Crashing of the Bridal Shower

*This is a piece of erotic fiction. If you're a minor, get out. (Yeah, as if they're going to, but this warning is still obligatory. \*sigh\* Back in my day, it was to have a stolen Penthouse magazine).*

Synopsis: I've thrown in a few pics from my private collection to help illustrate the various breast sizes, though they may not be relevant to the scenario. Melons, bra and ball sizes are getting a bit stale, but I'll do my best in describing the processes.

A complaint I have about these stories is, as often as not, authors release stories chapter by chapter. Too many times a good story comes along and is not finished. My intention is that I will submit a completely self contained story. I could have add-ons later, if it's well received. My intention in submitting any stories is ultimately "getting your rocks off". When you rate me, I'd like to know if I've accomplished that (diplomatically if you please). Really, that is what we're all here for after all, isn't it? Problem is..., is that I’m getting too old for raunchy, or dark themed stories, and leaning more towards proper plot development. (Curses)

Chapter One

A Fateful Meeting

"He [Eros] smites maids’ breasts with unknown heat, and bids the very gods leave heaven and dwell on earth in borrowed forms."

Susan Ivanova was out doing her shift as a uniformed traffic cop. Being early winter, the sun had already set at five thirty. The early evening was already promising to be cold and clear, as she was bundled up in her heavy jacket to ward off the cold air. She had on the usual belt with all her police equipment, her cap, the dark navy blue pants and thick soled leather shoes with thick black socks. She kept her brown hair up in a small tight bun tucked up under her hat.

At 5'7" and at a slim 128 pounds her thick jacket gave her the appearance of being more bulky than she really was. It also served to cover what little female traits she had. At 25 years of age, she was serious about her chosen career, and was determined to show professional demeanor and attitude. So the only feature that could be seen was a pale thin lipped face with no make-up on.

Earlier in the day at the last minute before her 10:00 to 18:00 shift started, her partner called in sick. Her supervisor thought it wasn't necessary to double up, being the usual slow Wednesday dayshift. So she had the squad car all to herself and she felt fine with that. Particularly now, since she was just a half hour from finishing her shift.

She was cruising the downtown nightclub strip. At this time of day, the nightclubs were usually just getting started. There were long line ups by now, and she liked checking out the crowds before turning in for the day. Anxious to get off shift, she was only there for a quick drive by.

One of her closest friends was having a bridal shower. They were good friends since elementary school, and she really wanted to be there to wish her well. She had said that she'd be there after her shift was done.

As luck would have it though, she noticed that a white limo was stopped in a no parking area. It was sitting there in front of the Club Arnax for the ten minutes while she had it under observation. With no one either getting in or out, she was intending to see why the limo hasn't moved on. After reading off the plate number and finding out it was from a local Limo company, she reported that she'll be out of her car. She walked over to the driver's side door and rapped on the window. She received a shock as she got her first real good look at the driver.

 The driver appeared to be barely old enough to have a professional licence. But that wasn't the shocking part. Her tit's (that was the only word that came into Susan's mind), was so big as to be nearly a traffic hazard unto themselves. The girl could barely steer around them. The driver could hold her arms straight out and her incredibly big round boobs, would still be touching the steering wheel. To top it all off, her uniform (if you could call it that) left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Her white shirt was stretched tightly around just her mammaries, leaving her mid riff bare. Her uniform jacket wasn't even meant to be buttoned up though oddly enough, it had button holes with no buttons. To top that off, Susan initially thought that she was naked from the waist down. She soon realized there was a micro skirt under all of that boob flesh. Susan noted her shoes as well and she wondered to herself, *"How could she drive with those heels on."*

After recovering from her initial shock, she asked the driver for her license and registration. The girl looked at Susan like she was a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car. She complied though, by reaching for her purse. She pulled out her drivers license and presented it to the officer. After which the girl attempted to start looking in the glove box for the registration.

Susan, had gotten a great deal more suspicious of the odd situation. The license was only for a private vehicle, not for professional use. Even more astounding was the picture. It like this girl had swiped for mother's drivers license. The picture conveyed the look of a rather dowdy 45 year woman. The birth date clearly verified that. As a means only to verify the owner of the limo, to Susan's mind, the registration was definitely secondary to this situation.

"Uh, Miss Augustino, that is, if I could call you that. You are aware that you have a private drivers license, and that you're driving a vehicle for hire? In fact, this license doesn't even appear to be yours."

With a look of guilt on her face she replied, "Oh but that is my driver's license. I know it's the wrong kind, but master insisted I drive him since there was no one else around the office at the time." The look of guilt only increased, as if she said more than she should've.

"*Master"?* Susan was thinking, *"Just what the hell am I dealing with here?"* Susan she ordered her to step out of the vehicle.

The driver started to comply as she opened the door and pivoted her hips in preparation to stand up. In the process, she flashed her bald snapper at the police officer revealing two stud piercings one each in each labia. The opening of the door also revealed the unmistakable smell of arousal. Susan's keen observation showed her that the driver seat was also wet with the drivers cum juices too. As if the driver wasn't used to standing in high heels. The driver took a firm grip on the open limo door when she got out and up on her feet. There was a pandemonium of hoots, whistles and hollers the moment her huge boobs came into view of the waiting crowd.

Susan noted something in the driver's reaction to the attention that really disturbed her. Instead of embarrassment or mortification, which Susan fully expected. The driver stood there looking extremely horny. Indeed, she started to rub her huge right tit with her right arm and frigging herself with her left hand. The driver's bald snatch now positively dripping down to the road surface.

"*She's driving around 'commando style', for crist sakes, and now this!?! This is too much."* Susan was getting furious with this overtly sexual teenager's lewd display. She yelled over the noise of the crowd at the driver, "GET BACK IN THERE BUT DON'T MOVE OR DRIVE AWAY". She then looked over at the crowd and commanded that they quiet down.

Susan then bent down to talk firmly yet privately to the driver through the open window of the now closed limo door. "What the fuck you think you were doing, showing off like that. I've half the mind to cuff you and drag down to the station for lewd behavior..... STOP THAT!!"

While still rubbing her bald cunt the driver pleaded. "I can't help it, I get really horny whenever I'm supposed to be embarrassed. Ohhhh, ohhh, ohhhh, eeeeyeaahhh, ummmm, that's the stuff."

Susan was at full boil by this point. Legally, there wasn't too much she could do. She wasn't sure she could pull of an arrest in front of what could possibly be a sympathetic crowd. Susan barked, "What's the matter with you anyways. Who's this 'master'? Is he the one that made you act this way? Where is he? Is he sitting in the back?"

The driver, realizing that "the jig was up", began to get snarky. With a sneer on her face, she told all she wanted to tell. "Up to an hour ago I was just a middle aged nobody of a receptionists in this crappy limo company. Then my 'master' came in through the door and asked for a limo to take him downtown. I said there was none here at the moment. That's when he pointed to this limo that was parked in our lot, and asked me about it. I told him that it just came out of the shop, and that there was no driver for it. That's when he told me to put on this uniform jacket and button it up. I had no intention of doing so, but I couldn't stop myself and my body did as he asked. When I had the jacket buttoned up, my tit's began to grow into these monster babies you see here. My tit's popped all these buttons. And every time a button popped, I had a huge cum, all in rapid succession. I serve him now, and if you have a problem with that, he's sitting in the back. He'll turn you inside out real quick."

Susan knew a threat when she heard one, even though this scene was getting weirder and weirder. She needed some back up with this, so she went to key the mike on her walkie-talkie. \*?\* She had a brain fart just then, forgot about doing something..... "*Oh yeah,"* she thought; "*the backup."* She went to key her mike again. \*?\* "*What?.... Oh, yeah". \*?\* "Damn it, what was....oh.. yeah." \*?\**

Susan tried calling for back up about five more times. She can remember the tries even, but the ability to follow through just wasn't happening. Despite the look of evil triumph on the drivers face, Susan's anger dissipated. Something was very wrong here. Susan's confidence was severely shaken. She stood up straight, intending to return to her squad car, and gather her wits. Just as she walked by the limo's rear bumper, her feet inexplicably directed her around to the passenger side door facing the sidewalk.

As her body rather robotically mimicked that of a doorman, she thought to herself, *"What the fuck is going on? I didn't want to do this?"*  Upon reaching the passenger door, against her volition, she bent at the hip and popped the door open. At this point she was terrified at what might come out of there. Her heart was pounding in her chest so hard. Her fear was currently leaving her speechless.

Then he came out of the limo as if to introduce himself. As he stood up, Susan noted that he was a fat middle aged Caucasian, about 5'7", with a badly trimmed greying goatee on a face that hadn't seen a razor for five days. His face for that matter didn't look too bad, but his clothes seemed to say "loser". He seemed just then to notice the crowd's undivided attention. "Everyone in our line of sight will ignore me and our officer friend here."

Susan heard what he had said, and she couldn't believe what she was seeing. On cue everyone in the crowd stopped watching the scene that was taking place. She wanted to run out of there at this point, but her legs refused to move after her body played that 'doorman' manoeuvre. She noticed that her arms were still free to move though, so she tried several more times to reach her mike. Each time, she forgot just what she was attempting to do. To anyone who would've been watching, it looked as though she kept trying to salute her antagonists with her left arm repeatedly.

As she stood there rooted to that spot, he slowly walked around the officer. Looking at her critically like he was inspecting his next purchase. When he got around towards the front of the limo, he was well behind her. Then she heard him say, "turn around." Her body complied, again, without her input.

 Without the ability to retreat, without the ability to call for backup, she did the only thing that was left for her to do. She screamed for help. Which served to do nothing as no one reacted. Well, screaming did do something. It made her antagonist grimace at her shrill screams. Knowing she'd never be able to justify to anyone why, she tried reaching for her gun. Again, she suffered from the same mysterious brain farts. Now she appeared to be saluting him and shaking her right arm. Susan soon realized she had to try something else. Though she couldn't reach him with it, she went for her night stick. In this she was successful, but instead of concern showing up on his face, her antagonist smiled wickedly.

Which made some of Susan's anger return. Susan was contemplating throwing her night stick at him. When he said, "I wish that, except for your face, you'll turn into the internet babe I'm currently thinking of."

Susan heard him, and just then she started feeling colder in the night air. When she looked down, she found she didn't have to look very far. Her boobs were so big, she couldn't see the stick that she was holding in her hands. Never mind the sensation of feeling virtually naked from her ass down. Even though her legs still wouldn't move of her own volition. She could feel the fact that they were standing five inches taller on platform heels.

Taking in all the new sensations, her mind finally caught up with the reality of her situation. To wit, she again did the only thing that was available to her. She screamed, though this time she did it out of terror. Again, her antagonists grimaced in response, otherwise he liked what he saw.

Susan knew then that life as she knew it, was at an end. She started to hyperventilate, and cry. Which brought another response from her antagonist.

"Hey, hey, none of that now. Didn't you always wanted to look like an internet porn goddess?"

Susan cried, "What the fuck are you talking about? Change me back you asshole! I never wanted to be like this. I've always aspired to be a police officer, now I look like a – a hooker."

"No, that's not what you've always told your friends and family. You became a police officer because you were always so unappealing as a woman. As you grew up, you were always so envious of the sexiest looking girls in school. So you became a police officer just to get back at them. In your mind you’ve always wanted to have the means to harass the sexiest looking girls, and that meant becoming a police officer. Now you take out your frustrations on the street walkers, all because you couldn't be sexy like them."

Susan shouted back, "No, that's not even a good reason for becoming a police officer you ass. Now change me back and let me go!!"

"No? Really? Then I wish that what I just said was true, and that you believe you came to me for my services. Now you truly love the way your tits look and feel."

Susan tried to reconcile her previous thoughts, with what she was feeling now. *"Funny, why was I so upset just now? Thanks to this nice man I have the boobs I've always wanted. But why? Sure I've always hated other girls with big tits. I've always wanted to look sexy, but why?"*

She joyfully gave her big new boobs a hug. Then she alternately looked confused and blurted out, "Why did I want to look sexy?"

*"Smart assed bitches, they never go down without a fight. Then again, that's what makes this so entertaining. They always provide the clues for taking them down another peg",* he’d thought to himself*.* "Why not," he replied; "you don't have any boyfriends, don't you? You always wanted to let go and enjoy some good random sex, but you couldn't be taken seriously as a sex toy. So out of necessity you had to opt for a 'serious' career."

Susan knew this man was somehow evil, despite the fact that she sought his services. She couldn't stop herself in time in replying, "Hey I had boyfriends." She said defensively, while not adding she was still a virgin at twenty-five. "*Is he really right about me then? No, I never wanted to be a 'sex toy', I've always wanted to be taken seriously, didn't I?"*

"Oh, I suppose, except I wish that what I said previously was always true and that you also always secretly wanted your family and friends to be as sexy as you look now. So you all could get together, go out and get fucked all the time." He added under his breath, "You can move your legs now."

*"Oh yeah, now I remember,"* Susan now recalled. "*Why does all my friends have to be such stuck up prudes anyways.* Susan thought, *"YES, that's it!!"* With a certain amount of evil glee she concluded, *"Maybe I can convince him to come with me to the bridal shower. It'll be such a sweet surprise. Then we could all go out and get men to fuck us silly."* She realized she still had to return the police cruiser and told him so.

"No you don't," he replied; "because you came to see me here by cab, so there’s no cruiser to return."

Thinking she'd never take a cruiser to such a clandestine meeting, Susan asked, "What cruiser? I came here by taxi." She continued, "Umm, can I invite you to a social gathering of my friends? We have a bridal shower going on, and I'll bet they'll get a real kick out of meeting you."

"A bridal shower? Isn't those a strictly female affair?" He faked his recalcitrance in adding, "Nah, I'd just be in the way, you can just go your merry way, and I'll go mine."

"NO, please don't go," Susan desperately pleaded; "My friends are such prudes. They'll never accept how hot I look now. I want to have such fun going out with them and having some sweet sex." She got a wicked idea just then. Now that she had the assets she offered as an enticement. "Let me ride with you in your limo to my friend's bridal shower and I'll give you blow job and a titty fuck." She squeezed her sweet new cans for emphasis.

"Okay, you've convinced me," said he with a grin. Adding, "Uh, by the way, you can move now."

Susan, wasn't used to her new center of gravity. So when she turned quickly around to head for the open limo door, the inertia and subsequent momentum of her huge new hooters caused her to fall off her high heels. She fell into his arms. As she did so, she received a jolt of pleasure when her boobflesh got mashed into his chest. Susan never ever felt this sexy before. Forgetting for the moment that they were leaving, she couldn't help but to rub her massive knockers up and down his body a couple of times.

*"Oh how far you've have fallen,"*  he thought to himself; *"and we're only* *getting started."*

Indeed, during the ride over, she lost thirty IQ points. Her night stick was bent in a ninety degree angle. Half of it was inserted in her twat and held in place with leather straps. This gave the effect of sporting a big black plastic dick poking out from under her one piece latex dress. The dress itself having been slightly modified with two holes to let her nipples poke through the tight material. She now proudly displayed nipple rings, with a silver chain dangling between them. A female sex symbol hanging from the middle of the chain. She also sported tattooed on make-up permanently giving her a slutty look.

During the ride over, whenever she'd start to quibble about her increasingly sexual appearance, he just made another wish or statement. Changing her perspective until what crawled out from the limo at their destination, was a raging slut. Eager and horny at the prospect of turning her "stuck up friends" into the sluts she always wanted them to be.

Since he wished that people in line of sight would ignore them. No one in the neighborhood of her friends place, paid the huge titted slut any attention. When they got to the front door of the house however, he stated that only the people inside would respond to them. Secondly, he wished that whoever answered the door would stand quietly for five seconds, then loudly invite them in to sit down. Thirdly, that everyone within, would be unable to think about harming him and that none could think of calling out for help. Fourth that they take their seats while seated in a circle, and stay seated until he said otherwise. With that last wish, through the front door he heard the scraping of chairs being rearranged inside. With that, he rang the doorbell.

Chapter Two

Let the festivities begin

As it turned out, the bride was the one receiving the guests at the door. The transformed Susan mentioned this fact to her mystery man. To wit it occurred to Susan that, though she's been sucking and tit fucking him during the drive over, she had yet to ask him his name. \*?\*

Meanwhile, the "literally" blushing bride stood there for five seconds with bulging eyes. She obviously recognized the drastically changed Susan, but before she could ask what happened to her, her mouth started operating on its own.

"Susan, hi!! I'm so glad you've come. I see you've brought a friend too. Why don't you both come right in and have a seat!!"

Despite the pleasant greeting, a look of abject fear was plastered on her face. Her body then spun on its heels and escorted her two guests into the living room.

He got his first look at what would be his entertainment for tonight. Seated in either sofa, loveseat and chairs from the dining room, where four more women. All with perturbed looks on their faces for having gotten up for no apparent reason to rearrange their seats. When they all got a look at Susan's transformation, and the uninvited stranger, they all started yelling questions at the same time. In response to the cacophony the man had said something that no one had heard. The effect was immediate though, as everyone had stopped what they were saying.

"Ah, much better," he said in response. The stranger then took a seat that was then offered to him by the much changed Susan. Susan then sat at his feet and began fidgeting with his belt buckle. "Not now my dear," said he in response to her intentions; "the next ten minutes requires my complete attention."

Then addressing the gathering, he started his speech. "As you've all may have guessed, I'm in possession of some significant omnipotence. You've all been arranged in this circle, so that I may clearly observe all of you. Next, I made it so that you currently cannot talk. More precisely I employ a favorite spell of mine. That is, in most every instance of desired action, whether you want to use your phones to call for help, question or yell demands at me, get up out of your seats, or for whatever future actions I choose to forbid..... you'll forget to do upon taking those actions. I employ this particular spell because it amuses me. I like to see the frustration on your faces when you've realized only after, that you've taken the same steps towards said actions, over and over again."

"Let me now modify one for now. If anyone whom I'm not directly referring to at the time should try to say something. Not only will you suffer a ‘brain fart’, you'll also lose a single point of your IQ. We'll all will know you've done so as well. Because if you do try me on this, the only thing you'll get to say is either, a "Duh" or an "Uhh". Then the rest of us will know you've tried saying something stupid and was left a little dumber as a result."

Upon hearing this, two of the women present actually said "duh", their eyes immediately fluttered at the loss of their intelligence. Another followed two seconds later saying, "uhh", along with the same loss in intelligence. The rest took the hint and remained silent. Concern was written upon their eyes as this stranger continued his magical assault.

"Good, now that we've established who is in control of these proceedings I'll introduce myself properly. I'm what the early Greeks have classified as a primordial god. I've returned to this earth possessing this body that you see before you. It is the only way I can take physical form in the material plane. Why this particular male? Well, let's say, I'll get to that later. As for my name? Well, I've had many actually, but since I've mentioned the ancient Greeks you may refer to me as Eros. God of desire and love etc, etc."

"I'm here on a bit of a mission really. Seems I leave the Greeks, fornicating like crazy. Then in the blink of ... well, my eye; everyone in your "modern" civilization is both sexually uninteresting and demanding sex at the same time. I'm somewhat incensed at the female mind set in particular. Wearing clothes with ‘plunging’ necklines and at the same time, chastising your male contemporaries for staring at your chests. Then when you girls do land a husband. You eat like pigs, get all fat and uninteresting and scream at husbands for not having sex with them. Having turned into ‘battleaxes’, you women then proceed to emasculate the males around you. Well, I'm here to set things straight. You can only be either one thing or the other. Guess what you all are going to be when I'm through?"

"Now you can ask, why I chose you girls? I don't know you girls in minute detail, but I do know ‘of’ you. Susan, introductions are in order if you please. Start with only the ‘blushing bride’, and then her mother."

Susan replied, "Anything for you my dear Eros. God I didn't know I was with a god but I've should've figured, you being so wonderful and ....."

"Introductions my dear Susan. Just for fun give me their bra sizes also, for future references, and what you think of their physical attributes. What you believe why I chosen this group of harpies, that be your friends; in order to teach a lesson to."

Susan then started in with the task set before her....

"Sarah is the brown haired, blue eye bride to be. She's now 33 years old, married young at 18 after finding out she was preggers. The guy was okay, Mick, I believe his name was. He lost his job and she razzed him mercilessly about her earning all the dough after she graduated collage. He tried really hard initially, but now a days you need to have a diploma to earn decent bread. He dropped out of school you see. Trying to earn a living for his new born daughter. Meanwhile Sarah completed her schooling and went to college. After suffering one unwanted pregnancy I don't think she ‘put out’ for him anymore either. He left her five years into the marriage. Anyways, as you could see, she's not a happy camper. Having to raise her 14 year old daughter by herself she normally wears a scowl now. She's a B cupper, no figure to speak of, out of shape and listless I'd say."

Sarah sat there staring daggers at her now over sexualized friend, but didn't say anything. Susan moved on to Sarah's mother....

"Sarah moved back in with her mother Jessica, after her failed marriage." Susan said as she pointed to the matronly woman. "She's 55, greying black hair, a C cupper, and as you can see, even more overweight than her own daughter at around 180 pounds. Saggy with no appreciable figure. Married twice, had Sarah by her first husband who died of a heart attack while dragging furniture around. I heard it told that he had a heart murmur, I'm not su..."

"Really?", said Eros; "let's make sure on this score. Jessica, did your first husband have a heart condition?"

"None of you bloody business buddy!" Was her reply.

"Really now, I can get information out of you in many ways. Some of which I can make rather unpleasant. It'd be best if you'd co-operate. Better yet, I'd just simply command you to tell the whole truth."

As if against Jessica's own better judgement she blurted out all of it. "Yes, he did have a heart condition. I was always on his case about helping out around the house. So, one day I got pissed off at him when he whined about not being able to shove a couch across the room." At this admission tears started to well up into her eyes.

Eros stood up and crossed the living to where Jessica was seated and applied his palm to her forehead. She appeared to have frozen for the second he had made contact with her.

"What was that for?" Jessica demanded as the contact was broken.

"I needed to make sure of the nature of your tears, whether or not they'd be crocodilian. Continue Susan."

"Jessica married again 3 years later, to a somewhat wealthy middle class kind of guy. Didn't last long though, he spent too much time on his small business. Rumour has it, Jessica had already lost her figure early on and he wasn't interested in her anymore. Ergo, she got bitchy, and he stayed working longer hours."

"Duh", came the reply from Jessica. To wit Eros said, "Last time I checked, I gave Susan the floor. You really have to be mindful unless you want to be dumb by the time I'm through here. Susan...."

"Well, they divorced and she got this house as part of the settlement. Along with a sizable alimony."

"I see, like mother, like daughter. They both rode on the backs of their husbands and gave little in return. Susan, save the rest of the introductions for later. I'll start with these two."

"Sarah, I have a special treat in mind for you. Other than the current spells your operating under now, any further blanket statements I make concerning your mother and your friends will not be applied to you. These statements though are specific to you alone."

"Some emotions are voluntary. Take lust for instance. A person gets the urge unbidden, that's true. It's easy enough to control lust and dampen the spirit when it comes on at inappropriate times. In order to fan the flames of lust one often has to seek out that which inflames them. Other emotions are involuntary and are strongly felt, no matter what one does. Emotions such as fear, embarrassment, mortification, and shame. These can also be felt not only for oneself, but also through empathy or sympathy for others, such as for your mother and friends. Rather than shame, fear and embarrassment, these strong involuntary emotions will be felt only as lust by you. What I'll be doing to you or your associates, will only produce lust in your heart and mind."

Sarah was already operating under a great deal of fear. The moment Eros finished saying what he did, her fear vanished. In the next second her bravery roared, so she said, "You're a sick bastard Eros." Just then she felt very, very turned on. Her lust increased dramatically from that point on, since normally, the realization of what's happening would bring about sheer terror in a person. She sat squirming on her chair. Sarah couldn't help herself. She started attacking her crotch through her jeans, mashing it for all it worth. That action would produce embarrassment, by acting so wantonly in front her long time friends, and her mother in particular. Increasing her horniness to unheard of levels, and in turn feeding upon itself in this way.

Upon seeing Sarah's distress Eros said, "Oh, forgive me, are your clothes too restrictive?" At this Sarah's jeans, light sweater, sneakers, bra and panties were gone. Replaced by her bridal undergarment, veil, gloves and stockings. To complete the sexual display, her hair turned blond, her eyelashes lengthened and her breasts grew to DD cups.

Sarah had her eyes closed up to this point trying to control her lust making embarrassment. When she felt her clothes change, she knew by the touch of it as her bridal undergarment. She still kept her eyes shut. Desperately trying to shut that image from her mind. But when she felt her tits grow out, the wonderful sensation along with her already super heated lust. Forced her to look.

The lust that took off with her at that point was akin to soaking a brain in a vat of cocaine. All thought of propriety had left her mind. Being mindless though had mercifully reduced her horniness before she went insane. Still, she was now jamming her fingers into her engorged twat, and found that she couldn't find release. Try as she might she couldn't orgasm. As her mind came down to where she could even think, she shot an accusing stare at Eros. Sarah, knew he had something to do with her condition of not being able to cum, but he wasn't forthcoming.

Chapter 3

Mother Jessica's turn

"Now my dear Jessica, what do you make of that?" Asked Eros.

"You son of a bitch!! That isn't the way to treat a lady. Forcing her to act like a slut and then putting her in her bridal clothes. You sully the institution of marriage asshole."

"Really? Me? It's you who've taken the marriage vows and turned them into a 'ball and chain'", replied Eros.

"Why not? Men has always put women down. Tried to keep them 'barefoot and in the kitchen'. Women have come of age and still we have a lot of work to do to get an equal footing, even within the sphere of marriage."

"That you have. You're strident voices have turned you lot into a bunch of harpies. Setting up hoops for your men to jump through. The moment the men get too tired of that game, is the moment you bring out the divorce lawyers. You my dear Jessica, I'm going to enjoy twisting. You forget, I've touched your mind already. I know from whence you mind set has come from."

"Leave me be servant of Satan," screamed Jessica; "get thee behind me."

"Really? Me a servant of Satan? Jessica, you obviously don't know what you're dealing with. Lucifer was a servant of the one you call God. In other cultures he's called Yahweh, Jehovah and Brahma. It's true that the manifestation of this universe was by your God. So, in as far as you are concerned that does indeed make Him your One true God. You all come from Him, indeed, you're all IN Him. As his own Son had said, "He owns many mansions." This is his domain but then again, it is one of many. Neither is He alone my dear Jessica, He has a father. A father by which only one of your cultures managed to put a name to, that being Vishnu."

Eros face took on an earnest and serious stare, gazing into the eyes of Jessica. "Where does that leave me, Jessica? Heh, I'm His brother, an older brother if you'd like. Though that's hard to quantify since we've been around for eternity. Eternity by your standards anyways. This is His universe though, and I can't go whole hog in rummaging through it. That'd cause a fight between us, and a fight on that scale would be cosmic....." Eros eyes took on a far off look, as if imagining the horror of it. Then he snapped out of it saying, "Anyways, we play with each other's toys every once in a while, as long as we don't break them."

"Now, back to you Jessica. Most human's know how an ego develops. It being the sum total of the life one has lived. Up to the point of puberty it is like the shifting sands, as the human ego hasn't solidified yet. It is also at that time when the human psyche is at its most vulnerable, because it has not yet developed the "thick skin" needed to survive. The human brain, is like a computer hard drive, it stores all of these life experiences. No matter what kind of life you lead, the brain stores whatever experiences it is forced to endure. I'm sure you're aware of those cat scans of people with multiple personalities. Each personality giving off a different pattern within the same brain."

"With my power I can copy the different brain patterns of any human, I so chose. I can then select and modify exactly what a human ego would otherwise never believe. I now have a copy of your ego stored for safe keeping now. Jessica...?"

This fifty-five year old matron mother was now, very worried as she replied, "Y-yeah?"

"Do you know what computer technicians do before they reinstall that core programming you call an operating system?"

Jessica never got a chance to answer as her brain had the nuclear bomb of brain farts. She was already reformatted, having a mind of a new born infant. Everyone in the room noticed the dumb stare take over her face. The careworn personality disappearing from behind the careworn face. Not knowing how to hold her own body up, she sagged in the chair. Her body being held in the chair only by Eros's earlier spell about not being able to get up from one. Not having a clue of what piss and shit was, she immediately let go. Wetting the crotch of her slacks, and soaking the upholstery of the chair. All the women in the room immediately knew then what had happened.

As if to emphasis the point Eros got up from where he was seated, and went behind her chair. Standing over her head from behind, he reached down and started smushing her face into ridiculous positions. This older lady was being played with like a toy for his amusement. Having no basis for having so much as a rational thought, she sat there. Not able to contemplate why everyone was so oddly fixated on her. She knew her face being rubbed roughly, though not uncomfortably as if it was some sort of play. She started feebly trying to reach those hands that were doing it to her. Moaning and crying, much as a baby would except with an older/deeper voice of an adult.

Sarah, was just flaming hot with lust by seeing this abuse of her mother. Seeing her treated with such callous disregard for her dignity. Her sense of morality fighting a losing battle with her cross wired emotions. The more offended she was, the more she wanted to see her mother's mistreatment. She couldn't take her eyes off of what she was seeing. She was bucking in her chair like she was riding a wild horse. Cum oozing down off of her chair and dripping onto the floor, while she moaned in ecstasy.

For a moment, the girls that was watching Jessica's mistreatment of her dignity looked over to Sarah. Fear and loathing etched in their eyes. Peripherally, Sarah could feel their eyes were turned on her. For a time then, once again she lost all coherent thought. Lost in ultimate lust, she started raping herself maniacally. Sarah mercilessly attacked her cunt with her left hand. She sucked her left nipple so hard her tit was suspended from her mouth by sheer suction alone. Her right hand was mashing her right tit and twisting her nipple so hard, it started showing scratches and welts across its surface.

Then Eros removed Jessica's blue blouse and heavy duty bra. The older sagging mammaries of her mother were revealed as being not at all flattering. Still, Eros started playing with those as well. To this treatment, Sarah saw her mother sit there with a contented goofy smile on her face. A face that now had lipstick horribly smudged all over it. Next, Jessica's slacks disappeared, along with the piss and the shit and her underwear. Then out of thin air Eros produced a large and powerful dildo, and started rubbing it lightly across her vaginal lips.

At first, the former Jessica was surprised by the new sensation. Then it felt good. Really, really good. She liked it a lot. Oddly, looking at the people looking back at her, she sensed that something was wrong. They all had ?, well she didn't put it into words anymore. They didn't like the way she was having fun. Except for one of them that was dressed pretty. She liked her because she was enjoying the same thing that she was enjoying. Except the pretty one was now looking kinda scary.

For her part, Sarah had descended into a bestial mind set. She was thinking, "*FUCK THAT BITCH, FUCK HER, FUCKING FUCK HER*." Or something to that effect was running through her sex diseased brain, as Sarah chased after an orgasm that refused to come. Sarah's face was covered in sweat, eyes having a crazed maniacal look in them. Her mouth set in a hideous grimace. To the others in the room, she appeared as though she wanted to rape her own mother. Fortunately due to the spell gluing her to the chair, they'll never find that out.

Jessica squealed in delight. Though she didn't know what it was, her blanked mind experienced an orgasm. The happy innocent reaction on a careworn face to a tawdry activity served to empathise the sheer incongruity of the scene.

Susan, who was still sitting on the floor started to rapidly pump her black nightstick rod furiously in and out of her cum hole. She moaned while she watched the lady's debasement. Two of the other women in the room had started developing wet spots in the crotches of their jeans. They nervously tried to hide it, by closing their legs. Eros though would have none of that. All of a sudden everyone that wasn't already affected by Eros magic suddenly jerked their legs wide open. Those girls now displayed their shame for all the rest to see. Other than the ones that have already been affected, these girls had the look of a deer caught in the headlights of a car.

Soon Eros grew bored of administering to Jessica. Since Jessica now had the co-ordination of an infant, Eros jammed the powerful dildo up her twat. Then straps designed to hold it in place, appeared around her hips. He then left her side. Jessica continued to sit there while gurgling in complete contentment.

As Eros sat back down again at his own chair. Noting the wet spot in her jeans, he spoke to the last female that was seated to his right, "So, what's you take on the situation so far?"

"YOU ARE NO GOD, BASTARD. THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN!!!!" Immediately afterward she cringed, sensing that her turn could be next.

"Neither was the way they treated their mates like doormats. I just have more resources in which to punish wrongdoers in my own particular way. But let us consider Jessica there. In the state she's currently in, she's a complete innocent. There's no right or wrong in the situation for her. She's living in the moment, enjoying every orgasm as they build up and crash over her. Think about it, the only ones here that think this is wrong, are you and these other two to my left. Think of Adam and Eve before their fall from grace. Before they ‘tasted the forbidden fruit’. If they've found out about the delights that their nether regions were capable of giving them. They'd be pumping it for all it's worth, never giving a thought about whether it's good or evil. That's the state that Jessica is in."

"As for Sarah, well, let's say I have a wedding gift in mind for her future husband. For now, I'm making her 'stew in her own juices'."

Indeed by this time, though Sarah was still incredibly horny, she was starting to get her mind back. Eros asked her, "How're you doing so far Sarah?"

Panting heavily while still tiredly pumping her engorged twat she pleaded, "...C-can I have a-a aa dildo please? I really need to get off, please, I need release."

"No, you cannot. I'll have you know I'm saving you for something special. Your sexual frustration is key to that. Still, other than that I shall restore your strength, stamina, bodily fluids and heal your lacerations."

Everyone in the room could see that she was relieved in a fashion. Still, she didn't stop fondling herself. As she sat there watching her debased mother, cooing in innocent delight. Eros continued with his narrative.

"I want to relay to all of you that in the name of omnipotence, I could cut to the chase and go directly to the end result. But as they say sometimes, ‘It's the journey that counts’. You see, human children develop strong attachments from first impressions. Those first impressions being the foundations on which the rest of the ego builds upon. In Jessica's case, she is now experiencing orgasms as like a baby straight out of a womb would. Normally a small child couldn't though. Their body's haven't developed the capacity to produce orgasms. The feeling would be of over simulation, making it too ticklish to enjoy. So Jessica is the first 'baby' with an adults capacity to enjoy orgasms."

After they saw what looked like Jessica's fifth orgasm passing through her Eros said, "Now watch this." He got up out of his chair again. The straps holding the dildo in her disappeared. As it fell out of Jessica's oozing slit, he grabbed it and returned to his seat.

Jessica looked at him holding her wonderful toy. In the uncoordinated fashion of a baby she tried to get up and reach for it from across the room. Being magically held into her chair, she couldn't go further than that. Realizing that the big meany had her toy and that she couldn't do anything about it, Jessica started crying; literally like a big baby. The three unaffected women were horrified to see this elderly woman reduced to a blubbering infant. Screaming, stamping her feet, and having a temper tantrum, Jessica's fat naked old body was providing an odd counterpoint to her childish actions.

Fortunately for everyone else, that is, other than the now sex crazed Sarah, Eros hated hearing a woman's screams. He offered the dildo to Jessica while releasing her bond from her chair. Jessica unceremoniously fell forward from her chair onto her hands and knees. Then she fell flat on the floor, as like a complete newborn, she didn't even have the coordination to crawl. Pushing herself along the floor on her belly she went. Towards Eros and the toy she so very much wanted to play with again. Finally she was able to clumsily grasp the offered toy from his hand. To wit, she immediately started to try and find the spot in her crotch in which to insert the vibrating dildo. Eventually having done so, Jessica curled up on the floor in complete contentment.

"Now it's time for the next stage," said Eros. "In Jessica, I've established an early appreciation of sexual satisfaction. Let's overlay that with a few alternate sexual personalities, shall we. You'll note that though she looks like herself, as you've always have known her, she won't be able to tell the difference. Also, her body within will take on the attributes of flexibility, strength, and the energy of youth. The first personality will be a Mexican whore trying to please a Mexican drug lord with her sexual prowess."

Realization dawned on Jessica's face, as she found herself on the floor of an important client's house. She immediately got up in a panic, exclaiming in a heavy Latin American accent, " Carajo idiota Ie, Chingao. Sorry Senior Eros, I didn't mean to disrespect you."

While disregarding the others, the former Jessica immediately sat on Eros lap and started humping him. Kissing him passionately as if to make up for lost time. Old and fat as she was, her body moved with a grace that implied youth and vitality. Even while humping his crotch she expertly undid his belt, pants and zipper one handed, while her other hand grabbed the back of his head by the hair. Holding him in a passionate deep throated kiss. Then she removed the dildo that was still in her cunt carelessly tossing to the floor. The Spanish Jessica then sat on his disappointedly small but engorged cock and started riding it for dear life.

Sarah saw on her mother's face a passion for sex that she knew didn't belong to her. The incongruity, along with the wanton disregard for propriety showed Sarah that her mother just wasn't in that body anymore. At that point Sarah again wasn't herself either. Sarah stared at the show her mother's body was putting on like she was an internet porn addict. She was fisting herself, cum juices pouring out from her seat to the floor. Still, she couldn't cum, she should've came twenty times by now. This only served to exacerbate her own need for release, driving her sexually insane. The look of sexual avarice on her face showed that she was exactly that, insane. A few times she tried prying herself up out of her chair to attack her mother's body in a frenzy of unbridled lust.

Susan was again pumping her own twat with her bent nightstick too. She undid her titty chain, so to pop her massive mammaries out of her dress. She was sucking and squeezing them to great effect. She was still on the floor, practically underneath the fucking couple. Looking up at them over her massive tits. Knowing full well that her master, Eros; was going to make fucking sluts out of all of them. Reveling in the thought that she'll have good fucking friends with her for the rest of her life.

The other three, was flying between terror, fascination and an unwanted heat building up in their loins. They stared wide eyed at the wild scene that had replaced their gathering of friends. Alternately, finding that their hands had mysteriously found their way to the wide open area between their legs. Then snatching their hands away, looking at the others faces to see if they saw what they was doing. Instead they saw within their friends faces, the same moral struggle they themselves were labouring under.

After both Eros and Jessica had their orgasms, Jessica suddenly took on a dazed look, got up from Eros's lap and walked to the kitchen. Eros sat there with his deflating penis drooping ever further downward. Presently, Jessica came back holding a tray, with towels on it. One towel, hot and steaming and the other towel for drying. But that wasn't really what caught the girls attention, as Jessica was now completely made up like a Geisha. Still, fat and Caucasian, but wearing white face makeup, kimono and wearing her hair in a Japanese fashion.

Affecting the typical walk and mannerisms known to Geishas the world over. Jessica knelt at Eros's feet and proceeded to clean him off with the warm towel.

"Uh-ah my dear, you're going to clean me off with your mouth, said Eros.

Except by a faint smile she didn't make any protests to his request at all. She put down the towel and began to lick his balls all over. Then his inner thighs, and then finishing with his cock, which was already hard once again. To wit she began to give him a blow job like an experienced Geisha should. She did this all in contrite silence even while showing the girl's in the room an expertise in fellatio that mother Jessica never possessed. As, Eros shot another load of cum, Jessica the Geisha swallowed all of it. Afterwards she then washed and dried his crotch with the towels that she had brought with her. Tucked him back in and zipped him up. She then got back up and proceeded back to the kitchen.

Though Sarah was still empathizing for her mother, she was getting used to the shock value of the proceedings. The Geisha bit was easier to except as well. Sarah was sopping wet down below and was still horny enough to keep chasing after that elusive cum. "*Oh,"* she thought to herself*; "I need release badly. Just what the hell is he going to do with me. I've never been this hot before. I'd even offer to fuck him myself, but noooo, I'd just say 'duh' and get dumber. Oh, that dildo is still on the floor, I wish I could have it."*

Eros continued with his narration. "Now, we'll have some entertainment. For this next bit, though she won't look it, Jessica will be literally light on her feet."

A brass pole appeared in the middle of the circle of chairs. The living room stereo started up by playing Madonna's Erotica. Jessica, now scantily clad in bra and panties came charging back in, and started doing a strip routine. Her graying hair done up in a cascade of curls fit for a younger woman, that was out of place on her matronly head. 180 pounds of sagging fat flying around the pole as if the extra years and weight didn't even exist. Her fat belly over hanging her panties and her sagging tits flying out from her torso every time she twirled despite her lacy bra. Heavy make-up, eye shadow and deep red glossy lip stick evident on her face. A face that showed a happy intelligence as Jessica the stripper looked at Eros sitting in his chair.

A voice appeared in all the girls heads. "*Just so you all know exactly what's going on, Jessica really thinks she's a 24 year old stripper. Like I said before, though she don't look it, she weighs 124 pounds. She blind to how silly she really looks. You may have guessed by now that I like incongruity. No lady her age or shape could or have ever danced like that. They'd die of shame first. Don't worry Sarah, it is only for appearances sake. Despite the age of her skin, and the fat, her body really is 24 years old, and quite fit to dance a routine."*

Since Jessica the stripper had started with just a bra and panties, the show she put on was finished by the end of the song. The brass pole disappeared. Jessica robotically sat back down in her chair, and stared at nothing.

"Now as I've said earlier, 'it's the journey that counts'. I could just get her directly to where I want her to be with just one thought. Just where do I want her to go, you may ask? Well, I've introduce into her brain patterns, an early introduction to pleasure. A baby that have begun to self pleasure would make masturbation a lifelong habit. She will remember it as a pleasant past time since childhood, and yet Jessica will still remember her actual upbringing."

"Next, she will remember something of the outrageous slut, with no qualms about sexual propriety. Free to experience without reservation, what it's like to give and receive pleasure. If your mother had experienced only that lifestyle, she would be dressed like a whore as well as acting like one."

"Then as in the tradition of the Geisha's she would be fully willing to service her man without compromise or complaint. Her one true pleasure is in seeking to give pleasure to him. Whoever wins her heart, she would give every thought to keeping her man happy and contented. This facet alone when left on her brain patterns, would’ve countered her treating her previous husbands like doormats."

"The last brain pattern would give her the genius to perform in ways of seduction. Dancing, sex games or role playing to increase his libido, that will in turn enhance her own. She'd be anxiously waiting for him to come home so she can spring her next surprise of sexual adventure."

"She will remember all this as if they were lives she had tasted herself. For she now has them etched upon her brain patterns".

"Now comes the final part. Sarah, your mother has kept a secret from you all of these years. It is one I consider vital, as this secret is the major reason you were brought up the way you have been. Your Grandmother was a nun alright, but she didn't leave the order voluntarily in order to marry, as your mother has always said."

By now Sarah was almost completely free of her lust affliction, and hearing this news, had snapped her out of it completely. Looking intently into Eros eyes, she'd totally forgot that she was essentially naked. Which was fine to him for the moment. He wanted her to understand that he wasn't all about sex after all. That he was also about a child's upbringing warping a person's sexual attitude. How it could get skewed sideways by a parent. A parent determined not to see the past repeated out of a inflated sense of misplaced anger and indignation. How it warps one's capability to enjoy successful relationships, dashing them to heartbreak and tears.

To wit, he produced a picture. "Sarah, this is a picture of your grandmother when she was a novice in her order. I know you've seen it many times before."

"Everytime your own mother showed it to you, she'd told you that your grandmother quit the order in order to bring her into the world. That's only half of the story. Your grandmother was religiously devout and didn't plan on leaving the order, ever. But then she had an illicit affair with none other than a priest. Your grandmother got pregnant with Jessica and was forced out of the church. The priest on the other hand lied about his involvement, and denounced her to save his own ass."

"Being forced out of a cloistered existence and thrust into the world as a single mother in those days? Harsh, harsh indeed but your grandmother truly loved her daughter. On the other hand her mother had always reminded Jessica of the unfairness of the male dominated world. She drummed that fact into your mother continually, day after day, in bitter accusation."

This is why your mother turned out the way she did. It is also the reason why you're on the same path. Both of you having made unreasonable demands upon your relationships. Trying to get your mates to prove or disprove an old sin of the past. It is nobody's fault really. Affairs of the heart takes place out of the blue. The only real sinner in this tawdry affair was the priest, by his fear of losing his stature in the church. The church itself compounded the sin for not believing a devout sister's accusation in demanding equal justice."

It was at this point when everyone was looking at Sarah and the picture when they heard sobbing. They all looked over towards Jessica, whom apparently had come out of her daze early in this discourse with her daughter. Jessica could actually feel the pain of wasted lives. Coursing from her own mother, through herself and into her own daughter. She felt wretched beyond belief, though she knew Eros was right. None of it was really her fault, but that fucking priest."

To wit, Eros continued his narration. Having noted the effect on Jessica he addressed her now. "Once a personality has set, it is hard for a human being to change. Their perceptions are forevermore colored by their past. I'm here to change what you couldn't do yourself. Granted, it's a shocking change given my 'vocation', verses your perception, but a sexual existence is not an evil in itself. Humans color it evil, but otherwise it's only natural."

"Jessica, the three lives you've tasted, are indeed rare ones. They belong to women that really exists. Three women who unlike the majority of women, enjoyed their 'vocations', and were rewarded handsomely in their lives for their enthusiasm. That, along with the early experience of sexual pleasure that I gave you, serves to teach you that there are alternatives to your thinking."

" Now, I can do it fast and easy as I did with Susan. Her wants and needs were just below the surface. She was just being a bitch because she wasn't sexually attractive. She just was not 'getting hers' and just didn't have the confidence."

 "You on the other hand, your problem ran deeper. When I looked into your mind, I just wanted to reach in and yank out that which has held you back from happiness. My programming has cracked your stone facade. Now comes the time to wipe it away. I'm going to show you another picture and tell you a story behind it."

"This is a picture of a stripper and erotic nude model. She combines in herself the three lives that your brain was programmed with. Sexually knowledgeable and wise, she none the less became pregnant because she wanted to. She's a mother who had taught her daughter that the joys of sex are for real. She provided her daughter all of her knowledge in what's needed to avoid disease and heartache. She taught her daughter how to read men like a book, in as far as who to trust and who not to trust."

None the less, she's a woman that loves her body and her sexual/sensual nature. Her daughter had often seen her mother playing with her sex toys and bringing men home for the night. Her daughter knows of her mother's delight and passion for sex and has learned to appreciate her unique wisdom. She knows her mother is outstanding physically and mentally in ways that are sexual, and you were fortunate to have her as a mother."

"M-me, m-my m-mother? What?, stammered Jessica; "t-that's not my mother."

"Not yet anyways." Eros held up both pictures in front of Jessica at eye level. I'm giving you a choice between these two women. One describes pain of loss, the other describes joy of freedom. A bitter fallen angel, the other a fun loving yet devoted mother. I'll tell you this right off. This gift is for you only. You pick your mother's photograph and nothing will happen, I'll leave you to your fate."

"You take the other picture, and your mind will be rewritten with a new personality. For continuity's sake, you'll still remember your old self, but as a dispassionate and faded aside. You, your belongings and your house will change to suit your new persona because as far as you're concerned, your past is completely different. You'll have within you the experience of having men for pleasure and giving pleasure to men. Men as numerous as pickets in a fence. On the other hand, you'll know for a fact that if you take the photo of this exotic dancer, that today was your birthday."

"Your own daughter won't be affected if you choose the exotic dancer. Since she hasn't gone too far down her path as yet, I have a different fate planned for her. She just needs to switch train tracks, before her personality ruins her coming marriage."

"So....so you're really not evil? Y-your here to help?"; Jessica asked. Hope now fighting with despair and the fear of the unknown flashing across her face.

Eros replied, "Within the realm of sexuality, I can. Consider this Jessica, I've been around for eons, and I know of what I SPEAK."

With the utterance of that last word, everyone in the room felt something cosmic and ancient temporarily swell the environment. The air was momentarily charged with an unknown energy.

Eros continued, "Then again, you couldn't tell me from Satan earlier. Or any other form of magical being for that matter, human's having such limited knowledge of cosmic matters. I could be pulling a cosmic joke upon you for all you know."

Jessica was at a quandary. Then she looked over at Susan. Susan smiled backed and gave Jessica an enthusiastic nod. Jessica then asked Eros, "You didn't give Susan a choice, didn't you?"

"Admittedly, no, I didn't. Neither have I the driver in the limo parked outside. Okay, so I have my moods, that's one thing. The other condition is that for a surface change, I don't need the permission of the person to effect change. The desire is already there in them, ready to come to the fore."

"In your case, I'm substituting a whole new personality. One that is diametrically opposite from the other. This changes fate more than anything else. In which case, I have to expend energy to combat the persons will. Little known fact..... a human's will is equal to my brother's will. When he created you, your world and your universe, he didn't want to have reprogrammable robots. He has a purpose for mankind, and I'm not to interfere in that design. On the other hand he allows me a small nibble in his world, as long as I don't attempt to supplant him."

"In your case, the 'magic' is better with the cooperation of the human's will. That's why you read about genies and wishes, devils with contracts, angels with miracles; in all cases it starts with a human's desire. I'm a god who's main vocation is eroticism and love, that stems from the tawdry to the sublime. Tawdry for those who've abused it, sublime to those who've suffered. My initial surface scan had made me angry concerning you. I dug deeper when I touched your forehead, and found the source of your malfeasance against my office. I now desire only to help you."

"By turning me into a slut? That's not sublime at all, that's....", Jessica was interrupted.

".....Tawdry? What I have in mind for you is uniquely awesome. You won't be sleeping in many men's beds, but only one. You'll possess a presence that'll be the envy of trophy wives everywhere. The knowledge to serve your man, in such a way that he'll want to return the favor just as mightily. He'll be awed by your dedication, sexuality and beauty. He'll need your dedication too, for you'll have a mission to save him from himself."

"What!? Tell me..."

"I'll tell you your mission, only after you take the photo of the exotic dancer as your mother. I will tell you this though, you'll be successful in your mission. When you are successful, his love for you will transform him. He's dying inside, and only real love can save him, not some cheap trick of a spell from me. My power does better when it goes with the flow, and he needs to learn to trust his heart with someone. Bah! I've said too much already...... choose."

Jessica was again faced with her mother's picture on her left, and that of the sexy nun on her right. "*Cosmic trick, or not. Eros went through a lot of trouble already to convince me. I can still feel those other women he 'loaded' into my brain. They were happy, the men they had were happy and satisfied. I've never been happy, or been truly loved. I've turned into a 'battleaxe', that no man would want. Will I turn into a cheap slut? Susan's tit's are cartoonishly huge? She certainly likes making love to herself. Then again, I was probably quite entertaining earlier. I think I was actually those women earlier. Free.... uninhibited.... confident..... HAPPY!! Happy and to be in love, what I'm I waiting for?"*

Jessica uttered, "Sorry mother", and grabbed the photo of the exotic dancer. Was it a flash, or a glow? Whatever it was it lasted all about two seconds and then it was over. The new Jessica, sat panting and transformed. Wearing a pristine white corset, garters, stockings and strappy white stiletto heels. Her hair, changed color into a brilliant platinum blond. Her lips plumped up and wore a lovely shade of red lipstick. She now sported diamond earrings and a diamond choker. But no one noted those new assets nearly as much as her big new bountiful boobs. 

Her mind seemed to have taken a bit longer to resettle though. As a new personality is kindled in her brain, she looked around as if she noticed everything for the first time. When that had come to pass, she smiled broadly. She loved her new body, she loved her tit's and how they felt, and her GROIN. Her nether lips felt like they were alive with fresh new feelings.

She mauled her breast with one hand and attacked her slit with the other moaning, "Today is my birthday." With those words, her new personality was set, and a sensual, sexy look entered her eyes. Staring straight into Eros's eyes she then said, "I thank you lord Eros." Stated in a sexy husky voice that could've raised a flagpole in any man's pants.

Since he was still kneeling in front of her within arm's reach, Jessica grabbed him by the back of his head and drew him into a big face sucking kiss. Drawing him away long enough to add, "Wanna fuck? You are my creator after all, I'd say that deserves a good fucking. My old ugly self hadn't had a fuck in ages, and I'm dying for a good fuck."

Susan piped up protesting, "Hey, I asked him first, I get to fuck him."

Eros interjected, "Ladies, the night may be young, but I still have a lot of ground to cover. By the way Jessica, you are free to move from your chair now."

Jessica was clearly disappointed by his refusal, but she could plainly see that he was right. There was still the matter of the remaining three women. Then her eyes fell on her daughter Sarah, who was still struggling with her horniness. Sarah, who had seen her mother betray the memory of her own mother. Turning her into a woman of sex, refined and distilled. Sarah could not but notice how Jessica's every movement and nuance spoke of a hunger for pleasure and pleasuring.

"You know my dear Sarah, you're doing it wrong", said Jessica. As she got up from her chair and sauntered over to Sarah's prostrate form. Walking behind Sarah's chair, she bent over and reached down to her daughter's slick meat wallet. Jessica then jammed two of her fingers full to the last knuckle and then pressed and manipulated her daughter's "g-spot". Indeed, when Sarah felt her mother press her "button", she needed even more relief from the never ending torment of a over-heated libido.

A look of consternation then crossed Jessica's face. She seductively raised an eyebrow. Even while she raised her cum soaked fingers to her lips, she stated as a fact, "Lord Eros, this is your doing."

"Yes", he replied; "as I said before, I'm saving her for her wedding night, two days from now."

Realization dawned on Jessica's face, along with a wicked smile as she replied, "Why Lord Eros, she going to go off....."

"Ah, ah, ah, my dear Jessica, it's a surprise. Though I'm sure you now know what changes you'll need to make for the reception. I'll leave you to that detail."

"So, we're to keep her percolating the whole night then?"

"The more we heap in, the more treasure there's going to be in the box", Eros replied cryptically.

Jessica smiled knowingly and said, "I don't mind, just as long as you keep her hydrated, and her muscles rested."

That shocked Sarah so much that she shot her mother a look that spoke volumes in, *"What the fuck is going on here? I'm suffering in desperation and YOU don't mind???"*

As far as Sarah was concerned, her mother took on a role akin to the grand inquisitor when she added. "I'll think I'll help you on that account lord Eros. Her shock, shame and embarrassment is as much centered on me as on her. I'll do my best to keep her 'entertained'."

"To that end, let me introduce you to your old friend", replied Eros. As he produced a new even more powerful dildo with straps attached. Along with a utility extension cord that led from the wall socket, to its base."

Chapter 4

Tanda's Turn

Every time Jessica had an orgasm, via her new and improved super dildo. She'd empathise the fact by saying, "Today is by BIRTH-day." Followed by luscious, moans of pure bliss. Doing it while sitting directly in front of the, 'still trapped in her chair', Sarah. Sarah, who's also still not allowed to speak, forced by her condition to watch a sex fiend of a mother. Sitting in front of her, with an electric cord coming out of the dildo lodged in her crotch. Jessica writhing in a sensual dance of complete sexual satisfaction. Manipulating the strapped in dildo, and tracing and rubbing her new tits. Jessica's a fiend of a mother who's willing to keep her own daughter suffering under the yoke of full bore lust.

When Sarah started getting used to watching that spectacle, Jessica came over to Sarah to "play" with her improved tits and help rub her clit. To further humiliate her into more horniness Jessica would then sensually massage Sarah's own cum juices all over the exposed parts of her body.

While they were occupied, Eros took stock of the remaining unaffected women. The last one on his right, and the next one in line looked back at him nervously. She had a husky, strong athletic build. The one to his immediate left caught his attention the most. He was sure that there was one in this group whom he primarily needed to stop. This female had a look of terror in her eyes, and only the guilty would be that terrified of him. The last female on his far left, smiled backed at him. Having the look of someone who was both hopeful and anxious. He knew then that she desired something from him. But he kept himself to little more than surface scans of them. He had all night after all, and he wanted to proceed in order.

It was then that he looked back over to his right and gave a deeper scan to the one that was sitting there. He stated, "Your name is Tanda. You have also demonstrated malfeasance against my office. Like the rest, you chose to abuse others for their sexuality. You have used your enhanced strength and training in the martial arts to beat up your male acquaintances. In your case you've hated men for callously risking a girls probability towards pregnancy in the pursuit of pleasure. Men who had asked you to ride 'bareback'. As well as in a couple of other cases of friends you knew that had unwanted pregnancies."

"Tanda, in your case, a simple 'no' would've sufficed. Even considering the men had asked you politely for unprotected sex, they were sucker punched by you at the time. You're lucky those men felt too ashamed of having been bested by a female to have pressed charges."

"Indeed, you've thought to do the same to me as well, hoping to knock me out. You just wasn't sure about angering me, a man with omnipotent powers. You see a man sitting before you true, but I can assure you there's something quite beyond your understanding within."

"In any event, I suspect you have a deeper motive for your anger. Oh sure, I agree to an extent whenever it comes to men who are overly lecherous. Whenever they’d force themselves on females without prior consent. Especially those who even engage in such activities knowing they're infected with an STD. In those cases, a good roundhouse smack across the jaw is warranted. No, you flew off even at the mere suggestion of risky sexual encounters. In the supposed service of other women, you punished men who you've never even met."

"You've spent way too much time trying to prove to yourself that your sex is the superior one. When in fact you were trying to cover up feelings of inadequacy."

Jessica interrupts with a, "Today's my BIRTH-day."

Eros looked over at Jessica and smiled even as he leaned in close to Tanda. "Penis envy," he quietly said to her.

Subconsciously Tanda knew Eros was right. It was what shamed her into acting the way she always had. Having grown up in a family with five brothers, all of whom were older than she was. Her parents weren't exactly Rockefellers, making her accept the boys hand me downs. The boys in turn had put her down for having a bedroom all to herself. A couple of her brother's had even raped her when she was still little. Even hearing the boys tawdry stories of how they'd "get the girls", they've been after. It all added up to her wishing she could best them at their own game.

Still, she always denied to herself of ever wanting to have the hated organ that drove men to do what they did. She did wonder why men seemed to always think with their dicks. The testosterone that gave them their strength and stamina. The feats of physical endurance, all stemming from that organ. She'd started using steroids for her weight lifting exercises. Marvelling at the increase of power her muscles received when she first started taking them.

She started to think of penises from both from a female's point of view as well as a man's. Wondering what it was like to have a sensitive rod that expanded like magic. But because of her experiences with the callousness of men with which their penises provided, whenever she saw a bulge in a man's pants she just wanted to deck them. She'd knock them down for the "glass ceilings", less pay for equal work, their ability to pee while standing, high paid professional sports, etc. Yet, she wanted to have a dick for herself.

 What was her deepest shame? What is way deep down inside, was that she wanted to fuck a woman with a penis of her own. Having her shameful secret revealed, she was about to explode in anger when her own transformation abruptly begun.

In a matter of seconds she felt her clothes get tighter and tighter. She felt her muscles get more bulkier, strong and solid. She felt increased weight press down into her chair. Whereas, before she could've competed successfully in a Ms International competition. Tanda's body took on the bulk that would be the envy of male bodybuilders.

When the transformation was finished, Tanda took a look at herself and was pleased at what she saw. Which also made her confused about Eros's actions. Saying, "You wanted to punish me for beating up on men, so why'd you make me even more stronger?"

Eros replied, "I have a purpose for you, besides, that isn't the 'punishment' you expected." As he then pointed to her crotch and said, "That is."

Jessica once again said, "Today's my BIRTH-day."

A living snake grew in Tanda's shorts. At least it looked like a snake to the others who were watching it grow. Her fresh new dick came just from the new sensation of its own birth. Giving Tanda her first male orgasm.

"That looks painfully tight", said Eros; "here, let me air that out for you."

Tanda's super tight shorts disappeared revealing the fact that she had just became a hermaphrodite. Her new dick being a proud foot long, instantly stood up at attention. Prompting a shout from at least one enthusiastic spectator.

While yelling, "DICK!!!" Susan literally flew off of the floor, drew out her bent night stick and landed on Tanda's new rod before it had a chance to become soft. Susan bounced up and down rapidly, jiggling her massive mammaries in Tanda's face all the while.

Tanda sat there stunned. Then she was amazed as a look of sheer pleasure came over her face. She then brought her massive arms into play as she gripped Susan at her waist. With her strong hands she started to aid Susan in pumping her shaft with even more celerity.

Seeing that she missed a great opportunity, Jessica sat there in her chair with a pout on her face. Then she smiled thinking that she’d get her turn later. Sarah had once again become super horny. Seeing how her best friends were being changed into sexual deviants. Stunned and amazed, the last two that were still unaffected was just staring at this turn of events. Worried at what will soon happen to them eventually.

Meanwhile, Tanda was enjoying the new feeling of sticking her rod in a willing female. Owing from a combination of having a fresh new sensitive dick, an altogether new experience and realizing her inner need for having a penis; all of that allowed her new penis to harden up very quickly. She found that her powerful new muscles could pump her friend up and down her large shaft as if Susan was no more than a paperweight.

Unfortunately for Susan, that was getting to be very uncomfortable. Susan felt as though she was getting bruised where Tanda was gripping her at her waist. "Ouch, ouch, ouchy..... Tanda stop a sec. Let me brace my forearms against your wrists so you don't have to grip me so hard. Okay.... ahhh, much better."

With that, Tanda was pumping Susan up and down at an astonishing rate. Susan's huge boobs were flying up and down like two speed punching bags.

Prompting Eros to say in jest, "Wonder if I should throw in some cartoon sounds effects for those wonderful bouncing tits of yours."

"HAHA-HAHA-HAHA- \*snort\*. Thatwould-befunny-ashell-butno-thanks, replied Susan between bounces. She wished that she could now use her arms from keeping those marvelous mammaries from smacking her face. Then again, the thought of face smacking mammaries made her feel happier.

Eros didn't wait much longer before he tried to get Tanda's attention. "Tanda..... TANDA...... TANDA!!"

"WHAT"!!! With a growl on her lips, Tanda turned a baleful face towards him for breaking her glorious reverie.

Eros continued with what he wanted to say when he secured her attention. "You always punished men for attempting to ride 'bareback' with you. You're now willingly fucking your friend with a fully capable cock, that's capable of producing sperm."

The look on Tanda's face spoke volumes in the statement she then uttered, "HOLY SHIT." Since Tanda was now in the process of blowing her wad into her friend, she did the only thing she could think of. She threw Susan off of her lap. Given that Tanda wasn't used to her new strength she accidentally threw Susan across the room. Followed closely by a flying stream of white goo, splashing down from above. Susan landed hard on her ass on the floor and began to cry.

Knowing Tanda's reaction, Eros released her from her chair. In her rush to get up and comfort her friend Tanda didn't even consider the fact that she was mobile again. While holding and comforting Susan she apologised saying, "I'm so sorry Susan, really I am. I just didn't want to get you pregnant by me."

Eros calls out with a wave of his hand, "Susan, the pain goes away." He really didn't like to see girls cry any better than a woman's screams. As a result, Susan's sore butt wasn't sore anymore, though she still didn't like the shock of flying and landing on the floor unexpectedly.

Now Tanda's temper fuelled by a powerful testosterone body got the best of her. She stood up abruptly spun around, but before she could launch an attack. \*?\* Her anger disappeared like it wasn't there. Tanda still remembered how she got angry, but the immediate disappearance of it was very disarming. Tanda never had her anger taken away like that before. So she stopped in her tracks. Utter confusion written all over her face as she tried looking within for her lost anger.

Eros used this pause to interject, while holding up a new condom between two of his fingers. "Here Tanda, try this on before you try again." And to Susan, "I'm sorry as well my dear Susan, but I had to drive a point home with Tanda. In regards to her past transgressions she had to learn that sometimes a man does think with his dick, and the why of it. Let us not forget, you yourself were also the author of this lesson as well. Not giving Tanda time to think with her brain. It's alright now my dear, suck on her dick and get her started again. This time there won't be any more surprises in store for you."

Nonplussed and ashamed Tanda sat back down in her chair. Susan recovered herself quickly in light of Tanda's cooperation in "presenting" herself to her. While eyeing Tanda's softened penis, Susan licked her lips in anticipation. She got up and crawled on all fours towards Tanda. Her nipples lightly touching carpeted floor on the way over, exciting them and her even more. She then crawled up between Tanda's legs....

"Today's my BIRTH-day."

.... and started to clean the spunk off with her tongue, exciting a return to rock hardness of Tanda's foot long shlong. Tanda then unrolled the prophylactic down her sensitive shaft and they started all over again. They started gently, and then slowly picked up the pace. Tanda face indicated that she was getting somewhat annoyed about something. Presently yelling out an expletitive in disgust.

"FUCK, is this what a condom really feels like? What the fuck ...... half of the feeling is gone!"

Writhing in her own ecstasy Jessica responded to Tanda's reaction with as much knowledge on the subject as her new persona can now provide. \*Moan\* "Tanda dear, the condom rides with the male cock. Robbing him of the sensation of friction that the man feels if he would otherwise ride 'bareback'." With a knowing grin Jessica concluded, "That's your curse."

Tanda turned to Eros pleading, "Can you make me infertile, Eros, please? You can make it so, I know you can."

"No, Jessica's right. That is your curse for beating up on men. You're just going to have to operate under the same yoke as they have always operated under. A woman can go on the 'pill', but a condom is safer in providing protection against venereal diseases. I ought to know after all. With Yahweh's permission, I'm the author of several venereal strain's myself."

Jessica, Susan, and Tanda all cried, "WHAT!!" While a couple of others, forgetting themselves, offered, "duh".

Eros offered his explanation for cursing human civilization in this way. "Look, early on Yahweh said, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' You've done that alright, to the point of choking your world, that's one reason. Another is that us gods are not always around to act as your 'missing' conscience. Infidelity, rape, incest, yes, I did say that the act itself is a natural act; as opposed to being an evil one. But mankind has a higher state of being. Having self awareness, you all should know better."

"Mind you, there's always that temptation from tempting fate. Making this 'natural' act something that's considered 'naughty', has added 'flavor' to the proceedings. Look upon all of these fetishes that has arisen from turning a 'natural' act into something more sinister. Within the animal kingdom, that belongs to humanity alone. Otherwise humanity would be nothing more than fucking animals. Just an affair of 'Wham, bam, thank-you ma-am'."

"I'm all about sex and sexuality, true enough. Though when you consider the consequences of being reproducing animals, controls are needed. Particularly when it comes to the improper use of my office. Such deeds has a knack for cursing succeeding generations. Causing venereal diseases to appear in the world is less discriminatory, true. Still, some author of control has to be left in place during my long absences. So, consider yourself lucky that I'm giving you all my personal attention." He finished that last bit with a big mischievous grin.

While Susan was bouncing on Tanda's lap she pouted while she complained, "But I want more fucks."

"Not to worry my dear Susan," responded Eros; "as long as your 'patron saint' is present you'll not have to worry about any VD at all. Pregnancy is still a natural occurrence though, so that will still be a consideration to consider."

So, as things stand at this time. Jessica..... "Today's my BIRTH-day." .... ah yes it is, ahem. Is having a fine time putting on a show for her ever horny daughter Sarah. Who's seemed to have gotten relatively comfortable with her condition. Both mother and daughter writhing, oozing cum juices off of their seats and onto the floor. Susan is bouncing merrily on a strong woman's lap, as Tanda pursues a third and hopefully uninterrupted cum. Along with two more anxious women watching the proceedings of what should've been a bridal shower.

Chapter 5

Linda's Turn

Eros turned his attention fully upon the nearest female on his immediate left. She was seated in a love seat next to the last woman in line. They’re sitting next to each other showed that there was a marked difference in their demeanor. The nearer one displayed terror, the other displayed hopefulness. One doesn't need to be a god at this point to realize, the closer one had something to be scared about. That only brought about a stern visage from Eros, causing that girl to get even more terrified.

"You know, I came here on account that my scrying indicated something was wrong with this group, something major. These other women have minor issues as far as I'm concerned. They were, and are 'fun' to deal with. You on the other hand, when I look at you, even without a surface scan; I can tell you're going to be no fun to deal with. I almost regret having to do so, but it must be done."

With that Eros got up and placed the palm of his hand on her forehead. She was in tears even before he'd done so. Having done so Eros got very angry, the whole house creaked and groaned with his nascent power filling it. A slight rumbling earthquake shook the house. With a visible effort Eros forced his power under control and released his palm from her forehead. Everyone else had stopped and was watching, trying to understand why he reacted in such a way. Hate filling his eyes as he looked down on the offender.

Jessica ventured, "Lord Eros....."

"**A moment** **if you please**, my dear. In such close quarters, I must lock down my powers before proceeding," said he while visibly fighting down the urge to rip the offender in two.

"I'm sorry ladies, for up to this time the early evening has been quite pleasant and entertaining. This one to my left though has put me in a foul state of mind. I've got to master myself sufficiently before I can show you why."

He heavily sat back down in his chair and meditated for what seemed to be forever to the onlookers. They all knew Linda to be, married and childless. In regards to her, seemingly nothing was amiss to them. Though now they're trying to guess why.

Jessica spoke, "Come to think of it, although you're Sarah's friend I haven't seen your husband for quite awhile. Who was that other guy that dropped you off earlier? I was curious about that?"

Eros looked up at Jessica just then. Though his bad mood wasn't directed at her, Jessica could feel the roiling rage behind his eyes. "Way to 'hit the nail on the head', Jessica. Your definitely are going to make a great matron of .... but I digress."

Immediately after he said that, what could only be described as a 'lightsabre' appeared in his hand. As quick as a cat he shot up from his chair. Then he cut a vertical line into reality from six feet up, all the way down to floor level. He then disposed his sword, and used both of his hands to grip the rift and force the hole open. It formed what looked like a neat 6'x 4' portal that looked upon a closed door in a darkened room.

He then spun around facing Linda and asked her point blank. "Do you recognize this door?"

Linda just sat there shaking in terror, whimpering and crying.

"Out with it woman, you have the floor now; **speak!**" He said as the sound of thunder outside rattled throughout the neighborhood on a clear night. "Your transgression against my office will out bitch! What these friends of yours have done against my office was nothing more than misdemeanors. You've offered a **capital offence**."

The last two words he uttered blew out the living room windows. Upon seeing that, he closed his eyes and did some deep breathing to calm himself. Mumbling, "were I've had you in my realm..."

All the rest of the girls had forgotten their fun and foreplay. Even Jessica had turned her dildo off, as the proceedings were definitely not "fun" anymore. Jessica had figured it has something to do with Linda's husband. Just what though was anyone's guess. Looking upon Eros's anger and the shaking frightened visage that is Linda, some thought it was murder. But it wasn't, it was worse than that.

"If you will not speak of your own accord, then it is up to me to reveal just what you and your 'new love' has done!"

Eros turned back towards the portal, and extended his power through it. With the effect of telekinesis, the door on the other side of the portal was ripped off of its hinges and flung aside. Extending his power further into the darkened room beyond Eros slowly and gently withdrew ....

This would have been a good time for Jessica to cut in again with her statement wouldn't you think. Except no one is in the mood right now. Pity that. You know, when I started this story I thought I'd make Eros a more evil and self centered asshat. Is that the right spelling for asshat, I'm not used to new internet phrases and all. Anyways, I always feel better with good guy characters. I wouldn't mind trying a more dark story, but it feels like 'going against the grain' as it were. Hmmmm? The story? Oh yes.... the story...... sorry about that. Just wish I could maintain the eroticism is all, but I'm just too stuck on plot development. Story... right, back to the story....

...... a sorry looking, stinking lump of what used to be a man. As it was levitated through the doorway, when it hit the light streaming from the portal, it made itself known that it was still alive. Whimpering almost incoherently, "... I'm sorry, I'll be good... I won't cause any trouble.... please... don't hurt me.... I'll be good....."; repeated over and over again.

The festering lump of a man was curled up in a fetal position, shaking in abject fear of imagined reprisals. Covered in dried piss and pieces of feces, covered with puss filled sores, bruises and evidence of burns applied by burning cigarettes. In its fetal position, the head was mostly unseen by those in the living room.

As it was brought into the living room, the portal closed behind it. The quivering lump of flesh hovered in mid air, not even cognisant that it was floating. Eros stated, "The prohibition against talking has been lifted for all. You may all speak freely."

Sarah was the first to utter a reply, "Eros, sir.... can I go back to being horny. Because I rather that than witness this. This is truly horrid..... Linda, what the fuck is this!?! What the hell did you do!?! You come into my mother's house bearing gifts and you had this in your fucking basement!?!"

Tanda added, "You know, I like to best a man in a fight, mano-a-mano. But this? Jesus Linda, it looks like you kept right on kicking long after it was down. You're one sick bitch!" With that Tanda gently took Susan off of her lap and was preparing to get up.

"No Tanda", said Eros; "this one is mine." As Tanda sat back down Eros added, "First though I have to use my powers to reclaim that which was shattered. First I'll need him to be asleep." The low babbling pleading ceased as the fetal figure relaxed into a deep slumber.

Susan shouted, "Way to kill the mood Linda. Geesh, we've all complained about how men treats their females but this goes waaayyy over the line. I'm a police officer ya know, I should arrest you for this." Then she looked down at herself and wondered aloud. "Was a police officer. Hey Eros, if you're so nice, what's to become of me, or even us when your through?" It was at this point when she looked back up and screamed. "AHHHHhhhhh, holy mother of God!!" Which was her reaction when Eros had relaxed the man's body and it was completely 'unrolled'.

Hovering in a standing position the head and face was finally revealed. After all of what Jessica's psyche and body has been put through, the stench and sight of what was a man sickened her. Jessica leaned forward and lost her lunch. Even the others were looking ill, as well as ill at ease. The man's head was swollen to nearly twice its size. A huge puss swollen lesion extended across his scalp from front to back. Flies were evidently flying around the gaping wound.

"I'm sorry for the 'show and tell'.” As Eros hovered the body back into a horizontal position. "But you should be made aware of the company you keep, and of the extent of the crime against my office. Suffice to say my arrival was timely, he wouldn't have lasted much longer. As for now, I can heal the body easily enough. The harder part is knitting together his shattered ego."

While passing his hands over the comatose man, Eros continued. "As for your question earlier Susan. I have plans for you all. Plans that will ultimately lead you to great happiness. I will reveal it all after I've dealt with every last person in this room. After which we will all leave in the limo parked out front, for I have something to show you. Suffice to say, though I cannot run roughshod over Yahweh's world, he has granted me a small piece of it. That'll be where you'll be going. A sort of temple, though when you see it, you wouldn't call it that."

Presently the dirtiness, rancid smell, and all the wounds were gone from the body. The emaciated state filled out to healthiness. New clothes were put on it as Eros raised the body back to a standing position.

"That's her husband Bill alright," stated Sarah.

"Now comes the hard part,' concluded Eros. As he gripped the man's head on both sides with his hands and touched his forehead to Bill's. A light..... sublime and spiritual in nature, flowed out from Eros's mind and entered Bill's head. Eros started saying a calming mantra, "It's alright man, calm, it's all in the past.... leave it behind.... calm......strength be yours....... stand up man, proud and strong. Put forth yourself..... that's good. Heal. Pull yourself together ... there. Yes, that's good...... good..... it is done!"

Eros lowered Bill's body down to a standing position on the floor, where Bill presently awoke. He was acutely aware of Eros's presence, as during his healing process he got a rather intimate introduction. What he didn't expect was a room filled with over endowed and half naked women. When his eye's wondered over to his wife, his face grew grim. Presently, a single tear formed and rolled down his cheek.

"Bill," said Eros; "I'm sure you know who and what I am. I'm fairly sure you'd recognize at least a couple of these females seated here as well. If I may indulge upon your person, could you go sit at that sofa over there? These proceedings are far from over, and they will involve you further later on in the evening."

"As you wish lord Eros, and I thank you." As he turned and went to sit on the sofa, not even offering a second glance to his wife.

Eros turned to face Linda. She sat there, since she had her darkest secret revealed, she collapsed in upon herself. She was afraid to look up at anyone, let alone an angry god.

 "You 'Linda' have done me a grave transgression. You've casts aside your husband for another man. Let him walk all over your husband. You've even joined this 'Jerry' in Bill's abuse. You've done so believing your husband was weak willed, a wimp, a loser. Far be it that you've lost the love you had for the sensitive, considerate man whom you’ve married. No, the flavor of the day was 'Jerry', and his take charge kind of mind set. As you let him move into your basement suite, he was at home the whole time you were home. Meanwhile Bill was off at working for house and home in order to pay the bills. During this time the former criminal, 'Jerry'; started to reconnect with his criminal buddies. When Jerry started to make money from his illegal activities he moved into your bedroom, and into your heart."

"It wasn't long before you lost your love for Bill, but Bill never lost his love for you until it was too late. For six months Bill was abused. As soon as the abuse escalated to visible torture Bill was imprisoned in his own home. Therefore, abuse and imprisonment will be your curse, and I have just the thing for that."

Linda's eyes glazed over having lost all sign of intelligence. Her clothes warped into a sexy French maid style dress. A leather collar and ball gag appeared around her neck and mouth. Her feet were raised up on the highest high heels that anyone has ever seen. The shoes looking to be uncomfortable in the extreme, if not downright awkward to walk in.

Robotically, her body stood up from her chair, turned, and walked the few steps towards Bill. Eros then stated, “she is now yours to command.”

Bill felt a brief wave of nausea wash over him at the moment Eros said that. Bill felt as if a connection was made, linking his mind to his wife. The fact was made clear by what Eros said next.

“Close your eyes Bill and concentrate upon Linda. You will presently see through her eyes and hear through her ears. This is to show you how you may ‘operate’ her remotely. This is not to say she is totally without intelligence in the tasks you set before her. If you told her to bathe, she will bathe her own body as she has always done. If you order her to cook you your favorite meals, she can complete the whole task without further instruction. If you told her to get you a beer, if you’d pictured it in your mind as a bottle, she’d get you a beer in a bottle. If you pictured a beer in a mug, she’ll pour it into a mug before presenting it to you. If you want sex with her, she’ll lube up automatically and pump your cock like a sex machine.”

“She won’t show any emotion on the surface at all. She is trapped within her body and can’t show any reaction to either pleasure or pain. To demonstrate to you just to what extent that may be....”

Eros held out a hand, as Jessica’s tea kettle floated into the room from the kitchen. The water within being at room temperature, once it reached Eros’s outstretched hand the kettle soon began to whistle. A stream of steam escaping from the kettle’s whistle indicated that it was definitely at a boil. Presently he continued his demonstration by ordering Linda to.....

“.... take off your left glove and present your palm face up.”

Linda’s body did just that, she stood there with her palm presented. Eros put the boiling hot tea kettle on her hand and left there for about five seconds.

During which he said, “Note, there no reaction at all. Not a flinch, or a curse or scream of pain.”

The boiling hot tea kettle then floated off her hand and flew back to the kitchen. Eros continued by saying, “Linda, present your palm to the people in the room.” Then to the rest of the people he said,” You’ll note that there is no blistering. Not a mark has been left on her hand, but I’ll tell you all that there is definitely pain there. Mentally, not physically, Linda has suffered a second degree burn. Within that neutral exterior, Linda is crying in torment for her burned hand.”

“Linda,” Eros ordered; “present your hand vertically as in a handshake.”

As Linda’s body did precisely that, Eros slapped the palm of her hand soundly. Again, there wasn’t any reaction at all, as Eros continued his speech.

“To anyone else, such a blow to a burned hand would leave anyone crying in tears of pain. Believe you me, within that neutral stare, is a woman writhing in severe pain. Unable to put it to voice, unable to seek the soothing effects of cold water, just stand there emotionless. Like a second degree burn, she will continue to feel that pain for a week. Any task that you put to her that requires the use of that hand, she’ll use that hand without any thought of nursing it.”

Eros leaned in close to Linda’s face and looked deep into her eyes. “Consider that my final punishment to you Linda. Come what may from now on, further punishment depends on Bill’s will. I will not blame him for anything he dines to do with you.”

“Furthermore Bill, you must understand the gravity of the responsibility in taking care of her. She has no initiative of her own. Her initiative comes from you alone. If in the course of her duties, if she pulls or sprain a muscle she will just continue whatever she is doing. As opposed to other people who’d favour that injured arm or shoulder, she’ll continue her task till she’s done. In the process of doing so, she’ll probably worsen the damage to herself. Furthermore, you’ll need to tell her to take a bath, brush her teeth, go to the toilet, comb her hair, sit or stand. All her initiative will come from you.”

Bill had to reply to this in saying, “That’s a hell of a responsibly. So what you’re saying is that in effect, I’m her jailer, her warden. For how long is she sentenced to living like this?”

Eros replied, “You were imprisoned for something around six months. Her mandatory minimum imprisonment is three months. The optional balance will be dependent upon you Bill. You don’t have to do anything at all if you choose to keep her imprisoned for the duration. If you decide to release her early you can come before me and ask for her release.”

Bill then asked, “And where do I find you, in order to ‘come before you’, ‘cause I would assume you’ll not be hanging around that long.”

“You would be correct in that assumption Bill. The answer to that question will be forth coming, as I have a rather large surprise to spring upon all of you later. For now, suffice to say, you wouldn’t have to look for another job right now.”

“Oh? Well that is a relief. I can assume I lost my previous job because of her and Jerry. Thanks Eros.”

“No, problem Bill. One last thing concerning Linda. She can only answer you with the shake or nod of her head. So put to her yes and no questions. That’ll be the only way she can relate to you what condition she’s in.”

Bill had to ask to no one in particular, because he didn’t know whose house he was in, “Um, can I have a beer please? I haven’t had one for a long while.”

Jessica answered him while she turn her vibrator back on, “Sure dear.” Knowing where this was leading she concluded, “You can get her to bring five more out of the fridge too. Mugs are in the overhead cabinet on the far right.”

To wit the Linda bot began her sentence of long servitude, as she automatically went into the kitchen for the beer.

Chapter 6

Crystal’s Turn

Eros then turned his attention to the last remaining woman in the room. She blushed when she saw that he was addressing her finally. She was a small mousey Asian woman with long black hair, pale white complexion and skinny all over. Making her a stunning counter point to all the other women in the room. Eros took the seat that was recently vacated by Linda and offered his insight into her role in the group.

“Betcha thought these woman knew what they were talking about when it came to men, huh? They seemed so confident about themselves. I bet that before tonight, you wanted to be more like them. Able to, and capable to match wits with any man. Unfortunately, as you can see they were a miserable lot for such high praise. You can blame your lack of experience with men for misjudging your former heroes.”

She sat there silently while blushing a deeper shade of red. Eros continued, “You are fascinating. I can sense great desire from you, and at the same time, a greater fear. What’s your name?”

In a small voice she answered, “Crystal, C-crystal Chan.”

“Well Crystal, I can already tell that what you need is more confidence. I can also surmise that your lack of confidence comes from your perceived lack of physical assets. Hell you need both in spades. You don’t have to say anything, just give me a nod, okay. Would you like a confident personality and a sexy body to go with it?”

To wit, she nodded a yes.

Eros placed the palm of his hand on Crystals forehead. Like the other’s before Crystal, she froze for the brief moment contact was made. Then Eros said, “Had to record your personality for posterity Crystal. It’s often better to have the ‘lay of the land’, before one starts a landscaping project.”

Eros knew why she had tagged along with this group of “former” harpies. As he said before, Crystal thought of these women as confident and self assured concerning their associations and opinions of men. But that paled in comparison with what Eros did to them in return. Being small, slight and soft spoken, all through public school she was a wallflower. No one paid any attention to Crystal, even the school bullies weren’t aware of her. She did well in her studies, true enough, because she never was invited to parties. She was sure that if she ever was invited to one, she’d be stuck in a corner where again no one would talk to her. Crystal was always too shy to strike up a conversation with anyone, and in turn no one had ever thought to offer her an invite.

She was lonely and in turn hated her shyness. Her shyness came from her lack of stature, being five foot nothing and all of eighty pounds. She was always sure that if people did notice her, her small mousey frame would invite derision. All of which had caused her to be over looked and passed over, both in her career and in love.

What she saw Eros do to the others was shocking but were also awe inspiring. She knew that he can fix both of her problems of personality and stature at the same time. Though at this point, she wasn’t sure about her associates being so blatantly sexual. Still, on the other hand she noticed the increased animal magnetism of Jessica. Susan was fine, but in a fun loving bimbo kind of way. Tanda? No, she didn’t want to go that way at all. Sarah, she figured was still a work in progress..... to be realized after a two day wait.

“*I’d want to be like Jessica is now,” Crystal thought to herself. “I want to be able to approach a man and seduce him just with my eyes. To have the confidence to take a man to my bedroom whenever I want, and have him eating out of my hands. I want to be able to melt his brains and be as tongue tied as I’ve always been in my life.”*

Crystal couldn’t bring herself to say it in so many words, so she did the most brazen thing she’d ever did. She grabbed Eros’s hand, exposed his palm and applied it to her own forehead. With her eye’s she beseeched him to understand what she wanted from him.

A large grin broke out upon Eros’s face, prompting him to say, “You really know how to worship at my altar, Crystal. I promise you my dear, I shall endeavour to make a work of art out of you. There’s one proviso that I would ask of you. That you would never abuse your power over men. Make the men in your new life, feel like they’ve been blessed to have known you, even if for one night. The more men you make happy, the more my spirit will move through you. The more vindictive you’d otherwise become, the less blessings I will bestow upon you. Do we have a deal?”

Crystal blushed again, but a huge smile broke upon her face as she gave him a enthusiastic nod of her head.

Just then, Linda bot came into the living room with five mugs of beer on a serving tray. Her left hand had searing pain coursing through it, but it still held the platter with no regard for the pain it felt. Linda also felt thirsty and could use a beer too, but her body refused to answer her need to quench it. She realized now, how totally dependent she was even for small creature comforts. She dreaded the possibility of casual neglect that she might face in the future.

Sarah took a mug and nearly drank hers down in one go. Jessica took one as well, as did Bill. As Bill not had a beer for a long time, he also nearly finished his off. Another mug went to Eros as he was thirsty from all the efforts and talking he has done so far today. Susan and Tanda got the last two, but was hardly touched as they were still quite busy fornicating.

Bill noted that some mugs needed topping up. So he sent Linda to get a couple more bottles to do just that. After some mugs were refreshed, Bill mentally asked Linda if she needed to go pee. Linda bot nodded, so he sent her off to do her business and return directly. As she did so, everyone relaxed and had a beer break.

Eros kept staring at Crystal during that whole time, causing her to blush crimson. She wanted him to do a good job, so she did her best to look up into his face.

Presently, Linda bot came back into the living room and Bill directed her to sit down beside him. He gave her his mug and had her drink a few gulps. Bill didn’t want it to be said that he’d act neglectful towards her, at least in front of others.

Now the final act has begun, for Eros was ready to proceed. Eros announced, “Everyone listen up, Crystal’s shyness comes from her perceived lack of bodily assets. So I’m going to make a visual confidence indicator. The bigger her tits gets, the more confidence she’ll have in her sexuality. The more confidence she has in her sexuality, the higher her jeans and heels will get. Get the picture? A less noticeable aside is that she’ll also grow taller. So without further ado, I give you the incredible expanding Crystal.”

Crystal didn’t like the sound of that at all. Particularly now that everyone in the room was now focused on her. She wanted to run and hide, but she still couldn’t get up from where she was sitting. She’s been trying to do just that earlier and found she couldn’t follow through for some reason. So she sat there on the couch as she began to feel the weirdest sensation she has ever felt in her life.

It started with her little nipples getting instantly as hard as bullet points. They felt as if they were forced out from the inside by air pressure. Then it spread rapidly to her areoles, as they tented out. Having AA breasts all her life she never figured on ever needing a bra. So they were instantly visible through her tight turtleneck top. She was mortified at the appearance of these two hard points, knowing everyone in the room can see them as well. Feeling as though she really did have something to hide for once, she put her hands over them.

A strange sensation spread throughout to her chest, like a pair of microwave beams were heating them. At first she could feel the tenting push out further under her hands, as her areoles gained a foundation of flesh underneath. As they pushed out she oddly felt her embarrassment diminish. Crystal thus dropped her hands to better see what was happening. She rapidly reached “C” cups and she felt they looked great right as they are. Her next worry was that they weren’t even slowing down. If anything, her expanding boobs were picking up more speed.

Everyone else had been riveted upon the start of her expanding breasts. Unlike Crystal, they started to notice a change in her clothes too. Crystals blue jeans started riding up her calves, revealing her plain white socks and black flats. When Crystal’s tits made it to “C” cups, her jeans looked like Capri pants, and her shoes had turned into 1 inch pumps.

Crystal’s confidence at this point, was such that she didn’t really care that she was the center of attention. Her double “D”s cups stood up and out proudly. The sexual heat in her chest and nether region was starting to get her wet once again. Though for some reason, this time she wasn’t quite as ashamed about that as opposed to earlier. No, now her “E” cups were making her proud to be a woman.

Everyone in the room was now trying to watch both her legs and her expanding boobs. By the time they’d figured her to be “DD”s, her jeans had ridden up to just over her knees, and her shoes had three inch heels. By the time she was at “E” cups, her socks had started to shift as well.

Crystal was beginning to feel totally fabulous about herself. Yes, she still was that introvert, nothing else had changed about her personality. But now she felt like she could get whatever she wanted just with a wink and a blown kiss. Her “H” cup tittys felt great, and she was so horny now. She wanted to get up from her seat and fuck anything that moves. Just then she noticed her boob growth starting to slow down. She could feel her tits just barely starting to rest on her lap. They were big, round and firm and didn’t seem to weigh as much as she thought they would. Crystal made up her mind to ask Eros about that.

"Lord Eros, sir, these beach ball boobs should weigh a ton. They are heavy but they don't seems to weigh me down as much as I thought they would. Why is that?"

"Oh, call it's a special formula for body fat. Most fat cells retain a certain amount of water. The cell structures I use has almost no water at all. You could say that you have a fat equivalent of Styrofoam in those bountiful boobs of yours."

When her boob growth was done, everyone but Crystal could see she wore "daisy duke" cut offs. Her shoes had fetish heels which she didn't seem to have noticed, and her socks adapted a sexy frilly lace along the top. Her turtle neck top was never designed to keep such titanic boobs under wraps either. The bottom of her tremendous tits peeking out from underneath.

Crystal looked at herself. Other than the boobs, she couldn't see anything else that was different, physically anyways. Her confidence was such that she felt like standing up and thrusting her massive mammaries out even further. She wondered if there was more, because now, she wanted it all. She was about to "ask for it," when Eros said.....

"Oh, you thought I was going to stop there? Baby, you ain't seen nothin' yet. You have a lot of lost ground to make up, and I'll help you in that regard. Not to worry my dear, I'll have a place for you too. Something you'll appreciate with your new outlook on life."

"You told me you wanted a sensuality that'll 'melt men's minds'. Well you'll see for a brief while anyways, what your ultimate configuration will be. Consider your current state, 'Crystal basic'. To get to your ultimate configuration, you'll have to please me. When you please me, my power, my 'spirit' if you will; will flow through you. To please me, you'll have to please men. Your best bet, is to please men similar to this body type which I now inhabit. Men who are wallflowers, just like you were. Men who would otherwise never know the bliss that a beautiful sexy woman can bestow upon them. Make them happy to have known you, even if it was just for a 'one night stand'."

"Are you ready for a glimpse at the ultimate you?"

"Yes lord Eros, please!", she said loud and proud.

"Very well then, let my 'spirit' fill you." Saying that Eros stood up from the love seat, walked two steps, turned around and raised his right arm. Pointing his hand, palm out, he let his head fall back and seemed to have gone into a trance. Everybody watching didn't see a thing in regards to him. The effect on Crystal though was ........ unreal.

Straight off, Crystal’s hair got longer and fuller. Then her eyes got bigger and the lashes fuller. The lips being slightly puffier, took on a mischievous sexy smile while expertly applied lip gloss and liner appeared. Dusky eye shadow showed up around eyes which started to take on a hypnotic quality. Her hair grew out so long that the ends started resting on the seat behind her ass. So rich and shiny it was, it took on bountiful waves and curls that framed an otherworldly beautiful face. A face that formed a daintily pointed chin which flared out in a diamond shape up towards her forehead. Her whole body took on an aura that started to make the other girls feel like.......girls.

Though everyone wouldn’t figure this out for awhile, Crystal’s final configuration was to appear suited to anyone’s ideal. Everyone being of a different opinion as to their idea of perfect beauty. Crystal would appear as voluptuous to those who like a little meat on their girls. Still others would see her as a stick with two balls stuck to her chest. To others, she’d look like jail bait. Yet to other men, she’d look classy and mature.

When she’d look full into the face of a gay man, he’d forget himself and have an instant hard on. When a straight man looks into those eyes he’d lose it altogether, creating a massive mess in his undies. When another woman falls to her hypnotic sensuality, she’d find herself totally willing to go down on her if asked.

For Crystal’s part, she felt so alive. Alive and completely predatory. She wanted a MAN right that instant. She looked at the average looking fat body in which Eros inhabited and realized exactly why he was standing with his head facing upwards. Then she looked over at Bill, and it was all over for Bill.

Bill, who had already seen “big”, as defined by Jessica, “Bigger”, as defined by Susan, and now “BIGGEST” as defined by ‘Crystal basic’; had creamed himself. His hand holding his beer mug went limp and it dropped to the floor. Bill, who had just recently regained his sanity and self determination surrendered it immediately without a fight. He sat on the sofa, transfixed by the supreme beauty looking back at him.

Crystal had a hunger to satiate, so she stood up and manoeuvred through the chairs and around the coffee table. When she stood in front of Bill, he was still looking up into her face with a dumb look in his own. She coaxed him up on his feet by extending a perfectly red lacquered finger nail under his chin. For a moment after she got him standing, she was amazed at how beautiful her nails looked. She’d never in her life had them done to perfection.

“*Enough of that, I want to sex this man NOW!,”* she chastised herself.

She then popped her tight top off of her humongous boobs. Reached down and grabbing his hands she placed them each on both tits. She then got him started by having his hands rotate around in circles and over her nipples. When she let go of his hands, after that it was as if his mind was on autopilot. His hands continued circling around and around her massive jugs.

*“Oh sweet divine Er*os, *that feels so sublime*. *I’m getting weak in the knee’s just by my tits being rubbed. Ummmmm....... yes.”* Crystal thought.

Crystal’s face was tilted up with her eyes closed, so Bill had gathered some of his wits back. Not being totally under her spell he, none the less liked what he saw and what he was doing. His eyes roamed all over those two mountains of tit flesh. His hands got more creative in manipulating the now very excited nipples. As they were, the nipples being the width of a man’s thumb and an inch long. He stopped rubbing the surface of the mammaries in favour of playing “thumb war” with the nipples. Which in turn elicited sexy little gasps from Crystal.

“Ohh, that feels so good,” she said; as she reached around her massive orbs and started to push down on her sexy short shorts and cum soaked panties. That in turn pushed out her huge mammaries even further, since her arms were squeezing their sides in the process.

Bill didn’t see any of that as all he could see was her head above two large round balls of flesh. He then tried to lift one tit up towards his mouth to try and suckle a nipple. Before he could Crystal pushed him back onto the couch. As Bill fell below the viewpoint of those massive knockers, he saw what was to come next. Since his head was forced up by the back of the couch, his eyes locked onto Crystal’s dripping wet snatch. Prompting an.....

“....... oh mama.” From Bill. The aroma of Crystal’s magical super-natural cum sauce hit Bill’s nose like a aphrodisiac. He laid there with dilated pupils, staring stupidly at Crystal’s bald slit and one inch clit dripping a thick crystal clear liquid. In the meantime she undid his pants and shoved them down around his ankles, along with his underwear.

Crystal stepped over his lap. Before she impaled herself on his achingly hard hard-on, she stopped to ask, “Hey, what about your wife? You know the one sitting right next to us.”

Looking over at the Linda bot sitting beside them, Bill snapped to and said, “Hell, she broke our vows long before I ever did. In fact....”

The Linda bot abruptly stood up, went over to a corner in the room turned around and locked her blank staring eyes back at them. Which at the moment caused Bill to consider something. Linda started blinking at regular intervals.

Linda thought, “*Oh thank heaven for small favours.”*  Her eyes had gotten so dried out, she couldn’t even completely blink the first couple of times.

“..... she can watch us fuck, for all I care,” concluded Bill.

Crystal, sat on his rod, and started riding it, slow and easy. She was already so wet, it wasn’t a question of lubrication at all. Bill’s point of view were her massive tits covering all of his line of sight, right up to his chin. When Crystal leaned forward he could feel the weight of her body pressing down on the other side of them. Which was just fine enough for him, but Crystal wanted to play some tongue hockey as well.

Like the splitting of the Red Sea, Crystal manipulated her huge assets towards the sides. Then Bill saw that hypnotic face appear from between those beautiful boobs, he was drawn into her eyes once again. Those deep, dark, penetrating eyes, that seem to affect him like twin black holes. Her hair then cascaded down around his head. Drawing him into a deep dark personal world of intimate seduction. Trapping a scent within the tent of hair, a smell of perfume along with the salt tang of female jism and male semen.

Bill was already so totally hers, as opposed to other people who’ve fornicated over the eons. While others imagined coupling with queens in olden times, vaudeville stars, radio and silent movie stars, T.V., modern cinema and then rock stars while in the act of fucking. Bill was THERE for Crystal. He laid under the weight of her tits with eyes wide open, locked upon hers. All thought gone, except for the feeling of her cunt muscles pulsing, gripping and then sliding over his shaft.

It was then that she pressed closer towards him and kissed him passionately. What little remained to Bill for processing any thought at all, had found something familiar in the taste of her saliva. Something from way back in his younger days, when he was open to trying new sorts of unique substances. Then it hit him in more ways than one. Spanish Fly, her saliva was cherry flavoured Spanish Fly. Not just any placebo either, but a magically aided concoction.

Bill’s cock already being so hard that it hurts, now felt like it was trying to split open. Trying to grow beyond maximum. His only release would be to ejaculate immediately, which he did. A pounding, super-charged shot sprang out of his dick. Which was the singularly most powerful orgasm in his entire life. It shot so hard that he wondered if he hurt himself while it came and came and came.

"Today is my BIRTH-day."

Just to compliment the whole scenario Crystal cummed in unison with him. Just as powerful as Bill’s orgasm. Yet to her it was more special, since Crystal had never before cummed with a man in her. She felt renewed as a woman. She wanted desperately to please Bill even further. The idea came to her that she should present one of her nipples to him now.

She manoeuvred her nipple towards his mouth before he even finished ejaculating, and stuck it to him. Realizing what she was doing he clamped down on her nipple via suction. To his addled mind, he found that he was drawing milk. The milk in itself having its own magical property, turning his mind back to the days when he weaned at his mother’s teats. The calming sensation of suckling at a mothers teat was very strong. Bill had the erotic notion of being fucked by his or by any other mother for that matter. He felt like he was in an intimate mother/son relationship that was totally sexualized. The stroking of her cunt on his dick, competing with the calming soothing security of suckling at a mother’s breasts kept him hard.

Just then, it was all over for Crystal’s ultimate configuration. She felt Eros's power leave her as abruptly as it came on. She felt so bereft of ultimate sexuality she immediately withdrew from her close contact with Bill and sat up on his lap. At first Bill didn’t really notice anything, other than to say, “Mama.”

Eros was back out of his trance and looking back at Crystal saying, “That’s a taste of your ultimate configuration. No matter who you choose to be with, you’ll have an instinctive way of pleasing them. In Bill’s case, his ultimate fantasy is to be dominated by a mother figure. Other’s would make you gravitate to a dominatrix. To others still, you’ll be presenting yourself as a classy grand dame. Heck, the list goes on and on, and you’ll always unerringly find a man’s deepest desires.......eventually.

“Eventually? How long will that be?, asked Crystal.

“Perhaps around two months time. That is, if you strike true every time and leave a man smiling. He’s got to be made the object of your desires. Especially if he believes he can never win such affections from the likes of you. Sure, you can date a heroic figure of a man, particularly after you’ve reached your goal. That there would be your reward. It’s just that I don’t want you to forget who you were, and that there are men who look and feel the same way as you did. They don’t have to be downright ugly, just shy, introverted loners who had given up on intimacy. Guys who have reverted to jacking off in front of a computer monitor, for instance.”

“Uh, Crystal, if you wouldn’t mind getting off my lap now?” asked Bill. “I believe I’ve lost circulation in my legs. N-not that I’m complaining about the view and all. Hell, I don’t think any man has ever been fucked like that. In two months time he says? I wouldn’t mind having another go at you even before then...... several in fact. You know.... ah.... t-to help top up y-your uh tank, so to speak.”

Crystal smiled broadly at him as she got up off of his legs. “I’d like that very much Bill, thank you. That was an interestingly informative session. I’d love to play ‘mama’ for you any time.” She concluded with a wink.

“Okay folks,” said Eros; “time we took a little trip. I’ve got something big to show all of you.”

So it was that an unusually highly sexualized group of people left Jessica’s house for the limo that was still parked out front.

Chapter 7

The Trip

As the oversexed group approached the limousine, the driver got out in an apparently excited state while running towards them. “Lord Eros sir, I’m really worried sir. The d-d-d-dispatcher, the owner knows the limo has been stolen. I think the police may be looking out for it.”

“Not to worry my dear Maria. One of the easiest .... ah .... ‘spells’ I can do is to change the appearance of something that already has mass. I simply place my hand on it and viola.” The white Lincoln limo changed to a SUV style stretch limo. The colour turned black as well, along with vanity plates with the name Eros written on it. Eros stated, “I’d thought an SUV type would give us more headroom.”

“Oh wonderful,” cheered Maria; “now I don’t have to worry about being arrested.” As she started to go back to the driver’s seat, Eros stopped her.

“We have a new driver for this trip Maria, you can join us in the back sweetheart. Linda will take your place.”

“Begging your pardon sir,” said Bill; “but Linda could barely drive a Honda, never mind a limo.”

“No need to worry folks.” As Eros stepped up to the Linda bot and tapped her once, lightly upon her forehead. “She’s now an expert and professional limo driver, with a cab driver’s knowledge of the town.” Addressing Linda, he ordered her to wait till everybody was inside and comfortable, then proceed to the address which he gave her.

Linda bot then turned towards the driver’s side and marched off to get inside. Everyone else piled into the back. Including a very happy Maria, who was now looking forward to enjoying the night’s festivities with everyone. Once inside, everyone noted that half of the large compartment was taken up by a comfortable bed. The other half, by a plush soft sectional sofa. In the middle was a refrigerator and wet bar, arranged with clean glasses and all sorts of sweet liquors.

As everyone got settled in, the limo started to move off. Eros asked Bill to make everyone a ‘Bartender’s Root Beer’. Bill said, “How should I know, I’m not a bartender. I wouldn’t know the first thing about mixing drinks.”

Eros asked, “Bill, lean forward if you will.” Once Bill in just that, in the process getting closer to where Eros was sitting. Eros tapped him lightly on his forehead.

Bill was astonished, in his mind was a veritable encyclopaedia of alcoholic drinks. All arranged with every possible variation and the various ways in which they’re mixed. Bill started to say, “How’d you ..... no never mind, I should know better than to ask by now. Bartender’s Root Beer, you say? Comin’ right up”

Bill got to work with the enthusiasm of newly won knowledge, and the willingness to test it. Locating all the ingredients and setting up a row of glasses, he proceeded to produce the intoxicating beverage. Soon, everyone had a highball glass of the stuff, and to Bill’s delight, everyone proceeded to compliment him.

“I never had one of these,” said Jessica; “I’ve always avoided drinking in my previous.... ahh..... incarnation. I wasn’t sure what to expect from this, but it’s delightful. I can hardly tell that it’s an alcoholic drink at all.

“Well,” Bill replied; “I guess that’s why Eros choose this one. I haven’t even heard of this drink before tonight, and I’m right pleased with it myself.”

“Well be careful with it then, because you can drink it down fairly quickly as a result of its well hidden nature.” Eros added, “Because of that it can bite you with inebriation very quickly.”

Bill asked Eros, “Say, you punished Linda for what they’d done to me, but what about Jerry. You’re not letting him off I take it?”

Eros replied, “You want a simple ‘yes’, or do you want the gory details? ‘Cause I’d hate to strike a sombre tone to our gathering.”

“Sombre”!? Tanda yelled; “hell, I wanna hear how you’re gonna get the bastard!”

Eros was looking over the brim of his drink at everyone. All of whom was riveted to his coming reply. “Okay fine. I have mentioned earlier that I’ve authored several strains of venereal diseases. Jerry is going to catch one. In fact he already has it, he just doesn’t know it yet. It is similar to the standard mononucleosis, or ‘the clap’ as it’s commonly known. To men, it causes a swelling of the testes and it’ll feel like his balls are in a vice. Now I’ve said it’s ‘similar’, the differences being that it’s what you call a ‘superbug’. Not highly contagious, but virulent and incurable. He’ll die in a week, probably while under sedation in a hospital. Until he’s under sedation, he’ll know terrible agony to the point that he’ll think his genitals are going to shrivel up.”

They sat there at first, looking at him in awed silence. Then a smile appeared on Bills face, then on Jessica’s and then Tanda yelled, “Yeah, and good riddance to bad rubbish.” With that she high fived Bill and they all took a deep swig of their brews.

Maria had to ask who the guy was, and why everyone wanted him to suffer and die. This brought about a cacophony of accusations and stories about what they saw done to Bill. And the reason she was replaced as the driver of the limo.

Speaking of which, as she could not quite hear what they were saying, Linda thought they were having a fine time. This made her want to cry..... to accelerate or stop abruptly ....... swerve......... to do anything at all in order to indicate her displeasure of the predicament she found herself in. No, her body refuses to acknowledge her at all. It continued to drive the vehicle as smoothly as possible. Making all the turns in as unhurried a state as the traffic would permit. Which was easy enough, as it was now approaching 1 am.

She couldn’t even get herself to turn on the radio to blank out the merry making going on behind her. She felt so alone. She wished she could get away, but this ‘god’ has her by the nose. Her left hand hurt like a bitch. “*CRY damn you, you stupid body.*” But it kept on driving professionally, despite the awkward heels her body’s feet were wearing. She felt humiliated wearing the French maid costume and the ball gag too. “*Three fucking months. I have to depend on Bill for three fucking months. That’s IF he lets me off early. Fuck.”* She thought to herself.

Meanwhile they liked the “root beer” so much, they had Bill make up a second round of drinks. Then as they were getting reasonably sauced, some had decided to continue with the sexual theme of the day. Having been freed of all those bothersome morality lessons of her old past, Jessica decided to continue sexually assaulting her own daughter. To wit, she quickly polished off her second drink, and proceeded to crawl up between Sarah’s legs. After all, Jessica was determined to make this the best, most memorable birthday she’s ever had. Alcohol, sex, sex in a moving vehicle, incest. “*I’d better start a list of things to do,”* she thought to herself.

“Mom....... umm, please, oh hell ..... fine. Eros, she’s doing it again. I’m not even embarrassed anymore considering what’s been happening. But why won’t you let me cum, hmmm? The heat I’m feeling is unbearable even after I’ve calmed down. Also, why won’t you give me a chance to change out of my uhhh, costume? Does that have something to do with my marriage too? AHHHHhh, oh mama, that’s ohhhhh, I wish I could cummmmm........”

Susan jumped on Eros. Though after seeing the dick on Bill and experiencing Tanda’s new cock, she only then realized how small Eros’s dick is. Not only that, but the fat middle aged nature of his body as well. Which prompted her to ask, “Hey Eros, if you’re such a hot god of desire, why’d you take on this body? And.... and why don’t you make it all better too?”

Eros replied, “Well good question Susan. As you’ve seen so far, my visit has been about sexual redemption. This body, and the man within it has a story to tell, so to speak. Like Sarah there this is also a work in progress, one of the longest ones. You see, not only am I about sex and desire, I’m also about love. Proper love takes time to come to fruition. I’m going to assign this ‘project’ to Jessica, as it is they who will find love with each other. When they do find love, the sexual aspect of my being will reward them with him getting the ‘proper’ body.”

As Jessica’s head was between Sarah’s thighs she didn’t hear what was said just then.

“Yeah, because even with you in that body and all, I found that getting that dick of yours up was very hard to do. There’s only one nut and it’s the cock is so small too, it’s not a happy wiener,” replied Susan.”

“Yeah well, better things will come. You’ll be surprised at what’s going to come out of this, I’ll guarantee you that.”

Next, it was Tanda’s turn to ask Eros a question. “Eros sir, something’s bothering me about earlier. You let Crystal get fucked by Bill, and that was after you said that the girls could still get pregnant. Seems I was singled out then, unless you don’t care about the girls getting preggers.”

“Heh, you’ve got me there Tanda. You know, back in ancient times infant mortality, and a short life expectancy meant mankind had to fuck like rabbits to get ahead. That’s not the case today. Not only that, but life’s much more complicated in these times. Unwanted pregnancies have now seen babies being dumped in garbage bins.”

“But that’s beside’s the point. Listen I did want to ding you for your past transgressions. But considering that I’m going to utilize your aggression for my own purposes, I’ll be damned if I’m going to play the wet blanket in your case. Tanda, all of you, listen up. In my presence, or in my temple, no one will get pregnant, or catch a sexually transmitted disease as long as the act of fornication occurred there within. Have fun Tanda.”

“Hot dog!! Hey, Maria, is it?” Tanda pulled her shorts down for empathises, “Wanna ride?”

“Oh yeah, master is so kind. No problem fucking now, for sure...”

Crystal and Bill got together again as well.

The limo’s air conditioning having its work cut out for it. Due to the whole inside being one big orgy of couples climbing over each other to sample someone new. Things kept going non-stop until someone finally noticed that the limo wasn’t stopped at a light.

“Ah good, we’re here. Welcome to my temple folks.”

It was 2 a.m. and as the people inside the limo looked out the limo’s window, they saw people filing out of the Club Arnax.

Chapter 8

The formation of Club Eros

Susan exclaimed, “What! We’re back here again? But why?”

“Simple,” replied Eros; “I had planned this for many months, and last night I took final possession of the Club Arnax. Being a god who been around the block a few billion times, I knew you’d be along in your squad car. I also knew about your acquaintances too. Everything you’ve seen and witnessed tonight has been preordained, so to speak. Starting with my brother allowing this abode to be my home or temple as it were.”

“I’m the owner of the building and property in which this club resides. Or rather this body that I inhabit owns it all. The five story tenement apartments above the club has been slowly emptied of renters as well. Later today at two in the afternoon, I’m to have all the club’s staff here for review. I’ll be picking which ones who will remain on staff. The staff will also include all but one of you here in this limo as well.”

That last announcement brought about a cacophony of exclamations, questions and cheers. After Eros motioned them to be quiet, he said only “There’s much work yet to do. Suffice to say since you’ve found your association with me to be a truly magical experience. If you stay with me, your lives will take on a magical aspect never experienced by the rest of humanity. I bid you then, patience please, and all will be revealed as soon as possible.”

He then got on the Limo’s intercom and instructed Linda to drive around the back of the building. There they found a driveway down to a secure underground parkade, which was now nearly deserted of all vehicles. They all got out and Eros led them into the recently vacated Club Arnax, via the staff entrance. With a wave of his hand the normal building lighting came on to reveal the club’s massive inner areas and dance floor.

Jessica just had to ask, “So, lord Eros, a night club is going to be your ‘temple’?”

“Not exactly my dear Jessica, if you all do me a favour and stand right about there.” Eros had indicated the center of the dance floor which was located in the exact center of the place. As they had done just that, a fiery golden staff erupted from Eros’s right hand. He then raised the arm with the staff, and brought the base of it down on the floor with a resounding BOOOOMMMM.

A ring of fire erupted and flashed out to all corners of the club. As it hit the far ends, it raced back to Eros and his staff. This time, as the ring of fire collapsed back into the staff there wasn’t a noise. Instead there was a brilliant flash not unlike lightning yet somehow softer. The people was blinded, but not as badly as they’d thought they would’ve been. As their vision cleared they realized that the whole inner space had been rearranged into a different kind of ‘club’.

Near where they was standing, they could see that half of the dance floor was now taken up by a particular stage. It came out of a curtained area and proceeded outward towards where they was standing in the middle. At the end and the middle of it, there was brass poles. With a wave of Eros’s hand, the curtained wall flowed back to reveal four more brass poles to either side of the main stage. Looking around, they even saw, four more small caged stages large enough for performers to dance within which had brass poles in the middle of them too. With a wave of Eros’s hand, the cages and poles went up into the ceiling, as the cage floors sank down to be flush with the club floor itself.

Susan was the first to put it into words, “Alright! It’s a strip club I’m gonna be a dancer. Whoohoo, yeah, I’m getting horny just thinking about showing my big assed naked tits to drooling fan men.”

Indeed Crystal, Maria, and even Jessica where pleased with the place. Though Jessica was a bit more subdued. “I’d like to be up there too, but I’m too old, I mean, I’m fifty-five after all.....”

“Oh, I’m sorry Jessica,” apologised Eros; “I forgot you’ve haven’t seen yourself yet. There’s a mirror for everyone to see into.” Magical mirrors appeared in front of Crystal, Maria, Susan and Jessica.

Jessica was taken aback by the sexy matronly figure before her. Still dressed in a corset, stockings with her sex still totally exposed, by having no panties on. Her face though, oh she was so amazed she was nearly in tears. The last time she looked into a mirror, she was her ugly old self. She thought she looked to be a beautiful 40 year old.

“As you can see Jessica," Eros said; "you could be on center stage yourself. Though I have in mind a largely different role for you to play. These other women here are but a start. You’ll note that there are ten poles altogether. Counting you, there are four girls. These poles will have to be staffed by more than one girl during the course of the day as well. At least one hundred girls will have to work here. The tenement floors above have been emptied for the purpose of housing them. This is a temple after all, and since the girls will be especially modified to exotic extremes they'd need a safe place to work as well as reside. Your role Jessica, is to be the head priestess. Not only will you be helping to run the business end of things, but you'll be playing the mother figure to the other girls."

"To foster a sense of community within these walls, none of the tenement rooms above have any kitchen facilities. All members of this temple will be able to use the Club's kitchen for food. After all, there's plenty of tables and chairs here to eat at during the off hours. There's also a dining room for the staff to eat in during those times the club is active."

"Bill, over there is the bar, if you haven't guessed it by now you're going to be one of the bartenders. Let's get you over there and you'll notice something peculiar."

As Bill got behind the counter, Eros had everyone order up a drink. Mai Tai's a Manhattan and more Root Beers were ordered up. Bill went into action as if he'd been behind that particular bar for years. Indeed, he started twirling and flipping and tossing the bottles around as if he'd been an expert and dedicated career man. Bill offered his own brand of entertainment by juggling bottles and sliding mixed drinks to the waiting gathering. Bill was so delighted having fun in his new job, and getting rewarded with cheers and applause. Bill just had to say, "Wow boss, I'm gonna really enjoy attending your temple sir."

"You should," said Eros; "because for you there's the job, free room and board and a hundred extremely endowed girls to please."

"You mean, sell my house and live here?," asked Bill. Bill considered it thoughtfully. "Hmmm, no mortgage, free food, lots of women, a fun job and no commute. Hell, I'm your man, boss," he said with a broad smile. "Mind you, just how good are the rooms upstairs?"

"With the exception of one particular room, the whole building was remodelled when I changed the club. In that one particular room, up on the fifth floor, there lives a ninety year old man. He's seen a lot of ugliness in his life, and I'd like the girls to see that his end be filled with beauty. He's feeble now, and from what I understand, he rarely leaves his room at all. He has a maid service come in for cleaning, and has his food delivered. Well, I'd like to think we'd take care of our own. Since he lives here, we'll take care of him instead. At least one hundred extremely sexy girls should be more than sufficient to take care of him after all."

"Now if you'll all bring your drinks with you, there's another special place I'd like to show you." Eros brought them in behind the stage where they found, a special hall with cushioned benches and chairs with a table. There are three private changing rooms each with a makeup desk and chair, along with a small bed complete with an assortment of vibrators and dildos.

Another large room adjoining the rear stage hall was the costume room. The costume room having school girl, business attire, nun habits, cheer leader, etc., all of which are sexually modified. A couple of the girls checked them out, noting the huge bust areas sewn in the chest. "Yes", said Eros; "you will note that these costumes are magical in nature as well. They'll fit anyone who tries them on. Otherwise I'd need a costume room the size of two football fields. Good quality materials too, to help them seem more 'believable'. Magical in the way that they'll never need cleaning, even after the girls had sweated into them repeatedly. Also, they change appearances slightly every time, so that they will appear like a different costume after every use. You'll see all of the shoes and boots along the walls are the same as well. Durable, and magically enhanced for comfort when dancing in them."

"You'll see that there's an exit in the back that goes up to your rooms upstairs, as well. That way the girls will have comfort and privacy going from living at home upstairs to getting ready for a show. Showing your booty for the customers, and then retiring for the evening. You'll likely bring a customer upstairs through this way as well, and there's a reason for that."

Eros brought them back into the rear staging hall. Where they stood in front of a tall figure covered under a shroud. Eros said, "This statue that I'm about to reveal to you, is my altar. Bill, this should answer your earlier question, by the way. I will not be permanently residing in this body, since this whole building is now a part of me. Everything that goes on inside or directly in front of the main doors I will be able to sense. My presence will be strong up on the main stage, stronger still here in this room, and strongest ...... " Eros then pulled the shroud off of the statue .......... "when you grip the statue's penis."

What the people saw then was a six foot four inch white marble statue of a handsome man that’s well proportioned. Carved in a classical Greek fashion, much like the statue of David. The most interesting feature was that it had an erect penis of a foot in length, and it, along with the balls; was coloured red.

"Even while I'm back in my own dimension, if I seem a bit absent from these environs, gripping the statue's penis will alert me; much like a telephone ring does for you mortals. Questions, and requests can be made of me while you handle 'my dick'." He said that last bit with a smirk. "Otherwise, if you just want to sit and pray, or contemplate in my presence, just sitting here in this room shall suffice."

"Since you'll be interviewing and recruiting a lot of prospective girls for the club, it'll be necessary to bring them here in this room. That is what the table and chairs are for. Here is where I'll be able to determine if our prospective girls are right for the job. The final go ahead to hire them comes from me. Only you, the initiated, will be able to hear me make the final call on whether or not to hire anyone at all. That includes, custodial, waiting, cooking and bar tendering staff. Even support staff will have the option of living here, though since they won't be as heavily modified, they can live elsewhere if they choose."

"When a new member of the staff is hired, they're to grip the statue's penis. That's when they get their initiation into our temple. At that time, new performers will get their modifications, and even new mindsets if needs be. For that matter......" Eros waved his hand and a basket with cleansers and towels appeared hanging on the wall. "........ clean my dick off after you've finished fucking me, those that follow you will thank you for it."

"Tanda spoke up just then, "You seem to say that'll we'll be horny all of the time."

"Well, not all of the time Tanda, but here in this room, most likely. Here is the focus, the nexus of my power. Since I'm all about desire, desire will be felt strongest here and on stage. This is where I get my payment for taking care of you and the future staff. You've noticed the cushioned benches, and the beds in the changing rooms. It's because the girls are to be the focus of desire for the men in the audience when they're up on stage. The girls will feel the desire coming from the men, through themselves, to me. In return, my power will increase in the girls much like what Crystal experienced earlier. The result is, not only will the girls appear sexier, but they'll feel sexier and alluring. I would expect that after being on stage, the girls are going to come back here desperately frigging themselves. Then after that show they'll likely will go out on the floor looking for someone to invite upstairs for a fuck."

"Indeed, I'd even encourage the girls to try waiting on tables in costume. Even the normal female waiting staff will be slightly enhanced and be in costume as well. That is where you come in Tanda, you're the first bouncer of ... oh ... I'd say ten or so. With this much sexuality showing off in front of a huge crowd of men, there's likely to be some 'misunderstandings'. If a server, or one of our girls is having trouble on the floor concerning a guy, I know you'd show them the error of their ways."

"Darn right I will, gee boss you sure know how to pick 'em." Tanda returned with a big grin. “I was wondering why you didn’t give me a mirror for a look see earlier. Guess I won’t ever be on stage then?”

“Oh, you can try it, no problem. This club will be about the most outrageously exotic girls on the planet. You, my dear Tanda certainly fit that bill. But your main duty will be keeping the potential assholes in line. For that matter, during the shows, the bouncers will be ‘introduced’ to the club patrons every hour. Just so they know in advance, what they’d be up against.”

“I know I’ll like being up on stage,” said Maria. “I’ve done my part in raising a family. Now my children are all grown up and gone half way around the world. You’d think they’d take the time to drop me a line every once in a while? Or offer to help me when I’m too old to help myself? No. So, I’m done with that. I feel that I’ve won the lottery with master Eros. When he first appeared at the Limo office, and changed me, sure I was shocked. But I realized, that I was young again and filled with sexual life. Otherwise, all I was looking forward to was a slow decline into decrepitude, alone by myself. Gives me half the mind to go invite my estranged son to the club, so that I can seduce him; the ingrate. Nah, that’ll never happen though. He’s back in south east Asia.”

“Just to recap then,” returned Eros; “here are the rules to live by. These rules will keep both you and me safe.”

“Rule Number One is the prime directive. That being that no one outside our community is to know I’m here in this temple. There’ll definitely will be questions directed at Club Eros, regarding the girls that work here. Particularly from friends and relatives who knew of them both from before and then after their changes. One way to mitigate that question is to admit women who are alone in the world. Or have few friends, let alone relatives who even care about them. If people inquires about the extensive ‘makeovers’, regarding those who’ve been admitted, just tell them anything that comes to mind. Whatever you do, just don’t tell anyone about me.”

Bill asked, “I’ve must’ve missed something earlier, but I like to know why is that sir? Wouldn’t anyone like to know about the virtual fountain of youth, health and love that could be found here?”

“That’s just it Bill. If anyone knew that a god actually resided here, this place will become a bloody three ring circus. Now if this place is going to become a ‘circus’ at all, I want it to be solely about sex, and sexual redemption. I feed off of sexual desire you see. Most importantly, my brother Yahweh will not take kindly to me announcing myself. If I were to make myself known, my access to this temple will be shut off by Him. So, if anyone who inquires about the name of this place, and it’s possible connection to the changes the girls will undergo. You’re to dismiss any such allegations by saying, ‘No, that’s just the name of the club’.”

Jessica just had to ask, “What would happen to us if you were cut off from this place?”

“That will likely depend upon Yahweh. Most likely you’ll return to your previous forms. Perhaps even to your previous lives.”

“Like bloody hell,” rejoined Tanda; “I’d rather return with you to your dimension. At least you’re a hands on kinda guy.”

“Thanks Tanda, I’ll see if I can, but let’s not come to that. Many magical realms and beings had once visited here. Each in their turn where driven out for various reasons. That is why there is so little magic left in your world now, it has become a world of reason. If the general public knew that magic still existed and that it was here, I shudder to think what would become of all of you.”

Rule two, I said earlier that no one was to catch VD, or get pregnant within my presence, or in my temple. That means as you go out on a date and get either, you’ll still have it when you get back. Check with me after you do. Grab the statue’s penis and asked to get scanned.......”

Eros began who lead his new disciples around the building and through the floors as he explained all the rules to live by. He led them through the hot tubs room, the rooftop swimming pool, even the updated mechanical room. Told them about the needed upkeep of the place and what to order in for the kitchen and public washrooms. Finally he stated.......

“...... I want you all to live communally. As the Club makes its profit, so will the girls get a share. No one is to be paid hourly. A graph of the profits, and everyone’s share will be posted by either Jessica, or Al.”

As more than one person asked, “who’s Al?” Eros explained, “This body in which I’m currently inhabiting, he’s Al Whorton. Everything right down to the limo downstairs is in his name. He’s fifty years old, and by most human standards, a loser. His upbringing has prohibited this sensitive soul in trying to make something of himself. When I found him, he was just living life so to get to the end and die. I’ll explain in more detail about him later.”

“As I was explaining about the profit sharing, from this Club and the internet web site that’s going to feature the ‘Eros Girls’. Everyone is to have a share. Al, Jessica, Tanda, etc., right down to the cleaning staff that’ll live under our roof. Only such staff that lives off site will be paid hourly. The club itself will have a fifth of all shares in order to continue operating, paying for food and maintenance. That is, until it’s determined that the whatever is left could go into a contingency fund for emergencies and special events.”

The next day, Eros rehired most of the former Arnax staff and “introduced” himself in his own special way. Eros then stayed over the next week, specifically to teach the staff on who to look for in hiring. Even though Eros had magically induced the skills of pole dancing, the new girls took to practicing the new skills with glee. The old man upstairs got all the attention he needed as well. Then eventually it was time for Eros to leave and go back to his dimension. He gathered all the new staff into the rear staging hall.

In front of the gathering he called Jessica up front. “Jessica, we’ve been living together for a week now. In case you’ve haven’t noticed by now, there’s a reason for everything I do. Al is ready to return to living life, but he’s still a ‘work in progress’. I’ve told you all about him, because he’ll eventually be your true love. Because of his upbringing, and life, he’s not the trusting type. He guards his heart out of fear and he desperately wants to get out of his personal prison. You’re going to be his life line, but it won’t be easy on either of you. To start with, you’ll have to serve him almost like a slave. Treat him to all of your new knowledge on sex, but above all; withhold intercourse until he’s had his epiphany.”

Jessica asked, “A revelation? About what exactly?”

“Al has been searching for a way out ..... to learn how to love again..... and has never had a reason to trust anyone with his heart. Spiritually speaking he’s dying inside, having lost all faith in mankind. He’s a good man, else I wouldn’t have you embark on this mission. It’s going to be a long hard slog for you to break him out of his shell I’m afraid.”

“Well..... how will I know if he’s had his, ‘epiphany’?”

“His heart is shielded by fear, fear that has a long parade of disappointment, regrets and put downs reinforcing it. The day he’s learned to trust you, it will to him, be akin to an opening of the gates of heaven. He’s going to cry a river dear Jessica. Great wracking sobs of tears will burst forth, first to wash out the agony and pain. Then to cry for his deliverance. Finally to cry forth his appreciation because he believes he’s irredeemable. You’ll have to be there and hold him for the whole time. Immediately afterwards, having exhausted himself he’ll become very still. When the tears are cleared away when next he looks up into your eyes. You’ll see something there you’ve not seen before. Something he haven’t felt since grade school. He’ll have found love for you, and it’ll be like the burning sun. He’ll even be ready to die for you if needs be. At that point, you’ll have to bring him before me, that’s imperative. You must bring him here to grip the statue’s penis.”

Eros turned to the crowd and bid them farewell, in doing so he said, “Listen well to Jessica, for she’s my head priestess. Listen to your hearts when you seek me out. Stay within these walls and even you will know of miracles. For each of you and the others that follow will all know redemption. You’ll find lost loves and will know of making love.” Then he added with a smirk, “Don’t fuck yourselves to death.”

With that, he was gone through the statue. Immediately, they all felt an aura permeate through the room and the building. They all knew then, that though he was physically gone, Eros wasn`t too far away.

Jessica continued to look upon the former vessel of Eros, and the first words of his own was, “H-hi, I’m Al....” Jessica’s first instinct was to give him a deep throated kiss. Which she did, right in front of everyone.

Chapter 9

Sarah’s Aftermath

Sarah’s mother certainly wasn’t her old self after they got back from Club Eros that first night. It was four thirty in the morning and she was all abuzz still. Seemingly not able to wait another second to move into an apartment especially selected for her at the club. As she started packing her personal things. Sarah noted all sorts of stuff she knew didn’t belong to her original mother. Thongs, bikini’s, a huge collection of dildos, fetish clothing, a bong, and a few Cosmopolitan magazines. When she felt she had packed enough, her mother was gone from the house for good. Saying that she’ll not sell it before Sarah chooses whether or not to move in with her new husband.

Sarah had also noticed since the first night with Eros, how she was oozing for lack of climaxing. She was constantly horny, and as the wedding day approached Sarah was getting desperately hornier. As it turned out, she broke down and tried to give her “Tim” a call before the wedding day. She found then that the land line was disconnected. She couldn’t even find her cell phone. Before Sarah could even find the time to go see Tim, her mom had lined up some wedding activities. One thing followed another afterwards.

At the wedding Jessica found a ruse to get Sarah embarrassed in front of her husband’s family. Causing Sarah to appear half naked in front of everyone. One more “kick in the crotch” was how Jessica put it. Even before this Sarah’s horniness was already at full boil. She couldn’t wait to “fuck the hell”, out of Tim. After the embarrassing incident earlier, she was willing to run out in back of the church and hump a tree. Then when it came time to put on her wedding dress, it felt just like that time back in the bridal shower.

Sarah knew her fragrant sexual stench was filling the church’s dressing room. That too increased her embarrassment factor, making her even more horny. By the time the wedding ceremony got started, she was nearly losing her cognitive senses. She knew her sexual juices was giving off a strong smell as she walked down the aisle towards the altar. Good thing she didn’t bother to look behind herself, because she would’ve seen the trail of jism being smeared into the rug by her train. If she did notice that, she would’ve dropped to the floor and frigged herself right there.

As the Pastor was working his way through the words, Sarah couldn’t stand standing there. She squirmed, and squirmed like a child that needed to go to the bathroom. Tim her husband had noticed her scent and was smiling to himself, he knew what was coming. Or at least, thought he did. Sarah, couldn’t take it any longer finally screaming, “I do, dammit, I fucking DO!!!, TIM, say I DO and let’s GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!”

“Uh, I do ....... whoaaaaa.....”

Sarah yanked him running not down the aisle, but to the nearest fire exit. When she got him near their car, she threw him at the four wheeled beasty and told Tim to, “Drive, Tim fucking drive to my house. As fast as you can, fucking get me home, because it’s the closest place. If you try to go ANYWHERE else, I’d swear I’ll fucking kill you. FUCKING DRIVE, NOWWWW.”

Tim was really getting concerned by this point in time. He’d known her for five years, and she’s still his legal secretary at the law firm. He’s never seen her sexually maddened to this point. *“Hell,”* he thought to himself; *“I’ve never seen anybody this turned on in my life! I wonder if she’s on drugs or something?”*

When they got to her house, she realized she forgotten her keys. Hell hath no fury as a woman scorned. For a moment, Sarah contemplated bashing through the door, when she remembered the hidden spare key. Retrieving the spare, upon entering the house, she dragged Tim directly into the bedroom. Throwing Tim on the bed, she proceeded to strip to the point of tearing her clothing. Oddly enough, she stopped stripping at the same bridal undergarments. Either it may have been enough for her purposes, or it may have been a symbol of her desperate plight. Either way, she didn’t care to notice.

They made love before, and usually she was on top. But this time, “Uh, Tim, I got a funny feeling it’ll be better if you are on top this time.”

“Funny feeling isn’t the half of it, eh, dear. Have you been toking something?”

“Just shut up and fuck me.”

They got into position and there was no question of immediate insertion. Due to her overt horniness, Tim was already hard, and she was sopping wet. As Tim’s cock entered her, Sarah finally found out about what Eros’s “treasure chest” hint was about, and why her mother kept after her. She found her.......

ORGASMIC

CLIMAXIS

CUMMING...

...through her. Either it was one after another, or piled on top, she couldn’t tell. She just knew somewhere in the back of her sex addled brain, that she found her missing orgasms. Her eyes rolled up into her head and her cunt gushed and gushed non-stop. There was no in between, just full on constant cum. She ........ was ......... in ......... total .......... sexual ........ bliss.

Sarah was totally blissed out until she felt Tim stop and was about to dismount in the process of reaching for something. Despite her orgasmic state, she wasn’t having ANY of that. She threw up her legs and locked her feet behind his back.

“Sarah! Dear! Please, I think I have to call for an ambulance. I don’t know what’s going on but this isn’t normal, your scaring me!” Tim tried again for the phone and this time he managed to snag it after dragging her halfway across the bed.

In her orgasmic state, Sarah heard the beeps of a phone being “dialled”, and she wasn’t going to have none of that either. In the state she was in, she had forgotten that the phone was still disconnected. Next thing Tim knew Sarah had snatched the phone receiver from his hand, and threw it hard against the wall. So hard in fact, it had broken through the drywall, burying itself inside.

Sarah, wasn’t going to take any more crap from Tim. Glorious, powerful, continuous orgasms or not, she was gonna own him. She drew him into a savage kiss and the next thing Tim knew, Sarah was on top. Only then did Sarah realize something wasn’t right. This time, despite the constant fury of her weeping, pulsing, pussy. Sarah finally really opened her eyes. She was holding herself up from her lover with her hands on his shoulders, the space between her arms and them was filled with her tit flesh. She was sure she should’ve been shocked, but she was still riding on a constant stream of orgasmic delight. No, she didn’t really care at all. So she let go of Tim’s shoulders and let her boobs smush themselves out between her and his chest. Only barely managing to reach Tim’s mouth for a savage, face sucking kiss.

Last thing ol’ Tim remembered was thinking, “ Is that Spanish Fly?”

Two hours later and Sarah’s orgasms were still going strong. But the bed was soaked with her cum and she was parched. She was also starting to get used to having constant non ending cum as well. Oh sure they did stop on occasions. During those times they found that her orgasms stopped only when they disengaged completely. But they both needed the rest, some refreshments and fresh sheets.

Tim took the time to say, “Uh, Sarah, how’d you expand like that? Is that how your mom got so big too? Also, I could swear that overall you’re looking much more sexier, just like Jessica is. So tell me, just what’s the hell is going on?”

Sarah remembered how Eros wanted to stay out of these questions. The only thing she said in reply was only, “Ancient family recipe.”

Tim rejoined, “Sarah, I’m a lawyer for Christ sakes. I know a cop out when I hear it. What’s going on with you and your mother. I mean your mother for cryin’ out loud, she’s acting like a slut. Flirting with all my associates from the firm whether they’re married or not. I’d swear too that she opened that door on you on purpose, just as you were getting dressed. I don’t think anyone could have had a personality make over like your mother did.”

As they were ready to leave the bedroom, she turned towards him, saying, “I know you have a right to be upset dear. And you should get proper answers. But believe me when I say that I and my mother are doing splendidly. Whatever may come, when and if we’re ready to reveal our little secret, we’ll reveal it. When we do, if you ever repeat it to anyone and if we find out it was you? Well, let’s just say I won’t be responsible for what happens.”

“Yeah but look at you, you look like a porn star now what’ll everyone say?”

Tim and Sarah had already left the bedroom, with Tim holding the soaked sheets. Sarah was completely naked while walking through the hallway towards the kitchen. To get there she had to cross in front of the living room doorway, to wit she heard a ......Holy......look at her tit’s?

Apparently, Jessica knew the newly married couple was going to be here instead of jetting off to their honeymoon. Sarah pieced that together from the fact that Jessica was smiling like a Cheshire cat. The guest’s children wasn’t in the living room either. Jessica had likely sent the kids to play in the back yard. While Jessica had the adult guests walk in quietly by taking off their shoes.

In any event, Sarah, just stood there in her birthday suit. Getting hit with a massive dose of embarrassing horniness, she began to think. *“If this keeps up, I’m going to end up a raging exhibitionalist.”*

Tim was just off to the side, out of sight of the guests. Watching his new wife get that wild look in her eyes once again. Watched her as in full view of the shocked crowd in the living room, she turned directly towards the linen closet. Sarah, grabbed a few sheets, seemingly at random and then she grabbed him by the arm. Forcing him to drop the soiled sheets right there in the hallway, as they retreated back into the bedroom.

Immediately after the door to the bedroom closed, there was a bedlam of questions. The remaining guests you see, were strictly those who had worked daily with both Jessica and Sarah. Jessica’s career is working as a paralegal in the law firm. She had her daughter trained as a legal secretary, and had her brought into the firm to work for Tim, their youngest and newest member. The men and their wives have been peppering Jessica with questions all the wedding day concerning her new look. Saying that it’s impossible to have such drastic surgery done in the three days that she had been away. Not to mention her slutty new demeanour. Now they’ve seen her daughter Sarah undergo major changes in a short time. They were amazed when they first saw Jessica at church, but what they saw out in the hallway was unexplainable.

Jessica sat in her chair, with her legs crossed listening to the uproar. At least for awhile, till she raised her hand for silence. First thing she said was that “..... I’m tendering my resignation starting immediately.” That brought more raucous questioning from the group. “Gentlemen, ladies, please. All I’m allowed to say is that it’s ‘preordained’. I know most of your schedules, I know that it’ll be easier for you to attend this address in five days time. After she passed out business cards that were plain, other than having an address listed on it she continued. “ I want you and the wives that are present here now, to go there at five in the afternoon, in five days. I need all of you that are here now to present yourselves. If any one person fails to show up, the deal is off. The secret will never be offered, or be revealed ever again. Everyone here must attend to show solidarity in keeping this secret.”

Jessica concluded, “Now you would have to excuse me. I have to get refreshments for the newlyweds before they die from dehydration. For now, I’ve had all of you see what I wanted you to see. You may all leave.”

She left the stunned audience to leave on their own while she got an ice chest ready. When she got it ready, she carried it onto the bedroom. Jessica noted the rank stench of sex as she entered.

Tim shouting, “Mrs. Abernathy....”

“Mom,” she corrected.

“Right, fine ‘Mom’, why’d you come barging in here? Then again, why do you insist on embarrassing your daughter like that?

After putting down the ice chest, Jessica said. “Oh, I thought the two of you would be in need of refreshments; that’s one.” Jessica noted that Sarah was on top plunging into Tim oblivious to her presence. “Two: I’ll have you know in case you haven’t figured it out by now, if you want to get Sarah ‘started’; embarrass her. Three, if you ask me to join you, I would.” She said that last bit with a smile and a lick of her lips. Knowing that.....

Sarah turned her face towards Jessica, and growled like a feral animal.

..... Sarah would object fiercely. Jessica rejoined, “Hey daughter, nice tits.”

That brought some sense of sanity back to Sarah’s face, as she smiled back at Jessica. “Have a nice honey moon you two,” Jessica said as she turned to leave while shutting the door behind her.

Tim turned towards Sarah, asking “Is she always going to do that? That barging in and embarrassing you .....us for that matter? Is that true about you getting horny by getting embarrassed? ......Sarah?” Tim gave up seeing as how Sarah’s eyes where wild and dilated. He figured from that, that it must be true enough.

It wasn’t until immediately after the honeymoon when Tim and Sarah finally got back to Club Eros. Sarah had found out from everyone there how Eros had retreated into the statue. So it was such that Sarah brought Tim before Eros for a question and answer session. Sarah started with the introduction.

“Tim, I want to introduce you to lord Eros,” said Sarah. “Lord Eros, this is my husband, Tim.”

“Uh, dear, this is just a statue.”

“Hmmm? Oh sorry Tim, I didn’t hear you, um, Eros said you’ll need to grab his uh, cock in order to establish a rapport with him.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Tim, does these tits say, ‘I’m kidding’?”

“Okay, okay, geesh, I’d never thought our marriage would take such a weird turn,” he replied as he grabbed the statue’s cock.

*\*”If you think things are weird now, just wait till you go back to the office”\**

Tim just stood there, stock still at first. Then he looked around, wondering where’d that voice come from. Looking for speakers and finding none, he had to admit that the voice he heard came from within his head. “Uh Sarah, did you hear what I’ve just heard?”

“Yes honey, I did. In fact, before you’d joined the conversation, lord Eros was explaining how he got the law firm to work for the ‘club’, pro bono.”

Tim still stood there with his hand on the cock of the statue saying, “What!? Clive would never waive fees like that, how, what the hell happened? What’s going on already?”

\**”A lawyer and yet so slow on the pickup. You can let go of my cock Tim. Now that I’ve established direct contact with you I can continue to chat with you, without physical contact.”\**

Tim jerked his hand away from the statue’s cock like it had shocked him. “What the fuck is that, it sounds as if it’s in my head. Sarah, this is seriously freaking me out.”

Sarah looked a bit disappointed saying, “Oh but lord Eros, I was hoping you’d modify him for me. You know, give him a nice long dick. I just can’t get enough of that glorious dick of his.”

\**”It’d be hard enough convincing him that I’m ... well ... largely benign, as it is Sarah. Rather, in his case I’d like to ease him into our ‘family’, more slowly than the others.”\**

“Sarah, what the hell is going on, would someone explain please?” cried Tim.

*\*”Then again it may be best if he, gets a quick download of everything that’s happened since I met Susan.”\**

Sarah replied, “You do that lord Eros, otherwise it’ll take too long to explain imperfectly to him. He‘s a lawyer who deals in fact after all. So far he’s likely thinking that you’re a figment of his imagination that’s gotten away from him.”

Tim’s eye fluttered for a moment and when they cleared, he jumped away from the statue even as he regarded it. Prompting a sarcastic rebuke, *\*”Well nice to see he has finally learned to address me. Hello once again Tim, are we ready to have a little chat?”\**

Tim eyed the statue warily but replied, “Yeah, sure ... um, you said something about the firm earlier. What uh, exactly happened? Why would Clive take leave of his senses and offer you ...this ‘club’, his retainer pro bono?”

*\*”Let’s just say that, legally speaking, I needed the help of a powerful law firm in order to keep observers from getting too close. Secondly, in the business I’m in, there’ll likely to be charges of assault brought against my ‘temple’, on a fairly frequent basis.\*”*

*\*”As for your question, I’m in the business of sexual redemption. Your boss, ‘Clive’ was having trouble with his marriage. His wife was loving, but feeling terribly alone because as a couple, they hadn’t made love for a long time. Clive’s excuse was that his wife looked fat (she was), and she was looking like some old battleaxe. He told her the fat part, but didn’t tell her to her face about the battleaxe part. It was his excuse to her, and in so doing had cast the blame on her for their lack of intimacy. The fact was, he was impotent. His pride couldn’t admit it to even himself. Then he was caught by her on some late nights, looking at internet porn. That spelled ‘the end’ to their long marriage. Frankly though, he being sixty-five years old and ten years her senior, you’d think she’d cut him a break.”\**

Tim, while accessing his downloaded memories said, “So, you gave her an hourglass figure, a youthful face and vigour. Then you made Clive virile and strong. Oh boy, that would do it alright. He’ll kiss your ass from now until doomsday. And.... I seem to see why you desperately require privacy. You’re keeping a low profile because our God is a jealous god. So .... you gifted all the members of the law firm, because along with me, my wife, and all of those at the firm, we’re the only real ‘outsiders’, of your ‘temple’.”

*\*”Give the man a cupid doll you’re catching up.”\**

“Yes, I believe I am even more than you may realize. The people outside of your temple are relatively few because, we’re a net loss for you. The gifts you’ve expended in our case is a necessary expenditure. Because only here, in your temple can you reap the desire you seek. Only here can you feed on it. That’s why almost all of the girls that are and is going to be employed here are so overly sexualized. Made to be exotic, as you would say.”

Tim continued, “Well I don’t mind it all that much. Seems your doing the girls a favour by providing a home. Providing men with great horny times, with no threat of venereal diseases or pregnancies. There’s just one thing I need to know.”

*\*”What’s the distance between Sarah’s vagina and her cervix.”\**

“How’d you..... ? Ah, forget it, I don’t think I wanna know.

*\*”No, perhaps you wouldn’t but as for your question, put your hand on my cock, and find out.”\**

As Tim did just that, as for Sarah’s request, Tim’s cock grew to the exact distance between her vaginal opening and her cervix. Upon seeing Tim’s new trouser snake, Sarah grabbed him the moment he let go. Dragging him towards a dressing room, and the bed therein.

\**”Hold it a second, I’ve made one slight error in Sarah’s modification. It wasn’t so necessary for correction before I modded Tim, but now it is. Sarah, touch my cock and receive your gift.”\**

Sarah did as asked, feeling only a slight twinge run through her nether region.

*\*”Okay, you may go off now, I know how much of a hurry you’re in”\**

“Sarah, are you okay? You look a little worried.”

As Sarah retreated from the statue towards a dressing room with Tim she added, “No, I’m fine. Just that when he’s that cryptic I get the biggest surprises.”

It was another two or so hours later when they emerged from the dressing room. As Eros was getting a decent charge out of them, he was more than patient for the wait. They came out each wearing a big satisfied grin for him, and a slightly maniacal grin for her. Sarah immediately jumped up and started fucking the statue’s cock.

“Uh, dear, don’t you think you’ve had enough fucking for today?”

“Why \*grunt\* dear, what \*oh\* ever \*uh\* gave you that \*guh\* idea?”

“Well, for one thing, your fucking Eros. Am I supposed to feel jealous or something?”

Sarah dismounted saying, “Not really, just showing him my appreciation for his ‘gifts’. I mean, not only do get a continuous orgasm fucking you, but now it’s multi-level. The more deeper I go, the more intense it gets. I mean, originally, I could go to sleep with you in me without moving at all and have a constant stream of orgasmic delight running through me. Now .....”

\*”*....as you engage Tim’s new length up to ¼ the way in you have regular continuous orgasms, ½ in and your continuous orgasm doubles, ¾ the way in and it triples, and all the way in your constant orgasmic pleasure is four times normal. So now Tim’s cock gives you a multi-level experience.”\**

“Just one question lord Eros,” asked Sarah. “When I tried screwing you, I didn’t get the constant orgasm that I get with Tim.”

\*”*Ah, about time you got around to that question. Remember back in the limo, you asked about why you were in your wedding undergarments?”\**

“Well actually.... um, no. But now that you’ve mentioned it, I have a funny feeling it’s involved in my feeling extra horny back during my wedding.”

*\*”Indeed it is. Magic, is best going with the flow. That I have established that fact with you and the rest of the people in ‘Club Eros’. Magic also depends a lot upon symbolism. The wedding dress, indeed the wedding ceremony itself is a vow before God, to cleave onto your mate as if you are one flesh. The spell was activated while you were in your bridal undergarments. Only Tim and his cock can give you the sexual release you seek. You can be embarrassed and therefore horny as hell, but only Tim can satisfy you. So it is that now, you become addicted to having sex with only Tim alone. This is my penalty to you Sarah, so that if whenever the two of you should have an argument, Tim will eventually win by default simply by withholding sex from you.”\**

Tim spoke up by saying, “Well that’s not really fair to her now is it?”

*\*”Have you spoken to Sarah about the nature of her first marriage?”\**

“Um no, I knew she was married before but I didn’t press her on the details.”

*\*”Trust me sir, I know what I’m doing. This curse is to insure her obedience to you and the institution of marriage. And trust me sir, do not abuse her either. For with this much power over your mate, you should never have to resort to violence or vile trickery. If I find out otherwise, I’ll ‘get on your case’ right quick. Do we understand each other?”\**

“Yes sir, I think I do.” Turning towards Sarah Tim asked her, “How do you feel about all of this?”

To wit she replied, “Strangely, I’m okay with that, unusually calm in fact. Eros is right in this regard, though I may rue his judgement on those days that we may argue. I still have my ‘upbringing’ from my old mom, and as Eros said before, ‘An ego is hard to change once it’s set’. I didn’t tell you this, but I was merciless with my first husband. This ‘curse’ should bring my ‘mercenary’ nature to heel.”

“You’d do that for me? Willingly accept this ‘ball and chain’?” Tim eyes got a little misty, then he got down on his knees and threw his arms around her waist saying, “Then before lord Eros, come what may I’ll try my best to go easy on you.”

Sarah thought to herself, *“Tim dear, if only you knew how much I NEED that cock of yours. I’ve been addicted to it since our wedding day. I think women are hard wired towards men that can give them ‘screaming’ hard orgasms. Never mind constant, and now multi-level screaming orgasms. I’d work myself to the bone if you told me to, and I wouldn’t even quibble. Just as long as I get my daily ‘three course meal’ of that cock of yours. With Eros giving you that extra long shlong, I don’t think you’d ever deny me either.”*

Eventually Tim and Sarah got back to working at the firm. On their first day back they were both nervous about how they were going to be received. That turned out not to be a problem. The senior members all greeted them with nothing more than smirks, and knowing smiles. Clive was sixty-five, yet as virile and strong as a bull. Whenever his newly improved wife appears at the office, it’s a given that they disappear for a long lunch. The rest of the partners all having their own special gifts from Eros, wasn’t about to argue about the closed doors now prevalent. Each needing private time with their significant others, as it were.

Each partner in the law firm willing to give their eye-tooth in defence of ‘Club Eros’, whenever a case comes out of that quarter. Each willing to even debate and argue, as to who’s next to earn a favour from Eros. Whenever one of their office staff pokes around the file, they often find themselves employed elsewhere.

As a legal secretary Sarah would be found in Tim’s office often. The door locked with screams of delight and pleasure leaching through. It’s often the office intercom is used then to advise them to ‘tone it down’ to a dull roar. It’s been more than once where Sarah was excluded from court proceedings because the judge would fine her to be too distracting. Both to himself or to the jurors.

They had to make special sleeping arrangements as well. Sarah’s constant cumming was ruining their mattresses. So a thin sheet of plastic under a mattress cover was the answer. On days when they were both too tired for Sarah’s sex fix, Tim had a special pair of double occupancy shorts fitted for the both of them to wear to bed. As they slipped it on, Tim would insert “tab A into slot B”, and they would go to bed with Sarah’s nights being filled with wet dreams. Of course, Tim would wake up feeling totally sticky down there, but that only gave him a wicked grin. On Sarah’s part, they’d have bottled refreshments to keep her hydrated through the night.

Sarah was never in any need of embarrassment because she would be constantly horny for Tim. On the other hand, Sarah was known to dress provocatively around the house. Often she’d borrow some costumes from the “Club”, if it would help get Tim “started”. Often using the costumes for role playing and sex games.

It turned out to be a long, happy and fruitful marriage, with Sarah serving Tim faithfully through all their years. After Sarah bore two new children in rapid succession, they had Eros render them infertile. After which they continued fucking each other constantly, well into their eighties.