis and chuckled.

"I see you met Ophelia."

"Is she one of them?"

"Yes, first one, actually, for this round. A bit bitter though, somewhat of an adrenaline junkie. Managed to upset some of the investors, but I really can't help that, can I?"

The older man, dark haired like Feliks shook his head.

"I thought you could tame all women, Fel."

Feliks chuckled, "Only if I want, brother. Oh, Alexis, this is my brother Matody, the brilliant doctor with no business sense."

Matody nodded then quickly looked away. He chewed on a finger and Alexis lowered her hand. At the next floor, the elevator opened. Feliks patted his brother on the shoulder.

"I'll catch up, I want to talk to Alexis."

Alexis felt a tingle on her skin as Feliks walked her to her room. The door closed and he pulled out a small hand-held computer.

"You are already busy, I take it."

"What?"

“I have three registrations for you from the investors. Only six grand, but still, not bad for thirty minutes.”

Alexis stopped in her tracks, “I-I just made six grand?”

“You made us six, you just earned three grand when this is all over.”

“I, oh my god, really?”

He nodded, “Yes, it really is that easy. Of course, Angie and Chloe made a bit more, but they’ve both been here since this morning.”

“Um, how much more?”

“Since this morning, Angie’s brought in about a quarter million.”

Alexis froze, jaw open.

“Q-Quarter million?”

He smiled, “About par for the course for those two.”

“Regular sluts, huh?”

Shaking his head, Feliks answered seriously, “No, just Angie.”

“Oh.”

Feliks chuckled, “Don’t worry, just enjoy yourself. You have a very busy day coming up.”

Alexis remained in her room for only an hour before she calmed her nerves. Padding down the hall, wearing nothing but her jeans, she heard noises from Chloe’s room. Growing curious, she drew closer, but she could feel the heat pooling between her legs, a sexual excitement from the sounds drifting from the red-haired woman’s open door.

Peeking inside, she watched as Chloe knelt between a man’s legs. One hand buried between her own legs, then other pumping his cock as she bobbed her head up and down. The man, dark skinned, moaned happily as he clutched the back of her head, pulling her down with wet, slurping strokes.

Alexis moaned softly, one hand dropping between her legs as she watched. The investor looked up at the sound, then grinned broadly. He beckoned for her and Alexis shook her head. He did it again. Alexis started to say no, but then gingerly stepped into the room.

He grinned, clamping down on the back of Chloe’s head. Pulling her down, he gestured for Alexis toward Chloe’s rear.

“I-I never did that,” she whispered.

Chuckling, he pointed again.

“Go on, just finger her then.”

Chloe looked up at the sound of his voice, but he yanked her down on his shaft. The wet slurping noise filled the room and Alexis stepped forward, fingers shaking as she reached out for the swollen labia. Chloe's fingers slurped in the dripping folds and Alexi felt juices soaking her jeans.

It took all her willpower to reach out that last few inches. Then, her fingers touched the heated slickness and Chloe let out a loud, muffled moan. Alexis never touched another woman's pussy before, but it felt not unlike her own. She felt slightly more bolder and added a second finger, trailing up and down to explore the woman's body. She realized she was panting as she ran two fingertips along the hard fold of Chloe's clitoris. Chloe moaned something, then wrapped both hands around the olive-skinned man's buttocks. She used it for leverage to impaled her lips again and again on his cock. Alexis added her part, using her fingers in time with the thrusting. Two fingers slid into Chloe's opening, teasing it as Alexis remembered how she liked it herself. Everyone gasped and she felt the last barriers breaking down.

Using two fingers, she plunged in and out as she lowered her head. She could taste the excitement in the air, salty and just on the edge of familiarity, like when she licked her fingers after masturbating. Swallowing, she pressed her lips to Chloe's pussy and began to eat out the first girl of her life.

—
“You are a first-class rug muncher,” declared Chloe as she plopped down on the bed next to Alexis. Alexis moaned and sat up, surprised that the red-haired woman let herself in, then in joy at the cappuccino presented to her.

“You are a godsend, Chloe.”

“Wow, who would have thought that all you needed was a little threesome.”

Alexis blushed and drank from the cup.

“I never did that before.”

“Really? Not even in college?”

Alexi shook her head, “No.”

“Well, I guess we'll need to give you more practice. In fact, Nikator would be very interested in you spending a few lovely hours with him.”

“Nikator?”

“You know the Greek who fucked me last night?”

Alexis blushed and Chloe grinned. Angie entered the room, naked except for a terry cloth robe on her shoulders. She sank down on the other side of Alexis.

“You seem a lot nicer than the blond bitch.”

“You mean Ophelia?”

“Yeah, that girl has something seriously crammed up her cunt.”

Alexis shrugged, “I really can’t say.”

Angie grinned, “Okay, we can find a better topic. So, who do you want to fuck today? Going for a sugar daddy?”

“Sugar daddy?”

“Yeah, all these rich guys get all horny at the idea of us tearing off our boobs.”

Alexis shivered at the casual tone and covered her breasts with her free arm. Angie grinned and reached out to kiss Alexis. Stunned, Alexis let her hand being pulled away in the middle of the kiss. They broke their embrace after a second, but it left Alexis feeling hot from more than just her drink.

Chloe chuckled, “I knew that would stop you.”

Blushing, Alexis looked away.

“How can you be so casual about it?”

Angie shrugged, “Great sex.”

Chloe answered immediately after, “Great money.”

“Is that it?”

“Well, no,” said Chloe, “my cousin was here a few months ago. One of those contests. And, I can tell you this, she only got second place, but she got a killer body from it.”

Chloe pressed her hands around her breasts, pushing them up, “Tits like mountains, a cunt so tight it could crack walnuts and an ass that got her a three month trip to the Alps. Not to mention a couple million in a Swiss bank account.”

“Seriously?”

The red-haired woman grinned, “No shitting. She is on easy street and I want some of that.”

Alexis glanced over at Angie.

“And you?”

“I fuck her cousin.”

She spoke if that explained everything. In a way, it actually did. Alexi finished her cup.

“And it doesn’t matter that you are lopping off... you know, the girls?”

Both women shook their head. Chloe favored her with a smile.

“It’s all the sex and money you need, for being quiet about it. Lauren said it hurts, man does it hurt, but the doctor does a really good job. Well, except for the loser.”

“What about her?”

“Well, you fuck and screw enough, you’ll get the surgery anyways. Licks says that they actually make more money on the loser than the winner. I heard Astor, that German, usually throws money on the loser anyways.”

“Um, w-what do they do for this contest?”

“Want to see?” came a hard voice from the door. All three looked up to see Ophelia standing at the door, dressed like she was about to leave.

“I, um-”

“Come on, I’ll show you, they have videos.”

Mutely, all three rose up. Angie didn’t know what to wear, so she just pulled on a pair of panties and followed the others. Together, they took the elevator to the lowest levels, the basement.

“Why down here?”

No one answered Angie. Instead, they walked through an empty workshop. It was silence, except for the bare feet and Ophelia’s shoes. Alexis slowed down as they walked past machines, each one polished to a mirror smoothness. One had a large square plate, with a three inch hydraulic attached to each corner. She saw something about tens of thousands of pounds per square inch on a little plate. She also noticed more controls than a normal press would have. Little dials and levers. It left a shiver down her spine.

Her eyes drifted to the next one, an industrial wringer. Something for laundry, but each end could be adjusted for different pressure. And a long flat plate behind it. She shivered in the cool air, holding herself tightly as she imagined what it could be used for. Reaching out, she touched the controls of the wringer. Each end of the steel rollers could be individually adjusted in height, no doubt for the “contest” in a few short days.

Then she noticed the cameras. Hundreds of them aimed at every device. Dozens more took in the entire room. Her breath came out in shuddering pants as she focused on the room, unable to see a single place where every scream or image would be missed.

“Scary, isn’t it?” whispered Angie.

Alexis jumped, “Yeah, it... wasn’t real until...”

“Now?”

She could only nod.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be here for you.”

Ophelia grunted without amusement, then turned into a hallway. Smelling of fresh paint, Alexis was surprised when the hallway led into a plush movie theater with leather recliners and a three hundred foot screen. A keyboard and LCD monitor had been mounted into each recliner, no doubt to let the viewers pick exactly what image they wanted to see.

“Oh, my god,” whispered Alexis.

“Wait until you see the show,” grinned Chloe, pushing her into a recliner. Ophelia grunted again, walking up to a large control panel. Chloe settled into the chair right of Alexis and Angie to the right. A few moments later, the project hummed to life and Ophelia selected a video.

Alexis could only stare as Ophelia brought the video to the key point, where the buxom and beautiful woman placed both of her breasts into the industrial wringer she saw outside. The hum of machinery set Alexis on edge, but it was the sight of those large breasts being squeezed into the wringers that caught her attention. She shivered at the sight, feeling her body tensing as the wringers came down, squeezing them at the very base. Alexis clutched the recliner arm as she watched the woman adjusting the rollers, squeezing until she winced in pain.

Some man spoke off camera and the woman nodded, tears already in her eyes. Alexis jumped as the device activated. Hydraulics drove down, flattening the mounds between the rollers. The woman let out a whimper of pain, but it turned into a shriek of pain as the rollers began, forcing her breasts through the steel gap. Alexis shuddered at the thought, her sphincter clenching violently as she watched the breasts from the other side, the blood forcing itself toward her nipples. The skin quickly went from dark red to

almost black as the nipples swelled to double, then triple their size. Alexis saw Angie burying her face in her hands just in time for well the breasts split open, splattering fat and blood across the shimmering steel.

It was over in a matter of seconds, but the image burned itself into the back of Alexis' mind. Tears ran down her cheeks in sympathy as she watched the woman pull her flatted breasts, dripping with ooze, from the device. Feliks came on camera with a tape measure. The woman stood up straight, obviously fighting the pain as he measured how far down. Twenty-one inches from her check to the ruined mass of her nipples. Alexis couldn't pull away from the last sight of the woman, her nipple splayed out like a little flower.

The lights came on but Alexis couldn't move. Tears ran down her cheeks, splashing down to her lap. Chloe came around, kneeling on the ground in front of her.

"Alexis?"

Alexis sobbed, "What are we doing?"

"Making money," whispered Chloe.

"Best fuck ever," chuckled Angie.

Ophelia said nothing.

Alexis sniffed, "But, I'm going to do that?"

"You'll probably mess up and tear them off," grunted Ophelia as she tapped on the keyboard.

Chloe rolled her eyes at Alexis' confused look.

"If you tear them off, they don't count. Call it a fucked up game, but they have to be big floppy pancakes on your chest when you finish."

"Why?"

Chloe sighed, "So we can be beautiful."

"But, you are beautiful!" cried Alexis, then she closed her mouth. Chloe looked sad for a moment, then down at her body.

"I don't see it, I never see it. But, all the surgery in the world and I could be exactly what I want to see in the mirror. Here, let me show you what happened next."

Alexis' lip trembled hearing Chloe saying the same thing she said for years. Somehow, coming from the beautiful woman's mouth, it

felt like an evil echo. She whimpered, “I-I don’t think I can take any more.”

Chloe ran a hand up Alexis’ thigh.

“No, after all this. She’s beautiful now.”

“That’s your cousin?”

“Yeah, check her out now.”

Ophelia hit play on the video and the room darkened again. This time, it was a video from outside the hotel. A beautiful woman stood there posing naked on the grass. She had the same face as the woman with the wringer, but she looked like a completely different person. Slender body, perky breasts. She jumped up and down and for the life of her, Alexis couldn’t tell that her breasts weren’t real.

“Is that... after?”

“Yeah, see?”

The woman on screen held up a picture of herself, her breasts flattened on her chest and tears in her eyes. In a dramatic gesture, she snapped the picture in half and tossed it aside. Grinning, she continued to cavort across the grass, gloriously and happily naked.

Ophelia came up behind Alexis. She set a remarkably gentle hand on Alexis trembling shoulder.

“And that is really why we are all here.”

Alexis just stared at the screen. Just as she imagined herself in the wringer, now she pictured herself as the perfect woman on the screen. She wondered what it would feel like to have tits that stood up instead of ones that sagged ever since she was thirteen. She felt herself lusting after her smooth thighs, her tight stomach and her smile.

When the video finally ended, she realized she still sat in the theater. Looking around, she didn’t see Chloe, Angie or Ophelia.

“Um, guys?”

“Just me, I’m afraid,” said a man’s voice. It took a second for her to recognize Nikator’s voice. He stepped from the hallway into the room and smiled. She stared to cover herself, then realized she only wore a pair of panties.

“Um, hi.”

He smiled, “I heard you were down here. All alone.”

She sat up, crossing her legs quickly.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to.”

“Why? I think it is a great chance to get to meet you. You know, when you aren’t lapping at your friend’s cunt.”

She gulped as he sat down on the arm of the recliner next to her.

“I, um, wasn’t planning on doing anything like this.”

“Like what?”

“You know, sex?”

He smiled, his dark eyes glittering in the stillness of the theater.

“Do you hate sex?”

“Um, no.”

Nikator leaned forward, “I was surprised when you turned me down last night. I’ve been enjoying the ladies of this competition for four months now and I never had someone turn me down.”

She blushed and glanced at the screen, “Sorry.”

“Why?”

“Because I know you want me.”

She felt his lips on her hand and stared at him with wide eyes. He knelt in front of her, his lips caressing the back of her palm. She felt a resonating tingle in her pussy.

“I do,” he whispered, “want you.”

“I…” and then she couldn’t figure out what to say. Nikator smiled at her, his breath teasing her thighs. His hands reached up to part her legs, tickling her inner thighs with fingers and breath. Her breath came in a long shudder which quickly turned into a moan as his fingers teased her labia apart through the lace of her underwear.

“I… I…”

“Shush and just enjoy this.”

“I…”

He silenced her in a different way. Cupping his hands around her buttocks, he pulled her to the edge of the recliner and lowered his head down to her pussy. She gasped, then moaned loudly as he lapped at her sex, through the fabric. There was no hesitation or groans like with Greg and her first husband, Mike, didn’t even consider it. But now, she had some Greek man between her legs, worshipping her pussy as if she was a goddess.

He brought her to an orgasm quickly, a fast and tense one. Instead, of immediately shoving his cock into her, his mouth continued to ravish her. The tip of his tongue caressed every fold of her pussy, teased every curl of her clit. She could feel his fingers

plunging in and out of her pussy. She felt the pleasure growing so fast, her back arched as she tried to control her senses.

She came a second, then a third time, but he still lapped at her pussy. Her fingers clutched the arm of the recliner as she moaned loudly.

She caught sight of a camera on the ceiling. Unlike the others, this one glowed with a tiny red light.

Realization came a moment later.

Someone watched her.

Alexis felt embarrassed and excited at the same time. She writhed under Nikator's expert tongue, feeling a fourth orgasm rushing up.

"N-Nika?"

He looked up, face glistening with her juices, and smiled.

"Yes?"

"I," she swallowed as she felt her pride crumbling, "Fuck me?"

"With pleasure," he chuckled. He stood up and pulled down his pants, exposing the long length of his shaft to her sight. She licked her lips again and reached out for it. The warmth in her palm sent another tingle through her happily buzzing pussy. Blushing hotly, she pulled him into her. Slick and hard, it felt wonderful as he filled her. She moaned, whimpering with need. Her legs wrapped around his back, urging him to pump deeper.

And he obeyed.

Long and passionate, Nikator clutched her breasts with his hands, for balance and his own pleasure. His fingers squeezed and twisted in time with his cock plunging into her pussy, filling the theater with the hot slurping of a slut. She felt acutely embarrassed at the idea she was like Angie, but his cock felt so good filling her. She could only beg for more and felt almost released by her primal lust.

She felt inspired as he drove into her.

"You want to see my tits?" she gasped roughly.

"Oh, yes."

"Want to see them being squeezed?"

He squeezed them tightly and she felt her cunt clenching around his cock tightly. He moaned, driving in faster. She urged him on, telling how her breasts would be squeezed out in the rollers, stretched out. Every whispered word drove him faster. Soon, she

was shaking from the force of his pounding, the tip of his cock slamming against her cervix. It hurt but felt good at the same time. She continued to whisper how her breasts would swell from the pressure.

He screamed out from his orgasm before she could finish. Hot cum flooded her pussy, soaking her insides and dribbling down their junction. Gasping, he slumped against her, then kissed her on the lips. Still wrapped around him, Alexis kissed him back just as passionately.

Nikator panted in her ear, "I would very much like to take you to my room and find out if you enjoy my dick in your other holes."

Her sphincter tightened at the thought of him inside her in a new way and she felt her body flaring with anticipation. She only smiled as he pulled her out of the chair and to his room.

—
The day of the contest and Alexis floated across the ground. Her night with Nikator released the flood gates of pleasure. He brought her to an orgasm so many times, that she wasn't sure where one ended and another started. When she left his room, he just fell asleep in post-organismic bliss. Twelve hours later and she found three more sets of partner. Including the two black men who properly loosened up her holes. She moaned happily at the thought, though they couldn't quite get both of their huge, thick cocks into her pussy.

Not that they didn't try.

Twice.

"You look like you swallowed the canary," purred Chloe.

She grinned broadly.

"Oh, I swallowed something."

"Good, because in a few hours, we'll be mortal enemies and I want to enjoy it."

Alexis kissed Chloe. After so many hours, it felt natural to have their bodies against each other. She loved how her breasts pressed against Chloe's large ones. Chloe's hands stroked along her flanks, working their way to curl around Alexis' buttocks.

Feliks cleared his throat and they looked up, both grinning.

"Hi, Licks!"

Feliks shook his head at the nickname. Behind him, Ophelia and Angie stood their anxiously. Alexis peered around, feeling the entire room's attention on them. Feliks cleared his throat again.

"It's time."

Her heart jumped at the sound. Chloe's arms tightened around her own. Licking her lips, Alexis stood up straight.

"I'm ready."

"Good."

The procession down to the work room felt like an execution. Behind them, the investors spoke and chatted, betting hundreds of thousands with every pounding step. Her heart slammed against her ribs and she clutched to Chloe. Angie's hand slipped into her other hand, squeezing tightly. She smiled and kissed the dark-haired woman.

Feliks brought them to the center, arranging everyone in place before starting into a speech. Alexis didn't really pay attention to him. Instead, she stared at the array of industrial devices, trying to figure out which one terrified her the least.

Chloe leaned over, "I'm going to do the wringer, at least I've seen that one."

Alexis shivered at the thought of the movie. She gulped, "I-I guess I'm going, I'll do that also."

Angie smiled, "Oh, I have something else in mind."

"What?" whispered Chloe, but Feliks yelled out.

"And the first one is Chloe!"

The room burst into cheering. Chloe looked up surprised. Sweat dripped down her face with her sudden look of surprise, but she raised her hands and the cheering redoubled. Cameras glowed to life, focusing on Chloe as she made a point of turning around.

"Oh, the wringer for me."

Alexis squeezed Chloe tightly before the red-haired stepped away. The room followed her to the industrial ringer, the metal shimmering with mirror smoothness. She ran her hands over her breasts, teasing her nipples to hardness. Alexis could see her struggling with her own fear as she pressed herself against the metal. She dragged her body down the side of it like a stripper and it brought an appreciative whisper from the crowd.

Her fingers toyed with the controls, exploring as much as knowing what she wanted. The steel rollers clamped down, separated by only an inch at the most.

The room hushed as Chloe stepped up to them. Pulling the lever, the hydraulics hissed as the rollers parted. She trembled, hesitating, then held her breasts with both hands. The large mounds overflowed her fingers, but it was the singular act of resting them on the lower roller that stole Alexis' breath. Without thinking, she padded around the device to see it from the front. Two white mounds tipped with tiny pink nipples. She knew them so well, after two days, but seeing them on the rollers like a platter made it hard to breathe.

Chloe looked at her through the opening of the roller. She took a deep breath, not really seeing anyone else.

"Here goes everything," she whispered.

Alexis held her breath as Chloe reached up and grabbed the lever. Alexis whimpered as Chloe pulled the lever. The steel roller came down, neither slow nor fast. It took only a second to press against the mound, but the world slowed as it continued to smash down. Chloe let out a sob as it crushed her, pressing down. She leaned forward as far as she could and her breasts were squeezed through the other side.

From her vantage point, Alexis watched with fascination as her breasts swelled from the pressure. Her nipples pushed out as the skin darkened. The roller came down and clicked into place, a latch slipping into place.

Chloe sobbed, "Oh, fuck that hurts."

Around her, the investors seemed even more excited. Money exchanged hands. Alexis stepped over to look at Chloe. Tears ran down the red-haired woman's face but she wasn't seeing anything. Her hands shook as she reached up to the controls of the wringer.

Alexis felt a heat boiling inside her, butterflies exploding in her stomach. She stepped sideways to stare at the swollen spheres pressed between the metal. There was only an inch between the steel, but she could see how much they crushed her body.

Then, the machine hissed violently. Alexis gasped as the rollers started, a rumbling she could feel in her chest as the breasts swelled even more.

“Oh, god,” whispered Alexis as she watched the wringer crushing Chloe. The woman’s voice turned into a shrill scream as her tits swelled even more, the nipples popping out almost painfully. Alexis began to cry herself, feeling the sympathetic pain.

Then, rents tore through the skin. Blood oozed from shallow cuts, then squirted out. Alexis fingers clutched the metal of the device as the wringers continued to squeeze everything. Chloe’s beautiful nipples swelled to the size of grapes, then split open with a wet tearing noise. Alexis jumped and screamed herself as fat and blood shot out of the ragged ends. Bright yellow and red splattered out on the steel plate.

Her heartbeat pounded in her ears, but it was nothing compared to the roar of the investors. Alexis continued to sob as she watched the breasts being squeezed through the metal, crushing until the last of it slipped through the steel. Alexis jumped to the other side, staring in shock as Chloe as she pulled out her flatted and utterly ruined breasts. She was so beautiful and now... now she swayed with two bloody bags on her chest.

Hot tears ran down Alexis cheeks as she held onto the machine for dear life. Chloe did the same, sobbing and terrified. She swayed and Feliks caught her, helping her to the ground gracefully.

The cheering beat against the walls of the room. Feliks brought out a cloth tape measure. Holding it to Chloe’s sternum, he measured out the length to the furthest point of the ruined right tit. Then, he measured the other one, finding the longest point from bone to tip. The blood and fat on his hands didn’t seem to bother him in the slightest. Alexis knelt next to her new friend, holding her hand.

“C-Chloe?”

Chloe opened her eyes, half dazed.

“I-I did it.”

“Yes, you did.”

She smiled, “You’re turn.”

Alexis didn’t know what to say. Feliks, on the hand, called out with the skill of an announcer.

“1.241 meters total!”

Alexis stared down at the long, ruined breasts. Long and flat, they were nothing but ruined flesh. She felt nausea rolling in her

stomach and lurched to the side, staggering as far as she could before she threw up.

The investors left her alone, but Angie knelt down next to her, an arm around Alexis' shoulder.

"It's okay."

"No, no it isn't."

"Yes. It's just a little pain, then Matody is going to make us all beautiful. And we'll have sex and money and a killer body by the time the month is done. Just focus on that, Al, just focus on that."

"I-I can't do that."

"Yes, you can. And you will."

Alexis shook her head, "No."

Angie lifted her head, pulling her into a kiss, ignoring the dribble of vomit on the side of Alexis mouth. They broke after a quick embrace.

"Just focus on the end. Just jammed your boobs in there, take a deep breath, and slam down on that button. Even if you screw up, you made enough to have your killer figure."

Angie spoke with her for almost ten minutes before Alexis felt the strength to stand again. She leaned against her other friend, looking for Chloe.

"They took her to the hospital on the floor above us. She'll be fine. Look, Ophelia is up next."

Feliks drove the crowd into a frenzy as Ophelia stripped down naked. Her body was curvy, with huge pendulous breasts. She had an extra roll of fat around her hips, but she looked so comfortable with her body. She stood there, circling around as the room grew hushed. She stood in front of some device with a spiral of metal around some claws.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Ophelia is going for the spinner!"

"W-What is that?" whispered Angie.

Alexis shrugged, "I don't know."

It didn't take long to figure out how it would stretch Ophelia out. She pressed each of her breasts into the large claws. Acting casual where Alexis would have been sobbing, she jammed her thumb on the activate button. The claws clamped down on the breasts, squeezing them and almost breaking the skin as they rotated.

Ophelia shuddered, but didn't cry out. The claws retracted as they circled, pulling her breasts into the machine. Ophelia's body shuddered and Alexis could see her muscles straining as she struggled to remain still. The claws pulled and twisted, mauling the flesh as it stretched out. Alexis shivered, clutching Angie as the entire room watched in fascination.

Long second passed and Ophelia's breasts stretched out. The claws dug in deeper, tearing into the flesh. Rivers of blood poured down her side. Alexis could see her fighting the effort to scream, her jaw spasming every microsecond.

Alexis looked down to see urine dripping down Ophelia's thighs, but the blond managed to remain silent.

Then, a wet tearing noise filled the room. The claws on her left breast plunged deep into the soft, white mound. Skin ripped open, flaying as the spinner ripped off a large chunk of flesh. The room gasped as she slammed her hand on the control for that side. It stretched out the skin, like a curtain and came to a stop.

The other side continued to twist and pull. The fat of her right tit squeezed out through the claws, pushed out as the flesh stretched out almost three feet.

Then, Alexis heard the worst sound in the world. A wet ripping noise tore through the room, cutting through the chatter. Ophelia sobbed, reaching up for the control, but her fingers missed it. The spinner wrapped around her boob twisted hard, then tore the entire mound from her chest. Blood splattered everywhere as Ophelia finally screamed out. It wasn't a scream of pain, but of utter rage. She tried to pull it out before it ripped it off, but it was too late.

She slipped on her own urine and fell back, tearing her other teat from the spinner and falling hard to the ground. Alexis stared at her as she slumped to the ground, one ragged wound and a skinned breast flipping on the ground.

"Oh, god."

Angie looked terrified as Ophelia stretched out on the ground. Tears welled up in her eyes as Feliks knelt down next to her, his cloth tape measure in hand. Beyond him, Alexis saw investors throwing down tickets with annoyance, but no one left the crowded room.

“Twenty-seven centimeters,” said Feliks in a serious voice. Ophelia struggled to her feet, tears on her face. No one helped her until Alexis stepped forward to offer a hand. It was an action of guilt, more than anything else. Ophelia batted it away, but Alexis grabbed her wrist.

The blond resisted for a moment, then let Alexis pull her up. Matody came for her, a wheelchair pushed by a white-clad nurse. Still trying, Ophelia sank down into it and Alexis watched her being pushed away.

Alexis stood there, panting, before turning away. Angie came up to her, a hesitant smile of her own.

“Guess it’s my turn now.”

“Angie.”

“Don’t worry, Al. I’m going to get myself a hot little nurse and enjoy every last minute of this.”

“I-”

“Come on, I want you to be there.”

Angie pulled her to her own device of torture. It was another station, with some sort of pump. An assistant mounted two clear plastic tubes at the end. Each one was nearly three meters long, but it was only four inches thick. Angie pulled Alexis closer, then handed her a bottle of olive oil.

“Get me slicked up, girl.”

Confused, Alexis obeyed. Drizzling the oil on her new friend, she soaked Angie’s chest with her hands and her own breasts. The room grew excited and she could feel the lustful looks burning through her skin. Angie started to glow with excitement.

“I love this point.”

“When they watch us?”

“When they want to be us. All of them. They want to be you, to be me. They dream with money, but I’m going to make them come.”

This time, Alexis helped as Angie pressed her nipples against the end of the tubes. Her huge breasts dwarfed the opening. Alexis didn’t understand until Angie hefted a remote controller.

“Step back, love.”

Alexis stepped back, trembling but excited. Angie gave the room a little show, then turned on the pumps. Nothing happened for a moment, then a sucking noise clamped down on her nipples. With a

jump, Alexis watched Angie's breasts being pulled into the tubes by the vacuum.

The room grew hush as Angie rocked back and forth, her ass wiggling in time with some music. Her fingers danced on the controller and the pressure increased. The large mounds began to squeeze into the pipes, traveling down. It was slow and terrifying, but Alexis found herself doing exactly what Angie said.

She imagined herself in that position, the pressure building. It would start like a kiss, but then the pipe swallowed half of Angie's left tit into the tub. It filled it, straining against the plastic. Pain fluttered across Angie's face, but she increased the pressure. Her body was mauled, forced into the pipe.

Angie ground her body against the pipes, pushing hard as her other tit was sucked into the pipe. She closed her eyes, trying to dance but failing. Her hands shook so she held on the controller with both hands.

Fresh tears splashed down her face. The pumps hummed shrilly. Inch by inch, the breasts slid further down the pipes, stretching out painfully. Angie felt her juices dribbling down her thigh, a heat burning in her groin as she imagined herself in that position.

A high-pitched scream ripped from Angie's throat. Her boobs were yanked further down, stretching almost a meter each. Alexis gasped, taking a step forward. Her shaking hand reached out for the pipe, wanting to feel it.

To her surprise, the plastic felt hot to the touch. She looked over at Angie who cracked open an eye.

"I-I think I'm going to-god!"

Her breast tore open. Yellow and crimson flushed down the pipe, splattering in the insides as she screamed out shrilly. Her hand snapped down on the controller and two valves released violently, splattering the floor with blood and fat. Angie shuddered, then started to smile.

"Still... got them."

Angie frowned, her hand shaking. She looked up.

"Al?"

Alexis rushed to her.

"What?"

"Help?"

A soft, girl's voice. But, one Alexis knew well. She took the controller from Angie's shaking hand. It took her a second to find the right button and reversed the pump, pushing just a little air in as she helped Angie pull her ruined tits from the plastic pipes.

They came out long and narrow, like a thick cock. They felt so heavy in her palms, sliding through her fingers dripping oil and blood. The skin felt hot in her hand as she released Angie.

When Alexis got to the end, she looked at the ragged end of the one nipple. Splayed open like a flower, it looked like a tomato exploded. Gore dribbled from the end, but she just handed it to Feliks mutely. The man took it and measured out the last few moments.

The room grew hush as he made his announcement.

"2.83 meters! A new record!"

The room exploded into a wall of noise. Angie looked at Alexis and smiled.

"Beat that, foe."

Then Angie passed out.

Fifteen minutes later, it was Angie's turn. She looked at the wringer with growing fear. Her hands held her nipples tightly, terrified and excited. Images of the others burned through her mind, searing across her thoughts. She shivered, then jumped as Feliks came up to her.

"Ready?"

"I..."

"Take a deep breath. It will be over soon. Don't worry, it would be hard to get last place."

A flash of insight caught her. She looked up at her reflection in the polished metal. Over her shoulder, she saw Nikator watching her. Memories of his love-making warmed her from the inside.

She pointed to the press, not the wringer.

"I'll take that one."

Feliks looked curiously at her. Alexis felt her heart pounding as the crowd made way for her. The large flat plate looked cold as she stood in front of it. Her fingers reached up for the controls, setting them to an inch. She didn't really know what to do, but in that position, there wasn't much she could do. She fiddled for a few more seconds, then held up her boobs.

She shook as she set them down on the metal. Cold, it seeped into her skin as she looked up at the square of metal above her. Her hands trembled as she leaned as far forward as she could. She whispered to herself comforting words but really didn't hear them.

Her finger rested on the dial to control it. For a moment, she fought the urge to ram it full, to crush them in a second.

But, this was a show. She turned it on slow and shook at the vibrations. The top plate lowered. It took forever to reach her skin. She jumped at the cold metal, but it didn't slow. She pulled her hand away from the controller, wrapping her hands on the metal rails above the plate.

The top plate continued to move down. She couldn't stop it, she couldn't even slow it. A machine that could not be stopped. It took a second to go from firm pressure to crushing her breasts. It felt like a mammogram at first, but the pain continued to increase. She felt her skin stretching under the metal, unable to do anything but feel it with every fiber of her being.

Sobbing, she squeezed the rails with all her might. As she felt her nipples burning from the pain, she let out the loudest scream she thought possible.

And the machine kept coming down.

Pain tore through it and she felt her skin splitting open. Something wet and hot splashed against her stomach, but she forced herself not to think about it.

Her nipples burned with more pain than she thought possible. She wanted to reach out, to stop the machine. Instead, she focused on the one thing she could.

She thought about being beautiful.

The metal crushed her. She felt the ripping from the inside, the splattering of the fat and blood between the plates of metal. Her legs lost their strength and she leaned against the machine.

And it kept on going.

Skin tore from her chest, but only a little. Blood poured along the metal and dripped to the ground. She couldn't hear over her sobbing.

The it came to a halt. Through the agony, she could barely believe it.

She was done.

The plate shook, then rose up on hydraulics. She peeled her fingers away from the guides before they were crushed, then looked down at her breasts.

Her beautiful breasts were no more.

Flatted like a pancake, all she could see was white flesh and gore. A crimson flower spread out from her chest. It terrified her to look down.

Then it hit her.

She was beautiful before.

Now...

She ruined herself for something Kate told her every day.

She gave everything away when she didn't need to.

Hot tears came, not from pain but guilt.

She reached out with shaking hands, peeling up the remains of her tits from the metal. It came up with a slurp, dripping in her hand. Her fingers stretched out under the flatted skin, holding it up with the tips of her fingers. It felt hot and wet as she caressed it.

Sorrow tore through her. She barely felt Feliks measuring her length. She didn't really care anymore. No matter what the score, she finally won.

—

Three months later, she stood in front of a door she barely remembered. Tapping on the doorbell, she held her breath. Inside, a light came on, then the door opened.

Kate wore a robe around her body. She looked exhausted as she peered up through the screen. Then her eyes widened.

“Al?”

Alexis smiled.

“Hi, Kate.”

“Alexis?!”

The door slammed open as Kate flung herself around Alexis. Alexis saw a flash of bra, then wrapped her arms around Kate's body. Her former therapist, and friend, held her tightly. Alexis felt her body shaking from crying, but she held her tight against the silk dress she wore under her coat.

“It's me.”

Kate pushed back, staring into Alexis' face. Then, she grabbed Alexis with both hands and pulled her into a kiss. Surprise, Alexis

didn't hesitate, but melted in the embrace. She opened her mouth and probed with her tongue, delving between soft lips. Kate gasped. She started to pull away, but Alexis pushed her against the door frame, kissing more passionately with every passing second.

Kate broke the kiss after long minutes. She looked down at her splayed open robe. One of her hands pressed against Alexis' stomach, the hem of the dress pulled up for the other hand between her thighs. She snatched them away.

"Al? Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have kissed you."

Alexis smiled warmly.

"I rather liked it."

"I'm... what?"

Kate stared at her quizzically.

Alexis grinned and stepped back, opening her coat to reveal her body underneath. Kate stared down, then looked up. Her eyes drifted down and up again twice more.

"Y-You look exactly the same."

"I know."

"I thought you won. You didn't come back. And that message you left said you were beautiful now."

"I am."

"But-"

Alexis stepped forward.

"For seven years, you told me I was beautiful. I never realized you said more than to make me feel better. I never realized you were saying it because you wanted something more than to be my therapist."

Kate gasped, her back arching from the door frame.

"You were, I mean, you are."

"It just took me a moment to figure it out."

"What?"

"That you wanted me."

"I... I..."

"And then it happened."

"What happened?"

"I won third place."

"What changed?"

“Nothing, except these. Just enough surgery to put me back the way I was, the day I walked in that hotel.”

Alexis hefted her breasts. Then, when Kate did nothing, she peeled open her dress and held them out to her. Kate gasped, lust burning in her eyes.

“They look the same.”

“They are beautiful.”

“Yes,” moaned Kate.

Alexis pressed them against Kate, pulling open Kate’s robe.

“When I was healing, I realized that I wanted you as much as I think you want me.” She smiled, “Was I right? Did you want me?”

Kate’s eyes flashed.

“Y-Yes.”

“I dreamed of you.”

Kate gulped, “Doing what?”

“Of being something more than a patient of yours.”

“I...”

“I had a very interesting three months in Greece, you know. Learned a lot of things. Including how to really please a woman. Chloe is a very good teacher.”

Kate’s knees buckled, but Alexis pinned her to the door.

“And I realized I wanted to hear you tell me I’m beautiful every day. If you don’t mind, that is.”

“I... I would.”

“You will,” Alexis said with a confidence she didn’t feel three months ago.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.