MISTRESS SWITCHED

“Please, Taran,” Tiffany pleaded, giving him that look which she knew would help her get her way. “It’s really important to me, and no one’s going to recognize you in that puppy mascot costume. Besides, you’ve always wanted to try on a latex suit…”

Taran went through his usual routine before giving in. He looked into Tiffany’s big cute pleading eyes and then at the costume. Once. Twice. Three times…

“*All right…*” Taran said with a resigned sigh, realizing that what everyone else had said was true, that he didn’t know how to say 'no' to her. Letting her always take advantage of his good nature. "*But this will be the last time… after that, find someone else for your spectacular appearances. Besides, I have one condition…*"

Tiffany always took advantage of Taran. He couldn’t perform magic, but he was a extraordinary strong Mana generator. Tiffany, on the other hand, could channel Mana into magic. But her ability to generate it was very limited. But she could channel other people's Mana.

It was thanks to Taran that she managed to stop being the target of ridicule and become the most popular girl in high school. It was thanks to his Mana that she overcame her inborn tendency to obesity and could show off a body that not even the most surgically enhanced celebrities could afford.

But her transformation came at a price, she needed a constant inflow of Mana. And for that, she maintained her friendship with the 'loser', as she called him in her mind, Taran as best she could.

She wasn’t surprised by Taran’s response, she knew that her new personality gave her away. She couldn’t help it. She enjoyed becoming the very cliché of the girl she used to hate before meeting Taran…

The meaner, more selfish, more fake, and crueler she was, the more attention she got. Tiffany couldn’t get enough of it, and acting that way toward others was so much fun for her. Besides enjoying watching the people she mocked get humiliated, it also turned her on.

Really turned her on.

Taran started to put on the puppy mascot costume, and as soon as he stepped into it, he realized that this costume would drain his Mana like no other. That's why he made sure Tiffany would comply with the condition he was about to impose.

When Tiffany heard she had to wear a set of earrings and a necklace, she briefly made that 'yeah, I'll wear them for five minutes' face, but when she saw them, she couldn't believe her eyes. Those three pieces were made of the purest gold. And feeling them adorn her body made her feel magnificent and made her look even more magnificent.

Tiffany, in her extravagant, sexy latex ensemble and her elegant, sensual designer stilettos, walked over to the mirror. With every step, she could feel the sumptuous-colored silk stockings wrapping around her legs.

The tight, snug fit of her tube dress left nothing to the imagination. Her form-fitting, ballet-style latex cardigan with a high neck also helped. Her face was covered by a crocheted veil to further emphasize her femme fatale look.

Taran continued putting on the mascot suit. Meanwhile, Tiffany gazed at herself in the mirror, spellbound. She wondered how a loser like Taran could have gotten hold of jewellery like that, and what excuse she would give him so she'd never have to give it back.

When Tiffany finally managed to tear her gaze away from her reflection, she helped Taran position the pads on his elbows and knees properly. She adjusted the straps that would hold his bent arms and legs in place. And finally, she put the hood on him and wrapped a collar around his neck, securing it with a padlock without a key.

"Now you're mine," she said, knowing Taran would hear her, in fact, she wanted him to hear her because it turned her on. "You'll never stop giving me your Mana. Do you think I'm going to give up this body just because you're so selfish with your sheer endless supply of Mana, which you don't even know how to use…"

No sooner had she said that than Tiffany began to feel dizzy. Her entire room was spinning and everything grew darker with each spin. She felt herself falling into a pit of darkness where there was neither up nor down, neither front nor back. There was nothing in sight to either side of her.

But something began to squeeze her body, something that wouldn't let her stretch out her legs or arms.

Something was filling her mouth and her ass. Also something was invading her pussy.

And something that could only be a collar was choking her neck. Leaving just enough room at the neck to let her breathe.

Tiffany tried to scream, but only inaudible grunts came from beneath the mask. The mouth gag also prevented her from uttering a single word, and on top of that, the mask forced her to breathe through her mouth, since it sealed off her nostrils.

She struggled with all her might to break the straps holding her arms and legs. To no avail. It was all futile, and she knew it. She herself had ordered that suit to trap Taran forever as her obedient slave pet. The suit would force him to obey every command the owner gave him.

"*This wasn't supposed to happen*" she heard her own voice say as she felt something tugging at her collar. "*Fuck, you had to be the most arrogant and narcissistic girl in high school… Look at me… Your vanity has not only made us switch roles… but it's turned me into you!*"

At first, Taran felt anger, but the more she looked at herself in the mirror, in those high heels, her legs gleaming through the stockings. Feeling the tight dress… the latex sleeves… her full lips. Her breasts and that emptiness between her legs… she liked becoming Tiffany more and more. Just like her, she couldn't stop admiring herself.

And it was at that moment that two girls walked into the room.

"*OH WOW, TIFF!*" said a girl named Sara, who was constantly sucking up to Tiffany, surprised to see her looking more attractive than ever. "*You look bustier and sluttier than ever! Even JLo would be jealous of your ass.*"

"*Oh my God*" exclaimed Tiffany's unscrupulous bullying friend named Pam when she saw the dark figure crawling across the floor, struggling and grunting angrily, "*It worked! Now he'll be your pet… and you'll be the sexiest, hottest Cruel Bitch forever…*"

An unfamiliar heat spread through Taran's new body, making her shiver with pleasure, and she felt a trickle of her own juices escape from her pussy. She hadn't meant to become Tiffany when she planned all this. She'd just wanted to teach her a lesson. To free her before dawn so the effects wouldn't be permanent.

But having those two betas subjugated to her made her realize why Tiffany liked being Tiffany so much…

Taran could now feel her Mana flowing in a controlled manner. She felt in control. She felt the power over her Mana and how to channel it. Now, in those high heels and wearing a dress to show off her body, he was no longer Taran.

He now was Tiffany. She was young, beautiful, vain, and arrogant. She felt powerful, sexy, hot… fuck… she couldn't wait to meet her new boyfriend and have sex all night long until the sun came up, and the real Tiffany would be nothing but the loser Taran, that nobody would miss, forever.

THE END-ENDE-FINE-FIN



Epilogue

Shortly before dawn, after a very enjoyable night for the new Tiffany, she thought about what to do with the one who had wanted to enslave her.

Keeping her only as her pet would not be punishment enough, something meaner was called for. Ideas emerged from the darkest depths of her mind. Cruel ideas. Ideas that only the old Tiffany would have come up with to take pleasure in the suffering of others. Her body shuddered with excitement just imagining herself carrying out those ideas...

When she reached her room, she saw the old Tiffany lying on the floor, exhausted from having struggled in vain all night to try to free herself. Then she noticed the box containing the puppy mascot costume and looked inside. Then she realised that the appendages of the suit and the suit itself provided everything needed. The plug in her ass just demanded the big waging tail from the box.

The new Tiffany felt a tingling in her nipples, which grew so hard they jutted out beneath the fabric of her dress, as she thought of the endless possibilities. Not only would the old Tiffany live the rest of her days as a pet, she would also permanently be stimulated without a chance of relief. All the time being forced to stay near her new owner and watch her having orgasms with her former boyfriend.

“FUCK, YES!” she exclaimed as she realized dawn was breaking, and a mischievous smile spread across her lips. Tiffany was finally able to take off her earrings and necklace. The transformation was complete.

“I’m Tiffany forever now! And being a cruel, arrogant bitch feels sooo... fucking... yummy!”

The End


WWW.PATREON.COM/RAMMAUKIN
RAMMAUKIN
WWW.PATREON.COM/RAMMAUKIN