

Megan's New Clothes, part 3

© 2005 by Abe Froman

The following story is a work of fiction. It contains scenes of an adult nature, so if you are under 18, stop reading now. This story contains explicit sexual language and fantasies involving the mental and physical control of others. If you are offended by such activities, do not read any further. This is purely a fantasy. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead is purely coincidental. Thanks go out to Chase and Sarah for inspiration and feedback.

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

This story may be reposted or archived provided the following conditions are met:

- 1) The story is not altered in any way*
- 2) The story contains my name and disclaimer*
- 3) You do not make money from the story*

Megan's New Clothes, part 3

Rachel strode down the busy sidewalks of the downtown core. The weather was wonderful, so shoppers and people-watchers were out in droves. The people-watchers in particular were having an outstanding day, as Rachel caused every pair of eyes that landed on her to follow her every move.

Rachel felt like an addict – she was craving sex in any and every conceivable form. She wanted to be touched, lusted after, kissed hard, but most of all she ached to be fucked. She was daydreaming of hot flesh against hers. Her conscious mind was still trying to deal with a whole new set of fantasies as well – she'd see a beautiful woman on the street and she could picture her hands in her hair, and she'd quiver as she thought of the stranger's wet, probing tongue sliding between her spreading thighs.

The first time the thought had surfaced, back at Megan's house, she had felt a twinge of something trying to be revulsion, but it didn't stand a chance against the surge of pleasure that flowed through her just at the idea of having her hands and mouth all over her friend's tight flesh.

But now she was alone. She was surrounded by bodies, lusting eyes, and bodies she could almost see the heat flowing off of. She needed the attention; she needed to be touched. Even the desire flowing towards her gave her a physical high. She was building to a wonderful boil, almost like foreplay she didn't want to end.

It was this buzz that her mind was rolling and revelling in that caused her to drink in the beauty of the body strolling up to her – a little bombshell at five-foot-seven with shoulder length deep brown hair, whose body curved down healthily and deliciously from a pair of full, firm breasts that moved just enough to make Rachel's mouth water – long before she recognized her. The name popped into her mind.

“Sarah! It’s so great to see you again,” Rachel smiled, and wondered if the way she had unconsciously slurred the “s” of Sarah’s name had been as overtly sexual as it seemed to her.

Sarah’s eyes were wide as she took in Rachel’s outfit. The two had met a year or so ago at a support group for divorced women. Neither had stayed too long with the group, but they’d enjoyed each other’s friendship enough to get together fairly regularly for drinks and laughter. Even on the wildest nights, Sarah had never seen Rachel looking like this though. Rachel’s body, which caused Sarah some jealousy even normally, was now fully on display.

How could she dare to go out like this, Sarah thought. The first thing she’d noticed was the black leather choker around Rachel’s neck, with the glittering rhinestones spelling out “SLUT” for the whole world to see. She had to lick her lips surreptitiously as her eyes drank in the full picture – the sexy little strappy sandals, the skin-tight jeans, the midriff exposing tank top that was tightly stretched across her ample and pushed-up cleavage. Sarah actually caught her lips moving as she read the text that Rachel’s breasts deliciously distorted, “I like boys AND girls.”

Rachel smiled wide as she watched Sarah’s eyes drink her in from top to bottom, resting just too long on her breasts. She felt her nipples freshly stiffen in response.

Sarah had never told Rachel the whole story of her divorce, in part because of a resistance she’d felt from her on the subject of any deviance from normal, heterosexual sex. She’d wanted to share, as she’d always found Rachel attractive, but it had always seemed like something too far outside the normal to risk the friendship. In fact, Sarah had experimented with women as early as college, long before her marriage even started. She wasn’t sure if those longings had contributed to the marriage’s decline or end, but the pleasure and comfort she could always find in the arms of another woman had made divorce seem the best thing to do when her husband’s suspected infidelity had pushed a wedge between them.

Once, soon after the divorce, when Sarah had sought out pleasure and some new sensations from a Dominatrix she’d found in the free weekly paper, she had almost decided she was glad it hadn’t lasted – so she could feel the knowing touch of another woman’s fingers and tongue instead of the clumsy, groping hands of men.

This, however, seemed too good to be true. Rachel, one of the most beautiful and unattainable women she’d known, was standing in front of her, dressed like an apparently bisexual slut.

Neither one of them really concentrated on the words or content of the conversation that followed. They didn’t move – neither could take their eyes off the other. All that was important was that with each moment that

elapsed, each sound passing between them, a negotiation and confirmation was taking place.

Yes, I'm attracted to you too. Yes, I want to touch you too. Yes, I want to kiss you too. Yes, I want to fuck you too and do any number of other acts to you.

The spark of a wicked idea had lit up Rachel's mind, and she grabbed Sarah's hand in her own, and led her down the street and around the corner. The stares of the public only increased, now that there were two women together.

"Yes," thought Sarah, "this can only be a dream," as she was led by the hand into Fantasia, a large local adult toy store. The two of them were laughing out loud, pointing, snickering and letting themselves go through each and every aisle. It was as if Sarah fed off the uncontrollable lust that Rachel was victim to. Rachel was doing everything she could to make sure that Sarah felt the same way she did. If she was behind her, she'd lean close, and exhale audibly as her stiff nipples slid across Sarah's back. She'd make sure they looked at every kind of toy, giggling and chatting about how it might be used. She pulled out fetish outfits on hangers, holding them against Sarah, or sliding her hands slowly down them as she pressed them against her own curves.

Since Rachel was wearing the slut choker and the tank top, what might have normally remained flirting and joking instead ended with both women leaving the store heavily laden with full shopping bags nearly an hour later. The large red lips printed on the sides of the black bags were just one more reason for passers-by to stare at the pair of beauties.

Rachel could barely think as she walked, looking over at Sarah and seeing her body move – even in her conservative street clothes. Seeing wide eyes and craning necks at they moved together, holding hands now, she relished each leering gaze. She even wished she'd taken the time at the store to switch her outfit up a bit. Her pants were nice and tight, and they did have a low-riding waist, but she felt she'd be even more arousing if she were to show more skin, tease more eyes with a skirt that threatened with each step to expose the smooth, tight curves of her ass cheeks. She imagined a cool breeze teasing up her skirt, sliding across the wetness her aroused pussy was causing. She stopped dead – with the image in her mind so securely, she had to act.

"I need to find a washroom," she explained to the confused Sarah, who had gotten one stride past her before their interlaced fingers had stopped her. "Do you know anywhere close?"

"Is it urgent?"

Rachel bit her lower lip, thinking, and answered truthfully. “Yes, I really need to find a washroom.” Her thighs were rubbing together, but not for the reason Sarah might have imagined.

“Well, actually, my work is right near here, and no one will be there on a Saturday.”

“Ohhh, that’s perfect.”

Sarah took the lead, and after just a couple of blocks she was fitting her keys into the lock at the ominously darkened and quiet office building. It was a bit eerie for both of them, travelling the dimly lit hallways, but strangely even more so for Sarah, who was used to them brightly lit and full of colleagues. She didn’t know if it was the empty feeling of the place, or the sensation of being in such a familiar location while holding hands with such a beautiful woman in such overtly sexual clothing.

“Here we go,” Sarah started, as she pushed on the door of the women’s washroom, only to be stopped short. “Damn, it’s locked. I guess they lock the public washrooms after hours. Now what?”

Rachel was looking around in the dim light. With them alone, she could make the change anywhere, but she found she wanted to surprise her hostess. “Are there any others?”

“I know,” exclaimed Sarah with a wicked smile. “My boss has his own bathroom, and it shouldn’t be locked. Let’s go.”

Hand in hand once more, they weaved through the cubicles, matching bags of toys and clothing waving in their free hands, as they made their way to the private office in the corner, and through the richly decorated room, to the entrance to the private bath. “Here you go. I guess I’ll wait here.”

“I won’t be but a minute,” cooed Rachel, and leaned in to kiss Sarah on the cheek before disappearing behind the door.

Rachel took her time, running her fingers through the items in her bag, before deciding that all she wanted to change was indeed to show more leg. She peeled out of the tight stretchy jeans and freed her agonizingly hungry sex from the soaked thong. She re-decorated her legs with a pair of fishnet stockings with an elastic top. The tops stopped well below the gleaming black latex miniskirt she wiggled into. She looked at herself in the mirror – seeing her whole outfit come together, under the glinting letters spelling out SLUT and she visibly quivered. She pursed her lips, and dragged the candy red lipstick over them, followed by a layer of glistening lip gloss. She knew this look was perfect.

When Rachel opened the door, stepping back out into the vastness of the office, she noticed that Sarah had been a bit curious as well. Her own bag

of goodies was open, and she seemed to be sorting through the items on top of her boss's large steel and glass desk.

So curious that she had given up her own blouse and bra to try on a red rubber push-up bra she'd bought. In her hands were the matching panties. Sarah saw the light from the open door, her head jerked back to meet Rachel's smile, and her face was nearly a match for the rubber. She felt like she'd been caught with her fingers in the cookie jar, or maybe in some other treasure.

"I love it. Put it on," Rachel's words came out of her lips slowly and forcefully. It was like a command, but the kind a starving man might give to someone holding food. Her eyes were like saucers as Sarah bit her lip and started to comply, moving her fingers to the waist of her skirt.

"No, wait. Don't face me," Rachel pointed to the floor-to-ceiling windows behind the large desk. "Stand there and then change."

She hesitated for a moment, but she was just as lost in the radiating lust of the moment as Rachel was. There was no way to tell if anyone was watching her slide out of her skirt and lift her legs out of the flowered panties, but it was the possibility that mattered. Even when she heard Rachel behind her, close, she didn't turn around, instead focussing on her own dim reflection in the glass, and all the possibilities beyond it.

Playing a hunch, Sarah stood still once she was finished, and stood in front of the window in just the shiny red rubber bra pushing her already ample breasts into nearly obscene spheres of tight flesh and the skin-tight panties, running a teasing line across the cheeks of her ass. She waited for Rachel to act, and she didn't have to wait long.

She was still surprised, however, when she felt the leather cuffs buckled onto her ankles and then onto her wrists. Her muscles tensed, but Rachel calmed her with a soft touch and a whisper into her ear, "Relax, sugar, I'm going to take excellent care of you. Just let me guide you."

Sarah stood still as Rachel moved between her and the window. There was barely an inch of air between their bodies. Rachel's hands went to her shoulders and guided her back. Even with small steps she quickly felt the cold edge of the glass top of the desk at the back of her thighs. Rachel's hands moved down her sides, never completely lifting from her skin, until they reached the slope of her hips, and guided her to hop up onto the edge of the desk.

Rachel beamed, her lips in a wide smile, as she slide down into the wonderfully expensive and comfortable desk chair. Her hands slid over Sarah's tingling legs, curling over the tops of her thighs to inside, and she guided them wider, opening her legs.

Sarah was breathing deeply, and seemed unable to form her thoughts into words. She could only watch, her lips parted, with her tongue sliding over them as her mouth suddenly felt very dry. Looking down at Rachel, seeing even more of the smooth cleavage from this angle, she felt electricity between those exploring fingers and her own hot skin.

As her legs were spread wider and wider, Sarah let her eyes drift closed and her head rolled back, swimming in the sensations. She felt the tightness in her muscles and looked down to see a leather strap reaching from each of the leather cuffs encircling her ankles buckled tight to opposing legs of her boss's desk. She was trapped and Rachel's fingers were starting to trace up the inside of her open legs, somewhere between a tickle and a caress.

Spread wide open, her sex covered only by the red rubber, Sarah was aching for touch. Rachel's hands moved over her so lightly, teasing her, moving to her belly and guiding her back. Rachel moved around the desk as she stretched Sarah out completely onto the desk's glass top. She used another leather strap to trap Sarah's wrists together, pulling them over her head and fastening the strap tightly and securely to the desk's frame. She was helpless now, displayed like a trophy before her.

The rubber panties had handy fasteners at the hips, and with a quick pulling snap, Rachel had torn them from her. She was breathing deep now. The collar was making her more and more of a slut – craving sex. She wanted her own orgasm, her own release, but in her mind somewhere was the memory of her appointment with Megan and the unknown that lay ahead. She'd never seen her like that; she'd never felt like this towards Megan or towards any woman. She couldn't yet know the influence of the stretchy bit of fabric that displayed her heaving breasts.

Sarah could only look up at Rachel now. Her own lusts and desires for something just like this had been hidden away for so long that letting them free had a power that matched the mental influence of the clothing. She would never have acted this way without the feedback loop of need between them. Her breasts, trapped in the rubber bra that was all the clothes she had left, heaved with each breath, and almost blocked her view as Rachel moved back to the chair, between her legs. If Rachel hadn't first lifted it up to tease her, she would have been completely surprised as the vibrating, studded dildo pushed deep and tight into her throbbing wet sex.

Even then, knowing it was coming did little to insulate Sarah from the experience. All of a sudden it hit her just how hungry she'd been all day. The large toy pushed hard and fast into her, vibrating madly, and even as wet and ready as she was, the scream that she released was a mix of pain and pleasure. She felt each bump intimately as Rachel pushed and twisted and pulled and rolled it around inside her. Sarah's reactions tested the strength of her bonds but they held her in place.

For Rachel, up on the edge of her seat, she was experiencing a kind of mental bliss, knowing she was giving her friend the kind of fucking she herself craved. She was able to play lovely Sarah like a musical instrument as she varied the frequency of her thrusts then changed the depth of each stroke. Her free hand moved from Sarah's bound legs to her belly, from soft strokes to sudden slaps and pinches and then back again.

She could tell from the resulting yelps and moans that Sarah didn't purely enjoy each experience on its own, but all together she was receiving a symphony of sensations that she'd never quite imagined before. Each stroke made her more and more sensitive, each nerve ending seemingly more alive than it had ever been.

Sarah had moved beyond the ability to speak recognizable words and all of her conscious thought was centred around the sensations that were overwhelming her. She felt like she'd go mad, as each time Rachel's soft caresses would bring her to the edge of orgasm, the fingertips would be gone and be suddenly replaced with a simultaneous deep thrust of the cruel dildo and a open palm slap to her thigh that would set her flesh aflame.

Both women were breathing hard, and Rachel has started to yell out loud as she used and teased the bound beauty before her. "Yes. Take it, fuck it... I know you want to feel it all. Squeeze tight, scream for it, beg for it."

Sarah was still unable to reply in any understandable way, but she felt the humiliating banter affect her to the core. Her body was glistening with sweat, and she was sliding a bit on the glass desktop with each thrust of the dildo. She was approaching the edge once more, and Rachel seemed to slow just enough to hold her there, and longer than before, she was sure of it. Was she finally going to be able to cum? Oh god, even thinking the words made her feel how much she needed it.

Instead, Rachel wanted to make her feel even more of a slut. Rachel wanted to make this girl feel every little thing she wanted herself. She knew Sarah would want revenge on her, and she was going to make she had something wonderful to give payback for. She pulled the sopping dildo out of Sarah's pussy with one motion, and only pausing to turn it down to a lower vibration, pushed it into the gasping girl's mouth, muffling her pitiable moan.

"Suck it, slut. Suck your juice from it," Rachel commanded. When she saw Sarah's face redden even more followed by her reluctant obedience, she rewarded her treasure.

Rachel dove forward to land an open mouth kiss on Sarah's pussy, letting her tongue swirl all around her. She drank in the oozing nectar, and her tongue slid along her lips before probing deep into her velvet tightness.

The two of them made quite a wonderful sight. Sarah, her breasts barely constrained in the tiny rubber bra, was almost instantly in the full rapture of her long-delayed orgasm, and her screams of pleasure were nearly constant, muffled around the obscene dildo jutting from her lips. The bonds held her tight and she was an erotic, writhing tableau on the modern executive desk. Facing the door, between Sarah's legs, was the lovely and needy Rachel. Her long blond hair was becoming a tangled mane as she eagerly lapped and moaned, working to extend Sarah's orgasm as long as she could. When she heard the sudden noise from the doorway, she looked up suddenly to expose her lips and face thickly wet and glistening.

The noise had been caused by the briefcase hitting the floor and by the rather shocked utterance of Sarah's boss, Dale Caffer.

"What in the hell is going on here!" he finally gathered himself enough to yell. "This is my office!"

Rachel's eyes were suddenly wide with panic. A flash of images ran through her mind. The stranger at the door – the police – jail – and then no way she could meet Megan. She had to meet Megan. She had to. Nothing mattered but meeting Megan and obeying her and feeling what she had hinted at. Nothing.

She looked up at Sarah's equally panicked face, still panting, trying to catch her breath after such an intense release. Sarah had recognized the voice instantly, but she had not yet been able to spit the humming dildo from her mouth. All she could do was lean her head farther back and see the upside-down and unbelievably upset and shocked figure of her boss and he in turn was granted a view of her that put high school nightmares of hallway nudity to shame. She was glowing, nearly naked and bound tight and awake in a reality that was no dream. What she was wearing was more embarrassing than nothing at all. Not only was he seeing this, but he'd also surely heard the urgent and lusty sounds of her orgasm. And she couldn't get the fucking dildo out of her mouth to say anything.

Rachel could only manage one word. There was sorrow and remorse in her eyes as she looked down at the incredibly beautiful woman before her.

"Sorry," she whispered. And then, before Caffer could react, she had grabbed up both bags of toys and fled the office. It was unfortunate for Sarah that the clothes she'd worn that day were in the bag as well. It was also unfortunate for Sarah that her boss decided to remove only the dildo so he could get her agreement on an alternate punishment to calling in the police or having her fired. All of it was unfortunate, and it brought Rachel genuine sadness. But for her, whose lust had now been built to a level she'd never felt before, there was only one thought:

Megan. She was Megan's slut. She had to get to Megan. It was nearly time.

TO BE CONTINUED

Comments and suggestions are always welcome at froman.abe@gmail.com.