

Dating Serviced

Author: Abe Froman

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Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com . They are appreciated and warmly received.

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Chapter One

Jacquelyn was finding out for herself that money wasn't guaranteeing her much happiness. Nearly a year ago she'd taken a risk, along with a substantial increase in salary, and moved to San Diego for a job. Things at work were going great; she loved her work, and she managed to handle the added responsibility without a lot of stress, or even late hours. As well, her salary was generous enough that she'd bought herself a beautiful penthouse condominium with money left over for beautiful furnishings. When it came to her personal life though, it was still dreadful. She had been sure that she'd meet all kinds of interesting people in the big city, but it was all a bust so far.

She had joined up with an online dating service as a last resort. She had done in-depth research and found a service that wasn't as large as some of the other big names, but it was based locally, and the customer response was overwhelmingly positive. Positive enough to make up for a terrible name: MPC Dating. They featured a guarantee that all of their online profiles were accurate, and that they took the greatest efforts to avoid anyone misrepresenting themselves. Jackie wasn't sure how exactly they'd monitor something like that, but it did seem to be a valid selling point – who would want to get all ready for a blind date with someone handsome, fit and tall only to be met by some balding loser who figured he'd talk his way out of his appearance.

Unfortunately, that didn't seem to be working either. She'd put up her profile, going through many drafts to give her description just the right tone – not too serious, not too jokey, but intriguing. She was also conscientious in describing her body – she even found a measuring tape to track down her measurements. It all went up on the service's website and she waited. And waited. And waited. For months it had been up, and there was nary a hint of interest.

She couldn't figure it out – she knew she wasn't a supermodel but she was an attractive woman with a pretty face. She had medium length brown hair and hazel eyes that always seemed to draw complements. She wore glasses, but she always made sure that her frames were stylish and a good match for the structure of her face. It was perhaps her body she felt the most insecure about. She wasn't the curviest, especially compared to some of the women she saw in the streets of the city, walking around in barely-there outfits, and she guessed that her B-cup breasts weren't turning too many heads.

It had really gotten to her over time. At first, right after she posted her online profile, she had been checking nearly every hour, but after too many times without a response it went to every day, and now she only stopped by the site every couple of days. It was getting to the point of being ridiculous. She wasn't sure her ego could take much more of this kind of abuse. Not to mention that it was way too long since her sexual release had come from something without batteries. Finally after making a quick check one Friday afternoon to confirm that, once again, her mailbox at the site was empty she came up with an idea for one last strategy before abandoning the entire enterprise. She was going to check out the competition.

After a quick dinner at home, she refilled her wine glass and opened up her laptop and powered it up. As she sat in her living room, curled up with the computer in her lap with a Supreme Beings of Leisure trip-hopping on her stereo, she thanked herself for splurging on the wireless internet hook up for her condo. With everything warmed up, she set off to work. She brought up a search window to have a look at the profiles of some of the other women on the site.

She indicated that she was looking for someone around her own age – late 20's to early 30's – to start with her most direct competition, but she left most of the other search options open. After paging through maybe ten or fifteen of the search results, she was shaking her head in disbelief. According the “guaranteed accurate” profiles, it appeared that nearly all of the women in her age group were not only blond, large-breasted (she saw no one with less than a C cup), with interests varying from sexually

adventurous to just plain kinky. Just reading some of the things being proposed in these profiles was making her blush.

Well, that certainly seemed to be that. No wonder the men on this site didn't have time for her – they were all chasing after these Barbie dolls so they could watch them bounce around while they were lipstick lesbians or bi-curious or whatever. Compared to them, it seemed that a sincere and intelligent woman didn't stand a chance. And how about this supposed guarantee of accurate profiles? She was sure as hell going to get her money back on Monday morning. She'd walked around the streets and beaches and sure, the women may dress a bit better on average than they did back in her home town, but they weren't the living Russ Meyer movie that was presented in this dating service.

She clicked back to her mailbox in order to sign out. Then she decided she might as well have a little fun. There was an area of the site that she'd never bothered with as it was geared to what they called "Intimate Encounters" or what Jackie called one-night stands. Since it was going to be her last time visiting the site, she thought she'd give it a look over. But first, she was going to change some things on her profile – if she wanted to get some attention with this crowd, she was going to have to pump some things up, so to speak.

She started with the simple things: making her hair longer, thicker and wavier sounded good, and changing her measurements to 36-24-36, with firm D cups for good measure. She discovered that the profile listings for Intimate Encounters were more detailed than the other areas of the site – much more intimate and personal. She poured herself her third glass of wine – damn that is a nice Merlot – and got down to business, thinking of the men that might read this information and choosing the answers for each prompt she thought were the most kinky or the closest to what she thought the male fantasy would be.

- GLASSES/CONTACTS? None
- HEIGHT? 5 foot 8 inches
- WEIGHT? 115 lbs
- BODY HAIR? Waxed
- TAN? All over, no tan lines
- PIERCINGS? Ears, navel
- TATTOOS? Butterfly above vagina (okay, so that one was actually true – hmmm, thinking, back the Merlot was excellent that night too)
- BODY SENSITIVITY – BREASTS (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY – NIPPLES (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY – LABIA (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY – CLITORIS (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR ORAL SEX (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR VAGINAL SEX (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR ANAL SEX (1-10)? 8

- ATTRACTION TO MEN IN GENERAL (1-10)? 10
- ATTRACTION TO WOMEN IN GENERAL (1-10)? 9 – one thing she knew was that men just loved lesbians these days
- DOMINANCE TOWARDS OTHERS (1-10)? 1
- SUBMISSIVENESS TOWARDS OTHERS (1-10)? 10
- OPENNESS TOWARDS SEXUAL EXPERIMENTATION (1-10)? 9
- OTHER COMMENTS?

Hmm, she paused at that one. What was she going for specifically here? She looked over her previous responses to stay consistent. Okay –sex-crazed, bi-sexual, open to just about anything and willing to do what she’s told. She nearly laughed out loud at the image that was coming to mind. She typed her comments,

“I’m a good girl undone by her needs, needs that I can feel when I see people staring at my body, or when I’m playing with my toys, or when I’m being a good little slave for my Master.”

Jackie smiled wide, mentally patting herself on the back. She was proud of that one. God, the horny bastards were going to be drooling at her feet.

With her new profile all finished, she logged into Intimate Encounters. She was in the mood to try out her new persona, so she was very happy to find that this section of the site also had a live chat section – no waiting for email from those who noticed her new and improved profile. She jumped into one of the chat rooms, typed in a quick hello to bring some attention to herself and sat back to watch and wait. There were some general conversations about things to do in the city, favorite movies, etc., but there were a couple of men that were getting right to the point – asking questions about openness to one-night stands, mutual pleasure and other topics more directly related to sex.

There was a beep from her computer with a notice that there was a request for a personal chat for her. She checked and it was one of the direct ones, so she figured she’d go along with it for now and have some fun. She got a bit of personal satisfaction that after all this time of rejection she was going to let some guy who didn’t have the time for her before get all worked up over this fake online bimbo and dump him whenever the conversation bored her.

“Hello, j-girl, are you being a good girl tonight?” came the question from the man with the pretentious nickname SirMaxx.

“Yes Sir,” she replied – if he wanted to be called Sir, she’d play along for now.

“That’s very good to hear, dear. Now tell me: are you one of those good girls who is even better when she’s bad?”

“Oh yes, Sir, when I’m bad, I’m the best, but that makes a good girl like me blush,” Jackie was giggling along as she typed; she could play these guys like a piano.

“No need to blush my dear. You can’t be blamed for what you do, no matter how naughty, if you’re only following orders,” he replied.

“What kind of orders, Sir?”

“Oh that depends on the girl and what she needs, and what the one giving the orders needs.”

“What kinds of things might this man need?”

“Oh, it could be many things, j-girl; maybe he needs a lovely girl on her knees before him eager to make him very happy.”

Wow, Jackie thought, that didn’t take long. She’d been chatting with this guy for a grand total of five minutes and he’s fishing for a blowjob. She started to feel that maybe she hadn’t been missing anything after all being deprived of the attention of these guys. Without so much as a goodbye to SirMaxx, she left the chat room and started to sign out of the service’s website. The wine was making her tired and it had been a long week so she decided to just call it a night. Logging out, a window popped up asking her if she wanted to save the changes to her profile. What the heck, she thought; maybe I’ll feel like messing with someone else later. She clicked YES and logged out. She shut down the computer and head off to bed.

Deep inside a nondescript building near the busy downtown airport, the hum of a high-powered air conditioning system added to the white noise provided by the fans of an array of rack-mounted servers. At 01:13:36.65 a signal from the MPC Dating PSS (Profile Storage Server) silently alerted the PES (Profile Enforcement Server) that there was a description/reality discrepancy incident. With the subject identified, the computer signaled its long-range sensors to re-confirm the details relating to the incident. After the check was completed, the enforcement subroutine was initialized with the timing of enforcement coordinated with the local time of sunrise. Its job done, the PES returned itself to sleep mode at 01:15:03.29.

As she slept, Jackie felt the changes beginning in her body at the limits of her subconscious. The closest her awareness came to conscious though was as a series of dreams with a lot more erotic charge than usual. If the changes could be said to have been the cause of her waking, it was only because the tank top she had worn to bed was now uncomfortably small.

As she awoke, Jackie let a wide mouthed yawn and arched in full-body stretch. She grimaced a bit as the fabric of her top seemed to pull at her – she didn't remember it shrinking in the last laundry load, but it wouldn't be the first thing she'd accidentally put in the dryer. At the tight cotton dragged over her nipples, they stiffened quickly, sending a shock of sensation that seemed to travel through her breasts, down her spine and between her legs. She smiled and acknowledged the sensation with a happy little hum. She stumbled to her en-suite bathroom, feeling a bit off balance. The real shock came when she finally opened her eyes fully, and saw herself in the mirror.

She grabbed the doorframe, steadying herself. First of all, her hair had gone from what she had called a mousy brown to a beautiful rich auburn color, and from a straight mid-length cut to waves of soft curves that cascading down over her shoulders and down her back. And in the understatement of the morning, something had happened to her breasts – they were at least two cup sizes bigger. Her tank top was stretched to the point of tearing over the huge mounds but her nipples still managed to poke the cotton a little further forwards. She pulled the top off, and felt them bounce free. She couldn't believe it. They were huge – they looked real and felt real (another shock of pleasure went through her as she cupped her hands under them and gave a squeeze) but there was no way they could be. But as she looked at the rest of herself, her whole shape seemed to have changed. She had curves, oh-my-god-va-va-voom curves. Her waist was small, her belly tight, and her hips swelled out – like a classic hourglass. Turning in front of the mirror, she managed to look at her tight heart-shaped ass. There was a panic building inside her but on the surface there was something so thrilling about this – she was HOT!

Since she didn't have tan lines it took her a bit longer to recognize the golden color of her skin. The gleaming ring that she found worn in her navel stood out a bit more.

She'd wiggled out of her track pants to see herself in her full glory and she felt a flush of embarrassment to find herself fully hairless down below. She'd seen pictures of porn stars or Playboy models like that, but she'd never dared to do it herself. She was running her hands over her body, feeling the changes, the new curves, when she became aware of how horny she'd become. Her body seemed to react so much stronger to touch – the new breasts especially. Her nipples were rock hard, and they stood out much wider and longer when aroused than they had before. She told herself she had to figure out this had happened, that something was seriously wrong – but first she ran to her bedside table and took hold of her favorite vibrator, sliding it urgently between her legs. “Thinking can

wait,” she mumbled to herself as she started to writhe with pleasure on the bed.

All of her rational thought or even the simple shock of seeing someone in the mirror that just didn't look like her anymore was being easily shouted down by the urgent need she felt. The need radiated from between her legs throughout her entire body. She had thrown herself on the bed and guided the vibrator, turned up to its full speed, down to her moist and tingling cunt. She was now pumping it deeply into herself with a firm rhythm. A loud, low guttural moan was emanating from her. Her free hand was roaming over her revised body, squeezing the mammoth new breasts, feeling how sensitive they were, how full, how firm. Her nipples were so large now, poking out nearly an inch, and each time she pinched at them her sensation was so intense that she had to give out a little gasp.

She didn't stop – wasn't even able to stop – until the vibe and her hands had driven her to a third orgasm. Even then she kept the toy moving and sliding into her body, extending the sensation, feeling the waves crash over and over. Finally, her body glistening with sweat, she collapsed on the twisted sheets.

It took about twenty minutes for her to recover enough to get up and make her way to the shower. The sensation of the hot water on her new body was intense. She seemed to feel each individual stream from the showerhead. She spent longer soaping and rinsing her breasts and ass than she had planned to, and by the time she moved to her pussy with the mesh sponge she was past being able to stop herself. She just had to cum, just one more time. The fine lather flowed down her tanned legs as she ground the sponge between her legs – god, the soapy warmth felt so good on her bald cunt. She was very close to the edge when she managed surprise herself – she hadn't done it consciously, but her left hand had moved from cupping and rubbing her breasts to reach down behind her ass and she was teasing the tight opening of her bottom with squirming fingertip. It seemed so dirty, so disgusting, but it felt so good. She pushed the finger deeper, feeling the tightness, and she body spasmed with another orgasm.

She rinsed herself off again, and got herself out of the shower. It took a lot of mental control to dry off with the plush towel and not gather up some more pleasure, but she managed it. She almost regretted having purchased towels that were so damn soft, but she had wanted the best.

She could fit her favorite Juicy Couture sweat pants on, though they fit a lot different than before, but with the breasts she had now, just about anything she had to wear on top was a world too small. She had to do something, she told herself, because they were an ongoing distraction. She felt their increased weight all the time, not as a burden, but just being

constantly aware that they were there. She felt them rise and fall with each breath. When she moved or walked, she felt their shifting weight swaying and jiggling. She wanted to find a way to hold them still, but there was no bra in her apartment that would hold them. Finally she found an old white t-shirt she had liberated from an old boyfriend that had been a favorite sleep shirt. It was worn and thin, but at least she could get it over herself.

She fixed herself a coffee and sat down to think. “Thinking” included a painful pinch to her side, just to make sure she was awake. Okay, if this wasn’t a dream, what was it? People just didn’t wake up with different bodies. Especially a body that seemed like some guy’s wet dream. The realization hit her right about then.

“What the fuck!?!?” she cursed out loud, scrambling to her computer. She tapped the surface of the coffee table, waiting for it to warm up. She finally got it up and running and logged into the dating service’s web site. She brought up her profile – the “joke” she had entered last night. There it was – somehow her hair, her body, her height, her measurements all now matched the ridiculous statistics. She was pleased with one part – only reading the details now did she realize that her glasses were still on her bedside table, but she could see perfectly. She’d never trusted that laser-eye surgery but now she didn’t need it.

She shook her head, willing some sense back into it. So what if she didn’t need glasses anymore, she had bigger problems. She took some deep breaths to calm her down, but the effect was partially undone by the feeling of her D cups moving along with them. “No problem, I’ll just change the profile back to the way it was before – except maybe for the glasses,” she told herself. With that she clicked the button to edit the profile.

With a little ping, her computer answered back. A window popped up.

“Greetings. Thank you for using MPC Dating. Unfortunately, your profile has been temporarily locked by our Profile Enforcement Division. Please try again in a few days. Thank you.”

“Sonofabitch!” Now what was she going to do?

She tried to calm herself down. Maybe it wouldn’t take days. Maybe in a couple hours, she’d be able to straighten all this out. If this was really happening (she tried another pinch – nothing) then she’d just sort it out with the people from the dating service. She’d apologize for lying on her profile, pay them off if she had to, and she’d get her body back.

She had to keep her mind busy on something else to keep herself from just clicking the “edit profile” button over and over every thirty seconds. Hmmm, there was the online chat room. After all, she didn’t have any clothes to wear outside, so it wasn’t like she was going to get many errands done.

She was only in the chat room for a few minutes when the request for a personal chat came in. She had already clicked OK when her eyes went wide, realizing that the request was from the same SirMaxx that she had “hung up” on last night.

“Welcome back, j-girl,” he typed.

“Thank you, Sir,” she thought she’d keep it short, seeing how his mood was.

A longer response came back, “You left rather abruptly last night, girl. I didn’t appreciate it. Now I’ve reviewed your profile, and you’re supposed to be a good girl, and I don’t think that is how a good girl would act. So I will be clear with you with what I expect: you are to be polite and honest with me; you’ll be a good girl and you will do what I tell you to; you will treat me with the respect that a good little slave girl would treat her Master.”

The first reaction that came to Jackie’s mind was similar to the way she felt the last time she chatted with this guy – there was a flash in her mind that wanted to tell him to go straight to hell. Right behind those thoughts, and overwhelming them, came new ones – they were strange, new and unexpected emotions. She felt a wave of guilt for disappointing him before. She’d been so inconsiderate and rude. And now, thinking about being a good girl for him and making him happy gave her a strong sense of pleasure. It wasn’t just happiness either – she felt it physically, like a deep lingering kiss, or loving touch. It made her feel warm to the core, and gave her pussy a fresh tingle. She distilled all of this down in a simple response.

“Yes, Sir – I understand and I will be a good girl for you.”

“Much better. That’s a good girl.”

The wave of pleasure she felt sent a quiver up her spine. “Good girl” sounded like the sweetest thing anyone could have ever said to her. She knew that was kind of strange, but it felt too good to question at the moment.

“What’s your real name, j-girl?”

“Jacquelyn, Sir, though most people call me Jackie.”

“That’s a beautiful name, Jacquelyn. Tell me, dear; are you wearing clothes at the moment?”

“Yes, Sir, I’m wearing cashmere sweat pants and a t-shirt, Sir.”

“Take them off, Jacquelyn.”

She knew she shouldn’t do it. Why would a rational woman strip down to nothing just because some online stranger told her to? Even if she was going to play along for a while, you could just say that you’d done it – it’s not like he could tell. But as she pulled the shirt up over her head, releasing her breasts to the air once more, the immediate pleasure response let her know she’d made the right decision. She hadn’t really noticed it happening but when she wiggled her hips out of her sweats, pushing them down her thighs, she realized that her pussy was wet again. She yearned to touch it, to push her fingers between her glistening lips and into the silky darkness inside, but she figured somehow that SirMaxx probably wouldn’t want her doing that without his permission.

She stepped out of her pants. She’d obeyed SirMaxx, and the realization that she was being a good girl weakened her knees so much she nearly fell back into the sofa. “Oh god,” she thought, “If it feels this good just to take off my clothes for someone, I could get myself in some serious trouble.” But at the same time she wanted more of that feeling; she wanted another command to follow; she wanted to be a good girl; she wanted to feel that tingling, that whole-body feeling of pure pleasure. She’d probably do just about anything to feel that some more.

Chapter Two

Jacquelyn sat back down behind her laptop. She was naked and the knowledge that she had stripped bare at the command of a stranger calling himself SirMaxx filled her thoughts with horror, humiliation and surprise. At the same time, it filled her body with an overwhelming surge of pleasure and lust. Yes, she was being a good girl for Sir.

“Are you done getting undressed, Jacquelyn?” asked the words from the computer screen.

“Yes, Sir, I am naked now,”

“Good girl. Give your nipples a pinch and twist.”

A warm, blissful wave of sensation flowed over her with those words. “Thank you, Sir.” She raised her hands to her newly D-cup breasts and closed her fingers over both nipples at once. She pinched down firmly, biting her lip, and twisted them both. The feeling started as pain, spreading through her, but quickly turned to a deepening of her arousal.

“Now, I see from your profile that you’re a good little girl, but that you’re tempted by a few things – including sex toys. Tell me, what toys do you have?”

“I just have one vibrator, Sir,” Jackie replied.

“Oh dear, that will never do. Give me your email address.”

She typed it over to him.

He responded quickly, “Alright, Jacquelyn; I have to go out for a few hours, and now you do too. I’m emailing you a list of things that you are to purchase. You shouldn’t have too much trouble finding most of them at any major adult store, but there are a couple things here you will have to get at one of a couple fetish shops in the city. Their addresses will be in the email. There will be some clothing items on the list – things that a good little slut girl like you should have. Follow these instructions to the letter, and I’ll be very pleased.”

Jackie replied, “Yes Sir.” Immediately, however, her mind was full of worries. What kind of things was he sending her for? What was she getting herself into? What was she going to wear shopping?

“Oh, and a couple more things, pet,” he continued. I know that a girl like you must be quite needy – you’re probably all hot and wet right now – but

you are not permitted to cum until after you've gone shopping. And you are not to wear a bra or panties. Is that understood?"

"Yes Sir, I understand."

"Good girl."

She moaned aloud as the wave of sensation hit her again. It brought fresh wetness to her pussy, and her nipples were stiff and aching to be touched. But how was she going to be able survive this way – her obedience so far had filled her body with need, but now that same obedience was making herself deny those needs. She was going to have to shop as quickly as she could.

"Be good, Jacquelyn, and enjoy your shopping trip. Once you're back, you are to email me and tell me you're finished, and then you are allowed to cum. Good bye."

He signed off. Left alone with her thoughts and needs, Jackie tried to put things together. She didn't understand her overpowering lust, not to mention the physical high that she got from doing what she was told. She'd never been like that – okay maybe once in a while she liked to be with a strong forceful man – so why all of sudden all this heat from acting like a submissive little slave? She started to pace around her living room, and the strange weight and movement on her chest acted as a continual distraction. She passed a mirror and caught a glimpse of her body – still naked.

"Oh yes, lets not forget these things," she thought. What on earth was happening to her? She had sort of forced herself into accepting that her body had turned into the description she'd typed in last night. Was that profile affecting her mind as well? She sat back down at the computer to bring up that profile and at least remind herself what she'd entered. Before she could get to that, a chime sounded that email had arrived. It was from SirMaxx. She opened it immediately, and realized that she knew where those stores were. She sent the attached list to print without really even reading it. Her body was aching for her to move fast – she needed to be good, she needed to obey, and she needed to be done and back here and cumming hard and wet.

Problem one: clothes. Okay, the Juicy's would do for pants. She wiggled them back on, pausing to enjoy the feel of the fabric on her bare flesh and reluctantly admiring her new curvy ass. Now, how was she going to cover up these tits? The t-shirt had fit over them, but the fabric was so thin with age that it was obscene. She moved into her bedroom and investigated the contents of the large walk-in closet. Buried in the back corner was what

seemed like her only option. Her last Halloween back home she had gone with friends to a costume party in Boston. She'd thrown caution to the wind, as she knew she'd be moving. She'd stuffed an oversized bra full and stretched a genuine Hooter's tank top over it. And there the top was, neatly folded, the owl's eyes staring back at her.

Her body wouldn't let her wait any more. She didn't have a bra that would fit her even if she'd been allowed one, so she pulled the top on. She blushed immediately. Her new breasts were even bigger than her old stuffed bra had been so the tank top was a very snug fit. There was a very generous amount of cleavage displayed by the low cut of the top and in her current state of arousal; her nipples were poking eagerly at the white stretch cotton as well. She knew that she'd be drawing a lot of looks this way, but she couldn't help it – she had to be a good girl and follow her instructions. With cash, credit cards and her keys in a tiny clutch purse, she rushed out into the city.

When Jacquelyn returned home hours later, she was a mental and physical wreck. Everywhere she'd gone male eyes had been fixed on her, filled with lust. Their hungry stares had humiliated her but unexpectedly they also made her more and more sex crazed. Seeing them admiring her ass outlined in the skin tight track pants or her bouncing breasts barely held in by the Hooters tank top gave her a palpable thrill – she was filled with an urge to show herself off more, to wiggle her ass for them, to squeeze her tits, to tug down her top and give them a look at her rock hard nipples. Her mind would race onwards, thinking of having their hands on her body, feeling them all over her, inside her. She couldn't get sex off her mind for a moment.

She'd managed to soldier on, returning her focus to her shopping chores, knowing she had to be a good girl and obey. She wasn't sure why it felt so good to make SirMaxx happy with her, but it did.

Without a bra to wear her breasts were swaying and bouncing with each step, even in such a tight top. It was certainly going to take some getting used to – if she couldn't get herself changed back soon, that is. Plus they were so sensitive – it was like she could feel the fabric of her top pressing back against the firm flesh and stiff nipples. It was even worse when they slid around inside the top. Needless to say, her buds stayed erect during the entire trip.

If the stares and comments weren't enough to mortify her there was SirMaxx's list of toys for her to buy. There were things she'd never heard of before that trip, others that she hadn't realized came that large, and a couple she still didn't know what to do with. And the outfits he'd had her buy, she quivered just thinking about them. She'd hoped to find something

more suitable to change into than her Hooter's top, but even after all the money she spent; it was easily the conservative piece of clothing that would fit her new figure.

But now, dropping the many bags on the floor just inside her door, her body was aching for release. It was nearly driving her mad. All she had to do now was a quick email and she could cum and cum and then cum some more. Before she could compose her own message though, she found one waiting for her from SirMaxx. She opened it immediately.

“Jacquelyn; I trust if you're reading this you are back from shopping, and hopefully you've been a good girl and gotten everything on your list. I'll bet you want to cum quite badly by now. There is just one condition that I will place on that. You are allowed to orgasm but you must use the eight-inch dildo you bought today and you must do it outside. If you have a balcony or something similar that will be sufficient. Enjoy, my pet. I'm looking forward to chatting again soon. Now, go be a good girl.”

She nearly screamed with frustration and shame. Outside?! But her needs were too great to wait. She tore into the packages, and ripped free the eight-inch rubber cock. It was particularly lurid; shaped and molded like a real cock and balls, complete with raised veins, but it was bright orange. Not exactly discrete, to say the least. Oh god, was she really going to do this? The realization that she was about to go out onto her roof deck in broad daylight in view of whoever might be watching and fuck herself silly with this thing only caused a hesitation of about two seconds.

She threw herself into one of her lounge chairs and wiggled her pants down around her ankles as fast as she could. Her lust became her entire world; if someone was watching she just didn't care right. The dildo was a fair sight larger than her normal vibrator but her pussy was soaking wet and she had to have it right now. Still, she let out a deep moan as it pushed inside her. Her head rolled back in pure pleasure. Even the ache felt good. She felt she'd been trapped in the desert for days and this was her first taste of water. After the first couple minutes, she was accustomed enough to the dildo's size to be driving it in and out of her cunt quickly, and her speed was only increasing. Her thighs were spread wide and her free hand was kneading and squeezing her tits, pinching and pulling at her nipples.

Her body moved in a blur – she couldn't get enough of the sensations. Soon, the dildo slick with her juices, she was able to reach her release. The orgasm had built up slowly, over hours really, and its release hit her entire body. She screamed out, and it seemed like every muscle in her body was wracked by spasms. It was the most powerful orgasm she'd ever felt by a wide margin – actually a series of them, hitting her one after the other. When she was able to regain her breath and conscious thought, she found

herself in quite a state. Her sweatpants were hanging on around one ankle and she'd pulled both of her breasts out of her top into the fresh air. They were pushed up and together by the neckline of the top, which was straining beneath their significant burden.

The realization of what she'd just done hit her with a wave of embarrassment and fear, and she scrambled back into her condo. She wondered if anyone had seen her (or heard her, but she wasn't really aware of how loud she'd been). A certain teenager was feeling very fortunate right about now and was uploading some amazing new digital photos to a voyeur website, but Jackie would never find out about that.

Back in her living room, Jackie tried to resolve her own actions in her mind. Before today, she'd gone days without sessions with Mr. Shakesalot, her vibrator. But now, she'd been driven to some very strange and non-typical behavior by these physical needs – not desires, but real needs. She'd started by stripping at his request, she'd given him her email address, she'd gone shopping and spent about \$400 on the sex toys he said to, and about \$800 more on some seriously kinky outfits. Now, she'd topped it all off with indecent exposure. As soon as she let her mind linger on the reasons, that feeling of pleasure she'd gotten – reading those words “good girl” from him, she could almost hear his voice say them to her – it made a certain kind of sense. It felt good to be a good girl, to make someone else feel good just by doing a couple things. And it made her feel so wonderful at the same time. But how could she go on this way?

She wanted to take a shower, but she thought she'd better put that off for the moment – she knew how good that water would feel. She wanted to clean up those bags by the door, but she didn't dare do that either. She remembered from seeing those toys and trying on those outfits that her mind would go on autopilot, imagining those playthings on her and in her, or thinking of hungry eyes on her as her new body made the absolute most of those slutty costumes.

She needed to think of something else, anything else. She covered herself up as best as she could – tomorrow she'd either have to get her own body back, or go shopping for something that wasn't obscene, just to be able to have something to wear. Oh god, what if she was still like this on Monday for work? She was too exhausted, mentally and physically to worry about that right now. She couldn't remember if she'd ever cum so much in one day – not to mention adding on a very significant shopping trip. She grabbed a bottle of water from her fridge on her way to her bedroom, peeled off her tight clothing, and scrambled under the sheets.

Jacquelyn's nap rested her body, if not her mind. Her sex drive seemed ramped up so high that almost immediately her dreams were full of erotic

situations. When she awoke after 90 minutes or so with the bed sheet tangled around her body, the images lingering in her thoughts of herself, men and even other women was a shock to her. She was also hot and wet between her legs, and found the taste of her own juices on her fingers and lips.

She jumped into the shower and used every ounce of her willpower to keep her self-soaping to a minimum. Her new body was still a wonder to her though. Her skin was so smooth and evenly tanned, and her new curves seemed like a world your hands could get happily lost in. As she felt goose bumps rise all over her body, she quickly wrapped herself up in a bathrobe and went back to the living room, but not before noticing that her enlarged breasts made even her robe fit a bit tight.

It wasn't quite a voice in her head, but she felt a yearning to check her computer. The fleeting thought of perhaps another opportunity to give pleasure, to show how she could be a good girl, put a skip in her step. And sure enough, there was email from SirMaxx.

“Jacquelyn my dear, I trust you've continued to be good. I'm eager to see you in the results of your shopping trip but I don't want you to be too frightened, so I've come up with the idea of having us meet in public. This will happen tonight, at the club listed below. In order that I might recognize you, I've also listed below which outfit I'd like you to wear. There are also a couple additional items from your shopping trip today that you should bring with you. Please reply and confirm that I'll see my good girl tonight as instructed at nine o'clock.”

She jerked her eyes to the clock in the kitchen. She could make it. She looked over the detailed instructions relating to the outfit that he had specified and her hand went up to her mouth in a gasp. Even alone at home, a deep hot blush colored her face and neck. There was no way she could do that, was there? She'd worn those clothes in the change rooms by herself and was nervous. Even submitting to the detailed input of the “professional” help at the specialty leather store had made her heart beat madly – but it had also warmed her. She didn't understand it, but standing so close to that young woman with just a small piece of this kinky clothing had her considering new sexual options.

She made up her mind and typed her reply. If she had been willing to buy these things, she must be willing to wear them. Okay, so maybe she hadn't planned on wearing them out on the street or in a public nightclub. It came down to one thing: he had asked her to, and the idea of disappointing him crushed her. She wanted to be a good girl. Being a good girl made her happy, happier than she would have though she could be so far from home, happier than she ever remembered being. And clearly, as she felt

the heat build between her legs, happiness wasn't just something that occurred in the mind.

It took her a fair bit of time and a significant effort to get prepared. She'd drawn her hair back tightly into a ponytail, and she was ready. She started with the stockings, sliding them up her legs, making sure the seams and patterns were straight and even, and that the lace trimmed elastic tops were at the same height on her thighs. While she was at it, she zipped the spike heeled patent leather boots up to her knees. Next was her top. As she was to be covered only with a sheer black top, she had to be legally "decent" so she covered her erect nipples with neat X's of black tape. She stretched the form-fitting top over her body. The neckline was high and the sleeves were long but since you could see right through it, it didn't provide any cover at all. Feeling its silky touch over her breasts as she slid it on only made her nipples harder, and she felt even more exposed.

Next was the skirt, it you could call it that. It was deep red and it had a textured finish sort of like leather but it was stretchy latex and it closed with long laces at one side. It was maybe ten inches long, so she had to wear it low enough to expose a lot of her hips, not to mention the top of her tattoo's wings, in order to cover at least most of her ass. Even then, there was a swath of bare flesh exposed all the way up her side, where the laces held the tiny piece of fabric stretched around her. It was going to be a challenge to keep covered, but as a good girl following orders, she wasn't permitted any panties.

She took a deep breath, as she'd saved the most difficult task for last. She had to squeeze herself into her new leather waist cincher. At the store it had taken some assistance, but now she was on her own. But since she'd had it on that one time before, she knew it was possible. She lay on her back on the bed, and brought the leather around her body. At least it closed with a heavy-duty zipper, so she didn't have to try and reach behind herself to do up laces. After about ten minutes of struggling, deep breaths and very small increments of movement with the zipper, it was finally on. She stood up, pulled her skirt back down over her ass, and took a look at herself.

Breathing was a bit tough, as squeezed into her outfit as she was, but she managed to gasp. She looked like a whore. Every piece of clothing seemed to expose her rather than cover her. The waist cincher gave her even more dramatic curves, drawing her in by at least three or four inches. And if possible, it made her tits seem even bigger. And with the X's, all eyes were drawn as if to targets. The exposed flesh between the tops of her stockings and the bottom of her skirt managed to scream out for attention as well.

She double-checked her list of the sex toys she'd been instructed to bring along and tucked them into a black leather purse with a wad of cash. She stood just inside her door and ran through it all in her head one more time. She was a fairly respected and normal woman, who just happened to have a different body than she did 24 hours ago, and she was about to go out in public dressed like some kind of kinky whore to meet a man she'd never talked to before last night. And why was she doing this? Well, because he asked her to. Ahhhh, there it was again – just thinking about how she knew he wanted this and how happy he was going to be to see her sent that wave of pleasure through her. It started with a sudden wet heat between her thighs and radiated outwards, curling her toes and covering her breasts in goosebumps. She was going to be a good girl for him, and the wonderful sensation of the other people seeing her and wanting to fuck her silly would just be a lucky bonus.

She'd never gotten a cab that fast before, so she was a bit early as he pulled up to the address. She had figured she'd need another burst of willpower to keep going, but by now she wanted so much to see the happy look on SirMaxx's face when he saw what a good girl she'd been that she couldn't wait. "Oh god," she thought, "Maybe he'll fuck me!" Her eyes shot wide open – how could she even think that? She'd never met the man. She may be dressed up like a slut, but she wasn't one in real life. Well, at least she wasn't one yesterday. Damn it, she had to get in there.

She was sure that when she walked inside that all eyes would be on her, and she was trying to prepare herself for it. On one hand there would be a rush of embarrassment and humiliation at having everyone see her like this, but on the other hand she was starting to feel like the lust directed her way by those that saw her was something she could feed off. It flowed into her and became her own carnal need. A handsome doorman hauled the exterior door open for her and she was in a small entry area. She pushed open the curtain into the rest of the club, and she knew she couldn't be sure of anything any more.

The place was no ordinary dance club, or at least it wasn't tonight. She was surrounded by other women and men in clothing not too dissimilar from her own. Most were in pairs, and more often than not one half of the couple was leading the other by some kind of leash. Around the large room were various alcoves and booths – some seemed to be filled of raucous gatherings and conversations and in others there was rapt attention to activities she couldn't quite make out.

She didn't hear him approach behind her, but she heard his voice as a raspy whisper, his lips not an inch from her ear.

“Jacquelyn, you are a very good girl, and you’ve made me very proud. You’re a very good girl indeed.”

She was trembling, her knees weak.

“Jacquelyn...,” he said her name like a question.

“Yes, Sir?”

“Cum.”

The orgasm walloped her without warning. Her moan was a near scream of pleasure. Her knees went weak it was only Maxx’s strong arms around her that kept her from collapsing. He lowered her softly to her knees as the spasms continued and as Jackie spoke a mumbled language only the other women present understood. When she finally regained some semblance of awareness, she was mortified. She’d just cum in front of all these people. There was no question they’d seen and heard her because most were still facing her way and they were actually applauding. Her thighs were soaked with her juices, and she could smell sex.

Maxx was dressed in finely tailored black trousers and a shirt that fit him snugly enough to let her know that he was a very fit man. He appeared to be a bit over six feet tall, maybe in his mid 30’s. As he leaned down to affix a thin leather collar around her neck, she noticed a distant but wonderfully exotic scent and just a touch of grey hair mixed in with the black. The best way to describe her reaction to him was hunger. He clipped a leather leash to her collar, and stood up before her.

“If you’re ready, pet,” he smiled down at her, “I’ll show you around. There are a few people here very eager to see you. I’ve told them what a good girl you are and they want to see for themselves.”

Oh dear god, what had she gotten herself into.

Chapter Three

Sharon's Story

It was nearly the weekend – yet another beautiful Friday afternoon in San Diego, but all that Sharon could think about was the conversation from lunch. She'd gone to a local pub with Jackie, her friend from work, to have a quick meal, enjoy a glass of wine or two, and commiserate about men. Sharon and Jackie had been having these chats for months now.

As soon as Jackie had joined the company, Sharon had recognized her as someone who seemed like a lot of fun, even if she technically was Sharon's boss. She certainly spoke her mind and she enjoyed the occasional girls-only martini night. They had also been able to share their frustrations and thoughts over trying to find men in the city. Sharon had the advantage of knowing the local scene and Jackie the drive from being energized by her move across the country.

After some initial setbacks, Jackie had done in-depth research on online dating services and she'd been so thorough and enthusiastic about one company, MPC Dating, that she'd even convinced Sharon to join with her. Unfortunately, those early and enthusiastic days were months old and neither one of them had had any luck at all. They exchanged theories that it was maybe the tone or maybe the content of their information and profiles that was keeping them from generating any significant feedback.

Sharon was willing to admit that she was average in most areas – medium height, medium build, not fat but no anorexic model either – but she had always been proud of her curly black hair and piercing green eyes. These details were striking to her, but it seemed that men were looking for something a bit less subtle perhaps.

At lunch, while discussing this injustice, one glass of wine had turned into two and then three. It was about halfway through the third glass when Sharon had surprised herself a bit with the joke that if neither of them had any luck with men soon they should give that gender up as lost and just hook up together. They'd shared a raucous laugh over it, but now hours later, Sharon found the thought was still rolling around in her head.

She hadn't really had those kinds of thoughts before, and while she'd appreciated the attractiveness of certain women she'd never been attracted to a woman before. Before? Was she now? She was confusing herself with logical circles. It didn't help that she found herself letting her eyes linger over Jackie's body as she stopped by at the end of the day to say a quick goodbye. And was that a gleam in her eye? It was a look reminded Sharon of the enthusiastic gleam that Jackie used to have about her personal life

when they first started their search in earnest. Maybe Jackie was thinking about their conversation as well.

Through the evening and even through her Saturday errands, Sharon found that her thoughts kept coming back to the idea of her and Jackie together. She knew they'd have lots of fun together as they already did – their loud laughter tended to fill bars and pool halls. She wondered what the sex would be like. If Jacquelyn was her superior at work would that carry though into the bedroom, or would Sharon reverse the roles and twist up Jackie's hair in her fingers and push her mouth hard into her trembling, glistening pussy. "Wow," she laughed to herself, "where did that come from?" Sharon was in the middle of a clothing store and she actually had gotten herself blushing with her own imagination – and her imagination was a bit foul-mouthed.

She'd given Jackie a call to see was interested in joining her at the mall but there was no answer – perhaps she was off doing some retail therapy of her own. On her own, the trip was enjoyable and not too damaging as she only purchased a couple staples – can you have too many white stretch t's? She stopped off at the grocery store to stock up on a few items and then she was back home to relax.

By now her imagination was really spiraling. She had moved to seeing herself towering over a quivering Jackie who was dripping with lust. Their bodies would stick together with sweat and their lips would be sticky with each other's nectar. Sharon shook her head, trying to set her mental processes back in order. She couldn't help but notice that she was physically aroused with all these new thoughts, and there was certainly a heat and wetness building inside her favorite pair of jeans.

Somehow she'd gotten to a Saturday night without any plans, but an idea struck her. If she wanted to try out some of these new fantasies, why not make some use of that useless dating service. She remembered from an earlier investigation that one section of the site had a chat room she could look around in. She'd have to change up a few things in her profile first, as her fantasy image of herself was developing a certain character that might appeal to someone. She knew there was supposed to be a guarantee on this service that all the profiles were accurate, but they were supposed to provide her with more than frustration and feelings of inadequacy, so she didn't care too much about their guarantees or promises.

She logged in. The chat room was in their "Intimate Encounters" section, and she soon discovered that in addition to the revisions that she'd planned to make, there was a lot more detail requested for this area, so she'd have even more work for her recently oversexed imagination. She

didn't mind, since it was around this time she was even wondering if Jackie herself might see her online and be tempted.

She brought up the full profile window, and started entering in the information for what she was calling her amazon-lesbian-sex-queen persona.

- MEASUREMENTS? 37DD-23-35
- GLASSES/CONTACTS? None
- HEIGHT? 6 foot 1 inches
- WEIGHT? 120 lbs
- HAIR COLOR? BLACK
- BODY HAIR? None
- TAN? Light tan
- PIERCINGS? Ears, navel, tongue
- TATTOOS? none
- BODY SENSITIVITY - BREASTS (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY - NIPPLES (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY - LABIA (1-10)? 9
- BODY SENSITIVITY - CLITORIS (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR ORAL SEX (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR VAGINAL SEX (1-10)? 10
- DESIRE FOR ANAL SEX (1-10)? 7
- ATTRACTION TO MEN IN GENERAL (1-10)? 5
- ATTRACTION TO WOMEN IN GENERAL (1-10)? 10
- DOMINANCE TOWARDS OTHERS (1-10)? 10
- SUBMISSIVENESS TOWARDS OTHERS (1-10)? 2
- OPENNESS TOWARDS SEXUAL EXPERIMENTATION (1-10)? 10
- OTHER COMMENTS?

"Mistress Sharon is a strong, imaginative and caring Mistress to her girls; she guides their bodies and minds to new levels of pleasure. She takes her own pleasure from their beauty, obedience, lust and desire. She has almost a sixth sense in knowing what will drive them wild. When they submit she enjoys a near complete control over them, to their great joy."

Sharon looked at the screen and smiled, trying to form a mental picture. She decided to get a bit naughtier yet and make a quick trip to her bedroom. She returned to the computer a few moments later in flowing silk pajamas over her sexiest black lace lingerie over her favorite little toy: a "dolphin" vibrator that strapped on and rested just over her clitoris. Once it got to humming it could drive her to a very personal heaven.

Now that she felt properly dressed and prepared, she logged into the chat room and Mistress Sharon made her debut and started looking around. Much as she assumed others were doing, she'd read along with the chatting and check out the profiles for the others she saw chatting and lurking. She set her vibe to a low hum, and the soft buzzing along with the feel of the lingerie on her body kept her in a wonderful mood.

She managed to engage a couple of women in conversation that moved to private chats. It wasn't quite what Sharon had hoped for as an active workout for the new lusts she was discovering, but she certainly enjoyed it. At a certain point, however, the lateness of the hour, the slight disappointment in the level of eroticism of the chatting, one too many interruptions by horny men and the desire to personally finish off what the vibe had started led her to sign off and head for bed. She decided to save her profile, just in case.

She stripped herself bare but for the dolphin and lay back in her satin sheets – another personal luxury she'd allowed herself. With her hands on her breasts and between her thighs, her fingers joined in with the action provided by the vibe. Soon she was writhing happily with her pussy warm and wet and her nipples stiff and tingling. She tried to fill her head with fantasies with girls from the evening's chatting but it wasn't long before it was Jackie's face between her thighs. She gave in and pictured her friend and boss restrained in leather with her tongue working eagerly. She screamed out loud as her orgasm hit and she writhed energetically on the bed. Purring as it receded, she unstrapped the dolphin and covered herself up with the sheets and drifted off to further dreams.

At the MPC Dating main data warehouse, the busy chat traffic was being handled without problem by the vast array of servers. Routine scans and confirmation subroutines evaluating profiles and customer data noticed another discrepancy and signaled the purpose built Profile Enforcement Server of the latest incident. The subject was identified, the computer signaled its long-range sensors to re-confirm the details relating to the incident. According to standing orders, the enforcement subroutine was initialized with the default transition duration. Due to a bit of a non-standard condition in the profile definition, there was an email automatically sent to the day supervisor for the next shift, but it did not stop the revisions. With its program implemented, the PES returned itself to sleep.

Sharon slept deeply, and her dreams were full of increasingly erotic dreams that translated into physical movements of body, twisting and sliding in the satin sheets. As she slept, her naked body was becoming more and more sensitive. Her nipples stood out stiffly and each motion against the brought her a soft pulse of pleasure. The pleasure built and grew and, fed by her dreams, finally woke her in a state of lust and need. Before she was even fully awake, she was reaching for the vibe she kept tucked behind the books beside her bed. She fumbled for the controls and turned it to full speed. She could feel she was already wet, so she wasted no time in teasing it over her aching clit and into her pussy.

The vibe felt better and more powerful inside her than it ever had before. She thought that it must be because of her dreams and all the erotic daydreaming she'd been doing. By now she was biting her lower lip, and pumping the vibe in and out of her body, moaning aloud. She came fast and loud, and let out a satisfied sigh – now that is a way to start the day. She needed a hot shower now to fully wake up, and she was about halfway to the bathroom before her eyes were fully open.

As she had slept naked, she got the full impact at once upon seeing her reflection in the mirror. She stopped dead and her mouth fell open. Her hands were trembling as they cautiously moved up to confirm what her eyes were telling her. First of all, her tits were huge! They were so full and yet they didn't sag at all. They felt wonderful in her hands, but that did little to calm her. Her hands kept moving, over her tight belly, fiddling with a lovely decorative ring she found there, down to her curved hips and her tight ass. The skin was so smooth and hairless. The shock was waking her up quickly. She noticed the relationship of her reflection to the doorway and noticed that she was taller too – a lot taller.

“What in the sweet hell is going on?” she asked her reflection. She was turning around, twisting, trying to see all of herself while her hands roamed. Was she going crazy? There was no way that this was possible. She decided to just shower, and wash this bad dream away. Every motion felt strange though – she was so tall now that everything seemed lower, including the controls for the shower. As she bent over to adjust them, she felt the full mounds on her chest moving and swaying. When she would stop moving, it would take them just that little bit longer and they might sway back and forth. She felt their added weight as well.

The feel of the water on her flesh was wonderful – her body seemed so sensitive, especially her breasts and pussy. She also noticed that if anything her new desires had increased. As she felt the water and suds flow down her body, she imagined with them the kisses and soft touch of beautiful women. They knelt before her, suckling at her breasts, fondling her, urging their fingers and tongues between her thighs, kissing and caressing her folds of her sex. She saw them not only pleasing her with their bodies, but she felt a deep joy as she imagined their simple devotion to her, their loving obedience and the control she would carefully use over them. Sharon's eyes were closed tight in the shower, her fantasies taking over, and wasn't quite fully aware that she had two fingers twirling in her pussy and a finger teasing into her tight ass as her new full breasts squashed against the tile. She was aware of her second orgasm of the day, though, as the power of it weakened her knees, and she slid down in the tub, trembling all over with pure pleasure.

Sharon eventually got herself up and out of the shower. In drying herself she was again reminded of how much more of her there now was to dry and how wonderful touch felt on her skin. She was unable to find much of anything to cover herself with, so she wrapped herself in her bathrobe. It was noticeable short on her now, not to mention that it wouldn't really make it all the way around her chest. She was curious so she got out her cloth tape and measured her bust. Working it out, she realized she was now proudly carrying around DD cup tits. She decided to take the rest of her measurements as well and as she wrote down the numbers she was struck by the familiarity of them. The idea came to her and she powered up her computer to confirm her fears. She now had the exact measurements that she'd made up the night before. Looking down at her breasts constantly falling out of her robe she was glad she hadn't made them even larger.

She looked over the other statistics she'd entered, and realized it was a checklist of the changes that had somehow happened to her body overnight. Running to the washroom she even was able to confirm that in fact her tongue was pierced and she'd been subconsciously aware of the shiny steel stud all morning. She smiled with that one, and felt a desire to feel it against some woman's nipples or clit.

She sort of knew that she should be scared to death right now, and that something real fucking weird had happened. After all, what kind of dating service magically changed you to match your description? She wasn't scared though; she felt stronger and more confident than she ever had before. She went and stood before the full-length mirror in her bedroom. Normally she didn't like to even see herself naked, but now she stripped off the robe and tossed it onto the bed. She looked amazing. She still had her own face, her deep green eyes and her signature curly black hair – which if anything just looked thicker and shinier. From the neck down, though, she was all-new. She was so wonderfully tall – see imagined herself in heels towering over most men and it brought a crooked smile to her lips.

One thing linked to reality that did come to mind was that she'd better warn or tell Jackie about all this. She went back to her computer, feeling none of the shame she might have before about strolling around naked. Jackie wasn't online at the moment, so she figured she'd send an email. She laughed and paused, wondering exactly how she was going to phrase this. Without Jackie able to see the results in person, she'd likely say Sharon was nuts. While she thought about it, she brought up Jackie's profile, giving her a few moments to think.

She laughed out loud when she saw it. It was clearly too late for any warnings. She looked down at the little revision date and noticed that

Jackie must have made her discovery even before Sharon did, as the last listed update time was Friday night, just 24 hours before Sharon's own. As she read further, details like revision dates were pushed from her mind, replaced by wicked plans. Sharon read it over and over. Jackie, on purpose or otherwise, had managed to turn herself into a beautiful, curvy, horny, bisexual slut who seemed to yearn for just the kind of control Sharon ached to offer. This was going to be fun.

She clearly had an entirely different kind of email to compose.

“Dear slutty Jacquelyn, this is Mistress Sharon. A slut like you needs firm control and someone who will not only appreciate your whoring body but properly show it off to others. I know you ached to be a good girl, and even more you yearn to be a good slut and good slave. As such, when you read this email, you will shower, get dressed in just a short skirt and tight top, and report to me immediately. You will take along all the sex toys you can carry in order that you can show me how much you love to use them.”

Sharon giggled to herself, “Oh goody, this is going to be fun!”

Chapter Four

Jackie's mind was spinning, and not just because she had been hit hard by a powerful orgasm. The feeling of her own juices trickling down the insides of her thighs as she knelt before a virtual stranger was certainly another concrete example of how different this weekend was from, say, every other weekend in her life.

Breathing deep, she tried to confirm for herself that all of this was really happening. She was dressed in high-heeled patent leather boots, lace trimmed stockings, a tiny skirt that barely covered anything (even less than usual with her in this position) as it was laced and stretched around her hips and a tight leather waist cincher was pushing her breasts high while giving her even more of an hourglass figure. Hell, she hadn't even gotten used to the D cups she now had and they seemed even larger now. In the name of decency her nipples were covered with an X of black tape and a tight sheer top stretched over her torso. The latest accessory was the most alarming to her – she wore a black leather collar around her neck and there was a leash clipped to it. She was leashed like an animal.

Holding her leash was SirMaxx, the man she'd met for the first time just minutes ago and before that just a name on her computer screen. His first words to her had made her cumm instantly. The pleasure had been building in her all day. It was a lust and need that had grown with each small command he'd given her, with each piece of clothing she had stretched onto her body. With every little way that she'd been a good girl.

But as this handsome man looked down at her with a smile and a tug at her leash, part of her still couldn't believe it. She did want to see more of what was going on at this strange nightclub, but he'd said that he wanted to show her off as well. Oh god, but look at her, she was barely covered at all, and she felt sluttier than naked. Could she really be doing this? His words still rang in her ears – he wanted to show what a good girl she was. It sent a hot shiver through her. Before tonight she had felt the wonderful emotion caused by just seeing those words on her computer screen. Hearing them spoken aloud was something exponentially better – a sense of happiness, lust, satisfaction and pure joy seemed to emanate from her core and out through every pore.

If she was a good girl for dressing this way, how could it be wrong? Maybe she looked like a whore but she wasn't alone in this club it seemed. Plus it was clearly bringing SirMaxx pleasure, not to mention a few others she saw staring rather obviously at her. If being a good girl meant following this beautiful man at the end of his leash, her purse heavy with lewd toys and devices, seeing new and amazing things while being on display as a pure sexual object of desire then that was all she needed.

Jackie lifted herself back onto her feet, steadying herself on Maxx's offered arm. Once she was balanced on the heels he moved off in front of her leaving her to follow the guidance of her leash. They moved slowly and she was able to drink in the sights and sounds that surrounded them. At one table there was a woman wearing little more than a leather thong with metal cuffs holding her wrists tight behind her while more than one man slowly and intimately inspected her breasts. Down a little farther, on a small wooden chair was a woman bound securely with bright white rope squirming and moaning into a gag while at least two visible vibrators hummed over her flesh while an audience of men and women watched and cheered.

Even more eyes were directed up at the club's small stage where two incredibly beautiful women, both blindfolded, were making their way towards each other with slow guided steps and hands cautiously outstretched. They were dressed in identical but differently colored bikinis that appeared to be made of some kind of shimmering plastic – one in white the other in bright pink. Once they found each other their hands and mouths leapt to action, kissing and groping with a palpable hunger. Jackie was frozen in rapt attention watching them. They were so beautiful and the lights glistened on their skin, sparkling as they moved in their lust-driven dance. Jackie felt her eyes searching over them, following each line and curve of their bodies and they intertwined.

A soft tug at her leash woke her from her reverie and she looked up at SirMaxx with a flushed smile. As she continued to walk behind him she was aware of a refreshed warmth and wetness between her thighs. She knew that without any panties it would continue to trickle down to mark and stain her stockings, but she was helpless to stop it.

She was led over to a booth and Maxx sat. She waited beside him, still standing, until he indicated with a hand gesture that she should kneel beside him. Together, with his hand in her hair caressing her they continued to watch the two women on stage and started to idly chat.

"Tell me Jacquelyn," he said, "have you spent a lot of time in clubs like this, dressed like you are now? And please be honest – you could only disappoint me by trying to tell me what you think I want to hear."

"No Sir, this is very new to me."

"I see," he smiled, "and do you like it?"

“Ohhh yesss,” she found herself nearly purring, “It’s so amazing, Sir. I can’t believe all the things that are happening here, all the fascinating outfits, and...” She paused, embarrassed by her own thoughts.

“Continue, sweet girl.”

“Well, Sir, it feels so strange, but to feel the people here looking at me, seeing me in the way that I’ve dressed for you – part of me feels so embarrassed, but even more I’m feeling a kind of joy at it, feeling their lusts transferred to me. Knowing that it makes you, and them, happy to see me like this... well, it makes me genuinely happy too, Sir.”

Maxx smiled, “I’m very glad to hear that, Jacquelyn, and it does make me very happy to see you like this. You’re a very good girl to follow your instructions so perfectly.”

Hearing those words, pleasure washed over her like an ocean wave. She seemed barely able to keep herself upright. She knew that the changes she’d made with the Dating Service profile was causing this, but any regret and worry about it were worlds away at this moment.

Their discussion paused with the approaching climax on stage. Neither woman had any of their bikini left intact though they both remained blindfolded. They were kissing each other hard and each had at least two fingers pumping into the other’s cunt. They were both clearing reaching the edge, and their bodies were grinding together as they slid down, first to their knees, then all the way to the surface of the stage. With fingers and mouths searching they guided themselves into a 69 position. Within minutes of tongues finding their opposing pussies, both were screaming and writhing under the affect of their orgasms. Jackie couldn’t turn away until after they recovered and were let off opposite sides of the stage, still without seeing each other.

Jackie found herself licking her lips then blushing deeply as she observed Maxx noticing her reaction. She lowered her eyes to the floor.

“Sweet Jacquelyn, you don’t have to try to hide what pleases you,” he comforted her. “So, you’ve said that you enjoy the feeling that you get when others get to see how good you look, especially in outfits that suit you as perfectly as this one?”

All Jackie could do was nod, her eyes down, seeing the curves of her enlarged breasts, still so new to her. She could feel her nipples stiffly straining at the tape covering them.

“And I seem to recall from your profile that you’ve also got a lovely little attachment to certain personal entertainment devices?” he half-asked, a smile growing on his lips.

She silently cursed her own imagination – what had inspired her to include things like that? “Yes, Sir,” she whispered in response.

“Good,” he answered through a full smile, “because the stage is open now, and I want you to show everyone here that you’ve been a very good girl. Would you like that?” He rose from the booth and moved towards the stage, pausing as her leash swayed slowly in an arc between his hand and her collar. “Would you, Jacquelyn? Would you like everyone to see what a good girl you are?”

Her mind fought with the sensations that were causing her body to tingle from head to toe. She wasn’t this kind of woman, was she? She had just wanted a date with a nice man, then maybe to tease a few that were ignoring her in favor of big-breasted bimbos – not to hand herself over to someone for pleasure, with an audience no less. But the radiating feeling between her legs only grew. If she could take this step, think what a good girl she would be, and how pleased he would be with her. She started to allow herself to think about it more, imagining all those eyes on her, just the way hers had been on those two women just moments ago. The whole club’s lust and desire and pleasure would be flowing to her. There was no other choice.

“Yes Sir, I’d like that very much.” She rose to follow him, and he led her up onto the stage. With her first step into the circle of light the applause and cheers rang out. She could barely see anything with the light bright in her eyes, but she could certainly hear them and feel their presence. SirMaxx had found a chair and he sat down near her as she stood in the centre of the stage. There was a microphone in his hand, and his questions for her rang out throughout the club.

“Are you a good girl, Jacquelyn?”

“Yes, Sir, I try to be.”

“Do you think you’re dressed like a good girl?”

“I’m dressed like a slut, Sir, but it’s because you asked me to.” Saying the word slut out loud made it even more real. Her answer generated a smile from Maxx and a good laugh from the crowd.

“I see. Tell me, Jacquelyn, is that a purse you have there?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Give it to me.” She slipped it off her shoulder and handed it to him. He promptly opened it up and unceremoniously dumped its contents onto the stage. The toys he’d commanded her to carry rattled out for all to see, mortifying her. There was her obscenely large bright orange dildo, an equally bright pink butt plug and a large white ball gag. “Are these your toys, Jacquelyn?”

She could feel the pounding of her heart rising up in her throat. She felt her face burn red. A raucous mixture of laughter and rude comments were being offered by those watching her, but all she could see was the light in her eyes.

“Yes Sir, those are my toys.” Whoops of pleasure from the crowd.

“If they are yours, my dear, they must fit you. Is that correct?”

Oh god, he wouldn’t. “Yes, Sir, I suppose so.”

“Be a good girl, Jacquelyn, and show us how well they fit.” He gathered up the gag and held it out to her. Then he and the suddenly hushed crowd waited.

Jackie’s hands were shaking as she took the gag from him, but deep down she knew that she wanted this as much as he did. It was a desire she felt so deeply that it seemed inconceivable she might not have felt it days ago. Guiding her fingers to the leather straps she maneuvered the large rubber ball between her lips and started to push it into her mouth. She had to open wide to get it past her teeth and even then she had to work it in slowly, feeling it compress before it popped in. She finished by buckling it securely behind her head. She made sure it was tight, and felt the ball in her mouth pull even further back and stretch her lips. She felt even more helpless and submissive now but at the same time she got a wave of pleasure imagining how the white gag might look against her bright red lipstick.

With her mouth wide and full, her eyes lifted back up to Maxx. Now in his hand was the ominous looking plug. She took it from him, and looked at it fearfully. She’d never tried this before, and it certainly seemed a bit large compared to the opening it was supposed to fill. She noticed a bit of gleam on it and she realized that while she had been busy he had mercifully given it a thin coating of some kind of lubricant.

“On all fours, pet, and face your bottom to your fans,” he instructed.

She carefully complied. She waist cincher held her tight as she moved but she managed to get herself settled on her hands and knees. Her ridiculously short skirt was giving the crowd behind her a very good view, even before she felt Maxx hike her skirt up her hips and to her waist, baring her bottom completely, and then urging her thighs wider open.

“Go ahead, pet, show us how a good girl uses her toys,” his voice was a throaty whisper in her ear.

She reached back with her right hand, and guided the soft tip of the plug to her tight rosebud. She could hear the crowd growing more enthusiastic – of course they had a much better view of what was happening than she did. She could only imagine how it looked, her on all fours, her thighs spread, her hairless pussy and ass exposed for all to see. And even now she could feel the warm wetness of her cunt, announcing to all how aroused she was.

She started to push the plug into herself, and she felt her body stretching to accept it, feeling how rapidly it seemed to widen. She moaned into her gag with the strange aching, but she couldn't stop. The excitement of showing herself off to a leering audience was intoxicating, and added to her level of pleasure that was easily keeping pace with the discomfort. She could hear them, unseen in the darkness, shouting out hoots of encouragement. Finally, with a moan that her gag barely stifled, she felt the plug slide fully in, its contours firmly held now by her body. She knew that all that could be seen of it now was the plug's wide pink base between her firm ass cheeks. There was a loud cheer to celebrate the accomplishment.

SirMaxx's touch and a tug at her collar urged her back up onto her feet. She moved slowly and carefully. Now she had not only the high-heeled boots to contend with, but also the very strange sensation of the plug feeling so deep and full inside of her. She couldn't make a move without being aware of it. Maxx pointed towards the chair, and she sat. The plug pushed even deeper and if the waist cincher wasn't controller her posture already, this surely would. She was drooling around the gag. The sensations from her body and the flood of new experiences and emotions was driving her to a new level of lust, and it was evident to all that saw her. Not only was her pussy glistening and flush but her eyes had a glazed look of need about them.

Maxx guided her forwards in the chair and guided her thighs apart with a smile. “Don't hide, pet, show off your beauty. Now the last one.” With that, he handed her the eight-inch dildo.

She took it eagerly. By now she was dying to have something inside her hungry cunt. Also, facing the crowd, she felt much more able to act out

her part as an exhibitionist slut, a whore eager to show her brazen need as well as her obedience. She teased herself with the dildo, sliding the brightly colored toy between her lips, feeling it drag over her perked clit. Only once she felt her juices coat it from top to bottom and heard the approval of her audience did she guide it into her silky folds. She took her time; her eyes drifting closed with the pure heavenly sensation of it, starting a pattern of pushing it in two inches, then back out one.

She must have been getting a bit too enthusiastic as her body edged closer and closer to release, because Maxx whispered a caution in her ear, “Don’t fuck it, pet, just put it inside.” Even that minor amount of chastisement hit her hard; she feared that she might have disappointed him and she summoned the strength to postpone her orgasm and she slowly pushed the dildo the rest of the way into her, until only its base was visible. With her legs spread this way, her two holes were both now filled with brightly colored toys.

Maxx surprised her by taking out what seemed to be a harness made of leather straps. First it went around her waist like a belt, buckling tight. The second strap was fastened to the first and dangled down from the front. Maxx stood her up, and pulled it down between her legs and back up behind her. Her eyes widened in a jolt and her gag stifled yet another moan as he pulled it tightly upwards. It pushed at both toys, teasing them tightly into her, and pulled between her ass cheeks. She felt him fasten a buckle at the back of the harness’s belt.

Satisfied that the toys weren’t going anywhere, he pulled her skirt down over her hips once more. The harness belt was clearly visible above it. To complete her submission, he guided her arms back behind her and she felt soft but strong leather cuffs lock around her wrists.

With that complete, he kissed her on the lips, opening his mouth to match her lips as they stretched around the gag. The guests were on their feet, laughing and cheering, and Maxx was trying to restrain a very wide smile as he led Jackie proudly off the stage.

“You’re a very good girl, Jacquelyn, and you’ve made me proud and very happy. A very good girl indeed.”

She nearly came, and she did wobble visibly. She wanted to cum so badly. She felt the movement of the toys with each stride. Now that she was out of the spotlight the club was visible to her once more and the anonymous roars had been transformed into men’s and women’s faces smiling and staring at her. She’d never been this hot before, this wet – nectar was dripping around the dildo and trailing down her thighs. She could even smell it. God, every single person here knew she was doubly stuffed with

sex toys. They were all looking at her with lust in their hearts. As Jackie's eyes darted from one face to another, she knew in her heart that there wasn't anyone here she wouldn't fuck right now for release.

But she was led back to the booth and once again kneeled at SirMaxx's feet. He ordered a drink and for the next few minutes she was forced to simmer with growing need as he accepted the congratulation of appreciative onlookers who would stop by the table. What made it worse for Jackie was that as she was kneeling on the floor she was eye level with the bulging trousers of the men and the short fragrant skirts of the women.

Finally she couldn't take it any longer. She started to rub herself against his legs, both to bring herself some sensation by attempting to grind her full pussy against his shins and to tempt him with the smooth touch of her full breasts against him.

He smiled down at her, "Hungry, my pet?"

She moaned and nodded urgently.

"We'd better feed you then, shouldn't we?"

Again, nodding was all she could do to communicate her need.

He reached behind her head and she felt the gag loosened, then removed from her mouth. Her lips were wet with drool, and she swallowed, blushing. He reached down, guiding her closer to him but leaving her wrists cuffed behind her. Then his hands moved to his own trousers. In seconds, his stiff cock sprung out before her, only inches from her mouth.

She didn't need a single word of instruction. She wiggled closer in between his spread thighs and quickly sucked it in. She suckled at his significant cock with earnest need and desire, her head bobbing. As he grew even harder in the warmth of her mouth she was making loud slurps, as without the use of her hands she had only suction and the position of her body to keep the hot shaft in her mouth. Each moan of pleasure that escaped his lips or twitch of his cock sent a complementary flush of pleasure through Jackie's body. It also helped that the toys inside her cunt and bottom were being tightly gripped by her muscles as she worked her lips and tongue up and down. Even the tight full feeling the plug gave her was wonderful as her body took tight hold of it.

After a few minutes of her ministrations, she was glistening with sweat and she felt him twitch and his muscles tighten. She prepared herself for his release by sucking him deep into her mouth, waiting to feel the hot

cum in her mouth. Maxx had other intentions, however, and he pulled back leaving her looking up at him with wide eyes and a wide mouth. He took his full wet cock in his hand as his cum exploded from him, shooting it over her lips, face and breasts. She felt the hot ropey cum land on her cheeks and just under her left eye. He was shaking with the last of his spasms as she sucked him back into her mouth. Tasting the salty cum on her tongue and knowing she was marked with it, she heard his words come out with a guttural moan, “Good girl, very good girl. Come for me my good girl.”

She came hard, her body one tight writhing knot of muscles from head to toe, gripping the toys inside her. She kept her jaws from closing on his cock, but her instinctive suckling milked him dry. With all three holes filled, she rode the orgasm as long as she could, feeling his hands in her hair, stroking her as the waves crashed over and over.

As she recovered, he released her wrists from the cuffs and lifted her up on to the seat beside him. She felt his arm around her as she came down from the high, and she used her fingers and tongue to lap up his drying cum from her face.

Even after the heavenly moments she spent in his embrace, she still felt flushed as he led her out of the club. He kissed her warmly as he bundled her into a cab.

“Take care, my sweet Jacquelyn. I will be getting in contact with you again soon. You’re not only a very good girl, but you were the sexiest pet in the club tonight. Be good, and be well. You will serve me again soon.” His smile was contagious, and as the cab pulled away from the curb, she felt aglow.

As she got farther from the club and the natural high of her orgasm faded, reality sank back in. The events of the evening were racing through her head. She recalled her own actions in disbelief. It seemed like a dream or a drug induced haze – that seemed the only way to explain how she had acted. There was no denying it though – she was still dressed like a whore, with cum stains on her sheer top. And, as she shifted in the cab’s back seat, she was very much still buckled full of toys. She’d been told she could remove them when she got home, but that the harness and the toys were the last things she was to remove. Even the black X’s on her nipples had to come off first.

It was another shock to her – even with her full post-orgasm awareness of the strange and shameless nature of her behavior, even feeling near crippling embarrassment each time the cabbie glanced in his rear-view mirror – she knew she’d obey her instructions, and she knew that it would

feel delicious to do so. Her head dropped in her hands as the realization of what this dating service had done to her, or what she'd done to her self, sank in.

When she finally got home, she was mentally and physically exhausted. Peeling the tight clothing from her body seemed to take forever, especially as her pussy and ass had to wait to be emptied until it was all done. She took a deep breath, rejoicing as she unzipped waist cincher. She was staggering in a daze of near sleep by the time she carefully peeled the tape free of her stiff nipples. In the bathroom she tugged and eased the toys from her body, and as she feared, she was filled with the pleasure of knowing that she was a good girl who had followed her instructions, and she gripped the sink tightly as another orgasm rolled over her.

She was able to stumble to the bed and collapsed naked onto it. She was asleep in seconds.

Jackie's head was cloudy when she awoke, but the smell of her own sweat and sex was a quick reminder of the way she spent the previous day. When she finally did find the energy to open her eyes, she was shocked at the time. She'd slept away half of her Sunday. Her new sex drive was also telling her that it was a long time since she'd cum. She resolved to fight her urges at least long enough to check the computer once more. Maybe her profile was unlocked by now, and she'd be able to put a stop to this. Well, at least some of it. The strange bounce and weight of her new breasts were certainly still new to her, but she was starting to really enjoy them as she felt the air move over them and her nipples quickly crinkle.

"These will be tough to explain at work, that's for sure," she told herself. It took a split second for her thoughts to ricochet through various thought paths and connections before it hit her. Work... the dating service... Sharon. Fuck.

She needed to call her, warn her, something. She didn't know what to say. She hoped for some good luck – maybe she'd be able to change herself back, and Sharon won't have done anything, and everything would be okay. Sure, it could happen. Her computer was finally warmed up.

With a ping, there was an email from Sharon. Jackie took a deep breath, working up the nerve to open it. She gathered up her resolve, still hanging on to some optimism, and double-clicked.

As soon as she'd read it, she knew it was worse than she'd thought. The tone that Sharon had used was so strange, so out of place. She'd never heard anything like it from such a meek girl. After all, as much as they were friends, it always seemed to linger that Sharon could never be

completely free or open, since at the end of the workday she had to report to Jackie. Now, however, her tone was commanding, and it had struck at the core of Jackie's new lusts and needs. She was fighting her emotions, trying to force out the mental image of herself kneeling at Mistress Sharon's feet.

It was a losing battle, and she knew it. After all, as these thoughts were spinning through her mind she was already showered, perfumed and in her car halfway to Sharon's house, dressed only in a short pleated miniskirt and a cropped low-cut tank top. A duffle bag full of freshly cleaned and battery filled sex toys sat on the seat beside her. And as much as she fought it, she couldn't get there fast enough.

Chapter Five

Jackie approached Sharon's door nervously. She was still blushing from the looks and comments she'd received each step of the way between her car and this point. Her tiny top could barely contain her breasts and the excitement and cool air on them kept her nipples stiff and very visible. The short pleated skirt barely covered her ass and it only got worse with the way it swayed with each step.

Standing outside the door, the heavy dufflebag in her hand, she took a deep breath and knocked. Her jaw dropped as Sharon opened the door. Jackie recognized her friend's face, but her body was changed dramatically. Sharon towered over her now, and every inch of her was fit and firm. Swelling out proudly were a pair of breasts even larger than Jackie's. Jackie's inspection of her was made even easier by the fact that Sharon was naked from head to toe.

"Come in, Jackie," Sharon commanded with a smile.

Jackie bustled herself in and closed the door behind her. She had been confused the whole way over, not knowing what to think of the tone of Sharon's email or how she was going to explain what had happened to her own body. Now she was in shock, trying to put all the pieced together in her mind.

Sharon interrupted her thoughts. "We obviously have a lot to talk about, but a few things first. I don't think a submissive little slut like yourself should be dressed while a powerful Mistress like myself is not, do you?"

"No ma'am," Jackie responded meekly.

"Strip then, pet, and give me your clothes."

It didn't take Jackie long to wiggle out of the two small items, and the heat of her blushing face was matched by a burning lust building between her thighs, feeling the joy of obedience and the display of her body. Sharon took them items as she watched, then preceded to stretch them over her own form. The top was stretched even more over Sharon's breasts, showing her firm titflesh not only at the deeply cut neckline but swelling below the cropped bottom as well. The skirt hung from her curvy hips more like decoration than clothing.

"Good little girl," Sharon purred, "now put the contents of that bag on the floor."

The warmth of those words hit Jackie as she moved quickly to obey. Carefully she took each item out and laid them out for inspection. Once the bag was empty she set it aside.

“Very good, Jackie, now you may kneel before me.”

Again, the only response Jackie could manage was instant obedience. Giving in to her new submissive desires felt even more embarrassing in front of someone she knew but there was something new about Sharon, aside from her statuesque height and remarkable body. Something at her core that came out with every word - it was pure power, pure control. The lusty sense of pleasure in the air seemed to flow back and forth between them with even the smallest interaction.

The first items Sharon chose from Jackie’s pile of toys were a couple pairs of fur-lined handcuffs. She deftly fixed them onto Jackie’s body, trapping her right wrist to her right ankle, then her left wrist to her left ankle. Jackie was trapped in an open kneeling position, her arms drawn back forcing her breasts outwards. Sharon moved behind Jackie and pushed her at her back, until she nearly fell forwards, her cheek to the carpet and her ass and pussy exposed.

She gasped as she felt Sharon’s fingers coat the cleft between her cheeks with ice-cold lube. She massaged it in and used two fingers to guide it into her tight opening. Even though she half expected it Jackie still cried out when she felt the anal plug pushed into her. Sharon was efficient with it and in moments Jackie’s bottom was full and aching, her own body gripping the form of the plug.

Jackie really only became aware of how wet she was when she felt just how easily her cunt took the toy that Sharon filled her with. She moaned out loud. Her body was quivering with lust and need. She felt Sharon’s firm hand on her once more as she pulled her back into her previous kneeling position. Once again she was able to look up at Sharon’s unbelievable body. Looking up at her from the floor, the skirt covered even less.

Sharon addressed the trapped, filled, kneeling and writhing Jackie, “So, my friend, it seems that our wonderful choice of dating services certainly has an interesting feature that wasn’t mentioned in the advertising. I must say, aside from the difficulty of dealing with the people at work on Monday, I couldn’t be happier. Tell me, how do you feel about the new you?”

“Well...” Jackie was finding it hard to think or form sentences with her level of lust so high; her hips were grinding. “I love this new body, I love

my breasts and shape and every inch of me feels so good to the touch. But I can't seem to help doing the most humiliating and shameful things." Even now she could feel her juices dripping out of her and she didn't dare think too much of her activities of the previous 24 hours.

"Yes, I can imagine what trouble you might have gotten yourself into, looking at your profile. It's fun to see every dirty detail of all your new needs out there for everyone to see." Sharon was smiling widely. "For example, given that you clearly love toys, you must be really enjoying having two in you at once."

"Yesss, I ammm."

"Other than the obvious," Sharon continued while cupping her breasts, "I've made some other changes as well. Just like you, I'm assuming, I made them quite by accident but the outcome has been incredibly pleasing. One of those changes is responsible for giving me the kind of pleasure better than my best sex just by seeing your incredibly body like that before me, submissive and helpless, squirming with lust. God, I can smell your juices from here."

Sharon leaned forwards over Jackie's body and her pleasure was obvious as she let her hands roam over Jackie's trapped, writhing form. She kneaded and squeezed Jackie's breasts, pinched and tugged on her nipples then let her hands roam downwards. Her fingernails traced around the base of the vibe she'd filled Jackie's pussy up with. Soon her fingers were slick with Jackie's juices. With a smile used her wet fingertips to coat Jackie's nipples and her parted lips with the fragrant nectar before licking them clean. Her hands did return to the vibe once more, turning it on to its lowest setting.

Both women were finding it very difficult to think clearly. In the base of each of their minds was the awareness of their friendship, their common experiences at work, the care and respect they had for each other. At this moment though these thoughts were being overtaken with a mutual lust. Though Sharon was very much in control of Jackie's quivering body, they both were the victims of their own personality changes.

"God, you're one hot little slut like that on your knees," Sharon said, "we've got a lot to talk about, but that's going to have to wait because your tongue is needed somewhere else."

Sharon moved forward quickly, spreading her legs to step outside of Jackie's spread thighs, and with a hand at the back of Jackie's head guided her mouth roughly against her own dripping cunt.

Jackie had never been with a woman in this way before-she'd never even been attracted to women sexually. But ever since her changes her eyes and mind had been finding all kinds of new desires. Every time the tiny skirt had flitted up Jackie's eyes had been drawn to the cleft between Sharon's legs, catching sight of her smooth lips glistening and plump. Now, with her mouth press firmly and fully against that sweet sex, her body was responding with a newly discovered instinct. Her tongue lapped up and down, tasting and teasing the full length of her slit. She was kissing, moaning and tasting Sharon's nectar, feeling it coat her lips and face.

Sharon reacted with eager moans and by grinding her pussy against the trapped girls face. The fingers of her free hand were pressed deep into the full flesh of her newly enlarged breasts. Even with their heightened sensitivity, it was still no match for the heavenly feeling of Jackie's tongue dancing inside her. She could feel her juices flowing and coating the slut's face.

On the floor, Jackie was panting and writhing. All she was aware of was the sweet soft pussy her mouth was servicing and the twin toys tormenting her. As her body gripped them she relished the agonizing fullness, feeling the vibe softly hum inside her and the plug provide such a new sensation of submission. Her tongue was stiffly probing Sharon's slick silky walls, curling upwards to stroke her stiff clit. She was straining against her bonds as she worked but she was trapped too well to make any headway. Her helplessness was only driving her lust higher and higher.

With a scream, Sharon came hard and wet. Her cum splashed into Jackie's mouth and over her lips and chin. It was too much for Jackie and her own orgasm shook her body. The two of them came together, Jackie screaming and moaning against Sharon's sex and Sharon holding her tight against her. As Sharon's legs weakened she slid down to kneel next to Jackie and she shared a deep loving kiss with her, tasting her own pleasure on her friend's lips and tongue.

After their recovery from pleasure, Sharon freed Jackie of her bonds and toys. They showered quickly and Jackie stretched the skirt and tank top while Sharon tried to fit her bathrobe around her new curves.

Suddenly, Jackie's shoulders began to shake and she was sobbing. Sharon gathered her up in her arms.

“What's wrong, hun?”

“It's just all this. Look at me. I'm dressed like a slut. I look like some kind of porn star. All I want to do is fuck, be fucked, be used with toys, or show off myself to strangers. I've done the most horrifying things this weekend

and it's driving me nuts because as much as I know how shameless I'm being I can't stop. I don't want to stop. I don't know how this all happened to me, but I feel like I won't be happy until I'm just some kind of sex slave or fucktoy. And somehow I've still got to try to get through a day of work tomorrow." She couldn't continue.

Sharon tried to comfort her, "Don't cry, honey, it's going to be okay. I know that neither of us planned for this to happen. I certainly didn't think I'd be in the body of some teenager's wet dream, but I don't know about you, but I'm feeling more alive than I ever have. Seeing you on your knees at my mercy, and feeling your hot tongue inside me was probably the best feeling of my life. And I may be off base, but I imagine your latest sexual adventures, while shocking, are the best you've ever had."

Jackie could only nod.

"Then we'll take this as it comes, pet." With a wicked smile, she added, "Besides, my sweet girl, you'll have me nearby to make sure you're being a good girl."

Jackie purred with those words, and the reaction spurred Sharon to continue, "that's right pet, Mistress Sharon is going to take care of you, make sure you're a good girl, a proper obedient girl, doing whatever I tell you, and maybe even whoever I tell you."

"Oh god, Sharon, you wouldn't"

Sharon laughed, "Oh, I think I might, just because I know that deep down my little slut would want me to. Now, about work, you've made me think. There's no point in worrying about our new bodies, since we can't do anything about them, but we are certainly going to have to shop. That should make you happy."

Jackie's tears turned into warm laughter as she embraced Sharon. "Yes, I'd like that a lot."

"Good," Sharon said, "you'll have to be dressed as you are to start, and I'm going to see if I can dig up some sweats my last deadbeat boyfriend left around here. Then we're off."

Jackie looked down at herself, blushing, but already starting to bask in the anticipation of the looks she'd be getting.

By Monday morning, it all seemed a blur of lust. Her public humiliations, her private service and the display of her body while shopping would have

seemed like a dream if the increased weight of her new breasts wasn't still a constant reminder.

She laced herself into the outfit she laid out for work. It certainly wasn't going to hide any of the changes - the corset inspired top offered up her cleavage like a museum display. The high-heeled boots, sheer stockings and clingy skirt would be getting their own looks as well. Part of her was nervous, knowing there would be so many shocked faces and questions to answer, or to avoid. Most of all, she felt her inner heat driving her. She wanted to feel those stares, to take in the lust that would radiate around her, and she couldn't wait for the unknown paces that Mistress Sharon would put her through. She could feel a new life beginning in earnest as she stepped out her door.

Chapter Six

As Jackie walked into work and towards her office, she was the recipient of many shocked and amazed stares. Those who knew her were amazed at the changes. The others, and nearly all the men, were just hypnotized by the way her full cleavage rolled and jiggled in her low cut top. Their obvious attraction and the lust directed her way was driving her level of desire higher and higher, but Sharon had made it very clear to her that she was not to cum or even touch herself without permission.

She knew that her position in the office would prevent at least most direct inquiries as to her new curves and fashion sense. She wondered how Sharon would be managing the pressure and questions. Her workspace was a cubicle and she'd be facing a lot of stared and very direct questions.

She tried to work as usual but each time she had to leave her office she was incredibly self-conscious, feeling her body giggle and noticing conversations stop dead as she approached. She simultaneously was mortified and aroused by the attention. She knew her pussy was wet with her needs.

After just a couple hours of this frustration, Sharon stopped by her office. Her wide smile conveyed that she certainly wasn't having too hard a time with the third degree from coworkers. She was stunning in a long red pencil-thin skirt that hugged her curvy hips and a tight black sweater that clung to her full firm breasts and made it clear she was not wearing a bra and didn't need to.

They hugged tightly. With Sharon's new height she towered over Jackie and her breasts landed above Jackie's as they were squeezed together in the embrace.

Sharon was full of joy and laughter as she described the looks and comments she'd been getting all morning. Not only were the men falling over themselves in appreciation of her body but the women were also affected. The strength of her personality was conveyed wordlessly they were deferring to her when it came to every decision and opinion. She told of how she felt she could take control of any one of them and they'd never know why.

"And you, pet," Sharon smiled, "are you finding it a bit hard to work and think?"

"Yes, it's unbearable," Jackie responded. "All I can think of is how much I'm wanted, desired, lusted after. How their looks translate into lust and

fantasy. It seems I want every one of them to watch me, to desire me, to fuck and use me.”

Sharon smiled and laughed. “Maybe you won’t have to wait too long for that, my girl. Tell me, who in this company would you like to fuck the most?”

Jackie thought for a second, letting herself indulge the fantasy. “Chris, that man who delivers the mail. He’s so young and fit and hot.” She blushed as she revealed her forbidden thoughts.

Sharon didn’t hesitate before picking up the phone and dialing the mailroom. She asked for him and in moments he was on the other end of the line. Jackie was squirming in her chair.

“Chris, Ms. Fraser has requested that you meet her in her office in 20 minutes. Please don’t be late and just come right in. The door will likely be closed, but she’ll be expecting you.” Her voice carried so much confidence and authority. Without waiting for a response she simply hung up.

“Now, let’s get you ready for your visitor,” she said as she turned to address Jackie. “Come out her on this side of the desk.” Wordlessly, Jackie obeyed, feeling the heat flow through her.

Turning Jackie back towards her desk, Sharon kneeled behind her and attached metal cuffs to Jackie’s ankles. She pulled her legs wide and cuffed them to the legs of the desk, forcing her skirt to ride high and making it clear that there were no panties beneath her garter belt. Sharon moved behind the desk and attached cuffs to Jackie’s wrists. She fixed a short chain to them and started pulling her forwards, bending her over the desk, exposing her ass to the closed door. Using the chain Sharon trapped her, drawing it down to another desk leg. Jackie was fully bent over her own desk with her ass high and her breasts squashed beneath her.

Sharon was whistling joyfully as she placed the keys to the cuffs in an envelope and slid them into Jackie’s desk drawer, out of her reach. She took out a note pad and started scribbling down a message. Once it was complete, she showed it to her trapped plaything.

“Chris, you can free me if you like and you’ll have my thanks. However, if you will please fuck me first I promise I’ll suck your cock and wear your cum on my tits.”

Jackie opened her mouth to gasp and protest, but Sharon’s only response was to stuff her mouth full of a pink rubber ball gag. Sharon moved out of

Jackie's view. Jackie could feel her tuck the note into her garter belt. She couldn't believe this was happening to her.

Sharon returned to her field of view. "Now, be a good girl and obey Mistress Sharon, and obey young Chris as well. And also, after you get yourself fucked like a whore, I'm taking you to lunch. Have fun!" She could only hear Sharon rummaging around for a minute out of her view before she departed and closed the door behind her.

Jackie was left there, the door closed behind her, waiting for her humiliation. It felt like an eternity, with images of her position and embarrassment filling her mind. She could feel herself drooling around the gag and her exposed pussy tingling in anticipation.

Finally she heard the door open after a soft knock. "Ms. Fraser, you wanted to see me?" Chris's voice started before it turned into an unbelieving gasp. "Oh my god!" He closes the door quickly behind him. "Are you okay, Ms. Fraser?"

Jackie could only nod, feeling now how badly she wanted to feel him inside her. She heard him approach closer and slide the note from her garter belt. His silence let her know that he was reading the note; probably trying to convince himself this wasn't a dream.

"Is this for real?" he managed to stutter out. Again, Jackie could only moan and nod in response. She heard him quickly lock the door and hurry to kick himself out of his pants. "Oh god, this is unbelievable, you look so hot."

His hands were roaming over her ass, pulling her stretched skirt even higher. Her garter belts strained across the flesh of her bare ass. He was hard already, probably since his first sight of her. She moaned around the gag as she finally felt his stiff cock slide against her eager cunt lips. A tingle shoots through her body as he slides into her, moving his hands to her hips. Thoughts of who might hear of this, who he'd brag to, how she'd face him afterwards are driven from her mind as she knows she's being a good girl, being used like a slut.

Hearing his grunts and groans, feeling her body driven against her desk over and over, she loved the feeling, the sensation of his young stiff rod filling her over and over. She drooled over some memo on her desk and smelled their scents filling her office. She felt his need and arousal through every pore in her body, as well as with the direct sensation of his swollen cock stretching her.

She heard a change in tone in Chris's groans, and felt his body trembling. His thrusts had a new urgency. With a breathless gasp, his cum exploded into her. She felt the heat inside her and her own orgasm crashed down upon her. She was shaking and rattling her chains as the waves rolled over her. Breathing hotly through her nose her body was weak. Chris slid from her and pulled himself back into his trousers before starting to free her. He started with the gag. As it was pulled from her aching jaw he asked her, "Where are the keys?"

She swallowed and licked the drool from her lips. "In my desk drawer," she managed to squeak out.

In a few minutes she was free, and smoothing her skirt down over her hips. In her post-coital clarity she remembered to be embarrassed, but also the rest of her task. "Thank you so much, I really need that."

"Oh no, thank you," he stammered, "That was unbelievable."

She moved to him, running her hands down his chest as she dropped to her knees. Her hands slid to her top and tugged it down, letting her D cups spring free. "Come here, we're not done yet," she purred up at him, loving his reaction to her enlarged breasts.

She tugged down his pants and boxers, and let her fingers roam over his semi-erect shaft.

"You don't have to," he mumbled.

"Oh yes, I do."

She sucked him into her mouth, tasting the strong mixture of their juices. She worked him with her lips, tongue and hands, feeling him spring quickly back to life in her mouth. Her ministrations increased in speed and urgency as she felt his responses.

He was moaning again, and trying to say something. "Will you... could you...?"

She slipped her mouth from him long enough to say, "Anything, just ask me, just tell me to do it, command me"

"I want you to suck my balls."

"Oh yes, Sir," she cooed. Her hand moved to stroke him as she lowered herself to draw his balls into the warmth and wetness of her mouth. She teased them with her tongue, swirling them around as she stroked him

faster and faster. She could tell from the new sounds that she was doing it right. His cock was stiff and hot in her tight grip. She loved the feel of him, his youth and tightness, and she loved her submissive position at his feet.

“Ohhhh, I’m going to cum again,” he spoke through gritted teeth.

She pulled from him, his balls popping from her mouth. She pointed his trembling member at her heaving breasts while stroking him hard and fast. She looked up at him, licking her lips. His legs tightened as he exploded once more. Hot white ropes of cum spurted out and marked her breasts, dripping only slightly as it cooled on her skin.

After a few more strokes, the flow was reduced to a peeking drop of cum at the head of his cock. She sucked him clean. As she knew she must, being a good girl, she pulled her top up to contain her breasts once more, leaving the drying cum to mark them.

“Thank you again, Chris,” she said as he was awkwardly gathering his clothes about him.

“Oh no, the pleasure was all mine. And, you know, if you ever want to...”

She interrupted him, “Have a good day at work, Chris.”

He blushed and quickly let himself out of the office.

She was mortified at what she’d done, and even more at how much she’d wanted it, needed it. Was she going to be able to control her desires, or would they be her Master (or Mistress)?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a firm knock at her door. She was suddenly very aware of the smell of sex wafting in the room.

Sharon’s head peeked in. She laughed and let herself in. “I saw Chris walking back to the elevator looking happier than he had any right to. Shall I assume you were a good girl for him?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Well, let’s go find out together,” Sharon said with a smile.

“What do you mean, Mistress?”

“I’ll show you, pet.” She moved to the large bookshelf on the side wall of Jackie’s office and gathered up a video camera perched there. With a deft touch she stopped the recording.

Jackie was too shocked to respond. All she could do was follow in a daze as Sharon led her from the building, peripherally aware of the stared and dropped jaws that accompanied the two ladies as they strolled through the halls.

She was led down the street, around a corner into an alley off the main strip. Sharon knocked three times at an unmarked black door and the two were ushered inside. The figures Jackie saw moving through the narrow halls and dark shadows all seemed to be dressed in black, tight clothing. They stepped into a side room, containing little else that what looked like a dentists chair.

Sharon finally spoke, “Take off your skirt and top, pet, and get in the chair.”

Jackie didn’t dare hesitate. The strangeness was frightening and arousing her. When Sharon saw the dried cum on her breasts she applauded. “Oh, what a good girl you are, Jacquelyn, I’m so proud.”

Jackie was warmed with pleasure as she slid into the chair, the leather cold but smooth on her bare flesh. Her ankles were cuffed to stirrups and her arms were drawn over her and her wrists cuffed to a ring behind her head.

Sharon started to speak, “Jacquelyn, I want you to understand that you are now going to be marked, both for me and in a way to highlight the changes in your body and nature. This is going to happen now. I know you might be scared, and also that it will hurt a bit, so I’m going to be right here with you. For our entertainment, we’re going to watch this little tape we made this morning. Do you understand?”

She was in shock, nervous and excited and aroused. “Yes Mistress,” was the only response she could make, and she knew more words were not welcome.

The video screen lit up - it was the first time she noticed it fixed to the wall facing her. There was the flash of Mistress Sharon smiling into the lens before she let herself out of the office. As she watched herself squirm alone, another woman in a black latex catsuit entered the room and set to work. While she watched herself eagerly fucked by the young fit stud she felt Sharon holding her trapped hands tightly through the pricking pain of the word “slut” being tattooed in script above her hairless sex. She was breathing deeply. She sometimes had to move her head to watch herself

sucking his cock and balls while the woman efficiently and carefully pierced each of her nipples and left them marked with sterling silver rings.

The tape ended in snow then darkness as Jackie was freed from the chair. She got dressed carefully. Sharon hugged her tight and kissed her warmly. “You were very brave, love, and very sexy. You are a very good girl, and I’m very proud of you. We’re going to make you into a wonderful slave.”

As they walked back to work, hand in hand, smiling at the stares they received, Jackie felt a warmth that mingled with the ache and new sensations of her piercing and tattoos.

“God, “she thought silently, “and this is just Monday.”

The End, for now.

Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

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