

VIP Section Parts 1-2

Contains giantess growth, maid roleplay, breast/butt/pussy expansion, and catgirl transformation

Metal hinges creaked and ground against the doorframe. Sasha poked her head inside the back entrance to The Kink Club, one of the most popular local strip joints. She was surprised to find it unlocked. The alley behind her was becoming less welcoming by the second as the sun set.

“Can I help you?”

She’d locked eyes with an older woman in her mid-thirties walking down the hall. Encountering the buxom blonde in her show lingerie brought a blush to Sasha’s cheeks. At six feet tall, the woman’s intimidating melon-sized breasts were level with Sasha’s chin.

“I’m... Sasha? Paul told me to--”

“Ohhhhh, Sasha! The new girl!” Eyes brightened, the blonde pulled her through the door and whirlwinded her through the hall. “He told us you would be starting tonight! Come on; you’re just in time. We’ll be opening soon. I assume you already know what we’re all about here?”

Sasha struggled to keep up. In the back of the club, the halls were littered with outfits and props. An intriguing amount of lube sat stashed in one corner. “Well, I’ve heard stories...! Or... Overheard them from my male coworkers,” Sasha confessed while brushing fallen hair out of her face.

“Good, so you won’t be *too shocked* by it all.” The blonde stopped at a door marked ‘Manager’ and gave a gentle knock. “Paul? New girl is here.”

A grunt came from within.

“Ok, he’s ready.” Stepping out of her way with a bounce in her heels to send her impressive breasts into a fit of motion, the blonde flashed Sasha a smile. “Good luck! I’ll see you out there!”

Sasha was abandoned at the door. Heart pounding, she turned the handle to find an office brimming with papers escaped from a filing cabinet. A man in a suit jacket stood over his desk in one corner glaring at a spreadsheet on a computer screen. On the wall was a rack of remote controls slotted into charging ports. Some spots were empty.

“Sasha, Sashaaaa,” the man waved. “Come on in. Timing couldn’t be better. Erm... Take a seat.” He motioned her to sit in a chair opposite his desk. “I’m Paul, Paul Maxim. My hiring agent told me we had a new girl starting tonight! Sorry, things are a little chaotic around here. You get used to it.”

Paul looked Sasha up and down, sizing her up. She was short, petite, and redheaded. There weren’t many curves to speak of beneath her sweatshirt and matching sweatpants.

“How old are you? Eighteen?”

Sasha responded, “Twenty-one.”

“Hmm... Ever stripped before? Danced?”

“Only if a boyfriend asked for it...”

He chuckled and wagged a finger in her direction. “Funny, I like that. So why ya here? What are we workin’ with?”

Heat burned Sasha’s face. She hadn’t been told there would be another interview. “I--”

“Relaaaax!” Paul slumped into a chair and adjusted his jacket. “I’m not gonna make you strip down and spin around for me or anything like that. All body types work here.” He stared at her. “You...*do* know how we work here, right?”

Sasha straightened. “I’ve heard stories... That’s mostly why I took the job. I didn’t believe they were true, and if they were, then...” She blushed again and averted her eyes. “Then I wanted to experience it for myself...”

“Ah, the adventurous sort.” Paul rubbed his chin. “We’ve got adventure and more here if you’re brave enough. You ready to get to work tonight? I can put ya out on the stage to dance, or I have something else if you’re *really* here for the thrill of it all. Out of the frying pan and into the fire type deal. Interested?”

Excitement raced through Sasha’s tiny chest. If there was one thing that was important at any new job, she knew it was showing excitement for her work. “I’m not one to back down from a challenge!”

“Wonderful!” He clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “One of my girls, Janice, caught some kind of a bug and had to cancel on me tonight. Problem is, she was scheduled to entertain a VIP, and he’s already made a downpayment of twenty grand. A *private room* for a *private dance* sort of thing, if you get what I mean. No sex or anything like that. Touching is allowed up to what you’re comfortable with and how many tips you want to make. Since you’re taking Janice’s spot, you’re entitled to her cut of the profits after the VIP has fully paid up. Roughly ten grand, all said and done.”

It was difficult to stop her voice from cracking. Making so much money in a single night was outlandish. “What...” Sasha shifted in her seat. “What does it entail?”

“Whatever he wants outside of fuckin’ ya, for the most part. Usually we have a three-week training course for new recruits, but all of our other girls are booked and I’m not in the mood to return this guy’s deposit. If you can entertain him for the night, Janice’s cut and the tips are yours. Not to mention the possibility of him requesting you again...”

“When you say ‘whatever he wants’...”

“I mean whatever he wants.” Paul grabbed a remote from the wall and tossed it her way. An IncrediBust logo was stamped on the bottom. Buttons for every body part filled the plastic device, as well as several dials. The intimacy of some of the buttons made Sasha’s eyes widen while others sent her heart racing.

“See that? All of our girls have a remote while they’re workin’. Total control over your body. Want a nice big set of tits for the night? Pump ‘em up as full as you like. Maybe you want

your ass to blow out of your panties on stage. That'll do it. For these private dances, our patrons like to have the remote for themselves so they're in control."

The possibilities made Sasha's head spin. There was everything from hair length to foot size exhibited on the remote. "And that's *safe*?"

"Perfectly." Paul rattled a small pink bottle. "These are nanobot pills. Take one and they remain in your system for eight hours before breaking down. The remote tells them what changes to make."

She eyed a button with a label of what looked like a pregnant woman. "But what's stopping someone from getting carried away?"

"Believe me, they try. These bastards are drunk and horny. Each remote had a limiter built-in so nothing ever goes beyond a set limit. Otherwise, our walls would have blown apart on day one. The science folks thought of everything. So you interested?"

"I..." She rolled the remote over in her hands. Her thumb rubbed the breast adjuster with curiosity and her nipples hardened against her sweatshirt. "Maybe I--"

"If you'd like, I can give you a crash course beforehand. Let you see how it feels so you're not going in blind. I promise it only feels good. You won't find any of my girls complaining about having their buttons pressed."

The offer helped ease some anxiety. Sasha nodded.

"Terrific." He passed her a pill and bottled water from a mini fridge and traded for the remote in her hand. "Down the hatch then."

Sasha swallowed. In the back of her mind, she imagined the tiny capsule settling in her belly, now with all the power to transform her body in unimaginable ways. There was a strange sense of helplessness to it as if the remote had more control than herself.

Beep beep!

"Aaaaand it's synced," Paul said, showing a light on the remote. "You wore clothes that you don't mind ruining, right? Like the hiring agent said?"

She looked at her matching sweats. "Well, yes, but--"

Click

"EEP!?"

A flash of energy shot through her body. Sasha tensed, feeling her core ignite with arousal. Sensitivity poured into her breasts and loins. Her thighs clamped together as she was frightened Paul might see a surprising amount of wetness soaking through the gray fabric.

Strrrrrtch

"What... W-What's..."

The room spun. Heat swirled around her mind. Sasha raised a hand to her head but stopped short when she witnessed her sweatshirt sleeve inching up her forearm.

Strrrrrrrtch

The same was happening around her ankles. Her clothes were tightening, drawing shorter around her limbs. A breeze tickled her abdomen when her sweatshirt lifted like a curtain. The hem rubbed against her bare underboob before she grabbed it and pulled it down.

“S-Stop!! You’re making my clothes shrink?!”

Paul shook his head and continued holding down a button. “It’s not your clothes that are changing.”

Strrrrrrrrrrtch!!

Waves of pleasure and heat poured over her now. Sweating at the intense sensations, Sasha gasped upon seeing her hips outgrow the chair. Her feet slid across the floor as her thighs lengthened. Her spine inched up the wall until the backrest reached no higher than her lower back.

Pomph!!!

“Ah!!” she gasped, feeling a shock wave travel through her legs. A seam had burst on her sweats. Looking down revealed her once baggy pants were now skin-tight and looked closer to shorts. Her feet struck the opposite wall and jostled a filing cabinet. *“M-My body is--”*

Strrrrrrrrtch!!!

“Mmmgh!!!”

Sasha arched her back as cotton rubbed against her bare breasts. The sweatshirt, once two sizes too big, was less than a short-sleeve crop top. It squeezed her torso like a fist. Two perky mounds jutted into the gray fabric. Though still relatively the same size on her body, they were larger than Paul’s head as she reached twelve feet tall.

“Everything...feels so...WARM!!” Sasha groaned, squirming in her chair. The wood creaked and groaned beneath her. A devilish seam was tightening around her intimates. Spreading her legs, Paul eyed the detailed outline of a woman’s pussy grown to more than three times its normal size. Soft, supple lips of flesh pushed against her sweats. Thick nectar soaked through to make the fabric clingy and hot.

“Ahhh!! I’m... Everything... My body!”

Gasping against the prison of her sweatshirt, Sasha watched the office shrink around her. The chair felt more like a child’s stool as her ass overflowed the cushion. It shattered moments later and sent her to the floor. The impact made her shriek in pleasure as everything quaked.

“This... T-This can’t be real!!” Sasha watched as every inch of fabric pulled drum-tight. It almost hurt as it sank into her flesh like a vice. *“I-I feel...HUGE!!! Like I’m gonna--”*

Shrrriiip!!

“Gaahhh!!” An orgasmic cry erupted when her sweatshirt burst apart. She thrust her chest forward, feeling more powerful than ever. The sleeves peeled off her shoulders and biceps. Below, her pants followed suit. Gashes ripped open against her hidden nudity. Blushing skin bulged forth in a display of giant arousal.

Thud!!

Her head struck the ceiling and dust fell from a jostled tile. The room stopped shrinking, leaving Sasha gasping for air. Nudity filled Paul's office with her twenty-foot-tall frame. Her legs bent against the opposite wall as her head bent against the roof. Too aroused to care, she allowed her nakedness to display in full as her thighs spread like huge trembling fleshy gates. One of her B-cup breasts could have been used as a pillow.

"What...What did you do to me?!"

"That was the whole-body adjuster. The girls like to call it their giantess setting." Paul clicked it several times. "And see? Won't let me go any bigger. The maximum sizes are controlled by the room. Some are larger than others if the client is willing to pay. Pretty fun, eh?"

"I--Mngh!" She was about to respond before another flurry of pleasure took over. The room shifted again, but now grew around her.

"Let's get ya back to normal before sending you into the pits."

Paul watched as Sasha's hands and feet clenched with her shrinking. She was fighting every urge to touch herself. The room was steamy with her lust and reeked of her arousal.

"One last thing," he said as she shrank past the ten-foot mark. "This client can be a little...*eccentric*, but he's one of our best patrons. Do what you can to accommodate him. I believe he's requested a maid theme for tonight, so I'll have a girl bring a robe and show you to the dressing rooms. I don't expect you to be a master at this on your first day."

"M-MMGH!!!"

He smiled at Sasha's roiling excitement. "In fact, I'm expecting him to enjoy that nervous innocence. Who knows, showing a maid the ropes on her first day might be the best night here he's had in a long time."



Paul's eyes scanned Sasha up and down with an expert gaze. She could feel him lingering on the most revealing aspects of the maid's outfit as if double-checking her work. "You look fantastic. Ready for the lion's den?"

"Well..."

Her face felt hot. Tugging at the skirt, Sasha tried to her best to give her thighs more coverage. A hand spread itself over her breasts where a tight, low-cut bodice was pushing them up and out. Soft white fabric hugged her gentle mounds and accentuated their shapes against the dark dress. The amount of cleavage seemed obscene and she felt as though too deep of breath would raise her areolas into view. Lace ran over the edges of the outfit to match a white apron draped down her hips. Bending over was a dangerous game; Sasha could feel the air tickling her rear just inches under the skirt. White thigh-high stockings tied everything together with heels.

"I-It's a little revealing..." she confessed.

“That’s the idea!” Paul grabbed the knob of a door marked *VIP 3*. “Now, remember to stay in character. You’re a maid; you’re there to serve and please his every desire. This guy especially likes to be called ‘master’. Ready?”

Chest tight, Sasha nodded and put her hands at her side.

“That’s my girl. Get in there.”

The door opened to a dim room illuminated by pulsing purples and pinks. The carpet was soft and couches lined the curtained walls. It looked to be suitable for a group of people, but she found only one man was waiting within.

“H-H-Hello!” she said. “I’m--*Ah!*”

Her heels caught on each other as she approached. Balance returned just in time before she toppled. Wobbly as a newborn deer, she began walking once more. Never had she been so thankful for the dark lighting. Her face still felt hot enough to shine like a beacon.

“The new girl!” he greeted with a warm smile. “They told me today was your first day? No need to be nervous. Every maid has to start somewhere. That uniform is simply adorable! What’s your name?”

She hoped her voice wasn’t as shaky as it sounded. “S...Sasha, Sir.” She tensed, realizing she’d already addressed him incorrectly.

“Sasha... Beautiful name for a beautiful woman. Now, where is your remote?”

Closing the distance between them felt like an eternity in her heels. Sasha stood before him and held out the remote linked directly to the nanobots swirling through her body. “Your remote, S--” She caught herself this time. “*M-Master.*”

He took the device and Sasha attempted to curtsy. Knees crossed and ankles bent, but her shoes snagged. The world was tilting before she could help it.

“*MPH!!*”

She’d fallen, tumbling forward onto the client and splaying across his lap. The bulk of her chest pressed against his pelvis and her head leaned against him. His hands had caught her shoulders but preventing the collision was impossible.

“*Careful there,*” he said gently.

Sasha lingered in his grasp only for a moment before recoiling, mortified. Arms and legs scrambled in a flurry to right herself before standing and bowing repeatedly. “*I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! I’m not used to heels and--*”

His laugh took all the edge out of the situation. There was a rich depth to it that eased Sasha’s anxiety. “Think nothing of it!” His eyes gleamed and he stared, taking Sasha in like a work of art. “I find it quite endearing, honestly.”

He was aroused. Sasha’s heart thumped when she realized she had felt his hard-on pressing against her cleavage. This man was enjoying watching her flounder and struggle. Her shyness wasn’t a weakness here; it was a strength.

Confidence bubbled, but Sasha knew better than to let it show now.

“*W-What...*” She blushed and held her hands in front of her hips to play up her role. “*What would you like me to do...for you today, Master?*” Cleavage squeezed between her arms and ensnared his attention. “*I-I’m sorry my body isn’t much to look at...*”

He smiled. Sasha could tell she’d hit the right button. Taking her remote, the guest informed, “I must confess that I’m a bit of a breast man. I like my maids to be very well-adorned as they do their chores.”

Click

“*EEP!!*”

Sasha wished she’d faked the surprised squeal that leaped from her lips. Energy pulsed through her breasts and brought her nipples to full attention. Tension spread across her areolas and to the surrounding skin. Glancing down, she could already notice a rising fullness to her cleavage.

“*M-Master... What are you doing to me??*”

Click

Click

“*Mmmgh!*”

“Just giving you a bit more on top, dear.”

Her hands tensed at her side. Determined to let him enjoy the full view, Sasha arched her back as tingling sensations washed through her bust. Her flesh bloated and swelled as if she were enduring several puberties in a minute.

Strrrrrrtch

“*B-But, Master! My dress! It’s too--Ah!!*”

Fabric creased across her nipples when she overfilled the maid outfit. The bodice was full but her breasts continued to expand. Their weight was what caught her most by surprise. Sasha noticed how difficult they made it to breathe. The force needed to fill her lungs and lift the new mass of her swelling tits wasn’t something her muscles were accustomed to. It left her breathless and sweating as they filled out and were forced upward.

Strrrrrrrrrrtch

“*Mmmm! M-Master...!*”

Cleavage puffed. High and tight, a chasm of flesh rose to her collarbones with jiggling motions. Sasha trembled upon feeling her areola rub against the neckline’s lace. Her nipples throbbed with growth and desire for freedom.

POP!!

“*Ngh!!*”

“Nearly there...”

A button sprang from her front. The dress was becoming overfilled with her doughy mass. Tit flesh squeezed down her torso in creeping waves. Sasha didn’t dare breathe as the uniform tensed and complained.

Creceaaaaa--BOOM!!

“AHH!!”

She screamed when a seam burst on her right side. Soft, pale skin pushed into the gash. The uniform was failing at every turn. Heaving mammaries the size of basketballs demanded more room than the outfit refused to provide.

“Too small! It’s...too small, Master!” Sasha’s voice rose in pitch. She grabbed her bosom, shocked to see her breasts growing larger than her head. Flesh bulged over the dress’ neckline as it reached capacity. Sasha found she was no longer feigning her distress when her chest came to tremble within her over-taxed bodice and stitches popped like firecrackers. *“Master! M-Master! My breasts!! Stop before they--”*

SHRRIIPP!!

“MMM!!!”

Finally her dress split down the middle. A tear shot open, relieving the pressure squeezing her mammaries and left Sasha gasping for air. Looking down presented a pair of watermelon-sized knockers dominating her torso with heavy teardrop shapes. The remaining outfit barely managed to contain them and provide a meager amount of lift.

She didn’t have time to recover.

“And of course your skirt is far too loose.”

Click

“Yip!!!”

Sasha jumped when it felt like someone pinched her butt. The first thing she noticed was her panties sinking between her cheeks, but soon she felt the sides of her skirt rubbing against her hips.

“T-That too, Master??”

He only nodded, satisfied watching Sasha shake with growth. She hugged her chest to get a better look at her hips and thighs.

Growth caused them to flare to either side as her bottom half widened. Any semblance of a thigh gap vanished before she could process the change. Her panties were useless and flossing their way deep into her crack. With so much tension, the cotton was pulling and massaging her pussy with every wave of growth. It was here when Sasha realized how wet she’d become.

It wasn’t long until the skirt ran out of room. The sides tightened around her hips. Thigh flesh bulged at the sides. A breeze tickled the bottom of her ass cheeks when the back of the dress raised like a curtain until it wedged in place halfway up her butt.

“I’m way too big for this dress now!!” she cried out, pulling at the front to cover her crotch. Ridges of skin bulged over the tops of her thigh-high stockings. They had no hope of containing thighs wider than her waist. Sasha felt as though she’d gained one hundred pounds across her curves. *“Master!!”*

“Now *there’s* a body I could watch all day! Hmm... But it needs something more...” He scanned the remote while Sasha sweated in place, unsure if she could handle another round; enduring the growth was more stimulating than even the most devious sex toys. “Maybe this?”

Click

Fwip! Fwip!

Pomph!

Sasha tingled. Her head itched. Reaching up, she found two long rabbit ears extending overhead. A puffy white cotton tail wiggled under her uniform.

She did her best to stay in character despite her amazement at the remote’s abilities. “*W-Would you like me to hop for you, Master?*”

“No, no... That’s not right.” He mused. “Maybe this?”

Click

The ears shook and shortened into wide, fluffy triangles. Squirming sensations made Sasha look back. She saw the rabbit tail puff before lengthening. Something thick and warm tickled her cheeks as it slithered down her dress before emerging against her thighs. A dense, red and orange tail emerged tipped in white.

“*Oh! I’m looking foxy for you now, Master!*” Sasha hugged her tail to her breasts as if to hide.

“Almost, but not quite what I’m after. Maybe... *Ah! Yes!*”

Click

Her ears narrowed and sharpened. Her tail tensed before the hair shortened into a sleek black serpent twitching back and forth.

“*M...Mrowl?*” Sasha involuntarily purred.

He clapped in joy. “Perfect!! Nothing beats a voluptuous catgirl maid!” His thumb hovered over a button. “After all, what’s better than a *BIG* pussy??”

Click

Sasha giggled and felt her ears twitch. “*Master, you’re so funny! How did you know I always wanted to be a--*”

The final click made her pause. His words had made her think he was going to make her a giantess, but the tingling heat assaulting her crotch said otherwise. She looked down, worried about the building sensations beneath her skirt. “*M...Master? What did you--MMMMMROWLL!!!*”

Her panties tightened. Pillow lips filled out and pushed against the cotton surface like a balloon. Her hands shot down to pull her dress over her crotch and press into her mound.

“*Ahh!! M-My... Master!! E-Even that?? The remote can do that?!*”

“It can do anything!”

Sasha’s hands trembled as they felt her intimates grow against her knuckles. There was no room between her thighs, yet her pussy was intent on engorging. She squeaked for breath and

felt lost in a cloud of lust. Everything else had been extremely arousing; this was mind-rending. It sent her tail whipping back and forth and made her ears droop with lustful heat.

“Mmmgh!! M-Master! Mrroowwlllll...Master it’s...too big!!” she whined.

“No such thing.”

Click

“MMMMM!!”

He ordered more growth. Her lips plumped and thickened. Sasha’s pink petals rubbed with her natural nectar until they drenched her hands. Fluid ran down her thighs, each one sliding against the other. It didn’t take long before she had outgrown her panties and their elastic hems sank into her overflowing lips. Blushing skin squished against her hands. Sasha imagined she’d grown as large as an orange half, but refused to look for fear of the sight pushing her over the edge.

“Master! M-Master, please! My panties!! They can’t...hold me! They’re too small!”

“Too small for what?”

“M-My...” She couldn’t say it.

“Too small for what, Sasha?”

Strrrrrtch!!

She whimpered as she outgrew them on all sides. She couldn’t stand to press her hands against it any longer or she would lose her mind. It was far too sensitive, especially with her knuckles shaking against her clit.

“I want to hear you say it.”

“My... M-My pussy!!”

She released her dress. The front lifted to reveal a sopping wet pillow of creased womanly flesh outgrown from its cotton home. Sasha’s lips swallowed the garment into a mess of dripping pink folds. She was as big as a mango, and just as juicy.

“Mmmgh... M-Master... What...did you do to me...?” Sasha whispered, barely able to stay upright. She looked ahead into his pleased, unwavering gaze. *“I’m not sure I can do all my chores when I’m so big...but...mmrroowll...I-I’ll try... Does this satisfy you, Master...?”*

“Very much so. How do you like your new body?”

Sasha bit her lip. Staying in character took every ounce of willpower. *“I-I love it. Thank you for the gift, Master...”* She straightened her back. Her dress rose to fully uncover her crotch. Her breasts could render the remaining fabric apart at any moment. *“N-Now, how can I serve you?”*

He sat the remote at his side and patted his lap. “Come take a seat and I’ll tell you.”

To be continued