

## **Megan's New Clothes, part 2**

**By Abe Froman**

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As Megan drifted awake, she felt a strange feeling of discomfort mixed in with the deep-body bliss that effused her consciousness. With the fog drifting from her waking mind, she tried to figure out the problem without moving or waking Heath, whose warm body she could feel close to her own.

She tugged her arms free of the tangle of bed sheets and started to move them over her body. Her fingertips traced down from her face, feeling the sensation of the smeared lipstick and makeup, down her neck where she felt the soft perfect ruffles of the choker and remembered its embroidery, "the perfect slave." Hearing the words echo silently in her mind brought a wash of bliss and a shiver of pleasure; she remembered how she had been the perfect slave to her husband and Master last night.

Her memories of these actions would have normally brought a surge of embarrassment bubbling up with worries about what it said about her or how she would face her neighbours after screaming her lust out loud like a whore. Not this morning, or at least not while she was in uniform. Neither she nor Heath knew it yet but the clothing she wore was not only bringing him pleasure to gaze upon it, but it worked on Megan as well in a much more total fashion.

Her fingers continued to trace downwards, feeling her fit body still wrapped tight and her firm, full breasts offered up in the embrace of the latex maid's uniform. After last night's activity and a nights sleep, her breasts needed to be eased back into as much of the dress as would cover them, but for right now she simply enjoyed the feel of her fingernails over her own flesh. She felt her pierced nipples stiff and sensitive.

As her legs rubbed together with the wonderful sensation, she felt the fishnet stockings still wrapping her legs and heard the rustling of her petticoat. Even as unkempt as she was after a nights sleep in her uniform,

she felt so sexy and so alive. She wanted to run her fingers lower, under her ridiculously short skirt, but she knew a proper slave's response to this need would be a different one.

Instead her hands slid silently under the sheets to find Heath's cock, wonderfully stiff as he slept. She didn't want to wake him just yet so her strokes started off soft and slow, feeling each vein in his wonderful member. As it grew harder, her grip tightened and she increased the speed of her strokes.

She had to see it up close; she ached to kiss him, to taste him. Moving as slowly and silently as she could, never stopping her hands, she manoeuvred her body lower, sliding down the bed and over, until her face was inches from his warming shaft. She pointed him upwards, exposing the underside of his cock to her tongue. She softly bathed and caressed him with her mouth as she continued the soft strokes. Still in blissful sleep, Heath's only reactions to this wonderful morning treat were a distant smile and soft moans.

She revelled in the taste now filling her mouth – a mixture of his cum and her own nectar from last night. It drew her in closer and she moved her massaging fingers to his balls so she could completely envelop the throbbing dick in her drooling mouth.

Her own moans now joined his, as this service only heightened her arousal and need. Concerns about waking him were pushed from her mind by a need and lust to serve and taste. She squeezed and massaged him as she sucked harder and faster. Her head was bouncing over him with wet slurps. She couldn't tell if he was fully awake, but she saw his hands curl into fists, gathering up handholds in the sweaty sheets.

When his feet started to point and his legs stiffened she knew it was close, and she sucked him hard and deep, pushing her mouth down over him to feel the spasming cock in the tightness of her throat. She fucked him with her mouth and face, moaning deeply with the awaited explosion of hot cum into her. With her lips closed tight around him she sucked it out of him, swirling her tongue around his shaft to increase his sensation and to let the taste fill her mouth.

His body finally relaxed and every muscle seemed to relax into a puddle of satisfaction on their bed. Her mouth was full, savouring the load she held, or else she might have giggled to see him fall right back hard asleep. As it was she smiled down with deep love at her Master and she slipped silently from the bed. Turning back at the doorway, she smiled once more and finally swallowed. Master could sleep some more, but as a perfect slave and his loving maid, she had much work to do.

Megan entered the bathroom and closed the door behind her. She peeled carefully out of her uniform and placed it carefully on the counter. She

couldn't bear to remove the lace choker after she saw the lovely reflection of herself wearing only it.

As the shower started to fill the washroom with a warming steam, she stepped into the water and luxuriated in the sensation. The feeling of her soapy hands over her body brought back each touch of her lover. Not wanting to dawdle, she moved efficiently to clean herself as well as make sure she shaved closely and carefully as well. Within minutes she returned to the bedroom warm, clean, smooth and moisturized.

Heath was throwing on clothes in an evident hurry.

“Love, I'm so sorry but work called and they need me in. I couldn't get out of it, but I'll be back as soon as I can. I know I've got some wonderful favours to return here.” His smile was wide and he stopped to kiss her soft and deep. She hadn't fully recovered from the kiss by the time he was gone.

Standing alone in just her choker and a flowing silk robe, she felt a pang of sadness to have been left alone without Heath's presence and body. Not only was it a disappointment to have a normally relaxed Saturday lost, but now, under the soft influence of her clothing she wanted to serve him and to be his perfect slave, up close and very personal and being apart from him was something she felt like a missing arm.

She sat for a moment on the edge of her bed, attempting to get her mental footing. When she thought about last night and this morning, the momentum of her upbringing and all she'd previously felt made her want to be embarrassed at her display, or regret her actions and their possible consequences – oh god, the neighbours! – or even a part of her that didn't want Heath to get too used to having her act that way. Those thoughts evaporated instantly though, like tiny drops of water hitting a frying pan. All she felt was pleasure, satisfaction and love. She'd made Heath, her Master, happy. Very happy, she remembered with a giggle.

The choker, alone in influencing Megan, was like a filter for her thoughts and reactions. She had no uniform or other influence, so she was the most herself she'd been since she first dressed in her new clothing, but her new and overriding desire and purpose was to be, as the choker said, the perfect slave. Her first and last thought was to please her Master. With her attentions drawn to him like gravity, she felt her hands moving over and under the silk, feeling goosebumps rise all over. He'd want to her be aware of her sexuality, her need, her lust.

She rose, knowing she shouldn't just dawdle. Even without the direct influence of the maid's uniform, she decided to tidy up, since the previous night's activities had left a bit of mess in their wake. Since she was doing these things to keep up her Master's home, the choker once more provided positive reinforcement, and Megan felt a wonderful tingling through her

body, and her nipples were very stiff and aware of the smooth texture of her flowing robe against them.

In their closet, Megan found the large box, still half full of the yet-unused clothing, uniforms and accessories that Heath had ordered. She was curious to know what was inside – she knew he had ordered all of the things on his own, so this seemed a perfect way to learn more of what he wanted, so that she could better anticipate his wants and needs.

Her mind raced as she fingered through the tiny lace scraps, the clothing made of tight and shiny latex, barely-there baby T's, and a few more of the chokers she herself was wearing, with different sayings and words on them. Each piece seemed to pulse in her fingers, as the imagined image of herself in them flowed through her mind, and how she could do her very best to satisfy the fantasies of her loving husband and Master.

One piece in particular made her think. It was a little red tank top, with a low, scooped neckline and spaghetti straps. On the front, in clear white text it said, "I like boys AND girls." It could only mean one thing, and that was Master wanted to see her with another woman, intimately. She paused, shocked. She'd never really thought of other women sexually before, but now, letting this implied fantasy wash over her, her body reacted strongly and in an instant she felt herself warm and wet between her legs and her nipples so stiff they ached.

She continued to search through the box, probing down to the corners of the box, to make sure she had seen in all. The last thing she came up with was a folded piece of paper. It seemed to be just the invoice, and she was pleased to see that Master has spent so much to allow her to make him happy. She read on, and found a strange paragraph:

"As promised, our fashions not only make your lover look desirable, but they will affect her thoughts and deepest desires, to mould her inside and out into the vision of beauty that you desire. A wonderful place to start is with our line of chokers, transforming her in a word into the slut, slave, cock-lover, pussy-lover, swinger or sexpot you desire. On their own, or with all the pieces you wish to add, they make a lovely gift - for you."

It went on, but a certain clarity fell over Megan's mind. She could use these things to get Heath what he wanted. It was an additional benefit of the fashion line that even when confronted with such direct evidence, it never even crossed Megan's mind that she herself was being affected.

She was aroused from her thoughts by the doorbell. She had enough presence of mind to gather her robe around her, though with the way it flowed over her curvaceous body, it was impossible to reduce the sexuality of her movement.

She pulled open the door to find her friend Rachel standing there with a smirk that only grew once she saw what Megan was wearing.

“Oh my god, they weren’t kidding. You still look like you’re dressed for sex!” Rachel stepped in and gave Megan a quick hug and kiss on the cheek as she stepped inside.

Megan was a bit dazed, “What do you mean?”

“You and your stud husband are the talk of the neighbourhood, sugar. I had barely gotten out of my car before Cindy next door waved me over with stories of loud and satisfying sex coming from your house, and yard no less. You lucky slut,” she added with a laugh.

Megan’s mind was racing in a number of directions at once. Of course the neighbours had heard them, or more specifically her, as she’d cried out how much she wanted Heath’s cock. She had to try to remember what the shame should feel like, so that maybe she could still act normally in front of her friend. It was hard to think clearly, because from the moment the door had opened, Megan was only looking at Rachel as a way to fulfill the newly discovered fantasy of her Master. Her eyes roamed over her friend’s body like she could devour her.

Rachel was beautiful, with a deep tan looking so striking set against her long, thick mane of blond hair. She had a firm body, as she’d be religiously attentive to her looks since her divorce a couple of years ago. The top she wore at the moment didn’t really highlight her breasts, but Megan could remember, smiling as she did. Added to that, Rachel’s jeans had to be made of some kind of lycra because they looked like they’d be sprayed on. From previous conversations, she knew that Rachel was anything but bi-sexual; in fact, she was nearly homophobic and seemed to always have a tirade ready whenever the increasingly popular topic of girl-on-girl erotica came up. Megan wasn’t about to let that bother her – she had a secret weapon.

“Oh, let them talk – we had a lot of fun. I swear, it was the best sex we’d had in years,” Megan put on her sexiest voice, letting the heat of her memories flow through the air.

“Oh really?” Rachel was laughing, but she was also interested. “Any special occasion?”

“Yes, sort of. Heath bought me some presents. Would you like to see?”

“Of course, but are they descent?” Still laughing, Rachel was drawn deeper into Megan’s unseen web.

“Oh, don’t be that way. I’ll show you. But close your eyes,” and she rushed back to the precious treasure, gathering up the items she needed. In moments she was back. “Eyes still closed?”

“Yes, yes... just show me.”

“Lift up your hair – it’s a choker,” Megan instructed as she moved behind Rachel, moving her in front of the mirror. Megan drew in the sweet scent as she Rachel pulled aside her long locks and exposed her bare neck. The choker was on and buckled home in seconds. Decorating Rachel’s neck were gleaming rhinestones that spelled out “SLUT.”

There was a visible shiver in Rachel’s body as the influence of it flowed through her. She suddenly needed sex; she wanted to show herself and her body, to use it to get pleasure. She was never before comfortable with words like “fuck” but right now getting herself fucked seemed like all she lived for. She jumped as the sensation of Megan’s whispering lips so close to her ear tickled her.

“That top doesn’t suit you at all, and it hides your body. I don’t think a guy would give you a second look dressed like that. Why don’t you let me give you something else?”

There wasn’t really thought involved as Rachel tore off the loose blouse.

“Oh, and get rid of that matronly bra, baby. It looks like something my grandmother wore.”

As fast as Rachel’s fingers could move they tore off the bra, freeing her lovely firm breasts. Megan bit her lower lip as she watched them fall free, the wonderful milky flesh jiggling and flowing. Megan placed the tank top in her hands.

Rachel pulled it over her head and had to use both hands to adjust her breasts in it. It was scandalous. The neckline was cut so low that it threatened to expose her nipples, though even covered there was absolutely no secret as to where they were. The stiff nubs stood out hard, and the fabric seemed to glisten over them. With the tiny straps, all you saw was lovely flesh diving down into the smooth flowing cleavage. The wonderful and powerful text was clearly legible, stretched as it was across her ample bosom. The top seemed to integrate its own support, since even braless her breasts were pushed high and tightly together, accentuating the wonderful mounds. Rachel’s belly was exposed by the midriff-exposing cut, and Megan was even more pleased to find a pierced belly button decorated with a dangling silver charm.

Megan stood close behind her friend, moving her arms around her, cupping the dazed beauty’s breasts firmly and pulling herself close as her robe fell open to allow her own naked body to squash against her back.

“I know you’re a slut, baby. I know you want sex. I know you want me. Don’t you?”

“Yesss. Yes I do,” Rachel’s words slid from her mouth in a near whisper after only the slightest hesitation.

“Good girl. Good little slut. I’ve got some great plans for you. We’re going to have a lot of fun, the three of us.”

The image flashed through Rachel’s mind – her, Megan – whose incredible beauty and sex appeal she was noticing for the first time – and Heath, that handsome man she’d always stopped herself from dreaming about.

“Now slut, I’ve got some work to do to get everything ready. Why don’t you go out for a while? Hmmm? Show off that slutty body, feel the need of what you’re going to get.” Megan knew instinctively that each moment, minute and hour would cause Rachel’s lust to build mercilessly, making the final release all the more powerful, and therefore a better show for her Master.

“Yes, I will. It will be fun, just seeing their faces when they see me, need me, want me.”

Megan giggled. Yes it was going to be a lot of fun.

“I want you back here at 6, slut. Don’t be late.”

She patted Rachel on the ass and sent her back out to her car. She laughed, wondering if Cindy was still out there. Let her be the first to appreciate the change.

Megan licked her lips as she watched Rachel take on a new sway in her stride as she made her way to her car. She shivered, and looked down to find her hands on her own body, one pinching a stiff nipple, the other sliding between her heated thighs. She pulled her hands away, making herself wait as well.

Megan had a lot of plans to make real and a lot of preparation to give her Master the night of his life, but for poor Rachel, sent out into the world as a walking advertisement for sex, with no idea of the depth of her new urges and desires, it was going to be an even longer afternoon.

TO BE CONTINUED

*Comments and suggestions are always welcome at [froman.abe@gmail.com](mailto:froman.abe@gmail.com).*