

Story: Master PC: Gaps in Time

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

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CHAPTER 1

Maria Delacruz sat behind the desk in her office, idly browsing through her email. She had an unpleasant task to complete for the afternoon, and she just wanted it over. One of her employees, a young man not too long out of university she recalled, had been spending his time browsing through erotic websites and other improper pursuits online when he should have been working. His supervisor had warned him before, but he just tried to hide it after that, and was not successful. The straw that broke the camel's back was he had tied up a significant portion of the office's network bandwidth this week downloading some huge application. The report said it was called MasterPC or something like that, but she was just tired of the hassle. She would much rather concentrate on the business that she had worked to build that deal with some pervert.

Maria was an attractive, slim woman in her mid 30's. She had dedicated herself to her company, and building it and maintaining it took a lot of hard work. As a result, she was very successful, but she had never married. She was desired in her social circle, but she never really had the time to dedicate to dating, not to mention weeding out those men just interested in her money, or just sex for that matter. She much preferred to divide her time between work, the gym, personal relaxation and keeping touch with a couple of long standing friends.

Finally the young man arrived, announced by Maria's secretary over the intercom. Once he entered her large office, she invited him to sit, and got right down to the task.

"Mr. Foxx, as you know we've had to warn you about your use of the internet on company time. I was saddened recently to hear that this use hasn't stopped, and has indeed expanded from a couple websites to chatting online and downloading rather sizable files for personal use. I'm afraid we can't accept this, and as a result I'm going to have to let you go,

effective immediately. You can head back to your desk to collect your things, but today will have to be your last day.”

To Maria’s surprise, he didn’t even argue. He gave her a bit of a strange look during parts of her prepared speech, but at the end he just muttered out an “okay, sorry” and picked up his briefcase and left her office. She couldn’t quite tell if he was angry, embarrassed or scared, but she didn’t care all that much. She just shook her head, and was thankful there had been no loud scene or argument. And, with this task done, she could look forward to the weekend. She was in such a good mood that she poked her head out of her office door and gave her assistant the okay to clear out early.

She head back to her desk and started to clear up her own papers, filing everything in order for next week. She suddenly felt very tired. “Wow,” she thought, “I’m beat - I guess the whole long week is just hitting me now.” She decided a quick rest might be in order, and she kicked off her heels and stretched out for a 15 minute break on the leather sofa she had splurged on for a seating area in her office. “Ah, just what the doctor ordered,” she mused as her eyes drifted shut.

She awoke with a stretch and a bit of a groggy feeling, but feeling much more relaxed. As she sat up she felt an odd soreness in the muscles of her lower back, which she attributed to the couch. What she is unable to account for, however, is a lower soreness - lower as in her vagina and even more in her ass. She decided just to wait for it to go away, which would prove it was nothing and she was just being a hypochondriac. As she gathered her bag and prepared to head home, she shot a glance out her office window and admire the late afternoon sun. Then she stopped in her tracks. Late afternoon sun? She looked at her watch and was shocked to find out that it was four o’clock in the afternoon. Saturday afternoon. That was one hell of a nap. She sighed and started to make her way home, frustrated that she had slept away half of her weekend, but relieved at least that she had a new explanation for a few more sore muscles. Nearly 24 hours on that couch would mess up anyone’s body. She just shook her head.

Monday morning arrived far too fast, after her little overgrown nap had forced all of her errands and weekend activities into one day off. It was an average morning, a bit of email catch-up, reviewing status reports from the past week, and starting to put together an ad to fill the opening of staff after Friday’s firing. She has decided on just quick bit of lunch and forces herself out of the office at 12:30 or so to grab a salad. Even though she’s eating light, she heads to her favorite restaurant with, a couple of reports in hand to read while she eats. The host recognizes her with a smile and seats her in a quiet back booth. Knowing the menu by heart, she just gives him her order as she sits.

Polishing off the delicious chicken Caesar salad, she sips her mineral water and turns to the paperwork she’s brought. After such a rushed Sunday, she

feels beat, and her head rests back against the booth's soft plush fabric. She forces her eyes back open after just a moment, knowing the work she must finish is too great to allow for a break.

As she walks the few blocks back to her building, Maria again feels that strange soreness between her legs and in her ass. She's started to get a bit worried about it, and she ponders a call to her doctor this afternoon. She absently notices a bit of an ache and tingle at her breasts as well. When she looks down she realizes that at least part of that feeling may be due to the fact that her nipples have become fully erect. "Calm down, Maria," she tells herself as she looks around to see if her subconscious eye has noticed some fireman or construction worker.

Maria nods to her assistant on her way back into the office.

"Good to have you back, Ms. Delacruz, we missed you after lunch yesterday."

"Yesterday? What do you mean, Deb?"

"Oh, it's nothing at all, I just didn't know you weren't coming back after lunch."

Maria shakes her head in confusion and walks into her office. She drops down into her chair and looks at her watch. She sees 1:45pm, just as it should be - but then she sees those little letters. It's Tuesday. How the fuck is it Tuesday?

She starts to feel her body heat up, her breathing increasing. She can't figure out what's going on. She left for lunch on Monday. She ate at Spinelli's. She closed her eyes for a second, but it's not like she could have fallen asleep for 24 hours undisturbed at a public restaurant, no matter how much she tipped them.

And why the hell were her nipples so sore and hard? She went into her private washroom, locked the door behind her, removed her jacket and unbuttoned her blouse. She nearly fainted when she pulled back the lace cups of her bra. Her nipples were pierced and dangling from each of them were thick gold rings. In a daze she reached down to touch them, to make sure they were real. They were, but she just couldn't figure out how. Her nipples were sore and reddened, which made sense as this had clearly been done in the last 24 hours. In fact, her breasts feel sore in general and a bit swollen - not unlike how they felt during PMS, but she was a couple weeks from her time of the month.

She decided to remove the rings immediately but upon closer inspection she realized that there was no closure on them. They had been put on her in such a way that they'd had to be cut off. She turned and just slumped against the counter. She also realized with a shock that she couldn't just brush off the other soreness. Her fingers were shaking as she opened the

zipper at the side of her skirt and pushed down her panties. No jewelry at least, but her labia were certainly a bit puffed and sore.

She needed time to think all this over. She washed up and got re-dressed. She'd figure out what happened; she just needed time and a clear mind. She places a call to the restaurant, to try and confirm when she was there. Pretending she was her assistant, she asked to know when Ms. Delacruz had eaten at the restaurant this week. Both Monday and Tuesday was the reply. She asked to speak with the server on duty, but he was no help - he only recalled her entering and leaving on her own both days. For now her only lead was exhausted, so with a curse under her breath she forced herself to work, hoping more would become clear with time.

The week went quickly, but at least with no further incidents. She was getting frustrated with the constant teasing at her nipples that the rings provided, but she hadn't found the time to get them removed, never mind figure out whom to go to for it. But at least it was Friday, and if she could avoid any unplanned naps she would have the whole weekend to try and put this behind her.

She realized at around 4:30 that she was just watching the clock and keeping track of her own state of tiredness. "This is crazy," she admitted to herself. Since she owned the company, she decided to give herself the rest of the day off. If she wasn't going to work, she wasn't about to sit there in fear of her own sofa.

After her commute home, stepping into her own apartment, she felt a world better. She kicked off her heels, got into a comfortable pair of jeans and sweater, poured herself a glass of wine and slid into her favorite chair. Within minutes she was asleep.

She awoke with a start to the sound of the phone. She stumbled over to it and answered with a mumbled, "Hello."

"Sorry to disturb you, Ms. Delacruz, it's me, Deb. We hadn't seen you in the office yet this morning and I noticed an appointment in your book for first thing this afternoon so I wanted to remind you, in case you forgot."

"What? What time is it?"

"It's nearly 11:00, Ms. Delacruz."

"11:00? What day?" Maria's head was still a jumbled mess.

"Ma'am? It's Monday, of course."

She nearly started to cry. "OK, OK, I'll be in before one. What time is that appointment?"

“It’s at 1:30 Ma’am. I’ll see you soon.” She rung off, leaving Maria with her dazed thoughts and the sensations of her body slowly making their way to her conscious mind. Once again the soreness was back. There was no denying it; her vagina was sore like she’d been having a lot of sex. She didn’t even want to think about what had happened to make her anus feel the way it did. Her breasts were aching. She stumbled into her bathroom to strip and shower.

Tears flow to her eyes as she looks over her body. Her breasts are not only sore, but they’re also reddened and swollen. On top of that, they’re covered all over with dried, flaky residue of something that certainly wasn’t there when she sat down. It’s over her neck and belly as well, and as she looks further down her body the shock deepens. Her pussy has been shaved bare and her labia and puffed and reddened - not only from some use she can’t remember, but also because her sex is now adorned with a small silver ring piercing each of her lips. Above her bare slit she finds a fresh tattoo. At first she can’t quite read the gothic script in the mirror, but she soon realizes that it is spelling out “SLUT.”

In the shower, scrubbing her body clean of whatever has dried over her, tears flow down with the water from the showerhead. Something insane was happening to her. Someone, or is it her, was getting her skin pierced and marked. Was she going out and having sex? She couldn’t remember any of it, never mind who that sex might be with.

She decided to concentrate on work to get her through yet another day. The warm water and soap helped her flesh at least to feel better. She chose a comfortable skirt and jacket combo and one of her favorite bras for mental and physical comfort. Unfortunately, she couldn’t get it to fit. Her breasts were too big. They seemed a full cup size bigger than before. They’d never swollen that bad before. She had to select one of her lower cut bras just to fit cups over them, and even then they nearly spill out over the top of her cups. Her jacket wouldn’t close over them either, but she was now out of time for this. At least the open jacket would cover her nipples - she still hadn’t gotten used to how the rings keep them stiff so much of the day. And now she had to deal with the touch of the rings between her legs as well.

She rushed into her office just in time for the 1:30 appointment. She didn’t even remember making any appointments, but at least it would be a diversion.

The intercom sounded with Deb’s voice, “Mr. Foxx is here for his appointment, Ma’am.”

“OK, show him in,” Maria replied absentmindedly. “Hmmm,” she thought to herself, “that name seems really familiar.”

As he stepped in, she realized why the name has rung a bell. It’s was that pervert kid she fired. She didn’t have time for this right now. Her life was

going to hell, and she was not about to waste her time with some horny 20-something who didn't know well enough not to look at pornography at work. She went to get up and stop him in tracks, but for some reason her body wasn't responding to the impulses from her mind. Now what?! Her frustration was visible on her face, and she realized with increasing shock that she couldn't speak either.

Mr. Foxx just smiled at her. "Happy to see me again, Maria? Did you enjoy your weekend?" He laughed out loud. "No, no, don't get up." He took seat opposite her desk as his laughter at his own jokes continued. "Oh, by the way, tell your secretary not to disturb us."

She intended to tell him that she'd do no such thing, but instead she felt and heard herself dialing the intercom and telling Deb that she and Mr. Foxx were not to be disturbed under any circumstances. Once that task was complete, she felt her control over her body and voice again drifting from her.

"I suppose that you might have some questions about what's been happening to you over the last week or so, not to mention some of your lovely new jewelry," he said. "Well, it all started with a little program that you fired me for downloading, actually. And since you were such a bitch about a little web-surfing, I decided to try it out on you first. I won't go into too much detail, but it's enough to say that it's given me the power to exercise a rather remarkable level of control over you, body and mind. I can make you do whatever I'd like, or for that matter, make you look like whatever I want. Your missing days should convince you of my control of your mind, and I can tell from the way your tits are stuffed into your bra today that you may have noticed some other subtle modifications I've made. You may respond now, if you'd like, but you may only whisper."

Her mind filled with obscenities she wanted to scream out, but all that came out of her mouth were soft whispers, "Why? How? Why are you doing this to me? I don't believe it."

He just smiled. "I know you've got a lot of questions, and I've got to tell you I'm going to enjoy letting you know the answers. In fact, let's start with that, it will make the rest a lot clearer. Do you have a TV and VCR in here?"

She pointed them out to him, in a custom-made wood cabinet facing the casual seating area. Immediately after her arm fell helplessly into her lap once more.

He opened the cabinet door, powered up the equipment and slid in an unmarked videotape.

"Come, sweetie, have a seat here with me on the sofa."

She strained with every fiber to resist, to at least tell him to go to hell, but all that happened was that her body seemingly on its own walked over and sat down next to him, her eyes burning as they caught his self-satisfied grin. As the tape started to play, the screen filled with the images as sound of what was immediately clear as amateur pornography. The camera was roughly moving over the bodies of a man and a woman having rather enthusiastic sex. This girl was all over an attractive but average looking man. Her body showed a bit of the signs of being out of her 20's, but she was still fit and thin, with a nicely curved ass and her breasts were average sized but firm. She chastised herself mentally for admiring the lust that was so evident, seeing those breasts pushed hard against the man's chest.

As the camera pulled back, the controlled paralysis of her body was all that kept her from falling out of her chair. It was her! She was fucking (there was no other word to describe it) this man she didn't recognize with obvious lust and desire. She didn't remember any of this-the setting or the man she was first underneath, then on top of. The video jumped to a new situation, and she heard her own voice begging the man to use her ass. Who was this woman on the screen? She'd never wanted that in her life, but there she was, asking for it and getting it. Bending over rather hungrily for it, it seemed.

With a rush she started to realize the exact causes of THAT soreness. On the screen she saw her own body quiver a bit as the man's stiff cock was guided into her tight rear opening, but any pain that version of her felt was quickly swallowed by her moans of pleasure. The man's hands gripped her waist and hips, fingers digging into her flesh as he rammed into her, over and over. She watched him tremble and pull out of her, just in time to shoot a generous load of his cum onto her back. Paralyzed on the sofa with her captor she felt the tingling fresh in side her pussy and ass. Could it be some kind of sense memory? Her body seemed to be reacting against her will again, but in a different way. Oh god, was that heat and moisture she felt between her legs?

The scene jumped again. This time she was in what looked like a dentist's chair, but she was topless. The camera zoomed it tight to show the latex gloves of a man piercing her nipples. She could watch in detail as the gold rings were fitted on and sealed on, a shield covering the flesh of her breasts from the heat of the jeweler's torch. Just when she thought that scene was over, she was given the pleasure of watching herself thank this large, fully muscled and tattooed man with an eager blowjob. Her lips curled in a hungry smile around him and the camera caught all of it. Her fingers worked all over him, her lips kissed up and down the man's stiff shaft, she was sucking him deep and hard, deep-throating him one minute and sucking his balls into her mouth the next. And all with the eager noises of a slut who loved every second of it. The video switched scenes again. How much of this was there? She didn't even have the control over her own body to turn to watch her tormenter. All she could do was sit there, watch, feel the unwanted tingling throughout her body.

With a quick jump, the scene changed once more. She didn't see herself, only a group of about 4 or 5 men and a couple of women sitting around a large living room having drinks and chatting. The camera panned from face to face to see their smiles. With a silent sigh and shock she realized that this was her apartment. Suddenly the camera jerked to one side, and there she was - this strange alternate her - walking out into the room, "dressed" in very high heels, fishnet stockings held high by a garter belt, a tiny thong that revealed itself to be crotchless, and some kind of harness around her breasts. It looked to be made of leather straps, sort of the outline of a bra, but no fabric in the cups. Her breasts with those golden rings swayed with each step. Oh god, she was performing for them, an extra sway in her step, making her breasts shake and shimmy.

"Do you like what you see, Maria?" His voice startled her out of her trance of watching this unfold. "You may whisper again?" He muted the playback.

Enough control returned to allow her to turn to him. "Oh god, how could you do this to me?" Her voice barely scraping out. "You made me into such a slut, a whore - I don't want to dress like that, to act like that!"

He smiled back at her. "That's right, Maria, look at you there - you're a complete slut. You've begged to be fucked by strangers, to have them fuck you in the ass. You've had your nipples pierced like some kind of stripper and you paid for it with your slutty mouth. You've done things over the last little while that are quite shocking, my dear." He was laughing now, and with a soft touch he turned her face back to the screen, where she could see herself cutting off those tiny shorts and bending over double with legs spread, exposing her ass and her sex (clearly after the piercings down there) to once of the more eager men, who was groping her eagerly. "And you're going to keep doing those things, dear, and many more."

She could feel tears well in her eyes. "Why?" she whispered.

"Because I want you to. Because I can make you. Because I found you attractive even before you acted like a bitch and fired me. Because you're so snobby, that it makes it even sweeter to watch you humiliate yourself like a common whore. Oh wait," he stopped himself, "here comes my favorite part. Be quiet and watch."

And there she was, on her knees, circled by what appeared to be all of the men from before. Her "bra" was long gone. Once she figured out what was going on, she felt her face burn red. She had a cock in each hand, and she was stroking them for all she was worth. The other two men were being stroked by the other two women. All cocks, however, were pointed at her.

"Mmmmm, this is too good to waste, my slut, open up your blouse," he said to his mortified captive.

She tried with all that she could to resist, but the uselessness of resistance was wearing on her. Her hands obeyed him instead, and pulled apart the buttons, revealing the slopes of her breasts, pushed high and together by the undersized bra. He glanced around and then walked to her desk. He returned with a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut her bra off of her. She was double humiliated - not only was she now topless before him, her breasts falling free as she pulled the ruined lingerie away, but her nipples were rock hard. The gold rings stood out from her breasts. He stood before her, mimicking the posture of the men on the tape and he tugged out his cock, which was full and stiff.

In the corner of her eye she could see his hand working on his trembling cock as the same was happening on the screen. However, while she was trapped in some strange paralysis in her office, the version of her on the tape was eagerly working with both hands and her mouth to urge these unknown men on. She blushed when she heard the words she had uttered, telling them how much she wanted their cum on her. Then it started. One by one the men reached their bursting points. Their cum would shoot all over her chin, her neck and her heaving breasts.

The other girls, still pumping, would laugh and join in the urging for the man of the moment. Her eyes would shoot back and forth between the television and the real life throbbing member so close to her body. As the third man on the tape was shooting his load over her, she heard her captor issue a guttural moan and his cum exploded onto her. He kept cumming and cumming, and soon he had coated the tops of both of her breasts. She was mortified, feeling the hot, thick juice land and stick to her. Oh god - that's what she was covered with this morning. It hadn't hit her until now. On the tape, the last man was finishing up, and of course, like a slut, she was licking each cockhead clean.

He stood up and stopped the tape, shutting off the television and returning the evidence to his briefcase. Tucking his cock back into his pants, he sat down across from her. He slid open his briefcase once more, removed a laptop computer, and opened up on the coffee table. She was left to face him with his cum drying on her exposed breasts.

“Now Miss Delacruz, let me make the rest of this situation clear,” he started with a gleam in his eye. “Like I’ve said, through the unexpected gift of a certain little computer program, I’ve received some remarkable powers. Some of them, you’ve seen the effects of. I can play with your mind all I want. I can turn you into a sex-crazed whore who begs strangers for sex. I can also, clearly, erase any and all of this from your memory. And, you may have noticed from the tight fit of your bra this morning, that I can also affect some physical changes. How big are your tits normally?”

“A B cup,” she whispered.

“Right. But today they are a bit fuller aren’t they? That’s because I’ve given them a bit of a nudge. And I want to show you something more

now.” He turned his attention to the computer for just a moment, then his eyes returned to her with the final keystroke. She no sooner saw his finger press the key than she felt a strange tingling in her breasts. She looked down to try to see what was happening. Oh god, they were growing, right in front of her, swelling up like balloons. She felt the weight build on her chest. Her nipples as well were growing stiffer and longer. Finally it stopped.

“Have a look, my dear,” he smiled wickedly at her.

She was able to lift herself up. She could feel just the weight of them on her frame. She walked to the mirror in her washroom, and she was granted the full effect of what he had done to her. Her breasts had grown to the size of melons - she must be something like an EE cup. She looked like a tranny porn star. Oh god, how would she explain these?

“Come on back here, dear,” she heard him call to her. “Do you like them?”

“God no, please, please change them back. I can’t go out like this!”

Again his response was laughter. But with a keystroke he did grant this one wish, and she felt her breasts tingle once more, and start to shrink.

“I’m leaving you at a D for now, but I just wanted to give you that as a demonstration. Now that I’ve shown you what I’m capable of, I’m going to tell you about some changes.

“I can ruin you in an instant, Miss Delacruz. First, I can release copies of this tape, not to mention the photographs that go with it. Or, if I preferred, I could just turn you into a wanton whore on a street corner. So you’re going to do what I want. I hope that is becoming clear. I’m going to give you back control of your body now, but I’d like you to keep in mind that I expect respect and obedience from you - and you’ve seen that I’m capable of handing out punishments.” And with a couple of quick keystrokes, she felt the awareness of her control of her body. “I have left a few controls on you, by the way, so you won’t be able to tell anyone of what’s happening to you. So, do you have any questions?”

Maria sat and tried to sort out the jumble of emotions. Mixed in was a deep humiliation, anger, confusion and a great deal of disbelief. Her mind was still struggle to take it all in. “If you can do anything you want to me, why are you bothering to blackmail me with this video?”

“Ahh, good question,” he smiled back, “Well, I wanted to test out my control of someone at first, and see what might be possible. And as fun as it was watching you try to figure out what was happening to you, I realized that I wanted you to know it was happening. My plan, Miss Delacruz, is to humiliate you for the way you treated me and probably other people who work for you, and the humiliation just wasn’t the same

until I knew you felt it. And believe me, the look on your face, watching you watch yourself fuck those strangers and beg for cock in your ass, or be on your knees covered in cum, was certainly worth it. As well, it gives me great pleasure to watch you behave and dress like a wanton whore willingly as you've been doing for me over the last week, but I've decided I also want to have you obey me with your own mind, knowing full well that you're doing things that humiliate you - but that you've got no choice."

Maria just sank in her chair. Clearly he had planned out in great detail how he was going to ruin her life, and turn her into some kind of sex toy. Living out the fantasies he used to just waste his work hours with.

"But Maria dear, don't you worry, we can discuss all this later. Right now I'm sure you've got work to finish. Why don't you close your blouse and get to it."

She couldn't believe she had still been sitting there with her cum-stained breasts out in the open for him to ogle.

"Oh, and you are to leave my cum on those lovely tits of yours. And yes, I'll be checking for it. You won't need a bra with your firm new pillows, of course."

While it had been tough to fit a bra over her breasts at first today, now they were even larger. She could barely button up her blouse, and the buttons were clearly straining. And of course her pierced and ringed nipples were even more visible without a bra to cover them. As she finished she raised her eyes back up to him, to find him smiling widely once more.

"You're enjoying this greatly, aren't you," she snapped at him. She rose to her feet to look him in the eye, frustrated that a part of her mind was distracted from her anger to notice the increased weight and bounce to her breasts, now fully two cup sizes larger than usual, and the feel of her stiffened nipples sliding against the fabric of her blouse.

"Of course I am, my dear. And I shall continue to, so you'd best just be good. In fact, to show me that you're going to be a good girl for me, I want you to give me the panties you're wearing."

"What?"

"You heard me, pet, reach up under that skirt and give them to me right now."

Her face was burning with anger once more and humiliation that she had no choice but to obey. She just couldn't bear having her clients, friends or social circle get a hold of that tape. God, to think of them watching her be so depraved made her weak. Broken, for at least the moment, she lifted her

skirt and reached up underneath it to hook at her panties. She pulled and wiggled out of them, until they fell to her ankles and she stepped out of them. She picked them up and handed them to him in a crumpled ball with a restrained look of pure hatred.

He took them from her and smiled widely. He held them up to her and stretched the fabric between two hands. Clearly visible at the crotch was a generous wet spot of her own juices. "It seems like I'm not the only one that liked the little movie, my slut. Or was it the feel of my juices on your titties?" He started to laugh out loud.

"Well we'll have so much more to talk about and do, Maria. I'll see you at home. I'll be all moved in by the time you're done. Oh, and don't worry, you gave me a key. Don't be late, I've got some wonderful plans.

CHAPTER 2

Maria Delacruz collapsed into the leather chair behind her desk. Her mind was a jumble of disbelief, humiliation and fear. She struggled to take it all in. At least there was some explanation for her periods of lost time. Somehow she'd been changed into some kind of sex-crazed slut, wantonly begging for sex. She'd seen with her own eyes the taped evidence of this version of herself urging strangers on in their use of her, and filled with lust by acts that she'd never even contemplated before. Oh god, and watching this had actually aroused her! She had to believe that it was just some further aspect of his control.

And now this kid Foxx wanted to take over her life. She was genuinely afraid to find out of these plans for her that he had spoken of. And he was moving into her apartment? She started to sob. All that she worked for seemed to be crashing down around her. She had fired one punk kid for reasons that any employer would agree with, and somehow it was coming back at her. Now she was being blackmailed and mysteriously controlled all at once.

And the way he talked to her now. Two weeks ago he had been a meek employee cowering in his cubicle; now all of a sudden he was laughing at her, calling her insulting pet names, and using his power over her shamelessly. She slammed her fist on the desk. She couldn't believe that all of sudden her dreams and plans were going to be shoved aside by some vindictive, horny kid. She forced herself to calm down and regain some control. There had to be a way to figure things out and escape all of this, even if it took some time. A computer program allowed him to do all this? It didn't seem possible. Then again, all she had to do was look down to see that it was.

Before all this her breasts had been a B cup, firm and attractive she had thought (and had never gotten any complaints from those she had dated) but now these massive mounds of flesh straining at her blouse. With every move she felt the new weight of them. As well, they actually jiggled. She had felt them bounce as she sat down, and without a bra (which amazingly they didn't seem to need) the sensation of her stiff nipples sliding against the tight soft fabric sent a shiver through her.

She returned to her washroom to look at herself, trying to find out how noticeable it might be. Her fears were confirmed when she saw her reflection. They were impossible to miss. Not only were her new breasts so much larger than they had been in the past, but with the ill-fitting top, her buttons strained to keep them covered. The blouse was keeping her breasts pushed together, making the cleavage visible at her collar even more scandalous-even if his cum wasn't drying there. She shuddered. The blouse was now so tight that not only were her nipples visible, but even the small arcs of the golden rings that pierced them. She tried pulling her jacket together to cover up, but it was futile. Besides, it only jostled her breasts more, and the tingling would only keep her nipples hard longer.

Trying to force her thoughts to some kind of normalcy, she realized that it was already the middle of the afternoon, and she had a lot of work to do. She wasn't about to let this ruin her company - she would start there in her assertion of herself. She returned to her desk. Her resolution met a minor setback right away as she slid her chair up to the desk to resume marking her comments on a report and realized quickly that her new breasts were making their presence known to her. It was a bit of a challenge to concentrate with new, full, cum-stained breasts were constantly in her peripheral vision, but she forced herself.

She was jolted out of her concentration once more to hear Deb addressing her.

"Ms. Delacruz, I've got those letters for you to sign," she said, striding towards her desk with a yellow file folder in her hands.

Maria's face immediately went hot; she could feel the blood rushing to her cheeks. "Oh, yes, thanks, um, just leave them here on the desk," she stammered. She tried to lift her eyes to smile nonchalantly at her assistant. As she feared, Deb's eyes were wide and were focused right at her chest. Maria wanted to just crawl under her desk and hide. Deb slid the file onto the desk and hesitated, her mouth was open but she clearly didn't know what to say. Her eyes darted back and forth between Maria's eyes and her new cleavage. Maria could only imagine what she was thinking. "Thanks, Deb, that'll be it for now."

After mumbling something unintelligible, Deb turned and returned to her own desk. No doubt hopping right on the phone to tell every other assistant in the company that the boss had spent the weekend getting new tits. A new wave of anger and frustration washed over Maria. Even without Foxx's video being shown, people were going to be talking about her with whispered giggles.

At 6:00pm, Maria pushed her chair back from the desk with a sense of resignation. Normally she'd look forward to the comfort of her own home, but now she had no idea what to expect once she arrived there. She knew that she wouldn't be alone - that this man ruining her life was also invading her sanctuary. But she didn't dare risk being any later than usual.

The walk home introduced her to even more aspects of the changes that Foxx had made. She had moved around her office, but it didn't compare to a good brisk walk. She just couldn't get use to the shaking and swaying of her D cup breasts. Even firm as they were, the bouncing flesh was impossible for her to ignore. And her nipples dragged against the tight fabric constantly, getting so stiff she thought it would drive her mad. Perhaps most frustrating was that it was proving to be so arousing. She could feel the heat and wetness build in her bald pussy. What also didn't help was that just about every man she walked by seemed to nearly break

his neck craning to get a look at her breasts trying to force their way out of her blouse.

Finally reaching her building she paused in the Lobby, hoping some deep breaths would calm her down. Of course, there was Calvin, the doorman, friendly as always and striding over, ready to give his greetings. She gave a quick wave and ducked into the elevator, hopefully he too could get a close look at her.

She turned the key in the door, took a deep breath, and entered her apartment. She looked around quickly, and didn't see any sign of Foxx. She set her briefcase on the table and started to make a cautious inspection. She was stopped dead in her tracks by his voice.

"Welcome home, Maria. It's good to see you," he said, his smile wide. "Strip."

She paused for just a second, almost wondering if her body was going to act without her again. Then realizing that he was making her obey on her own, she started to disrobe before him. Once more it hit her - she was in her own home, standing in the middle of her living room, and she was being made to take off her clothing for a virtual stranger. She felt the heat in her cheeks, but she continued. After sliding the jacket back off her shoulders and hanging in over the back of a chair, her fingers moved to her blouse. The strained buttons opened easily and her full breasts poured out into the open. She then slid down the zipper at the side of her skirt and wiggled it down her hips. She noticed now that her panties from this afternoon were gripped in his fist.

"Oh that's lovely, dear, you may stop."

She stood before him in just thigh-high stockings and three-inch heels. Her arms hung nervously at her sides. As far as she remembered, this was the first time she was naked in front of him - even though she had certainly seen different on his videotape. She felt so embarrassed and ashamed as his eyes roamed over her.

"Mmmm, you look lovely, Maria - your new tits suit you perfectly," he said as he moved closer to her. She quivered as he touched her, running his hands over her shoulders, down to cup the weight of her breasts. She visible shuddered as his hands slid over her tormented nipples, which resulted in a smile and comment from Foxx. "Yes, you'll find those are very sensitive, Maria, about three times as much as they were before." He used both hands to simultaneously pinch both nipples and a gasp escaped her lips.

"Now, the new house rules for you, Maria. First of all, when you are at home unless I tell you otherwise you are only allowed to wear a certain uniform. You will change into it as soon as you get home, whether or not I'm here. This is your uniform," and he pulled a covering cloth from off

the coffee table. She didn't think those items could be called a uniform, but he continued. "There are leather cuffs for your wrists and ankles, and a leather collar for your neck. You will also wear stockings and high-heeled shoes no shorter than four inches. Other than those items, you will wear nothing else unless I tell you. The cuffs and collar lock on, as you can see. Each day you will come home and lock them on. I will hold the key, of course. You may put them on now."

He paused, and with a deep breath she moved to the table and began. They went on easily enough and the locks were clearly of a high quality as they locked smoothly and solidly. She started with the ankles, then her wrists, then finally the collar. She felt tears forming in her eyes as the last lock clicked shut. She was wearing a collar like some kind of animal.

"Now, regarding the sleeping arrangements. The master bedroom is, of course, mine now. You will not enter that room unless you are following orders or given specific permission. Your room is now the bedroom next door." He reached over to a side table and picked up something she saw only briefly before he approached her with it. Reaching up to her neck, he clicked the leash onto her collar. The shame of this nearly floored her, and her mouth dropped open. "Come pet, I'll show you your room," and he actually tugged at the collar. She had no choice but to follow him. She was still in a state of shock that seemed to only build by the minute. She was stripped naked, "dressed" in a couple leather straps. Her breasts were now huge, not to mention decorated with gold rings, and swayed with each step. Between her legs her shaved pussy also glinted with jewelry. Her room was another shock. Newly installed hooks and shelves surrounding the room displayed every imaginable type of sex toy, in a wide variety of color, sizes and shapes. In the middle of the room, rather than a bed, was just a five-foot long by three-foot wide by three-foot high metal cage with a padded base.

She couldn't hold it in any longer. She just started to cry and she slid down to her knees, no longer having the energy to stand. Wordlessly, he simply tugged at her leash, guiding her on all fours into the cage. Even through her tears she heard the lock click shut.

The week went by very quickly for Maria - primarily because she remembered so little of it. Each morning she would wake and have perhaps a moment or two of dizzy forgetfulness and confusion before she remembered her situation. Then her humiliation would wash over her, made very real by the tight confines of her cage and the leather straps around her neck, ankles and wrists. She would have to wait to be unlocked before she could relieve herself, shower and dress. Foxx would send her off to work with a wicked smile. Work, to a degree, was a bit of a refuge. She was back in her own world and could distract herself by throwing herself into the tasks of the day. The company was doing very well financially, and she pushed aside the frustrations as much as she could to take pride in that. It didn't help with one major sale this week that the client drew no small amount of obvious pleasure in every glance he stole

down her top. But she wouldn't let herself believe it affected the sale at all.

She was still not used to her enlarged breasts, but at least she stopped bumping them into things. Word was certainly getting around, as the stares increased, and she was noticing employees on her floor that normally didn't make it out of their own departments - all hoping to get a glance at the boss's new tits. What didn't help was the clothing that Foxx was allowing her to wear to the office. While the new pieces at least fit, they were a good deal tighter and lower-cut than she would have chosen even with her original figure. Her new D cups were showcased, displayed and showed-off with low V-necks and form-hugging sweaters. And without a bra, every brush of fabric or cool breeze returned her nipples to a state of rock-hard arousal - something that was not missed by any man in the room with her. As well, all her longer skirts and all of her dress pants had disappeared. She was limited to skirts that were tighter and shorter than she was ever able to feel comfortable in, especially with the slits cutting high on some of them. It made her aware each time that she had to sit or lean over than panties were another item she was forbidden.

And the end of the day, she'd have to face the walk home. Her stride had a new wiggle to it due to her high heels and her unencumbered breasts bounced, wiggled and swayed in a way that seemed to give no end of pleasure to every man that passed her on the street. And with the constant sliding of her pierced nipples against the inside of her top they were kept diamond hard which invariably added to the swarm of eyes drawn to her. All she could do was feel her face heat up with embarrassment, hope that no-one she knew saw her bouncing down the sidewalk, and try to get into her building as quickly as possible.

Once home, she would follow her rules and strip down to the heels and stockings and re-lock herself into the straps and humiliating collar. Foxx was nearly always there to welcome home and ogle every move she made around the apartment in her "uniform." After about an hour, he would lock on her leash, lead her to her room and her cage and lock her in. She would invariably fall asleep and not wake until morning. She knew he was using his Master PC software on her, as she remembered no dinners, but she did not wake up hungry. Not to mention that she was "sleeping" about 11 hours a day. Given her past experience, she knew to fear what happened in those missing hours, but she didn't dare ask. After seeing herself on that tape, not knowing seemed immensely preferable.

The routine changed near the end of the week. He called her at work just before the end of the day on Thursday. "Tell your assistant you're taking a long weekend, and that you won't be in tomorrow." He offered no other explanation, and he simply hung up. She let Deb know on her way out. Once home she kept waiting for more information, but she didn't dare ask. Rather than offer up anything, Foxx instead put her to bed early as usual, locking her into her cage by 8pm and shutting out the lights.

She woke up in a haze, stretching and feeling the heat of the sun. Slowly her mind cleared and she opened her eyes, realizing she shouldn't be able to stretch in her cage. She gathered her bearings and realized that she wasn't in her room at all, but stretched out on a blanket on the living room floor, stark naked in front of the balcony door, the bright sun pouring over her body. She scrambled up onto her feet and shied away from the expanse of glass. Sleeping on the floor, however she got there, seemed to have given her muscles an all-over ache.

She looked around to see if Foxx was home, and to get her bearings. She figured that he must have something planned if he'd wanted her to take today off. There was no sign of him. She couldn't unlock her collar or cuffs without him and she didn't want to shower with them on so she curled up in front of the television to wait for him. She started flipping around the channels, looking for Regis, a rare weekday morning pleasure. She couldn't find it, which confused her. In fact, there seemed to be nothing on but sports. Suddenly her eyes widened. What the hell were sports doing on TV on Friday morning? A quick check of CNN confirmed her fears. It was 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

She cursed out loud. She got up and started to look around the apartment - for some kind of clue or just to relish being alone in her home for once. She still wasn't daring or stupid enough to venture into "his" bedroom. Her room she was familiar with, and the third bedroom had been converted into a dressing room, where her clothing was kept - he refused to allow anything but her cage and the sex toys in her room.

Returning to the living room, she finally noticed one significant change. The artwork that had hung on her walls was gone and replaced by some new photographs varying from 8x10's scattered on the shelves to large framed pieces - and they all featured her.

Her jaw dropped open as her wide eyes shot from one to the other. In some she was posing seductively in tiny scraps of lace lingerie, in others she was completely nude. They just seemed to get worse and worse. She was featured her in her uniform of leather restraints, in a tiny leather bra top and skin tight latex skirt that didn't even cover all of her ass, in a sequined thong clearly baring her tattooed flesh and sheer skin-tight top. One rather artsy shot featured just her breasts, with a sparking chair dangling between the rings that pierced her nipples. As she spun around the room taking it all in her hands went instinctively to cover her breasts and pussy, a lost reflex while faced with all these images of depravity. And of course in each one the expression on her face showed a slut who was loving the way she was displayed, dripping with lust - the phrase "making love to the camera" stuck in her mind.

She had no sooner sunk down onto the floor in a lump than the door opened and Foxx returned.

“Ah good, you’re up, and just in time,” he smiled, “and do you like the way I’ve decorated?”

“Oh no, please, take them down, please - I look like such a whore in those pictures,” she begged.

“Of course you do, pet, that’s what you are now. Best get used to it. Besides, we need the place properly decorated for the party tonight.”

“What? What party? Oh please, you can’t let anyone see those photos. Please, I’m doing what you want, don’t show them.”

“Maria, you’re being a good girl, and in return I’ve not shown the video or the photos to your family, friends or people from work. Don’t you worry about our party tonight at all. Besides, some of our guests you’ve already met,” his smile and the look in his eyes showed he was barely holding in his laughter, just loving how low he was bringing her. “Now, let’s get you ready.” He brought her to the washroom and unlocked her collar and cuffs. She was to shower and perfume her body. He had taken advantage of his powers to eliminate any need to keep herself shaved.

Once clean, dry, perfumed, she applied make-up and made her way to the dressing room as commanded. What little clothing he had chosen was laid out on a small table and he was there to assist her in getting into it. A corset was the first item to squeeze into. Once it was buttoned around her she had to hold on tight as he drew the laces tighter and tighter, drawing in her waist and forcing her breasts up and together. They looked like tight fleshy balloons barely contained by the black silk of the corset, which was cut just low enough that her nipples and their gold rings peeked out for all to see.

Wrapped so tight, she needed Foxx’s assistance to get the fishnet stockings he had chosen on, and they were carefully adjusted to straighten the seams at the back of her legs. Stiletto heels were slid onto her feet, with heels that were at least five inches tall. They also had an extra feature in that the leather straps actually locked them onto her feet - tiny silver padlocks hung from the sides. Her cuffs were returned to her wrists and her neck wrapped in her collar and locked on as well. Foxx smiled as he showed her some of the last items she would be “wearing.” He had her spread her legs and bend forwards, resting her head and hands on a chair. The corset kept her back straight and she was mortified to have herself so exposed as he moved behind her. She had little doubt he could take in every inch of her this way. She shuddered when she felt his touch on her ass cheeks, and she moaned as the touch became even more intimate - his fingers her sliding over her shaved pussy lips and even across the tight rosebud of her ass.

“Some of your uniform, slut, only I will know about,” he purred from behind her. Her body jerked as she felt him slide a well-lubricated orb inside her pussy. She squirmed, mortified, as his fingers nudged it deeper

inside her. He wasn't done, however and one of his fingers, slick with lube, pressed against her ass. As his pressure increased, she felt him slide inside her. It felt so strange and wrong, but he didn't stop with the increased sound of her moans. His finger moved slowly in and out, spreading the thick cold lotion inside her. It withdrew for a moment but returned quickly, and this time she could feel it was guiding something additional inside her. His finger slid out but she felt it left inside her.

"Stand up, Maria," he instructed. As she did, she could feel the toys inside her as a teasing presence. He knelt down before her and guided one foot, then the other, into a pair of panties he had chosen. They were a black latex in a boy-short style - that kind of fit that covered more than a thong or panties made the curves of her ass that were exposed seem even more naked. As it was stretched over her, she could feel the twin toys trapped tight inside her. Foxx took a step back and smiled wide. With a gesture of his hand, he instructed her to turn around before him. Her body and mind ached as she complied. With the corset so tight, each breath forced her breasts to rise visibly. Her nipples, teased by the edge of the corset and the dangling rings, were stiff and tingling. She wobbled on the tall heels. With every motion, she could also feel just enough teasing of the toys that he had filled up her pussy and ass with. He was obviously pleased with himself, and with her appearance. She could see his cock straining against the fabric of his pants. Clicking on her leash, he led her out into the living room.

"Now Maria, you are going to have the following chores tonight: you will be answering the door, taking the guests coats to hang in the closet, and fetching whatever drink they request. Is that clear?"

"Yes, I understand. Are you really going to have them see me this way?" her eyes were pleading with him.

"Oh, don't worry, my pet. You look just delicious. Perhaps the best you ever have. Oh wait, one more thing that I almost forgot." He rushed back into her room. Returning, he approached behind her. "Open your mouth, pet," he instructed. As her lips and teeth parted she felt his quick reaction as he pushed a rubber ball gag into her mouth, his fingers strongly guiding it past her teeth. It pulled even farther into her mouth, straining at her lips, as he fastened the gag's buckle behind her head. He turned her to look at him. "Oh perfect, Maria, you look like the perfect little sex slave."

Maria was reduced to mumbling and moaning behind the gag. Each time she felt that she had reached a new level of embarrassment and shame, there always seemed to be farther to go. And of course, at that moment, the doorbell rang.

She made her way to the door after Foxx's eyes made it clear that he was not kidding, nor would he accept anything less than prompt obedience. He retired to change. She opened the door to face a man and a woman. She had to gesture them in and try to close the door behind them as quick as

she could - she had not realized until that moment that her neighbors in the hall might also be given a rather unique view of her new life.

She took their overcoats and guided them towards the living room with a wet mumble and a wave of her hand. Both were striking in their appearance and were dressed very well - he in a well-tailored pair of black trousers and matching sports jacket over a silk shirt, her in a flowing red spaghetti-strap dress that fit her well-curved body perfectly-perfectly enough to make it clear that she was wearing nothing beneath it.

With the gag tight in her mouth and Foxx still not back, she had to awkwardly try to be understood in offering them a drink - all the while enduring their blatant staring at her body and costume. With a laugh they admitted they understood her and requested red wine. Maria's face was flushed as returned with the glasses, and the two guests began to openly discuss her as if she wasn't there, commenting on the size and apparent firmness of her breasts, the lovely rings piercing them, the tightness of her gag and how it matched her lipstick. They would point out their favorite images hanging on the wall, and discuss her body in intimate detail. To Maria it was a living nightmare.

She had to repeat this ordeal three more times. Each time filled with dread as she heard the chime, pulling open the door and actually hoping that it would be only strangers that saw her displayed this way. Each time she would have to try to make herself understood by guests whose main interested seemed to be ogling her breasts and ass. More than one of the male guests allowed himself a squeeze of her behind as he entered. Eventually there were three female and four male guests. Two of the men were giving her very knowing glances that she was not in a position to understand or more accurately, remember her understanding. After a few minutes, she realized that they were faces that she recognized from the video of her own service that Foxx had forced her to watch. Her mind reeled - not only was she dressed up before these people in a revealing and humiliating costume, serving them drinks while drooling around a gag, but she now understand that she had felt the cum of two of the guests on her body - and that she had begged for it, and that they had been more than willing to assist.

Once they had all arrived, Foxx made his grand entrance. He was dressed in a perfectly fitting charcoal suit with a black silk shirt. Even Maria had to admit that she had never seen him look better.

“Welcome all of you; I hope you'll enjoy my new home and that you'll enjoy the show to come even more. If everyone is comfortable, I'll just arrange a few things and we can begin.” They all smiled, exchanged their hellos indicated they were eager, but could wait just a few more moments. “Maria,” said Foxx, “could you come over and help we with one thing, please?”

Maria, still wobbling a bit on the tall heels, made her way to the side of the living room. Foxx waited just inside the arched entry to the room. Rather than asking her for anything, he instead took her wrists in his hands, produced a metal clasp from a jacket pocket and used it to lock her two wrists guards together. Her eyes widened in surprise and confusion. Before she could figure out his intentions, he had raised her arms over her head and fastened the clasp to a hook she had not noticed installed in the archway. All of sudden, she was trapped there, stretched out and in full view of all the guests. Her posture was forcing her breasts even higher. Before leaving her hanging there like a piece of erotic art, he pulled two small boxes out of his pocket and showed them to her with a wicked smile before pressing a small button on each of them, kissing her on the cheek and returning to his guests. Immediately she was forced to remember the small devices hidden inside her panties, as a low vibrating rumble began inside her pussy and ass.

‘Oh my god!’ she screamed inside her mind, ‘the fucker has stuffed vibrators inside me and now he’s going to leave me to hang here.’ All eyes were on her, of course. She tried to fight it as best as she could.

“Now, my dear guests, to the Feature Presentation” Foxx announced with a flourish. He opened the cabinet directly opposite to Maria’s trapped body to reveal a large screen television and entertainment system. “I hope you enjoy it as much as I did, and maybe even as much as Maria did.”

With one press of a remote button, a new agony started for Maria. Immediately the screen was full of her body. To the throbbing background of a heavy dance beat, she was on a stage dancing and writhing, lit by spotlights. She was in some kind of shiny, body-hugging catsuit. It barely stretched over her breasts and its hot-pants-inspired fit over her ass also left very little to the imagination. Even less as the show went on. The guests in the living room, men and women both, were hooting and hollering at her display. Squirming now in her bondage, the heat of her blushing now working from her red face down her neck, she was also tormented from the inside by the twin vibrators.

Her own sexual arousing was rising fast. It was like torture, not enough to give her release, just keeping her tingling. As well, this lust was fighting against her mind’s reaction to the images on the TV. She was mortified and disgusted to see herself that way, dancing and writhing like a wanton whore, yet there was heat building between her legs and she could feel the moisture building inside her latex panties. The more the vibrators teased her, the more her demeanor became like the version of herself on the screen, more and more like a slut who wanted to cum, wanted to be fucked.

With the rapt audience, she watched herself grind on the stage, her fingers drawing down the zipper between those huge tits. She watched them spill out of the tight catsuit, her nipple rings glinting in the spotlight. She squirmed in the doorway, moaning louder now, feeling the drool build and

drip around her gag, falling in glistening strings down to her heaving breasts. On the television she had slid right out of the catsuit and was in just a pair of heels, lifting and shaking her tits with the nipple rings in her fingers. She was grinding on the stage like an animal in heat, hands dragging from her glistening wet cunt up her belly to her tits, leaving a shining trail of her juices that would catch the light as she rolled from her back to all fours to back again. She crawled up the stage, the spotlights following her motions, the camera up close behind her, close in on her dripping bare sex, the rings in her puffed and hungry cuntlips glinting as she moved. As she reached the end of the stage, crawling and moving like a hunting panther, another figure was lit by the spotlights. There was another woman! She was stripped, blindfolded, and bound spread-eagle on the stage floor.

Maria was on the edge now, swaying in her bondage as she watched. Her cunt was so wet and the vibrators were shaking her to the core. Her legs were trembling, and her moans had grown loud enough that the guests were now dividing their attention between the television and the real-life trapped and horny slut displayed before them. She knew they knew nothing about the vibrators - she was sure they just thought she was such a slut that these images of herself were driving her mad. She knew it was an additional humiliation, but she was too horny to care at this point. Her attention was completely focused on the show unfolding on the screen.

Her hands were all over the trapped girl, squeezing her tiny breasts (about the size Maria's had been two weeks ago) and dragging fingernails down her belly and along the inside of her thighs. Maria's ass was once again lifted to the air as she crouched down on all fours to drag her tongue stiffly up and down the length of her victim's shaved cunt. The girl's reaction was palpable - you could see her shake, hear her moan and beg. Reaching outside the pool of light Maria's hand returned with a long, double-ended dildo. She lubricated it by first dragging and swirling between the woman's legs, then pushing it into her own mouth, deep-throating it. Then with little further delay the toy was sliding into both her and her victim's cunts.

Her rhythm started with a slow hunger and built quickly. Soon she saw herself riding the bound girl like a barroom mechanical bull. Her own tits were bouncing with each thrust and her fingers were digging into the other woman's more modest pair, kneading them and pulling at her nipples. The living room was full of their mixing moans and groans and the wet slapping together of their bodies. All were completely engrossed by the video as both were clearly approaching orgasm. Maria herself was nearly in tears with need, her mind focused on little else.

Finally, both women erupted in screams and their bodies shook as their release exploded in a wet and urgent orgasm. Both rode it out as long as they could, and then the two sweaty bodies collapsed together. On screen, Maria lifted herself up enough to slide the blindfold off the woman beneath her to kiss her roughly. Inside her cloud of lust and desire, the

vibrators seeming to have sped up inside her, Maria finally realized that the woman she (and the whole room) had been watching her fuck was the woman in the red dress, one of the first guests she had welcomed in.

And now this woman had lifted herself off the couch and was heading right for her. Her face was flushed and there was a look of deep hunger on her face. Maria, still trapped by the cuffs and by her own dripping need, was helpless to do anything but watch her approach. She whispered into Maria's ear breathily, "Remember me, slut? I'm Denise."

She slid down to her knees right before Maria, hands and mouth caressing any exposed flesh on the way down, and in seconds had used her thingy fingers to tear away Maria's panties. Foxx approached only to whisper in Denise's ear, apparently sharing information on Maria's torment with her, as she then reached deep inside Maria's dripping cunt with a curved finger and pulled the still shaking vibrator from inside her. Rather than grant Maria any kind of relief, Denise instead forced Maria's legs wider and pushed that vibe too into the tight darkness of her ass. So well covered with her juices, it popped inside easily and began to shake and rattle against the one already there.

Denise began to ravenously attack Maria's bare cunt with her lips and tongue. Her fingernails were digging into Maria's ass as she pulled tight to her, her tongue driving in deeply, teeth dragging against Maria's now throbbing clit. This performance was now receiving as many cheers from those gathered close around as the video had. Brief flashes of reality seemed to slap Maria in the face, seeing how she was displayed, how she was being used, how that was a woman's mouth between her legs. Being with another woman was nothing she had ever desired before, but now she wanted to cum by this woman's touch more desperately than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

Suddenly Foxx was behind her, loosening and removing her gag. "Do you want to cum, slut?" he whispered into her ear.

"Goddd, yessss, I need it," was all she could manage as reply.

"Beg for it, beg her," was Foxx's reply.

Maria's head rolled back, raw desire and need battling out in her mind with all that she was before. Finally she could resist no longer.

"Please, please, oh god please," the words were falling out of her mouth in an urgent scream, "Please Denise, make me cummm, make me cumm in your mouth, please fuck my hungry cunt with your tongue, please, please just let cumm like a whore!"

Denise's tongue drove into Maria deeply and as she shook her head her teeth dragged against Maria's swollen clit. Release finally hit Maria like a bus, and her orgasm washed over her like a tidal wave. Denise didn't stop,

dragging her rough tongue up and down her slit, teasing her lips and clit. Maria finally passed out after the third orgasm.

When Maria awoke, she felt bathed in warmth like she was emerging from a wonderful dream she didn't quite remember. As her thoughts collected, she realized that she had one hand cupping on of her breasts and the other between her legs. She jerked them away, but she could smell her own arousal and a quick glance showed her that the fingers she had withdrawn from her pussy were wet. Suddenly, the events of the previous night slammed back into her mind and she was wide awake in an instant.

"What's happening to me," she whispered aloud to herself, remembering the urgent need she had felt, and how in front of all those people she had let herself beg another woman for her orgasm. At that moment, she hadn't cared about anything - now how she was dressed, not that she was tied up in front of them like helpless sex toy, not that she had been stuffed in two holes with vibrators - just that she had needed to cum, right then. And it had been the best orgasm of her life. "What is happening to me?" she repeated.

"I don't know, lover, but I've got a few questions myself. Like how the hell did my tits get so big?"

Maria jerked her head toward the voice. There, beside her, in a cage identical to her own, was Denise. She was stark naked and her hands were cupping her breasts. Perhaps it was more accurate to say they were holding up her breasts, as they were easily DD sized by now, with nipples stiffly standing out a full inch.

"And the next question," continued Denise while licking her lips, "is how the fuck can I get you in this cage to suck on them?"

Maria buried her head in her hands. She couldn't believe this was happening, she couldn't believe that she'd gone from owning a wonderful penthouse to being a caged plaything inside it. She couldn't believe that some woman she didn't remember 12 hours ago, but had been cum with twice, was naked three feet from her, with tits the size of melons, asking her to come suck on them. Most of all, she couldn't believe how much she wanted to do it.

CHAPTER 3

Maria sat in her cage, her face resting in her hands, thoughts whirring through her mind. She'd never been attracted to women before in her life. She'd appreciated that some other women were good looking, or had fit bodies that she had envied, but she'd never felt anything sexual towards another woman before. Now her mind struggled to deal with an onslaught of new information.

First of all, she had seen herself ravage and fuck another woman - but Foxx had just played with her mind, like he'd done over and over. She didn't even remember it. Secondly, there was last night. She had been so aroused by the video, so hot she had been dripping. She had begged this woman to make her cum - but there were the vibrators and those clothes pushing and tugging at her body. He may not have messed with her head that time (or had he?) but he'd had her teased by those wicked toys for what seemed like hours while she'd been forced to stand there and watch two people having wild sex on tape. So what if they were women, and if one of them was actually her - that turned on by the toys she would have begged to cum by any means.

What she was having the hardest time with was right now. Every time she lifted her eyes to Denise's body, trapped in a cage just like her own, and saw the curves of her flesh, saw her painted fingernails pressing into those firm, round DD tits, saw those rock hard nipples projecting out so far from them she felt a new hunger deep inside her body. It was lust - she had sort of felt it before, but never this strong. She wanted, she needed, to feel her hands on Denise's tits, to trap those nipples between her teeth, to suck and lap at them. Maria found that if she let her mind go, it would just fill up with a litany of disgusting things she wanted to do to Denise, and have her do them to her. She felt her clit tingling and her juices flowing between her legs.

Denise could see it, and probably smell it to, and she was taunting her. Her fingertips closed over her nipples and she would roll them back and forth. She ran her hands over her body. Denise was clearly VERY happy with the changes Foxx had made, even if she didn't know the source. Every few minutes she would push two fingers into her pussy and draw them out slick and glistening, and spread the nectar of her arousal over her belly, her breasts, her nipples and up to her mouth to suck.

Foxx came in to free Maria and send her on her way to prepare for work. Denise was kept caged for now, and as Maria left the room she turned back to see Denise licking her lips, and pressing her tits against the wire grid of her cage. After her shower, Maria dressed in the outfit Foxx had laid out: five inch heeled thigh-high leather boots, black thigh-high stockings, a fitted lycra-cotton skirt and a skin tight top with a neckline that plunged deep between her breasts, pulled together with laces. The top revealed a great deal of the top and sides of her breasts. She was allowed a jacket over top, but it was not large enough to fully cover her, and Foxx

had removed all the buttons from her jackets, so they would fall open as she moved anyway. She was ready to go and was gathering her things, eager to get away from Denise, trying to avoid whatever might happen as a result of these new and unwelcome emotions.

Foxx's voice stopped her, before she could lay a hand on the doorknob, "One more thing, Maria, you're outfit isn't quite complete yet."

She stopped and turned back to him. With a smile and a small finger gesture, he drew her back to him. He guided her back into her room, and back into view of caged Denise. She was still locked in, stripped, and clearly still in heat. Foxx guided Maria to stand about two feet from Denise's cage, facing away from her.

"Bend over, slut," was his simple command. She leaned forward at the waist, pausing once she had her body at about ninety degrees, her hands on her knees. "More," he said. She leaned even further, surprising herself a bit with her flexibility until her hands reached down to softly grip her ankles. Foxx used his feet to nudge at the inside of her ankles, so she spread her legs farther, as much as the tight skirt would allow. Rather than accept this, Foxx just took hold of the hem of the skirt and hiked it up to her waist and spread her legs farther. Bent over as she was, Maria was now looking back at Denise in her cage, and she blushed to a deep red. Denise's eyes were as wide as saucers, looking up at Maria's very well displayed cunt and ass. She looked like drool was going to start pouring out of her mouth, and her flesh was pushed up against the side of her cage. She seemed like an animal in heat. The humiliation of it only increased as Maria realized that was likely exactly how she herself looked while feeling the primal urge to suck those tits into her mouth.

What shocked her out of this contemplation was the sudden aching stretch of Foxx filling the tightness of her ass with a plug. She moaned as he twisted and pushed it into her. She felt a bit of lubrication over it, but not enough in her opinion. Of course Denise's eyes seemed full of wicked glee to see her stuffed full like this. Finally, when she felt she was about to split in half, there was a small reprieve as the widest part of the plug popped into her. Her own body now held the toy tight inside her. A hand on her shoulder guided her back upright. Foxx tugged down her skirt once more and slapped her on the ass. "There you go my little whore. That ought to keep you thinking of me and Denise and of what exactly you are." And he sent her to work.

Every step of the short walk to work was a new torture. Each stride reminded her of the plug stuffing her ass full. Foxx's choice of a skirt was tight enough to also force her into short strides, and each step caused the plug to tease her further. At least being away from Denise seemed to calm her unwelcome new desires. As she walked to work, trying not to let the plug affect her stride too visible, she cautiously looked around and was pleased to find that she at least did not ache to suckle every breast she saw.

Finally at work, she settled into what was becoming a new routine. She faced an audience in the various corridors as she made her way to her office. With her new breasts and revised wardrobe choices of late, her entry each morning had become something of an event, with both men and women trying to act nonchalant as their eyes moved over every inch of her. Maria couldn't do anything but try to pretend nothing was unusual but she felt the heat rise in her cheeks every time. Today she was sure she even saw one of her male employees lick his lips as his eyes scanned down to the exposed flesh between her full breasts.

During the balance of the day, she would keep to office as much as possible, and as such she only had to deal with her assistant Deb. Deb would try to be discreet as she took in the changes, and to date she had never asked about any of it. As Maria waved her quick greetings to her this morning, she found herself doing a not-too-subtle double take before ducking into her office. It seemed that Deb was taking Maria's new dress code to heart. In a change from her traditional conservative suits and sweaters, it seemed that she had chosen a much lower cut of top than usual. Of course, compared to the getup that Maria found herself in, Deb still seemed like a nun, but it was quite a change for her. The cut of that top, or perhaps a new choice of bra, even had Deb's breasts looking a bit larger.

With the morning gauntlet of leering workers and Deb's new top, it was almost enough to make Maria forget about her plugged ass. However, it was brought back to the front of her mind again the moment she sat down. She moaned out loud as it pushed deeper into her aching ass. "What a week this is going to be," she sighed to herself.

Work was becoming less and less a refuge for Maria. Foxx continued his use of toys on her, tormenting her and keeping her aroused each day. He alternated between the plug in her ass and strapping a dildo in her sex. The plug was a humiliating and aching sensation for the entire day, but the dildo was a different kind of torture as it kept her horny and wet all day long. The dildo was held inside her with the use of locking leather straps, and she knew that if it wasn't locked, she'd quickly be the toy to drive herself to a much needed orgasm. As it was, she was forced to simmer all day long.

Finally it was Friday and her outfit consisted of a plunging leather halter top showing a great expanse of the flesh of her D cup breasts. It closed with a zipper of the front and a brightly shining ring at the top of the zipper was constantly swaying and drawing more stares. As well, hidden underneath the matching leather skirt she wore was a particularly large dildo filling her with aching need with every motion. She caught herself hungrily looking down the top of Deb's latest blouse when she had come in to get letters signed. At it wasn't even lunchtime yet.

She had to find some way to distract herself she chose one of the more detailed reports awaiting her review with the hope of filling her mind with

those details instead. She moved to the couch to get as comfortable as she could with that toy locked up inside her. The specifics of the report battled inside her head with the sensations of her body. She rubbed her eyes, trying to concentrate, and instead just drifted off to sleep.

Maria drifted awake, her mind taking in the sensations of her body. She moved her body a touch, enough to realize she was back in her cage, feeling the now-familiar padding beneath her and the restrictions in movement that its small size dictated. Something seemed to be rustling, but she didn't give it too much thought for the moment. She felt a bit of an ache in her jaw and a healthy amount of drool, and as her fingers slid up to her face she found that she was locked into a bit gag, with a rubber bar held tight between her teeth. Its leather harness not only pulled the bit back, but also wrapped over and around her head. She sighed as she had learned to hate this type of gag. Not only did it keep her mouth open and keep her from speaking, but she was unable to avoid constant drooling.

Maria had avoided opening her eyes partly from sleepiness, but also out of fear that the Denise might be caged beside her as an unavoidable object of lust for her. She didn't hear any breathing, so she decided to risk it. Her immediate reaction was a scream, muffled by the gag. She wasn't caged in her room, but instead in the middle of her office. Other than her wrist and ankle cuffs, her collar and the gag, she was completely naked. Lengths of chain linked each of her cuffs to a corner of the cage. Her mind began to race in panic. Deb or anyone else could walk in at any minute. How the hell would she explain this? She was stripped and dressed up like some kind of sex slave, chained like an animal in a cage. Fuck, she didn't even know if she had done this to herself!

Maria tried to calm down and to pace her thoughts. "First things first", she thought, "what time is it? Hell, what day is it?" She strained to move inside the cage and look around her office. The clock showed 2 o'clock, and there was sunlight outside, so she knew it was the afternoon, just not which day. She listened close, and it was just too quiet outside her door. It must be the weekend, she determined, as the normal weekday buzz of conversations, phones ringing and workings strolling and chatting would be perceptible. There was at least one blessing; now she hoped she just had to worry about the cleaning staff finding her this way.

Maria knew this cage well enough by now to know that there was no getting out of it until she was let out. This only added to her frustration. There was nothing she could do but wait. With the chains locked onto her cuffs, she couldn't even properly cover herself. And what could she hope for? She didn't want to be found by anyone from the office or anyone from the cleaning staff. And having Foxx arrive would only mean even further humiliation and use of her body to tease her or please him.

She was jerked out of her daze by a knock on her door. Her body tingled and shook. Gagged, she couldn't answer if she wanted to. She wasn't about to invite anyone in, but she couldn't keep them out either. Her eyes,

wide as saucers, were trained on the door handle. After another knock and timid “hello,” the door started to slowly open. Maria tried to cover herself as much as she could, but it was a futile exercise. Her mind raced for explanations she might use.

In walked Denise. She burst into a broad smile and strolled into the office, closing the door behind her. She was dressed in a slutty costume version of a secretary’s attire. Her spike heels were at least five inches tall, and she wore black stockings held high by garters. Her skintight black latex skirt was so short that it barely covered her ass and left a good three or four inches of bare flesh visible above the tops of the stockings. From Maria’s vantage point on the floor, she could also tell that Denise had not bothered with panties. Denise’s DD cup breasts were held very high and full by a red lace bra that didn’t quite manage to cover her stiff nipples. The crisp white blouse she wore over it seemed just to accentuate them. It was open so low that the bra was clearly exposed and was so tight that it could not possibly be buttoned over those mounds in any case. To complete the outfit, she wore bright red lipstick with fingernails painted to match. A small briefcase swayed in her right hand.

“Hi, pet,” Denise cooed, “you look sooooo pretty in your little cage.” Maria could only blush, forcing her eyes to the ground. She was humiliated by her predicament but also by the unwanted desires that filled her as soon as she drank in each of Denise’s curves.

Denise set her things down on Maria’s desk and approached the cage. Pulling a key from the deep crevice between her breasts, she unlocked Maria’s cuffs and then the cage. She attached a leash to Maria’s collar and with a tug urged her out onto the carpeted floor. Crawling on all fours, following close behind Denise, Maria was led over to the seating area. She couldn’t stop herself from stealing glances at Denise’s tight ass swaying in the tight skirt.

“Stay still, pet,” Denise commanded as she reached out to gather up her bag once more. She drew out a couple of two-foot-long wooden dowels that seemed to have metal rings on the ends. Their use became clear as Denise knelt down and locked them between Maria’s cuffs. She was now trapped on all fours, the dowels holding her wrists and ankles apart. To complete this latest humiliation, Denise added leather straps just above Maria’s knees and with a third bar similarly pulled and held her thighs apart. Next, Denise pulled out a short length of rope. At first, Maria only felt fiddling at the gag’s straps at the top of her head and at the back of her collar, but then the rope was drawn tight and her head was pulled back. She had no choice now but to look ahead.

As she watched Denise slide a tape into her VCR and grab the remote control, Maria realized with resignation that of course she was pointed at the TV. Denise just giggled and dropped onto the sofa directly behind her. Maria moaned, knowing she was so widely spread open before Denise, and in real fear of what the tape would show her. Bound up as she was she

couldn't even turn away. Maria heard the drop of Denise's shoe hit the floor and felt her stocking-coved foot tease at the inside of her spread thighs as the TV flickered to life.

Maria saw herself sitting and working behind her desk. It must have been Friday, as she was wearing that leather halter. Seeing it on tape, Maria was mortified how much of her cleavage was displayed. At that zipper just seemed to be begging to be pulled down. As the tape continued, she watched herself stop working, and pull open a drawer in her desk. She pulled out long black latex gloves and drew them on, smoothing them out as they extended past her elbows. Then she stood and walked out from behind the desk. Bound on the floor, Maria let out a gag-muffled gasp as she saw that her on-screen persona had clearly changed since Friday morning. Gone were her skirt and heels, replaced by knee-high spike heeled boots, black latex elbow-length gloves and a pair of latex hot pants tight enough to show the rings piercing her labia. She hopped up onto the front of her desk and reached back to grab the phone. As she dialed, one hand went up to tug the zipper of her top down a few inches, exposing even more of her breasts.

Maria's eyes were wide in disbelief, seeing herself act and dress this way at work, in her own office. It was bad enough to have been caged here, but it seemed so much worse to see herself dressing so wantonly, flaunting herself in that outfit. And as she squirmed on the floor under the teasing touch of Denise's fingers and toes, drooling around her gag, she knew it would only get worse.

On the screen she watched herself dial the phone and wait for an answer. Oh god, who would they make her call?

"Deb, could you please come in here?" Oh dear god, not that!

Moments later, Deb came into the office. She closed the door behind her by instinct and had gotten about two strides more into the office before she froze, finally seeing Maria perched and displayed on her desk.

"Oh, Ms. Delacruz, I'm sorry... ummm... what?" The poor girl was clearly in shock.

The on-screen Maria clapped her gloved hands together. "Don't worry, sweet Deb, I'll explain everything. Just relax."

It was clear that Deb was anything but relaxed, but she froze in place, dropping her notepad as her arms drifted down to her sides. Without another word, Maria clapped her gloved hands together twice. The camera turned back to Deb, though at first nothing seemed to be happening. After a few moments though, it became obvious what the clap had triggered. Deb's breasts were growing visibly. Deb's eyes shot down to her own chest, as she could obviously feel it, but she didn't seem able to move any other part of her body. Her breasts just kept growing, filling her top and

straining against the cups of her bra. Finally, her bra could bear no more and the clasp gave way. Her breasts didn't stop but pushed more and more at the straining buttons of her blouse. One by one, the buttons started to pop and the mounds of flesh flowed out. When it finally stopped, they were at least EE cups, firm, with perfect pink nipples, standing out more nearly an inch, and Deb's top was torn beyond repair around them.

"I've noticed you staring at my tits ever since they got enlarged, Deb, so I thought you'd like some new ones yourself." As she spoke, Maria reached out to grab Deb's erect nipples and she pinched them hard. The reaction was instant and you could see Deb's body shiver from head to toe. "You'll notice that they are very sensitive too, Deb, and that teasing them alone is enough to give you the best orgasm you've ever had." One more, Maria pinched and pulled at the girl's breasts, causing another wave of pleasure and visible spasm.

"Now I'll show you the rest." Maria continued, and with the help of a pair of scissors she stripped Deb. Her ruined top and bra as well as her skirt and panties were soon just pieces of tattered fabric scattered around her. It was now evident that the change had been to more than just her breasts. Deb's body was now wickedly curved, her belly tight and smooth, her ass was rounded and firm. Any hair she might have had below her neck was long gone, and the lips of her cunt seemed full and swollen. Topping it all off were still the remarkable breasts, swelling out from her chest so full and round. Maria's gloved hands roamed all over them.

Deb seemed to drift in a daze, amazed by the changes, and delighted. Her hands moved beneath her new breasts, holding them up, bouncing them. She stared to pinch and tease her own nipples, and was rubbing her free hand between her legs. Then with another clap of Maria's hands, Deb's arms slid back into place at her sides. Maria approached her holding a large black marker in her fingers. The camera captured the malicious glee as Maria began to use the marker on Deb's body. She wrote, "Suck my titties" across her chest; "I love to suck pussy" across the small of her back and "I am Maria's whore" soon decorated her belly. Maria moved back to the edge of the desk to admire her work. Deb didn't seem to have the presence of mind to register humiliation; instead she seemed to be trapped in a lusty daze.

Leaning back against the edge of the desk, Maria tugged down her pants. She spread her legs wide and snapped her fingers. Still in her daze, Deb approached and dropped onto her knees. It was hypnotizing to watch her mammoth breasts bounce as she moved. With clear hunger, Deb pushed her face between Maria's spread legs and began to devour her.

Watching this transpire, bound on the floor, Maria was mortified. She had fought to keep her humiliation as much of a secret as she could, but now she'd be made to seduce and humiliate her own assistant. Mixing with these emotions were others that she fought futilely against. On the sofa behind her, Denise was now working at her dripping cunt with both hands,

causing her to moan and squirm in her bonds. At least that provided cover for the building lust Maria was feeling watching the tape.

On screen, the dressed and domineering Maria was also clearly enjoying the changed Deb. Her fingers were entwined in Deb's hair, pulling her closer and tighter. Maria's head was rolling back and her moans joined the sounds of Deb's eager slurping. After a few minutes of Deb's ministrations Maria pushed her backwards, guiding her right onto her back on the floor. Maria kneeled over her and lowered her cunt to Deb's lips and tongue. Her gloved hands teased and slapped at Deb's full breasts. As Maria writhed on top of Deb's face, she gathered up a rather large vibrator, covered all over with raised nubs, and plunged it into Deb's dripping pussy. As she rode Deb's mouth and tongue, she started to steadily and quickly fuck her with the toy. The moans of the two of them were growing in volume and intensity. God knows what anyone passing by outside that door would have thought.

Suddenly the moans turned into gasping and screaming. Both girls on screen were cumming hard. Lost in the world of the taped scene, Maria, bound on all fours, barely noticed Denise moving behind her. Not until she felt her cunt rammed full of an eight inch vibrating dildo. In seconds her groans were echoing those on the tape. Maria had gotten so aroused watching herself use Deb and the her mammoth tits, those fleshy balloons swaying and bouncing, that she came in seconds, gushing her juices around the toy Denise drove into her.

As she came down she was in a daze. She continued to drool helplessly around her gag as she watched the end of the tape. On screen, Deb still in her trance, was given just a tiny pair of satin shorts and a white tank top at least two sizes too small. The fabric of the top strained over the orbs of her breasts and her stiff nipples were making small tents in the fabric. Maria's markings on Deb's flesh were all clearly visible. Maria simply kissed her hard on the lips, slapped her ass, and told her to go home. The tape ended.

Maria could barely think. Denise locked her back in her cage, including re-locking all four cuffs to the cage, so that she was stuck in her position of kneeling on all fours. To additionally humiliate her, Denise had left the dildo pushed into her cunt. Now what was she going to do? Would Deb remember what happened? How much would she remember? What would Maria say? Had anything happened to her on the way home? It seemed like the beginning of the end - Foxx was now humiliating her at work, using her right in her own office, and using her staff.

Maria was back where she started the day - stripped, locked up, and caged. Of course, now it was worse, and the large dildo pushed inside her would be the first thing seen by anyone coming in - Denise had thoughtfully turned the cage around to ensure that. She was caged and helpless, losing complete control of her life, as the sun set outside and she was left in darkness. Finally, emotionally and physically spent, she drifted to sleep.

Maria slowly woke. Her eyes snapped open. She was relieved to find that she was at home - stripped, cuffed, collared and caged, but at least at home. She shook her head at what her life was becoming. Foxx entered a few minutes later to release her from her cage and uniform and to allow her to shower. She relished the feel of the hot water and soap on her flesh, as she stank from sweat and her own juices.

After a good twenty minutes, she reluctantly forced herself to leave the shower. Foxx entered while she was toweling off. He tossed her some clothes.

“Put those on, pet, you’ve got an errand to run,” he said, smirking at her.

She looked at the outfit and silently sighed. Of course there were no panties or bra. She slid on the pants, which stretched over her curves. They rode very low and they closed with laces above her pussy. The top was a bright red spaghetti strapped tank top that left her belly exposed and stretched tight across her breasts. The fabric teased her pierced nipples and they stiffened quickly. Lastly she slipped her feet into the strappy black heels he’d chosen.

There were tears forming in Maria’s eyes as she looked at herself in the mirror. She turned to Foxx. “What errand do you want me to do like this?”

“Why, groceries, of course,” he laughed as he handed her a list and tucked a couple folded \$20’s into her top. “Though, I’m not sure I like the fit of that top on you. Do you?”

Maria looked down at her breasts, pushed upward by the tight top. “No, not really,” she replied.

“It’s agreed then, and I’ll fix that,” Foxx declared and led her out to the living room. Rather than select a new top, he went to his computer, open on the dining room table. After a few keystrokes, Maria felt her breasts tingle, sending a wave of pleasure through her body. She felt the top tighten rather than loosen. Foxx just smiled and licked his lips as her breasts grew, stretching her top even more obscenely. When the tingling stopped, she gathered she was at least another cup size larger. She could feel the increased weight of them, and her nipples tingled even more agonizingly as the top was that much tighter. The neckline had been tugged down farther, exposing even more of her smooth curving flesh.

Foxx clearly liked the change, and Maria could see the bulge building in his jeans. Rather than act then on his arousal, he simply turned her to see herself in the mirror, and then pushed her out the door. “Don’t come back without the groceries, pet,” he stated firmly, and the door closed and locked.

Maria found herself locked out in the hall before she had really had time to take it all in. Her body was still tingling and dealing with the fact that once

again her breasts and gown, not to mention how she barely fit in her clothing. Her eyes darted up and down the hall as she became aware of her surroundings enough to realize she'd better avoid her neighbors. Not wanting to risk the elevator like this, she ducted into the stairway. After about one flight, she realized that this may not have been a great idea either, as her DD breasts were bouncing madly with the rhythm of her descending the stairs. The motion was teasing her nipples mercilessly and they felt stiff enough to poke through her top. But there was no way she was going to expose herself in this costume to anyone who might call the elevator, so she soldiered on. She felt like a fool, but she found that if she held her own breasts tight in her hands, she could reduce their bouncing.

This was the sluttiest she'd been dressed in public, and people took notice as soon as she reached the sidewalk. Men of all ages were blatantly staring. Women looked at her with disgust. Finally reaching a small market, she tried to locate the groceries on the list as quickly as possible. At least two male teenagers had followed her inside and were eagerly taking in each move of hers. She heard them groan out loud when she leaned down to select one item from the bottom shelf.

Finally she had all the items and made her way to the cash. With everything totaled up, the bill was just over \$25. She reached into her top for the cash, drawing a wide-eyed stare from the young man working the till. After an embarrassing few moments trying to locate the bills, she tugged them out. Unfolding them, she cursed silently. Foxx had only given her two ten dollar bills. She was short.

"I don't have enough," was all she could mutter.

"Um, can you put something back?" the teenager responded, his eyes never leaving her breasts.

"No, I can't." Maria didn't dare come home without everything on the list.

"Well, I dunno then," was his dazed response.

Maria felt close to panicking. More and more eyes were on her. The clerk was entranced by her nipples, and the two that had followed her in were drinking in her profile as she shifted her weight back and forth from one leg to the other. Finally she did the only thing she could think of. She grabbed the bottom of her top and yanked it up. Her breasts sprang out, her nipples diamond hard, her gold rings glinting. The clerk nearly fell right off his feet. Grabbing the bag of groceries, she ran out of the store, fighting to get herself covered once more as she fled out onto the street.

Running back into her building, she realized she had no keys with her, and had to buzz up to get back in. Foxx made her wait, and insisted she hold each grocery item in turn to the security camera. Tears were flowing down her face by the time he let her back inside. Once inside her apartment finally, she dropped the groceries and simply collapsed in tears.

When she opened her eyes again, she was back in her cage. She felt rested, so she guessed that it was a new day. To her dismay, her breasts had remained at the larger size. She knew something else was bugging her, but she couldn't quite pinpoint it. She figured it was just leftover anxiety from her humiliation yesterday.

The clothing selected by Foxx wasn't too bad. The skirt was tight, but at least it was knee length. The top had a low cut scalloped neckline and buttoned up the front. It was fitted to her form, of course, and hugged her full breasts from below and displayed the swells of flesh like a dessert platter for horny men. She gathered her things and waited at the door for Foxx. As per his new ritual, he selected a silicone butt plug, lightly lubricated it, and wiggled it into her asshole as she moaned. Then her skirt was smoothed down once more and she was off.

Walking to work, fending off the usual batch of catcalls and whistles, she still couldn't get that nagging feeling out of her mind. She arrived early, before most others, so she felt rather thankful as she settled into her office without running into anyone.

After about a half hour, she heard a timid knock on her door and saw it creak open.

"May I come in, Ms. Delacruz?" Deb almost whispered.

She stepped inside. As soon as she saw Deb's mammoth EE cup breasts enter her office, a good half step before Deb did, it all came crashing back into Maria's mind. Deb had clearly tried to dress conservatively, but there was no hiding those tits. She remembered watching them grow so full they tore open her clothes, she remembered cutting Deb's clothing, she remembered using her on the floor. Maria sat in her chair, speechless, unable to react as the girl came forward. Her eyes were full of fear and confusion, emotions Maria remembered all too clearly.

"Ms. Delacruz, I just don't know what happened," Deb nearly wept. "I woke up at home, I don't know how I got there, and my body was like this! And I was wearing, oh god, it was terrible, so small. And... um... I found horrible writing on my body, and, ummm... I had your name on me, Ma'am." Deb was stammering, clearly ashamed of what she was saying, of how she was exposing herself. "And, I don't know, Ma'am, but you seemed different lately too, so I was just hoping you could tell me what's happening to me."

Maria had no idea how to start. How do you explain to your assistant that just because she works for you, some man is going to take over her life and body and use her as his plaything? She didn't think she could form the words. Before she could try, the door to her office closed. Both Maria's and Deb's eyes shot over to it, and there was Foxx.

“Deborah my dear, don’t you worry, I can explain everything. To start with, if anyone asks you about your new breasts, which you will always refer to as ‘tits, jugs or hooters’, you’ll just tell them that you wanted yours to be as big as your bosses. Speaking of them, before we continue, why don’t you both show Mr. Foxx your lovely tittes, and I’ll make everything clear.”

Both Maria’s and Deb’s eyes shot wide open. While they both showed signs of the intense humiliation they felt, Maria’s also indicated anger where Deb’s were just filled with confusion. Neither, however, were able to stop their own hands from tearing open their blouses and exposing their full, bouncing breasts.

CHAPTER 4

Before either woman really knew what was happening, they were standing facing each other, topless in Maria's office, their own hands having torn open their blouses. Deborah's eyes were full of confusion and growing fear. Maria's face was quickly reddening. She couldn't believe she was now displayed like this before her assistant, and the memories of what they'd done together were still pouring back. Even now, ashamed and mortified that Deb had been drawn into this, she felt her pussy heat and moisten and she had to fight to keep her eyes off of Deb's full breasts. God, they were so large and firm, the nipples so stiff and long.

Foxx's self-satisfied voice brought her out of the spiraling lust for the moment.

"Turn to face me, girls," he commanded simply. Once again Maria felt her body respond without her command. She was sure that Deb was similarly paralyzed and in Foxx's control.

"Deb, my dear, since this is probably very new to you I'll give you a brief explanation. Though a certain computer program and the power it gives me, I can completely control you and Maria, or anyone else I choose for that matter. That includes your body and your mind. I've firmed up and added some curves to your body and of course enlarged your tits to a healthy EE cup. Don't worry, they'll stay nice and firm and I've made sure your back can handle it. You'll only need a bra for occasional decoration, not for support. I hope that answers your immediate questions, Deb, because I need to talk to your boss for a bit." With that, Foxx snapped his fingers, and Deb's eyes closed and her head dipped just a bit. She seemed sound asleep standing up.

"Now Maria, I've got a bit more to tell you. But since you'll just be listening, why don't you give me a bit of a distraction while I talk. Please cross your wrists behind your back." Maria's body complied without her agreement. "Good," Foxx continued, "now, you're going to lean forward nice and close and suck on little Debbie's nipples while I talk. I saw you eyeing them."

Foxx laughed out loud as he watched Maria comply. At least Maria could hold onto the excuse that she had no choice, but as much as it shamed her, she knew that her body was aching to get her lips and teeth on Deb's dark firm nipples. She felt her own breasts shift as she leaned forwards to start sucking - god, she was still not used to the latest increase of her own cup size. Once her lips were locked around Deb's right nipple, sucking at it like a feeding infant, Foxx started to speak again.

"Now, it started as just a fun idea to have you fuck your assistant in your office, but I've decided to go a little farther. Deb here is going to get to keep this new body of hers, tits and all, for good. Those boobs, nipples and her hairless cunt are going to be very sensitive too. Nearly any touch will get

her horny and ready to fuck-and she'll love to fuck too. She's going to love dressing like a slut and showing off her tight little body and her fantastic tits. She's going to develop a particular fondness for all kinds of sex toys. She'll be bi-sexual, with a particular love of the taste of both male and female cum on her lips." Foxx paused while Maria involuntarily switched to Deb's left nipple, the right one slurping out of Maria's mouth rock hard, marked with her lipstick and standing out nearly an inch.

"Deb will become a complete slut, dressing and acting the part, loving to suck and fuck more than anything else. However, unlike you, she's not going to know that she was ever any different. She'll be as happy as a clam. You however, Maria, my own sweet whore, will know everything. Every time you see her come into the office in outfits that would embarrass Christina Aguilera, every time you see her duck out of a closet wiping a co-workers cum off her face, every time she invites you to see her dance at some strip club's amateur night, you'll know that she's a little tramp, because of you. Hell, maybe you can take pleasure in the fact that she'll be happier than she's ever been."

Maria's eyes were filled with tears even as she cursed herself for the pleasure sucking on the poor girls breasts was giving her. Deb was only 22, and just because she happened to work for Maria, this was happening to her. What kind of life would she have now?

"Stand up, Maria," commanded Foxx. Deb's left nipple popped out of Maria's mouth as she stood. "Now if you'll be so good to give Deb the rest of the day off, she and I have some shopping to do for her new wardrobe."

Foxx snapped his fingers twice, and Deb awoke. It wasn't the same Deb, Maria could see it instantly. First of all, her previous expressions of fear and embarrassment had vanished. Deb looked down and saw her breasts exposed as well as Maria's and just took it all in while an eager smile.

"Now Debbie," Foxx said, turning to her, "are you ready for some shopping?"

"Oh yes, yes please, Mr. Foxx," was her giggling reply.

"Oh, and Debbie dear, please look at Ms. Delacruz's titties." Deb gazed directly at them without a trace of self-consciousness or any indication that anything was strange. Maria ached to cover herself up but Foxx still had her body frozen. "Debbie, have a close look; would you like your nipples pierced like that?" Foxx asked.

It mortified Maria as Deb moved close to her, her fingers extending to tease and touch Maria's nipples and their rings, lifting and tugging at them before squealing, "Oh yes please!"

“Good, let’s do that too,” smiled Foxx, “and your belly button and maybe even some more jewelry lower down.”

“Oh goodie!” the new Deb giggled back. She closed maybe one or two buttons of her blouse, just covering her erect nipples, as Foxx led her out. He offered Maria a wink over his shoulder as he closed the door.

Maria was left paralyzed for a few minutes after Foxx left. She was helpless, standing in the middle of her office facing the door with her huge breasts out for all to see. And of course, between the teasing of the plug in her ass and the humiliatingly arousing experience of sucking on those wonderful tits of Deb’s, her cunt was practically dripping her nectar down her thighs.

Finally Maria felt control seep back into her muscles. She turned and buried her head in her hands, tears flowing fast now. Was Deb doomed to this? Was she herself? God, she used to hope there was some way out of Foxx’s web, but things just seemed to be getting worse. Every day seemed to bring a new humiliation for her, and now, for those around her.

Maria stumbled back to her desk; maybe she could just push it all of her mind for a bit and try to do some work. At least she still had her company-for now. One thing Foxx hadn’t said out loud was that he could also do to her what he’d done to Deb-make her into some mindless bimbo that didn’t know any better. Maria went back and forth as to whether she was better off knowing or not. She was in near constant torment, moving from one humiliation to another, always afraid of who might see her in the various outfits or activities she’d been put into. And that was only with the things that she knew about. But in each video or beautifully framed photograph in her own home, she looked like she couldn’t be happier. Was slut-Maria better off than her? Maria asserted with everything she could that it wasn’t true, but she couldn’t get the thought out of her head that at least her alternate self was having a better time, not to mention getting laid a lot more than her.

Feeling her bare breasts touch the cool surface of her desk, Maria realized that she’d forgotten to re-button her blouse. Her face burned, thinking for what seemed like the millionth time, “what if someone had seen me.” Maria cursed when she realized she’d torn off the top two buttons with Foxx’s command to open it so quickly. The buttons were relatively close together, but the highest button still attached was now just above the level of her nipples. And with her breasts now a full DD the top was tight and pulling open. God, would she ever get used to having so much flesh exposed?

Unfortunately for Maria, she certainly wasn’t used to it yet. With Deb away, people with business or questions or comments for Maria would poke their head right into her office and come right in. Every single one seemed to look immediately down at the vast expanse of cleavage that Maria’s top offered, thanks to the broken buttons. A couple of the men

even stammered and stuttered before being able to force out what they came for. By the end of the day word had gotten around, and the men were stopping by nearly every fifteen minutes. And each time Maria was mortified by how exposed she was for them, her plugged ass squirming in her chair. With each visit she feared even more that she was being seen as nothing more than the pair of tits on display.

With the day finally over, Maria made the walk home. Especially after a day as long as that, she was tired and her plugged ass was aching. It affected her stride and her breasts were nearly jiggling their way right out of her top. She hoped for a quiet night, but that dream quickly faded seeing the hungry look on Denise's face as soon as she opened the door, with Foxx's mischievous grin right behind it. As soon as she was stripped of her skirt and blouse in the foyer as commanded, she was collared and cuffed. Foxx led her by her leash to the large coffee table. He laid her on her back across it, and used rope to trap her ankle cuffs to the table's legs, pulling her thighs wide open. Her wrist cuffs were linked together and bound over her head. Foxx spread her mouth wide open with a dental gag and then presented her as a gift to Denise.

Denise played with her like a toy on Christmas morning. Her hands were all over Maria. She squeezed and kneaded her breasts; she spent time pinching and tugging at her nipples and rings. She poked and prodded the base of Maria's butt plug, then exchanged it for one even larger, that Maria soon discovered also vibrated. If there was anywhere other than Maria's breasts that Denise gave more attention, it was her pussy. Denise rubbed at it, licked it, kissed it, and gave it the attention of at least three different vibrators. Maria moaned and ached, her body overcome with sensation, straining against her bonds, pushed to orgasm again and again. Playtime went on for about two and half hours. By the time it was over, the smell of sweat and sex filled the room, and Foxx had filled up two rolls of film. At then end, Denise on all fours over her, grinding her cunt onto a rubber dildo held in Maria's mouth, sucking on Maria's clit while her fingers squirmed inside both Maria's cunt and ass. With her fifth orgasm of the evening, Maria finally passed out.

Another week dragged on for Maria. Each day the now constantly happy Deb would display herself and her new body in tiny, tight outfits. Each seemed more scandalous than the last. The men and women of the office got a very good look at Deb's new curves. Not only did Maria feel a constant guilt over her condition, but the constant visions of Deb's exposed cleavage or skirts that barely covered her shapely ass worked in wicked tandem with the toys Foxx would send her to work filled with to keep her wet and horny all day long.

And if it wasn't enough to see Deb just outside her office every day, Foxx would constantly email her lurid photographs of her assistant's new activities in her free time. From those, Maria knew that Deb's nipples were in fact pierced, as was her navel and clit hood. As well, it seemed that she had a bright silver chain permanently dangling between those two

rings, with a larger loop in the centre what was sometimes also linked down to chains in her navel or pussy rings. Of course she was also kept hairless below the neck. She now sported tattoos on her flesh as well. The image of a pair of handcuffs decorated her belly with the chain artfully tracing through the ring she wore in her navel. At the small of her back, usually visible above the waist of her low riding pants, in flowing script was the ironic phrase "I'm a good girl." Above her pussy it said "I like boys AND girls" and a stylized "69" graced her ankle. One of Deb's favorite new fashion accessories seemed to be a black choker with the word SLUT in rhinestones at the front.

True to his word, Foxx had certainly given Deb a love of sex toys. In nearly every one of the photos she was giving a wicked and blissful smile as she sucked on this dildo or that, or while pushing one of an astonishing variety of playthings into her cunt or ass. She was getting help with them as well, it seemed, as in a few photographs Deb had been bound spread eagle on her bed with leather straps and the toys being used on her seemed to making more than just her happy, as her breasts, belly and face were marked with sticky strings of cum. The series that stuck most in Maria's mind were obviously taken at a bar, where Deb had entered herself in a wet t-shirt contest. With those enormous and firm breasts barely fitting into the top to begin with, she had walked away with prize, but not before tearing the top off before an enthusiastic crowd to allow her breasts to be gawked at, fondled, and signed with at least two different colors of marker. And through it all, Deb looked happier than Maria had ever seen her, or anyone else for that matter.

If there was any benefit to the new Deb, it was that the gawkers in the office had a new main attraction. Maria still drew a lot of looks when was seen, but Deb was seated out in the open and with even larger breasts in even smaller clothing, she drew the majority of looks and comments. Maria was filled with mixed emotions. While she was glad to have a few less eyes on her body, she would never have knowingly sacrificed someone else to save herself.

Maria also had to deal with the complaints of the other women in the office. Being the boss had insulated her from their ire when her own wardrobe had been modified, but with Deb showing more and more of herself there were two formal complaints filed in the first week from irate women disgusted by Deb's latest displays. Maria sympathized, but she couldn't help wondering what those same women were saying about her. In one flash of anger she almost wished Foxx on them, so they could see how it felt. In the end, all Maria could do was put them off, saying that the office had no formal dress code to enforce. She knew that behind her back they must be cursing her, since after all, in their eyes it was Maria herself that had started this trend in dressing like a cheap whore at work.

Maria went home Friday evening a bit surprised to be awake the full day. She was edgy the entire evening, just waiting for the other shoe to drop. Nothing out of the ordinary happened, to her surprise. Her only

humiliation before Foxx was being forced to eat her dinner out of a dog bowl at his feet. He had now done this a couple of times, and he seemed to get great pleasure out of it. Afterward, he locked her in her cage, and she was sound asleep by the time Denise arrived home for her bed time.

When Maria awoke, she noted Denise sleeping in her adjacent cage. Once freed and cleaned up, Maria was a little surprised to realize it was actually Saturday, but she didn't want to tempt fate by thinking about it too much. Once both women were up and showered, Foxx dressed them both in identical maid's costumes consisting of five inch heel locked on, fishnet stockings with garter belt, very short skirts over white ruffled petticoats, and sheer white blouses under tight black latex bustiers that cupped beneath their ample breasts. The way both pairs of breast pressed against the sheer fabric made the tops more of a decoration than clothing. Topping it off were white lace chokers and white lace trim for their leather ankle and wrist cuffs. They were both gagged with white rubber ball gags, and sixteen inch lengths of chain were locked between their ankle cuffs, restricting them to short shuffling strides. As an additional humiliation for Maria, Foxx had attached small silver bells to her nipple rings that swayed and tinkled with the smallest motion.

After giving them both a list of the chores he expected done, he slapped them both on the ass and departed. Gagged, they were unable to talk, so they mostly worked as instructed. Maria felt humiliated working in such a costume, and the combination of the tall heels and hobble chain made moving around a challenge. Additionally, Denise just wouldn't stop giggling around her gag each time she heard Maria's belled nipples sounding. As much as the costume humiliated Maria, seeing Denise in the identical predicament was maddeningly arousing. Throughout the day, Maria had to fight the unwanted urge to stare at Denise's wonderful tits so beautifully framed in lace and leather. She cursed herself each time she found herself drinking in the sight of Denise's legs and ass exposed when she leaned forward at the waist.

Foxx seemed pleased with their progress when he finally returned. As they were finishing off - Maria dusting the many shelves of sex toys that she could never remember using and Denise folding the last of the laundry - they could here Foxx setting up something in the living room. Curiosity and fear mixed inside Maria, but as she finished she felt that hiding away was only delaying the inevitable, so she re-joined Foxx and Denise in the living room.

Foxx had set up two of what looked like padded sawhorses with a couple of tripods off the sides of them. Before she had too much time to figure it out, both she and Denise were led towards them. Brought right up against it, Maria's ankles were released from the chain only to be pulled wide, spreading her legs, and the cuffs were locked to the legs of the sawhorse. Her wrists were drawn back behind her and her cuffs were locked together. Once immobilized this way, she waited while Foxx repeated the procedure with Denise.

Foxx returned his attention to Maria, releasing the link between her wrist cuffs only long enough to reconnect them in front and use them to pull her forward over the sawhorse, locking the cuffs to a short length of chain at the base. Lengths of rope were attached to the sides of her gag and were fasted to something out of her view (she assumed it was the top of the sawhorse) and they were tightened enough to pull her head up, facing straight forward as she was bent over. Her face was flushed, not only from the uncomfortable position, but from knowing how clearly her ass and pussy must be displayed. With her head fixed in place, she couldn't see Foxx continue, but she assumed he was again repeating the humiliation on Denise.

Foxx temporarily moved away from both of them, leaving them uncomfortably bent forwards and testing their bonds. When he returned he rolled a pair of televisions on metal stands in front of both of them. Maria now knew one more reason her head was fixed tight, as she would have no choice but to face the TV. As Foxx turned on the set in front of her and the image came into view, she could tell that it was not a video this time, but rather a live close-circuit view of Denise, indeed trussed up just like she was, granted by a camera that was just off to her side, mounted on the tripod she had gotten a glimpse of. Beyond, she caught sight of herself as well, but she was mostly blocked by the squirming form of Denise. Again her mind was twisted - she knew that she looked just like Denise right now, bent over and helpless, and the shame of it was aching real, but she couldn't escape the lust she felt looking at Denise this way. Her mind was full of images of being able to bend down and push her tongue between Denise's spread legs. When Foxx knelt down to pull open Denise's top, letting her fleshy tits fall free, Maria felt a surge of thanks to him, even as just moments later she was horrified to hear her nipple bells chime as the act was repeated on her. But bound up tight as she was, all she could do was watch.

Both girls squirmed in their bonds. From the nature of the sounds and sights, Maria could tell that Denise was fighting her helplessness, but that she was spared the deep sense of humiliation that her own mind was filled with. Denise's only frustration seemed to be her inability to get at Maria. She continued to giggle as Maria's struggles shook her swaying breasts and rang her bells. And as Maria could only watch the massive orbs of Denise's breasts hanging and swaying, she felt the weight of her own. Even now, the weight and size of her own tits was something she couldn't quite get used to. On Denise somehow they seemed to be perfectly shaped orbs, but on her own body she could only see them as shamefully oversized and completely dominating her appearance.

The doorbell's chime shocked both Maria and Denise into silent stillness. Their eyes were wide, straining to move their heads to gain some view of who might be at the door. Foxx did not seem at all surprised and emerged from his room in dress pants and a crisp white shirt to open the door and greet his guests. Maria was in tears, her body shaking. Of course Foxx had

them cleaning all day; he was having a party. And she and Denise had been transformed into obscene decorations.

Maria could tell from their voices that the two guests that entered were men. As Foxx went to get them drinks, the two made their way quickly over to the two bound girls, laughing with gleeful disbelief at the sight they beheld.

“Oh god, look at those fine asses, bent over and ready,” one purred.

“Oh yeah, and look,” the other replied as he dragged his fingers up between Denise’s spread thighs, “these sluts are already wet and wanting.”

They were both still laughing as Foxx returned with their beer. Minutes later, two more men arrived. They too came over for lewd comments and groping while Foxx got their drinks.

All Maria could see was the television in front of her, where she could see each grope given to Denise. The five men were all behind them in the living room. At first they seemed to satisfy themselves with long looks, rude comments and passing gropes but it wasn’t long before Foxx brought out rolling carts full of toys for them to investigate. The carts were placed close behind each of them so that they were visible in the camera shot their vision was restricted to, and so it was made abundantly clear how the investigation of the toys would take place.

With a fresh drink in hand, one of the men approached and started with his hands roaming over Maria’s spread thighs and up to her ass. His fingers probed more intimately, and his enjoyment increased when he found her shaved pussy warm and wet - he assumed it was from his own presence. He used the cold neck of his beer bottle to take up some of Maria’s nectar before his next sip. He then reached around her body, squeezing her full dangling tits, shaking them and making her bells sound out. Maria was helpless but to moan loudly into her gag as he started to push one of the dildos on display up into her sex.

Her eyes shut tight as she felt the toy in his hands, pushing and stretching her as he spun it deep into her. Once it was fully inside her, he simply left it there and diverted his attention to Denise. Now at least Maria could watch him. Feeling the wide toy inside her, she felt her inner muscles gripping at it tightly as she watched the man’s hands now sliding over Denise’s flesh, up the insides of her thighs, over her ass, lifting her skirt up even higher. He reached down between her legs and pinched hard and her stiff nipples, shaking her breasts with them.

It was driving Maria mad - one minute all she could feel was the horror of being trapped like this and having some stranger see her exposed, not only naked but dressed up like a slut and bent over like a whore, the next minute she wanted to be him, to have her own hands roaming over Denise, touching that smooth flesh, or just to slide beneath her and suckle and

those tits. With a groan she realized that the dildo was sliding out of her and she couldn't stop it - she'd gotten soaking wet letting her imagination run wild. She fought to grip it again, but it was too late. Just as she watched a little egg shaped vibrator being popped into poor Denise's tight ass, the dildo slid out of her cunt with a wet slurp and fell to the floor.

"Ohhhh, not big enough for you, slutty?" he asked mockingly. Maria could feel her face burning. "Maybe something bigger then." Sure enough, he selected a dildo even larger than the last, covered with raised rings, and was guiding it slowly but surely up inside her. With a guttural laugh, he slapped her ass and returned to the others, leaving Denise groaning and swaying, the vibrator inside her working its magic, and leaving Maria in the embarrassing position of having the last three inches of a black rubber cock dangling out of her cunt.

The evening continued on this way for Maria and Denise. They would be left in a state of partial arousal with one toy or another never quite completing its job. Then the tormenter would leave them to view each other's predicament on their television screens while he got a fresh beer or just exchanged high-fives with his comrades, congratulating each other on their use of the party favors.

Their use got only faster and faster. Soon all of the guests were gathered around the girls, using two or more toys at once on each of them. Maria was near mad with lust after about an hour of this, panting around her gag as she felt a long thin vibrator dripping with thick lube pressed up into her tight ass while a thick, textured dildo was being moved in and out of her cunt with agonizing slowness. She could feel her juices drip down her spread thighs. Displayed in front of her, she saw the source of Denise's rumbling moans, as a vibrating plug had been pushed inside her ass, and her dripping pussy was receiving the attention of two men, one sliding another vibrator in and out of her while the other was working at her clit with another vibrator that was plugged into the wall.

Maria was being pushed and prodded farther beyond need and lust, the sensations of the toys working her physically while the image of Denise's similar ordeal tortured her imagination. But she was left on the edge, not able to arrive completely at an orgasm she now desperately craved. She was drooling madly around her gag, but part of her was thankful for it because she knew if her mouth were free she'd be screaming and begging for release.

Then all of a sudden it all stopped at once. The vibrators were shut off and slid out of them, the dildos as well were tugged wetly from them. The moan of desperation came in stereo from Maria and Denise at once.

Then Foxx was before them, and was removing Denise's gag. Once it was out of her, he asked her, "Denise, are you a slutty whore that needs to cumm?"

“Yessssss,” was her immediate response.

Maria was next. She was able to swallow once the gag was removed, and she felt his hands on her chin, drawing her eyes into his as he asked her, “Maria, are you a needy slut, with a dripping cunt, that begs us to be able to cum?”

There were tears in Maria’s eyes as she answered, but she knew there was no doubt of it - every inch of her body was screaming the answer to her mind. “Yes, I am,” the words babbled out of her.

“And are you two sluts going to let these men use you in order to get to cum?” Foxx continued to torment them. Both Maria and Denise answered quickly in the affirmative, though Maria’s eyes were now cast down to the floor.

The answer seemed to please all the men, as they quickly began to move. Before either woman knew exactly what was happening, there was a man both in front and behind them. Maria’s moan as she felt a man’s stiff cock push into her cunt was quickly stifled as another cock entered her mouth. The man she was now sucking on had pushed the television monitor aside but she was able to see it in the corner of her eye, and there was Denise being doubly penetrated as well.

Each thrust of the man behind Maria into her wet pussy drove her forward, not only her body against the sawhorse she was bound to, but also her mouth deeper onto the other man’s pulsing shaft. She could feel him so warm and full in her mouth. Her need was so great that she actually loved the feel real flesh inside her sex, but her mind still rebelled against sucking on this stranger’s cock. She had always thought the act was disgusting, not to mention the harsh salty taste. Her body’s needs overrode her mind though, and she sucked urgently on the member as it plunged into her mouth, pushing into the tightness of her throat.

The men, in their own way, seemed to be as eager as she felt, and they pumped into her with speed and urgency, their thrusts were deep and fast. Watching these two women teased with toys for so long had been more than enough foreplay for them. After a few minutes of the men pumping into her, Maria felt their member’s start to twitch. Seconds later, she felt the near simultaneous release of them both, feeling shaft inside her pussy spasming and shooting its load up into her and then feeling and tasting the explosion of cum into her mouth. Both kept pumping at her, driving their seed farther into her. Maria felt fingers tight in her hair, pulling her face closer to him, and the last shots of his cum were driven right down her throat before he slowly pulled out of her. Feeling both thick loads inside her, hearing the moans of Denise harmonize with her own, the full nature of her use flashing in her mind, she finally came. It hit her like a brick wall; she screamed and shook, rattling her bonds. Every muscle was tight, bright roaming stars appeared, and with a deep guttural moan, she passed out.

When she drifted awake she found she was still bound tight over the sawhorse, the taste of semen sharp in her mouth. She was gagged again, and the television was back in place in front of her. The camera had been moved back a bit, it seemed, and zoomed closer in, as the screen was full of Denise's tight ass exposed below her skirt, and cum was slowly oozing out of her. With the image before her, Maria mind made sense of her own senses, and realized with horror that she too was leaking the evidence of her use. Behind them were the sounds of the party breaking up, with men finishing their drinks with thanks for their host. Maria's whole body shook as she started to weep.

Maria was back in her cage when she woke. She recognized the sun's direction to be indicating morning. As she moved, she still sensed a bit of soreness in her muscles, but not as bad as she'd feared. Not long after she started to move around and wake fully, Foxx appeared and opened the cage. She didn't move to exit right away.

"Hurry it up, pet, another Monday awaits," he said while tapping on the side of cage.

Maria shook her head as she crawled out. Another Sunday gone, she cursed to herself.

The skirt Foxx had selected for her today was knee length latex, but was so tight that it restricted her stride as effectively as the hobble chain had. So tight as well, that Foxx was forced to strap in her dildo even before she even put it on. The black top was even worse. It had long sleeves and a high neckline but the fabric was completely sheer. Her swollen breasts, her dark nipples and most the gleaming rings that pierced them were clearly visible. The jacket she was allowed over it managed to cover her nipples and a bit more of her when it was closed, but she knew that it would be a constant struggle to stay decent.

One at the office, Deb's outfit put hers to shame. She was squeezed into a short, clingy red dress. The neckline plunged far down between her breasts and the deep V was pulled together by a metal ring sown into the fabric. A shiny chain was also visible, that some might think was part of the dress, but Maria knew it was the chain dangling between her nipple rings.

Deb cooed to her that she looked so beautiful today after looking her up and down from head to toe with a none-too-discrete lick of her lips. Along with her humiliation, Maria felt a fresh pang of guilt, seeing her assistant reduced to such a bimbo. She was aware that her arrival had sent a quiver of lust through Deb, much as seeing Deb's deep crevice of cleavage had affected her. In that dress, there was certainly no way for Deb to hide it as her nipples stiffened. But the look in Deb's eyes made it clear that hiding her arousal, or her body for that matter, was that furthest thing from her mind. Deb felt a twinge of pure pleasure each time she felt a pair of eyes roam over her tanned flesh. Maria's own body reacted with lust and her

thoughts turned to jealousy of the ignorant glee Deb enjoyed. She fled into her office.

Maria prepared to clear her mind and start work, but not five minutes later, Deb let herself in.

“What is it, Deb?” Maria inquired, irritated. It was hard enough to work with a dildo strapped into her cunt and essentially naked under her jacket, without having her mind jerked back to the urge to drag her tongue down the slit of that dress.

“A message from Master Foxx, Ma’am,” Deb replied in a throaty whisper. Deb moved closer, and as Maria went to push herself away from her desk she found that her body wasn’t responding. She was helpless but to sit there as Deb leaned in, straining her dress’s fabric further, and pushed the speakerphone button on Maria’s phone.

“Hello, Maria,” Foxx’s voice seemed to fill the room. “Debbie has some things to show you, so I’ve made sure you’ll do what she says. Be a good girl for her.”

He had barely finished speaking before Deb was behind Maria, sliding her jacket down off her shoulders. Maria’s eyes shot to the door, noticing that it wasn’t locked. She felt her heart pounding. Her attention was drawn back quickly, though, as Deb’s fingers were gripping at her right nipple, teasing it. The fingers that pinched at her stiffened bud slid off, but the sheer fabric was still trapped between them. Maria saw that Deb had scissors in her other hand, and she could only watch as Deb used them to cut at her top. As the scissors cut through the pinched fabric it released, leaving a small hole perfectly placed over Maria’s nipple. Deb giggled with glee and repeated the procedure at Maria’s left breast. Maria was able to look down to see her nipples stand out even more sharply, the rings gleaming out in the open.

Deb now turned her attention to the computer on Maria’s desk. She hopped up onto the desk, facing Maria, crossing her legs. Maria could see much more of her than she wanted to. Humming some tune and filled with glee, Deb gathered up the keyboard in her lap while Maria was left facing the screen. Deb opened up the internet browser and started typing in the address of a website. Even before the warning page flashed up identifying the site as pornographic, Maria realized that it was one of the sites she’d fired Foxx for visiting. ‘God,’ she thought, ‘that seemed like years and a whole world ago.’

Deb didn’t say anything to her, but seemed to just enjoy weaving her way through the site. It was immediately clear that the site focused on sex toys and fetish attire. The first images were all close-ups: a woman’s ass not at all covered by a tiny skirt, pussy lips swelling out of a skin-tight pair of crotchless panties, ample breasts squeezed into and out of a leather corset, a pair of thin wrists trapped tight in silver studded leather cuffs. They got

more and more graphic and erotic at the same time, and Maria could feel her juices flowing around the dildo trapped inside her. There were strap-on dildos being modeled, thin leather straps tight around the base of a woman's breasts - trapping them like full balloons, nipples so stiff, the flesh even beginning to redden, a wide variety of gags spreading painted lips. The images started to pull back, showing more toys and more settings: a woman's arms were trapped behind her and trapped from fingers to shoulders in a leather enclosure while she was lowering herself onto a dildo strapped onto another woman's thigh, a woman's gloved fist tugged at a silver chain attached to rings in another's pierced nipples pulling the full tits up, another woman trapped in a tight hogtie by gleaming white rope and leather straps.

Maria knew the truth long before the images showed her tattoo or her face. She was looking at herself, over and over. When the images finally did show faces and full bodies, she could see that some were her alone, some were her trussed up alongside Denise and others featured Deb. Maria wondered if it was some kind of irony or perverse joke that Deb was always dressed and acting in the role of Dominatrix in the photos. Perched on her desk, Deb was clearly enjoying the show. Her thighs were now spread, her dress riding very high. Now and again she would reach down to tease her own glistening lips. The smell of those juices filled Maria's nose.

Foxx was trying to drive her mad, she decided. She was frozen, inches away from Deb's writhing body. Somehow, with that damn software of his, Foxx had made her lust after women like Deb, and Denise, with every fiber of her being. Half of her was driven to distraction by the toy inside her, the erotic images and the very real slut her assistant had become that she ached to devour. The other half of her, however, was running quickly through all the possibilities for discovery and ruin. This was a public website, and she was spread all over it. It wasn't even some hidden porn site - each image proudly proclaimed that the toys being used for sale. Anyone could find this, and she'd never be able to live it down. All she had been able to salvage through her entire ordeal was that she'd been able to hang on to the little bit of her life that was the business she had fought to build. She didn't know how she could take such a public hit to her reputation. She was sure that not only would all of her clients desert her, but her staff would as well. More and more it seemed that the "if" of her complete discovery and humiliation was turning into "when."

Then Deb navigated to a final page of the website, boasting of the latest news and products. Deb actually giggled as Maria's eyes widened as she read the words:

"Endless Pleasure Products is proud to announce that it is under new ownership, and is now a wholly owned subsidiary of Delacruz Industries. Owner, Maria Delacruz, is so happy to be able to offer up these fine instruments of pleasure and play that not only has she become the feature model of our products, but she is also announcing a new contest. With

every purchase over \$25.00, you will be entered into a draw. The grand prize is none other than our owner herself. The winner will receive \$5,000.00 worth of our products, and a full weekend with Maria Delacruz at your mercy, so that you can try them all out.”

Below the text was a nearly full-screen photo of Maria on her knees, her wrists tied tight behind her, ropes trapping her thighs wide open, grinning madly around a bright red ball gag, with “WIN ME” carefully painted in bright red letters across her ample breasts. Standing behind her, dressed in a rainbow of tight and tiny outfits were not only Denise and Maria, but what seemed like every female staff member she had. The thought that she didn’t remember all of them having such large tits was echoing through her mind as she passed out.

CHAPTER 5

Maria woke slumped in her desk chair, a bit uncomfortable and confused. As she fully regained her senses, the memory flashed back into her mind. Was it a dream perhaps? No - all she had to do was check the history of her web browser to see that horrible image of herself in all her glory, wrapped up in tight rope with her breasts painted with that horrible contest slogan - like she was a used car ad.

Her mind was racing. She had seen so many of her employees in that last image. Drawing in a deep breath, she brought the image back up onto her screen. She tried to avoid looking at herself as she scanned it. Her heart was beating so fast, pounding in her temples. There they were - dressed in tiny little outfits, grinning like they'd won Miss Universe, full breasts nearly spilling out into the open. She was afraid to step outside her door. If she actually saw them all like that, like Deb, it would be too much to take. Had her entire company been turned into sluts and bimbos?

Then she remembered her own breasts, or more specifically, the holes that Deb (now absent and presumably back at her desk, grinning to herself no doubt) had cut in her top at her nipples. Her eyes jerked downwards. "Oh god," she moaned to herself. Not only were the holes still there, drawing ready attention to her pierced nipples and their golden rings, but a chain had been added to dangle between the rings, locked on with small silver locks - and the chain was on the outside of her top! She managed to cover herself up for the moment by putting her jacket back on and buttoning it up.

She needed to get some clarity in her mind; to try to figure out what had really happened. Back to business then - she started pulling up company documents online and rummaging through the filing cabinets where she kept all her important files and contracts. In minutes she was able to confirm the terrible truth. Not only had Delacruz Industries, her pride and joy and life's work, purchased this sex-toy business, but her signature was over the deal and the contracts. Her mind was numbing as she looked through the details - the warehouse, the inventory, the website, staff, research and development (she didn't dare think what that was) was all laid out, with audits and evaluations. A wry smile crossed her lips - at least her slutty self was still paying attention to detail in business. She continued to graze through the documents.

She stopped as she found a large manila envelope in with the executive summary files. It was sealed, and addressed to her - the writing even crossing the seal of the envelope as a protection against tampering. "Something I would do," she thought. A double-take at the writing made it even clearer - it was in her own handwriting. She tore open the envelope to find a hand-labeled videotape inside - again in her own hand.

Her curiosity was intense as she slid the tape into the VCR, the remote control gripped tightly - she didn't sit down but instead stood staring at the

television, impatiently waiting for it to warm up and display the image. She didn't know why she was so sure this wasn't just another humiliating video - maybe the lack of "presentation" or build-up. She pressed play and was looking back at herself from the screen. On screen she was dressed in a tighter than skin-tight red latex dress - tight enough that her full breasts were spilling out over the low cut, scooping neckline. Rather than being engaged in a vigorous sexual activity, or being humiliated by coworkers, she was just smiling and starting right into the camera.

"Hello Maria," came her own voice of the of television's speakers with a giggle, "I just wanted to talk to you, or to me I guess. Oh, and to make sure I've got your attention, Master made it so you've got to do whatever I say. So, I want to go and sit down on the sofa, in front of the TV, but first let's get you more comfortable. Master probably didn't let you notice this morning, but there's a zipper down the side of your skirt. Unzip it, and take it off. Then you can sit down."

Maria felt so numb that she barely noticed that her body was obeying. But in her haze, her fingers found the zipper she couldn't believe she hadn't seen before, and freed herself from the skirt. Of course, this left her bottom bare but for the leather strap holding the dildo into her pussy.

"Okay, that should be enough time," slut-Maria continued from the tape, "but make sure your thighs are spread. So, Master tells me that you should know about my latest acquisition, and the wonderful contest that goes with it. But I guess I should back up a bit first. Master, who I guess you just know as Mr. Foxx, has been keeping me up to date on how he's been teasing you...or me... it's hard to keep track of it. I think of the former me, which I guess is still you, as such a long time ago. God, we were such a prude, and not having any fun. Say, speaking of fun - I asked Master not to lock your dildo strap today, so take off the strap, and while I'm talking, why don't you start fucking that pussy of ours with the dildo. Go ahead, I'll wait."

On the sofa, Maria was mortified. Her eyes shot to the unlocked door and her body responded on its own to nimbly unbuckle the leather strap, slide it from her body, and pull the dildo, slick from her juices, out of her pussy. Her hand worked on its own, drawing it nearly all the way out before sliding it back inside, over and over, achingly slow. Maria's face and neck burned red as she helplessly fucked herself with the toy, her legs spread wide. As much as she hated to admit it to herself, it felt so good, and she felt her heat build and her juices flow. All the time her eyes were locked on the image on the screen. Her alter-ego was sort of fiddling around, waiting to continue, but Maria's eyes were drawn to her own cleavage swelling inside the tight dress, the soft orbs of flesh swelling visibly with each breath. She was disgusted - was she now lusting after herself?

"Mmmm, I can just picture you in my mind there, frigging yourself with that toy," slut-Maria cooed. "I'll bet Deb would like to see this. But, I want this to be just between us for now. So, where was I? Ah yes, I

wanted you to know that Master has been keeping me posted on your torments. It's a strange thing to take joy in the pain of your former self, but I certainly am. I think of it as punishing you for keeping us from having this kind of fun earlier. God, working so hard in college, nothing but school, when we could have been going out to some clubs and getting some action. I know we didn't have the tits or body we do now, but we could have made a lot of people very happy, including us. And to think that I never had this pussy licked by a woman, or wrapped my hands and mouth around a set of tits and great at Denise's. What a waste."

The dildo was still sliding in and out of Maria, her nectar now soaking her, running down onto the sofa. Her body only had freedom of movement to squirm with pleasure, and she found herself moaning softly.

"But oh no, we had to work and work. And even when we made it, we had our own company, then still nothing. An occasional date with some loser who didn't know the first thing about taking a woman and giving her some pleasure, or having her give him the pleasure he wanted. But instead, someone like Master looks around at what comes naturally, and you want to put him out on the street. I'm so happy that he found that program, and was able to save us."

The jumble of thoughts and mixed emotions and sensations were making Maria's mind buzz. Her cunt was so wet, dripping around the dildo she couldn't stop teasing herself with - filling her body with a deep and growing pleasure, but her mind with shame and fear of being discovered. As she heard these condemnations of her life choices she told herself that she had done the right things all along and built herself a successful life - this version of herself on the TV was just a puppet of Foxx, made to think what he wanted, just like she was dressed like he wanted. But there was just that twinge of doubt driving her mad; she had longed at times for more pleasure, more company, for something that was missing. As her lust built steadily in her body, she just drank in the image of her own body on the screen. How her immense tits heaved, her stiff nipples and rings visible through the thin, tight latex. Lips moist and shining with a come-fuck-me red lip gloss.

Her whorish self continued to torment her, "But even now, given a body that men and women would give anything to see and to fuck you're not happy. We've been given a Master that knows how to take us to the limits of sensation, giving pleasure with an intensity we've never know before. Clothes that make people drool and fall all over themselves. And Master can even give us other people, and make them into our fantasies. Do you know how much I thank Master in my mind each time I can drive my tongue into Denise? Or hold her wonderful tits in my hands? But you, you're still feeling guilty, aren't you? You don't want to feel this good. You're ashamed even of these!" With that, her hands went to her latex dress, and started to peel it down her shoulders, freeing her breasts from its tight grip. They seemed to pop out into the air with enthusiasm.

Despite herself, a wave of pleasure hit Maria as she saw those tits spring free. As she saw herself on screen squeeze and knead them, she felt a wave of jealousy.

“I guess, my poor former self, that I just wanted you to know that all of this is why I begged Master to let us buy the sex-toy company. I found it for him, and at least the education you made us get was useful. I was able to realize that not only could having access to all those wonderful toys get me fucked in all kinds of new ways, but it’s going to make us, and Master, even richer. So you see, I’m taking what you made us learn, what you mortgaged our pleasure for, and I’m going to have Master make up for lost time. And we get to be the grand prize! Can’t you imagine it? Think how much lust someone is going to have for our body, seeing all those photos of us. Then think how much they would do to us will all the toys they desire. God, a weekend isn’t going to be enough time.”

Maria’s lust and dripping cunt were defeating her. Tears rolled down her face, but she ached for release. Her entire body was a jumble of twitching nerves. Her nipples were diamond-hard, and the chain between them shook with her grinding motion.

“I also wanted to make this tape to let you know that I’m having the time of my life - or the time of our life, and I wouldn’t give it up for the world.” She got up and moved towards the camera. The image started to shake after she slid out of view, as she picked up the camera and moved it around the room. The view spun to reveal her living room, and there was Denise, her wrists cuffed and pulled up to the ceiling and her legs spread wide. She was stripped completely and drooling and smiling around a bright red ball gag. Maria’s voice continued, “but now I’ve got to go, and fuck this slut Denise as hard and as much as I can before Master turns me back into you. Once this tape ends, you can cum, lick the dildo clean, and strap it back inside yourself. Then get your skirt back on, and forget about the zipper again. Bye-bye, baby.”

The tape ended with a flash of snow, then a blank blue screen. Maria’s orgasm struck at once and she heard herself moaning and groaning out loud as her body convulsed with the release. It lasted for what seemed like an hour, washing over her again and again. When she could finally breathe again, she found her body going into autopilot. With the orgasm past, she was able to think clearly enough to feel the complete humiliation of being half naked in her own office, licking and sucking her own juices from a sex toy. To an outside observer, she would have seemed like an enthusiastic participant, lapping at it as if it were her lover. Finally it was clean and pushed back inside her aching pussy. Minutes later, she stumbled back to her desk in short steps, unable to determine how she had ever gotten the skirt off in the first place.

She sat in a daze. She couldn’t believe it. Had she turned against herself? It was bad enough being teased by Foxx, and she knew that he was using that damned software to mess with Deb’s mind to turn her assistant into

one of his tools. She just didn't know how to deal with this. It even sounded like her, not just her voice, but her way of speaking. She had worked hard to get her life and her business, and now any of the small doubts she'd had about what she'd sacrificed were being used to torment her by this new version of herself. No, it didn't mean anything, she told herself. After all, if Foxx can mess with her mind so much that she can forget all those things, and that she can't look at breasts without her juices flowing, he could make her do and say anything.

She spend the rest of the day combing through the rest of her files, trying to find out if Foxx had initiated any other changes to her company. She was unable to find anything new, but at least it was enough of a distraction. She gathered her things and made her way out of the office to head for home.

The view of the general office was a genuine shock to her. It looked something like the Playboy mansion. All of the women working for her were dressed only slightly more conservatively that Deb's new wardrobe. It was all tight dresses, short skirts, stockings and cleavage. She wasn't able to lay eyes on one set of breasts smaller than a D cup. The men were in a dazed kind of heaven. They gathered in groups of three or four, pointing out the merits of their coworkers with laughter and lust. There was visible swelling at the crotch of more than one of them.

For the rest of the week, Maria's torment was subtly restricted to what she saw around her in the office. She tried to seek refuge in work, but more and more the financial and business aspects of the sex-toy division took over. Maria took some grudging pleasure in that the company was hugely profitable. But right outside her door, Deb's clothing managed to make her look more shameful than if she was naked. But Deb was no longer alone in the office with her new fashion sense. Every woman working there seemed to be purchasing all their clothing from the line available from their new acquisition. Maria had to fight to stare at their showcased cleavages, asses, legs and bellies - each sight tugged at her growing new lesbian lusts. As her mind filled with the sex acts that her body cried out for with each sight of them, she cursed Foxx for the torment.

She was clearly not alone in these tendencies. Throughout the week, Maria was not able to go to a meeting room, stock room or copy room without walking in on her employees giving in to the atmosphere of lust - and she discovered two women together just as often as a woman with a man. They'd be wrapping their bodies all over each other, teasing each other with a variety of toys, or she'd walk in just in time to see a woman wiping hot cum from her face. Each time she stumbled backwards out of the room, mumbling apologies as she blushed.

The same women that had complained so self-righteously about Deb's wardrobe so recently were now regarding her with confused looks for her restraint. She could see in their eyes that now that they'd been changed into pleasure-mad sex-toy models, they couldn't understand why their

boss wasn't joining in. Foxx kept her dressed in clothing that would appeal to all and with their normal senses of decorum long gone, their attraction to her was made very clear. Only her position as their boss kept her ass from being slapped each time she passed. They all loved their jobs now, since the office had become a non-stop orgy, and weren't going to risk them.

What remained Maria's most trying torment during the week was the tape. She couldn't get the accusations of her "new" self out of her mind. Had she really sacrificed her own life to work? What the bimbo plaything show to her really happier than she was? She had made the mistake of popping the tape in again on Wednesday, wanting just to hear it again, but of course she was still compelled to obey the commands, and once again she had found herself soaking her sofa and screaming through a soul-shaking orgasm. But seeing once again the joyful lust in her own eyes as she departed to take the bound Denise, who looked just as gleeful, only weaken her resolve that she was right. Thinking back to before this whole nightmare began, she couldn't remember the last time she had seemed as happy as that version of herself.

It was finally Friday, the afternoon passing slowly, and Maria was still tormented by these thoughts. Her mind kept drifting as she was supposed to be dictating a letter to Deb. Today, her assistant wore a knit skirt that was past her knees, but the fabric moved in such a way that it seemed to cling to her curves with each stride. And the top had a cowl neckline, plunging deep down to her navel, opening up a very generous view of her breasts. Maria had to exert considerable effort to tear her eyes away from the way the soft slopes of Deb's tanned flesh moved with each breath or motion, the way the chain dangling between the girl's nipple rings went in and out of view.

Maria even found herself pacing as she dictated, something she never did. She realized with a shock that she was subconsciously doing it to get a fuller view of Deb's body as she jotted the shorthand in her notepad. Passing by, moving closer each time, Maria's gaze fell into Deb's purse that had fallen slightly open at the side of her chair. She drew in a deep breath as she immediately recognized a number of toys poking into view. Her knees were weak as the toys filled her imagination with wickedness.

"Is everything okay, Ms. Delacruz?" Deb asked. Maria realized that she had stopped talking, and she didn't know for how long.

"Yes, yes, everything's fine," she mumbled. But whatever the letter had been about was vanished from her mind. Would it be so bad, she wondered, to give in? Her body screamed for Deb's flesh, she wanted to feel those tits in her hand and mouth, to taste the girl's nectar, and lick her own off those full red lips. Could it be that bad, to allow herself some pleasure on her own, after Foxx had been doing god-knows-what with her.

She walked to the door, and locked it. Deb was now following her movements, craning her neck to watch, but neither of them said anything. Stepping back to Deb's chair, Maria reached down and gathered up Deb's purse, spilling its contents out over the surface of her desk. Along with her makeup and other items, the toys fell out in plain view. Deb's eyes stayed on Maria, her mouth opened, but no words came out. Maria took a pair of handcuffs from the treasure, and walked behind Deb, gripped her wrists, tugged them behind her and locked the cuffs onto them. With her arms pulled back behind her, Deb was forced into a posture that pushed her massive breasts out even further. Maria moved before her and pulled at the loose neckline of Deb's top, pulling and stretching the fabric until both glorious tits were fully exposed.

"Oh, Ms. Delacruz," was all Deb was able to moan before Maria put a finger to her lips, commanding silence.

Maria picked a rather large cock-shaped vibrator from the pile of toys and turned it on, feeling it shake in her grip. Working slowly, she started to rub it over Deb's exposed breasts. The soft skin was stretched tight, and her breasts shook with the vibrations like water-balloons. Maria moved all over the mounds, dragging the vibe against Deb's rapidly stiffened nipples. She guided the rubber cock between Deb's breasts and lifted it, pulling at the chain linking her nipple rings, stretching them tight, and letting the vibration shake all through. Deb's eyes were now closed, taking in the sensations, giving in to the pleasure, just as Maria was.

Maria used the dildo to pull the chain higher and higher. Deb's eyes opened with a gasp, the pain in her nipples growing as her full breasts were now being tugged upwards. "Follow me," Maria said in a hoarse whisper. God, was she really going to do this? She guided the cuffed Deb by her nipples up out of her chair. Looping the rubber balls of the anatomically correct toy over the dangling chain, Maria released it for a moment, making Deb wait with the added weight pulling down at her. Maria stood before her and removed her jacket. Her own top was held straining over her breasts with thin laces that took only seconds to tear open. As she felt her own tits fall free, letting Deb gaze at her nipples, ringed as well, Maria felt a surge of power and pleasure pushing away her shame and self-judgment.

Turning her back to Deb, Maria bent forwards at the waist as she slid down the miniscule skirt she'd been dressed in that morning. She made sure to bend enough so that Deb would be sure to see the base of the bright red silicone plug filling her ass as she kicked the skirt aside. Her heels were locked on with ornamental silver padlocks, but she wouldn't have removed them if she could. Deb signaled her appreciation of the view with an audible moan. Maria turned back to Deb now, and she drunk in her beauty as well. Her breasts were framed and lifted high by the stretched top. She moved to release the cuffs just long enough to re-cuff them in front. She lifted the dildo from the taut chain, and Deb responded with a "thank you" that was half moan and half whisper. Maria smiled, feeling

real joy and affection, and placed the dildo in Deb's hands. She backed up, moving as gracefully as she could, and lowered herself into an easy chair, perching her ass on the edge, feeling the plug pushed deeper into her, and spread her thighs wide.

Deb needed no further urging. She moved close, dropping onto her knees between Maria's spread legs. Deb first slid the length of the dildo up against Maria's sex, letting her feel its length. Maria's head rolled back, and she purred with pleasure. Once Maria's juices were well spread over the toy's length, Deb started to work it inside. It was so large that Maria's mouth fell open with a guttural moan as it slowly stretched her and filled her. She looked down to see Deb's eyes wide, so intent on her task as her cuffed hands started to slide the rubber cock in her boss's cunt. As Maria's fingers laced into Deb's hair, her strokes increased in speed.

"Oh yesss, fill me up with it, Deb, fuck me hard, fuck my cunt, tease my ass," the words had made their way out of Maria's mouth before she could believe it. There was a twinge of shame that followed them, but Maria wasn't about to stop now. Thankfully, Deb responded immediately, fucking her harder with the dildo, and reaching down to push at the base of the butt plug. Soon Maria's body was glistening with sweat. Deb had gripped the base of the plug and Maria's breasts were bouncing as Deb pounded into her with both toys at once.

In the end it took just a look down at Deb to finish her off. Maria gazed down between her spread thighs to see this lovely girl, her breasts heaving, cuffed hands pistoning toys into her, lips glazed with the juices drawn from stolen kisses from her dripping pussy and her heart swelled along with her tortured clit. Her orgasm was wonderful and violent, her cum splattered out around the dildo, and Deb's eager mouth moved close to suck it all it, extending and enhancing her release.

Maria pulled Deb up to her, releasing the cuffs as she gathered her up in her arms. Their sweat covered bodies slid against each other as Maria held her tight, unable to express the sensations flowing through her. After a while, Maria released her and reached forwards to pull the fabric of her top out from underneath her breasts, smoothing it back to barely cover them, as it had before.

"Deb, my love, thank you so much. I don't know how to thank you," Maria felt tears in her eyes as her emotions spilled out. Maria pulled Deb's face to hers and kissed her deeply, and found the taste of herself on Deb's lips.

"I'll think of something, I'm sure, Ma'am," replied Deb with a knowing wink. She gathered up belongings, threw them back in her purse and made her way out of the office with a seductive wiggle of her ass.

Maria fought it as much as she could, but soon feelings guilt and regret were nagging at her. Did she think she was getting anywhere by giving in

to what Foxx wanted? Was this what Foxx wanted? Would she be able to face Deb again? Could she explain what happened? What was she going to do if and when Deb wanted reciprocation? It made her tired, frustrated and ashamed. She fought to hold on to that hour or so of pleasure, where she'd been able to feel nothing but good, even if what she had done wasn't the kind of thing she'd been able to even think of before all this happened. Did it make her terrible that she'd enjoyed it? Was that version of herself on the videotape right? Had all her choices been wrong up to now? She felt like she was losing herself, and she no longer had the clarity of thought or strength to even know if she cared.

As she sat in her office, trying to think, she was constantly interrupted by the chime of her email. As an additional tease Foxx had set it up so that all the contest entries came directly to her email address. Each one contained a list of the toys they'd bought. Many also included enthusiastic personal notes, about how much they loved, lusted or drooled over the fabulous Maria Delacruz, and looked forward to making her fantasies come true as well as their own. Maria was compelled to read each one fully, with a mix of repulsion and curiosity filling her thoughts.

Finally the day was over, and Maria started her walk home. After the afternoon's frolicking, she was very aware of the plug inside her. Her mind was racing once more. She wondered if giving in to lust for Deb was an act of strength or weakness. As well, she knew Denise might be home, and her body would lust for her in the same way as it had for Deb. Would this afternoon's experiment make her more or less likely to give in again?

When she arrived, as always, she stripped out of her street clothes and into the leather cuffs and collar that made up her "uniform." The plug would have to remain in until Foxx chose to remove it, but the apartment was silent so she assumed she was alone. She started to quietly explore the apartment. She looked in all the rooms, save Foxx's, and didn't see or hear anyone. Either Foxx was quietly sound asleep in his room, or she was alone. She still felt strange walking around her apartment wearing only the straps of leather, but at least it was a strangeness she was used to. She took a bottle of water from the fridge and moved back to the living room to read. Only then did it catch her eye.

Sitting on the dining room table was Foxx's laptop, open, with a simple starry sky screensaver humming away. She knew nothing about the software that had given Foxx his control over her and all the others, but she assumed that there was a reason she'd never seen his computer unattended before now. All of a sudden, Maria became very aware of her own heartbeat. She moved over to the table, and slid into the chair behind the laptop. She sat there upright, on edge but also with the excellent posture that her butt plug commanded.

Her finger grazed the touchpad, and the screensaver flipped off. She looked at the application, and it was indeed called "Master PC." She took another glance over her shoulder, and restored the minimized window. Up

popped two rotating, apparently perfect, three dimensional images of her body with statistics flowing down beneath them. On the right it was her as she was now, right down to her current uniform. Looking at the image she was amazed how much her body shared the shape of Denise and Deb. It was different in certain ways, but the curves were so sexy, her breasts so wonderfully round and firm. It was a shock, given this unique perspective of her form, to realize that she had the body she found herself lusty after in others. And though the image bore the outfit she currently wore, the look even in those graphic eyes was the look of wicked lust that had stared her down from the videotape. This image, spinning like something on a showroom floor, was the “new” Maria in mind and body.

Even a bigger shock was the image on the left. It was the old her, how she had looked and dressed before the fateful day she fired Foxx. Wrapped in a conservative pants suit was a very plain and ordinary looking woman. Her face was basically the same, but the body amazed her. Compared to herself now her breasts seemed tiny and the curve of her waist and hips barely visible at all. Was that really how she looked? Maria realized that she’d been surrounded by women like the new version of herself almost exclusively. Except for the women that turned their heads in disgust as they saw her walk the sidewalks between the office and home, nearly every female form she encountered at work on in play had felt the touch of Foxx’s desires.

She was becoming bolder as the seconds passed. When she first sat down, she was sure Foxx would appear behind her immediately somehow and punish her for daring to look at this, but now she started a further investigation of the screens before her. The two windows mirrored each other, with references to her measurements, skin sensitivity, hair color and length. Then even more detailed information relating to her desires, compatibility and desire for the same sex, for the opposite sex, fantasy life... on and on it went. She was amazed to discover the detail of control Foxx had available through this piece of software.

With that thought in her mind, she found a way to open up a new window. She entered Foxx’s name. Now her skin was tingling and her heart seemed to be beating its way up into her throat. In a split second Foxx’s image and statistics filled the screen. Her wide eyes hadn’t even begun to drink it all in when a secondary warning popped up behind it. “This profile has been locked, and is read-only without administrator password access.” She cursed silently, but still looked over the information. She barely seen Foxx in any of the tapes she’d be shown and if he’d been with her himself she had never been allowed to remember it, so she had a certain curiosity to see what he had changed of himself in any intimate way. As she read over the information, she found herself drawing in a deep breath. “God, what must it be like to get fucked with that thing? And so much cumm...”

She closed the Foxx window, and looked back at the spinning versions of herself. There was a kind of help or dialogue window at the bottom of the screen. She decided to try a question.

“Is this profile read-only?”

“No, this profile can be read, modified and/or deleted,” came back the automated response.

Deleted? “How will deleting a profile affect the person?”

“If the current configuration is deleted, the subject will revert to the backup, if available. If the backup is deleted, the subject’s current configuration will become the permanent or default configuration.”

Maria was amazed at the rather matter-of-fact way this software dealt with such amazing power. Was this really it, just sitting under her fingertips? The last weeks were running through her head as she sat there, stunned. Her first moments of panicky confusion over her blackouts, then the crippling humiliation over the things she’d been made to do. Being with women, even women that she’d known. Seeing the changes in Deb, and more recently in all the rest of women that worked for her. Being tormented by her own recorded self, knowing that some new version of herself had masterminded some of her physical and mental torments. And had all of that led somehow to her “experiment” with Deb? It made her head spin.

Finally Maria knew that her mental torment could end. She pressed DELETE.

EPILOGUE:

Maria smiles and whistles to herself as she's getting ready to leave after the latest photo shoot. As her hands smooth out the last details of her outfit, she smiles with the awareness of how much she loves both not only the look of her body in the mirror, tight thin latex gripping her, but the feel of it on her body, hugging her tight. She's pleased she was able to convince her Master to make her breasts larger; the way they now filled out this outfit approached perfection. Her smile grows with the thought of how hot the photos and video of sweet Deb teasing her to three orgasms with the new line of vibrators and toys are going to be.

She steps out from the photo studio into the rest of the office, seeing the women around her, drawing in their scents with a deep breath. It gives her a fresh flush of arousal and she reaches up to give her stiffening nipples a hard double pinch. She loves these women, her coworkers, and her beautiful assistant most of all. She's proud of the atmosphere of love and pleasure she can provide them, as well as the lifestyle the healthy profit sharing her success makes possible.

But as much as she loves her company, the lifestyle that its profits allow her, and all this beauty around her, she can't wait to get home. Only there will she be able to fully cast aside her role as a boss like an actor walking off the stage. At home, in her proper uniform, she'll be able to fully dwell in her true nature as her Master's slave and pet, feeling the exquisite experiences of his control and the touch. Perhaps tonight he'll share himself with both her and his other beloved pet, Denise.

As she reaches the street, she pulls the zippered front of her latex top nearly down to her waist, feeling her breasts strain to be free, the fleshy mounds pushed tight together. God, she loves the stares and whistles, the feeling of raw lust directed right at her. It's just what she needs to be properly wet when she arrives home to be with Master. She whistles as she walks and feels the warm afternoon breeze up under her skirt.

THE END

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

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