

Megan's New Clothes

By Abe Froman

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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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Megan's New Clothes

Chapter 1

Megan stepped into the steaming shower with her mind racing. All week long she'd been stomping around the house in a huff. She was frustrated and a bit upset, and didn't know why.

She closed her eyes and let the water flow down over her body. She was moving into her early 30's and she was still very proud of her body, as was her husband. Her 36D breasts were still firm – she always chose the best bras to support them. Those breasts really kept jogging out of the question for exercise, but she was rigorous when it came to aerobics and stretching. As her hands spread suds and foam over her body she could feel a smile and a tingle that her flesh was taut and smooth all over.

Her hands continued to explore as she washed. She loved sex with her husband, and they always kept it fun. Flicking at the golden rings through her pierced nipples, she was reminded how they not only kept her nipples erect, but feeling their weight often brought her thoughts to happy experience in the bedroom – or even a couple of the other rooms in the house.

She looked down at the suds flowing over her long legs as her thighs spread for her exploring fingers. She kept herself nicely groomed – just a little stripe which was enough to tickle Heath's tongue and to prove she was a natural blonde. She purred with the tongue of her own fingers, thinking it was a lovely way to think happily about a difficult few days.

She should be happy, if a bit amused by her horny husband. He'd surprised her with a motherlode of online shopping last week. The money wasn't the issue, nor really was the stuff he bought. Sure, it was pretty much all slutty and tiny clothing and accessories for her to wear but nothing out of the blue – they had talked and joked about those sorts of things.

After a lovely dinner made by her husband Heath and a glass of two of wine they'd moved over to the bedroom for an impromptu fashion show. She'd been in a good mood, so she'd gone for some of the more raunchy items: a lacy pair of crotchless panties, lace-topped stockings with an ultra-short black wet-look latex skirt that was more advertisement or gift-wrapping for her ass than a cover for it. Looking in the mirror at those long legs flowing out of the skirt in those decadent stockings gave her an immediate and encouraging tingle.

Next was a tiny little stretchy tank top with spaghetti straps. It was white and it barely covered her full breasts. There was plenty of flesh exposed above the neckline and even at the sides. It was so tight that it hugged her breasts and body like a second skin. Written, now stretched, across the front was the word "slut" in gothic script. Looking like this, she felt that way too. It helped that the top was also clearly displaying her stiff nipples, and was so tight that even the outlines of the gold rings she wore in them were visible.

She'd painted her lips with bright red lipstick, and even added mascara and some rouge – after all, wouldn't a slut dressed like this be painted up? The last item she looked at a while before putting on. It was a black choker with rhinestone letters, spelling out "I love cock" with a little heart for the word "love." Megan knew that Heath had bought this particular one as a real wish. She didn't often go down on him, but she would occasionally give him a kiss or nuzzle down there. She hardly "loved cock." But she felt inspired, and thought that maybe it would make him so hot to see her wearing the choker, he wouldn't have time to wait for that foreplay.

But the evening had gone quite different than her expectations – mostly because of her own actions. She'd been unstoppable. She strutted around in her get-up, teasing him with the sight that obviously had him very hot. She'd been shameful, teasing her own body with her hands for him, massaging him as well. There was no getting around it: she fucked him and he fucked her for all they were both worth. It went on for hours.

Saying she had gone down on him didn't do the events justice. She had to admit to herself that she had worshipped his cock, kissing it, sucking it, stroking it, until she urged his cum from him and into her mouth.

Even when they were both exhausted and the sky had begun to brighten with the impending sunrise, she found she slept with her hand gripping his shaft. Waking hours later, nothing left of her outfit but the choker, she had woken him with yet another bout of oral service. He knew she wasn't fully awake until that shot of cum hit the back of her throat. In the moment, she had loved it, and had wanted nothing else.

But barely an hour later, when she was stripped and right here, washing the sweat and sex from her body in the shower, she felt ashamed, even

humiliated by how much like a sex-starved slut she'd acted. That wasn't her, was it? They'd been married for years, and while they had a great sexual relationship, married people don't act like that, do they?

Her reaction to her own behaviour had put her off. She distracted herself with chores for the next couple days, and had even found herself snapping at Heath when he mentioned that night (with that grin on his face) or talked about the other purchases. He seemed hurt and surprised by her mood now. She understood that – of course he was. One night his wife was a sex-starved maniac, the next night a prude.

She didn't know really what to do, but she wasn't going to take it out on him any more. In fact, maybe she should make it up to him. She had the afternoon off, and she knew when he came home on Friday's it was with a mix of the tiredness of a full week done, but with enthusiasm towards a weekend arriving. She decided to surprise him with a nice dinner, maybe even on the patio if this late summer weather held out. And hey, she thought, maybe even one more surprise. She remembered her horny husband had bought a French maid's uniform with that batch of clothing.

Her soapy fingers were moving fast now – it was such a typically male fantasy – but the image of her own body in the tight uniform was just the push she needed to slide her over the edge. In the steamy shower, alone in her house, she screamed out and came hard – riding the pleasure in waves. Her legs weakened and she slid down to the floor of the shower in a blissful soapy tangle. After her recovery and rinse, she stepped out and surrounded herself in fluffy towels to dry. She was going to make her husband smile today, and clothed in just the towel, she let go a gleeful giggle made her way see just how tawdry she'd look in that uniform.

The uniform seemed more complicated than she thought it would be, but now she was determined. She spread the items out on the bed, and took careful stock of them. First, she decided, were the stockings. She fixed the garter belt around her hips and carefully rolled the fishnets up her legs and fastened them. There were no panties, just a lacy petticoat that also was wiggled in place around her hips. Next came the dress, though that was a generous word for it. She managed to get the shiny latex around her and it was immediate obvious that it was going to be very short and very tight.

Once she had it in place, started to work at the laces, feeling it hug and squeeze at her body, pushing her full breasts higher up, forming even more into an hourglass figure. Once finally done to her satisfaction, the bodice was little more than a shelf for her breasts, not even covering her nipples, and her nipple rings gleamed and teased out. The skirt covered most of the lace petticoat but very little of her – and that was standing up. She felt her face start to warm and flush with embarrassment at her appearance, but she felt it quickly change to a peaceful acceptance, knowing it was just right somehow.

She continued to dress, applying the final touches. She slid her feet into the five-inch spike heels and buckled the straps around her ankles. A tiny white, lace-trimmed apron went in place around her waist. A matching lace headband was arranged in her hair. The final touch was a white lace choker. She smiled and shook her head as she noticed the embroidery in it.

Black thread formed, in perfect script, the words, “the perfect slave.” As she put it in place around her neck, she was laughing and shaking her head at her husband’s fantasies. Once it settled home, however, the feeling changed to warmth flowing all over her body. Yes, she was going to be the perfect maid, the perfect slave. Just thinking about how good she was going to be made her tingle, and her pussy lips were glistening.

So, like a good maid, she got to work. She had really just been planning to try on the outfit, but now she realized how much there was to do. Over the next few hours, her body was tightly wrapped and displayed to perfection for no-one’s benefit but her own as she vacuumed, dusted, finished the laundry and prepared a feast fit for a king, or Master. She was so fully in her role she barely noticed the gasping shock of the UPS deliveryman as she answered the doorbell that afternoon. She nonchalantly signed for the delivery, smiled at him, and returned to her work. After all, Heath would be home soon.

When Heath arrived home, he stepped into the hall and called out to Megan that he was home. After a long week, he was eager for the weekend to start, even if there had been a bit of out-of-place quietness between them lately. He was totally unprepared for her appearance and greeting.

His jaw dropped to the floor as he took her in. The outfit he’d bought, and recently all but given up hope of ever seeing her in, was better than he could have dreamed. Her tits looked even larger than normal as they nearly poured out of it, and that was saying something. Perhaps even more striking was the way she was totally living up to her look. Every motion seemed to communicate a kind of service and submission to him. He felt his cock stir in his jeans.

“Hi, Sir,” she softly said, “Please come out to the deck. I’ve got your dinner ready.”

Heath was too shocked to speak, and he followed her out, his eyes drinking in the curves of her legs accentuated by her patterned stockings, her calves formed by the posture the tall heels gave her, and the delicious expanse of bare flesh between the stocking tops and the bottom of her tiny skirt.

He couldn’t get to a point of equilibrium, as every moment seem to carry a new surprise, a new aspect of a fantasy he wouldn’t have dared dream. Megan simply knelt, on the deck in the cool fall air, as he ate the perfectly

grilled steak. By the time he has polished off the delicious meal, sipping at his wine, his mind was turning a bit wicked.

Her performance was too perfect, too submissive. He couldn't help now but want to try and trip her up.

Their back yard was relatively enclosed by foliage, but they weren't that far from their neighbors. It was one of the reasons why Megan would never fool around in the back yard, or even here on the deck. Heath smiled as the idea crystallized in his mind, and he turned to her. He opened his thighs and drew down his fly. He carefully drew out his stiff cock and drank in the look in her eyes as a reaction.

"Megan, my maid, I want you to service me, right here and right now." He was ready for her to laugh or to react in disgust, but certainly not for what she did.

Without a word, and with a look that he could only read as excitement and hunger, she slurped his shaft wetly into her mouth. He was moaning as he looked down to see her painted lips wrapped tight around his cock, her tits bouncing with her motion, barely restrained in the dress. Her nipple rings, which he always loved to see, were glinting in the candlelight. The pressure was building fast in his balls.

His mind's eye tried to imagine how this looked, and he still couldn't believe it. And he couldn't give up yet. She couldn't be into this so perfectly. He had to win, to break her act, to get her to cry uncle first.

"Stop, Megan." It nearly killed him to say it. She slid his shaft out of her pursed lips slowly and looked up at him with questioning eyes. "Stand up, move to the railing, and lean forward, pet."

Again, he waited for her refusal, maybe even a playful (or not quite) slap at what he was suggesting, but there was none. She simply moved to the wooden railing, leaned forwards just a touch, and actually lifted the back of her skirt for him. There was no room in his circulation-starved mind to think any further. He plunged into her, and gripped at her hips and breasts for leverage as he built his rhythm faster and faster.

He could feel her arousal, her wetness greet his shaft as he worked his hips to deepen its dance inside her. The pure pleasure gave him moments of clear thought. She was bent forwards, her breasts fully free and swaying with her motions. She seemed to be enjoying this as much as he was, but she was holding back just enough in her reactions. Heath smiled and felt his streak of wickedness build again.

"Baby, don't try to be quiet. Let it all out. Let me know how it feels," he whispered in her ear, lips grazing it as they moved.

Megan's mind wasn't working as it normally would either. There was a part of her, buried somewhere, or left behind this morning, that couldn't believe what she was doing. Not only was she dressed like a tramp (even if it was for her husband) but she was also having sex—enthusiastic sex—with him outside. As if the blowjob hadn't been bad enough, she now found herself moaning and grunting like an animal in heat. Those thoughts tried to form some kind of resistance, but they didn't stand a chance.

They fought hopelessly against the physical pleasure she was experiencing, the memories of her own appearance in her uniform. The look of lust and appreciation in the UPS man's gaze today (oh god... had she really done that too?!) But most of all, unknown yet to her or Heath, they were fighting against the strange power of the clothes themselves. The company had found a rather new way to guarantee satisfaction with their orders.

Her mind, under fashion's control sent her new thoughts. She just living up to her appearance, to her uniform. After all, wasn't she a good French maid? Wasn't she the perfect slave? She could do no more than obey. Besides, she hadn't felt so good since she had felt his throbbing cock in her mouth last week.

Megan could feel her husband's cock so full and thick inside her, driving into her with motions that she was meeting with rolling hips and eager grunts. Leaning out, looking over the back yard she could still feel tiny twinges of humiliation. Each time a light would come on in neighbor's window, each time a silhouetted head would appear in that light, she knew that she was the show. She was the porn movie. She was the slut getting fucked in her own back yard. Maybe she should be embarrassed or ashamed but right now the mental satisfaction of being a good slave and maid only added to her physical bliss.

The bliss and sensation pushed her farther and farther. She needed to express her sensations, and to obey with her expression – to share her joy and add to his. Her moans formed words as she screamed, “Oh god, oh fuck yess. Fuck me! Please! Your cock is so big and I want all of it! Please, oh god, please fuck me! Give me all of it!”

The part of Heath that could still think was amazed. This might be the hottest sex that they'd ever had, and his wife was moaning and screaming like a banshee. He was soaking in each sensation while fighting to make it last as long as possible. God, he loved this woman – the feel of her, the touch of her, the weight of her breasts in his hands and the velvet grip she held him with now. He loved each moan, growing louder with each minute. There was no doubt in his mind that he'd be getting appreciative and knowing looks from his male neighbors tomorrow.

His fingers squeezed into the supple flesh of her full breasts and searched out her stiff nipples as he could finally hold off no longer. His cum shot

deep inside her with spasm after spasm and her body reacted with its own matching release. His arms wrapped around her and electricity seemed to flow through every square inch of their touching skin. They inhabited another world of pure pleasure and ecstasy for uncountable precious moments.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed before conscious thought returned, but he managed to blow out the candles and carry his saucy maid back into the house and into bed. He might ask her tomorrow what had come over her, or he might not.

And hey, if she was still in a good mood tomorrow, he might try to get her to wear that "I like boys AND girls" baby tee first.

Chapter 2

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 night's 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 night's 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 seem 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 hear 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.

Chapter 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 named 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 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.

Chapter 4

Megan had been very busy preparing, so she appreciated that the doorbell rang right at six, and that slutty little Rachel was on time. She was even happier when she opened the door and saw how she looked standing there.

Rachel was still properly dressed in her SLUT choker and her "I like boys AND girls" top, but she'd added some even sluttier touches – a pair of fishnet stockings that didn't stand a chance of reaching all the way up to the bottom of her tiny, skin-tight miniskirt.

Clutched tight in both fists were bulging shopping bags, and the plain black bags were a clear tell-tale of the local sex-toy shop. Megan would have recognized them even if she hadn't been at the same shop herself today.

Megan stepped back from the door, and her wicked smile was all the cue that Rachel needed to follow her inside. Megan was dressed in a relatively conservative skirt and white fitted blouse; her embroidered choker, spelling out "the perfect slave" was the only hint of her current state of mind. True to the choker's influence, she had been preparing all day to make her Master and husband's fantasies real, working on this surprise to make him happy.

It wasn't like she had been a prude before her new clothes had asserted their power, but she would have never given herself over to fantasies and dreams like this. She would have never allowed herself to scream out loud in pleasure outside in her own back yard. She would have never serviced Heath so selflessly and repeatedly. She certainly would have never looked at another woman as a sexual object – would have never virtually

abducted her friend to make her into a pawn in this game. But now, as the perfect servant to her Master, she gathered intense pleasure from just those things: making him happy – it felt like the happiest she had ever been.

She knew that it would excite Heath to see her with another woman, especially one as lovely as Rachel. If not, he would have never have purchased the tank top that Rachel was now wearing. Megan could recognize the power of those objects on Rachel, but the awareness of the influence of her own wardrobe didn't even cross her mind.

She was getting into the fantasy so strongly now. All day long the mental image had become stronger and stronger. As each piece of her plan came to fruition, she could feel her own lust grow. Now, watching Rachel's tight ass wiggle up the stairs in that barely-there skirt, she could hardly keep her hands off of her. She could smell that Rachel had been playing, that her pussy was hungry – as if she hadn't already noticed the smeared lipstick and telltale scent on the slut's lips.

Megan had everything prepared, so once Rachel had been guided into the bedroom, getting her properly set up took only moments. Tightly buckled leather cuffs were locked onto her wrists and ankles. Fixing the ankles cuffs together, she drew them up to a chain that she had dangling from the new pulley system in the bedroom ceiling and drew them up tight, stretching Rachel's arms up over her head. She smiled, seeing Rachel lift herself up onto her toes, the strain making her lovely toned legs look even better in the fishnet stockings, and her posture making her skin-tight miniskirt seem even shorter.

The miniskirt didn't last long; Megan quickly stripped it from her. As she looked at the squirming Rachel, almost dangling there in her and her Master's bedroom, she cooed out loud. She slid her hands over Rachel's body and she could sense the erotic tension in her muscles. Lightly she traced down: through her hair, over her face and lips, tracing the letters on her choker, and down over her curves. Megan licked her lips as she watched her captive's nipples stiffen even further through the thin stretchy red fabric of her tank top.

Rachel's mind was closely matching the state of her body. It was buzzing, and focussed on nothing but pleasure, sensation and sex. The thoughts pounding through her consciousness were like a mantra, "I am a slut, I like boys and girls, I am a slut..." She remembered every touch since the firm way Megan's fingers had moved over her when she first tugged these clothes over her body to the amazing taste of Sarah's nectar on her tongue to the sensation of her skirt being taken from her and the cool air over her hungry cunt. Her arms were aching, stretched so high, and it was so hard to balance on her toes.

It got even harder as Megan pulled her legs wide apart, and kept them that way with a steel spreader bar locked between her ankle cuffs. Rachel looked down at her, her hungry eyes begging for mercy even though all

this time she didn't dare speak. Rather than mercy, she found only Megan preparing her for some unknown future with an efficiency and focus she'd never seen in her friend before. Rachel's eyes were wide as she felt the hot water hit her sex, followed soon after by the cool tingle of foam, then the gentle but quick strokes of a razor. Megan had just shaved her pussy bald! Her mind was racing and her body was quivering. Deep inside some part of her was shocked, humiliated and angry, but all that was well covered by the immediate and very present sensation of lust and need. All she knew was that Megan was her way to sexual satisfaction, and she would do anything for her to receive that gift.

Megan herself was in a mental and physical zone. She had been thinking about this moment and the hours to follow all day long – ever since she had seen Rachel appear as an answer to her husband and Master's fantasy – a fantasy which she, as his perfect slave, could think of no greater joy than to fulfill. She was so thankful his purchases, through their mysterious power, had given her the ability to make that dream real – even as she was unable to conclude they also gave her the desire to fulfill them.

Every step of these short hours of preparation were planned out, so that by the time Heath arrived, the scene would be set for him to walk into, and she would have made him happy.

Now that Rachel was secured in place, and properly shaved, Megan moved on to make sure the sexy woman would be properly physically and mental ready to make Heath happy – she wanted to be sure that no woman, other than herself, would ever want sex as much as Rachel would by the time Heath caught sight of her.

Megan took out her sharpest pair of scissors, and she started cutting at the hem of the tight tank top. She was careful not to damage the script, instead just shortening it enough so that the delightful soft curves of the undersides of Rachel's breasts were visible.

She then squeezed a healthy dollop of massage oil into her hands, and began to slide it over every exposed inch of Rachel's skin. It made her shine and glisten, and she watched as she started to be aware of the warming, tingling effect the tube advertised. Next, she tugged the top down just enough to expose her nipples, which were stiff and sensitive. As Megan secured the clamps onto them, Rachel finally let out a yelping moan of pain.

Of course, Megan was waiting for that moment, and took full advantage of it to stuff the red rubber ball gag into Rachel's mouth, buckling it tight behind her head, and took a moment to admire the way it stretched her lips, and how beautiful the leather straps looked as they pressed into her cheeks. Rachel was squirming with surprise and pain, her skin was tingling and her nipples were throbbing. Megan didn't have the time to pause for long, so she continued the preparations. She squeezed a battery-operated egg vibrator into Rachel's bald cunt, and followed it up with a

well-lubricated vibrating plug that she pushed slowly and deeply into her tight ass. The way that Rachel screamed into her gag, Megan guessed it might have been the first the she had been filled there.

That thought made Megan giggle, as she hopefully had a lot more “firsts” coming this evening. Megan let her fingers trail over Rachel’s puffed pussy lips as she strapped the butterfly vibrator around her hips, and adjusted it perfectly to align over her sensitive clit. Moving around now, to activate the vibrations on the egg, the plug, the butterfly, and even on the clamps, she smiled deeply.

“I’ll see you soon, Rachel, my perfect slut,” Megan cooed as she slid out of the room, “I’ve got to get myself ready now that you’re all set.”

The door was closed for just a moment, then Megan’s head poked back inside. “I almost forgot, pet. You are not to cum until I say so.”

Rachel was in shock. The vibrators were already having a significant effect on her, even if they did seem to be set to pretty low speeds. She could feel them all over her, and it was hard to tell where the torment of one stopped and the next began – except when it came to the vibrating clamps on her nipples. The weight of the mechanism was pulling at her throbbing buds, and the humming vibrations were shaking her to the core with a sensation she could no longer divide between pleasure and pain.

Her mind was pulsing, losing the ability to think about anything else but the sensations she was feeling and her ache to have them bring her to the peak, to sweet and wonderful orgasm. She knew she wasn’t allowed, and the fear that Megan might take pleasure away from her if she disobeyed was just barely enough to keep her from giving in to total release. As she alternated between loving and resisting the mix of vibrations and emotions, she could no longer hang on to even the remotest idea of time.

It wasn’t until an eternity later that she heard Megan’s voice at the door, telling her to close her eyes. She did, and then Megan was near her – she nearly cried when Megan took the vibrating dildo from her sopping wet pussy – then she did cry and scream into her drool-covered gag when the clamps came off her nipples. The sensation of the blood rushing back into them was worse than when the clamps went on. The gag was removed next, popping wetly out of her sore jaw. Then the spreader bar was gone, allowing her a bit more support, but only making the remaining plug seem even tighter in her ass as her thighs moved back together. She didn’t see Megan before she rushed out of the room once more, but she did hear the car in the driveway as Megan rushed down the stairs.

As Heath was driving home, he had to concentrate to keep his thoughts on the road. He couldn’t quite believe the last 24 hours or so – he and Megan hadn’t had sex with that kind of fervour in quite some time and he had never known to be so free of inhibitions, so into the moment, and so eager

to please him. As a result, he didn't know quite what he was going to be coming home to either.

The first time they had tried out his impulsive online purchases, Megan had also been totally into it, at least after a couple of glasses of wine, but then the next day she had seemed out of sorts, pissed off – almost like she had regretted the whole night. She had nearly bitten his head off when he made a leading joke about trying something like that again. He had started to think about packing the whole box of stuff up when last night happened. At least this morning she had been still in the mood, but now, with hours gone by and him having to be work all day, he just had no idea what he was about to come home to.

Even with all this best- and worst-case thinking, Heath didn't even come close to the situation that greeted him at his front door. He opened the door, stepping inside so happy to finally be back home, and there was Megan – and he was speechless.

She stood tall, in knee-high leather boots with six-inch spiked heels. Out of her boots flowed the perfect decoration of black silk stockings, pulled up with garters to the bottom of an incredibly tight, form-defining leather bustier. There weren't cups in the bustier as much as there were supports for the incredible beauty of her firm breasts – the stiffness of her nipples was in clear view and her nipple rings glinted brightly. There was a small triangle of sheer black lace covering her pussy, but her lips were still deliciously visible through it.

Megan had added rouge to her nether lips as well as her nipples, and the effect was magical. Bright red lipstick stood out on her face, which she had lightly powdered for even more contrast. It also made the fine black lettering stand out more against the lace choker around her neck, as if it were written right on her flesh.

Heath couldn't form words, or even cohesive thoughts. He was just staring, his eyes moving up and down her body, trying to take it all in. His cock was instantly hard and his heart swelled too – he simply loved his wife, and he was so lucky to have such beauty as a gift.

Her lips curled into a smile that was intoxicating, and the words that they formed sounded like the most erotic of whispers, but Heath felt he could hear even her thoughts in the connection of this moment.

“I have a surprise for you, a fantasy I can make real.”

Megan turned and began to walk upstairs, to their bedroom. Even without her words, he would have followed that ass to the end of the earth.

Megan felt so strange and wonderful, with her body and mind surging together. When she had first found these pieces of clothing in the box, she had thought they looked a little tough, a little strong, a little too

“Dominatrix” for her. As she had looked at them longer, the thought slid into her mind that they would actually be just the right touch to reflect her taking firm proper control of Rachel while they both served to act out her Master’s fantasy.

Now, with the tight leather wrapping and holding her tight, pushing her breasts so high, and the boots looking so imposing on her legs, she knew she had been right. She was at once her lover’s slave and her plaything’s Mistress. She was perfect.

Heath’s ability to grasp reality was again tested when Megan opened their bedroom door. It took a long moment for Heath to recognize the woman hanging (hanging!) there as their friend Rachel. They had been there for her during her divorce, spending time with her, comforting her. Heath would have had to be blind not to have noticed her devastating body and that incredibly thick, long blond hair, but he never let himself fantasize about her – at least not for more than a minute or two at a time.

But there she was, in his bedroom, wearing only one of the sexy little tops he’d purchased as one of his most daring jokes for Megan, and it seemed shorter than before, as the undersides of Rachel’s full breasts were visible as her posture pulled the top upwards. That top, a “slut” choker, and stockings were all she was wearing. Slut indeed, Heath thought, as he noticed her shaved bare pussy. Rachel clearly couldn’t move but she sure didn’t seem to be complaining. Heath could smell her from the doorway, and noticed a glisten on her pussy and around her mouth. God, this woman clearly wanted, needed sex.

“You wanted to see me with another woman, didn’t you?”

Heath didn’t know how to answer this, but he was too out of his mind to be able to lie. “Yes, I fantasized about it – do you want this? Does she?”

“I do,” said Megan with a wonderfully convincing smile on her face. She then turned to her captive, “Do you, Rachel? Do you want to be with me? Do you want to be with Heath?”

Rachel’s was nearly panting with need, “Yes, oh god yes, I want you both, so badly, right now!”

Megan laughed, turned to Heath and smiled again, and pushed him back until he reached the bed and just fell into a seating position. “Let me get her started, so you can watch,” she whispered. She moved back to Rachel, and whispered in her ear, “You’re going to love this, as are we both, but his cock is mine, slut. Mine alone.”

Standing before Rachel but a bit to the side to allow Heath a full view, Megan started to slide her fingertips up and down Rachel’s body. She slid over her face, her lips, down to slide around her breasts, cupping them, squeezing them, even pinching and pulling at the nipples. As her hands

moved downwards, she moved herself to a kneeling position, so her mouth was inches away from Rachel's pussy as her fingers slide over the wet lips, sliding between them, finding the aching clit with her fingernails. Reaching back between Rachel's thighs, she even pushed and teased the humming plug in her ass, a little touch Heath was not yet aware of.

Heath, still in a cloud of disbelief, watched with his eyes wide open. These were two of those most beautiful women he'd ever seen, and they were both seemingly awash in desire, with one teasing the other for his benefit. Watching his own wife's body move in such wicked fashion was just as arousing as seeing Rachel's body react – and her current bound and suspended state made it impossible for her to do anything but react. Goosebumps were visible on her skin, her nipples were rock hard targets for Megan's pinching and pulling, and she writhed along with each stroke.

Rachel's head had rolled back and her breathing had become an urgent panting. Heath could sense his own pressure building, and he noticed he was stroking his cock through his jeans.

Megan sensed the build-up, the crescendo approaching, and paused. She withdrew her hands from Rachel, which elicited a hungry moan from her that Megan ignored.

She turned to Heath, "Would you please take off your jeans, my Master, and slide back on the bed, so that you are leaning back against the headboard?" She didn't have to wait long to see him move into place with his jeans tossed away. She purred, seeing his shaft so obviously straining against his boxers, but she was committed to following her plan, not just jumping onto him and riding that wonderful thing all night long.

She turned to Rachel and made sure the needy girl's eyes were locked onto hers before she reached into her duffel, and pulled out a large, menacing black rubber dildo, already fitted into a strap-on harness. Rachel's mouth fell open in a silent scream. Megan affixed the harness over her hips, giggling as she looked down at the obscene thing now jutting out from her body.

She reached up and freed Rachel's wrists from above her head, and held her as she regained her balance on her own. Megan took this opportunity to whisper in her ear, "you will service him well, with all that you have and all that you are, slut, and you will not let a drop spill – nor will you swallow it until I say so."

Megan then crawled toward Heath on the bed, looking into his eyes with love, lust, desire and want. She reached for him, and took hold of the boxers and pulled them slowly down his muscular legs, moaning as his stiff shaft popped free of the waistband. She guided Rachel down onto all fours on the bed, and Rachel agreeable crawled toward him, pushing Heath's thighs open as she approached. Before Heath could say a word, Rachel's hot mouth had enveloped him, and her tongue was devouring

every inch of him. She was sucking his cock like her life depended on it – her head was bobbing in a varying rhythm, her cheeks were hollowed with suction, and the tip of her tongue danced over him, circling his head and finding every nerve ending. Wet slurping emanated from her lips.

Behind Rachel, Megan watched the show and was almost aware of the well-buried emotion of jealousy, seeing this whore suck her Master's cock. If she were not the perfect slave, but was instead a normal wife, she might not have been able to take it. Rachel's was well displayed to her as she kneeled and sucked and moaned. The base of the vibrating plug spread her ass cheeks, and her shaved pussy was throbbing and wet.

No, she wasn't jealous, as she was giving her Master his fantasy, but there did seem to remain just a hint of remaining malice in her first few thrusts, ramming the eight inch rubber cock deep into Rachel's cunt. She stood at the foot of the bed, gripping Rachel's hips tight, so tight her fingernails were digging into flesh, and gained all the leverage she could as she fucked Rachel deep, each thrust pushing that slut onto her Master's cock. She wanted it pushed so deep into her, filling up her throat.

Getting into the rhythm, Megan found that she liked the strange sensation of the strap-on pushing back against her own excited sex. She liked the feel of Rachel's fit body between her and Heath. In a way, she was almost fucking Heath herself, driving Rachel onto him like a sex-toy, and she loved it. Her pleasure built with her pace.

Heath was amazed at first, given the eager slurping suction Rachel had begun with. Amazement didn't describe the addition of the thrusting pulses now added. Her lips were reaching further each time, until he felt the throbbing head of his cock pushing into the tightness of her throat. Her lips were reaching almost all the way to the base of him, and closer each time. He could see Rachel's head buried down over him, he could feel her breasts swaying and moving against his thighs, and over her, he could see the almost wickedly joyful grin of his wife, driving it all. It was too much to resist.

Megan knew the look on Heath's face instantly. She stopped thrusting, and with a hand in Rachel's hair, pulled her back just enough so that her tight lips held just the head of his cock, enough to catch the sudden explosion of hot cum within her mouth – to fill her up but not let it be driven down her throat. She held Rachel there, with the dildo still buried deep, until that wonderful man stopped spasming, and she knew he was spent.

Megan pulled Rachel from him, and giggled a moment when she heard the wet pop as Heath's head fell free. "Good slut, Rachel, hold that precious cum in your mouth."

Rachel's mind was spinning, her body ready to drive her to madness. She had been so close, so maddeningly close. That damn plug filled her up so

completely, still shaking her to the core. Megan had been giving her the deep fucking of her life, only made more intense by the sensation of being doubly filled, feeling the two toys slide together inside her. And to add to it, her mouth had been filled too, with the incredible heat of Heath's throbbing cock. She'd always been curious about his body and now she'd seen him, tasted him.

Now, rather than basking in the afterglow of the orgasm should could feel so close, she was pulled away, kneeling before that handsome man, watching his dazed, satisfied grin, while she held a mouthful of his jizz in her mouth, not daring to swallow it. Oh god, she wanted release so bad – the taste coating her tongue and teeth was overwhelming, and the shame of kneeling here like this, so humiliated, so needy, was just about too much to take.

Megan slid back, letting the dildo slurp out of Rachel's body. She crawled up onto the bed, to Heath's side, and with her own tongue she licked and lapped and cleaned his softened shaft. The wonderful attention she gave it started it hardening once more. Inches away, Rachel was breathing deeply through her nose. Megan turned to her, pulled her up so that the two of them were kneeling upright on the bed with Heath below them. Megan laces her fingers into Rachel's next of blond hair, pulled her face close and kissed her hard and deep. She drove her tongue into Rachel's mouth, spreading her lips wide to match her own, and in moments their tongue's were dancing together, the cum sliding between them. Finally, wanting it all, Megan sucked it all into her own mouth and swallowed down. As she broke the kiss, Rachel's tongue was left extended past her lips, and below them, Heath was once again fully erect.

The air in the bedroom was thick and filled with the scent of all three of them, feeling like an erotic hothouse of lust. Megan pushed Rachel back down onto all fours once more and crawled over her, pushing the strap-on dildo against and into her hungry sex once more, and began to thrust enthusiastically. Heath was ready for more and he clambered off of the bed and stood behind the pumping backside of his incredibly wife. He tore the thin thong from her and eased his cock into her cunt from behind. In moments he was matching her rhythm, filling her up deeply again and again as she herself pushed Rachel so hard that she had to lift a hand to brace herself against the headboard. Moans and screams from all three of them rattled the windows.

They were moving as one, linked intimately. Heath's hands were on Megan's hips, Megan's had one arm wrapped around Rachel's waist and the other was gripping and kneading her swaying breasts. Constantly, over and over, Megan was whispering into Rachel's ear, "not yet, not yet, not yet." Megan was feeling the intense sensations nearly overwhelm her too. She was actually feeling the vibrator inside of Rachel hum against her strap-on, which mixed with the deep throbbing fucking Heath was giving her from behind would have been more than enough to send her

over the edge in moments, but she knew that a perfect slave would cum with her Master, not before him.

It wasn't until she felt the tension build and peak in Heath's body, felt the extra curl in his fingers and the short, staccato gasps from him that she allowed herself release, and with a whispered "now" granted permission to Rachel as well.

The three of them came at once, gasping in unison, each holding the next tight, their bodies stuck together with sweat. For Rachel in particular, it was all too much to withstand. She had been waiting for this, building to this, since the moment Megan re-dressed her this morning. She had been trying, over and over, to reach this release without satisfaction, only to be held at the precipice of it for an eternity. The most powerful, all-encompassing orgasm she had ever known ravaged her body, and she collapsed unconscious in pure pleasure.

After he recovered himself, Heath smiled down at Rachel, after making sure she was still breathing, and guided Megan quietly out of the bedroom, to their en-suite bath. He carefully and lovingly stripped her clothing from her, though he enjoyed the look of her choker on her so much, that he left it there, even as he pulled off his t-shirt and dragged her into the shower with him. His hands moved over her curves in soft, slow reflection of the depth of his love for her. He slowly lathered every inch of her as the room filled with steam.

Standing there with her, slick and wet, he kissed her slowly. "Honey, you know you didn't have to do this, but I loved every moment of it. I love you."

"I love you," she softly replied, lost in his eyes, while the full knowledge that she had pleased him soaked through her.

"I wouldn't have ever guessed that Rachel would have wanted to join us, especially how she was with you. I mean, isn't she a little conservative?"

"Once I saw that top you bought, and I knew that you'd fantasized about me with another woman, I knew she would be perfect."

"I won't argue that she is lovely – not as much as you of course," Heath laughed and tweaked Megan's nipples. "But really, how did you convince her?"

"Silly Master, I just used the clothes you bought."

"Used the clothes? What do you mean?" Heath's face started to get a little scrunched in its expression. He shut off the water, and towelled off Megan, then himself, before they both slipped into their robes.

“The clothes, Master. The clothes affect her mind, her desires, just like the instructions said. I’ll show you.”

Heath was too confused to move, so he was still in the bathroom when Megan returned with the scrap of paper. Heath read it over slowly, his eyes widening when he reached the last paragraph.

“Oh my god, it can’t be true.” But instantly he knew that it must be. There was no other way to explain Megan’s actions.

“Megan, honey, I’m so sorry,” he gasped, “I never knew. I would have never done this to you.”

Megan looked confused. “What do you mean? I used them on her, not on myself.” She smiled up at him.

Heath looked down at her, eyes wide in confusion and disbelief. He turned her to face the mirror, standing behind her, as he unlaced the lace choker from behind. The words in black thread, “the perfect slave,” slid down and off her skin.

Megan was limp in Heath’s arms as her consciousness was freed and her buried thoughts and repressed reactions came bubbling up all mixed together with the vivid memories of her experiences of pleasure, excitement and danger. Memories of her actions flashed in her mind like an X-rated slide show, but complete with the record of each touch, each sensation, each emotion in the moment.

She turned back to him slowly. “You didn’t know?” she asked slowly and meaningfully.

“I swear to god I didn’t know,” Heath’s eyes were locked to hers.

“Baby,” she said slowly, looking up in his loving, concerned face, “I believe you, and I love you.”

Then, in the strange warm quiet of their bathroom, Heath got the biggest surprise yet. Megan opened her robe, and reached forward to open Heath’s. She slid back, lifting herself onto the counter, and the two of them made slow quiet love in the steamy quiet.

Epilogue

It had been quite some trick in deciding how to deal with Rachel. In the end, they sent her home with loving kisses in a pair of Megan’s yoga pants and one of Heath’s t-shirts. They never told her about the clothing, and they simply shared with her the story that all of them had been lost in the moment, and given in to one-time urge. Things were strange at first, but they had managed that with an evening dinner, just the three of them, that

had flowing wine, gales of laughter, and ended with everyone still dressed and sharing warm hugs at the door.

Between Heath and Megan there was actually a renaissance of passion. Their experiences together seemed to give them the mental permission to play, to share their fantasies, and to try out some of them as well. The box of clothing was taped up and slid into a corner of the basement.

Not forgotten, not throw out... just away. For now, and for the foreseeable future, they were more than able to role-play on their own. Whenever Heath or Megan thought of it, there gave an inner smile to those short days, all the while thinking that they were more than happy to keep control of their minds to themselves, and they almost never mentioned those specific events to each other, thinking that kind of thing was completely behind them. At least, that was what they thought.

It was another Saturday afternoon, months and months and forever later, and they were laughing together, holding hands, as they returned home from a shopping trip in the city. Seeing the flashing light on the kitchen phone, they played the message.

“Hey guys. It’s Rachel. I don’t know if you’re into this kind of thing, but I saw this ad, and I’m getting some friends together for a fun night out and this club downtown. There is actually going to be a hypnotist there, and I heard he may even be a bit racy, so let me know if you’re interested.”

They didn’t say a word, but both their mouths were just a bit open, their eyes fixed on each other, and they both reached for the phone at the same time.

THE END

Please send comments and/or suggestions to froman.abe@gmail.com. I cannot thank enough all the readers of this story, especially all those who were willing to wait for the last chapter. Every comment, every email, every kind word means a lot to me, and kept me dedicated to finishing. Thank you.

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