

Contract Doll

(Part 1)

Novus Peregrine

Camie paused at the out-of-the-way door, took a deep breath to fortify her nerves, then opened said door and quickly stepped through. The interior she stepped into wasn't anything special. Clean, almost painfully so, but rather bland in truth. If she hadn't already known what this place was, she'd never have guessed. Which, of course, was the entire point. Those that signed up for service as a Contract Doll generally didn't want that fact bruited about loudly. As a result, Dolls Unlimited Inc was *very* discreet about where its processing facilities were located. You only found out about their locations if you'd already dotted every i and crossed every t to become a Doll yourself. Something Camie had done over the course of the last several weeks.

It had taken that long for good reasons. Dolls Unlimited wasn't some shady organization trafficking sex in exploitative ways. It was a niche, but entirely above-board, company that was *very* careful about who and how it selected both potential Dolls and clients. Psych evals, as in *multiple*, were flat out mandated as part of the process. As were medical checks, contract negotiations in which Dolls Unlimited paid for a third-party mediator on your behalf, and so on. The arrangement to become a Doll wasn't a quick choice you made over a night of drinking after a bad breakup or a lost job. It was a negotiated, carefully managed and orchestrated affair that focused on making sure everyone involved got what they wanted.

Camie, of course, was mainly getting money. Lots of it. Enough for not just a fantastic engineering education, but also to come out the other side of an education like that with enough cash left over to start the starship design company that she'd always dreamed of. Being a poor girl, from a poor family, on a relatively backward colony world? That dream would have been out of any realistic reach without *some* sort of deal. It just so happened that, shortly after Camie turned 20, Dolls Unlimited Inc had come to said colony world.

Given the sudden chance to make that *deal* with a company that actually had a seriously good reputation? Camie hadn't needed to think about it for long. She'd been a *bit* worried about the medical part of the screening process. The reason her age had been important was entirely related to the fact that Dolls Unlimited really *wasn't* scummy.

The company refused to take anyone who hadn't stopped growing just yet, as the modifications they did to your body could fuck up natural growth. *Most* women stopped growing between 16 and 19, hence the choice by Dolls Unlimited to set their entry requirement at the age of 20. There was a percentage of women who still continued to grow into their early 20s, though, and Camie had been a tiny bit afraid of that possibility.

It had been a silly fear that proved unfounded. It also hadn't been the thing that *most* people would have been worried about. But Camie had a high sex drive and a lot of curiosity. She was utterly unbothered by the idea that she was about to become someone's living sex toy for a few years. Doubly so since Dolls Unlimited was careful to match interests between Dolls and clients. You wouldn't end up with a sadist unless you were a masochist, for example. Likewise, you wouldn't end up forced to give a creepy old man golden showers unless your psych profile said you'd be okay with that.

Camie had gotten a pretty nice contract, in the end, because she'd selected several things that set her outside the norm, and proven to the head shrinkers that she really was okay with it. Bi-sexuality was the most minor, the degree to which she was mentally okay with being modified was far more unusual, and a few of her 'okay with it' kinks had been nice additions. In the end, it had gotten her a *very* lucrative contract. And now she was here to get started on the process. Which would, she assumed, start with the pretty brunette waiting at the reception desk.

"Hello! The scanner says you're Camie Ichimura! Here for initial contract processing. Is that correct?"

Well, that saved time.

"E-er, yes. That's me. Where am I...I mean..."

Great, Camie. Way to show that confidence. Thankfully, the brunette only smiled.

"No need to be nervous! I'm here specifically for you and will be with you through the process today! My name is Emily, and I'm a former Doll myself. So if you have *any questions at all*, don't hesitate to ask, okay?"

That actually eased the small amount of nerves she still had left. She'd not exactly ever met a former Doll, after all. Emily seemed...normal. *Extremely* attractive, enough so that it wasn't at all hard to imagine that attractiveness being the result of Doll modifications, but still normal. That was good. Reassuring, really.

"Ah. Thanks. I'll make sure I do. So, we can...get started then?"

Emily nodded and stood, happily waving for Camie to follow her.

“Yep! Don’t worry, this process is both safe and pretty painless! The worst you’ll get are some body aches, if there are any skeletal structure changes needed. And even those will fade in just a few hours, at most. A day if the changes are truly extensive. Dolls Unlimited has been doing this for decades, and we’ve long since perfected our technique!”

As Emily had given the half-canned sounding reassurance, she’d led Camie into...honestly it looked a little bit like a very clean mad-science lab. There was a rather intimidating looking machine at the center of the room, with an awful lot of needles, knobs, and whatsits. A machine that looked distinctly like it was made for a person to be strapped into. Distracting her from that for a moment, Emily was pointing her to a set lockers.

“You’ll need to strip, of course. Anything you put in the lockers will be put in storage until your contract is up. To be returned to you then. You have, I trust, taken care of any long-term needs and goodbyes?”

Camie nodded. She hadn’t had all that many people to say ‘goodbye’ too, and the company reps from Dolls Unlimited had done a very thorough job of helping her put her life on ‘hold.’ Arranging for taxes to be automatically filed on her behalf, for her various mementoes worth keeping to be packed up and stored, her lease ended, and a boatload of other things. For all intents and purposes Camie Ichimura would cease to exist for the next five years, as she served her Doll Contract in full. She’d have a new name and new identity, with new papers and a new appearance, for the duration of said contract.

Once more bracing herself, Camie moved to her lockers and began to strip, ignoring Emily’s presence. If she’d been body shy, this certainly wouldn’t have been the route for her anyway. She also didn’t have much more than the clothes she was wearing and an omni-comm whose service was already set to go into stasis at midnight. She’d pay only a tiny fee to keep its number and digital cloud storage maintained for her contract years. Again, all helpfully arranged through Dolls Unlimited.

She was soon bare to the world, her few remaining possessions put away in the locker. She turned to find Emily giving her an encouraging look from next to the intimidating looking machine. The brunette saw her eyeing said machine and laughed.

“Scary looking, huh? Don’t worry, I said it was all pretty painless and I wasn’t lying. There’s even an option for you to be unconscious through the changes, if you want. Though there will be a neural blocker in place, so you won’t feel any pain regardless. If you decide to stay awake, I can and will talk you through the changes as they happen. Otherwise, I’ll talk you through them afterward, instead. Do you have a preference?”

Camie considered for a moment, then shrugged.

“I can stay awake and listen to the changes. I wasn’t bothered by the neural blocker simulation they ran, obviously, or I wouldn’t be here.”

Emily nodded.

“True! After all, the same tech will be accessible at will by your Contractor! Some people are weirded out by the idea of the change actively ongoing, particularly as they can only see them on a screen, rather than feel them fully when their brain says it should hurt. Which is why we offer the option to be knocked out for the process. Since we’ll do any facial changes last, you can speak through the rest of the process and always let me know if it becomes too much and you’d prefer to be knocked out.”

That was reassuring.

“Then I’d definitely like to stay awake. I think seeing the changes as they happen will help them set in better.”

Emily nodded again, then waved at the machine.

“Then we’d better get you hooked up. If you’ll lay in the seat, I’ll talk you through the process.”

The idea of ‘laying in a seat’ was maybe a little odd, but it fit what she could see of the machine, so Camie got the idea easily enough. The mad-scientist looking device was almost pod-like, a sort of oval clamshell design, with a reclined ‘seat’ as a bottom layer. Most of the scary looking bits were in the top of that clamshell, which would presumably descend to seal her into the bottom part. Pushing down the instinctive fear of all those needles, Camie ducked under the upper part of the clamshell and backed into the ‘seat.’ Said seat was high-tech looking itself, with a lot of obvious moving parts. But all she needed to do to get into it was back in, spread her legs into two groves, and place her arms on two armrests.

“Good! Now, I’m going to initiate the startup sequence. The first step will secure you...are you comfortable?”

Camie was, in fact, surprisingly comfortable. The seat had molded itself to her body moments after she sat down. She was admittedly feeling rather *exposed*, since the design of the seat was made to thrust her intimate bits all out into open air. But that was logical enough.

“I’m fine. You can go ahead.”

Emily made a noise of acknowledgement and then several ports opened all over the lower clamshell. The very first set were behind her head and snaked out to grab her head

and lock it in place. A moment later, she felt the neural implant she'd already had installed connect to the device and her entire body went...not quite *numb*, so much as 'distant.' She could still sort of feel her body, but she didn't have any control over it.

She'd only felt the like before when they tested the neural implant, to make sure this sort of sensation and loss of control wouldn't freak her out. After all, she was becoming a *Doll*. If her Master or Mistress ordered her to simply 'stand still,' that's what she'd be doing. With the neural implant enforcing the order. Most people that tried to become Dolls failed out during testing of their neural implant. It simply freaked them out to lose control of their body like this.

Camie was honestly unbothered. Part of the Doll Package which she'd already gotten was an impressive VR processing unit built into her cranial implant. It gave her literally thousands of things she could do to alleviate boredom. Just in case she was...put in a closet or told to stand on display or something. She could only be ordered not to use the uplink and onboard entertainment suite if her Contractor was actively interacting with her. Otherwise, she could always just 'check out' for a bit until she was interacted with again. Given she'd never had access to all the fun, full-immersion VR shit that rich kids got up to before, she figured it would take a few years at least before she got annoyed at being 'stuck.' If her Contractor was even the sort to do that sort of thing.

"I'm initiating Stage Two."

Emily's words were followed by a click from between Camie's legs. She couldn't look down that far at the moment, and the screen on the top of the clamshell hadn't activated yet, but the nature of the click quickly became obvious as she felt a cup pressed against her exposed pussy. A thick fluid quickly began to pump from the cup, slowly filling her pussy. She *wanted* to squirm at the unusual feeling, the fluid being so thick it was nearly a solid. Yet, with the neural inhibitor active, all she could do is moan a bit as the semi-solid stuffed her full.

Even as that was happening, something else nudged at her backdoor, gently but insistently penetrating her spare entrance. More of the semi-solid fluid poured out of it, conforming to her insides exactly. Neither device attempted to push her limits, merely filling her to a point just before she'd start feeling truly stretched. Data they already had from one of the many rounds of testing they'd done to qualify her.

"Initiating Stage Three. Let me know if this one becomes too much for you."

Emily's voice was followed by the top half of the clamshell descending. Camie swallowed, understanding how this part could freak some people out, as there were *needles* in that shell. Intellectually, she knew that those needles were only nanite injectors,

there for the purposes of making the modifications to her body that were required. None of them would penetrate deeply enough to draw blood. They didn't need too. That didn't stop it from being a bit of a scary sight.

Thankfully, most of it moved *out* of her sight as it descended, and she was able to easily ignore the tiny pinpricks in various places. The only ones that caused slight amounts of actual pain were the circle of needles that pricked her nipples, and a single one that gently pricked her clit. The first two were as much pleasure as pain, the last actually stung a bit...but no more than if someone had pinched her clit rather firmly without warning.

Her view was now almost entirely cut off, except that there was a screen right in front of her now, set up for close viewing like the old school non-implant supported VR system she'd had as a kid. On it was projected a display of Camie herself, as fed to it by the many sensors of the Modding Machine. The body on that display was one Camie had no reason to be ashamed of at all. She wasn't a supermodel, but she was certainly 'cute girl next door' pretty. Fit and trim, with quite a nice ass and hourglass hips. Much less up top, sadly. Barely more than a B-cup, actually. She honestly hoped that was about to change, since she'd always sort of wanted bigger tits.

"Alright, Camie. If you're still doing okay, I'll begin with the client requested modifications. I can talk you through them as we go, assuming you *are* still okay?"

It was obviously a question, and the neural inhibitor hadn't removed her ability to speak. Actually, it hadn't done anything above the neck just yet, though Camie assumed it would have to at some point. Facial modifications were *required* to prevent Dolls from being connected back to their original identities before or after their contract.

"I'm fine, miss Emily. You can go ahead. I'm quite curious about what changes I'm getting, honestly."

The other woman giggled a bit.

"I bet. I know the curiosity was killer when I was first modified. I can say that yours are going to be a fair bit more *extensive* than mine were. I didn't have the mental adaptability you do to handle more extreme stuff. I have to admit I'm a little sad about that. Some of what is planned for you looks downright *fun*."

Emily hummed for a minute, even as Camie wondered just what she was going to look like at the end of this if a former Doll was calling the changes *extensive*. Ah well, she had the option for full reversal at the end of contract if she wanted it. And she'd nixed anything that would, like, enhance pain or something.

“Okay. Let’s start with the frame mods. Those will be the most extensive, the ones I warned you *might* ache for up to a full day, though that long is unusual. Don’t worry, the neural implant will nix any pain from the actual process. The change is just big enough for your body to think something is ‘off’ until they settle in fully.”

Frame changes? It took a few moments for Camie to realize what the woman meant. It wasn’t until she saw her *entire skeleton* light up and felt the warmth of nanite injections along her spine and all four limbs that she fully realized what the woman had been talking about. Camie had known it was *possible*, but she admitted she hadn’t really considered the idea of *height* changes. Which is what she saw happening as the nanites went to work.

The incredibly sophisticated and highly specialized nannies used by Dolls Unlimited were cutting edge. Bleeding edge, even, in some cases. Something that was made utterly obvious to Camie over the next ten minutes as they used raw materials to clone her bone and muscle tissue, slowly but surely causing her body to put on an additional four full inches of height and quite a bit of new muscle. Given that Camie had *already* been five foot eight, she was now a full six foot even...and her level of *fit* had been enhanced quite a bit.

Thankfully, she hadn’t been turned into an Amazonian muscle mommy. She’d never found that particular look all that personally attractive. But the view of her new changes made it clear she was *ripped*. There was just a nice level of padding on top of the muscle to make it clear she was strong without being super muscley. The sort of padded muscle definition you saw on Olympic swimmers, instead of female body builders. She could dig it. Even if it did leave her looking even more flat chested. Thankfully, the answer to that was quick in coming.

“Alright! That was the single biggest change...well, depending on how you look at it, I guess. There’s one more that might be a bit more wild, but far less mass involved. So...eh. Anyway, bet you’d like some boobs to match that frame huh? Well, you’re in luck! Apparently, your contractor likes ‘em big all around. Let’s take your tits up a notch or three!”

This time, the warmth of the nanite injections was far more concentrated, focusing only on Camie’s breasts. It was also a *far* more intense feeling as it got to work. Pain might be suppressed, but pleasure clearly wasn’t, as Camie couldn’t help but moan while her breasts began to grow. It wasn’t quite like any other pleasure she’d ever experienced. It was both *deeper*, yet also more *disconnected*. It felt amazing, but she didn’t think any amount of it would ever make her cum.

It was certainly distracting, though.

Enough so that it was only as she was panting in the aftermath of the expansion that she was able to properly process the scope of the changes. Emily hadn’t been fooling when

she said that the client 'liked them big.' She was now sporting a 30H (GG Cup) set of breasts to go with her new size. They were unnaturally perky as well, though not so much that they looked fake. Their size would have been absurd on her old height. On her new six-foot frame, they were merely large, rather than ridiculous.

Again, she was absolutely a fan. Particularly as she could see that somewhere during that burst of pleasure, extra back support had been added. No backaches despite the new jugs! Why didn't more people do this again? Right, the tech was hideously expensive without something like a Doll Contract being involved.

"Very nice! Now, you actually had a pretty nice ass to start with, so the change won't be as radical...but we do need to balance things a bit."

Emily was right, the injection and expansion was less *intense* this time. The result was less spectacular, too. Still rather nice, though. Her ass had gotten just a little bit of extra thickness. Given that she'd already been fairly loaded down below, the truck now matched the hood pretty well. Again, it would have been too much on her old frame, she thought. Now it honestly wasn't much more than what she'd already had, just adjusted for the bigger frame. Very nice.

"Alright, bit of a surprise one next. Got to mess with some of your internal fun bits and do a touch of external shaping. Sorry, can't tell you exactly what is changing internally. The client requested that you find that out on your own. Still, I'm pretty you'll enjoy them!"

Camie blinked but didn't have time to process that before her pussy and ass both heated up from the inside out. She moaned, whatever internal reshaping was going on was *absolutely* additive, as her mind fired in ways it never had before, new sensations for internal bits she hadn't had previously firing at random as they were formed and connected to her nervous system. Unfortunately, the pleasure was far too erratic and distracting for her to sort out what, exactly, was being added.

It went on for a few minutes, intensely pleasurable but very confusing as her brain made new connections at random with whatever was being done. When it finally finished, all she could do was stare as the semi-liquid from before was pumped out and the pussy-cup withdrew. She still had no idea what had gone on internally, but externally she could see that her pussy had been remodeled a bit. Her outer and inner lips were now perfectly symmetrical, with only a little bit of the inner exposed through the outer. Just a teasing peek, really. It looked good, she supposed. Though she'd never had any real complaints about the slight asymmetry from before. She supposed the 'perfection' did make her a bit more 'Doll-Like.'

“Right. This next one is going to be broad, but shallow. Try not to go mind blank on me.”

What? Before Emily could voice that question aloud, she felt dozens of injectors pump nanites into her across her entire body. Then she gasped, her eyes widening as the lowliest series of moans in her life were wrenched from her body as *every erogenous zone she had, including a few she hadn't know about*, lit up like the fourth of July! Her mind *did* blank out for a few moments, but she came back fairly quickly as the sensations vanished after only a few seconds. She was panting and *painfully aroused* though.

“Yeah. That was a general sensitivity booster. Awesome mod, one of my favs. But it's always intense to get. Particularly on top of tits, ass, pussy mods. Technically, I shouldn't offer since you're under contract...but it's a bit of a grey area since the contract isn't active until your mods are done. You want me to make you cum to burn off some of the arousal?”

Camie wanted to nod frantically, her body still on fire with desire. Instead, all she could do was wheeze out an answer.

“Yes, please!”

Emily chuckled...and abruptly a flood of pleasure rushed through Camie's body as her neural implant forced false stimulation of her sensitive bits. She *felt* like her clit was being licked by an expert even as someone pounded her silly, even if she knew none of that was truly happening. She came quickly, almost too quickly. The arousal eased back...but didn't fully fade. Neural stim orgasms just weren't the same as the real thing. Everyone knew it, and she'd been put through a few of them during testing. But it was enough that she could think mostly straight again. Even if she sort of ached for a *proper* fuck, now.

“Not the best, I know. But better than nothing, yeah? Now, we've covered a few of the typical basics. There's two more big changes, but one of them needs to be nearly last, and the other is going to be super distracting for you. So I'm going to jump to the cosmetic mods first, so you can sort of see the theme your client was going for, okay?”

Camie quickly acknowledged her attendant, curious what this 'theme' was. The next set of injections hit almost as many sites as the sensitivity booster had, but didn't focus on her erogenous zones this time. Instead, Camie quickly realized that the nanites were spreading out on a surface level and altering the *pigment of her skin*. That wasn't *too* odd. Lots of Dolls had skin alterations. Some even changed texture to look a little latex or rubber like, though that was super rare. For good reason. Not even Camie's high level of adaptability could handle that sort of change.

Ethnicity changes were more common...followed by exactly what Camie was seeing now. Her sun kissed skin wasn't shifting to any *natural* color. First her nicely tanned form had faded to nearly white, only to then reshade into a pale purple. Something close to lavender in color, if she was eyeballing it right. It didn't stop there, as various thin lines of a glowing teal color spread out into a variety of runes and mystic symbols.

Apparently, her client was the type that wanted a *Fantasy Doll*. As in, a fantasy race of some sort, instead of just their personal bimbo fantasy girl or something. Camie supposed maybe she should have expected it, given that people with high enough mental adaptability to accept such radical changes weren't common. It made a sort of sense, then, that as someone who qualified she was more likely to end up with that sort of transformation. She wasn't quite sure just yet what she was supposed to be, though. Elf? Succubus? Tiefling? She supposed it wouldn't be clear until her head was done. See if she got some pointy ears or something out of the cosmetic changes.

"Okay! That's it for the cosmetic stuff, aside from your face, of course. Now for the last big one before I put you out for the facial changes. This is...eh. No two ways about it, your new Mistress wants to have all the options. Say hello to your new equipment!"

Wait...Mistress? She was getting a female Contractor? And new equipment? Options? What did Emily mean? Before Camie could ask, a thicker-than-normal needle plunged into her, just above her vulva. She gasped as she felt a *lot* of nanites pouring into her, and then all she knew was a haze of pleasure as *heat* pooled from the point of contact and something began to grow. Her eyes closed, mouth open in a half-howling moan before she could really process what was happening.

This one didn't end as quickly as the sensitivity boost, though it was at least more localized. Even so, she outright passed out as something *incredibly* different happened, muscles she'd never had before contracting in a way she was totally unfamiliar with, ending with an intense pleasure *bursting* from new flesh...

Camie woke with a groan. For a few moments, she was extremely groggy and uncertain where she was. Then, with a start, she remembered that she'd been mid-transformation! But...wait, she'd just *moved*. That meant her neural inhibitor was offline. Forcing her eyes open, she quickly realized that the top of the clamshell had retreated. She was still laying in the shockingly comfortable and highly ergonomic bottom half. But apparently the transformation had either been stopped when she passed out or been finished? Before she could wonder which it was, Emily was in front of her with a big smile on her face.

“Hello there, sleepyhead! I went ahead and finished your transformations once you passed out, since I would have needed to knock you out for the remaining ones anyway! Come on, if you feel like you can move, we need to get you up and do some checks! Not to mention going over your changes and letting you see the results! Careful, though. You’ll likely be a bit clumsy at the start. Your implants will help you adjust quickly, but you’ll still need a day or two!”

Okay. Right. She was taller. Not to mention a Fantasy Doll of unknown type, with a killer rack and way more muscle than before. Of course she’d be clumsy. She started to stir, testing her new strength...before remembering what had happen as she passed out and freezing. Had that been what she thought it was? Slowly looking down at her groin, she confirmed that ‘yes, yes it was.’

“Noticed your new friend, huh? Quite a nice dick you’ve got now! 8 inches soft and a full fourteen at max erection! Bit of a kink addition to make it more horse-like, too. Oh, and don’t worry. You’ve still got your pussy and clit under that thick boy. Testes are internal, too, capable of some big loads! I suspect that was part of the reason for your frame changes. They needed room for all the internal bits and figured they might as well go big with it, you know?”

Camie...gaped. She wasn’t horrified or anything. If anything, as evidenced by the fact her new ‘appendage’ was twitching a bit, she was sort of intrigued. But it 100% had *not* been something she’d considered. Had she checked a box to allow it? Well, she probably would have even if there was a box like that, so it didn’t really matter if there had been one or not. Though, given the fact that Emily had let slip her new contractor was female, this had some interesting connotations she hadn’t expected. She was broken from her thoughts when Emily gently nudged her.

“Yeah, figured you’d focus on that when you realize. You might as well get a look at the full body package, though, while you come to terms with it. There’s a full-length mirror in the room you can use!”

That...made sense. Also, it was a good excuse to bundle up the whole package of ‘I don’t know what the fuck to feel about this yet feelings’ off into a neat little corner to think about later. Probably not *too much* later, given that she was due to meet her contractor in mere hours. But *later*. For now, she should see the rest of it. She could, now that she was paying attention, already feel some extra weight on her head too.

Prying herself slowly out of the machine, Camie instinctively stretched, feeling a *lot* of power in her new frame. There was also an instinctive rest position to her muscles that had her hips cocked and bust thrust out a bit, but that was less distracting than the dick

swinging free between her legs. Not to mention the dull ache she'd been warned about from the skeletal changes. It wasn't bad, but was certainly distracting.

Awkwardly, she took a few steps, almost tripped, adjusted, and tried again. She could feel her implants helping her, their assistance very artificial feeling at the moment, but she suspected the feeling would fade until they didn't need to help at all. As it was, she was glad for the help as Emily directed her across the spacious room to a full-body mirror.

Looking at 'herself' in that mirror was a bit surreal. Her adaptability rating was the real deal, of course. She didn't feel anything like dissociation. Her very ability for her ego to accept immediately that 'that's me' being the very reason she'd gotten such a good contract. No, it wasn't any sort of body dysmorphia. It was just...surreal. She *was* that busty, sexy, futanari succubus in the mirror.

Well, she *thought* it was probably something like a succubus. Might be an 'alien' of some sort instead. But she certainly fit the theme of a succubus reasonably well. Busty hourglass figure, lavender skin and mystic markings, pointed ears, midnight black hair, vertically slit golden eyes...and two curved horns that made up the new weight she'd been feeling on her head. Her neck muscles must have gotten an overhaul, since the weight didn't bother it at all, and they certainly added to the overall look. No tail, hooves, or wings though. So it was hard to say *exactly* what she'd been modeled after.

Honestly, she looked drop dead gorgeous. Her Contractor had good taste, apparently. Though...the horse cock was *still* a loop thrown in that she hadn't been expecting. It *did* fit the image she was seeing, sort of. But she had no idea how she felt about it? Well, it would be an interesting new experience, at least, probably. Right?

"Ahywthing elasea aye sh—"

Camie cut herself off at the garbled speech. Tentatively, she stuck out her tongue...and keep sticking it out...and out...and out. Oh dear. It was, what, at least eight inches? And rather thoroughly prehensile, she thought, though her control with it sucked so far. She got better over at maneuvering it over a few minutes of experimentation, before withdrawing it behind plump, pouty lips that had most certainly been 'enhanced' as well. Time to try the whole speaking thing again. Slowly.

"Anything else aye, should, no?"

Well, still a bit off. But a lot more intelligible. Even if some author somewhere would probably represent that attempt at speech with some really bad grammar.

"Quite a few things, yes. But most of them you can read about while waiting for your Contractor meeting. I'll just cover a few highpoints."

Emily picked up a tablet, opened a file, and started doing just that.

“First. No need to worry about getting someone pregnant with that giant cock. You selected ‘no children’ as a firm requirement. That means your ability to have them yourself has been firmly shut off for the time being. Bonus points, no periods during your contract because of that. Pretty standard, but worth mentioning in this case since we also made your cum sterile. Actually, per your Contractor’s request, it tastes like strawberries.”

Camie snorted, causing Emily to grin. But the attendant quickly went on.

“Your breasts have a lactation option, but it’s currently off. Your contractor can turn it on and your body will start producing. It will take time, though, since it’s a natural effect. Your taste buds have been altered a bit in fun ways, mostly to make certain bodily fluids taste amazing. And...let’s see...you ended up with a set of secondary cum control and pleasure implants. Something more physical than the neural blocker and standard pleasure chip. I won’t spoil the fun surprises there. But I wanted you to be *aware* there were additional implants. Fun ones, honestly, so no need to worry over them.”

Emily shut off the tablet and then...handed it to Camie.

“There’s more details on your changes in the file on the table that you can read up on. A few are temporarily redacted until you discover them, per Contractor request. You should read everything else before meeting your Contractor. Also, be aware that your contract has officially started now.”

The attendant paused to let that sink in.

“As of this moment, you’re now Doll 7734281. Your Mistress will likely give you a new name and designation. But your implant will *actively prevent* you from speaking your old name. That name is *gone* for the next five years. Now, I’ll show you to the scanner room for a few tests, then to where you can wait for your new Mistress. Feel free to ask questions! Oh...and be aware that your ability to cum is currently disabled. So don’t try playing with that dick yet! You’d just frustrate yourself. The client explicitly told us she wanted to break it in herself.”

Camie...no, Doll 7734281, trailed after the attendant as she headed out of the room. She was still naked and sort of wondered if that was how she was going to meet her new Contractor. Well, she supposed it was time to find out. Or would be soon enough.

Now she just needed to adjust to the fact she had a dick and her Contractor was apparently a woman. She hadn’t quite expected either of those things when she’d walked into the processing center today...

<<End of Part 1>>