

Payback



Copyright © 2026
by Avaro56

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This book contains adult themes, graphic language, and [insert specific triggers, e.g., violence, psychological distress]. It is intended for mature audiences.

ISBN 323-1-2345678-9-0 (EPUB)

Intro: The Natural Goddess

Carla stood in the reception area of Sophia's Salon, a vision of understated, organic elegance that clashed violently with her surroundings. Her cream blazer was tailored to perfection, draping over a silk camisole that whispered "old money" rather than screaming for attention. Her dark brunette hair fell in loose, healthy waves—virgin hair, untouched by chemicals or heat, a testament to her "Pure Life" brand. She checked her phone one last time, the screen illuminating her face with the blackmail threat that had dragged her to this neon-drenched purgatory.

The air here was thick and cloying, smelling of burnt sugar, acetone, and cheap perfume—a sensory assault that made her nose wrinkle. Above the massive marble desk, the pink neon sign buzzed with a low, headache-inducing hum, casting a synthetic violet glow over Carla's minimal makeup. She tightened her grip on her designer bag, feeling the cool leather against her damp palm. She was the picture of natural perfection, completely unaware that she was standing in the mouth of a machine designed to devour it.



PART 1

"You're late," a voice sliced through the humidity. Sophia stood behind the massive marble desk, a striking contrast to Carla's natural warmth. The salon owner was clinical perfection—hair glossy and dark, skin poreless, wearing a pristine white lab coat that looked more like a uniform than fashion.

Carla stepped forward, her nude heels clicking nervously on the tiled floor. "Traffic," she lied, her voice tight. She tried to maintain her posture, standing tall in her navy trousers, but the sterile, predatory atmosphere was already shrinking her. "I'm here. Let's just get this over with."

Sophia didn't smile. She extended a manicured hand over the cold marble slab. "Phone." Carla hesitated, clutching the device that held her life, her contacts, her safety.

"The agreement was total isolation, Carla. Hand it over, or the photos go to the press."

Defeated, Carla placed the phone into Sophia's palm. The moment the cool glass left her skin, the trap snapped shut. Sophia dropped the device into a drawer and locked it with a loud, metallic click. She stepped out from behind the desk, her eyes scanning Carla's body not as a person, but as raw material. "Follow me," Sophia commanded. "We have a lot of work to do to scrub all this... boring 'purity' off of you."



PART 2

Sophia pushed open a heavy frosted glass door, the air shifting instantly from the warm, chemical humidity of the salon to a refrigerated, sterile chill. The office beyond was dimly lit, dominated by black walls and the buzzing electric blue glow of a neon sign behind a glass desk. It felt less like a workspace and more like a holding cell.

Waiting inside was a silent, predatory tribunal. Sophia took her seat behind the desk, smoothing her pristine white aesthetician's coat with clinical precision. Flanking her were the architects of Carla's coming degradation. To the right, Carmen, the trainer, loomed in grey athletic gear, her biceps flexing as she crossed her thick arms, a wall of dense muscle blocking the path. Leaning against the wall was Maya, the stylist, wearing a cheap leopard-print mock neck, popping a pink bubble of gum with a wet snap, her eyes scanning Carla's natural hair with hungry disgust. To the left stood Tina, the tattooist, in black scrubs, the sound of her snapping latex gloves echoing loudly in the small space, her arms sleeves of dark ink. Beside her was Elise, the aesthetic nurse, cool and detached in grey scrubs, tapping a stylus quietly against a digital tablet, reviewing anatomy charts with a flat, medical gaze.

"I was told this would be a negotiation," Carla stammered, clutching a manila envelope against her silk camisole as a shield, the paper crinkling under her sweating palms. "I have the money. I can pay the debt right now."

Sophia laughed—a dry, humorless sound that matched the frigid room. "Money? You think this is about money, Carla?" She gestured with a manicured hand to the crew surrounding them. "These are the artificial women you mocked to build your 'natural empire.' This isn't a payment. It's a physical correction."

Sophia nodded almost imperceptibly to Carmen. The muscle stepped forward, the heavy thud of her trainers on the floor vibrating through Carla's feet as she blocked the exit. "The negotiation is over," Sophia said softly, her voice icy. "Strip."



PART 3

Sophia didn't need to shout; a simple nod to Carmen was the catalyst. Instantly, the office dissolved into violence. Carmen's arms, thick cords of granite-hard muscle, clamped around Carla's biceps like hydraulic vices, lifting her partially off the ground. Carla's expensive cream blazer bunched uselessly against the trainer's grey sports bra as she was hauled backward, her nude heels skidding and screeching across the polished floor in a desperate, futile struggle for traction.

They breached the hallway, a suffocating tunnel of slick black subway tiles illuminated by pulsing, vertical strips of pink neon that bathed Carla's screaming face in a synthetic, feverish glow. The air here was colder, heavy with the arousal of imminent transformation and the chemical stench of ozone. Sophia led the procession, her white coat swaying rhythmically, checking her clipboard with the detached, sensual focus of a sculptor preparing clay.

Flanking the struggle was Maya, dancing alongside with a predatory, hungry grin. The stylist snapped her silver shears in a terrifying rhythm near Carla's ear—snip, snip, snip—teasing the long, virgin brunette waves with the cold metal blades. "Don't fight it, babe," Maya purred, eyeing the hair like a meal. Carmen shoved Carla toward the heavy steel door labeled STERILIZATION ROOM, and with a final, heavy thud, the lock engaged, sealing the natural world away forever.



PART 4

The heavy steel door clicked shut, sealing the world away and leaving Carla alone in the suffocating intimacy of the treatment room. The space was bathed in a clinical, violet twilight, illuminated only by the harsh, blinding halo of the magnifying lamp positioned directly over Carla's exposed abdomen.

Sophia moved with the terrifying, sensuous calm of a master artist. She snapped on blue nitrile gloves, the sound sharp in the silence, and squeezed a bottle of thick, freezing conductive gel onto Carla's stomach. She spread the goo with slow, possessive strokes, treating the skin not as flesh, but as canvas.

"Carmen is for the heavy lifting," Sophia purred, leaning in until her face was inches from the magnifying lens. "But this? This requires an artist's cruelty." She reached for the console and twisted the dial, locking the digital display to HIGH.

"You were so proud of being 'natural,'" Sophia whispered, driving the industrial probe deep into a follicle. "But nature is messy. We need you smooth. Synthetic. Plastic."

She tapped the pedal. A bolt of liquid fire surged through Carla's nerves. Carla screamed, arching her back against the table, but Sophia didn't flinch. She simply smiled, moving to the next hair with rhythmic precision, systematically burning away the human to make room for the object.



PART 5

The electrolysis machine finally fell silent, leaving Carla's body trembling, raw, and terrifyingly hairless—smooth as a newborn, stripped of every natural defense. But there was no respite. Sophia and Elise immediately steered her into the next chamber, where the Turbo-Bronzer 3000 hummed with a menacing, industrial power.

Elise handed Sophia a bottle of viscous, dark brown sludge. "You called your pale skin purity," Sophia murmured, pumping the cold, chemical-smelling accelerator into her gloved palms. "I call it a blank canvas." She began to slather the thick oil onto Carla's naked flesh, working it into the pores with heavy, rhythmic strokes that felt less like a beauty treatment and more like anointing a sacrifice. The lotion burned slightly, reacting with her sensitized skin, coating her legs, her stomach, and her breasts in a slick, artificial sheen.

Carmen lifted her easily, depositing her onto the hard acrylic bed. Sophia snapped tiny pink goggles over Carla's eyes, plunging her into blindness, before sealing the cylinder. The machine roared. Blinding blue UV light flooded the capsule, penetrating deep into the dermis. The heat was instant and suffocating, baking the dark chemical sludge permanently into her cells, cooking away the last of the "Natural Goddess" and leaving only a glistening, synthetic bronze object in its wake.



PART 6

The hydraulic lid of the Turbo-Bronzer hissed open, releasing a cloud of ozone and the heavy scent of burnt sugar. Carla gasped, her lungs seizing in the cooler air as she stumbled onto the white tiles, her body radiating a feverish, industrial heat. She wasn't human anymore; she was a statue cast in hot, wet bronze. The chemical accelerator had baked into a hard, glossy shell, coating every inch of her hairless form in a deep, saturated mahogany that looked more like fresh lacquer than skin.

Sophia approached immediately, her face impassive. She didn't offer a robe; instead, she ran her blue nitrile-gloved hands down Carla's slick, oily arm, checking the consistency of the dye with a possessive, tactile slow-drag. The latex squeaked against the grease, a sound that made Carla shiver violently. Carmen leaned against the wall, her muscles tensed, watching the inspection with the cold appraisal of a mechanic checking a paint job. Carla stared into the wall of mirrors, horrified and mesmerized by the stranger staring back—a glistening, golden object where a woman used to be. Sophia pressed a thumb into Carla's thigh, ensuring the pigment had penetrated the dermis completely. She smiled, wiping the excess oil from her glove. "Perfect," she purred, admiring the synthetic glow. "It will just need a little maintenance."



PART 7

Still radiating the oily heat of the tanning bed, Carla was shoved into the leather salon chair. Maya, dressed in a predatory leopard-mesh top that clung to her curves, descended immediately, whipping a cape around Carla's neck. It wasn't a standard drape; it was a matching synthetic leopard print, binding Carla in a tacky, suffocating embrace that marked her as property.

"Virgin hair," Maya purred, running her black-gloved fingers through the dark, healthy waves with a sneer. "Disgusting. It feels so... boring." She dipped her brush into a bowl of thick, blue sludge, the air instantly filling with the eye-watering, acrid stench of industrial ammonia.

There was no gentleness. Maya slapped the cold, caustic chemical onto Carla's scalp, saturating the roots until they felt heavy and wet. She wove the strands into heavy silver foils, folding them tight against the tender skin. As the bleach began to bite, a sharp, chemical itching that escalated to a steady, throbbing burn, Maya swung a glowing red processing ring over Carla's head. The heat hit the aluminum instantly, cooking the mixture against the scalp. Carla whimpered, tears cutting tracks through her fresh tan as she felt her natural identity boiling away under the red halo, replaced by the searing, purifying pain of artificiality.



PART 8

The foils were ripped away to reveal a shock of dead, white nylon—the color of printer paper. But the humiliation had only just begun. Maya spun the chair to face the mirror, where piles of platinum blonde extensions lay waiting like the pelts of synthetic animals. "Volume," Maya whispered, her eyes gleaming with manic focus as she picked up the hot fusion wand. "We aren't just adding length. We are adding a burden."

Maya worked with aggressive, industrial speed. She grabbed sections of Carla's chemically fried hair and clamped the heavy, plasticine wefts directly to the tender roots. The smell of melting keratin and singing hair filled the air—a sickeningly sweet, chemical stench of burning plastic. Carla winced as the heat of the wand grazed her raw scalp, fusing the artificial fibers permanently to her head.

It wasn't just hair; it was dead weight. Row after row, the mass grew heavier, pulling the skin of her forehead tight, forcing her neck to strain under the sheer altitude of the new mane. She was no longer a woman with a hairstyle; she was a mounting post for a plastic explosion, her head throbbing as Maya welded the heavy, synthetic aesthetic directly into her skull.



PART 9

The extensions were fused to her scalp, a heavy, dragging weight, but the architecture was just beginning. Maya grabbed two industrial-sized silver cans labeled CONCRETE HOLD and grinned, her leopard-print sleeves blurring as she shook them.

"Time to freeze the asset," Maya announced. She didn't wait. She depressed both nozzles simultaneously, unleashing a dual stream of pressurized fixative directly into the platinum mass.

A suffocating white cloud engulfed the chair instantly. The chemical stench was overwhelming—sweet, sharp, and toxic. Carla gagged, coughing helplessly into her hand as the mist coated her throat and settled like fine dust on her oily, bronzed skin. Maya worked with manic intensity, circling the chair, one hand spraying, the other teasing the hair into a frenzy of height and volume. She backcombed the roots until they stood rigid, building a structure that defied gravity.

Layer after layer of lacquer hardened the hair into a solid, immobile shell. It wasn't a hairstyle anymore; it was a helmet of static, frozen in a permanent state of explosion. Carla sat paralyzed, tears cutting tracks through the chemical fallout on her face, her head locked inside a foot-high cage of stiff, white nylon that would never move in the wind again.



PART 10

The hairspray fumes had barely settled when Tina rolled her stool closer to the chair. She adjusted the blinding ring light until Carla's vision was nothing but a white halo, obscuring the flash art on the walls behind them. The tattoo artist snapped on black latex gloves and loaded the machine with a heavy liner needle.

"Time to put the mask on," Tina muttered, the gun buzzing to life like an angry hornet. She started with the eyes, dragging the needle across the delicate lid to deposit a thick, permanent black wing, before carving high, dark arches onto the forehead—locking Carla's face into a permanent expression of vacant surprise.

Then, Tina dipped the needle into a pot of "Neon Pink" pigment. "Open," she commanded, gripping Carla's jaw with crushing force. She didn't follow the natural lip line. She drove the needle into the skin centimeters outside the border, outlining a massive, clownish mouth designed for exaggerated use. The pain was sharp and hot, the vibration rattling Carla's teeth as the ink bled into the tissue.

"Stop twitching," Tina scolded, wiping away a smear of blood and ink with a rough towel. "You have to sit still if you want to be a top-tier bimbo." The word struck Carla harder than the needle. She flinched violently against the headrest, a guttural sob escaping her throat as the reality of the degradation sank in. She wasn't just being changed; she was being branded.



PART 11

The halo light intensified, bleaching Carla's vision white as Nurse Elise stepped into the frame. She didn't offer a consultation; she simply picked up a syringe filled with thick, viscous filler. "The hair is loud," Elise murmured, her voice soft but terrifyingly clinical, "but the mouth is still whispering. Bimbos don't whisper."

She gripped Carla's jaw with a latex-gloved hand, forcing her head back against the leather headrest. There was no countdown. Elise drove the needle deep into the cupid's bow. Carla gasped, her toes curling inside her shoes as the sharp pinch gave way to a sickening, heavy pressure. Elise pushed the plunger, forcing the high-density gel into the delicate tissue. Carla could feel her lip separating from the inside, stretching taut like a balloon over-inflated with water.

"We aren't enhancing your natural shape," Elise explained, withdrawing the needle only to stab it back in millimeters away. "We are erasing it." She worked with possessive rhythm—inject, fill, massage. The skin grew hot and tight, throbbing with a dull, heavy pulse. Elise didn't stop until the upper lip was a swollen, glossy shelf that touched Carla's nose. "Better," Elise smiled, wiping away a drop of blood. "Now you look like you're permanently waiting for something".



PART 12

"Done," Elise whispered, wiping a final bead of blood from the injection site. She didn't give Carla a moment to recover from the assault. Instead, she shoved a black hand mirror into Carla's trembling, clawed hands, forcing her to confront the irreversible reality.

Carla lifted the glass, her breath catching in a throat raw from chemical fumes. She screamed, but the sound was muffled, distorted by the sheer, heavy mass of her own mouth. The reflection staring back was a stranger—a high-gloss, orange-skinned caricature. Her forehead was frozen in a sheet of botox-induced smooth plastic, but it was the lips that broke her. They were massive, engorged, and violently pink, swollen into a permanent, obscene pout that physically refused to close.

"Please," Carla lisped, her tongue clumsy against the rubbery wall of filler. She tried to touch her face, but her new nails clicked uselessly against the tight, hot skin. "I look... I look like a monster. Take it out."

Elise leaned in until her cheek brushed against Carla's feverish, bronzed skin, smiling at the panic in the doll's eyes. "You don't look like a monster, Carla. You look like a bimbo. And judging by how wide that mouth is stuck open... you're ready to be used like one."



PART 13

"The face is plastic," Sophia observed, circling the chair. "But the body is still boringly athletic. Fix it."

Carmen hauled Carla from the chair and shoved her onto the black vinyl table. "Bend," she commanded, forcing Carla's torso down until she was displayed for the nurse's inspection. Carla shivered, her skin slick with the oily residue of the spray tan, radiating heat into the cool air of the clinic.

Nurse Elise stepped forward, adjusting her gloves. She didn't treat Carla like a patient; she treated her like a piece of defective upholstery. She ran her hands firmly over Carla's glutes, her fingers digging into the muscle to assess the tissue density.

"Zero projection," Elise criticized, slapping the flesh with a clinical, stinging rhythm. "It's too firm. Too natural. We need to destroy this muscle tone and replace it with gelatinous volume."

Carla flinched at the touch, feeling exposed and objectified. Elise traced the injection sites with her finger, mapping out the expansion. "We're going to pump two liters of Hydro-Gel into each side," she announced, reaching for the box of heavy-duty filler. "By the time we're done, you won't be able to run. You'll only be able to wobble."



PART 14

"Hold still," Elise commanded, her voice muffled behind the plastic face shield. She swapped the empty glass cylinder for the final industrial-sized syringe from the stack of "Body Contour" boxes.

Carla buried her face in the towel, her knuckles white as she gripped the table edges. She could feel the heavy, alien weight of the liters of fluid already pumped into her, pulling her skin taut.

Elise didn't hesitate. She drove the needle deep into the center of Carla's right glute. The pressure was immense—a sickening, internal stretching that felt like her muscles were being torn apart to make room for the artificial mass. Carla groaned into the vinyl, her body twitching involuntarily as the thick gel forced its way between her muscle fibers.

"This is the last CC for this round," Elise murmured, steadily depressing the plunger. She watched with cold, scientific satisfaction as the hydro-gel expanded the tissue, forcing the anatomy into a spherical, gravity-defying shape that no amount of squats could ever achieve.

Elise withdrew the needle, leaving a tiny bead of blood on the glistening, exaggerated curve. She stepped back, admiring the grotesque, swollen perfection she had engineered. "That's a great first step," she sneered, peeling off her gloves. "For the moment. Now, stand up. We have to balance you out."



PART 15

"Lean back," Elise ordered, her voice devoid of warmth. She squeezed a tube labeled Skin-Tite onto a metal spatula. The clear, viscous goop smelled of industrial glue and acetone. Carla flinched as the cold metal slid across her collarbone, coating her skin in the sticky bonding agent.

"We need to create a seamless seal," Elise explained, spreading the adhesive right up to the base of Carla's neck with clinical precision. "This silicone breastplate is heavy. If we don't bond it directly to your dermis, it will slide."

Carla looked down, her massive, paralyzed lips trembling. "Please, no more," she slurred, the words heavy and difficult to form. "I don't need... bigger."

Elise laughed softly, continuing to spackle the glue over Carla's chest. "Oh, don't worry, darling. This is just a temporary solution. A test drive." She leaned in close, her eyes locking onto Carla's terrified, vacant stare. "But once you feel the weight... once you see how men look at you... I'm sure you will beg for the real ones. You'll be pleading for 2000cc implants before the week is out."

Carla's breath hitched in panic. She realized she wasn't just being dressed up; she was being conditioned. Elise grabbed the massive, flesh-toned silicone chest piece from the counter. "Now, lift your arms. Let's lock you in."



PART 16

Maya rolled her stool back into the light, replacing Elise. Her leopard-print sleeves brushed against Carla's fresh, sticky tan as she grabbed Carla's hand with a possessive grip. "These practical little nubs have to go," she sneered, inspecting Carla's short, manicured fingernails. "A bimbo's hands aren't for working. They're for decorating."

She picked up a coarse-grit electric file and turned it on. The whine of the motor was the only warning. Maya didn't just buff the shine; she aggressively sanded down the nail plate, grinding the surface until it was rough, raw, and ready to bond. Carla flinched as the vibration rattled through her fingers, erasing the last trace of her capability.

Maya worked with ruthless efficiency, gluing massive, pre-formed plastic tips onto the raw keratin. The smell of acrylic monomer filled the air—sharp, chemical, and intoxicating. She sculpted the pink sludge into long, squared-off talons that extended inches past the fingertips.

"You won't be typing anymore," Maya purred, painting a white tip onto the neon pink base. "You can't button a shirt. You can't even open a door." She held up Carla's hand, admiring the beautiful, useless claws. "But don't worry. You have much better things to do with these hands now than work. They're designed for gripping... other things."



PART 17

Carmen didn't offer a preamble; she offered constriction. She seized Carla around the midsection, slamming a rigid black latex waist trainer against her slick, bronzed skin. With a grunt of effort, Carmen drove a knee into the small of Carla's back and hauled on the laces with brutal strength. Carla gasped, the air violently forced from her lungs as her floating ribs were crushed inward. The thick rubber bit deep into her flesh, creating a breathless, sweaty valley between the massive silicone breastplate glued to her chest and her newly swollen hips.

"Tighter," Carmen growled, cinching her down until her waist was an impossibly narrow stem supporting a top-heavy superstructure. Next came the shoes—six-inch clear acrylic platforms that forced her feet into a agonizing, near-vertical point. When Carmen hauled her upright on the mirrored runway, gravity became Carla's enemy. She tottered wildly. The sheer, dead weight of the prosthetic breasts dragged her torso forward, while the liters of heavy hydro-gel injected into her glutes anchored her backend down. To keep from face-planting, she was forced to hyperextend her spine, thrusting her chest violently outward and popping her ass back in an obscene, permanent arch.

"Walk," Carmen commanded, cracking a riding crop against the floor. Carla took a trembling step. It was pure, overwhelming sensation. Every movement sent a tidal wave through her synthetic anatomy. Her heavy breasts swung wildly with their own inertia, tugging painfully at the sweaty adhesive bonds on her chest. Her injected buttocks wobbled with a gelatinous, independent life, clapping against each other with a wet, heavy sound. She couldn't walk with dignity; she had to mince and sway, throwing her hips violently from side-to-side just to manage the swinging counterweights of her own body.

For hours, Carmen drilled her. "Again. More hip throw. Don't waddle, strut. Walk like the slut we built." Carla's calves burned like fire, sweat slicked her oily skin making the latex squeak, and her mind went blank, her entire existence reduced to the crude, rolling rhythm of managing her heavy, jiggling assets.



PART 18

Carla collapsed back into the leather chair, her body a throbbing, incoherent mass of synthetic alterations. The marathon of runway training had shattered her sense of time; hours had dissolved into a blur of pain, blinding lights, and the cloying smell of sweat and hairspray. She could barely hold her head up under the weight of the platinum mane, her neck muscles straining against the heavy silicone breastplate glued to her chest.

Maya leaned in, her leopard-print arm steady as she wielded a lip brush. "The tattoos gave you the outline," she murmured, slathering a thick, sticky layer of high-voltage pink gloss over Carla's swollen, injected lips. "But you need to look wet. Always ready." She dusted shimmering powder over Carla's frozen, botoxed forehead, sealing the plastic mask of vacuity.

Suddenly, Sophia appeared in the mirror behind her, a predatory smile on her face. She wasn't holding a mirror this time; she was holding a collar—a thick band of rhinestones. "Carla is dead," Sophia announced, snapping the cold metal tight around Carla's throat. "You don't need a name that implies you have a brain. From now on, you're just this." The diamonds glittered in the harsh light, spelling out her new, permanent identity: BABY.



PART 19

The transformation was nearly absolute, but Sophia demanded total erasure. She leaned in, her white coat brushing against Carla's sticky, bronzed shoulder, and held up a pair of electric blue contact lenses. "Brown eyes are too soulful," Sophia whispered, forcing Carla's lids apart. "We need you to look vacant." She slid the plastic discs over Carla's corneas, instantly masking her natural gaze with a piercing, synthetic azure stare that held no depth, only brightness.

Simultaneously, Maya worked on the ears. She didn't use delicate studs; she shoved massive, gold hoop earrings through Carla's lobes, the metal cold and heavy. They swung against Carla's jaw with every breath, a constant tactile reminder of her new, ornamental existence.

Then came the collar. Sophia produced a wide band of glittering rhinestones, the letters **BABY** catching the harsh ring light. She wrapped it around Carla's throat, pulling it tight enough to slightly restrict her airflow before snapping the clasp shut. The cold metal pressed into her hot, oily neck, branding her as property.

"Look at me," Sophia commanded, gripping Carla's chin to force eye contact. "The smart woman who walked in here is dead. Tell me who you are now." Carla tried to swallow against the constriction of the choker. Her lips, swollen into a massive, immobile pout, felt rubbery and foreign. "Car... la," she slurred, the name tasting like ash.

"Wrong," Sophia hissed, tightening her grip. "I want your bimbo voice. High. Breathless. Brainless. Like you don't have a thought in your head." Carla blinked her heavy, false lashes, the blue contacts staring blankly ahead. She instinctively arched her back, pushing her silicone chest out, and forced a whimper through her throat. "I'm... Baby," she squeaked, the voice unrecognizable—an empty, aroused sound that belonged to a doll. "I'm just a stupid... plastic... Baby."



PART 20

Carmen stepped forward with the final piece of the architecture: a sheath of hot pink, metallic vinyl. It wasn't clothing; it was a casing. "Arms up, doll," Carmen grunted, roughly shoving Carla's stiff, oiled limbs into the garment.

The dress was engineered for maximum exposure and minimum breathability. Carmen hauled the fabric over the newly expanded hips, the material screeching loudly against the friction of the dark spray tan. Carla gasped as the latex bit into her flesh, compressing the waist trainer beneath even further and forcing her organs to rearrange themselves.

"Suck it in," Carmen commanded, gripping the heavy metal zipper at the base of Carla's spine. With a grunt of exertion, she yanked the tab upward. The zipper fought every inch of the way, struggling to contain the liters of hydro-gel and the massive silicone breastplate. Zzzzzzip. The sound was the final seal on a vacuum-packed product. The dress locked Carla's body into a permanent, hyper-sexualized arch, thrusting her chest violently upward and freezing her posture.

Sophia circled the shimmering pink statue, her eyes gleaming with malice. She ran a manicured fingernail down the tight, squeaking back of the dress. "You spent your life preaching about 'natural beauty' and 'intelligence,'" Sophia whispered, grabbing the rhinestone 'BABY' collar to jerk Carla's head back. "You hated women like this. You mocked them. So this... this is poetic justice. I'm not just changing your look, Carla. I'm turning you into the thing you despise most: a cheap, plastic, empty-headed bimbo. And you are going to make me a fortune."



PART 21

The transformation was complete, but the exhibition was just beginning. Carla—now fully "Baby"—stood paralyzed in the center of the room, a statue of hot pink latex and synthetic tan. Maya crouched at her feet, spraying a cloud of "High-Beam Shimmer" onto Baby's exposed thighs, ensuring that her legs looked less like skin and more like polished mahogany furniture.

Sophia stood a few feet away, her phone held high, recording every humiliated inch of her creation. "And... posted," Sophia announced, her voice dripping with cruel satisfaction. "I just uploaded the 'Before and After' to your business page. The 'Natural Goddess' has officially come out as a plastic slut."

Baby's breath hitched, her massive silicone chest heaving against the constriction of the vinyl dress. "You... you showed them?" she lisped, her finger drifting unconsciously to her swollen, open mouth in a gesture of pure, empty-headed confusion.

"The world knows," Sophia confirmed, stepping closer to shove the screen into Baby's face. "Look at the comments. They aren't horrified, darling. They're aroused. They prefer you this way."

Carmen crossed her muscular arms, blocking any path to retreat, while Elise smiled clinically from the sidelines. The trap was absolute.

"You can't go back to the boardroom looking like a blow-up doll," Sophia whispered, running a hand over Baby's hairsprayed helmet. "Your credibility is gone. The only way you survive now... the only value you have left... is to play the role we built you for." She snapped her fingers. "Chin down. Ass out. Look stupid. If you're going to be a bimbo, you better be the best one on the market."

Baby felt the last of her resistance crumbling under the weight of the implants and the shame. She didn't fight. She simply blinked her heavy blue eyes, arched her back until the latex squeaked, and surrendered to the lens.



PART 22

"My work here is done," Sophia announced, her voice cool and final as she pushed open the heavy steel exit door. The night air rushed in, chilling the sweat that had pooled beneath Baby's suffocating pink vinyl casing. Sophia leaned against the doorframe, pristine in her white lab coat, watching her creation wobble precariously on six-inch clear platforms. "You are a perfect, empty vessel now. And empty vessels need to be filled. There is a client waiting for you at Exotica who pays very well for fresh, plastic toys."

Baby tried to protest, but her massive, frozen lips only parted in a confused, breathy gasp. Before she could stumble, a heavy hand clamped around her bicep. Carmen had shed her grey athletic gear. She now loomed in a skintight, long-sleeved black leather bodysuit that clung to her muscular frame like a second skin, paired with aggressive thigh-high leather boots. She looked less like a trainer and more like a handler ready to transport illicit cargo.

"Walk," Carmen growled, her leather fingers digging comfortably into Baby's tender, spray-tanned flesh. She hauled the tottering bimbo toward the idling black SUV, the sound of Baby's heels scraping the pavement and the wet, heavy slap of her silicone breasts bouncing against the tight vinyl dress echoing through the alley.



PART 23

The sidewalk outside became a runway of absolute degradation. Carmen, looking like a dominant equestrian in her skintight black leather bodysuit and thigh-high boots, wrapped the silver chain around her fist and yanked. The metal links pulled sharp and hard against the rhinestone "BABY" choker, forcing Carla—no, Baby—to stumble forward into the barrage of flashbulbs.

"Eyes forward, pet," Carmen commanded, towing her prize toward the pulsating neon sign of Club Exotica. Baby tottered on her six-inch clear platforms, her balance compromised by the massive weight of her silicone chest and the liters of hydro-gel in her swaying hips. Every step was a lewd display; the hot pink vinyl dress screeching against her oiled thighs, squeezing her internal organs until her breath came in shallow, aroused gasps.

A crowd had gathered, a sea of smartphones raised to capture the fall of the businesswoman. They weren't jeering; they were hungry. Sophia stood at the edge of the velvet rope, filming the final handover with a smirk. Baby didn't hide. She couldn't. She simply licked her swollen, rubbery lips, arched her plastic back, and let Carmen drag her into the dark, thumping belly of the club to be used.



PART 24

Carmen towed Baby into the VIP gloom, the heavy bass of the club vibrating through the floor and up into Baby's aching, platform-shod feet. The trainer stopped abruptly, jerking the silver chain to force Baby into a stumbling halt. A hand, manicured and heavy with a gold watch, reached out from the shadows to intercept the leash.

Baby gasped as the man stepped into the spotlight. It was Julian—the investor she had publicly humiliated and swindled during her "purity" campaign. He didn't look angry; he looked hungry. He wrapped the chain around his fist and used his free hand to grip Baby's jaw, forcing her swollen, rubbery mouth open.

"Well, well," Julian sneered, his thumb pressing into her injected cheek. "The 'Natural Goddess' has finally found her true calling."

Baby felt a flush of hot shame burn through her spray tan, but beneath it was a sickening, electric jolt of arousal. She couldn't articulate an apology; her brain felt foggy, clouded by the fumes of hairspray and the sheer physical overwhelmingness of her new body. She just stared at him with her empty, blue-contacted eyes, her chest heaving against the pink latex, waiting to be told what she was.



PART 25

Carmen towed Baby into the VIP gloom, the heavy bass of the club vibrating through the floor and up into Baby's aching, platform-shod feet. The trainer stopped abruptly, jerking the silver chain to force Baby into a stumbling halt. A hand, manicured and heavy with a gold watch, reached out from the shadows to intercept the leash.

Baby gasped as the man stepped into the spotlight. It was Julian—the investor she had publicly humiliated and swindled during her "purity" campaign. He didn't look angry; he looked hungry. He wrapped the chain around his fist and used his free hand to grip Baby's jaw, forcing her swollen, rubbery mouth open.

"Well, well," Julian sneered, his thumb pressing into her injected cheek. "The 'Natural Goddess' has finally found her true calling."

Baby felt a flush of hot shame burn through her spray tan, but beneath it was a sickening, electric jolt of arousal. She couldn't articulate an apology; her brain felt foggy, clouded by the fumes of hairspray and the sheer physical overwhelmingness of her new body. She just stared at him with her empty, blue-contacted eyes, her chest heaving against the pink latex, waiting to be told what she was.



PART 26

"Drop it," Julian ordered, pointing to the floor. "Show me how a bimbo squats." Baby's legs were trembling from the hours of training and the altitude of her heels, but she didn't hesitate. She sank down, her knees popping wide, fighting to balance the crushing weight of her chest and the counter-weight of her expanded hips. The latex dress screamed in protest, stretching translucent over her thighs.

"Tell me what you want," Julian growled, tightening the leash until her neck craned upward.

Baby's eyes watered, mascara running down her orange cheeks. She felt stupid. Deliciously, mind-numbingly stupid. The complex thoughts of her past life were dissolving, replaced by a singular, throbbing need for approval.

"I... I want to be used," she lisped, her voice high and breathy, struggling around her paralyzed lips. "I want to be your... dirty... plastic toy."

"Louder," he demanded, forcing her to hold the agonizing squat.

"I'm a slut!" she squealed, the words feeling right on her tongue. "I'm just a dumb bimbo slut for you!" The humiliation triggered a rush of dopamine so intense her toes curled in her clear platforms. She wasn't pretending anymore; she was becoming the role.



PART 28

Julian finally allowed her to collapse. Baby crawled between his legs, the expensive fabric of his suit trousers brushing against her sticky, naked shoulders. She rested her hands on his knees, looking up at him with a gaze that was entirely devoid of intelligence. The blue contact lenses framed eyes that no longer held a spark of the businesswoman; they were the wide, vacant windows of a sex doll.

"Please," she moaned, her massive lips parting. "Please... fill me up."

She felt the heat of him, the power dynamic settling into a permanent groove. Her past—the career, the dignity, the name Carla—felt like a dream she had woken up from. This was reality. The tightness of the choker, the weight of the earrings, the pressure of the silicone.

Julian smirked, running a hand through her stiff, hairsprayed lion's mane. "Good girl," he whispered. "You're going to make me very happy, Baby."

Baby shivered, a wave of pure, submissive ecstasy crashing over her. She didn't want to think ever again. She just wanted to serve. She leaned her cheek against his leg, her mouth falling open, ready for her future as a permanent, plastic object of pleasure.

CONCLUSION, TWO YEARS LATER



Two years had dissolved the last traces of the woman who used to exist, replacing her with a hyper-inflated caricature of femininity. Baby tottered through the salon doors, the bell jingling in rhythm with the massive gold hoops that brushed against her collarbones. She was a vision of artificial excess, her skin tanned to a deep, mahogany bronze that contrasted violently with the white fur coat draped loosely over her arms. She didn't walk; she navigated the physics of her own construction. The silicone breastplate was a distant memory, replaced by the heavy, irreversible reality of 2500cc implants. It had taken two agonizing surgeries to stretch the skin this far, resulting in two massive, spherical globes that sat high on her chest, threatening to burst the seams of her hot pink, lace-up vinyl dress.

"Hi Sophia!" Baby squeaked, her voice an airy, brainless chirp. She leaned forward, resting the crushing weight of her chest onto the cool marble counter with a wet slap.

"Daddy gave me his credit card again. I need to be... shinier."

Sophia smiled, looking over the masterpiece she had engineered. Baby's face was unrecognizable. Her nose had been whittled down to a tiny, decorative button, and her lips were pumped to the point of permanent eversion massive, wet, pink pout that physically could not close.

"We have a big night," Baby giggled, tapping her long, neon-pink talons against the counter. "Daddy is lending me to his business partners. A whole party! I have to look like a brand-new doll."

Somewhere, buried deep beneath the layers of Botox and the haze of constant sexual conditioning, a ghost named Carla watched in horror. But the thought was fleeting, instantly drowned out by the rush of dopamine that flooded Baby's smooth, empty brain. She shifted her weight, feeling the massive, gelatinous shelf of her BBL wobble obscenely behind her, stretching the vinyl to its breaking point. She loved the tightness. She loved the heaviness. She loved that when she looked in the mirror, she didn't see a person anymore; she saw a hole to be used.

Baby blew a kiss to the plastic stranger in the glass, admiring the vacuous blue stare that matched her empty head. She shivered, not from cold, but from the cheap, electric thrill of being so visibly repurposed. She didn't need to ask to look stupid anymore; she had forgotten how to be anything else.

"Make me extra shiny, Sophia," Baby lisped, dragging a long, neon-pink talon over her swollen bottom lip until it left a wet streak. "Daddy says thinking gives me wrinkles. I just wanna look... blank. Like a brand new sex doll right out of the box." She giggled, a hollow, airy sound that vibrated through her massive silicone chest. "Make me look like I'm just waiting to be used. Because I am."

THE TRANSFORMATION CONTINUES...

THANK YOU FOR WITNESSING THIS CHAPTER OF THE JOURNEY

JOIN THE FAITH

PATREON: [PATREON.COM/AVARO56](https://www.patreon.com/AVARO56)

DEVIANART: [DEVIANART.COM/AVARO56](https://www.deviantart.com/AVARO56)

INSTAGRAM: [@AVARO56](https://www.instagram.com/AVARO56)

✨ CREATIVITY KNOWS NO LIMITS. YOUR SUPPORT MAKES THE
MAGIC POSSIBLE. 💎