

New Ass and Sexuality Alignment

by Pan

One week later, Janice and Veronica saw him again.

"Hey look," Janice said. "It's the FBI guy."

"Oh yeah," Veronica smiled. "We should probably thank him."

Thanks to their encounter with the FBI agent the previous week, the last seven days had been the best of the two womens' lives. They'd gone out almost every night, and - thanks to the improvements he'd made - had no troubles picking up.

Their new sensitivity had ensured they had a fantastic night with their pickups, each and every time. Orgasm after orgasm as their beaus had sucked on their nipples, while driving in and out of them.

"Hey ladies," he said, sitting down next to them.

"No hat?"

"No," he said with a smile. "I told you, I've switched teams."

"Oh that's right," Janice said. "CIA, right? Cocks In Asses?"

The man shook his head. "I considered working with them, but I found I just wasn't a good...fit."

He laughed, as though he'd made a great joke. The two women just stared at him, smiling. He'd brought them such pleasure. It almost made them happy to pay taxes.

"So who are you with now?" Veronica asked, and the man held up his wallet. It had a familiar acronym and logo on it.

"NASA!?" Janice gasped. "That's so cool - I always dreamed of working with them as a kid."

The stranger cocked an eyebrow. "As a kid you always wanted to work with...NASA?"

"Of course," the busty woman replied, suddenly unsure of herself. "What's...what's wrong with that?"

"You must've just had a weird childhood," he shrugged. "If you wanted to work with the New Ass and Sexuality Alignment."

Janice blinked twice as she thought about she'd just said, while Veronica stared at her.

"Yeah," she finally mumbled. "I guess it was a bit weird."

"I mean, unless you were gay. Are you gay?"

"No," Janice replied immediately.

"Nope," Veronica said, as the government employee asked her the same question.

The smirk he'd had last week returned to his face.

"Bi leanings?"

"No!" Janice said, just as firmly, pausing when she realized Veronica hadn't joined in. She turned to face her friend.

"Some," the woman shrugged.

"You ever pursued these urges?" the man asked.

"No," Veronica answered. "Never seemed worth it."

Janice's mouth was agape. She and Veronica had been friends for half their lives, and she'd never given so much a hint that she was bisexual.

"You should consider pursuing it," the man said, a thoughtful tone in his voice. "It really opens up the dating pool."

He swept his hand, gesturing to everyone at the bar. "You're no longer limited to just the men - you could go home with *anyone* tonight."

“That does sound good...” Veronica said. “Of course, thanks to your help last time, it’s not like I’m struggling.”

“You want to get married? Settle down with someone?”

“Of course. Doesn’t everyone?”

The man laughed again, a crude guffaw. “Not men! It’s much easier to find a lezzo who wants to settle down.”

Janice grimaced at the slang term.

“Besides,” he continued. “Even if you like a nice hard cock from time to time, you don’t want to end up with a *man*. We’re scum. Trust me on this.”

He waggled his eyebrows, and Veronica couldn’t help but laugh.

“Is that something you could help with?” Janice asked, surprising herself with the question.

The smirk was back.

“For sure,” he said, gesturing to the logo on his wallet. “That’s what we do. You wanna go bi, or full gay?”

“Bi,” Janice said. Now Veronica was the one staring at *her*.

“What about you?”

“I told you,” Veronica sniffed, her eyes never leaving her friend. “I think I’m already bi.”

“What if I just nudge you along a little along the K-scale?”

“Fine.”

The man grinned, and clasped his hands together.

“Great!” he said. “Let’s lift those skirts, ladies.”

Veronica obeyed without question, but Janice hesitated.

“Why?”

“I told you - New Ass and Sexuality Alignment. The one comes with the other.”

Janice raised one eyebrow.

“So we can’t become bi without getting a new ass?”

“I don’t make the rules. You want to get your bi on, or what?”

“I guess,” Janice nodded. Veronica threw her a look.

“What’s wrong?”

“I like my ass.”

Veronica leaned back and checked out her friend. She turned to the stranger, who was tapping his fingers impatiently.

“She’s got a pretty good ass,” Veronica confirmed. “What changes are you going to make?”

“I’ve got a little leeway,” he said. “What do you want? Bigger? Smaller? Perter? Thigh gap?”

“Wouldn’t that be the thighs?”

“We shared a building with the TSA - I learned a few Thigh Size Adjustment tricks while I was there.”

“I really do like it as it is,” Janice said, throwing her hair back. “I know that sounds dumb, but it’s true.”

The man grinned.

“I have just the thing. Trust me on this, toots.”

“Janice.”

“Whatever.”

The two friends glanced at each other. Veronica’s eyes flicked down to her new tits, and Janice nodded. The two of them simultaneously leaned over the bar, reached back, and flipped up

their skirts.

"Give me one like hers," Veronica said perkily.

"If you insist," the man responded.

He worked quickly, and it wasn't long before Janice could feel her eyes drawn to women in ways she'd never experienced before - imagining their lips pressed against hers, their teeth on her nipples, her hands exploring their bodies.

"Wow," she said. "That's..."

"Uh huh," Veronica said, her eyes slightly glazed. "I mean, it's always sort of been there, but...wow."

"All done," the man grunted, tilting his head to the side as he admired his work. Janice leaned back, and gasped at the sight of her friend's rear.

"Damn, Veronica. You look good."

"Damn yourself," her friend responded. "I get it from you, as they say."

The two girls locked eyes. For the first time, they were feeling something more than friendship for each other. But before they could explore these new feelings, the strange man coughed.

"What?" Veronica snapped.

He raised one eyebrow.

"Firstly, rude," he said flatly. "After all I've done for you."

"I'm sorry," Veronica said with a blush. "I just..."

She trailed off.

"Secondly," he continued, "I should show you the changes I made."

Janice was twisting around, trying to see her own posterior, but to no avail. Veronica lifted her friend's skirt, and examined it, a puzzled look on her face.

"I don't see any difference."

"Touch it," he said. Veronica glanced at her friend for consent - Janice nodded, and she reached out to tentatively poke at her friend's butt.

"It just feels like a normal ass..." Veronica said. When no one responded, she looked up in confusion.

Janice's eyes were fluttering with pleasure.

"More..." her friend groaned. "Please..."

A grin spread over Veronica's face, and she cupped her best friend's butt.

"Oh, god..."

Before Veronica could respond, Janice had grabbed her hair and pulled her in for a kiss.

For the next few minutes, the NASA employee watched happily as the two women made out in front of him, Janice groaning with pleasure as Veronica grasped and caressed her butt.

Her sounds of joy were mirrored when Janice reached behind Veronica to grab her posterior - soon, the women were alternating between passionately kissing and groaning with pleasure as their hands fondled each other's rear ends.

"Wow," Janice finally said, pulling back. Her eyes were glazed with lust, and she was looking at her friend as she never had before.

"Wow is right," Veronica replied, a shy smile on her face.

"That's not all," the strange man grunted. The two women turned to face him, shocked.

"Seriously?"

"Yeah," he said. "Take off your panties and bend over, I'll show you."

Janice and Veronica glanced at each other, uneasy with the request.

“Umm...”

Rolling his eyes, the man tapped a pin they hadn't noticed on his shirt. It simply read “USA”, and had a picture of the American flag above it.

“Unfettered Sovereignty of Asses, girls. Do as I say, please.”

“Yes sir,” Veronica replied, blushing. How could she not have noticed the pin?

The two women lowered their panties, and bent over the bar, glancing around to confirm that no one was paying them any heed.

Without lubrication of any kind, the government official slowly slid two fingers into each of their winking rosebuds. Despite their asses being tight as they'd always been, there was practically no resistance, and the women groaned in pleasure.

“These new asses can take anything of any size,” the man said proudly, enjoying the labors of his work. “Which is good for me, because I have an idea of how you can thank me.”

“Uh huh...” Janice muttered, her mind filled with stars of pleasure.

“What?” Veronica asked, knowing that the answer wouldn't matter, that she'd happily give this man whatever he asked for.

“This,” the man grunted, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his erection.

“Holy *shit*,” Veronica said, turning around to see what the stranger had to offer. “What the hell happened to you?”

“This is why the CIA didn't work for me,” he replied with a heavy sigh. “Like I said, I wasn't a good fit. But NASA has been great - it allows me to adjust people to fit me.”

“What in god's name...” Janice said, turning around to see what all the hubbub was about. “How...”

“It was before I was with the government. I was part of PETA. Now, who wants to go first?”

“Me!” Veronica answered without hesitation. “Please.”

“Wait,” Janice said, her eyes locked on the enormous member in the man's hands. “How did PETA...”

“Bend over, Valencia.”

“Veronica.”

“Whatever. And how have you not heard of PETA? The Penis Enlargement/Testicle Augmentation group.”

“Oh,” Janice said, her eyes widening as the largest cock she'd ever seen began to slowly enter her friend's ass. “Yeah. That makes sense.”

Veronica grabbed Janice, pulling her to her lips once more.

The man had been right, Veronica reflected as she made out with her former best friend. Now, even on nights they couldn't pick up, they'd never go unsatisfied again.