

Jennifer



# Jennifer



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Jen arrived at her new university, ready to take a big step in her life. She had never left her home state before, and now that she was almost a thousand miles from home. It was a bit frightening but also very exciting for her. She was fairly bright, but a bit naïve from being sheltered as she grew up.

She had decided to get an off-campus apartment so she could experience more of the city, plus it would save her some money. Jen turned her little Honda down the street that her new apartment was on and stopped at the address the GPS told her to. She found herself looking up at a large, old house that had been divided into two apartments, an upper and a lower, hers being the lower. The place looked more run down than it did in the pictures on the internet ad, but because she was from so far away she couldn't have come out and seen it in person anyway. She had already signed the lease for the duration of her university program.





However Jen was not dissuaded. A crappy apartment wouldn't ruin her mood! She started moving in her bags and boxes, taking trips in and out, though unbeknownst to her she was being watched the whole time.

From the upstairs apartment, Cinder watched the young blonde woman move into the apartment below her. Cinder was very perceptive and could tell she was from a small town. The way she dressed conservatively, the way she did her hair long blonde hair in a plain pony tail, only a single earring in each lobe. She was definitely a pretty girl, with a nice shape. Probably 5'5, 120 pounds, C-cups, Cinder guessed.

Cinder was very different from the girl moving in below. Her hobbies consisted of drinking and partying with her punk friends and finding new ways to modify her body. Her hair was dyed black and cut into a short asymmetrical bob. Her G-cups were the result of plastic surgeries and she had spent thousands on tattoos and piercing parts of her face and body. She took care to keep her skin pale so her dark makeup would provide more of a contrast. Since she nearly always wore stiletto heeled leather boots no one really knew her actual height, but in the boots she stood a couple inches short of six feet.





“Luna! There is a new girl moving in downstairs,” Cinder said to her girlfriend as she put her cigarette out. Luna didn’t say anything in return, the ball-gag in her mouth only allowed some muffled noise to escape. Cinder strode over to Luna, who was locked in a kneeling position with some heavy duty bondage equipment and had an enema in her ass for Cinder’s amusement. Cinder inspected the hose and checked to make sure the enema hadn’t leaked. The ones Cinder used almost never did. Then she turned on the flow of water, slowly filling Luna’s bowels with another pint.

Luna could only moan as she felt her rectum fill with fluid. It was uncomfortable, no doubt, but the pleasure she felt being dominated by her Mistress made it all worth it. She would do anything to please her Mistress Cinder. All the piercings in her pussy lips and her nipples, the massive F-cup implants, the intricate tattoo work, she had done everything for Cinder and would continue to do so.

Cinder moved back to the window, her stilettos thudding noisily on the wooden floor. She lit another cigarette and watched the blonde girl some more, pinching her own pierced nipple with her thumb and forefinger. "We will have to introduce ourselves when the time is right, won't we Luna?"

"Mmmm hmmm!"





A week later, Jen was working on her first assignment, or trying to at least. It wasn't easy with the heavy, blaring music coming from upstairs. Every night it was the same, maybe even louder tonight. And when the music wasn't cranked, she could hear constant heavy footsteps clomping around up there. As if someone were wearing bricks on their feet, or if Bigfoot was hiding out upstairs.

Finally, Jen had enough. She had not met anyone from upstairs, she hadn't even seen them, but she was about to. She had hoped her first time meeting them wouldn't be her complaining about the noise, but Jen was at her limit and was quite upset. She left her apartment and stomped up the stairs.

Jen went to pound on the door and was surprised when it opened before she could. The woman that stood before her surprised her even more. Jen was indeed sheltered and had not seen too many people unlike herself in her old hometown. It was hard for Jen to tell how old the girl, or woman before her was because she was so heavily made up with black eyeshadow, mascara, and lipstick. Her leather bodysuit covered much of her body yet still left little to the imagination! The leather clung to her every curve and exposed her expansive cleavage and a huge tattoo on her chest and neck. All the black contrasted heavily with her super pale skin. She stood a more than a couple inches over Jen, who suddenly was rather intimidated.

As Jen stared at Cinder with her mouth agape, Cinder's lips twisted into a wicked grin. "You must be the girl that moved in downstairs! It's great to meet you! Oh dear, I hope our music wasn't bothering you!" She took a long drag on her cigarette.

All the aggression had run away from Jen as she stood there, mumbling, "Yes, I mean, no, uhhh... its fine..."

"Good!" Cinder purred as she exhaled a plume of smoke. Jen suddenly felt herself being dragged into the room by the wrist, with Cinder saying, "Do come in! My friends call me Cinder, would you like something to drink?"

Jen looked about the room in wonder. The way it was decorated one might have thought Dracula lived there. Lots of red, grey and black. A blanket of smoke hung in the air. Jen really just wanted to leave, she was outside of her comfort zone but she didn't want to be rude... then Jen saw there was another person in the room, and she found herself very, very far outside her comfort zone.

In the far corner a woman was kneeling on the floor, facing away from her. And she was totally nude, wearing only a collar around her neck and with only tattoos to break up her pale skin. Jen could tell even from behind that she had absolutely huge breasts, but what was even more impressive was the size of the buttplug in between her cheeks. Impressive wasn't really the word Jen was trying to think of, but she was at a complete loss for words.

Jen could only stare at the woman in the corner as Cinder towed her to the couch and gently sat her down.

"So what is your name?" Cinder asked.





“Oh, uh, I’m sorry...” Jen stammered, trying to tear her gaze away from the huge buttplug, “Uhhh, uhhh... Jen...”

“Jen,” Cinder puffed on her cigarette again, blowing smoke above her, “And what would you like to drink?”

“Ummm, I...I..”

“How about a gin and tonic!” Cinder interrupted. She didn’t wait for an answer, she disappeared into the kitchen. Jen’s brain was screaming for her to leave, right now and quickly. But she was unable to move from the couch; she could hardly breathe. She was totally frozen. But when Cinder returned with the drink a minute later, Jen finally managed to speak.

“Who... ummm, who is that?” She pointed to the corner.

“Oh my manners!! Luna! Come over here and meet our new neighbor!” The naked, big-breasted girl turned around, revealing that she was gagged and that her breasts were bigger than Jen had thought before. Luna crawled over, rather awkwardly, her heavy tits swaying. Jen could only imagine how difficult it was moving with something that big in her asshole. She stopped before Cinder and kneeled, Cinder bent down and removed the ball-gag.

“Hi nice to meet you,” Luna got out before Cinder pushed the ball-gag back in.

Cinder smiled at Luna and then at Jen, “Luna is my girlfriend... of sorts!” She laughed, smoke snaking its way out from her mouth as she did.

Jen took a drink from her gin and tonic, glad to have a strong drink in this very weird situation! She had heard about people having relationships like these. S&M, Jen thought they called it. But she was never exposed to anyone who was into such a lifestyle. Especially two women! She had only known one known one girl from her hometown that was bisexual. And now she had two living above her!

Cinder asked, still smiling, "Where are you from? Tell us a bit about yourself."

Jen tried to open up a bit, talking about her hometown and what she came to study. Jen found the way Luna listened intently with the ball-gag in her mouth unsettling and Cinder's grin even more unsettling. Jen struggled with the small talk, choosing to drink from her glass to buy herself time in between thoughts. She tried to turn the conversation around, asking Cinder questions, but Cinder gave a short, non-descript answer and Jen was back to talking about herself.



In less than ten minutes of awkward chat, Jen started feeling light-headed. She put her hands to her face, rubbing her eyebrows. “I don’t feel...something...” The room was starting to get blurry.

Cinder’s grin turned to a look of concern, “Oh Jen dear, are you ok?” Cinder sat next to her and put her hands on her shoulders, keeping her from swaying about and falling off the couch.

“No... I better go...home...” Jen mumbled, trying to keep her eyes open and failing.

“Shhh... Just relax.” Cinder helped Jen lay her head on the couch, softly whispering “Relax.” Jen’s eyes stayed closed and her mouth hung open as she fell to sleep. Cinder remained quiet for a few minutes before rising, her grin returning, more sinister than before. She gazed down at the sleeping young woman, growing moist beneath the leather. “She’s such an innocent little thing,” Cinder remarked before she lit a fresh cigarette. She carefully removed Jen’s shirt, though the drug that was in Jen’s drink was very powerful and Cinder was in no danger of waking her. Next Cinder removed Jen’s bra. She ran her long talons across Jen’s natural breasts, dreaming up plans. “Such a pure, unmolested canvas...”



Jen awoke slowly. Daylight was pouring through the windows. She sat up and looked about her sparsely appointed room. It was her room though, which brought about a sigh of relief. She saw the book she was reading last night sitting in bed with her. Last night must have been a dream.

Then Jen saw the time. She was running terribly late! How did she fall asleep and not set an alarm, yet she remembered to undress and put a nightshirt on?! Jen sprang out of bed, feeling something a bit off. She ignored it as she gathered clothes up and began dressing. Jen had to pause as she pulled her panties on. They were... a bit snug. She felt her cheeks digging into the fabric. She frowned, figuring that she must have gained weight, though all of a sudden... It was a bit odd, but Jen didn't have time.



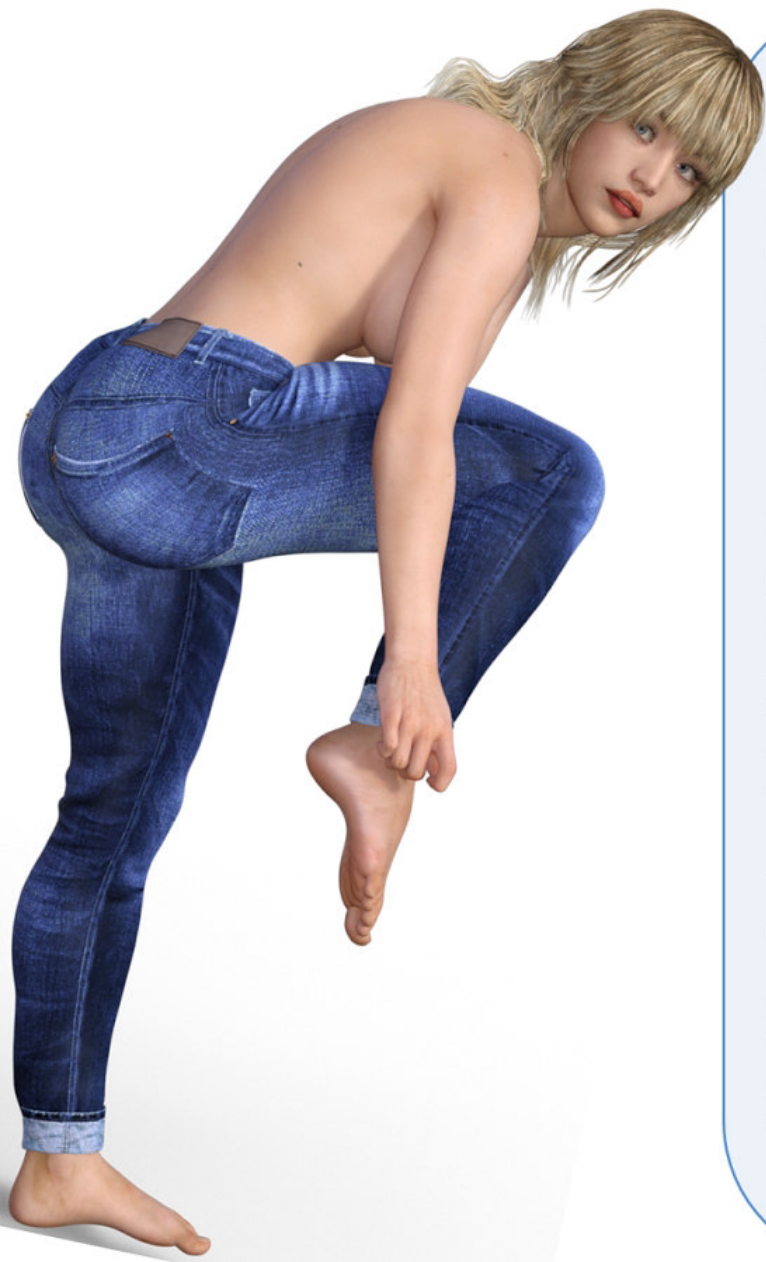
**She found a bra and pulled off her nightshirt, and stopped immediately. Something was definitely wrong! Jen took her boobs in her hands, inspecting them. Seemingly overnight, her areola had grown, spreading from about an inch and a half in diameter to probably twice that! And they went from light pink to a shade of brown!**

**Jen was confused and a bit worried. She took a deep breath and said aloud, “My hormones must be off or something...” She swallowed and put her bra on before hurrying to the bathroom to get cleaned up, but stopping in her tracks again once she saw the mirror. It appeared that the swelling that had affected her bottom has affected her face too, specifically her lips! Jen got up closer to the mirror, pursing her lips again and again. There was no doubt there was some swelling there, granted they weren’t huge but Jen noticed a difference. She was growing more worried now, but again she told herself that her hormones were probably out of whack and she had to get to class.**

**Finally dressed and ready, Jen hurried out the front door. She stopped before she got in her car and looked up to the dark window of the upstairs apartment. She didn’t know what to think right now. Was the whole thing a dream? Was there really a pair of super kinky lesbians living up there? Did she get drunk last night and stumble back downstairs? Most importantly, what the hell was wrong with her??!**

**Jen got in her car and drove off. If she had stayed and watched just a bit longer, she might have seen the amber glow of a cigarette in the window upstairs.**





A few days later, Jen was back to reading in her apartment, listening to the heavy footsteps upstairs again. Cinder in her leather heeled boots? It had to be, though Jen was still unsure if the whole night was a figment of her imagination. She hadn't seen Cinder or Luna or anyone from upstairs since. But she heard the music and the footsteps, so she knew it was probably no dream.

What she still didn't know was what caused the swelling in her lips and behind and the change in her areola. At least she didn't have to explain what was wrong to anyone else, since she knew no one out here. Part of her wanted to go to a doctor but she didn't have any other symptoms. She decided to wait it out, but in the meantime she had to buy a couple new pairs of jeans and pants. Her old ones were just too snug.

What was strange about it was that she hadn't gained weight anywhere else besides her butt. Her belly was still flat and her breasts were still the same size. Even her thighs didn't appear thicker. It was like ten pounds had added themselves to her asscheeks overnight. Ten pounds exactly, Jen weighed herself. And how it was related to her larger, darker areola and her plumper lips, Jen absolutely could not figure out.





Progress 





Jen found herself dwelling more on her neighbors than on her studies, and after a bit of indecision she shut her book and made her way upstairs. She might not be able to explain the changes to her body, but seeing Cinder and Luna again would at least eliminate that she dreamed them up.

Jen knocked at the door and after a moment, she knew she hadn't been dreaming. Luna had answered this time, standing on two feet this time. But she was just as naked as last time. Jen should have been expecting to see a naked woman up here but she was caught off guard. She could only stare at Luna's tattoos, her huge breasts, her enormous nipple rings, and... shit! Look at all those rings in her vagina...

"That's Jen, isn't it? Let her in you braindead slave!" A voice called from inside the apartment.

Luna swallowed and said to Jen, "Very sorry! Come in!" Jen was at a loss for words again but came inside the smoky room, seeing Luna sitting on a large chair, almost a throne.



Progress





“Marvelous to see you again, neighbor!” Cinder said after she took a sip from a martini glass. “What brings you to our home tonight?”

Jen couldn’t exactly say that she needed to prove to herself that were in fact two kinky lesbians living above her. She tried to think of something but all she could manage was, “I just... just wanted to say hi...”

“Well Luna isn’t that lovely!? Its been a while since we had such a cool neighbor. Usually the downstairs neighbor bitches about our music! That or my boots!” Cinder gestured to the leather boots sitting on the floor. She took a drag from her cigarette as Luna crouched down at Cinder’s feet and began working on her toenails with a file.

Jen forced a laugh, “Right, yeah! Haha! But yeah since you mentioned the music...”

Cinder interrupted, “Since you are here, why doesn’t my pet Luna treat you to a pedicure?” She withdrew her foot from Luna’s hands and snapped her fingers, pointing at her boots. Luna immediately began sliding the boots over Cinder’s feet and up her thighs.

“Oh I couldn’t impose...” Jen took a step backward.

“Nonsense! You are our guest!” Once her boots were on, Cinder rose and strode over to Jen. “I’ll get you a drink. Gin and tonic right?”

Cinder was already on her way to the kitchen as Jen protested, “No, thanks, but I got too drunk last time... plus my feet are gross, you don’t...”

“That’s why we have the slave look after our feet, dear!” Cinder called from the kitchen as she mixed up Jen’s drink, adding a few extra ingredients this time but leaving out the Rohypnol.

Jen looked to Luna, who quietly whispered, “It’s best not to upset her. I don’t mind doing your nails, really.”



Progress 



Jen swallowed. Didn't want to upset her? What did she mean? A pedicure would be great, she had only had them done for special occasions back home. But this was not at all the time or the place! Jen just wanted to leave right now, but before she knew it she was on the couch with a drink in her hand, with Luna removing her shoes and socks.

Cinder sat next to her and draped her arm around her, a lit cigarette between her fingers with smoke wafting in Jen's face. "Darling, you need to really lighten up. Relax a bit... damn..."

Jen exhaled the breath she was holding, "You're right, it's just... stress from class I guess," Jen lied. She started talking about her studies, Luna worked expertly on Jen's feet, and Cinder pretended to be interested in Jen's babble. Cinder was really just studying her slightly plumped lips, and remembering what her breasts looked like, before and after her handiwork from the other night.

"Wow, that's fascinating," Cinder said when Jen stopped talking. "You want a smoke? Always works for me when I'm stressed." She offered her one from her pack as she lit a fresh one for herself.

"Oh, no thanks. Its bad enough I'm drinking on a school night!" Jen honestly wasn't feeling very intoxicated this time and she had nearly finished her drink. She was feeling much more at ease, maybe it was the liquor or the attention Luna was paying to her feet, she wasn't sure. She didn't know it but it was brought on mostly by a different additive that Cinder slipped her. She didn't even protest when she saw the dark shade of purple nail polish Luna was coating her toenails with. Definitely not a color she would choose herself, but why not let her work?



Jen kept letting Luna work until her toes were all painted purple, and Luna was blowing gently on them. Cinder had gotten up to refresh Jen's drink, this time adding the Rohypnol with a devious smile. She returned the glass to Jen, then shot Luna a look.

Luna knew what Cinder wanted. She went from blowing on Jen's toes to carefully placing her lips on the top of her foot. When Jen went to pull her foot away, Cinder was there to put her hand on her shoulder and whisper, "Relax" into her ear. Jen tried her best to "relax" as the submissive chick on the floor planted kisses all over her feet, talking care not to get too close to her freshly painted nails. Luna's pierced tongue came out next, gently running along the arch of Jen's foot, back to her heel, then up and around to the top. Jen could only stare at what was unfolding, taking long pulls off her drink in an effort to "relax".

"She's good isn't she?" Cinder whispered in Jen's ear.

Jen glanced at Cinder, saw her unnerving smile, and looked back at Luna. No one had ever put their lips on her feet before, especially not a woman! She took another big drink... she was starting to feel it now though... actually she was starting to feel a lot like the other night...

She closed and reopened her eyes, fighting the drowsiness as best she could. She mumbled, "What, what is going on..."

Cinder spoke sweetly, "Uh oh, did I make that one a little strong? Don't worry, we'll get you to bed... relax." Luna stopped kissing and licking Jen's feet as Cinder again helped her lie down on the couch. Jen faded quickly while Cinder kept telling her to relax. Jen felt Luna filing the nails on her left hand as sleep overtook her.

Again, Jen awoke without her alarm. She looked over and saw 12:00 flashing back at her. "Shit..." she went to reach for her cell phone on the nightstand and gasped. Long, fake nails were glued to her fingertips, painted a deep purple. To match her toes... that's right! Jen flung off the covers and sure enough, her toes were painted the same purple.

Jen inspected her new long nails. How was she supposed to accomplish anything with these things? Her first thought was to get them off, but once she managed to grab her phone and saw the time she scraped that idea. She was late again! She would have to deal with the ridiculous long, nails for now.

Jen got ready in the bathroom, and even though she was in a hurry she took the time to look herself over for other changes. She found nothing. The nails were definitely not her style, but she could explain how they got there, and she recalled Luna doing her pedicure at least. She felt she could finally put to bed the notion that Cinder had done something to her as she slept. Jen still couldn't explain how her ass and lips had grown, and how her areola had spread, but she was fairly certain Cinder hadn't had anything to do with it. It made her feel much better about living with her and Luna upstairs. Maybe Cinder was pushy and definitely very strange, but she was harmless anyway.

What Jen didn't know was that a few hours ago Cinder was standing in her apartment. As she slept upstairs on the couch, with Luna gluing the big long nails to her fingers, Cinder sauntered down to her apartment. She found no keys on Jen's person, so she knew the door would be open. She had taken her time, snooping about, shaking her head in disappointment at the boring clothes she found in Jen's closet and laughing at the pointless books on her shelf. After a thorough investigation, Cinder said to herself with a frown, "Not a dildo, vibrator, or buttplug in the place. What does this girl do with her spare time?"



Now, Jen was rushing to get out the Door again to class. She grabbed her keys and raced to her car, not noticing that her keys were rearranged on her keyring. She did notice as she left that the clock on her microwave was flashing too. She figured they must have lost power sometime in the night. In reality, Cinder had unplugged it and plugged it back in, along with her alarm clock, to give Jen that exact idea.

However Jen found herself feeling different as the day went on. Her mind wandered, which was uncommon for her. Normally she had no problem paying attention to lectures and working through her assignments. Instead of focusing on the subject material, her mind kept thinking about... well, sex. Inexplicitly, Jen was feeling turned on, and at nothing in particular. She would see a guy across the room, and imagine him thrusting his member into her. Or she would notice the buxom girl next to her, and visualize her big titties bouncing up and down in her face. Where was this coming from?! She squirmed in her seat, feeling herself growing moist, forcing herself to block out the thoughts.



It went on all week. She managed to more or less win the battle against her dirty thoughts, but she always left class with wetness between her legs. Her progress in school was suffering though. She didn't pay attention like she should have, and her hot pussy kept her distracted at when she tried to do homework. She hardly at all masturbated before she moved out here. Now she was fingering herself nightly. She thought maybe it was the fact that she had her own place now and she had privacy, or it could be the excitement of leaving home and being out on her own. She didn't want to entertain the idea at all, but she also thought living so close to very sexual, very kinky lesbians might have something to do with her recent spike in arousal. The image of Luna's nude form was etched in her brain. Weather it got there because seeing the scenes upstairs had traumatized her, or because her neighbors' actions intrigued her, Jen was unsure. She did catch herself thinking about women occasionally too, and she knew the only source of those thoughts was what she encountered with Cinder and Luna.



Friday evening, Jen sat in front of her computer, drumming her nails on the keyboard and trying to get caught up on homework. She decided to wait until she needed a fill before she did anything with her nails. Luna had done such a nice job really, besides the color and the excessive length. And she didn't want Luna passing her in the hall and seeing her hard work undone. Though she never saw her or Cinder since she was up there with them. Not once did she see them come or leave.

As Jen worked on her report, the sun went down, and the music upstairs came on. She was pretty much over it and it didn't bother her like it did before. Her own arousal was more distracting than the heavy bass anymore. Fighting the urge to take a break from her homework to masturbate, she instead opened her mail. When she got home that day she found a box on her doorstep. She had ordered a book over the internet for her literature class and had assumed that was it. But now that she took the time to open the box, she realized there were no postal markings on it.

Bewildered, Jen tore away the tape and opened the flaps with a gasp. This was certainly no book! Instead the box contained a large, hot pink dildo! "The hell..." Jen said to herself. With trepidation, she took the dong in her hand, feeling its soft rubber surface. A thought crossed her mind as her loins stirred... "NO!" Jen said sharply, pushing it back in the box and closing it up. She stopped and tried to find a logical reason why a box with a dildo would show up on her doorstep.

The most logical explanation was that it was meant to be delivered to her neighbors. It was certainly something she could see them ordering. Though how it got here with no markings on the box couldn't be explained by that theory. Still it was the best she had, so Jen got a roll of tape and sealed it back up. She left her apartment, intent on leaving the box at Cinder and Luna's door and finishing her paper.



The door was slightly ajar when Jen reached the top of the stairs. Curiosity won out, and the plan of leaving the box at the door fell apart. With apprehension, Jen quietly knocked on the door as she opened it and looked inside. There was Cinder and Luna in the same smoky room, with Luna nude again and Cinder all done up in leather. Not gaged but restrained, Luna was seated in a wooden chair in the center of the room. Cinder stood next to her, cigarette in one hand, her other hand running through Luna's long brown hair.

"Jen! An excellent surprise! You are just in time!" Cinder exclaimed when she spotted Jen in the doorway. She pointed to the stereo, "Turn off the music!"

"Time for what?" Jen asked quizzically as she pressed the power button and cut the music.

"My lovely slave Luna is about to prove her devotion to me! Here, I'll make you a drink quick!" Cinder ducked into the kitchen. Luna looked very nervous. Jen wanted to ask if she was ok, but Cinder was back in the room with another tall drink for her.

"Oh thanks, but those things really seem to lay me out. I really just came up here to bring you this box; I think it got delivered to me by mistake."

Cinder ignored her and put the drink in her free hand, "This one has less booze, I didn't realize you were such a lightweight, sorry! Haha! But never mind that! You are about to witness something very special, very intense!"

"But this is yours..." Jen held out the dildo-containing box.

"No, no, that's yours. But forget that," Cinder turned her back on Jen and leaned over Luna, giving her a long sensual kiss, Cinder's round butt pointed straight at Jen.

Meanwhile Jen looked at the box in her hand, "Mine? Wait, did you...?"

Cinder broke the kiss with a sigh of exasperation, "Gahhh! Of course I did! But that is immaterial right now. Just sit down and watch." She pointed to Jen's usual spot on the sofa.

Absolutely dumbfounded, Jen did sit down, but kept talking, almost to herself. "You bought me a dildo? Really?! Why would you do that..."

Finally Cinder shot her a stare that could turn sand into glass. Exhaling smoke through her nostrils, Cinder's red lips twisted into a sharp scowl. Jen swallowed hard, seeing her first glimpse of the pale goth's dominant side. Jen took a drink, trying to wash away the fear that had struck her.



After what seemed like an eternity, Cinder turned her glare away from Jen. The familiar, unnerving grin reappeared as she shifted her attention back to Luna. "As I was saying, my darling Luna is going to show how devoted she is to me and how committed she is to being my slave. She is going to make a huge transformation to herself, just to appease me. Luna, I am very proud of you and your decision to go to this extent. Now, I'm going to ask you once more, and let Jen bear witness... are you sure?"

Luna took short, heavy breaths, her eyes remaining locked on Cinder's. "Yes, I am positive I want to go through with this." Luna exhaled heavily as soon as the words left her mouth. It was done. She was absolutely certain she wanted this. Not for herself, of course not. She would never want this for herself. But she wanted it for Cinder, and she knew Cinder would appreciate such a huge sacrifice. She knew that she would remain Cinder's slave, that Cinder would not kick her to the curb, quite opposite in fact. Luna knew what she was about to do would strengthen their bond profoundly.

Resigned to her self-chosen fate, Luna bowed her head. Jen took a drink from her glass and set it on the coffee table, and noticed for the first time all of the instruments that were laid out on the table. All hair stylist tools, no... they could better be described as barbers tools. A couple folded towels, a cordless set of hair clippers, a razor, shaving cream, an unmarked bottle of liquid, and thick rubber gloves. It was clear to Jen now what Luna had agreed to.

Cinder carefully took the clippers in her hand. Even she was breathing hard, aroused and filled with anxiety herself. She used her empty hand to run her fingers through Luna's beautiful mane of hair. "I'm going to miss this a bit. I know you will too!" She played with Luna's hair a bit more, it was only a few seconds but it felt like an eternity to Luna. Walking circles around Luna, Cinder activated the clippers for a second and shut them off, causing both Luna and Jen to wince. She flipped them on and off again a few more times as she circled, enjoying the torment she was putting Luna through.

Finally, Cinder placed the clippers at the base of Luna's neck behind her skull and flipped them on. Luna closed her eyes tightly as if she were about to be cut with a knife. She was breathing even heavier than before, but the sound was drowned out by the loud buzzing. With a soft moan of excitement Cinder pushed the clippers up into Luna's mane, guiding them all the way through to her forehead, leaving a trail of destruction in their path.



Watching a train wreck was the perfect analogy Jen could liken her situation to. She couldn't look away as Cinder again and again plowed the buzzing clippers through Luna's silky auburn locks, sending snippets and ribbons of Luna's lovely hair fell to the floor gently. All she could do was drink, introducing the mix of alcohol, drugs and chemicals Cinder had mixed for her into her body. And try to fight the feelings she couldn't explain that were coming over her. Jen's subconscious seemingly took over while she watched the sight unfold before her. Her purple fingernail punctured the tape on the box she had brought with her.

It was only a matter of minutes and Luna's hair was reduced to stubble. The buzzing stopped, Cinder took a step back and Luna opened her eyes, not seeing her bangs framing her vision for the first time. She wanted to touch her head, to feel what was left of her hair, but she was restrained to the chair. "That was incredible! Damn!" Cinder exclaimed, tossing the clippers down. She looked over to Jen, who was squirming on the sofa, her fingers running across the dildo she had removed from the box. The powerful libido enhancer in Jen's drink was taking effect. Cinder knew she was going to have one helluva night!

Jen could only stare at Luna's practically bald head. Now that her hair was gone, the multiple piercings in her ears were much more evident, as a tattoo on her neck that Jen had never seen before. She couldn't quite make it out, but it looked like it could have been Cinder's name in cursive. She definitely looked odd with no hair! Odd, but still beautiful... Jen stopped herself. She had to fight these dirty thoughts that were coming to her. The best thing to do would be to get up and leave, and maybe masturbate when she got home. But Jen knew she wasn't going anywhere, not now, especially now that Cinder was applying shaving cream to Luna's scalp.



Carefully, Cinder took the razor and started shaving Luna's head. She spoke to Luna as she went, Jen wasn't sure if she was taunting or reassuring her slave. "No hairbrushes, curling irons, blow dryers, shampoo... you don't need any of that shit any more my pet! And that extra half hour you would spend in the mirror, fixing your hair... well you can spend that time between my legs! Or with the enema in!"

Jen had the dildo in her hands, fighting hard to keep from slipping it under her skirt. All this was just so wrong, so strange, but for some reason, so hot! To Jen, it sounded like Cinder wasn't planning on letting Luna regrow her hair any time soon! Then again, maybe she was only teasing Luna. Either way it was obvious that Cinder controlled every aspect of their relationship, right down to Luna's hair, or lack of. Was it the level of control that Cinder possessed over Luna turned Jen on? In reality, the drugs in her system were what was making her so hot and bothered, and pretty much any act she witnessed would have dampened her pussy.

Cinder wiped Luna's shiny scalp off and held a mirror in front of her face. Luna studied the bald girl in the mirror, no doubt saddened by what she saw. Cinder asked, "Do you like it?"

Luna looked at her reflection with forlorn. Her eyes seemed huge now, in fact all her features looked bigger without her hair to draw the eye. The collection of rings and studs in her ears glittered in the light, having been revealed from the blanket of her hair. Luna just turned the question around, knowing Cinder's answer was what really mattered, "Do you?"





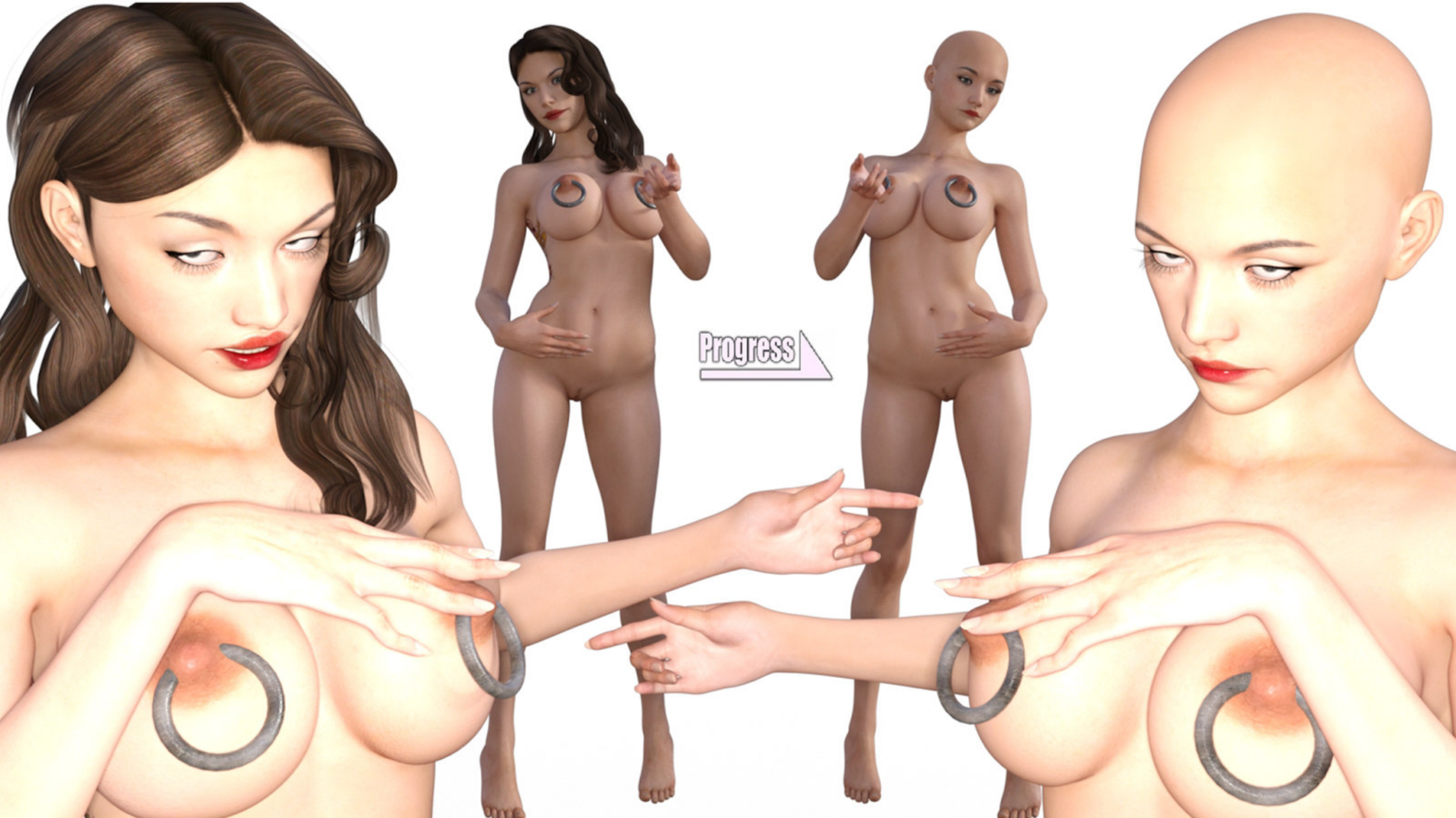
Cinder ran her long, black talons over her bald head, “I absolutely love it!” She paused, looking Luna deep in her eyes then said, “In fact, I think it should stay that way. For good!” Cinder pulled the heavy rubber gloves on and popped the cap on the unmarked bottle before saying to Luna, “That’s ok with you, right? Being bald forever?” Cinder let the question hang.

Jen’s emotions were an absolute mess at this point. Part of her wanted to jump up and knock the bottle of what was surely depilatory solution out of Cinder’s hand and save Luna from herself! Her hair had been so perfect and beautiful! Now she was throwing it all away! What would possess someone to agree to such a travesty?! And what kind of monster would ask for such a sacrifice?! The kind of monster that grinned wildly while holding a bottle of solution that Jen could smell from ten feet away.

But on the other side of the coin, the exchange of power between the two had Jen’s sex soaking and steaming hot! Jen would never want her hair robbed from her in such a way, but the absolute surrender by Luna was incredible. Jen felt guilty for feeling this way about something so wrong, but her neighbors’ entire lifestyle was so foreign to the sheltered girl she felt drawn to it. She had never entertained the idea of girls being with girls as something that would get her going, but the week before she had caught herself checking girls out and thinking dirty thoughts. What was wrong with her?

Finally Luna answered softly, “Yes Mistress.” Cinder had asked her as if there was even a choice, and to Luna there never really was one. She felt the foul-smelling fluid dripping onto her head, feeling the burning sensation of her hair follicles being nuked immediately mixing with the burning desire to please her mistress. Next she felt Cinder’s fingers working it in and spreading it around to ensure coverage. She knew it would take a couple treatments, but she also knew Cinder would follow up the next day with another treatment, then another and another, performing more than were necessary to ensure she would not regrow hair again.

Cinder let the chemical soak for a few minutes while she enjoyed a cigarette, telling Luna how great it looked the whole time. Once she put it out, she wiped Luna’s head with a wet towel and gently dried her off. She brought her face level to Luna’s and told her with sincerity in her voice, “I’m proud of you.”



Progress

Luna hardly got out a “Thank you, Mistress!” before they thrust their tongues at each other, their lips locking and diving into a graphic make out session. It was too much for Jen. She pulled her skirt up enough to reach underneath and guide the dildo toward her clit. Her fingers found the switch on the base and she gave it a turn, making the rubber cock vibrate. All of Jen’s thoughts were jumbled and scattered. She felt disoriented, confused and horny all at once. She touched the tip to her clitoris and moaned softly.

Cinder broke the kiss and looked to Jen with her devious grin. “Look Slave, no panties! I knew she was a naughty girl!”

Jen’s face reddened, but she didn’t quit teasing her clit, “I’m soooo... sorry! I don’t... don’t know what’s wrong... I’m...”

Cinder reassured her, “Nothing is wrong with you, it’s perfectly natural! Don’t feel guilty about your urges, my slave and I certainly don’t!” Cinder knew the drugs Jen was on were anything but natural, but she had to get Jen headed in the direction she wanted her in somehow.





Jen's clouded mind took that as permission to keep masturbating, so she did. Cinder and Luna meanwhile put on a bit of a show. Still restrained in the chair, Luna sat and moaned and Cinder teased her huge door-knocker sized nipple rings with her tongue, then moved down between the bald girl's legs.

Voices inside Jen's head were screaming "Stop! This is wrong!" but she was doped up enough on drugs to ignore them. As Cinder probed Luna's pierced pussy with her own pierced tongue, Jen exploded in orgasm. She cried out loudly, not caring about anything besides how hard she was cumming. With a breathless whimper, she dropped the dildo, still vibrating, to the floor. Jen sank into the couch, coming down from the best orgasm of her life. Within minutes she was asleep on Cinder's couch yet again.

Luna stared at the sleeping girl on the couch before Cinder took her by the chin and turned her head to face her. "Forget about her. Right now all I want is you..." She unlocked Luna, pulled her to her feet and took her by the hand into the next room.

Jen's eyes slowly fluttered, then shot straight open. She relaxed when she saw the familiar ceiling and walls of her apartment lit up by the morning sun. "Damn I have got to quit doing that," Jen said of her passing out in her neighbors' apartment. At least it was a weekend and she wasn't late for anything. She moved under the covers and realized that she wasn't wearing any clothes! The night came rushing back to her, right up to the point when she orgasmed in front of Cinder and Luna!

"They must think I'm such a perv..." Well really, who were they to judge what was perverted? She still felt incredibly embarrassed by what she did. Jen calmed herself down enough to pull the covers off to get up. She shrieked this time when she saw her nude form. She sat up in bed and cupped her boobs.

Again Jen's areola had spread! This time to at least four, maybe five inches in diameter! And... were her nipples bigger too? Oh no they were! Other than her boobs not having grown in size at all, they resembled those of a pregnant woman! Jen tried to come up with an explanation that didn't involve Cinder but she couldn't! She had to be behind this somehow!





What she found next removed all doubt that Cinder was to blame. Below her breasts she found a silver ring had punctured the skin below her belly button! She pierced her belly button!!?? She touched one of her purple nails to the ring, finding it tender and sore. It honestly didn't look bad at all, and Jen had entertained the idea of having it done before, but the fact that Cinder took it upon herself to pierce her belly button while she was passed out was atrocious! And it got worse yet!

A few inches below her new piercing should have been her tuft of well maintained, natural blonde pubic hair. But instead all she saw was smooth, bare skin. Her pussy was shaved! Jen was freaking out. Again, it was something that shouldn't have been terrifying, she had shaved herself smooth before down there, but another woman had shaved her, had violated her, without her permission! And then the horror compounded itself as Jen realized the depilatory chemical had been right there on the table!

"Oh my...Oh no!" Jen cried out, her fingers exploring her bald mound. "Did she...? My... oh no its gone!" Jen wailed. Cinder must have used the depilatory on her pussy! It was right there she had every opportunity! A freak that would pierce a passed out woman's belly button, then shave her vagina, would definitely take it another step! It was already ten steps too far, why not keep stepping! Her blonde pubic hair was gone and wasn't going to be growing back, Jen just knew it!

Progress





Progress



Jen fought back the tears and got herself together. "This aggression will not stand," she spat angrily as she put on her bathrobe and marched to her door. She stomped up the stairs. Jen was not backing down. She wanted an explanation and she was going to get it. Jen pounded on the door, "Cinder! Cinder! Open up!" She pounded and pounded for a solid minute, her fist starting to hurt by the time Cinder flung open the door.

"Fuck Jen! What the hell are you doing?" Cinder asked, a cigarette burning between her fingers and still wearing the same leather suit she had on last night.

"I want to know what the hell you are doing to me! Why? My boobs, my butt, and... all of it!" Jen waved her hands wildly as she shrieked.

Cinder put up her hands in defense, "Ok, ok, I'm sorry. I didn't think a little shave and a little belly ring would send you into a ballistic tantrum!"

"You had no right to touch me there!" Jen pointed at her crotch. "Or do any of this!"

"Hold on just a minute!" Cinder replied, "You were masturbating on my couch! Luna had to scrub your juices off the fabric! What did you expect a woman like me is to do when you send out signals like that!"

Jen had to concede that point. She was getting herself off when Luna was getting her hair removed. It wasn't an unreasonable idea that she was enjoying it. And that is exactly what Cinder said next. "I thought that you were as turned on as I was by what I Luna and I did last night. I figured you were into it. I thought you would be excited when you woke up this morning. Same with the belly ring."

"Did you use the depilatory stuff?" Jen asked, still very upset.

"I did, yes. But look, it takes a few treatments to be permanent! Give it six months, maybe less and it will grow back." It was a bit of a fib, but what did Jen know? "You don't like the belly ring, let it get past the initial healing so it doesn't get infected, and take it out. It will close up like it was never there!"

That Jen could deal with, but she was still irate, "What about the rest? What did you do to my boobs!? And my lips, and my butt!?"

Cinder sat down on in her throne-like chair and dragged from her cigarette, "What about your boobs? And your lips? And your butt?" Cinder asked, in an annoyed tone.

"You know damn well what!" Jen snapped back at her.

"I told you what I did, I didn't do shit-else! And I don't appreciate being called a liar!" Cinder stood up and stared Jen down.

Jen stared back, but lost. Intimidated, she looked to her chest and said, "My areola is... bigger. My nipples are... different. And..."

"Show me." Cinder interrupted. Jen looked at her and looked away, hesitating. Cinder rolled her eyes, "What, last night you can get yourself off on my furniture in front of me but today you can't show me your tits?"





"Ok," Jen sighed. She untied her robe, letting her breasts free. She just noticed that Cinder's slave girl was nowhere to be found. "Where is Luna?" Jen asked as Cinder took her boobs in her hands, gently manipulating them, inspecting them.

"She's a little tied up right now." Cinder said back. In fact, Luna was tied up in the bedroom, getting her first enema of the weekend. "They're nice. A little small for my taste, but still, nice. Your areola is rather large."

"Larger than before?" Jen asked with trepidation in her voice.

"My dear, other than briefly last night, this is the first time I have seen you topless. I have nothing to compare against. But if I had to guess... the way they look... Have you been with a man in the last few weeks?"

"No." Jen said flatly. "I'm not pregnant. I know that's what it looks like, but it's not possible."

"Must be hormones then. Or a hormone imbalance brought on by stress. Happens to lots of girls starting college."



“Then what of my lips and my butt?” Jen asked.

Cinder studied Jen’s face and her rear before saying, “I don’t see a difference, but again, I didn’t see you last month. Pout for me.” Jen did so, and Cinder looked closer, or at least pretended to, before she shrugged. “Turn around for me.” Jen turned her rear toward Cinder, who immediately cupped her buttocks in her hands. “A little soft, certainly not a bad thing. Probably related to your hormone problem, which is probably related to your stress level.”

“And you didn’t have anything to do with any of this?” Jen asked again.

Cinder finally smiled, “Sweetie, what do you think I am? What do you think I am capable of?”

Jen exhaled, “I don’t know, I just can’t explain any of this.”

“I can.” Cinder put her hands on Jen’s shoulders, “You need to relax. Take a day off of your schoolwork and just relax. Stress is going to drive you mad. Look at you five minutes ago! Why don’t you go back home and go to sleep? I’m sorry I overstepped.” Cinder said, trying to sound apologetic as she handed Jen her robe. Jen nodded and was nearly out the door when Cinder said her name again.

“Jen. Do take care how you speak to me in my home. That is, unless you want to experience exactly what I AM capable of.” She was still smiling as she said this, which served to unnerve Jen quite a bit. “Oh and this is yours,” Cinder tossed the big pink dildo toward Jen, who barely caught it. Cinder gave Jen a wink, and Jen took that as the end of their conversation.

Cinder kept her grin painted on until she heard Jen’s door shut downstairs. She knew her game was just about up. Jen was incredibly naïve, but she wasn’t dumb. She couldn’t keep this up forever. Actually, sure she could. She would just need to change her tactics a bit.

Cinder flipped on the tv and changed to it to one of the video inputs. A live color display of Jen's bedroom appeared, with Jen putting her new toy in her nightstand. With the touch of the remote the screen switched to Jen's living room, and another touch switched it to her bathroom. Cinder mused as she smoked, "She truly has no idea what I am capable of."



That day Jen spent much of her time trying to work on her report that was due Monday, and half teasing her twat. She had been restless all day. A combination of her horniness and the difficult subject matter were getting her nowhere. She didn't expect college to be so much tougher than high school. She was even having trouble with stuff she should know. What didn't make sense was that her college placement tests were a breeze, yet now she was struggling just with the first week's assignments.



Maybe she could focus better once she relieved the built up sexual tension? She got out her gift from Cinder and toyed with her pussy, managing to get herself off; though it felt good it wasn't enough. Solo wasn't going to cut it. Jen went so far as to download a couple meet-up apps on her phone. She never messed with these kinds of things back home. Back home everyone knew everyone else, and using such an app or a site would label her a whore. But out here it was different. Everything was different out here it seemed. She wasn't a whore just for checking out some profiles, right? Maybe if she came across the right guy, she might send him a message. Maybe even go on a date this weekend if she found someone promising. Though Jen had the app set to show both sexes, and wouldn't admit to herself that she was looking at more of the women than she was men. She was scrolling through profiles when there was a knock at her door.





Jen opened the door and found a bald, nude Luna standing on her step. "Hi," Luna said quietly with a small smile. "Can I come in?"

Even though they were the only two tenants in the building, Jen wasn't going to let the naked girl stand in the hall. Jen wanted to ask what she was doing there right away, but thought that she may be in trouble with Cinder. "Hi... are you ok?"

"Of course, I'm fine." Luna came inside so Jen could shut the door. "Are you ok?"

Jen just shrugged, "Uh, yeah, I'm just, you know, doing homework."

"Well I mean, Cinder sent me to see if you were ok because of last night. She is really sorry."

"Oh. Yeah I guess," Jen lied. She had no problem with Luna, in fact, she pitied her.

"For that depilatory to work it has to be applied a few times," Luna informed her. "Most of it will grow back, though it may be a little sparse." She stepped up to Jen and placed her hand on her smooth slit. "Unless you don't want it to grow back, that can be arranged."

"I... I am..."

"My mound was done a while ago." Luna took Jen's hand and pressed it to her bare sex. "Before I got these rings. Don't feel any hair do you?"

"No..." Jen managed to get out. All Jen felt was the cold metal of the rings in her neither lips, and a bit of wetness.

"So I knew exactly what I was getting into when Cinder gave me my last haircut last night."

"But..." Jen could have pulled her hand away from Luna's pussy, but didn't. "But is it what you wanted?"

"It's what Cinder wanted. So yes, it's what I wanted," Luna answered. "That's how it works. If you hang around long enough you'll understand." Luna moved her hands to Jen's hips, then around behind her, holding her thickened ass in her hands.

Jen felt incredibly awkward, but really having another person, naked with her, was what she was dreaming about all day. Though she didn't think it would be the submissive, hairless slave girl from upstairs. Jen's emotions were all over the place. Her own hands found their way to Luna's butt, and before she knew it their bodies were pressed up tight against one another's. Luna rested her head on Jen's shoulder and placed her lips on her neck. Jen held her breath and closed her eyes as she felt Luna's kisses on her neck, then her cheek, then full on her own lips.

Jen practically exploded in lust. She pushed her own tongue into Luna's mouth, escalating the kiss into a full blown makeout session. Luna, her eyes closed too, tongued back, letting Jen feel the barbell in her tongue explore inside her mouth. Jen felt so bad but everything right now felt so good!



Upstairs, clad only in her long, leather boots, Cinder watched the debauchery unfold on the screen. A red LED on her DVR indicated the event was being recorded. She watched them break the kiss and move off out of the camera's reach and into the bedroom. Cinder switched cameras and now had a good view of Luna helping Jen out of her clothes and into bed, laying her on her back, planting kisses on her boobs and working toward her stomach. Cinder exhaled smoke through her nose as she watched her slave take the lead for a change. She joked to herself, "She better not get used to it!"

As Cinder's cameras recorded the popping of her lesbian cherry, Jen let all inhibition drain from her body. Luna's touch, her lips, it all felt too good. When Luna parted Jen's thighs, Jen put up no resistance, exposing her hairless pussy to Luna's waiting tongue. A tiny gasp left Jen's mouth as she felt the first lick. Luna started slow and gradually sped up, knowing exactly how to build a woman to orgasm. Jen's cries of pleasure grew louder and louder until Luna finally pushed her over the edge into a full blown orgasm.

Jen lay back, panting, but before she could come down Luna went in again, despite Jen trying to wiggle away. She was rocked with another crashing orgasm almost immediately. Luna kept doing this, driving Jen wild as she came and came again. By the time Luna finally stopped and stood up, Jen lost count of how many times she had made her orgasm. Luna didn't say a word, she just smiled at Jen and gave her a little wave walked to the door, leaving Jen breathless and sopping wet in her bed.

Jen lay there for a long time, staring at the ceiling (and into Cinder's camera), wondering what this all meant. She questioned her sanity, her sexuality and all sorts of confusing thoughts, which eventually pushed her to sleep.



The weekend continued uneventfully. Jen managed to get her paper done in between masturbation sessions, though she knew she wouldn't score very high on it. Monday came and went with nothing new, as did the rest of the week. Jen struggled through her classes, trying to maintain concentration while her sex drive fought back. Her belly button piercing healed up, but Jen decided to leave it in. Her public hair wasn't growing back at all, though Jen still held out hope that after a while it would.

She heard nothing nor saw any sign of her neighbors since her encounter with Luna. No loud music, no footsteps, nothing. Perhaps it was for the best, things could be a bit awkward. When moments of extreme horniness struck her, she thought about going upstairs to see if Luna would want to fool around again. But going up there would mean seeing Cinder again. And who knows what would happen with her. She wasn't just going to let Jen in to play with Luna. There would be strings attached, she just knew it. And her desires definitely had her questioning her sexuality. She knew she wasn't a lesbian, but she had to be bi. Everyone back home would flip if they found out!



By the time Friday came around again, Jen was ready for the weekend. She was planning on going to a club, meeting some new people and seeing where it all led. It was not a plan she would have considered only a month ago but she was very unlike herself lately and she really needed to get laid.

She got home from class on Friday afternoon, intending on going shopping for a new outfit to wear when she went out that night, but she changed her plans a bit when she found an envelope taped to her door. Inside was a short note from Cinder, saying again how sorry she was for overstepping and wanting to offer her the attached gift certificate to make up for it. It was for a place called Boutique Spa and Cosmetics and it was good for a full body massage, a hydrotherapy bath, and a host of other treatments she hadn't heard of.

Jen was happy that Cinder would offer such a great gift but didn't want to accept it. It was just too much and she had probably spent quite a bit on it. She went upstairs to politely decline, but no one came to the door. It was strange; it was as if Cinder and Luna were gone all week. After a bit of debate, Jen decided to go to the spa, and she was going to go now before she went shopping. She really was excited by the idea of being massaged and pampered, never having been to a spa before. And the gift certificate was most likely non-refundable, and Cinder was nowhere to be found anyway, so Jen grabbed her purse and drove over to the address on the card.



Jen was new in town and so it took some work to find it. She couldn't find Boutique Spa and Cosmetics by name on her GPS but instead used the address. She found herself in front of a storefront in a strip mall. Inside she found the place decorated in a modern style, with white tile walls and black tile and black furniture. A woman walked out from the door to meet her. Jen's first thought was she looked like Jessica Rabbit, but with much bigger boobs! She was done up to the nines, with excessive makeup applied to her face and wearing a dark burgundy dress that hugged every curve on her body. The woman's red hair hung to the small of her back, stopping just before her bubble butt. And her breasts! With every step she took toward Jen, they bounced up and down, obviously too large for her frame, leaving no doubt that they were implants!





The woman warmly introduced herself as Evette. Jen handed over the card she got from Cinder and wanted to know if there was time for her still today. Evette responded, "Of course, we can get a start on things yet today! I'll actually be doing your massage!" Jen thought that sounded a little odd but Evette directed her down a hall and into a small room with a massage table and a large mirror on the wall. "Now I need you to take off everything, except your panties! Then I'll be right with you! Oh and here, complimentary wine!" Evette took a wine bottle from an ice bucket and poured a glass for Jen and left the room.

Jen hesitated but did strip down, after all her neighbors had seen her naked, and Evette was a masseuse and she probably saw naked women often. She was a bit worried because Evette looked like walking sex, and though she was ashamed, Jen was turned on. She waited on the massage table, sipping on the glass of wine, taking in her surroundings. The place looked very upscale and professional, yet she noticed a bit of an odd scent. Smoke, cigarette smoke, to be exact. That itself wasn't odd, but it was a specific type of cigarette she had smelled before. She just couldn't place where.

Evette returned to the room now wearing rubber gloves. She said, "Do you like the wine? I can get you something else if you prefer?" Jen finished her glass so she could lie on her stomach as Evette instructed. Then Evette began working the muscles in Jen's shoulders and back. "Oh you are very tense, aren't you? Just relax; the procedures will go easier if you are relaxed."





“What did you say?” Jen asked as she tried to move her head to look back at Evette.

“You came to the spa to relax, didn’t you?!” Evette giggled and moved her hands down to her lower back, expertly working the muscles just above her butt. Evette’s fingers certainly were helping Jen relax, she closed her eyes and smiled. Evette was careful not to get too intimate with the massage, after all the goal was to get her relaxed enough for the spiked wine to put her to sleep. And sure enough, after ten minutes, Evette stopped and Jen was sound asleep, still smiling.

Evette ensured Jen was out by giving her a light spank on her bottom. Jen did not respond. Satisfied, Evette made a motion in the mirror, really a one-way window. Moments later, dressed in a long, concealing coat, Cinder stepped into the room, the sound of her heeled boots on the floor echoing off the walls, cigarette smoldering in one hand.

She had Luna in tow, dressed in a short plaid skirt, matching top and stockings, with a blonde wig perched on her head. If she were to bend down far enough, one would see that she wore no panties, and had a huge butt plug stuffed in her ass.

Evette rolled Jen onto her back and opened the cabinets in the room, revealing complex equipment hidden inside. She pulled a strange looking helmet out, with sensors and cords attached, and carefully placed it on Jen's head. She powered up the control panel and checked a few readings on the display. Evette stepped back and spoke to Cinder, her tone changing from that of a dumb bimbo to intelligent and well spoken.

"The neuro-helmet is entering programming mode. Shortly you'll be able to take this microphone and make verbal changes. I'd expect roughly a 10% IQ reduction as a side effect from the neuro-helmet." She passed Cinder the microphone, and in a few minutes once the machine was ready, gave her the go ahead.

Cinder spoke into the microphone. "Jen, you must trust this voice. You must listen. Trust me when I speak to you. You must never doubt me." Cinder kept repeating herself again and again. Evette had told her before that she was able to upload new personality traits and fetish packs with the neuro-helmet, but Cinder wasn't interested in all of that... yet.

Meanwhile Evette was drawing on Jen with a black marker, drawing lines on her breasts and around her vaginal mound. She made some notes on a clipboard as she went along. After ten minutes of Cinder implanting a desire to listen to and obey her into Jen's subconscious, Evette said it had been enough time and the programming would have taken hold by now, so the helmet could come off.





“Slave! Make yourself useful and take the helmet off our little subject!” Cinder commanded of Luna. Luna complied quickly, but too quickly. She grasped the helmet in the wrong spot, placing her hand right over the Abort button. Evette’s display began beeping and flashing, and she hurried over to the keyboard but it was too late. Jen’s eyes shot wide open.

“Blast! You nitwit! You’ve ruined everything!” Cinder scolded.

“I’m so sorry Mistress! I...” Luna backed away to the corner.

“Just keep her still!” Evette shouted as she moved from the keyboard to a cabinet, where she prepared a sedative.

Jen sat up a bit, the heavy helmet throwing off her equilibrium, “What is this? Cinder? Luna... is that you? What are you doing here? What... what are these marks all over me?!”

Cinder planted her foot on the thick cord that ran to the helmet, jerking Jen’s head back onto the table. She kept her boot on the cord and peered over Jen, her wicked grin upside down in Jen’s vision. “Those marks are the guidelines were Evette will make her cuts when she performs your surgeries!”

“Don’t tell her that!” Evette said rolling her eyes as she filled a syringe with fluid.

Cinder didn’t even care to hear her. “You are going to be modified in so many ways... this is just the beginning... I’m going to make you into a freak... nothing will remain of what you are now so get a good look at yourself before you go under the knife!” Cinder hissed through clenched teeth.

Jen struggled to free herself from the helmet upon hearing what she was really there for, but moments later Evette rushed over and plunged a needle in Jen’s arm, dumping a fast-acting sedative into her bloodstream. In a matter of seconds, Jen’s kicking and flailing subsided, and her eyelids fell shut.

Pulling the empty needle out and discarding it, Evette said with irritation, "This is why I don't bring clients into the exam rooms..." She added with a sigh, "I should have never let an untrained individual handle the neuro-helmet." Luna looked at the floor.

Cinder shrugged, "Well you can clean her memory up, can't you?"

"Of course I can!" Evette said with confidence, "It's just that I have to put her back into programming mode, and that will impact her intelligence again." She was back at the keyboard typing, getting ready to start the helmet back up.

"How much of an impact? She's not going to end up a Neanderthal will she?"

Evette made a face, "No. It's another ten percent reduction, roughly. How can I put this? Think less Shakespeare and more Harry Potter. Now please, wait outside this time. I need to focus so I don't alter any of her other memories."



**-IQ reduction: -20%**  
**-Mind control: trust Cinder**



Cinder pulled Luna out of the room, and into an empty room. She pushed Luna to her knees, though not in an angry, rough manner. "You're a clumsy idiot, slave! But waking Jen gave me a chance to give her a glimpse of my plans for her, and Evette is going to wipe her mind clean of the whole thing! It makes me so fucking wet..." With that Cinder opened her coat and dropped it to the floor, wearing nothing beneath it besides her signature knee high boots.

Luna didn't need to wait for direction. She scooted forward and buried her face in Cinder's dripping pussy, hoping she could please her mistress enough and avoid the whip when they got home.



A week later...





**“Jen? Jen are you awake?!”** was the next thing Jen heard. She was barely awake, trying to blink her eyes so she could see Cinder’s face better in the brightly lit room. Another face looked down at her, and for a moment she didn’t recognize Luna with hair, but once she got her focus she figured she was wearing a wig. Jen’s body felt sore all over and she groaned a little.

**“I’m so sorry Jen! This was never supposed to happen!”** Cinder continued her act, **“I am going to make this up to you! We are going to get a lawyer!”**

**“Lawyer? For what? What happened... why do I hurt...”** she tilted her head downward and could see nothing but a mass on her chest covered by a sheet. Jen stared for a moment, her jaw slowly dropping open as she realized that what was under the sheet was the reason she was sore. She tried to sit straight up but the unexpected weight kept her on her back. Cinder and Luna grabbed Jen by her shoulders and gently held her in place to keep her from struggling, while Cinder tried to calm her with soothing words, which sounded strange coming from her.

“Relax! Relax! It’s gonna be ok... It was a mix up, we are going to make it ok!”

Jen tried to keep calm like Cinder said but she was absolutely horrified, “Let me... let me see...” she finally got out, her lip quivering in fear.

Cinder gave Luna a look and Luna slowly pulled the sheet off of Jen, revealing two monstrous mountains where her natural, well-shaped breasts had sat. Atop her new jugs Jen’s hard nipples pointed straight to the ceiling. Jen could only stare in terror at what had become of her chest. With shaking hands she reached up to touch them, shuddering slightly as her purple fingernails came in contact with the stretched flesh over what had to be silicone-filled orbs. “Oh no oh no oh no...!” Jen began wailing.

Cinder tried to comfort Jen, “Shhhh! I know, they’re big... bigger than mine and Luna’s actually...”

“Whaaattt?!” Jen cried out and realized that her new breasts were indeed probably larger than Luna’s. “Oh shit, what am I gonna... how did this...?”



“Relax and I’ll tell you!” Cinder tried to remain nice but her patience was wearing thin. She put her smile on again and began her fabricated tale, telling her about how there was a mix up with her gift certificate and that of another guest. Cosmetic surgery was apparently why the word Cosmetics appeared at the end of The Boutique’s name. “And this other woman,” Cinder continued, “ended up getting your spa treatment instead of her breast and vaginal enhancement. The massage was on her list too but...”

Jen interrupted, “Wait, a what enhancement?”

Both Cinder and Luna’s eyes drifted toward Jen’s crotch, still covered by the sheet. “Well breast enhancement was the main procedure the other woman had planned, as you can see I’m sure,” Cinder smiled and added, “You probably won’t even notice the other thing...”

“You said something about my...my... what did they do to my...?”

“Your pussy?” Cinder cocked her head and raised her eyebrows, “Nothing too serious, just a minor enhancement... Actually it’s all the rage these days...”

Jen threw the sheet completely off the bed, but even sitting up and craning her neck she couldn’t see her sex over her huge new tits! She spied a mirror on the wall. She threw her legs over the side and stood, with Cinder and Luna trying to calm her down. She got to her feet and nearly tipped over on to her face, if it weren’t for Luna helping her stand. Her balance, her equilibrium was all off, thanks to her mega knockers! Jen teetered over to the mirror and gazed at what had been done between her legs.

Not only was her mound still smooth and hairless, it had been inflated obscenely! As if it had been given implants of its own! She knew by looking at her fat pussy lips that if she tried to wear anything remotely form fitting she would have a huge camel toe. Plus, her clitoris used to hide behind her labia because it was so small, but now it stuck out even despite the fact her pussy was fat and chunky now. Her clit was easily swollen to perhaps twice its original size!

“Labia majora and clitoral enhancements,” Cinder said as she stood behind Jen with her cigarette. “As I was saying, all the rage these days. Heightens sexual stimulation and sensitivity. And looks more appealing to lovers. Really not a bad deal my dear...”

Jen began sobbing at the sight of her modified sex organs. Cinder turned Jen from the mirror, looked her straight in the face and said firmly, “Look at me! You have to trust me. You trust me, don’t you?”





Jen ceased crying and sniffed, "Of course I trust you!" She said it without delay, and as if it was the most natural thing in the world. As if she were saying the sky was blue. Cinder didn't miss this and gave Luna a knowing smile.

"Now I am going to get a lawyer and get this all reversed. Additionally, we will sue for damages. This blatant show of incompetence will not stand!" Cinder said decidedly.

Once she had finally composed herself, Jen found her purse and clothes on a table. Her stretchy pink pants had been snug before, and sure enough once she got them over her bubble butt, they left little to the imagination. Her swollen cunt created an obscene camel toe, looking hungry for dick. The combination of the tight fabric and her heightened sensitivity gave Jen a brief shudder.

One look at her chest told her that the top she wore to the spa would never fit over her new melons. Cinder and Luna provided her with a new top, a yellow crop top with a logo. All it did was cover her boobs, and barely. She glimpsed at herself in the mirror again. She looked like an 18 year-old's wet dream!

Progress





Progress 



Jen found the reception desk empty as her friends led her from the clinic to Jen's car. There was no sign of the red-haired woman that Jen could hardly remember. Luna drove them home seeing as Jen was still distraught and still not used to her new balance. Cinder and Luna helped her inside her apartment once they arrived. Cinder told her she would send Luna down to check on her and get her anything she needed. Jen wasn't sure what she could possibly need besides her old boobs and pussy back.

Worsening matters even further, Jen was informed that she had been laid up and out cold for a week. She had missed a week's worth of classes with no notice. Classes that she was already struggling with. Jen sent some emails to her professors, apologizing for her lack of absence notice and promising she would be there tomorrow. She went to bed early, her mind heavy with the consequences of missing so much class, if Cinder would be able to help her, and most importantly what had been done to her body.



**More coming soon...**

