

Enchanted Nails

by kiwibat

Chapter One

The salon exuded a soothing, welcoming atmosphere.

Sophia found herself stepping into a realm of pampering that was foreign yet intriguing. The soft chime of the door announced her arrival, and the friendly receptionist greeted her with a warm smile. She'd never been one to fuss over her appearance. Looking good was important but in a modest, professional way. She'd always preferred her nails short and bare.

Her 25th birthday just passed, and her coworkers had given her several gifts: some books, a coffee mug, a fuzzy pair of slippers, and a few gift cards.

Sophia hadn't expected Jake, the awkward IT guy, to get her anything, let alone a deluxe package to Enchanted Nails, a trendy new salon. After all, they'd only spoken a handful of times, usually only when something was wrong with her computer.

Initially, Sophia thought about giving the voucher away to a friend, it just wasn't her thing. She wasn't a tomboy, but she was a far cry from a girly girl, preferring a reserved and conservative look above all else.

Sophia took great pride in *not being like other girls*.

She could count on the glitter-free fingers of one hand the times she'd worn nail polish in the past five years. Nail polish was only for special occasions. Never had she even considered getting her nails done professionally. It seemed like such a waste of time and money.

The package also included both a manicure and a pedicure, neither of which Sophia had ever tried, though she'd always been curious what they were like.

Now she had the chance to find out herself, and without spending a dime. She hated wasting money on unnecessary things, sticking to her carefully planned budget each month. Every aspect of her life was deliberate and measured. Her boyfriend, Matt, convinced her to give it a try. He often reminded her the importance of letting her hair down and having a bit of fun, advice she usually ignored.

The receptionist's eyes gleamed with excitement as she guided Sophia to a private room in the back. She took a seat in the big plush chair with soft velvet cushions, stretching and yawning. The cozy room was saturated with the intoxicating aroma of scented oils. Sophia inspected a small, metallic device on the table. It emanated a soft, bright blue, otherworldly glow.

Lily, the charming nail technician, entered the room, pleasantly greeting Sophia.

“I want something short and professional, nothing flashy or crazy,” Sophia explained.

Lily just smiled and nodded. Sophia glanced down at the metallic device. She’d been staring at it while she waited, wondering what it was.

“What’s that?” Sophia finally inquired.

“Ah, that, dear, is the Nail Oracle. It helps them dry and harden and keeps them strong and healthy. It’s part of what makes our process truly *unique*.”

The technician started with a gentle massage of Sophia’s hands and feet, covering them in a warm oil. An unexpected wave of relaxation washed over her.

“Oh wow, that feels...good...really good,” Sophia mumbled, her words becoming slurred. It felt nice to be pampered for once. As the Nail Oracle cast its bright blue light over her hands and feet, now glistening in oil, she noticed a strange tingling sensation. Her entire body was buzzing with relaxation. The gentle touch of Lily’s fingers, the whirring of the strange machine, and the distinctive aroma of nail polish created an overwhelming sense of calm throughout Sophia’s body and mind.

Lily worked meticulously as the blue light intensified, causing Sophia to feel lightheaded. Her heavy eyelids drooped as the soothing light of the Oracle caressed her tranquil body. The pulsing blue hue filled the room, and Sophia basked in its warmth, feeling completely satisfied, as she drifted to sleep.

After a while, Sophia slowly opened her eyes and glanced down at her hands, expecting a subtle and professional look. She blinked several times, wondering if her blurry vision was playing a trick on her. To her surprise, the nails adorning her fingers were anything but subtle. Long, curved, and decorated with a complex swirl of red and pink, they exuded a playful feminine charm. Her toes had the same intricate design. Sophia was astonished at her gaudy new nails.

“This isn’t... what I asked for...” she softly slurred. Her mind was still sluggish.

Sophia knew she should be upset, ask to speak to the manager and demand they fix them, but she hesitated. She should be annoyed, her fingers looked ridiculous, but instead, felt strangely content. She found it difficult to object.

“You like them?” the technician asked, in a way that sounded both like a question and a statement.

Sophia examined her flamboyant new nails. She couldn’t deny, they were certainly eye-catching. The shiny coating seemed to reflect the lights surrounding her. She found herself mesmerized by the swirl of colors and the elegant curves, tracing the intricate patterns with her glassy eyes.

“It’s not... what I expected,” she weakly muttered.

Sophia held her fingers up to her face, closely inspecting the detailed design. They had a unique quality to them. Despite her initial disdain, she found herself growing fond of their undeniable beauty.

She'd always thought girls with long acrylic nails looked ridiculous. It wasn't an appropriate look for a professional businesswoman. But now, on her own hands and feet, they didn't seem so bad. As she struggled to form coherent thoughts, the bright blue light of the Oracle radiated warmth. A sense of acceptance grew deep inside her.

"They look so nice, don't they?" asked Lily.

Sophia absentmindedly agreed, "they do look nice." Lily watched closely as the dazed brunette stared into them.

"Just try them, you might find they were what you always wanted," Lily carefully suggested.

Sophia nodded. All her objections had completely dissolved. She found herself captivated by her new nails. Lily helped her satisfied client into the lobby.

Her boyfriend, Matt, stared in disbelief at his stumbling girlfriend. He never imagined she would have chosen such a bold style.

Observing her unsteady movement, he wrapped his arm around her, helping her stay upright. He was skilled at helping drunk people walk after years of practice from his time in a college fraternity. Sophia tightly gripped onto him for support as he led her back to their car. She was so dizzy. It was hard for her to see straight, let alone walk. Her legs felt like Jello.

"Whoopsie," Sophia said, nearly falling over. She cackled loudly at her clumsiness.

"Are you alright?" Matt asked.

"I mus' be dizzier than I guessed," Sophia laughed. Thankfully her boyfriend had been prepared to catch her. In that moment, she was glad she had such a big, strong man to help her.

She decided she would have to think of a way to thank him later.

Sophia settled into the passenger's seat. Her gaze was fixated on her long nails. The lively swirl of red and pink captured the glow of passing streetlights, creating a mesmerizing display of colors. She sighed happily. As they glided through the streets, her slender fingers began unconsciously tapping against the hard plastic of the door. The patter of her nails echoed in the confined space.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

"You think they're too much? They weren't what I expected..." Sophia softly muttered, feeling conflicted. Her boyfriend glanced over. The swirl of colors on her nails appeared to pulsate.

“I like ’em. They’re unique. Just like you.”

They both laughed, though Sophia’s laugh came out as more of a giggle. It was a sound he’d never heard from her before. Matt carefully examined the dopey grin on his girlfriend’s face. The streets outside blurred as the tapping continued. Each sound unconsciously resonated with the couples’ thoughts.

Matt helped her up to their bedroom. Sophia stumbled into bed and immediately fell asleep.

“Jesus,” he thought. He’d never seen her so drunk before. Now that they were finally home, he could examine her new nails. He still couldn’t believe it. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined his reserved girlfriend getting nails like these. He sat next to her in bed closely inspecting the fine details of the spiral design, tracing the pattern with his tired eyes.

Matt decided he liked them. It gave his girlfriend a more feminine look. Sadly, he knew once she woke up, she’d be frantically searching online how to remove them. He decided to at least enjoy the sight for now. Sliding his pants down, he began stroking himself, thankful his girlfriend never noticed he’d been hard ever since they left the salon. While sitting in the waiting room, he spent most of the time covertly watching the abundance of beautiful women coming and going.

Matt continued stroking himself, staring deeply into the intricate spiral design on his girlfriend’s new nails.

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Sophia stretched and yawned, feeling refreshed. As she extended her relaxed limbs, she caught a glimpse of her new flashy fingers.

“Morning sleepyhead,” Matt said, bringing her a cup of coffee. “Just how much wine did you have yesterday?”

“Wine? I’m... not sure,” Sophia said in a tired voice. Yesterday was one big blur. She remembered bits and pieces but struggled to recall everything. It felt like a dream. She stared at her fingers.

Matt was holding a bag from the drug store down the street. “I’ve been searching for how to remove acrylic nails. It’ll take about thirty minutes of soaking them,” he said, pulling out a bottle of nail polish remover. “If we start now, you can still make it to work on time.”

“Remove them?”

“Yeah... I just thought you might—”

“Why?”

“You like them?” he asked with a surprised expression.

“I...I’m not sure...I think I do?” Sophia felt conflicted. “I mean... I wouldn’t ever get them again... but what’s the harm in keeping them... just for a bit. Maybe a little change will be nice.”

* * *

Sophia took a deep breath as she walked into the office, anxious to see her coworker’s reactions.

Everyone loved them.

On the way to her desk, she received compliments from several women, and confused stares from the men. She was surprised at how much she enjoyed the attention. Sitting at her desk, she suddenly realized her new nails made it impossible to type at her usual quick speed. Her new style of typing, pecking one key at a time, was not only ineffective, but it looked ridiculous.

“This is so annoying,” she thought, spending nearly forty minutes typing up a routine form. It was going to be a long day.

In the break room, Sophia struggled to open a can of sparkling water. As she wrestled with the tab, her long nails got in the way.

“Hey Soph,” a familiar voice said. She looked up. It was Jake.

“This is harder than I thought,” she scowled, focused on the stubborn can.

“Need a hand?”

Sophia looked up. “Could you?”

Jake took the can and opened it. A subtle wave of pleasure washed over her.

“There,” he said, handing the drink back. Her eyes sparkled with appreciation.

“My hero,” she joked with a playful grin. “You like my new nails?”

“Wow. They’re... amazing,” he replied, grinning widely. “I didn’t expect that from you.”

“What did you expect?” she asked, leaning closer.

“I don’t know, something more... professional?”

“Guess I’m full of surprises,” she teased. They both laughed.

During their laughter, Sophia felt a tug of confusion. Why was she acting like this? The cheerful energy bubbling inside her seemed to overtake her. She found it difficult to resist the intense euphoria.

“Whatever it is, I’m enjoying it. You should shake things up more often,” Jake said.

“Maybe I will.”

As the day passed, Sophia encountered more challenges—writing, using the office equipment or sorting through files, her long nails made everything more difficult. Each time she went to find Jake, feeling a delightful surge of pleasure from his service.

“These nails make everything *so hard*,” she said, with a hint of a giggle, a sound unfamiliar and exciting. “I’m glad I have you around,” she said, unconsciously tapping her nails.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Jake savored these moments with his office crush, enjoying the satisfaction of being needed. The feelings of pleasure increased every time, and before long, Sophia found herself reveling in her femininity and playfulness. She was glad she had such a helpful guy around the office looking out for her.

* * *

Later that night, as Sophia slept, she began to dream.

She found herself in a beautiful garden at night, surrounded by vibrant colors and swirling patterns. A thick fog filled the air, carrying a familiar aroma. She could hear faint whispers in the distance. Sophia carefully walked down the long stone path, lit up by the bright blue light of the moon.

Hundreds of beautiful pink and red flowers swayed in the wind, their petals swirling all around. She watched in awe as they surrounded her, dancing with the melody of the garden. As she continued down the long path, her sneakers tapped against the hard stone.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Sophia glanced down. Suddenly, her casual everyday clothes were changing—transforming into something new, a more revealing outfit, flaunting the abundant curves her plain sweaters had always concealed. Her worn sneakers now replaced by long heels. She stared down at her new attire, admiring just how good she looked. Never had she imagined being able to pull off an outfit like this.

The swirls on her nails pulsed brightly. She found herself unable to stop giggling. Tiny bubbles filled her mind and popped one by one. Her head vibrated with happiness, a strong arousal flooding her body. The whispers in the distance were getting louder and closer, echoing in her thoughts.

Feels so good to be seen...

Feels so good to be desired...

Feels so good to be seductive...

Sophia awoke with a lingering sense of euphoria, grinning widely as she recalled the vivid garden—the intricate patterns on her nails engulfing her mind. She stood in front of the bathroom mirror. Her fingertips lightly traced the swirls. She examined the goodie bag she'd received from the salon. Inside were various cosmetic samples: perfume, body wash, a bath bomb, lotion, makeup, lip gloss, among others, all expensive brands. These are worth a lot of money, Sophia thought. She wondered how much Jake had spent on her extravagant birthday gift.

Sophia decided she should think of a way to thank him.

An idea suddenly floated into her mind—a touch of makeup to complement her colorful new nails. Sophia opened the bag and began applying the expensive eyeliner. Her boyfriend walked past the bathroom and watched in amusement. She glanced over at him and smiled.

“A little something extra, just a touch. What do you think?”

“Well, it's a nice change. You look beautiful either way.” The compliment caused her to smile, feeling a shiver of happiness tingling inside her.

Sophia examined her flawlessly adorned face. The minimal makeup accentuated her naturally beautiful features, adding a touch of charm. The swirls on her nails seemed to pulse with approval. She headed to work feeling confident and excited.

* * *

Her coworkers watched as the usually shy, reserved HR coordinator confidently strolled through the office, warmly greeting those around her. She was especially friendly with all the men.

Sophia worked in the human resources department of an innovative marketing firm. The progressive and inclusive atmosphere had attracted many skilled and talented women. Sophia found it empowering to be surrounded by so many ambitious hard-working businesswomen like herself. It inspired her to do her best.

It wasn't her dream job, but Sophia knew she had to start somewhere. She'd imagined one day becoming a highly successful businesswoman—a respected and influential leader: a girlboss.

As she settled into her routine, she found herself struggling with her everyday tasks: using her phone, reaching for items on high shelves (which now seemed higher than ever), or even something simple like attaching paperclips. Everything was so difficult, and she couldn't rely on Jake for everything.

It was hard to focus for more than a few minutes at a time. Work seemed so boring today. As her concentration waned, she unconsciously tapped her desk, chatting with her surrounding colleagues. The swirls on her nails pulsed with each tap.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Sophia's coworkers were captivated by more than just the strangely soothing sound of her nails. They weren't sure why the normally shy, professional HR coordinator seemed so flirty and bubbly, but they liked it. Her cubicle became a focal point, chatting with everyone who stopped by. Each time, her coworkers unexpectedly found themselves fantasizing about the curves hinted at beneath her oversized company sweatshirt with the faded logo.

Sophia reveled in the newfound attention. She took several breaks, wandering around the office to find more people to talk with. Wanting to show everyone her new nails. She floated through the maze of cubicles. It gave her a great delight to cheer them up with her happy and playful attitude.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

She approached Jake's tiny office, tucked away in the corner. Suddenly, the bubbly energy inside her began to skyrocket.

"Hey Soph," he said. "Need help with something?"

Sophia smiled. She'd never noticed it before, but he was actually sort of cute, in a weird way.

"Just wanted to say hi. Mind if I join you?"

The skinny IT technician looked away from his computer and glanced up at his cheerful coworker, beaming with happiness.

"Sure. You look really different today."

"Good different or bad different?" Sophia asked with a flirty smile.

"Definitely good. But you always look nice."

She enjoyed the warm feeling growing inside her.

"I never got to thank you for these nails," she purred.

"Oh, no problem. It was worth it being able to talk more with the prettiest girl in the office."

"Huh?" Sophia asked.

Jake laughed, "You, silly!"

“...me...?”

Her mind was a swirl of confused emotions. Pink and red spirals filled her thoughts.

Jake thought she was pretty.

Sophia normally didn't care what men thought about her, especially Jake. But now for some strange reason, the idea that Jake thought she was pretty did something strange to her fuzzy mind.

Not just pretty. The prettiest girl in the office.

Jake thought she was the prettiest girl in the office.

“You're not so bad yourself,” she said, playfully brushing his shoulder.

As she returned to her desk, she couldn't help but ponder the strange dynamic that had just occurred. She noticed she'd been completely distracted by the realization that Jake thought she was pretty.

The prettiest girl in the office.

Sophia didn't understand why she so felt so giddy. She sat at her desk and took a few deep breaths to regain her composure. Her nails rested against the keyboard. They glowed in the bright office lights. She replayed the shared moments with Jake in her mind.

As Sophia grappled with her conflicting emotions, the tapping of her nails persisted.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

* * *

“Baby! I need you,” Sophia yelled, shivering at the warm thrill she felt.

Like in the office, being at home had its own unique challenges, everyday activities made far more difficult by her long nails: undoing her watch band or fastening the clasp on her necklace. She was glad she had Matt to help her. Jake was her cute helpful guy in the office, and Matt was her big strong man at home.

She really was a lucky girl.

“What's up?” her boyfriend asked, running into the kitchen.

“It's just this jar, it's stuck. You know how weak I am,” she teased.

Sophia felt a rush as he effortlessly opened the stubborn jar. She was in awe at his impressive strength. The tingle between her thighs grew stronger.

“There you go,” he said.

“Thank you, baby.”

Later that night, Sophia finally thought of a way to thank him for all he had done. She passionately stroked his cock in bed, mesmerized by the sight of her own hand sliding up and down. She giggled in delight.

The long nail on her other hand rubbed against her soft lips. She slid her fingers into her mouth and began to suck. The taste was incredible.

Suddenly, warm beads of cum shot out, covering her hand. She was surprised at how turned on the experience had made her.

After, as she stood before the mirror, the reflection staring back at her seemed... different. The vibrant swirls on her nails pulsed with an inviting glow. Sophia examined her shapely body. A light and airy laughter escaped her lips. The girlishness in her demeanor echoed as she continued to admire herself.

Her fingers traced the outline of her ample breasts. They tingled with pleasure. She couldn't deny the appeal of her voluptuous body, fascinated by the way it seemed to demand attention. So then why had she always tried to hide it? Her thoughts became fuzzy as she giggled playfully, running her fingers up her substantial curves.

“Everything ok? You seem different,” her boyfriend inquired as she climbed next to him in bed.

Sophia smiled and nodded.

“Never better.”

* * *

“Morning, baby,” said Sophia. She kissed her boyfriend on the cheek. He looked up from his phone and smiled.

“Wow, look at you.”

Instead of her usual muted sweaters, she wore a tight red shirt and a pair of shorts. Sophia had always felt sandals in the office weren't professional, but wore them anyways. She wanted to show off her gorgeous new toenails. After all, Jake spent a lot of money on them. It felt like a waste to keep them concealed in her boring sneakers.

She needed to think of a way to thank him later.

Sophia noticed the uneasy look on her boyfriend's face as he examined her outfit. She giggled playfully, a sound that now seemed to bubble up effortlessly.

"Thought I'd try something new," she said, tapping her fingers against the table.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

"Sometimes, change is good, right? Makes life more interesting," she added with a cheerful smile.

As the tapping continued, his concerned expression seemed to fade away.

"If you're happy with it, that's all that matters," Matt said with a loving smile.

* * *

As she strutted through the office, Sophia's thoughts felt lighter, almost fluffy. Once again, her new flirty attitude returned, as she playfully greeted her coworkers. She felt a slight tingle each time she noticed them admiring her chest.

"Morning, Soph, you look amazing," Jake remarked. He had a hungry look in his eyes as he stared at her breasts. It was a look she'd always hated but could now only think of as a compliment. Especially coming from Jake.

Sophia giggled, "Thanks, Jake. These new nails are getting me lots of attention."

He grinned, seemingly amused. "Well, you deserve it. They really suit you."

Sophia found herself in a wonderful mood. She pranced about the office. The sound of her tapping nails had become a white noise to the bustling workplace, blending into the background, though always present.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Sophia was excited to see the obvious effect she had on those around her.

Rachel, a thirty-year-old supervisor, watched from across the office. She noticed everyone seemed to be discussing the same thing. She watched with suspicion as Sophia went from flirting with one coworker to the next.

Rachel rolled her eyes. She was annoyed at the clear lack of professionalism. Even more annoying were those obnoxious sounds she kept making with those ridiculous-looking nails. She wasn't sure what the hell had gotten into the normally shy HR coordinator. At least her office was on the other side of the building. It would've drove her crazy to hear that stupid tapping all day long.

During lunch, she too, found herself gossiping about Sophia with her two friends. Each of them had their own theory regarding her strange new attitude. Alexandra was positive it was a new lover.

“I’ve seen it a dozen times. I’m sure of it,” she said.

Natalie had a different theory.

“Probably got frustrated she wasn’t getting ahead. So now she’s using sex appeal to get that promotion instead.”

“Maybe,” Rachel contemplated. “But why is everyone suddenly so fascinated by her?”

“Well, I can think of two big reasons,” Natalie said with a wry smile. Rachel tried suppressing her laugh.

The men in the office found themselves captivated by Sophia’s curvy body, admiring it any chance they got. She was vibrating with excitement from all the new attention. She found herself accidentally dropping things, making sure all eyes were on her when she bent over to pick them up. A backlog of work was piling up at her desk. It was hard to focus on anything with the constant stream of appreciation from all the men.

Sophia chatted with yet another coworker who had stopped by. The topic of conversation went from her nails to summer to swimming to swimsuits. As she twirled her hair, she imagined what she would look like in a bikini. She’d never had the confidence to wear one before. It was an exciting thought.

“You really should,” her coworker agreed. “Those boobs of yours would look great in a skimpy little bikini.”

The rude statement quickly snapped her out of her flirty daze.

“Excuse me?!” she growled.

Sophia placed her hands on her hips and thrust her shoulders forward, attempting to put on a stern, serious demeanor. Instead, she resembled a pouty teenager showing off her chest. Her coworker just laughed and walked away.

“What the hell is his problem.” She couldn’t believe he would say that to a woman, let alone an HR rep.

Sophia began finding it easy to relax and let her concerns float away. All she had to do was close her eyes, letting the bright blue light wash over her thoughts. She opened her eyes and noticed she’d been sucking on her fingers. They tasted... so good.

Sophia decided to let it go. She didn't want to deal with the hassle that came with filing a report. At her current speed of typing, it would probably take an hour to finish. She was already behind on her work. The last thing she needed was to add more.

Sophia was surprised. She realized four different women had stopped by HR today to file complaints. It was unusual. Sexual harassment complaints were rare for their normally professional workplace.

It was Sophia's job to determine whether they were worth further investigation. Most of them had been frivolous. A harmless nickname. Apparently, some of the women didn't like to be called 'sweetheart', or 'honey'. Or a questionable joke. Maybe poor taste but not a big deal. Boys will be boys.

However, one of the complaints surprised her.

Jennifer, one of the accountants, stopped by to complain about Dave slapping her butt. Sophia was bewildered. Dave had always been so courteous, a real family man, respectful to everybody. It seemed so... out of character for him to do something like that. She couldn't understand why Jennifer was so upset either. Sure, it was inappropriate, but she seemed more bothered about the incident than she should. Sophia smiled politely and said, "I'll take care of it."

Once Jennifer had left, Sophia went back to admiring her nails. She playfully wiggled her fingers, mesmerized by the way light seemed to reflect off them.

"Something about these nails Jakey got me just makes me feel so... bubbly," she thought. Sophia found it important to always remember that Jake was the one who'd got them for her.

She needed to think of a way to properly thank him, decidedly owing her new happiness to him.

On her way home, Sophia stopped by a gas station. She struggled to remove her card from the reader at the pump. Her nails clicked against the hard plastic. Feeling frustrated, she closed her eyes, and allowed the relaxing blue light to enter her mind once again. She caught the attention of an older man who'd just finished refueling.

"Could you help me with something? It's kinda silly," Sophia pleaded. She felt a flutter of excitement in her chest. Her thoughts became muddled with an intoxicating pink fog.

He seemed surprised, constantly looking back at his car. Sophia glanced over at the frumpy woman in the passenger seat, and the teenage girl in the back. Both were glaring at them with daggers for eyes.

"Uh, sure," he replied. He shrugged to the women in his vehicle. Probably his wife and daughter, Sophia assumed.

“I need help with my car, it’s empty and needs to be filled. Can you help fill me up?” she asked with a mischievous smile. “I just can’t do anything these days. These nails make everything sooo *hard*. Do you like them?”

“Uh, well, t-they’re very nice...” he said, nervously examining the busty young girl giggling in front of him.

“Where’s your car?” he asked.

“Right over here! Thank you, sir!” she exclaimed. Her chest jiggled as she bounced excitedly. “You’re so sweet!” The man followed her.

“My card’s stuck... can you get it out?”

The friendly man pulled it out and handed it to Sophia. He picked up the hose and inserted it into the side of her car. It clicked into place.

“You’re so good at this,” she said playfully. “You really know your way around a car,” she said, twirling her brown hair in her finger.

The man smiled politely. “Well, I suppose I do”. He wasn’t sure why the attractive young woman seemed to be flirting with *him*, but it was nice. Looking back at his wife’s watchful gaze, Sophia added, “Your wife is so lucky. Hope she appreciates how helpful you are. Wish I could find a handy man like you,” she said, in a bubbly voice.

Sophia wrapped her hand around the hose and seductively rubbed her fingers against it. She smiled with amusement as she watched his nervousness grow.

“Oopsie, I dropped my keys!”

She bent over to pick them up, an action that caused several men at the gas station to stop and stare. The man nervously gazed at her rear. She struggled to grab the keys with her long nails.

“It’s so *hard*. Can you help me? I’m such a ditz sometimes.”

“S-sure,” he said, quickly collecting them from off the ground and placing them in her dainty hands.

Sophia couldn’t help but giggle. “Thank you for pumping me. Is there anything I can do thank you?” she asked, biting her lip.

“Uh...” the man glanced back at his car, noticing his wife’s rage-filled gaze. “Oh... it—I, uh. I—gotta go.”

Sophia’s chest jiggled as she bounced up and down.

“Thank you!” she playfully yelled. The man raced back to his car, where his wife was yelling at him. Her senses slowly returned and the feelings of flirtation that had overtaken her began to subside. She once again felt confused, unsure what had come over her.

It was happening so often lately. Anytime someone would pay attention to her. The same fun flirty feeling would overtake her mind, greatly influencing her thoughts and actions.

The feelings were becoming stronger too. Growing more intense each time. Then after, when the feelings of bubbly pleasure would fade away, her guilt would return.

Sophia promised herself it wouldn't happen again. Until the next time, when it did.

That evening, Sophia decided to indulge in a relaxing bath. Another stereotypical girly activity she'd always avoided. Her legs were sore from being on her feet all day. Partly from wandering around the office and partly because it gave the men a better view of her body. She slowly dipped her foot into the hot water. It was the perfect temperature.

She admired her gorgeous toenails, covered in pink and red swirls. She appreciated how they made her feet look so much cuter and more feminine. The bright pink bath bomb, from the salon's package of treats, descended into the tub, commencing a captivating transformation.

The small pink sphere fizzled and swirled, dissolving and releasing a burst of tantalizing aromas that mingled with the rising steam. A colorful, dense foam dispersed throughout the water.

The bathroom was softly lit by several candles, also from the salon, creating a cozy atmosphere. Sophia took a deep breath, savoring the delightful fragrance that filled the air. Gazing at the enchanting colors, reminiscent of a summer sunset, she admired the mesmerizing display.

Shedding her robe, she stepped into the bath. A contented sigh escaped her lips as she entered the hot water and stretched her tired legs. It felt good against her skin.

A soothing, tingling sensation flooded her body, creating a mixture of relaxation and arousal. Sophia closed her eyes and began tapping her nails against the side of the tub, sliding her other hand between her thighs.

All her thoughts and worries melted away, leaving Sophia's malleable mind tingling with pleasure.

Enchanted Nails

by kiwibat

Chapter Two

Sophia throbbed with arousal. It was the sixth night in a row of erotic dreams.

After quickly pleasuring herself, Sophia prepared for work. She rummaged through her closet, unable to find anything she liked. All her clothes seemed so... plain, conservative, and boring. Nothing fun or sexy. Nothing that showed off her body.

Maybe it was time to try something new.

Sophia settled on some tight cotton shorts. They were a gift from her boyfriend that were a size too small. Only ever worn around the house. She slipped on a cute pair of sandals and admired her gorgeous toenails.

Finally, Sophia decided on a red button-up blouse. At least this way she could open it up. She tried unbuttoning it herself, but once again her long nails made it too difficult. She went searching for her boyfriend, subconsciously knowing she needed a man's help.

"Hey, baby, Sophia said, playfully scratching his shoulder.

Matt carefully examined her. "You seem... shorter."

"Shorter?" Sophia laughed. "That's ridiculous."

Matt squinted his eyes with an unsure look on his face. Hadn't they always been the same height?

"Can you unbutton this for me?" Sophia asked, interrupting his thoughts.

"Oh. Sure," Matt said. He undid the top button.

"Not just one, silly!"

Matt paused, then undid two more.

"...more," Sophia whispered with a sly grin, her nails tapping against the table.

Matt hesitated as his girlfriend's words echoed in his mind.

more...

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

“Alright,” Matt relented, undoing another and exposing her ample cleavage.

Sophia beamed with excitement. She couldn’t wait for Jake to see her new outfit. Being around him seemed to bring out a flirty girly side of her, one she never knew she had. The more time she spent around him, the ditzier she felt, a sensation she was beginning to love.

She *really* needed to think of a way to thank him.

Sophia adjusted her breasts. She wasn’t sure why they were so sensitive lately. Just the slightest touch caused a flood of arousal.

For so long, she’d always felt the need to hide her body. Conceal her curves under baggy clothes. Though she now had trouble remembering why.

* * *

Whispers and glances followed as Sophia confidently strutted through the office. The looks of lust caused her breasts to tingle. The longer they looked, the more blatant their gaze, the more turned on she became. She made sure anyone who saw her would be thinking about her chest for the rest of the day.

After all, what was the point of having large breasts if you weren’t going to show them off?

Jake approached with a sly grin.

“Looking hot, Soph. That outfit really suits you,” he remarked, leering at her substantial cleavage.

Sophia smiled, thrusting her chest forward. A soft giggle escaped her lips. Lately, she found herself agreeing with everything her coworkers said. Her breasts jiggled with every enthusiastic nod.

“Your boobs look great in that top,” he said with amusement.

Hearing Jake refer to her breasts as boobs did something strange to her fuzzy brain. Her thoughts twisted and turned. She kind of liked it.

Sophia didn’t have *large breasts*.

She had *big boobs*, and Jake loved them.

Jake loved her big boobs.

“Thanks, Jakey!” she said with a giggle, causing her big boobs to bounce.

“It’s amazing how a little change can make everything so much more fun!” Sophia thought with a vacant smile.

On the way to her office, Sophia ran into Hannah, the shy nineteen-year-old intern. It was the first time Hannah had seen the changes in her office companion. She couldn’t believe her eyes.

“Wow, Sophia, you look...amazing!” Hannah gushed. She didn’t know why she was suddenly dressing so boldly, but it was strangely exciting.

Sophia thought of herself as a mentor to the young college student. She’d seen a lot of herself in Hannah and wanted to help the young girl unlock her potential.

But now, as she closely examined the nervous intern, Sophia realized Hannah had a different kind of potential. One she’d never noticed before. She actually had a nice body underneath all those unflattering clothes. And a bit of makeup would do wonders for her naturally pretty face.

Sophia drummed her fingers on a nearby table. An exciting thought suddenly popped into her mind.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

“I have an idea,” Sophia said with a mischievous grin. “How would you like to be my assistant?”

Hannah’s eyes went wide. “I’d love to!” she yelped, beaming with excitement.

Instead of working, Sophia spent the rest of the morning online, shopping for clothes. She was excited to spice up her wardrobe. She needed something stylish, something... revealing. She felt a strong urge to show off her body. To show off her big boobs.

Jake loved her big boobs.

Her thoughts were like little pink bubbles. All popping inside her head. It was becoming harder to think.

By the afternoon, Sophia shut the blinds to her office to relieve the overwhelming tingling that’d been building up. These past couple days, it’d become impossible to get through work without pleasuring herself. Her mind had become a whirlpool of confusion and arousal.

That night, Sophia sat on the couch, watching a movie with her boyfriend. She found herself distracted by his crotch. It was hard to focus on anything else.

All day long, intrusive thoughts of her coworker’s cocks had invaded her mind. She had fantasized about what they might look like and whose were bigger. Waves of pleasure filled her body every time she inspired an erection.

It made her feel valuable and important. Things she’d always wanted.

Sophia always loved making people happy. But now, even more, she loved to get men hard.

Unable to resist, Sophia rubbed the outside of her boyfriend's pants. It was something she'd been wanting to do all day, each time she noticed someone's bulge. Now she finally could.

Sophia licked her lips in anticipation. She watched him grow from her touch. She needed it badly. Now, not only could she get him hard, she could also get him off.

Matt looked over at her and smiled.

Sophia freed his erection, feeling it twitch in her hand. She had an overwhelming urge to slide it between her lips.

Sophia hated blowjobs. She had too much respect for herself to let a man to stick his cock in her mouth. It was so degrading. Classy women didn't give blowjobs. She tried once, but decided it was awful. It'd been an unpleasant experience and she never tried it again.

But now, as she slowly wrapped her lips around her boyfriend's throbbing cock, she felt a cascade of arousal.

It felt so good to have his cock inside her mouth. Like something she was always missing. She moaned with pleasure as she bobbed up and down. The taste was incredible. She couldn't get enough. Her lips were numb with pleasure.

Sophia shut everything out and focused entirely on slurping and sucking. Using her hands and lips in unison to make him feel so good. It was her duty to please. She trembled with arousal.

In that moment, Sophia realized, she loved to suck cock.

"I'm gonna cum," Matt grunted, squeezing her thigh.

Sophia closed her eyes and moaned as his warmth filled her mouth. Her head was swirling with happiness, arousal, dizziness, pleasure, and so much more. Her mind had become a confused mess of excitement.

Slowly, the explosion of euphoria evaporated and her conscious mind returned. Sophia felt the cum dripping from her mouth, drizzling onto her chest. The delightful flavor quickly faded. She spit the rest into a nearby cup.

Why did I just do that?

Once Sophia had curiously looked up a video of a blowjob online. She was disgusted at how ridiculous the woman looked with a cock in her mouth, pressing firmly against her cheek.

Suddenly, Sophia wondered if that was what she had just looked like. She shivered with arousal, imagining how ridiculous she must've looked with Matt's cock in her mouth. That same dumb look on *her* face.

Sophia moaned at the thought of it. She didn't care how ridiculous she looked. After all, she was just a silly little girl. And even if it was degrading, that didn't matter anymore. It was too fucking hot.

She glanced down at her chest, covered in her boyfriend's cum. The sight of which caused an explosion of arousal that pushed her over the edge. Her hips flexed as she twitched and moaned. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

"I must really love giving blowjobs," Sophia realized. She had climaxed from just the thought of it.

"Guess I'm just a silly little cocksucker after all," Sophia giggled.

She loved the feeling of her boyfriend's big cock between her lips. It felt so perfectly placed. So warm. So juicy. So tasty. So fucking hot.

In that moment, Sophia knew.

She needed more.

* * *

In her dream that night, Sophia was on her knees. She gazed up at the growing erection in front of her.

Sophia began to salivate as she crawled toward it. Without hesitation, she slid it into her eager mouth. She loved the feeling of her boyfriend's cock hardening. Feeling it grow. She covered it in her drool as she hungrily sucked and slurped, savoring his delicious taste. Then she heard a voice.

"You love to suck cock," the familiar voice stated. It had a deep authoritative tone. The words echoed in her head. She knew that voice. It was... Jake!

Sophia was surprised that the yummy cock in her mouth didn't belong to her boyfriend but she was too horny to care.

"I luh t' thuck cohck." she proudly garbled, muffled by the bulging cock crowding her mouth.

It was true. God, she loved it so much. She loved to suck cock, more than anything.

Sophia savored Jake's delicious cock, sliding it as deep as she could. The loud, wet, sucking sounds of her hungry mouth filled the room. She giggled as she licked excitedly. Doing her best to please.

"Cum all over my big tits," Sophia suddenly moaned. She was unsure why she'd just said that. Glancing down, she noticed she was topless.

Sticky strings of cum shot out, covering her chest. It reminded her of the warm oil from the salon. She instinctively rubbed it into her sensitive tits, moaning with delight

Sophia suddenly jolted awake. Without even thinking, she started rubbing between her thighs.

After finishing, Sophia crawled out of bed and examined herself. Her body looked different. Her big boobs seemed even bigger. Her hips seemed somewhat wider. Her butt was rounder. And her thighs were thicker.

Sophia loved the way she looked.

"I'm so...hot..." she excitedly squealed. Her big boobs bounced.

Sophia didn't know why her body was changing but it was thrilling. The guys in her office were going to be so excited to see her, especially Jake.

She *really* needed to thank him for all he'd done for her. *So very bad.*

Sophia let out a girly shriek when she saw her packages had arrived. Overnight shipping had been expensive but worth it. She struggled to choose what to wear.

It was becoming hard for Sophia to make decisions or even think at all. She needed someone to help her. A silly little hottie like herself shouldn't be burdened with difficult choices. Her entire focus should be on looking sexy and turning men on. She needed someone to think for her.

Someone to tell her what to do.

Sophia chose a tight red skirt, and a revealing top with thin straps that barely contained her massive melons. Thankfully she'd ordered new bras, though even those already felt a bit small.

Carefully, she squeezed her plump rear into the tight skirt. Her butt had always been just average, not that she'd cared.

Sophia always thought society's obsession with big butts was trashy. Now, she suddenly felt proud of the two round protruding globes that were her magnificent bottom. She shuffled towards the living room, struggling to walk in her new heels, but loving how they emphasized her legs and ass.

"What do you think?" Sophia asked, twirling carefully.

She watched her boyfriend's eyes grow round. His eyebrows raised in contemplation as he examined her outfit. The concerned look on his face suggested he was not prepared for his modest girlfriend's new attire, especially for the office.

Sophia smiled. "What's wrong, baby?" She gently tapped her nails against the handrail.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Matt looked like he was about to speak but stopped. The familiar tapping seemed to re-assure him. Moments later he looked much calmer.

"Uhhh, I'm not sure," Matt replied. He seemed much more relaxed. A few more nail-taps later and his worried expression had melted away entirely.

"You look stunning. One hot piece of ass. The guys in the office are going to love you," he proudly stated.

Sophia glanced down at the erection in his pants and smiled. She was looking forward to inspiring many more at work.

* * *

The office buzzed with excitement as Sophia strolled through. Everywhere she went, all eyes were on her.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

The men in the office were unable to stop fantasizing about the busty office tease, picturing all the dirty things they wanted to do to her.

The women in the office were jealous of Sophia's curvy body and all the attention she was getting. They fantasized about how popular *they* would be if they only looked like her.

Sophia radiated a playful feminine aura. Her hypnotic nails served as a conductor, orchestrating a symphony of transformation that weaved through the minds of everyone around her.

They all yearned for the voluptuous sex kitten in the skimpy red outfit.

* * *

Alexandra sat across from Sophia. She wore an annoyed expression on her face.

"Where's your boss?" she whined. "Why am I even talking with you?"

"He's busy," Sophia replied with a phony smile. "How can I help?"

Alexandra and her friends had always been rude to her. Sophia was used to other women being hateful for no reason. They usually assumed she was dumb due to the size of her breasts. Something that'd always bothered her. Though she'd always been too shy to ever say anything. But now, emboldened by a new sense of confidence, she finally decided to do something about it.

"I need to file a complaint," Alexandra said dismissively. "Is this gonna take long? I have actual important things I need to do."

"So, can you tell me what happened?" Sophia asked, grabbing a pen.

"I already wrote everything in an email. You should've been prepared," Alexandra groaned. "This is obviously too difficult for you. Just let me talk to your boss."

"I'm the one who decides which complaints get escalated," Sophia said smugly.

Sophia drummed her nails against her wooden desk. She'd been doing it so often she no longer had to think about it. Like breathing, it was something her body did on its own.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Alexandra sighed in frustration. She stared at the bold outfit the previously mousy HR girl was wearing. She'd always known Sophia was secretly an attention whore. Her fake "quiet and nerdy" act had never fooled her.

It was sad really. No one would ever take her seriously looking like *that*. Her new slutty persona may have captivated all the stupid men but Alexandra was sick of it. Perhaps she should file a complaint against Sophia as well. For her extremely unprofessional conduct.

Alexandra groaned. "It's one of the guys in my department. Well, not just one, a few of them. But Mike's the one who started it. If you make an example out of him, the others will fall in line. There, I just did your job for you."

"What's he doing?" Sophia asked. She casually examined her nails on one hand, while the other continued tapping. Alexandra was clearly annoyed by her lack of attention.

"Sexist jokes, not listening, just general insubordination. Oh, and that stupid nickname..."

Sophia looked up.

"Nevermind. Forget it."

"What nickname?"

"It doesn't matter!" Alexandra groaned.

“Tell me,” Sophia suggested. Her tapping nails echoed in the small office.

Alexandra blinked several times and sighed.

“Well... it’s, they...okay, well, they keep calling me... Ditzzy Lexi,” she admitted. Her face became red with embarrassment.

Sophia laughed. “I see. Ditzzy Lexi...” she repeated, smiling as she wrote it down. “Ditzzy Lexi. Ditzzy Lexi. It’s kinda catchy, I can see why it’s spreading.”

Alexandra loudly gasped. “Don’t talk to me like that! I’m a supervisor!”

“So why do you think they call you Ditzzy Lexi?” Sophia asked, staring deeply into her eyes. Alexandra noticed her voice had a strange tone to it as the words bounced around in her head.

“Well...cause...I forget stuff sometimes. But that doesn’t mean I’m ditzzy,” she growled.

“But you are, aren’t you?”

“...excuse me?”

“They wouldn’t say it unless it was true. Don’t you think?”

“I...I...I’m not sure,” Alexandra said, feeling confused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, if everybody thinks you’re a ditz, then you must be? Why else would they all think the same thing?”

“I don’t know... I guess?” Alexandra realized. It did make sense. Sophia made a good point.

“So then, you *are* a ditz?” Sophia asked. “Just wanna make sure I get this right for my report.”

Alexandra thought for a moment. “Well, I mean...sometimes, I guess... wait no!”

It was hard to think. Her mind felt fuzzy and slow. “I mean, sure, I’m a little ditzzy sometimes but it’s not a big deal. They don’t gotta be so rude about it.” Her stern professional voice was slowly taking on a girly and bubbly tone.

Sophia placed her hand on top of Alexandra’s. The supervisor looked disoriented as she stared into Sophia’s big brown eyes.

“It’s not an insult. It’s a compliment. Embrace your ditziness. Own it,” Sophia calmly suggested.

Alexandra felt a warm tingle from Sophia’s touch.

“...embrace... my ditziness?” Alexandra asked. Though she already knew the answer.

Of course she should. Sophia said it. Everything Sophia said made so much sense. If she just embraced her ditziness, then she wouldn't feel bad. Why hadn't she thought of that? Seemed like something she should've realized... if she wasn't such a ditz.

"It's fun to be submissive and flirty!" Sophia said with a mocking smile.

"Flirty? But...I'm not... flirty..." Alexandra mumbled hesitantly. She wasn't flirty... was she? It was becoming hard to think. She didn't like to flirt. Did she?

"My head...it feels..."

"Silly?" Sophia interrupted.

"...no."

Suddenly, Alexandra realized that was the perfect word to describe it. Silly. She did feel silly, very silly.

"My head feels so ... silly," she quietly admitted.

Sophia was amused. "That's cause you're just a silly little girl," she suggested. "Better to leave the thinking to the smart men."

"Why would you say that?" Alexandra confusedly asked in her slurred voice. "I'm... no, I'm a... I'm not si—I'm not a girl, I'm a woman! I'm a..." Alexandra trailed off.

She wasn't a girl. She hated when people treated her like a girl. She was... a woman!

"I'm a... I'm a... silly little... woman!" Alexandra shouted. She covered her mouth, surprised by her own words. Where the hell did that come from?

Alexandra was feeling so dizzy, so groggy, so ditzy, so strange, so lightheaded, so flirty, so submissive, so happy, and most importantly, so... silly. A soft giggle escaped her lips.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

The tapping of Sophia's nails were like Morse code. Sending hidden messages directly into Alexandra's fuzzy brain.

"I bet you secretly like the attention. Don't you? Makes you feel so good. Doesn't it?"

"Well... I don't know...maybe a lit— No! I don't...It's not right. It's inap... it's ... It's... it's so...inap... so... so nice..." she said with a goofy grin.

Alexandra continued switching back and forth between feeble resistance and calm obedience. She felt more and more intoxicated. The tapping of Sophia's nails bounced around in her silly little mind.

"Don't think, Lexi — thinking is boring... so ugly. You wanna be attractive. Right?"

"I...don't...know..." Alexandra said. She wasn't sure of anything anymore. It was so hard to think.

"I guess so," Alexandra realized. If Sophia said it then it must be true. After all, she was so much smarter than herself.

Sophia smiled. "Deep down you secretly love the way the men treat you. It makes you feel so good, doesn't it? Love when they treat you like a silly little girl. Not a thought in her pretty little head."

"No...I-I-I... I don't—I can't. I'm just..." Alexandra struggled to speak.

"It's okay. Just admit it," Sophia said with a wry smile. "Say it!"

Alexandra swayed back and forth. Her eyelids fluttered. An intoxicated expression filled her face. Sophia was right. She didn't have a thought in her head... in her pretty little head.

In her ditzzy brain... in her flirty mind... in her silly little head... Sophia was right. She *was* a silly little girl.

"I'm just... a silly little girl," Alexandra finally admitted. She felt relieved. "A silly little girl..." Alexandra repeated again, this time more confidently. A dumb smile washed over her. It felt so good to finally admit it.

For so long, Alexandra had tried to convince herself she was a smart, serious professional. It'd been difficult to deny her true nature. She was so glad Sophia helped her realize what she was. There's no reason to be upset. The guys weren't doing it to be mean. They were just trying to help.

Alexandra decided she should think of a way to thank them.

"I'm so proud of you, Lexi."

Alexandra giggled at the compliment. It felt so good. She wanted Sophia to be proud of her.

"Silly little girls don't need to think, Lexi. And if you don't think, then you can't be sad!"

Alexandra felt a rush of enthusiasm. Of course! She'd been so upset earlier. Feeling so bad about all the teasing and nicknames and insubordination...insubordination—the not listening!

But if she didn't think about it, then she wouldn't be sad. She just needed to not think and just be a silly little girl. Then she could finally be happy.

Happy Happy.

Happy Happy Lexi.

Alexandra was excited. She couldn't wait.

"...but what about the guys... like, what should I do about them?" Alexandra timidly asked.

"Just keep them happy. Make them like you."

Alexandra smiled. That's right! She wanted make them happy. It made so much sense. She wanted them to like her. She needed them to like her. She needed them to be happy. Making them happy made her happy.

"How...do I get them... to like me?" Alexandra asked. Sophia was obviously very good at getting guys to like her. Everyone liked Sophia.

"Just do anything they want. Get them whatever they need. Keep them happy all the time. Find out what pleases them most and do it. That's all that matters."

"Anything they want...keep them happy...please them...all that matters," Alexandra murmured. Her gaze was unfocused. She sighed happily. A suppressed giggle broke through. "Keep... them happy," she muttered in an inebriated voice. "Please them...so bad..." she said. She flexed her hips, suddenly feeling so aroused.

"Give them what they want. You'll be so much more satisfied..."

"Yes... so very satisfied," Alexandra mindlessly repeated. "Thank you, Sophia... it all makes so much more sense...I...I finally understand. I feel... so much better."

Sophia smiled proudly. "Happy to help!"

She wouldn't ever have to worry about Alexandra being rude to her or anyone else.

Alexandra absentmindedly wandered back to her desk. She was still dizzy. Her body tingled with excitement.

"Hey sweetheart, can you type this up for me. I'm really busy." Mike said, handing her a stack of notes.

"Type it yourself. I'm not your assistant," Alexandra said in a moment of defiance. Suddenly, another wave of dumb happiness flooded her mind.

Alexandra's eyelids began to flutter. A great idea popped into her silly little head.

keep them happy...

please them...

do whatever they want...

"But...maybe...I should be," Alexandra realized. "Assistant..." she said, testing the word. "I can assist you... assist you in every way... whatever...you want...*please you...*" she muttered softly. "I want to...so bad...I need...to make you happy..."

Alexandra giggled. She understood her new role.

"Yes...your assistant," she said confidently. "...all that matters..."

She moaned softly. Sophia's words echoed in her head.

"I'm just a silly girl...need a man to help me," she whispered in realization. She was aroused by the thought of it. "A silly ditz," she added, giggling playfully. "Ditzy Lexi!"

Lexi loved her new nickname.

* * *

Sophia needed to visit Jake. She strutted towards his office. Her hips swayed seductively with each step.

Jake looked surprised. His eyes lingered on her oversized cleavage, accentuated by her new outfit.

"S-S-Sophia! Oh wow!"

Sophia could tell he was pleased. It gave her a warm glow.

Jake reached out to close the door and accidentally brushed against her boob. His touch sent fireworks into her brain and down to her wet pussy. Sophia moaned. She stared longingly at the outline of his hardening cock. His big bulge pressed tightly against his pants. Her mouth began to water.

Sophia loved turning on everyone around her. Seeing their excitement as she modeled her shapely body. But Jake was the only one in the office she needed to please. She needed it so very bad.

"God, I love the new you," Jake declared. Sophia giggled girlishly.

“Me too,” she whispered seductively. Her hand began rubbing the outside of his pants. Her voice was high-pitched and breathy. Her tone was girly and vapid.

How had she never realized how sexy Jake was? It seemed so obvious. He was easily the hottest guy in the office. Though not in a traditionally masculine way like her boyfriend.

“I’ve never really thought of myself as a sexual person before,” Sophia admitted. “But lately...”

Sophia brought her lips to his ear and whispered: “...lately I’m always so fucking horny.”

Just being near him filled her with an intense arousal. After her last several visits she’d felt the overwhelming urge to pleasure herself.

But this time she needed more. As much as she loved sucking cock, that was only for her boyfriend. But Sophia realized there was something else she could do for the sexy IT guy.

Her long-nailed fingers pulled his zipper down and wrapped around his erection. She bit her lip as arousal flooded her body. Pleasure radiated in her tingling fingers. There was something so invigorating about seeing her dainty hand wrapped around his big, bulging cock. Like that’s what it was always meant for.

She’d finally figured out a way to thank him. Her breathing quickened as she stroked up and down.

“I can’t think of a better way to thank you for my new nails... than by using my hand... to make you... feel good... to turn you on...to please you,” Sophia moaned. She was completely mesmerized by her hand sliding up his erection. Her body exploded with pleasure as her other hand thoughtlessly massaged her tits.

“Thank you, sir,” she repeatedly whimpered in a stupefied daze.

“Thank you sir...thank you sir...thank you sir...thank you... sir...”

Jake came quickly. His warm seed erupted all over her hand, suddenly snapping her out of her trance. She examined her fingers. Even the sight of his cum on her nails turned her on. It was so warm and pleasurable. It was like the massage oil from the salon. She slid her fingers onto her mouth and seductively sucked.

“Thank you, sir...” Sophia moaned. She was unable to stop her sticky fingers from sliding down to her hungry pussy. She’d never felt so aroused before.

Sophia slid her skirt down as her two fingers began pumping in and out of herself. Her legs were open and pointed towards Jake. Though she knew it was wrong, she couldn’t stop herself. It felt so good fingering herself in front of him, like the horny slut she was becoming.

Jake had done so much for her. She owed him so much. She needed to think of even more ways to thank him. Jake smiled, watching as her face fill with euphoria.

Sophia winced with pleasure. As she came, the bright blue light filled her mind.

After several moments, Sophia opened her eyes. Jake stared at her with an amused look. She suddenly felt embarrassed by her actions.

She hastily fixed her clothes and ran back to her desk. Glancing at the framed photo of her boyfriend, she felt regret. As her arousal faded, her normal thoughts returned. She felt ashamed.

Why did I do that?

What the hell is wrong with me?

Sophia had been so turned on that she'd completely forgotten about her boyfriend.

He was the man she wanted to be with. Not Jake. Even if being around him did do strange things to her silly mind. Enjoyable things.

Sophia was conflicted.

* * *

Rachel stared across the office. She was perplexed. Jennifer was the third woman who'd suddenly quit her job to become a personal assistant for one of the men. She decided it must be some kind of ironic meta feminist protest, pretending to be secretaries for the week. They were just making a point about how important the women in the office were, right?

What else could it have been?

Rachel observed closely. She was trying to figure out what she was missing. She watched as her coworkers, talented ambitious women, spent their morning fetching coffee, typing, and flirting. It truly looked like they were enjoying themselves. They seemed very dedicated to whatever this was.

During lunch, Rachel discussed their strange behavior with her supervisor friends.

"It's so weird," Natalie said. "Now Jennifer too?"

Rachel explained her theory but Natalie seemed skeptical.

"I don't know. They seem pretty serious."

"You really think they'd just give up their career to be some low-level assistant? And to some of the biggest assholes in the office?" Rachel asked.

Most of the men in their company were kind and respectful, though not all of them. Strangely, those seemed to be the ones that the women gravitated towards. This only further fueled Rachel's theory that this was all just an elaborate ruse. Possibly to expose their misogynistic behavior.

Rachel glanced over at Alexandra. She'd been staring at the wall with a far-away look in her eyes. She looked bored, or tired. Maybe even a little tipsy.

"Are you ok?" Rachel asked, waving her hand. "Alexandra?!"

Alexandra blinked several times.

"...Yeah...I'm fine," she said in a soft voice. Her pupils were dilated, her cheeks flushed. Rachel looked concerned. Had she been drinking on the job? No... Alexandra would *never* do something like that.

"Maybe some kind of gas leak or something? Or some kinda collective mental breakdown?" Natalie theorized.

"Mental breakdown?" Rachel asked dubiously.

Natalie shrugged her shoulders. "Like Sophia. Have you seen what she's wearing?"

Alexandra perked up at the mention of Sophia.

"No..."

"Oh, just wait 'til you see her," Natalie scoffed. "She looks like a stripper."

Rachel glanced back over at Alexandra. She was still staring off into space.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Rachel was concerned for her friend.

A dumb smile suddenly formed over Alexandra's face.

"Never better!" she giggled.

* * *

Sophia's mind remained preoccupied with the incident in Jake's office as she drove home. She was wracked with guilt. There was no way she could tell her boyfriend what happened. That was out of the question. Besides, it was just a one-time mistake. A lapse in judgement. She hadn't been thinking straight. It wouldn't happen again.

Sophia decided to make things up to her boyfriend by making him feel good. By letting him use her body. She was getting turned on just thinking about it.

Sophia arrived home. She noticed her boyfriend had been away from her influence long enough for all his concerns to return.

“Something’s wrong, Soph. We need to see a doctor. I don’t know what’s happening.” His voice was uneasy and filled with worry.

“Nothing’s wrong,” Sophia purred dismissively. “I feel amazing. Better than ever.” Her fingers reached towards his zipper. She was horny and didn’t want to hear any of this nonsense.

“Look at you...you’re— I hardly recognize you!”

“Come on, baby, I want you,” she pleaded in her breathy voice. Why couldn’t he just shut up and fuck her?

“Sophia...”

The sound of her tapping nails echoed in the room.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

“Everything’s *fine*,” Sophia whispered. She ran her hands up his muscular chest.

“Something’s happening to you. Ever since you got those nails,” Matt replied. His face was filled with worry.

Sophia met his nervous gaze with an unwavering calmness. She gently ran her nail over his lips. She watched in amusement as he struggled against the waves of pleasure filling his mind.

“I love the new nails that Jakey got me and so should you. Sure, I’ve been going through some changes, but they’re good changes. Things are much better,” she said seductively. The tapping of her nails intensified. She reached down his pants and began stroking.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

“Babe, stop,” Matt pleaded.

Sophia felt his cock growing in her hand. “Everything is perfect,” she whispered, staring deeply into his glassy eyes. “No need to worry. You should love the new me. It’s so much better.”

Sophia ran her fingernail across his cheek. She smiled as he continued to struggle. But it wasn’t long before his expression of worry slowly melted into one of acceptance.

Matt nodded slowly, staring blankly. Sophia was relieved his complaining had finally stopped. She reached for his pants and pulled them down, freeing his big hard cock.

“You’re right...” Matt said. A dumb smile washed over his face.

“Everything’s perfect...I love the new you...,” he echoed. “Much better...”

“I’m just a silly ditzy horny slut. And you love it, don’t you?” Sophia asked. She excitedly stripped her shirt off.

“...love it,” Matt repeated. His gaze swept up her curvy body.

Sophia smiled. “See, nothing to worry about.”

“...nothing to worry about.”

“It’s what you’ve always wanted.”

“...always wanted.”

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

As the tapping continued, Matt found solace in the notion that everything was indeed fine. All his worrying had been for nothing.

“More than anything, you need to use my body. It’s all you can ever think about,” Sophia said cautiously. She carefully examined his expression.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Sophia dropped to her knees and licked his shaft. She watched in amusement as an overwhelming arousal washed over her boyfriend. His eyes were now filled with pure lust, grinning wickedly as he picked her up. She wrapped her legs around him.

Sophia smiled proudly at her accomplishment. Now they could finally have some fun.

They started making out. Exchanging wet and sloppy kisses. Passionately tearing off the rest of each other’s clothes. Eagerly exploring each other’s bodies. Matt lifted her down on the dining room table.

Sophia shivered with delight as his strong hands glided over her shapely curves.

His tongue brushed against her hard nipple causing her to moan with pleasure. She ran her hands down his back, digging her nails into his bulky shoulders.

Sophia giggled as he squeezed her ridiculously big ass, clearly amazed by its size. He gripped her wide hips, using them as handles to pull her closer. Any concern he once had was completely gone. Replaced entirely with lust and arousal.

“Fuck me,” Sophia pleaded. “Oh god, please just fuck me. I need your big cock right now.”

Her new voluptuous body screamed sex, letting everyone around her know that pleasure was her purpose. Her seductive voice had become high-pitched and girly. A far cry from the husky tone it had once been.

Sophia loved showing off her body. She loved being an object of desire. It was her job to use her tits and ass and the rest of herself to turn men on. To get them hard. To fill every single one of their sexual fantasies, so that every time they pleased themselves, they thought of her.

Sophia whimpered as he bent her over the table and slid his big cock inside her. It felt incredible. She'd never seen him so hard before.

Her large tits bounced rhythmically as her boyfriend grunted fiercely, thrusting deep inside her. She closed her eyes and moaned. The pink and red swirls pulsed in her mind.

Overwhelmed with desire, the couple passionately ravaged each other's bodies. They were like two animals in heat.

“Fuck my stupid tits, please, sir. I need it so fucking bad. Fuck me harder, Jakey. Fuck me like the slut I am. Cover me in your cum. Thank you sir... thank you sir... thank you sir...”

The rhythm of the pounding increased. Harder. Faster.

Matt grunted loudly as he continued slamming against her massive ass, using it as a cushion for his deep thrusts.

“Love being a dumb slut,” Sophia shrieked. The words were becoming her new reality. “Love turning men on. Love being a dumb slut. Love turning men on. Love being a dumb slut. Love turning men on. Love being a dumb sluu—oh fuck!”

Sophia moaned aggressively. She was so close.

“Cum for me, sir. I need it, oh fuck I need it...cum on my tits, my face, anywhere, everywhere. Fill me with your hot sticky seed, thank you sir! Thank you sir! Thank you s—
Ohfuckfuckfuckyesyesfuckyessiryesthankyousir...”

The couple collapsed on their bed. Breathing heavy. Too stunned to speak. It was the best sex they'd ever had. Maybe the best sex anyone had ever had.

They both smiled stupidly as the pink and red swirls pulsed in their glassy eyes.

Chapter Three

Sophia couldn't remember the last time she got any work done. She was surprised how long it took before the HR manager had finally confronted her.

But all she had to do was turn on the charm, telling him how *hard* it was to get things done with these nails. So *hard* when she's always so distracted. "Everything's *so hard*," she giggled, pressing her oversized rear into his erection, and wiggling seductively.

No one could say no to her. And so, they came up with an arrangement. Sophia would be promoted to supervisor, in exchange for a few lewd pictures every week. Not a bad deal, she decided. No more worrying about reports or anything work related. All she had to do was supervise.

And so, Sophia supervised a handful of the hottest guys, having them stop by her office for status reports. She supervised their hot bodies when she ordered them to take off their shirts, running her hands over their muscular arms and chest.

She initially enjoyed the game of flirting with every man in the workplace, seeing just how many erections she could inspire in a single day. But it wasn't long before it'd become far too easy. Not even a challenge anymore. She grew tired of all the desperate men constantly trying to stop by. Squirming and staring with their mouth's wide open.

And so, she told Hannah, her personal assistant, to send out a memo.

Appointments only. No more casual visits. No more loser men allowed.

Only the hottest and the best. She received a lot of requests, but only a handful of her favorites were approved. Hannah handled all the details. It was nice having such a loyal assistant. Her devoted protege was really starting to get the hang of things.

Hannah had even started dressing more adventurous herself, wearing skirts and a bit of makeup. She desperately wanted to make Sophia proud. Eager to serve and please. Her busty boss's approval meant the world to her.

Things with Jake had escalated quickly. After the first incident, Sophia told herself it wouldn't happen again. Until the next day when it did.

Then again.

And again.

Though she felt guilty after each visit, she just couldn't stop herself.

She needed to thank him for paying for her nails.

It wasn't long before the feelings of guilt became overwhelming. Sophia just wanted to be happy and horny all the time. What was wrong with that? Desperate to make the bad feelings go away, she closed her eyes and accepted the bright blue light into her mind. As it washed over her, she realized it was okay.

Everything was fine.

There was no reason to feel guilty, Sophia realized. She hadn't done anything wrong. Jake had paid for her amazing new nails, and they were very expensive. So, in return, she needed to thank him.

Needed to thank him with her body. To please him. To make him feel good, like the nails had for her.

Sophia strutted into his office. She was relieved that her guilt had finally disappeared.

"You seem happy," Jake noted.

"I've got a *big* surprise for you," Sophia purred, climbing onto his desk. She crawled forward, excitedly wiggling her rear.

Jake watched in amusement. In just a couple weeks, the shy mousy girl that was his office crush, had transformed into a horny sex kitten. She'd become an erotic caricature of herself. Her curvy body had changed just as much as her mind.

Sophia hungrily stared at his crotch as she inched towards him. Unzipping his pants, she gripped his erection. She looked up and smiled as she gently licked the tip.

"I thought blowjobs were only for your boyfriend," Jake said mockingly.

"Not anymore. Need it... so bad. Tastes...so good," Sophia moaned. She slid him into her mouth. Her entire body was tingling. Jake clumsily groped her massive tits as she bobbed up and down. He loved to play with them while she pleased him.

Jake loved her massive tits.

Sophia loved the feeling of his warm hands on her sensitive body. She loved learning what parts of herself he loved most.

Her tits had more than doubled in size. She'd grown tired of buying new bras every few days. It was such a waste of time and money. Sophia hated wasting money on unnecessary things.

What was the point when she just outgrew them anyways? Why did she even need a bra? Sure, her tits would sometimes pop out of her tight clothes, but who cared? It wasn't a big deal. It was fine.

Everything was fine.

Sophia's eyes fluttered as the rush of his warm seed filled her mouth. She rubbed her clit while she passionately slurped and swallowed, plunging her fingers into her needy pussy.

THWACK.

Sophia was startled by the unexpected slap to her behind. The firm spanking had snapped her out of her daze of arousal. She looked up at Jake with a playful grin.

“You like that, don't you?” he asked.

Sophia bit her lip and nodded. Sometimes, it felt like he could read her mind.

Another.

TWHACK.

“You've been a bad girl, haven't you?”

“Yes, sir. Please punish me.”

THWACK.

“Thank you, sir!”

Sophia moaned. Again and again. Her mind becoming foggier with each spanking.

THWACK

“Thank you, sir!” Sophia yelped. She was twitching and moaning, as she climaxed from the overwhelming arousal.

Jake had tried several times to persuade her to leave her boyfriend, demanding she should be with him instead. But she couldn't. She shouldn't. She didn't want to. It didn't matter how hot it sounded. She loved Matt.

Jake was annoyed though he tried not to show it. “We'll see how long that lasts. Give it another week or two and you'll be begging me to fuck this fat dump truck of yours,” he said, squeezing her ass.

Sophia fixed her clothes and left with a smile. “God, that was... so fucking hot,” she thought. Jake was growing more dominant every day. She loved watching him take control and discipline her for being such a naughty girl.

But things with Jake were only for fun. Lots and lots of fun, but just fun. Nothing more. He had this strange aura about him. Just being around him made her feel so ditzy, horny and slutty. His touch sent shivers throughout her body that seemed to melt her mind. And when she stared into his eyes, she felt incredible. Like the horny little slut she was becoming.

Sophia loved her visits to Jake. Especially today, now that she was finally able to suck his cock. She'd fantasized about it so many times.

And she would continue to visit.

She still needed to thank him. Just a little bit more

* * *

“Oh my god, that outfit!” Hannah giggled.

“Thanks, hun,” replied Sophia. She stumbled into her office. Her legs were still shaky from the intense orgasm.

“How'd thing go?”

Sophia grinned. “I'll tell you later.

Hannah bit her lip. “Can't wait. You have an appointment with Rob in fifteen minutes.”

Sophia sighed.

“Should I reschedule?”

“No, it's alright. Thank you, Hannah.”

Sophia enjoyed seeing Rob. He was one of her favorites. Not only did he have an incredible body, but he knew just how to please her. She pulled out her pocket mirror and began fixing her makeup.

As she was finishing, she heard a knock.

“Come in,” Sophia chirped, adjusting her top.

Rob stepped into her office and tossed his shirt off. Sophia had a “no t-shirt” policy for the men who visited. If they were going to enjoy looking at her, it was only fair that she enjoyed looking back, and he had a *very* nice physique.

He looked like he could be a male stripper. Sophia loved running her hands across his rock-hard chest. Only a few weeks ago, someone like him would've looked right past her, never even knew she existed. Now, she had him eating out of her hands, and more...

Sophia was sprawled out on the couch, taking in the beauty of his body. He joined her and without saying a word, disappeared between her thick thighs. She moaned, tightly gripping the pillow. God, he really knew how to use that tongue.

Sophia squirmed with pleasure. Glancing up, she spotted Hannah peeping through the window.

“That naughty girl,” Sophia thought with a sly grin.

It didn’t take long to finish. Sophia dug her nails into his back as she climaxed, screaming with euphoria.

“Thanks,” she giggled, staring into his bright blue eyes as she tried to catch her breath.

“My pleasure, love,” he said with his smooth and creamy voice. “Maybe today, you could... return the favor?”

Sophia glanced down at the big bulge in his pants. Of course he had a big cock too. The guy hit the genetic lotto.

“Maybe tomorrow,” she purred.

Rob smiled back and nodded. “See you then.”

“He’s so charming,” Sophia thought. “Maybe one of these days I might.” She loved to suck cock, but she wanted to make sure he knew it was his job to please *her*. Still, it could be fun.

Sophia composed herself. She walked to her desk and pressed the intercom.

“Hannah, sweetie, can you come here?”

Her flustered assistant lunged through the door. “Y-y-yes?! Do you need something?”

“Sit down,” Sophia purred.

Hannah walked over to the couch and sat next to the damp spot. A confused expression filled her face. Sophia paced around the room in her heels.

“I saw you,” Sophia finally said.

“...w-what?” Hannah asked nervously.

“Through the window,” she said, pointing with her finger. “*I saw you.*”

Hanna’s face filled with worry.

“I’m so sorry!” she pleaded. “I promise it won’t happen again, I’m really really sorry. I just... couldn’t help myself. I’ll make it up to you, I promise. I’ll do anything. Just tell me what to do!”

Sophia giggled. Her serious expression suddenly turned playful. “Relax! I’m only teasing you. You know, I can have him visit *you* next time. I don’t mind sharing.”

“No!” Hannah yelped. “It’s okay...really.”

“Don’t be nervous. I could see how turned on you were.”

“Please——really! I’m alright!”

Hannah nervously stared at the carpet.

Sophia could tell Hannah was still aroused. She’d seen that look enough times in everyone around her. Then it hit her.

“...you *don’t* like him, do you?” Sophia suddenly realized.

Hannah remained silent, still staring at the floor.

“Answer me, sweetie.”

“No...” Hannah nervously admitted. “I don’t.”

Sophia smiled. “Hannah, you naughty girl.”

Of course! She couldn’t believe it had taken her so long to realize. She should’ve noticed sooner. All the signs were there.

Hannah didn’t like men.

“It’s okay,” Sophia said with a gentle laugh. “Don’t worry, I’m not mad.”

Hannah slowly looked up. “...you’re not?”

“Of course not, silly! You’ve been such a good little assistant. You deserve something special. How ’bout I thank you for everything you’ve done?”

Hannah couldn’t believe it. She watched nervously, squirming with arousal, as Sophia seductively strutted towards her. Her boss’s voluptuous body was now just inches away. Her heart was pounding.

“Aww, sweetie, look at you, you’re shaking,” Sophia giggled. “You’re so cute. Relax. Don’t be scared. Here. Let me help you.”

Sophia held her hand against Hannah's face, gently brushing her nails against her quivering lips.

Hannah felt Sophia's hand guide her own, down between her legs, and under her skirt. Hannah began to rub herself as a mindless smile formed over her face. She couldn't believe this was happening to her.

"There you go. That's a good girl," Sophia whispered. "Just like that. Keep going."

Hannah moaned. "Yes," she whimpered. It felt so good to do what Sophia said.

"Open your eyes," Sophia commanded.

Hannah opened her eyes. She stared longingly at her boss's incredible body. So many nights, she'd dreamed of this moment.

Sophia smiled with amusement. "You like my tits?"

"...yes," Hannah whimpered. They were perfect.

"Wanna touch 'em?"

"...yes."

"Do it," Sophia commanded, stripping off her top. Hannah stared longingly into her boss's huge, perky tits. They seemed to defy gravity.

Hannah's hand rubbed faster as her other slowly inched towards Sophia's chest. She moaned as her slender fingers brushed against her warm skin.

Sophia giggled at the sight of Hannah's tiny hands on her giant tits.

She watched with amusement as Hannah gently squeezed. A shiver of pleasure shot through Sophia.

"Does that feel good?" Sophia asked.

"So good," Hannah moaned.

"Oh honey, you're so cute. You're just my little personal slut, aren't you?"

"Yes!" Hannah yelped. She loved the thought of that.

"Say it, sweetie."

"I'm your little slut!"

“Good girl. Again.”

“I’m your little slut!” Hannah screamed happily. Her voice was filled with arousal.

“Feels good to admit, doesn’t it?”

“So good,” Hannah whimpered.

“Good girl. Now cum for me.”

Hannah obeyed.

* * *

Rachel hustled through the busy office. She needed to check in with Mike before their important meeting that afternoon. Things between them had been extra tense lately. They’d both recently interviewed for the same executive-level position at corporate and were waiting to hear back.

Rachel knew she deserved the position. She was more qualified in every way. But Mike was a man. A charismatic man, and she’d been around long enough to know that in the business world, that was hard to beat.

Turning the corner, Rachel gasped.

Her friend Alexandra was sitting outside Mike’s office, scrolling through her phone and giggling.

“Alexandra…” Rachel examined her friend. Something was wrong. “There you are. I’ve been looking for you.”

Alexandra looked up with a vacant smile. “Oh, Rachel. Hi!”

“…what are you doing?” Rachel hesitantly asked. “Why are you over here?”

“Whatcha mean? This is where I’m s’posed to be,” she chirped, in a soft, girly voice. Instead of her normal professional attire, she wore a long skirt, and a colorful top that displayed just a hint of cleavage.

Rachel was shocked. Alexandra was a stern, no-nonsense professional who never took shit from anyone. But now, right in front of her very eyes, she hardly recognized her. She never would’ve believed it if she wasn’t seeing it with her own eyes. And in the years they’d known each other, she’d never heard her giggle before. And that voice, it was so… different. What the hell was going on?

“Rachel, I’m glad you’re here,” Mike said, stepping outside to greet her. “I have some things I want to run by you.”

Alexandra smiled admiringly. “Can I get you anything, sir? Coffee? Shoulder massage? *Something else maybe?*”

“Not now, Lexi. Can’t you see I’m busy?” Mike said dismissively, walking back into his office.

Alexandra looked disappointed. She shrugged and went back to her phone.

Rachel was confused. This didn’t feel real. Was she dreaming? Alexandra would never let a man talk back to her. She was the sternest, coldest supervisor in the office. And now she was giggling like a schoolgirl, and fetching coffee: and for Mike of all people.

Rachel stormed after him. She slammed the door behind her.

“What the hell is going on?” she growled.

Mike looked confused.

“What’s wrong with Alexandra? She’s a goddamn supervisor, Mike, not your fucking assistant. What the hell did you do to her?”

“I didn’t do anything! Relax. It’s what Lexi wanted,” he said defensively. “She begged me for it.”

“Whose Lexi?” Rachel asked in confusion. “And why is everyone in this office acting so damn strange!”

Mike stared at her with a puzzled look. “...are you alright? You seem upset.”

“Am I alright!?” Rachel exploded. She couldn’t hold it in any longer. “Are you kidding me?! She’s the *fifth* woman to become some bimbo assistant. You’ve known Alexandra for years. Please tell me, when the hell have you *ever* seen her act like this?”

He shrugged. “I...don’t know. People change. It’s not a big deal.”

Rachel scoffed. “Not a big deal? All this seems completely fucking normal to you?”

“Well...I mean I guess it was a bit odd at first, but Sophia explained ev—”

“Shut up!!” Rachel interrupted, “Shut up about Sophia. Every single day! Sophia, Sophia, Sophia. I’m sick of hearing about her!”

“God, the tits on her. I bet she fucks like an animal. You can always tell how good a girl fucks by the way they dress. Like you,” Mike chuckled, “you must be terribly boring in bed. I’m sure of it. Though if you’d like... you can try and prove otherwise.”

Rachel stared in disbelief. She'd gotten to know Mike well over the years they'd worked together. Sure, he was a smug asshole, but not like this. He loved his fiancé. They'd been together since high school. And though he was cocky jerk, he was at least respectful. He'd never made such misogynistic comments before.

"Watch your mouth!" Rachel exclaimed. She didn't know where this new sexist attitude was coming from but she refused to put up with it. "That's... sexual harassment! You could get fired for that... or sued!"

Mike scoffed. "Calm down, it's a joke. What's your problem? Your time of the month or something?"

Rachel glared menacingly.

"Oh, I know. You're still upset about the corporate job, huh? Finally realize you've been wasting your time? Word of advice: You'll never get anywhere dressed like that. You've got nice tits, Rachel, why hide them?"

Rachel was taken aback. "...excuse me?"

"Why don't you get on your knees right now, and maybe, just maybe, I'll let you be my secretary when I get that corporate job. How's that sound?" Mike laughed.

Rachel was disgusted. Sure, things between them had been tense, but she'd never seen him act like this. What had gotten into him? This wasn't like him. He was better than this.

Mike wasn't the only one either. The sexism and the misogyny in the office had been growing rampant. The past few days, the guys on her team had become so rude and dismissive. Her team was her family. Sure, she could be a tough boss at times, she knew that, but it worked. Their performance metrics were always miles above the others. It'd been a tough road, but Rachel was proud to have earned their respect.

But now, all that respect had seemingly disappeared. They didn't take her seriously anymore. They'd started treating her like she was... some kind of joke. Like they couldn't deal with a woman tell them what to do.

Rachel stormed out the office.

"Come on, Alexandra, let's go," Rachel barked.

"Go where? And FYI, my name is Lexi. The boys call me Ditzzy Lexi, but I like Sexy Lexi better!"

Rachel felt horrified as she watched Alexandra giggling stupidly with a vacant expression.

The past week Rachel had tried to pretend that everything was okay, ignoring all the red flags.

But now, seeing Alexandra like this, she finally realized. This wasn't a prank, or a joke, or even a mental breakdown from all the stress.

Something was very wrong.

Rachel marched towards the branch manager's office. Mr. Michaels was a reasonable man. Surely, he must realize how crazy things have become. How could he let things get like this? The door to his office was slightly cracked open.

Rachel burst inside. "I need to talk to you!"

Her heart sank. Natalie was eagerly stroking Mr. Michaels' cock, while her other hand massaged her own topless breasts.

"Sorry, Rachel. I'll be right with you, just finishing something up," Mr. Michaels grunted, in his usual friendly tone.

"Natalie!" yelled Rachel.

Natalie briefly turned her head and giggled. She had a vacant look in her eyes. Her focus quickly returned to his cock, biting her lip as she continued stroking.

"Stop! Both of you!" Rachel yelled. "Stop!!" Neither seemed to care.

Rachel stormed out. She was overwhelmed with disgust. Running to her desk, she quickly began grabbing her things.

"I gotta get out of here," she said in a shaky voice. Her hands shook too. "This is so fucked up."

Rachel didn't know what was happening, but she needed to leave this instant.

Whatever was happening seemed to be spreading. There was no time to try and assist them, not anymore.

Once she left, she could get help. Find people who could figure out what to do. She couldn't handle on her own. But first, she needed to get as far away as she could.

"I need to get out of here," Rachel repeated. Her heart was pounding. She desperately searched for her car keys. "I need to get out of here."

In the distance, Rachel heard a faint noise. She stopped. Her ears perked up. She tried to be completely silent, wondering what that was.

Rachel realized she didn't have time for this and continued searching.

“Fuck it. I’ll just call an Uber. I gotta go,” she said in a panicked voice. “I need to... get out of here,” she repeated, once again hearing faraway sound. “I need to ...get out of here. I need to...”

Just then, Rachel had a brilliant idea. “I need to... see Sophia,” she suddenly realized.

Whatever was happening, Sophia must be involved. Everybody was always talking about her, right? She needed to see for herself. Maybe then, she could figure out what was happening.

If she wanted to get to the bottom of things then she needed to see Sophia. She *needed* to figure out what the hell was going on and fix things.

She *needed* to see Sophia.

“I need to see Sophia,” Rachel repeated. She stopped what she was doing and thoughtlessly floated towards Sophia’s office. Her thoughts were fuzzy. She repeated the same phrase over and over.

“I need to see Sophia.”

Rache’s daze quickly turned into anger as she reached her office. She stormed past Hannah and threw open the door.

“Hey! You can’t go in there!” Hannah yelled.

“It’s okay,” Sophia said with a smile. She’d been waiting for this moment.

Rachel stared in disbelief at Sophia, resting her legs across the desk, and filing her long nails. The once-reserved HR coordinator was wearing an outfit that would be risqué for a strip club, let alone a workplace.

Sophia looked up and blew her fingertips. The shavings from her nails filled the air like pollen on a spring day. Rachel coughed. She struggled to catch her breath.

“What...happened...to you?” she said between wheezes.

“You mean my nails? Aren’t they great?”

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Though her mind was foggy and clouded, Rachel knew something was wrong. She was in trouble.

Rachel was suddenly overtaken by a wave of dizziness. An intense intoxication spread throughout her mind. She was feeling so... strange.

“You like my outfit?” Sophia giggled, modeling her revealing attire. “I’ve gotten so many compliments. Everyone loves it. Especially the men.”

“...it’s you,” Rachel softly muttered, suddenly finding it hard to think.

Why had she come here? She needed to get out of here. Her legs were heavy and hard to move. The odor of perfume filled the air. It seemed to numb both her mind and body.

“Have a seat,” Sophia suggested.

Rachel decided that was a good idea. Sophia was right. She was feeling so dizzy. She needed to sit down before she accidentally fell and hurt herself. Her heavy muscles sunk into the chair.

“I just heard about what happened with you and Mike,” Sophia said with a mischievous grin. “That’s terrible! I know how much you hate office drama.”

“Oh, right... that.”

“Spill the tea!” Sophia said cheerfully. “Tell me everything! Turns out I’m really good at fixing people.”

Rachel was desperately fighting against the powerful waves of relaxation, one after another.

She stared at Sophia’s nails. Her eyes were drawn to the way light seemed to reflect off them. She felt so strange, it was becoming so hard to think.

“...you... did somethin’...” Rachel mumbled, her voice slurred. A hundred thoughts raced through her head all at once. A thick fog filled her mind. Her eyelids were so heavy.

“Shhh, calm down. Relax. Just take a deep breath and *relax*.”

Rachel listened, taking another deep breath. As the air filled her lungs, a feeling of calm spread throughout herself. She felt numb.

“You’ve never liked me,” Sophia said, examining her nails. “Even before my glowup. Why is that?”

“I...that’s not—”

“I think I know.”

“You do...?” Rachel asked in confusion. She felt like she’d been given a strong sedative.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Sophia’s smile disappeared. “You’re jealous.”

Rachel squinted her eyes. She was so confused. What was happening? Her mind was becoming a jumbled disorganized mess. She struggled to think.

She needed...to get out of here.

“You’ve always been a jealous person. Jealous of your friends...and their happiness. Jealous of Mike...realizing he’s so much better than you. And especially... jealous of *me*.”

Hannah excitedly watched through the window. She began rubbing herself.

“Jealous? That’s... ridiculous,” Rachel weakly muttered.

“Is it? Everyone loves the new me. But nobody likes you,” Sophia mockingly teased.

“...my friends...”

“Your friends are happy now. They weren’t before. They couldn’t stand the constant pressure. They wanted something simpler... more fun... more...suited for their silly little heads. And now you’re upset they’re having fun and you’re all alone now, is that it?”

Sophia smiled mischievously. “Or are you upset because you wanted to be Mike’s assistant instead of Lexi?”

“No... no...upset... upset...something... women...shouldn’t... shouldn’t...,” Rachel said, struggling for words. Her brain was like a thick milkshake. Her thoughts were too frozen to travel through the straw.

“Why not?”

“Because.”

“Cos?”

Wait...why not?

Sophia had a point. Why not?

Rachel struggled to think of a good reason. She struggled to think at all. Maybe there wasn’t one.

Maybe Sophia was right.

“They’re so much happier now. Don’t you wanna be happy too?”

“...respect,” Rachel muttered.

“Respect?” Sophia giggled. “No one *ever* respected you. They feared you. Like I used to. But not anymore.”

Rachel struggled to process Sophia’s words, which were now ringing in her head.

“You’re lucky I’m so forgiving. Even after how mean you always were, I still care about your happiness... so just relax and listen,” Sophia suggested. Her words were wrapped with an air of absolute persuasion. Everything she said just seemed so logical, so right.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap

“I don’t...” Rachel said. She was putting up a valiant struggle. Sophia had never seen someone resist her this much. She was almost impressed.

“Shhh,” Sophia said, gently placing her nail on Rachel’s lips. Rachel could feel a strong heat radiating from her finger. Her lips began to tingle. Sophia’s other hand began to gently rub the side of Rachel’s head. She felt the warmth spreading directly into her mind.

“Relax,” Sophia said. Rachel stared into her eyes. She never realized what big brown eyes Sophia had. It was so easy to get lost in them.

The words echoed in Rachel’s head.

Relax... Relax... Relax...

“You can be happy too,” Sophia whispered.

“...I can?” Rachel hesitantly asked. A dazed expression filled her face. That sounded so...nice.

“You want that, don’t you?”

happy...

“Yes,” Rachel replied. She knew something was wrong but could no longer recall what. She just wanted to listen. It was too hard to fight it.

“Just admit you’re a jealous person.”

submit...

“No...” Rachel weakly mumbled. Her eyelids fluttered, aware of the last bit of resistance slowly melting away.

“Don’t fight it,” Sophia whispered. “Just give in. Feels so good,” she said, pressing her nails harder into her head. “You’re so submissive, aren’t you? The most submissive. That’s why you were always so mean, wasn’t it? Cause secretly, you just wanted to serve *me*.”

so submissive...

serve...Sophia...

Feelings of pure pleasure pulsed in Rachel's brain. She closed her eyes and saw the pink and red swirls in her mind. The sounds of tapping nails, reverberated in her thoughts.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

"Just submit, Rachel. Be a good girl and give in."

always wanted...to serve...

be a good girl... and give in...

submit...

She heard Sophia whispering but now her tired mind could only focus on tracing the patterns of her nails, accompanied by the rhythmic tapping. She tried closing her eyes.

can be happy too...

submit...

Sophia's soft voice, the red and pink swirls, and the soothing tapping, swirled in Rachel's mind, filling her with a sense of calm acceptance.

please...serve...

submit....

Rachel's eyes slowly opened. They were glassy with a dazed look.

"There. That's better," Sophia said. She could always tell the moment they'd finally given in. She loved that look. No one could ever resist her.

"Yes..." Rachel replied, with a look of adoration. She suddenly realized why the entire office was so obsessed with Sophia. She was... a goddess. So smart and beautiful and...perfect in every way. She wanted to do whatever Sophia asked of her. Whatever she told her to do. Wanted so badly to make her proud. She couldn't fight it any longer.

Rachel realized... she loved Sophia. A mindless smile formed over her face.

"There, that's better, isn't it?"

“Yes... much better. Anything... for you,” Rachel mumbled. She shivered as she felt Sophia brush her fingers against her cheek. It felt so good. So nice.

Sophia smiled as she softly slipped two fingers inside Rachel’s mouth, watching her face explode with pleasure as she happily sucked on her finger, moaning with pleasure.

Rachel flexed her hips, moaning as she eagerly sucked. It tasted incredible, better than anything. She could feel pure pleasure flowing through her fingers and into her weak mind.

Sophia watched amusedly as the former office bitch climaxed in front of her. She was wriggling and moaning.

She looked so happy.

“Good girl. Now go apologize to Mike for being so rude. And when you’re done with that, report back to Hannah.”

“Yes ma’am.” Still in a daze, Rachel got up and walked away.

Sophia smiled. Suddenly, in this moment, she finally realized her true purpose.

Serving and pleasing others had been fun. It’d been important for Sophia to learn just how fulfilling it could be. She loved using her body to make others feel good. But now, she realized, they should be the ones pleasing her. Serving her.

Worshiping her.

The office was just the start. A warmup. The workplace had been full of miserable people. Doing the same meaningless tasks every day. And now they were happy. Now they were free.

But this was just the beginning. Sophia realized she should be guiding people beyond just these four walls. She should be traveling the country—no, the world!

Sharing her gift and helping others. Spreading happiness everywhere she went.

No... that was a good start, but she needed more.

Even bigger!

She should be an online influencer! Building a legion of followers and teaching them the joys of submission. Showing her loyal followers the best way to please others. The best way to serve her.

Yes! Of course! *That’s* what she should be doing, all that *and so much more!* The possibilities were limitless.

Sophia's plump lips formed a mischievous smile. This was going to be fun.

* * *

Rachel opened her eyes and glanced around. She was sitting in her office.

"How long have I been asleep for?" she wondered.

Her head felt fuzzy. The last thing she remembered was... searching for her keys? ...but why?

Slowly, her memories were returning.

Everything was starting to make sense. She finally understood why the women in the office had decided to become assistants. It seemed so obvious. She wasn't sure why she had questioned it. Of course they'd want to. They were so much happier now.

Rachel thought about all the struggles of being a supervisor. It'd always been such a struggle. Especially for a woman.

Secretly, Rachel always wished she could be happy too. To just stop trying to be so smart and just focus on simpler things. Fun things. Satisfying things. Sexy things...

Rachel was envious that her friends were able to find such satisfaction. She'd always been far too stubborn to let herself be fulfilled like that. To just give in and submit.

Suddenly, she was reminded of Mike. Rachel was embarrassed at how disrespectful she had been. She needed to apologize.

She'd completely overacted. Acted hysterical over nothing. She felt terrible about it. But it wasn't completely her fault. Women are overly emotional by nature. She couldn't help it.

She needed to make Sophia proud.

Sophia always knew best.

She needed...

...she needed to go see Mike.

She needed to show him the respect he deserved. She needed to apologize to him.

She needed to respect him. Needed to please him.

Mike sat behind his desk.

"Someone's here to see you," Lexi said over the intercom.

“Send them in.”

Rachel entered his office. Mike noticed the dazed look on her face.

“Great, you again,” Mike grumbled. “What do you want?”

“Sorry. Am I disturbing you?” she asked.

Rachel didn’t like seeing him upset at her. It made her feel terrible. She just wanted to be happy.

“I-I came to... apologize.”

“Apologize?” Mike skeptically asked.

“Yes,” Rachel said earnestly. “I shouldn’t have gotten mad at you...sir.”

She realized she should address her superiors with the proper respect. It felt so right.

Rachel’s voice was slowly changing. Her usual confident tone was becoming light and girly. Her body tingled as a thick fog filled her mind. She stared at Mike with admiration. God, he was hot. So fucking hot...

Mike looked confused. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“No...” Rachel replied, a slight breathiness to her calm, monotone voice.

Such big muscles. She felt so nervous being around such a strong, attractive man. He had such a commanding presence.

“I just realized... I’ve always been jealous. You’re so much... smarter,” Rachel said. Her voice was becoming softer and bubblier.

“I’ll never be as good as you. It was silly to think I could. I didn’t wanna admit it...I was scared... but... I’m not anymore. It’s okay. I accept it. I want it. It’s... the way things should be. It’s what I want, what I need. You deserve it, so much more. And I’ll do... anything. Anything...to help.”

“I should get the corporate job? Is that what you’re saying?” Mike was skeptical. He knew just how obsessed Rachel had been about getting this promotion for herself.

“Yes!” Rachel exclaimed, letting out a gentle laugh. She was excited he’d finally said what deep down they’d both always known. He deserved it more.

Rachel needed to thank him for everything. She shivered at the thought of it. It made her feel so good. The tingly feeling began to fill her mind.

“Oh yes, sir. You should! Please, sir. I want you to. I wanna help you! I’ll do anything... Please... sir... just let me please you,” Rachel found herself saying. She was unsure where these feelings were coming from, but they felt so right.

He was a big strong man, and she was just a silly little girl. It was the perfect fit. She couldn’t fight it anymore.

Mike stared in disbelief as the formerly stern supervisor giggled with a big dopey grin. This had to be some kind of prank. Something was...wrong, but strangely, he was getting turned on by it.

“Please, sir. Let me make it up to you,” Rachel pleaded.

“Let me help you. Serve you. Please you. God you’re so fucking hot. Just tell me what you want and I’ll do it. Let me make you feel good. I need it... Why am I so horny!”

Rachel was unable to stop smiling. She stared at the growing bulge in his pants.

She needed it. Even more than the corporate job. Even more than her coworker’s respect.

“Sir... you’re so...big...and hard... *for me?*...oh...sir...”

Rachel licked her lips. Thanks to Sophia, she’d finally found her purpose. She dropped down to her knees and giggled.

“Sophia’s gonna be so proud of me,” Rachel thought. She needed to think of a way to thank her.

EPILOGUE

Sophia was not like other girls.

She wasn't just another dumb, horny bimbo like so many of her coworkers had become. Sure, she was all three of those things, but she was so much more.

Sophia had finally achieved what she'd aspired to her whole life. She was a girlboss—dominant, assertive, and in charge of her destiny.

The voluptuous brunette sat in her luxury suite. Her body had finally stopped changing. The massive melons that hung from her chest, as perky as ever, had tripled in size. Her ass had swollen into two large spherical pillows, and her wide hips and thick thighs perfectly complimented the rest of her unique figure.

Hannah, her best friend and business partner, set up the video call. Though she had started as her personal assistant, she was now her loyal confidant and trusted advisor. Sophia filed her nails while they waited, the anticipation building.

Lily, the technician from her appointment at the salon, joined the video call. Her slender face filled the screen.

“Well, look at you,” Lily said, with an amused smile.

“Look at me,” Sophia grinned, equally amused.

In her six months at Enchanted Nails, Lily had witnessed the transformations of hundreds of women through the combination of the Oracle and their special cosmetics. The results were always varied, but she had never seen anything quite like this: a dominant bimbo influencer. Sophia was a rare and special case.

“I've been following your story. It's been quite a month,” remarked Lily.

Sophia nodded, reflecting on her journey. In a strange way, she was going to miss that old boring office. Her former workplace was likely empty by now. Those unaffected by her nails had quit during the first week or two of strange events. By the third week, anyone still around was too busy enjoying themselves to worry about something as silly as work.

The once bustling office was now a hollow shell, a relic of her former self. Many of the men departed with their assistants, both equally happy with their new lives. A few stragglers remained, men who none of the women desired, but they'd eventually move on too.

Sophia had liberated her coworkers from their dull, repetitive lives—or at least the ones who had wanted it, whether they knew it or not.

It was hard for Sophia to focus on anything but looking hot, being horny and feeling good. She still loved turning people on but was now more selective. Instead preferring to focus on the handful of people she enjoyed pleasing most, Hannah, and a few of her favorite guys that she kept on speed dial, including her former boyfriend Matt. The two of them had amicably parted ways, though they still kept in touch.

What she lacked in intelligence, she made up for in charisma. Besides, she had a smart, loyal friend like Hannah to assist her—someone to do all the thinking for her. Sophia knew that Hannah always had her best interests in mind.

Back when the office was still mostly full, Hannah set up an offshore bank account, a skill that surprised Sophia. Hannah had a lot of unexpected talents. Sophia's army of admirers, willing to do anything for just a moment in her presence, would have gladly paid any price. She could've demanded they empty their accounts, but she deemed ten thousand dollars each to be a fair price.

Hannah also set up an OnlyFans for her busty boss and an Instagram to promote it. Sophia quickly rose to the top .1% of earners without even posting any nude content. Instead, she dazzled her subscribers with sexy outfits, bikinis, and lingerie. Hannah handled the logistics, though she was too busy to respond to the messages. For that task, she enlisted the help of a trio of hard-working former supervisors, Lexi, Natalie, and Rachel. When they weren't busy pleasing their new lovers, they handled the flood of messages from Sophia's adoring fans. For years they'd been consumed with their careers, too focused on work to ever have any fun. But now, they found a new calling that they enjoyed even more. Even as ditzy bimbos, they were still as competitive as ever. They loved the challenge of seeing who could come up with the sexiest, dirtiest replies, constantly striving to outdo each other. They were willing to do whatever it took to please their favorite girlboss, whom they admired more than anything else.

Sophia and Hannah sat down to discuss what to do with their newly acquired wealth when an unexpected email arrived. It was from Lily, the technician from the salon who had given Sophia her mesmerizing nails. She had a business proposal to discuss, but only over the computer. Lily, more than anyone, understood the risks of being in Sophia's presence and opted for a virtual meeting instead.

“What do you want?” Sophia asked, getting straight to the point.

“I want to open a salon,” Lily bluntly stated, “one of my own.” Though she was compensated well at Enchanted Nails, she was tired of being just another employee. Lily wanted more for herself. “Somewhere nice,” she continued. “Somewhere sunny and warm. Where it doesn't rain so much.”

“I'm listening,” Sophia replied, glancing over at Hannah. “So, what do you need me for?”

“Money for one. I hear you have a lot of it. We'd be co-owners. Half and half.”

“Half?!” Sophia exclaimed, her eyebrows shooting up in disbelief.

“Yes, half,” Lily calmly replied.

“Seems pretty generous when I’m the one paying.”

“Try doing it without me. You need my skills and expertise. Plus this,” Lily said, holding the Oracle to the camera. Although it was turned off, the sight of it triggered memories for Sophia—memories of its comforting, warm, blue light.

“I was also able to steal a shitload of cosmetics. And I know a chemist who can make more. She’d be keen to join us,” Lily added with a smirk.

“Is that all?”

“What about your nails? You’ll need someone who can maintain them. Unless you’re okay with going back to being just another regular girl.”

“I’ll just go to salon again.”

Lily scoffed. “I know you’re dumb, but you’re not *that* dumb to think they’d let you just walk out of there. Not after all that’s happened.”

Sophia examined her long nails with the intricate pink and red swirls. She knew Lily was right. Hannah had cautioned her against returning to the salon, but the thought of losing her nails was unbearable. Yet she couldn’t shake the nagging doubt—was Lily’s offer genuine, or just a clever ploy to try and gain control over her and Hannah. Trusting her seemed risky.

Sophia wasn’t going to let *anyone* tell her what to do. Jake had learned that lesson the hard way. In the first couple weeks, Sophia had been completely drawn to the captivating IT guy. His suggestions had a way of embedding themselves in her impressionable mind. However, by the third week, it became clear who held all the power.

Jake seethed with fury once he realized he could no longer manipulate his busty victim. When Sophia informed him that it was time for them to go their separate ways, he refused. She offered one last goodbye blowjob, to thank him for everything, but that wasn’t enough. He demanded more. Jake wanted all of her, ordering her to submit. Demanding loudly that she bend over his desk so he could finally fuck her magnificent ass.

“You belong to me!” screamed the furious IT technician, his voice cracking with desperation.

Sophia finally saw Jake for what he was. An immature brat throwing a tantrum because he could no longer play with his favorite toy. She had hoped it wouldn’t come to this, as she tapped her nails against the wooden desk.

While it was clear Jake had been immune to her effects for the first couple weeks, by then he was just as susceptible as most. Before long, he was completely mesmerized by her, the sound echoing in his mind. Sophia watched in amusement as he left the office in a daze, his mind

fixated on finding his new Mistress. Someone *he* could learn to obsessively serve, please, and worship. Despite his conscious mind remaining aware, he was powerless against his new overwhelming urges.

“We’ll see how likes it,” Sophia giggled mischievously, relishing the reversal of roles.

Sophia stared suspiciously at Lily’s solemn expression. “And how do I know I can trust you? That you won’t try to use that device over there, or some of your cosmetics. You already tried once,” Sophia said, gesturing to her curvy body.

“Yeah, you should be thanking me,” Lily smirked. “Or would you rather go back to how things were before? A shy anxious loner who never had the confidence to stand up for herself.”

The idea of going back to her old life frightened Sophia, though she tried to maintain a neutral expression.

“Besides, If I wanted to make you my plaything, I could’ve done it a long time ago. If we’re gonna work together, we’ll need to learn to trust each other,” said Lily.

Sophia tried to contemplate the offer, but thinking wasn’t her strong suit. Thankfully, she had Hannah to help her make difficult decisions.

She loved thanking Hannah for her loyal service. The two women had become very close.

“I need to discuss things with my business partner. I’ll get back to you,” Sophia said, closing her laptop.

“Well, what do you think?” Hannah asked, her face filled with concern. “Can we trust her?”

“I have an idea,” Sophia said, with a mischievous grin.

* * *

Sophia and Hannah exited the airport terminal dragging their suitcases behind them. The bright sun beamed down on them. The busty brunette adjusted her tight, revealing clothes, already thinking about finding a tailor who could design sexy new outfits to fit her unique shape.

The tropical island bustled with tourists as the two women hopped into a taxi and drove off.

The cab driver nearly crashed twice, distracted by the stunning woman in his backseat. He saw a lot of beautiful girls every day—the island was a popular destination for tourists, wealthy men, and their entourages of Instagram models—but none quite like her.

They arrived at their destination. The luxurious beachside mansion exceeded their expectations.

“Wow, what a house,” Hannah remarked, her eyes wide with admiration.

“Remember, stay close. I’ll keep you safe,” Sophia said.

Hannah nodded. She didn’t need to be told twice. She cherished every moment with her busy business partner and occasional lover. Never had she imagined she would be living a life like this. The pair walked inside, their anticipation palpable.

“You made it,” said Lily, greeting them with an awkward hug.

“This is fancy,” Sophia replied, taking in the luxurious surroundings.

“How about a drink to relax?” Lily asked, offering two tall, pink margaritas.

“No, thanks,” Sophia politely declined.

“Tomorrow, I’ll show you the building where the salon will be. It’s the perfect spot. Right next to the beach, tons of tourists. A few cruises even let out nearby. It’ll be packed with wealthy women on vacation, just looking to relax,” Lily excitedly explained.

“Sounds perfect,” Sophia agreed.

Sophia smiled at the gorgeous young Korean with the dark piercing eyes. She needed her for now, her skills and her connections, to get the salon up and running, but when she least expected it, that’s when she would strike. “She’ll make a wonderful submissive servant,” Sophia thought, already plotting her next move.

Lily smiled back at the charismatic brunette with the ridiculous figure. She needed her for now, her money and her influence, to get the salon up and running, but when she least expected it, that’s when she would strike. “She’ll make a great little plaything. Perfect for luring people into the salon,” Lily thought, her own plans forming in her mind. “And I wouldn’t mind having some fun with her myself.”

“I look forward to our partnership,” Lily said with a sly grin.

“Me too,” Sophia giggled excitedly.

They were going to have a lot of fun together.