

Bubbles

by Alex Streuth





Bubbles

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Continuity And Background

This story takes place within the charming dominion of Cherish Valley, if you have never visited here before it is a place where girls are reared to respect the lordship of men and the dominant fashion of the ladies in town is preened and pink. The original story written by "The Mayor" is titled 'Pretty Wives in Pink' and is modeled after the town of Stepford (The novel "The Stepford Wives" is ubiquitous enough, but you may find the

graphic novel “Stepford Bound” (by Simon Benson) useful for further reference.) My influences come from the writings and imagination of Benson and Gord as well as fiction from mygagorder.com and thunder-shark. The prominent themes are humiliation, degradation, mental conditioning, transformation, modification, bimbofication, objectification, big boobs, huge lips, forced feeding, dehumanization, helpless females, Dominant males, and long term suffering and servitude.

About The Author

My hobbies include collecting, examining, and designing. I sometimes come across inspiring stories or goings-on about Cherish and have been asked by the “Committee for the Preservation of the Historical Record of Proper Female Deportment” (the CPHD) to assemble and detail these accounts for posterity.

Authorship Disclosure

The following material originates from personal first-person observations, from video recordings, diaries, medical and scientific notes and other privately held (and confidential) sources, as well as from public town events and records. I then transpose these accounts into the third person and pen these tales in my free time. While this is intended

as a work of non-fiction for Cherish public record some dramatic and editorial license has been taken to help increase readership interest.

Also, as I am extremely busy not all of the gathered data can be included in each presentation. If you are an accredited researcher with a genuine academic interest you may be allowed access to more extensive information. In order to request this more thorough (and graphically detailed) explanation of certain material presented, please send your request (noting with which area of record your particular interest lies) to Streuthanasia@gmail.com.

About The Illustrator

My drawings illustrate what happened when photos weren't taken. For details I often reenact scenes with my living doll.

Publishers and fans who are interested in my art are encouraged to send me an email at jp_honeymaster@yahoo.com.

Bubbles

Introduction

Bubbles belonged to Tim Adams, a gentle and kind old man who wanted nothing more than to enjoy the simple pleasures of Cherish and to relive the 'good old days' when times were simpler. He missed his daughter and he missed his wife, bless their souls, they had passed away over 4 years ago. He missed the simple smile of his young daughter and the delight she had taken in the simplest things which were new to her young mind. He also missed the comforting sight of his wife's naked form and the warmth her body brought him on cold nights.

He had been talked into moving into Cherish by his childhood friend Nate Siccombs whom he had known since he was a boy. Nate and he had gone through puberty together, and discovered girls together. Back then there was no internet and no easy way to get a good look at a naked woman so he and Nate did what they could; they made up fantasies and shared them with each other. But that had been so long ago and he hadn't talked to Nate in a long time. Then, a few months after his loved ones had past away, Nate swept him away into a new fantasy, one in which he could be with his darling little

girl again, and enjoy the more basic comforts of a wife, with what Nate had called 'one tight little unit'.

Now anyone else coming to him with this idea would have seemed ludicrous, but Tim trusted Nate and knew that gleam in his eye well enough from their childhood to know that this was worth looking into. One evening in Cherish with Nate, enjoying the fruits of his home was all it took to convince Tim to bring his retirement and insurance money to Cherish to invest in his new future.

Moving to Cherish had been the single greatest day of Tim's adult life; while he had loved his wife and treated her with great respect as a strong woman and partner he had always felt like he wanted more from her, he wanted to finally be able to live out those fantasies he had as a kid, but he had respected her too much to act on any of them. Now, he came to learn, here in Cherish, he could 'adopt' a new partner, one whom he could name himself, and teach to be his own ideal woman, one he would neither need to view as an equal or treat with any amount of human regard; his own female toy.

Chapter 1 Bargain Hunting

Tim had been so eager to join the community of Cherish that he failed to add up the financial cost and found himself in a bit of a pickle. He had gotten himself a nice new home with all of the amenities but he didn't have a lot of money left to spend on a monthly basis on the maintenance of a large staff like Nate had. He needed to be able to get the companionship he wanted at a bargain price—luckily for him, Alex Streuth was the man to see about bargains.

“So you've just moved in, I see, very nice home, nice starter space, very nice to see new members in our community, as a new 'man of the cloth' I'd like to help you get started with your collecting. May I show you one of newest acquisitions?” Alex peered at Tim with a business man's savvy and guile, savoring the smell of 'fresh meat' in the community, but reminding himself not to charge the man too much, it was just too easy to sell newbies a woman for way more than she was worth; the new members tended to still be close minded about the role of women as commodity and generally thought that the 'goods' were worth more than they really were. Alex peered at his nails, thinking about how nice it was to be on the acquisitions board in Cherish.

“Well,” Tim began, “I don't have a lot of money to spend at the moment, so I'd prefer it if you'd show me one of your bargain models.” Alex frowned. He pursed his lips momentarily and then went into another sales

pitch, but before he could get more than a few words out Tim cut him off “Now you see here young man, I was getting ripped off by better salesmen than you while you were still figuring out how best to get milk from your mommy's teat, so you cut the bull and show me what you got in the back.” Alex smiled begrudgingly; he could get to like this guy.

“This way, this way, don't mind the clutter, what'd you say your name was?” Alex led Tim towards the bargain wares.

“Tim Adams, and you're Alex . . . ?”

“Streuth, Alex Streuth, a pleasure to meet you Tim, you must forgive me my manners, my business takes me out into the field, around unmodified women you know,” Alex shuddered “and I'm afraid that their uncivilized behavior rubs off on me. But between us men let us talk business.” Alex smiled as he flicked on the light in the backroom.

After much perusal and negotiation Tim had selected the 'starter model' of his dreams and Alex had offloaded some damaged wares:

Tim handed Alex the agreed upon amount, “A gentleman need not count it,” Tim said and Alex nodded politely.

“Now remember what I said,” Alex cautioned, “she is a bargain because she is a failure in the lab, the Doc operated on her and I'm afraid he was a little hung over at the time and so she didn't turn out to spec. The client who ordered her had asked that she retain her memories and intelligence so that he could break her down and enjoy her suffer-

ing,” Alex said exasperatedly, because he had been that client “and instead because of a little error on the Doc’s part the little twit can’t remember much of anything about her past, in fact her attention span is about as good as a butterfly, and she’s as slow as a board. That being said, her body is in perfect working order, it’s had its shots, been sterilized and tested for signs of infirmity and is very flexible and spry.” Alex smiled like a man who had done some of the quality assurance testing himself.

“Also, inside her cage when she arrives at your house you will find her papers, these include her vital statistics, a brief account of her life before she came here as well as what modifications and enhancements were done to her form. Should you require any further assistance,” and here Mr. Streuth fell into the monotone of someone who had repeated the same little speech hundreds of times, which he had, “or upgrades to the product please feel free to contact me or Dr. Herbert at the clinic during regular business hours and in the event of an emergency if the product is still under warranty we will be happy to issue you a ‘loner’ while we repair any defect or reimburse you for the cost of your item minus a 15% restocking fee. If you need any repairs made after the warranty is up you can still see us but you must understand that we only do that kind of work when we must, as our research and enhancements come first, and you can always take your purchase to Cherish Medical if you need the banal services of restorative medicine.”

That last line wasn’t exactly textbook but Alex liked to express his views on the work his and Dr. Herbert’s clinic did in furthering

the role of women in their community. The little placard over their clinic entrance read ‘Women Studies’. Alex stuck his tongue in his cheek and bade the good man goodbye.

Chapter 2 Finally, Tim Gets To Unwrap The Goodies

Feeling like the taste he had gotten at Nate’s was but a mere glimmer in his memory Tim arrived home still exhausted from his dealings with the agile and slippery Mr. Streuth, not a wholly unpleasant character, but, he was sure, a man of few redeeming features.

Having waded through what felt like it must have been hours of paperwork Tim arrived home to his comfortable abode exhausted and ready to go to sleep. He perked up at the site of the packing crate which had arrived before him, his lovable little darling tucked safely away inside, enduring the sleepless dreams of sedation and breathing breezily.

Tim walked over to stand by the crate, savoring his ownership as he wiped his boots on the wooden structure and then pulled an easy chair over so that he could gaze at his new treasure in comfort. He withdrew the packing slip and slipped on his reading glasses before perusing further, the packing slip read:

Contents

1 One 22 y/o unit ‘like new’

1 3yr. warranty form (to be filled out and



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returned.)

1 set of Identification papers (to be filled out and mailed to the Clerk of Records.)

1 Unit ownership history

1 Unit specifications

1 Unit modification history

1 Unit medical assessment

Tim quietly filled out the warranty form, relying on his self-discipline that came from a lifetime of self-sacrifice and hard work as he crossed the I's and dotted the T's of his purchase. He then set aside the warranty to be mailed later and looked over the identification papers. The first paper appeared to be the identification details of the young woman he had purchased before she had come to Cherish but he decided not to learn about her; he wanted her to be a blank slate to him; he could always look over it later. Instead he looked at the blue paper underneath which was the identification paper for her here in Cherish Valley. The first line read:

Name _____

(first names only for toys, dolls, and missy's; wives take your surname, pets and objects please refer to the identification tag and fill in the number found there.)

Tim thought carefully about it for a minute, rubbing his pen gently under his chin, wanting to make sure he got this just right for his little baby doll in the crate over there. She was starting to wake up it looked like. Tim leaned forward to look into the crate as she woke up, rubbed her eyes with her little pink mittened hands, looked up at him, her huge-lipped mouth forming a small natural 'o', dripping a slight bit of drool she breathed in

slowly through her tightly corseted waist and cooed up at him "Goo." She then proceeded to blow a spit bubble in her perfect little ring-shaped mouth and blinked at him through dainty doe-like eyes.

Tim smiled down at her, his manhood hardening in his trousers as he hastily filled in 'Bubbles' on her ID sheet and then put the papers aside as he hurried to unlock the crate and take out his prize.

Chapter 3 Some Getting To Know One Another

The modification sheet read:

Face: "Airhead Treatment"

Lip puckering, permanent pink stain, saline ring insertion to create 'O'-shaped mouth style #21c "Fishlips"

Heightening of cheek bones, light rouge permanent stain to cheeks, bone structure sized for Size 9 facial attachments

Eyes widened to Doll #4E proportions, "Doe-like, dainty, beseeching"

Nose reduced to button-type 4E "Bimbo standard" with additional 20% reduction to AIC/B (Air intake capacity per breath)

Cranial palate denuded and given electrolysis to retard growth, fitted for wig category

Swedish Ponytail, colour Blonde, subcategory "Little girl" and attached with epoxy polymer to scalp.

Warning: Vocal cords unaltered, this could lead to civil liability (See citizen's handbook "Acceptable female behavior in Public places.")

Torso: Protocol 70/30 for Ladies

Note: Chest 70/ Waist 30, average acceptable proportions for ladies of Cherish, substandard for toys, cumbersome on utility objects not classified for human interaction.

(At this point Tim referenced the Product Specifications sheet to get her vitals, she was a lovely 48FF to a nicely shaped 20" waist. Further perusal noted that she was 48FF-20-34 with an IQ of 63 and stood 5'5" tall. To Tim's 6'1" that was a nice difference in height.)

Lung capacity is tested at 50ppi (Parts per intake; A normal teenage male has ~800ppi.) Any physical exertion results in labored breathing, she is incapable of more than shallow breaths. Ability to hold breathe is measured at 19.2seconds before dizziness.

Arms: "Maid Treatment"

Procedure: Gradual depletion of upper arm strength resulting in child-like capabilities perfect for menial tasks but unsuitable for long-term activity. Hands trained to curl and slightly wrap thumb, fashion style "Pseudo dog" making it difficult and time-consuming for precision tasks.

Legs: "Light & Upright" style for Ladies

Procedure: Electrolysis of all hair roots, permanent light tanning to hose colour "Light Sierra" requires 3 month re-application.

Knee movement reduced through surgery to impede mobility, leg swing reduced to 15 degree arc.

Feet: "Dainty" style for Ladies

Shortening of calf muscles for increased 'en Pointe' stance,

Footwear range increased: [Must Wear >3" heels, May Wear up to 9" heels.]

(Tim inspected his treasure's feet to see a dainty pair of bubblegum pink 4" gellies clasped securely to her feet, making her just the prettiest little thing he had ever seen.)

Tim watched his prize as she shifted in her crate, apparently distracted by a playtoy that had been included in the cage. It was a little toy mouse on a string and Bubbles was poking it with her nose, and smelling it before swatting at it with her mittened and cupped hand, eliciting a squeal of delight from the girl before she batted it again and then clapped her hands excitedly as it swung lazily around.

Tim stepped forward to introduce himself, unzipping his pants to express himself fully, his 9" cock swinging into view. He unfastened the cage door and beckoned his little princess forward, her curiosity piqued by

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this strange sight in front of her, as though she had never seen a man naked before (her simple mind having been reduced to a childlike state by the surgeon's blunder, she needed to be taught everything again.)

Tim grasped her firmly by the shoulders as her inquisitive face perked further and her lips went from their natural dumb state of an 'o' into a more quizzical "O" by her curiosity. Tim seized the opportunity and rushed in to meet her with a kiss. Bubbles choked and gagged delightfully as Tim thrust his member into her head and enjoyed his first purchase in Cherish.

Bubbles mewled pitifully as Tim thrust into her face, his patience over, he enjoyed the slop-slopping of his cock on her enhanced and bulging, huge wonderfully soft and pillowy lips. Her throat had apparently been modified to be more accommodating of cock and not noted on the modifications sheet. It must be a standard procedure in Cherish and not worth noting. He wondered to himself at the amazing skill his little girl had to be an airhead as she looked up at him meekly and said "Dlah-dlah" (Da-da) through his ministrations on the inside of her huge, pillowy-lipped mouth and throat, oh she was so young and virile, so full of life and so eager to learn, Tim pressed the button in the back of her throat, the soft little nubbin that some men called a uvula and Tim called the 'entrance to Heaven' as he shot his spermy load directly into the back of his young plaything's throat, a straight and secure shot down into her little tummy, where she would burp and drool, her mouth leaking stupidly and lewdly with its juice.

"Good, but it could be better", Tim said, and reached for the paperwork next to him to check "Increased saliva production" as his complimentary upgrade for his first home purchase in Cherish.

Chapter 4 Home Schooling

Tim spent the next few weeks training his Bubbles in the proper way to behave and to think. It was a pleasure for him to correct her, and while she was a fully functioning 22 year old woman, she was slow and he had to keep repeating the same lessons over and over. When she finally learned how to talk properly, pronouncing the word 'three', "fwee" and using proper vocabulary so that her vagina was her 'no-noes' and Tim was her 'Daddy' he was ready for his first test.

Finally Tim was all set for his homecoming party, where he was ready to introduce Nate and a few of Nate's friends to meet his new charge. He had spent all day preparing the house and had even sent Bubbles on a minor and inconsequential errand that would keep her busy while he finished preparations:

Bubbles was taking baby steps on her 7" heels, as far as her legs would allow, which was about 2" before she had to stop and take the next laborious step; mincing about upright, her curvaceous thighs swishing back and forth under their tight skirt with frills.

Taking little steps and breathing in briskly, and shallowly, she made her way slowly into the kitchen. She was distracted by a bird outside the sliding glass door and she dropped the thing she was supposed to be carrying. She bent over at the waist to pick it up like she was taught, saying "Oopsie" for having dropped something, meanwhile showing her ass off tightly to anyone around. She then counted to three to 'help her concentrate' just like her Daddy taught her. "One," she said, swishing her ass to the right, "ttwo," she said, not sure if that was the right number, but swishing her ass to the left extra hard for emphasis, her bimbo mouth dribbling and spitting as she spoke, "fwee," she counted loudly to no one around her. If anyone were to have been watching they would have seen a perfectly made up 22 year old woman mincing about in very high heels, clacking loudly through the kitchen carrying a little note she couldn't read which said 'Fuckbunny' on it. They would have seen her drop the note as she was distracted by a bird outside the window chirping, and then heard her say "Oopsie" in dismay in little girl's voice. Then they would have watched with increased appreciation as her magnificently perfect bubble of a butt stretched as she bent over at the waist, her massive heaving bosom straining at her outmatched and overworked bra, threatening to spill over the sides, and then for no reason in particular counted loudly "One," swishing her ass to the side, "ttwo," in the voice of a little girl with a severe lisp, sashaying back to the left, her miniskirt riding up more lewdly with each thrust, and then finally "fwee," in the happy and loud voice of a three-year-old. If you had been watching closely you would have

noticed that this young woman was in a very vulnerable position, with just a little push she would have toppled forward, her mouth was leaking saliva over the floor, making it more slippery.

Her stupid mouthhole spiffing drool sloping all over the tile all the while, she had completed the instruction her Daddy had taught her to always follow after anytime she needed to bend over. Her little brain couldn't focus on more than one task at a time, so after she had finished counting so that anyone in the house would know that she was in a very vulnerable position, she let her eyes focus on the object she had dropped. She took a moment to remember what it was she was doing, but she had forgotten. She stuck a finger in her mouth and tried hard to think about it. She looked down at the note she had dropped and then she remembered that she was going to pick it up. She clapped her hands in excitement and her eyes widened in anticipation of the completion of the simple task, she was going to pick it up!

Just then a dandelion puff swept by on a breeze and she was distracted by it, she clapped her hands excitedly at it, all of this excitement was making her brain hurt. She forgot her manners as a lady and without thinking began to chase after it as quick as she could in her painfully high heels, taking small mincing steps as far as her shortened calf muscles would let her. She grinned stupidly at the dandelion puff and chased after it, her bosom heaving with the effort, her overworked bra groaned, and then while she was continuing to 'run' the bra snapped

open, sending her melons bouncing free, up and down, up and down, as she chased the dandelion puff around the island 'clackclack clackclack clackclack' her heels went. She had to stop and catch her breath, her heaving bosom swayed under her, her frilly miniskirt riding up slowly on her tight, puffy, bubble-butt. 'Ooooooh' she said, and her lips formed a perfect 'o', she saw the dandelion puff. For a bit there she had forgotten what she was chasing and had just run around the island excitedly for no reason, like a dog chasing its tail. As she got more excited thinking about catching the puff, saliva flowed increasingly into her mouth and then drooled down her chin. It leaked more copiously the more excited she got, and it continued to slobber down her chin, hanging for a second and then dribbling down onto her tits where it was soon being splashed around by the bouncing bubblics. As she chased the puff around the kitchen, her heels clacking on the tile floor, and her saliva dripping down her bust and then splashing around the room by the massive upheaval of her chest with each 'stride,' her reason for taking the 20-minute walk through the living room to reach the kitchen had been completely forgotten.

She slipped on the now wet floor, she landing hard on her overblown melons, causing them to squash under her weight, her face curling up in pain. Her head was cushioned by her voluptuous bounty that had caused her downfall, like an airbag they caught her face in their crevasse. Her ponytail snagged on something though, and her head jerked painfully back up as her body continued to shift forward under the momentum of her pendulous orbs. As she came to a halt, her

hair caught in the table, and tugging at her scalp she began to mewl loudly like a toddler.

Nate walked in through the backdoor holding a housewarming present and saw Bubbles before him as he entered, she was quite disheveled by her fall. Her usually perfectly immaculately applied babydoll make-up, with powder blue eyes and bubblegum lipstick was smeary with her eyelash mascara as her tears flowed down her face. Her pleated golden blonde schoolgirl braids were caught on the tablecloth, causing the warm fondue to fall over and drip down off the table so that it landed on her miniskirt, riding down her bubble butt and nestling in her crack before cascading over it flowing down her perky little cunt, ruining her pink lipstick and surrounding lip liner with its gooey brown color. Nate walked straight over to her and thrust a finger into her cunt, wriggling it around before withdrawing a healthy portion of fondue and girl juice, licking the gob off his finger and proclaiming "Tasty!" to the struggling girl who badly needed his help. Her pert ass wriggling back and forth as she struggled.

Her large tits were quashed under her body, and her breathing was very shallow, her caterwauling abruptly stopped as she weezed, caught short by her lack of oxygen. In fact, without help, she would have strained hard to keep enough oxygen coming in through her twice-crushed lungs, crushed once by the back-breaking pink frilly boned corset that she wore, and once more through the fall and the weight of gravity upon her massive mammories. Nate watched her struggle, savoring her helplessness and neediness as she tried unsuccessfully to push herself up



off the ground; her diminished arms pushed futilely at the tile, even if they were able to get any traction in their frilly lace coverings on the tile, they had no strength, that and her top-heavy proportions effectively beached her. Her massive bosom pouring out over the floor in front of her, chocolate dribbling down into her anus and cunny, Bubbles was helpless and in pain, unable to move from her position on the floor, thrashing about with her useless arms and trying to wriggle her hair free from the snag. After a few moments, with Nate watching her futile actions and savoring her delectable situation, Tim finally arrived, a look of exasperation on his face, what was this, the 3rd time today she had fallen on her own?

Tim finally arrived and helped her up, wanting to maintain the façade of gallantness while he had guests over, he could always trip his darling as she walked around the house, she was unable to see down past her gigantic bosom which he had begun slowly increasing by feeding her supplemental hormones in her daily mush, unless she was bent over at that tiny waist of hers. (Incidentally he had by accident discovered that his darling sweetheart had a predilection for 'nursing straight from the bottle', so to speak. When he first tried to feed her with a spoon he discovered to his surprise and delight that she had cried 'Waa' and reached for his crotch area whaling 'Ba-ba, ba-ba!') Subsequent investigation had revealed that her psyche, since it had effectively 'restarted' under the clumsy drunken surgery of Dr. Spencer, had latched onto him instinctively as a nurturing figure.

Tim had exploited this to great advantage, taking the opportunity of teaching Bubbles a simplified and quite skewed view of the world. As far as she knew there was no world outside of Cherish Valley and all of its ideals and views were taught to her as gospel. Since she had a very low intellect he didn't bother with higher concepts, instead keeping things simple and letting her latch onto what she could already see, letting her suckle at his manhood at feeding time, stroking her head and comforting her while she grew to think of the penis as a guiding, comforting, nurturing symbol of, and Tim made her repeat this very slowly and exactly, in her little girl speech, "Man's dominwion."

"There, there," Tim said, comforting his little girl, "it's alright, Daddy's here." He spoke to her as though talking to an infant. Stroking her hair he carefully re-arranged her wig so that her schoolgirl locks were perfect again, freeing her from the snag. He helped her to roll over onto her back, the surgery on her legs making it an impossibility for her to be on her knees, he sat her up and then brought his cock out, turning to wink at Nate, who was watching the whole scene with amusement and already nursing a stiffy himself. "Do you want your Ba-ba?" The tearful and out-of-breath girl stopped her struggling and mewling to look up at him as though he were her savior, and eagerly nodded, her baby-pucked mouth already pursing in expectation of the comfort and nurture of Tim's guidance. Tim guided his manhood close to her face but stopped short of putting it in, he waited for the girl to lean forward a bit, her compromised hands folding neatly in her lap as a good little girl should, she closed

her eyes and sucked on Tim's cock, nursing contentedly.

"Wow man," Nate said, "That's some little puppy you got there. Here I brought you some wine, I'll just stick it in the fridge. I have another friend coming over later, you said I could bring friends, is that cool?" Tim nodded at Nate, the little girl nursing at his cock cooed and burped a little spit bubble around it. Tim held a finger up to his mouth, asking for quiet while he calmed the young woman. Bubbles suckled and Tim stroked her hair and told her "There there, that's my good little girl, that's my precious little fuckbunny." Bubbles didn't know what a fuckbunny was, but she smiled when he said it because he said it so nicely to her. After a few moments of peaceful interlude Tim motioned Nate to come closer to the resting girl. Careful not to disturb his little angel who was nursing contentedly, Tim sidled a tiny bit to the side, eliciting a coo from his little girl who turned her head a little to nurse better. When Nate drew near Tim signaled with his hands for him to bring his own tool out and bring it close. Nate was only too happy to oblige and watching Tim for the plan he carefully brought his own cock up to Bubbles's unsuspecting mouth and then positioned it so that when Tim drew his out Bubbles would lean forward, her eyes still closed, and accept Nate's manhood as her succor.

Nate didn't last long and soon came down Bubbles throat, she gurgled happily and smiled as much as she could with her mouth full of cock, dutifully swallowing it and then opening her eyes to say 'dank you.' Her brow

furrowed as she saw that it was a strange man who was standing before her. This was new to her but she vaguely remembered something in her mind and the more she thought about it the more she tried not to think and just remembered what her owner had taught her, that her job was to serve and to obey any man who she met. "I will always honor any man I meet, remembering to be polite, and dutiful. To always bow low in introduction and show them my nice, big, pink lips. I will purse my mouth and then show them my charm." She didn't know what it all meant but a little light went on in her head as she remembered the formal greeting Tim had made her perform over and over until she memorized it.

Tim helped her to stand up since it was an impossibility for her to get up herself, her arms were practically useless, and her legs would not bend. Her tits wobbled a little as she was stood upright. She pursed her fish-lipped, super-wet mouth and blew a spit bubble to show Nate how nubile her bees-tung, pouting mouth was, Tim had told her "Men like girls who are fertile, so make sure you show them your wet mouth and let them know that you will do your best to please them. Make sure to smile big and pretty and blow them kisses." Bubbles did just that by dribbling down her chin and making smacking noises with her lewd cockhole. Then, bowing low and formally, her hands making a curtsy with the frilly lace of her miniskirt she turned mincingly around, as quickly as she could, which was very slowly until her bottom was presented to Mr. Siccombs. In a mock curtsy (a move which Tim called 'tipping your hat') Bubbles flipped up the hem

of her miniskirt to reveal her little asshole which she puckered in imitation of a pursing mouth. After a few moments of puckering and unpuckering and making kissing/smacking noises with her mouth to show that she was blowing him kisses she moved to her cunt which she pulled open with her fingers and showed her most deep insides to the man whom she had never met before. She was introducing herself to him, she moved the lips of her no-noes back and forth in a carefully practiced lipsync while saying with her mouth “My name is Bubbles, pleased to meet you” and then fluttering her cunt open and closed quickly in a fluttering motion as though batting her eyes.” She didn’t understand exactly what she was doing but she knew that men were very important and that this was how she could get off to a good start with them and she hoped they liked her because she practiced hard to do this right and please.

Chapter 5 A Lesson In Hygiene

“Very good Bubbles,” Tim praised, “But you must remember to look your best when meeting new people, when you fell you smeared your make-up, you got syrup all over your no-noes. Here let me clean that off and then you can introduce yourself again properly.” Tim went to the sink and got the special ‘cleaning’ hose which stretched across the room. Whenever Bubbles made a mess he brought her into the kitchen for a

good hosing; in fact he hadn’t bothered to show her any other method of bathing and so she knew that when she got dirty she should mewl for him, or, if he was out of the house, come into the kitchen so as to only drip on the tile until he got home.

Subchapter (*Warning: Skip ahead to the next paragraph if you don’t like scat*)

The kitchen had a grate in the corner which led to the house’s sewer system. The grate had a sliding plastic cover so that the smells of the septic tank could be kept out, when Tim cleaned Bubbles he kept it closed and the soiled water washed into a side reservoir which could be emptied outside. Whenever she had to go to the bathroom Tim had her use it as her potty. Toilet training occurs at a very early age so it took a little while for Bubbles’s mind to adjust to the idea, since it still had some notion of proper human toilet use. Tim had been careful never to show her the inside of a bathroom. Her confused and easily suggestible mind took his lessons to heart, that little girl’s “Learn to push and grunt.” She was embarrassed at first because this just didn’t seem right, but over time she became acclimatized to her place and in order to please Tim more for resisting him so much at first she went to great lengths to do what he wanted during her “Potty times.” At first Tim hadn’t had much interest in watching her as she did this, he just wanted to think of her as a fucktoy and his little girl, and you had to train a little girl to use the bathroom properly. But recently he had begun making it more unpleasant for Bubbles, forcing her to spend time in the corner with

the smell of herself lingering while he 'made sure she was all done' before he cleaned her off. Additionally he had been making sure she showed him that she was 'making potty the right way,' because it was his job to make sure she did it right. That meant that she had to make sure her ass was displayed lewdly as she urinated, and then grunted, squatting over the drain. Eventually her lips would quiver as she defecated in plain sight of him while he watched, even though she was a dumb bimbo girl she knew that this was a private matter, and her face blushed red in embarrassment when he watched her do this. Sidenote: For those who wish to know, one of the reasons Mr. Adams marks Bubbles's make-up T and B (as you will find later on in this story) is because he takes great pleasure in introducing her T make-up (the ones used for her face, the eyeliner, mascara, and lipstick) to his soiled anus after he has used the restroom and before he has wiped up entirely. He never shares this fact with Bubbles, and takes great delight in her lack of knowledge of the private relationship he shares with her lashes, lips, and eyes. After depositing the stick back into the holder the smell of the new addition becomes diffuse and hard to notice. It is also hard for Bubbles to notice its taste when she is fed it in her mush three times daily.

He walked back to Bubbles and pointed to the corner. Bubbles maintained her posture, with her waist bent, her head lower than her jutting posterior, in part because it was a difficult task for her to struggle back to a standing position and also because she knew that she needed to be in this position when she reached her cleaning corner. She minced

over to the corner, her pink heels click-clacking on the kitchen tile and the drool from her huge lips still dribbling down onto the floor ever so slowly, like a syrupy puddle it formed on her lips and chin, oozing down her lower face before gobbing and falling 'splat' onto the floor.

When she reached the grate she was careful not to let her heels slip into the grate as she leaned down and carefully positioned herself in her washing pose. She was bent full at her 19" waist (Tim had managed to get it down another inch since he had bought her) her huge 50HH udders (a noticeable improvement from her 'birth' proportions of 70/30) weighing her down, her useless hands lying limp at her sides. Her legs had absolutely no give in them; her knees were practically locked straight from the Doctor's replacement of her kneecaps with surgical steel implants, guaranteeing that her mobility was always a difficult process. Her breathing was very shallow and her miniskirt rode up on her 40inch bubble butt (Tim had been spoon-feeding her creamy concoctions that were high in fat, as well as containing essential vitamins to ensure her health and growth. The corset ensured proper placement of the weight, and the hormones helped her bust to maintain its robustness.) (Occasionally he would take her into see the Doctor about an augmentation to help her gargantuan chest maintain its firmness and to remove any sag so that they always seemed to bounce on the top of her chest, pointing straight ahead (or angle back towards her ass in this case.))

Enjoying the pleasant sight before him Nate

let out a low whistle of appreciation for the lightly tanned beauty before him, "You know with those udders she would make for good cattle my friend, you could probably get a good price for her from a rancher around here that I know."

"No thanks," Tim rejoined, "I'd just as soon get a return on my investment by enjoying my creation the old-fashioned way." Tim winked at Nate.

"Just a thought, my friend, remember, you have to pay your dues, and you'll tire of her at some point I'm sure. There's no harm in getting a younger one whenever you want." Bubbles continued to stare down dumbly as the men talked about her as though she weren't there. She was concentrating on maintaining her posture and on breathing, which consumed a great deal of her attention most of the time.

Tim blasted her with the hose, concentrating on getting the gunk off of her, spraying it into her holes, first her top hole and then her bottom. Bubbles obliged as she had been taught by opening each of them in turn and cleaning inside with her fingers, Tim had to shut off the water and go over and smack her fingers when she disobediently started fingering herself. "What have I told you!" he said angrily, smacking her fingers and shoving her hand to the side "That, is, your, no-noes!" he emphasized each word with a smack to her very prominent behind, watching her body shake in response to his slaps. Her tits wobbled from the force and her ass responded nicely as well. She was shivering now with the cold of the water but he was

embarrassed at her behavior, especially in front of company.

Chapter 6 A Redressing

He grabbed her head and, despite her protests and mewls of unhappiness he pushed it down towards the floor, closer to the grate, her body easily angling lower due to her proportions. In the midst of her mewling and putting her hands up into a begging position (as Tim taught her to do when she wanted something) he opened the grate up, allowing her to breathe in the unpleasant odors of their public sewer it connected to. He looked off to the side and counted idly while Bubbles struggled to move her head further from its wretched position. "This is for touching your no-noes," Tim said sternly. After another couple moments he smacked her behind again, each spanking causing her breasts to jiggle again and for her to cry out pitifully in shame. Finally he closed the grate, its odor mildly reaching up to where he was standing as well now, and he towed her off, careful not to give her too much pleasure as he dried most of the moisture from her posterior and then turned her around.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" He asked her. She nodded her head eagerly, desperate to get away from the offal, she wanted him to like her again, she knew she had been a bad girl and she was sorry. "Ok then, make up your face and then make proper intro-



ductions with this nice man who has come all this way to meet you.” Bubbles nodded and then reached for her make-up kit which Tim handed to her from the kitchen countertop. Her make-up was in a little tiny and dainty pink plastic waterproof purse covered in lady-bug spots. Inside were two types of make-up, the type for her top and type for her bottom. She didn’t understand much but she could tell the big T Tim had written on them from the big B he had written. She got out the ones marked B.

With careful attention she felt her backside with one hand, making the slow journey up and around her backside, her ample bubble-butt a challenging opponent for her limited dexterity and feeble strength. Still, she had practiced this ritual many times as Tim had watched her from behind to make sure she had gotten it just right and she had very little else to do that required her arms so she managed this with practiced utility: One hand held her pussylips open, and the other slowly, and deftly applied thick layers of pink lipstick to her labia and pussyface. Next came a layer of slightly darker pink to coat her clit and to run around the inside of her face, then a layer of lip gloss to coat the whole affair and make it glisten invitingly, and then finally a lip liner to trace the outside. As Tim had taught her she very carefully took the lip pen and drew dimples at the side of her pussy. She was taught very early on that she was to keep a very hairless and highly visible and inviting pussy through the stringent use of wax and tweezers. Next she made-up her puckered hole above with a bright red lipstick, smearing it around and then also applying a layer of lip gloss to it.

After each application she made sure to flex her ass so that it got an even coat, and she smacked her mouth lips while she did this, as she had been taught. (“It lets the man know that you can do this with style and class,” Tim had said to her, “You need to make sure that he pays attention to you, so you need to show him that you are a true lady, and you know how to put lipstick on.” (The next part was said in unison, with Bubbles joining in, since it was a refrain which followed a lot of lessons she was taught. Tim encouraged her to say outloud anything she was learning or thinking.) “While the man watsches to enssure proper womanwy behavior.”) Bubbles knew she was doing it right, she had practiced so many times, her head was not watching anything, so far away from the activity and the focus of the men’s attention, but she beemed with pride because she thought that maybe they were watching her, and she was so happy to have an audience. She knew that all that hard work and ‘studying’ had paid off, now here she was, with a strange man watching how good she was at ‘putting on her face!’

Chapter 7 Fucktoy

Bubbles went through the ritual of introduction one more time for Nate, the whole time she had been ‘making up her face’ he had been enthralled by the utter beauty of her body, such a luscious ass, and such a gorgeous twat, so wet and as she traced it in lip

liner he knew he had to have it. He had been stroking himself behind her the whole time she had been being punished, and now here was the trollop practically begging for it. As she moved her holes with her fingers and facsimiled speech he grabbed the sides of her bountiful rump and thrust into her just as she was holding her pussy open to begin talking.

Nate fucked her hard and thrust in and out of her perfectly made-up vagina, taking it fast, ruining all of her past 15-minutes of work carefully applying each layer and stroke, with utter ease he disheveled her backside and claimed her plush bent-over half-form. Her giant tits thumped back and forth, smacking her knees and then her chin as he grasped both of her useless hands behind her back and held onto them for greater thrust. He bowled into her, taking her hard and leaving her ragged for breath. Just as he was about to cum into her little cunny he stuck a finger a small ways into her puckered and beautifully made-up asshole, causing her to inhale sharply and her body to jerk with a start at the intrusion. Smiling devilishly he wiggled his finger around the freshly cleaned hole, bucking into her helpless form and cumming deep into her sterilized womb.

Epilogue

Smiling pleasantly now, having just cum into this little fuckbucket he pulled out and spun her around, her avid face gazing up at

him in awe as he plunked his meat into her huge, fish-lipped mouth for a good cleaning. As Bubbles diligently cleaned his tool, her eyes straining to look up at him, he never once looked down at her face, instead turning to his mate Tim to continue talking with him. "Great party you got going here man," Nate said to his beaming friend, his finger being cleaned by the helpless and eager young woman in front of them. The two left Bubbles to waddle awkwardly after them, her soiled rear leaking gunk as she minced towards them on the kitchen tile "click, clack, click" her sore rear caused her to walk even slower, almost defeated, as she did her best to follow loyally after her owner. As she was reaching the edge of the tile Tim turned about and said "No-o." He pointed back into the cleaning corner. Bubbles knew what that meant, so she turned around, she was dirty and dripping so she went slowly back to the corner, clicking, walking in tiny, slow, baby steps, her udders hanging down as she kept her lowered posture, not by choice, she had been hoping her daddy would have helped her to stand up again, but because she didn't have the energy to get upright again she would have to 'sit on her shelf'.

Tired, and breathing heavily, trying to regain her strength but unable to move with any real mobility Bubbles reached the corner after 5 minutes of labored breathing and heavy straining. She went to pull out the low shelf, her only form of rest, and her only companion now as her owner and his friend walked through the rest of the house, discussing man things. She concentrated on getting the shelf out, which was a very hard task for her hands, short as they were and impeded by

her breasts. Eventually she got it out of its roll-away position in the corner and, tiredly, she rested her heavy tits on it before closing her eyes, still dripping cum out of her smeared pink pussy, still bent over in her impossible posture, to go to sleep.

So it was that Bubbles was introduced to the wider community of Cherish, her nurturing and caring owner having finished his initial training, he was now the proud caretaker of another upstanding young girl in Cherish Valley.

By Alex Streuth

Literary Notes

As of now there is no major protagonist, the antagonist is none other than Alex Streuth, also my pen name, who works in mergers (the merging of his designs with female flesh) and acquisitions for Cherish, handling the more business end of things. It is my intent for him to be a corrupting influence on the otherwise (relatively) wholesome ideals of the rest of the town. In this story the nice and virtuous Mr. Adams is seduced by Alex's view of women (to the great enjoyment of my readers I hope.) The use of Alex in a story is also usually a way for me to excuse the 'hurrying-up' of the story towards the good bits. You may note that the story 'Alex's New Design' introduces Mr. Streuth, informs his cruelty and desire for utilitarianism, the mating of form and function, without the distraction of what many of his peers might value

in the form of a woman's complicity in her submission.

Lastly, the author disclaims that outside of the realm of fantasy none of these types of behaviors are healthy much less conscionable. It is my intention to provide a well-written adult story that allows the reader to indulge in their darker appetites. For feedback you may write to me at Streuthanasia@gmail.com

Reader suggestions are always welcomed and I am sure if you have a specific situation, person, item of clothing, object, body part or interaction etc. that you wish inserted into the busy schedules of the exacting Dr. Spencer and Mr. Streuth please do not hesitate to contact me regarding it. I will see if I can fit your order into their schedule, or bring it up at the next Cherish Board meeting. -AS

Please check out Alex Streuth's Stories for my hosted collection.