As we got back to the apartment, Rachel was standing in the living room. She had just emerged from the bedroom in disbelief at seeing us and the changed reality. At the moment Sandy and Rachel looked at each other trying to figure it out, I said, “I think I can explain” and then thought that was a really bad idea. (Continued)

**The Gift**

**Chapter 3**

**Three’s Company**

Seeing Rachel, Sandy looked at me, her eyes went red and time stopped again. Things reverted to where they had been. Sandy in the tube top mini dress and thirty something again, the same for Rachel and I was back to Rachel’s imaginary stud. Rachel looked the two of us and said, “Well I hope you two had fun”, with a smirk on her face. Sandy laughed and said, “Well it was an amazing night, but not my wildest dream”. “Oh”, said Rachel, “what might that be.” Sandy stammered a bit and then said, “If you must know the truth, my wildest thoughts are a girl on girl thing with a really experienced girl.” Their eyes met, they turned to me and both of their eyes flashed red again.

I felt myself begin to shrink all the way down to 5’2”, my hair fell to my shoulders and turned a multi-hued red with layers of blonde underneath the red. My waist shrunk and my chest turned into two beautiful DD boobs, I had long legs for my size with a perfect tight ass. All the hair disappeared from my body exept the cutest little red landing strip that formed as my dick receeded into my body forming a nice size, super sensative clit and pussy. I loved my pussy, I really loved my pussy I thought as my brain rearranged itself to be a bi-stripper nymphomainiac. Memories formed to shape my new behavior. I remembered being 13 and getting fucked for the first time by a 16 year old boy who lived down the street. I knew I wanted him and I went for it. Other girls talked about how it hurt the first time. I was so slippery it never hurt and it was everything I wanted it to be. I was an aggressive physical fuck right from the start, I knew boys would like me if I put out and I loved it as much as they did. After that I had many boyfriends in high school. My next boyfriend had been around a while and he taught me how to suck his cock so he couldn’t control himself. I loved blow jobs as much a getting fucked. They are so quick and easy and the guys get so hard it made me totally wet every time I swallowed their cum. I’m a really good blower. Sometimes at the bar these days, I’ll do a couple of guys in a night. I never have to buy my own drinks. Its frikkin awesome to go out and drink for free all night.

Tattoos started to appear on my body. Inside my right hip, was a nice heart with a devils tail that pointed right to the top of my pussy. A vine formed around my foot, wound its way around my leg several times, up the inside of my thigh and ended at the bottom of my pussy. I remember getting that tat because the tattoo artist accidentally on purposely kept rubbing my clit until it was super hard. He made me cum a couple of times when he was finishing. I blew him because he made me feel real good and then I rode him reverse cowgirl. He told me “cum again some other time”. I visit him now and again. Let’s just say he owes me a couple more tats. I also have a great tramp stamp along the top of my perfect butt. I love to look at my butt in the mirror, it I so hot I start to play with myself every time I see it. I have two I-beams piercings in the nipples of my perfect tits and a pierced clit. It is so sensitive that you hardly have to play with the piercing and, wham, there I go, another orgasm. One of my boyfriends introduced me to his wife, who was bi. She taught me about pleasing a woman. The three of us had hours of fun, many times with him sitting in a chair watching us bring each other to orgasm again and again or one of us sucking him while being licked by the other. Group sex was just great, sometimes it is me and four or five guys. I am so lucky they like me so much. After stripping for a couple of years, I thought, “Gee, I bet I can get paid to fuck. How bad can that be? Getting paid for something you would do for free anyway”. Anyway, I now strip and turn tricks, mostly for the nice guys I meet at the Cum On Inn. I also do private sessions for men, women, men and women together, whatever and whoever wants it. I love my job.

I was totally naked when my tats and piercings were done forming. I remembered so many great experiences from when I was young. My mom helped a lot. She had me when she was barely 15 so when I was 15 she was more like a 30 year old big sister. She had a 22 year old boyfriend that was such a nice guy. Some times when they came home from the bar and she would pass out, he let me ride his huge cock. Mom didn’t care, she gave me advice all the time about how to please a man or woman. Nothing was too wild as long as you were having fun. She had a great body and men really like the both of us. She still worked at the Cum On Inn too. We did a mother daught act and made lots of money.

“Well ladies, we are going to have lots of fun tonight, but I need to get paid up front. $1,000 apiece for the whole night. You can see the goods and you know you will get your money’s worth.” Rachel and Sandy were ready and the each handed me 10 crisp $100 bills. “Ok, you, the little blondie will be first. You, looking at Rachel, with endless legs, can watch for a while. I’ll know when you are ready to join in.” We moved into my bedroom which had a giant round bed that one of my boyfriend’s bought for me. They are so sweet and buy me lots of nice things. I had a table full of toys and a bag of tricks next to the bed. The tall one sat in a comfy chair just off the one side of the bed. I pulled down the tube top on the blonde one and started giving her firm little tits some attention. As I sucked and licked the nipples I could feel them harden and feel her spine stiffen at the same time. She LIKED it. I slid my hand under her dress and started rubbing her with her panties still on. She was now squirming and pushing herself against me a bit. First que from her I thought. I pushed her thong aside an slid two fingers in her really wet pussy. She REALLY likes this I thought. After a few thrusts I pulled her tiny thong off, and pushed there tube top dress to the floor. She was tight, thin and girlishly sexy. I pushed her on to the bed, spread her legs as wide as I could and licked her clit until I felt her tense up and then melt as the orgasms washed over her. She was not a screamer but she was vocal. Like many thirty somethings she was experiened enough to know what she wanted and give ou that positive reinforcement when you were going in the right direction. I continued to lick her after the orgasms to the point of nearly painful pleasure. She was twisting and turning to try and keep herself under control, but to no avail. I got on all fours, brought our lips together and gave her many long deep kisses giving her a tast of her own pussy for the first time in her life. She now wrapped her arms around me and kissed me like a long time lover. She reached for my pussy and started playing with me. Like any girl on girl, she knew what to do and when to do it. Kind of what she wanted someone to do to her. Not like a lot of guys fumbling around down there, she was very good without any instruction. We changed positions and I was sitting on the bed with my back to the wall,spread my legs, lifted my knees so she could lay down between them and said, “Go ahead. You’ve been wondering about eating pussy for a long time, get in there and start licking.” I get eaten so regularly it takes a little while to get going but this was exciting because I got to corrupt someone for the first time. I knew she would be doing girl on girl for the rest of her life and she was going from hetro today to bi forever. It turned me on.

Rachel had her dress hiked up and her panties off and she was playing with her nearly bald pussy. I could see some stubble so it was time for a fresh shave for her. She was rubbing her clit for all she was worth when, I said “Join us on the bed. I can tell you are ready”. He cheeks were flushed when she crawled on to the bed. “Lick her pussy while she is licking mine”, I ordered. Without a moments hesitation, she stuck her face into Sandy’s slit and stared to lick. She denied it later but I am certain she had some practice before that day. Sandy was now sweating from the continuous stimulation, moaning, squirming, holding me tight, and getting more physical with me, mashing her tongue into me now. I don’t know how many orgasms she had but there were many. I reached over and lubbed up a big black cock dildo and gave it to Rachel and said, “Here, you know what to do to her”. Rachel took the dildo, slowly, ever so slowly inserted it into Sanday and then started to slide it in and out. Slowly at first but after Sandy got use to the size, faster and faster until Sandy was driving her hips onto the huge dildo and still eating me. By now her tongue was over the lot. I pulled her up on her hands and knees, Rachel was pretty much holding the dildo in place as Sandy rammed herself onto it I started kissing Sandy and giving those nice boobies more attention. They were so firm, it made me hot. Finally, she nearly screamed, “ENOUGH” and rolled over nearly passing out from the monster orgasms. She was spent, and immediatley fell asleep/passed out, I couldn’t tell which but I knew I had a satisfied customer.

From my bag of tricks I got out an long purple, flexible double dildo. I told Rachel, “On your hands and knees with your butt facing me.” I like to be in control. Before I lubed up the ends of the dildo, I licked her sweet pussy. “You like this, don’t you and you’ve done this before, haven’t you?” “MMMMMMM, Yesssss, it has been so long. I forgot how good a woman’s touch was. You are so fuckin good, make me cum. Make me cum.” Well that was an easy request and soon her orgasm shook the room. Now it was time for the double dildo. I lubed it up and stuck it in her vagina first, then backed myself into position and slid it into mine. We got into it real quick, more and more of the dildo inside us until we were actually slapping asses. As she started to let herself go, she would reach back and grab me and try to pull me closer, harder, tighter into her. I could hear her breathing, grunting, crying for more. I love these girls who never get what they need from a man. I’m so lucky in that respect. If one man doesn’t get me where I want to be, I just get another and another until, wham, I’m multi-orgasmic! After her second orgasm, Rachel was like a runner at the finish line, pretty much out of gas. We pulled the dildo out and laid down in each others arms, playing with each other, kissing, stroking each other’s hair. I could feel her react when I stroked her from one knee, inside her thigh, across her pussy and clit and down the other saide. Back and forth, back and forth. She was lovin’ it. They all did. She looked at me and nearly exhausted she breathlessly said, “The only way this could be better is if there were two you you.

Time stood still again, but this time it was not me who changed. (continued)