Ok Mira. Focus. You've been drugged. No other explanation.

I close my eyes, let out a controlled breath, and bring my hands to my chest. There's no mistaking it, my girls are swollen. But no signs of discomfort, nothing feels out of the ordinary. It simply feels right.

If I hadn't known better I've always been this size. But why would I wear something too small for me?

Oh right. Prostitute.

I peel away my dress, exposing my breasts to the mirror. Two perky C-cups sit comfortably in front of me, like they belong there. They don't even look fake. I lean forward, testing them with a gentle shimmy. My familiar pink nipples are as small as ever, but jutting at attention.

I straighten, realizing the gravity of the sitation. The suit lied. He said it would just be sugar pills, a ruse to fool some dumb-ass rich dude. But I agreed to this and because the price was right, agreed to implants.

These are better than implants. These are the real thing. The plan is fucking brilliant. And best of all I don't even feel weird. I can deal with having bigger tits. Now, it's a matter of playing the part.

I slip my dress back over my swollen yams and stare at the mirror, running a hand under my neck. I need a battle plan, something to make him think I don't realize it. He'd love that. Maybe play up I'm randomly horny? No. He wanted a pet.

I grab my purse and walk out of the bathroom, flashing a smile to moneybags.

"Something the matter?"

"Ah. No." I say, glancing away. "I just had the craziest idea. You said you wanted to talk, so mind humoring me?"

"Not at all," Gerald leans forward, his attention piqued.

I fidget with my dress near my breasts, giving him what he wants. The suit must have told him I wouldn't notice. I'll let him think that. "Well I... I'm a bit disappointed you don't want to have sex. But at the same time I'm really relieved."

"Relieved how?"

"Well. It's just. I have weird tastes you know. And most of the time, guys are all: 'Hey bitch! I don't pay you to flap your lips, just use em'." I offer a weak laugh. He joins in. Good.

"Well I'd rather you be comfortable. I like to spoil people."

"Oh that's nice. More than anything I'd like a necklace. A really shiny one."

"Done." Gerald smacked his leg. "I'll have a laptop brought and you just pick one out--"

"Wait, lemme finish." I say, biting a nail. Probably should take him up on that. I could get a gaudy one and pawn it. "I mean... a particular type of one. "

I approach him slow and deliberate, trying to accentuate my motions to bring bounce to my tits. Easy since I'm going commando. Oh right, damn, should have actually put on some panties. I aim a longing gaze to my purse and kneel before him.

"I told you... you don't have to--"

I move his protesting hand to the top of my head and urge him to give me a pat. This is the sort of shit I'd punch a guy for. But at my pay rate, it's perfect.

"I... sometimes just want to be praised. Told how pretty I am." She cooed up at him. "And I don't know what came over me, but I just feel so beautiful standing here before you. So full of pride." And Bullshit.

His face flushes red, I hit all sixes.

"I know it's silly but you wanted to know right. I don't want an ordinary necklace, I want a collar. one with diamonds on the band and my name on a tag.

The bastard actually gets hard at that. Seriously?

"D--Done." Gerald runs his hands through my hair. "I'll need a bit of time to get that, I can have it ready for our next meeting."

"Oh. I'd love that." I purr my words. "The wine was delicious too."

"I can get more. Just like that." Gerald swallowed.

"I wouldn't mind if it was a bit stronger, to be honest." I say, resisting the urge to roll my eyes.

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On my way out of the mansion's front doors, my buddy in the suit came to pick me up personally. I flash a smile to him. He's rolling in a top of the line limo, even has one of those boomerang hood ornaments you see on the movies.

"You did well, miss." He bowed, gesturing for me to enter the limo.

"So need an update?"

"No need." He held up a small monitor. "Gerald sat in his study reading the label of a wine bottle.

Camera. Shoulda known. I shrug and step into the limo