

VIP Section Part 2

Contains breast, butt, thigh, and pussy expansion, as well as catgirl transformation

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.

Strrrrrtch

“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.

Strrrrrrrrrtch

"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.

Creeaaaaaa--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