



The Inheritance

Altra Transformer

The Inheritance

It was midsummer, Diane had spent the weekend with friends celebrating the 4th of July and graduating college at her best friend Debby's pool. Unlike the rest of her friends, she was not the party animal they were. She was a very average girl lost in a big city. The type of girl that goes unnoticed to most guys. No stunning blonde hair, or large chest with eye popping cleavage. No most would hardly notice her unless she was the only person in the room. Even then they would likely choose to ignore her.

She was an average looking five foot ten inches tall. With shoulder length brunette hair. She only wished her body was as nice and curved like some of her friends who were lucky to have the bodies resembling the models in the magazines. No Diane tended to wear sweats and baggy clothing to hide her imperfections and lack of curves.

Diane had been raised by a very nice couple who acted as foster parents after her mother and father mysteriously disappeared. She had a very strict upbringing and lived a very sheltered life until leaving for college 4 years ago. She had just moved in to an apartment with a college friend named Debby. The two had become very close in a very short time. Neither of them had much luck with guys, so they spent a lot of time together. Now that college was over, they were making plans for the next chapter in their lives.

{Knock} {Knock} came from the door interrupting Diane's thoughts as she packed some of her stuff to go home to see her adopted parents.

"Just a minute! I'm coming!"
{Knock} {Knock} came again.

"Hold your horses! I'm coming." She responded slightly annoyed.

"Yes?" She barked as she opened the door.

"Miss Diane Holloway?"

“Yes?”

“I have a special registered letter for you. Please sign here.” The young man in brown shorts and shirt said. Handing her his clipboard and a pen.

“Ah... Ya... Sure?” Diane proceeded to sign. As the courier handed her a large manila envelope.

“Thank you” She said as she closed the door.

“I never get mail” she said to Debby as she walked into the living room and flopping on the sofa.

“And I have never had anything delivered by special courier.” She thought as she examined the envelop.

“It looks like some legal document.” Debby added as Diane moved to the kitchen table.

“Most definitely a legal document of some kind.” She thought as she carefully opened the envelope with a kitchen knife.

“I wonder what this is all about” she said. Then began to read the letter aloud.

“Miss Diane Holloway. The office of Young and Mackay represent the estate of the late Cynthia Anne Smith. You have been named as a beneficiary in her will. Your presence is requested at the legal office of Young and Mackay for the reading and settlement of the Estate of the late Cynthia Anne Smith.

This will take place Friday July 18, 2017.”

“Cynthia Anne Smith?” who is Cynthia Anne Smith she thought to herself. Debby scooped the letter from her hands and said jokingly

“You may be a millionaire”!! Debby exclaimed like she was announcing a game show.

“Ya right” Diane replied as she scooped the letter back.

“It says here that I have to be in some hick town in Louisiana in 2 weeks.”

“Can you come with me Debby? You know I don’t like to travel alone. And I hate flying.” Diane whined.

“I wish I could” Debby replied

“But unlike you I haven’t graduated yet. I have my last final on that Friday.” Debby explained.

“Fine. I guess I will have to do this on my own.” As she began to make her travel arrangements.

Last Will and Testament.

Diane had been very curious as to who this lady was and what she was to her to have included her in her will.

“How strange?” She said to herself as she left the Law office of Young and Mackay. Dialing Debby on her cell Phone.

“Debby! You won’t believe what just happened.” Diane said to her friend.

“Apparently this Cynthia Smith had left the complete estate to me. From what the lawyers said and what she could gather I am her only living relative.” She continued to explain over the phone.

“It turns out that even my late parents weren’t aware of this Cynthia Smith. Apparently, she was a very eccentric lady and had recently died in an unfortunate care accident.” She continued.

“Oh! and get this. According to the lawyer she once operated a very lively bordello in this small town. It was also rumored that she dabbled in some black magic, witchy, voodoo stuff” She explained in disbelief.

“Get out of Town! She was a Madam?” Debby announced.

“I guess she was. Anyway. I have to go. I am heading up to the estate now. My luck it will be some dump.” She laughed. Saying her good bye to her friend.

Climbing in the car Diane drove off to the address the lawyer gave her. Her GPS lead her to the outskirts of Lafayette. The house sat at the end of a narrow street lined with trees. Each with a curtain of Spanish moss. The homes consisted of a mix of century old homes and a few new modern here and there.

The house was huge.

“I could easily picture this house as a French Quarter Bordello.” Diane thought. Something like you would see in early in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

“Not bad so far.” Diane said as she approached the house.

It looked as though it had been very well kept from the outside. Three story square framed home. Wide with a wrap-around balcony and porch, held up with colonial style pillars. Each level had a row of tall window with shutters. The window trim ornate scrolling with French scrolled rod iron railed between each pillar.

As Diane walked up the side walk towards the front door, she pulled out her cell phone and dialed Debby.

Debby picked the phone up on the first ring.

“Diane I’ve been waiting for you to call. So? What is going on? Where are you?” Debby inquired with no hint of patience.

“Get this” Diane replied with contained excitement

“I’m calling you from my new home. And it is awesome. Well at least from the outside. Might just need a new coat of paint. But it is huge!” She said with nervous excitement.

“I’m standing on the porch right now. Oh, and there is a porch swing! I can just imagine some sexy little tart sitting there with her gentleman caller.” She said with a chuckle

“More like some young boy in search of his manhood” Debby responded with a laugh.

“Ya you’re probably right.” Diane chuckled. A little grin appeared on Diane’s face

“Well! Don’t just stand on the porch. Go inside and tell me what you see.” Debby yelled over the phone.

“Ok! Ok! I’m going in.” Diane inserted the key and turned the lock with a loud clunk. She grabbed the door knob and twisted with another clunk and the door swung open.

“It’s too dark I can’t see anything. I need to get off the phone and find the breaker panel.” Whispering in the phone.

“Listen Debby. I’m going to call the Airline in the morning and arrange for a ticket for you to come up here and stay with me next weekend. OK?” Debby quickly agreed.

“You will love this place. I’m going to get the lights on and do some exploring in here tonight. I’ll see you soon.”

Hanging up she flipped the light on her phone. Using it as a flashlight Diane entered the house closing the door behind her. The feelings of excitement seem to increase as she made her way through the house finally locating the electrical panel.

Flipping the breaker, the house came to life.

“Wow!” Diane whispered as she took in the view of the main entrance. She could almost feel the history of the house rush through her. The sounds of women laughing and flirting with young men. Women clad in provocative clothing seducing men out of their week’s wages.

“It’s a good thing I don’t believe in ghosts” She said out loud. Trying to ignore very strange feeling.

A chill ran up her spine, giving her chill bumps. With a shiver she wrote it off as just the overwhelming feeling of the day.

“Wow! This is huge.” She said. Her voice echoing through the large open center room. Her eyes drawn to the curved staircase leading up to the second floor. She had a clear view of at least 6 doors she assumed to be bedrooms.

“Well I guess I better find the master bedroom” She said grabbing her suitcase and starting up the stairs.

As she approached the top of the stairs that strange feeling came over her again. She swore she could hear girls giggling and running through the

halls. Only this time it wasn't a chill instead it made her feel warm and excited at the same time.

Diane entered the first room at the top of the stairs. It was large with a beautiful king four poster bed.

"Oh Wow. Not sure if this is the mater bedroom or not. But it will do for tonight." Dropping her bags.

"At least until she had seen all the others after I get out of these clothes and into something more comfortable." She added lifting he main bag onto the bed. Pulling out a night shirt and her sweat pants. Within minutes she was changed and feeling invigorated and ready to explore.

"Ah that's better." She sighed as she headed out into house. She began to wander the halls. Admiring the beautiful wood work and pictures. Mostly of scantily clad women.

"This place is a mansion" She whispered. Once again, a feeling seemed to rush through her again filling her mind with thoughts of beautiful young women walking the very same halls flashed through her mind.

A mischievous smile came over her.

"I wondered what it would be like to live life like that." She thought. She continued down the hall. She could swear there was a smell the sweet perfume in the air. The further she went she decided it wasn't in her mind. She could actually smell perfume.

"Sniff"

"Yes. I think it is coming from this way." She said to herself. Walking a little further, she traced the intoxicating aroma to a room at the end of the hall.

Holding the door knob and placing her nose close to the door she sniffed again.

"{Sniff}" The aroma was stronger.

“This must be where it is coming from.” She thought as she opened the door.

“What the...” Diane said placing her hand over her mouth in shock and in awe of what she saw. The room looked like a sexual plays ground. Mirrors strategically placed around the room and on the ceiling. A large four-poster bed on a raised platform in the center of the room. Leather straps hanging from each post. In the corner a mirror and vanity, adorned with bottles of scents, oils and makeup of all colors and sizes. The room was filled with the scent of sweet perfume as all her senses became stimulated.

“Well. Well. Cynthia Smith. You definitely flew a pretty big freak flag” She said as she stepped further into the room. To the right were two French doors. Diane carefully opened them only to be amazed again. Stepping with a look of complete astonishment like a child seeing Santa Claus.

“OMFG!” Was all she could say as she entered closet as big as the master bedroom itself. Beautifully organized. The clothing on hung as if it were for sale at a high-end boutique. Shoes, Dresses, lingerie. On the top shelf was a row of beautiful wigs of all colors and styles.

Brushing her hands across the fabrics as she circled around the room.

“Oh! What have we here?” She said looking across the room. There stood several very provocative outfits. Each carefully displayed on individual life like mannequins. Almost like living dolls. Complete with undergarments and Wigs. (body stockings, Rubber corsets, Merry widows, leather body suits, push up bra’s and garters, and of course shoes to match). At the base of each display was a note written in beautiful calligraphy.

Let Loose and Whore It Up

Experience Real Restriction

Madame of the House

Madame Needs Company

Dominate and Vamp It Up.

“Mmmmm” Diane let out a soft moan as once again she felt the house come alive around her. The sounds of men and women grunting and moaning in pleasure. The scent of cheap perfume filling the air. The sounds of skin against skin. Everything around her seemed to spin. Her eyes now closed as her hand caressed the material on display in front of her.

“Mmmmmmm Yes!” She whispered
Her heart racing. Her fingers combed through the long black wig. She opened her eyes and watched the hair flow through her fingers.

Mesmerized her hand drifting down the cheek of the faceless mannequin brushing the leather choker. Across the bare shoulders and down its arm. Feeling the soft leather of an opera glove. It slides off easily. Draped in her hands like an offering she closed her eyes and bringing the glove to her cheek.

“so soft.” She whispered gliding it down her neck sliding it inside her night shirt.

“MMmmmmmm {gasp}” she whimpered as she brushed it across her nipple. Erotic images flooding her senses. The images of tongues circling her nipple, lips playfully sucking and tugging it. A new sensation began to emerge between her legs.

“Mmmmm” a deeper moan escaped her lips as she opened her eyes. The glove now perfectly wrapped around her arm snug from above her elbow to the tips of her fingers. For a second, she questioned when she had put the glove on. But only for a second. That thought was quickly

interrupted by the dampness of her pussy. Closing her eyes again, her gloved hand slowly descending into her sweat pants causing her to shiver as she began to stroke. The sounds from the house were deafening in her mind.

{Panting}, {Fucking}, {Sucking} {Screaming}, {Laughing}, {Moaning}, {Cumming}, {Cumming} and {Cumming}. Image after image of contorted faces flashed of men and women as they came and came. Images in rapid succession of raw passion and hedonistic lust.

Then it stopped.

{Silence}

It had its own deafening effects. Jolting Diane's eyes open.

She now stood naked except for the leather glove. A small puddle of moisture accumulated on the floor between her feet. Staring directly at the outfit in front of her. A flash look of puzzlement as to how she ended up naked.

Quickly dismissed as she continued to stare at the outfit, sliding the second glove off the display.

A voice began to emerge and echo in her mind.

{Let Loose}

{You know you want to}

{Go ahead. Let loose.}

{Try it on. You know you want to}

The voice continued as she slid the second glove on.

She sized up the leather bustier. It looked so sexy on the voluptuous doll. Diane was an average build. Her chest was nothing compared to the cups displayed by the mannequin. The bustier supported with leather studded straps connected to a leather collar. Designed to present ample cleavage.

"What the hell! Let loose." She said as she began removing the from the display.

Let Loose and Whore It Up

Diane's skin tingled as her nipples brushed the leather hardening to the fine line of pain and pleasure. Just as she thought the bustier was about 4 sizes too big. She could stuff her whole fist in the gap. Yet, as if on auto-pilot she continued and rolled the silk stockings up her legs.

"Mmmmmmm. So soft." She said the silk soft light and smooth caressing her legs. Pulling them up to her thigh Diane attached them to the loose-fitting leather garter straps. She lacked the curves in her butt and hips to pull them tight. Yet, for some reason it didn't bother her. She continued as if some unknown force was pushing her forward. Her arousal growing as she pulled the leather thong up between the cheeks of her ass. The front gusset holding her damp swollen mound.

Pulling the black wig off the display Diane carried it to the vanity mirror and sat down. The voices seemed to whisper throughout the house and from inside her mind. Encouraging her to keep going.

{Let loose. Keep going}

They chanted as she pulled the wig on her head tucking her hair up underneath.

"Wow. Who are you?" She said to her reflection. The long black hair with cropped bangs framing her face. This was the first real visible change that seemed to make Diane look feel like a completely different person.

"What do you think sexy? Do I make you horny?" She continued to practice as if she were seducing her prey.

"Mmmm. Ya baby. I'm all hot and bothered." She purred. Sliding her hand down the front of the leather until she found a slit and the source of the heat and dampness.

"Mmmmm. Yes." She moaned, while gently caressing her clit. Her arousal climbing more and more.

"We're not ready just yet." She said to her self as she reluctantly pulled her gloved hand away from her cunt.

{Whore it up}

whispered throughout the house.

Picking up and applying fake eye lashes. She began to accept the challenge.

“Whore it up” She whispered to herself. Expertly applying dark sultry eye shadow. Her eyes looked hypnotic.

{That’s right. Whore it up}

The voices encouraged her on.

Blowing herself a kiss with her deep red glossy lips. She stood up and walked back to the display. Her heart racing wildly as she picked up the six-inch platform heels.

“*She would never be able to walk in these*” she thought. She sat on the bed and glanced at the image in the full-length mirror and smiled.

“Here it goes” she said, bending over she fastens the last buckle on the black leather strap.

Diane stood up and reached for the bedpost to gain her balance.

{Time to let loose}

The voice echoed. A wave of dizziness passed through her as she took her first step. The house began to come alive again. First softly.

{It’s Time to let loose}

She heard only this time it was from her own lips.

“*What was that?*” she thought. Regaining her balance, she walked to the mirror.

“Whore it up” she said caressing her body. Suddenly her pussy was on fire. Pleasure like she had never experienced began to erupt through her body!!

“Nnnnnngph” She quivered as her hand explored her hot wet pussy! Her mind is reeling with the thoughts and images once again. This time it was her face in the throws of extasy. Only she looked different.

“MMmmmm” she moaned.

The feeling of hands all over her body. Touching every sensitive erogenous zone she had, sending her from climax to climax, one after another!!

“Yes. Nnnng. *What’s happening*” she thought. Her body shaking with pleasure but, it is not her body, it was it was different. It was changing. She could feel it.

“Yes!” She screamed. It felt so wonderful!!

Her skin seemed to stretch and retract at will. With each a rush of pleasure it assaulted her throbbing cunt! Her mind was lost in ecstasy as she fell back on to the bed!

“YES!” Her muscles contract with each climax.

Her hands now squeezing her tits. The flesh swelling beyond what she could hold.

“YES! BIGGER!” Diane screamed as she mauled her expanding breasts sending wave after wave of pleasure to her pussy and mind.

“Fuck! Yesssss! Moooore!” She yelled pulling her nipples. They were hard and seemed to have doubled in length as she instinctively pinched and pulled them.

“Oh yes!” Looking down at her huge tits overflowing the cups on the bustier. There were no gaps anymore. Her tits were full soft and billowing over the tops.

Suddenly the pleasure shifted. It felt like someone was squeezing and kneading her ass.

“MMMmmmm. Baby!” She said to no one. Rolling over on the bed her chest now hanging heavy below. Barely contained by the bustier. Her ass now held high in the air.

“Oh. Wow.Nnnnnnngn! She moaned. Her ass clenched as the muscles began to swell.

tighten with the next eruption of pleasure. Raising her ass off the bed higher and arching her back, driving her face into the mattress.

“MNnnnnngph” Muffled screams as her hand now between her legs. Her fingers slide her thong over to the side and probe deep into her wet pussy. Her ass continues to swell filling out and stretching the garters taunt.

“Yes! Fuck Me!” She screams on last time riding her finger hard.

“Yes.” She whimpers as her ecstasy fades. Soft pants stream from her lush lips.

The room is spinning as she sits up. Trying to pull herself together, she stands. Steadying herself with the bed post. She looks over at the full-length mirror.

She smiles as she fixes her hair and adjusts her tits back into place. She gazes her image as she approaches the mirror closer.

“Oooh Yeeesss!!! Diane caressed her face noticing the changes in her appearance.

“Who are you?” She asks her reflection once again. Only this time she truly does not recognize the woman in the mirror. Her body has filled the outfit to a perfect fit. The leather pushes up her firm full breast and they over flow. The leather was straining to contain the hard nipples pushing at the leather.

Glancing over her shoulder at the mirror she sees her perfect heart shaped Her ass is firm and small and rounded as Diane continues to caress herself smiling.

She can feel the muscles flex as she squeezes her ass. Her legs seem to never end as she caresses down the now tight leather garter strap.

{Let loose and Whore it up}

Echoed throughout the house unnoticed by Diane who was completely engulfed in her beauty. A need began to build in her mind. A need for sex. A need to let loose and fuck. A need to be fucked. A need for complete sexual pleasure and satisfaction. With each thought Diane seemed to feel

herself drift back into her mind. The voice from before was now stronger. Slowly replacing Diane's voice and her thoughts. Still feeling the high from her masturbation session Diane was now just a passenger in her own mind and body.

Still looking in the mirror, the image shifts. A new presence is now in control.

"Enjoy the ride Diane" She said to her reflection with a wicked smile.

"We're going to have some fun tonight." She laughed grabbing a leather trench coat. She headed out into the night.

Working Girl

Diane stood on the street corner looking like a pro. Her trench coat open. Her tits on display as traffic passed slowly. Men and women taking in the view. She loved it.

“Hey gorgeous!” Diane said, flirting with a driver as she adjusted her tits. Letting one slip out deliberately.

“You like?” she winked at him as she strutted up to the slowing car. Stopping right as she reached the drivers door. He was young and handsome. He was definitely nervous as he searched for his words.

“How m..m.. much” He stuttered.

“Well today is your lucky day stud. I’m feeling generous and really, really horny. I already have the perfect place. So, as long as you fuck me just like I ask. It’s on the house.” She reached in the window and began rubbing his cock through his jeans.

“D..Deal! Get in.” He stuttered again with excitement.

Minutes later they back at the house. Stepping through the doors, the house seemed to be alive with activity. The sounds of young girl’s laughter echoed from the second floor. Shadows flashing here and there too fast to make out any features.

“Is there a party going on?” He asked as they walked into the main room.

“Just the other girls enjoying themselves.” She said taking his hand and leading him up the stairs and into her room.

“Perhaps the next time we can ask one of them to join us. But tonight, I want you all to myself.” She said dropping her trench coat and turning toward her prey.

“What do you say we get you out of these clothes and see what we are working with.” Diane said as began to undress the young man slowly. Planting a kiss on his exposed chest. Pulling off his shirt. Kneeling, she traced her tongue around his navel as she removed his belt and pulled his fly down. His cock bulging, straining to get out. His jeans now around his ankles.

“Very nice.” Diane said as she stood back and objectified the young man now standing in just his jockey’s.

Diane watched as he slid his underwear off. His cock now in full display as he held it in his hand and walked toward her. He was tall blonde and blue eyed with a strong muscular body.

“My turn” he said as he reached up and pulled the zipper on the leather bustier. Releasing Diane’s beautify tits. Leaning in and kissing each nipple as he slipped his fingers in the waistband of her thong. Sliding it over the curve of her hips. His face now in line with her moist sex. The aroma intoxicating as he pressed his face between her thighs. His warm tongue extending just far enough to tease her sex.

Standing. He guided her to the bed. She sat down then laid back as he now stood between her spread legs. Diane’s eyes were hungry with passion as she eyed his big thick cock through the cleavage of her massive chest. Her pussy was aching to devour it. To feel its girth deep in to her moist juicy tunnel.

Spreading her legs wider the young stud knelt and slowly lowered his face between her legs. She could feel his warm breath as he teased her with his tongue on her inner thigh. Kissing her skin lightly drawing closer and closer to her cunt. Then ever so briefly he touched her outer lips.

“Mmmmm” She moaned. The warmth of his tongue was ecstasy as she arched her back in an effort to get more. But he was gone. He returned to her thighs only to repeatedly tease her more.

“Yessssss.” She whispered as he finally, pressed his warm tongue firmly on her pussy. She arched her back again to press harder.

“Fuck yes!” She said louder. As her arousal continued to climb.

“For being so young. He seemed to know his way around a pussy” she thought as he then started at the bottom of her opening and slowly dragged the tip of his tongue to the top. He purposely avoided her clit.

“You tease!” She said as she thrashed. She wanted him to suck hard and fast on her clit.

In one smooth motion, he then rolled Diane over, onto her stomach.

“No more teasing. I need you now!” He said as he grabbed her hips as Diane raised her ass. Her pussy exposed and open like a flower. Liquid honey collecting on the tip of her clit.

He took his position behind dragging his cock down the length of her pussy. Spreading her juices across the base of his rod. Then placing the head at the opening and ever so slowly sliding it in.

“MMMmmmmm. Yes.” Diane moaned. Her cunt clenching around his cock. Pulling it deeper and deeper.

“Fuck Me.” She said as he shoved his dick as deep as he could.

With a grunt. He quickly withdrew only to drive his cock back in deep and hard.

“Yes!” Diane screamed. as he picked up the pace. The sound of his thighs slapping against Diane’s ass mixed with the sounds of wet sucking sounds as his cock rocked in and out of her cunt. Her eyes closed. Her screams now mixed with those that echoed throughout the house. The images of contorted faces in extasy returned as her climax approached.

Opening her eyes, she caught her reflection in the full-length mirror across the room. The disheveled look as her climax paused on the edge. It was then that the old Diane slowly emerged to the forefront. A confused look on her face as the image rocked back and forth with every thrust. A sudden realization that she was being fucked.

“NNnnnnngh” A moan escaped her lips as she looked at the reflection of a stranger. A look of determination as he slammed into the sex kitten’s backside over and over. Fucking the hell out of her. She looked back at the reflection.

With a smile the wanton slut said “Enjoy the ride” with those words her body reached it’s peak. Her orgasm hit her in waves from her head to her toes.

“YeSSSSS!” Diane screamed in pleasure as she faded back into the recesses of her mind. A passenger as a seductive smile crossed her face.

“Yesssss! Fuck Me like a whore!!!! Fuck me!”.

Let's do That Again

“MMMMmmmmm” Diane moaned as she began to stir under her covers. Her hand between her legs gently massaging her sex.

“Mmmmm.” She continued to wake from her dreams...

“Uh. Uh. Uh.” A small but sweet orgasm wakes her with a smile. Laying still in her bed feeling refreshed almost glowing.

“MMmmm. That was a nice way to wake up.” She stretched.

“Wow. *What crazy dreams*” she thought as she threw the covers off.

“What the...? Why am I naked?” Looking at her naked body.

“*I never sleep naked*” She thought. As she ran her hands through her black hair.

“Black hair?” she said tugging. Only to have find herself holding a black wig in her hands.

“*Wig? The outfit? The sex? It was a dream? Right?*” She thought as fragments of the previous night flashed in her mind. Her hand reaching between her legs as if to take inventory. Looking around the room she sees the leather bustier the rest of the outfit neatly placed on the dresser.

“*It must be this house. It’s made me have crazy erotic dreams.*” Walking over to her dresser pulling out a bra and pair of panties.

Sliding her panties up her legs, Diane struggles unable to pull them over her hips and buttocks.

“*Dang! I must be putting on a little weight.*” She thought. Rubbing her hands across her hips and firm ass. An images flashes through her mind of

the night before. A woman her ass in the air her pussy is pounded by a blonde stranger.

“Enough with the dreams” she told herself shaking the image from her mind.

“*What am I going to wear?*” She thought.

“Of course. I have a whole closet of Cynthia’s clothing there has to be something sensible I could wear until I go shopping.” She said to herself as she walked into the large walk-in closet. Pulling open the first drawer only to find brand new lingerie sets.

“I don’t believe it! Still has the tags on it.” Picking up a black lace pair of boy-short panties and matching bra. Looking at the tag for the size.

“27? What size is that.” Looking closer at the label.

“Ou la la European. Nice. Mmmmm French. Cynthia you had expensive taste.” She said while removing the tags. Bending over at the waist she stepped into the panties. Slipping the boy shorts on over her ass.

“Perfect.” She said twisting to admire her ass over her shoulder in the closet mirror. Another flash hit her mind. Once again, she was on the bed looking at her reflection in the mirror. But it wasn’t her. It was a big titted slut of a whore with long black hair being fucked from behind. She was looking back at Diane with a wicked grin.

{enjoy the ride} the house whispered. The faint sound of laughter fading in the distance.

Shaking her head Diane grabbed the bra and began to put it on. It fit perfectly. She now stood admiring herself in the mirror.

“Wow. This bra makes my tits look bigger.” Looking at the tag. 36D?

“Wow. I always thought I was a B.” She said cupping both tits hefting them.

“Hmmm. They even feel bigger. Fuller.” She thought, squeezing them a little. Giving them a little shake, she giggled and turned to leave the closet. Grabbing a black silk robe off the hanger, she wandered her way

through the house in just her underwear and robe. Not something she would have done in the past. But today, it just felt right.

Stepping out into the hall way she made her way to the staircase descending to the main floor. The house was eerily quiet. It seemed almost like the house was asleep.

Still in her robe and underwear Diane decided she would just take it easy and relax. She wandered around the house exploring various rooms. At one point she discovered a well-stocked wine cellar and helped herself to a bottle.

Carrying the bottle, sipping her glass she wandered through the house to what would be described as the main parlor room. Sitting in a chair her legs spread with one hanging over the arm. Her robe open exposing her bra covered chest, she sat reclined feeling light headed. She was definitely feeling the effects of the wine.

Closing her eyes, she listened to the house. It was so quiet as she began to drift into a dream. She began to imagine what it would have been like when it was full of little sluts prancing around dressed just like she was now. Yes, just like she was now. After a night filled with lust and sex. Just relaxed enjoying the silence before the gentlemen callers arrive in the evening.

She imagined the girls playfully flirting with each other. The madame walking in telling them it was almost time to get ready. She was tall dark-haired statuesque woman. Her chest large held high with a tight corset. Her dress flowed as she walked around the house. A glimpse of her stocking clad leg would appear through the high slit in her dress. When she turned and looked back Diane thought she looked familiar. But where? Then she smiled. It felt like Diane was there and she was looking directly at Diane. That smile.

{It's time} the house whispered waking Diane from her dream.

Diane opened her eyes. Rising from the lounge chair she proceeded to head up the stairs. It was like she was sleep walking.

Diane walked through her room straight to the extended closet. Letting her robe fall to the floor. She continued towards the displays unhooking her bra and letting it fall to the floor as well.

Sliding her fingers into the waist band she slid her panties off. Standing completely naked looking towards the displays.

There was something different. One of the mannequins had been replaced. It now had a blonde wig and a pink latex mini dress on display.

The card on the base now read

Some Men prefer Blondes

Next to the pink and blonde mannequin was a black latex cat suit. She slowly caressed the shiny black latex corset displayed with a black bob style wig, black latex thigh-high boots. Her hands focused on how the corset seemed to cinch the waist to extreme.

Diane could feel her mind wander with the thought of wearing the outfit as she followed the lines in the corset up to the breasts and finally removing the wig. Black and soft like the night before the hair seemed to flow through her fingers as she combed them through. Looking down on the base of the display he read the card.

Experience Real Restriction

A warmth ran through her body that seemed to trigger the house to once again come alive.

“Mmmmm” Diane let out a soft moan as the sounds of men and women in the throes of raw sex returned and seemed to echo in her mind. The scent of cheap perfume once again filling the air. Her eyes now closed as her hand caressed the material on display in front of her.

“Mmmmmmm Yes!” She whimpered.

Mesmerized still holding the wig in one hand her other drifting down the cheek of the faceless mannequin feeling the slick smooth latex. The plunging neckline displaying ample cleavage of the life like doll. Across

the bare shoulders and down its arm. Feeling the soft rubber like material ending around the fingers.

“MMmmmmmm {gasp}” she purred as she traced her fingers down between the dolls legs to find two openings. Circling each hole caused her own crotch to tingle with anticipation. Erotic images flooding her senses. The images of tongues licking her latex covered nipples, lips playfully sucking and tugging it. Letting it snap back. A new sensation began to emerge between her legs. A full sensation. A feeling of something warm and thick pressed deep inside her cunt. The feeling of another welcomed intruder in her ass.

“Mmmmm” a deeper moan escaped her lips as she opened her eyes. Before her was a vision. A woman with a dark black hair. Framing an unfamiliar face. A face that seemed to mock her with its heavy made up eyes and dark lips. Black eye shadow and thick lashes made her eyes look mysterious and sinister. A little curl in her lips added to the image. A sudden vibration and thrill stunned Diane drawing her vision to the woman’s lower half. She was encased in the black latex cat suit up to her waist. Diane hand moved to her own crotch. The source of the new sensation. The woman did the same. Mimicking her every move.

Looking down Diane soon realized that she was also now covered in latex from the waist down. Her hands pressed firmly between her legs as another thrill erupted. A large latex dildo and butt plug were securely planted deep in each orifice. Diane’s gaze returned to the woman before her.

“It was her? It was a mirror reflection? It was her? But it wasn’t her.” She thought with concern.

“MMMmmmmmm”. She moaned her concern was quickly interrupted by the dampness of her pussy as the dildo came to life with an intense vibration. Closing her eyes again, the sounds from the house were deafening in her mind.

{Panting}, {Fucking}, {Sucking} {Screaming}, {Laughing}, {Moaning}, {Cumming}, {Cumming} and {Cumming}.

Image after image of contorted faces flashed of men and women as they came and came. Her image dressed in black latex in rapid succession of raw sex and hedonistic lust.

Then it stopped.

Opening her eyes to her reflection. Now completely clad in latex from her shoulders, plunging neckline exposing her modest cleavage. Her corseted waste down to her thigh-high platform boots.

Laughter echoed throughout the house.

{It's time} the reflection in the mirror said.

{Experience Real Restriction} The voice echoed. Suddenly both objects between her legs came to life with intensity. A wave of dizziness passed through her as she took her first step. The house began to come alive again. First softly.

{It's Time to experience real restriction} She heard only this time it was from her own lips.

Pleasure like she had never experienced began to erupt through her body!!

“Nnnnnngh” She moaned as the pleasure explosions were enormous. With each climax higher than the last as Diane pressed her hand between her legs pushing the intruders deeper.

“Yes” She screamed as her mind was assaulted with more thoughts of primal sex.

“More... More...” She screamed feeling the latex stretching to contain her expanding tits. Now full round with a deep inviting cleavage. She looked at her hands as her long slender fingers stretched, and her nails grew long and sharp slicing through the latex gloves before her eyes.

“Yes! Nnnnnngh” a guttural moan escaped her lips as she reached back to her ass and dragged her new talons across her expanding ass cheek

“Fuck Yes” She screamed as came.

Diane's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the ultimate climax approach. She could feel herself drifting, falling back. Allowing a new presence to emerge and take control. A strong aggressive presence...

"Mmmmm" ...she moaned. Once again Diane was a passenger in her own body and mind.

She approached the full-length mirror smiling a sensual seductive smile anticipating what she would see.

"Perfect" She purred. Her breasts were full firm and rounded as they pressed against the latex. Diane could see her hard nipples pointing stretching the shiny material.

The rubber corset was tight and restricting. Cinching her waist and causing her hips to flare out. The latex like a second skin as she caressed her new body.

"Mmmmmm. Nice." She whispered adjusting her hair around her face.

She smiled an evil predatory smile as her imagination ran wild. Looking at her nails, thoughts of dragging them across her next prey's cock. Her legs, long and slim felt extremely powerful as she caressed her pussy she ached with erotic desires. The toys humming continuously.

"Time for some fun" She said to her reflection. Turning and slipping a long black coat over herself. The need to be fulfilled overtook her every thought. She smiled as she left the house in search of the ultimate fetish pleasure.

BFF's For Ever

Diane squinted as the sun beat through a gap in the curtains. Burning her eyes, she shielded them with her hands. Trying to wake up slowly.

“Another night of crazy dreams.” She said to herself as she once again found herself naked. Sliding out of the bed she made her way to the bathroom. Looking at her reflection she notices her hair seemed slightly darker then her normal brown. It even had a little bit of a shine to it. Scratching her scalp, she let out a yawn.

“Ouch” she yelped as she pulled her hand from her head. Looking at her hands.

“What the?” she said examining her inch-long black nails.

“It wasn’t a dream...” She paused. Flashes of sexual debauchery assaulted her mind.

“It couldn’t be real. The woman in her flashes smiling back at her.” A wave of dizziness hit her as a voice echoed in her mind.

{we enjoyed ourselves} it said.

A sudden chime of the doorbell snapped her out of her thoughts.

“Coming!” She yelled wrapping a robe around her naked form and descended down the flight of stairs. Just as the doorbell chimed again.

“I’m coming! Hold on!” She said flipping the deadbolt and opening the door.

“Debby!” She Screamed.

“Debby! You’re here early!” Letting go of her robe she pulled her best friend in to the house. Wrapping her arms around her. Hugging her tight.

“MMmmmm. It is so good to see you! And this house is incredible.” Debby said hugging her friend and swaying back and forth with joy.

“That is quite the way to be greeted at the door” Debby motioned to Diane’s full-frontal nakedness. Her robe still open. Her nipples hard from the cool air.

“Sorry. I had just gotten up and was about to get dressed.” She said trying to pull the robe closed. But struggled to completely cover her swollen tits.

“Quick. Grab your things and come in. I have so much to tell you.” Diane grabbed one of her friends’ bags and guided her into the house.

The two of them spent the day catching up. Diane had given her a tour of the main floor with a quick stop in the wine cellar. Diane deliberately did not elaborate too much on the mysteries surrounding the house and the events of the previous two nights. Even though it was on the back of her mind. Especially now as the sun was setting. She could feel the energy of the house coming back to life.

“It is so great to see you! You look good! Being a home owner looks good on you!” Debby joked.

“I swear you look different. Your hair looks darker. And your curves! Girl! Based on the full body flash you gave me earlier you seem to have a lot more going on than I remember.” She laughed and continued to poke fun at her friend.

“I think you are right.” She responded with a little distracted look.

“I think it is this house. There is just something about this house that makes me feel like a new woman.” She said as she scanned the parlor where they sat. The sounds in the house were beginning again. Diane could hear the laughter once again. She looked at her friend to see if she had noticed.

“Is there a radio or television on?” Debby asked looking out into the main room. Hearing the faint sounds of laughter and frolicking women’s voices.

“No. Just the ghosts in the house.” Diane answered sincerely.

“I swear every evening at this time, the little sluts that use to roam the halls when this was a thriving bordello start running around.” She laughed to hide the part of that thought it was true.

{It's Time} Came the voice of the madame of the house. It echoed in Diane's mind. She quickly looked at Debby to see if she had heard it.

“Time for what?” Debbie asked looking at Diane quizzically.

“Sorry? What” Diane replied

“You just said it was time. I saw your lip moving.” She joked.

“I did? Yes, I did.” Diane quickly recovered.

“She did hear the voice.” She thought. *“I'm not crazy.”* Feeling a little relief.

“But why did she think it was me?” Trying to find an explanation.

“Ah... Ya... I think it is time you go and get settled into your room. I'm going to go and freshen up as well. Maybe we will go out on the town later tonight.” She added standing up and guiding Debby towards and then up the staircase.

“Take the room right next to the mine” Diane said walking to her door.

“Sounds good” Debby responded as she opened the door and stepped in. Diane watched as she disappeared into her room before entering the master.

Debby walked in, flipping the light on.

“Oh wow! Very nice” she said, looking around the room. It was decorated with a definite feminine touch. The four-poster bed with a pink lace canopy. A beautiful antique boudoir style vanity dresser.

Debby closed the door behind her. The smell of sweat cheap perfume filled the room.

“What the...” Debby said placing her hand over her mouth in shock of what she saw.

In the corner stood a life like Auburn haired mannequin dressed in a little black dress and fish net stockings. At the base was a pair of Platform heels and a note.

Madame Needs Company

{Madame Needs Company}

A voice whispered in her room.

Meanwhile Diane walked directly into the large walking closet.

“There is something about this house she was sure of it. The voices, the laughter, the dark streaks in her hair and the obvious changes to her body.” Her hand absently caressing her breasts. Debby struggled with it all. She was changing. The house was doing something to her.

“Cynthia’s presence or black magic was still in the house. The voices telling her, pushing her. The voice in her head. The dreams. Those erotic dreams. The feelings of lust and desire. The outfits on display. Why was she drawn to them? Were they changing her? Were they making her do things?” Her mind reeling with conflict, as she walked up to the display.

“It’s gone?” She said noticing that one of the displays was missing.

“Debby!” She thought in a panic. About to run to her room to see if the display was there. Then stopped.

“Would they have the same erotic effect on her?” She began to wonder...

“Would they draw her in and compel her to touch and feel the beautiful fabric?” Her hand caressing the doll in front of her.

“Would she feel excited and aroused when she naked standing in front of the display.” Just as Diane was now.

“Would she see a different woman in the mirror when she put the beautiful soft wig on her head and feel the hair caress her neck and down

her back.” Diane’s thoughts continued as her hands caressed the long wavy jet-black hair that now adorned her head.

She stood at the mirror and smiled seductively at herself. Diane loved what she saw. Her naked curves the lust in her eyes. She wanted more!!... Looking down at the display she read the card.

Madame of the House

“Yes.” She thought.

“Why not? It was her house. She should be the Madame of the House” she smiled as images of her rounding up the little sluts for the evening guests.

“What have you in store for me?” Diane said to herself as she removed the garment off the doll.

Standing in front of the mirror Diane looked like a seductress, that no man or woman could resist. The black merry widow held her ample chest high. Her nipples were hard and erect peeking over the cups. Her long legs encased in French stockings connected to her garters.

Just as she was about to put on the platform shoes, the chime of the doorbell stopped her.

“Gentlemen callers so early?” she thought. Grabbing her robe, she quickly headed to the door.

Standing there was a very young girl in her mid 20’s, Shoulder length brown hair beautiful eyes. She was a very sweet looking girl. Diane drank in her innocence with a predatory smile.

“Yes? may I help you?” Diane asked adjusting her robe to give the sweet little thing a glimpse of what she wore underneath.

“Ah... Yes... Excuse me Mama. Sorry to disturb your evening. my name is Stephanie I’m from the Local College Drama club.” She nervously

introduced herself.

“We are canvassing the neighborhood for items that we could use for our drama theater.” She continued staring at her shoes and glancing up now and then.

“Would you have any Items that you could donate for props, old furniture, pictures, clothing?” She asked.

“Yes. Come in and I’m sure we can find something in this old house” Diane stepped aside and let the young girl enter.

“Actually, I just moved into this old house and there are a lot of little nick knacks and things I could donate. There is also a lot of old clothes that you might be interested in.” She explained

While she was talking to her Diane’s the voice began to whisper.
{Some men prefer Blondes}

“Yes.” An image of the young tart dressed in pink latex flashed in her mind.

“I tell you what. There is a bunch of stuff upstairs in one of the bedrooms you can rummage through.” Diane explained as she led her up the stairs to the room beside Debby’s.

“Really! You don’t mind?” Stephanie said with excitement.

“Not at all dear. Please help yourself. I will join you in a few minutes. I need to finish getting dressed. So, you go on in and see what you find.” She nudged the girl into the room.

As Stephanie entered the bedroom, she could not help but notice the sweet smell of perfume in the air. Her senses seemed to be electrified. She had noticed a strange feeling ever since she entered the house. It was a feeling of excitement yet confusion.

As she approached the bed, the door slowly closed behind her.

There in the corner was a mannequin dressed in pink latex.

{Some Men Prefer Blondes} the voice Whispered in her ear. Drawn closer to the display. She slowly removed the latex dress from the doll.

She held it up to her body as she looked at herself in the mirror. She had seen such outfits in magazines and lingerie catalogs but never thought about wearing anything like it herself. Her body was beginning to get excited with the thought of wearing something so sexy.

Stephanie removed her clothes and stood at the bed and began to dress herself. With each piece of clothing, her mind began to swim in hot lustful thoughts.

The feel of the latex dress on her young firm breasts felt like electricity tingling in each nipple. She gently squeezed her full firm tits as she rolled her nipples between her fingers. She felt so warm and soft. Her body temperature rose even more as she pulled on the fishnet stockings up to her thigh. She caressed her leg from her knee up to her inner thigh stopping short of her now damp warm naked pussy.

“What was happening to me?” She thought as her mind was assaulted with erotic thoughts of deep penetration.

Putting on the wig. The feel of the flowing locks on her shoulders tickled in a good way.

“giggle.” As a shiver spread throughout her body.

Her hand slid gently higher between her legs as she put on the other stocking. She felt the warm dampness on her hand as she brushed her soft mound.

Her mind was being consumed with thoughts of raw sex but why. She bent over to put on her last high heel shoe. Her mind was lost as her foot slid in.....

Diane stood once again in front of the full-length mirror. Admiring herself. Her heart was beating wildly holding the platform shoe.

{Madame of the House} whispered in her head as she slipped her stocking clad foot into the shoe.

“Oh Fuck! She screamed. Her voice echoed throughout the house. A jolt of pure extasy blasted throughout her body!!

“Nnnnnngph” She moaned as her hand dove between her legs rubbing her cunt! Her mind is reeling with new thoughts and images. This time it was different. This time she was ready. This time she welcomed the immense pleasure. Her the voice didn’t push the old Diane back into the reassesses of her mind. No. This time they merged.

“Yes! Become part of me. I am in charge. I am the Madame of the House! MMmmmmmm.” She moaned. She could feel her body fill with energy as it began to change.

Her tits swelling as they had the night before. Large firm pillows of flesh pushing up and out of the corset. Her nipples tight and puckered almost painfully so. So, every sensitive sending her from climax to climax, one after another!!

“Yes. Nnnnng. I want it. More. Give me More.” she screamed. Her body shaking with pleasure. It continued to change like liquid under her skin. It flowed and stretched. Her ass now full and firm.

“Yes! Yes! Yessss!” She screamed again and again. Her cheek bones rose high. Her lips now full and pouty!! Her hands still squeezing her massive tits.

“YES! I want it all.” Diane screamed as she mauled her expanding breasts sending a final wave of pleasure to her pussy. She lay collapsed on her bed. Slowly standing, she Steadied herself with the bed post. Looking over at the full-length mirror. She smiles at the vision in front of her. She recognizes her from the events of the past evenings. Visions of the young blonde stud fucking her from behind. Images of men and women worshipping her latex covered body at the fetish club.

“Mmmmm. Yes.” She moans as she feels the house shift, it’s energy flows through her now.

“Oooh Yeeesss!!! She says posing seductively in the mirror. The mirror shimmered and distorted briefly. When it cleared the reflection was no longer that of Madame Diane. Instead the mirror had become a window into the house. The vision was that of her best friend Debby, standing naked before the mirror.

“Oh, my sweet innocent Debby. You are going to be my favorite.” Diane said motioning toward the outfit in the corner.

Debby suddenly felt compelled to remove the auburn wig off the display and placed it on her head. Her head tingling as she adjusted it perfectly. It framed her face with long side bangs covering her right eye. Long waves of auburn hair flowed just above her chest.

“Yes. This color suits your new purpose by my side.” Diane said as she watched her friend stroke her fingers through the curls.

“You will be filled with fiery lust and passion like no other.” She continued.

Debby looked on at her reflection a wicked smile formed, and her eye sparkled with a look of mischief.

“She looked so different. Mmmmmm. She felt so different.” She thought. Her innocence fading. A voice whispered in her head.

{fiery lust and passion}

And was suddenly true. She could feel the lust building in her chest as each nipple hardened. Then she could feel it travel lower until her clit throbbed and grew. Her mounds now swollen trying to contain it.

“Mmmmmm.” She moaned as Diane watched through the mirror. Her own excitement building as she continued to mold her unsuspecting friend. Mold her into an insatiable sexual creature. Once again, she motioned to the display.

This time Debby didn’t feel compelled to wear the outfit... No. She wanted to wear it. Her hands trembled slightly with anticipation as she removed the spandex black dress. There was no bra or panties.

“Good” She thought. “*They would only get in the way*” She smirked. Picking up the platform shoes.

Diane watched as Debby still naked except for the wig, step into her black strappy platform heels. She then proceeded to slip the strapless black dress up over her small chest. She moved back to the mirror. Adjusting her tits and posing right and then left.

“You’re going to enjoy this part” Diane said to Debby’s reflection.

“I know I will.” She smiled as her hands began massaging her massive tits.

Almost in sync Debby began to do the same.

“Yesssss” She moaned arching her back pushing her chest out. Squeezing and releasing her tits through the dress. Each time she would release they would swell bigger. Each time she would squeeze a wave of pure lust and pleasure would assault her wet cunt.

“Yesss! Oh, Fuck Yessss! She screamed. Her tits now the size of her head forcing the dress to stretch and slip down. Her nipples hard and long as she now tugged and pulled them.

Diane continued to watch as her friend continued to hang on the edge of release. Her legs shaking.

“Not yet my little slut” She said as she let her hand drift down to her ass.

On que. Debby’s hands were not massaging both ass cheeks. Pulling, spreading and lifting her ass as it plumped up, lifting the hemline of the already short dress.

“Fuck!” Debby yelled as her body was on fire. Her fingers now frantically rubbing her engorged clit.

“Cum my dear” Diane said with a smile as she watched Debby climax. A sudden splash of liquid hit the floor between her legs as her cunt gushed and squirted.

“Fuuuuuccckkk!” Debby Screamed as the warmth from her pussy spread down her legs. Each spasm causing another gush and her legs to quake. Panting and breathing deep the sensations began to fade. Allowing her to recover. Slowly she gained her composure and got the first look at her new body. Adjusting her disheveled hair, her eyes landed on her enormous chest.

“MMmmmm” She said as she wiggled her tits back and forth pulling the dress up just high enough to cover her thick hard nipples.

“Oooooooo.” She cooed twisting and looking over her shoulder at her heart shaped ass. Tugging the dress down over her cheeks.

Looking at the gorgeous sexy creature in the mirror. Blowing herself a kiss.

“Debby is ready to do Dallas.” She laughed. “And Dakota, and Tom and Steve.” She giggled. Turning to leave the room.

The mirror shimmered again. This time young innocent Stephanie appeared.

“NNnnnnngh” moaned as her body trembled with wave after wave of intense pleasure.

Her fingers deep in her hot wet pussy. Her fingers probed deep and fast as she fell back on the bed moaning. Her tits swelling more and more. Pushing the pink latex to the max.

She could feel her lip now plump with a pink cupid bow. As she sucked, the juice covered finger.

“Ooooo my cunny feels all squishy” She giggled rising to her feet. She tiptoed on her heels over to the full-length mirror.

“Oh. I look so blonde and so pretty!” gazing in amazement at the ravenous blonde beauty staring back at her. The latex hugging her hour glass figure barely covering her naked bald pussy. The platform heels making her plump ass appear large and firm.

“giggle! Stephi is horny.” Her voice high like sugar. She twirled a strand of platinum blonde hair between the fingers that were now adorned with inch long pink nails.

The door to the room swung open. In walked an auburn-haired goddess.

No words were needed as the two sluts gazed at each other. Debby was focused on the moist lush pink lips of Stephanie. She approached her slowly sliding her arm around her waist and drawing her closer.

Stephanie’s firm breasts pressed up against hers as Stephanie reached around Debby and caressed her warm firm ass.

“Did I hear someone say they were horny?” Debby asked with a coy grin. Moving her lips closer and closer to the blonde bombshell.

Their lips met ever so gently as their moist juices mixed.

“Mmmnnn.” Stephi moaned as Debby pressed firmer, as their tongues began to explore each other wildly. It was intoxicating as their breath and passion mixed.

They moved over to the bed without breaking their kiss. Stephi’s hands slid down to Debby’s naked pussy. Slipping two fingers in easily.

Debby shoved the bimbo slut onto the bed. Her skirt riding up and exposing her pussy. Like a horny slut, she spread her legs even wider. Debby’s mouth watered at the site.

“Allow me.” She said as she knelt between Stephanie’s knees. Sliding her hands on both sides of her lips, she pressed her face and tongue firmly on the slut’s pussy and began to lick with a slow rhythm. Circling her clit before sweeping a long lick down her labia then plunging her tongue deep into her wet cunt.

“OOoooo” Stephi cooed in a high-pitched tone.

“Mmmmmm” Debby hummed as she continued her ministrations. Enjoying the taste of her sweat nectar. Debby wanted to devour her.

“Oh! Oh! I’m cummmmmminnnng” Stephi screamed at the top of her lungs.

Debby quickly climbed onto the bed straddling Stephanie and smothered her screams with her needy cunt.

“Mmmnnngph” Stephanie mumbled as she began to suck and lick. Her face slick with Debbie juices.

“Fuck! Me!” Debby yelled as she rocked back and forth dragging her slit all across the bimbo’s face.

“Oh! Fuck Yesssss!” Debby gave on last thrust. A rush of juices flooded Stephanie’s mouth. Overflowing down her chin and cheeks. Debby trembled for almost two minutes before she finally collapsed on the bed. Stephanie’s face still nuzzled between her thighs.

They bot laid there recouping and panting. A smile of pure bliss on their faces.

Diane watched with amusement as the two new whores cuddled.

“It’s Time” She said as a little energy went throughout the house.

{It’s Time}

A Madame Diane’s voice echoed in the girl’s room. Rousing the girls from their embrace.

Diane watched as her two sluts put themselves back together. Excited about the prospect of some gentlemen callers soon.

Returning the image of Madame Diane with a smile of satisfaction. This was all hers.

“Welcome to your inheritance Madame Holloway. Welcome home.” She said to her reflection, blowing herself a kiss before leaving her room.

Alternate Ending.

Quickly Diane stripped of all her clothes and stood at the mirror and smiled seductively at herself. Diane loved what she seen and wanted more!!... Diane approached the merry widow outfit complete with a long flowing lace cape and a Blonde body premed wig.

“Now this is different” she thought.

“What have you in store for me?” Diane said to herself as she picked up the wig.

Standing in front of the mirror Diane looked like seductresses that know man or woman could resist. Her nipples were hard and erect. She was obsessed with raw sex. Diane still needed to put on her heels to complete the look. Her heart was beating wildly with anticipation of the final shoe. Her pussy dripping with her sweetness as she slipped it on.....

Anger filled her mind as she ground her teeth together! With each orgasm Diane disappeared and a Strong aggressive presence emerged, more so than the night before. She wanted to cause erotic slow sexual Pain! Fucking pain!! Sexual pain!! .

It was exciting her beyond her imagination!

She was Cumming in enormous waves as her mind filled with the thoughts of causing sexual pain! Diane gazed at her hands only to see jet black nails sharpened to points. Diane laughed as she approached the mirror.

“I am going to be one fucking bitch tonight.” she said to herself. She looked completely erotic. Diane smiled only to reveal two sharp fangs. She licked her tongue across them.

“Ooo, Nice touch, I can get nasty with these.” Her body erupted into a stream of orgasmic pleasure at the thought of the pain she would inflict on her next victim.

She pinched her hard nipples with the razor tips of her nails. An Intense orgasm ripped through her body as she watched blood trickle from her nipple. She licked her finger and laughed a loud an evil laugh.

She didn't want love or soft passionate sex. Her mind was totally consumed with the need to be fucked. She wanted to be fucked hard! She

wanted to fuck hard!! She felt wild primal urges rise from within. Dawning her hooded cape, she went out into the night!

Morning came, and Diane awoke completely aware of the previous night's adventures. The thoughts made her laugh out loud.

As she crawled out of bed her body felt energized, she felt almost super human.

Diane approached the mirror to admire her beautiful body. Diane caressed it smiling as her nipples hardened and her mind had only room for pleasure.

Diane glanced at a picture sitting on the dresser. It was a plain ordinary girl she no longer recognized looking back at the mirror. Her facial features had changed. Her lips were full and lushes her cheek bones high and soft. No one would recognize her. She was no longer Diane. Her mind was assaulted again with a wave of erotic thoughts. Her body shivered with pleasure. Slowly caressing her body, she gazed in the mirror.

“Who are you?? “She said smiling.

The doorbell rang startling Diane. She quickly grabbed a robe and opened the door. There stood a young man in coveralls. He introduced himself as the gas inspector. Diane smiled as she let him in. Diane had only one thing on her mind as he began to walk through the house. She followed him up the stairs. The door to her room was open. He turned and asked

“What ‘s in here?” He said with a mischievous grin. He was well aware of the history of this place. She entered behind him she closed the door. letting her robe slide off her shoulders to the floor.

“Is this what you are looking for?” she said with an evil smile as she shoved him onto the bed.

Her mind was focus on one thing. The need to get his cock deep inside her.

“What have you got for me?” She asked as she reached for his crotch. She moaned with pleasure as she slid her finger between her legs. Seconds later she was on her hands and knees exposing her wet pussy for him to enter. He pushed slowly as she gasped and returned the stroke. His thrust came rapid and hard! Slapping her ass! She exploded with pleasure again

and again. She had a smile of satisfaction as he withdrew his softening cock.

Seeing him to the door Diane's mind was still excited.

"Cum Again" she said as he walked down the walkway.

Diane was no more. As Diane emerged ready to enjoy her new life reaching for the next outfit!!!!

Debby climbed out of the cab just as the gas inspector came out of the house.

She barely recognized the woman at the door.

"Diane?" she asked

"Debby! You made it! Come in. I have so much to share with you." A sinister smile crossed her lips flashing a quick glimpse of her fangs.

∞∞∞∞

End of Part 1

The following parts will take a similar approach.

Each night she is drawn to try on a different outfit. And a different personality emerges. (Hooker, Dominatrix, Bimbo, Stripper, Vampire etc...). Searching for the ultimate sexual pleasure. Male or Female or both at the same time.

And Each morning she inherits some physical feature from the night before. (bust line, legs, pubic hair color, tattoos, Hair color...). She becomes more and more sexually aware of her body and mind and attitude. Until the last Outfit she is completely consumed by sex and the need for erotic pleasures. Her body and mind has been completely transformed in to the most beautiful sex goddess.

Sometimes my fantasy will take on an evil edge to each personality she becomes. Sometimes she begins to recruit local girls to where the outfits and create an erotic whore house. She tricks them into wearing them for Halloween parties, and Marti Gra parties. Each innocent girl is transformed in to an erotic sex creature.

As you can see I am not a very talented writer like your self. I would be honored if you would like to take this plot and expand to it and add any erotic excitement you feel.

The End

**Until Next Time Thank you for reading! Please leave a review if
you liked the story and**

even if you didn't. All feedback is appreciated.

Check out some of my other stories on Amazon Cougar Jeans

Therapy Session Gone Wrong

New Attitude

And many new titles to be published in the near future.